

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 60 cents

PLAYBOY

"ON THE TOWN IN NEW YORK"



A New Pictorial Review

STARRING IN THIS ISSUE

LITTLE ANNIE FANNY

words and music by

HERBERT GOLD SHEPHERD MEAD
RAY RUSSELL BEN HECHT

special sketches by

JULES FEIFFER SHEL SILVERSTEIN
ELDON DEDINI ALBERTO VARGAS

SPECIAL ADDED ATTRACTION
A CHORUS OF PLAYMATES FROM THE PAGES OF HISTORY
 SETTINGS, LIGHTING, COSTUMES, PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

ALSO THE PLAYBOY PANEL ON "BUSINESS ETHICS AND MORALITY"

with SEN. JACOB
JAVITS

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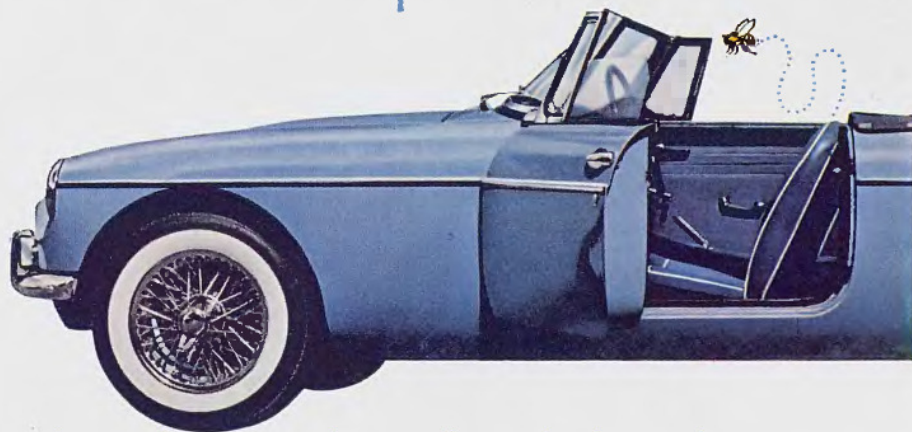
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PLAYBILL

It gives us a golden glow to see our name in lights (284 of them, in fact) shining over our cover announcement of this issue's special *On the Town in New York* feature. The Broadway lights-motif is particularly appropriate since this is the month when our own seven-story Playboy Club will blaze into reality in Manhattan. You'll find a brief description of this fabulous fifth link in our ever-lengthening key club chain in our *On the Town* tour, but you'll have to see it to believe it. As for the rest of the best in Gotham, several of our editors spent weeks wining, dining and dating in The Big City to select the finest in urban entertainment. And if you think for one moment that all that glitter and excitement, night in and night out, was fun, you are absolutely right. It was even fun for Jerry Yulsman, our New York staff photographer, who told us that he found capturing the gleam of the Big Apple more challenging than his previous *On the Town* assignments in Tokyo, Paris, Acapulco and Las Vegas.

As our cover credits indicate, the star of this issue is *Little Annie Fanny*, the saucer-eyed sweetheart of Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder's satirical strip which debuted in these pages last month. This time *Annie* examines the bedside manners of TV and film's fictive physicians and gets mad enough to hurl a Hippocratic oath.

We have been praised, from time to time, for our ability to spot rising stars. Our latest Hollywood find is 32-year-old Joe Mikolas, a sometime actor, songwriter, and night-club owner whose greatest talent is his knack for instructing movieland millionaires at gin rummy. For our money, Mikolas' *Gin to Win* is the most valuable magazine article ever written on America's number

one card game. To prove the merits of Mikolas' radical system, we sent the article to a well-known card expert who reacted by haughtily challenging Mikolas to a high-stake, 100-set match. Days later we flew the skeptical expert to Chicago from the East Coast, Joe in from L.A., and sat them down at a card table for the Big Game. After only 19 of the 100 sets, the bewildered challenger conceded the match. We were not surprised and suggest that if you now play a better than average game of gin rummy, a careful application of the Mikolas Method may reap you rich dividends.

Hamlet as a musicomedy? Ray Russell has done it, as a delightful spoof, with *Come to Me, My Melancholy Dane*, which came to him, he says, while he worked on a new novel. (His latest, *The Case Against Satan*, and his terror tale, *Sagittarius* [PLAYBOY, March 1962] have been optioned for filming.)

Last year the American Management Association was forced to cancel a conference on business ethics because out of 30 executives invited to speak, not one was willing. We fared far better in assembling nine outstanding critics and spokesmen of industry for our *Playboy Panel on Business Ethics and Morality*.

And while you're thumbing, turn back the gatefolds of time to uncover *Playmates of History*, from Cleopatra to Mata Hari, as seen by Hollywood staff photographer Mario Casilli. When it comes to real live Playmates, Mario has more pretty pelts to his credit (15, at last count) than any other lensman.

Speaking of chicks from the past, PLAYBOY's food and drink editor, Thomas Mario, has come up with a 15th Century recipe for cooking "Checkyns in Browet":

Take checkyns, scalde hom fayre and clene,

Take persole, sauge, other herbs, grene

Grapus, and stope they checkyns with wyne;

Take good brothe, sethe hom thereinne,

So that thay sone boyled may be; Coloure the brothe with safron Ire, And cast theron powder dowce,

For to be served in good mennys howse.

This month the "checkyns" come home to roost as Tom commits *Fowl Deeds*, a more readable (and contemporary) approach to fine feathered foods.

PLAYBOY fiction favorite Herbert Gold is back again with *Barbara Girl*, bitter-sweet story of Manhattan mores. Gold, whose PLAYBOY novelette *What's Become of Your Creature?* (April, 1959) has been optioned for movies, happily tells us that his play, *Love & Like*, is New York-bound. More Gold can be mined in *The Age of Happy Problems*, a formidable collection of his urban essays. Back also is Fredric Brown who pulls some mighty ironic strings in *Puppet Show*, an unforgettable demonstration of the subtleties of prejudice. With *The Deadlier Bruise*, a dark saga of the Civil War, we welcome novelist (*Two Soldiers*) Paxton Davis to our ranks. An associate professor of journalism at Washington and Lee, Davis says, "I come from a whole flock of Confederate soldiers, one of whom was (like the protagonist of *Bruise*) a member of McCausland's Cavalry and took part in the Valley campaign of 1864 and the Moorsfield fiasco."

To further light up the November skies, we offer another of Ben Hecht's yarns, more from Shepherd Mead, a raft of riotous cartoons and, of course, our monthly Playmate. Curtain time!

DAVIS

GOLD

MIKOLAS



CASILLI (left) and YULSMAN

PLAYBOY



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Melancholy Dane P. 137



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

POT SHOTS

With the publication of *The Prodigal Powers of Pot*, PLAYBOY has reaffirmed its position as a magazine that has no equal in the dissemination of thought-provoking and highly controversial literature. Wakefield did a superlative job in exposing public and Governmental ignorance of the actual properties of marijuana. I, for one, was astounded by his revelations.

Art Scott
Shaker Heights, Ohio

A reasonable inference which might be drawn from Dan Wakefield's article on the wonderful weed is that, were the law equal to justice in this area, we would be able to buy marijuana pills cheaper than tranquilizers and thoroughly enjoy our neuroses. In fact, a large drug corporation, with potent lobbying powers, might seize the golden opportunity and, after re-educating the public to the merits of marijuana through well-written articles in respected periodicals, open a new, competitive market. Of course, Western civilization might dissolve in a pink cloud of self-satisfaction, but as we watched through the happy haze as our way of life slid under, we would be secure in the knowledge that pot was neither toxic nor particularly habit-forming. Agreed, the penalties seem unduly severe, but without rigid restrictions on hemp, our nation would be destined to follow the same sorry trails of apathy followed by every single nation which does not have effective controls on the use of marijuana. This is not to say that all use of the weed, per se, is evil, but unrestricted use is dangerous. A balance should be struck between the law as it stands today and unrestricted use. The basic issue is the right and responsibility of the Government to legislate to protect the people from themselves, a question far too complex to be attacked here.

W. E. Parker
Dallas, Texas

Wakefield's article on pot was like a breath of fresh air in a murky marijuana den. It seems incredible that our laws

and our means of law enforcement take such small cognizance of simple facts. I will name but three. First, illegalizing anything which many people enjoy merely puts power into the hands of criminal elements who service otherwise noncriminal users of the product. Good God, is not the nation's Prohibition fiasco ample proof of that? Second, you can't legislate addiction out of existence via the punishment of users. Third, superstition, repression, do-goodism that is based on prejudice instead of facts, and harsh punishment are not the routes to the healthy use (or nonuse) of anything, be it booze, tobacco, pot, sex, golf on Sunday, fast driving, or anything else that some people find pleasurable and others are unwilling to merely refrain from themselves, but are addicted to trying to abolish. Sorry for the soapbox stand, but Wakefield's highly readable and objectively factual article got me going. It's as heady as wine (Ah there, W.C.T.U.) to find such honesty among the uplift trash and horrified gasps which usually greet the subject. More like it, please.

Terrence Wainright
San Francisco, California

Mr. Wakefield has failed my course on Drug Addiction as a Form of Deviant Behavior. His gamesmanship approach to the sociological problem missed the mark. Better to have mental peace than marijuana pot.

Thomas Leslie Braden, Sociologist
Chicago, Illinois

Along this section of the Mexican border a rising percentage of sports cars is prevalent among the vehicles seized in dope-smuggling arrests, usually involving marijuana and frequently including goof balls and opium derivatives. Evidently the smart set is not content with losing an occasional life or limb trying to prove a race car can travel at top speed on public highways. It needed no encouragement from PLAYBOY to believe it is even smarter to lose liberty and reputation by becoming involved in the disgraceful drug traffic. These people deserve to know that listening to the sweet refrain

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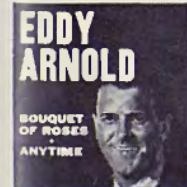
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of Dan Wakefield can cause them to change their gray flannel uniforms for those with broad black and white stripes. Wakefield's major premise is that people are being denied a lot of wonderful enjoyment because the law-making squares want to deny them the harmless fun of smoking marijuana. That's the same theme we had in the Twenties, except we were defending good old liquid cheer. Those of us who became alcoholics and threw away the best years of our lives at last came to the conclusion that we had waged a noble fight largely for the privilege of making damned fools of ourselves. The same fate awaits some of those who look to marijuana for kicks, regardless of the distorted statistics Wakefield offers. He also says pot is not habit-forming. Neither are cake and pork chops, but just try to keep a fat slob away from rich foods. Our new and superior gods, the psychologists, either do not know or fail to emphasize that addictions become potent according to our degree of dependency upon them rather than from any narcotic effects. The sad truth is that marijuana smokers can't quit and don't even see any reason for trying, so deeply do they become immersed in the dreamy world it induces. Equally misleading is the mountain of evidence Wakefield offers to show that the drug has no violent effects as claimed by its enemies. On an immediate basis this may be partly true. But what about the long-term effects? A friend whose father was a doctor in the Indian Service used to tell of watching aged Indians waste away because they became so high on peyote they wouldn't bother to eat. This is an accelerated version of what I have seen happen to acquaintances who got hooked on weed. Over the years alert, effective people gradually lose contact with the world about them as they sink deeper into the lethargic daydreams induced by marijuana.

Nat Agnew
Nogales, Arizona

Congratulations on Dan Wakefield's splendid article. It was clear, concise, and straight from the shoulder in discussing the dilemma which marijuana creates.

John Stoner, Registered Pharmacist
Toledo, Ohio

JONES ASCENDANT

In *The Thin Red Line*, James Jones has accomplished the nigh impossible: a comeback that surpasses the past. His *From Here to Eternity* was one of the two best war books of our time (the other being Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*). After his great first book, Jones was a keen disappointment to me. I came to think of him essentially as a



Buffs who dig fresh ideas flip for slim-as-a-licorice-stick Pipers, the slacks that fit so great, you'll go over big. No belt, no cuffs to bug you; wear 'em low on the hips and man, you're saying something! Zipper by Talon. In Muted Plaids, Gabardine, Corduroy, Flannels, etc., \$4.95 to \$12.95 at swingin' stores or write to H.I.S. 16 East 34th Street, New York City 16.

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moves in and takes over in matters of mind or muscle. Moves with agility in Cricketeer's Irish Country Cloth Sportcoat—back gusseted, belted and pleated for action. Cricketeer tailored, for young men with drive, on easier, natural lines. We suggest teaming it with color-coordinated India Whipcord Trousers—lean, regimental, tough! Rugged Irish Country Cloth action-back sportcoat, \$45.00. Other Cricketeer sportcoats from \$39.95 to \$60.00. At your favorite store or write:

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one-book man, who might go on writing, but who would never recapture his erstwhile excellence. I can say, in all honesty, that I started *The Thin Red Line* with misgivings, ended the first installment in a state of emotion-drained wonder and — if subsequent installments sustain the pace — I will believe that a comeback is possible after all. What I meant about bettering his best is this: the story you are printing is not as diffuse or complex as his first book: it is, instead, an incredibly gripping tour de force which keeps a level of tension and action previously attained only in brilliant flashes. A salvo of bravos to Jones.

Tim Demarest
New York, New York

FREUDY CATS

I fell in love with Virgil Partch's cartoons concerning Herr Freud's Cocktail Party in the August issue.

Helene Forman
Brooklyn, New York

Congratulations on your laughing matter for the month of August: Virgil Partch's *Dr. Freud's Cocktail Party* was absolutely magnificent.

Robert Coane Tefel
Miramar, Puerto Rico

PLAYBOY PODIUM

An exciting experience came our way recently when a fellow enthusiast in Perth secured a copy of your excellent magazine and sent it on for our inspection. Congratulations on its high standard. Naturally, we were most impressed with the quality of the photographic art. There is nothing in Australia, or England, to match it.

Leslie W. Grist
Edward A. Robertson
Woonallee Photographers
Albany, Western Australia


PLAYBOY has become one of the most attractive literary entrees of our era, providing a rich, basic substance for its delightful artistic embellishments. One thing that distresses me is the somewhat undistinguished type face. This is the sole flaw — but a major one — of your outstanding magazine.

Herbert M. Baus
Los Angeles, California

PLAYBOY has won a number of awards for its graphic art, Herb. Sorry it bugs you.

PSYCHE PHENOMENON

Only once before in the history of PLAYBOY have I been motivated to write of my satisfaction with the humorous writings you offer. That comment was prompted by the birth of Shel Silverstein's *Teevee Jeebies*. Now, Robert



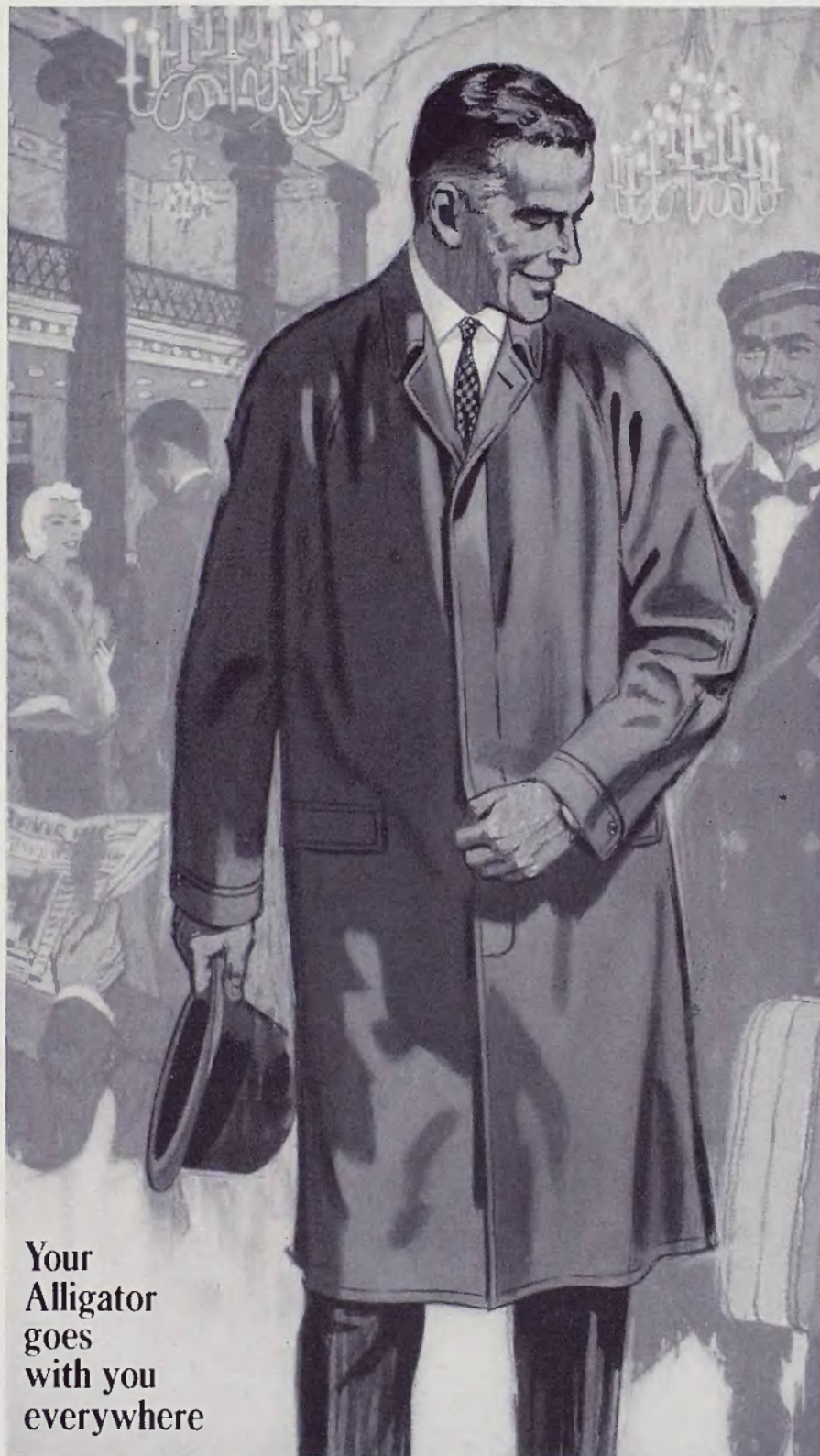
HE: I love you...you're so sweet
and innocent...I'd like
you to meet my mother.
Will you marry me?

SHE: What makes you think I'm
that kind of a girl?

WE: Far be it from us to hint that a pair of socks (even Esquire Socks' handsome Ban-Lon "Viking") can be the main reason for anyone's success. Nevertheless, the mark of a winner is his clothes. And the 100% nylon Ban-Lon "Viking" (at \$1.50) is the sock preferred by most winners. Looking to get married? Marry the "Viking" now! You'll both live happily ever after.

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 **Alligator**
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Cenedella, with his trenchant analysis of the non-drinking problem, has done it again. I'd be remiss if I didn't express my sincere appreciation for such fine satiric writing. *America's Number One Psyche Killer* was truly a classic, and all that was needed to raise me from the doldrums.

L. E. Kinsey
West Des Moines, Iowa

ADVISOR ADVISED

Most of us don't necessarily wish to be virtuous but there are advantages to monogamy and/or relative discrimination. What chance have we got when your *Advisor* column solves the double-bed problem, the how-to-corner-her-alone question and the ins and outs of life on a Pullman? Publishing this information is like shooting down the last Whooping Crane. May you fry in hell, sirs. But I'll continue to read *PLAYBOY*, although my shaky moral fiber collapses under the onslaught of your articles, stories—and girls. Still and all, gentlemen, you are doing the gentler sex a grave disservice.

Sharon Schraudenbach
Altona, Illinois

In the August issue, the *Playboy Advisor* said that a man should thread his belt counterclockwise. Now I know why my friends were giving me "queer" looks. You see, I alternate the threading of my belt to retain its shape.

Jim Laser
St. Louis, Missouri

The *Playboy Advisor* may have difficulty convincing a customer of ours that the bafflingly nonoperative wristwatch on certain people is a myth. I have personally tried three on his wrist, and he was unable to make the next corner before they stopped running. This is not an isolated case: in the eight years I have been in the business, I have met quite a few people whose wristwatches behaved erratically or wouldn't run altogether.

Earl F. Rodriguez
Rod's Jewelers
Slidell, Louisiana

WATERED STOCK

Your August cover is by far the most attractive and eye-catching you have had in some time. It outclasses the covers of any of the other leading national magazines in color, style and, of course, subject.

J. Rogers
Corte Madera, California

As a reader of *PLAYBOY* and a member of the Playboy Club, I have enjoyed your brand of generally luscious beauty, but I was most impressed after all these years by the girl on the cover of the August issue. She surely must be the



“Make Mine
Martin’s”

© McK & R, 1961

The only all extra quality Scotch
(it's on the label and in the bottle)



264. The Christmas Song, The First Noel, plus 10 others



6. Also: Moonlight Becomes You, More Than You Know, etc.



176. "Fierce impact and momentum" — N.Y. World-Telegram



349. Love Is a Many Splendored Thing, A Summer Place, etc.



363. Also: Remember Me, Huh; Go On; Who Am I; etc.



LEONARD BERNSTEIN on Columbia records



JULIE LONDON on Liberty records



RAY CONNIFF on Columbia records



JOHNNY MATHIS on Columbia records



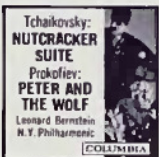
143. "Most lavish and beautiful musical, a triumph" — Kiigallen



261. Nark, the Herald Angels Sing; The Three Kings; 17 more



53. Blue Shadows in the Street, It's a Raggy Waltz, etc.



175. "Skillfully performed, beautifully recorded" — High Fid.



115. Also: Some Like It Hot, Magnificent Seven, Smile, etc.



270. America's top society band plays songs for Christmas



12. Also: Comanche, Johnny Reb, The Mansion You Stole, etc.



366. The most exciting and original jazz team-up in years



84. Namely You, Put On a Happy Face, A Lot of Livin', etc.



274. A hit album by the Chipmunks for all the family to enjoy



77. Alvin's Narmenica, Old MacDonald Cha Cha Cha, 10 more



187. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano" — N. Y. Times



269. Good King Wenceslas; Hark Now, O Shepherds; etc.



42. Also: Doggie in the Window, Mockin' Bird Hill, etc.



361. "A rousing performance...verve and vigor" — Billboard



180. Filled with "superlative playing" — High Fidel.



14. Smoke, Smoke That Cigarette; 16 Tons; 10 more



273. O Lord I am Not Worthy, Soul of My Saviour, 14 in all



354. Peggy O'Neill, Tiger Rag, My Wild Irish Rose, etc.



38. Be My Love, Unchained Melody, Volare, 12 in all



378. Also: A Guy is a Guy; Whatever Will Be, Will Be; etc.



EUGENE ORMANDY on Columbia records



DORIS DAY on Columbia records



THE PLATTERS on Mercury records



THE EVERLY BROTHERS on Warner Bros. records



ROGER WILLIAMS on Kapp records



193. "One of modern music's living monuments." — Time



23. Also: Honky-Tonk Girl, Time Changes Everything, etc.



379. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *



376. Also: Long Tall Sally, Sittin' in a Tree House, etc. *



199. Lighthearted singing, lusty and utterly delightful



360. Also: Smile, I Don't Know Why, I'll Be Seeing You, etc.



74. There Goes My Heart, Love Walked In, Call Me, 9 more



279. Songs for the Yuletide by a master of the organ



351. Vaya Con Dios, Jezebel, Guns of Navarone, 12 in all



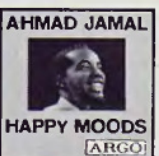
355. "Walloping ensembles and stirring solos" — High Fidel.



169. Also: Londonderry Air, Blessed Are They That Mourn, etc.



357. In the Port of Missing Dreams, Vaya Con Dios, 12 in all



96. I'll Never Stop Loving You, For All We Know, 8 more



362. Witchcraft, My Kind of Girl, Hurt, Moon River, 8 more



204. "Probably the finest dramatic soprano in U.S." — Time



375. Also: I'm Just Here to Get My Baby Out of Jail, etc.

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB presents
68 superb Christmas Records
 and
all-time favorites
 to brighten your holiday season
 ... to give as gifts ... or to add to your own collection



147. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life



178. "Ormandy is a real specialist at Strauss"—High Fidel.



262 Deck the Hall, Silent Night, Joy to the World, etc.



263. Santa Claus is Comin' to Town, The Christmas Song, etc.



377. Also: Do-Re-Mi, The Children's Marching Song, etc. *



MITCH MILLER on Columbia records



PATTI PAGE on Mercury records



JOSE JIMENEZ on Kapp records



FERRANTE and TEICHER on United Artists records



266. Also: The Harmonicats, Les Paul and Mary Ford, etc.



184. "Very highly recommended" — Amer. Record Guide



62. Chubby's best-selling album. (Not available in stereo)



48. Also: Near You, Autumn Leaves, Exodus, 'Til, etc.



353. Also: Lili Marlene, King of Kings, La Strada, etc.



145. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time



275. Old MacDonald Had a Farm, My Favorite Things, etc.



276. Also: Que Sera, Sera; Billy Boy; Dh Susanna; etc.



189. "A performance of manly eloquence" —New York Times



15. Also: Rawhide, Wanted Man, The 3:10 to Yuma, etc.



1. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.



232. Pullin' on the Ritz, 12 in all



219. "No better need be sought, a Walter speciality."—Atlantic



17. Cathy's Clown, A Change of Heart, Love Hurts, Lucille, etc.



266. Also: Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer; etc.

HERE'S A WONDERFUL SELECTION OF CHRISTMAS ALBUMS AND YEAR-ROUND FAVORITES . . . best-selling records to brighten this coming holiday season — and to be enjoyed for years to come! They'll make perfect gifts for anyone on your Christmas list . . . or exciting additions to your own record collection.

By joining the world's largest record club now, you may receive ANY SIX of the records shown on these two pages — up to a \$36.88 retail value — ALL SIX for only \$1.89. What's more, you'll also receive a handy record brush and cleaning cloth — absolutely FREE.

TO RECEIVE YOUR 6 RECORDS — IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS — FOR ONLY \$1.89 — simply fill in and mail the attached postage-paid airmail card today! Be sure to indicate whether you want your 6 records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate which Club Division best suits your musical taste: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Jazz.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are described in the Club's entertaining and informative music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division . . . or take any of the wide variety of other records offered in the Magazine, from all Divisions . . . or take NO record in any particular month.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase six selections from the more than 400 to be offered during the coming 12 months. Thereafter, you have no obligation to buy any additional records . . . and you may discontinue your membership at any time.

FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY. If you wish to continue as a member after purchasing six records, you will receive — FREE — a bonus record of your choice for every two additional selections you buy — a 50% dividend!

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the list price of \$3.98 (Classical \$4.98; occasional Original Cast recordings somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are \$1.00 more.

SEND NO MONEY — mail the postage-paid card today to receive your 6 records — plus a free record brush and cloth — for only \$1.89.

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player.

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AS A NEW MEMBER YOU ARE INVITED TO TAKE

ANY 6

of these \$3.98 to \$6.98 records in your choice of

REGULAR HIGH-FIDELITY

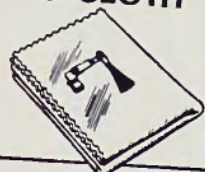
or STEREO

\$1.89 FOR ONLY RETAIL VALUE UP TO \$36.88

if you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 6 selections from the more than 400 to be made available during the coming 12 months

FREE if you join now RECORD BRUSH and CLEANING CLOTH

Insure true-fidelity sound reproduction. The specially treated cloth picks up surface dust; the brush keeps grit out of grooves.



278. Here Comes Santa Claus, Toyland, O Holy Night, etc.



30. Includes: Riders in the Sky, I Am a Roving Gambler, etc.



380. And This Is My Beloved, Stranger in Paradise, etc. *



171-172. Two-Record Set (Counts as Two Selections.) "Intensely expressive . . . imbued with controlled fervor"—High Fidel.



359. Aloha Oe, Blue Hawaii, Moonlight On Diamond Head; etc.



4 fl. oz. 5.00 - 16 fl. oz. 13.50

CHANEL

optimum example of sheer beauty. Although I have not seen this girl out of the water, I would vote for her as an all-time great and suggest that you give her more coverage in a future issue.

Dick Lee
Jackson, Mississippi

I am aghast to find that I cannot locate a rabbit on your August cover. Please enlighten me.

George S. Caplan
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

The cover of your August issue threw me for a moment. After a number of tries, I finally realized the rabbit was in the reflection in the water. I know now not to wonder if the traditional rabbit will be there or not; it will.

George R. Milne
Louisville, Kentucky

ILL WIND

The first paragraph of August's *International Datebook* says "October . . . the monsoon season has not yet begun . . ." I have lived in the Orient many years, and in October the monsoon is just about over and therefore much closer to "over" than "not yet begun." Secondly, the word "monsoon" means (in Hindi) "season," so please don't say — in effect — "season season."

Captain A. C. Loraine
Kew, Surrey, England

Quite right, old chap. Dreadfully sorry.

OUR CUP OF MEAD

I greatly enjoyed Shepherd Mead's *How to Succeed with Women Without Really Trying*. He provides a rare insight into the female mind, one of the two things I think hardly anyone understands; the other is South American politics. That article alone was worth twice the price of the magazine.

John Gustafson
East Orange, New Jersey

STAR LIGHT

My curiosity has finally got the best of me. Why the little star in the "P" of the word PLAYBOY on the cover of your magazine? PLAYBOY strikes me as a four-star production.

Harvey Schmidt
Chicago, Illinois

It's not modesty on our part, Harvey. The single star identifies PLAYBOY's Midwestern Edition. There are two stars on the Eastern Edition and three stars on the Western. While the editorial material is the same in all three editions, it permits us to offer advertisers regional editions for their special sales pitches.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



A spy of ours chanced upon a poignant tableau not long ago at the bar of Manhattan's Yale Club and has given us a full account of the experience. As he recalls it, a group of old-line copywriters were propped against the mahogany, commiserating darkly with one another about those nonsensical, nonsingable TV commercials for which Mad Ave jingle-smiths are now being held accountable by the rest of the nation (Sample: "Double your pleas-ZHURE, double your FUHNN, with DOUBLE-good, DOUBLE-good, DOUBLEmint GHUMM!"). Suddenly, our man recounts, one of this tatterdemalion crew, overcome with nostalgia, burst into the lyrics of that haunting old roundelay:

*"Kerplunk goes the tablet
That gives the fizz;
For that feel-better feeling
That Alka-Seltzer gives."*

A moment of brooding silence ensued. Then Cranston, of Bowling and Botsford, remarked melancholically, "They just aren't writing them the way they used to when I was a kid working for my letter at BBD&O. Remember this one?" He began to warble a few lines from that old standard:

*"I'm Chiquita Banana and I've
come to say,
Bananas have to ripen in a certain
way;
When they are flecked with brown
and have a golden hue,
Bananas taste the best and are the
best for you."*

*You can put them in a salad,
You can put them in a pie — Aye!
Any way you want to eat them,
It's impossible to beat them."*

At this point, Balsingham of Kingsdale, Kelly and Clark was unable to contain himself further and he broke in to harmonize with Cranston in the unforgettable chorus:

*"But bananas like the climate
Of the very, very tropical Equator;
So you should never put bananas
In the refrigerator.
No, No, No, No."*

"That, gentlemen, was songwriting," sighed Cranston reflectively. "But these new jingles — they're travesties. Take this deathless melody:

*"Coca-Cola gives you
That refreshing new feeling,
Refreshing new feeling,
Refreshing new feeling,
Zing, get the King Size —
King Size Coke."*

"Do you call that a rhyme?" cried Balsingham, interrupting his old friend at high C. "All the old values, all the old songs — where have they gone?" At this juncture, O'Shaughnessy the bartender spoke up, arresting the roisterers with that boiled look bartenders employ on such occasions. "Here," he said, "is another one:

*"Get that Real Gusto only Schlitz
has got
From the creamy white collar to the
very last drop.
So let's get together with a glass
of Schlitz,
A friendly glass of Schlitz.
Real Gusto in a Great! Light! Beer!"*

All present agreed that the last line didn't scan at all, and a spirited discussion began with Cranston and Balsingham inundating all within earshot with a loud and lachrymose lament — pro-

fusely illustrated — over the untimely death of commercial balladry. At about four A.M. O'Shaughnessy, emotionally drained, finally threw in the bar towel and ejected the mourners onto Vanderbilt Avenue. Eyes misty, our spy stood for a moment in the doorway as Cranston and Balsingham, gunnels awash and listing to starboard, tacked unsteadily up the avenue, arms around each other's shoulders, whiskily wheezing that grand old ballad from a bygone age:

*"Barbasol, Barbasol,
No brush, no lather, no rub-in,
Just wet your razor, then begin . . ."*

Stock market investors might take note of an ominous headline from the Willimantic, Connecticut, *Daily Chronicle*: **TEXTRON INC. MAKES OFFER TO SCREW CO. STOCKHOLDERS.**

Plaintive note from the San Jose, California, *Spartan* "Personals" column: "Will panty raiders please return bottoms to my shorty nightie stolen from 4th Street last Sat. night. CY 5-4368."

While researching this month's *On the Town in New York*, our cosmopolitan compendium of the hows, wheres and whens of high living in Gotham, we unearthed a smattering of diverse Manhattan data not applicable to the piece itself, which you may wish to add to your collection of largely useless lore: Man-eating piranhas are stocked by the Tropical Fish Shop, 31 Warren Street. Do-it-yourself harpsichord kits are available at Zuckermann Harpsichords, 115 Christopher Street. Chinese junks imported from Hong Kong are obtainable through Woodbridge Importing Co., Hempstead, Long Island. You may purchase false eyelashes for your dog at



A mass rebellion against conformity?

We're talking about the growing trend to bourbon—especially OLD CROW. Is it a mass movement against conformity? We think so. The whole point of choosing fine bourbon is because of its individuality, its *taste*—not blandness.

Taste or choice—in whiskey, as in food, clothing, automobiles, you-name-it—is a way of saying “*this is the kind of person I am.*” Today, we are happy to say, the bland no longer lead the bland. The desire for definiteness, for individuality, is taking place everywhere.



The popularity of OLD CROW Kentucky bourbon is part of this mass rebellion against nothingness. This bourbon is as unique as fine French wine.

OLD CROW has a quality of honest smoothness and character. It has it so much that today *more people buy OLD CROW than any other bourbon.* But OLD CROW has always been favored. Andrew Jackson favored it. Daniel Webster enthusiastically called it “the finest in the world.”

Try it tonight. Add only a little pure water—or “*branch*” to your glass. Or try OLD CROW in your favorite drink. Join the mass rebellion against conformity.



Light-Mild 86-Proof

**OLD
CROW**

Kentucky Bourbon



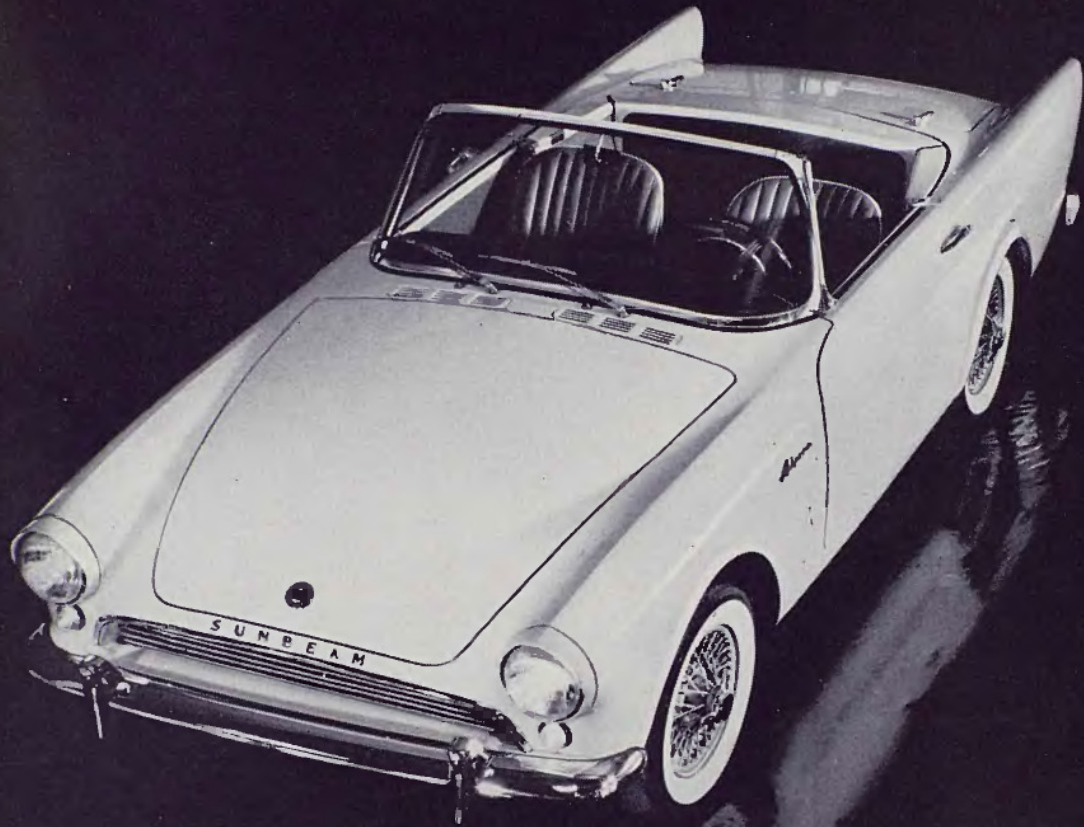
Abraham & Straus on Fulton Street in Brooklyn. You can buy your choice of human skulls—not, unfortunately, in decorator colors—at Juergens, 1100 Third Avenue. Psychiatry for neurotic cats is dispensed at Fabulous Felines, 141 Lexington Avenue. Southpaws may obtain lefthanded checkbooks at the Trade Bank & Trust Co., 8 West 48th Street. Frozen eel stew for that offbeat TV dinner is for sale at A la Duchesse Anne, 806 Madison Avenue. “Authentic” love potions may be had at Kiehl’s Pharmacy, 109 Third Avenue. And—for the urban male in a hurry—mattresses may be rented at Hertz Rent-All, 444 Madison Avenue.

Keeping Up with the Joneses, Department Full of Wry: a classified ad in *The Californian* advises readers to “Protect Your Social Status—Dummy vents and trapdoor in lawn look like real fallout shelter.”

Among the opulent accessories offered with a \$12,500 used racing-cruising yawl advertised for sale in the Santa Barbara, California, *News-Press*: “. . . galley, four bunks, auxiliary engine, radiotelephone, fathometer, radio direction finder, General Telephone Company phone, television set, liquor locker, ice-cube maker, foghorn, whistle and siren, flare pistol, two ukuleles—and a three-year subscription to PLAYBOY.”

FILMS

Requiem for a Heavyweight deals last rites to the jaw of a lightweight script. Ever since Rod Serling’s play was televised, we’ve been hearing that it was TV at its best. This may be true. Now flabbily fleshed-out into a film, the script shows a skeleton of sententious sentimentality. A punched-up pug is told by the docs to quit boxing and immediately gets desperate for a job. A female state employment agent becomes personally involved with him after one brief meeting, and tries to place him as a camp counselor. Instead, he finishes up as a phony wrestler to save the hide of his manager who is in hock to gamblers. The ultrarealistic camera work, which is meant to touch the tale with truth, only X-rays the film’s falsity, and Ralph Nelson’s direction is strictly 21-inch in scope. Anthony Quinn, as an incarnation of Carnera, is too good for this goo. Quinn makes the fighter a taciturn tower of mauled man, slow but sincere, with simple honor in a world that is simply dishonorable. Jackie Gleason, the mouthy manager, does his best screen job yet—more crafty than in *The Hustler*, less cute than in *Gigot*. Mickey Rooney, the trainer, pulls out all the sappy stops; and Julie Harris, the



Prettiest thing that ever kept a man waiting

The lithe and lovely Sunbeam Alpine may look too chic to be champ. But champ it is. National Sports Car winner in its class, race after race.

And with its roll-up windows, weather-tight top, foam-cushioned seats, wide-swinging doors, extra leg room, it may feel too comfort-

able to be a racing star. But it even won the Efficiency Cup in the Grand Prix at Le Mans, France. (Averaging an incredible 91 mph for 24 hours!)

There is one slow thing about Alpines. They're produced slowly. And word's got around that, at \$2595* the Alpine is the hottest

sports car ever. Which is why you may be kept waiting for just a little while. Everwait for anything prettier?

Going abroad? Ask your Rootes dealer about our overseas delivery plan.

*East P.O.E. Slightly more in West. State & local taxes, delivery charge, if any, hard top, wire wheels, white walls optional, extra.

SUNBEAM ALPINE A DESIGN OF DISTINCTION BY **ROOTES**

90 PROOF



I make magic with martinis

Want a martini that's out of this world? Try
a Calvert martini. I'm not just "extra dry"...

I'm 100% dry.

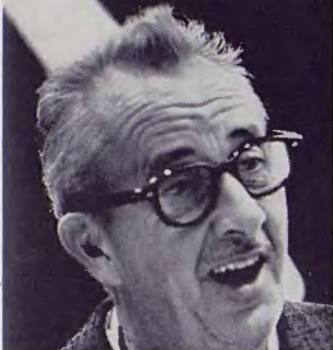
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employment agency angel, does nothing for the part and vice versa. The producer was David Susskind, TV's tribute to intellect, which may explain a good deal, not only about television but about this pretentious pile of platitudinous playwriting.

This is Win-with-Quinn Month. Big Tony writhes again in a big opus called *Barabbas* — Technicolor, Technirama, and techs-a-long-time. It's the story of what happened to the criminal who was chosen for freedom by the Jerusalem mob instead of Jesus ("Not this man but Barabbas"): how after years of sin, suffering and slaying he ended up — happily — on the cross he had previously escaped. By now, the spectacular is a standard product: Build it around the Crucifixion (*Ben-Hur*, *King of Kings*, *Quo Vadis*), include gore and gladiators, a lot of ho-ho-ho mad revelry and, if possible, a ferocious fire. As usual, the production is prodigious, and Richard Fleischer has given a good deal of the film a good directorial deal. The sulphur-mine sequence is stark, and the Colosseum contests show where we got the word "colossal." But — again as usual — the script is stiffly stitched to string one epic episode after another; while the backgrounds are believable, what's said and done in front of them is phony. Quinn does his best with the bruiser Barabbas, but the part is a pastiche of poses. Harry Andrews, an extremely able actor, makes a sturdy St. Peter, and Jack Palance grins gruesomely as the top gladiator who hits bottom. Vittorio Gassman and Silvana Mangano play early Christians; Gassman is good enough, but Miss Mangano is — obviously — the producer's wife. Producer Dino De Laurentiis got Christopher Fry to adapt Pär Lagerkvist's novel. Results n.g., but you can't hang a guy for Frying.


Akira Kurosawa, director of such Japanese gems as *Rashomon* and *Ikiru*, has masterminded another minor miracle in *Yojimbo*. Like Mr. K.'s *Magnificent Seven*, this is an Eastern Western. A foot-loose, sword-swinging samurai (Toshiro Mifune), looking for a job as a *yojimbo* (bodyguard), comes to a feud-torn town. Although he plays one side against the other for profit, the profit is not without honor, as he turns out to be the only principal with principles — in short, a short Shane. Kurosawa directs with such power and style that this commonplace story takes on uncommon richness. He fills the wide-screen film with silk-screen beauty, yet never lingers languidly on pretty pictures; the pace is terrific. Mifune, a veteran of many of K.'s films, is certainly one of the best screen actors alive. But all of the cast rate Oriental Oscars. With their cooperation, the

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combination of Kurosawa and Mifune makes *Yojimbo* a banzai bonanza.

Herman Melville's last work, *Billy Budd*, has to do with the 18th Century British Navy, and Peter Ustinov's film of it is all at sea. The moving Melville morality tale is dramatized with distinction by Robert Chapman and Louis O. Coxé, but the screenplay by Peter U-know-who is skimpy where it should be simple, laborious where it should be lucid. Melville made a troubled man-of-war an arena for a troubled man at war with his soul; but the film reduces his concept to just one more mutiny for lack of bounty, with an occasional tot of rather rummy philosophy thrown in. Claggart, the master-at-arms who has written off good as unreachable and is making the most of evil, is played by Robert Ryan. He is a man with menace, but he needs a director. Newcomer Terence Stamp is the budding Billy and shows some freshness of feeling, but he also needs a director. Melvyn Douglas, returning to the screen after 11 years as *The Dansker*, takes 11 more years to deliver his dialog. He, too, needs a director. Captain Vere, in whose conscience the climax takes place, is played by Ustinov himself. His potbelly and pudgy face are less old sea dog than sea lion, and he doesn't capture Vere's verve and verity. He is miscast and mishandled by the director—one P. Ustinov. On his porky shoulders rests responsibility not only for the pallid performances but for the clumsy camera work that muffs whatever drama he allowed to creep into the script.

A Frenchman, asked who is France's greatest poet, would reply: "Victor Hugo, alas." Who is America's greatest dramatist? Eugene O'Neill, equally alas. *Long Day's Journey into Night* packs his steamroller impact, and depicts his grapplings with the darkest truths of life; it is also rock-heavy and repetitious, and it ruptures itself straining for poetry. The film, although slightly condensed from the play, actually seems somewhat expanded; it is simply the drama photographed, unadapted to the screen and probably unadaptable. It has the eye-and-earmarks of a "major" TV show: all-star cast, some of whom are appropriate, frantic whipping-around of the camera (keep it visual, boys); and the implied demand that it be forgiven any cramps and cracks because, after all, they are bringing us a Great Play. Sidney Lumet, TV's gift to artiness, feverishly tries to flex the inflexible but merely draws attention to his efforts. The four principals in the cast, all of whom won awards at the Cannes Film Festival, are: Jason Robards, Jr., repeating his stage role, rolls away with the honors as the older son; he rips his way through drunken disgust like a baleful buzz saw.



Playboy Club News



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Ralph Richardson, Pa, captures much of the truth and fake-truth of the majestic, miserly old ham. Katharine Hepburn, Ma, works intensely and intelligently, but she is more Main Line than Midwest. Dean Stockwell, the younger brother, is dead earnest and earnestly dead. After this long day's journey — two hours and 54 minutes — one can only give thanks that night must fall.

RECORDINGS

Unpretentious jazz at its best is to be found blanketing both sides of *The Gerry Mulligan Quartet* (Verve). Gerry, in concert with his perfectly matched musical partner, bone vivant Bob Brookmeyer, and aided by bassist Bill Crow and drummer Gus Johnson, wanders effortlessly through a half-dozen oldies and originals. Mulligan puts aside his baritone for one of his occasional piano efforts on *Piano Train*, but the high points are to be found in the exemplary exchanges between his deep-throated horn and Brookmeyer's tongue-in-cheek tramping.

The magic that Ann-Margret conveyed at the TV'd Academy Award presentations has vanished in a puff of smoke on her latest LP, *The Vivacious One* (Victor). That not-so-secret ingredient — sex appeal — that put her across on Oscar Eve, was evidently all visual. Miss Ann-Margret, on vinyl, comes off like an untrained teenager who's picked up her style from a batch of old Presley records.

The many attractions of *Sinatra and Swingin' Brass* (Reprise) generally outweigh its distractions. Frankophiles will appreciate the Old Master's relaxed attack through most of a set arranged and conducted by artful chartmaker Neal Hefti. Particularly pleasing is Frank's casually consummate handling of *Pick Yourself Up* and *Don'cha Go 'Way Mad*, a pair of instrumentals-turned-vocals that sound freshly minted. Equally delightful is Hefti's Jimmy Lunceford-styled backing on *They Can't Take That Away from Me*. Less successful are Frank's forays into the slower ballads, *Serenade in Blue* and *I Love You*. On these, Sinatra shows signs of strain; otherwise, the Thin One's still a winner.

For a thick slice of good, old-fashioned swing in modern dress, pick up on *Jazz Mission to Moscow* (Colpix). The boys who formed the nucleus of the Benny Goodman entourage that toured Russia are here led into battle by Al Cohn, whose arrangements are the driving sort of charts BG should have had in his book but didn't. *Mission to Moscow*, *The Sochi*



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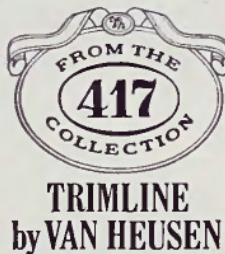
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(Volga) Boatman, *Midnight in Moscow*, and the like, are showcases for exciting ensemble work and the individual attentions of Zoot Sims, Phil Woods, Willie Dennis, and a supplemental force that didn't make the trip; more's the pity.

Listening to *More Cole Español* (Capitol), one can only wonder why? The LP points up all the deficiencies that have plagued Nat King Cole in recent years—a proclivity toward the saccharine, a painfully labored enunciation (particularly in the case of these Spanish lyrics) that is completely mechanical, and an unerring choice of poor material. It's one thing to be a Good Neighbor and another to put out a good LP. Please get back in your own backyard, Nat.

Lonely Woman—The Modern Jazz Quartet (Atlantic) epitomizes everything that is right about John Lewis' group and pinpoints what some feel to be wrong with it. Lewis, Jackson, Heath and Kay play as one—their rapport, after so many years, is faultless. The compositions (Lewis', in the main) are beautifully conceived, deftly built pieces, and Lewis and Jackson are impeccable in their performances. The MJQ's detractors argue that it is totally lacking in the spontaneity that is the kernel of jazz. This may be so, but its elegantly soft sound is still an aural joy. Not nearly so joyful is John Lewis' original soundtrack music for *A Milanese Story* (Atlantic). With Lewis, Bobby Jaspar's tenor and flute, and a rhythm section, is a string quartet; the results are neither jazz, classical, nor for that matter, Third Stream. Taken out of context as it must be, the soundtrack has a thin feel to it that is, for the most part, without merit.

For the most relaxed sound in town, tune in on *Steve Lawrence—Come Waltz With Me* (Columbia). The three-quarter theme threaded magically through the LP by that vocal Merlin, Mr. Lawrence, covers a number of chestnuts—*Remember, It's a Sin to Tell a Lie, Let Me Call You Sweetheart, Fascination, I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now*—that in less expert hands would be coated with a thick layer of schmaltz. Here they are still frankly sentimental, but freshly styled.

Where are the snows of yesteryear? Right here on *Count Basie and the Kansas City 7* (Impulse!), a freewheeling reprise of the Count's pre-World War II recording combo that showcased Lester Young, Buck Clayton and Dickie Wells. Here their mantels are deftly taken up by three superb reed men, Eric Dixon, and Frank Wess alternating with Frank



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Foster, and the superlative trumpet of Thad Jones. The sounds are refulgent and relaxed, especially in the familiar precincts of old Basie favorites, *Lady Be Good* and *I Want a Little Girl*.

The twin-LP wrapup of *The Roy Charles Story* (Atlantic) gives Charles fanciers a chance to have all their Grade A eggs in one basket. This is the pick of a bumper crop of The Genius circa 1952-1959. *Hallelujah, I Love Her So, Just For a Thrill, I've Got a Woman*—you name it; it's here.

The frenetically paced *Rhythm is My Business* (Verve) does not, we're afraid, present the incomparable Ella Fitzgerald in the best possible light. Backed by Bill Doggett's brassbound band, Miss Fitz has no time for the balladic niceties of life. An occasional up-tempo item is a refreshing change, but an LP loaded to the gunwales with galvanic goings-on is too much, too soon.


After hearing John Coltrane's soulfully soaring soprano sax on the *Blues to Bechet* track of *Coltrane Plays the Blues* (Atlantic), we can't help wondering if Trane has been wasting his time on tenor. As interesting as his work is on that ax, his accomplishments on the soprano, considering his short association with it, are phenomenal; a second helping served up on *Mr. Syms* offers further proof of his proficiency.

Vic Damone's course continues onward and upward with *The Lively Ones* (Capitol), a dozen vocal roses to musicdom's most attractive heroines. Among those honored by Mr. D.—*Charmaine, Diane and Marie*, a trio of lyrical lasses who show no signs of age.

Time for 2 (Verve) presents the propitious pairing of Anita O'Day's velvet-lined vocals with Cal Tjader's vibrant vibes. With Cal's rhythm section behind them, the two are as *simpatico* as Daphnis and Chloë. Anita, still very much an avant-garde warbler after all these years, can even inject the jazz idiom into something as inane as the old Hit Parade horror, *Mr. Sandman*. More noteworthy material is on hand in *An Occasional Man, The Party's Over* and *Just in Time*. Tjader's solos and support are *prima facie* evidence of his talent.

A trio of trumpet men, each with a tone that would tame a tiger, but with varying jazz skills at his disposal, have waxed their wares this month. *Carmell Jones—Business Meetin'* (Pacific Jazz) is perhaps the most exciting of the three. The Jones sound is bell-like, his technique incredibly agile. Aided by Ger-

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ald Wilson's imaginative arrangements for both quintet and a group augmented by four additional saxes, Carmell is off and winging; only on a very straight, almost square *Stella by Starlight* do all concerned falter. **A Sure Thing:** *Blue Mitchell* (Riverside) has Blue's bigger-than-life horn floating spectacularly atop a batch of Jimmy Heath orchestrations. Evergreens such as *I Can't Get Started With You*, the title tune, *Gone With the Wind*, along with several late-blooming jazz items have hardly ever had it so good. **Trumpet Exodus** (Verve), featuring Don Goldie backed by an orchestra blowing the charts of Oliver Henderson and Al Cohn, is something else again. Goldie probably has the purest tone of all but his jazz (for want of a better word) thinking is a throwback to the days of Ziggy Elman. Goldie's *schtick* seems to be made up of one part hora, one part rumba and one part that is a mixture of Al Hirt and Lester Lanin. Goldie's golden tone is a tail trying to wag a dog that is long since dead.

Mel Tormé at the Red Hill (Atlantic), recorded live at that New Jersey caravanary, is about as exciting a set as has poured out of the Velvet Fog in years. The pace is manic in the main, with occasional breath-catching pauses for the likes of *In Other Words*, *Nevertheless* and *When the World Was Young*. But those are simply the pauses that refresh Tormé for battering-ram assaults on *Shakin' the Blues Away* (a bright little Irving Berlin ballad written for the *Ziegfeld Follies of 1927*), *It's Delovely*, *Mountain Greenery*, and a supersonic dash through *Love For Sale*. Mel's swell.

BOOKS

Twenty-three years after its first publication in Paris, Henry Miller's *Tropic of Capricorn* (Grove, \$7.50) comes home to roost. Last year Grove gave first American publication to its autobiographical mate, *Tropic of Cancer*, which tells how Miller, nearing 40, moved to Paris and welcomed his new life with, among other things, open arms. *Capricorn*, written later, recounts his earlier life in Brooklyn: his boyhood, upbringing, wife and child (mentioned often but never really drawn), his surrealistic career as personnel manager for the Cosmodemonic Telegraph Co. Mostly the book deals with his furious inner life—stoked by hatred of his existence and a fever to escape and write—and the refuge he sought in sensational sex. In four-letter language and four-color detail as frank as *Cancer*, Miller shows us how a spree



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grows in Brooklyn. Much of the book gushes on like a cross-pollination of Wolfe, Whitman and Baudelaire. Few of the sweeping condemnations of civilization sweep much with them, and all the hoopla about *la vie bohème* is pretty *vieux chapeau*. Still the book must be read with some care, for among the post-adolescent dithyrambs there are some staggering paragraphs, brilliantly alive gems in a junkyard of faded literary attitudes. Occasionally, a sex passage is done with such fire that it becomes a rhapsody in very blue. It is not necessary to think that the author is as great as he's been called. But foolish as large parts of the *Tropics* are, Miller was no fool to think his life misspent until he became a writer.

Two of our favorite noncalumnious columnists, Irv Kupcinet and Art Buchwald, make the pleasant journey from newsprint to hard covers this season. Kup has been a leading Chicago newspaper columnist for almost two decades. Writing with an air of positive thinking, he has filled countless editions of the *Chicago Sun-Times* with romantic tributes to his home town and fellow townies. He continues the love affair in *Kup's Chicago* (World, \$4.95), a volume dedicated to the proposition that this Midwestern metropolis is "the most misunderstood, most underrated city in the world." To present the case for his City of Big Shoulders, Kup tells how he, a boy from a family of modest means, became a football star, a sportswriter, a syndicated columnist and a TV personality (on his own *At Random* discussion show). He scatters Chamber of Commerce paeans to the glories of Chicago, drops names with unabashed pleasure, tosses in a slew of anecdotes about celebrities—local, national and international—and caps it all with a chapter's worth of gags from his collected columns. As graphic support, there are 32 pages of photos. New Yorkers, Angelenos and other persons only mildly interested in asserting Chicago's worth may not find Kup's favorite subject consistently engrossing. But for loyal Chicagoans, and outlanders who have been enchanted by the much-maligned giant on Lake Michigan's Southern end, this show of affection will be very much their Kup of tea. Is It Safe to Travel in Europe? Is It Safe to Be in Show Business? Is It Safe to Be in Politics? Is It Safe to Be an American? These are some of the questions raised and blithely ignored in Art Buchwald's latest collection, *Is It Safe to Drink the Water?* (World, \$3.95). Our question is: Is It Safe to Make a Book out of Yesterday's Columns? Daily columns, like people met at a cocktail party—such charming, delightfully droll com-



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panions—tend to become rather pale once they are invited to stay for the weekend. Still, when the *New York Herald Tribune's* wayward man about Paris and Washington is funny, he is very, very funny. Many of his comments on the odder corners of life deserve the dignity of a sewn binding; as for the others, the less notice taken the more enjoyment for the reader. Granted, it may not be all art—but it's all Art.

In *Stern* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.95), the gifted Bruce Jay Friedman, who in the past has enlivened these pages with such spirited adventures into the macabre as *The Killer in the TV Set* (August 1961) and *The Investor* (February 1962), has created a character of disturbing dimensions who is lost in a world too bleak, too cruel and too confusing for him to cope with. But despite his hero's limitations, Mr. Friedman himself is fully at home in this community, and the result is a novel of power, humor, warmth and compassion. *Stern's* Joblike protagonist, caught in a web of anti-Semitic persecution, harries himself into both an ulcer and a nervous breakdown before he finally comes to grips with the realities around him. His troubles begin when he and his wife buy a house in suburbia. In the process of attempting to find a companion for their son—a lonely lad who sits each day in the grass sucking at a "security" blanket—*Stern's* wife is insulted and pushed about by a muscular anti-Semitic neighbor. Trapped by rage, shame, hatred of this neighbor, and his own physical fear of the man, *Stern* forces himself into a masochistic campaign of self-destruction that occupies him throughout the remainder of Friedman's novel. Finally, after a Kafka-like voyage through a grotesque country rest home, he comes to grips with his own inferiority feelings and thus exorcises them. At its core, *Stern* is eloquent testimony to man's capacity for endurance. And at its best this compassionate story is full of the same clear sunshine Nietzsche said he found in the music of Bizet.

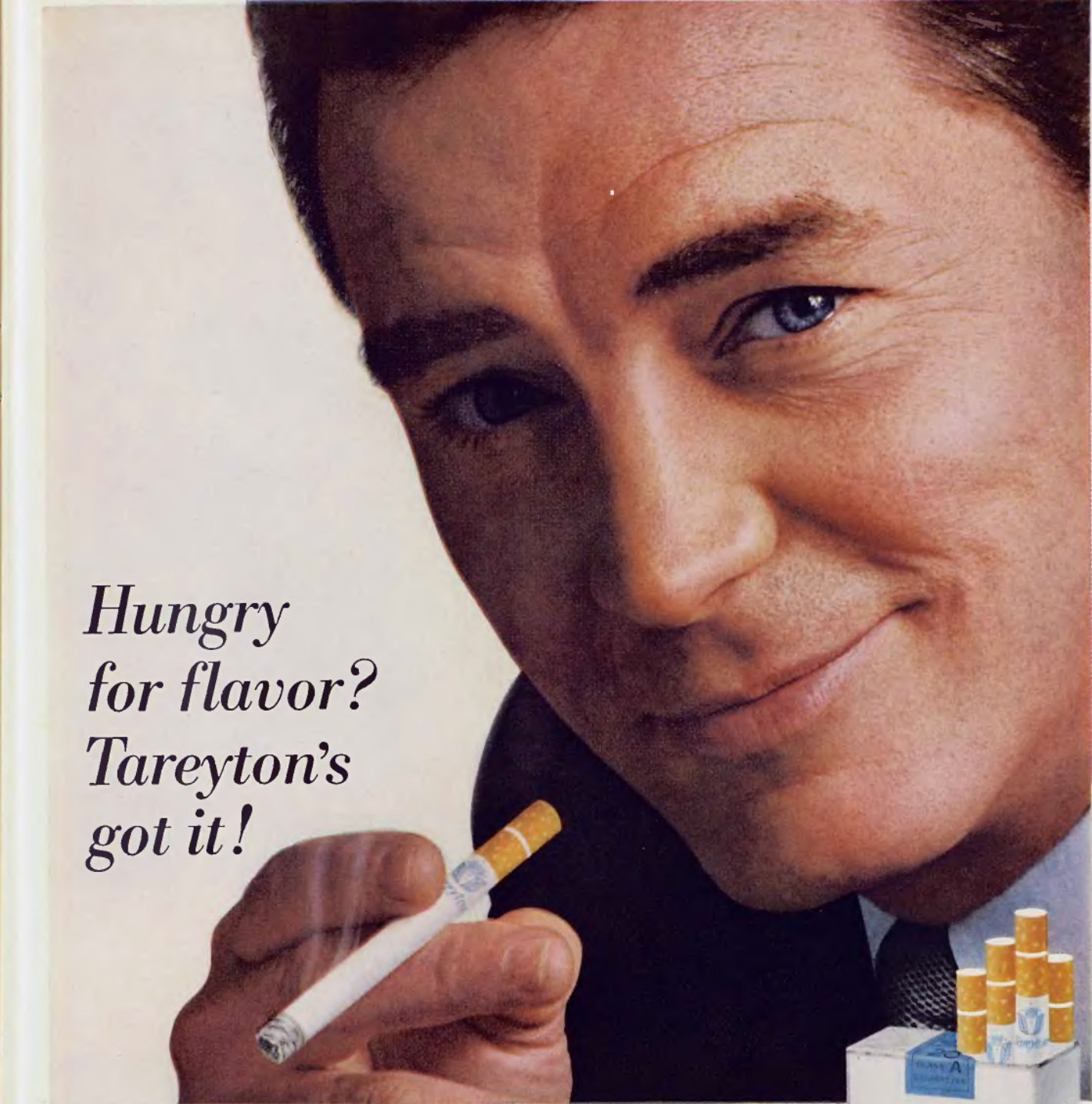
At one point in Stephen Longstreet's professionally put-together new novel, *The Flesh Peddlers* (Simon and Schuster, \$4.95), the narrator refers to "one of those Sears Roebuck novels by John O'Hara"—a dangerous remark, since what he is narrating is sheer Montgomery Ward, though dressed up in Saks Fifth Avenue packaging. Like a Ward catalog, this book about a giant talent agency and TV production outfit known as Company of Kings, or COK, has what the blurb writers call a hypnotic fascination—but it is the fascination of fact rather than of fiction. Indeed, Longstreet prob-

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ably would have been more successful at writing a straight account of the Life and Times of the Music Corporation of America. Taken as fact or fiction, the book presents an unpleasant tale. COK is growing and spreading, by contract, persuasion, hard-headedness and flattery. It supplies its people with Ferraris and Bentleys (Cadillacs are out), with hotel suites, beach houses, investment counsel, concubines, headshrinkers, drying-out vacations, lawyers for tax cases and paternity suits, and with the correct plot for their interment at Forest Lawn, for just as long as the client or employee contributes to the power and wealth of COK. Although, in this up-to-the-minute text, the Department of Justice antitrust men force COK to divest itself of part of its empire, clearly it will go on, erring, corrupting, and — through the misdirection of vast human energy and ambition — creating junk. While Longstreet writes pungently about the Hollywood—Las Vegas jungle, it would take a genius to give us a fresh answer to the "Why?" of it all. Longstreet is no genius: he is a professional, and his book titillates as it condemns. Instead of being a survey of a contemporary Gomorrah, it comes off as a juicy property that COK could sell to a producer client, and find within its empire all the directors, actors, writers and publicists needed to put it over.

