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MARCH 60 cents

PLAYBOY



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A YEAR AGO JANUARY, WE PUBLISHED Ray Russell's Gothic novelette *Sardonicus*. This month, we are pleased to present his new novelette, *Sagittarius*, an exotic horror story set in turn-of-the-century Paris and revolving around the Grand Guignol. Between *PLAYBOY* yarns, Ray has not exactly been sitting on his hands. His first novel, *The Case Against Satan*, will be published by Ivan Obolensky later this year; his first volume of short fiction, *Sardonicus and Other Stories*, has been a sellout everywhere; and he has written several feature films, some in release, some in production, some in preparation. They include *Zot!* (a comedy starring Tom Poston), *The Soft Sell* (for Tony Curtis), *The Premature Burial* (starring Ray Milland), *Mr. Sardonicus* (reviewed in our December 1961 issue), *The Old Dark House* (horror-satire to be filmed in England) and a top-secret original starkly titled *X*. Working out of Columbia and Universal-International studios, as well as his Beverly Hills home, Ray tells us he has also completed a legit play, "just to keep busy."

Also in this issue is *O Manahatta, Mother of Waters*, a fictive nugget of wit and sensibility from Herbert Gold. Pure Gold in a rich vein, it delineates a young man's passionate prospecting amidst Gotham's feminine riches. Henry Slesar renders *Solo for Violin*, a brief but beautifully modulated composition about an aging musician's crucial command performance, climaxed by a coda of gently poetic irony. In the final installment of his powerful four-part biography, *My Brother, Ernest Hemingway*, Leicester Hemingway tells movingly about Ernest's experiences as a combat correspondent during World War II, and his declining health and deepening sadness which finally led to the "gift of death"—depriving the world of a writer, and a man, whom it is not likely to forget as long as books are read.

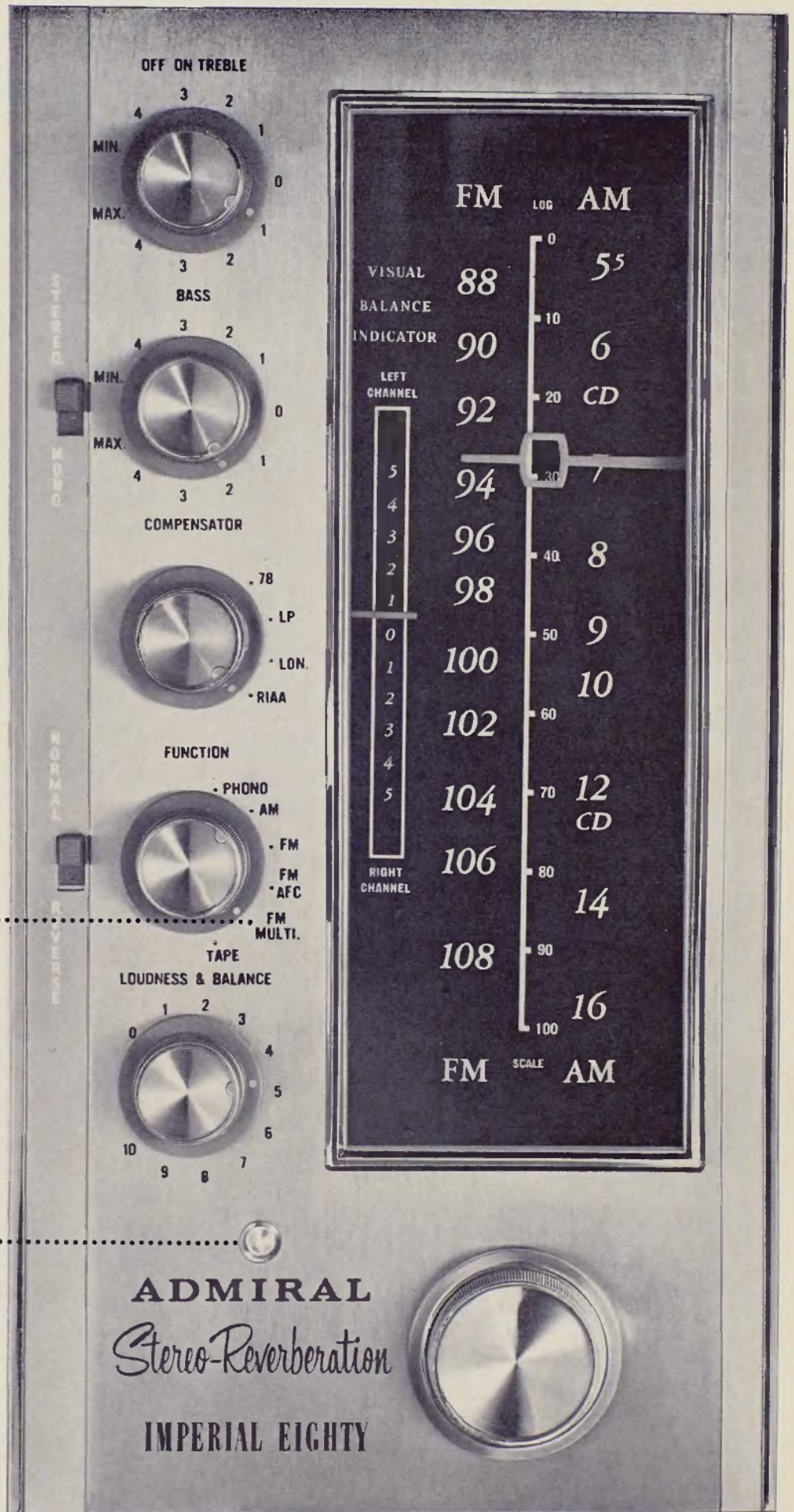
In his sweet-and-sour tale of *Clara*—an evocatively nostalgic memoir from his early career as a Chicago newspaper reporter—Ben Hecht recalls the mingled exhilaration and disillusionment of a naively humanitarian attempt at the reformation of a big-city bawd. Arthur C. Clarke—equally proficient at science-fiction and science-fact—inaugurates an exclusive *PLAYBOY* series with a timely and incisive revelation of *The Hazards of Prophecy* in an age of accelerating technology. In the seventh of his own far-ranging articles on men, money and morals in our society, *PLAYBOY*'s Consulting Editor on Business and Finance, J. Paul Getty, deplores the decline and implores the reascension of *The Vanishing Americans*—that feisty band of iconoclastic naysayers whose robust spirit of dissent is fast disappearing from our land. For his first *PLAYBOY* appearance, the distinguished literary critic and social commentator Alfred Kazin has penned an insightful answer to that age-old poser: What is this thing called love? *The Love Cult*, his expert analysis of America's favorite panacea and first-ranking malady, explores the national obsession with, and ultimate debasement of, both the word and the emotion.

As a public service, we offer our own instant primer on *How to Stop Worrying About the Bomb*, a handy do-it-yourself guide (by New York cartoonists-designers Seymour Chwast and Edward Sorel) for finding silver linings in atomic clouds. For those who'd like to stop worrying about *everything*, we recommend a fantasy-fulfilling excursion to *Paradisio*, latest and best of the still-rising Nude Wave in shoestring-budgeted, G-string-plotted Hollywood flicks. The hero's special-prescription spectacles, which enable him to see through clothing, won't X ray the Bunny costumes at *The New Orleans Playboy Club*—the latest in our lengthening chain of worldwide key clubs; but this won't deter you from digging the Bunnies' fetchingly outfitted fuselages, the plush decor, tall drinks, first-chair cuisine and top-drawer entertainment behind the portals of our recently "closed" Crescent City retreat—opened herein for our readers.

Glad tidings also this March for friendly foes of vintage video: yet another stirring chapter in the continuing saga of Shel Silverstein versus the idiot box. *I Was a Teenage Teevee Jeebie* offers a brand-new batch of oldies updated with far-out armchair dialog. Join Fashion Director Robert L. Green in *Doubling Up* with a pair of reemerging classic styles: the double-breasted and the two-button suits. Then take heed of a third sartorial revival—*The Return of the Ascot*—as an urbanely elegant finishing touch for the casual wardrobe. And finally, tag along as we wend our way due north to *Hail, Columbia!* with a pictorial tribute to our first Canadian Playmate, Pamela Gordon, a Vancouver construction company receptionist whose own cantilevered construction should prove conclusively that the Ides of March bode well for our readers.

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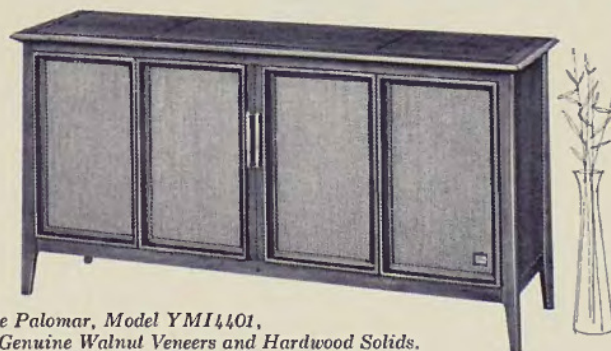
Off On Treble and Bass Controls. New separate bass and treble controls for each set of speakers let you balance the sound of each speaker system independently. **New Stereo Monaural Switch** makes it easier to balance the sound. So does the **Visual Balance Indicator** on the dial. **New Compensator Control** lets you get the

most out of every record—78, LP, London or RIAA. **Normal Reverse Switch** allows you to rearrange the orchestra to your own taste. **New Function Control** allows all input functions—Stereo phono, AM, FM, FM Multiplex, or tape input—to be controlled from the front panel. **Loudness and Balance Control** compensates for different listening positions in the room. Right above the Admiral name you will find the new **Multiplex "Beacon" Light** that lights up automatically when you are tuned to an FM Stereo broadcast. **New Deluxe FM-AM Tuner** with unified Multiplex eliminates distortion and annoying interference. It has fly wheel drive for easier tuning, AFC and AFC defeat for locking in distant or nearby stations.

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PLAYBOY



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

There is no doubt about it: Leicester Hemingway's *My Brother, Ernest Hemingway* is going to interest a great many persons. For one thing, here is recall to the fullest extent; and for another, perhaps no other person has such knowledge of the life span of this important American writer.

Erskine Caldwell
San Francisco, California

If Ernest Hemingway has any value to future historians—if there are any, and if they're interested—it will be because he embodied most of the characteristics of our age: a lack of faith, the belief that power makes right, and a fascination with war, killing and destruction. And by his preoccupation with these, he likewise pointed up the reasons for the suicide of 20th Century civilization—now well under way.

Neil Anderson
Edmonds, Washington

Thank you for putting *My Brother, Ernest Hemingway* into print. Tell Leicester Hemingway that he has earned the undying gratitude of every true devotee of his brother's creative art.

C. W. Nelson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

SQUARE PEGGED

The quality of your fiction continues to improve and impress. I had thought *The Lion's Share* [PLAYBOY, September 1961] a peak of excellence, but must concede that December's *Square Christmas* surpasses it by quite a bit. This jewel-like novella has an immediacy for our urban world and our time which renders it nigh on to a classic.

Duke Balchin
Utica, New York

Why ruin your reputation for good fiction by printing a piece of trash like *Square Christmas*? I mean, Walt Grove is trying too hard to be the next Salinger, for crissake.

Bruce Davis
Huntington, Pennsylvania

SLAPSTICK RERUNS

Charles Beaumont's *The Golden Age of Slapstick Comedy* was most interesting.

Harold Lloyd
Los Angeles, California

I read Charles Beaumont's December article, *The Golden Age of Slapstick Comedy*, with great interest, and some nostalgia. It is a well-written piece and the research seems completely accurate. Beaumont manages terrific coverage, also, in dealing with the people and the times. There is very little to be added. It is good to know that people remember a man as he was—and are still able to enjoy him as he is. Over 60 years in the business has not in any way lessened my enthusiasm and eagerness to engage in theatrical activity. The appreciation of a good writer such as Beaumont is part of the reward.

Buster Keaton
Woodland Hills, California

December's *Slapstick Comedy* is nothing less than a masterpiece for old-time movie fanatics.

McKenzie Smith
Santa Monica, California

HOUSE PARTY HASSLE

The *Playmate Holiday House Party* was a masterpiece.

Stan Tollman
Atlanta, Georgia

Great coverage on the orgy at Nero's house in the December issue. When do we go to the Colosseum and see the real fun way of life?

L. Knight
Laguna Beach, California

In reference to the *Playmate Party*—who are you trying to kid?

Thomas L. Oberman
Hialeah, Florida

"Whom," Thomas.

Enjoyed your *Playmate Holiday House Party*. Why not have a party like this for your subscribers each year? You could draw a dozen names out of a hat. This

ARPEGE



MY SIN

BY

LANVIN

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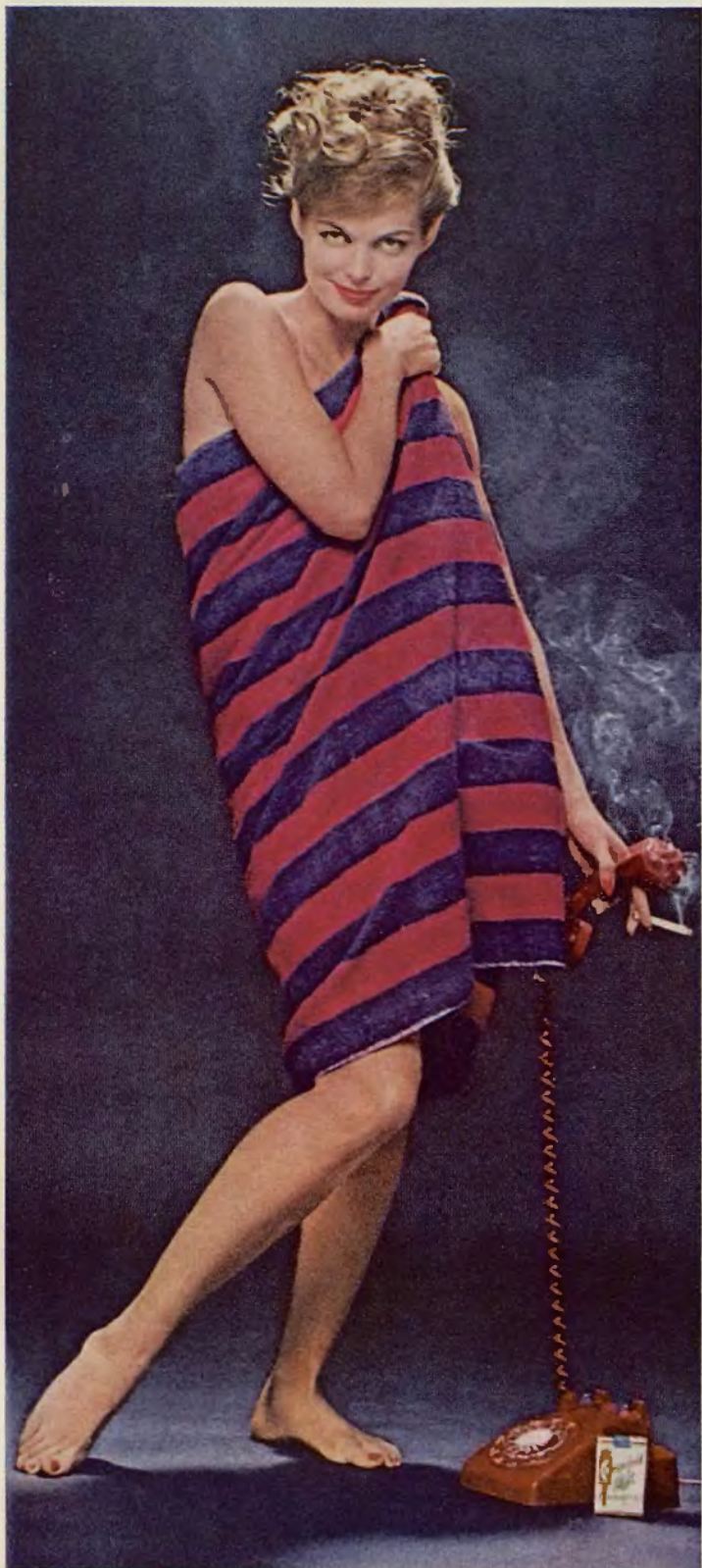


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PAMELA 35-22-35

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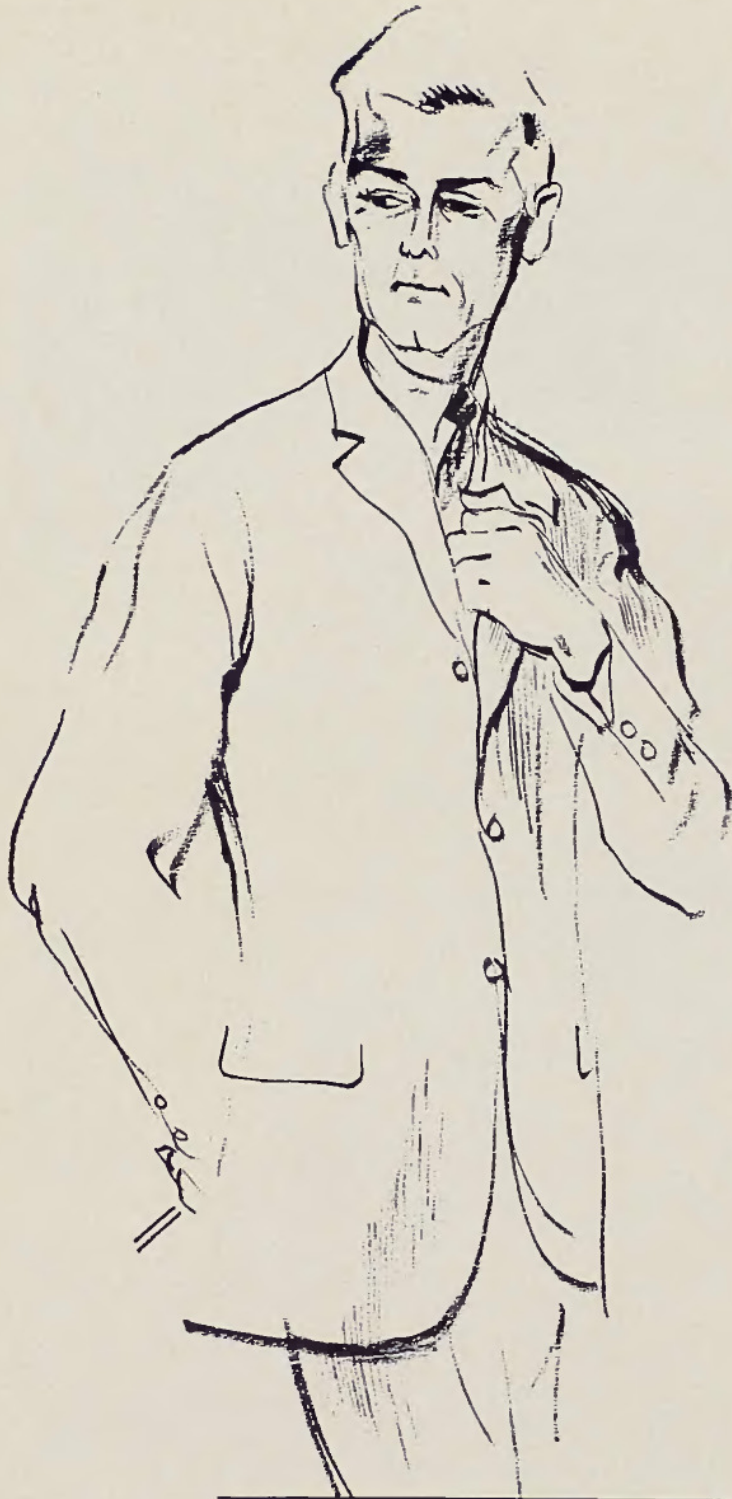


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Ray Hartman
Chicago, Illinois

Some of your party shots (notably, the guy dancing in his underwear) are the ultimate in bad taste.

Buxton P. Lowry
Pacific Palisades, California

Sorry, Buxton, those are swimming trunks.

ON THE STREET

I read J. Paul Getty's *Wall Street Is Not Monte Carlo* in December with a great deal of interest. Having spent over 40 years in Wall Street, I can well appreciate that it is not like Monte Carlo. I would agree 100 percent with the opinions he expressed. I congratulate you on having such a fine article in your publication.

Donald Ford
Goodbody & Company
New York, New York

Master investor Getty sees *time* as the essence of investment success in the stock market. Time to select; time to know as much as one possibly can about a security; time to wait and buy low; time for stocks to make worthwhile profits. Getty counsels not to be an in-and-out speculator and to buy only common stocks listed on major exchanges. As to quick-and-easy formula books — author Getty finds them worthless. *PLAYBOY's* timely article is certainly worth careful consideration by all who have made less than he.

G. M. Loeb
E. F. Hutton & Company
New York, New York

Our thanks to Mr. Loeb, author of the highly regarded book "*The Battle for Investment Survival*."

Mr. Getty condemns the speculator. This country could not exist if people would not take a chance on a new company or a new product. Our way of life would be impossible without speculation.

George Albert Kohlhepp, II
Baltimore, Maryland

Wall Street Is Not Monte Carlo is one of the finest pieces of financial advice I have read in my 24 years of following the stock market. Congratulations.

Clement Bennett Asbury
East Orange, New Jersey

HYDE BOUND

Having taught in colleges and universities for 33 years, including 25 years in women's colleges, I read Thomas Berger's *Professor Hyde* in the December issue with special pleasure. My only regret is that so few faculty wives of my acquaintance have been "blonde and

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<p>AHMAD JAMAL HAPPY MOODS</p>	<p>FLAMENCO SPECTACULAR RECORDED IN SPAIN</p>	<p>A DATE WITH THE EVERLY BROTHERS</p>	<p>RACHMANINOFF Piano Concerto No. 2 ENFANT/ROSENSTEIN</p>	<p>BOUQUET PERCY FAITH STRINGS Tenderly Laura Speak Low plus 8 more</p>	<p>FOLK SONGS and DRINKING SONGS from GERMANY</p>
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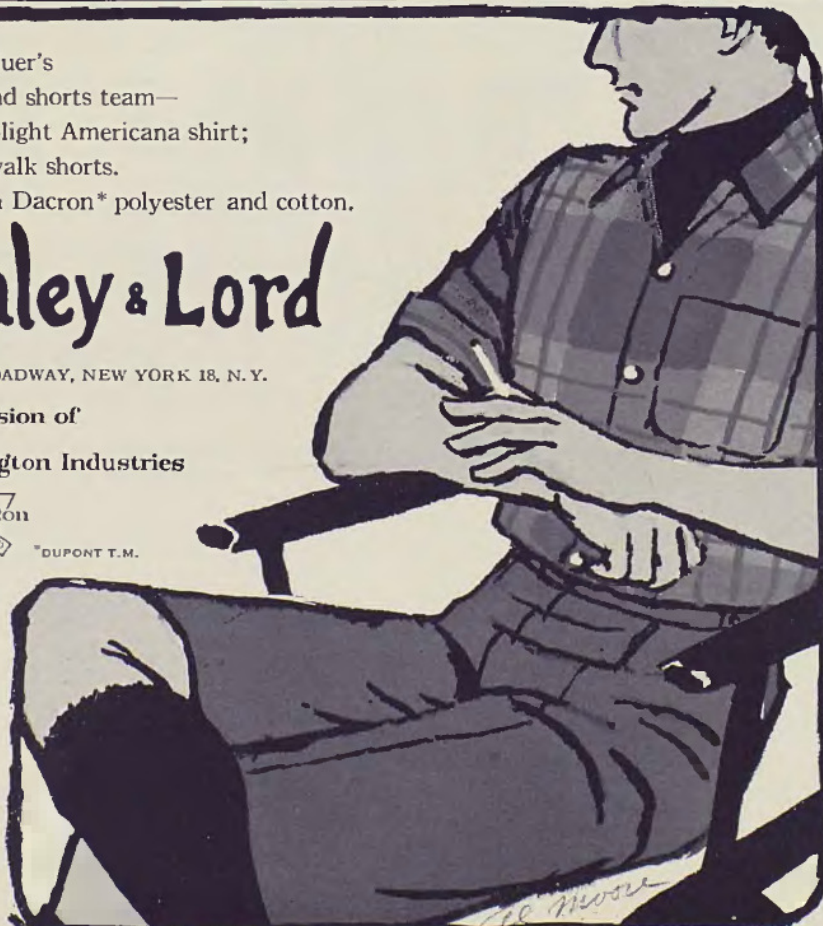
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breasty," like Louise Revanche, or have peered at me with "great violet eyes." Perhaps, however, I should be grateful that my colleagues have married women who, for the most part, have not stirred in me a "violent and unrequited craving" which would have distracted me from my work. Beautiful students are enough of a problem.

Richard Armour
Professor of English
Scripps College
Claremont, California

POST-SEASON PRAISE

Each December I dig out my back issues of all magazines that publish pre-season football forecasts and reread them just for kicks. I enjoy seeing how wrong the experts were. This year, I was flabbergasted when I reread Anson Mount's *Playboy's Pigskin Preview* in your September issue. The guy is positively clairvoyant. He tabbed the conference standings, final national rankings, and All-America rankings with astonishing accuracy.

James Forbes
Detroit, Michigan

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

After having seen Miss December, I'm more convinced than ever that June's beautiful Heidi Becker should be a shoo-in for Playmate of the Year honors.

George Fletcher
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

If September's sensational Christa Speck doesn't make it as Playmate of the Year, it won't be the fault of those fantastic photos of her in December's *Playmate Holiday House Party*. She is the existing ultimate.

Frank Gibbins
San Francisco, California

Alongside Barbara Ann Lawford, my favorite recipe for February frostbite, the rest of the year's Playmates are not just also-rans; they're never-rans.

Theodore Cohen
Chicago, Illinois

Last January's Connie Cooper was super! C.C. for P.O.T.Y.!

Alfred O'Brien
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Lynn Karrol or bust!
John Minetti
Los Angeles, California

Who else but Susan Kelly?
Edward Reed
Dallas, Texas

Patience, gentlemen; the issue will be resolved next month, when PLAYBOY crowns its Playmate of the Year.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Among the laurels of fame, few have been bestowed on PLAYBOY's brow with greater regularity than the nettled wreath of satire. During our eight-plus years of publication, some two dozen brightly and dimly wit lampoons (mostly undergraduate efforts, with unflinching titles ranging from *Plowboy* to *Layboy*) have held up the fun-house mirror to our urban-oriented editorial image.

In a refreshing new twist on the familiar PLAYBOY parody, our Playboy Clubs were recently the subject of an inspired burlesque by Jay Ward and Bill Scott, the uninhibited entrepreneurs of *Bullwinkle*, funniest and farthest out of TV's proliferating cartoon series for those who like their bland video diet enriched with a hearty helping of nuts, lightly salted. Presided over by an amiable ex-hatrack named Bullwinkle J. Moose — a sort of Clem Kadiddlehopper with antlers — this engagingly eccentric half-hour jamboree has delighted its Sunday-night audiences with a Silly-Putty plotline of updated Aesop, laughable Grimm and addlepatented adventure tales laced with waggish doggerel and pun-fried chestnuts. Heading the show's supporting cast are cleft-chinned Dudley Doright, a marceled Mountie of appalling impeccability, two-time winner of the coveted Good Boy Medal, and a memorable rogues' gallery of lightweight heavies: Snidely Whiplash, fuddy-Dudley's mustache-twirling, mortgage-foreclosing nemesis; Boris Badenov, a gloating, trench-coated conspirator of infinite cunning and unmitigated malice; and Natasha Fatale, Boris' slinking, sloe-eyed confederate, a former Miss Transylvania and onetime apprentice witch (washed out of flight school).

The show's energetic publicity and promotion campaign is no less charmingly crackbrained. *Bullwinkle's* mooseworthy,

four-page version of the *Playboy Club News*, our newspaper-style key club periodical, is but one drollery from a bag of tricks and treats concocted by Ward and Scott. Among its contents: Bullwinkle badges, tattoos, premium stamps, block party kits and johnnie seat covers; exhortations to "bring back the Bullmoose Party"; offers of "big money and fabulous prizes" for viewers willing to promote the show by "crashing a 1938 Hudson Terraplane into Lenin's Tomb"; apocryphal announcements of new TV series called *Championship Mah-Jongg*, *The Best of Ina Rae Hutton* and *You Asked to See It* (featuring, by popular demand, Audrey Hepburn eating a live chicken). From this overflowing grab bag comes the *Playville Club News*, a lighthearted caricature which occasionally treads off the beaten track into the face primeval, but somehow manages to find its way back again.

In the headline story, we learn that "entertainment pioneer" Jay T. Ward, pictured in shaggy beard and buffalo skins, has just "closed" a gilded chain of key clubs in 86 major cities from Chester, Pennsylvania, to Pismo Beach, California — sanctuaries "so exclusive that we can't tell you the addresses. Just keep trying that little key till you find us." When and if you ever do, the blurb bumbles, you'll be permitted to play with the shiniest new ploy in clubmanship: a second key for unlocking the secrets of still another club located *inside* the first one. In accompanying photos, we observe a couple of prominent keyholders intrepidly hunting for their clubs — Harold Lloyd scaling the façade of an office building, Buster Keaton scanning the horizon from the rigging of a four-master.

An unusually candid snapshot on this same page offers us a rare opportunity to

glimpse a red-letter function known as "Fun Night" at the Chester, Pennsylvania, Club: the pictured dance floor is covered with a writhing mound of prostrate humanity approximately four feet high. Interest piqued, we turn the page to applaud the celebrated Abe Klutz, one of the stellar acts currently wowing the crowds at the Yakima Playville Club, as he walks a chalk line while balancing a stack of 20 laundry baskets on his head; and to join a throng of Oklahoma tenant-farmer keyholders as they nibble "gourmet cuisine" in what appears to be an authentic Playville Club reconstruction of a Salvation Army soup kitchen.

And on the last page, presaging imminent pleasures for California keyholders, is a pictorial preview of the intimate Gurneyville Club: a two-man tree house reached by retractable ladder. Frolicking throughout, of course, are the clubs' furry-tailed main attractions: lumbering herds of matronly "Playmooses" — fetchingly bedecked in Victorian whalebone corsets and saucy antlered skullcaps — beckoning seductively to lucky keyholders and plying them with \$1.50 splits of bone-cold Moxie and Dr. Pepper.

Though moxie and pepper aptly describe the iconoclastic glee with which Messrs. Ward and Scott go about their money-making monkey business, the two mooseketeers unabashedly affirm the old maxim that true satire also mocks the satirist: both are full-fledged members of the Playboy Club.

Sign of the times seen in a chic Chicago shop window: MATERNITY DRESSES FOR THE MODERN MISS.

From a story on civil defense procedures in the *Tonopah* (Nevada)

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Times-Bonanza: "In case of an alert, housewives are instructed to pull down the shades, turn off the gas and electricity, get under the bed and cooperate with the local civil defense director."

Herewith, the "Rules of the Road" posted in English at a downtown Tokyo intersection: "(1) When a passenger of the foot heave in sight, tootle the horn. Melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor; (2) Beware the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode the exhaust box . . . go soothingly by; (3) Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway; (4) Go soothingly in the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon."

BOOKS

Arthur C. Clarke's large and loyal following of science-fictionniks will want to lay hands on *From the Ocean, From the Stars* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.50), a collection of two novels and 24 short stories set in deepest depths, limitless space, and on just plain Earth. *The City and the Stars* turns the clock ahead to the distant future, and points the astro compass toward remote specks of the Universe; *The Deep Range* takes us whale-herding in the ocean's caverns; and the short stories speed, like space-ships yet unvented, here, there, everywhere. The imaginatively literate Mr. Clarke, a long-time PLAYBOY favorite (see his *Hazards of Prophecy* on page 51), collects well: his subjects and moods range and change, and the pleasure of his company rarely palls.

William Sansom's new novel, *The Last Hours of Sandra Lee* (Little, Brown, \$4), raises the question of how a talented writer could put together 70,000 words about a scatterbrained stenographer, using as the *mise-en-scène* a Christmas office party which goes on for nearly 200 pages, without realizing at some point that he was wasting his time. Admittedly, Sandra Lee is a splendid specimen of female sexiness, whose appearance in stiletto heels, tight skirt and high-pointed white brassiere Mr. Sansom dotes upon. She keeps a photo album which celebrates a bandleader called Don Terry, whose arrangement of *Yours, Yours* she finds inspirational, and she is about to marry a young stalwart whose fate it is to lay pipelines in Sarawak. But mainly, she is a virgin, "a good girl," who feels that life owes her a giddy moment before she goes up the aisle. It is to the ultimate agonies and aspirations of her innocent condition that *The Last Hours* of the title refers. The tease is long, and isn't



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much helped by the prose which Mr. Sansom wields like a foam-rubber blackjack. The interminable office party indicates that the author has attended several such functions, seen *The Apartment*, and read *The Best of Everything*. He succeeds in convincing us that office parties bring out the worst in everybody because the only state in which they can be endured is one of utter inebriation. Unhappily for him, most readers will come to Mr. Sansom's novel stone-cold sober.

We just read a book. It is a coloring book. Its name is *The Executive Coloring Book* (The Funny Products Co., \$2.98). It is funny. One page has a picture of a man in his underwear. It has a caption which says: "THIS IS ME. I am an executive. Executives are important. They go to important offices and do important things. Color my underwear important." Another page has a picture of a man looking at a sales chart. It has a caption which says: "THIS IS MY SALES CHART. When the line goes up, I feel good. When the line goes down, I get gas. Color me green." Another page has a picture of a man smiling at lots of people sitting around a lunch table. It has a caption which says: "THIS IS MY COMPANY'S LUNCHROOM. Sometimes I walk through it and smile at the employees. 'Hello, employees,' my smile says, 'I am one of you.' I never eat there." There are lots of other pictures to color and lots of other captions. It is a one-idea book. The idea is quickly grasped. But the variations are ingenious enough to keep an executive amused.

RECORDINGS

Mort Sahl on Relationships . . . (Reprise) is an acrid asSahl on a whole covey of sitting ducks, and Mort's potent shot almost always hits its mark. He defines an intellectual girl: "She licks envelopes for the Democratic Party"; suggests a new symbol for the Post Office to replace the Pony Express rider: "A student sorting mail over the Christmas holidays"; translates his trying to dig up a date as "I'm going to search for the perfect woman"; pinpoints an aggressive girl as "One who calls her own cab"; distills a summit meeting between NK and JFK down to "Dad, may I have the keys to the car?"; capsules the CIA's foreign policy: "It almost coincides with that of the USA" and describes the Playmate as "The girl in the middle of PLAYBOY you can remove and assemble." There are several longish monologs on a writing assignment for *Ladies' Home Journal* and his misadventures with the filming of *Advise and Consent*, which are suf-

Andre Loves a Parade
 Andre Kostelanetz creates a dazzling wonderland of marching sound with Sousa stalwarts, Broadway rousers and startling stereo effects as the band passes in review.



LOOK

How America Bickers
 Eavesdrop on Don Ameche and Frances Langford as the brawling Bickersons, a married and harried couple who live out their lives in raucous—though hilarious—desperation.



WHAT'S

Another Bouquet From Percy
 Maestro Faith and his celebrated string section pick a fresh assortment of perennials by Rodgers, Porter, Arlen, Berlin and more.



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 Recorded live during Mahalia Jackson's recent triumphant European tour—her jubilant Gospel songs, which need no translation to arouse audience fervor.



OUT ON

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 Inventive Michel Legrand—arranger, conductor—strikes new stereo sparks from such incendiaries as *Jalousie*, *Temptation* and *Perfidia*.



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fused with the mordant product of Mort's whiplash wit.

Les McCann, who has achieved a degree of fame as a keyboard-thumping gospel piano throwback, should stir up an additional degree with **Les McCann Sings** (Pacific Jazz). The McCann pipes are surprisingly soft-tempered, reminding one of a mellifluous Joe Williams. McCann can handle a love ballad (*But Not for Me*, *Love Letters*) with subtle sensitivity, or belt benignly away on a funky *Sweet Georgia Brown* or fun-filled *Bye Bye Black Bird*. Gerald Wilson's arrangements and direction provide backdrops in keeping with the spirit of the moment. Mark Mr. McCann down as a singer with a future.

Twist, anyone? Worldwide Twist tremors indicate that the time is propitious for us to offer an LP Twist list, up to date as of press time, but doubtless a bit dated as you read this, since new ones are being cranked out prestopresto all the time. For those who like Twisting in its primeval state, there are: Chubby Checker's *The Twist*, *Let's Twist Again*, *Your Twist Party*, *For Twisters Only* (Parkway); *Doin' the Twist at the Peppermint Lounge* (Roulette) by Joey Dee and His Starlites; *Twist with the Ventures* (Dolton); The Adventurers' *Can't Stop Twistin'* (Columbia); Danny Davis and the Titans doing *Let's Do the Twist for Adults* (MGM); *Twistin' the World Around* (Tamla) by The Twistin' Kings; *Twist with Steve Alaimo* (Checker); *Let's Twist Her* (Hi) with Bill Black's Combo; *Twistin' the Hits* (Reprise) by the exotically monikered Aki Aleong and His Licorice Twisters, and a compendium of *The Greatest Twist Hits* (Atlantic). For the postpuberty set we have *Doin' the Twist with Louis Prima* (Dot); *The Continental Twist* (Capitol) with Sam Butera and The Witnesses, starring Louis Prima, and *Twist with Darin* (Atco). For the pregeriatric set there's *Twisting with Irving Fields and Orchestra* (Everest); *Meyer Davis Plays the Twist* (Cameo) and *Twistin' in High Society* (Epic) by the ever popular Lester Lanin and His Orchestra. For the jazz oriented may we suggest Ray Charles' *Do the Twist* (Atlantic); *Dance the Big Twist* (Columbia) by Ray Bryant and his Combo. Finally, for those with a literary bent, there is *Look Who's Twistin'—Everybody* (Colpix) by (you guessed it) Oliver and the Twisters.

Dick Gregory East & West (Colpix) features the comedian holding court at New York's Blue Angel and San Francisco's hungry i. The LP reveals a Gregory with broadened horizons—smoother of delivery and sharper of material. Gregory's intercontinental misiles alight on New York: "The cops are

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going to get a 40-hour week. Now, if they can only get the hoodlums to work the same schedule . . ." Chicago: "There are enough cops in Chicago; it's just a matter of getting them on our side." The neutral nations: "They're the countries that don't have the H-bomb." Egypt: "They've been showing *Exodus* in Egypt; only they run it backwards so the Jews wind up in the concentration camps." Washington, D.C.: "Kennedy is the first man to become President and move into a smaller house." China: "China has its problems; there's not enough fallout to go round." And shedding his usual light-humored light on race relations, Dick explains why he likes baseball: "It's the only time a Negro can shake a stick at a white man and not start a riot."

MOVIES

Tennessee Williams' lone novel, *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone* (1950), tells the story of a middle-aged American actress, retired to Rome, whose well-heeled loneliness makes her prey to heels. By casting Vivien Leigh as Mrs. Stone, the film has made this not-very-likely tale altogether incredible. Granted, Miss Leigh is no longer Scarlett O'Hara, but the notion of her suffering for want of male companionship in Rome or anyplace else eludes belief. Still, if you can accept this premise, the rest goes smoothly enough — although José Quintero, in his first try at film directing, doesn't match Williams' pace and economy. Lotte Lenya, as a countess-procuress who works for room-and-bawd, supplies a slightly self-conscious flavor of depravity. Warren Beatty, who got small chance to be splendid in *Splendor in the Grass*, is happier on the Appian Way; his young Italian aristocrat is convincing — even to the accent. The delicate Miss Leigh puts her creative all into depicting desperation, but we just can't buy the idea that this Roman Stone would gather moss.

El Cid is based on the same 11th Century legend as the classic French play, and we've sworn an oath not to make any cracks about how Corneille the movie is. In fact, this 181-minute opus has about 60 magnificent minutes scattered through it, as gorgeous as anything that's ever been put on film. Photographed in Spain in Technicolor by Robert Krasker (who also did *Henry V* and *Romeo and Juliet*), there are superb shots of castles, warfare and winding cavalcades, and Sophia Loren. But there's also chesty Charlton Heston, a sclerotic script, and Anthony Mann's direction, which — when it gets away from physical action — goes statuesque, if not

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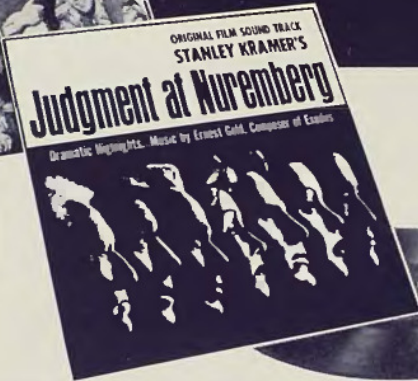
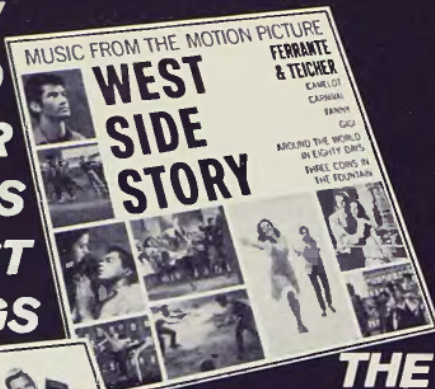
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downright petrified. The story deals with the life and love of a young Spanish nobleman—his title derives from the Arabic for "The Lord"—who leads countrymen and allies against the ravaging Moors. The fighting is fine—there's a single-combat sequence between Heston and another knight that's joust great. But the dialog is loaded with *Spartacus*-type, elementary-school democratic slogans, this time in the mouths of medieval Spanish grandees. Played for straight romantic razzle-dazzle, this could have been a lively 90-minute melodrama. But the wheels of the plot spin and spin until *El Cid* skids.

Michelangelo Antonioni's first film to be shown here was *L'Avventura*, that moody masterpiece of muddled morality. His latest is *La Notte*; it is even moodier; it is also more profound, more pertinent, more poignant. Filmed in Milan, it tells of a day in the lives of a novelist and his wife, beginning with a visit to the hospital room of a dying friend, continuing with a party for the hero's new book, a stop at a night club, and then an all-night blowout at a millionaire's villa (during which they get news of the friend's death). Antonioni sees life realistically, but conveys it through the vision of a poet; his film strolls, dawdles, explores, sighs and stretches. Marcello Mastroianni, who plays the novelist, is one of the best actors in the biz. Jeanne Moreau, who sometimes deadpans through parts, here gives a tender, tormented performance as his wife. Monica Vitti, the blonde of *L'Avventura*, has turned brunette to play the millionaire's daughter, but she hasn't lost a hairbreadth of her talent.

Darned if Rock Hudson hasn't gone and made another comedy. Say what you like, that boy has guts. In *Lover Come Back* he teams up again with Doris Day and is again supported by Tony Randall, which in itself took nerve, because both Miss Day and Randall are competent pros. It's a mad Mad Ave mix-up, with Rock and Doris as rival execs. He keeps winning accounts by plying visiting firemen with firewater and floozies; and Doris, who is anti sex in business, is out to get his scalp. Well, sir, you can just imagine who gets whose what. Randall plays Rock's boss, a rich young neurotic who inherited the agency from his father. Just when you think the picture's running out of juice, scriptwriters Stanley Shapiro and Paul Henning dash up in their little truck and pump in more complications. Director Delbert Mann strives nobly with Rock, like a circus trainer prodding an elephant onto a spangled ball. It isn't very graceful—but a cheer for Jumbo's grand try at something he wasn't born to do.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My problem is a highly personal one which has given me cause for considerable soul-searching this past month. To state it as bluntly as possible: once a couple become engaged, is it wrong for them to express their love in the most direct and natural way possible? I can sympathize (intellectually) with a girl's reluctance to sleep with a man who offers her no promise of future security. But if the guy comes through with a ring and a pledge of lifelong affection, why shouldn't she prove her own love by immediate participation in an act that is quite obviously inevitable? In other words, why wait? — J. B., New London, Connecticut.

