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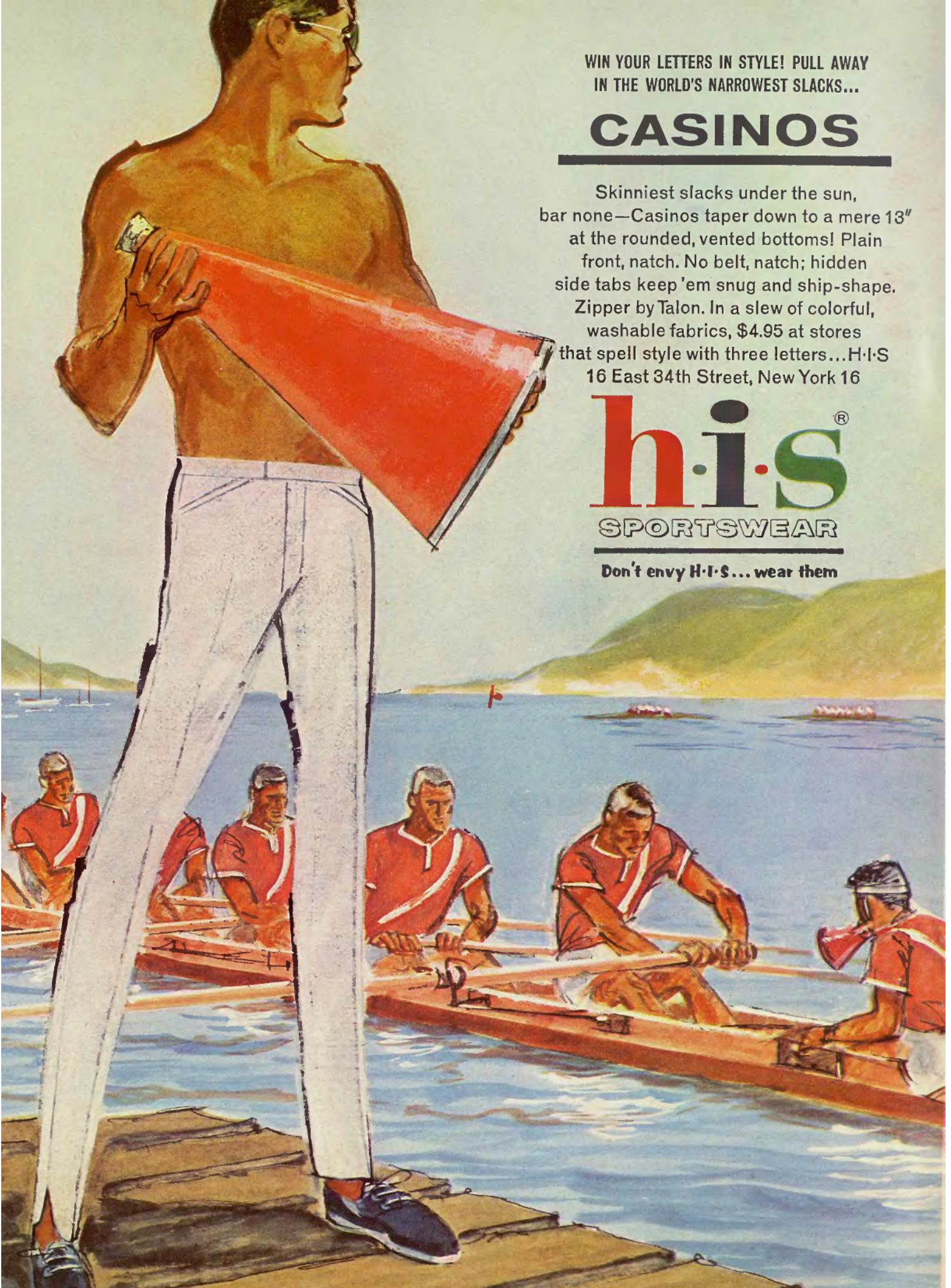
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PLAYBILL

THE FAMILIAR PLAYBOY RABBIT, which has appeared on our covers in one guise or another since the first issue, is so neatly camouflaged this month that even a seasoned reader may find himself at a loss to locate the little *lapin*. Not wanting to spoil the fun by telling you outright, we'll say merely that this knotty problem can be solved with ease if you'll cease your scrutiny of our sunbather long enough to search out a clue to the rabbit's hiding place in this very sentence. Then resume your epidermal inspection within as we raise an appreciative *Toast to Bikinis*—pictorial proof positive that Europe's scantiest swimwear style, after a decade of overseas exposure, now ranks as the Continent's greatest gift of garb to the New World, where it has finally become an eye-filling fixture from sea to shining sea. After this brief encounter, immerse yourself in the high adventure of underwater sporting life with *Scuba Gear and Scuba Dear*, a splashy five-page synthesis of the latest in skindiving equipage with the niftiest in naiads. We then invite you to sit in as a roundtable of outspoken social commentators generates both heat and light in the fifth of our continuing series of *Playboy Panels* on subjects of contemporary concern. (Previous *Panels*: *Narcotics and the Jazz Musician*, *Hip Comics and the New Humor*, *Sex and Censorship in Literature and the Arts* and *TV's Problems and Prospects*.) This month's symposium on *The Womanization of America* explores the causes and debates the repercussions—both malign and benign—of the American woman's ascendancy to a position of unprecedented power in modern society. For a lighter look at the struggle between the sexes, unwrap *A Father's Gift*, our lead-fiction package from Walt Grove: the waggish tale of an old dog's new trick in the name of puppy love—arrestingly illustrated by PLAYBOY Art Director Arthur Paul. Next, hearken to *Noises in the City*, a touching vignette of bitter grief and sweet revenge seen through a shot glass, darkly, by novelist Irwin Shaw. Then witness *The Murder of Edmund Grant* by PLAYBOY newcomer Robert Cenedella—the artfully ironic chronicle of a beat bard's fateful contretemps with a friend who proves to be his severest critic. And for a final fictive treat, feast on a *Horror Trio* of pleasantly ghoulish fantasies by cartoonist Gahan Wilson, our master of the macabre, in his debut as a short-story scrivener. With equally impressive versatility, the redoubtable Shel Silverstein racks up an editorial double-header in this issue: with *Teevee Jeebies Around the Clock*, as the satiric subtler of a brand-new batch of late-show film-flamery; and with *Silverstein Plays Ball*, as a bushy bush leaguer in spring training with the White Sox, for whom he had hawked hot dogs in Chicago's Comiskey Park until becoming a professional cartoonist for PLAYBOY in 1956. Returning to our Chicago offices bronzed from this pre-season in the sun (where his erstwhile teammates enjoyed explaining to curious Floridian fans that their bewhiskered rookie was a switch-hitting Castro convertible disenchanted with Cuban *beisbol*), Shel learned with delight that his next assignment will enable him to enhance his healthy tan: one week drawing cartoons in a nudist camp. In *F.O.B. Detroit*, Ken W. Purdy's authoritative appraisal of new directions in American car design and engineering, our reigning automotive pundit punctures the car snob's enduring but obsolescent belief in the natural superiority of hand-tooled foreign models to assembly-line "Detroit iron." With *The Great Paper Chase*, best-selling novelist Al (The Great Man) Morgan descries and decries the self-defeating anomaly of today's best-seller-centered book-publishing business, wherein literary success is all too often crassly measured in terms of readership rather than readability. In the third of his new series of incisive inquiries into the future of science, Arthur C. Clarke explores the dimensional extremes of human life *From Lilliput to Brobdingnag*. Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario, meanwhile, rubs *Aladdin's Lamb* with exotic herbs and transports us to the Near East for a caravan of varied viands à la Allah. Savor them; then survey *Playboy's Gifts for Dads and Grads*, a gallery of luxurious largesse for the twofold present time. Penultimately, join Playmate Merissa Mathes, our ring-a-ding *Bicycle Belle*, on a joyride through the countryside. Finally, dig Fashion Director Robert L. Green's *double-entendre* in summerwear—contrasting shorts and trousers with a single jacket, shirt and pair of shoes—and you'll have *The Long and the Short of It*, both for the June sartorial scene and for our well-seasoned sixth-month issue.

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NEW YORK POST

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—Howard Taubman,
NEW YORK TIMES

"...a score of romantic witchery..."
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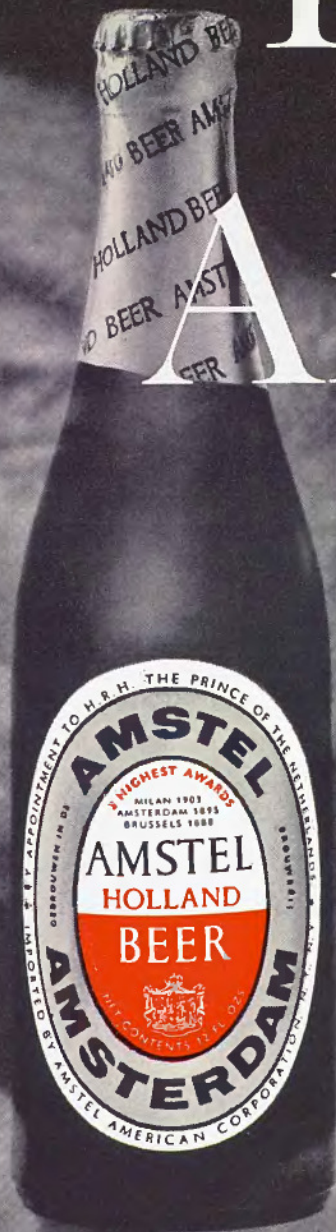
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PLAYBOY