Harold Robbins' *Where Love Has Gone* (Simon and Schuster, \$4.95) is volume two of a projected trilogy that led off with *The Carpetbaggers*, whose dramatis personae were thinly veiled, thickly voluptuary Hollywoodenizens. Their conjugal convolutions and the same you-know-who-this-really-is theme feathers the current Robbins nest of vipers, and makes for the kind of nonliterary but can't-put-it-down reading that assures best seller-dom. Nora is a beautiful heiress who does everything well. She is a superb sculptress, an accomplished shrew and a skillful, albeit tired, nymphomaniac. She is also, as it turns out, a competent murderess. Having done in her lover with a well-honed chisel, Nora manages to pin the rap on her teen-age daughter, Danielle. The girl accepts the blame (and the accompanying sentence) to prove her filial affection — which has been somewhat suspect ever since Danielle was discovered sleeping with her mother's late lover. This down-to-earth tale of ordinary people is told by Luke Carey, who had the bad luck to be Nora's first husband and, just possibly, the father of Danielle — Nora's strenuous social life at the time having left the issue in doubt. Luke is a simple man, no match for Nora's wiles, and still less for the challenge of setting them down in properly syntactical English.



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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

SENSIBLY HEDONISTIC guys should now be making one farsighted resolution to be carried out in full: the careful charting of a January jaunt to a fresh and re-vivifying clime. If you're a slalom bug, pack up for the Austrian Tyrol where far-advanced preparations for the 1964 Winter Olympics have fashioned a glistening new ski area just southwest of Innsbruck. Located in a snow bowl dubbed the "White Roof in Innsbruck" by lyrical locals, the Axamer-Lizum terrain now boasts one of the Continent's most extensive trail-and-lift networks; proximate snow-business facilities include the Berg Isel Jump and an enormous ice-skating stadium in Innsbruck, cross-country skiing in the Seefeld area (where pro Toni Seelos will help you organize skijoring and cross-country *Spaziergangen*) and, at Igls, the steepest and swiftest bobsled run for your money in Europe. While Seefeld is the poshest of the area's resorts, we prefer a pad at an Innsbruck inn: the entire ski scene is readily accessible, and the night life — i.e., the Goldener Adler's zither dither, and the thigh-slapping *Schuplattler* dancing and back-in-the-old-choral harmonic groups at the venerably lush Maria Theresia Hotel — will add life to your party. You should stay at the modern Tyrol or the Mariabrunn, a hilltopping hostel overlooking the city.

While treading the boards in Austria, don't pass up visits to Mozart's home town of Salzburg, where Wolfgang's melodies linger on at a music festival in late January, and to waltzschmerzy Vienna for coffee and pastry at cafés, romance at fiddle-fitted Monseigneur, and the nudeworthy shows of Lido at Maxim and Opiumhole.


Skiers can also man their forte on the snow-dusted slopes of Norway — Voss, Finse, Geilo, Norefjell and the area around Lillehammer are the pick of those equipped with ski lifts. We'd advise setting up HQ in Oslo, though — it's the January scene of both the international speed-skating meet and the international cross-country race (held in the heart of town at Frogner Park), has one of the world's top ski schools (run by Tomm Murstad), and is conveniently connected by electric train to the wintry mountain playgrounds north and northwest of Oslo, many of which are floodlit for night skiing. Oslo also provides a sensibly situated launching pad for on-the-rocks dogsled tours of Norway's great outdoors (not for armchair athletes, these treks are arranged by the Norwegian Dogsleigh Club on a sliding scale of

under \$100 for 15 days), and for those who would find their place in the sun by following the Monte Carlo Rallye from Oslo to the Med.

Prime locales for guys not snowed by snow can be relished in the balmy Balearic Islands and on the Adriatic coast of Yugoslavia. Since the overnight ferry from Barcelona to the Balearics is apt to make a choppy go of it, we counsel the hour hop by air to Palma, capital of the major island of Majorca. Highlights of a visit to these inexpensive and soulful isles should include carousing at Palma's Jack El Negro (one of Spain's sprightlier boîtes, it showcases fine gypsy entertainers in an old windmill on a terrace overlooking the Bay of Palma), a night or two across the island at the Formentor Hotel, one of the most lavishly endowed resorts in Europe (with prices to match), and a lazy siesta on the island of Formentera, where at inns like the Campillo at Plata you can get a very big bang for a buck — literally: a room with meals comes to under a dollar a day. For a less touristy taste of high-coast living, take a flyer via Yugoslav Air Transport, which will waft you from Western Europe to Belgrade where you can hire chauffeur and wheels from Centrotourist and drive the scenic Adriatic coastal road to the beatific beaches of Opatija, Split and Dubrovnik.

On the flip side of the world lies one of the last offbeat-but-developed resort areas — Australia's Great Barrier Reef, which is at the height of its season during June-in-January weather. A flight from Sydney or Melbourne will airlift you to Mackay, where for a pittance of about \$66, you can sign aboard a small cruise boat for a five-day tour through a bright island world, dropping the hook at such lively resort isles as Brampton, Lindeman, South Molle and Hayman, and off deserted, gum tree-lined white cove beaches — all reef points well worth making.

In the U.S. at the start of '63, Los Angeles will be a choice staging area for types who like to do their revel best: aside from the Rose Bowl and equine doings at Santa Anita, nearby pleasure pluses are available on the ski slopes of Yosemite (Sunday night through Friday the rate is only \$11.50 a day for room, meals, lift and lessos), and the spectacular seaside route along Big Sur, where the road twists through canyons and around headlands in what some aver is the world's most exhilarating drive.

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



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

What can you do about a girl who wants to know everything about your past sex life? I'm dating a sweet young chick who is very liberal-minded about such things — she says there must be no secrets between us, and that unless she knows all about my past affairs she can't possibly enter into a mature and understanding relationship. But I'm damned if I want to air my past escapades, either for her or for anyone else. How can I cope? — F. D., Louisville, Kentucky.

Your past haymaking is definitely your own concern, and should remain so. We suggest you be doubly gallant: gallant to your past inamoratas by protecting their names and reputations, and gallant to your present girl by telling her that your past pales into insignificance when compared with your current feelings toward her and your expectations of mutual gratification. You should also make it abundantly clear that you're not interested in her past, since you feel it's none of your business. If she doesn't dig the vice versa application of this, the evidence would seem to indicate that her interest in you is too sick to produce the mature and understanding relationship she's dangling.

I've just returned from a trip to the Caribbean, where I did some free-port shopping (camera, binoculars, booze) at great savings, because there was no duty to pay, but nobody was able to tell me what a free port is and why. Can you? — P. G., Hastings, Nebraska.

The term *free port* simply denotes any port (or section of a port) that is exempt from customs duties; in effect, it's a shorter way of saying "duty-free port." The principle involved is an old one, dating back to the late Middle Ages, when profitable maritime shipment of goods was imperiled by the steep tariffs imposed by pelf-happy petty states. The establishment of free ports enabled merchants to store otherwise dutiable commodities in a warehouse free of charge (with the stipulation that these goods would eventually be sent on to a destination other than the island or country in which the free port was located). Fortunately for modern travelers, the custom has persisted in some areas, and the alert transient in a free port can cash in on the cache. Prime examples today include Hong Kong, Curaçao (in the Dutch Antilles), Hill Island (located in Ontario's Thousand Island area), Niagara Falls (Canadian side), Ireland's Shannon Airport, Charlotte Amalie on Saint Thomas, Virgin Islands, and the Jamaican trio of Ocho Rios, Montego Bay and Kingston.

How does one refuse wine at the dinner table when the host indicates he is about to refill glasses? — C. C., Boston, Massachusetts.

By pointedly placing one's fingers on the rim of one's glass. We last saw this curious ritual performed in 1947, in Des Moines.

Each time I go home to visit my parents the conversation eventually turns to my active participation in big-city night life — and arguments ensue. My upbringing was a strict one, and it was early made clear to me that there are certain definite taboos concerning sex and leading the pleasurable life. I feel that I have outgrown my parents' essentially Puritanical attitude, and that I am psychologically healthier for having done so — but this doesn't solve the problem of how I should behave when they start making critical remarks about my late hours and the female friends I spend them with. Should I defend myself (thereby adding fuel to the fire), or hypocritically agree with their criticism for the sake of peace and quiet, or what? — R. J., Los Angeles, California.

Since the two points of view are irreconcilable, and neither you nor your parents are apt to change your approach to life, the less said about the subject the better. Stay clear of topics that might lead to intramural wrangles. If they start sniping without provocation, explain as calmly and as gently as you can that you disagree completely with their attitude and can see no purpose in discussing it on an emotional level. If they don't take the hint and persist in turning your visits into unpleasant inquisitions, you may as well be realistic and ration your returns to the extent that they are causes for celebration rather than controversy.

Some advice on dress, please: Is it ever permissible to wear French cuffs and English tab collar with sports clothes? And what is the absolute limit of informality with which such shirts may correctly be worn? — H. G., Norfolk, Virginia.

While French cuffs should never be worn with sports clothes, a tab collar — with barrel cuffs — is certainly permissible. French cuffs and tab collar are fine for business and all other occasions not requiring evening clothes.

Please settle an argument arising out of a cocktail-party discussion. Is it true that the proper prefix Fitz originally



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meant "bastard of"? While you're at it, can you tell us the significance or original meaning of the prefixes Mac, Mc, O', Von and Ben?—H. S., Portland, Maine.

The prefix *Fitz*—which derives from the Latin *filius* and the old French *filz*, both meaning son—did indeed denote illegitimacy when it first came into usage in 12th Century England. Usually it was applied to the bastard sons of kings and princes of the blood (notably those of French origin), as with Fitzroy, the illegitimate son of the king. The Irish and Gaelic prefix *Mac* (often abbreviated to *Mc*) and the Hebrew prefix *Ben* both signify male son; *O'* precedes ancient Irish names and means "a descendant" (the apostrophe stems from the false assumption that *O* stands for *of*). *Von*, which comes from the German preposition meaning *of*, or *from*, originally preceded a place name and indicated nobility of birth in German and Austrian social circles. Today it's still often used as a status symbol, being tucked in front of the family name as a title of individual distinction.

Under what room conditions is it acoustically correct to use stereo corner speaker enclosures with the speaker faces at 45-degree angles to the walls?—G. R., Worcester, Massachusetts.

Twin stereo corner enclosures should be used only in a fairly large room; you'll get best results from such a system if you add a third "center fill" speaker placed midway between them.

How long a wait is appropriate and thoughtful before asking a recent widow for a date? I know she deeply mourns her loss; I also know there are other single men who would be as glad to date her as I would—all of us having been her and her late husband's good friends. I don't want to offend this young widow or hurt her feelings by seeming pushy, but I also don't want to be beaten out by a less-concerned fellow mourner. Candidly, too, I'm afraid that if I offer too soon to assuage loneliness and share sorrow, I may unintentionally become "like a brother" to her—and later hear her confidences about a new romance. This I don't need.—A. V., Toledo, Ohio.

The traditional pattern of prolonged mourning has, in general, become outmoded in contemporary life; you'll be violating neither taboos nor sensibilities if you ask her for a date after her first month or two of widowhood. We also suggest that you make your first few dates sensibly sedate affairs—avoid twist parlors, amusement parks and raucous cocktail parties until later on in your relationship. Stay with movies, plays and quiet dinners—all of which are in order

a short time after the death of a loved one.

I'm moving into a new apartment soon and plan to revise my system of arranging books (I have far too many, but hate to part with a single volume). I'm a neat type, and fairly organized, but I haven't evolved a really satisfactory method of classification. I've tried keeping books alphabetically by author, but this system breaks down with picture and art books, anthologies, poetry collections, etc. I've tried group classification (poetry, fiction, history, biography, etc.) and alphabetical order by authors within each classification, but there are always borderline books which defy all categories—and I get bogged down and forget my categories if there are too many of them. I like to be able to lay my hand on a book I want without consulting a card file. Any suggestions at all—please!—R. E., Tucson, Arizona.

If you become a compulsive organization man about your possessions, you'll be turning what should be leisure enjoyment into tedious work. We don't see any great harm in having a shelf of unmatched books (there's something a bit sterile and forbidding about a pad that carries orderliness to an excess)—but if you feel impelled to classify, the following ground rules should suffice. Start with broad group classifications—fiction, poetry, history, biography, art, etc. Arrange fiction alphabetically by author (but not painstakingly so—whether Faulkner precedes or follows Fleming doesn't matter a whit, as long as you know in which general area a book is located). We see no point in alphabetizing the volumes within your other main categories; these will probably be smaller in extent, and, after all, it doesn't take much time to scan 20 or 30 titles when searching for a particular one. Reserve a necessary number of shelves for those books which defy categorization, and lump them in your mind under the title of *miscellany*; if these books are for use and not for show, you will be familiar with their shapes and contents and be able to select among them without undue fumbling.

What country has the world's highest spirit consumption, which the lowest, and how does the U.S. intake compare?—L. S., Poughkeepsie, New York.

The white population of the Union of South Africa gets highest marks by downing 1.71 gallons of proof spirit per capita each year; Belgium is low with .25 gallon per capita; and the U.S. achieves a happy medium of 1.19. The Belgians, by the way, make up for their relatively spiritless tendencies by quaffing more beer per capita than any other nation—a rousing 37 gallons each year (more than doubling our 15.53 gallons).

In the world of horsemanship, is it negative to refer to a rider's clothing as "rascatcher," or does it signify a manner of dress that's legitimate? If so, what is it? — H. T., Alexandria, Virginia.

All it means is that a rider is dressed informally. The expression "hacking" has the same connotation; hacking — or rascatcher — clothing consists of hacking jacket (usually tweed), tattersall or checked vest, cord breeches or cuffed jodhpurs, broadcloth shirt (with sporty tie) or turtleneck sweater, leather or string gloves of any color (browns preferred) and field boots, dress boots or — with jodhpurs — jodhpur boots. The hat may be a sporty felt, derby, porkpie, tweed cap or hunt cap. This is the correct outfit for bridle-path or country riding, or for nonmembers following a hunt.

You guys are so all-knowing, pray tell me, in a nutshell, what are the relative advantages of real estate versus oil? — J. B., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Oil is preferred as a lubricant, real estate is more satisfactory as a site for building. If you can find a nice piece of real estate with oil on it, grab it and erect a derrick. If this doesn't answer your question, consult J. Paul Getty's current PLAYBOY financial series. If it does, consult a competent headshrinker.

For the last year or so I've been romancing a young secretary who works in my office building. It was great while it lasted, but now I'm ready to start grazing in greener pastures. Trouble is, I really like this chick, and while I no longer have any desire to put in sack time with her, I would like to keep on dating her for lunches and other occasional get-togethers. Do you think I'll have any difficulty in transforming our hitherto intimate relationship into a strictly platonic one? — C. K., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The sage old philosopher Anonymous once remarked: "Friendship between a man and a woman is impossible; for unless he becomes more than a friend, she will become less." Unless you want the girl hanging around doing the "woman scorned" bit — sloppy remembrance of things past interspersed with spiteful commentary on how you've changed — you'd best let her go the way of all flesh.

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



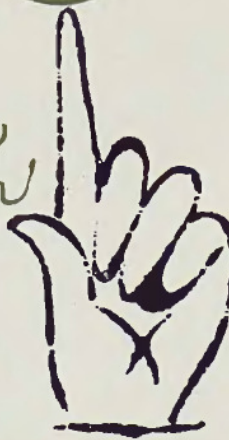
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PANELISTS

HERBERT L. BARNET, president of one of the nation's largest corporations, the Pepsi-Cola Company, has been cying the ethics of executives ever since he began his career as counsel and legal consultant for industry 30 years ago. His vantage point in a company that franchises its product to hundreds of independent businesses across the globe gives him an unusually intimate view of the moral climate in small business as well as big.

WILLIAM BENTON is the blunt, ebullient owner of *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. A successful businessman, founder of the Benton & Bowles advertising agency, former owner and chairman of Muzak and, by his account, one of the nation's biggest individual taxpayers, his past service in politics (U.S. Senator from Connecticut), diplomacy (Assistant Secretary of State, writer on foreign affairs) and education (Assistant to the Chancellor, University of Chicago) gives him a uniquely solid basis for his candidly iconoclastic comments.

JAMES B. CAREY, a scathing critic of corruption in labor unions, used his influence as a vice-president of the AFL-CIO and head of its International Union of Electrical Workers to help expel James Hoffa's Teamsters from the big labor federation. But he has also spent a generation sitting across the bargaining table from many of our great corporations — including General Electric and Westinghouse — and has developed some passionate, provocative opinions about them.

MARQUIS CHILDS, whose thrice-weekly newspaper column reaches nearly 9,000,000 readers through 125 dailies, is one of the nation's best-known commentators. He is co-author of the book *Ethics in a Business Society*.

SOL A. DANN, a tenacious crusader for stockholder rights, is the Detroit lawyer who first "broke" the conflict-of-interest case that rocked the Chrysler Corporation and led to a thorough managerial house cleaning. A persistent gadfly, he has also battled management in the Studebaker-Packard Corporation and other companies.

SENATOR PHILIP A. HART, a soft-spoken Michigan Democrat, led the Senate's recent probe of industry's fraudulent packaging practices. He has also participated in its investigation of monopoly in the elec-

trical industry, and heard testimony from some of the executives who went to jail for price-fixing.

SENATOR JACOB K. JAVITS is a Republican member of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee and of the Joint Economic Committee of Congress. As an erstwhile corporation lawyer, as author of many articles on economics and the antitrust laws, and as the former attorney general of New York, he has been an intimate observer of mores in the executive suite.

VANCE PACKARD, author of three best-selling critiques of contemporary life — *The Hidden Persuaders*, *The Status Seekers* and *The Waste Makers* — has completed a new book due this month. *The Pyramid Climbers* is a study of the American executive — what makes him go, as well as what makes him go wrong.

ROGER P. SONNABEND, at 37, is president of the Hotel and Motor Hotel Divisions of the Hotel Corporation of America. He is the just-past president of the Young Presidents Organization, whose members reached the top post in companies in the over-a-million-in-volume class while still under 40 years of age. As a representative of the new breed of businessman now taking the reins of American industry, he speaks frankly and incisively about the morals of management.

PLAYBOY: The corporate conscience — that insubstantial something that, according to some critics, doesn't exist at all — is currently the subject of more concern, complaint and contention than at any time in memory. Steel companies are hit by antitrust suits and accused of deceiving the President. Electrical executives serve time in jail. Steel executives defy a Senate committee's orders to turn over records. The Senate investigates profiteering in the aircraft industry and misrepresentation in packaging. The Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hodges, a former businessman himself, appeals to industry to develop and abide by codes of ethical conduct. The Securities and Exchange Commission investigates the American Stock Exchange and its president hurriedly resigns. The heads of the Chrysler Corporation and the Prudential Life Insurance Company are accused of conflicts of interest. The Internal Revenue Service warns of a coming crackdown



CAREY: *Beyond a certain point, profits become profiteering, a tax levied on the consumer . . . you have the case of the drugs that were marked up by as much as 2000 percent . . . here is man's inhumanity to man at its worst.*



BENTON: *The boards of too many of our big corporations are loaded with the company's lawyers, with its insurance brokers, with stoges working for the management. The stockholders all too often are not represented.*



BARNET: *What we are witnessing now is not a burst of immorality, but a snowballing interest in ethics.*



CHILDS: *The worst crime against free enterprise is monopoly pricing. A corporation has the right to raise its prices . . . but when you find all the major companies are going along, you realize there is no competition.*



DANN: *The executive's first responsibility is to his conscience. If his superior instructs him to do something wrong, it is his responsibility to report it. He may risk losing his job. But that's the ethical responsibility.*



HART: *We've developed a generation of businessmen who have forgotten that you can pay for your own lunch. It's a corrosive thing . . . and very substantial in terms of revenue lost.*



SONNABEND: *The thing that disturbs me about codes is that often they consist of platitudes, and don't really help you solve the ethical problems.*



PACKARD: *Price-fixing is dramatic because it's against the law . . . But what about advertising a product and exploiting feelings of sexual inadequacy or social inadequacy . . . and what about building a short life into a product?*



JAVITS: *The majority want to do the right thing, the fair thing, and often they're puzzled by just what it is. That's why I recommend a code.*

on expense-account cheating. Television, advertising, drugs—one industry after another is pilloried for gulling or gouging the public. As we go to press, the stockpiling scandals and the Billie Sol Estes disclosures are headline news.

A business magazine, *Modern Office Procedures*, not long ago asked its readers: "Is it possible for a man to move up through the ranks of management solely by honest, decent methods?" And an overwhelming majority of its respondents chorused "No!" The *Harvard Business Review*, in a more comprehensive survey, found "a frank picture of wrongdoing" and a Congregational minister who organized weekly discussions of executive ethics on a commuter car, as it rolled into Manhattan, found his businessman-participants deeply troubled. One man wrote on the comment sheet he handed in after a session: "Charity, love of fellow man, forgiveness, etc., extremely difficult to maintain under heavy competitive fire."

Are we, as we have been told, living in a "genial society" in which every form of corruption is cheerfully tolerated? Have we lost our capacity for indignation? Are we "other-directed" sheep lacking any system of individual values? Are we becoming "organization men" who unquestioningly follow our corporate party lines without thought as to consequence?

Analyzing the corporate conscience, answering questions like these, is not entirely pleasant work, and not every-one volunteers for it. Last year the American Management Association had planned a meeting on business ethics but was forced to cancel it when, out of the 30 executives it asked, not one was willing to speak. You, gentlemen, are willing, or you would not be participating in this discussion. So let's begin by asking: Is the level of ethical conduct in business today worse than it was, say, a generation ago? Or does it just seem that way? Roger Sonnabend, you're a working executive, head of a big business. What do you think?

SONNABEND: Despite all that has been said, I think business is more ethical today than ever before. It's more sensitive to ethical questions. The very self-examination just mentioned is evidence of it. Many of the practices that were in the gray area 15 or 20 years ago are clearly considered unethical today.

This whole concept of buyer-beware was almost a way of life at the turn of the century. It's pretty much gone now. Then a seller of goods or services was almost entitled to sell his product and get whatever he could for it, using virtually any method, feeling no true responsibility to deliver to the public a

product that was all that it should be. And this sort of thing, which was, I'm sure, unethical then, but almost acceptable, is definitely not acceptable today.

The sort of practices you've just mentioned have existed for a long time. We weren't aware of them. Now we've become aware of them. Because we are aware of them, I think we're going to do something about them. That's the difference. We are more conscious of these things today, more sensitive to ethical issues. And that's good. It represents an advance.

PACKARD: I don't know how you can measure these things. In the chemical industry, according to one trade magazine, in one phase of the industry more than 10 percent of the contracts are based on kickbacks. I know the lithography business used to be very heavily based on kickbacks. A friend of mine finally got out of the industry because he just couldn't stand taking these guys up Fifth Avenue every day to buy suitcases and things that they happened to like, just to get contracts. I think it comes to a shading of morality. But the outright, drastic kinds of dishonesty probably have declined because the pressure is less intense today. There's been so much general prosperity in the last 20 years, I think the real bind on men to save themselves in business by unethical methods has eased up. I think the pressures have become more subtle, and more baffling.

JAVITS: I'd say it's very much less a matter of naked bribery, chicanery, industrial spying and that sort of thing. It was almost a primitive way we had years ago. Things now have moved to a much higher level. The question today is whether massive entertainment, perquisites—which are not crude, primitive bribes—accomplish much bigger results in an immoral way.

Ethical issues are not just limited to these things. The whole attitude of business toward the public involves ethical considerations, and here, I think, there's definite evidence of improvement.

The abortive steel price rise illustrates the point. In the first place, when trial balloons for such a rise were initially sent up in 1961, there was such an outcry that the industry delayed its decision to raise prices for many months. This was a clear indication that the "public be damned" attitude of two or three generations ago no longer guides our major industrialists. Then, when the decision to raise prices was finally made and implemented, it was presented on the basis of need and the ultimate national good—and when these reasons were found to be inadequate by the President and the great majority of the people, the decision was reversed.

The ethics of labor, too, are being re-evaluated. No longer does the old demand for "more" serve as sole justification for crippling strikes. Wage and other questions are more and more presented in the light of productivity increases and the need for economic growth. This shows more sensitivity to the public interest.

CAREY: I can't agree that matters are better. Or that they're more subtle. Maybe prosperity eases the pressures and makes them more baffling. But it also means there's more wealth to plunder, and there's every evidence that it's being plundered. Two generations ago the robber barons victimized the American economy. I think today's "managerial barons" have just taken up where their predecessors left off. What was subtle or baffling about the U.S. Steel thing? The President was led to believe U.S. Steel wouldn't raise its prices if the Steel Workers moderated their contract demands. As soon as the contract was in the bag, bang! And what was ethically baffling about what the electrical companies did? They sat down and agreed to fix high prices and not compete. Their crime was called "price-fixing" or "bid-rigging." Fancy names for something that boiled down to swindling the Government, the taxpayer and the consumer out of billions of dollars through overcharges.

The Army, the Navy and the Air Force were flagrantly gypped by the electrical companies. The Atomic Energy Commission, the Tennessee Valley Authority were plundered, and countless public and private utilities were robbed blind. Electricity costs for millions of Americans had to go up because of the excessive prices G.E. and Westinghouse and the others put on their equipment.

They were moral hypocrites of the worst kind, these executives. They constantly ranted in speeches and in print about the blessings of competitive capitalism while they were secretly suppressing all competition in their own industry.

HART: Certainly, the electrical cases indicate that there were a lot of men who just didn't take the antitrust laws very seriously. There was a lot of embarrassment on the stand when these men acknowledged that they had discussed prices with competitors, but there was darn little indignation by the very people that were involved. Some argued that the law was wrong; those who violated it weren't wrong, the law was wrong.

We saw heads of units on the stand who said, yes, they had read in the paper that the man immediately under them had pled guilty to this thing. No,



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they had not talked to him about it because, really, that was somebody else's responsibility. Well, if it had been a trade-union hearing, if this had been a president of some local union who said, yes, I read in the paper where my business agent had his hand in the till, but no, I didn't talk to him because that's the responsibility of the international—those same people would have gone right through the roof in indignation, and, I think, rightly so. I didn't see anybody go through the roof over this one. Now this is wrong. This is a dulled moral sense.

Still, I wouldn't presume to say that it indicated that we had deteriorated in our moral reactions over a generation. It doesn't necessarily prove that the ethics of business are worse in 1962 than they were in 1922.

CHILDS: I think it is impossible to answer this kind of question. We're trying to measure something that can't be measured. But I would tend to agree that the electrical cases argue against the theory that matters have become more subtle. They were something right out of the turn of the century, a reversion to the practices of 50 years ago. The kind of thing Theodore Roosevelt inveighed against. That was the astonishing phenomenon—the very crudity of this operation.

DANN: I don't think there's any question about it. When you can have something like the Chrysler case, when the president of a company as big as Chrysler can own an interest in a supplier selling to Chrysler, that's not subtle or sophisticated corruption. It's blatant. And it's the stockholder who pays for it.

BARNET: I agree the situation is far from perfect. But even with all that said, on balance, I'd have to say things are much better than they were 30 years ago when I was a lawyer and saw what went on. I think some of the rough edges have been smoothed off the old brand of rugged individualism.

It seems to me that what we are witnessing now is not at all a sudden burst of business immorality, but a snowballing interest in ethics. We had a series of Congressional hearings into corruption in the labor movement—and some employers were involved as well as labor. Then we had the TV quiz-show scandal, and since then the press stories and the publicity have all seemed to build up more and more interest, so that when another case comes along it gets blown out of proportion and it looms larger. That doesn't mean everything today is rosy. This isn't the best of all possible worlds. But the heightened public curiosity makes it seem worse today. I think if we had a chance to be transported

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back in history to another time, we wouldn't find things too much different in this respect. In fact, they might well be worse.

The Billie Sol Estes case now is bad. But it's peanuts compared with the kind of corruption that turned up in the Pecora hearings in the early Thirties. There you had the directors of some of the nation's biggest and most important banks directly involved.

BENTON: I think things are a great deal better today. Far better. But not because men are ethically any better. Simply because business has discovered that it is good business to be better. It all depends on your definition of ethics. Businessmen today set up foundations. They give money to universities. They do all kinds of things virtually unheard of 50 years ago. And the standards are a great deal better, not merely because the individual men are better educated, or any more moral, or attend church any more frequently, or have any higher individual personal standards. But because business is smarter and better informed than it was two generations ago or a generation ago. What's more, if you're going to talk about business ethics, you've got to look at it comparatively, too. American business ethics are by far the highest in the world. Incomparably the highest. Take Latin America. There's a long quotation in my book *The Voice of Latin America*, from the foreign minister of Venezuela, bewailing the fact that Latin American business people don't have the ethical standards of our business people in the U.S. In Europe traditionally there have been no antitrust laws. It's traditional to conspire to gouge the public.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps one reason we are disagreeing so sharply on the present level of ethics in business is that we differ in how we define it. When we talk about corruption or lack of ethics in business we are talking about a great many different practices. Let us attempt to narrow down what we are talking about. What are the important ethical problems in business today?

PACKARD: I'd like to suggest that everything we do, as individuals or as executives, has ethical implications. For example, a lot of things less dramatic than criminal price-fixing pose ethical questions for the businessman. His whole relationship to the corporation, for example. To me, one big source of difficulty for the businessman today is compromising his soul on the question of living his own life, in view of all the exploitation he has to submit to. Exploitation in a new sense: submitting to having his health checked semi-an-



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nually, and having his mentality checked regularly, and being subject to being assigned wherever they want to assign him all over the country.

The ethical sense comes from inner values, values we adopt and live by. But we can talk all we want about men being their own masters and setting their own goals, and following their own values, and we still have *Nation's Business*, published by the Chamber of Commerce, listing what companies are looking for in executives. The very first specification is what they call creative conformists. They use "creative" as a sop. What they are really looking for are conformists who can come in and play on a team and do what they are told. What does this do to the idea of individual conscience?

Price-fixing is dramatic because it's against the law. It's a pretty clear case. But what about advertising a product, for example, and exploiting all kinds of feelings of sexual inadequacy or social inadequacy in the consumer? What about the ethics of making depth studies of hypochondria, in order to know how it can be triggered to make people buy?

And what about building a short life into a product so that it will fall apart and the customer will have to buy a new one before too long? I would rate these as important unethical practices.

CAREY: One of the most atrocious examples of that is the common light bulb that the members of my union are employed to make. Tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of citizens have complained that light blubs that formerly had to be replaced only after two years or three years, now must be replaced after two, three of four months.

BARNET: Sure, you have planned obsolescence in some industries. But I don't think that's unethical. I'm a Thunderbird owner. I've been driving Thunderbirds since they came out. Well, as soon as the new Thunderbird came out, I had to get one. I knew the old one was basically just as good. Obsolescence, in most instances, doesn't go to the functional aspects of a product. In most cases, it goes to the styling. If it weren't for planned obsolescence, most of our industries in the U.S. would die. You take the clothing industry. Where would the clothing industry be, especially women's clothing, if you didn't have new styles every year? If we didn't have planned obsolescence in cars, I think our economy, starting up with steel, would be vastly affected. And it can be argued that what you call planned obsolescence helps create variety in society — which is good. As far as ethics are concerned, I'm much more concerned over the practice of gift-giving, for example. If you're talk-

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ing about a definition of ethics, gifts are one of the biggest curses in the entire business world.

But even this is changing for the better. Too often in the past people in industry would get gifts like boats, automobiles, safaris and the like. That comes perilously close to bribery. In my company we don't want anyone to give us gifts. We tell them that our employees are well-remunerated and that any gift has to be innocuous. For instance, this morning I received from Johnson Wax a small shoe-polish kit they make. I took it home to my boy. It's small, inexpensive and functional. It's a product of their own. That kind of gift cannot be considered unethical.

Today I think the big gift, the one that's intended to obligate the receiver, is going. Many businesses, including mine, instead of sending a gift, send out a card at Christmastime saying that they have made a donation to charity in your name. That's a great improvement on the kind of practices we've had.

BENTON: I think this whole thing is greatly exaggerated. It's not much of a problem. Enormously exaggerated. It's not good business to give or receive significant gifts and all smart businessmen know it.

DANN: I can't agree with that. I feel that even if the amount of the gift is small, it opens the door to permitting a supplier firm to palm off inferior products on the corporation. I've seen this matter of gift-giving corrupt and demoralize whole purchasing departments in giant companies. It prevents proper competition among supplier companies, and it changes the whole mood and style of the purchasing operation. It's like a drop of poison in the cooking oil.

SONNABEND: Can I tell you about my company? The main problem in this regard in our industry has been the outright cash payoff where the purchasing agent is offered a percentage of the orders he places. A man buys food or linens, or some other goods for the hotel chain, and he gets a "gift" or payoff for placing the order with Company A instead of Company B. I think this percentage payoff is far more rife than the automobile or television set kind of thing. I think this gift business is a far more serious problem than it seems on the surface. I consider it even more important than price-fixing.

Fifteen years ago in our industry you could hear it said: "We pay our chef moderately and our purchasing agent moderately, in light of the fact they're receiving gratuities, gifts and, in some cases, out-and-out percentages." I don't hear much of this anymore. No longer do you see chefs in the old European tradi-

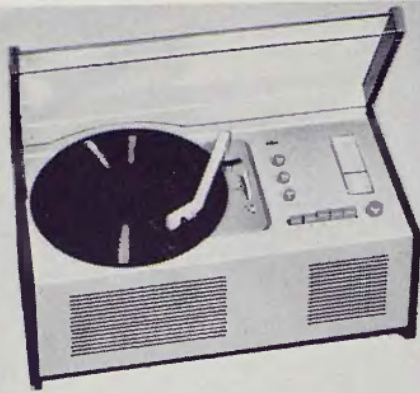


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tion doing the buying and operating in, shall we say, a different ethical fashion. We're beginning to see a new breed of buyer, and also fewer of the old-time buyer-beware salesmen. We're seeing a new executive emerge who wants to operate on a highly ethical basis.

Once you get a chain reaction and companies begin to insist on high ethical standards by their purchasing people, then the suppliers, the purveyors, realize that they don't have to make a payoff to get business. If they're asked for one, they can just tell the purchasing agent to go to hell.

In our company we've set a flat, firm policy of no gifts whatsoever to be accepted, no matter how inconsequential — be they at Christmas or otherwise. This policy is stated to our people at frequent intervals, primarily in November of each year, and we write a letter to everyone who provides goods or services to us, calling attention to this policy.

When a gift comes in, we ask that it be reported regardless of its size, and we ask that it be returned — unless it's just obviously advertising matter like calendars and things of that sort.

Our people know that it's automatic — the employee who takes a gift will be discharged. What's happened is that not only won't they take the risk, but, more important, I think they've begun to take pride in this policy. Pride that we *do* take such an extreme view of a practice that is common in industry elsewhere. This has a tremendous effect on the total ethical behavior of our people in other areas, too. The effect spills over.

PLAYBOY: The whole question of gifts has been a hot one in politics as well as in business. Mr. Goldfine's gifts to Sherman Adams created the noisiest scandal of the Eisenhower Administration. The Billie Sol Estes case involves alleged gifts to officials of the Kennedy Administration. How do you two Senators handle the gift matter? Senator Javits?

JAVITS: If what is sent to me is of a minor character, I never rebuff a friend, because it's most insulting. But I have, for example, in some cases, gone to the trouble of returning a bottle of liquor because knowing the person who sent it, I knew that, to that person, it was a big thing; whereas if some personal friend of mine who was worth a million dollars sent me for Christmas a case of Scotch, why, I know that, to him, that's meaningless. Interestingly enough, they don't do it. My very wealthy friends will generally give quite modest gifts. It is a question of personal friendship and modesty of amount, and also my wife and I reciprocate gifts to our friends.

PLAYBOY: Would it, then, be correct to say that you measure the gift not by its size



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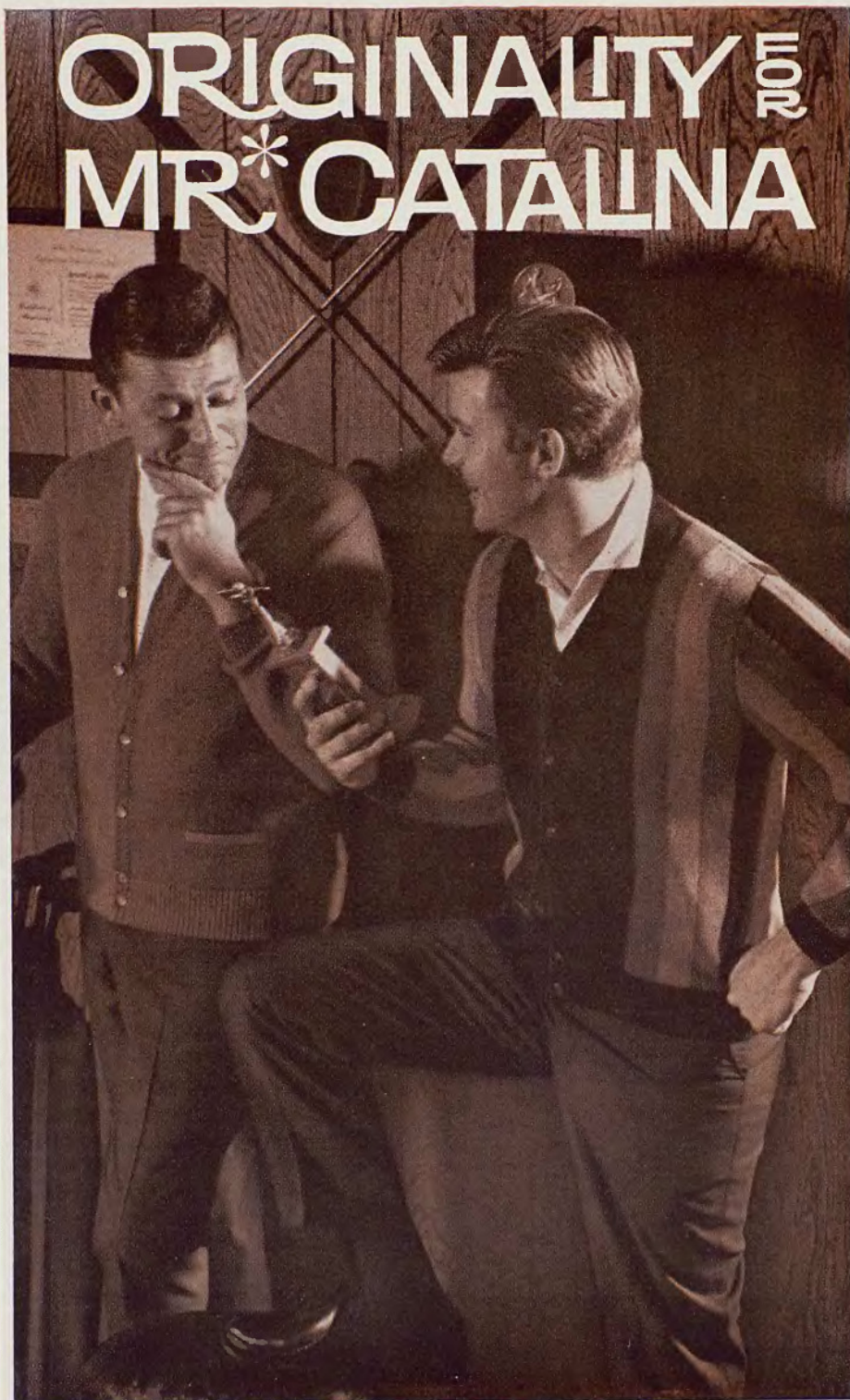
alone, but by its size relative to the giver?
JAVITS: Yes, but there's a real limitation on that. Suppose someone very rich sent me something that was worth \$500. I'd be compelled to send it back.

HART: I have no policy on this, as such. Of course, if someone moved a piano in, I'd say, "That's wrong." But last Christmas I received only two gifts from persons other than relatives and both were attractive and inexpensive. I accepted them. I felt no implication was involved in the giving, and I certainly feel free, having accepted them, to make my own judgment on any public question. You can get sort of pompous about this. Specifically, one was a necktie. What'll I do, call in the press and say I'm turning this back because someone was trying to bribe me with a necktie? Or do I quietly return it with a note of thanks because I think this is wrong? This implies I believe he had an improper motive, and that I had to go through this ritual to prove that I'm beyond reach. This, I think, is nonsense. When it gets into something of substantial value, then that's something else again.

DANN: There's one good way to police this bribery or gift-giving in the purchasing field. Why not put all purchasing agents under a high bond? They handle millions of dollars' worth of orders every year. Put them under a million-dollar bond. The insurance companies issuing the bond would scrutinize each man before issuing a bond, and that might help weed out some bad eggs. If, at the same time, manufacturers' representatives were bonded, or even licensed by the state the way door-to-door salesmen are in some states, you'd have a real check on the situation. The bond would protect the corporation against any damages arising out of violation of the commercial laws against bribery or kickbacks and the like. Some companies do bond their buyers. I think this is an excellent preventive measure.

PLAYBOY: There's another form of gift-giving that may fit in here—the gift of a good time. E. R. Risman, who is the manager of the Latin Quarter in New York, has been quoted as saying that "In cracking down on expense accounts, the Government is curtailing one of the fundamental things that sales are based on. Let's face it," says Mr. Risman, "people have to entertain to put buyers in a mood and to celebrate a contract. Now a salesman will have to pick his accounts and let prospects go." Is entertainment "one of the fundamental things that sales are based on"?

BENTON: I'd like to answer that. Your total elaborate entertainment in the U.S. probably doesn't run to \$100,000,000 or \$200,000,000. Key men are too smart to



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accept it. I'm not saying that ethics keeps them from accepting it. They're too busy. Who could entertain me so that it would make any difference how I buy paper for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*? I haven't time to get on his yacht. And if I catch my buyer being entertained on anybody's yacht, he's fired. I think this whole thing is greatly overrated.

CAREY: Maybe so. But there's an aroma of rot about some of it. We know, for example, that some companies have even used callgirls and prostitutes to help promote sales. But I'd like to move over to another matter — the expense-account morality. This business of padding the old "swindle sheet" and passing the cost along to Uncle Sam. It seems to me this is another manifestation of the ethical laxity of businessmen, and it costs the rest of us taxpayers money.

BENTON: I suspect you'll find that a little padding of the expense account is quite general in American business. I don't doubt you'd find that some of the salesmen who work for me pad a little bit. It doesn't occur to them that it's a question of being dishonest either with the company or about income-tax returns. The salesman knows that there are expenses that he can't charge the company with — so he gets even by putting down five dollars for a lunch with the superintendent of schools instead of four dollars. Most wives in the United States pad their expense accounts a little bit in dealing with their husbands. So the husbands figure, I guess, that *Encyclopaedia Britannica* shouldn't be too critical of them if they do a little bit of padding! Again, it's a matter of definition of ethics. I regard this, for example, as quite different from the kind of fraudulent practices reported in *The New York Times* in the field of art — where a man will buy a painting for \$7000, and get the dealer who sold it to him to give it a rating of \$25,000, and then give it to a museum and take a \$25,000 deduction. Ethically they may seem the same thing, but they're not.

HART: I think we've developed a generation of businessmen who really have forgotten that you can pay for your own lunch. The tax-deduction device has a perfectly legitimate reason and justification, but I have never understood it to include a corporate executive, who is rather adequately compensated to begin with, to charge his lunch to Uncle Sam. It's a corrosive sort of thing and the cumulative effect is very substantial in terms of tax revenue lost to the country.

BARNET: Actually, the tax laws are almost an invitation to expense-account cheating. A man on a salary, even a big one, has a very hard time accumulating any money. The tax bite is so big. So com-

panies who want to keep a good man sometimes recognize this and look the other way when he hands in a big expense sheet. It's an additional perquisite, like giving him a company-owned car to drive. The fact is there is only so much really first-rate executive talent around and no more. It's hard to land a top man, and when you do, you want to hold him.

I have even heard of cases in which a young executive comes into a department and he's unofficially told that he can add, let's say, \$50 a month to his expense account and it won't be questioned. He's told that everyone else does it, and therefore it's OK. Or he's told that unless he does this the people up above are liable to cut back the budget for his department. In other words, it's done to use up a departmental allocation.

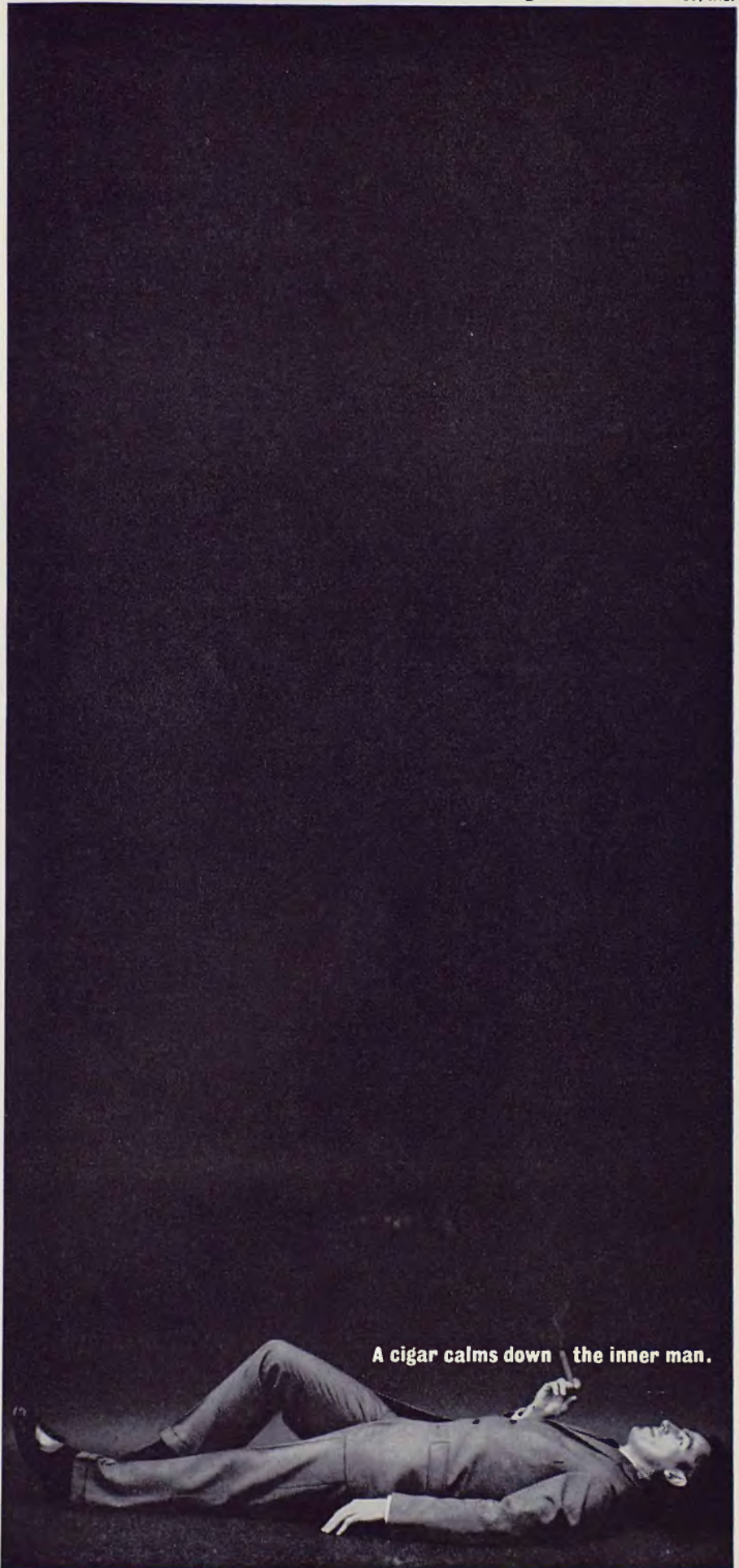
Now I think that's bad. We give some of our executives perquisites. But we don't condone padding the expense account in any way.

SONNABEND: Let's be clear about this, though. When we talk about expense-account abuses we don't simply mean living expensively. We mean declaring certain expenses to be business expense, and therefore tax deductible, when in reality they are personal expenses. Or billing the boss for expenses that were personal or nonexistent.

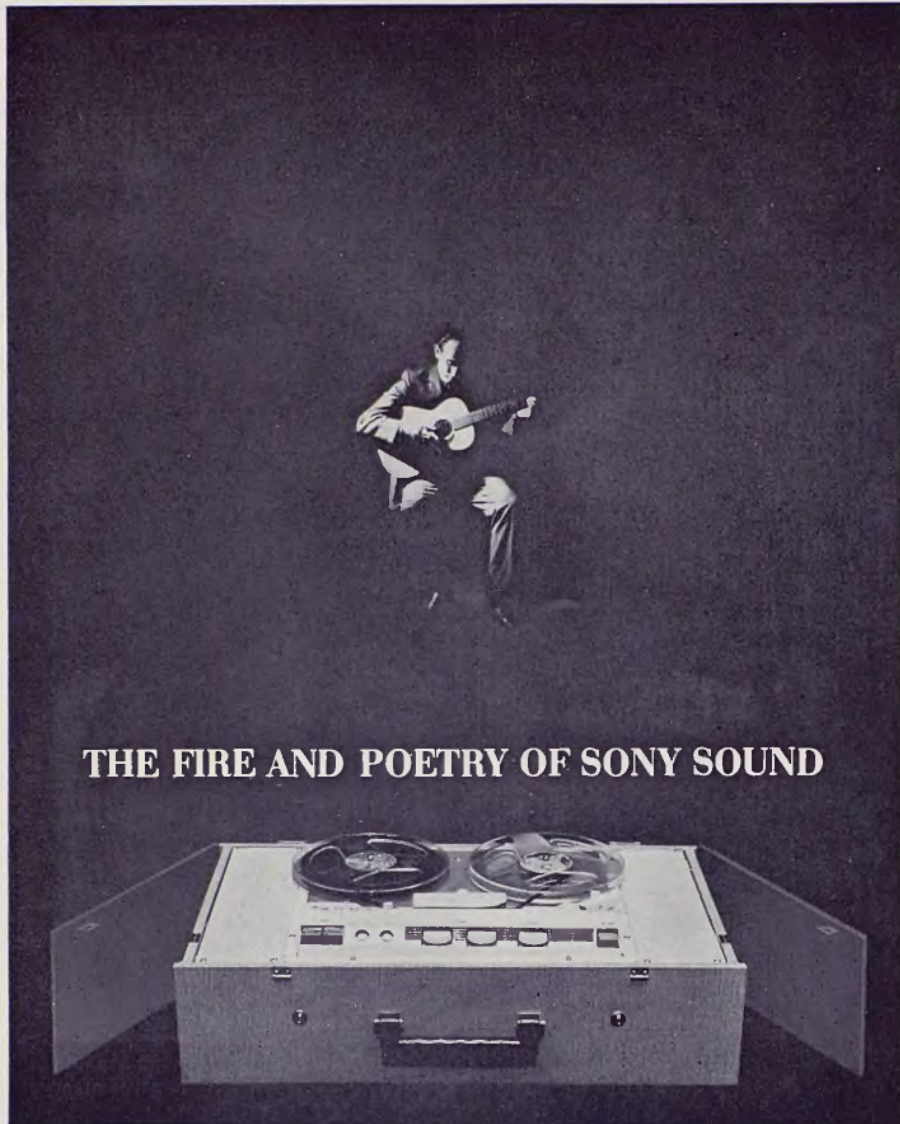
Of course, we don't know what they do when they get back home to file their accounts, but in our hotels we see executives ask for bills and vouchers all the time. They're really trying to live according to high ethical standards, it would seem. Padding, of course, is a very easy thing to do. Easy thing to support. The temptation is very great. And a lot of the accounting is in the gray area. It has many ramifications. It's the business trip that one takes with one's wife and is then extended so that there's a short vacation. There are many variations. It even turned up with an odd O. Henryesque twist in one of our motor hotels. We had a new manager there who thought he could improve business by helping guests fiddle with their expense accounts. If they stayed there a week or two at a time, he'd refund one day to them, personally. Of course, when we discovered this, we put an immediate stop to it and fired the man.

PLAYBOY: Was he trying to feather his own nest in doing this? Did he get kick-backs from them or share the refund?

SONNABEND: No, he was trying to feather his own nest only by trying to show a high sales figure. He was trying to make his operation look good. We had another case, though, in which the man was trying to help himself at company expense. This one was fascinating. It



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presented us with one of the most interesting ethical dilemmas we've had. About three years ago, we entered into an agreement to operate a hotel in a South American city. As has been pointed out, many Latin American countries have ethical standards far different from our own. This hotel was built by a government agency, and we undertook to manage it, but on the distinct understanding that under no circumstances would we ever be expected to bribe, pay off or anything like that. The head of the government agency was a highly ethical individual, and because of him we were able to resist pressures brought on us by petty officials, fire inspectors, police and so forth, who wanted graft.

But the government was voted out. The new government was antagonistic and it was hard to work with them. About six months after the new government was in, we discovered that our man in charge there was providing rooms to government people on a complimentary basis. He was sending liquor to their homes. He was hiring their sons and daughters. He even provided transportation for one of them to New York.

He was doing this because he had developed personal relations with some of these people and he appeared to be angling for certain concessions from them in other businesses that he wanted to start in the country on his own.

When we discovered this, we tried to fire him. The government people said we had to keep him. The sum of it was that the government agency took away the hotel in August 1961, and we're still trying to recover our investment there.

Incidentally, late finally caught up with both the manager and the new government. The government people were booted out, and the manager has been replaced. This case is an illustration of how a man's greed led him into conflicting outside interests that eventually betrayed him.

PLAYBOY: This raises one of the thorniest problems in the whole subject—conflict of interest. The contemporary classic in this field was, perhaps, the Chrysler case. This began boiling over in the spring of 1959 when William Newberg was ousted as president of Chrysler, after it became public knowledge that he had owned interests in two companies that sold supplies to Chrysler. Later L. L. "Tex" Colbert was demoted from chairman of the board, after it became known that his son had been employed by one of these companies, and that his wife had owned an interest in another supplier. Since then, Chrysler has installed a new management responsible for an across-the-board cleanup, under its new chairman, George Love, and its new president,

Lynn Townsend. Mr. Dann, you're a substantial stockholder in Chrysler, and you were instrumental in bringing this case to light. How serious is this matter of conflict of interest in business today?

DANN: Well, it is much improved in Chrysler. But this is still a very serious matter in industry, in my opinion, because in situations like this it is the stockholder who suffers. The man who owns an interest in a supplier firm, a dealership, or in some other company doing business with his own corporation, can't give his employer undiluted allegiance. His judgment in business matters is affected by his private interests. He isn't any longer gauging things purely by whether or not they are good for his employer.

BARNET: I don't think this is a terribly serious problem in public corporations. I can see in some private corporations where it might be a real conflict. I know that in our company we haven't come across it. In fact, we ourselves made a check of all our executives just to make sure that they hold no stock in any supplier. I, myself, have been asked to go on the board of directors of some big companies we did business with. Our business didn't mean a darn thing to them. Too small. But I turned them down because there might possibly be a conflict of interest, and rest assured our business with them was maybe only one tenth or one twentieth of their volume. This is something the smart executive doesn't let himself get involved in.

PLAYBOY: In a speech in Milwaukee last winter, and in other statements, Mr. Newberg has taken the position that his outside interests did not harm Chrysler, and that, in fact, they were beneficial to the corporation because through his outside companies Chrysler was able to purchase supplies at unusually low prices. This raises the general question: Is conflict of interest necessarily bad, or are there cases in which dual allegiance can be of mutual benefit to the stockholders of both companies?

SONNABEND: With all due respect, I think Mr. Newberg's argument is a rationalization. It's pretty hard to establish the case that an executive in Company A needs to have a personal interest in a supplier to have the supplier available to meet the needs of Company A. Why the individual? Why not Chrysler, itself? I'm not in favor of this sort of thing. It's wrong.

Quite apart from that, I think another test is, was there full disclosure? Was the board of Chrysler fully aware of this? Were the stockholders aware of it?

In our company — and I will admit it's only since this case came out — we have insisted on full disclosure of all possible

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In all, I don't think this is too very widespread today. In general, I think where there are real conflicts, the people are damn fools to get involved.

BARNET: I think you have to ask in the Chrysler case whether Mr. Newberg was just riding a tide — whether there was a folkway that had been set up in Detroit over the course of years, that this sort of thing was all right.

PLAYBOY: That is, in fact, what Mr. Newberg emphasized in his speech in Milwaukee, when he said: "In the automotive industry there has been an almost traditional practice of allowing executives to possess outside interests that are in seeming conflict with their official duties."

BARNET: The Chrysler situation brought an awareness to a lot of public corporations.

CHILDS: I'm afraid that a great deal of business is riddled by this practice. It comes out occasionally. Much of it doesn't come out.

BENTON: I think the conflict of interest issue is tremendously exaggerated. The Chrysler thing was a very bad thing. And he got caught and kicked out. A more serious one was this president of Prudential Insurance. [Carrol Shanks was president of the Prudential Insurance Company and a director of Georgia-Pacific Corporation, the nation's top plywood producer, when *The Wall Street Journal* revealed that he had been involved in a complex deal to sell timberland to Georgia-Pacific. Although he maintained that there was "not the slightest violation of ethics" in the transaction, he resigned his Prudential post not long afterward. — Ed.] But there's not much of that. There's not much that seriously affects a man's business judgment. I don't even know if the president of Chrysler's business judgments were affected.

I had a conflict of interest when I went into the State Department that Joe McCarthy later hurled at me. I owned Encyclopaedia Britannica Films. The State Department had been buying these films for use in its information libraries abroad. When I went into the State Department I prohibited the purchase of those films. And the men in the Department's film area were furious, because there weren't any other such films made by anybody. McCarthy later threw it at me on the floor of the Senate. Claimed I was making money by having the State Department buy my films. And I pro-

duced the figures showing that when I went in they stopped. Many men will lean over backward with a conflict of interest. So the impact on business is very slight. The overall impact. It's understandable.

PACKARD: Wouldn't you say that one reason for the conflict of interest problem is that, more and more, the managers of our large corporations have no proprietary interest in them? They own very little equity in the companies they work for, and consequently they feel no great stake in them.

Another factor that is creating problems is the sheer size of these companies. This creates a situation where not only is it hard to keep track of everything that is going on within the company, but also it's harder to maintain a genuine loyalty, so that, I think, it's easier for men to drift into conflict of interest situations. They think of the corporation as something big and distant like the United States Government and don't feel so intimately involved in it as you would working for a company small enough and close enough to you, so that you have a pretty clear idea of who is contributing and who isn't.

PLAYBOY: In this connection, stock options are, of course, one way to give executives a stake in their companies. Yet the stock-option device — which permits an executive to buy stock in his company at a fixed price and encourages him to work hard so that the price of the stock will rise — has come under heavy fire. Do stock options contribute toward — or work against — high ethical standards in business today?

JAVITS: Stock options are an excellent way to give management an incentive. I believe in them, and, in fact, I believe they ought to be extended to workers. I'm a great believer in profit participation and stock-buying opportunities for labor as well as management.

Nevertheless, it is true that stock options can run to excess. Obviously, the device is full of dangers as well as benefits. The dangers are of too much stock optioned at too low prices, over too long a period of time, without a relationship to the contribution the individual is making.

The stock option may put pressure on the ethical backbone of the executives getting them because, if they can manipulate the stock, they can, of course, make great sums of money. But it also puts considerable pressure on the interest the stockholders take in their company, because stock-option plans must be approved by the stockholders, and the day the stockholders supinely accept them will be a pretty sad day for American business.

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gers. I favor stock options. They contribute to better ethics, I believe.

