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THE LORD'S PRAYER—9 MORE



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MARTY ROBBINS
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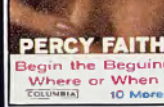
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48. "Intensely felt, dynamically interpreted" — HiFi Rev.

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Where or When
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VOL. I
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PLUS 10 OTHERS



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an exciting performance in sound
EPIC



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Jerry Murad's
HARMONICATS
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33. Mack the Knife, Kiss of Fire, Ruby, Ramona, 12 in all

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THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
COLUMBIA



32. Take Five, Three to Get Ready, Everybody's Jumpin', etc.

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BYRON JANIS
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Paper Doll
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plus 10 more
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4. Also: Tony Bennett — Smile; Vic Damone — Gigi; etc.

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plus 9 more
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16. "Lighthearted, winning informality" — HiFi Stereo Review

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42. Mr. Brallowsky is "a poet of the piano" — N.Y. Times

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71. Also: Heartaches, In a Little Spanish Town, Bijou, etc.

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Ravel:
BOLERO — LA VALSE
VAN BENOUM — AMSTERDAM CONCERTSBOW
EPIC



38. "Exciting La Valse . . . sunny Nutcracker" — High Fidel.

BROOK BENTON
Songs I Love to Sing
FOOLS RUSH IN SEPTEMBER
10 more
COLUMBIA



19. Also: Moonlight in Vermont, I'll Be Around, etc.

ANDRE PREVIN
His piano and orchestra
LIKE LOVE
Love Me or Leave Me
Love Is Here to Stay
plus 10 more
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50. When I Fall in Love, Like Love, I Love a Piano, 9 more

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JULIE ANDREWS
MY FAIR LADY
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DINAH WASHINGTON
COLUMBIA



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ROY HAMILTON
You Can Have Her
EPIC



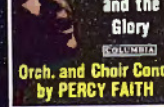
17. Never Let Me Go, Jungle Fever, Down By the Riverside, etc.

Kostelanetz
LORE OF PARADISE
Bali Hai
Sweet Lullaby
Moon of Manabara
12 MORE
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22. Also: Hawaiian War Chant, Song of the Islands, etc.

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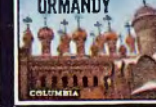
15. Onward Christian Soldiers, Rock of Ages, 12 in all

the CARL SMITH touch
Heart of a Fool
Empty Hours
10 more
COLUMBIA



74. Also: Cut Across Shorty, Not in Her Plans Anymore, etc.

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Philadelphia Orch.
ORMANDY
COLUMBIA



47. The symphony is "exquisitely played" — High Fidelity

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COLUMBIA



55. "Exquisite . . . glitters throughout" — Playboy Magazine

LES PAUL & MARY FORD
LOVERS' LUAU
COLUMBIA



57. My Little Grass Shack, Song of the Islands, 12 in all

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Capriccio Italian
ANTAL DORATI
MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCH.
COLUMBIA



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OF BOB NEWHART
WARNER BROS.



26. "Best new comedian of the decade" — Playboy Magazine

ELLINGTON
INDIGOS
COLUMBIA



30. Willow Weep For Me, Solitude, Where or When, 6 more

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Swing and Sway with SAMMY KAYE and his orchestra with strings
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60. The Nearness of You, Cocktails for Two, Mona Lisa, etc.

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BROKEN HEARTED MELODY
THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC
CARELESS
plus 9 more
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14. Also: Love Is a Random Thing, Are You Certain, etc.

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46. Lighthearted singing, lusty and utterly delightful

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ANDRE KOSTELANETZ
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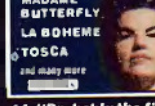
37. A vividly realistic performance with special sound effects

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PUCCINI ARIAS
MADAME BUTTERFLY
LA BOHEME
TOSCA
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44. "Probably the finest dramatic soprano in the U.S." — Time

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(A Touch of Latin)
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28. Also: I've Got You Under My Skin, Too Young, etc.

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HUNGARIAN Rhapsodies 1 & 2
PHILADELPHIA ORCH.
ORMANDY
COLUMBIA



43. "Superbly played, exciting listening" — Amer. Record Guide

torchin'
FRANKIE LAINE
COLUMBIA



73. You've Changed, Body and Soul, I've Got It Bad, 9 more

SCHEHERAZADE
BERNSTEIN
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
COLUMBIA



39. "A persuasive, sensuous performance" — Listen

4 LADS + 12 HITS
SLIGHTLY + HIGH HOPES
PERSONALITY plus 9 more
KAPP



54. Also: Catch a Falling Star, Come On-A My House, etc.

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GOLDEN VIBES LIONEL HAMPTON



with reeds and rhythm

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ERROLL GARNER Paris Impressiona



132. Song from Moulin Rouge, Louise, I Love Paris, etc.

DIZZY GILLESPIE HAVE TRUMPET, WILL EXCITE!



137. St. Louis Blues, My Heart Belongs to Daddy, etc.

GERRY MULLIGAN MEETS STAN GETZ



138. Anything Goes, Ballad, Let's Fall in Love, etc.

Swinging Brass with the oscar peterson trio



139. Blues for Big Scotia, Spirit Feel, Cubana Chant, etc.

Boy with lots of BRASS MAYNARO FERGUSON



140. Moonlight in Vermont, A Foggy Day, 10 more

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IN OUR UNFLAGGING PURSUIT of urban-oriented edification for the cultivated American male, we have directed our (and your) attention to the many-hued spectrum of contemporary topics ranging from the pleasures of pipe-smoking to the perfect penthouse, from the hippest in humor to the finest in fiction, from *jolie filles* to *haute cuisine*. With this month's perceptive analysis of American furniture and its dynamic designers, by John Anderson, Executive Editor of *Interiors* magazine, *PLAYBOY* explores a seldom-scrutinized facet of modern man's metropolitan world. Like most things worth doing, however, this project was the product of arduous planning, and in this case, of high-level diplomacy. Under the able aegis of Picture Editor Vince Tajiri, America's six most influential and publicity-shy furniture designers — Charles Eames, George Nelson, Edward Wormley, Eero Saarinen, Jens Risom and Harry Bertoina — were invited to a summit meeting in *PLAYBOY*'s New York photo studio for the purpose of lensing a Big Six color portrait — the first of its kind. When the confrontation finally took place, the six competing creators began the shooting session in a mood of courteous coolness. But Tajiri resourcefully ordered up a pair of iced magnums of champagne, and the disparate temperaments waxed so warm to the chilled bubbly, and then to each other, that the history-making shot was recorded successfully within the hour. In the accompanying text, author Anderson defines the far-reaching impact of each man on his craft, traces the evolution they helped precipitate from the cold and machinelike sparseness of the early Twenties to the warm and clean-lined softness of the early Sixties.

The thorny subject of *Sex and Censorship in Literature and the Arts* is revealingly probed in our third *Playboy Panel*, a continuing discussion series on subjects of contemporary concern. Previously round-tabled: *Narcotics and the Jazz Musician*, with Stan Kenton, Dizzy Gillespie, Duke Ellington, Shelly Manne and other noteworthy jazzmen sitting in; and *Hip Comics and the New Humor*, with Mort Sahl, Lenny Bruce, Steve Allen, Mike Nichols, Jonathan Winters and other top-drawer humorists trading views. This month, writers Norman Mailer and Ralph Ginzburg, publishers Maurice (Olympia Press) Girodias and Barney (Grove Press) Rosset, Judge Thurman Arnold, psychotherapist Dr. Albert Ellis and producer-director Otto Preminger discuss the dichotomy that exists between censorship and freedom, in a searching appraisal of art and taboo.

PLAYBOY-perennial T. K. Brown III leads the leisurely life on Islamorada in the Florida Keys. Betwixt hurricanes (last year, Donna almost did him in), he writes fiction, fact and humor with a versatility matched by few. Heading our fiction line-up this July, his *The Fifteenth Station* grippingly delineates a Scuba diver's moment of truth. Fellow Floridian Leland Webb appears this month with *The Inconsequential Pipsqueaks*, a wittily vicious study of one of the most outrageous bargains in the checkered history of love. Equally outrageous is the attention-getting (and money-making) device contrived by the Mittyesque hero of *For Whom the Booth Tolls*, a delightful fantasy penned by New Englander Barry Spacks, and charmingly illustrated by George Suyeoka. Arthur C. Clarke, halfway around the world in Ceylon, offers *Machina ex Deus*, a cogently reasoned extrapolation of the shifting relationship between man and machine.

Add our niftily nightied cover girl, Susie Scott, previously a *Playmate* (February 1960), presently a bunny in the Chicago *Playboy Club*; Bruce Griffin's first installment of a swinging two-part history of *The Jazz Singers*; a pictorial peep at *Le Crazy Horse*, the Sunset strippey, and its Parisian sister; more visual violence to the King's English in Robert Carola's *Word Play*; another bout of wee-hour flick-watching with Shel Silverstein in *Bride of Teevee Jeebies*; further embarrassments experienced by Jules Feiffer's Explainers in *The Machine*; Aesop updated in Bob Feinberg's *Fables for Negative Thinkers*; plus an unhurried view of our job-juggling July *Playmate*, and you have a perfect package of warm-weather fare.



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SUYEOKA



PLAYBILL



BROWN
CLARKE



PLAYBOY



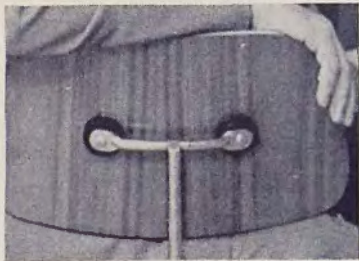
Fifteenth Station P. 34



Crazy Horse P. 77



French Racing P. 82



Furniture Design P. 46

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it doesn't show yet...
but he's losing his hair

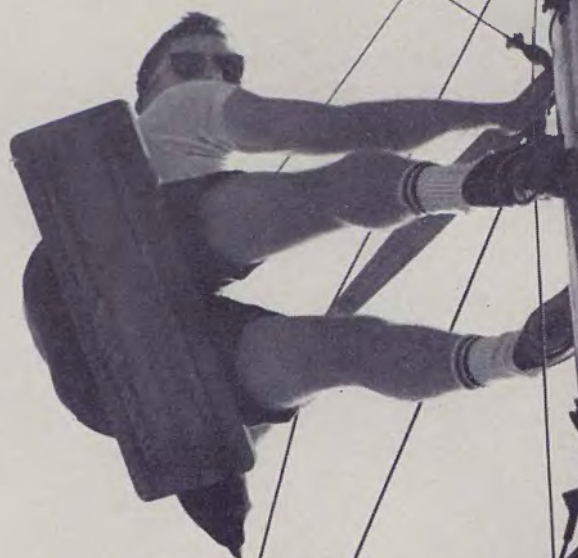
(and chances are if you're over 25 so are you!)

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

STAR FISHING

I have no objections to the *Talent Hunts* article in your April issue. I do think, though, that out of fairness to me and also because of its contemporary news value, some mention should have been made of my film *Breathless* which I made in French and in Paris for New Wave director Jean-Luc Godard, and which is currently doing record business. Some of the New York critics said, "Jean Seberg . . . comes alive in this role, giving a sensitive performance . . . far better than anything she's done. . . . Actress Jean Seberg has all the force of a corrupted child." Forgive me for blowing my own horn, but you can well understand why these reviews are meaningful and welcome.

Jean Seberg
Litchfield, Connecticut

Check the movie reviews in that same issue of PLAYBOY, Jean. You'll find that your performance in "Breathless" was praised as "surprisingly touching."

Al Morgan's *Talent Hunts* was very interesting and quite factual, at least where it concerned me; I'm sure he researched the article intensively. In 1938, I was a photographic and junior fashion model in Dallas when a Twentieth Century-Fox talent scout, Ivan Kahn (a one-time champion wrestler who, for all his heft, had a sensitivity that was extraordinary; he not only gave me my career, but also helped me adopt my daughter, Lola, now thirteen and almost competition for your Playmates) came to Texas to audition young talent. He picked me, Mary Healy and Dorris Bowdon (now Mrs. Peter Lind Hayes and Mrs. Nunnally Johnson, respectively) and took us all out to Hollywood for our initial screen tests. They signed both Dorris and Mary, but sent me home with mama to grow up, since I was only fourteen at the time. I was back a year later, however, and signed with Fox; the rest is an old story. Much later, Fox, after testing literally hundreds of young girls from convents across the nation, finally let me play the Virgin Mary in *The Song of Bernadette*. I tested for the role of Bernadette but, as you know, Jennifer Jones got it. It wasn't till they were near completion of the film that they finally

thought of me to play the Lady of Lourdes. Imagine, from that to *Forever Amber*. So, who can figure?

Linda Darnell
Los Angeles, California

If the motion picture *So Red the Rose* was a box-office disaster, don't blame it on the great Miriam Hopkins. She didn't appear in the film; the late Margaret Sullivan was the star.

William F. Short
Eastchester, New York

So red our face.

VAMPIRE TILL READY

Blood Brother was one of the most hilarious short stories I have ever had the pleasure of reading. Mr. Beaumont's sense of humor may be slightly on the morbid side, but if that is the case, then so are the works of Poe and other writers of this type.

Stuart Ritter
Fort Jackson, South Carolina

When I was a young man in the Army of the U.S. I met a guy from a mysterious castle in Central Europe who believed in the supernatural, space flight, Zen Buddhism and Brando, and who was also quite an amateur hypnotist. He had a great deal of money to spend on anyone who would listen to his ideas, whereas I, who came from a tenement in the Bronx, and owing to my occupation as sergeant in the Army, had no money and fewer ideas, took this progressive baron under my wing, to spend his money. However, through his mastery of hypnosis, and my previous training as sergeant with no will of my own, the fiend soon convinced me that I was a vampire. I was Section Eighted from a gig I made with a blood bank. My problem is not a financial one; I have discovered a very lucrative means of swinging, by giving exhibitions of my vampire prowess at beatnik and society parties. Suffice to say that after a few performances everyone's in end-ville. My problem is, beatniks have dirty necks and society has bad blood. My incisors are falling apart. Dentists are out. Once a vampire loses his incisors, what's left?

Count Coole
New York, New York

ARPEGE



MY SIN

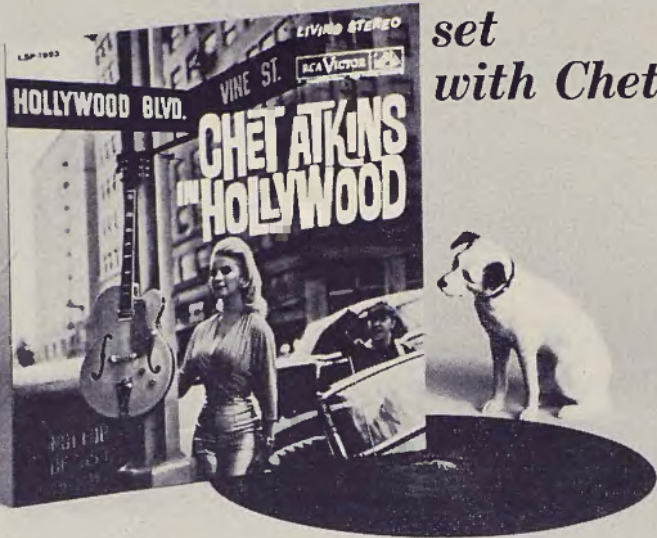
BY

LANVIN

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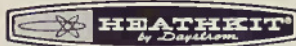
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OLYMPIC GAME

The amusing memoir by Maurice Girodias (*Pornologist on Olympus*, PLAYBOY, April) contains a number of inaccuracies. My correspondence with Mr. Girodias, and with my literary agent about Mr. Girodias, will soon be published in an appendix to a full account of *Lolita's* tribulations, and will demonstrate what caused the "deterioration" of our relations and reveal which of us was "so absorbed by the financial aspect of the nymphet phenomenon" as to be "blinded to other realities." Here I shall limit myself to the discussion of only one of Mr. Girodias' delusions. I wish to refute Mr. Girodias' bizarre charge that I was aware of his presence at the Gallimard cocktail party in October 1959. Since I had never met the man, and was not familiar with his face, I could hardly have "identified" him as he "slowly progressed toward" me. I am extremely *dis-trait* (as Humbert Humbert would have put it in his affected manner) and am liable not to make out mumbled presentations, especially in the hubbub and crush of that kind of affair. One can know obscure mythological or historical figures by their attributes and emblems, and had Mr. Girodias appeared in a punning charade, carrying a plate with an author's head, I might have recognized him. But he came plateless, and while apologizing for my abstraction, I must affirm here that I did not talk to Mr. Girodias about his brother's translation, or anything else, and that I remained completely and blissfully ignorant of having exchanged a polite grin with the Olympian Pornologist. Incidentally, in the course of describing our fictitious colloquy, Mr. Girodias compares my physical motions to those of a dolphin. This, I admit, is nicely observed. I do, alas, resemble a dolphin — and can do nothing about it, except remark, in conclusion, that Mr. Girodias speaks of those gentle cetaceans with the frightening appetite of an elasmobranch fish.

Vladimir Nabokov
Nice, France

The Olympian's memoirs did something rather special for me: gave me a feeling of almost elation for days. Because under the suave and quiet charm of the article there exists a most telling point, to wit, that exciting creativity is virtually always linked with a fervent effort to break the bonds of conformity and rigidly held sex taboos. The reason Olympia Press has the most interesting avant-garde authors is directly connected to its publication of banned books, rather than to accident, or a commercially calculated gambit of using the best new writing as a legitimizing shield behind which to print frank sexuality. I hope you editors feel this particular



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Eduard Boulanger
Périgueux, France

FOND OF FONTS

The timeliness of *Wilbur Fonts in Africa* was matched only by its hilariously hair-raising plot. Where will the bombastic old coot show up next? There are plenty of trouble spots in the world he might do well in—especially compared to some of our unintentionally ludicrous official emissaries. But wherever he goes, please be sure to give us more ploy-by-ploy Fontsonian adventures.

Arthur Denison
Williamstown, Massachusetts

VIVE LA VIE

I found the *La Vie Parisienne* feature in the April PLAYBOY superbly conceived and executed.

Raphael Gould, Director
American Library Service
New York, New York

I don't normally see your magazine, being (by your own description of your typical readers) on the wrong side of fifty. When I do buy a copy, I am delighted by your excellent articles and stories (on the whole) and am made wistfully nostalgic by some of your picture features of young girls. Nostalgia of a different sort overcame me when I saw your tribute to *La Vie Parisienne* and its gorgeous *jeune filles*. I could literally smell the flower stalls of the Paris of my student days, a potent olfactory hallucination possessed me: blossoms, bread, wine, perfume, the bridle path in the Bois. (Not that a struggling art student ever rode horseback, but looking was free.) Your little portfolio brought back treasured memories—and gave rise to this thought: Suppose that magazine of my expatriate youth had enjoyed PLAYBOY's color photography! By now, it would be a rare collector's item, rather than the romantic curio you were sagacious enough to briefly re-create.

Derek Townsend
Cos Cob, Connecticut

MARIO NOSTRUM

I read with great interest *The 20-Minute French Gourmet* by Thomas Mario in your April issue. I must say, he is an artist in his line. My people in our Catering Department also read it and feel the same as I do.

Max Blouet
Vice President—General Manager
Hotels Ambassador
Chicago, Illinois

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



The payola fuss has come and gone, and although we have never rooted for those whose connivings and felonies have shadowed our TV screens, it has always seemed to us naive to lay the payola charge exclusively on the d.j.s and quiz-show producers. In particular, we've long noticed that a product reference in a magazine article or story is often gratefully acknowledged by a sizable sample of the referenced product, delivered promptly to the author's doorstep. This puts an added burden on the magazine editors, who must keep their blue pencils constantly at the ready while perusing manuscripts of the following ilk:

"John's dazzling smile was like a Steinway keyboard as he said, 'Let me freshen your drink, Marcia.' Opening his Kelvinator, he obtained ice cubes, dropped them into a Steuben glass tumbler, casually splashed two ounces of Beefeater and some Schweppes over them and, extending his arm just enough to display his new Cartier cuff links, handed the drink to the girl. As she took the glass, she was aware of his eyes drinking in her loveliness . . . and lovely she was, indeed, from the tips of her I. Miller-shod toes; through and including her lithe, Van Raalte-sheathed legs; her magnificent body, gowned to advantage by B. H. Wragge and gently enhanced by a Playtex Living Bra, all the way up to her luscious, Revloned lips; her Maybellined eyes; her luxuriant blonde tresses, artfully shaped in their invisible lacquering of Alberto VO5. Desire welled up within John and threatened to gush forth like a billowing cloud of Aero-Shave. 'Marcia,' he said—his throat suddenly dry as a sheet of Behr-Manning Sandpaper (Extra Coarse)—'please sit down next to me on this Heritage couch and share with me the delightful taste of a Du

Maurier cigarette.' His blood bubbling like a hot turcen of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce, John discreetly turned off one of the Stiffel lamps, crossed the plush Bigelow carpet to his Rek-O-Kut (with Shure M3D cartridge) and placed on the turntable one of his favorite recordings, Frank Sinatra's *Songs for Swingin' Lovers*, orchestra conducted by Nelson Riddle (Capitol W-653). As the romantic strains filled his apartment, John turned to Marcia. He gasped. She was gone! On the Noguchi coffee table was a hastily scribbled message, obviously written with a Mirado "Chemi-Sealed" 174 No. 2½ pencil on Hallmark notepaper. Crushed, John read the short, sad, single sentence: 'You poor fool—you know I prefer Johnny Mathis' *Heavenly*, orchestra conducted by Glenn Osser (Columbia CS-8152)!' "

We wonder how many sophisticated Greenwich Village bibliophiles have been deceived by the dusty bookshelf in a Village store which bears the sign: DIRTY BOOKS FOR SALE.

An innocent pastime of ours which all may share is reading directives into headlines. Our most recent favorite is this one, on a home furnishings story in *The Philadelphia Inquirer*: PURCHASE MATTRESS AND SPRING TOGETHER.

In Barnstaple, England, the real estate firm of Brighton Gay has its offices on Joy Street.

The whole world is definitely going to Europe next year . . . knows what it doesn't like . . . is afraid it's forgotten your last name . . . had a party ruined by cranky neighbors . . . thinks you think about sex too much . . . is glad it's Friday . . . is going to write a nasty

letter . . . would rather watch the game on television . . . might grow a beard . . . had that idea long ago . . . won't ever do *that* again.

You know those name-inscribed stars in the sidewalk along Hollywood Boulevard in Tinseltown? The ones glorifying in bronze the merits of Toby Wing, Gene Austin, Roy Rogers, Lassie and other movie greats? In some blocks, alternate stars are empty, still waiting to be emblazoned with luminescent monickers. In these, recently, a hard-working, night-blooming devotee of film art has, with the aid of black paint, a brush and a carefully cut stencil, taken care of a long-standing and lamentable lack; as an impish result, the name that appears most frequently along the Boulevard these days is that of Charles Chaplin.

A United Press dispatch from Rawalpindi, Pakistan, indicates that the wrath of woman knows no bounds. According to the report, "Police Sunday arrested the runaway wife of 80-year-old Khwaja Nur Mohamad on the charge that she had made off with the family jewels . . ."

The opinion of a passer-by, typed on that typewriter outside the Olivetti showroom in Manhattan: "Speedy Alka-Seltzer is a fink."

BOOKS

Like all journalists, Leon Uris writes easily and at length about what he knows at second hand. In his latest melodrama, *Mila 18* (Doubleday, \$4.95), his subject is the German invasion of Poland, the creation of the Warsaw ghetto as a prelude

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to the extermination of the Jews, and the heroic Jewish resistance—a moving subject movingly treated once before in John Hersey's *The Wall*. The last rabbi left in the ghetto says that "I believe" means "I remember," and Uris' intention clearly is to remind those of us who never knew, or who might like to forget, that in the spring of 1943, after the population of the ghetto had been decimated, a few hundred poorly armed and starving Jews held out against SS troops and the Wehrmacht for forty-two days. Since *Mila 18* takes the form of a novel, there are love affairs, personal quarrels, politico-philosophical conversations, and some awkward attempts at humor thrown in to keep the reader, accustomed to such things in novels, reading along. Once the battle starts—and it doesn't start soon enough—the persuasive devices are no longer necessary. Some stories tell themselves.

Charles M. Schulz' tenth package of well-salted snacks, *Peanuts Every Sunday* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$1), is, as everyone might have predicted, a tasty treat. Pig-pen, we learn with relief (*sigh*), is still a "human soil bank"; whimsical Snoopy (before whose abode stands a sign reading BEWARE OF THE PECULIAR DOG) still plays the violin and broods atop his doghouse on the meaning of life; Schroeder, the Beethoven-digging piano virtuoso, still refuses to "go commercial"; good old Charlie Brown is wishy-washer than ever ("The way I see it," opines overbearing Lucy to a silently enduring Charlie, "your faults simply outweigh your virtues"); and Linus, the real star of this opus, feels "the walls closing in" when his precious security blanket is sent out to be washed. (Aaaughh! Raughh!) A bagful of nuttily nutritious nuggets—and the price is peanuts.

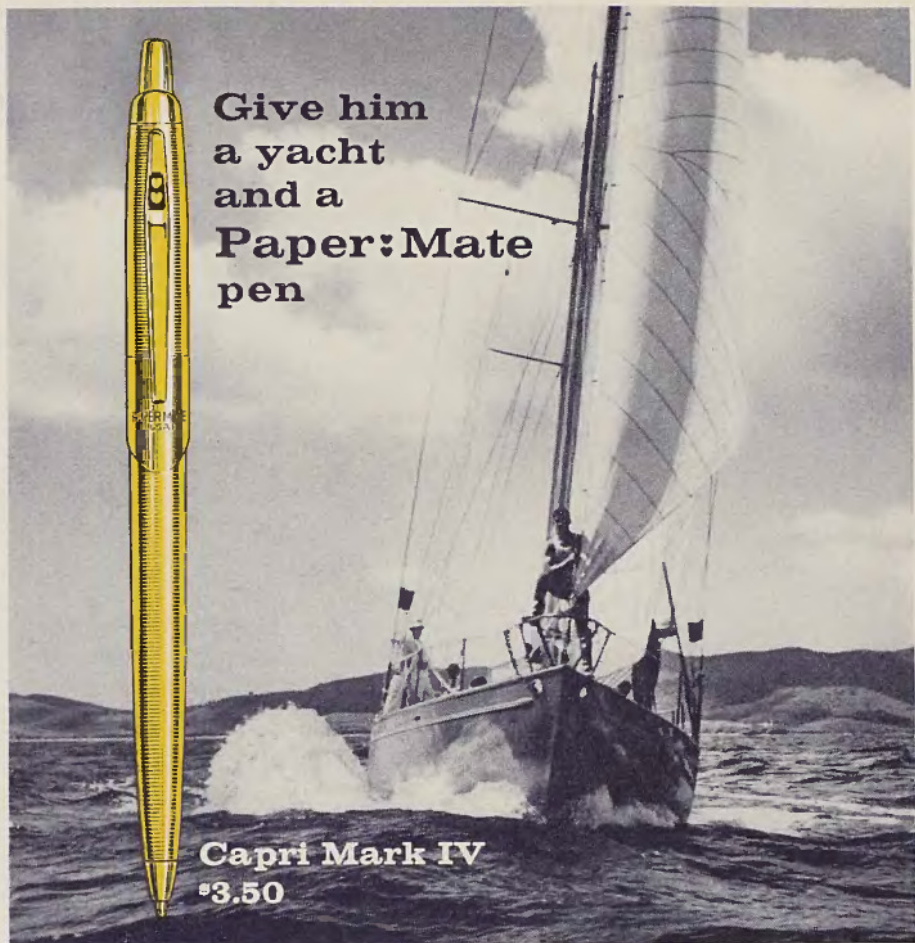
Drug Addiction: Crime or Disease? (Indiana University Press, \$5) is a slim and scholarly volume that may have an explosive effect on America's lock-up treatment of the junkie's plight. These reports of a joint committee of the American Bar Association and the American Medical Association deplore "the hysteria which sometimes dominates the approach to the drug addiction problem by persons in positions of public trust." Proposing medical treatment for addicts, the doctors and barristers emphasize: "In terms of numbers afflicted, and in ill effects on others in the community, drug addiction is a problem of far less magnitude than alcoholism. Crimes of violence are rarely, and sexual crimes almost never, committed by addicts. In most instances the addicts' sins are those of omission rather than commission; they are ineffective people, individuals whose great desire is to withdraw from the world

and its troubles into a land of dreams." The experts' conclusions go hand in hand with those of the participants in *The Playboy Panel: Narcotics and the Jazz Musician* (November 1960).

THEATRE

Carnival!, the new David Merrick production, is the season's best musical for any number of reasons, chief among them being Gower Champion. As director he has kept Michael Stewart's adaptation of the film, *Lili*, moving at a speedy clip; as choreographer he rallies his circus folk — jugglers and acrobats, clowns, belly-dancers and roustabouts — in a series of explosive dances that fill the stage (and sometimes the aisles) with color and pandemonium. This is the sentimental story of Lili, the wide-eyed little stray who gets a job with a shabby circus and foolishly falls for a genially sinister magician called Marco the Magnificent. On hand for the happy ending, however, is the sulky, limping puppeteer who loved Lili at first sight but was too shy to talk to her except poignantly through his puppets. Anna Maria Alberghetti and Jerry Orbach are ideally cast as the lonely lovers; both can act and both have voices that do justice to Bob Merrill's graceful songs. Credit James Mitchell for a likable villain and an exciting acrobatic dance; Kaye Ballard for a couple of earthy ballads; Pierre Olaf, the diminutive comic of *La Plume de Ma Tante*, for a wild fandango with a line of chorus girls and roustabouts; and Tom Tichenor for his quartet of engaging puppets. At the Imperial, 249 West 45th Street.

Young Sigmund Freud is the key figure in Henry Denker's *A Far Country*, and he is admirably impersonated by Steven Hill. But the play's dominant role belongs to Kim Stanley, who turns in a powerfully moody performance as Elizabeth von Ritter, Freud's first candidate for his psychoanalyst's couch. Elizabeth lost the use of both legs at the death of her father and sister a few years before her visit to this young Viennese doctor with weird ideas. Although specialists had told the beautiful young woman that there was nothing functionally wrong with her legs, she entered Freud's drab little office on crutches, still convinced that she was incurable. If a latter-day audience can ferret out the canker in Elizabeth's mind before the doctor does, it is only because Freud himself opened up the far country of the unconscious. Tautly directed by Alfred Ryder, the play builds slowly, meticulously and surely, as the sessions on the couch bring us nearer to the truth. Alternately bullying and understanding, Freud keeps



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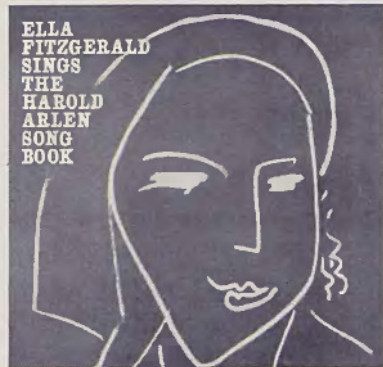
Tip: the original Daiquiri was made with Bacardi—the best still are. Impress your friends by pointing this out to them. You know—off-handedly.



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The jazz of America is on **VERVE**

after his resistant patient until the day when Elizabeth, in a flash of shocked self-revelation, sees into her own tortured psyche. There are other good performances in *A Far Country*, especially those of Sam Wanamaker as Freud's friend, Dr. Joseph Breuer, and Lili Darvas as his mother. But they are little more than bystanders at an absorbing contest that has become a milestone in the story of psychoanalysis. At the Music Box, 239 West 45th Street.

FILMS

At last *La Dolce Vita* is here, after a two-year fanfare of strumpets and drums, and it's high praise to say that it is almost worth the hoopla. Federico Fellini, who made *La Strada*, and vice versa, has savagely sliced off a double-cross-section of sin and sellout in modern Rome. (The film's dedication could be: Nero, My God, to Thee.) Your guide on this three-hour tour of the misguided is a young scandal-sheet scribe with an eye for a quick lira and a shapely calf. We keep him company as he obliges a rich nympho; saves his mistress from a suicide attempt brought on by his unfaithfulness, then promptly skips off after a bosomy movie queen; cashes in on a fake miracle; and cavorts through the night with a debauched tribe of titled hell-raisers. His one anchor is an intellectual friend whom he hopes to emulate, and when that friend kills his children and commits suicide (insufficiently explained, by the way), the balloon really goes up for the newspaper man. Marcello Mastroianni is first-rate as the third-rate journalist, and Anouk Aimee, Yvonne Furneaux and Magali Noel are sound as belles. Anita Ekberg, in the movie-star role, measures up to its requirements. As an inventory of our era's errors, however, the script seems somewhat lopsided. What, not *one* noble Roman left in Rome? And isn't there more to the modern malaise than sexual depravity and avarice? You'll find no clues here to the whys of the matter—just a selection of symbolic symptoms. But though the treatment has more breads than depth, Fellini's direction is grippingly graphic throughout.

When a Western boasts Three—Count 'Em—Three Stars, like Kirk Douglas, Rock Hudson and Joseph Cotten, you might expect more than the usual saddle saga. But *The Last Sunset* is standard ranch-style stuff. In this Hollywood ranch, if you plant three million dollars and add some fertilizer, up comes six million dollars. This time sheriff Rock chases Kirk into Mexico for the murder of Rock's brother. There Kirk

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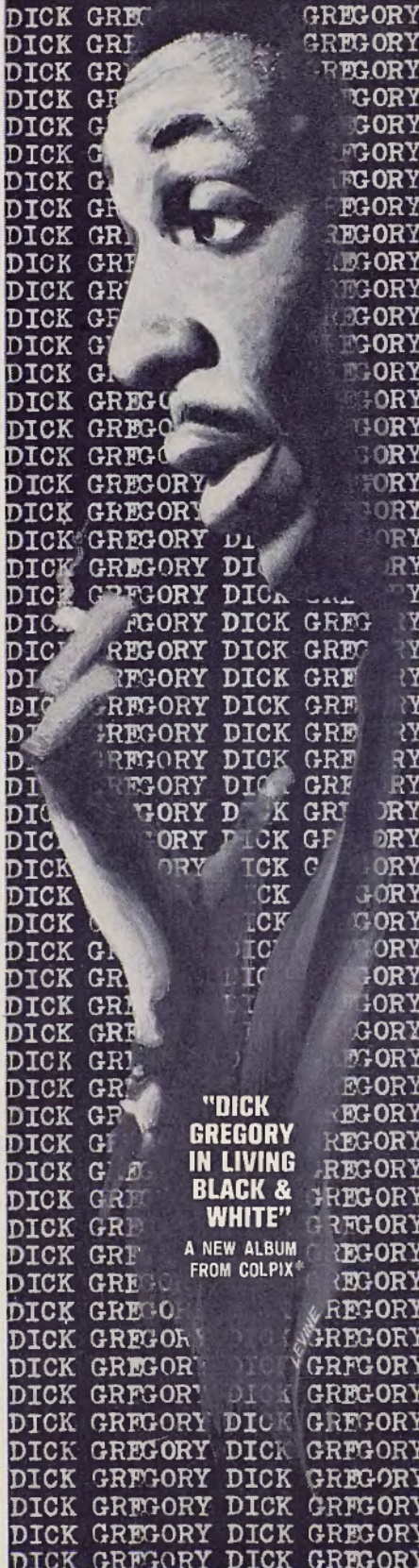
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71-H

"I sat at the counter in a restaurant in Alabama for nine months. When they finally integrated and I saw the menu, they didn't have what I wanted."

DICK GREGORY



"DICK GREGORY IN LIVING BLACK & WHITE"

A NEW ALBUM FROM COLPIX*

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TIME MAGAZINE

finds an old flame, her drunken husband (Cotten) and her sixteen-year-old daughter. Kirk signs on to drive their cattle north, and Rock tags along, intending to collar Kirk at the border. Besides the trail drive, the movie has Indians and dust storms. But at the very end, it goes desperately Adult. The daughter (Carol Lynley) has fallen for Kirk, and the mother (Dorothy Malone) warns him off, revealing — Yes! — Carol is *his own daughter*. Writer Dalton Trumbo and director Robert Aldrich helped send this tired wagon train creaking down Triteness Trail.

Brigitte Bardot's latest and best — *The Truth (La Vérité)* — is about murder (*le meurtre*) and sex (*le sexe*). It starts with her murder trial and, with a lot of flashbacks-and-forths, gets both to the bottom of the case and, for a few rosy moments, of Brigitte. BB and her screen sister (Marie-Jose Nat, herself a honey) have come to Paris together. Sis is a goody-goody violin student. BB, emotionally warped by her parents' neglect and already not-so-goody, finds some beaux of her own to fiddle with. Her sister's boyfriend pursues her, makes it, becomes confoundedly (and unfoundedly) jealous, and rabbits back to the sister. In desperation, Brigitte knocks at lover's door early one A.M. He gives her a hot night, then a cold shoulder, and she ripostes with a few well-aimed bullets. The court believes only the loose-living part of her love, not its *vérité*. We get the point a bit before the script stops proving it, but Henri-Georges Clouzot (*Diabolique*) has directed with skill, and BB shows that she can be convincing even when vertical — although a scene revealing her agility in a prone cha-cha, covered with nothing but a sheet, is difficult to top.

RECORDINGS

A phalanx of funny-men have filed past our reviewing stand this month. *Dick Gregory in Living Black & White* (Colpix) is a vinyl wrap-up of the sharp lines Gregory (*On the Scene*, June) has been flinging at the world on his swift ascent into the comic cosmos. Gregory deposes delightfully on a number of aspects of the social scene, with each segment intro'd by Chicago newscaster and close friend Alex Dreier. Dick delves into the Middle East situation ("You know darn well who's going to come out on top. You ever hear of a camel outrunning a Cadillac? . . . Ralph Bunche is in Israel trying to explain Sammy Davis. . . . Over here ham-'n'-eggeries are fronts for bookie joints. In Israel, bookie joints are fronts for ham-'n'-eggeries"), comments on Kennedy in

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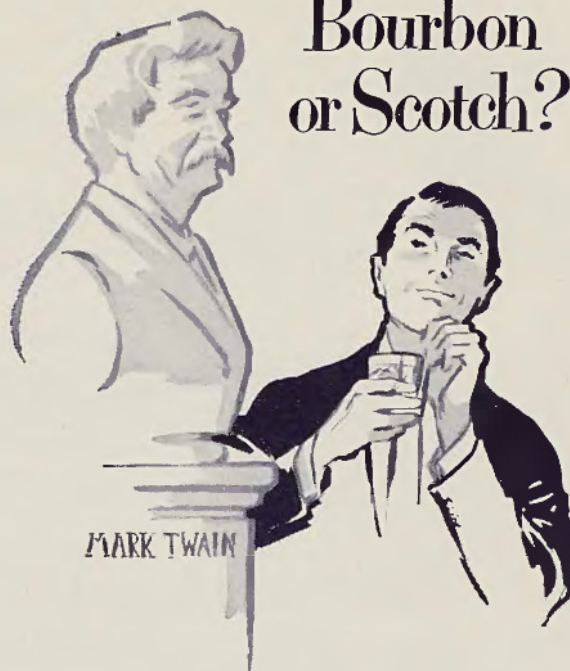
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the White House ("With Truman we had eight years of piano playing; with Eisenhower, eight years of golf; now we're going to have four years of bingo"), on his troubles before he made it ("My luck was so bad, I bought a suit with two pairs of pants and burned a hole in the jacket"), on his problems since he made it ("They say I'm a combination of Mort Sahl, Shelley Berman and Lenny Bruce. I'm all confused being three white boys and myself"). Let Gregory not be confused: he's very much himself and very funny indeed. **Stan Freberg Presents the United States of America** (Capitol) is unique in that it is, as the subtitle puts it, *An Original Musical for Records*. Volume One, *The Early Years*, is frantically Frebergian, possessed of a foxy wit and loaded to the gunwales with crafty nonsense. The LP opens with a rococo rendering of *America, the Beautiful* which contains the line "Purple mountains majesty above the two-cents plain," goes on to an outrageously inaccurate but uproariously inventive scene between Columbus and Ferdinand y Isabella, pans in on Puritan New England for a tolerance tone poem (*Take an Indian to Lunch This Week*), surveys the sale of Manhattan Island to a chap named Peter Tishman, etches a vignette between George Washington and Betsy Ross in which George agonizingly vocalizes *Look at the Colors You Chose*, and builds to a swinging sonata on the Spirit of '76 capped by the words "highly military, script by Dore Schary, Revolutionary War." The LP tags off modestly with the line "The United States of America is a Stan Freberg Production." The effect of Jonathan Winters' wit is cumulative. He is not a specialist in one-line thrusts, nor does he build his monologs—or multicharacter skits—to inevitably memorable punch lines. He is, as you know by now, a master of characterization—a many-faceted actor among comics. On *Here's Jonathan* (Verve) he portrays an astonishing array of misfits. Among them are jet pilot Speed Davis, a U.S. senator, a faggoty plane designer (and a comparably swishy botany professor), Marshal Dillon and sidekick Chester, assorted pirates, a ship captain, a lawman in pursuit of Billy the Kid at age ten, Rollo the space robot, a seven-and-a-half-year-old child psychiatrist, and such stock Winters wonders as moron Elwood P. Suggins and nutsy Maude "Granny" Frickert, the definitive portrait of senility in the sticks. Season these with sound effects, ranging from the wail of a speeding trailer truck to the shrieking of a chicken hawk, and you have a repertoire that is unique. We hugely admire the artistry involved and urge you to hear this tour de force.

Miss Diana Trask, who heeded Frank Sinatra's advice to come to America from

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her native Australia, is a straightforward pop stylist with a smooth, sure manner that belies her twenty years. With an assist from Glenn Osser's orchestra, she makes *Diana Trask* (Columbia) a tempting tour, dividing the dozen-tune set evenly between ballads (*Little Girl Blue, Spring Is Here, My Funny Valentine*) and briskly swinging jaunts (*I Hear Music, The Gypsy in My Soul, Let's Face the Music and Dance*). A warm welcome to you, Diana.

Harold Arlen has had the misfortune over the years of hitching his wagon to stage and screen vehicles that usually have proven unworthy of his skills. A pair of recent tributes should push Arlen into the spotlight he deserves. *Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Harold Arlen Song Book* (Verve), the latest in Ella's monumental and magnificent Song Book series, is a quarter-century, twin-LP recap laid out with loving care and craftsmanship. Ella, in concert with Billy May's orchestra, is stratospherically "up" throughout the two-dozen top-drawer items which range from Arlen's first hit, *Get Happy*, out of *The Nine-Fifteen Revue* of 1930, to *The Man that Got Away*, from 1954's *A Star Is Born*. Picking favorite Ella-gies from this Fitzgerald songfest is a Solomon-like chore, but we'd have to rate *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea, Hooray for Love, That Old Black Magic* and *One for My Baby* as a shade better than the rest. The package is a handsome one, and the liner notes by Benny Green and Arlen biographer Edward Jablonski are both engaging and informative. *André Previn Plays Songs by Harold Arlen* (Contemporary) proves two things: that Arlen is a jazz musician's composer and that Previn has come a long way in the idiom since he first recorded Arlen's *My Shining Hour*, back in 1949. The differences between that rendition and the present dramatically demonstrate Previn's growth into a first-rank jazz pianist. The first was derivative, mechanical; his latest cutting is probingly provocative and impeccably tasteful.

Brubeck and Rushing (Columbia), on first glance, seems to be an unholy alliance of a modern quartet and a traditional blues belter. But we discovered precisely the opposite: the Brubeck four wail admirably behind big Jimmy, who renders the hell out of *There'll Be Some Changes Made, Ain't Misbehavin', All by Myself, You Can Depend on Me, Am I Blue* and five other blues and standards. It all comes out like felicity personified.

Jazz pianist Bill Evans defies categorization. His style reflects a concern for the entire world of jazz, yet seems detached from the Tatum, Garner or

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Monk schools — to cite three of the primary fountainheads of contemporary inspiration. In *Explorations* (Riverside), Evans' latest trio outing (with bassist Scott LaFaro and drummer Paul Motian), the pianist demonstrates that individualism need not spring from eccentricity. He blows ballads, including *Haunted Heart* and *I Wish I Knew*, with a tenderness that never descends to bathos. He's crisply creative on Johnny Carisi's *Israel*. And he injects wizened standards, like *How Deep Is the Ocean* and *Sweet and Lovely*, with a vigor that makes you wonder if you'd ever heard these tunes before. Add to these triumphs the feat of transforming the drippy *Beautiful Love* into a pulsating paean and you have an LP worthy of whirling again and again.

Ring-a-Ding Ding! (Reprise), Frank Sinatra's personal contribution to his fledgling recording company's initial output, is a spectacularly successful display of do-it-yourselfism as the Chief delivers with an entrepreneur's zeal. The tunes, charted and conducted by Johnny Mandel, are discerningly distributed with Sinatra dividing his talents among balmy, bouncy froufrou like the title song and *When I Take My Sugar to Tea*, such balladic stalwarts as *Be Careful, It's My Heart*, *A Foggy Day*, *In the Still of the Night* and a sprinkling of cultivated evergreens that fall somewhere between either end of the songsmith's spectrum. All the numbers, be they up-tempo or *intime*, bear the mark of the master, a self-assured vocal swagger which in less capable vocal cords would be braggadocio; as carried off by Sinatra, it is entirely praiseworthy. Sinatra's jazz-rooted songstering finds apt backing in the work of such swinging West Coast sidemen as Don Fagerquist, Bud Shank and Frank Rosolino. The LP, *in toto*, serves as an auspicious augury for the new venture. Sinatra's sidekick Sammy Davis, Jr., joins in the premier festivities with *The Wham of Sam* (Reprise), a somewhat atypical Davis disc on which the mighty mite tackles more than his usual quota of romantic refrains. Two strikingly-set-forth tunes — *Can't We Be Friends* and *Soon* — have the added appeal of standards that are all-too-seldom heard. The first side finds Sammy back-dropped by an extensive aggregation, including strings, under the baton of Morty Stevens. The underside, which gets our nod as the better of the two, sports a tight little group, led by Marty Paich, which unobtrusively counterbalances Davis with soft, subtle phrasing on the amour-angled airs, and supplies a soaring lilt on the up-tempo *Thou Swell* and *Let There Be Love*. A Sam-sational offering.



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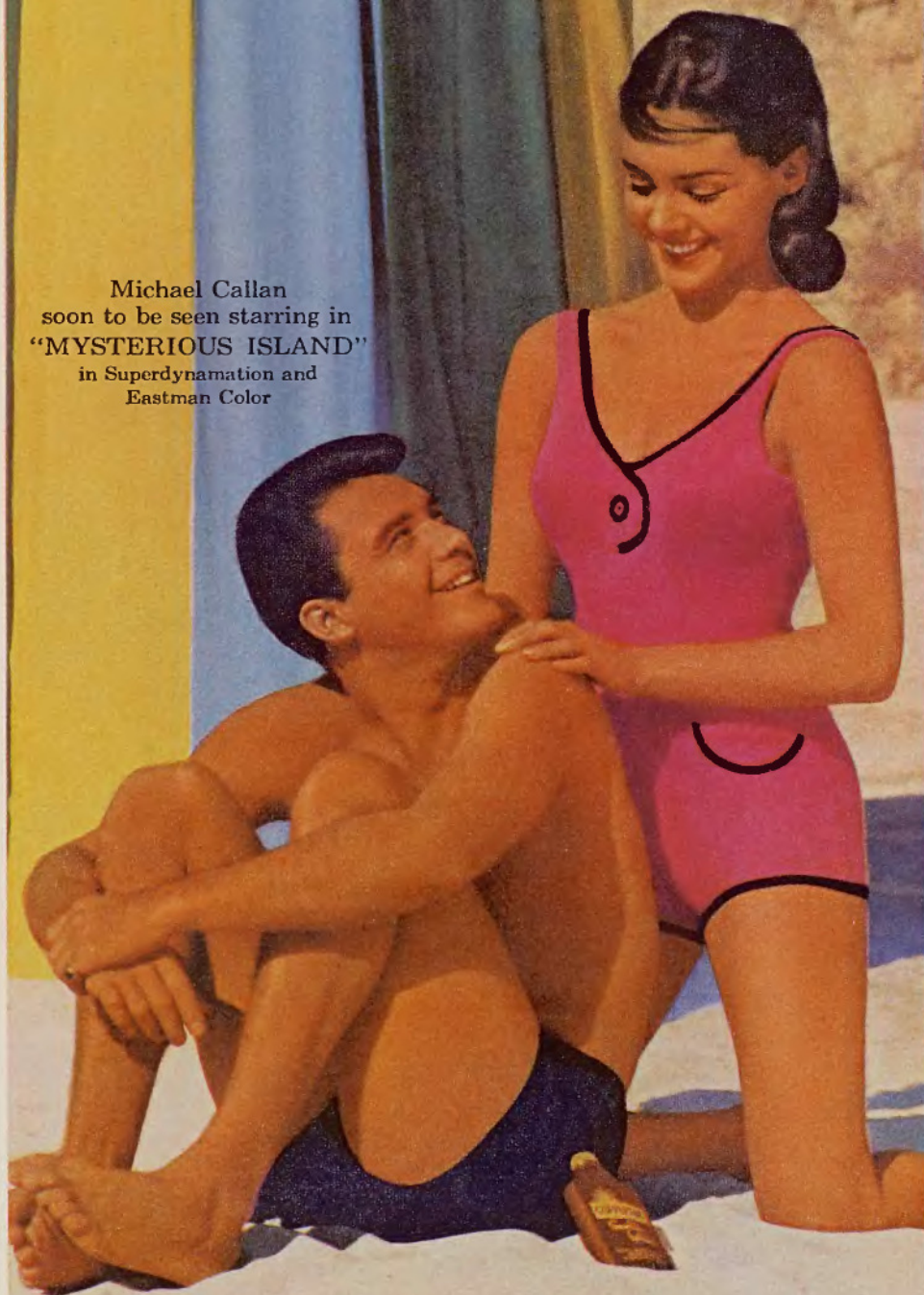
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discussion

THE PLAYBOY PANEL: SEX AND CENSORSHIP IN LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

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

PANELISTS

JUDGE THURMAN ARNOLD heads the Washington law firm of Arnold, Fortas and Porter. He has had a long career in government, including the posts of Assistant Attorney General of the U.S. and Associate Justice of the U.S. Court of Appeals. He has authored five books, taught at three universities (including Yale) and—as U.S. Court of Appeals Judge—wrote the celebrated opinion against the forces of government censorship in the famous *Esquire* case.

DR. ALBERT ELLIS is a clinical psychologist and psychotherapist, authority on sex and marriage, author of *The Folklore of Sex* and other books, and co-author of the just-published two-volume *Encyclopedia of Sexual Behavior*.

RALPH GINZBURG is an author-journalist whose best-known work is the book *An Unhurried View of Erotica*. His article *Cult of the Aged Leader* (PLAYBOY, August 1959) prefigured the present youthful national administration.

MAURICE GIRODIAS is editor-publisher of Olympia Press, in Paris, has pioneered in the publication of works by Henry Miller, among many other controversial writers, was the first publisher of *Lolita*, is known to PLAYBOY readers as author of a candid autobiographical memoir, *Pornologist on Olympus* (April 1961).

NORMAN MAILER, since publication of his famous 1948 best seller, *The Naked and the Dead*, has remained among the forefront of individualistic, iconoclastically outspoken American authors. He has just completed dramatization of his third book, *Deer Park*. His most recent volume is *Advertisements for Myself*.

OTTO PREMINGER, producer-director whose latest film is *Exodus*, broke the self-imposed censorship of The Production Code Administration by releasing, without the seal of approval, *The Moon Is Blue* (1953), *The Man with the Golden Arm* (1955) and *Anatomy of a Murder* (1959).

BARNEY ROSSET (*On the Scene*, PLAYBOY, April 1960) is the youthful head of Grove Press, which made publishing history when it successfully contested a Post Office ban on D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*; he is also founder of *Evergreen Review* and has published the works of such contemporary luminaries as Ionesco, Behan, Robbe-Grillet. As this issue of PLAYBOY goes to press, Rosset is contemplating American publication of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*.

PLAYBOY: Last month, in these pages, the distinguished critic, Leslie Fiedler, discussed the problems of the writer dealing with sex, *vis-à-vis* his craft—in an article called *The Literati of the Four-Letter Word*. Our discussion now is far less intramural; our aim will be to try to shed some light on the writer—and those in allied arts—confronted with the conflict between his work, as it relates to sex, and the forces of censorship.

Today, as perhaps never before, there exist two opposing concepts in this area. First is the indubitable wave of public liberality and growing maturity of outlook which, in conscious or unconscious rebellion against vestigial puritanism, has been responsive to a greater degree of candor and freedom in the public arts. Opposing (often with the best of motives) is a countercurrent of censorship. Neither side is organized: the creative artist and his audience constitute a group in which individuality runs high; in the camp of the censors there is chaos, with standards and procedures varying from place to place and day to day, and with enclaves of zealots banding together into pressure groups of self-constituted censors with no official status or fiat from the majority of citizens.

Whether as a result of latent puritanism, of censorship, of societal customs and pressures, or of deep-seated anxieties and guilts—or, more probably, a combination of these and still other factors—there exists a tendency in many people and their legal representatives to associate sex with vice, crime and sin. *Post hoc* thinking continues to regard candor concerning sex as a causative factor in crime—and then goes on to argue that censorship (in suppressing sex in the arts) is thereby fighting crime.

Let us begin our discussion with a brief quote from G. Legman's classic study of censorship, *Love and Death*. He says: "Murder is a crime. Describing murder is not. Sex is not a crime. Describing sex is. Why?"

GIRODIAS: That is an excellent formulation of the whole problem of censorship. Nobody has ever offered a coherent explanation of censorship, and yet one is supposed to submit to it as if it were part of a God-given code of conduct. Why? Censorship is obviously inspired by individual feelings of modesty, of decency. We have a good word for the



GIRODIAS: To an inadequate husband, the idea that his wife may come across the knowledge that there exist plenty of adequate males . . . is sheer torture . . .



ROSSET: Is there anything wrong with trying to titillate the reader with a desire to make love? . . .



PREMINGER: Films have always been a very good scapegoat—and also a nice way for everyone involved to get publicity . . .



MAILER: *The authority of this country is like one vast, frozen, nervous, petrified mother who's trying to keep her favorite son — this utterly mad hoodlum — under control...*



GINZBURG: *Unfortunately, most people view pornography as cause, rather than effect; wiping out pornography will not eliminate the vestiges of puritanism...*



ARNOLD: *Apparently, to be a good censor, one should be possessed of a real prurient interest...*



ELLIS: *You get into all kinds of trouble with the Supreme Court's definition of obscenity... how can you ban desire?...*

notion in French: *la pudeur*, which may also be translated as decorousness. But these feelings are rooted in what I would call a sexual inferiority complex: a fear of sexual inadequacy, of failure; or the realization of a physical disgrace, or of a lack of experience. People suffering from such a complex want to bring down everybody to their own level. The very image of a healthy couple making love is intolerable to them. To an inadequate husband, the idea that his wife may come across the knowledge that there exist plenty of adequate males in the world is sheer torture. Such people seem to have been in the majority in the Nineteenth Century; perhaps they still are. Very often the sexual inferiority complex is acquired through education. Well, this complex has held sway over us for decades; it has taken the social form of censorship — moral and mental censorship. In short, describing sex is a crime in the eyes of those who are ashamed of their own sex, and who wish to burden others with their sense of sin.

ARNOLD: From time immemorial, laws making obscenity a crime have been a psychological requirement of a society that wants to be considered moral and virtuous. The fact that laws against obscenity do not have a rational or scientific basis, but rather symbolize a moral taboo, does not make them any the less necessary. They are important because men feel that without them the state would be lacking in moral standards.

GINZBURG: But why *should* the portrayal of murder be less reprehensible than the portrayal of love? It's the quintessence of this whole matter — why is it more reprehensible to portray fornication than murder? Which is more immoral? Murder or making love? I think it boils down to that very simple question.

ELLIS: Let me quote from a book published in 1945 by George Ryley Scott, who was a fairly well-known English writer on special subjects, called *Into Whose Hands*, subtitled *An Examination of Obscene Libel in Its Legal, Sociological and Literary Aspects*: "It is futile to deny that dangerous books are written and published, but these books are not necessarily sexual. They need not be pornographic. In fact, pornography itself is *never* dangerous. The most dangerous book I ever read was one that the moralists would never dream of interfering with. Moreover, it was a book which could not be suppressed by any existent law. It did not present the faintest loophole to the prosecution as an obscene, a blasphemous, or a politically dangerous publication. The chief character was a cunning murderer whose remarkable success was due to the fact that each crime was committed in such a way as to rank as an accident. The man was never in danger of detection for the simple

reason that he was never suspected. In each instance the technique employed was described in detail, and I cannot imagine a more potentially dangerous book to put into the hands of anyone who for any conceivable reason was interested in the sudden demise of another person." He's right to the point. There are lots of books that could be dangerous — books on how to steal, how to bilk the public, or something like that. And most of the time, especially if you put it in *fiction* form, these would never be banned at all, while if you describe a sex act, *even* in fiction form, then people would censor it. And, incidentally, if you describe how an individual gets disturbed about other people not liking him, and you really encourage the reader to get equally disturbed — which we do in ninety-eight percent of the self-help books that say, "If you are not popular, you are no damn good, and if you commit a *faux pas* then you are a villain" — nobody bans this kind of immensely harmful work. But when you beautifully describe an act of sex, as in *Fanny Hill*, the censors often get up in arms.

MAILER: I think there's a certain logic to censorship — I don't agree with the logic — but I think that people who assume that all censors are stupid, that they have no reason, no implicit philosophy behind their efforts, are making a grave error. To begin to understand censorship, you have to try to understand what's going on in the censors' minds, what their purpose is, what their desire is, and so you have to *assume* that there may be a logic behind it; because, on the surface, it seems absolutely true, as Legman said in his book, that murder is a crime but you can write about it, and that sex isn't a crime but you can't write about it.

PREMINGER: No, that is not true. Describing sex is not a crime, but if you do something that is obscene, it is against the law. There is a great difference between describing sex in very good terms in literature and — I don't have the power of language to define obscenity, but I can tell you that almost anybody who is honest will know the difference between an obscene drawing or an obscene photograph or an obscene motion picture and one that is just straightforward and honest. It is the intention that plays a great part in it and the taste with which you do it.

ARNOLD: The Supreme Court, in *U.S. vs. Roth*, said that something is obscene "if, considered as a whole, its predominant appeal is to prurient interest..."

ROSSET: I don't think there should be any such distinction. Maybe for day-to-day practical purposes you could say, well, one of Maurice Girodias' books —

(continued on page 72)



The Kingston Trio is taking off for far away places with strange sounding names. Exotic, glamorous places like Spain, Madeira, Chile, Trinidad, and Kentucky. (All right, let's not quibble. Maybe Madeira isn't so exotic. Got a little carried away there.) Rich folk melodies in the inimitable Kingston style,

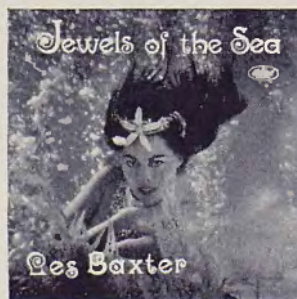
drawn from the kind of music the people make. And people love. There's a driving, exciting variation on the Frankie and Johnny legend that's one of the best things the boys have done. Plus eleven more wonderful songs. Tempted? Travel urge getting you? Here's your ticket. Had your shots? (S)T-1564



Shimmering Shearing sound in exciting latin tempo. Provocative arrangements of greats like BLUE MOON, DAY BY DAY, ALL THROUGH THE DAY, others. Light the candles, and settle back. (S)T-1567



The magic touch of Jonah Jones swinging all-time favorites like - APRIL IN PORTUGAL, THIRD MAN THEME, SLEEPY LAGOON, SERENATA, THEME FROM PICNIC. Lots more. And all superb. (S)T-1557



Exotic and enchanting sounds of the sea. Brilliant originals by Les Baxter... A glittering gem to set your imagination whirling. Seascapes that express changing moods in rich sound. (S)T-1537



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Kings Men® is specially blended to give you a lift that lasts longer. It's the first 24-hour skin tonic with a lively, masculine fragrance. Kings Men soothes and smooths your skin, leaves your face relaxed and refreshed for the day. You feel great when you start your day with Kings Men: After Shave Lotion, Pre-Electric Shave Lotion, Aerosol Luxury Shave, Hairdressing, Deodorants. \$1 plus tax

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

How can I explain to overinquisitive male drinking companions that I have no taste for bull-session bellowing about my rather peripatetic but nevertheless private sex life? — R. H., Los Angeles, California.

You might try a sermon about the immaturity of vicarious sexual experience, or even point out that authorities are in general agreement that such sharing has homosexual undertones — if you don't mind losing friends. But if you want to keep your drinking buddies, we suggest the following: surfeit them with the most wildly implausible situations you can concoct; toss in everything from Frank Harris to Sacher-Masoch; be unstinting in your attention to detail; embroider an erotic pastiche that will pop their eyes. You will be much admired for your Rabelaisian tale-telling; when your bar buddies sheepishly discover that they have been beautifully put on, they will be more than content to let you keep your own counsel.

I have the opportunity of buying a 1955 Austin-Healey. The price seems right and the seller assures me it's in fine running condition. I'm no mechanic; in fact, my working knowledge of automobiles doesn't extend much past the dashboard. Do you think I'm letting myself in for trouble? The car looks great, and as I said before, it seems to be a great bargain. — T. B., Dallas, Texas.

Buying any used car is a gamble; buying a used sports car is even more so. Unless you're able to tear the engine apart, check the transmission, frame, wheel alignment and all the running parts, you could be buying yourself a peck of misery. One of the favorite gimmicks of sports-car owners attempting to unload their buggies is to use the phrase "never been raced" in their classified ads, implying that the machine has been coddled. Paradoxically, the reverse is more often true. A guy who races his car is usually going to make absolutely certain that it's in top running order, and barring accidents, the auto should be in better shape than one that's been used for strictly social sorties. If you've got your heart set on picking up that second-hand cream puff, take along a friend who knows something about automobiles or, better yet, pay a professional mechanic to check it; his fee will be your best buy whether the car is or not.

Which is correct — Welsh rabbit or Welsh rarebit? — B. T., Chicago, Illinois.

Both are correct today. The original term is Welsh rabbit, and was once wryly used by Welshmen too poor to afford

meat to describe their dish of cheese melted over crackers or toasted bread. Rarebit is simply a euphemism that was applied when the dish was pulled out of Cardiff kitchens and into the more elegant English eateries.

Not long ago I moved from the effete East to the vigorous West and am relishing sports that weren't readily available where I grew up. One such is hunting; I've gone on some dozen trips with colleagues and have learned to handle a rifle (a .22 Hornet for jack rabbits) and a shotgun (a 20-gauge double for partridge and pheasant). I did creditably for a beginner—but felt repressed about asking certain questions. When I did ask them, however, I discovered the guys who'd been handling guns all their lives didn't know the answers, either. Perhaps you can help us out. What is the difference between calibre, bore and gauge? We know .22 and .45 are measures of diameter (calibre), but is it the diameter of the shell case, the bullet, the chamber of the rifle, or its barrel? What do the "split" designations signify, like .30/30, .38/40, and .30-'06? As to shotguns, I know that as gauge numbers increase, barrel size decreases, but what is the meaning of 12 gauge or .410 bore; that is, to what do the numbers refer? And what does the term "magnum" mean? — M. B., Boise, Idaho.

You've asked for a sizable chunk of information on an intricate and, we're afraid, not always exact science. The designations .22 and .45 are, in principle, the groove-to-groove diameters, in hundredths of an inch, of the guns' barrels. But principle and practice often do not coincide; a .38 Special may be bored out to .350 calibre, the manufacturer keeping the .38 designation from a previous model even though it technically no longer applies. A .32 automatic may actually measure .305 and take a .312 bullet. Calibre, generally speaking, refers to the bore diameter of a rifled firearm and is measured in hundredths of an inch or, in those countries employing the metric system, millimeters. Gauge refers to the bore diameter of a shotgun and is determined by the number of same-bore-diameter lead balls which total one pound. Bore is a broad term referring to a barrel's inside diameter, rifled or otherwise. When preceded by a decimated figure it means calibre; used with a whole number it connotes gauge. Thus, .410 bore can be interchanged with .410 calibre, and 32 bore with 32 gauge. The terms .30/30 and .38/40 refer to weapons of .30 and .38 calibre

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Handsome Heineken's glasses (one shown above), imported directly from Holland, are now available at a special price: 6 for \$4.00. Allow about 3 weeks for delivery. Send check or money order to S.M.D. Co., Dept. P, P. O. Box 1580, N. Y. 17, N. Y.



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**PLAYBOY ACCESSORIES
232 EAST OHIO STREET
CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS**

which were originally designed to handle shells holding 30 and 40 grains of black powder respectively. Although black powder is no longer used, the designations remain. However, .30'06 refers to a rifle capable of holding a .30 calibre cartridge introduced by the U.S. Army in 1906. Magnum ammunition is stepped up in power beyond what is normally expected of the calibre; that is, the powder charge is larger and the shell casing longer than usual. Good hunting!

Ever since I gave my girl a duplicate key to my apartment, she has been gradually killing me with kindness. More often than not, I will come home from the office and find her in the process of cooking some sumptuous repast — really knocking herself out in my kitchen. She even goes through the pipe-and-slippers routine. She insists I just relax, won't let me do a thing around the apartment, cleans up after me, fluffs up the pillow in back of my head, etc. All I have to do is mention something that needs doing, and she becomes a messenger-errand girl. She has never mentioned the subject of marriage, although it is implied in her every action. She is a beautiful, intelligent, passionate girl and highly sensitive. What can I do to curtail her activities on what she thinks is my behalf and still not do anything to hurt her?—G. B., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Hire a houseman who will pre-empt the duties your girl is presently undertaking. You can explain it to her as a thoughtful move on your part to take the menial tasks off her hands, leaving her free for more uplifting pursuits. Once she comes to realize that your affections are not based on her housewifely abilities, she should be more than happy to keep things on a strictly social footing. And may we add what may seem a gratuitous suggestion? Should either marriage or a bust-up fracture this particular romance, don't ever again give anyone but a domestic worker a duplicate key to your digs. For when you do, as you may already suspect, you sacrifice the freedoms of bachelorhood without gaining the benefits of connubiality. And things can only get stickier, or more marital, as time goes on.

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.



new from playboy

**THE PLAYMATE
ANKLE BRACELET**

Here's a chance to delight your own playmate with this distinctive, new bunny bracelet. She'll wear it in light-hearted good taste as a chic reminder of your thoughtfulness. And it's matched elegantly to complement the other pieces in her Playmate Jewelry Ensemble. The feminine chain, complete with safety clasp, sports Playboy's smart rabbit pendant.

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS 232 E. Ohio - Chicago 11, Illinois Price **\$2.50 ppd.**



\$4,000,000 PLAYBOY CLUB SET FOR L.A.

LOS ANGELES (Special)—Final arrangements have been completed for the purchase of a 60,000-square-foot property on Sunset Blvd. in Los Angeles to be used for the biggest, plushest Playboy Club yet. Price is just over \$1,200,000 for the land alone. Price for the total Club is projected at \$4,000,000.

The choice property covers most of the vacant and improved property of the 8500 block on the south, or "view," side of Sunset Blvd. overlooking the entire city. It is located in the very heart of the nocturnal fun area. One of the buildings on the property is the Cloister nightclub, formerly the famed Mocambo. This building will be demolished for our new Club project.

The new Club will have all the regular Playboy Club features plus 140 luxurious guest rooms, a cabaret theatre, glamorous swimming pool,

cabanas, shops—all for the exclusive use of Keyholders and their guests.

One of the buildings to be part of the Playboy "colony" will house the West Coast editorial and business offices of PLAYBOY magazine and our new biweekly magazine—SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED, which debuts next month.

Parts of the glamorous property originally belonged to the Tyrone Power estate and Paulette Goddard.

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

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

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

Next in Line—Pittsburgh, Detroit, Baltimore, Boston, Dallas, San Francisco, St. Louis, and Washington, D.C.

Backstage and Onstage with the Bunnies



From the dressing room to front, center in any one of a Playboy Club's glamorous showrooms—it's "show biz" all the way for the lovely Bunnies. Above, Bunnies get all set before the theatrical dressing-room mirror in the Chicago Club. At right, Bunny-Playmate Delores Wells shows fledgling Bunny Donna Holland how to serve Playboy-size drinks with charm and efficiency. From the first "casting" session—staged like a call for a Broadway play—until a Bunny arrives on the floor of the Club, being a Bunny is showmanship in the PLAYBOY tradition.



PLUSH PLAYBOY CLUB SET FOR NEW ORLEANS

A super-plush Playboy Club, combining fabled Old World elegance with PLAYBOY's famous modern mode, will soon be swinging on the site of Diamond Jim Moran's fabulous La Louisiane restaurant in the heart of New Orleans' French Quarter. Located in a sumptuous Franco-Spanish mansion, at 725 Rue Iberville, the completely air-conditioned New Orleans Club features the ultimate in sophisticated bars and dining buffets, two all-star showrooms, and, of course, fifty beguiling Bunnies to serve you.



MIAMI PLAYBOY CLUB GETS OFF TO A SWINGING START

PLAYBOY came swinging into Miami in a big way May 10th, when the fabulous new Playboy Club at 7701 Biscayne Blvd. officially opened for business.

Mae Barnes, the Playboy Club's favorite Bunny, and Don Sherman, new Playboy Club comedy discovery, headlined a program of exciting, sophisticated entertainment.

The Club's distinctively styled bars—its closed-circuit TV and magnificent, custom-crafted hi-fi—stereo console, plus many other exclusive Playboy Club features drew high praise from first nighters.

Also drawing praise was the sumptuous Buffet, Penthouse steak platter and breakfast for early

"stayers." Whether it's buffet, breakfast, or prime steak platter, you dine at the Miami Playboy Club for the price of just one drink!

Following the successful pattern of the Chicago Playboy Club, the Miami Club is now open for luncheon from 11:30 A.M. daily. Both Clubs are open seven days a week. Closing time for the Miami Club is 5 A.M.; for the Chicago Club 4 A.M. Both Clubs feature the earliest and latest shows in town—dinner show nightly at 8 P.M., and a "Night Owl" show in the Library at 2:20 A.M.—Six Shows Nightly.

PLAYBOY CLUB TALENT LINEUP

CHICAGO (to June 29th)—Jimmy Komack, Andy & the Bey Sisters, Jackie Gayle, Reneaux, Beverly Wright, Gina Wilson, Claude Jones, Bob Davis Trio, Harold Harris Trio, Kirk Stuart Trio. (Opening June 30th)—The Coronados, Jerry Shane, Katie Lee, Sam Fletcher, Stan Wilson.

MIAMI (to June 29th)—Peppi Runnels, Burns & Carlin, Stan Wilson, Adam Keefe, King & Mary, Teddy Napoleon, Horbie Brock, Julian Gold Trio. (Opening June 30th)—Jerry Van Dyke, The Wanderers Three, Peggy Lord, Arnold Dover, Patti Leeds.

Cut and Mail Today for Information on Joining The Playboy Club

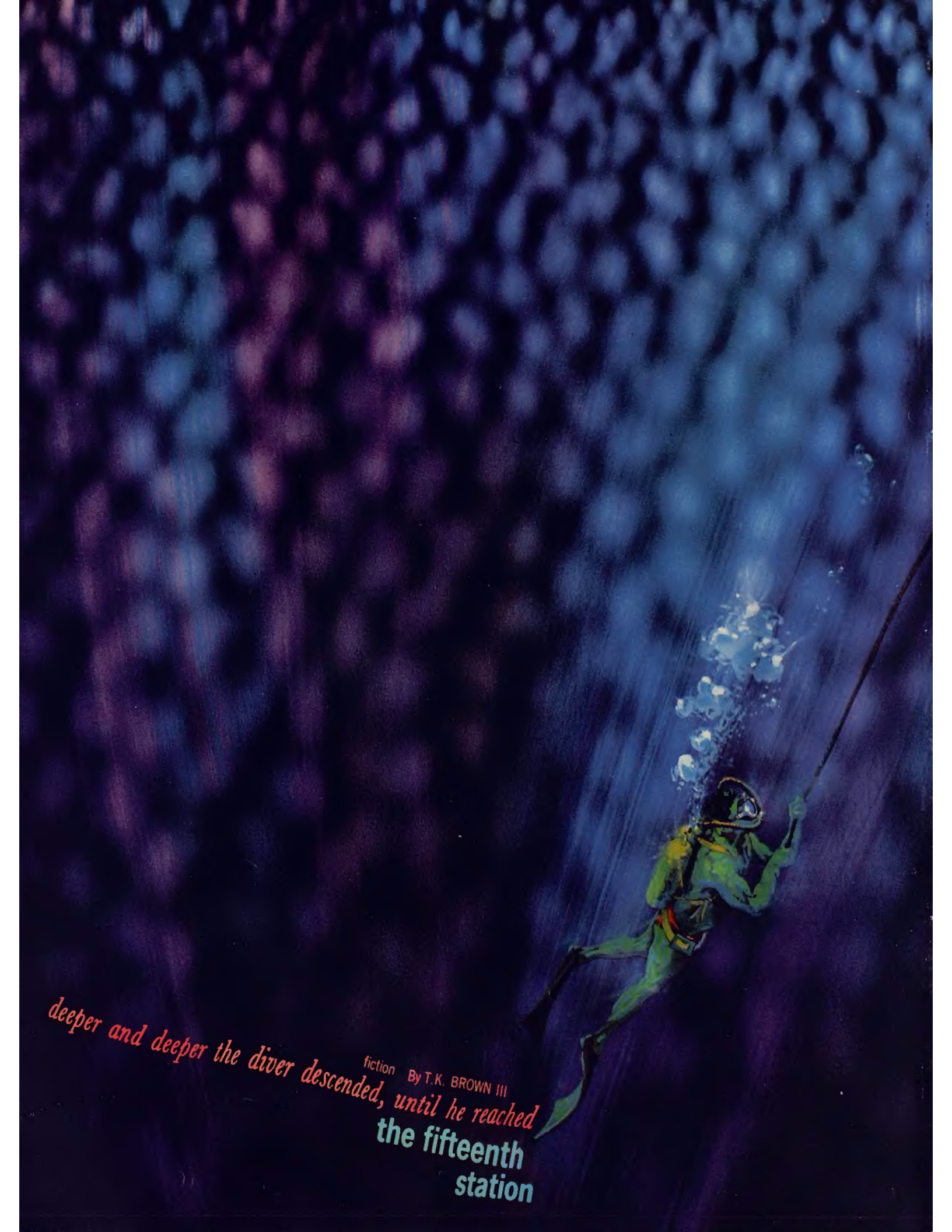
TO: International Playboy Clubs, Inc.
c/o PLAYBOY magazine, 232 E. Ohio Street,
Chicago 11, Illinois

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.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ County _____ State _____



fiction By T.K. BROWN III
deeper and deeper the diver descended, until he reached
the fifteenth
station

Didi's drunkenness was nitrogen narcosis. We called the seizure "l'ivresse des grandes profondeurs." The first stage is a mild anesthesia, after which the diver becomes a god.

—COUSTEAU: "The Silent World"

Artie, the young photographer, was the first to realize what had happened. He broke the surface about twenty feet from the boat and, treading water, let his mouthpiece drop to his chest.

"He's coming straight up," he said. "Not decompressing. He didn't make it."

The three people on the boat exchanged glances.

"Well, there goes my feature story," Waddell said to Commodore and Mrs. Forsythe. "That's the risk you run in the newspaper business—big build-up, big trip, no payoff."

"Rob's a good boy," Commodore Forsythe said. "If he didn't make it he has a good reason why he didn't make it."

They had left Key West the day before, with Rob at the controls of the

Forsythes' forty-eight-foot Cynthia II, and had reached Cay Sal Bank, a hundred miles to the ESE, in time to catch a couple of kingfish for their dinner. Now, the next morning, they were anchored at The Elbow and the boat was riding directly over the underwater ledge where the green water turned to deepest blue and the cliff dropped straight down 600 fathoms, with the weighted line beside it; and Robinson Roy, who had gone down this line ten minutes before to set a new depth record for the free dive, was already back on the surface.

He and his safety man, Herr Schaffner, swam up to the boarding ladder together. The German courteously indicated that Robinson should mount first. Robinson clambered heavily into the boat, sat down, and stripped off his triple-tank assembly. He was frowning. He took his mask from his forehead and threw it, unexpectedly, across the deck.

"Temper, temper," Mrs. Forsythe said, laughing uneasily. A phony blonde hanging onto a bygone youth and beauty, but irreparably stringy in the neck, she was already working on her second gin and tonic, though it was not yet ten A.M.

"I loused it," Rob said, with a savage note in his voice. "All I have to do to set the record is to go on down. So instead I come up."

"Was it my equipment?" the German asked. "Was it something went bad with the breathing?"

"The equipment was fine," Rob stated, standing up. He was a huge young man of twenty-four, clothed in muscle, immensely strong, with a habitual gentleness and diffidence of manner that was submerged under his present agitation. He stared stonily at the floor. "I was down to 275. I've been that far half a dozen times. I don't get it why this time I should pull such a stupid trick."

"Well, I get it," Artie said, still on the ladder. "You are a big muscle-bound ape and you got this idea about setting a record. And you also got this little spark in your bird-brain that tells you to turn around before you drown yourself. So you turn around."

"No, it wasn't that," Rob said. A note of awe came into his voice. "When I came up, damnit, I thought I was going down. I came up maybe fifty feet before I knew what was happening."

"Pressure-happy," Artie said, and climbed in.

"That's right," Robinson said. "I was expecting it, sure. But when it happens to you like that, I tell you, and you're a hundred feet from where you thought you were — well, it makes you think. You don't head back down again. Not me, anyway. Not right away." He had his voice under control again: no one be-

came aware that he was terrified by what had just happened to him.

Waddell, the newspaperman, was a fellow in his middle forties, with a gray-ing crewcut, heavy-framed glasses, and a large jaw padded with fat. Now he was going to show how much he knew. "Our boy didn't chicken out, no sir. He ran into the rapture of the depths. Nitrogen narcosis. It makes the diver feel drunk."

"Well, that's the only way to be," Mrs. Forsythe said, and gave her brassy laugh.

"Maybe not, if you're 200 feet under water," Artie said.

"Anyway," Waddell went on. "it's nothing to fool with. It can kill you. Personally, I don't blame him for giving up the dive, much as I regret losing the story."

"Nobody's giving anything up," Robinson said. He stood there, towering over them all: gentle, mighty, determined, the moving force in the group; and yet like a child among adults. "You think I got you and Artie and Herr Schaffner all the way out here just for the boat ride? I'm going down again."

"That's my boy!" Mr. Forsythe exclaimed. "Rob's not going to give up as easy as all that." He was a florid, puffy man in his early sixties, very natty in his yachting cap, striped jacket and white flannels. He went to Key West every fall and winter and was the only man in town who did not know that his title of "Commodore" was never used without irony. Old Commodore Forsythe, who had once lost a fifty-dollar bet on whether he could get both motors started and turn on the running lights without accidentally turning on something else first. Now it did not occur to him even to wonder whether it was wise for Robinson to dive again: Rob was his boy, the kid he had rescued from the streets, the object of his pride.

"Why," he went on, "when Rob asked me if he could make his dive on this trip, I didn't think twice about it. I've helped him along ever since he was a youngster hanging around his brother's tackle shop. Hell, I gave him the first decent job he ever had, six, seven — how many years ago was it, Rob?"

"Seven years ago, Commodore," Rob said impassively. He was thinking, big deal: skipper on his drunken fishing parties for seven years and no better off than when I started. "Excuse me," he said abruptly. He went down the steps to the galley and sleeping quarters; went into the forward stateroom and locked the door behind him.

"When you gotta go, you gotta go," Mrs. Forsythe said.

Waddell muttered something about taking a look around and climbed up to the flying bridge. He was disturbed by what had happened on the dive and by

what he remembered of a conversation he had had the night before with the German, who had come out of the head while he was fixing himself a drink in the galley.

"Hi there, Schaffner," he had said. "Can I make you one?"

"No thank you very much," Schaffner had answered in his accented English. "I do not drink so much, thank you."

Waddell had looked the man over, trying to size him up. He was in his early forties, rather short and very compactly built, and with a manner that was reserved and stiff despite his efforts to adapt himself to American ways. His open face seemed to promise a sort of innocence, until one looked into his eyes, which had no warmth in them but only alert intelligence. Waddell had heard that he had been a commando in Rommel's Afrika Corps, and he said to himself: I'd hate to run into him in the desert on a dark night. Aloud he had said, making conversation:

"Rob tells me he's using your Atlantis equipment on the dive."

"Yes," Herr Schaffner had said.

"He's one hell of a decent boy. I like that kid."

"I agree, yes."

"And if the dive goes OK he has the exclusive import rights to your line for this country, is that right?"

"Well, no," Herr Schaffner said.

Waddell turned to face him. "No?" he asked. "But that's what he told me. Why, that's his main reason for making the dive."

Schaffner looked at him, altogether without guile, and shrugged his shoulders, making a little spreading gesture with his two hands.

"What do you mean?" Waddell asked, frowning.

"Please let me explain," the German said earnestly, his face still devoid of deceit. "I have in Europe a gross business of seven million dollars the year. Now I wish to enter the American market, where the competition is very strong. I must have a powerful representative here, a firm with a national distribution and ten, twenty thousand dollars to advertise my products. With all respect to a fine young man, Mr. Roy is not able to provide these necessities."

Waddell was not an eminently moral person, but he did not like what he had just heard. "Did you tell him all this?" he asked.

"Perhaps not in so many words," the German said. "But surely you have misunderstood Mr. Roy. Never, never did I offer him the exclusive rights. We spoke of the need for advertising, and I agreed that the deep dive would be most useful for publicity. He was most eager to make the dive; of course, I was will-

(continued on page 38)



*"But that's just the way it is in a shipwreck—
'women and children first!'"*

fifteenth station *(continued from page 36)*

ing. But there was no definite agreement about business arrangements."

"Well, damn," Waddell said. There was the end of his front-page feature story, with byline. He started out the door.

"One moment!" Herr Schaffner said. "You intend to speak with Mr. Roy?"

"What else?" Waddell asked.

"If you will pardon, I think it would be better if not. Mr. Roy is determined to make this dive. Whatever you tell him he will dive. I know this from my talks with him."

"Well, let's let him make up his own mind, OK?" Waddell said. "On the basis of the facts."

"You will make him unhappy and anxious," the German said. "At 200, 300, 400 feet under the water, when he must be paying very much attention, he will be thinking about what you are telling him. It is not good, Mr. Waddell: you will do him great harm."

There was no doubt that Herr Schaffner meant every word of what he said. Waddell came back from the door and sat on a bunk.

"I am an honest man," the German said with fervor. "I will give Mr. Roy his due for this dive. I will make him distributor for all of Florida—a big market. All tourists come to Florida. This will help him to get out of his little tackle shop. Yes! But there is no use causing him to worry at this time."

The German's words worked on the newspaperman like a reprieve from an odious duty. He took a big swig of his drink. It would be a colossal shame to throw away a story like this. "I think maybe you're right, Schaffner," he said. "He has the distributorship for Florida, you say?"

"Yes," the German said. "At least for South Florida."

"By God," Waddell said, "we don't want to upset the boy at this time of all times. I guess you're right." He sloshed his drink around and drained it in a few large gulps. The story was shaping up nicely in his mind: the young pioneer, as of old, altruistically braving the unknown; the rewards prompt and juicy in modern big-business America. "Join me in another?" he had asked.

"Thank you," the German had said courteously. "I do not drink so much."

. . .

Now, in that same cabin, Robinson fell to his knees beside a bunk. Fear and relief mingled in his churning emotions. He pressed his palms together and addressed himself to the patron saint of divers in a hurried and anxious whisper.

"Blessed Saint Nicholas, I thank thee for getting me out of that mess and sending me up instead of down when I

was bewildered. And when I make the dive again—" He paused; crossed himself; said a Hail Mary, slowly and with understanding. Folding between his hands the cross that hung from his neck, he took his appeal direct to Headquarters. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, Star of the Sea, stay Thou with me on this next dive. Make it come off all right. Let me set the record this time, and let me get back OK, so the German will give me the exclusive. And make my life different and better from this time on. Amen."

He crossed himself again and rose. He felt a good deal less shaky. As he reached for the door there was a knock on it and when he opened he found Artie, who came in and sat down on a bunk. Artie had picked up a snorkle and was twirling it on his forefinger. He waited awhile before he said, "Roy, you know your decompression table, don't you?"

"You know I know it," Robinson answered warily.

"You came straight up from 275 without a stop," Artie said.

"Well, I was a little bit confused. Anyway, I wasn't down long enough to matter. You don't see me stretched out on the deck, do you?"

"You know what they say about two deep dives in one day," Artie went on, still twirling the snorkle and studying it intently. "I don't think you should go down again."

This statement was a moral act on his part: no one had suggested that he make it and it ran contrary to his interests. He was here to take the pictures that Waddell would write the story around. It would be a large step forward in his career as a free-lance photographer. What he did not like was that Robinson Roy would probably not profit from all this fine publicity. He would be dead.

"Did the German put you up to this?" Robinson asked. "Is that what he's saying?"

"He's not saying a thing," Artie replied.

Robinson visibly relaxed. "Well, I know how to handle myself," he said, too loud. "You want your story, don't you? What're you getting so jumpy about all of a sudden?"

Artie looked up at him with a naked stare that demanded an end to all pretense. Rob's face lost the expression it had assumed when he asked his disingenuous question. "Art," he said, almost in a whisper, "I got to make that dive. I got to get out of this bind they got me in." When Artie continued to stare at him, but said nothing, he went on. "That first decent job the Commodore was talking about, that was when they were tied

up in Garrison Bight at Key West and his wife flang a full bottle of whiskey at him and it went over the side. So I went down and found it. Two bucks. Ever since then the same thing. Find this guy's anchor, five bucks. Change that guy's propeller, five bucks. Sell a dollar's worth of fishhooks and sinkers out of that stinking tackle shop. Man, I was made for better stuff than that."

He began to pace up and down the short length of the cabin. "Listen, I don't like what happened on that first dive any more than you do. But when I make this dive with Schaffner's German gear, he gives me the exclusive. That's our agreement. And that's when I get out of this Key West ratrace and into the big time." He made two trips up and down the cabin before he spoke again. "All I know is, I got to make this dive."

Artie went back to the deck, where the others were waiting. "He's going to try again," he reported, and paused. "We could stop him, you know."

"With a sledge hammer, that big ox, you mean," Mrs. Forsythe said with a hoot of laughter.

Artie turned to Herr Schaffner. "You're the key man. All you have to do is tell him the deal is off."

"But why?" Herr Schaffner asked. "I do not understand this alarm. There is not such great danger, I think."

"You heard what he said," Artie said. "He didn't know what he was doing down there."

"Mr. Roy is a strong and courageous young man," the German said. "I am not worried about Mr. Roy."

Artie looked into his eyes and saw in them the refusal to be candid at the expense of this chance to enter the American market with a bang. He looked at Waddell and saw a man who was not going to interfere with Robinson's God-given right to risk his life and thus provide the material for a syndicated feature story.

"It's a terrific story either way, isn't it, Mr. Waddell?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" Waddell said.

"I mean, whether he sets the record or dies trying. In fact, a lot better story if he dies trying." A shocked silence surrounded him. "Well, I don't want the story that bad."

He walked over to the chair where Rob had left his diving knife and took it from its sheath. It was obvious that he intended to cut the weighted line. Waddell stepped quickly in front of the line, blocking him.

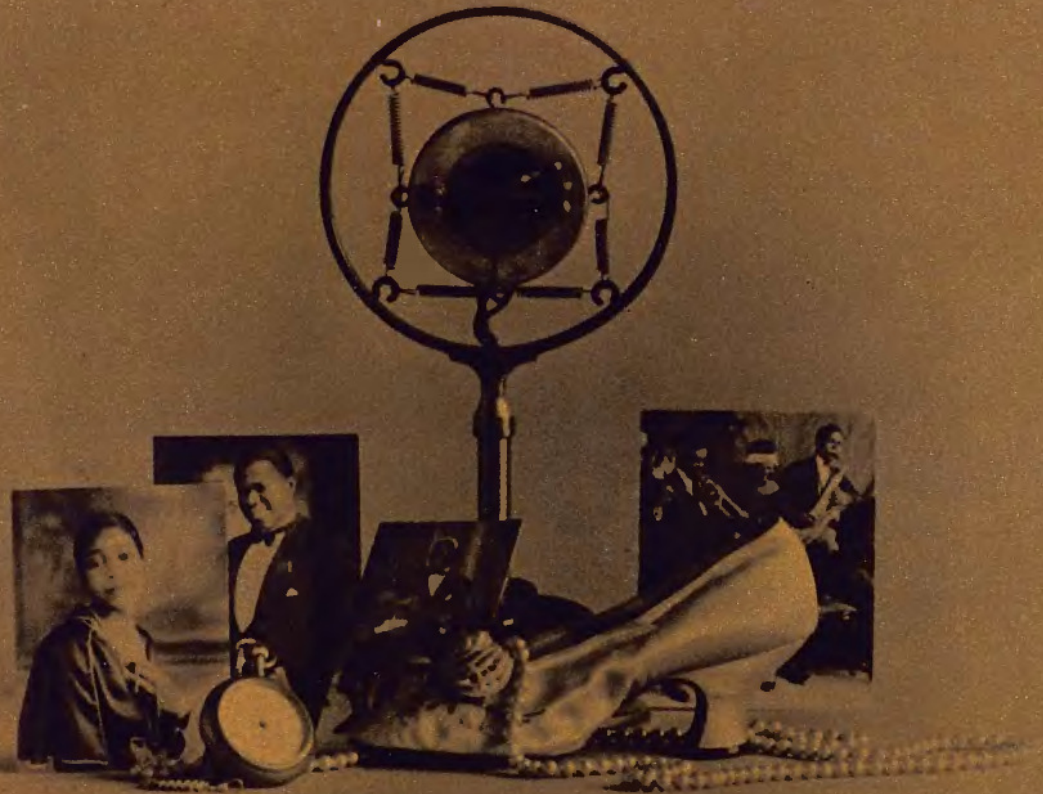
"Now wait a minute!" he commanded, coloring with anger. "You have no right to do that. Where do you get off with that stuff, making Roy's decisions for him? Who the hell do you think you are, anyway?" He stood there scowling, his

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the **j**azz singers

article by bruce griffin

*** a lyrical survey of blues belters and balladeers, from bessie smith to ella fitzgerald, from leadbelly to ray charles



part I

WHEN SAMMY DAVIS saunters onto the stage of New York's Copacabana, snaps his fingers, kicks with the band and belts out a blues, he's providing the best possible proof that talent is never born in a vacuum. What Sammy sings and how he sings it — no matter how “commercial” his style may be dubbed by some — has its roots deep in the mainstream of jazz, back in time through literally thousands of singers who have wailed, moaned, chanted, grunted, shouted, scatted, hummed, warbled, rhapsodized, torched, larked, agonized, blasted, gurgled, whispered, crooned, smeared and riffed their way through six-odd decades of jazz in the U.S.

What *is* this thing called jazz singing? Stated simply, it is the employment of the voice as a jazz instrument in any of the many traditions established, for the most part, by the horn men and rhythm-section stalwarts of this syncopated music.

Jazz — whether we are referring to traditional New Orleans, Dixieland, Chicago Style, Rhythm and Blues, Boogie Woogie, Swing, Bop, Cool, Progressive, Hard Bop, Funk, Soul, Third Stream or you-name-it — is basically an urban phenomenon, but its roots were nurtured in the earthiest musical soil. There were firmly-founded European melodies and harmonies brought to America in

(continued on page 42)

WILLIS BRAINTREE was a young man who had never wanted much out of life. "Why congregate at the goal line," he used to say, "when there's more room in the middle of the field?" So people pushed Willis around. He was the kind of fellow speed cops picked up for driving one mile over the limit, the kind who always flunked personality tests and did miserably on those magazine quizzes that rate your executive talent—the kind who's stopped and searched by store detectives every time he goes to buy some hair tonic at the supermarket. There was only one thing Willis desired, and that was to have a little authority over someone. Over anyone. His was a typical psychological problem. Most people who suffered from it, though, were able to find release by taking jobs in immigration offices or on postal routes. Where Willis differed was that he disliked uniforms and the kind of bossy people who exploited them, and felt a positive loathing for the regimentation that seemed to go with wearing them. Yet he felt he should try this route to salvation, which had (the textbooks said) bolstered the egos of a lot of people. The trouble was that when he tried to get such a job the personnel people laughed at him, and if he was actually taken on, the other men in uniforms who had been around much longer proceeded to boss

He started building it the very next day. It had concealed wheels, and a little hook, so that he could hitch it up behind his car. When it was done, he made a trip into town to get a uniform. The man at the pawn shop had just the thing, taken in trade, he claimed, from a Panamanian Rear Admiral. Willis put it on, drove home, and took his toll booth out on the road in front of his house. Then he stood back and looked at it. It seemed perfect, just like the real thing, with a hopper and lights that flashed and a sign that said THIS LANE. His house was on a side road, however, and only two cars came along that day. They both paid without question. He charged the first a quarter, and the second seven cents. There was a very nicely made blonde driving the second car. She had local plates. And Willis had always felt a special fondness for blondes.

"Say, seven cents, that's cheap," she said.

"For you, any time, ma'm," said Willis. "Drive carefully, now, and come again."

The next day Willis grew more daring. After a whole morning when nobody came by at all, he hitched the booth onto the back of the car and took it out on a slightly bigger highway close by. He got about a dozen cars that afternoon. The last one was the blonde's.

FOR WHOM THE

and abuse Willis so badly that he had to get out.

One day, however, Willis found his calling. It happened quite by accident. Driving into town on the pike, he stopped at a toll booth to throw his quarter in and was about to continue along when suddenly all the red lights flashed and a siren began to whine and the attendants from all the booths ran over.

"You threw a bottle top in there," one shouted.

Willis blushed. "I don't believe so," he said.

"Come along with us now," said another one, "that's a punishable offense."

"I'm sorry," said Willis, "but I think what happened was that I'm not a very good thrower and my quarter must have missed the hopper."

"I've dealt with guys like you before," said the shortest of the attendants. "You'd better come along or I'll have to rough you up."

Willis followed the men docilely. He wasn't too upset. These things were always happening to him.

They all looked in the hopper. There was no bottle top. The short attendant grunted suspiciously and began to dismantle the machinery. Willis tapped him on the shoulder.

"Look," he said, "see that quarter over there on the concrete? That's my quarter. I have a lousy aim."

One of the attendants picked up the quarter. "OK, Mac," he said, "we'll let you go this time. But next time let's really throw, eh?"

"Let's," said Willis agreeably, noticing that the man had made no apology whatsoever. It must be great to be a toll-booth attendant, he thought. "I'll try to improve," he said.

He walked back to his car. Maybe *this* was the job for him. A toll-booth attendant. Think of the power. And the uniform. The only trouble, of course, was that he'd get pushed around by the other attendants.

Then it came to him. What he needed was a toll booth of his own.

"Hi," she said, "you been moved?"

"Yeah," said Willis, "that's the way it is in the toll-booth profession. You never know where you'll be from one day to the next. Five cents, please."

"It gets cheaper all the time," said the blonde.

"Well," said Willis, "you get better looking all the time."

The girl cast down her long lashes. "I'll probably see you again," she said.

"Anywhere from Maine to California," said Willis.

"Drive carefully now. And don't put no bottle caps in the hoppers."

The following day Willis had a good stretch and stayed out until nine at night, taking in forty-seven dollars and twelve cents. It wasn't the money that made him stay there, though. The money was good, but the important thing was that the experience did wonders for him. He was more assured, more impressive; he knew when to be arrogant, when to be merely nasty, and when to be charming. He took the personality test in the latest issue of *Quest* and found that his rating was 95 to 100, "You like girls and girls like you." Only a week ago, Willis realized, he would have been down there in the bottom category, 1 to 15, "You're a slob." And when the blonde came by again, he asked her out for a drink, just leaving the booth where it was. When he returned, there were coins in the hopper.

Within a week Willis was confident, and he took the booth out onto the turnpike itself. He found a quiet spot and settled down. It was wonderful. He'd never realized before how much money there was in turnpikes, and how much weight a man could swing there. He was tough. He sent back trucks. He didn't allow cars with trailers on, or anyone with Arizona plates. Somehow he'd taken a strong dislike to Arizona plates. After an hour he knew that he couldn't keep up with the flow of traffic unless he slowed the cars down. Business was booming. He got out the orange lane-markers which, with some foresight, he had picked up from a piece of construction work back down the pike as he came in that morning, and

set them out in a neat diagonal line.

It was much easier then, with only one lane. The cars honked their horns, and the traffic stretched back as far as the eye could see, but Willis refused to be hurried. He assessed each case on its own merits. A man in an enormous limousine pulled up. "How far are you going?" Willis asked.

"Just to Morristown."

"That'll be twelve-fifty."

"*Twelve-fifty?* But you only charged my brother seventy-five cents when he came through here this morning."

"That's all right," said Willis. "Twelve-fifty to you."

Two cars later, a Good Humor truck pulled up. The driver was wearing a white uniform. If you set aside the braid and the epaulettes, it was even something like Willis' uniform. Willis made him pull out of line — it was too good an opportunity to miss — and wait until all the other cars had gone through. He did the same thing with a jeep carrying a young Army lieutenant, and a postal truck.

"But the mails must go through," protested the mailman.

"Pull over with those other guys," said Willis.

"But neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night will stay these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds," said the mailman.

"The hell with that, buddy," said Willis. "Pull over to the side."

BOOTH TOLLS

The next car was the blonde's.

"Hi there again," she said, "I see you're busy. I was thinking of asking you to buy me another drink."

"OK," said Willis promptly, "I'll be with you in just a minute. I just want to get this next guy. He's in uniform, and I can't stand guys who wear uniforms. Boy, I've half a mind to confiscate his car."

"You're a cute boy," said the blonde. She pulled over and walked sinuously to join Willis in the booth. It went to Willis' head — the authority, the dapper Panamanian uniform, the scent of perfume from the blonde. The car was a large red one, with a fancy spotlight on the hood, and Willis started to bawl out the man inside it.

"What kind of uniform do you call *that*, Mac?" Willis demanded in his surliest tone. Over on the shoulder the Good Humor man, the Army lieutenant, and the driver of the mail truck were waving at the newcomer, hoping he'd make a fourth for a pinochle game.

"I'm the chief of the turnpike police," the man said. "Who are you?"

Jail wasn't anywhere near as bad as Willis had expected. It wasn't long before he was made a trustee, and then he had authority over the other prisoners when they mopped the floors. He began to think seriously of making a career of being a trustee when the guard announced one morning that he had a visitor. It was the blonde from the highway.

"Gosh," she said, "you must be really important. I thought I'd never get in to see you."

"What's on your mind?" said Willis.

"They're letting you out in my custody," she said. "I like you. We can have some great times together."

"But what am I going to do with myself? What about my career?"

"I have a great idea . . ." said the blonde.

Two days later they started off. They kept to back roads mostly, and they never stayed in the same spot for more than a couple of days. Finally they even made it to Arizona, where Willis had a magnificent time. They rigged up a little trailer arrangement which they hooked to the back of the toll booth, and were very happy together. But if you're driving along some minor road, anywhere from Maine to California, and you come upon a toll booth containing a fellow dressed as a Panamanian Rear Admiral with a blonde leaning over his shoulder, make sure you have lots of change. Especially if you wear a uniform, or come from Arizona.



he was the very model of a modern parkway pirate — and hell on admirals of the arizona navy

fiction

By **BARRY SPACKS**



Jazz singers *(continued from page 39)*

the very beginnings of our history; West African concepts of rhythm and phrasing, borne to our shores by the first Negro slaves; and an almost limitless array of musical influences that were part of the lore of hundreds of ethnic groups that arrived in the U.S. during the Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries. But jazz, as such, wasn't identifiable until the late 1800s, when Negroes began fusing the multiplicity of European and African flavors with their own view of life in the post-bellum South. Jazz was then, and still is, a music emphasizing rhythm and the percussive use of melody instruments. Its heart is improvisation: ad lib solos delving into and around the melodic, rhythmic and harmonic marrow of songs. Like many of the European classical compositions that predated it, jazz has made extensive use of theme-and-variation. From Africa—south of the Sahara—jazz seized the call-and-response pattern, preserved in today's fervent gospel music and big-band riffing. A fusion of many taproots, it grew just as America grew, acquiring sophistication as the nation progressed from a simple society to a complex culture. Some myopic diggers of jazz have refused to admit that there has been much growth at all and stoutly maintain that only "traditionalists" can be labeled as purveyors of the true jazz—whatever that is. But this view makes about as much sense as the claim that jazz—instrumental or vocal—never got out of Storyville.

Get out it did. Initially, jazz and jazz singing came aborning in the sounds of crudely played instruments and protesting Negro voices rising out of the South to proclaim what many hoped would be a new life. From the African chant, the slave song, the work song, the field shout, the prison dirge, the folk ballad, the minstrel refrain, the street cry—from all of these and more—singers like Sammy Davis have derived their traditions, their styles and much of their repertoires. Along a Mississippi levee in the 1890s came the sound:

Oh, rock me Julie, rock me.

Rock me slow and easy,

Rock me like a baby.

It was heard in Auburn, Alabama, in Memphis, in St. Louis. On rotting porches, in cabins of discarded boards, the cry of the blues was born, and the singers who sang the blues expressed this heritage—sometimes happy, mostly sad.

By 1910, the word blues was in wide use, and the first of them—Hart Wand's *Dallas Blues*—was published just two years later. Ironically, Wand was a well-off white violinist from Oklahoma City; he heard the tune whistled by a Negro porter in his father's drugstore and

transcribed it. The first printing was gobbled up in a week (mostly by whites who played it atrociously on the piano in the parlor), and a second went almost as rapidly. The piece is still played and sung today. A few months after Wand's work came out, W. C. Handy published *Memphis Blues* (structurally not a true blues; it was originally written as a 1909 political campaign song).

A few of the early, and some of the best, blues shouters managed to record; among them were Ma Rainey and Blind Lemon Jefferson. According to jazzologist Charles Edward Smith, "Ma Rainey was not a big woman, but she was always on the heavy side, and toward the end of her career she tended toward inelegant obesity. She flirted with youth like a hag inexpertly applying rouge. Gold caps on her teeth lent her a garish smile, and her queenly flaunting was like that of a bad actress assuming a role to which she had no right. They snickered behind her back, and she heard the snickers and turned venomously on her detractors." Ma was a soulful blues singer and a tough broad, but one associate remembered her as having "warm eyes and a heart as big as a house." New Orleans drummer Zutty Singleton heard her in a tent show in 1914 and recalls her crying a blues with the words "Look what a hole I'm in." As she sang, the stage collapsed.

Born Gertrude Malissa Nix Pridgett, Ma let out her first wail in Columbus, Georgia, in 1886; she died fifty-three years later in the same city. Her husband, William Rainey, was a member of a minstrel troupe and Ma joined him on the Negro vaudeville circuit. In 1923, she made her first record, backed by Lovie Austin's group, which included the legendary trumpeter Tommy Ladnier. (Later, Louis Armstrong was among the horn men who accompanied her.) By 1929, she had made about fifty records for the Paramount label and continued to tour the hinterlands until the public lost interest in blues singers and forced her to retire. According to the French critic Hugues Panassié, "Next to Bessie Smith, Ma Rainey is the greatest blues singer who ever recorded. Her ample, extremely deep and beautiful contralto was ideal for the blues, which she sang with a majestic, imposing accent and an almost religious gravity." Such a sound is apparent on several currently available LP reissues of Ma's early sides—*Classic Blues* and *Broken-Hearted Blues* (Riverside), which contain such moving messages as *Honey, Where Have You Been So Long* and *Laud, Send Me a Man*.

It is impossible to trace back to the exact birth of the blues, despite numerous songs and motion pictures that have

attempted to do so. Born in a simple form—basically twelve bars divided into three sections of four bars each—blues were transported by troubadours who wandered with their guitars from town to town in the late Nineteenth and early Twentieth centuries, singing for coins on street corners. Among these pioneers—and typical of the early itinerant blues singers—was Blind Lemon Jefferson.

Blind Lemon (his name was Lemon; he was born blind) was from Couchman, Texas, a run-down farming area. Born around 1897, he began collecting blues as a boy; his education in the streets and brothels of Dallas gave him a rousing repertoire. Like other blues wanderers of his ilk, Blind Lemon traveled as far as Tennessee and Alabama. In the Twenties, he arrived in Chicago to live and record until his death in 1930. His music (available on several Riverside LPs) was excitingly rough and sinewy, and his voice—harshly nasal—was primitive and compelling. He was but one of many jazz minstrels in the early 1900s. There were others—just names to some people, but legends to others—Blind Blake, Ida Cox, Lonnie Johnson, Leadbelly, Rabbit Brown, Sleepy John Estes, Willie McTell, Furry Lewis, Leroy Carr, Barbecue Bob, Tampa Red, Memphis Minnie, Lightning Hopkins, and many, many more. Some were country blues singers who chanted of the fields and the rural life in the Southland and Midwest; others were urban blues singers who plied their more sophisticated songs in the saloons and red-light districts of metropolitan centers.

Many of them gathered in Chicago. Big Bill Broonzy, who was among them, remembered that "People started to give parties and some Saturday nights they would make enough money to pay the rent, so they started to call them 'house-rent parties,' because they sold chicken, pig feet, home brew, chittlins, moonshine whiskey. The musicians didn't have to buy nothing and would get a chance to meet some nice-looking women and girls, too." Many urban blues singers made their way to these parties, to exchange talk and tunes, to sip refreshments and to take stock of their own plight:

They say if you's white, you's all right;

If you's brown, stick-around.

But as you're black;

Mmm, Mmm, Brother, git back, git back, git back.

So the blues were sung, and were soon to have an effect on the popular music of the country. In New York, the minions of Tin Pan Alley spotted salable elements in the early jazz, and they moved it, via sheet music and records, to the far reaches of America. One of the most illustrious lights in the entire history of

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Intarlandi

Jazz singers (continued from page 42)

jazz singing—Bessie Smith—played a key role in this flow of early jazz into the mainstream of American popular music.

Born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, in 1900, Bessie became Ma Rainey's prize pupil, joining Ma's Rabbit Foot Minstrels and heeding her instructions. According to George Avakian, "Bessie was a large, handsome woman; she was five feet nine inches tall, and though she weighed 210 pounds in her prime, almost all of it was solid bone and muscle. Her appetites were as prodigious as the strength of her voice and body. She drank to excess in her youth and increased her capacity as she rose to fame. Hers was a quick cycle. From the obscurity of cheap tent shows, carnivals and honky-tonks that preceded her first recording in 1923, she shot right up to the big time, was riding high during 1924-7, but by 1930 was just holding on, and none too successfully. At fault was a combination of changing public taste and her own excesses."

In September 1937, on the main road to Memphis, her car smashed into another; she died from loss of blood under circumstances still in doubt. But before Bessie sang her last chorus, she spread the gospel of jazz; in the Twenties, her records sold millions of copies and she was the highest-paid Negro entertainer in the country, earning \$1500 a week.

Of her artistry, Avakian wrote, "Bessie Smith could do more with a greater variety of blues than any other singer who ever lived. She left behind 160 recordings. Each is a three-minute demonstration of why this great folk artist so richly deserved to be called The Empress of the Blues.

"A mistress of vocal inflection and an artist of impeccable taste, Bessie was also blessed with a huge, sweeping voice which combined strength and even harshness with an irresistible natural beauty. She could cut loose when she wanted to, but was also capable of the tenderest nuances. Every note she sang had in its interpretation the history and heritage of her people, even in her last creative years when she was trying to 'go commercial' and her texts strayed from the authenticity they once had. Her style and individuality always remained, no matter what the circumstances.

"Bessie's control of her voice was without parallel; a subtle accent in one syllable could convey the meaning of a line. Her sense of pitch was as dramatic as it was accurate. She could hit a note on the nose if she wanted to, but she could also dip, glide and 'bend' a note to express her feelings. In short, she combined technique with the finest ele-

ments of folk art."

Another critic wrote: "Bessie sang the blues to make a living; but she also sang the blues to communicate who she was, who she wanted to be, and why. And basically, she told the blues as a Negro who grew up in the South with Jim Crow; who moved through the North but couldn't shake Jim Crow; and who, as some stories have it, may have died because Jim Crow ran a hospital that didn't take in colored, even when they were bleeding to death.

"Her blues could be funny and boisterous and gentle and angry and bleak, but underneath all of them ran the raw bitterness of being a human being who had to think twice about which toilet she could use. You can't hear Bessie without hearing why Martin Luther King doesn't want to wait any more."

Many of her best records are preserved in the four-LP *The Bessie Smith Story* (Columbia); among them is a stunning *Down Hearted Blues*, her first recording, cut in the spring of 1923. When it was originally issued, several key distributors placed token orders, convinced it was nothing more than another blues. Once the public heard Bessie, however, sales began to spiral. By the end of 1923, more than two million of Bessie's records had been sold.

The record-shop stampedes caused by Bessie Smith brought millions into the jazz fold. Aiding her in the crusade were several namesakes: Mamie Smith (the first to record, in 1920), Laura Smith, Clara Smith and Trixie Smith—none related to Bessie—and a horde of other jazz singers, male and female.

Among the early giants was Louis Armstrong, a New Orleans-Chicago-and-all-points blues specialist whose trumpet and voice were to become paragons of jazz artistry. Armstrong introduced the first departures from the blues idiom. He was at home with blues, of course, but he often turned his jazz conception in other directions, and his Hot Five recording of *Heebie Jeebies* initiated the "scat" approach to singing, unintelligible, horn-like utterances that parallel the sound and phrasing of a musical instrument. Currently available on Volume One of the four-LP *The Louis Armstrong Story* (Columbia), *Heebie Jeebies* is a jazz vocal landmark. According to musicologist Avakian, who assembled the masters and data for this epochal set, there are several versions of exactly what happened at that Okeh session in 1926: "The late Richard M. Jones, recording director on the session, always claimed that Louis meant to sing the vocal twice through, but dropped the sheet music halfway and had to improvise monosyllables till he got straightened out. Kid Ory, trombonist with Armstrong's Hot Five,

says that Louis had the lyrics memorized, but forgot them. Or at least pretended to, Ory adds with a grin." Whatever the truth may be, Satchmo made a key contribution to the history of jazz singing with the introduction of scat, or "vocalese."

In 1929, Louis moved solidly into the pop field for material, turning *I Can't Give You Anything but Love* into a jazz adventure of the first order. By 1930 the pattern was definite; popular tunes were the property of jazz. Jazz musicians were not only offering their own wares to the public, but were giving their own interpretations to the music of Broadway and the nonjazz songsmiths. No longer restricted to blues and blues derivatives, jazzmen moved hungrily into the pop realm in search of new material for improvisation.

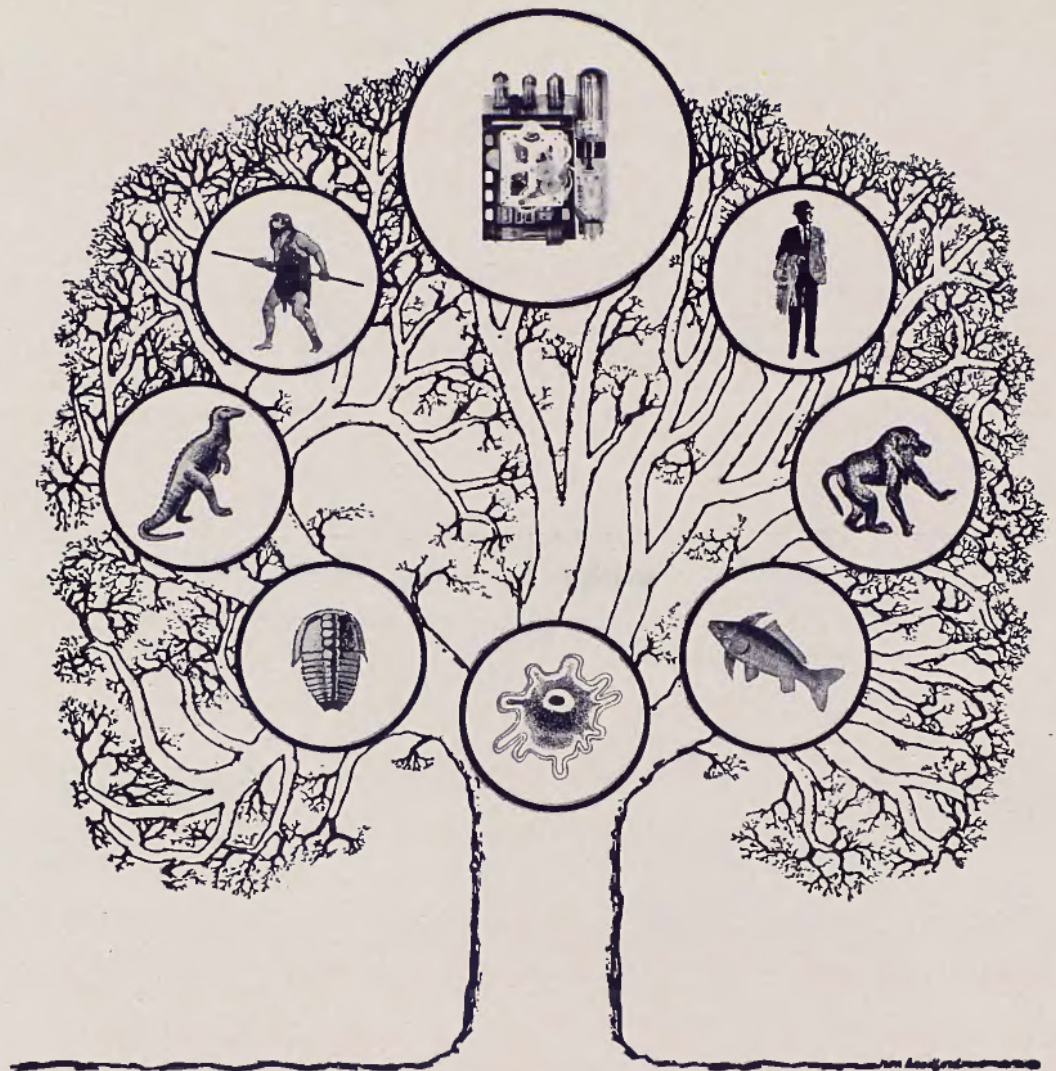
In Armstrong's initial excursions were the elements essential to jazz singing: his hoarse, unbridled tone resembled the more guttural, raucous sounds of jazz instruments; he used lyrics mainly to move the melody along. Most important, he sang each number in his own manner, much as he set precedents each time he played his horn.

Nearly matching Armstrong's penetrating improvisation and feeling for popular music was Ethel Waters. Born in Chester, Pennsylvania, she had toured in several major cities before settling in New York after World War I. She brought to the tune *Dinah*, which she introduced, a casual jazz touch, a subtle sense of improvisation that influenced jazz singers for years to come. Trumpeter Jimmy McPartland remembered that "Bix Beiderbecke made a point of taking me to hear Ethel Waters. . . . She phrased so wonderfully, the natural quality of her voice was so fine and she sang the way she felt."

From the strolling blues singers to the violent artistry of Bessie Smith to the departures of Armstrong and Ethel Waters, jazz singing grew. And with the arrival of Mildred Bailey, it no longer remained the exclusive property of the Negro. Sophie Tucker's red-hot-mamaisms and Al Jolson's minstrel-based belting (he starred, you'll recall, in the movies' first talkie as "The Jazz Singer") were the first burgeoning of a metamorphosis from jazz into popular music. Mildred Bailey flavored everything she sang with a strong taste of Bessie Smith, and with a casually unerring sense of jazz phrasing. After her record debut in 1929, she imbued such tunes as *Rockin' Chair* and *Lazy Bones* with an easygoing jazz lilt and brought the depth of jazz emotion to such popular ballads as *You Call it Madness* and *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams*.

Born part Indian in Tekoa, Washington, in 1903, Mildred acquired a reper-

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MACHINA EX DEUX

*THE COMING GOLDEN AGE OF THE MACHINE HERALDS THE
OBSOLESCENCE OF MAN* *article By ARTHUR C. CLARKE*

ABOUT A MILLION YEARS AGO, an unprepossessing primate discovered that his forelimbs could be used for other purposes besides locomotion. Objects like sticks and stones could be grasped, and, once grasped, were useful for killing game, digging up roots, defending or attacking, and a hundred other jobs. On the third planet of the Sun, tools had appeared; and the place would never be the same again.

The first users of tools were *not* men — a fact appreciated only in the last year or two — but prehuman anthropoids; and by their discovery they doomed themselves. For even the most primitive of tools, such as a naturally-pointed stone that happens to fit the hand, provides a tremendous physical and mental stimulus to the user. He has to walk erect; he no longer needs huge canine teeth — since sharp flints can do a better job — and he must develop manual dexterity of a high order. These are the specifications of *Homo sapiens*; as soon as they start to be filled, all earlier models are headed for rapid obsolescence. To quote Professor Sherwood Washburn of the University of California's Anthropology Department: "It was the success of the simplest tools that started the whole trend of human evolution and led to the civilizations of today."

Note that phrase — "the whole trend of human evolution." The old idea that man invented tools is therefore a misleading half-truth; it would be more accurate to say that tools invented man. They were very primitive tools, in the hands of creatures who were little more than apes. Yet they led to us, and to the eventual extinction of the apemen who first wielded them.

Now the cycle is about to begin again; but neither *(continued on page 66)* 45

GEORGE NELSON
servicing cart

EDWARD WORMLEY
"a" chair

EERO SAARINEN
womb chair



decor BY JOHN ANDERSON

PHOTOGRAPHEO ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY MARVIN KONER AND DANIEL RUBIN

HARRY BERTOIA
diamond chair

CHARLES EAMES
eames chair

JENS RISOM
open armchair



DESIGNS FOR LIVING

*unfettered by dogma, the creators of contemporary american furniture
have a flair for combining functionalism with esthetic enjoyment*



Above, l to r: Ludwig Mies van der Rohe Barcelona Chair, stainless steel, saddle-leather straps, foam rubber, upholstered in natural leather, by Knoll Associates, \$825. Charles Eames Leisure Chair, aluminum and Naugahyde, pivot base, by Herman Miller, chair \$244; ottoman \$112. George Nelson desk, steel frame, plastic top, lacquer drawer fronts, charcoal sides and back, by Herman Miller, \$196. Below, l to r: Harry Bertoia Diamond Chair, steel wire seat and back on chromed steel base, Lana fabric, \$117; Bertoia High Back Chair, same materials except wrought-iron base, chair \$129; ottoman \$44, by Knoll. George Nelson Coconut Chair, chrome and Naugahyde, by Herman Miller, chair \$384; ottoman \$113.



Below, l to r: Edward Wormley Listen-to-Me Couch, laminated mople and cherry, foam rubber, by Dunbar, \$843. Eero Soorinen Armchair, molded plastic shell, foam rubber in Polo fabric, walnut legs, by Knoll, \$156. Eero Soorinen Pedestal Side Table, metal base, formico top, by Knoll, \$68. Katovolos, Littell & Kelley Tri-Legged Chair, chrome and leather, by Laverne Originals, \$178. Below right, l to r: Jens Risom Armchair, walnut frame, by Jens Risom Design, \$237. Paul McCobb Armchair, walnut and cane, by Directional, \$164. Finn Juhl Armchair, in walnut, by Baker, \$200. T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings Lounge Chair, in walnut, by Widdicomb, \$305. Hans Wegner Armchair, teak and cane, from Frederik Lunning, \$230.

EXUBERANCE, FINESSE and high imagination characterize U.S. furniture design today. For the crusading era of modern is over. In the early years of Twentieth Century design, a chair — to its creator, at least — was very much more than something to sit on, more even than something pleasant to look at. An early modern chair was a resoundingly significant expression of the age, a concrete rendition of abstract structural principles, an almost belligerent assemblage of mechanical parts in which every bolt was paraded with all the bravado of Erich von Stroheim's monologue. Early modern thrived on dogma ("Form Follows Function!" "Less Is More!" "Structure Is Beauty!") that rivaled Milton in Puritan passion; it paid deepest obeisance to the machine and let the softer human sensibilities accommodate themselves as best they could; and it dwelt, along with pre-Bach and post-Bartók, strictly among the intelligentsia.

Today design is more likely to reflect great good spirits than profound philosophies; to relish shapely contours rather than "honest" structures; to pride itself more highly on elegance than earnestness. An early modern chair had an aura of fatalism about it; it *had* to look the way it did, just as von Stroheim *had* to spy and torture; it couldn't help its swift lines and metallic glint any more than Dietrich could help falling in love again. There is nothing inevitable about a chair any longer. Today the machine is the collaborator rather than the determinant of a design. Instead of pressing a cerebral button to solve a mechanical puzzle, the designer brings his unique imagination, his own emotions, to bear at every point in the development of the object. No bulwark of metaphysics is required to justify its every turn. If a bolt is exposed, it is because the designer enjoys the accent, and he is as likely as not to paint the bolt head black, just for the hell of it. A chair today stands on its own legs in existential — even absurd — delight.

Liberated, fanciful and romantic as today's design is, it has arrived at this happy condition via a direct route from concepts formulated by the founders of the modern style. In a phenomenon perhaps unique in the history of all the arts, a major movement in architecture and design was consciously planned, plotted and programed from the beginning. "Can (continued overleaf)

Opposite top, l to r: George Nelson Miniature Chest, teak and lacquer, aluminum base, by Herman Miller, \$280. Charles Eames Wire Chair, by Herman Miller, \$56, stands on Edward Wormley Long-John Table of sapstreak walnut, by Dunbar, \$255. Eames La Fonda del Sol Chair, molded plywood and aluminum, by Herman Miller (price not yet established) stands on Wormley Janus Table of laminated ash, sapstreak top, by Dunbar, \$485 for nest of three. Saarinen Pedestal Chair, aluminum base, plastic shell, foam seat pad, by Knoll, \$81. Opposite below, l to r: George Nelson Diamond Clock, by Howard Miller, \$30. Eames Lounge Chair, rosewood and leather, by Herman Miller, chair \$468; ottoman \$185. George Nelson Swaged-Leg Desk, chrome, walnut and plastic, \$278; Swaged-Leg Chair, chrome and plastic, flexible back, \$95, both by Herman Miller.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HORN/GRINER
ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE



you imagine Borromini, Bernini or Guarini proclaiming, "We are Baroque!" muses Gio Ponti, the Italian architect and designer regarded as one of the contemporary greats. "Or Louis XV saying, 'Let us now invent the Louis Quinze style?'" But that is exactly what the moderns did. They announced to all mankind their objective of revolutionizing the man-made forms of the world, and in order to emphasize the sweeping scope of their program, they titled their mode of expression the International Style.

The early moderns faced a clear and real challenge in the form of the industrial revolution, which had bombarded the world with piecemeal triumphs in science and technology, but had provided no esthetic rationale to guide their use. Objects formerly made by hand were now mass-produced by machines, but they were made to look handcrafted — not out of the maker's attempt to deceive but simply because he knew no other way to fashion them. Buildings which required only widely-spaced, narrow columns of steel to sustain them nevertheless had thick walls of masonry or brick because the builder could not imagine how else to make a wall. Down that delusory road — in the view of a handful of brilliant German architects and isolated individuals elsewhere, including the great Le Corbusier in France — lay a world of visual meaninglessness, not to say insanity. The Germans — Walter Gropius, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe and Marcel Breuer among them — established in 1919 in Weimar, Germany, a training ground that was to become one of the most powerful molders of esthetic thought in history. Their design school, the Bauhaus, dedicated itself to informing the shapes of the industrialized world with visual significance and esthetic integrity. The Bauhaus revolutionized art training by synthesizing the teaching of production techniques with the fine arts; it taught that the form an object takes must proceed logically from what it is made of, how it is made, and what it will be used for. The school banned the slightest ornament, stripped away the smallest nonfunctioning member, and extolled the shiny surfaces and smooth lines that spelled the machine. (In a nice distinction between essential truth and circumstantial fact, they were bothered not a whit that the most flawless "machine look," as exemplified in Mies' famous Barcelona chair, in fact required meticulous hand attention to achieve.)

When Hitler closed the Bauhaus in 1933 (for "decadence"), most of the leaders of the school came to the United States; today their basic tenets guide almost all design schools in the Western world. The Bauhaus philosophy is even more comfortably entrenched since the

death of its most vociferous rival, Frank Lloyd Wright, who enjoyed calling buildings in the highly geometric International Style "matchbox architecture." Wright's nature-centered, organic architecture seems to require a master of his own magnitude for satisfactory rendition, and his extremely personal ideas are much less easy to pass on than the clear manifestoes of the Bauhaus.

While later designers have felt little inclination to overthrow the principles laid down by the Bauhaus, those tenets are no longer charged with a heady sense of fresh discovery. They are no longer a frontier to be protected or a gospel in need of propagation, but a storehouse of approaches and techniques that a designer can exploit for sensory and emotional possibilities. And the dicta are honored as much in the breach as in the observance. "Wouldn't it be beautiful," George Nelson, one of today's major designers, could say three years ago, "to have some kind of a sculptured metal leg on a piece of furniture?" — an idea that the Bauhaus would have condemned as frivolous and ungermane to the "soul" of steel. Nelson's office promptly set about investigating how a suitable sculptured look could be attained by a machine process. That problem solved, Nelson further blasphemed against the Bauhaus commandments by inventing a way to *hide* the connections where the four sculptured legs joined together to form a central pedestal.

One of today's first-rank International Style architects, Eero Saarinen — his original vision of the pedestal chair of 1957 thwarted by an annoying structural unfeasibility — changed the material to meet his visual conception rather than the other (the Bauhaus) way around. His hope had been to realize one of the major goals of modern furniture design — a chair in one continuous form and of a single material throughout. He thought he had it in a chair of Fiberglass-reinforced plastic; but when this material turned out to be impractical in the slender pedestal he desired, he sacrificed the single-material objective to the visual grace of the design, made the base of aluminum and gave it a finish of the same color and texture as the plastic seating shell.

But it is Charles Eames — the choice of most of his colleagues as the top designer today — who has led the way out of the stark, superrational, industry-focused simplifications of early modern into the subtler amiabilities of contemporary furniture. The famous Eames chair of 1946 was a milestone of modern design. In the best Bauhaus tradition, every part performed its job with dispatch and lucidity — the contoured, molded plywood seat, the separate, molded plywood back, the no-wasted-

effort steel rods to hold back and seat aloft. Each part was simple and economical to produce, and assembly — as devised by Eames — was child's play.

Even this seemingly matter-of-fact design had an irrepressible bounce about it, its back and seat shapes right in tune with the Joan Miro-Alexander Calder mode of modern art. But it was outdone in lilt by another Eames design five years later, a chair that made a fantasy of a festively complex structure of wire from the ground up. This was the first piece of furniture to exploit the techniques of industry to witty and charming ends.

However playful as forms, both the wire chair and the Eames chair evolved from the practical objective of achieving maximum performance at minimum cost — the cost minimized by ease of mass production and economy of materials. This objective has yielded in later Eames designs to a preoccupation with visual elegance and sumptuous comfort. Eames' 1958 leisure chair is a beautiful orchestration of sensuous lines and planes, its sculptured bars of aluminum in duet with the outer lines of the seating pad, the pad's surface in a steady rhythm of horizontal ribs. And then — as if to reward his legion of admirers for never having noticed that his supremely functional original chair, which *looked* so contour-obliging, could in fact not be sat in with total comfort for more than twenty minutes — Eames' next design sank the siter into a voluptuous luxury that few mortals since Nero have known: a broad, deep lounge chair, its cushions covered in soft, wrinkly leather and filled not with the uniformly pneumatic foam rubber so favored in modern design, but with feathers and down — "to give the feeling of settling in," says Eames. "And when you get up the cushions do not instantly pop back into place as though you had never been there." The sense of sheer amplitude is magnified by broadly curved molded frames in luxurious rosewood veneer.

What makes Eames amazing to every other designer is that each new design, so original in conception, has been so fully and naturally resolved that it seems to have been plucked whole from some reservoir of pre-existent ideas, if not from the sky. As a matter of fact, several Eames designs resemble birds, with their blithely molded bodies perched on fragile legs; his latest chair, designed for La Fonda del Sol restaurant in New York, actually sports abstract claws fanning out from its central pedestal. The chair is scheduled to go into mass production shortly.

As befits a genius, Eames is pampered by his manufacturer, the Herman Miller Furniture Company of Zeeland, Michigan. He is under no pressure to produce new designs. Miller is content to wait

(continued overleaf)



"I couldn't say — I'm a stranger here myself."

until inspiration strikes—meanwhile piling up profits from previous models (the original Eames chair is still such a strong seller that Miller maintains a plant solely for its production). Again as the prerogative of genius, perhaps, Eames avoids the social and professional life of the large and aggressive Los Angeles design community, fiddles around home (a fascinating Santa Monica house made of standard steel building components) or at his studio with his sculptress wife Ray on whatever delectation may come to mind. Other delights beside furniture have sprung from their experiments, including toys, ground-breaking abstract films, and a “sun machine” made of scraps of metal and activated by the sun, which whirs, spins, buzzes—all to absolutely no purpose. “My dream,” Eames has said, “is to have people working on useless projects. These have the germ of new concepts. Our backlog of undeveloped concepts is becoming very low.”

One designer who has been extremely prolific in reducing that backlog is Eames' friend and fellow designer for Herman Miller—George Nelson. Nelson has either initiated or perfected many innovations which have profoundly affected the organization of the modern house. In his storage wall—an idea he has continued to explore for new variations since the late 1940s—he devised an ingenious system of shelves and supports that could be assembled to accommodate in one out-of-the-way wall all manner of equipment including bar, television, hi-fi and desk, as well as storage space. He was also one of the originators of the now-ubiquitous modular system of furniture, in which seating, cabinets, tables and desks are composed of interchangeable parts, adaptable to any new use or whim. An architect as well as a furniture designer, Nelson has always attempted to integrate furniture with architecture to achieve greater space, utility and harmony; and most of his designs for free-standing pieces, such as sofas and armchairs, like his storage walls and modular systems, are simple geometric shapes, usually with raised “platform” seats, to harmonize with the straight lines of the modern house and to preserve its open expanses.

Nelson merrily strayed from his geometric bent with what may appropriately be called a delicious 1956 collection of seating including confections like the marshmallow sofa which plumped people down on an array of individual foam rubber “marshmallows” and a hard-shelled, triangular number called the coconut chair. Impertinent commodities like these, combined with broad curiosity about everything from abstract ideas to semi-abstract clocks (he designed the screen titles for *The Misfits* and con-

cocted a *Camera Three* television program called *How to Kill People: A Problem in Design*), and a critical intelligence that weaves the most irreconcilable contradictions into lucid human organization, has prompted one critic to call Nelson “his own best design.” Sociable, articulate and witty to boot, he is in much demand as a speaker and writer.

The kind of modern house for which Nelson planned his neat, geometric furniture—a house with open spaces, overlapping volumes, indoor-outdoor flow, and everything possible built in—placed the chair in the limelight. There it stands, in splendid isolation, the most conspicuous piece of furniture in the room. Fittingly, it was one of the top practitioners in that architectural style, Eero Saarinen, who first realized that a different sort of design for a chair was now needed: a chair whose front, back and profile were not discrete views seen in the classical perspective of three separate planes, but a fully rounded object with a form strong enough to stand as an important punctuation mark, complete from any angle. But even that major objective was not the sum of Saarinen's intent. He also wanted to create a distinctly modern chair, employing industrial materials, that would afford not only the physical fact of comfort, but also the visual atmosphere of comfort associated with traditional upholstered furniture. The now-classic Saarinen womb chair of 1948 was the superb result. One of the first molded plastic chairs, it chose *not* to expose its hard, smooth material, but to cover itself totally with fabric. And it chose *not* to make the least amount of plastic go the farthest way, but to use the material prodigally, in a broadly flaring form imposing in size and inviting in shape. Furthermore, Saarinen minimized the discord between the light, spindly metal rod base and the full, contoured shell by driving the base out of sight, out of mind: metal parts are tucked as near the center as possible without endangering stability, and are thus thrown into shadows created by the generously expansive shell, so that the cradle is all that registers in the senses, like a molded flying carpet.

Saarinen, the cool and silent Finn, son of the late great architect Eliel Saarinen, richly possesses that poetic vision for form which has made the Finns one of the fountainheads of modern design—and design of a delicacy surprising for such a supposedly stolid race. If, from the visually romantic point of view of the Finns, there was anything imperfect about the womb chair, it was that the metal base seemed a bit like an afterthought; it was prudent enough to hide, but it did not participate in the essential mood of the design. Saarinen's plas-

tic and aluminum pedestal chair, however, resolves every conflict. Although the Bauhaus might have called it dishonest, it is, visually, the very summation of the harmony for which modern design has been striving. In this mellifluously flowing form, only one thin line (not visible from normal viewing angles) where the plastic seat meets the aluminum base reveals that the chair is not all of a single material. Saarinen's manufacturer, Knoll Associates, Inc., of New York (whose head, Florence Knoll, is herself a formidable design talent), hopes that the technical problems of making the chair in all plastic will eventually be solved.

Sculptors, noting the enviable prominence acquired by the few pieces of furniture isolated in the open spaces of the modern house, have long since seized the opportunity to make them into true *pièces de résistance*. Isamu Noguchi, the Japanese-American abstract sculptor, turned his evocative vision to furniture in the late 1940s, designing powerful, amorphous, biomorphic shapes (mammary cocktail tables, phallic sofas) that would brook little competition from other objects in a room. A 1952 group of chairs by sculptor Harry Bertoina was planned specifically for modeling in the round, for completeness and interest of form from *any* angle, three-quarter as well as back, front and profile. Nine years later, still fashionable to the Nth degree, these effervescent beauties in radiant upholstery usually find themselves set at angles in interiors, seldom more than one in a room, and each a star.

Most *outré* of all furniture designers today are Estelle and Erwine Laverne—a darkly mysterious couple, silent in movement, fiery in temperament, who blaze with a sense of the fabulous. Their flights of fancy include a series of plastic flower-shaped chairs (the tulip, the lotus, the buttercup), and invisible chairs made of clear plastic. These latter, the Lavernes say, are supposed to assist the architectural desire for uncluttered, continuing space, and many find their kaleidoscopic color reflections entrancing. An infernal, science-fiction variation of the clear plastic group is the electric chair, whose edges light up. The Lavernes do not acclaim the architectural virtues of this one.

A warmer, more intimate aspect of modern design—some call it coy—that developed parallel with but independently of the industry-minded Bauhaus mainstream was the crafts-focused Scandinavian school. True, Scandinavian designers talk of their work in language similar to that of the Bauhaus graybeards—integrity of materials, exposure of structure, and all that. But what the Bauhaus did out of categorical morality

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THE INCONSEQUENTIAL PIPSQUEAKS

fiction By LELAND WEBB

SELL CELESTE to Leroy Farnish. And buy Dorcas. The thought came winging in from out of nowhere without warning. I was shaving and through the bathroom wall I could hear my dear Celeste, my sweet Celeste, perhaps even Celeste, my girl of the Limberlost, fixing my breakfast. To keep from cutting my throat out of sheer exuberance, I tossed the thought into nowhere, but it came whistling back with the inevitability of a boomerang. I had to stop shaving and grip the sides of the lavatory. When I had laughed myself out, I finished shaving, the happy tears glistening in the lather.

I dressed and went in to breakfast, pleasantly and powerfully alive. Celeste drank a cup of coffee with me. This is indicative of her stalwart character: her coffee tastes like boiled chinaberries.

"Why are you smiling?" she asked. "What's so funny this morning? I could hear you snorting all the way in here."

"I, Virgil McGaulley, have just invented a new method of sexual intercourse," I said. "This is the first breakthrough since the early Pleistocene. It involves a piece of string with a loop in it, an idiomatic command of Spanish, a fire hydrant and, of course, a stalk of celery." I paused. "But that's about as much as I can explain with clothes on."

She smiled at me her special smile for s-e-x, an exquisitely blended compound of pity, sorrow, contempt, disgust and homicidal intent. Once that smile had the power to make me blood brother to the cockroach; now, I looked at her bared teeth and was reminded only of the four hundred and eighty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents she had cost me in dentist's bills.

I drank my coffee and stood up, wondering where she obtained chinaberries in the off season. She made a mouth and I kissed it as I had been kissing it for what seemed a thousand years, without wish or hope or memory of desire. And for the very last time.

"Farewell, Celeste," I said. "I go to

how to convert a nasty triangle into a vicious circle with ten thousand dollars



CHRISTIANSEN



hunt, slay, skin and fetch the food for this house. Don't forget that you're my wife."

Because, even then, it was not too late. I had made my bed with her, or I had let her make it for me and, rumbled as it was, I was willing to lie in it. But I was not going to share title to it with Leroy Farnish.

"How could I forget that?" she said. "Will I see you early for a change?"

"You'll see me early," I said. "For a change."

I drove to a drugstore, two blocks down and three blocks over from my house. I parked the car and opened the glove compartment. Dumbly, I registered the fact that the gun was not there. In the middle of a goddamn, I remembered that I had cleaned it, for the twenty-second time in a month, on the previous Sunday, and had left it on the workbench in the garage. I got out of the car and went into the drugstore. I rang up Mr. Ogilvie.

"Mr. Ogilvie," I said, "this is a hell of a thing to say, but I think there's a snake in my house and I am going to be late."

"You think there's a snake?" he said. "I don't know what that means."

"You know what being late means?" I asked. "Just latch your mind onto that, Mr. Ogilvie, and let me worry about the snake."

I let him hang up. Mr. Ogilvie has been office manager and bookkeeper for Farnish & McGaulley since the year one. He is an old man, and a very little one, and such courtesies mean more to him than wages. Then, I rang up Dorcas. As usual, she let it ring five times before she answered.

"Dorcas, I've discovered a brand-new method of hard breathing," I said. And I told her the same nonsense I had told Celeste.

"Now, Virgil, how did you know that I have a command of idiomatic Spanish?" she asked. We both laughed. "Virgil, is that all you called to tell me?"

"Dorcas, I've figured it out," I said. "I am going to sell Celeste to Leroy for five thousand dollars."

She gave a long whistle. "Say, boy," she said, "why do you need five thousand dollars so bad?"

There is Dorcas for you. Never mind the what, just tell her why. I told her why. She was silent for a long while.

"Better ask for ten thousand dollars, then," she said. "For I am rather expensive, Virgil." And she hung up.

I had three cups of coffee in the drugstore, all tasting like boiled chinaberries. The taste brought dear Celeste back to my mind, and I felt that I was the sorriest dog in the sorriest of all possible worlds. It was right on nine-forty-eight when Leroy Farnish drove by the drug-

store on the way toward my house.

I waited until exactly ten before I followed. I walked down to Halsey and turned right. In the middle of the next block, I turned up the alley leading to my garage. It was twelve minutes past ten when I shut the garage door behind me. I stood very quietly in the dark and counted to one hundred very slowly before I moved to the workbench.

And the gun was not there. I put my hand where I had left it and it was not there. I struck a match and it was not there. My head smoked with question marks. Had I really left it there? Where was it? Who had it now? Leroy Farnish? Or my dear Celeste? Or some nameless prowler? I answered the first question yes and the last question no and left the others smoking.

For days and days and days I had brightened many a happy hour choosing the time and the place and the spot on their anatomies to shoot Leroy Farnish and my dear Celeste. This morning I had decided shooting was far too good for them, but I wanted the gun to overcome any sales resistance. Did I have to have the gun? I did not have the gun. But I was still Virgil McGaulley and he was still Leroy Farnish — and I stopped thinking.

There were five steps from the end of the workbench to the door leading into the house. Just five lousy, miserable steps and I walked carefully. And because I was so careful, so afraid I might stumble in the dark, stumble I did. I stumbled over the car jack. I hit the concrete floor on my hands and knees, hard. But it was worth it. My hand closed on the jack handle and when I stood up I was at least a foot taller and no longer needed the gun.

When my hand closed on the cold doorknob, I was breathing too fast. I waited until I got it under control before I turned the knob and eased the door open. When I stepped inside I was very calm.

And I heard Celeste's dear voice coming free and easy and clear from the direction of the bedroom. It was the voice of a woman calling for help, but not in a manner to persuade any passerby to go to her rescue. Once, to provoke that sound had been the be-all and end-all of my life, but it meant no more to me now than the Treaty of Ghent, to name another historical event.

And positively, absolutely, unmistakably I heard the voice of Leroy Farnish speaking in low, hoarse tones as he urged, insisted, commanded, directed and steered her into open water.

I stood steady and erect like a little tin soldier and waited for all sounds of mortal combat to cease. On the first second of the big quiet, I charged, waving the jack handle and roaring like a bee-

stung bull. The coffee table in the living room was suddenly in my path and I jumped it. As I rounded into the narrow hallway, I stepped on a throw rug and, ever true to its name, it threw me. I went into a wild skid and crashed up against the far wall. I lost my balance and fell. The jack handle was knocked out of my hand.

I scooped up the jack handle and scrambled to my feet. My head was busted wide open, my hands and knees were bruised and bleeding, and I didn't care a good goddamn. I could have made those last few steps with a fractured skull and a severed aorta.

"Bitch! Bastard!" I bellowed and galloped on into the bedroom.

My strategy worked. Gun in hand, I would have walked in. But sudden terror served me just as well. I rapped Leroy Farnish across the hand with the jack handle, just as he was taking the gun from Celeste, and with my other hand I sent them both sprawling across the bed. I picked the gun up from the floor, and a seller's market had been established in that room.

"Lie back down, children," I said. "I know you must be tired. And to avoid a chill, I suggest you pull the sheet up."

I really and truly felt sorry for them, lying there with the sheet tucked under their chins, their four big eyes watching, watching, watching. Naturally, Celeste spoke first.

"Virgil, you put that gun away before you do something foolish," she said.

I smiled at her. When I charged in, they were on her side of the bed, and she had just handed Leroy the gun. When she found the gun on the workbench, she knew that I knew. She also knew that Leroy Farnish wouldn't come within a thousand miles of our bed if she told him, so she hadn't told him. From then on, she had listened for me with one ear, and when she heard me coming, she had jumped up and got the gun and tried to give it to Leroy. I admired her, and felt even sorrier for her because this could only mean that she had her doubts about Leroy.

Leroy found his voice. "Virgil, can't we discuss this like three civilized people?" he asked.

There are two hundred odd pounds of Leroy Farnish, bunched and muscled on six feet plus. This is not something to be despised, and it had done a great deal for him, perhaps too much. It had earned him three letters a year in high school and college, it had earned him a wife, and it had earned him a partnership with me. He was hardly to be blamed if Celeste's roving eye and round heels had extended the partnership to my bed.

But I was not sorry for him because
(continued on page 110)

The Machine

AT LEAST HALF MY LIFE HAS BEEN SPENT ON BEGINNING CONVERSATIONS :-
"WHAT DO YOU DO?" "WHAT SCHOOL DID YOU GO TO?" "DO YOU USUALLY NEVER COME TO PARTIES LIKE THIS? IT'S FUNNY. I USUALLY NEVER COME TO PARTIES LIKE THIS."



AT LEAST A THIRD OF MY LIFE HAS BEEN SPENT ON MIDDLE CONVERSATIONS :- "I NEVER FELT THIS WAY BEFORE WITH ANYBODY." "I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE OTHERS. I'M NOT LIKE THE OTHERS. I'M ME!" "I DON'T WANT US TO DO ANYTHING UNTIL WE BOTH FEEL READY." "I'M AFRAID."



AT LEAST A QUARTER OF MY LIFE HAS BEEN SPENT ON GOOD-BYE CONVERSATIONS :- "WHY DO I ALWAYS HAVE TO CALL YOU?" "ALL RIGHT, IF YOU WANT TO SEE IT THAT WAY IT'S AN ULTIMATUM!" "I DIDN'T SAY I WANT TO BREAK UP. ALL I WANT IS A FEW DAYS TO THINK THINGS OVER." "IT'S NOBODY'S FAULT."



WHENEVER I OPEN MY MOUTH I FEEL PRE-RECORDED.



JUBS
FEATHER



**SHE'LL
TAKE
MANHATTAN**

*a gifted gothamite
maps a master plan
for urban
self-development*



BEFORE THE BLUE-GREEN EYES of a chestnut-tressed, twenty-year-old native New Yorker named Sheralee Conners—as before the unswerving gaze of thousands of female fame-and-fortune-seekers from shore to shore—Gotham shimmers like a modern-day Xanadu of fifty-storied pleasure domes, antenna-spined TV tabernacles and long-green mansions of high fashion and finance. These naive newcomers to the Unforbidden City ordinarily arrive with little more than a pocketful of hope for a well-padded niche in the fashion, publishing, or communications kingdoms. Sheralee, contrarily, pursues her aspirations with a city-hipness that would leave these Janies-come-lately olive with envy. Pespiciously, she chases after three simultaneous dreams, on the worldly-wise theory that at least one of them is even money to come true. Hankering to fly high as a big-time thrush, she sings willingly for the nonce as an off-screen oriole in sixty-second TV sales-pitches. One of a lithe-limbed modeling elite, Sheralee labors Dior to Dior in Manhattan's well-groomed world of *haute couture*. A long-time scholar of cakewalk, charleston and gavotte, she also teaches terpsichore, wants to start a summer camp seminar in the Berkshires for serious students of modern dance. Amidst all this job-juggling, she still manages to steal moments for surf-splashing at nearby Jones Beach; for alfresco listening in Lewisohn Stadium; and for Sunday afternoon canters along Central Park's meandering bridle paths, pursued by galloping huntsmen eager to lead her down the bridal—or primrose—path. The end of this long but lively journey into night finds her lampably lamplit and birthday-suited for forty well-earned winks.

MISS JULY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Visibly in vogue, chic Sheralee takes five during a Mad Ave shooting session to scan one of the bibles of high fashion for a rundown of its latest revelations—and to check up on her modeling competitors.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Americans are people who insist on living in the present, tense.

Since the sweet young thing was warned by her mother not to talk to strange men, she only speaks to those who act familiar.



Two models were conversing chicly on a street corner when a third went riding by in a brand-new compact car, waving to them gaily.

"I understand," meowed one, patting her hair into place, "that she did it for a Lark."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *hang-over* as the wrath of grapes.



If, as the scientists say, sex is such a driving force, why is so much of it nowadays found parked?

The tensions of life were threatening to get a strangle hold on Bill, and after he'd finished a good dinner it was his pleasant expectation to relax mindlessly in a soft chair next to the stereo, with a

stiff drink in his hand. His wife, unfortunately, knew nothing of his nervous state, and hardly had he seated himself than she climbed onto his lap. With the thought of trying to wheedle a fur coat from him, she cuddled as close to him as she could, murmuring and fondling, until he finally exploded:

"Good heavens, Ethel, get off! I get enough of this at the office."

Rules are the means of a girl's assessing which man she likes well enough to break them for.

Gently massaging the trick knee of his curvacious young patient, the doctor inquired:

"What's a joint like this doing in a nice girl like you?"



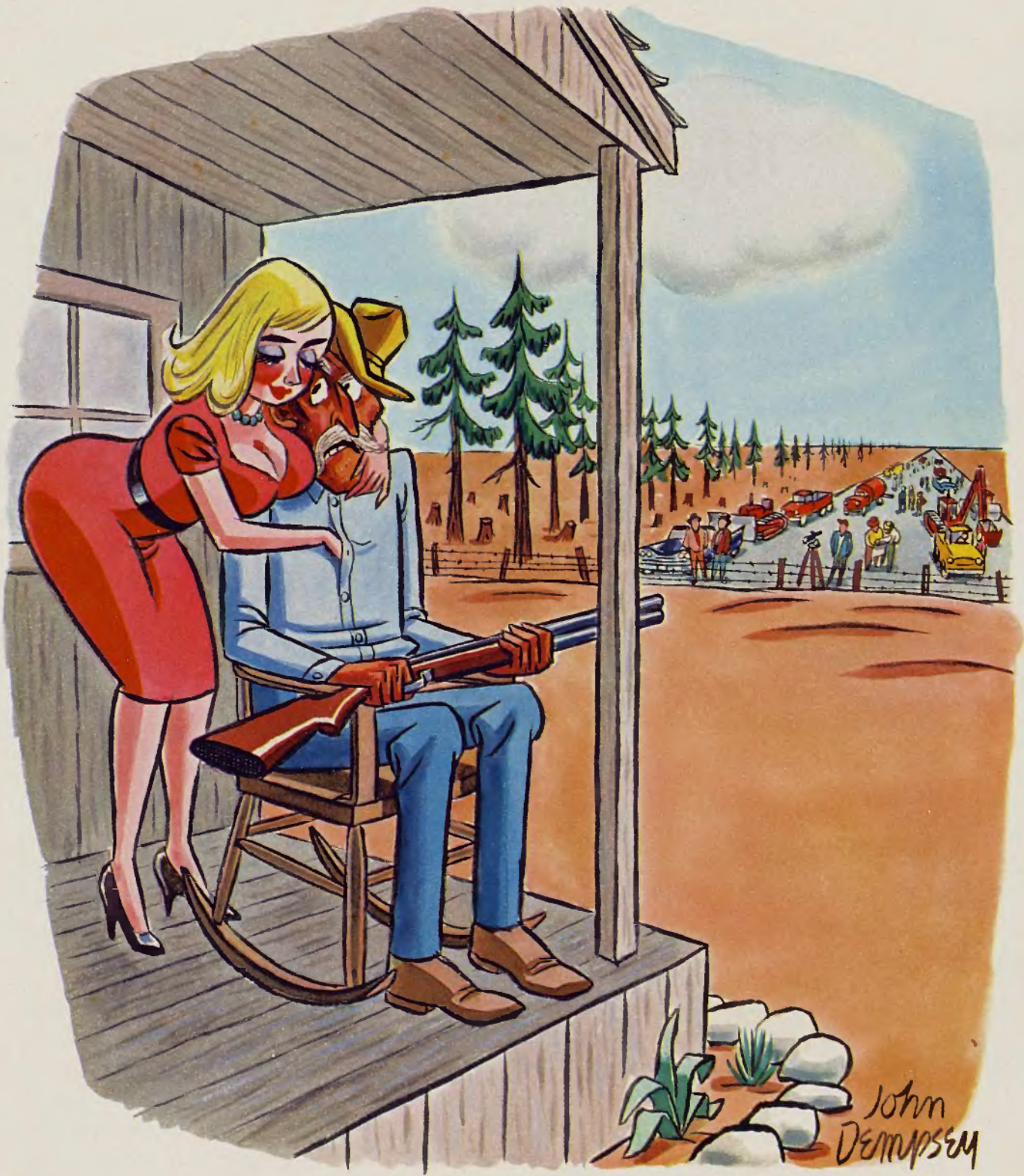
The Dean of Women at a prominent Eastern college was introducing a visiting politician to the student convocation. In her sweetest tones of admiration, she said, "I couldn't begin to tell you all of the Senator's accomplishments, but as an indication you'll be interested to know that he has a nine-inch *Who's Who*."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *executive suite* as a sugar daddy.

Spencer, the well-tailored man-about-town, walking ruefully out of court after getting stung by the decision in a paternity suit, was overheard to remark:

"When I make a beaut, it's a mistake."

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.



"The State Highway Department sent you, didn't they, girlie?"



THE STRUGGLING WRITER

One day, a bearded young man who was, in fact, a serious writer, entered the offices of Ewe & Lamb, the famous publishers. "I have a new novel which has taken me eight years to write. It is the story of my life and I have starved and lived in cold, drafty places, just so I could devote my time to writing it," the young man said. Mr. Ewe, of Ewe & Lamb, told the young man he would be happy to read his novel, and did so that very night. The next morning the young man was awakened by a knock on the door of his cold, drafty room. It was the famous publisher. "I have read your novel," he said, "and I think it is the best novel in the world. We shall publish it and you will earn a handsome royalty!" The young man could not believe his ears, but that very afternoon a contract was signed guaranteeing him one dollar for every copy of his novel sold. The novel sold forty-two copies. Moral: Ewe can't judge a book.



THE PLUCKY SHOESHINE BOY

In a big city in a far-off country there lived a lad who was very, very poor. He had to work all day to earn money to help maintain his widowed mother and his numerous brothers and sisters in most meager circumstances. One day, on his way to his menial labors, he found a fifty-cent piece. Resisting the temptation to buy a hot breakfast, he invested instead in a bottle of shoe polish, a brush and some rags, and became a shoeshine boy. After three weeks of shining shoes, he had made forty cents and owed a shoeshine equipment supplier eighty-five cents. Eighteen years later, that same lad, now a grown man, opened his own shoeshine equipment factory. He was bankrupt in six months. Moral: Nothing succeeds.

four homely homilies for those content with a bit less than the very best



THE FAITHFUL COLLIE

Happy O'Hara and his Wonder-Dog, Pal, were the toast of vaudeville. At a signal from Happy, Pal would stand on his hind legs, walk across the stage and tap out "Yankee Doodle" on a xylophone. He also would do sums, giving the totals in rapid short barks. Vaudeville died and Happy and Pal were not heard from for years. One day, however, a famous television producer, who was planning a million-dollar variety show, recalled having seen the act while a lad in Canajoharie, New York. "I shall put them on television and pay them a veritable fortune," he declared. The famous producer phoned Happy, who was elated at this good news. So was Pal, who wagged his tail and barked three times, his way of showing joy. Happy immediately started working with the now aged Pal, brushing up on the walking trick, the xylophone trick and the wonderful addition trick, all of which Pal had virtually forgotten through long years of disuse. On the day of their audition for the famous producer, Pal—exhausted by hours of rehearsal—trotted to stage center, rolled over, yawned, and went to sleep. Moral: You can't teach an old dog.



THE THRIFTY FARMER

Farmer Jones had the nicest farm in the world. He devoted every minute of his day to it, and was very thrifty in operating it. Farmer Jones knew exactly how much fodder was needed for the cows. He measured it every morning at seven o'clock. He knew how many potatoes a bag of seed would yield. He weighed the new picked potatoes every afternoon at four o'clock. But his pride and joy, and the mainstay of his husbandry, was his large flock of superior fowl, all of which were purebred Plymouth Rocks. One evening, at seven forty-five, a thief broke into Farmer Jones' house while Farmer Jones was taking a census in the hen-house (as was his daily wont) and stole his life's savings. Farmer Jones lost his farm at a foreclosure sale the following weekend. Moral: Don't count your chickens.

MACHINA (continued from page 45)

history nor prehistory ever exactly repeats itself, and this time there will be a fascinating twist in the plot. The tools the apemen invented caused them to evolve into their successor, Homo sapiens. The tool we have invented is our successor. Biological evolution has given way to a far more rapid process — technological evolution. To put it bluntly and brutally, the machine is going to take over.

This, of course, is hardly an original idea. That the creations of man's brain might one day threaten and perhaps destroy him is such a tired old cliché that no self-respecting science-fiction magazine would care to use it. It goes back, through Čapek's *R.U.R.*, Samuel Butler's *Erewhon*, Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* and the Faust legend, to the mysterious but perhaps not wholly mythical figure of Daedalus, King Minos' one-man Office of Scientific Research. For at least three thousand years, therefore, a vocal minority of mankind has had grave doubts about the ultimate outcome of technology. From the self-centered, human point of view, those doubts are justified. But that, I submit, will not be the only — or even the most important — point of view for much longer.

When the first large-scale electronic computers appeared some fifteen years ago, they were promptly nicknamed "Giant Brains"—and the scientific community, as a whole, took a poor view of the designation. But the scientists objected to the wrong word. The electronic computers were not *giant* brains; they were dwarf brains, and they still are, though they have grown a hundred-fold within less than one generation of mankind. Yet even in their present flint-ax stage of evolution, they have done things which not long ago almost everyone would have claimed to be impossible — such as translating from one language to another, composing music, and playing a fair game of chess. And much more important than any of these infant *jeux* is the fact that they have breached the barrier between brain and machine.

This is one of the greatest — and perhaps one of the last — break-throughs in the history of human thought, like the discovery that the Earth moves round the Sun, or that man is part of the animal kingdom, or that $E = mc^2$. All these ideas took time to sink in, and were fanatically denied when first put forward. In the same way it will take a little while for men to realize that machines cannot only think, but may one day think men off the face of the Earth.

At this point you may reasonably ask: "Yes — but what do you mean by *think*?" I propose to side-step that question, using a neat device of the English mathematician A. M. Turing. Turing imag-

ined a game played by two teletype operators in separate rooms — this impersonal link being used to remove all clues given by voice, appearance and so forth. Suppose that one operator was able to ask the other any questions he wished, and the other had to make suitable replies. If, after some hours or days of this conversation, the questioner could not decide whether his telegraphic acquaintance was human or purely mechanical, then he could hardly deny that he/it was capable of thought. An electronic brain that passed this test would, surely, have to be regarded as an intelligent entity. Anyone who argued otherwise would merely prove that he was less intelligent than the machine; he would be a splitter of nonexistent hairs, like the scholar who proved that the *Odyssey* was not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name.

We are still decades — but not centuries — from building such a machine, yet already we are sure that it could be done. If Turing's experiment is never carried out, it will merely be because the intelligent machines of the future will have better things to do with their time than conduct extended conversations with men. I often talk with my dog, but I don't keep it up for long.

The fact that the great computers of today are still high-speed morons, capable of doing nothing beyond the scope of the instructions carefully programmed into them, has given many people a spurious sense of security. No machine, they argue, can possibly be more intelligent than its makers — the men who designed it, and planned its functions. It may be a million times faster in operation, but that is quite irrelevant. Anything and everything that an electronic brain can do must also be within the scope of a human brain, given sufficient time and patience. Above all, no machine can show originality or creative power or the other attributes which are fondly labeled "human."

The argument is wholly fallacious; those who still bring it forth are like the buggy-whip makers who used to poke fun at stranded Model Ts. Even if it were true, it could give no comfort, as a careful reading of these remarks by Dr. Norbert Wiener will show: "This attitude [the assumption that machines cannot possess any degree of originality] in my opinion should be rejected entirely. . . . It is my thesis that machines can and do transcend some of the limitations of their designers. . . . It may well be that in principle we cannot make any machine, the elements of whose behavior we cannot comprehend sooner or later. This does not mean in any way that we shall be able to comprehend them in

substantially less time than the operation of the machine, nor even within any given number of years or generations. . . . This means that though they are theoretically subject to human criticism, such criticism may be ineffective until a time long after it is relevant."


In other words, even machines *less* intelligent than men might escape from our control by sheer speed of operation. And, in fact, there is every reason to suppose that machines will become much more intelligent than their builders, as well as incomparably faster.

There are still a few authorities who refuse to grant any degree of intelligence to machines, now or in the future. This attitude shows a striking parallel to that adopted by the chemists of the early Nineteenth Century. It was known then that all living organisms are formed from a few common elements — mostly carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen — but it was firmly believed that the materials of life could not be made from "mere" chemicals alone. There must be some other ingredient — some essence or vital principle, forever unknowable to man. No chemist could ever take carbon, hydrogen and so forth and combine them to form any of the substances upon which life was based. There was an impassable barrier between the worlds of "inorganic" and "organic" chemistry.

This *mystique* was destroyed in 1828, when Wöhler synthesized urea, and showed that there was no difference at all between the chemical reactions taking place in the body and those taking place inside a retort. It was a terrible shock to those pious souls who believed that the mechanics of life must always be beyond human understanding or imitation. Many people are equally shocked today by the suggestion that machines can think, but their dislike of the situation will not alter it in the least.

Since this is not a treatise on computer design, you will not expect me to explain how to build a thinking machine. In fact, it is doubtful if any human being will ever be able to do this in detail, but one can indicate the sequence of events that will lead from H. sapiens to M. sapiens. The first two or three steps on the road have already been taken; machines now exist that can learn by experience, profit from their mistakes and — unlike human beings — never repeat them. Machines have been built which do not sit passively waiting for instructions, but which explore the world around them in a manner which can only be called inquisitive. Others look for proofs of theorems in mathematics or logic, and sometimes come up with surprising solutions that had never occurred to their makers.

These faint glimmerings of original
(continued on page 70)



Striped suitings will be elegantly understated and coolly Continental this sun season. Fondly patted: a tastefully pencil-striped British tropical worsted with cutaway front, waist suppression, deep side vents; plain-front trousers, matching vest, by Andrew Pallack, \$115.


SUITABLY
SUBTLE

*lightweights
in low-key
stripes have the
tailored look
of international
urbanity*

attire
By ROBERT L. GREEN



At desk and dinner table, the subdued summer stripe is classically correct, crisply crease-free. Breezily accessorized with multihued cravat and jaunty Panama, the compound-brown and muted black-stripe Dacron and wool suit (left) has flap pockets, three buttons, center vent; trousers with plain front, belt loops, side pockets, tailored with seemingly restraint by Tropi-Text, \$60.



Olive tones, too, take on a look of quiet cultivation in a trim new line of suavely striped hybrids.

Bear-hugged here: an impeccably black-striped, gray-olive suit in Kodel and wool with three buttons, flap pockets, center vent; trousers with plain front, belt loops, side pockets, by "Botany" 500, \$55.

MACHINA (continued from page 66)

intelligence are confined at the moment to a few laboratory models; they are wholly lacking in the giant computers that can now be bought by anyone who happens to have a few hundred thousand dollars to spare. But machine intelligence will grow, and it will start to range beyond the bounds of human thought as soon as the second generation of computers appears — the generation that has been designed, not by men, but by other, “almost intelligent” computers. And not only designed, but also built — for they will have far too many components for manual assembly.

It is even possible that the first genuine thinking machines may be *grown* rather than constructed; already some crude but very stimulating experiments have been carried out along these lines. Several artificial organisms have been built which are capable of rewiring themselves to adapt to changing circumstances. Beyond this there is the possibility of computers which will start from relatively simple beginnings, be programed to aim at specific goals, and search for them by constructing their own circuits, perhaps by growing networks of threads in a conducting medium. Such a growth may be no more than a mechanical analogy of what happens to every one of us in the first nine months of our existence.

All speculations about intelligent machines are inevitably conditioned — indeed, inspired — by our knowledge of the human brain, the only thinking device currently on the market. No one, of course, pretends to understand the full workings of the brain, or expects that such knowledge will be available in any foreseeable future. (It is a nice philosophical point as to whether the brain can ever, even in principle, understand itself.) But we do know enough about its physical structure to draw many conclusions about the limitations of “brains” — whether organic or inorganic.

There are approximately ten billion separate switches — or neurons — inside your skull, “wired” together in circuits of unimaginable complexity. Ten billion is such a large number that, until recently, it could be used as an argument against the achievement of mechanical intelligence. About ten years ago a famous neurophysiologist made a statement (still produced like some protective incantation by the advocates of cerebral supremacy) to the effect that an electronic model of the human brain would have to be as large as the Empire State Building, and would need Niagara Falls to keep it cool when it was running.

This must now be classed with such interesting pronouncements as “No

heavier-than-air machine will ever be able to fly.” For the calculation was made in the days of the vacuum tube, and the transistor has now completely altered the picture. Indeed — such is the rate of technological progress today — the transistor itself is being replaced by still smaller and faster devices, based upon abstruse principles of quantum physics. If the problem were merely one of space, today’s electronic techniques would allow us to pack a computer as complex as the human brain onto a single floor of the Empire State Building.

It’s a tough job keeping up with science, and since I wrote that last paragraph the Marquardt Corporation’s Astro Division has announced a new memory device which could store inside a six-foot cube *all information recorded during the last ten thousand years*. This means, of course, not only every book ever printed, but *everything* ever written in *any* language on paper, papyrus, parchment or stone. It represents a capacity untold millions of times greater than that of a single human memory, and though there is a mighty gulf between merely storing information and thinking creatively — the Library of Congress has never written a book — it does indicate that mechanical brains of enormous power could be quite small in physical size. And the shrinkage is just gaining momentum, if I may employ such a mind-boggling phrase. Westinghouse now manufactures a five-watt amplifier that could rather easily be mistaken for an aspirin tablet, and radio sets the size of lumps of sugar are also available. Before long, they will be the size not of lumps but of grains, for the slogan of the micronization experts is “If you can see it, it’s too big.”

Just to prove that I am not exaggerating, here are some statistics you can use on the next hi-fi fanatic who takes you on a tour of his installation. During the 1950s, the electronic engineers learned to pack up to a hundred thousand electronic components into one cubic foot. (To give a basis of comparison, a good hi-fi amplifier may contain two or three hundred parts, a domestic radio about a hundred.) Here at the beginning of the Sixties, the attainable figure is around a million electronic components per cubic foot; by 1970, when today’s experimental techniques of microscopic engineering have begun to pay off, it may reach a hundred million.

Fantastic though this last figure is, the human brain surpasses it by a thousand-fold, packing its ten billion neurons into a *tenth* of a cubic foot. And although smallness is not necessarily a virtue, even this may be nowhere near the

limit of possible compactness.

For the cells composing our brains are slow-acting, bulky and wasteful of energy — compared with the scarcely more than atom-sized computer elements that are theoretically possible. The mathematician John von Neumann once calculated that electronic cells could be ten billion times more efficient than protoplasmic ones; already they are a million times swifter in operation, and speed can often be traded for size. If we take these ideas to their ultimate conclusion, it appears that a computer equivalent in power to one human brain need be no bigger than a matchbox.

This slightly shattering thought becomes more reasonable when we take a critical look at flesh and blood and bone as engineering materials. All living creatures are marvelous, but let us keep our sense of proportion. Perhaps the most wonderful thing about life is that it works at all, when it has to employ such extraordinary materials, and has to tackle its problems in such roundabout ways.

As a perfect example of this, consider the eye. Suppose *you* were given the problem of designing a camera — for that, of course, is what the eye is — which *has to be constructed entirely of water and jelly*, without using a scrap of glass, metal or plastic. You’re quite right; the feat is impossible. The eye is an evolutionary miracle, but it’s a lousy camera. You can prove this while you’re reading the next sentence. Here’s a medium-length word: photography. Close one eye and keep the other fixed — repeat, *fixed* — on that center “g.” You may be surprised to discover that, unless you cheat by altering the direction of your gaze, you cannot see the whole word clearly. It fades out three or four letters to the right and left.

No camera built — even the cheapest — gives as poor an optical performance as this. For color vision, also, the human eye is nothing to boast about; it can operate only over a small band of the spectrum. To the worlds of the infrared and ultraviolet, visible to bees and other insects, it is completely blind.

We are not conscious of these limitations because we have grown up with them, and indeed if they were corrected the brain would be quite unable to handle the vastly increased flood of information. But let us not make a virtue of a necessity; if our eyes had the optical performance of even the cheapest miniature camera, we would live in an unimaginably richer and more colorful world.

These defects are due to the fact that precision scientific instruments simply cannot be manufactured from living materials. With the eye, the ear, the

(continued on page 100)



"You and your flaming gourmet dishes!"

PLAYBOY PANEL (continued from page 28)

which he mentioned himself in his PLAYBOY article — *White Thighs*, is written with the sole intent of selling because of its erotic titillation, whereas a book like William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* was certainly *not* written with that being the only intent. But what is wrong with trying to titillate the reader? The erotic sculpture found in various temples in India was meant to titillate the onlooker; why shouldn't an author do the same thing? Is there anything wrong with titillating the reader with a desire to make love? Titillating him with the desire to murder somebody seems to be quite aboveboard and accepted in all of our various forms of communication — which, by the way, I would *not* suggest censoring.

MAILER: I don't know that I have the answer offhand, but I think one of the possibilities is this: that reading about murder very often *voids* the desire, whereas reading about sex very often *increases* the desire. Now it's obvious that censors are not interested in increasing the amount of sexual desire in a country. The reasons are very complex, but there seems to be some possibility that countries with the most sexuality have the lowest productive level. In so-called backward countries like India, where the poor people — not the intellectuals — are absorbed in sex very profoundly, productivity has stayed at a very low level for centuries. The same was true in China, and in a lesser sense, perhaps, in Russia before the revolution. At any rate, there does seem to be some relation between sexual repression and the increase of productivity. The Victorian age in England was famous for two things: its sexual repression and its enormous industrial expansion. Another example that occurs to me is that when De Gaulle came in he began censoring the pornographic books on the bookstalls in Paris. I think he probably saw that France's tolerance toward pornography had something to do with the weakness of the state. So that the problem is a great one because I think censors very often feel that they are quite right, that they are guarding the *health* of the nation by repressing sexuality. I don't agree with them, but I think it's an attitude that has to be understood before you can get into the problems of the subject. I've never known a censor personally, but I imagine they're rather conventional sorts, and they just see themselves doing their duty, and might not even worry too much about it. That is, I don't think they see that very often they might be quite hypocritical, that there may be a distance between their personal lives and the particular acts of suppression they try to enforce.

PLAYBOY: This would seem to raise the question of who censors whom. Gentlemen, would you go along with this statement by Dr. Benjamin Karpman, chief psychotherapist at St. Elizabeth's Federal Hospital in Washington, D.C.: "Crusading against obscenity has an unconscious interest at its base"?

MAILER: I haven't dealt with censors that closely. I'll tell you one thing that may apply to this. When I was at Bellevue, I was talking to one of the men there — I forget what he was in for — and at one point he said, "A judge will forgive you for any crime he's incapable of committing himself."

ARNOLD: Apparently, to be a good censor, one should be possessed of a real prurient interest. There is genuine comedy in the contradictions that roam throughout the area of pornography. At the same time that men insist on suppressing obscene literature and punishing those who write it, they enthusiastically go on collecting it and preserving it in libraries of priceless value.

ELLIS: There are people, like the famous John Sumner and Anthony Comstock who, in all probability, do have an unconscious or semiconscious prurient interest in pornography, and they sublimate this by making their life's work the legal suppression and, as Thurman Arnold just pointed out, the collection — also legally — of this pornography. But there's no reason to believe that every single individual — every clergyman, for example — who's against pornography and violently campaigns against it, has any great sexual interest in it. Many censors have a *nonsexual* interest in curtailing other people's liberty. And I'd say that most of them are very hostile and disturbed individuals, but not necessarily sexually disturbed.

ROSSET: I'm not a social scientist, but it's been my feeling, my intuition, that every time I run into situations where people are decrying a piece of writing because of its sexual content, they show some sort of abnormal interest in the matter, and they seem to use their censorship function as a sort of self-inhibiting mechanism to protect themselves — protection the rest of us don't need.

GIRODIAS: This movement toward universal castration — inspired, as I said before, by people suffering from a sexual inferiority complex — has been fully exploited by most religious groups and by modern governments as well. The confessor has acquired a power over the confessed by controlling his sex life minutely, and by submitting it to a strict code of conduct. Succeeding the religious eras, our democratic regimes have adopted the same methods of moral domination — only confession has become collective,

and the authority of the confessor is exerted through censorship.

GINZBURG: I interviewed a Post Office inspector recently, and he was telling me about a certain convicted so-called hardcore pornography publisher whom we'll call Mr. X. Well, this Post Office inspector and another postal inspector were trailing Mr. X, and they followed him along Broadway, and they saw him pick up a girl, and they followed him and the girl into a hotel, and they rented a room that gave them a view of Mr. X's room. So Mr. X got involved with this girl, and he apparently neglected to pull down the window shade, according to this Post Office inspector's story, so he and his cohort viewed all the proceedings in Mr. X's room. He went through all kinds of detailed descriptions to me of what went on in this other room, and then when he was all finished, *he* — the postal inspector — had the nerve to say it was his observation that *Mr. X* was a sexual pervert. The point is that sometimes the biggest pervert is the obscenity suppressor himself, projecting his own guilt feelings onto others. In effect, he is allowed to meddle in other people's sex lives not only with complete impunity, but also with the praise of the public.

PLAYBOY: That anecdote is reminiscent of another story, which appeared in one of its many variations as a Party Joke in our magazine years ago. It concerns a prissy lady who phoned the police to complain about goings on across a courtyard, which she could observe through her window. The desk sergeant suggested she pull down her shade, to which she replied, "I did, but by standing on the bureau on tiptoe I can still see over the top of the shade's roller."

But let's get back to censorship and the arts. Justice Douglas of the Supreme Court has observed that "The standard of what offends 'the common conscience of the community' conflicts, in my judgment, with the command of the First Amendment that 'Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press.' Certainly that standard would not be an acceptable one if religion, economics, politics or philosophy were involved. How does it become a Constitutional standard when literature treating with sex is concerned?"

"Any test that turns on what is offensive to the community's standards is too loose, too capricious, too destructive of freedom of expression to be squared with the First Amendment. Under that test, juries can censor, suppress, and punish what they don't like, provided the matter relates to 'sexual impurity' or has a tendency to 'excite lustful thoughts.' This is community censorship in one of its worst forms. It creates a regime where in the battle between the literati and the

(continued on page 74)



success, he knew, depended on freely verbalizing events and problems, not pre-planning what to say

DON'T THINK, Harrison told himself. It was always best not to dwell on it too much beforehand. Best not to plan or map out what you're going to say. Just let it come, let it flow, gush, spout spontaneously. Free association, that was the ticket. And I ought to know, he sighed to himself as he parked his convertible in the one empty space on the fashionable block: I ought to know—I'm a veteran.

He got out of the car and walked up the street, past stately brownstones. He walked slowly because he was just a trifle early. How often have I been doing this? he asked himself as he walked. How often have I driven to this part of town, parked as close to his office as I could get, and walked up this pleasant block for our two-thirty appointment/rendezvous/tryst/you-name-it? Almost two years? That long? That short?

And all for what? Am I any happier, any more content, any more at ease with myself or my world? He snorted, sardonically. And then immediately asked himself if one could snort sardonically, and then immediately replied that yes, one could, with practice.

He walked up the steps and rang the doorbell. Soon, he heard Miss Zimmerman's efficient, spinsterly feet clacketing to answer his summons. The door opened. "Hi, Miss Zimmerman," he said.

"You're right on time, Mr. Harrison," she said, with prim approval. "Please go right up."

"Thanks." The dialog, he noted, seldom changed.

He walked up a gracefully curving

staircase, his shoes sinking into lush carpet. At the top, he knocked softly on a massive oaken door.

"Come." Harrison recognized the familiar dry voice. He opened the door and entered a book-lined room.

A bald, portly man sat behind an immense desk. He was impeccably dressed and manicured and he looked at Harrison from behind thick spectacles. "Good afternoon," the man said.

"Afternoon," Harrison replied, almost sullenly.

"How are you today?"

"Oh, great. Just great. I didn't sleep a wink last night, worrying."

"That won't help. A cigarette?"

"Those lousy filters of yours? I'll smoke a real cigarette." Harrison lit up.

The bald man smiled thinly. "You should get paid for that testimonial."

"Money is the least of my headaches."

"Shall we begin?"

"Sure. Might as well get it over with." Harrison slipped out of his sports jacket and stretched out on a black leather chaise. He crossed his feet and folded one arm under his head, holding the cigarette with the other hand, while his eyes inspected the spotless, noncommittal ceiling.

The bald man had produced a pad and pencil, and sat patiently waiting. "Any time," he said, gently.

"Well," Harrison drawled after a while, "I've tried not to think about it too much. Better that way. Oh, I can see the outcome all right; any fool can see that. It's getting through every day that bugs me, one day after another,

day after day after day. Trying to fill those days. Fill them with something that—has meaning, makes sense." He got up and paced.

"I mean," he said after a moment, "it's almost classic, you know? Wife suspects husband is playing around. Accuses him. He denies it. She gets sore, packs her bag and—dig this—actually goes home to mother! Don't laugh. It's corny but it happens. One week later she comes back. All is forgiven. *Or is it?* The air is still loaded with suspicion, lack of trust, short answers, the whole lousy mess. But I can handle it, that I can handle. The thing that worries me is: what the hell happens *now?*"

He turned to the bald man with the notebook, and crushed out his cigarette in the desk ashtray. "What happens now?" he repeated. "You tell me."

. . .

Later, Harrison climbed into his jacket. "Good," he said curtly. "It was a good session this time."

"Yes," said the bald man, "I think so. Very profitable."

"But will it fill thirteen weeks?"

"Oh, easily. Twenty-six, perhaps, if we stretch it. I'll have Miss Zimmerman type all this up and we can look it over tomorrow."

"Fine. See you."

As he left his collaborator's office, Harrison felt a small, cynical satisfaction. I was right, he told himself—brainstorming a daytime television serial always turns out best when you don't think.



PLAYBOY PANEL (continued from page 72)

Philistines, the Philistines are certain to win." But it is not only the courts and law officers and extra-legal zealots who censor or attempt to do so. It used to be said, in the book publishing business — and only partly in jest — that the banning of a book in Boston was a better sales stimulant than a dozen full-page ads. Yet there does exist a kind of tacit censorship, by an author who wants to stay out of trouble, and by his publisher, who may have the same motives, or who may hope for a book that it will be "pure" enough to be acceptable to a major book club, thus earning more money for himself and his author. Norman Mailer, as a writer, do you find this kind of voluntary or tacit censorship among book publishers?

MAILER: All the time. Publishing is a particularly complicated industry. I think what happens very often with a lot of these people is that it's not so much a matter of censorship as embarrassment. Often they consider certain sexual writing in bad taste. They may often try, with the best intentions, to censor a book because they feel they have the author's interest in mind. They may know very well that certain important reviewers are going to be repelled by certain chapters or passages, and it's going to hurt the reviews they give the book.

As a practical matter, it's even true that there are many reviewers, especially for the smaller newspapers, who don't dare give a certain book a good review if the sexual material is too intense, too direct, too explicit, because, if they do, they're going to get into trouble with their newspapers. There will be readers writing in to the editor. Or it may not even be as direct as that. There'll just be a general air of displeasure that this reviewer chose to approve of this "salacious" book. The result is that there's the sort of censorship that I call *motherly* censorship. The people who do the censoring very often consider it distasteful, but they're doing it for the child's — in this case, the author's — own good. For that reason, it's the most insidious kind of censorship, because the people who are censoring you very often are your friends; they like you, they feel they're doing it for your good, and so it's much harder to fight back. You're not able to say to yourself, "Well, this censor is my enemy and I resist him and I take my stand here." Instead, you have to argue with a close friend, whom you've worked with for years, who may even have a certain practical wisdom in what he's saying. And so it weakens the writer, *vis-à-vis* the publisher, because many of the more compromised, more reflective, more sensitive, more timorous parts of his

nature are brought into being, and it's harder for him to fight back. Of course, my feeling is that a short gain is taken for a long loss. It's no good for a writer to retract anything he's written that's good.

PLAYBOY: Otto Preminger, would you care to comment on the problem of prior censorship — which is a special problem for the film industry?

PREMINGER: Yes, the censorship that people are always threatening the movies with when they ask to see a movie *first*, and *then* decide whether you can show it or what you have to cut out of the movie *in order* to show it. This is censorship which, if allowed, must eventually lead to the destruction of free expression not only on the screen, but also in books, in newspapers, in magazines. That was always the beginning of totalitarian government. When it started in Germany, Hitler came in. When it started in Russia — well, in Russia you can't say it started because there was a totalitarian government with the Czar — but there is prior censorship today. In a free society, something should become a violation of the law only if you *do* it, not if you *intend* to do it.

PLAYBOY: Not long ago, the Supreme Court struck down the criterion of suitability for children as a basis for censoring a book. Many hailed this as a major step toward a greater freedom of the press. The State of Michigan had ruled it an offense to make available to the public a book that a trial judge had deemed potentially harmful to youth. Justice Frankfurter spoke for the unanimous Court, saying, in part, "The State insists that, by thus quarantining the general reading public against books not too rugged for grown men and women in order to shield juvenile innocence, it is exercising its power to promote the general welfare. Surely, this is to burn the house to roast the pig. . . . We have before us legislation not reasonably restricted to the evil with which it is said to deal. . . ."

Yet a subsequent Supreme Court decision, in the case of a movie called *Don Juan*, seems to have reversed the trend toward greater liberality. This decision, by the way, with Chief Justice Warren dissenting, would seem to have opened the door to local censorship by upholding Chicago's right to forbid the showing of the film. Otto Preminger, how do you think this will affect the film industry — in terms of the prior censorship you describe?

PREMINGER: The Supreme Court decision didn't say anything about censorship. It simply said that a city or a state has the right to license pictures. They have the right to a law for the licensing of

pictures, which means that a picture is to be submitted and they can charge a certain amount of money for giving this license, but it doesn't say that they can *refuse* the license for any reason, for instance, not liking the contents of the picture. You know, it was a five-to-four decision — four of the justices were very much against even permitting them to *license* pictures because it gives the appearance of censorship; but even the other justices never said that the City of Chicago has the right to cut out certain parts of a picture or to refuse a license.

When I had a picture, *The Anatomy of a Murder*, opening in Chicago, the censors — an advisory board consisting of one man who used to be the driver for the mayor and six women who are widows of policemen — wanted to cut out one word, "contraceptive," and I went to court. The Federal judge immediately instructed the city to order a license for this picture and told them they have no right to ask for any changes or for any alterations of the picture before they issue the license.

I think people in the industry now are more than ever aware of their *duty* to fight censorship. Films have always been a very good scapegoat — and also a very nice way for everyone involved to get publicity.

PLAYBOY: Norman Mailer mentioned earlier the censoring of books by De Gaulle in Paris. Maurice Girodias, how have you tried to counter this suppression?

GIRODIAS: It would take hours to tell you the complete history of our fight against the censorship authorities of the De Gaulle regime. It is a very fluid situation, of course. I now have forty-one books banned and, so far, repeated attempts to have the bans declared illegal have failed. But this does not deprive me of the right to sue the government for damages, as I am now doing. However, it is a criminal offense to sell or make publicity for banned books. Newspaper publishers who would accept ads for banned books would risk heavy fines and prison sentences. Well, one year ago somebody from police headquarters came to see the manager of my nightclub, La Grande Séverine, asking for an ad to figure in the gala program for the policemen's ball. We decided to take a full-page ad. How the publicity for La Grande Séverine disappeared just before the program went to press, and how a full-page ad listing banned books published by Olympia Press appeared instead (not far from a full-face portrait of General de Gaulle) might make a good scenario. Of course, the police were unable to send themselves to jail. This is only one little episode among others. All I can say is that I haven't abandoned the good fight.

PLAYBOY: You were quoted in the Sunday (continued on page 76)

humor By ROBERT CAROLA **WORD PLAY**

more fun and games with the king's english in which words become delightfully self-descriptive

TUNNEL

HI^CCUPS

STE

REO

forgetful

O
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OME
TRIST

ADHESIVE

sleepy

MICROSCOPE

K^{ICK}

SCALPED

REDUNDUNDANT

DISAPPEAR

PLAYBOY PANEL (continued from page 74)

New York Times Book Review as saying that "The publication of pornography is a defensible, even a socially useful undertaking." What did you mean by that?

GIRODIAS: What I meant was that pornography has a formidable shock value which can be used effectively against the old moral order—I am tempted to say "against the old *mental* order." I hope it is not too presumptuous to quote my own words from a letter recently published in the *London Times Literary Supplement*: "What is known as pornography is a simple and elementary reaction against an age-old habit of mental suppression, of deliberately conditioned ignorance of 'the facts of life.' True, pornography is a very crude and excessive form of protest—but the very intensity of the protest proves that it is not gratuitous, and that there is a deep and general need for free expression which is still far from being gratified. In other words, contrary to current belief, pornography is simply a consequence of censorship. Suppress censorship and pornography will disappear."

ROSSET: I object to the word "pornography." I think the word implies something bad. No matter what the dictionary definition might be, it has come to imply something illegal which is erotically tremendously arousing.

PLAYBOY: Yet one of your own authors, D. H. Lawrence, said in an essay, *Pornography and Obscenity*, that even he "would censor genuine pornography rigorously."

ROSSET: I think there was a very strong puritanical streak in Lawrence.

ELLIS: I would not agree at all with Lawrence's position, because genuine hard-core pornography—meaning material which is deliberately used to excite sex desires—can easily be ignored by those who dislike it. They have the privilege of not reading it. Nobody is forcing anyone to read pornography any more than anyone is being forced to listen to a speech in favor of Communism or Nazism. I would not ban political tracts or speeches with which I thoroughly disagree, as long as the individual has the right not to read or listen to them.

ARNOLD: But obscenity laws rest on a different Constitutional basis than any other Constitutional restriction on free speech. Other Constitutional restrictions must rest on the tendency of the forbidden literature to result in harmful conduct, and the probability of such harmful conduct must be great indeed. But an obscenity statute rests on a different basis. It is in its essence a moral declaration on the part of the legislature, a recognition of a taboo that is as old as history. Such laws are passed because

most men are stimulated by erotica and at the same time they are ashamed of it. Society requires a public denunciation of this almost universal sin whether or not it leads to positive harmful conduct.

GINZBURG: And yet, Dr. Karpman, whom we mentioned before, has stated that "Contrary to popular misconception, people who read salacious literature are less likely to become sexual offenders than those who do not, for the reason that such reading often neutralizes what aberrant sexual interests they may have."

ELLIS: The chances are that some individuals who did not have access to pornography might well, in a bottled-up and highly antisexual society such as our own, do something *more* antisocial than reading so-called obscene literature. They might possibly rape, or exhibit themselves, or commit some other sex offense. If they have the outlet of pornography, it is quite possible that the most they will do is masturbate. So it is possible that there are some people who, in this repressive society, do get some relief of sexual tensions through reading pornography, and that with these people there is less likelihood that they will do an antisocial act than might otherwise be true.

PREMINGER: I cannot quite agree, because when the purpose of pornography is to provide an outlet for people, it becomes, in a way, dirty. If it replaces making love or having sex—then, in my opinion, it becomes obscene. If you can show me a certain photograph, I can tell you whether it is obscene or not. But there is a very thin borderline. I think, for instance, that some of the pictures that I have seen in *PLAYBOY* are not pornography, but others, because of the very positions that your models take, become possibly an outlet for immature people.

ARNOLD: I would say that there is no court in the United States that would condemn *PLAYBOY*. I remember that in the case of *Sunshine Book Company vs. Summerfield*—involving a nudist magazine—in the District Court, Judge Kirkland examined each nude in the magazine and tried to analyze which would cause prurient thoughts. He condemned some and passed others. The spectacle of a judge poring over the picture of some nude, trying to ascertain the extent to which she arouses prurient interests—and then attempting to write an opinion that explains the differences between that nude and some other nude—has elements of low comedy.

PLAYBOY: If recollection serves, Judge Arnold, you once said the only way to avoid argument over what is obscene and what is art is to hold that "no nudes is good nudes," which you were most unwilling to do.

ELLIS: You get into all kinds of difficulties with the Supreme Court's definition of obscenity. If you just ban the prurient items, you run into trouble because some men look at Marilyn Monroe, fully clothed, and they get a terrific sexual itch, and other men look at a scrawny hag who is completely nude, and she doesn't appeal to them at all. How can you ban desire? Some people go out on the street and look at a clothesline with drawers hanging on it and get aroused. Should we therefore censor clotheslines? **ROSSET:** I think a wonderful example of this is to take an author of ours, Robbe-Grillet, a French author who said some wonderful things in one book about a piece of string which the protagonist sees as he draws into a harbor on a ship. He sees this piece of string throughout the book and he concocts extremely erotic fantasies around it. He uses it in various ways; it might be a clothesline in one instance, and the next instance he is imagining tying a girl up with this piece of string. It gets down to almost anything being used as subject matter for an erotic fantasy.

ELLIS: About ten years ago, Maude Hutchins wrote a novel which aroused a furor, not because it had anything obscene in the usual sense of the word, but because she had highly sensuous descriptions of flowers which read almost as if the flowers were having orgasms. I don't think that the word "obscene" can ever be properly, conclusively defined.

ARNOLD: Another evil of the commonly applied "lustful thoughts" test in judging obscenity is its tendency to create attitudes toward sex which are akin to fetishism.

In 1911, a book was widely sold, named *Three Weeks*, in which the obscene passages consisted only of pages of asterisks at appropriate places. The book was passed from hand to hand in every college. Certainly it is unhealthy to be stimulated by asterisks. Human beings can be trained like Pavlov's dog so that they are stimulated by sights and sounds completely unrelated to the things they desire. A strict standard of obscenity contributes to such unhealthy training. Taking the pin-up girls away from American soldiers would not make their minds more pure. It would only mean that they would be aroused by some less healthy or attractive substitute. At the turn of the century the old *Police Gazette* had a nationwide pornographic appeal. A dance called the cancan in which the chorus girls kicked up legs covered with black stockings was wicked and highly stimulating. Today a person with an appetite for pornography would not pay ten cents to see either the magazine or the dance. This is how censorship makes material sexually stimulating which would not

(continued on page 88)

paris' swingingest salle de strip sports a brash young sister on the sunset strip

THE CRAZY HORSE





Clockwise from above: undress rehearsal for Hollywood's Le Crazy Horse Revue finds Australian Veronique going all out to put over a cowboy cantato. Fresh from France, top-hot-and-tailed Georgina Schweppes takes her turn minus the rest of her formal rig. Brightly be-crowned, barely begowned Simone shares rehearsal spot with Martine. No half-baked beauty, Martine is the prime ingredient in a saucy potpourri.



Named after a long-defunct Indian chief who couldn't have been less interested in paleface pleasures, Paris' famed Crazy Horse Saloon, a femme-filled pulchritude pavilion offering some of the most lighthearted and lightly-garbed entertainment in the City of Lights, now has a sister salle de strip — Le Crazy Horse, a devilishly delightful carnival of the unclad pitched in the City of Angels. The domestic version (on the site of the old *Ciro's*) is epidermis-impresario Frank Sennes' latest venture in a string of girlie revues that includes productions at Vegas' Desert Inn and Stardust Hotel. Sennes, whose specialty is importing Gallic gaieties entrancingly *in toto*, has a quarter-of-a-million dollars tied up in his current undressing room. The Sunset strippery debuted early this year with *Le Crazy Horse Revue*, giving Hollywood, for the first time, a female-focused extravaganza executed with charm, wit and imagination, a formula which proved most successful in its Right Bank counterpart. The Parisian boîte is festooned with French-flavored memorabilia of the Wild West (including a batch of tintypes of the chief himself) and features a flock of young ladies flinging themselves wholeheartedly into wildly imaginative variations on the ecdysiast theme. Hollywood's entry, as a switch, sports a Paris decor spiced with queen-sized Vargas paintings and just as diverse a group of take-it-offerings.

Right: Martine, one of the fine-feathered femmes who moke up *Les Mademoiselles*, *Le Crozy Horse's* line-up of showgirls, displays the *ne plus ultra* in plunging necklines. The miss on page 77 and below, Claire Nevers, sashays onstage with horn-rim specs, hornbill nose and sack-shaped garb, then proceeds to make the transition, via a real-life comic strip, into appealingly abbreviated attire. Although the girls prudently don pasties of show-time to avoid lo grippe and les gendarmes, they were less encumbered at rehearsal offer club owner Sennes, upset by a too-modest wardrobe, had their gowns de-bodiced, commented sagely, "I want to see girls, not costumes."





Above: German showgirl Ivana graces Tinseltown's Le Crazy Horse Revue with her charms cached in a costume that's pitched to the clock-watchers in the crowd. Below: madcap magician Mac Ronay, one of show's high points, reveals a gaping hole in his material.



Clockwise from above: the Right Bank branch of the Crazy Horse boîtes has made its reputation on exotico such as Haitian torso-twirler Pascalina; boy-meets-girl gymnastic gyrations executed sans gymsuits by Finnish flambeau Miriam Mickleson and a sinewy gent named Conrad; beautifully upholstered Cara Sirocca sporting six-gun, sombrero and smile. Hindsight shows Pascalina not at all constricted by her boa. Mlle. Mickleson opens the show with a netty but nice reverse strip.







man at his leisure

the sport of kings in paris: neiman sketches longchamp and auteuil

LONGCHAMP, one of the two race courses in Paris' Bois de Boulogne, is a regal locale for the sport of kings. Secluded in the heart of the inimitably beautiful park, Longchamp hardly seems a part of bustling Paris life, yet it is but a ten-minute drive from the glamorous turmoil of the Place de l'Étoile. To the track come the citizens of Paris and the elite of the world, royalty and sportsmen eager to view splendid horses competing for sizable purses. Since the course was constructed (following the gift of the Bois to the city by Napoleon III in 1852), a string of the Continent's most challenging races has been run at Longchamp. The Prix du Cadran, in mid-May, matches the British Ascot Gold Cup for pomp and excitement. The Prix de L'Arc de Triomphe, in October, is a major national sweepstake. But the most impressive of all the Longchamp races and the European plum for three-year-olds — climaxing the *Grande Semaine* of racing in June — is the three-thousand-meter Grand Prix de Paris, with President de Gaulle himself presenting the winner's trophy (the purse exceeds \$100,000). It was to Longchamp for this colorful European sporting event that our nomadic impressionist LeRoy Neiman went in search of subjects. "Weaving through the

Above: among the charged pre-posttime moments at Longchamp is the parade of thoroughbreds just before a major race, in this case the Grand Prix de Paris. Nattily-attired gentlemen and their mesdemoiselles mingle with uniformed members of the French army as the horses prance before them. Below: the jockey inevitably attracts a clique of fashionably dressed and eagerly chattering femmes.





Above: the paddock area is the center of activity prior to every race. A scene of strutting horses and stunning women, it has moved artists for decades. Neiman, like Degas, Dufy and others before him, found it to be a colorist's paradise. Below: as the crowd begins to converge on the ticket windows to place bets for the next race, the jockeys slip through the thrang on their way to their mounts.

Bois in a taxi, watching Frenchmen and their women riding in horse-drawn carriages or relaxing in the grass with the ever-present picnic lunch complete with fresh fruit and bottle of wine, it seems unlikely that the activity of a race track could be harbored within the park," Neiman says. "Yet, when the cab pulls into the track area, there is no mistaking the environment. The parking enclosure is packed with Rolls-Royces, Facel-Vegas, attendant chauffeurs and the fashionable track clientele.


"A walk past the grandstands—the French call them 'Tribunes'—reveals the course itself: gracefully rolling lawns, acres of green and an international throng. You see brilliantly colored Indian saris, silk turbans and the latest in Parisian and Italian fashions," Neiman notes. He found French jockeys to be even more diminutive than their American counterparts. "They are tiny men, yet idolized by the lovely French women who seem to find them irresistible."

In this setting—the chic race track of Longchamp in late June—Neiman roamed the course, committing to sketch pad impressions of the surging horses, their brilliantly garbed jockeys, the aristocratic devotees and the beauty of the scene itself. His paintings pay tribute to the elegance and excitement that are Longchamp.



man at his leisure *(continued)*



AUTEUIL, the steeplechase track in Paris, complements the flat-course racing at Longchamp. Also tucked in the woodland confines of the Bois de Boulogne, it is surrounded by the beauties of the Bois: glittering lakes and pools, a colorful riot of gardens, top restaurants and the charm of children's carrousel. After strolling through the Bois, as everyone who comes to Paris must do, one emerges at Auteuil and is captivated by its grounds and appointments, fully comparable to those of Longchamp. Steeplechasing is one of Europe's favorite spectator sports, and several of the Continent's leading races are run at Auteuil; among them—and among the most colorful of races anywhere—is the traditional Prix du Président de la République, an Easter attraction for thousands of racing fans converging on Paris from all over the world. LeRoy Neiman was present for the running of this classic 4500-meter obstacle race and recorded some of its pulse-pounding moments for these pages. "The elegance of Auteuil reminds one of Longchamp: it is populated by the same type of elegant sportsmen and their glamorously gowned women. But the form of racing differs drastically from that at Longchamp," Neiman says. "The steeplechase is one of the most attention-commanding of sports. It's a spectacular race, with formidably large and powerful horses confronted by a course of challenging obstacles. The grace with which beast and man master these hurdles is astonishing, and the sight of them is one of the most memorable in all racing. Few races offer the spectator a more vivid view than that of the horses at Auteuil leaping across the water obstacle in front of the grandstand, with the Eiffel Tower and other Paris landmarks serving as a panoramic background," Neiman remembers. "In the steeplechase races at Auteuil, the horses must have immense stamina as well as fleetness; speed alone is not enough." Steeplechasing at Auteuil is a peerless sport at a peerless track—a splendiferous slice of Parisian life—as Neiman's paintings vividly portray. 



Left: in the wooded paddock area at Auteuil, jocks guide their mounts to the track past clusters of enthusiasts. The general animation that prevails in this pastoral setting turns to single-minded tenseness once the horses reach the oval and line up for the race itself, with the bettors' exhortations filling the festive air. Above and below: the classic water jump at Auteuil, one of the toughest of all steeplechase obstacles anywhere in the world, is an ideal place for the spectator to observe the flawless coordination of jockey and horse which characterizes steeplechasing.





*"No, I'm not the
Farmer's Daughter —
I'm a Traveling
Salesman's Daughter."*

Vargas

Ribald Classic

THE STORY IS TOLD of a Scottish archer on duty in France who fell in love with the beautiful wife of a haberdasher. He courted her ardently whenever he could, but to no avail, for the lady always refused him. She told her husband what this archer wanted of her, and the haberdasher decided to take strong measures.

"Tell the man that you will see him alone when I am away," he told her. "Invite him into your bedroom. Once he is there, I will give him a scare he won't forget."

The Scot, summoned by the lady, came to call, hopeful at last and eager to possess her. It was evening when he arrived. He did not see the husband, clad in full armor, hiding behind a tapestry with a drawn sword. His eyes were all for the beautiful lady seated upon her bed.

The archer also carried a sword, and before he went to the lady he unsheathed it and brandished it fiercely, saying: "Are you quite certain your husband is not in the house?"

"Very certain," replied the haberdasher's wife.

"And well it is for him that he is away," roared the suitor, "for if he were here, I would cleave him from forehead to chin if he stood in the way of our love!"

At this, the hidden one trembled and sweat beaded his brow. The archer's vigor and manhood terrified him, as did the sword the man carried, and the haberdasher therefore made no sound, not even when the Scot climbed into the bed with his wife.

When at last the archer had departed, out came the husband in a fury to berate his wife. "You whore," he cried, "why did you let the man have his way? You could have resisted him."

Before his wife could reply, the Scot, who could not forget the tender viands he had sampled, returned for a second helping and knocked at the door. The haberdasher quickly rolled under the bed, armor and all, and lay there trembling. And for a second time the Scot let loose the arrows of his love and again received the solace he sought from the haberdasher's wife.

When at last he had gone, the husband again emerged to rail at his wife. The lady waited until he had finished his tirade. When it was over she smiled, but not a word passed her lips. She only smiled and shook her head knowingly. For she knew, as did the haberdasher, that no tirade, nor even a coat of the strongest mail, would ever make her safe from the assaults of amorous admirers. The haberdasher himself had opened the gate, and she did not intend to close it.

—Retold by J. A. Gato

THE COAT OF MAIL



A new translation from
Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles



PLAYBOY PANEL *(continued from page 76)*

have any stimulation at all if that censorship did not exist. And that is why anything but the most tolerant standards creates an unhealthy psychology.

MAILER: I think that the answer is honestly that there should not be any kind of formal censorship. Perhaps the answer is that there should be independent groups in this country in the literary world who would exercise some function roughly similar to the American Civil Liberties Union; these groups should really be created and kept in being by the best critics in the country. No one is finally qualified to judge what good sexual writing is, but certainly some people are more qualified to judge than others. Certainly I would trust my fortunes with a good literary critic, even if he didn't particularly like my work, rather than with a public censor who is at the mercy of various religious organizations and government bodies and police sheriffs of God knows what county.

GINZBURG: I get the National Organization for Decent Literature lists of objectionable books every month—which police departments use as a guide—and it seems as if they include almost every worth-while book that gets published—authors like Faulkner, Hemingway and other Nobel Prize winners.

ARNOLD: I think that people don't want disagreeable and shocking things around—but I don't think that censorship accomplishes that—it's usually concentrated on better works. Such is the zeal of reformers that the banning of works of real merit is an inevitable consequence unless the definition of obscenity is strictly limited. Over the ages it has been proved that it is impossible for moral reformers to let good books alone. It is the responsibility of the courts to prevent zealots from curbing art in trying to cut down on the number of impure thoughts per capita among the general public.

MAILER: If I could be as honorable an editor as I'd want to be, I would try to fight to the limit of my ability for any writer's sexual writing that was good writing, but I would also try literally to destroy *bad* sexual writing. What I mean by bad sexual writing is sentimental sexual writing. You see, I think sexual writing has got to be more honest than any other kind of writing. Otherwise, it's not doing any good, just more harm. I think one of the crises of this country is that a great many people are terribly obsessed by sex and yet in a funny way they know very little about it. They keep going to books to find out more about it, but they *don't* find out more about it; all they get is the same sort of lies that they can get in a barroom or talking to their closest friends who will lie to them also. So there's a general air of confusion

and distress about sex which is very bad for the health of the nation.

I would argue with the censor on his own ground that there's no use trying to resist a wave of real interest and even perhaps of biological intensity by trying to suppress it. If there's going to be any censorship—and I'm not certain there should be—it's got to recognize that an intimate and serious evocation of sex is part of the very *marrow* of a nation's culture, and when the marrow is drained through brutal censorship or stupid censorship, through the abuses of bad sexual writing, then the country begins to sicken. I won't say it *causes*, but it certainly *accelerates*, the sickness of the country.

PLAYBOY: Which leaves unresolved the basic question just raised: whether or not there should be censorship.

GINZBURG: Never. Who would decide what's to be censored? I'll tell you a standard device of the police vice squad. They'll go before one magistrate in a city like New York, for example, and ask him to ban the sale of a particular magazine or book. If he refuses, they will take that same magazine or book to another magistrate in the same city and they will succeed in having the material banned, without troubling to inform the second magistrate that the first one did not regard it as obscene.

ELLIS: I don't think that the word "obscene" can *ever* be properly, conclusively defined. And I'm against statutes labeling anything obscene, because they're all vague and indefinite. In my article on *Art and Sex in the Encyclopedia of Sexual Behavior*, I include a definition of hard-core pornography, and point out that not only must it arouse desire, but it also must be clearly against the mores of its community—which, incidentally, vary considerably from one place to another and from time to time.

PREMINGER: I really think it never helps to suppress these things. Many times in history, when church or government in many countries suppressed pornography, it went underground and people charged more for it, just like with Prohibition. It is probably true that if alcohol could be completely eliminated from our society, many crimes would not be committed, but, on the other hand, when this was tried, many more crimes were committed in the United States. So it doesn't work, because it is probably human nature that people don't want to have the things they like forbidden to them.

ARNOLD: The moral problem of obscenity is as full of inconsistencies and contradictions as was the enforcement of Prohibition—where good citizens wanted liquor and Prohibition at the same time. One way by which legislatures have tried to reconcile some of these contradictions

has been to follow the theory, as we've observed, that erotic material is harmful to children.

ELLIS: Assuming that were true, should nymphets the age of Lolita have their sexual or other reading material curtailed? Seriously, I can't see that any harm would come to a child from lurid things that he didn't understand.

PLAYBOY: FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover has stated: "We know that in an overwhelmingly large number of cases, sex crime is associated with pornography. We know that sex criminals read it, are clearly influenced by it. I believe pornography is a major cause of sex violence. I believe that if we can eliminate the distribution of such items among impressionable children, we shall greatly reduce our frightening crime rate."

ELLIS: He posits a cause-and-effect relationship between sex crime and pornography when actually there only seems to be a meaningless correlation. I'm sure that if you surveyed juvenile delinquents, you would find that a great number of them were poor in reading, writing and arithmetic. But this doesn't prove that their being poor in reading, writing and arithmetic *causes* their juvenile delinquency. It is associated with it, but it does not cause it. Hoover's allegation is meaningless for the simple reason that it would be difficult to find many *non*-delinquents or *non*-sex criminals in our society who did not have a considerable acquaintance with pornography. If this is true, then pornography is associated with the higher arts, with religion, with government, with practically everything. If, for example, we could show that nine out of ten great artists or composers had some considerable acquaintance with pornography, then we could conclude by this "logic" that their acquaintance with pornography caused them to write great books or compose great music. And we probably could actually prove that about ninety percent of creators do have some degree of acquaintance with pornography.

GINZBURG: There was a study by a team of psychologists at Brown University a few years ago which reported that there was absolutely no connection between pornography and sex crime. Moreover, Dr. Karpman, again, went on record in a statement before the American Medical Association that, if anything, pornography has a positive effect on the minds of children in that it serves as a valuable instrument of sex education in view of the general absence of sex education in the schools.

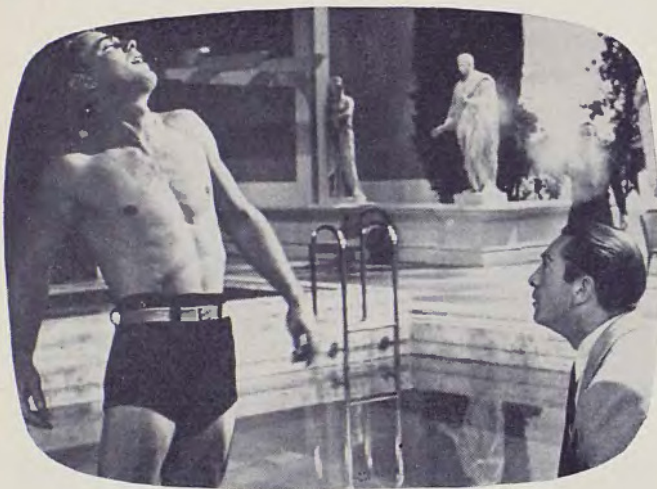
GIRODIAS: What is pornography, in Mr. Hoover's mind? Have any children become wild sadists after absorbing De Sade's works? All those impressionable children who read pornography will no

(continued on page 92)

BRIDE OF TEEVEE JEEBIES

still more additional dialog for the midnight movies

PLAYBOY'S MIGHTY THREE-INCH SCREEN is again aglow with a showing of drearily-dated late-night flicks — with our lampooning lines affixed. As you should know by this time, screwball subtitling à la *Teevee Jeebies* is a game any number can play: next time you're cornered by a re-re-rerun, just douse the audio and supply your own outrageous dialog, just as we've done here. The more ludicrously far-out your do-it-yourself commentary gets, the more fun for all. Like so.



"Gee, Freddie, I wouldn't gargle with that water if I were you."



"No wonder the damn flies are getting in!"



"Lucy, this is the last time I let you make a rum cake!"



"Never mind, I can jump."



"Today is my day to wear the earrings!"



"You really don't know much about undressing women, do you?"



"This is the damnedest wedding reception I've ever seen!"



"The way I get it, he opened the box of Cracker Jack, found a real diamond ring inside and fainted dead away."



"That's right. I called him a cry baby, because he is a cry baby."



"Well if everybody's going to wear trenchcoats, you can just count me out!"



"You call me 'Shorty' one more time and I'll break every finger on this little hand!"



"So I said, 'OK, Mr. Schweppes, if I don't get my raise, you can take your advertising campaign and your tonic and . . .'"



"Come on, Phil, you can show me that Russian dance after we get down to the theatre."



"OK, you get to hit me three times and then I get to hit you three times."



"You know, it's funny, but when you invited me up here for a little piece, I thought . . ."



"For God's sake, Marsha, do we have to stop at every damn antique shop in Connecticut?!"

PLAYBOY PANEL (continued from page 88)

doubt become sensible voters.

ROSSET: I have never thought of J. Edgar Hoover as somebody I would look to for scientific information. I was very pleased and mildly astonished to read the communiqué of, I believe, the Episcopalian Bishops recently, wherein they made a statement condemning capital punishment and directly blaming Mr. Hoover for being at least partially responsible for its continuance in America — and I think his beliefs on capital punishment are just about of equal value to those on literature.

GINZBURG: Let's take this very dirty, filthy, pornographic book called *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Since it was published here, it has sold millions of copies and is available at most newsstands, but I can't recall seeing in any newspaper the case of a kid running out of a schoolyard after having read this book, and grabbing the first dame who walked down the street and molesting her.

ROSSET: Even if it could be shown that highly prurient reading matter were a contributing factor to sex crimes, this in my mind would have nothing to do with the problem of censorship, but would lead us into other sociological studies to find out why it did this, not to stop it. We know that automobiles kill a great number of people. I haven't heard anybody suggesting that they be banned.

GINZBURG: Unfortunately, most people view pornography as cause, rather than effect. They ascribe magical powers to it that it does not possess. Wiping out pornography will not eliminate the vestiges of puritanism in our society, which is the *real* cause and creator of pornography.

MAILER: The way it is now, on the one side there's puritanism and on the other there's a subterranean impetus toward pornography so powerful that half the business world is juiced by all sorts of sexual attachments, from conventioning businessmen with girls on call, to the sort of half-sex that one finds in advertisements. You get enormously attractive girls selling cigarettes, which is a perversion of sex because an enormously attractive girl should be presented for what she is, and not as a handmaiden to a little box containing some paper, tobacco and cellophane.

I think this bad "art," that one gets in the mass media, on television, in the movies, does the nation far more harm than if one were to remove all controls from pornography and obscenity. There's a practical limit to how much pornography anyone can read at any given moment — it's vitiated. Take a fifteen-year-old who reads it. The very worst that's going to happen to him is that it's going to intensify his onanistic temptations greatly, and I don't believe that's good.

ELLIS: I disagree. There is no evidence that pornography, either at its best or worst, will intensify a young boy's masturbatory urges. As Kinsey and other investigators have shown, these urges are fairly stable and are probably as much motivated by internal drives as by external influences. Even, however, if pornography *did* encourage a greater degree of masturbation on the part of a young male, there is every reason to believe that such autoerotism would be entirely harmless and might in many respects be beneficial.

MAILER: But the censor would then argue there's a difference between a tendency and an act. And the censor's not interested in encouraging the act. The censor is interested in discouraging the tendency. But it's equally bad to live in a half-state in relation to pornography. I mean, everyone knows the drama of a fifteen-year-old boy who can spend an entire day wandering around the streets of a city getting mildly aroused by a half-view of a beautiful bosom and a box of cigars, or he looks at a billboard and goes to a movie because the billboard promises him that he's going to get a pleasure that he doesn't get once he's in the movie. This state of being half-excited and half-frustrated, I would say, leads to violence. A half-censorship is odious because whenever one is aroused sexually and one doesn't find a consummation, the sex in one's veins turns literally to violence. It's no accident that most frigid people are sadistic.

ELLIS: Half-censorship certainly tends to result in sex arousal without consummation, and therefore is harmful. But sex frustration only leads to violence when one neurotically rants and raves against the frustration, instead of philosophically either accepting it as being temporarily inevitable or calmly and concertedly working to do away with it. Frustration does *not* lead to aggression, as many psychologists erroneously contend; one's childish *attitudes* toward frustration do the real damage.

MAILER: What I'm getting at is, I refuse to take pornography seriously as a danger to the country until the things that are really dangerous to the country — like the mass media — are first subjected to a little scrutiny. When *they're* ready to clean *their* house, I'll say we writers will be ready to clean our house. Of course there are books that don't have a drop of pornography in them that are also evil. I think an overly sentimental serial in *The Saturday Evening Post* is evil. I think a reasonably good play on television that is truthful for the first two acts and becomes completely false in the third act, is evil, because it arouses certain expectations in people, makes

them start considering their lives, and just at the point when they're most open they're turned away with a lie. It's exactly like *coitus interruptus*. *Coitus interruptus* is evil.

PLAYBOY: Another aspect of what Norman Mailer is talking about, perhaps, was explored in an article called *The Pious Pornographers* (PLAYBOY, October 1957) by Ivor Williams. It made the point that some magazines, notably the women's mass magazines, purvey what has been termed "pornography," or "obscenity," in the guise of clinical or scientific advice and case histories which, the author averred, were stimulating morbidly sexual curiosity. A completely different sort of sexual writing, presented in the habiliments of scientific inquiry, may be found in the unbanned paperback book called *Pornography and the Law*. This sober-sided study quotes so copiously in establishing just what "hard-core pornography" is, that it will spare the reader of prurient bent a great deal of boredom while searching for the gamier passages to be found in so-designated "obscene" books. This one inexpensive volume enjoys unrestricted distribution because it is, presumably, a scholarly work.

The degree of emotional "charge" that affects people's (and the law's) judgment may be discerned in the ready acceptance of such clinical postures — which arouse no feelings of guilt — and the condemnation of the frankly erotic. One of the evils of pornography, according to James Jackson Kilpatrick, in his book *The Smut Peddlers*, is that "When a youth accepts the idea of sex without love he is stained inside."

ARNOLD: Sounds like gobbledygook to me. I don't know what he's talking about. The Supreme Court held that "the judgment is not to be made with regard to the likely effect on the young or immature, nor to the sophisticated or worldly wise."

PREMINGER: It is an old-fashioned point of view, in my opinion. We know very well that sex without love exists — only hypocritical people can say that nobody has sex without love or that nobody *should* have sex without love.

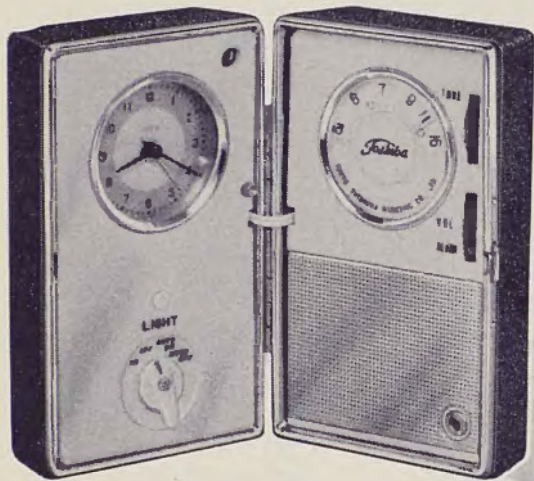
GINZBURG: Is Mr. Kilpatrick trying to suppress sex without love? Is that what he is trying to do indirectly by getting at pornography? Well, I think he's got a great big job ahead of him, even *after* he gets rid of all the pornography.

ROSSET: I've never seen any of those "stains." I would put it this way: Something that I find to be disturbing is murder without passion. This may be roughly analogous. I think we live in a society where violence without passion is encountered in multiple forms.

GIRODIAS: Protecting children against moral corruption has always been the last-resort argument of the champion of censorship. It is the weakest and most

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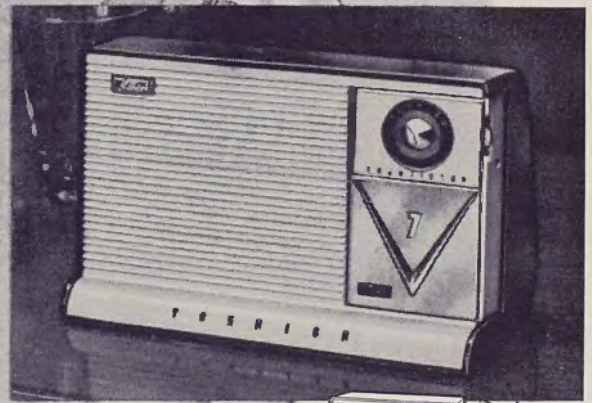
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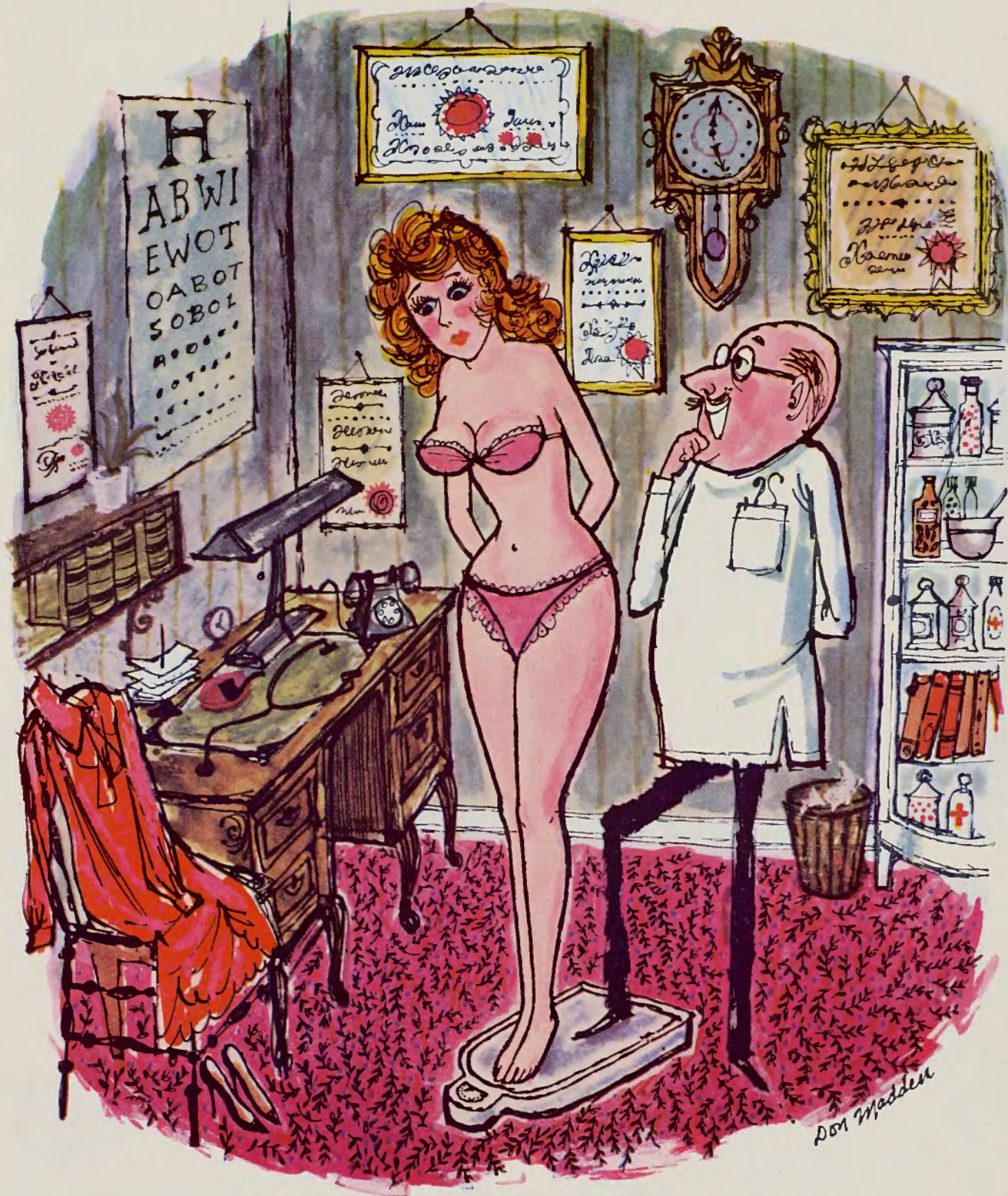
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"Tsk, tsk, Miss Willis — I'm afraid a few more massages will be necessary to get rid of those extra pounds."

idiotic justification invoked to suppress books written for adult readers. Mr. Kilpatrick's remark is too elliptical not to be misleading. Sex exists with or without love. Sex is the primary agent of love between males and females. Should we hide the fact from young people? Should we teach them that sex is corrupting in some cases, and not in others? Then I leave to Mr. Kilpatrick the task of explaining to our young friends what is sex and what is love, when sex is just sex and when sex is sex with love. Such guidance will probably make the whole continent frigid, but that shouldn't bother Mr. Kilpatrick.

Seriously, if we want to restore mental sanity to our world, we must first of all save the young from the lies and hypocrisy inherited from generations of puritans. Modern man must find his path in a world which has become infinitely dangerous and dense. Our society will only survive if it starts producing individuals endowed with full freedom of judgment; we do not need an elite of specialized thinkers, but positive and personal thinking at every level. Those children Mr. Kilpatrick is so concerned about are not corrupted by bad books. I don't think they are interested in books, or pornography, which is a game for adults. If they feel that they were born in a dry, cold and hopeless world, this cannot be corrected by more censorship. **MAILER:** The trouble is very few people in the country really find love, and because they don't find it, the only way they can begin to get back on the track of finding it is to find some kind of excitation. I think what happens over the years is that most people in America sooner or later sink into a profound depression about sex because they've failed at it so many times in so many ways. So pornography at least charges their batteries, and they go out again, and they search for it again, and again they fail. The argument, I think, comes down to this: that the half-state of acceptance that America has for pornography is probably intolerable. The tragedy of so many people is that the reason they don't find love is not because their bodies are inadequate to love, but their minds are inadequate to it. Love is an enormously complex matter, and we have absolutely no preparation for it in this country, we have no tradition for it, we don't have our Heloise and Abelard, our Romeo and Juliet, we don't even have our Tristan and Isolde. We've got Eddie Fisher and Liz Taylor — and Liz Taylor is always in dire medical peril — and that's our great love story. Or we have Arthur Miller and Marilyn Monroe, or Joe DiMaggio Revisited. As a matter of fact, the only love story we have is Jack and Jackie.

PLAYBOY: Supreme Court Justice Bren-

nan has written, in an obscenity-case decision, that "Implicit in the history of the First Amendment is the rejection of obscenity as utterly without redeeming social importance." Must a work have social importance in order to be protected by law?

ROSSET: I can't accept a statement that says something ought to be banned if it is of no socially redeeming importance, because I would say that no such thing exists. It becomes a semantic game.

PLAYBOY: Thurman Arnold has pointed out that William James made a most telling — and amusing — comment on that very matter. Judge Arnold was pointing out the desperate futility of "playing the game of definitions," apropos determining just what "hard-core pornography" is. He quoted James as saying, "Such discussions are tedious — not as hard subjects like physics or mathematics are tedious, but as throwing feathers endlessly hour after hour is tedious."

ELLIS: I think that trashy books should be protected by the law, but not by the critics. If we start banning trashy books, then we'd have to ban Elsie Dinsmore as trash, and all the theological tracts that are utter trash, and so on. For who's to say whether something is trash?

MAILER: I think that one of the difficulties has been that practically all the defenses of pornography have been predicated on the assertion that the work is not pornographic. The legal mind has been so presumptuous as to assume that pornography cannot be of any social value. Someday I hope there will come that happy day when someone will go into court and plead a defense on the basis that the work is (a) pornographic, (b) serious and (c) valuable for the health and life of the republic. That's the ideal.

GIRODIAS: Obviously, Justice Brennan does not even consider the possibility of an association between art and obscenity. Is it necessary to recite the old list — from the Bible to Rabelais to Joyce — to show that he has been daydreaming?

MAILER: The authority in this country is like one vast, frozen, nervous, petrified mother who's trying to keep her favorite son — this utterly mad hoodlum — under control, and she's getting more and more frantic as the years go on because she doesn't understand her son. The essence of such mothers is that they always try to keep things from happening. They don't understand that the more you try to keep something from happening, the more the pressure increases. In a funny way, there's too much respect for civilization in this country — too much terror of things getting out of control.

ARNOLD: We might get out of an awful lot of trouble if we had no ban on pornography, although I don't think that's going to happen. But I would agree with Justice Douglas, who dissented on the

ground that the Federal Constitution prohibited making the distribution of any literature criminal however obscene it was. He said: "To allow the State to step in and punish mere speech or publication that the judge or the jury thinks has an undesirable impact on thoughts, but that is not shown to be a part of unlawful action, is drastically to curtail the First Amendment . . ."

ROSSET: I don't believe that there is any practical way of administering a censorship program for the benefit of one group of society — children, say — without ending up by forcing all the rest of the society to conform to the same standards. Therefore, we have to take the calculated risk that comic books or television programs or whatever it is, may hurt people.

ELLIS: If there should be censorship at all, obviously the people who should do the censoring should be professionally trained individuals who understand the psychological make-up of those at whom censorship is directed. Or, a safer way to do it would be to have no censorship, but — as in the case of some movies — to censor the *sale* of this noncensored product to certain individuals — but leave the product alone. Often you see movies for people over twenty-one; the movie itself is not censored, but the audience is restricted.

PREMINGER: I always try to do this in my own movies. If I feel that I am doing a story which certain parents would not like their children to see, I want to warn them about the movie, tell them what the theme is about, because certain themes to certain parents are objectionable for their children. These parents should then have the right to keep their children away from these movies, but I would object to the police doing it. The producer should honestly, out of his own responsibility, advertise it this way — and I would like to add that my movies lose revenue this way. But the parents should have no excuse to say, "I didn't know, I wouldn't have let my daughter go, I didn't know what it was about." They should know what it is about. Then *they* should stop the children from going. Because the kind of parents who say, "How can I stop my children? The theatre should not let them in" — that's nonsense. If parents cannot stop their children from going to the movies, they won't be able to stop them from a lot of other things. But I do think that you can do and say almost everything in a movie if you keep it within the limits of good taste and if your purpose is to tell a story honestly. Of course, a nude bosom of a woman — which can be very beautiful in my opinion — might in America be less acceptable than in France. And the American moviemakers who make two versions of a movie take this into account. I have

never made a movie with two versions. **PLAYBOY:** We're all familiar with the two-version movie, or the one billed as "for adults only." Whatever the motivation of the maker or the distributor, these do constitute a limitation on which kinds of audiences are exposed to a product, rather than a censorship of the entire product itself. A somewhat similar situation exists in certain libraries, where books deemed suitable only for adults, or judged by the librarian — or the PTA, or Loretta Young — to be controversial, are put on a separate, labeled shelf, or even in a special room. One library, in Clifton, New Jersey, has a special shelf for such "controversial" books as *Lolita* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Is this an acceptable, or a desirable, or a more benign facet of censorship, or is it, rather, a well-intentioned service to the public?

ROSSET: I think it's unwise. I think it reacts exactly against what it is that they are presumably trying to do. And again, just as with the word "pornography," it has bad connotations. Immediately, the books on this shelf have something wrong with them. This doesn't mean that, especially when it comes to children, they should be deliberately exposed — and here I am not speaking of erotic material any more than I am speaking about detective stories or whatever. I have a child. I don't tell him, "Go in and turn on the television set and look at it for the next six hours if you feel like it." I think that as a parent I would like to play some part in the formation of his opinions concerning what things he thinks are good and bad. I think the school is doing the same thing, and everything around him. We can try to single out those elements that we think are good. But that's quite different from censoring.

PLAYBOY: What would be your reaction — as a parent, not a publisher — were your child to pick up a copy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* — possibly stimulated to do so in part because a librarian put it on the "controversial" shelf?

ROSSET: At the moment, I wouldn't worry too much about it — he can't read. But later I would be all for it.

PLAYBOY: How about Henry Miller?

ROSSET: If it interested him or her I would be all for that, too.

PLAYBOY: How about a stag movie?

ROSSET: Let me put it this way. I think that every child is different. You can judge your own, and one should be able to judge the personality and what stage of development a child has gotten to. Some kids at the age of ten are much more mature and understanding than others at fourteen. It depends on the situation. I've often been invited to see a stag movie, but I'd be rather surprised if my child were. But a stag movie is not any different from the situation I men-

tioned earlier, in regard to the book *White Thighs*. The author of *White Thighs* consciously was trying to do something that he could sell specifically for the purpose of erotic stimulation and probably, but not necessarily, didn't have much other purpose in mind; whereas, let's say, a film like *Hiroshima Mon Amour* — it certainly has some erotic elements in it, but they are a product or a part of the film. They are meant to be erotic; they are meant to be stimulating. They are also part of something which transcends that element.

GIRODIAS: I think Antonioni's *La Notte* is very relevant to our subject — and a most instructive and illuminating study of sex and love.

ROSSET: Whether or not my child at a certain age should be exposed to them — that would be a decision I would have to make when confronted with the problem. As far as any adult is concerned, the danger I see in such things is that, rather than creating an overwhelming desire to commit rape or adultery or whatever it is that apparently some legal authorities fear, they cause repulsion and disgust and boredom with a very wonderful thing. But I wouldn't censor them. Everybody in life is a censor for himself, because we are all selective. And if my child says to me he wants to look at a television program, I look in the paper and pick out one that I think would be the most interesting for him. And that is selectivity, that's not censorship. If my child associated with people, let's say, who were constantly speaking in racially discriminatory terms, I would be very upset about it. I would very strongly disagree with these people. And I would point this out to him, and I would try to put him in an environment where such would not be the case. I wouldn't call that censorship. I would call it guidance.

GINZBURG: A child's notions regarding sex are implanted in his mind long before he goes to see his first pornographic picture. There is no such thing as obscenity — any more than there is witchery. They are both superstitions. That is, you cannot measure witchery or obscenity by any scientific measuring device. This is something subjective — strictly in the beholder's mind. Former Postmaster Summerfield and Barney Rosset here both read the same book, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. One thought it was obscene, the other didn't. Why? Obviously, this book does something to Summerfield that it does not do to Barney Rosset.

ARNOLD: Summerfield is a very excitable man.

MAILER: I read *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in college. The unabridged edition. It changed my life. I think if I hadn't read it I would have a different attitude toward sex. It was the first thing I'd

ever read that gave me the idea that sex could be beautiful. Lawrence was the first writer I knew to write with a certain relaxation about sex and love. I'm sure I got a sense from Lawrence that the way to write about sex was just simply to write about it, that it was not to strike poses, it was just to be true to the logic of each moment, because there's an enormously subtle logic to love. I think one of the reasons why people are absorbed in love is because it's one of the few ways in which they find a logic to their lives. Looking back on it now, I think *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is probably not a very good book. It's probably one of the greatest of the bad books — because it's much too simple — it has everything about sex and nothing about the violence which is part of sex. So that in a sense it's a terribly sentimental book — because one doesn't arrive at love like that — like just getting into bed with a woman and getting better and better at it, and exploring more and more deeply. That is, a man and woman can't just explore more and more deeply into one another. Any number of things keep happening — the world keeps impinging on sex. The lovers keep testing one another: lovers not only create but they also destroy one another; lovers change one another; lovers resist the change that each gives to the other. So Lawrence, by avoiding all these problems, really wrote a book that was more mythical than novelistic. It's also a book I would defend to the death. It's exactly the sort of book that, if it had entered the general literature at the time it was written, our entire sexual literature today would be far better, far more subtle, sensitive, incisive, profound. It was exactly because *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was kept in that state of suppression for so many years that it took on a power it didn't really possess.

PLAYBOY: In *The Time of Her Time* — that section of your novel-in-progress included in *Advertisements for Myself* — might not those sexual scenes, in effect, be an answer to *Lady Chatterley's Lover*?

MAILER: Maybe. I didn't think of it when I was writing it. I suppose now that we've talked about it, I can hardly be unself-conscious about it; from now on I'll have to be writing an answer to Lawrence. You've changed the consciousness of my time — my *personal* time.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Ellis, in an interview with *The Realist*, you said that "Although Henry Miller is often an unusually fine writer, he sometimes goes to ridiculous, and to my mind often downright pornographic lengths — such as having a character copulate with his girlfriend in a crowded movie theatre." What makes this pornographic to you?

ELLIS: I consider this a good example of pornography, because pornography is



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normally literature that is deliberately written with the main purpose of inciting sexual desires, and that describes sex acts in a totally unrealistic, wish-fulfilling way.

MAILER: I think Dr. Ellis is wrong. I remember when I lived in Brooklyn, when I was a kid, I had friends who swore they'd made girls in the top balcony of the Brooklyn Paramount. Probably by now it's all policed and standardized and homogenized but at least during the Depression there used to be an awful lot of sex in balconies.

ELLIS: I will say that Henry Miller normally does not write pornography. He writes fine literature that depicts very honestly and openly the sex lives of his characters, including himself. But in some of his latest works, I do not think he portrays Henry Miller or anyone else. I think he deliberately made up some of his material, not for its literary value, but for its excitement value. Now, I'm not for censoring this kind of stuff, but I think it's trash. But then I think most pornography is utter trash.

GIRODIAS: This brings us back to the definition of pornography, doesn't it? A pornographer is expected to make easy money by playing upon the reader's libido. I know Henry Miller well enough to say that he is not only an unusually fine writer, but a sincere and honest one as well. The obscenity he has introduced in his books has not helped his material interests; on the contrary — he has been deprived of a normal career in his own country because he wanted to be free to write completely. A man who has preferred the status of a semi-tramp to success and money in order to preserve his freedom of creation cannot easily be accused of base motives. I believe that what Dr. Ellis calls pornographic in Miller's work has been written deliberately to shock the reader, to shake up his false values. I believe that Miller has refused to be incorporated in the old order, and that he has built his life work against the taboos of a society which he rejects. Hence the provocations, the wild attacks against conventions, proprieties and ready-made ethics.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the impending publication in the United States of Henry Miller's unexpurgated *Tropics*?

GIRODIAS: I am quite optimistic about this. For years I have been trying to persuade Miller to let his books be published in the United States, while he objected that the times were not ripe or that he wanted to avoid the publicity which would inevitably follow the appearance of the *Tropics* in America. Some months ago I visited him in Germany in a little village inn where he was staying near Hamburg. It took six bottles of mosel wine and a five-hour session before Miller announced: "I



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have made up my mind." I felt that something really important had been achieved. It will have taken nearly thirty years for this truly great writer to be recognized in his own country. Following publication of *Lolita* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the appearance of *Tropic of Cancer* and *Tropic of Capricorn* in the U.S. will be the next big step toward the total elimination of literary censorship in the English-speaking countries.

MAILER: I read *Tropic of Cancer* years ago, but as I remember it, what was marvelous about it was that it was the exact opposite of Lawrence, which was that it had the beauty of sex in it the way people who care a great deal about prize-fighting can go to see a club fight and will enjoy all of it: they'll enjoy all the ugliness of a club fight; they'll enjoy the way the blood rolls down the guy's mouth, onto his shoulder, they'll enjoy the cigar smoke, they'll enjoy the spit on the floor, they'll enjoy the body odor of the people there, they'll enjoy it because it's all true, it's all part of something going on that's real, whose end is unforeseen. Lawrence wrote about sex as if it were a spirit; Miller writes about sex as if it's something that is growing in a most specific environment. In *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, as I remember, there was not even a description of Mellors' cottage — you don't know what the bed's like — but when you read about sex in Miller, you know exactly how the sheets

scratch. For anyone who's interested in getting sexual pleasure from reading a book, *Tropic of Cancer* is a much more exciting book than *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and the reason is that most people find their own sex in some rough garden or barnyard where people cough at the penultimate moment, where men and women make little squeaky mouselike sounds at the ultimate moment, where cockroaches crawl along the edge of the wall, and because of that, one can relax. When one reads Lawrence there's a tension — a certain wistfulness one feels, for most people don't find sex that pure, that deep, that organic. They find it something sort of partial and hot and ugly and fascinating and filled with all sorts of bric-a-brac, with day-to-day details. What I'd like to achieve is something *between* Miller and Lawrence, though naturally, I'm not interested in trying to imitate one or the other. What I'm interested in is finding a new consciousness about sex; a consciousness that will have perhaps a little more — a happier sense — of what it's all about.

PLAYBOY: In upholding the appeal on the acquittal of *Forever Amber* in Massachusetts, Judge Frank J. Donahue said that the book was "a soporific rather than an aphrodisiac . . . that while the novel was conducive to sleep, it was not conducive to a desire to sleep with a member of the opposite sex." Does this imply that the basis of censorship legis-

lation is overtly antisexual in nature?

GINZBURG: That's the basis of the whole thing. What that judge was saying about the book he was really saying about himself.

ROSSET: Although I find it a very amusing decision and one of keen insight, I would say it was totally beside the point and would lead to the ridiculous assumption that if the book had had good qualities instead of bad ones, of necessity it would have been banned. It goes along with the passage that Maurice Girodias quoted in his *PLAYBOY* article, in which a British judge found *Ulysses* acceptable because it was unintelligible to him.

ELLIS: Let me quote from *Into Whose Hands*: "The sexually stimulative effect of erotic literature is enormously exaggerated. Literature occupies a very inferior position in the list of aphrodisiacs. There are many far more potent influences on sexual libido. Dancing exerts a powerful aphrodisiacal effect; so does alcohol; so does women's dress; so does perfume. Yet no one suggests the prohibition or suppression of any of these aphrodisiacs on the grounds of its 'corrupting influence' or its power of inciting sexual passion. Indeed, the most powerful sexual stimulant of all is in the contact of the sexes. It is impossible to guard against in any extended or complete sense."

GINZBURG: When you admit that pornography is harmful in any respect, you have to accept the whole concept and claim that portrayal of sex in *any* form is harmful. Actually, there is no question but that puritanism is fading, though. Arnold Gingrich, the publisher of *Esquire*, has stated that the world is about to embark on a great new voyage of morality, by which he apparently means puritanism. He feels that freedom in literature and the arts is going to produce a counteraction, that people are going to get fed up with honesty regarding sex and throw it out in favor of a sort of mid-Victorian hypocrisy — though he doesn't say it in those words. But if Gingrich thinks the public is becoming bored by sex, or upset about its prevalence, I think he is projecting onto the public something which may be the result of his own increasing age.

ELLIS: I feel that there are ups and downs in these areas, but that generally over the last five hundred or a thousand years the tendency has been toward more liberal acceptance of sex. When we liberally accept sex for a while, counterreformation often sets in, and squelches free expression. But never completely. I would predict, rather, that hundreds of years from now, sex won't be much of an issue, just as gluttony and smoking are insignificant moral issues today. Tomorrow the big issues are still likely to be atomic bombs and political affairs, or



"Well . . . wait till President Kennedy hears about this!"

maybe space travel.

MAILER: I think it's possible that this counterwave that Gingrich talks about could come into being. I hope it doesn't. As we become Victorian, we will also become more totalitarian. I couldn't really give you careful and clear reasons for it. It's just that when I think of all the people I've known in my life, the ones who are Victorian are quite totalitarian. I don't want to make a blanket statement out of this; I've also known any number of people who are sexually promiscuous who are also quite totalitarian. It's not at all simple. My hip, if you will, tells me that Victorianism is just going to make us more like the Soviet Union.

PREMINGER: The pendulum always swings to the left and then to the right—it is possible that we might go through a phase where at least one part of the people in this country and other countries becomes again more prudish about outspoken expressions of sex and love or any outspoken descriptions of human relations, in favor of what you call mid-Victorian hypocrisy. But I don't think it will last, because I believe in the progress of human nature, of human behavior. I believe that eventually, more and more, we will not only enjoy freedom, but we will also profit by this freedom. And when I say freedom, I don't mean licentiousness.

MAILER: The question really is whether we *should* move toward more freedom. My feeling is that we should, because, while there'll be any number of abuses of that freedom, there would be a *natural* reaction against pornography, and a natural reaction against pornography would be fine. With unlimited access to pornography, a point of satiety is reached sooner or later; when one does not have unlimited access, that point of satiety is never quite reached; it's kept in a state of half-tension.

ARNOLD: In 1900, when women were required to bathe fully clothed and bare legs were a mark of indecency, youths were stimulated by the sight of an ankle or a calf. I don't think we will ever get rid of a certain amount of censorship on sex—but I don't think any effort to reduce the number of impure thoughts per capita is ever going to succeed, either.

ROSSET: I feel about the future trend of censorship as I feel about the future trend of the world. If the atom bomb doesn't fall, things will get better. There will be a constantly greater freedom, a greater ability for creative effort in the arts, unless some complete catastrophe takes place. And that I don't foresee.

GIRODIAS: There is no doubt that censorship is winning a victory in most countries. This is not surprising, as moral censorship is used by most governments as a means of control and domination. The authoritarian methods in use nearly everywhere nowadays explain this coun-

terattack of the puritanical forces. But it's only one phase in a general evolution that is leading toward individual as well as collective freedom—even if that goal is still very far away. So let us sit tight and wait for the next wave.

PLAYBOY: Gentlemen, apparently we have achieved a consensus which might be summarized this way: Censorship in literature and the arts is very much with us: the official censorship of laws and government, the unofficial censorship of pressure groups, and the tacit censorship of writers and artists, and those who (like publishers and editors, film makers and distributors) expose their work to the public. We seem agreed that censorship is on the wane, though oscillations in its strength are apparent. We have seen, even in our own discussion, the tortuous treadmill of attempted definitions of such words as "obscene" and "pornographic," with their immense subjective load. We have noted progress toward fuller freedom: not long ago, Thurman Arnold observed that "Courts are no longer required to undertake the undignified, introspective task of putting themselves in the role of the general public and then deciding whether in that role the material [they are studying] has unduly aroused their sexual interest."

There has been agreement among us that the concept of legal censorship is alive with danger to creative art as well as free speech, and that it puts courts in the role of literary critics "for which task they have no fitness"—to quote Judge Arnold yet again. We have considered censorship as a form of thought control—in which connection a pronouncement by Justice Harlan seems most pointed: "The Federal Government has no business, whether under the postal or commerce power, to bar the sale of books because they might lead to any kind of 'thoughts.'"

Concerning postal censorship in particular, but all government censorship by implication, let us close our discussion with the final words of Judge Arnold's landmark decision against the Post Office's attempt to deny second-class mailing privileges to *Esquire* magazine.

"We intend no criticism of counsel for the Post Office. They were faced with an impossible task [to prove obscenity]. They undertook it with sincerity. But their very sincerity makes the record useful as a memorial to commemorate the utter confusion and lack of intelligible standards which can never be escaped when that task is attempted. We believe that the Post Office officials should experience a feeling of relief if they are limited to the more prosaic function of seeing to it that 'neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.'"



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MACHINA (continued from page 70)

nose—indeed, all the sense organs—evolution has performed a truly incredible job against fantastic odds. But it will not be good enough for the future; indeed, it is not good enough for the present.

There are some senses that do not exist, that can probably never be provided by living structures, and which we need in a hurry. On this planet, to the best of our knowledge, no creature has ever developed organs that can detect radio waves or radioactivity. Though I would hate to lay down the law and claim that nowhere in the universe can there be organic Geiger counters or living TV sets, I think it highly improbable. There are some jobs that can be done only by vacuum tubes or magnetic fields or electron beams, and are therefore beyond the capability of purely organic structures.

There is another fundamental reason why living machines such as you and I cannot hope to compete with nonliving ones. Quite apart from our poor materials, we are handicapped by one of the toughest engineering specifications ever issued. What sort of performance would you expect from a machine which has to grow several billionfold during the course of manufacture, and which has to be completely and continuously rebuilt, molecule by molecule, every few weeks? This is what happens to all of us, all the time; you are not the man you were last year, in the most literal sense of the expression.

Most of the energy and effort required to run the body goes into its perpetual tearing down and rebuilding, a cycle completed every few weeks. New York

City, which is a very much simpler structure than a man, takes hundreds of times longer to remake itself. When one tries to picture the body's myriads of Conrad Hiltons and Bill Zeckendorfs all furiously at work, tearing up arteries and nerves and even bones, it is astonishing that there is any energy left over for the business of thinking.

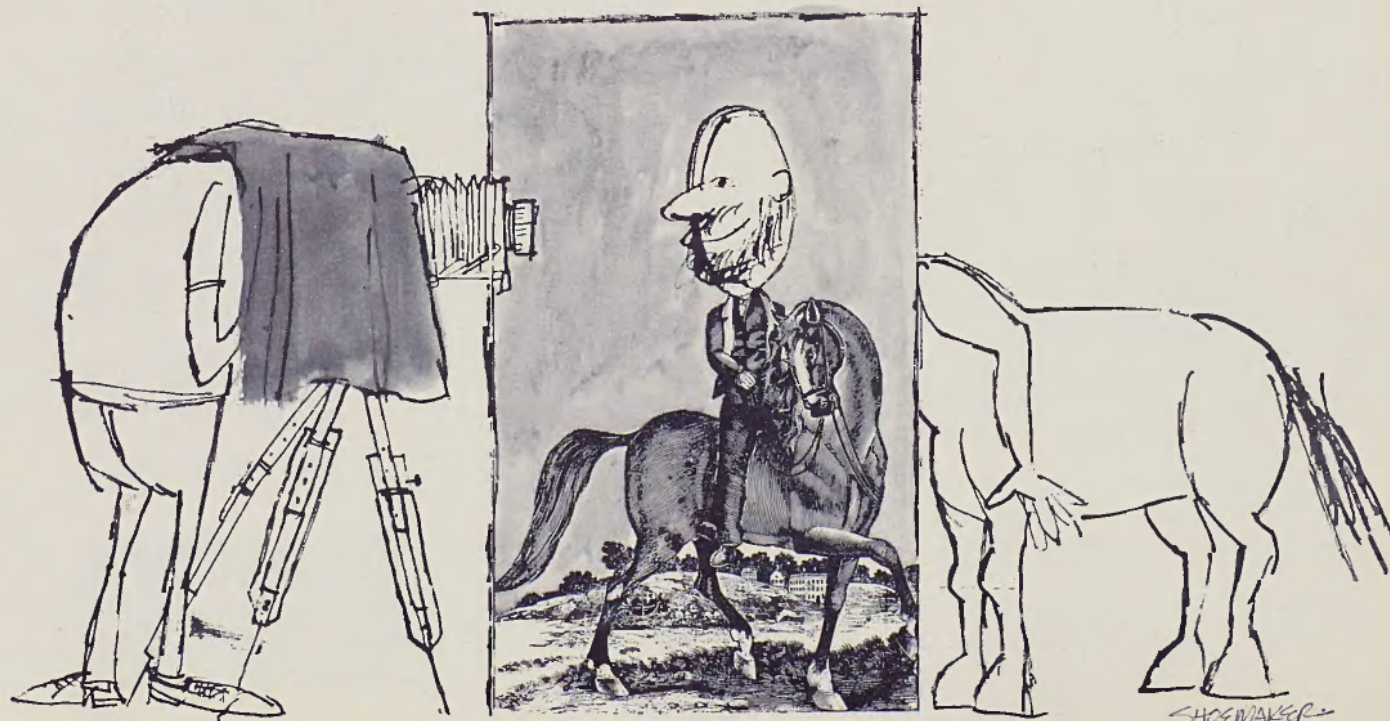
Now I am perfectly well aware that many of the "limitations" and "defects" just mentioned are nothing of the sort, looked at from another point of view. Living creatures, because of their very nature, can evolve from simple to complex organisms. They may well be the only path by which intelligence can be attained, for it is a little difficult to see how a lifeless planet can progress directly from metal ores and mineral deposits to electronic computers by its own unaided efforts. But though intelligence can only arise from life, it may then discard it. Perhaps at a later stage, as the mystics have suggested, it may also discard matter; but this leads us into realms of speculations which an unimaginative person like myself would prefer to avoid.

One often-stressed advantage of living creatures is that they are self-repairing and can reproduce themselves with ease, indeed, with enthusiasm. This superiority over machines will be short-lived; the general principles underlying the construction of self-repairing and self-reproducing machines have already been worked out. There is, incidentally, something ironically appropriate in the fact that A. M. Turing, who pioneered in this field and first indicated how thinking machines might be built, shot him-

self a few years after publishing his results. It is very hard not to draw a moral from this.

The greatest single stimulus to the evolution of mechanical—as opposed to organic—intelligence is the challenge of space. Only a vanishingly small fraction of the universe is directly accessible to mankind, in the sense that we can live there without elaborate protection or mechanical aids. If we generously assume that humanity's potential *Lebensraum* extends from sea level to a height of three miles, over the whole Earth, that gives us a total of some half billion cubic miles. At first sight this is an impressive figure, but it is absolutely nothing when set against the reaches of space. Our present telescopes, which are certainly not the last word on the subject, sweep a volume at least a million million million million million million million times greater. Though such a number is, of course, utterly beyond conception, it can be given a vivid meaning. If we reduce the known universe to the size of the Earth, then the portion in which we can live without space suits and pressure cabins is about the size of a single atom.

It is true that, one day, we are going to explore and colonize many other atoms in this Earth-sized volume, but it will be at the cost of tremendous technical efforts, for most of our energies will be devoted to protecting our frail and sensitive bodies against the extremes of temperature, pressure or gravity found in space and on other worlds. Within very wide limits, machines are indifferent to these extremes. Even more important, they can wait patiently through the years and the centuries that will be



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It may well be that only in space, confronted with environments fiercer and more complex than any to be found upon this planet, will intelligence be able to reach its fullest stature. Like other qualities, intelligence is developed by struggle and conflict; in the ages to come, the dullards may remain on placid Earth, and real genius will flourish only in space—the realm of the machine, not of flesh and blood.

A striking parallel to this situation can already be found on our planet. Some millions of years ago, the most intelligent of the mammals withdrew from the battle of the dry land and returned to their ancestral home, the sea. They are still there, with brains larger and potentially more powerful than ours. But (as far as we know) they do not use them; the static environment of the sea makes little call upon intelligence. The porpoises and whales, who might have been our equals and perhaps our superiors had they remained on land, now race in simple-minded and innocent ecstasy beside nuclear-powered sea monsters carrying sixteen megatons of death. Perhaps they, not we, made the right choice, but it is too late to join them now.

. . . .

If you have stayed with me so far, the protoplasmic computer inside your skull should now be programed to accept the idea—at least for the sake of argument—that machines can be both more intelligent and more versatile than men, and may well be so in the very near future (probably before the end of the next century; no one can imagine *any* technical development that will take much longer than that). So it is time to face the question: "Where does that leave man?"

I suspect that this is not a question of very great importance—except, of course, to man. Perhaps the Neanderthals made similar plaintive noises, around 100,000 B.C., when H. sapiens appeared on the scene, with his ugly vertical forehead and ridiculous protruding chin. Any Paleolithic philosopher who gave his colleagues the right answer would probably have ended up in the cooking-pot; I am prepared to take that risk.

The short-term answer may indeed be



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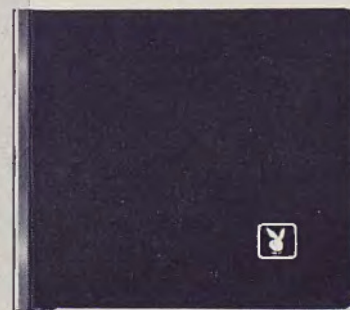
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cheerful rather than depressing. There may be a brief Golden Age when men will glory in the power and range of their new partners. Barring war, this age lies directly ahead of us. As Dr. Simon Ramo put it recently: "The extension of the human intellect by electronics will become our greatest occupation within a decade." That is undoubtedly true, if we bear in mind that at a somewhat later date the word "extension" may be replaced by "extinction."

One of the ways in which thinking machines will be able to help us is by taking over the humbler tasks of life, leaving the human brain free to concentrate on higher things. (Not, of course, that this is any guarantee that it will do so.) For a few generations, perhaps, every man will go through life with an electronic companion, which may be no bigger than today's transistor radio. It will "grow up" with him from infancy, learning his habits, his business affairs, taking over all the dull chores like routine correspondence and income tax returns. On occasion it could even take its master's place, keeping appointments he preferred to miss, and then reporting back in as much detail as he desired. It could substitute for him over the telephone so completely that no one would be able to tell whether man or machine was speaking; a century from now, Turing's "game" may be an integral part of our social lives, with complications and possibilities which I leave to the imagination.

You may remember that delightful robot, Robbie, from the movie *Forbidden Planet* (one of the three or four movies so far made that anyone interested in science-fiction can point to without blushing). I submit, in all seriousness, that most of Robbie's abilities — together with those of a better-known character, Jeeves — will one day be incorporated in a kind of electronic companion-secretary-valet. It will be much smaller and neater than the walking jukeboxes which Hollywood presents, with typical lack of imagination, when it wants to portray a robot. And it will be extremely talented, with quick-release connectors allowing it to be coupled to an unlimited variety of sense organs and limbs. It would, in fact, be a kind of general-purpose, disembodied intelligence that could attach itself to whatever tools were needed for any particular occasion. On one day it might be using microphones or electric typewriters or TV cameras; on another, automobiles or airplanes — or the bodies of men and animals.

And this is, perhaps, the moment to deal with a conception which many people find even more horrifying than the idea that machines will replace or

persede us. It is the idea that they may combine with us.

I do not know who first thought of this; probably the physicist J. D. Bernal, who in 1929 published an extraordinary book of scientific predictions called *The World, the Flesh and the Devil*. In this slim and long-out-of-print volume (I sometimes wonder what the sixty-year-old Fellow of the Royal Society now thinks of his youthful indiscretion, if he ever remembers it), Bernal decided that the numerous limitations of the human body could be overcome only by the use of mechanical attachments or substitutes — until, eventually, all that might be left of man's original organic body would be the brain.

This idea is already far more plausible than when Bernal advanced it, for in the last few decades we have seen the development of mechanical hearts, kidneys, lungs and other organs, and the wiring of electronic devices directly into the human nervous system.

Olaf Stapledon developed this theme in his wonderful history of the future, *Last and First Men*, imagining an age of immortal Giant Brains, many yards across, living in beehive-shaped cells, sustained by pumps and chemical plants. Though completely immobile, their sense organs could be wherever they wished, so their center of awareness — or consciousness, if you like — could be anywhere on Earth or in the space above it. This is an important point which we — who carry our brains around in the same fragile structure as our eyes, ears and other sense organs, often with disastrous results — may easily fail to appreciate. Given perfected telecommunications, a fixed brain is no handicap; but rather the reverse. Your present brain, totally imprisoned behind its walls of bone, communicates with the outer world and receives its impressions of it over the telephone wires of the central nervous system — wires varying in length from a fraction of an inch to several feet. You would never know the difference if those "wires" were actually hundreds or thousands of miles long, or included mobile radio links, and your brain never moved at all.

In a crude way — yet one that may accurately foreshadow the future — we have already extended our visual and tactile senses away from our bodies. The men who now work with radioisotopes, handling them with remotely-controlled mechanical fingers and observing them by television, have achieved a partial separation between brain and sense organs. They are in one place, their minds effectively in another.

Recently the word Cyborg (cybernetic organism) has been coined to describe a machine-animal of the type we have been discussing. Doctors Manfred Clynes and

Nathan Kline of Rockland State Hospital, Orangeburg, New York, who invented the name, define a Cyborg in these stirring words: "an exogenously extended organizational complex functioning as a homeostatic system." To translate, this means a body which has machines hitched to it, or built into it, to take over or modify some of its functions.

I suppose one could call a man in an iron lung a Cyborg, but the concept has far wider implications than this. One day we may be able to enter into temporary unions with any sufficiently sophisticated machines, thus being able not merely to control but to *become* a spaceship or a submarine or a TV network. This would give far more than purely intellectual satisfaction; the thrill that can be obtained from driving a racing car or flying an airplane may be only a pale ghost of the excitement our great-grandchildren may know, when the individual human consciousness is free to roam at will from machine to machine, through all the reaches of sea and sky and space.

But how long will this partnership last? Can the synthesis of man and machine ever be stable, or will the purely organic component become such a hindrance that it has to be discarded? If this eventually happens — and I have tried to give reasons why it must — we have nothing to regret, and certainly nothing to fear.

The popular idea, fostered by comic strips and the cheaper forms of science-fiction, that intelligent machines must be malevolent entities hostile to man, is so absurd that it is hardly worth wasting energy to refute it. I am almost tempted to argue that only *unintelligent* machines can be malevolent; anyone who has tried to start a balky outboard will probably agree. Those who picture machines as active enemies are merely projecting their own aggressive instincts, inherited from the jungle, into a world where such things do not exist. The higher the intelligence, the greater the degree of cooperativeness. If there is ever a war between men and machines, it is easy to guess who will start it.

Yet however friendly and helpful the machines of the future may be, most people will feel that it is a rather bleak prospect for humanity if it ends up as a pampered specimen in some biological museum — even if that museum is the whole planet Earth. This, however, is an attitude I find impossible to share.

No individual exists forever; why should we expect our species to be immortal? Man, said Nietzsche, is a rope stretched between the animal and the superhuman — a rope across the abyss. That will be a noble purpose to have served.

THE EDITORS
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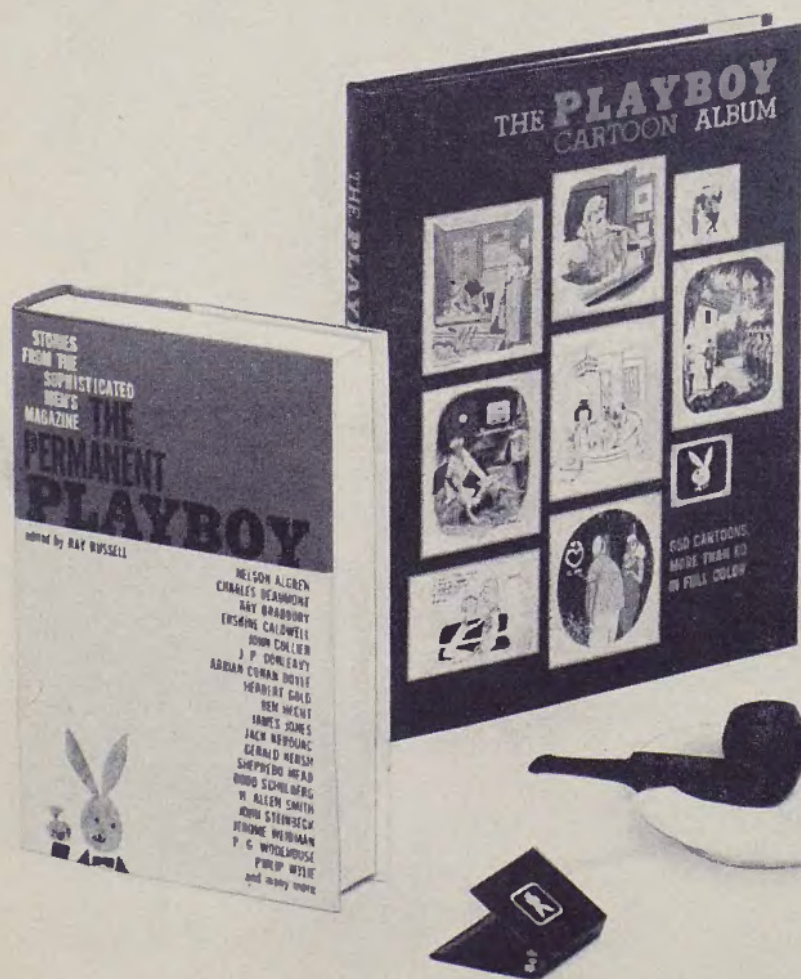
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fifteenth station (continued from page 38)

jaw thrust out. Artie looked at him for a moment and then put the knife back in its sheath.

"OK," he said, facing away from them. "It's all right with me. Just let's not kid ourselves, that's all."

The German's face remained expressionless, but Waddell looked with outrage at Artie and then at the Commodore; and it was the Commodore who spoke. "Oh, come off it, Artie," he said. "Rob's too smart a boy to go and hurt himself. You're getting a little hysterical, it seems to me."

"Maybe so," Artie said. "We'll know in a few minutes."

That Waddell is a real unscrupulous bastard, he thought. Maybe the German isn't so bad. Artie found his thoughts going back to the scene at breakfast that morning. Robinson had been outlining the plan to put the German at the 200-foot marker and was just helping himself to the eggs and bacon when the German said:

"Pardon, Mr. Roy, that is unwise."

Robinson had looked up. "What's unwise?" he asked. "The 200 feet? You want to post yourself at 150?"

"To eat at this time," Herr Schaffner said. "Please pardon, but I am knowing something of the human physiology. When you eat, much blood is going to the guts, for the digestion. But you are needing all your blood for the head at this time." And he tapped his head solemnly with all four fingers of his left hand.

"Damn it, man," Robinson said. "I've been up since dawn. I'm hungry. It won't hurt me to have one measly egg." He picked up his fork.

Herr Schaffner laid his down, and he blushed. "I am very sorry, Mr. Roy," he said firmly and obviously with great reluctance. "If you eat, I must say that all our agreement is called off."

There was a moment of amazed and then embarrassed silence. It was Waddell who spoke next. "Precisely what is that agreement, Herr Schaffner?" he could not forbear asking.

"Why the hell are you eating?" Robinson burst out, very red in the face. "If it's so damned dangerous. What is this, anyway?"

"I am extremely sorry," the German said, squirming in his distress but still firm. "You are right—I should not eat too." And he pushed his plate aside. "But I am safe, I think, at 200 feet, and you are in much danger. I am only thinking of you, Mr. Roy." He paused. "And of myself," he added. "I must admit it. It will not help me if you die with my Atlantis equipment on your back."

Artie had tried to ease the tension. "Tell me, Herr Professor, is it OK if

I eat this last bite of bacon? The egg in me is calling 'Bacon! Bacon!' All my blood is hollering for bacon."

"Oh yes," the German said, smiling tentatively.

Robinson had the good sense to laugh. He put his fork on the table. "All right," he said. "At least I can have some coffee."

"Coffee is good," Herr Schaffner said. "A stimulant."

"I guess we're all a bit nervous," Waddell said.

The little crisis was over.

Below, Robinson was still pacing in the cabin. He was trying to make absolutely certain that he had chosen correctly. His thoughts were moving back and forth over his life, past and future; and one fact occupied his mind more than any other: all his life, it seemed to him, forces that were too big for him to cope with had been dropping deadwood in his path, shunting him off in directions he didn't want to go, or simply picking him up and telling him to do things he didn't want to do.

The draft and Korea, for instance—well, that was obvious. But typical. Three years knocked out of his life with nothing to show for it. Another example: he had never wanted to be in the tackle-shop business. That was his brother's. He had been all set to get his training

as a civil engineer under the GI Bill; then, two weeks before he got back, his brother died. It was one of those times when he got pushed in the wrong direction: somebody had to run the store. There was no way out of it. The tackle shop was where the grocery money came from.

It was the bind he had to get out of. And Key West, that end-of-the-road dump where all the bums collected when they had reached the end of the road—that was something else he had to get out of. Maybe his family were the bigshots on the island at one time; well, they weren't any more. That was another way he was getting pushed around: his old mother, sitting on her second-floor veranda year after year behind the bougainvillea vine, always taunting him with his failure to measure up to his father's flamboyant ways. But just let him try to show a little gumption—like when he went down thirty feet and put that sign on the ocean bottom, NO FISHING EXCEPT FOR PATRONS OF ROY'S TACKLE SHOP, and got all that free publicity—she screeched her head off about the danger. Be a man but be my little baby, too: that was her idea of how things should be.

And Grace, his girl; the girl he couldn't marry because there wasn't enough money for a home of their own and no girl could be asked to live in the same house with that mother of his Grace, who had to work as a waitress, getting her fanny pinched while she waited for him to get out of the corner he was backed into. That was the worst part of it all.

He turned his thoughts to the future, which was bright. This deal with Schaffner was the best thing that ever happened to him. He saw himself in his new Miami office; it was shiny and neat. Two secretaries were busy at their machines; two men were packing a crate in the back of the store, where the shelves were piled high with inventory. He was on the phone, taking an order from a dealer in Tampa; Grace was at their home in Coral Gables, fixing supper or something. It never occurred to him to ask where he would get the money to buy such a home, or lay in such an inventory, or rent such a store, or hire such a staff. This was the Future, this was the New Life: it was his for the taking, once he had unlocked the magic door.

And all that lay between was the dive: that brief, blue, horrid chasm between his past and his future. Abruptly he was down again beside the cliff, in that deadly purple world, floating downward past 225, 250, 275; in his memory he lived again the giddy indifference that had sent him up instead of down, giggling to himself and actually turning a somersault in the water. Despite his prayer, the prospect of another dive



"Time after time it's the same thing: you hear a knock—you open the door—and nobody's there!"

frightened him terribly. Yet there was no way out of it. It was as if he was about to undergo a perhaps fatal operation, to save his life from some even more fatal disease. He would be afraid of it, but he would do it. With God's help it would go off without a hitch: straight down this time, with no fooling around; mark the slab at 400; get on back up; decompress at the various stages with the tanks Artie and Schaffner brought down to him on the agreed schedule; back into the boat with a world's record in his pocket and no limit to what the future had to offer if he played it right. He took a deep breath and rejoined the group on the deck. They were not talking to each other.

"Well, what's the word, hero?" Artie asked.

"I guess this is as good a time as any," Rob said. He picked up a new triple tank from where it lay near the stern and prepared to check the pressure with the gauge from his kit. "Let's do it the same as last time. Artie at about 50 feet, Herr Schaffner at the safety station. I'll give three tugs on the line at every marker, so he knows where I am."

"Pardon, Mr. Roy," the German said, "but you did not do this on the first attempt."

"I know," Rob said. "I forgot. This time I'll stick to the plan."

"Please, a question," Herr Schaffner continued. "If I do not receive these signals from you, I should go down for you?"

"Well, now, one thing," Rob said self-consciously. "Like I said before, nobody goes any lower than 250. Now I want that to be perfectly clear. If you see me in trouble this side of 250, use your judgment. If I'm lower I'll cut the line, as a distress signal, and drop my weights. That'll make me rise."

"I see," the German said. "But I am not happy about this system of signals. With that great weight on the line I do not think it will function. Would you not permit another line around your middle, for signals and to pull you up if necessary?"

"This will be a record free dive," Robinson said, almost harshly. "Free of any contact with the surface, and nobody to say it wasn't done right."