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Dads and Grads P. 67

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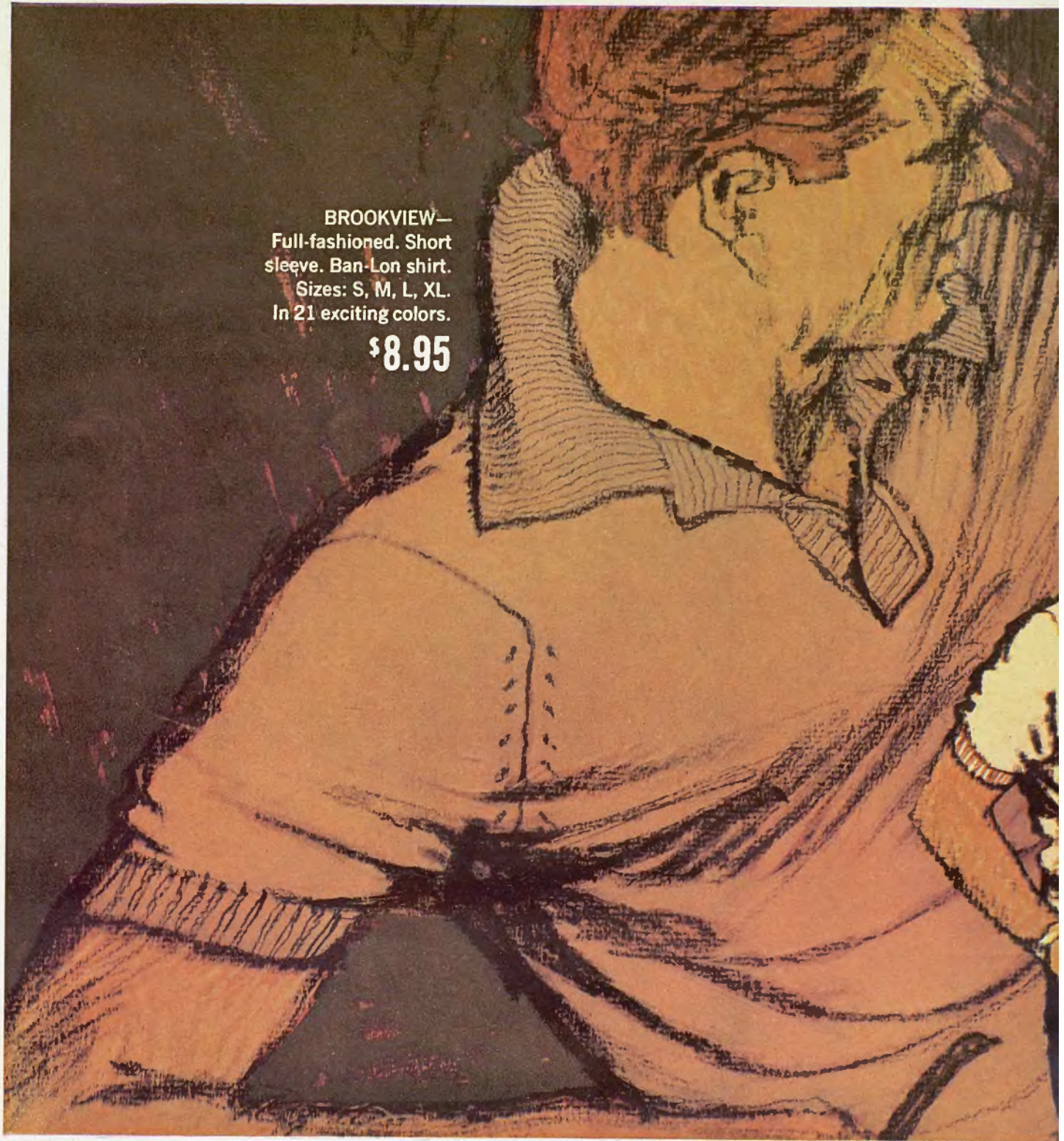


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DEAR PLAYBOY

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SAGITTARIANS

I would like to express admiration for Ray Russell's *Sagittarius* in your March issue. I liked it as much as his *Sardonicus* [January 1961]. There is great clinical interest and fine psychological observation in his stories, which can hold even a physician's interest. Not many stories do, these days.

Horst N. Bertram, M.D.
Orange, Connecticut

Sardonicus, si. Sagittarius, no!
Michael Sporakowski
State College, Pennsylvania
Mr. Sporakowski, meet Mr. Johnson.

I am firmly convinced that Ray Russell's *Sagittarius* is beyond all doubt much better than his *Sardonicus*. Mr. Russell has outdone himself.

Perry Johnson
Norfolk, Virginia

Sagittarius is by far the best short work of fiction that I have ever read.

James K. McFadden
Decatur, Illinois

I am inclined to align myself with the suggestion that Ray Russell might be Poe, as yet undead. More?

David H. Birley
North Vancouver, British Columbia
Russell, our decidedly undead Poe, has further fiction scheduled for this September's PLAYBOY.

I have just read and thoroughly enjoyed *Sagittarius*. I am only surprised that someone with author Russell's knowledge of the Coquelins, the Grand Guignol, *Britannicus*, and *Barbebleue*, should have committed several grammatical mistakes. He should have written "*Je le déteste*" not "*Je lui déteste*" and "... *C'est irrégulière, anormale* ..." should have been either "... *est irrégulière, anormale*" or "... *c'est irrégulier, anormal* ..." Even demimondaines and *commissaires de police* generally use correct French.

Michel E. A. Hervé
Long Beach, California
Mille pardons, Michel.

HEMINGWAY

I have been deeply impressed by the articles on Hemingway. With consummate skill, Leicester Hemingway has pictured his brother as a man of his times. In doing this he has revealed Hemingway as a man of grave faults as well as of true greatness.

Gordon Cate
Pasadena, Maryland

It is my fervent hope that future historians will remember Ernest Hemingway as being characteristic of the 20th Century. Certainly we could ask for no greater representative.

Patricia A. Magee
Elmhurst, New York

I read Leicester Hemingway's biography of his brother with much interest and admiration. I was, naturally, especially interested in his impartial way of presenting our "exchange of energy" in Max Perkins' office, and the two opposite accounts we gave of it. It might interest him to know that I recently received a letter from Whitney Darrow, Sr., ex-vice president of Scribner's, who was standing in the doorway during that exchange of energy, testifying that my account of it in my book *Great Companions* is "substantially correct." It does not matter to me which of us "came out ahead," but I care profoundly which of us told the truth. In that connection, I think the news that Ernest during those years was drinking "15 to 17 Scotch and sodas over the course of a day" and "holding them remarkably well" is significant. He certainly was not drunk at the time of our fracas, but two physicians to whom I described his rapid shifts back and forth between smiling friendliness and explosive hostility said that I was describing a typical case—one said of "alcoholic degeneration," the other, of "alcoholic psychosis." I am no teetotaler, but I think those Scotch and sodas explain much about Ernest's life and his death that might otherwise be puzzling. He thought that tossing off liquor that way was a part of his literary personality—and he was admirably deter-



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mined to live the way he wrote — but, in reality, such daily libations must have blunted the edge of his judgment and his genius.

Max Eastman
New York, New York

WELL OILED

Your cover for the month of March is a masterpiece — bravo!

P. M. Shephard
San Leandro, California

If the March cover is an accurate portrayal of the model's expression, it is small wonder that artist Miller interrupted his work to dabble in a possibly less creative but certainly more inspirational endeavor.

Peter F. Lambert
New Haven, Connecticut

Is there any hidden significance in the fact that the painting appears to be unfinished and that the subject's glove is shown resting on the front of the easel?

Tim Troutman
Cincinnati, Ohio

We haven't hidden a thing.

CRYSTAL-BALL GAME

The article *The Hazards of Prophecy* by Arthur C. Clarke was most interesting. I am sure the remainder of the series will be well received.

Warren G. Magnuson, Chairman
Committee on Commerce
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Arthur C. Clarke states: "Objective invisibility may well be impossible. . . ." There is a way to achieve objective invisibility. As is known by many physicists and, I'm sure, by Mr. Clarke, light bends as it passes through a strong gravitational or magnetic field and the degree to which light bends is dependent upon the strength of the field. Therefore, consider a man with the necessary equipment — and I do not know what the nature of the apparatus should be — producing this strong magnetic field around him and thereby curving the light around himself so that none will be reflected from him for others to see. This could also be done by approaching speeds near that of light since mass increases with velocity thus increasing its gravitational field to again bend the rays of light around the man. I must also say that I enjoy Mr. Clarke's writing very much and would like to see more.

Mickey D. Schmidt
Boulder, Colorado

You will, Mickey. See p. 102 of this issue for the third in his continuing PLAYBOY series on the future of science.

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268. Also: I'll See You in My Dreams, Remember, etc.



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



44. King Kamehameha, Blue Hawaii, Across the Sea, 9 more



23. Just Because, I Walk the Line, Jealous Heart, 9 more



122. Truly a "hilarious character!" — N.Y. Journal-Amer.



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257. Also: Careless Love, Honey Babe, Johnny-O, etc.



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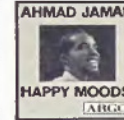
355. Perfidia, Vaya Con Dios, El Rancho Grande, Senor, etc.



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



264. Honky-Tonk Girl, Time Changes Everything, etc.



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



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351. Yes Sir, That's My Baby; Ain't She Sweet; 12 in all



354. The Blue Danube, Tales from the Vienna Woods, etc.



38. Romance, Theme from the Apartment, Love Affair, 9 more



277. After the Ball; Billy Boy; Toot, Toot, Tootsie; etc.



261. Solitude, It Don't Mean a Thing, Perfidia, 9 more

YES, FROM TANGO TO TWIST . . . PACHANGA TO POLKA, here are 48 exciting and romantic records to set the mood for a swinging dance party. As a new member, you may have ANY SIX records of your choice — a retail value of up to \$29.88 — for only \$1.89. What's more, you'll also receive a handy record brush and cleaning cloth — an additional value of \$1.19 — absolutely FREE.