BARNET: Stock options, to my mind, are the only way you can really develop good men and keep them with you. Let me put it this way. In the average corporation, your good men come up through the ranks. They have not had an opportunity to acquire money under our present tax structure. The only way that they can develop a nest egg is through the stock option. And, if they do a better job for their company, and increase the value of the stock, then they have this little piece of the business for themselves. In other words, today the only way you can make real money is on capital gains, let's face it. Not on salary.

Let's go one step further. When a man reaches the \$50,000 level, he has reached a stage in his career where further increases don't mean too darn much. Now, in the business world today, one of the biggest cries is for good manpower. So someone else comes along and makes him an offer, and you lose a good man because he hasn't got an interest in the business. Now you take the same man, he's making \$50,000 a year, and he's got an option of 4000 shares of stock, and he works two years, and he sees this stock build up, and someone comes along with an offer, and he sees that he can make a hell of a lot on these 4000 shares by working hard; he's not going to accept that offer from somebody else, and this is what happens.

CAREY: I'm sorry, but I think we're fostering a popular myth here. Just how much does a manager have to be paid? Madison Avenue has done a good job of spreading the notion that, since the "managerial revolution," the income of management has been modest by comparison with the pelf that was stowed away by the tycoons of the past—the Jay Goulds, the Rockefellers and the Vanderbilts. I say this is a fairy tale.

Take Cordiner of G.E. He's chairman now, he was president a little while back. If you believe the G.E. public relations boys, Cordiner's remuneration is \$222,500 a year. That seems like a modest enough reward for a man who heads the largest electrical manufacturing company in the world and the fourth largest industrial firm in the U.S. But along with fees, bonuses and stock-options, Cordiner is taking home far more than that.

According to Senator Kefauver, Cordiner could have sold the G.E. stock he bought under stock options as of April 1959 and would have netted approximately \$2,000,000 after taxes. Netted, mind you! The stockholders are supposed to approve plans like these. But, in practice, the stockholders know just about as much about their corporations

as the management tells them, and the board rubber-stamps whatever the management wants. The stockholders get a proxy statement that tells them Cordiner earns \$222,500, and possibly the retired G.E. workers and the widows and orphans are supposed to shed a scattering of tears for Cordiner because the G.E. publicity, while never mentioning the \$2,000,000, relates sorrowfully that, after Federal income taxes, Cordiner's \$222,500 would be reduced to \$69,700. If Jay Gould and Commodore Vanderbilt were looking down—or up—from wherever they are, they'd probably be saying, "Great balls of fire, what we couldn't do with the capital gains tax and stock options today."

Good work deserves to be rewarded. But when a man gets paid this way for heading a corporation that gets into the biggest criminal conspiracy in antitrust history, I think we have a right to wonder how much incentive is necessary. I think there's a point at which it becomes obscene.

PLAYBOY: If you feel this way about individual remuneration, how do you feel about profits? The Senate hearings into the drug industry, the recent aircraft hearings conducted by Senator McClellan, the steel hullabaloo, all hinged, ultimately, on the question of profits—how much and to whom. In our exploration of unethical practices, in this process of defining bad ethics by induction, as it were, could we take a moment to ask how, under our system of profit-motivated enterprise, profits and ethics relate to each other?

CAREY: I would say categorically that beyond a certain point profits become profiteering. They become a tax levied on the consumer. For example, there's been a vicious practice of overcharging the U.S. Government, especially in materials essential to national defense.

Recently, the U.S. Tax Court ruled that Boeing Aircraft, one of our biggest defense contractors, had been guilty of—and I quote—"Unconscionable exploitation of the United States" by soaking the Government \$13,000,000 in excess profits. Right now there are 22 cases involving more than \$125,000,000 in which the Government has accused airplane manufacturers of profiteering.

We pay for all that in our taxes. And then, of course, you have the case of the drugs that were marked up by as much as 2000 percent, as we found in the Kefauver hearings. Talk about ethics, here is man's inhumanity to man at its worst. And right on down the line this story can be repeated. In Baltimore the Federal Government has charged several milk producers with rigging the price on milk they distributed to school kids. If

a company can make a profit in excess of what is fair, shouldn't it return that to the consumer in the form of lower prices?

BARNET: Well, I think a distinction has to be drawn between companies that deal with the essentials of life, and others. Eventually, I think there may have to be certain classes of goods that would fall into the line of what we consider public utilities today, whereby a certain rate of return is allowed. I think, basically, oil may come under this. I think pharmaceuticals definitely should. This is all part of health and welfare. But I think there's a clear line of delineation between necessary products like these and what I would categorize as luxury or semiluxury products.

We may have to broaden our conception of what public utilities are. But I don't think that profits in the rest of industry should be regulated.

And bear in mind, even when we talk about that terrific profit on certain drugs, what was the basic investment in them? How much do Merck and Pfizer and companies like that have to spend on research and tooling before they get one dollar of return?

BENTON: I never go into a company unless I hope to earn 100 percent on my money. Now some people would think that that is unethical.

PLAYBOY: Is it?

BENTON: No, under no circumstances. My standards on the profit motive applied to my businesses are very high. If I don't get a high return on anything I touch, I fold it up. One consequence is that when my personal taxes are added to the taxes of the companies I own, this makes me one of the biggest personal taxpayers in the world.

CHILDS: I am astonished! . . .

PLAYBOY: Is this high a profit immoral?

SONNABEND: I don't think so. It's difficult to measure, but obviously, in some fields, a profit of this sort is not at all unreasonable. Profit has to be related to risk. If Mr. Benton is making money at the expense of the public, in terms of overcharging for goods and services where the reward is not for special ingenuity or for taking a high risk, then I would say it's probably taking advantage of the public. But on the other hand, if you invest in a Broadway play, or you go out to drill an oil well, the odds are so heavily against you that society can attract capital to these fields only by providing a high margin of profit. Of course, this sort of thing isn't likely to exist long in our society because, ordinarily, profit like that would attract capital and competition. In which case you have to be terribly good to maintain your position. Judging from *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, I'd say Mr. Benton is terribly good.



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PLAYBOY: But this is premised on pure competition. This is Adam Smith's "invisible hand" regulating the market automatically for the good of all. There are those today who contend that Mr. Smith's "invisible hand" is in a sling, that the workings of the market are disrupted by restrictive pricing practices like those charged in the electrical industry hearings.

CHILDS: That's why I would have to say that, of all the unethical practices we have been discussing, the worst crime against the free enterprise system is monopoly pricing, either by crude methods, such as in the electrical industry, or by more subtle methods that in some industries go undetected. Take the steel case.

A corporation has the right to raise its prices, despite what the President apparently understood as an implied promise not to. But as to any practical considerations, it was fantastically wrong. If there were real competition in the field, then you could say, all right, U.S. Steel has made a foolish error and has priced itself out of the market. But when you find that within 36 hours all the major companies were going along, then you realize there is no competition in the industry. That's the real trouble. It was perfectly obvious that this was another example of the — to put it carefully — of the unanimity of the steel industry, of the fact that there is no competition in the steel industry. When it developed there might be, when two of the companies felt that, perhaps, they would not be compelled to make this price rise, then United States Steel yielded. So this gives the show away.

PLAYBOY: Economists call this sort of thing "price leadership" and more recently the phrase "administered pricing" has come into currency, meaning that for special reasons an industry is exempt from the normal pressures of a free market and is able to set its prices almost in the face of them. Much concern has been expressed over this, because the antitrust laws, when they were written, did not foresee this process as a possibility. The law makes it a crime to conspire to fix prices. It doesn't make it a crime independently to follow the industry leader's price. How widespread is this sort of thing?

BARNET: My knowledge of price-fixing is fairly limited from a business point of view. In our industry, you have to realize, when we're talking about price-fixing, we're talking about the suppliers who sell to us, not ourselves. How does one draw the line between price-fixing and mere price leadership? Take the glass industry. Owens-Illinois is going to

set the price. They control 60 to 70 percent of the productive capacity of the United States and, in effect, this is price leadership. They don't have to sit down with the others. If Owens says the price is going to be such and such, the others are going to follow suit. The same way with cartons; Atlanta Paper controls maybe 60 to 70 percent of carton manufacture.

As long as you have productive capacity in the hands of only a few organizations, it's going to be that way. It's inevitable. That's what led to your steel cartels and things like that.

But if you restrict them, you have to ask, are you restricting leadership in building business? Where are you going to draw the line? Are you going to say, "General Motors, you can only do so many dollars' worth of business a year"? It's a question of capturing the market through normal expansion. Are you going to tell a salesman, "Look, you're a great fellow, but only call on so many accounts, because you're producing too much business"?

PACKARD: Where you have these great conglomerations of highly diversified industrial giants spreading over many companies, and cases where the entire industry is dominated, say, 90 percent by four companies — and there are dozens of industries like that — it's not very realistic to assume that they won't get together on price.

You are really getting a form of private socialism, where these companies are coming almost to be public utilities — and we don't think anything of public utilities' setting prices, the Government sets them for them — so that I think we're moving toward a position where it's going to be more and more difficult to head off price-fixing.

SONNABEND: I think we have to take a real hard look at our antitrust legislation. I don't think we can any longer say that bigness, in itself, is bad, as our antitrust legislation often attempts to do. Because in this space age, in competition with a strong monolithic power, we're lucky to have certain big institutions. I think, too, that the antitrust laws say to many companies that they must compete well, but not too well. They must keep prices competitive — as low as possible — but not when this threatens to put a competitor out of business. This is a contradiction that many companies have a hard time reconciling. Nevertheless, as long as this is the law, there's no excuse for price-fixing and it should be done away with completely.

BENTON: Price-fixing is very serious. We ought to get the Justice Department to enforce the antitrust laws even more strongly. I'd decorate our jails with

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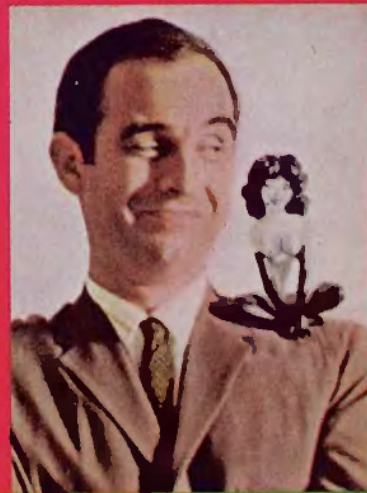
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price-fixers or other monopolistic conspirators. A big factor in the strength of American economy—in contrast to that of many other countries, as the Common Market in Europe is now discovering—is the antitrust laws. And one grave reason for the weakness of the British economy is that it has lacked antitrust laws. It's good business, as well as good ethics, to greatly strengthen our enforcement of the Sherman and Clayton Acts.

PLAYBOY: What responsibility does the top man have for the actions of his subordinates?

CAREY: Obviously, an executive has to be responsible for the conduct of his subordinates. I'm the president of a union. If something goes wrong, I have to take responsibility.

DANN: Of course, the top man has to be responsible. If he's not, who is?

CHILDS: I think this was one of the tragic fallacies of the whole G.E. situation, that the top man disclaimed knowledge of these practices. Well now, if he didn't know, that leaves him in a pretty vulnerable position. He didn't know this was going on—something that has been so enormously costly to his corporation? After all, these suits filed against G.E. run into the hundreds of millions of dollars, to say nothing of the fines and the discredit brought upon the corporation.

JAVITS: Well, I think there you get into a legal concept that is a very good guide in this matter. The law says you are charged with knowledge when you know or when you should have known. It cannot be shirked on the ground that they did not know, if they should have known, as responsible men.

BARNET: I take full responsibility for any general policy that I lay down. I don't think any chief executive can slough off what's happening underneath. I think it's up to him. And if a man underneath makes a mistake, it's the chief executive's mistake, and he's got to either stand up for the man or get rid of the man. In either case, it's still his responsibility. You can't bury your eyes as to what's happening underneath. I've seen too much in corporations.

PACKARD: I've talked to a good many people about this General Electric thing, and I can't get an answer on whether Cordiner knew or not. One of the men said that by the time he was in training in the company—within a year after joining the company—by watching, he'd figured out that prices were being fixed. Yet Cordiner started at the bottom and worked his way to the top. He must have been extraordinarily stupid, if he didn't suspect there were shenanigans going on.

On the other hand, I've talked to social scientists who have studied corporate structure, and they say that the communications system in corporations, at the top, is so complicated today, and there's so much effort to protect the top people from disagreeable news, that it didn't surprise them at all that he would claim that he didn't know.

SONNABEND: This is a dilemma, because you've got to say that every superior is responsible not only for his own behavior but for the behavior of the people under him.

From a corporate, legalistic point of view, there's no question in my mind that this is the case, but from a practical point of view, I would say that you've got to assume that it's shared. You've got to take adequate safeguards, and you've got to create an environment that is conducive to high ethical conduct. If we had this situation in my company, I would say to myself that, while I might not be directly responsible for the actions of the individual, I am certainly responsible for creating an environment within the company that would prevent a person from acting this way. And it has got to come from the top.

BENTON: If the subordinates are conspiring with other companies to fix prices, and the top man knows it, he ought to go to jail with them, even if he wasn't there doing the deals. But suppose he doesn't know it? A man isn't an accomplice to a murder if he wasn't there and doesn't know it was planned. It is, indeed, the responsibility of the chief executive to seek to know. But he can't always know. All he can do is try.

The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* today is a bigger corporation than the General Foods Corporation was when Chet Bowles and I started in business in 1929 and General Foods was our client. How could I possibly know everything that's going on at *Encyclopaedia Britannica*? We've just been up before the FTC in a painfully embarrassing case to me because some of our salesmen—a handful of the 2000 men working on commission—have been a little careless with the truth in selling our books. We have had to keep a blacklist. We fire such men. We try to train our men properly. We try to police them. But human nature being what it is, there's a good chance that from time to time we'll catch some one of those 2000 salesmen not telling the whole truth in selling our books. And we'll have to do some more weeding out. Sitting as chairman of the board, I can merely seek to know. I set up the standards. I make the effort. Like the husband dealing with his wife, again,

I make the effort to know what she's doing with the money. These questions in our discussion are too black and white. Much of life is gray. Many of these things are shadings.

HART: Certainly the community has a right to expect that top management will ride herd on the practices and attitudes of the personnel in the company. Now in the case of the electrical business, I disagree with some of the things that have been said. Over the years they had periodically gotten out instruction sheets that cautioned their employees to adhere to the antitrust laws. Notwithstanding these instructions, some of the personnel, and it was a pretty top level, ignored the instructions. Now should the top man be indicted on the basis of that? No. Only if you are convinced that the instruction sheets were pure window dressing. I know that there are those who feel that that's exactly what they were. I don't. I cannot believe that a man in the position of Mr. Cordiner would want anything other than meticulous observance of the law on the part of his employees, because, quite aside from the moral implications, the business is too big to run the risk of cutting a corner and being caught. But we have a right to insist of top management that they effectively police their people. Effectively police. And it shouldn't take periodic Congressional hearings to remind them that unless they effectively police, these practices develop.

CAREY: How can top management police the situation, when it is, itself, so deeply involved? These conspiracies went right to the highest levels. And the proof is that afterward the overwhelming majority of the 44 guilty executives hastened directly back to their former posts. In just a few seconds, they swapped their prison stripes for gray flannels. What happened? Less than one year after the convictions and prison sentences, on January 10, 1962, the Justice Department announced that 10 electrical manufacturing corporations and nine of their executives had been indicted for price-fixing again! Among those indicted was the Allen-Bradley Company, which was fined \$40,000 in the previous conspiracy case and whose president had declared that violations of the antitrust laws were "the only way a business can be run."

Twenty days later, on January 30, 1962, the *Washington Daily News* reported that once again Westinghouse, the second largest of the original group of conspirators, had been indicted for criminal violation of the antitrust laws. Quoting the newspaper, "The indict-



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ment charges that Westinghouse officials continued to conspire to fix resale prices and to boycott distributors who refused to agree to the rigged price scale."

Notice that word "continued." In other words, even after two of its top executives went to the hoosegow, and the company was forced to pay \$375,000 in fines—even after this, there was no break in the company's conspiracy.

If this is the case, what kind of ethical standard does that set for the individual American executive?

PLAYBOY: There seems to be general agreement that top management in a company has a heavy obligation to keep its house in order. What about the responsibility of the subordinate executive? In these cases, we have found individual executives apparently carrying out orders to do things that were illegal or unethical. What should the individual executive do when he finds himself asked to do something that is unethical? This gets back again to the question raised by Mr. Packard—the matter of living one's own life—doesn't it?

JAVITS: This involves the central issue in the Eichmann case, and in similar issues of tremendous war crimes. What do you do if you're ordered to do something wrong and you might get shot if you don't? Well, it seems to me that in international morality it is now held that, even if you're occupying that kind of job in which you might get shot for not carrying out orders, you still don't do it. The individual is not covered by the fact that he's been ordered to do it. The executive is not going to get shot, but the principle applies. You either resign and denounce them, or you denounce them then and there and fight them. Even when, as a practical matter, you may be fired for taking this position, your ethical responsibility is to run that risk.

DANN: Of course, the executive's first responsibility is to his conscience. If his superior instructs him to do something wrong, it is his responsibility to go up the management line and report it. Naturally, this may be difficult, if the superior is involved. It puts him in a delicate spot. He may even risk losing his job. But that's the ethical responsibility, and if he cannot get satisfaction within management, then it is his responsibility to go to the board. The board represents the stockholder, and it is to the stockholder that, in the final analysis, he owes his allegiance.

The board has the clear, inescapable responsibility for seeing to it that its managers run its company cleanly. Unfortunately, many boards don't carry out this responsibility, and if the executive

did carry his information up the line, chances are he'd be ignored or even fired for it. That's my experience with boards. They pay attention to the management, and anybody who doesn't conform to the "party line" or who questions the president gets short shrift from them.

HART: When reasonable, responsible sources report to a board member that a practice is going on in the company that raises ethical or legal questions, it's the obligation of the board to take all reasonable steps to run the story down. Is it true or is it false? If the report is false, then the board has protected the stockholder by determining that. If it's true, the board must take appropriate action.

SONNABEND: I can't see where a board that meets once a month or twice a month, no matter how long they meet, can really get inside a company. They can see the company through the eyes of the president: they can see the company through the eyes of, maybe, some of the top executives. But they can't really get inside the company.

They have a tremendous legal stake, but from a practical point of view there isn't a heck of a lot they can do. In theory, they're supposed to have more control over the company than anyone else, but just as the stockholder really doesn't have much control over the company, neither do they.

As a matter of fact, there's even a limit to the actual control that a president has in a very large company or a well diversified one.

BENTON: Many of your real ethical problems are never talked about. The boards of too many of our big corporations are loaded with the company's lawyers, with its insurance brokers, with stooges that are working for the management. Not bona fide owners. The stockholders all too often are not represented. They are disenfranchised.

DANN: Here we come to the very root of the whole problem of ethics in business, I think. Sure, the executive is responsible to his superior, then to his board. But today the board has ceased to do the job it was supposed to do. It doesn't direct the corporation. It doesn't supervise the management. It's all too often a rubber stamp, a dummy, that simply approves anything the management wants. It doesn't protect the stockholder. Many companies have passed out of the control of the real owners, the stockholders, and into the control of the managers, who milk it dry for their own benefit. Many of these executives own a hundred shares, or a nominal amount, just enough to hold office, which is contrary to the whole ownership idea. Now a tenant is

not particularly interested in preserving and protecting the property of a landlord who is far removed from the property.

Theoretically, the executive in management is working for the stockholder and for the stockholder's best interest. But management has become a power in its own right, and very often, where there is a conflict between the interest of the company and the individual interest of a manager, the company gets second best. **PLAYBOY:** We have been talking about the individual's responsibility to the company and the board's responsibility to the stockholders. Everyone agrees that management must fulfill its obligation to the stockholders of the corporation. But does management also have an obligation to anyone else—to the consumer, the employee, or society at large?

Take the matter of automation. Let's assume a corporation must automate in order to operate profitably. But automation may throw many of its workers out of their jobs.

If the executive's sole responsibility is to make a profit for the stockholders, his course of action is clear. But, if management also owes a responsibility to workers and to the community, the individual manager is torn in several directions. What happens then? Does the company have any responsibility to its workers when it decides to automate?

BENTON: That is not solely an ethical question. Now *society* has a big responsibility to these people, and we've got to get the training programs and national programs to take care of them. Now, however, having said that, I, personally, as an employer, also feel very responsible for them.

SONNABEND: It's my belief that the executive has to weigh his responsibility to all these groups, one against the other. The time is past when a man could say, "My first and primary concern is to my stockholders." I don't think this is true. Now, in any given situation, I think it's a matter of weighing the various alternatives, in terms of a business' many publics.

I think you have to ask yourself a number of questions. First, you have to examine who is hurt by any decision that you make, as well as who is benefited. You also have to ask yourself, "What happens if everybody behaves this way?" I point this out because very often you can come across a situation in business where to do something, let's say even such a blatant thing as a bribe, doesn't seem to hurt anybody. There's still this other test: "What happens if everybody behaves this way?"

One practical dilemma that I was in-



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volved with, indirectly, came back at the time when my father was president and chairman of the board of Botany Woolen Mills. The family had a rather substantial interest in Botany. Botany had a sizable loss. The plant continued to lose money. It became rather obvious that the plant needed to close down for the benefit of the stockholders. But from the point of view of the town of Passaic, New Jersey, it was highly questionable as to whether their closing down was in the best interests of the town.

It took a great deal of soul-searching, extending over a period of quite some time, before, in consultation with the union and the town officials, it was concluded that, perhaps, closing down, while in the immediate worst interests of the employees and the town, might possibly be, in the long run, best for the town.

Of course, you ask yourself when you arrive at such a decision, whether you're just rationalizing difficult ethical problems. The decision was made to close down; it did turn out, before too long, that there was fuller employment in the old mill facilities after they were remodeled and occupied by a lot of small companies than there had been by Botany. So that very often it's necessary in our free society, in our free enterprise society, to make a decision of this sort which may, conditionally, seem to be ethically improper, but which in the long run is all right.

CHILDS: I think the corporation owes an obligation to other sections of the community. I agree. It owes an obligation, yes, of course, to its stockholders, but it owes an obligation to its employees, too. It owes an obligation to the buyers of its product, and, in the larger sense, it owes an obligation to the community.

DANN: Well, the executive's primary duty is to the stockholders. But also, as that corporation is a part of our whole economic system, I think he can find a way to discharge both his obligation to the stockholders as well as to the community, just as a child loves both his father and mother. There's no conflict between the two. I can't but believe he will always be serving the community if he honestly, but honestly, serves the stockholders. No executive serves the stockholders by stealing either for them or from them. Eventually it catches up with the corporation and the stockholders will eventually lose.

PLAYBOY: Although disagreement has been expressed about the quantity and character of corruption in business, none of you gentlemen would seem to disagree that the level of ethical practice in business today could stand improvement. How can that improvement be brought about? What steps can be taken to en-

courage a higher level of ethical awareness and conduct? The Secretary of Commerce, shortly after taking office, set up a 26-man Business Ethics Advisory Council, composed of businessmen, educators, clergymen and journalists to, in his words, "see in what ways we might help the business community find ethical solutions to its increasingly complex problems." The council issued a "Call to Action" in which it urged the creation of codes of ethical practice by individual businesses and by whole industries. How useful, in your opinion, can such codes be?

HART: I think that they would be useful. One of the dilemmas is that there is uncertainty as to what is and isn't right. Now you can say, "Why should anybody be uncertain about a moral question?" Well, there are fewer moral absolutes in this world than we like to think. A code, for example, can be very helpful to a firm engaged in packaging the kind of stuff that goes in the supermarkets. Our committee investigated misrepresentation and fraudulent packaging. If, by code, it was established that in the upper right-hand corner in a particular size type, and in a particular contrasting color, in a prescribed understandable unit, you would identify the contents of a package, then everybody in that segment of the merchandising business would know exactly what was expected. That would definitely be helpful to that industry.

JAVITS: I'll tell you why I believe in codes. They give you a standard to which to repair. Many people want to do the right thing. The overwhelming majority of people want to do the right thing, the fair thing, and often they're puzzled by what it is. And if society, or some of its segments, adopt a standard, they're willing to adhere to that standard. But they often question "What is it?" "What is the standard?" That's why I so strongly recommend a code.

BARNET: Well, a code of ethics depends upon the individuals who make up the code. A code of ethics is going to depend upon how the individuals enforce it. The experience has been that these things are workable until mavericks develop, and once one firm breaks the line, then your code is finished. You have to depend upon not only the intent but the integrity of everybody who is going to be a part of the code.

In good measure it's a matter of individual morality. This can be strengthened by the climate in the company, of course. For example, if top management can maintain close personal ties with their key men, if they can avoid the feeling of a caste system with echelon

piled on echelon and everyone sticking to his own stratum, they can build the kind of loyalty to the company that breeds good individual ethics and compliance with the code.

CHILDS: Well, I am rather skeptical about this having any real effect. I don't know, it may. It would have to be tried, probably, but I am very doubtful.

PACKARD: I think it's pretty well accepted that the advertising codes are not particularly effective and the broadcasters' codes are not particularly effective. The broadcasters' code specifies that they not broadcast hemorrhoid commercials. But when this came through, dozens of stations kept right on doing it, and preferred losing their code to losing the dough. So that unless you can make the code stick, and have penalties involved, and a respected group at the head that has powers to really inflict moral censure of a serious nature on the offenders, I don't think you're going to go very far.


The weakness of the code is that it attempts to legislate morality without in any significant way changing the underlying environment. The growth of bigness and the weakening of individual loyalty to the organization, the intensity of competitive pressures, the general abundance and affluence, all these things are not changed by a code. The temptations are not removed. Therefore the code can only work by strong enforcement. And it is unlikely you'll get this in any code that requires the industry to police itself.

SONNABEND: The thing that disturbs me about codes is that very often they consist of platitudes, and they don't really help you solve the ethical problems that you face in business. I also have a feeling that sometimes the people who formulate the codes get much more out of them than anybody who reads them. There's a real therapeutic value in wrestling with what goes into a code. I think that, to the extent that a code is really supported by management, really believed in by top management, that it, perhaps, is a starting point. But to rely on a code to regulate ethical conduct is folly.

DANN: I think codes are a good thing, but they are very limited. I think that the right way to attack this problem is by giving the corporations back to their stockholders.

Today stockholders who show up at their shareholders' meetings are treated as intruders, almost. Under our present system, stockholders have no more real freedom of choice in selecting directors than those persons voting in Fascist or Communist countries.

And they don't get any help from the Securities and Exchange Commission. The SEC was originally designed to pro-




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protect the stockholder. But instead of acting like a police department, it's been behaving like a filing cabinet, except in certain isolated instances. It ought to provide for more democratic balloting in corporations. And there ought to be cumulative voting in corporations.

[Under cumulative voting each stockholder's voting strength is determined by multiplying his number of shares by the number of positions to be filled. Thus, if a 20-man board is being chosen, the holder of 100 shares would get 2000 votes, and he could concentrate these behind a single candidate of his choice. The system makes it easier for organized dissenters to gain representation on corporate boards. — Ed.]

This would give the stockholders a better chance to oust a corrupt management or to place a few good watchdogs on the board. As it is now, the cards are stacked in the favor of management, and the stockholder is at the mercy of the corporation, and as long as the board and the management know that stockholders are at their mercy, they will follow, unfortunately, that part of human nature that leads them to take advantage.

BARNET: I agree about the SEC. On Wall Street, too, there've been a lot of insider dealings that the SEC should have jumped on right away, not after the fact.

But I have to disagree sharply about cumulative voting. You cannot run a corporation with a divided board, and cumulative voting can be very destructive. I'm opposed to it because through cumulative voting the moron element can get into business. I've had some experience in which several people banded together to bullet their votes, and there was hoodlum money involved. They got their man on the board and through him raised hell. Finally, hoodlums began to get some of the business of the company. Cumulative voting opened the door to that because they needed only one eleventh of the votes to put a man on the board.

You've always got the opportunity to bring a stockholder's derivative action if you want to stop the management.

[In a derivative action, an individual stockholder may sue the management of a company in the name of the corporation itself, and on behalf of all stockholders similarly affected. — Ed.]

But, despite the fact that I disagree, I must add that I think it's healthy for industry to have people like Mr. Dann around. Keeps management on their toes.

SONNABEND: I do believe in cumulative voting, because it does just that, too.

There are risks in it, of course, but it's a more democratic method, and it's good for the company in the long run. We have it, and we think it's a good system.

But I'd like to suggest some other approaches to improving the ethics of corporations. We have our independent outside auditor, required by the SEC, of course, and under the rules of the Exchange. They come in and make a financial audit of the company. I see no reason why a similar company, an auditing firm or a management firm, can't come in and make a general management audit — an ethical audit, as it were. Taking a look at what are the policies relative to suppliers, to customers, and what is the company's policy relative to supplementary benefits to executives, and a whole lot of other things, too. The results of this audit should be made available not only to the management, and the board, but to the stockholders. I think this kind of periodic review by an independent firm could be helpful.

PACKARD: I would like to suggest that constant discussion of this ethical problem will, by itself, be a big help. Even if nothing is concretely resolved or no new orders are issued, you get an awareness. It becomes another dimension in the daily activities of people in business. Certainly the advertising business is undergoing quite a change now simply because it is so preoccupied with all the criticism it has received, and I think you are seeing an improvement in the quality of much of our advertising.

But beyond this, I think that what is needed also is the development of management into a profession, in itself, distinct from individual companies. Members could belong to a national association having its own code and standards of behavior, just as doctors and lawyers do, and the manager should be subject to censure if he violates the standards. We are moving in the direction of the professionalization of management. Management is becoming more of a skill in itself. It's simple enough for a man today to move from a zinc company to a finance company to a perfume company, because many of the actual management functions are the same in all of them, especially if they happen to be diversified companies.

I would say that with the growth of giant organizations in this country, the growth of the billion-dollar club, you're getting these companies that really amount to public institutions anyhow. The people working for them are more and more working for public institutions, in that, as we said, they have great public responsibilities. So I think that you might have a more rational

situation if the ultimate obligation of the executive were to a professional association that regulates the standards of ethical conduct. I'm not talking about a union, of course, but a professional association. Such associations are far from perfect, but upon issues that are important, I think the AMA, for example, or the architects, the scientific associations, do exert a strong influence.

If executives are going to work for these large organizations, we will continue to have a lot of ethical problems, and a lot of nonsense and conformity, unless we evolve to a situation in which the corporations become truly public institutions in outlook and the men working for them get a new concept of what their responsibilities are.

PLAYBOY: Thank you, gentlemen. The liveliness and the tone of our conversation make it plain that a good deal of earnest examination has gone into the convictions expressed. We could not agree on whether or not business ethics are worse today than in the past. We could not agree on how much importance to attach to each of the kinds of unethical behavior we discussed. We differed on the usefulness of some of the proposals made for improving the ethical climate in business. About all that we have agreed upon is that the problem is a real one, and that the executive cannot evade blame for an unethical act by arguing that he was following orders.

Perhaps our lack of consensus is understandable in terms of our discussion of corporate responsibility. Until the responsibilities of the corporation to the community — if any — are clearly delineated, it is impossible to define the responsibilities assumed by its executives. If an executive must weigh the varying demands of the employee, the customer and the community, along with those of the stockholders, he should clearly understand the priorities assigned to these demands. He must then weigh his own interests. But here, too, in acting upon them, the executive today has few clearly defined guidelines to follow. For when purely personal ethics and morality fail him — or conflict with his business obligations and loyalties — his quandaries may well assume proportions as huge as the business complex of which he is a part.

If this conversation has been worthwhile, it is not so much in providing such guidelines as in illuminating the complexity of the problem. It has also, we may hope, contributed to that ethical awareness or sensitivity that Mr. Sonnabend first mentioned and Mr. Packard referred to most recently.





ABIGAIL

35-22-35



You are right. The face is familiar. Abby's back by popular demand, and as pretty up a tree as she was aboard a dingy. But wherever you find Abby you will also find a Chesterfield King.



TOP BY JANTZEN JUNIOR

Abigail goes for Chesterfield King (and you will too) because it has all the advantages of extra length and so much more. Only Chesterfield King gives you the unique taste of 21 great tobaccos grown, aged and blended mild—tobaccos too mild to filter, pleasure too good to miss.

CHESTERFIELD KING

21-20







BARBARA-GIRL JONES, who disliked the name Barbara-Girl, believed that to be called by her right name would be a great good, but it seemed to be a good which would follow only from circumstances and a state of being. Therefore she frequently put up with the name Barbara-Girl, biding her time until she could enforce her real name upon the turbulent making, unmaking and re-making universe of Manhattan. She studied, watched, waited and bided her time. She had learned to smile and she had learned to listen attentively and she was gracious by nature, and so she had merits to compensate for her secret judgments of herself. For she gave herself only a B- in Conduct of Life.

Visited late on one of those smoky afternoons of autumn in Greenwich Village, Barbara-Girl might be found curled up on the hooked rug in front of her fireplace on Perry Street, noodling gracefully through a seed catalog. There was a shelf of books about "Method" and other methods to study acting; there were several rows of art books; there was half a shelf devoted to dancing, both ballet and modern, and a history of mime, pronounced "meem"; there were many shelves of novels and poems and outsize gift books of all species and tastes, geological layers representing the jellied boys and crustacean men with whom Barbara had bided her time. Amid all this hullabaloo of Manhattan cultivation, books, records, wire sculpture, ink sketches, arts and crafts and courses for adults, Barbara was trying to choose among varieties of parsnips, turnips and hybrid tomatoes for the sharecroppers of her farm in the highlands of Virginia. Cute Barbara. There were also an appointment book and a telephone with a black coiled slither of cord and a

BARBARA GIRL

fiction By HERBERT GOLD

between the friends there grew a coolness which flared to violence as dan's feelings for her ripened into love

neat pile of hairpins in an ashtray as she leaned upon the tufts of rug before a small, expertly kindled fire. Self-sufficient Barbara, sweet Barbara. Her grandmother (now dead) had hooked the rug; herself (not yet fully committed) had built the fire. Outside, in the courtyard off Perry Street, there was an ailanthus, the tree of heaven, surviving expertly on earth. Inside, as she governed over her life, biding her time, Barbara wore white duck pants, stained with ink (she drew), and a silk blouse (she was careless but elegant). Excellent Barbara had a gay, pouting, bright, squirrely, little-girl face, a big girl's trained and generous body, exceptionally long-waisted, and a shrewd, sad head. Her mouth wore little notched turndowns at the corners. She was deprived though there had been plenty of men to discover her by telephone, by talk, by importunate request and shy courtship; they had made their way through the courtyard of white-painted brick and peeked at the neighbor's Dufy prints and plastic children's mobiles; and chief among these men was Peter Hatton, her deep clever odd wry stockbroker pal.

She knew that he had something important to say to her, she even suspected what it was, but she felt in no hurry to hear it this time. She tried to think only of parsnips growing upside down with their heads snugly in the earth; she concentrated on resistance against weevils and worms. "Whyever." Peter was asking as he strolled smiling into her room, sniffing woodsmoke like a shy animal downwind of the fire, "whyever do you spend your Saturday afternoon with a seed catalog, hey Bee Gee?"

"Because." And she blushed. She took a small income from the hillside in Virginia which was being sharecropped in garden vegetables for her; tomatoes, parsnips, crisp dusky green beans, abrupt radishes, not mere corn, tobacco, or cotton; cabfare it meant, and silk blouses, and ladylike indulgences; she had also given Peter a set of hand-carved French juggler's toys for his birthday, beautifully tooled, balanced, hand-rubbed, polished, ready for flight; and when she visited back home, she strolled in the fields, commented on the changing weather, and bit happily, like a proprietor, into a sun-hot spurting tomato. Somehow it seemed tactless to discuss her income while living among artists and esthetic stockbrokers, and so she said to Peter's question, "Because."

"I know," said Peter, who also knew what her income came to. Not enough to make any important difference if you are looking for money, just a small grace note. "Say, Barbara-Girl, that chimney doesn't draw so good, does it? Let me tell you something: smoke, hey girl? Maybe you ought to move into Washington Square Village."

"The kindling was damp, Peter. Sit down."

But he had already sat, stretching toward the fire his long legs in their fine narrow Italian corduroy. "I know I'm early. Let me read—hm—look at the pictures while you take care of business." And he removed her senior-class yearbook from between a volume of Gurdjieff and a paperback edition of Edmund Wilson's critical essays. Bad news; Peter brought bad news tonight. "Hollins College," he said, "let me tell you something, I never knew a girl graduated from Hollins College before."

"Near Roanoke."

"I knew a girl near Roanoke once, she came from there, but I never knew Hollins College. Funny."

"All right," said Barbara-Girl, mimicking him, "let me tell you something. You tease me while I finish with the seeds."

A short amused hum as if he had some private pun in mind, too weak to share but pleasant enough for his own use. "Then we'll talk," he said, "later. I take a certain pleasure in just enjoying you, girl." And he lit a cigarillo and lay patiently toasting near the fire, easy as he liked to be, watching her touch a pencil to her tongue and make her decisions. No corn at all this year. No more tobacco ever—soil tired. New nitrogen fertilizers, then a diverse crop of eatin' vegetables. Lazily Peter blinked in a flickering ray of sunlight while late afternoon strollers outside, dressed for country, marked off another autumn Saturday in Greenwich Village, grateful for crooked streets, sunny stoops and Village ease. He heard a drunken stumble in the hall and went grinning to look, because he was always curious about instances of loss of control; it was only a painter managing an enormous limp canvas around a bend of the stairway. Peter watched, making his little hum of judgment, and then returned. "Like unborn foam rubber," he said, "mcwls and squirms." Barbara did not answer, though she was supposed to ask him what he was muttering about; she wet the pencil with her tongue and marked some margins. He returned to sigh upon beautiful Barbara-Girl because there was something rather sad to tell her. Rather sad, yes sad, always sad. But how ever could he speak while she took notes in a seed catalog? He tried to drowse, his legs twitching, wanting to be up and galloping through the Village, filled with juice and wishing to be away. He was learning to juggle better and better; an easy rhythm is the goal; he practiced with oranges. An old vaudeville juggler who now ran the elevator where he lived said he had talent. He preferred to use oranges, which seemed closer to nature, rather than the slick tumblers given him by Barbara-Girl for his birthday. Mildly he smoked and con-

sidered the layers of paper quilting the walls. Beyond, in the next apartment, a bottle fell. He decided it was the janitor, who wore war surplus khaki undershirts and had once showed Peter his Purple Heart. Peter, who had been decorated for heroic rashness, had said, "Man! Wow!"

"You kidding me? I got a 18-percent disability."

"Don't let 'em take it away from you, the bastards," Peter had said.

He dozed, smiling.

The telephone rang, it softly buzzed, and Barbara was saying, "No, no, I'm busy. No. But thank you, Larry." And then she was back, closing the seed catalog, fallen quietly beside Peter on the floor, gazing into his face as he opened his eyes from his dream of evasion, juggling himself in perfect liberty out on Washington Square in the brilliant October sun. "Aho, Peter," she said, her small face calmed, quiescent, ready for fret.

"Something to tell you!" he cried out, as if caught in his thought by her troubled eyes.

She bent to kiss him on the lips, very softly and murmuringly, as they settled onto the familiar rug by the fire. "What is it?"

"Later," he said, "let me tell you something later," and sighed, and flipped over to grasp her and pull her down upon him.

"What?"

"Just a sec."

His gestures were short with her, his heart was absent, much as always. What he had to tell her could wait a few minutes. First they would make love, easing this fine autumn afternoon down toward chilly evening, with the warmth of the fire causing a spattering excitement to fall like rain upon them as they lay together on the rug. She got up abruptly, moved swiftly; then the fire was their only light and she was clasping him . . . She smiled, her wetted teeth allowed a glitter of light and pleasure, a gentle smile, her eyes going out of focus hilariously, gravely, then squeezed shut: welcome, welcome, welcome! Her smile full of welcome took him into it until it seemed to belong to them both together, all through their tolling bodies.

He almost forgot the message he was bringing her.

But when they uncoiled and lay together spread out by the fire, he remembered it afresh at once. He shook his head reproachfully. "Ah Bee Gee, Bee Gee."

"What is it?" She turned her head to the fire. She knew.

"It's all—"

"I feel cold, Peter."

"It's over between us," he said. He

(continued on page 128)

PLAYBOY



ON THE TOWN IN...



...NEW YORK

A COSMOPOLITE'S GUIDE TO THE CITY OF SUPERLATIVES

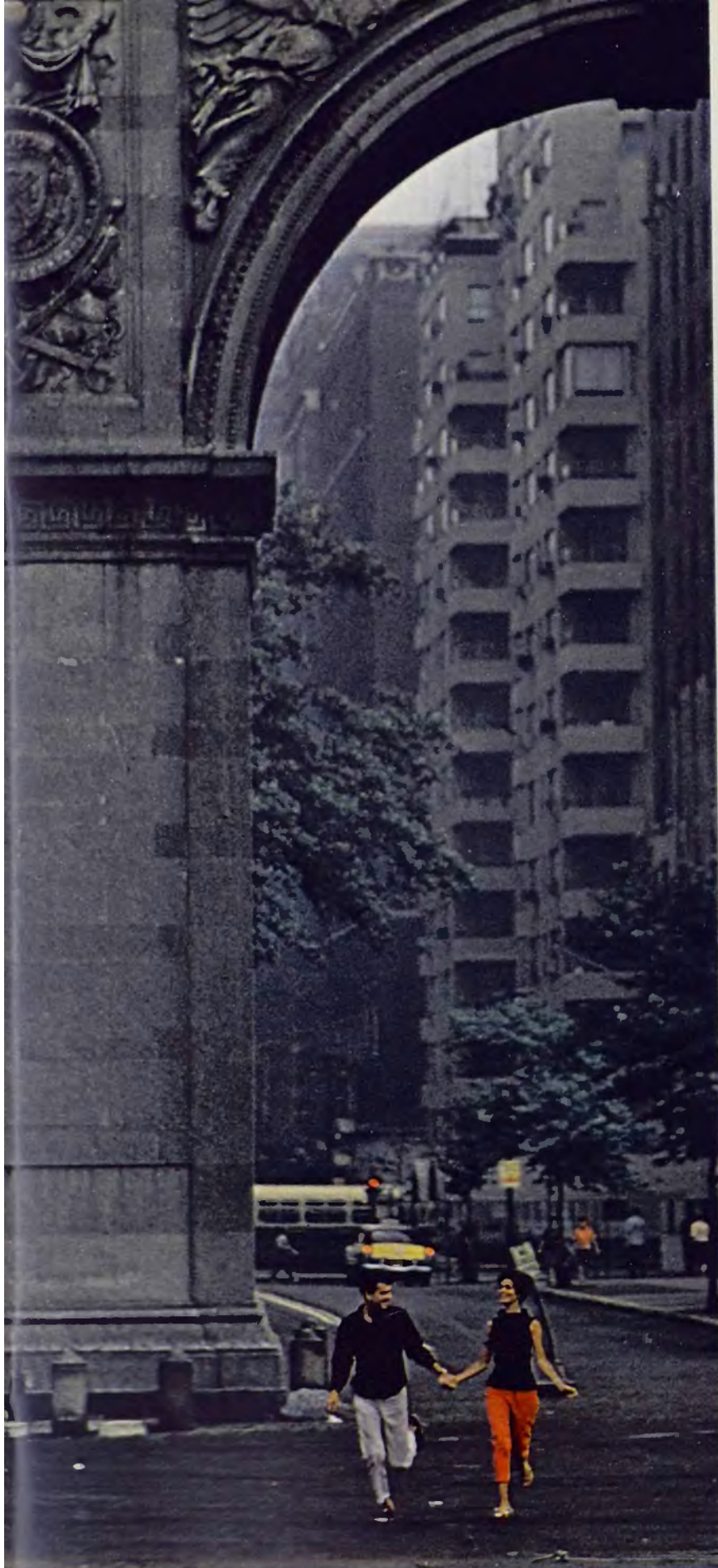
EVER SINCE the distant day in 1524 when a Florentine captain named Giovanni da Verrazano dropped anchor in the Hudson and thereby became Manhattan's first out-of-town visitor ("A very agreeable situation," he penned approvingly of the harbor), the idea and the fact of New York City have sparked the dreams of explorers — from the original robust advocates of adventure and independence to latter-day Jasons on age-old quests for power and pelf, status and fame, balm and sensual pleasure. And, in the three and a half centuries that have elapsed since the trading post of the West India Company of Amsterdam began its startling metamorphosis into today's glittering panoply of marble, steel and glass, the city has burned its image on the national psyche and made itself known, through legend and song and accomplishment, as the most remarkable and magnificent metropolis in the world. Today, the cachet of quality is more persuasively persistent than ever: in the minds of most knowledgeable travelers, modern New York offers the wayfaring male the most sophisticated and elaborate buffet for the senses ever assembled.

Situated at the mouth of the Hudson River, New York City sprawls across the five great boroughs called the Bronx, Queens, Richmond, Brooklyn and Manhattan — but the buttressed and spired island of the latter is the real core

(text cont. on page 114)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JERRY YULSMAN





Opposite: fond couple flags a cab in the swirl of twilight traffic down the skyscrapered canyon of Park Avenue. Above, left to right: gambling in the heart of Greenwich Village, arch liberals romp through Washington Square Park, downtown mecca for all-fresco folk singers, assorted upbeats, rebels with and without causes. Displaying decorous uptown etiquette, a promenading pair passes beneath the imposing façade of the Savoy Hilton Hotel on Manhattan's most elegant thoroughfare: Fifth Avenue.



Above: after a Lucullan luncheon of "Piglet in Pastry" and "Violets in Summer Snow," gourmet and girl take leave of The Four Seasons, a \$4,500,000 epicurean Eldorado designed by Eero Saarinen, Philip Johnson and Mies van der Rohe, appurtenanced with marble pool, seasonal foliage, tapestries by Joan Miró, paintings by Picasso.



Above: acquiring counter intelligence at Mark Cross, a fashionable Fifth Avenue emporium specializing in luxury leather goods and haberdasherial accouterments, our man in Manhattan and his miss appraise the liquid assets of a football flask with calf-skin carrying case. Right: browsing for baubles in Sam Kramer's, an engagingly eccentric Greenwich Village jumble shop of free-form, far-out jewelry for jaded tastes, unfettered femme experiments with a bristling pincushion as a chic chapeau while beau, bearded entrepreneur and glass-eyed gewgaws look on approvingly.





Above: *au courant* couple strolls in sculpture garden of Museum of Modern Art, esthetic oasis for avant-gardists in midtown maelstrom. Below: en route across town to West Side drama, young man and date have eyes for each other, not for gaudy glitter of Times Square, the living end of New York's neon rainbow for rubberneckerers.





Above: backed by a blaring band, a tableful of roisterers raise their steins and voices to the rafter-ringing *Gemütlichkeit* of Luchow's, the city's schmaltziest haven for devotees of *hassenspeffer*, apple pancakes and Teutonic camaraderie. Right: suffused with the imperial extravagance of snowy linen, gleaming crystal, bone china and glittering chandeliers, man of means dazzles date at the incomparably "in" Colony, a veritable Versailles of *haute cuisine* for the *haute monde* of mid-Manhattan.



Above, left: *caballero* and *querida* sip and sup in the golden glow of La Fonda del Sol, a lush Latin-American restaurant festooned with a fiesta of poncho-toned *objetas de arte* rivaled in richness only by the *especialidades* that emblazon its exotically encyclopedic menu. Above, right: ensconced on the straw in the seclusion of a private dining room at Saito, chopstick man and fellow Japan hand savor the succulence of a beef *sukiyaki* simmered before their approbatory eyes by a geisha-style girl-san.



Above: with spangled spire of Empire State for backdrop, cozy couple attains harmonious heights in Tower Suite, *ne plus ultra*—modern penthouse spa offering small but sumptuous carte served in grand manorial manner by personal maid and butler.



Above: marquee'd up for an evening of theater, playgoer pauses with sabled seraph for precurtain colloquy on the merits of Richard Rodgers' latest traffic-stopper on West 54th Street: *No Strings*. Below, l to r: famished first-nighters conduct post-mortems over late dinner at pastiche-papery Sardi's, immemorial after-theater haunt of Broadway buffs and bigwigs. With fortunate cookie for company, knowing mandarin-about-town samples splashy streetwares along the serpentine sidelanes of Chinatown.





Above: a hushed audience at Carnegie Hall hears New York Philharmonic soloist. Below: post-symphonic duet dines with Bleecker Street irregulars at Figaro in Village.



Above: chorine preens at ringside of Las Vegas Latin Quarter, which plays follow-the-Lido with beautiful buffet for buff buffs as centerpiece de résistance. Below: following these epidermal hors d'oeuvres, night-clubbing couple repairs to West 56th and a ciao-time feast fit for a Caesar at Romanesque Romeo Salta restaurant.



Below, l to r: hip comics clinch success at The Premise, Village jibe-and-java joint specializing in instant satire brewed onstage—some groundless, mostly pungent. At table for two in deep-purple grotto of fabled El Morocco, smart supper-clubbers sit one out as socialite socializers trip sedately to sweetest music this side of Lester Lanin. Center, l: in pianissimo mood, patrons congregate at upright of keyboard Bobby Short in Blue Angel, late late showcase for New Wave wits and music men.



Above, right: the mid-night blues of the Randy Weston combo cast contemplative spell over jazzophile and Jill at the Five Spot, onetime Bowery bar revamped and revitalized as posh pur- lieu for progressive party-liners, and down- town sounding board for the syncopations of Miles and Mingus, Ad- derley and Getz. Right: a candlelit couple sips espresso spiced with cinnamon and Scarlatti amidst the Florentine el- egance of Orsini's, a late-hour lodestone for the coffee cognoscenti, on West 56th Street.





Above: ending their evening on the town with a lingering look at Manhattan from afar, boatswain and able-bodied mate bedeck themselves at dawn on the Staten Island Ferry—still the world's bonniest voyage for a nickel—where shipboard romance blooms with the sunrise over the storied skyline of the distant metropolis, a miragelike Xanadu in the mists of early morning.

the fairy

in which a young reporter learns some killers come equipped with feminine wiles

memoir By BEN HECHT

IN MY YOUTH during the Twenties, not much was known in our Chicago newspaper circles about fairies except that they existed — chiefly in New York. Visiting New Yorkers wore derbies, carried canes, smelled of cologne, spoke with a lisp and were loud with boasts of famous ladies they had toppled. I had read Havelock Ellis and such details stirred suspicion.

I learned later that these flossy Gothamites were not necessarily homosexuals but normal New York literary types. What had seemed a touch of degeneracy was actually a superior culture — broad A's, sophisticated giggles, a more refined taste in haberdashery and bons mots, and a yen for imitating Oxford graduates.

I learned later that these flossy Gothamites were not necessarily homosexuals but normal New York literary types. What had seemed a touch of degeneracy was actually a superior culture — broad A's, sophisticated giggles, a more refined taste in haberdashery and bons mots, and a yen for imitating Oxford graduates.

On the day I typed this prophecy, Fred Ludwig, a popular North Shore butcher, went on trial before Judge Sabath for the murder of his wife. The wedding band with its romantic inscription had turned up in one of the sausages manufactured by Ludwig and sold to one of his customers — Claude Charlus, a well-known financier and epicure.

The prophecy was fulfilled. It was the errant wedding ring that convinced the jury that Fred had killed his wife, Irma, and disposed of her body by converting it into sausage stuffing.

I covered the trial and thought the guilty verdict a correct finding. But there were nuances that worried me. How could an intelligent man like Ludwig do so complicated and unnecessary a thing as make sausage stuffing of his dead wife? Why didn't he bury her intact as he must have buried her unusable bones, which the police had been unable to find?

Interviewing Fred while he waited in his death cell for his hanging failed to clear up these points. The stocky, muscular butcher insisted quietly that he was innocent of Irma's murder, and that she had run off with an Armenian lace peddler with whom she had been long infatuated.

"I wasn't refined enough for her," said Fred, sadly. "She was always reading sonnets out loud."

"If she's still alive, why doesn't she inform the police," I asked, "and save your life?"

Fred's broad face wagged back and forth on his thick neck.

"That woman save my life?" he said. "Never! She always hated me like poison, and laughed at me. The day I'm hanged she'll laugh louder than ever."

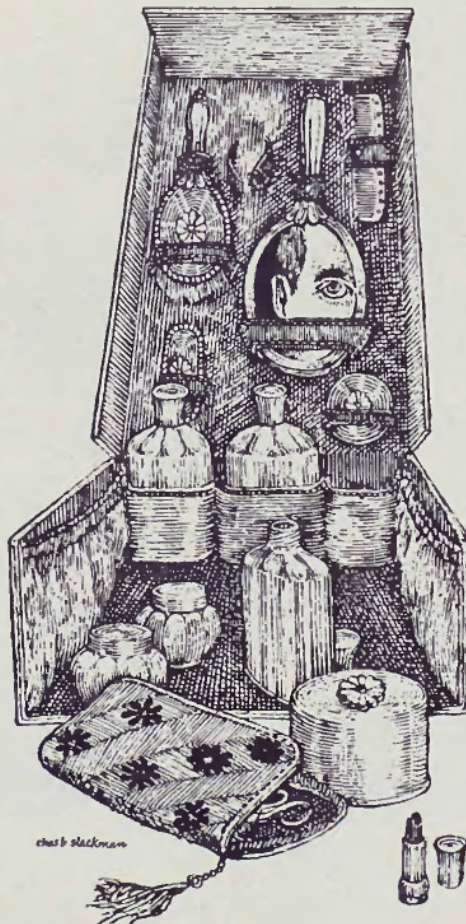
Despite my youth, I had known and interviewed dozens of murderers. However proven their guilt, most of them insisted they were innocent. The pretense never irritated me. In fact, it seemed their human side. It was easier to be friends with a murderer who kept sighing he was innocent than with one who admitted he was guilty.

I shared Fred Ludwig's confidences with Wallace Smith, the *Chicago American's* top reporter. He was a tall, handsome and always well-dressed news expert. He had ridden, as a war correspondent, with Pancho Villa and returned to Chicago with a cynical attitude toward all gringos.

Wallace and I used to sit in the Ludwig death cell and take turns beating the doomed man at gin rummy. Sheriff Peter Bartzen allowed us this diversion. He asked in return that we refer to him as "Honest Pete Bartzen" in our stories. Our sheriff had a movie star's passion for publicity. Yes, there were movie stars in those days — happily, silent ones.

Wallace and I felt no compunction about our nightly gin-rummy haul of \$10 or \$15. We were helping Fred pass the time pleasantly. Besides which, Fred Ludwig was unusually well-to-do for a condemned man. We thought it a bit overboard, however, when Charles MacArthur, another Hearst news expert, sneaked into the death cell one afternoon and walked off with \$120 in rummy winnings.

MacArthur was a nitwitted cardplayer, but it was a week before the hanging and Fred's concentration on his gin game had lessened considerably. He had trouble distinguishing the suits. We warned him against MacArthur. He was, we pointed out, a morning newspaper man — a type of journalist never to be trusted. Our death-cell host nodded gratefully. (continued on page 90)





"Damnit, I'm trying to look fresh and innocent."

fairly *(continued from page 88)*

"I appreciate what you fellas are tellin' me," said Fred. "I won't let that morning-paper sonofabitch come in here ever again. Imagine, somebody takin' advantage of me who's got only five days left on this earth!"

I blushed and looked away from the deck of cards in Fred's hands. It was a deck that the Criminal Court's press-room had discarded as having too many telltale disfigurements on its back. Fred kept dropping the cards as he tried to shuffle them.

"I had a talk with Mr. Claude Charlus today," Wallace smiled at his opponent, "and do you know what he said?"

"What did he say?" Fred asked automatically. I had noticed about doomed men that they often talked like children to a teacher.

"I'll shuffle those cards for you," said Wallace. As Fred handed him the mutilated deck, he continued, "Mr. Charlus said you were a monster."

Wallace had a distaste for murderers, not only because they were usually gringos, but because he considered them show-offs and cowards. He looked down on them and had no interest in anything pathetic about them, as I had. This enabled him to talk more frankly to them than I could. But I knew Wallace wasn't just chatting aimlessly with Fred. There was always a hunt going on when Wallace was on a story.

"Yes, sir," said Wallace, studying the backs of the cards he dealt Fred, "Mr. Charlus was pretty bitter about you. He said you were an out-and-out monster."

"I'm surprised to hear that," Fred sighed, "because I always considered Mr. Charlus was a good customer of mine, who appreciated good service."

"He didn't appreciate that connubial sausage he bit into," said Wallace. "He says it has ruined his love of food for life. And he has been on a diet of lettuce and tomatoes since it happened. Have you any idea, Fred, why Mr. Charlus should be so talkative about you being a monster?"

Fred's hand shook as he tried to figure out what cards he held.

"Mr. Charlus is wrong about that sausage," Fred said, "as well as about me. I never killed Irma. I loved her with true devotion. Even after she was unfaithful to me with that Armenian, I forgave her and begged her to come back into my arms."

"The police," said Wallace, adding 20 points to his score, "have been unable to uncover any Armenian lace peddler."

"The police," Fred sneered, "are interested only in hangin' me. Nothin' else. They beat me up every day for two weeks tryin' to get a confession out of me — with no result. Those bullheads don't give a goddamn if a man is inno-

cent or not."

"You didn't by any chance put any Armenian-flavored sausages on the market?" Wallace inquired.

"The question is insulting," said Fred, "and if you're goin' to talk like that I'd rather not play cards with you anymore." His blue eyes grew filmy and his heavy voice trembled as he added, "For God's sake, I got feelings like any human being! I got terrible feelings, even if I don't show them."

"It's my turn to play you." I took the deck from Wallace's hand. "And despite anything Wallace Smith says, I think you've been pretty brave these last days. Everybody in the jail is talking about it. Even Sheriff Bartzen says he never saw a braver man in this particular cell."

"Thanks," Fred said, gratefully.

Wallace and I quit the death cell that night with \$130 winnings between us — \$10 more than MacArthur had wangled out of the doomed man. As we were dividing the money in Warden Jacobi's office, Wallace said to me:

"It's almost more than I can stand, hearing you talk to that yellow-bellied, cowardly sonofabitch of a butcher. Wait till you see him Friday. That gringo bastard will die like the rat he is, squealing and filling his pants."

"Why do you hate him so much?" I asked.

"A 190-pound man who kills a 110-pound woman is a coward," Wallace said. "And I hate cowards."

The hanging was scheduled as usual for a Friday dawn. On the preceding Thursday morning an enormous January blizzard whipped and muffled the town and brought it to a standstill. People, traffic and business disappeared. The buildings acquired white Moorish rooftops and the streets became a cemetery of snow.

I ate a lonely dinner Thursday evening in my favorite saloon, Quincey No. 9. It was a below-street-level barroom that scorned kitchen service. But it offered free walnuts and pieces of cement-like cheese.

It took me a half hour to cover the few blocks from No. 9 to the Criminal Court Building. Knowing I would have to be there at dawn for Fred's hanging, I had decided to skip the trek to my rooming house and spend the night in Warden Jacobi's office. The hanging chamber was part of the premises.

I was surprised to find that no other newspapermen had figured out this laborsaving program. Jacobi, a tall, skinny fellow with bloodshot eyes who spent most of his time telling dirty stories to his prisoners, was alone in his office. The office, by the way, was frowzier than any of the warden's cells. It had two broken-down, black leather

lounges which Jacobi rented out on Saturday nights to his prisoners. One of Queen Lil's girls went with each couch. Queen Lil Hamilton's House of Ill Shape, as the wits called it, was a scant mile from the jail.

Jacobi and I discussed the blizzard and I listened again to some of the warden's favorites, until the phone rang. Jacobi inquired irritably, "What the hell do you want?"

A few moments later he hung up and said, "I'll be goddamned. That was Gus Plotka on the deathwatch. He says Fred Ludwig wants to confess. I better notify the sheriff first. You know how he is about those things."

"Those things" meant a story in the paper without Honest Pete Bartzen's name included, which might cost Jacobi his job. They meant also the sheriff's passion for having murderers admit they were guilty before he hanged them. He hanged them anyway, but he slept badly for several nights. I remember Bartzen spending three days with Tommy Gagin in his death cell, pleading with him to confess he had raped eight-year-old Francine Weisskopf behind a coal pile in a cellar and then slashed her to death with a penknife.

Tommy Gagin refused to confess up to the last minute. During the death march to the gallows, Bartzen whispered a last plea to the doomed man, who was mumbling some prayers with Father O'Shaugnessy cuing him.

"I'm sick and tired of you, you stupid bastard!" Gagin let out a yell, and swung a hard right to poor Bartzen's nose.

A few minutes later the sheriff, with his nose still bleeding, adjusted the noose on Gagin's neck. The sheriff's hands shook so badly and his face was so white, that Wallace and I thought he was going to faint. But Honest Pete pulled himself together and was on his feet when the white-robed, white-hooded Tommy Gagin shot through the trap and started choking to death. It took 12 minutes.

A month later when the police nabbed Francine's real slayer — he was still carrying her bloodstained little shoes in his pocket — Sheriff Bartzen's soul was badly shaken. He brooded about resigning and withdrawing from public life altogether. But Mayor Thompson talked him out of it in a ringing statement, "A true public servant must not allow his sensitiveness to run away with him!"

Over the phone in Jacobi's office, Sheriff Bartzen's voice announced excitedly, "Hold everything, Tony! I'll be right over!"

In his happiness over the promised confession, the sheriff forgot about the blizzard and the tied-up town.

An hour later, at 10, we were still waiting in Fred's death cell for the snow-

(continued on page 184)

PUPPET SHOW

fiction By FREDRIC BROWN *earth's future was put to the test when man met simulacrum in the arizona sun*

HORROR CAME TO CHERRYBELL at a little after noon on a blistering hot day in August.

Perhaps that is redundant; *any* August day in Cherrybell, Arizona, is blistering hot. It is on Highway 89, about 40 miles south of Tucson and about 30 miles north of the Mexican border. It consists of two filling stations, one on each side of the road to catch travelers going in both directions, a general store, a beer-and-wine-license-only tavern, a tourist-trap-type trading post for tourists who can't wait until they reach the border to start buying serapes and huaraches, a deserted hamburger stand, and a few 'dobe houses inhabited by Mexican-Americans who work in Nogales, the border town to the south, and who, for God knows what reason, prefer to live in Cherrybell and commute, some of them in Model T Fords. The sign on the highway says, CHERRYBELL, POP. 42, but the sign exaggerates; Pop died last year — Pop Anders, who ran the now deserted hamburger stand — and the correct figure should be 41.

