ment or diversion; amusement; sport; frolic.

PLAYBOY *n.*

(plā′boi′). **1.** A sporty fellow bent upon pleasure seeking; a man-about-town; a lover of life; a *bon vivant*. **2.** The magazine edited for the edification and entertainment of urban men; i.e., in the June issue: "You Can Make a Million Today" by J. Paul Getty; a psychological portrait of Reno by Herbert Gold; five pages of color photography on the Grand Prix in Monaco with description by Charles Beaumont; cartoonist Shel Silverstein visits Hawaii.—**played out** (plād out), *pp*. Performed to the end; also, exhausted; used up.—**player** (plā′ẽr), *n*. One who plays; an actor; a musician.—**playful** (plā′fo͝ol; -f'l), *adj*. Full of play; sportive; also, humorous.—**playmate** (plā′māt′), *n*. A companion in play.—**Playmate** (Plā′māt′), *n*. A popular pictorial feature in PLAYBOY magazine depicting beautiful girl in pin-up pose; shortening of "Playmate of the Month"; i.e., Austrian beauty Heidi Becker in June issue; hence, without cap., any very attractive female companion to a playboy.—**playock** (plā′ŭk), *n*. [Prob. dim. of *play, n.*] Plaything. *Scot.*—**playoff** (plā′ŏf′), *n*. *Sports*. A final con-

(1/6)

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PLAYBILL

OUR JUNE COVER borrows a page from a dictionary for its design and includes, therein, several brief definitions of the word *playboy* — the man, not the magazine — that are partly Webster's and partly our own. When we first began publishing PLAYBOY — the magazine, not the man — the word had lost much of its earlier popularity (garnered during the Twenties) and was actually a term of disrespect. We attempted, therefore, in a subscription pitch published in April 1956, to explain just what we meant by a *playboy*, and that definition may be worth repeating for our readers now:

"What is a playboy? Is he simply a wastrel, a ne'er-do-well, a fashionable bum? Far from it: he can be a sharp-minded young business executive, a worker in the arts, a university professor, an architect or engineer. He can be many things, provided he possesses a certain *point of view*. He must see life not as a vale of tears, but as a happy time; he must take joy in his work, without regarding it as the end and all of living; he must be an alert man, an aware man, a man of taste, a man sensitive to pleasure, a man who — without acquiring the stigma of the voluptuary or dilettante — can live life to the hilt. This is the sort of man we mean when we use the word *playboy*." This is the man for whom this publication has always been edited, and a sampling of this exemplary June issue will show you what we mean.

Leslie A. Fiedler — distinguished critic, lecturer, teacher and author of the controversial tome *Love and Death in the American Novel* — tears into prominent Twentieth Century fictioneers for us in *The Literati of the Four-Letter Word*. Analyzing the concupiscent bents of Faulkner, Hemingway, Joyce, Durrell, Lawrence, Miller and their contemporaries, Fiedler deftly castigates their approaches, clinical or romantic, to the rumpled-bedsheet syndrome. Currently heading the Humanities Department at Montana State University, Fiedler is also working on a filmscript and a novel. Regarding the latter, he tells us: "I have felt obliged to work out some quite explicit sex scenes and have tried to do this without falling into any of the clichés I have been studying."

PLAYBOY-regular Herb Gold plants a ton of TNT in *The Great American Divide*, a penetratingly incisive probe of Reno, Nevada, the biggest little pity in the world, with its betoreadored and tormented women, yearning for — yet fearful of — their freedom. Charles Beaumont takes us to the most glamorous racing scene in the world — *The Grand Prix de Monaco* — via a photo and text tribute to the famed carnival of roses and roaring engines. Financier J. Paul Getty contributes another knowledgeable guidepost on the road to success, *You Can Make a Million Today*, third in his exclusive series for PLAYBOY. *The Hell-Fire Club*, an Eighteenth Century British clique dedicated to bigger and better orgies, is the subject of a new English movie and of Gerald Walker's retroactive reportage.

This month's fiction package features *Marcianna and the Natural Carpaine in Papaya*, a tantalizing title for Bernard Wolfe's tantalizing tale of a beautiful international courtesan who, for just a little while, belongs to screenwriter Gordon Rengs, the hero of Wolfe's *Come On Out, Daddy*, which appeared in our February issue. Frederik Pohl introduces us to *Punch*, a frighteningly pally extraterrestrial who alters the lives of all he meets. Contributing Editor Walter Goodman, who came to PLAYBOY from the senior editorship of *Redbook*, contributes a lightsomely moving yarn: *Harold's Affair*, a warmhearted romp in Kinseyland.

Ann, Man! brings to the front Miss Ann Richards, one of the best of the young jazz-influenced singers. Ann — all eyes will immediately note — is also one of the best-looking canaries to be seen, as you will discover by turning to our four-page pictorial unveiling. Miss Richards was lensed especially for us by photographer Mario Casilli, a thirty-year-old Californian who has heretofore specialized in snapping Playmates. Heidi Becker, this month's beauty, is a Casilli discovery, as were Susie Scott (February 1960), Linda Gamble (April 1960 and Playmate of the Year), Kathy Douglas (October 1960), Barbara Ann Lawford (February 1961) and Tonya Crews (March 1961). Casilli's unerring eye for beauty has done much to aid us in our search for new Playmate prospects, whom we find more often behind an office desk or a store counter than in the ranks of modeldom. Not incidentally, we welcome nominations for Playmate of the Month from readers: the best way to submit a prospect is to send along a snapshot, plus the girl's address and phone number (with her OK, of course). There's a Finder's Fee of $250 for the fellow whose playmate becomes our Playmate. But pause before proceeding on your hunt for pulchritude to peruse this June issue. We think you'll enjoy it mightily.

POHL

FIEDLER

CASILLI

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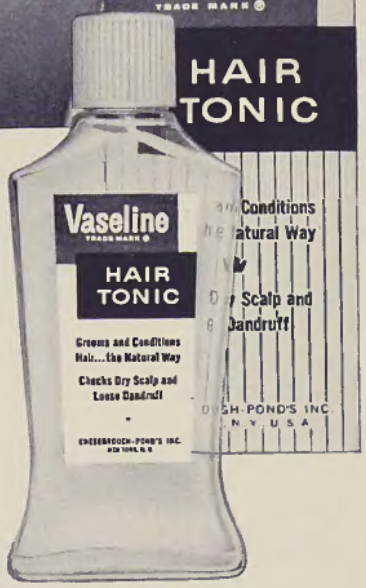

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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ANGLING FOR MARLON

Cheers for Tallmer's take-out on Brando: perceptive, compassionate, accurate. But I wish he'd put his observations within the framework where they belong, i.e., a critique of Hollywood and the commercial theatre (Broadway — and its lethal killing of talent, mercifully ameliorated by Off-Broadway these days). Brando would then be seen as victim of the star system and an archetype of the actor frozen into the postures demanded of him by an industry dominated by noncreative money men. To demand of him that he fight a lone fight against these pressures is to ask too much of a man who is, after all, primarily an actor, not a crusader. It may well be that his recent dismissal of acting as kid stuff stemmed from his frustrations, not from mature thought. Aside from this reservation, however, the article struck me as one of the most penetrating to appear in a national magazine in many years.

Allan Spears
New York, New York

Your March article *Marlon Brando: The Gilded Image* is insensitive, silly and, I may add, secondhand. First of all, the only people who know what Marlon is doing are other actors. This is not to say that they are the only ones who can dig him or even put him down, but they are the only ones who really know what he's doing or trying to do. We are told that Brando has stopped growing, that he hasn't grown an inch in ten years. All he is doing, if I may spell it out for you, is playing more simply and with deceptive ease, economy and tone, which is being mistaken by some people who are less informed as being sloppy and self-indulgent. Marlon Brando is a new breed of actor who may not even dig being an actor. He would like to be just Marlon Brando, so why the hell don't you people leave him alone and put some heat on the puny, second-string "Hollywood" stars who dominate American theatre?

Benito Carruthers
New York, New York

Ben Carruthers is the young star of John Cassavetes' shot-from-the-hip film "Shadows" ("Playboy After Hours," May).

Orchids to you guys for the piece on Brando. I don't agree with all of it by far; what pleases me no end is to see a revival of personal journalism, a vastly needed relief from the anonymous pontificating and issuing of supposedly objective obiter dicta which have made magazine criticism so dull and ineffectual. I'm old enough to remember such crusty and doctrinaire men as Burton Rascoe, who stirred feelings of rage and resentment, or excited agreement, but always spoke out with feeling and personal involvement. He had a staunch following of readers who, agreeing with him or not, knew he would make them think and care — a far cry from the antiseptic pablum of today's predigested value judgments served up as the last word in wisdom. Tallmer is in the refreshing tradition of bylined individualists. PLAYBOY will have the courage, I'm sure, to give us more of the same.

Darrell Finn
Hollywood, California

Curiously, while Brando stands convicted of not growing, he's also criticized for trying his talents at comedy, a musical, and various forms of sociodrama and melodrama. And now, sight unseen, he's condemned for daring to attempt to direct a film. The indictment is that Brando sought versatility rather than trying "to reach, to strain." Mr. Tallmer's semantics may elude many.

Jerry Ludwig
Hollywood, California

I have just finished reading *Marlon Brando: The Gilded Image*, and have to let you know what an excellent article it is. What happened to Brando is truly tragic and a great loss to the theatre.

Ingrid Arthur
Sarasota, Florida

Jerry Tallmer's offering is, to borrow a phrase right out of his pontifical drivel, "nothing laid on nothing laid on nothing." To keep the record straight, I have known and admired Mr. Brando for a great many years and had the privilege of producing one of his films. This, of

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course, makes me prejudiced, but does not explain Mr. Tallmer's problem.

Richard Shepherd
Jurow-Shepherd Productions
Hollywood, California

For a divergent opinion on Shepherd's production of "The Fugitive Kind," see the following letter.

For those of us who got off the *Streetcar* a long time ago, Brando's reported treatment of the magnificent Magnani during the shooting (and killing) of *The Fugitive Kind* provides a dismal footnote to Mr. Tallmer's article. An intuitive actress, Magnani would reach an emotional peak on her first take only to have Brando repeatedly fluff his lines until there were enough retakes to drain the life out of his co-star's performance even in those rare moments when director Sidney Lumet wasn't being pressured to cut to the back of her head. The deadly results on the screen confirm the triumph of power over greatness, but this kind of uninspired self-indulgence was practiced long before there was a Method to Hollywood's madness.

Andrew Sarris
New York, New York

TAHITI

Three cheers for Barnaby Conrad. I felt as if the good Mr. C. had read my mind when he wrote the *Tahiti* piece in your March issue. Three years ago I also set out for the Last Paradise, but somehow I ended up in Fiji. After two weeks, I suffered the ailment Mr. Conrad describes and developed a yearning for civilization. Little did I know then that if I had waited a week or two, I would not have wanted to leave the place.

Joe Volz
Maplewood, New Jersey

Bravo for your description of Tahiti. It was the best I have ever read about this island. I agree with everything Barnaby Conrad says, and I'm sure if I went there I would not be disappointed.

A. Clouët des Pesruches
Paris, France

Congratulations to Barnaby Conrad on another fine article; it was very well written. But I have one question: was it deliberate or coincidental that Dempsey's graphic and appropriate cartoon appears opposite Conrad's text? It fits.

Ken McClure
Corte Madera, California

Deliberate.

FURTHER ON FATHER BROTHER

It almost seems too pat: within a week of one another, *Time* preaches its funeral oration for the Beats, and you publish a letter (*Dear Playboy*, March 1961) showing that the would-be white hope of American fiction, Jack Kerouac, completely missed the point of the best

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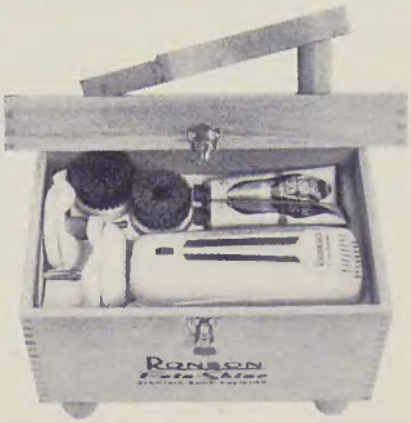

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story you have ever published. *Father Brother* (December 1960) was the most valid comment I have seen on those who preach oversimplified solutions to racial problems.

Jim Anderson
Chatham, Ontario

HIP WITS KIBITZED

PLAYBOY's panel on hip humor in the March issue was interesting. I know most of the people who participated in this discussion and they are all extremely clever and talented (assuming that there is a difference). There is very little comedy left in the world and we elder statesmen of the comic fraternity can use all the help we can get. As for TV, it has proven itself a graveyard for the comedian. Because of the restrictions imposed by the medium, most of the great ones have disappeared into silence. All that is left are assorted family-situation comedies, Westerns, murder and mayhem of varying degrees. I don't blame the sponsors, nor do I blame the ad agencies. They are all businessmen trying to make a buck. I don't blame anyone. TV is what it is. You either accept its entertainment or you sit under a lamp and read a book.

Groucho Marx
Beverly Hills, California

I read the *Playboy Panel* on hip comics with much interest; the only thing the article lacked was a punch ending. Instead of asserting themselves as commentators and status-quo shakers, they did a lot of aw-shucks-ing. The hip comics are playing a definite role in establishing a mood of thoughtful dissatisfaction and restlessness today that in the light of world events is essential to our political survival. They shouldn't be ashamed of this.

Harvey Kurtzman, Editor
Help!
New York, New York

Allen, Sahl, Nichols, et al., reveal that the public has again endorsed the Shakespearean concept of comedy: that the best jester must be among the wisest of men.

Jean Boorman
Santa Barbara, California

I was sorely disappointed in your *Playboy Panel*. It was, in fact, the shattering of an illusion. For some mysterious reason, I had considered the antics of the current funnymen to be the product of original and individualistic personalities. I had even harbored the quaint notion that in an ocean of dull sameness these diverting performers represented an island of eccentric and productive nonconformity. Imagine my shocked surprise when I discovered they were merely members of a committee—

stockholders, so to speak, in the same corporation. I was hopeful that someone — perhaps Jonathan — would admit to being a Fascist, or an arch-conservative, or even a monarchist. But no, it appears they would not even admit to being "sick" comedians. There seemed to be a little doubt about Lenny Bruce, but good old Johnny brought him safely back into the club.

Gordon Cate
Baltimore, Maryland

Thanks for your fine feature, *The Playboy Panel*. Aside from the obvious and entertaining aspects of the series' skillfully and tactfully casting of light onto some of the important and controversial subjects of our time, it is the only widely available source of intelligent considerations of knotty issues which I can use as model discussions to be emulated in my course, Group Thinking and Discussion.

Charles R. Gruner
Assistant Professor
St. Lawrence University
Canton, New York

It is indisputably discernible to the naked eye, after reading the *Playboy Panel*, that the one outstanding panelist who contributed the most provocative answers to the questions raised was Lenny Bruce.

Vernon Hoff
La Puente, California

In your discussion on and by the hip comics, you say that *A Modest Proposal* was written by Dean Swift. I believe you will find it was written by Jonathan Swift, probably the greatest satirist of all time.

Edward Claire
Stanford, California

Jonathan Swift was Dean of Dublin's St. Patrick's Cathedral in 1713, thus is frequently referred to as Dean Swift.

HIGH GEAR

With no desire to stone Ken Purdy, I cannot help but disagree with his belief that the automatic-transmission Ferrari would be the ultimate piston-engine automobile. For the enthusiast, the ultimate in touring pleasure comes from a sense of control over and responsiveness from his machine. The Ferrari is the ultimate now; let's keep it that way.

Robert S. Critchell
Williamstown, Massachusetts

Mr. Purdy suggests, in his otherwise fine article on Ferrari, that an automatic-transmission Ferrari would be the "ultimate piston-engine automobile." He should realize that half the fun of a sports car is in the shifting.

Ted Claire
Glencoe, Illinois

EGG ON OUR FACE

The only good egg of *A Good Egg* in your March issue is the one you laid by suggesting that Pericles, the all-time hero of ancient Athens, gave his name to a Roman era. You shouldn't take your editing so once-over-lightly.

Vince Trippy
Cliffside Park, New Jersey

We were thinking of Eggrippa.

COMIC VALENTINES

The piece by Charles Beaumont in the March issue of PLAYBOY entitled *Comics* was, to my old eyes, the best piece in the book. This was true in spite of some heavy competition. It was flattering to find *Pogo* and me in such company, and to be so highly praised. To have my own strip technique elicit special comment while all around me were so many other noteworthy practitioners of the art made me glad to be the oldest boy cartoonist in the game. My congratulations to Mr. Beaumont. His survey was a masterful job.

Walt Kelly
New York, New York

Just caught up with your piece on comics. I am grateful for the kind things you said about *Steve Canyon* and me.

Milton Caniff
New York, New York

A slight correction. I quote from your *Comics* article: "After a few years, Brick Bradford rode his Time Top into the past where he remains." If Brick Bradford is in the past, so am I. The strip, drawn by Paul Norris, is distributed by King Features Syndicate and appears in papers throughout the country.

Robert Jones
New York, New York

Robert, you do author Beaumont an injustice. He merely meant that Bradford's adventures now take place in the past, not the future. He had no intention of killing off your hero.

ATONAL HORNE

Re Playboy Jazz Poll: Ooo. Blahdit-blah. Ooo. Blahhhhhhtododit BLAHdit. Dit. Dititititititit-Blahtododit blahtodo-dit blahdit. Blahdodit blahdodit blah dit-blah BLAHHHHHHhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh blahdit. Do ooooo Do aH. Do ooooo Do AH. Do ahblahdooooooo Do AH! Do oooo Do oo Do ah doahblahdoooododit. Bah! So, howcome. Howcome how-come-howcome. Howcome youdontdo-me! Blah?? Blahdoboo Blahdoboo doo-blahhhh. Ditdit doblahDom!

Elliot Horne
RCA Victor
New York, New York

Blip.

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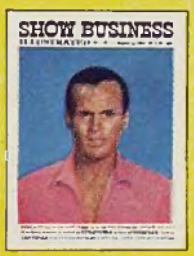

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Our Research Department, dusty and flushed again from floundering amongst books, clippings and scientific journals, has collected a mass of obscure data relating to the animal kingdom (a monarchy which, for present purposes, includes fish and insects). Fish, for instance, according to a University of Washington psychologist, are superior to many human beings in that they can tell the difference between red and green lights. They can also get seasick and they seem to enjoy being tickled. Just about half of all Portuguese jellyfish are southpaws. The first complete report on the sex life of the pike was written by one Eugene V. Gudger. It is possible for flies and frogs to contract athlete's foot. Paris' Museum of Natural History reports that snails usually have destinations but are so poky they often forget, en route, where the hell they're going. Elephants prefer to pursue their romantic lives under water. If the male beaver doesn't make out with the female beaver he particularly digs, he can literally die of unrequited love. Zoologists still haven't found any sure way of determining the sex of the panda until after death or until one of them has cubs. (The pandas apparently don't have any difficulty.) The bloodhound, avers an English authority, tracks down its prey out of love — he just wants to make friends. Entomologists at Purdue claim that alfalfa blossoms, when set upon by bees, fight back and often clobber the bees with konks on the head. It takes four hours to hard-boil an ostrich egg. "Halibut" means "holy butt" because it first became popular in medieval times as a main dish on meatless religious holidays; the female halibut, by the way, is ten times heavier than the male. Of pigs' tails, 50 percent curl clockwise, 18⅔ percent curl counterclockwise, 31⅓ percent curl both ways; but whichever way their tails curl, one out of twenty pigs has stomach ulcers, and they always sleep on their right sides whether they have ulcers or not. Cows don't actually sleep at all — they just sort of drift into comas. A spider's blood pressure is just about the same as yours or ours.

•

Sign in the window of a New Haven, Connecticut, restaurant: WANTED — COMBINATION BUSBOY AND WAITRESS.

•

An Associated Press dispatch from Little Rock, Arkansas, indicates that where there's a will there's a way: "The newlyweds kissed and then were returned to their separate cells in the Pulaski County Jail . . . the thirty-eight-year-old Long said. 'We courted through a small hole in the wall between the men's and women's quarters.' Miss Arendt, who is six months pregnant, was attired in a blue maternity outfit."

•

Notice on a government office bulletin board: "Executives who have no secretary of their own may take advantage of the girls in the stenographic pool."

•

Who remembers: Operators who asked, "Number plee-uz"? . . . Crosley cars? . . . *Open Road for Boys*? . . . Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook on the Pompton Turnpike? . . . Butterfly McQueen? . . . English bulldogs in turtle-neck sweaters? . . . When motels were called tourist cabins? . . . *The March of Time*? . . . "A slip of the lip may sink a ship"? . . . Snoods? . . . Snooky Lanson? . . . Cuban heels? . . . "New red rubber buggy bumpers"? . . . Lindbergh helmets with goggles? . . . The Boston Bees? . . . Ten-cent airplane model kits? . . . Harry Babbitt? . . . Vic and Sade, Billy and Betty, Myrt and Marge, Brenda and Cobina? . . . 79 Wistful Vista? . . . Flattening pennies on trolley tracks and using them in nickel slot machines? . . . Actor Hugh Herbert and "woo-woo"? . . . Public scales, where for a penny you got your weight on one side of the card and a picture and short bio of Kay Francis on the other?

•

Headline from the *Binghamton* (N.Y.) *Sunday Press*: SEXSMITH DIES AT 60 IN FLORIDA.

•

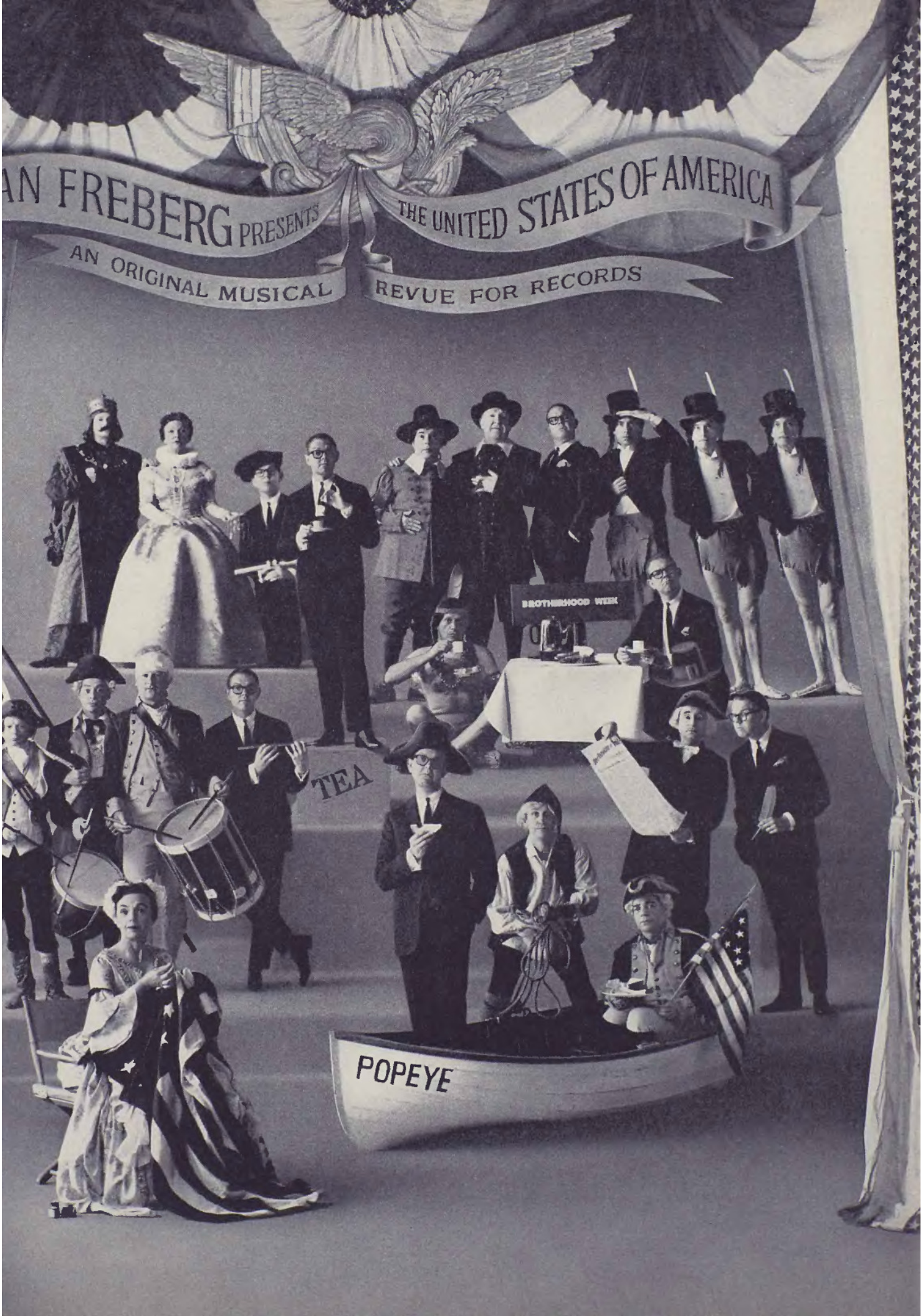
If New York's Mayor Wagner thinks he's got trouble with Tammany, he ought to chat with Pierre Echallon, the mayor of Aroma, France. Monsieur Echallon has complained to provincial officials that he can't govern the village properly. He stated that the village population comprises 148 sane residents and 161 patients at the local funny farm. What bugs the mayor is the fact that the law gives the mental patients full voting privileges.

•

On the heels of the success of Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*, a competing producer rushed to film a tale titled *Schizo*. To other filmland story-scouts, we offer *Pepto*, the story of a man driven mad by hyperacidity; *Hypo*, the story of a man who needles people; and *Tonto*, the story of an Indian whose compulsion is to call everyone Kimosabe.

•

We've received a subscription plea from *Soviet Review*, a New York–published digest of articles from U.S.S.R. magazines, in English translation, and we're sorely tempted to sign up for the Special Introductory Offer because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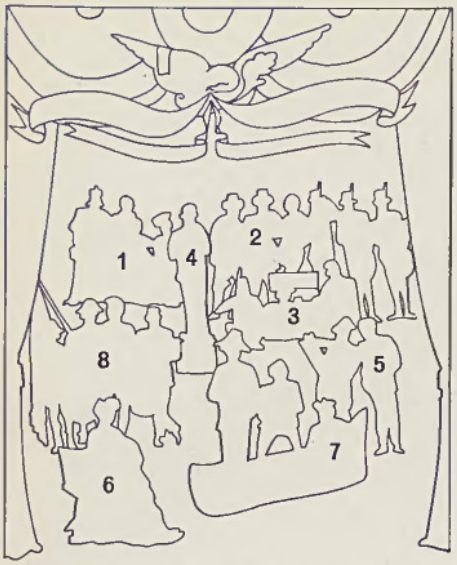

1. "Round, Round World" (Columbus Discovers America) 2. "Top Hat, White Feather, and Tails" (Sale of Manhattan) 3. "Take An Indian to Lunch This Week" (Pilgrim's Progress) 4. "Boston Tea Party" 5. "A Man Can't Be Too Careful What He Signs These Days" (Declaration of Independence) 6. "Everybody Wants to be an Art Director" (Betsy Ross and the Flag) 7. "Command Decision" (Washington Crossing the Delaware) 8. "Yankee Doodle Go Home" (Spirit of '76).

"some articles to appear in the next few months" include such irresistible comeons as *Two Critical Articles on Freudianism* by F. V. Bassin, *A Criticism of the Bassin Articles* by C. L. Muzatti, and *A Rejoinder to Muzatti* by (that's right) F. V. Bassin. Like the man said, "You won't want to miss a single issue of this provocative, informative publication."

•

Some husbands may have objected to one claim in a recent UPI story on TV actor Cal Bolder. It read: "Cal, who is appearing in a segment of NBC-TV's *Bonanza*, stands tall and husky, resembling Charlton Heston. He is 29 years old and the father of your youngsters."

•

An ad for women's rayon briefs in the Marshalltown, Iowa, *Times-Republican* advised: "Wear Them Up or Down."

•

Taking a curve on a twisty bit of highway in Beverly Glen, California, we ripped our eyes off the road long enough to appreciate the legend painstakingly whitewashed in big block letters on the adjacent bluff by some foe of neo-Romanticism: HELP STAMP OUT RACHMANINOFF. Another, later, hand had added: AND VESTAL VIRGINS.

RECORDINGS

Two important additions to the growing galaxy of MJQ recordings, ***The Modern Jazz Quartet and Orchestra*** (Atlantic) and ***The Modern Jazz Quartet: European Concert*** (Atlantic), rate almost unqualified raves from this department. The pair dramatically display the split jazz-classic personality of the group — a schizophrenia not as disparate as one might believe after only one listen. The concert, recorded in Scandinavia and the first "live" performance by the group to be transcribed in its entirety to vinyl, is a mellifluous mixture of several jazz and pop standards interspersed with a number of pianist-leader John Lewis' and vibraharpist Milt Jackson's original compositions; all are handled in the taut, tersely understated yet triumphantly inventive style that has made the MJQ the glass of fashion in which so many of today's delineators of well-disciplined jazz search for an image. Jackson, a generally impeccable performer, is in particularly splendid fettle throughout the two-LP album. The second title, a fresh outpouring from The Third Stream, represents a closer approach to the predicted fusion of jazz with the classics. The first side, made up of three short pieces by Frenchman André Hodeir, German Werner Heider, and Lewis, is a prelude to Gunther Schuller's (*On the Scene*, April 1961)

impressive *Concertino*, a full-scale attack, batonned by Schuller, on the problems intrinsic to the merger of the separates into the whole. It is, we believe, the most successful attempt of its kind to date.

•

The variegated yet kindred night songs of a pastel-plumed and silver-throated brace of thrushes have passed pleasantly through our stereo rig this month. Anita O'Day, who has come within earshot on a number of previous occasions, feathers our nest this trip with ***Waiter, Make Mine the Blues*** (Verve), an indigo assortment of vocal *Weltschmerz* designed to prove that every cloud doesn't necessarily have a silver lining. Anita, with Russ Garcia on baton, and Bud Shank and Barney Kessel as sidemen, tells, in mournful numbers—such as Matt Dennis' *Angel Eyes*, Henderson-Brown's *The Thrill Is Gone* and Gordon Jenkins' *Goodbye*—of love's labor lost. Never was so much sorrow so engagingly dispensed. Another oriole on our perch takes a somewhat less somber view of amour and its attendant tribulations. ***Bev Kelly in Person*** (Riverside), recorded in The Coffee Gallery, one of San Francisco's better-known espresso aviaries, has a tomorrow-will-be-better air about it, due in large measure to the exuberant lilt of Miss Kelly's voice. A couple of items, in fact—*Falling in Love with Love* and *Long Ago and Far Away*—are taken at tempi much in excess of the normal speed limit; this could be dangerous, but Bev is in complete control at all times.

•

The time: 1938; the place: London; the performer: Fats Waller; the results: a fabulous ***Fats Waller in London*** (Capitol), featuring the roly-poly nonpareil sometimes accompanying himself on a monster HMV pipe organ, sometimes on piano, sometimes with orchestral accompaniment, sometimes solo, but almost always with the pixie-ish *joie de vivre* that was so wonderfully Waller's. Among the items etched in Blighty are the irrepressible *A-Tisket A-Tasket*, *Ain't Misbehavin'* and *Flat Foot Floogie*. We go along with Waller's well-known rhetorical riposte, "One never knows, do one?" except when it concerns the talents of Mr. W.

•

Buddy Greco, who shone as pianist, arranger and singer with Benny Goodman's band from 1949 to 1952, was lost in the show business shuffle for several years while a host of less talented crooners and screechers reigned. Now, at the age of thirty-four, Buddy's rapidly topping the popularity he once enjoyed and is moving toward a substantial niche of his own. On ***Songs for Swinging Losers*** (Epic), Buddy's trio is surrounded by

a studio ensemble. The refrains, including *That Old Feeling, Don't Worry 'Bout Me, Blame It on My Youth* and *Something I Dreamed Last Night*, are faultlessly selected and sung by Buddy. More of the same charm is available on ***Buddy's Back in Town*** (Epic), a thoroughly ebullient set cut on location — The Roundtable, New York; Le Bistro, Chicago; The Flamingo, Las Vegas; and The Cloister, Los Angeles — by Buddy and anonymous aides. Again, the melodies are memorable: *You're the Top, Day by Day, I Could Write a Book, Time After Time, They All Laughed* and six others. Concerning the Greco style, we endorse Sammy Davis' comment, "No matter what the mood, no matter what the tone or the picture that a song is supposed to create, Buddy achieves it."

•

We'd like to accord more than passing notice to a pair of unusual theatre-themed projects, both instrumental and both several cuts above the general show-tunes-with-strings albums that crowd the Schwann catalog. ***West Side Story*** (Fantasy) has vibraphonist Cal Tjader leading a formidable (both in quantity and quality) array of musicians in classico-jazz arrangements by Clare Fischer that add new depth to the multidimensioned Bernstein score. Abetting the proceedings considerably are jazz worthies Shelly Manne, Red Mitchell, Paul Horn and Red Callender, who turns in a thumpingly good performance on the usually implacable tuba. The Fischer arrangements, set up for string ensemble, a horn group, and Tjader's regular quartet and quintet, are ochre-and-umber-tinged tonal portraits that unfold the Romeo-Juliet tragedy with warmth, compassion and a complete awareness of the composer's purpose. A shade farther out is the original music for ***A Taste of Honey*** (Atlantic), played by composer Bobby Scott. David Merrick's production of the play by Shelagh Delaney (who, inexplicably, is mentioned not at all on album cover or liner notes) has been delineated by pianist Scott in intriguing fashion, with strong jazz undercurrents bubbling to the surface throughout. Scott, in the company of reed man Frankie Socolow, a rhythm section and several strings on occasion, constructs an absorbing musical tapestry from Miss Delaney's narrative thread that remains highly attractive even out of context.

•

Ornette Coleman's latest disc, ***This Is Our Music*** (Atlantic), is less antic than his previous LPs, but it isn't what you'd be apt to call mood music. Joining Coleman are Don Cherry, on pocket-size trumpet; Charlie Haden, bass; and Ed Blackwell, drums. Six of the seven tunes are Coleman creations and several are reasonably intelligible, including a pulsating

Humpty Dumpty and a compelling *Blues Connotation*. The inclusion of *Embraceable You* (the first standard Coleman has ever recorded), however, was a dreadful mistake; *all* of the group's flaws emerge when it tackles a familiar tune. Coleman and Cherry do more blowing than bleating in this outing, but still leave much to be heard by our ears. Haden and Blackwell are superbly steady, considering the front-line frenzy with which they must cope.

•

Few who attended the concert Morris Grants staged at the Grove Hall Philharmonic in cooperation with the Boston music college, Jazz University, will forget the hypersensitive sounds that echoed in that hallowed auditorium. Unfortunately, few did attend, because the gag "concert," tagged Jazz University's New Kicks, took place in a recording studio. It's all preserved on ***Morris Grants Presents JUNK*** (Argo). There are unique performances by the Morris Brewbeck quartet (alto sax by Sol Desman), trumpeter Miles Morris (with alto man Can-E-Ball Naturally), pianist Morris Garner, drummer Gene Blooper, baritone saxist Merry Julligan's quartet (including trumpeter Bet Taker), the far-out wailing of Ornette Morris, the genius of the plastic sax, and his trumpeter-comrade Mon Cherie, the musings of pianist Theloneliest Plunk and the soaring squeals of trumpeter Morris Ferguson, all inimitably introduced by Grants. Responsible for this healthy intrusion of wit on the often too-intense jazz scene is Jordan Ramin, a hip observer blowing the horn of satire (plus several saxes and piano) with the aid of a crew of collaborators, including pianist Hank Jones, drummer Don Lamond and trumpeter Doc Severinsen.

•

Through the Opera Glass: One chuckleheaded technical goof-up mars the new ***Don Giovanni*** (Victor) from the first side to the last: the singers are too far from the mikes and the orchestra overwhelms them. Those singers include Siepi, Nilsson, Price, Valletti, Ratti and Corena, but, under the circumstances, who cares? Plonk down no loot for this one. Plonk it down, instead, for a sparkling, suave ***La Traviata*** (Victor) in which young Met lovely Anna Moffo sails in and takes over the famous role of the high-priced callgirl (or, as the gallant French used to call them, *demi-mondaines*). One of Verdi's few "drawing room" operas, it is therefore one of his most elegant and sophisticated, without being either slick or effete. As always, this shrewd, economical genius gains maximum effect by minimum means: nothing could be simpler, for example, than the two blatant upward runs of orchestra-in-unison that

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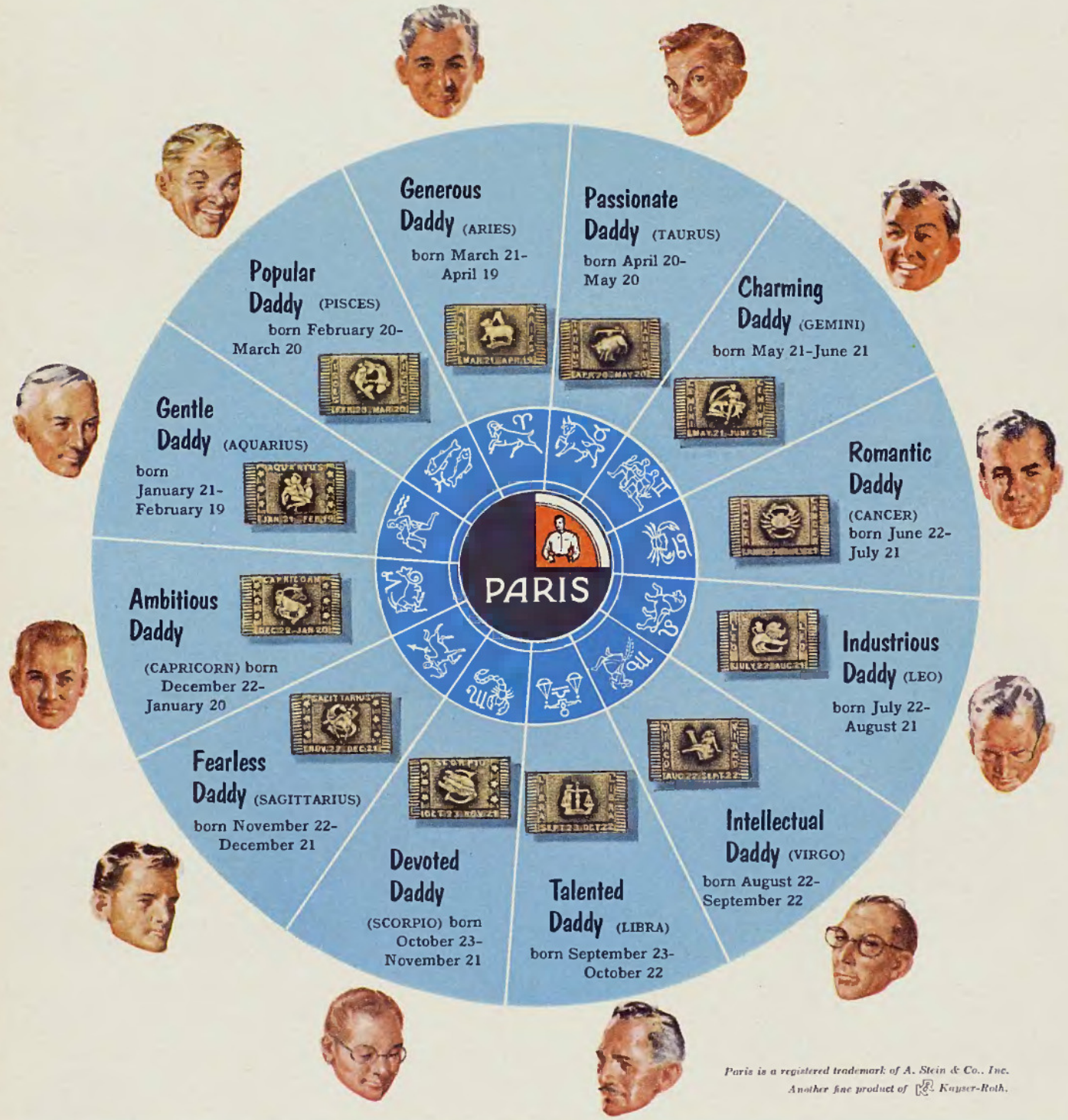

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begin the first act, yet nothing else could so immediately and undeniably set the gay, feverish, *allegro brillantissimo e molto vivace* party mood desired. Conductor Fernando Previtali, recognizing this Verdian virtue, makes good use of it throughout. It's a dazzling production, of special interest because several of the conventional cuts have been opened up, restoring some of Verdi's original and necessary dramatic glue (although such rarely heard numbers as Alfredo's *O mio rimorso!* and Germont's *No, non udrai rimproveri* are still missing). Robert Merrill brings authority, tenderness and smooth, dark tone to the role of the elder Germont; Richard Tucker, a tenor of great gifts, does his very best by Alfredo. (Our minority opinion, however, has always been that his burnished tones are less suited to this lightish role than to the more dramatic, brooding tenor music of *La Forza, La Gioconda*, etc.) It is Miss Moffo, however, who steals the show — her *Addio del passato*, for one, tears your heart out and ends on a delicately spun, gossamer *ppp*. Another new Met sensation of feminine gender is heroic **Leontyne Price** (Victor), who may be heard on a platter of Verdi and Puccini airs, including a couple of murderous soprano-slayers from *Turandot*. Dig Miss Price as she soars through these arias, and dig her, too, in an earlier recording with Tucker and the late Leonard Warren, ***Il Trovatore*** (Victor). Small gripe: has anybody besides us ever felt that most Victor discs just aren't *loud* enough and require roughly a third more volume than other labels? How come, Vic?