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One size fits all. **\$1.50**



MISS MARCH

Re your March Playmate: May I suggest she be known in the future as British Columbia's reply to the Daily Double. And what beautiful long fingernails!

Hal Peary

Manhattan Beach, California

As the Great Gildersleeve, Hal, you should be an authority on superlatives.

I think the March Playmate is simply disgusting.

Lois De Marco

San Francisco, California

I was about to write and ask why in the world Canadian Playmates were never seen in PLAYBOY, a query which had been on my mind for several months. The long wait was worth it.

Seymour C. Hamilton

Kingston, Ontario

This month, I think you have gone a little over-broad.

John C. Trifari

Arlington, Virginia

An udder disaster.

Forbes LaSalle III

New Haven, Connecticut

VANISHING ACT

The Vanishing Americans was a splendid article; J. Paul Getty has expressed the sentiments of myself and many of my contemporaries.

John T. Whitmore, M.D.

New York, New York

To duplicate J. Paul Getty's kind of creative thinking these days, you'd have to go at least as far as the neighborhood barbershop.

Hilary W. Graham

Chester, Pennsylvania

I agree with Mr. Getty in principle that the United States could use more dissenters. However, I feel that he is sadly unaware of the facts of economic life despite his millions. As one who speaks from experience, may I observe that his money certainly frees his speech. I have had the experience of trying to argue with the policies of a large firm, and it was, at least in part, the cause of my losing a relatively high-paying job. I could be just as outspoken as Mr. Getty, if I had his wealth. And he would be just as silent as I, if he had mine.

David Selby

Newark, New Jersey

J. Paul Getty has the courage to be a freethinker and say what he thinks.

John L. King

Thule, Greenland

LOVE NOTES

Alfred Kazin's *The Love Cult* in your



always
have
at least

one
FIAT

ONE OF THE LOW-PRICED JOYS that Fiat brings you is the famed Fiat *Spider*, a roadster that acts and looks like something only a millionaire could buy! Lines that make you look for its wings, elegant interior, integral construction, 90 mph, disc wheels, white walls. **\$2595**—a figure that won't age you a bit. Nor will the Fiat 600/D sedan at \$1249, or the 1100 series starting at \$1498. One Fiat can cut your motoring costs whether you own one car or ten. Your Fiat dealer is a storehouse of value.



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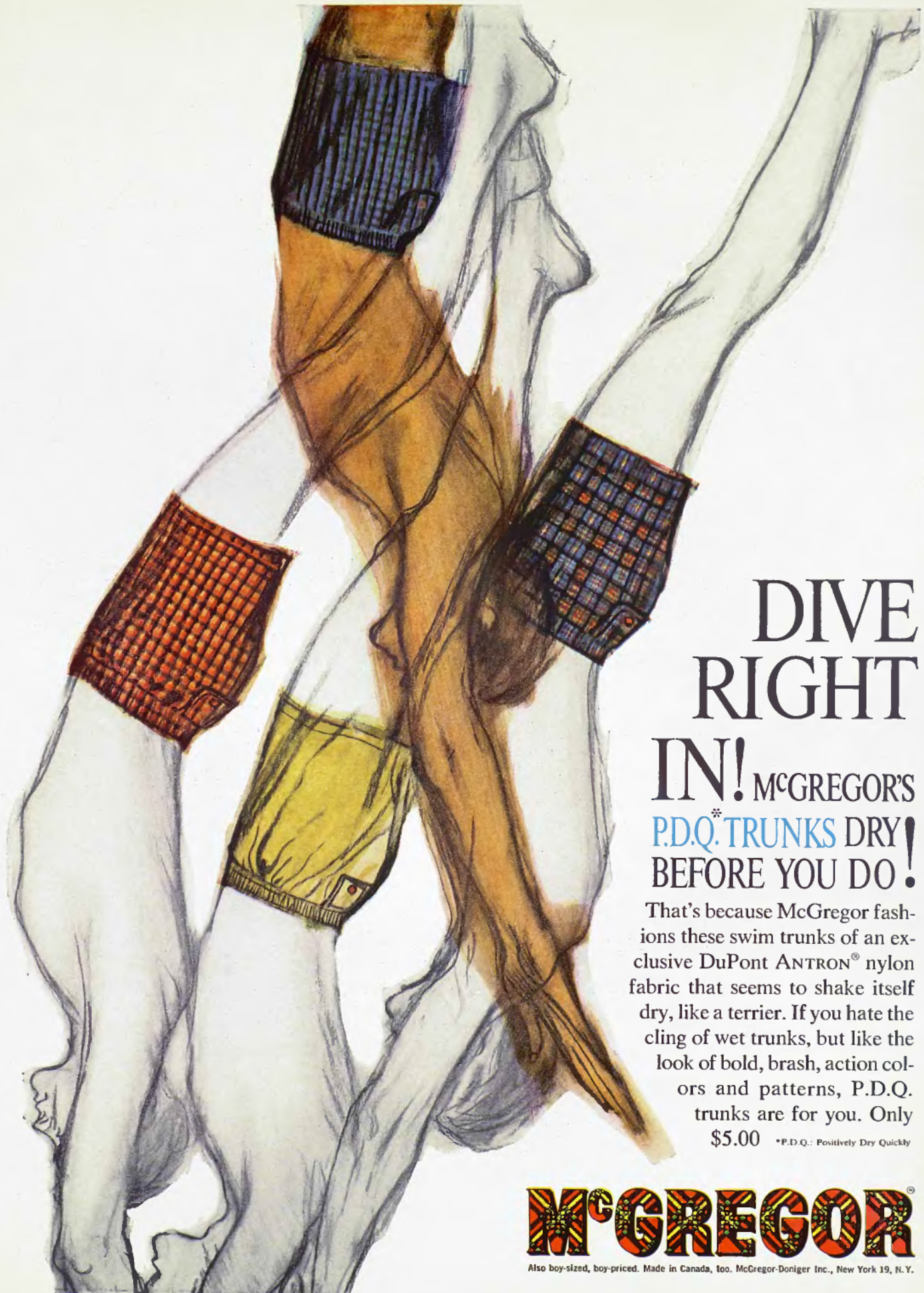
the "sirens" take notice. Chief credit goes to the wrinkle-defiant Dacron* polyester blended with fine worsted... and to tailoring by Clipper Craft that cuts no corners. See MR. COOL in the conventional and young men's "contemporary" models illustrated, as well as in natural-shoulder styles. All at prices that won't make you see red! Suits, \$49.95; Sport Coats, \$35.00, Slacks, \$15.95 (slightly higher in the West)

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That's because McGregor fashions these swim trunks of an exclusive DuPont ANTRON[®] nylon fabric that seems to shake itself dry, like a terrier. If you hate the cling of wet trunks, but like the look of bold, brash, action colors and patterns, P.D.Q. trunks are for you. Only

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Also boy-sized, boy-priced. Made in Canada, too. McGregor-Doniger Inc., New York 19, N.Y.

March issue has my vote. As a psychotherapist, I have found our "love cult" to be the source of many troubles. We are continually being impressed with the notion that an ideal close relationship is one in which a loving attitude is predominant and constant. Moreover, we get continuous exposure to the idea that having such a relationship is the center of happiness and the essence of life. Since no really close, emotionally vital relationship is possible without the emergence of a variety of feelings, including hostile ones, the harmful effect is obvious. When we can give up the compulsive quest for a fairyland of love and happiness, we'll all be better off.

Albert R. Maslow, Ph.D.
Menlo Park, California

In our home, your magazine offers a spring of quiet humor to ourselves and our guests. "Ah," we say, "the successor to the *Boy Scout Handbook*," or "The How-To manual for those who can't find life for themselves." And so the evening goes, not with ridicule, mind you, but with honest enjoyment. Then you surprise us with a work such as Kazin's: urbane, mature, and utterly unsophisticated in its wit and wisdom.

J. N. Cooper
Berkeley, California

STAR-SPANGLED BROUHAHA

The cartoon of Betsy Ross and George Washington in your March issue is anything but humorous. I imagine the Communists would very much approve of it.