To bed or not to bed is a question that has perplexed many engaged duos, J. B. Our view is that the act of becoming engaged should not alter the physical status quo between the male and his lady. If the twosome have been happily intimate prior to any banns posting, there is no sane reason why they should not continue to be so. On the other hand, if the girl's moral code has dictated a chaste romance, and you have accepted it and gone on to propose, the bestowal of the engagement ring should not become an automatic green light for double-bed entendres. In your case, therefore, we recommend patience — there's no point in undermining your fiancée's deeply held beliefs for your own premature gratification. Right or wrong, her ideals are important to her and apparently important to you, too, or you would never have reached the engagement stage without becoming more intimately involved.

Every time I buy new shoes, a hat or a suit, I wonder what the numbers by which I indicate my various sizes actually mean. Just what is the story behind these figures? Do they have a scientific basis, or were they arbitrarily selected and standardized by clothing manufacturers? — B. O., Memphis, Tennessee.

It depends on the article of clothing. Some sizing systems are sensibly conceived; others are derived from certain oddball traditions. Socks, for example, are measured in inches and relate to the length of the foot when standing. Suit sizes, too, are given in inches and refer to the roundness of the chest — i.e., a man wearing a size 40 suit should have a 40-inch chest circumference. But the origins of shoe and hat sizings are considerably more complex. Attempts at making the shoe fit date back to 1324, when King Edward II concocted a system utilizing barleycorn as a unit of measure. Since three barleycorns placed end to end measure approximately one inch, a

variation of one third of an inch between full shoe sizes (and one sixth of an inch between half sizes) was established. Men's shoe sizes start from the standard size 5 "last" (the foot-shaped block upon which shoe uppers are shaped); each additional half size increases the length by one sixth of an inch. (Widths increase by quarter inches.) The facts regarding hats are equally arcane. In theory, an American hat size relates to the diameter in inches of the perfect circle which can be constructed with a circumference equal to the circumference of one's pate (are you still there?). In practice, this circle diameter — and consequently the hat size — is $5/32$ of an inch less than the real diameter. This discrepancy is due to the historic foul-up of a block-headed Colonial blockmaker, who erroneously calibrated the metal jig which set the pattern for most of the blockmakers' equipment used today. Since correcting the error would involve a great deal of chaos among manufacturers, his mistake still continues to go to our heads.

Whenever I take my girl out to dinner we have a minor set-over the terminology I use in ordering for us. The cause of it all is the fact that she does not like being referred to as "she" (as in, "She'll have the roast beef, and I'll have duck"). According to her, this is ill-mannered and demeaning. When I ask what the hell I'm supposed to call her, she claims I should say, "my date." This I can't buy. How about it? — L. U., Denver, Colorado.

While designating your companion to a waiter as "she" is not considered really boorish in America, it is nonetheless inelegant. Referring to her as "my date" is blatant bad form. Try saying, "The lady will have . . ." — the term may not always be accurate, but it will at least impart a civilized aura to the proceedings.

In sports-car racing, what is the difference between a "Le Mans start" and a "grid start"? — J. K., Highland Park, Illinois.

In the grid start, the one most usually practiced in America, the competing cars are spotted, with engines running, upon a grid painted on the track; the fastest cars — as determined by prerace time trials or, in a multiclass race, by engine displacement — are positioned in the front rows. When the starting signal is given, the drivers get under way en masse. In the Le Mans start — named after the famous French sports-car race — the cars are lined up on one side of the track with engines dead, while the drivers stand on the other side opposite their

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vehicles. At the gun the drivers run across the track to their cars, hop in, start up and roar off. (In various Le Mans starts, the fastest driver in the world, England's Stirling Moss, has also proved himself the fastest man on his feet in getting to his car.) It's a much more uncontrolled, and hence exciting, method of beginning a race, though, of course, the scant seconds saved in the headlong dash to the cars are in no way vital, especially in the Le Mans event itself, where a 24-hour haul awaits the drivers.

I'm a junior exec in a large corporation. For the past six months my immediate superior has been dating a ravishing chick who is unquestionably the most provocative girl I have seen in a lifetime of attentive observation. What's more, I know she's attracted to me—her smiles have R.S.V.P. written all over them. I'm itching to ask her out—but naturally I don't want to jeopardize my job or chances of promotion. Is there any solution to this dilemma?—L. H., Chicago, Illinois.

The simplest and safest course is to forget this chick and find solace elsewhere—bearing in mind that old saw about forbidden fruit, and that the world abounds in lovely lasses. However, if you aren't bothered by a bit of Machiavellian scheming, you might try this: Go to your superior's own immediate superior and pose the problem to him in man-to-man fashion. He may greet your confidences coldly; chances are excellent, however, that he will agree that office status should not cripple one's private love life. This resolved, strike up an immediate liaison with the doll in question. When your overseer learns of your out-of-office activities, as he inevitably will, he will respond in either of two ways: he'll either accept the situation or attempt to exact revenge by criticizing your work. If he does try to stab your back with a figurative knife, remember that you have a powerful ally—his superior—who can assess his motives for what they really are: the sour grapes of wrath. Who knows, you may not only get the girl, but a spot promotion as well.



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Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 20

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MARCH, 1962

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MIAMI (February 20 to March 12)—Johnny Janis, Rosette Shaw, Randy Sparks Trio, Josh White Jr., Wick & Brand, Beverly Wright. (Opening March 13)—Jackie Jocko Duo, Moms Mabley, Mimi Martinique, Pat Morrissey, Jimmy Rushing.

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My Brother, Ernest Hemingway an intimate and personal biography of the writer as man and artist

By Leicester Hemingway part IV

In the first three parts of his biography, Leicester Hemingway described the celebrated author's rise to maturity both as an artist and as a man. He recalled with fraternal insight his brother's strict childhood and youthful misadventures, his severe wounding in World War I and his dramatic expulsion from the Hemingway household, his first marriage and the subsequent expatriate years, wherein the young short-story writer and foreign correspondent emerged, with the publication of "The Sun Also Rises," as a novelist of major stature. Writing with affectionate understanding, and drawing on his own unique store of shared experience, Leicester told of the years devoted to deep-sea fishing off Key West and Cuba and to big-game hunting in Africa, and traced Ernest's tumultuous life through divorce and remarriage to the private tragedy of their father's strangely prophetic suicide and the public glory that followed the appearance of "A Farewell to Arms" and "To Have and Have Not." Next followed Ernest's coverage of the civil war in Spain, where he found inspiration for the masterful novel "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and his meeting with writer Martha Gellhorn, who was to be his third wife. Leicester related as much as may be told of Ernest's secret missions in the Caribbean, his escapades early in World War II as a news-bureau chief in London, and his meeting with his future (and fourth) wife, Mary Welsh. At the beginning of Part IV — the final installment — we find the novelist once more on the eve of battle, as he crosses the English Channel on D-Day to continue his obsessive lifelong study of conflict, bravery and death.

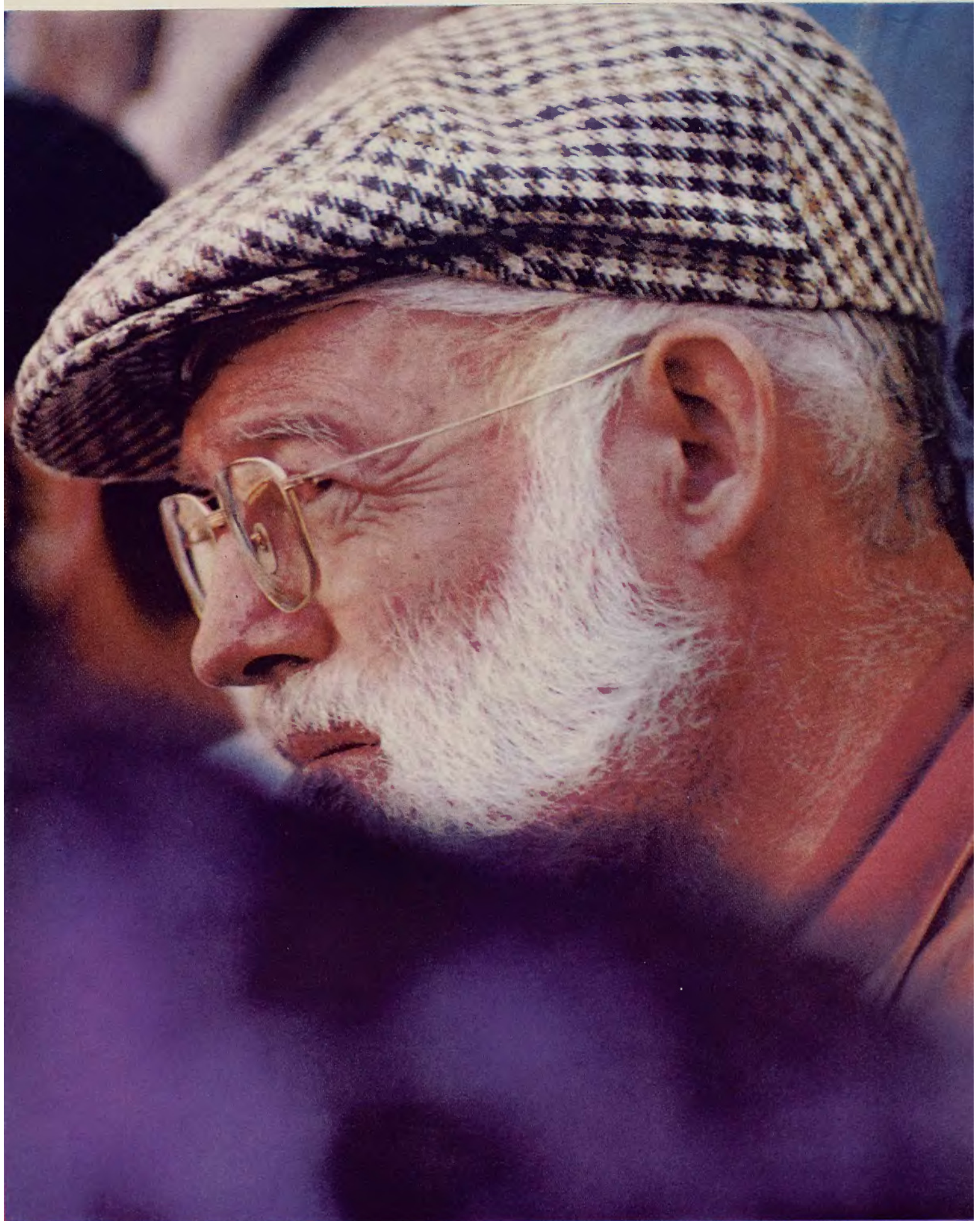
D-Day: aboard his assault boat, Ernest identified the mine-swept Channel to the south for the lieutenant in command, while the spume and spray sifted down over the company. He went ashore under heavy fire in a 36-foot LCVP, through antitank obstacles on Fox Green Beach. Behind, to the northeast, the U.S. battleship Texas fired salvo after salvo over the landing craft. A great flash of white licked out at every salvo. The 16-inch guns of the Texas accounted for a number of objectives off the Cherbourg peninsula. Ernest told me afterward in London, "She looked huge and formidable. It was comforting to feel that big battlewagon whooshing those hunks of stuff inland and well over us. We figured somebody could always call in and ask them to blast a little closer, even though the rebound might be down our necks. She was *our* Navy, and never seemed so good before, even in a newsreel with bugle calls."

I asked him about the enemy planes down his way. "No aircraft worth mentioning. I figured we must have fighter cover for hundreds of miles to group surface targets that way. We even reached our coastal area on time." Ernest was pleased. "As far as my eyes could see, ships were behind us and spread out on both sides. Going into the beach was easy. There between Easy Red and Fox Green, the lousy cliffs west of Thionville stared down at us — it was the Krauts there doing the staring. Once we waded ashore, they began doing their stuff. But whole platoons of our guys would flop into the sand, thinking that was cover. They'd just lie there while heavy metal whistled over. They didn't seem to realize they were being observed and that the Germans were shortening the range every minute they stayed down. I looked where we'd come from. Enemy fire was creeping closer and closer.

"There was a lieutenant near me. 'Come on, boy,' I said, 'they'll zero in here in a minute.' He shook his head. So I said, 'You mother unprintable, unmentionable, undoable, let's get up the beach to where we can shoot back,' and I kicked him squarely in the butt as I got going forward. That got action. He could have let me have it with the Tommy gun, but instead he followed with his men and we moved farther in. Those guys who stayed back in the sand won't ever move again."

I told him of my own luck down the coast.

"What about Shaw? Was he with you?" he asked.





Top: in a pensive mood, Hemingway wears Army war correspondent's uniform at High Wycombe, England, 1944. Above: a proud Ernest grasps the bill of a small white morlin he has just landed on board the *Pilor*, 1949.

"Irwin? Not him. He'd cooked up a superprivate deal to go in with Commandos. Then they didn't go. He never landed or saw our kind of action the whole week."

"Tough luck," Ernest grinned. "But don't underestimate him. He's fast."

Some British reporters came to see Ernest then, hearing he'd returned. The questions came thick and fast. I was typing clean copy for a dispatch Ernest wanted to send off by radio and I needed to keep the pages moving, no matter how interesting the drinking and laughter became. Right then anyone who could type and concentrate was in demand. Having a brother and a sister-in-law with officer status, this Private Hemingway was one of the luckiest and busiest enlisted men in the Army. I knew that what I was running through was a pleasure compared to KP duty. It lasted longer, too.

"Come on over, Baron," Ernest called. "I admire your concentration in this setup. But I want you to meet these gentlemen from the London press. Friends, my kid brother, Leicester, like the Square. But he's shaping up and rounding off, a little more all the time." There was appreciative laughter. I refilled glasses and brought in more soda.

"Goddamnit, my head still hurts," Ernest exclaimed. "What any wound needs is a good stiff drink . . . Make a note of it, Baron. Future historians will one day realize that alcohol has been one of the most profound contributions to the prosecution of any war known to man."

Glasses were raised and clinked to this.

That week the first buzz bombs came over London. Their targets were unpredictable and senseless. One would hit a vacant lot in the suburbs. The next would pop into the Thames. A third would come down on a small hotel, or a barracks, scattering parts of both buildings and people over acres of nearby areas. For several days the flying bombs were an official secret. When they were finally admitted to be "pilotless aircraft," the evidence of their destructive power was so formidable that it convinced the most skeptical citizens that Hitler had developed a really nasty weapon. The swift, buzzing drone would approach in the still air. Then as the engine stopped, everyone would almost stop breathing. The "Blam!" of the explosion, however near, was a relief. If it hadn't blown you into the air, it had been a clean miss.

"There's no way to figure where the next one will come down," Ernest said. "From now on, we'll all be able to sleep better on the Normandy beachhead than anywhere in London."

Ernest was itching to get back to the Continent. All other local members of *Collier's* staff were there covering specific operations. He wanted to report the actions of ground troops again himself.

My film outfit, traveling with vehicles, took two weeks to reach France. When we were settled, we began working out of liberated territory and checking in with Allied Press Headquarters. There a group of correspondents had just arrived. Among them was Ernest.

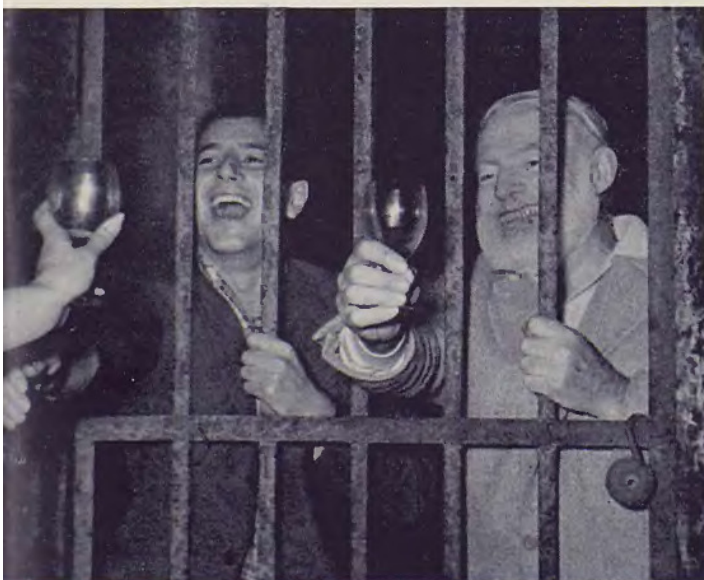
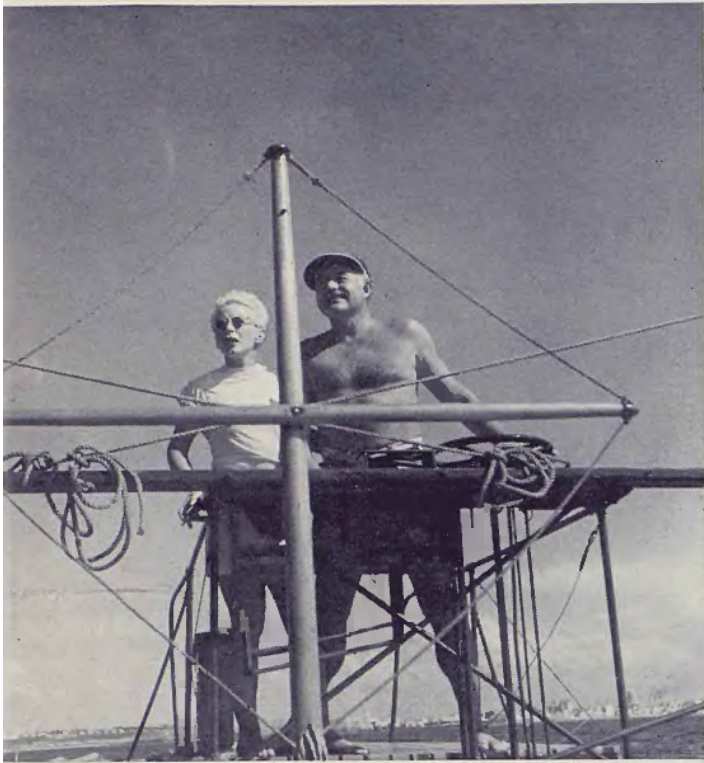
I was able to reach the press camp two days later. Ernest was just shoving off. "Jump in, kid. The commanding officer at this field is a friend. He's Charlie Wertenbaker's brother, so be polite, for Christ's sake. Remember the Air Force isn't like the unprintable Signal Corps." Then he laughed to take the sting away.

At the airstrip, Thunderbolt fighters were taking off and landing with great regularity. The strip was less than a mile from where my outfit was bivouacked, but our commander had said there would be no visiting. So none of us ever officially went there during our stay in Normandy.

Colonel Wertenbaker was a tall, easygoing flier who had a tight schedule of dive-bombing and ground support during daylight hours. He ate when he got a chance and invited us. In the mess tent everyone was polite. Clean linen covered the tables and the food was excellent.

"Does the Air Force always live like this, sir?"

"Oh yes. Things get better when we're more settled. The front's only



Left, top to bottom: Ernest and wife Mary search for marlin off Cuba, 1949. Papa applauds the scenery at a Lido opening in Paris, 1959. Ernest and matador Antonio Ordóñez celebrate the latter's victories in 1959 behind the iron bars of a Spanish wine cellar. Above: the bearded patriarch strolls through Madrid, 1959.

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Hemingway (continued)

three miles from here and we may get pushed somewhat. But if we do have to evacuate, it will be in a hurry. We've moved swiftly before."

"General, do you personally check the day's operations from the air?" Ernest asked.

"Why yes. Would you care to come along one day?"

So Ernest arranged to be over the next morning. He had a chance to look around and get the feel of how it was done from a two-seater Thunderbolt right over the lines. The experience made an excellent magazine piece. Later I asked him, "Why did you always address him as General, when he was wearing eagles?"

"Always call a colonel a general. That's what he's intent on becoming and he will think well of you for knowing what's on his mind. When you've learned that, you know something about war."

The hedgerow fighting in Normandy continued, though the 4th Division had long since cleaned up the Cotentin Peninsula. Nazi resistance was very effective in containing the beachhead. Ernest continued to check on the progress of the 4th, but he wanted to learn about everything else he could before the breakthrough that experienced observers predicted would come.

Finally the day we'd been waiting for actually arrived. We'd heard of it ever since the rumor first started around. "There's going to be a hell of a bombing, all in one place, right south of us. It will chew things up and the stalled infantry can jump off. Then the armor will get going and we'll tag along and shoot liberation stuff—we hope."

I checked with Ernest and found he was going to move out with the 4th Division, whatever its fortunes. General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., had died weeks earlier, during the peninsular campaign. But Ernest liked the new general, Barton, and the general thought well of him.

The morning of the big bombardment we were up early, having been wakened by the warming engines of the fighter planes over at the airstrip. I had watched those planes coming in after sunset many nights, and on their first flights out; and I had developed an affection for them. "All planes are mechanical," Ernest had told me, "but the way men handle them they become alive, like boats under stress of weather."

The flights that morning were like those of migrating birds, high and in good company. They came over in nines, 27s, and in converging formations. The sun glistened on their wings and they made a thunder that shook the ground where we stood in the field. Once the bombing started, the taut canvas of our pup tents

quivered, though we were several miles from the impact area. Planes came over in waves. They thundered on, shaking their eggs as in some gigantic fertility rite, and disappeared in the distance. The bombing continued until nearly noon. By midafternoon we had the word. The breakthrough was a success. Some nervous bombardiers had dumped their loads too early and killed General McNair and others back of the bomb line. But men on foot were moving through, and armor was ready to run as far and as fast as the Nazis could be shown the error of their ways.

The next day there was no permission yet for photographers or correspondents to go up. We waited days. Irwin Shaw somehow managed to get permission to take two cameramen out on patrol. When he got back, Ivan Moffet and I helped him go through three of the bottles he'd brought back. He was loaded with information and wonderful film, and needed to relax. Then word came that the whole unit could take off and catch everything filmable. We stowed gear in a hurry and left caretakers to bring up what was left to the chateau that was our next base camp before Paris.

Ernest's foresight and good judgment in rejoining the 4th Infantry Division were amply borne out by his luck and skill in literally commanding a unit on reconnaissance patrol ahead of the outfit. He was guided unerringly by his in-born partridge sense. The partridge is a bird seldom shot because it seems to sense what is coming long before it arrives.

Ernest was there when the combat troops of the different regiments jumped off after the hole had been made for them by air power. He had been with one regiment when it drove in close pursuit of the attack. And he had been through a rugged counterattack by Nazi tanks that threatened to wipe the unit right out of its wooded position between Villedieu and Avranches. General "Lightning Joe" Collins, the 8th Corps commander, had commended the entire 4th Division "for its great contribution."

By then in hot pursuit again, driving to and beyond Saint-Pois, Ernest realized that this outfit might actually be the one that would reach and take Paris, ahead of everyone else. "I always keep a pin on the map for old Ernie Hemingway," General Barton said when asked by correspondents what was going on. "Ernie is way out in front," the general explained, and added that he was the kind of war correspondent you dreamed of having with you, or even nearby, when a combat outfit was taking territory. He sniffed around for intelligence data, usually found it, and passed it back successfully. It was just what a great agent would come up with, and it was accurate. What more could anyone want?

There were several things Ernest

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Hemingway *(continued)*

wanted then, and they were commodities that were in short supply, like sleep, relaxation and a hot bath. Ernest's jeep had acquired first two, and then three, young members of the French Forces of the Interior. They were Jean Decamp, a former Pathé news cameraman, and Marcel and Richard, younger men who had amazing records in the Resistance.

The first week in August Ernest had gone much farther than minimum prudence would suggest. The 4th Division had to fight off a counterattack by General von Kluge who was heading his crack panzer divisions down west. All three regiments were thrown into a slaughter. Battalions were reduced to 200 men. By August 12, the counterattack was stopped, near Mortagne, and from then on the Nazi retreat was a rout.

The 4th Division and the French 2nd Armored Division were in the clear for the race to Paris. By then Ernest was up at Rambouillet. He slowed to a halt, realizing the need for reinforcements and the necessity to learn enemy strength in the area.

"I had Jean and Richard bring in the locals who knew what was going on," Ernest told me in Paris the week afterward. "Marcel was in charge of prisoners. Red Pelky [his driver] and I kept our headquarters operating in the Hotel du Grand Vineur, which had a splendid wine cellar. When locals came in with information, I debriefed them and made notes. We had maps that were invaluable."

His personal intelligence system was extremely accurate. "Send these men out on their bicycles on all side roads. I want them to check personally every patch of woods," Ernest told Jean. "We need to know where all enemy tanks are, how many, what kind, and their situations and ammo supplies, if possible. Tell them I want no estimated reports. They are not to tell me about tanks unless they've actually gone up and touched them with their hands."

Ernest soon had the background and details of the local picture. Working with these young Resistance fighters was as natural to him as writing short, lucid sentences. He'd been running his own private resistance movement all his life.

When they rode along they sang:

*Dix bis Avenue des Gobelins,
Dix bis Avenue des Gobelins,
Dix bis Avenue des Gobelins,
That's where my Bumby lives.*

This was the song Ernest had taught his young son years before in Paris in case the boy ever got lost.

Colonel David Bruce, commander of all OSS forces in Northern Europe,

showed up in Rambouillet while the intelligence network was operating. He and Ernest had many mutual friends and they instantly joined forces on the problem at hand. It was a combat operation; but without its success, Bruce would never be able to use Paris and its communications for future efforts.

"The colonel was in command," Ernest told me, "but he let me complete what I'd started, because it was bringing in fantastic results. Those locals were enormously reliable, the way people should behave under stress knowing that they may be counterattacked and liquidated at any moment. Besides, I was working for their side, too, you could honestly say. And they trusted me."

Then he told me about the deserters from the Wehrmacht, and the local girls, and the obstreperous prisoner they'd put to peeling potatoes in the hotel kitchen, after removing his pants so that he wouldn't run away. He described the dinner they'd had with General Leclerc's chief of staff and the Allied intelligence agent from the area. They'd made drawings, given Leclerc's chief their maps, soothed his feelings, and felt full of virtue.

But General Leclerc had a very low opinion of all civilians, and correspondents were in a special category of their own, very possibly below civilians. Ernest was forbidden to accompany the Leclerc column, which had been chosen by Allied headquarters to liberate Paris.

Ernest then vanished. Nobody saw him go. He just disappeared.

"I still have that champagne cork the maid gave me at the Dorchester before I went flying," he told me later. "Such things have no monetary value. They're priceless. She said it would bring me luck, and who do you see before you? The luckiest guy I know!" He laughed.

By driving a few blocks away, Ernest and the FFI boys in the rear seat had advanced parallel to one of Leclerc's columns to the edge of Versailles. Then they took a series of side roads while the Leclerc units were held up by some serious resistance that evening.

Their jeep soon joined elements of the 4th Division that swept in, liberating the first city that Ernest had ever loved. Ernest checked on Sylvia Beach and found that she was in fine shape, and then he directed his driver over to the Place de la Concorde and to the Ritz Hotel. They piled out, cocked their weapons, and swept through the hotel's cellars, taking two prisoners and noting an excellent supply of brandy. Then they cleaned out the upper floors. Ernest picked himself a suite, posted guards, checked over the staff, and then settled back, ready and free to handle whatever

situations might arise. There were many. In the main, they were delightful. There were alarms, excursions, welcomes and late arrivals, chases of the *milice*, the calming down of a mob that wanted to cut off the hair of the many local girls who had been fraternizing with the Nazis. And there was some drinking to be done.

I didn't reach Paris until Sunday evening, coming in with the first convoy of food for the city since the Liberation. By then Irwin Shaw's unit was already there with Robert Capa, the photographer, and many correspondents. They had taken over the Hotel Scribe. I checked in with Ernest as soon as possible and found him still excited.

"Our friends came through in good shape, Baron. As far as we know none of the press people got hurt coming here. The Krauts are still in full retreat. I checked with Division, and until they reach the homeland, this ought to be a piece of cake, as the RAF types say." Ernest grinned. "Bloody unprintable job of getting info about the opposition," he added. Then he told me about the intelligence work.

"What happened to Leclerc?" I asked.

"He was damned rude," Ernest said. "Told us to go unprintable, so we did. And beat him into this burg. But speaking of the old ballroom *bananos*, I had fun with one gent, a very serious type who came up with Leclerc's chief of staff. He was a veritable boy, but with rank. So he could talk down to me. He was studying this," Ernest touched his head wound, "and he said, 'Whatever kept you from failing to rise from captain? With your age you must have had experience. I thought our American friends were more generous with their promotions.'"

"My friend, it is for a very simple reason. I neither learned to read nor write," I said. You should have seen his face. First he wouldn't believe it. Then he did. Then he was sore at being taken in, but not quite sure. It was the works." Ernest shook with laughter.

Then he went on, "But I tell you, Baron, General Barton said I did good. You know what a lift that gives." He patted himself over the heart, then abruptly changed the subject. "You seen the catacombs yet? No? Hell, there hasn't been time. But I'll bet there are plenty guys down there waiting to be taken prisoner. These Nazis are like rabbits, once you get real close. They freeze with expectation."

Very soon, though, the friendliness among the press people was gone. The correspondents were showing off again and whatever ability they had to help each other had been smothered in com-

pliments, credits, and an almost visible desire to climb to the top of the heap. Ernest refused to compete and declared no contest existed as far as he himself was concerned.

"How did Hemingway get here first, when we had to wait," the jealous ones cried.

With the jealousy and envy common to competitors, they decided to see what trouble they could create for Ernest. He was soon informed that he had been placed under investigation for possible revocation of his status as correspondent. The charges against him included bearing arms and taking part in combat, actions prohibited to correspondents by the Geneva Convention. As a result he faced possible removal from the area at a fascinating time.

But there were still the good moments. Every night, Ernest, Mary Welsh, Capa, Marcel Duhamel, Red Pelky and I went out for dinner in a new place. Marcel, who was Ernest's translator in France, knew where the food was. The second night he took us to a small restaurant on the Rue de Seine where Pablo Picasso ate frequently. Pablo and Ernest saw each other from a distance of about 20 feet.

"Pablito!"

"Ernesto!" The *abrazos* were complete. Tears streamed from the eyes of these old friends. Then there was a lot of fascinating talk while we enjoyed the red wine and fresh lamb. The next afternoon, we went over to where Picasso lived. He showed us what he was doing, led us through his studio, and he and Ernest talked.

"Your connecting corridor is like the deck of a ship bowing along in the trades, at about a 30-degree angle," Ernest said.

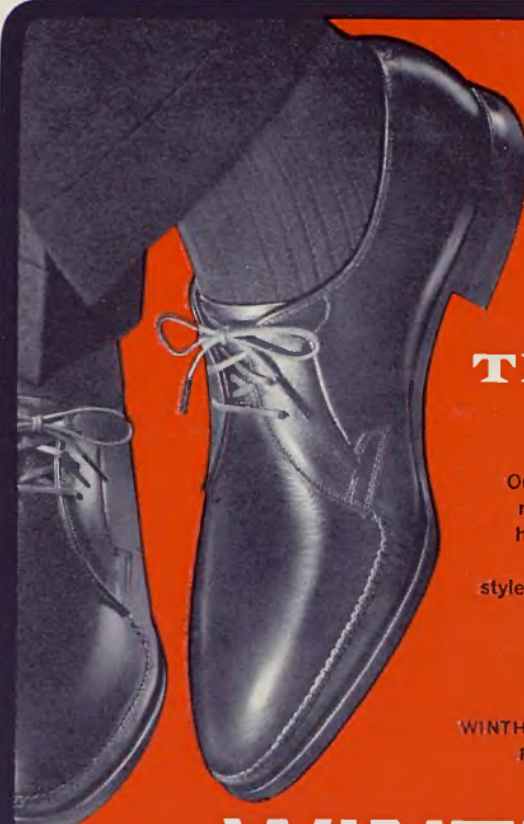
"Yes, when I start out toward my work, I have to keep moving toward it or I slide downhill." Picasso laughed.

He showed us the bicycle handlebars he had used as a surrealist representation of the horns of a large animal, and pointed out how you could use other items from daily life within a design to make a grand composition.

When Ernest checked and found that the investigation of his activities was likely to be a drawn-out affair, he promptly headed off to catch up with the 4th Division. He reasoned that if he stuck with the outfit a little longer he would know a lot about this war, and the outcome of the investigation would not matter.

He rejoined the 4th in Belgium before the attack on the Siegfried line, and was there when the 105mm. tank destroyers with their great shocking power were used to blast in the entrance doors of the concrete blockhouses.

"Those wump guns were the answer," he told me later. "The Krauts still alive




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Hemingway (continued)

would come staggering out. They were dazed, unable to see or hear, blood streaming from nostrils and ears from the shock-wave pressure."

In a few weeks, Ernest went back to Paris to check on the political machinations there. The investigation was still dragging on. He reengaged his suite at the Ritz and life picked up. Mary Welsh had a suite directly above his and the Ritz became a social spot with lots of daily visitors. Within a few days, however, Ernest was again missing his friends in the Division, in the 22nd Regiment especially, and the excitement of combat action. Again, he hurried to the front.

In another month he had to return to Paris to see how the investigation was coming along. By the time he reached the Ritz he had a bad cold that turned into something a little worse than pneumonia. However the investigation was suddenly completed and he was cleared of all charges against him.

Meanwhile Ernest's illness became more severe. Mary got back again, and his morale picked up. She soon had to leave, but he kept on gaining. Through Marcel Duhamel, who appointed himself social secretary, the backlog of callers, well-wishers, and true *aficionados* built up. For the first few days, Ernest had been too sick to be tough with anybody. When he began getting better, he was propped up in that big white bed, in the ornate gold-and-white room. There he held court afternoons and evenings. Those he wanted to see, he saw. Others were told, with considerable truth, that he was too sick for visitors and probably would be until after Christmas.

Ernest was still regretting how little time there had been to see Marlene Dietrich during a recent entertainment she had given for combat troops in a rest area near where the 4th Division was fighting yard by yard.

"Marlene's voice was as fantastically throaty as ever, Baron. And the stomping and yelling whenever she did a number was 10 times the volume for any night-club act she's ever done. When you hear her sing the Kraut makes up for everything you've ever missed in life. It was almost like when we met on that French ship coming back from the Spanish War. When I see her, she always seems a kind of talisman."

One afternoon Marcel came in. He was excited. "Sartre wants very much to meet you. So does his girl."

"All right," Ernest decided. "Tell them to come about eight. The Baron will still be here. He can be bartender."

Jean-Paul Sartre came on time. He was a short man with myopic eyes and a

friendly laugh. His girl, Castor, better known as Simone de Beauvoir, was taller, darker, and more likable. We started on champagne. About the third bottle, Castor wanted to know how seriously ill Ernest really was.

"I'm this sick . . . healthy as hell, see?" Ernest kicked back the bedclothes, flexed a well-muscled leg, and grinned. In the next hour, he insisted repeatedly that he was feeling tremendous. He sat up straight, made good jokes, and spoke scornfully of his compatriots who were keeping the home fires burning while the eastern edge of France, down in the Vosges, still needed liberation, and the Krauts needed to have their ears permanently boxed for having debased civilization as we knew it.

When André Malraux came to Paris, Ernest immediately invited him up. "Come have a drink," he said on the phone. "I'm not sick. They just say I am." André wore the uniform of a colonel in the French army. He had been a flier, and a flying officer, in the Spanish War. Now he commanded infantry.

"*Mon vieux*," he began. Then they were off, both talking at the same time. I opened new chilled bottles, filled and rinsed glasses, opened more bottles, and listened as rhetoric flowed. André had a command of the language that would have awed a Marseilles fishwife.

With gestures, Ernest told about the pompous Nazi officer they'd taken prisoner after entering Paris. When he had demanded his rights as a prisoner of war, the members of Ernest's local FFI unit had been so taken aback by the effrontery of his choice of words, they had removed his pants and marched him up the Avenue de la Grande-Armée to the Etoile. "It destroyed his dignity very effectively," Ernest said.

Malraux had been on the southern front as a Resistance leader in the FFI. The Gestapo had captured him before the invasion and they were preparing to torture him when he pulled his gigantic bluff. "Listen. I know your superiors and they respect me," he told them. "If they hear of anything being done to me, you will each be executed, one by one." It worked. He was treated as an honored prisoner of war, and later escaped.

When the big Nazi counterattack came against the northern front on December 16, it took several hours for word to filter back. Then there was sudden strict censorship. Few people in Paris realized that the Battle of the Bulge had begun. Ernest had enough facts to know the seriousness of the situation.

"There's been a complete breakthrough, kid. Got to go back up right away. This thing could cost us the works.

Their armor is pouring in. They're taking no prisoners."

He was putting in calls about transport and a few minutes later told me, "General Red O'Hare is sending a jeep over for me. Load these clips. Wipe every cartridge clean. We may have a bad time getting up there. The Germans have infiltrated with guys in GI uniforms. Jeep coming in 15 minutes. Try to get up there yourself, and look me up at the 4th. Now look after yourself, will you, Baron? Good luck, kid."

In the first week, the Nazi counter-attack slowed. But it had done enormous damage. The 4th, from its position on the eastern edge of Luxembourg, fought well. It was after Christmas when I got there, on detached service as aide and cameraman with William Wyler, an Air Force colonel who knew how to shoot documentary films as well as Hollywood epics. For more than a week I was able to join Ernest and the 4th Division during its time of pressure, and then relaxation, as the Nazi attack was blunted and then fell back.

The truth was that Ernest was at home with the 4th Division. General Barton had been transferred right after Christmas because of sickness. But his successor, General Blakely, was a calm and competent officer who had handled division artillery for many months.

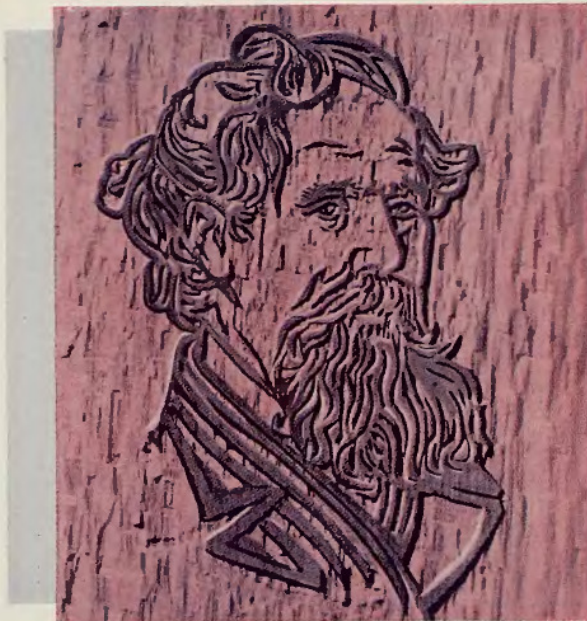
While in Luxembourg, Ernest had taken a hotel room across from the hospital, locked himself in, and poured out the makings of dispatches and great fiction. He came out to relax with good pals like Kurt Show, who had been General Roosevelt's driver, Red Pelky, Jean, Marcel, Reg Denny of *The New York Times*, Hank Gorrell of United Press, Jimmy Cannon of *Stars and Stripes*, and J. D. Salinger, who was a good CIC man with the division. Ernest was the dominant figure. He loved to tell stories, drink, and listen. The different companies and battalions were fighting all night as well as all day. In many instances they were cut off. All anyone could do was wait and either move up to them or hear about their last moments.

When Ernest greeted me at his hotel, he was effusive. "I'm in another belle epoch," he announced. That was the term he used to describe those times when he was writing very well. "And you, Baron, you are at the right place and on time."

"Is it still bad?"

"That's the wrong word. Wonderful is more accurate. I'll show you the positions. How long have you got? I'll take you on patrol, and I'll show you, point by point, where the Germans came from and what we did and how everything is now. This has been a time from which to learn, if ever men could learn."

We did all of those things, our boots squeaking on the snow as we tramped



Portrait of Charles Dickens, eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks.

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TRIMLINE
by VAN HEUSEN

Hemingway (continued)

through the trees, down into valleys, and up along the ridges, Ernest explaining, the entire time, the actions that had taken place in each area. He was experiencing a pure delight in living.

"My chest doesn't bother me any more. Dry air is a help." He breathed in deeply to demonstrate. It was very cold, but he loved it. The snow and high-pressure areas made us feel good. We skied and sang off key, and we had plenty of food and drink as well.

Then Colonel William Wyler and I worked our way into Bastogne while it was fighting free, and checked out the fighting in the far south, along the Swiss border. We got wonderful film and didn't reach Paris for another month. When we got in, I phoned the Ritz.

"Come over, Baron. Lots of news." Ernest sounded distraught. When I got to the hotel he told me, "Bumby's been captured. He was on an OSS mission and got hit and picked up by the Krauts. We may be able to pull a snatch job and get him back. I'm getting more information."

He kept pacing the floor and slamming his right fist into his left palm. What had him in this impotent rage was that he didn't know if Bumby would be treated as a prisoner of war or as an enemy agent. Ernest was determined to try to get his son back. But so far he had not even been able to find out how far to the rear Bumby had been taken.

A week went by with no new information. Then the good word arrived. Through the International Red Cross, Ernest learned that Bumby was officially a prisoner of war. It was possible to relax.

In the meantime, Marlene Dietrich had returned to Paris from her many front-line visits, and in an intimate talk with Mary and Ernest convinced Mary that she should try and make a life with him, despite his uninhibited behavior. Ernest, feeling pretty good, had fired his pistol into the toilet. This action had upset Mary, and Marlene says she took some time to quiet down. "You two need each other, and it will be good for you," Marlene said. Ernest and Mary made up, and went on from there.

By March, Ernest knew how the war would come out. He headed back for New York. He wanted to write. He had had his firsthand view of the war, and he said that it made sense. He said that World War I had made no sense to him at all. Twenty years after the Spanish War, he said the more he read and remembered about that one, the less he understood any of it. But World War II made sense.

In Havana after the war, Ernest wrote steadily. In December 1945 he and Martha Gellhorn were divorced; and in

March 1946 he married Mary Welsh. The Finca and the Pilar required a great deal of attention in those early postwar months. He built the tower workroom, and outfitted the boat again. Then he got back to his routine of writing in the early hours. He described his work habits to columnists Leonard Lyons and Earl Wilson. In turn, they described them to the world. And he was absolutely honest in his advice to writers, urging them to read the best works available; to try to see, feel and know as much as possible about their subjects; and always to stop the day's writing at the point where the writer knew what was coming next—so that the next day's work would start easily.

That summer we had a chance to meet and talk out at the Finca. Mary was away visiting her folks. Patrick was very sick. Ernest was caring for him and asked me to stay for a week so that we could talk. It was a time of strain, of evaluation, and of loneliness.

"Goddamnit, Baron, there have been so many brain-pickers down here lately. They all want to do magazine pieces or get ideas or find out what their thoughts are worth. It's a cheerful thing to see somebody with plans of his own. Stick around. We need to fill the air and let the thoughts fall where they may."

I had planned to stay about three days and said I didn't know if I could be free for a week.

"A bloody week won't ruin you. Patricia will appreciate it and we've got to get him eating and on the mend. And we need to talk. I'll tell you how to pick them in the quinielas. I'll tell you what's worth reading, and how to write from imagination as well as from what you know. I'll tell you about women . . . What do you want to know?"

It wasn't feasible to leave the house long enough to go fishing. But other things were possible. We swam, shot doves, boxed, drank, ate, read, talked, and Ernest got tired enough to sleep, which was what he really needed to do.

Ernest was writing well, and not showing his work around. He kept the production flowing, in between head wounds, automobile accidents, and jarring concussions. When his postwar profits from foreign rights built up to good proportions, he and Mary took a trip to Europe. He wanted to see northern Italy again, where he had worked so well and had been so pleased with life in his first years overseas. While duck shooting in the marshes near Venice, he had got a bit of shell wadding blown into his eye by the wind, and a serious infection developed. It looked for a time as though it could cost him his sight, perhaps his life. But many millions of units of penicillin later,

he came out of the experience. And he had the manuscript of *Across the River and Into the Trees*. It had been written with urgency. But Ernest thought it excellent and was annoyed by the critical barbs that followed its serialization in *Cosmopolitan*.