•

We Insist! (Candid), Max Roach and Oscar Brown, Jr.'s angry *Freedom Now Suite*, is a serious effort in a worthy cause — which makes it doubly painful for us to cast a negative vote on the end result. The performers — Roach, vocalist Abbey Lincoln, tenor men Coleman Hawkins and Walter Benton, and Nigerian conga drummer Olatunji, among others — strive mightily to impart the feeling of upheaval found in the U. S. and Negro countries throughout the world. Unfortunately, you can't hear the sound for the fury. There is much shouting, shrieking and moaning, but it emerges as neither music nor message. To paraphrase the Bard, less matter with more art might have saved the session. Happier surroundings, for Oscar Brown at least, are at hand on ***Sin and Soul*** (Columbia). Performer Brown does very right by composer-lyricist Brown in dispensing a group of generally high-quality chants, street cries and blues. Among them are the absolutely first-rate *Work-Song* (music by Nat Adderley), *Bid 'Em In* and *Rags and Old Iron*. Brown's voice, if you can imagine it,

sounds like an amalgam of Harry Belafonte and Cab Calloway; it nevertheless has a personality all its own.

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Two ladies of note, June Christy and Chris Connor, have never been averse to exploring the lesser-known peripheries of the pop-ballad world, and their latest LPs contain a splendid spate of usually bypassed ballads that certainly don't rate their lot in limbo. ***Off Beat*** (Capitol) aptly describes Miss Christy's prize package, stocked with delightfully rare roundelays; the lead song, *Remind Me*, a Dorothy Fields–Jerome Kern evergreen, is a particularly joyous rediscovery, while *You Wear Love So Well*, a seldom-heard contemporary item by Jack Segal and George Handy, has its virtues made Christy-clear. All the entries sparkle under the fine orchestral hand of Pete Rugolo. ***Portrait of Chris*** (Atlantic) blazes fewer trails, but Chris does cross over into unfamiliar territory on several occasions, tendering with customary Connor éclat such previously unheralded items as Burke and Van Heusen's *Here's That Rainy Day* and the odd but fragilely interesting *Sweet William*. Jimmy Jones and Ronnie Ball direct the orchestra in attendance, and do it well.

DINING-DRINKING

Centrally located in Hollywood and proffering tasty viands and tasteful wee-hour whee, ***PJ's*** (8151 Santa Monica) is a saloon-*cum*-eatery that opened in early February to a public that came to dinner and hasn't left yet. From the main dining room and bar, through the central lobby and on into the rear dispensary, the decor is Refined Rustic that has a roughhewn elegance both cheery and chaste. Up front near the bar and the multitudes, the big attraction is the Joe Castro trio (the leader on piano; Don Prell, bass; Don Joham, drums). Joe's jazz is eminently suited to the hip crowds that are usually sprinkled with a soupçon of showbiz biggies. Castro's piano is funk-laden and fleetly swinging, and the rhythm support by Messrs. Prell and Joham is first-rate. The long bar, caparisoned with a candy-stripe awning, opens at noon but doesn't really rub the sleep out of its eyes until about 10 P.M.; from then on, though, it jumps. With breakfast served from 2 till 4 A.M., the shuttering hour, PJ's is a happy week-long haven for the Night Folk. Facing the bar, booths are sentineled by white globe torch lamps and outfitted with stereophonic headsets hooked to the jukebox for those who don't like their music going in one ear and out the other. The rear

dining room serves up songbirds, piping hot and cool. Welda Williams, a striking brunette, held forth while we were there, augmenting her sophisticated torch singing with subtle piano. One of midtown H'wood's liveliest date-bearing oases for late dining and/or drinking, PJ's features popular-brand potables for 95 cents, and fare that is appetizing, hearty and, as the wall-inlaid menus reveal, surprisingly inexpensive. Delmonico steak with French fries and cole slaw, more-than-adequate qualitatively and quantitatively, is $2.15. The excellent barbecue ribs are temperately tagged at $3.25; the combination fish platter is sole-satisfying at a niggardly $1.95. For the trencherman whose approach to the groaning board is basically carnivorous, New York Cut sirloin or filet mignon are available at commensurately cautious prices. The comely young waitresses are uniformed in simple, almost demure, long-sleeved white blouses and black sheath skirts. PJ's popularity has reached the point where firemen visiting Hollywood for the first time are asked, "Been to PJ's yet?" The answer is rapidly becoming "Yes."

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Early this year, after six seasons with Count Basie's fine-feathered flock, singer ***Joe Williams*** decided to quit the coop and spread his wings for the single route — a move OK'd by the Count, and subsequently by Dame Fortune. At the Neve, one of San Francisco's more prestigious big-name roosts, we recently perched with a tightly packed covey of like-minded bird-watchers for an unhurried view of Big Joe's first solo flight, and can report with satisfaction that it was high-flying, wide-swinging and decidedly handsome. Backed by trumpeter Harry Edison's orbiting blues-blowers (Jimmy Forrest, tenor; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; and Clarence Johnson, drums), the virile-voiced vocalist wowed the crowd with a repertoire of specialties ranging from a deep purple *My Baby Upsets Me* (his own handiwork) to a fleetly flowing *River Saint Marie*; from a liquidly lyrical *Remember* to such blues-tinted Basie baubles as *Smack Dab in the Middle*, *Roll 'Em Pete* and *Alright, OK, You Win*. Prepossessingly bedecked in dinner jacket, lace-front shirt and shiny pumps, Joe bopped riffs with the horns, swapped one-liners with the imbibers, cut a syncopated swath through bittersweet treatments of *Say It Isn't So*, *A Man Ain't Supposed to Cry* and *Lover Come Back to Me*, and tagged it with his finger-snapping theme, *Every Day*. Freed from the big-band arrangements he termed "a strait-jacket: fine discipline, but tight, man — not much

freedom," Joe swings singly with authority and personal magnetism.

FILMS

Burt Lancaster's new film, ***The Young Savages,*** is out of *West Side Story* by *Mr. District Attorney.* Based on Evan Hunter's novel, *A Matter of Conviction,* it tells how a New York teen-gang killing is turned into a political stepladder by a district attorney with eyes on the governorship. The assistant D.A. who tries the case (Lancaster) is from a slum neighborhood himself; an old flame of his is the mother of one of the three accused boys; and his wife opposes career-building murder trials. Thus burdened, the movie goes all to plot. But between the cracks in the story you can glimpse some brutally revealing background — the homes, hangouts and hates of the J.D.s, particularly the Puerto Ricans. John Frankenheimer, who directed, is better with such realistic details than he is with the melodrama itself, and photographer Lionel Lindon has sliced the roofs off New York's West Side with a sharp blade to reveal the swarming tenement life within. Dina Merrill is attractive, in a cellophane-wrapped way, as Lancaster's wife. Shelley Winters, the old flame, once again plays a geranium on a fire escape. Lancaster, surely one of the best-intentioned producers in Hollywood, always on the lookout for meaty material, still has a way to go before his acting measures up to his aspirations.

•

The Absent-Minded Professor is sustained by one funny gag that is milked to the point of desiccation. A young professor of physics — known to his students as Neddie the Nut — invents an anti-gravity propellant called "flubber" and puts it in his Model T, which then goes zooming through the air and scares the shift out of a shifty rival for his girl's hand. The characters are vintage '05; studious, forgetful bachelor prof complete with motherly housekeeper and brotherly dog; peaches-and-cream sweetheart; villain by name of Alonzo Hawk who plots to foreclose the mortgage on the college even though he's an alumnus. As the prof, Fred MacMurray plays the same amiable young man he was playing twenty years ago. Nancy Olson goes through maidenly motions as the fiancée. And Keenan Wynn, as Hawk, gets the best lines. When reproved because he hopes to tear down his own alma mater, Wynn replies soupily: "You want to see some stranger tear it down?"

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Made from Alberto Moravia's novel (*Playboy After Hours,* September 1958)

of the last months of World War II in Italy, ***Two Women*** is the story of a young widow (Sophia Loren) who, with her thirteen-year-old daughter, leaves Rome for her mountain birthplace to escape the war, lives with a group of refugees and peasants until the Allies arrive, then has her appointment-in-Samarra in a bombed-out church. (She and her daughter are violated by Moroccan soldiers in a scene more chilling than the rape in *The Virgin Spring*.) Although not exactly our image of a peasant, Miss Loren is her earthy pre-Hollywood self — fighting, flirting, ferreting for food, defending her child. Jean Paul Belmondo (of *Breathless*) turns in another powerful performance as a bitter intellectual who is murdered by the Germans. But the great triumph here is the director's. Vittorio De Sica uses his art to make an intensely honest statement, as unsparing of his countrymen as it is of enemies and allies. *Two Women* is a revelation of human beings — warm, smelly, infuriating and magnificent.

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A Raisin in the Sun, America's first major dramatic film by a Negro about Negroes, is a milestone that's been tripped over. The actors in this transcription of the Lorraine Hansberry play (*Playboy After Hours*, May 1959) about a poor Chicago family that is broken up and brought together again by $10,000 in insurance money, make a valiant and not quite successful effort to stay afloat in a sea of aging plot devices, stock characters and soapy dialog. For its first two thirds, *Raisin* concerns people who happen to be Negro; then they buy a house in a restricted area, and suddenly it becomes a Problem movie. Credit the film's poignant and humorous moments to its superior cast, mainly recruited from the Broadway production. Sidney Poitier, as a frustrated chauffeur who wants to break loose, almost does — right off the screen. Ruby Dee is a winning wife; Diana Sands as Poitier's sister and Ivan Dixon as a Nigerian student give the piece whatever contemporary cutting-edge it has. Claudia McNeil, as the matriarch, is a touch heavy in the comic scenes and a touch comic in the heavy stuff.

•

In spite of the fact that ***The Hoodlum Priest*** is about a "regular-guy" cleric (and even includes the *shtick* where he breaks through police lines to disarm a gunsel), it is no gangland *Going My Way*. The picture scores because of its sense of personal conviction. Actor Don Murray was inspired by the career of Father Charles Clark, a St. Louis Jesuit who is considered so far in by criminals that they discuss their heist plans with him. Murray, who co-produced and co-authored the gutsy scenario (under a pen name), plays Clark as a man of religion not

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*CELANESE T. M.

Corval, *a fiber from COURTAULDS' new world of rayons*

bemused by visions of any spectacular last-minute triumph over evil. In the role of a young con, newcomer Keir Dullea makes the death-house scenes painfully vivid; and director Irving Kershner has laid the story out like a superhighway.

THEATRE

Dore Schary took on a difficult chore when he decided to compress Morris L. West's complex novel ***The Devil's Advocate*** to fit the confines of the stage. It is to his considerable credit as producer-director-writer that much of the play succeeds as deeply affecting drama. *Advocate* is a detective story unfolded on a spiritual and intellectual level rare in the Broadway theatre. Leo Genn is cast as an English priest who realizes almost too late that he has lost contact with both humanity and his own faith. Although he is dying of cancer, he allows the Vatican to send him to an Italian mountain town where, as the Devil's advocate, he is to investigate the villagers' claim that their local martyr, one Giacomo Nerone (Edward Mulhare), is qualified for beatification. Nerone's story is told in expertly interpolated flashbacks. He was a deserter from the British Army who appeared mysteriously in the tiny village during World War II, befriended the starving, leaderless people, performed at least one attested miracle, and was executed by Communist partisans. It is a fascinating assortment of saints and sinners that the Englishman encounters as he resolutely plies his investigation — a nymphomaniac countess (Olive Deering); a homosexual painter (Michael Kane); Nerone's peasant mistress (Tresa Hughes) and their bastard son (Dennis Scroppo); and the lonely, agnostic Jewish doctor (Sam Levene) who acts as the priest's guide along a tortuous trail. Schary's major fault — fortunately not a fatal one — is that he has allowed the multiplicity of characters and divergent motives to distract him occasionally from the driving theme of one man's search for truth, about himself and about another. At the Billy Rose Theatre, 210 West 41st Street.

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You couldn't meet a pleasanter passel of people than the innocents Jean Kerr has dreamed up for her new comedy, ***Mary, Mary***. You've met them all before, and they don't do anything that will come as a surprise, but no matter. The plot? What plot? There's this publisher, Barry Nelson, a serious and somewhat obtuse young introvert who is getting a divorce from Barbara Bel Geddes because, like the quite contrary lass of the

Playboy Club News

VOL. II, NO. 11 SPECIAL EDITION JUNE, 1961

PRETTIEST GIRLS IN U.S. PICKED FOR PLAYBOY CLUB BUNNIES

Fair Femmes from All Walks Screened for Coveted Positions

WANTED—100 BEAUTIFUL BUNNIES just like Bonnie Jo Halpin. Glamorous Bunny contingents are being formed all over the nation for the new Playboy Clubs.

The name "Playboy Club Bunny" has become a coveted new job title for beautiful girls with "personality-plus" from every part of North America.

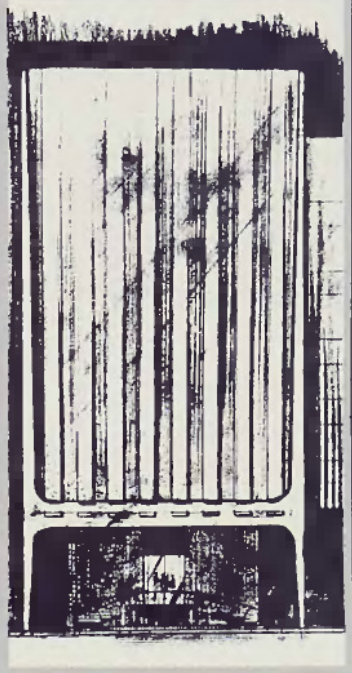
Hundreds of hopeful young girls are currently being screened for Bunny positions now open at the many Playboy Clubs—already in operation and soon to open. Bunnies are being trained at the Chicago Club and transportation is supplied to Bunnies chosen from anywhere in the U.S.

Fair femmes from every line—Hollywood models, Las Vegas showgirls, beauteous airline stewardesses, young school marms and, of course, Playmates from PLAYBOY will be picked for these ultra-glamorous, high-paying jobs. From the first "casting session," staged like a Broadway call, until a Bunny first welcomes Keyholders on the floor of the Club with her "ears" and cottontail, being a Bunny is more like "show biz" than anything else.

Girls of outstanding beauty and character are being sought for Playboy Clubs opening in New York, Los Angeles, Baltimore, St. Louis, and many other key cities.

Applicants for Bunny positions should write to International Playboy Clubs, c/o PLAYBOY magazine, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

Playboy in New York



MIRACLE ON 59TH STREET. Architects and designers are currently transforming this building (left) on 59th Street, just off Fifth Avenue, into the fabulous, ultra-modern New York Playboy Club (right), designed to be the poshest entertaining quarter on Manhattan Island. Playboy Keyholders and their chosen guests living in or visiting the New York area will soon enjoy six fun-filled floors of exciting Club rooms serving up the finest in foods, liquors and entertainment in a swinging "private party" atmosphere.

Swingin' in The Penthouse

A THREE-RING CIRCUS of continuous live entertainment awaits Playboy Club Keyholders from the cocktail hour to the wee small hours seven nights a week. Above, the comic-singing Kirby Stone Four (minus one) clown with a clutch of Bunnies on the Playboy's Penthouse all-star bill.

PLAYBOY CLUBS SHOWCASE VAST ARRAY OF TALENT

Really Swing from Lunchtime to Closing

"A Disneyland for grownups" is what one amazed Keyholder commented after his first visit to the Chicago Playboy Club, and the same policy of "all-star shows in a series of swinging showrooms" holds true in the Miami Club and others scheduled to open in other key cities.

EARLIEST SHOWS IN TOWN

The Penthouse showrooms in both the Chicago and Miami Clubs offer the earliest shows in both towns—the 8 P.M. dinner show—and the unbelievable Playboy's Penthouse Prime Platter—a 7½-oz. prime tenderloin steak dinner for just the price of a drink.

LATEST SHOWS IN TOWN

The Clubs also offer the latest shows in town in their Libraries with the last show going on at 2:15 A.M. in Chicago and 3 A.M. in Miami. Both Clubs feature six separate shows a night between their two showrooms—eight shows on Fridays and Saturdays. Even through the afternoon, lively jazz pianists and combos keep the Club swinging on all levels.

ONE FUN-FILLED FLOOR away from the Penthouse, fabulous French-born singer Robert Clary belts a ballad in the four-act Playboy Library "After Hours" Show.

FLASH BULLETIN!

Playboy Club Set for New Orleans

NEW ORLEANS, May 15—Plans have been cinched to establish a New Orleans Playboy Club on the present site of Diamond Jim Moran's famous La Louisiane Restaurant—elegant 18th Century French mansion in the heart of the French Quarter. Diamond Jim's will relocate in the adjacent building. Remodeling of the Playboy Club is being rushed for a late fall opening.

Cut and Mail Today for Key Privilege Information

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

Gentlemen:

Please send me full information about joining the Playboy Club. I understand that if my application for Key Privileges is accepted, my Key will admit me to Playboy Clubs now in operation and others that will soon go into operation in major cities in the U.S. and abroad.

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(please print)

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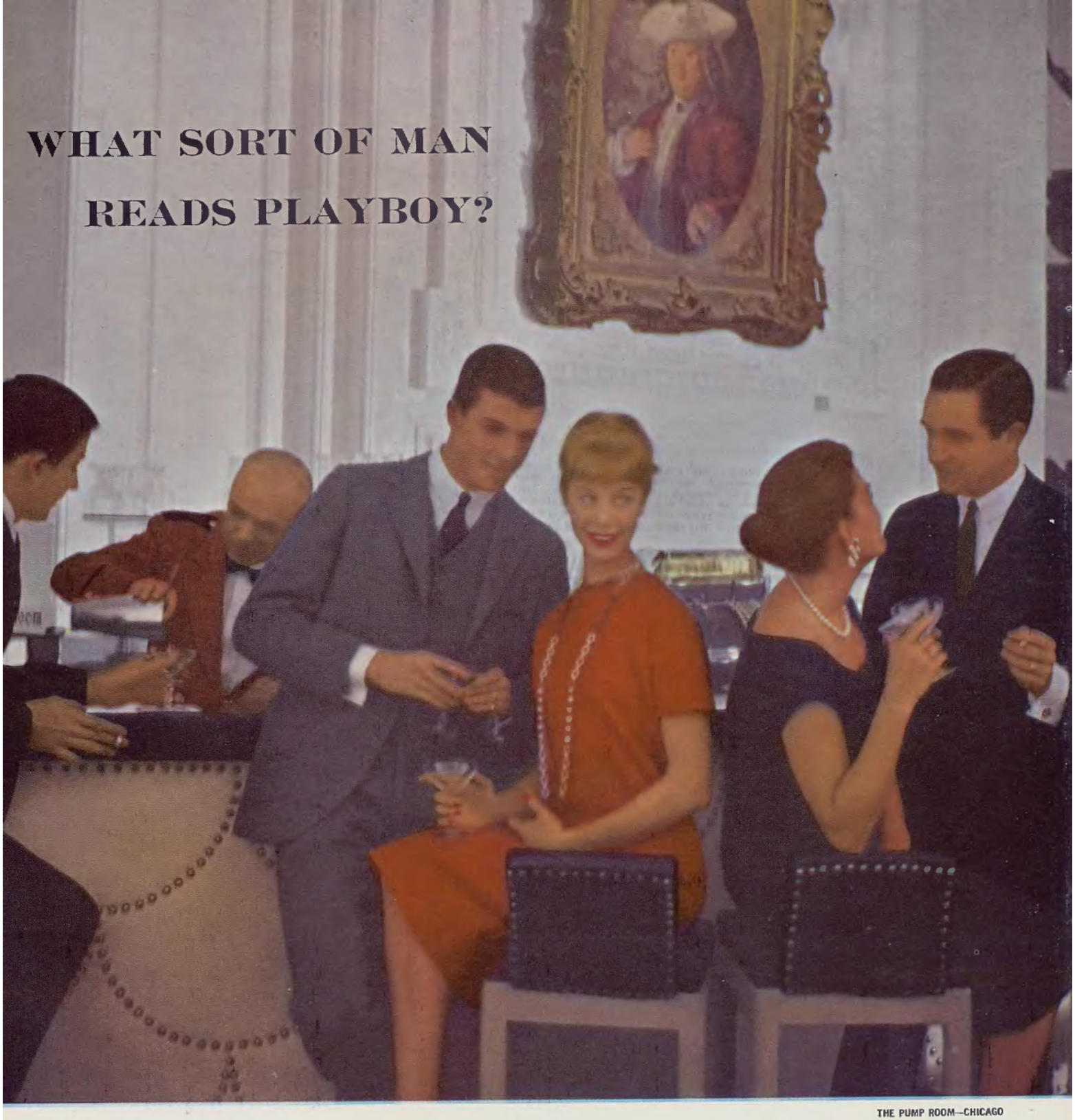
WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?



THE PUMP ROOM—CHICAGO

Capable of turning a fair young lady's head with calculated praise or supervising the preparation of a proper martini, the PLAYBOY reader both gets around and lives it up. Very apt to find the fellow at the famed Pump Room Bar in Chicago's Ambassador East Hotel or similar chic spas. Facts: According to the 1960 *Daniel Starch Consumer Magazine Report*, the PLAYBOY reader is in a class characterized by higher education and position than that of any other men's magazine. And it's reflected in his income. *Starch Consumer Report* shows that the PLAYBOY household earns a high median annual income of $8,150, compared to the national median income of $5,335.

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nursery rhyme, she is constantly deflating his ego with remarks like: "You were always communicating with yourself, and the line was always busy." Largely for the sake of form, the author puts a pair of obstacles in the way of the couple's Act Three reconciliation. Namely: Betsy von Furstenberg as Nelson's new-wife-to-be — a fey young heiress obsessed with health foods and the care and feeding of a lazy colon; and Michael Rennie, a slightly tarnished Hollywood glamor boy who almost persuades Barbara that actors aren't very different from the norm: "They're just ordinary, mixed-up people — with agents." Joseph Anthony's direction is smooth, and so are his players. They have to do a lot of talking, but there isn't time between laughs to notice. At the Helen Hayes, 210 West 46th Street.

BOOKS

The drama that Bernard Asbell records in ***When F.D.R. Died*** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $4) opens in Warm Springs, Georgia, on the morning of April 12, 1945. It ends three days later at a graveside in Hyde Park, New York. In a well-ordered series of vignettes, Asbell records the shock waves felt in Washington, London, Moscow, Tokyo as the news of Roosevelt's collapse spreads. The war seems to stop while front-line soldiers and home-front defense workers, who refused to credit the first reports, grieve as they might for a lost father. Characteristically stolid leaders of governments and armies weep most uncharacteristically and then go back to business. A stunned politician from Missouri is sworn in as the new Chief Executive. Although the technique of amassing a volume of details about a single event is currently being run into the ground by authors who know a best-selling gimmick when they see one, reporter-researcher Asbell has put together a moving account of a most memorable few days in the lives of a generation for whom the initials F.D.R. will always be a synonym for President.

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The Heartless Light (Scribner's, $4.95) continues Gerald Green's self-typecasting as America's "last angry man." His first two novels displayed disdain for Mammon-worship on Madison Avenue and within the pudgy precincts of Miami Beach. Now he indicts newspaper row. Four-year-old Amy Andrus is kidnaped early one morning in front of her California home. Her mother is still asleep; her father, a TV director, is not around because he and his wife have been separated for months. Since the ransom note hints darkly about what will happen to

the child if the police are brought in, the problem is how to investigate without turning on the heartless light of newspaper publicity. Thanks to a nosy neighbor, a dumb-lucky reporter and a stupid police chief, word leaks out. Green being an eat-your-cake-and-have-it author, it is no violation of reviewers' ethics to report that the child is recovered safely after some peachy-keen work by a local detective — and, of course, Amy's parents are reconciled. Chalk up another best-seller for an author whose writing is notable neither for its heart nor its light.

•

The Short Novels of Thomas Wolfe, edited by C. Hugh Holman (Scribner's, $4.50), brings together five works by the one-time prose laureate of college English majors. Unable to control the emotions and words which flooded his books or to break the bonds of autobiography, Wolfe never quite attained the heights that some critics predicted for him after the publication of his first book, *Look Homeward, Angel.* He was in thrall to a compulsion to tell, in rich, multimodified prose, everything that he had ever felt, seen and eaten (which was a very great deal indeed), and while his Whitmanesque glorification of the loneliness and strivings of a young American still has the power to move readers in their twenties, his extraordinary talents were dissipated by his lack of discipline. The most impressive stories in this collection, *A Portrait of Bascom Hawke* and *The Web of Earth,* both come out of the family life which was the great wellspring of Wolfe's inspiration, and sizable sections were in fact incorporated into his major works. *Bascom Hawke* gives a twenty-year-old's view of an aged and grotesque relative who has experienced and lost all the love and faith that the young narrator is only just beginning to find. *Web,* written during Wolfe's Joycean stage, is a mother's gossipy, eighty-page monolog of unconnected but revealing incidents in her North Carolina family's life. Strong on detail, but weak on plot, lyric passages of blank verse gleaming amid pages of slipshod writing, often uncontrolled, sometimes derivative, but always honest, these stories display both the remarkable powers and the extravagant weaknesses of a gargantuan American writer.

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In his latest collection of short pieces, ***Lanterns and Lances*** (Harper, $3.95), James Thurber encounters familiar favorites — vague suburban ladies, radio newscasters, people at cocktail parties, the "men in the gray flannel minds." His lantern catches them unawares, his lance pins them, wriggling, to the wall. He holds a conversation with a phantom houseguest, offers an essay on Henry James, tells an

enchanted tale about a man who ate clocks. But basically, Thurber is preoccupied with language and its abuses, with the "crippled or wingless words that escape, all distorted, the careless human lips of our jittery times." He adroitly attacks these swarms of stock phrases (Calculated Risk), murderous mispronunciations (intellectchl), radioese ("Wall Street stocks firmed today"), advertising-ese ("travels and gentles the smoke") and other -eses too distressing to mention. He plays at spelling words backwards, dissecting them, scrambling them. For the benefit of fellow insomnomaniacs, he conducts tours of the uncharted territory between A and Z—and no one knows his Ps and Qs more intimately than Mr. Thurber. (P, he says, is a playful letter, prone to pastimes such as ping-pong, pool, poker and parcheesi, and partial to pixies such as Puck, Peter Pan and Pooh.) In answer to a critic who finds his work "ravaged by trivia," Thurber writes, "Trivia Mundi has always been as dear and as necessary to me as her bigger and more glamorous sister, Gloria." And though one might wish that somewhat more attention were paid to Gloria, surely no one has courted the little sister more fondly or more winningly.

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man, like doubleday has really flipped this trip with a frantic effort tagged ***suzuki beane,*** scribed strictly in lower-case beat talk, about a gone grade-school girl-child with mixmaster hair, bonbon eyes and crepe-soled mukluks, who cools it in this burlap-and-mattress-ticking pad with daddy-o hugh (who thinks shaving is draggy and writes poetry that makes ginsberg sound like nick kenny) and earth-mother marcia (who doesn't dig middle-class values like soap or make-up, and has spiritual experiences with hubcap-and-tomato-can sculpture). all is zensville till suzuki gets hung up on this henry martin, a cube type she decides is good people even though he thinks kerouac is what soldiers do when they sleep outdoors. he takes her to visit his uptown parents, who think he's rented a *mah*-vuh-lus beatnik baby through *the village voice*, and she takes him to visit hugh and marcia, who think she's brought home freddie bartholomew. the kids conclude that all grownups are from squaresville u.s.a., and forthwith split the family scene and wing it twosies, on the road in search of a hip oz where squares can watch tv and beats can stretch canvases in peace. with way-out drawings and text by a duo of groovy gotham chicks named louise fitzhugh and sandra scoppettone, this slender volume is really too much—which is more, happily, than we can say for the modest geets involved: two and a half slices of wry bread.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm fairly hip when it comes to foreign cars, but I veer off the track when I try to make some sense out of the numerical designation foreign manufacturers give their chariots. For instance, MGA 1600, Mercedes-Benz 300SL, Jaguar's Mark IX, 3.8, XK150S, and Renault 4CV seem like total gibberish. Please enlighten me. — R. T., Boston, Massachusetts.

Let's tackle your examples one at a time. That 1600 after MGA stands for the engine's cylinder displacement (approximate) in cubic centimeters; the 300 in 300SL actually means approximately 3000 cubic centimeters displacement with the final zero dropped arbitrarily — the SL stands for Super Light; Jaguar's Mark IX is simply the ninth model in a particular series produced by the company, 3.8 stands for liquid displacement of the cylinders in litres, 150S represents approximate top speed (the S, again, is for Super); Renault's 4CV translates as Quatre Chevaux — Four Horses — meaning the taxable horsepower, a figure considerably below the actual horsepower.

What sort of tie will go best with a pin-stripe suit and a striped shirt? — R. L., St. Louis, Missouri.

It's OK to wear two patterns as long as the third element of the ensemble is plain, so make that tie a solid color.

I recently purchased a set of components for a hi-fi-stereo installation. Can I place the tuner and amps atop each of my speaker enclosures? Or can I place the tuner atop the amp itself? I've heard that vibration and heat can damage such units, but I want your final word on it. — M. W., Detroit, Michigan.

Placing your tuner and amps atop your speakers is bad business; speaker vibration won't do either any good. Placing the tuner atop the amp is inviting disaster, too; the heat generated by the amp will damage the sensitive tuner mechanism. Both amps and tuner should be housed in their own well-ventilated cabinet, five to ten feet from the speaker.

Not too long ago I was over in England, and in the course of some delightful pub-crawling came across a champagne labeled Great Western but bottled in Australia. Is this a Down Under attempt to cash in on the rep of the bubbly put up in my home state? I'm curious.—B. D., Rome, New York.

Don't be too hasty in putting down our Aussie friends. Great Western is a town in Victoria, Australia, which has put up its grape into wine and champagne for almost a century. It's the New York State operation that's the jeroboam-come-lately.

When I recently picked up a stalk of asparagus with my fingers, my date commented that this was a breach of good manners. I seem to recall something about its being permissible. Which foods can be picked up with the fingers and which can't? — L. M., Portland, Oregon.

Asparagus is a fork or fork-and-finger affair. The entire stalk may be eaten with a fork, or the soft part may be eaten with a fork and the stem with the fingers. Of course, if it's sauced, marinated or buttered, fingers are verboten. Artichokes also lead a double life. The leaves are eaten with the aid of the fingers, the heart with a knife and fork. Some full-fledged finger foods are: corn on the cob (which should only be served at informal meals, even though holders are available to keep the digits a chaste distance from the cob), and steamed clams. Oriental-fried shrimp (tempura) and crisp bacon; the legs and wings of small birds such as squab or quail are fair game for the fingers, as are the bones of frogs' legs, although they can be tackled with a fork if close-contact work makes you uncomfortable. If in doubt, the percentages say use a fork.

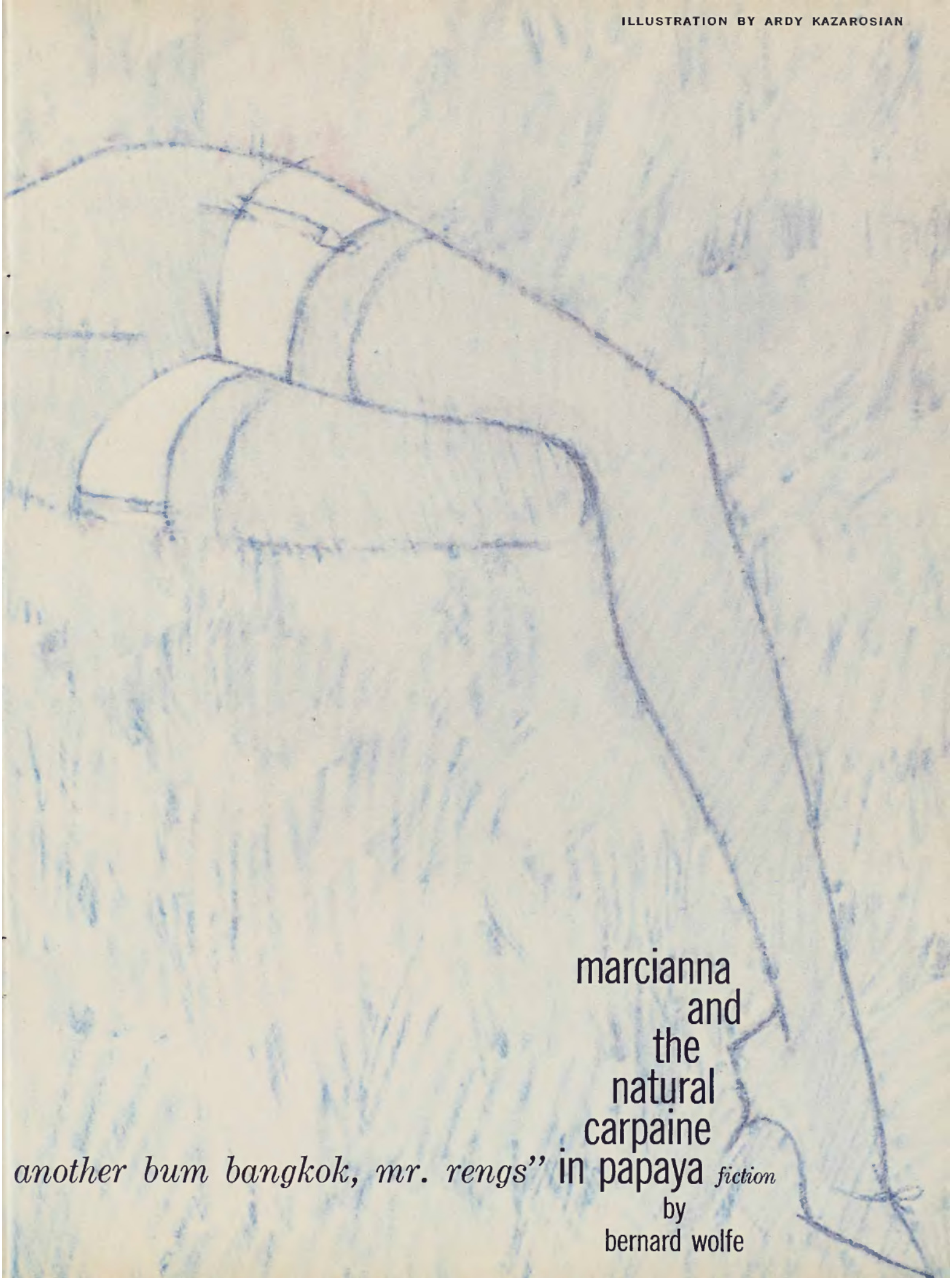
At the age of thirty plus, I've had what I suppose is a fair share of romantic attachments — interrupted in my mid-twenties by two years of an unhappy marriage. The marriage, in retrospect, failed because my ex and I were too close: we grew up together and our marriage was taken for granted by us and our families. The result was that our relationship was more sibling than matrimonial — and my ex burdened me with her personal problems (real and imaginary) to an extent I'm sure would not have been true in a relationship established after both parties had matured. Once free, I was determined to seek adult romance and may state that I did not fall into the traditional posture of the divorced man who vows never to remarry. However, I did want to take my time, do some overdue roving, and survey the field. What disturbs me, and what I'm asking advice about, is this: Try as I will to avoid it, I seem to be attracted to girls who have problems, be they aged, dependent mothers, a child from a previous marriage, a dangling and sticky affair with a boss, migraine headaches, you name it. The problems are never apparent in the initial stages of the romance, and I'm an easygoing sort. The result is that sooner or later, usually sooner, I find myself giving fatherly advice, or baby sitting, or spending Sunday afternoons with the girl's family instead of alone with her, etc. But by the time that happens, I'm hooked, I'm emotionally involved. Then comes the painful parting, for both of us, and I'm off again seeking the ideal, unencumbered girl. Lately, it has occurred to me that the fault may be my susceptibility to a specific type of girl. If this is the case, I'd like help in detecting before I get involved those character clues in girls which would be danger signals to me if I recognized them. I could then break clean fast, or never even start with a girl, rather than subject both of us to misery when the bloom is off the rose. You editors sometimes tend to give glib, slick, witty answers. Please take this question seriously. — A. S., Chicago, Illinois.

We give "surface" answers and what we hope are witty ones when we feel they suffice for the question in question. As for yours, you already seem to have fair insight into your own problem. Certainly, it's a good notion to avoid marriage until you are absolutely certain about it, and if you're aware of the stultifying effects of blind adherence to the "once burned, twice shy" attitude of the chronic bachelor, you're wise not to hurry into another marriage. As for the girls with whom you become involved, look for one or more of these aspects in your character: Does your ego require the bolstering of another's dependence, and once bolstered, does it then no longer feel the need? Are you, perhaps, possessed of latent cruelty which is stimulated and then glutted by suffering on the part of the object of your love? May it be that your ideal is unreal (everybody does have some troubles) and that you shun adult responsibility? Is it possible you assume the role of helper and confidant to the troubled because this spares you feelings of inadequacy in the role of vigorous male? What we are suggesting is that you search yourself for motivating factors rather than seek means for predetermining drawbacks in the girls toward whom you feel romantic. From a purely calculating point of view, however, there is an ancient and wonderfully useful rule of thumb for keeping out of entanglements of the sort you describe. Wear it in your hatband; read it every time you tip your hat to a new date: Never get involved with a girl who hasn't at least as much to lose by it as you do.

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.

"choo, choo," she said, "hollywood's just

ILLUSTRATION BY ARDY KAZAROSIAN



marcianna and the natural carpaine in papaya *fiction*

another bum bangkok, mr. rengs"

by bernard wolfe

marcianna

MY THIRD MONTH IN HOLLYWOOD was slowed and pleasant; I was still going to the studio but, my script being just about finished, I had nothing to do there. Most of the time I sat at my glass-topped executive desk in my leather and mahogany executive spring-back swivel chair, surrounded by prints of the hunt and the flare-nostriled stallions and setters used by hunters, and read magazine articles about anticholesterol diets and the merits of drinking milk fermented by bacteria of the species *Lactobacillus acidophilus*. I read, nostrils flaring.

Not knowing any better, I had worked at my scenario as on a novel, doing an average of ten pages a day, so that at the end of three weeks I had a 150-page scenario. Then the older and more strategy-conscious hands around the writers' building warned me that if I turned in my material this fast the studio people would be worried sick with the thought that since it was done in one sixth the usual time it must be one sixth what it could and should be: in their accountant minds, quantity of working time was somehow equated with quality of finished product. So I was now operating on the dole system, handing in my finished pages at the rate of five or ten each Friday and collecting two thousand fine-crinkling dollars for every lazy week; my producers were happy with my progress and full of compliments. I had plenty of time to read about the coronary-making cholesterol in meat fats and the therapeutic changes brought about in the intestinal flora by high colonics of the *acidophilus bacterium*. I read and read.

I would get to the studio about ten-thirty. I would have a sugar-iced French doughnut at the cafeteria counter, read in my office until twelve, return to the commissary for a two-hour communal lunch at the writers' table, retire to my office to read some more, visit this or that sound stage to see this or that movie or television show being shot, then drive home at four-thirty, exhausted. Time had developed a limp and a lisp for me — until at the beginning of my ninth week of doling out pages and raking in small fortunes I discovered in the closet of my office a stack of back issues of *Let's Live*, a monthly journal devoted to "Health in Mind and Body," no doubt left there by another writer for whom time had been losing tempo. I read. Vacantly, then with the browser's one fleet eye, in the end, wolfishly, slobberingly. There was something fascinating about a devotional prose dedicated to the pulp of the nectarine and the juice of the cabbage, and there arrived a time when this nutritional literature became importantly nutritive to me. I was stunned by the lecture of Dr. Ehrenfried E. Pfeiffer, "world-famous physician and soil scientist" and a charter member of the International College of Applied Nutrition, on the apple, its whys and wherefores. I took it to heart when a news item out of Wendell, Idaho, announced that there was an outbreak of cancer among Rocky Mountain trout due to a certain brand of fish food manufactured in Buhl, Idaho, and I was pleased to learn from Lorraine Justman Moffett that "I Made Addicts with 160 Pounds of Carrots."

One Thursday, just when I was getting into a report by B. Lytton-Bernard, D.Sc., D.O., under the heading *For the Heart: Natural Carpaine in Papaya*, my secretary buzzed to say that Farley Munters was on the phone.

Farley was an actor, a very good one, whom I had known in New York and whom I saw from time to time around Hollywood.

As soon as I answered he began to say with too many too-fast words, "Look, Gordon, if there's one thing you know about me it's that I'm devoted to my kids and a happy, a very happily married man."

I said, "I don't think that statement does any devastating violence to the facts, Farley," and settled back to wait for the large-size "but" that had to follow such an elaborate and totally unsolicited announcement of marital regularity.

"But," he went on, carefully avoiding any undue emphasis on the crucial word, and I held my breath, "I think you'll agree with me on this, I've never claimed I'm not human. I'm the last one in the world to put myself above other people, you'll vouch for that, Gordie. There's no way to control the situation when your wife is stuck with the kids back there in Kew Gardens and you've got to come out to the Coast for months at a time to make enough money to keep the wife and kids going back in Kew Gardens. You know better than anybody what a kick it would be for me and what I'd give if Shirley could be with me on these trips."

This was better than fifty percent true, so I felt free to say, "I'll put it in writing, Farley. If the matter comes to court I'll testify in your behalf. Now: what's her name?"

"Marcianna!" he said explosively, as though the mouthful of vowels had been too long on his tongue. "Marcianna Ruskin, she's a French *comtesse* or something, at least by her third marriage, although I'm not sure whether she was legally married to this count or just mixed up with him, and I tell you, Gordie, she's a beautiful special item! Made to the dream specifications and with the glory talents!"