Wendell Thain
Los Angeles, California

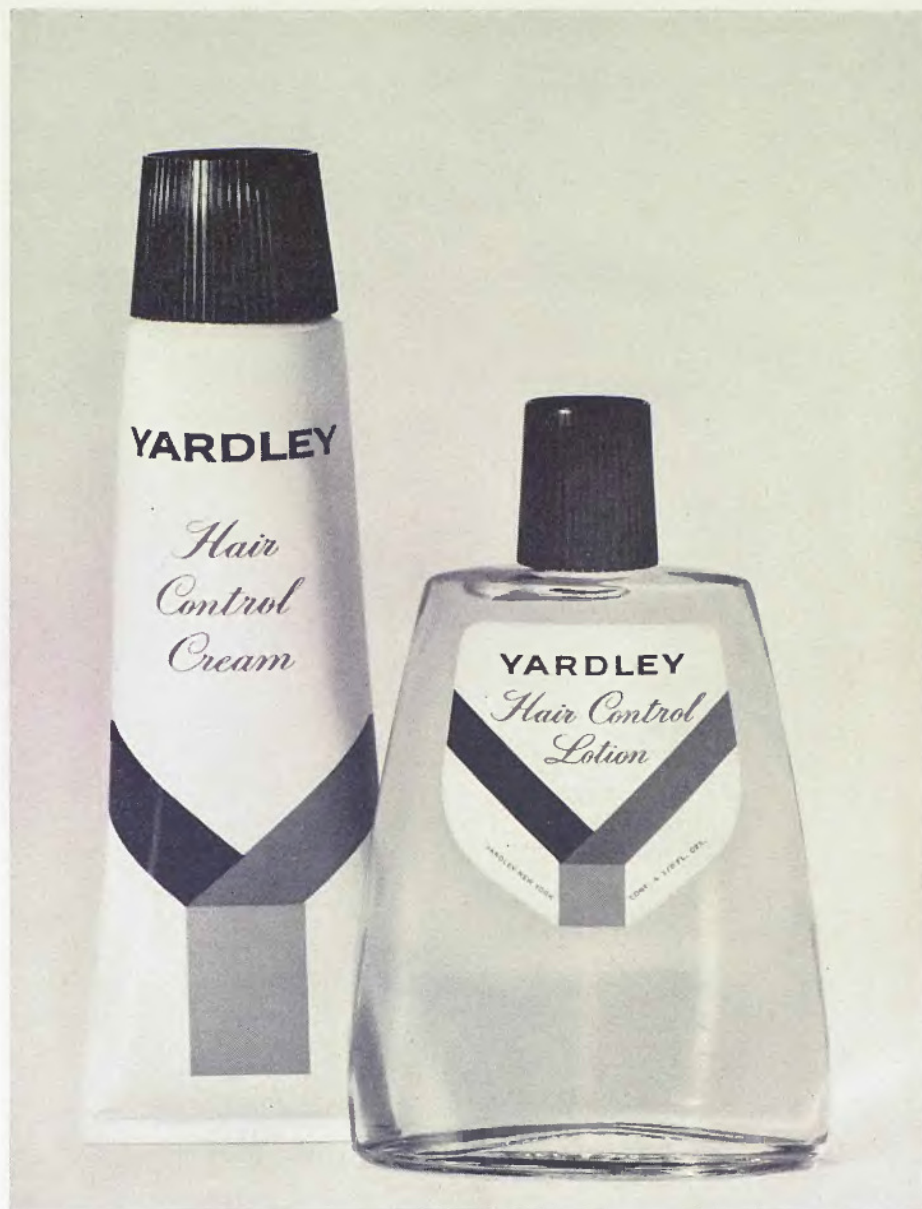
The scene depicting Betsy Ross and the birth of the first official flag of our country is well known and well loved throughout our land. There is absolutely nothing comical about it but there is everything disrespectful about your having allowed it to be cartooned in your magazine above the beatnik-type statement: "Why don't we run it up the flagpole and see if anyone salutes." Well, you can just bet they would. They talk about moral decay here in America and you'd go a long way to come upon a better example of it than in this cartoon.

J. E. Cahill
Chicago, Illinois

Grandpop would flip his palette! Betsy would say it swings! I say keep up the good work!

Charles H. Weisgerber II
Merchantville, New Jersey

A copy of Grandfather Weisgerber's painting of Miss Ross displaying her handiwork, "The Birth of Our Nation's Flag," hangs in the Betsy Ross Home in Philadelphia.



Only young men need apply.

Any man with hair is welcome to try these two important, new Yardley hairdressings.

But we made them specifically for young men.

Both are designed to keep hair *casually* controlled...the way young men (and young women) like it.

Both work to insure good looking hair for years to come. They give you all the benefits you should expect of a modern hairdressing, help control dandruff and condition scalp, encourage moisture-retention with special emollients that help fight the drying effects of showers and shampoos.

And because we know that young men's hair usually comes in one of two types, we've made a special product for each:

Yardley Hair Control Cream is for thick, energetic hair. This non-greasy formula has just enough lanolin to groom lightly but firmly.

Yardley Hair Control Lotion is for fine hair that won't stay put. It has an imperceptible fixative that adds oil-free body to young hair.

Of course, if you only *feel* young you might want to use one of these new products.

We won't stop you.

PRIDE · MARK *Gifts by* PARIS

Happy new ideas for Dad



For Dress or Business

Very supple Buffalo Calf Belt lined with full grain steerhide. Beautifully crafted leather with a rugged handsomeness you'll both admire. Black or brown to match his shoes. \$5.



For His Leisure Wear

Best bet is a relaxed combination of braided elastic for comfort and leather trim for dress. That buckle is finished as fine as a good piece of jewelry. Just \$3.50.



Knightly Sleepwear

Luxurious nylon tricot wash and wear pajamas are perfect for lounging or sleeping. New patented no-belt waistband guarantees longer wear, greater comfort. Cool knee length style in 5 colors. \$8.95.



When He Acts Like a Sport

Dad will have a ball with these marvelous "trophy gifts". Fine 2 tone Paris Elastic Belt, with smartly sculptured design and fine leather trim. Packaged in bowling or golf ball. Each \$3.50.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Taumatawhakatangihangakoauotamaturipukakapikimaungahoronukupokaiwhenuakitanatahu, on the off-chance you didn't know, is the name of an otherwise undistinguished Maori village in New Zealand. The all-time insect broad-jump record, if you've been wondering, was set in 1910 by a California rodent flea: 13 inches. And, should anyone happen to inquire, history's biggest pastry was an 18-foot, five-ton cake baked in 1958 for the British Columbia Centenary (large enough, by our calculation, to accommodate no less than four and 20 showgirls).

A rich vein of such conversational nuggets awaits your prospecting between the covers of an engaging compilation of superlatives called *The Guinness Book of World Records*. To say the least, it's the most — defining the known limits of the tangible from earth's tiniest human (an 18th Century Frenchman who stood 16 inches tall at the age of 37) to its mightiest beast (a 108-foot blue whale weighing more than 13 African bull elephants). With a few hours' diligent application to the book's fact-filled pages, you too can become a fortress of useless but entertaining trivia, ready to regale your friends with the bittersweet story of Dolly Dimple, for example — a circus fat lady who trimmed her ample 84-84-79 fuselage to a svelte 34-28-36 in just 14 months, thereby harpooning her career while earning immortality as the world's most incredible shrinking woman. Aent avoidupois, you'll also want to impart the fact that the earth weighs in, according to official estimates, at approximately 5,887,613,230,000,000,000,000 tons, soaking wet.

Beseched for further wisdom, you might let it be known that the world's chair-rocking championship is held by a Nova Scotian housewife who rocked

around the clock for 93 hours, 8 minutes; that Austrian Johann Huslinger entered the hall of fame the hard way by walking 871 miles from Vienna to Paris on his hands, possibly to save shoe leather; that the longest face-slapping contest on record ended in a draw between a pair of red-cheeked Russians after 30 hours of pummeling; or even that 81-year-old Luella Puett of Detroit recently climaxed a shattering career in traffic violation with her 97th offense: a head-on collision with a police car.

Over the vichyssoise at an elegant formal dinner your table companions might enjoy learning that one 4000th of an ounce of *Clostridium botulinum*, Type D, the deadliest poison known, would constitute a lethal dosage for the entire human race. At the close of the meal, you might opine, "What this country needs is a good \$7.50 cigar," flourish your 9¾-inch Partagas Visible Immensas and allude to its status as the most expensive stogie made. And while sipping your host's rare 20-year-old port, you should seize the opportunity to extol the bouquet of Château-Lafite Rothschild, 1806 — a good year — which at \$100 a bottle is the costliest beverage in the world.

Guinness' compendium — which happens, incidentally, to be the world's biggest book of superlatives — abounds in such arcane tidbits of incidental intelligence. But moderation, of course, remains the hallmark of the superlative raconteur; overindulgence in statistics may earn you a reputation as the world's biggest bore.

In one bold stroke of reform, authorities at the University of Miami recently issued an interdict prohibiting student parking and/or necking anywhere on campus, and while they were at it, de-

cidated to pass a blanket ban on such incitements to prurience as T-shirts, slacks, sandals, eye shadow, "excessive" bouffant, beehive or Jackie Kennedy coiffures and — tape measures ready? — men's bermudas shorter than two inches above the knee.

The apotheosis of the group-sing has at last been reached via a new LP from Request Records: *Sing Along in Lithuanian*.

Laid up with blood poisoning, lion tamer Henk Luycx failed to show up for a performance in St. Ingbert, Germany, a while ago. He had been bitten by a mouse.

In the months since a rotund rock 'n' roller dubbed himself Chubby Checker — in honor of his musical mentor, Fats Domino — and proceeded to launch an osteopathological dance craze, Tin Pan Alley has acquired an increasingly gamy atmosphere: the latest Top 20 aspirant to Twist onto the groaning bandstand bills himself as Pudgy Parcheesi. It's only a matter of time, we fear, until the nation's jukeboxes begin to throb with the syncopations of such artists as Bulky Billiards, Dumpy Dice, Tubby Tiddlywinks, Corpulent Cribbage, Lardy Lotto, Beefy Backgammon or even Man Mountain Mah-Jongg.

An apparently well-endowed young woman was recently taken in for questioning by Tampa, Florida, police, who suspected her of shoplifting. Sharing close quarters in her capacious brassiere were, among other things, a half pint of liquor, a half pound of ham and an economy-sized can of kitchen cleanser.

A London animal welfare organiza-

*You should discover
Margarita*

MARGARITA COCKTAIL
Tequila Margarita: 1½ oz. Cuervo Tequila,
½ oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. fresh lemon juice.
Shake with ice. Serve in a salt-rimmed glass.