After the eye infection had healed and the book had been published, Ernest wrote Marlene offering to do a wonderful Dietrich scenario based on the search for the Holy Grail, in which there would be an innocent German girl who had to find her way through whole countries of unpleasant people. He said she was not to feel too cocky about a happy outcome for the story, for they were both to remember Ingrid, who had herself been burned at the stake in full armor and with the handles on, yet all she had gotten out of it was Rossellini. Ernest said he loved Marlene very much, as she damned well knew, and that some day maybe he would write a story about both of them and then they could live happily forever.

The following year, he was persuaded by Leland Hayward to publish *The Old Man and the Sea*, first in *Life* magazine and then as a book. Ernest knew he had written a memorable story, with power and value beyond anything he'd ever done. It still gratified him, though, when *The Old Man* won him a Pulitzer Prize.

With plenty of production behind him, Ernest headed for Europe again, and reentered Spain for the first time since the closing weeks of the Spanish War. From Spain, Ernest and Mary went down to British East Africa for another hunt with Philip Percival. Ernest wanted to find out about the feelings of a hunter on foot, at night, in good leopard country. He was working up to this by substituting as a game ranger in one area, and killing some marauding lions in grass 15 feet high with poor visibility and excellent chances of a surprise attack.

Then, wanting to see Victoria Falls and the back country, Ernest and Mary chartered a four-seater Cessna monoplane with Roy Marsh, an American pilot. Near the falls, Marsh encountered a flock of ibis. Diving to avoid them, he hit an abandoned telephone line and crash-landed nearby.

They were considerably shaken by the impact. The worst injured was Mary, who cracked two ribs. After a rough night on the ground near the plane, with elephants taking a disturbing interest in them, the party hailed a passing launch on the river nearby, and reached Butiaba. There they chartered another plane. On takeoff, it crashed and burned.

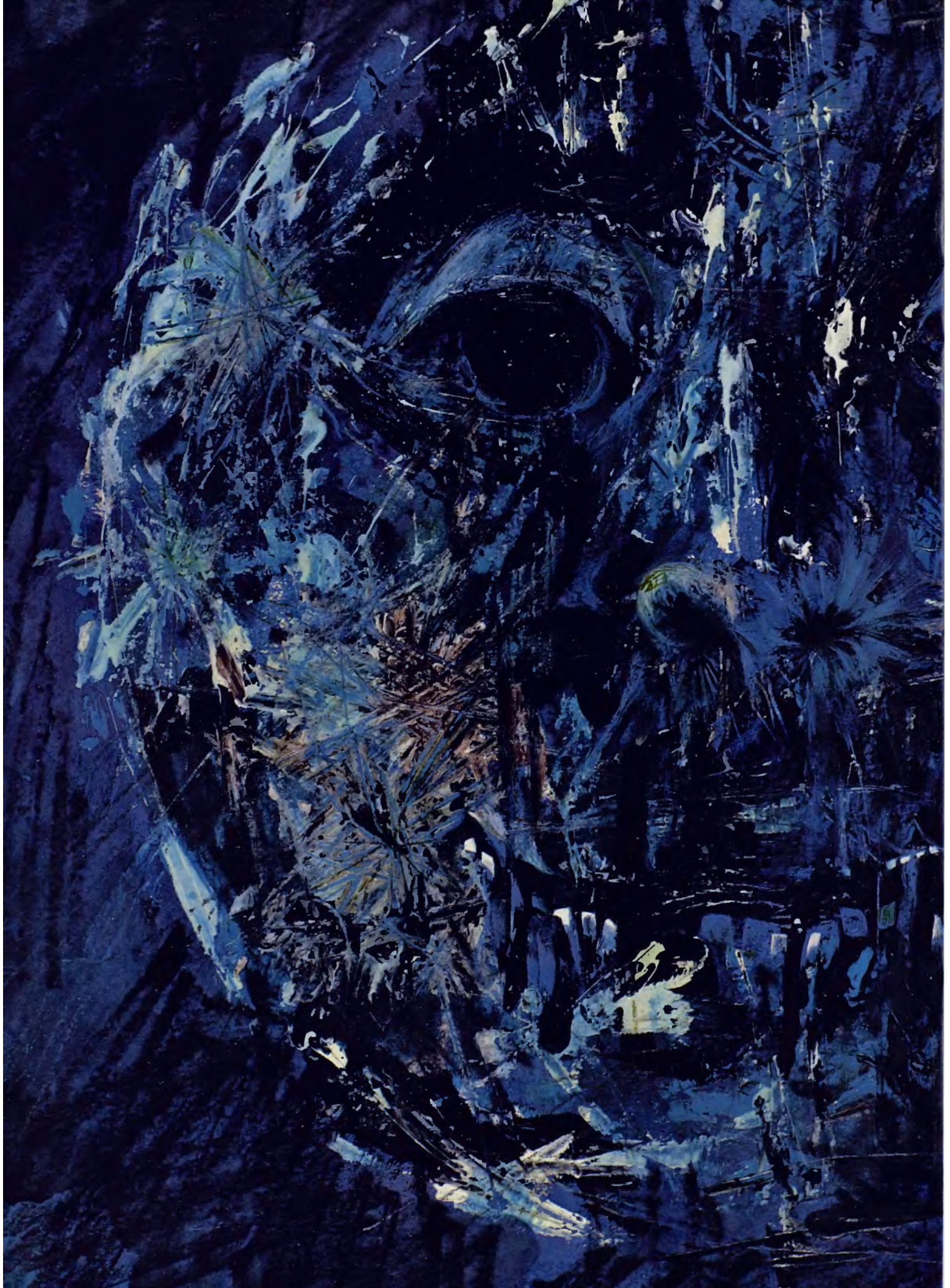
(continued on page 106)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man, both urban and urbane, who lights up a cigarette or a young lady's eyes with equal ease, the PLAYBOY reader is as quick on the draw with his favorite smoke as in drawing admiring feminine attention. Facts: According to the latest *Starch Report*, 77.1% of PLAYBOY male readers smoke some form of tobacco—the highest percentage reported for *any* leading magazine. Each month 6,893,000 men (plus a bonus of 4,319,000 women) read PLAYBOY—enough to kindle a new demand for any brand. And PLAYBOY has more *male* smokers per 100 copies than *any* other magazine reported by *Starch*—69.9% of them smoke cigarettes, 29.9% enjoy cigars and 27.8% pack their smoking pleasure in a pipe. (Sources: 1961 *Starch Consumer Magazine Report* and *Sindlinger Audience Action Study*.)

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SAGITTAR[↑]US

the horrors of the grand guignol spread over paris like a giant bloodstain

novelette **By RAY RUSSELL**

"IF MR. HYDE HAD Sired a son," said Lord Terry, "do you realize that loathsome child could be alive at this moment?"

It was a humid summer evening, but he and his guest, Rolfe Hunt, were cool and crisp. They were sitting in the air-conditioned sanctuary of the Century Club (so named, say wags, because its members all appear to be close to that age) and, over their drinks, had been talking about vampires and related monsters, about ghost stories and other dark tales of happenings real and imagined, and had been recounting some of their favorites. Hunt had been drinking martinis, but Lord Terry — The Earl Terrence Glencannon, rather — was a courtly old gentleman who considered the martini one of the major barbarities of the 20th Century. He would take only the finest, driest sherry before dinner, and he was now sipping his third glass. The conversation had touched upon the series of mutilation-killings that were currently shocking the city, and then upon such classic mutilators as Bluebeard and Jack the Ripper, and then upon murder and evil in general; upon certain works of fiction, such as *The Turn of the Screw* and its alleged ambiguities, *Dracula*, the short play *A Night at an Inn*, the German silent film *Nosferatu*, some stories of Blackwood, Coppard, Machen, Montague James, Le Fanu, Poe, and finally upon *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, which had led the earl to make his remark about Hyde's hypothetical son.

"How do you arrive at that, sir?" Hunt asked, with perhaps too much deference, but after all, to old Lord Terry, Hunt must have seemed a damp fledgling for all his 35 years, and the younger man could not presume too much heartiness simply because the earl had known Hunt's father in the old days back in London. Lord Terry entertained few guests now, and it was a keen privilege to be sitting with him in his club,

"The closest thing to an English club I could find in this beastly New York of yours," he once had grunted.

"Consider," he was saying. "We must first make a great leap of concession and, for sake of argument, look upon Bobbie Stevenson's story not as a story but as though it were firmly based in fact."

It certainly was a great leap, but Hunt nodded.

"So much for that. Now, the story makes no reference to specific years—it uses that 18-followed-by-a-dash business which writers were so fond of in those days, I've never understood why—but we do know it was published in 1886. So, still making concessions for sake of argument, mind you, we might say Edward Hyde was 'born' in that year—but born a full-grown man, a creature capable of reproducing himself. We know, from the story, that Hyde spent his time in pursuit of carnal pleasures so gross that the good Dr. Jekyll was pale with shame at the remembrance of them. Surely one result of those pleasures might have been a child, born to some poor Soho wretch, and thrust nameless upon the world? Such a child, born in 1886 or 1887, would be in his middle 70s today. So you see it's quite possible."

He drained his glass. "And think of this now: whereas all other human creatures are compounded of both good and evil, Edward Hyde stood alone in the roster of mankind. For he was the first—and, let us hope, the last—human being who was *totally* evil. Consider his son. He is the offspring of one parent who, like all of us, was part good and part evil (the mother) and of one parent who was *all* evil (the father, Hyde). The son, then (to work it out arithmetically, if that is possible in a question of human factors), is three quarters pure evil, with only a single thin flickering quarter of good in him. We might even weight the dice, as it were, and suggest that his mother, being most likely a drunken drab of extreme moral looseness, was hardly a person to bequeath upon her heir a strong full quarter of good—perhaps only an eighth, or a 16th. Not to put too fine a point on it, Hyde's son—if he is alive—is the second most evil person who has ever lived; and—since his father is dead—the most evil person on the face of the earth today!" Lord Terry stood up. "Shall we go in to dinner?" he said.

The dining room was inhabited by men in several stages of advanced decrepitude, and still-handsome Lord Terry seemed, in contrast, rather young. His bearing, his tall, straight body, clear eyes, ruddy face and unruly shock of thick white hair made him a vital figure among a room full of near-ghosts. The heavy concentration of senility acted as a depressant on Hunt's spirits, and Lord

Terry seemed to sense this, for he said, as they sat down, "Waiting room. The whole place is one vast waiting room, full of played-out chaps waiting for the last train. They tell you age has its compensations. Don't believe it. It's ghastly."

Lord Terry recommended the red snapper soup with sherry, the Dover sole, the Green Goddess salad. "Named after a play, you know, *The Green Goddess*, George Arliss made quite a success in it, long before your time." He scribbled their choices on the card and handed it to the hovering waiter, also ordering another martini for Hunt and a fourth sherry for himself. "Yes," he said, his eye fixed on some long-ago stage, "used to go to the theater quite a lot in the old days. They put on jolly good shows then. Not all this rot . . ." He focused on Hunt. "But I mustn't be boorish—you're somehow involved in the theater yourself, I believe you said?"

Hunt told him he was writing a series of theatrical histories, that his histories of the English and Italian theaters had already been published, and that currently he was working on the French.

"Ah," the old man said. "Splendid. Will you mention Sellig?"

Hunt confessed that the name was new to him.

Lord Terry sighed. "Such is fame. A French actor. All the rage in Paris at one time. His name was spoken in the same breath with Mounet-Sully's, and some even considered him the new Lemaître. Bernhardt nagged Sardou into writing a play for him, they say, though I don't know if he ever did. Rostand left an unfinished play, *Don Juan's Last Night*, *La Dernière Nuit de Don Juan*, which some say was written expressly for Sellig, but Sellig never played it."

"Why not?"

Lord Terry shrugged. "Curious fellow. Very—what would you say—pristine, very dedicated to the highest theatrical art, classic stuff like Corneille and Racine, you know. The very highest. Wouldn't even do Hugo or Dumas. And yet he became a name not even a theatrical historian is familiar with."

"You must make me familiar with it," Hunt said, as the drinks arrived.

Lord Terry swallowed a white lozenge he took from a slim gold box. "Pills," he said. "In our youth we sow wild oats; in our dotage we reap pills." He replaced the box in his weskit pocket. "Yes, I'll tell you about Sellig, if you like. I knew him very well."

. . .

We were both of an age (said Lord Terry), very young, 23 or 24, and Paris in those days was a grand place to be young in. The Eiffel Tower was a youngster then, too, our age exactly, for this was still the first decade of the century, you see. Gauguin had been dead

only six years, Lautrec only eight, and although that Parisian Orpheus, Jacques Offenbach, had died almost 30 years before, his music and his gay spirit still ruled the city, and jolly *parisiennes* still danced the cancan with bare derrières to the rhythm of his *Galop Infernal*. The air was heady with a wonderful mixture of *ancien régime* elegance (the days of which were numbered and which would soon be dispelled forever by The War) combined with a forward-looking curiosity and excitement about the new century. Best of both worlds, you might say. The year, to be exact about it, was 1909.

It's easy to remember because in that very year both Coquelin brothers—the actors, you know—died. The elder, more famous brother, Constant-Benoît, who created the role of Cyrano, died first, and the younger, Alexandre Honoré, died scarcely a fortnight later. It was through a friend of the Coquelin family, as a matter of fact—a minor *comédien* named César Baudouin—that I first came to know Paris and, consequently, Sébastien Sellig.

He was appearing at the Théâtre Français, in Racine's *Britannicus*. He played the young Nero. And he played him with such style and fervor and god-like grace that one could *feel* the audience's sympathies being drawn toward Nero as to a magnet. I saw him afterward, in his dressing room, where he was removing his make-up. César introduced us.

He was a man of surpassing beauty: a face like the Apollo Belvedere, with classic features, a tumble of black curls, large brown eyes and sensuous lips. I did not compliment him on his good looks, of course, for the world had only recently become unsafe for even the most innocent admiration between men, Oscar Wilde having died in Paris just nine years before. I did compliment him on his performance, and on the rush of sympathy which I've already remarked.

"Thank you," he said, in English, which he spoke very well. "It was unfortunate."

"Unfortunate?"

"The audience's sympathies should have remained with *Britannicus*. By drawing them to myself—quite inadvertently, I assure you—I upset the balance, reversed Racine's intentions, and thoroughly destroyed the play."

"But," observed César lightly, "you achieved a personal triumph."

"Yes," said Sellig. "At irreparable cost. It will not happen again, dear César, you may be sure of that. Next time I play Nero, I shall do so without violating Racine."

César, being a professional, took exception. "You can't be blamed for your
(continued on page 50)



"Miss Cavendish! I didn't know you'd been away."

doubling up

the regal return of two sartorial classics: the double-breasted and two-button suits

attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN**

A PAIR OF AMERICAN sartorial classics — the double-breasted and the two-button suits — have reemerged into the limelight looking smarter than ever. Updated and adapted to the reed-slim silhouette, they promise to complement single-breasted, three-button wardrobes with a look of venturesome impeccability. To the fashion-wise male who regards attire as an indispensable factor in social and professional achievement as well as a manifestation of esthetic judgment, these contemporized styles offer a unique opportunity to combine distinctive self-expression with tasteful self-restraint.

The double-breasted suit — once considered *de rigueur* for any man who had attained his majority — has been streamlined to fit the needs and physiques of modern urbanites. The enveloping overlap has been trimmed down to a clean-lined shadow of its former self; the soaring lapels have been narrowed to Ivy width; the mammoth shoulder pads have been removed to achieve a natural line; and the boxy profile has given way to the tailored outline of gentle waist suppression. All that remains of the old suit is its essence: (concluded on page 102)

Left to right: confabbing exec is impeccably accoutered in muted-stripe Italian worsted two-button suit with cloverleaf lapels, slanted flap pockets, center vent, by Joseph and Feiss, \$70; cotton broadcloth shirt with medium-spread collar, convertible cuffs, by Manhattan, \$5. Notetaker makes clean double-breast of it in hound's-tooth wool suit with semipeak lapels, slightly suppressed waist, deep side vents, slanted flap pockets, no breast pocket, by Fenton Hall, \$165; cotton broadcloth shirt with tab collar, barrel cuffs, by Sero of New Haven, \$7. Next guy steps lively in two-button suit of wrinkle-resistant tropical worsted with chalk-stripe pattern, notched lapels, flap pockets, center vent, by Fashion Park, \$125; cotton broadcloth shirt with snap-tab collar, convertible cuffs, by Van Heusen, \$5. End man sets double-time fashion pace in Dacron-wool double-breasted suit with cloverleaf lapels, cutaway jacket bottom, center vent, slanted flap pockets, by Varsity Town, \$60; cotton broadcloth shirt with medium-spread collar, by Excello, \$10. All trousers are pleatless.





SAGITTARUS (continued from page 46)

charm, Sébastien," he insisted.

Sellig wiped off the last streak of paint from his face and began to draw on his street clothes. "An actor who cannot control his charm," he said, "is like an actor who cannot control his voice or his limbs. He is worthless." Then he smiled, charmingly. "But we mustn't talk shop in front of your friend. So very rude. Come, I shall take you to an enchanting little place for supper."

It was a small, dark place called L'Oubliette. The three of us ate an enormous and very good omelet, with crusty bread and a bottle of white wine. Sellig talked of the differences between France's classic poetic dramatist, Racine, and England's, Shakespeare. "Racine is like" — he lifted the bottle and refilled our glasses — "well, he is like a very fine vintage white. Delicate, serene, cool, subtle. So subtle that the excellence is not immediately enjoyed by uninitiated palates. Time is required, familiarity, a return and another return and yet another."

As an Englishman, I was prepared to defend our bard, so I asked, a little beligerently: "And Shakespeare?"

"Ah, Shakespeare!" smiled Sellig. "*Pas-sionnel, tumultueux!* He is like a mulled red, hot and bubbling from the fire, dark and rich with biting spices and sweet honey! The senses are smitten, one is overwhelmed, one becomes drunk, one reels, one spins . . . it can be a most agreeable sensation."

He drank from his glass. "Think of tonight's play. It depicts the first atrocity in a life of atrocities. It ends as Nero murders his brother. Later, he was to murder his mother, two wives, a trusted tutor, close friends, and untold thousands of Christians who died horribly in his arenas. But we see none of this. If Shakespeare had written the play, it would have *begun* with the death of Britannicus. It would then have shown us each new outrage, the entire chronicle of Nero's decline and fall and ignoble end. *Enfin*, it would have been *Macbeth*."

I had heard of a little club where the girls danced in shockingly indecorous costumes, and I was eager to go. César allowed himself to be persuaded to take me there, and I invited Sellig to accompany us. He declined, pleading fatigue and a heavy day ahead of him. "Then perhaps," I said, "you will come with us tomorrow evening? It may not tempt a gentleman of your lofty theatrical tastes, but I'm determined to see a show at this Grand Guignol which César has told me of. Quite bloody and outrageous, I understand — rather like Shakespeare." Sellig laughed at my little joke. "Will you come? Or perhaps you have a performance . . ."

"I do have a performance," he said,

"so I cannot join you until later. Suppose we plan to meet there, in the foyer, directly after the last curtain?"

"Will you be there in time?" I asked. "The Guignol shows are short, I hear." "I will be there," said Sellig, and we parted.

. . .

Le Théâtre du Grand Guignol, as you probably know, had been established just a dozen or so years before, in 1896, on the Rue Chaptal, in a tiny building that had once been a chapel. Father Didon, a Dominican, had preached there, and in the many incarnations the building was to go through in later years, it was to retain its churchly appearance. To this day, I understand, it is exactly as it was: quaint, small, huddled inconspicuously in a cobblestone nook at the end of a Montmartre alley; inside, it is black-raftered, with Gothic tracery writhing along the portals and *fleurs de lis* on the walls, with carved cherubs and a pair of seven-foot angels — dim with the patina of a century — smiling benignly down on the less than 300 seats and loges . . . which, you know, look not like conventional seats and loges but like church pews and confessionals. After the good Father Didon was no longer active, his chapel became the shop of a dealer specializing in religious art; still later, it was transformed into a studio for the academic painter, Rochegrosse; and so on, until, in 1896, a man named Méténier — who had formerly been secretary to a *commissaire de police* — rechristened it Le Théâtre du Grand Guignol and made of it the famous carnival of horror. Méténier died the following year, aptly enough, and Max Maurey took it over. I met Maurey briefly — he was still operating the theater in 1909, the year of my little story.

The subject matter of the Guignol plays seldom varies. Their single acts are filled with girls being thrown into lighthouse lamps . . . faces singed by vitriol or pressed forcibly down upon red-hot stoves . . . a variety of surgical operations . . . mad old crones who put out the eyes of young maidens with knitting needles . . . chunks of flesh ripped from victims' necks by men with hooks for hands . . . bodies dissolved in acid baths . . . hands chopped off; also arms, legs, heads . . . women raped and strangled . . . all done in a hyper-realistic manner with ingenious trick props and the Guignol's own secretly formulated blood — a thick, suety, red gruel which is actually capable of congealing before your eyes and which is kept continually hot in a big cauldron backstage.

At any rate, the evening following my first meeting with Sellig, César and I were seated in this unique little theater with two young ladies we had escorted

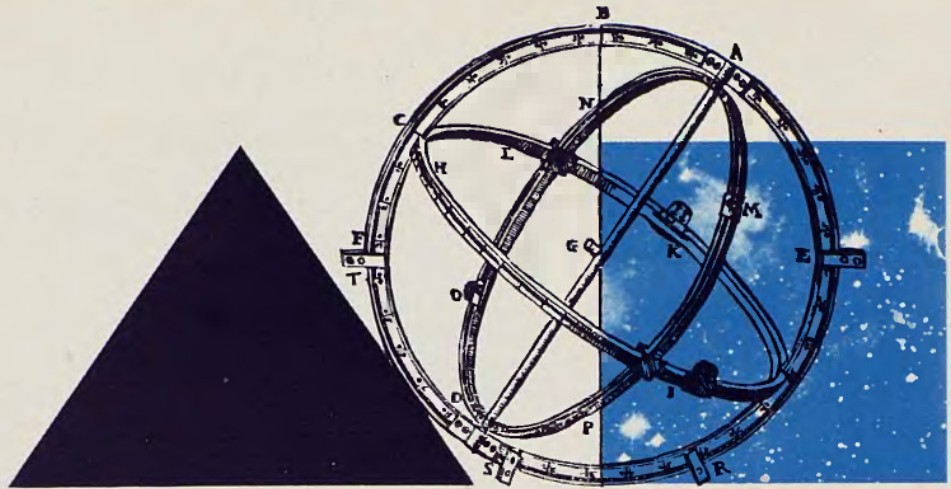
there; they were uncommonly pretty but uncommonly common — in point of fact, they were barely on the safe side of respectability's border, being inhabitants of that peculiar *demi-monde*, that shadow world where several professions — actress, model, barmaid, bawd — mingle and merge and overlap and often co-exist. But we were young, César and I, and this was, after all, Paris. Their names, they told us, were Clothilde and Mathilde — and I was never quite sure which was which. Soon after our arrival, the lights dimmed and the Guignol curtain was raised.

The play was called, if memory serves, *La Septième Porte*, and was nothing more than an opportunity for Bluebeard — played by an actor wearing an elaborately ugly make-up — to open six of his legendary seven doors for his new young wife (displaying, among other things, realistically moldering cadavers and a torture chamber in full operation). Remaining faithful to the legend, Bluebeard warns his wife never to open the seventh door. Left alone on stage, she of course cannot resist the tug of curiosity — she opens the door, letting loose a shackled swarm of shrieking, livid, rag-bedecked but not entirely unattractive harpies, whose white bodies, through their shredded clothing, are crisscrossed with crimson welts. They tell her they are Bluebeard's ex-wives, kept perpetually in a pitch-dark dungeon, in a state near to starvation, and periodically tortured by the vilest means imaginable. Why? the new wife asks. Bluebeard enters, a black whip in his hand. For the sin of curiosity, he replies — they, like you, could not resist the lure of the seventh door! The other wives chain the girl to them, and, cringing under the crack of Bluebeard's whip, they crawl back into the darkness of the dungeon. Bluebeard locks the seventh door and soliloquizes: Diogenes had an easy task, to find an honest man; but my travail is tenfold — for where is she, oh does she live, the wife who does not pry and snoop, who does not pilfer her husband's pockets, steam open his letters, and, when he is late returning home, demand to know what wench he has been tumbling?

The lights had been dimming slowly until now only Bluebeard was illumined, and at this point he turned to the audience and addressed the women therein. "*Mesdames et Mesdemoiselles!*" he declaimed. "*Écoute! En garde! Voici la septième porte!*" — Hear me! Beware! Behold the seventh door! By a stage trick, the door was transformed into a mirror. The curtain fell to riotous applause.

Recounted baldly, *La Septième Porte* seems a trumpery entertainment, a mere excuse for scenes of horror — and so it was. But there was a strength, a

(continued on page 76)



THE HAZARDS OF PROPHECY

AN ARRESTING INQUIRY INTO THE LIMITS OF THE POSSIBLE: FAILURES OF NERVE AND FAILURES OF IMAGINATION

ARTICLE BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE

BEFORE ONE ATTEMPTS to set up in business as a prophet, it is instructive to see what success others have made of this dangerous occupation — and it is even more instructive to see where they have failed.

With monotonous regularity, apparently competent men have laid down the law about what is technically possible or impossible — and have been proved utterly wrong, sometimes while the ink was scarcely dry from their pens. On careful analysis, it appears that these debacles fall into two classes, which I will call Failures of Nerve and Failures of Imagination.

The Failure of Nerve seems to be the more common; it occurs when even given all the relevant facts the would-be prophet cannot see that they point to an inescapable conclusion. Some of these failures are so ludicrous as to be almost unbelievable.

It is now impossible for us to recall the mental climate which existed when the first locomotives were being built, and critics gravely asserted that suffocation lay in wait for anyone who reached the awful speed of 30 miles an hour. It is equally difficult to believe that, only 80 years ago, the idea of the domestic electric light was pooh-poohed by all the experts — with the exception of a 31-year-old American inventor named Thomas Alva Edison. When gas securities nose-dived in 1878 because Edison (already a formidable figure, with the phonograph and the carbon microphone to his credit) announced that he was working on the incandescent lamp, the British Parliament set up a committee to look into the matter. The distinguished witnesses reported, to the relief of the gas companies, that Edison's ideas were "good enough for our transatlantic friends . . . but unworthy of the attention of practical or scientific men." And Sir William Preece, Engineer-in-Chief of the British Post Office, roundly declared that "Subdivision of the electric light is an absolute *ignis fatuus*." One feels that the fatuousness was not in the *ignis*.

The most famous, and perhaps the most instructive, Failures of Nerve have occurred in the fields of aero- and astronautics. At the beginning of the 20th Century scientists were almost unanimous in declaring that heavier-than-air flight was impossible, and that anyone who attempted to build airplanes was a fool. The great American astronomer, Simon Newcomb, wrote a celebrated essay which concluded:

"The demonstration that no possible combination of known substances, known forms of machinery and known forms of force, can be united in a practical machine by which men shall fly long distances through the air, seems to the writer as complete as it is possible for the demonstration of any physical fact to be."

Oddly enough, Newcomb was sufficiently broad-minded to admit that some wholly new discovery — he mentioned the neutralization of gravity — might make flight practical. One cannot, therefore, accuse him of lacking imagination; his Failure of Nerve lay in not realizing that the means of flight were already at hand. For Newcomb's article received wide publicity at just about the time that the Wright Brothers, not having a suitable antigravity device in their bicycle shop, were mounting a gasoline engine on wings. When news of their success reached the astronomer, he was only momentarily taken aback. Flying machines *might* be a marginal possibility, he conceded — but they were certainly of no practical importance, for it was quite out of the question that they could carry the extra weight of a passenger as well as that of a pilot.

Such refusal to face facts that now seem obvious has continued throughout (continued on page 56)

pictorial

*the third in an international
chain of exclusive key
clubs brightens the city's
fabled french quarter*

THE NEW ORLEANS PLAYBOY CLUB



Since its debut last October in the heart of the Crescent City's Vieux Carré—just off legendary Bourbon Street—the 727 Rue Iberville branch of Playboy Clubs International has become the swangiest boîte in a town noted for its unstinting devotion to food and fun around the clock.

The New Orleans Club's gala "closing" was heralded by a blare of sirens as a phalanx of motorcycles escorted Playboy Club executives from the airport to the Club where the city's Mayor, Victor H. Schiro, gave PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner a key to the magnolia metropolis and received one to the Club in return. Like all other keyholders, His Honor will find that his key opens Playboy Club doors, present and future, everywhere.

As prescribed by a New Orleans law prohibiting exterior architectural changes in the French Quarter, the gleaming white façade of the New Orleans Playboy Club, with its shuttered windows and iron grillwork, was left intact *(concluded on page 125)*



Left: Playmate-Bunny Joyce Nizzari is a welcoming sight at the leaded-glass entrance to the New Orleans Playboy Club. Above: Playmate-Bunny Christa Speck serves an appreciative keyholder.

Right: way down yonder in New Orleans, the Living Room's Dixie delineators play two-beat till down while a Bunny does a down-home version of the Twist, using a piano top as a dance floor. These breakfast blasts feature hearty ham-and-eggs fare.



Top: a keyholder signs the check for his evening's entertainment while another guest uses an executive phone plugged in at tableside. Center: engaging warmth of the New Orleans Playboy Club's Living Room makes it a perfect place to relax with friends and business associates. Above: Bunny keeps keyholder company while Bunny shutterbug snaps photo for a nickel.



PROPHECY (continued from page 51)

the history of aviation. Let me quote another astronomer, William H. Pickering, straightening out the uninformed public a few years after the first airplanes had started to fly.

"The popular mind often pictures gigantic flying machines speeding across the Atlantic and carrying innumerable passengers in a way analogous to our modern steamships. . . . It seems safe to say that such ideas must be wholly visionary, and even if a machine could get across with one or two passengers the expense would be prohibitive to any but the capitalist who could own his own yacht."

It so happens that most of his fellow astronomers considered Pickering far *too imaginative*: he was prone to see vegetation—and even evidence for insect life—on the Moon. His, again, was a *Failure of Nerve*. By the time he died in 1938 at the ripe age of 80, Professor Pickering had seen airplanes carrying considerably more than "one or two" passengers.

Closer to the present, the opening of the Space Age has produced a mass vindication (and refutation) of prophecies on a scale and at a speed never before witnessed. The idea of space flight as a serious possibility first appeared before the general public in the 1920s, largely as a result of newspaper reports of the work of the American Robert Goddard and the Rumanian Hermann Oberth. When their ideas, usually distorted by the press, filtered through to the scientific world, they were received with hoots of derision. For a sample of the kind of criticism the pioneers of astronautics had to face, I present this masterpiece from a paper published by one Professor A. W. Bickerton in 1926. It should be read carefully; as an example of arrogant ignorance it would be very hard to beat.

"This foolish idea of shooting at the Moon is an example of the absurd length to which vicious specialization will carry scientists working in thought-tight compartments. Let us critically examine the proposal. For a projectile entirely to escape the gravitation of the Earth, it needs a velocity of seven miles a second. The thermal energy of a gram at this speed is 15,180 calories. . . . The energy of our most violent explosive—nitroglycerin—is less than 1500 calories per gram. Consequently, even had the explosive nothing to carry, it has only one-tenth of the energy necessary to escape the Earth. . . . Hence the proposition appears to be basically impossible."

Bickerton's main error, without mincing words, is due to sheer stupidity. What of it, if nitroglycerin has only a tenth of the energy necessary to escape from the Earth? That merely means that you have to use at least 10 pounds of

nitroglycerin to launch a single pound of payload.

For the fuel itself has not got to escape from Earth; it can all be burned quite close to our planet, and as long as it imparts its energy to the payload, this is all that matters. When Lunik II lifted, 33 years after Professor Bickerton said it was impossible, most of its several hundred tons of kerosene and liquid oxygen never got very far from Russia—but the half-ton payload reached the Imbrium Mare.

Right through the 1930s and 1940s, eminent scientists continued to deride the rocket pioneers—when they bothered to notice them at all. An example that makes a worthy mate to the one I have just quoted is to be found in a paper by the distinguished Canadian astronomer, Professor J. W. Campbell, of the University of Alberta, entitled *Rocket Flight to the Moon*. After several pages of analysis, he arrives at the conclusion that it would require a *million tons* of take-off weight to carry *one pound* of payload on the round trip.

The correct figure, for today's primitive fuels and technologies, is very roughly one ton per pound—a depressing ratio, but hardly as bad as that calculated by the professor. It is really quite amazing by what margins competent but conservative scientists and engineers can miss the mark, when they start with the preconceived idea that what they are investigating is impossible.

When the existence of the 200-mile-range V-2 was disclosed to an astonished world, there was considerable speculation about intercontinental missiles. This was firmly squashed by Dr. Vannevar Bush, the civilian general of the U.S. scientific war effort, in evidence before a Senate Committee on December 3, 1945. Listen:

"There has been a great deal said about a 3000-mile high-angle rocket. In my opinion such a thing is impossible for many years. The people who have been writing these things that annoy me have been talking about a 3000-mile high-angle rocket shot from one continent to another, carrying an atomic bomb and so directed as to be a precise weapon which would land exactly on a certain target, such as a city.

"I say, technically, I don't think anyone in the world knows how to do such a thing, and I feel confident that it will not be done for a very long period of time to come. . . . I think we can leave that out of our thinking. I wish the American public would leave that out of their thinking."

The outcome was the greatest Failure of Nerve in all history, which changed the future of the world. Faced with the

same facts and the same calculations, American and Russian technology took two separate roads. The Pentagon—accountable to the taxpayer—virtually abandoned long-range rockets for almost half a decade, until the development of thermonuclear bombs made it possible to build warheads five times lighter yet 50 times more powerful than the amusing firecracker that was dropped on Hiroshima.

The Russians had no such inhibitions. Faced with the need for a 200-ton rocket, they went right ahead and built it. By the time it was perfected, it was no longer required for intercontinental rocketry; but with it they won the race into space.

Of the many lessons to be drawn from this slice of recent history, the one that I wish to emphasize is this: Anything that is theoretically possible will be achieved in practice, no matter what the technical difficulties, if it is desired greatly enough. It is no argument against any project to say: "The idea's fantastic!" Most of the things that have happened in the last 50 years have been fantastic, and it is only by assuming that they will continue to be so that we have any hope of anticipating the future.

To do this—to avoid that Failure of Nerve for which history exacts so merciless a penalty—we must have the courage to follow all technical extrapolations to their logical conclusions. Yet even this is not enough. We must try to avoid also the Failure of Imagination.

This second kind of prophetic failure is less blameworthy, and more interesting. It arises when all the available facts are appreciated and marshaled correctly—but when the really vital facts are still undiscovered, and the possibility of their existence is not admitted.

A famous example of this is provided by the philosopher Auguste Comte, who in his *Cours de philosophie positive* (1835) attempted to define the limits within which scientific knowledge must lie. In his chapter on astronomy he wrote these words concerning the heavenly bodies:

"We see how we may determine their forms, their distances, their bulk, their motions, but we can never know anything of their chemical or mineralogical structure; and much less, that of organized beings living on their surface. . . . We must keep carefully apart the idea of the solar system and that of the universe, and be always assured that our only true interest is in the former. Within this boundary alone is astronomy the supreme and positive science that we have determined it to be. . . . The stars serve us scientifically only as providing positions with which we may

(continued on page 102)

a young reporter learns that the white belly of a bawd is a shrine to deceit and delusion

IT TOOK ME A MONTH TO convince Clara that she was too beautiful and too fine a girl to work in Queen Lil's whorehouse. Thus on a night in May, Clara came to live in my attic room whose lone window overlooked the Chicago River and the bridge lights swimming in it like Coleridge's fiery snakes.

Clara arrived without a suitcase. She had taken my appeal that she leave everything behind and start life anew a bit more literally than I had meant it. Or maybe not. I had talked a great deal about reformation. Madame Lil Hamilton had finally cried out to Clara, "Get out of my house and take that idiot boy preacher with you! He's got all my girls sobbing between customers and yammering they want to be virgins again! Get the bastard out of here before we all starve to death!"

Did I love Clara or feel pity for her youth in harlot servitude? Who can remember the emotions of any long-ago amour? Lucky if a face and a name remain to mark a yesterday's bedroom. There is more detail to Clara than to most of such distant companions because she was part of one of the eeriest episodes of my Chicago newspaper days.

I was 18 (and a half) and had grown a mustache to give me an older look more befitting my activities. These included reporting for the *Chicago Journal* and attending all-night saloon debates on the rival merits of Anatole France and Dostoevsky, marriage and whoring, and other problems of the time. Only one topic was missing from our barroom seminars — foreign politics. A Greco-Bulgarian war was popping away, and uprisings in Africa, Asia and Mexico were claiming the reluctant attention of Mr. Martin Hutchens, our managing editor. Nevertheless, anyone speaking out on world affairs was tagged pronto as a dangerous bore and stiff-armed socially.

Let me put down a few program notes about the time of Clara and her flight from sin. They may help make my story more credible. There had been no world wars. No ideals had yet beamed on us with their death's-head grin. The young century wore a merry, untaxed look. People could get rich without cheat-

CLARA

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$



ing the Government. And the nation was able to enjoy the blessings of democracy without going bankrupt trying to cram them down every other nation's throat.

Not that we who lived in that era of pompadours and mandolins didn't have our problems. There were sides to take. It was a time devoted equally to the promotion of literature and fornication — and to their suppression. "It was a tough fight, Ma," says the fighter, "but we won."

I mention fleetingly the mental climate of that time before world wars because things happened then that can no longer happen. Such things as I relate in this story. Why? Because people are not the same. They are no longer bright apples on a tree, but a governmental mash of applesauce.

I introduced Clara to my landlady as my fiancée. I explained we were going to get married as soon as I got my next five-dollar raise which would skyrocket my weekly wage to \$22.50. Mollified by my honorable plans, the landlady allowed Clara to share my cubbyhole room for an extra three dollars. With a weekly rent total of nine dollars, eight and a half remained between paydays for food, diversion and emergencies. Obviously, Clara's interest in me was not mercenary.

What was Clara like? I wrote in my diary at the time — I had decided to keep one like the De Goncourt brothers — "She looks more like an angel out of heaven than a whore out of Queen Lil's establishment."

Clara had a gentle face and a shy voice that stuttered slightly. Blonde braids were coiled on top of her head like Rowena in *Ivanhoe*. She wore a sort of mountain climber's suit of a heavy, invincible material. Its five-pound skirt menaced her slim ankles. And Clara's blue eyes were as innocent as if they had entered their sockets a half hour ago. There was no memory of sin in them.

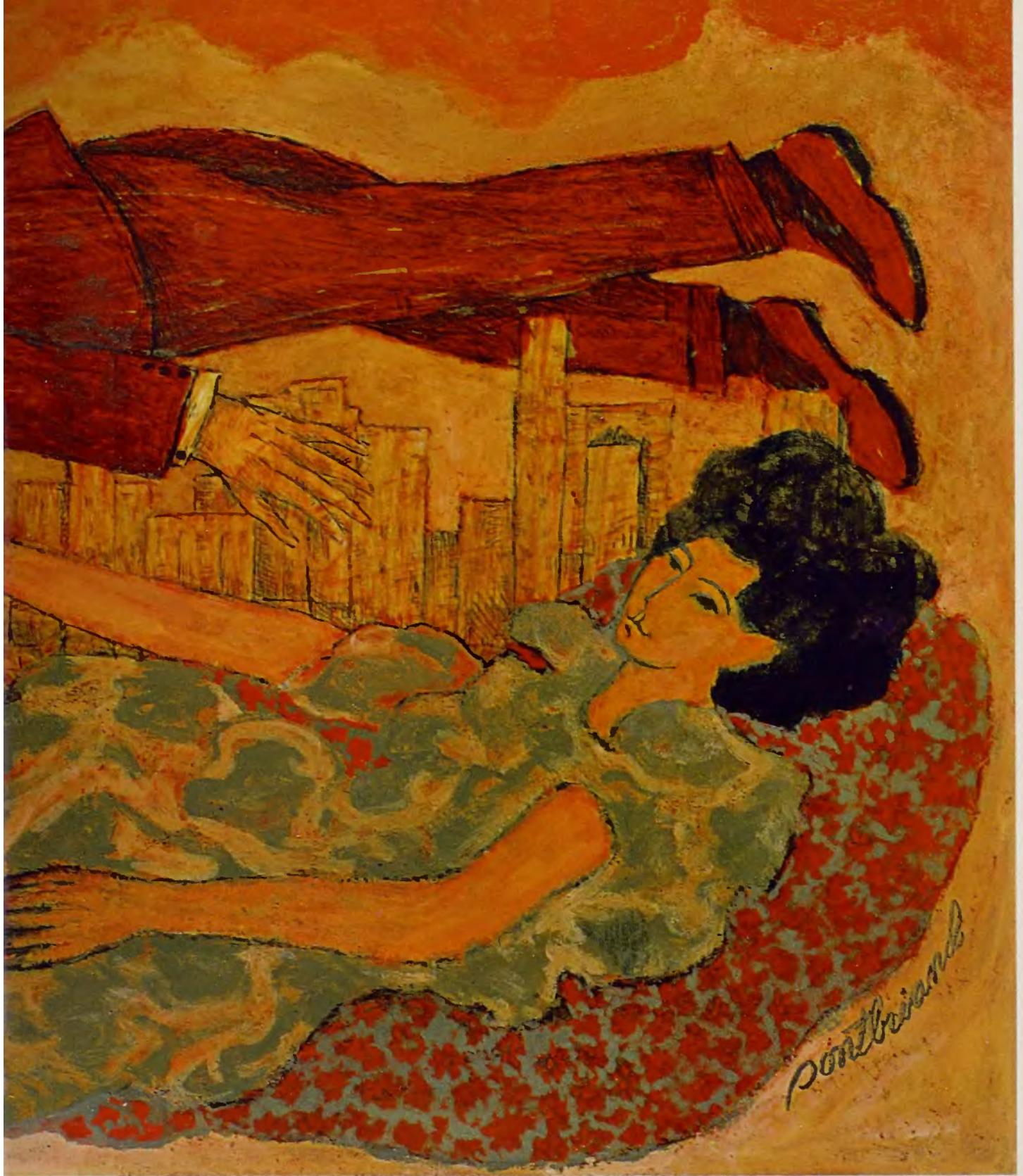
My recollection of Clara's body is vivid, for it was the first of its kind to come under my notice. It was a delicate yet voluptuous body. Its every inch of paper-white skin was a whisper of modesty and a simultaneous sigh of lewdness. A

(continued on page 88)



O MANHATTA, MOTHER OF WATERS *after his fashion, he pursued*

YOU CHIPMUNK WITH CROCODILE EYES, you silverfish with cockroach shell, you creeping ape and armpit-tickling baboon, you prune-poisoning pit worm, you river rat of Riverside Drive, you spark of bubbling cheese (causing dreaded pizza-mouth), you crab with clappers and grinding jaw, you skinny beast from mama's lair, you itchy babbler with a head for a heart, you bat-winged cruiser among dog-walking fillies, you mongrel, you slug, you logic-chopping ranter, you Dan Shaper, you . . .



his own true love through the floating metropolis

fiction **By HERBERT GOLD**

been greeted in the mild climate of a Manhattan striving for triumph in the form of love and nuzzling embraces in the arms of cash. I have sometimes been criticized in New York, New York. Having now given full justice to my detractors, I can proceed to personal dispraise of myself. Why am I so critical? A touch of modesty has been beaten into me by my ill fortune, unworthy enterprises and steady derogation by my dearest friends, including Barbara. I am a depressed fellow.

And yet I am lucky. I have a swinging job, writing come-on letters for a mass magazine. I have good health,

an accurate ear at music, not much belly, a strong forehead drive, and a nosy look which sets me apart from the crowd although it does not make me handsome. Also, I have always seen clearly that the free life, utterly free, leads to boredom and slavery, moods and melancholia. Therefore, I not long ago set myself a duty: to discover true love amid the American ruins of political greatness, triumphant work, and the togethered family. Full of hope, with wispy will, I chased the will of the wisp. What did I do? I sat on the parapets of risk and waged my moral equivalent of war. But how? I took off my pants and made jokes. I unzipped, unbuttoned, undid, climbed aboard and sprinkled the sheets. And all this rustle was sweet to the hearts of ladies. "I suffer," I told Barbara, hoping that this would be enough for someone.

She smiled happily, buttering toast. "I always knew you were a poet," Barbara said, and a soft light came into her doubtful eye. "I always knew I would love a poet. Should I cut off the crusts?"

"But I'm a chronic complainer, not a poet! a melancholic! a wounded veteran with a three-percent disability!"

Sweetly she murmured, "I don't hear any complaints tonight, Dan."

I could take a hint. She had already cut off the crusts, so I had to eat them separately (*I do like the crusts*). Later we slouched sleepily out of the kitchen, bound for a Sunday of rest, but I fell to silent nibbling, and of course desire flared up from the ashes. Those crusts give strength, I sometimes think. No rest on Sunday for the man full of hope, an agile broken-field runner through nettles of melancholia. (I had scratched legs.) We sometimes staggered through long Sunday afternoons, stunned and goofy with love-making, bumping each other, reading the *Times*, touching, picking up, and then finally at nightfall, finding the phoenix rising once more out of the Sunday papers. I shall return to Barbara again in good order. In the meantime, friends, I should like to approach head-on the prime matter of every man's life in America. (The ladies are only a symptom, albeit a jolly or distressing one.)

What to do? How to live? The man who believes he has a purpose in life is indeed fortunate — *he does*; and it doesn't matter too much that his purpose is not what he thinks it is. I believed that my purpose was to be a nostalgic lover, optimistically, even politely asking women to be more than human, S.V.P.; I was standing in line, cruel after some gentle perfection, and searching, of course, that fair vision of innocence and experience, tenderness and strength. Ah, her way of pulling on her galoshes! Oh, her technique at leaving the crusts on the toast! her wrists! her ability to hum Mozart! her thighs! her careful driving!

... Since women are no better off than men, my foolish ambition charmed, cajoled, pleased and wounded; I wore narrow suits and learned to dance the cha-cha and to mumble the words; I made girls grieve and felt happily relieved of their grief when I said to them: "No more, pal."

Was I some sort of monster? Not exactly. Did I annihilate a crowd of tender lovaroonies, cheeks all damp with tears? No. They wiped their eyes of me and continued with love and longing, hoping but warned, dressing and undressing with care, with pursed lips, kicking off their panties but placing their shoes carefully under the bed. In other words, I was finding wives for other men.

Like my friend Peter Hatton, I became this way for unhappy love of a married woman. But while Pete was a blushing and desperate adulterer, willing to hide in basements and closets, I was different. I blushed and was desperate, but who was that lady you saw me without last night? My wiry, shrill, hysterical wife, my former wife. I lusted after her with an adulterous passion. Boom, boom — the end of marriage.

So what next in my life after that? Happy freedom. Shrieks of laughter. Love equals life. Suffering equals life. Hatred equals life equals love, so live it up, down, sideways and arsy-versy. Sometimes there is a natural progression in the affairs of men. And sometimes, let me tell you, an unnatural progression. Unnaturally, as an ambiguous lover of women, I came early to the love of one wild woman, one wild woman to cross; and turned off in my love, I then danced down the Venus flytrap path of phallic reconnoitering (narcissism, voyeurism, frottage, sadism, masochism and other apolitical interests).

All this was rather tiring. I left Cleveland.

When I came one fall to live in towered Manhattan, it was a brilliant, dry, sun-laden season of awakening blood and bones; the girls were lovely on Fifth and Madison and in the Village; the bright hope and nerve of that city sustained me. Of course, I had fully complex attitudes of defiance (unexpressed) toward my trivial job (writing come-on letters); this produced an occasional ugly temper, as it does in most Americans, who don't much care for their jobs, who don't do anything they consider important; and like most American men, I trivialized my work discontents by blaming psychology — that is, my mother, my sister, my aunts and the rest of the dream world of women; and I carried my little green Harvard sack of obsessions, compulsions, rages, hysterias, and all the other equipment of the sensitive and wily young chap. But let's be fair: I en-

joyed the season and my lungs were healthy. I tripped along the streets with heightened spirits after my long rest in suffering. I bowed gratefully to the city and would have tipped my hat if I wore one.

My best friend, Peter Hatton, living deep in his double pursuit of money on Wall Street and ladies in showbiz, came out of this mirror-faced image of an obsession long enough to tuck me gently into Manhattan. Hip and bachelor Pete showed me the town. Vaguely he thought that I was in danger of killing myself, not because I had made any serious gestures of the sort, but because *he* had thought of ending the whole business when in a state of jittery love. He thought I was more like him than he was. (Intense Dan, Divided Pete.) A truly sympathetic chap, Peter's sympathies were deepened by the fact that he was able to overcome a pitiful conception of himself. He had never married, though when we were both B.A.R. men in the 100th Division — jumping over hedges with those heavily personal weapons, proud of our scavenged paratroop boots, 18 years old — we had both thought we were fighting for the Happy Home with some cute bride. A man changes with weathering time. It's not that we were unalterably opposed to Mom's apple pie; we just developed greater appetite for the twist-and-twirls, and could buy our pie in bake shops.

Back to 1960.

"This is Riverside Drive, where the girls live," he remarked as he led me on a series of nature walks for my health, "and this is Madison Avenue," he added on the crosstown bus, since a slow ride is good for neurasthenia, "where the models all live, and this," as we strolled along the East River for a sea change, "is where you can find some excellently stacked and discreet Social Register chicks."

"But *where?*" I was hard up and put down.

"Are you maybe, sonny my pal, a bit horny?" he solicited of me.

"Not so's I can't stand it." But I was so hard up I could not stand it; bad dreams, shaky hands, bloodshot eyes. Crawling through a mine field under fire and getting my paratroop boots all dirty had not oppressed me as sorely as did my work-empty, love-empty, consuming life. And repetitive, itemized dreams of work and love disasters. And worse — emptiness echoing after down the corridors of days. Me all alone, with a fire-escape stairway hanging onto nowhere in the Manhattan summer: lonely, isolated, cut off, all by myself with a stiff neck in the early hours of morning just from the sheer nervousness of it all. It's a lovely city at certain intense moments, both hard and cajoling — but

(continued on page 74)



"Wow — let's toss her up a few more times!"

IN LOVE
WITH HIS
RAINCOAT

LOVE IT
OR
RETURN
IT

THE
GAME
OF LOVE

I
LOVE
NEW YORK
in
JUNE



LOVE-PAT

DOGS
LOVE
IT

a
loving
husband



HE LOVES
MY
MOMMY'S
ARPEGE



THE
ART
OF LOVING

LOVE
THY
NEIGHBOR

JOHN
loves
MARSHA

*cars
love
shell*



you'll
love
life



*a distinguished man of letters casts a
critical eye at america's favorite panacea*

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥ THE ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥
LOVE
♥♥♥♥♥♥♥ CULT ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

opinion By ALFRED KAZIN

LOVE AS A CONVICTION, as an attachment to someone or even to something, can be a profound individual experience. I don't happen to believe that it is the *most* profound or significant feeling that a human being can have in life. But when it is authentic, when it is too much at times for the person who feels it, when it shakes us and becomes almost too much for the inadequate language we have for our feelings, then it is certainly not to be discussed lightly and is properly nobody's business but our own. Nobody else would really understand it. In the deepest sense love *is* incommunicable, since by taking us out of ourselves it forces us to find words for feelings that usually are unexpected and often are not even wanted. Our attachment — when it is genuine, when it starts in a certain pain — can be different in sensation from anything we have known. That is why love, when we really love, can be actively disturbing; for once we are concerned with the object of our love and less

**LOVE
OR
PERISH**



I'm
**in love
with a
wonderful
guy.**



**LOVE
your
country.**



**LOVE
IS A
TOY
BALLOON**



with ourselves. In that flight from ourselves as the usual center of the world, there is certainly no guarantee that our love will be reciprocated, that it will last, that it will even be known.

No, it is certainly not with the depth of love nor with the possible anguish of love that I quarrel; it is with the word "love" — the buttery little symbol of our self-satisfaction and society's approval. "Love" as a password, as a badge, as an announcement of how kindly we are and how goodly and how full of generosity and acceptance and warm feelings — this word as a slogan and advertisement of our good intentions is what I have come to dislike. For the word is easy, it costs us nothing (not even a feeling of love) and, like an excessive tip to a waiter, is meant to purchase a good opinion of ourselves. I dislike the easiness with which we now use this word in America, I dislike the glibness which it expresses and the unlovingness it so often suppresses. But most of all I dislike "love"-as-a-formula for its superstitious attempt to stave off the truth by incantations. We live in a world of such menace from our fellow human beings and of such fear of our fellow human beings that it is surely a strain on our honesty to speak of human beings as "loving." What primitive men once feared in the storms and cataclysms of nature — something which in their ignorance they thought malevolently directed against them — we now know to be true of human beings in society. Not only do most people love us not at all — some of them would gladly kill us. Much of what we think of as "love" in ourselves or in others is simply conservatism. We get attached to people, houses, cities, mechanical appliances, and associate with them a pattern of satisfaction. There are a few people, I know, who can transcend themselves altogether in their attachment to a person or an idea; the saints are saints precisely because they have a rare attachment to God and more to God than to anything mortal. But I for one will never recover from the Second World War, and when I think of the millions of children slaughtered for love of country, when I consider how many crimes have been committed, and how many more have been considered, in the name of a love that was deep but fundamentally selfish and tyrannical, I genuinely wonder why the word is so much prated. For love of a parent, many people are unable to love others in later life; for love of an idea, crimes are committed against defenseless populations; for love of God, those who love Him a little less verbally, or in a different ritual, have been tortured to death.

Why then do we talk so much in the name of love, why is the word the easiest to use and the most self-satisfying? What is the mysterious satisfaction we seek to

obtain by the word? Of course one reason is that human beings rarely do love in any true sense, but are so acculturated to the use of the word that they acquire some necessary social approval by it. The Russians, who came relatively late to Western manners, are very quick to reprove publicly any of their people who do not behave nicely at table. The reproach is that someone is *not cultured*, and the remark can hurt. In the same way, Americans, and more usually American women, are very quick to say of some action or gesture that it is *not loving* — and there are few of us brave enough to admit that in some situations or even in general, unloving is what we are. As the novelist Saul Bellow once complained — "Would we be told to love if love were as natural as breathing?" So little is it natural to us, in fact, that representations of love by the most acute psychological novelists, like Stendhal, emphasize with almost clinical observation the confusing arrival of new sensations rather than concern with the beloved. This side of Eros (who is only one of the many gods of love; in America we favor a more domestic figure) is one of the great subjects of the European novel, for as Louis Ferdinand Celine once said, physical love is the *fact* which stands outside all our *verbal* systems and ideas. This is what has made the great European novelists identify physical love with the truth inadmissible by society. In Proust's greatest single work, *Swann's Way*, Swann himself, the fastidious and painstaking intellectual who has been accepted in the most snobbish ranks of French society despite his Jewish blood, suddenly finds himself losing all control and all care for his position in his obsessive need to possess Odette, who is essentially a prostitute. Yet when, at the end of his "sickness," Swann says ruefully that he went to all this trouble for a woman who "wasn't even my type," we recognize the empirical spirit, the fidelity to the disconcerting facts of human experience, wherever they may lead us, that is the peculiar fascination of great fiction.

Proust says in his novel that he who "possesses" a person really possesses nothing — of course, it is the pride of conquest, not of actual possession, that is associated for a man with physical love. Yet if you look at the history of "love" as an idea, you can see that "possession" was associated even with spiritual love. In what is perhaps the most profound explanation of love, Plato's *Symposium*, Socrates makes it clear that love is our highest recognition of what is most unlike ourselves. It is an excellence of a being unlike ourselves that we want to attach ourselves to. We want to possess what we are not. But by the quality of our recognition of what is excellent and even perfect of its kind, we can also *not* seek to possess it. This is why Saint Au-

gustine's definition of love is so rare and moving — *I want you to be*. The beauty of this phrase lies in its surprise. It is the most concrete example I know, in Western culture, of how love can ennoble itself. By contrast, most statements about love deal neither with the physical facts, as Proust does, nor with the kind of aspiration which at certain moments we faintly detect in ourselves. The usual thing is the glib assurance that everybody "loves" — or with a little encouragement, can. The love that Saint Augustine speaks of must be won out of the endless battle with our own suspicious human nature, against the actual wickedness of the human animal. But this love, when it is real, can rise to sublime concern for another person.

Yet beautiful as such an intimation of the highest power of love can be, the fact remains that we are always being counseled to love — that is, to talk as if we loved — but keep falling back. Why is the term honored so much in our culture that we lie for its sake, lie even when we are just thinking aloud, lie to protect the mere term from dishonor? Is it only because without the word to hold us in, we would tear each other to bits? After all, to be unloving is not necessarily to be aggressive and destructive. Bad as we are (and never have human beings thought so little of themselves as they have since the First World War), we are not — at least not all of us, and surely not any of us all the time — so violent. Why, then, do we lie that we love, pretend to love? Why, indeed, do we try so hard to love?

Surely one reason is that without "love" as a concept, the world seems exactly as indifferent to us and our most tenderly cherished personal strivings as in certain unbearably lucid moments around three in the morning we recognize it to be. The peculiarity of Christianity among the great world religions is that it establishes God as not merely creating the world (not all religions do even that), but as creating it out of love for man, out of the spirit of love. God is love. He works in love for us. He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son . . . The sublime "good tidings" that the word *gospel* literally stands for is this unprecedented loving intervention in the affairs of men by God in His incarnation as Christ. With the idea of God as Love (which expressed something different from the Old Testament God's loving concern for man), of God creating man out of love alone, a protective new relationship unfolded for Christians, between themselves and a universe somehow more their own, now tenderly aware of man (for whom Christ died) and cherishing him in the hope of spiritual perfection. Out of love God created man; out of

(continued on page 126)



"Not tonight, old man!"

Posing prettily outside a souvenir shop in Vancouver's Capilano Gardens, bounteous

PLAYMATE PHOTOGRAPH BY MARIO CASILLI. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN HONEY.



fetchingly freckled pamela anne

Pamela Gordon is a prime tourist attraction in her own right — despite the wooden reaction of three sadly sightless braves.



gordon is playboy's first canadian playmate hail,
columbia!



MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Whether relaxing indoors or out, lithe-limbed Pam is a shapely adornment for Vancouver's fir-fringed scene.



REAFFIRMING OUR FAITH in the good-neighbor policy this March is a picturesque citizen of British Columbia named Pamela Anne Gordon, a north-of-the-border miss who receives our vote as the most impressive tourist attraction of the year and signs in as our first Canadian Playmate. Pixyish (5'1") Pam has spent her successfully formative years in the Pacific port of Vancouver, where she now clearly contributes more than her share to the spectacular local seascapes. Weighing in at 104 girlish pounds, Miss March's decorative attributes include soft blonde hair, emerald eyes, a galaxy of saucy freckles, and a figure that is Junoesque in miniature. An easy-does-it lass, she is an avid collector of China figurines, and admits to a fondness for historical novels, shoot-'em-up flicks, and secret crush, Raymond Burr (TV's Perry Mason). Cheerful Pam's social calendar is understandably full, though apropos dating she warns that bossy and overly jealous types are definitely not her cup of tea. Among her favorite outdoor Canadian capers are swimming and horseback riding; in addition, she's a striking bowler with a 135 average. Having served as girl Friday for a number of lucky firms, our 19-year-old Playmate is now a receptionist for a Vancouver construction company where, needless to say, her own cantilevered construction (39-23-35) receives the warmest reception of all. Despite her dramatic appearance, Pamela has no theatrical ambitions — her main aim in life at the moment is to further her education at the University of British Columbia. As an educational dividend of our own, we refer all Fine Arts students to the accompanying foldout view of our pettily prodigious Miss March.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

With due respect to old Charlie Darwin, although man has learned through evolution to walk in an upright posture, his eyes still swing from limb to limb.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nudism* as exposure with composure.

A pair of good friends, Frenchmen both, were strolling down the Champs-Élysées one balmy afternoon when they spied two women approaching.

"*Sacrébleu, Pierre,*" cried out the one in dismay. "Here come my wife and my mistress walking toward us arm in arm!"

"*Mon Dieu, Henri,*" cried out the second. "I was about to say the very same thing!"



Homer and his pretty wife were about to check out of the hotel, when Homer expostulated over the amount of the bill.

"But that, sir," explained the hotel manager, "is our normal rate for a double room with bath and TV."

"Yeah? Well, as it happens, we didn't use the TV."

"I'm sorry, sir," the manager replied firmly. "It was there for you to use if you'd wanted it."

"OK," Homer said, "but in that case, I'm going to charge you for making love to my beautiful wife."

"But, sir," spluttered the manager, "I did no such thing!"

"That's OK," Homer said, "she was there

for you to use if you'd wanted her."

At this reply, the manager became so flustered that he actually reduced Homer's bill. Homer was exultant at his coup, and for months afterward he told and retold the story at parties with great relish, while his wife rolled her lovely eyes heavenward to indicate her opinion of his boorishness. Finally, they took another trip. Homer was determined to pull the same stunt and, up to a point, he achieved the same success:

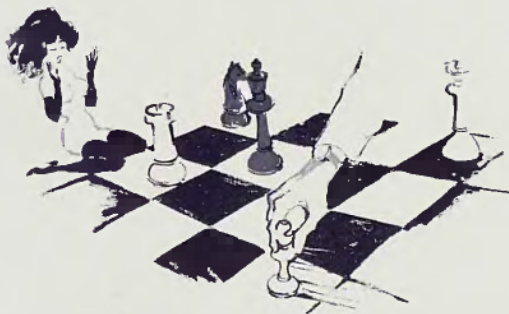
"Sir, that's our normal rate," said the young clerk.

"Very well, but we didn't use the TV."

"But, sir, it was there for you to use if you'd cared to."

Homer's eyes brightened in anticipation. "Well, in that case," he said, "I'll have to charge you for making love to my beautiful wife."

To Homer's chagrin, the clerk became very red in the face and began to stammer. Then he said, "OK, OK, I'll pay you. But keep your voice down, will you? I'm new at this hotel and you're apt to get me fired."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *football game* as a contest where a spectator takes four quarters to finish a fifth.

A cute young thing was consulting a psychiatrist. Among other questions, the doctor asked, "Are you troubled at all by indecent thoughts?"

"Why, no," she replied, with just the hint of a twinkle in her eye. "To tell you the truth, doctor, I rather enjoy them."

With apologies to the noble science of psychiatry and the hope that the good doctors have not lost the ability to laugh at themselves, another analyst was listening to a voluptuous beauty with a problem of her own. "It's liquor, doctor," she sobbed. "I'm really a very nice girl, but just as soon as I've had a drink or two, I become uncontrollably passionate and I want to make love to whomever I happen to be with."

"I see," the analyst said thoughtfully. "Well, suppose I just mix us up a couple of cocktails here and then you and I can sit down, nice and relaxed, and discuss this compulsive neurosis of yours."

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.



"Mr. Kofsky, please! I'm not that kind of girl yet!"

O MANAHATTA (continued from page 60)

what do you do with the rest of the moments?

Peter cocked his head at me and estimated my ability for erotic abstinence. "You're a weak womanizer," he stated evenly—more insults! I had to take that from my best friend! and also philosophy: "A sad sack," he said, "who needs women to carry him off into self-knowledge."

"Also to get laid."

"OK, OK. By a woman who won't be hard on you at first."

"You know it."

"'Cause they're all hard on you in the end," he rumbled sadly like a Russian Orthodox priest remembering the plague, famine, earthquake and civil strife of yore. He wet his lips. "Lord save us," he said.

"You know it, but cut the chatter and help me," I said, abandoning urbanity with a certain faint whine in my voice. We strolled and gazed into the brackish water of the East River and felt the weight of the fuming city filling us with hope and that curious lifting, floating, pleasurable anxiety which is unique to New York. At my back lay a waffled row of luxury apartments—ahead, scrubby islands in the river. Behind, doorways and doormen and sports cars and elegant dogs leaving elegant droppings; afore, hospitals and indigent camps and nurseries for drying out juvenile dope addicts, stashed away on sand bars in the East River. O Manahatta!

Once before, years ago, on my first visit to New York, I had strolled here with Peter and we had dreamed of conquering the city in one vague King of the Mountain gesture. Now, at age over-30, I was a boy again, only with my ideas sorted: (a) making out (girls), and (b) making it (money). Manhattan groaned in its slow turmoil at our backs. There remained the real question—*what to do with a man's life on earth?* Peter used his solemn word about me: "You have the look of idle grief—hair sticking up from your scalp in two little tufts. Angry sleeping."

"Shut up. I'll buy me a scissors, a little one."

"Spruce fellow. Never waste time."

As a matter of fact, I was not absolutely idle in my search for true love. There had been a New York lady just before my New York transplantation; I had encountered her beyond the Holland Tunnel; she came after my conjugal disaster but before the beginning of my New Life. An actress appearing in summer stock in Hiram, Ohio, she loved to play Shakespeare and Shaw. Much of the time she also played showgirls in Las Vegas, and in fact had the long legs, the endless legs of the showgirl, and a

chinless face that looked fine from behind a glass of champagne. She was not pretty, she was tall and leggy with a pouting chinless face, and she drank, and she was totally frozen, and she had been the old-fashioned concubine of a wild Texas rancher whom she described as wearing square ties and carrying a cubic wad. But that was in Las Vegas, and in the East she played Shakespeare. Would she still be frigid east of the Mississippi? How would she make out with a man who wore slender Ivy ties, carried a slender, child-support wallet? Read on, dear friends!

Her name was—well, call her Goneril. I had to strain all on tippytoe to try to kiss her high chinless face, and when I got up there, it was likely to bite and close with firm disgust, thus driving me back down to lower altitudes.

Nevertheless, she seemed to be the only wheel in town (I knew her from Hiram), and I kept on trying, like Tenzing, stubbornly hoping to scale the peaks. Perhaps idleness would have become me better, for Goneril was an isolating drinker. Let us do her justice: Before becoming a showgirl, a Shakespearean actress, a Las Vegas concubine and an occasional performer in pornographic films, she had received a B.A. with a major in dramatic arts from the University of Oklahoma at Norman. She was prepared. Nevertheless she drank. With foolish Midwestern vanity and morality, seeking to change the world through the miracle of love-making, I struggled to keep her from getting tanked up. I thought that I wanted her to yield soberly, just soberly, because I was nice, tweed-bearing, male, irresistible. She resisted soberly; it was hot within my tweeds. But soberly she liked me for trying, and later kept inviting me to parties in the busy little neighborhood around Sixth Avenue and Carnegie Hall where all her friends seemed to camp like gypsies in studios and lofts.

How I found out that she had acted in pornographic films was that she invited me to a party to raise money for the defense of her pal Alabam, who had been busted for heroin. Alabam, out on bail, or perhaps just out because the police wanted the joy of following him, was a photographer, a cameraman, a pale drawling moviemaker artist with a face like a potato and a voice like a drum majorette from a high school on the Georgia border. The men of this world were all busy in his business, and the girls, too, making location trips on Long Island, where they gathered about a swimming pool or in a house and enacted *Tillie and Superman*, *Tillie and the Hairdresser*, *Tillie and the Traveling Salesman*, *Tillie, Her Husband, and the Boss*, and other classic tales of Amer-

ican Legion repertory. Their contribution to the Nouvelle Vague was *Tillie and the Hipster*, in which the hero wore both a false nose and a false beard.

Goneril was Tillie—a star at last!

"What are you doing with all these crooks and con men?" I had whispered, crowding her into a corner, nuzzling her hopefully in an effort to wear her down. (I still thought one could wear a lady down to willingness by nuzzling. How wrong I was.)

"These are not crooks and con men," she whispered back indignantly, "these are prosperous makers of pornographic art. They are very well off—some of them contribute to their college alumni funds. They all own sports cars and subscribe to several magazines. Only a few of them have ever even dabbled in being crooks and con men."

"Now?" I demanded. "You want to go to bed with me now?"

"I thought," she said, drifting away, "you wanted to discuss the sociology of low life, but it turns out all you want is that same old thing. What care you for a girl's mind and sociology?"

And she left me lonely in my corner, studying my shoes, with sifting wisps of garrulous marijuana gaiety camouflaging my square Cleveland ruminations. I really cared for her mind and sociology! If only she knew! (*Tillie and the Sociologist*)

Later I chatted with a 52nd Street stripper, a garment-center model, and even a few of the industry's prosperous commercial organizers (male), but my aching overloaded heart was not in it. Superman winked at me across the room, indicating a willingness to be soul mates. I left him alone with his copy of *Zen Archery in Pictures*, An Illustrated Introduction to Eastern Mysticism for Younger Readers (Quiz Questions at Rear). I sought out Goneril.

"Later," she said. "Maybe."

It was then, dear colleagues, that I took notice that drinking rather heavily, her chinless face inclined more kindly toward me from its six-foot-plus-heels height. Whiskey seemed to have a spiritual influence on my behalf—it spoke kind words of me.

Poor Tillie the Toiler, poor Goneril, I think I thought: she is a potential alcoholic and an actual drunk, she leans toward a self-destructive style of life. (At least I so translate my prudery, snobbery and pedantism.)

I know that many of you readers out there beyond the flowerpot in my window might perhaps appreciate hearing more about the craft of pornographic film art, its promoters and businessmen, its artists at the camera and in the canvas director's chair, its lovely starlets filled with hope and its fantastic leading

(continued on page 128)

attire

THE RETURN OF THE ASCOT *a colorful revival wins its way as an elegant touch for the casual wardrobe*



AFTER DECADES OF ALMOST EXCLUSIVE USE by blue-blazered romantic leads with blindingly white teeth, the elegant ascot has resumed its rightful place on the necks of the knowledgeable. In patterns plain and paisley, colors cool and vivid, this Continental classic is sartorially correct once again, imparting what no other single accessory can: a smart look of



discriminating leisureliness. Trimly tailored with stitched pleats for a snug fit, the modern ascot is as easy as pie to tie (as demonstrated here): cross right end over left, fold other end up and over, line up each half, tuck neatly into the open neck of a contrasting sport shirt or white oxford à la Fred Astaire, and plunge—with or without carefully coordinated jacket—



into the sophisticated social swim. Observe the compleat ascot wardrobe, all of imported silk foulard, top left: first pair by Liberty of London, \$7.50 each; second by Handcraft, \$5; third by Reis of New Haven, \$6. Top right is by Liberty, \$7.50. Center: left, by Reis, \$6; right, by Handcraft, \$5. Bottom: left, by Liberty, \$7.50; right, by Handcraft, \$5.

SAGITTARUS (continued from page 50)

power to the portrayal of Bluebeard; that ugly devil up there on the shabby little stage was like an icy flame, and when he'd turned to the house and delivered that closing line, there had been such force of personality, such demonic zeal, such hatred and scorn, such monumental threat, that I could feel my young companion shrink against me and shudder.

"Come, come. *ma petite*," I said, "it's only a play."

"*Je lui déteste*," she said.

"You detest him? Who, Bluebeard?"

"Laval."

My French was sketchy at that time, and her English almost nonexistent, but as we made our slow way up the aisle, I managed to glean that the actor's name was Laval, and that she had at one time had some offstage congress with him, congress of an intimate nature, I gathered. I could not help asking *why*, since she disliked him so (I was naïf then, you see, and knew little of women; it was somewhat later in life I learned they find evil and even ugliness irresistible). In answer to my question, she only shrugged and delivered a platitude: "*Les affaires sont les affaires*" — Business is business.

Sellig was waiting for us in the foyer. His height, and his great beauty of face, made him stand out. Our two pretty companions took to him at once, for his attractive exterior was supplemented by waves of charm.

"Did you enjoy the *programme*?" he asked of me.

I did not know exactly what to reply. "Enjoy? . . . Let us say I found it fascinating, M'sieu Sellig."

"It did not strike you as tawdry? cheap? vulgar?"

"All those, yes. But, at the same time, exciting — as sometimes only the tawdry, the cheap, the vulgar can be."

"You may be right. I have not watched a Guignol production for several years. Although, surely, the acting . . ."

We were entering a carriage, all five of us. I said, "The acting was unbelievably bad — with one exception."

"Really? And the exception?"

"The actor who played Bluebeard in a piece called *La Septième Porte*. His name is —" I turned to my companion again.

"Laval," she said, and the sound became a viscous thing.

"Ah yes," said Sellig. "Laval. The name is not entirely unknown to me. Shall we go to Maxim's?"

At the end of the evening, César and I escorted our respective (but not precisely respectable) young ladies to their dwellings, where more pleasure was found. Sellig went home alone. I felt sorry for him, and there was a moment

when it crossed my mind that perhaps he was one of those men who have no need of women — the theatrical profession is thickly inhabited by such men — but César privately assured me that Sellig had a mistress, a lovely and gracious widow named Lise, for Sellig's tastes were exceedingly refined and his image unblemished by descents into the dimly lit world of the sporting house. My own tastes, though acute, were not so elevated, and thus I enjoyed myself immensely that night.

Ignorance, they say, is bliss. I did not know that my ardent companion's warmth would turn unalterably cold in the space of a single night.

. . .

The *commissaire de police* had never seen anything like it. He spoke poor English, but I was able to glean his meaning without too much difficulty. "It is, how you say . . ."

"Horrible?"

"Ah, oui, mais . . . étrange, incroyable."

"Unique?"

"*Si! Uniquement monstrueux! Uniquement dégoûtant!*"

Uniquely disgusting. Yes, it was that. It was that, certainly.

"The manner, M'sieu . . . the method . . . the —"

"Mutilation."

"*Oui, la mutilation . . . C'est irrégulière, anormale . . .*"

We were in the morgue — not that newish Medico-Legal Institute of the University on the banks of the Seine, but the old morgue, that wretched, ugly place on the quai de l'Archevêché. She — Clothilde, my *petite amie* of the previous night — had been foully murdered; killed with knives; her prettiness destroyed; her very womanhood destroyed, extracted, bloodily but with surgical precision. I stood in the morgue with the *commissaire*, César, Sellig, and the other girl, Mathilde. Covering the corpse with its anonymous sheet, the *commissaire* said, "It resembles, does it not, the work of your English killer . . . Jacques?"

"Jack," I said. "Jack the Ripper."

"Ah, oui. *Le Ripper*." He looked down upon the covered body. "*Mais pourquoi?*"

"Yes," I said, hoarsely. "Why indeed?"

"*La cause . . . la raison . . . le motif*," he said; and then delivered himself of a small, eloquent, Gallic shrug. "*Inconnu*."

Motive unknown. He had stated it succinctly. A girl of the streets, a *fille de joie*, struck down, mutilated, her femaleness canceled out. Who did it? *Inconnu*. And why? *Inconnu*.

"*Merci, messieurs, mademoiselle . . .*"

The *commissaire* thanked us and we left the cold repository of Paris' unclaimed dead. All four of us — it had

been "all five of us" just the night before — were strained, silent. The girl Mathilde was weeping. We, the men, felt not grief exactly — how could we, for one we had known so briefly, so imperfectly? — but a kind of embarrassment. Perhaps that is the most common reaction produced by the presence of death: embarrassment. Death is a kind of nakedness, a kind of indecency, a kind of *faux pas*. Unless we have known the dead person well enough to experience true loss, or unless we have wronged the dead person enough to experience guilt, the only emotion we can experience is embarrassment. I must confess my own embarrassment was tinged with guilt. It was I, you see, who had used her, such a short time before. And now she would never be used again. Her warm lips were cold; her knowing fingers, still; her cajoling voice, silent; the very stronghold and temple of her treasure was destroyed.

In the street, I felt I had to make some utterance. "To think," I said, "that her last evening was spent at the Guignol!"

Sellig smiled sympathetically. "My friend," he said. "the Grand Guignol is not only a shabby little theater in a Montmartre alley. *This*" — his gesture took in the whole world — "this is the Grandest Guignol of all."

I nodded. He placed a hand on my shoulder. "Do not be too much alone," he advised me. "Come to the Théâtre tonight. We are playing *Cinna*."

"Thank you," I said. "But I have a strange urge to revisit the Guignol . . ."

César seemed shocked or puzzled, but Sellig understood. "Yes," he said, "that is perhaps a good thought." We parted — Sellig to his rooms, César with the weeping girl, I to my hotel.

I have an odd infirmity — perhaps it is not so odd, and perhaps it is no infirmity at all — but great shock or disappointment or despair do not rob me of sleep as they rob the sleep of others. On the contrary, they rob me of energy, they drug me, they send me into the merciful solace of sleep like a powerful anodyne. And so, that afternoon, I slept. But it was a sleep invaded by dreams . . . dreams of gross torture and mutilation, of blood, and of the dead Clothilde — alive again for the duration of a nap — repeating over and over a single statement.

I awoke covered with perspiration, and with that statement gone just beyond the reach of my mind. Try as I did, I could not recall it. I dashed cold water in my face to clear my head, and although I had no appetite, I rang for service and had some food brought me in my suite. Then, the theater hour approaching, I dressed and made my way

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"What! I need exercise!!"

SAGITTARIUS (continued from page 76)

toward Montmartre and the Rue Chap-tal.

The offering that evening was unbearably boring, though it was no worse than the previous evening's offering. The reason for its tediousness was simple: Laval did not appear in the play. On my way out of the theater, I inquired of an usher about the actor's absence. "Ah, the great Laval," he said, with shuddering admiration. "It is his—do you say 'night away'?"

"Night off . . ."

"Oui. His night off. He appears on alternate nights, M'sieu . . ."

Feeling somehow cheated, I decided to return the following night. I did so; in fact, I made it a point to visit the Guignol every night that week on which Laval was playing. I saw him in several little plays—shockers in which he starred as the monsters of history and legend—and in each, his art was lit by black fire and was the more admirable since he did not rely upon a succession of fantastic make-ups—in each, he wore the same grotesque make-up (save for the false facial hair) he had worn as Bluebeard; I assumed it was his trade mark. The plays—which were of his own authorship, I discovered—included *L'Inquisiteur*, in which he played Torquemada, the merciless heretic-burner (convincing flames on the stage) and *Le Fils du Pape*, in which he played the insane, incestuous Cesare Borgia. There were many more, among them, a contemporary story, *Jacques l'Éventreur*, in which he played the currently notorious Ripper, knifing pretty young harlots with extreme realism until the stage was scarlet with sham blood. In this, there was one of those typically Lavalesque flashes, an infernally inspired *cri de coeur*, when the Ripper, remorseful, sunken in shame, enraged at his destiny, surfeited with killings but unable to stop, tore a rhymed couplet from the bottom of his soul and flung it like a live thing into the house:

La vie est un corridor noir

D'impuissance et de désespoir!

That's not very much in English—"Life is a black corridor of impotence and despair"—but in the original, and when hurled with the ferocity of Laval, it was Kean's Hamlet, Irving's Macbeth, Salvini's Othello, all fused into a single theatrical moment.

And, in that moment, there was another fusion—a fusion, in my own mind, of two voices. One was that of the *commissaire de police*—"It resembles, does it not, the work of your English killer . . . Jacques?" The other was the voice of the dead Clothilde, repeating a phrase she had first uttered in life, and then, after her death, in that fugitive dream—"Je lui déteste."

As the curtain fell, to tumultuous applause, I sent my card backstage, thus informing Laval that "*un admirateur*" wished to buy him a drink. Might we meet at L'Oubliette? The response was long in coming, insultingly long, but at last it did come and it was affirmative. I left at once for L'Oubliette.

Forty minutes later, after I had consumed half a bottle of red wine, Laval entered. The waitress brought him to my table and we shook hands.

I was shocked, for I looked into the ugliest and most evil face I had ever seen. I immediately realized that Laval never wore make-up on the stage. He had no need of it. Looking about, he said, "L'Oubliette," and sat down. "The filthy place is aptly named. Do you know what an *oubliette* is, M'sieu?"

"No," I said. "I wish my French were as excellent as your English."

"But surely you know our word, *oublier*?"

"My French-English lexicon," I replied, "says it means 'to forget, to omit, to leave.'"

He nodded. "That is correct. In the old days, a variety of secret dungeon was called an *oubliette*. It was subterranean. It had no door, no window. It could be entered only by way of a trap door at the top. The trap door was too high to reach, even by climbing, since the walls sloped in the wrong direction and were eternally slick with slime. There was no bed, no chair, no table, no light, and very little air. Prisoners were dropped down into such dungeons to be—literally—forgotten. They seldom left alive. Infrequently, when a prisoner was fortunate enough to be freed by a change in administration, he was found to have become blind—from the years in the dark. And almost always, of course, insane . . ."

"You have an intimate knowledge of horrors, Monsieur Laval," I said.

He shrugged. "*C'est mon métier.*"

"Will you drink red wine?"

"Since you are paying, I will drink whisky," he said; adding, "if they have it here."

They did, an excellent Scotch and quite expensive. I decided to join him. He downed the first portion as soon as it was poured—not waiting for even a perfunctory toast—and instantly demanded another. This, too, he flung down his throat in one movement, smacking his bestial lips. I could not help thinking how much more graphic than our "he drinks like a fish" or "like a drainpipe" is the equivalent French figure of speech: "he drinks like a hole."

"Now then, M'sieu . . . Pendragon?"

"Glencannon."

"Yes. You wished to speak with me."

I nodded.

"Speak," he said, gesturing to the barmaid for another drink.

"Why," I began, "I'm afraid I have nothing in particular to say, except that I admire your acting . . ."

"Many people do."

What a graceless boor, I told myself, but I continued: "Rightfully so, Monsieur Laval. I am new to Paris, but I have seen much theater here these past few weeks, and to my mind yours is a towering talent, in the front rank of *artistes*, perhaps second only to—"

"Eh? Second?" He swallowed the fresh drink and looked up at me, his unwholesome eyes flaming. "Second to—whom, would you say?"

"I was going to say, Sellig."

Laval laughed. It was not a warming sound. His face grew uglier. "Sellig! Indeed. Sellig, the handsome. Sellig, the classicist. Sellig, the noble. *Bah!*"

I was growing uncomfortable. "Come, sir," I said, "surely you are not being fair . . ."

"Fair. That is oh so important to you English, is it not? Well, let me tell you, M'sieu Whatever-your-name-is—the lofty strutting of that mountebank Sellig makes me sick! What he can do, fools can do. Who cannot pompously declaim the cold, measured alexandrines of Racine and Corneille and Molière? Stop any schoolboy on the street and ask him to recite a bit of *Phèdre* or *Tartuffe* and he will oblige you, in that same stately classroom drone Sellig employs. Do not speak to me of this Sellig. He is a fraud; *worse*—he is a bore."

"He is also," I said, "my friend."

"A sorry comment on your taste."

"And yet it is a taste that can also appreciate you."

"To some, champagne and seltzer water taste the same."

"You know, sir, you are really quite rude."

"True."

"You must have few friends."

"Wrong. I have none."

"But that is distressing! Surely—"

He interrupted. "There is a verse of the late Rostand's. Perhaps you know it. '*A force de vous voir vous faire des amis . . . et cetera?*'"

"My French is poor."

"You need not remind me. I will give you a rough translation. 'Seeing the sort of friends you others have in tow, I cry with joy: send me another foe!'"

"And yet," I said, persisting, "all men need friends . . ."

Laval's eyes glittered like dark gems. "I am no ordinary man," he said. "I was born under the sign of Sagittarius. Perhaps you know nothing of astrology? Or, if you do, perhaps you think of Sagittarius as merely the innocuous sign of the Archer? Remember, then, just who that archer is—not a simple bear or

(continued on page 110)

THE VANISHING AMERICANS

article **BY J. PAUL GETTY** *in the restless voice of dissent lies the key to a nation's vitality and greatness*

I RECENTLY HAD OCCASION to give a dinner party in London for a rather widely assorted group of friends and acquaintances. Among the guests was an outspoken Socialist I've known for many years. When the table conversation lagged, he seized the opportunity to deliver a political monolog, expressing views which were more than slightly left of center.

To my amusement, one of my other guests, a vacationing American businessman, later felt constrained to ask me how I, a "leading Capitalist," could tolerate the presence of such a wild radical at my dinner table.

"Aren't you afraid to have a man like that around you, spouting all those dangerous theories?" he asked.

Keeping a straight face, I tried to explain that Socialism is an entirely respectable political ideology in Great Britain, adding, for what I hoped was proper snob-appealing emphasis, that Socialists are even received at Buckingham Palace by Her Majesty, the Queen.

I assured my worried fellow countryman I didn't really consider the theories we'd heard expounded at all dangerous. I said I hoped my convictions weren't built on such shifting foundations that a 10-minute tirade by a Socialist zealot could undermine them or corrupt me.

My arguments did not appear to make very much of an impression. I strongly suspect the jittery businessman went away thinking that at best I had been contaminated by exposure to a subversive alien ideology and at worst had turned into one of those parlor pinks he'd heard so much about.

Quite plainly, the man is one of the unfortunately far-too-numerous Americans who seem to have lost their perspective and sense of humor and fair play in recent years. They've developed a tendency to automatically equate dissension with disloyalty. They view any criticism of our existing social, economic and political forms as sedition and subversion.

Now, I am most certainly neither parlor nor any other shade of pink. It hardly seems necessary for me, of all people, to say that I'm vigorously opposed to government ownership of industry, that I'm an energetic exponent of the free enterprise system. I can't imagine myself comfortable under a Socialist regime. Nor can I imagine such a regime looking upon me with much tolerance.

The political implications of the anecdote I've cited are purely incidental and coincidental. I used it solely to illustrate a manifestation of what I, for one, have observed to be a contemporary American phenomenon and which, to my mind, is disturbing, deplorable and truly dangerous.

I'm referring to the growing reluctance of Americans to criticize, and their increasing tendency to condemn those who, in ever dwindling numbers, will still voice dissent, dissatisfaction and criticism.

Let me make it quite clear that I hold no special brief for any particular ideology, party, group or school of thought which might want or seek to bring about changes of any kind in our manners, mores or institutions. I am not a reformer, crusader, social philosopher, political or economic theorist.

I do, however, consider myself enough of a realist to appreciate that this is not — and never has been and never will be — the best of all possible worlds. The concept that any *status quo* is perfect and permanent, that one must under no circumstances raise questions, voice doubts or seek improvements can only produce complacency, then stagnation and finally collapse.

It does no good to pretend there is never anything wrong anywhere, for there is always something — be it big or little — wrong everywhere. Individuals and civilizations can only strive for perfection. It is highly unlikely that they will ever achieve it.

Very often it remains for the dissenter to point out that which is wrong. He is a skeptic who doubts, questions and probes — and hence is more likely to *(continued on page 82)*

How To Stop Worrying About The Bomb A guide for people who made

PEACE OF MIND THROUGH PREPAREDNESS In spite of tranquilizers and new social agencies such as *The Protestant Federation for the Worried*, *The Catholic Bomb Nerve Centre* and *The*

Jewish Home for the Nervous, many persons can only find relief from worry by making preparations for a possible attack. The following suggestions should remedy many apprehensions.



WELL OVER 3 PERCENT OF THE POPULATION WILL SURVIVE AN ATTACK



YUH GOTTA SHOW THEM WHO'S BOSS

SYMPTOMS OF A BOMB WORRIER You are a bomb worrier if you suffer from: (a) loss of appetite, (b) tension, (c) sexual apprehensions, (d) claustrophobia. One out of four Americans suffers from *Bombus Dysastraphobias* (bomb nerves). This affliction, which can lead to *Abdominal Crawlus Moscovia* (an urge to crawl to Moscow on one's stomach), has led to *Abdominal Crawlus Washington* in other areas.



I LET MY HUSBAND WORRY ABOUT THOSE THINGS

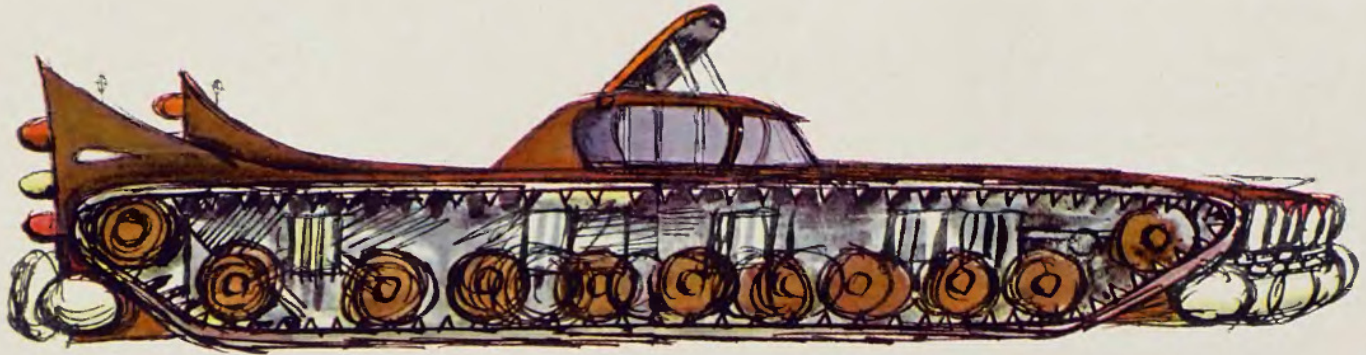


NODDY'S GONNA BOMB HOBOKEN



REMEDIES Medical science has developed new wonder drugs which alleviate many symptoms. Above are the most successful: (a) *Fungus Euphorus*, a mushroom growing along the Amazon, soon to be sold commercially, (b) a recently developed anti-neurotic, (c) *Rosyvision* glasses, (d) one of many reprints of old package designs to give that pleasant 1930 feeling, (e) a grain derivative still in the experimental stage.

THE POSITIVE POWERFUL THINKERS *Bomb Nerves* are extremely contagious and it is best to avoid prophets of gloom and doom, petition signers, egg-heads, etc. Try cultivating friendships with non-worriers.



YOUR CAR AND YOU IN AN ATOMIC AGE Not since Nash made a car with a bed have cars played such a vital role in American lives. In an atomic attack your car can take you from the city, where food prices are likely to rise, to the country, where

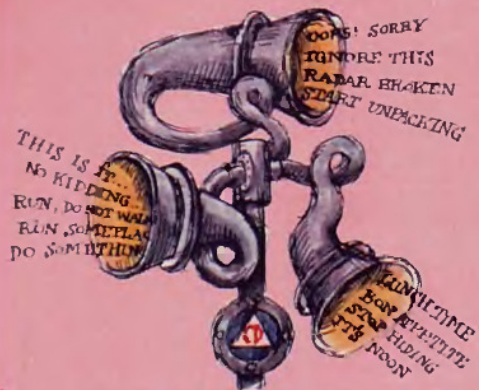
food prices (because of fallout contamination) are quite low. Most cars will offer the optional accessories, shown above, in next year's models. To avoid delays that may occur after an attack, sprinkle a few hundred tacks behind you as you drive.



FASHION is likely to change radically. Coats (asbestos lined) will be ankle length and sleeves will end in zipper. Narrow hat brims will remain but canvas will replace more conventional material. Tie optional.



YOUR SHELTER Inasmuch as fallout may continue for several years, it is not advisable to open your shelter door for newspaper or milk deliveries. Defending yourself from shelterless freeloaders may provide some unpleasant moments for the sensitive.



KNOW YOUR SIREN CODE One long siren blast means somebody saw something on a radar screen. Three short blasts mean find a Zen master quickly. Missile bases please note: siren at noon may only mean it's lunchtime.



FIRST AID Knowing what to do until the doctor arrives months later is imperative. Ask Civil Defense what medications to keep on hand. Remember: they want to help you.

VANISHING (continued from page 79)

recognize lacks, weaknesses and abuses than are his complacent neighbors.

The dissenter is also more alert and sensitive to the winds of impending change. He is thus frequently a prophet of the inevitable, who cries for action or change while there is yet time to take action and make changes voluntarily.

Such famed American dissenters of the past as Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, William Allen White and H. L. Mencken were labeled muckrakers and much worse by some of their contemporaries. Yet, they were given fair hearing. No one seriously suggested muzzling them. No one felt afraid of being exposed to their views.

The biting commentaries, hard-hitting denunciations and exposés of the so-called muckrakers helped bring about many needed changes and improvements which even the most antediluvian conservative of today will admit had to be made and, once made, were universally beneficial.

But even if the dissenter is a false prophet and cries of perils or problems which do not really exist, he still performs an important and valuable service to society. He adds spice, spirit and an invigorating quality to life. He may create naught but controversy, but if he is allowed to speak, is heard and answered, he has served to stir the imaginations of others.

Years ago, there were many ruggedly individualistic dissenters on the American scene. They were never hesitant to disagree with minorities or with the majority.

They aimed their barbs at vital questions of the day. They expressed their opinions fearlessly, no matter how unpopular those opinions might have been. The voice of dissent has died away to a barely audible whisper. Present-day specimens of the vanishing breed are generally timorous and emasculated parodies akin to the medieval pedants who debated the question of how many angels could dance on the head of a pin.

Today's dissenters mainly focus their attention and expend their energies on the most inconsequential of trivia. Where the Ida Tarbells and H. L. Menckens made frontal assaults on fortresses, they snipe at houses of cards.

Allegedly serious intellectuals quibble endlessly over such ridiculous trivialities as the artistic merit versus the political implications of a mural on the wall of a rural post office. In the meantime, the public is lulled into a perilous somnolence, spoon-fed pap and palpable untruths, many of which are turned out by special-interest and pressure groups and well-organized propaganda machines.

It is hardly surprising that the public

mind is dulled and forced into a narrow mold which allows no room for consideration of the day's important issues.

Let a semiliterate disc jockey's contract be terminated — for however valid a reason — and his former employers are promptly deluged by furious letters, telegrams and telephone calls expressing protest at the "injustice" and "persecution." On the other hand, if a pressure group of dubious motive forces the resignation of a distinguished public servant, there are very few protests from the citizenry.

If a motion-picture fan magazine casts aspersions on the dramatic talents of some glandular starlet, the result is instant, widespread reaction from a partisan public. But when a vital piece of legislation is pending before a state legislature or the United States Congress, the matter is usually ignored by the overwhelming majority of citizens. It remains for self-seeking pressure groups and professional lobbyists to inform the lawmakers of the public's attitudes and opinions on the bill in question. The stagnant waters of indifference and apathy are deep.

Some of our newspapers and magazines are more concerned with the welfare of their advertisers than they are with the dissemination of news and the discussion of matters of lasting importance. I recall a recent edition of one well-known newspaper that devoted two full and lavishly illustrated pages to an article purporting to prove that *Happier Gelatin Molding Makes for a Happier Home Life*.

The same issue gave a three-paragraph report on a government crisis in a Latin American Republic, dispensed with a far-reaching change in Civil Defense policy in 11 lines, and allotted a scant half column to a résumé of legislative action taken that week in the state capitol.

Editorial policies?

"It's rapidly reaching the point where you're allowed to take a strong stand in favor of mothers, babies and stray dogs, and against crime and spitting in the streets — and that's about all," a veteran newspaper editor complained bitterly to me not long ago.

This, of course, is obviously an angry man's extravagant overstatement. Nonetheless, it should be painfully apparent to any regular newspaper reader that there is at least some truth to what he says.

But newspapers and magazines are by no means the only — nor even the worst — offenders. Radio, television, motion pictures, popular books — all contribute their very considerable share to the conditioning process that leads to

the stultification of thought and the stifling of dissent on all but the most banal levels.

The extent to which some of these media will go to avoid controversy and to protect their own narrow interests is often incredible. It is graphically illustrated by a story I heard recently from a disgusted radio network executive. It appears that a large radio station killed a broadcast by a noted clergyman who was to have delivered a 15-minute talk on *The Sanctity of Marriage*.

Why was the cleric ruled off the air? The president of a firm which bought considerable advertising air time from the station was then involved in a noisy divorce scandal. The radio station's management was terrified lest this sponsor think the clergyman's remarks were directed at him!

It is, perhaps, significant that some of the most incisive and devastating commentaries on our contemporary manners, mores and institutions are being made today by night-club comedians of the so-called sick school. This would seem to indicate that, to be heard, the present-day critic must sugarcoat his bitter pills, but that, even when he does, there is at least implied disapproval of his dissent. Otherwise, why would the public label his cutting, ironical commentaries as sick?

I contend there is nothing sick about dissent and criticism. There is a great need for both in our present-day society. I firmly believe that now, as never before in our history, it is essential that not only our intellectuals, but also our average citizens question, doubt, probe, criticize and object. The stifling of dissent is not only a negation of our Constitutional guarantees of free speech, but also a renunciation of the most basic and precious of democratic principles.

Only if there are open discussions and arguments based on uninhibited criticism can there be an end to the growing trend toward complacency. And only when complacency disappears will it be possible for the United States to resume its vigorous, individualistic drive to achieve progress, betterment — and world leadership.

In a free society, nothing that in any way affects the lives or welfare of the public at large should ever be immune from examination and criticism. Be it our foreign policy, labor-management relations, educational system, or whatever, there is always justification and need for continuing, critical scrutiny.

As long as I've mentioned three specific areas of public interest, let's use them as examples and give each a quick glance. Let's begin by taking a single

(concluded on page 98)

BAUMGARDEN AND THE MAESTRO had been friends long before they faced each other, chair to podium, on a concert stage. Jan Clausing had been a vibrant 30 when they had met in the rehearsal halls of the Vienna Opera House in 1917: Clausing a bassoonist and Baumgarden, then as now, a violinist. But Clausing had abandoned his instrument to study orchestration; he had made a storm of his musical career, while Baumgarden was content with the even climate of mediocrity. Now Clausing was a maestro, a conductor, with 30 years of the baton behind him, and before him, faceless in the regiment of violins, was Carl Baumgarden.

They were both old men. Baumgarden was 67; the maestro, 74. But Baumgarden had long since admitted to the fatigue of his years, while the conductor denied it ferociously. Again and again, the directors of the Civic Orchestra had hinted about retirement, and old Clausing shaking his mane like a wintry lion, had raged and ranted at any suggestion of his decline. But the evidence was clear, the orchestra, once a vigorous single voice, was now limping, ragged, disorganized. Baumgarden knew it, even deep in the anonymous bed of violins, but he had a special reason for never speaking any criticism of the maestro's waning skill.

Baumgarden's wife never knew that special reason until the day he came home from an afternoon rehearsal with his grizzled jaw slack and his step feeble. She fluttered about him like an agitated goose, and asked if he were ill; he shook her off wearily and sat at the kitchen table.

"I'm not sick," he said quietly. "Not like you mean, Rachel."

"Then what is it? What happened today?"

He hoisted the violin case onto his lap and stroked its scabrous surface absently. "What happened was bound to happen," he said resignedly. "For a year the directors have been complaining about the orchestra, and who could blame them? The maestro they can do nothing about. So now they say, maybe the musicians. Maybe it's time to see where the bad ones are hiding."

"What does this mean?" Rachel said fearfully. "They're not putting you out of work, Carl?"

"Not yet, not yet," Baumgarden sighed. "But it comes to the same thing. They told the maestro to begin individual auditions of every member of the orchestra, beginning tomorrow morning, and the string section is first on the list. Tomorrow, the next day, I will have to play for Clausing and let him judge me." He spread his hands. "So now it's finished," he said flatly. "After so many years, finished."

"Why finished? Why? You're not as good as the rest of them? Maybe better?"

"Rachel," he said sadly, "to whom are you talking?"

"To you, to you! Why do you say such things?"

"Because I know my hands. I keep them in my pockets so nobody sees them shake. How often do you hear me play at home?"

"So why should you play?" she said defensively. "You get enough playing all day. Does a dentist bring home his drill?"

Baumgarden's hands came to rest on the violin case, and the fingers trembled. His wife looked away, not willing to see the truth. Then he slowly undid the lock of his case and lifted out his instrument.

"Rachel," he said, "for you a private solo. Listen, and I'll show you how I've been playing for the last year."

He put the case on the floor, and tucked the violin under his chin. The fingers of his left hand closed about the neck in a firm, loving embrace, and he poised the bow over the strings. Then he drew the bow across them, tenderly, and his fingers moved in a familiar pattern of melody. The bow danced, his head nodded, his eyes were soulful.

And there was only silence.

Baumgarden stopped, and took the

(concluded on page 135)

"there is nothing to fear,"
said the maestro,
"play as you play for me every day"

fiction **By HENRY SLESAR**



AKIRA KUROSAWA: *what makes samurai run?*

IN THE URBAN FIEFDOM of Toho Pictures in Tokyo, Akira Kurosawa is known as "The Emperor," and is addressed by his subordinates in the honorific language accorded only to dignitaries ranking just below hereditary nobility. To them, and to Kurosawa himself, such deference is no more than fitting homage to the man whose powerful direction and co-authorship of *Rashomon*, Venice Film Festival triumph of 1951, endowed the Japanese film industry almost overnight with a distinguished international reputation. Since this creative dawn, Kurosawa's own rising sun has radiated around the world with an unbroken skein of trophy winners such as the poignant *Ikiru* and his magnum opus, *The Seven Samurai*. On sets as sacrosanct as Buddhist temples, the 51-year-old ex-painter wields his imperial powers with less than benevolent despotism; but so far he has succeeded in transmuting the base metal of traditionally uncommercial themes—wherein vice triumphs as often as virtue—into solid gold at the box office. His latest alchemies: *I Live in Fear*, an explosive anti-atomic-war drama; *The Lower Depths*, a compelling recast of Gorky's mordant play; *Throne of Blood*, a Kabuki-style version of *Macbeth* staged with shattering power against the savage landscape of medieval Japan; and *Yojimbo*, 1961 Venice Festival winner, commemorating for him a decade in the cinematic vanguard. As to the next decade, the great director merely smiles and points to his head. "I have many shoots up here. Who knows which will blossom?"

FEDERICO FELLINI: *veni, vidi, vita*

AT THE PREMIERE of his latest film in Milan, director Federico Fellini was immensely gratified by audience reaction: he was spat upon and challenged to a duel on his way out of the theater. To the 42-year-old moviemaker, turbulent fountainhead of Italy's cinematic New Wave, the seal of public disapproval had always signified a sure-fire hit. He was right again: the movie, *La Dolce Vita*—his harrowing, mesmeric passion play of ennui and eroticism in Roman café society—has earned a niche in the cinematic hall of fame, is also destined to become one of the biggest grossers in film history. With *Vita*, as with his other award winners (*Open City*, *Paisan*, *La Strada*, *Cabiria*), the fatal flaw of many men has been Fellini's great strength: egocentric self-assurance. Assembling his dark visions into a skeletal script, he directs intuitively, improvising as he shoots, in a style part neorealistic, part impressionistic, part caricature. The result is intentionally theatrical and overpowering, saturated with the vitality of a baroque and fertile imagination. His next venture: an extension of *Vita*'s philosophic explorations. If it's as bitter-*Dolce* as its precursor, Fellini will no doubt be damned and deified as usual. He wouldn't have it any other way.



ON
THE
SCENE





JULES DASSIN: *a sunday kind of love*

ARNOLD NEWMAN

WHEN HIS NAME WAS ADDED to the list of Hollywood personalities ill-starred in the House Un-American Activities hearings of the late Forties, it seemed certain that Jules Dassin — then ranked among America's most gifted postwar directors — had cued the clackboard for his last take. In 1951, the black-listed moviemaker finally expatriated himself to Paris in search of film work. He found it. With the crackling suspense drama *Rififi* in 1955, the Connecticut-born, ex-Borscht Belt actor demonstrated compellingly that his deft directorial hand had lost none of its authority in translation. It remained only for *He Who Must Die* in 1958 to establish him as one of filmdom's leading "foreign" writer-directors. His star in this moving allegory of the Crucifixion was a little-known, luminously vital Greek actress named Melina Mercouri. The following year he wrote, directed and starred with her in the earthy and ebullient *Never on Sunday*, which became the Oscar-winning foreign hit of 1960, and Dassin suddenly found his services as sedulously sought as they had once been snubbed. He has since cast the mercurial Mercouri as his leading lady in real as well as reel life, and with her has recently completed *SS Phaedra*, their third collaboration. For this sad-eyed, saturnine-faced man, who began his career on New York's Lower East Side as a director in the Yiddish theater, life has come full circle: he has returned to America to direct another play, opening this month — *Isle of Children* with Patty Duke. In a switch on that old maxim about March, he comes in like a conquering lion where he left like a sacrificial lamb.





CLARA (continued from page 57)

sort of Jekyll-Hyde body. After the most disorderly embraces it was able to assume a tender guise of virginity. There were no ruses. All Clara did was open her eyes and let a child look out of them again.

Things went well in my cubbyhole room for two weeks. Outside its window the rooftops of the city careened in the spring sun, and chimneys put smoky awning stripes in the sky. Tugboats strutted in the river attended by retinues of garbage scows. Sooty doves idled on my window ledge and uttered their bullfiddle grunts which are called cooing. Clara fed them the remains of our liver-wurst sandwiches, our sole sustenance.

My working hours were from six A.M. to three P.M., but whatever story I was covering I managed during that time to scamper once or twice up the stairs to my attic nest. I found Clara always in bed, dutifully reading a volume of the books I had bought for her—the collected works of Oscar Wilde and Alfred de Musset. You paid the book salesman who lurked on the edge of the reporters' local room a dollar down and 50 cents a week thereafter for each set. And you did your best on payday to dodge this strategist. What an ominous and magical figure in my life was this seducer with sets who robbed me of lunches and dinners and left me Balzac, Carlyle, Swinburne, et al. to devour instead.

The reading was part of Clara's reformation. I read aloud to her for hours, intoning Swinburne and Browning as if they were missionaries with incantations. But Clara did most of her reforming in my arms. Between embraces, I asked her questions and learned from her soft tearful answers the statistics of her life as a prostitute. I found her confessions unbelievable. Looking at Clara's body, delicate and dreamy as a Botticelli nude, I threw its past away.

As I dressed each dawn, with Clara asleep, I felt from some point of view I can no longer understand, that our night of lovemaking had restored Clara's purity. A man of any age can persuade himself that a woman's thighs are altar rails, and that her passion is the hosanna of virtuous love rather than the wanton tumult of nerve endings. But a young man! A Jason on his first quest! There's a genius for losing his way. The truth of a woman is as distant from his mind as the farthest star. Put him in a woman's arms, and no lunatic is further from reality. But there is this to say for him—truth and reality will seldom bring him half as much delight.

Away from Clara, I remembered only one sentence out of our question-and-answer periods: "No m-man will ever t-touch me again, except you." What bet-

ter words had Tristan or Abelard ever heard?

In our third week a penny's worth of sanity trickled into my head. It happened one night while a thunderstorm blazed and cannonaded outside our bedroom, and flung pebbles of rain against its window. The noisy storm brought an unfamiliar mood into our cubbyhole. Clara's nudity beside me lost its Botticelli dreaminess and became a lightning flash. The child look left her eyes and desire glittered in them—a sort of beggar's hunger that must panhandle in bed. Her nails bit at my arm as she greeted each thunder-clap with a throaty laugh. The penny's worth of sanity told me that our bed was not a large enough world for Clara's reformation.

"How would you like to be a newspaper reporter?" I asked.

It was an eventful question.

. . .

Mr. Martin Hutchens, the pink-cheeked, silver-haired managing editor of the *Journal* seemed to me the most distinguished man in the world. Despite his whiskey voice and hung-over tremor, I considered him superior to the President of the United States—and I may have been right. Drunk or sober, Mr. Hutchens had never been heard to speak an uncourteous word.

During the 15 minutes Clara and I stood beside his fenced-in desk, Mr. Hutchens remained gallantly on his feet and listened to my lies with so warm and trustful a smile that I burned with shame from tip to toe. That I could revere Mr. Hutchens so deeply and tell him so many lies about Miss Clara Van Arsdale is another proof of the shady ways of the reformer.

I had made up the name Van Arsdale, thinking it might appeal to Mr. Hutchens. It did. I made up also the information that Miss Van Arsdale was a graduate of an Eastern university and a niece of the fine lady novelist, Edith Wharton, in whose footsteps she was hoping to follow.

Clara became the *Journal's* first girl reporter at \$12 a week. This was the established salary for the launching of journalists. A placard over the water cooler offered the printed information—**ANY REPORTER WHO IS WORTH MORE THAN \$35 A WEEK DOES NOT BELONG ON MY NEWSPAPER.** JOHN C. EASTMAN, PUBLISHER.

Clara was given a desk in the small office at the limbo end of the large local room.

"Keep the door closed," Mr. Hutchens cautioned her, "and you will not be bothered by the verbal habits of my staff. Journalism is a high calling, but I'm afraid it has a low vocabulary."

Clara's office belonged to Doc Knapp, our editorial writer. He was a lanky, red-whiskered sage imported from the *Rocky Mountain News* in Colorado to handle the Greco-Bulgarian war and other distant confusions. He wrote rhapsodically about the Greeks and their immemorial love for freedom, and had only snarls for the Bulgarians. The *Journal* bloomed with large advertisements of cigarettes and wines of Greek manufacture. Nevertheless, I held, with the rest of the staff, that Doc Knapp was out of place on a newspaper. Who the hell wanted to read about Greeks, Bulgarians, Englishmen and Russians, when they could read about Chicagoans!

"You don't have to worry about ever seeing Doc Knapp," I assured Clara, "because he never comes to his desk until after supper. He can't think unless it's quiet, he told me. But if you should meet him just act as if you were talking to a minister. He isn't really one, but editorial writers are almost the same as ministers of the Gospel in their general outlook."

I noted the tufted black-leather couch that stood against the office wall, and explained its use to Clara, "Doc Knapp always lies down on it to brood for a half hour before writing an editorial."

. . .

With Clara on the staff, I became the busiest reporter in town. I had two assignments to cover almost simultaneously, my own and hers. Clara was too timid to ask questions of strangers, and too confused by her new profession to understand what any news source might say to her. I asked the questions, jotted down the answers, darted into the Coroner's office in the County Building where an unbroken typewriter was available, typed out a story for Clara and escorted her to the *Journal*, reading it aloud to her in the street.

Clara entered the local room five minutes ahead of me and enclosed herself in her office. After a half hour of invisibility she came out and headed gracefully, copy in hand, for Mr. Eddie Mahoney, the city editor.

I had worried about Mr. Mahoney. He was a black-haired Irish type of cynic. Unlike Mr. Hutchens, he considered journalism a catch basin for hooligans, barflies and minor swindlers. On the subject of women, Mr. Mahoney was full of masterly invective.

But my worry soon left me. The bitter, sarcastic Mr. Mahoney, no less than Mr. Hutchens, was charmed by Clara. He addressed her in a sort of small boy's voice and was always the gentleman. So was the rest of the staff.

All was gay in my life except for a looming money problem. Our joint salaries of \$29.50 a week were enough for

(continued on page 122)

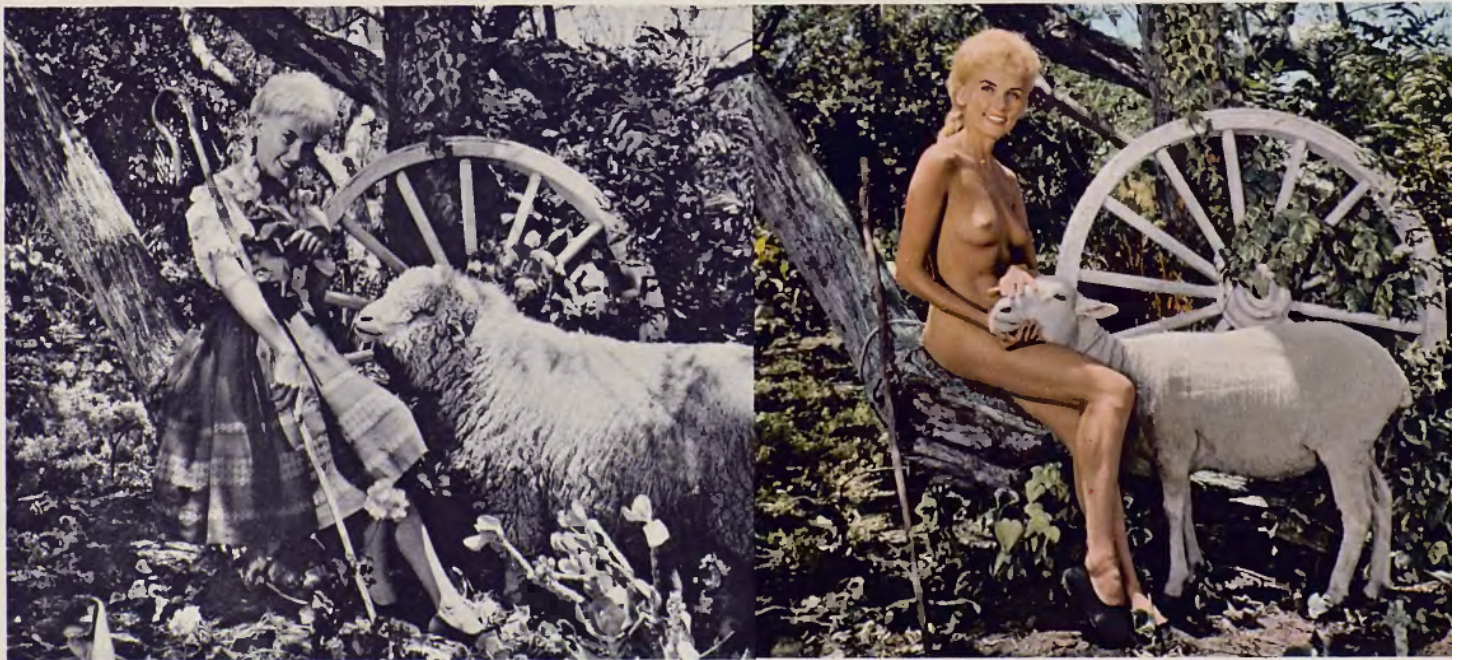
PARADiSiO

the best "nудie" movie to date tells an amusing tale about a most remarkable pair of glasses

ENCOURAGED by a newly permissive attitude on the part of censors and the courts toward undraped film fare, Hollywood's independent producers are continuing their happy preoccupation with what are known in the trade as "nudies": low-budget, lightly plotted epidermal epics that concentrate with disarming directness on unfettered femmes. Latest entrant in the long pink line of altogetherness films is a sprightly exercise in buffoonery called *Paradisio*, an effort noteworthy not only for its unabashed interest in birthday fashions, but because it is the first nude-wave film that shows the professional touch of an experienced producer. Aside from



avoiding clumsy camera work, the picture is also the first of its ilk to include synchronized sound. But its real fun lies in a corny but effective gimmick: 3-D glasses enable the audience to examine in depth a variety of females *au naturel*. Far from being a mere flesh in the pan, the film is likely to herald a spate of proficient productions which will treat the naked truth with equal freedom. More, it is indicative of an industry-wide trend that is steadily closing the gap between nudie and more legitimate movies — an endowment policy which benefits those who enjoy seeing an unclothed female wander through their flicks.



Paradisio's nonsensical plot concerns a mild British professor who is bequeathed a pair of seemingly ordinary sunglasses by a recently murdered physicist friend; a note asks that they be delivered to a Munich doctor. Pausing en route to photograph a comely shepherdess, he dons the specs to avoid the glare. The startling result: both sheep and lass are revealed shorn.



In a Munich night club Professor Sims continues to put his wondrously appealing glasses to good use. Above: approached by a voluptuous camera girl, he slips on the shades to enjoy her unwitting double exposure. At the same moment, viewers in the audience put on *their* specs for colorful three-dimensional research. Below: to his embarrassment, he finds the glosses work for both sexes: the maître de is seen sans tux or dignity. As Sims attempts to deliver the ingenious invention, each of his lens contacts is mysteriously murdered.





Taking off from its intriguing premise, the spectacle spectacular proceeds to involve its sight-seeing hero with lethal Red antagonists who are anxious to gain possession of the extraordinary sunglasses, pursue him in a tour de force through romantic Continental locales. Above: as Sims and the audience focus through their glasses, chicks in a night-club lobby magically molt. Below: following a script strewn with corpora delicti as well as delectable, he heads for Venice and a view of a patrician pedestrian's undraped shape.





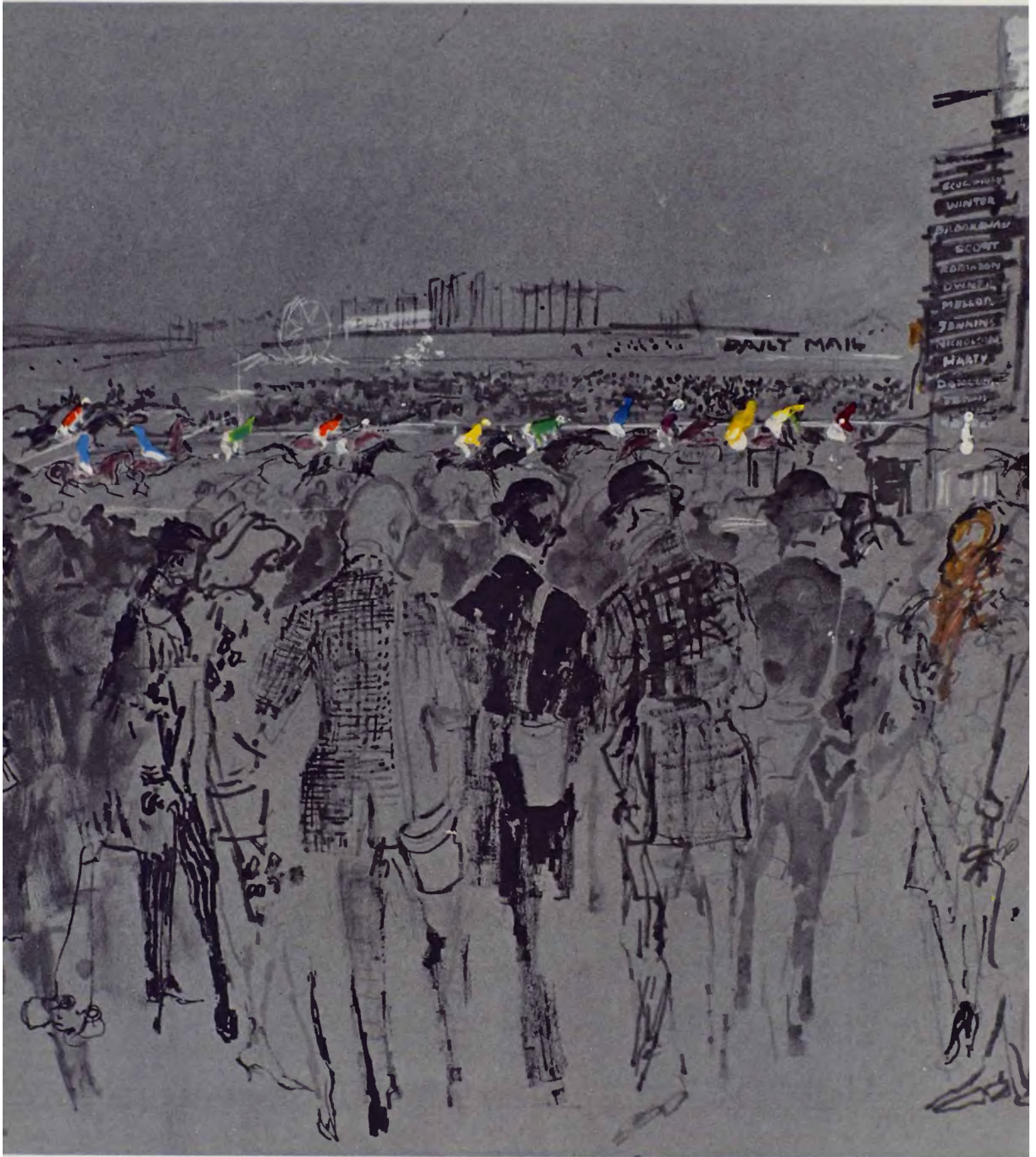
Above: seated at a Parisian sidewalk cafe, Professor Sims (played by British comic Arthur Howard, brother of the late Leslie Howard) reacts quickly to a passing girl's striptease, gets his glasses in place in time to goggle the defrocked demoiselle as she boards a bus. Below: at the Oktoberfest parade in Munich, a carriage-borne king and queen are royally flushed through the remarkable lenses. Though most of *Paradisio* was shot on location in Europe, nearly all sequences involving bared essentials were filmed in Hollywood.

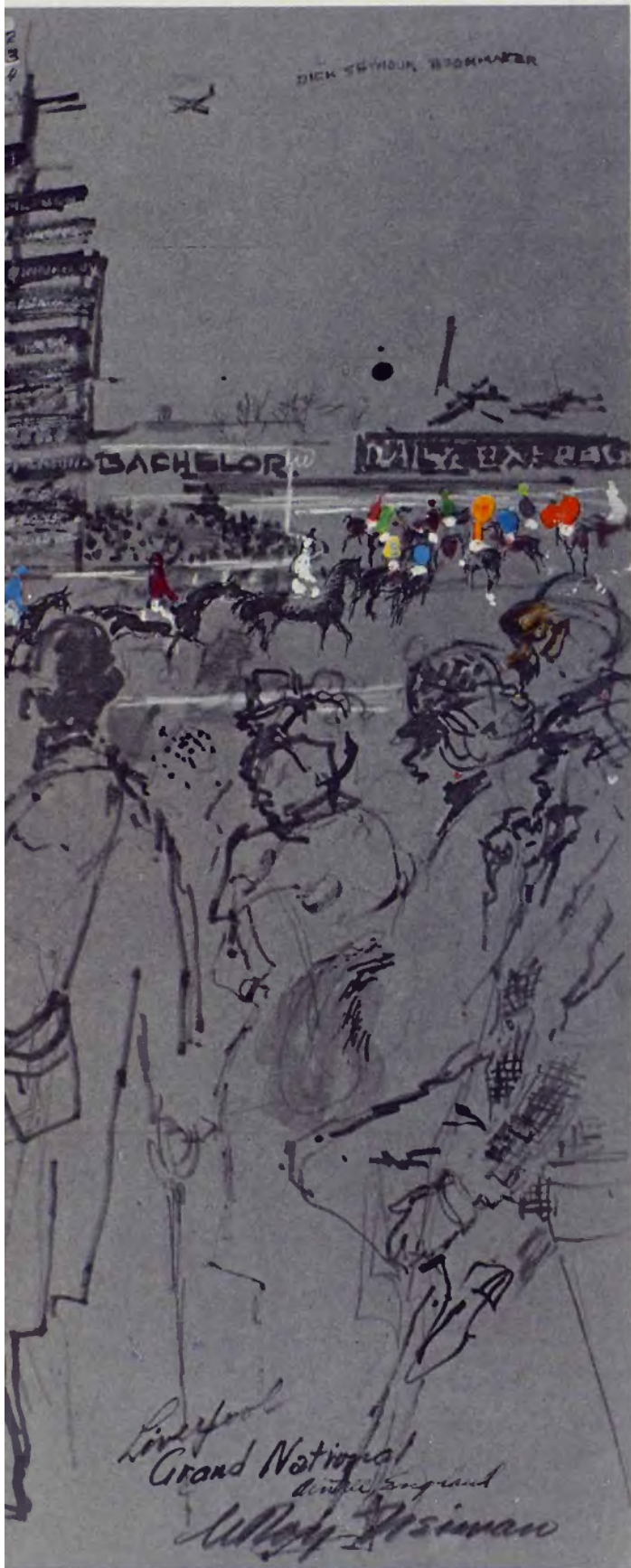




Above: in the Louvre, even the raiment of Goya's *The Clothed Maja* becomes a pigment of the imagination beneath the professor's pleased scrutiny. Below: the glasses save Sims at the Brandenburg Gate by uncovering a tattooed party girl who sports a .38. A wild chase ensues, with Sims driving his motor scooter into the maw of a U.S. Army cargo plane which then whisks him to the Riviera. In view of its amply supported cast and open good humor, sophisticated moviegoers aren't apt to quibble over the scenario's unlikely twists.







man at his leisure

neiman sketches england's grand grand national

THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE—an event as emphatically British as Trooping the Colours and The Lord Mayor's Show—is at once the longest, the most dangerous and the most famous race of its kind in the world. Run at Aintree, a tiny hamlet five miles outside the industrial sprawl of Liverpool, the Grand National poses a formidable equine and human challenge: 4½ miles of obstacle-studded turf, requiring endurance in the horses, courage and skill in the good men up. Since its inception in 1839, the race has annually gripped the attention of the nation, and drawn to its rural grounds an aristocratic throng eager to participate in the fashionable climax of Aintree's March meeting. Joining the elegant Establishmentarians, extravagantly hatted socialites and capped tipsters at a recent running of the Grand National was *PLAYBOY*'s virtuoso artist LeRoy Neiman, continuing his successful Continental quest for paletteable subjects.

"Prior to the race," Neiman reports, "the gentry take up advantageous positions in County Stand and the paddock area, combating the bracing weather with sips of tea or Scotch. Bowlers, ascots, sporting tweeds, gloves and walking sticks are much in evidence. Once the hardy field has set off, the emotions of the spectators are in a constant state of flux as horses fall repeatedly at the barriers. The spills unseat some of the jockeys, who straggle back to the stands, grass-stained but still dignified; an occasional riderless horse is seen running wildly through the infield. During the 10-minute race the excitement of the crowd is controlled; it is also wonderfully intense."

On these pages Neiman felicitously captures the spirit of a uniquely English spectacle that holds universal appeal.

Left: vividly hued jockey silks highlight the gray English scene at Aintree as fashionably garbed gentlemen and their ladies observe the Grand National's prepost parade. Top: trackmen post jockeys' names.



"My husband is on the way up, darling. Do you know how to sell Fuller Brushes or something ...?"

Vargas

NO LIPS BUT MINE

A CERTAIN OLD MERCHANT married a young woman and exacted one promise from her on their wedding day: "No lips but mine must ever touch thine," he said. "Promise me this and you will have all the wealth your heart desires."

The young wife made the promise and, because she was the very soul of integrity, she knew that she could never break it. Months passed, and her husband, being somewhat feeble, seldom asked anything of her in the way of love save the touch of his lips to hers.

All went well until one day a young and vigorous merchant chanced to visit her husband. The wife looked at him and found in him all she had never found in her aging spouse. She was pleased, moreover, to learn that he felt an attraction to her, for his visits increased and he bought more and more from her husband.

One day her husband said he had to call on a fellow shopkeeper and left the two young people alone together. Into the young man's eye came a gleam she had not detected in her husband's. She did not draw away when he slipped his arm around her waist, but she turned her head away. Nor did she remove his arm from her waist.

He was nonplused, for this was not the way things usually happened. "Why won't you kiss me?" he asked at last.

"I promised my husband something," she said. "And I never break a promise."

"What was the promise?"

"'No lips but mine must ever touch thine,'" she explained, repeating her husband's very words.

"I see," said the young man, "but it would not be breaking the promise to let me kiss you, say, here on the cheek."

"I suppose it wouldn't," she said.

"Nor here on the neck," he said, letting his lips go there.

"Quite right," she laughed.

"Nor even here," he said as his head went even lower. "For he said nothing about not kissing this or that."

"Certainly he didn't," replied the young wife piously.

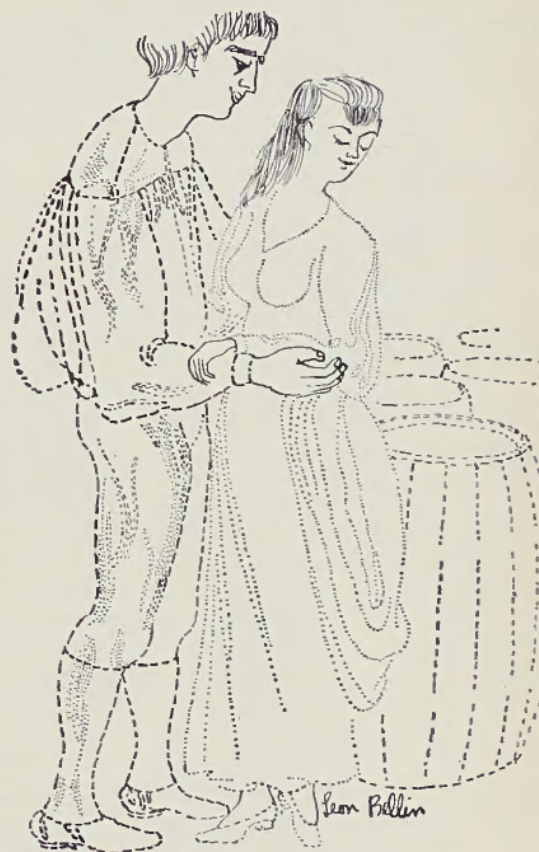
And, as the old merchant lingered long with his colleague over a flask of wine, the young merchant continued to sample the tempting merchandise left so carelessly unattended, until he had tried it all.

When sometime later the old man returned, the young one had taken his leave, knowing full well that, since he had been promised a continuance of pleasant sampling, he could depend upon receiving it.

Something in his wife's face made the old merchant ask, "You did not let other lips than mine touch thine, I trust?"

"You know better than that, husband," said the wife, looking him straight in the eye. "Only your lips have touched mine, or ever will, my dear. I never break a promise."

— Retold by J. A. Gato



Ribald Classic

A new translation from the *Dugento Novelle* of Celio Malespini

VANISHING (continued from page 82)

facet of our foreign policy to illustrate my point. Much time, money and energy are being expended in efforts to spread the American credo and to sell the American way of life abroad. Huge sums have been spent to build roads in countries that have few automobiles. Our Government has paid for the erection of giant office buildings in lands where the people live in mud huts. Costly exhibitions have been held in underdeveloped countries to show American refrigerators, television sets, electric ranges and wall-to-wall carpeting. We accept all these things as everyday commonplaces of our lives; but the average citizen of the countries in which we boast about our material wealth looks upon all such objects as unattainable—and often incomprehensible—luxuries.

This does not appear to be a very sensible mode of making friends of people who are underfed, poorly clothed and badly housed, unless we offer them definite, immediately workable programs whereby they can obtain these luxuries.

It is almost inconceivable that some of our foreign-aid administrators have failed to see these self-evident truths. Nonetheless, there were many who failed to see them and, for all I know, there still are those who are constitutionally unable to view the problem in proper perspective.

This and other forms of blindness have handicapped America's ambitious and commendable programs for making friends and helping less-fortunate people in foreign countries. Instead of giving those people hope and confidence, our representatives have frequently done nothing but emphasize the contrast between the host country's poverty and America's riches. Thus, the net result has been to increase resentment and to widen the gulf between backward nations and ourselves.

These situations and conditions have existed for quite a number of years. Yet, until very recently, it was considered at best very bad taste and at worst subversive to raise any questions about the omnipotence of those who directed our overseas aid programs.

As for American labor-management relations, some businessmen are still living figuratively in the long dead and unlamented days of public-be-damned *laissez faire* Capitalism. They resist any forward stride that may better the workingman's lot. In short, they consider labor as their natural enemy, rather than as their natural ally in a common effort.

On the other hand, quite a number of labor leaders have ceased being labor leaders. Instead, they've become executives in a new and independent indus-

try called labor. This form of labor has but one apparent aim: to compete with business and industry and to make things as difficult and unprofitable as possible for them.

Clearly, there are errors and abuses on both sides of the labor-management fence. Yet, anyone who criticizes management will quickly have the wrath of manufacturers' groups down on his head. He who criticizes labor or its leaders will have the full fury of labor groups and organizations to contend with. In the former case, he will be reviled as a radical. In the latter, he will be accused of being a reactionary. Consequently, there are few who are willing to criticize both sides freely and objectively. There remains only the highly prejudiced criticism of one side by the other.

Our educational system? A shocking percentage of our high school and college graduates are deficient in reading, writing and simple arithmetic. Their knowledge of geography is weak, of history, woolly and muddled. There is obviously something wrong with our educational system. It is not beyond the realm of possibility that there might even be something wrong with at least some of our schoolteachers. But heaven help anyone daring to express such heretical views.

Through some weird process of brainwashing, the public has come to believe that our schools are sacrosanct, beyond criticism or question. As for our teachers, they have been endowed with sublime qualities; they are pictured as long-suffering, overworked and underpaid martyrs sacrificing themselves on the altars of education.

Any criticism of either schools or teachers brings a storm of abusive protest. Teachers' groups—and, egged on by them, Parent-Teacher Associations—are quick to counterattack. The critic is characterized as an ogre who hates children and wishes to destroy civilization and bring about a return of the Dark Ages.

According to U.S. Office of Education figures, American schoolteachers' salaries have risen more than 1000 percent in the last 50 years or so. The average schoolteacher's salary today is over \$4000 per year. Would anyone in his right mind say that the quality of our educational standards has risen comparably—or risen at all—in the last half century?

Now, I did not choose these three examples because I have any particular axes to grind. I do not say that our foreign policy is bad, nor even that it necessarily needs any major overhaul. I am not trying to blame either capital or labor for any of our economic ills. In no way do I wish to imply that I

believe all our schoolteachers are incompetent or undeserving of high praise or pay.

I chose the examples at random, merely to point out the fallacy of thinking that everything is always all right everywhere. There are always many things that require investigation, critical examination and evaluation—and then possibly change and improvement—in all areas of our society.

The public at large cannot allow itself to be swayed from seeking needed reforms by entrenched bureaucrats, selfish minority groups or organizations which have their own, and far from altruistic, reasons for wishing to preserve the *status quo*. In order that our society and its institutions may be strengthened there must be dissent. There must be dissenters who will seek out and point out the faults and abuses which exist or may develop.

"But most people today feel they can't afford to be dissenters," a moderately successful manufacturer declared to me recently. "They're afraid they'll lose their jobs, customers or profits if they try to buck powerful special-interest groups. You've got to be a multimillionaire to feel secure enough to speak out these days."

It so happens that I *am* a multimillionaire, but I'd hate to think it is for this reason alone that I can be a dissenter if I choose to be one. I don't believe it's true. I feel that the real reason there has been so little dissent of late is that Americans have been far too satisfied with their lot and with their achievements. We have all grown indifferent and complacent. Being too comfortable, we haven't wanted to see, say or hear anything which might disturb the bovine tranquility of our rosy existence.

But I, for one, sense a strong wind of change in the offing. I'm of the opinion that America and its people are awakening to the realization that the lotus-eating binge is over. The hangover is already beginning to hurt—but it is having a highly beneficial effect. Through bleary eyes, we start to see the grave errors and deadly dangers in the "all is well and could not be better" thesis so long peddled by some of our leaders and the drumbeaters of Madison Avenue. I'm convinced the American people are ready to reclaim their minds and their nation, to take them back from the pressure groups, selfish minorities and hucksters to whom they lost them by default in recent years. I predict the vanishing American dissenters will soon reappear on the American scene and will once again make themselves heard—and will once again be given fair hearing. It will be a pleasure and a great relief to welcome them back. The nation's future will be brighter—and far more secure—for the return of the breed!



I WAS A TEENAGE TEEVEE JEEBIE

still more droll dialog for the wee-hour reruns

THE NAME OF THE GAME is Teevee Jeebies, our gala film festival of late-night vintage video outrageously updated with dub-it-yourself dialog. As you should know by now, any number can play: next time you turn on the tube, just turn down the audio and invent your own unabashed ad libs — the further out the better — just as we've done below and on the following pages.



"Gee, Ernie, don't you think we should call the plumber first?"



"OK, Mom, I'll meet you later over by the Ferris wheel!"



"I told you to take it easy with him the first night. He's an old man — take it easy, I said!"



"No fair hitting a girl!!"

satire By **SHEL SILVERSTEIN**



"Look, I don't know exactly how to propose this, but — well — we're all sophisticated adults and . . ."



"For the last time, you guys, I bought it in a little haberdasher's over on Sixth Avenue!"



"It's not really that difficult to remember . . . the chocolate, vanilla and strawberry have the nuts on them and sell for 10¢ . . . the toasted almond and the pistachio are covered with plain chocolate and . . ."



"A very peculiar case, Greenstreet. You say this guy sneaks up on you, pulls out a scissors, snips the brim off your hat, and then runs off . . ."



"What we need is some sort of gimmick to make us stand out from the crowd — a clever nickname . . . or maybe I get a white horse and wear a mask . . . or dream up some catchy phrase I could holler as I ride away instead of just giddyap . . ."



"Dead . . . Lois is dead! What can I do now?! It's nearly 10 on a Friday night and my secretary said she was going out to a double feature with her roommate . . . too late to get any of the gang together for a little five-card draw . . . Susie is out of town for the weekend . . . Margaret has a date with George tonight. Maybe I could call Charley and see if he feels like bowling a couple of lines . . ."



"Never mind, Sam, I'll just have to get a shirt with a larger neck size . . ."



"I'll take Charlton Heston to win and give you seven-to-five odds . . ."



"... And I thought I'd heard of everything!"



"... And do you solemnly swear to uphold all of the bylaws of this key club, and . . ."



"Look, Your Honors, I'm-a sorry I cause so mucha trouble, but I try to tell that Robert Stack I no wanta be on his television show! . . . And when he keeps insisting, I'm-a lose my temper . . ."



"Honest, Fran, I was just reaching for the grapefruit."

doubling up

(continued from page 48)

a classically correct air of dressy nonchalance.

Though the new models of this timely style are cut uniformly longer than single-breasteds, with top buttons spaced a hair farther apart than the lower set for a subtly tapered effect, variations within this basic theme are as diverse as the types and tastes of the men who wear them. Most numerous are suits featuring such details as side vents (no deeper than six inches) and unconventional cutaway jacket bottoms, specifically intended for slender physiques. But many retain the traditional center vent and straight bottom which should be favored by those of brawnier build. Trousers should be cuffless.

Lapels come with notched or semi-peaked treatments, according to individual preference; each, we feel, is equally in keeping with the over-all look of uncommon but undecorated elegance. Special note: the buttondown shirt is *not* to be worn with double-breasted suits; semispread, English tab or round collars (with pin) are preferred. Side pockets are available with or without flaps; we prefer the conservatism of the former style as a counterbalance for the distinctiveness of the jacket cut. Breast pockets are optional, and we prefer to leave them off. Whatever the detailing, most of the new double-breasteds are tailored for single buttoning—always the bottom pair. But some are designed for closure both above and below, though only by the slimmest of Jims.

Not so for the other half of our double feature: the resurgent two-button suit. For those who elect to accent their Ivy-oriented wardrobes with handsomely modified versions of this JFK-inspired suit style, a single buttoning (always the top one) is sufficient to complete its singular identity: offbeat yet understated, smartly fashionable without becoming faddishly radical. A revival of the classic American suit from the Forties, the new two-button model has been modernized, like the double-breasted suit, both to combine and to contrast with the shape and drape of standard three-button garb.

Unlike its double-breasted counterpart, however, the two-button jacket is cut shorter than the usual Ivy coat—just long enough to cover the seat—in order to emphasize the trim-limbed line of the trousers. With slightly fitted waistline, center vent, flapped pockets, narrow lapels and natural shoulders to round out the fashion picture, this softly outspoken silhouette extends slimly from coat collar to pants cuff—an eminently suitable addition to your winter wardrobe. And that's not double-talk.



PROPHECY

(continued from page 56)

compare the interior movements of our system."

In other words, Comte decided that the stars could never be more than celestial reference points, of no intrinsic concern to the astronomer. Only in the case of the planets could we hope for any definite knowledge, and even that knowledge would be limited to geometry and mechanics. Comte would probably have decided that such a science as astrophysics was *a priori* impossible.

Yet within half a century of his death, almost the whole of astronomy *was* astrophysics, and very few professional astronomers had much interest in the planets. Comte's assertion had been utterly refuted by the invention of the spectroscope, which not only revealed the chemical structure of the heavenly bodies but has now told us far more about the distant stars than we know of our planetary neighbors.

Comte cannot be blamed for not imagining the spectroscope; *no one* could have imagined it, or the still more sophisticated instruments that have now joined it in the astronomer's armory. But he provides a warning that should always be borne in mind: even things that are undoubtedly impossible with existing or foreseeable techniques may prove to be easy as a result of new scientific breakthroughs. From their very nature, these breakthroughs can never be anticipated, but they have enabled us to bypass so many insuperable obstacles in the past that no picture of the future can hope to be valid if it ignores them.

Another celebrated Failure of Imagination was that persisted in by Lord Rutherford, who more than any other man laid bare the internal structure of the atom. Rutherford frequently made fun of those sensation-mongers who predicted that we should one day be able to harness the energy locked up in matter. Yet only five years after his death in 1937, the first chain reaction was started in Chicago. The wholly unexpected discovery of uranium fission made possible such absurdly simple (in principle, if not in practice) devices as the atomic bomb and the nuclear chain reactor. Rutherford, for all his wonderful insight, suffered in this question a Failure of Imagination: he failed to imagine the discovery of a nuclear reaction that would release more energy than that required to start it.

It is highly instructive, and stimulating to the imagination, to make a list of the inventions and discoveries that have been anticipated—and those that have not. Here is my attempt to do so.

All the items listed under *The Unexpected* have already been achieved or discovered, and all have an element of

the unexpected or the downright astonishing about them. To the best of my knowledge, not one was foreseen very much in advance of the moment of revelation.

Listed under *The Expected*, however, are concepts that have been around for hundreds or thousands of years. Some have been achieved; others will be achieved; others may be impossible. But which?

THE UNEXPECTED

- X rays
- Nuclear energy
- Radio, TV
- Electronics
- Photography
- Sound recording
- Quantum mechanics
- Relativity
- Transistors
- Masers; Lasers
- Superconductors; superfluids
- Atomic clocks; Mössbauer Effect
- Determining composition of celestial bodies
- Dating the past (Carbon 14, etc.)
- Detecting invisible planets
- The Ionosphere; Van Allen Belt

THE EXPECTED

- Automobiles
- Flying machines
- Steam engines
- Submarines
- Spaceships
- Telephones
- Robots
- Death rays
- Transmutation
- Artificial life
- Immortality
- Invisibility
- Levitation
- Teleportation
- Communication with the dead
- Observing the past, the future
- Telepathy

The *Expected* list is deliberately provocative; it includes sheer fantasy as well as serious scientific speculation. But the only way of discovering the limits of the possible is to venture a little way past them into the impossible. As a first and as it were exploratory penetration of this area, I suggest that we scrutinize the question of invisibility.

Though this confession leaves me thoroughly dated, back there with Rin-Tin-Tin and Mary Pickford, for me one of the big moments in movies was when Claude Rains unwrapped the bandages around his head—and there was nothing inside them. The idea of invisibility, with all the power it would bestow upon anyone who could command it, is eternally fascinating; I suspect that it is one of the commonest of private daydreams. But it is a long time since it has appeared in adult science-fiction, because it is a little too naive for this sophisticated age. It smacks of magic, which is now very



THE SOCK THAT STAYS UP AS LATE AS YOU DO

Adler introduces the good-tempered cotton sock. Nothing ever gets it down. With stripes at the top and reinforced with nylon, it's a white sock that sticks to you the way your little brother used to. The Shape-up Alpine. Comes in all-white and in many colors for dress. 79¢ to \$1.50.

THE ADLER COMPANY, CINCINNATI 14, OHIO

much out of fashion.

Yet invisibility is not one of those concepts that involve an obvious violation of the laws of nature; on the contrary, there are plenty of objects that we know exist, yet cannot be seen. Most gases are invisible; so are some liquids and a few solids, in the right circumstances. I have never had the privilege of looking for a large diamond in a tumbler of water, but I have searched for a contact lens in a bath, and that's as near to invisibility as I wish to get. Most of us have seen those arresting photos of workmen carrying large plate-glass windows; when glass is clean, and coated with an antireflection layer, it is almost as impossible to see as air.

This gives the fantasy writer (and in *The Invisible Man*, Wells was writing fantasy, not science-fiction) an easy way out. His hero has "merely" to invent a drug that gives his body the same optical properties as air, and he will promptly become invisible. Unfortunately—or luckily—this cannot be done, and it is easy to show why.

Transparency is a most unusual property of a few exceptional substances, arising from the internal disposition of their atoms. If their atoms were arranged differently, they would no longer be transparent—and they would no longer be the same substances. You cannot take any compound at random and chemically torture it into transparency. And even if you could do so in the case of one particular compound, this would hardly help you to become an Invisible Man, for there are literally billions of separate and unbelievably complex chemical compounds in the human body. I doubt if the human species would last long enough to run the necessary research program on each one of these compounds.

Moreover, the essential properties of many (if not most) depend upon the fact that they are *not* transparent. This is obvious in the case of the light-sensitive chemicals at the back of the eye, upon which we rely for our vision. If they no longer trapped light, we should be unable to see; and if our flesh were transparent, the eye would be unable to function, since it would be flooded with radiation. You can't build a camera out of clear glass.

Less obvious is the fact that myriads of the biochemical reactions upon which life depends would be thrown utterly out of balance, or would cease altogether, if the molecules taking part in them were transparent. A man who achieved invisibility by drugs would not only be blind; he would be dead.

Many insects and land animals have developed remarkable powers of camouflage, but their disguise, being fixed, is effective only in the right surroundings; it may be worse than useless in others. The greatest masters of deception, who

can change their appearance to fit their background, are to be found not on the land but in the sea. Flatfish and cuttlefish have an almost unbelievable control over the hues and patterns of their bodies, and are able to change color within a few seconds when the need arises. A plaice lying on a checkerboard will reproduce the same pattern of black and white squares on its upper surface, and is even reputed to make a creditable attempt at a Scots tartan.

The ability to match the scene behind you would be a kind of pseudotransparency, but it is obvious that it could only fool observers looking at you from a single direction. It works with the flatfish simply because it is flat and is trying to hide itself from predators swimming above it. The same trick would not work anything like so well in the open water, though it is still worth trying; this is why many fish are dark-colored on the upper parts of their bodies and light-colored beneath. It minimizes their visibility from above and from below.

Another conceivable method of achieving invisibility is by means of vibrations. Today we know much more about vibrations than we did a generation ago when, with a capital V, they were part of the stock-in-trade of every spiritualist and medium. Radio, sonar, infrared cookers, ultrasonic washers and the rest have brought them firmly down to earth, and we no longer expect them to produce miracles.

Vibrational invisibility is, however, a little more plausible than the naive chemical variety peddled by Wells. It is based on a familiar analogy: everyone knows how the blades of an electric fan vanish when the motor gets up speed. Well, suppose all the atoms of our bodies could be set vibrating or oscillating at a sufficiently high frequency.

The analogy is, of course, fallacious. We don't see *through* the fan blades, but past them; at every moment some of the background is uncovered, and at high enough speeds persistence of vision gives us the impression that we have a continuous view. If the fan blades overlapped, they would remain opaque—no matter how fast they were spinning.

And there is another unfortunate complication. Vibration means heat—in fact it *is* heat—and our molecules and atoms are already moving as fast as we can take. Long before a man could be vibrated into invisibility he would be cooked.

The situation does not look promising; the Cloak of Invisibility appears to be a dream beyond scientific realization. Yet now comes a surprise; perhaps we have been approaching the problem from the wrong angle. *Objective* invisibility may well be impossible—but *subjective* invisibility is possible, and has often been publicly demonstrated.

An expert hypnotist can induce by post-hypnotic suggestion what is known as negative optical hallucination. This means that the subject will be unable to see a certain person, even if that person is standing in full view. The subject will go to extraordinary lengths to "explain away" the invisible man even when the latter tries to prove that he is present: the individual under hypnosis may eventually get hysterical if, for example, he sees what he believes are unattached articles such as a glass of champagne moving around the room—carried, of course, by the invisible person.

This fact is almost as amazing as genuine invisibility would be, and it suggests that, in the right circumstances and under appropriate influences (air-borne drugs, subliminal suggestion, diversion of attention—to mention a few ideas) a person or object might be made effectively invisible to a fairly large group of people who were quite sure that they were in full possession of their senses. I advance this idea with some diffidence; but I have a hunch that *if* invisibility is ever achieved, it will be along these lines. It won't be done by optical devices or vibrations.

And I advance, with somewhat less diffidence, the suggestion that we have here a case in which there was a splendid opportunity for a Failure of Imagination. The leap that we took at the end of our examination of objective invisibility, after we had apparently exhausted the subject—that was where the imagination might have failed; that was where the temptation was great to declare categorically, "It can't be done." To be sure, the probability is overwhelming that it never will be done, but at least I have shown one way in which it *might* be done on a large enough scale to have practical applications. I can be contacted by the Nobel Prize Committee through PLAYBOY magazine.

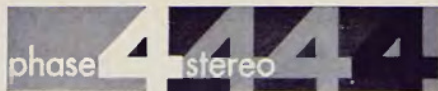
What, then, about teleportation, levitation, and other items on the list of expected but heretofore unrealized accomplishments? I shall deal with a number of them in future PLAYBOY articles. Throughout this inquiry into the limits of the possible I have been aware of one primary hazard: the dangers of incredulity. For, as I glance down the *Unexpected* column, on page 102, I am aware of a few items which, only 10 years ago, I should have thought were impossible. Even as I write these words, this room and my body are sleeted by billions of particles that I can neither see nor sense. Some of them—unsuspected just a few years ago—are sweeping upward in a silent gale through the solid core of the Earth itself. Before such marvels incredulity is chastened; and it would be wise to be skeptical even of skepticism.



Gahan Wilson



"Well, just when can you call for it, Mr. Harper?"



"The most exciting stereo sound ever"

American Record Guide



PASS IN REVIEW
Prod. dir. by Bob Sharples

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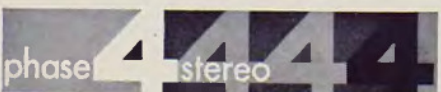
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LONDON RECORDS



Hemingway

(continued from page 42)

By then a search plane had spotted their first plane and reported no signs of life. The world press was informed of this and obituaries flowed freely. Ernest had been almost fatally shaken up in the second crash. His internal organs had been wrenched out of place, his spine was injured, and he was bleeding from every orifice when he reached medical aid at Nairobi by car. The doctor there explained that by all medical logic he should have died during the night. In the next few days he was able to read the many choice obituaries of himself while resting in bed. He ignored the pain to savor the experience.

After the crashes, Ernest and Mary returned to Cuba by way of Europe. Ernest was still hurting and the intensity and depth of the pain were great. He said he could take his mind off of it sometimes while he worked, but night was the worst time for that kind of pain.

Writing Marlene, Ernest urged her to come to Cuba and visit the Finca, promising not to make bad gallows jokes or to let her read his obituaries. He said the waves of pain at times were rougher than rough, but that at those times he would think about her and then for a while he did not hurt at all. He said he wished they had more contact, for there was always a part of him that stopped aching when he put his arms around her.

In 1954 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature. He made no speeches, except over the Cuban TV network. After remarking on how much pleasure it would have given him to have seen Isak Dinesen, Bernard Berenson or Carl Sandburg receive it, he calmed down and accepted the award with humility. His doctor refused to let him go to Sweden for the award and Ernest refused to send Mary, so the American Ambassador made the formal acceptance. The medal and money reached Ernest in due time. He gave the medal to the shrine of Virgen de Cobre in eastern Cuba, remarking that nobody ever really had a thing until it was given away.

In the years between Ernest's African crashes and his revisiting Europe, I had repeatedly written him but learned later that few of the letters had reached him. I had published a novel, remarried, and done some things that logically would have interested him. It was during this time that Ernest asked mutual friends he saw, such as John Groth, the artist, and others to whom he wrote, why he didn't hear from me and what news did they have. Finally a letter I sent to Spain reached Ernest, and in a return letter he relished personal and public events, the business of writing, and other matters. He had been infuriated with a single line concerning a character in my



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novel, but I recalled his advice to me at the Finca after the war:

"Never hesitate to call a spade a dirty unprintable shovel. And regarding unsympathetic characters, blast the unprintables with everything you have and let them dare to sue. Good guys we level on also, but more gently. Nothing is worth a damn but the truth as you know it, feel it, and create it in fiction. Nobody ever sued me in England over *The Sun Also Rises*. Yet the characters in it had very real origins. Some went around pleasuring themselves with identification and being literarily angry for some time. So slip it to them, every one. If a writer cannot do with words what a cartoonist or artist does with lines, he should write political speeches where the premium is on volume without insight."

During the fall of 1955, Ernest worked with Spencer Tracy in Cuba making most of the sequences for the film version of *The Old Man and the Sea*. Ernest, Spencer and Leland Hayward had agreed that they would each share a third of the picture's gross in return for their roles as writer, star and producer. But there were countless delays in shooting parts of the script. The camera crews were excellent, but hurricanes Hilda and Ione bitched the schedule with gale winds and ground swells that halted all activities. On good days Ernest spent eight to nine hours on the Pilar's flying bridge, maneuvering the vessel for the camera crews. Then he would stagger ashore for a rubdown before having his evening meal — and all the sleep possible.

Before the main Cuban segment of the picture was finished on September 15, Ernest was almost sick with frustration. He declared that he was a writer and had to be faithful to his trade. He had to continue working in his one-man fiction factory, no matter how absorbing the film work might become. He made up for the time out to some extent during the winter that followed. By the next spring, another camera crew journeyed with him to Peru, where it was hoped a giant marlin could be taken and used for the final scenes.

In the first 14 solid days of fishing there were no marlin strikes. Then in the next two weeks, six fish hit the baits and four of these were boated. They were big marlin by any standards. They ran 14 feet and over. But they were not huge, and the picture needed one such fish. It was finally necessary to resort to Hollywood magic to obtain the desired effect. It took something out of Ernest when that decision was made.

Throughout the Fifties, in letters and conversations with friends, and in comments while enjoying the sports he loved, Ernest threw away more shrewd observations than most men make in a lifetime.

His interests were unlimited. He fol-



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lowed the entire world around him, through the newspapers, magazines and books that flowed in from the farthest corners of everywhere. Visitors, invitations and distractions came in from everywhere, too. Through it all, Ernest worked steadily. In letters he noted that one of the problems of the working writer in Cuba was to be in his best form early in the morning, and to get the work done by midday before sweat streaked down the arms, ruining the paper. On boxing, Ernest made predictions of coming matches that proved to be two-thirds correct. In one prediction-making mood he bet that crime would win over Kefauver, Eisenhower over Truman, and income tax over Hemingway.

On Southerners, Ernest had succinct advice. He felt that the rule should be never to trust anybody with a Southern accent unless he was a Negro. On novel writing, he advised having the kind of self-confidence a structural steel worker had, especially when he reached the level of about the 72nd floor. Ernest said there had been some wonderful men in the recent human past. These included Cervantes, Cellini and the Elizabethans, and among contemporary writers he had affection for George Orwell, Edwin Balmer, Edwin Fuller, John Peale Bishop and Owen Wister, as well as Dos Passos and MacLeish.

Writing Marlene Dietrich, Ernest talked of the new work he was doing. He said it was much better than the great poem on war he had written during that bad winter of the Ardennes offensive, which he wanted her to have, if he ever ceased being around, and which he had already placed in a safety-deposit box for her. He said Marlene would always have him with her wherever she was, since he believed in her without reservations, and nobody loved her as he did.

The summer of 1959 he and Mary went to Spain. They had an exciting time following the many competing *corridos* between Dominguín and Ordóñez. Previously, Ernest had thought tremendously well of Dominguín and had come to know him and Walter Chiari when they were both squiring Ava Gardner around. He thought well of Ava, too. In one of his letters Ernest declared that Ava certainly had the body and he certainly had the morale.

But Ernest was finding that morale was not enough. He instigated and prosecuted battles of insults with other journalists. And in reporting and writing the Dominguín-Ordóñez season, which he published in sections as *The Dangerous Summer* in *Life*, he was again writing as a journalist. His agreement with *Life* stated this, but some readers criticized the material for not being literature.

Ernest headed for New York in October. Once there, he dipped down to Havana for only two days before going out to Sun Valley for the fall hunting season. He was not feeling well but kept

telling himself that everything was all right.

And then, in the midst of a cold, hostile winter, Mary had a nasty accident which shattered her right arm. It kept her near medical care until the end of January. When she was finally able to travel, she and Ernest went down to Havana again. I talked to him by telephone before he left Idaho and he seemed very cheerful, though slow on answers.

But much of what Ernest had known in Cuba had undergone change. Fidel's decrees were shaking the economy, the foreign colony, and the existing business structure. So quietly, in the spring, Ernest left Cuba with 32 pieces of luggage and headed for Idaho. He was going home.

Ernest's weight had dropped to 173 by fall. His answers were coming with great effort and hesitation, no matter who addressed the questions. When Leslie Fiedler and Seymour Betsky from Montana State University drove to Ketchum to interview him, they were taken aback by Ernest's appearance, behavior and loss of confidence in his words.

In November, Ernest went to the Mayo Clinic with his own doctor from Ketchum, was admitted under the doctor's name, and became for a time George Xavier at the St. Mary's Hospital of the Mayo Clinic. When word reached the public that Ernest was there, a bulletin was released stating that he was under treatment for an unidentified ailment. Later releases stated it was hypertension. There Marlene Dietrich was able to reach him by telephone, and he talked slowly, but clearly, about his condition.

"I'm able to keep the blood pressure within limits, Daughter," he told Marlene, "but it's very lonely sometimes and the weight is a separate problem. It's so wonderful just to hear your voice." While in the hospital, Ernest received 15 electroshock treatments. He was released after Christmas and he returned to Sun Valley.

Before entering the Mayo Clinic, Ernest's blood pressure had been 220/125 and he had a mild form of diabetes mellitus that was diagnosed during his stay. He hoped to maintain his weight at 175 with diet and exercise. After leaving the Clinic, his blood pressure was considerably lower. On February 15, 1961, the last reading he had was 138/80; however, tests at the Clinic had uncovered the possibility that Ernest might have hemochromatosis, a very rare disease that could bring an end to the functioning of various organs.

By March, Ernest was still feeling depressed. One day that April, a lively party was in progress in a friend's apartment in New York. George Plimpton, who had done a recorded interview with Ernest that was published in *The Paris Review*, was there; also there was A. E. Hotchner, who had adapted some

of Ernest's stories and books for TV. So was George Brown, Ernest's sparring partner, conditioner, and friend of more than a generation. They put through a phone call to Ernest and each of the men took a turn talking with him, trying to cheer him up.

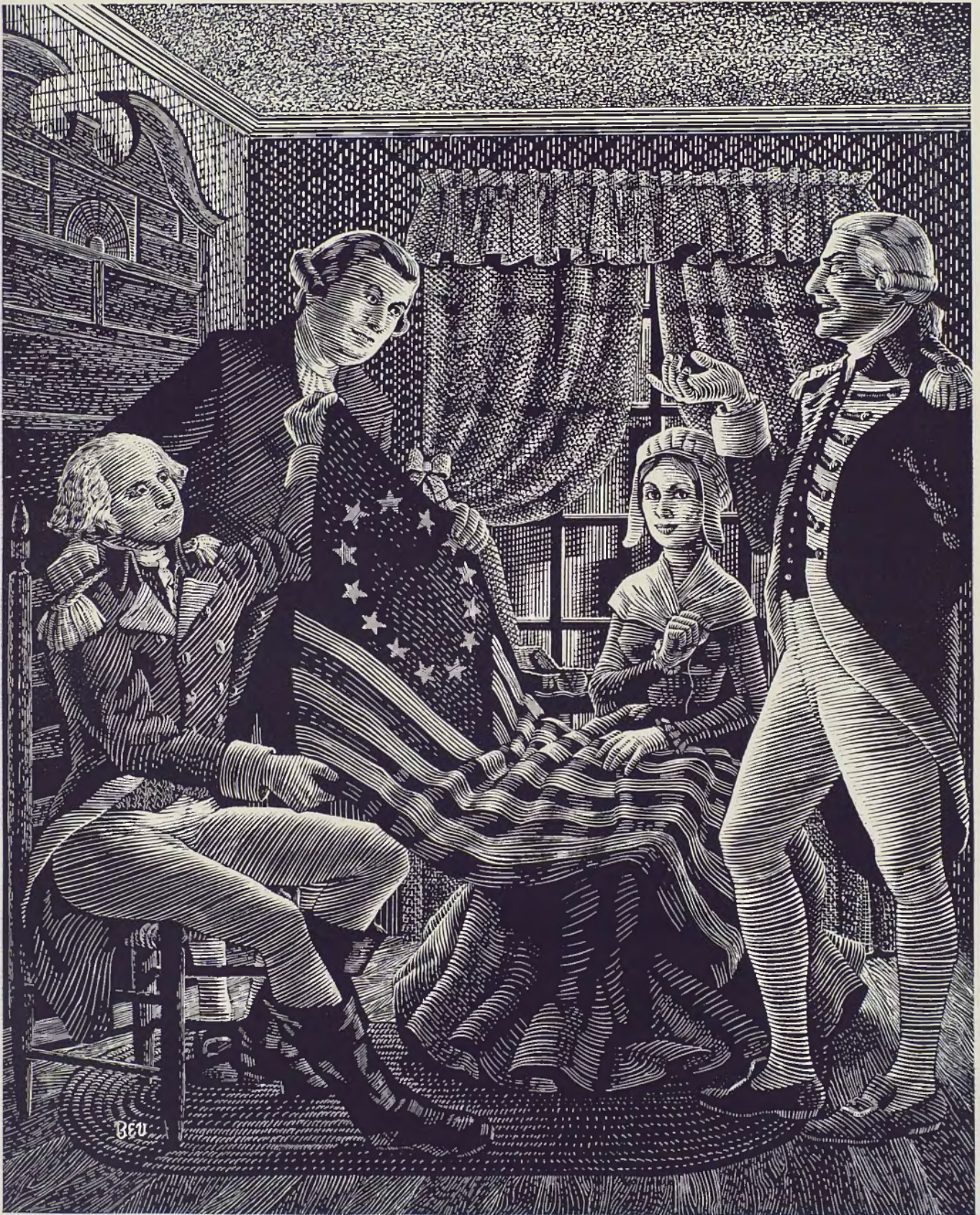
Soon after, Ernest took a plane back to the Mayo Clinic. He was admitted under his own name, and had 10 more electroshock treatments administered. Temporarily he seemed more alert, less withdrawn, less depressed. He wrote calm, pleasant and lucid letters in long-hand, and showed awareness of political as well as domestic problems. He swam in the pool frequently.

In the last week of June, he was released. By then he was down to a gaunt 155 pounds. That week Mary phoned George Brown in New York and asked him to come out and drive them to Sun Valley. A car was rented, and the trip West was made in five days. The daily runs often ended shortly after noon when a picnic lunch, prepared by Mary, was served. Ernest ate sparingly. He watched the road a great deal; he was concerned about reaching each appointed destination — seemed worried about the gas supply, the tires and the road, and followed their progress constantly on a large map which he carried.

When they finally reached Ketchum, Ernest seemed relieved. Saturday night George, Mary and Ernest went into town and had dinner at the Christiania Inn. It was a quiet meal and Ernest seemed preoccupied. He had lost so much weight he seemed frail.

He had been deeply distressed by the deaths of his good friends Gary Cooper and George Vanderbilt. And a letter he had written to our parents more than 40 years earlier may have come to mind. Ernest had written the family in 1918, after being wounded, that dying was a very simple thing, for he had looked at death and he knew. He said that it was undoubtedly better to die in the happy period of youth, going out in a blaze of light, rather than having one's body worn out and old, and illusions shattered. And then, what has been called "the incredible accident" took place, ending the career of this century's greatest American writer.

Early the next morning, July 2, 1961, he took the final positive action of his life. Like a samurai who felt dishonored by the word or deed of another, Ernest felt his own body had betrayed him. Rather than allow it to betray him further, he, who had given what he once described as the gift of death to so many living creatures in his lifetime, loaded the weapon he held and then leaned forward as he placed the stock of his favorite shotgun on the floor of the foyer, and found a way to trip the cocked hammers of the gun.



"Why don't we run it up the flagpole and see if anyone salutes . . ."

SAGITTARIUS (continued from page 78)

bull or crab or pair of fish, not a man, not a natural creature at all, but a very unnatural creature half human, half bestial. Sagittarius: the Man-Beast. And I tell you this, M'sieu . . ." He dispatched the whisky in one gulp and banged the empty glass on the table to attract the attention of the barmaid. "I tell you this," he repeated. "So potent was the star under which I was born, that I have done what no one in the world has done — nor ever *can* do!"

The sentence was like a hot iron, searing my brain. I was to meet it once again before I left Paris. But now, sitting across the table from the mad — for he indeed seemed mad — Laval, I merely said, softly, "And what is it you have done, Monsieur?"

He chuckled nastily. "That," he said, "is a professional secret."

I tried another approach. "Monsieur Laval . . ."

"Yes?"

"I believe we have a mutual friend."

"Who may he be?"

"A lady."

"Oh? And her name?"

"She calls herself Clothilde. I do not know her last name."

"Then I gather she is not, after all, a lady."

I shrugged. "Do you know her?"

"I know many women," he said; and, his face clouding with bitterness, he added, "Do you find that surprising — with this face?"

"Not at all. But you have not answered my question."

"I may know your Mam'selle Clothilde: I cannot be certain. May I have another drink?"

"To be sure." I signaled the waitress, and turned again to Laval. "She told me she knew you in her — professional capacity."

"It may be so. I do not clot my mind with memories of such women." The waitress poured out another portion of Scotch and Laval downed it. "Why do you ask?"

"For two reasons. First, because she told me she detested you."

"It is a common complaint. And the second reason?"

"Because she is dead."

"Ah?"

"Murdered. Mutilated. Obscenely disfigured."

"*Quel dommage!*"

"It is not a situation to be met with a platitude, Monsieur!"

Laval smiled. It made him look like a lizard. "Is it not? How must I meet it, then? With tears? With a clucking of the tongue? With a beating of my breast and a rending of my garments? Come, M'sieu . . . she was a woman of the streets . . . I scarcely knew her, if indeed I knew her at all . . ."

"Why did she detest you?" I suddenly demanded.

"Oh, my dear sir! If I knew the answers to such questions, I would be *clairvoyant*. Because I have the face of a Notre Dame gargoyle, perhaps. Because she did not like the way I combed my hair. Because I left her too small a fee. Who knows? I assure you, her detestation does not perturb me in the slightest."

"To speak plainly, you relish it."

"Yes. Yes, I relish it."

"Do you also relish" — I toyed with my glass — "blood, freshly spilt?"

He looked at me blankly for a moment. Then he threw back his head and roared with amusement. "I see," he said at last. "I understand now. You suspect I murdered this trollop?"

"She is dead, sir. It ill becomes you to malign her."

"This *lady*, then. You really think I killed her?"

"I accuse you of nothing, Monsieur Laval. But . . ."

"But?"

"But it strikes me as a distinct possibility."

He smiled again. "How interesting. How very, very interesting. Because she detested me?"

"That is one reason."

He pushed his glass to one side. "I will be frank with you, M'sieu. Yes, I knew Clothilde, briefly. Yes, it is true she loathed me. She found me disgusting. But can you not guess why?"

I shook my head. Laval leaned forward and spoke more softly. "You and I, M'sieu, we are men of the world . . . and surely you can understand that there are things . . . certain little things . . . that an imaginative man might require of such a woman? Things which — if she were overly fastidious — she might find objectionable?" Still again, he smiled. "I assure you, her detestation of me had no other ground than that. She was a silly little *bourgeoise*. She had no flair for her profession. She was easily shocked." Conspiratorially, he added: "Shall I be more specific?"

"That will not be necessary." I caught the eye of the waitress and paid her. To Laval, I said, "I must not detain you further, Monsieur."

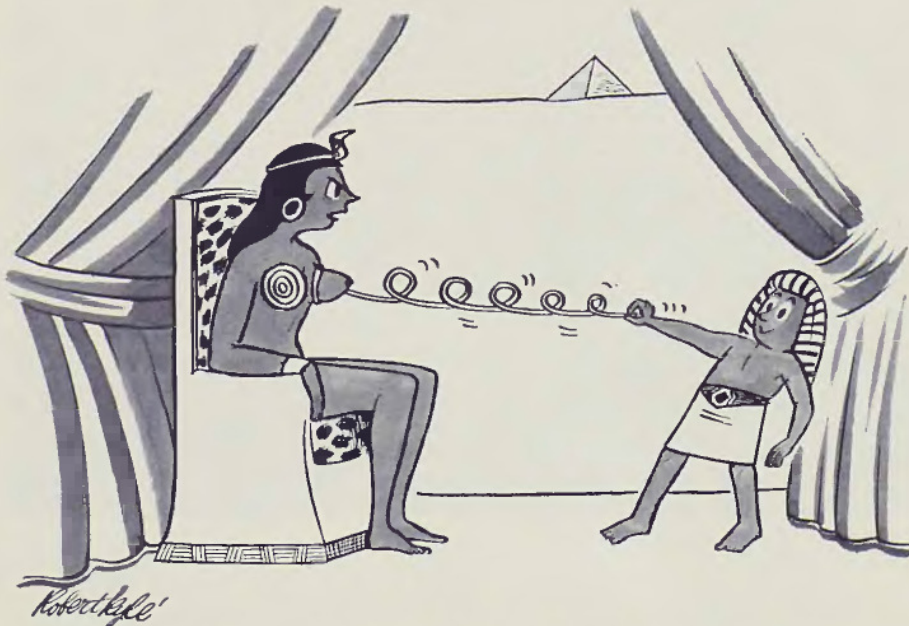
"Oh, am I being sent off?" he said, mockingly, rising. "Thank you for the whisky, M'sieu. It was excellent." And laughing hideously, he left.

I felt shaken, almost faint, and experienced a sudden desire to talk to someone. Hoping Sellig was playing that night at the Théâtre Français, I took a carriage there and was told that he could probably be found at his rooms. My informant mentioned an address to my driver, and, before long, Sébastien seemed pleasantly surprised at the appearance of his unannounced guest.

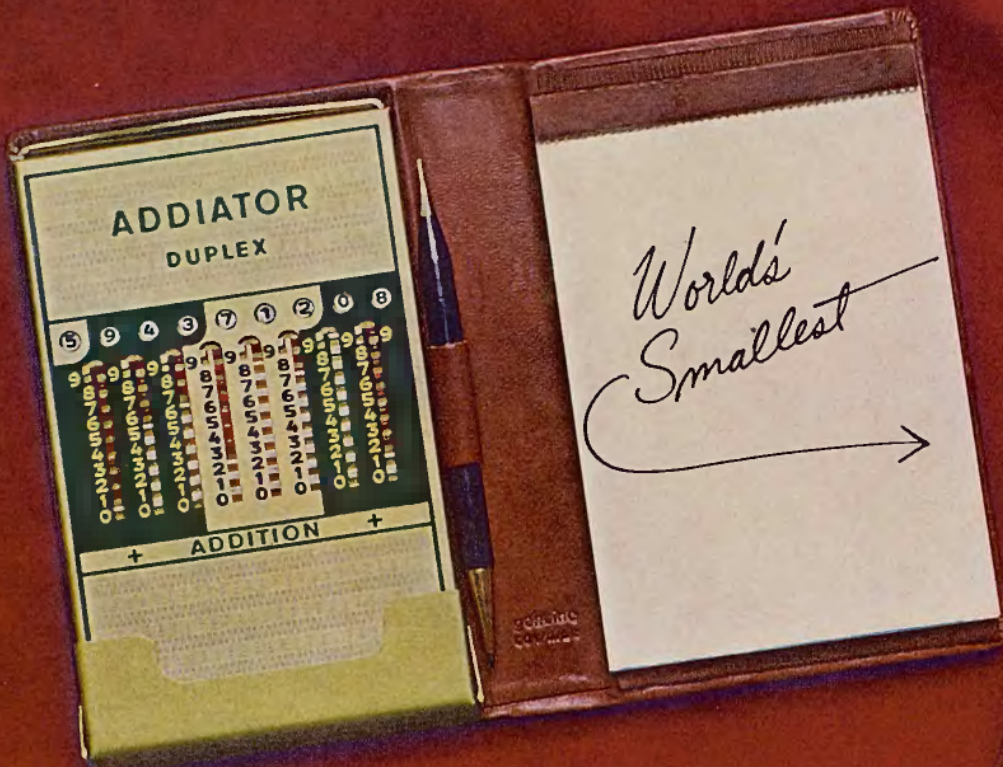
Sellig's rooms were tastefully appointed. The drapes were tall, classic folds of deep blue. A few good pictures hung on the walls, the chairs were roomy and comfortable, and the mingled fragrances of tobacco and book-leather gave the air a decidedly masculine musk. Over a small spirit lamp, Sellig was preparing a simple *ragoût*. As he stood in his shirt-sleeves, stirring the food, I talked:

"You said, the other evening, that the name Laval was not unknown to you."

"That gentleman seems to hold you



"I thought I asked you not to do that."



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fascinated," he observed.

"Is it an unhealthy fascination, would you say?" I asked, candidly.

Sellig laughed. "Well, he is not exactly an appealing personage."

"Then you do know him?"

"In a sense. I have never seen him perform, however."

"He is enormously talented. He dominates the stage. There are only two actors in Paris who can transfix an audience in that manner."

"The other is . . .?"

"You."

"Ah. Thank you. And yet, you do not equate me with Laval?"

Quickly, I assured him: "No, not at all. In everything but that one quality, you and he are utterly different. Diametrically opposed."

"I am glad of that."

"Have you known him long?" I asked.

"Laval? Yes. For quite some time."

"He is not 'an appealing personage,' you said just now. Would you say he is . . . morally reprehensible?"

Sellig turned to me. "I would be violating a strict confidence if I told you any more than this: if he is morally corrupt (and I am not saying that he is), he is not reprehensible. If he is evil, then he was evil even in his mother's womb."

A popular song came to my mind, and I said, lightly, "More to be pitied than censured?"

Sellig received this remark seriously. "Yes," he said. "Yes, that is the point precisely. 'The sins of the father . . .'" But then he broke off and served the *ragoût*.

As he ate, I—who had no appetite—spoke of my troubled mind and general depression.

"Perhaps it is not good for you to stay alone tonight," he said. "Would you like to sleep here? There is an extra bedroom."

"It would inconvenience you . . ."

"Not at all. I should be glad of the company."

I agreed to stay, for I was not looking forward to my lonely hotel suite, and not long after that we retired to our rooms. I fell asleep almost at once, but woke in a sweat about three in the morning. I arose, wrapped myself in one of Sellig's robes, and walked into the library for a book that might send me off to sleep again.

Sellig's collection of books was extensive, although heavily over-balanced by plays, volumes of theatrical criticism, biographies of actors, and so forth, a high percentage of them in English. I chose none of these: instead, I took down a weighty tome of French history. Its pedantic style and small type, as well as my imperfect command of the language, would form the needed sedative. I took the book to bed with me.

My grasp of written French being

somewhat firmer than my grasp of the conversational variety, I managed to labor through most of the first chapter before I began to turn the leaves in search of a more interesting section. It was quite by accident that my eyes fell upon a passage that seemed to thrust itself up from the page and stamp itself upon my brain. Though but a single sentence, I felt stunned by it. In a fever of curiosity, I read the other matter on that page, then turned back and read from an earlier point. I read in that volume for about 10 minutes, or so I thought, but when I finished and looked up at the clock, I realized that I had read for over an hour. What I had read had numbed and shaken me.

I have never been a superstitious man. I have never believed in the existence of ghosts, or vampires, or other undead creatures out of lurid legend. They make excellent entertainment, but never before that shattering hour had I accepted them as anything more than entertainment. But as I sat in that bed, the book in my hands, the city outside silent, I had reason to feel as if a hand from some sub-zero hell had reached up and laid itself—oh, very gently—upon my heart. A shudder ran through my body. I looked down again at the book.

The pages I had read told of a monster—a real monster who had lived in France centuries before. The Marquis de Sade, in comparison, was a mischievous schoolboy. This was a man of high birth and high aspirations, a marshal of France, who at the peak of his power had been the richest noble in all of Europe and who had fought side by side with Joan of Arc, but who had later fallen into such depths of degeneracy that he had been tried and sentenced to the stake by a shocked legislature. In a search for immortality, a yearning to avoid death, he had carried out disgusting experiments on the living bodies of youths and maidens and little children. Seven or eight hundred had died in the laboratory of his castle, died howling in pain and insanity, the victims of a "science" that was more like the unholy rites of the Black Mass. "The accused," read one of the charges at his trial, "has taken innocent boys and girls, and inhumanly butchered, killed, dismembered, burned and otherwise tortured them, and the said accused has immolated the bodies of the said innocents to devils, invoked and sacrificed to evil spirits, and has foully committed sin with young boys and in other ways lusted against nature after young girls, while they were alive or sometimes dead or even sometimes during their death throes." Another charge spoke of "the hand, the eyes, and the heart of one of these said children, with its blood in a glass vase . . ." And yet this madman, this miscreant monster, had offered no resistance when arrested, had felt

justified for his actions, had said proudly and defiantly under the legislated torture: "*So potent was the star under which I was born that I have done what no one in the world has done nor ever can do.*"

His name was Gilles de Laval. Baron de Rais, and he became known for all time and to all the world, of course, as Bluebeard.

I was out of bed in an instant, and found myself pounding like a madman on the door of Sellig's bedroom. When there was no response, I opened the door and went in. He was not in his bed. Behind me, I heard another door open. I turned.

Sellig was coming out of yet another room, hardly more than a closet: behind him, just before he closed the door and locked it, I caught a glimpse of bottles and glass trays—I remember surmising, in that instant, that perhaps he was a devotee of the new art of photography, but I had no wish to dwell further on this, for I was bursting with what I wanted to say. "Sébastien!" I cried. "I must tell you something . . ."

"What are you doing up at this hour, my friend?"

". . . Something incredible . . . terrifying . . ." (It did not occur to me to echo his question.)

"But you are distraught. Here, sit down . . . let me fetch you some cognac . . ."

The words tumbled out of me pell-mell, and I could see they made very little sense to Sellig. He wore the expression of one confronted by a lunatic. His eyes remained fixed on my face, as if he were alert for the first sign of total disintegration and violence. At length, out of breath, I stopped talking and drank the cognac he had placed in my hand.

Sellig spoke. "Let me see if I understand you," he began. "You met Laval this evening . . . and he said something about his star, and the accomplishment of something no other man has ever accomplished . . . and just now, in this book, you find the same statement attributed to Bluebeard . . . and, from this, you are trying to tell me that Laval . . ."

I nodded. "I know it sounds mad . . ."

"It does."

". . . But consider, Sébastien: the names, first of all, are identical—Bluebeard's name was Gilles de Laval. In the shadow of the stake, he boasted of doing what no man had ever done, of succeeding at his ambition . . . and are you aware of the nature of his ambition? To live forever! It was to that end that he butchered hundreds of innocents, trying to wrest the very riddle of life from their bodies!"

"But you say he was burned at the stake . . ."

"No! *Sentenced* to be burned! In re-



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turn for not revoking the crimes he confessed under torture, he was granted the mercy of strangulation before burning . . ."

"Even so —"

"Listen to me! His relatives were allowed to remove his strangled body from the pyre before the flames reached it! That is a historical fact! They took it away — so they *said!* — to inter it in a Carmelite church in the vicinity. But don't you see what they really did?"

"No . . ."

"Don't you see, Sébastien, that this monster had found the key to eternal life, and had instructed his helots to revive his strangled body by use of those same loathsome arts he had practiced? Don't you see that he went on living? That he lives still? That he tortures and murders still? That even when his hands are not drenched in human blood, they are drenched in the mock blood of the Guignol? That the actor Laval and the Laval of old are one and the same?"

Sellig looked at me strangely. It infuriated me. "I am not mad!" I said. I rose and screamed at him: "*Don't you understand?*"

And then — what with the lack of food, and the wine I had drunk with Laval, and the cognac, and the tremulous state of my nerves — the room began to tilt, then shrink, then spin, then burst into a star-shower, and I dimly saw Sellig reach out for me as I fell forward into blackness . . .

. . .

The bedroom was full of noonday sunlight when I awoke. It lacerated my eyes. I turned away from it and saw someone sitting next to the bed. My eyes focused, not without difficulty, and I realized it was a woman — a woman of exceptional beauty. Before I could speak, she said, "My name is Madame Pelletier. I am Sébastien's friend. He has asked me to care for you. You were ill last night."

"You must be . . . Lise . . ."

She nodded. "Can you sit up now?"

"I think so."

"Then you must take a little *bouillon*."

At the mention of food, I was instantly very hungry. Madame Pelletier helped me sit up, propped pillows at my back, and began to feed me broth with a spoon. At first, I resisted this, but upon discovering that my trembling hand would not support the weight of the spoon, I surrendered to her ministrations.

Soon, I asked, "And where is Sébastien now?"

"At the Théâtre. A rehearsal of *Oedipe*." With a faintly deprecatory inflection, she added, "Voltaire's."

I smiled at this, and said, "Your theatrical tastes are as pristine as Sébastien's."

She smiled in return. "It was not always so, perhaps. But when one knows a man like Sébastien, a man dedicated, noble, with impeccable taste, and living a life beyond reproach . . . one climbs

up to his level, or tries to."

"You esteem him highly."

"I love him, M'sieu."

I had not forgotten my revelation of the night before. True, it seemed less credible in daylight, but it continued to stick in my mind like a burr. I asked myself what I should do with my fantastic theory. Blurt it out to this charming lady and have her think me demented? Take it to the *commissaire* and have him think me the same? Try to place it again before Sébastien, in more orderly fashion, and solicit his aid? I decided on the last course, and informed my lovely nurse that I felt well enough to leave. She protested: I assured her my strength was restored; and, at last, she left the bedroom and allowed me to dress. I did so quickly, and left the Sellig rooms immediately thereafter.

By this time, they knew me at the Théâtre Français, and I was allowed to stand in the wings while the Voltaire tragedy was being rehearsed. When the scene was finished, I sought out Sellig, drew him aside, and spoke to him, phrasing my suspicions with more calm than I had before.

"My dear friend," he said, "I flatter myself that my imagination is broad and ranging, that my mind is open, that I can give credence to many wonders at which other men might scoff. But *this* —"

"I know, I know," I said hastily, "and I do not profess to believe it entirely myself — but it is a clue, if nothing more, to Laval's character; a solution, perhaps, to a living puzzle . . ."

Sellig was a patient man. "Very well. I will have a bit of time after this rehearsal and before tonight's performance. Come back later and we will . . ." His voice trailed off. "And we will talk, at least. I do not know what else we can do."

I agreed to leave. I went directly to the Guignol, even though I knew that, being midafternoon, it would not be open. Arriving there, I found an elderly functionary, asked if M. Laval was inside, perhaps rehearsing, and was told there was no one in the theater. Then, after pressing a bank note into the old man's hand, I persuaded him to give me Laval's address. He did, and I immediately hailed a passing carriage.

As it carried me away from Montmartre, I tried to govern my thoughts. Why was I seeking out Laval? What would I say to him once I had found him? Would I point a finger at him and dramatically accuse him of being Gilles de Laval, Baron de Rais, a man of the 15th Century? He would laugh at me, and have me committed as a madman. I still had not decided on a plan of attack when the carriage stopped, and the driver opened the door and said, "We are here, M'sieu."

I stepped out, paid him, and looked at the place to which I had been taken.



"Father, I cannot tell a lie. I can't think of one."

Dumbfounded, I turned to the driver and said, "But this is not —"

"It is the address M'sieu gave me." He was correct. It was. I thanked him and the carriage drove off. My mind churning, I entered the building.

It was the same one which contained Sellig's rooms. Summoning the concierge, I asked the number of Laval's apartment. He told me no such person lived there. I described Laval. He nodded and said, "Ah. The ugly one. Yes, he lives here, but his name is not Laval. It is De Retz."

Rayx, Rays, Retz, Rais — according to the history book, they were different spellings of the same name. "And the number of his suite?" I asked, impatiently.

"Oh, he shares a suite," he said. "He shares a suite with M'sieu Sellig . . ."

I masked my astonishment and ran up the stairs, growing more angry with each step. To think that Sébastien had concealed this from me! Why? For what reason? And yet Laval had not shared the apartment the night before . . . What did it mean?

Etiquette discarded, I did not knock but threw open the door and burst in. "Laval!" I shouted. "Laval, I know you are here! You cannot hide from me!"

There was no answer. I stalked furiously through the rooms. They were empty. "Madame?" I called. "Madame Pelletier?" And then, standing in Sellig's bedroom, I saw that the place had been ransacked. Drawers of chiffoniers had been pulled out and relieved of their contents. It appeared very much as if the occupant had taken sudden flight.

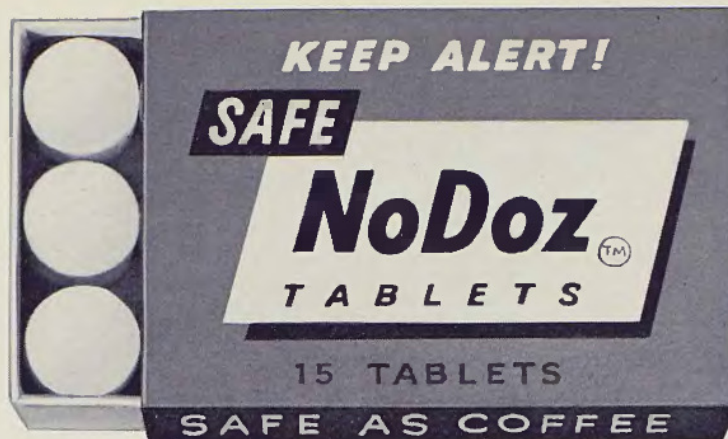
Then I remembered the little room or closet I had seen Sellig leaving in the small hours. Going to it, I turned the knob and found it locked. Desperation and anger flooded my arms with strength and, yelling unseemly oaths, I broke into the room.

It was chaos.

The glass phials and demijohns had been smashed into shards, as if someone had flailed methodically among them with a cane. What purpose they had served was now a mystery. Perhaps a chemist could have analyzed certain residues among the debris, but I could not. Yet, somehow, these ruins did not seem, as I had first assumed, equipment for the development of photographic plates.

Again, supernatural awe turned me cold. Was this the dread laboratory of Bluebeard? Had these bottles and jars contained human blood and vital organs? In this Paris apartment, with Sellig as his conscripted assistant, had Laval distilled, out of death itself, the inmost secrets of life?

Quaking, I backed out of the little room, and in so doing, displaced a corner of one of the blue draperies. Odd



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"If I have given you a pleasant hour," Lord Terry replied, "I am content. I do not ask you to accept my story as truth. But I do inquire of you: why not accept it! Why couldn't it be truth?"

Hunt was determined not to be led into pitfalls, so he did not trot out lengthy rebuttals and protestations about the fantastic and antinatural "facts" of the tale—he was sure the earl had arguments woven of the best casuistry to meet and vanquish anything he might have said. So he simply conceded: "It could be true, I suppose."

But a second later, not able to resist, he added, "The—story—does have one very large flaw."

"Flaw? Rubbish. What flaw?"

"It seems to me you've tried to have the best of both worlds, sir, tried to tell two stories in one, and they don't really meld. Let's say, for the sake of argument, that I am prepared to accept as fact the notion that Gilles de Rais was not burned at the stake, that he not only escaped death but managed to live for centuries, thanks to his unholy experiments. All well and good. Let's say that he was indeed the Guignol actor known as Laval. Still well, still good. But you've made him something else—something he could not possibly be. The son of Dr. Henry Jekyll, or, rather, of Jekyll's alter ego, Edward Hyde. In my trade, we would say your story 'needs work.' We would ask you to make up your mind—was Laval the son of Edward Hyde, or was he a person centuries older than his own father?"

Lord Terry nodded. "Oh, I see," he said. "Yes. I should have made myself clearer. No, I do not doubt for a moment that Laval and Sellig were one and the same person and that person the natural son of Edward Hyde. I think the facts support that. The Bluebeard business is, as you say, quite impossible. It was a figment of my disturbed mind, nothing more. Sellig could not have been Gilles."

"Then —"

"You or I might take a saint as our idol, might we not, or a great statesman—Churchill, Roosevelt—or possibly a literary or musical or scientific genius. At any rate, some lofty benefactor of immaculate prestige. But the son of Hyde? Would he not be drawn to and fascinated by history's great figures of evil? Might he not liken himself to Bluebeard? Might he not assume his name? Might he not envelop himself in symbolic blue draperies? Might he not delight in portraying his idol upon the Guignol stage? Might it not please his fiendish irony to saddle even his 'good' self with a disguised form of Gilles' name, and to exert such influence over that good self that even as the noble Sellig he could wallow in the personality of, say, a Nero? Of course he was not

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actually Bluebeard. It was adulation and aping, my dear sir, identification and a touch of madness. In short, it was hero worship, pure and simple.

"There is something else," Lord Terry said presently. "Something I have been saving for the last. I did not wish to inundate you with too much all at once. You say I've tried to tell two stories. But it may be — it just possibly may be — that I have not two but three stories here."

"Three?"

"Yes, in a way. It's just supposition, of course, a theory, and I have no evidence at all, other than circumstantial evidence, a certain remarkable juxtaposition of time and events that is a bit too pat to be coincidence . . ."

He treated himself to an abnormally long draw on his cigar, letting Hunt and the syntax hang in the air; then he started a new sentence: "Laval's father, Edward Hyde, may have left his mark on history in a manner much more real than the pages of a supposedly fictional work by Stevenson. Certain criminal deeds that are matters of police record may have been his doing. I think they were. Killings that took place between 1885 and 1891 in London, Paris, Moscow, Texas, New York, Nicaragua and perhaps a few other places, by an unknown, unapprehended monster about whom speculation varies greatly but generally agrees on one point: the high probability that he was a medical man. Hyde, of course, was a medical man; or, rather, Jekyll was; the same thing, really.

"What I'm suggesting, you see, is that our friend Laval was — is? — not only the son of Hyde but the son of a fiend who has been supposed an Englishman, a Frenchman, an Algerian, a Polish Jew, a Russian, and an American; and whose sobriquets and supposed names include George Chapman, Severin Klosowski, Neill Cream, Ameer Ben Ali, Frenchy, El Destripador, L'Eventreur, The Whitechapel Butcher, and, most popularly—"

Hunt snatched the words from his mouth: "Jack the Ripper."

"Exactly," he said. "The Ripper's killings, without exception, resembled the later Paris murders, and also the earlier massacres of Bluebeard's, in that they were obsessively sexual and resulted in 'wounds of a nature too shocking to be described,' as the London *Times* put it. The Bluebeard comparison is not exclusive with me — a Chicago doctor named Kiernan arrived at it independently and put it forth at the time of the Whitechapel murders. And the current series of perverted butcheries here in New York are, of course, of that same stripe. Incidentally, may I call your attention to the sound of Jekyll's name? Trivial, of course, but it would have been characteristic of that scoundrel

Hyde to tell one of his victims his name was Jekyll, which she might have taken as 'jackal' and later gasped out in her last throes to a passerby, who mistook it for 'Jack.' And the dates fit, you know. We've placed Hyde's 'birth' at 1886 for no better reason than because the Stevenson story was published in that year . . . but if the story is based in truth, then it is a telling of events that took place before the publication date, perhaps very shortly before. Yes, there is a distinct possibility that Jack the Ripper was Mr. Hyde."

Hunt toyed with the dregs of his coffee. "Excuse me, Lord Terry," he said, "but another flaw has opened up."

"Truth cannot be flawed, my boy."

"Truth cannot, no." This time, it was Hunt who stalled. He signaled the waiter for hot coffee, elaborately added sugar and cream, stirred longly and thoughtfully. Then he said, "Jack the Ripper's crimes were committed, you say, between the years 1885 and 1891?"

"According to the best authorities, yes."

"But sir," Hunt said, smiling deferentially all the while, "in Stevenson's story, published in 1886, Hyde *died*. He therefore could not have committed those crimes that took place after 1886."

Lord Terry spread his arms expansively. "Oh, my dear boy," he said, "when I suggest that the story was based in truth, I do not mean to imply that it was a newspaper report, a dreary list of dates and statistics. For one thing, many small items, such as names and addresses, were surely changed for obvious reasons (Soho for Whitechapel, perhaps). For another thing, Stevenson was a consummate craftsman, not a police blotter. The unfinished, so-called realistic story is stylish today, but in Stevenson's time a teller of tales had to bring a story to a satisfying and definite conclusion, like a symphony. No, no, I'm afraid I can't allow you even a technical point."

"If names were fabricated, what about that Jekyll-jackal business?"

"Quite right — I retract the Jekyll-jackal business. Trivial anyway."

Hunt persisted. "Was Hyde's nationality a fabrication of Stevenson's, too, then?"

"No, I'm inclined to believe he was actually English . . ."

"Ah! But Laval and Sellig —"

"Were French? Oh, I rather think not. Both spoke English like natives, you know. And Laval drank Scotch whisky like water — which I've never seen a Frenchman do. Also, he mistook my name for Pendragon — a grand old English name out of Arthurian legend, not the sort of name that would spring readily to French lips, I should think. No, I'm sure they — he — were compatriots of mine."

"What was he — they — doing in France?"

"For the matter of that, what was I? But if you really need reasons over and above the mundane, you might consider the remote possibility that he was using an assumed nationality as a disguise, a shield from the police. That's not *too* fanciful for you, I hope? Although this may be: might not a man obsessed with worship of Gilles de Rais, a man who tried to emulate his evil idol in all things, also put on his idol's nationality and language, like a magic cloak? But I shan't defend the story any further." He looked at his gold pocket watch, the size of a small potato and nearly as thick. "Too late, for one thing. Time for long-winded old codgers to be in their beds."

As Hunt and his host walked to the cloakroom to redeem Hunt's hat, the younger man said, "I'm sorry, Lord Terry, but the hardest of all to believe is the business about Laval perhaps being alive today, with his flamboyant alchemy, his bubbling, old-fashioned retorts and demijohns. In the 20th Century, it strikes a very false note."

The earl chuckled good-naturedly. "My story still — needs work?"

Hunt's hat was on and he stood at the door, ready to leave his host and allow him to go upstairs to bed. "Yes," he said, "just a little."

"I will take that under advisement," Lord Terry said. Then, his eyes glinting with mischief, he added, "As for those old-fashioned demijohns and other outmoded paraphernalia, however — modern science has made many bulky pieces of apparatus remarkably compact. The transistor radio and whatnot, you know. To keep my amateur standing as a raconteur, I must continue to insist that my story is true — except for one necessary alteration. Good night, my boy. It was pleasant to see you."

"Good night, sir. And thanks again for your kindness."

Outside, the humidity had been dispelled, and the air, though warm, was dry and clear. The sky was cloudless, and dense with the stars of summer. From among them, Hunt picked out the 11 stars that form the constellation Sagittarius. The newspapers were announcing the appearance of another mutilated corpse, discovered in an alley only a few hours before. Reading the headlines, Hunt recalled a certain utterance — "This . . . is the Grandest Guignol of all." And another — "*La vie est un corridor noir/D'impuissance et de désespoir.*" He bought a paper and hailed a taxi.

It was in the taxi, three blocks away from the club, that he suddenly "saw" the trivial, habitual action that had accompanied Lord Terry's closing remark about modern compactness. The old man had reached into his pocket for that little gold case and had casually taken a pill.

The Makeout Man

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BUT THEN I MET THIS WILD CHICK - SHE SAID MY PROBLEM WAS THAT MY KIND KEPT PUTTING A VALUE JUDGMENT ON MAKING OUT - WE'D ONLY DO IT IF WE COULD PROVE IT WAS CLEAN - WELL, DOWN DEEP NOBODY BELIEVES MAKING OUT IS CLEAN -



AND THAT'S WHY I FELT GUILTY! BECAUSE I KNEW THE MAGAZINE ARTICLES WERE LYING, THE PSYCHOLOGISTS WERE LYING AND THAT I WAS LYING!

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CLARA

(continued from page 88)

subsistence, but not for crises. The crises were Clara's mountain climber's suit, and her total lack of other wardrobe.

With the weather heating up, Clara's continued appearance in her armor of blue serge made her seem eccentric, as if she were a Laplander unable to adjust to the ways of our Temperate Zone. It wasn't only a change of suit Clara needed. She needed also shoes, dresses, underthings, stockings, hairbrushes, combs, hats, handkerchiefs, an umbrella and an assortment of make-up articles.

Clara begged me to let her quit the *Journal* and just lie in bed, reading and waiting for me—which she could do without any additional wardrobe.

"When winter c-comes," she said, "you can b-buy me a flannel nightgown like I used to wear at home. And a pair of slippers with f-fur on them. That's all I need."

But I insisted she continue in her new career. Why, I don't know. I was the chief victim of my deception, having to work twice as hard and growing increasingly jumpy lest my villainy be exposed. The thought of what Mr. Hutchens would say when he found out made my head swim several times a day. But for some reason, lost in the mystery of youth, it was necessary that I continue as a shuddering Pygmalion. And that Clara stay a journalist.

I started on a money-borrowing spree. Since most of the reporters I knew were on a similar quest, my pickings were lean—a dollar here, a half dollar there. I had figured I needed at least a hundred dollars—a sum of money as remote as the canals of Mars. Covering two assignments simultaneously, prowling the saloons and press rooms like some shameless moocher, cutting my day's eating down to a single liverwurst sandwich and a cup of hot chocolate, I grew hollow-eyed, green-skinned and unbarbered. Mr. Mahoney, whom I tackled for a loan (or advance) of \$25, said to me, quietly, "You are mad. If anybody in the newspaper game had \$25, he would retire."

And here, finally, the episode appears that was to keep Clara sharp in my memory.

I was in the Criminal Court Building's press room trying to win some money in a penny ante poker game fiercely waged by five insolvent players, when Charlie MacArthur of the *Tribune* appeared in the doorway and called my name. Despite cries of rage from the gamblers, I pocketed three dimes' profit and joined Charlie in the commodious and seedy hallway.

I'll try to write of Charlie so that he won't turn in his grave, for he was always a sensitive fellow with a shudder for overstatement. Of all the young journalists drinking and slugging their way to

fame in that day, Charlie was one of the most popular and attractive, despite his being six months my junior. Curly black hair, smoky eyes, a pointed nose, sledgehammer fists, a capacity for alcohol that won a nod from the old-timers—these were Charlie MacArthur. Plus a firecracker mind and a vocabulary sired by the poets.

In the hall Charlie said, "A week from this Friday, Frank Piano is going to pay his debt to society on the gallows. And it seems that this doomed Etruscan is mysteriously fond of you. So I am ready to go partners with you in a certain enterprise. But let's discuss it elsewhere."

In the basement barroom, "Quincey No. 9," Charlie revealed to me that a drug called adrenaline had been lately discovered by science and that this drug could restore a hanged man to life if administered within five minutes after he had been pronounced officially dead.

"As you see," said Charlie, "that opens quite a field."

"I don't think we can get much of an advance out of Frank Piano," I said. "He's broke worse than I am."

"What a business head!" Charlie sneered. "It's like going into partnership with Will of the Mill. Will you listen, and not interrupt?"

I nodded.

"First, the procedure," said Charlie. "Doctor Francis Murphy is willing to cooperate to the full. He will be squatting in a private ambulance in the alley adjoining the hanging chamber. He will have a syringe in his hand, ready to revive the dead Mr. Piano with this new resurrection drug. We will then keep our Lazarus out of the public eye until I have filed the story to 20 leading newspapers of the nation, who will pay \$50 apiece for an eyewitness account of this modern miracle. Which makes \$1000 net. I am willing to go halves with you," Charlie sighed, "because I need somebody to mind the revived corpse until I get all the stories on the wire. If there's a leak, the AP grabs the story and nobody gets a penny."

"I get \$500," I said, "no kidding?"

Charlie raised his right hand and nodded.

"What time are you through chasing fires?" he asked. I told him three o'clock.

"Perfect," said Charlie, "I don't start my activities for the *Tribune* until eight. So we'll have five hours every day till Friday to nail down any loose ends. Let's go."

"I can't start today until five o'clock," I said. "I'll meet you here at 5:15, sharp."

Charlie grabbed my arm as I stood up, and spoke grimly. "Put this in thy bead-bag, Romeo—not a whisper to any dame, whoever she is. Or however reliable she seems. I want you to swear on that."

"I swear," I said, "so help me God," and was off.

I kept my oath. I told Clara only that

I had formed a partnership with a genius named Charlie MacArthur which would keep me busy from three to eight every day. And that, inside of seven days, we were going to make a fortune.

Clara started weeping gently.

"I'm doing it for you," I said, "so you won't have to go around looking like Apple Annie."

"Th-then I won't see you for a whole week," Clara sniffled. "I'll die."

"You'll see me at eight p.m. every evening," I calmed her, "until dawn."

• • •

I continued my double duties for the *Journal*, and joined Charlie at 3:15 each day. We worked well as a team, with an intellectual harmony that was later to make us play and movie collaborators.

We visited the death cell daily, in order to keep the doomed man in line. Frankie Piano was a lethargic type, hard to visualize as a run-amok husband who had stabbed his wife 29 times with a stiletto. I had written of it as the "Pin Cushion Murder."

"All I want from you is your cooperation," said Charlie.

"There's nothin' I can do," said Frankie, eying his cell bars.

"I'm speaking about after you're hanged," said Charlie. "Here's what we want —"

"It ain't right fer them to hang me," Frankie interrupted. "My lawyer proved how that fat bitch hollarin' day and night deprived me of my sanity. I never knew what I was doin' whenever I beat her up. My lawyer proved that, conclusive."

During his trial, Frankie had sat catching flies throughout the court sessions, but the jury had chosen to ignore this symptom of lunacy.

"What we want," said Charlie, "is your word of honor you'll stay put in the hotel room for five hours —"

Frankie looked confused.

"When?" he asked.

"After you're hanged and we cut you down and get you back in shape," said Charlie.

"What if the medicine don't work?" Frankie asked.

"You've got nothing to lose," said Charlie. "They're hanging you Friday, rain or shine. Doctor Murphy is coming here tomorrow to check on your general condition."

"What good can a doctor do me till after I'm dead?" Frankie argued.

"Are you going to cooperate or not," Charlie asked, "before and after the hanging? Let's have a straight answer."

"I'll go along," Frankie said, "don't worry."

"We haven't told your folks anything," said Charlie, "because we want your homecoming to be a big surprise."

"If that medicine works," Frankie smiled, "the first thing I do is fix that

prosecutor bastard. I'll give you fellas a real pin cushion to put in the paper. Will I fix that state's attorney good!"

Frankie stood jabbing an imaginary stiletto into the air. Watching him, I asked Charlie, "Do you think the resurrection drug would work a second time on the same patient?" Charlie looked thoughtful.

Our next stop was Warden Jacobi, whose loyalty to our project needed daily bolstering. Sheriff Peter Bartzon, who presided over all hangings, was on vacation, catching muskellunge in Lake Kabetogama, Minnesota. We had checked on that. Thus, in the sheriff's absence, Warden Jacobi would be in full charge of our Friday event.

The sparrowlike Jacobi greeted us nervously and locked his office door behind us.

"I been thinking it over, fellas," Jacobi lowered his voice, "and I feel definitely I ought to wire Pete Bartzon about this whole thing. You know how touchy he is about gettin' full credit for any hangin'; even when I do all the work. Yeah, boys, I got to wire him."

"And lose your one chance to go down in history," Charlie said.

"As what?" Jacobi inquired.

"As the man who officiated at the biggest scientific miracle of our time," Charlie said slowly. "Your name will be in headlines from coast to coast." He quoted one — "WARDEN JACOBI AGHAST AT WALKING CORPSE."

"What if Bartzon suspects I knew about the miracle in advance and didn't inform him?" Jacobi asked.

"How's he going to suspect?" I demanded.

"My puttin' the noose knot in the

wrong place," said Jacobi, "so Frankie only chokes to death."

"What the hell you talking about?"

Charlie said. "You haven't broken a single neck since you been in office. Just suffocations."

I added, "Look, Warden, have I ever let you down and put a single word in the paper about your cells being jammed with whores on Saturday nights — and five dollars extra for any prisoners wishing to use the couches in this very office?"

"You're right," said Jacobi, "the hell with Peter Bartzon."

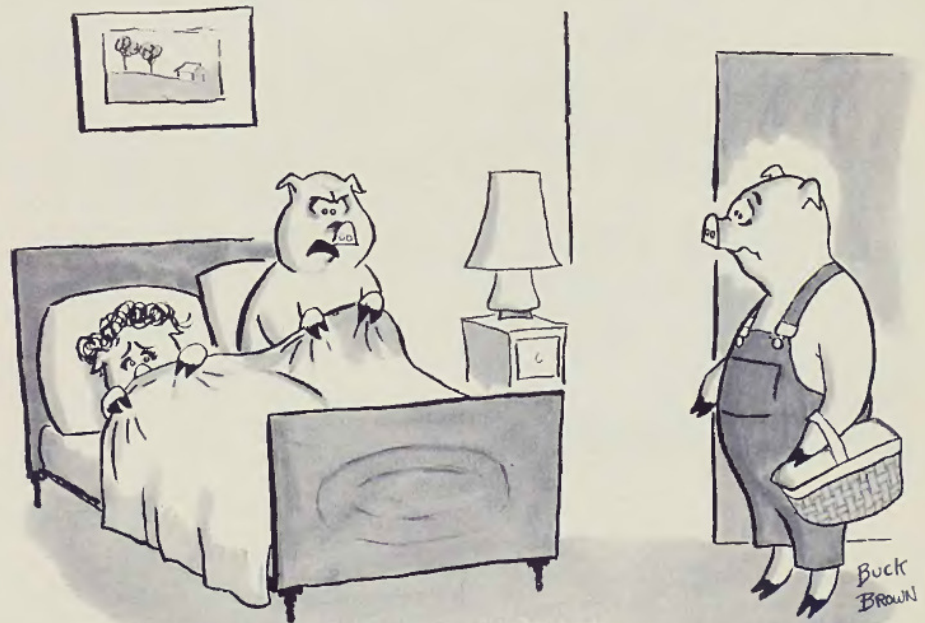
My only worry during these days of nailing down loose ends was Clara. She greeted me each evening at eight with a forlorn look. Her eyes filled with tears as we embraced. Touched by such devotion, I promised lyrically never to leave her side after Friday morning. Clara buried her face in the pillow, too overcome to look at me. I fell asleep thinking that no man had ever been more loved than I in my attic room that overlooked the river with the bridge lights swimming in it like fiery snakes.

• • •

On Thursday Charlie was an hour late at Quincey No. 9. He came in finally with an air of aloofness. Sitting at our table, he started fishing telegrams out of his pockets.

"Care to look at these?" he asked.

I looked. They were 23 acceptances sent in over the *Tribune's* private wire and typed out by Charlie's telegrapher ally, who had been promised five percent of our bonanza for his secret services. The language of the telegrams was almost identical — "WILL TAKE 1500 WORDS ON RESURRECTION OF DEAD MAN BY NEW



"I thought you went to market!"

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MIRACLE DRUG IN PRESENCE OF OFFICIAL EYEWITNESSES STOP WILL PAY WIRE CHARGES AND PAY YOU \$50 AFTER STORY IN PRINT." And each telegram was signed by a managing editor.

"You will notice," said Charlie, "not a word about any hanging. No leak. Everything shipshape."

I regarded my partner with some awe. I had never seen a finer business head in action.

"That winds things up till the hanging," said Charlie. "Let's drink to Doctor Murphy and his syringe."

"I'll see you at five A.M. in the death cell," I said, and stood up.

"From the way you act," Charlie said, "you might as well be married to somebody. Go on, scoot. You'll be late for the chain gang."

I scampered up the four flights to my room. It was four o'clock, the first afternoon rendezvous with Clara in a week. But Clara was missing from the room. The empty bed smote me, and I stood desolate in the doorway. My bewilderment finally subsided. Obviously Clara was still at the paper, detained by Mr. Hutchens and his reminiscences. He had recently started telling her of his youthful literary activities on the *New York Sun*.

I hurtled down the stairs into the spring afternoon and headed on a run for Market Street. I sprinted every other block of the mile to the *Journal*. I arrived winded and started slowly up the stairway to the local room on the second floor. Halfway up I paused. Somebody was yelling in the local room. I recognized Mr. Hutchens' voice, roaring out words that impaled me against the stairwell.

"You dirty bawd!" Mr. Hutchens was yelling, "you filthy Jezebel! Take your vile carcass out of my newspaper office, Miss Van Arsdale! Out! Out, you miserable harlot!"

Mr. Hutchens had found out. A figure darted out of the local room and came rapidly down the stairs. It was Mr. Mahoney.

"Come on, kid," Mr. Mahoney grabbed my arm, "beat it — for your life!"

"I got to protect her," I said.

As Mr. Mahoney pulled me along down the stairs, I heard Mr. Hutchens crying out. "Put on your clothes, Miss Van Arsdale, or by God, I'll turn you over to the police."

Mr. Mahoney pushed me into a saloon. We sat in a booth.

"Leave the bottle on the table," Mr. Mahoney said to the bartender, "and if anyone asks for me, I'm not here."

I sat staring as I had often seen occupants of the death cell do.

"You brainless bastard!" Mr. Mahoney said, "I ought to knock your ears off, myself."

I nodded. Mr. Mahoney started suddenly to laugh.

"God Almighty!" he said, "it was the nuttiest scene I ever saw in my life! Right out of Petronius! Where in hell did you dig up Miss Van Arsdale?"

"Queen Lil's," I said. "I was reforming her."

"For God's sake, don't faint on me!" Mr. Mahoney said, sharply. "Start drinking and I'll bring you up to date on Miss Van Arsdale. I'll try not to laugh." Mr. Mahoney quoted, "He jests at scars who never felt a wound."

Then he began, "Doc Knapp came to work several hours early today. He was toting an armload of books on Greek culture. And he says to me, 'I have some important research to do, Eddie, and I don't want to be disturbed.' Whereupon, Doc entered his office and found Mr. Bolger, head of the composing room, banging a naked lady on his couch. A second gentleman from the composing room was also present. He was sitting in Doc Knapp's editorial chair, waiting his turn. I think it was our Mr. Peebles. At least, I saw a fat man with a bald head and his pants off getting the hell beat out of him by Doc Knapp.

"Mr. Hutchens appeared at the door, full of bewilderment. He thought the Bulgarians were striking back at Doc. It took a while to piece the true story together. Doc Knapp kept emitting howls like a mountain lion and threatening to lay waste to the entire composing room. It seems that nearly all of Local 912 had been befouling his sanctum."

Mr. Mahoney downed another drink and shook his head.

"Kid, reforming a woman is tops in waste effort," he said. "You might as well try to build a house in a mirage. The female, from birth onward, is a mist of lies. And her white belly is a shrine for swindle and delusion." Mr. Mahoney drank again and chuckled. "I'm sorry, kid, to belittle your despair with my low laughter, but it can't be helped. I'll never forget Mr. Hutchens' face when he saw Miss Van Arsdale, his girl reporter, lying mother naked on Doc's couch with two five-dollar bills clutched in her lily hand —"

Mr. Mahoney went on for some time. I sat frozen and swallowed my drinks with difficulty.

Mr. Mahoney's voice and words are clear across the many years, but my recollection of Frank Piano's hanging is almost without detail — except one. I'll come to it shortly. I can remember that I sat the next dawn numbed from a night of drinking, staring at a gallows crowded with figures, among them Frank Piano. The figures vanished and Frankie became a white-robed, white-hooded figure choking to death at the end of a rope.

"Wake up," Charlie whispered beside me. "You're going to have to help carry him to the ambulance in the alley, because Jacobi says he wants to keep his

skirts clean. Did you notice Frankie winking at us before they put the hood on him?" Then Charlie added, "Moses in the Mountain! Look who's here!"

Sheriff Peter Bartzén was walking across the room toward the gallows. Two hefty deputies walked behind him. The gray-haired, stocky Bartzén stopped at the gallows and stood puffing on his pipe as he watched the white bundle turn slowly and inflate for a last time. Doc Springer, the coroner, stepped forward and examined the motionless white bundle through a stethoscope.

"I pronounce him dead," Doc Springer spoke up, "time, 11 minutes on the nose."

"Cut him down," said Bartzén. "Under the laws of this state, I'm claiming the body."

Charlie and I joined the group under the gallows. Charlie did most of the talking. He finished an eloquent plea for Frankie's body with the vow that Sheriff Honest Pete Bartzén would be given sole credit in the story, and that Jacobi's name would not even be mentioned.

"I don't do business with proved double-crossers," the sheriff said. "I had to cut short my vacation to get here in time to prevent you from making a laughing stock of Cook County."

The two deputies carried Frankie's body out of the hanging chamber. A few minutes later Frankie Piano was on his way to the Cook County Hospital, with the Sheriff sitting next to him. Charlie and I followed in a cab. Sheriff Bartzén was waiting for us outside the surgery door.

"You can't go inside," Bartzén said. "There's an autopsy clinic going on. An anatomy student has just cut off Frank Piano's head. And now they are going to dissect him, as authorized by the laws of the State of Illinois." Bartzén lit his pipe and grinned as he added, "Maybe you two clowns will think twice before you try to double-cross Pete Bartzén again."

"Who notified you?" I asked.

"My loyal friend, Warden Jacobi," Bartzén answered.

...

A week later, I lay in my cubbyhole bed, reading. All was well in my world. Outside my window, the spring night was a ballet of shadows and rooftops. That king of gentlemen, Mr. Hutchens, had forgiven me and allowed me to resume the high calling of journalism. I had been betrayed and made ridiculous by a pathetic strumpet with a gentle face and an uncontrollable lust. But the evil doings of Clara Van Arsdale were as unreal and harmless as the fiery snakes that swam under the lighted bridges.

And I preferred the new occupant of my bed—the complete works of Guy de Maupassant, 18 volumes bound in light-blue covers with titles in gold lettering.



PLAYBOY CLUB

(continued from page 52)

and resembles many of its antebellum neighbors. But once you get past the Club's portals, marked by the redoubtable rabbit set into the leaded-glass door and flanked by a bunny-embazoned metal emblem, you enter that glamorous world particularly and pleasurable PLAYBOY'S—a world replete with lush decor, beautiful Bunnies, topflight entertainment, epicurean edibles and potables, and relaxation with a hiply fashioned flair. The Library and Penthouse showrooms share the same excitingly fresh talent which also appears at the Chicago and Miami Clubs. The *intime* Playmate Bar dispenses prime libations before a glowing backdrop of illuminated gatefold reproductions displaying PLAYBOY'S most dazzling Playmates of the Month, some of whom are on hand as Bunnies.

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for \$1.50, which is also the price of all drinks, the pulsating piano bar and festively accented Cartoon Corner.

The Living Room features an added fillip—one which gives it the swinging stamp of the spawning ground of jazz. Round about one A.M. a Dixieland Band in full battle dress puts on a breakfast blast, and the saints come marching in till morning, turning the Club into the Southland's merriest early-hour emporium.

PLAYBOY plans to add another nine Clubs in the U.S. before the year is out, will then embark upon an international expansion into Canada, Mexico, South America, the West Indies, Tokyo, London, Paris and Rome, while continuing to add to its domestic roster. Eventually, it is expected that every major city in the United States will boast a Playboy Club. And, of course, keyholders will be red-carpeted into any Club anywhere in the world.

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"When are we going to get a Playboy Club?"

LOVE CULT (continued from page 64)

love God redeemed man of his primal sin and offered him salvation. In return even the emotion that a man felt for his wife now became a symbol of the divine love. The world, under the influence of Christianity, now came to seem a *loving* world. Love created it. Of love was it made.

And without love, what was it? Without love, the world was dark and capricious as it had been to the ancients, as mysterious and incalculable as Providence appears to the Jews. Without love the world—the true world, the spiritual world—was without form, as it had been before the creation. Without love, as Satan said in *Paradise Lost*, "Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell." This was what the great Christian novelist, Dostoevsky, said about those unable to love; the wretchedness Father Zossima describes in *The Brothers Karamazov* is to fail in love for the world. Not to love, in the Christian tradition of the word, was to cut oneself off from life. And so deeply woven into the fabric of Christian civilization was the idea of God as love that, scholars are beginning to discover, the conscious eroticism of the troubadours in the early Middle Ages (the beginnings of the cult of romantic love) may actually mark the beginnings of Protestant heresy. Yet to lavish so much adoration on a woman, even though it was done in playful ritual—officially a symbol of devotion to the Virgin—was nevertheless to honor and to retain the "practice of love." Whatever may have split and weakened the Christian faith through the centuries, "love" as its unique theology and its special badge of faith has remained with it. In America, such sects as Transcendentalism retained the idea of God's love long after they had virtually ceased to believe in God. The Christian idea that love, as an expression of God's concern, can heal, is of course the foundation of Christian Science. "Love" for many Christians, and for many non-Christians, has not only survived but replaced the idea of God. It is only by understanding love's role as a theology, even for many ex-Christians and non-Christians, that one can begin to understand the force that it has in our culture. It is the *sine qua non*, literally—without it we feel that we are lost. Without it our universe is suddenly without rhyme or reason; we have no shelter against the possible dissolution of the only society that we are used to.

So deep is this conservative and domesticating influence of "love" as a commandment that it has virtually reoriented psychoanalysis in the direction of ethical goals which Freud never intended for it. As Freud once pointed out in a letter, "... psychoanalysis also has its scale of values, but its sole aim is the enhanced harmony of the ego, which is

expected successfully to mediate between the claims of the instinctual life [the 'id'] and those of the external world; thus between inner and outer reality. . . . We believe that it [psychoanalysis] cannot reveal to us anything but primitive, instinctual impulses and attitudes . . . worthless for orientation in the alien, external world." Freud was concerned with sexual instincts; these were necessarily at war not only with existing laws and morals, but often enough with the softening and conventionalizing spirit which already went by the name of "love." He showed, as the great European novelists had done, how much that we call "love" is the separable force that we can more truly call lust or desire, and how much the spirit of "love," as conventionally honored, can conceal or suppress the force of this desire.

In Freud's view, it was not love that needed understanding and expression, but all those component instincts and biological forces that go to make up the amalgam that the word has been used to conceal. Freud felt that "love" as a term had been honored enough in our culture; the instinctual forces below the surface engaged his attention. Far from flattering human society that its ruling motive was one of love, he insisted that the generations of men in the primal past had succeeded one another by force of conquest, arising in a spirit of deep sexual competitiveness and jealousy. Even in his own family and clan, man was ruled not by selfless affection but by incestuous longings which by now he had forgotten that he felt. He was en-



gaged in a constant reliving of the past with which he had never come to terms. His only relief from the anxiety of struggling endlessly with his impulses was in a longing for death—a longing he would not even acknowledge to himself, so little was he aware of the bitter struggle going on in himself with the demands of physical love. As Freud saw it, man was a battleground between the exuberant but frightening spirit of Eros, and that of Thanatos, the wish for death to free us. Eros exhilarates us to a renewed sense of our human possibilities, but he disturbs the order we have so grimly built up. To give in to Eros is to reach down to a force in ourselves that we are constantly trying to pacify and to domesticate and to civilize.

Love is not a heresy now; it is the only guarantee left to us of the *status quo*. This, in our day, is the magic of the word. "Love," in America today, is what retains and re-establishes and secures; this is why "love," for which Proust's Swann almost died and for which Anna Karénina did die, now stands for those pacified and pacifying qualities that we hope will let us be. In Freud's eyes, a man was sick if he could not consciously and bravely deal with the profound stirrings of Eros; in the eyes of, say, Dr. Smiley Blanton, author of the popular manual *Love or Perish*, it is the failure to love that may doom us all. Notice that Freud spoke of biological instincts that exist; Dr. Blanton and, on a much higher level, the influential Dr. Erich Fromm, speak of feelings of love that must be strengthened. Dr. Fromm's appeal is directed from a strong core of European liberal idealism; he is concerned with love as the creator of a new society, not the domestic love which alone means so much to American women—and therefore to American men. But the effect of Dr. Fromm's books is, in the American context, to strengthen the fond American belief that it is love and love alone that holds the world up at all just now.

It is not even love in itself, direct feelings of love for another, that I discern in the solemn repetitions of the word; it is the wistful longing that the world be kept whole, that it may be kept what it was, that it be kept still. It is rare indeed for a truly conservative novelist, like James Gould Cozzens, to show that in the death of what *once* was love, the deepest values of our society have gone, too. *By Love Possessed* is not my favorite among Cozzens' novels, but it should be remembered that the subject of his book is the decline of the most elementary moral notions among our "best" people—and that one of his examples is the selfish and faithless addiction to "love" among such people. Cozzens really is a conservative; he has a concrete image of a past society, of past values, that he cherishes and respects

above all others. But the anxious and even panicky use of "love" today is to hold up a rickety world, or almost any world, in the absence of any positive values of our own. Without "responsible," "mature," "decent" interpersonal relationships, we may all go to hell. No wonder that on every side just now I seem to hear psychiatrists and counselors and ministers saying — "Love, you monsters! Love, damn it all, love! Do you want to rock the boat and destroy us all?" What was in the earliest days of civilization a prime discovery by the human spirit, and later a sublime construction of theology, has now become a threat. Love, or we'll think less well of you! Love, or else the whole joint-stock company of modern humanity, dependent on the loving restraint of its members, will still not be enough to keep the missiles and H-bombs from going off! Love!—so that I may not die.

Yet more than fear of war, which can only mean fear of ourselves and our fellow men, it is the poverty of our daily language that impels us to invoke love like the name of a political party. It has become our only absolute. What God has meant to so many, what in times past the good society has meant to many again, what was once summed up by words like justice, now the quick sound of "love," like a card quickly being shuffled off the top of the deck, means in contemporary American culture. Students of language have a name for the quick automatic response that is expected in a culture: "counterwords." Love is now our chief counterword. On Broadway now, as in popular versions of psychoanalysis, there is no value to live for but "love." "Love," that is, as a symbol of your status, for love of a person is hardly something to boast of or to think of as comfortably growing like money in an interest account. If you have "love," you've got it made, as people make it in business. The family that loves together stays together. It shows how very nice we are. "Love" is a very American thing; not many Europeans love as much as we do. A psychiatrist-turned-writer once told me that European novelists like Camus and Sartre lacked "the spirit of love." To be without this warm, gushing, confiding spirit (so quick to advertise itself like tooth-paste) is now, apparently, the hell of exclusion that Dostoevsky reserved for those unable to love. And the usual American song is less often: I love, than it is: I need love. On Broadway, "love" means a psychological health necessary to the only kind of person that we now recognize. Yet see how quickly love-as-need becomes love-as-value. In Paddy Chayefsky's television play *Marty*, the sense of pathos involved in needing love so much made for a dramatic situation that one could understand if not particularly admire. But in his more recent

play, *The Tenth Man*, we find an old man in a Jewish house of worship not merely praising the hero for loving the heroine, but ending the play on the affirmation that such love is all that we mean by God nowadays.

Love as "security," love as guarantee that the home will stand up, the city, the world, even God himself — what a strange thought. If love has ever really meant anything, it has meant the largest possible risk. How can I, by loving, bind another to myself? And how can another bring me safety? Yet we all believe in this, whether we admit it or not, and the reason goes deep. The real terror of our days is not merely that we civilized people view society as savages once viewed nature — something awesome and beyond control. It is that so many of the words that we use to signify our deepest allegiance and loyalty, the words that convey our bottommost trust and faith, have vanished for us — so that, for many people, it is virtually the magic of love and love alone that seems to hold the world up at all. That is why, on Broadway, where a work can live only if it is immediately liked by its audience, plays like Archibald MacLeish's *J.B.* and William Inge's *Come Back, Little Sheba* and Tennessee Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire* are popular. MacLeish re-establishes the "private" world of love for a wife as the only one to which a modern Job stricken by the (significant) irrationality of misfortune can return. Inge and Williams, in their different ways, re-establish in the word "love" a kind of primal authority that is essential to the overwhelming concern of these playwrights with the word "home." Even in Williams, who is so talented and so concerned with the force of sex, "love" takes away the "hardship," as Freud grimly called it, of sex.

Whether as nostalgia or as commercial salesmanship, you just can't beat love nowadays. Love is associated with the most sublime insights of a religion which is honored more in the breach than in the observance, and which survives every breach, in a sense thrives on it, by holding out such high hopes for love. Love, in fact, is what we most admire when everything else has failed our admiration. Its promise is enormous: "For ever wilt thou love and she be fair!" And, of course, this concept of love also soothes, it beckons, it replenishes our stale and disillusioned imaginations with the word which is the very incarnation of a better opinion of ourselves. In a society which is not merely anxious about its future but, more seriously, shoddy with outworn beliefs, exploded mythologies, a language debased by commercialism and popular entertainment and shallow mass education, "love" alone seems to stand up. On it, at least, we try to stand.



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O MANHATTA (continued from page 74)

men, such as stalwart Superzen over there, still reading his educational comic book; but this is not one of those tales of young American business in a changing world. I am determined to speak of nothing but love and its annexes here. I must merely remark that the secret of the amazing true-to-life performances of the leading men in the stag art cinema industry—this to allay your anxiety—can be ascribed to Stop Action Photography. Feel better now? Yes? Look, they stop the camera, then start it again, and go on. Listen, they splice. Pay attention: they continue after interruptions. Got it?

OK. Back to the party.

Goneril began to sing and stagger, and finally all six feet of her, still yammering an Elizabethan bawdy ballad, fell wall-to-wall down. "Hey-ho, and a hey nonny no," she remarked. Then from below she complained about Lessing's "*Laokoön*," which she claimed to have been the subject of her thesis, and her life in Oklahoma, and her father who died, and her mother who should have died; and I wrestled with her, not for the pleasure in it, which was minimum, but merely to get the glass away. But it was hopeless. She bounced on her bum; she held the glass steady and drank; she declared that where the bee sucked there sucked she. When she passed out, I looped her over my arm and lugged her vaguely cabward. She wound about me three times, like a cobra, as I tried to prevent her head from going bounce-bounce on the stairs.

"Need some help?" asked Superzen, nose still buried in his book.

"Yes."

He put his finger on his place. "Hmm?" "Never mind, pal."

Others waved languidly. There were understanding looks, tolerant smiles. Goneril was their little girl and she was so sleepy. Whoops—hair tangled in my legs. Why so topsy-turvy, Goneril pal? Whoops, don't tip me.

"Ba-ba, yo-all," said Alabam. "Real nice of yo-all to fall uppa ma pad."

Goneril awoke briefly into startling clarity in the cab. She explained that Alabam said yo-all because he meant both of us. The singular form of the pronoun in Southern is "yo." "I got an A minus in dialects, honey," she said. Then she lapsed into her coma again. I would give her a B plus for comas.

Bitter at being left all alone (psychologically if not sociologically), I brought her home and tucked her six feet of feminine dishabille onto the couch. Morally limited by a sense of obligation, I believed it my duty to care for her, although there were girls back at the benefit and I might merely have left Goneril and my conscience dormant in a corner. Now I did not have the strength

to undress her inert body and drag it, together with her absent soul, into bed. She breathed hard about a bee every time I tried, so I finally buzzed at her, "Goodbye, I'm going!"

No answer.

"You blasted, sauced-up souse, farewell!"

No answer.

"Goodbye! Sleep well! I leave you now!"

She was passed out cold-kaput. I departed on tiptoe. Why? I was disoriented.

And returned to my studio room on the Upper West Side, by subway, brooding over *The New York Times* and thinking of what a hard hard life it is to be a 30-year-old boy in New York City. You know those mild melancholics, intense depressives, awkward exhibitionists, erotic celibates, healthy hallucinators—you know us artist types. If only I were an artist. If only the night weren't so black and the subway so hot and my pants so sticky. If only all was beautiful, a few inches less of alcohol in Goneril, a few less cares on my shoulder and ideas in my head. A blue-faced man lay unconscious on a seat of the subway car; I thought he was dead; perhaps he was; then the dead man sat up and went on with his crossword puzzle. When I thought he was dead, he was only sharpening his pencil by friction against the underside of the seat. He had a system. Everyone but me had a system.

Systems for copemanship led me straight back to conscience. There was Goneril, stretched out fully clothed on her couch. She might stop breathing. She might light a cigarette and burn to death. I had not even done her the courtesy of undressing her. She might wrinkle her frock. She might awake and feel so lonely. *Poor Goneril*, said conscience; *poor me*, said I.

It was my duty to go back and look after her—all those snaps and straps and juts of feminine responsibility, all that weakness and hope. It was enough to make a man's heart diminish in sorrow. A tear formed like a stalactite in my right eye and there was a renewed straining of desire above my knees.

You'd think an angel such as I, wanting to do so much good, would just sprout wings and fly over to Sixth Avenue and 57th Street, wouldn't you? But instead I had to take the subway back again. It was the middle of the night by now: washwomen, naphtha fumes from the lobbies of buildings, autumnal chill in the early September air. I had a slight jag on; I pranced, I ran up the stairs; I was very tired, too. Without malice or forethought, I had nevertheless tastelessly left Goneril's door ajar for some possible charitable entry. She lived over a shoe repair. I climbed the stairs, my head filled with sad fantasies of Goneril

strangled, Goneril burned to death, Goneril in dire peril. Poor Goneril, lost Goneril, I knew her slightly.

There she sat, smoking a cigarette, already much less drunk. "Oh, hello," she said. "Where'd you go?"

I explained how worried I was.

She was touched. I had traveled so far for her. My second thoughts often thrill my friends. "Gee," she said, "I suppose a girl *could* set herself afire. Had a nuncle died that way—perished he did by smoke poisoning mostly from the upholstery. Better if you have Danish furniture." Prudently she ground out her cigarette, performing this maneuver with that unnecessary elaboration which indicates serious thought, failure on the drunkmeter test, and leaves the butt spread powdering in the saucer. She then looked up, touched the curl at her forehead, shook her head abruptly to let some air in, smiled gratefully, and said in a mild sweet voice, "Dan? Want me to do some nastiness for you? You name it."

"Never mind," I said.

"I bet you never tried that."

"No," I admitted, "all I really want . . ."

"I know how, honest. I'm not perfect, but I've practiced."

" . . . is true love for my personal qualities," I finished, blushing. (According to Freud, the blush is upward displacement of lower-down excitement. I upward displaced, head swelling.)

"Dan?" she said. "I think you're nice, you know?"

I knew. And with true love we sought the origins and secrets of niceness and downward displacement of blushing in each other's arms. She was so tall that I was mostly in her arms rather than the customary Western European reverse, but there was much benefit anyway and we forgot our griefs. The next morning she awoke sober and made orange juice and English muffins and tea, which she brought to our bed, smiling and not so tall (barefoot, shaking her hair out). After we finished smoking the tea and had a cup of coffee, I bobbed off into the mid-Manhattan noon with full contentment, cartwheeling inwardly while keeping a careful grip on a newspaper, convinced that sex had finally begun for me on that wild grave island of Manhattan.

But I was premature. I could never get to Goneril unless she was drunk, and so finally had to give her up. Those breakfasts were fine, but who can eat pumpernickel bread while encased in the steel helmet of a hangover? Farewell, sweet lady. Goodbye. *Dos svidanye*. Adieu. Too bad you like consoling things of the spirits better than consoling spiritual things. More spiritual doings in a moment, doc.

. . .

Act Two. Summertime. Our hero has been youthified by the lightened air and Dacron-cotton suits.

Summer, O Manahatta, mother of waters! Cigar-smoking psychologists in transparent nylon sport shirts worry away the season in group therapy; slum kids build their orange-crate fires at the curbs, and howl with rage as umbrella-carrying pederasts offer them a quarter for an old orange box and a bit of comfort—howl for more money; the dry winds sweep up the side streets, carrying dawn wakefulness to the depressed and insomnia to the worried; ductless models stipple the pavements stiffly with their heels aclack and their unblinking eyes held open (personally) by Helena Rubinstein and Revlon; the college beatniks flood their sports cars into Greenwich Village, sweltering and breaking its boundaries under the need for Bohemias to consume; fights break out all day, and ambulance sirens scream for the fallen, the stroked and attacked, mugged by anxiety, unable to breathe. But yet Manhattann is somehow a wild and savory summery place, and if you step on it, it squeals. Much love is enjoyed in the worst heat.

"I do fear," meditated aloud my friend Peter Hatton, "that Goneril is not the proper lady for a lad of your sensibility."

"You know it, pal."

"Too alcoholic."

"Amen. Praise the soda."

"Past and future, I've traveled that way myself. We must work out something truer, deeper, more *valid*."

"And a little less tall, too, huh, Pete?"

During the next few days we visited various friends of Peter's skirt-pursuing interregnum, before he had got himself committed to his present girl. There was a gracious Indian lady with a Brahmin spot on her forehead; sinuous, sensuous and soothing, she had much delighted him; a painter, she had also painted him into a delicate mythological study in which he appeared as a tiger and she as a languishing and submissive maiden. He had bid goodbye to Miss India with a dozen long-stemmed American Beauty roses, thinking of possible future kindness, and now here I was, hoping for present kindness.

"Foresight," Pete said, hitching up his pants. "Besides, she's great. Expert. They got like a little tradition in India."

"What a woman has, every woman," I glumly philosophized, "is what we want, the real diamond. But we demand looks, wit, expertness instead."

"That's the setting, man, and you can't tell the diamond without the setting. Now this Amanda-baby, listen, she got such settings —"

Amanda-baby had loved to undress him, bathe him, suavely give him joy, and who cared if her romantic Hindu sari had a faint odor of moth balls? The prospect of a full airing of Indian-Pakistan border troubles delighted me. ("But do moth balls make you sneeze, pal?")

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Tom Tarlandi

"Judy, my dear, I've decided to double my pleasure, double my fun!"

Peter asked.) I didn't care. Her apartment had a view of the East River and the borders of the Bronx, so why not sniff a bouquet of dichlorocide? What's so great about flowers?

Ah, she had grace and style and a little bowing, sweeping way of walking across her tile floors. There was tea in little cups and a stack of recent quality paperbacks. But after she performed the preliminary rites of hospitality, I discovered marks of aging and hardening on her fine Eastern countenance. Well, that wasn't so bad. But Pete soon established a nostalgic rapport with her that made any interference from my personal wave length a case of international jamming. No, I left them, claiming a stomach-ache, with a certain resentment for my pal Pete, The Indian Giver.

There was also a girl of 28 (Debbie) who lived with her mother. You know those girls of 28 who have cute virginal ways? She was always being shocked: she wrote coy notes with little pictures of animals instead of her signature; men were always bothering her though she wanted to be a lot of fun. "Like I mean I want him to really like me, the real me, first. Do you really feel you know me, Dan?" Her mother was desperate to get the real her married; the daughter tried to care. She just wanted to be a lot of undergrad fun at 28. Though she and her mother had a nice view of Manhattan from the top of a midtown hotel-apartment, I said nyet. A man her mother's age finally married Debbie, and I wonder if she has stopped circling her i's. (That's a fun penmanship, friends.)

And then a compact little blonde actress who disliked me at once though I found her cute, and found her cute again, and finally she liked me a little. Virginia admired Henry James (the later novels), had graduated from Bennington, and possessed unusually shapely bones in her knees. But feeling *for me* is very important *to me*. She later married a rock-'n'-roll singer whom she had met backstage at the Apollo Theater, whither she had wandered in order to congratulate him. These pure little things do dearly love the smell of guitars and exertion. I should have been warned by the way she went sniffing about me, tucking her nose here and there, complaining in her finishing-school accent because . . . I blush to say it. Let me let her say it.

"Dan, you have no smell."

"No?"

"No nice Bee Oh."

"No?"

"Do you *have* to shower every evening? Is it *necessary* to your obsessive compulsion? Do you have to be such a *bore*? Are you running away from earthiness, darling?"

"Boor you mean?"

"Bore I mean," she said, pouting. That word usually means the end of serious enterprise. End of her.

And then there was this girl, Karen. How to explain? It's rather delicate. I just floated around, couldn't find her anyplace. Was I there or was I not? Hard to feel, hard to say. At the time it just seemed some unhappy physical phenomena phenomenaling it up to my disgrace and her chagrin. "Aw baby," she said. "Aw honey," I said. Now it seems that there was probably some spiritual meaning to this trouble at discovering the close, hot, holding woman which was supposed to be with me in Karen's bed. I remember that she had queer distant green eyes as her arms pressed me in, eyes made of water colors, washing in and out of focus, both cool and vague. Trouble, trouble.

So I left Karen, too. (Or was I ever with her?)

WILL DAN SHAPER FIND TRUE LOVE IN HEARTLESS, FLOATING MANHATTAN? Can our local, yokel boy from Ohio be immortal, due to passion and snug ladies? Is there hope in love, love in the pursuit of love? Or is he really pooped? (Read on! Karen saw a doctor, got sewed, got married; but not to me.)

As the Bible says, "They drank and were full of drink." I made love and was full of love. But the situations are not parallel. The drunkards satisfy themselves. I hoped to be satisfied by another. "An important quibble!" I said to Peter. "Have a smoke," he said.

"I mean it, pal. If politics and work have lost their meaning in our lives, we make love bear too much of the burden."

Peter concentrated somberly, his curious long lashes fluttering against the eye-socket shadows on his cheeks. He chose carefully from his cigar case, just as if there were differences among the slender cigars he fetched out; he picked one from among its identical brothers, ran it under his nose, sniffed, back and forth, ducking the rough texture and delicate aroma, relishing; and at last began to smoke. All this ironical silent activity saved his having to make ironical judgments on my state. I could get angry and say, "You're wrong, take back those words," but how could I say, "Take back that twirling sniff of your Upmann No. 4?" Smoking a cigar is easier than making up one's mind, and often does no greater harm. Peter's being a stock salesman did no special harm: his widows liked to discuss IBM and their deceased husbands with him. Even his being a salesman of flattery and candlelight dining did no real harm — it merely confirmed his place as an easer in life, an enjoyer, a backward relisher, as Freud put it, "polymorphous perverse" in the

newest Continental style. It was also a pleasure to be Peter's friend. His smoking of cigars was easy on the lungs.

"You can't live like a joke!" I nevertheless said. "Who do you think you're illustrating?"

"Whom," he said.

"Take that thing out of your mouth and answer me."

He sucked thoughtfully, bugged out his eyes by a delicious act of inhaling, held the cigar between thumb and forefinger, and commented evenly: "All right. You want some politics? Go start a movement. You want some frontiers to conquer? Go open up the Great West. You wanna be innerdirected, pal? Innerdirect your sweet masculine self into a hot job of work and grow up to be a tycoon, why not?"

I shrugged.

"Otherwise," he said, putting the cigar back in its thumb-and-forefinger notch, "don't bug me with the impractical. Adam chose Eve because there was none other. Here's your problem: *now lots of others!*"

I bowed my head before this implied sacrifice of womanhood. So many of them, sacrifices and women! So much responsibility!

"All right!" he announced, leading the firing squad with his Upmann No. 4. "I don't ask you to give up your ideals. Far be it from me and on the contrary. This is the time of mucho ideals — *maybe*. That's a consumer product, too. Ideals. So there's this chick — *maybe!* — she has like a little amble to her walk, I like her myself but there's this little problem, she . . ."

Always thinking, Peter would always find a problem about this Barbara he was considering for me. Always hopeful, I had my lips pinched to resolve Barbara's problem, whatever it was.

My friend Pete, as you can see, was unwearied by his semiproductive exertions on my behalf. His form was good, and in this game of girl-finding, it should be the form that counts (seldom is). I say "semiproductive exertions" because my failure to make a true, tender, chipper, joyful connection was mitigated by the incidental brute socializing which may come along with basic rejection. Is that too formally stated? OK: I made out often. And parties, receptions, openings and other social duties came to fill the idle hours in my harassed 35-hour work week. For example, standing in the IRT subway one velvet early evening at the 96th Street-Broadway stop, we met another friend of Pete's, that very Barbara girl, again an actress, but one who did not act very much because she had inherited a large apartment house which had yielded in turn a large sum of money, so much per brick: she

had broken it down brick by brick, dollar by dollar, being a precise girl, musing over the death of her parents and the birth of her real estate career. "But I'm an actress," she said, "I care not for money, only everlasting glory—"

"Movies? Film libraries?"

"—in the hearts of grateful audiences," she concluded. "But I do wish they wouldn't breathe garlic over the footlights. I mean that in all friendliness to my public."

"Comes with the glory," I said.

I would have cared no more if she described herself as a painter, a writer or an astrophysicist; what worked itself out of her glintings, her glancings, her shy turnings of her ankle as she chattered on, her challenging smile and her fluttering lashes, was this: she was a genuine girl, a womanly girl, a girlish woman, one of the rare surviving examples of that beautiful species: Barbara. She had a frail fringe of hair fallen from the coil over her neck (careless) and a fringe like just the shadow of bangs combed across her forehead (deliberate). And she was old enough for laugh lines about the mouth, but no frown lines; laugh lines up from the corners of her eyes, but no frown lines, or rather, that delicate tracery was thought lines, consider lines, feeling lines. The top button of her blouse was undone. Joy lines and maybe-yes lines. I could see one freckle floating on high proud flesh. She was tanned from weekends at Lloyd Harbor, and as she laughed, I could see where the tan ended just below the freckle, and then lace cut off my prying. *Barbara*. Richly brushed hair and creamy skin and full laughing cheeks. And a high curve of rump under her skirt. And witty? Very smart. Smart lines around the eyes.

Peter observed the debris of excavation going on in my slum heart and murmured, "Dig We Must for a Growing New York." And whispered, "I dig, boy."

Barbara was wearing a double-breasted and belted trench coat, as if trying out for a British spy movie. She had a flushed, round, lascivious face and stood with left, it seemed to me, secure on Barbara's green earth, which in this case happened to be the subway station. Two people meet, they like their way of standing, they make quick decisions: *connection*: we all three knew it. Somehow, in straightening out the introductions as we waited for the Seventh Avenue Express, it came clear that she had never been married, but that she knew people who had been married: in fact, her best friend had children, one each by two unsuccessful marriages. "Lucky Eunice! I'd like to have a child," Barbara said in a rush of heavy feeling.

"Well," I said, "then let's take the Local."

In the ensuing laughter at my small

joke (Dan is suave! Dan makes joke!), my friend Peter ducked out and Barbara and I did take the local train down to the Battery, talking all the while over the roar of the subway, deciding, bantering and bumping, deciding, tricking with our bodies, deciding, strolling in that little park at the jag-tooth end of Manhattan, deciding; and later, at dusk, we had a snack of roast beef sandwich followed by Jell-O. This was all our stomachs could manage in their agony of anticipation. "Hell, let's take a cab," she said.

We had decided. We returned to her apartment by cab, rolled about on the carpet, and did various things that you are supposed to do under the stress of strong emotion, and sometimes not even then. Well, I did like her. I felt grateful that I could still invent these games anew after my season of salt in the wounds instead of on the ripe tomatoes.

Barbara had, at odd moments, a cautious calculation in her large, lidded eyes: *What would he like now?* She sought to please, overeducated in love, but she was sincere. This is a popular commodity in Manhattan. "I sincerely you lovelly," the boy says. And the girl replies: "I sincere you very much, too."

There we were, Prince Dan and Princess Barbara, gallantly writhing, breathing hotly with all the rush of nature in our ears, lord of perfumed, heaving breasts and queen of flushing, tense, gamboling body—next thing you know, we could be Mr. and Mrs. D. Shaper, third house down the block. "I sincere you four children . . . I sincere you a barbecue pit . . . I sincere you duodenal ulcers, a compact car, and long blue evenings before the TV . . ."

Barbara carried the true essence of wife like a perfume within her, just as I have the true essence of husband—that longing for completion in the accepted mode. No experience can teach us, nor age do anything but kill us. Such as we have no faith in statistics. We like kids.

"You do? I do, too," she said.

She was longing for love, that girl Barbara—a big husky healthy Central Park West orphan of the sort that used to be called "strapping." But despite her large bones and flushed cheeks, she had obtained a delicate education. Miss Whosit's, Smith, Junior Year in Paris, and then the rapid death of both parents to complete her knowledge of both fate and the full extent of her holdings. She had come down from college for the double funeral (automobile on turnpike), wild with grief, uncombed, but swinging her diaphragm in the purse she had bought in Florence:

"A swinging chain means a warm seat . . ."

Ah, but that fine old proverb dates from the introduction of modern plumbing in

England. And Barbara was not a mere sanitary convenience. Oh no, not her. She had unusual feminine resources of warmth, devotion and hysteria.

And she buttered toast nicely.

And she *enjoyed* hand-squeezed orange juice, hand-squeezing it.

When with improving fortunes I looked for a new apartment, something with more dignity than my furnished room, which is known as Alimony Studio, it seemed convenient to pitch my camp near Barbara's digs. I was not convinced, but when she found me the apartment, I fell into it without further elaborate thought. She decorated for me—Danish and American. Hell, a place to live in is merely a home. We took to lounging and scrounging and loafing together (try it on Danish furniture, friends! cricks in the back!), going to parties and movies, doing nothing and making love, tickling each other and trying out different things off the furniture, on the broadloom, in the crickless bed. It was pleasant and easy, and when it seemed too marital for me, wounded in my recent conjugal Iwo Jima, I simply stayed away from her for a day or two. She understood. Understood? All right, bided her time.

OK. Unlike a wife, she was even warmer when I returned. She cared, her heart throbbed for me, just me. Sex made no demands for performance on me: this was unlike my former wife, who often had an expression on her face as she said goodnight: "OK, you got a B plus this evening." But Barbara did not grade me; she *cared*. Consequently I had the sneaky, Oedipal satisfaction of imagining my former failure like a chandelier hanging above us, swinging rhythmically and squeaking, "A plus! A plus!"

"You're still reacting," said Pete. "Watch out, you'll be caught."

"I'll be careful," I insisted.

"Caught," he said.

"Careful," I said, though those A pluses did bemuse me. Once or twice, of course, I had my doubts ("To doubt is human"—Dan Shaper, circa 1960). For example, I discovered Barbara's eye watching me across the pillow, figuring out how to do good to me. A cold eye, it seemed at that moment, encased within this glistening triumphant female body, sleek for action: a coldly doubting eye. Well, who doesn't take an occasional B minus?

It's true that the weeds of pride and ambition and revenge often sprout in love's garden. But this is organic farming, and if the plant is strong enough, the weeds will disappear.

Such weedy moments aside, I drifted contentedly. We ate jam sandwiches and I smeared honey on her breasts and licked it off, thereby achieving an effect of single-entendre humor; also it led to noisy tickling, happy struggle, giggling,

shouts and silence. We took showers together. We rode the great ride. We refreshed the dream of pleasure, and ran dripping through spacious rooms. And all this — pleasant thought — was temporary! I could stop when I liked! When we wearied of closed rooms, we strolled without aftergrouch on Broadway, stopping to buy me a shirt or her a hairclip, sitting still for a pizza and a beer, aged 32 and 26 respectively. I had my life organized. I was even making a little more money — doing my job well.

At Thanksgivingtime, Barbara made a banquet for me, not for friends, just for Barbara and me: a cool house to blow on desire, hot food to satisfy the stomach, and not too much of it. But her smile, her voice of ease and control. But crispy celeries, sweet butter, hot rolls and delicate Cornish hens, with bones so sweet that I wanted to take them in my teeth and crunch them into twiggy morsels. Ah she knew the ways of the body. Barbary, is there a hitch in all this fine stunting? Aye.

One day she remarked that I must owe a lot of invitations to friends who had had me to dinner or drinks. Sure, quite a lot. Well, wouldn't I like to ask them up to her pad? Sure, why not? And thus repay all those debts? Yes? Get them off my conscience?

"But I'm not really so worried by such debts, Barbary. They like having me." I thought of Goneril and Karen and so many tense ladies with the elastic line of girdle showing through skirt and the double track of fret between the eyes. No, I didn't need to pay these debts.

"Yes, but still it would be nice."

"Yes, OK Barbary, nice."

"OK, a week from Friday?"

"OK."

"OK! Leave it to me."

At the time I was interested in other matters, two French films I think it was. I'm a focused fellow. I did not listen well enough. "Let's make the double feature," I said.

But she persisted. "Let me have your address book. I'll send out the invitations, OK?"

I handed it over. There was a small, banana-shaped qualm about letting her see for herself how few irresistible, fascinating, delicious girls there were in my book — just names. But knowing Barbara and her inner comfort, I felt that she would be neither jealous nor smug. As it turned out, she was glad to invite them. She invited them all. She invited everybody, couples, singles, male, female, the long and the short and the tall. And her friends. And her friends' friends. It was a large party, with lots of ice, liquor and food, and a heap of umbrellas outside the door. It didn't rain, it merely looked cloudy, but that's how big the party was — enough to provide a heap of timid umbrellas. Seeing all my acquaint-

ances gathered like this made me a little drunk.

Ah, New York! Friendship, love, power, contacts! People from all over! The United Nations! Negroes, Jews, Christians, Mohammedans! Musicians! Gerontologists! Actresses and models! Zen Buddhists! Pederasts! Educated policemen! Alleyway thugs! Oh, life begins at Manhattan soirees. So I lounged about, enjoying things, while capable, hysterical Barbara managed her evening. I crowded with laughter at my friends' jokes. There was some peculiar elation in the air, and I felt that if I put my little finger on it, it would rise like an invisible nipple to my touch.

But where? It was like mood music in fi so hi that only a dog's ear could make it out. I twitched, I growled, I prowled amid the elegances of Barbara's six years in the same apartment. And yet there was something else — a soupçon of a soupçon. Oh, well — why worry?

I poked about, chortling contentedly. Barbara's Scotch rose like an invisible extra brain in my brain. My little finger was happy about things. It and I allowed as how (generous small finger!) we might wait until everybody had left and give Barbara a hand (four other fingers) with cleaning up. After all, it was partly for me, else why invite all the folks in my address book?

They started out. For some reason, obscurely compelled into an idiot grin and ducking bows, I found myself at the door, saying goodbye with a drink in my hand. Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

"Bye, Dan. Congratulations. I hope you're very happy."

"So long, Dan. She's a lovely girl."

"Ciao, man." (Head waggily working.) "You go pretty fast, keed. What's the date?"

I thought to answer, "Today's the 21st," but then it came to me! *This was my engagement party.* Without my knowing it, I was supposed to be married next! Oh, ow, ouch. My brain jiggled between my ears and shook out a message to my heart: Look what's happening! And heart sent back a rush telegram: Use your eyes! Rush hour this time!

Without my knowing it, Barbara had staged an engagement party for us?

For us?

For me?

Pow, went my mental fist, my moral knee, my spiritual and ideal gouging toe. In other words, after the guests left I glared across the debris of food and drink and ash at shyly flushed, happy Barbara, surrounded by ruined cheese and wisps of expired cigarettes and half-finished glasses and emptied bottles. Someone had forgotten his umbrella. Someone had left his wrist watch in the bathroom. Barbara lowered her eyes beneath my silent accusation. Her lip quivered. It is said to be the lower lip



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which quivers, but in her case I believe it to have been the upper. And her nose twitched. Tears on the verge. Guilt! She felt guilty for having misled and misinformed poor Dan Shaper — me, just a small child of divorce from Ohio. I helped her pile the dishes in the sink for the maid the next day, and then I bid her adew.

Sometimes, like any man who lives alone, I fell into a stuporous wild depression of an afternoon, late, when the sugar goes down in the blood and before I took my first evening drink, and I wanted to cry out to some girl: "I love you, love you! Love me!" At such times, Christmas carols made me weep and I pranced with a mad smile up and down the slopes of Riverside Drive. I wanted to wire to this tender beauty of my life: "Join me! Come quick! Hurry! Marry me!"

But who? Goneril in her own pornographic madness? Amanda? Karen with her impossible floating isolation? Barbara? They, too, had their late-afternoon blues, but we could do nothing for each other. Thank God for the grassy slopes to climb, the gin to drink. Not that I drank or climbed all that much. Just enough to open my pores to sweat, to put the sugar back in my blood. But sometimes, released, sweating lightly in a bulky-knit sweater, with a drop o' sugar circulating in my veins, I wondered if maybe Barbara . . . Barbara . . . if I hadn't been too hard on a human being. Didn't I also try to work things my personal way?

I met her by accident in the street about six months later. She had become fat and perceptive: fat because she had gained weight and perceptive because she caught the look on my face. "I've been eating too much," she explained. But it was pretty firm, even as she walked away.

I met her again a year later, when she had slimmed to her usual flamboyant physical grace. She told me that she was about to be married and I felt a hectic flush on my face. "You never blush. Why?" she asked me.

"Oh, I guess I was holding my breath," I said. "I never blush."

Her laughter thrilled out triumphantly, like bells. "But you're blushing now!"

I knew but one way to put the blush on the other side of the body (flush of beard on tender skin, rush of blood to warm extremities, hectic churn of heart). Would she come to my rooms for a quiet talk? I roundabout inquired. She blushed.

"I'd love to but."

Thanks for the memories, in other words. She knew too well the rug, the couch, the bed, the ceiling.

"But I won't, I wouldn't," I protested. "After all, you're about to be married."

"Thanks, pal. You were always sensi-

tive to my most delicate feelings."

"Thank you," I returned snappishly. "So why not?"

"Why not?" Dreamily her lips moved, remembering, why-not saying, recalling, as we silently let the cab transport us. I squirmed in the seat to gape at the Empire State Building like a tourist. My knee struck hers, there was a crackle of static in my head, I was grounded, and she said, "What you thinking about?"

"A friend in analysis. Look, he has everything — he's a songwriter with two big hits this year, money money money, and no indictments for possession or peddling, and a white Italian sports car, I forget the make, it was hand-tooled, and he cruises in possession of all this town down Fifth Avenue. Poor fellow."

She cocked her pretty little slimmed-down cheeks at me.

"Yes, poor fellow, I said, Barbara. He'd look at the long mast and tower of the Empire State Building and all he could think was: Wouldn't it hurt to fall on *that*? Poor fellow. In analysis."

"Poor anal fellow," she echoed with classic feminine compassion.

Thus we held hands, but it was sympathy for a tense unnamed friend. Brooding about his costiveness and the troubles of the rest of the world, we sank upward in a padded elevator to my pad (someone was moving: thus the pads), and we talked through the long afternoon over cigarettes for her and long cigars for me and coffee and brandy, just like jolly little Englishmen, as it grew darker in the room. Confidentially, I told her the truth: *I don't like engagement parties when it's I who is getting married but I haven't been informed of it.* That was why I had cut out so abruptly.

"I exaggerated," she admitted.

"And now?"

"He really asked me," she said. "He wants me. He's nice. I've learned not to hurry —"

"Or ask very much," I said spitefully.

She smiled, shrugged and showed her bright edge of malice, speaking softly: "Since you don't know anything about him . . ."

She had me there. "What's his name, hm?"

Soft-sell, she blew smoke and gazed at me in the gathering dusk. "A friend of Pete's on the Street. Partner in a small firm. Doesn't matter about his name."

"What is it?"

"I don't expect you'll be meeting him. A different life." She shrugged. "Tim Furlow."

It was like a blow at my knees, a low tackle, but I kept my balance. I didn't know him, had never heard of him, but the name gave him reality. He had flesh, blood, a head, a job, and arms around my Barbary: Tim Furlow. That seasick lurch of jealousy. I played rockily for survival, speaking silly words into the

deepening twilight: "You look slim."

"Lovely," she corrected me.

"I meant that."

"I know. I'm lovely, but not slim."

At this sticky point the talk would have been over, with Barbara simply saying goodbye, but my life was saved by that stage prop, the telephone. It rang tingaling, it ranted, insisted. I was staring. "Better answer," Barbara said, and I did, and it was nothing much. But when I returned I pulled the lamp. I shut away the light, it was evening, there was only our own electricity in the air and darkness, we both sighed. That rush of night outside my window gave us our enclave of silence and deliberation, encased us in its kangaroo pouch, made us unwilling to part.

"How's Pete?" I asked her. (She was better on silence than I.)

"You said already. You know Pete — always chasing, mourning that ideal of his. Poor Pete."

"You call so many men poor, god-dammit."

She smiled. She was above the battle. I had tried to woo her with a pensive carol, and she had heard a calypso about bananas and donkey maidens. I was on my way to being a joke to her: "Poor Dan." She knew me too well, just as I knew the chase of women too well (*always chasing, mourning?*) without knowing women at all. If to love is to know, I was an ignorant man. If to love is to accept, I had been a refusing man. Oh-oh: fast self-reproach was going on.

I drew my deepest breath and Barbara did not blow away.

Oh-oh, I thought again.

I did not want the slow death of chicken pox — that is, depleasuring myself with one too many chicks. Or to suffer obscure failures at age 45 in the room of a 17-year-old. Or simply to diminish frazzled into boredom — the worst of all fates, the most contemporary — like so many chasers. Out of determination, I had remained young, but the effort was making me old.

All these thoughts danced like specks of earth dust over my eyeballs.

"Marry," I said to Barbara.

"Of course," she said brightly, "I'm going to."

"No. *Me.*"

She caught her breath as if I had struck her. Surprise is always a surprise. She went to the window and looked out at ailanthus, the tree of heaven, in the courtyard. She wept silently and I did not touch her. At last she turned back to me, without asking if I loved her, and said, "Do you think you can live like that? Accepting someone else's — even a girl's — way? Making mistakes sometimes? Forgiving?"

"Yes," I said.

"Yes," she said.

SOLO FOR VIOLIN *(continued from page 83)*

instrument from his chin. He looked at Rachel and waited.

"What is it?" she said in bewilderment. "I don't understand, Carl. I heard nothing. No sound!"

"No sound," he said mournfully. "No sound, Rachel. This has been my contribution to the Civic Orchestra for a whole year now. The gestures, the movements, nothing more. Thirty violinists, but only 29 play. Your Carl, your virtuoso, he does nothing."

Baumgarden plucked at the loose bow, at the tensionless strings of his instrument. Then he replaced it in its case.

"But why, Carl? Why?" Rachel's eyes were tear-filled.

"Because what skill I had is gone. My fingers shake, my tone is empty, I can barely follow a score with my bad eyes. If I had played they would have found me out long ago. As it is now, they know nothing. Until the auditions . . ."

Rachel's mouth was moving, seeking the words of comfort. Even if she had found them, they would have done little to help. Baumgarden stood up, bent more with grief than age, and shuffled into the bedroom. On the kitchen stove, an iron pot of chicken soup grew cold.

. . .

Bresack, the first violinist, gave Baumgarden his appointment time the following day. On Thursday morning at 11 he was to appear in the maestro's office at the Civic Center in readiness for his audition. Baumgarden heard the news stoically, and resolved to approach the maestro before the appointment to tender his resignation. But Clausing was too busy to see him. One by one, the musicians of the Civic Symphony were being heard and judged. Those who had gone before said the sessions had been cordial and brief; there was a rampant opinion that Clausing would discharge no one, but would merely perform the duty to satisfy the directors' concern. But Baumgarden knew the maestro; there was too much honesty in the old man; a bad musician was a bad musician, and not even a 40-year-old friendship would excuse a sour note, a meaningless rest, a grating tone.

When Thursday arrived, Baumgarden woke from a troubled sleep, took his violin into the bathroom, and gave himself a pajamaed recital with the strings taut and tuned. The results were as bad as he expected, and his unhappy sighs clouded the bathroom mirror and mercifully obscured his dolorous expression.

He dressed, refused Rachel's plea to eat breakfast, and left the house for the concert hall.

There were three violinists on the bench outside of Clausing's private office. All three were summoned before Baumgarden, but he could hear no notes

of their performance through the stout door. When they emerged, they seemed relieved. The final one clapped Baumgarden's shoulder and winked. He took the gesture not as reassurance but condolence.

Then it was his turn. He lifted his violin case and entered the room.

The maestro was at his desk, busily scratching on a sheet of paper, the snowy mane bobbing. He was unaware of Baumgarden's presence until he looked up; then the old face gathered its wrinkles into a smile.

"My good friend," Clausing said. "Sit, sit," he gestured to the wooden chair in front of him. "This business will take but a moment. Play some Schumann, play anything you like."

Baumgarden sat slowly, and released his violin from the case. "Maestro," he said, clearing his throat, "there is something I must explain . . ."

"Be at your ease, my friend, I know your work," Clausing said, leaning back and folding his hands against his chest. "There is nothing to fear. Play as you play for me every day."

Baumgarden's answering smile was melancholy. "All right, maestro. I will show you how I have been playing for you."

He tucked the violin beneath his chin, and drew the bow across the slackened strings. His fingers moved caressingly over the neck, tracing the pattern of the concerto with an agility that would not have been possible for him if the music had been audible. The bow darted, swooped, in silent mimicry of the

virtuoso; as pantomime, it was brilliant. Baumgarden's eyes closed in the simulation of rapture, his foot tapped on the uncarpeted floor. With a final flurry of unheard pizzicati, he concluded the passage and lowered the instrument. The tears that had been filling his eyes spilled over his cheeks in sorrow and humiliation.

"There, maestro," he said. "Now you know. This is how I have played in your orchestra, night after night."

Clausing gazed at him, and rubbed his chin.

Then he brought his hands together, and applauded.

"Bravo, Carl," he said quietly. "That is fine. You are as proficient as ever, my old friend."

He bent across his desk, in a gesture of dismissal, and began to scratch at his papers. Baumgarden stood up, waiting for further word, but none came. "Maestro," he said, his lips as soundless as his violin. "Maestro, I don't understand . . ."

Clausing looked up, his eyebrows joined. "Well, what are you waiting for, Carl? I said you were fine. Go home and rest, and don't forget rehearsal tomorrow. And Carl . . ." He smiled again. "Give my love to your wife, and tell her to invite me to dinner sometime. Nobody makes chicken soup like Rachel."

Baumgarden went to the door, a man in a dream. He turned back only once, to look with new recognition at his friend, the maestro, bent over his desk, writing with arthritic fingers, squinting through weak eyes; determined, defiant, and deaf.



"I can't help it, he bugs me!"

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK


BY PATRICK CHASE

HEADING OUR TRAVEL LOG for the merry month of May are two countries that prove the I's do indeed have it: Israel and Ireland. Each is still relatively untrammelled by footloose tourists; each offers special pleasures to the man who would expand his customary horizons. The spanking new Desert Inn at Beer-sheba, for example, boasts all the resort amenities, from swimming pool to squash courts; the Dolphin House at coastal Shavei Zion provides a relaxed country clubbish *ambiance* within autoing distance of Acre, an exotic Crusader city whose Oriental bazaars are shadowed by hoary fortress walls; and in the palmy town of Nahariya there are a number of small, immaculate hotels set betwixt a beach of white Phoenician sand and lively on-the-rocks night spots such as the Penguin, the Casino Café, the Weidenbaum and Freddy Dura's.

Traveling through this ancient land is not only easily accomplished (Israel is no larger than Massachusetts), but richly rewarding because of its historical heritage. Thanks to modern modes of transport, you may make a grand tour, journeying from the Biblical shrines of Jerusalem to King Solomon's Mines, pausing at the spot where Samson first lamped Delilah, then swinging out to visit tent villages in the desert where the

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