"I'm pleased for you." I didn't see that I could take it much further than that.

"I want you to get the picture straight, I didn't go looking for this queen, what happened was, this producer in Paris, a fellow I've done a couple of pictures for, she was asking him about people she might look up if she ever got out to Hollywood, men, specifically, and my friend gave her my name, it was his own idea entirely. Now, this is nothing *I* can handle, Gordie, I took a taste but the full meal's too rich for my married blood, a man in my position has to be careful, so I'm turning her over to you, see? She was over here for a *(continued on page 76)*

"What do you do in real life?"

The Freedom Fighter

TRY TO SEE IT **MY** WAY- I **AM** NEARLY TWENTY-FOUR AND IF I WAS **EVER** GOING TO MAKE THE BREAK **NOW** WAS THE TIME TO **DO** IT! **IMAGINE**, HALF MY BUDDIES WERE ALREADY MARRIED **TWICE** AND **I** WAS STILL LIVING AT **HOME!**

SO I TOLD MY PARENTS I WAS MOVING OUT.

YOU CAN'T IMAGINE THE YELLING AND SCREAMING- MY FATHER SAID- "YOU'RE **BREAKING** YOUR MOTHER'S **HEART!**" MY **MOTHER** SAID- "WHAT WAS MY **CRIME**? WHAT WAS MY **TERRIBLE** CRIME?"

AND BEFORE I **KNEW** IT WE WERE IN THE **MIDDLE** OF A **BIG** ARGUMENT AND I WAS OUT ON THE STREET WITH A **SUITCASE** AND A **TENNIS** RACKET. BUT I HAD NO PLACE TO **MOVE!**

SO I LOOKED AROUND DOWNTOWN AND EVERYTHING WAS TOO **EXPENSIVE** AND **EVENING** CAME AND ALL MY BUDDIES HAD **RECONCILED** WITH THEIR WIVES SO THERE WAS ABSOLUTELY **NO** PLACE I COULD SPEND THE **NIGHT!**

WELL, FRANKLY, WHAT ON EARTH COULD I **DO**? I WAITED TILL IT WAS **WAY** PAST MY PARENTS' BEDTIME - THEN I **SNEAKED** BACK INTO THE HOUSE AND SET THE **ALARM** IN MY **OLD BEDROOM** FOR SIX THE NEXT MORNING.

THEN I SLEPT ON **TOP** OF THE BED, **SNEAKED** SOME BREAKFAST IN THE MORNING AND GOT **OUT** BEFORE ANYONE WAS UP.

I'VE BEEN LIVING THAT WAY FOR TWO MONTHS NOW.

EVERY NIGHT AFTER **MIDNIGHT** I SNEAK INTO MY OLD BEDROOM, SLEEP ON TOP OF THE BED TILL SIX THE NEXT MORNING, HAVE BREAKFAST AND SNEAK OUT.

AND EVERY DAY I CALL UP MY **FOLKS** FROM THE DOWNSTAIRS DRUGSTORE AND **THEY** YELL AND CRY AND ASK ME TO COME BACK. BUT, OF COURSE, **I** ALWAYS TELL THEM NO.

I'LL **NEVER** GIVE UP MY INDEPENDENCE!

JULES FEIFFER

article

YOU CAN MAKE A MILLION TODAY

BY J. PAUL GETTY *new business frontiers beckon the young man of vision and courage—herein offered ten precepts for amassing a fortune*

ANYONE WHO HAS ACHIEVED SUCCESS in any field of endeavor finds that he is frequently asked the same question by the people he meets: "How can I — or others — do it, too?"

Drawing upon his own experience, the successful businessman can find parallels and analogies to given business problems and situations and offer his considered opinions on what he would or would not do if confronted by them. He is often able to recognize and point out potential opportunities which may not be apparent to younger, less seasoned and sophisticated men. Beyond this, anyone long active in the business world should be able to make some fairly well-educated guesses about future prospects for business and businessmen. To these extents, the veteran businessman is able to advise others on how they, too, may achieve success and wealth in the business world and to estimate their chances for attaining their goals under existing conditions.

I began building the foundations of my own business and fortune in the petroleum industry as a wildcatting operator in the Oklahoma oil fields more than four decades ago.

"But you were lucky — you started in business at a time when it was still possible to make millions," many people have said to me. "You couldn't do it nowadays. No one could."

I never cease to be astounded by the prevalence of this negative — and, in my opinion, totally erroneous — attitude among supposedly intelligent people. Certainly, there is a tremendous mass of evidence to prove that imaginative, resourceful and dynamic young men have more opportunities to achieve wealth and success in business today than ever before in our history. Countless alert and aggressive businessmen have proved this by making their fortunes in a wide variety of business endeavors and enterprises in recent years.

One man I know was a lower-bracket corporation executive when, in 1953, he heard of the development of a new, particularly tough and versatile plastic. He perceived that it would make an excellent and economical substitute for certain costly building materials. Using his savings and some borrowed money to buy the manufacturing license and to provide the necessary initial working capital, he went into business for himself producing and distributing the plastic. By 1960, he was personally worth well over a million dollars.

John S. Larkins, a young engineer, took over the Elox Corporation — a tiny Royal Oak, Michigan, electronics equipment manufacturing firm — in 1951. Seeing that there was a great and constantly growing need for electronic control devices in industry, Larkins concentrated on developing and producing these items. Within six years, he had increased his company's gross sales from $194,000 to more than $2,200,000 per year.

Ex–World War II Army Air Force Captain Victor Muscat has built a diversified postwar business empire that includes some twenty firms ranging from toothbrush factories to life insurance companies. The annual gross income of Muscat's companies exceeds thirty-five million dollars.

There are innumerable such modern-day success stories. Among those with which I am personally acquainted, none is more telling or to the point than that of New York–born Melville (Jack) Forrester.

Jack Forrester served with distinction as an OSS agent in Europe during World War II. After V-J Day, he found himself in Paris, out of work and low on funds. He finally obtained a job as a sort of bird-dogging contact man with a large investment firm, the World Commerce Corporation. Forrester toured Europe, the Middle East and Asia, looking for promising projects and enterprises in which World Commerce Corporation could invest money. A shrewd and astute businessman, he did so well that within a few years he was made president of the firm's French subsidiary, World Commerce Corporation of France. I had known Jack before the

war. I met him again in Paris in 1949. He told me what he had been doing since V-J Day.

"How would you like to do some work for me?" I asked him.

"I don't know much about the oil business," he replied with a grin. "But I suppose I can learn fast enough."

Jack did learn fast — and well. Since 1949, he has conducted many delicate and important negotiations for several of my companies. He has been instrumental in obtaining valuable oil concessions and has prepared and smoothed the way for many other operations and transactions including deals for tanker, refinery and pipeline construction.

In 1945, Jack Forrester was an ex–OSS man without a job and with very little money. He was just another of the many millions of men who were trying to "reconvert" to peacetime existence. Today, he is an eminently successful businessman — and a millionaire.

There are examples galore to prove that it can be done, that success in business and even "making a million" — or millions — are entirely realizable goals for young men starting out today. I consider myself neither prophet nor pundit, economist nor political scientist. I speak simply as a practical, working businessman. The careful, continuing study and evaluation of American and international business conditions and trends are, however, among my most important duties and responsibilities as head of the companies I control. Basing my opinion on the information I have been able to gather throughout the years, I believe that, barring the cataclysmic unforeseen, the outlook for business is good and that it will become even better as time goes on. I feel that farsighted, progressive — and, above all, open-minded — American businessmen, be they beginners or veterans, have ample reason to be optimistic about their prospects and profits for years and even decades to come. I say this fully aware that, in some American business circles, it has long been fashionable — if not downright mandatory — to bemoan lack of opportunity and the stifling of free-enterprise capitalism.

"Confiscatory taxation," "excessive labor costs," "unfair foreign competition" and "creeping socialism" are the "causes" most often cited for what the doom-mongers would have us believe is the imminent disintegration of the American Free Enterprise System. To my way of thinking, all this is sheer nonsense. The complaints are merely convenient alibis for the unimaginative, the incompetent, the nearsighted and narrow-minded — and the lazy. True, taxes are too high — and far too numerous. One of these days — and soon — our entire tax system will have to be overhauled from top to bottom. A logical, equitable tax program will have to be devised to replace the insane hodgepodge of federal, state, county and city levies that make life a fiscal nightmare for everyone. In the meantime, however, businessmen will just have to live with the situation. Let's be honest about it: that they *can* live with it is obvious enough. Income taxes — the most abused whipping boys — are, after all, levied only on profits. There are proportionately more well-to-do businessmen in the United States than ever before. I've never heard of a single American firm that had to close its doors because of taxation alone.

Labor costs are also high, but I've often observed that the man who complains the loudest about excessive wages is the same one who spends fortunes on advertising and sales campaigns to sell his products to the millions. How on earth he expects the workers who form the bulk of those millions to buy his chinaware, garden furniture or whirling-spray pipe-cleaners unless they are well paid is beyond my comprehension. Labor is entitled to good pay, to its share of the wealth it helps produce. Unless there is a prosperous "working class," there can be no mass-markets and no mass-sales for merchants or manufacturers — and there will be precious little prosperity for anyone. For its part, labor must understand that high wages are justified — and can remain high — only if workers maintain high levels and standards of production. And, as long as we're talking about things that are high, I might add that I, for one, think it's high time both capital and labor realized these basic home truths and ceased their eternal and costly wrangling. Whether either likes it or not, one cannot exist in its present form without the other. I doubt very seriously if either would find the totalitarian alternatives to the existing system very pleasant or palatable.

As for foreign competition, it has long been my experience that competition of any kind is promptly labeled unfair when it begins to hurt those businessmen who do not possess the imagination and energy to meet it. Competition — foreign or otherwise — exists to be met and bested. Competition — the stiffer and more vigorous the better — is the stimulus, the very basis, of the free-enterprise system. Without competition, business would stagnate.

These facts are conveniently ignored by those individuals and pressure groups who loudly demand that the Federal Government do something about "unfair" foreign competition. The "something" they want the Federal Government to "do" is, of course, to raise sky-high tariff walls which would prevent foreign countries from trading with us — about as nearsighted a policy as one could imagine.

Creeping socialism? That particular plaint is proven to be false and without foundation by the very fact that there are so many more free-enterprise-system American businessmen to voice it today than there were ten, twenty or more years ago.

In short, I can't see any validity in the arguments advanced by the pessimists and defeatists. But then, calamity howlers have always been with us, chanting one dismal and discouraging chorus or another. In 1915, when I started prospecting for oil in the "Red Beds" area of Oklahoma, the chronic Cassandras in the oil camps prophesied that I'd lose my shirt in record time. "Paul Getty will be flat broke inside six months," they predicted. "There is no oil in the Red Beds."

For years, oil men and geologists had been telling each other that no oil could possibly exist in Oklahoma west of the known oil belt. Since the Red Beds were to the west of the existing fields, they never bothered to find out for themselves if there was any real basis to the long-held theory.

Despite the prevailing consensus, I went into the area, looked for structures and found them. I drilled my test wells, struck oil — and made my first million dollars.

"You're a fool to buy stocks now!" a great many people told me in the early 1930s. "The stock market has collapsed — and stock prices can only go lower. It's only a matter of time before the stock market is completely liquidated — and you'll go under with it."

I thought otherwise — and bought the stocks I wanted to buy at every opportunity, using every dollar I could scrape together. That was how I, a relatively pygmy-sized independent oil operator, eventually wound up controlling the Tide Water Associated — now Tidewater — Oil Company, one of the nation's major oil companies. That was also how I purchased stocks which have since increased as much as ten thousand percent in value.

Real estate? Hotels? In 1938 the pessimists were assuring all who would listen, "Real estate is a rotten investment — and hotels are even worse . . ."

At that time, the luxurious forty-three-story Hotel Pierre, located on Manhattan's swank Fifth Avenue at 61st Street, was New York's most modern hotel. Built in 1929-1930, it had originally cost more than ten million dollars. In 1938, it could be purchased for $2,350,000 — less than one-quarter the amount that had been spent on building, equipping and furnishing it. No crystal ball was needed to show that this was an excellent buy. The country was

(continued on page 72)

By
CHARLES BEAUMONT

its carnival air is vibrant with the thunder of engines and the scent of roses

THE GRAND PRIX DE MONACO

Clockwise from top left: one of the unique delights of the Monaco Grand Prix: watching the Formula I machinery from the flying bridge or mizzenmast of yachts hard by the Quai des États-Unis. A Formula I power plant, minuscule but mighty, mesmerizes Stirling Moss. Monaco, a spectator's paradise, has vantage points by the score where viewers can soak up the sun, the sounds and the spine-tingling sight of a Grand Prix in high gear. Britisher Tony Brooks in the Yeoman Credit team's Cooper-Climax displays the stiff-upper-lip resolve that gained him a highly creditable fourth-place finish. The straining mounts of the world's finest drivers, tightly clustered on the starting grid, lunge forward with an eager, volcanic roar. One needn't be a racing *aficionado* to appreciate the chassis designs and uncluttered bodywark of some of the models lined up at seaside.

IMAGINE, IF YOU CAN, THIS SITUATION: the Mayor of New York bans all traffic from the center of the city, ropes off a two-mile area in the general vicinity of Times Square, erects grandstands on the sidewalks, lines the streets with hay bales, and declares a state holiday, all for the purpose of staging an automobile race. Fantastic? Yes. But that is exactly what happens every year in Monte Carlo with the running of the Grand Prix de Monaco, since 1929 the greatest and most spectacular sporting event on the European calendar. Now that the Mille Miglia and the Carrera Panamericana are no more, this annual Grande Épreuve is the only existing road race worthy of the name, belonging – with everything else in "the jewelbox of the Mediterranean" – to a more romantic era. The tendency is toward nostalgia. Yet the hard fact is that the speed festival is as good today as it was thirty years ago. The difference is in the cars: they are smaller and they go faster. The

Right: Their Serene Highnesses seem slightly less than that during the race. Graham Hill's BRM is helped back to the pits after losing an argument with a steel tower. Below, l to r: the snout of Chris Bristow's Cooper; winner Stirling Moss looking maddeningly casual as his Lotus-Climax rockets along at 100 mph; Californian Richie Ginther, in his first Grand Prix, showing considerable skill at the wheel of the fledgling rear-engined Ferrari. Bottom: handling the delicately-balanced race cars over rain-slicked cement has been likened to skeet shooting from a roller coaster. Far right: Lance Reventlow, whose Scarabs failed to qualify, finds solace and *haute cuisine* with wife Jill St. John at the post-race Gala held in the opulent Empire Room of Monaco's regal Hôtel de Paris.

American champion Phil Hill regards the Monaco circuit as a "Mickey Mouse" course. "If it were anywhere else," he says, "it would be a joke." But it isn't anywhere else. It is in the most glamorous city of the most glamorous country in the world, and for that reason is loved by the people, spectators and residents alike. Thousands who find no special thrill in watching automobiles either at rest or in motion, who would not dream of attending any of the airport and artificial-road-course races comprising the bulk of the season's events, flock to Monte Carlo every May. They enjoy the race, for that is the spectacle's highlight, but it is not solely, or even primarily, the race that draws them. It is Monte Carlo at the summit, at the absolute peak of its excitement. That it is a truly fabulous place is *(continued on page 56)*


Esso
ENERGOL


"please,"
said
PUNCH,
"may
i
not
watch
you
hunt?"

fiction **By FREDERIK POHL**

THE FELLOW WAS OVER SEVEN FEET TALL and when he stepped on Buffie's flagstone walk one of the stones split with a dust of crushed rock. "Too bad," he said sadly, "I apologize very much. Wait."

Buffie was glad to wait, because Buffie recognized his visitor at once. The fellow flickered, disappeared and in a moment was there again, now about five feet two. He blinked with pink pupils. "I materialize so badly," he apologized. "But I will make amends. May I? Let me see. Would you like the secret of transmutation? A cure for simple virus diseases? A list of twelve growth stocks with spectacular growth certainties inherent in our development program for your planet Earth?"

Buffie said he would take the list of growth stocks, hugging himself and fighting terribly to keep a straight face. "My name is Charlton Buffie," he said, extending a hand gladly. The alien took it curiously, and shook it, and it was like shaking hands with a shadow.

"You will call me 'Punch,' please," he said. "It is not my name but it will do, because after all this projection of my real self is only a sort of puppet. Have you a pencil?" And he rattled off the names of twelve issues Buffie had never heard of.

That did not matter in the least. Buffie knew that when the aliens gave you something it was money in the bank. Look what they had given the human race. Faster-than-light space ships, power sources from hitherto non-radioactive elements like silicon, weapons of great force and metalworking processes of great suppleness.

Buffie thought of ducking into the house for a quick phone call to his broker, but instead he invited Punch to look around his apple orchard. Make the most of every moment, he said to himself, every moment with one of these guys is worth ten thousand dollars. "I would enjoy your apples awfully," said Punch, but he seemed disappointed. "Do I have it wrong? Don't you and certain friends plan a sporting day, as Senator Wenzel advised me?"

"Oh, sure! Certainly. Good old Walt told you about it, did he? Yes." That was the thing about the aliens, they liked to poke around in human affairs. They said when they came to Earth that they wanted to help us, and all they asked of us in return was that they be permitted to study our ways. It was nice of them to be so interested, and it was nice of Walt Wenzel, Buffie thought, to send the alien to him. "We're going after mallard, down to Little Egg, some of the boys and me. There's Chuck — he's the mayor here, and Jer — Second National Bank, you know, and Padre —"

"That is it!" cried Punch. "To see you shoot the mallard." He pulled out an Esso road map, overtraced with golden raised lines, and asked Buffie to point out where Little Egg was. "I cannot focus well enough to stay in a moving vehicle," he said, blinking in a regretful way. "Still, I can meet you there. If, that is, you wish —"

"I do! I do! I do!" Buffie was painfully exact in pointing out the place. Punch's lips moved silently, translating the golden lines into polar space-time coordinates, and he vanished just as the station wagon with the rest of the boys came roaring into the carriage drive with a hydramatic spatter of gravel.

• • •

The boys were extremely impressed. Padre had seen one of the aliens once, at a distance, drawing pictures of the skaters in Rockefeller Center, but that was the closest any of them had come. "God! What luck." "Did you get a super-hairpin from him, Buffie?" "Or a recipe for a nyew, smyooth martini with dust on it?" "Not Buffie, fellows! He probably held out for something *real* good, like six new ways to — Oh, excuse me, Padre." *(concluded on page 131)*

GRAND PRIX *(continued from page 52)*

evident in the fact that Monte Carlo doesn't even exist — not, at any rate, in the way that most people suppose. Contrary to popular legend, it is not a country, nor a tiny empire, nor even a duchy. It is, instead, one of the four distinct sections making up the Principality of Monaco. The other three are Old Monaco, an ancient village sitting on The Rock; La Condamine, a residential district; and the burgeoning industrial area, Fontvielle.

Incredibly, the Grimaldis have reigned over this independent state for more than five hundred years. They were a Genoese family, and first appear in history as having assisted William, Count of Provence, and the Emperor Otho I, in expelling the Saracens. In gratitude, the Emperor gave Monaco to one of them, while the others were rewarded with fiefs near Nice and in the Maures.

The descendants of Gibelin Grimaldi were at first only seigneurs, but eventually they became sovereigns, and the family went on to great power. Until the Seventeenth Century they had a flotilla of galleys, which served in many local wars. Rainier II, Prince of Monaco, entered the service of Philip the Fair in 1302 and, in 1304, was the first to lead a Genoese fleet through the Straits of Gibraltar into the ocean. Of all the Grimaldis, he is the one who seems to have had the combined instincts of privateer, bon vivant and soldier of fortune, and so one may assume that it was, at least to a small degree, his influence that gave the present sovereign his early reputation.

Prince Rainier III is now a serious and mature ruler, loved and respected by the 2200 Monégasques (and 20,000 permanently resident non-citizens) who are his subjects. It is pleasant to report, however, that in the days when he was called The World's Most Eligible Bachelor, Rainier attended to the sowing of wild oats with great *élan*. That the Grand Prix continues on the grand scale is due to his abiding enthusiasm for motor sport. (It is a little-known fact that in 1953 Rainier actually participated in the running of the tortuous and demanding Auto Tour de France. He entered as Louis Carlades and came very close to death when his mechanic, an official member of the palace staff, lost control of their DB and crashed into a tree at high speed.) Since his celebrated marriage to the former actress Grace Kelly, he has settled into the sober dignity that befits his station, and — somewhat sad to relate — has even given up his stable of high-performance sports cars. Enthusiasts of Grand Prix racing look at the distinguished Chief of Government and sigh, remembering the days when he used to jump into his Lancia and tour the course at a hair-raising clip before each Monaco G.P. But they understand. Rainier must think of his country now.

And think of it he does. For he realizes that Monaco has always been a miniature paradise, and that it is up to him to keep it that way. He gazes down upon his princedom from the majestic height of a feudal palace, one of the few absolute monarchs left in the world, fully empowered to order the immediate decapitation of any of his subjects; yet he rules democratically, through a Minister of State and a National Council. There are no customs barriers between France and the principality, yet Monaco has its own army, its own police, its own postage stamps (accounting for greater revenue than the Casino itself), even its own coinage. Citizens pay no income taxes, inheritance taxes or death duties. As the British journalist Douglas Rutherford observed in his excellent book *The Chequered Flag*, "This same legal independence makes it possible for the Authorities to close the streets of a thriving city for two mornings and an afternoon of practice and for almost the whole of the Sunday on which the race is run."

It is difficult to imagine and impossible to describe, with any accuracy, the setting for this *Course dans la Cité*. It must be seen, for no photograph or painting could embrace the 360-degree panorama. The buildings which rise, tier upon tier, to form a great amphitheatre, are not handsome individually; but taken together they are magnificent. The center they surround is the natural deep anchorage which first attracted the Saracens centuries ago and led them to build their citadel above the bay, protected to left and right by high, unscalable slopes. Here, in this calm basin of blinding blue, entered by a slender gateway in the encircling rock wall, anchor the foremost pleasure yachts of the world, all dressed in formal white, like matron ladies, surrounded by a retinue of smaller craft. Behind the basin, the pastel hills, the great amphitheatre of palaces and apartments and hotels and terraced villas, all pink and blue and green and blazing white, rise up to the scrubbed sky. To one side you look along the French coast toward the fabulous resorts of Nice and Cannes and St. Tropez; to the other toward Cap Martin and the Italian Riviera.

The port of Monaco is an almost perfect square, landlocked on three sides and edged with a broad promenade. The Grand Prix circuit begins in the middle of the central strip, the Quai Albert Premier. This wide, tree-lined esplanade, normally closed to all traffic except bicycles and perambulators, serves as the pit area and start-finish line for the Grand Prix. Ahead lie two miles of streets bordered by curbs, balustrades, thick, unyielding walls, lampposts, and the waters of the harbor itself, which may explain why this is the slowest, most difficult and most demanding circuit on the calendar. Last year's race, considered by many to have been the greatest of all time, was won at an average speed of 67.68 mph. In 1937 the German Champion Rudolf Caracciola, driving a supercharged Mercedes of 5.6 liters which developed well over 600 brake horsepower, turned a lap at a fraction better than 67 mph.

When the idea of holding a race through the streets of the city was first formulated, in 1929, Monte Carlo was, in the words of the travel writer S. Baring-Gould, the "moral cesspool of Europe." That is, it was the hub of gaiety, the heart of all dreams, the glamor capital of the world. Gambling was basic to its economy. It lived on the hopes of mankind, and lived well: Monégasques played host every year to over one million visitors, all of whom were drawn then, as now, by the lure of the Casino. So brisk was the gaming trade at that time that one of the first orders of business in planning the opening event was the construction of a bridge over the track, to insure that the motor race would not prevent players from visiting the tables. Moralists were warning people away from the city on all grounds, including prostitution and cruelty to animals (pigeon shooting has always been a popular Monte Carlo sport). Cried Baring-Gould, in his *Book of the Riviera*: "How much better were it in the Maremma or the Campagna, where the risk to health and life would add zest to the speculation with gold. As long as men people the globe there will be gambling, and it is in vain to think of stopping it. All the lowest types of humanity . . . resort to it with passion, and the unintellectual and those without mental culture throughout Europe will naturally pursue it as a form of excitement. It is therefore just as well that there should be places provided for these individuals of low mental and moral calibre to enjoy themselves in the only way that suits them, but again, the pity is that one of the fairest spots of Europe, this earthly paradise, should be given over to harlots and thieves, and Jew moneylenders, to rogues and fools of every description." Of course, he — and all his worried breed — succeeded only in making the place even more irresistible than it actually was.

Physically, the city has changed very little during the past thirty years. The architecture was, and is, wholly rococo,

(continued on page 110)

article
By GERALD WALKER

The Hell Fire Club

that exclusive confraternity of england's libertine rakes and wenches of yore is re-created in a british flick

Latest addition to the burgeoning list of bosom-baring films is "The Hell-Fire Club," a much-romanticized fable built around some very high Eighteenth Century jinkery. Made at Britain's Pinewood Studios, the movie is resplendent with unfettered ladies (including titian-tressed Adrienne Corri and Kai Fischer) and uninhibited gentlemen in uncompromising dalliance—pictorial examples of which adorn the ensuing factual report of what the roaring Hell-Fires were all about.

FOR ONE EXOTIC DECADE in the Eighteenth Century some uncommon rites were conducted at Medmenham (pronounced "Mednam") Abbey on the Thames River thirty-odd miles northwest of London. From 1753 to 1763 the rambling, red-roofed Abbey, originally a Cistercian monastery, was used as a week-long retreat several times a year by an order called the Friars of St. Francis.

At dusk a bell would toll and the dozen or so communicants would assemble in the cloisters wearing white hats,

white jackets, white trousers and white monkish robes. Carrying lighted tapers, they filed out into the gathering darkness and ceremoniously trooped across the lawn to the entrance of the Abbey, over which was the inscription FAY CE QUE VOUDRAS. After a reverent pause, the leading apparition knocked three times and the Abbey door opened. On the threshold stood the Prior, dressed like his brethren except for a cardinal's red hat trimmed with rabbit fur.

"What," intoned the Prior, "is the password?"

To which the Friars of St. Francis, in unison, boomed their ritual response, a translation of the words over the doorway: "*Do what you will!*"

After intoning this quote from Rabelais, the monks

followed the Prior into the Abbey where events took an even more unconventional turn. Entering the chapel, they passed beneath another inscription which, translated, read: "Stranger, refuse, if you can, what we have to offer." As a sample of what the monks had to offer, lying prone and very likely chilled on the black marble altar, was a naked woman from whose navel the congregation sipped the ceremonial wine. It is a moot point whether they retained the services of an exceptionally large-naveled woman, or whether one of them was assigned the job of refilling. But one thing certain is that these monks constituted a rather unorthodox religious sect.

Actually, the Friars of St. Francis were a group of high-born, high-living Englishmen who convened periodically to do some uninhibited partying and to burlesque religion and conventional morality. The Abbey was perfect for their purposes. It was near enough to London to be reached without too much traveling; it was far enough out in the country to afford privacy; and the religious trappings lent a sacrilegious zest to the orgiastic goings-on. By turning the monastic way of life inside out, they won collective immortality of a sort as The Hell-Fire Club. The group's namesake was not Francis of Assisi. It was Sir Francis Dashwood of West Wycombe. Despite his period-comedy name, Dashwood was a flesh-and-hot-blooded roué who owned a sizable estate six miles from the Abbey. To his fellow voluptuaries, the lords and politicians who shared his particular tastes in carousing, he was known as Hell-Fire Francis.

One of the Club's specialties was the Black Mass, which invoked Satan and mocked Catholic ritual in accord with the anti-Catholicism then fashionable in England. The chapel crucifix hung upside down beneath a pornographic ceiling fresco. Black drapes framed stained-glass windows showing members in poses customarily called indecent. Narcotic herbs fumed in metal receptacles and light was provided by black candles held by lamps in the form of a grotesque bat with a noticeably erect penis. The Hell-Fires toasted the Devil from a ribaldly designed communion cup. Elaborate *double entendres* were written into prayers and off-color limericks were substituted for hymns. The service culminated in the taking of the Host, a specially baked concoction called "Holy Ghost Pye." And, oh yes, the drinking of more tepid wine from the recumbent woman's navel.

The Hell-Fire Club represented the flowering of a long line of convivial groups devoted to providing an evening's entertainment for the jaded London rake. No band of obscure live-it-uppers, its members were among the most prominent men of the time. Dashwood himself was George III's Chancellor of the Exchequer, although self-admittedly one of the worst to hold that office. Lord Bute was no less than Prime Minister, while Lord Sandwich was First Lord of the Admiralty. Other eminent Hell-Fires included: John Wilkes, Member of Parliament, Lord Mayor of London; Thomas Potter, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Paymaster-General, Vice-Treasurer of Ireland; George Bubb, Baron of Melcombe Regis, Cabinet Member; artist William Hogarth; novelist Laurence Sterne; satirist Charles Churchill (not an ancestor of Sir Winston). Then there were the Vansittart boys: Henry, Governor of Bengal; Robert, Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford; Arthur, Member of Parliament.

The rakes who flourished during the reigns of the three Georges were no free-lance sinners. They enjoyed debauching, but they enjoyed it best in company and usually joined a club of the similarly inclined. These Eighteenth Century versions of the Organization Man dated their genial genealogy to the Elizabethan Age's Roaring Boys. "The Roarers and Bravadors of the previous century," notes Ronald Fuller in *Hell-Fire Francis*, "had been, for the most part, like overgrown schoolboys, roaming the streets in shouting bands, and amusing themselves with such unsophisticated delights as the baiting of decrepit Charlies and the pursuit of elderly citizens round the Lambeth Marshes." Other interests included window-breaking, jabbing men in the buttocks with sword points, and standing young ladies wrongside-up so that skirts and petticoats tumbled down over their heads. "The members of the Rakes' Clubs . . . were

not so easily entertained," Fuller goes on. "They tempered brutality with Elegance, debauchery with Taste." In sum, indoor activities dominated the Georgian scene.

It was not only an Age of Licentiousness but an Age of Specialization. "We find in each group," writes Louis Clark Jones in *The Clubs of the Georgian Rakes*, "a tendency to overindulge in some one vice — drunkenness, immorality, impiety, or gambling . . ." The Hell-Fires were triple-threaters; they seem to have gone in heavily for everything but gambling — not that they had any scruples about laying wagers, but first things came first.

The founder of The Hell-Fire Club was the Johnny Appleseed of wild oats: sowing them was his lifelong occupation. Dashwood began young, at sixteen, when he came into his title and fortune. In 1730, a seasoned fleshpotter of twenty-one, he embarked on the Grand Tour. In Russia he made love to the Czarina, one of the great tourist attractions of the day; in Turkey, according to Horace Walpole, Sir Francis showed "the staying powers of a stallion and the impetuosity of a bull." But Dashwood's greatest coup came in Rome. On Good Friday he saw worshipers in the Sistine Chapel lightly tapping themselves with small, symbolic scourges. Feeling inclined to assist them in their devotions, he hid a whip under his dark cloak, and suddenly, in the midst of the worship, he lashed out strenuously on all sides. The Italians fled, shouting "*Il Diávolo!*"

In color, on a wide screen, the cave orgies of a boisterous band of British rakes provide a rousing *raison d'etre* for the new English movie, *The Hell-Fire Club.*

Back home, Sir Francis did his best to make Merry England merrier. An inveterate joiner, he belonged to: the Prince of Wales' retinue; the Society of Dilettanti, cuttingly described by Walpole as "a club for which the nominal qualification is having been in Italy, and the real one, being drunk"; the Divan Club, a similar group for travelers to Turkey; the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks, which held Saturday-night revels in the tavern atop Covent Garden Theatre; the board of directors of a whorehouse near Drury Lane. Between bouts of wenching and drinking, the major occupations of a Georgian gentleman, Hell-Fire Francis found time to marry a wealthy widow described by one biographer as "a poor, forlorn, Presbyterian prude." He also had his portrait painted in a friar's habit devoutly worshiping before a naked Venus; the painting was captioned "San Francesco di Wycombo."

Dashwood found a way to bring this portrait to life after his political patron, the Prince of Wales, died in 1751. Casting about for a new interest, Sir Francis discovered Medmenham Abbey, bought it, and had it remodeled in the voguish Gothic style, featuring a ruined tower, dead trees, crumbling pillars and arches covered with ivy, and a few tame owls and bats for atmosphere. There was even a gondola, imported from Venice, to taxi the monks and their abbey-followers between London and Medmenham.

Along with many of his well-to-do contemporaries, Dashwood's imagination had been caught during his Grand Tour by the ruins of classic architecture, by wild settings quite unlike England's formal landscapes, and, generally, by the relics of an older, more pagan culture. On their return to England, the young fashion-setters stirred up what one writer has called a "skull and crumble" craze, making a fetish out of disguising new structures to look like ruins. The dark Gothic passions — melancholy, violence, lust — were pushing to the forefront of English art and literature, and Dashwood had no trouble proselytizing eleven congenial souls to serve with him as apostles of the new order in his elaborately perverse utopia. Sir Francis, who took the monastic code-name of St. Francis (the others were known as St. Paul, St. Thomas, etc.), served as Prior. He was assisted by a Steward, the only other permanent officer, who performed such duties as collecting dues and ordering supplies. Duly organized, the great experiment began.

After the Black Mass, it was customary for the Hell-Fires to murmur the equivalent of "Shall we join the ladies?" and retire to an adjoining room where a number of masked *(continued on page 121)*


UNITED STATES

man at his leisure

neiman sketches the gala and sumptuous fun of a transatlantic crossing

THE S.S. UNITED STATES — one of the world's most elegant luxury liners — crosses the Atlantic, from New York to Havre and Southampton, in less than five days (and on to Bremerhaven in six). Five city blocks long and twelve stories high, the United States is a sleek superliner resplendent with the accoutrements and aura of superb relaxation coupled with top-notch service (it boasts a staff of eight hundred — one crew member for every two passengers). Its plush parties, formal and informal, are among the cruise highlights for the distinguished men and chic women aboard. Epicurean delights of five continents — and a matchingly splendiferous wine list — make up its menus. Throughout the spacious interior of the ship is an enticing array of recreational facilities for both active and passive sportsmen. It was in this distinctive and fun-filled atmosphere that LeRoy Neiman, on land-and-sea-roving assignment for PLAYBOY, steamed to Europe. A fitting subject for any *Man at His Leisure*, the United States provided Neiman with abundant inspiration.

"On the United States, leisure has many meanings," says Neiman. "For the lollers, push-button call bells bring service directly to cabins. But the sensible traveler explores the ship. He relishes the unparalleled view of the sprawling ocean, the svelte hugeness of the ship and the quiet sophistication of his fellow passengers."

From the streamer-laden, horn-tooting moment of embarkation in New York, with last-minute champagne quaffing and *bon voyages*, until the massive ship glides past the white cliffs of Dover into Channel ports — signaling the nearness of awaited destinations — the United States is a festive playground. Neiman roamed it, sketching deck life, decor and dramatic moments he shared with the seagoing society making the Atlantic crossing. His paintings here preserve the majestic magnitude of the liner itself and the *joie de vivre* that prevails as the ship forges the link between America and the Continent.

Left: Neiman depicts the gaiety and excitement of the United States' departure from New York. Above: a shipboard gala is a call to colors, with fashionably garbed guests and a strikingly decorous setting. Below: on deck, the seafarers relax over cocktails and conversation, sharing the comforts of the inimitably freshening ocean breeze and the superior service of on attentive steward.

EQUAL TIME FOR JOHNNY REB

satire **By LARRY SIEGEL**

a modicum of rewrite makes the civil war fit fare for vidiots

"Sponsors of the Civil War Centennial report all TV networks have special shows in the works to commemorate the celebration. But many potential advertisers are backing away lest they injure the South's feelings by reviving the Civil War."

—*Kup's Column, Chicago Sun-Times*

Scene: a conference room at the McDermott-Osterman Advertising Agency. Seated around a small table are CHESTER HOPKINS, *director of TV activities for the agency;* HARVEY KINGSLEY, *president of Zephyr Cigarettes;* BOB WOLLMAN, *a TV producer; and* JIM COWAN, *a writer.*

HOPKINS

Good news, Jim. Mr. Kingsley has decided to sponsor your *One Nation, Divisible* television script.

COWAN

Wonderful!

WOLLMAN

We certainly appreciate your courage, Mr. Kingsley. Especially since twenty-three advertisers turned the story down, for fear of injuring the South's feelings.

KINGSLEY

Oh, don't thank *me*. Thank Jim for his excellent script. With a few small revisions, this is going to be a Civil War story that Zephyr Cigarettes will be *proud* to present to the American public.

COWAN

(*His elation somewhat tempered*) Small revisions, sir?

KINGSLEY

Yes, but believe me, Jim, they're so insignificant that I believe one of the girls here can handle it. It just involves some minor retyping.

COWAN

(*Visibly shaken now*) I'd like to know what changes you have in mind, sir.

KINGSLEY

(*Chuckling*) Jim, I hate to trouble you with such trifles, but . . . well, first of all, I'd like a rewrite of the first scene beginning with . . . (*He ruffles through a copy of the script*) . . . Oh, here we are . . . beginning with the announcer's words, ". . . and so, with the firing on Fort Sumter by Southern batteries, the Civil War officially began . . ."

COWAN

But . . . but . . . what's wrong with those words?

KINGSLEY

Jim, I see no reason for you to go out of your way to say that the *South* fired the first shot of the war.

COWAN

But I'm *not* going out of my way. I'm merely stating a pertinent historical fact.

KINGSLEY

I know that . . . but why flaunt it so crassly in the faces of our friends in Dixie? Aren't you being unnecessarily vindictive? After all, the war's been over for almost a hundred years. We're all on the same team now . . . We see the same TV shows, watch the same movies, drink the same brands of liquor . . .

HOPKINS

And we smoke the same cigarettes . . .

KINGSLEY

Why yes, Chet, you've got a good point there.

HOPKINS

Jim, I see what Mr. Kingsley is driving at. Now naturally . . . heh, heh . . . we can't say the *North* fired the first shot . . .

KINGSLEY

(*Slamming the table*) We will *not* twist historical facts! It's un-American!

HOPKINS

Right, Mr. Kingsley. But I have another idea. How about eliminating the announcer here and starting the Fort Sumter battle scene off with a soldier — it doesn't matter which side he's on — firing off a cannon, see? Then immediately after he fires, he shouts something like, "Well, fellows, there goes the *second* shot of the Civil War!"

KINGSLEY

I'll buy that, Chet! In other words, we imply that there was a *first* shot, but we don't say *who* fired it! . . . Take that down, will you, Jim?

COWAN *sighs and begins to write in a notebook.*

KINGSLEY

As for the rest of the script, Jim, it's perfect as is . . . no more changes . . . except for just *one* small detail. I'd like you to add about twenty minutes to the Bull Run battle scene.

COWAN

But . . . but that scene doesn't lend itself dramatically to . . .

KINGSLEY

Honestly, Jim, I *can't* understand you. What have you got against the South? Why are you so reluctant to play up their victories?

COWAN

Mr. Kingsley, will you tell me where we're going to find twenty additional minutes?

KINGSLEY

Oh, hell, you can always cut out one of the other battle scenes. Like Gettysburg, for example.

WOLLMAN

Gettysburg? But, Mr. Kingsley, *that* battle was the turning point of the war. Jim *can't* cut it!

KINGSLEY

Bob, where are you from?

WOLLMAN

Connecticut, sir. So is Jim. Why?

KINGSLEY

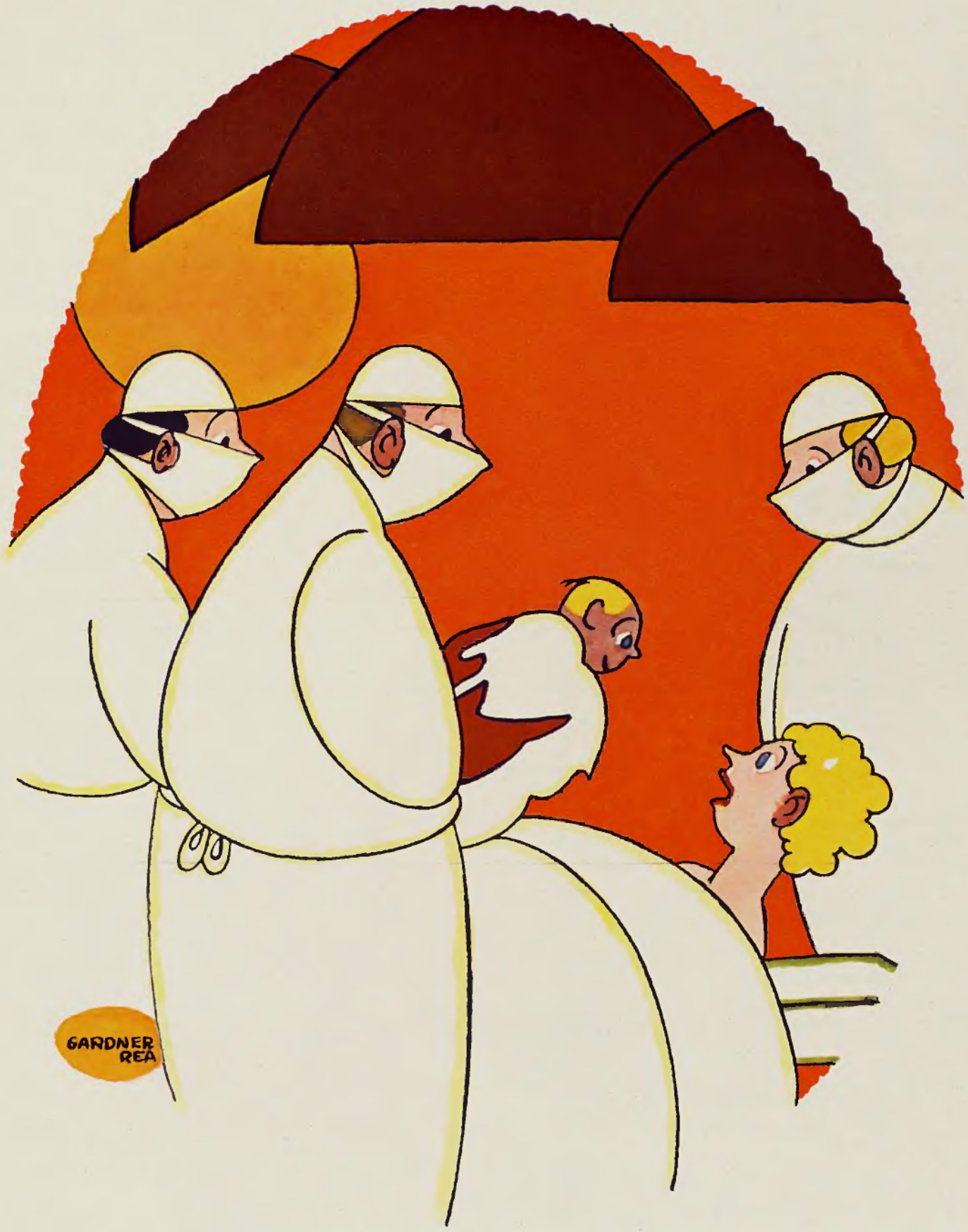
I've heard of sore losers in my time, but you two guys are the first sore *winners* I've ever met. Fellows, the Civil War is over . . . no need to keep fighting it. I'm sure our Southern friends are well aware of the significance of the Battle of Gettysburg, without our rubbing it in . . . No, the battle must come out of the script. It's the only decent thing to do.