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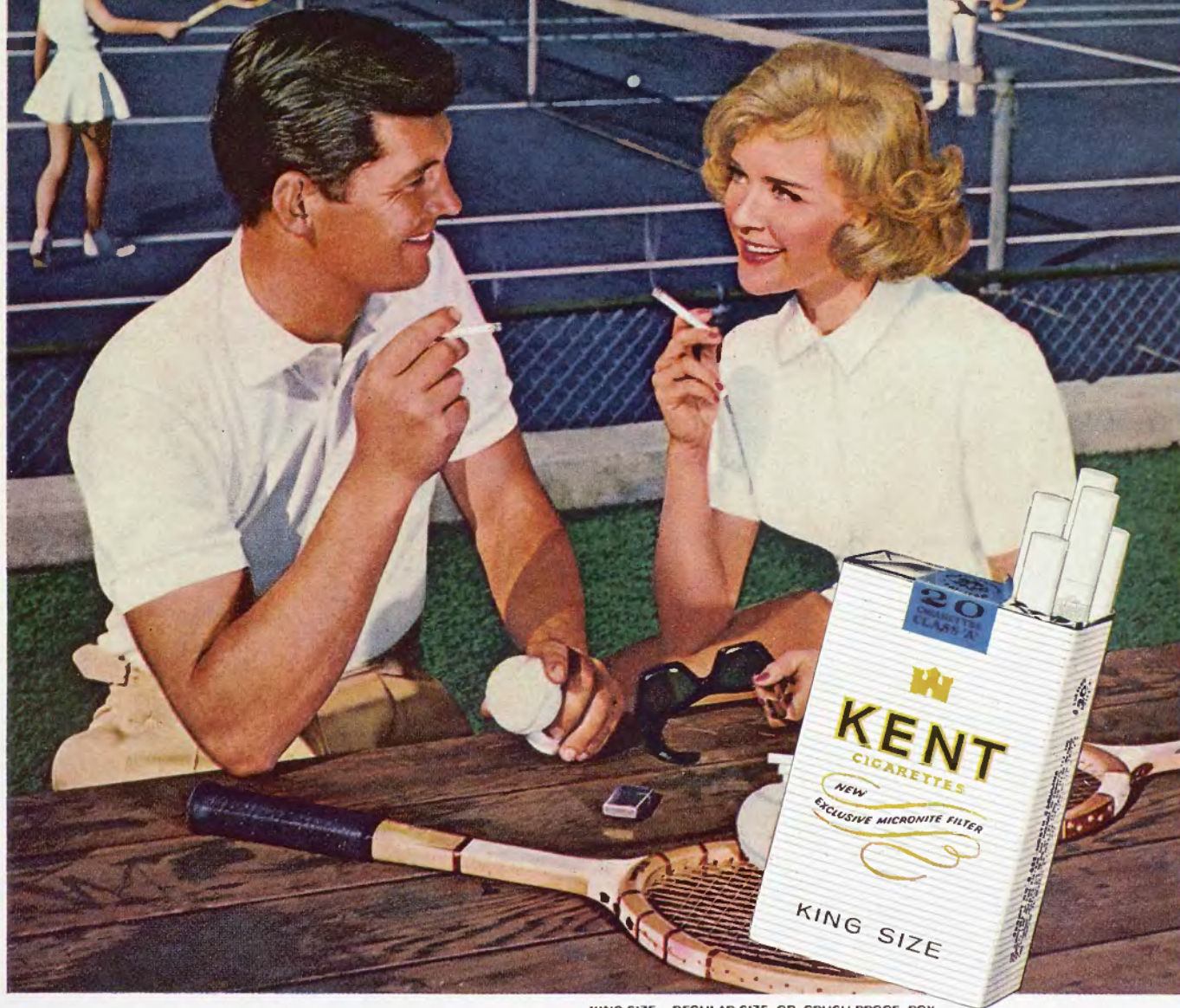
tion dispatched a press release not long ago urging its recipients to "Save world wildlife now! Tomorrow may be too late!" The slug read: "Not for publication before tomorrow."

MOVIES

In *A Taste of Honey*, a sensitive 17-year-old English girl—the daughter of a woman who's no better than she has to be—takes as her first lover a Negro sailor, who leaves her with an offspring in the offing. Shelagh Delaney's London and Broadway hit (*Playboy After Hours*, February 1961) is no mere mélange of Midlands miseries. It faces the woes of working-class life as angrily as the Angry Young Men, but with grin-and-bear-it guts. Deserted by her new-married mother, the pregnant girl is befriended by a homeless young homo ("You're like my big sister," she tells him), and their housekeeping could be an episode from a far-out *Little Women*. The film stirs up subjects rarely seen on the screen, but it's never senselessly sensational. Tony Richardson has directed with some touches of the New (now practically Permanent) Wave, but his most important contribution is his discovery of Rita Tushingham, who makes her debut as the girl. Except for the alive eyes, her face looks as if a door had been slammed in it and her figure is about as graceful as her last name. But in a matter of minutes, Rita's humanity and humor will warm the cockles of even the most hardened heart.

All Fall Down is *I Remember Mama* à la Freud. It starts as the story of a foot-loose stud, making his way around the country by making time; as we first see him, through the eyes of his adoring teenage brother, he is just a romantic, quail-questing idealist. But when he visits his family and gets entangled with a girl who is staying with them, the portrait changes. He becomes a clinical case who loves women and lumps 'em—all because he hates his mother. And that hate is, as anybody could tell you, an unconscious cover-up for an outsize Oedipus complex. The sex and sadism in William Inge's screenplay (from James Leo Herlihy's much-praised novel) are laid on with director John Frankenheimer's overflowing trowel. By contrast, the family scenes are done with a delicacy rare in Hollywood versions of home life. Warren Beatty is magnetic, violent, secretly scared as the boy with problems. Angela Lansbury makes a maddening mom. Karl Malden is his sincere self as the gentle but resolute father and Eva Marie Saint is devilishly good as the nice girl who, after waiting for the right man, picks a wrong one. The only cast-

Your taste buds will tell you why
you'll feel better about smoking
with the taste of Kent!



KING-SIZE, REGULAR-SIZE OR CRUSH-PROOF BOX

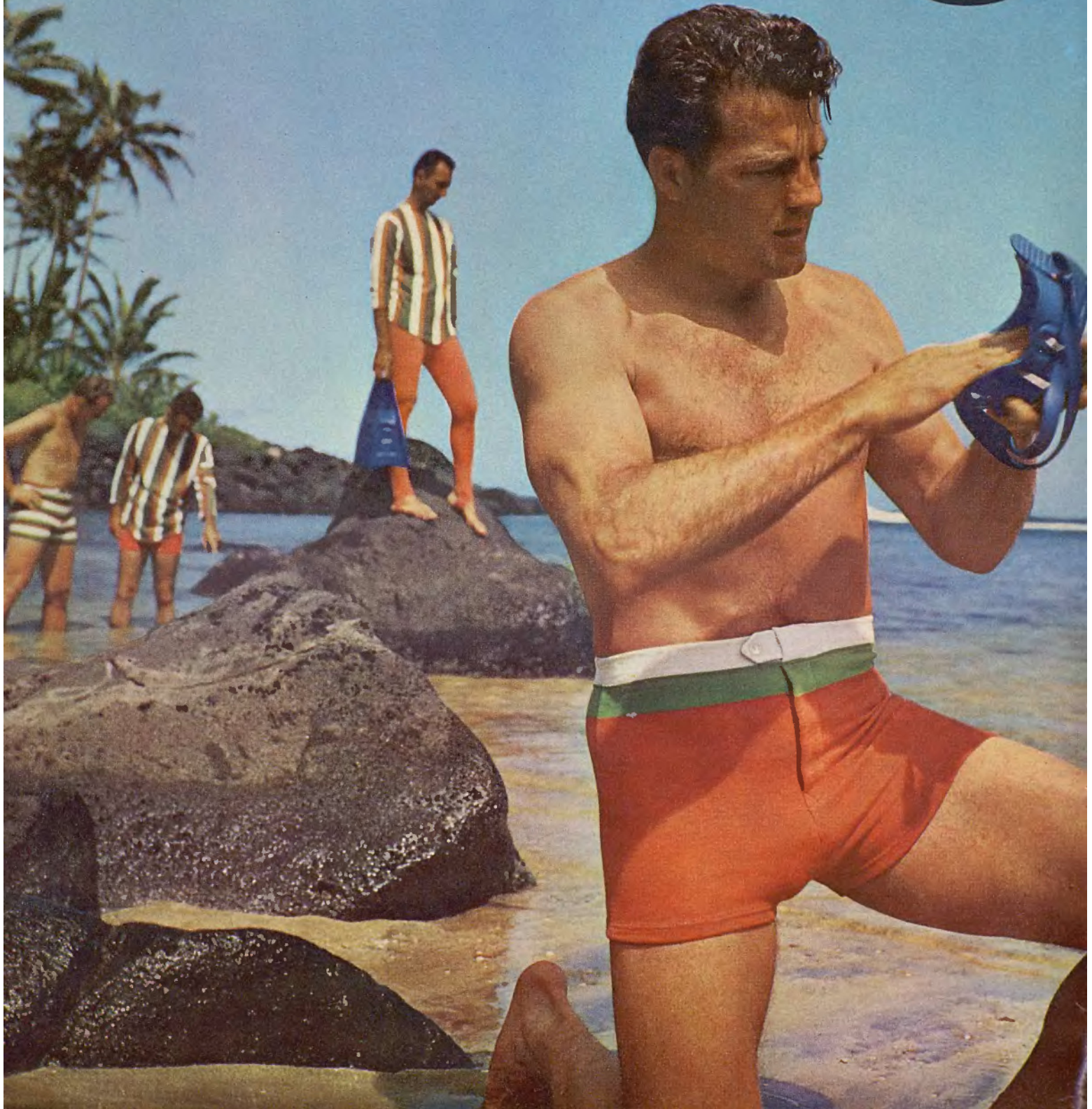
***Your taste will become clear and alive,**
because KENT with the MICRONITE filter
refines away harsh flavor...refines away hot taste
...makes the taste of a cigarette mild and kind!*

IMPORTANT

Get your taste buds back to normal. Try a carton of Kent without switching and see how Kent is kind-tasting to your taste buds, kind-tasting to your throat. Enjoy the wonderful taste of the world's finest quality tobaccos. Then try your old brand! What a difference in taste! You'll feel better about smoking with the taste of Kent.