Horror came to Cherrybell mounted on a burro led by an ancient, dirty and gray-bearded desert rat of a prospector who later gave the name of Dade Grant. Horror's name was Garvane. He was approximately nine feet tall but so thin, almost a stick-man, that he could not have weighed over a hundred pounds. Old Dade's burro carried him easily, despite the fact that his feet dragged in the sand on either side. Being dragged through the sand for, as it later turned out, well over five miles hadn't caused the slightest wear on the shoes — more like buskins, they were — which constituted all that he wore except for a pair of what could have been swimming trunks, in robin's-egg blue. But it wasn't his dimensions that made him horrible to look upon; it was his *skin*. It looked red, raw. It looked as though he had been skinned alive, and the skin replaced raw side out. His skull, his face, were equally narrow or elongated; otherwise in every visible way he appeared human — or at least humanoid. Unless you count such little things as the fact that his hair was a robin's-egg blue to match his trunks, as were his eyes and his boots. Blood red and light blue.

Casey, owner of the tavern, was the first one to see them coming across the plain, from the direction of the mountain range to the east. He'd stepped out of the back door of his tavern for a breath of fresh, if hot, air. They were about a 100 yards away at that time, and already he could see the utter alienness of the figure on the led burro. Just alienness at that distance, the horror came only at closer range. Casey's jaw dropped and stayed down until the strange trio was about 50 yards away, then he started slowly toward them. There are people who run at the sight of the unknown, others who advance to meet it. Casey advanced, slowly, to meet it.

Still in the wide open, 20 yards from the back (continued on page 94)

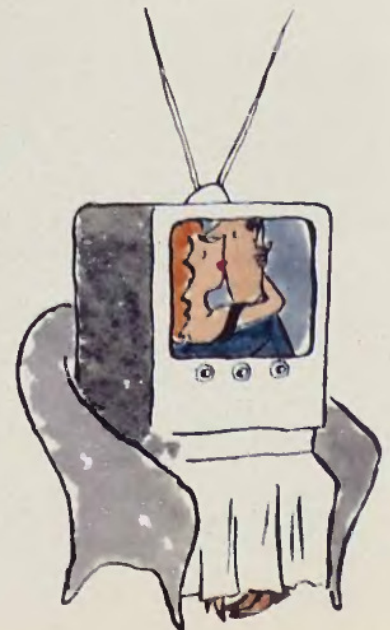


COSTUME PARTY

a loopy look at a halloween masquerade
humor By ALDEN ERIKSON



"Surely you've heard of the Marquis de Sade!"



"Well, it's about time!"



"Josephine!"



"I said, would you like something to drink?"



A. Cuban

"This ain't no costume, lady!"

of the little tavern, he met them. Dade Grant stopped and dropped the rope by which he was leading the burro. The burro stood still and dropped its head. The stick-man stood up simply by planting his feet solidly and standing, astride the burro. He stepped one leg across it and stood a moment, leaning his weight against his hands on the burro's back, and then sat down in the sand. "High gravity planet," he said. "Can't stand long."

"Kin I get water fer my burro?" the prospector asked Casey. "Must be purty thirsty by now. Hadda leave water bags, some other things, so it could carry—" He jerked a thumb toward the red-and-blue horror.

Casey was just realizing that it *was* a horror. At a distance the color combination seemed only mildly hideous, but close up—the skin was rough and seemed to have veins on the outside and looked moist (although it wasn't) and *damn* if it didn't look just like he had his skin peeled off and put back on inside out. Or just peeled off, period. Casey had never seen anything like it and hoped he wouldn't ever see anything like it again.

Casey felt something behind him and looked over his shoulder. Others had seen now and were coming, but the nearest of them, a pair of boys, were 10 yards behind him. "*Muchachos*," he called out. "*Agua por el burro. Un pozal. Pronto.*"

He looked back and said, "What—? Who—?"

"Name's Dade Grant," said the prospector, putting out a hand, which Casey took absently. When he let go of it it jerked back over the desert rat's shoulder, thumb indicating the thing that sat on the sand. "*His name's Garvane*, he tells me. He's an extra something or other, and he's some kind of minister."

Casey nodded at the stick-man and was glad to get a nod in return instead of an extended hand. "I'm Manuel Casey," he said. "What does he mean, an extra something?"

The stick-man's voice was unexpectedly deep and vibrant. "I am an extraterrestrial. And a minister plenipotentiary."

Surprisingly, Casey was a moderately well-educated man and knew both of those phrases; he was probably the only person in Cherrybell who would have known the second one. Less surprisingly, considering the speaker's appearance, he believed both of them.

"What can I do for you, Sir?" he asked. "But first, why not come in out of the sun?"

"No, thank you. It's a bit cooler here than they told me it would be, but I'm quite comfortable. This is equivalent to a cool spring evening on my planet. And

as to what you can do for me, you can notify your authorities of my presence. I believe they will be interested."

Well, Casey thought, by blind luck he's hit the best man for his purpose within at least 20 miles. Manuel Casey was half Irish, half Mexican. He had a half-brother who was half Irish and half assorted-American, and the half-brother was a bird colonel at Davis-Monthan Air Force Base in Tucson.

He said, "Just a minute, Mr. Garvane, I'll telephone. You, Mr. Grant, would you want to come inside?"

"Naw, I don't mind sun. Out in it all day ever' day. An' Garvane here, he ast me if I'd stick with him till he was finished with what he's gotta do here. Said he'd gimme somethin' purty vallable if I did. Somethin'—a 'lectrononic—"

"An electronic battery-operated portable ore indicator," Garvane said. "A simple little device, indicates presence of a concentration of ore up to two miles, indicates kind, grade, quantity and depth."

Casey gulped, excused himself, and pushed through the gathering crowd into his tavern. He had Colonel Casey on the phone in one minute, but it took him another four minutes to convince the colonel that he was neither drunk nor joking.

Twenty-five minutes after that there was a noise in the sky, a noise that swelled and then died as a four-man helicopter sat down and shut off its rotors a dozen yards from an extraterrestrial, two men and a burro. Casey alone had had the courage to rejoin the trio from the desert; there were other spectators, but they still held well back.

Colonel Casey, a major, a captain and a lieutenant who was the helicopter's pilot all came out and ran over. The stick-man stood up, all nine feet of him; from the effort it cost him to stand you could tell that he was used to a much lighter gravity than Earth's. He bowed, repeated his name and the identification of himself as an extraterrestrial and a minister plenipotentiary. Then he apologized for sitting down again, explained why it was necessary, and sat down.

The colonel introduced himself and the three who had come with him. "And now, Sir, what can we do for you?"

The stick-man made a grimace that was probably intended as a smile. His teeth were the same light blue as his hair and eyes.

"You have a cliché, 'Take me to your leader.' I do not ask that. In fact, I *must* remain here. Nor do I ask that any of your leaders be brought here to me. That would be impolite. I am perfectly willing for you to represent them, to talk to you and let you question me. But I do ask one thing.

"You have tape recorders. I ask that

before I talk or answer questions you have one brought. I want to be sure that the message your leaders eventually receive is full and accurate."

"Fine," the colonel said. He turned to the pilot. "Lieutenant, get on the radio in the whirlybird and tell them to get us a tape recorder faster than possible. It can be dropped by para— No, that'd take longer, rigging it for a drop. Have them send it by another helicopter." The lieutenant turned to go. "Hey," the colonel said. "Also 50 yards of extension cord. We'll have to plug it in inside Manny's tavern."

The lieutenant sprinted for the helicopter.

The others sat and sweated a moment and then Manuel Casey stood up. "That's a half-an-hour wait," he said, "and if we're going to sit here in the sun, who's for a bottle of cold beer? You, Mr. Garvane?"

"It is a cold beverage, is it not? I am a bit chilly. If you have something hot—?"

"Coffee, coming up. Can I bring you a blanket?"

"No, thank you. It will not be necessary."

Casey left and shortly returned with a tray with half-a-dozen bottles of cold beer and a cup of steaming coffee. The lieutenant was back by then. Casey put the tray down and served the stick-man first, who sipped the coffee and said, "It is delicious."

Colonel Casey cleared his throat. "Serve our prospector friend next, Manny. As for us—well, drinking is forbidden on duty, but it was 112 in the shade in Tucson, and this is hotter and also is *not* in the shade. Gentlemen, consider yourselves on official leave for as long as it takes you to drink one bottle of beer, or until the tape recorder arrives, whichever comes first."

The beer was finished first, but by the time the last of it had vanished, the second helicopter was within sight and sound. Casey asked the stick-man if he wanted more coffee. The offer was politely declined. Casey looked at Dade Grant and winked and the desert rat winked back, so Casey went in for two more bottles, one apiece for the civilian terrestrials. Coming back he met the lieutenant arriving with the extension cord and returned as far as the doorway to show him where to plug it in.

When he came back, he saw that the second helicopter had brought its full complement of four, besides the tape recorder. There were, besides the pilot who had flown it, a technical sergeant who was skilled in its operation and who was now making adjustments on it, and a lieutenant-colonel and a warrant officer who had come along for the ride or because they had been made curious

(continued on page 174)

FUR AHEAD AND FASHIONABLE FOR THE GENTLEMAN ABOUT TOWN OR COUNTRY

attire BY ROBERT L. GREEN Both warm and wise atop the noggin this winter: nappy new lids that prove that the fur look in headgear is far from old hat. Synthetically fibered facsimiles of luxurious Karacul and Persian lamb, they'll fit you to a fur-thee-well, in sylvan glade and on urban boulevard. Sahib at left flips traditional lid in favor of black Orlon-pile Pakistani hat with black quilted satin lining, by Stetson, \$6. Other gent sports gray Orlon-pile fedora with black braid band, center crease, narrow brim, by Flip-It, \$5.



PHOTOGRAPH BY DON BRONSTEIN



WHILE CHICAGO IS TOUTED as a convention city, we've always found its unconventional side much more interesting — especially as personified by an eye-catching iconoclast like Avis Kimble, our bountiful bohemian November Playmate. Auburn-haired Avis, a Windy City citizen by birth and inclination, is artistic both in temperament and topography (39-22-36); she paints striking water colors and oils, is a budding ballet dancer and a poetess who happily celebrates self-expression in lieu of carbon-copy conformity. Blessed with catholic tastes, our 18-year-old maverick miss gets a boot from square-dealing artist Piet Mondrian, movie director Ingmar Bergman and the rich prose of novelist Ayn Rand; she gulps vast quantities of artichokes for lunch, will lend her ear at any hour to Chopin or Odetta, loves to wear Italian knit dresses, long gloves and floppy Greta Garbo hats, and digs dating unpretentious guys who don't knock themselves out trying to impress her with their wealth and wisdom. More upbeat than beat, Avis is sensibly stashing away her earnings as a photographer's stylist (she sets up props, puts makeup on models, helps with photo composition) to pay for courses at Chicago's Art Institute, and has her beguiling blue eyes firmly focused on a career as a fashion designer. For a design that will never go out of fashion, flip to the foldout where our poetry buff relaxes by scanning a choice collection of lyrical lines. We suggest that you do the same.

rara avis

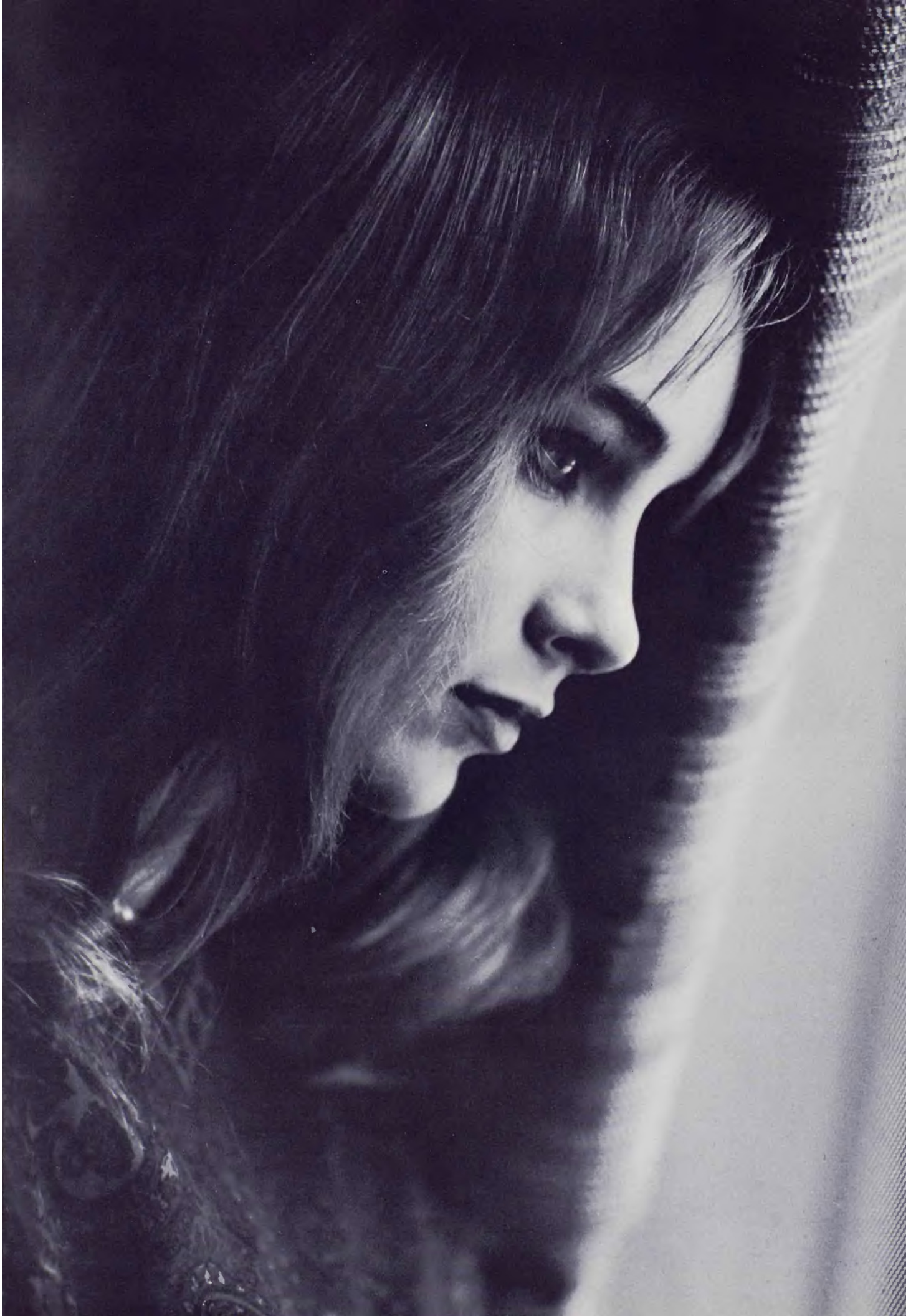
november playmate avis kimble is
a well-constructed nonconformist

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JON POWNALL



MISS NOVEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

We've just heard that the Italian government is installing a clock in the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Reason? What good is it if you have the inclination, but don't have the time?

Some of the best bedtime stories can be found in motel registers.



The courtroom was pregnant with anxious silence as the judge solemnly considered his verdict in the paternity suit before him. Suddenly, he reached into the folds of his robes, drew out a cigar and ceremoniously handed it to the defendant.

"Congratulations!" said the jurist. "You have just become a father!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *ENSOR* as a person who sticks his No's into other people's business.

Say," said the operator in his usual confidential tone, "there's a lot of good stuff at this party. If I find a chick who's ready, would you mind if I used your extra bedroom for a quick tryst?"

"Not at all," replied the gracious host, "but what about your wife?"

"Nothing to worry about," said the operator. "I'll only be gone a few minutes and she'll never miss me."

"No, I'm sure she won't miss you," agreed the host, "but 15 minutes ago *she* borrowed the extra bedroom."



A good golfer has to break 80, but a good chorus girl only has to bust 36.

The other evening in a bar, a rather shy friend of ours spotted a really remarkably stacked young lady drinking alone a few stools away. He moved over and sat next to her, but was embarrassed about striking up a conversation with a total stranger, so instead, when she ordered her next drink, he ordered another for himself and then paid for both of

them. She nodded her thanks, but still he could find no way to begin a conversation. This continued for nearly an hour, and the consumption of four more rounds by the both of them.

Finally, emboldened by the liquor, and aware that the girl seemed to be getting a bit restless and might soon drift away and out of his life, he blurted out, "Do you ever go to bed with men?"

"I never have before," she said, smiling, "but I believe you've talked me into it, you clever, silver-tongued devil, you!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *PAPOOSE* as a consolation prize for a chance on an Indian blanket.

George knew just what he wanted in a woman. "The girl I marry," he used to tell us, "will be an economist in the kitchen, an aristocrat in the living room and a harlot in bed."

Now he's married and his wife has all the required traits—but not in the same order. She's an aristocrat in the kitchen, a harlot in the living room and an economist in bed.



Do you know what virgins eat for breakfast?" he asked in his most seductive tone.

"No, what?" she replied coyly.

"Hmmm," he said, "just as I thought."

Strip poker is one game in which the more you lose, the more you have to show for it.

The head doctor at the hospital was making his rounds and he paused before a group of newborn babies.

"What's the matter with this little fellow," he asked. "He seems awfully puny and underweight."

"He's one of those artificial insemination babies," said the sweet young nurse, "and he's been coming along rather slowly, I'm afraid."

"Confirms a pet theory of mine," said the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye. "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

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



"Fresh!"



food FOWL

a succulent covey of rare birds to

By THOMAS MARIO

IN THE MOST SALUBRIOUS SENSE, the brisk weather of midautumn is definitely for the birds. Loyal beefeaters, the kind who are the first to admit they wouldn't recognize a live woodcock if it flew right into their whiskey sours, are now eagerly awaiting roast guinea hen and plump capons stuffed with truffles. Certainly, if France's Henry IV were alive today, he'd feel foolish suggesting a mere chicken in every pot. His fiat would include boneless chicken à la Kiev, rock cornish game hens, hazel hens, squab, grouse and fresh and smoked pheasant, to cite only a partial roster of the rich—and richly various—poultry fare which is now any man's for the asking.

It should be explained that most "wild" fowl wending their way to market these days are not there because of the hunter's prowess. Raised in the cushiony confines of game preserves, they can now be found in frozen niches right alongside their domestic cousins. If you're a bachelor padded down outside the great urban areas, you can still mail order pheasant, partridge, or the like, with pleasurable ease. Preliminary to making a choice, prospective poultry chefs should always remember that flying fowl such as mallard





DEEDS

give flight to gourmandial fancies

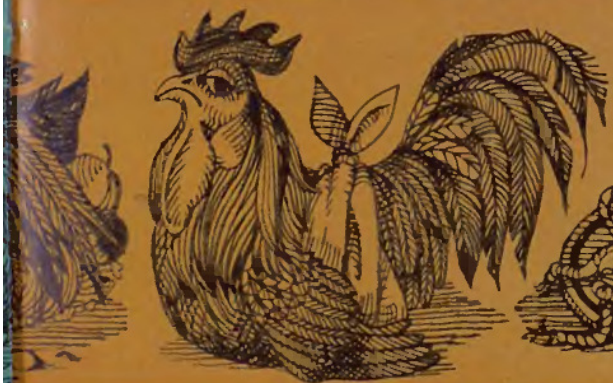
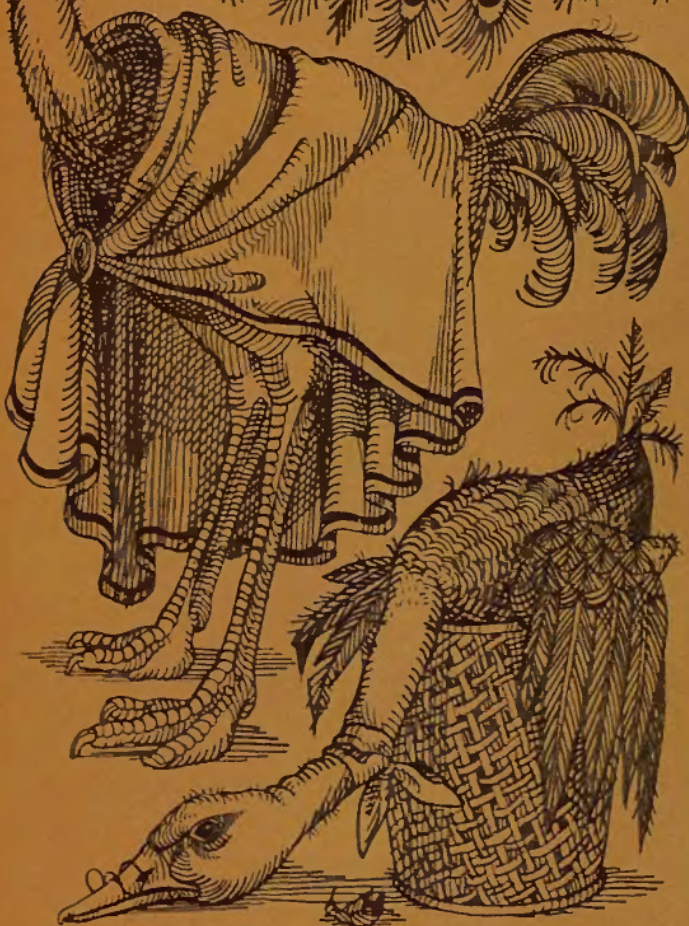
ducks or partridge are blessed with a gamy, tart flavor. The flesh of grounded birds — domestic ducks and geese, for example — is milder, more mellow. As with sour cream and sweet cream, each has its rabid partisans.

For many centuries, bird gourmandise was wrapped in a tradition of florid elegance.

A welter of hoopla always accompanied Roman dinners of domestic and wild fowl. The emperor Heliogabalus was satisfied with no less than 600 ostrich brains at a single dinner. During the Middle Ages, manorial tables were festooned with platters of roast peacock, gaudily

garnished with the bird's own plumage. When this was no longer terribly *au courant*, noblemen trying to keep ahead of the Sir Joneses instructed their royal stewards to serve roast peacock covered with a carat garni of pure gold leaf. In the last century, gourmets used to compare notes on the relative merits of flamingo and roast kiwi. First-hand experience, however, has shown that the flavors of such exotica as roast peacock, and parrot pie are nothing to crow about.

Today, fowl fetes are no longer burdened with this aura of effete delicacy. Certainly, it would be hard to find *(continued on page 177)*



ceyesten



"It started when the crew voted you 'The Girl We'd Most Like To Be Marooned On A Desert Island With.' Then we got to thinking . . ."



THE DEADLIER BRUISE

★★★★★fiction By PAXTON DAVIS★★★★★

*amid the chaos and havoc of war, he understood:
evil is not inflicted on man, it is what man does himself*

AT A FEW MINUTES AFTER FOUR on the morning of August 7, 1864, Trooper Robert Gibboney of the irregularly organized brigade known as McCausland's Cavalry pitched abruptly out of his blanket roll, suddenly and completely awake. A moment before he had been sleeping dreamlessly, his body so exhausted from weeks of hard riding that he had been almost unaware of the rocky ground beneath him; now every nerve and muscle strained against the darkness. He did not know what had awakened him; apparently it had left the others undisturbed. Clumped together beneath the thick willow trees that lined the riverbank, they slept on, silent, oblivious, untroubled.

His head against a tree trunk, Robert Gibboney made, for a moment, no further move. Instead he waited, only his eyes in motion, for a sound, a flash, the snapping of a twig, the swift passage of a dark form across the dim light from the east; three years of trooping had taught him what to expect. But none of them came. Breathing heavily, he turned slightly upon his elbow and took his watch from the pocket of his vest. Sunrise was still more than an hour away. His other hand relaxed slowly, and as it did he realized that in his sudden fear he had grasped, he supposed instinctively, the butt of his pistol. Now, his face tight and unsmiling, he let it go.

From somewhere far away he heard the crowing of a cock. Across the river, above the little town of Moorefield, there were streaks against the cloudy sky. Bradley Johnson's brigade, put for this mission under McCausland's command, was bivouacked against the Potomac there, sleeping silently, too, he supposed. Though in the bad light he could not make them out, he could see here and there the glow of a fire where the sentries kept their watch; and they, he knew, slept only at their peril. Breathing more easily than before, still he waited, and wondered where the Yankees were.

For a week now it had been the only question. The tide of Early's Valley sweep had been turned abruptly, perhaps inevitably, (continued on page 124)



"No, no more for me. I'm carving."

Redivi

NOT LONG AGO — or so the story goes — a Hollywood producer tiptoed into his Bel Air mansion in the gray hours of the morning, only to be suddenly confronted by his irate wife.

"All right, where have you been all night?" she snapped.

"Well, if you must know," said the mogul, "we had a studio conference that lasted until midnight. Then, because it was so late, I drove my secretary home and when we got to her place she invited me in for a drink. One drink led to another and before I knew it, I was in bed with her, so that's why I'm so late getting home."

"Don't lie to me!" shrieked his wife. "You've been out playing gin rummy with the boys again, haven't you?"

While not all gin players are quite that obsessed with the game, there is no doubt that in hip Hollywood, as in other pacesetting American cities, gin rummy is the second most popular indoor sport. It's played everywhere from boardrooms to bedrooms at stakes ranging from a fraction of a penny to two dollars a point. One Chicago restaurant delivers a deck of cards along with the bill so gin-happy executives can play a fast hand to determine who pays for the meal. In Vegas, playing strip gin with showgirls has replaced strip poker. Excessive gin playing has even been used — as the anecdote about the movie producer suggests — as grounds for divorce.

Unlike such fads as canasta, gin has a long, disreputable history. It was invented around the turn of the century by one Elwood T. Baker, then treasurer of the Knickerbocker Whist Club in Brooklyn, N.Y. Although Webster aptly defines the word gin as "a snare or trap for game," the game actually got its name from Baker's young son, Graham. The elder Baker called his game "knock rummy," but little Graham, no expert on alcoholic drinks, took to calling it "knock gin" — later shortened to gin — and the name caught on.

By any name, gin was by no means an instant social success. For years it kicked around the cardrooms of Eastern clubs as a mere diversion for lonely bridge players waiting for a *real* game. But its lowly simplicity saved it from extinction; it was, after all, the easiest and best of two-man card games. Tenderfoot prospectors of the Boomtime Twenties carried it with them to the dusty oil fields of Texas and Oklahoma where it developed guts as a big money, cutthroat dueling game. Then, like many a glamorous newcomer, it drifted into Hollywood, where it was given a new name (Hollywood-Oklahoma), new class and a new scoring system. By the mid-Thirties, the same card clubs that had treated gin with so little respect only a few years before had more active gin tables than bridge tables. And, in the late Forties, a survey by the Association of Playing Card Manufacturers revealed that more people had learned to play gin during the war than had learned pinochle, cribbage, whist, poker, auction bridge and contract bridge combined.

Today, gin (in its Hollywood-Oklahoma form) is more popular than ever. In fact, the mere mention of bridge now is apt to do nothing for a serious gin player except remind him, quite painfully, of an impending dental appointment.

Bridge players, of course, still consider themselves intellectually superior to their gin-playing comrades. And, as a bridge player since the age of four, I would have to agree with them. At least bridge novices don't go around challenging the experts. In gin circles, anyone who knows the rules is apt to think he has just as good a chance of winning as the next nut. And that, of course, is what makes gin such a profitable game for those who really know how to play it.

What makes gin so deceptively easy to play — and to lose at — is the assumption, on the part of poor players, that it is basically a game of luck. Damon Runyon pegged gin's luck factor at 95 percent. I would say 85 percent would be a better guess. But wise gin players (and there are many wise enough to make a good living at the game) know that in the long run all luck will even out. They know, too, that when luck is equal, skill counts for everything. That is what makes the slim margin of skill all the more important in gin.

Having played quite a bit of gin (on reading this, my Hollywood-Miami-New York friends will accuse me of deceptive understatement), I have formulated eight basic guides that, if understood and followed, can turn an average gin player into quite a good one. If you read what follows carefully, using a deck of cards to play out each example hand, you can be sure that I will never play



against you. It would be too risky.

ANALYZING THE HAND

Poor gin players constantly complain about their bad luck. "Why is it," asks the Habitual Loser, "that I never get the cards I need?" The answer is simple: he seldom *knows* what he needs. True, with each new deal he studiously sorts his cards—big ones here, little ones there, pairs together, and so forth. But unless he knows how to plan his attack, his filing system means nothing. A gin-addicted friend of mine who makes a nice living as the manager of one of Hollywood's biggest stars had gotten into the habit of dropping fabulous sums of money at "friendly" gin games. His major fault was his total inability to analyze his starting hand. Last year I gave him the same simple tips that I'm about to relate here and today he is well ahead of the game. Sleeps better, too.

With that in mind, let's proceed to the first and most important step in planning your hand: deciding whether to play for two or three runs. Your decision should be governed by the size of the knock. If the knock is five or under, the hand should generally be played for three runs; if the knock is higher, you can concentrate on two runs if you have three or four small cards to use as a knock.

Having decided whether to go for two or three runs, you must next determine where, in the progression of cards, they will be easiest to make. Naturally, you'll want to try for groupings that offer the most possible chances of filling in fast. Never make the mistake of saving two potential groupings that require the same card for completion, such as King ♦, Queen ♦ and Jack ♣, Jack ♥ (you need both remaining Jacks to fill both groups but you could use both Jacks with the pair you already hold).

Here is a typical example of how a hand may be opened up to its best possibilities. You are dealt the following hand:



The knock is the Jack ♣, and it is your turn to draw first. What should you do?

Your best play is to pick up the Jack ♣ and discard the 8 ♣. This gives you five possibilities of filling in your high-card group (with either of the two outstanding Jacks, the Queen ♥, 9 ♥ or 10 ♣). If you pass up the Jack ♣ and keep the 8 ♣, you will have only four chances of filling the high group (with the Q ♥, 9 ♥, 10 ♣ or 7 ♣). It may be argued that picking up the Jack will warn your opponent against giving you either the 10 ♣ or the other two Jacks. True, but holding all

three of those cards would make it very difficult for him to go out. (There is still another good reason for drawing the knock card that we will see in the next section.)

If you disagree with the logic of this first example, try playing the hand half a dozen times—first as I suggest and then as you think it should be played. If you keep track of the points, you will be amazed at what a difference a play makes.

Still on the above hand, you will notice that aside from the three 6s and the four high cards there is a group of three small cards. Since the knock is 10, you need one more card to go down with only two runs. But while you are waiting for that card (an Ace) you might also draw the fourth 6 or an extra card on your high run. So you have seven good chances of building a two-run hand, plus two chances of filling the Deuces for three runs.

The important point to remember here is that while your opponent is simply sorting and filing his starting cards, you have planned your entire hand, giving yourself five chances for a high run and nine chances for either a four-card knock or a third run.

Before we go on to the next playing point, a few words on kibitzing are in order. Frankly, I don't like kibitzers for the same reasons I don't like over-the-shoulder newspaper readers. But I must admit that you can learn a great deal more from watching an expert gin player than you can from playing against him. In fact, all you can really learn from playing him is how to live without money. So, like it or not, I must advise you to kibitz all you can. But please, do it quietly.

In some gin circles, kibitzers (the word is Yiddish for meddler) actually consider themselves superior to "mere" players. Ernie Kovacs, who was one of my closest Hollywood friends and a gin addict if ever there was one, used to do a very funny bit about the kinds of on-lookers who haunt some New York card clubs. First, he said, come the full-fledged *kibitzers* who have the right to argue with the players and may even pull cards out of their hands and play them. Then come the *dorbitzers* who are not allowed to talk to the players but may argue with the kibitzers. Finally, there are the *tsk-tsk makers* who are not allowed to talk to anyone; they simply stand in the background and go "tsk-tsk!" whenever they feel that somebody is doing something wrong.

Lest the tsk-tsk makers find reason for tsk-tsking over *your* shoulder, let's move on to the next point:

HARD KNOCKS

I mentioned in the first example that there was one other good reason for

picking up the J ♣ at the start of the hand. I have found that the player who takes the offensive immediately generally wins the hand. There is no surer way of taking the lead than by picking up the knock card when you have the first option.

Even when I have only one other card in my starting hand to group with the knock card, I will pick it up if it is a nine or less. This does not mean that I will be able to use the card. It simply means that I am giving my opponent something to worry about and possibly tying up two or three cards in his hand. This is especially important on a low knock.

For example: The knock card is the 5 ♣, and the only card I have in my starting hand that comes close to it is the 7 ♣. I will take the knock card if I am first to draw. Unless my opponent is holding two 5s, he must temporarily assume that I hold the 5s. And, if he *does* hold them I have hurt his hand. Also, if he holds the useless 6 ♣ or 4 ♣ he must continue to hold them until he knows which way I am going, and he may not find out until I knock or gin. So, whenever you can, draw the knock card to confound the opposition.

LIMITED ADVERTISING

To "advertise" in gin means to toss one card in hopes of luring your opponent into giving you a related one. In his waggishly whimsical book, *How to Talk at Gin*, Ernie Kovacs suggested that even when your opponent knows you are advertising, he will throw you the card he thinks you want just to confirm his suspicions. But Ernie's opus wasn't meant to be instructional, so don't count on that kind of good fortune.

Actually, you should limit your advertising to cards that, although helpful, are not really crucial to your hand. Suppose you are dealt:



The knock is Jack ♣ which you pick up. Knowing that you must make good the Jack, Jack, 10 combination, you can afford to discard the 8 ♣ without caring whether or not your opponent picks it up, since his 8-meld will not prevent you from going for a two-run hand with a four-card knock.

But, if you are holding:



and draw the Jack ♥ from the deck, you could get very badly clobbered by throwing the 8 ♣ as an advertisement. If your opponent can use the 8 ♣ in a club run,

(continued on page 180)

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GALLERY OF GIFTS

Artfully crafted offerings shown early enough for you to order custom-made items in ample time for the Yule. Framed clockwise from noon: imported three-pocket cowhide attaché case, by Elizabeth Arden, \$75. Waterproof stainless-steel Seafarer watch, with stop watch, dial for high and low tides, by Abercrombie & Fitch, \$110. Optronic Eye 8mm reflex movie camera with underwater housing, by Bell & Howell, camera \$250; housing \$100. Mutenye wood salt-and-pepper set, by Dansk, \$25.90. Imported brass nutcracker, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$10. Burlwood walnut cigar humidor, by Alfred Dunhill, \$47.50. Italian leather-and-brass-trimmed hourglass, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$25. All are on one-of-a-kind handwoven 6x4 throw rug with abstract design, from America House, \$680. Pedestaled, left to right: transistorized 8-lb. TV set has 5-inch picture tube, is powered by 110 volts AC, 12 volts DC, or battery pack (\$39.95 extra), by Sony, \$229.95. Five-piece stainless bar set (knife and spoon not shown) in walnut case, brass nameplate, by Hoffritz, \$50. Handwoven olive plaid wool scarf reverses to solid brown, by Handcraft, \$7.



Taking a stand, from left to right: outsized, insulated ice bucket of rare palisander wood, by Dansk, \$44.95. Stainless-steel letter opener with walnut handle, brass and copper trim, by Hoffritz, \$14. Electronic clock with sweep second hand, operates on single transistor battery, will run for at least one year, in ivory with gold trim, by Alfred Dunhill, \$79.95. Time-master Model 7 AC-current-operated Dictaphone weighs 7 lbs., has transistor-powered microphone, amplifier, automatic backspacing, Raymond Loewy design, \$410; cowhide carrying case is fitted to hold machine and additional dictating belts, \$29.95, by Dictaphone. Four-quart double-boiler chafing dish has brass trim, dolphin legs, from Bazar Francais, \$85. Chrome-plated, quart-holding syphon uses CO₂ cartridge to instantly carbonate tap water, by Hoffritz, \$42.50. Weatherproof indoor-outdoor speaker, with frequency response from 50 to 15,000 cycles, can be completely submerged without damage, anodized burnished-gold aluminum trim is permanently protected, tilt stand becomes bracket for wall or ceiling use, in beige or white, by Bozak, \$79.50. Miniature barograph, in brass-trimmed glass case, has brass instrumentation mounted on walnut stand; replaceable graph paper holds barometric readings for one week, by Abercrombie & Fitch, \$115.



Gilt-edged Xmas fare, clockwise from noon: umbrellas, l to r; silk with Malacca handle, gold tip, \$30; nylon with lizard handle, \$16; nylon with Swedish birch handle, \$9, by Polan, Katz. Italian hammered-brass umbrella stand, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$95. King-sized enamel-on-chrome PLAYBOY lighter, by Playboy Products, \$20. Hand-carved bone chess set, with hardwood case (not shown), by Abercrombie & Fitch, \$75. Three nested pecan tables; middle-sized table has birch-and-rosewood chess board, others have burl-walnut inlay, smallest has drawer, by Tomlinson Furniture, \$295. Nautical hailer, with choice of signal-flag decals, by Audio Equipment, \$62.50. Skipper 365 ship-to-shore radiophone has six channels, uses 12- or 32-volt system, by Bendix, \$470. Imported belting leather attaché case has removable envelope portfolio, by Hartmann, \$135. Carry-on one-suitcase of same leather has faille lining, by Hartmann, \$135. Cube-shaped vermeil cigarette box, by Tiffany, \$215. Old-fashioned stock ticker, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$160. Red duvetyn and black fox auto throw by International Tradeways, \$350; other colors, fabrics, \$275 to \$400. Brass and ebony (or oiled walnut) valet, by Setwell, \$175 with electric shoe polisher; \$125 with scale. Antelope coat has nutria lining and collar, horn buttons, by Cortefiel, \$600.



and essence of the city and, in many ways, of the country itself. Thrusting upward from a rock-ribbed island 12 miles long and two and a half miles wide, Manhattan is an often incredible amalgam of urbanity and impetuosity, crassness and culture, riches and wants. O. Henry called it "the wonderful, cruel, enchanting, bewildering, fatal, great city"; Walt Whitman sang of "noisy, roaring, rumbling, tumbling, bustling, stormy, turbulent New York"; poet Byron Rufus Newton, in a less permissive mood, muttered "crazed with avarice, lust and rum, New York, thy name's Delirium." Whatever the reaction of the rider on the metropolitan carousel — red-blooded relishment or blue-nosed disapprobation — the city of superlatives has never aroused ennui.

Foremost among the intangible sensual pleasures that the male visitor will encounter here is the curiously exhilarating sensation of being at the figurative center of things, of swinging at the vortex of the nation's vitality. Arbiter of national taste, unparalleled in the magnitude of its theatrical, publishing and advertising yield, American capital in affairs financial, commercial and cultural, New York exudes a sense of primacy that will, in turn, impart a subtle patina of excitement to your stay and add to your awareness of and receptivity to the kaleidoscope of entertainments proffered.

For many first-timers, the sheer bulk and jostling complexity of the city scene are more than a bit bewildering, and the leaden rain of statistics poured forth by Gotham's barkers tends to obscure rather than illuminate. To be sure, one can't help but be impressed by the knowledge that the city's 8,000,000 inhabitants — a population exceeding that of 43 states — consume 155,000,000 dozen eggs each year, worship at better than 4000 churches and synagogues, can improve their minds with 7,000,000 books in the New York Public Library, 365,000 works of art in the Metropolitan Museum, and 9000 stars in the Hayden Planetarium, and live in a locale upon which is deposited 525,000,000 pounds of soot each year, beneath which is a subway system transporting 4,600,000 souls a day, and around which lie 578 miles of waterfront. But you'd be well advised to contemplate the city not in such statistics of abstract bigness, but in terms that convey its manageable, human proportions. The key to a proper understanding of New York is a realization that the city is not an unwieldy megapolis, but an area consisting of small, distinctive neighborhoods, each with a unique character and a special brand of hospitality.

These neighborhoods run a wide gamut of individuality, from the chic elegance of the East 60s and 70s, where plush apartment buildings, austere brownstones and smart hotels decorously rub roofs with intimate clubs and *haute cuisineries*, to the lively, brash section of Greenwich Village, the pushcart and espresso district where informal negligence and experimental creativity erratically and erotically coexist; from the treasure-trove row of art galleries and music and antique shops which lie in a cultured-pearl necklace along the wide swath of 57th Street, to the frenetic swirl and neon pizzazz of Times Square, where prospering pornography parlors, cavernous flick palaces, throbbing penny arcades and klaxon-loud taxi-cabarets flashily vie for the rube's and the rubberneck's wherewithal. The city's neighborhoods are sometimes as confined as a single street, as with those thoroughfares whose names have become a part of the nation's lore and language — manipulative Madison Avenue, showboating Broadway, smart-shopped Fifth Avenue, swank Park Avenue, enterprising Wall Street — and sometimes as broad as the labyrinthine ethnic districts, at whose overlapping boundaries *Brau-houses* give way to Slavic meeting halls and tiny Armenian restaurants yield to Yiddish theaters, Italian groceries and Chinese gift shops. Sometimes blatant, sometimes relaxed, these varied neighborhoods are all of absorbing interest to an inquiring intelligence, and to the man who knows how to choose from the best that is offered they present an endless array of delights.

If you are arriving from any great distance, chances are you'll jet into Idlewild, a vast Long Island complex which, with its futuristic-muraled and mosaiced free-form terminals, is easily the city's most impressive portal of entry. Letting down, you probably won't be treated to an air view of the city — most flights make their approaches from the ocean, and holding patterns are usually over the Atlantic or above eastern Long Island. But near the end of the 45-minute spin by cab or limousine into Manhattan, just before you dip into the Queens-Midtown Tunnel, you'll have a fine panorama of the storied skyline, jagging boldly upward from Wall Street to East Harlem. If it's not too far out of your way, an even more impressive panorama lies before you if you tell your cabbie to go via the Triborough Bridge. (In the near future, travelers will be able to make this trek by jet helicopter, whirlybirding it from Idlewild to the top of the mammoth Pan Am Building adjacent to Grand Central Terminal.

If you swing into the city en route to

the East Side Terminal, you will be immersed in a vibrant and mobile microcosm whose keynote is growth: on all sides soar the freshly fabricated towers and spires which are the result of Manhattan's explosive building boom, a construction phenomenon that is slowly transforming the quality of the city's skyline from a brick-and-stone façade to one of steel and glass, has resulted in a major renovation of Park and Sixth avenues, and contributed such functionally sound and esthetically stirring modern monuments as the Seagram Building, Union Carbide, Chase Manhattan Tower and Lever House.

A measure of the city's enterprising undertakings may be seen in the 12-acre West Side site of the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, an integrated nucleus of functionally advanced buildings destined to house the New York Philharmonic, an opera company, a repertory theater, a ballet company, and a myriad of other cultural activities; and in the projected pavilions which will rise at Flushing Meadow Park in Long Island, scene of the forthcoming New York World's Fair which is expected to draw 70,000,000 spectators during the summers of 1964 and 1965.

In its fascination for the present's perpetual rebirth and its vision of the future, New York is not overly concerned with the sacraments of tradition; perhaps it is this lack of remembrance of things past that makes most outsiders feel so readily at home, for the city is always ready to accommodate newness in ideas, objects and people. It is a popular theory among those given to such creative observations as "New York is a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there" (usually mouthed by those who have done neither) that New Yorkers live at a killing pace, brass-knuckling and backstabbing their way in a rat race for worldly goods and status. The exaggeration is gross, of course — Manhattan's minions are alert and energetic and often ambitious; but helpfulness, generosity and affability are just as prominent in their multifaceted character. The style and the language are often abrupt and unpretentious — back in 1774 John Adams complained that "They talk very loud, very fast, and altogether. If they ask you a question, before you can utter three words of your answer, they will break out upon you again, and talk away." — but, almost without exception, civility and friendliness will be met in kind.

To accommodate the influx of the 20,000,000 or so visitors who check into the city each year, over 1000 hotels are now offering surcease to the weary, including luxuriously appointed caravansaries, quietly Continental sanctums, seedy fleabags and slickly commercial

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"So where were you during the tourist season?"

NEW YORK *(continued from page 114)*

motor hotels. The best — and, of course, the most expensive — hotels in town are clustered in two ultrafashionable areas: the southeast corner of Central Park, and the few square blocks extending north and east from the vast Waldorf-Astoria. The score or so hotels spotted in these posh purlieus almost all provide premier comfort, facilities and service; if you want your Manhattan hiatus to be a memorable one, you will be well advised to bed in one of these rooms at the top.

Fronting the park and grouped around the storied Plaza fountain (where the Scott Fitzgeralds once enjoyed early-morning ablutions) are a quartet of hotels devoted to the domestication of starched European service: the Pierre, the Sherry-Netherland, the Savoy-Hilton and the Plaza. They are all proximate to the chic shops, smart bistros and fashionable restaurants that bejewel the 50s and 60s, and contain a goodly number of public rooms and lounges frequently frequented by the town-house crowd. The tariffs run from roughly \$15 to \$35 for a day's use of a single. If you anticipate some after-hours hosting, and wish to do it in high style, you might reserve a two-person Edwardian suite at the Plaza, which range from \$35 to \$80. A taste for suites can be indulged in the other three as well, of course.

The St. Regis, a few blocks south on 55th off Fifth, is another top lodge and a favorite both of discriminating locals and transient cinema personalities. Prices start at \$18 per single and ascend to the \$66 level for elaborate bedroom-and-sitting-room extravaganzas. Farther east, on Park Avenue and 49th Street, looms the imposing Waldorf-Astoria, by cubic measure the largest hotel on earth. Without straying from its premises, you can, if the spirit so moves, purchase a \$70 bottle of vintage bubbly, an impeccable new wardrobe, and a \$14,000 mink to protect your inamorata from possible chills, have an offending molar extracted, and dine alone or in a private railroad car beneath the hotel or in the conventional company of 2000 others. The privilege of snoozing under the same roof that shelters Cole Porter and a rich sprinkling of expatriated royalty can be yours for as little as \$10 a day or as much as \$70.

A typical tab at the Beekman Tower, on First Avenue and 49th, will be more moderate than at the aforementioned hostelry; for \$12 per day for a single (\$19 for a suite) you can command both a comfortable pad and one of the more striking views to be had about town — the UN buildings backdropped by the East River. The Beekman is also noted for its Top O' the Tower cocktail lounge, where diplomats oil the troubled

waters of their daily cares. If this neighborhood is to your liking — it's appreciably quieter than on the western front — you might sign on board the Pickwick Arms, at 230 East 51st Street, which is even more moderately priced than the Beekman, having singles starting at \$5.50 and doubles ending at \$9. It features a sun deck and a congenial fire-watering place dubbed the Polonaise Cocktail Lounge where many of the French and English residents forgather of an evening.

Of late, there has been a trend among discerning visitors to steer away from the lobbying throngs and commercialization of the hotel behemoths, toward the smaller, slightly off-the-beaten-track hotels, where personalized service, elegance and muted charm are blended in a relaxed milieu. Most of these voguish establishments are above 59th or below 42nd Street on the East Side (New York's West Side is a nice place to visit, but you wouldn't want to live there). Of these, we commend the comforts of the Carlyle on Madison and 76th (the Kennedys' favorite), the Tuscany, just east of Park on 39th (each room contains a color-TV set, a butler's pantry and refrigerator, an imported FM radio and a silent butler) and the Gramercy Park, at 52 Gramercy Park North (a stay entitles you to a key to the private park across the street).

Having installed your luggage in the chamber of your choice, and showered away the dust of travel, you'll be set for an evening foray into the glittering swirl of Manhattan's after-dark playgrounds. With the coming of dusk, you'll find the character of the city undergoing a smooth transformation — as the commuters scurry home to their burrows and warrens in the suburbs, the streets so recently aswam with the comings and goings of pounding commerce now murmur quietly with traffic agreeably sparse and leisurely after the homeward, day's-end rush and before the theater-hour crush. The pulse is still there, but it is one of anticipation, not anxiety, a prelude to the stimulating contrapuntal rhythms of the night life to come.

Which brings us to the pleasant problem of striking up a liaison with one of the million-plus Manhattan fillies. As you depart from your hotel to take your bearings on the sidewalks of New York, it will soon become strikingly apparent that not only are you in a city more saturated with girls than any other in the world, but that the attractiveness of the norm is remarkably high. Unquestionably, too, New York girls are the world's best dressed. Plucking their plumage from the racks of high fashion's most powerful style-setters (and

their deft imitators) the city's girls dot the thoroughfares with accents of such compelling chicness that even case-hardened natives feel obliged to turn and stare. They are also feminine, often lonely and — in a refreshing number of instances — available.

Hemingway once remarked that "the sole purpose of the cabaret is for unattached men to find complaisant women. All the rest is a wasting of time in bad air." The remark still holds — though of course today the air is more often conditioned than bad — and cabarets, cocktail lounges and bars remain a bachelor's boon. In New York, at six o'clock, the 180-minute cocktail hour is in full swing, and in scores of palmy oases around town, tensions are dissolving and affairs solidifying in a roundelay of iced and potent potations.

The fashionable hour for encountering fashion models is 6:30 at Ratazzi, on 48th between Fifth and Madison, and Michael's Pub next door, two lounges currently in favor with high-style lens chicks. Flanking the life-sized models are fetching phalanxes of pert advertising girls, photogs' reps, and an occasional agency receptionist midway on her hegira from art school to status as an assistant art director. Cool and collected, these girls offer a challenge to the most silver-tongued snowman — but the dividends are usually worth the effort of selling your own stock. The Mansfield Lounge, a short trek down Fifth to 12 West 44th Street, is an interesting hunting ground for cheesecake photographers in quest of queenly subjects, wherein many an appealing sec has parlayed her sex appeal into a professional posing career. You may find an office Girl Friday here, looking for someone she may serve as Girl Saturday and Sunday.

Other noteworthy sites for girl scouting include The Toast, on Second Avenue at 58th Street, a deep-pile, midnight-blue gin mill with dollar drinks, a piano bar played by a girl trying to sing like Chris Connor, and a mutually appreciative clientele of stags and does; and the Roundtable, on 50th a few steps beyond Third, which offers a twistful vista of heaving hips each evening, with a matinee on Sunday. Until the twist mania struck the country, this club was just another oak-paneled supper spot genteelly unobtrusive — but as soon as the coffer-filling potential of the movement became clear, the nights of the Roundtable became dedicated to the twist cult. The ladies, who arrive in pairs and trios, outnumber males at a three-to-one rate, and are quick on the pickup.

A more soothing brand of tipling awaits the imbiber at Jim Downey's, a cocktail lounge and restaurant held in high repute by theatrical pros like Paul Newman, Ben Gazzara and Mike Gazzo

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pictorial satire

PLAYMATES OF HISTORY

*if playboy had been around a few thousand additional years
some famous females might have graced our center spread*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

MISS DECEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



NILE QUEEN

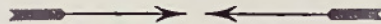
our december playmate tops egypt's social pyramid

Romantics may ruminate on what the silent Sphinx thinks, but we prefer to fathom the regal beauty of an Egyptian lass named Cleopatra. We first barged into Cleo while boating down the Nile and were so smitten with her serpentine sensuousness that we instantly asked her to become the December member of our Playmate gallery. As the fetching photo above indicates, she reclined to accept. Constructed better than any pyramid, Cleo cleaves to 37-23-35 specifications and has brains to boot. Although born to wealth, she earns her own way as a hard-working government gal, greeting visiting military brass. Her preference in men, she admits, runs strongly to fiery Latin lovers. But it's hard to get close to Cleo unless you share an interest in her far-out hobby—herpetology. Having raised a generation of vipers, she cottons to cobras and other fancy ophidians, including the deadly poisonous asp. "Those little things," says Cleo jokingly, "will be the death of me yet."



DOE-EYED DEAR

*a sweet indian playmate
adds a feather to our cap*



Cigar stores never had it so good, we're sure, as we did the day we stumbled onto the happy hunting grounds of Pocahontas Matoaka, the bare-skinned dear who graces our gatefold at right. Picking Pocahontas as a Playmate was a case of perfect casting, since her name — honest injun — means "playful one." For her part, Pokey accepted our Playmate proposal without reservation. Equally handy with beaux and arrows, Pokey loves to whoop it up with visiting pilgrims in historic Jamestown, Virginia. She admits, however, that her dad (a longtime sagamore in the local real estate game) isn't nearly as fond of palefaces. "But I wouldn't let him harm a hair on your head," Pokey promised. Measuring a heap fine 37-22-35, Pocahontas stands as high as August corn and weighs less than a yearling doe. Besides selling chances on Indian blankets, modeling loincloths, and teaching friendly settlers how (and other Indian words), Pokey dreams of crossing the Big Water to England. But wherever she goes, you can be certain that when our Miss June gives with an Indian love call, it won't go unanswered.



MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



MISS AUGUST PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

SLEEK GREEK

we'd like to get her on a slow boat to ilium

Sunning ourself by the blue Aegean, we first beheld Hellas' high-spirited Helen of Troy as she toyed with a collection of tiny sailboats. Since that magic moment, we harbored—and have now fulfilled—a strong desire to see her in all her Grecian glory on the centerfold of **PLAYBOY**. Helen, as her hobby hints, has a secret desire to officiate at a real ship launching. With a face as beautiful as hers, she could easily launch a thousand of them, we're sure. A favorite among Greek fraternities because of her swanlike grace, Helen claims to take after her father, whom she literally worships. Although she has lived a rather Spartan existence, she hopes to travel as a "war correspondent." At present she enjoys horsing around with itinerant Trojans and is toying with an offer to become a Paris mannequin. Her troy weight is Greek to us, but her classic dimensions (37-22-35) obviously hit the golden mean. Even a blind poet could foretell that wherever her Odyssey takes her, she'll find men fighting for her favors.

Fair Helen dallies in a manner nymphean in grin and tunic near the blue Aegean.





Jo and her poodle get an admiring pet from Lt. N. Bonaparte at a posh Parisian party.

Come, Josephine

*our imperious october playmate
collects toy soldiers as a hobby*

Of all the lucky pups of Paris, the most fortunate of all are the poodles who perch on the lap of lovely Marie Joséphine Rose Tascher de la Pagerie — or just plain Josephine, as her many intimate friends call her. We first met joyous Jo while she was herding her oodles of poodles through a Paris park and, struck by her stunning Empire lines, quickly paged her for our Playmate page. A native of far-off Martinique, Josephine has become the darling of Parisian society. Carefree and coquettish, she loves to give swinging soirees and, of course, is the belle of every ball in her daring low-bodiced, high-fashion gowns. Along with a love for French antiques, she has a passion for collecting tiny toy soldiers. Her taste in men, she says, runs to "short, cute ones" in uniform. "I just adore those silly hats and tight pants they wear," says Jo. Although many a military man has campaigned for her heart, each has met his Waterloo because of her 37-22-35 figure. "I am still waiting," she says, "for my conquering hero on horseback."



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

It was a happy twist of fate, as well as the tinkling of tambourines, that caused us to waltz into the tiny, out-of-the-way dance studio where we nearly lost our head over Salome Herodias, the golden-skinned Galilean gal who appears on the gatefold at left as our Miss May. A serious student of belly ballet, Salome consented to a Playmate pose after we convinced her it would help her get ahead in choreography. And it was our pleasure to watch her undulate through the Jordan Valley garment district in search of a half dozen or so squares of flimsy silk for a new terpsichorean technique she's working on. "It's a strip that will really slay 'em," says sensuous Salome. Already a standout in the field of interpretive dance, she has a treasure chest of jewels given to her by admiring stage-door Johnnies. After busting our tape measure at 36-22-36, Salome told us that her ultimate ambition is to play a command performance at the Palace. But whatever her veiled destiny may turn out to be, we venture to guess that she'll get whatever she wants on a silver platter.

Our Gal Sal

*miss may's a veiled treat
who wants a head start in showbiz*



When it comes to pomp and pompadours, no one in Paris' plush salons lives a lusher life than Marie Antoinette, a highborn Austrian angel who appears here as our heavenly Miss January. A kook when it comes to confectioneries, sweet Marie literally loses her head over cake. She also digs diamond necklaces, masked balls and Louis XVI period pieces. But it isn't fair to assume that Marie is a giddy girl caught up in the gay social whirl of the city; now and then she likes to pursue the pastoral life down on the farm, milking cows in a tailor-made gingham dress. Not one to bother her pretty head with social ills, Marie says her pet peeve is politics. "Zose silly men weez zer silly revolutionary ideas revolt me." Well endowed to keep abreast of the social set, Marie measures a nifty 39-23-37, and stands five-foot-seven in her stocking cap. Unlike most of our Playmates, she has no plans for a career: "Eet is such fun to, how you say, play, zat I don't ever want to work," avers Marie, who loves to entertain friends by doing imitations of a fictional character named Zsa Zsa Gabor. Her beauty is fit for a king.

❖ FRENCH PASTRY ❖

*our sweet-toothed miss january
literally takes the cake*



Merry Marie cleaves a well-stacked cake for her many bosom friends at a gay soiree.



MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH




*we trade secrets
with a
slinky,
sexy
slyboots*

AGENT PROVOCATIVE



The cryptic Miss Hari carries on a covert phone conversation with an undercover spy.

When we first spied mysterious Mata Hari slinking around a corner in her high-buttoned trench coat, we knew at once that she was the kind of girl with whom we'd like to do undercover work. So, when we saw her again, sitting alone in a small, smoke-filled café, we quietly slipped her a coded note asking her to become our April Playmate. Her terse, uncoded answer was "Ja." A tight-lipped type whose square handle is Margaretha Geertrudia Zelle, Mata makes her living — or part of it — as a dancer. Although she is of German descent, she prefers to date high-ranking French and English military men because, she says, "they know such interesting things." She loves to read novels of foreign intrigue, but can't understand why they all end so unhappily. When we asked her for her measurements, she insisted that they were classified information, but we finally plied them (39-23-37) loose after a night of wining and dining. All we had to tell her in exchange were our secret publishing plans for our coming Anniversary Issue. 

DEADLIER BRUISE (continued from page 107)

at the gates of Washington, and since then, excepting Chambersburg, his life and the life of McCausland's Cavalry had been dedicated merely to escape. High thoughts of vengeance and retribution, victory and glory, were the self-indulgent daydreams of the past. His hatred for the Federals, new and sharpening as he galloped north, seemed during the days of flight to have gone blunt again, to have lost its meaning forever, as the possibility of destruction and death assumed awful reality for the first time.

After Westgate and Lexington, Staunton and Harrisonburg, his hunger for the sharp satisfaction of revenge had been keen and, he thought, insatiable, and at Back Creek and North Mountain, at Hainesville, Monocacy and Rockville, he had ridden and fought with spirit and resolution; but when Early elected, the parapets of the Washington defenses within his grasp, to turn aside and withdraw toward Martinsburg, a sudden weary indifference to it all had entered Robert Gibboney's mind and stayed there. He could not explain it; it was unreasoning and bewildering and, in its effect, enervating; but after Chambersburg he knew he could never care deeply again.

They had entered the sleeping Pennsylvania town before dawn, their long ride northward completely the surprise intended, and by six the town officials were standing before them to hear McCausland's terms. All courtesy, all iron, he had delivered Early's demand: As indemnification for the sack of Confederate homes by Union troops, Chambersburg must pay over to McCausland the sum of \$100,000 in gold or, if gold were unobtainable, \$500,000 in greenbacks, and must do so at once; else be put to the torch. Standing aside in the brightening street, Robert Gibboney had listened apathetically as the councilmen gave their indignant refusal; their own troops were nearby, they said; McCausland would hang. At nine the order was issued: Burn the town. Pistol in hand, Robert Gibboney himself touched off two Yankee homes a block north of the business district, while their owners stood weeping at the curb, their families huddled miserably about them, imploring his mercy. He had tried to tell himself he felt none, that what the Yankees had done to Westgate he could do to Chambersburg, that orders were orders, that his hands trembled only in symptom of reaction to the strain of the raid itself; but the faces of the stricken Yankees had become confused, inexplicably, with the face of his father, the look of Chambersburg at dawn with the look of Westgate, and an hour afterward, trotting southward toward Cumberland, he had lurched

suddenly across his saddle and vomited.

The days following had been all flight. Hotly pursuing, Averell's Cavalry had dogged and deviled their escape; one road after another had closed before them. Struggling cannily to elude the Yankee net, McCausland had led them away from trap after trap as they struck south and west across Hampshire and Hardy counties for the mountains; but every day the pickets reported blue coats at their rear. The mountains meant safety, but the mountains still lay ahead.

Across those merciless days Robert Gibboney had ridden blindly, automatically, falling back for his survival on responses learned by long exercise in the three years of make-believe war in West Virginia. He knew some dreaded knowledge was clouding his mind, was paralyzing his capacity for action, yet he could not say what had happened to him; he could not form the words that would express his certain loss. He knew only that Chambersburg had left a wound on his heart that nothing could heal.

And now, afraid and ashamed, he lay awake.

He heard nothing; he saw nothing. A gentle shift in the cool morning breeze rippled across the bivouac. Around him the men's chests rose and fell soundlessly to their breathing, and here and there, against the sudden chill, a trooper rolled deeper into the warmth of his blanket. Watching them, knowing to what strength they could muster themselves if called to, Robert Gibboney relaxed slightly and thought again of Westgate; and as his eyes swept back he saw the Yankee.

He did not wait to see another. Instead he fell with the same motion to the ground, where, rolling downward, away from the river, he buried his cheek against the damp rotten leaves and groped wildly for his pistol. He was on his side now, the almost imperceptible rise of ground on which he had lain his only cover from the Yankee's fire a few yards distant, and as at last his fingers touched the hardwood butt he made his first choking sound.

"Yankees!" he muttered hoarsely, and continued to roll.

His cry brought the huddled troopers to sluggish, turgid life, gray leaden creatures struggling vainly to free themselves from the coils of sleep and immobility and the twisted, clumsy burden of their blankets; but, almost simultaneous with his voice, the crack of musketry broke the silence, and about him Robert Gibboney saw with disbelief the sleepers, now arising, now go down. Rolling still, he felt the hot blood cross his cheek and hands as one and then

another fell beside him, and finally he bumped against a heavy form and stopped. Mouth dry, hands numb, he raised his eyes.

They were surrounded. He saw so at a glance; or perhaps his senses had realized the fact before his eyes perceived the evidence. The ring of blue coats was unbroken, and from it, caps tilted, rifles raised, the Yankees were pouring a steady volley of fire into the lumpy circle of the bivouac. He knew without having to look that already most of his companions were dead or dying; he could hear them falling, groaning, sobbing, retching, above and behind him. One body lay in crazy disarray before his face; another pinned his legs. Was it his fault? Had his cry wiped out the chance of surrender? The clatter of rifle fire continued; he waited for the end. No matter, no matter: McCausland's Cavalry was wiped out; the make-believe was over.

But the thought, expressed, meant nothing. He wanted to live, not die, to escape, not lie here awaiting the inevitable searing puncture of the first Yankee bullet; and beside that fact all other facts—McCausland's Cavalry, the Confederate Army, the Confederacy itself—seemed as remote and as insignificant as so many stars in the sky. What were they to him? What did they matter when his life hung by so thin a thread? How could they? He dug his fingers deeper into the molten soil, rich bloody soil, and buried his face in the compost. If he could lower himself but an inch more . . .

The firing ceased. He heard the order, heard the quiet swearing of Yankee voices, heard the click and clang of hammer, trigger, ramrod going still. "That's the lot of them," someone said, "move off," and feet shuffled, voices rose and fell and died away, and in a moment all was still again. Here and there he heard a moan, but nothing more. A single shot echoed from across the river; that was all. The ambush was over.

But he was untouched, un wounded; he had escaped alive. That was the wonder, that was the miracle; and for a long time, his eyes still tightly closed, he hugged the earth, unmoving, hardly breathing, in paralyzed half-disbelief at his inexplicable salvation. Soon, he knew, he would have to think of his fallen companions, of the cold and startling, the mean and unmerciful deaths they had met here at the end of nowhere; but not now. Now, warm despite the morning chill, he listened in amazement to the beating of his heart: he would live to see his grandchildren, live to be a hundred. The rich, ripe smell of earth had never been so sharp.

And yet he knew he was still not altogether in the clear. The Yankees were

(continued on page 188)

Negotiations

SIT DOWN, BERNARD-
WHAT I'M GOING TO
SAY MAY HURT
YOU TERRIBLY-



YOU'RE GOING
TO BREAK
UP WITH
ME, AREN'T
YOU, ELOISE?

YOU SUSPECTED?
OH, MY POOR
BERNARD!



IT'S THE
STRANGEST
THING - BECAUSE
I JUST CAME
OVER TO
BREAK OFF
WITH YOU!

OH, MY POOR
DARLING, I
UNDERSTAND
THAT YOU HAVE
TO PROTECT
YOURSELF - BUT
IT'S I WHO
AM BREAKING
OFF WITH YOU!



NO, HONESTLY, I BROUGHT
IT UP FIRST. I BROKE
OFF WITH YOU BEFORE
YOU HAD A CHANCE TO
BREAK OFF
WITH ME.

THAT IS SIMPLY NOT TRUE!
DIDN'T I DISTINCTLY SAY-
"SIT DOWN, BERNARD. WHAT
I'M GOING TO SAY MAY
HURT YOU TERRIBLY"?



YES, BUT WHO
FIRST USED THE
ACTUAL WORDS
"BREAK UP"?
ADMIT IT!
WHO?

I DON'T CARE HOW
DEFENSIVE YOU MUST
GET TO HIDE FROM
THE TRUTH - THE
FACT REMAINS
I BROKE
OFF
FIRST



YOU DID NOT!
I DID! I
DID!
I DID!

DON'T YOU THINK WE'RE
BEING A LITTLE FOOLISH?
WHY DON'T WE DISCUSS
THIS AGAIN TOMORROW
WHEN WE'RE
BOTH A
LITTLE
MORE
RATIONAL.



I'LL
SEE
YOU
AT
NINE.

I WON'T BE HERE
WHEN HE COMES.
I'LL SHOW HIM
WHO DOES THE
BREAKING OFF
AROUND HERE.



I'M NOT
COMING.



JULIUS
FARRER

*"That's funny — the bottoms
are too large for me
but the top is too small."*



Vargas

From *Vita Karoli Magni* of Einhard

THE FAIR AND REDOUBTABLE EMMA



Ribald
Classic

IT IS RELATED that Charlemagne had a beautiful daughter whose name was Emma, fairer than all women. She expressed a desire to learn Latin, and the King acquiesced to this wish, little suspecting that she desired the teacher far more than the language. His name was Ebinhart, and he was young and handsome. From time to time they were able to steal a kiss or a quick and stealthy embrace; but nothing more was ever possible: the majordomo, the Empress or even Charlemagne himself seemed always in the vicinity of the study when Ebinhart was teaching.

But where there is a will, there is a way. One night Ebinhart found in his Latin book a note from Emma which read: "Knock twice at midnight on my door and it will open to you."

At 12 Ebinhart stole from the bachelors' quarters, muffled in a greatcoat to conceal his form and face. He made his way across the courtyard, up the stairway to the gallery and to the door of Emma's room. He knocked twice. The door opened noiselessly and quickly and closed again, imprisoning behind it all the joys of first young love.

The lovers lay sleeping in the bearskin nest that was Emma's bed until the first glow of dawn came through the window. The two awoke, left the warmth of the bearskins and quickly dressed. Outside the world was white, for the skies had let down a great blanket of snow.

"What shall we do?" said Ebinhart. "If I cross the courtyard, my footprints

will betray us. And you know as well as I that no one is allowed in the court until after the King has had his morning walk."

"He will soon be up," replied Emma. "But there is a way to deceive him. Hoist yourself to the balustrade of the staircase, Ebinhart. Put your legs around my waist and your arms around my neck. I will carry you, and mine will be the only tracks in the snow."


"But you can't," objected Ebinhart. "Have you any idea how much I weigh?"

"After last night," laughed Emma, "I know to the last ounce. Now be quick, for the time is short."

When the King stepped into the snow-covered courtyard a few moments later, he found the tracks of a woman's boots and followed them curiously. They descended the stairway from Emma's door, crossed the courtyard, came to a halt near a door to the bachelors' quarters, and continued along the gallery and back across the courtyard whence they had started. They were clear and deep.

"Emma is a well-made girl," said Charlemagne to himself, "and far heavier than I would have thought. Her height must make her weight deceptive. I did not know she weighed so much."

Nor did he know that during all the long winter when snow fell, heavier by far than any woman could be, she traversed the courtyard with her lover, leaving no tracks save her own.

Adapted by J. A. Gato 

BARBARA GIRL (continued from page 76)

apologized for the cliché and for the accident of the afternoon. He had meant only to tell her and to have a cup of tea on their friendship, to try to explain, and of course he couldn't explain his peculiar ways to anyone, his point of view about things, but . . . She had done nothing wrong. There was not even another girl, though true, there probably would be. It was just his nature. He had the itch to move on, he was not sure, he was fatigued, he was Peter Hatton and that's the way it was. He continually asked the question: Why can't I have the most beautiful girl, the most loving one? A very beautiful girl, a very loving one was not enough. He wanted more. He gritted his teeth because he could not juggle five oranges, but he could not juggle four either, and not three very well. This was true, too. He wished to find the something more in life that could satisfy him, and pleasure did not satisfy, love did not; there was something more. He would find it, or until he found it, he would remain a young man looking, handsome and making out if not best and most tender. That was true, too. He would remain a young man for a while.

"Why don't you say something?" he asked, and while he waited, he quickly dressed. "I'm mobile and evasive—way I am, Bee Gee," he said, trying to grin and get his shoes on fast. "There are three things in a girl that scare me off—possessiveness and I forget the other two." He waited, but she said nothing. "I don't mean you were *possessive*, kid, I just mean how I see it. I'm peculiar. Evasive. It's the juggler in me, wanting to take off, you know? The girl I liked best was married—she left me lots of room. You see?" Speed and garrulousness were the big advantages against a Scene, he had decided. "I'll tell you something, Bee Gee. You can't beat nature. But listen: I'm sorry. You're a sweet girl, probably the sweetest. You were awfully sweet to me."

She sat cross-legged in the light of the dying fire, wearing nothing, ripe, naked and hanging, making no move to hide her nakedness. She watched him dress. She handed him his tie. In their twisting on the floor they had torn the cover of her seed catalog. Someone had kicked it, someone who lacked control. She put it together with solemn care.

"I'm sorry, Barbara-Girl. I am. Honest. Please say something. Aren't you cold? Wouldn't you like me to get you a robe?"

Her voice was very calm, very quiet. "Perhaps I knew. I think I knew," she said at last, "but I didn't." She sat unmoving, her shoulders glowing in the firelight, her face in darkness. "I certainly should have known, but why didn't I?"

Peter stood by. It was difficult, he wanted to go, but courtesy demanded

that he wait till she dismissed him. He believed in common decency between people. She should say something mean and cutting, she should hurry; and then at last he could go.

"Why don't people understand about you, Peter?"

He knew how to amuse the air with that question; it bemused him, too, as it flashed overhead every day of his life; but he did not know how to answer it. He shrugged.

"I'm cold," she said.

Peter got her robe and tucked it around her. She was squatting by the fire like an Indian mourner in a story. He put his hands very intimately upon her, tucking the robe between her legs and over her breasts, because he didn't want her to catch cold, too, in addition to losing a lover. She did not move or resist, but when she turned her face to him, he found it running with tears. Her breathing remained steady—only the tears flowing through some deep breach in her control. There were no sobs, and Peter thought, She should shiver, do her good, psyche her up a little; and to bring her out in the open, grinned, winked and said, "There's no one like you, Bee Gee. Don't move into a Project—stay in this place. Let me tell you something: it suits you."

"Get out of here," she said.

"I'm trying to tell you I'm sorry. I know I'm not good at it. I'm terrible at it. But I'm sorry, Barbara-Girl."

"Go. Go. Just go."

At last he was dismissed, free as he wanted to be; unencumbered; back to his juggling. He hated the weight of brooding and expectation on his back; he disliked a fireplace that didn't draw; he pitied a girl who sat heavy and naked, without shame in her sorrow.

. . .

How easy it came to Barbara to flow into small spinster ways. She painted a little, she read, she took great care with her job as designer of a department store fashion window. She walked barefoot behind glass, directing the barefoot boys as they draped silk and tweed over crimped, cream-colored mannequins. She could be seen through glass from the busy street, silent, finger to lips, thinking; or head turned, thinking; or hand on shoulder of assistant, resting and considering a sprig of plastic fern, a paper flower. Silently behind glass she arranged the pretty mannequins in their pretty world, a style for each season, a fashion for each resort, a nest of crumpled travel posters at the plastic feet. She watched the boys doing what she told them to do and thought, Even the word mannequin originally meant a kind of boy. And took comfort in the company of barefoot boys and plastic dum-

Her salary paid certain expenses, her income paid certain others, and as to the rest of what she sought for her few years on earth, her needs were not great. How small-small I have reduced myself! she decided, smiling as she passed the Chinese laundry on Bedford Street, doing little chores, just strolling. She believed that it is a man's duty to lead. Peter had led her into these small-small demands on life; he had prepared her to live alone, not by fortifying her with love but by sapping her trust in others. Poor small-small Peter, she thought, smalled straight into the crevices. Trusts only, merely, minutely himself. No matter how he diminishes what he takes and gives, it still comes to be too much for him.

She decided that she understood Peter. She satisfied herself even about the odd violences of his lovemaking, black silences with abrupt frantic appeals, wedges of strain on his face and, worse, glimpses of horror—*he's not simple*. And yet he had been nice, considerate, pleasant through the lounging hours, and had cared to his limit for the limit of his time. When he called her Barbara-Girl, it was because he liked her. He was one of those shipside voyagers who adopt the dulled tourist, make a trip complete; they grasp for dear life at strangers, and in return, give a furious display of agility and light, leaving the most vivid memory of touching imaginable—but they turn away almost before the bells on the buoys have receded in the fog. They are most vivid in attendance, they leave an ache of vividness after, but the wanderer is made for wandering. No return voyage. Adieu, she thought, it's never goodbye.

And so she was in no hurry to be found by the next man, who might also be both vivid and a voyager, how to tell? The telephone buzzed, but she did not run. Sometimes she watched it buzz, and she barely moved, humming with the music from an FM station which kept her company in her silence, while she waited patiently for the telephone to stop, please, and then went on with her book. She was taking a reading course in French. She liked Gide, Stendhal and Baudelaire, but Camus seemed too stylishly abstract. She had her own ideas about things. "Small-small ideas," she once said, "but mine." And she was given credit for being an Original, an unanxious 29-year-old girl who had made a nest for herself in Greenwich Village, without caring about any of the fashions, those that said to be married, to be beat, to travel, to get rich, to go to an analyst, to take overdoses. She just settled into her nest, enjoyed her health, did her pretty job, and let time span her. She knew very well the dangers of the love-me look, how it makes men run; and she found fair humor in the fact that the chaps who most ran from the responsi-

(continued on page 132)

satire By SHEPHERD MEAD

still more advice on succeeding with women without really trying

MAKE HER PROUD OF YOU

The girl of your choice will want to be proud of you. Make it easy for her.

You may say, after thinking of yourself for a moment, that it is impossible for her *not* to be proud of you. Do not be deceived. Few women have their own keen judgment of character, few will realize that you are as good as you really are. You will have to help them.

BE PHYSICAL

You must decide early whether you want to display great strength or great weakness. There is no middle ground. If you cannot have bulging biceps and a grip of iron — and so few of us can — it is best to be puny.

Use this simple rule of thumb: If you can't pick her up with one hand, plan your physique so that she can pick you up, or want to, which is almost the same.

BE MENTAL

All women like to think they are in the company of intellectuals. Do your best to make them think they are.

It is much better, however, to seem to be a mental giant than to be one. Being one may make women go for you, but will leave you no time to go for them. You will soon learn that if there is anything women need a great deal of, it is time.

Your first step will be to look intellectual. It will help to wear a pipe, clamped firmly between the teeth, *but not smoked*. All women "like pipes" but not the fumes from them. Light it occasionally, but allow it to go out quickly. It will do this anyway.

Have the head trimmed regularly, but train one forelock to dangle carelessly across the forehead.

Your setting will be important, too.



All women like to think they are in the company of intellectuals.

At least one wall of books is essential. Display prominently two or three shelves of paperbound books in *French*.

"Sartre! My, Davie, I think he's *divine*, don't you?"

"Don't ever touch him in English, though, darling. Matter of rhythm. Breaks down utterly."

(Snatch up any volume, read off a sentence or two. Never translate.)

"There. See what I mean? It *flows*, dammit, it *flows*."

"It certainly does, David. It's so — so French!"

A half-dozen volumes in some obscure language, say Arabic or Sanskrit, are excellent. Pretend *almost total ignorance*

of the language.

"No, no, really! I just *stumble* through it. Nothing but imagery anyway, when you pin it down."

Several racks of records are *de rigueur*. One refreshing approach is to ignore utterly the classical records.

"Hope you're a real *aficionado*, darling. Let me try this on you. An old ditty done *years* ago by the Connecticut Yankees."

"Oh?"

"Forget the melody. Concentrate on the underbeat. Something, well, terribly *real* about it. Frightening almost."

With most females it is possible to put

BE WELL-ROUNDED

on a dazzling display of intellectual virtuosity with a minimum of research.

"Oh, Davie, the Stravinsky!"

"Do you love him, too? I find him rather, well, *encompassing*."

"And vital."

"You've got him there, Vital. In a moribund sort of way."

The skillful male can keep this up for hours, whether or not he is familiar with the work of art under discussion. The only danger lies in being specific. For example, the above conversation could take a bad turn:

"And vital."

"Vital? How do you mean exactly? True, the first 32 bars of the prelude have a definite lilt, but beyond that — will you help me with the counter melody?"

Such an approach will win few friends.

"SHOULD I CHOOSE AN ART?"

Being a writer, painter or musician is bound to increase your hold over women. If you have an independent income, or wealthy women friends, by all means choose an art. Affectionate females will flock to you.

1. *Be a Writer?* If you have no special talent in any direction, choose a writing career. No real training or ability is necessary, and little expensive or messy equipment is required.

Anyone can write. If you have been told that you "write a fine letter" (and who has not?) then the battle is half over. You need only an old typewriter, a well-thumbed copy of *Rogel's Thesaurus*, and a faraway look in your eye.

Women will gather like flies. Writers, you will discover, are to women what catnip is to cats.

You must remember, however, that every hour spent cooped up with a typewriter is an hour lost forever to your women friends. Squander these golden hours if you will, but they will not return.

2. *Be a Painter?* Many will say, "We can't even write a letter!" If you are one of these, if you do not even know the elements of grammar (and many do not), you may either take to writing modern poetry or, more easily, be a painter.

Art has come a long way since grandfather's day. No need to bother learning perspective, drawing, anatomy or other technical details that used to make art so tedious. Be abstract! A good abstract painter with some bright colors and a ready tongue can do some mighty daring stuff and — what is more important — explain it.

Remember this easy rule: Paint it first and explain it later. Starting with a

preconceived idea is not only dangerous but may preoccupy you and interfere with your conversation in the studio.

Dress as though you had stepped out of one of your own paintings, a riot of gay colors. Contrasting shirt and slacks can be daubed carelessly with splashes of intermediate shades.

Use watercolors. They dry quickly on the clothes and wash easily off face and hands.

3. *Be a Musician?* Though it is true that music can melt fair hearts, it has not yet advanced to the point at which it can be mastered by everyone. Leave it alone.

You face hours of boring practice, the buying of much expensive equipment, and the baleful looks of landlords and close neighbors.

Socially your music will be a drawback. Everywhere you go you will be expected to perform, working away at a keyboard while the writer and artist are off in cozy corners pursuing their own ends.

"SHOULD I SEEM RICH?"

So many ask us, "Are women ever attracted by money?" The answer is, yes, they are. Most women need money, and if they think you have it, they will need you.

If you have no money, *seem* to have it. If forced, on occasion, to show the color of it, be bold:

"Should have that much in change, darling, but every blasted *sou* is in escrow. Can't touch it till Epiphany."

Some believe that in courting wealthy women it is best to seem poor, on the ground that it will bring out a sort of financial mother instinct. This is not true. The warmest-hearted woman is never sentimental where money is concerned.

If she is rich, make it clear that money is of no concern to you. You are above it:

"Money! I'm bored with the whole *idea* of money, Jo."

"I know how you feel, Davie. I'm always afraid people are after my money."

"You, too? Mother always used to say, 'Davie, never let a girl know you're a Van Belt.'"

"Are you?"

"There, it slipped. Pretend I never said it, Jo. Twice removed, really. We've always tried to live simply."

HOW TO DRINK

Do not try to enjoy liquor for its own sake. Drink is an evil unless it is used in the right way and for the right reasons. However, when carefully studied by

the wise but fun-loving male, heterosexual drinking can play a strong part in increasing affection, lowering barriers and stripping off some of the excess veneer of civilization.

Be careful not to strip off too much.

KNOW YOUR LIQUORS

You will soon discover that not one woman in 50 can tell, by taste alone, the difference between Haig & Haig Pinch and Old Plaid Simulated Scotch-type Whisky, though she'll ask for the former every time.

Remember this rule: A woman is happy if she *thinks* she is drinking the brand of her choice. Night-club owners have known this for years. If you can tell the difference yourself, mix the drinks out of sight and take advantage of the real article.

"Will you have Johnny Walker?"

"Yes, Davie, if you have the black. Not the red. There is such a difference."

"Pet, I wouldn't be caught *dead* with the red label."

Give her Old Plaid. After taking a long draft she'll say:

"No question, David, there is such a difference!"

"Rare to find a girl who appreciates good liquor, pet."

AVOID DRUNKENNESS

Know your own capacity and — even more important — that of your women friends. The overgenerous host who allows his female companion to become supersaturated will find he has a poor companion.

If, on the other hand, you are entertaining a woman of formidable capacity, you may have to take precautionary measures. A rack of spareribs, a piece of toast buttered on both sides, a half cup of melted lard or other fatty substance taken shortly before imbibing will prevent giddiness and maintain firmness of purpose.

The wise male, for reasons of economy, soon rids himself of girls of this stripe.

"SHOULD I DRINK TO FORGET?"

Though drinking may help you forget yourself occasionally, it is of small value in blotting out the memory of a pretty face, unless you reach the point at which *all* faces are blotted out. No need to discuss here the confusion that this can cause.

The only proper way to forget one woman is to find another, a subject that is fully covered in later chapters.

NEXT MONTH: "WHY MARRY?"





Balcony Scene

But soft!

See what amber light through yonder bottle shines.

'Tis Seagram's

—and a martini by any other name is not so dry.

For the secret of a brilliantly dry martini is Seagram's Extra Dry Gin.

The gin from which nature has removed perfumery and sweetness, leaving it crackling-clear and crisp.

Come, gentle wife—join me.

Let us lift our glass, and then away to the theatre,
to see how mere players do enact this scene!

SEAGRAM'S EXTRA DRY GIN BELONGS WITH GRACIOUS LIVING.



BARBARA GIRL (continued from page 128)

bility of a woman's weight had, beneath their sharp chatter and brutal testing of the wind, their own look in the eye, that love-me-anyhow look. Juggling Peter had it. Thousands of the anxious jostlers of anxious Manhattan had it. Sometimes she spied it from her store window as she put tweed over the chill flesh of a doll. It admired her from the street, but gazed with wistful longing at the mannequins in their stiff, submissive, plastic waiting.

The months flowed past in this pleasant, easy, spinsterish fashion. She spent a weekend in the hospital, having a cyst removed. She had time for everything. She thought of taking guitar lessons. She decided to wait till she needed a change. She met visitors, friends of friends, and saw all the plays. She rather liked being the extra girl. She was put on expense accounts and shook hands goodnight and learned to wriggle out of the irate grip of men bursting in their clothes. She had a jolly way of listening, she was an Original; they were not irate long, they were frequently even relieved; often it was mere pride which made them push the girls of New York into bed. They had to get up early. They had breakfast conferences at the Henry Hudson hotel. It was nice to be given credit for vigor by a clever, friendly girl, but have to prove nothing. The physical change in her own life, the absence of a man in her bed, the smell of him and the grain of his body, was less difficult than she had imagined when she imagined herself in love with Peter. Had he aroused her much less than she, in her own pride, had imagined? Perhaps: face that thought another time. Put lust and pride away; try comfort awhile. Now that she cared very little about him, was not even hurt in her pride, she found that she liked her breakfasts alone, her evenings free, her hours after work to do as she chose. New York was a pleasant blue and chocolate, alcohol and foaming town to go floating upon. Her own way. Her own lazy choices. She was in no hurry for anything different.

This news she broke as kindly as possible to the gropers, the hurt lads, the prideful list-keepers, and the big spenders from out of town. She had heard all the false reports about love that she needed for a while. She was in no hurry to repeat the news. She liked falling asleep alone to the music of WNYC-FM, "New York City's Own Radio," and waking up for a high-protein breakfast. Then to the store for a look at some swatches of cloth and fashion cutouts. It was like playing with dolls all over again.

Occasionally, with sadness, wonder, pity and the sum of it only a slight twinge which engaged her lower heart, her lower angers and appetites, she thought of Peter. Oh, Peter. But he was

doing OK, and that was the news of him from the occasional friend who said, "Peter—you still interested in Peter?"

"Yes, why not? Tell me."

"Nothing much to tell."

"Interested."

"Well, making out. They say he got a big new account, another widow, and . . ."

"Peter has the wash all hung out," Barbara said, interrupting, and then she sighed. Poor Peter, who called her Barbara-Girl. But that was all. She wanted to hear no more. She could see him now as clearly as if she had invented his posture and costume in honor of the new season, though the meaning of his abstracted life on earth was as unclear as if she had made some terrible mistake in putting him together for the window. He was sad on Christmas and Thanksgiving because he had no wife, no steady hearth of affection, but not on Halloween or New Year's Eve, when there was usually a great party, a great chick. He learned to deal with the sadness by sleeping, by strolling, by movies, by juggling oranges, by crawling into the crowd of Broadway or Times Square; he learned not to try to cope with it by gambling or drinking, which left him sick, depressed and available to gripe. He learned to control the joys of holiday parties by taking a firm hold on the girl and telling her how to go with him, when, up to what point, and leaving why to her anxious imagination. (She was always finally wrong.) "It's over between us, honey. I'm sorry. I am." And then he took his position behind glass, silent and perfect.

Barbara felt that she understood him because in a way she was like him, but of course without the screwy male jumping from girl to girl. She was a girl and modest, she was a girl and careful of herself. But like Peter, making it, making out, dealing with files, reports and widows from his office, juggling away the evenings, she wanted to manage her life and make perfect decisions for herself. She, too, juggled, though without oranges flashing through the air. So that while Peter managed love by hygienic wenching, she managed very simply by giving it up. Perhaps it was not that Peter had been a great love, perhaps merely a great lesson to her. But he had touched her, though it was behind glass, like a bare-foot boy in her display window. Yes. As a brother perhaps, but deeply. As a perverse brother.

For a long time she could imagine the arms of no one else about her. Peter was jumping like a rooster now, but if he grew weary of this form of chicken pox and decided to come back to her (classic formulation of the spinster's lonely

dream), she would not have him. She would not punish him. No mean reversals. He would say, "Let me tell you something, Bee Gee," and she would just say no. She knew that Peter, clever Peter, would understand—and also that he would not return blushing, eyes downcast, like the abashed knight in the dream. That was stale fantasy, an insomniac indulgence, when the clock roared its ticking in the black hour just before dawn. After she indulged it and tried to tame the clock, she was praised a few hours later for a new idea in displaying Caribbean spring fashions, gay prints with purple velvet ribbon and *le chic français* (Irish lace). One of the boys who worked her windows had a shrewd, sympathetic, sisterly insight and said, "Let's exchange telephone privileges, Barb. Either one of us has the agonies, she can call the other at any hour and talk it over. Sometimes it's nicer on the telephone. I don't mind being awakened unless I took a Second Deal?" Barbara thanked him from the bottom of her heart, but abstractly. She did not know how to tell him her story. She did not want the bad news about his sailors at the thinking hour when she was telling herself her story.

He looked hurt. His ladyish mouth turned girlish. Barbara to the rescue.

"I don't mind sitting up awake," she said. "I solve the world's problems. Last night I got Red China into the United Nations without losing face for America. I designed a costume radiation detector you can wear with almost anything. And last week I wiped out segregation throughout the South over a cup of Sanka, with sugar and cream, that way there's no depression. But you're awfully sweet, Ronnie—you can dial Barbara if it's a bad time for you, honest. I mean it."

Ronnie was hurt but brave. It was she he had been thinking of. Later he described Barbara as "a tough broad—like nails." He liked her despite what he said to his special friend; but how else to talk to his special friend?

When Peter finally paid his call on her, it turned out that he had another classic formula in mind: Introduce Lonely Pal to Prize Chick. She felt both courtesy and courage flag. Peter not only gave her up, he wanted to pass her on! Shame made her lean against the door: pretty-pretty flush on her cheeks. Smiling and gabbing, he was presenting his old friend, his lifelong buddy, fine fellow, let me tell you something, Dan Shaper, just returned from a marital war in the Midwest and a wounded veteran of civil strife.

"How do you do?" Barbara said, but wanted to cry. She bent to take the telephone from the floor to its shelf; she straightened a row of fallen books; she glanced with hectic eyes into the mirror and wet the corners of her mouth with

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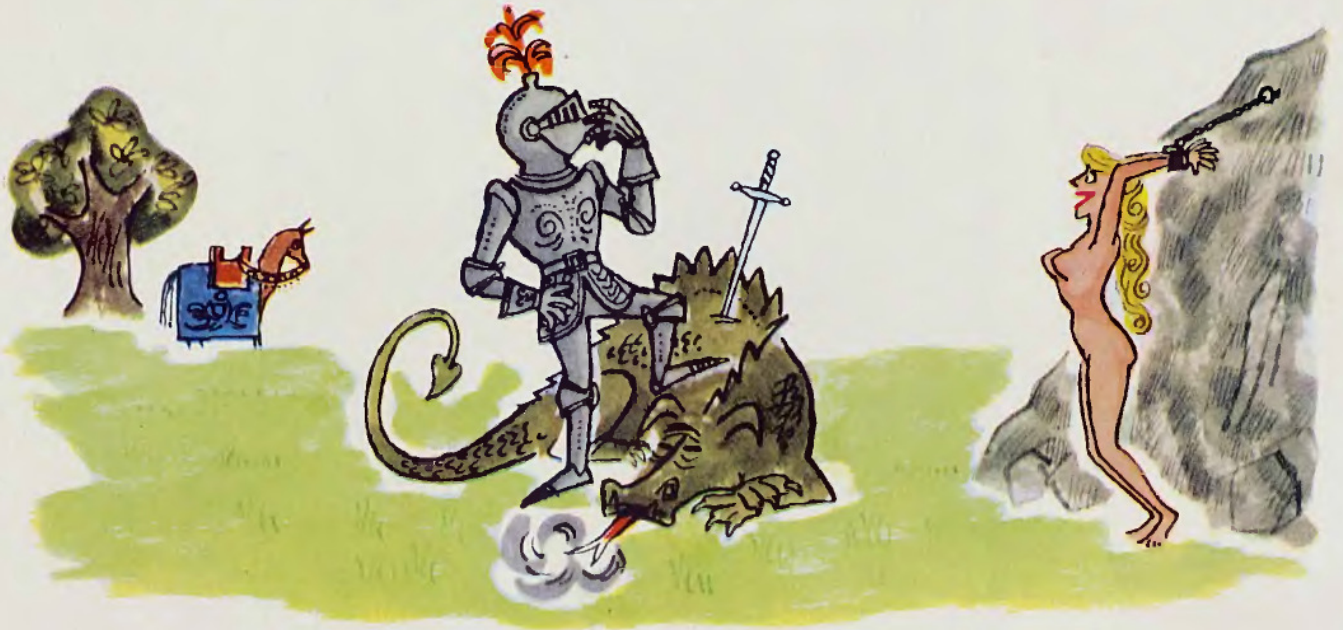
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her tongue. *No, meet it, meet it.* For a moment her eyes shamefully met Peter's, and then finally she noticed the nice eyes of Dan Shaper, nice yellow-brown worried eyes, slightly frazzled. He understood that she was in trouble, though he did not know why and he was sorry if he had interrupted either the trouble or the working out of it. He was willing to leave at once if she wanted him to. All that was in the flecks of his eyes and his solemn little bow. The blue vein on the back of one of his hands throbbed, but she did not interpret it. "Please stay," said Barbara. "I'll make coffee. Look—my new machine! Italian! Or you'd rather have a drink?"

"Where are your seed catalogs?" Peter boomed out with his false social heartiness, his voice even louder than the tick of her clock at the hour of desolation. "I promised Dan the seed catalogs. She has a farm," he said, repeating for his audience of two what he had already said to each one alone, "Barbara-Girl is an exploiter of the peasants, she's an absentee landlord, she's mistress of her own estate. And that's Green-witch Village, let me tell you, boy."

Outside, there was a dreamy false spring after the long winter cure; and inside here was Peter again, now presenting his friend. He had described her to Dan without stint, complete, whimsical, honest in his fashion. He believed that friendship demanded that everything be sent smoothly flying into the air, Manhattan chicks were all a juggler's dummies to be hand-rubbed and deployed skyward, they twisted and twirled, they whirled so nicely; but no kidding about the kidding; it's serious business, like those funny little electronics companies on the Coast.

"Oh yeah, after possessiveness I do hate a smoky chimney and a lot of moles on the back. And also a Ph.D. in physics who blabs about the military business in automated data control systems he ain't really got firmed up. But take Bee Gee; she got a nice clean back," he had said, "firm little rump, dance lessons, you know? Neat. Only a kind of cyst right there at the base of her spine—like a little steering knob, fella. You remember the necker's knob on your high school jalopy?"

"What an idea," Dan had said.

"Aw, it's not big, it's sort of funny. Use it with one finger for automated steering. She's really sweet, tops, I mean it, keed."

Peter was nervous. When he was nervous, he folded his remarks like Japanese flowers and let them bloom in jabber. Then later he could turn as dry as paper. As Barbara made the coffee, rattling cups, measuring deliberate and careful, she well understood what Peter was doing, had done. How free of him? So free: she could ignore him and his projects.

Let him feel guilty, let him go scheming and riding his nerves. She would not be passed on. She could make her own decision about Dan Shaper without Peter, without reacting either against or for him because of Peter. Dan was just a young man who had somehow found his way into her closed circle. He was just another edgy Dick Whittington come to make out in Manhattan. She could choose or not choose, as she chose. The team carried more than one expert juggler.

Thus she turned back upon them with her soft Southern smile and her cool, intelligent, gray-green eyes; she had a tray with coffee, cookies, cream and sugar—not Pream, not instant coffee, not sugarless sugar; she knew she walked well and both men were admiring her. In charge, just slightly livened by the presence of Peter, her cheeks scraped red from within by the idea of him, she made them make her laugh, she even accepted their impromptu invitation to dinner. "The two of you? I'll be impossible," she said.

"You'll be possible," said Peter, "just improbable."

"I declare." But she gazed calmly at him, waiting for him to bow away. She knew that he had already received the signal from his friend Dan that, yes, right about this girl: *great*. She had given them her back several times so that they could communicate by the telebachelor nod. Peter scowled. How boyish of him. How truly boyish. He would live up to the bargain, but all at once regretfully.

Barbara and Dan went alone to Chumley's on Bedford Street because they both liked the feel of the place. Its aura of a pub in the Auld Village, the encrusted door and the creaking little ramp of stairs, a nesting warmth against the winter chill, was more important than the kitchen. Who needed food? You can eat every day. A meeting like this takes place only once, only once . . . "Only once in a lifetime," Dan Shaper recited stalwartly, blushing. "I can't help it, I mean it." And they studied the ancient book jackets lining the wall, stained by years of smoking and frying. The waiter was Chinese. They both ordered English grill and ate only the sausage. The waiter, a chess player, understood.

They took dinner together again the next night, and the next night, and the one after. They obeyed a curious set of rules developed for their special case. First of all, they did not ransack Peter. Also they did not deal with each other in anything but delicate, seemingly, innocently foolish fashion: Dan gripped her hand only to shake it goodnight, like a chivalrous and shy Manhattan knight, a fierce suffragette's gentle cavalier. Then at last they talked about Peter, as if this friend to both of them, friend in very different ways, were a problem to be solved by great patience together. "Let

him tell us something," Dan said. They measured each other across linen and tried to force entry of their friend Peter's life. What did he do with himself besides juggle oranges, invade girls, stroll streets, make money as a customer's man? (He was now a junior partner in his firm.) They could hear him saying, "Enough, boy. Quite enough, Bee Gee." Yes, enough in a way, but not enough. These pleasures were of the body, but decided by Peter's mind; they had become styles of exploration, a means to random grace, like religion and wearing clothes to those devoted to fashion and a fashionable God. ("That sociology, boy," Peter would say. "I mean, is there anything worse?")

Barbara was no longer smiling as they talked. But Dan was thinking about her teeth, which were white, even and small, and they pleased him. He was discovering that there are friendly and unfriendly teeth and Barbara's were friendly. Her teeth were beautiful, were angry. He didn't care how he had met her; he knew that Peter's way of touching a girl was not his—they might as well have been of different sexes. He had taken nothing of what Dan wanted from Barbara.

Yet Barbara and Dan both said, in veiled and discreet ways, that Peter was a dangerous man for the two of them. For Barbara because he called her Barbara-Girl and then hurt her. ("Stop psyching me, Bee Gee.") For Dan because of his handsome, prosperous example of reducing a man's vital decisions toward mere whims about girls (where to kiss and when? how soon to bed and why not now?), about money (wait six months for capital gains, don't churn your account), about pride and the tokens of pride, exploring the nervy city with his nervily merry and predatory eye. He leapt on the town, oh he was a chief of it; both Dan and Barbara were secretly warmed by being his friends, enormously pleased to cluck sadly over the fault in him. It made them seem provident to themselves.

"Curious how he gambles in the market," said Dan. "Why does he need it? He doesn't really care about money."

"And says boy to everyone."

"Even girls."

"That's just what I was going to say," said Barbara. "I declare."

"Read your mind."

And they crossed little fingers like children and made wishes. Neither told the other his wish, but both knew: *Love, love me quick, care for me*. They continued to strain their feelings through Peter, who had said, "Out of a hundred vital elements, including what the Chinese do, what the Russians do, what the President does or does not do, I can predict—say—7 with certainty and 44 approximately, and that puts me on the right side with 51 percent. Do you think this gives me a profitable advantage on the market?"

"Does it?" Dan asked.

"Enough to make a dollar? Let me tell you something: When you figure in the monstrous and the capricious and the trivial improbables — hey man?"

"Well, does it?" Dan asked, knowing how Peter liked to keep his control of things.

Peter smiled blandly, without teeth. (So Dan reported, and said to Barbara: "You have nice teeth." And she said: "On with the story.") "No story," said Dan. "He said yes and no. He gambles under control, as he does everything, he juggles and pulls out OK for himself."

"Which is all right in gambling or juggling," said Barbara.

"Which is all right in gambling. In juggling you have to know everything. You have to be perfect, 100 percent. You have to forget about everything else."

Having discussed Peter, they returned to each other through the circuitous route of Manhattan gossip. Jokes about analysis (both brushed by it), jokes about home towns (both touched by them), news of family and connections back there; good news of being both familiar and extraordinary on a special turf. Dan made his living as a writer of come-on letters for a magazine ("Come on and subscribe"), having graduated from whatsamatter letters ("Whatsamatter you didn't renew your subscription, whatsamatter you didn't send your check after you filled out the form?"). His promotion made the matter of child support easier. He put his children between them in a ritual way. "I know you miss them," she said. "I do," he said. "Lands," she said, "you can tell me."

He initiated her into the folklore of the child-support underground. Impoverished divorced fathers call their children long distance, making a nickel do for a quarter in the ears of the long-distance operator as they feed the pay telephones. "One dollar and 25 cents, please," says the operator, and Daddy uses just five nickels, rhythmically pounding the base of the telephone box as each nickel descends to give a deep, melodic, quarter-of-a-dollar tone — another version of the naked oiled J. Arthur Rank slave and his annunciatory gong. "Highly larcenous and symbolic, yes?" Dan inquired. She smiled dimly. "Well," he said, "it's us or Bell Telephone, it's a revolutionary situation! My group survives by guerrilla warfare in the booths of Grand Central Station." With his recent promotion, he could afford to use quarters for quarters. "Getting bourgeois," he said, "a tough-fisted old phoneman like me."

Having discussed, Dan and Barbara fell silent, he took her hand, he looked into her face. Her eyes seemed to have a velvety glow in the dull light of Chumley's on Bedford Street in Greenwich Village that evening. The chess players were playing chess, the thinkers and arguers were thinking and discussing. Barbara's

eyes glowed with a deep, velvety patience. And on that night, having discussed Peter and the telephone company, having discussed their home towns and their parents, having made their courting jokes and fallen silent, having put a velvety glow in her eyes and a calm warmth in Dan's heart, they returned to Barbara's apartment; they kissed with great friendliness, they undressed back to back, he admired her, they went to bed together for the first time as if it were the thousandth. In the morning she awakened him with orange juice, and they made love as if it were the first time. "I'm afraid," she said.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "I'm afraid, too, but don't let's be."

• • •

"Would you like me to bath you?"

"What me?"

"Bathe you, darling, with an e."

Dan and Barbara sprang into pleasure like animals born to it, but long deprived. At the start too wounded by their history to be passionate, they relived the course of adult lust, beginning with abrupt embraces and desperate possessions, then finding their way like fortunate jungle explorers into a sunny, confident luxuriance. The first time Barbara suggested bathing Dan, he even thought maybe he was dirty; laughter erupted from her thrown-back head, "I'll tell you, I'll tell you! I'll tell you that if it occurs to me!" Then he thought she wanted to baby him, and let her, because why not? But it was not maternal babying that she wanted. Exotic flowers lay buried under the cool pine of her Southern Baptist heart; she pulled and stroked and let the suds and steam rise about them; but being American, she gave up the service all at once, impulsive and frantic, and simply flopped into the tub with him. And they embraced in hot perfumed water, her lips biting into his shoulder and slippery desire opening like a Japanese flower within her. They climbed out, they dried each other carefully; they lay down together at a steep angle, pensive, floating on nighttime seas, quiet and ceremonious in soft communication, letting time settle like water about them, until she whispered to him, through him, with a curious formality, "You have all my permission"; and then the seas swept over them with a tidal flow and they breathed as one breath together in the deep.

Later.

Later she told him that for a while she had felt safe, closed and slick against the world, like one of the mannequins in her store windows. Now no longer safe; unsealed.

He said it was better not to be sealed tight, better not to be safe.

She listened to him and lay still.

Later she told him about the dirt paths across her father's farm where she grew

up in Virginia, and how she wept when her first mount died —

"You had a pony?"

"A horse."

And how her father, a peculiar country scholar, spent most of his energy compiling a history of the combats between Spads and Fokkers in the war of 1914-1918.

"Fairly odd."

"Yes, but what was fairly oddest is he didn't work on the Civil War, let's say the Confederate Navy. You want your back rubbed?"

"Just right here a little. Yes."

Leaning back and forth on him while he stretched, sighed, closed his eyes, she said, "Pa flew one of those Spads. Lucky for him. He's so shy he couldn't pronounce the other plane."

Dan lay beneath her hands, saying, "It's so nice because."

"In 25 words or less."

"Yes."

And she gave it up to roll onto his back, lying there with her heart thumping and just wiggling her rump once or twice for the sake of sweet friendship. They talked; she tried to explain about Manhattan to Dan — all the immigrants from far countries are constantly telling each other why. Life on that island was more personal than the combat of Spads and Fokkers, though sometimes in despair in that other kind of war, a pilot might simply circle above and drop a brick onto his enemy's cockpit. "Oh yes!" said Dan. "I read about it on the back of the cereal box when —"

"Listen."

He flipped over and held her head against his shoulder and listened. As they lay cozily like two tucked-together spoons, she tried to tell him about the gasping intensity with which she cooled her overheated, longing heart to the required busy immobility of New York. Her mother had died at her birth, and this is very strange; she had been raised by her father and housekeepers and boarding schools, and these are strange. She had come to New York looking for love and motion; in order to get it on Manhattan's terms, she had to refrigerate, stay still. A hot motor grinds up its heat to make the still cold of the deepfreeze. (Peter, they both thought.) She had sat in corners at parties, smiling till the bold ones came up to tease and trick with her; she hoped for the shy ones, but they were merely to be captured — she was not a capturing woman; she waited. Oh! oh! maybe that one! she had sometimes thought, but lost him in the crowd; perhaps to be predatory was the way? But the predatory bird damages its prey in its beak, and she did not want a damaged man. What other man is there? she had wondered. There must be another kind than the reforming homosexuals, the Don Juans, the worried stylists of Man-

(continued on page 144)



Come to Me, My Melancholy Dane

A MUSICAL COMEDY WITHOUT MUSIC

By Ray Russell

BASED ON A PLAY BY WM. SHAKESPEARE

Hardly anybody writes original musicals anymore. With few exceptions, they are based on pre-existing material from other media. "Camelot," "How to Succeed in Business," "Gypsy," to name only a fraction, were based on, respectively, a novel, a satirical manual and a memoir. Nor is this a recent development, for such milestones of the genre as "Pal Joey," "Oklahoma," "South Pacific," "Guys and Dolls," "My Fair Lady," grew out of earlier works; and some—"Silk Stockings," for one—have been based on old movies. Since even Shakespeare has been considered fair game for conversion (witness "Kiss Me, Kate" and "The Boys from Syracuse," fashioned from "The Taming of the Shrew" and "A Comedy of Errors"), it is curious that no one, until now, has thought to enlist the services of the most praised, most quoted, most controversial, most popular play in all of English dramatic literature: "Hamlet." Here, then, filling that vacancy and proving that there is nothing like a Dane, are lightsome highlights from this prospective, and hypothetical, musical version of Shakespeare's immortal tragedy.

DRAWINGS BY ARNOLD ROTH

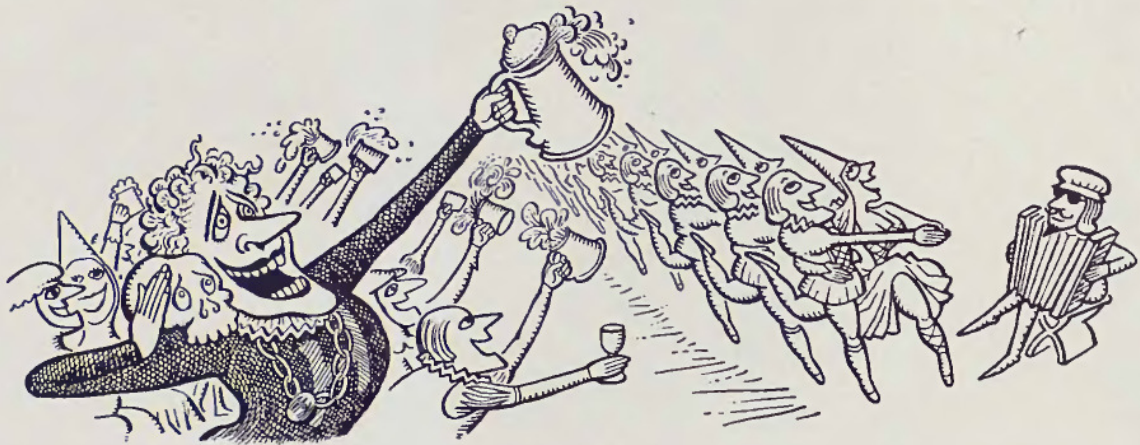




“Rotten”

(Opening Chorus: Palace Guard & Ghost)

There's something rotten, rotten,
 To which we do not cotton,
 In the noble state of Denmark by the sea.
 There's something ghastly, ghostly,
 We do not dig the mostly,
 In the noble state of Denmark, yes-sir-ee!
 “The king is dead, long live the king!” we
 said and him interred.
 But now that king of whom we sing has took
 us at our word,
 For though he's rotten, rotten,
 Through Elsinore he's trottin',
 Wreaking havoc on the royal famil-ee,
 In the noble state of Denmark by the sea!



“The To Be Or Not To Be Waltz”

(Solo: Hamlet)

To be or not to be.
 Oh, what a mystery!
 Should I go? Should I stay? Should I be
 Full of woe? Or be gay as a bird in a tree?
 I'd leave this world so false
 As quick as Epsom Salts.
 So keep that knell ringing
 Till I finish singing
 The To Be Or Not To Be Waltz!



“Bloody Bawdy Villain”

(Patter Song: King Claudius)

I am the very model of a bloody, bawdy villain
 I'm a master of the subtle arts of treachery and killin'
 I saw absolutely nothing wrong in poisoning my brother
 And I'm very much attached to little Hamlet's lovely mother.
 Debauchery's delightful and chicanery's adorable,
 While honesty and loyalty and truth I find deplorable.
 The fact that there are crimes I've not committed yet is horrible!

(Stuck for a rhyme, he considers several possibilities:
 “Floorable? . . . Gorable? . . . Ah!”)

But what care I, so long as wenches wink and wine is pourable?
 I come highly recommended as a talented deflowerer,
 If glowering is wanted, I'm a very gifted glowerer,
 When new sins are invented, you will find me more than willin',
 For I am the very model of a bloody, bawdy villain!



“I Want A Queen”

(Duet: Hamlet & Gertrude)

HAMLET

I want a queen
 Just like the queen
 Who shared the throne with Dad.
 Though it's teddible
 To be so Oedipal,
 I can't help feeling glad.

GERTRUDE

A stately, statuesque, serene *grande dame*,
 Almost old enough to be your mom . . .

BOTH

I
 You } want a queen
 Just like the queen
 Who shared the throne with Dad!

“Senility”

(Solo: Polonius)

I'm a man of shining talents,
A very touchy thing,
Since it makes for an imbalance
Between me and the king.
It's surely common knowledge:
Kings hate ability,
So, though I'm a walking college,
I pretend senility.

Senility, senility,
Oh, what a clever game!
Erroneous
Polonius
Has come to be my name.

When asked for an opinion
On matters large or small
By monarch or by minion
In chamber or in hall,
I cogitate and ponder,
Then, with agility,
I cause my mind to wander,
Feigning imbecility.

Senility, senility,
To greatness it has led.
The plots it's hatched!
Yet kept attached
My shoulders to my head.



“Consult The Yellow Pages”

(Duet: Rosencrantz & Guildenstern)

Consult the yellow pages
Under S for Espionage
And you'll find, for modest wages,
Spies of subtle camoullage,
Each a superduper snooper, each a tattler, each a fink:
We are Rosencrantz & Guildenstern, Inc.

Each one helps the other fellow,
A la Gallagher and Shean,
A la Abbott and Costello,
A la Burgess and Maclean.
We're umbilic'ly united by that mighty, mystic link
Known as Rosencrantz & Guildenstern, Inc.

Don't be
Nervous.
Won't you
Dial?
Friendly
Service
With a
Smile.

We are crafty, we are clever,
Supercilious and snide.
Break the act up? Never, never!
We'll go forward, side by side
Because no one else will have us (confidentially, we stink):
We are Rosencrantz & Guildenstern, inka-dinka-dink.
We are Rosencrantz & Guildenstern, Inc.





“Out Of My Mind”

(Solo: Ophelia)

I once was a rational
 Young Danish national,
 Sweeter than sweet sugar cane,
 All dimpled, demure,
 And impeccably pure,
 And incurably, hopelessly sane.

Existence was tedium,
 Pleasures were medium,
 Bland as a baby's behind.
 Until that fair morning
 When, quite without warning,
 I blithely went out of my mind.

So now I am crazy
 And gay as a daisy,
 I'm free to indulge ev'ry whim.
 It's hard to refuse me;
 Now, if you'll excuse me,
 I think I will go for a swim!



“Good Night, Sweet Prince”

(Grand Finale: Horatio & Other Survivors)

Good night, sweet prince, good night!
 It's time to douse the light.
 There's been hell to pay,
 And we're here to say,
 That although you're just a lad, you've had a busy day.
 Good night, sweet prince, good night!
 More than you can chew you shouldn't bite.
 It was tough to gauge
 Your righteous rage:
 Now there's half a dozen stiffs laid out all over the stage,
 And there's no one left to fight.
 Good night, sweet prince, good night! ♣

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR. *thunder on the right*

FOR THE 36-YEAR-OLD EDITOR of the nay-saying *National Review*, the author of a newspaper column syndicated in 46 U.S. communities, and the acknowledged oligarch of articulate archconservatism in America, a return to the political posture of, say, the Taft Administration is a first imperative to the national welfare. By his own definition, William F. Buckley, Jr., is a "radical conservative" with contentious convictions — mostly negative — on practically every institution from the popular vote ("The idea that everyone is qualified to vote is one of the greatest delusions of democracy") to liberal intellectualism ("I would rather be governed by the first 2000 people in the telephone directory than by the Harvard University faculty"). Additionally, he is implacably opposed to: Federal housing, farm subsidies, graduated income taxes, mass education, "eleemosynary" foreign aid and integration in the South. Such righteous Rightism, not surprisingly, has won him the esteem of Senator Barry Goldwater — plus a circulation of 90,000 for the *Review* and 8,000,000 readers for his newspaper column. Despite this hard core of disciples, however, Buckley has managed to earn the enmity of not only most liberals, but a substantial number of conservatives and middle-rovers as well — a disaffection which finds such disparate disputants as Nelson Rockefeller, Richard Nixon and Robert Welch in rare accord, and which Buckley returns with interest. While the *Review* and its fractious field marshal reluctantly supported Nixon against JFK in 1960 ("But don't think we like Nixon's brand of Republicanism. We don't."), they take a decidedly dim view of such gubernatorial candidates as Rockefeller in New York and George Romney in Michigan. Out of the editor's chair and down from the battlements, Buckley is quietly candid and engagingly unassuming. But once he charts a Cause, the razor-sharp Buckley rapier — his nimble wit and mastery of history make him a lethal opponent in debate — is drawn to skewer the liberals with crusading zeal. "Our job," he has said, "is to stand athwart history yelling 'Halt!'"

MARVIN KONER

ON
THE
SCENE





EUGENE ANTHONY

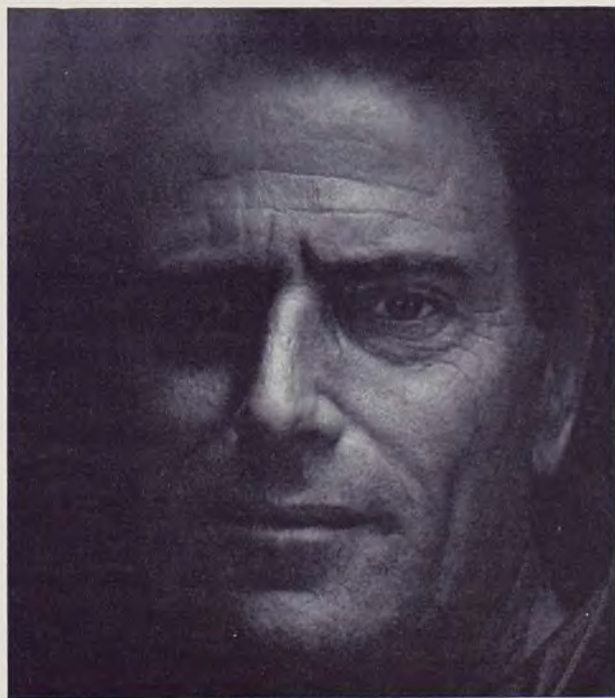
HOWARD GOSSAGE *piper of the painless pitch*

"ADVERTISING IS NO BUSINESS for grown men," says 45-year-old Howard Luck Gossage, relaxed and ingenious San Francisco adman who has won the allegiance of an army of enthusiastic campaign followers by hucing to a satirical cry. This year, for example, Gossage-written ads urged culture-loving Americans to send \$4.50 to a West Coast ale brewer in order to "Be the First One in Your Peer-Group to Own a Beethoven, Brahms or Bach Sweatshirt." Nearly 200,000 did. Further Gossage gimmickry has elicited requests for: 50,000 "Pride" and "Profit" badges (to promote Irish whiskey); two kangaroos and 7500 explanations of why there is no "u" in Qantas (to aid an Australian airline); 25,000 "Repeal the 19th Amendment" buttons (to sell a "masculine" ale); and 11,000 pocketed, buttonholed cloth squares called "shirtkerchiefs" (to starch a shirt firm's wilting image). It was Gossage, too, who gave the world a new high in low-pressure slogans: "If you are driving down the road and you see a Fina station and it's on your side so you don't have to make a U-turn through traffic and there aren't six cars waiting and you need gas or something, please stop in." Educated in philosophy and sociology at the universities of Kansas City, Paris and Geneva, Gossage strolled into advertising after hitches in the Navy and CBS-TV. With his partner, Joe Weiner, he headquarters in an ex-firehouse in S.F., whence, in addition to their work, they fend off new clients who'd force a move to less-quiet quarters, to say nothing of requiring more work than this happy duo desires. This fall, Gossage is carrying his gospel of ads-for-adults to Penn State U., in a series of lectures on "The Nature of Paid Propaganda."

RAF VALLONE *tiber tiger burning bright*

HIS CRAGGY FACE a ravaged bas-relief from a Roman coin, Italy's Raf Vallone radiates an elemental masculine magnetism matched by few men on or off the screen. Starring in the screenplay of Arthur Miller's Greek-tragic *View from the Bridge* earlier this year, the 43-year-old actor electrified American audiences with the feral potency of his performance as Eddie Carbone, a Brooklyn longshoreman consumed with carnal hunger for his nubile niece. More recently, portraying the brawny blacksmith who forges a fiery union with Sophia Loren in *Two Women*, he forcefully fortified an untamed male-animal image which has lost none of its primal appeal in 14 years of European matinee idolatry. As improbable in the role of movie star as that of sex symbol, Vallone—the erudite owner of two doctoral degrees—initially a corporation lawyer, fought with the Italian underground during World War II, returned to civilian life as drama critic for a national newspaper. It was on an interview in 1948 with movie mogul Dino De Laurentiis that the prolific producer discerned a diamond in the Raf and persuaded the classically handsome young journalist—who had performed previously only in a single Pirandello play—that his richest creative gifts would bear fruit not in the literary vineyards but in the klieg-warmed incubator of newborn neorealism. Soon after, De Laurentiis awarded his unlikely discovery the lead in *Bitter Rice*, launching the erstwhile critic on a movie career which introduced him to English-speaking audiences as Charlton Heston's nemesis in *El Cid*. Spiciest new slice of imported Vallone: as a Greek shipowner cuckolded by his incestuous spouse and son in Jules Dassin's phallic *Phaedra* (*Playboy After Hours*, September 1962), he projects dignity and despair with an adamant power which ranks him as the noblest Greco-Roman of them all.

RON TRAEGER



wild!
wild!!
wild!!!

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BARBARA GIRL

(continued from page 136)

hattan whose faces never age, but their gums retract, their teeth go bad, their chins unravel, and their necks get pouchy or scrawny. Pities and disasters and lurking, disastrous pities.

But Peter takes care of himself, he juggles, they decided again, without speaking of him.

And while talking, no, after falling into a silence between words, that silence which decides whether a man and a woman mean more than service for each other—that silence which is like the darkness between the stars that gives them their radiance—the telephone rang and it was Peter. "Hey boy," he said, "you find a girl and you leave off with your pal? Let me tell you something: that how it is? What about dinner tonight?"

"I'm with Barbary."

"I don't know that, boy? *Ah declah.* I mean you two and me and my lady. Listen, I won't describe, you'll see for yourself." When there was no answer, he added sweetly, "Look, is Bee Gee embarrassed about me? Come on, boy, the past is past, everyone's had lots of baths, we're all nice and clean—" Dan winced while Peter just babbled it over smoothly again: "Talk to me nice, boy."

The word *bath* made it a challenge. All right. And anyway, if Barbara had been touched by Peter, it had been a mere touch to teach her what she wanted. Sweet chatter, smooth clatter. Who hadn't been searched, cut, bled in this world? Busy Manhattan would wash you down the drain unless you held on to what you know for yourself and let the rest swirl by. The sewers lay boiling beneath the city. Barbara and Dan had heard the music in the conduits, but believed they could listen, sniff, peek and stand free. Peter, they knew, believed he could go strolling in the depths and come back with clean shoes.

This time it was no very complicated joke. It turned out that he merely wanted them to meet his new girl, Freddie. Like all Peter's companions, she had beauty, and hers was that monumental beauty composed of a brazen host of flaws. She felt that Justine was her psychic sister—she too had been a call-girl. She suffered from a head cold, but regally. Being a prostitute and suffering a runny nose were two equal imperfections. Her large, vague eyes stared and rolled myopically. They looked down a slightly hooked nose with a small sharp droop at the end. The creamy skin under her chin doubled when she laughed, suggesting a sudden softness to her face; but then she remembered and lifted her head to its patrician heights again. Her rich pelt of blue-black hair was streaked with gray. Her mouth, rather small, hid small but perfect teeth—no imperfection here.

However, she frequently opened her mouth to speak, and here there was plenty of imperfection released toward the sky: "Oh, my dear, my dear sweet, I mean it was a magnificent book, so—I mean he like understands people, you know, humans—so magnificent I mean, you know—*groovy.*" She refused to stand up, knowing that her great courtesan's head lolling, lifting, blessing, *requiescat non in pace*, was her finest feature. Despite the delicate skin, her wrists were a trifle thick. She wore no precious stones except a pearl choker above the low-cut velvet dress. The night lily blooms without jewels (who's counting those pearls?). No one could take eyes from her, man or woman. Someday a reformed homosexual might marry her, made huge and proud by her groovy past.

"Why did you leave Paris if you liked it so much?" Dan asked her.

"Darling, I was busted," she said. "I got in trouble with one of their finest families over there, darling. Like they thought I was after their son and heir's fortune, but I mean all I wanted was his *money, darling.*" Still searching for the *mot juste*, she paused a moment. "It was the living end, sweets."

"Hey boy, what do you think?" Peter asked Dan while Freddie spent her hour in the powder room.

"You're kidding."

"Great kid, isn't she?" But his face darkened and was abstract, and over it fell an abrupt stiffness, the lines of control running from the flanges of his nose to the corners of his mouth, and both Dan and Barbara grieved for the still person within. They were silent; they gabbed to fill the silence. Freddie left her vacuum behind her. Valiantly they talked. Peter held up his head to stop them. "You're lucky, you two," he said. Then he caught sight of Freddie ambling among the tables, bestowing her smile and her hand, and he arose to meet her, grinning: "Next time you stay away so long, pal, why'n't you at least send a postcard?" And turned to Barbara and Dan with that wanness again: "You want to cut out, you two? Then cut out."

"Are you dismissing us?" Dan asked.

"The check is taken care of, boy. I made some crazy money this week—toy money, but *green, chappie.*" They held hands like children home in the cab, and then, with tea at midnight in her kitchen, went on touching hands over an enameled table. Poor Peter, they were both thinking, and thinking how impossible for anyone to be his friend, how impossible for them to stop hoping for him. After his juggling, he loved best walking down Broadway on the Upper West Side, just strolling, or wandering down Fourth Avenue among the used book shops, interested in the kingdoms of France and England, the lives of the courtiers; he was fond, clever and quiet;

but he appeared in public with a schizophrenic whore, and played all his brasses.

"I'd like to visit your father," Dan said.

"Down there?"

"Let's make a little trip to Virginia. Want to learn how to say 'you-all.'"

"Only when talking to two or more—that's your first lesson. And you'll have to bone up on airplanes."

"Prehistoric Spads and Fokkers."

"You-all remember!"

"How could I forget? I'll buy balsa models and study good."

She folded her hands and her eyes filled. She remembered the ache in her eyes of insomnia, but she had not felt this bite since meeting Dan, and now, as the tears soothed her, it was as if she had simply stretched herself into sweet ease, warmth and sleep.

"Why? Why do you want to see that corner of the world? Why do you want to go with me, Dan?"

They sat together in her tiny kitchen and of course he did not answer. They both knew why. The trip to Virginia was a flight from Peter's disintegrating shadow. It was an answer to jokes and probes, to partying and making-out Manhattan, the dream of evasion and its steady attrition: it was a validation. That night they did not make love. They just decided to travel the entire way together. Finally Dan said: "Love. We

think we're terrific. The flower sees the sun and says, 'I'll reach it.' Well, it doesn't, but it grows."

Poor Peter, they both thought. Fortunate, happy, groovy Dan and Barbara.

They considered driving down to Virginia, making a slow sea change from Manhattan southward, learning the country and each other at the same time. Dan wanted to stop at a beach on the Atlantic shore, perhaps in Delaware, and watch the skinny sandpipers work at their continual bug-mining in the sand; he wanted to eat shellfish in a seaside restaurant; he saw the two of them holding hands on a hillside over the ocean. But love is not a rotogravure enterprise; they had jobs and obligations; there was a hurry. They flew from an aluminum-and-glass airport at Idlewild toward the backwoods town with its heavy humid chill in the air, smell of wood fires hanging low over the pine clusters, loiterers in wool shirts and dungarees. The airport took DC-3s in a flat saucer between two rows of hills. They rented a car. The dirt roads which Barbara remembered from her childhood were blacktopped now. Hot rod-ders went spinning round and round the courthouse square, souped up, coked up, jazzed up, inspired by television tough guys, shouting, "Man! Man!" The old men squatting on the steps in the

square blinked, spat and also watched the TV. And discussed the races and taxes and the Nawth. And not whether China should be admitted to the United Nations, but rather, should the United Nations be admitted to the United States? "It's already there!" cackled one geezer. "I read it's already there in Noo Yawk!"

"Aw, I meant the *Yew*-nited States," said his friend.

A tandem of two cars went screaming and roaring past, mufflers gone. Dan said to Barbara, "This is practically Sixth Avenue. Tell them."

"Shush," she said. "You Yankees come messing down here, y'all go right away *thinking*."

In the haze and laze of springtime Virginia they found that they thought the same thoughts, made the same jokes, and didn't need to talk much. But Barbara was issue of Wolbrook, and this man was strange to him. He puzzled over finding the daughter in the father. Wolbrook Jones had a library in which he studied and kept files of his correspondence with airplane manufacturers, aviators, libraries and museums. When he wrote, he went into the kitchen and worked with a pencil on a child's yellow ruled pad, inscribing with enormous frowning care his fantasies of heroic gallantry in the air. With spindly shanks and massive forearms, he hunched over

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the kitchen table like a wheelchair invalid, scribbling through an endless dream of youth and glory. He kept models of the several 1917-1918 Spads and Fokkers hung from the ceiling by string tied to thumbtacks, the struts made of thin wire and no plastic anyplace: good balsa wood and carved bits of twigs. When a storm blew up, and winds shook the house, the toy planes drifted in abstract air. The flies clung fatly for dear life to the ceiling, the planes floated in a deathly element. Wolbrook Jones watched impatiently, wishing reality would find him again. He looked like a trespasser in his own clothes. Bent over the chipped white enamel kitchen table with his tongue wetting a stub of pencil, he struggled with his memory of graceful ease in the air, frets of hair in his ears and nose, distant, horrified by the world, released from it. He reminded Dan of the gaga old men of Bickford's on Upper Broadway, clipping *The New York Times* and reading their scraps of paper and huffing into their coffee cups.

Barbara read his mind. "Of course I take after my father," she said, "but I'm different. And I was born of a mother, too. Dad is very old, you know. Almost 50 when they got married. We'll all get strange someday, Dan."

The milk was thick and rich, though it was town milk, and Dan let his belt out a notch. They walked in pine woods and through sunny pastures. One evening they all three of them went to the movies to see a Western, which Mr. Jones watched grimly because no boss can replace a biplane, and afterward they had chop suey sundaes at his urging (diced fruit over vanilla ice cream). "I got good digestion, I been coming to this parlor all the time," he said. "Only one they never remodeled. Ever try a bourbon sundae? Best thing for the gut—nourishing. Soothing when you got the anxieties, Mr. Shaper, you ought to try that up in New York." Dan made a note to try to find a bar where he could persuade them to pour a jigger of fine bourbon over a scoop of vanilla ice cream. Very little hope of it in Manhattan.

On this evening they went to bed near midnight, but on other nights they discussed awhile (the race problem, politics, wars, airplanes) and then went to bed before nine, in separate rooms. Barbara knew that Dan was thinking when he went up to his room, and thinking about passing the rest of his life with her, but she tried not to worry him. An hour later he would creep barefoot down the hall—away by dawn. Or sometimes he just stayed in his own room, listening to the country night, and the next day they lay together in a damp field under the searching sun, under the hot sun on parts of their bodies never exposed to sunlight, swelling and

greeting the spring weather. As he held her in his arms like a kitten in the sunlight, and she fell asleep on the loose soft loam, little bursts of energy went off in her body, first in her thighs, then in her arms—a buzz and hop of electricity—and then in the center; but now it was no longer anxious, undischarged electricity, but a subsiding, sighing, sleepy moving toward him, a sweet relenting of the total mobilization of her life. She slept. He lay awake, holding her, his open eyes focused on the sky against which wisps of cloud silently ran. Then suddenly he slept, too. When he opened his eyes again, the sun sweet and hot on their intertwined sprawl, his first thought was: I love her. He was tasting the wet salt of her shoulder.

"I love you, too," she was saying softly. "Hot. Hot. Hothothot."

If Wolbrook Jones understood, he said nothing. He seemed not to remember courtship anymore. Some days his legs were good and his wind was bad, sometimes he breathed OK and his legs gave out, but he did not worry his time; he came to focus very closely on chivalry over the Rhineland and let the rest of the world mind itself.

But on their last evening in town, he suddenly asked Dan, "Hm, like to show you my stand of pine tomorrow morning."

Barbara looked at Dan with frightened huge eyes, pleading with him not to be offended if her father made formal requests for information. She understood that Dan believed himself too old to be questioned by a parent, it was out of an Andy Hardy movie, it was from another time. The next morning Wolbrook apologized; he would be busy with mail all day. They finally went walking in the buzzing dusk and Wolbrook said, "Pine grows fast, it does, in this country. But then it ain't good for much either, except for firewood. Which is what we do with it. Burn it." The old man had heavy gray eyebrows which hung in tufts over his eyes, like the fur of some winter animal, and Dan could not see if anything was happening in the eyes. He was saying, "Course, they make paper, too, and send it up North. They chew it up with acid in the vats. But the paper, y'know, ain't no damn good? Rots after a few years, just rots and turns yellow, y'know? All that acid."

"Aw," said Dan, falling into line.

"It does."

And they entered the thin stand of pine with its blue dying glow among the branches. There were spiders in the trees. Below, strips of sunlight lay unraveled on the soft earth. "Some kinds of wood, y'know, they can make skeletons out of?"

"What?"

"Skeletons of planes—framework? Used to. Still find them some places, I bet.

Ever see a wooden plane, wooden skeleton, I mean, covered with some kind of stretched skin?"

"No," said Dan, wondering if this were his long way around to a difficult question or demand.

"Guess not. Museums maybe. Want to turn back? I'd like a pot of coffee now, get chilled easy. Used to fly, y'know? Bones chilled up there in an open cockpit, boy." And he turned anxiously to this young man about whom he knew nothing, who was traveling with his daughter, who had come to stay in his house, and he asked, "You think Barbara has sense enough to put the coffee on before we get back?"

The next day Barbara and Dan were returning to Manhattan, strapped into sanitized seats of a DC-3, served plastic pork chops and paper coffee, humming through the never-no-think land of the air. "Poor Dad," said Barbara, "but don't be too hard on him."

"Am I hard on him?"

"Sometimes I'm a little vague myself, y'know, darling."

"Am I hard?"

They held hands and talked about the passing beyond life of those who live overtime. They felt thoughtful and thought maybe this meant they were thinking. Mortality made them sigh. A squall came up, lights flashed, and the airliner bobbed and jerked like a tree being axed to earth. A very fat man whose safety belt barely reached about his sweating middle began to pray in loud wails, and his wife said, "Sha! Everybody's looking!" A young woman spilled coffee on herself and giggled hysterically, "It was just hanging there, coffee without a cup, right in the air!" The stewardess ran up and down the aisle, tugging at seat belts, and then fastened herself in with a fixed gray smile on her face. Dan said, "You OK?"

"OK."

"Let's finish what I was saying. Men used to begin their lives with love and end it with ambition. Now we begin with love and ambition and finish with ambition and love—no good order to things anymore."

"Do you miss good order?"

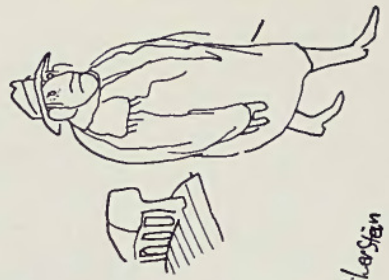
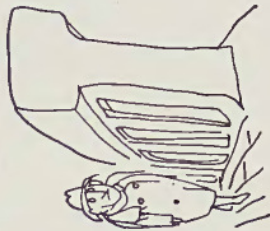
"Yes, I do. I do."

Barbara watched the fat man's wife crooning and shushing him in his huge hairy ear. She had given up warning him of disgrace. She was now trying to take care of him. She had a hand on his bloated belly and she stroked him as if he were a baby with colic. Barbara sighed and turned to Dan, who was smiling at her. "I suppose it's harder to get on with things now."

"We're supposed to think about bombs and China and the future—we keep busy in smaller ways. Airsickness. Income tax. The dream of perfect love. Dreams of freedom."

The airplane hiccuped brutally.

THE RESCUE



S. Larsen

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"You're a tease, Barbara."

"Yes, you would."

As suddenly as it came, the squall disappeared. The pilot droned an unintelligible apology. Because the fat man was outraged by the static on the pilot's microphone, the stewardess repeated the formula speech about occasional inevitable atmospheric disturbances. Also unintelligibly. Another complaint from the fat man. The stewardess offered to write it out for anyone who could not hear her; her face was still blanched, swollen and airsick, and the trim blue skirt and slender legs seemed to belong to some other girl who had sought adventure and fascinating contacts in a romantic occupation.

Barbara said to Dan that there are some people like her father, who bear risk and even seek it out, and some who merely diminish through life. Different ways of being mortal, different ways of confronting the self. Her father did not consider his soul in splendid isolation, he governed his old age by the actions of praise, ferocity and danger in his history. They were past, past—that was terrible. He still flew over the Rhineland with the shrill scream of wind in his struts, his eyes in goggles and a leather-helmeted head, peering out of a cockpit buffeted by the stream. He knew who the enemy was. He knew what his chances were and how to improve them. Wolbrook might be thick and slow with age, but he remembered speed and agility and could continue to treasure himself. He would die thinking of life.

Barbara and Dan thought of death and looked into each other's eyes and thought of love. They believed that to be alive must come to mean more than flying a biplane toward a lonely tournament. More than an ascending income graph and a pattern of skill at keeping oranges in the air. More than oil on the waters, more than washing salt from wounds. More. More than dressing pink dummies in a window. More than writing letters that produce seven-percent results on Class A mailing lists. Other matters and more. Barbara and Dan needed to mean enough for each other to give value to their failures and sense to the further intentions of life on earth. Their hearts laden with yearning told them that they had not come to an end in joy. They were at the border of undiscovered country.

• • •

A week after their return from Virginia, Dan left for Cleveland to visit

his children. Barbara was blue for him, happy for him, and blue for him. She stayed home evenings, turning the pages of a book, listening to music, waiting, astonished at how peacefully conjugal she felt. It was very different from her spinster waiting, like the difference between waiting for the alarm to ring in the morning and waiting for sleep to relieve at midnight; perspectives of the day rather than the limits of insomnia. Her anxiety that Dan go well with his sons seemed a little fond and foolish to her. A man secure with himself is a man secure with himself. Right. Haha. Could she make a man good, virtuous, strong? Well, that's no job for a woman. But she could do other things. She could make a plastic mannequin look almost humanoid, and if she could practice this art, perhaps she could also help to make a place for Dan alongside her and with himself. He was no longer that perverse creature which a bachelor like Peter became—his own slick bride. She would fuss over Dan, worry and fret over him, delight him, and now he could face down the roadway toward his children without looking at himself. *I should knit*, she thought. Such sure decisions, like the designer of a store window. But life is not like that for this down-homey girl, no, not like that.

So that when the telephone rang, she almost expected catastrophe. It was Peter, asking to come up for tea. No, not asking—demanding. No, not that either—pleading. "Barbara. Barbara-Girl. Will you help me, Barbara—will you?" She had two thoughts while she tried to see what to do. When there is so much trouble in the world, Peter, why does your own trouble stand so close to you? All right, that's familiar enough, but why so close to me? While she listened to him, she brushed her hair, which was down now, long and silky, as Peter used to like it, saying that she reminded him of a cartoon witch; and while she brushed her hair, she thought: Loner, you can't stand being alone. And she was saying as she combed this hair, thought these thoughts. "All right, Peter. All right, then. I didn't know you were so fond of tea."

"Hahaha!"

His harsh burst of electronic laughter, following so soon after the imperative yearning and desperation of his words, made her hesitate again. Peter worked out his plans for everything, it seemed, even the decision to despair. His laughter was trying to say that he was still on top, deciding to be unhappy. No, no tea today, she thought; "Peter, I don't want to see you."

But he had hung up and was on his way and she must look as well as possible, put on the mask, defend herself. Peter would make even his trouble magnificently his own, agile, flashing in the air, sly and persuasive as the juggler's

risks. She mobilized to face him, and went to her mirror with a vanity imposed upon her from outside: she peered anxiously into it as she blackened her eyelashes, not for pleasure or beauty but to keep her eyes private; she put on a mask of makeup to keep Peter at his distance, and then she addressed an envelope. It was to Dan. She would write him all about it after Peter left. She left the envelope leaning against the mirror, the address where he stayed in Cleveland aslant in reverse reflection, alongside the pots, tubes, bottles, brushes, creams and lotions shining like stars about it. And the gifts of perfume from Peter and Dan and that vague Terry before Peter. And the little soaps and toy animals and all the accreted souvenirs of a pretty girl floating on dreamy, groovy Manhattan. She sighed and rubbed her knuckles across her teeth. Hard work ahead. Peter on his way.

Nevertheless, as the buzzer sounded, she let him stand and sound on while she went to the window to catch one glimpse of her courtyard out-of-doors before she admitted him. A sparrow, eating crumbs on the windowsill, looked up at her with beady reproach. It took its ragged winter feathers away when she rapped. The sound of buses back-firing did not ruffle it, but the flicker through glass of a woman, watching and thinking, rent it from its small pecking. She wanted only to be friendly; it shot straight up into the sky without a sound. Then she answered the door.

She looked at him and gasped: "Your hair!"

"It's turned white," he said simply.

Then she began to laugh. "Oh, Peter, it's melting."

The cowl of snow disappeared as he shook his head. "I walked. Fresh snow. This time of the spring—another surprise, Barbara-Girl! Let me tell you something: feels good." His cheeks were pink and his angry, overjoyed step filled the little apartment. This bore no relation to the desperation of his voice on the telephone, but the voice still had its grating edge and the eyes were cold and fixed. If he was in trouble, most of his armored body still kept its hard integrity. But he was in trouble.

"Peter, what's the matter?"

"I've been practicing my juggling," he said. "You know? That's why I have to rent a high-ceilinged apartment? You remember that ceiling?" And his shrill laughter filled the room. "Well, I used to be able to do four balls, going on five. Now I can only do three, going on four. Something's happened to me. A change." His mouth broke in a fixed deathly grimace, the teeth showing, and Barbara was astonished at this first sign of age in him. His teeth seemed lengthened, he was having gum trouble, the teeth were marked at the narrowing roots by tobacco stains. Then his mouth

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was opening and shutting and there was that terrible laughter again. "I've lost the touch," he said. "I'm going downhill. I haven't got it anymore. I'm ready to die."

"Peter!" she said angrily. "Stop that silly giggling!"

Abruptly he sat down and was silent looking at his shoes. "You're right," he then said. "That's one reason I thought of you—you talk sense. I shouldn't giggle." When he turned his face to her again he was smiling, sleek, confident and stilled. "I'm no maniac. I'm sorry I upset you—jittery."

"What's the matter, Peter?"

"Nothing. You have to expect it. Things go all wrong. The center does not hold. I function, but it's all dead. I am no longer among the living."

"You're what?"

"It disturbs me, you know, Bee Gee?" He sat very straight and purposeful, still smiling, and said, "I've got no one but myself, but that is nothing at all. Let me put it your way, perhaps: I am having a nervous breakdown. No, wait. Listen. No hallucinations, no delusions of persecution, no loss of major control. Orifices, outlets and valves in A Number One condition. Just an old-fashioned something, to wit: *No reality in my life*. No reason for either being here or killing myself. I've studied how to juggle and make love and enjoy my life—no point in it. No nothing. No, no, and yet again no." He smiled demurely. "For purposes of intercommunication, and I want to intercommunicate, and also concision, and I wish to be concise, I call it by an old-fashioned word—sometimes the old-fashioned ways are best—nerv-

ous breakdown. Can't take it anymore. Take *what*, you might ask, Bee Gee? Don't even know what I'm to take or not take. I walk around the streets with my soul in a balloon tied to my finger, but the string has been cut—no balloon. No reason. No response. No go, it's gone, Barbara-Girl." And he showed his gums triumphantly, running his tongue over his teeth to clean them. "But I know your name, I even know my name, I know what I'm doing and this is hardly an appeal for help, since I know Bee Gee cannot help me. Barbara-Girl. But I wanted to tell someone anyway."

He waited to see if she would interrupt. He raised his hand like a pedantic schoolteacher.

"Melodramatic? Perhaps. Nevertheless I tell you the truth, Barbara-Girl: I can no longer juggle four balls." He leaned forward and said, "Go ahead, smile. I give you permission. Please smile, my friend."

Barbara remembered the sound of Peter's voice over water as he sang to her on the dock at Southampton: lap of gentle salt breeze, dusk, moon rising, distant shout of weekend visitors. He had an easy baritone of which he was proud and he had crooned at her. She remembered his gentleness, his distance, his gentleness despite the distance of not caring very much. In the falling dusk at Southampton, he had given names to each of the sandpipers pecking their snacks in the sand; Albert, Fritz, Sheldon; each one had a character and he told her why and made her laugh. Poor Peter, poor Peter, she thought.

His cheeks were wet and he was smil-

ing at her and wiping his face with his hand. There was a smudge on his forehead. "Selfish tears. Don't pity me. Only selfish tears, Barbara."

She watched him in awe. A man crying. It was like hearing the snow fall, a sound that must not be heard.

"Don't you pity me," he repeated. "Just selfish and selfishness is all I've got."

They're tears all the same, she thought, and ran quickly to him and pressed his head lightly to her. "Oh Peter," she said, "I just can't see how anyone can tell it so clearly and still insist—"

"I'm not well."

"You look quiet, Peter."

"I get sick in my own way, with excellent clarity—it's part of my sickness."

She touched his cheek and bent to look into his eyes. There was a faint smell of tomato juice on his mouth. "Feel better, please. We need you big and strong."

"OK, Bee Gee. By executive order."

"You've been drinking tomato juice. Are you on a diet?"

He grinned crookedly, showing his stained teeth. "You think I'm getting fat? No, bloody marys. But Barbara!" And he neatly put himself to her again, like a lonely child, like a juggler managing his burden. He said softly: "Barbara-Girl, I need to make contact somehow."

"Not that way, your old way," she said, extricating herself.

He let her go and went to the window which gave onto her courtyard. It was snowing, the snow sifted down as if the universe were gently rocking; and it was still clean—that impossible pure Manhattan snow, clean at the moment of fall. "No," he said, "that's the way I've tried so much, that way. You're right. I've won and captured, but made no space for myself. You're right about that. Another victory, another notch—eventually you weaken the weapon with notching your victories. Just let me sit with you, Barbara?" And fell silent, blushing like a boy at his repeated, repeated appeal. And in a stammering, discontinuous way he began to talk to her for almost—Barbara suddenly understood—the first time in the years she had known him. He had jabbered, joked, teased, flirted, but now he was addressing her. What he said still seemed (this was Peter, wasn't it?) less important than his style. He formed his thought and explored its manner. He discovered where it led now, then uttered a desperate little summary, then went to the window and stared at the deepening snowfall in the silent court, then turned to her with a quick quirk of facetiousness, then went on. He told her as much truth as he knew. And the hours passed.

He had wanted to marry Freddie, he said, a girl named Freddie, you remem-



"If he could only write like Brendan Behan."

ber Freddie? Far-out and stupid, but he wanted her. Why? Because she was able to make him feel something. You know what that means, to feel something? To feel? Yes, you know, Barbara. But can you understand what it means to a man who has closed the flower of feeling? Closed it tight? Shut it through every season of love and striving—no love and no striving?

And then his pacing and blank gaze out the window again. As much truth as he could find in it.

But Freddie made him feel bad, she was mean, she was a boiling ant hive of conniving and she made him sick with jealousy, that was all Freddie was, that kind of feeling.

More snow, more silent looking. Again he turned back to Barbara with a puzzled, long, humorous, sallow face. He smiled, showing a stained tooth. "A surprise to me," he said.

"What?"

"When I knew she was with some Oklahoma oilman—some stetson or other—how I felt, Bee Gee . . ." He stopped, talked, stopped, stared, paced and talked for hours, but as always with him, there was his trick of focus; he made himself real to her, even in his untouchable dodging; the hours passed and she was happy to be in his company, though the only emotion she could name for herself was pity. Maybe she, too, was cruising after strong feeling within the unexpected grace of Dan, and pity would do for a while. "Bee Gee?" he said. "I can't juggle so good anymore. I'm not steady with the balls or myself. I'm losing out."

"Oh Peter, you're thinking foolish thoughts, talking foolishness."

"I thought I wasn't cut out for this kind of life, that kind of life. I was right, but—question—maybe I wasn't cut out for any kind of life, huh Barbara-Girl?"

With a peculiar canniness on his face, he watched her shake her head, and then cast his eyes down. Then he went on.

"I want to die."

There was absolute stillness. He meant it, and yet he calculated its effect. She was filled with horror, both for his meaning it and for his calculation, and she said, "Nonsense. What you need is—"

"A rest? a vacation? a checkup by a specialist? dinner by candlelight? reconciliation with my aged parents? a cruise of the Caribbean with the Over-30 Club? an advantageous marriage? a new sports car? a fresh young thing with long blonde hair or an understanding and experienced divorcée with both feet on the ground? protein tablets and a sun lamp? a new set of tumblers? What? Tell me, Bee Gee."

She pressed her lips together and waited, she just waited, resolving not to be angry but wondering what she could put in the place of anger. He



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would offer a substitute. She must be cautious. Peter had capacities for control and he sought control.

"I've been through all those remedies and more. Chicks. New woofer, new tweeter. Grand chicks—you, for instance. Let me tell you something: I've got me my junior partnership. Any car I want I rent. I don't like owning. I can go around the world if it suits me. What next? A psychiatrist?"

"Do you need someone to talk to, Peter?"

"Haw!"

She waded straight in. "I don't mean deep analysis necessarily, but someone who can help you work through . . ." She turned away. "I know exactly what you're thinking all at once. I lack a sense of humor."

He laughed harshly. He put his face close to hers and said "Ha!" but the light of appeal and gratitude in his eyes did not recede. As if betrayed by his eyes, he went to hide at the window again. Outside, in the courtyard off Pery Street, the snow was no longer softly piling up upon itself. There was no wind; the snow had stopped. But it was midnight, and the city had come to a halt in the snow. This man claimed so lightly to be destroyed and explained himself with facetious eloquence; he tricked and played games and made her out a fool; and yet her rhythm of breathing was broken by him. Was it because he had never loved her that she still treasured a hope of reaching him? She knew very well that the nurse is always left behind.

He returned from the window with worried concern on his face. He was always just in time, it seemed. Coolly he tuned in to her wavelength. "I'm sorry," he said. "I know how all this sounds."

"Please, Peter, just tell me how I can help you."

He shook his head. "I know you want to be kind. I suppose I'll do something about it myself . . . a psychiatrist, as you say. Don't you remember what I think of that unhappy breed with their tight little mouths? Or their decisions to be spontaneous, and so they are spontaneous." He made a tight little face. He made a spontaneous face, but it was an ugly grimace, showing his gums.

"Is this really the time to make so many judgments, Peter?"

"Any port in a storm . . . Quite a storm outside. Look, a humpback of snow on your windowsill. And all this while we were talking."

And all this while they were talking . . . went the words in Barbara's head as if she were considering the troubles of strangers, the Manhattan troubles of Manhattan strangers, perpetually striving and gabbing on the anxious island. She saw Peter watching her with his

hand opened as if to juggle or cup one of the balls he liked to flip into the air, and remembered his Sunday-morning trick with the oranges—oranges up! oranges down! oranges all around! And all this while he was talking.

"For you, when love is over, it's over, Barbara? For me it's never over. I'm still in love with the scrawny little beast with scraped knees I knew in junior high school. I kissed her once—she sucked my lip like a Milky Way. Caramel. Hotness down to my ankles even now. She had eyes like a squirrel's. But I admit that's a little dim now—knees and eyes like that. But you, Barbara, I'm still in love with you."

Poor Peter. He looked hard into her eyes to head off the thought, head it off, stop it now, that he could not come to the end of love because he could not carry it through to the end; and so she only thought, Poor Peter, which meant the same thing.

"I love you forever, Barbara. In my own way. I never stop."

She felt an odd elation as he maneuvered about her; perhaps it was the juggler's joy in herself. No. No. Dan loved her and Peter needed someone. Peter could finish nothing, could love no one; but also needed help. She felt pride in her body very much like lust, it is very much like lust, she thought; this must be what men like so much, conquering the frontier through our bodies. They take such joy in pride. Pride—they suffer so from pride. And then she felt another flood of sorrow for the maneuvering, manipulating, writhing creature before her. "It's so cold," he was saying.

"The heat goes off at 11. We're supposed to close down."

"No, I mean outside, Barbara-Girl. Nuclear changes in the weather, you know? Radiation or something—the winds. Maybe we're all finished. May I spend the night here? On the couch? Please?" It was a snowfall which had broken all the rules for the city in spring. "Just on the couch, Barbara?" There was mingled in his voice the excitement of the fading storm outside and the imploring jitters of what he called his "breakdown." Barbara abruptly recalled the childish sense of late-at-night, those forbidden and secret hours when the world sleeps and only the inner circle is awake. This time is misplaced in Manhattan, but not lost; disaster returns it.

"Barbara-Girl, are you listening to me? Let me just stay on the couch."

"I suppose so," she said. And this concession was punishment for pride, punishment because she knew she could love someone and he could not, and she had no right to pride for this. "Just there, but just there—oh dear, that will never work out. I know you, Peter."

"I promise!"

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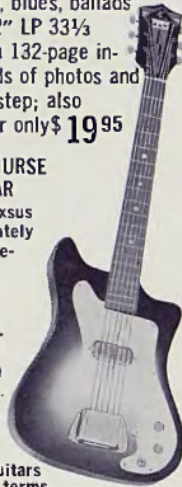
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A sigh, a sweet sigh; and Barbara knew she was sweetly sighing and bit her lip; Peter was busy with all his tricks, making her aware, transmitting his disease of awareness. He caused her to be sweetly yielding and languorous; she was aware of it, she disliked this automatic response. "You promise." she said severely. "Please keep your promise. There's something about you that never keeps promises, I feel."

He lowered his eyes contritely. "I'll keep them to you even if I don't keep them to myself."

"Stop playing Tom Sawyer."

"Penrod. I'm not up to Huck. Too cute."

"I said Tom Sawyer. Listen to me."

Wan smile, nibbling motions of mouth, like a squirrel. "Wasn't I listening, Bee Gee?"

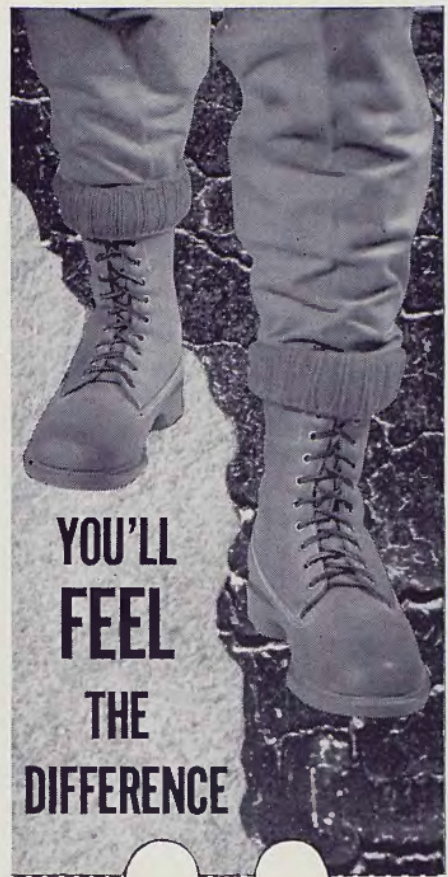
No wonder he can't juggle anymore, Barbara thought, his shoulders are sloping wrong, Lord he's tired. He looked as if he were falling through space all closed in on himself, falling without a sound through dry galaxies.

"I promise," he said.

Like embarrassed grown brother and sister, they undressed, washed, scrubbed teeth, hiding and not hiding, looking and not looking. His body was very familiar to her. He was like a brother now. And all the same, Barbara knew, for whatever his reasons and hers, he had been the man who awakened her from her fretful Village sleep. After the farmer's daughter had come to New York, this salesman had shown her the sights, the Empire State Building and the Statue of Liberty; he had taken her on the boat ride around Manhattan and showed her how the skyline could be seen like notes on a clef of yet-to-be-sung melodies. He was not a brother.

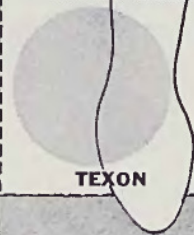
She sat at a low tufted bench, removing the girlish mask. She turned off the light at the mirror after she creamed away her makeup. The chill from outdoors was seeping into the room. She scampered into bed and hid there, like the farmer's daughter in a story.

In a moment her heart stopped pounding. She smiled to herself, holding her wrist like a hypochondriac measuring excitement by counting the pulse. But who was counting? She was not counting. The lights were out and there was only the bluish phosphorescent glow of the mound of snow against the window. She could hear the catch of Peter's breathing from the couch. Barbara felt oddly comforted by the presence of this old friend in her apartment, this loveless, hopeless, grieving old juggler of a friend, and despite the oddness and gravity of the occasion, she fell asleep with a start like the reverse of frightened waking; a click—she flew off from herself. Her habit when she slept alone was for careening lifts



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into harsh nerves, descents into oblivion, elevator rises and falls into sealed dream compartments, visions, anxieties, corrections and regrets. Now she merely slept.

She may have been away for half an hour when she felt breathing nearby and awoke calmly, cool and refreshed, knowing exactly where she lay and whose breath it was—Dan's. But it was not Dan's and she felt no less calm. "Barbara. Please," he was saying.

"Please?"

"Please let me hold your hand for a few minutes."

She gave him her hand and, sighing, he rested his cheek against it, his body sprawled ungainly on the floor. The apartment was settling and creaking in the sudden winter cold. Barbara waited, thinking he would make some violent move now, something she could ridicule or fight away. No. He seemed content. He seemed grateful. Her hand, stretched out like that against his cheek, was growing cramped. For a cramped hand, she thought, the lady might be lost. No, no, surely not.

The bristles on his cheek roughed against her hand. There was a grain of beard, there was an antigrain, back and forth. Her arm, held tight, began to ache, and she longed for the sweet ease of her sleep. The sharp drawing ache in her heart translated the practical trivial cramp in her wrist. She said: "All right!"

He did not answer.

She paused and said sharply, irritably, with a dizziness that stupefied her, "Come into bed then, you'll catch cold."

He paused and, sighing as if unwillingly, slipped in beside her. She moved away from him and he did not try to follow. He seemed content to lie in the little trough of warmth where she had been. And it seemed to her (she knew she was hiding from herself, she was trying to trick herself, she was disguising the inevitable fact from herself), she fell asleep again as soon as her own part of the sheet was warmed by her own body. She deceived herself into sleep. Dreamily, irritably, she accepted him into her bed, dozing, hardly permitting him to know her—not permitting—giving herself anyway.

She awoke with a lurch of shipwreck. She awoke on the wrong side of the disaster; she was lost and the dark ruin was hanging over her; she was foundering in icy seas. "Peter!" she cried out, "I don't allow it! I don't! I don't! You have no right!"

But there was no strength in her after the cry. She was down in the icy salt of the North Atlantic. She sobbed and turned her head and sought oblivion, but could not even freeze herself to death. As he knelt between her, her body foundering in the crevice of the bed under his diminished heft, he

swayed, he twisted like a sick child, his eyes tried to find hers; his gaze faltered, his head fell, and he was sobbing; but his body did not retreat. "Barbara, don't play." He swayed and took her, groaning softly and pleading with her, "Ride with me, don't play, Barbara, ride, *ride*, just ride with me one more time!"

In the depth of this alien wave, she looked at him with a pious, puzzled mien. It was as if the black ocean asked mercy of its bobbing, swept prey, saying, Don't be cold, don't freeze, let me consume you alive. She felt a hot tear fall from his face onto hers, and this was a signal that she seemed to have been waiting for. A voice, her voice, her voice despite all her decisions was whispering to him; her hands were stroking his back with hard, long, imperative pressure, "You had my permission all the time, Peter. Don't fret. Don't fret now."

But neither terror nor pity nor love can end the long troubles. He rushed into her, he did not flow, he did not fly and soar, he seized and took and slipped from her grasp; he was all effortful pride; he lay gasping and sobbing on her breast and she comforted him as best she could.

• • •

When Barbara awakened late in the morning, with a vacuum cleaner angrily searching in corners upstairs, she felt the queasy seasick lurch of shame located in that same place in the belly reserved to jealousy; but shame has a sweeter, sickish taste. The machine upstairs was sucking up dust and air, squealing, heaving great boastful gusts. Apparently Peter had awakened at her first movement. She shrank away. He waited an instant and then slipped out of bed. She felt him watching, standing naked by the bed and blinking. She held her eyes squeezed shut. She knew this was cowardly, but even as she pretended she was asleep and fooled no one, she felt herself dimming out; the act followed swiftly upon the child's imitation of it, her fists opened, she departed from herself for a few moments.

Then Peter was standing by their bed, fully dressed, pink-cheeked, hair combed with water, slicked down, himself sleek and grinning, with an incongruous stubble of beard above the neatly knotted tie. "Hey Barbara-Girl?" he said. "Open the eyes."

She did. There was a stunning sick taste in her mouth. She lay like dead, stiff and twisted as if caught by death in the midst of a flight from crime.

"Hey Barbara-Girl, I really felt bad last night, honest. I'm sorry I came on like that."

"Leave me alone now, Peter. Hurry away fast."

"OK. Let me tell you something: it was depression, the blues, you know?

And about Dan—I guess I just didn't like."

"Go."

"I didn't mean any harm. Not really *harm* harm, anyway. I suppose no one does. Sort of jealous maybe, but listen, Bee Gee, I only wanted to make things clear and straight—out here among us—"

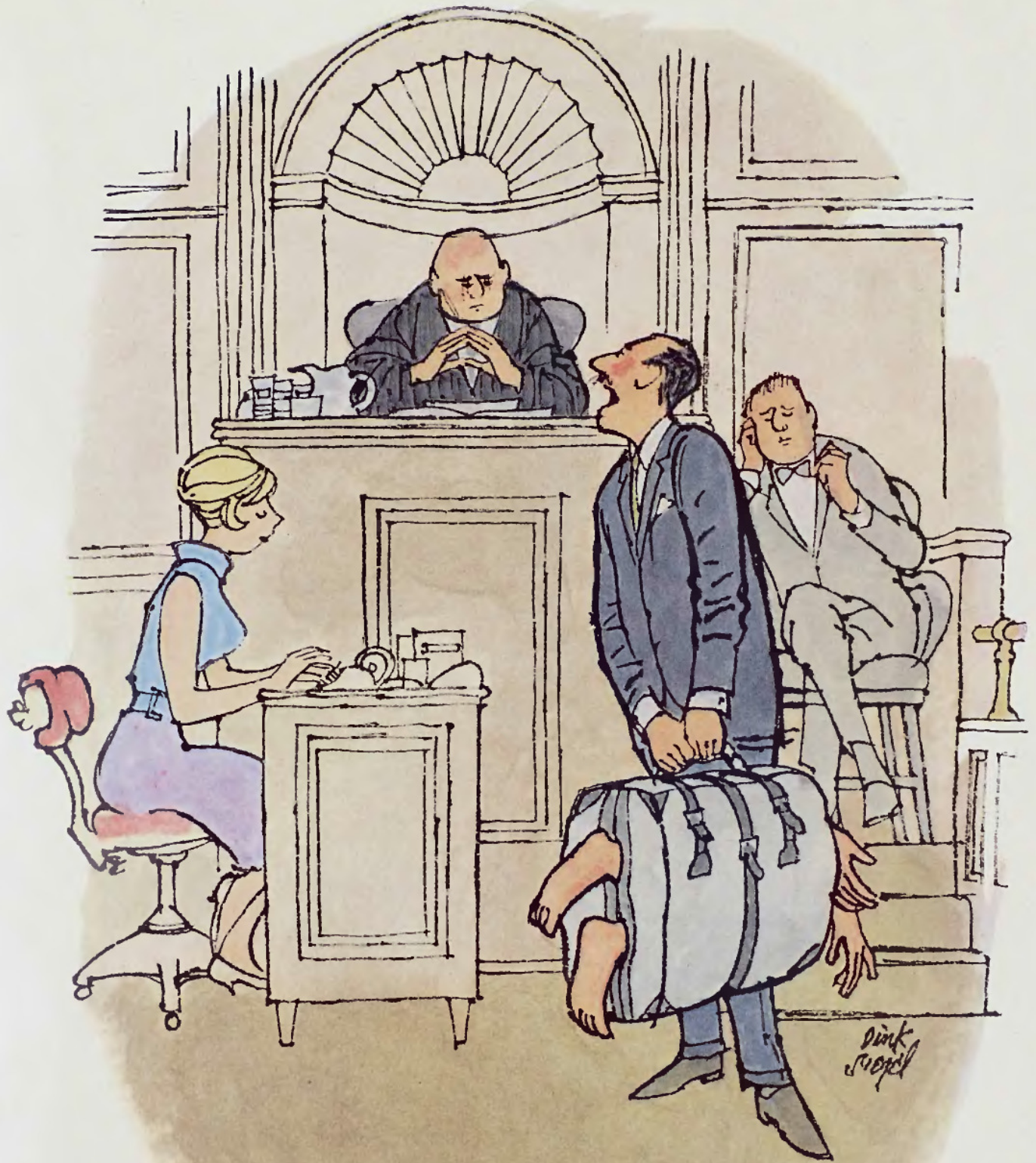
Heedless of her nakedness, of the chill of death in her limbs, she flew out of bed with her arms flailing—"Get out! Get out! Out!"—and it seemed to her as she stood alone, naked, alone and sobbing in that room, that he scampered away like some quick animal, like a rabbit in danger. She could hear his light steps in the hall, as if he were skipping. As she squinted in the ferocious winter sunlight at the window, she could almost see his tracks, woody leaps as he made off for cover in the snow. She then lost him entirely. She even seemed to lose the thought of him. She stood frozen like a plastic mannequin awaiting its clothing.

How did Peter pass the remainder of the day? He thought. Few who knew him could imagine him reading annual reports and talking with his clients by telephone when he went to his office, though he most frequently passed his time at this trade; today he did not go to his office. Probably he ate snacks (he liked health foods, he ate lightly); probably he drank coffee and made up his mind. He decided all day long, and at the end of the day, he had decided. He telephoned Dan early in the evening, without yet having shaved or washed carefully on this day, feeling Barbara like a validating aura still clinging to his body as he put coins in the pay telephone in a booth in Grand Central Station (how did he get there? wandering, walking), and repeated, "No, I'm not drunk, pal. I thought you should know—can't trust any of them—object lesson, buddy-boy. Couldn't help myself. Really wanted to prove—"

And sighed when Dan hung up on him. Had bet himself that he'd never get that sentence out. Everybody interrupting him lately by making him stop in the middle. As if they already knew the rest.

He sat in the booth, frowning because he believed this very moment would find Dan speaking with Barbara and she would be saying, "Yes, it's true. In a way it's true. I don't suppose I can make you see how it happened. It's true."

Then Peter went to his high-ceilinged studio to juggle oranges and wait for Dan. Interested in finance and credit, Peter understood that he considered his friend a debtor and had been disturbed by Dan's profit from an abandoned investment. But he also knew that his crazy scheme to collect the debt was a non-commercial, nongain transaction, and



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as he puzzled, he dropped an orange and heard it break, squirt. No marked skill at his chosen craft. You have to go with beautiful unconsciousness with the oranges, you have to ride without command, you have to fly high with all three, leaving pride behind. No marked skill here. Marked skill at brooding, at being densely Peter; but these habits were not good enough for him as he skipped across the middle of his life. Trouble, trouble, when pride and health leave the man who trusts too much in them; health and pride cannot endure without the exorcising of weaknesses, the growth of fresh sources for the new season in used-up soils. Trouble, trouble; no more simplicity, no more switch-blade health flashing out when he willed the button be pressed; he felt weakness and complication on their way into his life. Sucking the broken orange, he went to the refrigerator for another. He could only keep three in the air, never more. He had lied to Barbara. But he had told the truth to Dan. He had lied about his juggling. He had told the truth about Barbara to Dan and he had told the truth to Barbara about himself, both in the night when he felt alone and isolated and in the morning when he was angrily sated. Now he would wait, and if an orange fell, he would begin again, juggling with a cracked orange. Hup, hup, hup. Not too high. In an easy arc. Think with the flight, not with the oranges. Don't think, ride with them.

He retrieved the fallen fruit and it leaked on his hand as he answered the call from Dan, who was now back in Manhattan.

"Meet me at the Howard Johnson's on Sixth Avenue at Eighth Street," Dan said.

"That's a hell of a place to meet, buddy."

"Meet me there."

"Makes you feel like you're on a turnpike, that place. What's the matter with you? Why there?"

"That's where I want to see you."

"You sound like you want to quarrel, buddy." Frowning, he sucked the acid juice of orange on his palm.

"First meet me at Howard Johnson's and I'll see."

"We shall see, boy," Peter said.

"I'll see."

Dan stalked him in the damp and wet doorway of the restaurant. Nearby there was a newsstand, a paperback bookshop just closing, a subway entrance with loose papers chasing down the stairs. Within the Howard Johnson's, late on this evening, marcelled homosexuals chattered and tough ones planned their missions: a few other eaters, loyal to ice cream in this curious delayed winter of March, took up their sundaes avidly; the softly shifting glow of the jukebox bathed the faces of the lonely, the hunt-

ing and the discussing couples. There was a bleat of buses as Peter approached, waving a hand in greeting. There was a spatter of wet in the air.

"Is it true?" Dan asked.

"Hiya, buddy."

"Is it true?"

"Yes."

"Did you have any reason?"

Peter was shining with alert pleasure in the beginning of the conversation. At last the conclusion to an experience! feeling something again! He took a deep breath of the fine cold March wind swirling through Eighth Street and across the intersection. It did not occur to him that Dan might hit him or that anything like a vulgar Village street fight could interrupt this odd conjunction of two old friends. He said: "Everything has a reason."

A Negro cat in blue jeans, a short cashmere coat and Italian sandals, with hair blondined so that it looked almost green, was soliciting in the subway entrance. Entranced young men were floating elegantly past, back, past again. The boy began to hum a little tune to himself and to the universe. Peter desired to await a reply from the universe, something he could share with the green-haired cat, but Dan seemed pressed for time and so he continued his little speech: "Let me explain, pal. You came to town and I had a nice deal. You were lonely—sick with yourself—remember? I tried to help you. Now it's you has the nice deal. And me? Well, you didn't help me, so I had to help myself."

No answer from Dan. Pause. Fresh gusts down Eighth Street.

"You see, don't you now, buddy?"

Dan was staring at him like a stranger. "You're crazy off your head, Pete."

"Maybe." Well, give him the stranger look right back. "And you're smart, funny and pretty for a man. Let me tell you something. You've got it made. But you haven't got the big thing which I have."

???

Peter screwed up his face in a dwarfish grin, pushing it forward, showing his teeth and whispering, "No truth in you anyplace, boy. Nothing but—listen, whatever I do, I do it, I make out. But you—square!" He hoped the green-haired crooner was listening. He said: "You hear me? You're ready to lie down like everyone else. You want to slide by the same easy way. You want to make a nice little hole for yourself with canned water and supplies for a lifetime underground! You think you can beat the game with a tight door and a Bee Gee! Well, I wanted to show you! Wrongo! Wrong! You're nothing but square, nothing but lies, nothing! Nothing more and nothing at all!"

Dan made a little grunt which was perhaps intended to continue the discussion. He wanted to see clearly, he

wanted to understand the charge against him. No man fails to feel guilt when accused of total fault. Thus the madman has an important advantage over the man who listens: for does not the listener then say, Maybe true? Maybe I fail totally? But Dan thought of Barbara and this gave him a narrow practical sense of what to do. Jealousy and fury taught him a simple act, and he knew a terrible moment of exultation—jealousy, fury, pride, hatred and a vivid bone and blood joy in the wet March air of a doorway. He then said: "Here's some truth," and drove his fist as hard as he could, with a short flooding lunge, toward Peter's head, all the while thinking: No, the sensible thing would be to hit him in the belly or below. I'm still being a gentleman.

Perhaps that's what Peter meant when he said he had no truth—he neglected striking his enemy where he could destroy most cruelly. Peter took the blow leaning on his cheekbone, crying out "Ha!", whirling, coming back flailing, head down, unhurt and uncaring, like a child in a tantrum. He was hurt. He felt great joy. His body flew unencumbered toward Dan through the salt air of the city.

Now imagine a great drawing away from what the world recognized at once was not a mere street brawl. There were chattering idlers who fell silent; there were sighs of satisfaction from watchers ("Olé," murmured the boy with green hair); there was a priestly hum on Sixth Avenue, and within this stir Dan leapt on Peter and bore him to the slushy, littered, laden sidewalk. Someone said, "Oh my, lookit." Someone said, "It's quicker than lung cancer, hey Mike?" And then the awe of disaster fell fully over the watchers. Trained by the isolation of cities, they observed. They studied. All understood that this was no anecdote—blow, cry, man fallen and man running. Dan meant murder, although so far the crowd knew more about his intention than he did. He struck wild, unfocused blows with his fist, exploratory thrusts, returned in slow motion by Peter; and only as Dan splintered a tooth, as his knuckles were cut and clothes filthy, did the pure lust for murder gradually arise in his throat. It was with a dizziness of triumph that he realized that he wanted to destroy Peter, just that, nothing more, merely to kill him and this was sufficient truth unto the moment. And the communication seemed to pass almost instantaneously to Peter, his old friend, and Peter was up on his feet, gasping, roaring, thrilled in his turn, with cunning slits watching above the cut cheekbones. Peter was no longer thinking of the boy with green hair, he, too, was focused, he said, "Don't mess with me, buddy."

Dan lunged with arms extended and



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took a world-darkening blow to the chest; the universe tipped and the lights drifted out, as if the rheostat had shorted; retching, Dan fell, and calmly wondered if he had broken a rib, and thought over his mistake in not watching more carefully (Manage the rage! he thought); and Peter stood over him: "Enough?" Dan breathed wet snow. His fingers clenched over a handful of softly silted sidewalk filth; he waited; he listened to this word *enough*. Then he thrust himself at Peter's ankles with a tackling hook suddenly rendered up from high school memories, feeling his body light and contracted despite the dark gasping in his chest. They were down on the sidewalk together, rolling in the slush, Dan using fists and elbows to hurt, break, maim, and Peter using fists to hit back and protect himself; Dan was not aware of any effort to stop blows against himself, he was conscious only of his target. And yet neither of them, covered with sidewalk slime and blood, struck out with feet or knees at the vulnerable private parts. They were still gentlemen obeying the rules though their coats had been torn off in the brief gasping respites.

Dan felt his attention wandering. It was like the war and out swinging under a parachute again, dangling and rushing down, swinging toward death among marionette strings and toy explosions, and thinking not about death, not about his soul and its consequences, but about the label on a box of cold cereal which he had studied over breakfast as a child. And swinging down to life and death over the green world which sent up little puffs of cream, down, down. And now, on Sixth Avenue, rolling in slime, he had a glimpse of a girl in a taxi, slowing down, her elegant courtesan's head lifted, and Freddie gazed myopically and then asked the driver to speed away. Or was it Freddie? Was it just another girl cruising in a cab? Down, down, he swung, and his ear was scraped raw against the pavement; there was flesh shredded loose; Dan thought: Can I hear the bowels of New York as I crouch here, my ear to the pavement? Could he attend the discharge of wastes and the labor of electricity and all the perturbed, buried powers of Manhattan? And there was pain from his ear. He did not hear the power lines, though he knew they sang below, tangled through granite; sewers, managed streams, gas, electricity, telephone, and abandoned conduits controlled by no one. Peter was standing over him with eyes abstract and horrified and joined fists coming down like an ax. And then Dan was no longer a gentleman. He decided. He struck swiftly and from below. In this instant it was finally settled.

Peter stumbled. He was coughing and helpless, blood choking up from his mouth. His body went slack; he fell, his

knees were wet and his mouth ragged, gaping; one shoe had been torn off, and through a rip the sock showed a yellowish, shell-like ankle; he was lying in vomit, he had soiled his pants. Dan stood above him, tugging him toward a parking meter, all his life shrunken to a passion to drop his friend on it, sharpened to an ecstasy of hope of hitting him with a parking meter. Peter, through the blood which surged up in airy bubbles, gasped, "OK, boy, you're OK," and Dan let him fall.

"Mister," a little green-haired mother's helper said, "mister, they called the cops. You want to come with me and I'll put sweet stuff on your wounds?"

Dan shook his head. The gesture restored him to himself a little. He dropped his friend onto the sidewalk near the parking meter—it was slick with blood and excrement and the slush of feet; there was an ambulance on the way, there were police on the way. Dan lit out. He ran and ran and made his way up the stairway to his apartment. He fell into bed, bathed with substances he had never known before, thick blood, fierce shrill wordless tears, a black reek in which he had been dipped; and then finally he lay with his eyes fixed on the sky beyond his ceiling and the one beyond it and the last bricked ceiling of mortality above him; he lay like a stone in age-old, grave, unthinking submission.

When Dan called her, she would not see him. When he went to her apartment anyway, she would not admit him. He then stopped like an overwound clock. For a time he heard no ticking within, no feeling, no motion of desire or hope. He was ill, he hurt, he felt the hurt as mere stoppage. This was perhaps a contagion from Peter; to feel nothing, to be absolutely still and silent within was Peter's disease. Dan was ill; he had the flu; the bruises on his body became swollen welts. On his right forearm there were three delicate perforations like teeth marks, like teasing lover's wounds, which suddenly opened up and exploded like seeds into ripe infection. A rooty stringlet of infection led up under his arm. Many of the oozing scrapes and bruises merely turned sore and black, but this arm ballooned up, huge and ungainly, a stiff rubbery stump with the stretched skin a torture to him. He sat with his hands and arm in hot water, trying to draw out the disease, enervated and dizzy in the steam as he crouched above the bowl. Finally a doctor came to give him penicillin. The doctor shook his head as he filed his steel away in his bag and snapped it shut. "Human teeth—the worst. A shame on us. Worse than dogs or rats. We put such dreck in our mouths, that's why. That's the main reason." He finished a bottle of aspirin;

he slept; he drank gin and lay fitfully abed and went through a half-hallucinated week in which the days and nights were all contained within alternating efforts to make Barbara answer him, to lift Peter onto the parking meter, to force Barbara to reply, to bury Peter in the filth of his own body. He wished to destroy, forgive, destroy. And he was weeping in the dark for his old friend and praying he had not hurt him. And wishing him dead and burnt to ash. And dreaming despite all he knew that Barbara was a stranger to him, a girl with flowing hair he met as she ran down a hillside through a bank of flowers to be discovered. What kind of flowers? Dream flowers for an absolute dream lover.

Only in illness could he imagine this dream purity.

The doctor gave him the third penicillin injection and suggested massive vitamin injections, "Just for fun. Why are you smiling?"

"I was thinking about flowers. Don't they make vitamins from flowers?"

"Rose hips."

"Rose hips," Dan murmured with satisfaction.

He slept himself out and bathed himself carefully, easing his sore body into the hot water, and slept again. That hillside never altered in the seasons, its bank of flowers, Barbara with her flowing hair loosened, running, a sweet breeze as he waited.

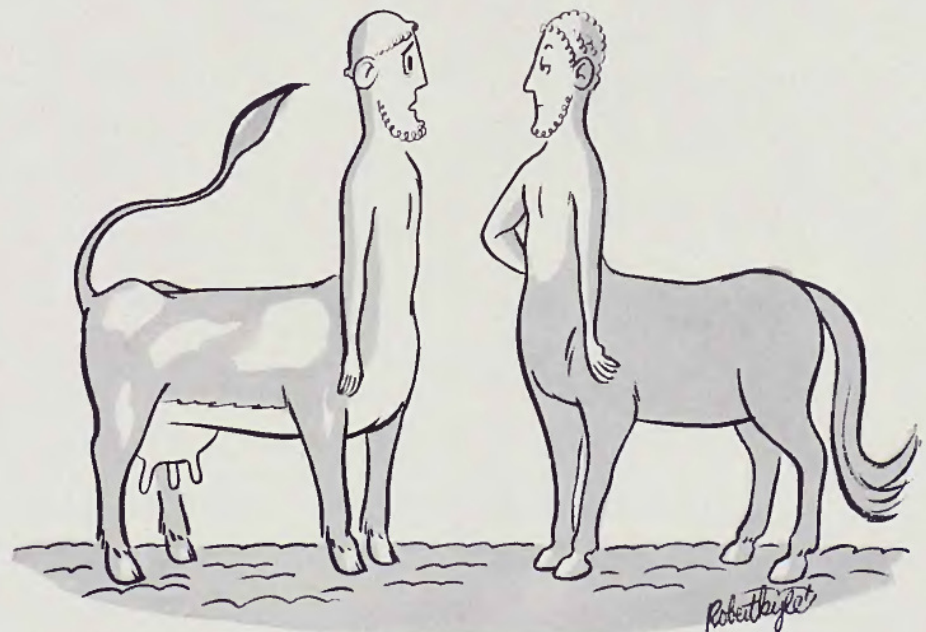
Then the penicillin and aspirin brought down the fever. He seemed to have a click in his head, the dream ended, he sprang upward from daymare and night sweat. The clock began ticking. He sat up, blinking, and threw off the blanket. He held out his hands—steady. One arm was still slightly swol-

len, but there was no more pain. For the first time it occurred to him to find out about Peter. He talked with his secretary.

Out of the hospital. The body can accept a great deal. Peter had given an explanation to the police which did not mention him. It was a bizarre concocted story which bewildered Dan, but now, with an end made to their old friendship, it hardly concerned him. Somehow the reason for his assault on Peter had been covered over by the fight itself. It had served the purpose of ending his jealous rage. Sometimes it happens. This, he knew, is the only excuse for revenge—now anger ended. He had left it dissolved in the slime on the sidewalk near Howard Johnson's on the Avenue of the Americas.

He turned back to Barbara and she was gone. She had left New York, moved out; in a few days, she had simply withdrawn and the tracks were already brushed over. Had she any right to be angry with him? His jealousy lay curled and waiting. This happens, too. Could she believe that the blame for the fight lay in him and she had nothing to do with it? He looked impatiently in a mirror and saw only himself, frowning, frazzled, stubborn, with dark stains below the eyes, one of Manhattan's false boys of 33; he gazed out the window at the jagged, musical skyline of Manhattan and believed in new possibilities for Dan Shaper—tenderness and the hope of giving up anger, pity for Barbara, willingness to sacrifice. The dense air of Manhattan, seeming to free him, seeming to stifle him, had brought him to generosity, like a basement nurturing a vagrant root carried in with some other package.

When he put through a call to her in



"I feel like a damn fool."

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Virginia, she would not receive it. He listened breathlessly to her voice saying to the operator very firmly and formally, "That person is not here." He sent her a telegram asking her please to talk with him, waited half a day, and then called again. "That person is not at this number."

He sent her a wire: ARRIVING TOMORROW. He did not wait for a reply. It did not occur to him that she would leave her father's house and he did not expect her to meet him at the station, though he had given her the time of his arrival. He hired a Ford and drove through the courthouse square, around which the same hot rodders seemed to be whipped on a string, and down the blacktopped road which he remembered as if it were the map of his own altered childhood universe; scraps of Southern town, country garage with tar-paper roof, the ungraded turnoff and the long drive until suddenly a weathered and spreading house appeared on its little knoll.

She had heard the Ford and stood on the porch wearing a loosely fitting flowered cotton housedress that must have been hanging in a closet for years after being checked on an order form from a mail-order catalog. There were freckles on her forearms and she wore no makeup and her eyes had little lines where she had frowned in the sun. She was barefooted. The dress was too long. It was as if to defy him by presenting a rural stranger to his eyes, but he was not deceived. There was Barbara from Perry Street behind the freckles and the Montgomery Ward frock. There was the girl who had been tried by the edge of broken glass in Manhattan and there was his lady. She stood on the porch and they had it straight out under the sky with no other greeting. Her face turned blood-red in the setting sun and she said, "Was that the way to settle things between us! Was that the way!"

Not a question. He answered it as if it were a question. "It was between Peter and me then. What was between you and me —"

"But who was important, Peter or me? Why didn't you think of me first? Why didn't you leave it just between you and me?"

"I am not a perfect knight, I live in this time," he said slowly. "You're right, what was for you and me is for us to settle. But about Peter you have to allow —"

"Why didn't you just forget him?"

"I can now. Now I can. You know what he's telling people? He says he was beaten up by some rough-trade sailor who thought he'd made a pass at him."

"You were wrong to be so brutal."

"I'm sorry I did it. If I hadn't done it — maybe I'd be sorrier. But I wish there were another way. I had to lose this friend. That way."

She turned to the loose screen on the

front door and pulled the rusted mesh against the frame with her fingers. It sprang when she let go. "What about me, Dan?"

"I had to think about him first in order to think about you. Maybe that was wrong. Sometimes you have to be wrong first in order to be right afterward."

"Well." He was not sure that she was listening. Was that person at this number? She did not let him know for sure, but her face began to compose itself behind its strained rural mask: she was Barbara thinking back to New York and Peter's wild, willful lies. She lowered her head, but kept her eyes on Dan's, waiting for him to make further decisions.

An old Negro on a bicycle lurched toward them in the ruts down the road. He studied the house, studied the package he was carrying, turned his bicycle around and headed out again. Dan watched him down the road, sighed, and then began once more to say that if he had done wrong, then he had done wrong. He saw nothing strange in her curious knack of making them discuss his rage as if her part in it were beyond reckoning. She seemed to ask to be privileged, just because she could not be. "You have to let me be wrong in my own way, Barbara —" Ah! Now he did remind her. "If you want me to accept your being wrong in your way."

Slowly she turned to the red, raw, plowed field to the right of the house. "Did I ever ask you to forgive me —?"

"Accept, I said."

"—forgive me? No, I think not," she said softly. The rich sun turned and turned, bathing them in a golden dying afternoon light.

"I do anyway, Barbary."

She did not answer, so he repeated his words.

"All right," she said at last.

"We've decided? We've settled it between us now? Everything that's important before the beginning? We can start now?"

She sighed. The small capillaries of her eyes were slightly reddened by fatigue, by staring. She leaned against the weathered pine. She touched his hand but said nothing and looked away from him.

"Yes, I think so," he answered for her, and now quickly she turned her face to his. She stroked his hand with long pulling caresses. "Yes, I think we'll live elsewhere. Not here."

"But not in New York?"

"But not in New York either."

"Does it make so much difference?"

"Not so much," he said. "Some places are less practical — from now on we'll try being practical. Let's try it." Then straightway he took her in his arms.

"Sometimes I'm foolish. I get depressed. I can be lonely without notice."

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"I'm ready for that. Sometimes I'm surly."

"Sometimes I'm the most confused. I get stiff and careful then. You can't talk with me. You just have to wait."

"Frequently I'm intelligent. Recently I gave up the dream of perfection."

"Sometimes I follow someone's lead because he seems to know and I'm not sure. If someone shouts at me I start to cry. I can't help it. Sometimes just whispering is as bad as shouting, too."

But her eyes were dry and shining. He kept his arms around her and said, "We'll have the chance to practice all our faults, don't you worry."

She stood near him in her mail-order cotton dress. There was the smell of lemony soap on her skin. "Come say hello to my father," she said. "He wants to ask if you know a good history of the Curtis-Wright turbine." But she did not move. She just waited and let him hold her lightly. She put one warning hand on his arm. She meant to tell him to make up his mind from everything he knew, leaving out nothing that might rise up to trouble him later, and she also meant to influence his decision.

"We'll live in a practical way together," he told her. "a job and a place. We'll cherish each other." He had the conviction that his spirit looked around corners, even if it was only the next corner that it looked around. "We'll marry."

"This evening," she answered him, "we'll just ride the easy evening. It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"But we're started on our way," he said. They had gone completely past the place in her road where she and Peter had met; Dan had decided completely about her. She felt easy and powerful because her hand and her holding attention to his arm had ministered to this decision. But he had decided for himself. He accepted his victory. Therefore Barbara was ready to step forever past too much gentleness, too much pity for others.

"Oh," she said at the door, stopping short as if suddenly remembering something. "Do you love me, Dan?"

"I've begun. You're the salt of the earth."

She nodded to the compliment, and to the joy and grief which would follow. "Even if —?"