COWAN *helplessly scratches again in his notebook.*

KINGSLEY

Well, Jim, I think that about does it. They weren't too bad, were they? My retyping suggestions, I mean . . . Oh,

(concluded on page 130)



"So that's where babies come from!"

our miss june is milwaukee's favorite dear

Girl in a Whirl

One of the happiest events that ever occurred in Milwaukee – though it netted no headlines – was the arrival four years ago of Austrian import Heidi Becker. A strudel-sweet sixteen and be-dirndled Tyrolean dreamboat even then, June's *gemütlich* Playmate has since become very much the sheathed and toreadored All-American girl. Our *Wunderkind*, who earns her daily bread as a coif stylist, goes effortlessly from curling hair to turning heads, thanks to a pair of flashing green eyes and a fetching fuselage. Heady Heidi digs dancing (of the post-Strauss variety), enjoys skiing in winter (she's been schussing since she was knee-high to a beer stein), savors summertime swimming (she's a crack backstroker), goes in big for carnivals (carrousels delight her), and has acquired a year-round taste for awesome quantities of pizza (cheese and sausage, hold the anchovies), a proclivity which obviously has had no adverse effects on the tape measure (latest reading: 36-22-34).


MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Jaunty June filly Heidi Becker, a head-spinner in her own right, considers calliopes and carrousels kicksville, finds horsing around on a Milwaukee merry-go-round just about the best of all possible whirls.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When a boy is young he thinks girls are made with sugar and spice and everything nice. When he gets older, he discovers that it only takes sugar.

Some men don't give women a second thought. The first one covers everything.

The best kind of girl is the one who says stop only when she sends a telegram.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *platonic friendship* as what develops when two people grow tired of making love to each other.

One of the oldest, yet most perfect, examples of a redundant expression is the phrase "foolish virgins."

Many an actress' career begins when she becomes too big for her sweaters, and ends when she becomes too big for her britches.

A really promiscuous girl is one you can have a good time with even if you play your cards *wrong*.

The three hundred passengers on the first fully-automatic rocket plane flight from New York to Paris were aboard and belted in, and the great machine had whooshed aloft and into flight, when a voice came over the loudspeaker, in measured tones of infinite assurance:

"Ladies and gentlemen, there is no crew on this aircraft, but there is nothing to worry about. Automation will fly you to Paris in perfect safety at a speed of twenty-five hundred miles per hour. Everything has been tested and retested so exhaustively for your safety that there is not the slightest chance anything can go wrong . . . go wrong . . . go wrong . . . go wrong . . ."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bow wow* as a TV performer's low-cut dress.

Barry had just opened his law office, and immediately hired three good-looking young stenographers to work for him.

"But how," a visiting friend inquired, eying the three, "do you expect to accomplish anything?"

"Simple," Barry grinned. "By giving two of them the day off."

A career girl's mind moves her ahead, while a chorus girl's mind moves her behind.

While we generally have nothing but contempt for the sassy feminine rejoinder to a forthright masculine proposition, we must express a grudging degree of admiration for the logic displayed by one beautiful chick. The doll in question was being entertained at the apartment of a friend of ours, and at the proper moment he employed the time-honored verbal gambit:

"Come on, baby. Let's live for tonight."

For a moment she considered the prospect happily, but then her limpid blue orbs clouded over, and she replied:

"Yes, but suppose we survive?"

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.*

"Get out of there, Pierre."

MAKE A MILLION *(continued from page 48)*

rapidly emerging from the Depression; business conditions were improving steadily. Business and personal travel were bound to increase greatly. There had been very little hotel construction in New York for several years, and none was planned for the immediate future. The Pierre was a bargain — and a hotel with a great potential. But the gloom-and-doom chaps were too busy titillating their masochistic streaks with pessimistic predictions of worse times to come to recognize such bargains as this when they saw them.

I began negotiations for the purchase of the Hotel Pierre in October 1938, and took possession the following May. At today's land and construction costs, between twenty-five and thirty-five million dollars would be needed to duplicate the Pierre in New York City.

I'm not crowing; I'm merely trying to show that there are always opportunities through which businessmen can profit handsomely if they will only recognize and seize them — and if they will disregard the pessimistic auguries of self-appointed prophets of doom. Conditions are much different in 1961 than they were in 1938, 1932 or 1915. Just the same, the last things that American business needs are complaints, alibis and defeatist philosophies.

What American business *does* need — and in ever-increasing numbers — are young businessmen who are willing and able to assume the responsibilities of progressive, vigorous industrial and commercial leadership. The rewards awaiting such men are practically limitless. There is plenty of room at the top. The figurative Millionaires Club has an unlimited number of vacancies on its membership rolls. That these aren't being filled faster is, I'm afraid, due largely to the fact that too many potentially highly qualified young applicants give up before they start. They listen to cautionary defeatism instead of opening their eyes to the opportunities around them. They are apparently blind to the many examples provided by those who have made and are making their fortunes.

As I've said, I started my own business career in the petroleum industry as a wildcatter, and oil has remained my main business interest. I find it discomfiting that so many young men today have an idea that the era of the relatively small-time wildcatter is over. Actually, nothing could be farther from the truth.

Oil is a funny thing. It is likely to turn up in the most unlikely places. There are many areas in the United States where an enterprising wildcatter is quite likely to find oil — and to strike it rich. Admittedly, most structures in recognized oil belts have been located and are being exploited. On the other hand, there are many localities which have received little or no serious attention from oil prospectors.

At the time I started wildcatting, "everyone" said there was no oil in the Oklahoma Red Beds. By the same token, thirty or forty years ago, oil operators got it into their heads that there was no oil in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Iowa or Utah — to name only some states — and passed them up. This belief has influenced oil exploration ever since. That it's a theory without much fact to support it is proven by the fact that only a few years back, oil prospectors finally began drilling test wells in Utah — and discovered oil.

There are many opportunities for the knowledgeable small-scale wildcatter today. While the oil prospector has to do his exploration outside recognized — and thus already exploited — oil belts, scientific and technological advances have made the business of looking and drilling for oil easier and cheaper than it was years ago. Petroleum geology, an infant and at best uncertain science in 1914, has made fantastic strides. The modern geologist has the knowledge, experience and equipment that make it possible for him to spot the presence of oil with a much-better-than-fair degree of accuracy. It's true that most of the oil that lay close to the surface has been located, and that wells have to be drilled to much greater depths than was necessary in the early part of the Twentieth Century. On the other hand, using modern drilling rigs and equipment, an oil operator can drill to six thousand feet more quickly and more cheaply than I drilled to twenty-five hundred feet in 1916 — and in those days, a dollar was worth far more than it is now.

But the oil industry is by no means the only business that offers golden opportunities to the beginner today. All the potentials for an era of unprecedented business activity and prosperity are present — for those who are open-minded and imaginative enough to recognize them. Rapidly expanding populations at home and abroad and the awakening desires of human beings all over the world to better their living conditions and to raise their living standards are guarantees that there will be ever-expanding markets for goods and services of every kind for many years to come. The gigantic strides being made almost daily by science and technology provide the means whereby those goods and services may be produced and distributed more cheaply, in better quality and in greater quantity.

There are still fantastic demands to be met at home. No one can rightfully say that American business has discharged its responsibilities and done its job until every employable citizen has steady, full-time employment and until every American family is well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed and able to live in comfort and without fear. I do not hesitate to predict that many young men who read this will make their fortunes and spend their entire business careers dealing exclusively with domestic markets, meeting domestic demands. On the other hand, I am of the opinion that the brightest horizons of American business are to be found outside the United States, in international trade.

As this is written, newspapers all over the world are giving a great deal of prominence to stories about increasing unemployment and recession in the U.S. and the "dollar-drain" caused by an unfavorable United States–foreign trade balance. Many remedies are being suggested to correct these situations. Among them are demands for "emergency" measures designed to cut down or even halt imports of many materials and products from foreign lands.

"The United States must cut all its foreign imports to an absolute minimum," a junketing American businessman declared to me not long ago. "That's the only way American business will be able to survive."

I'm afraid he was very surprised when I told him that, in my opinion, the policy he advocated was tantamount to economic suicide. The way I see it, the long-term solution to our country's economic problems lies in *more*, not less, foreign trade. I'm certain that by the time this article is published much will have been done to reduce unemployment and restore the American economy to health. But the immediate measures which will have been taken will be at best relatively short-term remedies. For the long haul, U.S. business will have to embark on a gigantic, farsighted program of international trade, seeking and expanding markets in foreign lands. There is no room for isolationist business philosophies in our present era. The world has grown far too small. The American economy cannot batten upon itself; American business must develop new and more overseas trade. And, in order to sell to other countries, we must also buy from them. It's that simple. I firmly believe that the young businessman who can rid his mind of outdated, preconceived notions and gear his thinking to these needs of the times will reap tremendous rewards. He will make his millions.

For, despite rumors and reports to the contrary, most foreign countries want very much to have us sell them goods. They *want* to buy from us.

I travel extensively abroad, and I

(continued on page 123)

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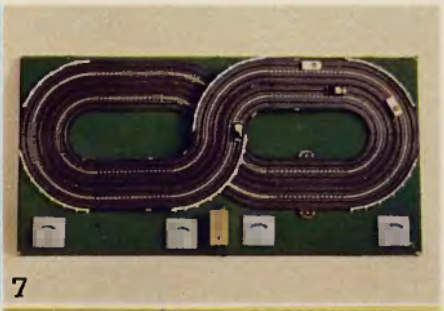
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PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS & GRADS


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Whether you're a dad or grad yourself (or disposed to gift a gentleman of either station), we're sure you'll spot on these three pages just the sort of tokens of esteem you'd like to give or receive this festive month. **1.** Verbena toilet water, 4 ozs., by Caswell-Massey, $7.50; Jacquard woven tie, by Rooster, $2.50; Knize Ten toilet water, 7 ozs., $11.50; Chanel men's cologne, 4 ozs., $5. **2.** Citation III Professional FM Tuner, by Harman-Kardon, factory wired $229.95, in kit form $149.95, walnut case $30. **3.** Oster de luxe knife sharpener, $20.95; chrome-plated liquor dispenser, pours 1½-oz. shots, by Alfred Dunhill, $150. **4.** 24-volume *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, atlas and bookcase, $467. **5.** Dual seating unit upholstered in vinyl and rayon, 24" formica table, by I. V. Chair Corp., $299; electronic pipe lighter in walnut barrel, by Sidney Rubeck, $49. **6.** Weatherby 300-magnum de luxe hunting rifle with 4x scope, $397; suede "butcher" vest, by Breier of Amsterdam, $25. **7.** Four-lane race track, four HO scale sports cars with individual speed controls, by Aurora Plastics, $40. **8.** Gold-plated golf balls and tees in leather case, by Hammacher Schlemmer, $8.50; Concord AM-FM portable transistor radio, $130. **9.** Transistorized battery-powered dictating machine, records on mailable 33⅓-rpm plastic discs, by Soundscriber, $340. **10.** Plaid hand-woven Thai silk kimono, by JL, Arbiter, $65.


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11. Kenyon stabilizer with helium-sealed gyros turning 21,000 rpm. steadies your hand-held camera, binoculars, etc., $463; Leica M3 with 90mm f/2 lens, $519. **12.** Cowhide travel case, by Rolfs, $12.50; alligator belt with bronze buckle, by Knothe, $27.50; hopsacking pullover shirt, short sleeves, by Jayson, $5; calf-covered shoehorn, crested handle, by Sidney Rubeck, $40. **13.** Charcoalectric Hollywood rotisserie and indoor charcoal broiler, by Berns Air King, $99.50. **14.** Sociable portable cooler-refrigerator, walnut finish, by Beverage-Air, $212.50. **15.** Gentleman's night stand, brass and walnut, by Alfred Dunhill, $20; wool plaid sports jacket, natural shoulders, by Saint Laurie, $60. **16.** Around-the-world clock, thermometer and barometer swivels on suspended axis, by Sidney Rubeck, $275. **17.** Transistor intercom kit, works on flashlight batteries; power master operates up to five remote units, by Heathkit; price as shown, $38.90. **18.** Fully automatic 8mm electric eye movie camera, with f/1.9 lens, by Auto-Carena, $149.50; Sun Gun indoor movie light, by Sylvania, $24.95. **19.** New-style bowling ball, handle instantly countersinks into ball on release, by Natural Grip, $33.25. **20.** Custom Osterizer, six speeds, chrome finish, by Oster, $69.95; stag-mounted sterling bar tool set, in walnut case, by Alfred Dunhill, $150.


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21. Stainless steel desk lamp and clock, two pens and blotter, by Plummer, Ltd., $304; Studio 44 portable typewriter, by Olivetti, $119.50. **22.** Wine rack stores 12 bottles, by Vermillion Co., $15; push-button cork puller works with CO_2 cartridge, dislodges all corks effortlessly and cleanly, by Hammacher Schlemmer, $10. **23.** Private yacht radar unit, 5″ indicator weighs 17 lbs., antenna unit 40 lbs., five-mile range, by Sperry Piedmont, $1645. **24.** Ostrich billfold, by Rolfs, $35; 14k gold-encased Snorkel pen and pencil, by Sheaffer, $175. **25.** Hydro-Hi water skis with planing keels require only 10 to 15 horsepower motor to lift average skier, dismount to 30″ length, made of northern ash, by Ero Manufacturing, $30. **26.** Double-breasted slicker jacket, terry-lined, by Mighty-Mac, $30. **27.** Cummins de luxe ¼″ drill, with circular saw, buffing, grinding and sanding attachments, in metal case, $39.95. **28.** Poker-chip dispenser, holds 250 chips, dispenses five at a time, by Hammacher Schlemmer, $13. **29.** Smooth black cowhide luggage, aluminum framed, with gabardine dividers and lining, by Diamond Leathercraft, two-suiter $41.50, companion case $36.50. **30.** Wafer-thin 18k gold dress watch, brown alligator band, 18 jewels, perpetually adjusted movement, by Patek Philippe, $665; your personal key that opens the door to The Playboy Clubs, $50.

marcianna *(continued from page 44)*

few hours the other afternoon and she's something, she's the footnote to it all, she's the parentheses around the whole fat subject, but it's not for me, I gave her your number. She'll be calling you so remember, her name's Marcianna Ruskin, and you're one hell of a good-lucky fellow. Keep these magic syllables in mind. Mar-ci-an-na, you'll be hearing from the lady . . ."

She called the following Monday. "Gordon Rengs? This is Marcianna." That was all.

Voice a shade too modulated, too cultured, too precise, though with a nice huskiness to it: too many elocution lessons somewhere in the background, maybe self-inflicted. And she thought it was enough to identify herself to a total stranger by her first name and wait. She was used to telephoning men who she could assume had been thoroughly briefed about her.

Usually I didn't bother with girls who wanted money. But she was supposed to be the parentheses around the whole fat subject. Farley's sales talk had gotten to me. Besides, I wanted to see what was behind the elocution lessons.

I suggested she drop around to my place that night.

Dinner or just drinks?

We could have some pizza sent in from Tony Gidoni's or some pastrami sandwiches from the Gaiety Delicatessen.

Fine. Eight-thirtyish? Eight-thirtyish.

• • •

She was tall, almost five-ten in her high heels. A regal beauty, with rich-tumbling auburn hair and a body that was nothing less than statuesque, the chin and shoulders lofting, the breasts held in self-contained pride, the hips stunningly ample: you could see her as a showgirl on any Las Vegas stage, posing coolly with her lovely marble swell of stomach and long Praxiteles legs while the mere minor ponies worked for a living.

And she gave the full Hollywood treatment to her open hazel eyes, smears of bluing over the lids, slashes of black to continue the lash lines in rakish up angles.

Her lips were of the type classified as generous, but there was something programed, something close to school-teacherish, in the way they worked too hard and too elaborately to shape her words. She was determined to lay out and nail down each syllable, to give each vowel a maximum fatness, as though there was something shameful in the slurs and dips ordinary people allow themselves in ordinary talk. She said few-well for fuel and po-wetry for poetry, and in her gesticulative mouth the oblate pulpy berry known to most of us as a tuhmaydo became an awesome tow-mah-tow.

"If you're ordering pizzas, make it plain tow-mah-tow and cheese for me," she said. She apparently had me pegged for a literary-type fellow, and so she trotted out her best literary small talk: "Have you read much Tow-mas Mann? I've read every one of his novels and short stories and to my way of thinking they're the sheerest po-wetry of modern times. There are symbolisms in his things, I mean, levels of symbolism, that give you plenty of few-well, food for thought. Particularly the distinction he makes between the eloquent and the musical, the society of lawyers and the deeper, more silent folk community, that's a gas, that concept. Next to Mann, I'd say, most of today's writing seems awfully anemic and, well, malnursed." She stopped short and looked at me. "Mal-nour-ished, I mean. Malnourished, of course."

She had a habit of using a mock exclamation, a particular one over and over, to indicate various degrees of put-on exasperation, outrage, or disenchantment, or simply to turn aside questions.

"Choo, choo," she said when I asked where she had gone to school. "Choo, choo, Mr. Rengs," she said when I brought up the matter of what part of the country she had come from. And when I wanted to know what she thought of Hollywood men she gave me a "Choo, choo" again and added, "I mean, Mr. Rengs, sir, a trick *is* a treat and for the working girl it's always Halloween everywhere." My face told her that I had not understood one word of this. "I mean," she explained, "from the working girl's point of view all towns are the same, they're all full of tricks and in any town the working girl is supposed to give all the tricks the impression that they're the best treats of all time, and that goes for Hollywood as much as for any Bangkok you care to name. So choo, choo, Hollywood's another bum Bangkok."

As she lowered her sensationally blued lids and fluttered them humorously it came to me that in her lexicon, in the jargon of her occupation, the phrase "working girl" did not mean just any girl who had gainful employment, but was reserved for those who plied Marcianna's especially tricky trade. I did not question her about the references to Bangkok. It seemed a likely assumption that she had been in some Bangkok and lived through a fair number of Halloweens there, fast.

I liked her. She was witty, she had style, and under the too-zealed diction you could make out a rare thing, a sort of cosmopolitan's impishness, a world-traveler's so-what. If she had tripped around more than her fair share she wasn't knocking the general scene, just ribbing it lightly and with no obvious underscoring of self-pity. She was bright, too. She talked easily, with all sorts of obscure but accurate tidbits of information coming effortlessly to her fingertips, about Thomas Mann and the symbolic meaning of the lotus position in Yoga exercises. Thanks to a lot of men, she had been exposed to a lot of things and been wide open to them.

Sliding her long legs gracefully into the folded lotus position to show me how it was done, she said casually, "In Barcelona once for three days and three nights Errol Flynn lectured me on white wines."

And at the Cannes Film Festival one year she had been lectured to for an undefined number of days and nights by a famous American vocalist-actor who had given her an extended briefing on the technicalities of the Empire style in furniture, and once in Klosters during the skiing season a titled member of the British Commission on Atomic Energy had conducted a seminar for her exclusive benefit on the workings of nuclear fission.

When I came back from mixing drinks — she was an addict of vodka on the rocks — I saw that her large wicker carryall was lying open on the coffee table and that her checkbook was half out. I sat down on the sofa next to her and leaned over to read the name engraved in gold on the black plastic covering of the checkbook: Comtesse Maria de Lesseps, it actually said.

"Level with me," I said. "What's your real name?"

Without a choo-choo she said, "Marcianna Ruskin."

"Come on. Nobody's named Marcianna Ruskin."

"I am. In this room, on this sofa, with this trick who says he's Gordon Rengs, sir, *I* say I'm Marcianna Ruskin. How do I know you're Gordon Rengs?"

"In any Bangkok you care to name I wear the same face, so I'm known by the same name. As for you——"

"Listen, Gordon Rengs." There was impressive spirit in her voice and for once she wasn't bothering to give all the syllables full weight. "There's only one face I wear when I go out to turn a trick, the face you see this minute, and the thing to call it is Marcianna Ruskin and don't try to investigate the other faces. That would cost you more money than you or anybody can pay. See, I'm Marcianna, that's my whole definition and all you need to get my attention. There are usually a couple other sounds expected after a first name, so for con-

(continued on page 98)

HAROLD'S AFFAIR

fiction

By WALTER GOODMAN

"POOR SON OF A BITCH," you say. And certainly you're right — by psychiatric social worker standards. By the standards of Norman Vincent Peale and your local police court. By the whole tsk-tsk, there-but-for-the-grace-of-God juice in which our culture is being marinated. But maybe this character who has inspired your condescension is tsk-tsking about you, friend — if he ever bothers to think about you. This patchy citizen without visible or nonvisible means of support, without a friend, man, beast, or flower, to his name, and possibly without a name, who you see scuffing it up and down our hard streets, this passive creature of Salvation Army handout lines — maybe the sight of you in your necktie brings tears to his eyes.

His name is, or was, Harold Henry, and of course his story begins with the end of weaning, the birth of a sibling, the first time he caught his mother and father exercising their marital prerogative, or abusing it. But it's not for me to analyze — or romanticize. We can start with his move to the suburbs. When you asked Harold about his move, he invariably mumble-shrugged something about its being good for the children, but the quick glint in his usually soft dull eyes killed the fatuous phrase. There, behind the unfashionable steel frames, sparkled a secret joy that neither two hours and fifty minutes a day of commuting nor a leak-prone roof nor uncertain plumbing could quench. By removing his wife and three children twenty-one miles from the city, the suburbs were abetting Harold Henry's Affair.

Not, I hasten to add, that Harold had an affair going at the time, or as a matter of fact had ever had one going, unless you count a disorderly hour in the recesses of the stockroom with a temporary file clerk at the close of the 1952 office Christmas party. But Harold had been thinking about his Affair for twelve or fifteen years and had already made considerable mental sacrifices to it, including three successful suicides and innumerable unsuccessful but painful attempts, so that the move to the suburbs was for him simply another, quite minor tribute to his *(continued on page 116)*

he sought to mold reality to his dream, but life and lola wouldn't cooperate

Top to bottom: appreciative Shel eyes a hippy hula queen; dunks in the surf off Diamond Head; digs a pair of Hawaiian beauties; jams with islander—vacal star Tom Maku and pals in the Hanolulu market place.

"Aloha, sir...and I hope you enjoy Hawaii, sir...
and it's spelled l-e-i, sir...
and I've heard that joke 3,227 times, sir..."

Silverstein IN Hawaii

humor

our bearded beachcomber says aloha to the fiftieth state

"Listen, you tell the manager this place stinks! Everything is modern...everything is air conditioned. Where the hell is the atmosphere? Where the hell are the grass huts, where are the natives? If I wanted Miami Beach, I'd have gone to Miami Beach. Where is your 'tropical paradise'? Where is the simplicity...where is the serenity? And also, where the hell is that damn bellboy with my drink?!!"

"And that's the story of King Kalakaua and how he conquered the islands. You know, it's really wonderful to find someone from the mainland who is interested in our history and culture. Most tourists who come here just seem to be looking for — excuse me, but would you mind taking your hand off my leg."

"And we're going to build more hotels and bigger hotels and better hotels, and we're going to get rid of all those damned palm trees and build still more hotels, and get rid of that beach and build greater hotels...and then when the tourists arrive, we'll be <u>ready</u> for them!!"

"No, the other one...no, a little to the left...now straight down...no, a little above that one...no, no... a little to your right...now just above...that's it...no, that one just next...you almost had it... just a little to your left...no..."

"No use, Shel — I can't fake it. If I show the surfboard, the sand shows, too. If I don't show the sand, then I can't show the surfboard. I think we're going to have to go into the water."

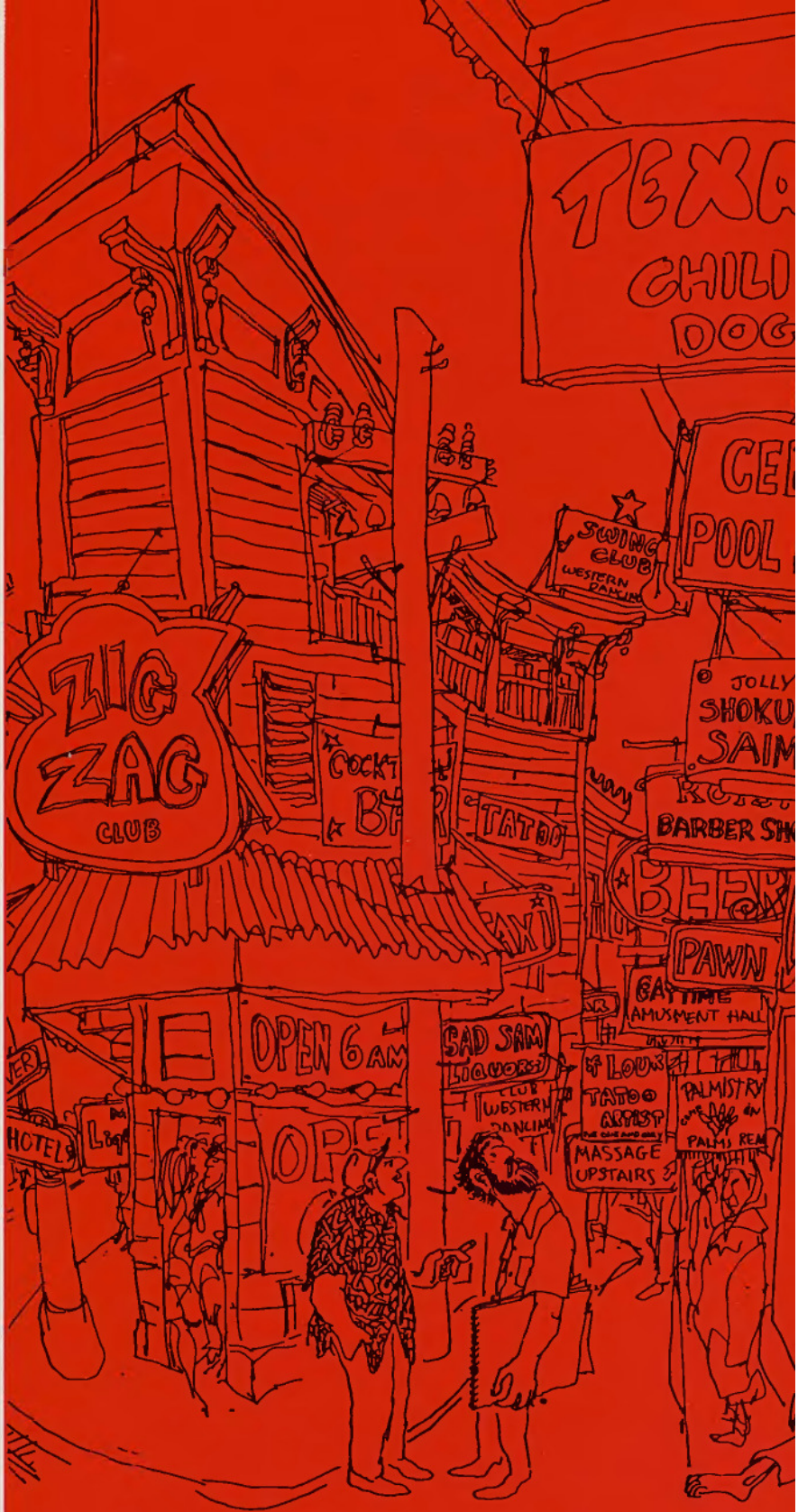
"Man, these rich American girls — they too bossy — they want to take me to nightclub...I say OK — I go to nightclub...they say let's go to bed— OK, I go to bed. They say they want to buy me present — I say OK, buy me present. Then they say, 'You come to store, pick out present' and I say, 'Just a minute, enough is enough!'"

"Use your fingers, for heaven's sake — were you brought up in a barn?!"

"...A few carnations...some rose petals... an orchid...And then the missionaries come... and they take away our land and make us wear muumuu...and by'm'bye many Hawaiians die and Big Five own everything...but Hawaiians not mad at white people... Hawaiians make leis for white people tourists... A few carnations...some rose petals... a little poison ivy..."

"But even if they were still wearing grass skirts, you've got to admit it would have been a pretty corny gag!"

"You see, Mr. Silverstein — in the hula, the story is told with the hands...the hands, Mr. Silverstein...you have to watch the hands. The story is...uh, Mr. Silverstein... Mr. Silverstein..."



"Back on the mainland everybody thinks that this island is just a primitive, backward place with ukuleles and dancing girls in grass skirts and half-naked savages swimming in the surf. When you go back, please let them know we're just as civilized here as they are."

LET 'EM EAT PANCAKES / from crepes to cannelloni: gourmet flapjacks for the gentleman griddler / food by Thomas Mario /

Evidences of America's ascending culinary tastes abound everywhere, but few with the ubiquity or sophistication of the once-plebeian pancake. Just a few generations ago, this now-princely provender was but a stolid staple munched mostly by lumberjacks and grubstakers. And even as recently as the Thirties, the now-familiar crepe suzette was still an exotic and rather wicked delicacy seldom savored save surreptitiously, along with cognac and curaçao, behind the bolted doors of sumptuous speakeasies. Today, however, after three decades of marination in worldwide gourmandise, our multiplying army of homegrown epicures can circle-tour the entire kingdom of cuisine simply by taxiing from one city neighborhood to another, sampling the local pancake specialties. You may embark on a sensuous sojourn from fragrant Chinese egg rolls to tender Russian *blini* with caviar and sour cream, from feather-light French crepes to plump Italian cannelloni stuffed with crab meat, from lusty Polish *nalesniki* to Danish pancake balls as light as a Scandinavian summer breeze, from German apple *Pfannkuchen* as big as the wheel of a Mercedes to tiny Swedish *plattar,* darkly resplendent with lingonberry jam.

For pancake-fanciers still America-oriented, of course, old-fashioned griddlecakes are the hearty and perennial favorite. A robust repast for fast-breaking or snack-

taking, the griddlecake is nevertheless the most temperamental member of the pancake family. Pleasingly plump but velvety light when properly prepared, it will turn as rubbery as a gum eraser in contact with a too-hot pan. And even in its traditional griddle of cast iron, this peevish pancake may emerge looking and tasting like a discarded discus if the flame is either too high or too low. But fortunately for modern chefs, the antique griddle has been supplanted by the electric skillet, happily regulated by a thermostat. Once on the fire, the griddlecake should be cooked to a medium-light brown, and turned only once. Then—framed by a rasher of bacon or a quartet of link sausages—it should be rushed to the table for the homage of hot maple syrup and sweet butter, and wolfed down while it's still at its peak of tender succulence.

Prized by more Continental palates, the "true" pancake—though delicate as chiffon—is a far sturdier specimen, less fastidious about its preparation, yet still marvelously comestible hours afterward. It can be chilled, frozen, folded, rolled, stuffed, baked, fried, sauteed, flambéed or gratinéed—but it stays appetizingly mottled-brown and tender as the lightest soufflé. Cooked ahead of time and set aside, it can be served at a moment's notice with just one or two final flourishes. For the inventive and adventurous chef, this versatile victual offers a realm of infinite pleasure and discovery; once the basic batter is mastered, he can woo the pancake-smitten with a cornucopian variety of fillings. The classic crepe, for instance—*(continued on page 132)*

"There's so much violence on television nowadays."

OPINION By LESLIE A. FIEDLER

THE LITERATI OF THE FOUR-LETTER WORD

A CONTENTIOUS CRITIC CASTIGATES THE TREATMENT OF SEX IN THE CONTEMPORARY NOVEL

WE LIVE IN A TIME when descriptions of the sex act have come to be expected, even required, in literature which pretends to any seriousness. But this is by no means our worst indignity, for we live also in a time when it is fashionable to deplore such descriptions, to complain that they are banal and ineptly done (this is too often true), or that they bore us (which is, of course, a lie). Primary sex — our own sex life, inadequate, harried or routine — may bore us, but vicarious sex — fantasies, projections, even the most clinical accounts of our imperfect experiences — never! It is vicarious sex, which never flags, falters or fails, that sells toothpaste and nylon stockings, as well as *Lolita* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Peyton Place* and the obscene newsprint pamphlets bootlegged to adolescents.

In all of us, there is a need not only to dream utopias in which desire never outruns performance, but also to make speech of our actual spasms, images of our instincts. The pornographer has always cooperated in the imperative task of humanizing our animal inheritance; and the same necessity on which he trades has impelled many recent writers of fiction to take on themselves his obligation of trying to say the unsayable: to describe not only sexual foreplay and the aftermath of sex, but the moment of orgasm itself — the indescribable instant of climax. Unfriendly critics of recent fiction sometimes compare writers who have attempted to capture the orgasm in words, D. H. Lawrence or James Joyce, Edmund Wilson or Norman Mailer, to the small boy writing dirty words on sidewalks and fences; and such critics are, in a sense they do not suspect, quite right.

The unexamined life, Socrates once remarked, is not worth living; he might have gone on to note further that the unexpressed act is not fully lived. What we cannot say we cannot examine, and what we cannot examine we do not really experience. These are the simple truths which make clear why literature has meaning in our lives, and our lives total meaning only when they have become *also* literature. This the small boy with the chalk in his hand somehow realizes; and this writers like Lawrence, Joyce, Wilson and Mailer have neither forgotten nor felt obliged to pretend to forget. Until he has written for his own sake and that of the little girl he fears and desires the four-letter name of desire, the small boy has no sense of owning what racks him, his own sex; and until the writers of a society have written their versions of the four-letter words, that society has no sense of controlling its deepest torments and pleasures.

For too long, the writer, in the Anglo-Saxon world at least, was forced to deny in himself the small boy with the piece of chalk; and denying that boy lost the power to evoke and humanize passion. There is plenty in life for the writer to call up and control besides sex; but sex has come to seem to us the essential subject for our time, not only because (as Alberto Moravia has argued) it represents the last survival of Nature for the city-dweller, but also because it is what a hundred years of literature left out, what almost all of American literature, for *(continued on page 125)*

ANN, MAN!

kenton's canary sheds her feathers for playboy

ANN RICHARDS, one of vocaldom's most sensuous warblers, has but three things going for her in her drive to become a first-rank jazz nightingale — looks, talent, and the considerably consequential fact that she's the hip helpmeet of one of America's top concertmeisters, Stan Kenton. With Stan (Playboy Poll Bandleader of the Year) as a round-the-clock mentor, the development of Miss Richards from fledgling band chirper to featured vocalist to nightclub and LP star has proceeded prestissimo. Her latest disc, *Two Much!* (*Playboy After Hours*, April 1961), etched with spouse Kenton and his band, is the current landmark in a felicitous liaison dating back to 1955

(concluded overleaf)

Above, and left to right, the many moods of Ann: break time 'twixt takes at a recording session for *Two Much!* finds the team of Richards and Kenton comparing notes, past and future; Ann, in liquid-smooth leotards, turns the ivy green with envy as she lolls in the Kenton courtyard; a gowned and gone Miss Richards enriches the Texas scene as she does a single at the Tidelonds, a Houston jazz den; about to cross over into a stote of undress, Ann is caught tantalizingly midstream at the Kenton ménage before settling into something more comfortable.

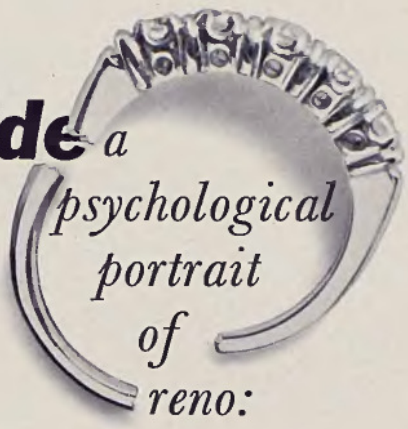
Miss Richards reigns in repose: deploying herself decoratively in severol cozy corners, this beautifully blue-eyed brownette engagingly points up the more exotic creature comforts of home and hearth. Homefurnishingswise, Ann is her own most delightful decor.

when Ann (a) departed Charlie Barnet's crew to join the Kenton contingent and (b) exchanged wedding bands with Mr. K. himself. While recording sessions *do* get across the point that Miss Richards boasts a substantial set of pipes, they cannot, more's the pity, do right by the very visual assets of this enticingly-endowed lady. Never one to slight the eyes solely for the sake of the ears, PLAYBOY herewith offers this orb-filling accolade to the charms of Ann — an abundance of Richards at work and play.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

"Of course, it's only a beginning."

the great american divide



a psychological portrait of reno: the biggest little pity in the world

article By HERBERT GOLD

WOMEN ARE PURPOSEFUL IN RENO. The lovely blonde critter strolling the lobby of the Hotel Mapes, with a mole on her cheek accented by make-up as if she were Alice Faye miraculously preserved into 1961, did not come all the way to Reno in order to stake out uranium claims. She did not pack her kit bag to examine the pelicans and fossils of Pyramid Lake, where, during more idyllic days, Arthur Miller and Marilyn Monroe quietly strolled and waited for legal technicalities to be arranged. Nor is she a cultural anthropologist studying the Paiute Indians or the sheepherding Basques who gather at the Santa Fe Hotel in downtown Reno to eat and drink in French, Spanish and Basque. She may sample all these incidental lures, but primarily she has come to Reno for one of two purposes: either to gamble (and also to find a man) or to shed a man (and also to gamble). When she pauses in her slow amble across the lobby, straightening her stocking — she bends, and *harken!* — we have time to examine her third finger, left hand.

We find the circle of the abandoned wedding ring, sunburned a bright red. She is a member of the Six Week Club. She is a joyous Jill, with her tanned face hit by a vision of the good life, her rump constricted by her new magenta Western pants and poutingly pressing for freedom. She wears heavy Indian jewelry and the stunned, goofy look of imminent divorce. She is in the molting phase, resentful but cute, ready for fun and making with rotating eyes. There are lots of women. They are waiting and bored, waiting and anxious, waiting and numerous.

Perhaps she is even one of the ladies who follow the apocryphal tradition of dropping her wedding band into the Truckee River near the Washoe County Courthouse, but more likely, our friend in the lobby of the Mapes has pawned her slender gold band in order to increase her capital at the gaming tables. Reno visitors are idealists — and practical; people of action — and people who wait. They have come to Reno after much deep thought, quiet analysis and broken crockery. Now they busy themselves with making the most of their decision.

Helping them in this task is a permanent cadre composed of several types of specialized workers, including lawyers, gamblers and a local brand of cowboy who is not often home, home on the range. There are other classical Reno types, including the obedient judges (trained to say "Granted" without hesitation), landladies and ranch proprietors (trained to bear witness to the continuous residence of the plaintiffs in divorce actions), laborers all in the vineyard of marital afterthought.

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Reno, "The Biggest Little City in the World," has constituted itself the Great American Divide — a man from his money, a wife from her husband. Lady Luck and Legal Liberty. There is also sex. In Reno, this is slightly more complicated than buying a drink in a saloon, but if you wait about five minutes, and smile, or scowl, or do something, *anything*, someone will surely come along.

A few years ago, they closed the Stockade, Reno's alley of legalized prostitution, but that was not a very lively place anyway. It was guarded by a policeman and the girls behaved as dully as minor bureaucrats. You transacted your business without shilly-shallying and then skedaddled, making room for the next in line — a little like getting a haircut or paying a parking ticket. Other towns in Nevada still exercise

local option on the matter of commercial sackplay, and in Reno many fine citizens fought the passing of the Stockade. They felt that this was a step away from the right to free assembly guaranteed by the Constitution. It also put their innercent dotters in terrible danger from desert rats and those crazed tourists from San Francisco and the East. It abolished a reliable money-making and tax-paying business. But what with a steady influx of divorce-seekers, plus the legion of cooperative ladies who patrol the lobbies of the hotels, the passing of the old Stockade deprived only the most boorishly impatient and the most stubborn admirers of Nevada frontier tradition.

In all fairness to Reno's hospitality, it must be insisted that divorce, gambling, drinking and sex do not provide a complete summary of its services to the visitor. There is also marriage. Five times as many marriages as divorces are performed along the banks of the Truckee. Of course, these marriages have a tendency to return to Reno a few years later in the form of divorces; but still, the Park Wedding Chapel, festooned in neon ("Ring Bell for Service at Any Hour"), is the scene of a rapid marital drone and congratulation. The children of such marriages turn out to be complex creatures, often with curiously interrelated parents. ("My previous stepfather's brother was the uncle of my present stepfather's second wife. . .")

"We're not backward," declared one proud Reno cosmopolite, "we've got our Beat Generation, too, and it's doing a production of *Guys and Dolls*." The cast meets after rehearsals at *The in*, spelled with a lower-case (or hungry) "i," where a little group discusses Samuel Beckett and Sam Cooke; Kafka and Sinatra. Reno is perhaps the unhippest and zippiest town in all the fifty states. The women, clicked silly by the keno tabulator, puffy from grief and alcohol, play femme fatale in the gambling clubs, with shades jutting out over their sunglasses. This is the promisory land where the oppressed are liberated and the hopeful stream by on South Virginia Street. The chippies compete with the divorcettes in all the clubs, casinos and hotel lobbies.

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Our lady of the Mapes is called a divorcette in Reno. She is a prospective divorcee. She is still legally bound to a man hereinafter referred to as Defendant. Defendant has a job someplace and sends her money. She is a Permanent Resident, which is not to be confused with an Old Inhabitant. A Permanent Resident is someone in the final convulsions of marriage who plans to stay for six weeks and a day, and can prove it with witnesses. (Appropriately enough, Reno was named after a General Reno, killed in the Civil War back East, who never once set foot in Nevada. The founding fathers were looking for a convenient short name and drew the General's out of a Stetson. A practical, unsentimental people.)

Mrs. Permanent Resident may pass her six weeks weeping her eyes out, or she may spend her time in a patio discussing philosophy with other Permanent Residents ("Beneath that rough exterior, girls, beats the heart of a wife-beater"), or she may hit the slots or the tables or the bars, or she may shyly peek around for a cowboy or a fresh future Defendant. Itchily she seeks to revenge herself on the flunkout back home in Chicago or New York. She is the made-to-order prey for the opportunists, con men and brutal rancheros who hang around Reno. She blinks her eyes into cool desert space as they park the Hertz car off one of the roads winding into the vacant hills. Sliding across the seat, she murmurs, "Oh, Mr. What's-Your-Name, he was so mean to me." Bright desert stars wink above them.

"Call me Slim," says the wrangler, and takes a firm hold. A new groom sweeps clean.

The specialized Reno cowboy is a local representative of one of the most curious professions in contemporary America. He is known in all the great centers; his granddaddy, the gigolo, wore evening attire and a silken mustache; his unacknowledged ancestor was the simpering Greek Ganymede. Now, in New York and other urban centers, he may occupy himself with tennis or modeling or claim to be an actor while he waits to be chosen by some joy-hunting, moneyed lady. In Reno he manifests himself as a dude cowboy, based on a ranch, watching the air terminal, scouting in the better bars and gambling clubs.

Slim is a subtle, part-male creature who probably has not wrangled a four-legged cow since Reno last housed a WCTU convention. He is a shill of love, faking high stakes of passion for a small profit, just as a gambling shill pretends to gamble in order to make the house look sharp and busy. A skinny chap in chaps and a duckass haircut, he keeps busy holding hands with the blue-haired, fifty-year-old lady in the TV room of the Holiday Motel; the Trap has gleaming white teeth and the Victim has a subscription to *The Wall Street Journal*; they will make beautiful moolah together, he hopes.

Like other professional dude cowhands, Slim dwells in a series of six-week liaisons, looking always for the Big Strike — the woman who will either take him home in order to goad Defendant or perhaps will move her bank account to sunny, tax-free Nevada. When he uses rodeo language, he is thinking of stock on the wobbly high heel. A "re-run" is a cow that has been tuckered out by much use, "generally easier to wrestle and tie." "Snuffy" describes stock that is wild, ready to go. A "twister" is himself — a cow twister, suffering from scaly elbows and nocturnal premonitions.

In sad fact, he is not a happy wrangler. He sits with his aging broad, his water-slicked hair growing low down his neck, his creased, tended tan, his bland, pleased, angry, hurt, princely, bored clasp of lips; he turns his ankle anxiously in its fancy-worked Western boot. It is costly after all, making out this way. Hard to give up joy in sex and work; it's hard to give up being human. "But what is man," his neurotic ankle seems to ask, quoting Scripture in its dismay of soul, "that thou art mindful of him?"

"Nothing doing," answers the silence between his ears, the creak of his leather.

Cool, professional, a freckled desert hipster, he is tired and wants to go to bed, but there is no mama to cradle him, only this rich bitch whose particular mattress needs he tries to predict as they watch the Jack Paar show together. Well, maybe he is neither man nor woman, but our bored buckaroo with his corseted prey is in business, and doing pretty well.

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There are fine hotels in Reno, the Riverside, the Mapes, and the usual glorious motels with swimming pools and round-the-clock boozing. There are also the guest "ranches" (a horse or two) or houses that cater to economical divorcettes. "Bonny Bode Inn — Divorcees Welcome," hints the newspaper advertisement; "Join the Happy Crowd at Harmony House," another chimes in winsomely; "Liberty Rooms — Free Coffee At Any Hour — Make Your Stay a Memorable One."

The proprietors of these permanent residences for permanent six-week residents also serve as cheer-mongers to the sad, introducers for the solitary, and witnesses in court to swear that the plaintiff was really there for six weeks. (Efforts to shorten the time of legal residence are met by the practical objection that Reno needs the money spent here in ransom after matrimonial jags; conversely, greedy ideas about lengthening the stay are met by prudent commercial warnings of the threat from sordid, rapid Alabama and immoral, speedy Mexico.)

Life in these guest houses generally follows a simple, healthful routine. The marital convalescents share place at table, space in the laundry room, and stories about the rat, jackal, hoot owl, dog, porcupine, hyena, or stercoricolous beetle in Washington, D.C., or San Francisco, Dallas, Bangor, or wherever. Nevada law in its majesty almost always agrees that the One Back Home is some

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attire **FORMAL APPROACH** to a *Playboy's Penthouse* pre-show briefing. PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner goes over last-minute details with Playmate–cover girl Joni Mattis and avant-garde folk singer–guitarist Peggy Lord, as he introduces a slick new sartorial slant to formal attire. Host Hefner's *Penthouse* garb comprises a Continental black-burgundy tropical worsted dinner jacket dashingly delineated by braided shawl collar and cuffs, with double-piped pockets; it exchanges compliments with tropical worsted trousers, by After Six, $110. Putting up a brave front 'twixt lapels is a minutely-tucked Dacron and cotton dress shirt, by Excello, $13. A black satin pleated cummerbund and tie wrap matters up regally, by After Six, $7.50.

"I never heard of a
come-as-you-are party for two,
but it sounds like fun."

Ribald Classic

A tale from "The Exempla" of Jacques de Vitry

A MAN OLD ENOUGH to know better took to wife a beautiful damsel of eighteen. He entertained fond hopes of reliving his youth, but the young wife soon relieved him of such illusions. She never welcomed him to bed. Indeed, she always turned her back to him and sighed, "Wrinkles and gray hair were not made for love." Nothing the poor fellow could say or do would kindle her affection or interest her in the pleasures of the marriage couch. The husband therefore was in despair and even contemplated suicide by means of poison.

One night as he lay beside her, despondent and frustrated, a dark and horrid figure appeared in the bedroom doorway. Both husband and wife recognized the man as a robber. They saw how large he was and shuddered at the dagger he held between his long white teeth. The thief said nothing, but only peered into the dark room to see if anyone was awake.

In the midst of his fear the husband was suddenly aware that his wife had turned to him, that her breast was tight against his chest, and that her arms were clasping his body madly to hers. She trembled violently and kept pressing closer and closer. At this the husband forgot all about the robber and his knife, and had from his lovely wife that for which he had been longing for many months. And the wife, for her part, made no objection, but hugged him all the harder and seemed to make him as welcome as he had hoped she might in his fondest dreams.

The robber, meanwhile, ransacked the house and carried off a large sack filled with the husband's gold.

When at last he departed, the wife sat up and said: "Why didn't you cry out for help and stop the thief? Do you realize that he got away with all your gold?"

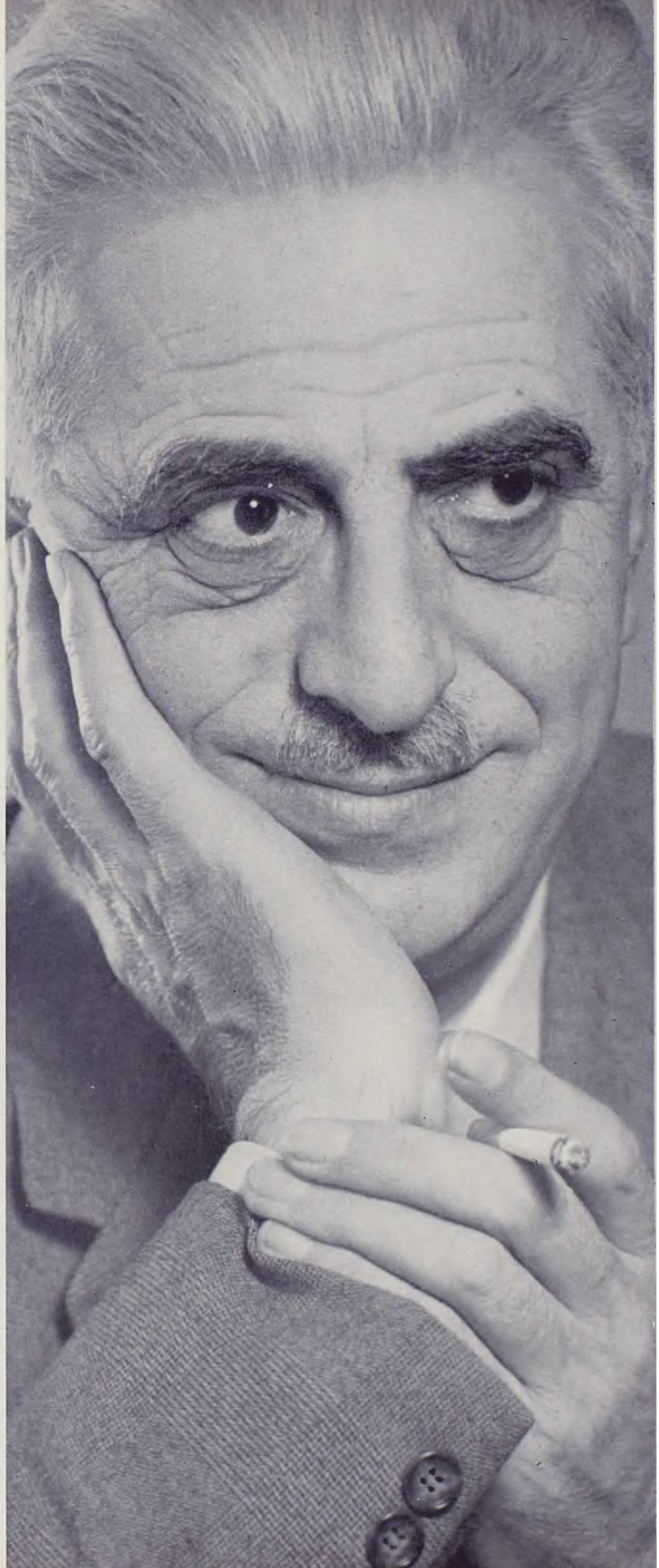
"With my gold, yes," said the happy husband, "but he gave me something far better to replace it."

And when he embraced her again, his wife agreed with him and no longer turned her back and sighed.

— Retold by J. A. Gato

THE ROBBER'S GIFT

ON THE SCENE



DR. GREGORY PINCUS: *a progestin a day keeps the stork away*

AFTER ALMOST A DECADE OF RESEARCH AND CLINICAL TESTING under the supervision of Dr. Gregory Pincus, the fifty-eight-year-old co-director of Massachusetts' Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology, a synthetic hormone named progestin has given every evidence of being the most efficient contraceptive ever devised. Among the 838 women volunteers who took the drug faithfully — by tablet for twenty days of the monthly cycle — there was exactly one pregnancy, later believed to have occurred before treatment began. In the thirteen months since it was placed on the market as a prescription birth control pill, these astonishing results have been further substantiated. To millions for whom children are economically, physically or psychologically inadvisable, the pill (trade names: Enovid, Norlutin) promises to become a connubial boon. Paradoxically, and beneficently, when medication is suspended, pregnancy occurs with phenomenal frequency — even among many women previously considered barren. To Dr. Pincus and his collaborators, these potent pellets represent the first really tangible step toward regulation of our proliferating population. Only time will tell whether the other dramatic methods of fertility control now under exploration — including one involving the suppression of male sperm production — will prove to be as wondrously efficacious as progestin. Meanwhile, for the modest premium of 17½ cents a pill, mankind seems to have found history's biggest insurance bargain — and its best hope yet for world-wide, month-long peace of mind.

DICK GREGORY: *a funny thing happened on the way to the lunch counter*

SLIM, CHAIN-SMOKING, TWENTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Dick Gregory is the first Negro stand-up comic to ever make it big in nightclubdom, yet early this year when he was signed for a three-week stint as one of a quartet of hip variety acts to open the new Penthouse room in The Playboy Club in Chicago, comedian Gregory was washing cars during the day to augment his salary and was seriously considering getting out of show business altogether. Three weeks after he opened, he was the hottest new comedian on the national scene. Dick Gregory at The Playboy Club proved to be the right man in the right place at the right time; the public, whether to ease a too-long-pent-up feeling of guilt or to affirm a new-found social conscience, was ready to accept fresh and often biting commentary on the problems of integration as seen from the other side of the fence ("Sitting in the back of a bus isn't all bad. Bus runs into something, you never hear about any of the people in the *back* being hurt." "I got to leave early tonight. It's my turn to go down to Georgia and sit-in at one of those restaurants. Oh, yeah, we take turns. I sat-in six months once at a Southern lunch counter. When they finally served me, they didn't have what I wanted." "My brother is so sure he isn't going to get waited on, he don't even take no money with him. Wouldn't it be funny if they finally up and served him? If they was ready and *he* wasn't?"). Gregory is often introduced as "the colored Mort Sahl," though he has neither the depth nor the consistency of Mort as yet, and he benignly greets his audience with, "In the Congo they call Sahl the white Dick Gregory"; he is also able to offer some choice Gregorian chants on color-less considerations ("I'm glad that Mr. Kennedy is in. I voted for him. And now that the Democrats is in the White House, I think they ought to repeal the Mann Act, and anything else that discourages travel in this country."). The Chicago press picked up on Gregory almost at once and *Time* devoted a full page to him; this was followed by three guest shots on Jack Paar's show in quick succession; The Playboy Club held him over for six weeks and signed him up for return engagements later this year and next. Then, to prove it was no fluke, Gregory played to SRO audiences at New York's Blue Angel and San Francisco's hungry i, now thanks audiences profusely for pushing him out of obscurity and "into the eyes of the Internal Revenue department."

marcianna

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ventional minds who think in terms of *two* names making a face I add a Ruskin to the Marcianna, and that's how come Marcianna Ruskin is in this room with you working up to a twenty-five-dollar trick that I can assure you in advance will be a treat, the greatest."

If she was needling me she was needling herself too.

"Tell me," I said, "are you really a countess?"

She gave me her choo-choo stare. "I didn't tell Farley that. I wasn't that drunk. He must have heard it from somebody."

"Well? Are you?"

Queenly: "That's for me to know and you to find out. You ask too many questions. Must be because you're a writer. I like writers, some of my best friends, you know, but cool it. Listen, writer, are we ordering the pizza or the pastrami sandwiches? I'm a little drunk because I've worked hard today with more damn tricks than I think I'll tell you about, all treats, every last mother of them, and I'm famished. Choo, choo."

I ordered the pastrami sandwiches, cheesecake for dessert. Over coffee she remembered the time in Ischia she had been with the Iranian ambassador who told her all about the Eastern religions and hipped her to a valuable book, Robert Graves' *The White Goddess*, that laid out the matriarchal principle behind all religions and poetries. So she was partial to writers, that was the point, because she was always learning things from them.

Now did I want her to take her clothes off? It was nice here, I was nice, she'd like it fine if she could stay all night, she was partial to writers and she'd heard from Farley Munters what a special writer I was, but, choo-choo, another appointment at eleven, might as well get to it, no? Certainly. Why not?

While I thought, mechanic, mime, whether she came with Farley's high endorsements or not, too programed, too thought out, like her speech, too damn much lip service, all this while she was dictating in my ear that it was special, everything, the least part of it the greatest—voice perfectly controlled, modulations impeccable, the too-active fine lips bringing forth the too-shaped words in too-even metronomic measures, outrageous lids going like the traditional sixty, blue butterflies of gray passion, all the choo-choos understood.

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Things eased along at the studio.

On Wednesday, as usual, I went over to the commissary a little after twelve to join my fellow toilers in the rhetoric vineyards. The writers' round table, positioned at the far end of this large and

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Only the sun


tans for real...and TANFASTIC speeds up t
NEW SUN SPECTAC


he sun!
TANFASTIC
CREAMY WHITE
WORLD'S FASTEST TAN!
ULARS — Sunglasses by Rolley of France, at fine stores everywhere.

busy oval room, was cut off from humanity's general run by a magic shimmer of inner-circle snobbishness that repelled the unliterary as insecticide repels insects.

Ivan Masso called the meeting to order.

"We have a busy agenda today, gentlemen, so I suggest we get on with it. First item of business: will Brother Rengs tender us a brief report on the progress of his various projects, that is, a progress report, a projects report?"

"Brother Chairman," I said, "because of certain spectacular developments in my work this week, certain major breakthroughs, I am asking the studio for *four* thousand dollars this payday, *four* thousand irreproachable dollars, and I believe the Writers Guild will support me in this. This situation is as follows. Though it is only Wednesday noon, that is, though there may be still further openings-up and flowerings-out this dynamic week, already I can report that B. Lytton-Bernard, D.Sc., D.O., of Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mejico, has found a crystalline alkaloid through the length and breadth of the papaya plant, in the fruit, in the stem, in the leaf and in the roots, which turns out to be natural carpaine, an excellent and therapeutic enzyme. Dr. Lytton, whom I prefer to think of as Dr. Bernard, feeds natural carpaine to coronary cases and patients suffering from brain strokes instead of the usual adrenalin and digitalis, feeds it to them in the form of papaya juice, in dried papaya leaf for chewing, which also provides a salutary roughage, and in a papaya herb tea or infusion, and he reports that he has not yet lost a patient, though he has no doubt misplaced a couple. The doctor also reports that an open wound tends to heal twice as fast when a piece of papaya skin is placed over it, which may mean that in the very near future Hollywood writers will be going around covered with papaya skins. This is what I have turned up to date and I believe it more than supports my claim to a double salary this week, namely, four thousand ineluctable dollars."

"The chair will make the proper recommendations to the bursary," Ivan Masso said. "The chair feels obliged, however, to point out to Brother Rengs one ancillary matter to his stimulating report on papaya. It has come to the chair's attention that certain meat tenderizers derived from papaya were recently fed to a group of rabbits and these rabbits developed a definite flabbiness in their erectile tissues. For example, their ears, normally perked to attention, began to flop and droop, and in general it was very difficult to get any rise at all out of the furry animals. The chair suggests to Brother Rengs that before he recommends a papaya diet to his fellow scriveners he ascertain whether there is not a danger of erectile degeneration, because, brothers, and the chair cannot stress this point too strongly, a writer with lagging erectile tissues is no writer at all, at least not an upstanding one."

A voice came over the commissary loudspeaker: "Gordon Rengs on the telephone, Gordon Rengs wanted on the telephone."

It was the first time since I'd been at the studio that I had been paged in this dramatic way.

"How much does it cost to get your name blasted out like that?" Jamie Beheen, another scrivener in our group, said. "Ten dollars per call? I think it's money well spent."

"I can get you twenty percent off for quantity," I said, not at all happy.

I got up and made my way through the crowded room to the phone near the entrance.

"Hello, Gordon. Marcianna."

Just that, and the pregnant pause.

I knew it was a far reach for the light touch, but I was shaken and I couldn't help saying, "How's tricks?"

"Treaty, very treaty. Listen, Gordon, what are you doing tonight? I've got some free time and I could drop around."

Directly across the room Cary Grant was busy talking to a striking Hindu girl in a sari, and that heightened my sense of unreality.

"Do I understand you properly, Marcianna? Are you adding yourself to my entourage of faithful admirers?"

"I told you, I like writers. Besides, I feel like talking. Nine-thirtyish?"

Nine-thirtyish, I guessed, would do.

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I had felt some kind of strain in her voice and I was not wrong. She was in a worked-up state from the minute she arrived; she paced and made quick gestures. This night she was wearing tight bold-patterned toreador pants and very high heels and she was, to put it conservatively, sensational, a gripping picture.

"I'm jumpy," she said, pacing. "I've been jumpy all day. It's about the furniture more than anything."

"What furniture?"

"Well, I've got all this furniture that I had shipped out from New York, it's in the Bekins storage place and they won't give it to me until I come up with two thousand dollars, and I have to pay a monthly storage charge besides. Naturally, having all that stuff right here but not being able to get it makes me nervous."

"I don't understand," I said. "Where did you get this collection of furniture?"

"Paris," she said vaguely, as though the question was an irrelevance. "I was sort of married to this fellow, you see,

"Desk? . . . Desk? . . . So who needs a desk?"

and we filled the house we had with wonderful pieces, all Empire. When I moved back to New York, naturally I had all this great stuff sent over. I busted up with this fellow, I forgot to say, and I took all the furniture, the house too, but I sold the house."

My eyes were wide with what I was sure was admiration. The reference to "this fellow" I thought was superb. I said, "Who was the man, the Count de Lesseps?"

"I *guess* he was a count," she said without interest. "Some said he took the name de Lesseps so people would think he was descended from somebody important, the man who built the Suez Canal or something."

"Or something" was close to superb too. I was finding out a good deal about her in high style.

"All right," I said, "let's forget the intermediate steps. They built the Suez Canal and now you've got all this Empire furniture at Bekins."

"It's this town! This cistern of a town!" she said suddenly, blazing. I saw now that she was as much drunk as not: her eyes were seething under the lids of blue, and the indignation level in her voice was way up. "I thought, an Errol Flynn was a hundred-dollar job, hundred for the evening, five hundred for the weekend, so why not come out to Hollywood where all the Errol Flynns are and get a taste of the big money. Only the Flynns, the ones who think big and spend big, are practically gone, and the few that're left, they can take their pick of a thousand working chicks, so you're lucky if you get one measly hundred-dollar trick a month and the rest of the time you're stuck with the ones who count pennies and never owned a yacht or chartered a plane for a weekend party in Acapulco, the twenty-five-dollar hotshots. How'm I going to get my furniture out of hock if I can't make any *real* loot, tell me? I shouldn't have come out to this cesspool of a town, this dungheap of a town, but the climate in New York wasn't good for mums and I thought she'd like it in a place where I could drive her around to the zoos and the mountains. Damn! Hell! I'm stuck, but good!"

This was the first I'd heard of any mums. It was also noteworthy that the exaggerated boarding-school precisions were gone from her voice and what she said came from the corner of the frozen mouth, flat, metallic, punchy.

"I'm sorry I'm not Errol Flynn," I said. "I'm sorry Farley Munters isn't Errol Flynn. You have my apologies for the absence of the grand manner in me and my colleagues. I know that the color of our money grows increasingly pallid."

I'd had a few drinks too, after my hours of exhaustive reading at the office. I was now one of the world's best-informed men on the subject of Dr. Lyt-

"Hey Joe, we've been swearing them in on 'Cooking Can Be Fun.'"

ton-Bernard and the natural carpaines.

"Oh, I'm not blaming you and Farley," she said with an undirected, cosmic disgust. "I'd a damn sight rather spend my time with men like you, you especially, but work comes first, then play. How do they expect me to keep my head above water when all I'm making is rent and food money? I've got *expenses*, I tell you! I've got to make a killing or it's no good! Damn! Damn it to hell!"

She was emphasizing her words by pounding a fist against the books in my bookcase. I was put out, but only a little, to note which volumes she had chosen for her unresistant sparring partners: the shelf she was pummeling was reserved for my own publications.

"What was the reference to your mother?" I said cautiously.

She never heard the question. She had stopped attacking the books wholesale and was running her index finger up and down the spine of one, delicately, almost caressingly. When she turned to me her mouth was open and her eyes were stretched wide with wide queries.

"What?" she said. "You? No. *You* wrote this?"

"If it's got my name on it I think you can safely say I wrote it. Which one are you pointing at?"

"*Messages, Hints*? You wrote this wild thing?"

I *had* written it, and I suppose it *was* wild, and people had managed to avoid reading it in droves, but it remained a thing I had a special fondness for, perhaps somewhat in the way the mother of a large brood has a particular soft spot for the spindly-legged and pumpkin-headed offspring who has shown no signs of being able to make his way in this rough world.

"That was my second novel," I said. "It sold exactly seventeen hundred copies, I think mostly to dope peddlers."

"My God, this is unbelievable," she breathed. "I put this book right up there with Tow-mas Mann and Robert Graves." It was a minority opinion, but I was not prepared to dispute it. "I've read it from cover to cover a dozen times, I've *learned* from this book, it's changed my whole life, but until this minute I never stopped to make sure who the author was. Gordon Rengs. You made this beautiful and wonderful thing."

"I didn't mean to make any trouble. I was just trying to pass the time." *You* try not to speak inanities when somebody says nice things, much too extravagant things, about one of your books, or even about the shape of your nose or the sculpting of your earlobe. Even a Marcianna.

She looked at me for a long moment in what I supposed was bemused awe. Then she came across the room, sat down on the sofa alongside me, reached for my head with both hands and planted the softest of kisses on my fore-

head in a kind of chaste benediction.

You receive the murmurous blessings of a staggeringly-built lady, for work well done, without blushing. Even of a Marcianna.

"I consider that my twenty hunched years at the typewriter are now justified," I said, not snidely.

She paid no attention to my words. Something else was on her mind. She reached for her carryall, groped around in it, and pulled out a crumpled check.

"You listen to me, Gordon Rengs," she said seriously. "Listen good. This is the twenty-five-dollar check you gave me the other night for services rendered. You never gave me this check, you understand? No moneys ever passed from your hand to mine." With deliberate twists she tore the paper into small squares and let them fall to the ashtray. "There were no transactions of any kind between us. We never balled or even met before this minute, we're just now meeting, right now we're saying the how-dos. You've written a wonderful, singing book and I'm happy and proud to meet the author of those words and want to be your friend. How do, Mr. Gordon Rengs."

"Hello," I said. "I'm pleased to meet you." Then it occurred to me that I couldn't call her Marcianna Ruskin any more. "But I don't know what to call you. For God's sake, what's your real name?"

"Well," she said, "Comtesse Maria de Lesseps is quite a mouthful for most Americans, and titles are un-American anyhow, besides, I'm not with that fellow any more so there's no reason to keep the original name. I kind of Americanized it. You can call me Mary Dell Lessons."

"I can't call you any such thing. You've got to tell me the name you were born with or I won't believe you're my friend."

"All right, then." She took a deep breath. In a small, reined voice, but with a hint of defiance all the same, with a dare in it for me to make anything I wanted of this, she said: "Marcia Brown."

At this point, maybe because she felt stripped of her clothes, no, of more than her clothes, she was used to that, of her skin, of all her precious protective substances, her dramatic features came together, her azured lids clamped down tight, and she began to cry, her whole body shaking.

Then I heard an astounding story. It tore out of her in torrents of innermost, cherished lava.

"Gordie, I'm one-quarter Cherokee. I'm one-quarter goddamn Cherokee, you hear me? You go to Sioux City, where I was born, and you'll meet my grandfather on my mother's side, he's a full-blooded goddamn Cherokee. That's a bitch of a lot to fight against if you've got it in mind to better yourself, make something of yourself. My people were and are ignorant. Part of the time we lived on a reservation where there wasn't much schooling and what there was of it was bad, so I never got past the seventh grade. My mother, she's a good woman and I like my mums, do anything for her, but she's ignorant and she gets her words all twisted. I'm ashamed for her but she's a good soul, she really is. So Marcia Brown gets up off her pretty little keyster at age sixteen and marries this young fellow, this auto mechanic who talks about books a lot and figures on someday maybe owning his own garage. Only this was no kind of real marriage, I'm telling you. Amos didn't have the real ambition to make something of himself, he was all talk, to this day he's nothing but a goddamn factory hand in some goddamn bicycle factory out around Wichita. That was no kind of a marriage for hungry Marcia Brown off the drag-ass reservation and set on going places. I had no eyes for a life of washing diapers and counting pennies in two crowded rooms while this Amos read his drag-ass books and talked about the nice repair shop he was going to own someday. By this time Gloria was born and I had it set in my mind to make something of myself and her too. You understand what I'm telling you, Gordie?"

She wasn't talking about the inner meanings in Thomas Mann now, and the worked-at note of high culture was gone from her voice. Her tone was husked and rasping and she was going on sullenly, as though at a police line-up.

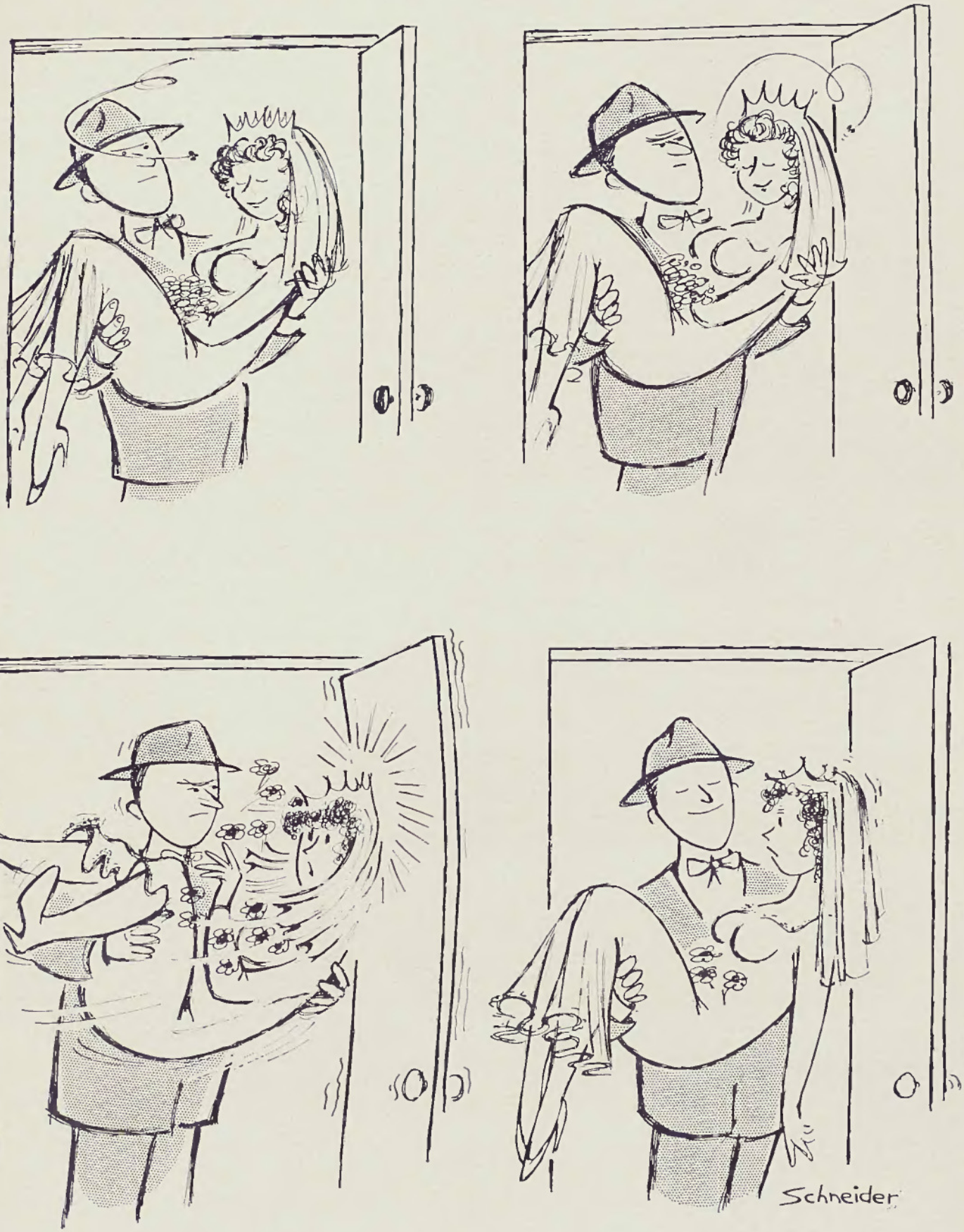
I said, "I understand, yes."

"So I took little Gloria and we traveled. I got married some more." Superb, nothing short of superb. "For a while I was married to this fellow in New York, he was a theatrical agent, he made out well and we lived in a ten-room apartment, we did a lot of entertaining, important people, I was one of the big hostesses in town. By this time mums was with me, the old man had passed away and she was down with arthritis, for years now she's been on crutches and I look out for her, I take her everywhere with me. The reason I didn't stay with this agent was, he was a coarse man, no appreciation of finer things, besides, he used to get a skinful and beat me up, it was bad for mums to hear and Gloria too. Then we knocked around Europe and other places for a while." Oh, superb. "Never mind the details. For a while I was with this count in Paris, he called himself a count. Don't get the wrong idea, I'm not a real professional hustling chick, I only do it now and then, in between steady men, it's a now and then thing and I wish to hell I could get out of it, get into some business, maybe set up in a little business of my own and quit the balling around for good, but how am I going to get free and settled until I make a killing and how can you make a killing in this rathole of a Hollywood with the Errols long gone? I don't know why I'm telling you all this, Gordie. I feel bad for mums, real bad, because she's not too good with words and when she uses words she's not sure of she gets them twisted, she says malnursed for malnourished and impovrich for impoverished, but it's not her fault, it's all in the bringing up. It's a long job of work to make something of yourself when you got to start from way back and it's uphill every inch. I've got my hands full, I'm telling you straight, Gordie. Now there's this drag-ass thing with Gloria."

She was crying in a more subdued way now, in little gasps and shudders, but her face was still in pieces under and around the active blue lids.

"What's the problem with Gloria?" I asked.

"It's, well, the bitch of it is she's had a too damn good education for her own goddamn good. See, wherever we were, I always sent her to the best private schools, wasn't anything too good for her, whether I had the loot for it or had to scrape and scuffle. For a long time in New York she went to the Ethical Culture School, then to another high-rated place called Walden, and in these fancy progressive schools she rubbed elbows with all kinds, Negroes, Jews, Chinese, all the races and colors. Only thing of it was, all the kids she was friends with, Jews, Negroes, all of them, they were of all different kinds but they had this one thing in common, they were all from the moneyed class, they stank from money. So Gloria comes out of this fancy education without any of the snob feelings about other races and religions but she's got a big snob thing about money, she's only used to associating with kids who've got nothing but loot and she feels uneasy and unhappy around ordinary kids from ordinary families. Well. Now that we're settled more or less in this zero town, this nowhere Hollywood, why, I've got her enrolled over to the Hollywood High, you see, since we're living down the way just east of Doheny Drive and therefore this side of Beverly Hills we're under the jurisdiction of Hollywood, West Hollywood. Well, lately Gloria's been staying home from school and just moping around the house, and when I finally pinned her down as to the reasons she told me, moms, she said, I can't go to that school, the kids there are too rough and go around in gangs and do wild and bad things, I don't understand these kids, they're not my kind. What she's saying, only not in so many words, is, these are poor kids, ordinary kids, and what she really wants, what she's got her heart set on, is shifting over to the *Beverly Hills* High because over there in Beverly *all* the kids


Schneider

are rich and she'd be going to school with the classy rich like she's used to. Only where in the hell, where in the dear God's name, is her moms going to get the loot to set up in a big fancy house in Beverly Hills with a heated swimming pool and all, me not being able even to get my goddamn furniture out of hock? You know what kind of an overhead I got right now, what my month by month nut is, and the furniture still tied up in the warehouse? My God, I made something out of that kid, all right, what I made out of her is a kid with her head full of rich-kid ideas, only her moms is flat busted and if I'm going to make her happy and surround her with the rich kids she's used to what's that going to make out of *me*, what's she want me to do, peddle myself around the clock and eight days a week? I want to be a good mother but they got to let me breathe, Gordie. They got to back off and ease up the pressures so I can catch my breath. They're pushing me too hard, Gordie, too damn hard. I've got nowhere to turn and I don't have the stamina to stick on the ratrace too many more years. Now do you see? I got problems, I wasn't putting you on, I got real, head-breaking, eye-bugging problems and I don't know which way to turn, I genuinely, for sure don't know. How'm I going to get out of this one, Mr. Writer? How do I goddamn breathe again?"

She looked up at me, smiled suddenly, though with some wanness, through her tears, and said, "Choo, choo, writer man, you don't have to give me any answers."

"Choo, choo, Marcia Brown," I said, not feeling up to the effort to smile, "you can have all the answers I've got. Only I'm low on answers today."

I have been worrying at the question of what tears mean for some twenty years and I can sum up my thinking in these words: tears are invariably the seepages of self-pity. When they are tears for yourself they are meant to say nakedly, without window dressing, look at the raw deal they give me, just look; and when they are tears for somebody else's plight they are really saying, under the guise of sympathy for another, if you look closely you'll see that I get a rawer deal than he does, if he's bad off I'm worse off. For that reason I am generally impatient with tears, including my own. But I felt a surge of sympathy for Marcia Brown. Nobody I knew or had heard of lately was being pushed around in this total, unremitting way. It didn't make any difference, at this moment, that the final source of all the shoving was herself, that she had been asking for it from age sixteen with her hunger for Empire furniture and well-bred diction and some sort of glory-road Culture that never existed in this world and shouldn't, her infernal itch to transform ordinary Marcia Brown into a high-style Comtesse Maria de Lesseps or Mary Dell Lessons, her inability to see that the only thing that could eventuate from such a drive toward total metamorphosis was a Marcianna Ruskin who couldn't make it, burdened with a rosy-cheeked Gloria who *had* to. The point was that she was now *in* this bind, and there was no way out, and that was the only point I cared to see. There are traps too damned irreversible for analysis.

"I'll tell you what's really bugging me," she said. "In a few days Gloria's having her Sweet Sixteen party and I know the one present she wants from me, the news that we're moving across Doheny into Richbitchville and all the swimming-pool glamor. And I know that the only present I can give her on this birthday of birthdays is to let her know once and for all that she's not a rich kid and can't live like a rich kid, and I know it's going to break her heart. Sweet Sixteen. A kid's crossing that big once-in-a-lifetime threshold and they hit her over the head."

"It won't break her for good," I said without too much force. "Some kids probably graduate from Hollywood High without being scarred for life."

"Be that as it may," she said, brightening a bit, "I can't give her what she wants, I can't, but there's somebody I *can* give something to, all I've got, you. You're a marvelous writer who teaches people things, you taught me a lot, even if you can't teach me what to do with my rich-kid daughter, and I want to give a whole lot back to you, right now, this minute, and keep your checkbook in your pocket. I feel better just talking to you and now I want to make you feel better, feel wonderful, I'm going to give you all the presents."

"Marcia Brown," I said almost heartily, "for two decades and more I've been hearing about the magic of the written word, the magic of literature, and never experienced it myself — to me it was just hard work. Now for the first time I see there can be an abracadabra in my words and that's a big present you've made me, you've given me plenty."

But she wanted to give me more and more. She thought my book was a once-in-a-century thing.

She still had the eroticism of a mechano set but this time it was with special vocal effects, she was whispering little carefully ardent things to me in French that I could not decipher, though my French was passable. (I've passed it many times.) Glottal colloquialisms of endearment, the language of the Seine-side housewife or the Pigalle whore? Learned from whom, the esteemed Comte de Lesseps? Errol Flynn? The skiing fool of an Iranian ambassador? No, No, that wasn't the skier. The skier was the

chap from the British Atomic Energy thing.

She wanted to know, was it good, she desired everything for me, good?

Treat of treats, ma petite, cherie, chère gosse, mon amour.

My checkbook stayed in my pocket.

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I didn't see her for a week after that but she called me every day, sometimes two or three times a day. First she was busy, running her fool head off, with the arrangements for Gloria's Sweet Sixteen party. Then her time was taken up with an unidentified girlfriend who had had enough of this outhouse of a town and was getting her T-bird overhauled so she could drive cross-country back to New York where she was going into a fancy house and make some real, substantial, regular, easy-come loot. The friend was after Marcia to go with her and get her hands on some real gold again. Marcia didn't know. She was debating with herself. She'd give it more thought after Gloria's Sweet Sixteen party. It was a possibility.

Then on a Thursday morning, eight days after I'd last seen her, she called me at the studio. There was a note of iron in her voice.

"Gloria had her party yesterday," she said.

"How'd it go?"

"Great. She's the happiest girl in town."

"What? You did it? You promised her Beverly Hills and the pools and the year-round heated moon made of imported gourmet gruyère?"

"I *had* to do it, Gordie. I looked into her eyes and I couldn't tell her no, I *couldn't*. So the plan is, we're going to get a real nice house in Beverly, I'll get my furniture out of the warehouse and fix the place up real classy and she'll enroll in Beverly High and be able to have her friends over. As soon as I get back from New York, that is."

"You're going with your friend. In the T-bird." I said it as though reading stock-market quotations out loud.

"I've got to do it. There's no other way around this one. It won't be too bad, Gordie. Auntie Maud is supposed to be solid and give her girls a fair shake."

"You haven't told me about any Auntie Maud," I said helplessly.

"Didn't I mention her to you? She's this great white-haired old dame, she's about eighty, who has this fancy fifteen-room penthouse on the East Side, it's a hundred-dollar house and Maud splits the take fifty-fifty with her girls. You can imagine that when you're one of the girls in this established place and the johns parade in all day and evening long, why, there's quite a few tricks in any given day and a girl can make maybe five, six, seven hundred by midnight. Maud's supposed to be a square shooter. The johns like her, they sit and play chess with her."

"I don't care who plays chess with her!" I exploded, without being quite sure why or even whether I had any right to. Immediately I realized there was nothing to do but trail off, and I did: "You apparently didn't read *Messages, Hints* as carefully as you said you did. If there's one lesson to be learned from that book, from any of my books, it's that not all young girls have to go to Beverly Hills High and have pools. All my life I've been writing about one thing, one thing only, namely, that the secondary school system is just about the same in all the towns, in all the Bangkoks."

"I know what you're saying, Gordie. Be angry if you want to. This has got to be done and I'm going to do it. Listen, I'd like to see you. My friend and I are starting out at sundown, we're all packed and everything, so today's my last chance to say goodbye. It would be real kicky if you could meet me somewhere for lunch or something?"

As it happened, this was the first day in weeks that I had some genuine work to do: my producer had asked for some revisions in the early part of my scenario and I was trying to get them done before quitting time. I explained that my lunch period was limited and suggested the only thing I could suggest, that she come out to the studio for lunch. She agreed. Twelve-thirtyish.

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When we entered the commissary I did my best to curve around the writers' corner to a smaller, more private table, but it was a lost cause. Marcia was wearing a flaming orange sheath cunningly designed to duplicate each last contour of her skin and my sharp-eyed colleagues were not going to let us slip past: to a man they stood up and smiled at me their determination to be introduced. I ticked their names off one by one, Jamie Beheen, Ivan Masso, the others, but when I began to say to them, "I'd like you to meet," not knowing exactly how I would finish the sentence, Marcia cut in calmly, saying, "Mary Lessons, Mary Dell Lessons, nice to meet you." They insisted we sit down, they wouldn't think of our sneaking off to another table. We sat down.

It was simply incredible, the subject they had chosen for their meandering forum that talky noon. It was one of the catastrophes of the century.

"Miss Lessons," Jamie said without preliminaries, "I think I ought to explain what our procedure is here. We are writers, wielders of the mighty pen that has largely, in this part of the world, supplanted the sword, and as such we devote our noon hours to giving each other works-progress reports and engaging in a general cultural communion. For example, Gordon here fills us in

from time to time on his current researches into the beneficial enzymes of the papaya fruit, and our cultural horizons are widened. Today we have been exchanging notes on the various books and plays we have lately been exposed to, and our topic is, Resolved, that, just as she is portrayed in all the novels and plays of our time, the whore is our outstanding Lady Bountiful, a wakan rather than a witch, wakan, for your information, being the impersonal power which, according to the Sioux religion, makes the world real and palatable; in other words, that the lady of easy and price-tagged availability is a hot cornucopia rather than a Pandora's box, and that as such she is to be elevated to the highest pedestal and worshiped, as in the plays and novels of our time. Am I making myself clear?"

Marcia was taking it in beautiful stride. "As I understand it," she said coolly, "according to the *Cherokees* a whore is, when you come right down to it, a whore, and the difference between a ten-dollar whore and a twenty-five-dollar whore is exactly fifteen dollars. Of course, there are all kinds of religions."

"There are," Jamie said with full approval, "and I believe in all of them. Now I think that the chair, and I don't feel that I am being unduly egocentric when I identify myself as the chair, though a surprising amount of the time I feel rather more like a sofa, the chair, I say, will now throw the floor gapingly open for discussion. Does anyone wish the gaping floor? Mr. Rengs?"

"South Dakota abstains," I said. I was very careful not to look at Marcia.

"I would like to say a few chosen and perhaps even well-chosen words, Mr. Chairman," one of the other writers said. "I have just come back from New York where I saw *The World of Suzie Wong*, and on the basis of the evidence presented in that play I see no alternative but to agree that the whores of all nations are unfailingly kind, warm, giving, witty, and infinitely worth having, womankind in handy concentrated form, Instant Woman."

"I am just now reading Alberto Moravia's *Woman of Rome*," somebody else said, "and I must report that if his Elena is everything Moravia says she is her name should be Pallas Athena. She is a flower in full bloom. She does not simply give, she hurls herself. Passion, it would seem, is not crushed by the cash nexus, it is liberated for the first time and allowed to come into its own. The place to look for a good and fulfilling woman, I have learned from Brother Moravia, is not in the classrooms of Vassar and Bryn Mawr but in the fleshpots and pleasure houses of the filthiest slums of Rome, where women don't merely give, in the sense of a token donation to charity, they geyser out, in the sense of your getting full value for your money. Whores, in short, are the most precious commodities on the market, and if department stores ever decide to carry a line of these articles I think I would like a job with one of them as comparison shopper."

"Mr. Chairman," Ivan Masso put in, "I would like at this time to make mention of Henry Miller's paeon to the French streetwalker entitled *Claude*. I believe it is worth noting that in this curbstone Aphrodite Brother Miller has located the fountainhead of all the womanly virtues, the furnaces from which waft all the warming human heats. I will make a confession. I have never married and the reason is that I could not find my own, my one and true Claude according to the Miller rulebook, though I wore out several pairs of stout English shoes hiking down the bylanes of Paris in the hope of falling into her cherished footsteps. I can only conclude that Brother Miller's incomparable Claude passed away, leaving no daughters and heirs to ply the family trade, and this is what is happening to all the traditional handicrafts in our mechanized time . . ."

It went on and on. This time I did not find it funny. I watched Marcia's composed sober face with its extravagantly decorated eyes and I thought, when will that great day come when there will be a natural carpaine in some papaya leaf that Dr. Lytton-Bernard can apply to *her* wounds, her open wound of a mother on crutches and full of malapropisms, her open wound of the reservation Cherokee in her hidden but not quite quarter, her open wound of needing two thousand irreducible dollars to liberate her needed period furniture, her open wound of being the parentheses around the whole fat subject to any number of johns in any number of Bangkoks when all she really wanted to do was bone up on the symbolism in Thomas Mann and practice the lotus position some more, the open wound of having wanted to make something of herself so fiercely that she now was wagged from hellfire to straitjacket by a sixteen-year-old who believed *she* was made for *everything*, the open wound of being designed as an Errol Flynn plaything in a world from which the Errols had vanished?

"Might I have the floor?"

It was Marcia, her voice controlled, even, but sharp.

"The chair deems it a privilege to recognize Miss Lessons," Jamie said in a most gracious way.

"I've read Moravia's *Woman of Rome* and I've read Richard Mason's *Suzie Wong* and I've read Miller's *Claude*, too," Marcia said slowly. "I've read a couple other things on the subject as well, for example, all the case histories

of whores in the recent psychoanalytic literature. Most of all, I've read Emile Zola's *Nana*, which is the only true thing ever written about whores and gives the straight goods on them seventy-five years before a couple of psychoanalysts set out to get a few facts. Now, let me tell you something. Zola was right, and Moravia and Mason and Miller are wrong, wrong as hell, totally, abysmally wrong. You all may sit around here thinking you're just kidding this thing but the fact is, you're all pretty much in agreement with these nowhere myth-makers' novels and books and they're full of dirty lies, myths. Let *me* tell *you* what a whore is, according to Zola and according to me."

They were all sitting up straight and staring at her. Something was creeping into her voice, some knifing, smoking thing, that was not at all in keeping with the light tone of their luncheon game. And her face was set, fires were gathering in her eyes.

"A whore," she ground out, "as any man knows who can tell the difference between blue diamonds and cheap paste, is lazy, sloppy, slow-witted, ice to the fingertips, full of vicious thoughts about men that she never mentions except to the other working chicks, capable of nothing but contempt for the johns who are so stupid as to pay her for nothing but well-learned gestures, a clod, a sloth, an IBM adding machine, a stinking, reeking mess under her sleazy perfumes and powders. A whore is, if you want to know, a lesbian through and through, and that's absolutely all she is. As the psychoanalysts are slowly beginning to find out. As Zola knew and had the courage to say a long time ago. As *I* know." Her eyes were hard on me, and unblinking. "As *you* would know, and Miller and Mason and Moravia, too, if any of you took the trouble to see the difference between a lousy performance and a true reaction. Whores make big sounds and give a lot of two-bit literature to the world, words, and get good dollars in return, because their johns, and their pimps, too, are too soft in the head to know how they're getting short-changed emotionally. At least you writers ought to learn how to tell good literature from bad. Whores can't produce anything but bad literature because they're even too damn lazy to make up their own words, they borrow all their words from cheap, two-bit novels, which I hope none of you ever wrote, *that* you can leave to the Masons and Moravias."

Well, she had style. She had depth.

Across the room Cary Grant was engaged in earnest conversation with a beautiful Negress in a Seventeenth Century nun's habit.

"Whores!" she said. "What are they? I'll tell you, they're the only contraption on the market that the buyers will pay a hell of a lot more money for because they won't work, they're incapable of doing their assigned job. Give? Whores give? Don't make me laugh! How can they give to a man when they don't even know what a man is? They see men only two ways, as things to fool and get money from, as things to fall down in front of and give money *to*, men who give money and men who take money, johns and pimps, the two kinds of men a whore needs, both of them together, to keep the money circulating, and those're the only needs she ever felt in her scrawny little pesthole of a soul!" I looked away from her shouting eyes to frown at my coffee cup. "Whores are cesspools, vacuums, behind their vacant eyes they're im, im, impovrich ——"

Her eyes were still on me, wide now and stricken.

"I know exactly what you're saying," I said hurriedly, to fill the agonized pause, "and I agree with you, Mary, I agree one-hundred-percent . . ."

"Im-pov-er-*ished*," she said slowly and deliberately. Her face relaxed. "Choo, choo, it's getting late, must go. Gentlemen, it's been a pleasure."

As she started to get up Jamie Beheen rose too and said, "No, really, must you, Miss Lessons? You're a remarkably well-read young woman. I was going to drop over to the set of *The Spark and the Flame* and I thought you might be interested in seeing them shoot some scenes. If you'd like, I can introduce you to Tony Reach, he's playing the lead, he's partial to well-read girls . . ."

"Ordinarily I'd take you up on that, Mr. Beheen," she said, all grace, "but I'm leaving for New York this afternoon. On business. Must run. Choo, choo."

As we walked toward the parking lot she linked her arm with mine and leaned very close to say, "You made a lasting thing in *Messages, Hints*. Work hard. Make more good things."

I felt proud, I felt positively proud, though she was getting into the T-bird and riding off to the Auntie Mauds who played chess.

When we got to her car I put my lips to her cheek and said, "You were magnificent in there. You're the best-read girl I know. Goodbye, Marcia Brown. Make the best literature you can, do those Cherokee ancestors proud."

She pressed my arm warmly, climbed into the car, lifted her dramatic face to me with the sky-blue lids going and the areas just beneath them shining wet; she drove off, waving.

For all I know she may be waving yet, as Bangkok after Bangkok dances by.

"I'm just taking Miss Conlin's place. She's having a baby."

GRAND PRIX *(continued from page 56)*

except for a few modern buildings slicing their razor-backed way up among the palaces today.

The circuit itself is identical to that used for the first event. Hay bales are used in place of sandbags (it was said that most of Monaco's small beach was stacked about the course during that premier running), and the little electric streetcars are gone, but no other significant aspect of the course has changed.

According to the motoring journalist Gordon Wilkins, who attended the first Grand Prix de Monaco: "The noise was deafening as the starter dropped his yellow flag and sixteen engines, all supercharged, screamed to peak revs. Fifteen cars tore away, De Rovin struggling on the grid with his 1½-liter Delage. [The] start was behind the pits . . . and four Bugattis hurtled into the Sainte-Dévôte turn in a tight bunch and screamed up the hill to the Casino, followed by a howling white Mercedes. Lehoux, 'Philippe' and Etancelin (in tweed cap, back to front) were driving two-liters and Davergne a 2.3, while Caracciola was at the wheel of the Mercedes. But as they emerged from the tunnel, it was 'Williams,' a British driver resident in France, who led, on a green-painted Bugatti. As they hurtled down into a vicious S-bend leading to the harbor's edge, there came the first of many crashes at that point. Lehoux went broadside, broke three of the beautiful cast alloy wheels of his Bugatti, walked to the pits and calmly walked back against the stream of racing cars trundling three new wheels . . ."

"Williams" went on to win the first G.P. of Monaco, at an average speed of 50.23 mph. Sentiment ran high that year. The race was hailed as the most spectacular of all time, and the stands were crowded to capacity for the second event. It was won, and fiercely won, by René Dreyfus, today the gentle proprietor of one of New York's finest restaurants, Le Chanteclair. 1931 was the year of the Monégasque Louis Chiron, still one of racing's best-loved figures, who ran away from the field in a twin-camshaft Type 57 Bugatti. By 1932 the tramlines had been taken up, and faster lap times were possible. Chiron crashed badly in that year's event, which was won by the legendary Tazio Nuvolari, aboard a scarlet 2.3-liter Alfa-Romeo. Now the average had risen to 55.81 mph, and everyone thought that was close to the limit. But in 1933, after a vicious dog-fight with Nuvolari, Achille Varzi came in the victor at 57.04.

Through 1937, and the temporary end of international motor sport, Monte Carlo was the scene of auto racing's most dramatic moments. Veterans still reminisce about the time Nuvolari tried to win even though his car was on fire, about the invasion of the great and all-conquering Mercedes and Auto-Union teams, the thrusting attacks of Robert Benoist (whose heroism during the Resistance caused him to be hunted down and tortured to death by the Nazis), the hammer-and-tongs scrap between Caracciola and von Brauchitsch, who were members of the same team and had no business fighting but couldn't help it, the terrible multiple crashes, the surprise victories, the overwhelming defeats.

It was great then, and the greatness did not fade. After the storm, eleven years later, the streets of Monte Carlo echoed again to the thunder of racing exhausts. The 1948 event was taken by Giuseppe Farina, a doctor (and nephew of designer Pinin Farina) who was to become a world champion. The race lapsed in 1949, but was revived in 1950. Everyone looked forward to a fine Alfa-Romeo–Ferrari duel, but it was not to be. At the corner of the harbor, by the little tobacconist's shop, Farina slid on a wet patch; his Alfa caromed off the stonework and crashed into Gonzalez' Maserati. Within seconds the road was choked with spinning machines, none of which emerged unscathed. Miraculously, Fangio got through the mess and won the G.P. at a record 61.33 mph.

The 1952 race was a sports car event. Though exciting, it didn't seem to be the real thing, and interest flagged. The speed festival was called off until 1955, at which time it was revived in all its old greatness. That was the year of the Mercedes comeback, and people expected the silver cars to walk off with everything. But Monaco has always defied racing tradition. Its winding streets took the heart out of the German machines and gave the crown to an affable wine-grower named Trintignant, aboard the supposedly obsolete Ferrari. The great Alberto Ascari came close to winning, but a moment's inattention hurled him and his Lancia off the road, through the hay bales and into the Mediterranean. It was a spectacular accident, the worst anyone had ever seen, but Italy's champion emerged without a scratch. (Four days later, at Monza, he was road testing a friend's Ferrari. Coming around a turn just a shade too fast, he left the road, rolled over slowly and died.)

Stirling Moss, the perpetual bridesmaid, came into his own in 1956, snatching victory from the late Peter Collins. 1957 saw another sensational pile-up, as Moss, Mike Hawthorn and Collins all crashed at the harbor chicane. Fangio again threaded his way through the debris, with contemptuous ease, and took the checkered flag. Then, in 1958, Trintignant won for the second time at the wheel of a newcomer to Formula I ranks: a Cooper-Climax. John Cooper, of Surbiton, England, had made a considerable name for himself in the manufacture of Formula III (500 cc) machinery, but few gave his absurd, spindly little car any chance at all in full-blooded G.P. competition. When a Cooper won again in 1959, with the Australian dirt-track driver Jack Brabham at the wheel, Cooper's creation changed the face and heart of Grand Prix machines forevermore. From the beginning they had been great bellowing metal beasts, rubber-shod brutes that were not so much driven as ridden. It took strength, endurance and courage to master them. Then came the Cooper, looking like nothing so much as a kiddy-car alongside its elders. But the kiddy-car, with its rear-mounted 2½-liter Coventry-Climax engine (originally designed to power a fire pump), went faster than any other competition machine, and since 1959 all the manufacturers have followed John Cooper's example. Now the fire-breathing monsters are gone.

The last of them, a Ferrari, was seen during the 1960 Grand Prix de Monaco, and a fine farewell appearance it was. Phil Hill was the driver. He sat up straight and proud in the cockpit and thrashed the clumsy giant through the streets as though it hadn't seen its day. But it had. Even though the Ferrari finished third, it was clearly something out of another time, an antique, admirable in its gallant refusal to give up, but also a bit pathetic. In the midst of the nimble, darting, flicking little Coopers and Lotuses and BRMs, it was like an old owl among chicken hawks.

1960 also ushered out the 2½-liter formula. From now on G.P. cars must limit their engine capacity to 1500 cc, which means even smaller, lighter machines. The FIA, international governing body which makes all the major decisions in autosport, is seeking by this change to curb speeds, but they are not taking into consideration the engineering genius of such men as Cooper, Enzo Ferrari and Colin Chapman. These three, along with practically everyone else in the game, fought the move for a while, but then accepted it — as a challenge. And reports indicate that the new cars are faster than ever.

The 1961 race promises to be one of the greatest in the history of the event, but it will have to go some to better 1960. The swan-song nature of last year's spectacle was only a bonus; the Grand Prix itself was classic.

• • •

We flew to Nice a week before the race. The nine-mile drive to Monte Carlo, most of it along the sea front, allowed just enough time for anticipation to reach a peak. In the little gasoline stations along the way there were Citroëns and Renaults and Panhards, as usual; but crouched in the shadows were

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several of the sleek, sharklike Formula Junior cars that were to participate in Saturday's curtain raiser. The Juniors look very much like regular Formula I machines, only smaller, slower and a great deal less expensive. Count Giovanni Lurani dreamed them up originally as the answer to Italy's chronic driver shortage. In his concept, a single-seater utilizing the components of stock passenger sedans, such as Austin and Ford, would permit anyone with a bit of money to prepare for a career of professional race driving. And so it was, for a time. Then Cooper and Chapman got into the act, and Britain began to dominate. Soon Formula Junior Lotuses and Coopers were traveling at speeds only slightly below those attained by the all-out bombs, prices zoomed (you can pick up a little trainer for $5000) and once again Italy was stuck with its problem.

Monte Carlo was quiet when we arrived. But the air was electric, and if that sounds mysterious, try stepping off a plane into a Nassau night just before Speed Week, or going from Luxembourg into Germany for the running of the Nürburgring; you'll experience the same thing, a feeling of *something different*. The course was already carved out. The grandstands were erected. The fences were up. It gave the impression, somehow, of a city under siege.

For a few days we relaxed, wandering about the opulent Hôtel de Paris, one of the finest hotels in all of Europe, or girl-watching along the tiny stretch of beach. Bikinis were born in Monaco, and that country still seems to be one of the few places where they are completely at home. When we tired of this diversion, we visited the fabled Casino. Once it was the greatest gambling palace in the world, today it reminds one of a giant hollow tooth with very little gold left; yet, despite its efforts at modernization, its dreary slot-machines (all Las Vegas castoffs, painted a depressing gray), and its humble position in Monte Carlo's economy (accounting for less than four percent of the overall wealth), it remains an exciting and mysterious place. Standing in the Salon Privé, listening to the turn of the roulette wheels, the hop of the little white balls, the soft drone of the croupiers' voices, the murmur of winners and the decorous groan of losers, one travels back to another age; and suddenly the giant hall seems to be filled with the ghosts of ex-kings, maharajas, racketeers, soldiers of fortune, spies, pimps, film stars and crew-cut, sabre-scarred barons. For a few moments, anyway, one believes all the old legends: the young man who loses a fortune, dashes out to the garden and shoots himself, only to have his pockets stuffed with money by representatives of the management; the millionairess who finds herself temporarily short of funds, borrows a few thousand from you, and turns out not to have been a millionairess after all . . .

The city, as noted, was already excited when we arrived; a few days later it began to run a fever, for that was when the *aficionados* — or *tifosi* — moved in. Suddenly the quiet streets thundered to the high-revving engines of Ferraris and Maseratis and Aston Martins and Alfa-Romeos and Porsches and Austin-Healeys and Mercedes-Benzes. The murmur of French became mixed with the chop-and-slash of German, the calm, confident drone of British, the high song of Italian. The sidewalks were bright rivers overnight, flowing with the costumes of a dozen different countries. Then the Grand Prix circus itself arrived. The drivers, heroes or fools, all of them, all direct descendants of St. George and Baron von Richtofen, shy, bold men come from everywhere in the world to gamble their lives while others gambled their money; their mechanics and managers silent and worried; their women, beautiful as the dolls you can buy in the most expensive Paris shops; the whole bright anachronism, moving in, taking over.

The talk was of Stirling Moss, the finest and unluckiest driver in the world. He had put the race in his pocket the previous year, only to go out with mechanical bothers. Would he break the jinx this time? Would his Lotus hold together? Would he get a decent start toward the world championship he so richly deserved? And what about Lance Reventlow and his Scarabs? They were the first all-American Formula I cars Europe had seen since Jimmy Murphy's French G.P.-winning Duesenberg, in 1921. Would they put the U.S. back into the motor racing picture? Then there was the experimental rear-engine Ferrari to consider, and the new BRMs, one of them to be driven by the phenomenon from Riverside, California, young Dan Gurney . . .

The betting was on Jack Brabham to win. He was, after all, the champion of the world, and he'd got there by a remarkable series of fast, steady victories. He was not particularly liked; neither was he disliked; he was, to most, a colorless example of that new breed, the businessman driver. Those swaggering buccaneers Portago and Castelotti would have eclipsed Brabham anywhere, except on the track. There the Australian has always been in command, yielding only to Moss. Moss was faster, everyone knew, but there was that jinx of his, this time a complicated, non-standard gearbox designed by the Italian Colotti.

"It is the greatest gearbox in the world," says Ami Guichard, publisher of the estimable *Automobile Yearbook*. "Unfortunately, it does not work."

It worked well enough during the practice session. Moss' privately entered Lotus toured the course in the astounding time of one minute 36.3 seconds — an absolute record. No other driver matched that, but all came close. So close, in fact, that the sixteenth and last car on the starting grid was separated from Moss by a mere three seconds.

Qualifying runs are always exciting. During the actual race the drivers are using tactics. Some try Moss' system — "Assume the lead as quickly as possible and then improve your position" — while others attempt to emulate the great Fangio, who stated once that "the point of a motor race is to win at the slowest possible speed." Some charge from the start, some hang back and conserve their energies for the final laps, others simply watch and wait. Maurice Trintignant prefers the latter system and, though he attracts little attention, he wins plenty of races. Qualifying, however, is another matter. Because of the danger of multiple crashes, only sixteen cars are allowed to enter, these selected on the basis of recorded times. Therefore, one may be sure that each of the twenty-five or thirty drivers is going just as fast as he knows how, and there is nothing quite so exhilarating as the sight of a Formula I car traveling at peak capacity.

It was evident, in the first hour, that 1959's records were going to tumble; no one guessed, though, that in order to qualify at all, even for the last place on

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the grid, one would have to go faster than last year's *fastest* qualifying time. Yet it was so.

Few will ever forget the duel staged by the hopeful entrants in 1960. All the lambs, the cautious, careful watch-and-waiters, became ravening tigers, clawing for that extra tenth of a second that would get them into the race. Masten Gregory, one of America's most aggressive drivers, flailed his outdated Centro Sud Cooper-Maserati about the course in a manner that brought screams from the grandstands. He turned times that would have put him on the front row of any other race, in any other year. Yet he failed. Reventlow's Scarabs went around and around, both Lance and his chief driver Chuck Daigh extracting from the new machines every last ounce of speed. Their times were splendid, good enough for a fine starting spot in any race but this one. They failed. The Briton Brian Naylor made the field as the result of a terrifying lap in his home-built J.B.W.-Maserati, but he was out a few moments later as Alan Stacey covered the 1.97-mile course tenths of a second faster. Out went Naylor again, for another hair-raising lap. Then Stacey. No driver could ever be sure of his position, so all were going enough too fast to look like insane men. Only Moss seemed to be secure, but even he was standing ready. Toward the end of the session the greatest drama of the day occurred. Trintignant, like Gregory stuck with a relatively slow, year-old Cooper-Maserati, announced that he would make a last try. "Petoulet," as he is called, is a small man. He is a gentle man. As owner of a great and prosperous vineyard, he has no need to race except the need prompted by his enthusiasm for the sport. No one gave him any chance. He was getting along in years, after all, his reactions were slowing, his temperament was mellowing.

The middle-aged Frenchman had time for only two laps. As he roared away from the start-finish line, spectators began to drift off to their hotels or to the numerous cafés nearby. Those who remained saw one of the most incredible driving exhibitions ever witnessed, at Monaco or anywhere else. Trintignant was no longer recognizable as he drifted down the S-bend onto the harbor straight. Hunched forward in the cockpit, his head held high and rigid, his face a dark mask of concentration, he seemed no longer a man at all but a demon. The Cooper-Maserati slid within inches of an iron bollard the size of a small barrel, spasmed itself more-or-less straight and shrieked, twitching, toward the next bend. It disappeared in a blur of scarlet. The crowd was silent. You could hear the Maserati engine howling against the high-tiered buildings all around the course. Farther away, a distant buzz, rising and falling with the lightning gear-changes, then turning into a howl again, coming closer. This time the left rear tire kicked up a spray of straw as the Cooper-Maserati negotiated the S-bend. No one had ever seen such abandon, or such control. An extra fraction of an inch and the car would have cannoned through the hay bales and either smashed itself to pieces against a bollard or plunged into the sea.

The announcer, normally calm, shrieked with excitement. "Ladies and gentlemen! Ladies and gentlemen! He's done it! Qualifying is over and Trintignant is in the race!"

Nor was the race itself a disappointment. As we sat on the terrace of the Hôtel de Paris, sipping Cinzano, we joined in the classic pre-event speculation: Who would come through first in that hell-for-leather opening lap? Moss, surely. Or Brabham. But which? The city hushed. The engines were started, a sound of sixteen angry lions. The starter began to count down. Off beyond our vision, a flag was dropped. The loudspeakers exploded, a babel of French and English lost under the thunder of accelerating machines. The street before us was empty. There was that long, delicious, agonizing moment of suspense, then the ferocious sound of the cars as they rocketed up the hill and toward the hotel turn.

"Is it Moss?"

"Is it Brabham?"

Neither. The first car around, bellowing as it sank its fingernails into the cement, was a low-slung, dark-blue BRM, and the driver was Sweden's champion, Joakim Bonnier. Snapping at his heels was Jack Brabham, in a Cooper, and joined to Brabham was the Lotus of Stirling Moss. A few yards behind came the British dental surgeon Tony Brooks and the young ace whose career ended tragically a few weeks later at Spa-Francorchamps, Chris Bristow. Then the rest of the pack, snarling and pushing. Baron Wolfgang Berghe Graf von Trips, known to intimates as Taffy, or von Crash, provided momentary horror as his Ferrari burst into flames. Von Trips might have evacuated the machine, but chose instead a different method. He went so fast toward Beau Rivage that the downrush of air simply blew out the fire. He continued in ninth place.

Meanwhile, Bonnier was building his lead. The BRM had a reputation for unreliability, but while it kept together it was a formidable machine. To anyone unfamiliar with its history of burst engines and broken suspensions, it must have seemed unbeatable. And so it was, for a great many laps. Then Moss decided it was time to stop hanging about. He passed Brabham and took after Bonnier. At the ten-lap mark, the bearded Swede led by just 0.8 second.

As if this were not exciting enough, races within races were going on back in the field. Phil Hill was whipping his immense Ferrari past car after car, and was now preparing to bull by Brooks. Little Richie Ginther, of California, had a handful with his rear-engine prototype, but he was driving smoothly and the experimental Ferrari was ahead of several lighter, faster machines.

On lap seventeen Moss roared into the lead and began to pull away. Then Brabham passed Bonnier, and the stage was set for another battle of the giants. But Bonnier refused to cooperate. He went by Brabham and set off after Moss, who was now 4.7 seconds ahead. All three were traveling at an average speed which was considerably faster than the lap records of other years.

Then it began to rain. To the spectators this was a mild discomfort; to the drivers, a nightmare. The streets became slippery as oiled glass. A feeling of dread crept into the air, as the inevitable incidents started. Roy Salvadori went by his pits indicating that he would need a visor. Suddenly his Cooper slid out of control and collided viciously with the barriers at the Virage des Gazomètres. Phil Hill tried to hang onto his brute at the Casino bend, lost it, got it back somehow, and slithered on. Brabham the Careful was suddenly going like a madman. He got closer to Moss every lap, then, on the thirty-fourth, passed into the lead, which he began to stretch. Moss was expected to attack, but he did not. Perhaps he knew what was going to happen. It is difficult to explain otherwise how he was able to avoid disaster. For on the forty-first lap, Brabham spun. Moss came around Sainte-Dévôte to find the lead Cooper revolving wildly. An accident seemed inevitable, but Moss gave the wheel a quick flick, missed the gyrating Cooper by millimeters, and went through. Brabham ended his race against the retaining wall.

And still it rained. Dark mist capped the terraced hills, turning the bright houses gray. We sat wondering now, with everyone else, if Moss had beaten his jinx. His lead seemed unassailable, yet——

On the sixtieth lap the dark-blue Lotus failed to come around. The crowd groaned. Moss was out of it, cheated again. But only for a few moments. He had stopped at the pits when the power had begun to fail in his engine. A plug lead had come adrift. Moss replaced it himself and continued.

More incidents occurred. McLaren lost control of his Cooper, allowing Phil Hill and Graham Hill to catch up. Then Graham Hill lost his BRM, crashing into the Radio Monte-Carlo commentary box and all but demolishing the building — fortunately with no serious harm to anyone.

Now the rain slacked off. Moss turned a number of incredible laps below one

minute 36.8, under the mistaken impression that he had only five instead of thirty-five to go, then settled into a steady winning pace. Bonnier dropped out, after a fine run. Gurney, never confident of the car, brought his BRM into the pits with broken suspension. Other machines limped in, like cripples, or stopped dead.

The spectators were all cheering for Moss, praying that nothing would happen to stop a well-deserved victory. Nothing did. The checkered flag fell on the dark-blue Lotus, and Stirling Moss won the Eighteenth Grand Prix de Monaco at 67.68 mph by 52.1 seconds from Bruce McLaren (Cooper-Climax), who was followed home by Phil Hill (Ferrari) and Tony Brooks (Yeoman Credit Cooper).

Moss was buried in roses. The little Lotus, which had gone so fast, sputtered around the city for its victory lap, and you could see only the roses and the driver's happy smile. The G.P. was over. The sky turned gray, and the rain began to fall again in a silver mist. And all that was left of the danger and the excitement now were three broken rose petals, glowing red in the dark street.

But the festival was not yet completed. For now it was time for the traditional Gala. The drivers went to their hotels, scrubbed the grease and oil from their skin, doffed their racing overalls, donned their soup-and-fish and scurried over to the Hôtel de Paris. We joined them in the Empire Room, and marveled at the transformation that had taken place. No longer were they heroes and fools. They were young men having a spree. Deadly enemies only a few hours earlier, the *pilotos* were now gathered in wild camaraderie on the dance floor of the elegant Empire Room, dancing mambos, trading partners, and generally having a hell of a time. Traditionally, the Prince and Princess joined the celebration, but they didn't slow it down. The regal, ermine-cool Grace made an entrance out of *The Prisoner of Zenda* — slow drum roll, crowd standing at attention — but very soon she melted and joined the mad melee on the floor, which lasted until dawn.

• • •

They'll be dancing there again this year. The streets will thunder again, and again there will be the thrill of speed, the joy of victory and the bitter challenge of defeat. Hard as it is to imagine, the festival will probably be greater than ever. Porsches will be joining the fray, Ferrari will have its super-light, 290-horsepower threat, and you may be sure the Coopers and Lotuses won't be slower, and maybe the new rear-engine Scarabs will be ready. You can never be sure about Grand Prix racing.

HAROLD'S AFFAIR *(continued from page 77)*

romantic life of the spirit.

As fate or parapsychology would have it, six weeks after the corporeal part of Harold settled in the pink and gray split level in Cloverdale, Marilyn Sprower took a job in the accounting department of Fabrique Handbags. Despite somewhat horsey features, Marilyn was a fine, large girl and Harold, whose reveries were usually derived from fleeting glimpses on the lunchtime street, soon found that it was Marilyn's lips that opened for him as he sat resting his eyes at his desk, Marilyn's formidable bosom that pillowed his head on the trip home to Cloverdale and Marilyn's ample behind that blocked all other vistas during the course of a day. Like many men who dislike their children, Harold had always left for work in the morning with a sense of vast relief and come through the weekends feeling like a lunatic. Now, with Marilyn filling Fabrique Handbags and the huge dream of Marilyn filling his mind, he switched to a morning train that got him to the office twenty minutes early and took to dawdling on the way home from the station, imagining that he was strolling hand in hand with Marilyn — who at these times resembled Simone Signoret, in trenchcoat — up the *Champs* and toward the back-street hotel where they would roll about wildly amid the wallpaper's lascivious cupidons.

As chief accountant at Fabrique, Harold was obliged to stay late one night a month to check inventory. In previous years his companion for these late hours had been a thin and aging man, of yellowish complexion and gravelly voice, no inspiration for working any later than absolutely necessary. But his assistant having finally faded away, it was, he realized as inventory night approached, Marilyn who would naturally remain at his side after the others had gone. Marilyn who would share his nocturnal labors.

In the week preceding The Night Harold's imagination worked as never before. There they were, he and Marilyn, unaccountably entangled as they climbed together the ladder to the upper shelves of merchandise; or Marilyn was falling from the ladder into his arms; or they were sipping daiquiris under Mr. Sochet's own desk (having first broken into Mr. Sochet's bar); or they were nesting in a mound of damaged goods. "Darling," Marilyn murmured huskily from among the rejects, "shouldn't you be going home, lest they suspect." But her tight hold on his hips belied her words and, with a reciprocal squeeze, he replied, "I often stay overnight in the city. That's the way the ball bounces when you live in the suburbs."

The Night came. Harold, in shirtsleeves, and Marilyn, in an entirely unsuitable frock that opened here and clung there, set to work. The Fabrique stockroom was narrow and crowded with boxes; it did not allow much standing room even for persons of more sensible proportions than Marilyn. As the taking of inventory involved a great deal of climbing and stooping and maneuvering, there were many slight collisions between the person counting and the person transcribing — Harold had never before realized how many. At each tingling brush, Harold felt the hair of his arm stiffen and leap toward the fuzz of Marilyn's. She was everywhere. He reached toward the white goods and his hand passed across her leg. He asked her to check a back number and when she bent over he lost count. He started up the ladder, remembered an item he had overlooked and turned suddenly back, and they were touching from chest to knees. "I think we should eat now," he said.

Marilyn had thought to bring sandwiches, and Harold had the daring to unlock the showroom. "We might as well sup in style," he said and giggled in spite of himself.

"I got salami and tuna salad," Marilyn said.

"The tuna will be fine."

"That's good." Marilyn delved fervently into her brown paper bag. "Personally, I don't dig mayonnaise. It don't agree with me. You know?"

In addition to six sandwiches on rye, Marilyn fished from the supermarket bag two quart bottles of beer and a bunch of bananas. "I dig bananas," she explained.

While Harold, never much of an eater, mused through one tuna sandwich, Marilyn finished off the salami and lay back in a contour chair that by no means matched up to her contours, the quart bottle in one hand, a banana in the other. "Hmmmm," she said, "it could be riper."

Harold poured a cup of beer for himself and sipped at it absently. He was observing Marilyn, and there was a great deal of her to observe. He followed the curve of her leg, the now-and-again impression of thigh against her stretched skirt, the softness of belly and heaviness of breasts, the mouth working around the banana. Her face became flushed and a veil drew over her eyes. "There's nothing like a little beer on a hot night," she said.

Harold grimaced as he sipped the bitter brew. He sensed that a Moment was at hand, but he lacked confidence in the Harold Henry that had to deal with the world. How many times he had been confounded by reality! But supposing it were not reality at all? The job of supposing at once restored his self-assurance. Supposing *he* had created this scene as he had so many others, and such delicious ones? What riposte would he toss off then to the woman in the contour chair? "I do hope, Miss Sprower . . ." He coughed and beer spilled onto his trousers.

"Whatdchya say?" asked Marilyn.

"If you just tell me how much this . . . repast" (he chuckled a little at the overstatement) "cost, I'll be pleased to . . ."

"Aw, forget it," Marilyn waved away the debt with her beer bottle. "I ate more than you anyhow."

A moment's pause, and Harold adroitly changed direction. "How are you liking your stay with Fabrique, Miss Sprower?"

"Call me Lola," she said, sighed a sigh of enormous comfort and began to hum. "You oughta have a radio in this place, you know?"

"Yes," Harold chuckled, leaping into repartee. "Then we could dance."

"Hey, now that's what I call an idea." Marilyn put down the bottle, lifted her entire self from the chair and advanced on him. "C'mon, Mr. Henry, old boy."

"Marilyn . . ."

"Call me Lola."

Harold got home very late, but the next morning, after four hours of sleep, he felt marvelously refreshed. He hummed a few bars of *The Boilerman Rock* while shaving. It seemed to him at breakfast that he was exuding Marilyn's scent from every pore, and he hunched his way through the meal, talking away from Sylvia lest an odd glance or intonation or a breath from a mouth that was still rich with Marilyn's alert his wife's intuition.

"Did you have a hard time last night, dear?" Sylvia asked.

Was she being snide? Well, give her tit for tat. "Yes, unusually hard." He chewed on cardboard flakes. "May have to stay late again tonight."

"Oh, that's a pity. Are you sure?"

He chanced a look at her. "I was thinking I might stay over in the city. That slow late train . . . every stop . . ."

"Of course, dear. Just call me so I won't worry."

Harold left the house restraining a great desire to skip and whistle.

Sylvia waited until the car pulled out of the driveway, then went tremulously to the telephone. "Bert? He's going to be away again tonight. *All night.*" She paused and smiled secretively at what came over the phone. "Yes," she said. "Yes. Yes. Yes." She hung up, looked whimsically at the breakfast table, whistled and did a little jig.

That evening Harold and Marilyn estimated their way through the remainder of the stock in record time and sped uptown to Marilyn's apartment, pausing only to pick up some pastrami sandwiches and a fifth of bourbon. "Bourbon weakens all my resistances," Marilyn reported. The apartment turned out to be a one-room walk-up. A small closet served as kitchen and a rather smaller one as

bathroom. The walls were mottled, the furniture of the kind that seems never to have belonged to anyone in particular but, like some women (like Marilyn herself?), had been created to serve the transients of the world. Both windows offered a view of red brick and somewhere nearby ancient trains kept wheezing past — or maybe it was just the sound of the plumbing from other apartments. Conquering his first shudder of squeamishness, Harold established himself amid the faded flowers of an armchair and began to enjoy the sight of Marilyn leaning over a table to open a bottle of club soda. The apartment was casting on his affair a touch of the sordid that had been missing from his years of reveries, and he liked it.

And so the pattern was established. It quickly became understood at the Henry split level that owing to certain accounting innovations at Fabrique Handbags, Harold would have to work late once a week, generally on Wednesdays. Furthermore, it was accepted that since the late trains to Cloverdale were slow and ill-smelling, Harold would stay over at a hotel on these nights. The three children, who had never been certain of Harold's exact function in their family anyway, couldn't have cared less. As for Sylvia, she was very understanding; each Wednesday she packed a clean shirt for Harold and touched his cheek briefly on his way out.

For a month or more, it seemed to Harold that life, poor laggard, had at last caught up to his vision, that Marilyn had made his daydreams unnecessary. But then, one slow afternoon, it broke upon him that something critical was missing in his new relationship. His affair was not holding a candle to his Affair. True, Marilyn was a splendid girl, with the capacity for giving and, so far as he could gauge, receiving much pleasure, but she was not a person with whom one might seriously discuss suicide. The tragic element which had dignified his dreams, had raised them above the erotic imaginings of teenagers, was lacking. Also he was irked by the fact that each Wednesday he was sure to find waiting for him in Marilyn's walkup, the stub of a cigar in an ashtray, a partially filled bottle of somebody else's bourbon, even an odd article of male attire.

He resolved to bring a new dimension into their Wednesday nights, and at their fifth meeting he said, "Marilyn, you know I'm a married man."

Marilyn, lolling as usual on the hideabed that was never made, much less hidden, patted the space next to her. "Loosen your belt and make yourself comfortable."

He stood over her, and said, rather sternly, "I have three young children."

"Attaboy, Harry."

"Three children."

"It's OK Harry, it's *OK*. I take precautions."

"Between you and me, Marilyn, there can only be so much; we can only go so far. No matter how fiercely our emotions pull, I must remember my responsibilities. I *will* remember them."

She grunted.

"I am telling you this because the last thing I want to do is hurt you. We can only continue with one another if we accept the limits of what each of us can give, and never ask for what is beyond our means. I have my family . . ." He allowed a note of resignation to deepen his voice. ". . . for better or worse. And you must be free to go out; you must force yourself to see other men . . ."

"You bet your life, kiddo."

"You're young and lovely, Marilyn. I won't permit you to sacrifice your youth to one who can't ever give you more than a single night a week no matter what his heart cries to give you. You must not offer too much of yourself to one who . . ."

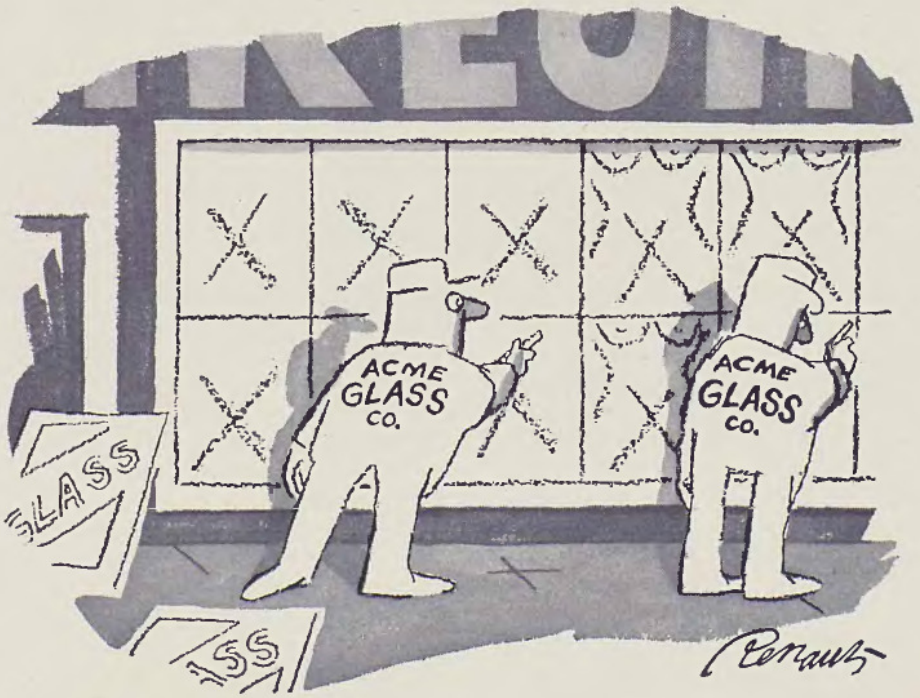
The telephone rang. Marilyn put down her nail buffer and reached over her head to pluck the receiver. "Hullo . . . Oh, hiya Al. Whereya been? . . . Haw. You're a card, you know? . . . Well, I happen to be occupied just this minute, entertaining a friend . . . Yeah, *it's* busy too. Allame is busy. Tomorrow? Yeah, that'd be peachy. Haw . . . Don't worry about that. Just make sure *you're* in shape. Remember last time? . . . And, hey, don't forget the bourbon."

His tragic spirit having again and again been rebuffed by life in the form of Marilyn — oh, nonpareil form! — Harold attempted to regain the security of his fantasies. He conjured up many scenes that would once have been quite satisfactory. In one of them, for instance, Marilyn's lover, a hulking desperate-looking fellow with a scar, accosted him in her garbage-smelling hallway. "You rat," the lover muttered, and struck him in the face. Stoical Harold Henry's mouth gave the most subtly ironic of smiles while his nose hemorrhaged down his shirt front. Not bad, but no longer good enough for Harold. He was like a runaway slave who having found the outside world unendurable seeks once more the warm hearth of thralldom. But his brief freedom had confused him; he could not find his way back. And even if he had, he knew, his once-rejected, unforgiving master would only have kicked him out the kitchen door. After the years of happy meanderings through the lush, sweet-smelling woods of his imagination, Harold was faced with stark unfragrant reality.

"Well, all right!" he declared on his commuter train one morning, causing several persons to peep out from behind their newspapers. Well, all right, and better than all right! Here was the challenge he had needed all along — to bring the drama of his secret world to the attention of the world at large. He could not work out his life's tragedy on Marilyn, but he could use her to stir the others, all the others — or at least those who happened to be around.

He started his new campaign on a Monday by taking Marilyn to lunch. He took her to lunch again on Tuesday and spent most of the afternoon going by her desk on fictive errands and calling out ambiguous remarks loudly enough so that no one along the entire corridor of cubicles could miss them. "Say, Lola, how's your old *Je ne sais quoi* treating you this afternoon?"

"Hey," Marilyn said to him that



Wednesday night, after a day replete with pats, pinches and obscene winks, "hey, you better cut out all the fiddling. You're gonna get your name in Dorothy Kilgallen if you ain't careful. You know?" Harold only smiled cockily. And on Thursday he grabbed her in public twice, once at the water cooler.

The following Wednesday instead of bedding down for the customary hours of dalliance in Marilyn's walk-up, Harold insisted on their going out to dinner. He took her to a small East Side restaurant near where he and Sylvia had lived before the move to Cloverdale. Any given evening between six and nine, he knew, several of their former friends and neighbors could be counted on to be in residence.

He greeted Anthony, the proprietor, loudly, and checked his move to show them to a discreet table in the shadows. "We'd like to see and be seen," he announced and nudged Marilyn toward the center of the room.

"Whatcha getting at?" Marilyn asked uneasily. "You trying to give me a reputation or something?"

But a couple of bourbons later she was as merry as he had ever seen her, trading wisecracks with the businessmen at the next table and complimenting the waiter extravagantly on the bread sticks. Harold was delighted to notice that Dan and Peggy Schneider, a couple that had lived across the hall from him and Sylvia, were trying hard to make themselves oblivious to her performance. Peggy had been a particular friend of Sylvia's — and of the genre of friend that considers it a special mark of intimacy to be the first gravely to relay unpleasant news.

"Hi, Dan. Hi, Peg dear," Harold waved. The Schneiders smiled wanly back.

In the following days Harold was alert for any hint of a change in Sylvia's mood. He rehearsed thoroughly the dignified nod, the studied yet sympathetic impassivity with which he would accept tears, screams, imprecations, grim silences, the evocation of God or his three children. But he saw nothing. Again the next Wednesday and the next he paraded Marilyn into old haunts before old friends, but Sylvia remained as pleasant as ever. Each Wednesday morning she handed him his clean shirt with a delight that seemed somewhat extravagant for so simple a domestic duty. She appeared to be filling out a little, in flattering places, and was forever humming.

Nor were his fellow workers any more responsive. They were blind to his pinches and deaf to Marilyn's squeals. Each day his remarks grew coarser, his caresses more emphatic, but no one noticed. He might have assaulted her on the receptionist's desk and not an eyebrow in the building would have moved. The world was perversely bent on ignoring him. He might as well have been invisible. He probably was invisible. Despite Marilyn, despite the million heroic impulses that churned and bubbled in his breast, for the world he had never existed and still did not exist.

But he would, he vowed. "I will," he told Marilyn. "I will bash them, I will stun them, I will send them reeling."

"Please pass the hot relish, willya?" replied Marilyn.

On a Monday morning, after a numbing wet weekend with the children and with Sylvia whose sweetness had become entirely sinister, Harold knocked on Mr. Sochet's door. Sochet always kept his door closed because he was afraid that the office boy was trying to steal stock tips. The president of Fabrique, a jiggly, palpitating little man, an organism of allergies, suspicions, incipient ulcers and advanced neuroses, was afraid of everyone in his company, including his heir apparent, Randy Stark, whom he insisted share an office with him lest he be left alone to the mercy of his furies. At Harold's knock, Sochet blanched and grew rigid behind his desk. "The tax examiners!"

"What is it?" Randy called out bravely.

Harold threw open the door and advanced past Randy, toward the president's modest desk, situated catty-corner so that no one could slip up behind him. "Mr. Sochet," said Harold, puffing out his chest, "it has come to this."

"No requests for raises can be considered before the end of the year," Randy's dry, crackly voice intruded. "Company policy."

"Mr. Sochet, I have deceived you, I have betrayed your trust. After more than a decade . . ."

Sochet gasped. "Randy, get the books checked . . . put a Pinkerton on him . . . quick, two elliptical yellow pills."

"How much did you get away with, Henry?" Randy asked as he ministered to his panting patient.

Harold proceeded with dignity. "Marilyn and I . . ."

"How much . . . to the nearest hundred? . . ." Sochet ripped at his necktie.

"Marilyn and I — and the fault lies all with me — are deep in . . . an affair." He shot the last words out and squared his shoulders.

"What's he saying? What's he trying to do to me? How much?" Sochet's face flushed and paled, flushed and paled, like a dying bar-and-grill sign.

"Marilyn and I — on company overtime."

"Hey, M.T.," Randy said, "I don't think it's money."

"Money!" Harold almost spat. "It was . . . infatuation . . . mad . . . insane . . ." He spoke on and on, words pouring out of the cornucopia of his dreams.

Until Randy flicked his arm. "Hey, you're talking about Lola." Harold turned ominously, bare inches from the predatory face. "You mean your Wednesday nights, right?" Randy sucked at the stub of a cigar, and Harold saw them all again, the ashtrays full of cigar remnants next to the almost empty bottles of bourbon. "I got her on Tuesdays myself."

Harold swung out with a free-form backhand. He missed Randy, but Sochet, trapped behind his desk, flinched violently and struck his knee against an open drawer. "Fire him!" he screamed.

"You're fired," Randy mumbled, backing away. Harold swung again. Again he missed. Sochet fell off his chair, hit his head against the desk as he dropped, and passed out.

• • •

When Harold reached home that afternoon, Sylvia was waiting for him at the door, pale, fidgety, yet strangely buoyant. As she fumbled for words, Harold caught a glimpse of Bert Cellar, the Cloverdale dance instructor, ducking away from the living room door.

"Harold," Sylvia managed, after several false starts, "I am leaving you."

Harold smiled the ironic smile he had been practicing for fifteen years. It was a masterpiece, and he knew it. "Of course you are, dear," he said, turned about calmly and walked for the last time along the path which divided the lawn he hated. He did not even stop at the corner to look back.

Soon after, Marilyn was married to a buyer for a big piece-goods firm, who had for some time been her Mr. Friday Night. Harold sent a Hallmark Card to the couple, who moved to Chicago. Marilyn, having played her role brilliantly, thus exited on cue.

Well, that's Harold Henry. And so you still think he's the poor son of a bitch among us. But consider this, my friend. To how many of us is it given to live out our life's drama entirely, first, second and last acts? How many Hamlets and Lears have you bumped into on the morning bus? Oh, you and I are doing all right in our cool way — we'll never have to bum meals off the Salvation Army, and we can always weave our small dreams out of the stills in front of the neighborhood movie. But bepatched Harold Henry walks in the glory of his complete tragedy — job, family, everything sacrificed to his love, his faithless love. He is the daily insatiable spectator to his own catastrophe, and with each fall of the curtain, his refreshed spirit soars to where the Muses frolic. You and I, friend, who get drunk so we can make our dreary visit to the local whore, will merely live and die.

[*The First of a Series of Open Forums Presented as a Public Service by Rainier Ale*]

SHOULD WOMEN BE DEPRIVED OF THE VOTE?

Have you noticed that most things don't taste the same any more?

Some authorities hold this to be part of a general trend. They say that the character of *everything* is changing, and for the worse. They have even fixed the date when this decline started: August 26, 1920, the day the 19th amendment became law and women got the vote.

Since then everything has been going downhill, *and will keep on as long as women are allowed to vote.* That's what they say.

At first we were inclined to pooh-pooh this, but now we're not so sure. Maybe there's something in it.

Because just the other day a prominent professor was quoted in the newspaper as saying that we must get back to "determining what is masculine and what is feminine so that the sexes may keep their mutual regard for one another and their self-respect."

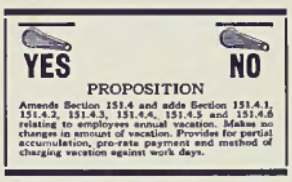
*Well, we are in favor of that. We determined a long time ago that our ale is masculine. It has a male color and a male flavor and we'd like to keep it that way. Aren't we afraid of losing our female trade? No. We don't have any.**

Back to the authorities. Is everything going to blazes in a hand basket just because women got the vote? Perhaps. Their reasoning is as follows:

1. You shouldn't ask women questions about things that don't concern them. Because . . .
2. Women *hate* to be asked questions about things that don't concern them. So . . .
3. The answers will be just about what you deserve. They will do you no good at all. And . . .
4. Once you start asking women uninteresting questions there is no end to it and eventually everything becomes a great big mess. Which it is now. Therefore . . .
5. Man's mistake was in ever asking women uninteresting questions in the first place. Like . . .

[OUR PRODUCT]

or:



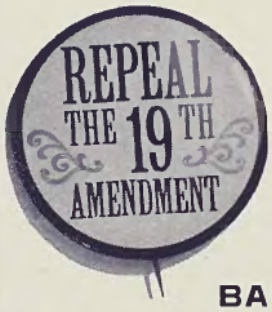
And their feeling is that things have gotten to such a bad state that the only thing to do is to go back and start over again: repeal the 19th amendment.

There is some merit to this idea but we don't think anyone should go off half-cocked before the subject has had a good airing. So we are throwing our advertising space open to discussion of this vital matter. Our next will feature a guest contributor who will go into it much deeper.

But still, it wouldn't be a bad idea if we did a little research to find out how *you* feel about it. To reward you for your interest we would like to send you one of the badges pictured below, depending on which way you vote. We welcome any other comments you might care to make and may possibly include them in a future advertisement.

Thank you.

***As one well-wisher so succinctly puts it: "Rainier Ale is for men. I don't know that I ever saw a dolly drinking it."**



BALLOT

Rainier Ale, Box 3134P
Seattle 14, Washington

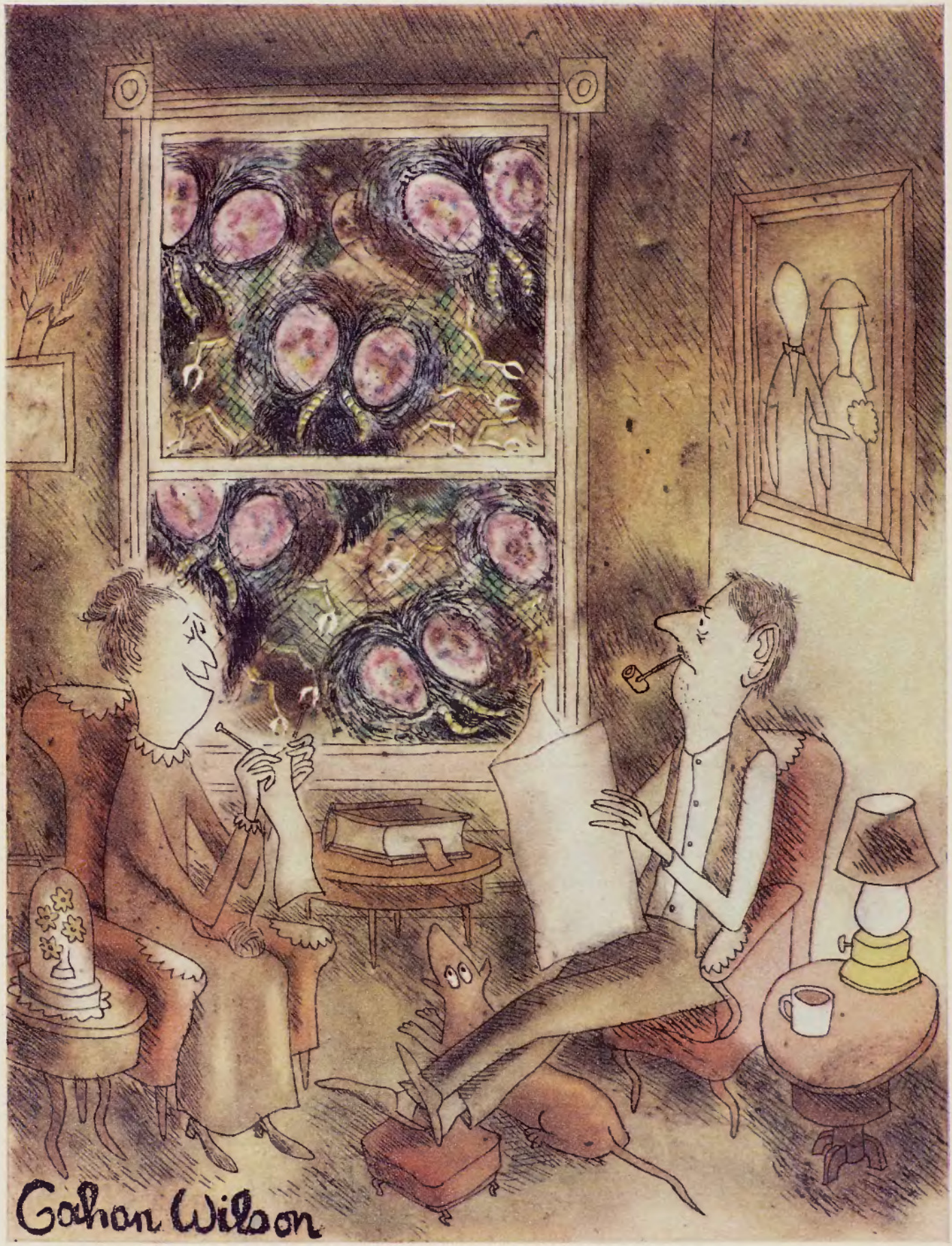
SHOULD WOMEN
BE DEPRIVED OF THE VOTE?

YES___ **NO___**

Remarks_____

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____



"Looks like we didn't get the screens up none too soon, Pa."

 (continued from page 59)

women — one for each monk — awaited them, ranked like Rockettes. They were dressed as nuns, in robes as loose as their morals. As one of the Hell-Fires wrote:

Womanhood in habit of a Nun
At Medmenham lies, by backward
Monks undone.

"Although most of the girls were professional prostitutes," explains Daniel P. Mannix in *The Hell-Fire Club*, "many were the wives and daughters of local merchants and tradesmen who were thrilled at the idea of having a fling with members of the nobility. . . . There were even some noted ladies of fashion, but, most surprising of all, a few of the 'nuns' were the wives, sisters, or even the mothers of the 'monks.'" And so, whatever items of apparel the women may have shed of an evening, the masks are supposed to have stayed on.

The monks passed up and down before the row of women like officers reviewing their troops. First choice was the perquisite of the Abbot, a rotating post whose duties included selecting the menu, wines and nocturnal diversions. When the Abbot had picked his wench out of the lineup, the other Hell-Fires paired off with the remaining girls. Festivities began in the Roman Room, an earthy paradise for voyeurs and exhibitionists alike. Each couple made for one of a series of comfortable couches covered with green silk damask on which they could recline in the traditional Roman fashion. The couches, all in full view, lined the room. The walls were whimsically hung with paintings of the Kings of England interspersed with those of well-known prostitutes; there were pornographic murals copied from those in Pompeian villas; and a statue of Harpocrates, the Egyptian god of silence, finger to lips, stared across the room at a statue of the Volupian Angerona, goddess of covert passion, in the same pose.

After a while, the company gathered around a heavily laden banquet table where they drank brandy laced with sulphur out of human skulls, or home-brewed cocktails picturesquely named "Lay Me Down Softly," whose chief ingredient was gin. For victuals there were items like "Breasts of Venus," a pair of squabs each topped with a cherry. Then all joined in the communal singing of bawdy ballads led by Lord Sandwich, who knew more of them than anyone else. Between musical selections, the more literary Hell-Fires would read passages of salacious verse and prose that they had penned. As a contemporary account put it, "Disquisitions of an amorous and Platonic kind sometimes are introduced, in which full liberty of speech is allowed. . . . In case the topics should unexpectedly become too warm and passionate . . . some females seize this opportunity for a temporary retreat with their paramours."

Couples could slip out of the Roman Room to the library to sample England's leading collection of pornography. Others, feeling the need for a modicum of privacy, might withdraw to the Withdrawing Room, a series of individual cells furnished with one green silk couch apiece. The hardier types could always go outdoors where the grounds had been laid out in a series of groves, alleys and serpentine walks punctuated by erotic statuary in acrobatic poses and conveniently placed benches with suggestive inscriptions. A wandering couple might, for example, come upon a statue of Mercury, holding a phallic staff with a red tip. On his pedestal was the inscription *"Peni Tento non Penitento"* — "A penis tense rather than penitent." In the words of a member, "The garden, the grove, the orchard, the neighboring woods, all spoke the loves and frailties of the younger monks, who seemed at least to have sinned natural'y."

Of course, not even the Hell-Fires found it possible to sport with their female guests for a week or longer without a break. There were quiet intervals when the ladies read or amused themselves by playing musical instruments, and the men gathered round the table to drink and display their wit in sexual boasting. Clocks and sundials were prohibited: it was a place to while away the hours, not count them. As Thomas Potter wrote John Wilkes just after Mrs. Potter had given birth to a daughter, "I'm escaping from the solemn lullabies of my mother-in-law and the yells of a young female Yahoo that has just thrust herself into the world yesterday. If you prefer young women and whores to old women and wives, come and indulge the heavenly inspired passion of lust."

About fifty years ago, some British scholars found The Hell-Fire Club's Minute Book which was kept by the Steward and contained a painstaking record of all Abbey activities. They burned it as being too obscene for publication. Fortunately for posterity, however, the pen of Charles Churchill set down at least one participant's tribute to his sojourns with the nuns, or "the sweet little satin-bottoms," as they were sometimes called. Churchill wrote:

The grasp divine, the emphatic, thrilling squeeze!
The throbbing, panting breasts, the trembling knees!
The tickling motion, the enlivening flow!
The rapturous shiver and dissolving . . . oh!

With propaganda of this sort circulating, it is no wonder that The Hell-Fire Club was soon besieged with applications from aspiring rakes. To keep up the standards of their monastery, the Hell-Fires created two degrees of membership. The twelve original members were known as the Superior Order and they remained the inner circle, the most active members of a very active brotherhood. The Inferior Order was also kept to a dozen and, according to one source, "was composed chiefly of illustrious visitors or amusing neighbors."

When a member of the Superior Order died or left the country, an Inferior monk was elected to fill the vacancy. The initiation ceremony was one of the mock-serious highlights of Abbey rigmarole. It took place at midnight. First, the candidate approached the chapel door through which he could hear "solemn plaintive music." After knocking three times, he entered and knelt before the altar and, of course, the naked woman. Behind the carved altar-rails stood the Superior monks, St. Francis at their head. Then the candidate, according to a writer of the time, made "a profession of his principles, nearly in the words but with the most gross perversion of the sense of the Articles of Faith . . . [and] demanded admission within the rails. The Brotherhood . . . retired to the table, and kneeling around it, [the Prior] repeated a prayer in the same strain and manner . . . to the Being whom they served." After a vote, the elected friar was allowed to pass behind the altar rails. There, after renouncing the Christian faith and swearing allegiance to the Devil, he underwent the Black Baptism: he was sprinkled with salt and sulphur from an ebony font and given his monastic nickname by the Prior.

By a quirk of Georgian morality, sexual looseness was winked at, but the Black Mass was frowned upon by most people. So perhaps there is a touch of poetic justice in the fact that one such memorable conjuring session contributed to the eventual dissolution of The Hell-Fire Club. On the evening in question, it was Lord Sandwich's turn to conduct the chapel services. As he knelt before the altar (and that monumentally patient naked woman) invoking the name of the Emperor Lucifer, a strange black figure suddenly appeared in the members' midst, chattering wildly and unintelligibly. A little tipsy to begin with, the monks bolted for the door shouting "The Devil!" — an ironic echo of Dashwood's exploit in the Sistine Chapel. "Grinning horribly," according to one report, the weird stranger leaped high into the air and came down squarely on Sandwich's shoulders. The distraught Lord fell to the floor, swore repentance, and shrieked for mercy. But when he opened his eyes at last, he found himself staring into the face of a baboon.

It turned out that it was all a practical joke conceived by John Wilkes,

who was bored to tears by all this Satanism. Wilkes wanted to have that part of the evening eliminated, so they could get to the women lined up and waiting in the Roman Room. What he had done was put clothes on the Abbey's mascot (sent from Bengal by Governor Vansittart as a gift to his former cronies) and hide him in a chest in the chapel. A string running from the chest to Wilkes' seat controlled the lid so the ape could be released at the most opportune moment. Since the joke was largely at the expense of Sandwich, it sowed the seeds of bitter enmity between Wilkes and the influential Lord.

Although The Hell-Fire Club had been founded as a means of escaping politics and other mundane cares, the members found that even at the Abbey the world was still too much with them. The friction between Sandwich and Wilkes had political ramifications. Sandwich, like most of the Hell-Fires, was a Tory. Wilkes and his friend Churchill were liberal Whigs who criticized the government sharply in their newspaper. The Tories huddled and decided to discredit their opponents. Sandwich, anxious to avenge himself for the baboon episode, rose in the House of Lords and read a long pornographic poem, *An Essay on Woman*, written by Wilkes. Several peers called for Sandwich to stop, but others shouted "Go on!" and the Upper Chamber heard every disgraceful word by majority vote. As a result, a bill was passed outlawing Wilkes for libel, blasphemy and obscenity. Fleeing to Paris, Wilkes retaliated by planting items in London newspapers alluding to the doings at Medmenham Abbey. A satirical novel was published which did likewise, its author reportedly having received inside information from Churchill. Although the insiders of London society had long known about The Hell-Fire Club, now the gossip spread to the point where the Abbey became a magnet for the curious. Many members dropped out because of the publicity — but not Hell-Fire Francis.

Dashwood had not yet given up his lifelong dream of a Coney Island of Vice. He dismantled the Abbey's furnishings and had them carted to his house in West Wycombe Park. As far as he was concerned, the orgy must go on. He laid out his garden so that its shrubbery formed the curves of a woman's body, and he commissioned pornographic paintings throughout his sixty-eight-room house. But his masterstrokes were the furnishing of a series of caves deep within West Wycombe Hill and the reconstruction of the Church of St. Lawrence on top of the hill. As might be expected, neither was the work of a conventional designer.

Atop the church spire, instead of a cross, Dashwood put a great golden dome, twenty feet in diameter. The dome was hollow and Sir Francis enjoyed sitting inside it with his friends, drinking his "divine milk punch" whose recipe has not come down to us. One of his visitors called it "the best Globe tavern I was ever in." At the mouth of the cave system Dashwood had local laborers build a large Gothic façade with pointed towers and pillared arches. The tunnels, mined out of chalk, ran into the hill to a depth of 280 yards. It was here, far from prying eyes, that the indomitable Sir Francis would lead the few remaining Hell-Fires and some Wycombe lasses for an evening's diversion. Passing carved demon heads set into niches in the walls of a catacomb-like section of cave, crossing an underground stream which Dashwood dubbed the River Styx, the robed figures entered a great vaulted banquet room forty feet high. Around the circular walls, hacked into the rock at regular intervals, were six recesses just large enough to hold a couch — a subterranean version of the Roman Room. The old Abbey traditions were carried on faithfully, though on a smaller scale. Wrote one participant in these submerged revels, "A village maiden said goodbye to her innocence when she visited the Inner Temple."

Whether high above the hill or deep within its bowels, Hell-Fire Francis had created the facilities in which the Hell-Fires could assemble once more and pick up where they had left off. But his last grand effort to recapture the spirit of what had been was futile. Most of the other monks had either died or — perhaps worse, in Hell-Fire Francis' view — defected to respectability. His era of greatness was at an end.

In *The Profane Virtues*, Peter Quennell sums up the meaning of The Hell-Fire Club, as well as the other rakes' groups, from a historical perspective:

"A recrudescence of paganism, not unconnected with the fertility rites of the European Middle Ages, these clubs provided an outlet for some of the violent and revolutionary impulses that had begun to ferment beneath the smooth surface of a so-called 'age of reason.' They represented a revolt against Christian ethics, the desire of the individual to explore dark labyrinths in his own nature from which conventional morality and the dictates of common sense alike debarred him. Debauchery is a key that has often been employed, though very seldom with success, in an attempt to make new discoveries on the mental and spiritual planes; mysteries and orgies are frequently hard to distinguish; and whereas it would be unwise to attribute too solemn a significance to the extravagant mummeries enacted by the monks and nuns of Medmenham, we should yet regard them as the frivolous inheritors of an ancient and serious cult."

MAKE A MILLION *(continued from page 72)*

have business interests on five continents. I have found very little evidence to indicate there is any lessening of demand for products which bear the "Made in U.S.A." label. The American way of life remains the golden symbol of good living everywhere. To duplicate or imitate it is still the goal of most people in foreign lands — and the promise that they will do so is still the most glowingly attractive and effective promise foreign government leaders and politicians can make to their own people. Even Mr. Khrushchev admits this when he makes his predictions that Russian production and living standards will equal or surpass prevailing American levels. Whatever may have happened to American political prestige in recent years, there has been no appreciable loss of what, for want of a better term, I would call American "product prestige."

The proofs of all this are plain enough to anyone who lives or travels abroad with open eyes and an open mind. Most of the world outside the Iron Curtain happily sips American cola and hopes some day to own a Sheaffer pen. American automobiles are still status-symbols for those who own them in foreign countries — and so are American refrigerators, washing machines, TV sets and a host of other items. Arrow shirts, Colgate toothpaste, Gillette razors and blades — these and a thousand and one other American trademarked products are high on the preferred lists of foreign shoppers. In Communist countries, even such commonplace American-made items as ballpoint pens, lipsticks and nylon stockings fetch black-market prices ten or more times their open-market cost. Any American who has resided abroad for any length of time knows what it is to be bombarded by requests that he order this or that item from the States.

The demand is there — have no doubt about that. Foreign markets are wide open to the enterprising American businessman — more so now than ever before because the wealth and buying power of people in many foreign lands have multiplied many times in the last decade.

"But we can't compete with foreign manufacturers," a U.S. industrialist complained to me recently. "They can always undersell us."

First of all, it's not true that foreign manufacturers can "always" undersell American producers. Take just two random examples. American coal, mined by highly paid American miners, is sold in a great many parts of Europe at a lower price than English coal, which is produced by English miners who earn far less than their U.S. counterparts. An Italian-made shirt of a quality equal to that of a five-dollar American shirt sells for more than eight dollars in Italy.

The secret of competing in the foreign market lies in realizing that no foreign country has truly mastered the techniques of high-quality mass-production to the degree that we have. Nor do most foreign businessmen understand the theory behind volume turnover at comparatively small per-sale profits. In the main, they still cling to the long-outmoded principle of making large profits per sale and contenting themselves with relatively small turnover.

Unquestionably, import duties levied by many foreign countries often raise the prices on American goods well above those of like items produced within the countries themselves. As I see it, enterprising American businessmen can best serve their own — and the public's — interest by demanding that the U.S. Government use all the resources at its disposal to prevail upon other countries to lower or abolish their import duties on American products. This — not the raising of our own tariff walls — will provide a bulwark against recession and unemployment.

At the same time, it is the American businessman's job to devise new means and techniques which will enable him to produce more at lower cost while rigorously maintaining traditional American standards of quality. Then, he must sell his products abroad just as imaginatively and energetically as he does at home.

"But how is it possible to reduce production costs when wages and prices on everything from raw materials to machinery are constantly rising?" is a question I've heard more times than I'd care to count. I maintain that production can always be increased and costs can always be cut if one knows enough about his business to know where to look for waste and inefficiency. There are always means whereby economies may be achieved without lowering standards of quality.

To start with, it's an old manufacturing law that when production is doubled, production costs are automatically reduced by twenty percent. I hardly think any further comment is needed on this. Then, there is administrative overhead — a cost item which can almost invariably stand a great deal of judicious pruning. It's very seldom necessary for an assistant vice-president's secretary to have her own secretary. I've run my business personally for decades — and I've never found any need for more than one secretary. Truth to tell, much that is dictated and then typed in multiple copies could be passed on faster, more efficiently and more cheaply by the simple expedient of dialing a telephone. And I'll wager that most firms could slash their "entertainment" budgets by fifty percent or more without losing a

single sale. I can take a drink or two myself, but I've observed that one generally does far more business in fifteen minutes over a cup of coffee than he can possibly do in three hours over a six-martini lunch.

There is no federal statute that requires all salesmen and executives in a company to fly "de luxe" wherever they go, when they can get where they're going just as fast, almost as comfortably — and at an impressively lower cost — on tourist flights. There are many other areas in which the smart young businessman will find that he can effect important economies. There is always room for improvement — and for savings — in business, be it in the home office, the plant or wherever.

I'm not advocating senseless penny-pinching. I am, however, saying that there is no excuse for waste or unnecessary expenditures if one is faced with heavy competition. In any all-out business battle to capture markets, it is necessary to reduce all costs wherever possible — an axiom some firms and individuals tend to forget during peak boom periods.

Young men who want to start making a million today have a wide variety of business fields from which to choose when selecting their careers. The one an individual selects will, of course, depend largely on his particular talents, interests, background, training and experience. The alert manufacturer knows that there is a great demand for new and improved products of all kinds. The man with a flair for merchandising will see the great potentials in wholesaling or retailing. Other men will realize they can make their fortunes by providing new and better services to industry or the public at large. Simply stated, it all adds up to this: the man who comes up with a means for doing or producing almost anything better, faster or more economically has his future and his fortune at his fingertips. Don't misunderstand me. It is not easy to build a business and make a million. It takes hard — extremely hard — work. There are no nine-to-five hours and no five-day weeks for the boss.

"I studied the lives of great men and famous women," ex-President Harry S. Truman remarked, "and I found that the men and women who got to the top were those who did the jobs they had in hand, with everything they had of energy and enthusiasm and hard work."

There are no absolutely safe or sure-fire formulas for achieving success in business. Nonetheless, I believe that there are some fundamental rules to the game which, if followed, tip the odds for success very much in the businessman's favor. These are rules which I've applied throughout my entire career — and which every millionaire businessman with whom I am acquainted has followed. The rules have worked for them — and for me. They'll work for you, too.

1. Almost without exception, there is only one way to make a great deal of money in the business world — and that is in one's own business. The man who wants to go into business for himself should choose a field which he knows and understands. Obviously, he can't know everything there is to know from the very beginning, but he should not start until he has acquired a good, solid working knowledge of the business.

2. The businessman should never lose sight of the central aim of all business — to produce more and better goods or provide more and better services to more people at lower cost.

3. A sense of thrift is essential for success in business. The businessman must discipline himself to practice economy wherever possible, in his personal life as well as his business affairs. "Make your money first — then think about spending it," is the best of all possible credos for the man who wishes to succeed.

4. Legitimate opportunities for expansion should never be ignored or overlooked. On the other hand, the businessman must always be on his guard against the temptation to over-expand or launch expansion programs blindly, without sufficient justification and planning. Forced growth can be fatal to any business, new or old.

5. A businessman must run his own business. He cannot expect his employees to think or do as well as he can. If they could, they would not be his employees. When "The Boss" delegates authority or responsibility, he must maintain close and constant supervision over his subordinates.

6. The businessman must be constantly alert for new ways to improve his products and services and increase his production and sales. He should also use prosperous periods to find the ways by which techniques may be improved and costs lowered. It is only human for people to give little thought to economies when business is booming. That, however, is just the time when the businessman has the mental elbow room to examine his operations calmly and objectively and thus effect important savings without sacrificing quality or efficiency. Many businessmen wait for lean periods to do these things and, as a result, often hit the panic button and slash costs in the wrong places.

7. A businessman must be willing to take risks — to risk his own capital and to use his credit and risk borrowed money as well when, in his considered opinion, the risks are justified. But borrowed money must always be promptly repaid. Nothing will write finis to a career faster than a bad credit rating.

8. A businessman must constantly seek new horizons and untapped or underexploited markets. As I've already said at some length, most of the world is eager to buy American products and know-how; today's shrewd businessman looks to foreign markets.

9. Nothing builds confidence and volume faster or better than a reputation for standing behind one's work or products. Guarantees should always be honored — and in doubtful cases, the decision should always be in the customer's favor. A generous service policy should also be maintained. The firm that is known to be completely reliable will have little difficulty filling its order books and keeping them filled.

10. No matter how many millions an individual amasses, if he is in business he must always consider his wealth as a means for improving living conditions everywhere. He must remember that he has responsibilities toward his associates, employees, stockholders — and the public.

Do you want to make a million? Believe me, you can — if you are able to recognize the limitless opportunities and potentials around you, will apply these rules and work hard. For today's alert, ambitious and able young men, all that glitters truly *can* be gold.

LITERATI

(continued from page 85)

instance, ignored completely until our century had begun. And in the century of official silence, the language for speaking of the physical aspects of love decayed, fell apart into brutal vulgarities and polite clichés.

To write about sex, however, means, like all writing, finding a language first of all; and the language problem baffles us still. In painting and sculpture, a long and unbroken tradition of the Nude serves to formalize and dignify the erotic appeal of naked flesh; but in poetry and fiction, no similar tradition survives — only, until just the other day, the underground tradition of pornography. It is as if we possessed only the famous calendar picture of a naked Marilyn Monroe, but no Venus of Botticelli. To speak of the "sex act," as I have done, or of "coitus," as doctors prefer, is to suggest experiences hopelessly different by virtue of their names from the one the boy knows how to spell before he has learned to perform it. In our deepest minds, most of us, I presume, use still the childhood words for the seed we spill and the act of spilling it; and no one surely describes to himself the climax of love as "having an orgasm."

To use the boy's language, however, the old, once disowned language, as Lawrence, for instance, decided to do, is to risk seeming shocking or rebellious when one may wish rather to be tender or merely matter of fact. Lawrence *wanted* to shock, to protest; but there is no point in a second-hand protest, and for post-Lawrentians the shock value of street language is irrelevant, a drag. Yet a hundred years of taboo seem to demand a hundred years of anti-taboo — a long, more and more pointless quarrel with grandma. Chaucer and Boccaccio, we know, could use the schoolboy words for the sexual organs unself-consciously; but we are hypocrites when we pretend to ignore the titter they still stir in some quarters, and fools when we do not face up to the fact that in books we must invent anew each time the language for talking about sex. It is Norman Mailer's decision to use in his story *The Time of Her Time* a newly invented poetic language based on the hippest new slang at once gross and elegant, which makes that story both good literature and good pornography.

The treatment of sex in fiction is, however, hampered not only by language difficulties. Given the subtlest of vocabularies, one would have to confront, too, the felt sameness of human experience between the sheets, the lack of variety in sexual intercourse. To be sure, one can explore with such a writer as the Marquis de Sade all the kinks possible to a cruel and imaginative mind bent on relieving the monotony of the sex act; but the moment of orgasm is unredeemably the same and the changes wrought in the approach to it more ingenious than satisfactory. A French scholar who compiled and edited the *fabliaux*, Twelfth Century merry tales, many of them prototypes of the modern dirty joke, complained at the end of his long job about "the incredible monotony of human obscenity"; and John Cleland bringing to a close *Fanny Hill* (surely the most distinguished piece of pornography in English), with his heroine in the arms of her long-lost first lover, observed, "But, as the circumstances did not admit of much variation, I shall spare you the description."

What he gives in the place of a proper description runs as follows: "We were well under weigh, with a fair wind up channel, and full-freighted; nor indeed were we long before we finished our trip to Cythera, and unloaded in the old haven . . ." And even when he is more circumstantial, which is frequently enough, Cleland is just as flowery and quite as careful to avoid what he calls "natural expressions." Like the mystical experience, the erotic must finally be rendered in terms of one metaphor or other even in societies less concerned with "fashion and sound" than Cleland's; but almost invariably the metaphors of the Eighteenth Century pornographers were silly or platitudinous or both. Regrettably, the metaphors of the Twentieth Century heirs of those pornographers are equally hackneyed and absurd. Here, for instance, is D. H. Lawrence attempting to adorn the language of sex, even as his lovers attempted to adorn each other by twining flowers in their pubic hair: "And softly, with that marvelous swoon-like caress of his hand in pure soft desire. . . . And she felt him like a flame of desire, yet tender, and she felt herself melting in the flame. . . . And oh, if he were not tender to her now, how cruel, for she was all open to him and helpless!" This is the last stand of bad Nineteenth Century Romantic poetry, driven from the hills and the streams into the refuge of the bedroom; or rather it is the next-to-last stand, for in Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, the same kind of pseudo-poetry is used to render what can only seem pseudo-love: "Now beyond all bearing up, up, up and into nowhere, suddenly, scaldingly, holdingly all nowhere gone and time absolutely still and they were both there, time having stopped and he felt the earth move out and away from under them." Hemingway was never very skillful at dealing with real encounters in the living flesh between lover and lover. His best effects come in such quasi-necrophilic scenes as the close of *A Farewell to Arms*, in which Lieutenant Henry tries to kiss a corpse, or in the baffled striving to

achieve an impossible union between Lady Brett and the impotent Jake Barnes in *The Sun Also Rises*. Since *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, however, Hemingway has tried to evoke actual erotic scenes and has provided instead a case history of an aging man's nympholeptic dreams. Fortunately, his reputation depends less on his efforts along these lines than on his ability to create a man's world — a world of comradeship in field and on stream.

In Lawrence, all the typical modern errors are made, all the false notes struck, now familiar to us as our own names; but he was a man of great talent, capable of contriving *for the first time* a pseudo-poetry and sentimentality proper to sexual frankness, as well as a kind of moralizing and special pleading which threatens to make even passion a bore. Lawrence never merely renders a love scene; he cites examples to prove points, demands of his lovers that even in each other's arms they act out allegories demonstrating the superiority of instinct over intelligence, the sterility of the English upper classes, the hypocrisy of the bourgeoisie, etc., etc. And from this stems such tendentious sexual fiction as that of Norman Mailer, for instance, with its advocacy of the "Good Orgasm" and its pseudo-mystical, finally incomprehensible theories which equate sex with time — propaganda rather than poetry, for all the poetic trimmings. Since Lawrence, at any rate, it has become clear that more is necessary to telling the truth about sex than the breaking of old taboos.

The dedication of certain earlier writers, willing to risk poverty, infamy, even legal persecution, has produced in our generation publishers convinced that carrying on their fight can mean profits, acclaim, court decisions which make theoretically possible the freedom to write about anything in any language that seems appropriate. Books formerly smuggled past customs are offered on newsstands in supermarkets; and old men who have missed their planes fall asleep in airline terminals with copies of *Lady Chatterley* in their hands. But how does the writer in a time of new "freedom" avoid the pitfalls into which the pioneers of genius fell at the moment when the lines between pornography and "decent literature" were still clearly drawn? Trying to avoid the sentimentality and faked poetry of the first breakthrough, he is likely to be betrayed with Edmund Wilson into the pedestrianism of the clinician's report: "She gets a sensation, she says, like a thrill that goes all through her — sometimes it makes her toes curl. 'I want to scratch or bite — I don't know where I am or anything.' The doctor in the hospital had said that she must be very passionate because the opening of her womb was so small. . . . She is now so responsive to my kissing her breasts that I can make her have a climax in that way."

But this, too, is an evasion, equal though opposite to the first, one more way of *not* coming to terms with the complex truth about our sexual experience, which, on the one hand, we are driven desperately to know — and, on the other, cannot bear to confront. Though on some level the mass audience yearns for a book about physical passion as straight and direct as the boy's scrawl on the sidewalk, given the choice, it will turn to the romantic prose-poem, the fake doctor's report, the hot-breathed exposé, the heavily moralistic plea for more sex or less.

As early as the Eighteenth Century, when modern pornography was invented, authors were aware that their readers demanded of the sex book something more than mere titillation; that even ready-made erotic daydreams had to be provided with the semblance of a moral. Cleland, still avidly read after two hundred years by those who can lay hands on his work, assured his first audience in a "tail-piece of morality" that sex without true love is only a "vulgar" joy, "whether in king or beggar," and that, of course, Virtue is preferable to Vice. And these final unexceptionable sentiments are echoed by the infamous Marquis de Sade, who prefaces an account (still not publishable even in France) of horrendous defilements and rapes with the declared hope that his readers will be moved to cry out: "Oh, how these renderings of crime make me proud of my love for Virtue! How sublime does it appear through tears! How 'tis embellished by misfortunes!" Hypocrisy, hypocrisy! the disenchanted modern sighs and turns away with a shrug; but even when such sentiments are not (as they are not in Lawrence) blatant hypocrisy, they involve a subtler form of deceit, a falsification of what we seek when we choose to read erotic literature: pleasure rather than profit, and the chill of terror at knowing we prefer pleasure to profit; the dangerous joy of self-knowledge rather than the smug satisfaction of determining to reform.

It is because he renders this joy without excuse or equivocation that James Joyce seems at this point the greatest of recent erotic writers, the final soliloquy of Molly Bloom in *Ulysses* the Twentieth Century masterpiece of the genre. And it is from Joyce that such later successful fictionists as Samuel Beckett (in his novels) and J. P. Donleavy (in *The Ginger Man*) have learned their craft; though the most successful young American in the field, John Barth, the author of *The Sotweed Factor*, apparently stems rather from Rabelais and the Marquis de Sade. Most other practitioners of amatory fiction, even Henry Miller and Lawrence Durrell, owe more to Lawrence than to life, and are, like their master, tempted into dealing with sex as a kind of metapolitics or religion rather than as terror and joy. Indeed, the terror and joy proper to erotic literature strike many readers as well as writers as peculiarly limited emotions; for they are available, fully and directly, to only one half of the human race, which is to say, to males. Certainly, women do not often *write* pornography; and as readers they are likely to prefer the tearful but relatively "clean" masochism of the soap-opera, which performs for them the function entrusted by men to the "dirty" book in classic or subliterate form.

The investigations of Dr. Kinsey have statistically confirmed the impression of casual observers that women by and large do not respond to pornography and literary eroticism with the intensity of men. It is not the little girl who takes up the piece of chalk; and, indeed, the scrawled obscenity fails to move her as its little boy perpetrator dreamed. In the end, he writes for himself. To speculate on why this is so is (for the male at least) a fascinating though obscure enterprise; but even this side of such speculation, one thing is clear: pornography is "for men only" because — in a very special way — it is about women, more precisely perhaps about what men imagine women to be, pretend that they are. The girlie magazine "for men only" contains, as everyone knows, pictures of naked women, but there is no corresponding "boyie" magazine "for women only." A magazine full of photographs of male nudes or almost nudes is for male homosexuals, that is to say, for the nearest thing to a woman which a man can, in pain and deviousness, become. Since Lawrence, of course, the old lines between specialized pornography and general literature have become blurred, so that women, who are the chief consumers of books in our society, find themselves more and more often with books in hand the authors of which insist upon speaking for them in ways which they must find baffling.

In light of this, it is possible to consider the history of erotic literature in the modern world an episode in that absurd war of the sexes which was one of the unforeseen consequences of Christianity's coming to terms with a pagan world. There have been two main stages in the development of erotic literature (and of the struggle between men and women which it reflects) since the end of the Middle Ages: a comic-sadist stage and a masochist-pathetic one. The first, which left important traces in such eminent writers as Chaucer, Boccaccio, Rabelais and Shakespeare, began with the *fabliaux*, verse tales sometimes innocuous, often obscene, but almost universally dedicated to the vilification of women as lecherous, sly, disloyal, lying, domineering and destructive. Character-

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istically farcical (the serious literature of the Twelfth Century and just after was largely devoted to the conventional praise of woman), breezy and superficial, the *fabliaux* represent the chief activities of females as the betrayal of husbands and the indulgence of insatiable sexual appetites. It is all a little like the "comic" literature about Negroes in Nineteenth Century America, and reflects analogous guilts and fears in the face of an oppressed segment of society. Chaucer's Wife of Bath is a supreme example of the concupiscent man-eater, the heroine of a hundred thousand wet-dreams verging on nightmare; but she fares better at the hands of her sympathetic creator than most female figures of her time, who personify the shame of their makers, dimly aware that they have conspired to treat as less than human certain of their fellow humans.

Just as in the case of the Negro, however, a literature of comic-sadism was succeeded (with considerable overlapping) by one of pathetic-masochism. As the movement for female "emancipation" developed, the Western world ceased to laugh at victimized woman and began to weep over her. The detachment which makes comedy possible yielded to the kind of identification which encourages sentimental melodrama. The modern novel itself begins in the mid-Eighteenth Century with such sentimental melodrama, with an invitation to its readers to weep over the plight of raped or seduced women; and it is nearly a century before pornography is finally separated from fiction in general by the genteel revolution in manners against which Lawrence was to struggle much later.

The Eighteenth Century shift from erotic farce to erotic pathos was, moreover, accompanied by a tendency to deal with the inward rather than the merely outward aspects of sex, to get beyond physiology and into psychology. Through the time of Chaucer the writer remains oddly uninterested in anything but sexual action itself, ignoring reaction, response, awareness, as in *The Merchant's Tale*, for instance, where at the climax (a young woman has climbed into a tree with her lover, while her husband, old and blind, stands below), Chaucer simply tells us:

. . . and with a spring she thence
— Ladies, I beg you not to take offence,
I can't embellish, I'm a simple man —
Went up into the tree, and Damian
Pulled up her smock at once and in
he thrust.

Not a word about the special titillation of such indulgence and deceit, much less any analysis of regret or strife between conscience and desire, just the facts. With such "facts" no one after the Eighteenth Century has been content; for even the most vulgar pornographer has tended to reach beyond the question of who laid whom to the question of how did it feel. But this has involved getting inside the female head, the female loins, the womb itself; for the inwardness with which even the earliest writers of psychological sex literature were concerned is woman's inwardness, and the problem that has really vexed them from the start is: how does it feel to *her?*

Certainly, this has not been less true as pornography has become first advance-guard and then standard literature, A. E. Coppard's *Justine* and *Fanny Hill* yielding to *Madame Bovary, Anna Karenina, Lady Chatterley's Lover, Lolita* and the second *Justine* by Durrell. The very names of the books betray their authors' eagerness to assume the female role, the female voice; and even the apparent exception has been shortened in popular speech to *Lady Chatterley*. This is fair enough, for Lawrence's book belongs finally to the Lady and not her lover, being, in its sexual aspects, a rendition through a woman's eyes of male narcissism and anxiety, a series of variations on the theme: what is it like to be possessed by one of us? Lawrence is by no means exceptional in this regard; and, indeed, if an anthology were to be made from the classic passages in contemporary literature dealing with the climaxes of love, most of them would be projections of the woman's view, whether culled from the master himself ("And this time the sharp ecstasy of her passion did not overcome her; she lay with her hands inert on his striving body, and do what she might, her spirit seemed to look on from the top of her head, and the butting of his haunches seemed ridiculous to her . . ."), or Joyce ("pretending not to be excited but I opened my legs I wouldn't let him touch inside my petticoat. . . . I tortured the life out of him tickling him. . . . I made him blush a little when I got over him that way when I unbuttoned him . . ."), or Faulkner ("With her hips grinding against him, her mouth gaping in straining protrusion . . . dragging his head down, making a weeping moan. . . . 'Please. Please. Please. Please. You've got to. I'm on fire I tell you . . .' ").

Not only in the prose of our time but in our most distinguished poetry, too, the pattern is repeated: the assumption of female self-consciousness, the attempt to give words to the woman who lies moaning or in silence beneath the male, but who will not — perhaps cannot — tell how it is with her. T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* is not ordinarily thought of as erotic literature, but in it the poet plays like Lawrence himself the male ventriloquist to various female dummies.

He's been in the army four years,
he wants a good time,
And if you don't give it him, there's
others will, I said.
Oh is there, she said. Something o'
that, I said . . .

". . . By Richmond I raised my knees
Supine on the floor of a narrow
canoe.
. . . After the event
He wept. He promised 'a new start.'
I made no comment. What should I
resent?"

And in his notes to the poem, Eliot gives to himself as transvestite and ventriloquist, to the character who represents that self, a mythological name. "Tiresias . . ." he writes, "is yet the most important personage in the poem . . . all the women are one woman, and the two sexes meet in Tiresias."

But who was Tiresias? A blind Theban prophet, we remember, who, asked by the Gods to judge their argument over who got more pleasure out of the act of love, male or female, answered blithely: female — and for the presumption of his response was turned by Juno into a woman. It is, on the one hand, a punishment which fits the crime of male pride, pluming itself on the pleasure bestowed by the thrust of maleness; and on the other, an allegorical representation of what happens to the male writer when he sets himself the task of imagining the female response to his jutting sex, his butting buttocks. Once more, it is D. H. Lawrence who naively gives away the game, putting in Lady Chatterley's mouth the hyperbolic praise which the male likes to think he reads in the mirror of a woman's eye at the moment before orgasm: "And now she touched him, and it was the sons of God with the daughters of men. How beautiful he felt, how pure of tissue! Such utter stillness of potency and delicate flesh! . . . The roots, root of all that is lovely, the primeval root of all full beauty."

It is not, however, mere masculine narcissism which demands the fantasies of erotic fiction; it is also the deep need of the male to know what he is to someone utterly other, to be told, as if by that other, what he seems at the moment of his fullest maleness. Without this, he cannot help feeling, he will never realize his truest self, fail forever to attain self-knowledge. The act of male penetration which we are likely to call "possession" was spoken of in Biblical Hebrew (and is spoken of in the King James Version) as "knowing" a woman; but how can a man "know" himself unless he can become vicariously for an instant the woman knowing his "knowing," become, that is to say, Tiresias. The boy with the chalk and the blind bisexual before the walls of Thebes — these are the two ideal forms of the erotic writer: scrawler of dirty words in his beginnings, prophet in his end.

"Why don't I get rid of everybody?"

JOHNNY REB *(continued from page 62)*

before I forget, one other thing . . . no, it's too trivial to bother *you* with . . . I'll speak to one of the typists about it later.

COWAN

(*Sighing*) I'd rather you told *me* about it, Mr. Kingsley.

KINGSLEY

Very well. It's that Gettysburg Address scene. Don't you think you're laying it on a bit too thick there?

COWAN

But this is one of the most famous speeches in history, delivered by one of the greatest men of all time . . .

KINGSLEY

My boy, you don't have to tell *me* about the importance of that speech or what a great man Lincoln was. But wouldn't you say it's only fair for us to give Jefferson Davis some kind of equal time here?

WOLLMAN

But Jefferson Davis didn't *speak* at Gettysburg.

KINGSLEY

Hell, Bob, I know *that*. But he spoke in places like Richmond, didn't he?

HOPKINS

I have it, Mr. Kingsley. We pull the old split-screen bit. On one half of the screen we have Lincoln delivering the Gettysburg Address, see, and on the other half we have Davis, in Atlanta, or someplace, rebutting him on certain key points.

KINGSLEY

I'll buy it! I'll buy it!

COWAN

Come now, gentlemen, *that* speech was so far above petty partisan issues that . . .

WOLLMAN

Of course! And besides, Davis didn't *really* rebut Lincoln. Would you want us to put our own words in his mouth?

KINGSLEY

(*Splintering the desk with his fist*) *Never!* We're *not* going to rewrite the pages of history!

WOLLMAN *and* COWAN *lean back to savor their victory.*

KINGSLEY

No sir, we're not going to rewrite the pages of history to satisfy *any* sectional group! . . . Cut the whole Gettysburg Address scene, Jim, and add fifteen more minutes to the Battle of Bull Run . . .

COWAN *pathetically returns to his notebook.*

KINGSLEY

Well, *that* should do it! Now we've got ourselves a nice taut, solid script . . . and with a little retyping in the final act, we're ready to roll.

COWAN

(*Feebly*) The . . . the final act?

KINGSLEY

Frankly, Jim, I'm a bit worried about the Appomattox Court House scene.

COWAN

(*Desperately*) You . . . you don't like the idea of the South surrendering? You . . . you'd prefer a *different* ending?

KINGSLEY

Let's not be facetious, Jim. We *all* know the results of the Civil War. What I'm driving at is, why must we present such an unfavorable image of Robert E. Lee in this scene?

COWAN

(*Panic-stricken, ruffling quickly through the script*) *Unfavorable* image? But . . . but . . . listen to what General Grant says about Lee . . . where is it? . . . Oh, I have it . . . Grant says, "Sir, you are generous, sincere and brave. You are a gifted commander and a gentleman of spotless character . . ."

KINGSLEY

Oh, come off it, man . . . How authentic an image is *that*?

COWAN

I'm not sure I follow you.

KINGSLEY

Jim, how proud would *you* be, to be called generous, sincere, brave, a gifted commander and a gentleman of spotless character—by a DRUNK?

COWAN

But Grant was *not* drunk at Appomattox!

KINGSLEY

No, I suppose not . . . but hold on, we can take some *minor* historical liberties . . . Why not *have* Grant drunk? In this way, to some extent we can offset the indignities that Lee is forced to undergo.

HOPKINS

Great idea, Mr. Kingsley! Why can't we make a really hilarious satirical bit out of this scene and obscure the surrender thing completely?

COWAN

For three reasons . . . it would be historically inaccurate, it would detract from the drama, and James Thurber would sue us.

KINGSLEY

Very well then, what I suggest we do is . . .

COWAN

(*Pitifully*) Cut the Appomattox scene?

KINGSLEY

That's right. Then perhaps we can . . .

COWAN

(*Very weakly*) Add ten more minutes to Bull Run?

KINGSLEY

Damn good idea, Jim . . . Well, I think *that* should do it. We're ready to roll now.

COWAN *makes a few more notes in his book, then rises wearily to his feet.*

COWAN

(*To* KINGSLEY *and* HOPKINS) Gentlemen, would it be all right if Bob started casting the play *before* the revisions? After all, we're going to need an *awful* lot of extras for Bull Run.

WOLLMAN

I've already *started* casting, Jim.

COWAN

Oh, I didn't know that! Say, Bob, I'd like to make one casting suggestion. For the important role of Will Jackson—you know, the slave—I'd like to recommend a fellow who's done some great stuff in small Negro theatre groups . . .

KINGSLEY

Negro theatre groups, Jim? *Negro* theatre groups?

COWAN

Why . . . why . . . yes . . . you see, I thought . . .

WOLLMAN

(*Slightly abashed*) Er . . . Jim, at Mr. Kingsley's suggestion, I put in a call to the Coast before the meeting started. I'm still waiting for that call to get through . . . It concerns the role of Will Jackson, the slave.

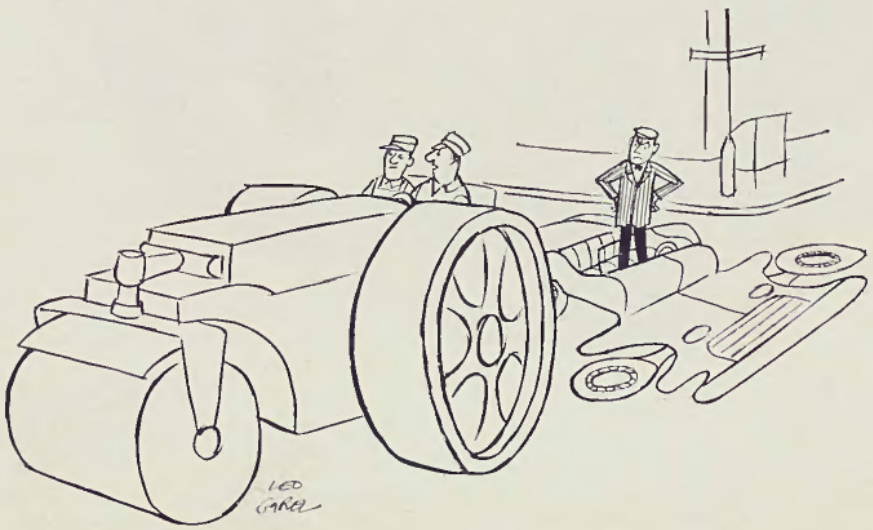
There is a buzz on the intercom. WOLLMAN *pushes down the lever.*

WOLLMAN

Yes, Miss Tracey?

VOICE

Mr. Wollman, it's your call to Tab Hunter's agent in California . . .



"Did you hear a crunch?"

PUNCH

(continued from page 55)

"But seriously, Buffie, these people are unpredictably generous. Look how they built that dam in Egypt! Has this Punch given you anything?"

Buffie grinned wisely as they drove along, their shotguns firmly held between their knees. "Damn it," he said mildly, "I forgot to bring cigarettes. Let's stop at the Blue Jay Diner for a minute." The cigarette machine at the Blue Jay was out of sight of the parking lot, and so was the phone booth.

It was too bad, he reflected, to have to share everything with the boys, but on the other hand he already had his growth stocks. Anyway there was plenty for everyone. Every nation on Earth had its silicon-drive spaceships now, fleets of them milling about on maneuvers all over the Solar System. With help from the star-people, an American expedition had staked out enormous radium beds on Callisto, the Venezuelans had a diamond mountain on Mercury, the Soviets owned a swamp of purest penicillin near the South Pole of Venus. And individuals had done very well, too. A ticket-taker at Steeplechase Park explained to the aliens why the air jets blew up ladies' skirts, and they tipped him with a design for a springless safety pin that was earning him a million dollars a month in royalties. An usherette at La Scala became the cosmetic queen of Europe for showing three of them to their seats. They gave her a simple painless eye dye, and now ninety-nine percent of Milan's women had bright blue eyes from her salon.

All they wanted to do was help. They said they came from a planet very far away and they were lonely and they wanted to help us make the jump into space. It would be fun, they promised, and would help to end poverty and war between nations, and they would have company in the void between the stars. Politely and deferentially they gave away secrets worth trillions, and humanity burst with a shower of gold into the age of plenty.

• • •

Punch was there before them, inspecting the case of bourbon hidden in their blind. "I am delighted to meet you, Chuck, Jer, Bud, Padre and of course Buffie," he said. "It is kind of you to take a stranger along on your fun. I regret I have only some eleven minutes to stay."

Eleven minutes! The boys scowled apprehensively at Buffie. Punch said, in his wistful voice, "If you will allow me to give you a memento, perhaps you would like to know that three grams of common table salt in a quart of Crisco, exposed for nine minutes to the radiations from one of our silicon reactors, will infallibly remove warts." They all scribbled, silently planning a partnership corporation, and Punch pointed out to the bay where some tiny dots rose and fell with the waves. "Are those not the mallards you wish to shoot?"

"That's right," said Buffie glumly. "Say, you know what I was thinking? I was thinking – that transmutation you mentioned before – I wonder ——"

"And are these the weapons with which you kill the birds?" He examined Padre's ancient over-and-under with the silver chasing. "Extremely lovely," he said. "Will you shoot?"

"Oh, not *now*," said Buffie, scandalized. "We can't do that. About that transmutation ——"

"It is extremely fascinating," said the star-man, looking at them with his mild pink pupils and returning the gun. "Well, I may tell you, I think, what we have not announced. A surprise. We are soon to be present in the flesh, or near, at any rate."

"Near?" Buffie looked at the boys and the boys looked at him: there had been no suggestion of this in the papers and it almost took their minds off the fact that Punch was leaving. He nodded violently, like the flickering of a bad fluorescent lamp.

"Near indeed, in a relative way," he said. "Perhaps some hundreds of millions of miles. My true body, of which this is only a projection, is at present in one of our own interstellar ships now approaching the orbit of Pluto. The American fleet, together with those of Chile, New Zealand and Costa Rica, is there practicing with its silicon-ray weapons and we will shortly make contact with them for the first time in a physical way." He beamed. "But only six minutes remain," he said sadly.

"That transmutation secret you mentioned ——" Buffie began, recovering his voice.

"Please," said Punch, "may I not watch you hunt? It is a link between us."

"Oh, do you shoot?" asked Padre.

The star-man said modestly, "We have little game. But we love it. Won't you show me your ways?"

Buffie scowled. He could not help thinking that twelve growth stocks and a wart cure were small pickings from the star-men, who had given wealth, weapons and the secret of interstellar travel. "We can't," he growled, his voice harsher than he intended. "We don't shoot sitting birds."

Punch gasped with delight. "Another bond between us! But now I must go to our fleet for the . . . For the surprise." He began to shimmer like a candle.

"Neither do we," he said, and went out.

PANCAKES *(continued from page 83)*

a thin pancake spread with preserves and then flambéed — takes on a thousand different personalities with each new combination of liqueur and preserves, or even such tantalizing alternatives as sliced brandied peaches, Nesselrode sauce, cherries jubilee, fried bananas, chestnuts in vanilla sauce, and pineapple spears in rum. In concocting one of these light delights, it will be well to remember that the French crepe is far closer to lace than burlap. This delicate texture is best attained by abandoning whisk and egg beater in favor of an electric blender, which will produce in twenty seconds a lightness of batter that no expenditure of manual labor could achieve.

No batter will be worth the beating, however, unless it goes to its reward in the right receptacle. A black iron omelet pan seven to eight inches in diameter is the perfect choice, but almost any good frying pan of these dimensions will serve just as well — provided it's light enough to be wielded effortlessly, but heavy enough to keep the batter safe from burning.

For the sake of discouraging an overheated liaison between pan and batter, they must of course be separated by a chaste film of shortening. The most efficient technique is simply to rub the pan until it shines with a small cube of larding pork; the easiest, to cover the pan bottom with salad oil and pour off the excess; the tastiest, to anoint the pan evenly with a modest measure of drawn butter. To prepare: melt table butter slowly, skim off the foamy surface and, shunning the white sediment at the bottom, pour off the golden balance. Thus clarified, it will never over-tan in the pan.

As a holiday from the routines of five-course dinners, pancakes can be a light and informal tiffin that is neither immobilizingly heavy nor rigidly relegated to formal meal hours. Their nutlike aroma, their seductive sizzle in the skillet are guaranteed to lure hungry hordes kitchenward in deep of night, crack of dawn, or blaze of curaçao.

Once lured, *Pfannkuchen* fan and buckwheat buff, crepicure and *nalesnik-nik* can easily be persuaded to expedite affairs by laying silverware, slicing butter and warming brandy for the chef; and then, enjoyably, to do a round of griddling for themselves — following the advice in the Middle English couplet:

And every man and maide doe take their turne,
And tosse their pancakes up for feare they burne.

CREPES, BASIC BATTER
(Serves four)

3 eggs
½ cup milk
¼ cup cold water
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup sifted flour
¼ cup clarified butter or salad oil

Place eggs, milk, water and salt into the well of an electric blender, add flour, blend at high speed for twenty seconds, and turn off machine. With a rubber spatula scrape the sides clean of any adhering flour, and resume blending at the same speed for another twenty seconds. Then heat a teaspoon of clarified butter over a moderate flame in a 7½-in. frying pan and drain off any excess. Pour in three tablespoons batter and tilt the pan so that the mixture covers the bottom completely. Adjust flame to prevent over-rapid browning; when done, turn with a spatula, and brown other side. Remove from pan, set aside and continue in this manner until all batter is used.

CREPES WITH CURAÇAO
(Serves four)

Crepes, basic batter
½ cup orange marmalade
¼ cup sweet butter
Grated rind of ½ medium orange
2 tablespoons sugar
2 dashes orange bitters
2 tablespoons cognac
4 tablespoons curaçao

Spread each crepe with two teaspoons orange marmalade, roll up and set aside. Melt butter in a saucepan or chafing dish (large enough to accommodate all the crepes side by side), add orange rind, sugar and orange bitters, stir well, and then arrange crepes in pan. Turn them to coat each side completely with butter, and when hot, add the cognac and curaçao. When liqueurs are hot, set them ablaze for a minute or two, and spoon crepes onto serving dishes.

CREPES WITH ROQUEFORT
(Six appetizer portions)

Crepes, basic batter
3 ozs. roquefort cheese, finely crumbled
¼ cup bread crumbs
½ cup light cream
Dash white pepper
Dash cayenne pepper
½ cup heavy cream
3 ozs. Swiss gruyère cheese
Paprika

Cook crepes in pan 4½-5 in. wide. In a small mixing bowl, combine roquefort, bread crumbs, light cream, white and cayenne peppers, and mix well. Spread each crepe with two teaspoons of this mixture, roll up, and set aside. Heat heavy cream to boiling point but do not boil, and pour over crepes. Shred gruyère, using the large-holed side of a metal grater, and spread evenly over the crepes. Sprinkle lightly with paprika, place under preheated broiler until cheese browns, and serve at once.

CANNELLONI WITH CRAB MEAT
(Serves four)

Crepes, basic batter
6½-oz. can crab meat
¼ cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
1 tablespoon minced parsley
2 tablespoons minced scallions
1 teaspoon French mustard
¼ teaspoon lemon juice
Salt, pepper, paprika
8-oz. can tomato sauce
½ teaspoon oregano
Grated parmesan cheese
Salad oil

Carefully remove any cartilage or shell from crab meat, and break meat into small pieces. Combine in a mixing bowl with mayonnaise, green pepper, parsley, scallion, mustard, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Spread each crepe with this mixture, roll up, and place in a shallow casserole. In a small saucepan heat tomato sauce and oregano to boiling point, and pour over crepes, sprinkling generously with grated parmesan cheese, lightly with salad oil and paprika. Then, in oven preheated to 375°, bake about twenty minutes or until cheese browns, and serve bubbling hot.

LOBSTER ROLLS
(Serves four)

Crepes, basic batter (with either variation which follows)
Meat of 1 boiled chicken lobster
¾ cup diced cooked pork or chicken
5¼-oz. can bamboo shoots
1 medium-size piece celery, diced
2 diced scallions
1 teaspoon soy sauce
1 teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
Salt, pepper
1 beaten egg
Frying fat

A version of Chinese egg rolls, this lordly dish is made from the basic crepe batter, but with two possible variations. The first uses cold water instead of milk. The second uses half ordinary white flour — and half water-chestnut flour, if you can obtain it.

Cut both lobster and pork into small cubes about the size of the bamboo shoots. In a mixing bowl combine lobster, pork, bamboo shoots, celery, scallions, soy sauce, sugar, monosodium glutamate, salt and pepper. Divide this filling among the twelve pancakes, brush the inside rim of each with beaten egg, and roll up, folding and pressing the ends in securely for complete sealing. Place each roll, folded side down, in a shallow pan or platter, and chill thoroughly. Heat deep fat to 370° (or until the first wisp of smoke), lower rolls slowly into fat, brown on all sides, and serve immediately with hot Chinese

mustard and Chinese plum or duck sauce.

BEER GRIDDLECAKES
(Serves four)

¾ cup bread crumbs
1 cup beer at room temperature
2 eggs, well beaten
3 tablespoons salad oil
¼ cup light cream
¾ cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt

Combine the bread crumbs and beer, and let stand for about ten minutes. In a large mixing bowl combine eggs, oil and cream, and mix well. Sift together the flour, baking powder, sugar and salt, and add to egg mixture along with beer compote, alternately in thirds. Preheat an electric griddle to 390° (or if you use an old-fashioned iron griddle, heat it until a few drops of sprinkled water sizzle and disappear in a few seconds — no longer and no shorter). Grease lightly, and drop the batter onto the griddle ¼ cup at a time. When medium brown on bottom and dull beige on top, turn them over and brown other side. Serve with generous pats of sweet butter and hot maple syrup.

BLUEBERRY GRIDDLECAKES
(Serves four)

12-oz. pkg. frozen cultivated blueberries
½ cup white table syrup
3 tablespoons butter
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup buttermilk
¼ cup light cream
2 tablespoons salad oil
1½ cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar

Let the blueberries stand at room temperature until half-thawed, and drain off liquid, adding it to the white table syrup and butter in a small saucepan. Heat until butter melts and keep warm until serving time. In a mixing bowl combine beaten eggs, buttermilk, light cream and salad oil. Sift together the flour, baking soda, salt and sugar, and add to mixture, stirring until dry flour is no longer visible. To this batter (which should be somewhat lumpy), add the drained blueberries. Preheat an electric griddle to 390°, grease lightly, and pour in batter, allowing about ¼ cup for each pancake. When medium brown on bottom and dull beige on top, turn and brown other side. Borne swiftly to serving plate, crowned with melting butter, and bathed in hot blueberry syrup, this steaming savory — though rustically American as hominy — is regal provender for even the most pampered palate. Enjoy! Enjoy!

american divide (continued from page 92)

sort of jungle beastie; those in Reno, men and women, are wronged angels. Many a joyous conversation in a Guest House patio concerns ways to settle his/her hash, which badly needs settling. For current news of what he/she is up to, you can always get word from detective agencies or crystal ball snoops who do a thriving business:

PHYCHIC RUTH — *Card Reader and Counselor 17th Successful Year in Reno. $3.00.* "Phychic" is probably a combination word, meaning fidgety and fishy, and it characterizes the stories to which poor, long-suffering, three-dollar Ruth has had to lend an ear. "My husband, listen, he used to . . ." "That wife of mine, by God, I wanted to . . ."

Some, of course, have untraceable spouses who, for all they know, might be working for the Post Office; she lies dead in a schoolteacher's closet in Tulsa; he is producing a movie entitled *Teenagers at the SEATO Conference*; Phychic Ruth cannot see him clear. He has disappeared from the ken of mortal and gypsy, and will be symbolically reached only by that final invocation published in a legal advertisement:

> The State of Nevada sends you greetings! Not having cohabited with the plaintiff . . .

And he'll never know what was said about him before the Reno judge. The judge probably won't know, either. He has heard too many stories that all have the same ending. He turns off the hearing aid and pores over his copy of *Poker — a Gentleman's Pastime.*

The garrulous camaraderie of the boarding house gives wounds a chance to heal under the gentle urging of that famous law — misery loves company of the opposite sex. One should always describe one's trouble to those who cannot check for accuracy; sympathy begets sympathy in return; and listen, pal, it sure is good to get away after what I been through. "I know, I know, and how about making a tour of the clubs?"

There are plenty of shaky stomachs and trembling lower lips, plenty of secret tears in narrow beds, but there is also the lovely resilient chick who comments, "I learned a great deal from my marriage. I don't regret anything. I learned how to give big parties and how to keep the maid from stealing."

• • •

Most things that you do furtively in other places you can do without shame in Reno. This is to Reno's credit: honesty is one of the good policies. The popular acceptance of gambling is indicated by a recent debate in the City Council. Should the city get out of the slot machine business at the Municipal Airport? Of course. Why? Declared the mayor: "We don't want to compete with private enterprise."

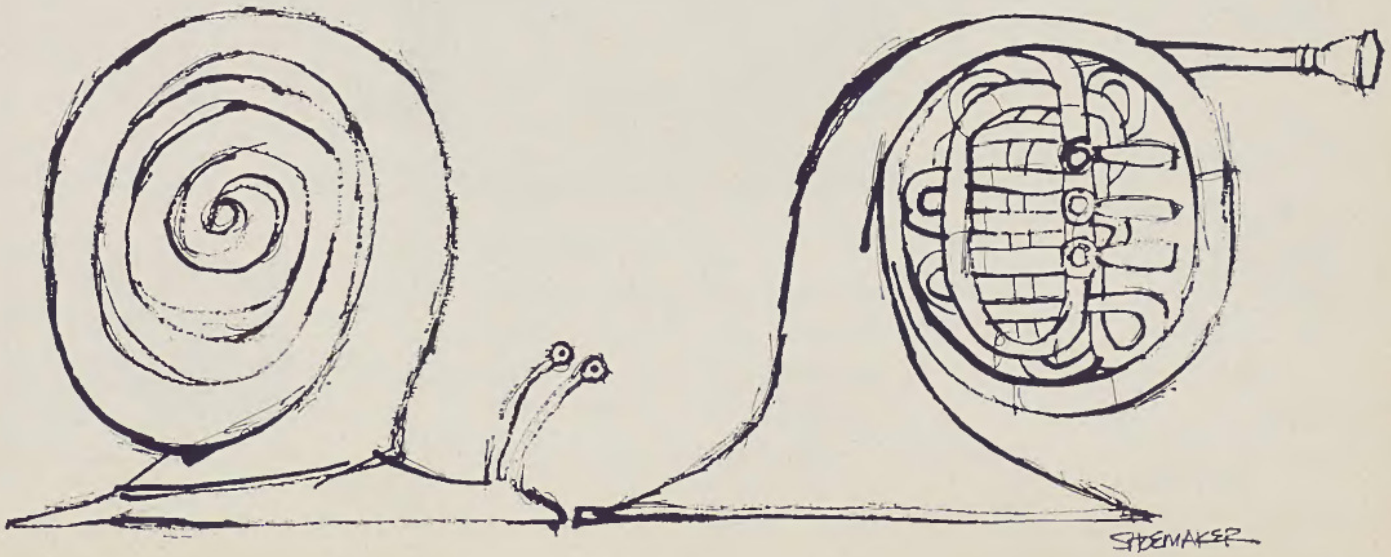
The private enterprise includes Harold's Club (in addition to The Nevada, The Golden, Harrah's Club and other secondary institutions), a giant seven-floor department store of luck, with blackjack, craps, roulette and eight hundred slot machines grinding up money twenty-four hours a day. The customers pull, wait and stare like the distraught heroes of horror movies who look at their monster and say, "I think it's trying to tell us something." (It is trying to tell them: "The grind is against you, buddy — bell, cherry and orange.") Some slots are "humanized," being built into gorgeous female bodies, with the coins, when you hit, emerging from a dismally appropriate place.

"We build slot machines," stated one manufacturer, "but we don't build machines to force people to play." Nevertheless, the mechanism seems to be built into most of us. Jean-Paul Sartre once committed a famous remark: "Hell is other people." This is an easy epigram, since any definition of hell with such an outrageous and dogmatic format will take us by surprise and sound briefly, pretentiously true. For example: Hell is oneself; Hell is nobody. But those hip-to-hip rows of cattle before the slot machines, blind to anything but the rolling fruit, suggest some particular dramatic sense to the French philosopher's remark. Hell is other people playing slot machines.

This repetitive, ritualistic, manual game recalls fantasies in which the child defies logic — he is all-powerful; he controls his fate simply by force of will. (Dylan Thomas made fun of this primitive dream when he wrote about a rocky transatlantic flight, "Only my iron will will keep the great bird aloft.") The gambler's iron will commands a jackpot when he wants it — *right now* — and refuses to admit failure until he wakes from his dreams of omnipotence to find his pockets empty. Perhaps — while we are walking on these psychological waters — there is another factor at work: in his heart of hearts the gambler wants to lose, a stubborn guilty child asking to be punished for trying to stand outside the laws of chance.

One of the saddest, most instructive sights in the world is that of a gambling creep shuffling out of a room on South Virginia Street and over to the Western Union office on Center Street, there to mouth his stub of pencil and try to transform himself into a poet with a new way of saying SEND MONEY QUICK. Going from club to club you see the System Players, clutching their notebooks, grinning hard, with harassed eyes and chewed lips, sure that next time the laws of statistics, which they have invented, will take hold. Next time.

The Smith family, owners of Harold's Club, are respected leaders of community life in Reno. They endow concerts and the Harold's Club Scholarships at the University of Nevada. (One condition: The Scholar must not cross the threshold of Harold's Club during his college enrollment.) Legalized gambling is an important industry. The high desert skies are clear of industrial smoke;



the fume and fuss of gambling leave little mark on the Nevada landscape.

• • •

Reno and environs display a distinct physical charm and diversity of terrain. Besides the gambling/divorcing Reno, there is also the typical Western town in which people live much as they do in a thousand similar places, blessed by lovely homes and mortgages, spacious lawns and chickweed, happy youngsters thronging to school, church and dragstrip. This ignored Reno boasts magnificent surrounding mountains, the snow-fed Truckee making green the center of the city, skiing in winter and healthful dry desert air in summer — plus the University of Nevada, "finest institution of higher learning in the state." (It is also the only institution of higher learning in the state.)

But it is not for these advantages in culture and climate that Reno is so much better known than, say, Ottumwa, Iowa, or Bellingham, Washington, both towns of comparable size. Reno is a rambunctious, brawling Mickey Rooney among cities. The workaday Reno grudgingly harbors its wild, permissive twin, without which, of course, any renowned Reno at all would be impossible. The two Renos are joined by common elements of the picturesque and the bizarre: the traditional rodeo, the splendors of desert sage and mountain pine, the romantic outcroppings of silver-bearing rock in nearby, antique Virginia City, where ragtime is the rule, the hot mineral springs for swimming, the general morality of No Speed Limit in Nevada.

The true churchly, cultural Reno, of which some old residents defensively prattle, also has some basis in fact, once you leave Virginia Street (the major casinos), Commercial Row (pawn shops, Indian bars, prodding policemen), and Lake Street (Chinese and Negro gambling clubs — Reno is covertly Jim Crow). But it's hard to keep the wistful visitor in church once he has found the Mint Club, where Rosemarie has been Held Over by Popular Demand — and by popular demand she holds it over the drinkers at the bar on which she prances. The place of the great rose window of the cathedral of Notre Dame is taken by the grandiose outdoor mural of an Indian massacre which is the entrance to Harold's Club, the dominating structure in town.

Over this cathedral of chance shines a beacon; within it the multitude throngs. The slot machines whir, the process servers knock, the courts do their work. A woman sniffles, a woman laughs, a dude moves in. Someone asks for change of a paper twenty in silver dollars. A spur jangles. Six weeks begin for someone; six weeks are over for another.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

CAESAR AUGUSTUS' favorite month can be equally attractive to contemporary roamin' legions. San Sebastian, for instance, the smartest of Spain's society spas, is at its playtime peak during August's Semana Grande — yacht races, bullfights featuring top matadors, horse racing and pelota (jai alai's sprightly grandfather) matches are very much *a mano*. San Sebastian has two splendid beaches — La Concha and Ondaretta — and one superb hotel, the María Cristina.

But for something *extra*-special, pick one of our prize offbeat spots — the little Spanish island of La Toja, just a tortilla toss from the northwest coast. The water couldn't be better, breaking from blue to foaming white on the protected private beach of the Gran Hotel there. We don't advise tackling this stint solo, however; almost all are paired up.

If you dote on *Kultur*, Austria in August is your cup of *Kaffee*. A highlight of the Salzburg Festival this year will be the premier August 16 of a new opera, *Das Bergwerk zu Falun*, by Rudolf Wagner-Regeny. This, of course, is only one of thirty-two operas on a schedule that also includes eleven major orchestral concerts and a whole raft of serenades, chamber-music performances, solo concerts, lieder recitals and plays.

Besides music, however, the festivals at Salzburg usually offer a gaggle of Vassars and Smiths who eventually grow tired of the longhair sounds and are more than happy to help you squander schillings at the Salzburg Casino or circle the intimate little *Tanz* bars of the city by night. By day you can take her in an open fiacre to lunch at Til Eulenspiegel or the Café Bazaar.

You'll find no melancholy Danes in Copenhagen; it's one of Europe's great fun towns. Or, as the Danes put it, "Catch up with your sleep in the next country!" The city offers thirty-two nightclubs ranging from diamond-in-the-rough-ish spots like the Outlaw, Flamingo, the elegant Ambassadeur, or the boisterously beer-gardeny Landsbyen to more placid places such as Drachmann's Kro graced by lute-playing minstrels. There are dozens of restaurants beside Davidsen's which serve the world-famous open smorrebrod sandwiches, plus Danish aqvavit and beer — notably the Seven Small Homes, which is just that, and Krog's Fiskerestaurant overlooking the canal — and still others near the famous Tivoli Gardens, particularly Seven Nations and Imperial Atrium, which are Dansk dining delights.

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

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Boulevardiers were on their ears at the sight of these luxurious yarns! Here where fashionable Fifth Avenue meets the Park . . . where grand hotels look down their haughty facades and even the cabs are hansom . . . they'd never seen the handsome likes of Jockey Thorobred hose. The distinguished ribbing . . . the restrained solid colors . . . the unmistakable look of gallant grooming! So patently polished that only the perfect gentleman could resist kicking his heels for the sheer pleasure of pulling on a pair of Jockey Thorobred hose.

Imported English rib, very Thorobred in shrink-resistant wool with nylon reinforced heel 'n toe. Classic colors in regular length. $1.75

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