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Jantzen sportswear for sportsmen

do you have to dress for this kind of life?

Of course you do; as Frank Gifford once said, if a thing is worth doing, it's worth over-doing.

Therefore, when you take it easy, overdo it. Take it easier than ever before.

Take these new knit swim trunks (6.95) on Frank. Jantzen had the great idea of combining 93 percent cotton and seven percent rubber, to over-do comfort in trunks. They feel great all day, whether you're in the water or out, whether you're wet or getting dry.

In the water are Paul Hornung and Ken Venturi in variations of this great new Jantzen fabric. Paul's trunks: 6.95. The shirt on Ken, as well as the one Bob Cousy wears, is 5.95. Cousy-on-the-rocks has on the long leg trunks (14.95) of the same fabric; brilliant idea for water skiing.

*I. to r.: Paul Hornung, Green Bay Packers; Ken Venturi, golf pro; Bob Cousy, Boston Celtics; Frank Gifford, sports announcer.
Photo by Tom Kelley
near the Hanalei Plantation on Kauai*

Jantzen Inc., Portland 8, Oregon

ing soft spot is Brandon de Wilde, the kid brother, who strikes us as a little on de tame side.

"The mind's eye" is more than a phrase in *Last Year at Marienbad*, which puts a camera inside a gent's noggin and records what he sees and thinks he sees, remembers and thinks he remembers. Alain Resnais, the director, hinted at this fast-flashing, conscious-unconscious method in *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*; Alain Robbe-Grillet, the screenwriter, did more than hint at it in his "anti-novels" (*Jealousy, The Voyeur*) in which time slips from past to present from sentence to sentence. *Marienbad* takes place in a baroquely palatial hotel, where a man meets a girl whom he claims to have met and loved a year before. The girl, who is with someone who may be her husband, denies everything. The lover asks her to leave with him (as he says he asked before), and at the end, lover and girl go off together — *perhaps*. The luzziness of plot is a deliberate attempt to reproduce the elusive quality of an emotional experience, the mystery of time, the magic of the imagination. But the film's eccentric style doesn't make its people real; the experiment is interesting, but not involving, and most of the camera techniques are old-Twenties-hat (Cocteau, Dali, et al.). Still, Resnais has combined them cleverly to let a man's consciousness stream.

Sweets to the Swede. Harriet Andersson is her name, and she's to be seen clearly in *Through a Glass Darkly*. Ingmar Bergman's latest film is the story of a schizophrenic young wife and her husband, father and kid brother. They are the only characters we see (Bergman calls this a "chamber play"), and the plot's 24 hours at a summer home on a Baltic island reveal how four people can love and yet be cut off from one another — the girl by madness, the father by ego (he's a noted novelist), the brother by a leaping adolescent libido, the husband by the hum of his humdrumness. The girl is just out of a mental hospital and the others come to understand that she will soon have to return — permanently. The scene where she actually blasts off will provide material for your nightmares: Miss A's A-1 acting is perfectly paced by Max von Sydow and Gunnar Björnstrand, familiar faces from the maestro's Stockholm stock company. The camerawork is colossal. All screenwriter Bergman needs is an editor, and director Bergman's films would be classics. As is, his themes continue to seem a bit cloudy — but better Bergman clouds than clap-trap clarity. No one can take *Darkly* lightly.

In *My Geisha* Shirley MacLaine plays a Lucille Ball-type comedienne whose di-



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rector husband goes to Japan to film *Madame Butterfly* and, thinking Shirley is strictly for laughs, has a yen to use a local girl in the lead. Soon Shirley decides to nip on over for a visit, and through a series of twists that no one's really expected to believe, she takes a screen test in geisha getup and lands the part. Bob Cummings, who plays her co-star, falls so in love with the "Japanese" girl that he doesn't know if he's Cummings or goings. Yves Montand, the husband, who up to now has been no *bal de feu* in American films, here seasons matters with a strong touch of Gallic. Edward G. Robinson is on hand as the producer who stands *in loco parentis* to star and director—stress loco. Norman Krasna crafted these capers, and director Jack Cardiff kept a practiced eye on the simmering story so the watched plot never boils.

BOOKS

Herman Wouk's new novel, *Youngblood Hawke* (Doubleday, \$7.95), is the money-drenched drama of the decade; it probably would have been printed on bank-note paper if the \$500,000 movie sale hadn't exhausted the supply. Hawke—the novelist-hero, modeled more or less on Thomas Wolfe—is determined to keep the wolf from his door; he wants to earn a fortune fast so that he can concentrate on his Serious Work. Chapters and chapters of this book (and there are chapters to spare among its 310,000 words) are given over to tax deals, contracts, lawsuits, investments and random financial finaglings, all of which high-bracket Herman Wouk understandably finds fascinating. But, fans, there is more here than the sheen of the long green. There is love—for an older married woman, for a pretty young editor. There is the Artist's stern struggle, circa 1946–1953, with his Art. There is even a sizable section dealing with a McCarthyesque investigation in Washington. The principal characters are developed at considerably more length than depth, and the writing varies from serviceable to banal to some passages that seem just to have happened. ("He had never leaned his trust upon a girl without her breaking in some way and making him bleed.") In *Youngblood Hawke* Herman Wouk proves yet again that huge best-sellerdom is no accident. Along with his talent for razzle-dazzle plot and realistic detail, he puts forth a set of convictions which his large audience can share without undue strain. He writes with the utter confidence, the unabashed sincerity of the *Reader's Digest* intellectual. Writer Wouk exemplifies far better than writer Hawke the gulf that exists in our cul-



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ture between popular success and serious achievement.

For gin players, people who know gin players, and for the rest of us who found the world a little funnier when Ernie Kovacs was still around, his *How to Talk at Gin* (Doubleday, \$2.95) is a fitting farewell. Like Kovacs himself, the book is just too outrageously funny for any melancholy afterthoughts. Wasting no time on the finer points of play, the fabled devotee of Hollywood's second favorite game shuffles together all of gin's clichés (sample monolog for a Good Hand: "You wouldn't believe this hand." Sample monolog for a Bad Hand: "You wouldn't believe this hand."), cuts through the comic complications of getting the game going (with sections on how to say hello, what to reply, etc.), deals lightly and laughably with standard gin alibis (with special pointers for early quitters, late husbands, big winners, bigger losers, etc.), and knocks that greatest of all gin institutions, the artificial quitting time: "Fellows," says a bachelor player, "I gotta positively be outta here by 9 A.M." Also put through the Kovacs gin mill are such necessary parts of the game as fishing, peeking, hosts' wives, discarding and discarding wives (sample phone conversation during play: "... Is the baby asleep? 'At 2 A.M. she should be asleep,' huh, is that what you said, sweetie? That's very good... Hah-ha...") "I knock with four" ... "The baby's coughing, sweetheart?" "The knock is THREE? Damn." "Did you call the doctor, sweetheart?" "I do NOT have to show my hand, that's some cockamamie rule you have at your club... well —" "That's a shame, dear" ... "Well we're not playing at your goddamned club!" "He said she had pneumonia. That's a shame, dear." "Go on, take a card, I am NOT going to turn up my hand!"). The book's illustrations, which look as though they were executed by a hung-over Hendrik Van Loon, were actually done by Kovacs. Thank you, Ernie.

In the disputatious arena of American literary criticism, there is unanimous agreement on one point: If this nation has produced a great 20th Century writer, it is Eugene O'Neill. His rootless, rebellious life, as romantic, gloomy and bitter as anything in his plays, forms the stuff of a new 943-page biography by *New York Times* staffer Arthur Gelb and his spouse, Barbara. O'Neill (Harper, \$12.50) painstakingly details the painful childhood which was to come to the stage as *Long Day's Journey into Night*, the turbulent love affairs, the grim, wasting illnesses, the wild bouts with alcoholism and despair, and, most important, the prodigious creative spurts that gave us

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such powerful works as *The Hairy Ape*, *The Emperor Jones*, *Strange Interlude*, *Mourning Becomes Electra* and *The Iceman Cometh*. The Gelbs have both the strengths and the weaknesses of competent newspaper reporters: their literary assessments are less interesting than the facts that have emerged from their five years of hard digging; their writing style is undistinguished, but straightforward; the connections they trace between incidents in O'Neill's life and in his plays are not consistently convincing, but throughout there is the knowledge that theirs has been a labor of love, a devoted tribute to the Muse-driven giant of American drama.

Ray Russell wrestles with the Devil himself in *The Case Against Satan* (Obolensky, \$3.95) and comes out on top. This off-trail offering by PLAYBOY's erstwhile Executive Editor and longtime contributor centers on a pious 16-year-old New England miss who suddenly takes to using foul language at Mass and doing a striptease before her parish priest in an effort to seduce the old fellow. Clearly, Susan has the Devil in her, and a worldly, hard-drinking cleric with a nose for psychoanalysis is given the job of expelling Satan, saving Susan and redeeming his own slightly sodden soul in the process. All the exotic ins and outs of the rites of exorcism by which the real villain of the piece is flushed forth, Ray relays with relish. It's fascinating material for fiction, and readers with a bent for the occult should join Russell on his dextrous descent into modern-day demonology.