"Even if anything."

"I'm going to have a child, Dan."

In the stillness of the Virginia evening, his breath stopped, the wind in the high pine branches stopped; she stood with one arm upraised, holding the door. She would not speak until he did. He said that he loved her. She said that the child was his. They awaited their further portion in the world, but they did not doubt each other. That time was in abeyance.



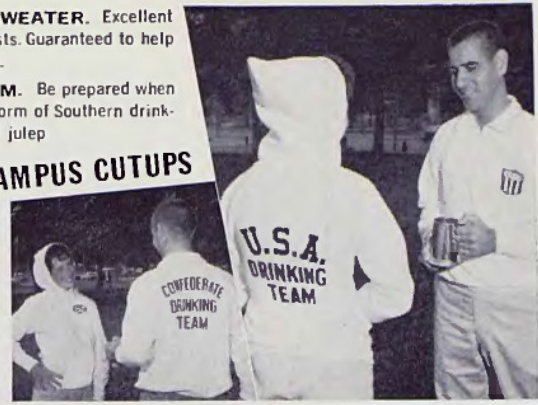
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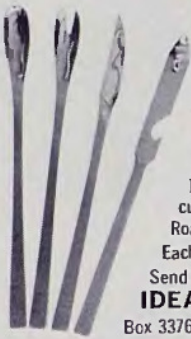
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"I'm sorry, my dear, but the club bylaws don't allow any of the members to remain incognito."

(who penned part of *Hatful of Rain* at the bar). Officially a steak house, Downey's is noted for having the only Irish Coffee Bar in the States, and for its far-from-plain showfolks clientele. To the stagestruck teen and postteen dolls, the place is a vital adjunct to the theater scene; booths brim with long-stemmed leotarded dancers, apprentice ingenues and incipient thrushes sipping Cokes (they're often under 18, the legal drinking minimum), and dreaming of the big break. With a break yourself, you may find comely companionship here — it's a prime spot for both filles and filets.

If you already have a date and want to sip a cocktail or two with her in an atmosphere abounding with showbiz celebrities, head for either Toots Shor's, on 52nd Street between Fifth and Sixth, or Sardi's West, at 234 West 44th Street. They are both unofficial clubs for all who've ever toed the boards, from sloe-eyed understudying chicks to B.O. draws with their roving battalions of flunkies. At Sardi's and Shor's, scripts are signed up or scrapped, deals dealt, and verdicts pronounced among agents, producers, columnists and critics, and Broadway's cast system can be observed in a bright and brittle light. Sardi's is also noted as an after-theater spot: if you're there late, you may get a kick seeing the wee-hour guzzling interrupted for applause as an elated cast sweeps in after a smash opening night. Finally, for dateless pre- and post-prandial drinking, you might try Costello's, a pleasantly unpretentious Third Avenue bar that is a hangout for *New Yorker* staffers, photographers, flacks, press types and assorted thirsty dealers in the written word.

• • •

Ever since the mid-17th Century, when schnapps-happy Dutchmen thronged cheery taverns at Manhattan's southern tip to munch venison and Indian corn, the ritual of dining out has been practiced with artistry and discernment by knowledgeable New Yorkers. Decades of dedicated gourmandizing, and the diverse palates of the city's ultraheterogeneous population have encouraged restaurateurs to establish a cornucopian array of eating houses: at last count, over 10,000. Clearly, the choice confronting the guy who would feed his chick in style is initially a bewildering one. Rather than taking blind pot luck, we suggest you consider the prime possibilities of the temples of provender we herewith recommend without reservation (though, of course, you'll want one yourself).

For the seeker-after-the-finest, the major production staged in unabashed luxury on a \$50-plus budget, there are several *haute cuisine* rendezvous, cathedrals of sapient gourmandise, where superbly prepared food is served with

grace and polish, and the elegance and clientele are first in their class. Here the sizable tab and the gratuities silvering the palms of such attendants as the headwaiter and *sommelier* become minor means to a major end: tender game in season, beef with genealogies, lobsters from the deepest and coldest seas, salmon jet-fresh from Scotland, and secret-formula sauces as well as superb renditions of the traditional repertory of Escoffier.

Foremost among those serving the fairest of the fare in an atmosphere of tasteful intimacy is Le Pavillon, 111 East 57th Street, an establishment considered by many gourmets to be the finest restaurant in America. Here, in chandeliered chic, the handiwork of chef Clement Grangier more than satisfies the expensive tastes of hungry yet discriminating diners. The food is the stuff that dreams are made on, especially if you are partial to Gallic cookery. The quality of both the wines and the service is on the same near-flawless level. Le Pavillon's old-pro proprietor, Henri Soulé, also owns La Cote Basque at 5 East 55th Street, another luxury restaurant whose prestigious and prodigious French cooking has met with instant approval among informed natives. We especially endorse the specialties from the south of France, notably the *Mousaka d'agneau Côte Basque*.

Le Café Chambord, at Third Avenue near 49th Street, is another favorite of Francophiles. You sit in a setting of Continental conservatism with a full view of the kitchen behind a glass wall, where chef Fernand Desbans fusses over such chef d'oeuvres as the duckling (*le tendre caneton à l'orange au Grand Marnier avec pommes soufflées*), the lamb with early vegetables (*le carré d'agneau aux primeurs*), and the grouse prepared with flaming brandy (*la grouse d'Ecosse, flambée à l'Armagnac*). The Chambord's wine list is a noble one, and the wine steward will be happy to help you select a winning vintage.

Tucked within the austere monolith of the Seagram Building on Park and 52nd Street is the striking Four Seasons, a \$4,500,000 creation of Restaurant Associates (which also operates the Forum of the Twelve Caesars and La Fonda del Sol). The opulent functionalism here represents the collective efforts of Philip Johnson, Eero Saarinen, William Pahlmann and Mies van der Rohe. Within its walls — which are ornamented by Miró tapestries and paintings by Picasso and Jackson Pollock — the man for Four Seasons will find that decor, tableware, linens and food change with each solstice and equinox. While you can hardly go wrong in selecting any of the items listed on the mammoth and munificent menu, we especially commend the beef marrow

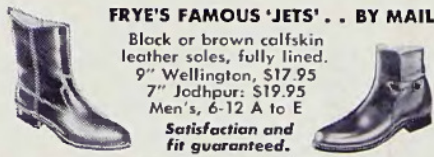
in bouillon, pear vichyssoise, and the sweet and sour pike in tarragon sauce.

The Forum of the Twelve Caesars, at 57 West 48th Street, is a remarkable re-creation of the gustatory grandeur that was Rome: meticulous research into the annals of Suetonius, Apicius and other Roman chroniclers has inspired authentic facsimiles of dishes forgotten since the time of Constantine. Parked in the plush red decor, you'll see your heady wine cooled in a warrior's helmet and have "dishes from all the empire" — including wild boar — flourished before you by legions of waiters accoutered in imperial purple. You and your orgy-mate should give thumbs up to Snails on the Silver Gridiron, followed by Partridge Britannicus, and concluding with tasty tart Messalina.

For those who would break bread in the company of Broadway's fair-haired guys and their sequined dolls, four-star Pentagon wheels, high priests of communication, high-society panjandrums and assorted junior-grade celebrities, Jack & Charlie's rates a 21-gun salute. Enconced in a distinguished old brownstone mansion on 52nd Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues, "21" serves gourmet chow of French persuasion in a handsomely masculine milieu. The wine cellar of this site for those who would sound their status symbols is one of the best in the city, and has been since Prohibition days when the establishment first broke the ice as a speakeasy.

Two top targets for knowledgeable trenchermen are the Tower Suite and Top of the Six's restaurants, both of which are perched on skyscraping vantage points and offer glittering and dramatic views of nighttime Manhattan. The Tower Suite, which sits astride the Time-Life Building at 123 West 50th Street, is one of the more memorable spots in town in which to impress both yourself and your girl. Aside from the spangled panorama of the city without, the inner men and women will relish the sumptuous international cuisine. The management would like you to feel that you are dining in the home of a wealthy uncle, and try to achieve this commendable aim by servicing you with a butler and a maid. The Top of the Six's is situated atop the tower of 666 Fifth Avenue, and contains dining areas of French Provincial decor in which American cooking is served. As with the Tower Suite, both the setting and the prices are high.

Other high-budget chalets wherein the feasting male may titillate his taste buds in highest style include the Colony (at 30 East 61st Street, a red-velvet rendezvous for celebs and ranking socialites who come as much to be seen as to savor the classic French cuisine), Trader Vic's (at 7 East 58th Street, it's noted for exotic Polynesian food and rum-soaked drinks), Voisin (in new quar-



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ters at 65th and Madison, it showcases Gallic specialties), Christ Cella (a venerable steak house on 46th Street), 53rd Street's Maud Chez Elle and Café Chauveron (both elegant French cuisineries), Quo Vadis (more French provender served up in an Old World Roman setting at 26 East 63rd Street), and Lutèce (on East 50th Street, a new, lush and popular French eatery for epicurian *au courants*).

To accommodate the assorted ethnic tastes of the city's potboiled populace, a veritable smorgasbord of restaurants featuring national cooking have flourished and are available to the eclectic palate—usually at far more prosaic prices than in the shrines to Lucullus discussed above.

If you and your companion get a boot out of food Italian, there are several *ciao* halls featuring the artistry of accomplished pasta masters. Those who dig North Italian foodstuffs agree that the top carte in town is provided by Signor Tony Gugnoni, who for more than 30 years has been pampering the patrons of San Marino (159 East 53rd Street) with such delicacies as his shrimps à la Tony, which are grilled after a day-long marination in garlic, lemon juice, olive oil, wine and spices. The broiled sweetbreads and *prosciutto* and *Bouillabaisse à l'Adriatico* also are fine thoughts for food.

Another elegant Italian eatery is to be found at 39 West 56th Street, where Romeo Salta pampers epicures with flawlessly prepared dishes such as veal *scaloppine Zingarella* and *piccata*, slender slices of Parma ham, and beefsteak grilled in the Florentine style. The dining room is on the intimate side and attractively decorated with Italian wine bottles and portraits of celebrity patrons of its culinary arts. As befits the glamor stock of goodies, Romeo Salta's prices are a bit more than moderate.

Borsch buffs will enjoy a plenary session or two at the Russian Tea Room, which is not a tearoom at all but an informal restaurant dedicated to the distribution of nutriment à la Russe. Situated as it is next door to Carnegie Hall, the Tea Room attracts a caviarty clientele of ballerinas, choreographers, musicians and actors; the knowing among these form a strong buyers' market for *kasha* (groats) and *blinis* (buckwheat pancakes with sour cream and either caviar or cheese) and the special vodka drinks assembled at the bar.

Partisans of Chinese chow should bear in mind that the majority of the Chinese who settled in Manhattan hailed from the province of Canton, with the result that most restaurants in Chinatown specialize in Cantonese cooking. (However, since the late Forties, northern Chinese dishes—sometimes called Peking or Mandarin-style—have found increasing favor among the taste-makers,

who appreciate the less spicy and more subtle style.) Wah Kee, at 16 Doyer Street in Chinatown, has a straight Cantonese menu of chicken, shrimp and traditional Chinese vegetables and is a favorite haunt of connoisseurs given to *won ton* wish fulfillment. Bo-Bo's, a kookie cookery also in Chinatown at 20½ Pell Street, is tiny, kinetically crowded and HQ for the Village *foo-yong* set. No menus are provided—if you're stuck for an order, a China-doll waitress will help with your orientation.

The most praiseworthy Japanese cuisine in town belongs to the Saito at 70 West 55th Street, an establishment which owner Moto Saito justifiably claims is "on a par with the best that can be found in a large Japanese city." Entering Saito's sanctum, you should first tarry at the Tempura Bar, where succulent marine life and greens are immersed in a bath of boiling vegetable oil, then served at piping hot temperatures, one piece at a time. Later, when you're comfortably ensconced at a knee-high table in a private, screened room, a kimonoed, *très-geisha* girl will abet you in ordering dinner. We counsel an authentic Nipponese repast; you can indulge in from five to eight entrees, including *teri-yaki* (beef, pork or chicken barbecued in soy sauce), Lobster *sashimi-kabuto-yaki* (lobster sliced into fillets and broiled in its shell), *sashimi* (raw fish) and a gourmet's gold mine of pickled vegetables, eggplant in *miso* sauce, and a tasty kelping of dried seaweed. The fee for this elaborate production comes to about \$10 per person; *sukiyaki* can be had for \$5.50.

The best of the Jewish meat and dairy restaurants are found on Second Avenue on the Lower East Side, close to the off-Broadway playhouses; here the kosher cognoscenti gird themselves with such robust fare as gefüllte fish with red horseradish, sour cream, *mushk* steak, and a blintzkrieg of cheese or cherry delights. Leading eateries on the borsch circuit include Ratner's at 111 Second Avenue (the best dairy restaurant in the city), the adjacent Rappaport's (smaller but deservedly rated among the sour cream of the crop), and, down the block and across the street, Moscowitz and Lupowitz (a goulash emporium enlivened by fierce conversation and a schmaltzy string trio). In all of the above you will be served by an engagingly uncivil servant, a vehement and elderly brand of waiter who never deigns to write down orders (yet remembers all), and seasons the courses with salty philosophy and peppery commentary.

A goodly number of Spanish and Latin-American restaurant-night-clubs offer an Iberian blend of nurture and entertainment. Last year, undulating Egyptian belly dancers were the rage, and swinging navel engagements packed such midsection Meccas as the Port Said

(still flourishing at 257 West 29th Street); lately, however, avant-garde *aficionados* of the sensual life have been spurning the Nilehist movements of the seducing salons in favor of Spanish cuisine and Flamenco artistry.

Among the best of the castanetwork of restaurants now offering fiesta feasts about town is El Chico, at 80 Grove Street in the Village. Here, Flamenco and gypsy guitarists, singers and dancers perform in a room modeled after the Moorish Alhambra in Granada: the decorous decor includes mosaic tiles which chronicle the tale of Don Quixote, 16th Century carriage lamps, and graceful Moorish arches. You should supplement your enjoyment of the Moor-the-merrier performers with such estimable comestibles as melon and Spanish ham, *paella Valenciana* (a chicken and seafood casserole), and Spanish caramel custard. The menu is à la carte, with a minimum of \$5 on weekends.

Further uptown at 14 East 60th Street is La Zambra which, like El Chico, is friendly and informal and, because of its Old World thaw-provoking charm, a good late-snack site for you and your lady. While you partake of such prime assuagement as *pollo Zambra* or *lonjas filete minon Zambra* (filet mignon with mushrooms), you'll dig the digit-work of a top guitarist like Carlos Ramos.

The most rewarding adventure in Latin-American dining will be found at La Fonda del Sol, a gustatory haven carved in the innards of the gleaming Time-Life Building. Every detail of the restaurant, from the 30-foot broiling wall with its three open fireplaces to the challenging multilingual menus was researched in a score of Latin-American countries by Restaurant Associates' folk anthropologists. The decorative furbelows are far above average: cream-white walls showcase Latin-American artifacts made from clay, straw and wood, and brilliantly accoutered guitarists and singers add visual as well as vocal ornamentation. The nutriment, ferreted from Tijuana to Tierra del Fuego, is a commendable alliance for alimentary progress featuring such exotica as Mexican foam soup, turkey in chocolate sauce, and chicken with orange bread sauce; prices are consistent with the time and effort expended in locating and preparing these rarities.

Schnitzel and sauerbraten hounds will want to make tracks to Luchow's or the Blue Ribbon, the town's two top German dineasties. Luchow's occupies a handsome old building on 14th Street in an area noted for its thrift shops, union halls and outdoor orators (an interesting stopover can be made at nearby Union Square Park, a favorite proving ground for the schemes of assorted speech-mongers offering their views on everything from fluoridation to Logical Positivism). But Luchow's, which has

been displaying culinary expertise since Diamond Jim Brady wore sequined spats, remains the biggest bargain center in the neighborhood. The service is good, the prices are reasonable, the 1880s atmosphere enjoyable, and the food, for better or for *wurst*, justly famed. You'll be serving yourself right if you order the *Schwarzwaldler Pfifferlinge*—imported Black Forest mushrooms sautéed in butter and served in dill sauce with boiled potatoes—or *Schnitzel à la Luchow* with asparagus tips and pan-roasted potatoes.

The Blue Ribbon (145 West 44th Street) is a favored rendezvous for pre-theater strudel fanciers. Diners park in the many private nooks and, in a typically Teutonic *ambiance* of goodnatured sobriety, display a consuming interest in sauerbraten, homemade pastries and apple pancakes—an interest that is reflected in the vast waistlands of many of the regulars.

If you're a red-meat man, you should be apprised of the prizes that await you along 45th Street between Lexington and Third, headquarters of the finest steak and chop houses in the city. There are no less than five moderately expensive beef bazaars here, including Scribe's, Pen and Pencil, Press Box, Editorial and Danny's Hide-a-Way. All cater to the edacious hordes of editorial workers from the magazine, book and newspaper offices fringing the district. Our favorite claim-your-steak prospect is Danny's Hide-a-Way, which in the past decade has grown from a six-table, one-bar David into a brawny 10-room Goliath. The milieu is bright and breezy and attracts, along with writer types, an enjoyably mixed potpourri of pugs, film stars, agency flacks, models and just plain New Yorkers. If the craving for steak strikes you in the Village, set sail for O'Henry's at Sixth Avenue and West Fourth Street, where excellent meats are served in an agreeable Gay Nineties atmosphere. The outdoor café here is a favorite headquarters for the Village suds set.

Fish fanciers should not neglect the venerable delights of Sweets. It is best in its class in New York, which, being a seaport as well as a seepport, boasts literally dozens of superior parlors for piscine provender, and perhaps in the country. Anchored just west of the financial district and across the street from the frenetic Fulton Fish Market, it sets a captain's table of commendable crustaceans and denizens of the deep with an expertise perfected by 117 years of practice. Captains of ships and industry dine here in a comfortable, simple room decorated with old stamped metal walls, ancient maps and curios of the sea. The venerable and courtly waiters will help you chart a sure course with suggestions on the freshest and most seasonal choices. Come early—the doors click shut shortly before eight. Prices are moderate.

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You may want to attend a production at one of the 28 Broadway theaters, half of which are packed into the two-block area from 44th Street to 46th, between Broadway and Eighth Avenue. Much of America's theatrical creativity and talent is fused in this cluster, and whether your taste runs to music, melodrama or messages, you're more likely than not to find what you seek. (If you know the dates of your visit well in advance, you should, of course, post your orders early to the appropriate box offices.)

If you arrive in town without ducats, try shopping at the box offices as soon as possible—even with an SRO bonanza, there's always the possibility of late cancellations. If it's still no go, hit the ticket agencies in the Times Square area (Tyson's and MacBride's are two of the oldest and most respected). You'll have to pay \$1.65 over the regular fee if and when the agency effects a minor miracle. There may also be an agency in the lobby of your hotel where, if nothing else avails, crossing a palm with paper may bring results.

Males possessed of a key to the Playboy Clubs will find the city's most sophisticated entertainment and swiftest relaxation within the portals of the New York Playboy Club at 5 East 59th Street, whose opening is imminent as we go to press. Constructed at a spare-no-luxury cost of \$3,250,000, the lavishly appointed seven-story structure will offer members such high-revel inducements as the Living Room (with a vast open fireplace and a raised circular piano bar), the Playroom and the Penthouse (two smart showrooms with continuous entertainment seven nights a week), and the decorative Playmate Bar, all distaffed, of course, by comely Bunnies in fetching rabbit habit. Added to the customary Club trademarks of closed-circuit television and providential provender (all meals, from the Living Room Buffet to the Penthouse Playboy Prime Steak Platter, cost naught but the price of a drink) will be an innovating VIP Room, a unique black-scarlet-and-gold chamber serving gourmet lunches and dinners, and featuring *intime* shows and a bouncy assemblage of European Bunnies clad in special attire. Dinners here will cost \$15 per person, including cover.

The town's two most garishly boisterous gardens are the Latin Quarter, at 200 West 48th, and the Copacabana, at

10 East 60th; both are devoted to slick entertainment and the natural wonders of willowy chorus girls. The Quarter generally backstops its cordon of nymphs with a less-than-cosmic comic, an unsung singer, aerialists and experts in the juggling vein; the show comes on strong with a theme—in the order of *Vive les Femmes*—which is promptly disregarded by performers and audience alike once the pneumatic chorines and their fortunate front men have hoofed through the opener. The acts then succeed one another like Chinese firecrackers, in a stadium-size room whose decorator went for baroque. We advise skipping dinner—the food might be described as nitery so-so—and arriving stag around 9:15 in time for the early show.

The Copacabana is less brazen, more hip, and offers more quality in its headline talent. In addition to the copacetic Copa girls—permanent and fetching fixtures of the room—you'll see the likes of Sinatra or Sammy Davis, Jr., swinging solidly between the lines. Topsy, in the Copa lounge, there's no cover and no minimum, and the roistering continues till 4 A.M.; at the main event downstairs the minimum is \$7, an easy sum to surpass if you arrive in time for dinner.

Decidedly swanker and decibelly more subdued is El Morocco at 307 East 54th Street, the zebra-striped hangout for society's name- and money-droppers. In lieu of a floorshow, within this club you'll find a smart, small dance band to complement your dining, and a sip-supplementing piano in the adjoining Champagne Room. If your spa-ing partner is prone to glamor, this is a fine spot to further a campaign. In the same league is The Stork Club, at 3 East 53rd Street, a supper club with dance music which owes its fashionably feteful career to the shrewd generalship of majordomo Sherman Billingsley.

For an evening of dining, dancing and entertainment in less kinetic, more decorous surroundings, you can have a prime time on the hotel circuit. The sedate Plaza has two rooms well worth rejoicing in: the Persian Room, a low-wattage club with lots of style which offers the songs of top thrushes like Eartha Kitt and Diahann Carroll, and the Rendez-Vous Room, which this season has a new satirical revue staged by that avant guardian impresario, Julius Monk.

The Cotillion Room of the Pierre draws an upper-income, older group during the week, and a crowd of friskier lads and lasses on weekends. There are two shows nightly—usually a ballroom dance team and singers in the Pat Marand-William Walker league; dancing—as in all of the hotel clubs—is continuous after 8 P.M. Two other dine-and-dance salons worthy of a twosome step are the Greek-inspired Maisonette of the St. Regis and the Empire Room of the Waldorf, the latter being particu-

larly noted for name vocalists, like Pearl Bailey and Carol Channing. The tab at all these sanctums will average \$25 to \$30 for dinner and drinks per pair.

The East Side in the Fifties is the area of the city richest in high-rent, medium-sized amusement lairs. In a section saturated with cabarets committed to showcasing the top talent in the country, three sure bets are the Blue Angel, Basin Street East and the Embers.

The Blue Angel, at 152 East 55th Street, has, for any man's money, one of the coziest and most agreeable lounges in Manhattan; we suggest dallying there for a drink and an earful of Bobby Short's sophisticated piano and songs before entering the teeming inner playpen to watch the big acts. These usually include a vocally and visually pleasing female singer, either an upper-echelon comic like Dick Gregory or Jackie Mason or a new personality such as Barbra Streisand (the comedienne who sparked-up Broadway's *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*), and perhaps a folk group like Peter, Paul and Mary.

The format at Basin Street East, at 137 East 48th Street, is broad enough to combine successfully the big-band sounds of Duke Ellington or Stan Kenton with hip acts like Mort's Sahliloquies. The room is voluminous, yet casual and comfortable, and a favorite shrine for burners of the midnight oil, who in the next few months will sit at the famed feet of Peggy Lee, Benny Goodman, Louis Prima, Count Basie and Ella Fitzgerald.

The Embers, at 161 East 54th Street, sits across the way from El Morocco: for years Embers entrepreneurs made unsuccessful attempts to lure the Morocco overflow until owner Ralph Watkins took over and introduced food (notably spareribs of beef) to the steady diet of jazz and, with this sensible move, made the Embers hot. But it is still first and foremost a somewhat commercialized jazz bull's haunt, and such senior shoguns as George Shearing, Eddie Heywood, Teddy Wilson and Jonah Jones find hospitable pine-paneled shelter beneath its roof.

On the West Side, you'll find two celebrated playing fields for music masters, Birdland and the Metropole. The former, at 1678 Broadway, has the distinction of being the oldest jazz joint on the street: in a town where clubs open and shut with the rapidity of a B-girl's wink, it has survived for 12 commanding years. A big barn of a place named after the legendary Yardbird, alto man Charlie Parker, Birdland first became noteworthy as a tabernaec for the flatted fifths of bop; today it is home base for the orchestrated masters—Ellington, Basie, Gillespie, Kenton—and as such, the most famous jazz spot in the world.

The Metropole, a couple of blocks away at 48th and Seventh, makes a specialty of nonspecialization. From its skinny bandstand housed above a long

gleaming bar you'll be serenaded by as many as 20 or as few as three music men blaring blues, swing or Dixieland (in recent months denizens of the nicotined den have heard Hampton and Krupa, as well as brash combos like the Dixie-Mets and The Dukes of Dixieland). Its glass portals are open seven nights a week.

If you're not in the mood for a jazz band in full cry, head for 37 West 56th Street and the twin clubs, Upstairs at the Downstairs and Downstairs at the Upstairs where, since 1956, Julius Monk has staged a succession of highly successful cabaret shows. Each room has its own compact troupe of versatile passers-in-revue who launch outrageous slings and arrows against all manner of targets in a series of tightly written, well paced satirical skits. Both rooms are small and friendly, with handsome Edwardian decor—red upstairs, green down below, connected by a winding marble staircase.

Nightly minimum is \$5.

For those with a date in tow and a desire for a secluded and hushed rendezvous, perhaps the ultimate in muted suasion is to be found at The Living Room at 49th and Second Avenue, a favored site for many a Manhattan conquistador. Progress, it would appear, is The Living Room's most important product: soft chairs, soft couches, and softer love seats are casually situated in a small, almost blacked-out chamber containing a tiny stage, whereon a trio emits dreamy tinklings and a female songstress abets the amorous mood. Owner Dan Segal considers his place to be a revered hang-out for showbiz people, a claim which you won't be able to disprove, since the absence of wattage in the lighting system will prevent you from seeing anyone save the lady next to you and the folks on the stage. A restaurant called Room at the Top was recently opened one



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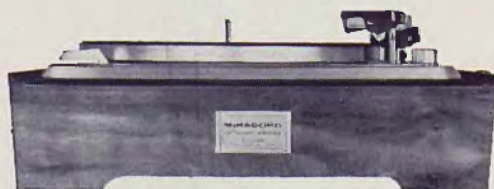
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flight up: it's as quiet and sparingly lit as the lounge. For the club's \$4.50-per-person minimum you may dine, then descend to the dark at the bottom of the stairs to glom the show.

By the time you read this, the twist mania may well have run out of centrifugal force. If, however, the put-it-in-writhing set is still involved in entertaining motions on the floor, you may be sure that these will be on view at the now-famed Peppermint Lounge, a dimly lit, thigh-popping, smoke-screened arena on West 45th Street where high priest Chubby Checker performs rites of swing for an unlikely mélange of bobbing hoods, aristocrats, college chicks and slummers. Another twist locale for the new fashion set is — or perhaps was — Big Wilt's Smalls Paradise in the heart of Harlem.

Reserve at least one of your evenings for a sampling of the diverse *divertissements* of the Village, where hipniks, chicks, junkies, Beats, boheems, political evangelists, sexual experimenters and assorted disaffiliates may be observed and joined in celebration of the cult of self-expression in free-form, freewheeling style. Geographically, the Village is a mile-square area bounded roughly by 14th Street on the north, the Hudson on the West, Canal Street to the south and Broadway to the east; the maze of streets therein is in sharp contrast to the sensible grid that apportions Manhattan to the north. While the building boom reverberates here, too, and some of the shrines to restless rebels of yore have been pre-empted by the orange-crate architecture of today (the Waldorf Cafeteria, where Max Bodenheim used to hold court all night, is gone, as is the fabled artists' bailiwick, the Brevoort Hotel and many a brownstoned attic and atelier), the restless spirit of dissent persists and flourishes, notably around Washington Square — beneath whose Gallic arch folk singers and guitar pluckers gather on spring and autumn afternoons, and where outdoor art shows lure bargain-browsing patrons in the summer and fall — and along MacDougal Street, a honky-tonk honeycomb of coffee shops, leather-goods bazaars, and people of every persuasion.

Of course, a goodly number of Villagers are solid nine-to-five organization types, not given to extremes of behavior or belief. But the self-searching state of mind and questing creativity that drew such resident writers as Washington Irving, Edgar Allan Poe and Walt Whitman in the 19th Century continues to exert a seductive attraction to the talents and would-be talents of today. Greenwich Village is still the nerve center of American rebellion — and, as such, a Shangri-La for informal, iconoclastic relaxation.

In the last decade, headquarters for the disparate descendants of the James-Millay-Bodenheim freedom writers has

come to be the coffeehouse, a phenomenon that has flourished most notably amid the casual conviviality of MacDougal Street. Originally enclaves for espresso bugs and assorted chess fanatics, they have come to embrace entertainment in a variety of guises, and the way-faring shop-hopper will encounter live chamber music, livelier jazz, silent flicks, folk wailers, art and photo exhibits and the publicized combo of poetry and progressive jazz. While the spectrum of atmosphere within the espresso dens ranges from seedy to smart, all will allow you to nurse your Rum Cappuccino (strong black Italian coffee, steamed milk and cinnamon with rum) or Yerba Mate (a green-grass South American tea) for hours as you relate to your date.

The Rienzi, at 107 MacDougal, split-leveled and festooned with photo exhibitions, is one of the hipper Continental-style cafés in the area. Here rep-tied buttdowners and gaunt guys wearing solo earrings and abstract pendants, imbibe one of 20 kinds of coffee and lamp the progressive movements of the dungareed dolls with rump-brushing tresses who circulate among the caffeine crew. Springing from a variety of sources, these lady fairs may be Village Smithies or Vassars or Sarah Lawrences tasting life between semesters, uptown copywriters seeking downtown inspiration, hemp-sandaled chicks fresh from the Bronx on the road from malteds to medoc, or live-wire actresses from the Living Theater on 14th Street in quest of a leading man. Whoever they are, the pleasant fact is that attractive quail far outnumber the huntsmen who stalk through the Village underbrush, and the male search for fine feathered friends is here often crowned with success.

The Figaro, on the corner of Bleecker and MacDougal, is another *in java* joint; it is given to sweet sessions of silent films and chamber music sedation, and has walls emblazoned with newsclips of owner Tom Ziegler's recent battles royal with City Hall politicians who unsuccessfully tried to shutter the shop for promoting hip depravity. One can supplement one's coffee here with a meal of soup, salad and chicken with two vegetables for \$1.50.

Two other likely Village espresso emporiums are the Café Bizarre, which lies within an enormous ex-stable at 106 West Third Street, has walls bedecked with such artyfacts as grotesque masks, and allows creative thinkers to emit offbeat poesy into a mike while a combo cools it in the background; and the Café Wha?, a big, jumping room at 115 MacDougal where patrons of the arts are assailed by gaudy murals, salvaging bongos and unkempt courtiers of the muse. (For uptown coffeing, try the numegged and chocolate concoctions of either Orsini's or the Coffee Mill; both serve Bach with their pastry, both are on 56th Street, and

both are first-rate rendezvous for late-in-the-date sipping *à deux*.)

The Village bar scene is a microcosm of the complex intermeshed society that imparts an air of belligerent spontaneity to the quarter. We have three favorites, each with its own character and individual cachet.

For years, the Number One Bar, at 1 Fifth Avenue, has been one of the more civilized spas upon the fifth of Fifth. In general, it caters to a bourgeois crowd and not the hippies; its intimate, tony innards are an agreeable showcase for fresh musical talent. Sunday nights, fine old-time movies are featured. Arrive with date in tow; unescorted femmes are the exception rather than the rule.

A brownstone's throw away is the Cedar Street Tavern, which is not on Cedar Street at all but at 24 University Place. In appearance the Cedar is in no way distinguishable from any other neighborhood bar; what raises it from a run-of-the-mill gin mill is the fact that it has become in the last decade the favored haunt for painters and sculptors of the New York School. Here in simple surroundings, among regulars de Kooning, Bob DiNero and Al Leslie, you may quench your thirst in the convivial company of big-league talent—a condition not always easily met in Rebelsville.

Across town, close to the West Side docks of the Hudson River at 567 Hudson Street, is the White Horse Tavern, originally an able seamen's pub. During the early Fifties, Dylan Thomas held silver-tongued court here between reading tours; the site has since been transformed into a sudsy shrine to his memory. The White Horse is as nearly akin to an English alehouse as you'll find in the city, and draws an intellectual clientele of turtlenecked cerebralites and sooty-eyed kittens with cool credos and warm bodies.

In recent years the economy-sized theater—seating under 200—has proliferated in the Village and its immediate environs, and the prototype Provincetown Playhouse has been joined by dozens of other arenas dedicated to the profit-with-honor presentation of classic and experimental drama. Here, in intimate and dramatically inexpensive settings, you can ponder the theatrical pyrotechnics of such innovators as Genet, Brecht, Behan and Kafka, and enjoy the zeal and artistry of young rough-but-ready thespers. Tickets for most of these productions can be had without much trouble, but naturally you'll be playing it safer if you post an advance order (the names and numbers of all the plays can be scanned in *The New York Times*).

If in doubt as to which of the off-Broadway stages you should catch, remember that you may count on quality entertainment at the Living Theater and The Circle in the Square. Both are theater-in-the-round with unsquare bills of



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fare; the Living Theater gained wide renown by producing the plays of Jack Gelber (*The Connection* and *The Apple*), and The Circle has recently scored with one-act presentations of Thornton Wilder life.

Another enriching evening can be spent in the informal confines of a Village improvisational theater, a brand of spontaneous theatrical combustion that first caught fire in Chicago. The Premise, at 154 Bleeker Street, is a coffeehouse-cabaret opened a few years past by producer-director Theodore Flicker, who had previously operated in St. Louis and Chicago, and was the one-time mentor of Nichols and May. The Premise was accepted immediately by the Village theatrical crowd, who are still flocking to Flicker's underground quarters to dig the fresh and far-out artistry of four say-nay kids and their satirical skits, some of which are inspired by suggestions from the audience, others developed out of ideas tested during previous performances. While you're watching the devilish dissection of the American foible-minded, you may partake of a variety of sandwiches, coffee and pastry, which are placed on tiny trays attached to your seat. Another immediate theater center is the improbably named Second City at Square East, where an equally skittish and clever band of Chicago refugees troupe their colors in a topically attuned revue.

Entertainment on a less cerebral plane may be sampled at a variety of bouncing *boîtes de nuit* sprinkled throughout the Village labyrinth. The Village Gate, at 185 Thompson, is owned and operated by a retired tree surgeon named Art D'Lugoff, who has gained a reputation as an impresario of catholic taste: in the recent past he's booked a potpourri of foreign and domestic talent that includes Haitian dancers, Ireland's Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, Nigeria's Olatunji and his Drums of Passion, folk crooner Theo Bikel, Sonny Rollins and Spain's Carmen Amaya and her Flamenco Company. Those who would swing at the Gate will find a cavernous *Brauhaus*-style interior lined with rows of tables which all command an unblemished vista of a stage intelligently constructed a full yard above floor level. The food is on the corned-beef-and-potato-salad level, so don't expect provender either epic or epicurean. The modest admission fee varies with the attraction.

Seven years ago, the Five Spot, just east of the Village at 5 Cooper Square, was a neighborhood groggery catering in the main to Bowery boozers; its only entertainment was the metallic cacophony descending from the late — and, for some perverse reason, lamented — Third Avenue El as it rumbled overhead. Today, the panhandlers are uninspired by the club's \$1.50 drinking minimum, the El has been ripped up by its roots,

and the Five Spot has won a considerable degree of fame by serving as a proving ground for some of the city's brightest and most inventive jazz sounds. The club's transition from a sot spot to a saloon-salon for progressive music was an unpredictable result of the installation of a piano and then a trio by owners Iggy and Joe Terminini; itinerant jazz buffs encouraged the two brothers to hire promising talents like Ornette Coleman and, with one of those sudden brush-fire surges in popularity that light the dreams of Manhattan's entrepreneurs, the club became one of the hippest rooms in town. The decor of the Five Spot remains that of a whiskey-and-smoke-colored old-time tavern — but for the latest changing of the avant-garde, from Art Blakey to Sonny Rollins to Roland Kirk (a chap who blows tenor sax, manzello and strich simultaneously) it's a notably innovating site.

A more publicized playpen for modern winds blowing good is The Village Vanguard at 178 Seventh Avenue South, where the headliners include the likely likes of Miles Davis, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Cannonball Adderley and Stan Getz. Owner Max Gordon has chalked up an impressive list of firsts, including the premiere New York booking of South Africa's Miriam Makeba, has presented hip-shooting comics like Bruce and Corey, and once even had road-scholar Jack Kerouac reading aloud to a downbeat backdrop of jazz. Cover is \$2.50; on Sundays there's a 4:30 matinee jam session. Other lower-Manhattan Meccas for seekers after the cool sound of truth are the Jazz Gallery (which welcomed the return of Sonny Rollins to public life) and the Half Note, a murky grotto much explored by jazz spelunkers.

Uptown, you should bear in mind the location of a clutch of after-hour eateries, where late-date cravings for sustenance can be assuaged in the company of Manhattan's brightest night people. Noisy, brash and memorable are Lindy's on Broadway at 52nd Street, the Stage Delicatessen on Seventh Avenue at 53rd Street, and the Carnegie Delicatessen, just down the block. More columnists, comics and characters assemble at this trio of regrouping camps than at any dozen other post-midnight canteens combined. Here such dining cards as Youngman, Leonard, Mason and Berle often congregate to add insult to verbal injury, and cheesecake chorus queens come in to reign and shine, with or without escorts. This is New York in its most alive, least phony phase, a perpetually open full house, serving such deli delights as corned beef, pastrami, potato salad and "specials" — plump, kosher hot dogs.

Another acknowledged leader among eateries offering the late, late chow is The Brasserie, a new 24-hour playground in the East Side's floodlit Seagram Build-

ing noted for its tall drinks, toothsome waitresses, and revivifying food. Molded after the traditional French provincial restaurant, and decorated with wall panels of teak and glass, it's awash at lunchtime with execs and at dinner with pretheater couples; after hours, however, the tinkling Brasserie really comes into its own as the endemic retreat of show-busy performers, Café Society coteries and hungry New Yorkers — even at five in the morning the atmosphere has a supercharged spontaneity. It's a chic rendezvous for a last-snack egg dish or casserole of chicken livers.

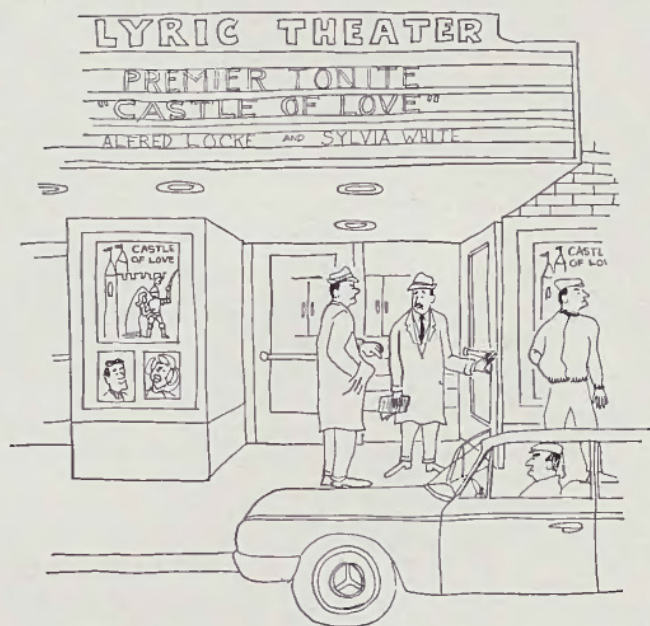
Finally, at 315 Third Avenue there's P. J. Clarke's, an old-time bar on the Third Avenue saloon circuit that is a lunchtime address for medium-sized wheels in the ad game, and a noisy nighttime haunt for young people in and on the periphery of show business who

crave an after-theater burger and beer. This is the bar, incidentally, that appeared in *Lost Weekend*, the 1945 film in which Ray Milland won his Oscar.

In the unlikely event that your wining and dining thus far have been accomplished in solitary splendor, it does not necessarily follow that the shank of the evening need be spent sans feminine solace. As the nation's entertainment capital, New York has not confined itself to the proprieties of legitimate but un-touchable epidermal displays — while not every girl has her price, a sufficiency do, and for the man who would gambol, the chippies are stacked and ready for the game. To believers in fare play, we would counsel a complete avoidance of the harpies who prowl in tall heels and short skirts through the hurly-burly of Times Square. Higher-quality members of the tart set may be encountered in a

four-block square extending from Fifth to Seventh avenues between 58th and 59th Streets; fees range upward from \$20. More attractive yet are the roaming legions of callgirls, the Butterfield 8 professionals whose combined talents have made the New York brothel as obsolete as the speakeasy.

Getting the number of one of these belle telephoners is not as sticky a problem to the out-of-towner as it might first appear: a few dollars donated to a knowledgeable-looking servitor in one of the better transient hotels will yield a number, often that of an answering service. Exchange students will discover that a dozen pages are devoted to answering services in the Manhattan classified; camouflaged among these are those that specialize in callgirls. You leave your name and number, and within an hour your call to arms will net a knock on



JERRY MAYER

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your door, followed by the entry of an undercover agent so tastefully coiffed and gracefully mannered that you'll find it difficult to credit her as a professional. The pleasure of her company will, usually, amount to \$20 for a tumble and \$100 for the night, in cash.

Eschewing such self-centered pleasures, many male visitors prefer to take advantage of a uniquely metropolitan solution to the problem of pursuing the opposite persuasion. For a nominal \$20 yearly tariff, townies and out-of-townies alike are invited to join the reveling ranks of The Cliff Dwellers' Deviltry and Diversion Society (write 125 Riverside Drive for membership), self-styled as "the oldest established permanent floating cocktail party in Manhattan" — a singular society for swingers in the 20-35 age bracket, mainly junior execs and private secs in search of *laissez-faire* liaisons. At liberally lubricated fetes held in huge ballrooms — and recently on a chartered Hudson River cruise ship — 500 or more of its 12,000 mixed membership meet 20 times a year to eat, drink and be merry in the pleasantly permissive atmosphere of a private club.

During the succeeding days of your visit you will have little difficulty in discovering new ways of living the great and good New York life. The variety and sheer abundance of entertainments that exist beyond restaurant, theater and night-club scenes is — as with most aspects of the city — unexcelled.

Musically, a full-scale array of pleasing arenas awaits the discriminating ear. In season, opera buffs may take their pleasure in the refulgent interior of the Metropolitan Opera House (between 39th and 40th Streets, Broadway and Seventh Avenue); symphonic dilettantes will swarm to the spanking new 2600-seat Philharmonic Hall within the Lincoln Center complex to enjoy the concerted efforts of Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic; and eclectic music devotees will zero in on the New York City Center (131 West 55th Street), which presents a snappy succession of ballet, opera, light opera and drama, at a top toll of \$4.35 per seat. In the summertime, others will tune in to alfresco nighttime concerts at Lewisohn Stadium on the Upper West Side where artists such as Armstrong, Belafonte and Joan Sutherland occasionally pack the concrete seats; or head for the Mall in Central Park near 72nd Street, for a free open-air jazz or classical concert.

You should also devote a few of your free hours between late breakfast and early cocktails high-browsing through one or more of the city's sumptuously diversified museums. The Museum of Modern Art, just off Fifth on 53rd, houses the finest permanent collection of impressionist and post-impressionist art in the country and has become a shrewd champion of new trends in painting,

sculpture, design and crafts. In addition to its permanent and evolving exhibits, it's enhanced by a luncheon restaurant with outdoor tables and chairs upon a terrace overlooking a sculpture garden, and a compact auditorium that screens fine old flicks daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M.

Other treasuries, artistic or otherwise, which you should take into account include the Guggenheim Museum on upper Fifth Avenue, a six-story spiral late masterwork by Frank Lloyd Wright which contains 20th Century art mounted along a quarter-mile corkscrewing ramp; the monumental Metropolitan Museum of Art on Fifth between 80th and 84th streets, whose exhibits span the full spectrum of Western man's artistic achievement; The Cloisters, a museum of medieval art set amid arcades and gardens on a hushed hill overlooking the Hudson; and the American Museum of Natural History (facing Central Park at 77th Street), which includes amid its rich trove of natural science exhibits brilliantly conceived habitat groups, and the star-spangled Hayden Planetarium.

Sporting bloods are continually confronted with a choice lineup of competitive events. Depending on the season, the weather and your own inclinations, you can take in the best major-league ball club (at Yankee Stadium) or the worst (at the Polo Grounds), watch Ivy League football at Columbia's Baker Field, pro football at the Stadium (Giants) and the Polo Grounds (Titans), and International Soccer League matches at Downing Stadium on Randall's Island. Within the smoky vastness of Madison Square Garden (at 50th Street and Eighth Avenue, it is far from Madison Square and is no garden) you can witness at one time or another the New York Knicks playing pro basketball, prizefights, college basketball, wrestling, track meets, six-day bike races, the National Horse Show, the Westminster Kennel Club Show, ski jumping, circuses, rodeos, Presidential birthday parties, and the New York Rangers pro hockey team. You can attend polo games on Saturday nights in the Squadron A Armory at 94th Street and Madison Avenue, observe Columbia crewing on the Harlem River, patronize aquatic carnivals and auto shows at the New York Coliseum, join other improvers of the breed at Aqueduct Race Track and Belmont Park, bet on the trotters at Roosevelt and Yonkers Raceways, observe the national singles tennis championship matches outdoors at the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills and the United States Lawn Tennis Association Indoor Championships at the 7th Regiment Armory on Park Avenue. You can go sailing on Long Island Sound, indulge in superlative deep-sea fishing off Long Island's Montauk Point, ice-skate on the rink at Rockefeller Plaza, play badminton at the Theater and

Badminton Club (498 Third Avenue), take skindiving lessons (Post Ski and Sport, on Lexington Avenue between 78th and 79th Streets), and learn to fence (Masque Fencing School, 225 West 46th Street). You can, in short, keep busy either as an eyewitness or as an able-bodied participant.

Spare an hour or so for a visit to Central Park, a two-and-a-half-square-mile oasis for loafers, lovers and other leisure classes. By summer a fragrant playground for boating, riding, bicycling, bird-watching, elephant-feeding, tennis and long lazy walks, in winter it offers an invigorating invitation for morning constitutionals. When it turns cold enough, there's skating on Conservatory Lake, and when it snows, there's even skiing of a sort on Burns Lawn at 79th Street. At the southeast corner of the park, near the Plaza fountain, horsedrawn hansom cabs may be hired; these clip-cloppers provide the carriage trade with a pleasant and mobile mode of romancing.

Don't be chary about indulging in such unabashedly touristy activities as riding the elevators to the Empire State Building's 102nd floor, or ascending the 168 steps to the Statue of Liberty's crown, or taking the standard TV studio tour at Rockefeller Center — these can be fun, doubly so if done in the company of a comely compatriot. Other exhilarating excursions can be made to the UN at 46th Street and First Avenue, to Staten Island and back by ferry (still for a niggardly nickel), and around Manhattan on board one of the staunch little steamers that ply the East River—Harlem River—Spuyten Duyvil Creek—Hudson River route (Circle Line boats depart Pier 83 at West 43rd Street, the Hudson River Day Line boats from Pier 81 at West 41st Street every season save winter). And for a high new time, head for the Heliport at West 30th Street and 12th Avenue where on weekends you can hop into a glass-enclosed whirlybird and be wafted about the Statue of Liberty, the financial district, the Empire State Building and the East River's bustling waterfront for a fee of \$5 per person.

In sum, whatever your habits, inclinations and aptitude for pleasures, the City of New York will leave you at once satisfied, yet eager for more. As Thomas Wolfe once observed, it is indeed "the place where men feel their lives will gloriously be fulfilled and their hunger fed." No matter how many times you touch down here, or how long you stay, the vibrancy and excitement and expectancy will never be blunted, nor will familiarity stale the infinite variety of its urbanely urban diversions. Happily, there will always be another restaurant to be tried, a new revue to be seen, another liaison to explore, another show about to begin.



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PUPPET SHOW (continued from page 94)

by the request for a tape recorder to be rushed to Cherrybell, Arizona, by air. They were standing gaping at the stickman and whispered conversations were going on.

The colonel said, "Attention" quietly, but it brought complete silence. "Please sit down, gentlemen. In a rough circle. Sergeant, if you rig your mike in the center of the circle, will it pick up clearly what any one of us may say?"

"Yes, Sir. I'm almost ready."

Ten men and one extraterrestrial humanoid sat in a rough circle, with the microphone hanging from a small tripod in the approximate center. The humans were sweating profusely; the humanoid shivered slightly. Just outside the circle, the burro stood dejectedly, its head low. Edging closer, but still about five yards away, spread out now in a semicircle, was the entire population of Cherrybell who had been at home at the time; the stores and the filling stations were deserted.

The technical sergeant pushed a button and the tape recorder's reel started to turn. "Testing . . . testing," he said. He held down the rewind button for a second and then pushed the playback button. "Testing . . . testing," said the recorder's speaker. Loud and clear. The

sergeant pushed the rewind button, then the erase one to clear the tape. Then the stop button.

"When I push the next button, Sir," he said to the colonel, "we'll be recording."

The colonel looked at the tall extraterrestrial, who nodded, and then the colonel nodded at the sergeant. The sergeant pushed the recording button.

"My name is Garvane," said the stickman, slowly and clearly. "I am from a planet of a star which is not listed in your star catalogs, although the globular cluster in which it is one of 90,000 stars is known to you. It is, from here, in the direction of the center of the galaxy at a distance of over 4000 light-years.

"However, I am not here as a representative of my planet or my people, but as minister plenipotentiary of the Galactic Union, a federation of the enlightened civilizations of the galaxy, for the good of all. It is my assignment to visit you and decide, here and now, whether or not you are to be welcomed to join our federation.

"You may now ask questions freely. However, I reserve the right to postpone answering some of them until my decision has been made. If the decision is favorable, I will then answer all ques-

tions, including the ones I have postponed answering meanwhile. Is that satisfactory?"

"Yes," said the colonel. "How did you come here? A spaceship?"

"Correct. It is overhead right now, in orbit 22,000 miles out, so it revolves with the earth and stays over this one spot. I am under observation from it, which is one reason I prefer to remain here in the open. I am to signal it when I want it to come down to pick me up."

"How do you know our language so fluently? Are you telepathic?"

"No, I am not. And nowhere in the galaxy is any race telepathic except among its own members. I was taught your language for this purpose. We have had observers among you for many centuries—by *we*, I mean the Galactic Union, of course. Quite obviously, I could not pass as an Earthman, but there are other races who can. Incidentally, they are not spies, or agents; they have in no way tried to affect you; they are observers and that is all."

"What benefits do we get from joining your union, if we are asked and if we accept?" the colonel asked.

"First, a quick course in the fundamental social sciences which will end your tendency to fight among yourselves and end or at least control your aggressions. After we are satisfied that you have accomplished that and it is safe for you to do so, you will be given space travel, and many other things, as rapidly as you are able to assimilate them."

"And if we are not asked, or refuse?"

"Nothing. You will be left alone; even our observers will be withdrawn. You will work out your own fate—either you will render your planet uninhabited and uninhabitable within the next century, or you will master social science yourselves and again be candidates for membership and again be offered membership. We will check from time to time and if and when it appears certain that you are not going to destroy yourselves, you will again be approached."

"Why the hurry, now that you're here? Why can't you stay long enough for our leaders, as you call them, to talk to you in person?"

"Postponed. The reason is not important but it is complicated, and I simply do not wish to waste time explaining."

"Assuming your decision is favorable, how will we get in touch with you to let you know *our* decision? You know enough about us, obviously, to know that I can't make it."

"We will know your decision through our observers. One condition of acceptance is full and uncensored publication in your newspapers of this interview, verbatim from the tape we are now using to record it. Also of all deliberations and decisions of your government."



"Nothing personal, ma'am, but there's been a rash of petty thefts."

"And other governments? We can't decide unilaterally for the world."

"Your government has been chosen for a start. If you accept, we shall furnish the techniques that will cause the others to fall in line quickly — and those techniques do not involve force or the threat of force."

"They must be *some* techniques," said the colonel wryly, "if they'll make one certain country I don't have to name fall into line without even a threat."

"Sometimes the offer of reward is more significant than the use of a threat. Do you think the country you do not wish to name would like your country colonizing planets of far stars before they even reach the moon? But that is a minor point, relatively. You may trust the techniques."

"It sounds almost too good to be true. But you said that you are to decide, here and now, whether or not we are to be invited to join. May I ask on what factors you will base your decision?"

"One is that I am — was, since I already have — to check your degree of xenophobia. In the loose sense in which you use it, that means fear of strangers. We have a word that has no counterpart in your vocabulary: it means fear of and revulsion toward *aliens*. I — or at least a member of my race — was chosen to make the first overt contact with you. Because I am what you would call roughly humanoid — as you are what I would call roughly humanoid — I am probably more horrible, more repulsive, to you than many completely different species would be. Because to you I am a caricature of a human being, I am more horrible to you than a being who bears no remote resemblance to you.

"You may think you *do* feel horror at me, and revulsion, but believe me, you have passed that test. There *are* races in the galaxy who can never be members of the federation, no matter how they advance otherwise, because they are violently and incurably xenophobic: they could never face or talk to an alien of any species. They would either run screaming from him or try to kill him instantly. From watching you and these people" — he waved a long arm at the civilian population of Cherrybell not far outside the circle of the conference — "I know you feel revulsion at the sight of me, but believe me, it is relatively slight and certainly curable. You have passed that test satisfactorily."

"And are there other tests?"

"One other. But I think it is time that I —" Instead of finishing the sentence, the stick-man lay back flat on the sand and closed his eyes.

The colonel started to his feet. "What in *hell*?" he said. He walked quickly around the mike's tripod and bent over the recumbent extraterrestrial, putting



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an ear to the bloody-appearing chest.

As he raised his head, Dade Grant, the grizzled prospector, chuckled. "No heartbeat, Colonel, because no heart. But I may leave him as a souvenir for you and you'll find much more interesting things inside him than heart and guts. Yes, he is a puppet whom I have been operating, as your Edgar Bergen operates his—what's his name?—oh yes, Charlie McCarthy. Now that he has served his purpose, he is deactivated. You can go back to your place, Colonel."

Colonel Casey moved back slowly. "Why?" he asked.

Dade Grant was peeling off his beard and wig. He rubbed a cloth across his face to remove makeup and was revealed as a handsome young man. He said, "What he told you, or what you were told through him, was true as far as it went. He is only a simulacrum, yes, but he is an exact duplicate of a member of one of the intelligent races of the galaxy, the one toward whom you would be disposed—if you were violently and incurably xenophobic—to be most horrified by, according to our psychologists. But we did not bring a real member of his species to make first contact because they have a phobia of their own, agoraphobia—fear of space. They are highly civilized and members in good standing of the federation, but they never leave their own planet.

"Our observers assure us you don't have *that* phobia. But they were unable to judge in advance the degree of your xenophobia, and the only way to test it was to bring along something in lieu of someone to test it against, and presumably to let him make the initial contact."

The colonel sighed audibly. "I can't say this doesn't relieve me in one way. We could get along with humanoids, yes, and we will when we have to. But I'll admit it's a relief to learn that the master race of the galaxy is, after all, human instead of only humanoid. What is the second test?"

"You are undergoing it now. Call me——" He snapped his fingers. "What's the name of Bergen's second-string puppet, after Charlie McCarthy?"

The colonel hesitated, but the tech sergeant supplied the answer. "Mortimer Snerd."

"Right. So call me Mortimer Snerd, and now I think it is time that I——" He lay back flat on the sand and closed his eyes just as the stick-man had done a few minutes before.

The burro raised its head and put it into the circle over the shoulder of the tech sergeant.

"That takes care of the puppets, Colonel," it said. "And now, what's this bit about it being important that the master race be human or at least humanoid? What is a master race?"



FOWL DEEDS (continued from page 105)

in the whole animal kingdom a more robust meat than roast Watertown goose served on a mound of moist apple stuffing, or the provocative flavor of braised pheasant with fresh mushrooms. Among the most munificent gifts of the smokehouse, outranking even ham for some, is sliced smoked turkey.

Not too many years ago the job of telling a good bird from a bad one involved so many ritualistic impedimenta that bachelors were glad to turn the assignment over to knowledgeable lady friends who were supposedly better versed in bird divination. All you have to do today is select a brand-name packager's bird; the fowl hierarchy of the well-known imprimatur is almost always magnificently tender eating, since poulterers no longer wait upon seasonal demands, but send their genetically controlled flocks to their last roundup when the flesh is at its prime, then stash the birds in the deepfreeze until needed.

Bird nomenclature is simple enough for even the fledgling chef to grasp. All young chickens, for instance, from 1½ to 3½ pounds are known as broiler-fryers. They can be used not only for broiling and frying but for barbecuing and roasting and even for stewing if you're in a hurry. Hens over a year old are called "fowl" in the limited sense of the term, and should be used only for boiling or stewing. A male bird which has been desexed is a capon. Needless to say, for sacrificing his masculinity the capon is compensated with the most full-bodied flavor of the whole flock.

Whether *any* kind of roast bird retains its flavorsome juices depends in large measure on what you do with it on the fire. Wild ducks are cooked a mere 15 or 20 minutes to the bloody rare stage. Domestic ducks are kept on the fire until they are fork tender. Continental chefs test a roast bird to see if it's done by jabbing a fork into the thickest part of the flesh. If the juice that flows is pink, the bird is not yet at its peak (except, as we said, in the case of wild duck). If it's white, the bird is just right. If there's no juice, the cook has committed poultrycide.

Stuffing and trussing are twin poultry puzzles to which amateur chefs sometimes give more attention than they deserve. Actually, a stuffing needn't find its way inside the bird at all; most often it's just as good if it's baked in a separate casserole, kept on the fire only for the time needed for cooking the stuffing, rather than the time needed for roasting the bird. The two don't always coincide. Trussing poultry simply means tying the drumsticks so that the bird's shape will be more compact during roasting. To truss a bird you tie the ends of the legs together with a length of butcher's cord, making a figure eight to hold the legs,

then tie together the ends of the cord under the body in front. If the bird is thawed, the butcher will truss it for you. Many birds are roasted without trussing; as long as the oven temperature is low, the results are uniformly good.

In carving birds, you are counseled to use a knife with a razor-sharp edge. The poultry-wise man knows that the flesh of tender capons, ducks and geese, under the stress of a dull blade, will break into loose chunks. One of the handiest of all cooking and dining utensils is a pair of poultry shears, especially useful for portioning small- and medium-size roasters.

A regal bird is worthy of a fanfare of introductory fare. For a prologue, offer fresh caviar, the kind that makes you consult your bank balance, or iced, freshly opened oysters on the half shell — each with a dab of fresh caviar — or a fresh crab meat and avocado cocktail. If you tender a soup course instead of the appetizer (don't overwhelm your guests' palates with both), let it be one of the lighter bouillons.

If the wine obligato is to be domestic, many lean toward the New York State wines of the Finger Lakes region, noted for their "foxiness" — a slightly fruity flavor reminiscent of the mature grape eaten right off the vine. Other poultry savants will accept nothing less than the most aristocratic of the white Burgundies à la Montrachet. The 1959

vintage has now matured, and is one of this century's most superb French wines.

And now to our fine feathered friends.

ROAST CAPON (Serves eight)

8 to 9 lb. capon

Salt, pepper

1 pint chicken broth

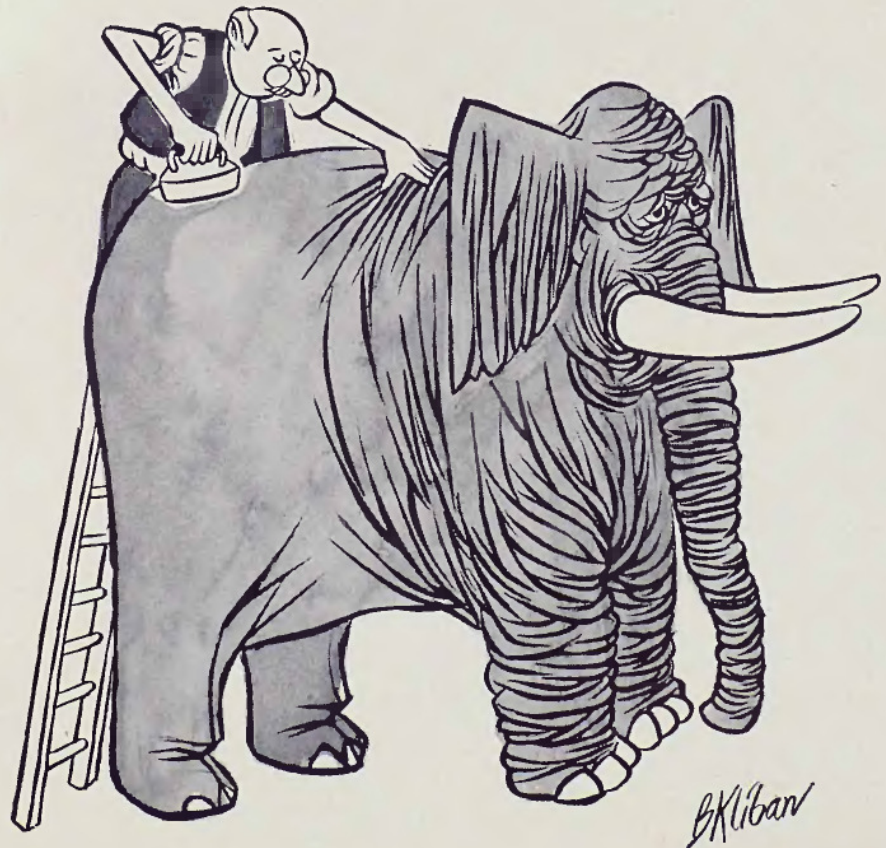
¼ cup madeira

¼ cup tomato juice

3 tablespoons arrowroot or cornstarch

Brown gravy color

Remove all fat from capon. Wash and dry the bird. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Preheat oven at 450°. Place capon, breast side up, on a wire rack in a shallow roasting pan. Roast 20 minutes. Reduce heat to 350°. Roast, without turning, until capon is tender, about three hours total cooking time. From time to time remove accumulated fat in pan. When capon is done, remove bird from pan. Again remove any fat. Let brown drippings remain. Pour chicken broth, madeira and tomato juice into pan. Place pan over top flame, bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer 10 minutes. Dissolve arrowroot or cornstarch in ¼ cup cold water. Slowly add to simmering liquid in pan, stirring until gravy is thickened. Add salt and pepper to taste. If gravy flavor seems weak, add one or two packets instant chicken broth. Add brown gravy color if necessary. Carve capon. Place slices on mounds of truffle stuffing, recipe below. Spoon gravy



over capon. Pass balance of gravy in sauceboat.