"In other words, no rescue line," Waddell amended, looking up from the notes he was taking.

"That's right. That's why we have that three-hundred-pound engine block holding the line down, so I can't get down there out of sight and pull the markers up to me instead of going down after them. Mr. Waddell, I hope you make sure to mention that, along with how I used Herr Schaffner's equipment."

"Don't worry, Rob," Waddell said. "I'll mention it, all right." Then, moved by the look of stern determination on Rob's face, he burst out, "My God! The

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zeal of youth! What do the young have to do nowadays to prove themselves? Move faster than sound. Rise higher than air. Dive deeper than death."

The Commodore, impressed by this rhetoric, broke into speech. As usual, he was unnecessarily loud. "Listen, Rob, damnit — now listen, boy. This is just a sort of stunt, isn't it? I mean, there's no real danger involved, is there? We want to finish off this weekend with some good fishing. You're not doing anything foolish now, are you, son?"

"Nothing foolish, believe me, Commodore, sir," Robinson said. "This is the least foolish thing I ever did in my life."

The Commodore's face, which had been pulled out of shape by anxiety, fell back into its usual disorder.

"Well, let's get the show on the road," Rob said. Silently he and Herr Schaffner got their gear into shape — tightened their regulators to the tanks, opened the valves and took test inhalations, spat in their masks and sloshed them in the sea, to retard fogging, bound on their weight belts — while Artie, crouching here and climbing there, snapped pictures.

"Let me have one of Rob alone," he said, "all ready to go. That first one, I remember, he didn't have his mask and flippers on. Stand by the gunwale there."

There was silence while he posed. Waddell was jotting in his notebook.

"All right," Artie said. "Now for the underwater stuff." While the others waited he got into his gear; and that made three of them standing on the deck in their diving rigs: already creatures of the sea, ungainly in the air. It was a pregnant moment; even the Forsthes kept quiet.

"Well, let's go," Robinson said, sitting on the gunwale with his back to the water.

Herr Schaffner stepped up to Robinson and extended his hand. "I wish you the greatest luck," he said formally. "As we say in German, *Hals und Beinbruch*. Break neck and leg. Is a wish of good luck for mountain climbers."

"Thanks," Robinson said. "I guess this is a sort of reverse mountain climbing, when you think about it."

And so, with a knuckle of fear in his belly, and all his great strength concentrated on the success of the magic act that would change everything in his life from black to white, Robinson Roy tumbled backward into the sea. The anchor line stretched off at a lazy angle, terminating on the ledge 75 feet below; the other line went straight down and vanished in the blue, with the white markers hanging from it at intervals of 25 feet. Artie splashed in, with his camera case in his hand, and right behind him the German. Robinson swam down slowly, to let the German catch up; they met at the brink of the cliff, by the first marker. The visibility was startling, 50 yards or

more. In the weightless underwater world it was easy for Robinson to imagine that vertical was horizontal, and that what was just below him was not the floor of the sea, rolling off and dropping three-fourths of a mile, but the crest of a hill that flattened out to a plain, over which he was looking toward the horizon invisible in a deep blue fog.

Robinson gave the OK signal to Schaffner, who returned it. Side by side they went down the line feet first, taking their time. The descending wall of rock was not ten feet from them. Its face was deeply pocked and uneven, and for the first few feet the living coral kept them company; then it died out. At 175 feet Schaffner stopped. Rob nodded. Schaffner made a fist with his thumb tucked in. Rob went on down alone.

He could feel the narcosis sneaking up on him at around 190: the heightened sense of well-being, the bitter metallic taste of nitrogen in his mouth. Watch out, boy, he told himself; don't let go of yourself like you did the last time. At 200 he gave three vigorous jerks on the line and looked up. Schaffner, silhouetted against the light, waved his hand. The narcosis was not bad, not frightening — in fact pleasant, like being tight but not drunk. He went down to 225 and jerked three times again; again Schaffner waved. The rhythm of his jerks on the line reminded him of "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," and he goose-stepped extravagantly down to 250, humming into his mouthpiece. At 250 Schaffner did not wave to the signal, and Robinson knew that he had insulted him. Just what you'd expect of a damned humorless Kraut.

The fact was that Schaffner had not seen the goose-step and had not felt the signal. As he had feared, the system was not working. He was getting a continuous series of jerks from above, and any signals from below were lost. He peered down: Robinson was barely visible in the blue twilight. Even as he watched, the vague form vanished. All contact between them was broken.

At 275 Robinson paused, fondling the marker, assaying his condition. He was giddy now; dead drunk, in fact. Nevertheless, he was keenly alert — not like the last time. This time he had things under control. Nothing escaped him. He saw a little fish dodge into a crevice in the cliff and then poke its nose out warily. Something told him that he could catch that fish in his bare hands, if he chose to; something else, a powerful voice, told him that this was an illusion and to watch out.

He hit upon a brilliant way to test the clarity of his mind: each marker would be one of Christ's Stations of the Cross and he would count them all, right down to where he was. He began to follow this trail that he had known since

childhood. Jesus is condemned at 75. He bears the Cross at 100. He calls for the first time at 125. He meets His Mother at 150. He is helped by Simon at 175. Or is it Herr Schaffner who helps Him, hanging there at the safety station, taking no chances, while the ones who count go forward — up the hill or down the cliff, it was all the same. Yes, it was Herr Schaffner who gave Him a hand, shouting "*Hals und Beinbruch*." Good old Schaffner.

Robinson forgot to jerk on the line and let himself sink slowly toward 300. The air was coming to him now as a thick fluid, like a sort of soup; with each breath his regulator emitted a mournful scream. Everything about him was thick and oversize. His love for every living thing was sausage-shaped; the keen edge of his mind was rounded, like the keel of a submarine, just the way it should be. Keeness was cruelty. There was good old Veronica, wiping off the Savior's face.

And suddenly, in a great burst of inner light, he was cleansed of error. The insight was granted him that his rehearsing of the Via Dolorosa was not merely a device: with utter clarity he recognized the identity of his progress downward with Christ's Passion. How obvious it was! Each of them beset by hardships, each of them moving toward his ultimate fulfillment! This marker now, 300, that must be about his seventh marker, that was Christ's seventh Station. Jesus had just fallen for the second time.

Robinson tugged gently on the line; gently: for with each pull he was helping his Savior to His feet.

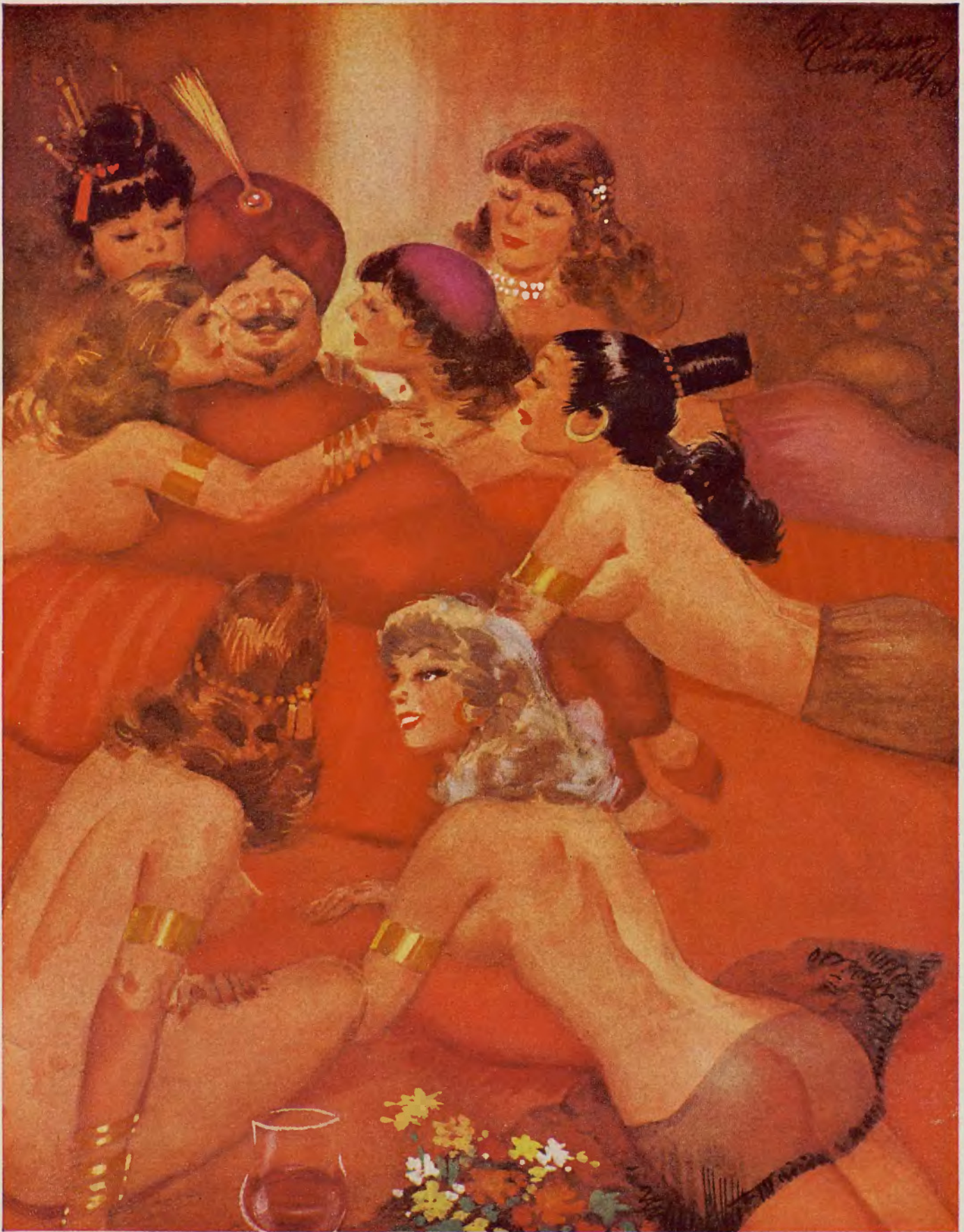
"Come," he said in his mind. "We have not far to go."

Robinson's body took a horizontal posture, his feet toward the cliff, his hands gripping the line above his head. The cliff was now a plain, as he had imagined: he was walking in the blue fog, with Christ by his side; walking a yard or two above the rough ground, which was only proper in the company of Him who could work miracles.

They walked together while He spoke to the women; and these women, naturally enough, were Rob's mother and his girl, Grace-of-God, who were urging Him not to go through with this stupid crucifixion; to 325, where he lifted Him to His feet for the third time; to 350, where Christ was brutally stripped of his garments, while Robinson could only crouch and watch, powerless against the North Korean soldiers.

"I am trying to save someone, too," he said, to smooth things over. "My wife who works in the inn and draws her water from the well. I must save her from that."

He swam down quickly then, breathing syrup, his eyes closed; unwilling to witness the hideous fact of Christ's cru-



"One thing I'll say for him, he isn't always running after women."

cifixion, agony and death. Yet he witnessed it, behind closed eyes, in images that zoomed into his mind off the altars of churches and the illustrated pages of books. No pain, no shock, no intimate detail of anguish—nothing was spared him. And he knew why: he realized that *the Cross was being laid on him* and that this journey was indeed what he had hoped it would be, the beginning of a new and better life.

At the thirteenth Station it was not Christ's body that was taken from the Cross: it was his own. He was dead and yet alive; and the reason why he was alive was perfectly clear: there was need for his nimble power in the world. Slowly he sank, or flew, to the last Station, the fourteenth; humbly he allowed himself to be borne to an opening in the cliff, or plain, and placed within, knowing that this was the last formality of his former life, his sepulture, *and that it did not matter.*

Opening his eyes, he saw that the turning point was marked with the magic number 400. Near him was a rusty engine block. He understood at once that, even as Christ had ridden to Jerusalem on a donkey, he was to ride to the Second Coming in humility. He straddled the engine block and took his knife from his belt. On the mystical 400 he scratched not his initials but the Sign.

And now to the fifteenth Station, the hardest of them all: the return to the world; where two thousand years had made no difference, where decent people still didn't have a fair chance, and where there were going to be some basic changes made.

"Yippee!" he shouted, spitting out his mouthpiece to do so. "Armageddon, here I come!" Holding tight to his mount, he cut the line.

. . .

Two hundred and twenty-five feet above him Schaffner felt the line go slack: the distress signal. He pulled it up a foot: it was not heavy. He waited ten seconds and lifted again: it was cut, all right. He put his head straight down and swam as fast as he could, peering into the blue twilight below and simply ignoring the narcosis—not pausing—when it hit him. He was groggy but he knew when he had reached 250 feet.

Perhaps, if he went down a bit farther, he could see something? He swam down past the marker at 250 to the one at 275 and pulled up coil after coil of the line until he could see the end of it. For about a minute he searched the water. No body rose to meet his gaze.

Holding the 375-foot marker in his hand he swam toward the surface, hardly breathing as the air in his lungs, expanding with the reduced pressure, bubbled out of him in a steady stream. At 100 feet he met Artie, swimming down. Artie's eyes were wide with unspeakable questions; he made pointing gestures

downward. Schaffner, shrugging and gesturing also, rose to twenty feet and stopped for decompression. He handed the 375-foot marker to Artie, who took it to the boat and climbed in.

Ten minutes later Schaffner broke the surface and hauled himself aboard. He ached in the knees and shoulders and had a severe headache, and this worried him, but no one was concerned with his condition. Half a dozen questions flew at him before his feet touched the deck. The Commodore was pasty white; Mrs. Forsythe was shrieking hysterically; Waddell was dangerously red in the face. Only Artie, standing at the other gunwale with the line in his hands and his back to the uproar, was not shouting.

"He has disappeared," Schaffner said. "The line is cut—a sign of trouble. I went down but I saw nothing. There was nothing I could do."

"Go down and get him!" That's what you could do!" Mrs. Forsythe screamed at him.

"Madam," the German said, coloring, "do you want two people dead on this trip? I was not supposed to go down more than 250."

Waddell was in a rage with himself for his part in this disaster. Naturally, his impulse was to transfer the responsibility elsewhere. He said to Schaffner, his lips drawn back and his teeth together, "So you let that boy drown, safety man. We'll put it on the wire, Schaffner, every sordid detail of it. Your firm is going to get a lot of publicity—a lot of publicity."

"At least the trip wasn't wasted," Artie said in a strange voice, turning around. "We wanted a record dive and that's what we got." He held the 375-foot marker out to Schaffner. "You were down that far, weren't you?"

Schaffner had not been anywhere near 375, but he was not such a fool as to pass up an opportunity like this. He nodded.

"Well, there's your world's record," Artie said. He looked at Waddell. "What a story! Safety man, in valiant effort to rescue comrade, sets record himself. You ought to get the Pulitzer for this one." Immediately, Waddell began to see the situation, and Herr Schaffner, in a new light.

The Commodore, still ashen, was looking around at the vast expanse of sea. The Elbow, eight hundred yards away, offered little consolation with its few pinnacles of barren rock. To the east a mass of clouds seemed to be gathering and bearing down on them, threatening storm. There was no one left who knew the first thing about handling a boat.

"Goddamn it," he said, his voice shaking, "Rob never told me anything like this could happen. This boat cost me forty thousand dollars. How in hell do we get it back to port?"

DESIGNS

(continued from page 52)

the Scandinavians do out of love. They love the feel and look and warmth and weight of wood, that time-honored material all but ignored by the Bauhaus except in its most machine-done forms, such as molded plywood and steamed bentwood. And the Scandinavians love the idea of handcraftsmanship; they exploit the joys of handwork in gently modulated, sculptured wood surfaces, the turns and joints made poignant by changes in grain markings. While every length of steel and every sheet of plastic looks the same as the next, they are fond of pointing out, each specimen of wood is as individual as a fingerprint.

"People need wood," says Jens Risom, the only top Danish designer to make his reputation on American soil—though he is the first to defer to two of his native countrymen, Hans Wegner and Finn Juhl, as the greatest artists in the Danish school. (The Metropolitan Museum recently purchased a Wegner chair as its first example of modern design as a work of art.) "In these days," Risom elaborates, "when a building is made of glass and steel, people need the live texture, the depth texture that only a piece of wood can give." Risom thinks of a chair as an emotional bridge between architecture and the human occupant, a concept clearly demonstrated by one of his chair designs—its rectilinear wood frame continuing the geometry of the room, its contoured seat and back reflecting the ins and outs of the human form. Risom's approach to furniture as a craft—as a finished product that is not dreamed up beforehand on paper but that slowly arrives at its character in the actual making—leaves his sense of propriety little choice but to manufacture the furniture himself.

Unlike the imperious, scene-stealing forms of many designers, a Risom chair is a silent partner in an interior, an object for human use that is meaningless until it participates in a pattern of day-to-day living. In this modesty of attitude Risom of course has never been alone. Hans Wegner says, "A chair is not complete until someone sits in it." Paul McCobb—the designer most familiar to young marrieds of the late Forties and early Fifties because of the dining groups and casual chairs which were then sold with phenomenal success under his name in department stores (a new promotional gimmick for such emporiums)—was chiefly responsible for turning the light modern idiom into a way of life for the popular market.

T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings, the British-born designer who has worked in New York for many years, has also dedicated his superbly tailored, generously proportioned furniture to comfortable living,



albeit of a more luxurious stamp than McCobb's unpretentious designs allowed. A writer of serio-comic books about design and the fine arts as well as a designer, Robsjohn-Gibbings first directed his noted wit at Victorian and Edwardian impedimenta (in *Goodbye, Mr. Chippendale*, 1944), and a decade later turned his raillery on the inanities of contemporary design in *Homes of the Brave*.

But it is the figure of Edward Wormley that best epitomizes "designs for living" in the modern movement. Wormley designs furniture heart-and-soul for its relationship to other elements of an interior (as befits the interior designer that he also is) and for the comfort, dignity and sense of security of human beings. Wormley imagines his furniture inextricably involved in domestic incidents, and occasionally even titles a piece for a specific scene: the Tête-à-Tête Sofa; Mr. and Mrs. Chairs—similar in design but scaled to their namesakes; the Listen-to-Me Couch—a slender, undulating sofa for the master bedroom to which a child may be summoned for family confidences; the Revolving Chair which can swing from the dining table to join the conversation group in a trice; not to mention the Oasis Sofa, the Tall Man Chair and the Magazine Tree. Wormley furniture is often commended for its good manners, for not hogging the show, but joining in amiably with the amenities of good living. In a traditional interior, it almost amounts to a cliché today to have one modern Wormley sofa or coffee table as an up-to-date accent. And, a little to his surprise (he has said, "Architects really loathe furniture; it competes with their spaces"), his finely detailed designs are as much in demand by avant-garde architects for their sheer, crisp spaces as by the lush decorators.

Wormley's style cannot be summed up in a few vivid adjectives; it does not reside in "signature" earmarks. Rather, it arises from his expressive handling of a few eternal esthetic ingredients—proportion, scale, detail: the relation of a table top's thickness to the thickness of the legs, the reaction of a curved chair back to the angle of the legs, the apt accent applied only when it adds life to the total design, never for its own sake.

Since 1931 Wormley has been the sole designer for the Dunbar Furniture Corporation of Berne, Indiana—a town whose labor force of highly skilled Swiss craftsmen is almost entirely employed at the Dunbar plant. The survival of the town and the livelihood of a large nationwide sales force depend on the taste and hunches of this one man. The burden is scarcely eased by the aggressive competition throughout the furniture industry that forces every manufacturer to introduce an entire new line each year. As



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Wormley himself has put it. "News-gatherers, significance-prognosticators, and above all, sales people, need a shot in the arm. Whether the consumer needs it on schedule is more difficult to demonstrate." The pressure of having to conceive a whole new spirit and embody it in an entire collection embracing sofas, lounge chairs, dining furniture, an assortment of occasional tables, cabinetry, and sometimes even beds, would have done in a lesser man long ago. But Wormley's nightmare is the decorator's dream; and every January during the furniture show in Chicago, one of the gala events, attended by popping champagne corks and wandering musicians, is the unveiling of Wormley's new line.

There are those—and some avant-garde designers among them—who believe Wormley's understated, sympathetic furniture will enjoy favor long after more dramatic, more scintillating modern designs have passed into the stage of old-fashioned curiosities—which seems a certain fate for many of them. Planned as a revolution in form to match a revolution in technology, furniture design of the Bauhaus persuasion can expect a survival span no longer than that of a given state of technology, and today's designer is realist enough to know that the technology within which he works is certain sooner or later to be replaced by a new set of industrial verities. Against that day, Eames throws his greatest sincerity into "useless projects." Nelson be-muses himself with marshmallows and coconuts, and Saarinen explores the farthest shores of harmony.



PIPSQUEAKS

(continued from page 54)

he now lay buck naked under a sheet at the point of my gun. I was sorry for him because underneath all those muscles there beat the trembling heart of an outhouse mouse and he should have known better than to poach on a field rat like me.

"We are going to be damned civilized, Leroy," I said. "But don't provoke me or I'll lapse back into my aboriginal self."

"Virgil, if you shoot us, they'll hang you," the ever-practical Celeste said. "Or you'll get life and go crazy inside a year."

"Virgil, all I can ask is that you imagine yourself in my position," Leroy said. "I ask only for justice."

"No, it's me that wants justice," I said. "You want mercy. And, as long as we're civilized, I don't think we'll have any problem. I think we can handle this as a civil rather than as a criminal case."

"What does that mean?" my level-headed Celeste said. I think the idea of my swinging from a rope or gibbering away my life in a cell had appealed to her and only the high cost made her abandon it.

I ignored her. I had straddled a chair on Leroy's side of the bed. I waited until the pistol in my hand filled the room.

"Now, Leroy, here is the way I see it," I said. "It's a mistake to think of Celeste as a woman, a wife, a person. We must think of her as *she* thinks of her, as a thing, an object, a device, which anybody can have if he can afford the price. Now, I won't ask you if

you want this particular item, because you already have it. Think of her as a gadget which you've taken on a thirty-day trial, and I am the salesman who has come to close the deal."

Celeste sat up but I waved the gun and sent her back under the sheet. Leroy studied me: I wore my most civilized expression.

"You might ask how much I want for her," I pointed out.

He asked me. I told him. He sat up. "Ten thousand dollars?" he asked. "Ten thousand dollars?"

"I know what you're thinking," I said. "and I agree. She's just not worth that much. But there's something I want that costs ten thousand dollars, and I have this gun, and we have a seller's market operating here."

He laughed, nervously, really more of a giggle. "Ten thousand dollars," he said, and laughed again. "You said you wouldn't shoot us."

"No, I didn't," I said. "Look, I don't want this woman. She's fly-specked and gone in the teeth. If you had come to me, or if she had, and told me that you loved each other, then I would have stepped aside or I'd have fought you for her, fair. It's not the adultery that bothers me, it's the sheer, inconsequential pipsqueakery that's costing you ten thousand dollars."

"That's all the money I've got in the world," he said.

"That's all the money you have in the world," I agreed. I steadied the pistol barrel on my left forearm. "But, as I said, this is a seller's market." I released the safety catch.

"My checkbook is in my inner coat pocket," he said. "Will you get it for me?"

I got it for him. He wrote the check. He had to write five checks before he made out a decent one. He was, as I say, an outhouse mouse. I had never felt more urbane in my life. Afterward, he gathered his clothes and went in the bathroom to dress. I was alone with my dear Celeste.

"You are despicable," she said. She and Katie Hepburn are the only women I've ever heard who could pronounce the word despicable with the accent on the first syllable. Try it before you dismiss it as a trilling accomplishment.

"You had better get dressed," I said, kindly. "If you let Leroy Farnish out of your sight, you'll never see him again."

I left her and went into the living room. I sat down on the sofa and held the gun with the muzzle buried deep in a cushion. I didn't look up when they came out of the bedroom together. When they reached the door I fired. The noise wasn't loud enough to bother my next-door neighbor, but it was loud enough to stop them. I held up the cushion so they could see the size of the hole.



"Let's talk about your getting time off for good behavior."

"I shall be at the bank within the hour," I said. "I expect to be expected. See to it that you see to it. Shun the temptation to void the check. Spend to save."

They were yacking and yipping like chihuahuas in *extremis* before he had backed his car out of my driveway. I was tempted to empty the pistol into the ceiling. Instead, I called Dorcas. The phone rang five times.

"The deed is done," I said. "My two inconsequential pipsqueaks are beginning to suffer the inconsequentiality of their pipsqueakery. Shed a tear with me."

"Virgil McGaulley, has anyone ever told you that you're a bastard of purest ray serene?" she asked me when I finished telling her. "And one other question. Do you really and truly love me? I think I have a right to know."

"To the first question, many times," I said. "A man should strive for excellence in whatever he turns his hand to. As for the second, I must—I'm paying ten thousand bucks for you."

I walked back to the drugstore thinking happy thoughts of Leroy and Celeste. I gave them an hour to get checked into a hotel or a tourist court, and another hour for Leroy to get away from her. Celeste would see through his first five or six excuses. Then he would run for home, lie as much money as he could out of his wife, and light out of town like a scalded dog.

I passed two old ladies who frowned at me, oddly. Much later, I realized I had been stepping to avoid the cracks in the sidewalk. I hadn't done this since the third grade.

At the bank there were difficulties, but Leroy Farnish was not one of them. In less than thirty minutes I walked out with ten bills, all bearing the fat-jowled, bug-eyed, mustached features of one Grover Cleveland, twenty-second and twenty-fourth President of the United States, and reputed to have fathered at least one bastard. He was a fine-looking old bird and I would have voted for him, any time.

I parked my car two blocks from Dorcas' house and walked the rest of the way. She met me at the door. I did not kiss her then, nor did I do so when I was inside the house. Dorcas has this very sharp, very skillful elbow which comes up and stabs you in the Adam's apple, brutally discouraging such notions. She had made the tactical situation clear when the subject first came up.

"I know you, Virgil McGaulley," she had said. "You're mean and moral and you play by rules. So do I. I kiss only my own husbands, actual or potential. Think it over."

We had met, like all such companions in misery, in one of those grottoes equipped with many small dark corners in which you can sit, drink and feel

sorry for yourself. That first night we were two nameless, faceless ghosts whispering in the dim light. We had the same sorry tale to tell of how love had become just one more four-letter word and the pity of it all. I forget which one of us slipped away in the gloom first, and we made no appointment to meet again.

But we met in the same dark corner on the next night and told our tale again. The following evening I went to another bar in another part of town, and in another dark corner a hand was placed quietly on mine. We didn't talk at all that night. We sat holding hands like high school kids, and later we left together, moving into the light for the first time.

Now, inside her house for my first time, we had no need for speech. As soon as I entered the door she turned and we walked into the bedroom together. We undressed like two swimmers getting ready for an impromptu race across a mill pond. She spoke then, looking calmly and steadily across the bed.

"You like my looks?" she said. Now, I'll say one thing about Dorcas. I have no use for blonde women, and of all the varieties of blonde, the kind I don't want any of is the hot-butter type. Dorcas is a hot-butter blonde. I spoke truly.

"I like your looks," I said. It was cool under the crisp sheet, waiting quietly with Dorcas on the pillow beside me, just breathing. She was a splendid breather. I spent my time making airplanes out of the nice crisp thousand-dollar pictures of old Grover and sailing them through the bedroom door and down the hall.

Lying there, we lost all count of time. When the car pulled up in the driveway, she gave a start but I didn't move. The car door slammed, but it was hell's own time before the footsteps sounded on the walkway and across the threshold of the front door, and then stopped dead at the entrance of the short hallway.

I had already made up my mind that even if one occurred to me (and none did), I would make no witty remark. But I had to make sure that a sharp, clear picture of the future, everybody's future, was established.

"That's my top price for your wife Dorcas," I said. "And I wouldn't keep Celeste waiting."

Dorcas suddenly began laughing, high pitched and shaky at first, but gradually gathering strength and confidence and high good humor. Outside in the hallway, there was a rustling sound like an outhouse mouse foraging as Leroy Farnish went down on his hands and knees and began picking up the Grover Cleverlands from the floor.

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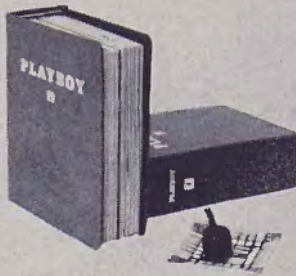


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Jazz singers

(continued from page 44)

toire of Indian songs as a child — an odd background for her eventual jazz emergence. "I don't know whether this [Indian] music compares with jazz or the classics," she said, "but I do know that it offers a young singer a remarkable background and training. It takes a squeaky soprano and straightens out the clinkers that make it squeak; it removes the bass boom from the contralto's voice, this Indian singing does, because you have to sing a lot of notes to get by, and you've got to cover an awful range." This concern for "a lot of notes" prepared Mildred well for her massive role in jazz. In late 1929, Paul Whiteman was in California searching for a girl singer. Until that time, no band had used a female vocalist on any regular basis; Whiteman wanted to be the first. Mildred's brother, Al Rinker, and an ex-neighbor from Spokane named Bing Crosby, two thirds of Whiteman's Rhythm Boys, both joined in recommending Mildred. She auditioned and was hired. Ironically, she never cut a side with Whiteman, but she did make a few records with his sidemen: with Eddie Lang, a superb guitarist, she recorded *What Kind o' Man Is You*; with Matty Malneck and other Whiteman section stars, she pressed *Georgia on My Mind, Rockin' Chair* and several other memorable tunes. In 1933, she married Red Norvo (but persisted in calling him Kenneth) and recorded with such pros as Bunny Berigan, Johnny Hodges, Teddy Wilson, Artie Shaw and Roy Eldridge. She died in 1951, her status as a jazz singer indisputable; her success set a precedent for the careers of the many female band singers who followed. A year after Mildred first recorded, trombonist Jack Teagarden joined the jazz vocal ranks with a burry Texas sound quite unlike Armstrong's, but almost as meaningful.

A first-rate trombonist from the beginning, Teagarden had been one of the sidemen in Bessie Smith's classic recording of *Gimme a Pigfoot*. He was aware of jazz both vocally and instrumentally. Always associated with the blues, he was one of the few white men to win recognition early among top jazzmen. Twelve-bar blues is one of his basic dialects, as one chorus of a Teagarden *Beale Street Blues* will attest. Even today, he improvises as easily with his voice as with his horn; he's never strident, always soothing. Such jazz singing terms as "mam-o" for mama, "fi-o" for fire and "fath-o" for father are from the Teagarden jazz vocal lexicon. His love for the blues and his skill in singing and playing them strongly influenced the jazz of the Thirties. Teagarden and Mildred Bailey crusaded throughout the decade for the popularity



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of the music they felt so deeply — simply by singing movingly and memorably in their own jazz-oriented styles. But the two major jazz voices of the Thirties had not yet arrived; they burst on the scene in the same year, 1935. Billie Holiday, who had cut one record with Benny Goodman two years before, initiated a series of discs backed by Teddy Wilson's band, and promptly wowed musicians and fans alike. Ella Fitzgerald, then a seventeen-year-old vocalist with Chick Webb's band, debuted as a recording artist.

Billie, whose life story of decay and self-destruction is well known by now, was brought up on a diet of Bessie Smith, Ethel Waters, and the faultless phrasing of Armstrong. Ella's smooth, clear style found some ancestry in Miss Bailey. But both were young and fresh in the mid-Thirties, and scarcely dependent on what preceded them. And as they matured, they were destined to influence the vast majority of female jazz singers to follow.

Billie was all too well qualified to sing the blues. "There was nothing about living on the sidewalks that I didn't know," she once said. "I knew how the gin joints looked on the inside: I had been singing in the after-hours joints, damp, smoky cellars, in the backs of barrooms." It was in these Harlem dives that she was heard during Prohibition, singing lowdown blues in an "I've-lived-it-buddy" style with which she was to interpret even the most romantic ballads in years to come. Hers was an instrumental way of singing. As Charles Edward Smith has noted, "She may have got it mostly from Louis, from his records and from hearing him at theatres, but style comes in bits and pieces, so infinitesimal that not even a singer can be aware of every last influence. What is significant is that she has been an artist in reshaping songs and ballads, and in this, of course, Louis was the first great master."

Born Eleanora Fagan Gough in Baltimore in 1915, she was called Bill for her tomboy ways; later she changed it to Billie, after screen idol Billie Dove. Her youth was a definitive portrait of poverty and delinquency: as a teenager, she was a hustler, pot-smoker and gin-drinker. During the Depression, she pleaded for a job at Harlem's Log Cabin, run by Jerry Preston. As she recalled it, "I asked Preston for a job. He said to dance. I tried it. He said I stunk. I told him I could sing. He said: sing." She sang. She got the job. Soon after, the word reached musicians; Benny Goodman used Billie on a Columbia record date, *Your Mother's Son-in-Law*, as early as November 1933.

She continued gigging in Harlem and in downtown theatres, but failed to win widespread recognition until a series of record dates arranged for her by John

Hammond in 1935. Joined by Goodman, Teddy Wilson, Roy Eldridge, Ben Webster and others, she cut *What a Little Moonlight Will Do*, *I Wished on the Moon* and *Miss Brown to You* (now available on Columbia's reissue set, *Lady Day*). Billie's career was made. She appeared at New York's Apollo: "There's nothing like an audience at the Apollo," she said. "They didn't ask me what my style was . . . where I'd come from, who influenced me, or anything. They just broke the house up."

Until her death in July 1959, Billie worked regularly in concerts and at top jazz spots with many notable bands and combos, including Basie and Shaw. Eventually, she began to exert considerable influence on many singers. Admittedly fond of Bessie Smith's sound and Armstrong's feeling, she became a towering jazz force, confident and vital. Her wild life, she felt, enabled her to dig deeply into the lyrics of songs. "If you find a tune and it's got something to do with you," she said, "you don't have to evolve anything. You just feel it, and when you sing it other people can feel something, too."

"I don't think I'm singing," she once said. "I feel like I am playing a horn. I try to improvise like Les Young, like Louis Armstrong, or anyone else I admire. What comes out is what I feel. I hate straight singing. I have to change a tune to my own way of doing it."

It was on a winter night in late 1935 that jazz fans journeyed to the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem for a Scottsboro Boys benefit. Mildred Bailey and Bessie Smith sang. So did Ella Fitzgerald, and her artistry was immediately apparent. As one critic noted, "She moved simply to a microphone, opened her lips and sang—sang with a natural ease and a musicianship which, though untutored,

needed very little assistance from Chick Webb or his musicians. Ella was and is the stunning example of an intuitive singer in jazz. From her first recording with Chick, *Sing Me a Swing Song*, to her latest albums, she has always found the right tempo, and right interpretive nuance, the right melodic variation."

In 1936, Ella recorded for Decca, and slightly more than a year later, with Webb, she cut her own tune, *A-Tisket, A-Tasket*, which zoomed to hit status. When Webb died, she took over command of the band and headed it until 1942. During the war, she collaborated with Armstrong, the Delta Rhythm Boys, pianist Eddie Heywood and the Ink Spots — to produce a series of consistently appealing sides. In 1946 and 1947, she romped her way through such scat classics as *Flying Home* and *Lady Be Good*. As jazz grew, Ella grew, incorporating bop phrases and swing riffs. Her free-flowing vocalese found counterparts for the jazz sounds of trumpet, trombone, sax and bass. During the bop insurrection, she coined a scat vocabulary that has since influenced countless other singers. In recent years, under Norman Granz' aegis, Ella has become a star on the supperclub and concert circuits, without compromising her talent.

Ella sings mellow, in the best sense of that much-abused term. Her voice is as flexible an instrument as jazz has produced, soaring to intensely lyrical apogees, descending to guttily moving emotion. She is, clichés aside, the singers' singer, and among her admirers is a gentleman who dominated the singing field all through the Thirties. "Man, woman or child," says Bing Crosby, "the greatest singer of them all is Ella Fitzgerald."

(concluded next month)



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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

MANY FUN SPOTS ABOUT the globe are delightfully depopulated as summer slips serenely into fall and the bulk of the tourist trade wends homeward.

You might trundle off to Ostend, in Belgium; the beachside casino there puts on its most glamorous galas in September. As Portugal segues into autumn, the grape harvest is just getting under way on the lower terraces upriver along the Douro, around the town of Alijó. You'll enjoy the flavor of the season and the fruit of the vine at the government-run inn, the Pousada do Barão de Forrester.

In Lisbon, at the Instituto do Vinho do Porto, you can sample some of the hundreds of famous vintages, working from the light dry wines to the tawny, sweeter types. While you're in town, visit the Arco-Iris Restaurant: it features what is probably a world-record pousse-café. The bartender's steady hand stacks no fewer than seven layers of liqueurs in unmixed and undisturbed strata.

Portugal is one spot on the Continent where you can count on a warm September sun. So, too, is Greece and her fabled isles. Shove off on a five-day cruise from Piraeus to the fabulous ruins of Knossos; from Crete to Rhodes and on to the mountains and minarets of the little island of Kos, to Patmos, Delos, Mykonos, shimmering with whitewashed houses, Byzantine roofs and Grecian temples.

September is the perfect time along the French Riviera to tear yourself away from the bikinis at the beach and savor

the little villages perched high on the hills a bit inland—sleepy towns with steeply winding cobbled streets set behind crumbling ramparts, places like Mougins and Gourdon, Trigrance and Chasteuil and Haut-de-Cagnes, and La Turbie, blending Roman ruins, Fourteenth Century fortresses and a chapel decorated by Matisse. Eat a *pan bagnat*—a concoction of black olives, tomatoes, onions and anchovies—in a village store, or stop at a café for a glass of chilled white wine and a *tarte au blé* or an oniony *pissaladiere*.

You can cruise smartly into springtime down the east coast of South America—where the seasons are reversed. An \$1100 round trip from New York takes about six weeks and includes ample time for shore fun at en-route stops in Rio and Santos in Brazil, Montevideo in Uruguay and during the ship's turnaround in Buenos Aires. Here, the Argentine State Line is especially beneficent, allowing for much more than a quick dash to the local tourist traps: you have eight days on your own for cosmopolitan high life, smart shopping (notably for local silver and leather work), trips to nearby ranches in the Pampas or beyond to the mountains and the Argentine lake country.

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