THEATER

The odds are that no one will ever give a completely satisfactory explanation of the enigma known as Lawrence of Arabia, but Terence Rattigan takes an elliptical shot at it in *Ross*. If he fails to score a bull's-eye, he achieves, at least, a theatrically impressive theory of why the Uncrowned King of the Desert, who led the Arab nations in revolt against the Turks during World War I, and wound up in a Royal Air Force barracks as a pseudonymous nonentity, Aircraftman Ross. Rattigan calls his play "a dramatic portrait," and the description is not overly modest. Between opening and closing barracks scenes, *Ross* is an uninterrupted flashback that presents its legendary hero in a variety of attitudes and poses. Here is Lawrence, tautly played by John Mills, as the sunbaked mystic who found solitude and fulfillment in the desert; as the sardonic iconoclast who hated military pomp and protocol but made common cause with the strong-minded General Allenby (John Wil-



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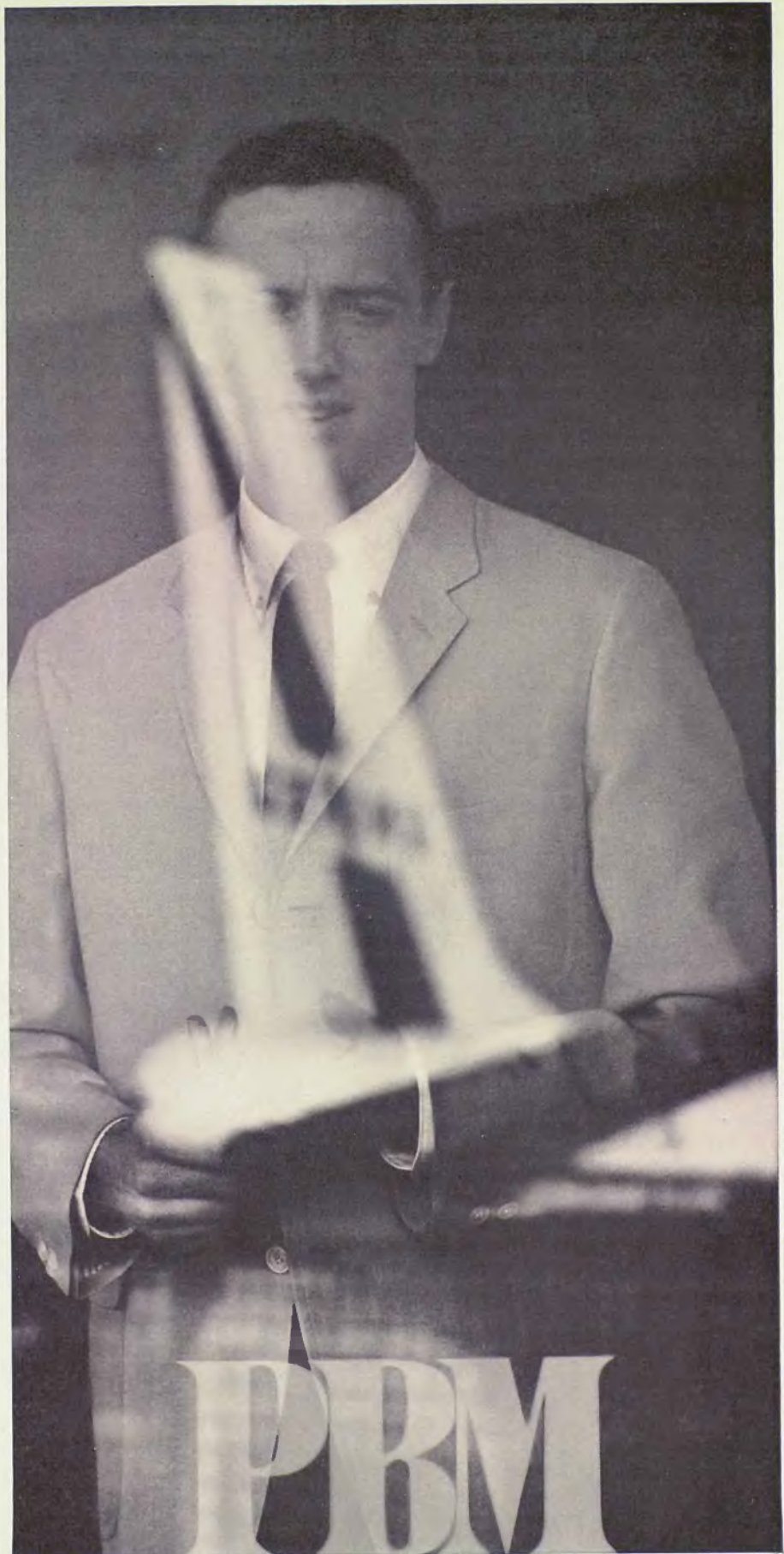
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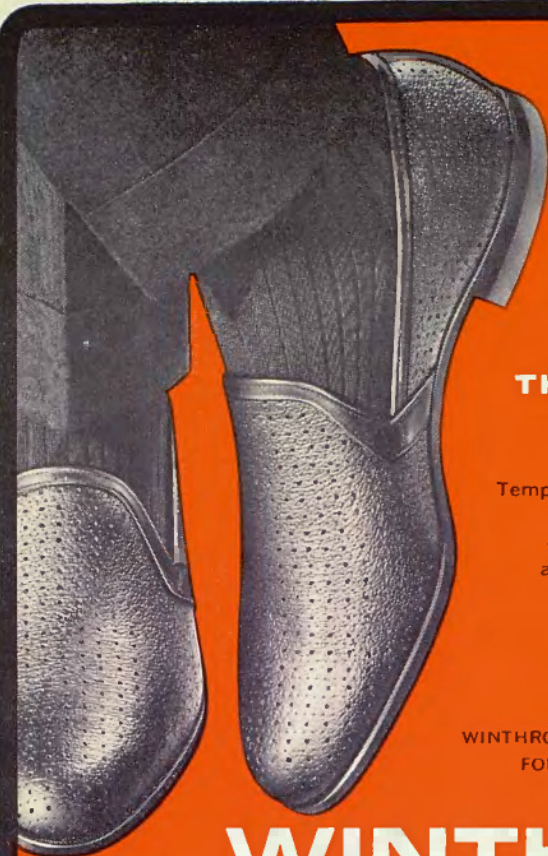
liams); as the mincing Machiavelli, swaddled in white robe and burnoose, wheedling a mercenary Arab chieftain into the unaccustomed role of patriot; and, finally, as the fallen idol, captured by the Turks and despoiled forever of his integrity as a human being. The innocent theatergoer must watch closely if he is to be aware that the basic problem of this imperturbable hero is one of latent homosexuality. Lawrence's secret is plain enough, however, to the perverted Turkish commander (Geoffrey Keen), who orders his prisoner to be sexually assaulted by a pair of sodomistic prison guards and then released as a shameful symbol of defeat. Mills is at his most effective in that moment when suspicion of his own weakness becomes self-knowledge, and his despairing wail of horror, like that of the self-condemned Oedipus, is the closest playwright and actor come to revealing the man behind the legend. At the Eugene O'Neill, 230 West 49th.

RECORDINGS

Ella Swings Brightly with Nelson (Verve) is very much that. The team of Fitzgerald and Riddle is a dynamically fruitful alliance. From the time the pair tees off on *When Your Lover Has Gone* through the last resonant bar of Jerome Kern's infrequently etched *Pick Yourself Up*, all is swingingly *simpatico*. If lyricist Peggy Lee hadn't tried to share the spotlight with vocalist Peggy Lee, our report on *Blues Cross Country* (Capitol) would have been happier. Peggy's indigo warbling is fine, the Quincy Jones orchestrations are exciting, and five of the items—*Kansas City*, *Basin Street Blues*, *I Lost My Sugar in Salt Lake City*, *Goin' to Chicago Blues* and *St. Louis Blues*—are first-rank variations on the blues theme, but the rest are all Lee-lyriced and non-descript. *Duet* (Columbia), co-starring Doris Day and André Previn, is a four-bell production all the way. The Previn trio (Red Mitchell, bass; Frank Capp, drums) contributes its full share of glitter to the occasion, and three of André's originals (lyrics by wife Dory Langdon) grace the proceedings. The bulk of the honors, though, go to Miss Day, who supplies just the right notes for such eminently attractive refrains as *Close Your Eyes*, *Wait Till You See Him* and *My One and Only Love*. *Swinging All the Way with Frances Faye* (Verve) is a multi-tempoed grab bag designed to showcase the ballad-to-belter range of the muscular-voiced miss. Frantic Frances can, when the need arises (*More Than You Know* and *That's All*, for example), be touchingly tender; in the more familiar environs of *Love for Sale*, she is, of



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The creative genius of Lennie Tristano has remained undiminished over the years. *The New Tristano* (Atlantic) presents Lennie's piano in solitary splendor. Tristano puts his technical virtuosity to the test in turning the intricate complexities of his harmonic lines into *faits accomplis*. With the exception of *You Don't Know What Love Is*, it is all Tristano — from idea to execution. *The Montgomery Brothers in Canada* (Fantasy) finds Wes, Monk and Buddy, with drummer Paul Humphries, warming up the chill Canuck countryside. They perform with a sibling rapport especially apparent on *Angel Eyes*, *You Don't Know What Love Is* and *Green Dolphin Street*. **Statements:** *Milt Jackson Quartet* (Impulse!) brings together the king of the mallet men and keyboard artist Hank Jones; the results are near perfect. The mood is mostly mellow with Milt leading the troops through the likes of *Paris Blues*, *Slowly* and *The Bad and the Beautiful*.