TRUFFLE STUFFING
(Serves eight)

- 2 quarts stale bread cubes
- 6 tablespoons butter
- 2 medium onions, minced fine
- 2 pieces celery, minced fine
- 7/8-oz. can black truffles, minced fine
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon powdered sage
- 1/2 teaspoon leaf marjoram
- Paprika

Make bread crumbs out of 1 quart of bread cubes, using an electric blender. Soak remaining bread cubes in cold water. Squeeze very gently to remove excess water. Melt butter in a saucepan. Add onions, celery and 1/2 cup water. Simmer slowly until celery is tender. Avoid browning onions. In a mixing bowl combine bread cubes, crumbs, onions, celery, truffles, salt, pepper, sage and marjoram. Toss well. Put stuffing into a greased casserole or baking dish. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Bake uncovered in oven at 350° 1 hour until top is browned.

ROAST GOOSE
(Serves eight)

- 1 goose, 10 to 12 lbs.
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 2 carrots, sliced
- 2 pieces celery, sliced
- 12 sprigs parsley
- Salt, pepper
- 1 pint chicken broth
- 1/2 cup dry white wine
- 2 ozs. apple brandy
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1/4 cup tomato juice
- Brown gravy color

Wash the bird. Dry well. Refrigerate goose in a pan, overnight, with the onion, carrots, celery and parsley. Keep covered. The aroma of the vegetables will enhance the goose flavor. Set vegetables aside and place goose, breast side up, on a wire rack in an uncovered roasting pan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roast in oven preheated at 450°. After 1/2 hour, reduce heat to 350°. Continue to roast, allowing about 18 minutes per pound. From time to time remove accumulated fat in pan. When goose is half done, add vegetables. Continue to roast until bird is very tender. Again remove fat from pan, but save drippings. Remove bird from pan. Add chicken broth, wine and brandy to pan. Bring liquid to a boil over top flame. Simmer 10 minutes. Dissolve flour in tomato juice, making sure there are no lumps. Slowly stir into simmering gravy. Add brown gravy color if necessary. Add salt and pepper to taste. If flavor of gravy seems weak, add one or two packets instant chicken broth.

Strain gravy. Place slices of goose over apple stuffing, recipe below. Pour gravy over each portion.

APPLE STUFFING
(Serves eight)

- 2 quarts stale bread cubes
- 4 Delicious apples, peeled and cored
- 6 tablespoons butter
- 2 medium onions, minced fine
- Liver from goose
- 1/3 cup minced fresh parsley
- 1 tablespoon fresh thyme, minced fine, or 1 teaspoon dried thyme
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
- 1/4 teaspoon monosodium glutamate seasoning
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- Paprika

Soak bread in cold water. Squeeze very gently to remove excess water. Cut each apple into sixths. Cut crosswise into 1/4-in. slices. Melt butter in a wide saucepan over a low flame. Add apples, onions and goose liver. Sauté, covered, until apples are just tender. Don't cook to a mush. Cut liver into very small dice. In a mixing bowl combine bread, liver, apples, onions, parsley, thyme, salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate and eggs. Toss well. Turn mixture into a casserole or shallow baking pan. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake in oven at 350° 1 hour or until top is browned.

BROILED DEVILED DUCKLING
(Serves four)

- 4 1/2-to-5-lb. duckling, cut up for stewing
- 2 large onions
- 2 pieces celery
- 8 large sprigs parsley
- 1 small bay leaf
- Salt, pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 3 tablespoons bottled sauce Diable
- Brown gravy color
- Dijon mustard
- Bread crumbs
- Olive oil
- Paprika

Place duckling in a large pot with onions, celery, parsley, bay leaf, 1 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon pepper. Cover with cold water. Bring to a boil. Skim well. Reduce flame. Simmer slowly until duckling is tender, about 1 to 1 1/4 hours. Remove duckling pieces from broth. Strain broth. Skim fat from broth. Chill duckling in refrigerator. Melt butter in a saucepan. Remove from flame. Stir in flour. Slowly stir in 1 1/2 cups hot duck broth and sauce Diable. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame. Simmer 10 minutes. Add brown gravy color. Preheat broiler flame. Remove all skin and fat from pieces of duckling. Brush with mustard. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dip in bread crumbs, coating each piece thoroughly.

Sprinkle with oil and paprika. Broil until brown on both sides. Pour hot sauce on plates or platter. Place duckling on sauce.

PHEASANT SAUTÉ WITH MUSHROOMS
(Serves four)

- 3 1/2-lb. pheasant, cut for stewing
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 1/2 lb. sliced fresh mushrooms
- 1/4 cup dry sherry
- 1 pint chicken broth
- 1/2 teaspoon tarragon
- 1/2 teaspoon chervil
- 1/4 teaspoon onion salt
- 1 cup light cream
- 1/3 cup white bread crumbs
- Salt, white pepper

Heat butter and oil in a wide saucepan until butter melts. Sauté pheasant until light brown. Add mushrooms. Sauté until mushrooms are tender. Add sherry, chicken broth, tarragon, chervil and onion salt. Simmer slowly until pheasant is tender, about 1 hour. Add light cream. Simmer 5 minutes more. Remove from flame. Stir in bread crumbs, which will thicken the sauce. Add salt and pepper to taste.

BREAST OF GUINEA HEN WITH CHESTNUTS
(Serves six)

- 6 breasts of guinea hen (3 whole breasts without bone)
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 6 round slices ham, 1 oz. each
- 2 ozs. brandy
- 1/2 cup port wine
- 12-oz. can clear chicken broth
- 10 3/4-oz. can brown gravy
- 2 teaspoons minced chives
- 1/2 teaspoon chervil
- 11-oz. can whole chestnuts in water
- Salt, pepper
- 6 slices toast

Heat butter and salad oil in a wide saucepan over a moderate flame until butter melts. Add ham. Sauté 1 minute on each side. Remove ham from pan. Keep in a warm place. Sauté guinea hen in same pan until light brown on both sides. Add brandy. Set it ablaze. When flames subside, add wine, chicken broth, brown gravy, chives and chervil. Simmer 10 minutes. Drain chestnuts and break into large pieces. Add to pan. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes longer. Season gravy with salt and pepper. Place toast on serving plates or platter. Place ham on toast, then guinea hen. Spoon chestnuts and gravy on top of guinea hen. Serve very hot. Chicken breasts may be substituted for the guinea hen if desired.

Whichever of these recherché birds in hand graces your groaning board, you can be sure that your fowl play will reap its reward in your guests' compliments coming home to roost.





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GIN TO WIN (continued from page 110)

he will tie up one of the 9s you need; if he can use it in an 8-meld, he may tie up your 8 ♦. Since you must fill in the 9, 9, 7 combination to make anything of your hand, his greedy reach for your 8 ♣ could leave you with three very heavy useless cards—and a serious headache.

Occasionally you will get a chance to do what I call negative advertising by picking up a discard that you don't need in order to unlock a card that you really want. Suppose you have two Jacks and have discarded a King. Your opponent discards a Queen. You should pick up the Queen even if it doesn't help your Jacks, because he (thinking that you have melded Queens) will then toss you his next loose Jack. This maneuver should be used only when you have a safe discard.

THE COUNTDOWN

To give yourself the greatest possible chance of winning, it is important to be able to count down the number of cards that will put you out on the next draw.

To illustrate, imagine you hold:



The knock is 10, and it is your turn to discard. If you throw one of the Aces (always a dangerous discard in a high-knock hand), you have four chances of going out on the next draw—by drawing one of the two outstanding 7s, the 8 ♠ or the 5 ♠. But, if you throw the 7 ♥ instead, you will have 10 chances of winning on the next draw—by drawing the remaining King or Queen, the 8 ♠, 5 ♠ or any one of four Deuces or two Aces. On the other hand, if you choose to throw the 7 ♠, you will have eight chances of going out on the next draw and you will gain the additional advantage of being able to lay off either the 6 ♠ or 7 ♥ if your opponent should pick the 7 ♠ and knock. Thus, he would catch you with only eight or nine points. (Whether to discard the 7 ♠ or 7 ♥

would depend on the relative safety of the two cards as well as your estimate of how close your opponent is to going out.)

Sometimes, however, the countdown will rule out a safe discard, as when—late in the hand—you find yourself holding:



The knock is 10 and it is your discard. You remember that a 4—and possibly the 5 ♦—have already been discarded. But even though your 4 ♦ looks like the safest discard, you should gamble by throwing either the 7 or the 8. By doing so you will have 12 chances of knocking on the next draw—with a King, Queen, or any one of four 3s, three Aces, or three Deuces.

Checking the countdown before every play—right from the start of the hand—will often prove that you are much closer to knocking than you think. Say you are dealt:



The knock card is the 2 ♥. Counting down your hand, you realize that by picking up the knock card (to use it as the knock) and discarding the 4 ♠, you will have seven chances of going down in two draws—a fast knock indeed.

Sometimes, when you need a fast score (either to get on or win a game) a countdown can steer you away from an available run. Say you are holding:



The knock card is the King ♦, and your opponent has just thrown an Ace, which would give you three Aces. Don't be greedy! Pass up the Ace and draw a fresh card—you have four chances that the new card will fill your 10, 10, Jack grouping and put you down with a knock of seven.

THE BREAKDOWN

There often comes a time when you will have to break down an existing combination in your hand in order to discard. As a general rule, it is best to save the run in a combination, rather than the pair. To wit: It is your throw and you must discard part of a three-card combination consisting of a 9 ♣, 8 ♣ and 8 ♦. Even if the 9 looks like a relatively safe discard, you will be better off throwing the 8 ♦ because you can only get four of a kind if you hold a pair, but there is no end of cards that can be added to a run.

Sometimes, however, the general rule



"Then you have worked me out of your system?"



If they run out of Löwenbräu.....order champagne.

against saving pairs does not apply. For example, you are dealt:



The knock card is the Ace ♠ — meaning you must go for gin. You and your opponent refuse the Ace and your first draw off the deck is the 8 ♦. Now, which is your best discard? The Jack ♣? Well, if you throw the Jack it is true that you will have four chances of filling your third run. But suppose your next draw (after throwing the Jack) is the 7 ♣. You would have to guess whether to break up the Jack ♥, 10 ♥ or the 9 ♦, 8 ♦. In either case, you would then have but two chances of ginning on any draw. But, if you had discarded the 8 ♦ instead of the Jack ♣ and had drawn the 7 ♣ on your next turn, you would still have had four chances of drawing your gin card on the following turn. Thus, when you have a four-card combination and are setting up your hand for gin, don't break up the combination.

The lure of ginning — instead of winning — often leads a poor player into the costly sin of greed. Say he is dealt:



10 ♠ is the knock card and his first draw off the deck is the fourth 7. Wonderful! He gleefully slips the 7 into his hand and tosses you one of his four little loose cards — which you scoop up and soon after use as part of your knock to catch him flat-footed. If Greedy had counted down his hand properly he would have seen that the fourth 7 was of no real help and would have tossed you the 7 ♠, thus retaining four chances of knocking with seven points on the next draw. As it was, he gave himself only six chances of ginning in two draws and gave you a fine low card for part of your knock.

Here's another instance of ginning vs. winning: 6 is the knock card and through the course of play you find yourself with:



On your next draw, you get the 5 ♣. The 5 looks like a logical discard, but you have reason to believe that your opponent is holding 5s. Knowing this, you may be tempted to throw the 3 ♥, thus retaining a two-card knock (the two Deuces) or two chances of ginning (with the outstanding Deuces). But if you throw the 3, you may help your opponent to knock. A much better play would be to discard either the 10 ♣ or 7 ♣ — whichever is safer. This gives you four chances

of filling your 2, 2, 3 group and knocking on the next draw.

TIMING THE TOSS

One of the most important skills in gin is knowing when to speculate. Often a player will make the mistake of clinging to a high pair of safe cards, even though keeping the pair forces him to throw a card that his opponent may need. Even if his opponent can't use the dangerous discard in his hand, he can use it as a guide to other safe discards and thus put the pair holder on the defensive.

A much better play would be to break up the pair and save the dangerous cards for speculation. Thus: 10 is the knock and the hand has been played out to the point where you hold:



All the Kings and Jacks have been played and at least one 10 has gone by and you have just drawn the 8 ♦. In this hand no 9s, 8s or 7s have yet been discarded. Hence, they are all dangerous cards. Now is the time to break up the Queens. This gives you a chance to speculate with any one of four cards that your opponent may toss — the 9 ♦, 9 ♥, 8 ♥ or 8 ♣. Any one of these four cards gives you a four-card combination (with four chances of filling in the next draw) and puts him on the defensive because you still have another Queen to throw.

SYSTEMATIC DISCARDING

For years gin players have argued the merits of different systems of safe discarding. Some feel it is best to discard the same number card as one's opponent (e.g., he throws an 8, you throw an 8). Others insist that it is only necessary to discard in the same suit (a heart for a heart, a spade for a spade). Still others feel it is safest to discard a card adjacent to — but in a different suit than — the opponent's last throw. Personally, I prefer to discard within my runs. This means that when I have the Jack ♥, 10 ♥, 9 ♥, and the 8 ♣ and 9 ♠, I can consider the 9 ♠ a fairly safe discard, since I hold another 9. But if I had collected three Jacks instead of the heart run, both the 8 and 9 would have been dangerously blind discards. (This is another good reason for setting up a hand for runs instead of pairs.)

Also, I plan my discards to take advantage of the pattern of playing into which my opponent may have unconsciously fallen. I have found that many players use their first discard as an advertisement. Unwittingly, they are warning me not to throw related cards. Others will start by discarding the highest unmatched card in their hand, again giving me valuable information about safe discards.

There is very little deception that can be used in gin, but strangely, what little there is works best against good players. For example, if the knock is low and I am up against a particularly tough opponent, I will occasionally pick up his very first discard — even if I know I can't use it. But, by picking up the card, I may force my foe to hang on to two of three useless cards because he doesn't know how I might use them. This completely disrupts his game and immediately puts him on the defensive.

Of course, there are other means of confusing your gin opponent, but they are frowned upon in serious gin circles. I am speaking of "coffeehousing" and "ginmanship." Webster defines coffeehousing as "aimless conversation," but when applied to gin, the talk is well aimed at total destruction of an opponent's self-confidence or, at the very least, his train of thought.

Amateur coffeehousers usually rely on bantering insults to throw a victim off his game, but real pros employ much more subtle means. One of ginmanship's most fiendish ploys is the ginman's gratuitous prediction of the outcome of each hand. As soon as he picks up his cards he will, as accurately as possible, tell his opponent what his chances are of winning the hand. If he is a good judge of cards, he will be right at least four out of five times. Soon, his victim will begin to feel that he wins only when the ginman lets him win and, after enough of this torture, he will even start muffing the hands that the ginman has "allowed" him to win.

Another ginmanship trick — designed for prying high cards from an opponent's hand — is to ask what the knock card is even when you are nowhere near knocking. If your opponent is easily frightened, he will start tossing out high cards like a panicky sailor bailing out a bottomless boat. There is no end to such tactics and the only known counter for them is the consistent playing of superior gin.

THE CARDINAL RULE

If you have carefully studied and practiced all the playing pointers in this article, you will find that your game will improve rapidly. But before you rush into any high-stake games, there is one more rule that you must learn if you want your gin skill to pay off. This final rule is simple, but profound: In any gambling game, the real pro is the man who can sense when he is outmatched and, knowing this, has the good sense to admit defeat and walk away from the game.

Remember, there are millions of gin players in the United States today. Surely you can find *one* who is not aware of this cardinal rule of gambling!



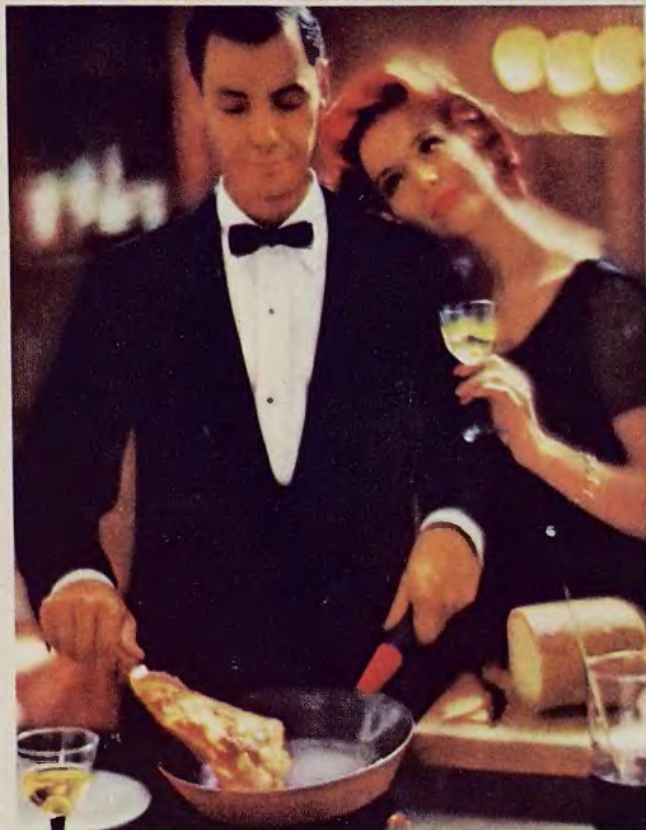
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fairy (continued from page 90)

bound Bartzen.

"It's gettin' kind of late," Jacobi spoke. The hanging was scheduled for six A.M. Sheriff Bartzen was a stickler for executions at dawn. It gave the afternoon-paper reporters plenty of time to write several columns apiece about the proceedings and include Sheriff Bartzen's statements on his personal aversion to capital punishment. "But, boys, we've got to keep it up until we have cleaned up the city of Chicago and made it safe for all mothers and their children."

"I think, Fred, you ought to start your confession now," Jacobi said. "Gus'll take it down. He graduated stenography."

"I'm goin' to wait for Sheriff Bartzen," Fred said.

"For God's sake," Jacobi pleaded, "there's a record-breaking blizzard outside and the sheriff is liable to get lost in it! Come on, Fred, you'll feel a whole lot better if you get it off your chest."

"Nothin' doin'," said Fred. "I don't talk without the sheriff being here. I got my reasons."

Gus brought two chairs into the death cell so we could all sit down. We sat and waited in silence. I looked at Fred Ludwig most of the time. He seemed a different man, without his pretense of innocence. I had always believed Fred guilty, but I had looked only at his commonplace outside before. Now there was something different to look at.

I was the only one in the cell who was pleased by Fred's silence. As an afternoon-paper reporter I hoped he would keep his mouth shut until all the morning sheets had gone to press—which would be around three A.M.

Sheriff Bartzen arrived at midnight. He was red-faced and winded and one of his fingers was frozen.

"My God," he said, collapsing on Fred's cell bed, "it was like fighting my way through the Yukon! Where are the reporters?"

Jacobi pointed to me, "He's the only one here."

"Goddamnit!" said Honest Pete, still panting from his battle with the blizzard. "You should have told all the papers. I don't believe in playing favorites."

A few minutes later the sheriff sat up and smiled at Fred Ludwig.

"All right, Fred," he spoke gently, "I know what an ordeal this is for you and I don't want to rush you. But I think we better get started."

He looked at his wristwatch and added significantly, "Twelve twenty-eight. You better start talkin'."

"I ain't doin' any talkin'," said Fred, "until you agree to somethin'."

"Agree to what?" Bartzen frowned and added firmly, "Fred, this hangin' can't be postponed. It's for six A.M., regardless."

"I ain't askin' for any postponement," Fred said, "I just want a simple favor."

"I stand ready to grant you any favor within reason," Sheriff Bartzen said, "and which will not interfere with any due process of the law."

"That's agreed," said the doomed man.

"OK, let's have it," the sheriff said. "What is it you want, Fred?"

Fred was silent but his eyes glittered. "Go on," Bartzen said soothingly, "you don't have to feel shy at a time like this. You're among friends. What is it you want, Fred, old boy?"

"I would like a lady's vanity case," Fred answered, "with everything complete. Face powder, lipstick and a cake of mascara."

Jacobi was the first one to speak.

"That's nuts!" he cried. "Absolutely nuts."

"Please, Mr. Jacobi," the sheriff raised a superior's hand, "I'm in charge here." He looked at Fred Ludwig. "So you want a fully complete lady's vanity case. And if I give it to you, you will confess that you murdered your wife, Irma, and inform us as to where you buried her bones. Am I correct in that statement?"

"I ain't sayin' anything pro or con," the doomed man answered, "till after I get the favor I asked for."

"Get him a vanity case like he wants," Sheriff Bartzen announced, "and hurry up about it."

"Where the hell am I goin' to get a vanity case?" Jacobi demanded. "At one A.M. during a blizzard."

"You're the warden of this jail!" said Honest Pete. "And I would like to see you function, for a change!"

"There's no dames in this jail, Pete, and you know it," Jacobi said. "If only it was Saturday night!" He turned to the doomed man. "Fred, tell the sheriff what you got on your mind and I give you my solemn word of honor I'll dig you up a vanity case before you walk out of here."

"No," said Fred. His voice boomed out suddenly, "My God, it's not too much to ask—as a favor. For a man who's going to be hanged despite he's innocent!"

"You said you were guilty!" Sheriff Bartzen looked appealingly at Fred. "You can't take it back."

"It don't count what I said," Fred answered. "Maybe I've just lost my mind on account of being innocent, and don't know what I'm sayin'."

"Are you willing to admit you're crazy?" Sheriff Bartzen sounded confused.

"I ain't admittin' or denyin' anything," Fred answered, "until I get what I asked for."

A glaze seemed to come over his broad face and he stared into the dimly

lighted cell as if he were, from now on, a deaf-and-dumb man.

Listening to Fred's unexpected yearning for a vanity case, I had thought only one thing—the doomed man, due on the gallows in five hours, had gone potty. I was less interested at the moment in psychology than in how to keep the story of Fred Ludwig's confession out of the morning papers and have it break new and fresh for the afternoon press, with only me in possession of all its finer details. A plot for delaying Fred's confession popped into my head.

"I'll go get Fred a vanity case," I announced. I had spoken just in time, for Sheriff Barten said, "I was just going to send Gus Plotka out for one. But you're better for this blizzard. It's a real bastard."

Fred Ludwig remained a deaf-and-dumb man as I left his death cell. Sheriff Barten escorted me to the large front doors of the jail.

"It's the craziest goddamn thing I ever heard even from a doomed man," he said. "But I've got to humor him. When they go loony like that, you can't argue any fine points with them. Boy," he gripped my arm, "I'm relyin' on you. A confession from Fred Ludwig that he's a dirty vicious murderer means a hell of a lot to me. Especially since that Tommy Gagin fiasco."

"I'll be back in an hour or so," I said, "but don't worry if I'm a little late."

I stepped out of the tall doorway into a continent of snow. The wind whooped and snorted like a hundred runaway horses. I realized that my plot to delay Fred's confession until after the morning papers had been put to bed was unnecessary. If I moved at top speed, I would be lucky to cover the mile to Queen Lil's whorehouse in an hour. The return trip would require another hour. And there was no need to worry about Sheriff Barten's outwitting me. Where else could anyone find a lady's vanity case within navigating distance of Fred's death cell, at one A.M. in a raging blizzard—except at Queen Lil's?

I am tempted to linger on the perils of wind and snow that beset my way to Lil's whorehouse. But a storyteller is wiser if he shies away from the wonders of life in his youth and sticks to his story line. Farewell, that wild and exploding snow of yesteryear—

It took a half hour for me to get an answer to my bell ringing, bellowing and kicking at Queen Lil's mansion door. Queen Lil herself finally opened it in a rage. The hefty but spry old madam was barefooted and in a Chinese kimono.

"You goddamn rooty little bastard," she greeted me, "lookin' to get put on a night like this! Come inside, you baby-faced tail-lover." She walloped me on the back. "You newspapermen! You're worse than those Colorado miners."

Lil's parlor was steaming hot. My

head swam with this sudden change of temperature as I explained my mission. Queen Lil listened in silence. When my story was done she said, "Every goddamn girl in the house is sleepin'. I want 'em all to hear this! Goddamn, they'll laugh for a week."

Walking to the hallway, Queen Lil screamed at the top of her voice for several minutes. She returned, sweating from her efforts, and informed me, "I got Sammy in the cellar, shoveling coal into the furnace every half hour. That friggin' blizzard is costin' me a fortune."

Eight girls came shuffling sleepily into the parlor. Five of them were nude. The other three wore bloomers. They were variously shaped, from skinny blondes with stringy breasts to Turkish delights with watermelon udders. Two of them, one with bloomers and one without, were startlingly attractive. They looked more like sleepwalking princesses than five-dollar whores.

They sat down around Queen Lil as if they had come to school. When Lil finished telling my story, they started laughing and whooping and slapping each other with a mysterious kind of joy. One of the sleepwalking princesses obliged with a song in a piercing soprano. "Oh it's up the rope he goes, up he goes—"

I sat dizzily in this sudden Witches' Sabbath of nudes, rolling on the floor with delight, guffawing and yelping and kicking each other's bare behinds. Queen Lil, herself, seemed the mistress of the baffling revel. With her Chinese kimono unbelted and her antique flesh exposed, she limped around the parlor bellowing to the tune of *La Paloma*, "One leg is longer than it really ought to be. *One leg* is shorter than it really ought to be."

I noticed suddenly that there was one

figure in the sweltering, perfume-reeking parlor who was not participating in the upheaval of nudes. She was the billowiest of the Turkish delights, easily 200 pounds and with an infant's face. This great pile of flesh sat rolling her eyes at me and moaned with passion as I looked at her. She also jiggled her several bellies up and down with both hands for my further seduction. I found myself sweating and staring at the incredible creature in a sort of hypnosis. I was unaware that the whooping and singing had ended until I saw Queen Lil walk to the massive nude and kick her thigh briskly.

"Goddamn you, Tiny," Queen Lil yelled, "drop your bellies! And lay off this fella. He ain't got time to fool around." She added to me, "That Tiny's a case. She falls in love faster than anybody I ever saw." Lil paused and walloped me on the back. "Are you sure, kid, you gotta hustle back to that jail?"

I looked at the two sleepwalking princesses and remembered my week's salary still in my pocket—\$17.50 minus the dollar spent in Quincey No. 9.

"Yes, I have to hurry back," I said slowly.

It was Tiny who waddled up to me like a clinic of flesh. She cooed and held out a leather vanity case.

I forced myself to smile at the smirking infant's face as I thanked her. As I walked quickly out of the room, the naked girls were starting up their mysterious giggling and rump smacking again.

The blizzard was worse. The wind spun me into snow hills and knocked me down on street corners. I staggered, rolled, tumbled through the white and whirling night accompanied by the ghosts of naked women and haunted by mysterious laughter.

It was 4:15 when I limped, half frozen, into Fred Ludwig's death cell. I handed



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Sheriff Bartzen the leather vanity case and sat down dizzily on Fred Ludwig's bed.

"I told you the boy would be back," Sheriff Bartzen beamed on me. "Here it is," he held up Tiny's vanity case, "you can examine it yourself, Fred."

He opened the case and Fred stared intently at its numerous contents. His large hand reached for the case, and his eyes glittered.

"No you don't!" said Sheriff Bartzen. "You don't get a smell of this till you confess."

"I confess," said Fred quietly.

"You confess what?" demanded the sheriff.

"Killin' Irma," said Fred.

"OK, the vanity case is yours," said Sheriff Bartzen. He handed it to Fred and Fred walked slowly to the small steel mirror above the sink in his cell.

"Go on, Fred, let's hear the whole thing," said Sheriff Bartzen, "play by play. Take it down, Gus."

Gus Plotka opened a notebook and wrote down Fred's words as they came from in front of the steel mirror.

I listened foggily to what seemed a continuation of the Witches' Sabbath that had erupted in Queen Lil's parlor. Instead of cavorting and yelping nudes there was only Fred Ludwig, talking.

"I killed Irma because I always hated her guts," Fred spoke quietly. "She was a rotten floozy with hot pants who made me sick every time she pushed against me. I made that all up about that Armenian lace peddler. There was no Armenian or nobody else. A man would have to be a hundred percent crazy before he could want to lay Irma."

"For God's sake!" Jacobi cried out. "What's he doin'? Pete—look at the sonofabitch!"

Fred Ludwig's back had been turned to us as he talked and his new attitude about Irma had riveted our attention. I looked now and saw that Fred was smearing a second coat of lipstick on his lips. He was making them look twice as thick as they were by a clever application of the bright-red rouge.

And as he went on with his story of hate, hot pants, murder, dismemberment and sausage manufacture, Fred continued to make up his face, as if he were a belle going to a ball. He put heavy smears of rouge on his cheeks, rubbed them down deftly, and then applied clouds of powder to the skin of his face, neck and uncovered shoulders. He handled the powder puff as if it were an instrument of bliss.

A bug-eyed Sheriff Bartzen finally cried out, "Wait a minute, Fred! We can't allow that sort of thing in here. For God's sake, you ain't got time to play around. We're hangin' you in an hour."

Fred smiled as he continued his beautifying ministrations.

"You ain't goin' to stop me, Sheriff

Bartzen," he said. "Because my confession won't mean a thing unless I tell you where I buried Irma's bones and you can go there and dig 'em up. That's the only way you can prove I was tellin' the truth and I wasn't crazy with fear of bein' hanged and tellin' crazy lies."

"Where did you bury Irma's bones?" the sheriff demanded.

"I'll come to that later, Pete," Fred looked coquettishly at Bartzen.

The doomed man held a cake of mascara and a small brush in his fingers. He started making up his eyes as he talked.

"I finally couldn't stand the situation any longer," said Fred. "I mean bein' married to that hot bean pole and havin' to sleep with it in one bed. Especially after I fell in love. Yes, sir, love finally came to me, the first time in my life. Just imagine how I felt bein' madly in love and having to put up with that dirty rotten hot Irma pushin' herself against me! Just imagine! Every night I'd go to bed with my sweetheart's picture under my pillow. And just as I was kissin' the picture, she always crawls in. 'Whose picture you kissin'?' she asked me over and over. 'Go on, show me. I won't be upset just so long as you give me my share.' She was so vulgar I could hardly stand it. So I finally told her whose picture it was and she started laughing. Jesus Christ, how she laughed! That was the last sound she ever made. Believe me!"

There was a spell of silence during which Fred Ludwig worked away with powder puff and cosmetics. He started ruffling up his hair.

"Whose picture was it, Fred?" I asked.

"It was a photograph of Mr. Claude Charlus," Fred answered. "He gave it to me himself, after we had become further acquainted. I don't mean this in any critical way, because my feelings for Mr. Charlus ain't changed. They are like the North Star fixed in the heavens of my heart. But Mr. Charlus was very jealous. Terribly jealous. He refused to believe me even when I cried and cried. That's why I put Irma's wedding ring in the sausage I sent him. So that he should realize for certain that I was through with Irma and she would never push against me again. The sausages were only 25 percent Irma and 75 percent the finest grade meat on the market."

I stayed in the cell until the death march started at 5:15. Although I was now fully thawed out, I found myself still shivering. The naked and obese Tiny with her folds of belly and infant's face had distressed me. But Fred Ludwig seemed nuder than all the eight naked whores in Queen Lil's parlor, and more wildly distressing than a hundred Tinys as he turned his face to me. There was a mysterious elation in the rouged and powdered face with its mascaraed eyes. His heavily painted lips made a smallmouthed smile as he said

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softly, "Thanks, kid. Thank you very much."

The elation was still in Fred Ludwig's face as he walked out of his cell toward the gallows, three minutes away. Sheriff Bartzan walked beside him. As he stopped to unlock the small balcony door that led to the gallows platform, Sheriff Bartzan said desperately, "Fred, I'm askin' you for the last time. Where did you bury Irma's bones?"

"In Grant Park," said Fred, "behind the statue of General Logan. A wonderful man."

Fifteen minutes later I sat in the hanging chamber. The blizzard had cut down the execution attendance to a handful. Seven of us sat on the long, empty picnic benches that faced the gallows. We looked up at the rope dangling from the steel crossbeam.

Fred and his group came out on the gallows. The high-ceilinged, slotlike room was too dimly lit to do justice to Fred's new look. And Sheriff Bartzan worked more quickly than I had ever seen him do. He had Fred's arms strapped to his sides, the noose around his neck, the white robe hanging from his shoulders, the white hood pulled over his head—all in less than two minutes. Wallace Smith and I were timing him. Bartzan skipped a part of the ceremony always dear to him—the inquiry into the doomed man if he had any last words to speak. Instead, the sheriff stepped quickly off the platform, pulling a bewildered Jacobi along with him. A few seconds later the gallows trap banged down and Fred shot through, like a white ghost hell-bent.

A hanged man dies in a few seconds if his neck is broken by the drop. If his neck isn't broken, due to the incorrect adjustment of the noose, he chokes to death. This takes from 8 to 14 minutes.

While he hangs choking, the white-covered body starts to spin slowly. The white-hooded head tilts to one side and a stretch of purpled neck becomes visible. Then the rope begins to vibrate and hum like a hive of bees. After this the white robe begins to expand and deflate as if it were being blown up by a leaky bicycle pump. Following the turning, vibrating, spinning, humming and pumping up of the white robe comes the climax of the hanging. This is the throat of the hanging man letting out a last strangled cry or moan of life.

When Fred Ludwig's hanging reached its climax, Fred's throat let out its last sound of life. It was no moan or guttural cry. Out of Fred's throat came his true voice—a high-pitched feminine wail. I shivered because I felt something triumphant in its drawn-out falsetto note.

I wrote a lead on a piece of copy paper—"Fred Ludwig lived as a cowardly man but he died as a brave woman."

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gone, but the Yankees would return: even they would bury the dead. How soon? How long had he? He could not know; he could not guess. Wait a while, he told himself; wait and see.

He waited; he lay still; he dared not move. Perhaps an hour passed; perhaps it was only a few minutes. He could not tell; his sense of time had vanished; he was afraid to lift his arm to find his watch. Had the Yankees left a silent sentry to guard their rubble? He heard nothing but the caw of a crow. Slowly, slowly, he raised his head.

There was no one in sight, at least no one alive; but as he turned he saw for the first time the destruction that before he had only felt. His stomach turned over. The bodies of troopers lay everywhere, sprawling and splayfooted, in all stages of dress and undress, in all possible positions. Across the clump the face of a Washington College classmate stared at him jawfallen, dead eyes glittering in the sunlight. Obscenely dead, Robert Gibboney thought: a sergeant straddled his feet, pistol half out of his holster, face gone. Bloody blankets, rumpled and perforated, littered the ground. Bits of paper, touched by the breeze, fluttered from body to body. Light twinkled on a ring, a chain. The air reeked. Two buzzards circled overhead. Robert Gibboney retched.

Guts aching, stomach dry, at last he was done. He gasped and pushed himself to his knees. Hearing nothing, seeing nothing, he began to crawl forward. A thick grove of trees, their trunks tangled and matted with underbrush, stood perhaps 50 yards away, across a meadow. He clawed his way over the hardening body of his corporal and toppled again to the ground. For a long time he lay motionless, waiting for a shot, but when none came he pushed himself forward once more. His heart was pounding, his chest heaving, and there was a burning, bitter taste in his mouth; his throat was raw. Inch by inch he crawled on, stopping dead every foot or so. His hearing had never been so keen; the rustle of a bird's wing roared in his ears. He passed the last body, and as his fingers touched the moist thick grass tears bubbled into his eyes.

Hope higher now, he began to move more rapidly across the sunny meadow. The tall grass hid his head and back as he snaked forward, elbow over elbow, and with each foot that passed the trees ahead loomed larger. His holster cracked against his groin but without breaking his stride he swung it behind his back and scrambled on. If he could reach the woods he would live; survival was suddenly that simple. He had no other thought.



Bill Murphy

"Them Madison Avenue guys all look alike!"

Somewhere behind him he thought he heard a voice, but he did not stop and he did not turn. The meadow ended, abruptly, in a deep muddy gully. He slid down its side and lay still. He heard nothing more. Waiting, he listened for a minute; for five; for 10. When his breathing had begun at last to slow he turned onto his back and looked up at the sky. The sun was almost directly overhead; he could not believe so long a time had passed. He raised his hands; they were bloody and caked with dirt, but he felt nothing. He dropped them and turned again upon his stomach. He took a deep breath and started up the opposite bank. He slipped halfway up, but, catching himself against a giant root protruding from the clay, he tightened his grip, lifting himself again, and with a light vault cleared the top and tumbled into the underbrush. Thorns gashed his cheek and hands as he sank to the ground, but he was too weak and too tired even to push them aside. Eyes closed, body limp, he lay as he had fallen.

When he opened his eyes again the light had begun to fade. For a moment he feared he had slept the day away, but when he turned his head he realized that the thick foliage just above him was cutting out the light. It was late afternoon; he could see that. What else? He raised himself against a trunk. The knees of his breeches were gone and his elbows were raw; his back ached and his head was pounding; when he touched his face his fingers came away bloody. But as he lay looking at the sky, at the treetops, as he smelled the clean country air and listened to the early-evening chatter of the birds, he knew his pain meant nothing.

For a time, savoring his escape, he did not move. A cowbell tinkled nearby, a dog barked; but he hardly heard them. He felt certain he could have found no safer place to hide, for from only a foot or two away he would be, almost surely, invisible behind the thick growth beneath the trees. He need only wait for nightfall to make his freedom complete. Then, country boy and woodsman that he was, he would head hard for the mountains (there, the lovely blue line in the distance; only a few easy miles) and follow them south toward Westgate. He still had his pistol and knife and could live off the land if need be; here and there he could rest at farms; he had only the Yankees to fear, and where were they now? Long gone, surely; headed back east, where the fighting was. Breathing easy, he closed his eyes again; he was sleepy still, his body wanted rest, he would need his strength tonight . . .

His body stiffened. Something had jingled. He listened. A horse neighed. Another. A man spoke, his voice heavy but his words inaudible. Robert Gib-

boney waited, completely awake. Behind him, along the base of the gully into which, only hours before, he had fallen, he heard horses' hoofs. He turned slowly, clutching the ground. A Yankee trooper rode easily past; then another; a third, a fourth, a fifth. They were only inches away, he could almost have touched them, and as they passed and disappeared from his view he felt his heart skip a beat. The clop of hoof on clay ended; a moment passed; then he heard the brush crackle as the horses entered the woods. "Dismount," someone said, and Robert Gibboney listened, blood cold, as spurs tinkled and boots touched the ground.

What should he do? What could he? Frozen, he waited; and as he did the footsteps, then the voices, turned his way. Had they seen him? He did not think so; but since in a moment or two they were bound to walk across his hide-away, it hardly mattered. He was trapped; he must run; if he waited he was lost.

He rolled back toward the gully. The snapping of the brush beneath him rattled like rifle fire, but he heard no cry from the Yankees (how could they fail to hear him?) and when he reached the bank continued down the side and into the ditch. He hit the bottom and without stopping scrambled to a kneeling position. He saw no one, heard nothing beyond the steps in the brush to his left. Hunched over, he reached behind him and withdrew his pistol. He checked it quickly; it was still loaded. He took it in his right hand and set off, running low, in the direction of the horses. Perhaps the bank would hide him; perhaps he could steal a mount while the Yankees' backs were turned; perhaps . . . Yes; and if not?

Twenty yards down the gully a rough timber road opened into the woods to his left (the woods he had thought so safe!), and as he ran into the open he saw the horses, five of them, tied to a tree. He threw a quick glance across his left shoulder and, seeing no one, sprinted across the road and into the clearing. In another moment he would have a horse; in two he would be on his way; an hour from now he would be miles from Moorefield, perhaps in the mountains, turned south, turned for Westgate. One of the horses whinnied and shied as he raced past, but he lunged for the tangled reins and with a twist of his wrist set them free. He caught one pair, secured them, and set his foot to the stirrup; but the horse backed suddenly, nervous at the haste it had felt in his touch, and as he hopped along to follow it a Yankee soldier darted out of the woods to his left.

Robert Gibboney spun and fell to the dirt automatically, pistol rising before his face, and as his sights came up the Yankee lurched to a halt a yard or less

away, his eyes just above the barrel. For Robert Gibboney, suddenly, time seemed to stop; it was the longest moment through which he had ever lived; and in that fraction of a second he saw everything: himself, the Yankee, the lunacy through which they both were passing, through which, unavoidably now, they both must pass. The Yankee could have been no older than himself; indeed they might have been brothers, twins, for they were of a height and weight, a color and a complexion; and as their eyes met across the pistol Robert Gibboney saw with terrified recognition that the fear on the other's face was his own fear, the desire to live his own desire. Every second of his 22 years had led to this one; he knew it was the moment of his life; and as he stared into the other's whitening face he knew, too, with sudden certainty, that he must not kill the Yankee. Nothing would justify that, nothing could: not fear, not self-protection, not principle, not politics. The simplicity of his vision was terrible: The Yankee's life was as sacred as his own, his body, his hope and his fear as real; and no war, whatever its cause, could alter that. Perhaps, in West Virginia, in the Valley, he had killed before (at rifle range who ever knew?), but he had never seen his enemy, never seen his face, never seen him fall. This enemy, now, here, before him, was a man, not a principle; a man like himself; indeed this enemy was himself. To Robert Gibboney, at that instant, no logic had ever been so inevitable: If the war were just, then killing this enemy must be just as well; if killing this enemy were wrong, then the war itself must be wrong. Everything—the war, living, all life itself—seemed suddenly that clear, that simple: He must not kill the Yankee; and knowing so he squeezed the trigger and saw the Yankee's face fall away.

It seemed an eternity before he heard the report and felt the pistol kick; it seemed another before the Yankee hit the ground; a sodden lump of utter death. Paralyzed, immobile in the cloud of acrid blue smoke surrounding him, Robert Gibboney stared at the body. Yet there was nothing to see; there was only a pile of bloody blue cloth. Where was the Yankee now? He had no name; he had made no sound; he was simply gone, simply dead, simply dead by Robert Gibboney's hand, the hand that trembled as it dropped the pistol. The moment and the act consuming it had stood out of time; now time resumed its course and Robert Gibboney knew: Evil was not inflicted on man; it was what man did himself. Knowing his sin he had proceeded to its instant commission. What good were his principles now? He stood, slowly, and as the rest of the Yankees ran out of the wood he lifted his hands in surrender.

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Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

THE EVER-FASCINATING GAME OF "PLAYING DOCTOR" STARTS WITH CHILDHOOD AND GOES RIGHT ON THROUGH ADULTHOOD IN THE FORM OF DR. KILLCARE, BEN CASEBOOK AND THE LATEST ADVENTURES OF LITTLE ANNIE FANNY.

Elder.

ANNIE, DARLING... I'M MAD ABOUT YOU! LET ME SHOW YOU MY AFFECTION! LET ME DO THINGS FOR YOU! ASK WHATEVER YOU WANT, DARLING! NO FAVOR... NO SACRIFICE IS TOO GREAT! I'M YOURS TO COMMAND... IF YOU'LL JUST GIVE ME A TUMBLE!

NOT NOW, MISTER AVACADO... I THINK I'M COMING DOWN WITH A VIRUS!

A CONTAGIOUS DISEASE? WELL DON'T STAND THERE BREATHING ON ME, DARLING--

I THINK I'LL GO AND DEVELOP SOME FILM... CLOSE THE DOOR AS YOU LEAVE, DARLING.

I'M FEELING SO POORLY... I THINK I'LL DROP IN AT THE HOSPITAL RIGHT DOWN THE STREET...

**DARK ROOM
KEEP OUT**

PLEASE HAVE A SEAT IN THERE, MISS FANNY, OUR RESIDENT INTERN, DR. KILLCARE, WILL EXAMINE YOU AS SOON AS HE'S FREE.

THERE NOW, MR. STRADIVARIUS... YOUR BRAIN-GRAFT SEEMS TO BE HEALING NICELY. YOU'LL BE BACK IN CARNEGIE HALL IN NO TIME, PLAYING THE VIOLIN AGAIN.

CHEE, TANKS, DOC!

I SUPPOSE YOU'LL WANT ME TO UNDRESS FOR AN EXAMINATION... YOU SEE, I FEEL HEADACHY AND DIZZY...

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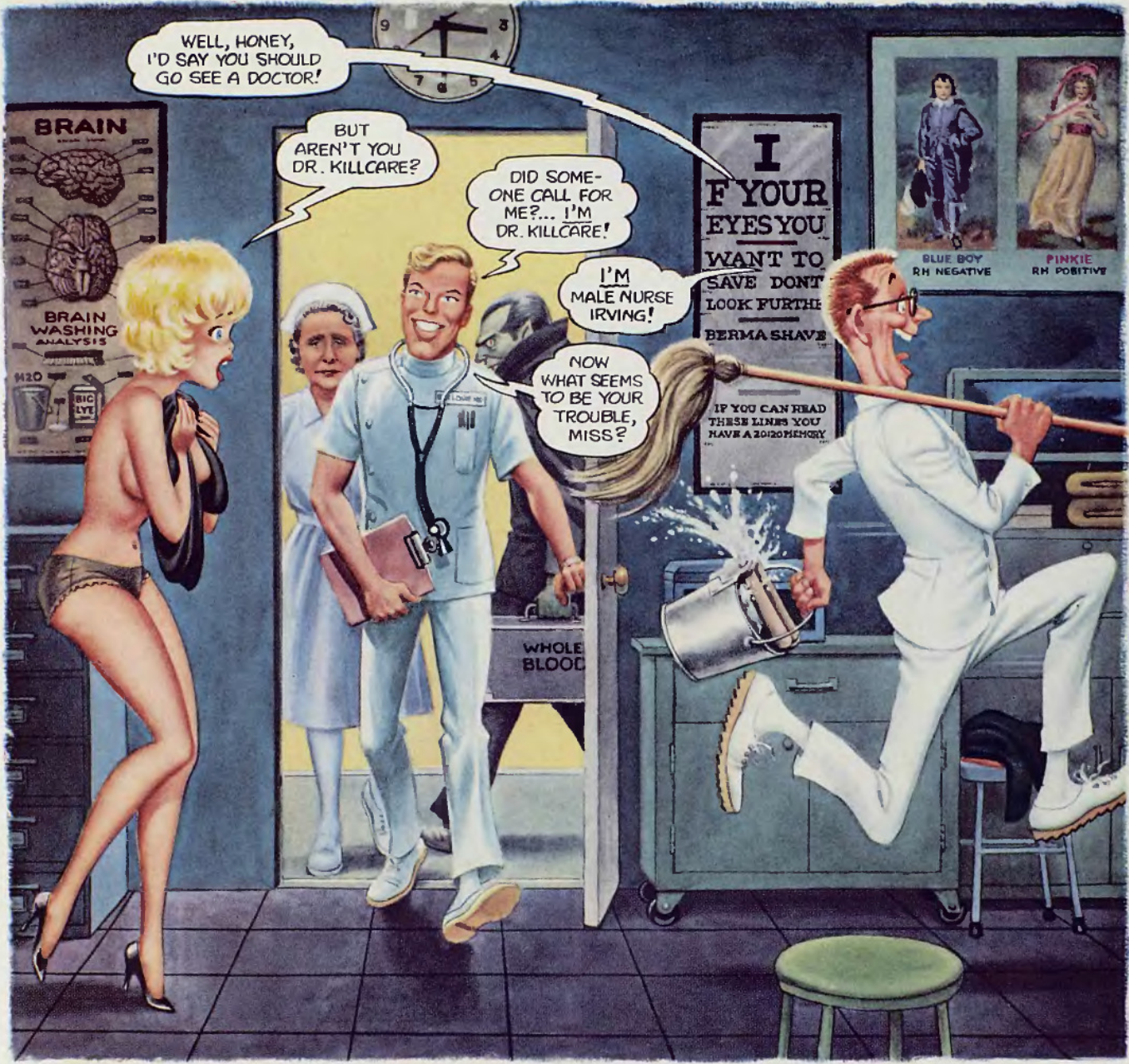
OH?

SO?

WHAT DO YOU THINK I SHOULD DO? MY FACE FEELS ALL FLUSHED, AND I GET THESE SUDDEN CHILLS...

AHA!

UM-HUM!



WELL, HONEY, I'D SAY YOU SHOULD GO SEE A DOCTOR!

BUT AREN'T YOU DR. KILLCARE?

DID SOMEONE CALL FOR ME?... I'M DR. KILLCARE!

I'M MALE NURSE IRVING!

NOW WHAT SEEMS TO BE YOUR TROUBLE, MISS?

I F YOUR EYES YOU WANT TO SAVE DONT LOOK FURTHER
BERMA SHAVE

BLUE BOY RH NEGATIVE
PINKIE RH POSITIVE

IF YOU CAN READ THESE LINES YOU HAVE A 20120 MEMORY

WHOLE BLOOD



... AND I'M DIZZY AND MY FACE FEELS FLUSHED AND I GET THESE CHILLS AND FEEL FUNNY ALL OVER... AND NOW I HAVE A SHARP PAIN IN MY BACK...

YOU KNOW-- I'VE GOT VERY SELF-SAME SYMPTOMS!

ASK NOT WHAT YOUR HOSPITAL CAN DO FOR YOU.

SHALL I CALL A DOCTOR, DOCTOR?

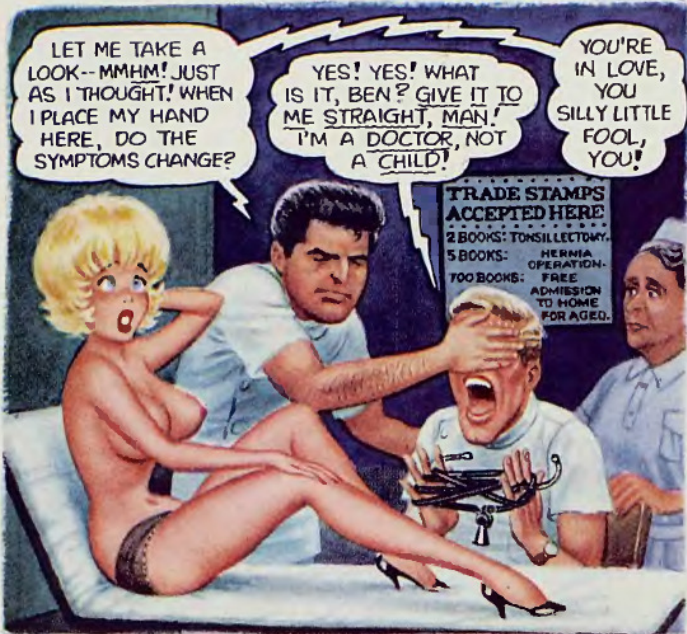
BLOOD PRESSURE
PRESSURE RISES WHEN STOCKS DECLINE.



MAY WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, JIM?

--IT'S N-NOTHING, BEN... JUST BEEN WORKING TOO HARD--

HE'S HEADACHY, DIZZY, FLUSHED, CHILLY AND FEELS FUNNY ALL OVER.



LET ME TAKE A LOOK--MMHM! JUST AS I THOUGHT! WHEN I PLACE MY HAND HERE, DO THE SYMPTOMS CHANGE?

YES! YES! WHAT IS IT, BEN? GIVE IT TO ME STRAIGHT, MAN! I'M A DOCTOR, NOT A CHILD!

YOU'RE IN LOVE, YOU SILLY LITTLE FOOL, YOU!

TRADE STAMPS ACCEPTED HERE
2 BOOKS: TONSILLECTOMY
5 BOOKS: HERNIA OPERATION
700 BOOKS: FREE ADMISSION TO HOME FOR AGED.



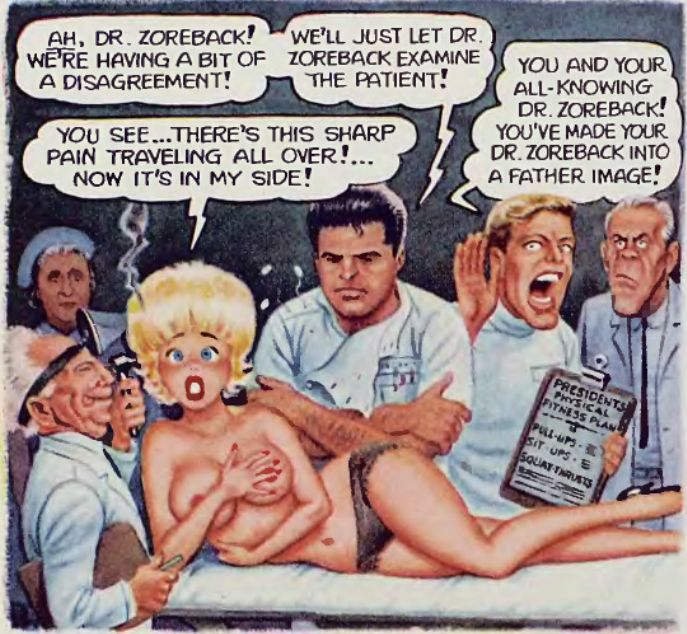
YOU CAN'T EXAMINE THIS PATIENT, KILLCARE! YOU'RE TOO INVOLVED TO BE OBJECTIVE!

...NOW WHA'S YOUR TROUBLE, SWEETIE BABY LAMB CHOP?

JUST A MINUTE, DR. CASEBOOK! ...YOU'RE CRITICIZING ME?...YOU ALLATIME WALKING AROUND WITH YOUR SHIRTLAP UNFLAPPED?

...WELL, THERE'S THIS DIZZINESS AND SHARP PAIN!... NOW IT'S IN MY TUMMY!

WHAT'S GOING ON?



AH, DR. ZOREBACK! WE'RE HAVING A BIT OF A DISAGREEMENT!

WE'LL JUST LET DR. ZOREBACK EXAMINE THE PATIENT!

YOU AND YOUR ALL-KNOWING DR. ZOREBACK! YOU'VE MADE YOUR DR. ZOREBACK INTO A FATHER IMAGE!

YOU SEE...THERE'S THIS SHARP PAIN TRAVELING ALL OVER!... NOW IT'S IN MY SIDE!

PRESIDENTS PHYSICAL FITNESS PLAN
PULL-UPS - E
SIT-UPS - E
SQUAT-THROUS



DR. GILLESPIE! COME TAKE A LOOK HERE!

AND I SUPPOSE DR. GILLESPIE ISN'T YOUR FATHER IMAGE.

WELL MY FATHER IMAGE IS BETTER THAN YOUR FATHER IMAGE!

THERE'S THIS SHARP PAIN ...



WELL MY FATHER IMAGE CAN LICK YOUR FATHER IMAGE!

OH YEAH?
YEAH!
YEAH?
YEAH!

LOOK, DR. ZOREBACK! ...IF YOU CAN'T KEEP YOUR BOY'S FLAP BUTTONED UP...

MEDICAL REPORT



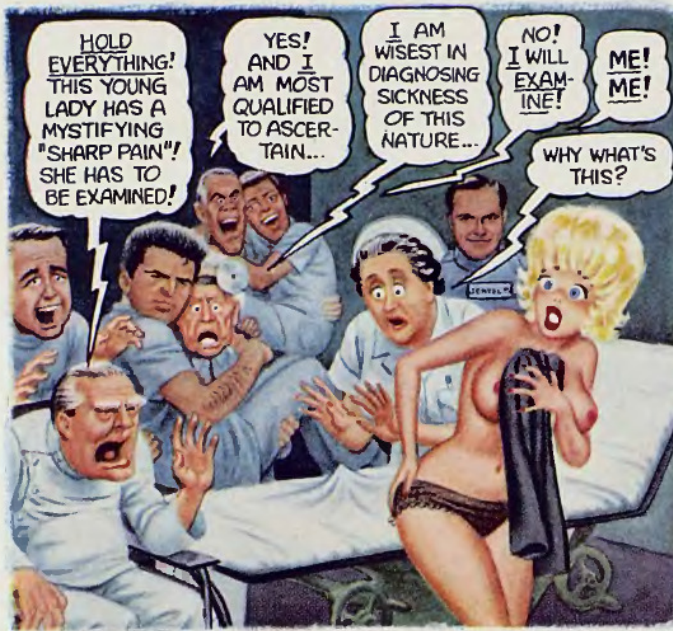
NOW SEE HERE!...WHAT'S THIS NONSENSE ABOUT FATHER IMAGES?

IT LOOKS LIKE A FIGHT, DAD ER, DOC, SIR.

PARKER!

I THINK YOU'D BETTER LEAVE, MISS!

MEDICAL REPORT



HOLD EVERYTHING! THIS YOUNG LADY HAS A MYSTIFYING "SHARP PAIN"! SHE HAS TO BE EXAMINED!

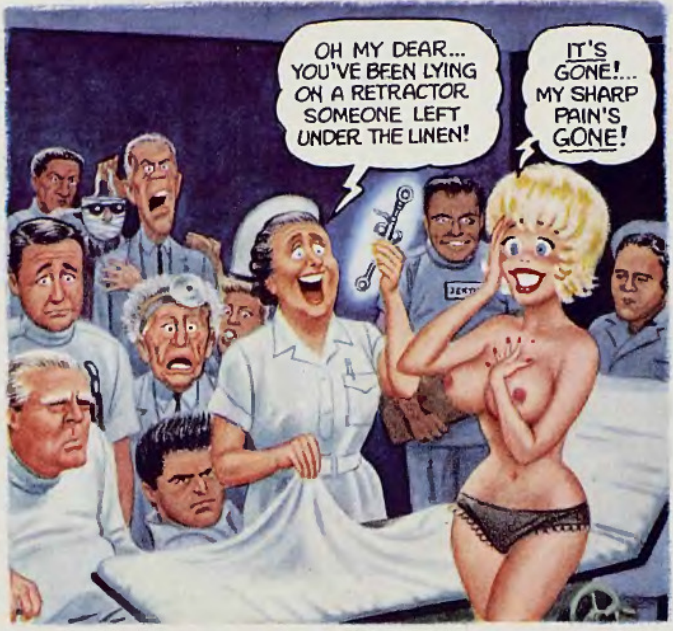
YES! AND I AM MOST QUALIFIED TO ASCERTAIN...

I AM WISEST IN DIAGNOSING SICKNESS OF THIS NATURE...

NO! I WILL EXAMINE!

ME! ME!

WHY WHAT'S THIS?



OH MY DEAR... YOU'VE BEEN LYING ON A RETRACTOR SOMEONE LEFT UNDER THE LINEN!

IT'S GONE!... MY SHARP PAIN'S GONE!



NOW SEE HERE, YOUNG LADY... YOUR ILLNESS IS PSYCHOSOMATIC... MORE IN YOUR MIND THAN ANYWHERE ELSE. WE DOCTORS DEAL WITH THIS BUNK CONSTANTLY! YOUR SICKNESS IS NONSENSE!

YOU MEAN, THE WAY I FEEL FUNNY ALL OVER WITH DIZZINESS AND CHILL?...



THE VERY SELF-SAME SYMPTOMS I HAVE!

ME TOO!

AND PALPITATIONS!

LIKE THE SHAKES, SORT OF!

HOT AND COLD FLUSHES, LIKE!

PARKER! GET THIS YOUNG LADY OUT OF HERE BEFORE SHE DISRUPTS THE WHOLE HOSPITAL!



MUCH LATER

ANNIE, DARLING. GOOD TO SEE YOU BACK. ALL OVER YOUR VIRUS? HMMM?

IT WASN'T A VIRUS AFTER ALL, MR. AVACADO! I WENT TO THE HOSPITAL, AND THE DOCTOR SAID IT WAS PSYCHOSOMATIC.



BUT NEXT DAY I HAD TO GO BACK! IT WAS AN EMERGENCY-- WITH AN AMBULANCE AND EVERYTHING! ALL THE TIME, I HAD APPENDICITIS!

YOU SHOULD SEE MY OPERATION-- A CUTE LITTLE SCAR RIGHT UNDER HERE.

LET ME SEE, DARLING. OH, LET ME SEE!

BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.

PLAYBOY

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SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
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Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

Halfway down
this 90-foot spar
I nearly reached
the end of my rope



2. "Boots, spurs and safety rope were offered to me by a contestant. A signal started me up with agonizing slowness. I inched toward my goal, digging in, looping my rope around the spar's four-foot girth. Finally, bone-weary and bruised, I reached the top. When I got my second wind I started down, confident now.



3. "Then it happened! The spur on my left foot slipped, the other foot was no support . . . I shot downward! From below I heard, 'The rope!' Frantically I dug my steel-corded safety rope into the spar. It held!

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BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS, INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

1. "One minute I was waving from the top of a British Columbia spar-tree. Seconds later I was hurtling toward the ground," writes Gordie, an American friend of Canadian Club. "He took me through British Columbia's tall-timber country on a loggers' sports day. The competition looked challenging and I got talked into a high-riggers' race. Spurred and roped, I had to climb the 90-foot tree trunk, ring a bell at the top and speed down again. Professional riggers did it in less than 35 seconds.



“What dolls.
If only
I wasn't
having
a drink
with
that lemon
tonight.”



“Who are you calling
a tomato?
Wolfschmidt is mine.
He's got taste.”

“Of course
he has taste.
Wasn't he with me
last night?”



“Look at me,
Wolfschmidt.
You know
your onions.
Let's make
great
Martinis
together.”



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