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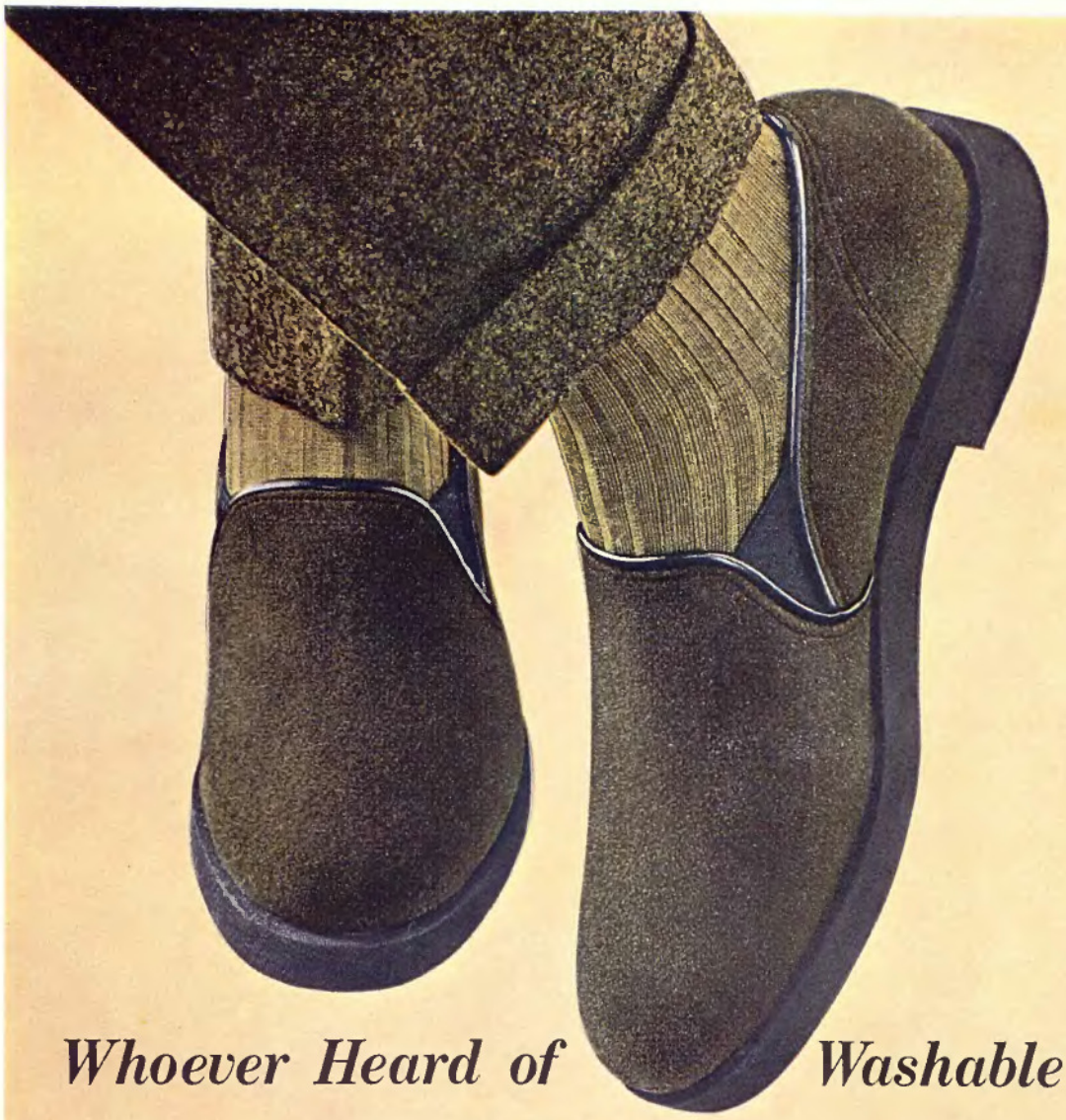

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PARIS

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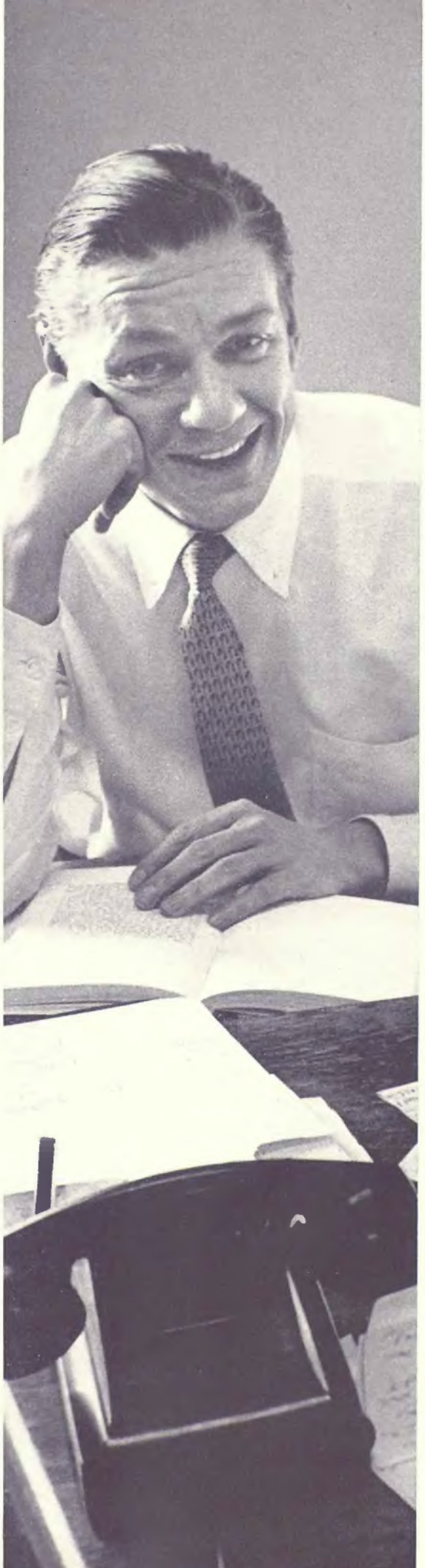
We're pleased to be the publisher of John Crosby's first work of fiction, *A Star of the First Magnitude*, the sardonic account of a ten-percenter's macabre play in the world of filmland funerals. Crosby is the *New York Herald Tribune* columnist (syndicated to ninety-odd papers) who thumbed his nose at scripting TV criticism late last year, turned his candid gaze and acid pen on worthier topics. In fleeing the cathode tube, he wrote: "There are a lot of races on television — for ratings, for residuals, for gimmicks to give away money, for Westerns, for violence — but not any race to educate us. The possibilities are boundless, but the realization is infinitesimal." John is currently writing a Broadway play in addition to his daily column. Joining Crosby on the fiction scene this May are Contributing Editor Ken Purdy, Gerald Kersh and Fredric Brown. Purdy's *Speak to Me of Immortality* is a Latin-flavored look at meticulously-planned vengeance. Kersh's *The Laughingstock* is a tightly-turned character study with an O. Henryish revelation. Brown, a crack chronicler of the science-fiction and horror genres, spins a tale of a friendly neighborhood druggist — the sort you might meet in any nightmare — in *The Hobbyist*.

In the stuff-of-dreams category is our eight-page ocular delight, *The Girls of Sweden* — a pictorial tip-of-the-hat to those sensational Svenskas uncovered by our lensmen during a recent jaunt to that splendid Scandinavian land. On the trail, too, is our peripatetic Beard That Walks Like A Man — Shel Silverstein — this time mirthfully bearding the forty-ninth state with pen, ink and brandy.

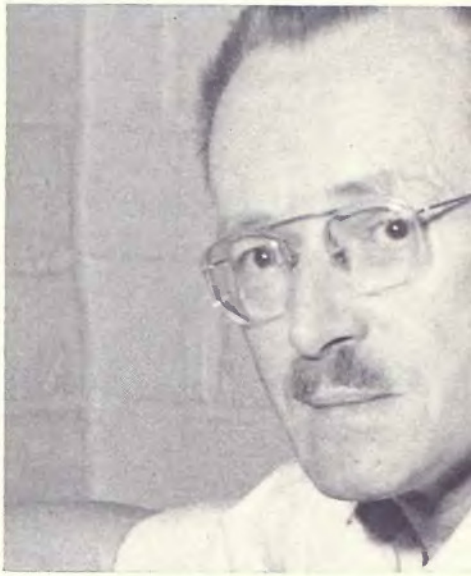
More? Try *On the Right Track*, a sage selection of correct attire for a gentleman's day at the races. Or *Odds Man Out*, by T. K. Brown III, a deft debunking of those "sure-fire" gambling systems that leave the gambler ofttimes sadder, sometimes wiser and invariably poorer. Or *The Legend of Lime Street*, by Collie Small, an appraisal of venerable Lloyd's of London. Or Thomas Mario's *Chop Talk*, a culinary invitation to sample the kindest cuts of all.

"Let all thy joys be as the month of May," wrote Seventeenth Century poet Francis Quarles, and we quarrel not with Francis. Proceed further into the issue at hand, and discover all the joys that await you.



CROSBY

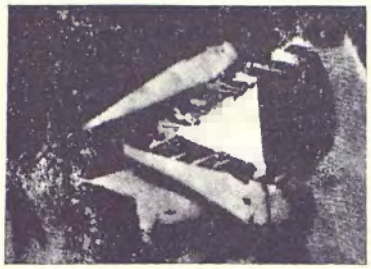
BROWN



PURDY

vol. 8, no. 5 — may, 1961

PLAYBOY



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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HYPNOSIS

Your *Hypnosis* article in the February issue is one of the finest I have ever had the privilege of reading.

Fred H. Stephens
Vancouver, British Columbia

The Purdy piece about this phenomenal psychic power and its relationship to persuasion, advertising, crime and world politics, truly deserves public acclaim.

Don Lee
Gloucester City, New Jersey

The interesting article on hypnosis by Mr. Ken Purdy published in the February issue was quite thorough, and was for the most part factual, with the exception of a few points which should be called to your attention. Purdy states that hypnosis may cause a girl to disrobe by indirect suggestion even though the audience contains fifty men. This is a popular misconception, since a portion of the subject's mind is always in contact with reality (otherwise the subject would not be able to hear the hypnotist's suggestions). No subject can be made to perform an action which is contrary to the basic moral code of the individual. The second misconception is his statement that the clever hypnotist need run no risk. This statement has been disproven by the Danish case which the author himself illustrates. Both Dr. Reiter, whom the author quotes, and others have brought to light a number of carefully planned crimes committed after months of brainwashing, proving no hypnotist is ever safe from detection. Hence, hypnosis is both an impractical and unwieldy tool for criminal purposes. Two other minor errors in the article were as follows: Mesmer's name is Franz, not Friedrich. The author states that Mesmer was formally condemned, and his judges included Benjamin Franklin. While the statement is true, it should be noted that Benjamin Franklin disagreed with the other judges in the minority report which he wrote stating that he believed Mesmer's phenomenon was worthy of further consideration. Ben Franklin was plainly ahead of his times. Having lectured on the subject of medical hypnosis to hundreds of physicians both in this country and abroad, I was surprised to find a layman who possessed as much information on the subject as Mr. Purdy. Despite the few minor errors, I thoroughly enjoyed your thought-provoking article and would like to read more of Mr. Purdy's works.

William J. Bryan, Jr., M.D.
Executive Director, American Institute of Hypnosis
Los Angeles, California

There can be no question about hypnosis being unwieldy as a tool for criminal purposes, for each subject's responses to hypnotic suggestion are extremely personal and differ from individual to individual; but with so little understanding of the phenomenon among law enforcement agencies today, it remains a real and potentially significant problem as related to crime; it is impossible to judge from the few crimes involving hypnosis that have come to light how many others may be going undetected. There remains considerable disagreement within the profession over the matter of whether a good subject will do something "against his will" or contrary to his basic moral code, and it may be largely a matter of the definition of terms: a subject who is told directly to do something that is against his moral values may come out of the trance in a spontaneous awakening, but there is real evidence to support the belief that while the conscious mind never completely loses contact with reality, it can be successfully fooled by the operator through the creation of powerful delusions and hallucinations. In the National Airlines crash involving Robert Vernon Spears, described in the article, subject William Taylor did board the plane as Spears — presumably in a hypnotic trance — carrying with him the bomb that blew him and the plane to pieces. The fact that Taylor was undoubtedly unaware that the bag carried

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a bomb in no way changes the fact that he killed himself as the result of hypnosis and that he would not have been on the plane posing as Spears except as the result of a post-hypnotic suggestion. Hypnosis, cleverly used, thus resulted in Taylor's committing an act directly leading to his own death and certainly very much against his "will" to live. In clinical experiments, it has been possible to make subjects throw liquids they believed to be acids upon others and fire guns they believed to be loaded at another person; these same experiments have also been attempted on other occasions and failed, proving only that nothing is less absolute than the reactions of the human mind, and strongly suggesting also that an operator is very much apt to get the results in such an experiment that he wants to get, since a good subject can possess a truly remarkable awareness of what is expected of him, and try his best to fulfill that expectation. Thus an operator who does not truly believe that he can make a subject do something against his will, and may actually subconsciously not want to believe it, will quite possibly relay an awareness of that belief or desire to the subject, who will respond accordingly.

I am greatly relieved to see that someone has finally taken the time and trouble to explain some of the uses, myths and mysteries surrounding this ancient art.

John W. Roberts
Brea, California

I have long wondered when someone would have the courage to print the truth about hypnosis. I do not share your opinion, however, that the phenomenon of hypnotism should be limited, by law, to the profession of medicine, since some of the greatest abuses to the science have been done by that so-called professional service. I am not excusing some acts of lay hypnotists, but it has been through their consistent practice and experimentation that the science has been kept alive.

Herman Martin, Jr.
Fairmont, West Virginia

As a hypnotist who has limited his use of hypnosis to therapeutic purposes on a strict referral basis, I agree wholeheartedly that we need controls through legislation. This legislation should be very carefully drafted, however, to avoid restriction of its practice to any single professional group.

George E. Volrath
Princeton, Iowa

You say a person can be hypnotized against his will. I disagree. If a person sets his will against being hypnotized, it

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cannot be done, and I speak from experience.

Mrs. Miles Davis
New York, New York

It depends on the subject. A somnambulist, or very good subject, who has been conditioned through prior hypnosis can definitely be hypnotized against his will. An average hypnotic subject will have no difficulty fighting the initial suggestion to "sleep" if he consciously tries to, but a truly good subject has no such power to resist and can be put under so quickly (with the snap of the fingers or a preconditioned key word) that he has no real opportunity to resist; and the resistance would be unsuccessful in any case.

GOTHAM'S GIRLS

Being somewhat of a New York snob, I was delighted with your pictorial essay, *The Girls of New York*, in your February issue. The photographs were superb, but the *coup de maitre* was the writing.

Robert W. Vivian
Park Forest, Illinois

GIRLS OF NEW YORK FANTASTICALLY TRUE. HOW YOU CAPTURED ALL THE NEW YORK GIRLS' ATTITUDES AND THINKING IN AS BRIEF A PIECE AS THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE, FROM THE PLACES TO LIVE, TO THE PLACES TO GO, TO THE THINGS TO DO. IN TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS I HAVE MET NO NEW YORK GIRL WHO DOES NOT FIT YOUR ARTICLE IN SOME RESPECT =

WILLIAM J. STEINERT
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

I once wanted to be a New York Girl. My Greenwich Village address was chosen, my escapades and intimate midnight dinners were planned, and my well-heeled escorts were imagined: all I waited for was the day I could escape a middle-class suburban family. I didn't make it and, until reading *The Girls of New York*, wondered what I missed. Thank you for cutting through the glamor of an image and making me realize I've got all I need to be happy.

Mrs. Patricia Hartley
Amityville, New York

TURKEY SHOOT

Al Morgan's *The Voice of the Turkey* in February is an admirable research job. But depressing. I promise not to bore him with the night Shirley MacLaine went on in *Pajama Game*, if he'll lay off me about a nameless one we closed in Philadelphia.

Harold S. Prince
New York, New York

I remember *The French Touch* only too well. I remember the frantic rewrites and desperate rehearsals in Wilmington and Philadelphia; I remember I had a

in a natural-look h·i·s sport coat

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The "Mitten", Monument Valley, Utah.

frightful dose of influenza for the opening, and I remember a peculiar odor onstage, but frankly, I thought that was the smell of the turkey.

Brian Aherne
Santa Monica, California

Anything of Mr. Morgan's is fine with me. But how did he ever leave out *Grandmother's Diary — the* turkey of his reviewing years?

Bill Leonard
CBS
New York, New York

POLL WATCHERS

I FEEL HONORED AND PRIVILEGED TO LEARN OF MY RECENT AWARD IN 1961 PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL. I DO SO APPRECIATE THE INTEREST OF PLAYBOY AND ITS READERS IN THE ORCHESTRA AND ITS MUSIC.

STAN KENTON
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

Anyone who wants to keep an up-to-date directory of the best in jazz should hold onto his February PLAYBOY: it's all there.

C. M. Stroh
Cottage Hill, Florida

Congratulations to you for again having conducted what is certainly recognized by now as the most accurate poll extant in terms of popular taste.

Ken Garland
WJAR
Providence, Rhode Island

I happen to be a fan of Dean Martin who did *not* place a close second in the male vocalist category. Wait till next year!

Roy Adelman
Hanover, New Hampshire

I read the results of your last Playboy Jazz Poll — and hope it is.

Ian B. Byers
CKCR
Kitchener, Ontario

FEBRUARY PLAYMATE

Would like to extend my thanks for Miss February, who is the first Playmate to give me the incentive to write.

Al C. Helmuth
Lakewood, Ohio

Anent the February Playmate — YEOWIE!

Robert W. Owen
Vallejo, California

Barbara Ann Lawford is your all-time best offering.

Al Grant
Sherman Oaks, California

I was delighted with the young lovely selected as Miss February. However, as

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a ski fanatic, I was appalled at the ski she was holding. It is an old non-laminated wood ski, with a dangerously archaic bear-trap binding.

Thomas Mann
Winnetka, Illinois

FISCAL FIRING LINE

J. Paul Getty's February article *Money and Conformity* was an admirable but unnecessary plea to the young businessman to climb out of his pigeonhole. If nothing else has done it, the very tenor of business today is forcing the young man to stand up and be counted for what he believes. Would Mr. Getty expect a company president to listen to the idea of a young executive who walked into his office wearing sneakers or a hand-painted tie? I think not. The young businessman will conform, yes — in the small things. He will draw attention to what he has to say rather than to the tie he is wearing.

Mike Harvey
Chicago, Illinois

A must article for any man who wishes to succeed.

Ronald C. Schultz
Santa Monica, California

An authoritative magazine presents an authority as an author — my compliments on your use of J. Paul Getty's comprehensive remarks.

Robert E. Grumbine
Greeley, Colorado

J. Paul Getty has been atop the pile so long he has forgotten the plight of the little man. His story could only be directed to well-educated bachelors with nest eggs and no roots. No settled man can risk his position to individualism. J. Paul forgot to state that members of his clique — Hughes, Hilton, Rockefeller, Astor and Zeckendorf — all had the mandatory commodity to start their historic climbs: buckets of money. Their fortunes were not made, but rather added to. I believe Hughes was owner and president of a tool and die bonanza at the age of nineteen; that is, after his father's death passed it on to him. And it was the elder Rockefeller who made the initial Rockefeller fortune. I find more pleasure in reading of how a little man made good from scratch than in stories such as J. Paul's. Getty wrote about conformity: "It is a confession of weakness and cowardice." Wouldn't "of weakness, cowardice and a dependable salary" be more appropriate? I am one of J. Paul's nonconformists, but in mind only. I am ready to board a plane (nontourist) and bulldoze any deal with my employer's backing and finances. Presently, I am with a firm in which it took me fourteen years to graduate from

whipping boy to whipper. If J. Paul is in the market for a driving, independent doer, let him beckon me through your mag. My boundaries: this earth. My hours: only twenty-four to the day. My credo: make as much as I can. My philosophy: little is risked with another's capital. My desire: bonuses. Too, I have never, nor will I ever, own a three-button suit. A dark two-button suit (not olive), with a medium cravat prevailing between a pointed white collar is my best dress. The average executive will earn in his full lifetime approximately $180,000. This is about 1/550 of J. Paul's present worth. If statistics are right, approximately three hundred big-time businesses enter bankruptcy in the City of Los Angeles monthly, all guided by adventurers. Soho, the Left Bank and San Fran's North Beach are just full of nonconformists. If I had one-fiftieth of J. Paul Getty's money, I would buy all AT&T stock, write a story such as J. Paul's, then lean back and laugh like hell.

Frank R. Mercer
Bakersfield, California

Mr. Getty eloquently lays bare one of the most significant but little-understood and recognized evils of our times.

Russell H. Schlattman
Texas City, Texas

I read J. Paul Getty's article with the hope that he would state ideas other than those previously expressed by C. Wright Mills, William H. Whyte, etc. I found only one — the justifiable attack on our colleges which preach security and produce specialists.

Richard S. Barth
Lynn, Massachusetts

After having read Getty's article, I have much respect for the man.

Steve Farr
Rockaway Beach, New York

An opportune dig at a growing stagnation.

Charles E. Anderson, Jr.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

We should like to thank you for the most inspiring article we have ever read concerning the Organization Man phenomenon. My partner and I have enthusiastically upheld similar conclusions, although much less definitive, to the people around us for years. Their response has been universally one of disagreement.

Jack D. Jones
Lima, Ohio

I am amazed that your discriminating staff allowed itself to publish such a

puerile, cliché-ridden, loquacious, grossly generalized string of platitudes. The author is guilty of a negative conformity as severe as the standard conformity he criticizes.

Charles E. Walsh
New York, New York

Getty's article is truly a masterpiece in its devastating portrayal of jelly-spined contemporary males. The sad part is that they have no idea of how ludicrous and laughable they are with those exact little uniforms. Rather than depend on such microbes to help defend this country when the Russkies come, I'm going to chicken out early. My yacht is all stocked with Spam and various potables, and with the sizzle of the first rocket I'm like bugging out fast, man.

Jim Priest
Long Beach, California

WOLFE CRY

I have just had the misfortune of reading in the February issue of your usually outstanding magazine, *Come On Out, Daddy* by Bernard Wolfe. I cannot understand why a national magazine of your reputation would publish a story which you know would be extremely distasteful to readers in certain sections of the country. I am interested to know what position Mr. Wolfe holds in the NAACP.

Rusty Goldsmith
Demopolis, Alabama

Bernard Wolfe's *Come On Out, Daddy* is a courageously honest and candid story that can only arouse wonder (and a bit of envy) among any of us who have toiled as scriveners in these golden hills. There have been other stories of man's attempt to avoid the perils of power's corruption, but I've yet to read one so devastatingly true to Hollywood, or so enthralling as sheer storytelling. Congratulations to you editors for publishing in a monthly magazine a story that will remain vividly with the reader long after he's forgotten a dozen hard-cover books.

Allain Brooks
Beverly Hills, California

If I were in your enviable shoes, I'd get Bernard Wolfe a suite at the nearest Hyphen-Hilton and lock him in until he produced more stories with the zest and sharpness and true-to-lifeness of *Come On Out, Daddy*. How about it?

Jeff Willens
Mill Valley, California

No need for us to incarcerate our man Wolfe: two more of his inimitable Hollywood tales are due to appear in PLAYBOY *later this year.*

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

May 6 being the 105th anniversary of the birth of Sigmund Freud, this seems like an appropriate time to bring up a small matter that has been bothering us. We admire the father of psychoanalysis and believe that his immense influence on our ways of thinking about ourself, our neurotic friends and life in the large has been mostly to the good. But we're concerned over what he's done to certain mythological figures — in particular, Oedipus. Not all Americans today know that Oedipus was a king, but everybody knows he's a Complex. For our generation, Oedipus evokes not the glory that was Greece, but the penchant for theorizing that is contemporary psychology. The mention of his name summons us not to reflections on the destiny of man, but to nervousness about Johnny's making eyes at mommy. To people whose knowledge of psychology has been garnered from the colorful pages of our women's magazines and the child-rearing columns of our daily newspapers, the Oedipus Complex manifests itself as follows: boy-child loves mother; envies father; wishes to get rid of latter and replace him in former's big, warm, mysterious double bed. Hearing this situation (which no doubt really exists on certain days in most households) identified incessantly as "Oedipal," these same people have, quite reasonably, concluded that Oedipus had incestuous intentions toward his mother and homicidal ones toward his father. All unconscious, to be sure, but he had them. Now, the clear facts of the case are these: Oedipus, a proud and princely youth living in a violent age, killed some rude strangers who tried to force him off the road to Thebes. He had never laid eyes on the men before in his life. Neither he nor his unconscious could possibly have known that one of them was his father. He went on to answer the riddle of the Sphinx and thereby rid Thebes of a monster which had been terrorizing the town. For this he was awarded the throne by a grateful citizenry and, along with it, came the modest bonus of a widowed, middle-aged queen — a plot twist which will be familiar to anybody who has ever read a fairy tale. There was no wooing, no flowers or sentimental ballads. Sophocles did not write a single romantic exchange for the couple. In the oldest versions of the myth, in fact, Oedipus did not get to marry the woman at all. Such are the unembellished facts. Oedipus had plenty of troubles, but they were not caused by an unruly libido. His crime was against the gods, not against mental health. He was certainly guilty of overweening pride, but incestuous desires were not in his line. The gods compensated Oedipus at his death for the sufferings he had endured at their hands, by opening for him "in love the unlit doors of earth." Can the psychoanalysts do less? Fortunately, a simple method is available for relieving the hero of the stigma that has been stamped upon his unconscious. The polio vaccine is named after Dr. Salk, not after the first child to receive three shots and a booster. The Theory of Relativity is sensibly described as Einstein's. Obviously, not all of the complexes Freud investigated can be so labeled, but surely he deserves to have his name attached to this one, far and away the most famous as well as the most crucial to orthodox psychoanalysis. It would, we think, be a suitable birthday gift. After all, as his biographer tells us, young Sigmund *did* have some complicated feelings about Mama and Papa Freud.

•

One of our readers recently dashed off an angry letter to author Vance Packard, complaining that before he was able to finish his copy of *The Wastemakers*, the binding broke and the pages fell out.

•

Sign in the window of a Venice West, California, gourmet shop featuring a display of cheeses: COME IN AND TRY OUR CHOSEN PHEW.

•

The political clashes at the UN apparently have influenced even the contributors to the staid *Journal of Neuropsychiatry*. A headline from a recent issue read: METABOLISM OF RADIOACTIVE SEROTONIN IN PSYCHOTICS TREATED WITH A MAO INHIBITOR. (They didn't Tse anything about a tung depressor.)

•

For Want of a Period the Sense Was Lost Department: This item appeared in the *Chicago Daily News* TV listings — "*Matter of Identity*. Markham goes to France to help a famous artist determine whether the girl who is his model is actually his daughter Ray Milland."

•

A while back we commented on the kookie names strippers were assuming in ever-increasing numbers. What more logical than that jukebox songsters follow suit? Not to be outdone in the alias department, the youthful fellowship's handles now include: Johnnie Humbird, Larry Birdsong, Limmie B. Good, Bobby Bland, Earl Sink, Curley Money, Cleveland Crochet, Adam Faith, Benny Joy, Chubby Checker, Donnie Brooks, Ben Blur, Hoagy Lands, Ron Neat, Ted Self, Tony Cosmo, Shirley Collie, Ersel Hickey, Brumley Prunk, Rudy Render (it rhymes with Freddie Fender, who exists, too), Dewey Groome, Roy Drusky,

Dave Edge, Tom Tall and U.S. Bonds. We're confidently waiting to spot Treasure E. Dept, Alona Tlast, Bill Overdue, Corny Ball, Tossy Sheets (no relation to Tossy Spivakovsky) and Calla Cab.

•

The *Montreal Gazette*, reporting on the graduation of a class of traffic policewomen, noted: "They wore their uniforms of blue tunics, skirts and hats at the graduation. Monday they are expected to down slacks to ride the scooters."

•

We did not know the Sultan of Zanzibar personally, but his recent passing has saddened us. He, along with his fellow sultans, living, dead and strictly out of the *Arabian Nights*, were important figures in our boyhood. Grand sultans, lofty, lonely lamas, villainous viziers, shahs, rajas, emirs, khans and caliphs — these were the suzerains of our imagination. In our Eastern World, danger lurked up every crooked alley, intrigue and Maria Montez behind every veil. But civilization and good intentions have ground our exotic dreams under bulldozer treads. In the foreword to his book, *The Changing Sky*, published in 1959, British traveler-novelist Norman Lewis points out that the appealing character of primitive countries owes its endurance to "poverty, bad communications, reactionary governments, the natural barriers to progress of mountain, desert and jungle, colonial misrule, the anopheles mosquito." But the malaria-bearer is a doomed insect; colonial powers are retreating everywhere; deserts and jungles have become inconsequential pieces of scenery beneath our 650-mile-an-hour jets; all governments, democratic and despotic alike, are nowadays determinedly Progressive; and speed-of-light communications are the wonder of our electronic age. Poverty remains, but it has few advocates. What boy today can take Richard Halliburton seriously when each morning's newspaper carries pictures of men who have come out of the East in white shirts and neckties to raise points of order at the United Nations? Persia has changed its name to Iran, and has a ruler whose main concern is getting American military aid. Sons of sheiks who once raised the desert dust with T. E. Lawrence are lolling around in air-conditioned Cadillacs. And Tibet . . . Tibet, heaven save the mark, is being *collectivized*. For the sake of today's boys and their dreams, we hope that man's exploration of the moon does not move ahead too fast; we're afraid that when we get up there we may find garden apartments.

•

The high-pressure mail-order pitch may have achieved its apogee in this missive received by a buddy of ours: "This letter will not be too unusual, as

I presume that you receive several with some resemblance to this one each month, but please do not disregard this one. I am a successful salesman, age 21, studying to be a real estate broker. I'm enclosed."

•

Notice to highwaymen: a sign on the outskirts of Fertile, Minnesota, reads: YOU ARE THIRTY MILES FROM CLIMAX.

•

Herb Caen, the *San Francisco Chronicle*'s chronicler of choice news and patter, inspired by the conversational clinkers we have published in the past, has been sending us his own nominations for phrases he can live without. Among Herb's latest: "Like so" . . . "A real crazy-type thing" . . . "A funny bit" . . . "They never had it so good" . . . "You don't know me from Adam, but" . . . "So there I was with my bare face hanging out" . . . "That gasses me" . . . "I'm hip" . . . "Believe you me" . . . "I made a boo-boo" . . . "You must be out of your head" . . . "That'll be the day" . . . "Let me clue you." To which we add our own, in appreciation: "How *about* that?"

FILMS

One-Eyed Jacks is a well-made, well-acted Technicolor Western, with sex and six-guns ablaze. But that's all it is. Despite the big build-up for Marlon Brando's first movie of his own, it is likely to remind you of other Westerns — many others. Brando, playing an American bandit in Mexico in the Eighties, is deserted in a tight spot and turned in to the law by a danger-dodging bandit-buddy (Karl Malden). After serving five years on a Sonora chain gang, he goes gunning for the squealer, who has meanwhile become sheriff of a California town as well as stepfather of a pretty señorita (Pina Pellicer). The showdown shows up on schedule. It's no news that Brando can give a good strong performance when he tries. No, he's not just Stanley Kowalski in chaps; he needs only two lines to establish that he's Rio, the gun-happy outlaw. It is news that he can direct: he has a discerning eye and a way with wayward actors. Remembering that the Old West extended to the Pacific, he has captured some stunning shots of horsemen pounding along past the pounding surf, and he has drawn a restrained, valid performance from the variable Malden. But what induced Brando to put so much time and talent into this merely OK script? *¿Quién sabe?*

•

To make the screenplay of ***Sanctuary***, Hollywood took two William Faulkner novels and a play — but not very seriously (*Sanctuary* itself, *Requiem for a*

Nun and a dramatization of the latter). The style of the originals might be called Southern Gynecological Gothic, but here it comes out Dixieland Casbah — featuring nice girl and romantic criminal, full of furtive hints, with nothing significant faced up to or even intelligently implied. Temple Drake still gets trapped by bootlegger-thugs and still loses her li'l ol' All, but vicious, impotent Popeye has been replaced by a Cajun Casanova called Candy (Yves Montand). No corn-cobber he, and she's mad for him. Instead of being hanged, he survives a car crash and turns up five years later to light the torch again. Those who have read the books will probably spend most of their time giggling at this gumbo of old gangster flicks and magnolia-and-mattress sagas — except when Odetta, statuesquely simple and sensitive as a Negro servant girl, is on the screen. Montand seems only the shell of his once forceful French-film self. Lee Remick and Bradford Dillman (as Temple and husband) give what might be called Performances #8B, Southern Decadence Series J, and Tony Richardson directs with a firm grasp of the predictable.

•

John Cassavetes shot ***Shadows*** in the streets, bars, alleys and apartments of New York. There was no script, only a story outline about three young people: older brother, a club singer and black; younger brother, a jazz trumpeter and light brown; pretty sister who can "pass" easily. The film, which has already won two European prizes, tells how the world bumps into these three on several levels — love, sex, careers, social roots. After being briefed on the story, the actors extemporized their lines as the cameras rolled. Like the dialog, the camera-work conveys, for the most part, an effectively edgy, spontaneous feeling. There is some tall maize in the improvised speeches (boy to girl after seduction: "If I'd known it was the first time, I'd never have touched you"); the plot ought to have been more firmly shaped to compensate for the off-the-cuff lines; and the free-form photography is marred here and there by some studied, salon-style close-ups. But by and large the film achieves what it was after — a sidewise, cool, anti-fake look at some of the lousiness of life, with the feel of an early-morning jam session. Hugh Hurd, Ben Carruthers and Lelia Goldoni deliver, respectively, mature disillusion, lean frustration, and love looking for a place to happen. Cassavetes shows serious if slightly sententious directing talent. We'd hate to see all pictures made this way, but *Shadows* is a bright spot on the U.S. movie scene.

•

Cry for Happy is a phrase the movie's Japanese heroine uses when she sheds tears of joy. If that twangs your heartstrings, this film is for you. It's about a

Navy photographer (Glenn Ford) in occupied Japan and his three sailor sidekicks, who go to live with four geishas. To cover up, they pretend the joint is an orphanage that they've started, and then, to prove it, they have to borrow some children. The comic possibilities are not quite infinite, and the result is a Technicolor treasure trove of creaky gags and sentimental situations. Donald O'Connor is the only bright spot in this soggy version of *Madame Butterfly Gets Her Man*.

•

Love and the Frenchwoman consists of seven episodes which supposedly illustrate "the findings of the French Institute of Public Opinion in its study of love in the life of the Frenchwoman." The playlets — two charming, two *comme ci comme ça*, two *comme ça*, and one louzay — could have been written before the study. In fact, they all *have* been written before, more than once. Childhood, Adolescence, Virginity, Marriage, Adultery, Divorce and Women Alone are the subjects treated by seven famous directors and seven sets of screenwriters. *Cinq* will get you *dix* that none of them needed to do much research. René Clair's *Marriage* is the best — a sketch about newlyweds on a train to Paris, which he wrote himself. *Adultery* (Henri Verneuil), played on home ground for French comedy, is well-fielded. *Virginity* (Michel Boisrond) has its touching moments as it focuses on an impatient engaged couple's visit to a hotel, and *Women Alone* (Jean-Paul Le Chanois) is a spry story about a bigamist who is adored by his wives. The whole film, tied together by spottily cute cartoons, has an air of France-for-export — still, any male who can't get some fun out of watching Dany Robin, Martine Carol and Valerie Lagrange doesn't have all his, shall we say, *boutons*. If you want to read the Kinsey-like inspiration for this film, replete with statistics, pick up *Patterns of Sex and Love* (Crown, $4).

•

To the powerfully realistic series of Britain's "angry" films, add ***Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*** — which might be subtitled *Room at the Bottom*. Arthur Seaton, a bright, bitter, boiling young English factory worker, has no prospect of climbing to the top. When he looks at his washed-out parents and older pals, he sees his own future. His chief means of protest is the weekend binge — beer and babes, and he holds plenty of both. He has a Big Thing going with a neighbor's wife until she gets a Little Thing going, which leads to some frank talk about abortion. Then Arthur meets a girl whom he loves enough to marry and thereby risk snapping the trap on himself. Alan Sillitoe has made an effective adaptation of his own novel; Karel Reisz has directed it uncompromisingly;

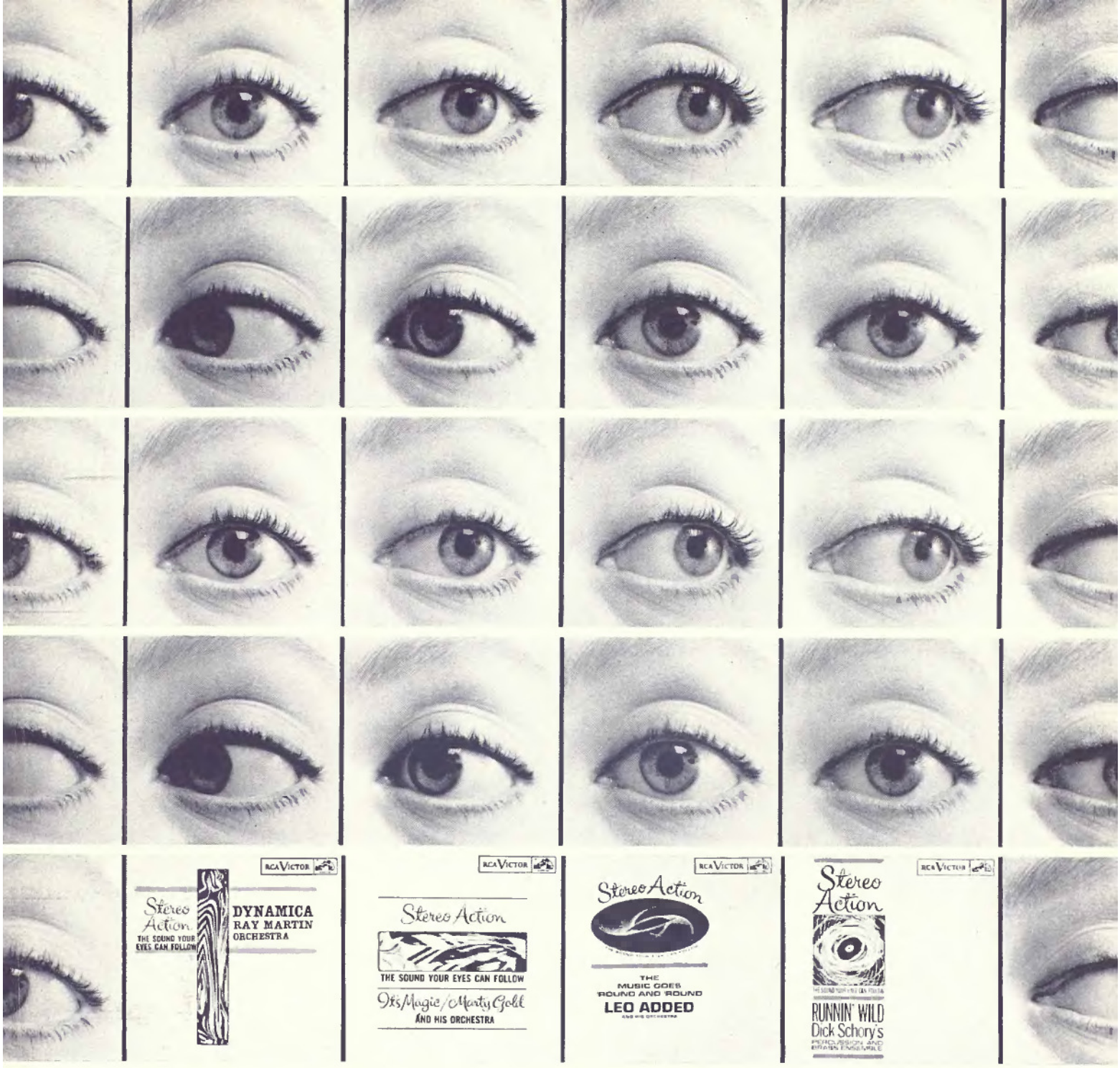
and Albert Finney's frustrated hero is a young bull chained to a lathe.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Tenor man ***Stan Getz,*** after almost three years as an expatriate based in Denmark, debarked from a liner at a New York pier early this year with wife, two daughters (two sons remained in a Swiss school) and horn in tow. After participating in assorted welcome-home jam sessions (including one at Macy's with uke player Arthur Godfrey sitting in), he assembled an under–twenty-five quartet with pianist Steve Kuhn, a School of Jazz alumnus; Scott La Faro, an astonishingly facile bassist; and drummer Pete La Roca, a Philly Joe Jones disciple. The group's initial club date was at Chicago's Sutherland Lounge, and we were on hand to dig the foursome. The repertoire (Getz soberly selected tunes from a stack of sheet music) ranged from pop standards like *Out of Nowhere, For You, for Me, Forevermore* and *Lost in a Dream* to jazz staples such as Benny Golson's *Stablemates* and Dizzy Gillespie's *Woody'n You.* The performance was less reliable than the tunes. The quartet sound was disjointed, the obvious penalty for inadequate rehearsal. What emerged were remarkable solos by La Faro, crisp drumming by La Roca and economical, almost cautious, statements by Kuhn. Getz, apart from moments when he flashed an awareness of the Rollins-Coltrane "hard" sax sound, was what he was when he left this country in 1958: incomparably tender on ballads, with a sighingly soft tone, and properly vigorous, though never frantic, at medium and up tempos. His gentle glimpse at *Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most* (his was the only solo, a languishingly expressive one) was head-and-heart above other instrumental versions of that tune we've heard. It was enough in itself to remind us that at thirty-four, Getz is one of a few major stylists in jazz. He plans to remain here for at least six months, before deciding if he'll defect again to Denmark. We hope he sticks around, if only to cut more discs like the two-LP set just issued — a superb session tagged *Stan Getz at Large* (Verve).

BOOKS

Arthur Koestler spent two years traveling through India and Japan, seeking to find whether the perplexed West did not have something to learn from Oriental spirituality. His report, in ***The Lotus and the Robot*** (Macmillan, $3.95): Oriental spirituality is pure bunkum. In India he



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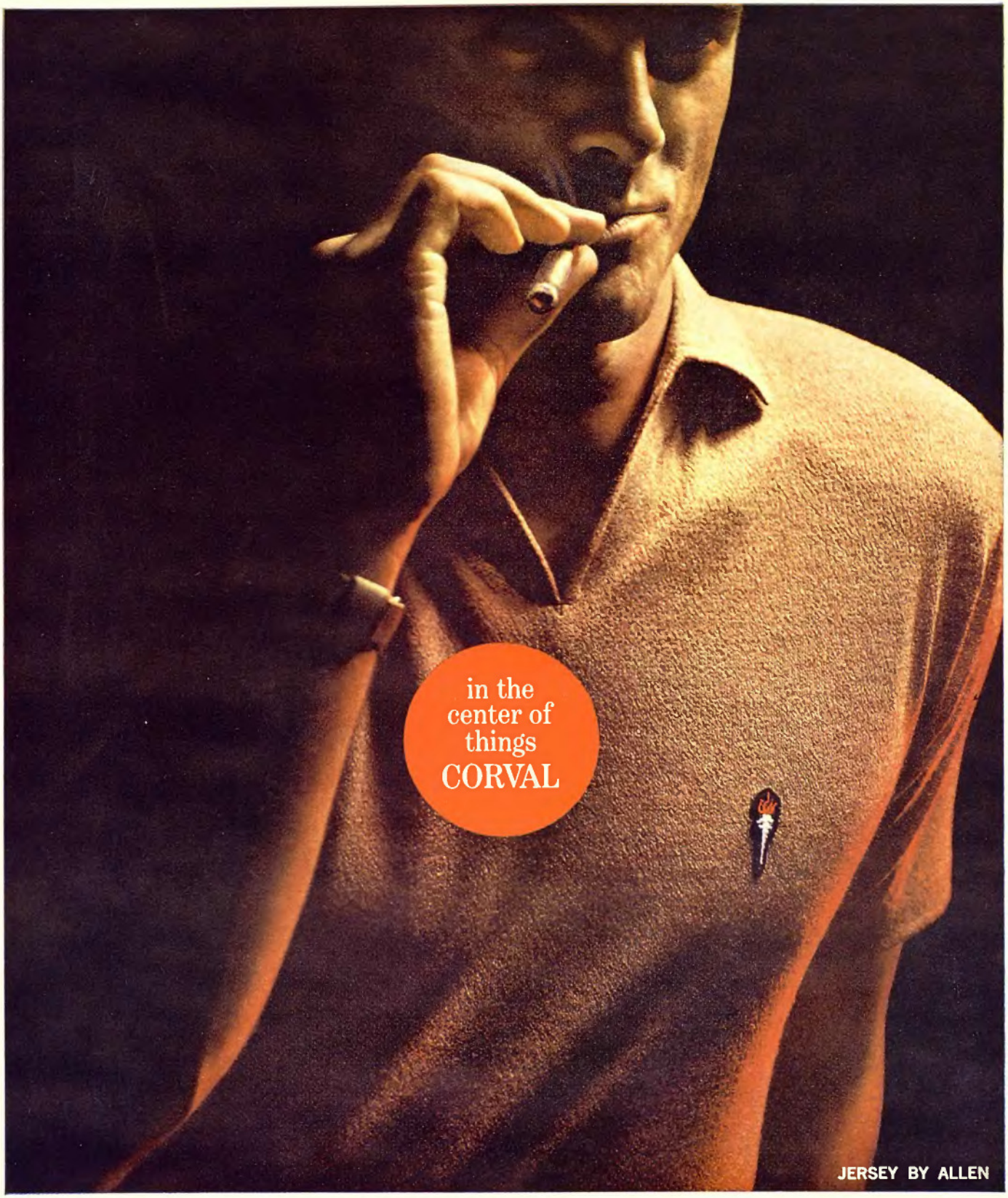
found the traditional culture cracking and splitting under the pressure of modern industrialization. Yoga, he reports, does not live up to the claims of its Indian and Western devotees that it can cure physical and mental disorders, procure supernatural powers and effect the mystic Union. And even Indian sensuality turns out to be a much more anxious thing than the garden of delight pictured in the lip-smacking stereotypes. Along with love manuals and erotic temple sculpture, with their feats of acrobatic copulation, go shame and fear of sex; the Indian psyche is split right down the middle, with no prospect of being made whole again. Japan turns out to be a "lotus culture" — dolls, kimonos, Flower Arrangement, Tea Ceremony — side by side with a modern international "robot culture" of "tranki" (tranquilizers) sold without prescription in enormous quantities, a million and a half abortions per year and a transistor radio in every trouser pocket and handbag. Zen Buddhism, on Koestler's examination, is "at best an existentialist hoax, at worst a web of solemn absurdities." In sexual matters the Japanese are free of inhibition; but they use their freedom to make housekeepers out of their wives and dolls out of their geisha women. Whether or not one goes all the way with Koestler's blackwash, it is a pleasant relief to find a man who doesn't dissolve into a puddle of sympathy and guilt when confronting the inscrutable East, but looks at it dispassionately and says, "I have a new respect for Europe."

•

Pope Joan by Emmanuel Royidis (Dutton, $3.50), a racy classic of modern Greek literature first published in 1886 and promptly banned in Athens, can now be had in a freewheeling English translation by Lawrence Durrell. It is the frankly irreverant tale of a lively yet learned Ninth Century Saxon lass who grew up to be Pope John VIII. The twists and turns of Joan's probably apocryphal career, told with abundant wit and unabashed slapstick, begin with her conception (her mother was topped by a pair of amorous archers while the husband looked on, annoyed) and conclude with her scandalous death (while anathematizing a plague of locusts in sight of the entire population of Rome, she gave birth to a child — the only Pope in history to do so — and passed away). This spirited satire of clerical high-life and low morals in the Middle Ages is full of miracles, such as a beard sprouting from Joan's cheeks in the nick of time to scare off three lecherous monks; aphorisms — "Despair and idleness are, I think, the chief motives for religious devotion. . . . We kiss the holy ikons because we have nothing better to kiss"; and improprieties — ". . . the moon came out from behind the clouds



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and shone full upon the face and bare breasts of the Most Serene and Holy Pontiff, John VIII." Fun, in the Rabelaisian manner.

•

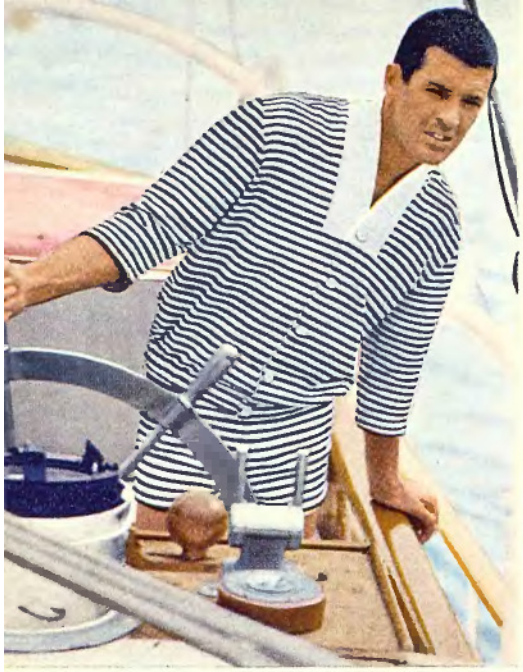
Mediocrity is the *bête noire* of the overly prolific author. Writers who crank out novel after novel year after year often achieve a decent level of competence, but they tend to temper artistry along the way. Erskine Caldwell, at fifty-eight, can reflect on a career that produced the richly comic *God's Little Acre* and *Tobacco Road* — but not much else of note, although sixty-one million copies of his many books have been put into print in many languages. ***Jenny by Nature*** (Farrar, Strauss and Cudahy, $3.95), Caldwell's latest minor achievement, focuses on Jenny Royster, the free-and-easy proprietress of a rooming house on Morningside Street, Sallisaw, Indianola County, Georgia. It details her battles with a fundamentalist congregation, with bigotry, with political corruption and, above all, with those who would put down sex for the sake of sanctity. Spiced with the back-country erotica and violence that have become Caldwell's trademarks, it will, like most of his books, serve as a lively enough companion for a two-hour plane trip.

•

A newspaperman named Jess Stearn, who in 1957 discovered New York's "mad bomber," has now discovered America's homosexual. The title of his new book, ***The Sixth Man*** (Doubleday, $3.95), refers to the estimate that one out of six of the nation's males is a homosexual. When he began his investigation, Stearn thought this figure was high, but after some field work he decided it was low, and seems now to share the view of one boastful Boy that his book might more appropriately have been titled *The Sea Around Us*. Stearn apparently believes that we're about to be inundated. "Someday," he ominously reports having been told by a member of the limp-wrist contingent, "we'll outnumber you, and then you'll be the abnormal ones and we'll be the normal." (Shades of Charles Beaumont's terrifying story, *The Crooked Man* — PLAYBOY, August 1955!) *America Beware!* is the cry of this alarmist Sunday-supplement approach to a vexing phenomenon.

•

When Ernest Hemingway was composing his Lost Generation masterpiece, *The Sun Also Rises*, he frequently read to Gertrude Stein fragments of the glib, brittle, sardonic conversation he was working into the book. According to literary legend, Miss Stein was not impressed. "Remarks, Ernest," she said, "are not literature." In ***The Magic of Their Singing*** (Scribner's, $3.95), Bernard Wolfe succumbs to the fascination with clever dialog against which the good Gertrude



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warned. Dealing with hipsters, Wolfe admits to taking extreme liberties with their "somnambulistically flattened" vocabulary, rendering the essential hipster mood in a richly punning prose. But although his portrayals of inarticulate musicians, groping junkies and Kerouacky beatnymphs are interesting enough taken individually, collectively they begin to smack of verbal acrobatics; finally we suspect that there really isn't much beneath the shimmering words. The tale which Wolfe has managed to spin out to novel length concerns a Bennington girl with "astonishing breasts" who scampers off to New York with her Yaleman's roommate; the spurned sex partner follows; there ensues a brief transverse of Manhattan's hip underworld, culminating in a pot party (coeducational, integrated, nude) at which the Bennington babe is gangraped. That's it, except for the magic of the singing—i.e., the chorus upon chorus of ceaseless talk. Yet for all his verbiage, Wolfe can by no means be readily put down. Several of his subterranean scenes, though thin, are more vivid than anything of the kind in recent fiction, and his musings on sex make potent digressions.

•

Having concluded that we are living in The Age of Success, an observer of our scene who uses the pseudonym Mark Caine has written a hard-boiled handbook for seekers of today's Golden Fleece. "Whatever you read in the papers, hear on the lips of statesmen or teachers, critics or clergymen," he explains in *The S-Man* (Houghton Mifflin, $3), "the only real criterion of merit in our present society is money." This self-help manualist is more akin to Stephen Potter and C. Northcote Parkinson than to Norman Vincent Peale or Dale Carnegie. Among his many guides to getting ahead are "The Law of Osmotic Notoriety Transference" (an unknown man can become famous by associating with famous men) and "The Law of Qualified Candor" (one should always admit to a certain amount of conniving, but conceal the conniving that resulted in any specific success). Caine nails down his theories with practical suggestions: "One can dare in youth what would be fatal in middle age. . . . When you are in bed with a man's wife it is well to have your school cap on display in the hall." He goes on: "Nowadays the order of life is reversed: sex is first enjoyed, marriage follows and after marriage comes virginity." The S-Woman of today, worthy of the S-Man's attentions, "is an open-skirted red-lipped invitation to become successful, but she does not aim to be a success in her own right. She has more in common with a Mercedes 300SL than with the S-Man; she is a thing. She is

one of the places you get to." For all its humor, *The S-Man's* modern road map to money is too close to the truth to be dismissed as a mere lampoon. As the last line of the text reminds the reader in forthright S-Man style: "We are not joking."

•

Bertolt Brecht's art has been neglected in the United States, at least in part, because of the unrelenting clarity of his vision, the sharp immediacy of his idiom, and a stagecraft that abandons the demands of logic, convention and sentiment. We have taken him only in small doses, and, generally, much sugared over. Eric Bentley's edition of ***Seven Plays by Bertolt Brecht*** (Grove, $8.50) should do much to give the late German playwright his due, especially for audiences that respond to the harder productions of our culture – the pathologies of Williams, the social emotion of Miller, the bizarre experiments of Beckett and Ionesco, the ugliness of Genet, the fury of Osborne. Brecht plays with themes, frustrates casual expectation, leaps away from anything that seems given or easy, and searches endlessly for essence. His characters attain epochal size because of their humanity. The heroic dilemmas of *The Good Woman of Setzuan* are related to hunger and unemployment, but the real forces probed in the play are more elemental – pride, ambition, greed, lust. *Mother Courage* and *Galileo* celebrate human possibility in the face of oppression. *Saint Joan of the Stockyards* is an ironic documentary, illuminating the hidden, complex, maddeningly perverse drives which burst forth under social and economic pressures. Brecht has pioneered, for our time, in probing homosexuality, sadism, masochism – but never with merely clinical intent. In search of human truths, he quite ignores the demands of geographical plausibility or historical accuracy. His dialog is never simply "natural"; it constantly blasts into poetry. Bentley's introduction, in the form of ruminative notes and questions, is a triumph of honesty, and the translations, most of them by Bentley himself, are more than merely creditable. *Seven Plays* offers America a deeper look than it has yet had into the genius of *The Threepenny Opera*.

THEATRE

As one of the feeblest Broadway seasons in recent memory gasps its last, we have decided to desert the Times Square scene for livelier fields, East Side, West Side and All Around The Town – Off-Broadway, in other words, where a sizable segment of New York's theatre is thriving on high hopes and low ad-

mission prices. Below are listed some of the hardy survivors from past seasons, along with a handful of those we predict are most likely to succeed from the new.

Little Mary Sunshine: A grand spoof of operettas à la Friml and Herbert. Eileen Brennan as a coy and cuddlesome leading lady will make you yearn for the innocent Twenties, and Rick Besoyan's deliberately derivative score is justifiable larceny. At the Orpheum Theatre, Second Avenue and 8th Street.

Leave It to Jane: An affectionate revival of the 1917 collegiate caper-cutting hit, concocted by P. G. Wodehouse and Guy Bolton. Their tale is as dated as the Stutz Bearcat, but Jerome Kern's score remains fresh and lovely as ever. At the Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Avenue.

The Threepenny Opera: The longest-running musical in New York's theatrical history is now coasting along in its sixth year. The cast changes with every phase of the moon, but the Bertolt Brecht adaptation of *The Beggar's Opera* and Kurt Weill's score are perennially enchanting. At the Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher Street.

The Fantasticks: Tom Jones' book and lyrics and Harvey Schmidt's grace notes add up to an unpretentious and refreshing little musical. Broadway is predictably the next step for this promising young team. At the Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan Street.

Double Entry: Two pocket-size musicals in contrasting moods and styles. *The Bible Salesman* is folk opera with humor and feeling; *The Oldest Trick in the World* is a modern musical comedy with the accent on comedy. They serve as showcases for versatile Rosetta LeNoire, who plays a troubled grandmother in the first and a rowdy gypsy fortune-teller in the second. This is a triple entry for Jay Thompson, who furnished book, lyrics and music. At the Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd Street.

The American Dream, The Death of Bessie Smith: A pair of provocative one-acters by the far-out Edward Albee. He beams a sharp, vastly amused and amusing glance on middle-aged domesticity in the opener, and switches moods in the second half of the bill to write an intense, brooding tragedy, focusing on a white nurse who refuses to admit the blues singer into a Southern hospital. At the York Playhouse, First Avenue and 64th Street.

Hedda Gabler: David Ross' intelligently staged revival of the Ibsen classic, with Anne Meacham giving the author's lethally clinical dissection of one of the modern theatre's most celebrated bitches a chillingly believable performance. At the Fourth Street Theatre, 83 East 4th Street.

Call Me by My Rightful Name: An original and stimulating analysis of racial ten-

sions, with a trio of fine performances by Alvin Alley as a Negro student, Robert Duvall as his white and would-be liberal roommate and Joan Hackett as the spark that sets off the fireworks. This is a first play by Michael Shurtleff, Off-Broadway's major discovery of the year. At the One Sheridan Square, West 4th Street and Washington Place.

The Mousetrap: Second-rate Agatha Christie, just confabulating enough to keep that lady's whodunit fans from demanding what of it? At the Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 West 13th Street.

The Connection: Jack Gelber's durable shocker continues to involve the audience intimately with a stageful of narcotics addicts. This contrived "improvisation" is for theatregoers with steady nerves. At the Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Avenue.

Krapp's Last Tape, The Zoo Story: In the first of these oddball tours de force, Samuel (*Waiting for Godot*) Beckett achieves an ironically poignant portrait of a shabby old banana-munching derelict who recollects days gone by while listening to a tape recording of his own voice. The second, which brought Edward Albee to the public notice, is a macabre conversation piece for two, with a park bench for a setting and sudden violence in the air. At the Cricket Theatre, Second Avenue and 10th Street.

The Premise: Cabaret-style entertainment goes legitimate with an explosion of mirth, as four talented youngsters, led by bearded, bespectacled Theodore J. Flicker, ad lib sketches and political broadsides, with occasional suggestions shouted up from the audience. At the Premise, 154 Bleecker Street.

DINING-DRINKING

Wide variety is one of the principal spices used to pique the palate of Gotham gourmets at the ***Vesuvio*** (163 West 48th Street), a long-time culinary landmark in New York, a city noted for epicurean fickleness. For more than twenty years, owner Patsy Gullotta has been serving Italian cookery ranging from infinite variations on the usually prosaic pasta theme to obscure (even for New York) specialties of the house. The menu, in short, is long, but Patsy, assisted by hosts Anthony and Louis, stands ready and able to guide the venturesome viand voyager unerringly and appetizingly through the unfamiliar. Prices are moderate—$5.50 is tops for entrees—and service is what it should be: leisurely, unless you're in a rush to catch an 8:40 curtain, in which case the staff will move with an almost alarming

alacrity to get you fourth-row center on time. There are a few dinners on the menu, but the most tempting items are found in the à la carte section. If your appetite is sufficiently Gargantuan, start with the hot antipasto ($1.75). Eggplant, shrimp, stuffed mushrooms, baked clams, and peppers are all sautéed lightly and served in a tableside iron chafing dish. For a less ambitious but no less attractive lead item, try the cold antipasto, guaranteed to warm the cockles of a gourmet's heart. Veal is prepared in eleven different ways; we tried it scaloppine with lemon ($2.50). Linguine with Clam Sauce ($1.75) makes a substantial side dish for the trencherman and a main course for the less hardy. Spiedino di Mozzarella alla Romana ($2.25) is also highly touted in the specialties column, and our partner tried it with lip-smacking results. It consists of alternate layers of mozzarella cheese and bread, deep fried and then baked. Sweetbread Marsala ($2.75) is cooked in marsala wine and topped with mushrooms. If you're angling for seafood, try the Fritto Misto alla Napoletana ($2), a variety of fish, deep fried and prepared Neapolitan style. But if meat is your meat, you'll be smitten by the Beef Braciola ($2.75). This is rolled beef, stuffed with eggs and covered with a tomato sauce that is sinfully succulent. The Eggplant Parmigiana ($2), another Vesuvio specialty, and Chicken Cacciatore with Wine Sauce ($2.75) are both worth sampling. For an unusual pasta specialty, dig and dig into the Cannelloni ($1.50), large shells of pasta, stuffed with meat and broiled. You can get a crack at the Neapolitan Lasagne ($1.50), only if you're lucky enough to make the weekend scene. You won't, if you know what's good for you, bypass the wine list. Along with the usual chianti, we can recommend the bardolina or valpolicella. There are also a few rosés available. Hours are from 11:30 A.M. to 1 A.M. every day of the week. A special luncheon menu offers most of the house specialties. Omnipresent though innocuous music is, happily, one of the few things that's canned.

RECORDINGS

The fiddles saw and the brass blares on ***Ray Charles . . . Dedicated to You*** (ABC-Paramount), but they can neither undermine nor drown out some of Ray's most persuasive performances to date — a platter of panegyrics to a dozen pop-ballad heroines served up in the best Charles tradition. Ray's blues shouting is, paradoxically enough, pianissimo and right at home in the surprising surroundings of a string ensemble or full orchestra, both

under the auspices of Marty Paich. It's an intriguingly subdued Charles, especially when he pays almost lyric-perfect tribute to a trio of our favorite musical misses, *Nancy*, *Ruby* and *Candy*; they were never more ardently or expertly courted. Judy Garland's voice isn't what it used to be. It's better. Doubting Tomcats can consult ***Judy! That's Entertainment*** (Capitol). The backing – from Milt Raskin's solo piano to a hefty string ensemble – suits each tune to a J. A delicate *It Never Was You*, a stomping *Who Cares?* and a strutting *How Long Has This Been Going On?* are part of the garland the undiminished Garland magic creates.

•

Although his identity is nowhere revealed on the cover or liner notes, the taboo toppler on ***Ill Will*** (Jubilee) is Will Jordan, a nightclub comic whose ingenious monologs normally are safe for the *Ed Sullivan Show* audience. Not so here: Jordan bursts forth as a first-rate exponent of Brucemanship. As an Israeli agent poised to seize Eichmann, he mutters sadly, "He's late: I hope nothing happened to him." As Sammy Davis discussing his wedding feast with fiancée May, he agrees to serve "smorgasbord and watermelon." In his impersonation of Ralph Bellamy, speaking as president of Actors Equity, we hear the stirring words: "We have nothing to fear except Dave Merrick itself." There's more, of course, including Jordan's version of *Frankenstein*, a dramatization of Don Winslow in a Japanese prison camp, and an account of a British war film in which a single pilot is sent to destroy four hundred German planes. He survives, barely, and is greeted with "Good show, Pevney" by his commander, who begs his forgiveness for ordering him to battle against overwhelming odds. Pevney accepts and hesitantly counters with the fact that he's totally blind. *Ill Will*, indeed, but marvelous mimicry and wailing wit.

•

Count Basie/Joe Williams: Just the Blues (Roulette) isn't quite what the title indicates: two pop ballads intrude in an otherwise all-blues program. But why quibble when the sounds of the Basie band and blues shouter Williams are more than enough to enliven any stereo rig? As an additional recommendation, please note that the eight blues are authentic, composed by the likes of Big Bill Broonzy, Leroy Carr and Ivory Joe Hunter. Dig the Basie piano, too; they don't play blues like that any more. ***Sinatra's Swingin' Session*** (Capitol) is the chieftain's latest sojourn into the standard sphere, along with Nelson Riddle's band. Unfortunately, Frank doesn't do as much as he might to enliven such stand-bys as *It All Depends on You*, *September in the Rain* and *Should I*. A

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more lively set by the master is ***All the Way*** (Capitol), an assortment of his hit singles, including the title tune, *River, Stay 'Way From My Door* and *Witchcraft*. ***The Double Six of Paris*** (Capitol) introduces a sixsome (the original dozen was halved as a fiscal expedient for touring purposes) of Paris-based hipsters who chirp in the Lambert, Hendricks and Ross groove. In flowing French, they swing through seven Quincy Jones originals and Horace Silver's *Doodlin'* with a Gallic zest that flipped us. Les femmes—Christianne Legrand (Michel's sister) and Mimi Perrin; and les hommes—Jean-Louis Gonrozier (Claude Germain replaced him when he was drafted in mid-session), Jean-Claude Briodin, Jacques Danjean and Ward Swingle (the only Yank among them) exude a *joie de jazz* that is *très émouvant*. Lurlean Hunter, the Chicago-based songstress who has made several smash appearances on *Playboy's Penthouse*, is ***Blue and Sentimental*** (Atlantic) on her latest disc. Backed by a group of mainstreamers, including trumpeter Harry Edison, tenor man Bud Freeman and clarinetist Rudy Rutherford, she glides through an eleven-tune set of choice chestnuts: *Blue Turning Gray Over You, If You Could See Me Now, Fool That I Am, We'll Be Together Again* and like that. Jimmy Giuffre's arrangements are simple, tasteful frameworks for Miss Hunter.

•

Multi-talented André Previn turns his attention to the gang at 42nd Street in ***Give My Regards to Broadway*** (Columbia), a trio outing (with bassist Red Mitchell and drummer Frank Capp) along the Great White Way. Pianist Previn, as skilled a jazz technician as our era has produced, touches ten tunes in this tour—from the title number (George M. Cohan, not James Cagney, wrote it for *Little Johnny Jones* in 1904) to *Put On a Happy Face* from *Bye Bye Birdie*. Previn's ingenuity is a joy; heretofore, practically everyone has attacked *Everything's Coming Up Roses* (*Gypsy*), so Previn plays it prettily, as a slow ballad. His version of *When I'm Not Near the Girl I Love*, a beaut from *Finian's Rainbow*, is rare whimsy.

•

In terms of purity of sound and subtle musicianship, few tenors matched the late Jussi Bjoerling. His death last fall, at the age of forty-nine, deprived the world of one of its great voices. Fortunately, his recordings survive. Among them is ***The Beloved Bjoerling*** (Capitol), the first in a series of LPs spanning the Swedish tenor's career. On this disc there are a dozen arias, recorded by Bjoerling and the Stockholm Concert Association Orchestra (conducted by Nils Grevillius) between 1936 and 1948, never before released in this country. Among them are *The Flower Song* from *Carmen*, *Vesti la giubba* from Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci*

and a threesome of lyrical Puccini melodies: *Donna non vidi mai* from *Manon Lescaut*, *Nessun dorma* from *Turandot* and *Che gelida manina* from *La Boheme*. Capitol has done a splendid job of enhancing the original sounds: they're monophonic, but majestic. Throughout, Bjoerling's voice soars superbly, gracefully justifying the term "grand opera."

•

Bill Holman's Great Big Band (Capitol) is just that. The composer–arranger–tenor man heads the Los Angeles chapter of the Stan Kenton Alumni Association in an eleven-tune frolic, including a revitalized *Shadrack*, a ping-pongish *Stereoso* and a regally balladic *Speak Low* to a fleet *The Gentleman Is a Dope*. The solos, by trumpeters Conte Candoli and Lee Katzman, reed men Bill Perkins, Charlie Kennedy, Joe Maini and Holman, trombonist Frank Rosolino, pianist Jimmy Rowles and bassist Joe Mondragon, are right up there with Holman's charts.

•

Julius Monk, whose prior miniature revues staged at his Upstairs at the Downstairs showcase have garnered much critical acclaim in these columns, has risen to new heights with his latest *divertissement*, ***Dressed to the Nines*** (MGM), which contains some of the best of his nightery's ninth review. Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Bill Hinnant, Pat Ruhl and Mary Louise Wilson are in attendance. From *And That Was He and She* (a somewhat demented dialog between Miss Wilson and Mr. Connell on The Eternal Triangle — man, woman and psychoanalyst) right on through a sportive spoof of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (Pat "Lady Chatterley" Ruhl is persuaded to let her hair down and say a four-letter word; she finally does — "wash"), *Dressed to the Nines* is handsomely attired in white tie and talent.

•

Shades of those great Crosby-Mercer duets, à la *Small Fry*, in the dim, dead days: the new Bobby Darin–Johnny Mercer album ***Two of a Kind*** (Atco). Foxy grandpa Mercer, who gives away a quarter-century to the dynamic Mr. Darin, gives away nothing to his younger partner in enthusiasm; together they have a ball, bouncing their way through such ebullient tomfooleries as *Ace in the Hole* (catch the definitive Darin take-offs on W. C. Fields, Groucho and Dean Martin), *My Cutie's Due at Two-to-Two Today*, *Who Takes Care of the Caretaker's Daughter*, and a delightfully contrapuntal merger of *Paddlin' Madelin' Home* and *Row Row Row*. Darin's expertise in handling the throwaway lines interlaced with each of the melodies would do Der Bingle proud. Suggestion: let's have more musical meetings of the Messrs. Darin and Mercer.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've been engaged to a girl for a year and a half and contemplate marriage in the very near future. There's one dark cloud on what looks like a very bright horizon; she has been under psychoanalysis for the last three years. Her family, who can afford it, spends seventy-five dollars a week on couch fees. I have a pretty fair job but not good enough yet to handle the tab on her thrice-a-week sessions. Shall we postpone the wedding until she's out of analysis (no way of telling when that might be), take the plunge and try to handle the doctor bills as best we can, or accept her parents' offer to continue paying for the therapy until she's out of it? The latter really rubs me the wrong way, but I love the girl and want to do whatever's best for her. What do you think? — B. G., Tucson, Arizona.

We would advise holding the wedding in abeyance until she finishes her analysis, and not for monetary reasons. Marriage is a giant, emotion-jarring step, and might conceivably complicate the situation and aggravate your girl's problems. There are enough adjustments to make under normal conditions without additional psychological stumbling blocks thrown in. It might help clear the air to discuss the impending nuptials with her analyst, if he's willing, and find out from him whether marriage would be a wise move.

The fact that I have been divorced would be comparatively easy to keep secret. I know it is much to my advantage, both socially and in business, to do so, but are there any disadvantages that I might be overlooking? — C. V., Seattle, Washington.

Aside from the obvious fact that the truth will eventually out, we think you're making a wrong move hiding your divorce; it could be a distinct asset socially. A woman will always think she has all the answers your ex-wife couldn't supply. Too, playing the martyred ex-husband burdened with alimony payments who wants to avoid getting burned twice could keep you out of trouble. These days, a divorce is certainly no handicap in business, and having your divorce "discovered" by your business associates might make your character suspect.

Just what makes one car a "classic" and another just a second-hand automobile? The whole business has me rather confused. — T. B., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The Classic Car Club of America has spent much time and soul-searching setting up a list of the automobiles it considers classic. The list is made up of 132 cars manufactured in the years 1925 through 1942 (except for Lincoln Continental, which runs through 1948). Its decisions are based on such facts as F.O.B. price (if it's high enough), production figures (if they're low enough), classic components (such as the Bijur self-lubricating systems in use in the Twenties and Thirties), power equipment (supercharged vehicles are looked on with favor), and engine displacement (the bigger the better). Generally, those that are chosen are, and we quote from the Club Constitution, "fine or unusual foreign or domestic motor cars . . . distinguished for their respective fine design, high engineering standards and superior workmanship." In some cases, certain models of one year's production make the grade while others do not. Some people, taking a more subjective view, feel that only open or "sports" models are true classics, while others stoutly maintain that a car must be custom-built to qualify as a classic. Still others limit "classics" to those built over a much shorter span of years than the 1925-1942 Classic Car Club designation.

How can I tactfully tell my girl she's getting pudgy? She's wonderful and I wouldn't hurt her for the world, but everything she eats goes to her hips. If you can suggest a way to get the point across without her accusing me of being an unfeeling beast, I would certainly appreciate it. — T. G., Baltimore, Maryland.

You might try the obtuse approach. The next time your girl remarks that another girl has a nice figure, you say she looks scrawny; you prefer your own girl's Rubensesque topography. Do that a couple of times and wheels should start turning. Or buy her an expensive, luscious, nonreturnable bikini a size or two too small. Where there's a will and a mental image, there's a way.

What's the essential difference between cologne and toilet water, and is either the same as after-shave lotion? — T. K., New York, New York.

Toilet water, cologne and after-shave lotion each contain two basic ingredients: alcohol and scent. The differences occur in the alcohol-to-scent ratios. Toilet water has the least alcohol and the most scent, cologne is in the middle on both counts, and after-shave lotion contains the most alcohol and the least scent.

I've recently received an invitation to an official function. Down in one corner of the invitation it says "Decorations." I assume that means it's strictly white tie, but I'm not sure what "Decorations" are to be worn. — D. E., Washington, D. C.

The rule goes like this: if you have decorations, and are planning to wear them, white tie, tails and all the accoutrements should be donned; if you have no decorations, a dinner jacket is quite acceptable. Except for the Medal of Honor, which is worn around the neck, the Presidential Citation Ribbon, which is worn on the right lapel, and some foreign orders, decorations must be worn on the left lapel, from left to right, top to bottom, in this order: American decorations, American service medals, foreign decorations, foreign service medals. American awards rank in importance as follows: Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, Distinguished Service Medal, Medal of Merit (civilian), Silver Star, Exceptional Service Award (civilian), Distinguished Service Award (civilian), Legion of Merit, Meritorious Service Award (civilian), Distinguished Flying Cross, Soldiers', Navy or Marine Corps Medal, Bronze Star Medal, Air Medal, Commendation Ribbon, Purple Heart. Although the wearing of all military awards and decorations by civilians is permitted, the smart move is to wear only those decorations awarded for individual accomplishment (as opposed to unit citations, for instance).

Thomas Mario's March article *A Good Egg* was the greatest, but none of the recipes was what I would call really exotic. Any suggestions?—J. B., Ottawa, Ontario.

We have one which we're sure will appeal to even the most jaded palate, and it makes the perfect party dish.

OEUF DE ROC FLAMBÉ
(Serves 600)

In dying embers of medium campfire, place one roc egg. With table machete, truncate top of shell and set aside. Stir with long stick in steady figure-eight pattern, folding in one fifth Irish whiskey per hour for approximately twelve hours. Salt to taste. Trim with decorative roc plume, and insert 600 straws. Light each straw, count to ten, and serve. Crawl (quickly) under top of shell set aside earlier.

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

Stewart

speak to me of immortality

JORGE O'BRIAN GOMEZ spoke softly into the telephone. It was a spidery handset, but for all its grace it was heavy. It was gold.

"Sí, sí," Gomez said. "Claro. No, nada. Finito."

He let the instrument slip through his fingers into its cradle. He walked to the door. He looked like a big clockwork toy, staring ahead, his heels driving into the soft carpet. Under the carved archway he turned and looked back at the room that had been the center of his world. It had cost a quarter of a million dollars to furnish this office to the taste of Jorge O'Brian Gomez. It was a shame to leave it to the barbarians from the south country, mountain men most of them, horsemen from the vast savannas, miners, scum of every kind, but it was not as if he were giving it up forever. He had gone away before, and come back, and he would again.

The infantryman on post at the map room snapped an arm across his chest in salute. Gomez wondered where the fellow would be in twenty-four hours. He was quite sure he knew where the head would be: it would decorate one of the wrought-iron posts of the fence around the Palacio. The body? Hard to say.

The map room was soundproofed, and so when the door was opened the racket came as a blow in the face: bedlam, hysteria, madness. Gomez let it slam and the shouting tailed off in a single gurgling choked-down oath. A teletype machine rattled in the sudden silence.

"Tomas," the little man said, "what is the situation?"

A colonel answered him. "It is distressing, sir," he said. "An armored column, twenty-five vehicles, has appeared just north of Casefiento. We did not even know of its existence. Here, below Mireflore, there is heavy infiltration, the first units of Jiminez' outfit; the garrison at Columbo has defected, and the rebels reached the shore, here at Nagua, over an hour ago. Further . . ."

Gomez waved him into silence. "You will see all this change soon," he said. "I have ordered an armored attack across the entire peninsula. Keep up

a man can fill
a quiet and
well-ordered lifetime
with a pretty scheme
of eternal vengeance

fiction **By KEN PURDY**

your spirits. There is nothing to fear. Nothing whatever! Tomas, come with me."

Their heels banged on the marble floor; they walked quickly.

"All that information is an hour old," Gomez said. He had a hard, rasping voice. "Hopeless! They are within ten miles of the city this minute, and coming like the wind. What is worse, an underground squad hit the blue airfield fifteen minutes ago. We are nailed."

"Ah!" Tomas said. "The blue one? That happened?"

"It happened," Gomez said. "We waited twenty-four hours too long. Within ninety minutes they got the yacht, the white airfield and then the blue one. We are nailed down."

"You will go to Hadrian?" the colonel asked.

"No," Gomez said. "Two people know about Hadrian's, and that is two too many. I have a different idea." He stopped before a small door, brass and mahogany. He offered his hand to Tomas. "Best luck!" he said. He smiled and nodded and opened the door. Best luck, indeed. The man was six feet four. In a crowd he stood out like a lighthouse in a dark night. He'd be ripped into dog meat before he had made two city blocks from the Palacio. Pity.

Gomez drove his thumb into a button and cedar doors at one end of the room slid open to reveal an enormous closet. There were fifty-odd uniforms at one end, more than a hundred suits at the other. Gomez thrust himself into the clothes like a weasel down a burrow. He backed out with a package in his hand. It was dusty. He shook it open: a cheap straw hat, thong shoes, pants, white cotton shirt.

Ten minutes later, his face and hands blackened, he was on the street. Within the hour, and having walked every foot of the way, he was breathing the winy air of Haraguato. The houses were nearly all dark, squared off under the ancient, crouching trees; from the shore, a mile away, the sea wind brought the rolling boom of the surf, sifting it through the pine woods. In the city behind him he could hear bursts of small-arms fire, snapping in strings like baby firecrackers.

When he came to Delgado's house he passed it, went around the block and entered from the rear. One room was lighted. He found a door and knocked. Silence. An overhead light came on. In a narrow window, a curtain moved. Gomez took off his hat, ran a handkerchief hard across his forehead. It came away black with greasepaint. He turned in profile to the window. Then he clapped his hat on his head and gestured rudely toward the door. Within a count of twenty it had swung softly open and he was inside.

They stood in the dark, he and Tonio Delgado.

"I hardly knew you, Jorge."

"They knocked off my emergency airfields, both of them," Gomez said. "I find myself, as it were, nailed."

"No boats?"

"Would I be here?"

"Give me your hand."

They moved through the house on the cool tiles. A door closed behind them and a light snapped on.

"There is no window in this room," Delgado said. The walls were white plaster, and it was small. There were two rattan chairs, a leather couch, a rosewood cupboard.

"Brandy?" Delgado asked.

Gomez shook his head impatiently. "They'll have the city by dawn," he said. "Then the ropes will be cut. It would be idiotic to move, and I am no idiot. I made one mistake: I waited twenty-four hours too long. I will correct that mistake by waiting another month, or two months, or three. You understand me, Delgado?"

"Yes," Delgado said. "Certainly. But where? Wait where?"

Gomez smiled. "Here, my friend," he said. "Here with you."

Delgado poured brandy, and the neck of the carafe jangled on the glass' edge.

"It will be no problem for you," Gomez said. "It is well known that we quarreled four years ago. It is well known that I have not seen you since. You have behaved yourself. You have been hedging your bets. You have friends in the mountains."

Delgado said nothing. He was looking into his second glass of brandy, his thin hand curled tightly around it. The belt of his white silk dressing gown had come untied, and one end of it dangled limply to the floor.

"I notice you do not say, 'But where with me?' " Gomez said. "That is good. I would think that unkind of you. Because you told me six, maybe seven years ago, and I have not forgotten. I rarely forget. You know that. I will stay in the nice little hide-out that opens off your wine cellar. You remember telling me?"

Delgado remembered. In that time, he and the general had been friends. It had been a fruitful collaboration. Delgado was still well off. Had the general not felt that his happiness required Carola to spend four days with him in Maraguey, they would still be friends; Delgado would be really a rich man, and he would now be running for his life and wondering if the mob would choose to burn his house or raze it flat. Seen in that obscure and twisted fashion, he owed Gomez something. Still he cursed himself. I need not have told him, he cried silently, I need not have told him! He had lived in the big house in Haraguato for five years and more before he had stumbled into the secret room. It had been beautifully and elaborately made: it lay behind a set of stone shelves in the wine cellar, dug out under the lawn. It measured ten feet by twelve by eight feet high. It held a toilet and a washbowl, a cot, chair, desk; an electric light hung from the low ceiling and a fan and a hand bellows ventilated it. With someone to feed him, a man could live for years behind the wine cellar.

"We are wasting time with this nonsense," Gomez said. "Let's go. Carola is in the house?"

Delgado nodded.

"You must tell her, naturally. And no one else. And this is what is important: There is to be no change in your pattern of living. You hear me? *No* change!"

"I'll get some blankets," Delgado said.

"Yes, and some bread, some meat," Gomez said. "We'll take wine from the cellar. Nothing else. Nothing you have to explain. Understand?"

"I understand," Delgado said.

The cell door was latched in three hidden places, one for each hand, one for a foot. The wall swung open.

Gomez stood in the doorway and peered in. "On the one hand," he said, "I am happy to see this hole. On the other, I am horrified." He turned to Delgado. "The fruit of a single error, my friend," he said, "is sometimes terrible to contemplate. You, I am sure, will make no error?"

"None," Delgado said.

"Good. Until tomorrow night, then. Is there any way to communicate with you before then?"

"No, Jorge," Delgado said. "None. That is one of the indications of intelligence in the man who planned this room. Undoubtedly he considered the circumstances that a searching party might be in the house, and just at the wrong time . . . for the same reason, there is no means of opening the door from within."

"Clever," Gomez said. "I bid you good-night, and many thanks."

"Good-night," Delgado said.

He found Carola awake. "What have you been doing?" she said grumpily.

He slipped a hand under her neck. "Get up," he said. He drew the covers down and lifted her. "Come," he said. "Up." She said no more, and he steered her into the bathroom. He opened the cold-water tap in the basin.

"Splash some on your face, my dear," he said. "Wake up."

Sleepily, she did as he asked. A handsome woman, he thought, at any hour of the day or night. Her hair hung in two long plaits down her back. Her bare feet curling on the warm rough bathroom rug, her head came barely to his chest, and the fabric of her nightgown, almost light enough to float, gave her the look

(continued on page 96)

"Now, the first thing we must do is close our minds to all earthly thoughts."

"Don't you think you ought to get out of that dress before the zipper rusts?"

A FEW MONTHS AGO, in Palm Springs, California, the promoters of a golf tournament offered $50,000 to any player making a hole-in-one, and when a professional named Don January did indeed score a hole-in-one, his feat, in the words of a gentleman from Lloyd's of London, "repercussed." The promoters, it developed, had with some foresight insured themselves against the contingency, and as so often happens when the name Lloyd's turns up in connection with an apparently frolicsome bit of insurance business, a good many people doubtless concluded once again that, given the proper premium, Lloyd's will insure anything.

This is a misconception which Lloyd's finds both widespread and nettlesome. It is admittedly a pretty fine hair to be splitting, but the fact is that in the pure sense, Lloyd's of London will insure nothing. Although it is duly incorporated by Act of Parliament and carries tremendous authority and prestige in the world of insurance, Lloyd's is an extremely loose-jointed corporation as corporations go, and it certainly cannot be described as a company. Probably it is best explained as a simple, clublike society of some 4700 member-underwriters who not only function as individuals but are held individually and personally responsible for the policies they write.

(The term "underwriter" originated at Lloyd's and stems from the practice of a member's signifying his willingness to accept a certain portion of a proposed risk by writing his initials, along with the amount of risk he will take, under the preceding underwriter's initials and his share of the risk, the conditions of the policy having already been set out by the "lead" underwriter. In all Her Majesty's dominions, there is nothing more binding than the initials of a Lloyd's underwriter. Once he has scribbled them on the innocuous slip of paper handed him by a hopeful broker, he is committed, and there is no turning back.)

Since it bears no real corporate responsibility and is consequently shored up by nothing more than its members' fierce integrity, Lloyd's by all rights ought to have foundered and gone under long ago. But if it is a wingless bird, it can also fly when the occasion calls for it. A number of years ago, when a colleague surprisingly defaulted on a series of valid claims, the other underwriters rushed to the aid of both their own fallen angel and the various claimants by immediately putting forward some $1,800,000 in full settlement of the claims, though they were under no legal obligation whatever to do so. Asked why the group had so readily taken on the encumbrance, one of the members stiffened in surprise. "Why," he said, "it was the thing to do! After all, this is Lloyd's and we propose to see that it remains Lloyd's."

Remain Lloyd's it has. The statistics will be dispensed with rapidly, but since its almost accidental beginning in 1689 in the casual atmosphere of one Edward Lloyd's coffee house, a meeting place for merchants anxious not only to exchange shipping news but willing as well to speculate occasionally on the fate of a ship or its cargo, Lloyd's has burgeoned over the years into a vast and many-sided insurance complex with an annual premium income of $750,000,000, payable in more than one hundred and fifty different currencies. The amount of insurance actually in force with underwriters at Lloyd's is not a matter of public record, but it obviously runs well into the billions.

This, for all the magic in its name, is not to say that it is either the largest insurance organization in the world or the only one dealing in unusual policies. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in the United States, for example, had a premium income in 1959 of approximately $2,500,000,000. In addition, there are a number of companies, such as the Continental Casualty Company in the U.S., with whom it is possible to dicker for special, offbeat policies. In most instances, however, the amount an American company will take on a nonstandard risk is a comparatively nominal one, and it is more than likely that the company will quietly reinsure in London in any case. The result is that Lloyd's has no very severe competition, and the fact that it has remained largely unchallenged *(continued on page 82)*

you name it, lloyd's of london has insured it — but this fabled firm isn't an insurance company at all

BEECHCRAFT TWIN BONANZA D50E, right, is sleekly mirrored on a rain-slick runway. This six-seat beauty is a fair-and-foul-weather friend of the sky-minded exec on his way up. The Bonanza's twin 295-horsepower engines moved this umbrella-toting gentleman and his lady along at a smart 203 miles-per-hour clip. The Twin-B, base-priced at under $90,000, will easily nonstop an 800-mile pleasure-or-profit junket.

PIPER APACHE G, below, is winging for a wing-ding at California's Palm Desert Airpark, where its fun-fancying owner can tether his 320-horsed chariot within rumba distance of diving boards and dry martinis. The $38,000 Apache, with a cruising speed of 170 miles per hour and a range of 850 miles (wing tanks add an extra 400 miles), will swiftly fly a two-couple scouting party to a host of hip and happy hunting grounds.

INV TO

THE PLANE-OWNING MAN-ABOUT-TOWN is automatically the man-about-*many*-towns. The magnificent mobility afforded by his private plane has turned him into a nomadic wayfarer ready at the drop of a windsock to strap an airplane to the seat of his Italian silk trousers and seek his fortunes and his fillies on their home grounds, be they across the county, country or even ocean.

In your own personal sky yacht, it's no trick at all to lay plans for both skiing and swimming, a jaunt to both distant city and countryside, a chic desert resort and a bewooded mountain hunting lodge — all within the span of a single weekend. Exotic entrepreneurs such as oil wildcatters, engineers and ranch owners find a private plane almost indispensable to their lives — it allows them to get about quickly and efficiently during working hours and, in less time than it takes to bring in a gusher, they can be gushed over by their favorite young lady in one of San Francisco's smart bistros.

Personal plane ownership in the U.S. is climbing like a homesick angel; there are now over seventy thousand non-commercial planes *(continued on page 53)*

ITATION FLYING

playboy's primer on personal sky yachts for fun and travel


NIOIAL

CESSNA 310F, top, handsomely hightails it for the High Sierras, with a full complement of ski gear and snow bunnies aboard. The $62,500 light twin will cover up to 1000 miles at over 200 mph holding a full house (in this case, two pairs and a pilot) of slope-bound citizenry, then double delightfully as a streamlined repository for chilly bodies and hot toddies.

LAKE LA-4, left, moored in a sun-sprayed Catalina cove, serves as a skin-diving springboard and a skin-tanning chaise longue for a couple of week-end water-worshipers. A unique amphib with a single-pusher 180-horse-power engine, the LA-4 is a $26,500 work-and-plaything which can go from land to sky to lake with the graceful ease and soaring grace of a seagull.

HILLER E4 helicopter, left, can plant itself on a secluded Southern California beach or a roof-top flight deck with equal unconcern. The four-seater, with its 100-mph speed and 225-mile range, is a $70,000 go-anywhere air taxi. ON MARK MARKSMAN, left center and below, is an exotic start-from-scratch rework of Douglas' B-26. Its pressurized cabin can be accessorized with—among a whole slew of life-aloft luxuries—a bar, intercom, underseat tape recorders, and a flock of interesting air companions. Variations range from $250,000 to $360,000. BEECHCRAFT BONANZA N35, bottom left, intriguingly V-tailed and swingingly detailed, sports a comely co-pilot on the wing at a mid-trip refueling stop. The N35, base-priced at $26,500, can clip off 1000 miles at 200 per hour.

in use, and no wonder: with more than six thousand airstrips dotting the countryside, only some six hundred are served by commercial airlines. The remaining off-route runways provide easy access to a whole new world of business opportunities and pleasure hideaways which groundlings and airline habitués must overlook completely or struggle to reach through more time-consuming means.

For instance, from Los Angeles it's only minutes via ozone to the Palm Desert Airpark, where you can practically do a half gainer from your aircraft into the swimming pool. An on-the-wing New York exec can leave after a day's empire-building from any one of the many airports serving the metropolitan area and in less than an hour taxi his flying chariot to the water's edge on Martha's Vineyard for a midsummer night's dream of a moonlight swim in the Atlantic.

More and more today, pleasure havens are taking into account their accessibility by air. A party-bound planeload alighting at Florida's Pompano Beach

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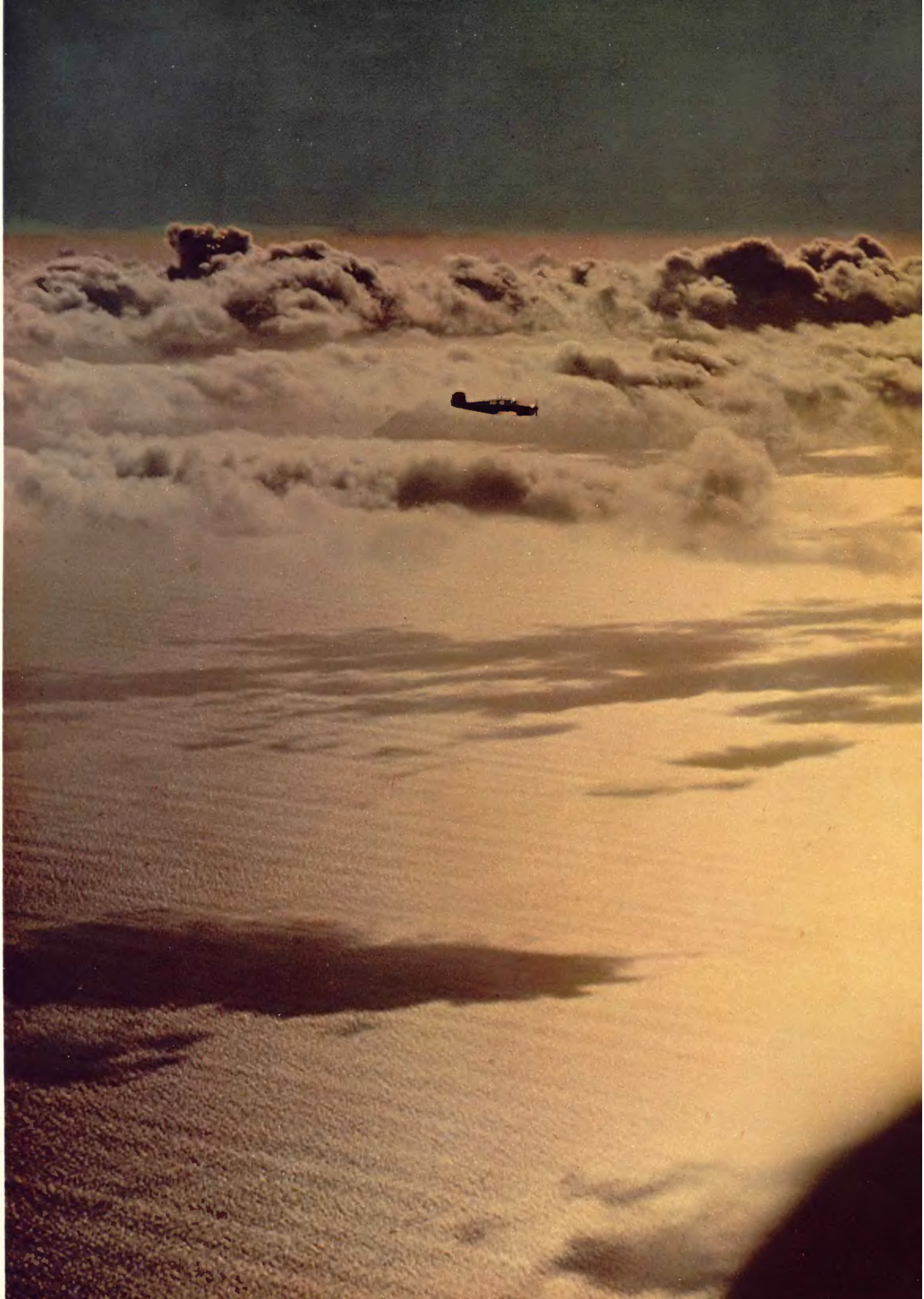
AERO COMMANDER 680F, above, decked out in flight-trim blue, is joined by its twin-bladed Model 500 sister ship in froming a champagne picnic party in a sylvan glade. The 680F, at a going price of $113,500, will take o lucky seven skyfarers across half a continent at 250 mph. Right, the Commander's 28,500-foot ceiling assures an in-transit place in the sun.

MORANE-SAULNIER MS760, top, showing its sleek tail feathers, is a French-built pure jet that can carry a couple of cloud-hopping couples at speeds of up to 400 miles per hour, yet quietly enough to hear a bon mot drop. The hand-in-handers, above, have just left their Volvo 1800 sports coupe to join friends on a jet-propelled weekend junket that could take in Chicago, New York and a palm-lined Florida strand in pressurized-cabin comfort. Carrying a price tag that circles around the $200,000 mark, the MS760, with its twin Turbomeca Marcore engines, is a lightning-fast luxury item. Right: homeward-bound after a far-flung holiday, one's own sky yacht is a magic carpet to the delights of the highly practical, superbly pleasurable horizons of personal planemanship.



"When Consuelo says no — she means NO!"

"please help spread the word," said the friendly druggist

fiction **By FREDRIC BROWN**

THE HOBBYIST

"I HEARD A RUMOR," Sangstrom said, "to the effect that you—" He turned his head and looked about him to make absolutely sure that he and the druggist were alone in the tiny prescription pharmacy. The druggist was a gnome-like gnarled little man who could have been any age from fifty to a hundred. They were alone, but Sangstrom dropped his voice just the same. "— to the effect that you have a completely undetectable poison."

The druggist nodded. He came around the counter and locked the front door of the shop, then walked toward a doorway behind the counter. "I was about to take a coffee break," he said. "Come with me and have a cup."

Sangstrom followed him around the counter and through the doorway to a back room ringed by shelves of bottles from floor to ceiling. The druggist plugged in an electric percolator, found two cups and put them on a table that had a chair on either side of it. He motioned Sangstrom to one of the chairs and took the other himself. "Now," he said. "Tell me. Whom do you want to kill, and why?"

"Does it matter?" Sangstrom asked. "Isn't it enough that I pay for——"

The druggist interrupted him with an upraised hand. "Yes, it matters. I must be convinced that you deserve what I can give you. Otherwise——" He shrugged.

"All right," Sangstrom said. "The *whom* is my wife. The *why*——" He started the long story. Before he had quite finished the percolator had completed its task and the druggist briefly interrupted to get the coffee for them. Sangstrom concluded his story.

The little druggist nodded. "Yes, I occasionally dispense an undetectable poison. I do so freely; I do not charge for it, if I think the case is deserving. I have helped many murderers."

"Fine," Sangstrom said. "Please give it to me, then."

The druggist smiled at him. "I already have. By the time the coffee was ready I had decided that you deserved it. It was, as I said, free. But there is a price for the antidote."

Sangstrom turned pale. But he had anticipated — not this, but the possibility of a double cross or some form of blackmail. He pulled a pistol from his pocket.

The little druggist chuckled. "You daren't use that. Can you find the antidote—" he waved at the shelves "— among those thousands of bottles? Or would you find a faster, more virulent poison? Or if you think I'm bluffing, that you are not really poisoned, go ahead and shoot. You'll know the answer within three hours when the poison starts to work."

"How much for the antidote?" Sangstrom growled.

"Quite reasonable, a thousand dollars. After all, a man must live; even if his hobby is preventing murders, there's no reason why he shouldn't make money at it, is there?"

Sangstrom growled and put the pistol down, but within reach, and took out his wallet. Maybe after he had the antidote, he'd still use that pistol. He counted out a thousand dollars in hundred-dollar bills and put them on the table.

The druggist made no immediate move to pick them up. He said, "And one other thing — for your wife's safety and mine. You will write a confession of your intention — your former intention, I trust — to murder your wife. Then you will wait till I go out and mail it to a friend of mine on the homicide detail. He'll keep it as evidence in case you ever *do* decide to kill your wife. Or me, for that matter.

"When that is in the mail it will be safe for me to return here and give you the antidote. I'll get you paper and pen. Oh, one other thing — although I do not absolutely insist on it. Please help spread the word about my undetectable poison, will you? One never knows, Mr. Sangstrom. The life you save, if you have any enemies, just might be your own."


RIB
SHORT LOIN
CHUCK
PLATE
FLANK
SHOULDER
BRISKET
SHANK
Kalish

CHOP TALK

choice words on choice cuts of gustatory versatility

BY THOMAS MARIO

The word "chop," if it doesn't suggest cherry trees or suey, usually brings to mind the ubiquitous broiled lamb chop—a morsel both quickly prepared (brown, turn, brown, serve) and quickly devoured. But "chop" in the generic sense is an immense continent of pleasure, comprising the entire succulent expanse of an animal's tender mid-section—a region with which every self-respecting trencherman should become intimately acquainted.

In deepening this rather one-sided but nevertheless gratifying friendship between man and beastie, one must first learn to distinguish between the two best known areas of contact: steaks and chops. The phrase itself is a clarion call for the brandishing of cutlery; and yet it is actually double talk of a sort, because steaks *are* chops, and chops *are* steaks, in the sense that both are thick slices from those tender and toothsome central regions that have mercifully been spared the rigors of physical exercise. The distinction in terms is

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"You know very well you're not supposed to beg at the table!"

odds man out

why gamblers can't get their dreams of wealth out of their systems

article **By T. K. BROWN III**

ANYONE WHO HAS SPENT ANY TIME in a gambling casino has certainly seen this typical gentleman at the roulette table. In Europe he is likely to be elderly, distinguished looking, and rather shiny at the elbows. He sits quietly at the table with a ledger in his lap and watches the movement of the ball with an alert eye, making notations in his book after every spin. Behind him there may be one or two curious spectators. Finally the conditions are favorable. From the modest stack of chips in front of him he selects several and disposes them on the green felt: "*Les jeux sont faits. Rien ne va plus.*" With a slight quickening of interest he watches the ball as it spins, tumbles, hops, hesitates, and comes to rest. "*Le douze. Rouge, pair, et manque.*" If he has won, he accepts his gains with the negligent air of one to whom the outcome was never in doubt. If he has lost, he bows his head and carefully records the event in his ledger.

He is, of course, a system player.

Perhaps, in the early morning hours, you will come upon this man at the moment when his destiny catches up with him. He may be the only player still at the table. His stack has only three chips in it. Almost regretfully, in the iron grip of his system's requirements, he bets them. Then, after the bored croupier has raked them in, he sits for a while staring at the rows of numbers and symbols in his ledger. He looks older and more threadbare. It is sad.

In Las Vegas, at the crap tables, one sees another sort of system player. In fact, it is likely to be a pair: two young men in sport shirts. Here, all is action, verve, excitement. Their system requires an immediate reaction to what has just happened — it takes two of them to figure out what to do next and to get the bets placed.

"$14 on pass and $6 on come," hollers the boy with the book. The other places the bets. With glistening eyes and fierce whispered cajolery they watch what the dice do; then they consult, argue, scramble to get the next bet down in time. Usually they end up screaming at each other. "You stupid idiot! We were supposed to have an insurance bet on the bar number! Now you've loused the system completely!" A few days later one may see them on the edge of town, thumbing a ride to L.A.

There are literally thousands of systems being played at this very minute in gambling establishments throughout the world. In spite of their diversity, all have one thing in common: none of them work. They fall into six broad categories:

Superstitious systems. In these, bets are placed in obedience to tips received from dreams, numerology, astrology, or "significant" accidents — for instance, seeing three redheads all in one city block. Off to the casino for an evening of bets on red. We need not concern ourselves with these systems at all.

Observational systems. The bettor watches the dice or the wheel until he detects a pattern. Then he says to himself, "Maybe this pattern is merely the result of chance — or maybe something is wrong with the equipment. I will bet on the continuation of the pattern. If it has resulted from chance, my bet is as good as any other. If the equipment is out of whack, I have an advantage."

This is sound thinking. Around the beginning of the century a British engineer, Charles Jaggers, detected a bias in one of the wheels at Monte Carlo and cleaned up about $100,000 before the house caught on and corrected the fault. But those good old days are no more. Now the casinos take daily measurements to make sure everything is shipshape. A few years ago there was a lot of publicity about a couple of college boys who made a similar discovery, and a bundle, at Reno; but the suspicion is large that the whole thing was a publicity stunt by the house to bedazzle potential customers and fill them with spurious dreams. Nowadays, the apparatus does not go bad often enough to outweigh the house odds.

The monetary advantage to players of these systems lies in the amount of time spent in observing and tabulating. There isn't much time left to bet.

Cynical systems. Also sound. Suspecting that the game is crooked, the player bets on the opposite side from the big money, figuring that he will win as it loses. The trouble with this system is that the house

will resent the implications of this play (whether the house is honest or crooked), and pretty soon a sinister fellow of great strength will invite the player to get the hell out and never show his face again.

Law-of-averages systems. Here the player, observing a long run in one direction, reasons that the law of averages is going to step in soon and balance things out. He waits for such a run and then bets against its continuing. In the lingo, he "coppers the play."

This is very unsound thinking. The chances on any spin or roll are not affected one whit by what has gone before. That little ball on the roulette wheel doesn't know what it just did, and it doesn't care. It's going to continue the run about half the time, and about half the time it's going to break it off.

Systems based on misplaced confidence in the law of averages aren't going to cost the player more than he would lose anyway, but they certainly won't help him.

Lurch systems. These start at the bar. The player, at a certain point, decides he wants to she a li'l action, so he lurches over to the roulette table and puts $10 on his good ole lucky seven (35 to 1). Then, before the spin, he lurches back for another quick transfusion. Lo and behold, seven wins: he has $350 and doesn't even know it. The house courteously sets aside all but $25, the limit on such a bet, and lets the $25 ride, having no instructions to the contrary. Will wonders never cease? Seven comes again! Our man lurches back to the table to find himself $1225 ($350 + $875) richer.

A fairy tale. This system has absolutely nothing to recommend it.

Mathematical systems. Ah, here we broach a subject for which the intelligent, reasoning man can have some respect. Obviously, those other systems have nothing to them. And most of the mathematical systems are for the birds, too: not carefully thought out, not subtle enough—of course they fail. But *this* system is tried, tested and infallible. Months were spent on dry runs; thousands of trials led to its ultimate refinement. Compilations of random numbers were applied to it and it won every time. A mathematician friend was hauled in to calculate the degree of risk, and it turned out to be utterly negligible. This system is ready to go!

Sorry, man. Your system is not ready to go. No system is *ever* ready to go.

The True Believer in one particular system will reject this statement as untrue; and toward him we are resigned. We can't dissuade the zealot from his zeal. He is committed on an emotional level to which reason has no access; and, if he ever sees the light, it will come to him on the wings of some stronger and sobering emotion, such as the one that follows on the collapse of his mansion. We are speaking now to those of you who have become intrigued by the notion that perhaps there *are* mathematical systems that are valid, and that can relieve you of the need to work for a living. We'd like to catch you before you go any further.

The real reason why the notion is false is a perfectly simple mathematical one; and the trouble with it is, almost no one will take it seriously. It sounds too much like all the vague old adages like, "You can't squeeze blood from a turnip," or, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Nevertheless, the statement regarding the fatuity of systems is a serious statement of mathematical fact, however devoid of practical, real meaning it may sound. It is simply this: all systems have to buck the odds; you cannot add up a series of minus expectations and come out with a profit.

"Nonsense!" cries the True Believer. "Sure, I'm bucking a slight minus expectation. But my system can withstand a fantastically improbable run of bad luck. I can handle the evil day — if it ever comes — with what I have won in the meantime."

He's wrong. Notice how he discounts the "slight" minus expectation — we'll come back later to the question of how slight it is. But first, what is this business of "expectation"?

It is nothing less than the crux of the whole matter.

If you are trying to roll an ace with one die, your chance of doing so is 1/6 (one of the six sides is an ace). Now, suppose someone offers to pay you a dollar for each time you throw the ace, but requires you to pay 15 cents every time you roll. Your expectation per roll is one sixth of one dollar, or 16⅔ cents, less the 15 cents you must pay. You have a *plus expectation* of 1⅔ cents per roll. If you roll 1000 times, your profit will be pretty close to $16.67.

But suppose you are asked to pay 18 cents for the privilege of rolling. Now you have a *minus expectation* of 1⅓ cents per roll. After 1000 of them you will be losing about $13.33.

The minus expectation doesn't sound like much — only 1.33% of the money you put up (or bet; for what you have been doing is betting). Surely a good system can handle a risk as slight as that and show you a profit by its skillful technique of varying the size of the bets.

As it happens, this minus expectation of 1.33% is pretty close to the best odds you can find in a gambling casino. The house edge on line bets (bets that the shooter wins) at the crap table is 1.41%. At the Monte Carlo roulette tables (which are four times as easy on you as the tables in this country) it is 1.35% on the even-money bets. Even with this "slight" advantage, the casino manages to realize a 125% return on invested capital every year.

So perhaps the house advantage is not so slight as it appears. Things begin to get interesting when you calculate your chance of winning against, say, the 1.41% house edge at craps. That minus expectation begins to multiply. If you bet 100 times at one dollar (and any system player is going to find himself making at least that many bets — unless he goes broke first), your chance of winning even one lousy buck from your 100 bets is only about two in five. Your chance of winning $10 is one in seven, and your chance of winning $20 is one in fifty. Even if you make 1000 one-dollar bets, your chance of winning $20 is only about one in seven.

Of course, these statistics do not take that fantastic system into account. But, as we are about to show, the system makes no difference whatsoever. A minus expectation is a minus expectation; no system is going to turn it into a plus expectation.

What most mathematical systems do is this: instead of letting you take your relatively small losses as you incur them, they save them up and serve them to you in one devastating, wallet-flattening wallop. In the meantime you have the illusion of winning. The final crusher comes when, in the course of increasing the size of your bets as you lose, you run into the house limit. When that happens you invariably find that you have lost more than you had won before it happened.

Let's take a look at a very bad, but apparently imperishable, system: the Martingale. Every year a million more enthusiasts discover for themselves this quick but painful death and think that they have hit on something great. In the Martingale you double your bet every time you lose. When the series is broken off by a win, you win the amount of your initial bet. Like this:

Bet		Total Lost
1st	$1 loses	$ 1
2nd	2 loses	3
3rd	4 loses	7
4th	8 loses	15
5th	16 wins, and you have won $1 for the series. Easy money! But let's go on, assuming that the fifth bet loses too.	
5th	16 loses	31
6th	32 loses	63
7th	64 loses	127
8th	128 loses	255
9th	256 loses	511
10th	512 — but wait! The house limit is $500. You would like to be able to bet $512 for the chance of winning $1 — on the face of it a pretty ridiculous situation to be in — but you can't. You will have to content yourself with having lost $511.	

And a run of nine straight losses is by

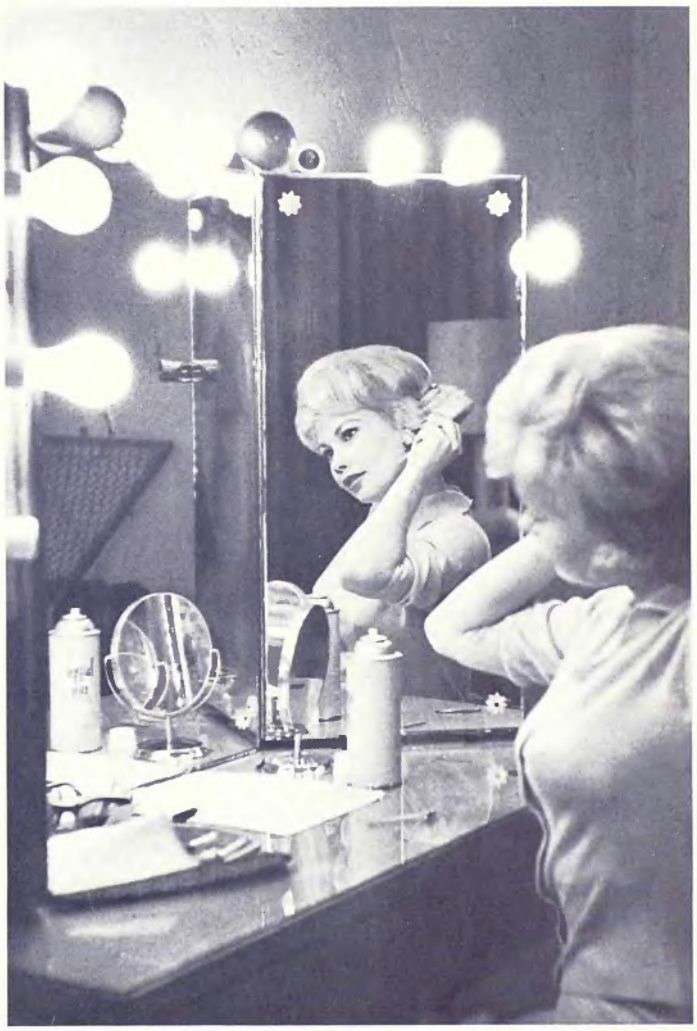
(continued on page 115)

"Lizzie Mae is going to have a right nice little family by the time she's old enough to get married."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK BEZ

PEACH OF A TEACH

THERE'S A CREAKY ADAGE in Hollywood, harking back to the halcyon days of Ramon Navarro and Louise Fazenda, that the shortest distance between obscurity and stardom is *not* through Central Casting. Tinseltown moguls seem to make a point of discovering box-office potential in less obvious surroundings, and there's no pat formula for the time or the place. The latest and loveliest proof of the ancient dictum is Susan Kelly — blonde, brown-eyed and built — who went to Celluloid City several orange crops ago to teach English. (Honest.) It then followed as the night the day that Susan was discovered (which, in this case, was like discovering snow in Alaska) by producer Albert Zugsmith. He promptly made an ex-schoolmarm of her by offering a contract instead of an apple and casting her as a curvy WAC lieutenant in Allied Artists' *Dondi*. From the looks of our superbly structured Miss May, it's no trick to predict her Oklahoma University sheepskin in education will become a mere wall decoration, but the little tots' loss is their older brothers' gain. Miss Kelly's class — the class of 36-22-35 — figures to get A+ for attendance in her concentrated course in anatomy.



school's out for this letter-perfect english teacher turned actress


MISS MAY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Has everybody here seen Kelly? Our girl Susan brightens up the *Dondi* set, gets thesping pointer from producer Albert Zugsmith who was one of the first to spot the very speciol talents of the magnificent Miss Kelly, then generously apprised PLAYBOY of his find.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Many a modern miss is known by the company that keeps her.

The wife of a pal of ours is suing for divorce. She claims he was spending his nights sitting up with a chic friend.

Census takers have found that one tenth of all married couples aren't.

On a recent TV quiz show, a contestant was asked to give the first names of people having the last name of Wilkinson, with a prize of five hundred dollars for each he could name.

"Well," he said, "there's 'Bud' Wilkinson, football coach at Oklahoma University."

"That's one," said the m.c.

"Then," continued the contestant, "there's June Wilkinson."

"Correct," said the m.c. "That makes three . . ."

Nothing is more wasted than a smile on the face of a girl with a forty-inch bust.

Some girls make friends quickly. With strangers it takes a little longer.

Joe had been out on the town with a dazzling blonde, and as he returned home the rosy tints of dawn began to color the skies. Marshaling his inner resources, he managed an air of quiet sobriety before the suspicious eye and clapping tongue of his wife.

Suddenly, as he was undressing, she punctuated her harangue with a sharp, gasping intake of air.

"Joe," she asked through clenched teeth, "where's your underwear?"

Blearily, Joe perceived that his boxer shorts were, indeed, missing. Then inspiration struck.

"My God!" he cried, with aggrieved dignity. "I've been robbed!"

Card playing can be expensive — but so can any game where you begin by holding hands.

Shapely limbs help many a girl to branch out.

The advance proofs of a cookbook for hipsters recently came our way. Wildest recipe is for a salad: You cut up lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers and green peppers. Then you add a dash of marijuana, and the salad tosses itself.

Muster some sympathy for the dilemma of the out-of-work stripteaser: all undressed and no place to show.

Give a man enough rope and he'll claim he's tied up at the office.

An engaging but somewhat vacant young lady we met recently thought "vice versa" meant dirty poems.

They moved apart as Frank lit their cigarettes; then she snuggled close to him again and pulled the bedsheets up around their chins.

"Darling," she cooed, "how many others were there before me?"

After a few minutes of silence, she said, with a slight pout: "Well, I'm still waiting!"

"Well," he replied, puffing thoughtfully, "I'm still counting."

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

"Of course there's someone else!"

CHOP TALK *(continued from page 59)*

really a distinction in animals; when this choice cut is taken from a steer, it is called a steak; from lamb, mutton, pork, veal or venison, it is properly called a chop. It should be pointed out, however, that there are at large in the chop kingdom certain illegitimate claimants to these venerated titles which the true *bon viveur* should learn to scrupulously ignore; among them are such feeble impostors as the shoulder lamb "chop" and the round beef "steak" — both refugees from the gristly forequarters. But long acquaintance with the genuine article will perfect your ability to judge character in meats.

Don't expect to further this acquaintance in the average chop house, however. On the standard menu, "(1) or (2) lamb chops," clothed daintily in ruffled pink panties, is the classic choice, as though these two pathetic numerals, and the beknighted lamb, were the alpha and omega of the chop world. How often does an innkeeper step over to your table — except at such places as Keen's English Chop House in New York, with its justifiably famed triple-thick mutton chops — and suggest pork chops stuffed with bread crumbs and peppers, veal chops simmered in madeira, or husky broiled venison chops marinated in a sauce of currant jelly and orange rind? Back in the days of Addison and Steele, a hungry man had an easier time of it. A visit to *his* local chop house — a dependable, oak-beamed lair with crackling fireplaces, sturdy serving-wenches and foaming mugs — yielded not the scrawny slice of bum steer we so often eat today, but a great, juicy, pink-centered slab cut from the succulent hearts of mountainous roast ribs of beef and loins of mutton.

For modern men, the chop field is still wide open to those who can perceive its riches. But one significant fact must be kept in mind: beef, either rib or loin, asks for little in the way of culinary alchemy; but chops must be braced with burly sauces and spices to elicit their full range of subtleties. If you're eating a beautifully broiled steak, you're not going to degrade it with bottled sauce. But if lamb chops are your delight, you'll want to bathe them in olive oil, lemon juice, crushed garlic and rosemary before they're committed to the flames; the result is triumphantly toothsome. Or try young spring lamb. Steeped in a marinade of soy sauce, chopped fresh ginger and garlic (the latter two being just about the most bombastic flavors on the spice shelf), it is a dish of irresistible insinuation.

But let us venture even further into chop country. Consider the mixed grill — a dish in which the chop, playing the lead role, is surrounded by a quartet or quintet of compatible tidbits, broiled and fried. Most frequently one finds a broiled lamb chop in the pivot spot, flanked by bacon, broiled tomato, sausage link and tender mushrooms. In a somewhat more traditional version, the lamb chop is joined by a shell beefsteak, a stuffed tomato, sausage and French fried onions. But earthy companions such as broiled lamb kidney, chicken livers, sweetbreads or even calf's brains often show up, too. As a switch from the thin sausage gambit, you might add a new fillip with a fresh or smoked fat country sausage, a pungent *Bockwurst*, or a bulging *Bratwurst*. Or if you want to Gallicize your chop, serve it with a redolent French garlic sausage, stuffed fresh mushrooms, artichoke bottoms and soufflèed potatoes. There's no limit to the variations on this theme, for chops — unlike many other meats — have countless friends and almost no enemies.

One point worth remembering: any chop less than an inch thick isn't worth bringing home. A thin chop, after cooking, turns into a tire patch. Even the delicate "French" lamb chop — a rib chop in which all the meat has been scraped from the bone end — must have a plump and juicy eye. So buy the best chops from the best meat man in your fief; ask him for thick chops cut to order, and don't recoil from the price. When you get them, examine the color — prime-quality chops will have an adolescent pink cast, and not the brick-red complexion of an elderly lush.

When you're broiling lamb, mutton or venison, you'll want a fierce fire for browning, then a gentler flame for finishing. To tell when a chop has achieved rareness — that most perfect edible state — press it gently with the back of a spoon; the more resilient the meat, the rarer it is. A well-done chop, if you insist on it, is quite firm to the touch, although the tender filet from a loin chop is so pliable that it always yields unresistingly. For broiling a one-inch chop, allow six to eight minutes per side; for two-inch or two-and-one-half-inch chops, ten to twelve minutes each side. But be careful with veal and pork chops: they wince at a strong fire. Sautéing over a moderate or low flame is the treatment they demand. Another tip: never stab a chop in the back. If you must pierce it for turning, sink the fork into the outside rim of fat where you won't tear the flesh and forfeit the juices. The respectful utensil for chop-handling is a pair of long outdoor-type tongs — not those little toys designed for ice-cube manipulation.

If your chop is part of a mixed grill, or if it's veal, pork or venison, one per person usually provides an adequate meat course. When lamb chops are served solo, two comprise a man-sized portion. There may be some fastidious gourmets, of course, who wish to emulate Louis XVIII, who insisted that his chops be prepared *à la victime*: three chops were tied tightly side by side and carefully charred; the two outside chops were then deliberately discarded, and the soft pale center chop was served in quivering solitude. The recipes below, you may be relieved to learn, involve no such wasted riches. Each will serve four heartily.

ALSATIAN PORK CHOPS

4 center-cut loin pork chops
1 lb. sauerkraut
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons salad oil
Salt, pepper
1 medium-size onion, minced
1 medium-size clove garlic, minced
⅛ teaspoon chervil
⅛ teaspoon rosemary
¼ teaspoon sage leaves
4 finely chopped juniper berries
1 cup dry white wine
1 cup chicken broth, fresh or canned

Drain and squeeze the sauerkraut to eliminate as much juice as possible. Melt the butter in a Dutch oven or heavy saucepan, and add the oil. Sprinkle the chops with salt and pepper and sauté until light brown on both sides. Add onion, garlic, chervil, rosemary, sage and juniper berries and continue to sauté about 5 minutes longer. Then add sauerkraut, white wine and chicken broth, place lid on pan and simmer over a very low flame about one hour, or until liquid has almost evaporated from kraut. Season to taste.

PORK CHOPS WITH PEPPER STUFFING

4 center-cut loin pork chops
1 cup soft bread crumbs
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons minced onion
3 tablespoons minced green pepper
3 tablespoons minced pimiento
¼ teaspoon Creole seasoning
1 egg, well beaten
Salt, pepper
Salad oil

To make bread crumbs, cut Italian or French bread, at least one day old, into ½-in. cubes. Blend electrically at high speed, ¼ cup at a time, until 1 cup of crumbs is formed. To melted butter in a small saucepan add the onion and green pepper. Sauté slowly until onion is yellow. Remove from fire and add pimiento, Creole seasoning, bread crumbs, beaten egg and salt and pepper to taste. With a sharp paring or boning knife cut a deep pocket into the side of each pork chop, and stuff with the sautéed mixture. Fasten the open end of each chop with toothpicks inserted

(concluded on page 106)

fiction **By JOHN CROSBY**

A STAR OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE

like other filmland financiers, he knew the value of a plot

"AND WHEN THE LAST TRUMPET BLOWS, we shall find him up yonder, arms outstretched, on one knee, exhorting us to come to God even as he exhorted us in life to come to Loew's State. For who among us can forget how he filled the theatres of the world, yea unto capacity, to hear his mighty voice lifted in that great song *Little Man, Dry Your Tears*, which won the Academy Award in 1937 . . ."

The service was being conducted out of doors in the natural amphitheatre which was the principal asset and selling point of the Cemetery of the Heavenly Rest — that, and its convenience to the Freeway. The colonnaded crypt stood on the crest of a little hill reaching thirty feet into the sky. Under the dome was a bronze larger-than-life statue of Jeb Carol in that characteristic pose, on one knee, arms outstretched to the heavens, as if begging admission.

"And as the little children of the world shed their tears for the great singer of songs, star of stage, screen, radio and television, might we not pause in our everlasting pursuit of fame and gold . . ."

Jerry Seldin, screenwriter and true friend of the deceased, was counting the house, a stratagem he frequently used to distract himself from Abner Cantrill's dreadful prose. He'd caught Abner's act at many funerals, and the juxtaposition of God and Loew's State which once amused him, now annoyed him. Sign of age, perhaps? The winter of discontent? Jerry counted the first row and multiplied. Four thousand, at least. Everybody who wasn't dodging taxes in Switzerland or making a picture in Ceylon or getting a divorce in Las Vegas. Hollywood might be only a shell of its old self, but it still staged its obsequies with grandeur.

"Oh, ye heavenly host!" Abner Cantrill, former comedian, master of ceremonies at ten thousand banquets, charged five thousand dollars for his eulogies, but for that, just like those expensive dolls from F.A.O. Schwarz, he gushed real tears. The hired tears were cascading now: "Ye heavenly angels! Take this man unto your bosom! Bind up his wounds! Take him into your midst . . ."

"But stay out of poker games with him," muttered Jerry. "He'll steal the feathers off you."

"Sssh," said Titus Berg, who sat next to him.

Jerry subsided. After all, he was Titus' guest. Otherwise he wouldn't have been in the fifth row. Screenwriters were way back in the pack, fourteenth row at least. The fifth was a row for Very Important People. Next to Titus was Scraggs Rampart, whose flashing blade had swashbuckled through a hundred pictures, not all of them about pirates. At fifty, he was still marvelously handsome, even when drunk, which he was. With him was his current sweetmeat, Thursday Schwartz, the new teenage sensation, sixteen years old and five feet two inches of delectable ponytailed juvenile delinquency. ("Built like a brick doll's house," Harry Kurnitz once said of her.) Next to Thursday were Sheila Ramsbottom, the syndicated columnist whose column ran in 585 newspapers from Nome to Bangkok; Harold Eden, the silent comedian and the only one there who could claim seniority to Jeb in pictures; old H. P. himself, head of the mighty studio which had made forty million dollars out of Jeb's pictures. And, of course, Titus, head of the largest talent agency in the world, Machiavellian hatcher of infinitely complex deals. In Titus' huge bald cranium, a dozen mutual irrelevancies — say, the marital problems of Scraggs Rampart who might want to blow the country for a bit, the tax loopholes in Yugoslavia, the availability of a costume novel the Berg agency had been unable to unload — all coalesced into a lovely package deal, the forerunner of a Technicolor extravaganza probably called *The Temples of Wickedness* starring Scraggs *(continued on page 125)*

"GIDDYAP...er...LET'S GO...uh...what the hell is that word?!! GET ALONG, LITTLE DOGIES..

Silverstein IN ALASKA

our own abominable snowman sketches the 49th state

PACKED IN A PARKA and humming *Midnight Sun*, our bebristled cartoonist Shel Silverstein recently stomped through the snows of Alaska and found the last frontier to be a magnificent land of warm-hearted Eskimos and hard-drinking settlers. Snowshoeing and dogsledding his way, Shel mushed on to Anchorage, Fairbanks, Kotzebue, Nome and Point Barrow on the frosty Arctic Ocean. There's still gold in them thar hills, he discovered, but more panning is done by north country film critics than by adventuresome treasure seekers. Putting the lie to a crop of Hollywood fictions, Shel found nary an igloo, but did find an array of Eskimos weary of flicks about intrigue in the ice domes. Another myth exploded by Shel was the one about the accommodating Eskimo husband and the itinerant tourist. "It simply isn't so," moaned Shel. What impressed him the most? The stunning scenery and the innate good sense of the people. "Shooting a moose out of season," Shel says, "is considered a worse offense than shooting your wife."

"You see, you pack the snow into balls like this, then you choose up sides and..."

.er...HI-YO-...uh..."

"Well, it looks like it's going to be a white Christmas!"

"Sure, it would be fun, but I'd have to take off my outer parka, then my fur parka, and then I'd have to take off my sealskin vest, and then my sweaters, and then I'd have to take off my flannels, and by that time I'd be too tired."

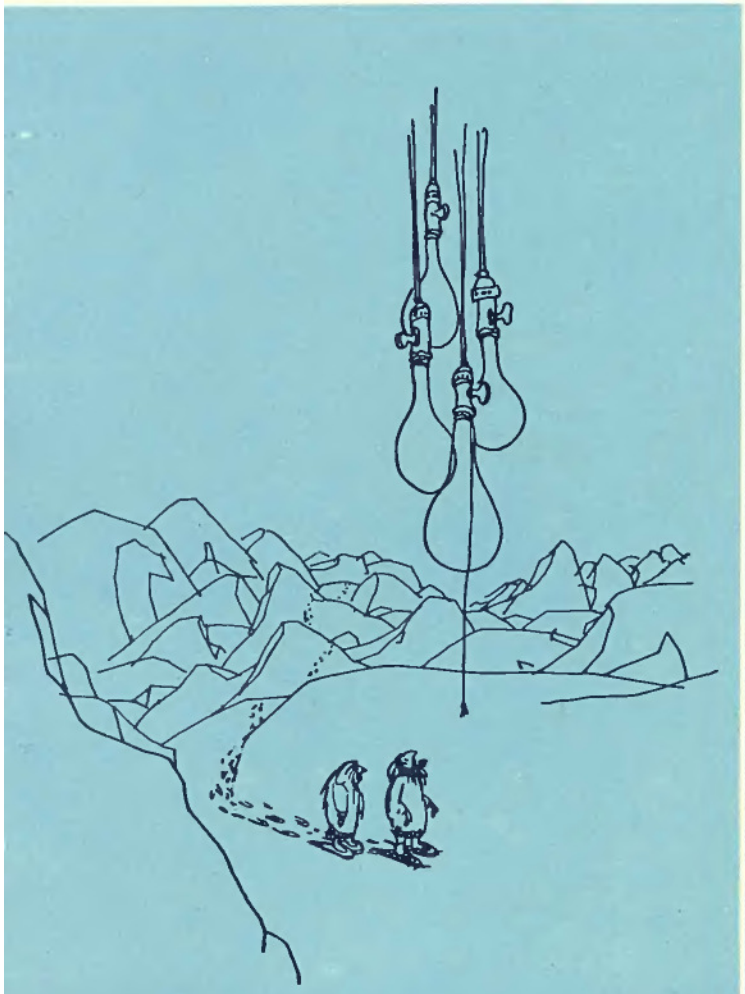
Silverstein

"Don't you ever go whale hunting... or paddle a kayak...or sing Eskimo songs... or eat blubber...or build igloos...or..."

Above: shaggy Shel joins in a local bounce-the-Eskima rite. Foraging hunters devised this stunt to sight the next meal over the next hill. Below: Shel and a crusty gold-rush vet compare pans in reconfirming the adage about all that glitters.

"Tell me, Ara, how did that silly nose-rubbing story get started, anyway?"

"You see, back home we always believed the stories that you guys wanted a visitor to sleep with your wives...that you'd be insulted if he didn't sleep with your wives...that..."

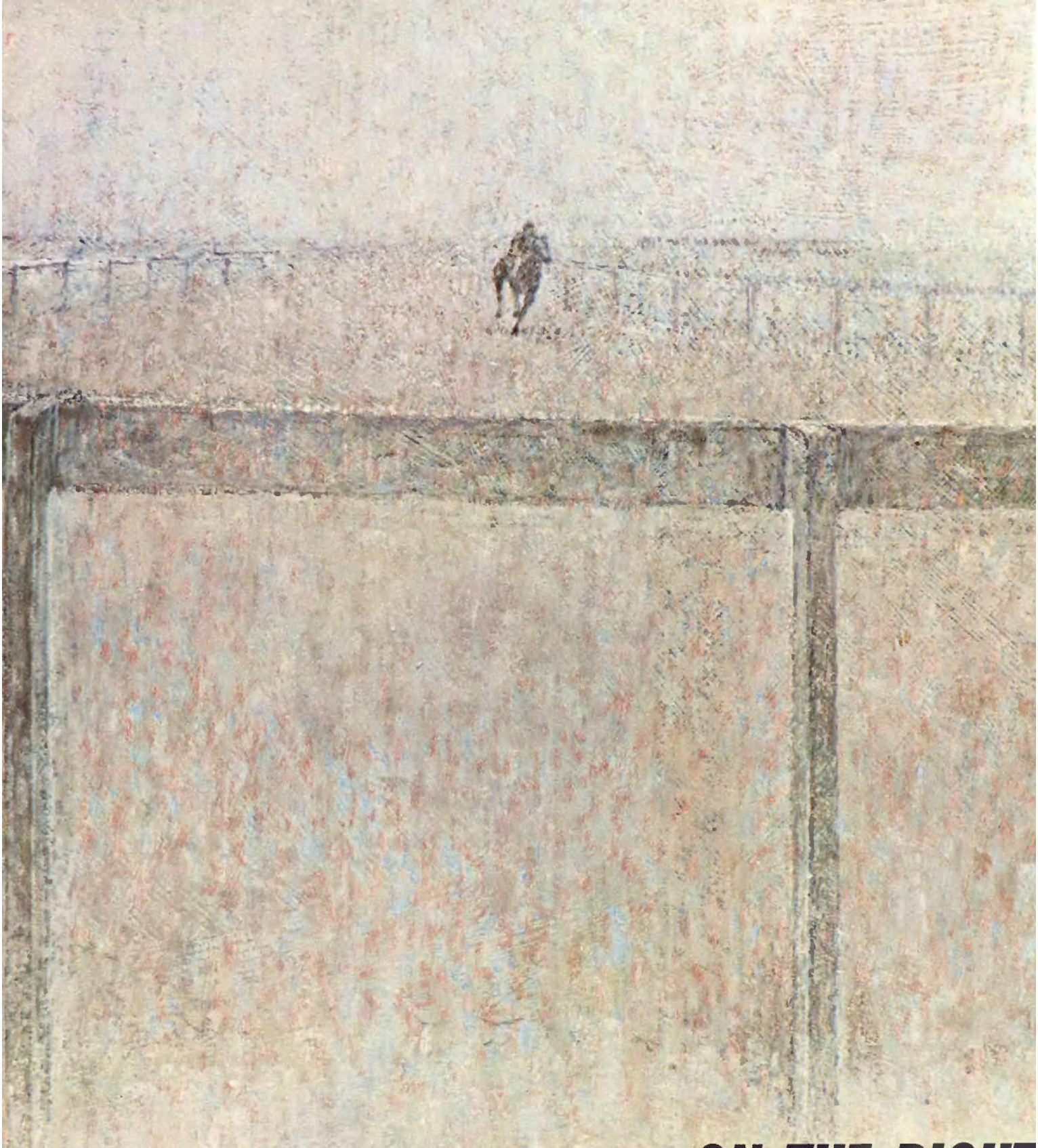


"Why, those are
the Northern Lights,
what did you think?"

"Now that Alaska has become the forty-ninth state, do you feel that the influence exerted politically by the state will affect national and international policies to such an extent that our economic horizons will eventually..."

"OK, OK, so the hamburger was tough. What do you expect for a lousy $3.75, anyway?!"

"Let's see now — interesting characters that I knew during the gold rush...well, there was Suicide Laura, and Diamond Tooth Lou, and Dolly the Virgin, and the Never Eat Sisters...there was the Gimme Kid, and the Baroness, and Black Jim Wilson, and the Ham and Egg Twins, and Fugemall Jack, and Bullcow Nelson, and the Scurvy Kid, and the Crooked Kid, and Inandout, and Queen Bess...but they weren't really very interesting..."



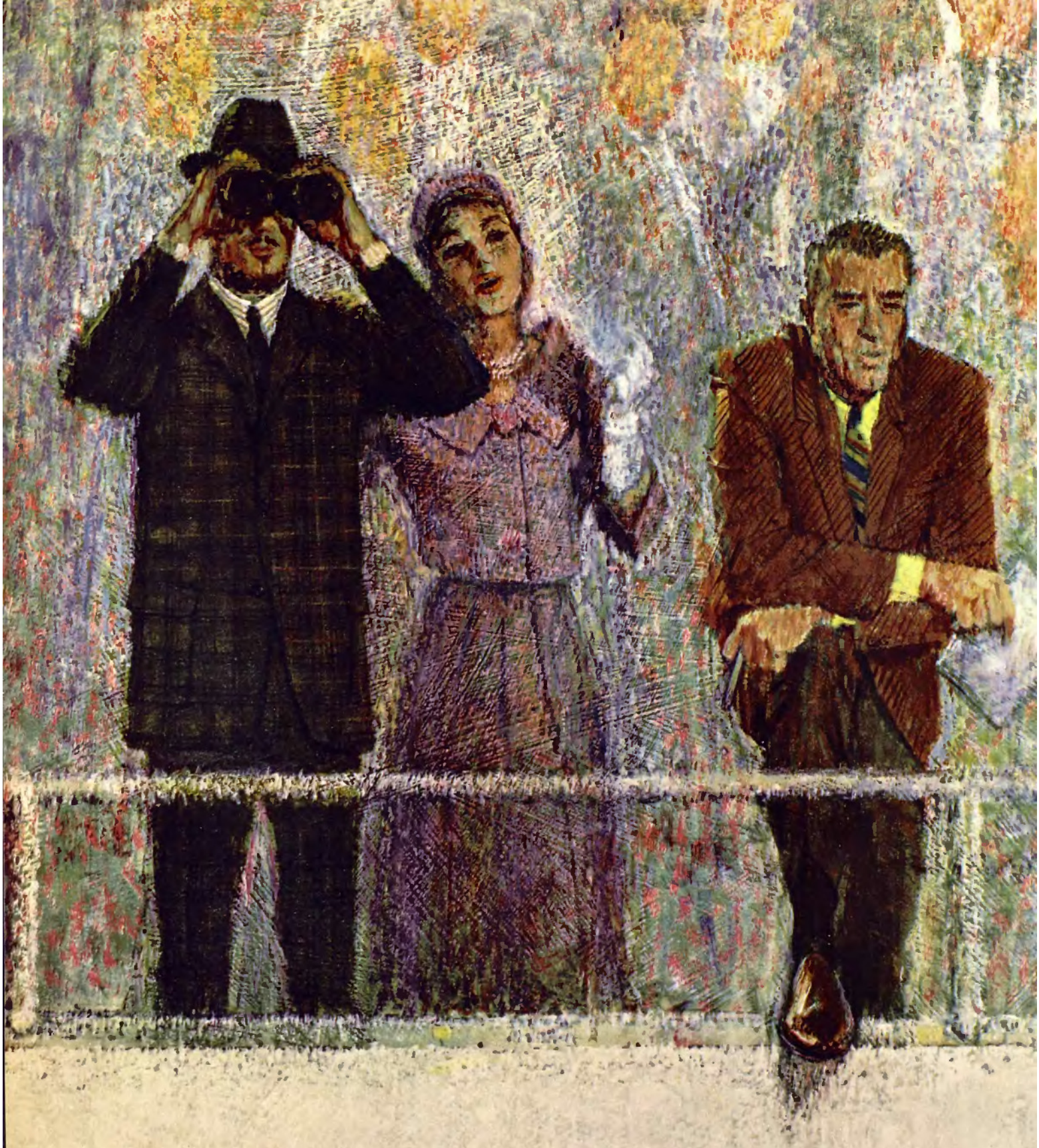
kingly garb for the sport of kings ON THE RIGHT

BACK IN THE HALCYON DAYS of Saratoga, when the world of horse racing extended from the thick-carpeted clubhouse to the clipped lawns and white verandas of the old United States Hotel, frock coats and top hats were indispensably correct for gentleman spectators. Times and tastes have changed, however, and today's turfwear — except in the Enclosure at Ascot, where stately styles still survive — has taken on an equally correct but far more colorful, comfortable, contemporary look. Whether handicapping the futurity at Santa Anita or checking time at the Maine Chance Farm on a new French thoroughbred, box-holder and railbird alike rate the new spectator suits, slacks, sports coats, shoes and accessories shown here as their best bets in modern track fashion.

In textures tamed and untamed, patterns plain and dappled, tones gentle and *(concluded on page 122)*

TRACK *attire* By ROBERT L. GREEN

Stop-watching a promising two-year-old, male at rail wears a natural-toned suede hacking jacket with front and back yoke, hacking pockets, center vent, by Breier of Amsterdam, $60; brown-and-white-check cotton pullover with buttondown collar, convertible cuffs, by Manhattan, $5; natural-color wool jersey slacks with plain front, extension waistband, 1/8-cut pockets, by Anthony Gesture, $19; lightweight cactus-green reversed calf shoes, by Bates, $12.



Focusing on far turn, spellbound spectator at left sports lightweight olive and blue madras wool worsted jacket with flap pockets, center vents, by Cricketeer, $45; brown pin-stripe cotton shirt with round eyelet collar, French cuffs, by Manhattan, $5; black-olive British wool slacks with extension waistband, 1/8-cut pockets, by Saint-Laurie, $23; glen plaid wool hat by Flip-It, $6. Next guy is odds-on favorite in hand-tailored jacket of tan-rust vicuna and wool twill with three-button front, hacking pockets, but no vents, by Baker, $180; canary yellow oxford shirt with back pleat, barrel cuffs, by Gant Shirtmakers, $6; earth-brown woolen whipcord trousers with extension waistband, 1/8-cut pockets, by Esquire, $20; hand-sewn cordovan slip-on moccasins, by Bates, $23.

Fervent fan at left rivals jockey's colors in bold black-white-and-red glen-plaid jacket of wool worsted with hacking pockets, side vents, two-button front, by Stanley Blacker, $45; red wool double-breasted vest with peaked lapels, front pockets, by Stanley Blacker, $13; white cotton oxford shirt with snap-tab collar, convertible cuffs, by Arrow, $5; oxford gray wool-twill sports-car slacks with extension waistband, front hacking pockets, leg tabs, hacking leg pocket, by Anthony Gesture, $22.50. Railmate's grin means his steed—and style—are sure winners; he sets pace in an olive-brown-plaid British wool country suit with patch pockets, center-vent jacket and plain-front, belt-loop trousers, by Saint-Laurie, $75; olive-stripe cotton oxford shirt, back pleat, buttondown collar, by Gant Shirtmakers, $6.50; olive poplin Eton cloth cap by Better-Made, $5.

LIME STREET *(continued from page 47)*

throughout its long history is a source of curiosity even at Lloyd's.

"How long," a Lloyd's underwriter wondered recently during a discussion of its business in America, "are you chaps going to be needing us?"

The answer is probably "Until you pay off claims accruing on the millenium." One reason is that Lloyd's has always found the American market a lucrative one worthy of special attention. In 1939, for example, to allay any fears that British officialdom might somehow interfere with Lloyd's dollar payments to American customers, it created a special fund in the United States to satisfy American claims. The fund now totals some $350,000,000, virtually all of it in cash or United States Government securities.

Moreover, with 272 years of matchless experience behind them, the underwriters at Lloyd's constitute about as knowledgeable a body of men as it is possible to find in the business world, and in view of their unqualified success over the years in dealing with a bewildering variety of risks, it is obvious that they are uncommonly shrewd in evaluating the laws of probability from their wooden pews in the famous underwriting gallery known simply as the Room. It was a matter of some embarrassment a few years ago that Lloyd's was forced to decline insuring a flea circus when no underwriter could be found who was able to calculate the life expectancy of a flea, but aside from that, the underwriters and their actuaries are apt to know almost anything from the odds against the birth of twins (approximately thirty-three to one) to the probable dates next October when the Thames will overflow (Lloyd's thinks between the 24th and 26th).

Lloyd's is run pretty much as an exclusive London club is run. Membership requirements are set by a twelve-man committee which deals with all matters "affecting the general interest" of Lloyd's. The members of the committee are elected from the main body of underwriters and serve four-year terms, after which they must step down for at least a year before standing for re-election. They in turn elect the chairman from one of their own number. The chairman serves a one-year term, is like his colleagues unpaid, and is currently Anthony Charles Grover, a tall, wavy-haired, indisputably handsome, properly reserved gentleman in his late forties who will probably not be amused to know that he was recently described by an associate as "the stenographer's dream of the perfect upper-class Englishman."

Despite the fact that the committee is all-powerful in laying down the ground rules, it is interesting that it cannot compel an underwriter to accept or reject a particular risk, nor can it instruct him to write a policy at a particular rate. Every underwriter is on his own. The committee can and does, however, set some formidable entrance requirements, and poor men need not apply.

Once investigated and elected, the fledgling underwriter first has to deposit with the committee an amount determined by the committee according to the volume of business he proposes to do. This is held in permanent reserve. He must then deposit another bundle of money with the Premiums Trust Fund to meet everyday claims and expenses, this sum also being determined by the committee. Finally, he must contribute annually to Lloyd's Central Fund, a trust set up in 1927 to meet the liabilities of any underwriter whose other assets might prove insufficient in an emergency. Everything considered, Lloyd's is no place for a man in a hurry for profits. Every underwriter's premiums have to stay in the Premiums Trust Fund for two years before he can even start thinking about withdrawing any part of them as profits, and even then he has to maintain the liability balance stipulated by the committee.

Because of its high standards, Lloyd's is practically immune from the breath of scandal. No holder of a policy backed by its underwriters has ever lost a penny through a member's insolvency. Nevertheless, it can be a heart-stopping business, and in the past the men in the Room have often been frozen in their tracks by a single, mournful bong from the Lutine Bell, a ship's bell which was recovered from the wreck of a French man-of-war captured by the British at Toulon in 1793 and which, for many years, was rung once at Lloyd's to announce the loss of a ship, twice for its safe arrival. (Now, although the underwriters retain a sentimental attachment to the bell, so many different types of insurance are being written in addition to marine insurance that it is rung only to herald important announcements by the "Caller," a red-coated gentleman whose regular function is to page various brokers and underwriters wanted by other brokers and underwriters in the Room.)

The spotless record enduring at Lloyd's is all the more remarkable when it is considered that virtually every disaster on the face of the earth has its reverberations in Lime Street. This is due not only to Lloyd's predilection for taking on almost any proffered risk but to the fact that it deals heavily in reinsurance, which is to say that it insures other insurance companies against loss.

The great San Francisco fire and earthquake, for example, cost Lloyd's some $50,000,000, and should the present Bay Bridge collapse, it would cost Lloyd's another $40,000,000 or so. The sinking of the Titanic meant a loss to the various underwriters of approximately $5,000,000. Various storms and hurricanes in the U.S. in 1950 and 1954 hit Lloyd's with the same violence they struck in America; in 1950, the total damage at Lloyd's was $53,500,000, of which $28,500,000 was paid out by the underwriters in one week alone. In 1954, an even worse year, Lloyd's paid out a total of $112,000,000 for storm damage in the United States.

None of these payments caused any rejoicing at Lloyd's. Yet it was a catastrophe 181 years ago that probably gave the underwriters at Lloyd's the most anxious moments they have ever experienced.

In the summer of 1780, Lloyd's committed itself heavily by insuring sixty-three ships in two British convoys, one bound for the West Indies and the other for the East Indies. Carrying valuable cargoes, including military stores, they sailed from England together with a strong Royal Navy escort as far as Cape Finisterre, on the western coast of Spain. Off Finisterre, the escort for some reason was reduced to one line vessel and two frigates, and within a matter of hours the hapless convoy had been trapped by the combined fleets of Spain and France.

It was almost certainly the greatest single blow that British commerce ever suffered, and it must be said that Lloyd's acquitted itself a good deal more honorably than many of the belligerents. The three escort vessels fled, and of the sixty-three merchantmen involved in the action, only eight escaped. The loss at Lloyd's was estimated at £1,500,000, and if that is not an especially impressive figure in 1961, it was enough in 1780 to bankrupt many of the underwriters. Nevertheless, Lloyd's paid off to the last cent.

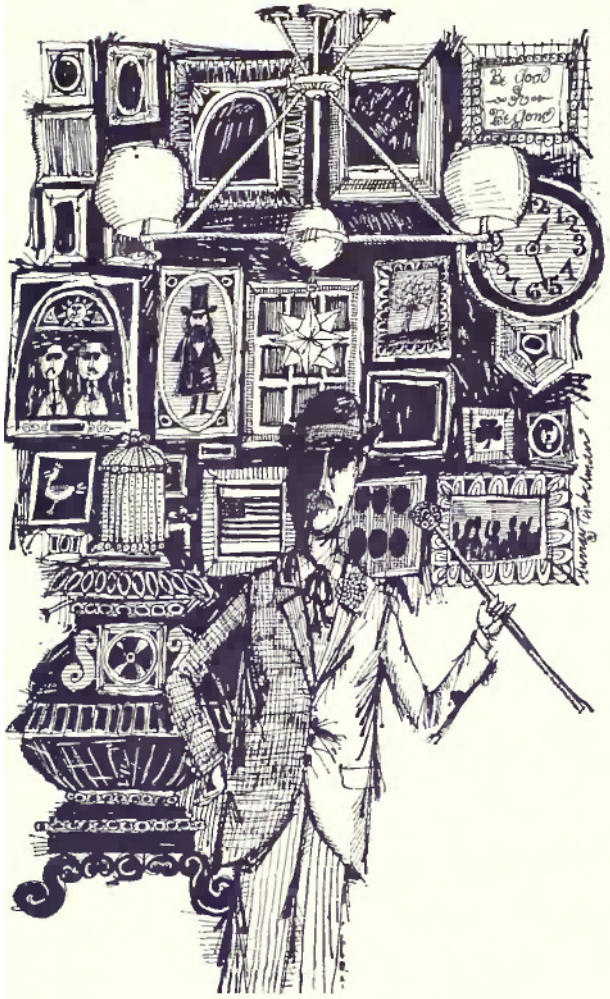
Actually, in achieving its eminence in the exacting science of insurance, Lloyd's suffered a good many vicissitudes, particularly in the beginning when it first began to emerge as an organization of some form and substance.

Like the men who frequented Jonathan's Coffee House or the Baltic Coffee House, the forerunners respectively of the London Stock Exchange and the Shipping Exchange, the merchants who met at Lloyd's each day made up a company of thoroughly reputable gentlemen. But the word, unfortunately, got around. Inevitably, out-and-out gamblers and connivers infiltrated the coffee house to do business. There were few rules and no restrictions as to "mem-

(continued on page 130)

THE LAUGHINGSTOCK

fiction By GERALD KERSH



in his heart he was true to the days of his glory

THERE IS NOTHING quite so quaint as a recently outmoded way of dressing. So, now, there was some nudging and whispering among the newspapermen who frequented McSorley's in New York City when the old gentleman came in with something between a limp and a swagger, got up in a sky-blue jacket and waistcoat and dark blue trousers, a "polo" collar starched hard, cut so low as to expose the whole of his wiry brown throat and with a gap for a black satin necktie knotted as thick as your wrist and ornamented with a horseshoe brooch, and a hard round hat of the kind that used to be advertised as "Sportsman's Dove-Gray Curl-Brim Special." There was a zinnia in his buttonhole, and he carried a great Malacca-root stick which, by the way it swung, was evidently loaded with lead under its silver knob. And then, his posture, his manner, even what remained of his melancholy, gentlemanly good looks, did not belong after the turn of the century.

A journalist from Boston, whiling away a democratic hour at McSorley's, interrupted some discussion of Woodrow Wilson's chances in the coming election to remark, "The last man I saw dressed like that was the renowned John L. Sullivan. Who *is* that gentleman?"

"Well, the chief pays old W.B. to be a sports reporter," said a morose copy editor in a candy-striped pink shirt. "He is, therefore, to be regarded as such."

A haggard young man wearing pince-nez, a three-inch collar and an expression curiously compounded of a desire to please and a readiness to wound — the kind of a man who sniggers before trying to make a weak joke strong by putting it into verbal italics — said, "I come from Philly and my name's Billy Bell, so the boys call me *Liberty Bell* 'cause I'm always ready with a *crack* — he-hel — get it? I'm new on the *New York Telegraph* but I'm here to tell you that old W.B. has one hell of a lot to learn about fighting. I've just spent a thirsty hour rewriting his immortal account of the Hod Kelly–Willie Meany fight" — he took out several sheets of closely written manuscript — "here's the original; it deserves to be framed. Listen!" — and he read aloud:

". . . In or about the second minute of the ninth round of this encounter Hod Kelly aimed a savage blow with his left hand at Meany's chin which, ricocheting off his cheekbone, the latter having lowered his head, struck about half an inch over Meany's right eye, inflicting a flesh wound about three inches long and a quarter of an inch deep, which bled copiously . . ."

There was some laughter, and even the polite Bostonian smiled and said, "Well, perhaps it does read a little like a doctor's testimony in an assault case, in some rural court."

"Oh, it goes on like that for just about a hundred and sixty sticks — ten columns!" said Billy Bell. "I wonder what would happen if we sent him out to cover a murder?"

The copy editor said, "I *have* heard him describing a twenty-hour poker game, hand by hand and raise by raise."

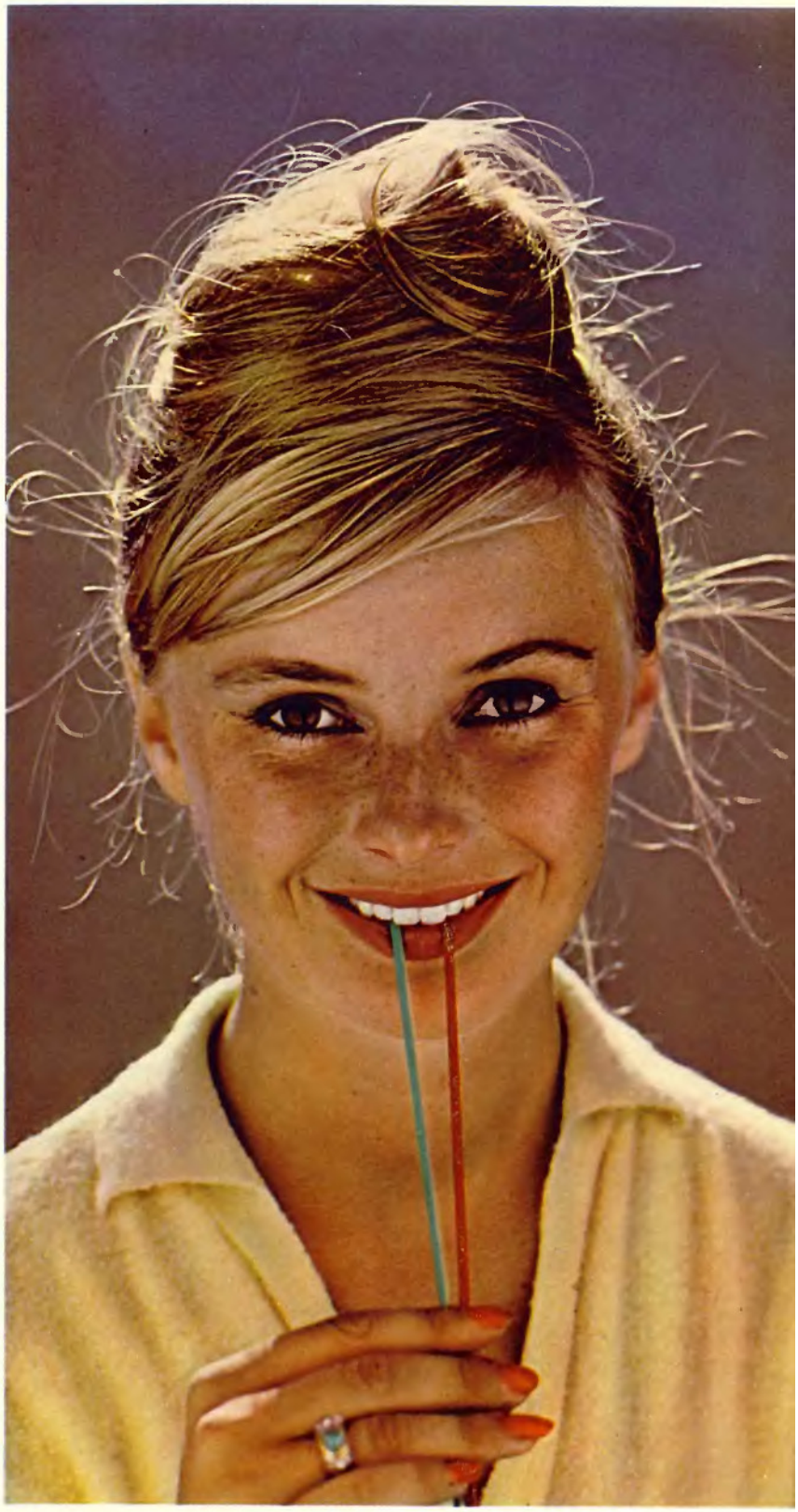
"Well," said a political reporter, fanning himself with a stiff straw hat, "just don't catch his eye — or he'll be over like a shot with a yarn like a fisherman's arm."

At the other end of the bar, sipping a mug of ale and watching them through the tobacco smoke, the old man was saying to himself, *The boys are in fine spirits tonight. They haven't seen me yet. I must get my ideas in order; I always manage to make them laugh at the wrong things. And they are sure to want me to tell them a story . . .* Still, he felt a little uneasy in the presence of all these quick-talking, knowledgeable young men: he suspected irony in their notes of admiration, and mockery in their all-too-ready laughter. This time, point by point, he determined to arrange and coordinate his narrative. So, carefully making a pattern of rings on the bar with the foot of his glass, the old man linked incident to *(continued on page 127)*

pictorial essay

a toast to the skoal-mates of that voluptuous valhalla

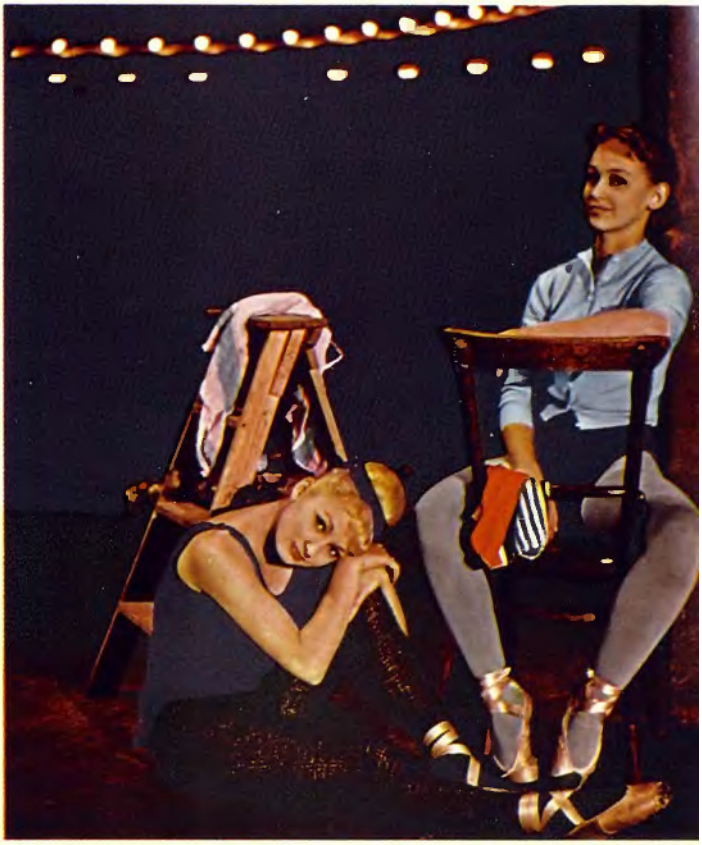
THE MENTION OF SWEDEN may suggest smorgasbord to the epicure, steam baths to the health faddist, Johansson to the sports fan, Bjoerling to the opera buff, Hammarskjold to the humanitarian, neutrality to the political scientist, even aurora borealis to the astronomer. But to most of us, it suggests the image of a tawny-skinned, cerulean-eyed, golden-haired, clean-limbed creature with the cool mystique of a Greta Garbo, the radiant spirituality of an Ingrid Bergman, the smoky sensuality of a May Britt — and a hyperactive mating instinct. In the flesh, of course, she isn't always as golden-haired or cerulean-eyed as dreamed. Nor, it must be admitted, is she as concupiscent as a jack rabbit, exactly. But as fantasies go, this one comes tantalizingly close to reality. At first glance, *(continued on page 89)*

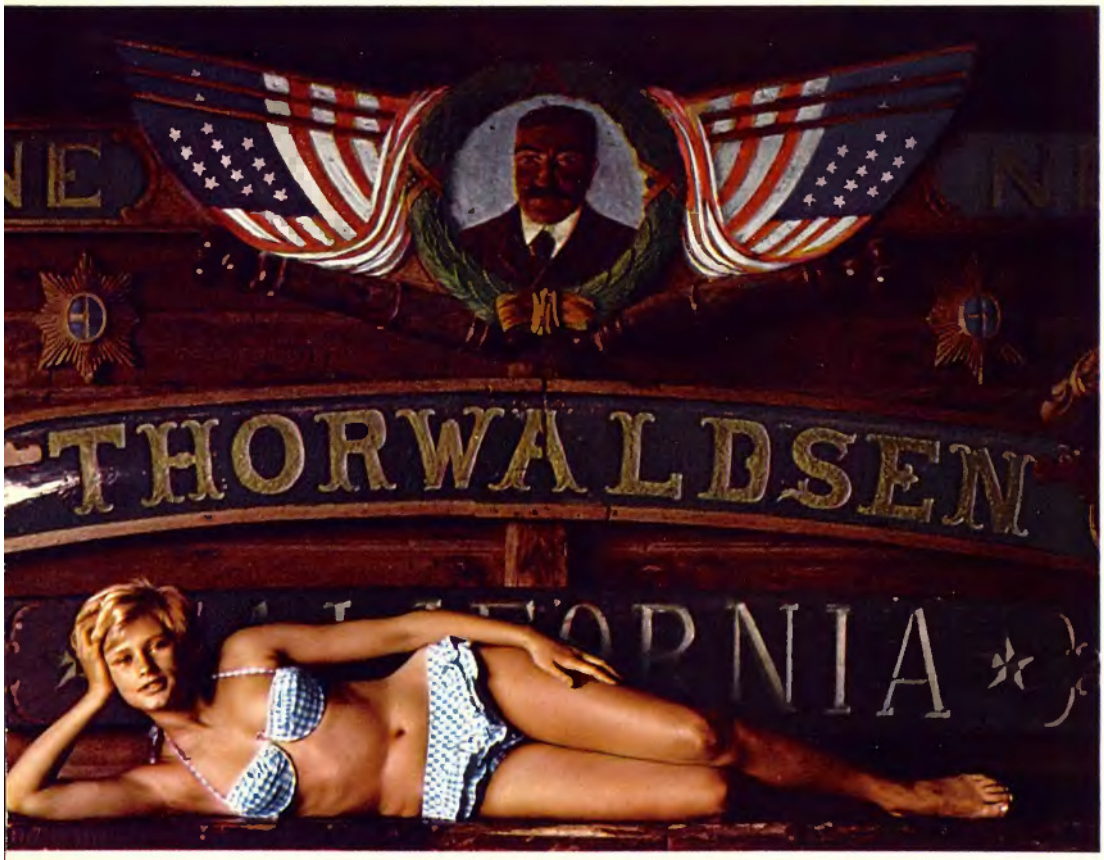


Clockwise from top left: window-framed twins Maj-lis and Gudrun Genberg are radiant double visions of the apple-cheeked, floxen-haired Svenska ideal. Well-rigged fore and aft, jazz-digging Tina Norlov spends summer Sundays soiling on Stockholm's idyllic Lake Malaren. Marie-Louise Falk, at a gamine seventeen, is one of Sweden's few professional models. Freckled sodo-sipper Barbro Olsson, exuberontly oglow with Swedish élan, attends high school in the mountoinous north. Gull-Britt Berglund, a published poetess, unself-consciously towels herself at o leofy lakeside after an invigoroting swim. Angelo Wergord forgets her potter's craft—and her cares—in the wormth of a sun-drenched Swedish spring.

Left: Mona Arvidssan basks in Elysian serenity. Above: plaid-clad Kicki Ekroth and pal Ann-Mari Adamsson seldom go indoors during the sun seasan. Below: Eva Hjorth has lynx eyes for a career in *haute couture*. Monica Lindhalm, though ebon-tressed, is as Scandinavian as smorgosbord.

Above, l to r: Ann Marie Gummesson, a TV bit player, catches up on her Strindberg amidst a profusion of fragront wildflowers in Stockholm's arcadian Djurgorden. Seventeen-yeor-old Mio Molin, boater-striped for an afternoon of windjomming, is o slim-limbed Nordic nature study. Below: sun-worshiping Anita Andersson, sports-cor *aficionado* and on omateur londscape pointer, is o Swedish modern in the prodigiously-proportioned Ekberg tradition.





Top left: Leno Vistrom rests in the reverie of a *bastu*—the Swedish steom both—on institution said to import thot cleor-skinned, lithe-bodied Scandinavion glow. Top right: bollerinos Annie Golle, left, ond Ullo-Britt Petterson pause between production numbers in o klieg-girdled Stockholm TV studio. Above left: Astrid Jonsson, a schoolgirl from the southern seocoost, reclines agoinst o background of antique nome-plates from Swedish steomers. Above right: receptionist Vivi Anne Jonsson goes window-shopping along Stockholm's busy Kungsgotan.

however, even the reality is slightly deceptive. On any afternoon around five, when the big commercial emporiums empty out along the Kungsgatan, Stockholm's main drag, a rubber-necking American tourist — swept up in a surging ground swell of well-groomed womanhood — might easily imagine himself headed upstream at 52nd and Madison, until he hears the musical cadence of umlauted vowels issuing from thousands of smiling, unreddened lips. After a quick second take, he notices that the scrubbed, shining faces, the soft, translucent eyes, the aureoles of sun-warmed hair are all but innocent of cosmetic alchemy. This is certainly not New York. He watches the way the girls move, erect and effortless; in every gesture and motion of the slender legs, the brown arms, the gently swaying hips, is a peculiarly feline and fluid grace, a delicious mixture of awareness and artlessness; this can't be Hollywood, either. They are dressed well — a majority in simple skirts and sweaters with single strands of pearls — though not chicly, by New York or Paris standards. But they manage to *seem* chic, in a style which has neither the sham of shapeless self-concealment nor the blatancy of figure-clinging self-decoration.

Here, then, is a female whose

Clockwise from top left: clutching a copy of *The New York Times*, trilingual secretary Marie-Louise Nyman hurries to work through glistening streets. Kersti Yams fixes her boyfriend with a melting look over torta in an oak-beamed konditori. Gunilla Elm, a Miss Sweden finalist, sits golden-skinned in the dazzle of summer. Lab technician Birgit Thoreson roasts a plump sausage over a campfire on one of the islands that dot the waterways leading to Stockholm. Kristina Liebcher, strolling along Stockholm's waterfront, is hauntingly suggestive of an Ingmar Bergman heroine.

Top, l to r: chestnut-haired Elisobeth Fritzner nurses coffee in a tree-shaded outdoor café. Inger Ahreson savors a balmy midsummer night from a penthouse terrace. Brit-Marie Agnefjord plans to sublet her Stockholm pad during a year of fashion design in Paris. Above, l to r: fleeing file cabinets, Irene Vikersjo fills weekends with sun and wind. Ignoring inclemency, Christina Leander sallies out to a piano recital. Opposite: extravagontly endowed (40-26-38) Chris Brondbjerg tarries towel-draped on a secluded Baltic beach.

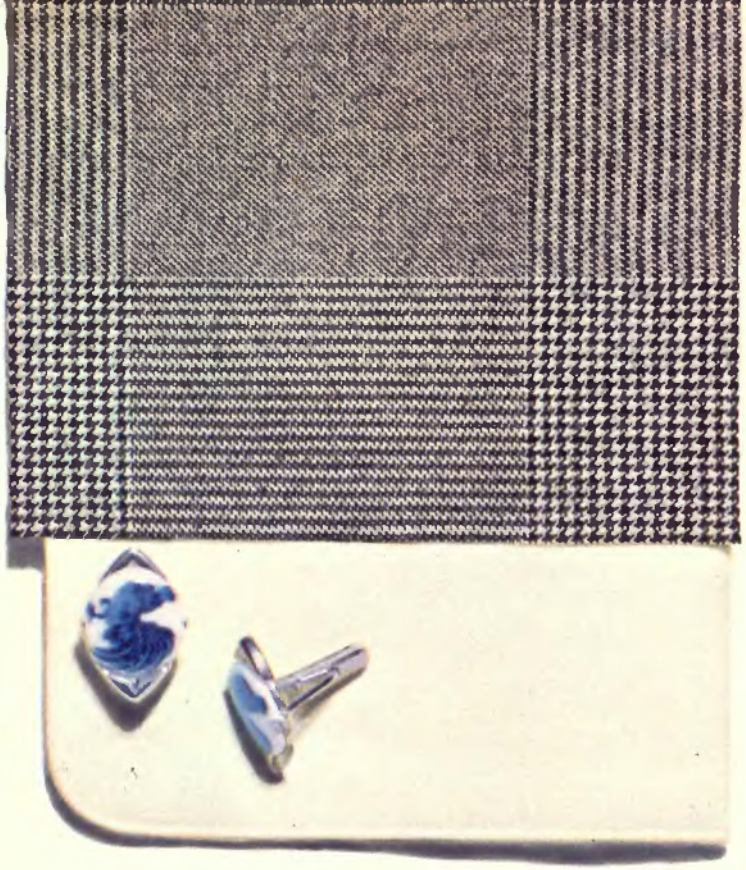
seeming kinship with the all-American girl—blonde, blue-eyed, or otherwise—is barely skin-deep. From beneath that unpowdered and unlotioned Scandinavian complexion—probably the creamiest in the world—emanates the wildflower fragrance of a woman sensuously aware of her sex. About her easy carriage and clean-flowing hair there is a feeling of loose-limbed and exuberant freedom which expresses somehow in essence the almost animistic Swedish affinity for the outdoor world of sun and fertile earth, flowers and warm sand, wind and flowing water. This profound physical and emotional involvement with nature is a lifelong love affair for the Swedish girl, overshadowing perhaps even the sophisticating influences of her country's *ne plus ultra* modern technology and progressive social institutions. Nourished in this cosmopolitan climate, she has indeed become as well-fed, well-bred and well-read as any no-cal, high-gloss, precision-schooled Dutchess County debutante. But beneath the mirror polish is the bedrock of an earthy and elemental creature more attuned to the primal rhythms of the forest than to the metronomic pulse of the city; a woman serenely confident of her powers.

In a complex contemporary world of increasingly hazy distinctions between male and female roles, she retains a refreshingly uncluttered, unafraid, unarticulated sense of inviolable identity. But most importantly, her natural and unself-conscious acceptance

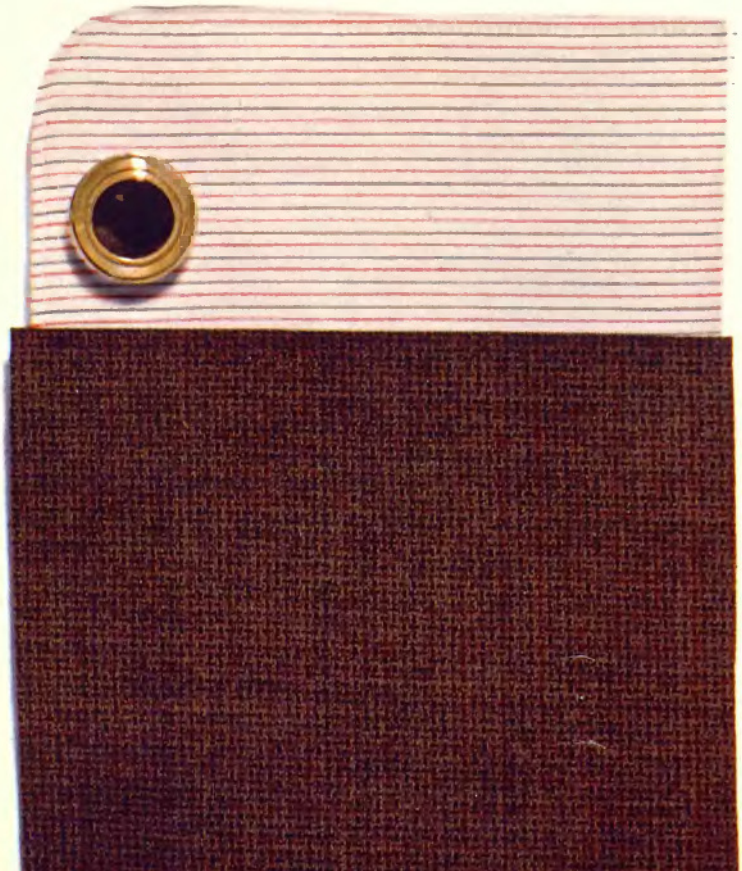
(continued on page 108)

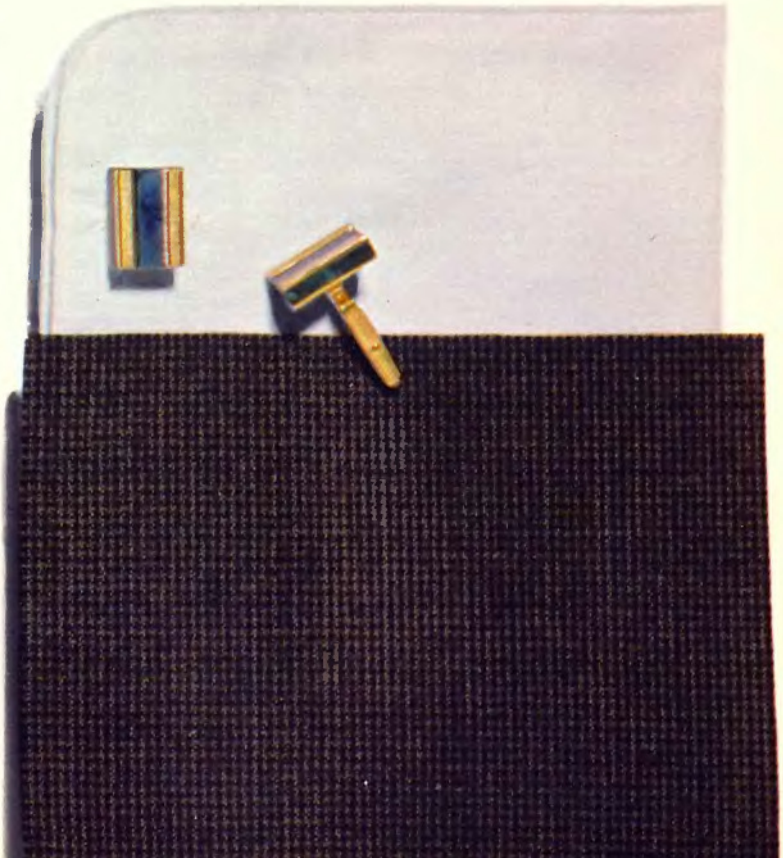
Few elements of the sartorial ensemble are smaller, and yet more essential to the impeccably-dressed look, than a gentleman's cuff links. It is not enough to select the right suitings and shirtings to wear together; correct linkage lends the harmonious finishing touch that creates the look of elegance. Five maxims for matching should make your link-training a simple and pleasant task. First, eschew the ostentatious: simplicity is the best policy. Second, spurn the spurious: there are no substitutes for real gold, silver, precious or semi-precious stones. Third, put down the prodigious: unless they're priceless heirlooms or handcrafted designs, oversized links are downright vulgar. Fourth, capture counterpoint: the new links — including Florentine finishes, geometric and abstract patterns, classic engravings, brushed finishes on bright surfacings — can be winningly contrasted with shirt, suit and neckwear tones. Fifth, value versatility: except for cuff couplings designed exclusively for evening clothes, your links should be good mixers, compatible with several suits. One picture being worth a thousand cuff-words, however, we forthwith direct your gaze to the adjoining sextet of smartly accoutred sleeves. Above, left to right: classically simple knots of 14-kt. Florentine-finished gold for town and country wear, by Tiffany, $119. Royal Copenhagen porcelains set in sterling silver, harmonious with solid shirts and patterned suits, by Swank, $15. Oval onyx intaglios in gold-filled setting, low-keyed to a vivid suiting, by D'Barry, $22.50. Below: Gothic-set platinum and baguette diamond links, the ultimate in dignity, by Cartier, $2380. Round onyx links in gold setting, elegantly understated for pattern-on-pattern suits and shirts, by Shields, $15. Matched bars of lapis lazuli in gold-filled Florentine setting, subtly reflecting offbeat suit colors, by Destino, $20.

six pairs to suit



suitings and shirtings **Properly Linked**





"This must have set him back quite a bundle. Now I'm wondering what it's going to cost me!"

Vargas

Ribald Classic *A new telling of a tale from the "Katha Sarit Sagara" of Somadeva*

A VERY HIGH QUALITY WINE

IN VIKRAMA-PURA a certain wine merchant so neglected his wife that she took to amusing herself with the servants. One day as she stood in the inner patio kissing one of the woodcutters with great fervor, her husband appeared unexpectedly at the gate. It looked as though there was no escape. The woodcutter's arms were around her. Hers rested on the man's shoulders. Their mouths were fixed in a sound kiss. "But a woman is never at a loss," runs an ancient proverb.

As the merchant's hand went to his dagger, his wife disengaged herself from her lover's embrace and ran to the merchant, her face a study in anger. "My lord!" she cried in her most complaining voice. "The misconduct of our servants goes beyond all bounds! I found this one drinking the fine wine you reserve for your own use. When I accused him, he denied it, of course, but I made him let me smell his mouth and plainly I detected the fragrance of the wine."

The woodcutter, who was no fool, hearing this, said in reproachful tones: "A decent servant can hardly stay in a home where the mistress is always smelling the servants' breath." So saying, he got his belongings and stalked from the merchant's house.

"Now," cried the merchant to his wife, "look what you have done! Woodcutters do not grow on trees, and the one you have just driven away was the strongest of the lot."

"But the wine . . .?" said his wife.

"What is a little wine to a woodcutter's strong back and powerful arms?" snapped the husband, making for the door.

He caught up with the woodcutter before he had gone far and said: "Do not leave our employ. I will gladly provide you with a daily ration of that heavenly stuff of which you have already partaken."

"The same high quality, and every day?"

"The same high quality," answered the merchant, "and every day."

So they all lived happily ever after.

— Retold by J. A. Gato

speak to me of immortality *(continued from page 44)*

of a nude seen through a warm morning mist at the sea's edge. He pulled her to him and bent to her ear.

"Jorge O'B is in the cellar," he whispered. "In the hide-out. He came half an hour ago, dressed like a peon. Naturally, he was set to run, but the Serronistas moved faster than he expected. He is far too clever to try to run now, with a million people hoping for a chance to tear him limb from limb. He will wait. Here."

He moved away, to look at her. She stared at him, her eyes wide.

"How long do you think?" she said.

"No idea," Delgado said. "He will want to go as soon as he can, but remember, this is a shrewd, cold man. He will not go too soon. He wants to live to spend the money, be sure of that."

"Much?" Carola said.

Delgado laughed shortly. "Say fifty million in Switzerland, in number accounts. Say twenty-five in Spain, twenty-five in the States, and odds and ends scattered around in other places."

"*That* much?" she asked.

"More, maybe," he said. "He was wearing a money belt when he came in, I imagine it's full of thousand-dollar bills."

"Tonio, what can we do?"

"Nothing. Nothing. We must pretend to ourselves that he is not there, that there is nobody in the cellar. That's our only hope. They will not come here to look for him for a long time, if ever. If we keep our heads, we are safe enough, for now!" He spun the faucet shut and led his wife back to bed. They lay quietly in the cool darkness. He found himself straining to hear a sound from the cellar. Idiot! he told himself. The man could beat a drum and scream like a tiger down there, and not a sound would be heard. Carola turned to him.

"Tonio, I am very frightened," she said.

"So am I, pigeon," he said. "So am I."

"I keep thinking *he* will hear us," she said.

"He can hear nothing," Delgado said.

"Ah, I know, I know," she said.

• • •

The search for Jorge O'Brian Gomez had no precedent in the tumultuous history of the country. Since the rebels were certain that his presence in Havana or Miami or New York or Paris could not have escaped notice, and since they had seized his means of escape, they were convinced he had gone underground. To think that they might lay hands upon him excited them; his mere existence was a danger, and a reward of twenty-five thousand dollars gold had been posted. The search was unremitting and vigorous.

Serrano himself shouted to the crowds, "We will find The Monster no matter what the cost — in time, in money, in blood. We will find him! We will hang him in chains! He will rot!"

Gomistas who were known to have been close to the general fared poorly during that first month. A good many of them died under the urgent curiosity of the rebels, and many more recorded, at the tops of their voices — those of them who had voices left — their wish to do so, and promptly. Delgado told Gomez some of this, every night when he opened the door at twelve o'clock.

"They killed Pedro Marti yesterday," he said. "They had tortured him for thirty-seven hours straight. Grinde shot himself: they made him watch while his daughter was raped and then turned him loose to think it over. So far, we know of over fifty they have killed in the belief they knew where you were."

Gomez shrugged. "An omelet requires broken eggs. As for you, relax. Have you noticed anything? Are you being followed, or anything like that?"

"No. I'm sure not," Delgado said. He watched Gomez trot up and down the cellar, exercising himself. He was white as a mushroom. He had lost ten or fifteen pounds. He was edgy, but he was in command of himself. The obsessive attention to detail that had marked him all his life was fully evident. He thought of everything. There was the matter of the shower, for example. Every other night he bathed. The ritual was precise. Every door and window in the house was locked and curtained. Carola was posted at a window to watch. Then Gomez and Delgado, both undressed, went to the bathroom, Gomez to bathe, Delgado to stand guard at the door.

"Of course you must undress when I do," Gomez had said impatiently. "Where are your brains? Supposing a search party comes when I'm in the shower? Very well, I run for my hole. But how do you explain the wet shower if you are not undressed? Tell me that, idiot?"

In the fifth week he said it would be better if Delgado watched, and Carola stood guard.

"It would not do," Delgado said. "I have no night vision. I can't see around the corner at night. I never even drive a car after sunset."

Gomez grinned at him. "That's better," he said. "You *can* think fast when you have to, can't you?" He padded downstairs, chuckling to himself.

The next night he stated the matter more clearly.

"I am managing this very well," he said. "I am even reasonably content. But one thing is beginning to bother me: I want a woman. Since I was fifteen, I have not gone this long without a woman."

"I thought of the same thing," Delgado said. "I have an idea: we could have a small party. Among the guests would be . . ."

"Stop right there," Gomez said. "Any plan you have thought of has a fatal flaw: it involves letting someone outside know where I am. So? Save your breath. I am not interested."

Delgado was silent.

"Tomorrow night let me have Carola for a couple of hours," Gomez said.

"Jorge," Delgado said. "You are in my house. We are risking our lives to keep you here. It is enough."

"No, my friend," Gomez said. "It is not enough. I want a woman, and of all the women in the world — think of that — of all the women in the world only one is available to me: Carola. Therefore I will have Carola. Tomorrow."

"No."

"Tonio, listen to me. I will some day leave this house. Then, I can reward you or I can punish you as I please. You have no alternative. You don't believe that? You can turn me in? How will you explain that I am as pale as a shark's belly, eh? As for me, I will be forced to tell them you have held me prisoner here hoping for a bigger reward. They will cut you into very thin slices, my friend! And if not their people, mine. Those who know where I am."

"I should kill you," Delgado said. "Now."

"Of course you should," Gomez said. "But, alas, you cannot." He smiled his little smile. "So, you will do the other thing." He walked into the hole. "Lock my door, like a nice man," he said. "And tomorrow night, have Carola at the bathroom door. I will take a chance on your night vision! I'm a brave man. I will take that little chance."

"I will not do it," Delgado said.

"You will," Gomez said. "And, goddamn you, stop acting as if you were giving me your life. After all, what is another slice off a cut loaf? I have had the girl before, you know. When I took her to Maraguey you lived through it, didn't you? You can live through this, too. Now lock me up, and go away. You act like a wet-nosed boy."

Delgado locked the door and went upstairs.

Carola was asleep. She woke quickly.

"I have been in the cellar," he said.

"What's wrong?" she said.

"Everything. What I've been expecting. He wants a woman."

A little puff of breath whistled through her lips. "Ah, ah," she said. He lay staring at the ceiling, ice blue in the moonlight. The curtains rustled sadly, and the harsh cry of a tolero bird floated in on the night wind.

"The thing to do," he said, "is run. Pull out. Run for the States."

"Run for the rest of our lives, you

"The anthropologists are restless tonight!"

mean," Carola said. "If, if we could run at all. How can we get out of the country? Impossible now, you know that."

"I told him we could bring him a girl, somehow," Tonio said. "And we could! It could be done. But he won't hear of it."

"It could only be someone we know and trust," Carola said. "It could only be a good friend. We have no right to burden anybody with that, with knowing where he is. It's out of the question."

"So is the alternative," Tonio said. "My God, I can't even think of it! That blood-soaked son of a bitch."

Carola sat up. "Look, Tonio," she said, "that, that time before, the other time, if we had said no, he'd have killed you. Wouldn't he?"

Delgado nodded dumbly.

"This time," she went on, "he will kill you too. Only later. Then, he would have done it the next day. Now, in six months, in a year, who knows? And after you, me. No." She threw the covers back. "For me, I can stand it. I am only sorry for you. Please don't hate me, that's all. Just don't hate me."

"I cannot even kill myself," Tonio said. "I can't even do that."

"It is not a lifetime," she said. "In another month surely he will want to go." She leaned over and kissed him. She got out of bed.

"Tomorrow night, he said," Tonio told her. "Not tonight! Tomorrow!"

She shook her head. "Dreading it is worse," she said. "I'll go down now. Go tell him. I'll be down in a minute."

When he had put a pot of coffee on the back of the stove and laid a place on the table, Delgado led his wife down the stairs. He swung the stone door open. Gomez stood there, smiling. "You are very kind people," he said. "And very sensible. Come in, my dear, come in." He held out his hand. "You may open the door at three, Delgado," he said. "Just at three."

• • •

"Ah, my friend," Gomez said when he saw Delgado the next night. "You have lived through it, as I thought you would! It was not so bad, eh? Anything is bearable, isn't that true?" He began his interminable jog across the cellar, and his voice rose and fell as he ran away and came back. "I am very grateful to you; never mind that I had to force you to do it, I am grateful anyway. What a dear girl, Carola! I had forgotten how lovely she was, to my shame. And another thing—she might have been bitter, she might have been cold and resisting, but she was not, she was not!" He trotted toward Delgado, his little brown eyes glistening in the half-light. "But I am being indelicate now. I must not offend you. You are my host, after all. Isn't that right?"

"Yes," Delgado said. "I am your host, all right. The complete host, that's me."

"Exactly." Gomez was puffing a little. "Exactly. And when I get out . . . and get my hands on some serious money . . . you, my friend, are a millionaire!"

"Big of you," Delgado said.

"Be as bitter as you like . . . I don't care about that . . . I'll give it to you anyway. I can spare it! As soon as I get out of here."

"And when will that be?"

"In another month, I think." He jerked himself to a halt in the middle of the room. "These pigs have killed a lot of people, but they have not killed the ones I need. The ones I need they have never thought of: like you. Hah! They make me laugh. They will never get near me. I'm an immortal. I will live forever. And I will be remembered when Serrano is not even a footnote."

"You still have to get away safely," Delgado said.

"Simple," Gomez said. "In a little while now you'll mail a letter for me, one letter. Two weeks after that I'll be in New York. With warm and happy memories, thanks to you and dear little Carola." He stretched himself. "Well, back into the cave," he said. "By the way, I didn't tell Carola. You tell her. Tomorrow night. I look forward to it. Believe me, I do."

Delgado stared at him and the blood pounded in his head. Gomez lifted one hand.

"Please," he said. "You aren't going to start another silly argument, are you? We have discussed this matter, remember? Tomorrow night, I said."

• • •

It is possible, I suppose, Delgado told himself, for a man to get used to anything. He sat on a three-legged stool in the wine cellar and drank brandy. Every fifteen or twenty minutes he went upstairs to look around. At three he opened the door and took his wife upstairs. He ran a bath for her. He waited for her to come to bed, waited for her to go to sleep. After the first two or three times she was never awake for long, and usually by the time full dawn lay softly bright in the room he was asleep too. The alternate nights were somehow worse. He had felt at first that he should take her in his arms, somehow to show her that they were still one, that nothing could happen that would part them, but after the first week she would not accept him.

"I can't," she said. "I just can't. I cannot go from him to you and from you to him. I can't and I won't!" She rolled away from him, and huddled on the other side of the bed, her knees under her chin.

He reached out for her. "Carola," he said. "Let me go down and shoot him. Anything is better than this. My God, the man is destroying us, he's tearing us to pieces."

"Be sensible," she said. "What would

be the point of that? His friends would kill us both, in good time. Besides, don't you see, if you killed him now, the whole thing would be pointless? Everything I have done I would have done for nothing! The time to kill him was before, if at all. Now, it makes no sense." She pulled the covers to her chin. "I'm going to sleep," she said.

Two or three times a week, in the first month or so, there had been police raids in Haraguato, once only two houses away, but no one knocked on Tonio Delgado's door. He went to the city every day, to his office, and while there was little work for a lawyer during the reorganization of the courts, still no one molested him. In the evening Carola and Tonio would have dinner and watch the television, and wait until it was time for him to go to the cellar, or for both of them to go to the cellar. The pattern was so unvarying that he became absurdly sensitive to its rhythm. The only ungoverned factor lay with the servants, the housekeeper, the maid, the cook, and the gardeners, but Carola watched them carefully.

"Are you sure none of the servants was in the wine cellar today?" Delgado said one night.

She looked up slowly. "Yes, I'm sure," she said. "Why?"

"Look," he said. "Listen to me. This is very important. Tonight, when I went down, a wine bottle had been moved."

Carola laughed. "*One* wine bottle in all those hundreds?" she said. "How could you know? You're getting jumpy. You imagined it."

"Nothing of the sort!" he said. "It wasn't just one bottle out of hundreds, it was the one next to the right-hand latch, a dusty one. I've always been careful not to touch it, so that it would look as if it had never been moved. Tonight, it was a good inch away from where I'd left it. *Somebody* had touched it, I tell you!"

"But who?" Carola said. "The wine cellar is locked and I never let anyone unlock it, you know that."

"It's very strange," Tonio said. "Maybe I did imagine it, but I don't think so."

"I marvel we haven't both been seeing things under the bed," she said. "After all, darling, this is the ninth week he's been here, do you know that?"

"Yes," he said. "I know that. It's the ninth week, the fourth day, and, exactly, the twentieth hour."

"They haven't even mentioned his name on a television program for a week now," she said.

"Oh, it's cooling off," he said. "I'm sure he'll go soon."

"And you'll be a millionaire," she said gayly.

He stared at her. "How do you know that?" he asked.

"Every time I get a chest cold, it seems to last forever."

"Oh, Jorge told me what he'd promised you," she said.

"When did he tell you that?" Delgado asked.

"Night before last," she said. "That or the time before, I forget. He mentioned it casually."

"You like the idea?" Tonio said.

"I don't hate it," she said slowly.

"Well, *I* hate it," he said. "I won't take a thin *peso* from that son of a bitch, and neither will you. We'll get him the hell out of here and we'll forget him, we'll never mention the bastard's name again, never, never, goddamn it, never!"

"Don't lose your temper, pet," Carola said. "A million dollars is after all a lot of money. If you don't want it, perhaps I do."

Delgado stood up. The brandy glass was shaking in his hand. Rage flowed over him, he was sick with hatred of Gomez, hatred of himself, most of all himself. He fought to hold his tongue, while the words were screaming in his brain — "Why shouldn't you want it? You have after all earned it!" — but he stood, his eyes bulging in their sockets, until he felt the cold wetness of the brandy on his hand. He mopped at himself with a handkerchief, he walked across the room and dropped into a chair.

An old French clock worked away busily on the mantel, chopping up the hours into minutes.

"I had better get undressed," Carola said. "It's five of twelve." She walked past him, trailed her hand across his shoulder. "Give yourself another drink, Tonio," she said.

When he closed the stone door at two that morning Delgado quickly sprinkled a pinch of dust on the left-hand latch and laid a sliver of dirty gray wood firmly in a crack against the door itself. Then he followed Carola upstairs and drew her bath. They went to sleep without speaking.

Once before dinner, the next night, and once afterward he started for the cellar. Both times he stopped himself. He waited until the stroke of midnight.

The dust was streaked through, the little peg of wood lay on the floor two feet from the door. The door had been opened during the day.

He held Carola's arm carefully the next night as they went down the cellar stairs. He unlocked the wine-cellar door, moved the three latches of the other one and swung it wide.

"Ah, you are so punctual," Gomez said. "Come in, my dear Carola, come in." Delgado watched his wife move quickly through the doorway, and as he closed the wall he saw her shrug easily out of her robe. He checked the latches. He turned out the light and locked the wine cellar.

He drank a cup of coffee in the kitchen. He half filled the cup again and

poured brandy in it. He carried the cup through the house, from room to room and back again. He went upstairs and sat for a long time in the bedroom. He waited. He listened. There was not a sound from the cellar.

At five o'clock, just before dawn, he turned the key in the Cadillac. A big engine is a good thing, he told himself, as exhaust smoke began to fill the garage. For everything, a big engine is best. He listened to it, running smoothly at a fast idle. A headache comes first, he told himself. I know that. I expect that. He waited.

He dreamed, woke, dreamed again. He tried to put himself into the hole with Gomez and Carola. At first, he supposed, they would console each other; then they would concert on attempts to spring the latches, or to burrow through the granite walls; inevitably, finally, they would quarrel, and hate each other. He thought of Gomez' friends, their chieftain dead and no one left on whom to cry vengeance. How funny! I am spitting on you, Jorge, he said. He wondered who they might have been, these friends. Whom might Jorge have told? What had he said, about the girl, when he had been so angry? "It involves letting someone outside know where I am." An odd thing to say, if someone outside already knew where he was. Or had he meant, someone outside his circle, outside his group of confidants? No, it would not have been that. It had been a slip of the tongue. No one had known where he was: naturally not! Better than most people, Jorge O'B knew that what one man called a secret another man could make him tell. There was no one! Gomez would have trusted no one with his life unnecessarily. He had trusted only Delgado. Delgado's stupidity, he had trusted that he could bluff Delgado, surely that was it, there had been no one at all. Delgado felt a savage, sickening shock run slowly through his body. There had been no one! He could have shot The Monster when he pleased, with impunity. He could not hear the engine now, but he could hear the sound of the sea, roaring and crashing, very near. He was sobbing. He could see Gomez' white and foxlike face, laughing, laughing. He reached for the ignition key, he knew where it was, he could see it if he tried, tried as hard as a man pulling himself drowning from the sea, he could almost touch it, almost . . . he did touch it, his fingers would not obey him, he seized it in his whole fist and turned it. He fell out of the car, he crawled on his belly to the door, he butted it open and sucked in the good air, wet with the dew on the grass, tasting of the grass and the earth. When he could stand he went into the house. He went to bed but did not sleep.

The housekeeper, the first of the three servants to come, found him in the kitchen, sitting over strong coffee and

stale croissants.

"The Señora," he told her, "left at six for Persouave. It's her aunt. Dying, I'm afraid."

The housekeeper made the sign of the cross.

"The Señora took almost nothing with her," he said. "No time. If you would be so good as to pack her suitcase, then I will have it sent to her this morning."

"Think of it as done," the good woman told him.

A week later he dismissed her. The Señora's aunt was so desperately ill, he said, that her return would be indefinitely delayed; he felt it his duty to join her in Persouave. He would close the house. He made a generous settlement on her, and upon the others, and bade them farewell. He told a few of Carola's friends the same story.

On the morning of the twenty-first day he entered the hide-out. It was bad, but not as bad as he had thought it might be. He could not guess how long it had been since Jorge O'B and Carola had died, but clearly they had not died the day before. They were on opposite sides of the room, as he had expected them to be. The money belt came quickly to hand: Jorge O'B had tossed it to a shelf. The letter was harder to find. It was interesting.

It was addressed to Paul Guivarra, an enormously wealthy plantation-owner who had spent years building a reputation as a raving anti-Gomista. Reading it, Delgado marveled at The Monster's cunning. "My dear Paul, I am tucked up in a perfectly safe place. Two people and only two, a man and a woman, know where I am, and both are safe: the man in fear (he thinks my friends have their eyes on him), the woman out of love. So. Time enough has passed, and I am ready. Go to your safe and take out the envelope I gave you in May. Open it. You will find the entire plan, and I think you will agree that it is flawless, or as nearly flawless as these things can be. (One modification: I shall not be alone. I am bringing the woman with me.) When you are ready, place the little advertisement in *La Tribuna*. Two days later you will know where I am, you will send the truck, and away we go. In the meantime, enjoy yourself. I see you had Serrano to dinner last week. Good. And very funny. I hope you have already begun to bleed him . . ."

There were fifty American thousand-dollar bills in The Monster's money belt, with sixty-eight tissue-wrapped stones, diamonds for the most part. One was a good inch and a quarter in diameter. The others were smaller, of sizes handier for conversion into cash. There were ten fifty-peso gold pieces, five thousand in paper pesos and five thousand dollars in small bills. O'B had thought of all this as nothing, of course, mere getaway money. Delgado went through the soft

chamois belt very carefully. Within one of the pockets there was another and it held a sheet of tissue paper: a list of banks and account numbers, banks in Miami, New York, London, Paris, Madrid, Zurich and Berne. The paper rattled in Delgado's hand as he read. The American and the British banks, the French, the Spanish — never mind those. But the Swiss! With these now, with their anonymous numbers, and a little ingenuity, a little audacity . . . the important thing would be not to take too much. Five million, perhaps, or ten. That would be quite enough, more than enough.

He had surprisingly little trouble getting an exit permit. He had valid business in Miami. He was not searched when he left, and the American customs people were easy. His business took him three days, as he had said it would, and then he returned. He waited a week and applied for another permit. It came through promptly. He packed his little bag, he strapped The Monster's money belt under his shirt, and he left for good. Within twenty-four hours he was in New York, a rich and happy man. He made the necessary inquiries, he paid the necessary monies, he visited a consulate and swore perfunctory allegiance to another country, the representatives of which rewarded him with a crisp new passport. It was all simple and businesslike.

He lived in Paris for some time, and then moved to Zurich. He stayed a year and two months in Zurich. He liked Switzerland, but the people bored him. He made little trips about Europe. Italy appealed to him for a time. He tried Sweden. But he liked the Côte d'Azur best, and he settled on a little piece of land above Nice. He had the house torn down and a new one built to his taste. It was small but pretty, full of conveniences and comforts. He found that he liked living alone. He did not want to marry again. Sometimes he told himself that he still loved Carola, and must be faithful to her memory. Sometimes he felt that he could never again trust any woman. In any case, he was an attractive man in the early autumn of his life, he was a millionaire and it was not necessary to marry anyone. He was content. He was satisfied with his life. As time passed, he began to take pride in the skill with which he conceived that he had extricated himself from hideous treachery and grave danger. Really, how neatly it had been done. It had been the perfect crime, except for one thing: no one knew a crime had been committed. Still, wasn't that the essence of the perfect crime? He supposed so, but it flawed his satisfaction, nevertheless. After all, he had brought off a great act of heroism, as well as a crime. It had been more heroism than crime. To kill a faithless wife was hardly a crime. It had been he, Tonio Delgado, who had run The Monster to ground, and killed him in his burrow. He deserved the credit.

Swimming from the stony shore one bright morning, Delgado was annoyed by a little cramp in the calf of his left leg. He rolled over and reached under to rub it out, and it occurred to him that some such stupidity might kill a man. Just two days before, he recalled unhappily, his friend M. Delacourt, of the Credit Lyonnaise, had fallen dead, flat on his face, just as he reached out his hand for the first aperitif of the morning. It could happen to anyone, but if it happened to Tonio Delgado, a secret of history would go with him. It was unthinkable that this should be so. He rolled over and swam for shore, stroking vigorously but conservatively. He was bemused with the brilliance of his new idea, and he truly could not understand why he had not thought of it before.

Writing steadily for three or four hours a day, Delgado took four months at his task. He might have done it sooner, of course, had he confined himself to the events beginning with The Monster's arrival at the house in Haraguato. He thought it better to begin with his own birth and The Monster's, sketching them in parallel until the two life lines crossed for the second time at the threshold of the back door of the house in Haraguato. That, of course, was

the title of the work: *The House in Haraguato*. Finished, it amounted to 169 pages in small script. Delgado read it over three times in as many days. Really, it read rather well, he felt. It was concise and to the point, like a legal brief, and yet it held drama and excitement, too. Most importantly, it was history. It was something that mattered, and the world had very nearly gone on without knowing about it. That would have been tragic. Delgado was happy to think that he had prevented this occurrence. He was annoyed, however, when he realized that the book would contribute to the world's recollection of The Monster. Then he laughed, thinking of the quotation he had read: "I am an immortal. I will live forever." Also, to look at it another way, Delgado had assured *himself* of immortality. He could not feel that it was undeserved. Had he not been, like Churchill, both an actor in the great drama of history and a recorder of it? He had had more directly to do with the death of Jorge O'Brian Gomez, Monster, than Churchill had had to do with the death of Adolf Hitler, Monster. And who was to say that Gomez, living, might not have surpassed the crimes of Hitler? It was well known that Gomez had been spending millions, before the Revolution, in an attempt to make an atomic bomb. Hitler, mark you, never had an atomic bomb. Think of that for a moment.

Delgado could only with difficulty contemplate allowing the manuscript to leave his hands, but he knew that he must, if it was to serve its purpose. He wrote a covering letter of instructions, he wrapped the manuscript carefully and set out for Monaco and his attorney's office.

He drove carefully but with enterprise. He had a *gran turismo* Lancia, a lithe, lively automobile. The day was a marvel of warmth, of color, of scent. He was sliding down the hills into the streets of Monaco by eleven-thirty. He parked the car and phoned Lyautey, who had no prior engagement for lunch, at least so he said, and they met at The Golden Horse. They ordered carefully and ate slowly and with gusto. With the calvados, Delgado gave his friend the package of manuscript, bright in red sealing wax.

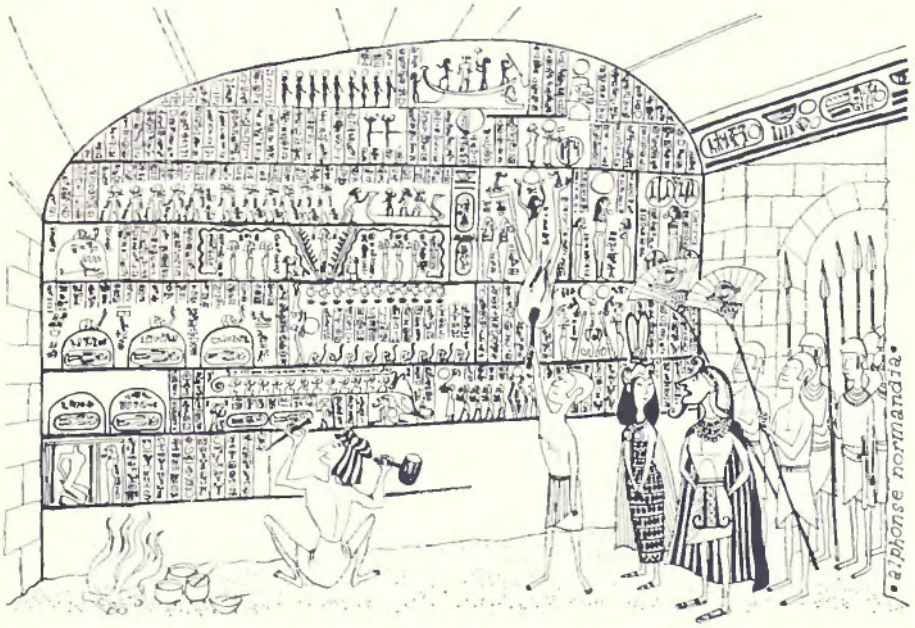
"This is a simple matter," he said. "I just want you to keep this envelope until my death. Open it then. You will find a letter of instruction. It's a book, and I want it published."

"Very well," Lyautey said. "But why not publish it now, while you can enjoy your fame? Eh?"

Delgado laughed. "I might *not* enjoy it," he said. "Besides, it is going to make me happy, very happy, just to think about its being published. You have no idea."

Lyautey shrugged. "D'accord," he said.

It was true. The idea did make Delgado happy. He grew out of himself, and seemed to reblossom, to take a second wind in his life. He had lived as a hedonist for years. He had made no major effort since he had taken The Monster's money from the Swiss banks. That had required thought and courage, but ever since he had drifted, purposelessly, but telling himself that his purpose was to enjoy life. It seemed a thin endeavor now.



"I haven't the heart to tell him it's 𓂝 *before* 𓀀 *except after* 𓅓 *."*

The day after his fifty-eighth birthday, Delgado married one Therese Marbonne. She was thirty-six, a divorcee. She was kind and sincere and loving and if she was not as intelligent as Carola had been, she was a good deal prettier. She knew that life had given Tonio Delgado most of what he wanted except children. She was pregnant in the second month of their marriage, and thus a son was born to Delgado in his fifty-ninth year. A daughter came in his sixtieth. He was proud of his children, and kind to them. His gratitude toward Therese was profound, and she in turn succeeded in convincing him that no other man in the world could arouse so much as a flicker of interest in her. He lived with enormous gusto and deep serenity until he was sixty-six, when he died easily and quickly of a cerebral hemorrhage. His last conscious thought was of his manuscript, secure in Lyautey's great safe, a vision in brown paper and red wax. He knew that he was dying, and he felt a pang of conscience for allowing thought of anything but Therese and the children to occupy him, but the manuscript meant more to him in that moment, and he dwelt lovingly upon it until the dark little flood of blood, seeping over his brain, put an end to him.

Promptly at nine next morning Pierre Lyautey went to the office strongbox and broke the seals on the brown envelope. He was sad. He had been fond of Tonio Delgado. He was stunned by what he read when he came to page 117 of the manuscript. When he put it down he was horrified. He was so shaken that he locked it into the safe again and hurried out to a bar for a whiskey, and then another. Halfway through the second one, sitting at a little stone-topped table under a plane tree in the warm sun, he saw things more clearly. By the time he had finished the drink he knew what he must do. Clearly it would be an absurdity to allow an obvious *crime passionel*, committed in heat and fury and hatred, to sully the memory of so good a man and to embarrass a family so devoted. Quite out of the question. In this case, the weight of friendship must overbalance professional obligation. Lyautey took a long walk, from the railroad station to the gasometer, because he wanted to be sure that perfect sobriety would confirm his present judgment. After his walk he drank a large cup of coffee. Then he returned to his office and burned the manuscript in his little fireplace, complete with letter of instruction, envelope and wax. When he had seen to the burning of every sheet, he stirred the ashes into powder and turned to other concerns.

• • •

A matter of a few weeks later, in Haraguato, a bulldozer ripped off a corner of the hide-out. In the years that had

passed since Tonio and Carola Delgado had lived there. Haraguato had changed a good deal. It had run down. The well-to-do had moved out to the East, into the hills. A new road had been cut through the old pine woods and this had given the current Liberator a whim: flatten eight square blocks of Haraguato and make it a park surrounded by low-rent apartment developments. The idea was enthusiastically received by everyone consulted, and the work was put in train.

It was about two in the afternoon, of a Friday, when the big 'dozer blade bit into the stone roof of the hide-out. The man on the seat, whose name was Gavilon, thought at first he had hit another boulder. The man on the ground, Reynosa, thought so too, and gestured for Gavilon to make another pass. The second pass showed stones laid in courses. The men looked at each other and shrugged. So? An extension of the cellar, beyond doubt. Reynosa languidly waved and Gavilon's brown hands tugged at the levers again. This time, he took a four-foot slab of the roof away. Reynosa held up a warning hand and dropped to his knees in the hole. He looked up at Gavilon, then quickly around and over his shoulder, and beckoned him down. They looked together. They could see well enough.

Gavilon said, "We had better get the police."

"Do you want my advice?" Reynosa said.

"Tell me."

"Many rich used to live here," Reynosa said. "Many important ones. Sometimes, when a thing like this is found, two skeletons in a hole, people think it wise to pretend it never happened. The best method is to do away with the people who have found things, do you understand me?"

"I understand you, I think," Gavilon said. "Yes, it is clear."

"We have ten minutes or so before the truck comes back for another load."

Gavilon pulled himself to the seat. The big diesel roared and the rain cap on the exhaust pipe stood straight up. Standing beside the hole, Reynosa made a stirring motion with his hand, his index finger pointed downward. Gavilon lowered the blade and hit the near wall. In five passes he had flattened everything. He ground the rubble under the caterpillar treads; he widened the hole and mixed in a ton of earth. He knew his trade and he was quick. When the truck came back he was ready to load. It was a ten-ton dumper. There was room for everything. He watched the truck roll away. He knew where the stuff was going: to the ocean front at Partila, for fill. He lighted a cigarette and looked down at Reynosa. They were relieved and happy. They laughed.

CHOP TALK

(continued from page 72)

diagonally, using about three or four for each. Preheat oven and electric skillet to 350°. In ¼ in. salad oil in skillet, brown chops on both sides. Then transfer to a shallow baking pan, bake 30 to 40 minutes or until chops are well browned and very tender. Serve with ice-cold applesauce spiked with horseradish.

LAMB CHOPS, FRITTO MISTO

4 loin lamb chops
2 green peppers
1 cup sifted flour
2 tablespoons dry vermouth
2 egg yolks
½ cup cold water
Salt, pepper
Salad oil
2 egg whites, beaten stiff
4 slices eggplant with skin, ¼-in. thick
8 medium-size fresh mushroom caps
2 tomatoes, cut in half crosswise

(Fritto Misto is a no-holds-barred Italian dish in which anything from fried shrimp to sheep's brains to hominy is fried in batter. This version is an assortment of vegetables served as in a mixed grill with lamb chops.) Into preheated 450° oven place the peppers — whole — for 18 to 20 minutes. Rub off as much of the transparent pepper skin as possible with a dry towel. Then cut peppers lengthwise into ½-in. strips, discard seeds and stems, and set aside. In a mixing bowl put the flour, vermouth, egg yolks, cold water, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon salad oil. Beat just until smooth and fold in beaten egg whites. Dip peppers, eggplant, mushrooms and tomatoes into the batter. While chops are broiling until brown on each side, heat salad oil, poured to a depth of ½ in. in an electric skillet set at 370°. Fry the batter-coated vegetables until brown on both sides. Sprinkle chops with salt and pepper, place on serving platter and surround with vegetables.

BREADED LAMB CHOPS ITALIENNE

4 loin lamb chops
Salt, pepper, flour
1 egg beaten with 1 tablespoon cold water
⅓ cup bread crumbs
2 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese
Salad oil
2 ozs. sliced boiled ham
8-oz. can tomato sauce
¼ cup water
½ teaspoon chervil
½ teaspoon chives
2 teaspoons butter

Preheat oven to 350°, electric skillet to 325°. Sprinkle chops with salt and pepper, dip in flour, in beaten egg, then in mixture of bread crumbs and parmesan cheese until well coated. In ¼ in. salad oil in skillet, sauté chops until light brown, using two spoons or a pair of tongs — not a fork — for turning. A kitchen fork may break the bread-crumb coating. Remove and place in a shallow pan, propping them as nearly upright as possible. Bake 30 minutes or until very tender. Meanwhile, cut ham into small match-stick slices about 1 in. long, and combine in a saucepan with the tomato sauce, water, chervil and chives. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes, add butter, and pour onto serving plates. Place chops on top.

VEAL CHOPS WITH HAM AND TRUFFLES

4 loin veal chops
4 tablespoons deviled ham
Flour
1 egg beaten with 1 tablespoon cold water
½ cup bread crumbs
2 tablespoons finely minced truffles
Salad oil
10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
¼ cup dry sherry
¼ cup light cream

Spread the deviled ham on the chops, dip in flour, in beaten egg, then in mixture of bread crumbs and truffles until well coated. In ¼ in. salad oil in an electric skillet set at 300°, sauté chops until brown on both sides. Transfer to a shallow baking pan, and bake in preheated 325° oven 40 to 50 minutes or until very tender. Meanwhile, combine mushroom soup, sherry and cream in pan, mixing well. Heat to boiling point and serve with chops.

VENISON CHOPS, CUMBERLAND SAUCE

4 loin venison chops
½ cup French dressing
2 tablespoons minced shallots or onions
2 tablespoons butter
10¾-oz. can brown gravy
¼ cup currant jelly
¼ cup port
Rind of 1 orange, grated
Juice of 1 orange
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
Salt, freshly ground black pepper

(Although this is not the venison season, loin of venison is usually available all year long in gourmet butcher shops.) Marinate chops in the French dressing for about 1 hour before cooking. In a saucepan sauté the shallots in butter until yellow, add the brown gravy, jelly, port, orange rind, orange juice and Worcestershire sauce, and bring to a boil. Simmer 5 minutes while broiling or panbroiling the chops over a high flame until brown on both sides and rare inside. Served with sauce bubbling hot, and garlanded with hominy or wild rice, this princely delegate from the chop kingdom should win homage from any dinner guest worth his salt — and pepper.

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girls of sweden

(continued from page 91)

of the body and its functions — in a society where nude photos in tobacconists' windows and near-nakedness on public beaches are viewed with equal unconcern — has kept her innocent of chronic sexual anxieties so prevalent elsewhere in the western world.

She has the calmness of a woman who doesn't try to swim against the tide of her own impulses — or those of a man. Approached at rustic ski lodge or formal garden party, on wooden park bench or velvet theatre seat, in oak-beamed konditori or chandelier-hung ballroom, she will respond with fire or ice, depending on her company and not on her codes. If the chemistry is right, an instantaneous and thoroughly compatible (if somewhat volatile) intermingling of elements will usually result. If it's wrong — of course — strikeoutsville. But in either case, her reaction will be genuine, spontaneous, candid and unveiled: win or lose, a refreshing experience for the visiting American male.

Disarmingly, she won't even wait for a male overture if she feels like doing a little harmonizing herself. In a far cry from the peekaboo parlor game of seductive hide-and-seek so popular in America, she voices her mating call with an unflinching directness. Some shortsighted observers, experiencing this phenomenon for the first time, might assume that her numerical superiority in Sweden — a margin of about thirty-thousand — has forced the Swedish girl to a tug-of-war for the available men. More probably, in a climate of social equality, the Swedish girl feels the need to assert her inalienable right to sexual independence from the vestiges of a venerable Teutonic tradition: male superiority and female subservience.

This lopsided social situation has given her a kind of humility that makes even the most appetizing smorgasbroad a soft touch for the smallest kindnesses from a visiting American man. A simple compliment, an assist with her coat, a date kept on time — SOP in the U.S.A. — these are tiny treasures to the unspoiled Swedish girl. But even if you don't care to court *her*, she'll court you — in a style which may lack subtlety, but certainly deserves admiration for brevity, originality and aptness of thought.

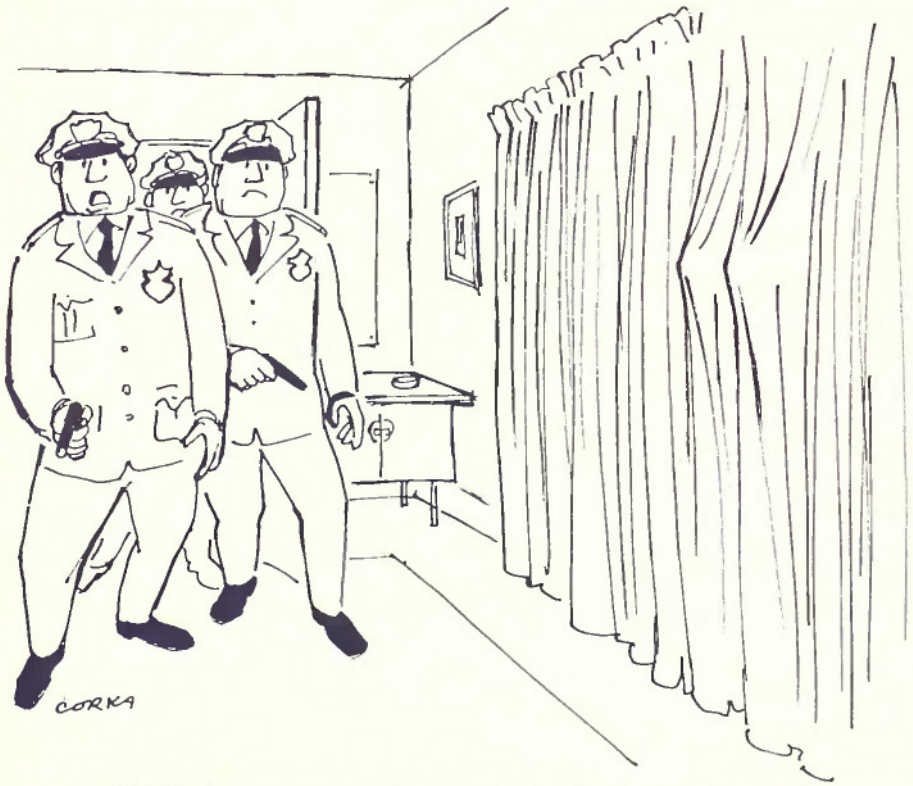
Her affairs tend to burn brightly and fizzle quickly — generating, as a rule, more heat than warmth. But for the American tourist on a two-week sabbatical, there is seldom time — or need — for both on his itinerary. Realist as much as sensualist, the Swedish girl, too, recognizes sex as neither more nor less than what it is, and while it lasts, enjoys, enjoys. A free, proud and independent spirit herself, she asks nothing more of her brief beau than that he be ready, willing and able to give.

Feelings, of course, aren't necessarily drowned in these flash-floods of sensation. The Swedish girl is also a reservoir of generosity, born of a superabundance of bounty from a benign welfare state; of kindheartedness, engendered by her attunement to the soft world of living things; and of pacifism, instilled by the peace-loving habits of a long heritage of Swedish neutrality — all qualities which make her uncommonly affable, adaptable and compatible company in the short or long run.

For long runs — even in her here-today-gone-tomorrow world — *do* materialize occasionally, even on the Kungsgatan (after a suitable out-of-town tryout). The Swedish girl, after all, feels the instinct to feather a nest and bear a manchild just as keenly as her American counterpart. For the girl from Umea — happily self-sufficient in her life of freedom — the urge to merge is the expected culmination to a natural growth into full-blooming womanhood, serenely awaited. For the girl from Utica, the waiting game isn't always played so patiently — or so sportively; however far she strays from the straight-and-narrow en route to her nuptials, she tends to cherish an almost disembodied conception of herself as a sacrosanctuary of inestimable treasure, to be bestowed (preferably intact) on some sufficiently high-minded and deserving suitor. The connubially inclined Svenska, though no less richly endowed, shares the abundance of her flesh-and-blood being with earthy liberality, proudly refusing to regard her body as a gift, favor or reward.

By the same token, she considers mementos of any kind — apart from freshly picked bouquets or freshly penned sonnets — the crudest species of insult, an implication that a man wishes to purchase her body, or at least to rent it for a while. In this id-happy land, such a gaucherie is not merely thoughtless — it's unnecessary. If the scene is going to be made at all — with or without benefit of clergy — it will be a straightforward, unencumbered and duty-free transaction engendered only by mutual desire and sealed only by mutual consent. So until and unless an engagement ring is in order, that noble masculine urge to bestow bagatelles, mere or otherwise, should be mercilessly stifled.

The single major exception to this taboo — though she may not always receive it with joy unconfined — is the gift of life. As often as not, and especially in unwedded bliss, this costly but unoriginal token of esteem is as unwanted as it is unintentional. But unlike the quiet desperation occasioned in American single women by such a misadventure, the Swedish girl's reaction is a mixture of womanly gratification, calm deliberation and understandable annoyance. Primarily, however, she feels a serenity born of the knowledge that her protective welfare state has provided for just such contingencies as this. A visit to the



"OK, Rose — we know you're in here someplace."

Swedish Office of Sexual Advice in Stockholm will decide whether the natural processes at work within her shall continue or be halted. If she is permitted to have an abortion (Sweden is the only nation in the world to legalize abortion on humanitarian and social grounds), it will be performed under the most immaculate surgical conditions in an official state hospital, where she will be cared for until recovery — all at government expense.

But a turndown by the Office doesn't mean a basket on the doorstep. She has the option of sending her baby to a state-sponsored children's home, where it will be better clothed, fed, housed and educated than the legitimate progeny of many European households; or of keeping it for herself, as she often chooses to do, provided she can demonstrate her ability to care adequately for its needs — in which case neither government nor society has the slightest objection. Neither realistically *could*, while ten percent of the Swedes born every year are undeniable (but far from suffering) bastards. For despite the fact that birth-control education is almost universal in this forward-looking land, the vast majority have sedulously refused to practice what's preached.

In a country where four out of five women, according to a recent survey, candidly admit to prenuptial excursions of varying diversion, diversity and duration, it is hardly surprising that the Swedish girl inclines to the view that trial marriage is a natural, pleasant and even essential preliminary to the main event — and sometimes perhaps a more than satisfactory substitute.

If her unincorporated partnership doesn't wind up showing a long-term profit, the Swedish girl reluctantly but realistically disaffiliates — and usually without bitterness, breast-beating or broken crockery. Even if pregnancy is her only prize, she asks of her erstwhile paramour no obligation, no apology, no recompense. As a souvenir she chooses to keep the sweeter memories: of ecstasy, however evanescent; of tenderness, however transitory; of faithfulness, however fleeting. As a dream, she keeps always the hope that her next affair will be not only rewarding but enduring.

If this hope is realized, as it almost always is for a girl who looks life so squarely in the face — and still loves it — the Swedish girl almost always makes as loyal a wife and as loving a mother as she does a vibrant female. Attuned from birth to the primal tempi of nature, wedded to the mysteries of kitchencraft and the disciplines of housework before puberty, aglow with a mature feminine radiance soon after, and introduced anon to the compensations and sacrifices of motherhood, vicariously and sometimes otherwise — she reaches the altar

a mellowed, tried, and usually true woman, as ripe for demure connubiality as for hearty conjugality.

Is all of Sweden's glitter, then, truly gold? Well, almost — but not quite. Beneath the glimmer of its primeval lakes and rivers, the gloss of its progressive society, it must be said, are the somber tones of a shadowed side to Nordic nature, a cool-spectrum pigmentation of icy blues and leaden grays which finds its wintry reflection far beneath the bright radiance of the Swedish girl, and may help the unfamiliar observer to place her mental landscape in a more lifelike balance between light and dark. The outdoor world of sun-drenched sod, fragrant meadows and rushing water may have ignited the uncontainable vitality of perhaps the most natural woman in civilized ken, but she can also be touched with that quiet gravity, inscrutable coolness and brooding introspectiveness which is as endemic to the ambivalent Northern temperament as the vivid efflorescences that counterbalance it.

Gay or sad, serene or volatile, the Swedish girl is imbued with an appetite for life — wherever she can find it — that draws her instinctively to her cosmopolitan capital. A time-mellowed and worldly-wise nucleus of industrial, artistic, social and intellectual refinement in the heart of a predominantly rural nation, like most European capitals, Stockholm exerts a hold on the imaginations of Swedish girls, from medieval Visby to agrarian Valdemarsvik, perhaps even more magical than the spell of such New World emerald cities as Hollywood and Gotham for dream-driven females from Tulsa and Vicksburg. From the chateaux-dotted hillsides of the verdant south to the deep-forested expanses of the arctic north, the girls of Sweden stream to the city in quest of cultivated companionship, exotic vocations, and a variety of other dimly envisioned cosmopolitan scintillations. Unlike their stateside counterparts, however, they are impelled not so much by an aching need for self-discovery as by a natural and calculatedly practical desire for self-enlargement. Stirring with the restless curiosity of burgeoning womanhood, they come to explore in freedom and privacy those uncharted areas of experience from which provincial upbringing has unavoidably isolated them, and for answers to questions about themselves and life which their perhaps overprotective welfare state has been unable to provide. The potent talismans of identity so venerated by American girls in the big city — wealth, fame, authority — will have little meaning for them, except as harmless and diverting sidelights to the business of fulfilling their opulent femininity.

So fundamental is this orientation that the possibility of a career, whatever its creative or monetary rewards, simply never occurs to them — unless, as is very seldom the case in a country where beauty so often is far more than skin-deep — they just aren't attractive enough to compete for the affections of the eligible men. Somehow, then, amidst all the glitter, enticement and fanfaronade, the girls of Sweden manage to keep a firm hold — without any visible effort — on their unquenchable *joie de vivre*, and their unseducible preference for pastures to pavements. In the urban-oriented Twentieth Century world of misplaced identities, reversed sexual roles and creeping *Weltschmerz*, such a healthy sense of self is almost an anachronism.

They are not totally immune, of course, to the Swedish smell of success. The television industry, for instance, a surprisingly recent arrival to a country otherwise steeped in the escape mechanisms and labor-saving devices of a bountiful technology, has created a whole new realm of jobs which Swedish girls regard as indescribably chic. The post of script girl, in fact — a position which the communications-wise New York or Hollywood girl views as the lowest niche in her climb up the TV totem pole — ranks currently as one of the most glamorous jobs in Stockholm. But "chic" and "glamor" are far from status code-words for the socially irreverent Swedish girl; she may play at them, but she certainly doesn't live by them. Without a single visit to her analyst, she is perfectly capable of settling happily for steno pad, typewriter or sales counter; and since there are far more girls than clipboards in Stockholm, she usually does.

The more articulate girls, of course, often beat a path into editorial research at a magazine or newspaper; the creative girls, into fashion, furniture, glassware or interior design; the footloose girls into commercial air travel as S.A.S. stewardesses (perhaps the best-looking set of pillow-plumpers in aviation annals); the traffic-stopping girls, into modeling — but not for long, since Swedish girls generally lack the necessary narcissism, and the ability to sit still longer than two seconds, especially when the sun is out.

As one of the most vital film and theatre capitals of Europe, Stockholm also harvests an abundant crop of aspiring Garbos, Bergmans, Britts and Ekbergs. But unlike Manhattan's overflowing market of green stand-ins and overripe ingenues, or Hollywood's well-fertilized groves of juicy starlets in orange- and lemon-colored toreadors, Stockholm's dramatic world is one of characteristically businesslike Scandinavian gravity. The premiere of a new Ingmar Bergman movie is attended only by those legitimately connected with the industry.

And the membership of the Swedish National Theatre, the prestigious drama school which fostered both Ingmar and Ingrid, is restricted, unlike many such institutions, to those with demonstrable talent and a capacity for years of grueling work. The girls who finally make the grade on Stockholm's boards or sound stages will be rewarded largely with ego satisfaction and a simple sense of achievement. For most of them, secure in their identity and femininity long before they ever played a role, this is more than enough. The Swedish climate of intellectual and spiritual iconoclasm makes star-worship an alien emotion, as much to the performer as to the public. And the Cult of Beauty, in a land prodigal with feminine riches, is known only as a peculiar American phenomenon.

For Malmo manicurist and Stockholm stenographer alike, material reward is rather meager by American standards, but more than adequate to their inner and outer needs — even though Sweden's cost of living is no less stratospheric than our own. The artifacts of consumption swarm almost as conspicuously in Goteborg as in Levittown, but somehow their acquisition lacks the quality of reverence with which "happiness" is so often pursued in our country. Swedish moderns in every curve and contour, the girls of Sverige admittedly cherish their double-windowed and steam-heated comfort in the marrow-chilling winter; and they can brandish an electric swizzle stick, down-shift a Volvo, hook up a stereo rig and twirl a TV dial with familiar expertise. But if maturity can be measured by the number of things one can do without, they are truly wise beyond their years: first and last, they remain free and untrammeled spirits of the wood, as serene on a bed of pine needles as on one of foam rubber, as content to curl their toes in sun-warmed sand as in deep-pile carpeting.

Whether they venture north to Stockholm from the wind-swept Baltic seacoast around Trelleborg, or south from the haunting desolation of Lapland, where the low-lying and lambent sun never sets during the summer months, the taproot to home cannot be uprooted. But Stockholm's scarce and often staid living quarters sometimes do their best to strangle out its nourishment: few cities in the world have so chronic and acute a housing problem.

Even if she didn't have to take whatever cubbyhole she could get, though, the girl in Stockholm wouldn't lose a wink of sleep over the U-ness or non-U-ness of her particular residential niche. Unlike the Manhattan girl, who follows the rising and falling status values of every neighborhood with the avidity of a population expert, the Stockholm girl lives in a spectacularly beautiful, socially homogeneous, immaculately scrubbed city that is totally devoid of slums, and to a

great extent also of clearly defined enclaves of ethnic, artistic or professional ingroups. The few exceptions merely prove the rule. The towering rocky promontory of Sodermalm, for instance, is predominantly a working-class quarter — less fashionable than downtown, perhaps — but its streets are spotless, and it commands a dizzying and unrivaled view, in the glass-clear air, of the gilded spires, green copper domes, white harbor ships, and spruce-dark outlying forests of this lucent deep-water Baltic port. Far below Sodermalm is a very different residential precinct — water-girdled Old Town. A cobblestoned crazyquilt of crooked medieval streets, leaded bullet-glass windows and lofty tessellated gables, this original fortified hub of the city was recently invaded by a clique of artist and architect types who have scraped laboriously through layers of paint and periods of decor to its Fifteenth Century beams, and set up housekeeping in what has since become an almost too-picturesque upper-middlebrow bohemian quarter of which even antiquarian Greenwich Village could be considered a pale reflection. But it doesn't really matter to anyone — least of all to the Swedish girl — whether she lives in Sodermalm, Old Town, or a fifteen-minute bus ride away in any direction, on the very outskirts of town.

Once installed, she's ready to sally out — ad-libbing ground rules every step of the way — into Stockholm's nocturnal glitter. If the occasion is sufficiently strategic, her escort may bear her into the silken Continental elegance of the Riche for an immobilizing feast of smorgasbord, goose liver, herring, lobster and turkey, topped off with a wedge of muenster and washed down with a tankard of lager. Or he may introduce her to the more picturesque Bacchi Wapen, tucked away on a medieval lane in Old Town, where good steak and tolerable dance music are dispensed in style, but at a fairly high premium. At Stallmastaregarden, a rambling old timbered inn on the city's outskirts, two kindred appetites can be sharpened with one leisurely stroll through its bell-jar-perfect flower garden. The check, however, often calls forth a comparable quantity of pocket foliage. So unless the campaign is a relentless one (which is seldom necessary), the Swedish girl's date may decide to play it straight at some unpretentious downtown restaurant — in which she's usually just as happy anyway — and then steer her over to the murky Nalen for a taste of deep-blue jazz, or over to Hamburger Bors, a noisy but comfortable downtown cabaret, to bend her shell-like ear to a new pop vocalist; or into the labyrinthine recesses of cheap but cheerful Den Gyldene Freden for a deep draft of its medieval cellar atmosphere — and its passable beer. He may even decide to throw in the city sponge entirely and hie her out to Skansen — a fairytale preserve of filigreed pavilions, wild woods, zoos, dance halls, open-air theatres and *fin de siècle* restaurants — all nestled on jewel-like Djurgarden Island, in Stockholm's Lake Malaren. Back in town, there's always Twentieth Century theatre for the girl with more contemporary tastes; and for still another type — or perhaps just another mood — a "foreign" movie from America, with Swedish subtitles, at one of the crowded downtown celluloid tabernacles.

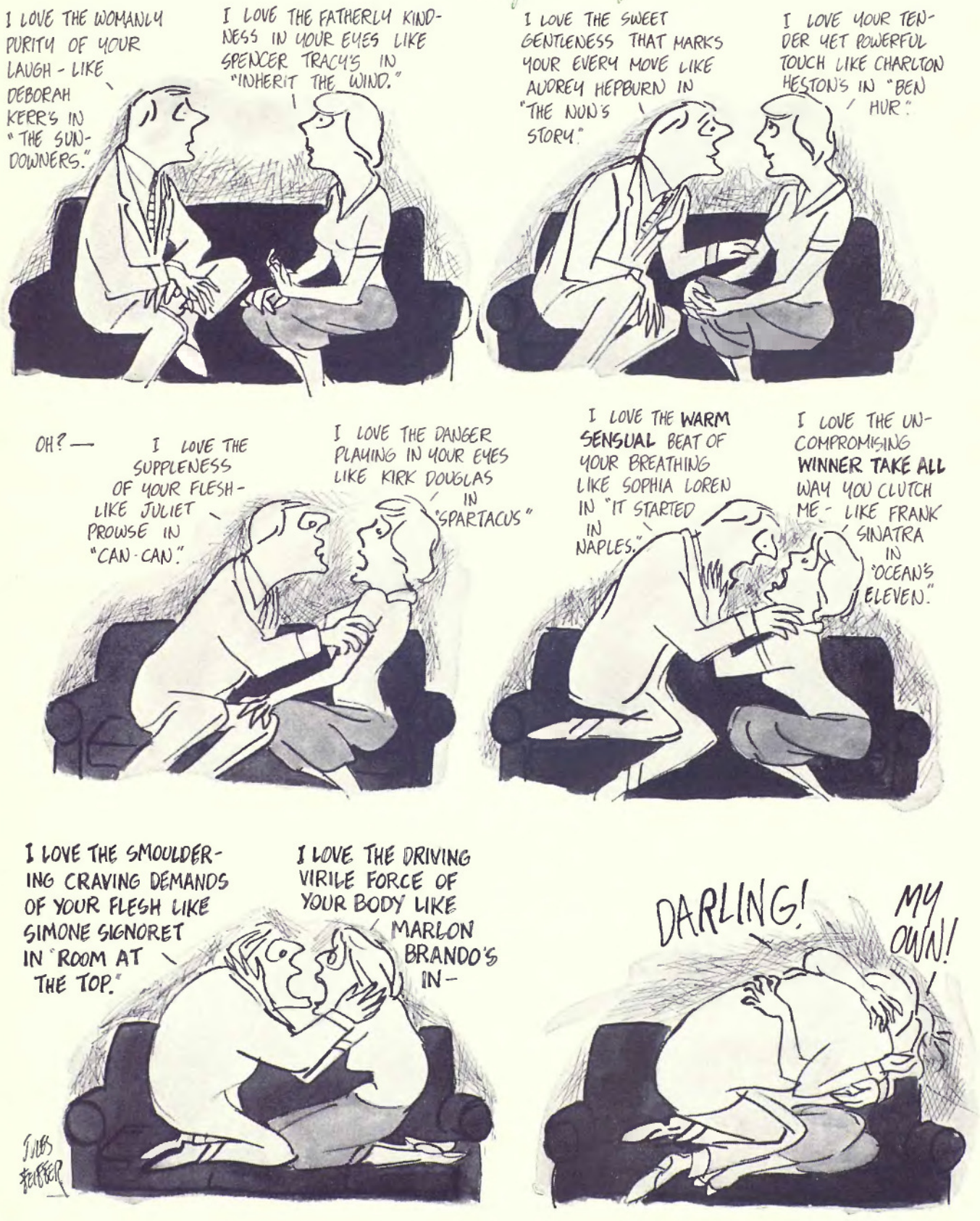
Wherever she goes for the early evening, however, the newly arrived girl will emerge from her chosen bar or movie palace around eleven, to find that Stockholm's dazzling incandescence — from the red and green neon of the entertainment and shopping thoroughfares to the apartment house lights on nearby hills, glittering in the darkness like vast telephone switchboards — now glares on streets eerily deserted. Most of the ambivalent Swedes, radiant by day but strangely subdued by night, have quietly put themselves to bed. Only momentarily dismayed, however, she soon learns that close-knit colonies of hardy night owls (mostly around swinging Old Town) have locked themselves indoors with serious-drinking friends and prodigious supplies of beer and akvavit — a lethal mixture which the Swedes imbibe with complete disregard for public safety and self-preservation. She can, if she wishes, wangle invitations to these soused soirees, but if there are no inside tracks available, she often pulls the age-old party-crasher's gambit, "Sorry I'm late. Is everybody here?" It always works; in any case, by the time she arrives, nobody will be sober enough to swear he doesn't know her, and since most of the girls are far more than passing fair, no one is ever fool enough — drunk or otherwise — to challenge such obvious credentials. Stockholm guest lists generally include a cross-section of the more exotic birds from the aviaries of art and letters, who often exude an aura of compelling eccentricity to which the Swedish girl is not totally immune. By the time these worthies have raised to her a fourth, fifth and sixth skoal of akvavit, and by the time she's studiously returned them in the finest "locked eyes" tradition, her immunity is even more in doubt. During the slow and heavy dancing that follows — and the light petting which follows that — her vulnerability is finally determined with some accuracy by the luckiest of her suitors. Ultimately, she either abruptly loses interest and wanders off for greener pastures; or with equal decisiveness, she disappears with him for an hour or so behind the potted plants, or in one of the upstairs rooms.

Most often she finds herself, later, enmeshed at the next party in the force-field of an entirely new but equally magnetic personality. But very occasionally, one of these instant intrigues will flare into a hot-blooded liaison that burns brightly for a month or more. For such entanglements as these, Sweden is a valhalla of mountaintop eyries, lake-front hermitages and seaside sanctuaries which offer a degree of freedom and privacy unobtainable even in permissive Stockholm. Just a few miles downstream from the capital city, among the profusion of tiny archipelagos dotting the waterways leading to the Baltic, lovesick refugees from cosmopolitan clangor often sail in a search for inner stillness, for a closeness with the elemental tides and winds that is almost as passionate — surprisingly enough — as their need to be near each other. Some couples no older than sixteen, without a glower of opprobrium from friends, family or society, join ranks in completely unsupervised groups of three and four pairs of "steadies" for weekend camp-outs — complete with songs, paper lanterns, smuggled akvavit and canned paté — among the white birches, dark firs and rolling carpets of bluebells in the countryside northwest of Stockholm.

Others, of a more serene disposition, seek a different kind of peace and privacy — not for everyone — on the idyllic, meandering, three-day steamer cruise through the drowsing, lilac-bound, pea-green waters of the Gota Canal, from Stockholm to Goteborg, 250 miles west. Some couples, however, possessing less time and patience, prefer the fifty-five-minute plane trip from the capital out over the Baltic to the tiny island of Gotland, where they spend the night in Visby — a walled medieval city of wild orchids, ancient Hanseatic palaces and crumbling ivied churches — after perching in arcane ruins to witness the re-enactment of a torch-lit miracle play by the Stockholm Royal Opera.

In the arch-conservative petit-bourgeois milieu of her rural home town no less than in the cosmopolitan social climate of Stockholm, the Swedish girl devours life whole — or at least she makes a good try at it. Her Scandinavian soul pulses with an energy that often overflows the confines of a twenty-four-hour day. The world of sensual, intellectual, artistic and psychological experience somehow just isn't big enough to use her up. Only physical exercise — to which she devotes herself with characteristic passion — helps to tap her residual ebullience. Summer and winter, she is probably the most active sportswoman in the world. Hardly a day goes by — even in the city on a winter workday — without at least one far-ranging peregrination back and forth, up and down, around and about her immediate environs. But in the summer, you'll hardly be able to

Film Study Group



drag her indoors even to answer the phone. Except on account of rain (and sometimes not even then), she prefers to eat outdoors, sleep outdoors and, especially, make love outdoors. On almost every weekend from Walpurgis Night, the last night in April, to the last sufficiently mild day in October, you'll find her sailing, water-skiing, motor-boating, swimming or sunbathing on one of the myriad waterways surrounding Stockholm. If not, look to sea and wood: she'll probably be aqua-planing and skindiving in the Baltic, or camping and hiking resolutely in the forest. In either case, she won't be alone. When winter comes, she'll make only three concessions: to eat, sleep and make love in the great indoors. Otherwise, it's an endless round of bracing early-morning constitutionals, ice-yachting on now-frozen lakes and rivers, sleigh-riding (laced with periodic jolts of akvavit) on slopes that will probably stay white till spring, or weekend ski junkets to the powdery arctic mountainsides of deep-frozen Lapland. Bounding indoors from these hyperborean excursions, she heads straight to massage room and steam bath for an hour of pounding and parboiling. And when she can't think of anything else to do, she'll vault and swing her way tirelessly — and gracefully — through the confines of any available gymnasium.

However scintillating this social whirl, the anonymity of the big city sometimes washes out the bright banners of freedom, privacy and self-reliance which lure Swedish girls to Stockholm. The cultivated companions she once imagined would be regaling her with wit and wisdom, civility and courtliness, all too often turn out very much the same as the typical boys back home. And the dream of an exotic job in mass communications which she may have nurtured on arrival often evaporates ignominiously — especially if she winds up as file clerk in a TV repair shop. But the Swedish girl usually comes to Stockholm full-grown inside as well as out. Even if every last fantasy about glamor and cosmopolitanism were stripped from her by the city, she would still retain that calm self-assurance as a woman, that quiet unshakeability which renders her essential feminine being almost invulnerable to the ego-rattling depredations of broken dreams and hearts. The air she breathes in a benign welfare state certainly isn't the climate of Eden; but realist to the core, she never imagined it was. Her beloved nature may have its season of dark melancholy, but it can't snuff out within her the occasionally quiescent but eternally unquenchable fires of spring.

odds man out

(continued from page 62)

no means an unusual thing. In every 1000 spins of the roulette wheel, for example, there will be, on the average, one series of nine straight red or black.

In short, this is a very poor system indeed. It clobbers you with a major loss very soon after you start playing it. But that is not the real reason why it is poor. It is poor for the same reason that every system is poor: it is based on the delusion that there is some way of turning a minus expectation into a win. It can't be done.

The sophisticated systems-man sneers at the Martingale. He has a "good" system — one that increases the size of the bets very gradually in a losing streak. And it is true that the "good" systems postpone the inevitable day of reckoning. But they can never eliminate it. One of the best postponers is the Labouchère. It is played on the even chances in roulette or on the line bets at craps. In the usual form of this system you write down the numbers 1, 2, 3, and throughout the play you bet the sum of the first and last numbers in the series. Thus your first bet is $1 + 3 = 4$. When you win, you cross out the numbers in question. When you lose, you write down the amount of your loss and again bet the sum of the ends. (If you don't understand this, be patient: it's spelled out below.) By the time the series closes out, you have won back everything you have lost plus the $1 + 2 + 3 = 6$ units that you have crossed out but did not lose, because they were on the paper to begin with.

A simple example. W = a win, L = a loss. You have the following series of wins and losses: L L W L L W W L W.

You write down 1 2 3. Bet $1 + 3 = 4$

Loss: write down 4

1 2 3 4. Bet $1 + 4 = 5$

Loss again: write down 5

1 2 3 4 5. Bet $1 + 5 = 6$

Win: cross out 1 and 5

~~1~~ 2 3 4 ~~5~~. Bet $2 + 4 = 6$

Loss: write down 6

~~1~~ 2 3 4 ~~5~~ 6. Bet $2 + 6 = 8$

Loss: write down 8

~~1~~ 2 3 4 ~~5~~ 6 8. Bet $2 + 8 = 10$

Win: cross out 2 and 8

~~1~~ ~~2~~ 3 4 ~~5~~ 6 ~~8~~. Bet $3 + 6 = 9$

Win: cross out 3 and 6

~~1~~ ~~2~~ ~~3~~ 4 ~~5~~ ~~6~~ ~~8~~. Bet 4

Loss: write down 4

~~1~~ ~~2~~ ~~3~~ 4 ~~5~~ ~~6~~ ~~8~~ 4. Bet $4 + 4 = 8$

Win: cross out 4 and 4

~~1~~ ~~2~~ ~~3~~ ~~4~~ ~~5~~ ~~6~~ ~~8~~ ~~4~~. The series is closed out. You have lost $4 + 5 + 6 + 8 + 4 = 27$. You have won $6 + 10 + 9 + 8 = 33$. You are ahead by the $1 + 2 + 3 = 6$ that you wrote down to begin with.

Since you cross off two numbers when you win and add only one when you lose, the series will close out whenever your wins are as many as two more than half your losses. You chaps with no taste for figures will just have to take our word for it that this is the way the system works. (In a more important sense, as we shall see, the system doesn't "work" at all.) Those of you who dig the higher mathematics might, if it would amuse you, work out what happens with the following (quite likely) run of wins (W) and losses (L):

L L W L L W L L L W L L W L W L L W L L W L L W L W L W L W L W

Here you have lost 19 times and won only 11, but you have come out a winner. Your largest bet was $127 — nowhere near the house limit of $500 (in Las Vegas). In fact, it seems almost impossible, with this system, that you should hit the house limit before you succeeded in closing the series off.

Well, as it happens, we did not simply invent the above series of wins and losses. A friend of ours had it while we were watching him apply this sure-fire method on the Strip. He had been using it with success for a week, and girls were clinging all over him. But we have edited a wee bit: that last bet was $53 + $53 = $106, and he didn't win — he lost. So erase that final W, above. His sheet now looked like this: 53 53 106. The series had to go on: and it went on L W L W L L L L. Nothing much out of the ordinary in such a run. But his last bet (lost) was $424, and he was now called upon to bet $530. House limit, $500. End of the line.

His choice was to stop betting or to go on at random: the system was dead. Needless to say, he had been blowing his "profits" as they came in. He was $1160 in the hole. He bet $500 and won. He bet another $500 and lost. The girls deserted him like the well-known seafaring rodents. At this point he lost his nerve also and took the bus back to St. Louis.

The moral is that even the "good" and "safe" systems are no guarantee against the runs of bad luck that come up almost every day — or anyway, every week — when you use a system to tackle the odds in a gambling casino.

Of course, there are other mathematical systems — hundreds of them — that do not run the risk of encountering the house limit. They are of many sorts. Some are based on quitting for the day after you have won or lost a certain amount. These systems will leave you, in the long run, exactly where the expectation dictates — in the red. But at least they let you go broke gradually, instead of with one horrible clobber. Other systems, often enormously complicated, involve the placement of "insurance" bets, to mitigate the misfortune of losing the main bet. It goes without saying that the insurance is illusory. Still others involve observing and playing the runs, or the "march of the table." We have dealt with these already under "law-of-aver-

ages" systems.

Many systems for winning at the race track make a great show of introducing skill as a factor in the choice of bets: skill either in appraising the horse's chance of winning or in seizing the opportunities offered by the odds on the pari-mutuel board. The minus expectation is 15% at a pari-mutuel track. If you make a hundred $2 bets, you have one chance in 20 of winning $2, and one chance in 125 of winning $10. If skill is enough to overcome that tremendous disadvantage, how is it that trainers, stable employees and jockeys, who have the best sort of inside information — to say nothing of the publishers of tip sheets — stay on the job year after year and do not retire early in life?

There are other interesting questions that one might ask. For instance, why do gambling houses love systems players? Why do they go to the expense of publishing monthly statistics on the numbers that come up on the No. 1 roulette wheel? Could it be because systems players are among their most reliable and productive customers? Or are they, perhaps, eager to lose money?

How about the sellers of gambling systems? There are scores of them. The usual come-on is that a famous gambler, dying in opulence, consented to reveal the secret of his success on his deathbed; and you can buy this secret for only $25. Why is it for sale; that is, why doesn't the vendor keep it and use it himself?

The systems fanatic will have answers to these questions. The answers will be edifying to the person who is asking himself the really significant question: what is it, in the innermost heart and cravings of men, that leads them to pursue, at often ruinous cost, the chimera of the valid gambling system?

The main incentive, without any doubt, is the immemorial longing for the easy solution, the magical gimmick that solves all the problems. In their pursuit of this ideal, men are seized by a passion that blinds them to all else. The belief in systems falls right in line with the quest for the alkahest, the philosophers' stone, the Fountain of Youth, El Dorado, and all the other phantasmal short cuts to bliss. The fact that it shares with its predecessors the deplorable quality of being a fallacy, though it may be "known" to the systems buffs somewhere deep down, never gets through to them strongly enough to influence their behavior. They are rather like a man who intends to fly down from a great height with the aid of the very special kite he has invented. There he is, perched on the very top of the Statue of Liberty, ready to go. "Why not?" he asks.

"There is only one good reason," he is told. "You take that jump and you kill yourself."

"Yeah, I know," he says. "But give me another reason." He simply does not want to believe that his kite won't work.

Reinforcing this predisposition to believe the impossible is the fact that, unfortunately, the case against systems cannot be presented in simple, unmistakable, overwhelmingly convincing terms. The argument that a tiny minus expectation is inevitably going to do the gambler in does not carry conviction for a man whose whole emotional momentum is sweeping him in the opposite direction. Furthermore, the argument, being mathematical, is couched in what for many people is a foreign language. So far as they understand it, they strive to pick holes in it.

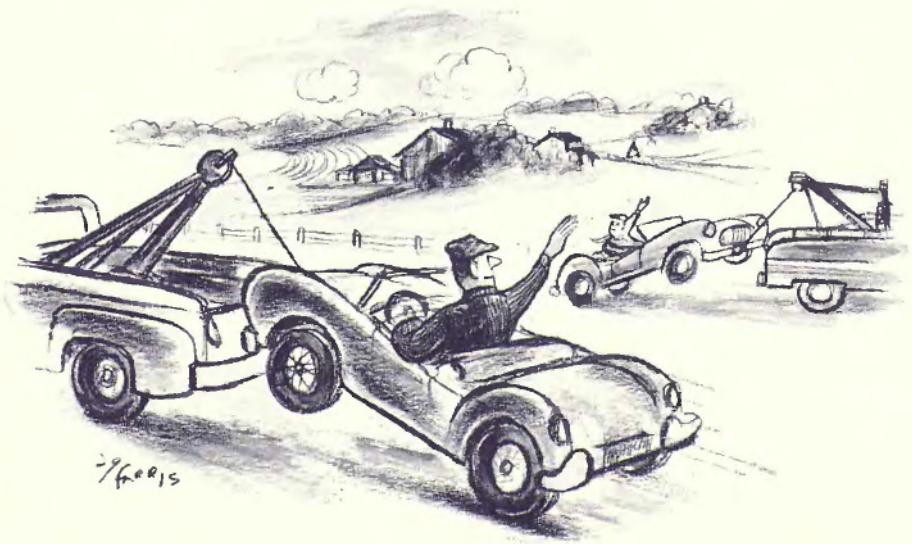
"You claim no system will win in the long run," they will say. "OK, I'll go along with that. But who cares about the long run? I'm interested in the here and now. This system of mine has been paying off at about $3 per hour of play. I'll be old and dead before that long run of yours catches up with me."

The reply to this rebuttal is that, if a system "wins" as much as $3 an hour, the "long run" will not be long at all. It will, in all probability, be quite short — a week or two. If it were a supremely conservative system, paying off at maybe a dime an hour, it might go on for many years, even until the player was old and gray. But if he values his time at only a dime an hour he belongs in the state hospital, not the casino.

The belief in systems is also strengthened by the vast mythology that has grown up around them. You cannot talk to a systems man for five minutes without hearing his tales of what his particular system has accomplished for some other person, or of the exploits of this or that fabled practitioner who cleaned up at such and such a time and place. You are sure to be told about Charles Wells, the Englishman who in three days won close to $200,000 and is celebrated in song as "the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo." Your informant will probably suppress the facts that he: (1) didn't break the bank at all, but merely cleaned out the chips at one table a few times; (2) came back for more and lost almost all he had won; (3) wasn't playing a system.

Finally, almost all believers in systems have tested their systems at home before using them in actual play. Their tests have been convincing, to them; and they have also been ridiculously superficial. Their sample of tosses of the dice, hands at poker or blackjack, or spins of their home roulette wheel has been much too small to justify any generalizations whatsoever. This is one reason why systems that look so good in black and white look absolutely terrible in green and silver. Another reason is that dry-run systems lack all the tension and pace of actual play. At the table, with the action moving along at a fast clip, the player often loses track of his calculations, gets behind, gets flustered, makes the wrong bet, and becomes hopelessly entangled. Actually, it doesn't make any difference: he would have lost anyway. But it gives him a wonderful excuse for continuing to believe in his system even though he has lost.

Very likely the faith in systems is something that almost every would-be gambler must go through, just as every would-be adult must go through the embarrassing postures of adolescence. Most gamblers will emerge from the experience whole. Some will bog down in it, just as some grown-ups will remain little boys until they die. It rests with the individual. Before you go all out on your tried-and-true infallible foolproof system, reflect on whether you might not be wiser to skip this stage altogether and go on to the next, which is — *unless* you gamble for kicks and fun, and can afford to lose: refrain from all forms of gambling in which skill is not *the* determining factor.



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FLYING

(continued from page 53)

airport need go no further than the airport grounds to find an eighteen-hole golf course, cocktail lounge and swimming pool. Within walking distance are yacht basins, deep-sea-fishing departure points and hotel accommodations.

And if these considerations don't offer incentive enough to make you turn plane owner, there is always the wonderful impression of interest and concern you convey to your girl of the moment when you reveal that you flew several hundred miles just to keep a date with her.

The plane fancier has a wide variety of excellent aircraft to choose from, and he can be airborne at prices ranging from those of a fine car to a sumptuous yacht. Wherewithal aside, what the plane is to be used for, and by whom, are the factors which will most influence choice. It might be a production model, or one of the luxury custom conversions tailored to personal taste. For the two- and four-place jobs, you'll find it to your advantage to have a pilot's license tucked into your billfold. In the larger planes, flying can be handed over to a professional to leave your air time completely free.

Thirty-two aircraft firms market more than eighty different models or conversions, but, as in the automobile business, American private plane output is dominated by a Big Three — Beech, Cessna and Piper. These manufacturers account for over ninety percent of all new private-aircraft sales.

Each of the Big Three produces a wide range of models. Others, like Aero Commander, with its high-performance, twin-engine model, or Mooney, with its sleek Mark 21 single-engine sports craft, aim for particular segments of the market.

For short business hops, or a weekend for two at one of the many resorts equipped with fairly short private landing strips, lightweight single-engine planes such as the two-place Cessna 150 or the new Piper Colt will cruise you along in traffic-free comfort at 115 to 120 miles per hour and set you down with room to spare. Other popular entries in the two-place category are the various models of the time-tested, flight-training-favorite Champion and the bubble-canopied, tandem-seated Aircoupe. Each offers something special to attract the plane-buying prospect shopping in the under-$10,000 price range.

For those who want to move up a notch to a single-engine plane with greater serviceability, range and speed, there are such models as the racy Mooney Mark 21, the Constellation-like Bellanca, Navion's five-place Rangemaster, the jaunty Cessna Skylane, the V-tail-trademarked Beechcraft Bonanza, and the sharp-looking Piper Comanche 250. These, in the $15,000-to-$25,000 bracket for the basic airplane, put the urban man into the interurban class with style and zip.

Typical of this class of plane is the Piper Comanche 250 with its roomy cabin capable of comfortably seating four captains of industry or two pleasure-bound couples (or any variation thereof). The steerable nose wheel (practically all private planes made today are three-wheelers) makes for solid, easy ground handling, and when you push the throttle to the instrument panel, you're starting to bore holes in the sky with 2900 pounds of cargoed airplane capable of taking you from Los Angeles to San Francisco in just over two hours. It has a service ceiling of 20,000 feet, more than ample for over-the-weather travel. With automatic pilot as optional equipment, the Comanche 250, with its 1600-mile maximum range, provides effort-free nonstop flight from New York to Chicago. The instrument panel of the Comanche 250 is arranged for center mounting of all the navigation and communication equipment you may care to tack on. Retractable landing gear reduces drag and heightens the styling of an aircraft that knows how to mix pleasure with business.

If you have weekend trips to that lakeside hunting retreat in mind, where you and one, two or three companions can get away from it all, take a good long look at the Lake LA-4 — the only single-engine amphibian produced in the United States. It will take you from the pressures of the city to a secluded lakeside lodge at a speed of about 130 miles per hour. With cabin room for four, the LA-4 is a practical business craft Monday through Friday with a rugged versatility that transforms it into a pack-Pegasus for whatever weekend delights you have in mind. The LA-4's basic machinery will set you back $26,500, and you can instrument it up from there.

For the skyfarer who thinks getting there is half the fun but who wants to be sure of getting to the other half quickly, without worrying about the

"Tweet, tweet, tweet."

vagaries of weather (which sometimes cramp the style of the single-engine plane), there are a welcome number of light twins with capabilities of cross-country junketing — or even trans-atlantic trips for the sky-wise flier.

With speeds in the 200-plus-mph range, the light twins can use airstrip runways only a few hundred feet longer than required for large single-engine craft. The second prop, found on the likes of a Piper Aztec or Apache, a Beechcraft Baron or Twin Bonanza, or a Cessna 310F, gives your plane the wherewithal to fly under instrument weather conditions or embark on night flights when you are on your way to adventure. Acapulco or Anchorage are within range of the Westerner's light twin. And, if you live in the East and want to follow water skiing in Fort Lauderdale with snow skiing in Vermont, just gas up and go and you're there in a matter of hours.

The many sociable setups optional with most light twins give you the opportunity to make an in-transit winging out of it. In the Cessna 310F, for instance, five different seating arrangements that pamper personalities (as well as posteriors) are available. One provides a studio couch behind the pilot's seat, allowing an in-flight forty winks for anyone who has to conserve his strength for the activities — vocational or vacational — waiting at the other end of the flight plan. A curtain can be drawn to divide the cabin into two sections, leaving the pilot to concentrate on maintaining his course and his passengers to concentrate on their own pursuits.

This swept-style twin will climb at the rate of 1800 feet per minute to a service ceiling of 21,000 feet. At 10,000 or above, you'll need oxygen, and the 310 has provisions for installation along with enough radio and instrument gear to take you on any flight route or to any terminal area you choose.

The 310F carries a basic price tag of $62,500. For maximum service you'll want to add communication and navigation radios, rotating beacon, auto-pilot and possibly some other accessories, which will put the plane in the neighborhood of $75,000. But the business and pleasure you find in this neighborhood are worth it.

If you are the gregarious type who likes plenty of company when you're on the move, you'll want to go on to the bigger light twins in the Aero Commander or Beechcraft Super G18 class. Here you'll have six to nine seats at your disposal with a sumptuous choice of interior arrangements, all including more than a modicum of cocktail-party-type room. Price tags on these show the fine feathers of the birds. You are climbing into the $100,000 and up altitude to take you as far as you want to go in

equipping and customizing the aircraft to suit your individual whims.

Probably the most exotic personal airplane on the American scene is a French import, the Morane-Saulnier MS760. Pure jet, the 760 is the fastest personal plane in the air today. With speeds up to seven miles a minute, you, your playmate and another pair of kindred spirits can make any spot in the country your playground. You can leave Chicago after closing the office on Friday and be in New Orleans for hours of Bourbon Street jazz that evening. For conveniences such as these, be prepared to invest over $200,000.

Another entry into the private, pure-jet field is the Procaer Cobra F400 going into production in Milan, Italy. Scheduled for July introduction, the single-engine two-seater boasts light-plane handling characteristics with a cruising speed of almost 300 miles per hour. It weighs only slightly over a ton and can stay aloft for three hours without refueling. If advance ballyhoo is to be believed, it should make an interesting addition to the infant personal pure-jet field, and a harbinger of many more imports in the future.

If you are considering a plane in the MS760's price category, a remanufactured model such as the On Mark Marksman may have some luxury features appealing to you. The Marksman is a remanufactured Douglas B-26 — a service-proved combat bomber, sporting the lush, plush look and convenience of an expensive sky yacht.

"Remanufactured" is a deceptively unglamorous word. The fully pressurized cabin of the Marksman can be accoutred to mirror the dash and daring of the owner, with built-ins ranging from splendidly-appointed bars to under-the-seat tape recorders to full hi-fi rigs. Tables, lounge-chair seats and smartly-styled couches are available to give your airplane the look of your penthouse pad or executive suite. A powder room and galley complete the home-away-from-home picture. Models of the Marksman start at just a shade over the quarter-of-a-million-dollar mark.

There is very little interior customizing in the single-engine and light twin categories, though cabin details are varied enough in standard production models so that even the most design-conscious prospective plane owner should find one to his liking. But when you get into the heavy twin area of the Fairchild F-27, the DC-3, Martin and Convair, customizing the interior from airline configuration to individual taste is accomplished in an endless variety of ways. You name it and it generally can be yours from any one of several custom interior firms, such as Horton and Horton in Fort Worth, Texas, which specialize in strato-styling. They'll give you

everything from flying wine cellars to El Morocco-type zebra-skin seating. Moving into this league will take you out of the personal-flying airplane stage, since you need a second pilot in the right seat.

Although not yet as developed as fixed-wing aviation, helicopters provide flexibility and other advantages for the hip exec who is more concerned with mobility in a limited range than chasing far-flung horizons. The distance range of personal helicopters available today hovers around the 200-to-300-mile mark with speeds in the vicinity of 100 miles per hour, but practically any hideaway provides a getaway field. One important breakthrough toward making the helicopter an important part of a modern man's plans was made last summer when the Cessna Skyhook became the first rotary-wing aircraft to be certificated for flight under instrument conditions. The swingingly-styled Skyhook could be a portent of the shape of whirlybirds to come.

The helicopter goes where fixed-wing flying machines simply cannot. An office parking lot or roof, a country-club lawn, a secluded resort, a romantic strip of palm-fringed beach — all become your point of arrival or departure in a helicopter that can take you from pad to pool to polo match with casual ease.

The two-place Brantly helicopter at about $20,000 is the lowest priced of any yet certificated. Hughes' two-seater 269A is in the same price range at $22,500. From there you move up the line to the four-place Hiller E4 at $70,000; Bell's 47J at $72,500 and Cessna's Skyhook at $79,000. The type of flying you plan to do will dictate what accessories you install.

Maintaining your personal plane at a convenient airport will cost you no more than garage space in Gotham if you stick to the single-engine or light twins. Hangar space can run from $7.50 a month at fields such as Half-Moon Bay south of San Francisco, to $25 to $50 a month at fields in other parts of the country. Much depends on facilities available and the type of airport: some, like Airport City, between San Jose and San Francisco, are self-contained and unrestrained resorts in themselves.

No longer is personal flying a thing apart — dangerous, daring and only for a favored few. (Remember Roscoe Turner, Wrong-Way Corrigan and Wiley Post?) What was once an arduous business has become a happy amalgam of pleasurable profit-making and profitable pleasure-seeking. No matter what plane strikes your winged fancy, the downright exhilaration, practicality and versatility which private flying affords will convert even the most conservative landlubber into a live-easy devotee of personal planemanship.

RIGHT TRACK

(continued from page 78)

spirited, the style stable has produced a crossbreed of Old and New World bloodlines that should make this year's fashion sweepstakes as attention-grabbing as the Grand National. America's virile adaptation of the traditionally British look — still the perennial favorite — has sired a brand-new entry in the jacket derby that should get the nod from the most exacting track judge. A trifle broader across the flanks than the classic soft-shoulder coat, this new jacket combines deep side or center vents with a trace of waist suppression and a slight flare at the bottom; the resulting horsy look is completely authentic, and a certain style winner.

For trackside clocking of early-morning workouts, the suede hacking jacket is a real thoroughbred. This elegantly comfortable coat style is even longer than the new-look sports jackets, with wider flaring and deeper vents.

In the current slack race, all gimmick entries such as back straps and pocket flaps have been summarily scratched; but side tabs, buckle fasteners and elastic waistbands are being touted to tighten the race. The traditionally slim-shanked Continental look will feature the clean-lined pleatless front, as usual; but style interest will be enhanced by new departures in the use of fabrics. While flannels are eternally correct, you might want to venture into the fields of jerseys, gabardines, poplins and the new compound cloths which mate mohairs and man-made fibers to the sturdy woolen bloodline. Cavalry twills and Bedford cord, both pressing for a comeback, should wind up in the money, too.

By all odds, however, the dark horse in the style derby is the versatile country suit — a style mixture blending the casual sports-coat look and the classic suit lines. First spotted at the January flat races in Bowie, Maryland, this fast-gaining contender is already being seen from Aqueduct to Churchill Downs. But the muted patterns and colors of past sporting seasons are being turned out to pasture in favor of bright new herringbones, plaids and checks, turf tones, chestnuts and dapple-grays.

Even at Roosevelt and the Hambletonian, there won't be anything sulky about the new shirts for spectator sportswear. Stripes will be the big news in a variety of hues both subtle and startling, with cuffs both barrel and French, and collars both tabbed and buttoned. The hot tip in this race is to parlay long-shot combinations of shirt and jacket into pattern-on-pattern style winners. The coordinated solid tie is still a safe bet, but this season figured foulards will be running neck and neck in fresh but orderly updated treatment of traditional taste. On top of all this, the new waistcoats are ablaze with color, and ready to invest your track wardrobe with uninhibited accents of sun and earth tones.

The new belts have buckled down to a season of revived traditional styling. Chinese puzzle fastenings and tricky trimmings have been ditched for a look of elegant simplicity. With the renaissance of belt loops, new oil-stained leathers in burnished tones of rich brown, black and olive green have shown up at the track; so have new widths ranging from ¼ inch to 1¼ inches (to be worn in direct ratio to height); and new stretch-fabrics of stripes, plaids, paisley and even bold batik — all created to fit the modern mood in slacks and jackets.

Your choice of shoe styles for paddock treading should fit the total look of your sporting outfit — and the formality or informality of each equestrian event. At state occasions for the kingly pastime — such as Saratoga Springs or the Kentucky Derby — classics such as the plain toe, wing tip and moccasin front are the accepted pace-setters. But even these will be contemporized with a lighter, trimmer, more flexible look. At a freewheeling trotter's track or high-jumping steeplechase, you'll be well shod in a pair of the handsome new slip-ons. With their close-fitting elastic boxer tops and side gores, and higher tongues increasingly in evidence, this popular style is really coming up on the outside — to produce a more covered-up look in casual footwear. For warmer months and climes, laced shoes will be in excellent order, fitted with three- or four-eyelet ties and slightly higher in front than heretofore.

Topping off the new look of colorful comfort in track styles is a surge in capwear. This jaunty headgear will be making its bid in a variety of solid colors, nubby textures, batik patterns and linen-like fibers. Woven fabrics — soft enough to roll up and tuck in a pocket, springy enough to retain their smart original shape — will also be running strong.

Whether you win, place or show at the betting windows, these spirited styles in modern trackwear will keep you several suit-lengths ahead of the pack in the fashion derby. *Bon chance!*

"Why, Mr. Kroek! That makes the fifth time this afternoon you've sliced your ball into the woods!"

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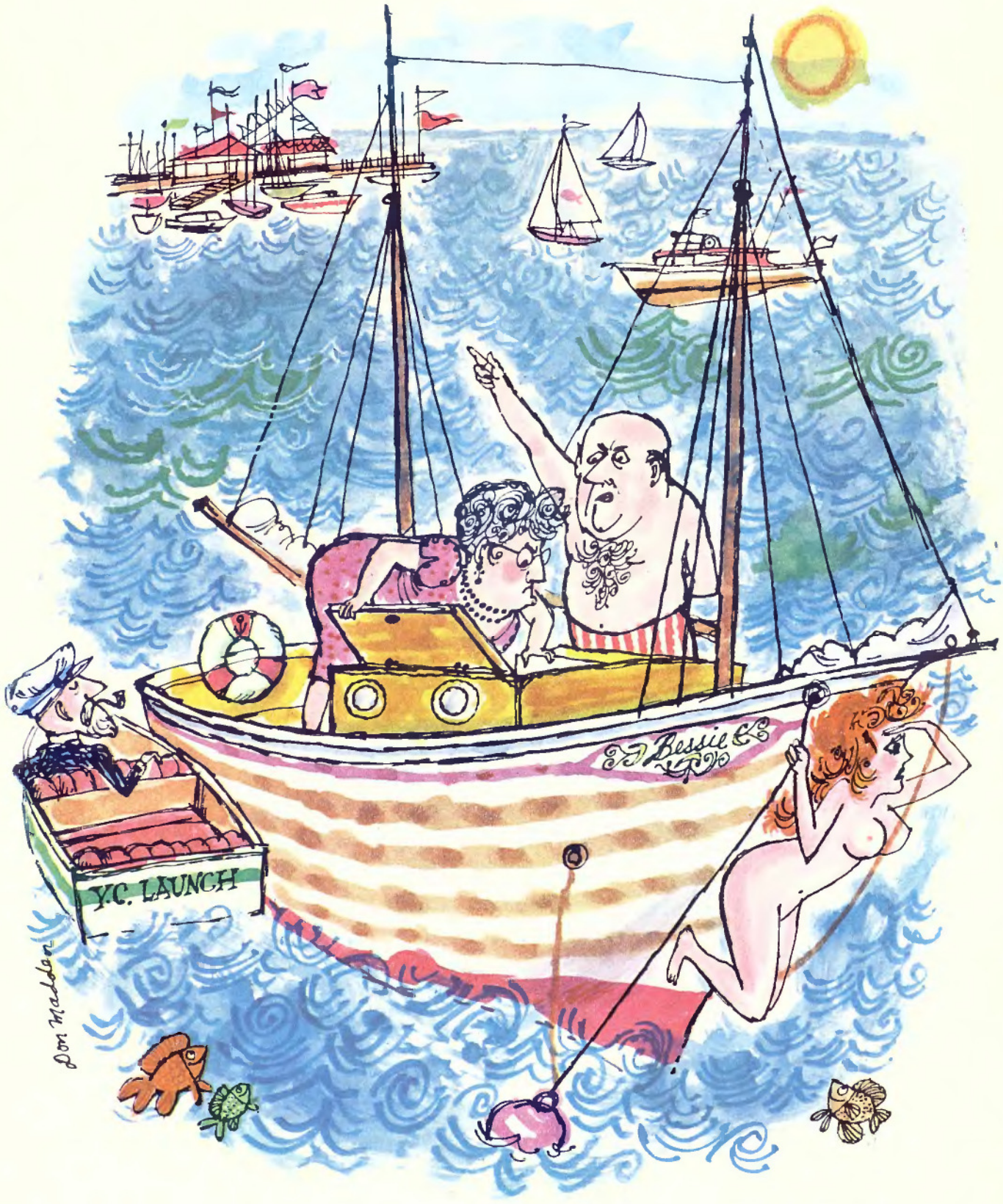

"All right, if you're finally convinced that I'm out here alone, please be good enough to return to the club and I'll join you there shortly."

STAR OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE *(continued from page 73)*

Rampart, using bits of the costume novel, and shot in Yugoslavia with the Yugoslavian cavalry, which would earn six million dollars.

Jerry sighed. It was a lovely funeral by any Hollywood standard — size, splendor, sheer foolishness — and the late Jeb Carol would have hated everything about it. Every single last detail. Jeb despised Abner Cantrill. "If that gasbag delivers the eulogy over mah remains," he had said more than once in that twangy voice known and beloved by millions, "I sweah I'm agoin' to git right out of my coffin an' spit in his eye." Jeb had wanted a simple Jewish funeral in the synagogue where his father had been a cantor. Above all, Jeb had not wanted to be buried in the Cemetery of the Heavenly Rest. He wanted to be buried in the Cedars of Lebanon where his friends lay, where lay practically everyone of prominence in pictures. Cedars of Lebanon contained the last mortal vestiges of Jeri Eaton, the blonde bombshell and Jeb's first wife who had dieted and drunk herself to death at the age of twenty-five; of Hank La Verne, greatest of the baggypants comedians who had starred with Jeb in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1925; of Mort Thrall, the boy wonder producer who had brought Jeb to Hollywood, and many, many others. The Cemetery of the Heavenly Rest had no such luminous roster. It was a new cemetery, and its handsome slopes were almost entirely untenanted by any souls, great or small.

But nothing was ever simple in Hollywood. A lunch date could mean the difference between oblivion or world fame. A funeral of so great a man as Jeb Carol was fraught with cosmic implications. Warner Brothers was interested in doing a sequel to *The Carol Story* which had made ten million dollars. The sequel would be called *The Last of Jeb Carol* and would — if Titus Berg could work out a capital gains deal — star Rock Hudson mouthing the words to Jeb's recorded voice.

"But it needs a strong finish. A big finish." Titus had told the outraged widow. "A simple little Jewish funeral won't do at all. You can't handle the rabbis. They have no sense of picture values at all, those fellows."

"I don't care about any picture," Sarah Carol sobbed. "Jeb wanted a simple little Jewish funeral and he's goin' to get what he wants. Mah husband despised Abner Cantrill and I'm not goin' to have that man at his funeral. And Jeb's goin' to be buried in Cedars of Lebanon where his friends are."

Sarah was a hillbilly girl Jeb had met and married on one of his endless farewell tours. In spite of thirty years' difference in their ages, it had been a happy marriage. Jerry had been called away to New York in the middle of the argument over the funeral plans. But he had been confident that the steely little widow would have her way. It came as a shock when he found she'd given in all along the line. Jerry stole a glance at the gleaming cranium of Titus Berg. Wheels within wheels going around up there. He had got his big finish. But why in this cemetery?

In the great traffic jam after the funeral, Titus Berg's Rolls-Royce was stalled right next to Scraggs Rampart's Mercedes. Titus, who never missed an opportunity to do business, leaned out the window: "Scraggs, we have a little novel in the office — *Pirates from Peru* — which is just you all over. Modern pirates this time. You could film most of it on your own yacht."

Scraggs stopped nuzzling Thursday Schwartz and turned his handsome drunken countenance to Titus: "Crazy!" he said beatifically.

"And, Scraggs," persisted Titus. He swept the horizon with his arm. "Nice cemetery! Very nice. Not crowded like Cedars of Lebanon. In case you're looking . . ."

"I'll dance on your grave, you ghoul," roared Scraggs and went back to mouthing little Miss Thursday.

Titus leaned back on the soft leather cushions of the Rolls: "He'll be next, you mark my words, Jerry. The way he's hitting the bottle. He'll be here, too. He's very unhappy about the way they're treating him at Cedars of Lebanon."

"Titus, how much stock do you own in this cemetery?" asked Jerry.

It was a shot in the dark and it hit nothing.

"Not a dime!" cried Titus. "Cross my heart like you Christians do. Not a penny. Believe me, Jerry."

Jerry believed him. He believed him because it was too simple for that infinitely devious middle-European mind. Darker forces were at work. The Rolls inched its way forward again and Titus tapped on the glass with his cane.

"Oscar," he said, "turn right up ahead. It will get us out of this jam. And I want to show Mr. Seldin my plot."

"Your plot?" said Jerry, surprised. The pieces were beginning to slip into place. "What happened to your plot in Cedars of Lebanon?"

"I sold it." Titus leaned back and closed his eyes, the picture of patient suffering. "They treated me very badly at Cedars of Lebanon. They are getting very arrogant there — just because they have a few movie stars." The voice was unexpectedly bitter.

"A little plot about so big — nine by nine. Way up in the northeast corner. Who would go up to the northeast corner, Jerry? Nobody. The stars are all down at the south end. You know that, Jerry. I tried to be reasonable with them but they seemed to think an agent was of no consequence. Well, of course, maybe I am not a big name to the public like Jeri Eaton or maybe even like Mort Thrall, but I am nevertheless a big man in this business, Jerry. Who fought old man Zukor to get the stars a little billing on the pictures, Jerry? Who fought Lewis Selznick to get the first five-year contract? Who got the first capital gains deal for an author? I ask you in all humbleness, Jerry, who? Should I be buried in a little plot nine by nine in the northeast corner?"

The Rolls had turned right at the intersection of the cemetery roads and now, out of the traffic, it rolled smoothly up a little hill through a grove of trees. Titus pointed out each of the beauty spots. "A lovely spot, you see, Jerry. In case you're shopping around."

"I'm biding my time."

"We all have to go, Jerry."

"I may not. I like it here."

"You mark my words, they'll be getting the big ones here now. They needed a star of the first magnitude. The biggest one before Jeb was Lamkin of Lamkin and Croft. You remember the comedy team, Jerry? It wasn't enough. Lamkin was only the straight man. If they'd had them both . . ."

"But now they've got a star of the first magnitude," said Jerry wearily.

Titus was on the defensive. "I had to look elsewhere, Jerry. But what could I do? Could I be buried with nonentities — me who handled the biggest — Valentino, Leslie Howard, Lionel Barrymore? Space they got plenty of over here, but it was full of nobodies. Lamkin, for God's sake. A straight man! Could I be buried with a straight man? I'm only sixty-two, Jerry. I've got a good ten years and by that time this place will be awash with the big stars. That Scraggs Rampart. He'll be next — the way he's hitting the bottle . . ."

You always aimed at the weakest point. That's the way Titus did business, he had confided once to Jerry. When faced with a wall of arguments, ask for a little concession, only a little one. That's the hole in the dike and after a while the whole wall comes down. The change of cemetery had been the little concession, Jerry guessed. After that the simple little Jewish service and Abner Cantrill had probably been easy.

"Titus, when I left for the East, Sarah was absolutely determined that Jeb be buried in the Cedars of Lebanon. What happened to change her mind?"

Titus clucked solemnly. "They treated her very badly at Cedars of Lebanon, Jerry. Very badly. So little consideration. Sarah was furious. Tore her clothes

and everything."

"Who tore her clothes?"

"The reporters, those wolves. It was the first time Sarah had left the house since Jeb died, and the press turned out in full force. Three hundred of them, asking all sorts of terrible questions — like how much money Jeb left her. She'd just come over to inspect the burial site and talk over plans for the funeral. It was very foolish of Cedars of Lebanon to tip off the reporters she was coming."

It sounded improbable to Jerry, an old Hollywood hand. Cedars of Lebanon had been burying famous actors for forty years. The staff had much more sense than to unloose the press on a defenseless widow making her first sortie from her home after a death in the family. Also, it would take a huge organization to tip off three hundred reporters, an outfit as big as the Berg agency, which had done such things often.

Jerry sighed. In the South Seas, they hid the body to keep the devils from desecrating it, but in Hollywood the devils were too numerous and too clever and too ruthless. Where could you hide a body from a brain like Titus Berg's?

The Rolls had stopped at the crest of a hill which commanded a view of the whole cemetery. The ground fell away sharply to the grove of trees they had passed. Far below was the colonnaded crypt where Jeb Carol lay. This was a much more imposing site.

Titus was speaking again, softly, his eyes half closed: "I found a little Doric temple last summer in the Greek isles. They say Praxiteles had a hand in it." Titus coughed deprecatingly. "Mind you, I'm not saying he did, but it's of the same period and Praxiteles is known to have done some work around that area. The temple will go right on the crest of the hill. Under it — just a simple headstone with the words 'He molded their destinies.' Then just a few names of the great ones I handled — Valentino, Milton Sills, Rin Tin Tin."

The afternoon sunshine slanting down through the smog glinted on the new marble of Jeb's mausoleum in the distance. The last of the limousines was just passing through the gates of the cemetery. Jerry lit a cigarette.

"It's a very nice site, Titus. How much did you pay for it?"

Titus grunted with the deep satisfaction of a maker of deals: "Not a penny. They gave it to me." He pointed. "All the way from those trees to that little marble stone over there and up to the road. It was very generous of them."

"Least they could do," said Jerry briefly. He surveyed the patch of land with his eyes, measuring it visually against the whole cemetery. It appeared to be roughly ten percent.

LAUGHINGSTOCK

(continued from page 83)

incident in his memory.

As we might say nowadays, he was writing himself a script.

• • •

Tonight's gory spectacle, gentlemen (he would say, with a wink), reminds me of an occasion when the gutters of Dodge City ran red ankle-deep in 1881.

I was playing poker in the Imperial Corcovado Hotel, too engrossed to be disturbed by the New Mexico mosquitoes that came in through the chinks in the boards of which that respectable establishment was constructed, when a boy came in with a telegram from my brother Jim in Dodge City, saying: PEACOCK AND UPDEGRAFF GUNNING FOR ME CAN YOU STAND BY YOUR AFFECTIONATE BROTHER JAMES.

Gentlemen, to stay in the game I had drawn three cards to a king and a queen, and had picked up three more queens! There must have been two hundred dollars in the pot, but I threw in my hand, ran out of the saloon, and up to the bridal suite, so called: a room with two beds which I was sharing with old man Henderson. My mind was in a whirl — I knew that, in leaving the card table so abruptly, I was leaving something of my reputation behind me, for my chief opponent there was the redoubtable "Aces" Flattery and, I being a few dollars ahead of the game, my denigrators would undoubtedly whisper that I had lost my nerve. It was indeed, for a while, bruited about New Mexico that I had sent this telegram to myself, and the story snowballed, as such stories will.

That this was a base lie goes without saying. I had lost one brother in Dodge, our beloved Edward — and his death almost broke our hearts, for that sweet boy was worth the rest of us put together. And was it, now, to be Jim? Conditionally — that he be hurt over my dead body!

I changed into a fresh suit of clothes, and tossed some clean shirts into a little bag — for as you may have observed, I am a man who takes a certain pride in his personal appearance — buckled on only one pistol for portability, and caught the train by my fingertips.

(Here, perhaps, some brief account of the thoughts that passed through my mind?)

Well then, gentlemen: having cooled off, or rather simmered down, resigning myself to the fact that I had to sit still and be carried to Kansas as quick as steam would take me, I became aware of a certain *physical* discomfort. How to define it? It was not painful, as if I had put my right foot into my left boot. It was not galling, as if I had put my trousers on back to front. It was a species of tingling and chafing at my right hip.

I looked, instinctively, to my pistol: yes, gentlemen, there was my pistol — yet, it was not my pistol! It was a Colt .45 calibre revolver, double nickel-plated, with grips of the finest gutta-percha, such as had been made to order for me only a couple of years before. But my pistols were specifically manufactured with a very high front sight — from which any child might deduce that I had a bad habit of shooting too low at long range — whereas this pistol was equipped with a low front sight!

In my perturbation, after having changed my clothes, and in my anxiety to catch the train, I had taken up one of Henderson's .45s instead of one of my own — all because the old fool endeavored slavishly to imitate me in everything.

But the error was past praying for, now. For all I knew, I argued, it might be a lucky omen. I hoped it might be: for, if Peacock was a ruthless scoundrel, Al Updegraff was a slimy, slippery one: and when I was not by, my brother James, though worth a dozen average men, had a tendency to indecision. Which, gentlemen, on the frontier was tantamount to suicide.

Well, after what seemed to be an eternity, we pulled into Dodge about noon on Saturday, and who should be waiting there by the station but the notorious Peacock and the infamous Updegraff themselves! So I hailed them, crying, "Hey there! The favor of a word with you, gentlemen, if you can spare a moment" — or words to that effect. Whereupon, Peacock turned green and Updegraff became the color of mottled soap; for they had believed me to be several states away.

They ran for the cover of the calaboose, drawing their pistols. There are some decriers of my reputation who blame me for leaping to cover: I can only say that any man who will stand in the open to present himself as a target for hidden desperadoes deserves exactly what he is likely to get. The West was not won by cheap heroics!

I, gentlemen, jumped for the dead ground of the siding — and fell behind it, just as a bullet cracked past my ear like a mule skinner's whip. Then I returned their fire.

Now you may have observed, gentlemen, that I favor my left leg (where the sergeant shot me) and so, having discovered that I had a tendency to shoot where I inclined, to the left, I had corrected myself by long practice in automatically aiming a trifle to the right. As any master of his weapon will confirm, a pistol, constantly used, though an inanimate object like a pen, an armchair, or a boot, somehow partakes of the character of its user. And I had forgotten, in the thrill of the instant of the draw, that I had old man Henderson's pistol in my hand.

And old man Henderson had his sights filed down because he had the habit of shooting high left, "at ten o'clock" as the target-shooters say. As a consequence, my first two bullets went wide.

A third, I am informed, went through a window of Mr. Hoover's liquor store where it plucked from the hands of the gentleman who was reading it, a copy of *The Globe*, exactly perforating the *o* in the title of that journal, and breaking a five-gallon jug of white mule. A fourth and a fifth went, respectively, into McCarty's drugstore and the Long Branch saloon.

But for my sixth, and last, shot I gripped my right wrist firmly in my left hand, took careful aim and shot Updegraff through the lung. Being now out of ammunition, I ceased fire; submitted myself to the authorities and was fined eight dollars and costs — not so much for cutting down the despicable Updegraff, as they politely explained, as for unlawfully discharging a pistol upon the streets of the city.

("Why, then," one of those cute young 'uns is sure to say, pulling me up, "either this Mr. Updegraff was a most extraordinary full-blooded man, or that was a remarkably small city of yours, if one bullet in his lung made it run red ankle-deep?" Yes, but before the boys get the laugh on me this time, I get in first with the laugh against myself!)

Wait a bit, gentlemen, wait a bit! My fine I paid, and my legal costs to boot. But when I left the courthouse, my character unstained, old Doctor McCarty accosted me, and said, "Son, you have put quite a bit of business my way in your time, what with sutures, extractions of morsels of lead of various calibres, and certain fractures both simple and compound. There are no hard feelings in this man's town. But I would take it kindly of you if you would replace my fine blown-glass bottle."

"How's that again, Doctor?" I asked.

"A bottle, of twenty-gallon capacity, filled with nothing but water colored deep red with logwood, which I always displayed for the look of the thing. One of your balls, sir, shattered a dozen of Trubshaw's Kidney Mixture, and smashed that bottle. Not a passer-by but went home with his boots seemingly full of blood — my fine floor ruined — my bottle, all the way from Chicago, shivered. And what are you going to do about it?"

"How much?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "we'll skip the Kidney Mixture which, truth to tell, consisted in nothing much more than a drop of oil of juniper in a kind of tincture of water. But that bottle was priceless."

"In that case," I said, "there's no use putting a price upon it. But here's

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twenty dollars for your floor."

"We'll have a drink on that," he said: and so we went into the saloon next door.

There, Chalk Beeson met me with a long face. He was pale and lame in one leg. When he saw me he said, "Come, now: you were always the gentleman. Pay up, pay up, sir, for the damage you have done!"

"Give it a name, Chalk," said I, "and if so be I've hurt you, I'll pay."

He said, "See here. Your ball went through my window."

I said, "One pane of glass. Proceed."

"It passed through—" he produced a mess of broken crockery with the dust of years upon it, gentlemen. Including—heaven be my judge—a teapot!

"So?" I said.

"I was injured in the hips," said he.

Then an old gentleman named Chick Madison piped up, "Chalk, you lie! When the shooting started, you tried to climb into your own iron safe, and it was only when I and Bull Corcoran pulled you out that you got grazed about the britches!"

"I plastered him," said Doc McCarty. "What Chick says is true."

"Well then," I said, throwing down some silver, "here's a dollar for the window, and a dollar for the plaster, and a couple of dollars for drinks for the good of the house. Be satisfied, Chalk, be satisfied!" He was silent for as long as it took to pour the drinks.

Then he said, "Yes, but what about my statue?"

"Statue? What statue?"

"The statue I paid fifteen dollars for, in Kansas City," said Chalk Beeson. He pointed, then, to a plaster replica of the Venus de Milo.

"Well then, what about your statue?" I asked.

"Why," he said, "she's mutilated, and I can swear she had both her arms before that there shooting started."

I said, "The trouble with you is, your classical education was neglected—that lady was born without arms." But, having been invited to leave town without delay, I saw no sense in dispute. With much learned argument, Doc McCarty assessed the value of Venus' arms at four dollars and fifty cents. I paid; and, collecting my dear brother Jim, went away to Trinidad, Colorado, where I conducted a polite card salon, specializing in Spanish monte.

And so, gentlemen, it would not surprise me if, among the other things they say about me, my enemies let it go down in history that I shot a lady!

• • •

Ready, now, with dignity to make a laughingstock of himself, the old gentleman in blue expanded his ample chest, took hold of his cane and, whistling some flat, forlorn tune about the streets of Laredo, started down the bar. He went very slowly, because he wanted to appear casual.

He was relishing in advance the cries of "Well, look who's here!" that must inevitably greet him.

The morose man growled, "Oh, say it ain't so, Joe! Here it comes."

"What, as a matter of curiosity, *do* the initials W.B. stand for?" asked the newspaperman from Boston. Everyone answered at once.

One said, "Woolly Bully," and another said, "Wonderiferous Blowhard." A third suggested, "Western Bragger," while the rewrite-man from Philadelphia muttered "Wichita Blatherskite—no? The man worked out of Dodge City? Why then, what about Wayfaring Buffalo?" Yet another joker said, with simulated wonder, "We know J.P. stands for Pulitzer, we know J.G.B. means Gordon Bennett, we know W.R.H. signifies Hearst, and G.B.S., Bernard Shaw—how come we don't know W.B.?" This raised a laugh, as such jokes will at two in the morning at McSorley's.

"Hello there, boys!" cried the old gentleman. "I am rejoiced to see you so happy. A strange face among us tonight, I see."

The morose man said, with a sigh of resignation, "Oh, all right; this is Mr. Henry Scudder, of *The Boston Transcript*. Mr. Scudder, allow me to present one of Gotham's more harmless and picturesque characters—William Barclay 'Bat' Masterson, of Dodge City, Kansas."

Exchanging glances, the boys closed in for the killing.

LIME STREET *(continued from page 82)*

bership." Anyone could drop in to take a flier on an insurance risk. Samuel Pepys, for instance, wrote insurance at Lloyd's with considerable success, and may have done as well financially in insurance as he did in writing his *Diary*. Daniel Defoe, on the other hand, lost his shirt gambling on insurance risks, and his bad luck or faulty judgment, whichever it was, might well have inspired his gloomy couplet, "Wherever God creates a house of prayer, the Devil builds a chapel there."

Certainly the foundations were being laid for a Devil's chapel at Lloyd's. In no time at all the professional sharpers were writing "insurance" against such quixotic possibilities as a criminal's being released from prison "prematurely," war's being declared on a Sunday, or a peer's losing his head. Everything considered, the informal atmosphere at Lloyd's served the gamblers well and they suffered only an occasional setback, one of the more notable ones being scored by a sly foreign ambassador who, with advance information, successfully took out insurance against the capture of Minorca three days after it had already been taken. A bookmaker would call this a gross case of "past posting," or betting after the race has been run.

Because of the legitimate underwriters' overriding preoccupation with marine risks in which the gamblers had little interest, the latter might easily have destroyed Lloyd's if they had not finally been hoist by their own sharpwittedness. As it happened, they had the bad luck to hit on the idea of insuring the lives of distinguished invalids in London, basing their "rates" on the extent and accuracy of the information they were able to wheedle from various sources as to the seriousness of the illnesses.

That did it. Not only were the regular underwriters suddenly aware of the bad taste being exercised in the name of Lloyd's, but the effect on a sick man, when he read in his newspaper that Lloyd's was betting a hundred to one against his lasting out the week, was apt to be cataclysmic. Under the circumstances, the legitimate underwriters abruptly withdrew from the coffee house and set up a new, rival organization from which the gamblers were excluded. For some reason, despite the connotations it had taken on, they retained the name Lloyd's.

It is often assumed that a risk uninsurable at Lloyd's is uninsurable anywhere, and it is certainly true that Lloyd's in its time has taken on a dazzling variety of risks. Needless to say, it was Lloyd's which insured Evelyn West's chest for $50,000, Mistinguette's legs for $1,000,000, Pearl White's dimples for $19,000 and Olivia de Havilland's jaw for $75,000 (after making sure that Ray Milland, who was to slug her in a particular scene, had nothing personal against Miss de Havilland and intended to pull his punch).

Because of the skill of its actuaries in calculating various probabilities and possibilities, Lloyd's makes precious few mistakes, though it is not infallible. Lloyd's had to cough up several thousand dollars to her father when Gertrude Ederle crossed up the underwriters by successfully swimming the English Channel, for example, and several years ago it pulled a notable boo-boo when it agreed to insure American saloonkeepers against the ever-present threat of an inebriated customer's inflicting physical injury on an innocent third party, thus causing the saloonkeeper to be liable for damages.

It was a noble experiment, though, and Lloyd's was doing a brisk business in barroom insurance until the underwriters discovered they were being taken. It was almost too easy. Mr. Smith, encountering Punchy Jones in the neighborhood tavern, simply stood Punchy to a few drinks in return for Punchy's agreeing to assault him with just enough violence to justify a claim against the tavern owner. Although this kind of insurance is still obtainable, it need hardly be added that Lloyd's has made a number of changes in the conditions under which it will pay.

There is no such thing as a rate book or a standard premium at Lloyd's, and because they are in competition not only with one another but with other insurance organizations as well, the underwriters are reluctant for the most part to discuss their business in any detail. However, when Lloyd's agreed to pay £2,500 to any woman giving birth to quintuplets within nine months after seeing the movie *The Country Doctor*, the theatre chain sponsoring the obvious publicity stunt paid a premium of £50. Similarly, for insuring the owner of a London pet store against the dubious possibility of his having to make good on an offer of £20,000 to anyone delivering the Loch Ness Monster to his shop, Lloyd's charged a premium of £80.

Several years ago, when a London newspaper offered a series of cash prizes for guessing the order of finish of the Derby, plus the number of people getting off the race train at Epsom, Lloyd's felt that a reasonable premium for insuring the paper would be £10 for every £100 paid out. When the redoubtable Mickey Mouse had his eighth birthday, Walt Disney offered a free birthday cake to any child born on the same day in the same year, calculating that he could afford to give away two thousand cakes. For a premium of only £5, Lloyd's confidently offered to pay Disney ten pence for every child over the two-thousand mark who claimed a cake. Disney forfeited his £5.

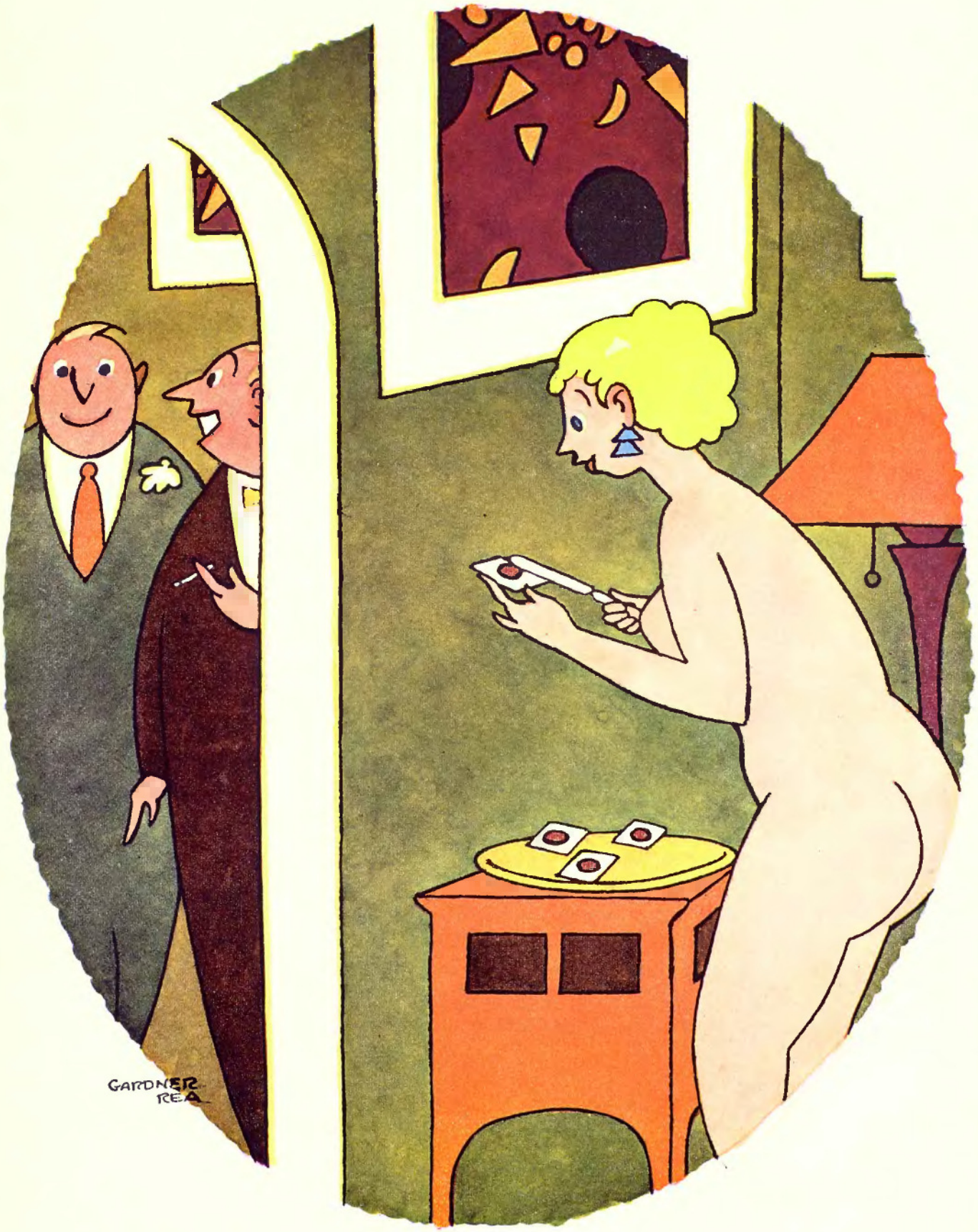
Some premiums at Lloyd's remain fairly constant. The rate for rain insurance in England, for example, is almost always quoted at a little over seven percent, or roughly seven shillings for each £5 of insurance. The difficulty, obviously, is to establish the proper premium in the first place, and there have been numerous times when the actuaries and underwriters in the Room have been powerless to calculate the odds because of a lack of any prior experience with the situation. There has been simply nothing to go on.

Both the actuaries and the underwriters, however, have always demonstrated a remarkable faculty for playing things by ear when the need arose. Toward the end of the last century, when Cuthbert Heath, a Lloyd's underwriter and the originator of many kinds of insurance, pioneered "all-risks" insurance on jewelry, he could only cross his fingers and arbitrarily set a rate of ten shillings for each £100. It is a tribute to his instinct that the premium for all-risks insurance at Lloyd's remained at ten shillings per £100 for more than fifty years.

Lloyd's underwriters dislike any discussion of war profits, yet while Lloyd's has never set out deliberately to feast on the bones of adversity, the fact remains that it has always found itself heavily involved in wars, and for that matter, not always profitably. In the Boer War, for example, it suffered fairly heavily after insuring many South Africans against property damage.

It was different in World War I when a great many Londoners came unstuck at the sight of the first Zeppelin over the city and rushed to their brokers for insurance. The brokers naturally placed the insurance with Lloyd's, and it is altogether possible that profits were never higher for both brokers and underwriters. Only a few small, powder-puff bombs were dropped by the Germans, and before the war had ended, one broker had paid the government more than $1,500,000 in excess profit taxes.

How much Lloyd's may have profited from World War II is moot. In any event, when Hitler unleashed his aerial offensive against Britain, a good many people were already insured at Lloyd's for the extremely low premium of £1 per £1,000 of insurance. Later in the war, when German buzz bombs suddenly appeared in English skies, Lloyd's wrote $24,000,000 worth of insurance in



"You'll love Miss Alcott's canapés. She prepares them in the nude."

one day and steadfastly stuck to the old rate. By the time the war was over, it had written more than $120,000,000 worth of buzz-bomb and rocket insurance, all at £1 per £1,000.

Occasionally, one of Lloyd's more conservative underwriters will lament the fact that one of his colleagues once saw fit to insure the breasts of one Baby Scruggs, a London dancer, for $50,000 each, and in a sense he has a point. While the offbeat policy has a place and purpose at Lloyd's, it also tends, unfortunately, to give a false image of Lloyd's that is not justified by its history. Frequently forgotten, for example, is the fact that it was some imaginative underwriter at Lloyd's who originated not only marine insurance but automobile insurance, fire insurance, personal property insurance and burglary insurance, to cite only a few of the now standard types of insurance that had their genesis there.

However, if Lloyd's at times seems to be open to criticism for a certain lack of dignity, a charge which is made from time to time, a ringing defense has already been entered by D. E. W. Gibb, a member of Lloyd's for more than fifty years. Several years ago, in discussing the delicate question of dignity, Gibb readily conceded that there was nothing much wrong in being dignified; however, he also pointed out that being *too* dignified was apt to be downright paralyzing. "Nothing in this world," he observed, with some asperity, "is more dignified than a mummy."

Most of Lloyd's underwriters share his view, and although it is not the case at all, the widespread notion that freak risks constitute the bulk of Lloyd's business is not entirely discouraged by the members, their feeling being that a certain amount of new business is doubtless generated by the publicity that inevitably attends the insuring of a Baby Scruggs breast or the vocal cords of a tobacco auctioneer. Moreover, since Lloyd's is unquestionably the most flexible insurance market anywhere, it seems only natural to most of the men in the Room that it should be they who are sought out regularly for unusual policies.

It has always been that way. Early in the Nineteenth Century, Lloyd's unhesitatingly issued a policy to one William Dorrington on the life of Napoleon "in case he shall cease to exist or be taken prisoner on or before the 21st June, 1813," the assumption being that Dorrington was engaged in some venture that would be affected by Napoleon's death or capture. Nappy survived the policy, to the further enrichment of Lloyd's. Until the outbreak of World War II, Adolf Hitler was insured against the death in flight of any of the passengers in his private plane, a contingency which fascinated but did not deter the underwriters of Lime Street.

Interestingly enough, Lloyd's does not write ordinary life insurance, but it will insure the beneficiary of a life insurance policy against the policyholder's voiding the policy by committing suicide. As it once did in the case of Sir John Hunt, the noted British explorer, Lloyd's will insure an expedition to the Antarctic with no more fuss than accompanies its annual insuring of the Lord Mayor's coach and horses. The size of the policy is immaterial. Several years ago, Lloyd's incurred a fairly substantial loss when the model whale used in the motion picture *Moby Dick* was lost at sea; at the same time, one of the underwriters was shelling out £8, plus ten shillings for "salvage" charges, to a small boy whose toy boat had sunk in a pond in London's Kensington Gardens.

In one sense, Lloyd's is like a good many British institutions that somehow manage to keep a cold, calculating eye on the future while maintaining a deathlike grip on the past. Certain vestiges of the coffee house have survived, as in the case of the various runners and diverse attendants at Lloyd's who, to this day, are called "waiters." But what is even more fascinating is the success of Lloyd's in building, over the years and side by side, two seemingly opposite reputations—one for bedrock stability and the other for an almost insouciant willingness to take on any insurable risk.

The key word is "insurable." If a Lloyd's underwriter likes your proposition, it is insurable. If he doesn't like it, you are out of luck. Sometimes, too, the premium quoted by the underwriter is felt by the customer to be out of proportion to the risk involved. The late Mario Lanza, for instance, had an idea that his voice was worth $1,000,000, and he may have been right. However, he changed his mind about insuring it for

"It's for You."

that amount when Lloyd's quoted him an annual premium of £2,000, or $5,600.

As a general rule, it is a good idea to remember that the underwriters at Lloyd's are not quite soft in their heads. Once they refused to insure the new wing of a hospital in Atlanta unless the nurses agreed not to wear nylon panties, bras or slips, which, because of the static electricity they generate, could cause an explosion in the ether-laden operating room.

There are some other situations Lloyd's does not especially like. Your job, for example, is not insurable. Lloyd's will not insure you against going broke: the temptation to go broke deliberately and retire to an idyllic island on Lloyd's money might prove irresistible. Nor will Lloyd's insure you against divorce or the possibility of your committing a murder, although it did insure a London landlord several years ago against the risk of someone's reducing the value of his property by committing murder or suicide on the premises.

If one feels that permanent bachelorhood is apt to be a desolate state and he wants to protect himself against the contingency, he should not go to Lloyd's: regardless of their own situations, the underwriters in the Room are not noticeably sentimental, and they will not insure a bachelor against his failure to marry unless he is willing to pay a premium which in effect will be so high as to keep him single in any case. Similarly, Lloyd's will not insure the continuity of newspaper circulation or department store sales, nor will it insure a Broadway play against failure.

What of the future of Lloyd's? In exploring its past and contemplating its present, one can only feel confidence in its peculiarly British durability: like many of England's venerable institutions, it seems almost whimsically festooned with the trappings of tradition and with rituals and protocols whose origins have been outgrown. Yet, like similarly burdened vessels of English pomp and circumstance (the Royal Family and Parliament itself), Lloyd's has beneath its antiquarian exterior a very flexible and adventurous tough-mindedness indeed — which may survive best behind its patinated façade. With the world poised on the threshold of space, it seems quite conceivable that the gentlemen of Lime Street are already drafting a short-form policy — to be presented by one of their impeccably garbed and properly decorous minions, to the first man (American astronaut or Soviet spacenik) to land on the moon, thus providing him the wherewithal to seek interstellar solace should his return voyage fail.

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Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your inquiry. 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.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

EUROPE, bathed in a warm July sun, is a beguiling spot for manifold reasons, not the least of which is American women. From offices, ateliers, apartments and estates they descend en masse on the Continent seeking cultural uplift and *ententes cordiales*. Paris, with its aphrodisiac amalgam of Pernod and *parfum*, is *the* city for *rapprochements* — that is, if you haven't already established one on A Deck or in the Flight Lounge going over. If there is a meeting of minds, there can always be a modification of itineraries. From Paris, you and your new-found friend can strike out for Deauville on the north coast and put up at the smart Normandy or Golf hotel.

Or, go in the other direction, via rented car, through the superb Tarn region. The still unspoiled canyons of the Haut Loire and Tarn rivers are magnificent. And the food is even more so. You've a golden opportunity to pamper your tastebuds touring the roquefort cheese cellars or dining on ambrosial gratinée trout dumplings (at du Rozier et Muse in the town of Le Rozier), leg of lamb *des Causses* (at the Grand Hôtel in Roquefort sur Soulzon), or a broiled filet mignon Charolais (at the Auberge de la Vicomté in Lavoute sur Loire).

When you've had a surfeit of France, if that's possible, head for the Alhamar Hotel at Calahonda on Spain's seagirt Costa del Sol, and remember your dinner jacket. After one of the Alhamar's memorable dinners, you can make like an F. Scott Fitzgerald hero and dance by moonlight on the black-and-white marble terrace overlooking a violet sea.

For a leisurely look-see at Europe, go places by water. From Holland, a cabin cruiser, sleeping six to eight, may be chartered for $140 to $200 a week with skipper, and you can go off in almost any direction by river and connecting canal — south through Belgium and France toward the Mediterranean, east into Germany, Switzerland and Austria, north to Denmark and the Baltic — or just fool around Holland's own incomparable network of waterways awhile.

You can also charter a commercial fishing boat, converted to hold passengers, for gloriously lazy, set-your-own-course trips along the Mediterranean shore of France and Italy, or through Greek isles of the golden Aegean.

On the other side of the world is Tahiti, and there's no better time to be there than July. Bastille Day on the island is so wild and woolly and universally anticipated that it bears no specific name. It's known simply as *La Fête* — a palm-leafed saturnalia.

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

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