Two new Sinatra LPs, *Sinatra & Strings* (Reprise) and *Point of No Return* (Capitol), are basically alike in concept but totally different in execution. The former is Frank's first failure for his own label; the latter is Sinatra at his balladeering best. Backed up by his old orchestral buddy, Axel Stordahl, Frank is in nostalgically romantic fettle throughout such evocative items as *When the World Was Young*, *There Will Never Be Another You* and the *Casablanca* classic, *As Time Goes By*. The Reprise offering, however, strikes a different note. Frank is way off in pitch, phrasing and (in the case of the horrendous *Prisoner of Love*) choice of material. And he is helped not at all by Don Costa's lackluster orchestrations. Further digging by the ebullient Buddy Greco in the same rich vein that produced *I Like It Swinging* (*Playboy After Hours*, November 1961) has resulted in *Let's Love!* (Epic). There are more bright arrangements from the inventive pen of Al Cohn, with stellar instrumental support from jazz giants Zoot Sims, Bob Brookmeyer, Urbie Green and Joe Newman. Buddy occasionally contributes to his own cause on a swinging organ; included, too, is his ditty *You're Something Else*. *Between Heaven and Hell* (Columbia) is another example of Oscar Brown, Jr.'s electric capabilities as an all-round performer; all of the tunes and most of the lyrics are his. One of the exceptions, a dirgelike ballad based on Pulitzer Prize poet Gwendolyn Brooks' *Elegy*, is a soul-stirrer. On hand, also, are two great numbers from Brown's stillborn musical *Kicks & Co.*, the title tune and *Hazel's Hips*. The string choir sawing away in the background on *Nat King Cole Sings!*

The *George Shearing Quintet Plays* (Capitol) does its best to louse up the outing, but talent triumphs in the end as Cole & Shearing still manage to augment the intrinsic values of *September Song*, *I Got It Bad*, *There's a Lull in My Life*, among others.

A totally absorbing merger of the talents of composer Eddie Sauter, a string orchestra under the direction of Hershy Kay, and the superb artistry of tenor soloist Stan Getz makes *Focus* (Verve) one of the year's most interesting and rewarding jazz experiments. The Sauter arrangements form a finely wrought cushion of sound on which Getz' jewel-like improvisations rest. The items are, in the main, lushly romantic. *Night Rider*, however, shows the other side of the coin with all concerned mounting a fever-pitched tour de force. A less ambitious, but no less satisfying project, *Desmond Blue* (Victor), has another renowned reed man, Paul Desmond, performing under another many-stringed panoply. Desmond's alto seems to find the environment even more felicitous than its Brubeckian antecedents. A full quota of richly fabricked standards and a pair of Desmond originals are brought off with note-perfect *élan*. As an added delight, exemplary guitarist Jim Hall shares the solo spotlight. *Gerry Mulligan and the Concert Jazz Band on Tour/Guest Soloist: Zoot Sims* (Verve) is the way the title reads, and splendidly is the way it plays. Recorded live in Santa Monica, Milan and Berlin, the LP is marked by full-bodied, driving ensemble work, and a rich vein of solos, primarily by estimable tenor man Sims, but with Mulligan's baritone and Bob Brookmeyer's trombone making major contributions. It is excitingly "live" throughout. Like the little girl with the curl, Ornette Coleman usually achieves either epic success or catastrophic failure; *Ornette!* (Atlantic) falls happily into the former category. Coleman's alto is pushed to its apparent limits by Ornette in his almost painful probings after new dimensions; trumpeter Don Cherry and the incredibly facile bass work of the late Scott LaFaro follow in close pursuit of their leader, though at a somewhat less atonal pace. *Coltrane "Live" at the Village Vanguard* (Impulse!), if less experimental, has the added advantage of truth-seeker John Coltrane voicing his celebrations on both soprano sax and tenor. Trane's soprano work is becoming increasingly important; not since the halcyon days of Bechet has that instrument had such an eminent spokesman. Coltrane switches to tenor on the marathon *Chasin' the Trane* which occupies the second side. Aide-de-camp Eric Dolphy's chimeric bass clarinet is heard only on the initial *Spiritual*.



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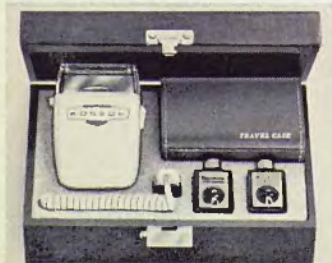


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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

As an assistant professor of English at a women's college I've become more or less inured to the fact that girls often get crushes on those who lecture them. This professional detachment is due in part to the local rule that we must not indulge in unfraternal fraternization with our students. But this semester one of my classes happens to include an unusually attractive sophomore who follows my words with starry eyes and gives me secret—and provocative—smiles every time I glance in her direction. This girl appears to be more mature than the rest, and seems to know what she wants. I know that rules are rules, but aren't some made to be broken? Should I date her?—C. A., Boston, Massachusetts.

No. Giving personal instruction to this student body can only lead to trouble. In the first place, her sophomore glances may be motivated more by a desire for a passing grade than for a pass. And even if she really does want to give you a tumble, the price you'll be paying isn't exactly hay: in addition to a rule, your career may also be broken. There's no point in jeopardizing your position for this particular chick—not when there are so many accommodating graduates around.

How come we never hear anything these days about Formula II races in big-time auto competition? As I recall, Alberto Ascari won a World Championship or two on the Grand Prix circuit a few years back driving a Formula II Ferrari. What's the story?—S. A., Los Angeles, California.

Your difficulty in solving the Formulas is one shared by many racing buffs. Here's what happened: Formula II ceased to exist as a separate class on January 1, 1961, when the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile, the governing body of international auto racing, lowered the maximum engine displacement of unsupercharged Formula I cars to 1500 cc, the same limit that had previously been in effect since 1948 for Formula II racing cars—so, essentially, the two are now one and the same. The Formula II classification was originally devised to bring variety to a racing scene that was being dominated by powerful Formula I Ferraris and Alfa-Romeos which were then virtually unrestricted in engine heft. Formula III, incidentally, still exists as a separate class (and is limited to engines with a maximum displacement of 500 cc).

I am engaged to a divorcee who has a six-year-old daughter from her now-sundered marriage. Neither of us let our

whirlwind courtship blind us to the problems we face; that is, instead of marrying in haste, as we both wished to do, we overtly observed the conventions while I made the acquaintance of the little girl and won her friendship. In the course of doing so, I grew truly fond of the child and admit to having felt pride when I took mother and daughter to luncheon and a matinee and people assumed I was a husband and father possessed of an attractive wife and daughter. Yet there have been occasions when I felt troubled about demanding privacy from the child's presence (usually only on weekends) and risking hurting her (and her mother's) feelings. And although I know my wife-to-be sometimes spares my feelings at the expense of the child (as when she "arranges" visits with schoolmates the child doesn't particularly like, just so we adults can be alone), my conscience bothers me, and at the same time it bugs me that things can't be as spontaneous as I'd like. I have two questions: first, with these misgivings during the fresh bloom of love, what chance will we have for a successful marriage lasting through the child's growing up; second, should I legally adopt the child if we do go ahead and get married as planned?—E. T., El Paso, Texas.

The fact that you now contemplate this union with a certain uncertainty is by no means a tip-off that your marriage will be ill-fated—apprehension would be felt by any rational and sensitive man in the same situation. Obviously, no one ever succeeds in marriage without really trying, and, as in your case, when a marriage involves more than two, an extra dose of effort, compassion and compromise must be applied to make the ready-made ménage work. You have already taken the key first step of cultivating a bond of affection between yourself and the daughter, thereby destroying any impression that you are altruistically "putting up" with the child for love of the mother. (As the eminently practical Somerset Maugham once observed, "A woman can forgive a man for the harm he does her, but she can never forgive him for the sacrifices he makes on her account.") Your periodic hankering for privacy will be solved in part by marriage itself—aside from the fact that the little girl will have an early bedtime, you and your helpmeet will inevitably find sufficient if not surfeiting opportunities for being alone together. Otherwise, your loss of freedom is a circumstance with which you'll have to learn to live as graciously as possible—these conditions are, after all, similar to those which you and your wife will eventually face if you have children of your

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own. In sum, the girl need not be a problem child, and if you treat her with sympathetic understanding of her own problems (and in so doing make both her and her mother happy), your life should be doubly enriched. The question of adoption depends largely on the girl's relationship to her own father. If he is still alive and if they are close to each other, chances are she will resent your trying to pre-empt his paternal place, and changing her name in the bargain. If, on the other hand, her father is completely out of the picture — through death or distance — then legal adoption is a natural and salutary solution. We would, however, advise waiting for a year or so after your marriage before reaching a final decision. This will give the child time to accept you and the profound changes you will be bringing to her life.

You'll make a connoisseur of totally inconsequential facts very happy if you can name the longest song title ever published. — C. R., Palm Springs, California.

The longest-title title belongs to a ditty published back in 1941: "I'm Looking for a Guy Who Plays Alto and Baritone and Doubles on a Clarinet and Wears a Size Thirty-seven Suit." To the immense relief of disc jockeys everywhere, it soon faded into oblivion.

Whence emanates the tradition of serving Piesporter in green stemware only? Is there any scientific reason for it? — B. K., Los Angeles, California.

During the years when this German moselle wine was first being made, a small amount of sediment appeared in the liquid because of the heavy iron content in the soil along the river. When decanting Piesporter, the early vintners made a practice of painting the bowls of clear glasses to conceal any cloudiness from the drinkers' view. As the manufacture of glassware became more advanced, varicolored glasses were used for this purpose; a chartreuse green became especially popular because it most closely resembled the color of the wine itself. Although the wine is now completely clear of sediment, the tradition of the green glass remains with us today.

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



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JEANNE LEE with RAN BLAKE at the piano



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NEW YORK CLUB OPENS SEPTEMBER 15

Gala Debut in Midtown Manhattan

NEW YORK (Special) — