

SEPTEMBER 60 cents

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT
FOR MEN



THE MIAMI
PLAYBOY CLUB

A SHORT HISTORY
OF SWEARING
BY WILLIAM IVERSEN

A NUDE VIEW
OF TELEVISION
BY JERRY YULSMAN

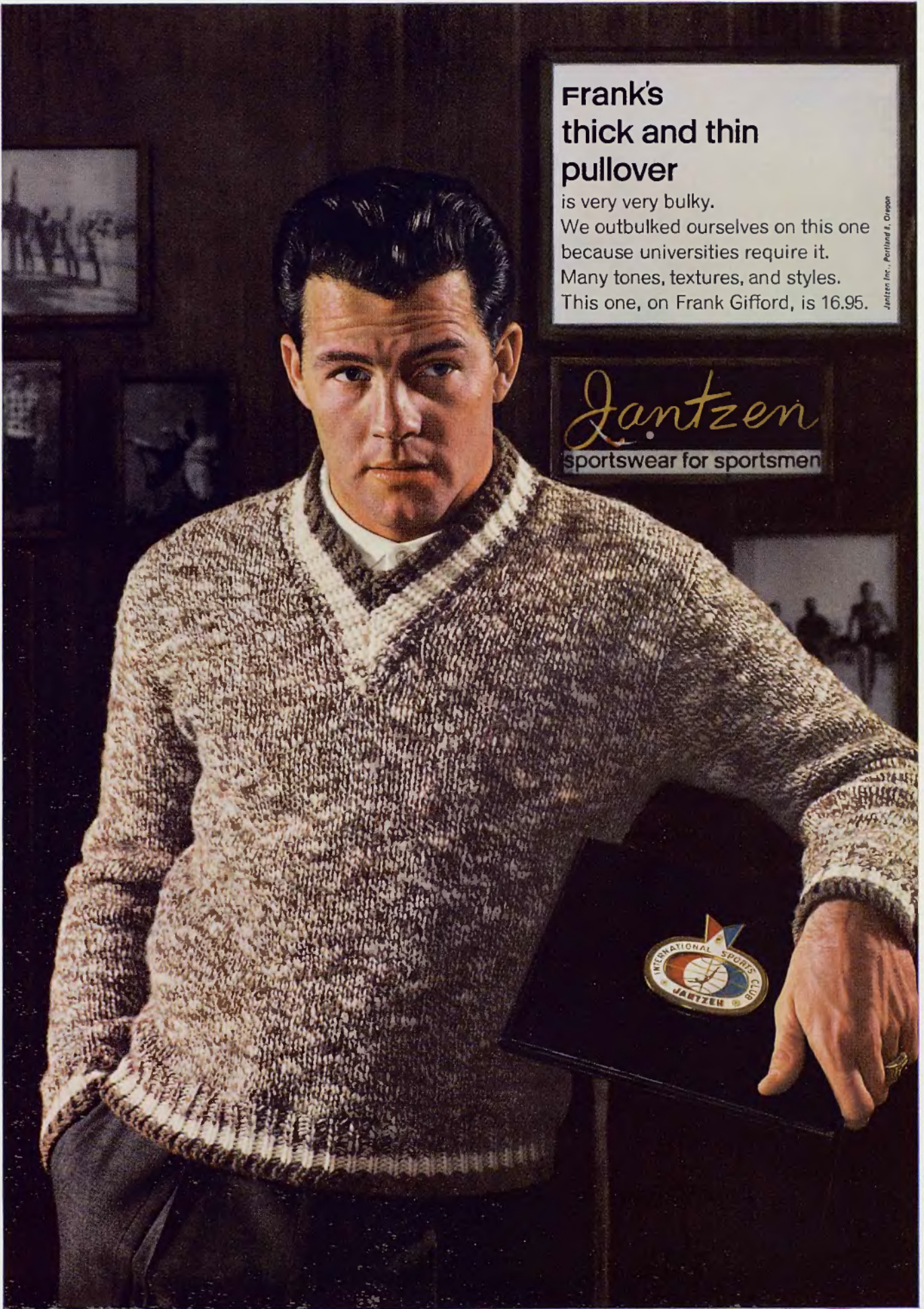
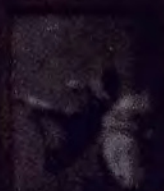
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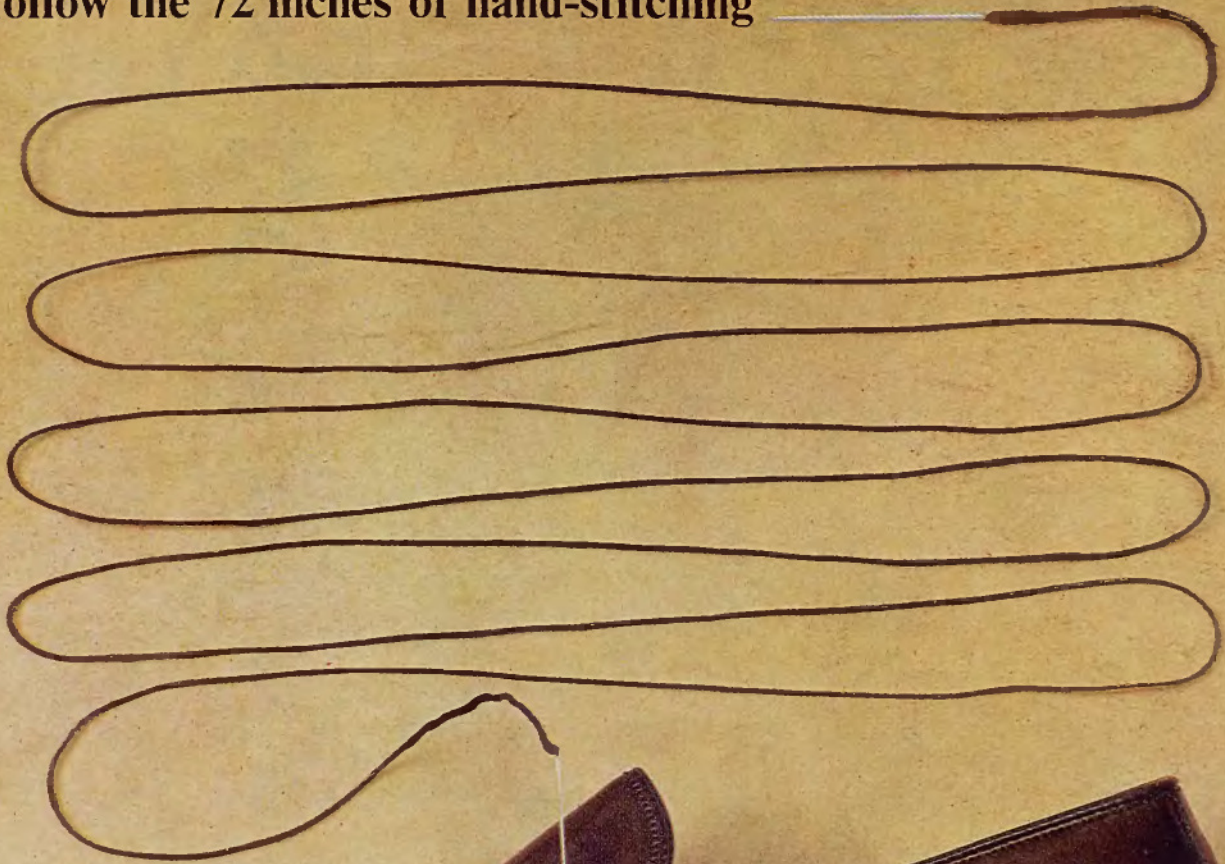


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YULSMAN



JACOBS



GEHMAN



KEMPTON

BE NOT ALARMED by our suave rabbit's momentary disregard of the miss on this month's cover. He's understandably distracted by the dazzle of PLAYBOY's new publishing venture: SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED. Beginning August 23, the expanding world of entertainment will be brightly reflected, and insightfully reflected upon, within the color-splashed pages of this unique biweekly magazine of the performing arts. Arriving on the scene at a time when mass-communicated show business has become not merely a world-wide industry, but the common denominator of a new world-wide culture, SBI will dedicate itself as observer and participant in this swelling surge toward the arts and entertainment. With purpose and perception, it will scan the changing showscape from Minsky to Hurok, Old Vic to New Wave, *La Perichole* to La Monroe, Kabuki to *Carnival!* — and all intermediate points.

Demonstrating this breadth and depth in every issue: fast-breaking news on the latest feats and follies from every realm of entertainment; a compendium of terse reviews and previews of TV, movies, theaters, nightclubs, concerts, even circuses and state fairs; a listings and ratings section unequaled for comprehensiveness and discrimination by any other magazine; Sneak Previews of noteworthy new plays and films; pictorial visits with Show Business Beauties; probing interviews calculated to reveal luminaries in their true light, divested of press-aggented hoopla; provocative articles by such insiders as William Inge, Alexander King, Shelagh Delaney, Federico Fellini, Nat Hentoff, William Zinsser, Marc Connelly and Jules Feiffer; regular columns of lively and articulate comment from the major entertainment centers by men (such as Herb Caen, Joe Hyams and Al Morgan) who know the business on stage, off stage and backstage; timely, intimate and sensitive photographic essays by such artists as Richard Avedon, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Bert Stern and Philippe Halsman; and much, much more.

Designed with the same style and edited with the same *élan* that orbited PLAYBOY almost eight years ago, SBI is directed to an audience of entertainment-seeking adults too sophisticated for

the pseudo-hipness and verbal cuneiform of show-business coverage in the news magazines; too informed for the gushing puffoonery of the mass-market "family" journals; too catholic to be satisfied with the narrow, often snobbishly "cultural" preoccupations of the small-circulation weeklies. With a sharp-focus, wide-angle view of the entire show world, it will unstintingly applaud the original, the venturesome, the penetrating; but it will heap scorn on dross and twaddle wherever they try to pass for entertainment. And it will not attempt to conceal a wry smile, on occasion, at the unintentionally humorous, or humorless. Its owlish emblem, in fact, is a fitting symbol of SBI's editorial tone; nocturnally inclined; well tailored but not foppish; walking stick set at a jaunty but not rakish angle; topper a tilt; eye critical, wise, slightly skeptical, with just the hint of a wink — a fine-feathered kindred spirit for PLAYBOY's worldly rabbit.

But September is a signal month at PLAYBOY for still another reason. In this issue we commemorate the "grand closing" of the Miami Playboy Club, the newest link — forged this spring — in our expanding key-club chain of Bunny-thronged pleasure domes for the country's influentials and affluentials, with a privileged glimpse behind its rabbit-escutcheoned portals. Leaving its opulent ramparts — studded throughout, as at all Playboy Clubs, with closed-circuit TV screens monitoring the merriment within — we turn to network television on a refreshingly unclothed circuit, envisioned by lampooning lensman Jerry Yulsman in four color pages of *Nude Twists for Tired TV*. A longtime contributor to PLAYBOY's pictorial delights, risibly gifted Jerry joins the magazine as Staff Photographer with this issue, along with Mario Casilli, whose lush Playmates have already adorned our gatefolds on nine memorable occasions.

For textual stimulation, we've em-purpled September's pages with William Iversen's *A Short History of Swearing*, an oathsome examination of the ungentle art of invective, from arse to zounds. To this blasphemy, of course, we've added a leavening of charming blarney: with *The Little World of Jim Moran*, writer Richard Gehman etches the outrageous

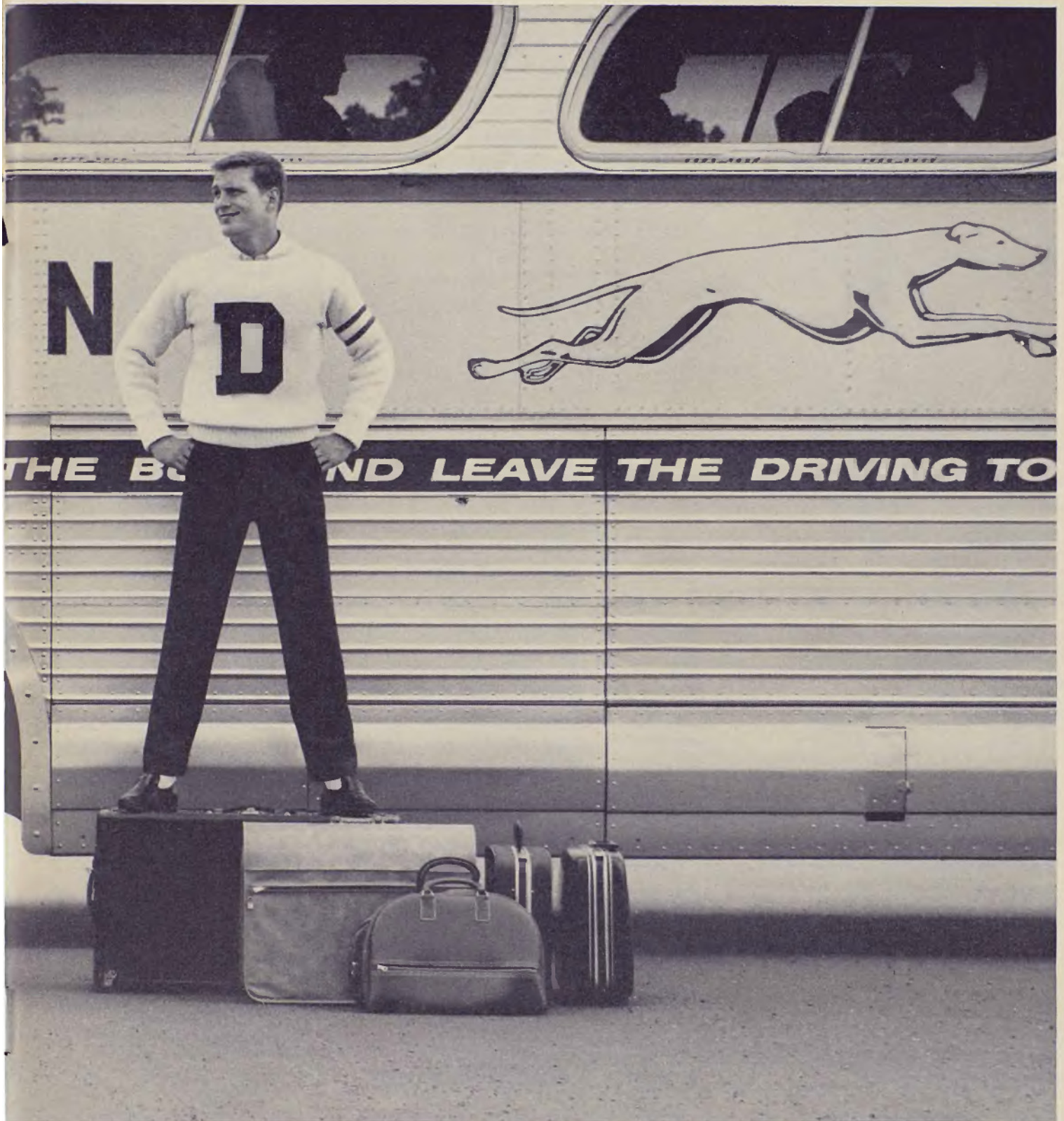
career of that all-time mad prince of flackmeisters. For the under-twenty-five urbanite bachelor who tries to take out auto insurance for the first time, the labyrinthine route to complete coverage — and sometimes to the cleaners — is meticulously road-mapped by John Keats in *Highway Robbery*. A no-less-circuitous path — this one to the neighborhood druggist — is beaten by America's health-seeking legions; *The Pursuit of Perfection*, Richard Carter's first PLAYBOY offering, is a witty chronicle of multitudinous afflictions (more fancied than real) and countless nostrums. In another non-fiction essay for September, *New York Post* columnist Murray Kempton diagnoses the condition of modern sociology as an acute case of bombast, lances its practitioners (tagged *Status-ticians in Limbo*) with the precision of a surgeon.

The Lion's Share, our lead fiction this month, is spun by Harvey Jacobs with a rocuckoo story thread entwining a love-sick collegian, his matchmaking roommate and a sexy coed in an unholy mesh. PLAYBOY-regular Henry Slezar authors *The Firing Line*, a grimly ironic tale of poetic justice in an Executive Bitter-Suite setting. And Leland Webb racks up his fifth PLAYBOY credit with *The Solemn Sabbath*, a thoughtfully offbeat and mordant colloquy between two brothers on visitors' day in a prison yard.

In our annual *Pigskin Preview* — illustrated with an exclusive photographic huddle of college gridiron favorites jetted into Chicago for the occasion — PLAYBOY's football oracle Anson Mount puts his uncanny reputation for accuracy squarely on the fifty-yard line with a full roster of pre-season prophecies. On outbound jets, another PLAYBOY photo crew flew to the four fashion quarters of the nation for on-quad coverage of the last and latest word in *Back to Campus* styles for fall — as delineated by Fashion Director Robert L. Green. For under- and post-graduate alike, we penultimately offer *Where There's Smoke*, a gallery of elegant wherewithal for tobacconian pleasure; and *Notable Potables*, a collation of blithe spirits conjured up in PLAYBOY's own bar. Finally, to compound your interest, we present the capital assets of bank secretary Christa Speck — a splendid Playmate dividend to round out our September accounting



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Economically speaking, Greyhound spells money you save! Sociologically, Greyhound spells people you meet! Physiologically, Greyhound spells convenience and safety! In summation, Greyhound spells fun all the way back to college...

GREYHOUND



IT'S SO LOGICAL TO TAKE A GREYHOUND...AND LEAVE THE DRIVING TO US

PLAYBOY



Campus Attire P. 96



Pigskin Preview P. 73



Jim Moran P. 68



TV Twists P. 103

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An illustration of three men in a vintage car. One man is driving, another is in the passenger seat, and a third is leaning into the car from the back. They are in a landscape with trees and falling leaves, suggesting an autumn setting. The style is a sketch with some color washes.

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EVER HIT A CAMPUS!**

TRADITIONAL
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— and/or —

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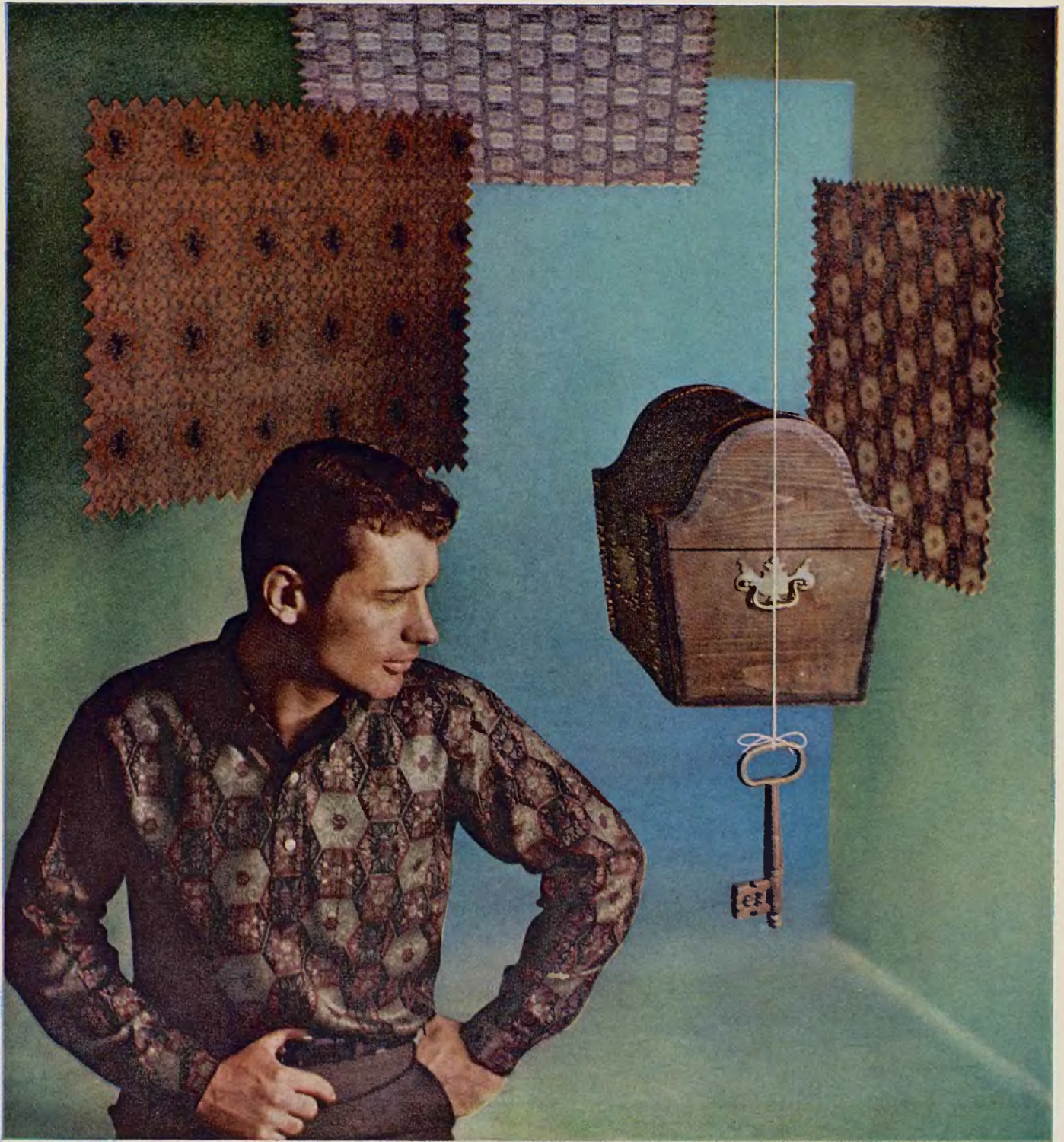
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

MONACO GRAND PRIX

The magnificent description of the 1960 Grand Prix de Monaco really took me into the feel of it all. Congratulations to Mr. Beaumont for an exciting article.

Peter Rodgers
Hamilton, Ontario

I enjoyed the Monaco article and applaud its accuracy; the color was excellent. I have often thought that PLAYBOY should sponsor a racing car, because your motif would look rather good on its side.

Stirling Moss
London, England

We hereby award one PLAYBOY rabbit to uncrowned champion Moss to put on the friskiest car in his scuderia.

I, and I'm sure several thousand other people, can't go along with Charles Beaumont when he says that the Grand Prix de Monaco is the only existing road race worthy of the name. Each year, usually in May, a race is held in Sicily called the *Targa Florio*. This race is run over ten 44.7-mile laps in the Madonie mountains. This is truly the world's most important road race. I hope you will make mention of this, as the *Targa* is deserving of it.

Terry Keegan
Los Angeles, California

Granted the Targa is a road race on the Grand Prix circuit, it has several shortcomings which keep it from approaching Monaco in stature. It is for sports cars rather than Formula One machines; Monaco is heart-stoppingly run through the streets of Monte Carlo, the only current Grand Prix laid out through a city—the Targa's course carries it, for almost all of its length, through primitive Sicilian countryside; and there is no comparing the International excitement engendered by Monaco with what Robert Daley in his book, "Cars at Speed," called "Vincenzo Florio's own private race."

In the matter of Beaumont's Monaco story, which I think is a very good one, full of color and movement and fine reportage, there are a couple of distressing errors. For instance, he says that in 1931 Chiron won in a Type 57 Bu-

gatti. Nobody ever won at Monaco in a Type 57, which is a touring car and was not produced until 1934. A bit further on he says that Ascari was killed "road-testing a friend's Ferrari. Coming around a turn just a shade too fast . . ." Alberto Ascari died at the same age, and in the same fashion, as his father, and the circumstances of his death were closely examined. He was not "road-testing" anything when he died on the Monza track, and in any case "road-testing" is a loathesome Mickey Mouse phrase that PLAYBOY should never use. Ascari hadn't driven since he'd gone into the water at Monaco, and he dropped around to Monza to see what was up. His protégé Castellotti was there, and Ascari said he'd like to run around a couple of times in Castellotti's car, if he might. The cause of the accident has never been positively established, but one thing is certain: Ascari was *not* going fast; he was running at a pace that was, for a professional of his stature, merely motoring around. He was the ranking driver of his time, a champion of the world, and a stable, settled personality. The notion that he would kill himself by hitting a bend too fast, all alone on a circuit in a new car, is absurd. Ascari's death was so baffling that many hypotheses were considered: failure of a component on the car, a coronary or cranial incident, and so on. Best-informed opinion today inclines to the view that Ascari, at around 110 miles an hour, came upon a workman walking in the middle of the circuit, in defiance of regulations, and accepted the hazard of loss of control over the car rather than hitting him—exactly the same circumstance that killed Jean Bugatti in 1939.

Ken Purdy
Wilton, Connecticut

Chuck Beaumont writes: "I checked my research again and found that the car was listed as a Type 57, but this isn't any excuse; I goofed. I should have known better. As for the Ascari incident, I think it is open to a certain amount of speculation. Having studied the reports and having spoken about the matter with Phil Hill and others (who weren't there either), I incline to stick to

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provocative perfume!

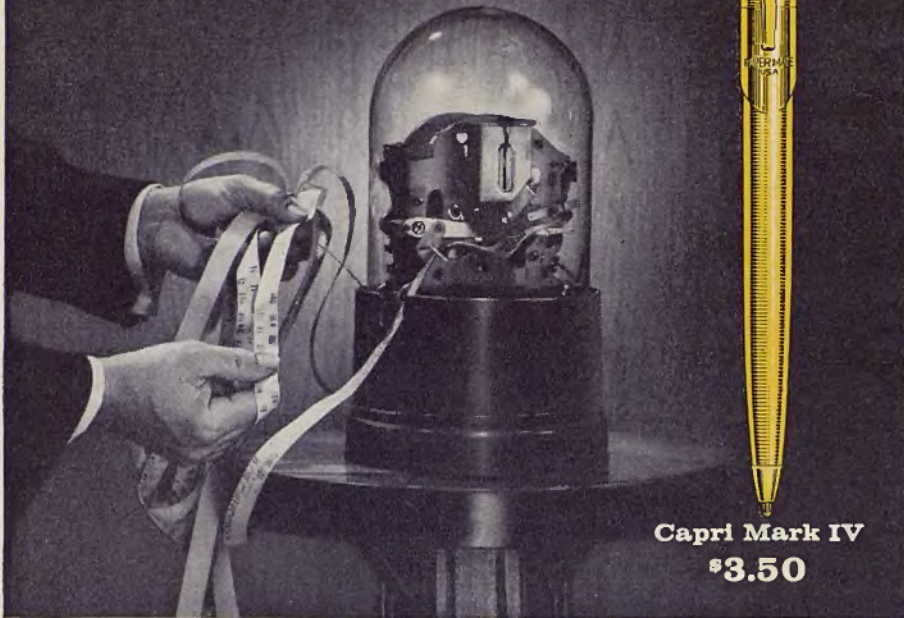


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stock exchange
and a
Paper: Mate
pen



my conclusion. 'Too fast' doesn't necessarily mean too fast for the car or the conditions, but rather for Ascari's probable state of mind. 'Too fast' was 47 miles per hour for me one day a few years ago. I was trying to catch a Porsche Super Speedster. My Porsche Normal was several miles per hour slower, but (I thought) it handled better, so I decided to stick on the enemy's tailpipe and pass him on a fast right bend on the last lap. The drama of the thing overwhelmed me. In consequence, I was thinking of the cheers of the crowd, of my son's proud grin, etc., and not of the business at hand. I tried my pass. The Super Speedster anticipated it, however, and shut the gate on me. I crashed into a field of boulders (this was the old Hanson Dam course) and lost not only the race but also several hundred dollars in repair bills and, almost, my life. Come to think of it, that has nothing whatever to do with the Ascari accident. But, short of mysticism, what else can account for it? I don't believe the wandering workman story, and I don't think Ken does either."

SONG OF THE ISLANDS

As a college freshman from Hawaii, I got quite a charge from PLAYBOY's June feature, *Silverstein in Hawaii*. For two semesters I've been trying to explain Hawaii to my fraternity brothers, but Shel's cartoons top anything I could come up with. Besides the pure humor of the situations depicted, there was amazing insight into the attitudes and phenomena of contemporary Hawaii. The cartoons about Waikiki's creeping commercialism had quite a sobering whiplash to them. And if anyone makes another crack about a lei again, he'll wish he'd gone to Tahiti, instead.

David J. W. Walden
Boston, Massachusetts

Hope you spotted "The Girls of Hawaii" in last month's PLAYBOY.

LOOKING FOR LEROY

Are LeRoy Neiman's works being handled by a gallery? I particularly liked his illustrations of the S.S. United States in the June issue.

Edmond G. Ducommun
Los Angeles, California

My playmate and I are admirers of the work of LeRoy Neiman. Could you put us in touch with an agent or gallery handling Neiman's paintings?

Harrison G. Dickey
Crawfordsville, Indiana

Neiman's non-PLAYBOY paintings are handled by Oehlschlaeger in Chicago and Hammer Galleries in New York City.

PAPAYA PLAUDITS

Bernard Wolfe's *Marciana and the Natural Carpaine in Papaya* was one of the best-written stories your magazine

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MAX FACTOR 1961

has ever published. Wolfe transforms his thoughts to the printed page in a gorgeous flow of meaningful words. He leaves nothing out and pulls no punches.

Peter Klein
Oceanside, New York

You know the warm glow you get when some good thing you've been hoping for finally happens? Imagine how much more gratifying it is when unexpected fortune falls in one's lap—as happened to me with the June issue of **PLAYBOY**. I refer to the Wolfe story about the international courtesan called Marcianna. Let me explain: I've long been aware that your fiction and fact are a hefty cut above your cartoons and pix in sensitivity and sophisticated excellence. Yet it seemed to me a certainty that you'd never delve into the character and make-up of a complex and fascinating woman—**PLAYBOY** being a man's book. Yet now you've done it, not as it would be done in a women's mag, but as it could only be done by a man, a writer of stature, who has the security of masculinity and of intellect to give as well as get in his contacts with women. You and Wolfe have done what no other writer-mag team has ever accomplished—presented us with a pulsing portrait of a glamorous woman whose whole life is shaped by the world of men. All I can add is amen and encore.

Warren Delaplane
Providence, Rhode Island

ON THE SCENE

I just finished your fine write-up of Dick Gregory in June's *On the Scene*. The only quibble I have is that it wasn't long enough. Let's have more of this courageous comedian in the near future.

Dennis N. McClellan
Collegeville, Pennsylvania

Dick Gregory will figure prominently in a piece on Negro comics scheduled for an early issue of PLAYBOY's new companion pub, SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED.

Reading of tangible progress in the regulation of a proliferating population (Gregory Pincus, *On the Scene*, June) indicates the popularity of a scientific birth-control pill as a prescription for sexual pleasure to millions for whom children are economically, physically or psychologically contraindicated, and affirms a new social conscience concerned with providing free contraceptives for everyone.

Leon Arnold Muller
Chicago, Illinois

GETTY BANDWAGON

J. Paul Getty's June article *You Can Make a Million Today* was one of the most enjoyable and profitable articles ever to be printed in **PLAYBOY**. The optimism he expresses is one of the most grossly unstressed factors in the business



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Hinsdale, Hinsdale Import Motors
Jerseyville, Cope Motor Co.
Mt. Vernon, W-G Motors, Inc.
Olney, Stanley Eagleson Olds-Cadillac
Peoria, Custom Imports, Ltd.
Rockford, Forest City Imported Cars, Ltd.
Springfield, Rallye Motors, Ltd.
Streator, Samors Motor Co.
Wilmette, Imperial Motors, Inc.



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Gary, Snowden Motor Sales
Indianapolis, Imported Cars, Inc.
Indianapolis, Monarch Auto Sales, Inc.
Lafayette, O. M. Foxworthy, Inc.
Logansport, Lou's Imported Motors
Michigan City, Frick Motors, Inc.
Muncie, Dutch Hurst Motors
Richmond, Brown Motor Co.
Valparaiso, Grieger Motor Sales
Warsaw, Hoosier International Motors



IOWA

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Cedar Rapids, Allen Imports
Council Bluffs, Zip Motors, Inc.
Des Moines, Goodman Motor Co.
Ottumwa, Glover Motor Co.
Waterloo, Marken Motor Co.



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Cádiz, Long Motors, Inc.
Cambridge, Cambridge Sport Shop
Cincinnati, Charles Raymond, Inc.
Cleveland, Car France, Inc.
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Joe R. Meyer II
Charlottesville, Virginia

Mr. Getty is thinking in terms of the Thirties and is resting on his big heap of laurels. By and large, most of the extensive fortunes, including Mr. Getty's, were acquired prior to World War II. The average executive today cannot afford to risk his position along with his well-being for the type of individualism that Mr. Getty advocates. Still, a cry of dissent in a business world that is gradually losing its verisimilar essence and is every day becoming more passively lulled to sleep by its own conformity, is more than welcome.

Robert J. Famous
Portland, Oregon

One of the most realistic, intelligent statements about the nation's economy I have ever read.

Willard Ham
Van Nuys, California

LOUDER PLEASE

Re the opera recording reviews in your June issue: please tell your chuckle-headed critic to take the wax out of his tin ears or get himself a decent hi-fi rig, or both. I'm not finding fault with his musical judgments (or applauding them, either). What bugs me and has me and other audiophiles giggling at your man's idiocy is his assertion that Victor classical discs lack volume. Fact of the matter is that many other makers artificially and electronically boost volume (and distort frequency balance) to compensate for inadequate home reproducing equipment. The authenticity and fidelity achieved by normal recording volume is a blessed relief — if one has the ear and the gear to hear it. My guess, based on your past performance, is that the noodle-noggin who committed the boner is a new man. Why don't you lose him? Critically speaking, he's lost already.

Ray Daniels
Taos, New Mexico

FRONT BURNER

Your recipes in PLAYBOY are wonderful. When my husband gets through reading the magazine each month, I clip out all my favorite dishes. I suppose there is a PLAYBOY cookbook in existence. How much is it, and can I buy one in Boston?

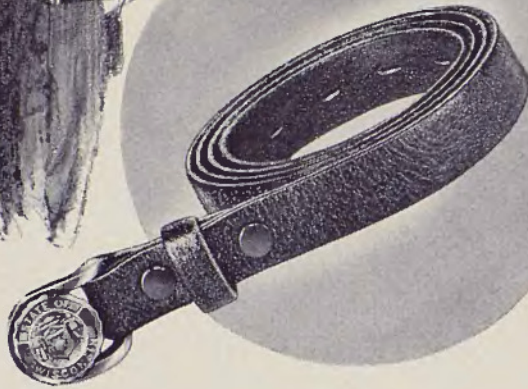
Jeanne M. Smith
Salem, Massachusetts

Tom Mario's epicurean efforts for PLAYBOY will be placed between hard covers in November as "The Playboy Gourmet." Bookstores in Beantown, plus the rest of the country, will stock it. Or copies may be ordered from PLAYBOY at the prepublication price of \$10; regular retail price, \$12.50.

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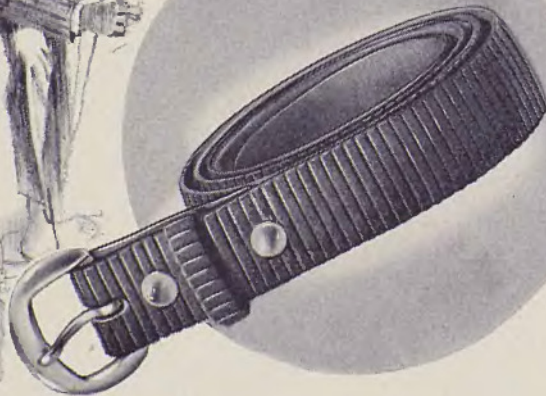
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For Spectator Sports—A Hopsack sport coat goes well with tapered slacks in a muted shade. For chill stadium winds a tweed topcoat in bal collar, raglan sleeve is recommended. To complete the picture, this hefty Paris elastic belt with massive traditional buckle and bold leather trim, very appropriate in Britannia Blue. \$2.50.



For Class—Shetland sport coat, pleatless slacks and loafers set the pace. So does this very unusual pigskin Paris belt in a rakish sueded corduroy pattern with small, neat, brass buckle. \$4.



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PLEASED AT PUNCH

I would like to congratulate you on your June fiction and *Punch*, by Fredrik Pohl, in particular. The entire publication is enhanced by it.

James J. Donnelly
York, Pennsylvania

SPLITSVILLE

Herb Gold's Reno piece, *The Great American Divide*, in the June issue, was one of the most truly witty and devastating bits of social commentary I have read by an American author in a very long time.

Frank E. Taylor
New York, New York

As producer of "The Misfits," which was filmed in and around Reno, you should know what you're talking about, Frank.

Having chosen Reno as my adopted city, I enjoyed reading Herbert Gold's article on the biggest little city in the world. After reading so much material about Vegas, it was a pleasant change. Oh yes, gentlemen—since Mr. Gold wrote his article we are now featuring a bare-bosom show. The fresh, cool mountain air up here in the High Sierras is delightful, too.

Robert E. Tibby
Reno, Nevada

KUPLIMENT

What greater compliment can I pay your Playboy Club than to relate that practically every celebrity I conduct around town requests that we stop in to see The Playboy Club. This is high praise, indeed, and indicates the popularity of the Club, as well as the nifty publicity job that has been done.

Irv Kupcinct
Chicago Sun-Times
Chicago, Illinois

FOUR-LETTER MEN

I have just finished reading Leslie Fiedler's *The Literati of the Four-Letter Word* in the June issue. While Fiedler may be a contentious critic and extremely erudite (is that another word for long-winded?), he is a nitwit, building Babylonian towers on pasteboard foundations, when it comes to understanding the psychosexual mechanisms of the human being, male and female. But then, his previous writings have proved him to be the master of the mal-inference. Like the "little boy with the piece of chalk" to whom he constantly refers, I, too, feel like writing on the sidewalk—something along the lines of "Leslie Fiedler is full of fecal debris." I would, too, except that it would probably inspire him to a new effort entitled: *Anal Fetishes in the Con-*



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temporary Novel and in *Letters to the Editor*.

Frank Warren
Shorewood, Wisconsin

Huzzah for Leslie Fiedler's *The Literati of the Four-Letter Word*. It is the most intelligent, comprehensive, lucid and penetrating article on the various approaches to the printed orgasm that I've yet run across. I'm curious, however, as to the approach Fiedler himself will take in his forthcoming novel; he seems to have mined every road.

Bruce Johnson
Ithaca, New York

Author Fiedler, worried over the same thing, opines that he'll probably blow himself up along the way.

The Literati of the Four-Letter Word dealt with my three favorite subjects—sex, literature and the combination of the two. Mr. Fiedler was right about everything until he began talking about women; but then, as so many others before him have done, he went off on the wrong track and stayed there. Because I enjoyed the article and because it seems that Mr. Fiedler has such a deep and abiding interest in the subject, I feel obliged to set him straight. In the first place, he points out that women are less interested in, less affected by, and less creative about pornography than men. I must assure him that nothing could be further from the truth. Right from childhood, a little girl is just as fascinated by "dirty" words as is her young male classmate. True, she might not write the four-letter words in chalk on a wall, but I guarantee anyone who is interested that eight out of ten little girls scribble the words in their notebooks as soon as they know what they mean. They write them smaller, but write them they do, even if afterward they are camouflaged with floral embellishments and feminine curlicues. And as to the scrawled obscenity on the wall not moving a little girl, I must say again, "Mr. F., you just can't imagine!" Any little girl seeing such words in public places will look away if she thinks she's being observed, but she'll look back long and furtively as long as the word remains in her line of vision. While it's true that few women write pornography, due probably to established social custom, it is also true that *all* women *think* pornography. Good pornography is not one-sided, to hit at another of the errors here. De Sade, whom I consider a master of the art, had something in his books for every member of the family, pets included, and they were written from almost all viewpoints. If Mr. Fiedler sees only the male viewpoint in them, it's because he reads as a male, which is right and proper, but not exactly conclusive. Also, I think it's time men stopped worrying about "How



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does it feel to her?" Sex and emotion, like humor, always fall apart in description. Why not just accept the fact that how "it" feels is "good" and let's get on with things. The real trouble with writing about sex is, as this article points out, a problem of language. But again I think Mr. Fiedler is wrong when he says that to experience something we must examine it and that to examine it we must express it. Words are the language of the mind, not of the emotions. Why is it not enough to "feel" some things and "know" others? A painter will tell you that one cannot "talk" or "write" about painting. The language of painting is made up of brush strokes, not words. To tell about a picture, you show it. To "know" about sex, you must "feel" it, and though you can't blame any writer for tilting at windmills, that's what he's doing if he attempts to write a completely satisfactory description of sex. The joy of sex is its "limitlessness"; why place limits on the feelings by describing them? And what kind of curious inversion or super-double-sophisticated stylistic attitude is in operation when an article such as this, about "the four-letter word," appears, using not one of those words in its entire length?

Mimi Sheraton
New York, New York

Fiedler states his fundamental precept: "What we cannot say, we cannot examine; and what we cannot examine, we do not really experience." In other words, we cannot really experience sexual intercourse unless we first express it in words. What an asinine thought.

Bill Barger
Cherry Valley, California

What interested me most in Leslie Fiedler's article was his implied rather than stated suggestion that the treatment of sex in modern literature has become dull and routine, and that the American novel is rapidly copulating itself to death. Mr. Fiedler did not develop this point, but I think he should have. The problem of sex as fictional cliché is a far more imperative concern for the critic right now than the history of erotic literature, if only because sex as cliché threatens to bring that history to a more unerotic conclusion. For the characteristic feature of the current fictional treatment of sex is that it is so ritualized and stereotyped that it is no longer sexy, and so patently a substitute for dramatic effects which the writers cannot create that it is not even literary. When contemporary writers can think of nothing else to do with their characters, they put them to bed. Sexual accomplishment becomes a cover for imaginative impoverishment. Back in the great crusading days of *Lady Chat-*

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CHANEL

terley this might have been an important, even heroic thing for writers to do. It might even have been titillating. But we have now arrived at a point of satiety where we are beginning to insist that writers give us something more, and that something more is quite simply literature. The problem now is not how to make sex interesting *in* literature, but how to make it interesting *as* literature. I suspect that the best way for the writer to do this is to stop using sex directly for its own sake and start using it metaphorically and analogically, in ways that will release its immense power of dramatic suggestiveness. We obviously no longer need to be told what it was like in bed and need desperately to be told what it *meant*—to the characters themselves, to their extrasexual relation with one another, and to the novel as a whole. Henry James realized the necessity for this in *The Bostonians*, where the sexual impulse is converted into political fanaticism, and becomes a charge of neurotic energy that lights the novel with its peculiar harsh incandescence. Hemingway realized it in *The Sun Also Rises*, where the derangement of the normal sexual roles—the groin-wounded Jake, the mannish Brett—becomes the analog of spiritual and psychic impotence. American writers today appear to have forgotten not only what Chaucer and Boccaccio knew (that sex is good dirty fun) but what James and Hemingway knew (that sex in literature is fun only when it is related to something deeply and importantly serious).

John W. Aldridge
Department of Humanities
Hollins College, Virginia

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There seems to be no end to what you guys will come up with. First, a magazine truly worth reading (plus beautiful women); a syndicated TV show (with wine, women and song); key clubs that are the envy of all club-owners; tours from here to anywhere (just as long as you have fun); and now *SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED!* I would just like to sit back, applaud, and yell "bravo" for all that has happened to date.

John F. Walsh
American Broadcasting Company
New York, New York

COVER CONCERN

The young lady on your June cover bears a remarkable resemblance to our First Lady, Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy. Hope you haven't had any adverse criticism from the White House.

Ralph Rosenberg
Atlanta, Georgia

We have an understanding: PLAYBOY doesn't criticize The New Frontier; the White House doesn't criticize our covers.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Has it occurred to you — as it has, now and then, to us — that the so-called “standard” measurements, if taken at their literal and original meanings, are completely arbitrary, vague, whimsical and otherwise undependable? Maybe we’d better give instances. “How deep is the ocean?” (for one instance) is a question usually answered in fathoms. But how deep is a fathom? The word comes from the Anglo-Saxon *faethm*, or “the embracing arms,” and has actually been defined by an act of Parliament as “the length of a man’s arms around the object of his affections.” At this point, you will say “Aha,” or possibly “Oho,” and will point out that the fathom has been firmly nailed down as the equivalent of six feet. Sure, we know that, but please bear in mind that we’re talking about the literal and original meanings of measurements; and the sizes of human feet differ just as do the lengths of embracing arms. Same trouble crops up when you say a horse is so many “hands high.” The dogmatic, etymologically pristine part of us forces us to ask “What size hands, please?” And are you in the habit of ordering so many “fingers” of whiskey? Whose fingers are you talking about? Don’t tell us a destination is only “a stone’s throw” away — just who is throwing that stone? Is one man “a head taller” than another? Sorry, we won’t buy that one, either. Nor will we countenance a “hairsbreadth” — ever see different hairs under a microscope? All right, wise guys (say you), what about the *inch*: surely that’s stable enough for you? Not so — it is the most suspect of all, because all it means is “a twelfth.” A twelfth of what? A foot? Whose foot? That puts us right back where we started — namely, in a state of confusion resembling that which attended the old “barleycorn” unit, a third

of an inch, by which Edward II tried to pin down the “inch” as the length of “three grains of barley dry and round” placed end to end, lengthwise (*whose barley, how dry, how round?*, etc.). Truly — if you are a persnickety cuss like us — the only measurement you can really trust is “so big.”

Ad in Hollywood’s *Daily Variety*: “Lonely producer of funny pilot films would like to meet rich widow with good sense of humor and *no business manager*. Please contact Jay Ward Productions, 8218 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.”

An announcement in the Oatlands, England, parish magazine read: “The annual jumble sale in the vicarage garden will be hell on Saturday.”

A UPI dispatch from Vallejo, California: “Mae Means, 39, Santa Maria, California, told police today someone took \$27 from her brassiere after she went to sleep in a bar. Police were questioning two men they said may have had a hand in the theft.”

The iceman may not cometh to milady’s kitchen any more, but there’s no doubt that someone is taking his place, according to a headline from the *Harrisburg* (Pennsylvania) *Sunday Patriot-News*: WOMEN SPEND MORE TIME IN KITCHEN DESPITE ADVANCES.

For the diversion of those fed up with Scrabble, charades and even poker, we herewith proffer a brand-new game that any number can play: reassigning well-known books and plays to more appropriate authorship. A few samples to get you started: *Separate Tables* by Governor John Patterson, *What Makes Sammy*

Run? by May Britt, *Atlas Shrugged* by Steve Reeves, *The Sun Also Rises* by Joe Kennedy, *Take Me Along* by Jackie Kennedy, *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* by Mickey Jelke, *Make Mine Manhattan* by William Zeckendorf, *The Moon Is Blue* by Yuri Gagarin, *Lost in the Stars* by Louella Parsons, *Pal Joey* by Marilyn Monroe, *The Man Who Came to Dinner* and *Fever in the Blood* by Bela Lugosi, *The Magic Mountain* by Anita Ekberg, *A Man Is Ten Feet Tall* by Wilt Chamberlin, *Green Mansions* by J. Paul Getty and an autobiographical trilogy by Christine Jorgensen — *To Have and Have Not*, *End As a Man* and *I Kid You Not*.

Sign on the window of a Detroit bar: NO TV. FIGHTS EVERY NIGHT.

There may be a revolt going on in the world of horticulture, if this flower photo caption from the *Monterey* (California) *Peninsula Herald* is an indication: “GIRL FRIEND — Here she is, the Girl Friend, a chrysanthemum that likes to get pinched around the leading growth in order to encourage bush business in the border. She prefers, however, that you stop your pinching in mid-July.”

For our Big Men of History Department, from the *Dover* (Delaware) *State News*: “Julias Caesar was born, it is believed, on July 12, 102 B.C. two miles in length.”

From a profile of TV critic Marie Torre’s secretary-reporter, Mary Lou Pillsbury, in *Editor & Publisher*: “Mary Lou feels her college education helps her indirectly every day on her job. ‘When a documentary comes on portraying dope addiction, for instance, I’m not being exposed to something entirely new

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that I can't grasp." Miss Pillsbury attended Vassar.

A new publication of the British Medical Association, concerned with gastrointestinal diseases, is titled simply *Gut*.

Who remembers: Helen Twelvetrees? . . . a sled named "Rosebud"? . . . wax lips? . . . Plastic Man? . . . Raymond, Your Host? . . . Indian burn? . . . Elissa Landi? . . . Ponykodokes with an alakazon? . . . James A. Fitzpatrick? . . . The Iron Claw? . . . Captain Midnight Whistle Rings? . . . Papa David and Chichi? . . . Gloria Jean? . . . Uncle Ezra and his powerful little five-watter down in Rose-dale? . . . the Ibis Stick? . . . Laird Cregar? . . . Krypton? . . . Lamont Cranston? . . . The Joker's green smile? . . . Boake Carter? . . . Donald Meek? . . . aggies? . . . Trylon and Perisphere? . . . Gale Sondergaard? . . . Shazam!? . . . Peggy Ryan? . . . Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky? . . . Wanna Buy a Duck? . . . Lorenzo Jones? . . . His wife Belle? . . . Eden Ahbez? . . . Mandrake's "Ebtios"? . . . John Nesbitt's Passing Parade? . . . card games like War, Casino, Old Maid, Fish, and Steal the Old Man's Bundle? . . . lagging pennies? . . . cinnamon red hots? . . . tana leaves? . . . Jack Armstrong Pedometers? . . . *Tippy-Tippy-Tin*? . . . Senator Claghorn? . . . stickball?

A local craftsman in South Euclid, Ohio, a Mr. Kiss, took advantage of his appealing name in purchasing space in the Yellow Pages. His ad read: "Kiss the Plumber, Day or Night."

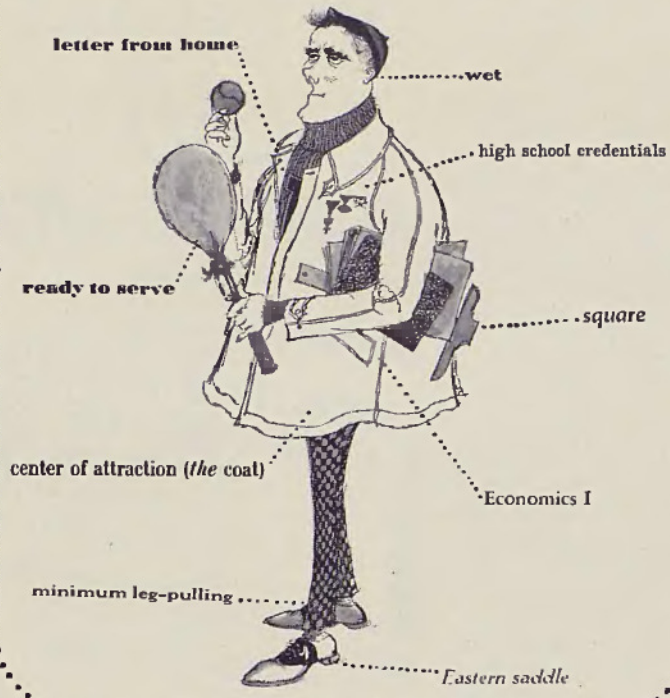
From a Government air raid manual: "All funeral coaches must pull to the curb and stop when the siren sounds, although the occupants are not required to seek shelter."

News of a discriminating thief, from the *Miami Herald*: "The walls are bare, even barer than they used to be, at Kaye and Wever Photo Studio, 229 NE 65th St. Somebody broke in and robbed the place. The burglar took nine pin-ups, clipped from *PLAYBOY* magazine, that adorned the walls. That's all he took, Miami police said."

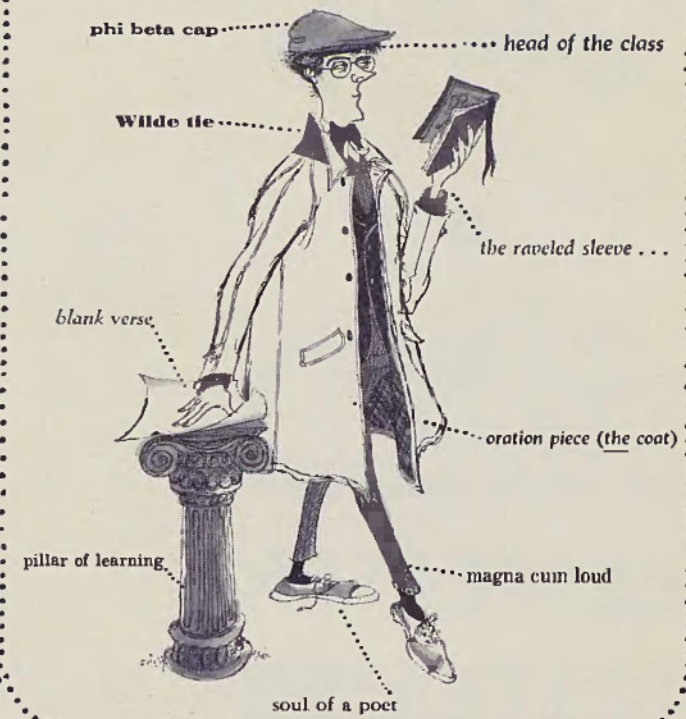
Title of an article in *Science* magazine: *The Making of the Broads: A Reconsideration of Their Origin in the Light of Recent Evidence*. These Broads, it seems, are a group of lakes near Norwich, England.

We note a strange contradiction, dichotomy, conflict of interest or what have you in a bit of summer-stock casting in San Diego earlier this year: *Fanny* — starring June Wilkinson.

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BOOKS

Toward the beginning of *Zooey*, the thirty-thousand-word work which makes up some three-quarters of J. D. Salinger's *Franny and Zooey* (Little, Brown, \$4), the author, speaking through his garrulous mouthpiece, Buddy Glass, states that "What I'm about to offer isn't really a short story at all but a sort of prose home movie." And that's what this slim book is—a home movie in glorious Zen-color, set mainly in the dining room of a college-town restaurant and in the bathroom of an upper-East Side New York apartment, and featuring the unbreakable, though slightly stained, Glass family, off on another of their metaphysical talkathons, with guest appearances by Epictetus, Kafka and Mu-Mon-Kwan. For those who missed the collector-item issues of *The New Yorker* where they first appeared, *Franny* is the short story of a twenty-year-old college girl who goes off on an Ivy League football weekend and, at Saturday lunch, over a chicken sandwich, has a mild nervous breakdown. *Zooey*, which takes place the following Monday morning, is the longer story of how Franny's television-actor brother (not to be confused with Buddy, her writing brother; Waker, her Carthusian monk brother; Walt, her dead soldier brother; or Seymour, her late saint brother) talks her out of the breakdown while he's shaving. With all their faults—wordiness, pedantry and occasional obscurity being chief among them—the two pieces taken together are stunning examples of the work of a truly original writer. There is the uncanny ear for upper-middle-class New York speech; there is the humor (Boo Boo Tannenbaum, a married Glass sibling, describes *Zooey* as looking like "the blue-eyed Jewish-Irish Mohican scout who died in your arms at the roulette table at Monte Carlo"); there is the intellect, the compassion and the love, "pure and complicated." Salinger may at times get on one's nerves, like an overly bright conversation-monopolizer at a party, but he has a virtuoso talent. It's been eight years since the publication of his *Nine Stories*, and one might have hoped for a more imposing work by now from the creator of *Catcher in the Rye*. But *Franny and Zooey* is rich reading—and an absolute must for every knowledgeable neurotic's home library.

Robert Daley's *Cars at Speed* (Lippincott, \$4.95), a race-by-race wrap-up of the Grand Prix circuit by *The New York Times'* European sports correspondent, reads like a necrophilic tract: the flamboyant Marquis de Portago snuffed out

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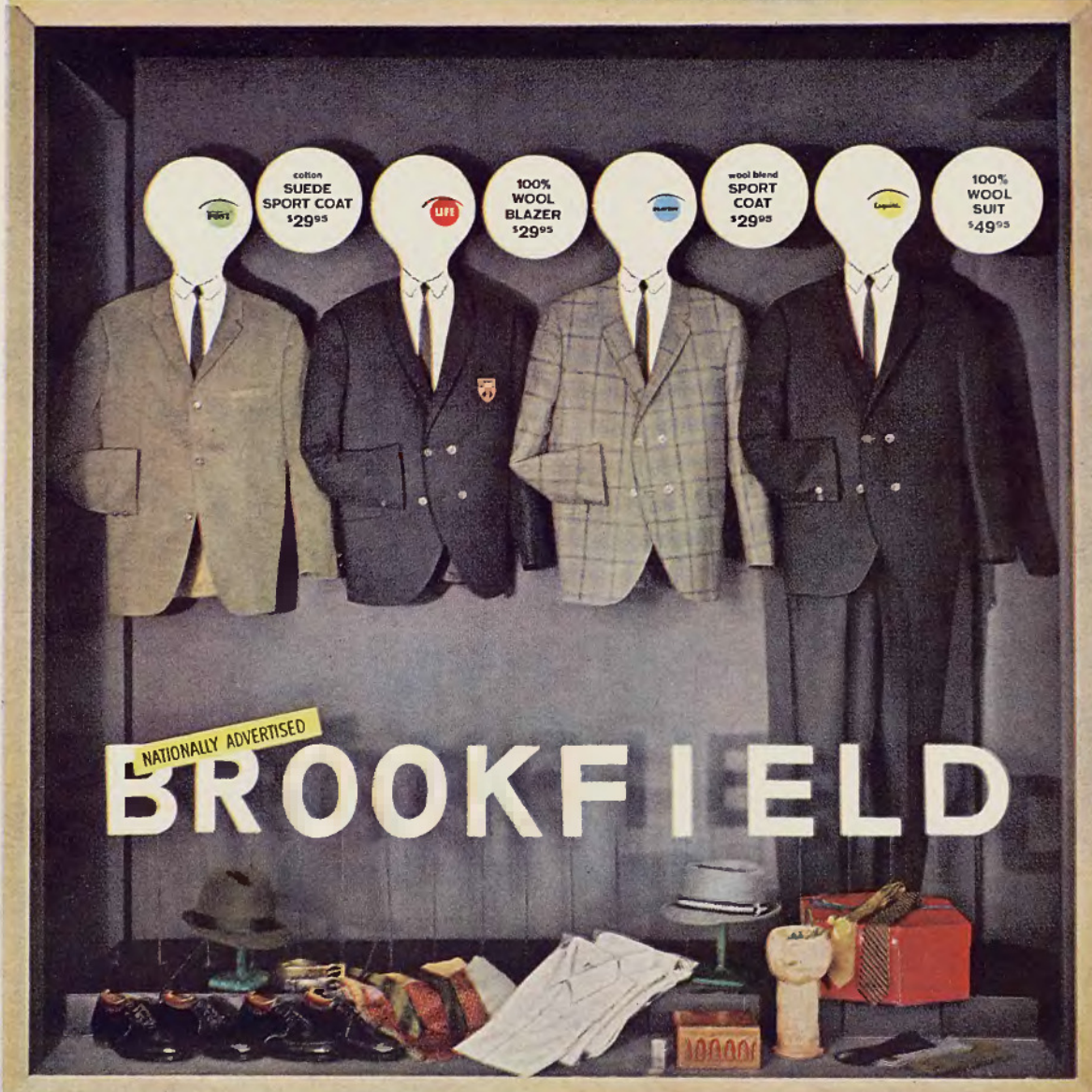
Three Career Club shirts are shown side-by-side against a yellow background. The leftmost shirt is a blue and green plaid shirt with a white shirttail. The middle shirt is a bold, multi-colored plaid pullover. The rightmost shirt is a light-colored shirt with a repeating pattern of small circular logos. Each shirt has a price tag below it: \$5.00, \$4.00, and \$4.00 respectively.

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in the Mille Miglia; Jean Behra, the feet-of-clay idol of France, killed in the Berlin Grand Prix; Pierre Levegh, who didn't belong in a race car, destroying himself and a horde of innocents at Le Mans; bright young Britisher Peter Collins cut down at the Nürburgring. But there's glamor as well as gore: Stirling Moss, incomparable master of his machine, stoically grinding down the opposition at Silverstone; cautious, unprepossessing Juan Fangio, coming out of a Buenos Aires garage to conquer the realm of racing; Bernd Rosemeyer and Richard Seaman operating with the cold efficiency of a Panzer division in their Auto-Union and Mercedes-Benz monsters. It's all set down with a reportorial restraint that conveys the hair-trigger tensions of a lethal sport. Three other recent books about racing's immortals further illuminate the personalities of the men who thrive on the Grand Prix mystique. Alfred Neubauer's *Speed Was My Life* (Potter, \$4) is the autobiography of the ex-driver turned Mercedes-Benz racing-team manager, who until his retirement in 1955 was instrumental in compiling the most remarkable racing record in history. *Nuvolari* (Morrow, \$5), by Count Giovanni Lurani, provides the first English-language account of the achievements of the danger-disregarding Italian racer who competed, incredibly, from 1921 to 1950. *A Racing-Car Driver's World* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$4.75) is Rudi Caracciola's story of his lifetime of outdistancing death and competitors on Europe's tracks and roads. Like his contemporary, Nuvolari, Caracciola had the rare (for a racing driver) distinction of dying in bed.

Impolite Interviews (Lyle Stuart, \$3) is a loosely edited anthology of give-and-takes between Paul Krassner, editorial *Wunderkind* of *The Realist* (PLAYBOY, *On the Scene*, December 1960), and a clutch of handpicked iconoclasts. Psychotherapist Dr. Albert Ellis sprinkles his dialog with ringing Anglo-Saxonisms, tub-thumps for premarital intercourse, masturbation and pornography. Comic Lenny Bruce interrupts his free-associating self-analysis with a startling *non sequitur* about Bishop Sheen: "He bears a great resemblance to the late, great Bela Lugosi." TV panelist Henry Morgan turns his wit on Bruce ("a ghastly mistake"), Nixon ("looks like a loaded chipmunk") and Jerry Lewis ("It's hard for him to raise money for spastics when he's living proof that they're employable"), and describes Krassner's questions as "absurd," "idiotic" and "jerky." Asian-oriented theologian Alan Watts, most at home amid religiophilosophic abstractions, manages to touch terra firma with an earthy observation on making love: "If you're a little hungry, dinner tastes better. However, you don't



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want to be so hungry that you wolf your food." Cartoonist Jules Feiffer opines that Dr. Joyce Brothers' nightly couch sessions on New York TV constitute "an unnecessary postponement of the national anthem." PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner succinctly summarizes the magazine's *raison d'être*: "We say life is wonderful—make the most of it. Work hard and play hard. You won't get a second time around." Taken as a whole, the book projects a refreshing irreverence which makes up for its occasional lapses into self-conscious contentiousness.

Tales of the tribulations of young boys at the mercy of sadistic authorities in prison-like institutions seem out of another era. All the more remarkable, therefore, are the new twists which Arthur Roth has given to the Oliver Twistian turns of *The Shame of Our Wounds* (Crowell, \$3.95). Jerry Callum's mother is dead, his father is in a mental hospital, and most of Jerry's eleven years have been spent in convent schools, orphan homes and on corrective farms. He's not a bad kid; his only impulse toward delinquency is his animal need to race in blind pursuit of his lost parents. The ordeal of Jerry's initiation into life at the Catholic Boys' Institute in the Bronx is made terrifyingly real—as he runs the gamut between the cane-wielding Brothers and the merciless tormentors who lie in wait for "new boys" in the lavatory. But Jerry's story begins in earnest when he and his tough-talking, pathetically naive friend, Red Malone, go over the wall, and set out for Red's aunt's home on Staten Island. After a two-day adolescent odyssey of narrow escapes and casual distractions, they get a lift in a police car right to Aunt Judith's door—only to find that she has troubles of her own, and is in no mood to take on two more. While the boys stuff themselves with her scrambled eggs and French fries, she phones the authorities. In an hour they are on their way back to the futile cycle of escape and capture, sin and punishment. Although it breaks no new ground, *The Shame of Our Wounds* is a thoroughly convincing novel of a boy's search for love in an impersonal, institutionalized world.

The civil servants of the Nazi state are at last allowed their say in *We Were Only Human* (Little, Brown, \$1.95), a very skinny book of caricatures and captions by Peter Ustinov. Accompanying Ustinov's twenty-three scathing sketches of imaginary Hitler helpers are such apologies as: "Once a man is dead, how does it affect him if we make a lampshade of him? At least it's useful." "There is a great difference between murder and mercy killing. Most of those who died sincerely wanted to die." "We

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always respected privacy. All the whippings were arranged after hours in my office." "I was only the Führer's masseur. You never saw him as I did. Sometimes I would see him lying on the table with such an expression of peace on his face . . . like a child. In those moments he would say to me, 'Hans, if only the masses had a deeper appreciation of painting . . .'"

Few journalists of jazz have been as prolific and as respected — by musicians and buffs alike — as Nat Hentoff, who has consistently battled for the music and its makers without succumbing to blind-bland sentimentality. Now Hentoff has produced *The Jazz Life* (Dial, \$5), a first collection of his essays, impressions and profiles. He tells of his accidental introduction to jazz as a teenager in Boston; throws light on the often-harrowing apprenticeship served by neophyte jazzmen, the embittering influences of Jim Crow, the ogre of narcotics addiction; and paints vivid portraits of Count Basie, Charlie Mingus, John Lewis, Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk and Ornette Coleman. In an emotional epilog, Hentoff pleads for recognition of the older jazzmen, citing trumpeter Roy Eldridge as Exhibit A: "It is this dismissal of the old that has saddened and angered me more than any other aspect of jazz." But Hentoff's summing up is upbeat: "Jazz is one of the few vocations that allow a man to be himself, to say in his work who he is and what he feels."

An ambitious new series of art books, *The Arts of Mankind*, edited by André Malraux and Georges Salles, makes a most impressive debut with *Sumer: The Dawn of Art* (Golden, \$20) by André Parrot. Drawing on the archeological discoveries of the last fifty years, the author of this sumptuously illustrated volume illuminates the deity-dedicated Mesopotamian civilization that attained its golden age in the Third Millennium B.C. As Malraux comments in a provocative preface, the gods of Sumer have long since disappeared into oblivion, but their images endure and help us understand "what all these arts of the sacred have in common: an aspiration to the inapprehensible . . . the world of all that can be seen without art's help is confronted by the world of that which art alone enables us to see."

You will probably not want to read *Wine, a Brief Encyclopedia* (Knopf, \$3.75) straight through, but it's a handy compendium to have around for settling arguments, squelching know-it-alls or simply satisfying your curiosity about that latest bottle of Chambolle-Musigny. Written. author Walter James



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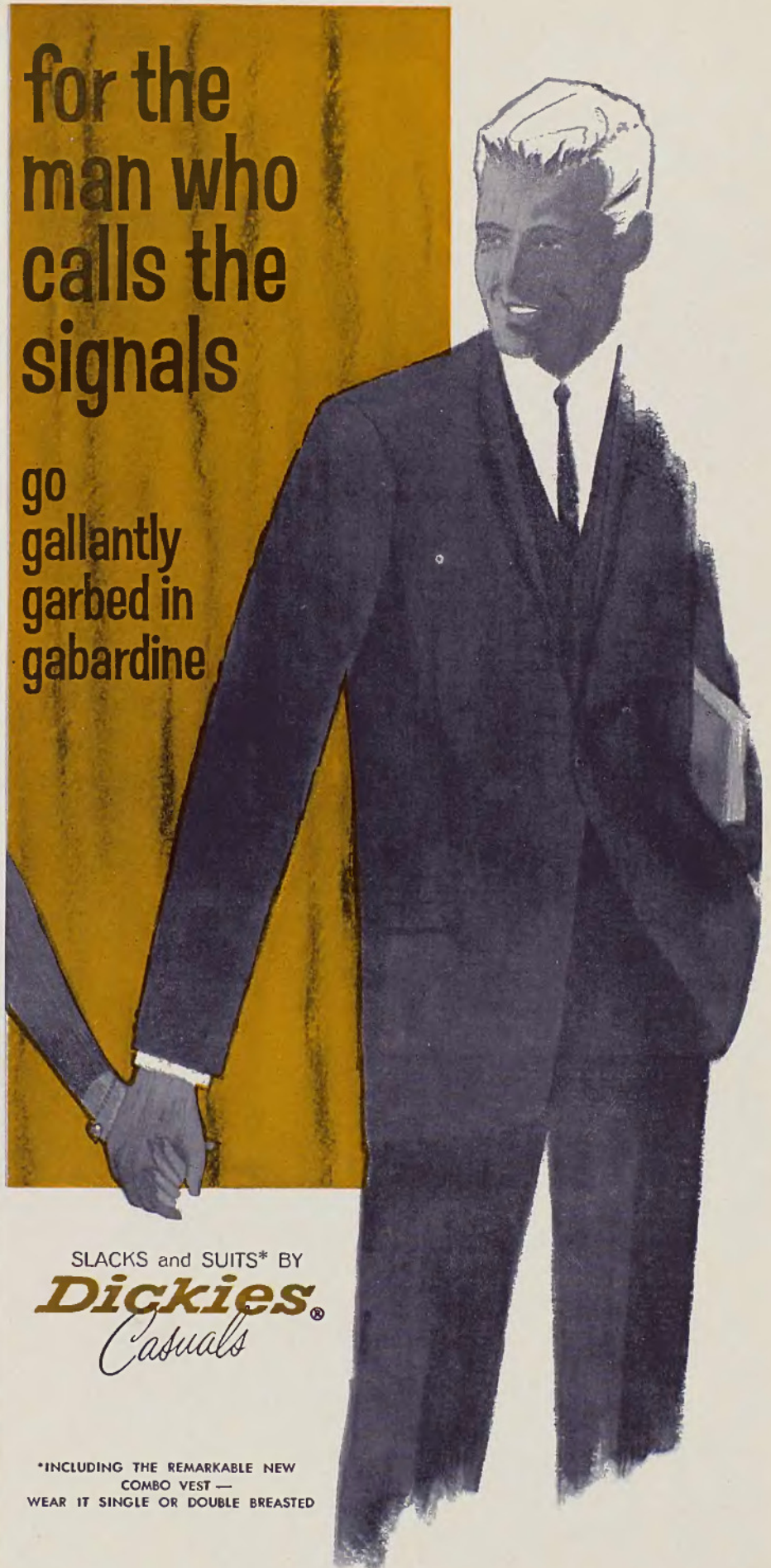
tells us, for winelovers rather than for connoisseurs, this attractively decorated volume is a mine of vinicultural lore and grape gossip about everything from absinthe (prohibited in France "on the ground that it was sending down the birth rate") to mead ("Samuel Butler remarked that mead is the lowest of the intoxicants, the church the lowest of the dissipations and caraway seeds the lowest of the condiments") to Zonnebloem Cabernet ("one of South Africa's best dry reds, grown between Paarl and Stellenbosch").

Citizen Hearst (Scribner's, \$6.50) by W. A. Swanberg chronicles the career of America's near-legendary publishing potentate. After being kicked out of Harvard for distributing personalized chamber pots to his professors (their names were inside), journalism's Yellow Kid rode into the newspaper world as a champion of labor unions, the graduated income tax and *The People* at large against their omnipresent oppressors. During the 1930s, he moved steadily to the right (or perhaps the nation moved to the left), and he ended up an apostle of reaction and isolationism. He was anti-FDR, anti-British, anti-French, anti-Orson Welles and anti-vivisection. Among the highlights of his eighty-eight years here set down with picturesque particulars: his packaging and peddling of the Spanish-American War; his fifty-million-dollar expenditure on home and hearth at San Simeon; his long-run liaison with Marion Davies. A fair portrait of an American phenomenon.

His name is Deep, and he's back in New York after twenty-five years. Some rat has killed his old buddy, Bennett, top dog of the city's hoods, and now Deep is out to avenge Bennett's death. All Deep has to do is speak his name softly and the meanest hoods in the biggest city in the U.S. turn white. The cords in their necks stand out in fear. (Every twenty pages, the cords in somebody's neck stand out.) The hoods are holding a meeting to reorganize. Deep pushes into the hall; Deep powders some teeth; Deep steps on some hands. The hoods watch, docile as lambs. Because this is Deep, the toughest. Except when he sees a doll he likes, then he talks this way: "She needed no open neckline to highlight the grandeur of her breasts. Their eloquence was evident in their proud thrustings, having motion and life of their own under the rich texture of the gown." Anyone who cares to pursue this prose further may turn to *The Deep* (Dutton, \$2.95). The author? He's been away, too, not twenty-five years, unfortunately, but almost nine. In the photo on the dust jacket he needs a shave, and he's scowling over a nasty-looking .45. Tough, like Deep. Like

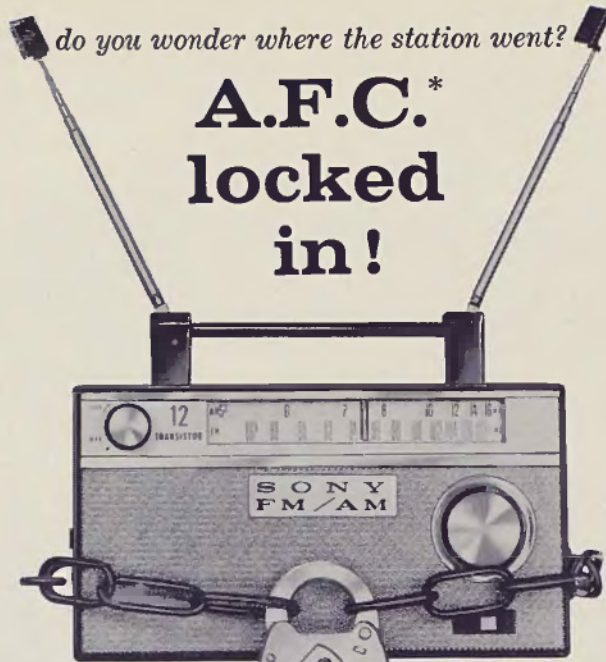
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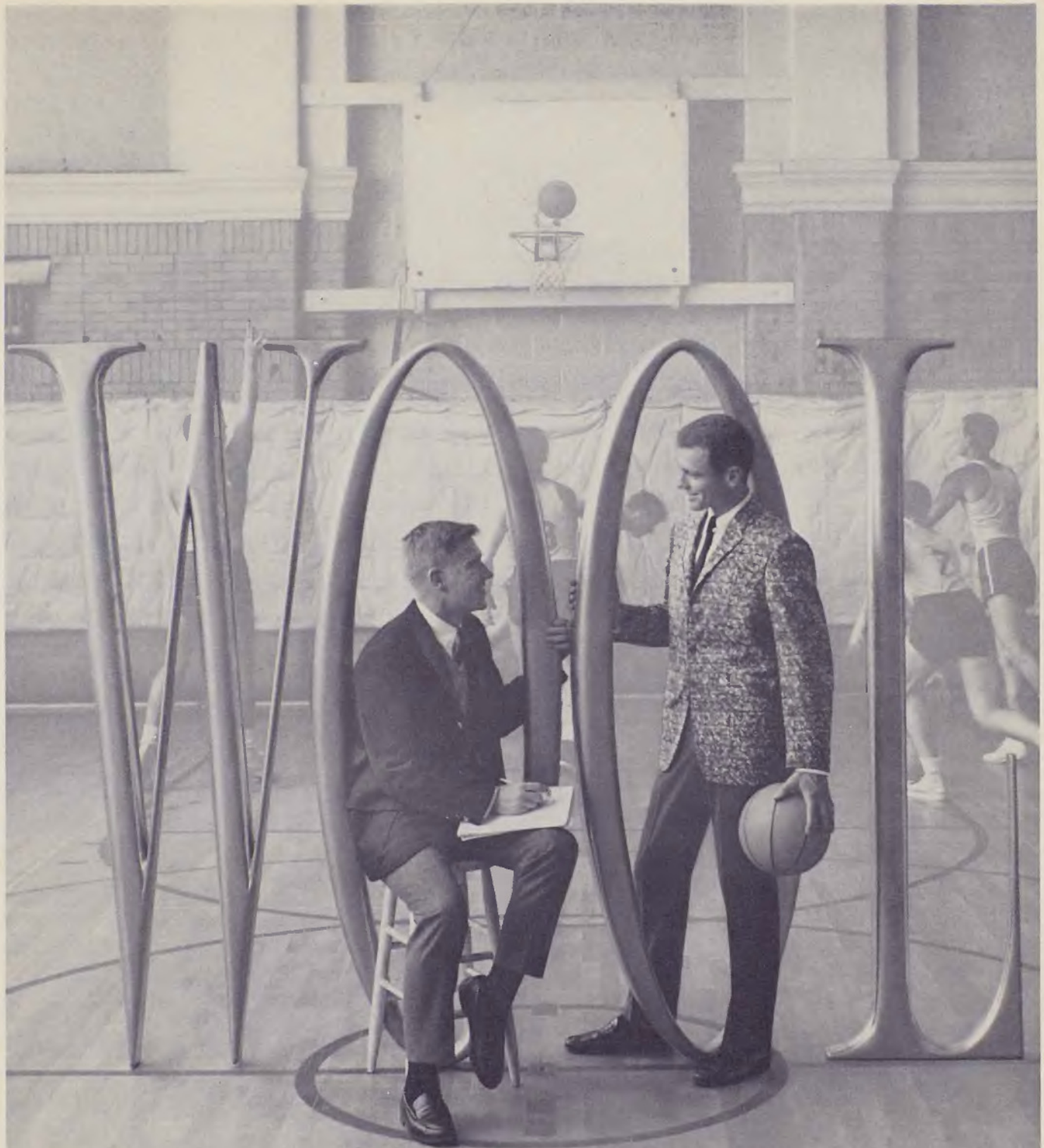
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Mike Hammer. The name is Spillane, of course. His first seven books were the seven best-selling mystery novels of all time. They made the cords in people's necks stand out.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

The printed program for *Erroll Garner's* recent concert in Chicago's Civic Opera House wasn't really a program at all. It was an apology. It stated that "Garner's entire program is extemporized" except when "Garner listens to his own recordings, and tries to follow some of the original renditions as closely as possible" — a rather grim portent of the evening ahead. Since no tunes are identified at a Garner concert, you are either with it or not — there is no middle ground. The audience by and large accepted this with an equanimity indicating, perhaps, that most of its members were with it. Our own score card showed four blanks out of twenty-two offerings which, we imagine, makes us second-string Garner-fanciers. His "extemporizing" follows an extremely rigid pattern: first, a series of stream-of-consciousness chords flow bountifully from the piano, evidently intended to titillate the audience into a what-could-he-possibly-be-leading-up-to frenzy. When the audience is properly primed, he gets down to the business at hand with lush, many-fingered chords, spelling out (usually) some standard dear enough to everyone's heart to draw a ripple of applause; after several choruses, Garner enters his "improvisational" phase, his right hand developing single-note figures while his left, in stanch support, pounds out bass chords that evoke nothing so much as an image of a Salvation Army drummer at the height of the Christmas season. Garner's treble gives the intriguing and oft-times pleasing impression of hurrying to catch up after having started a little late. The catching up is usually accomplished immediately prior to the return to the fat, two-handed chords, indicating that the piece is drawing to a close. The pattern, recurring with mechanical regularity and seemingly inviolate, took much of the gloss off what were, individually, highly polished, ingeniously conceived and immaculately executed piano portraits. (Bassist Edward Calhoun and drummer Kelly Martin were industrious aides-de-camp.) Resolved: Garner in small doses is dandy; the large economy package is not nearly as digestible.

Betty Comden and Adolph Green were at it again, sneaking in some board-treading of their own between writing chores for the Broadway stage (their smashes include *Wonderful Town*, *Bells Are Ringing*).



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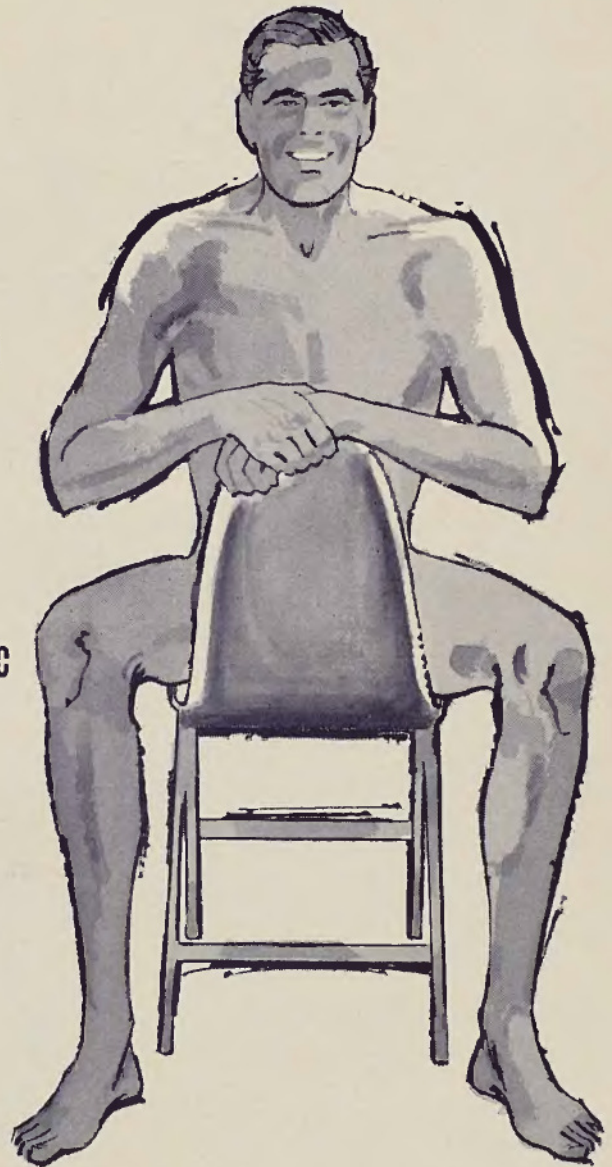
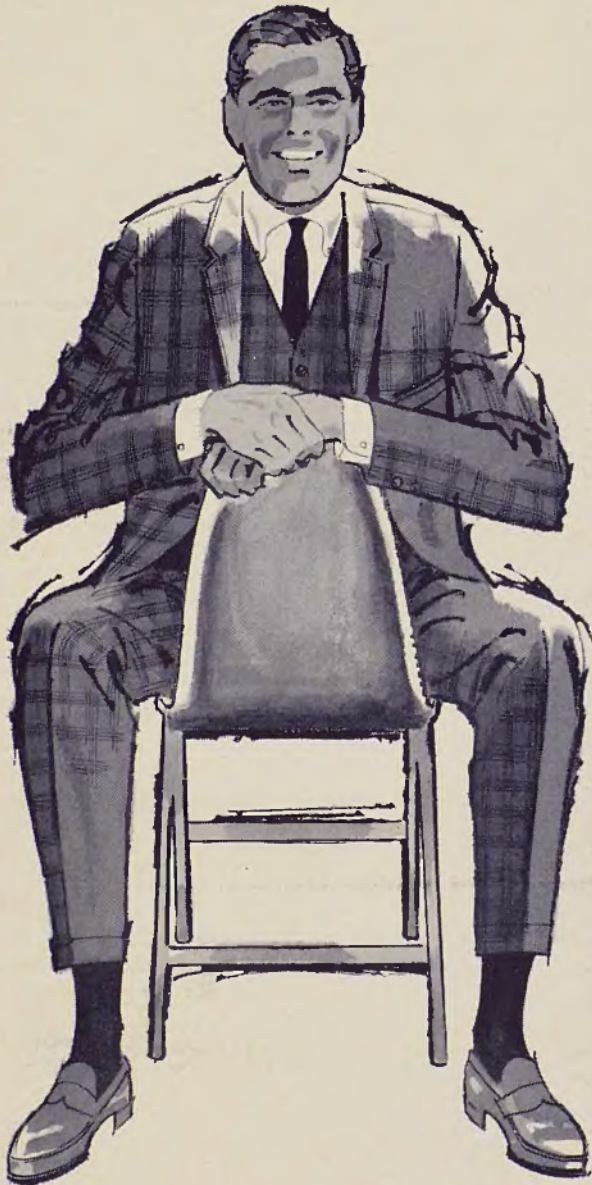
ing, *Two on the Aisle*, *Good News*, *On the Town* and *Do Re Mi*) when we caught them at the Empire Room of New York's Waldorf Astoria. They opened with material from their days with The Revuers (the group with whom they—and colleague Judy Holliday—first received accolades) and closed it with a medley of hits from their productions with Leonard Bernstein and Jule Styne (the tunes included such perennials as *It's Love*, *Why Did I Leave Ohio*, *Never-Never Land*, *Make Someone Happy*, *Just in Time* and, inevitably, *The Party's Over*). In between, they made forty minutes disappear in a completely delightful and highly civilized manner. Portraying screenwriters looking for ideas, they acted out a script which called for a divorced couple bumping into each other in Macy's basement. "What are you doing here?" Betty asked; and Adolph answered archly, "I'm on sale!" They touched on a subject near and dear to the heart of Mr. Green—moldy old movies. With Miss Comden narrating, Green portrayed an early talkie starring a singer whose voice faded out completely every time he turned his head from the microphone secreted in his buttonhole carnation. He also mimed an actor whose voice was out of synch with the screen lip action. Together, they performed a complete operetta containing such numbers as *The Strawberry Rash Festival* and *If You Were You and I Were Me and We Were We*. Through it all, Miss Comden deadpanned brilliantly, and Green sang, danced and pirouetted like a dour-faced satyr. Their tour de force was dedicated to "better friendship between North America and South America," and was, simply, *Trees* sung to the tune of *Brazil* . . . while they wildly sambaed. Off stage, they told us that they create their material at Miss Comden's East Side town house. She is the typing half of the team; he is the pacing chain-smoker. "We rarely quarrel about our writing," Miss Comden noted. Green added, "I've always tried to learn from Betty the truly simple and modest approach." But whatever the magical catalyst might be that blends these two writer-performers into a team, Broadway and popular music are richer for it. Their appearances are, it is sad to relate, much too infrequent.

FILMS

There is some dispute over whether James Gould Cozzens' 1957 best-seller, *By Love Possessed*, was grand or merely grandiose. The color-film version, however, is neither; it is an old-fashioned, wince-upon-a-time romance. (Says Efram Zimbalist, Jr., to Lana Turner: "I don't want this night to end—this spell to be

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broken.") Whereas the Cozzens novel of law and life in a small town posed some big questions, the movie just makes a treacherous try at putting Peyton in second place. In the leading role of lawyer-lover Arthur Winner, Zimbalist's voice runs on like a river of cod-liver oil. Miss Turner, as wayward Marjorie Penrose, is present more in flesh than in spirit. Jason Robards, Jr., as Julius Penrose, wanders through the film, apparently hunting for a scene worth his talent. As purebred Clarissa Winner, Barbara Bel Geddes is blondely bland. And George Hamilton, the poor girl's Tony Perkins, indulges in quite a lot of anguish as Winner's neon-lit scion. John Sturges, who has done better, could hardly have directed worse. The result - By Hollywood Reprocessed.

Rock Hudson is not Cary Grant. Put that fact to one side, if you can, and there is fun to be found in *Come September*, which stars Hudson in a Grant-type role and Gina Lollobrigida in a Gina-type role. Rock plays one of those American millionaires who today usually turn up only in real life. He has a villa on the Italian coast where, every September, he goes to meet Gina, a Roman modiste, for a fall festival. During the other eleven months of the year, Rock's major-domo, Walter Slezak, runs the place, without his boss' knowledge, as a hotel (called La Dolce Vista). Boss makes the rendezvous early one year, and finds the place crawling with teenage girl tourists; pretty soon teenage boy tourists are crawling after them. The chief teenagers are Sandra Dee, whose charm eludes us, and Bobby Darin, whom charm has eluded. Gina, given her best part to date in an American film, makes the most of her best parts. If there were an Oscar for effort, Rock would deserve it; he keeps swinging and sometimes connects. But a slightly leaden comedian is like a slightly pregnant girl.

Rocco and His Brothers, the latest in this year's sizable crop of Italian films, is a large Latin lemon. Luchino Visconti, one of neorealism's several daddies (*Ossessione*, 1942), has heaped up three-hours-plus of heavyhandedness and hysterics which amount to a Hollywood family epic with a touch of garlic. A widow and her five sons come to Milan from the south, and we're supposed to witness the corruption of these simple folk by the big, bad city. Three of the boys turn out OK, however, and as for the fourth, Simone, it's more vice than versa: he practically corrupts Milan singlehandedly. If the story seems familiar, it's only because you've seen it before: Simone and Rocco go into the fight game as their one way out of poverty; Simone ends up a murderer; Rocco becomes a champ, although he's played

by a fellow who looks like the Before of an ad for muscle-builders. When Simone rapes a girl who loves Rocco, in front of Rocco's very eyes, the saint in gym trunks forgives him. We're not easily offended, but this rape scene is brutal realism strictly for the sake of brutal realism. Katina Paxinou, who has the best-known name in the cast, adds no luster to it with a TV *mama-mia* performance. Visconti's career has been sailing right along, but we suppose even a good director can founder on a *Rocco* now and then.

The Mark, a top-drawer English film with Americans in two top parts, is the story of a paroled con fighting to remake his life in a Midlands city. It's half over before we find out that his crime was a sexual offense against a little girl. By then we're totally involved with the parolee — through his new job, his sessions with an analyst, his friendship with a woman in his office. No, there's no single past incident that "explains" the man's trouble, and he isn't "cured" at the end. The screenplay by Sidney Buchman and Stanley Mann is sharp and sensible; it patronizes neither psychiatry nor its audience. In the central role Stuart Whitman fulfills the promise he flashed in some Hollywood film-flam with a dark, lonely, dignified performance. Rod Steiger forgets *The Method* here and gives us a brusque, compassionate Irish doctor whose success with patients is believable. Maria Schell, never Number One on our Miss Parade, is quite moving. Guy Green, intelligent director of *The Angry Silence*, has used a lot of good tricks and even more good art to keep the picture crisply compelling.

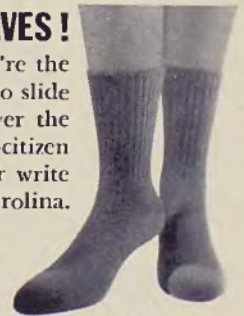
A greengage is a kind of plum, and *The Greengage Summer*, although a bit juicy for some tastes, perhaps, is pleasantly flavored. Four English children, three sisters and a brother, are stranded in a chateau-hotel in the champagne country of France when their mother is suddenly hospitalized. (Father's in Injah.) They spend the summer virtually, if not quite virtuously, on their own. Problems arise when sixteen-year-old Joss (Susannah York) sheds her scarecrow school clothes for form-fitting frocks, and a couple of times damned near gets herself unfrocked. Her lusciousness is not lost on a mysterious Englishman (Kenneth More) who lives in the chateau, and socializes with the owner (Danielle Darrieux). Toward Joss he is semi-satyr, semi-shepherd; and he falls in semi-love. A lopsided triangle develops, and the ensuing events help to ripen all the kids. In underplayed comedy, as far as we're concerned, the More the merrier, and we've always liked the Darrieux *derrière*. The story, based on Rumer Godden's



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novel, is now and then a touch too fey (there are sprites at the bottom of that Godden); but on the whole, veddy fetching indeed.

In *The Bridge* all is very unquiet on the Western Front. This German film about the last days of the second World War focuses on seven high-school boys to whom war is every bit as exciting as *Fussball*. They are hastily drafted into the German army as the Americans advance, and find themselves assigned to defend a bridge near their home town. What they don't know is that the bridge is supposed to be demolished and that the noncom assigned to lead them to safety has been killed. So the seven of them fight it out with U.S. armor and veteran GIs. The result is a slaughter of men and boys, in which loaded tanks get blown up, along with empty ideals. Aided by a script sharper than the Manfred Gregor novel on which it's based, Bernhard Wicki has directed a cast of top-notch teenagers with uncloying compassion and biting realism. The film underlines the irony in the Iron Cross, confronting us with one of the insane wastes of war—the irrelevant heroism that leaves the irrelevant hero just as dead as the other kind.

DINING-DRINKING

Gleamingly new and impressively facaded with twenty travertine pilasters surmounted by gold-plated Italian lanterns, *Fairchild's*, just north of Wilshire Boulevard on Restaurant Row (38 N. La Cienega Boulevard, Beverly Hills), is a go-for-Baroque bistro specializing in Continental cuisine. It also boasts custom-wrought wrap-around bumper guards for Rolls-Royces (said cars being handled exclusively by attendants accomplished in the art of driving and parking foreign cars) and a doggly appointed, air-conditioned parking kennel for the canine set. During the week, the doors to the restaurant and, we presume, its animal retreat, are open 11:30 to two A.M.; Saturday and Sunday, hours are five P.M. to two A.M. Through appropriately massive, ornately configured oaken portals, we were ushered into the presence of a pair of Pats—one, the winsome blonde hostess; the other, *Fairchild's* benign maître d'hotel. A trio of features of the 140-seat room immediately struck us: the excellent soundproofing afforded by the treated cork ceilings; the quietly passionate burnt-orange-and-lush-green color scheme blending with dusky, hand-finished oak paneling; the enormous bar that dominates the dining room. Hanging crown-shaped lamps of heavy iron set with gems (merely simulated) shed a multihued glow over the ample tables

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and 24-carat-gold-cushioned seats. To the accompaniment of a subdued sound system, we perused the hors d'oeuvres roster, waiving Escargots Bourguignon (\$2.25) and Matjes Herring in White Wine (\$1.25), among some seventeen choices, in favor of the luscious African Shrimp Cocktail with Avocado. Following delicately flavored and delightfully chilled Vichyssoise, we dispatched, at a properly deliberate tempo, the entree of rare Roast Eastern Sirloin of Beef with Mushroom Sauce, rich au gratin potatoes and superb French peas (\$7). The weighty responsibility of developing and maintaining Fairchild's fledgling reputation for *haute cuisine* in a Hollywood stage setting rests with master chef Joseph Bruillard. A random tapping of his *spécialités de la maison* uncovered Coquille St. Jacques "Westbrook" (dedicated to co-host Robert Machris Westbrook, who shares supervision with restaurateur Peter Fairchild), a glazed concoction of baby scallops, tiny shrimps, mushrooms and creamed white wine sauce (\$4.50), and Coq au Vin d'Arbois sautéed in butter, shallots, Arbois red wine, pearled onions, mushrooms and pork lardons (\$4.50). For a brace of victu- ally attuned trenchermen, there's the Châteaubriand with Bouquetière and subtle Béarnaise (\$14) or the similarly priced Double Eastern New York cut steak. Secure in a booth comfortably upholstered in hunter-green leather, anticipating the forthcoming culinary delights, you may occasionally find yourself wondering at the waiters' *escargot*-like tempo of service, in marked contrast to the restaurant's many superlative features.

In a town more interested in dice caroms than diced artichoke hearts, the *Sultan's Table* restaurant in Las Vegas' Dunes Hotel on U.S. Highway 91 is something of an oddity. Though good food, we've found, has never been a rarity in Nevada's slot-machined spa, Las Vegas in the past could boast of no gourmet's mecca comparable to, say, Arnaud's in New Orleans or The Colony in New York. When the Sultan's Table opened earlier this year, it represented a \$450,000 investment in a culinary status symbol by Dunes president Major Riddle. You may order dinner from seven P.M., when the chef, John Bertranou, starts to weave his gustatorial spell. Though the room remains open till two A.M., dinner is available only until eleven P.M.; after that, it's tidbits till closing. On the Sabbath, however, serving commences at six P.M. and it's lights out at one A.M. The Sultan's Table is peacefully separated from the normal sound and fury of casino and lounge by a thickly carpeted hallway. Reservations are suggested, but if you decide on the spur of the moment to drop in for dinner, you may leisurely liquefy while couched in comfort at the Sultan's

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Bar until your table is ready. There, you may observe the eighteen waiters, six captains, the assistant maître de and, if you're fortunate, the maître de himself, Joaquin Noriega, as they expertly move about their appointed tasks. The wine steward is resplendent in feathered turban and all the other pertinent regalia of an Indian prince. The superplush room, spacious enough to seat some 250 guests, is walled on two sides by floor-to-ceiling glass, one section of which is discreetly curtained to avoid the unglamorous vista of the hotel parking lot; the other faces out on a pleasantly verdant oasis. An examination of the menu in the subdued lighting will reveal a distinguished assemblage of hors d'oeuvres and a roseate roster of entrees. Although the most popular of the latter, we were informed, is the Filet of Beef Stroganoff (\$5), we went for a pair of Chef Bertranou's favorites, Prime Ribs Bertranou (\$7), and Hot Shrimps du Chef (\$2) from the hors d'oeuvres list, and had no regrets. Other popular dishes are the Pompano Papillotte (\$6), the Filet of Sole Lucullus (\$6) or the Brochette of Beef Tenderloin Bordelaise with wild rice and tomato grille (\$7). They are served with either soup *du jour* or hors d'oeuvres *variés*. Dinner entertainment is something special. A revolving platform in the center of the room accommodates two pianos and, alternately, the music of Arturo Romano and his Magic Violins Villafontana from Mexico City, or the sophisticated, and often swinging, cocktail piano of Ronnie Brown. From time to time, the violinists, ten strong, leave their platform to wander two-by-two from table to table. It may not aid digestion, but it certainly adds a perfectly pitched note of romance to your dining. In the west corner of the room a fountain reflects colored lights concealed in a large, bricked alcove. As the music wafts, the rear wall of the alcove is transformed into a waterfall. On opening night, we were told, the fountain overflowed, flooding the dining-room floor. Happily, since then, the Sultan's Table has been flooded with nought save compliments.

RECORDINGS

Into a good stereo rig place: the delicate, economical sounds of harpist Corky Hale, an occasional assist from Bud Shank's flute and the flexible, unpretentious, moving voice of Kitty White. The result is *Intimate/Kitty White Sings* (World Pacific). Recorded in the relaxing atmosphere of Miss Hale's Hollywood pad, the set was unrehearsed—simply the product of the good taste of the participants. Miss White turns her superbly controlled tones to such jewels as Kurt

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Weill's *My Ship*, Rodgers and Hart's *Glad to Be Unhappy* and *My Romance*, and Jimmy Dorsey's *I'm Glad There Is You*, among the dozen included in this ballads-only, mood-sustaining collection. *Intimate* is one of the most captivating discs we've heard in months. Left-bank languor oozes from every groove of *More Piaf of Paris* (Capitol), Edith's current existentialist exercise. Backed by Robert Chauvigny's orchestra, the slight, pale chanteuse once again tracks the ways and woes of love. Through a dozen songs, she weaves a special kind of spell, enhanced by her own insights and musical nuances. No matter that all the tunes are sung in French; Miss Piaf's probing knows no language limitation. We must take exception to the title of Lorez Alexandria's new LP, *Sing No Sad Songs for Me* (Argo), and offer a low-key lament over the distressing fact that Miss Alexandria's total effect is considerably lessened by the inclusion of a number of rhythm-and-blues roundelays handled in a manner closely akin to that of Dinah Washington. The results are depressing, especially since Lorez, when she is of a mind, can be a softly pitched, sensitively tuned transmitter for ballads and torch songs — *I'll Remember April* and *They Can't Take That Away from Me* are the richer for having been sung by this emotion-drenched diva. The r&b idiom seems a backward step Miss Alexandria would have been wiser not to take. We wish her better luck (and better material) next time.

For top-brass musicianship, dig *The John Glasel Brasset* (Jazz Unlimited). The ensemble includes Glasel and Lou Mucci, trumpets; Dick Cary, alto horn and piano; Jim Buffington, French horn; Bill Elton, trombone; Harvey Phillips, tuba; with firm beat provided by bassist John Drew and drummer Ed Shaughnessy. The group is most impressive on originals by Cary, Glasel, Johnny Carisi, Bill Russo, and a string of standards, including *It Don't Mean a Thing*, *More Than You Know*, *Stella by Starlight* and Benny Golson's familiar *Stablemates*. Ranging from Glasel's slow, melodic *Daydream* to Carisi's polytonal *Koll Angkor Wat*, the Brasset blends discipline with adventure in a set that's commendably modern without being eccentric.

Strictly for soft lights and wee, small hours is Nat Cole's latest, *The Touch of Your Lips* (Capitol), a dozen nifties warmed by one of the most soothing stylists around. The tunes, in keeping with the King's royal taste, are first-rate and include such rarely heard baubles as the World War II souvenirs *Sunday, Monday, or Always* and *A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square*. Ralph Carmichael's backgrounds occasionally veer


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toward the pretentious, but Nat never falters. His romantic touch, uncluttered by cloying theatrics, lends meaning to every lyric he explores. This is the best Cole LP heard in a long while.

Take a Number From 1 to 10 (Argo) is Benny Golson's show. He composed five of the ten tunes; he arranged the others, and he blows tenor on every track. Beginning with a brief, lyrical *You're My Thrill* (played unaccompanied), he adds one sideman per tour, winding up with a rich-sounding tentette. En route, he soars over bassist Tommy Williams' firmly stated line on *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*, wails in front of a full rhythm section on his own crackling *Impromptu* and shares solo space with trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, trombonist Curtis Fuller and baritone saxist Sahib Shihab on *I Fall in Love Too Easily*. The add-a-man device emerges more as an indication of Golson's many-faceted artistry than a disc-peddling gimmick. In less skilled hands, its validity might easily have vanished.

We are not about to comment on the marital compatibility of pianist Toshiko Mariano and husband alto man Charlie Mariano, but the harmony evinced within the *Toshiko Mariano Quartet* (Candid) is a delightful demonstration of rosy-hued felicity. The fluent interplay between Mr. and Mrs., an uncanny fusion of Toshiko's introspective piano with Mariano's assertive sax, borders on ESP. Except for the public-domained *Deep River*, the tunes are either Charlie's or Toshiko's, but the melodic line that flows from the pen of one could just as easily have stemmed from the other—it is an altogether fascinating musical osmosis.

Here's Milt Kamen! (Capitol) would have been funnier if, as Kamen fans, we hadn't heard most of the routines before. No matter, since Kamen has the ability to deflate all manner of social balloons, from Brooks Brothers ("You go in and right away you feel low and squat and ugly"); Israeli Airlines ("The stewardesses are gray-haired mother types who go up and down the aisle saying, 'Eat, eat'"); Walt Disney True-Life Adventures ("All tigers don't pad silently through the jungle. There are maladjusted tigers who crash around and say, 'Woo, it's just like a jungle in here. How do you walk soft?'); Adult Westerns ("That's when Frankie Laine sings the whole story"); Whales mating ("When whales mate they get about a mile apart and rush at each other. It sounds rotten when you tell it; but it's beautiful to see. Whales, being mammals, have to mate out of the water. If you don't, you're a fish. That's not a warning, by

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the way." Kamen's most famous routine, *The Tomato*—a science-fiction take-off—has by now been overexposed to the point of no return, but if you've never heard it, you're in for a treat. Charlie Manna's *Manna Overboard!* (Decca) indicates that this comic has been underexposed. There are two tracks by the marvelously multivoiced Manna that are classic—*The Astronaut*, in which the spaceman delays the blast-off because he's lost his crayons ("I don't want just any crayons; I want my crayons") and *Inside You*, in which Manna sets up a communications system among all the working parts of the body. Much of Manna is in the delivery, so we suggest you sample it for yourself. *The Songs and Comedy of the Smothers Brothers* (Mercury), recorded at San Francisco's Purple Onion, is a fine cross section of the rapidly rising young folk-song satirists and contains, among other things, *Tzena, Tzena, Tzena, Tzena*, a song that reflects the wild excitement of the annual camel races in Uruguay, and *Dance, Boatman, Dance*, which describes the riverboat pilots going into town of an evening to pick up oars. It doesn't make much sense, but it's great fun.

Nashville's *Grand Ole Opry*, the country-and-western radio show that fostered the talents of jazz guitarists Tal Farlow and Mundell Lowe, has produced another plectrist who's comfortably at home blowing jazz: Hank Garland. On *Jazz Winds from a New Direction* (Columbia), he's joined by Gary Burton, a seventeen-year-old vibes whiz from Boston, and rhythm section reliables Joe Benjamin, bass, and Joe Morello, drums. Bounding energetically through a six-tune set (three are deep-rooted blues), Garland demonstrates exactly what it means if you've got that swing. Guitarist Charlie Byrd, who switches dexterously between the worlds of classical music and jazz, relaxes in the latter domain in his latest outing, *Charlie's Choice* (Offbeat). This versatile musician, with the aid of bassist Keter Betts and drummer Buddy Deppenschmidt, devotes one side to eight standards (including *Taking a Chance on Love, Speak Low, Makin' Whoopee* and *Nice Work if You Can Get It*)—a string of lustrously performed cameos—and the flip side to extended explorations of four less-familiar tunes. With more wailing room, Byrd (playing unamplified guitar throughout) delightfully dissects *The House of the Rising Sun, Betts' Ring Them Harmonics, Taboo* and his own two-beat tribute to his wife, *To Ginny*. Few guitarists have created more satisfying sets than the one the facile Mr. Byrd weaves here.

Dave Pike, a twenty-three-year-old vibist from Detroit, has joined the New

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York jazz legion and promises to become one of its most decorated heroes. On *It's Time for Dave Pike* (Riverside), he's aided by pianist Barry Harris, bassist Reggie Workman and drummer Billy Higgins. In addition to such jazz standards as Bird's *Cheryl* and Tadd Dameron's *Hot House*, two Pike originals—a tender *It's Time* and a rousing *Forward*—are among the charts analyzed by the foursome. There's a rare *Little Girl Blue*, too—an unaccompanied vibes solo that shows off Pike's virtues: a fresh imagination and a sturdy sense of rhythm. Harris, an ex-Detroiter, too, heads his own trio (Joe Benjamin, bass, and Elvin Jones, drums) on *Premiado* (Riverside). A splendid, two-handed pianist who reflects the heritage of Bud Powell and Art Tatum, he devotes his time to pop classics (*My Heart Stood Still*, *I Should Care*, *There's No One but You*, *It's the Talk of the Town* and *What Is This Thing Called Love*) and his own tunes (*One Down* and *Play, Carol, Play*, plus the title tune). The results, from a *Heart* that hardly stands still to an *I Should Care* that lingers warmly, are just fine.

There are thirty-eight hundred inmates at the prison farm in Angola, Louisiana, and most of them have a right to sing the blues. Three do so for posterity on *Angola Prisoners' Blues* (Louisiana State University Press), sounds of deep-rooted sorrow cut at the prison itself. Guitar Welch, Hogman Maxey and Robert Pete Williams are the incarcerated shouters and their messages, primitively voiced but instantly communicative, flow naturally. Among their blues tales are *Electric Chair Blues*, *Prisoner's Talking Blues*, *Some Got Six Months* and *I'm Lonesome Blues*. Credit for collating this collection goes to Dr. Harry Oster of the LSU faculty and Richard B. Allen, associate curator, Archive of New Orleans Jazz at Tulane. American folklore and jazz are richer for their efforts. Similar blues shouting—coarse, colloquial and consummate—can be found on *Piney Woods Blues* (Delmar), a basic primer of back-country ballads featuring the rasp-voiced Big Joe Williams (not Basie's ex-boy), aided by his own nine-string guitar and the more conventional guitar and harmonica of J. D. Short. The two proffer a raw, heart-of-the-matter recital that puts blues in their proper focus.

Live and Direct (Fantasy), featuring the Cal Tjader Quintet during performances at San Francisco's premier jazz boîte, the Black Hawk, is an intriguing aural dissection of the group's schizoid make-up—a dual personality split between a Latin-based repertory (on which the Tjadermen scored their initial successes) and straight, tightly written jazz. In their attempt to throw off the restrictive



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shackles imposed upon them by the mamboniks, Tjader & Co. have been something less than successful. The group's affinity for the likes of *The Continental* and *Mambo Terrifico*, found on this current LP, causes them to overshadow the rest of the items in the set. Tjader's non-Latin numbers (with the possible exception of the *Theme from the Bad and the Beautiful*, a somberly tender tone poem which will grow in stature with the years) come off decidedly second best. If you're willing to pay the price of an LP for fourteen minutes' worth of adrenal jazz, then by all means pick up "Groove" (Pacific Jazz) for two tracks, *That Healin' Feelin'* and *Good Groove*, which contain some of the hardest-driving sounds we've come across in many a listening session — and these from a group whose core (pianist Les McCann and rhythm) has established no rapport with us whatsoever. However, our jaundiced ear could not deny the impact achieved by the addition of Ben Webster, in full flight, trombonist Lawrence Lofton, who comes on like a more muscular Bill Harris, and the guest of honor, Richard "Groove" Holmes, an organist who may make us withdraw our nomination of the organ as our least favorite jazz instrument. The excitement stirred up by the aforementioned tunes should make you forget the accompanying lackluster items. An amalgam of Cannonball Adderley's and Quincy Jones' sidemen has turned *Gemini: Les Spann* (Jazzland) into a generally delightful offering. Spann on flute and guitar and Julius Watkins playing a nimble French horn put a bright burnish on such time-dulled standards as *Smile, It Might As Well Be Spring* and *There Is No Greater Love*, and expertly redefine Quincy Jones' *Stockholm Sweetnin'* and Dizzy Gillespie's *Con Alma*; the rest, originals by Spann and Watkins, offer the pair appropriate opportunities to toot their own horns.

For a show that has garnered precious little critical acclaim, especially in the words-and-music department, *Do Re Mi* (Capitol) would seem to have been a wrong-note choice for June Christy and husband-tenor man Bob Cooper. It comes as a pleasant surprise, therefore, to hear what nice things grow in the Styne-Comden-Green musical garden of verses. Christy-Cooper split the spotlight down the middle, alternating vocal with instrumental and achieving an interplay of balmy ballads with surging up-tempo romps. The musicianship is a joy, with Buddy Collette, Joe Gordon, Bud Shank, Shelly Manne, Conte Candoli and Frank Rosolino among those on hand. There is one clinker in the batch, the rock-'n'-roll satire, *All You Need Is a Quarter*, which is rashly taken at a

dead-serious, frantically funless pace. Except for this slip, however, the session has moved the *Do Re Mi* score several hefty notches up the musical scale.

Chris Connor's coolish style and Maynard Ferguson's brash brass join forces on *Double Exposure* (Atlantic). The wheaty Connor sound is in the forefront most of the time, caressing *It Never Entered My Mind* and *Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most* and zipping through such as *Summertime* and *Two Ladies in de Shade of de Banana Tree* (from the Harold Arlen-Truman Capote score for *House of Flowers*). Out-of-tune moments aside, she phrases knowingly and brings lyrics perkily to life. The Ferguson orchestra, however, rarely leaves well enough alone, preferring to do battle even on gossamer tunes. Only a pillar of musicianship, like Miss Connor, could have survived.

From overture to final curtain, Leonard Bernstein's music for *On the Town*, *Wonderful Town*, *Candide* and *West Side Story* is filled with subtly themed ballads and sprightly, light-hearted musical buffoonery, most of which, alas, have been lost in the graveyard of fine, forgotten show tunes. A successful hunting expedition by Marian McPartland has brought back to the public ear a number of them which reassert Bernstein's stature as a composer. *Marian McPartland Plays Music of Leonard Bernstein* (Time) is the jazz pianist's low-key rendering of the composer's spectrum which faithfully echoes Bernstein's pastel tones. *Lonely Town*, *Somewhere*, *Maria* and all the rest, prove a relaxing change of pace from the usual pop foolishness that's around.

New Groove (Pacific Jazz), featuring Bud Shank on baritone (and alto on one track) and Carmell Jones on trumpet, and *Out of This World* (Warwick), with Pepper Adams on baritone and Donald Byrd on trumpet, offer an interesting study in similarities and contrasts between two groups that are almost instrumentally identical. We must confess a closer kinship to the more human and, what seems to us, more perceptive sound of the Adams-Byrd Quintet than the hard, studied tones on tap with Shank's squad. Byrd, on the title tune, especially, and Adams, on the Ellington-Strayhorn classic *Day Dreams*, evoke personal images, which somehow are not conjured up by the Shank ranks. Shank particularly, master craftsman though he is, comes over as a fastidiously constructed musical IBM. Jones is less prone to be caught up in the steely configurations of the group, but even he dissipates a sensitive horn in intricately charted channels. The nod goes to the Byrd-Adams aggregation — by a heart.



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A pair of prewar personalities seem barely decayed by the passage of time, if two current LPs are representative evidence. On *Wiedersehen mit Marlene* (Capitol), grandmother Dietrich recaptures glories past, including *Falling in Love Again* (from *The Blue Angel*, need we note) and *Lili Marlene*, in the same husky tones that moved men thirty years ago. This set was cut in Germany last year, during a Dietrich tour, and includes introductions, in German, by her, and mellifluous accompaniment by Burt Bacharach's orchestra. Charles Trenet, the Bing Crosby of Paris, hardly seems winded after two decades of romantic balladry. On *Trenet of France* (Capitol) he surveys several aspects of love and revisits some of his own compositions, including *Je chante* and *Ya d'la joie*. His Gallic charm, or whatever you want to call it, and a casually sophisticated air, do a superior selling job.

Trombonist Bennie Green, one of our preferred horn men since his days with Earl Hines' bop-era band (the one that nurtured Bird and Diz), sounds as smooth and forceful as ever on his latest waxing, *Hornful of Soul* (Bethlehem). He glides effortlessly through three evergreens — *Summertime*, *Foolish Heart* and *Indiana* — and five vehicles-for-blowing by alto man Lem Davis, pianist Mal Waldron, bop singer Babs Gonzales and Green himself. Davis, Waldron and tenor man Jimmy Forrest are among the steady sidemen serving Green throughout. It's Green's burry-toned, agile sliding you'll remember most.

Bobby Scott, twenty-four, has so much going for him it's difficult to envision anything short of star billing in the near future. *Bobby Scott: The Compleat Musician* (Atlantic) is a two-sided tour de force as Bobby sings (not perfectly, but — à la Matt Dennis — more than adequately, with great feeling, and with the ability to draw from the phraseology of a Ray Charles, a Nat Cole or a Frank Sinatra as it suits his material), plays piano (in a style that ranges from the highly sensitive backdropping of *It Happens Every Spring* to the raucous keyboarding on *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*), composes (*The Prison Yard* and *Iron-sided Train* are of the back-home, foot-stomping, blues-shouting genre), arranges (the most striking items in the set are *How Are Things in Glocca Morra*, taken at a near-dirge tempo that puts the saccharinely familiar lyrics in a completely different light, and *Every Day*, handled camp-meeting fashion), and conducts (the results are beautifully self-evident throughout). All in all, some great Scott.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

About six months ago I started dating a woman some seven years older than I. Our relationship has been extremely fulfilling, but there is one serious problem which is becoming progressively (or regressively) worse. I find nothing in common with her friends, who strike me as conservative, sedentary and rather stodgy. She has told me that she gets nothing from my social circle, which she characterizes as shallow, frivolous and irresponsible. As a consequence, we spend all of our time of late *à deux*. I have the feeling that this can't help but lead to a parting of the ways. Is there any solution or compromise we can work out?—B. B., Boston, Massachusetts.

You are undoubtedly right about the perils of a relationship that has no mutual outside associations. A possible, but difficult, solution would be to develop a new, compatible circle of friends. If your social sphere can encompass people with creative or academic backgrounds, you'll find that they're much less likely to have relationships based on chronological equality. It would probably involve breaking some long-standing friendships. You'll have to determine for yourself whether the rewards you are reaping are worth the sacrifice. If, after an earnest effort, there is still no common meeting ground socially, chop the affair off as soon as possible before you become inextricably enmeshed.

In a few months, I plan to head for Switzerland to get in as much skiing as I can in six weeks. A friend has been telling me that I can't depart without taking shots against cholera, typhus, lockjaw and typhoid. True?—R. S., Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

No. Inoculations for the diseases your friend cites aren't necessary for western European jaunts. The U.S. Government requires nothing save a smallpox vaccination on your return; for the sake of convenience, most Americans heading for the Continent take care of it before they leave home. It's good for three years—but you must obtain a certificate for the health authorities here and abroad.

Now that many of the sax men in jazz are seeking new directions and playing some seldom-heard instruments, it's often possible to run across a track that includes the sounds of the oboe or English horn. I'm in favor of such broadened horizons, especially when these instruments are played by Bob Cooper, Yusef Lateef and other comrades-in-swing, but, frankly, unless the liner notes tell me, I never seem to be able to distinguish between the sound of the oboe and

that of the English horn. I'm not even certain I'd know one from the other if I saw them. Please enlighten me.—S. W., Chicago, Illinois.

Both of these horns are double-reed woodwinds, but the one normally termed "oboe" is a treble oboe and of higher pitch than the English horn ("Cor Anglais")—which is also known as the alto-oboe. Both have a mildly penetrating sound—thin and reedy. Visually, you can tell them apart easily: the oboe's the straight one with the smallish bell; the English horn is about five inches longer, has a bulbous bell, and a crook near the mouthpiece to facilitate fingering of the instrument.

The young lady I've been dating of late has one nightmarish quirk which has brought our association to the brink of disaster; she insists on making a public display of her affections. She is constantly pawing, pecking, nibbling my ear and gnawing the nape of my neck, whether we're in a restaurant, movie, at a concert, a party or just out for a stroll. Fun is fun, but there's a time and a place for everything. I've asked her, in as civilized a manner as possible, to cut it out, but she continues her public demonstrations. What's my next move?—M. F., Chicago, Illinois.

Your next move should be out of the picture if the advertising of her affections remains unchecked. Quite often the type you describe is psychologically incapable of amatory restraint, in which case the only thing you can do is to keep your relationship confined to her apartment or yours. Fighting the fires of public passion with fire might shock her into a hands-off policy, but it could even more easily add fuel to the flames. A drastic, direct approach makes the most sense; put your cards (and keep her hands) on the table, and tell her that fanfared familiarity breeds contempt, that public pawing makes you break out in a psychic rash, and that if she can't rein in her ardor until the right moment, that moment will never arrive. It may put a temporary crimp in your social life, but as you unhappily know too well, there's nothing worse than a no-holds-barred exhibitionist. Of course, the girl may be sick, sick, sick: her overt displays may be overcompensation for sexual fear, coldness, inadequacy.

On a recent trip to Las Vegas, I observed a form of betting that I would like you to clear up. At the craps table, a lady bet on the pass line; the shooter rolled a point and before he threw the dice again, the lady picked up her chips that were on the pass line, thus calling

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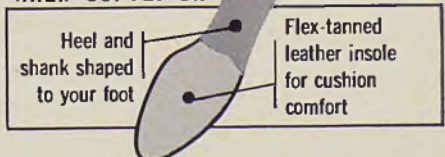
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off her bet. A little later, the same lady moved her bet from the pass line to the Big Eight, doing this while the shooter was still trying to make his point. What I would like to know is, can these two forms of betting be employed, or was the croupier looking the other way, or do I need stronger lenses in my glasses? — R. A. W., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

It was the croupier who needed stronger lenses, or else he was making points with the lady in question. The rules are quite explicit; once the dice have been cast, money on the pass line stays as is. Switching from the pass line (betting with the shooter before he rolls) to the Big Eight after the shooter has rolled a four or ten, say, would have given the lady much better odds for her money. If he had rolled a six, then switching wouldn't have helped her at all, since the odds in each case are the same. It is possible for the bettor to call off his bet between rolls if he puts his money down on the shooter making the point he is going for, or if he has wagered that the shooter rolls a specific number before he rolls a seven. He may also make a bet on the Big Eight, or the Big Six, for that matter, at any time before the shooter makes his point or throws a miss-out (seven). But taking the money from the pass line and transferring it elsewhere or removing it from play is naughty-naughty. That croupier has probably long since been made to turn in his stick, since the house is not set up as a nonprofit organization.

A few months ago I dropped in at one of my favorite bars for some spiritual uplift and spied an attractive female soloing at the bar. When I approached and offered to buy her a drink, she stunned me with the following: "Take off, buddy; I don't drink with strange men. What kind of a girl do you think I am?" Am I Victorian, or was I right in assuming she was exactly that kind of girl? — A. B., New York, New York.

You had every right to assume what you assumed. While we have great compassion for the young lady who simply wants to slake her thirst, the double standard has not yet been repealed. When a wench wanders into a bar unescorted, she is inviting an invitation.

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.





Playboy Club News



SPECIAL EDITION

SEPTEMBER 1961

NEW YORK CLUB OPENS DECEMBER 15TH!

Largest Club To Date Has Facilities For Fun Unlimited

NEW YORK, July (Special)—On December 15th, the largest Playboy Club to date, a seven-story salute to America's greatest metropolis, at 5 East 59th St. (just across from the famous Plaza), will open.

The Gotham Club will offer Keyholders all the features of existing clubs—the warm Playmate Bar with its luxurious hi-fi "entertainment center"—the cozy Living Room with its sumptuous buffet—the Library with its intimate facilities focusing on fun and top-flight talent—the dazzling Penthouse with its parade of star-studded entertainment and the wonderful Playboy Prime Platter—plus special touches to make the New York Club decidedly different.

The main floor is the scene of the Living Room and the sunken Playmate Bar. A raised, circular piano-bar in the Living Room presenting the bouncy sounds of the best in modern jazz catches your eye as you enter the Club, not to mention a spectacular open fireplace straight from *Playboy's Penthouse TV show*.

The third level of the Club houses the charming and intimate Library, and on the fourth floor we have an exciting difference. Here is the Playboy Playroom—a delightful cabaret theater that will feature the *Playboy Players*—a permanent party of witty, sophisticated performers.

The Club's Penthouse is fabulous—with posh and roomy surroundings to please the most urbane taste, and a steady flow of stars that has made the Chicago and Miami Clubs America's most talked-about niteries.

Watch for further information regarding the grand opening!

SWINGING EVENT: PLAYBOY "BREAKFAST JAM SESSION"

The Playboy Club's savory "Breakfast Jam Sessions" have become solid clicks on the Chicago and Miami scenes. They're served to Playboy Keyholders in a buoyant party atmosphere from 1 A.M. to closing—while most other clubs are battering down the hatchets. (Closing times at the Playboy Club vary with local rules.)



IT'S 1 A.M. AT THE PLAYBOY CLUB and Breakfast Bunny Kelly Collins sounds the call throughout the Club summoning Keyholders to the Living Room for food and fun at the "Breakfast Jam Session."

Tasty scrambled eggs, sizzling fried ham, oven-warm English muffins, hot pizza, and coffee are served up in the cozy Living Room by the Breakfast Bunnies. Swinging Trios provide the music in Chicago and Miami until 4 and 5 A.M. respectively, and a driving Dixieland band will swing in New Orleans until the after sunrise closing of 8 A.M. All Playboy Clubs reopen for luncheon at 11:30 A.M.

BUNNY HOP TO PREVIEW NEW ORLEANS CLUB SCHEDULED FOR OCTOBER 13TH



The Bunnies are ready for the fun-filled Bunny Hop to open the New Orleans Playboy Club on October 13th. Left to right, Linda Wickstrom, Joan Garber, Ellen Stratton, Carol Rawski, and Bonnie Halpin.

Bunny Hop No. 2 coming up! And this time, it's a double-header. On October 13th, Champagne Flights will take off from Chicago and Miami to open the glamorous New Orleans Club at 725 Rue Iberville in the heart of New Orleans' fabulous French Quarter. And who'll be on board? Playboy Club Keyholders are certainly invited, and of course there'll be PLAYBOY executives, members of the press and bouncy, fun-loving Bunnies. Chicago Club Bunnies will accompany the flight from the Windy City, and the group leaving Miami will boast a stunning accompaniment of Florida Bunnies. What will the trip be like? If you missed the one that opened the Miami Club, it's hard to describe. You

fly high, wide and handsome with the best of company and enjoy conviviality in the most sumptuous surroundings imaginable. On the Bunny Hop to open the New Orleans Club, the most swinging sounds will accompany the group all the way. There'll be sleek convertibles for all of the "hoppers," super-luxurious quartering in the Crescent City, fun-filled cocktail parties and many other features. If you have joined the Club, hop on board for a real fun time the Playboy way. For more information, write Bunny Hop Department, Playboy Clubs International, c/o PLAYBOY Magazine, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

Clubs Open—116 E. Walton St. 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, Washington D.C., Cleveland, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

PLAYBOY CLUB TALENT LINEUP

CHICAGO (August 12 to September 1)—The Great Yonely, Mello-Larks, Peggy Lord, Chico Randall Trio, Vince Mauro, Bob Davis Trio, Kirk Stuart Trio, Harold Harris Trio, Swinging Piano Stylist Claude Jones and others to be announced. (Opening September 2) Will Meroer, Jimmy Ames, Dick Weston, Marge Dobson, The Raftsmen, Marian Paige.

MIAMI (August 12 to September 1)—Mark Russell, Three Young Men, Fred Barber, Van Dorn Sisters, Lurlean Hunter, Julian Gould Trio, plus Herbie Brock and Teddy Napoleon at the piano. (Opening September 2) Rusty Richards, Nino Nanni, Romer and Howard, The Hi-Fi's, Jerri Winters.

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MY NAME is Martin Stein.

I look like a secondhand lion. My face and jaw have a heaviness. My eyes have a prowlish quality. Not an urgent, hungry look, but the look of slow appetite providing for itself. My hair is messy, a fuzzy garden. I walk with a slouch. My body is big. Definitely, I look like a lion, but the kind of lion that is burdened with memories of hard times, penetrating defeats and boring victories. There is practically no spring to me. Do I sound old? I am hardly twenty, still growing. Inwardly, I have a very active life.

I am exuberant, hopeful, full of beginnings and new pride. If anything, I have dangerous tendencies toward ecstasy. The sensations of the new season affect me like a rub with a Turkish towel. Hope is my constant companion.




ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE SUYEOKA

fiction

By HARVEY JACOBS

THE LION'S SHARE

*even a meek campus beast can make his mark if
he has pride, poetry and a roommate like lester pig*

It is nature's accident that my inside does not jibe with my outside. Except when I talk. My voice is deep, clear and mellow. I have a rich, round voice. It penetrates. It stirs up typhoons in the acoustical seas. When I talk I have actually seen houseflies leave cushy perches to buzz in ever-widening circles. Can you imagine what I do to human eardrums, which are tissue thin? Most of my passion expresses itself in my voice. All youth is wrapped in my vocal cords. This I attribute to the fact that my mother believed in the whole man and my father did not fight her. I still have tonsils.

I use my kingly voice whenever possible. Fortunately or unfortunately, it is my best muscle. I chat with conviction on politics, philosophy, literature, sports, music, art, the drama, love and food. My voice comes echoing from the cave of my mouth like Old Testament music. A dentist once told me

my teeth, tongue and palate are a natural mall suited to great orchestras. Believe me, I would invite the philharmonic if I could fit them all in.

To hear and see me simultaneously is confusing. I am badly dubbed. But because of my intrinsic contradictions, everyone on campus knows me. I am a celebrity of no accomplishment. And I am not seasonable. Martin Stein is pointed out whether they are playing football or croquet, during Winter Week or the Strawberry Festival.

Despite my small notoriety, I am shy in new relationships. At fresh meetings, I burn, I die. When you first make my acquaintance, I look at you through squinty lids giving the impression that your light is so detestable to my brain that I must filter it. Not true. Actually, the chances are I would love you if I could. But I am naturally afraid that you will strip the shell off my soul and find it shivering in dirty underwear.

Why am I this way? Who knows. Maybe it is because my family had money during the Depression. As a child I was removed from the neighborhood's squalor, misery and hunger. From this economic separation I have never fully recovered.

This chronic shyness I feel is, for Martin Stein, the sluggish lion, a thorn in his paw. I need my Androcles with tweezers and warm heart to pluck daily splinters from my pulpy personality. My roommate, Lester Pig, serves that happy function.

Lester Pig's last name is not really Pig, but I call him that. I am justified. He is warm, fat, pink and social. Each night after study period, Lester drives to an eating place called The Palace of Pork for a barbecue. This ritual of his, slightly cannibalistic, plus his general appearance and outlook, gave rise to the name.

"Lester," I say to him, "if you had a slit in your back I would drop in coins."

"Go move your bowels," he answers me, and so we get on.

Lester Pig has done many, many nice things for me, and, indirectly, I for him. He is a born introducer, a man's man. I have local fame and reputation. We use each other, but mostly I use him. He is my go-between, my buffer state. Not only does he help me meet human beings, but he distracts them with sleight of hand while I am adjusting to the catastrophe of coping with a stranger. Thank God for Lester Pig — may he live a thousand years. He is my doorman to life.

Lester Pig builds my ego, a thing of toothpicks and spit. He is always praising me and patting me on the butt. It helps. He forever tells me to dress better, to eat nourishing greens, to sleep more, to send my poems with stamps enclosed to thin magazines, and so forth. I resist

him, but it is nice to be regarded by somebody as potentially respectable and successful.

Of course, my grades are straight-A and my baby-fat dribblings are printed in *Thrust*, the literary journal. Wisps of my glory reflect on Lester, or so he believes. He, like the planets, glows by borrowed light. If I have a small triumph, Lester is fluorescent for days. He is proud to know me, which amazes and delights me. And I am proud to know him, which satisfies his needs.

"Martin Stein," Lester Pig once said to me, looking at a grapefruit his father sent from Miami Beach, "the crystal ball shows me things to come. You will be a big-time rhymester writing lyrics for the music of the spheres, and I will go into heavy industry and hack out an empire. With stockholders' approval, one day our talents will merge. Can you imagine? A fusion of poetry and business, gas and grab. We will conquer the world."

Lester Pig is all for merging. Maybe it is because of his essential loneliness. Mergers hold the hope of the world for him. When he reads in *The Wall Street Journal* that Textron came together with Bell Aircraft, he acts like his cousin got married. He practically sends gifts to the board of directors. And he creams for the girls in the Sunday paper who smile up from the *Betrothed* section.

"Look, Martin," he says. "One Sherill Baumwort is holding her nuptials. Hold them high, Sherill. Wave them proudly around. From your looks I can tell you are full of babies, a regular egg case. May you be as fertile as the prize cow in the State Fair. May you and yours enjoy tremendous bliss as you go forth to populate the earth. May your fiancé, Irving J. Clippstok of New York and Detroit, warm you like a candle. Good luck to the whole family."

Lester Pig loves coming-togethers in any shape or form. It was through his conniving that, at the first trumpets of spring, I met Irene Bell, an impossible girl.

. . .

For me the changing season is a nervous time. The finish of summer seals the book of summer like a full ledger. And what have you got? Memories. Comparisons. A few wilted flowers. Then autumn comes and you go out to meet it crisp with appetite.

Autumn, full of nostalgia, romances the whole idea of dying and parting. Then, like a sick undertaker, autumn itself dies and departs. So what's left besides pressed leaves? Bills for pants and a jacket; a remembrance of the September surge of ambition, which is December's guilt feeling; and maybe one or two good moments.

You think, enough, enough. Then lousy winter wakes the flesh with the

touch of a wool sweater. Dreams stir. Winter passes, good or bad, and where are you? Suckered in by the worst time of all for tempting and teasing. The ice is still hanging from your nose and already you are smelling violets. What a rat race. What the hell, can you resign from the seasons? Spring bugs Martin Stein like nature's alarm clock. The lion is sleeping and snoring, then *bang*, he is itchy again, thinking where to scratch.

In April Lester Pig, a human barometer, knew I was restless before it showed even to me.

"Hibernation is over, Martin," he said. "Last night you sang *The Marseillaise* in your dreams. It was inspirational. I almost got up at four-thirty to go Bastille-storming."

"How was my French?" I said, unimpressed.

"What French?" he said. "Don't flatter yourself. You sang in a hectic Yiddish except for the part about the citizens' forming battalions."

"As one subconscious to another," I said, "what does it all mean?"

"In the remote past was there a dentist in your family?" Lester said.

"There was," I said. "An uncle on my mother's side. He practiced in Staten Island."

"I suspected," Lester said. "I have interpreted your dream. You will have seven lean years and seven fat years, but the important thing right now is for you to fill a cavity."

"Listen, doctor," I said. "You know how I feel about your genital prescriptions. Sex is for making babies."

"My theory is simple," Lester said. "I am pro-body rather than anti-body. Try it for fifty years."

"I know," I said. "Now tell me that if you had my voice you could make out reading the Yellow Pages."

"It's true," Lester said. "You have a special responsibility. Western civilization is on the block. Think of your equivalent Russian. You've got to be more active."

"Storm your own Bastille," I said.

"Come off it," Lester said. "I know by the shape of your head that you are a classical lecher, a human phallus, the kind that goes into stud right after the big race. All the joys of the republic are concentrated in your Adam's apple. You are the living spirit of Passing Puberty. Is it the women that scare you, or are you too lazy about taking showers?"

"Everything scares me," I said.

"Don't give me the shyness crap," Lester said. "I have great plans for you."

"I don't need your help and I don't want your help," I said. "I'm a sulking all-or-nothing person. I'm interested exclusively in deep, tragic love affairs. not

(continued on page 64)



"It'd be a real fun weekend, Cynthia — and your folks could have the marriage annulled Monday!"

LION'S SHARE (continued from page 62)

transient pleasures."

"Hold on," Lester Pig said, jumping up and down on his bed. "Don't you believe that getting there is half the fun?"

"No," I said. "I hate getting anywhere."

But Lester Pig was determined. Later that day I found a bottle floating in the bathroom sink with a note in it that said, "Should people be cold and shaking on the way to destiny? What's wrong with mature males and females touching each other with warmth and tenderness on a part-time basis?"

I took a pencil and wrote, "Not for me," and floated the bottle again.

He telephoned at midnight from a bar downtown.

"My date is cold in the car," he said. "But I wanted to ask you, what memories will keep you warm in the grave, bubbie? The girls you fondle today are the companions of your future senility. You want to sit with me grinning in the Florida sun, don't you? So what will we talk about, pension checks? Social security? You need friendly ghosts to share your declining years."

"I'm declining right now," I said. "I passed my peak at thirteen, the second I was Bar Mitzvahed. Anyhow, what girl would want me? I have achieved nothing."

I heard his dime drop.

"They're trying to cut me off," Lester said. "But to answer your last question in the words of better mountain climbers, a girl will want you *because you are there*. Martin, you need a Sherpa guide to get you uphill. Fortunately, you've got me."

"Find another hobby," I said. "If God meant for me to be a lover, he would have given me white bucks."

But I was talking to the operator who wanted money for the next five minutes.

It had come to pass that, coincident with the vernal equinox, I was taking a peculiar course called Existentialism 104. For learning about this relatively new philosophy, the university granted one golden credit, a credit usually reserved for Gym. But there was no gym. It burned down in January, on my birthday.

I imagine this was purely coincidence, as I must to keep sane, though I am Capricorn and the Director of Athletics is Aquarius. Since he saw me buckle during a freshman push-up, we never got along. But Gym was compulsory, and I accepted it without visible protest until the building came crashing down in flames.

I remember the morning it happened. We went to watch the fire. The Director of Athletics was there, staring into the

embers, looking cheated and deserted. I was sorry for him, but so relieved that I couldn't help rejoicing. I was rejoicing noticeably. I was laughing out loud. I saw the Director whisper something to a fireman who came over to examine me. He was looking for the bulge of kerosene cans in my clothes, or at least a detonator cap.

"Don't mind his hysterics," Lester Pig said to the fireman. "He was just beginning to build himself, and now this. The boy is all smashed up."

No matter. The thing being, that after the gym sizzled there was one credit to account for, and the university announced a choice of emergency courses.

I took Existentialism 104 because I liked the common-sense-pay-as-you-go-look-under-rocks-no-horseball approach it sold. And as I am a galloping optimist with overtones of the millennium, the depressive parts of the doctrine worked in reverse to cheer me.

When the professor painted black pictures of man's destiny, I thought of things like bagels, lox and the Ivory Soap baby. These buoyant images, my personal life jackets, floated me back up to the surface.

As I wrote in my term paper, "A splash of seltzer and chocolate syrup turns the sea of despair into a first-class egg cream." Not that this is the answer to war and pestilence, but it is at least to be considered before taking the gas pipe.

Existentialism 104 had complications. First, since the class was really a sublimation for Gym, the students gathered there were not exactly a selected group. Mostly there were girls who knitted Argyle stockings out of Kierkegaard's guts. There were Bus Ad majors like Lester Pig, a few scattered Poly Scis, many Anthrops and a clutch of Psychs who asked questions about Sartre's toilet training.

The class was like an ark dispatched to save the Liberal Arts, and because it was associated with knee-bends and rope jumping, everybody was a little too festive.

Secondly, the teacher was a problem. His name was Max Pierre, a tiny, tense Algerian genius. He was in trouble and we all knew it.

Max Pierre wanted to stay in America, but he was on a temporary visa due to run out of time. He wanted to marry an American girl citizen of any quality or size as soon as possible.

Max Pierre was not too particular the way things were, but neither was he a Rudolph Valentino. Vague, finicky, highly keyed, and broke, he resembled a used coffee bean, couldn't speak much English and didn't like women. Out of sympathy we all wanted Max Pierre to

win his dream. So we rooted for him. We watched him direct his lessons at eligible girls in the room, looking for a kindred spirit among the knitters. We heard him make embarrassing slips like, "Tomorrow we dis-gus man's yearning for ze statue of lib-er-ty . . . er . . . ah . . . *stat-us* of lib-er-ty."

I did not learn too much, except about love and politics, and a kind of unnecessary suffering.

Finally they imported a blind date for Max Pierre from the Hackensack Institute of Animal Fat and she married him the next week, because as strongly as he wanted to stay in America, she wanted to stay in shape.

There was a happy ending. The underdog came out barking after a honeymoon visit to the State Department. Max Pierre really let himself go, and I filled a book with the damndest notes.

Along with the mass, Miss Irene Bell was driven out of her Modern Movement seminar by the Great Locker Room Blaze which the fire department finally attributed to spontaneous combustion in a wet leotard. She too was wafted into Existentialism 104.

My mistake was, I wrote a poem for her after observing her magnificence from a distance for seven or eight weeks. I wrote the poem on a napkin from the cafeteria, and Lester Pig found it in the breast pocket of a shirt he borrowed.

Lines for Irene

*Like a Phoenix, draped in flame,
From the ashes of the gym,
Irene Bell in sadness came;
Soft and sensual, yet trim.*

*Saved from lechy tongues of fire
To dance again in future hours,
My supermarket of desire;
My own bouquet of winter flowers.*

*Twirl in pagan passion red,
O torch to melt the bluest ice;
While I, unworthy, smash my head
Against the door to Paradise.*

Lester Pig confronted me with the poem while I was indisposed and could not punch him in the face.

"Martin," he said, "either your laundryman is amorous or your corpuscles have come back from Capistrano. Hearty congratulations. This document is another *Hiawatha*, only gitchyer and goomier. It wails."

"Give me my napkin," I said. "That's not for human eyes."

"This napkin is for the Smithsonian," Lester said. "A special glass case. It's like Hallmark himself came from heaven and kissed your head."

*'Twirl in pagan passion red,
(continued on page 130)*

pictorial

*the second in an international
chain of clubs offers urban men
the key to sophisticated pleasure*

THE MIAMI PLAYBOY CLUB



Miami-bound Bunny Hop out of Chicago was buoyed up by copious quantities of bubbly.

WHEN THE NEWEST PLAYBOY CLUB "closed" its doors for business this past spring, amid much celebrity-spangled excitement, another glamorous chapter in the Playboy Club story had been written. The same silver-and-black key that unlocks the fabled Chicago Playboy Club's rabbit-escutcheoned doors is now its lucky holder's open sesame to Miami's modern-day Fountain of Youth — a gilded gathering place for the country's influentials and affluentials.

The Miami Playboy Club's debut, despite the fact that it occurred off season, was the most dazzlingly spectacular tape-cutting ever witnessed in the land of sun and fun; at one point in the festivities a crowd of two thousand was outside Biscayne Boulevard's Bunnied ramparts. Earlier, a *magnum-cum-laude* champagne-powered Bunny Hop out of Chicago had flown keyholders southeast to the frolicsome Miami Grand Closing. There, they renewed acquaintances with Miami Playmates Lisa Winters and Joyce Nizzari, on hand as guests. Beguilingly Bunny-costumed Playmates



Mondrianesque motif of entrance echoes decor of the Chicago Playboy Club's portico. Attentive attendants park keyholders' cars.

Joni Mattis, Delores Wells, Ellen Stratton and Susie Scott were in attendance to serve keyholders and their parties. And celebs were as plentiful as palm trees—Buddy Rich was spotted paradiddling swizzle sticks while Martha Raye belted out songs till the early bright.

Since then, the Miami Playboy Club, like its Chicago counterpart, has become the swingiest, ring-a-ding-dingiest place in town. A keyholder and his guests can sample prize potables in the Playmate Bar, assuage the inner man at the bounteous buffet, soak up the sophisticated sounds round the piano bar in the Living Room, catch the top-flight entertainment making the scene nightly in both the Library and the Penthouse, or relax with a cool drink at the intimate bar in the Cartoon Corner, a snug harbor aglow with reproductions of PLAYBOY humor. And, of course, sprinkled throughout are those beautiful Bunnies.

Especially geared to accommodate Florida's cabin-cruiser contingent, the Miami Playboy Club has its own private dock where Bunny boarding parties may serve passengers and crew. Pool and cabaña facilities are a-building.

The newest Playboy Club is scheduled to debut next month in New Orleans' French Quarter; the New York Playboy Club, at 5 East 59th Street, just a jay-walk away from The Plaza, will follow close behind in mid-December. Next year, Playboy Clubs International will move into high gear with debuts scheduled in San Francisco, Washington, D.C., Detroit, Boston, Baltimore, Cleveland, St. Louis and Dallas. Construction of a five-million-dollar Playboy Club is now under way on more than sixty thousand square feet of land fronting Hollywood's fabulous Sunset Strip. In addition to restaurant, bar and entertainment facilities, the Hollywood Playboy Club will feature a pool, cabañas and 150 guest rooms—for keyholders only, of course. The Sunset Strip pleasure dome, like its Miami counterpart, is another exciting link in the Playboy Clubs International's network, part of an expansion destined to go world-wide. And the Playboy Key is your passport to the plush interiors of all Playboy Clubs—present and future.

For further information about joining The Playboy Club, write Playboy Clubs International, Inc., Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

Right, top to bottom: bountifully-endowed Bunnies stationed at The Ployboy Club's portals do some charming checking of keyholders' credentials—and the gentlemen return the compliment. Bunny deals out deck-side drinks on guest's yacht moored of the Club's private dock. PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner fête-à-têtes at a table in the Club's Library with Miami-based Playmate Lisa Winters, assists o sun-bronzed Bunny as she fills a Femlin-frescoed glass.





Above, left to right: the buffet attendant offers a keyholder and his comely companion expert culinary guidance to the Club's gastronomical delights. The Playmate Bar, resplendently backstopped with reproductions of PLAYBOY's world-famous gatefold girls, has become one of Miami's most popular post-prandial playgrounds. Below: the Penthouse in full swing—the be-Bunnied Barr Sisters, a talented trio typifying the top-flight acts touring the Playboy Club circuit, dispense lightly clothed close harmony to an appreciative SRO audience.



the kite-flying, fez-digging, tequila-swigging, bongo-beating, flamingo-fancying, cow-painting ersatz plenipotentiary, flackmeister extraordinary, raconteur emeritus, discoverer of furtles, inventor of fatolators, designer of whaletoriums, hatcher of ostrich eggs, friend of flying midgets and six-legged turkeys, one-time funeral-insurance planner, part-time prestidigitator, sometime horror-movie heavy, all-time mad prince of munchausen mummery, falstaffian flapdoodle and brobdingnagian balderdash

the little world of Jim Moran



article **By Richard Gehman** JIM MORAN IS ONE of those rare people who has his own part of the world ordered exactly as it pleases him. He lives alone, cooks for himself, and spends hours with his 210-pound, six-foot-two-inch body slumped in a chair, staring moodily out of his front window. He looks like one of those poor Middle European souls Emil Jannings used to play in German films. But his appearance is deceptive. Although he is often pensive, he is also sometimes diabolical, more frequently mysterious, continually mischievous, and incurably insatiable. He has an enormous appetite for food, sports cars, jazz, classical guitar, primitive spirituous liquors, girls, practical jokes, semantics, modern and ancient art, weird machines, exotic musical instruments, girls, photographing wild animals, travel and the world in general.

Moran is perhaps the only man alive who customarily keeps a drum, usually a native one he picked up in some jungle, in every one of the five bathrooms in his ten-room apartment. They simply are there in the johns, and they are symbolic — but not because Moran is a collector of drums; he is a collector of many other things, including funny hats and strange costumes, all the back issues of the *National Geographic*, books on arcane subjects, recherché statuary and painting, and Oriental rugs. The drums are symbolic because Moran, in addition to being a superb cook, a kite-flier, an inventor, the father of an ostrich, a man who not only saw, but created, a purple cow and changed horses in midstream, sold an icebox to an Eskimo and found a needle in a haystack, is probably the most unorthodox drummer in the land.

As I write this, I am fairly certain that he represents the Red Owl stores, a chain of supermarkets in the Midwest; the Lark line of automobiles; and, occasionally, Broadway producer David Merrick. He also does some work for independent film distributors. I think. If asked point-blank what he is doing, Moran will say, "We are engaged in some very interesting projects," puff on his pipe, (continued on page 123)



Where There's Smoke



A
gallery
of
elegant
equipage
for
tobacconalian
tastes
{ accouterments }

In 1560, Jean Nicot, French Ambassador to Portugal, gifted his Queen, Catherine de Médicis, with the seeds of *N. tabacum* and had the somewhat dubious honor of being immortalized in the nomenclature of the noble weed through its least appreciated by-product — nicotine. Since then, Western Man, whether in doublet, knee breeches or pin-stripe, has endeavored to smarten up his smoking gear so as to enhance his enjoyment of tobacco. In the past, the requisite of portability was fulfilled by accouterments that ranged from intricately engraved tinderboxes to oil-skin tobacco pouches, to bulbously proportioned cigar cases. Today, the pleasures of *tabac*, which according to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, go "beyond all the panaceas, potable gold and philosopher's stones," are heightened by a host of trimly tailored, easily toted accessories that bespeak a quiet elegance. Ordinary paraphernalia being obviously out of joint for smoking's ritual pleasures, we offer the following handsomely crafted, eminently useful tools. Clockwise from noon: French stainless-steel smoker's knife by Dunhill, \$15; 14k engine-turned gold cigarette case by Merrin, \$685; gold-plated butane lighter with flame adjuster by Dunhill, \$35; Sportsman pipeliter by Nimrod, \$3.95; French brown pinseal tobacco pouch with Velcro closure by Dunhill, \$10; sterling-silver matchbook cover by Tiffany, \$8; 14k Florentine-finish gold cigar cutter with initial plate by Tiffany, \$39, attached to heavy gold vest chain by Cartier, \$370; 14k gold and black cigar holder by Cartier, \$90; square 14k engine-turned gold cigarette case by Tiffany, \$655; superslim 14k textured gold lighter by Tiffany, \$140; French black crocodile cigar case by Dunhill, \$25. Supporting the smoker's knife: an English dull-finish black lizard cigarette case by Dunhill, \$27.50; clustered in front of case, left to right: 14k gold cigarette holder with tortoise-shell mouthpiece by Tiffany, \$33; hand-stitched brown cowhide butane lighter with flame adjuster by Ronson, \$12.50; 10k gold-filled engraved lighter with initial panel by Zippo, \$20; 14k gold cigar piercer with centering end and initial panel by Tiffany, \$76. All will add immeasurably to the delights of the leaf.



"Did anyone ever tell you you were fascinating?"



Cornell-Harvard half time: Cornell bandmen line up smartly in a rabbit-formation salute to their favorite magazine.

**PRE-SEASON PICKS FOR THE TOP COLLEGE
TEAMS AND PLAYERS ACROSS THE COUNTRY**

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

sports By ANSON MOUNT

124

PLAYBOY'S 1961 PREVIEW



(82) END: Gary Collins—Maryland

(44) HALFBACK: Ernie Davis—Syracuse

(76) TACKLE: Jon Schopf—Michigan

(25) FULLBACK: Ronnie Bull—Baylor

(67) GUARD: Joe Romig—Colorado

(51) CENTER: Alex Kroll—Rutgers

ALL-AMERICA TEAM

125



(18) QUARTERBACK: Roman Gabriel—North Carolina State

(88) END: Pat Richter—Wisconsin

(60) GUARD: Roy Winston—LSU

(19) HALFBACK: Larry Ferguson—Iowa

(73) TACKLE: Billy White—Oklahoma

COACH OF THE YEAR: Rip Engle—Penn State

ALTERNATE ALL-AMERICA TEAM

(Since most major teams are using a two-platoon system, with both units of nearly equal ability, here is our alternate team.)

Ends: Hutchinson (Kentucky)
Campbell (Washington State)

Tackles: Olsen (Utah State)
Neighbors (Alabama)

Guards: Ingram (Ohio State)
Gonzales (Tulane)

Center: Van Buren (Iowa)

Quarterback: Hadl (Kansas)

Halfbacks: Saxton (Texas)
McClinton (Kansas)

Fullback: Ferguson (Ohio State)

Sophomore Back of the Year:
Halfback Carson Bosher (N.C. St.)

Sophomore Lineman of the Year:
Center Ken Henson (Texas Christian)

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(All of whom are likely to make someone's All-America eleven)

Ends: Miller (Miami, Fla.); Mitinger (Penn State); Brandstatter (Mich. St.); Burrell (Rice); Walker (III.); Hillebrand (Colorado); Smith (Ole Miss).

Tackles: Barnett (Ore.); Shirk (UCLA); Echols (Northwestern); Behrman (Mich. St.); Wilder (N.C. St.); Bell (Minn.); Plummer (TCU).

Guards: Nelson (Xavier); Sczurek (Purdue); Buoniconti & Roy (N.D.); Bolin (Ole Miss); Meggyesy (Syracuse); Guthrie (Ga. Tech).

Centers: Binkley (Vanderbilt); Onesti (Northwestern); Hull (UCLA); Pine (Utah); Jordan (Ala.).

Backs: Hollis (Iowa); Baker (Oregon St.); Trammell (Ala.); Lamson (Wyo.); Gross (Detroit); Miller (Wis.); Alworth (Ark.); Goodwin (Baylor); Glass (Tenn.); Coan (Kan.); Costa & Snowden (N.D.); Nettles, Holland & Smith (Wis.); Timura (Dayton); Hoover (Fla.); Jones (VMI); Johns (Miami, Fla.); Triplett (Miami, O.); Raimey & McRae (Mich.); Stovall (LSU); Crump (B.C.); Barnes (Clemson); Leggett (Duke); Burson (Auburn).

TOP TWENTY TEAMS

National Champion:

KANSAS 9-1

2. Iowa	8-1
3. Alabama	9-1
4. Ohio State	8-1
5. Louisiana State	9-1
6. Penn State	9-1
7. North Carolina State	9-1
8. Notre Dame	9-1
9. Syracuse	9-1
10. Baylor	9-1
11. Texas	9-1
12. Michigan	7-2
13. Auburn	B-2
14. UCLA	B-2
15. Wisconsin	7-2
16. Oregon State	8-2
17. Rice	8-2
18. Arkansas	7-3
19. Maryland	7-3
20. Colorado	8-2

Possible Break-Throughs: Utah St.; Michigan St.; Georgia Tech; Clemson; Okla.; Oregon; Duke; Ole Miss; Miami, Fla.; Ariz. St.; N. Mexico St.; Houston; Minn.; Tenn.; Cornell; Rutgers.

WHAT — EXACTLY — MAKES COLLEGE FOOTBALL such a great spectator sport? If you add up the elements — pageantry, color, the spirit of competition — you still don't come up with the real answer to the enormous appeal of the game. One of the key reasons for football's gripping hold on its fans is the simple but not-so-obvious fact that it is, almost uniquely, an underdog's game. Every season there are several major teams that get taken apart by smaller, almost-unknown schools that were originally scheduled as breathers. The human tendency to identify with an underdog gives every football game an air of tense anticipation; the very real possibility that a scrappy team from Dwarf U can whip the behemoths from State (with the help of a few breaks and clever strategy) keeps the stadia filled on crisp autumn Saturday afternoons. And if, in seasons past, the little guy has had his days of glory with pleasing regularity, this season promises even more of the same. A kind of social revolution is taking place in college football, and the gridiron (continued on page 147)

PLAYBOY's pick for National Champs, the Kansas Joyhawks, storm the Syracuse goal line as quarterback John Hadl (No. 21) lugs the ball.



fiction By HENRY SLESAR

THE FIRING LINE

when a company's run like a tight ship, there is no margin for error

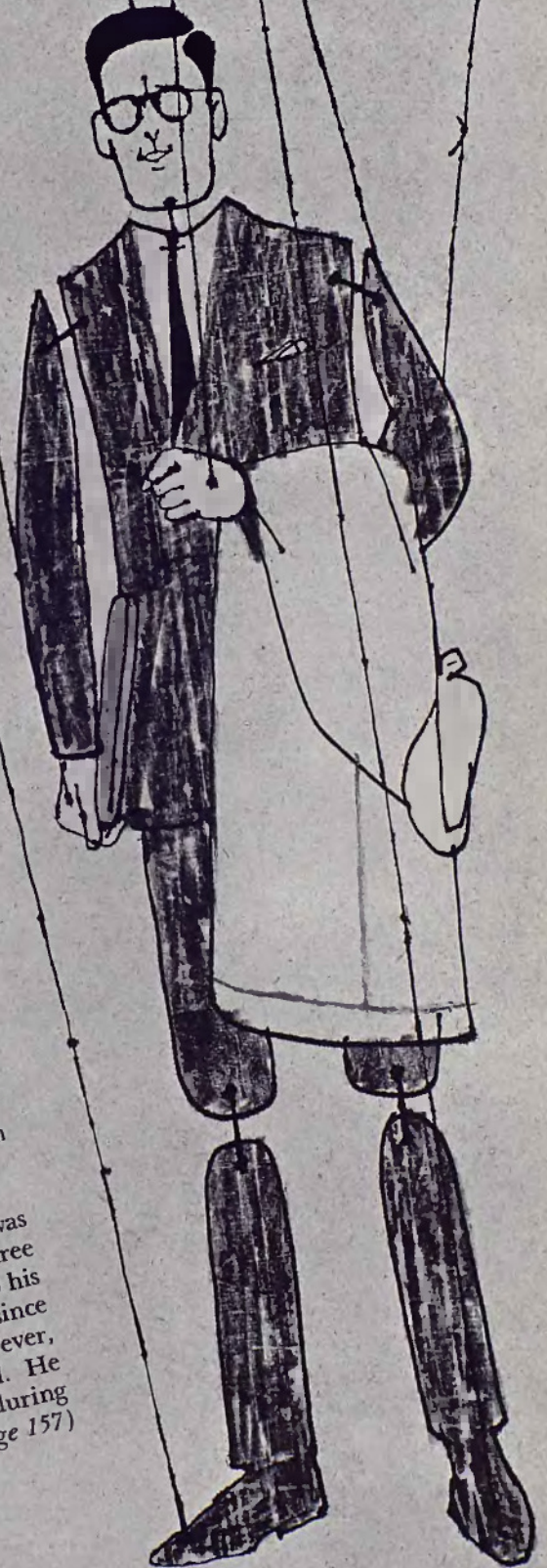
SHELDON KEELER, manager of the home products division, kept himself in conference-readiness at all times; Walford Company meetings were liable to be called any time and any place. Even the building elevators weren't sanctuary; as he stepped into the UP car on Wednesday morning, Cliff Bowles, the Personnel VP, was waiting for him. Bowles had large, nervous hands; when he lit a cigarette, he held his elbows tightly against his sides. "Had a powwow last night," he said. "One of your guys got kicked around, Shel."

"Oh?" Keeler said. "Who would that be?" "Might as well tell you now. Macauley's out. Not pulling his weight. Appreciate it if you'd tell him." "Certainly," Keeler said, trying to isolate the face out of the sixty-seven in his department, and failing. "Want me to do it today?"

"No, better wait until Friday. Late-ish. Not good policy, having discharged employees hanging around, grumbling."

Keeler chuckled, but he wasn't amused. It wouldn't be the first time he had been handed the duty of wielding the departmental ax, but he didn't find the task particularly agreeable. Sometimes, there were unpleasant scenes when he told a man he was through; even the carefully worded company bulletin (256. *Informing a Walford Employee of His Discharge*) wasn't much help when the victim turned emotional.

"Will do," he said. "Friday it is." By the time Keeler reached his office, he was feeling a vague sense of chagrin. The last three discharges in his department had been subject to his ratification or veto; naturally, he had agreed, since Personnel were the experts. This time, however, the decision had been downright unilateral. He enjoyed a moment of righteous outrage, and during his coffee break, joshed (concluded on page 157)





playboy's cool compendium of blithe spirits

THE SCENE: early evening on a penthouse terrace, slow jazz playing on the stereo, weekend traffic humming far below, quiet conversation over beaded glasses of late-summer libation with a group of friends. The wherewithal (swizzled and test-tipped in 14-ounce vessels at PLAYBOY'S OWN bar), from foreground: *Strawberry Blonde*—Marinate three fresh strawberries for an hour in 1 ounce strawberry liqueur. Into glass pour 6 ounces Rhine wine, 1 ounce kirsch, 1 slice lime; add three ice cubes. Fill glass with soda, spear berries on toothpick, insert into straw in waiting wassail, attach pineapple slice to rim, clasp firmly in drinking hand and quaff. *Jocose Julep*—Mix in blender for 20 seconds: 2½ ounces 100-proof bourbon, ½ ounce green crème de menthe, 24 mint leaves, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 ounce lime juice. Pour over three ice cubes in glass, fill with soda, stir, insert 6 tall mint sprigs, serve to nearest belle. *Papa au Rhum*—Mix in blender for 15 seconds: 2 ounces light rum, 1 ounce dark rum, ½ ounce curaçao, 2 dashes bitters, 1 tablespoon pineapple juice, 2 tablespoons falernum syrup, 1 cup cracked ice. Pour into glass, fill with ice cubes, impale pineapple cube, honeydew and cantaloupe balls on toothpick, and place in straw end, insert in potation, pay homage. *Blended Comfort*—Mix in blender for 10 seconds: 2 ounces blended



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JON POWNALL

NOTABLE POTABLES

whiskey, 1/2 ounce Southern Comfort, 1/4 cup thawed frozen peaches in syrup, 1/2 ounce dry vermouth, 1 1/2 ounces lemon juice, 1 ounce orange juice, 1/2 cup cracked ice. Pour into glass, add 2 ice cubes, spear cocktail orange on toothpick, place in straw end, thrust into firewater, fasten sliced lime and lemon on rim, imbibe. *Horse's Neck with Scotch* — Fill glass two-thirds full with cracked ice, insert spiraled lemon peel, add more ice to brim. Add 3 ounces Scotch, 1/2 ounce each sweet and dry vermouth, stirring well; still more ice. "Age" 10 minutes, then sip. *Pink Elephant* — Drain juice from small jar of maraschino cherries, replace with kirsch, marinate several hours. Mix in blender for 15 seconds: 2 ounces gin or vodka, 2 1/2 ounces lime juice, 1 ounce grenadine, 1 egg white, 1 cup cracked ice. Pour into prechilled glass, fill with ice cubes, skewer cherries on straw, plunge into concoction, proffer.



HIGHWAY ROBBERY

for the under-twenty-five urbanite bachelor, the route to auto insurance coverage is a legalistic labyrinth of statistical flimflam and actuarial hanky-panky that culminates in a one-way ride to the cleaners

article **By JOHN KEATS**

ACCORDING TO THE AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE COMPANIES, the under-twenty-five male should be married, live on a farm, and drive only to church, slowly, over placid rural lanes. Otherwise, if a young man persists in living in happy bachelorhood in a city, the companies are going to stick him with the highest rates in the business, in order to make up from him what they are now losing for reasons that have nothing to do with under-twenty-five male drivers.

Consider Ken, for instance. He is a twenty-four-year-old man-about-town who has been driving since he was sixteen. Smooth and deft behind the wheel, Ken has yet to dent a fender or get a traffic ticket. But Ken pays three times more for his automobile insurance than anyone else in his city, male or female, of any age (other than his or under), who has an equally clean driving record. Statistics say that the twenty-year-old girl Ken sometimes dates is more accident-prone than he. She has a car of her own, which she uses constantly, but she doesn't pay anything like the \$200 that Ken shells out for insurance. She pays precisely \$70 for the same coverage, just like all other clean-risk drivers in town who do not have the good fortune to be male, single and under twenty-five.

The \$200 premium that Ken pays has little or nothing to do with the likelihood that he, personally, will have an accident, and the insurance companies know it. Yet, because the companies can make a reasonable-seeming statistical case against the whole class of under-twenty-five drivers, Ken is penalized for being young. This would be unfair even if the case against under-twenty-five males had much substance, which, by the way, it does not. At present, male youth is serving the insurance companies as a whipping boy.

Before we take a closer look at the under-twenty-five statistics, certain not-generally-publicized facts about automobile insurance must be made clear. The first is that premium rates are set primarily on the basis of how much it costs to settle damage claims in any given area — not by how many accidents are likely to occur there, nor by how many accidents the policyholders are likely to sustain. Accidents, and claims paid, are two different things, not necessarily related.

Indeed, insurance men concede we would all be paying the cheapest premiums in history if the accident rate alone determined the price of the policy, because the accident rate has been falling these past fourteen years, while the number of cars on the road has doubled, and the number of people buying insurance has increased fourfold. The companies say that we are paying the highest automobile insurance prices in history chiefly because it costs more than ever to settle claims. Then they go on to say that the cost of settling claims has increased for reasons that have nothing to do with driving a car, much less to do with any category of drivers, such as "males under twenty-five."

According to insurance men, the major problem is that sharpshooting lawyers are persuading gullible jurors to give the companies' money away. They also blame high-binding garagemen, crooked insurance adjusters who split with dishonest repairmen and corrupt cops, inflation, higher wages, rising

(continued on page 90)



Int'l Landi

"Now there's an outfit that understands promotion!"



*this
figure-
perfect
secretary
proves
a
splendid
september
dividend*

Honey
in
the
BANK

In keeping with the rest of California's anything-goes architecture, many of its banking institutions operate in the guise of a depositor's Disneyland, a Spanish hacienda, or a Frank Lloyd Wrightish rock-and-redwood ranchhouse. One conservatively marble-pillared *maison de money*, however, has enough business acumen to decorate its premises with secretary Christa Speck, whose own architecture (38-22-36) is spectacular in itself. When Christa's finished transcribing bank notes for the day, she turns her extracurricular attentions to the dance (modern), jazz (she digs Miles) and the sundry outdoor activities (she's a trampoline bug) that most nineteen-year-old Angelenos find irresistible. And her serious approach to matters fiscal detracts not one whit from Miss Speck's undeniable attributes, which might well, we maintain, cause something of a reverse run on the bank one day soon.

MISS SEPTEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Our Speck-tacular Playmate brightens banking hours in the house that jack built. Beguilingly business-like Christa shows an appreciative depositor the best way to fill out a form, supplies the proper note after checking the files, compounds our interest in financial matters. A highly creditable, perfectly balanced, blue-eyed brownette, Christa figures to be a capital gain in any bankbook.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Women are to blame for most of the lying men do. They insist on asking questions.



The party was a smoothly swinging scene, with all the lights turned low, and Clark espied a female form alone in a corner. He crept up behind her, and before she became aware of his presence, he'd clasped her in a passionate embrace and kissed her soundly.

"How dare you!" she shrieked indignantly, pulling away.

"Pardon me," Clark bluffed smoothly, "I thought you were my sister."

"You chowderhead," she responded tartly, "I am your sister."

A girl can be poor on history but great on dates.



Too often, when you tell a secret to a girl, it goes in one ear and in another.

Mike had just moved into his apartment and decided he should get acquainted with his across-the-hall neighbor. When the door was opened he was

pleasantly surprised to be confronted by a young damsel considerably more than passing fair, and considerably less than fully clad. Though justifiably flustered by this smiling apparition, Mike nevertheless managed a remark singularly appropriate to the occasion:

"Hi, I'm your new sugar across the hall — can I borrow a cup of neighbor?"

The biggest difference between men and boys is the cost of their toys.

Many girls like the quiet things in life — like the folding of a hundred-dollar bill.

Some women take a man to the cleaners as soon as they spot him.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pro-tein* as a callgirl too young to vote.

When Tom, the rising young insurance executive, appeared at his friend Ed's home in the early-morning hours, asking to be put up for the night, Ed was concerned by his friend's hollow-eyed appearance.

"What happened, Tom? You and your wife have a fight?"

"Yeah. When I got home tonight I was really beat, tired as hell. So when she asked me for fifty dollars for a new dress . . ."

"Yeah?"

"Well," Tom went on sheepishly, "I guess I must have been half asleep or something, because I said, 'All right, but let's finish this dictation first.'"

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.



"I'm getting tired of picking up after Sir Charles."

HIGHWAY *(continued from page 80)*

medical costs and the increasing complexity of automobile design — matters for which under-twenty-five males can scarcely be held responsible.

Presently, the companies say, a large part of each premium dollar finds its way into the pockets of members of the National Association of Claimants' Compensation Attorneys — a league some seven thousand strong which publishes trade journals and newsletters to advise its members of the latest gimmicks and jury-teasers with which to bleed insurance firms. Many lawyers draw their entire livelihood from suing insurance companies, and one, at least, operates in what can only be called interstate commerce, employing runners in several jurisdictions to find people who can be persuaded that they have been greatly injured and need to sue.

Such legal specialists enter the courtroom asking for damages on the basis of whatever the lawyer imagines the victim might have earned during his lifetime, had he not been hurt or killed. They think nothing of demanding half a million dollars for a single client who, even in the best of health, might represent a net social deficit. The reason for the grandiose demands is that the lawyers wish to make money. Ernst W. Bogusch, N.A.C.C.A.'s executive director, is quite candid about it. "We are not against the insurance companies," he told one insurance man. "We love them. We just want to take away their money."

Hence, the lawyers sue on a contingency basis, being paid only if they win, but taking a one-third cut of awards less than \$5000 and a fifty-percent cut of anything over. They shoot for the moon, and find that juries are usually willing to give it to them, because of the general public notion that billion-dollar insurance companies have more money than they know what to do with. Even though it is normally grounds for mistrial to let a jury know that an insurance firm is involved in a damage suit, most juries somehow get the idea, and, as one recent juror said, "What the hell, it was the company's money. We figured we might as well give it to this widow."

And give it away they do — \$25,000 for two broken teeth in one case; \$73,000 for a broken nose in another; \$100,000 for loss of a toe. Perhaps the weirdest thing about these jury awards was the fact that state appellate courts upheld them.

While most court awards are the result of a gifted lawyer's plucking legally, if gaudily, upon a jury's heartstrings, some awards are obtained through outright flummery. At this writing, District Attorney Frank D. O'Connor of New York City is investigating the symbiotic rela-

tionship that two lawyers and two doctors apparently enjoy. Mr. O'Connor believes that the two lawyers represent more than a reasonable number of clients who need to sue insurance companies, and that the two doctors bob up as their witnesses with a frequency wholly outside the laws of probability. One of the lawyers, Mr. O'Connor says, was observed speeding to the scenes of auto accidents in the cab of a tow truck. While the D.A. may succeed in nailing this hitchhiking shyster, it is far less likely that he will succeed in nailing the lawyer's friendly witness, because most doctors will not take the witness stand to brand a fellow physician a quack. As long as this situation endures, fraudulent medical testimony will remain almost impossible to prove.

Other cases of fraud are more straightforward. The files of insurance firms are crammed with documented records of faked X rays; of X rays that are quite legitimate, but happen to depict the broken bones of persons other than the claimants; of the names and fingerprints of professional floppers who have masqueraded under dozens of aliases whilst artfully falling unhurt before slow-moving automobiles. As a result of such deceptions; of slipshod thinking on the part of jurors; of the slick maneuvers of legal specialists; and of rising hospital costs, the average settlement for bodily injury claims has doubled nationally since 1946. It has tripled in New York City.

Likewise, in property damage cases, which almost never go to juries, claims again are much higher than in 1946, thanks to inflation, rising labor costs, increasingly difficult-to-repair automobiles, laziness and an increasing amount of hanky-panky. The first three points need little comment, except to note that damage costing \$50 to repair in 1946 might well cost \$300 to repair in this era of electrically-operated windows and \$200 wrap-around windshields. But another reason why the total repair bill is at record height is because not all insurance companies are as diligent as they might be in shopping for the cheapest repairman. For instance, one city's Better Business Bureau checked on a damage claim for \$90. The insurance adjuster had merely telephoned the repair shop to which the car had been taken, discovered that the bill would be \$90, and authorized payment. The B.B.B. says that if the adjuster had checked with a shop down the street, he would have found that he could have had the same work done for \$30.

Apart from this sort of laziness on the part of company adjusters, naked thievery increases the amounts of claims paid, and thereby increases the price of policies. Rates recently went up in the

Philadelphia area, for instance, because a syndicate of crooked claims adjusters, insurance company claims department employees and garagemen stole half a million dollars from twenty insurance firms. Acting District Attorney Paul M. Chalfin said the plan was simplicity itself: the adjusters merely presented fake claims, the insurance company employees wrote out the checks, and then everyone split the loot. While this was going on, the insurance companies, suspecting nothing, argued for higher rates because the cost of paying claims was rising, and the State Insurance Department granted the increases. Now, S.I.D. agents are poking into the mess, but there is no indication that the people who paid the higher rates will ever get a refund in the shape of a compensatory decrease — even though the public was the innocent victim of the companies' crooked employees. Meanwhile, in New York City, current investigations indicate that tow-truck operators have been paying policemen to call them in cases of accidents. The cars are towed to repair shops where crooked adjusters agree to jacked-up bills. The insurance companies of course pay the bills, and in some cases, the adjuster and the repairman have split little windfalls of more than \$300 on phony repairs to a single car. In another case, a man who grew tired of his station wagon arranged with a tow trucker to haul the thing away to a shop where it was dismantled. Then he reported it stolen, collected the insurance and split with his associates.

Since the companies know that such games are being played with them, one would normally expect them to be doing everything possible to defend themselves, such as hiring better lawyers and efficient detectives. One might also expect them to be campaigning for new laws, modeled on those of England and Canada, that would prevent lawyers from taking cases on contingency. The companies could also demand that court-appointed physicians examine accident victims to determine the extent of permanent injury, if any. They could also ask for new state laws setting forth a scale of compensatory damages, and thus put an end to outrageous jury awards. If the companies are doing anything like this, they are doing so in comparative secrecy. Publicly, they say there is little they can do but pass the bill along to their policyholders.

It is at this point that the companies stop talking about paying claims, and start talking again about accident rates, but this time with the end in view of shoving off on the under-twenty-five male the major responsibility for paying the high-powered lawyers' fees; for feeding the crooked and the lazy; for

(continued on page 141)

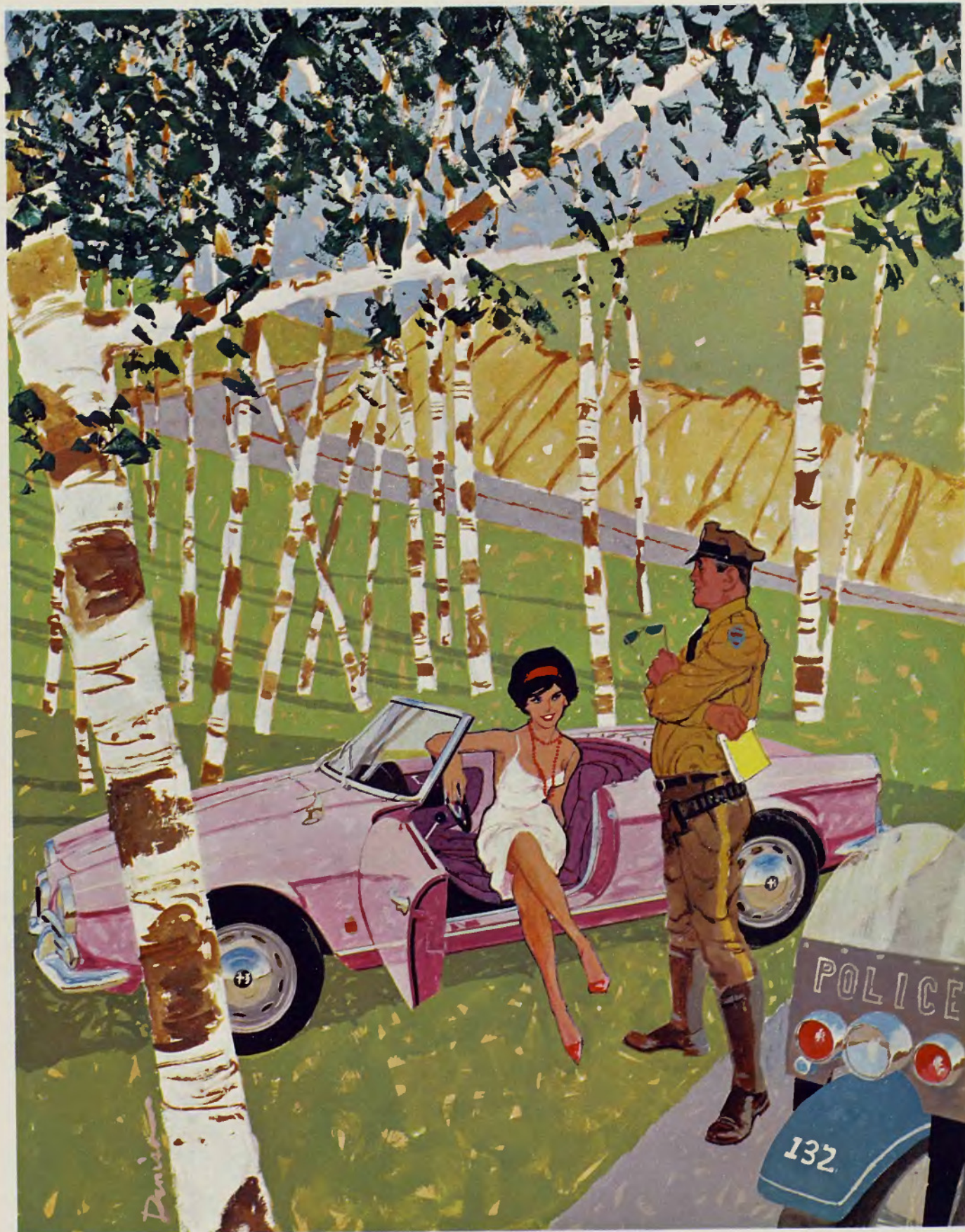


THE PURSUIT OF PERFECTION

*a romp through the annals
of self-prescribed potions
and a tour down the aisles
of your druggist's domain*

article By RICHARD CARTER

THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME DOUBT about where American civilization is going, but there need be none. American civilization is going where it has always gone — to the drugstore. With pill, potion and devout wish, most of the nation is, as usual, striving after super-human levels of physical, mental and emotional felicity. Americans continue to be obsessed with the conviction that they owe it to themselves to look better than possible, feel better than possible and function better than possible. And what are the criteria of perfection? Seventeen-jewel bowels, dazzling comeliness, infinite sexual stamina and a wide-awake bloodstream fortified with iron. And how may *(continued on page 108)*



"So I asked myself, 'What can I do to meet that big, handsome policeman...?'"



beneath the guard's gaze, they spoke of ways to live and ways to die

ON THE FIRST AND THIRD SUNDAYS of each month, prisoners at the state penitentiary whose names begin with A through K are permitted to receive visitors; on the second and fourth Sundays, the Ls through the Zs. When fifth Sundays occur, special permission must be secured, but it is invariably granted. Each prisoner is entitled to have three persons visit him, two of whom must be members of his immediate family.

THE SOLEMN SABBATH

The visiting area is a square, enclosed on two sides by open-sided shelters with picnic tables and benches. At one end of the square there are rest rooms and a booth where soft drinks, candy and cigarettes may be purchased. The prisoners come through the gate at this end; two guards are stationed there who examine the prisoners' passes before they let them go through the unlocked gate. At the other end of the square is the gate through which the visitors come; this gate is electrically operated from a glassed-in observation hut just outside the square.

The cell dormitories, two three-story buildings, are on the left of the square, about one hundred yards away. These buildings shut off the view but not the sounds of the recreation area. The prison hospital is on the far right, and at center right, a good three hundred yards from the square, standing apart, there is a small two-story building, like the others a dull yellow color and badly in need of paint. This building is the death house, and contains four cells, quarters for the guards and the room with the electric chair.

Visiting hours are from ten A.M. to four P.M., but no one is permitted in or out of the square between twelve and two, when the guards and turnkeys take their lunch breaks. Visitors are allowed, in fact encouraged, to bring picnic lunches, and those who bring them spread them out on the tables. After the lunch is over, they sit at the tables and talk, or walk about the square. There is no restriction to the number of children under twelve, and the square is busy with them, darting about in the purposeless fashion of children at loose ends on Sunday.

Two men — an inmate in a hospital orderly jacket and blue prison trousers, and his visitor — had been walking the square all afternoon, and had now stopped, both looking toward the death house.

"Negroes die the easiest," the inmate said. "After them, the Catholics — born ones, not converts. I understand about the Catholics, after all, if you know, I mean really know, not just think so, or hope so, or wish so, what have you got to lose, but Negroes? They live easy and they die easy. Do you know why, Deacon?"

He turned and looked at his brother, whom he called Deacon, who called him Little Horse, names struck up in childhood and never abandoned, and who had just hurt him badly by a simple, sensible, straightforward request. The hurt did not show save in the dancing brightness of his eyes, which were very blue and never still.

"Well, I suppose if they love life, as you say, are on easy terms with it," Deacon said, knowing that wisdom was expected, careful not to disappoint, "then, perhaps, they can let it go without regret. But if you don't, don't love life or find it easy, then, at the end, you have this pinched, cheated feeling that you're being cut off before

you make something out of it."

"I mark you E for effort," Little Horse said. "Now, let me tell you about Quantock and Lundy, the last two who died over there. Neither was a Catholic or a Negro, but they put up a good show, each one completely different."

"I'd just as soon change the subject," Deacon said. "I don't have much longer to be here, Little Horse."

He came about four times a year. Although he never brought a picnic lunch, he always gave his brother ten dollars, and each month he didn't come, he sent a money order for five dollars. He was busy, he had problems of his own, and it was three hundred miles from his home to the prison. It was the very best he could do.

He was the elder brother, the exact image of their father, and he had just asked Little Horse to write him General Delivery instead of to his home address. His children were getting older, and letters with the state penitentiary return address on them were bound to raise embarrassing questions sooner or later. "Now, be sure you tell him," his wife had said as he left the house, but now he knew he should not have agreed to it. Yet, he was relieved that it was done. And Little Horse had simply nodded in agreement and had changed the subject to the death house.

"I'll tell you, anyway," Little Horse said. "After all, Mama's well, Stella's well, Sid and Agnes send their warmest regards, and we have nothing else to talk about. But Quantock and Lundy, now—who they were, what they did, how they died—are interesting and instructive. What the hell, there may even be a moral for the young in them, for you to pass on to your classes."

He clapped his hands impatiently, and they resumed pacing the square. His mind began to fill with bright images of hot flames licking upward. Quantock and Lundy, he thought, how juicy, rich and rotten ripe, what lovely stories can I tell to spell out those nice and lovely names. He began to talk, slowly at first, then in a rush of words, followed by long silences, quick glances at his brother, aware that he was supremely uncomfortable. From time to time, he put his hand on his brother's shoulder and squeezed it for emphasis.

"Robert Quantock could cure headaches. Put his cool hands on your hot head, never say a word, but in less than three minutes your headache was gone. For a while, when he came here, he was sick and in the hospital, and I saw him do it. Oh, many times.

"Robert Quantock. Unusual name, unusual man. Left a poker game one night where he had won three hundred dollars. Went home and found his wife waiting up for him. She was a lady, and spoke to him in low tones, very civilized.

Quantock listened until she ran down, told her she was lucky she had someone to blame her troubles on, and went into the bedroom. She followed him, still talking, still very civilized, and he shot her as she walked in the door, in the middle of a sentence, and in the center of her forehead. He told the police when they came that it was the only way he could get her to shut her mouth."

He stopped and swung his brother around. "Now, Deacon, mark this. Quantock shot that pistol for the second time in his life, and fired in semidarkness, and the odds against the bullet striking her at all must be high, high, but in the middle of her head, her blabbing head, they'd be fantastic. It was an accident, a fluke. But that's the way it goes. Prettiest girl, and the smartest I ever knew, cut her hand opening a can of mushroom soup and died of blood poisoning the next day."

He resumed the walk abruptly, and began to talk faster, keeping the blue betrayal of his eyes away from his brother.

"Quantock's lawyers entered a plea of insanity. They made a big deal of his having won, not lost, three hundred dollars. But the psychiatrists couldn't see it—perfectly normal, they said, for a man to shoot his wife down to get her to shut up. And the jury wasn't out an hour, and by and by, they brought Quantock here, and he cured quite a few headaches before they carried him over there." He indicated the death house.

"It took two years to exhaust all of the appeals. Quantock had nothing to do with it, didn't even seem interested. Read by day and slept by night. When the governor denied the last appeal and set the date, he thanked the warden when he brought the news."

He stopped talking, remained silent for a long time before he looked at his brother, whose face seemed dim and vague to him.

"Deacon, you know they give you a sleeping tablet on the last night? Oh yes, and most of them take it. You'd think that you'd want to stay up all night the very last night, but in the end they take it. But not Quantock, he just laid him down, as he had every other night, and went to sleep. When they came for him the next morning, he was shaved and dressed, waiting.

"When you go, Deacon, you have a guard on each side of you. They take you by the arm, as if you were old or lame or fragile, and they walk you down the corridor, which is not a mile, it's hardly forty feet from death cell to death chamber. But the guards hold you, in case you struggle, which happens sometimes, or faint, which happens quite often.

"But Quantock didn't struggle. Or

faint. Oh, he stopped still, Deacon, when the door to the death chamber swung open. Even Jack Lundy did that, later. It's all right if you do that, Deacon; it's expected, quite pardonable. But Quantock only stopped for a second, then walked in, nodded to the witnesses and took his place in the chair."

Against his will, his brother spoke. "He didn't say anything?"

"Well, no message for the human race, nothing suitable for framing or inscription," Little Horse said. "But he did speak. 'This should make it even,' he said, or words to that effect. And the warden signaled and poof, no more Quantock, just a slack bag of burned meat and bones. Never commit another murder. Or cure a headache by laying on those cool, gentle hands."

A guard came walking through the square. Little Horse watched him, and when he passed he spat on the ground.

"Well now, Deacon," he said, "was that a good death? Quietly, neatly, no muss, no fuss, no ends dangling? You teach English, literature and life they call it, don't they? What would Longfellow say about Quantock? Would old William Makepeace Thackeray call him buddy?"

Deacon shrugged. "Yes, Little Horse," he said, soothingly, "if you're going to die, if there's no help for it, then it's best to just go quietly, not like a rat, squealing."

Once, when he was twelve and Little Horse five, he had gone walking through the woods in back of their house, looking for him. He had found him under a tree, sound asleep, and he had stood there looking down at him, his heart filled to choking, and had turned away without waking him, waiting just out of sight until he woke up. When others—his wife, his mother, his sister, friends—spoke of his brother, this image of the boy sleeping under a tree in the middle of the woods came to the fore of his mind; and it seemed to him that the others were talking about someone he didn't know.

Two years before, Little Horse had stood across the corner of the busiest, most brightly lighted intersection of a large city, late at night, and had fired a steel slug from a slingshot across the street and broken a window in a jewelry store. He had walked across the street and filled his pockets and walked, then run, down the street. He was easily captured six blocks away, and an enterprising photographer had snapped his picture at the time of apprehension. The picture appeared in all the papers, but Deacon saw no resemblance between the boy sleeping under the tree and the nocturnal creature hanging between two policemen.

"Like a man, but not a squealing rat?"

(continued on page 158)



John
Dempsey

"I'll pat on the tanning lotion, if you don't mind, Mr. Felps."

BACK to CAMPUS

a round-the-country roundup of what the b.m.o.c. will be wearing this term



attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN** It wasn't long ago that sartorial distinctions among the various collegiate regions were easily identifiable by anyone with a reasonably perceptive fashion eye. Professional know-how was far from necessary to separate the three-button Ivy Leaguer from the freewheeling enrollee at a Southwestern agricultural college; to spot the ultra-tony undergraduate from an exclusive liberal arts school; or to distinguish between the

SOUTH: Flanked by a flock of Mississippi belles, two Vanderbilt VIPs epitomize the dressy informality of Southern campus wear. At left, Interfraternity Council President Peter Parker wears an elegantly subdued olive-blue glen-plaid suit with slanted piped pockets, side vents, beltless trousers, by Andrew Pallack, \$95; pewter-tone cotton broadcloth shirt with neat tab collar, convertible cuffs, by Arrow, \$5. Pillar pal Holt Smith, an intramural wrestling champ and Student Court member, earns unabashed admiration in casual bronze-plaid jacket and reversible vest, matching solid-color slacks with belt loops, quarter-cut pockets, all in lightweight cotton corduroy, by Marshall Ray, \$35; oxford buttondown with barrel cuffs, by Hathaway, \$7.



EAST: Quadside at Yale, the understated Ivy look is personified by four well-groomed guys-about-campus. Bumpershoooting Richard Neubert, an editor on *The Yale Record*, is chalk-striped in three-piece worsted suit, by Cricketeer, \$70; pin-striped broadcloth shirt, by Hathaway, \$9. Book-bearing Paul Zavorskas (hand on knee), a graduate art student, is outfitted in Donegal wool tweed jacket, by Cricketeer, \$40; cotton chambray shirt, by Jayson, \$5; wool worsted flannels, by Corbin Ltd., \$23.50. Vis-à-vis Zavorskas, Glee Clubber Warren Hoge sits in multistripe wool jacket, by Squiretown-Mavest, \$50; striped oxford shirt, by Manhattan, \$6; rayon-cotton covert slacks, by H.I.S., \$6. Bill Wheeler, a soccer-playing History major, takes ten at right in British-styled three-piece wool tweed suit (suede vest), by RFD, \$70; cotton hopsack shirt, by Van Heusen, \$6.

conservatively inclined city-college commuter and the casually accoutred state-university man. With the gradual growth of Ivy influence across the country, however, local looks have lost much of their sharply sectional stamps. The lean-lined natural-shoulder profile has been adopted (and adapted) almost everywhere. Individuality is still observable, but its manifestations are increasingly subtle; the flair with which a certain suit is worn is often the only denominational difference between an MIT engineer and a UCLA Lit. major. A



working knowledge of such near-intangibles, therefore, becomes advisable for style-conscious collegians. To help provide these prerequisite insights, **PLAYBOY** has prepared this regional rundown of the last and latest word on campus fashions. Read it and reap.

THE EAST: Here in the heartland of the Ivy League, as might be expected, the conservative tradition is maintained with style and steadfastness: no surprises, few fads. To a greater degree than in any other college quarter, the three-buttoned, natural-shouldered look

WEST: A trio of trim Stanford students exemplify the studied casualness of coastal campus styles. Left center: coed-coveted Dan Moore, track-team broad jumper, wears block-plaid wool pullover with high-V neck, by Manhattan, \$16; worsted flannel slacks, by Corbin Ltd., \$23.50. Middleman Larry Royse, President Pacific Student Presidents Association, sports camel's-hair jacket, by Stanley Blacker, \$65; cotton suede vest with matched lining, by Hyllo, \$13; cotton broadcloth shirt, by Hathaway, \$7.50; wool-Acrlan beltless trousers, by Esquire, \$15. Larry's brother Robb, President of the Fraternity House Managers Association, dazzles date in red billiard-felt beer jacket with navy piping, brass buttons, by RFD, \$30; cotton basket-weave oxford shirt, by Sero of New Haven, \$7; wool-Dacron worsted sharkskin beltless slacks, by YMM-Jaymar, \$20.



remains the official silhouette, with Ivy-originated olives predictably predominant, quietly complemented by perennial black and navy, plus a low-key spectrum of browns and grays. However, the English-influenced three-piece suit — especially in the Harvard-Princeton-Yale-Dartmouth circuit — is increasingly in evidence. From Penn to Anherst, hacking-model and flap-pocket sports jackets have earned equal approval in subdued Shetlands and herringbones, though a tasteful smattering of bold plaids and navy (concluded on page 116)

MIDWEST: Four fountainside Michigan men ably embody the Midwest's modified Ivy silhouette. Femme-flanked Dennis Floden, freestyler on championship swim team, likes a cotton suede coat with shearing collar and lining, by Buck Skein Brand, \$30; Orlon-wool flannel trousers, by Esquire, \$17. Business Administration School President Bill Blanton is openly ogled in red cotton moleskin jacket, by Gordon Ford, \$45; fine-striped cotton shirt, by Arrow, \$5; wool worsted flannel slacks, by Esquire, \$19. Promenading in tandem: swimmer John Dumont in cotton corduroy suit with doeskin vest, by Gordon Ford, \$55; check cotton oxford buttondown, by Manhattan, \$5.50. Paddle-packing Dave Butts, hockey-team goalie, wins girlish gaze in cotton suede parka with wool-pile hood and lining, by RFD, \$35; wool-twill gabardine slacks, by Anthony Gesture, \$25.



"Ho hum — I'm going to bed. The heck with Fatima, Nadia, Soraya and Laila."

A SHORT HISTORY OF SWEARING

*of
mighty oaths
and
blasphemy,
imprecations vile
and*

"#\$% & '()*~&¢@!"

article By WILLIAM IVERSEN

SCHOLARS AND FOSSIL-FANCIERS, who dig Early Man, believe the first "swearing" was largely a matter of growls, hisses and roars calculated to strike fear in the ear of an enemy. As Finley Peter Dunne once put it, in the dialect of Mr. Dooley: " 'Twas intinded as a compromise between runnin' away an' fightin'. Befure it was invinted they was on'y th' two ways out iv an argymint."

This view is both extremely primitive and extremely modern. It takes into account the familiar business of swearing *at*, but ignores the age-old ritual of oath-taking — of swearing *by* (God, Zeus, the Beard of the Prophet, etc.) and swearing *on* (the Bible, the Koran, or some sacred relic or object). And it is from swearing solemn oaths that we evolved the basic language for aggressive-type swearing: the verbal irreverence toward things sacred and taboo that we call "profanity."

Like prayer, profanity has its roots in primitive religion. Granted the gift of speech, Man turned out to be a born liar, and truth was attested to by pledges made in the names of pagan nature gods and superhuman forces. Norsemen swore by Thor and Frigga. Early Goths swore by thunder and lightning, and ancient Arabs swore by all the mysterious laxative powers of the fig.

Regardless of such potent guarantees, many oaths were sworn falsely, however. A guilty Slovenian tribesman would lay his hand upon the Holy Oak and protest his innocence with the words "May Perkun destroy me!" And if Perkun did not destroy him, the shifty knave soon began swearing by Perkun whenever he jolly well felt like it — fearlessly and profanely — until Perkun's power was discredited, and the religion passed away.

It was this sort of irreverence that the Hebrews refused to tolerate on behalf of Jehovah. The Third Commandment was directed specifically against such "vain" swearing, and Levitical punishment for the blasphemous use of God's name was death. Similar strictures were placed upon curses, or prayers that evil might befall others — though circumstances seemed to alter cases, and the Bible remains a handbook of hair-raising maledictions.

Throughout the rest of the ancient world, where the names of deities were not so well protected, truth was pledged by an ever-increasing variety of oaths. Egyptians, who once swore by Isis and Osiris, began to swear by the mystic qualities of the onion, the garlic and the leek. Greeks, who swore by all the gods, invoked the names of the goose, the caper, the dog and the Rhodesian cabbage — a vegetable venerated as a heaven-sent hangover cure. But as the names of animals, vegetables and divinities became debased through misuse, profanity flourished, and the Greek-on-the-street would grumble "Great Zeus!" or "By the cabbage!" at every Athenian annoyance. Restrictions applied only to Hercules' name, which was reserved for the use of children, who were free to swear with it out of doors but were

punished for using it in the house.

For some unknown reason, the play-time profanity of Greek kiddies later became the exclusive expletive of Roman men, in the form of *Mehercle!* Roman women, not to be outdone in any kind of profligacy, swore profanely by Castor, and *Mecastor!* became a feminine oath. Latin sexual slang, on the other hand, was used freely by both men and women, and was not considered profanity at all. Names and epithets suggestive of bawdry, nymphomania, bastardy and perversion were familiar terms of endearment, and figured mainly in friendly banter. Julius, a swearing Caesar, who had earned every sexual laurel known to street language, rejoiced in the soldiers' marching song that hailed his triumphant return from Gaul:

Home we bring our bald whore-monger;

Romans, lock your wives away!

All the bags of gold you lent him

Went his Gallic tarts to pay.

Among the many legal terms deriving from Latin are "jury" and "perjury," both of which originate in *jurare* (to swear, in the formal, legalistic sense). Such oath-taking among Romans reflected the man worship of a powerful state religion, and the most solemn oath was taken on the head of the living emperor. Caligula, who erected a shrine to himself where peacocks and flamingos were sacrificed to his golden image, preferred to have the populace swear by his divine Genius. His own most binding oaths were sworn by the name of his sister Drusilla, one of three with whom he regularly indulged in incestuous intimacies while lying down to dinner in the presence of his wife and guests.

While Caligula's peculiar table manners were occasioning murmurs of "By Jove!" and "Ye gods!" in the original Latin, the deep-freeze warriors of the North were pledging alliances by the power of the sword. It was not until centuries later, when Europe was Christianized, that God was called upon to witness oaths made by the naked blade, and the sword became a symbol of the Holy Cross.

With Frankish fervor, Charlemagne demanded that allegiance be sworn *Sic me adjuvet Deus* (So help me God), the oath still used in our present-day courts. The Latin name for God, *Deus*, is profanely echoed in our own word "deuce"—generally considered a euphemism for "damn." The notion that "deuce" was borrowed from the ancient game of dice is given support by most dictionaries, where the origins of "deuce" are traced to *duos*, the Latin word for "two." The implication is that *duos* was the Roman equivalent of "snake-eyes," and hence an expression of anger. Unfortunately for the theory, however, Caesar's sportsmen rolled four bones instead of two, and crapped out on a show of four one-spots.

This was known as *canicula* (little dog), and gave birth to a litter of quite different expressions based on *Damnosa canicula!* (Damned little dog!).

As Christianity spread, the names of saints, shrines and sacred relics were used as guarantees of truth-telling, and soon found their way into profanity's growing word list. Men swore "by God's wounds," "by God's blood" and "the bell of the abbey church." In an effort to combat the rising flood of impious swearing, Charlemagne made it punishable under law, but penalties were not nearly so severe as under Kenneth II, king of Scots, who chastised Tenth Century offenders by cutting out their tongues. France's Philip II disposed of the problem by drowning swearers in the Seine, while Louis IX set a precedent for the traditional soap-in-mouth treatment by branding their tongues with a hot iron.

The sainted Louis' pet peeve was the courtly habit of blithely swearing *par-dieu!* (by God!), *cordieu!* (God's heart!) and *têtedieu!* (God's head!). Luckily, Louis also had a pet dog named Bleu, and courtiers who had no taste for hot irons were able to swear their way around the law by substituting the dog's name for the name of the Deity—*par-bleu!* *corbleu!* *sacré bleu!* and so forth, in the manner familiar to Frenchmen ever since.

The practice of swearing by God's head, heart, blood and wounds resulted from the preachments of the medieval clergy upon the detailed agonies of the Crucifixion, and eventually came to include God's liver, eyelids, feet, toes and nails. The nails of the Cross were known as "God's hooks," and in time became the jocular "Gadzooks!" or "Zooks!" In like fashion we have "Sblood" for "God's blood," "Sdeath" for "God's death" and "Swounds" for "God's wounds"—the last being variously rendered as "Zwounds!" "Zounds!" or "Zoonds!" "Odds bodkins!" which any Twentieth Century child may use indoors or out, originally referred to God's body in the blasphemously diminutive form of "bodikins," and is literally "God's little body!"

That such profanity was common to all Europe is apparent from the exclamations Rabelais uses to describe the public panic during the urinary flood unleashed by the giant Gargantua:

"*Pocapedion!* God's head!" roared a Gascon.

"*Das dich Gots leyden Schend!*" bel-lowed a German trooper. 'God's passion roil you!'

"*Pote de Christo!*" an Italian voice rang out. 'Christ's power!'

"*Ventre St. Quenet!* . . . By the bellies of all the apostles . . . God's virtue . . . by St. Fiacre of the land of Briel! "

In order to enjoy the comforts of swearing without incurring the penal-

ties of profanity, the French invented a calendar of fictitious saints' names to swear with—St. Lâche, the patron of idlers; St. Nitouche, who watched over hypocrites; and St. Gris, beloved of drunkards—to which the ribald Rabelais adds a medley of his own: "By St. Godegran, stoned to death with apple dumplings . . . by St. Foutin, the fornicator's friend! . . . by St. Vitus and his jig! . . . by Ste. Mamica, the virgin martyr, by our lusty mammical duty to all virgins!"

To avoid profaning the Holy Name, the English began to swear "by the cross of the mousefoot," and made changes in the spelling and pronunciation of "by God" that seem even more blasphemous: "I'cod," "by Gog" and "by Cock and pye." In *London Lyckpenny*, the oldest English street ballad, "pye" was dropped from the last phrase, and the oath abbreviated to a breezy "Yea, by Cock!"

It was in the same Fifteenth Century that "goddamn" was first heard, bursting from the lips of British soldiers sent to fight in France. So common was this military oath, the French adopted it as a nickname for all Englishmen. When the child monarch, Henry VI, assumed the thrones of England and France, he was known as "Little King Goddamn." British profanity persisted, and the name stuck. Three centuries later, English officers in Paris were hailed with "Here come the goddamns!" and the traveler in Portugal was greeted with a friendly, "How do you do, Jack? Damn you!"

The more specific "goddamn it" and "goddamn you" didn't come into use until the close of the Sixteenth Century. "God damn me" appears as a new phrase in Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, where it is described as common to the speech of low women: "'God damn me'; that's as much to say, 'God make me a light wench.'"

Though Shakespeare's queen, Elizabeth, angrily swore "By God's Son!" and "God's death!" the Bard's ladies were generally given to more genteel expressions—as witness Hotspur's comment upon the mildness of Lady Percy's "in good sooth," in the first part of *Henry IV*: "Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. . . . Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art a good mouth-filling oath."

No age was more class-conscious in its swearing, and an easy command of vigorous expressions was a sure sign of Elizabethan status. In Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humor*, Master Stephen, a country bumpkin, listens in awe as the swaggering Captain Bobadil thunders, "A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Caesar, but that I seem to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd have stabb'd him to the earth. . . . By

(continued on page 165)

NUDE TWISTS FOR TIRED

satire **TV** By JERRY YULSMAN

a pictorial pitch for television on an unclothed circuit

HAPLESS PREVIEWERS of this fall's television schedule have already added their amens to John Crosby's classic allegation that the American medium is little more than "chewing gum for the eyes." Overseas, mercifully, mankind's video-viewing prospects are far less fatuous. The current craze on Tokyo TV is a corps of kimonoless chorines who prance weekly on a bluish bauble called *The Pink Mood Show*; and in France, the unstrung heroines of the *Folies-Bergère* debuted *déshabillé* for Parisian TV viewers late last year. Inspired by this broad-minded programming concept from abroad, lampooning lensman Jerry Yulsmán illustrates how the female form—suffering not a whit from overexposure—could be used to boost both Niensens and morale on our drear domestic screens.

If the ofttime dry domain of cultural programming—long relegated to the ghetto of Sunday afternoon—were made more bare and less barren, cerebral fare would win prime-time privileges by Monday morning. On "Omnibust," for instance, a downbeat discourse on dodecaphonics would acquire an upbeat flavor with the presence of a nimble female performer, sans dinner jacket, as the fourth member of a string quartet. TV's operatic efforts would reap raves and ratings if an unclad coloratura appeared as an eyefilling Aida, a well-spiced Salome, or a breastplateless Brünnhilde. Daybreak dissertations such as "Sunup Semester" would open orbs and earn A's en masse if their curriculums were stripped of stuffy academic trappings. An erudite explication of molecular energy would penetrate the

most impervious pate if those busy little electrons, protons and neutrons were represented by the anatomic structures of energetic blondes, brunettes and redheads. Art lectures could feature live "life" classes for armchair esthetes. And in video physics courses, Archimedes' law of water displacement could be delectably demonstrated by a bathing beauty in a brimming bathtub.



Until recently, the pasts of meek and mighty alike were whitewashed weekly in sudsy bathos on "This Is Your Life." The monotony of these pallid bios would have been mitigated if a surprised subject had been reunited — not with a clutch of lavender-scented kindergarten teachers, fudge-making maiden aunts from Perth Amboy and kindly patriarchs whose lawns he cut as a kid, but, as pictured here — with a gaggle of girlfriends from his oat-sowing years, accoutered exactly as enshrined in his memory. Less nifty knickknacks are conferred on the contestants of TV's game and give-away shows. But the interest of bachelor bidders on "The Prize Is Right," for instance, would be immeasurably enhanced if the weekly showcase were a matched bedroom set highlighted by a togless maiden atop the inner-spring mattress.



The often inverse ratio between entertainment and edification in TV news and public affairs could be made disarmingly direct by adding a dash of nudes to the news. Current events would gain a refreshing sense of intimate involvement if Winkley and Dinkley were to begin featuring film clips not only of the latest intrigue in the Caribbean but of the latest Ekberg strip at a Roman revel; or

depth features not only on burgeoning African nationalism but also on unfeathered fertility rites; or taped trips not merely to political conventions but to nature-camp buffday parties. Time-traveling TV documentaries have long allowed the history-smitten to range about in the past; on such shows as "You Are Bare," however, the moment has come to drop a few stitches in time by alternating dramatic re-enactments of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo and Lincoln's death at the Ford Theater with video visits to a full-undress convocation of the Hellfire Club, to a Babylonian temple for a videogle at its Baal-digging belles, to the crimson quarters of the Marquis de Sade, or — through Jerry Yulsman's all-seeing lens — to a Pompeian villa for an eyeful of Roman epidermis and Imperial decline.



Faithful vidiots will recall with rue the ersatz informality, leaden levity and stilted small talk of "Person to Person," a recently demised palaver show which bearded well-behaved bigwigs in their dens, amidst a Mato Grosso of cables, kliegs, cue cards and reduced visibility from the chain-smoking moderator. The option would never have been dropped, we aver, had the producer dared to skulk

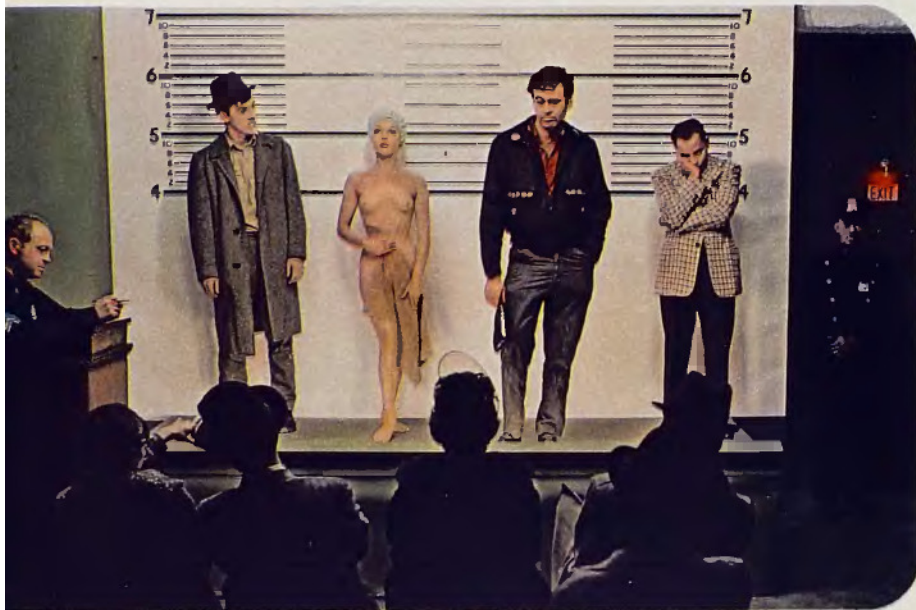


unannounced into the pink-and-white palazzo of the Mickey Hargitays for an unrehearsed tubside tête-à-tête with the lady bountiful of the house; followed by equally spontaneous social calls on other limelit beauties, not bib-and-tuckered in the parlor, but — through the magic of television — birthday-suited in the boudoir. The nude horizons beckoning to other talk shows are equally unlimited: on David Slushkind's blabathon, for example, lithe luminaries could bare bosoms instead of souls; "At Transom," a wee-hour Chicago chinfeest, could serve up garbless gab with its cold coffee; and Mike Wallace, the trend-setting prober, could bill himself as the host who "interviews the people other people are interested in seeing — naked."

Situation comedies surfeited our screens last season; this fall they threaten to engulf the sated set-owner in the skimmed milk of human kindness. Invariably their dramatis personae are living testimonials to the eternal verities of group dynamics: all are members of (or dearly beloved by) an outer-directed, thing-centered, lower-middle-brow, suburban-dwelling, offensively good-natured family. In "Life with Daddy-o," at right — a refreshingly realistic revamping of this saccharine format—we introduce a counter-philosophy that promises to promote cross-country converts: Altogetherness. This week's show features our hero returning home one evening to find his ducktailed son jitterbugging with a jail-bait jill to the frenzied rhythms of Mom's mad bongo beating, while Sis dabbles abstractedly in the corner. Dad is understandably appalled: his beans and beer have already been devoured. On "Buzzie and Harriet," a similar family chronicle, teenagers Ricky and Ticky get their kicks playing postgraduate post office in the family game room.



TV gumshoes tread a well-worn trail of platitudinous plot-lines, but nude variations aplenty suggest themselves to the unclothed creative mind. Even the inescapable lineup of hard-boiled yeggs would be enlivened with an appearance by a soaking suspect yanked unceremoniously from her Saturday-night shower — though neither she nor the fuzz have a thing on her. On “Terry Mason,” the D.A. could cannily call a winsome witness for the prosecution to

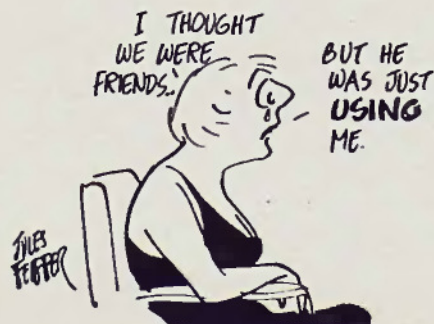


improve on the usual hiked-hem gambit by testifying under oath, but not under wraps. Scuba-sleuth Pike Nelson could take the plunge with a mermaid, wax envious of her fishy friends, throw in the sponge when he realizes it's too late to put a tail on her. Other possibilities: “Hawaiian Eyeful,” “Surfside Sex,” “The Unmentionables,” and sans alias: “Naked City,” “77 Sunset Strip.”

Flacks are fond of calling videoaters “adult” — ostensibly because the heroes no longer kiss their cayuses in fade-out clinches. Unfortunately, these maladjusted mavericks haven't yet learned to fully transfer their affections to two-legged fillies. With less horse opera and more horseplay, though, the TV Western may not have to head for the last roundup just yet. In this episode of “Sunstroke,” for instance, a distaff desperado disarms Sheriff Highpockets with her décolletage and plugs him between his close-set eyes. If you remain unmoved by all this TV titillation, you can always invite your playmates to sit around (as La Monroe said of her famous calendar pose) with nothing on but the radio.



A Faithful Friend



PERFECTION (continued from page 91)

they be attained? With stomach-sweeteners, blood-purifiers, kidney-flushers, liver-arousers and gonad-stimulators, with an array of miraculous medicaments and hopeful suppositions that would make a Baluba witch doctor bilious with envy.

In the year 1961, during what is often called medicine's Golden Age, twenty-five billion dollars will be spent in this country on concoctions to be sniffed, swallowed and smeared without benefit of physician. Despite the grosses upon grosses of greenbacks being fed into the flame of the health deity, however, it is not burning as colorfully as it once did in the Western world. Gone are the Carmivative Wind-Expelling Pills, the name of which may have been offensive to Eighteenth Century British bluenoses, but which made everybody else feel swell. Nobody nowadays offers to cure Defluxions of Rheum. It is impossible to obtain Freeman's Grand Restorer of Human Nature, that nonpareil remedy for "Horrid thoughts, Startings in the Sleep and Decay of Nature." We have to get along without Molyneux's Smelling Medicine, which protected the British Isles and their colonies from "scurvy, pimpled faces, bald heads and all cutaneous eruptions by smelling only."

Although, as we shall see, today's health seekers can get quite an assortment of pepper-uppers, they may have trouble finding Cordial Quintessence of Vipers, a drink that worked wonders for romantic Englishmen during the reign of George III. An ad of the time promised: "A few days of it give such a general warmth, and so exceedingly delight the Vital and Animal Spirits, Senses and Nerves, as soon to show what it will do upon a little continuance of it; for it not only promotes and prompts Desire, but also furnishes proper matter for the Support and Establishment of a true and lasting Power and Inclination."

Midway through the next century, British readers were regaled with this lively jingle in behalf of another alleged restorer of the Vital and Animal Spirits:

Lucina Cordial! — Barren wives

It turns to mothers fair.

And the fond name of fathers gives

To husbands in despair.

Man's quest for vitality goes back at least to the ancient Greeks who diagnosed lassitude or discouragement as "tired blood" and cured it by swallowing water enriched with rust from old iron swords. People are still making the same diagnosis but are attacking the ailment more appetizingly with a widely and politely advertised product called Geritol, which contains vitamins and iron in 12-percent (24 proof) alcohol. Physicians say the success of the treatment is related to the fact that lassitude and discouragement are often helped by a shot of 24-

proof alcohol. They take less kindly to the advertiser's suggestion that this depressing condition may sometimes be caused by iron-deficiency anemia, a rare illness that requires a quality of diagnosis and treatment few television announcers are able to provide.

Be that as it may, alcoholic tonics have been the very blood and bone of American self-medication for at least a hundred and fifty years, and one shrinks from equating a nicely-nicely beverage like Geritol with the rousing mixtures of more vigorous days. A nip or two of one of those grand old drinks gave the world an entirely new and altogether more pleasing aspect. The repeal of Prohibition cut sharply into the business, but there was a time when even the most passionate champions of abstinence used a little Peruna (56 proof), Hostetter's Bitters (94 proof) or Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound (30 proof) to drive away the chill of hopelessness, sooth the nerves and get some wholesome herbs into the system. It is, perhaps apocryphally, reported that in a euphoric hour, one stage beauty wrote the following testimonial: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham, I have taken three bottles of your Lydia Pinkham Compound and feel like a new man."

The best excuse for self-medication with those potent tonics was that a man might just as well die plastered as die sad. Few of the Nineteenth Century beverages were lethal and none of the present weak imitations is even harmful, but most physicians have always been opposed to them. The doctors advance the dreary view that people with, for instance, cancer should go see a doctor. In deference to such spoilsports, the law has watered down both the alcoholic content and medicinal claims of liquid cure-alls. But a smart shopper can still obtain bottled health of gratifying potency. An example is Old Hinkley's Bone Linctament, which at last reports was still on sale in the Michigan lumber country. Old Hinkley's has been a blessing to weary loggers from the moment it was introduced in 1856. It used to feature 172-proof alcohol—86 percent, if you please—and, as any user could testify, was able to penetrate to the very bone of the consumer, whether used internally or externally. In addition to soothing aching muscles, it was great for hangovers. In 1918 an unimaginative Federal Government required that the word "Bone" be edited out of the name, and compelled the manufacturer to cut the alcohol to 94 proof. At that strength Old Hinkley's is still an invigorating drink, if you can stand the taste.

The shabbiest trick ever played by officialdom on the devotees of a popular alcoholic medicine involved one of the

most popular and most alcoholic of all, Peruna. According to its inventor, Samuel B. Hartman, M.D., this priceless 56-proof potion was the cure for catarrh which, he further revealed, was the cause of every known human ailment. Thus, by extension, Peruna could cure anything. Some cynics who suspected that the only affliction Peruna could relieve was thirst persuaded the government to pass a Pure Food and Drug Act in 1906, and Dr. Hartman was told that he had better put some medicine in his medicine or open a bar. That was the beginning of the end. For reasons never understood by his admirers, who had been enjoying the beverage by the tot rather than by the tablespoon, Dr. Hartman acceded to the government's whim and added a laxative to the Peruna mix. The results were catastrophically therapeutic. The Peruna business went into swift, irreversible decline, although Dr. Hartman himself managed to keep body and soul together and, in fact, finally left fifty million dollars in Peruna proceeds to the Columbus, Ohio, Gallery of Fine Arts.

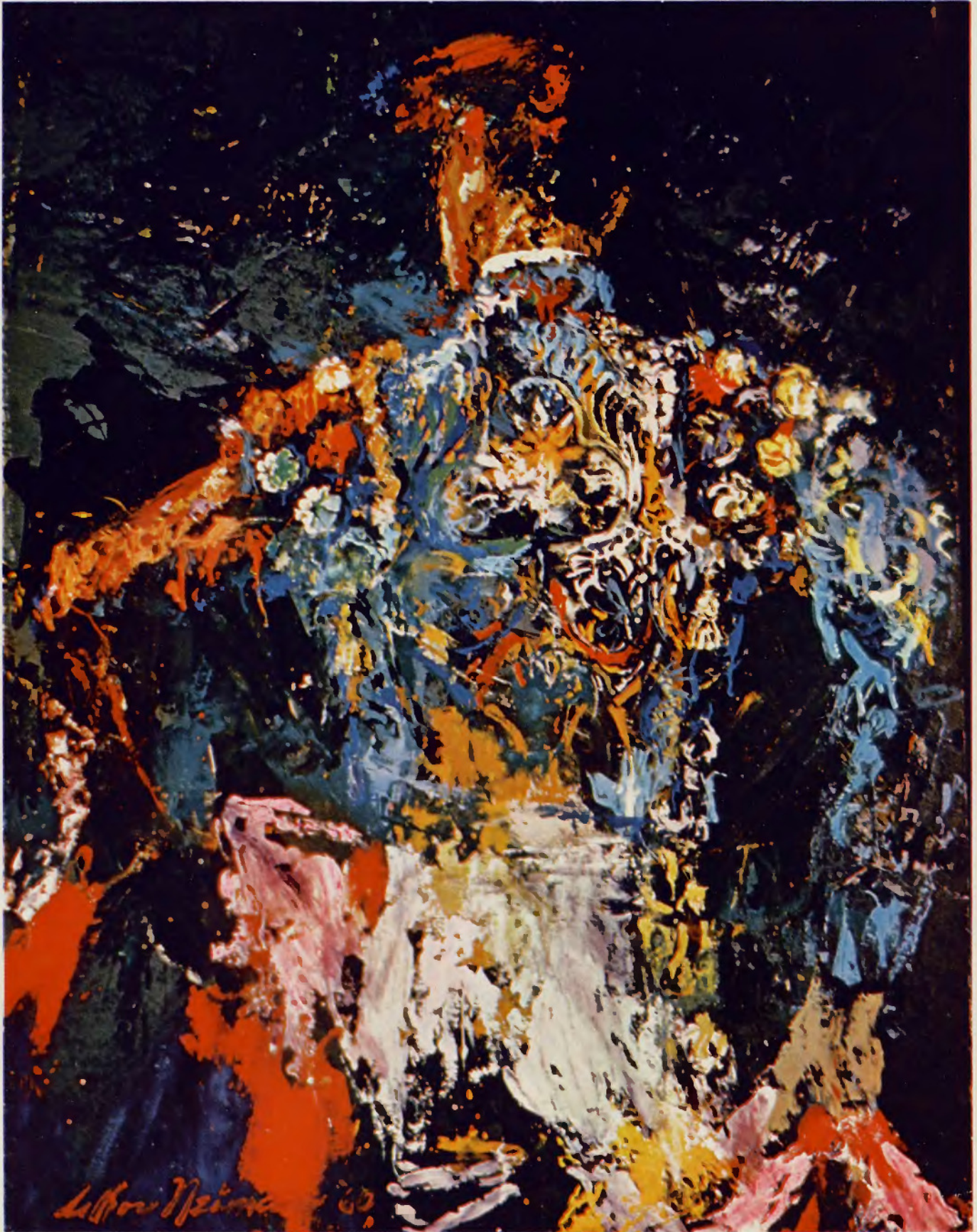
After World War II the tonic industry enjoyed a rebirth under the leadership of an ebullient Louisiana state senator named Dudley LeBlanc, inventor of Hadacol. Groucho Marx once asked the jolly legislator what the stuff was good for and LeBlanc answered, "It was good for about five and a half million dollars for me last year."

Despite the various malt, sulphur, castor oil, ox-blood, iron, sassafras and rhubarb preparations that are forced into the mouths of rural children in the springtime, and despite vestigial brands of medicinal schnapps like Old Hinkley's or Black-Draught (an honorable Southern nostrum that, after years on the hip, has become nonalcoholic) and weak substitutes like Geritol, the tonic trade is not what it once was. This is not to say that money which used to go for drinks has been withdrawn from circulation or is being spent on medical care or for some other radical purpose. As a matter of fact, more money than was ever paid out for the good old tonics is now being used to buy the up-to-date, easy-to-take and extremely boring successors to tonics—the vitamin and mineral preparations. These pellets are the high-power additives of today's Pursuit of Perfection.

But the most dedicated health-hunters do not limit their body-building, innard-fortifying quest to the vitamin-mineral supplements. In addition to going to the drugstore, America is also going to the health-food shoppe. Food appears on this nation's tables each day in a richness and profusion unequalled in the history of mankind, but our countrymen leave nothing to chance. For

(continued on page 160)

His balletic, formal stance and traditional glittering attire — the *traje de luces*, or suit of lights — identify a full-fledged Spanish matador.



man at his leisure

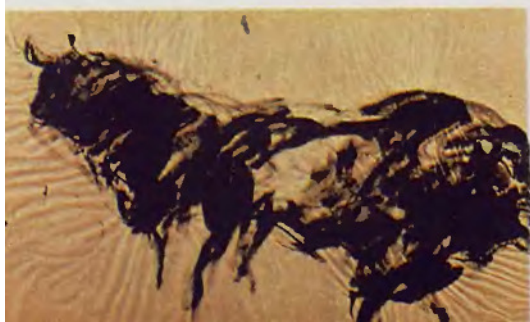
danza de la muerte, the dance of death: neiman captures the moment of truth in madrid's plaza de toros


man at his leisure (continued)



LA PLAZA DE TOROS, in Madrid, has a capacity of 23,000 ecstatic *aficionados*; among them, recently, was artist LeRoy Neiman (on European assignment for *PLAYBOY*), whose intense, impressionist use of color captures here the excitement and spectacle of the bull ring. The *corrida* begins with a flourish of trumpets heralding the ritual entrance of the matadors and their *cuadrillas* (crews) to salute the Presidential box. Neiman's sketch-pad notes describe the fight itself. "There is a moment of expectant silence and the bull charges in, aroused by his sudden freedom and the blinding light of the sun-streaked arena. More swirls of trumpets, each announcing a stage, or *suerte* of the fight: the *suerte de capa*, performed by the matador himself with his magnificent cape—it is here the graceful, dangerous passes such as the *veronica* are made. Then comes the *suerte de varas* by the mounted picadors, whose function is to pick *El Toro's* powerful neck muscles; the *suerte de banderillas*, in which

Left: a classic *muletazo*. The matador has abandoned his cape and is working the bull, already wounded by the *banderillas* in his neck and shoulders, with a *muleta* and *estoque*, the rapier-like sword with which he will make his kill. Below: triumphal procession of matador Antonio Ordóñez and his *cuadrilla* after an especially masterful performance. Ordóñez holds aloft his rewards, two haofs and a tail, while his aides brandish the hurled gifts—including a plump chicken—of delirious *aficionados*.



ribboned darts are thrust into his neck; and the final stage, the spectacular *suerte de muleta*, when the matador's large cape is replaced by the small red muleta and sword. If the fight is going well, the atmosphere is not unlike that of a Roman circus, from which the *corrida* descended. The crowd, emotional and spirited, is quick to criticize and as quick to approve. At the final thrust of the sword, the bull sinks to the ground, reluctant and savage as a dying gladiator, the matador, as proud as the matador, his killer, who strides away, hand raised to the throng. A national hero, he has faced death in the afternoon for this moment of wild adulation." 



*"He told me we would do whatever
I wanted to do until midnight, if I
would promise to do whatever he
wanted to do the rest of the night . . ."*

Nargas

Ribald Classic *A tale from the Hindu "Panchatantra"*

A PHILOSOPHER ONCE STUDIED the wiles of women until he believed that no woman on earth could deceive him. Equipped with such vast knowledge, he felt that he could marry and keep his wife chaste, and he chose, therefore, a very beautiful and very young woman for his bride. Their house he turned into a fortress. The wall around it was tall and thick, and the only window through which his wife could look was set high in a tower. This wise philosopher kept only female servants, carried his key on a chain around his neck when he left the house, and at night slept with it beneath his pillow. Such precautions enabled him to banish care and to live a peaceful and tranquil life as befitted a man of sense and wisdom.

All went well until the day his wife gazed from her window and saw a tall and fair young man. She called down to him, he smiled up at her, they fell in love. "But," she said sadly, "we have no hope at all of being together, for my husband is a jealous man and a wise and watchful one."

"There is a means to every end," the young man replied. "See that the philosopher drinks strong wine at night before retiring, get the key from beneath the pillow, and we can spend some blissful hours in the garden."

And all these things came to pass.

One night the philosopher grew suspicious, pretended to drink wine, and when his wife had taken the key and had stolen away, he left his bed and slid the bolt, locking her out. When she tried to get in, he leaned from the window and

said: "Stay there until your parents come tomorrow and find out then what punishment they will have for the daughter who brings disgrace upon her household."

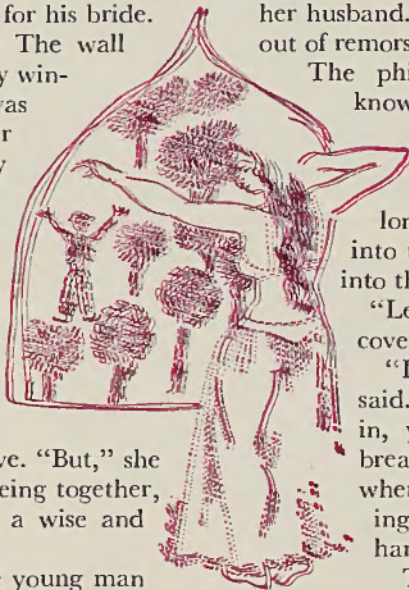
The wife conferred with her lover. Then she called to her husband. "I have decided to fling myself into the well out of remorse," she said. "I bid you farewell."


The philosopher smiled and closed the window, knowing full well she would never do so; but when the wife screamed and when the lover dropped a large stone into the well to make a loud splash, the philosopher smiled no longer. He rushed into the garden and peered into the well. Meanwhile, the wife slipped unseen into the house and locked the door.

"Let me in," cried the husband when he discovered the ruse. "I will forgive you."

"I should think you would forgive me," she said. "But before I open the door and let you in, you and I must make a pact." Dawn was breaking when the philosopher agreed, and when his wife's parents arrived the next morning, they found the couple standing hand in hand at the door to greet them.

The philosopher was really no worse for it all. No one knew that his wife now wore the key around her neck and that she came and went as she pleased — no one, that is, but her lover. And no one noticed — not even his wife — that the philosopher had quietly burned all his books that dealt with the wiles of women.



 — Retold by J. A. Gato

THE WOMAN AND THE WELL



ON THE SCENE

TERRY-THOMAS: *tunnel-toothed & goggle-eyed*

THE CHESHIRE GRIN permanently attached to the face of mustachioed Terry-Thomas has been mirrored by the smiles of pleasure from a burgeoning coterie of moviegoers (including hordes of Brits enjoying a haw-haw at a caricature of themselves). They have followed T-T through such lighter-than-air misadventure films as *Private's Progress*, *Brothers-in-Law* (both with Ian Carmichael), *Blue Murder at St. Trinian's*, *Tom Thumb* (with Peter Sellers), *Man in a Cocked Hat* (also with Sellers), *Too Many Crooks, I'm All Right, Jack* (with Sellers and Carmichael), *School for Scoundrels* (again with Carmichael), and recently *Make Mine Mink*. The fifty-year-old T-T—christened Thomas Stevens—experienced his initial, somewhat gamy taste of thesping with the Union Cold Storage Company Dramatic Society (he was once a butcher), had the innocently outrageous temerity to first adopt the stage name of Mot Snevets (Tom Stevens in Serutanese), changed it because "Snevets didn't seem quite *me*." T-T (he didn't add the hyphen till 1947) has found time 'twixt a steady parade of comedy roles to design and wear 150-odd (some very odd) waistcoats and to write his autobiography, *Filling the Gap*. He is now mugging his way through his first Hollywood movie as Tuesday Weld's co-star in *Bachelor Flat*. As a wildly warped archetype of the British stereotype, Terry-Thomas has come a long way from less-than-meaty roles with the UCSCDS, a stint as ukulele-strumming leader of a long-defunct, little-lamented band called the Rhythm Maniacs, and a tour of duty as a twinkle-toed instructor in Ada Foster's School of Dancing. He is, in all his tunnel-toothed glory, the unchallenged, blustering, bumbling successor to Colonel Blimp.



PETER SELLERS: *mild-mannered & many-guised*

UNASSUMING, UNACTORISH Peter Sellers is comfortably riding the crest of England's New Wave of film funnymen. The diffident thirty-five-year-old student prince of English comedy may soon succeed to the throne if its current tenant, Alec Guinness, continues to be preoccupied with the serious side of the cinema. Sellers, who uses his almost unearthly talent for mimicry ("I work from the voice inward") as a self-effacing shield, has confessed his inability to project his own personality, buries his real identity beneath an infinite assortment of vocal disguises. A firm believer in the occult, metaphysician Sellers' chameleonlike abilities were given full rein after World War II when he was recruited for BBC's sortie into insanity, *The Goon Shows*, a radio crossbreeding of the Marx Brothers with Salvador Dali. Sellers' first film, *Let's Go Crazy*, found the prolific Peter, a one-man U.N., playing nationals of five different countries. Six years later he adroitly assisted Guinness in *The Ladykillers*, and was on his way. His near-magical 35-millimeter metamorphoses have ranged from a tripartite triumph in *The Mouse That Roared* (his initial American conquest) to Humbert Humbert's *bête noir*, Quilty, in the movie version of *Lolita*. An amateur pantomimic effort of his, *The Running, Jumping and Standing Still Film*, won an Oscar nomination in 1960. Sellers, who has satisfied a compulsion to fill his house with every mechanical gimcrack he can lay his hands on, possesses no invention quite so imaginative as his own acting skills; he will soon put them to the test in two forthcoming flicks, playing Napoleon and Potemkin.



IAN CARMICHAEL: *sticky wickets & muddling through*

THE ENGLISHMAN SAVORS a secret image of himself: a quiet chap, well-bred, painfully shy with, but appreciatively aware of, girls; a basically gentle soul, aristocratically inept in everything except (*Rule, Britannia!*) *The Ultimate Crisis*. The cinematic incarnation of this dream is embodied in forty-one-year-old Ian Carmichael, a boyish, tweedy, old-school-tie bloke who manages to muddle through his own shortcomings in the very best British tradition. He is put upon, dictated to, barked at, deceived, defrauded and duped by his co-stars in a manner that would try the patience of all but the most bulldogged Britisher. Carmichael always hangs on grittily until the final reel, when he manages to prove that one can play the game (cricket, of course) according to the rules (but badly) and still win fair lady, financial reward and public approbation. Off-screen, Carmichael is a better-than-average cricketer; as a nonmuddling army major in World War II, he was "mentioned in dispatches," which is the low-key British way of saying he was a hero. After the war, he put his one year of training at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art to good use, appearing in a score of West End musical comedies and revues before stumbling purposefully in front of the movie cameras. Since his first starring role in *Simon and Laura* (with the late Kay Kendall), he has teamed up on a number of happy occasions with his screen nemesis, Terry-Thomas. As long as nice-guy-wins-girl-after-many-snafus-type movies are being made, Carmichael, the very model of a model muddle-througer, is assured a resounding "good show" by fans and front office alike.

BACK to CAMPUS (continued from page 99)

blazers augments wardrobes in the less-elegant environs of such schools as NYU, Cornell and Syracuse. On all campuses, the black dinner jacket is *de rigueur* for prom or formal, summer or winter. Belt-looped, plain-fronted trousers in deep olive and unimpeachable gray flannel are classically correct for dress wear; for fraternity parties and gridiron gatherings, extension-waistband slacks are also apropos; at state universities, tan-toned chinos are still favored for lab and seminar. *Hofbräu* and bull session. In dress shirts, tab is the challenger, but buttondown is still the stand-by; and for sportswear, coat-type shirts keep their edge over pullovers. Crew-neck zipper cardigans brighten and smarten the sweater scene; and when the autumn weather sharpens, lodens and duffer-type coats in warm laminates and shaggy shearlings will be taking their biggest outing yet. In wetwear styles, standard tan is supplemented this season by black, navy and olive hues, and even by a few muted plaids. White crew socks are a must on the quad, particularly at non-Ivy schools. At clubbier colleges, the Continentally inspired ascot has become an informal fashion item. Crowning the Eastern ensemble are the jaunty Tyrolean in green or bronze velours, rakishly right for on-campus casual wear; and the narrow-brimmed, center-creased felt hat in dark olive, gray or pumpkin, a heads-up choice for dressy weekend drives to New York, Boston or Philadelphia.

THE MIDWEST: The outline is Ivy, but collegians from Minnesota to Purdue have added individual accents and innovations that distinguish them subtly but surely from their more conservative counterparts in the East. Though omnipresent olives set the color tone—augmented by traditional black, navy, browns and grays—the sartorial spectrum is enlivened by such offbeat shades as putty and brown-gray, and even by buoyant light blues. Cuffless, short-coated Continental stylings have made modest inroads on the classic look in suitings; and even the two-button sports jacket has found an outpost of limited acceptance. As in the East, dress occasions demand belts in preference to extension waistbands. The formal-wear drill is strictly black. For casual wear, beltless slacks are still a stylish staple. Buttondowns and tabs are almost neck and neck in campus collar favor, but the short-pointed, button style is beginning to make its presence known. Following the Eastern trend, conventional coat-type shirts outrank pullovers, but with a decidedly Midwestern burst of colors and patterns—especially stripes—in both sport and dress models. High-V-necked sweaters in unrestrained tints and rugged self-patterns are preferred to the new zipper-front crew cardigans so popular in the East. Warm laminates

and shearlings have already become a wintry basic. Classic tan in raingear has been inundated not only by East-inspired navy and olive but by a plethora of plaids and iridescent tones. In sockwear, Argyles and crews set a brisk pace, led by standard whites as the number-one knock-about necessity. Small-brimmed felts are tops for townwear, but the soft-cloth casual hat has made real headway into Tyrolean territory.

THE SOUTH: Mellowed Ivy is the prevailing profile—an informally impeccable adaptation of the conservative Northern model, olive-oriented as elsewhere, but tastefully tinged with soft golds, tans and browns in addition to fundamental black and navy. And though the Southland may not have given birth to the blues—it has institutionalized some of the jazziest tones from the cerulean spectrum; lighter blues are as big and bold as all outdoors from Williamsburg to Baton Rouge. Not that Southern scholars don't play it close to the vest in other ways: matching waistcoats, offhandedly dressy in lightweight Dacron-wool blends and worsted flannels, have all but stolen the suit scene. Updated with soft-toned stripes and plaids, seersucker is the featherweight favorite in both suits and sports jackets on Deep South campuses. A more rigorous sartorial standard is enforced in the Southwest, where mill-finished worsteds are the order of the day; blue blazers are virtually obligatory; understated tweeds and Shetlands get the knowing nod for jacket wear; and Ivy-tailored corduroys are advised for casual occasions. On formal evenings in the cooler climes of such schools as William and Mary and the University of Virginia, black dinner jackets are worn in winter, white ones in the spring; though the latter are seen year round in the balmier environs of Vanderbilt and Rollins. At tradition-bound Tulane, even the classic cutaway makes an occasional appearance. Slack styles parallel Northern trends: belt loops for dress, beltless, to some extent, for sport. Preference in collars runs strongly pro-buttondown, but the tab (particularly snap-type) has been gaining adherents. On the sport-shirt front, the South reverses the national norm: pullovers outpull button-front models—except at the state universities, where coat-type shirts keep their substantial lead. Southern climates are too mild for heavy outerwear, but topcoats in gabardine, tweed and cheviot of varying types, weights and lengths are in great demand for protection from chilly evenings, and for vacation visits and football junkets north of the Mason-Dixon. In raingear, oyster- and natural-toned poplin is the favored fabric, balmacaan the favored style, with adaptable zip-out linings of

wool or pile. The wool jersey raincoat, too, has a sizable contingent of Southern sympathizers; and there is some evidence that the private-eye-type trench coat is on the comeback trail. In the headgear department, the trim-brimmed, center-creased university hat and the ubiquitous Tyrolean are widely accepted on all campuses.

THE WEST COAST: It is here, along the palm-fringed shores of Southern California, and to a lesser extent, on the rugged coast of Washington and Oregon, that the Ivy influence enjoys its most exuberant mutations and contradictions. Sober olives, black and browns coexist peacefully, and somehow stylishly, with uncompromising blues, golds and even red—a major wardrobe element. From Yakima to San Diego, suits are worn in uniformly and uncharacteristically subdued medium and dark tones, and formal clothes in basic black, side by side with bright flannel blazers, madras and plaid sports coats. At USC, for instance, although black, charcoal, gray and deep olive are the official suit shades, jackets appear in solid bright hues ranging from light blue to fire-engine red. The less benign clime of the University of Washington calls forth sturdy suits of quiet tweed and herringbone; but sunny Saturdays find Seattle's streets thronging with striped- and checked-jacketed undergraduates. Thanks to a surf season that lasts from late April through October in Oregon and Washington, and year round in Southern California, coastal campus life and, therefore, college wardrobes revolve around the beach. Fly-front Hawaiian-length trunks, button-collar sport shirts of every color and design (worn with tails out), cotton walk shorts (coordinated with crews, never with knee hose) and commodious, garden-variety sweat shirts (often with sleeves removed for added freedom)—all are considered indispensably correct for beach wear by California's nonconforming collegians. Classic loafers and canvas shoes are in on street or strand; white bucks are regarded as excessively formal. When it rains, most West Coast college men cloak themselves in comparatively conservative oyster poplin balmacaan-style raincoats. The majority go bareheaded, but for those who dig headgear, the styles are animatedly individual. At Stanford, the Ivy-styled hat, raw-edged with Californian casualness, is greatly admired by the more formally inclined; the bold-patterned cloth sports-car cap is in favor at the University of Washington; and at USC, a floppy canvas rain hat oft crowns the heads of campus *cognoscenti*. Geographically and otherwise, these spirited styles are a long way from the wellsprings of Ivy inspiration, but all are traceable, however tenuously, to that single broadening tradition.





*On the royal road to Thebes
I had my luck. I met a lovely monster,
And the story's this: I made the monster me.*
— Stanley Kunitz: *The Approach to Thebes*

THE SOCIOLOGISTS, in the argot of their craft, are upward mobile. They are getting ahead. The membership of the American Sociological Society is eighty percent higher than it was eleven years ago. In 1950, there were only fifty persons who had working cards in the study of social stratification; now there are five times as many. The increase has been almost as substantial in the sociology of art and literature, not to mention the sociology of "disorganization, deviance."

What is more to the point is that sociology has now been accepted as stuff of commercial consequence. As the president of the Eastern Sociological Society reported recently — thinking very likely of all the help-wanted ads from advertising agencies in the *American Sociological Review* — "We have moved from the cloister to the market." Ford would not have dared launch the Edsel without having first made sure of its ground by hiring Columbia University's Bureau of Applied Social Research to study the elusive impulses that customers bring to an auto showroom. Similarly, when guilt assails it, the Columbia Broadcasting System hires a sociologist to study the possible damage done to the minds and souls of children by its programs; he surveys the literature, finds nothing tangible and extends his absolution, and CBS arises comforted from this, our new and scientific confessional.

The sociologist both serves what he calls mass culture and infects it. We hear an echo of his pervasive voice, for example, in *Redbook* magazine — almost three and a half million circulation — which some months ago offered *A Major New Report on Love and Marriage: How American Wives Really Feel About Their Husbands*. This was the fruit of a five-year study by a University of Michigan team of sociologists and social psychologists headed by Dr. Robert O. Blood and Dr. Donald L. Wolfe. Their platoon questioned 909 families — that is, 182 a year or a shade over three a week. The most impressive guide for the perplexed to come out of this Major New Report was: "What proved wisest for one family apparently would not work for another."

Cosmopolitan, for its part, devoted six pages not long ago to *Crack-Ups in the Suburbs*, with a heading that certified the new oracle: "Sociologists say there is a solution — for those courageous enough to try." The solution — courage, men! — turns out to be: (1) The suburban father must say to his child, "No, you can't have a new bike!" and (2) Families kept awake by neighbors' beer parties should move.

We can measure the awful new authority of the profession when we observe that its victims have begun to imitate their inquisitors. The language of sociology has become part of the common speech. A young mother in *Redbook's Why Young Mothers Feel*

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STATUS-TICIANS IN LIMBO

with a jargon all their own and a swelled "social quotient," today's sociologists make a major contribution—to themselves

opinion BY MURRAY KEMPTON

Trapped wails in sociologese: "I want status." It is as though Emma Bovary had wept: "I'm in a box; I must talk to Flaubert."

But such popular acceptance brings problems. It is a bitter thought to sociologists that Vance Packard's *The Status Seekers* was the most quoted best-seller of 1959. Packard's work, a wholesale looting from what are alleged to be the discoveries of the sociologists, carried the endorsement of Dr. Bevide C. McCall, who in turn, carries a title by itself an index of the elevated new station of his calling, sociologist-in-chief to the *Chicago Tribune*—there being no islands any more. Packard's own aspirations for status were defined in his description of himself on the jacket of *The Status Seekers* as an associate member of the American Sociological Society. This high distinction is available, as one offended sociologist pointed out, to anyone who puts up eighteen dollars and subscribes to the Society's magazine.

Packard had therefore committed the double crime of working above scale, a source of envy, and without a union card, a source of anarchy. His offense was compounded because he managed to produce a quite respectable facsimile of the acquired wisdom of sociology, a rag bag of course, but with the rags bearing the label of the right tailor. And what is a craft if it can thus be imitated, to the general satisfaction of society, by an outsider without training or license?

Man's struggle to feel superior to his equals is a major concern of the sociologists, and their researches into the status urge form the body of Packard's exposition. If the disease truly exists, the sociologists themselves could no more be expected to escape it than could the Fourteenth Century doctors who ministered to plague victims. We cannot then blame them if, after so long an exposure, they have become abnormally sensitive to their own position in society.

The sociologists made their last survey of the comparative prestige of various jobs in our society fourteen years ago. The National Opinion Research Corporation asked 2000-odd interviewees to rate ninety occupations, and found that a Supreme Court justice has the job with the highest status and a shoeshine boy, the job with the lowest. In 1947, the sociologist ranked twenty-seventh on the scale—well in the upper third—just behind the small-factory owner and safely ahead of the author (31), the building contractor (33), the newspaper columnist (42) and the nightclub singer (75). The pollers reported that many of those interviewed did not know what a nuclear physicist was, but they all seem to have known even in that benighted year what a sociologist was. It was quite something to work at a job which could claim higher social prestige

than William Faulkner's, Walter Lippmann's or Hildegard's. And in the past fourteen years, the rise on the status scale must surely have been dazzling as the sociologist has become the Supreme Court justice of our folkways.

Or, let us say, rather, that the sociologist is the whaling captain of this century, loading his bark with wife, children and, in the more fortunate cases, PX privilege certificates, sailing forth, and returning home with a hold full of reports on *Genitality Among Adult Groups of Swazi in Johannesburg*; *Political Cynicism in Jamaica*; *Murder, Suicide and Economic Crime in Ceylon*; *The Australian Aborigines—a Powerless Minority*. Even when he stays home, he gives the impression of being ever at the vigil; David Riesman, for example, with collaboration, has produced an analysis of "participant-observer reports of verbal interact" at twenty-seven cocktail parties.

The sociologists have placed upon our society the burden of supporting a host of committees and foundations whose dimensions can be imagined from the source comment accompanying a fourteen-page paper which one inquiring spirit contributed to his union journal: "This paper was planned during the summer of 1958 while I was attending a conference in Behavioral Science at the University of New Mexico under the sponsorship of the United States Air Force, Behavioral Science Division. My participation was made possible by the Society for the Investigation of Human Ecology. I wish to thank James L. Monroe of the Society and Ralph D. Norman, principal investigator of the Behavioral Science Conference, for their interest in this work. I also thank the Council of Research and Creative Work of the University of Colorado for its support of research leading up to this study."

And what was the consequence of this united endeavor by three collectives of higher learning? A sampling of 155 pages of the Oxford Unabridged Dictionary—one percent of the whole—for the appearance of sociological terms. Majesty of means and poverty of results would seem to constitute the general sociological experience. For example:

The long voyage to study murder in Ceylon brought home this cargo: "Homicide is more frequent among persons alienated and demoralized." To the sum of human knowledge has thus been added the discovery that murder is not very often committed by the well-adjusted.

A commune of sociologists and their students spent two years studying crime rates in a northwestern city. They found out that most women arrested for public drunkenness are picked up in the neighborhood of saloons and that most bank frauds are committed in the business dis-

trict. A résumé of all the available surveys of the attitudes of active labor union members reported: "Those workers related to or friendly with supervisors or owners are unlikely to be union activists."

Three Kansas City sociologists studied the effects of the grade system on college students, and revealed: "Most students believe that getting good grades is a necessity they must take into account."

A husband-wife team from Stanford surveyed the family backgrounds of twelve Massachusetts boys committed to mental hospitals, compared them carefully with the homes of twelve nonpsychotic boys, and more generally with one hundred and twenty-nine others and came out with the finding: "As children, prepsychotics tend to be withdrawn from their peers, escapist in reaction to crises and plagued by feelings of inferiority."

This garland plucked from papers presented at the various conventions of the American Sociological Society is, of course, the product of minor artisans in the field, but it is a fair sampling of the rewards of that practical research which is sociology's present passion. The results seem no more impressive when we move to larger, more expansive works cited as classics of sociology.

One such classic is *The American Soldier*, upon which Dr. Samuel Stouffer deployed an entire battalion at the expense of the War Department throughout the Second World War. "Broadly speaking," Dr. Stouffer concluded, "we can say that the evidence *seems* [the italics are Dr. Stouffer's] to show that a stable home background, a healthy childhood, good work habits in school, and association with other boys and girls, including participation in sports, were assets for the young civilian who put on the uniform and tried to adjust to military life."

The social aspirations of sociologists may be pretentious, but their intellectual aspirations appear to be all too humble. They aim low and what ducks they hit are sitting. There are renderings of experience which can teach us about the ground upon which we stand. The novels of William Faulkner tell us in great depth something of what it is like to live in Mississippi, just as the lyrics of W. C. Handy help us understand what it was like to be a Negro in the deep South in the Twenties. But no poll of the opinions of a cross section of the citizens of Oxford, Mississippi, could tell us what Faulkner does, for part of Faulkner's essence is his recognition that, as a mass, the citizens of Oxford do not know what they think.

The grand purpose of sociology, according to its better-educated practitioners, is to make us more sophisticated about the world. But sophistication is the one quality in which sociologists as



"Perhaps you'd better finish your symphony first, Mr. Schubert."

a class seem peculiarly deficient. Their rules of measurement are uniformly crude; subtler calibrations are apparently beyond them. Yet surely, it is the subtleties of life which define its complexity, and it is our feeling for the subtleties which refines our knowledge.

A particular instance of the sociologists' deafness to tone is the afore-cited survey of the prestige of American occupations, that cornerstone of American sociological theory, which tells us that Supreme Court justices have more elevated social positions than shoeshine boys. But what does it tell us about real life? To what extent is it usable by the headwaiter at Romanoff's when he must choose between giving a table to the head of the Abilene Medical Society (prestige rating 2) or to Frank Sinatra (prestige rating 75)? Or where would it serve the Washington hostess who must delegate seats at the dinner table to a banker friend (prestige rating 10) and Joseph A. Alsop (prestige rating 42)?

Most of sociology's techniques are useless in problem-solving — so much so that sociologists have shown a general tendency in recent years to flee from the confrontation of practical problems. And the reason the techniques are useless is that they are so often defeated by the individual. Last year, as an instance, the New York City Youth Board, an agency struggling with disturbed children, announced that henceforth it would use a scale for predicting juvenile delinquency developed by Doctors Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, the Harvard criminologists. The Youth Board had tested the Glueck scale on 224 children in a Bronx slum for eight years. By applying it to children when they were very young, the youth workers no doubt reasoned that they would be able to treat the pre-delinquents before they went hopelessly sour.

Last summer, Keith Kenniston, a young Harvard sociologist, examined the results of the lengthy test which had so encouraged the Youth Board. He found that the Glueck scale had been only twenty-five percent correct in predicting that a child would become a delinquent. Kenniston reported: "Only seventeen out of sixty-seven boys originally given a high probability of delinquency have so far developed mental illness, or unofficial or official delinquency; while four more currently 'delinquent' boys were originally assigned a low probability of delinquency."

So much for the exactitude of a scientific scale developed and refined over twenty-one years. It might be argued that even this clumsy tool has its uses if it serves to discover and help treat troubled children. But what can be said about its effects on the fifty first-graders judged incorrectly to be potential delinquents by the Glueck scale?

Still, the Gluecks, for all their failures,

have at least the excuse of having been engaged with a real problem, when most of their colleagues were raking leaves.

For four years, the Russell Sage Foundation has been publishing a series of monographs on the uses of sociology in various fields of public interest. These studies, each the work of a license-holder, are largely confessional in character. For instance, the Army spends more money on sociologists than any other American institution (the foundations are writing them off because their discoveries have been judged largely useless), but, says a Russell Sage study, the Army still can't discover "satisfactory or reliable methods" for pretesting a soldier's potential for combat or combat leadership. The libraries groan with sociological studies of the family, but, in sum, "Our knowledge of family routines and the actual social world of the child is extremely meager." And to add it all up, in the words of one of the monographs: "It is an extremely sad commentary on current social science that we know almost nothing of the aspirations of man for the kind of person he wants to become." With that record of achievement we may better understand why the Department of Defense and the advertising agencies are the largest institutional patrons of the sociologist. He is not a man likely to discover anything fundamental or disturbing.

It is rather refreshing to read these candid samples of self-appraisal; their authors, perhaps because they are being honest with themselves, compose their thoughts in something approximating English — a language not widely employed among the mandarins of sociology. In moments of self-satisfaction — their more common mood — they reflect on their glories in sentences which sound as though they have been ripped bloody from the Serbo-Croatian. As an unusually literate Columbia University sociologist has commented sarcastically, the prose of his colleagues reveals their field to be "technical and quantitative, atheoretical, segmentalized and particularized, specialized and institutionalized, modernized and groupized."

This occupational liturgy has been a perennial subject of derision; but sociologists cling to it so manfully that anyone swallowing their notions of human motivation whole might think it a status symbol. Here, for example, is the fashion in which Professor Talcott Parsons attempts what he calls an "overdue clarification" of his work on systems of action: "The action system is presented in Figure 1 below so as to establish the analytical independence of the four subsystems: orientations (pattern measurement); modalities (goal attainment); their combination establishing the conditions of internal stability of a relational system shared by both actor and object (integration); their combination

characterizing the ways in which that system is stably related to the environment (adaptation)."

Now Professor Parsons might answer any complaint about standards of expression by saying that his is a work of considerable complexity and that a layman could as well demand comprehensibility from a nuclear physicist. That answer would be easier to accept if the sentence cited represented a truly complex idea — but let us accept it anyway. What, then, are we to say about this sentence, offered by workers in humbler stretches of the field: "The higher the acceptance of the organizational authorities as sources of criteria relative to other sources, the less, by definition, the probability of role deviation, defined as role behavior differing from the expectations of the organizational authorities." Is this not inelegantly reducible to a simple proposition? "If a man works for an organization and respects his superior he will probably follow the superior's suggestions and orders." Of course, in so reducing it, we have stripped this stuff of its mystic presence and its impression of significance. To a student of the struggle upward, the original sentence set beside Parsons' is merely a Chrysler imitating a Cadillac, with words for tail fins and an egg beater for an engine.

A year or so ago, Daniel Bell, a sociologist who is an ornament to a class possessing few, was working at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Santa Barbara, California — an institution he calls "the leisure of the theory class." In an idle moment, he worked out an elaborate parody of the Parsons style which he called "The Parameters of Social Movement — a Formal Paradigm." This private joke, now enshrined entire in Dwight MacDonald's recent anthology *Parodies*, begins: "The purpose of this scheme is to present a taxonomic dichotomization which would allow for unilinear comparisons. In this fashion we could hope to distinguish the relevant variables which determine the functional specificities of social movements. Any classificatory scheme is, essentially, an answer to some implicit other scheme. In this instance, it is an attempt to answer the various hylozoic theories which deny that social categories can be separable."

This was all, of course, deliberate nonsense, although the lay eye might have trouble telling it from the real thing, just as the lay ear may miss the humor in Mozart's *Musical Joke*. But it was composed as a private sport, and Bell sent it only to persons he thought would appreciate its comic intent — that is, other sociologists. But none of them, to his dismay, seem to have gotten it at all. "I sent it off to two sociologist friends who I thought would appreciate it," he reports, "and one sent me back a serious letter about one of the categories, while



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OUT OF SIZE**

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the other, not knowing whether it was a spoof or not, wrote: "You are too good a sociologist not to have created something which is quite good in itself."

The language of sociology must then be judged as one so lacking in function that even its adepts cannot tell whether it is being employed in parody or in serious speech. We may gauge the scientific pretensions of sociology by imagining this happening to a chemist. Sociology's more realistic professionals confess the inadequacies of their field and blame them on its adolescence as a science no further along in its progress than chemistry and physics were in the Seventeenth Century. If that is the case, then no science has ever rushed so precipitately toward a private speech isolated from the comprehension of the society around it. Persons innocent of physics can read Newton without particular pain or puzzlement, and the cultivated society of his time could do even better. The men who advanced the natural sciences seem, in fact, to have made a special effort to speak clearly; the charlatans and the deluded who hampered them had a monopoly on bizarre and incomprehensible language. Only the alchemists were arcane; it helped them in their business.

The language of sociology has something familiar about it — an echo of the style and manner of scientific socialism as developed by Marx and codified by Stalin. This resemblance is noted with no intention to suggest that the sociologists are subversive; most of them are plainly safe fellows who not only accept our society but show strong signs of commencing to enjoy it. What they do have in common with the scientific socialists is the period of their origin. By the late Nineteenth Century, if a man wanted to invent a religion, he could only sell it by calling it science. Marx took an ethical concept, the desired triumph of the poor and humble, and elevated it to a

pseudoscientific notion — the inevitable dictatorship of the proletariat. Sociology, at least in Europe, began with some of the same evangelism. Its pioneers would have thought themselves poor stuff if they had not felt that to describe the beast was to take a step toward taming it. Max Weber, sociology's great progenitor, for example, was engaged in a highly adventurous, if somewhat pathetic, intellectual search: he was trying to find out how decent and reasonable men could function in German politics.

Evangelism has had its hour in American sociology, a time visibly passing. It produced so many excesses that the profession could hardly have survived married to it; but, on balance, it might have been better for its evangelism to have outlived sociology than for sociology so bloatedly to have outlived its evangelism. Throughout the Thirties and Forties, sociology carried a strong current of hope that persons immune to ethical considerations might be brought to grace by scientific ones. That delusion produced a cluster of studies designed to prove that people who do not like Jews and Negroes had deprived childhoods. Some sociologists are now at work disproving these studies: thanks to them, we can now say that a man who has received love from his father and mother can still be a bigot. In other words, sociology is beginning to suspect what the church fathers knew 1500 years ago — that a man can be happy and still go to hell.

The sociologists are now developing a manful resistance to the temptation to load their dice on the side of good rather than what they choose to describe as fact. The profession proclaims a new distaste for value judgments, making their devotions instead to cloudy observation and clear acceptance. The current tendency, to summarize it somewhat unfairly, is to assume that dear old society has worked out neat ways to order the exist-

ence of man, and that the study of society is a study of how it goes about producing its happy consensus. Who but a sociologist, for example, could write of Adolf Eichmann, as one did some months ago in *The Nation*, "Terrible as Eichmann's crimes were, if one is going to insist on being negatively emotional about him . . .?" This graduate-school callousness is expressive of the sociological attitude called "functionalism," which has done so much to clear away the roadblocks of conscience between the young sociologist and the market research agency. With luck and prayer and fasting, sociology may yet arrive at the ultimate comfort of deciding that whatever *is* is right.

Young men in the field can take encouragement from the career of Alfred Kinsey, who died, if cocktail-party conversation is the measure, our most successful sociologist. His findings, offered as cold science stripped clean of value judgments, were, in fact, a powerful argument for the exotic and the experimental. To say you have no value judgments is, after all, a way of pronouncing a value judgment, and the final effect of Kinsey's charts is an argument for the rightness of what is; they offer the excuse of custom. However, it is not fair to credit Kinsey with creating the moral condition of our society; girls otherwise impregnable can probably not be seduced by books. The worst that can be said of him — and it is plenty — is that he has made discussions of sex more tedious than they have ever been.

More tedious because they made sex inconsequential. The great novelists, like Proust and Gide, could seldom write about their own particular distractions of the flesh without all the elements of passion. For contrast, set their pages, alive with the pain, laughter and suffering that accompany sex, next to the wasteland of Professor Kingsley Davis' role assignment for the mystery: "Legitimate sexual relations ordinarily involve a certain amount of reciprocity. Sex is exchanged for something equally valuable." Only the sociological outlook could be at once so bleak and so comfortable and call the resultant fatuity "functional."

So the sociologist and his society turn out to be made for each other, both sending forth products that are badly manufactured but distributed ever more widely. The same face confronts the same face. The phony in each mixes unrecognizably with the real; each combines ignorance with assurance. They celebrate together the marriage of pretension with bad journalism. And in both the heart dies in the bosom. The sociologists have met the monster. They have made it them. Now they can live content off their share of the monster's property.



"Nice catch, Lady!"

Jim Moran (continued from page 69)

and pass a hand across his beard — into which, by the way, it is now and then his odd habit to tuck a ballpoint pen.

The only time Moran ever operates in a relatively uncamouflaged way is when he is on television. He describes himself as "kind of a professional interviewee," and he permits such people as Jack Paar to interview him on any number of subjects.

His appearance on a late-night-TV show with Arlene Francis last January provided a fine example of Moran's technique, which might be called sleight-of-mind. As a sleight-of-hand artist directs his audience's eyes one way with one hand while his other performs some secret manipulation, so Moran appears to be talking about one thing while he actually is slipping in plugs for something else. He started off by telling Miss Francis that he had been out looking over some land in the Rocky Mountains he was planning to buy to start a coffee plantation. This proposition was so startling that Miss Francis failed to notice a plug for Red Owl stores as it went by. "The Red Owl people are backing me in my coffee plantation," Moran said offhandedly. Moran slipped in the Lark plug ("So, before I took off on my most recent trip, I put my Lark automobile in the garage, and . . .") as

he was telling her, in utter seriousness, of his plan to start a funeral-insurance plan for the natives in Belize, British Honduras. If Miss Francis had challenged this wild scheme, Moran would have produced a document headed *Final Rest Burial Association*. This is an organization he and an associate founded to sell funerals to Belizians on the installment plan at twenty-five cents a week for fifteen years or for life, whichever is shorter, or longer.

Moran is never more blissful than when he is making some fantastic claim and then backing it with proof. Once when he was appearing on Barry Gray's all-night radio show in New York, Gray asked him what he had been doing recently. Moran replied that he had bought a captured Japanese midget submarine from the Alien Property Custodian, and at that very moment, in secret waters off the Florida Keys, a midget employee of his was in it, learning to loop the loop under water. "I'm going to exhibit this all over the country," Moran said.

"All right, Jim," Gray laughed, "what have you *really* been doing?"

With a flourish, Moran pulled a large folded document from his pocket. "Read this," he said, icily. It was a policy issued by Lloyd's of London, insuring the life of a midget named Morris Mac-

Afie against any accident that might occur while he was looping the loop in a midget Japanese submarine.

Moran sometimes mentions casually that he once ran for the Senate. So he did, in 1946, in California, in an attempt to fill the unexpired term of the late Hiram Johnson. He got twenty thousand votes, campaigning on the slogan "What this country needs is a good five cents." He also refers every now and then to his career as a movie actor: he appeared with Boris Karloff in *The Body Snatcher*, and he played a headwaiter in *The Specter of the Rose*. He was a radio talk jockey on a small New York station, and, for one week, served as host for WNBC-TV's late movie.

Because Moran so often blandly produces evidence to back his more extravagant claims about himself, none of his friends ever quite know if he is serious or joking. One day while he and I were sitting around talking in his library, the telephone rang. He answered and immediately began to haggle with the caller. "No, no," he kept saying, "a hundred and fifty dollars is too much for a man trap." When he finished the call, he said, "Some guy wants to sell me a man trap. Imagine that." Positive that this was another of Moran's stunts, I asked no questions. A couple of weeks later, he and I were looking for something in the storeroom of his apartment — an incredibly cluttered place, contain-

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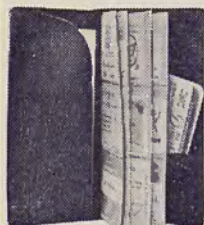


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ing, among other things, a television set ("I keep it here because I hate television"); two dozen assorted hats, including a sombrero, a pith helmet and a Roman Catholic Cardinal's hat; a lie detector; and several boxes full of Chinese, Arabian and Indian robes, as well as yards and yards of lace and bolts of exotic and expensive cloth ("I dig fabric"). In the midst of all this impedimenta, cocked and ready for action, was a huge black steel trap, about ten times bigger than the spring-jaw device commonly used to capture bears. "I bought that man trap after all," Moran said casually. "You don't know of anyone who needs one, do you?" Later he explained that the machine once had been used in England to catch poachers. "I got it at a good price, a hundred bucks," he said. "Not bad for a man trap, eh?"

Moran is fascinated by curious machines, and sometimes invents them himself. One of his most successful was the Fatolator, which he demonstrated on Garroway's TV show one morning, meanwhile merrily sliding in plugs for his various accounts. The Fatolator was about the size of a one-nighter suitcase, and fitted with gears, wheels and lights. "One of the primary laws of nature," Moran explained, "is that matter can be neither created nor destroyed. Now, many people are on diets these days. This fat they're all losing must be going somewhere. I have discovered it is in the atmosphere, and I've developed the Fatolator to render fat out of the air."

While Garroway looked on, Moran carefully started his machine. "It whirred and growled," says Mike Zeamer, who was then director of the show, "and a wisp of blue smoke came up. After a moment, a chime sounded and the machine stopped."

Moran faced Garroway dramatically. "When I open this drawer here," he said, "we will find a tiny ball the size of a nut, resembling pure lard. This will be fat from people who have lost weight, rendered from the air around us." Moran opened the drawer. His face took on a horrified expression. Gingerly reaching in, he took out a small piece of steak. "My God!" he cried. "Someone around here is losing meat!"

The Fatolator was preceded by another machine, the Fadeometer. Moran devised this one while working for Fred Waring. Waring and the announcer on his radio show, the late Paul Douglas, were continually arguing about whether Florida sunshine was better than California sunshine. Moran offered to find out. He went to Florida and spent a week in the sun with one side of his body exposed. Then he went to California and lay with the other side exposed. When Moran was finished in California, he produced his Fadeometer, which he had made himself, and "measured" his suntans. The machine, he said, with the air of a scientist making an

earth-shaking pronouncement, was unable to discover any noticeable difference in the two shades of brown.

When Moran is not using machines, he likes to work with animals and birds. To publicize *The Matchmaker* during its run on Broadway, he rigged a taxi so that a big monkey could drive it around New York (Moran was concealed in the rear operating remote controls). The cab bore a sign saying, "I am driving my master to see *The Matchmaker*."

Guests at a Moran party one night found, in one bathroom, not only the usual drum, but an unusually large live pink flamingo. For a long time he kept an owl, too, sometimes in a bathroom and sometimes in a cage. "Jim, why do you keep that owl?" a friend once asked.

"Why, for owl observation," Moran replied, and went into a long explanation of how his scientific determinations had proved that the phrase "wise as an owl" was not true. "Owls really are stupid," Moran said. "Watch." He jumped up and down in front of the owl's cage, waving his arms and calling it names. The owl only blinked in a bored manner and emitted an occasional hoot of pure ennui.

This owl belonged to Moran long before he began representing the Red Owl stores. When he got that account, he went owl-crazy. He rounded up a dozen owls and shipped them to Milwaukee when the chain was invading that city, then arrived in person and invited the press to his hotel suite to watch him color the owls red. He accomplished this with a spray gun filled with dye. "The whole suite had to be repainted."

Owls, flamingos, monkeys and the like are far too mundane to occupy Moran for long. A man who likes to think big, he prefers whales—and these large mammals have figured prominently in his promotions for years. In 1939, when Grover Whalen was assembling the New York World's Fair, Moran tried to get him to put in what he called a "Whale-torium." Live whales would be seen in a huge tank: "And we'll sell advertising space on them, paint messages on their backs!" Moran cried to Whalen. The latter was not interested. Nor were the city fathers willing to listen to Moran's scheme to dispose of all the whales, sharks and other fish that were left homeless when the old aquarium was torn down. He proposed, through the newspapers, that the people of the city be invited to a huge fish fry. While Moran was publicizing some now-forgotten sea epic for a Hollywood studio, he learned that a huge whale had blundered into and was locked in the San Diego harbor. The Great Moran Whale Rescue Expedition was formed hastily. Moran announced to all who would listen that he planned to rescue the whale and then put it atop Pike's Peak in a specially constructed tank. Disap-

pointingly for the nation's mountain climbers, nothing came of it.

Sometimes Moran makes up animals and birds of his own. One Thanksgiving he gave Dave Garroway a six-legged turkey. He and a butcher had spent hours carefully sewing the four additional legs onto the turkey's carcass, but Moran stoutly maintained that he had produced the bird by breeding two three-legged turkeys. On another occasion he asked some friends up to see his fur-bearing turtle. When they arrived, sure enough, they found a large turtle covered with fur crawling around the room. "A rare beast I picked up in my travels," he said. "It is called a Furtle." He later confessed that he had glued a hunk of an old opossum coat onto the turtle's back.

Moran's greatest achievement as an animal creator occurred when he was publicizing the film *The Egg and I*. He announced that he personally was going to hatch an ostrich, and proceeded to do it. Wearing a costume bedecked with feathers, he sat on an ostrich egg for nineteen days, four hours and thirty-two minutes, until it hatched. He later gave his son to a zoo.

A slightly less spectacular caper took place after Moran awoke one morning with the words to the late Gelett Burgess' famous rhyme about the purple cow echoing through his head. He went out and rented a thoroughbred Jersey cow, mixed up some harmless purple dye and talcum powder, and dusted the cow from head to tail. He painted three of her teats gold and one silver. Then he went over to the hotel where Gelett Burgess lived and asked him to come down to the lobby. According to H. Allen Smith, Burgess swore that he would never forget the sight of the purple cow as long as he lived.

Moran rarely goes to all that trouble just to put one person on. He much prefers putting people on en masse. Every year the magicians of America get together and hold a convention, and in the course of it they show off the new tricks they have invented. Moran got invited to the convention one year by telling the executive committee that he had invented "the goddamnedest card trick of all time." Wearing robes and a turban, blindfolded and behind a screen, Moran called for a carton of decks of playing cards to be brought on stage. It had been sealed at the factory. A person selected at random from the audience broke the seal. Another person took a deck from the box. A third opened the deck. It was cut into four parts, which were given to four other people. An eighth person designated one of the four, and a ninth went up to the tapped man and chose a card. From behind the screen, Moran commanded, "Concentrate on that card!" While the assembled magicians watched, the ninth man con-

centrated. "That card," Moran called out, "is the six of diamonds!"

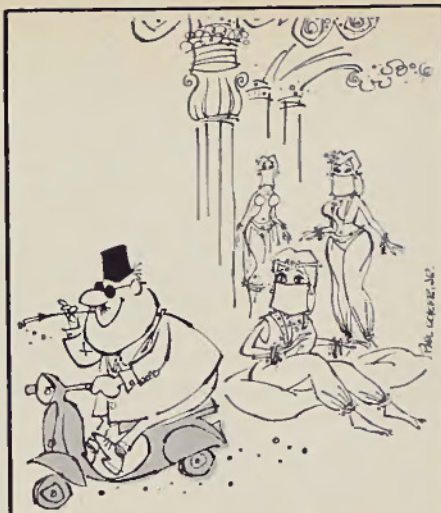
It was not the six of diamonds. Moran, unruffled, gathered his robes about him and walked grandly off the stage. "If it had been the six of diamonds," he said recently, "those bastards would still be talking about it!"

In his earlier, or pre-TV days, Moran made a specialty of exploding accepted concepts and demonstrating that popular sayings were inaccurate. During the 1944 Presidential campaign, when the Democrats were declaring that it was inadvisable to change horses in midstream, he hired himself out to the Republicans and went to Reno, where he changed horses in the middle of the Truckee River. While working for Fred Waring, Moran led a bull into Plummer's on Fifth Avenue to demonstrate that a bull in a china shop was not necessarily destructive. It wasn't, but in getting out of the animal's way, Waring bumped into a table and knocked off forty dollars' worth of crockery. This got a satisfactory amount of newspaper space, as had Moran's previous feat of finding a needle in a haystack (which took him eighty-two hours); his successful expedition to Juneau to sell an icebox to an Eskimo; and his restaging of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

This last was one of his more elaborate stunts. Moran arrived in Boston and placed a want ad in the newspapers calling for twelve men: two nearsighted, two farsighted, two with normal vision, two bleary-eyed, two bright-eyed, one afflicted with pinkeye, and one cross-eyed. Nearly 250 men applied the next day, and Moran selected twelve. He dressed the nearsighted, farsighted and normal men in Colonial uniforms, and the rest in British uniforms. Moran himself wore the uniform of a Colonial colonel. He gave his troops muskets and for two days drilled them on Boston Common. Presently he announced his plans: "I am going to prove that 'Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!' was the stupidest command in the history of warfare."

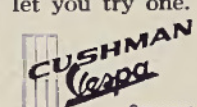
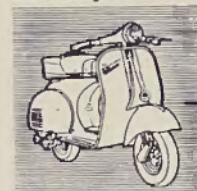
Loading the muskets with blanks, he lined up his forces and gave the command. The Redcoats began to advance. Indescribable confusion ensued. The farsighted Colonials began firing when the British were seventy-five feet away, and the men with normal vision began when they were fifty feet away. The nearsighted men did not begin firing until the British were on top of them. The cross-eyed, pinkeyed, bleary-eyed and bright-eyed men fired every which way. "All this never would have happened," Moran proclaimed, "if they had had modern eyeglasses in those days." At the time, he was working for a manufacturer of optical glass.

Subsequently, Moran — still optically occupied — got a dozen homing pigeons



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for the purpose of staging a race from Washington to New York. Six were fitted with the patron firm's sunglasses and six were not. Moran confidently predicted the winner would be wearing glasses; whether his prediction would have panned out has never been learned, since the release of the birds was in the neighborhood of a powerful broadcast antenna, which so disrupted the homing mechanisms in the birds' brains that they never did leave Washington. "Too bad," says Moran. "Of course, by that time, the news had been made, but it was a setback to science."

Moran is much admired by other press agents for his ability to devise news events that cannot be reported without mentioning the name of the client Moran is promoting at the moment. In 1949 he was hired to publicize Pimm's Cup. He started off one morning by having Alvino Rey and three mummer friends, Herbert Evers, Ann Staunton and Nancy Andrews, all go to Billy Reed's Little Club at two A.M. Evers and Miss Staunton went in first and ordered Pimm's. Rey and Miss Andrews arrived a bit later, and they ordered it, too. Miss Andrews said loudly, "I want mine with a sprig of mint." "Not mint!" cried Miss Staunton. "You don't use mint in Pimm's! You use cucumber rind!" An uproar ensued; the police came; Rey allegedly punched Evers; they were taken to night court; Moran showed up with bail. The fake battle made all the afternoon papers the next day, with Pimm's mentioned in every account. Moran represented himself to the reporters as "an interested friend."

Many of Moran's recent coups have been accomplished in collusion with David Merrick, Broadway's most prolific

play producer. Merrick claims to detest publicity stunts, but he permitted Moran to help keep *Fanny*, a musical which the critics tried to kill, running on and on. One of Moran's moves to help the show was to locate an ostrich which, he claimed, was the daughter of his son and therefore his granddaughter. "What's its name, Jim?" asked Dave Garroway, in full view of millions. "Fanny," said Moran, in full hearing of millions.

It might be presumed that newsmen by this time would be rather suspicious of Moran's straight-faced announcements of impending "news" events, and equally on guard against what might appear to be genuine news with Moran somehow lurking in the background. The presumption is correct; yet in promoting an Orientaly oriented play, Moran outfoxed newsmen by capitalizing on their suspicions of him. He sent telegrams to the editors of all New York papers announcing that Chinatown's famed dragon dancers would perform in front of the theater where the play was appearing, at noon that day, and urging them to send reporters and photographers. None of them did, of course — which was what Moran expected. Meanwhile, he'd found an empty theater of the same name in Philadelphia, and arranged to have the dragon dancers go there, unheralded, to perform. He then tipped a Philadelphia newsman to the "mistake" the dancers had made. That was news.

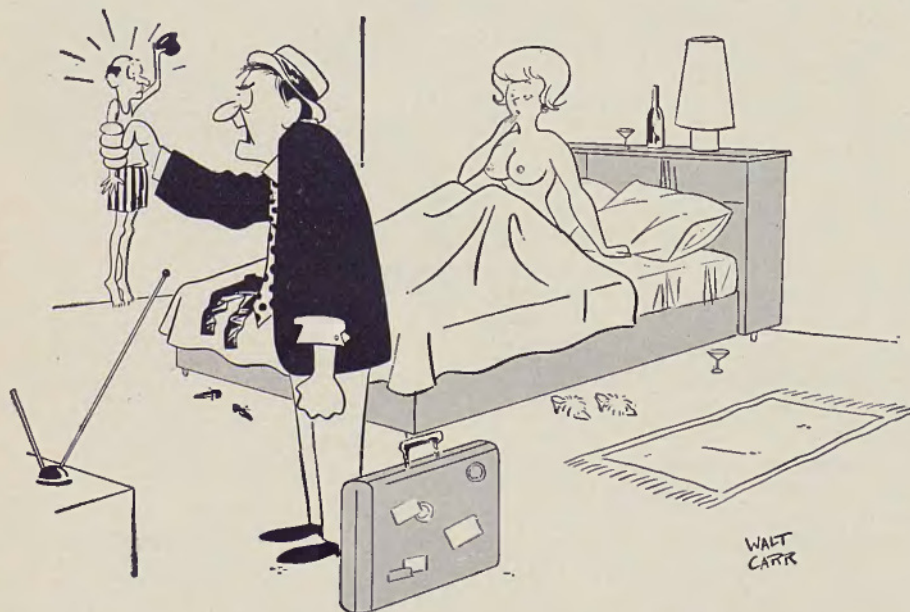
One night, when *Look Back in Anger*, Merrick's production of John Osborne's play, appeared to be faltering, the audience was treated to an unscheduled performance. A young woman stood up screaming, rushed onto the stage and gave actor Kenneth Haigh a good round-house slap in the face. As she was being hustled off, she shrieked that she had

been so aroused by the drama she had lost control of herself. Reporters, who just happened to be handy, duly wrote up the incident. Moran later confessed that the girl had been paid \$250.

Hard though it may be for the rest of us to credit, James Sterling Moran was not, as has been suggested, the issue of a mad, champagne-drenched night shared by an old-time circus barker and a lady faro dealer. He was born in Woodstock, Virginia, in 1907, the second of four sons of a respectable attorney for the U.S. Agriculture Department. His elder brother, Alvin, is with the State Department; and the two younger brothers, Elbert and Paul, are in the typewriter and television-repair businesses, respectively. His boyhood was not exactly unhappy, but his restrained home life made him restless. He says: "I could have come home after just having murdered the President of the United States, and it could have been on the radio and all over the newspapers, and nobody would ever have mentioned it to me."

Moran did everything in his power to attract attention from roughly the time he was able to walk, which may have something to do with his lifetime fondness for dressing up. He is likely to receive guests wearing a heavily ornamented brocade robe with a mandarin's hat riding above it. Sometimes he affects a fez or a Roman helmet. He was wearing a beard long before the present rash broke out across the country; it goes well with his costumes. Once, in Hollywood, he pretended that he was a visiting Prince of Arabia, and with a large retinue of slaves, swept into a nightclub and sat majestically at a table, casually dropping fake emeralds and rubies. While representing *The Mouse That Roared*, Moran went to Washington and sent his card to all the embassies, presenting himself as James Sterling Moran, the Ambassador of Grand Fenwick, the mythical duchy in the film. He also issued Grand Fenwickian postage stamps, had a magnificent uniform custom made for himself, drove around Washington in a Mercedes with a sterling silver mouse as a radiator ornament and license plates he designed himself (thereby quite wittingly — but fruitlessly — inviting arrest), and presided over a full-dress ball to which flocked most of the diplomatic set, either for kicks or because they'd been duped.

At parties, he often insists that guests don costumes from his storeroom. He also asks that they sit on the floor while dining, and insists on feeding them unfamiliar foods. One night he served a 136-course dinner in this manner. Each course consisted of a single, half-bite-sized tidbit, which each guest was required to place in the mouth of the person on his left. The guests left not only hungry but perplexed.



"Selling paper napkins, my eye!"

Moran's formative years were spent chafing in school. He read a good deal, and still does, which accounts for his imposing store of peculiar information. His library consists of around two thousand volumes. Moran declares that his passion for reading originally fired him to become a newspaper reporter, and after he left high school and had a one-semester set-to with George Washington University, he went to work for the *Washington Daily News*, first as an advertising solicitor and later as a cub reporter. He lasted sixteen months. "The job was too confining for me," he says.

Confinement of any kind has always been loathsome to Moran. As soon as he got his job with the *News*, he moved out of his parents' house and into the first of a series of apartments that have grown ever more cavernous.

Moran's present monstrous apartment on West End Avenue in Manhattan contains two items of more than usual interest. The first is a huge carving showing a group of ladies in medieval costume, standing on a balcony. They are watching something, tittering and exclaiming to each other in an ecstasy of voyeurism. Moran has the ladies hanging in his private chamber, overlooking his bed. The second prize item is an elaborately carved antique piano, which is the star piece of a collection of ancient stringed instruments, including several zithers. He picked up the piano, which would be a monstrosity anywhere but in his rococo apartment, for only slightly more than the drayman's fee, but he gives the impression that it was fearfully expensive. "It came from the home of a fabulously rich man," he says.

Whether the piano now sits in the home of a rich man is moot. One acquaintance says Moran clears around \$50,000 a year—and this sum is really clear, for when Moran travels he either is transported by friends in private planes or has the cost of his trip picked up by one of his accounts. There are a number of restaurants on both coasts and in foreign countries that are delighted to feed him on the cuff. Even when he ruins a hotel suite in the course of working out one of his mad schemes, the management usually repays without a whimper of protest. About the only things he pays full price for are his groceries and his office. The latter, tenanted by Sam Kaplan, his genial partner, and a couple of secretaries, is located at 501 Madison Avenue. Moran rarely sees the inside of it. He does all his work in his apartment, generally by his front window, the telephone within easy reach. His monthly telephone bill rivals that of the late Mike Todd.

Moran reached his present happy state, in which he drives a silver 300SL and squires a huge collection of girls (at one of his parties I encountered seven girls, each of whom was under the

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illusion that she was his date — and they all may have been), only after years of job-hopping. After his sixteen months of newspapering, he sought his fortune in a variety of ways. He sold radiator covers for a while. He represented a pilot who took tourists on hop-flights over the capital. He gave guitar lessons. Moran learned to play classical guitar when he was in his teens and became intensely serious about it. He still studies with Sophocles Pappas, one of the world's foremost classical guitarists. Moran so admires Pappas that when he wrote his first book, he named the principal character after him. The book is called *Sophocles the Hyena*. Tom Scott set it to music for symphony orchestra, and it has been performed in Carnegie Hall by the New York Philharmonic, with Burl Ives, and in Vienna by the Viennese State Symphony with Moran himself. *Sophocles* and the second Moran book, *Miserable*, about a Brontosaurus, will soon be followed by a third book, *Miff the Mole*, also ostensibly for children.

Moran has been through three marriages. The first lasted two years, 1929 to 1931. The second survived between 1934 and 1942. The third, Moran will not discuss. He now declares that he will never get married again, principally because he is having too much fun in his single status.

Moran's first big break came in 1935, when he was representing a recording company in Washington. He read that the director of the Washington Zoo was off to Borneo to look for a male orangutan. Moran announced to the press that he had a recording of a female orangutan which he was planning to give to the explorer. It was actually a recording of Moran howling like Moran's idea of a female orangutan in heat, but the newspaper reporters gave the story, and the recording company, a big play.

One of the people attracted by the publicity owned a canary he claimed could whistle *Yankee Doodle*. Moran promptly made a deal with the owner to put his phenomenon on the radio and send it on a concert tour. He arranged a performance for the bird, whose name was Pete, with the U.S. Navy Band over

a coast-to-coast radio hookup, and booked him into a New York nightclub. Unfortunately, Pete chose this critical time to shed his feathers. He became so dejected he could not sing a note of *Yankee Doodle* or anything else. By the time his feathers grew back he had forgotten how to sing — according to Moran.

Some time after this fiasco, Moran went to Hollywood and worked for several studios, but most of the old hands out there thought his ideas far too impractical. For a long time he was a kind of professional guest. He would take over a friend's kitchen for the evening and cook Oriental dishes. After dinner he would deliver a lecture. One night he delivered a long oration on "The Importance of the Toilet Flush in American Life," illustrating it with the recorded sounds of various flushes from, among other places, a moving train and a men's room at the Library of Congress.

In those days Moran drank. His hangovers were agonizing. One morning a friend was trying to get him on the telephone; when Moran answered, his voice sounded like something out of the Pyramid of Gizeh. "Have you a hangover, Jim?" the friend asked solicitously.

"It isn't that, exactly," said Moran. "But my central nervous system slipped a bill under the door this morning, marked Long Overdue."

About five years ago, Moran went on the wagon. He now drinks only when he is not in the United States, but when he does go on a toot it often lasts for days, during which time he consumes Jackiegleasonian quantities of native ferments. He especially loves powerful, dark rums and home-brewed tequila. Last Christmas Eve he got plastered with a mob of two hundred Indians in Chonux, British Honduras. When in wine, Moran, who has a baroque vocabulary, likes to stand up and make a speech. The Indians' friendship so touched him that he arose in Chonux and made his "annual Christmas speech," whereupon they initiated him into the tribe. This moved him to make the same speech a second time. Eventually he fell asleep in the arms of two of his new blood brothers, and when he awoke he

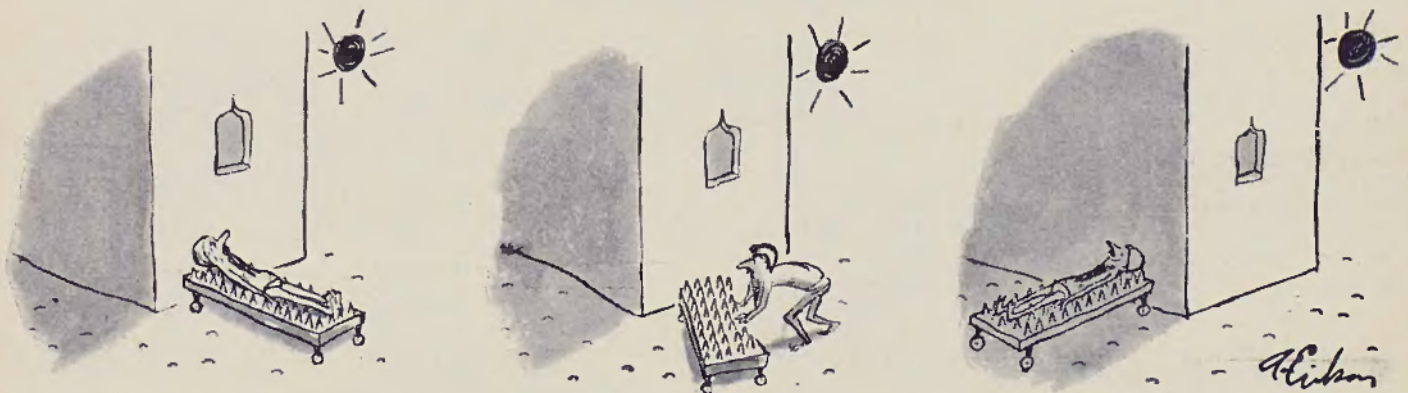
discovered that he had given his shirt to one and his shoes to the other.

The main thing that disturbs Moran these days is the realization that many of his best schemes have never come off — for example, the Moran Midget Employment Stabilization Board. "Midgets," Moran used to say to his friends, "have a very unstable employment situation. How often does somebody need a midget for something? During a war they can work in aircraft factories, riveting in tight, crammed quarters, but in peacetime all they can do is be freaks." In order to put some of his little friends to work, Moran designed huge kites. He test-flew them, each with a midget suspended from it in a harness, over the New Jersey meadows across the river from Manhattan. They performed nicely, except for a tendency to spin. "If there is one thing I can't stand, it's a spinning midget," Moran said. He thereupon devised rudders for the midgets to wear, which kept them on an even, nonspinning keel. It was Moran's notion that he would launch his kites and midgets in Central Park, the little people naturally holding display cards with advertising messages on them.

The law intervened. As Moran was preparing to send up the first of his three kited midgets, whose lives he had insured heavily, a policeman showed up to arrest him. "What law am I breaking?" asked Moran, putting on his injured face.

"You can't fly no midget on no kite in no Central Park," the cop said. "Suppose one fell off? He might hit a *ballplayer*, facrissake."

Moran was disappointed, but what he felt was as nothing compared to his emotions after the blowup of the wildest scheme he ever conceived. When Grace Kelly was preparing to marry Prince Rainier, Moran was invited to the wedding. He is still not quite sure how his name got on the guest list, but once he had checked and found that the invitation was genuine, he began to plot. Miss Kelly and Rainier were to be married in two ceremonies, civil and religious. Moran decided that he could be more effective at the latter. He spent days with





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a balloon manufacturer, devising an inflatable baby that could be concealed, uninflated, inside his cummerbund, and which would inflate itself into a realistic-looking infant at the pulling of a valve. The idea was Moran at his most diabolic. He was going to wait until the priest asked if anyone present had any objection to the union of the Philadelphia heiress and the august ruler. Then, Moran would step forward with his baby in his arms and demand, "What about Fanny?"

There was considerable danger involved. The late Jack Kelly, Grace's father, had a classic Irish temper and was still fast with his fists. He and his son once had wrecked the office of the editor of a keyhole-peeking magazine because the man had printed some nasty things about Grace. In addition, there were to be armed guards everywhere, watching for would-be assassins. Moran nevertheless insists he was determined to go through with it. He says he studied a map of Monaco and a plan of the church; he put out feelers for petty officials who could be bribed; he had arrangements made for a getaway car and a route marked out.

But disaster struck, in the form of pneumonia. Anyhow, Moran says he had pneumonia. There may have been some other hitch; or he may have lost his nerve; or the entire plot may have existed only in his imagination. One cannot tell, and one does not necessarily want to. It is enough, for those of us who lead pedestrian lives, that such a man exists. His contempt for rules, restrictions and hard truths is a splendid thing that ought to be treasured. As Jim Moran himself has sighed, "In all of this world, there is nothing more dismal than a fact."

As this issue of *PLAYBOY* goes to press, Moran is again demonstrating his unique capacity for combining business with pleasure and a penchant for traveling on odd missions. As you read this, he will be Africa-bound on a trip round the world to acquire what he modestly terms "the world's finest collection of masks." It's all part of a publicity campaign for a forthcoming flick titled *The Mask*, all about a cursed facepiece which makes those who wear it homicidal. It was Moran's idea to film some of the gorier sequences in 3-D (the kind that requires red and green specs) and to provide audiences with masks bearing red and green eyeholes, to be donned at the crucial moments. "One other detail," Moran said, loftily, as he was about to embark on this trip. "My contract also calls for me to appear in the film."

I noticed, in the trade-press write-up he handed me as he said farewell, that the producing company bears a name peculiarly suited to its bearded publicist—Beaver-Champion Attractions.



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LION'S SHARE

(continued from page 64)

O torch to melt the bluest ice...

I dig, Martin. I eat it up."

"Ten thousand alligators should chew your entrails in Times Square on New Year's," I said.

"Of course, the poem doesn't square with the facts. I know Irene Bell. She was nowhere near the gym when the fire broke out. She was on a weekend at Cornell."

"May your ancestors swim in warm milk," I said.

"But who cares for facts? A poem makes its own facts, right, Martin? The important thing is, she was

*'Saved from lechy tongues of fire
To dance again in future hours...'*

That's the essential truth of it."

"Glob on the sidewalk," I said, "hang by your toes until your hairs fall out."

"Soft, she is. Also sensual and trim. But this part about sadness, Martin. Irene is a swinging girl. She laughs a lot, I am sorry to inform you."

"Prince of bastards!" I yelled. "Hitler!"

"To carry on, this business of

*'While I, unworthy, smash my head
Against the door to Paradise'*

shocks me. Partly because I never heard it called the 'door to Paradise,' though I can buy that. But mostly because of the negative thinking."

"Your navel should fall off, Lester Pig," I said.

"What I say is sound literary criticism," he said. "Stop banging your head on the door to Paradise."

"Wait," I said. "Just wait."

"Again, Martin, your ego is selling you short. My own feelings are it's better to make keys than bang your head on the door. Can you argue with me? Quit hanging around outside Paradise and concentrate on getting in."

"Where is your dignity?" I said. "Don't you respect anybody's borders?"

"Be nice, listen. Think of yourself as a head-smasher and you get black-and-blue brains. Think of yourself as a key-maker and you get goodies beyond your wildest dreams."

"Cell by cell, I will decompose you," I said. "I will hang your leftovers from the Home Economics clock tower."

"You are nonviolent," Lester said. "Sticks and stones. Martin, life is a matter of self-concepts. Act like you deserve a medal. If it's Irene Bell you want, Irene Bell you'll get. Leave the details to a crass arranger like energetic Lester Pig."

"On your grandmother's candlesticks, promise me," I said. "Swear not to in-

terfere. Promise me. Don't drive me to eviscerate you in your sleep. Pledge on your heart. Promise me."

"What girl wouldn't be glad to have such a tribute?" Lester said, fluttering the napkin. "Immortality for our own Irene."

"You wouldn't," I said.

The next morning he gave my notebook to Irene Bell, with the napkin in the front cover, sticking out. In rage and pain, I refused to talk to him over supper, which bothered him, because Lester Pig has no tolerance for silence or hatred.

"She was behind in her notes," he said, sipping soup. "So I said, poor Irene. My roommate, Martin Stein, has a complete set, practically verbatim. He'll be glad to lend them to you. And she said, are you sure, Lester, that he wouldn't mind? I heard he is a brilliant chap. She called you a chap, Martin. So I said, here, Irene, take and enjoy. Every word is a gem, every idea clearly outlined for easy reading. But I understand there is some personal stuff in the book which you must not read under penalty of death. You know how artists are about their outpourings. Very possessive and touchy. And she said, do I look like the kind that pries?"

Looking neither left nor right, I stuck my fork into a veal chop.

"Admit you're glad," Lester said. "A writer needs his audience. Besides, would you want her a little behind?"

I winced.

"Accept me back into your graces, Martin. I can't endure a man and his beloved kept apart by silly shadows. Have pity. You know I'm a sick boy. If I last the year it's a medical miracle. I need forgiveness for the terrible thing I've done."

"Sick?" I said, basso profundo. "Sick?"

"Watch your decibels," Lester said. "You want the walls to tumble down?"

"The infirmary takes blood from you to boast with. You are as healthy as the pet hog in a children's zoo. What sick?"

"I'm sick of being persecuted for my humanity. Can I help if I'm not sensitive? Should you drive nails?"

"What am I going to do with you?" I said. "Lester Pig, you are unhateable."

"There," he said, perking. "Now I can digest with a free mind."

All this happened on Friday, so I had about fifty-six tortured hours before I would have to face Irene Bell again. Lester Pig began a series of maneuvers to shore up my ego and teach me technique.

"They have devices you put under the pillow," he told me while walking along, "that tell you all night what a fine person you are. I read about them in *Business Week*. Salesmen use them. Maybe we should get you such a machine and make an LP especially for

the occasion. There is one trouble, though. The article said that this stimulation causes certain people to micturate an extraordinary amount."

"I would be such a person and drown," I said. "Forget the nocturnal music."

"We agreed," Lester said. "No negativism. Plan ahead. Be prepared. Dig we must."

"I don't like to blueprint my life," I said. "I prefer the natural unfolding of relationships."

"I know there's no substitute for impulse," Lester said. "But this is not like wearing falsies. It's simply a matter of dry cleaning the personality, pressing a crease in the cortex. You're revving up, warming your motor. Is that immoral?"

"Yes," I said.

Lester Pig put his loose-leaf under his chin and pretended to play it.

"Irene Bell is a genuine Stradivarius. Shouldn't you limber your digits before the concert?"

"I'm not ready for Carnegie Hall," I said. "You give yourself a girl like her after you write the novel or the Broadway play. You earn such a girl with work produced. I'm not going to Existentialism 104 on Monday. Instead, I'll kill myself."

"Nah, nah," Lester said. "*Lejoordegloryetarivee*. Did Robespierre or Max Pierre talk like that? The year of your birth was splendid for poets, Martin. You're vintage, ripe, ready. Besides, I have a five-dollar bet on your nose, so to speak."

"A bet? What kind of a bet?"

"With Gus Gum in the grocery."

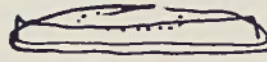
"Gus Gum?"

"He bet me sight unseen. He doesn't even know the girl. He knows you, though. That's how people think of you, Martin. Inscrutable, if you know what I mean."

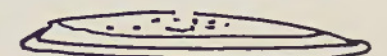
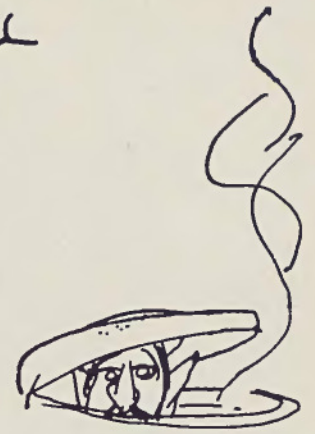
I didn't sleep Saturday night and I didn't sleep Sunday night. Irene Bell possessed my brain, cool, tall and superior. Her hair had a glow, a red-brown earth color that made me think of planting seeds. Her adorable face had green eyes wide apart so that looking into them was a delicious effort. Her cheekbones were sharp, the cliffs in a Japanese drawing. Her lips had separate lives of their own.

She had a long neck with a thin blue vein under the skin so that you could almost watch her blood circulate, which sounds frightening but was tantalizing. A little pulse in the vein showed her heartbeat — slow, regular, strong, pumping like the drum in a jazz parade. Her body's miracle was how she held together. She curved in several directions softly, as if stuffed with feathers, but her dancing gave her tendons I never knew existed. She had a waist as fragile as Panama on the map, but it joined her top to a marvelous bottom, better

THE SURVEY



Shuerstein



than Greek fragments. And her legs. Rapture, her legs. I hurt to think of them, those nutcrackers of the soul.

Irene Bell. I held a mental miniature of her in my hand. I stroked her with the fingertips of my being. I sat stark naked in front of a mirror looking at myself, feeling nothing but pity for her. Each time she flipped a page of my Existentialism 104 notebook I felt delectable chills. To sense her wide-apart eyes reading my penmanship, appraising my doodling and, above and beyond, reading my poem, brought hot flashes.

And Martin Stein had never even spoken to Irene Bell, not a good morning, not a word.

I prayed for the world's end. I fought the clock. But in spite of me, Monday came on schedule.

I will remember that Monday to my last and final bone.

I was in on its birth. It came into the world kicking and screaming, yelling for historians to wake up.

It began with a heavy moment of darkness. The town was a lump of quiet. Then a train came through. I could feel its power and speed. I looked out my window. It was snowing. The flakes were big, like parachutists taking over. Then the sun forced arms of light across the sky. High up the clouds broke into a jigsaw. They moved fast, toward the west. A piece of moon shared the field with the young sun. The moon was weak, the sun gained courage. It was no contest.

A wind came up, carrying an April ocean smell. I opened the window. Air gushed in, fresh and sweet, better than a cold shower.

Outside it was both spring and winter, a crazy mixture. The weather reminded me of me, all opposites, and I greeted it.

Lester Pig woke from the wind in his face.

"Monsoon, monsoon," he yelled. "The volcano is erupting. Quick, get a spoon." "Shut up," I said. "It's only an omen, a sign from the gods."

He fell asleep again with his head under the pillow, returned to private playgrounds. I stretched my arms and breathed. My lungs had not been treated to such a party since the gym spontaneously combusted. Stale air hissed out. If I were vacuum packed, the sound would have been identical. The effort was much too much. I lay down on my bed and conked out from abundance of oxygen. It took Lester twenty minutes to coax me back to the vertical.

He was standing over me, all dressed, on his way to an eight o'clock.

"You'll show up in 104," he said. "We're having a fascinating lecture on Maurice Chevalier's politics."

"I'll show up," I said.

"Amen," he said, and ran for the door.

I considered a suit, white shirt and

tie, but when I shaved I saw a bush of hair and foamy face looking out at me, so I gave up fancy ideas.

But to give myself heart and for personal amusement, I turned my head side to side, roaring and saying MGM, MGM, MGM. It was a kind of incantation, a war dance.

I put on the usual outfit. The one carnival touch was a cap my aunt sent me to celebrate her AT&T dividend. Whenever I wore it, which was rarely, I felt like an Irish intellectual of the Republican Army on the way to blow up Noel Coward.

Walking into Existentialism 104, I looked like I emerged from a cesspool that morning, chasing after evolution, a throwback to our fishy beginnings.

I went in focusing on the floor.

First I was conscious only of many hostile feet. I found a seat in the back corner of the room, took a pad out of my briefcase, wrote the date in curly letters and poised myself. When Max Pierre made his entrance, all was quiet except for the odd swish of wool and the click of knitting needles. He started to talk about absinthe, and when everyone was safely concentrating, I raised my eyes.

Not ten feet away was the back of Irene Bell, sitting next to Lester Pig. And on the wide arm of Irene's chair was my notebook, with the napkin no longer showing.

She read it, I thought. My poem is now part of her very essence. Oh, glory, hallelujah. Marvel of marvels. Cherries and plums. Yes, yes, Virginia, there is a Martin Stein. But why do my innards rejoice? Now she will certainly despise me. I have no talent. No future. An empty past. Poor breeding. I will be bald any minute. I eat no wheat germ. My rhymes do not scan. T. S. Eliot wrote better when he was nursing. Is there time to become the chiropodist my family dreamed I would be? I am a terrible person, protoplasm without purpose, yesterday's newspaper. However, there are some provocative images like the line about lechy tongues of fire and my supermarket of desire and the poem is not bad if read with conviction. It could conceivably be the only thing found in good shape after the sun destroys earth. Things seen in perspective, Irene Bell should be honored, as Lester said, and if she is too goddamn blasé, let her go make time with Percy Bysshe Shelley.

My stream of consciousness bubbled along in that ditch, and what stopped it was I bit the eraser off my pencil. For a person like me to have no eraser is nerve-wracking, because at any given minute I might revise my whole philosophy of life.

I got the wet eraser out of my mouth and held it ready between two fingers, which occupied my time as Max Pierre went on, talking now about the expres-

sion on the face of Mona Lisa, which he said he always thought was too obvious.

Once Lester Pig turned around to wink at me. I pretended that he was a stranger's garbage, ignoring him completely. Irene turned, too, and, I swear it, she smiled. I was crucified.

I made plans to escape. There were eight legs between me and the door, and I reasoned when the gong clanged I could make it by miles before the Pig and the Bell even started. But I was thwarted by a fat girl who tangled in her parka. She blocked all human progress.

When she finally organized, Lester and Irene were waiting for me in the aisle.

We were introduced. She held out her hand with a lovely gesture, bending just right at the elbow. I shook her glove. The glove was just as well, because I still had the eraser which made a slight bump in my palm.

"I'm off," Lester said. "I've got to get down to the post office. There's a new issue out today commemorating Mollie Pitcher's change of life. And there is an obscene letter from the *Reader's Digest* which I must report to my postmaster."

When Irene Bell spoke her first words, I reacted like a tuning fork, but she went right on as if I were the calmest ape in Africa.

"I think Max Pierre is a darling lamb," she said, "don't you, Marty?"

"Yes," I said, grimacing. "I really do. I mean, who wouldn't?"

"That's right," she said. "What kind of person?"

We walked into the hall.

"I want to thank you for your book," she said. "It was very useful. It saved me."

"Nothing," I said. "Forget it."

"I never knew notes could be so stimulating."

I shrugged.

"In fact," she said, "I have a request. Could I keep the book this afternoon? I'm still transcribing."

"Keep it," I said. "Why not?"

"Thank you, Marty," she said. "You can come over tonight to pick it up."

"Come over?" I said. "Well, I really don't need the bloody thing. I have this photographic memory. I mean, I can repeat everything from *Uncle Wiggily* on down."

"Everything you ever read?"

"Since the cradle."

"How wonderful," she said. "And awesome. But come anyway. Mama, Teddy and Chan are looking forward to you. They know all about you."

"They do?" I said.

"Even if it sounds aggressive," she said, "I admit it. I'm one of your fans."

"Aggressive? You, Irene? No. The truth is, you're extremely feminine."

"Bless you for saying that," she said. "I hate pushy women. I'm glad I'm a

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girl like in the song."

"Good," I said. "That's nice to hear. I think a person should be proud of her biology."

"You are sensitive," she said. "I knew it the moment I heard you speak."

"It's just a voice," I said.

"Do you have a class?" she said.

"Not for an hour."

"Let's walk, then. It's so stuffy in these buildings."

"The gathered perfume of scholarly generations," I said. "The class of '60 was supposed to donate an Air-Wick, but they couldn't raise the gold."

"You're so cynical," Irene said.

"Not really," I said.

"I know not really," she said.

We walked down to Mingle Street, where the restaurants and stores line up.

"Let's go listen to records," Irene said.

So we went into the Stack, but the booths were all crowded.

"I did want to hear some Gregorians chant," Irene said. "I had a yen."

I had a small inspiration.

"Come with me," I said.

"Where to?"

"Monte Carlo."

She came along. I took her to Gus Gum's Grocery.

The grocery was a grocery by virtue of one box of Rice Krispies, prewar. The rest of the place was given over to pinball machines, electronic geishas who gave back more for your nickel than even Hershey's.

The illegitimate sons and daughters of Univac and IBM were all busy, so we waited for a vacancy. Irene was entranced by the bells and lights, by the banging, the pushing and the masculine dedication. Her eyes were wide with wonder.

I saw Gus savoring her, ankles up, through the smoky light, and I was proud to be with such a girl. A young man, impatient with fortune, tilted. We took over his still-warm machine, a charmer called Maiden's Revenge.

Maiden's Revenge had a stained-glass picture of a solid maiden holding a club over a villain's head. The idea was, if you scored 750,000 she boffed the villain, he lit up green, and Gus Gum gave you fifty nickels.

Meanwhile, the action had the maiden running around the edges of the glass with the villain chasing after. With each bong of the steel ball they moved like a slow-motion movie.

"Go ahead," I said. "Try your luck."

"I could never do it," Irene said.

So I stood behind her and helped her aim the plunger. Being a neophyte, she did not bang the box or urge her ball. After she shot it, she stood back, leaving everything to chance.

The ball bonged passively around, racking up a fairly good score, then plonked into the trap. So we shot another.

Our maiden never got her revenge, though we gave her six opportunities.

"Maybe she really loves him," Irene said.

"There's a consideration," I said.

"I've had a beautiful experience," she said.

"I'm glad you liked it."

"Exciting," she said. "Slice of life."

We walked outside, past the Krispies.

"This was invigorating," I said. "Thank you for your company."

"You're welcome for my company," Irene said. "But you've got to come over tonight. I insist, Marty. Should I write my address, or will your memory

photograph it?"

"Write it," I said.

"See you around nineish, if that's not too late."

"Late?" I said. "No. I'm a regular owl. Nineish is just right."

"Do you like bleu cheese?"

"Bleu cheese? Yes. Bleu cheese is splendid."

"We'll have bleu cheese, beer and assorted tidbits. It's not every night that we have a poet over to nibble."

Then she waved and I waved and we parted.

"Martin Stein, the nibbling bard." Lester Pig said, after I made the error of telling him. "The bleu-cheese Beowulf. What a concept. Beautiful."

"Gargle with Drano," I said.

"Mama, Teddy and Chan," he said.

"That's a curve, but you'll have to live with it. Who in hell is Chan? The houseboy?"

"I don't know," I said.

"But you'll find out," Lester said.

"Martin, you were immense."

"I just stood there," I said.

"That's the secret," Lester said.

"Stand there and sooner or later every woman will tell you how she wants to be fulfilled."

"Fulfilled?"

"The two rules for basic fulfilling are: *one*, stand there and *two*, beware of key phrases. For example, D. H. Lawrence. If she asks you about D. H. Lawrence, get immediately excited. D. H. Lawrence is a vital point of communication. Also J. D. Salinger, which is a different kind of reaching, but reaching nonetheless. Even bleu cheese, which to Irene Bell was a winged messenger from where she lives. If you had turned down her bleu cheese, the whole thing would have gone bosh."

"Bosh?"

"It's my word, so live with it. Language is inadequate to hold me, Martin. Did you know that in Greek plays at moments of high tension the actors burst into song? That's how I feel now out of envy and empathy."

He started to sing.

"Stein, you don't deserve such a nibble

Since you are basically anti-pipple."

"I am not anti-people," I said. "What gave you that idea?"

"You did," Lester said. "You, a man of optimum conditions and rigid rules. Though you think of yourself as down-trodden, you are more a judge than life's victim."

"Go back to your accounting charts," I said.

"I am a Renaissance boy," Lester said.

"I travel with ease from gross national product to *Oedipus Rex*. Don't curb me."



"Play 'Melancholy Baby!'"

"Express yourself someplace else," I said.

"All right, Kimosabe. But while you are evaluating, fantasizing, and mapping strategy despite yourself, remember to wash."

"Thank you, little mother," I said.

"Don't thank Lester, thank Prometheus," he said. "Without him there would still be der gymnasium."

I washed. I even shined. I was ready by five, and read some Alexander Pope to relax and pass the hours. But Alexander's iambics,

da-dum, da-dum, da-dum, da-dum,
da-dum
da-bam, da-bam, da-bam, da-bam,
da-bam

bounced my brain like bedsprings, so I put on some Lennie Tristano and absorbed the music which was refreshing and clean.

My weather came back at seven-thirty. It snowed again, and with lightning, too. Can you imagine? Lightning behind the snow. I never saw anything so majestic. This was unquestionably the highest type of weather. It even thundered, long, rolling booms from the rumbling belly of Zeus. Lightning, thunder and snow in a package. What more could I ask? The night alone was worth a pound of free verse.

Irene Bell lived in town. She was not a dormitory sort, not the least bit communal. She was one of a kind, a girl who needed her own four walls.

She lived on Walpole Avenue, which was up a hill. That hill was symbolic, an obstacle. No Annapurna, but a good-size slippery hill, and with each step I felt I was accomplishing something.

I got to her house at eight-forty-seven, which qualified to my impatience as nineish. The storm was worse. I walked under flash bulbs and explosions, my soul churning. Her home was simple, a two-story frame house with three steps and one tree in front. To me, city-produced, a separated house was some kind of miracle, and I swallowed as I pressed the bell. Such chimes rang out as if they were crowning a Holiness inside.

Then a peephole opened, and a voice said, "Who is ringing the Bell bell, friend or foe?"

"Friend," I said. "I'm Martin Stein."

"Of course," the voice said, and the door opened.

Her mother. I knew this because the lady standing there kissed me on the cheek and said, "I'm Irene's mother."

"Delighted," I said.

"Are your feet wet?" she said.

"Yes," I said.

"Leave your shoes out here," she said.

"You mean, take them off?"

"Both sneakers," she said.

"All right," I said, already feeling compromised.

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She took my coat and cap and hung them in a closet.

"Irene is in the living room," she said.

I followed her in. From behind, she was a chunky woman, no more than five-three, fiftyish and healthy. She had none of her daughter's grace. If Irene was a supermarket of desire, her mother was more of a delicatessen.

Padding along in my socks, which were damp and clammy, I made no noise whatsoever. Not hearing myself was an eerie experience, and you could have convinced me that I really didn't exist.

The mother made a sharp left without signaling, and, through an archway, I saw Irene. She was lying on a couch, wearing a black creation, elastic and skintight, turned stomach down with a book under her face, one leg waving hello in the air. When I went in she wiggled into a normal sitting position, pulled her knees up to her chin and grinned.

"Hello," I said.

"Marty," she said.

She patted the cushion beside her and I started over there, but her mother took that seat and smiled at a flower-covered easy chair.

So I went to the chair and began to drop, but there was a rapid movement under my buttocks and a wild scream. A black, muffy beast jumped into the air and came down on the rug.

"Chan," Irene said. "You nearly sat on Chan."

Chan looked up at me from the floor. He was the biggest, hardest cat I ever saw, a bundle of muscles and fur.

"Poor pussy, pussy," Mrs. Bell said. "Go to the kitchen."

Poor pussy, pussy stayed where he was, with yellow eyes eying the skin where my collar parted.

"Nice cat," I said, out of strained love for the species. "I'm sorry I almost pulverized you."

"It was naughty Chan's fault," Irene said, pointing the finger of guilt. "Bad puss-cat shouldn't be on the furniture."

Chan took her admonition with a huge yawn. His mouth opened so wide he almost turned inside out. I could see down to his tail, past a full set of fangs.

"We love our Chan," Mrs. Bell said. "He's so loyal to Irene he brings her dead birds."

"Mama," Irene said. "That's ghoulish."

"Yes, I suppose it is," Mrs. Bell said. "But it's Chan's way of saying I love you."

The muff broke wind.

"Chansy ate too much and ate too fast," Mrs. Bell said. "Does Chansy want a Tums?"

"I can't believe you're really here," Irene said. "It seems so strange."

"To me, too," I said.

"Well," Mrs. Bell said, "people have a way of meeting people, especially if they have common interests. Irene tells me you're something of a note-taker, Martin."

"I'm just compulsive," I said.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of," Mrs. Bell said. "Mr. Bell was thorough. You're from New York City, aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "The Bronx."

"That's fine," Mrs. Bell said. "I'm sure your parents are lovely people. Professional people, I suppose."

"Mama," Irene said. "Don't pry."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Bell said. "Martin understands. It's just natural that I want to know all about him. Irene is a fatherless girl. And so pretty. I like to know her friends."

"My father is an optometrist on the Grand Concourse," I said.

"An eye specialist," Mrs. Bell said. "Do you know it's been five years since I had my glasses changed."

"Checkups are important," I said.

"An ounce of prevention," Mrs. Bell said. "He owns his own establishment?"

"He works for a Mr. Bimberg," I said.

"That's very sensible," Mrs. Bell said. "Let the proprietor have the worries."

"Pa is a worrier," I said. "He worries about Mr. Bimberg."

"We all have our concerns," Mrs. Bell said. "Life is not all roses. You'll come to realize that."

"Martin knows about roses," Irene said. "Stop quizzing him."

"We're getting to know one another dear," Mrs. Bell said. "Aren't we, Martin?"

"Yes," I said. "We are."

"And you were right, Irene. He does have a gorgeous voice."

Chan yowled.

"He must be having a nightmare," Mrs. Bell said. "Or is he jealous? Chan, are you jealous because I complimented Mr. Stein?"

Chan got up and walked to the wall where he sat, scratching.

"He's restless. You know what I mean, Martin. I can't bear a fixed cat. But Chan pays a price for being a boy. He feels so cooped up in the house."

I looked over at Irene. She was pink in the cheeks.

"Winter makes us all feel a bit closed in," Mrs. Bell said. "Do you agree?"

"It makes me feel very closed in," I said.

"I thought as much," Mrs. Bell said. "You must be hungry."

"No," I said. "I just recently had . . ."

But she stood up and went toward a door which I assumed led to the kitchen.

"Don't mind Mama," Irene said in a low voice.

"I don't," I said.

"Since Papa left us . . ."

"I know," I said.

"You're sweet," she said.

"Thank you," I said.

"This is so cozy," she said, shifting her body.

Irene and I locked eyes. Our eyes glued across the space between couch and chair. Her mouth opened just enough to let in supplementary air, and my lower lip twitched. We sat that way, mutually numbed.

"I hear tell you love a good cheese," said Mrs. Bell as she came back, carrying a tray full of glasses, beer cans, potato chips, crackers and a wedge of bleu.

"I do indeed," I said. "Give me a slice any time."

Mrs. Bell set down the tray. "Help yourself," she said. "We're all a family."

We helped ourselves. I ate a cracker and poured a beer.

"That's tasty," Mrs. Bell said. "It hits the spot. You don't drive, do you?" she said, after wiping her mouth.

"No," I said.

"A machine is so much trouble," she said. "And expensive. I don't blame you."

"I'm a big walker," I said.

"You're in Liberal Arts," she said. "Isn't that correct?"

"I am," I said. "An English major."

"You'll teach, I imagine?"

"I might. I don't know."

"Teaching is nice," Mrs. Bell said. "So necessary."

"I want to write," I said.

"I love television," she said.

"Books," I said.

"Books. How fascinating. Irene didn't tell me. Books."

"I didn't know," Irene said. "You know Marty better than I do."

"A best seller can happen to anyone," she said. "I'm sure you'll have a best seller, and then a moving picture. We'll be proud to say we knew you."

"Know you," Irene said.

"Books of poetry," I said.

"Ah," she said. "Would you like a potato chip? They're a little soggy, but that's the weather."

I ate a soggy chip and drank more beer.

"College friendships are lovely," Mrs. Bell said. "They can last for many years. Irene has such nice friends. Like that young premedical fellow."

"Is the cheese good?" Irene said.

"Delicious," I said. "A diamond."

"It melts in your mouth," Mrs. Bell said.

For the first time in my life, I blushed. Why, I know not, but I blushed. Mrs. Bell saw, Irene saw and so did Chan. He began chasing his tail.

"We have company," Mrs. Bell said. "Peace, Chansy."

There was a heavy stamping on the porch, somebody shaking the snow off his shoes.

"That might be Mr. Vine, the law graduate," Mrs. Bell said. "He drops

in unexpectedly."

"It's Teddy, Mama," Irene said.

"So early," Mrs. Bell said. "Is he home already?"

The door opened and Teddy came in. Chan ran out of the room, a gesture of affection.

"Hang your wet clothes," Mrs. Bell said. "And come say hello to Mr. Stein."

Genetically, the Bells were an interesting family. Just as Mrs. Bell and Irene were not look-alikes, brother Teddy was unique unto himself. His closest similarity was to the horny cat.

He came in blowing cold, squeezed Mrs. Bell with a massive squeeze, enough for all the mothers of the world. Then he kissed Irene.

"Teddy," she said. "You're freezing."

"I'm a snowball," he said.

The snowball, all six feet of it, was mostly protein. He stood squared away in a Boy Scout uniform, his head topped with a crewcut that made him look like a headache brush.

"Teddy is Irene's baby brother," Mrs. Bell said. "He's sweet sixteen. Teddy, this is Mr. Martin Stein from the University."

"Yeah," Teddy said.

I stood up, wishing I had shoes, and we shook hands.

"I see you're a Scout," I said.

"A Scout," he said. "I'm practically Eagle."

"Terrific," I said.

"I'm doing my next merit badge in wood carving."

"Not everyone is academic, Martin," Mrs. Bell said. "Teddy is more the physical type."

"Physical," Teddy said. "I like sports."

"He can't wait for the Army," Mrs. Bell said. "Can you, brother?"

"Marines," Teddy said. "I can't wait for the Marines."

Teddy sat on the rug. Chan came back into the room and squatted near the artificial fireplace.

"Isn't this homey?" Mrs. Bell said. "Here we all are. We used to sit like this when Irene was a wee girl," she said.

"Mama, no Little Irene stories tonight," Irene said.

"To look at her now, it's hard to believe," said Mrs. Bell. "But she was once so tiny. Both of my children were incubator."

"Me?" Teddy said.

"Irene used to sit over there, where Chan is now, telling her father how she would marry a royal prince and take care of us all forever after. Remember, Irene? It's like yesterday."

"I don't remember," Irene said.

"Little did we know that Mr. Bell would leave us so soon," said Mrs. Bell.

"Rest in peace," Teddy said, reaching for the cat.

"Now we take care of each other. It's



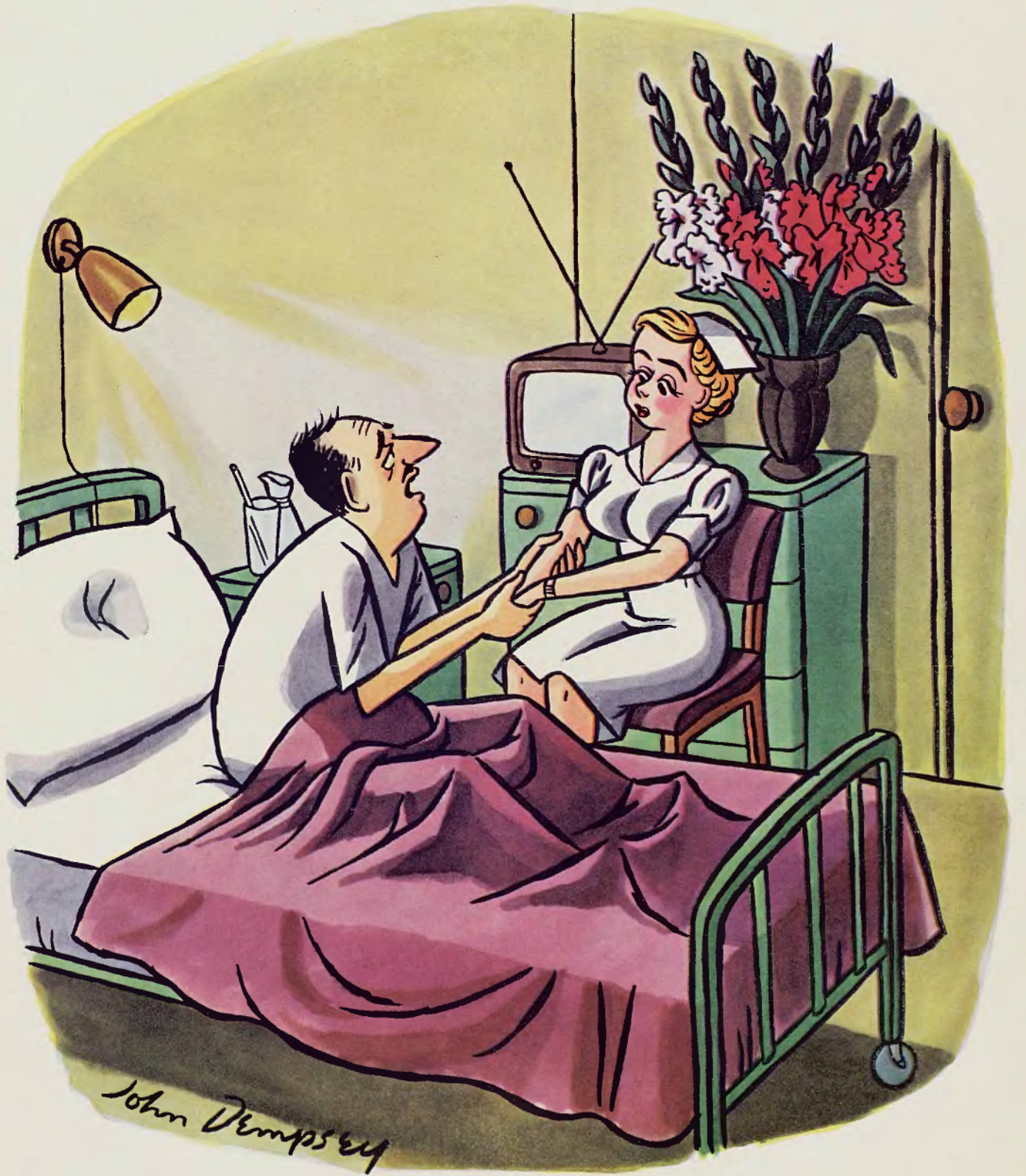
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"My day nurse doesn't understand me."

hard, Martin. It has been a struggle. But we're all for one."

Teddy caught Chan, but pussy did a flip, which was especially impressive for his dimensions, and escaped.

"Don't torture a dumb animal," Mrs. Bell said. "All for one, and one for all, Martin. We pull together. Teddy was a late child, but now that he's grown up so nicely he helps, too."

"I work part time," Teddy said.

"And he's a real Bell," Mrs. Bell said. "He loves his sister. They're so close. I instill closeness in my children. Why, if anyone hurt our fairy-tale princess . . ."

"I would kill them," Teddy said.

Chan leaped onto an empty dining-room chair, clearing at least fifteen feet from a standing start.

"It's ten o'clock," Irene said, after a ship's bell went off somewhere upstairs.

"Teddy must be famished," Mrs. Bell said. "Irene, go fix brother some cocoa. I've been running all day. I'm exhausted."

"Marty and I have studying to do," Irene said.

"It's the last demand I'll make," Mrs. Bell said. "Before taking myself to bed."

Irene got up, did a knee bend without cracking, and went to the kitchen. I sat there with Mrs. Bell, Teddy and Chan.

"Yes, Teddy is the man of the house now," Mrs. Bell said. "He's our body-guard. I hate to think what would happen if anyone hurt Irene in any way."

"I would break them in half," Teddy said, slamming a fist into an open palm.

Chan was unnerved by the sharp slap, and stood on his hind legs, pawing.

"Teddy is such a powerful child," Mrs. Bell said.

"He seems in good shape," I said.

"Go and get my green box," Mrs. Bell said.

"Now?" Teddy asked.

"It's on the dresser upstairs," Mrs. Bell said.

Teddy pulled himself upright and headed, sulking, for the hall.

"Isn't he a young brute?" Mrs. Bell said. "A bull. I worry about his strength, Martin. How he emerged from my loins is a curiosity. We're all small-boned, you know."

"One of those things," I said. "I have an aunt with red hair whose . . ."

"It's amazing, Martin, but I feel I know you so well," Mrs. Bell said. "You are a bright, warm person. Irene raves about your ability. And I know just why. I went through your notebook myself."

"You did?"

"Of course, I didn't understand everything, not being college trained. But I understood enough."

"You did?"

"Yes. I understood quite a lot. Existentialwhateveritis is stimulating, isn't it?"

"Stimulating," I said.

"Would you like a napkin?" she said.

"A napkin? No. Thank you."

"I thought you might," she said.

She got up and emptied an ashtray into a plate.

"To think that Irene will marry soon," she said. "It makes all the sacrifice worthwhile. It's a kind of reward, don't you know?"

"I see," I said.

"She is beautiful," Mrs. Bell said. "A real princess. She'll make some happy boy a fine wife."

I squirmed.

"Possibly a prince," Mrs. Bell said. "Like that Grace Kelly. It's not impossible, is it, Martin?"

"Not in America," I said.

"You don't know my daughter very well, Martin. She's an accomplished girl. A common-sense girl, too rare nowadays. But she does have her flights."

"Does she?"

"I think her dancing lessons did it," Mrs. Bell said. "They changed her."

"How?"

"Let's just say she's attracted to intelligence, Martin. She picked you out of the crowd. You should be flattered."

"I am," I said.

"You're an interesting boy," Mrs. Bell said, "with potential for grand success. But it takes years to establish oneself as a practicing poet."

"About two hundred years," I said, "give or take a century."

"Time, time, time," Mrs. Bell said. "Time is such a problem to a girl."

"There are always problems," I said.

Mrs. Bell pst-pst-pst'd for Chan, who came over and arched while she stroked him.

"Have you read about the population explosion?" she said, pouring another beer.

"Here and there," I said, getting interested.

"Isn't it shocking? They say in sixty years we'll all have one square foot of space."

"We're very prolific," I said.

"All that sex," she said.

"Yes."

"Those underdeveloped areas are the worst. They have nothing else to do. And Uncle Sam supports them."

"They say television is going international," I said. "And there might be hope in that. Television is a kind of acceptable form of birth control, you might say."

"Chan is so restless. Look at him. I'd let him out, Martin, if I knew he wouldn't come back and smudge the rug. Do you think that's an unfair attitude?"

"Very fair," I said.

"If I only knew for certain that Chan would wipe his four soft paws, I would let him out to find his ladyfriend."

"You would," I said.

"Cats will be cats," Mrs. Bell said. "We can't change that, can we, Martin?"

Chan yawned again, showing his cave.

"I'm liberal-minded," Mrs. Bell said. "I'm humane. I feel for my own cooped-up Chansy."

"I see that you do," I said.

"You like our Irene, don't you?" Mrs. Bell said.

"Positively," I said. "I like her very much."

"She has her flighty periods," Mrs. Bell said. "But she always comes to mother and mother helps her back to terra firma."

"She's lucky to have you," I said.

"Yes, Irene always comes back down to earth."

"Like Chan," I said. "Right-side up." "Exactly," Mrs. Bell said. "Very well spoken. I couldn't have phrased it better. You're alert, Martin. Nothing passes you by."

There was a booming on the staircase and Teddy came in holding a small steel box. Mrs. Bell opened the box which held an A-Z file inside, and took out a clean, lined card.

"This is going to be your card, Martin," she said. "I like to keep a record. It's like having pictures for Irene's memory book."

She flipped the cards. I could see writing on many and numbers on some.

"I'll write you up as the sensitive boy with the wonderful voice. The boy with promise. I'll give you an excellent review."

"I would like to be remembered that way," I said.

"Cocoa," Irene yelled.

"I'll take my cup up to bed with me," Mrs. Bell said as Irene walked in with another tray and four cups. "Martin and I have had a marvelous, folksy chat. But I need my beauty sleep."

"I hope you two settled the world's problems," Irene said.

"We did, dear," Mrs. Bell said.

"Take your warm drink up to your room, Teddy," Mrs. Bell said. "The children have their studying to do."

Teddy took a cup, leaving the saucer, and stuffed two cookies in his craw.

"Night," he said, through his Oreos. "See you around."

"Good night," I said. "Nice meeting you both."

"Martin is a lovely boy," she said. "We'll definitely add him to our cards."

"Sweet dreams," Irene said.

Mrs. Bell and Teddy went upstairs, carrying their cocoa.

Irene put the two cups on a coffee table near the couch.

"Come sit by me," she said. "I hate talking from far away."

I moved over beside her.

"So you saw the cards," Irene said. "Isn't Mama the most eccentric woman you ever met?"

"Is that what she is?" I said.

"Did she upset you, Marty?"

"Upset me?"

"You seem disturbed."



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"Confused," I said. "But not disturbed."

There was a buzz between my ears after the extended conversation with Mama, and the buzzing lasted until Chan took up a position across from us, in flying distance.

"Your cat makes me self-conscious," I said. "I feel like an offshore island."

"Nonsense," Irene said. "He's just behaving."

"I feel threatened," I said. "I feel in danger of being consumed."

And when I said it, I realized that I meant it. What was more peculiar, I didn't understand why. Because it dawned on me that what Mrs. Bell had given along with her beer, cheese and cocoa was full clearance.

There was a treaty between Mama and me, so long as I promised to wipe my paws and keep Irene comfortable but handy for her forthcoming prince. I went along with her terms. Me, Martin Stein. So by the rules of the Geneva Convention that fink of a cat should have lowered his guns and gone upstairs with the rest of them, including the incubator brother who couldn't wait for the Marines.

Wasn't Chan in on the deal? Wasn't Irene?

Well is she or isn't she, I asked myself. Or am I merely stir crazy from double meanings?

I looked for a sign.

But Irene showed nothing. She sat sipping her cocoa, radiant and supple, the heroine of my poem, the queen of the index cards.

"Marty," she said, "I don't feel like studying. I want to dance for you."

"Dance," I said. "But don't ask me to cha-cha."

"I mean interpretive dance," she said. "Wait."

She bounded into the kitchen in three enthusiastic giant steps and came back with a cookbook.

"The idea is, anything can stimulate the emotion of motion," she said. "Even a recipe."

She flipped the book.

"Read me this," she said, "and I'll improvise."

I read.

"Curry of Pork, Belgian."

Irene stood with her arms in the air.

"Mince or grate a Spanish onion," I said, following the text, "and cook in one-quarter cup butter until delicately colored."

Irene spun and bent, mincing and cooking, and she was delicately colored, oh so delicately.

"Season with a pinch of celery salt, three whole cloves, eight peppercorns, and a generous pinch of thyme leaves."

The spices moved her. Although I'd never tasted Belgian Pork Curry, it became my favorite dish.

She stretched her legs until I felt her

splitting, then jackknifed and rolled on the rug, then zoomed onto the easy chair, crumpled, stood and whirled. Her hair came apart and spilled over her shoulders, the top of her outfit separated from the bottom, exposing a middle of moving muscles. She breathed in gasps and fell on the floor between my legs, looking up at me.

I took her face in my hands and pulled her toward me without a thought in my skull but to taste her and take her. Me, Martin Stein.

"Stop it, stop," Irene said. "Oh, Marty, I never expected you . . . we hardly know each other."

I stopped. Old guilts drowned new courage. I felt like a fool. I stopped all right.

"Irene," I said, "forgive me. I felt a suspense all evening long with you here and your mother never leaving. I mean, when you went into the kitchen she . . . Irene, I know that when two people . . ."

Then I saw that Irene Bell was not listening to my shaky apology. She listened to something else and smiled at what she heard.

It was a music box. A tinkly music box from Mama's room signaling the end of day, and maybe more. It played *Auld Lang Syne*, but it meant taps for the eyes and ears upstairs.

The cat heard it, too. Chan looked me over. He was beaten, but a good loser. He yawned again, then ran toward the plinky tin sound, his mistress' voice.

Irene got up and turned out the lights. Outside, the lightning was bad. The thunder was loud. It was spring militant, and no doubt about it.

The music box wound out. And when it finished she was in my arms and we wrestled on the floor. If not three cloves, then two cloves. If not eight peppercorns, then six peppercorns. As long as the dash of thyme was generous. And it was generous, all generous.

The lion, full of longing, ate and drank and said thank you, thank you. The dancer, pledged to her noble cause, moved with abandon on lubricated joints. Irene Bell and Martin Stein, express trains on different tracks, came crashing together. And the story will never make the papers.

How we cried when I said goodbye.

I walked home in slush. There was a candle in the window waiting for me. An honest-to-God candle, like the kind they light on Friday night to mark the happy Sabbath. Lester Pig held the candle when I came in. He put the little flame under my chin and he said:

"Look who's here. It's Martin Stein, a person of increased value. Come, Marty. Say a few words to the universe."



HIGHWAY

(continued from page 90)

footing the higher hospital bills; for paying for inflation, rising wages and the complexity of automotive design. If the young man complains, the companies have words of comfort for him: "A good driver sets his own rates," the companies say. "The only way to bring down your premium cost is for you to have fewer accidents."

But if, like Ken, the young man objects that he is a good driver, who has never had an accident, the companies say: "Drivers under twenty-five are involved in twenty-eight percent of all accidents, although they make up only eighteen percent of the driving population. Those who are involved in more than their share of the accidents should pay for most of the damage. Sure, there are individual hardships when you deal with statistical groups, but as a member of a dangerous group, you are a real risk to us. We can't insure on an individual basis, so we charge you a higher rate, because you're a statistical menace. What could be fairer than that?"

Plenty could be fairer than that, particularly in view of the fact that the number of accidents is not the only factor involved in figuring out the price of the premium, and that no allowance is made within the group for those under-twenty-five drivers whose records are spotless. As for insuring on an individual basis, some actuaries believe this can be done, and the only reason why it isn't is that most actuaries seem to think it would be too complicated.

It has been tritely, if accurately, observed that you can prove almost anything you wish when you begin to toss statistics around, and this is indeed the case with the statement that "Twenty-eight percent of all accidents involve drivers under twenty-five." The statement becomes less ominous when it is remembered that to say "involved in" always produces a larger number than to say "caused by." Many young people are involved in accidents caused by someone else. Moreover, many insured drivers are involved in accidents on which no claims are paid, and which should therefore not be counted for statistical purposes if the cost of settling claims is to be the chief factor in the equation. Furthermore, when the companies say "all accidents" they are also including such cases as those featuring uninsured delinquents who have been driving stolen automobiles.

Even if it were true that under-twenty-five drivers caused twenty-eight percent of all accidents, and that claims were paid in every case, there would still be no real justification in translating this to mean male drivers under twenty-five,

and thereupon sticking the guys with the bill. It is true that more men are "involved in" more accidents than women, because more men drive more miles. But a study of New Jersey accident statistics — valid for metropolitan areas and hence particularly applicable to this article — shows no evidence that either sex is involved in, or causes, proportionately more of one kind of accident than another. Therefore, no case can be made that men are involved in worse, and thus more costly, accidents than women. Moreover, the National Safety Council says that on the basis of "miles driven by each sex, females have a higher accident rate than males." Additionally, the N.S.C. says that the accident rate for males has been constantly decreasing since 1952, while that for women has just as steadily grown worse.

Therefore, if the insurance companies should put a surcharge on youth, it would seem logical, if unchivalrous, for them to ask women under twenty-five to pay the highest premiums. But such is not the case. Most companies put no surcharge on under-twenty-five females.

Instead of refining their statistics to give a completely accurate picture of the under-twenty-five group as a whole, and of the under-twenty-five male driver's actual liability in particular, and then making allowances for good drivers, the insurance companies have simply been content to lump all under-twenty-five males into the category of assigned risks. These are risks which underwriters do not care to insure, but which, because of state law or otherwise, must be insured. This insurance is handled through a pool of insurers and assigned to companies in turn.

But here again, the company argument against youth begins to come apart at the seams. In Wisconsin, for example, insurance firms fall all over each other in their scurry to be the first to sign young men to the dotted line. This is because each company must take its quota of assigned risks in Wisconsin, where, if you are a male under twenty-five, you are an assigned risk automatically. But the companies have discovered that young Badgers are relatively good risks. They discovered that fifty-two percent of Wisconsin's assigned risks were owners under twenty-five, shoved into that category solely because of their age, but that some eighty percent of them had never had an accident of any kind, nor any traffic violation charged against them at the time of assignment of insurance. To be sure, many of these young men had probably never driven before seeking insurance, but enough others had so that the Wisconsin insurance companies eagerly seek to fill their assigned risk quotas with under-twenty-five males. The only possible conclusion

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is that the companies know very well that it is safer to take a chance on a young male than on anyone else in the assigned risk category.

It also turns out that even the most tolerant insurance companies include, for statistical purposes, the performance of *all* drivers within a classification group — not just the *insured* drivers. Thus, when the single, urban male under twenty-five buys insurance, the price he pays is figured in part on the accident performance of *all* young, urban bachelors, including the uninsured, the criminal, the irresponsible, the stupid, and the just plain fool kids, who hot around in everything from stolen Cadillacs to fourth-hand jalopies. Common sense, if not charity, would presume that people who buy insurance are apt to be more responsible, better risks than those who do not. Therefore, if the risk of accident is to have any place in the equation, the statistics should be confined to the histories of the insured drivers.

The companies are equally remiss for not taking into account the driver's education. They have not bothered to collect statistics to prove what everyone knows to be true: that a college-bred male is apt to be more stable, and far more responsible, than an unlettered

young hood. Instead, when the companies think about education, they talk about training — driver training. Many offer a ten-percent reduction in the premium price to the under-twenty-five male who has passed a driver training course of which the company approves. The companies say that statistics prove that a young man who passes such a course will be "involved in" fifty percent fewer accidents than one who does not take the course. But here again, the companies' offer is somewhat risible, because if passing the course reduces the risk by fifty percent, then it would seem logical to reduce the price of the policy by fifty percent. To offer ten when the odds say fifty seems as peculiar as for a bookie to offer 333-1 when the odds on the number are 999-1.

All this talk about the risk of accident is clearly beside the point anyway, when we remember that the companies really are not half so worried about the likelihood of a policyholder's cracking up as they are about finding someone to pay the cost of claims. Looking for someone to pick up the tab, they've hit upon the young urban bachelor, fudging on the true meaning of the figures pertaining to the under-twenty-five group; seemingly contradicting themselves by offering spe-

cial rates within the group; calling young men bad risks and then rushing off to sign them up; and, in the matter of driver training, throwing one lousy sardine to a school of trained seals. Meanwhile, they claim they are losing money, even at the high premium rates. They say their losses run anywhere from 40 to 119 percent on under-twenty-five males.

It is incontestably true that they *are* losing money on *some kinds* of insurance in special cases, but they are not losing money, period. When the companies talk about claims paid, they do not say that the money they make on the sale of automobile collision and fire and theft policies normally more than makes up for their losses on liability policies covering property damage and bodily injury. One company that is crying the loudest, and is pressing for even higher rates to make good its losses on some kinds of automobile insurance, admits to assets worth more than three billion dollars; has half a billion more stashed away in a surplus fund wholly apart from the huge reserve the law requires it to keep; enjoys an annual income of half a billion more; pays out six million dollars in dividends to stockholders, and is by no stretch of the imagination anywhere near bankruptcy. In fact, during the past three years, when the companies claimed industry-wide losses on automobile liability insurance, they all paid taxes and mailed out dividends.

The question here is not whether the companies are honest. No doubt they are, within the framework of the laws and practices governing the sale of automobile insurance. But there is a question of whether those laws and practices should be changed, and it has been raised within the industry itself.

Forthright economics practiced by a few big, independent concerns have made mincemeat of the argument that everyone is losing money. The lower rates the independents offer are a telling argument against the pressure to raise rates in general. The independents are those firms that do not belong to such organizations as the National Bureau of Casualty Underwriters which — when all is said and done — are genteel clubs devoted to price-fixing. By saying the hell with the clubs some years ago, the independents went gunning for the club members' clientele.

First, they adopted electronic office equipment and central billing practices, and started to cut operating costs. Selling policies over the counter, putting their agents on salaries instead of commissions, they whacked eighteen to twenty percent off the price of the premiums. A spokesman for one of the old-line stock companies moaned that "this cutthroat underwriting has made the automobile insurance business some-



"... uh ... yes ... do you have any other ideas on how you can help promote world peace, Miss Moore?"

thing resembling a gasoline price war." To which an independent official retorted, "His company is a model of how not to run an insurance business."

The big independents are operating well in the black, and one reason is that they fight claims — including claims filed by their own policyholders, not all of whom may be above fibbing. Many old-line firms have been settling out of court at the first hint of suit, rather than take their chances against a quick lawyer and a slow jury. Unfortunately, this practice has merely invited suits, and has run up losses which the companies have blandly passed on to their policyholders in the form of more costly premiums.

By fighting claims and suits, cutting office costs and abolishing agents' commissions, the independents brought their rates down, but they further reduced them by splitting the driving public into increasingly narrow categories. To be sure, this practice — as in the case of the under-twenty-five male — could be carried further, and more accurately, but the net effect has been to reduce the price of the policy for many a good driver past twenty-five. It has also had the effect of raiding the old-line companies' customer lists — leaving them stuck with the bad risks — while attracting to the independents those who do not get into accidents, and who see no reason why they should pay the way for those who do.

Some independents, trying to be more fair (and to get more business), tacitly admitted that it was unrealistic to shove *all* under-twenty-five males into assigned risk categories. They established different rate schedules within the under-twenty-five group. One company divides the nation into several hundred different rating areas, and within the several areas, sets different rates for more than thirty types of car use.

Thus, it offers a lower rate to an under-twenty-five male owner if he is married and drives to work, than it offers an unmarried male owner, under twenty-five, who drives to work. There are different rates for under-twenty-five males who are not owners, but who are principal users of the family car, than for under-twenty-five males who are not owners, but who drive the family car less than fifty percent of the total annual mileage. Likewise, there are rates for the under-twenty-five unmarried males who do not drive to work; for the ones who do drive, but do not work in the city, and so on. But even the companies that make the greatest efforts to differentiate among under-twenty-five male drivers make no allowance for an individual's spotless record. And they all set the highest prices on policies written for the under-twenty-five urban bachelor. Indeed, this year's new rates for New York City drivers will put an additional



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burden on the under-twenty-five male, who already may be paying as much as \$400 for his insurance, while lowering other rates — particularly those charged other drivers for collision insurance.

Grimly, the old-line companies have begun to adopt some of the independents' practices, particularly in breaking down their clientele into more sophisticated classification groups, and by being quick to cancel on bad risks. But then, by guaranteeing *not* to cancel during the life of a five-year policy, one of the independents has just made a mockery of the instant cancellations which many firms have practiced.

The simple purpose of canceling a policy is to reduce the insurance firm's clientele to those who never have accidents. It is perfectly legal, and thoroughly reprehensible, particularly when practiced arbitrarily. For example, a firm can decide to get out of a high-risk area merely by refusing to continue to do business there. It can, for instance, send notice of cancellation to all under-twenty-five male owners who live in Columbus, Ohio. Just like that. Of course, the firm refunds the "unused" portion of the premium, but leaves the policyholder standing there, looking dubiously at his money, uninsured and without the legal right to sue the company for its obvious breach of faith.

Moreover, companies will sometimes cancel without bothering to determine whether the policyholder was in fact responsible for his accident. A vice-president of one of the largest life-insurance companies admits that he was afraid to inform his automobile insurance firm of three of the four accidents he sustained last year — none of which were his fault. He reported and collected for the first, but did not report the others because, he said, "I was afraid they'd cancel me."

Perhaps this man was unduly timid, or perhaps he understood the insurance business only too well. In any case, an insurance policy is worthless if it is not at least a partial guarantee of *something*; you cannot say you are protected if the condition is that you never ask for protection. But, the life insurance man went on to say, "I'm waiting for that *big* accident."

As he waits, he is wondering whether to switch to the independent company offering the five-year, guaranteed non-cancelable policy. Like thousands of other drivers, he is also wondering, "If the independents can charge less, and offer more, why can't the rest of them?" This question, and not just the loss of customers, is giving the old-time companies fits, for they know that if it becomes generally asked, government regulatory programs will soon be coming.

This fear was observed in *The Wall Street Journal's* recent report on the price war raging among insurance concerns. Noting that nearly all companies

were plugging somewhat cheaper "safe-driver" policies for accident-free drivers — while simultaneously arranging to soak the under-twenty-five drivers even more in order to cover what they might lose by such schemes — the *Journal* said:

"Even while they're promoting their new plans, insurance officials are getting jittery about the effect of stepped-up competition. . . . Higher rates for the accident-prone may not be enough to offset lower rates for the majority, and once companies have ballyhooed reductions in some risk categories, they fear public pressure would prevent state regulatory officials from granting needed increases. If the squeeze kills off many small firms and jeopardizes the protection of policyholders, some insurance men worry they will only have paved the way for dreaded federal regulations."

And well they might worry, in view of the fact that the plain English translation of their procedures seems to be, "Let's unfairly gouge the under-twenty-five males, because we can make a plausible-sounding case against them, and also because they represent only eighteen percent of the driving population."

At this point, we come to the real questions in automobile, or any other kind of insurance — questions that cannot be answered by assuming that any one view of the statistics is correct. For, as Dr. John F. Adams, Temple University professor of insurance, says, "In the end, it must be recognized that one's social philosophy may have as much or more to do with establishing the insurance system finally selected than any documentary arguments, behavior or performance, no matter how cogent."

Some fundamental questions are:

To what extent should government become involved? Is insurance a public utility these days, and should it be so regarded? Should the sale of insurance be a matter of private enterprise? If so, are not the private concerns really engaged in interstate commerce, and therefore should not their regulation be a federal, rather than a state, matter? Finally, is the present system of automobile insurance fair?

At present, in order for a victim or his heirs to recover damages for injury or death, it is necessary to prove a driver's negligence. Under this system, many people receive no compensation at all for damage suffered in accidents that are really nobody's fault, while others regard the system as an inducement to fraud. Special, cheaper policies offered "safe" drivers can logically have only one result: pricing bad drivers off the roads. While there might be something said for this idea, one effect of the "safe-driver" policies is already apparent: people are concealing property-damage accidents from the companies and the cops, thus not only breaking the law, but also failing to receive compensation

to which they are entitled and for which they have paid.

Two states — Massachusetts and New York — have compulsory liability insurance laws, and almost no one is happy with them, because you can drive a tank through their loopholes. In Massachusetts, for example, if you have only the state-required minimum policy, you are not covered if you crack up in New Hampshire, nor even if you come to grief in your own driveway. The policy covers you only on Massachusetts roads and streets. Moreover, insurance men say that one effect of compulsory state insurance is to increase the amount you must pay for insurance if you want full coverage. For you must add other coverage to the state minimum. Ordinarily, this sounds like a six-of-one, half-a-dozen-of-the-other proposition, but insurance men say no. They say compulsory insurance makes the public more claims-conscious, with the result that more cases come to court, that higher awards are granted, and that higher rates ensue.

One way out of the mess, now being studied in California and practiced in some Canadian provinces, is to abandon the whole theory of liability and to substitute a compensation program. Under the California scheme, every car must be insured; the Canadian plan says every driver. But in either scheme, compensation is granted for every accident, no matter whose fault it was. And to put an end to ridiculous jury awards, the compensation is paid on a fixed scale: so much for a busted headlight; so much for a broken leg. Compensation for bodily injury is keyed to rates determined by type of injury, length of medical care, and so on. A limit is also fixed on compensation for fatal injury. In Canada, the Saskatchewan Provincial Government sells this insurance and administers the program, on the theory that anyone's loss is the public's. This is regarded as arrant socialism by U.S. insurance companies, but the cry of socialism is raised whenever a social innovation is proposed.

Unless and until the present systems are changed, however, either voluntarily by the companies or by state or federal intervention, the under-twenty-five city bachelor seems destined to be the fall guy. His best hope is that the insurance companies will clean house; that they will fight their own legal battles instead of calmly handing him the bill; that they will work for greater economies in their operations; that if they plan to sell "safe-driver" policies, they will write some for him, too. But this is a frail hope indeed, in view of past records and current practice which so far have unloaded the major burden of paying claims onto one vulnerable group of policyholders, without any real justification for doing so.



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PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 76)

aristocracy had better guard its encrusted traditions. The have-nots are suddenly the haves. Teams that were gridiron nobodies barely a decade ago — Houston, Memphis State, Rutgers, Arizona, Iowa State, Detroit and dozens more — are becoming powers. Little more than a decade ago, Florida State University didn't even have any male students; now its football team is one of the major forces in the South.

Probably the most striking example of the rise of the weaklings is Ohio University. Operating for fifty years in the shadow of mighty Ohio State, the Bobcats have consistently taken the left-overs from Ohio's perennial bumper crop of excellent high school athletes. But nowadays in the state of Ohio — as most everywhere else — the large universities cannot accommodate all of the best material; there's more than enough to go around. Within a year Ohio U — along with many of the other Mid-American Conference teams — will be reclassified as a major football school.

These uprisings of the downtrodden have resulted in a rather incongruous situation: the little teams are eagerly trying to schedule games with big schools, and are being met with all kinds of evasive answers. Time was when most major football powers scheduled one or two nearby cow colleges as relief practice sessions during the course of a rugged conference schedule. Some teams, like Mississippi, even made a science of cream-puff scheduling, and thereby smoke-screened their fans into thinking so-so teams were national powers. But a lot of the cow colleges have converted to state universities, quadrupled their enrollments, and gone all out for football. So the prestige schools (like Illinois and Ohio State) just don't want to schedule the newcomers (like Western Michigan and Bowling Green). Why? Because if they win no one is impressed, but if they lose it's a disgrace. Little Memphis State gave mighty Mississippi the scare of the season last year, before tiring out in the final minutes of the game.

There are scores of little schools all over the country that always have been minor league and always will be — but they field exciting and interesting football teams every year, have faithful and avid crowds of followers who regularly fill their stadia regardless of won-lost records, and, in the long run, probably contribute more to the fun and color of college football than the national goliaths. These are the little schools that successfully combine stringent academic standards and slim budgets with full-scale athletic programs. And their fol-

lowers love it. We quote a football ticket-sales flyer from the Colorado School of Mines, where the football team is recruited from a student body of brainy engineers: "Relax by watching college kids play for fun. You'll never grow tired of pass plays with fourth and 40; centers scoring touchdowns; 150-pound guards; football minus the bookwork. We guarantee fun football. You'll never know what to expect next."

THE EAST

INDEPENDENTS

Penn State	9-1	Boston College	7-3
Syracuse	9-1	Holy Cross	7-3
Army	6-4	Boston U	5-4
Pittsburgh	4-6	Villanova	4-5
Navy	3-7	Colgate	3-6

IVY LEAGUE

Cornell	7-2	Harvard	4-5
Yale	6-3	Pennsylvania	4-5
Princeton	5-4	Columbia	4-5
Brown	5-4	Dartmouth	2-7

MIDDLE ATLANTIC CONFERENCE

Rutgers	8-1	Lafayette	4-5
Bucknell	7-2	Temple	3-4
Delaware	6-2	Muhlenberg	3-5
Lehigh	4-5	Gettysburg	3-6

YANKEE CONFERENCE

New Hampshire	6-2	Massachusetts	4-5
Connecticut	5-4	Maine	4-4
Vermont	4-3	Rhode Island	2-6

OTHERS

Tufts	7-1	Coast Guard	5-3
Hofstra	7-2	Bowdoin	4-3
Amherst	6-2	Trinity	4-4
Northeastern	5-3	Williams	3-5
Colby	5-3	Buffalo	3-6

The resurgence of football in the East is a phenomenon that becomes more surprising every year. Last season Yale finished undefeated and wound up among the top twenty teams for the first time since Prohibition was repealed. Rutgers, a perennial doormat, whose only claim to fame for the past century was the simple fact that they invented the game back in 1869, is building a fearsome football dynasty. And other teams, like Boston College, Holy Cross and even Tufts, have deeper and better football squads than they've had in decades.

But the cream of the Eastern crop will be Penn State and Syracuse. On paper, these two goliaths add up to about the same potential, and either one could take the Eastern Championship this year. We have a strong hunch, however, that this is the year of the Nittany Lions. The Penn State team is big and hard-nosed. Basically, Penn State is a power team. Last year the Lions simply overwhelmed their opponents by sheer physical power. And this season, with Galen Hall at the quarterback spot, passing could gel into a terrific weapon. But the main asset is the inspired coaching of Rip Engle. Engle, who is a gentleman and a scholar as well as a brilliant organizer and football tactician, has brought Penn State

from the bottom to the top in the course of a decade, and this could be his best season ever. On the strength of this, Rip is PLAYBOY's Coach of the Year.

The main thing wrong with Syracuse last year was that they appeared to be a little tired of winning. So they had a "bad" season by winning only seven games and losing two. But this year the Orange is on the rebound: with Ernie Davis returning at halfback (unquestionably the top college runner in the nation) and an experienced and belligerent line up front, Syracuse could be just as difficult to deal with as they were a couple of years ago when they won the National Championship. But a tougher schedule than usual will probably keep them out of the undefeated ranks.

Holy Cross isn't going to be anybody's patsy this year. And neither, for that matter, is Boston College. At Holy Cross, Dr. Eddie Anderson has a deeper squad than anyone can remember and a fabulous backfield led by halfback Tom Hennessey, with the colorful nickname of "The Brookline Blur." Boston College should create an uncommon amount of havoc on Eastern gridirons this fall, and maybe in a few other parts of the country, too. A big and experienced line should make the Eagles a threat to everyone they play. Either Holy Cross or Boston College could be the surprise team in the East this year.

On the whole, Army and Navy have been pretty well matched in power and potential in recent years, but not this time around. Though Army will have a fast and aggressive first unit with an excellent quarterback (Dick Eckert) and fullback (Al Rushatz), this year the Army reserves will be especially green. So a few of their opponents will probably win by wearing them down in the last quarter. Navy, on the other hand, will have almost nothing left from last year's Orange Bowl squad. The Middies will improve with experience, but what the Navy really needs is another John Paul Jones.

Pitt will be below par this year, partly because of the lack of speed and graduation inroads, but mostly because of a back-breaking schedule. Still, if the Pitt defense is as tenacious as it was last year, the Panthers will clobber a couple of the big ones before the season is over. Villanova will be interesting to watch. They lost practically nobody from last year's squad, and after years in the gravel pit, the Wildcats are on their way back. Boston University is also in the middle of a rebuilding program, and this season should show the first results.

There are dozens of small colleges that play exciting football year after year. At the small Eastern schools, interesting football is carried on in complete compatibility with rugged scholastic standards, and if their teams don't always win,

the fans seldom hang the coaches in effigy. At least two examples, Tufts and Hofstra, have been fielding superb teams in recent years and they probably will be the terrors of the small-college circuits this year. Tufts, with a little luck, could have an unbeaten season.

The Yale Bulldogs clobbered everyone last year. They were far above the rest of the Ivy League. Most people will expect Yale to be way down this season because they lost nearly everybody from last year's tremendous team. But actually, the Bulldogs will merely come down to everyone else's level this year, and should still be a contender — if not the favorite — for the Ivy League title.

The role of favorite will be played by Cornell. The Cayuga boys, under new coach Tom Harp, could go undefeated. With soph quarterback Gary Wood (a fine passer), a plethora of good linemen and a field-goal kicker named Gogolak (a soccer player five years out of Hungary), who might well lead the nation in field goals this year, Cornell should exhibit its best team in years. Keep an eye on Princeton. An almost seniorless team, they will gain a lot of momentum as the season progresses, and Coach Dick Coleman has done an outstanding job of rebuilding football fortunes at Tiger-town.

The big question at Harvard is: Can the Crimson recover from the shock of not winning the Ivy title last year? A lot of quiet optimism at Cambridge last fall indicated they should go all the way. They didn't. But if halfback Hobie Armstrong can stop fumbling and hit his chemistry courses, he's enough to spark this team. The Crimson line will be the toughest in the league, but they'll have to find a quarterback to replace Ravenal. Columbia looks good on paper, but we think the Lions are much overrated. With almost no help from the sophs, and poor depth, the Lions may be worn down by better-manned teams. Brown, on the other hand, has an excellent soph crop, and should be the most improved team in the league. Watch for backs Jon Mecker and Jack Rohrbach. Dartmouth faces the season without a single returning starter or an established star around which to build a team. But Coach Bob Blackman is probably the wiliest in the Ivies, and his ingenuity will really get a test this year. Penn will be a big, slow, single-wing outfit this year, but if a little backfield speed can be found, the Quakers could be the Ivy dark horse.

As we said earlier, you'll want to keep an eye on Rutgers this season. Not only should the Scarlet completely dominate the Middle Atlantic Conference, but this may be the first undefeated season in the history of Rutgers football. It would be justice long delayed. If a strong interior line can be developed around fabulous center Alex Kroll, nothing and no one should be able to stop them.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN			
Iowa	8-1	Minnesota	5-4
Ohio State	8-1	Purdue	4-5
Michigan	7-2	Northwestern	4-5
Wisconsin	7-2	Indiana	3-6
Michigan State	6-3	Illinois	2-7

MID-AMERICAN			
Ohio U	9-1	Kent State	4-5
Bowling Green	7-2	Toledo	4-6
Western Mich.	6-4	Marshall	3-7
Miami, Ohio	5-5		

MAJOR INDEPENDENTS			
Notre Dame	9-1	Louisville	7-2
Xavier	7-3	Bradley	5-5
Detroit	5-4	Cayton	2-8

OTHERS			
Washington U	7-2	DePauw	5-4
Butler	7-2	Drake	5-4

This could be Notre Dame's year of destiny. You're going to witness two important countertrends this season: (1) All the football prognosticators, except us, are going to prophesy another dismal autumn for the Irish. The last two years, unable to convince themselves that Notre Dame really was that bad, most of the gridiron sages, not including us, chronicled a raging comeback for the Irish. But it didn't materialize. This time, finally convinced, they'll tab the South Benders with another year of rebuilding and that's all. (2) Notre Dame will beat practically everybody. They should wind up in the Top Ten.

Coach Kuharich, a crafty psychologist, is spending much time denying everything and discounting such portentous signs as the return of almost everyone from last year's incredibly hard-luck squad, the best sophomore crop in the country, and a 50-7 victory over the alumni in the spring game. The Irish hope for the incalculable advantage of being able to sneak up on their foes this fall. Look for them to start off by dismantling Oklahoma, another hopeful comeback team.

Watch for four new backfield phenoms at South Bend this year: halfback Paul Costa and fullback Jim Snowden, each weighing 235 and fast as jack rabbits, halfback Dennis Phillips and quarterback Frank Budka. They'll probably be immortalized as "The Four Horses."

Our long-shot pick last year was Minnesota, and we came out pretty well. But this year the surprise factor, as well as mighty Tom Brown and much of the center of a nearly impregnable line, is gone, and the Gophers will be high on everybody's revenge list. With a nucleus of good players left over from the Rose Bowl — and the solid coaching of Murray Warmath — the Gophers will probably win more games than they lose this season, but not many.

On paper it should be all Iowa in the Big Ten this year. The Hawkeyes have

speed, size, depth, quarterbacking, experience and power. There's just one little cloud on the horizon, and it will probably turn out to be a tornado: Iowa is going to be fingered by practically everyone as top hawk on the totem pole this year, and we don't know anyone who can remember when a pre-season-consensus favorite took home all the marbles in the Big Ten.

Prime challengers of Iowa will be Michigan and Ohio State. Bump Elliott's Wolverines are ripe for a big season after two years of hard rebuilding, and Michigan is actually stronger than they appear to most outsiders. Forest Evashevski could play a big role in Midwestern football this year, but it won't be as coach at Iowa. It will be Evy, Jr., playing quarterback in his dad's footsteps at Michigan.

The only thing that keeps Ohio State from being a prime favorite is the glaring lack of a good quarterback. That would seem to be a serious deficiency, but coach Woody Hayes' experience-hardened opponents aren't taking much comfort from it. Woody has a way of pulling a super-sophomore out of wraps at just exactly the right time and the right place. And we have a nagging premonition that this year it'll be a fancy quarterback. Check us after the Illinois game. With Hayes' three-yards-and-a-cloud-of-dust offense built around Bob Ferguson, who runs like an enraged rhinoceros, the Buckeyes will simply overpower most opponents this year.

Tabbing a team as a dark horse is usually only a sports writer's way of taking insurance on a prediction he isn't too sure of in the first place. We aren't the sort of fellows who enjoy playing it safe, so we really mean it when we say that Wisconsin has an outside chance to clean up all the winnings. Only reason we don't pick them on top of everyone is the presence of a complex set of unpredictable variables. The Badgers are an "iffy" team. Ron Miller may be the best passer in the country *if* he can avoid injuries. The Badgers may have the fanciest set of soph speedsters (Holland, Nettles, Smith and Vollmer) in Wisconsin's history *if* they gain sufficient polish. These factors, added to a tank-like line led by Pat Richter and Dale Matthews, could bring the Badgers from the bottom of the conference to the top in just one year — a feat that Minnesota pulled off in 1960.

Funny thing about Purdue: they're never pre-season favorites, rarely champs, always spoilers. They KO'd the Gophers last year just to keep in form. This year they look perfectly equipped to play the same role. With little backfield material, raw quarterbacking and rugged depth in the line, the Boilermakers will be a hard-nosed defensive outfit. By canny use of ball control, they'll win a

couple of the big ones. Almost the same analysis (great line, no quarterback) can be applied to Michigan State. The difference is that the Spartans play a wide-open brand of football. But lack of speed will probably cost them a couple of early-season games.

Sometimes sports writers say a weak team is rebuilding when they can't find anything nice to say. But in the case of Northwestern and Illinois, we mean it. The Wildcats are going to be hell on wheels in 1962, although they won't exactly be pushovers this year, with the fruits of the best soph class in the school's history. Coach Pete Elliott is building his own dynasty down in Champaign, but it will take him at least another year or two to do it. The Illini will be green and thin at the beginning of the season, but they'll be hard to handle by November. Watch Thurman Walker.

Indiana is out of the Big Ten doghouse now; morale should improve considerably, and so should the won-lost record. The Hoosiers have an impressive athletic revitalization program under way, but it will be at least three more years before they reap a winning football season.

A lot of football power is mushrooming in the back yard of the Big Ten. The Mid-American Conference, led by Ohio U, Bowling Green, Western Michigan and Miami, could match power this year with almost any other conference in the country. Detroit, with fabulous quarterback Jerry Gross, plays both Army and Navy this year. Both Toledo and Dayton are in the throes of huge rebuilding programs designed to produce major national teams by 1965.

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

LSU	9-1	Tennessee	5-5
Alabama	9-1	Florida	5-5
Auburn	8-2	Georgia	5-5
Georgia Tech	7-3	Tulane	3-7
Mississippi	7-3	Miss. State	3-7
Kentucky	6-4	Vanderbilt	3-7

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

N.C. State	9-1	North Carolina	4-6
Maryland	7-3	Virginia	3-7
Clemson	6-4	Wake Forest	2-8
Duke	5-5	South Carolina	2-8

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Virginia Military	7-3	G. Washington	4-5
Furman	7-3	Virginia Tech	3-6
The Citadel	6-4	West Virginia	2-8
Davidson	5-3	William & Mary	2-8
Richmond	5-5		

INDEPENDENTS

Miami	6-4	Florida State	5-5
Memphis State	9-1	Chattanooga	5-5

Defense will carry the day in the Southeastern Conference this fall, no matter how glowing the predictions for fancy offensive maneuvers. The most memorable games will be those with rugged chest-to-chest encounters between two sets of powerful linemen.



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Touchdowns will be rare; points-after-touchdowns and field goals will determine the winners. Herculean defenses will be fielded at LSU, Alabama, Ole Miss and Auburn, and these four teams should fight it out for the championship. Our guess is that LSU will win it by knocking off Ole Miss, or Bama will take it with a win over Auburn. Unfortunately, neither of the first two play either of the last two.

LSU looks to be as strong as in 1958, when the Bengals took the National Championship. They would be odds-on favorites to be the best team in the South this year, were it not for the awesome presence of Alabama. Three years ago Bear Bryant came to Alabama to face the knottiest challenge of his long career as football's Great Rehabilitator. In the three years before Bryant's advent, the Crimson Tide had won only four games. Since then, Alabama has had a 20-6-4 record and two Bowl appearances to their credit. But the fullest results of Bryant's craftsmanship should show this year. Bryant's teams have been mostly noted for rock-ribbed defense, but this fall the Tide will sport some fancy offensive talent and a plethora of meaty sophomores to back up the impressive remnants from last year. Also, Alabama has a much easier schedule than LSU.

Auburn, at last out of the NCAA doghouse and sporting a brand-new passing machine in the person of Mailon Kent, should begin to recoup some of their lost glory. Ole Miss, still on their traditional every-other-Saturday-cream-puff schedule, is beginning to run into unexpected complications: some of the former patsies (like Florida State, Houston and Mississippi State) are beginning to show muscles, a fact that will probably knock the Rebs out of the picture this year. Last season the Rebs, whose won-lost records have always made them look much better than they really are, appointed themselves National Champions, ignoring all the Yankee-infested press association polls.

The SEC, better balanced than in many years, has four teams, Georgia Tech, Tennessee, Kentucky and Florida, that could be called dark horses, depending on your personal chauvinistic inclinations. Georgia Tech could have the best offense in the league, but the Ramblers could also be wrecked by their usual murderous schedule. Tennessee, famous through the years for a blood-'n'-guts defense, this year has the SEC's best offensive back in Glenn Glass. Kentucky has Tom Hutchinson, a one-man team who plays at end, and who opposing coaches frankly say is impossible to cover on passes. Hutchinson may be the best end anywhere since Don Hutson, and he could contribute much toward changing a streak of bad luck that has plagued the Wildcats for the past few years.

On the strength of last year's surprising performance, Florida will probably be tabbed in a higher bracket this year by most forecasters. Last year the Gators were lying off in the tall grass and no one saw them coming until it was too late. But the surprise factor is gone, and so is much of last year's good line material. Vanderbilt and Tulane are look-alikes: ambitious, soph-laden, and busy stockpiling experience and bodies for 1962, when they hope to occupy the top echelon of the SEC. Mississippi State should be improved, but Georgia will suffer from a thin and inexperienced backfield. The return of a terrific line, though, should cast the Bulldogs in the role of spoilers this year. Watch soph quarterback Larry Rakestraw.

There are four teams in the Atlantic Coast Conference, Clemson, Duke, North Carolina State and Maryland, that look as dead even in explosive potential as four Sherman tanks. The variations in schedules, coaching, injuries and luck will spell the difference. Clemson will have a great line; Duke, a great backfield; N.C. State, a great passer; and Maryland will simply have everything. Keep an eye on the passing combination of brilliant soph quarterback Dick Shiner and our All-America end Gary Collins. But, believe it or not, North Carolina State looks even better. A major surprise to Wolfpack opponents will be our Sophomore Back of the Year, Carson Boshier, who can do just about everything. No surprise, of course, will be All-America quarterback Roman Gabriel. So the Wolfpack, with a good line, a great offense, and the best sophs in school history, looks like the best of the litter in the ACC.

But no team will be more interesting to watch than Virginia. The Cavaliers will be much improved and, with a refreshing new coaching staff, will end college football's longest losing streak, probably in their first game.

Although Virginia Tech and VMI figure to fight for the Southern Conference Championship this fall, with severe competition from The Citadel, Furman could wind up being the real surprise of the league. The Paladins are stronger than most people suspect. At VMI, watch two brilliant halfbacks, Stinson Jones and John Traynham.

Miami will be the top independent team in the South, with a brilliant offense but questionable line depth. The schedule, however, is a meat grinder, so the young reserves will have to come through for the Hurricanes to make a splash on the national scene. Florida State, building fast, will be a wild passing team. Memphis State, a team that has made fantastic strides in recent years, should have the best team in their history. They *could* go undefeated.

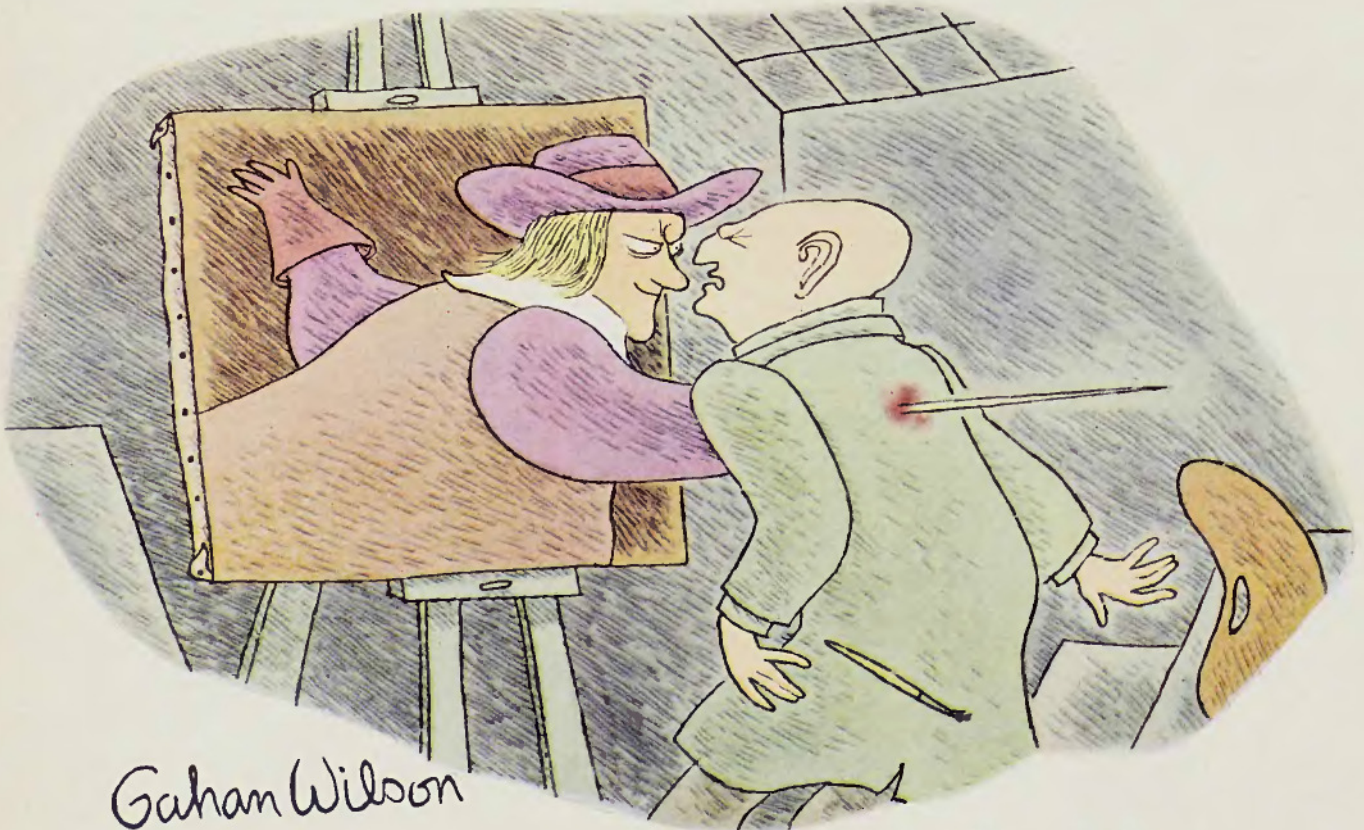
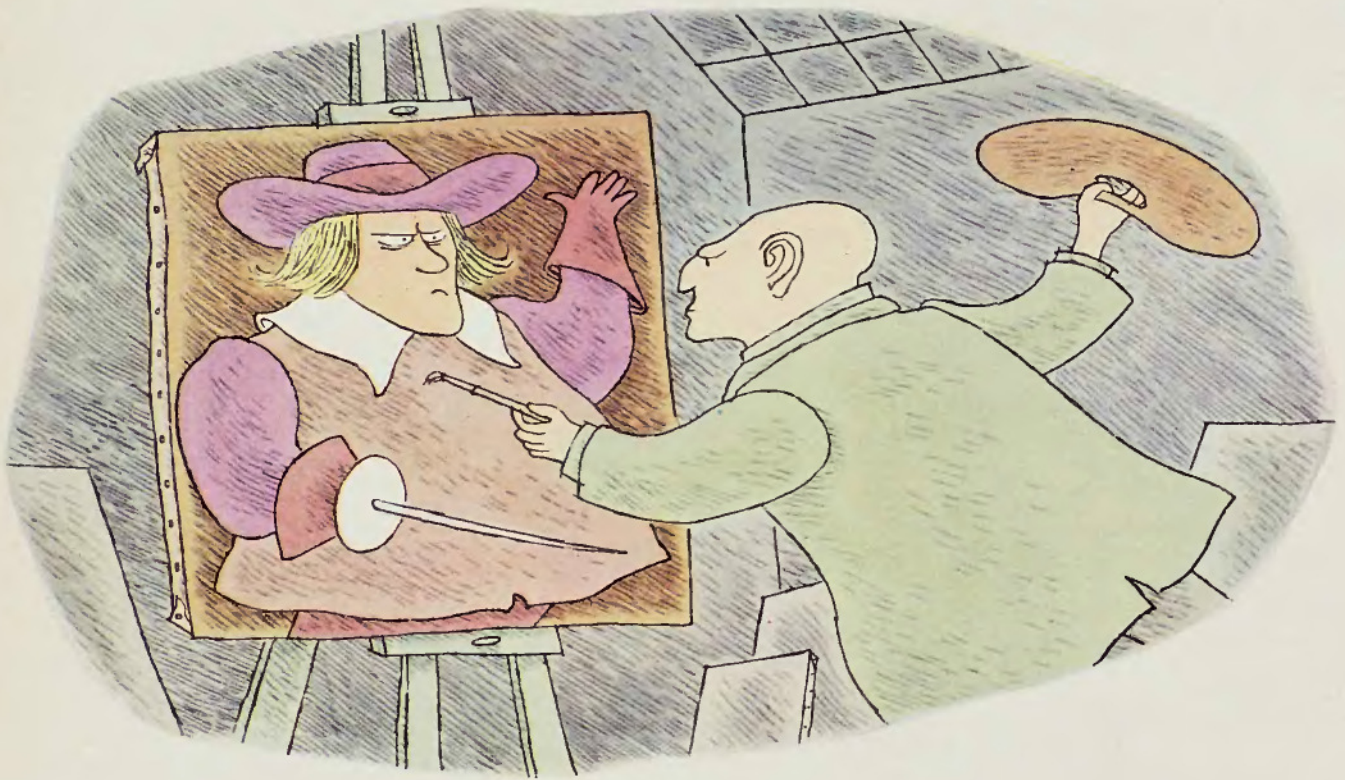
THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT			
Kansas	9-1	Nebraska	5-5
Colorado	8-2	Iowa State	5-5
Oklahoma	7-3	Oklahoma St.	3-7
Missouri	6-4	Kansas St.	1-9
MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE			
N. Texas St.	5-5	Wichita	4-6
Tulsa	4-6	Cincinnati	3-7

Although there's no way of proving it, we feel that the team that's finally named National Champs each December is rarely the strongest in the country. Schedule and conference affiliation have much to do with it, but luck is an even greater factor. Still, we've added up everything several times, and we keep coming up with Kansas. The Jayhawks have almost everyone back from a tremendous team last year. They're incredibly fast; they are the beneficiaries of superb coaching by Jack Mitchell; they have two blazing halfbacks in Curtis McClinton and Bert Coan, and a superb quarterback in John Hadl. Best of all is the presence of a psychological situation that is a coach's dream. The Jayhawks were forced to forfeit a couple of games last year (for using an ineligible player) to opponents they had beaten decisively, thereby losing the Big Eight Championship and Orange Bowl bid to Missouri. They'll have blood in their eyes this year, and if Bert Coan's broken leg heals in time for the last five games, they could be unstoppable.

Coach Bud Wilkinson's Oklahoma Sooners, after having fallen on evil days, will be on the way back this year, but we doubt if such a defense-oriented team can survive against opponents like Texas, Notre Dame and Kansas. It will take another year for the Sooners to get back on top. Missouri, of course, won't be a pushover, but the Tigers lost so many stalwarts from their Orange Bowl squad that inexperience will be a major problem. Colorado, on the other hand, sizes up as the dark horse in the Big Eight. The Buffs will field two almost equally potent teams, and will feature some excellent passing by Gale Weidner and Leroy Loudermilk.

It's almost impossible to predict a winner in the Missouri Valley Conference. Wichita, last year's champs, suffered heavy losses and will be young and inexperienced. Both North Texas State and Cincinnati have rough schedules, and are largely earthbound defensive outfits. Tulsa probably is the best bet on the strength of great (but still undeveloped) potential. The Hurricanes this year are the greatest unknown quantity in college football, with a new coaching staff and a host of transfers from junior colleges and the defunct Denver U team. Like the rest of the MVC, the schedule is a killing one. (continued on page 156)



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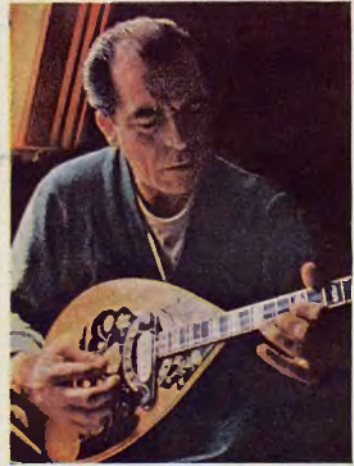
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THE SOUTHWEST

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Baylor	9-1	Texas A & M	5-5
Texas	9-1	TCU	2-8
Rice	8-2	SMU	1-9
Arkansas	7-3	Texas Tech	1-9

BORDER CONFERENCE

Ariz. St. (Tempe)	8-2	Texas Western	5-5
New Mexico St.	8-2	Hardin-Simmons	2-8
West Texas St.	6-4		

INDEPENDENTS

Houston	7-3	Arizona	8-2
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Another fierce round-robin free-for-all looms in the Southwest Conference, with four very strong teams, Texas, Baylor, Rice and Arkansas, plotting to eliminate one another. Texas A & M, far along the road to recovering their old power, won't be far behind. So that leaves only TCU, Texas Tech and SMU out of the race.

This will be a critical year for Rice for a number of reasons. The Owls are loaded, we'll admit, and this is their Golden Anniversary team. Also, Coach Jess Neely has been assembling an SWC championship team every four years since 1946, and he's due again this year. Main trouble is, however, that all this pressure combined with an excess of seniors and a rugged early-season schedule may produce a dangerous psychological situation: a couple of early-season defeats could produce a bad case of senioritis.

Likeliest candidate to be tabbed for championship is Texas. The Longhorns have a wild crop of yearlings and lots of speed-on-the-hoof from last year, including two fabulous halfbacks, Jim Saxton and Jack Collins. The line will be inexperienced, but they'll be toughened by mid-season, and the schedule is favorable until then. Baylor ranks right along with Texas in power, and the Bears may actually be better equipped for the long

haul. Besides an experienced line, Baylor has good passing, by Ronnie Stanley, fabulous running, by Ronnie Bull and Ronnie Goodwin, and a nicely balanced schedule.

Arkansas will be just a bit weaker than the last two years, but the Razorbacks will still have blazing speed in a great backfield. If Coach Broyles can come up with a matching line, the Porkers could be back on top for the third straight year.

The Border Conference promises the usual scrap between Arizona State (Tempe) and New Mexico State, with the rest of the league fighting to see who stays off the bottom. From here, it looks like Arizona State, with the most beef in stock, is the best bet. Both Arizona and Houston have made tremendous strides since they began their building programs a few years ago. Both schools frankly intend to become major national powers, and this year each will field the best team in its respective history. With an impressive coast-to-coast schedule, Houston should come in for a lot of national attention.

THE FAR WEST

THE BIG FIVE

UCLA	8-2	Stanford	2-8
Southern Calif.	5-5	California	1-9
Washington	3-7		

SKYLINE CONFERENCE

Utah State	9-1	Montana	3-5
Utah	6-4	Brigham Young	3-7
New Mexico	5-5	Colorado State	2-8
Wyoming	4-5		

INDEPENDENTS

Oregon State	8-2	Pacific	5-4
Oregon	6-4	Montana State	7-2
Air Force	6-4	Colorado Mines	7-3
Washington St.	5-5	Idaho	1-9
San Jose	6-4		

If UCLA can get by their two early-season tangles with Michigan and Ohio

State in a reasonable state of repair, the Bruins could wind up as one of the top teams in the country. Coach Bill Barnes has been building for three years now, and the result should be one of the most exciting teams anywhere. Barnes' special brand of the single wing is something to watch, and it's likely to confuse some of his opponents. The line should be nearly impregnable. If the Bruins can find a good passer to go along with a powerful running attack, they'll be the best in the West.

In the Northwest, Oregon State should reign supreme if Coach Tommy Prothro's switch to the T formation (to better exploit superb quarterback Terry Baker's many skills) works out. As a matter of fact, the Beavers, with games against intersectional rivals like Syracuse, Wisconsin, Arizona State and Houston, could turn out to be a major sleeper. Prothro has a generous supply of all the proper ingredients, so if the Beavers can conjure up a little luck, you'll be hearing a lot about them.

Oregon may not recover this season from the loss of fabulous quarterback Dave Grosz. Armed with a superb line, the Ducks will be outstanding on defense, but the backfield — where nearly everyone from last year is missing — will leave much to be desired.

We've seldom seen a squad as riddled by graduation as Washington. Practically everybody from the Rose Bowl teams of the last two years is gone. There's no way of knowing how well the green replacements will hold up under fire, but chances are this will be a losing season for the Huskies. Southern Cal boasts a tradition of big meat-grinding lines coupled with so-so backfields, but this year the situation seems reversed. If the good soph squad can remedy the dismal line situation, the Trojans could surprise a couple of the big teams. Washington State is on the way up, but won't reach full power until next year.

Utah State had the best season in their history last year, and should be as good — or better — this time. Merlin Olsen is one of the finest tackles anywhere, and Clark Miller isn't far behind. Look for the Utags to wind up among the top twenty teams by the end of the year. Utah would look nearly as good, except its backfield can't compare with that of Utah State. Wyoming, on the other hand, will have a terrific offense built around quarterback Chuck Lamson, but the line will be thin and leaky.

We fondly hope the Air Force Academy is on its way back to national prominence. They looked dandy in spring practice, but the Falcons are young and untested. Coach Ben Martin thinks he may be sitting on a sleeper this year, just as he was back in 1958. We'll have to wait and see, and so will you.



Int'l Dandi



FIRING LINE

(continued from page 77)

with a subordinate about "soulless corporations." The subordinate, a promotion writer named Delman, chimed in a little too heartily and Keeler became worried.

"Well, it's all right to kid about it," he said gruffly. "But a big company's like an army. You got to give Walford credit. No grass grows around here."

"And no flowers, either," Delman said sadly. When he left, Keeler frowned after him and made a mental note about Delman.

He thought enough of his repartee to repeat it at lunch in the private dining room. "You're damn right," Collins, the marketing VP said. "A big company needs discipline *more* than an army. What the hell, you only get a war every ten or twenty years. But in business, the war's never over."

"I'm sick of all this junk about corporations," Bowles said disgustedly. "If it's so damn miserable, why do we get a hundred and fifty applications for every job we have?"

United, indignant and happy, they ate their lunch with relish and satisfaction.

Thursday was a rewarding day for Keeler, and he completely forgot his momentary pique about the unilateral decision to fire his man. But on Friday, he returned from lunch with an emptiness in his stomach, despite the roast beef it was digesting. He knew the moment had come, and there was no good procrastinating. He called Evelyn, his secretary, and told her to inform Bob Macnally that he was wanted in the corner office. He showed up promptly, a slim young man with a sensitive face and an uncertain smile.

"Sit down," Keeler said cordially. "How long have you been here, Macnally?" It was the standard opening line, prescribed by the company bulletin.

"Almost two years," the young man said. "Let's see, it'll be exactly two years this November."

Keeler smiled. "Guess we must have sized up each other by now. How do you feel it's worked out?"

"Fine," the young man said. "Just fine, Mr. Keeler."

The manager sighed deeply. "Well, I guess the fault's ours," he said unctuously. "Guess we have to take the blame."

"Blame?"

"Look, Bob," Keeler said confidentially. "You're a good man, and you've got great potential, and just because the Walford Company can't seem to make proper use of your talents doesn't mean you're a failure. See what I mean?"

Lips tightened. "No. I don't see."

"When you leave here, the Walford

background is going to be one hell of a recommendation. You can bank on that."

"But I wasn't thinking of leaving, Mr. Keeler."

"Bob," Keeler said sorrowfully, "sometimes a man *has* to think about leaving."

The truth was dawning on Macnally's face, and all the soft contours were hardening. He straightened in his chair.

"You mean I'm *fired*?" He was incredulous. "You mean I'm canned?"

"Look, Bob —"

"Don't give me that Bob crap!" He said the words so brutally that they fell like rocks on Keeler's desk. "You never called me Bob in your life, Keeler. I'll bet you never knew my first name until now."

"I'm only trying to make this easy on you —"

"I'm the best damn promotion man you ever hired, you told me that yourself —"

"I did?"

"Only last year. You sent me a memo, remember? Or didn't you know who you were sending it to? I got the best damn record in the department, and now you're canning me!"

"There are a few factors," Keeler said gravely. "The Personnel Department —"

"The hell with them!" the young man said furiously, standing up. "The hell with *you*!" he shouted. "You goddamn puppet! You think you can chop my head off without me yelling? Well, you're wrong. I'm going to see the old man. I'm going to get some answers —" He turned and started for the door.

"Wait a minute!" Keeler cried. "You'll only louse yourself up more. It'll get around —"

The young man was halfway out of the doorway, but he came back to say two more words to his former boss. Keeler's face blackened and he sank into his seat, shaken by the outburst. If he *did* go to the old man, it would only reflect on Keeler's inability to discharge him without ill will. But how could he stop him?

There was nothing he could do.

Keeler sighed and buried himself in the afternoon mail. There was no further word about the firing, and at five-ten he filled his attaché case with unread memorandums, and went home.

On Monday morning, Evelyn was in his office ahead of him, putting a yellow telephone notice on his desk. She looked up as he entered, and said: "Oh, Mr. Keeler, Mr. Walford called at nine and asked you to drop in and see him."

"Which Mr. Walford?"

"Senior," Evelyn said.

He returned to the elevator bank and caught another up car. He got off on the executive floor and went by the receptionist to the six-window office at the end of the long hall.

The old man was tying his shoelace when Keeler walked in. His paper-colored face was deep in concentration. When he looked up, he snapped his gums before speaking.

"This fella Macnally —"

"Sorry about that, Mr. Walford. Guess he *did* come up here after all —"

"He did," Walford, Senior, said. "Very excitable young man. Good man, too; I asked Bowles about him. Said he was the most promising man in your department. Too bad."

"Hope he didn't annoy you too much, Mr. Walford."

"Didn't mind that. Minded losing him, though. After those things he said to me, couldn't let him stay. Called me an old leech. Too bad." He looked mournful.

"Yes," Keeler said. "It certainly is too bad. I sure hated to fire him, Mr. Walford, but Personnel knows best . . ."

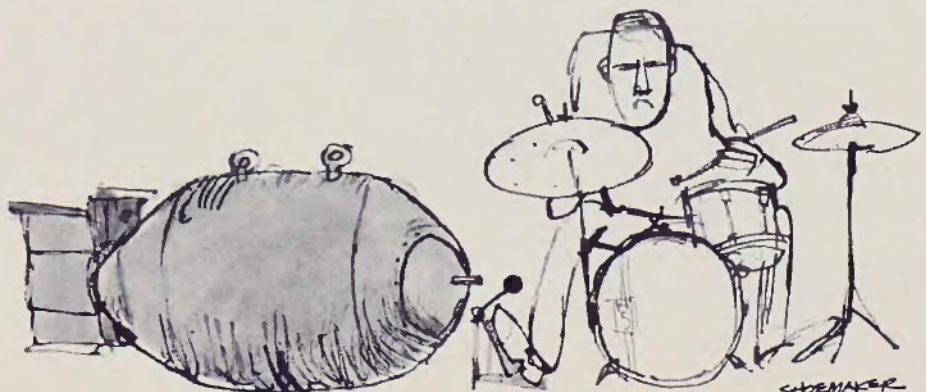
"You get the order from Mr. Bowles?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

Keeler smiled. "It was in the elevator, matter of fact. Told me that Macauley wasn't pulling his weight —" He stopped, and swallowed a large, rough stone. "Macauley," he whispered.

"Yes," Walford said quietly. "Macauley." He leaned back, and his chair creaked. "How long have you been here, Keeler?"



SOLEMN SABBATH (continued from page 94)

Little Horse said. "Well, time now for Jack Lundy who was neither resigned nor rattish, and never heard of William Makepeace Thackeray, but still did well."

They resumed their walk. Little Horse began to speak in calm, evenly spaced sentences, as though he were reciting a set piece for a special occasion.

"Robert Quantock appeared on the front page. Jack Lundy never got beyond pages five and six. He came to work drunk, as he had many times before, and he got fired, as he had many times before. He collected his pay and resumed his spree. Obnoxious when sober, he was mean when drunk, and he was tossed out of any number of joints before he staggered into the ABC Supermarket and gave Oscar Lang the choice of giving him all his fives, tens and twenties or being beaten to death.

"The ABC Supermarket was not really a supermarket, but Oscar Lang called it that. It belonged to him. It was all he had. It was his life. He stayed open twelve to fourteen hours a day, and slept on a cot in the back room. He was somewhat over seventy years old, a dull, stubborn old man. He had no wife or children or any other kin. All he had was a little grocery store on the edge of town.

"The store was empty when Jack Lundy came in, as it was around six P.M., which is supertime in such neighborhoods. Now, Jack Lundy was a big man and he had the face of a brute, the kind of face you'd believe when the mouth opened and said it would beat you to death. But Oscar Lang was old and you had to tell him twice to sell you a pound of sugar. And he was stubborn. When he finally got the message, he began to yell.

"As he was old, it didn't take long.

I think when Jack got started, he found his real vocation, and he put his heart and soul into it. I say this because after he had finished, he just sat down on the counter and rested. I submit to your attention that he did not take any money nor did he attempt to flee. He simply rested until a customer came in, and later, the police.

"He sat silent, not responding, during his trial, not even when sentence was passed. No appeals were made for Jack Lundy and he wrote no letters to the governor. He sat in his cell and read comic books, and late in the afternoon, he would stand at his one window and yell. No words, just bellow like a wild beast. The chaplain made a few visits and then quit, leaving him to deal directly with the Almighty.

"He was sitting on the edge of his bunk when they came to get him. As soon as the door opened, he jumped up, grabbed the first guard, pulled him into the cell, slammed the door, kept his back against it. He hit the guard three times with his right hand, holding him with his left. Broke his nose with the first punch. Broke his jaw with the second. It took eight stitches over the right eye to repair the damage of the third punch, and when the guard fell, his head struck the steel bunk and fractured his skull. John Wayne could not have done better, let alone Longfellow.

"They got the door open and the other guards worked him over. After that, they began their walk. It was one hell of a walk. They had to pull and kick and drag him all the way. Until they got him to the door. They let him go then. These guards are old hands, and they knew it was safe then."

"He died like a brute," Deacon burst out in anger. "What good did all his ruckus do? He died in the end, didn't he?"

Little Horse smiled. "Ah, Deacon, wait," he said. "Jack Lundy walked in. He sat down in the chair. He gave the witnesses and the warden a long, hard look. This is a time when few men can spit. I will quote his last words, verbatim.

"'OK,' he said, 'Do any of you brave sons of bitches want to sit in my lap?' Not a good joke, Deacon, but fair, considering the circumstances. And it pleased Jack Lundy, for he was laughing when they threw the switch."

He leaned on his brother. The hot flames had died away and he felt sad and spent. He spoke with an effort.

"Well, how now, brown cow?" he said. "Quantock died like a storybook hero — noble, forgiving, above all, quiet. Jack Lundy made a loud, vulgar bang. And the moral seems to be that we must all choose which way to go."

"You could choose neither," Deacon said. "You could die in your own bed, in your own house, looking back on a peaceful and honorable life."

"Well, shout ha ha and wave our wooden legs," Little Horse said. "Now, yes, there is that way. I had forgotten about that way."

"I suggest you start thinking about it," Deacon said. "For your own sake, Little Horse, if not for ours."

"Oh, I will, I am," Little Horse said. "I'll write you and let you know when I have thought my way through it. General Delivery, of course."

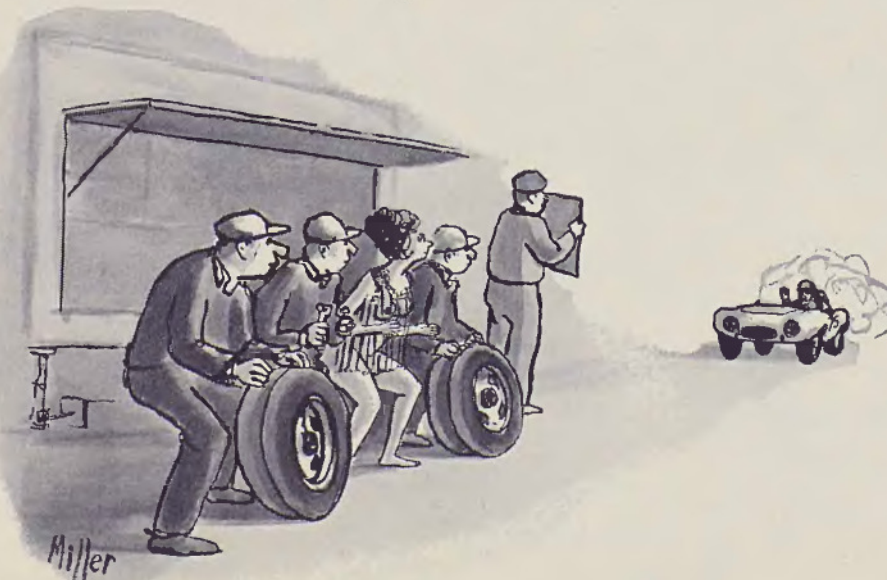
So, Deacon thought, and there's nothing to be done about it. I do what I have to do, and there's no turning back. From here on out, we are two animals of the same species, but one wild and the other domestic, like a dog and a wolf, aware of the kinship and of our different fates.

The boy sleeping under the tree was gone, and in his place another image, picked up in the headlights of his car, on the trip down the night before. Coming down the lonely highway, he had seen something move on the side of the road, and had swung over without slacking speed to avoid it. As he passed he saw the dog. The rear half of its trunk was crushed. It was still alive, but he knew it was dying. As he shot past, the dog lifted its head, a look of agony and supplication in its eyes. It had probably died before he had gone as much as a mile, but he knew that on the trip back he would take the other road.

He was grateful that the departure gong began to sound, and knew his brother, Little Horse, felt the same.

"Look, Little Horse," he said. "We all have to serve a sentence of some kind. We must do the best we can."

Little Horse patted his shoulder. "I know, I know," he said. "Look, Deacon, you don't have to come here any more. Visits are no good, letters are no good. The only thing that is good is money orders. They are fine, they build morale,



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they give hope, and they're such a nice color. Sometimes I keep them a week before I cash them, and hold them and admire that lovely post-office green."

"I'll be back," Deacon said. "When I can. And I'm sorry I can't come more often. And I'm sorry I hurt your feelings. No, to hell with that. I'm sorry it was necessary to hurt your feelings."

"Give my regards to all," Little Horse said. "To our dear mother who raised us better. To dear Stella and her highly held head. To dear old Sid and dear old Agnes who are loyal. And when you think of me, send a money order."

His eyes were no longer dancing, but a still, muddy color. They stood and looked at one another. And Deacon suddenly knew his brother, knew but did not understand, and knew he would never understand. He suddenly embraced him, held him close and rocked him to and fro. Little Horse bit his lip and submitted, but made no response. Deacon released him and turned on his heel and walked into the departing crowd filing through the gate. Usually he looked back and waved, but this time he passed on through the gate and walked on toward the first of the three doors he had to go through before the final exit.

Little Horse stood where he had left him and watched him go. After his brother had passed out of sight, he continued to stand until a passing guard told him to leave the square. He spat ritually on the ground and obeyed. Outside the square, he started toward the hospital, then turned toward the recreation field, then stopped, irresolute.

He had a brief moment of terror, a cold, numbing dread, a sense of slouching, shambling things watching him from dark places, of brightly plumaged cruelties shrieking from the branches of unspeakable trees, and from far off, the sound of low-pitched, hideous, senseless giggling.

The terror passed, or rather, he contained it, and with a clumsy gesture of his hand, he decided in favor of the recreation field.

Quantock and Lundy would be there. They played ball every Sunday. After the game, he would tell them what they had done, how they had died, and they would hash it and rehash it until lights out. Later, months, maybe years, the longer the better, old Deacon would find out there hadn't been an execution in the state in five years or more, and the expression on his face would be worth a handful of postal money orders. And then, there would be no more visits, and he would be left alone.

He rounded the cell dormitories and saw the recreation field, saw Quantock on first, Lundy in left field. The terror had shrunk to a cold whisper, and to silence that whisper, he began to run toward the baseball diamond.



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PERFECTION (continued from page 108)

decades they have been mistrustful of normal, good-tasting food, and have taken measures to protect themselves against it. "You Are What You Eat" runs their slogan, and considering what a lot of people are, it is easy to conclude that their diets are calamitous. Various explanations are given for the inadequacies of ordinary food, depending on which health swami happens to have caught the public imagination at the moment, but the most popular theories have tended to perch on such roosts as the supposed shortcomings of modern agriculture, the failure to plan meals strategically, the neglect of certain wonder foods, the destruction of nutrients in commercial food-processing plants or in domestic cook-pots, and the loss of nourishment through improper chewing.

Back in the Twenties, for example, dear old father, the autocrat of the household, used to Fletcherize his Hay Diet so that he could remain sturdy and autocratic forever. Fletcherism had to do

with the baneful effects of swallowing actual pieces of food. It was ruled necessary to chew every mouthful, including the consommé, until the jaws went into a spasm of exhaustion and the mash slipped frictionlessly down the gullet. The digestive system was spared much effort by this procedure and health burgeoned across the land, along with hypertrophied jaw muscles. The Hay Diet, concerned mainly with segregating proteins from starches, was a worthy companion to Fletcherism. Deaths from steak-and-potato dinners had been rising at an alarming rate, and no votary of Dr. Hay was foolish enough to eat both meat and starch at the same meal. To see someone grimly Fletcherizing his baked-potato lunch was more fun than trying to get KDKA on the crystal set.

During the late Twenties and early Thirties it became known that one of the worst crimes of womanhood was the habit of throwing away the water in which spinach was cooked. In this water

— as anyone could tell after a single sip put his teeth on edge — reposed many healthful minerals. A bowl of spinach water, warm or chilled, and a couple of slices of whole wheat or graham bread, from which none of the natural bran had been extracted by the dastardly flour interests, gave you enough energy to leave the table as quickly as you could.

The country's most popular entertainer during much of the Thirties was Rudy Vallee. The gentleman crooner, whose thin, nasal tenor appealed hugely to maternal types, was sponsored on coast-to-coast radio by Fleischmann's Yeast, and a regular feature of the weekly program was a brief but incisive health talk by one Dr. R. E. Lee. Dr. Lee's messages sent everybody's mother galloping to the store for the little yeast cakes which were supposed to be great for pimples, bowels and bloodstream. The stuff was hard to take. It tasted like a sweat sock. It stuck to the roof of the mouth. But if you downed enough of it the results were gratifying: (1) your mother seemed to feel better; (2) she stopped making you eat bran for breakfast. The yeast may have been a boon at that, because medical researchers later announced that bowls of bran, ingested at daily intervals, can have an abrasive effect on the viscera comparable to steel wool. Researchers also discovered, incidentally, that yeast has no great bearing on pimples and, while a source of Vitamin B₁, is not needed by normal people who eat normal food.

The bowels have long been a major area of concern to Americans. It is an article of faith in this country that clockwork regularity of elimination is the hallmark of mental and physical well-being. People who didn't care for yeast in the Thirties cleared themselves out with psyllium seeds, nasty little dried-up pit-like objects which were mixed with water — a tablespoon to a cup — and swallowed with all the pleasure that might accompany the ingestion of a bird-shot cocktail. The theory was that once in the alimentary canal, the seeds would swell and form a gelatinous mass which would inexorably push all bad things out before it.

Tens of millions of Americans, of course, still swallow lubricants and irritants to facilitate the intestinal rapid transit which the nation hails as Regularity — the slightest deviation from which, as everyone knows, signifies the accumulation of poisonous wastes and perpetual irritability. But a look back to other centuries indicates that today's laxatives, whether camouflaged in chocolate or chewing gum, aren't what they used to be. Consider, for example, this advertisement from the *London Spectator* of 1711: "Famous Drops for Hypochondriack Melancholy: Which effectually cure on the Spot, by rectifying



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the Stomach and Blood, cleansing them from all Impurities, and giving a new Turn to their Ferment, attenuating all viscous and tenacious Humours (which make the Head Heavy, clog the Spirits, confuse the Mind, and cause the deepest Melancholy, with direful Views and black Reflections), comforting the Brain and Nerves, composing the harried Thoughts, and introducing bright, lively Ideas and pleasant Briskness, instead of dismal Apprehension and dark Incumbrance of the Soul, setting the Intellectuals at liberty to act with Courage, Serenity and steady Cheerfulness, and causing a visible, diffusive Joy to reign in the Room of uneasy Doubts, Fears, etc. . . ." Lemon juice and hot water (for a while in the Thirties, much valued as a pre-breakfast regulator) is pretty pale stuff next to that.

Nowadays, countless thousands of otherwise sane men and women, having presumably tried gelatin cocktails and found them wanting, believe that all that stands between them and debility is bread made from stone-ground flour made from wheat grown on land fertilized by compost manufactured by worms. They are convinced that the proprietors of industrial agriculture have developed miraculous means of growing nutrition-free crops of all kinds. Staunchly refusing to accept repeated scientific assurances that mass-produced food, including artificially enriched white bread, is nourishing, they haunt the health-food stores. Some of them, in a modern version of the spinach-water fad, purchase electric liquefiers that grind up entire vegetables, fruits and eggs (not excepting the shells) into what they fondly regard as health cocktails. There is no harm in any of this, except to the sensibilities.

The most popular health foods today are, as the well-read all know, blackstrap molasses, wheat germ, brewers' yeast and that awesome secret of Bulgarian supremacy, yoghurt. Credited with the popularity of these marvelous substances is Gayelord Hauser, a seer who lacks medical credentials but is privy to truths unknown to physicians. Moreover, he rejoiced for years in a close friendship with Greta Garbo.

Blackstrap molasses, to be unpoetic about it, is the goo found in the vat after cane sugar has been refined. Its advocates say it is unusually rich in iron and copper; chemists point out that the iron is rust from the refining machinery and the copper is scrapings from the vat. The stuff provides not nearly so much Vitamin B₁ as is claimed and, in short, is not preferable to other sweetenings.

Wheat germ is a nutritious part of the grain that is removed in commercial milling because it spoils easily. For all known practical purposes its nutrients are replaced by chemical enrichment.

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Nutritionists are positive that persons who eat a normal diet need no extra wheat germ, although no harm can come from it. Brewers' yeast, like the baker's yeast which gagged the adolescents of three decades ago, is a source of Vitamin B₁—which, to repeat, normal people derive from a normal diet. Yoghurt has worked no health miracles in the Balkans and will work none here. Laboratory analysis discloses that this exotic product contains all the nutritive benefits of commercial buttermilk. Yoghurt, by the way, is likely to arouse in persons now approaching middle age queasy memories of acidophilus milk, which during its heyday a couple of decades ago, was widely touted as nature's way of "changing the intestinal flora." The theory was that most people were going around with intestines that resembled a vegetable patch overgrown with rank weeds. Getting rid of the old flora and planting the new was every American's duty both to his intestines and to national survival—and no small duty either, since it required considerable intestinal fortitude just to gulp down the slightly creamy, slightly sour potation.

The eagerness with which the digestively oriented rally to the support of any theory that promises super-health has seldom been demonstrated more dramatically than in the success of Dr. D. C. Jarvis, a nonconformist M.D., who believes in homely medications, like apple cider vinegar, honey and kelp. The elderly Vermont practitioner's book, *Folk Medicine*, reigned on the national best-seller lists for two years, and was joined there for a while by a sequel, *Arthritis and Folk Medicine*. Jarvis is a zealot for self-diagnosis and self-medication. He recommends that we test the acidity of our own urine, promote fertility by avoiding wheat, rely on castor oil in the treatment of warts, tired feet and hemorrhoids, drink an iodine solution to relieve fatigue and keep generally robust with honey.

Many of Dr. Jarvis' notions have a hallowed history. In particular, honey, which he believes is more healthful than sugar, has always held a powerful fascination for do-it-yourself health fans. Its status as a natural product, which gets from hive to mouth with a minimum of interference, seems to invest it with a magical purity not available to laboratory examination. Also, since bees are among the most diligent and virtuous of living creatures, one may hope to acquire some of their noble characteristics by eating the food from their hives. We're back to "You Are What You Eat."

The latest reasoning of this kind once again involves our heroine, the bee, and has a goodly part of our older citizenry delirious with hope. Under the benign

tutelage of great healers and advertising men, hundreds of thousands of ladies are gulping capsules of or smearing their persons with emollients containing a mysterious substance known as royal jelly. As nearly as can be determined from the evidence, royal jelly enables an ordinary bee larva to become a queen bee, lead an adventurous sex life and lay four hundred thousand eggs a year. Logic therefore decrees that royal jelly enhances human virility, or firms the breasts, or improves the memory, or lengthens the life, or strengthens the eyes, as the case may be. Inasmuch as humans are not bees, they may count themselves fortunate that their systems select from this stupendous substance only the miracles that benefit man. There is as yet no record of any royal jelly customer sprouting wings, laying eggs or stinging anyone.

The first promoters of perfection to give attention to royal jelly, naturally, were the cosmetics manufacturers, who are famously alert in such matters. Each year our liberated women purchase a veritable Everest of corrective creams containing not only royal jelly but inspirational hormones extracted from the urine of pregnant mares, oils yielded by romantic reptiles, metals as beautiful as gold, vegetables as heartening as Irish parsley and lily pod, and even a substance made from placenta, than which nothing is more closely associated with extreme youthfulness. Girls desirous of bosoms larger than nature has seen fit to grant them, for example, often become avid customers for developing creams sold through the mail. The menthol contained in the unguents imparts an almost immediate sense of undulation to the user. Manufacturers' files bulge with unsolicited testimonials from grateful, pneumatic girls who started using the products at age eleven, and, sure enough, began seeing results in a year or two.

Similar magic, in reverse, is available for combating that cruelest saboteur of female beauty, superfluous flesh. Some brands of reducing pill contain poisonous appetite-depressants in amounts too small to depress most appetites but small enough to minimize the danger of poisoning. Other popular reducing aids taste like candy—which is appropriate since that's what they are. Women who can be convinced that a piece of candy before each meal means death to ravenous hunger may lose a few pounds because they eat less—which is what they should have done in the first place. The reducing trade has recently been revolutionized by the introduction of products which claim to provide takers with nine hundred nutritionally balanced calories a day—a fairly drastic diet. Metrecal and its several dozen competitors are now grossing upwards

of one hundred million dollars a year by the simple expedient of destroying their customers' appetites. Anyone who has consumed a glass of the stuff can for the next couple of hours face food only with the greatest difficulty. It's as though she had tossed off a beaker of raw egg white, rendered opaque by chocolate. She wants to be excused from the table. In due course she gets thin.

The instinctive wisdom of both sexes when it comes to romance reaches its zenith in coping with the problems presented by teeth and breath. All humans are aware by now that they emit unendurable fumes unless they drench their mouths with certain liquids that are instantly fatal to the decay germs that roam the gums like herds of evil-smelling buffalo. Oceans of mouthwash are bought on the canny assumption that a tingle is tantamount to sanitation. Toothpastes containing chlorophyll and green-tinted pills compounded of it are much sought, since this is the natural vegetable substance that accounts for the pleasing fragrance of, among other herbivorous creatures, goats.

While chlorophyll is miraculously deodorizing people's systems, various drugs are miraculously curing them of all sorts of illnesses. At the first sign of nasal or pharyngeal inflammation, for example, they eagerly gulp down a pill that combines antihistamines (sometimes good for allergic reactions), with aspirin (good for pain), with citrus bioflavonoids (terrific for the imagination), with heartfelt promises (a therapeutic must)—thereby assuring themselves of complete recovery, often within a week or two.

Of course, it is only the benighted masses who cram themselves with health foods and self-prescribed medications and then resort to "regulators" to get the stuff out of their systems as fast as possible. Our enlightened contemporaries know better than to subject their insides to such tinkering and tampering. When they go to the drugstore, they buy not a laxative but a tranquilizer to banish that waking-up depression, a pep pill to give them energy for the morning's work, a barbiturate to calm the innards so that lunch may be something better than agony, another pep pill to dispel midafternoon grogginess and carry them through to the cocktail hour, and a sleeping pill to stave off the pep pill's legacy of insomnia. To be sure, there was a time not too long ago when individual idiosyncrasy and the tolerance developed by continual use weakened the efficacy of this beneficent regimen for some. However, the invention of spansules—those delayed-reaction medicinal depth charges that explode within the corpus like a series of time bombs—has taken care of that problem. Could anyone ask for more?

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SWEARING (continued from page 102)

Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it!" "Oh, he swears most admirably," the status-seeking Stephen murmurs. "By Pharaoh's foot! Body o' Caesar! — I shall never do it, sure. Upon mine honor, and by St. George! — No, I have not the right grace."

"He that swereth depe, swereth like a lorde," the moralist Elyot observed — and a cursory survey of Shakespeare's plays reveals that his noblemen were indeed inspired in their use of munchy-crunchy invective. "Bloody, bawdy villain!" Hamlet rants at the peak of princely passion. "Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!" And when Prince Hal berates Falstaff as "this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this hill of flesh," the noble Sir John replies with a barrage of fine phallic scurrilities: "'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck!"

"Swear horrible," Sir Toby Belch advised Sir Andrew Aguecheek; and if profanity began to assume a new sexual emphasis, the cause may be laid to the new secular spirit that arose with the Reformation. In *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, the work horse of modern sexual profanity made a coltish stage entrance in a wordplay upon the name of the journeyman Firk. The shoemaker, who addresses his wife as "hopperarse" and "Dame Clapper-dudgeon," shouts in a moment of critical stress, "Peace, you bombast-cotton-candle-queen . . . quarrel not with me and my men; with me and my fine Firk: I'll firk you, if you do!"

The suggested word, which entered English by way of the Anglo-Saxon *fachan*, meaning "to take or seize," appears in Shakespeare's *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in the guise of "focative," when Sir Hugh Evans asks, "What's the focative case, William?" Eric Partridge, who has compiled a scholarly glossary of the Swan of Avon's numerous sexual flights, adds the note that "F—k is probably one of the sadistic group of words for the man's part in copulation (cf. *clap*, *cope*, *hit*, *strike*, *thump* and the modern slang term, *bang*), for it seems to derive from the German *ficken* (to strike), as Klüge maintains. Probably confirmatory rather than contradictory is Sanskrit *ukshan* (a bull; literally, impregnator), which Bopp, in his *Comparative Grammar*, maintains to have originally been *fukshan* . . ." In *Origins*, his etymological dictionary, Partridge states that "F—k shares with c—t two distinctions: they are the only two Standard English words excluded from all general and etymological dictionaries since the Eighteenth Century and the only two Standard English words that, outside of

medical or semi-official reports and learned papers, still cannot be printed in full anywhere within the British Commonwealth."

The much-heralded British court clearance of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* has changed the situation since Partridge wrote the above in 1950, however. Citizens of the Commonwealth are now free to enjoy the unexpurgated experience of seeing both words spelled out in all four letters, together with such sweet nothings as *p—s* and *s—t*. Considered only vaguely vulgar by Elizabethan standards, *p—s* was employed by Shakespeare as a noun in *The Tempest*, a verb in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and as an adjectival synonym for "brief" ("a pissing while") in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The old five-letter word "shyte," which belongs to the same family as "sheet" and "shoot," appeared in *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, the book in which Elizabeth's ribald-rhyming godson, Sir John Harington, published his plans for that most practical of all human inventions, the flush toilet.

In this period of emerging sexual profanity, clerical censure was still directed against the old "Sblood" and "Zounds." A plan put before Lord Burghley estimated that by levying fines against such swearing, England could increase her annual income by twenty million crowns, but Elizabeth was too partial to the habit herself to favor such a measure. Puritan agitation was strong, however, and two years after Elizabeth's death, Parliament passed an act imposing a ten-pound penalty upon the use of profanity in a theatrical performance. This was a staggering sum at a time when eight pounds was the most a playwright could hope to make on a new play, and the law had the effect of inhibiting writers to the point where Elizabethan gusto vanished from the stage.

Cheered by success, antiprofanity forces then managed to push through a statute imposing a fine of tweldepence on all swearers, and those who could not pay were sent to the stocks. A public agency was established to enforce the law, and parish deputies were appointed to collect fines on a commission basis, with the result that citizens of Chittlehampton were held guilty for saying "Upon my life!" Puritan punishment in Cromwell's army was so extreme that one Boutholmey, a quartermaster charged with profanity, was sentenced "to have his tongue bored with a red-hot iron, his sword broken over his head, and himself ignominiously dismissed from the service."

Despite all laws and penalties, people continued to swear throughout the dour days of the Commonwealth. Following the Restoration, milady's expletives and milord's ejaculations were, for the most

part, gay revivals of "Zooks" and "Damn." "God" had become "Odd," as in "Odds body" or "Oddsbud," and "Lord" became "Lud" or "La!" Clandestine amours were rampant, cuckoldry was in flower and sexual name-calling a social grace. A short sampler of His and Her stage swearing illustrates the period style:

"A Pox o' this Impertinent Lady Fancyfull, and her Plots, and her Frenchwoman too. She's a Whimsical Ill natur'd Bitch."

"Oh la, Sir, you'll make me asham'd."

"Damned senseless, impudent virtuous jade!"

"My Father calls, you plaguey devil."

"Ah Hussy! Hussy! — Come home, you Slut!"

"Zooks! 'tis the captain!"

"Beasts, Jades, Jilts, Harpies, Furies, Whores!"

"O lud! he has almost cracked my head."

"Zounds, sirrah!"

"Sdeath and hell!"

Selected from ten different plays, the above dialog might serve as an actual scene in any comedy of the sexes written during the century between Wycherley and Goldsmith. Of all words, only "pox" need be explained, since it referred to neither the chicken- nor small- varieties, but was the trade name for syphilis at a time when such ailments were on a par with the common cold.

The apogee of Eighteenth Century oddity was reached with the "oath referential" used by Bob Acres in Sheridan's *The Rivals*. The idea here was to adapt one's swearing to each change of subject. If the talk was of coach travel, the oath was "Odds whips and wheels!" Mention of honor called for "Odds crowns and laurels!" while matters military were greeted with "Odds triggers and flints!" and "Odds balls and barrels!"

"Ha! ha! 'tis genteel, isn't it!" Bob Acres exclaims.

"Very genteel, and very new, indeed!" Captain Absolute agrees, "and I dare say will supplant all other figures of imprecation."

"Ay, ay, the best terms will grow obsolete. Damns have had their day."

Happily, for the sanity of the English, the prophecy was not borne out. "Damn" and "goddamn" continued in the repertoire of lords, lackeys and the famed Billingsgate fishwives, whose versatile invective made "billingsgate" a synonym for swearing. A statute against swearing still remained on the books, and antiprofanity groups pressed for its enforcement against all classes. In 1718, a London journalist named Burrige was tried for blasphemy and ordered "to take up a position at the New Church in the Strand and to be from there publicly whipped to Charing Cross" — after which he was fined and given a month in jail.

The ever-present possibility of ruffling the lunatic fringe led the Rev. Laurence

Sterne, author of *Tristram Shandy*, to indicate even the commonly used "arse" with asterisks. Commenting on the use of dots and dashes, the cheerful churchman wittily observed: "Take the dash away, and write Backside — 'tis Bawdy. Scratch Backside out, and put Covered-way in, 'tis a Metaphor."

In the matter of profanity, Sterne's views were undoubtedly at one with those of his hero's father, Mr. Shandy, who believed that small curses upon great occasions "are but so much waste of our strength." In order to have a selection of large curses for all occasions, Shandy, Sr., kept handy a copy of an actual form of excommunication composed by Bishop Ernulphus, in which a thesaurus of maledictions was compounded in the names of the saints, the angels and every conceivable Holy Personage:

"... May he be cursed in eating and drinking, in being hungry, in being thirsty, in fasting, in sleeping, in slumbering, in walking, in standing, in sitting, in lying, in working, in resting, in pissing, in shitting, and in blood-letting!

"May he be cursed in his reins, and in his groin' (God in heaven forbid! quoth my Uncle Toby), 'in his thighs, in his genitals' (my father shook his head), 'and in his hips, and in his knees, his legs, and feet, and toenails!'"

The cumulative force of the anathema, which runs to four pages, prompts the bemused Uncle Toby to remark, "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders." To which an equally bemused nephew of Uncle Sam can only add, "So did our American Army during the Revolutionary War." Indeed, Yankee oaths were so numerous and pungent that General George Washington was obliged to issue a personal communiqué on the subject in 1779:

"Many and pointed orders have been issued against that unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing, notwithstanding which, with much regret, the General observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever. . . . For the sake, therefore, of religion, decency and order, the General hopes and trusts that the officers of every rank will use their influence and authority to check a vice which is as unprofitable as it is wicked and shameful."

In an earlier order issued by John Adams, naval officers were authorized to punish swearing sailors "by causing them to wear a wooden collar or some shameful badge," but such orders were generally ignored by American officers trained in the great British tradition of "damn" and "hell." Washington's own conversation was reputed to be amply spiced with both of these gentlemanly oaths, though he seldom indulged in the hard profanity used in patriot ranks. According to the ear-witness account of General Charles Scott, however,

Washington swore one day at Monmouth "until the leaves shook on the trees. Charming, delightful! Never have I enjoyed such swearing before or since. Sir, on that day, he swore like an angel from heaven."

Unfortunately, no one had the foresight to jot down Washington's historic words. But there is some reassurance in the knowledge that the Father of Our Country was capable of virtuoso performance in an American art that began with the early settlers—for all the Pilgrims were not Puritans, and a small band of devoted swearers succeeded in planting the seeds of profanity in the New World against all odds and Blue Laws. By 1699, an English visitor was able to report that, despite their sanctity, the northern colonists were "very prophane in their common dialect." The Rev. Jonathan Boucher, traveling in Maryland at a still later date, complained of the constant use of "obscene conceits and broad expressions," and the British Captain Thomas Morris duly recorded that during an Indian raid, "One of the Delaware nation . . . passing by the cabin where I lay, called out in broken English: 'Damned son of a bitch!'"

The phrase used by this disgruntled Delaware was the last great classical invention in Anglo-American swearing. Dating from 1712, it was contrived as a euphemism for the earlier "whoreson," or "son of a whore," and represented a continuing trend toward verbal evasion. Noah Webster described "darn" as already common in New England in 1789, while "tarnal," "cuss" and "I swan" all came into use in the early days of the Republic. But the majority of frontiersmen, wagoners, circuit riders and politicians preferred their profanity straight, and virtually conquered the continent on the combined strength of their corn likker and cursing.

The genteel English visitor, Mrs. Trollope, traipsing around the States in 1829, remarked upon the American fondness for "that most unfailing expletive 'God D—mn,'" and gave up counting the number of times she heard it after the first entry in her notebook: "Seventeen times within hearing." Lacking any more complete record of the way men swore in reality, the student of Nineteenth Century profanity is left largely to his own surmises. "The language of the street is always strong," Emerson hints in his journal of 1840. "And I confess to some pleasure from the stinging rhetoric of a rattling oath in the mouth of truckman and teamster. How laconic and brisk it is by the side of a page from the *North American Review*. Cut these words and they would bleed; they are vascular and alive; they walk and run."

Surely, the philosopher was not re-

ferring to such bloodless bombast as Melville used to convey the salty flavor of Captain Peleg's speech in *Moby Dick*: "Flukes and flames! Bildad, say that again to me, and start my soul-bolts, but I'll—, I'll—, yes, I'll swallow a live goat with all his hair and horns on. Out of the cabin, ye canting, drab-colored son of a wooden gun . . .!"

This, one suspects, is party-dress profanity, calculated to suggest the genuine article without disturbing the sensibilities of schoolmarms and prigs. When the novel's seagoing narrator, Ishmael, blurts "Gracious!" the call of the mild comes through like a shrill, girlish squeak.

Throughout the Nineteenth Century the treasury of tepid "cuss" words increased. "Hell" became *heck*, *blazes* or *thunder*. "Damn" became *drat*, *darn*, *blast*, *blame* or *bother*. "Goddamn" was amended to *goshdarn*, *doggone*, *goldarn*, *consarn*, *dad-blame*, *dad-burn* and the like. *Lawsy*, *lawdy*, *land* and *lawks* were used in place of "Lord." "God" was reduced to *gosh*, *golly*, *great Scott*, *good grief*, *great guns* and *good gravy*. "Jesus" became *gee-whiz*, *jiminy*, *jeez*, *Jerusalem*, *Jehoshaphat* and *gee-whillikers*. "Christ" was *cripes*, *cracky*, *Christopher* and *Christmas*, while the Savior's full name was rendered as *jiminy crickets*, *Judas' priest*, *John Jacob Astor* or *G. Rover Cripes*. Too obvious for discussion are the literal four-letter meanings that lurk behind such old folksy subterfuges as *Pish!* *Shoot!* *Piffle!* *Shucks!* *Pshaw!* and *Fudge!*

Writing in London, the spiritual capital of the Nice-Nelly movement, Gilbert and Sullivan lyrically lampooned the hypocrisy of the age in the boast of the Captain of the *Pinafore*:

*Bad language or abuse,
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
Though "Bother it" I may
Occasionally say,
I never, never use a big, big D—*

To judge from the deluge of complaints written to the London *Telegraph*, however, big Ds, little ds — as well as Hs, Fs, Bs and s.o.b.s — were very much a part of the actual Victorian vocabulary. As one correspondent claimed: "There is not a delicate ear that is not daily outraged by the unspeakable blasphemies and hideous indecencies of London language, particularly on Sunday, when lounging, loafing and idling are prevalent . . ."

Of course, ladies and gentlemen with delicate ears could always spend Sunday at home with a good clean book, such as *The Family Shakespeare*, from which Thomas Bowdler had thoughtfully cut — or "bowdlerized" — every jot and tittle of profanity. Going their Puritan ancestors one better, proper Victorians had a new Standard English word to suppress — "bloody," a word which Julian

Sharman, England's Victorian historian of profanity, described as "the crown and apex of all bad language," surpassing "in vileness and intensity anything of the kind that has been intense or vile."

Unable to account for British aversion to this strangely decent indecency, Americans erroneously linked it to menstruation. Equally at a loss, some etymologists suggested derivations from "Sblood" and "by Our Lady," while others traced it to the Crimean War and the Russian word for "obscene," *bliudi*. Most plausible, however, was the theory that it was merely a translation of the German *blutig* (bloody), which English troops picked up during Sixteenth Century campaigns in the Low Countries. Used for hundreds of years as a superlative, as in "bloody hot" or "bloody cold," its infamous reputation can be attributed only to the supersqueamishness of Nineteenth Century prudes, who were reluctant to admit that they had bodies, much less pulses that throbbed with a warm "sanguine fluid."

Bloody well aware of its sensational value, George Bernard Shaw wrote the word into *Pygmalion* for Mrs. Pat Campbell, who played Eliza Doolittle. A *New York Times* review of the London opening reported that the word was "waited for with trembling, heard shudderingly." "Not bloody likely," Mrs. Campbell muttered to the thrilled house, and Shaw had a hit on his hands. As euphemisms, the English used "ruddy" and "blooming" — the latter appearing in a tag line of *My Fair Lady*, when the modern musical Eliza shocks the Ascot racing toffs by shouting to a horse, "Come on, Dover! Move your bloomin' arse!"

Though "bloody" never took hold in America, its acceptance in Australia was such that it became known as "The Great Australian Adjective," and Robert Graves has quoted it with suitable British blanks in an "Australian Battle Hymn" of World War I:

Gird yer ----- loins up, get yer
----- gun,
Set the ----- enemy an' watch
him ----- run.
Git a ----- move on, have some
----- sense,
Learn the ----- art of self de
----- fence!

With the dashes transposed into the key of F, and sung in Shakespeare's "focative case," the song might have passed for American or English during World War II, when our modern version of the old Sanskrit *fukshan* became the "crown and apex of all bad language" on both sides of the Atlantic. By 1941, "bloody" had become so worn with use that it even managed to slip into the pages of the *London Times*. "Clashing her wiry old ringlets in a kind of palsied glee at her own audacity, Auntie *Times* has printed a little poem containing the

line 'I really loathe the bloody Hun,'" D. B. Wyndham Lewis reported in the *Tatler*. "Don't say we didn't warn you if Auntie is seen dancing down Fleet Street ere long in her red flannel undies, bawling little French songs."

Meanwhile, Uncle Sam was wagging his whiskers at the increasing vogue for tabooed expletives in American writing. As Cole Porter had tunefully observed, authors who once knew better words, now only used four-letter words writing prose. Anything went — at least in the novel — and being banned in Boston was better than a dozen rave reviews. Asked to name a single book responsible for this reversal of the American attitude toward literary profanity, pundits are prone to pick Joyce's *Ulysses*. Closer to home and more influential, perhaps, was Owen Wister's best seller of 1902, *The Virginian*, in which swearing received its first popular support in the Twentieth Century. "You're such a son of a ——— when you get down to work," the Virginian's old pal Steve says with an affectionate grin. "I expected he would be struck down," the novel's narrator confides. "He had used to the Virginian a term of heaviest insult. . . . Evidently he had meant no harm by it, and evidently no offense had been taken. Used thus, the language was plainly complimentary."

An uncomplimentary use of the same term in a later scene gave the nation a catch phrase that survives to this day. "Your bet, you son of a ———," the cowardly Trampas growled during a game of "cyards" at the local saloon. "The Virginian's pistol came out, and his hand lay on the table, holding it unaimed. And with a voice gentle as ever . . . he issued his orders to the man Trampas: 'When you call me that, smile!'"

A little more than two decades later, Broadway audiences not only smiled, but roared laughter at the third-act tag line of Hecht and MacArthur's *The Front Page*: "The son of a bitch stole my watch!" The second-act curtain had rung down with an equally blatant "Goddamnit," and it seemed as though the blankety blanks had been filled in for all time.

By 1935, Depression-inspired dramas of social significance were using swearing in some of their more tender love scenes, and Sidney Kingsley's *Dead End* kids were bringing a new naturalness of expression to the stage. "Oh, so you're the one!" Tommy's sister, Dina, shouts angrily at Spit. "Come on!"

SPIT (*thumbs his nose*): Like hell I will.

DINA: Come on!

SPIT: Frig you!

DINA (*flaring*): I'll crack you . . . you talk like that!

SPIT: Ah, I'll sock yuh inna tit.

Dina smacks him, and an argument



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erupts between Tommy and Spit. "Ah, yuh mudduh's chooch!" Spit snarls. To which Tommy retorts, "Ah, yuh fadduh's doop!"

"They're really horrible brats," an outraged dowager comments at one point. "And their language!"

"Ah, shut up, yuh fat bag a hump!" Tommy mutters. And, when a gentleman with glasses intervenes, the manly little chap responds with a shouted "Balls to yew, faw eyes!"

This was swearing such as most city dwellers could have heard by opening a window. Sprinkled with Old World exotics, like the Italian "Fongoola!" and the Yiddish "Gay cock of'm yam!" it possessed a vitality that was missing in the Spanish-type swearing Hemingway used a little later in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*:

"'Thy duty,' said Augustín, mockingly. 'I besmirch the milk of thy duty.' Then turning to the woman, 'Where the un-nameable is this vileness that I am to guard?'

"'In the cave,' Pilar said. 'In two sacks. And I am tired of thy obscenity.'

"'I obscenity in the milk of thy tiredness,' Augustín said.

"'Then go and befoul thyself,' Pilar said to him without heat."

More chitchat follows, and more unswearing. "Daughter of the great whore of whores," Augustín obscenities. "I befoul myself in the milk of the springtime."

"Pilar slapped him on the shoulder. "'You,' she said, and laughed that booming laugh. 'You lack variety in your cursing. But you have force. Did you see the planes?'

"'I un-name in the milk of their motors,' Augustín said . . .

"'That's something,' Pilar said. 'That is really something. But really difficult of execution.'

"'At that altitude, yes,' Augustín grinned. '*Desde luego*. But it is better to joke.'

One might venture the opinion that it is also better to swear outright. Here is euphemism with a difference, and even the tragic young American, Robert Jordan, is affected. "Oh, muck my grandfather and muck this whole treacherous muck-faced mucking country and every mucking Spaniard in it," he mentally mock swears, until the reader feels inclined to second Augustín's suggestion: "Go to the unprintable . . . and unprint thyself."

The device can hardly be attributed to literary flinching, since Hemingway had already proven himself a rugged four-letter man in *Death in the Afternoon*. As an attempt at achieving freshness, the experiment was indeed worthwhile — particularly in view of later World War II novels, in which sheer repetition of Armed Forces profanity creates a kind of armchair combat fatigue. When

one of Norman Mailer's Marines sinks to the ground and mumbles, "Fug the sonofabitchin' mud," the word-weary reader collapses by his side.

"'Get up,' somebody would cry.

"'Fug you. Fug the goddamn gun.'"

As far back as 1933, the late George Orwell neatly nutshelled both the nature and predicament of modern profanity. "The whole business of swearing, especially English swearing, is mysterious," he wrote. "Of its very nature swearing is as irrational as magic — indeed, it is a species of magic. But there is also a paradox about it, namely this: Our intention in swearing is to shock and wound, which we do by mentioning something that should be kept secret — usually something to do with the sexual functions. But the strange thing is that when a word is well established as a swear word, it seems to lose its original meaning; that is, it loses the thing that made it into a swear word."

Because of this law of diminishing indecency, sexual profanity has lost much of its punch. "Womb to tomb!" and "Sperm to worm!" are *West Side Story*'s death-wishful equivalent of the *Dead End* kids' fertility-laden invocations of "yuh mudduh's chooch!" and "yuh fadduh's doop!" The fighting words are no longer "son of a bitch" or "bastard," but "Spic!" "Wop!" "Mick!" and "Garlic mouth!"

This is the billingsgate of bigotry, the new profanity of prejudice, whose sting and bite paradoxically derive from the efforts of the enlightened to make such words taboo. In the melting-pot atmosphere of fifty years ago, names like "Wop," "Yid," "Hunkie" and "Mick" had little power to shock or wound, and were freely bandied about. Writing in *Show Biz* of the influx of Chinese restaurants into the Times Square area after World War I, Abel Green and Joe Laurie, Jr., recall that "in those uninhibited days, *Variety* thought nothing of calling them chink joints and using terms like 'yellow peril,' whereas today, if reference to Irving Berlin's origin as a catch-penny singing waiter in Nigger Mike's place on the Bowery comes up, the joint is just referred to as Mike's. Hebe comedians, tad (Irish) comics and Yonny-Yonson-type jokes were terms devoid of politico connotations . . ."

Times have changed, however, and sociopolitical swearing has become the deadliest of all. Among its dirty words are such sure-fire hostility arousers as "Fascist," "Red," "nigger-lover," "Jew-baiter," "scab," "subversive," "reactionary" and the like. Milder and less offensive are such secular vagaries as "huckster," "egg-head," "beatnik," "square," "oddball," "queer" and a host of other scurrilities denoting social or sexual deviation.

Obviously, these are of limited use, and would be inappropriate when applied to the average, everyday son of a bitch. For want of new and more uni-

versal creations, therefore, the supply of American swear words has become seriously limited. A semi-hip, semi-original euphemism such as "mother" (a socially acceptable abbreviation of the hyphenated classic of incestuous malediction) will darken even an occasional movie soundtrack, as in *The Apartment*, when Jack Lemmon ordered a martini with the stern injunction, "Gimme another one of those little mothers." But Hollywood's much-touted epithetic emancipation, for all the censorial storms which swirl around it, generally evokes little more than the standard vocabulary of pallid profanities: "damn," "hell" and "bastard," all as lethal in contemporary badinage as marshmallows at a stoning. In theater, even Tennessee Williams' hot-tin-roof types are reduced to lackluster imprecation. "What is it Big Daddy always says when he's disgusted?" Big Mama asks.

BRICK: Big Daddy says "crap" when he's disgusted.

BIG MAMA: That's right — CRAP! I say CRAP, too, like Big Daddy!

With Mamas and Daddies of all sizes swearing each other's hand-me-down oaths, profanity has become chained to a parrot perch, and the dedicated swearer of the old blue-streak school is left wondering, "What the #&%@ is the future of swearing?"

In an entertaining and erudite attempt at an answer, Robert Graves has essayed the opinion that modern profanity has no future — at least none worthy of its past. But we cannot yet bring ourselves to accept this gloomy prognosis. Though the mainstream of Anglo-American swearing has thinned to a muddy trickle, the wellsprings of Asiatic swearing still bubble with a vitality from which the word-parched Westerner may imbibe fresh inspiration.

"May wild asses browse on your grandmother's grave! . . . May the principles of your warmth and cold never be properly adjusted; may hate defile your ancestral tablets; and may your hamstrings snap in the moment of achievement!" Such is the elixir of the East, a heady draught of lively spirits concocted with infinite care. To our own flat and ineffectual "go to hell," the most prosaic Siamese swearer adds a few jiggers of personal imagination. "Go to hell" is only the beginning of the curse — the preface to a painstaking description of innumerable custom-tailored tortures, followed by a fervent wish that the offending party will be condemned to "carry water over the flames in a wicker basket to assuage the thirst of the eternal judge, then that he migrate into the body of a slave for as many years as there are grains of sand in four seas, and after this that he may be born a beast for five hundred generations and a hermaphrodite for five hundred more."

In India, the ancient art involves the accursed one's whole family, his ances-

tors, heirs and assigns. "O you father of sixty dogs!" the irate Mohammedan shouts to the driver of a stalled cart. "May your daughter be wedded to a jinn and give birth to three-headed serpents!" If time permits—and it usually does—Hindus engage in a full-scale exchange of curses in *crab-bat*, a language comprising all the swear words known to Hindustani, plus a choice selection from the more esoteric dialects. For a report on one such brouhaha between an aged cleaning boy and his assistant, we are indebted to Robert Graves, who quotes the account from Frank Richards' *Old Soldier Sahib*:

"First the cleaning boy let loose his broadside, and banged away until he temporarily ran out of ammunition. Then his opponent replied, with shot for shot. . . . They each went along the other's pedigree, generation by generation, making more and more loathsome discoveries, until our cleaning boy was finally acclaimed the victor. He had gone back two thousand years in his rival's genealogical line and given convincing proof that a direct female ancestress had secretly cohabited for years during her widowhood with a diseased bullfrog, thus going one better than her mother, who had legitimately married and cohabited with a healthy pig."

Regrettably, few swearing sahibs of Cincinnati, Pocatello and points west, enjoy sufficient leisure to cultivate such pukka profanity. But it is possible that new sources of swearing power might be had by harnessing some of the many folk idioms imported to our shores from Europe.

The Irish, fleeing a potato famine, were never starved for words, and brought with them a wealth of expostulations besides "begorra," "faith" and "bejabbers"—"By all the ten legions of divils of Killooly! . . . By St. Boogar and all the saints at the backside door of Purgatory! . . . By the nineteen balls of the twelve apostles! . . . By the holy St. Mackerel, the high heels of St. Patrick, and the ripping, roaring, jumping Jerusalem!"

Rich in imagery, and ageless in spirit, are the great Yiddish curses, of which the beautifully succinct "Drop dead!" is but a paltry sample. Consider, for instance, the depth and vigor of such oral masterpieces as "A black ear on your head! . . . May you suffer a burning pain in your seventh liver! . . . May all your teeth ache top and bottom so they have to be pulled by a one-armed blacksmith! . . . You should grow like an onion with your head in the ground forever!"

As Maurice Samuel has pointed out in *The World of Sholem Aleichem*, Yiddish cursing is as much a pastime as an implement of war—a form of self-expression that is often humorous in intent.

Though the history of swearing is long, the need for such sportive curses has only recently been recognized, and *The New York Times* made a 1960 headline of the belated discovery that SOME ARE FOUND TO CURSE FOR JOY.

The gist of the story was that a British psychologist named Helen E. Ross spent three weeks in Arctic Norway counting the curses of a group of male zoologists, who were "studying the effects of continuous daylight on birds' diurnal rhythms." Measuring "the rise and fall of swearing against the rise and fall of the zoologists' spirits," the lady scientist found that the "amount of swearing increased noticeably when people were relaxed and happy." Furthermore, "there appeared to be two types of swearing; 'social swearing,' intended to be friendly and a sign of being 'one of the gang,' and 'annoyance swearing,' when someone really has something to swear about.

"Swearing of the 'social' type was at its height when everything appeared rosy," the *Times* reported. "The 'annoyance' swearing rose as tension and discomfort rose, but dropped off abruptly to 'anti-social silence' when people found the physical and spiritual going really rough."

Thawing out these cold hard facts from Arctic Norway, it would seem that we now have a whole puddle of fresh possibilities for the future, namely: Fun with Profanity; The Power of Positive

Cursing; Swear Along with Mitch, Moe, Eddie and all the gang, while studying the daily habits of the human-type birds around you. If new words are lacking, swearing may yet make a happy comeback by adopting a merry mood!

For old-style "annoyance" swearers, who refuse to lapse into "antisocial silence," we can offer no better advice than that of the ancient Chinese: "Be careful whom you swear at: to swear at a man who has justly earned a reputation for virtue and integrity is to make yourself ridiculous; to swear at a man of no reputation at all is to honor him by assuming that he has one. The most suitable victim is someone a little more virtuous than yourself, but with vices differing from your own; if, for example, you are a drunkard or glutton, choose one who is a gambler and frequenter of brothels, and contrariwise. Avoid any appearance of passion. . . . Begin with a great show of courtesy so that he does not suspect your intentions, then gradually unmask your fire. . . . The highest art of swearing consists in thus bringing your opponent to a dead stop. His color will go from pale to red, from red to purple, from purple to ashen. When you have reached this point, stop, otherwise the bystanders will regard you as a bully. . . ."

And, shucks, you wouldn't want that to happen, would you?



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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE


NOVEMBER'S BRISK WINDS and barometric whims supply special incentive for Southern exposure, and we warmly recommend the Caribbean, chock-full of splendidly appointed sun spots that can turn frosty November into a fall fiesta. In San Juan, Puerto Rico, for instance, it's just a swizzle-stick toss to the nearest daiquiri dispensary at any of the city's pleasure places — Caribe Hilton, Condado Beach, La Concha and the San Juan Intercontinental. And it's only a little more than that to their on-the-premises casinos that stay open the better part of each twenty-four hours. You can gambol and gamble, too, at the Flamboyant and Jack's Club; the hotel bandmen and kindred souls usually get together at the Morocco Club on Avenida Ponce de León, which stays open until five A.M., or the cellarish little Gilded Cage in the old town.

Besides capitalizing on the European culinary artistry at major hotels, you should certainly sample the locally inspired *jueyes al capacho* (land crab cooked in its shell), *cabrito estofado* or stewed kid (four-legged variety) and an *asopao* stew of rice, vegetables and chicken or seafood, at places like La Mallorquina, El Mediterraneo and Cecilia's in San Juan.

One air excursion from Miami makes a seventeen-day circuit of Jamaica (up to six days of resorting) and Colombia, where there's much more cooking than coffee, and where prices are a joy — ten

dollars for a room at the capital's most expensive hotel, the Tequendama; a dollar for the costliest steak in the house at fashionable Temel's in Bogotá.

The trick in Jamaica is to pick your resort in line with the sort of vacation you plan — languidly smart at Half Moon or the Royal Caribbean; big and busy at Arawak or Tower Isle; small and friendly at Silver Sands, Plantation Inn; little but likable at Eton Hall and Long Bay. Or, if you insist on going ultrachic first class all the way, splurge on a very special sort of luxury at Frenchman's Cove. Here, for a flat two thousand dollars (two people for two weeks), the cloudless sky is the limit. Your stone cottage is set in its own bit of jungle by a tropical beach that's crossed by a fresh-water stream. There's hi-fi inside, of course, and a small kitchen where your cottage maid will prepare breakfast. Your own electric cart runs you around the estate, to the main lodge if you care to have your meals there, or to the gatehouse, where your private chauffeured car is ready at all times. And anything else you want — caviar for breakfast, champagne around the clock, a boat and crew for deep-sea fishing, a private plane to fly you to a golf course — is all yours in a mountain-backed tropical Eden.

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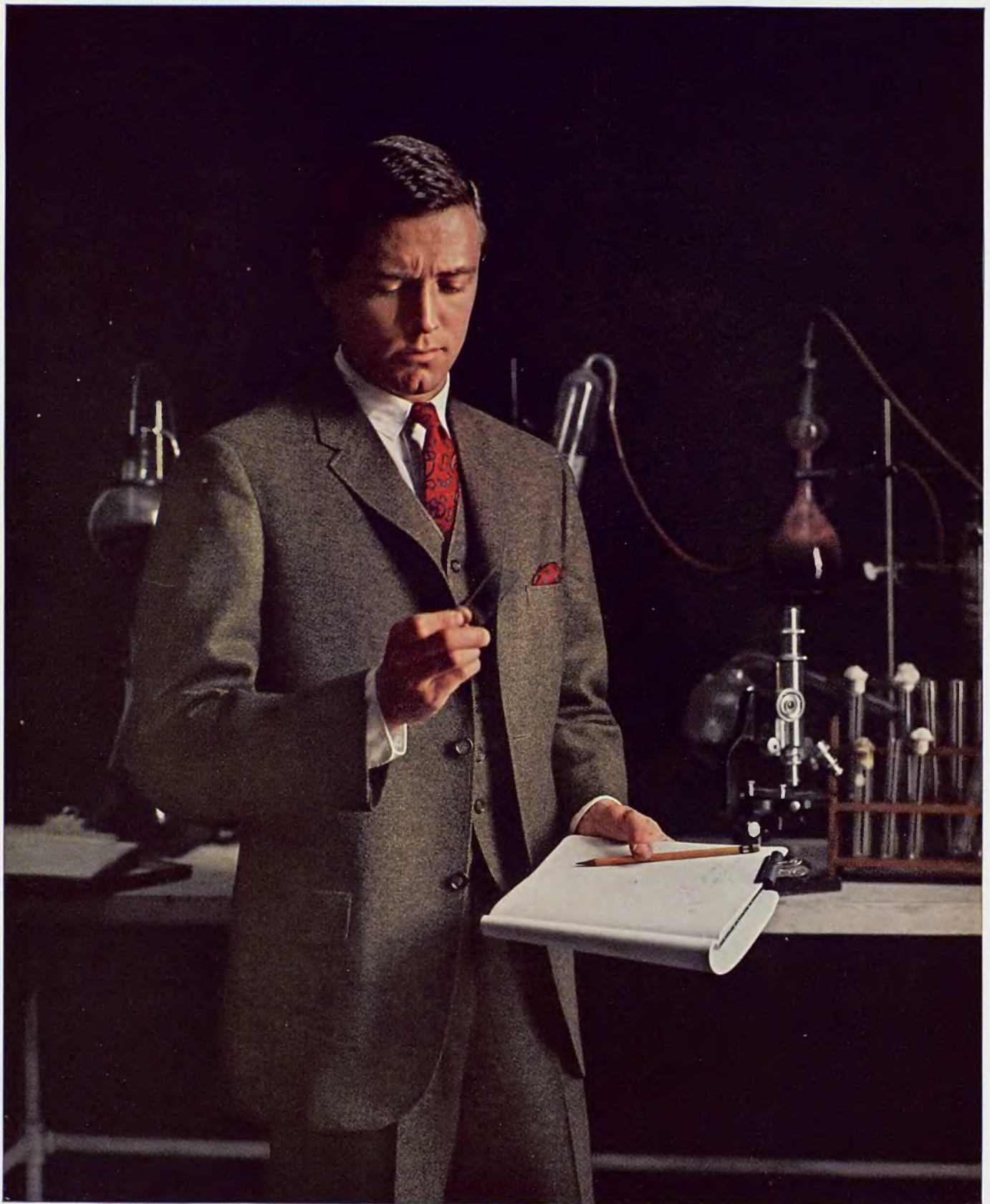
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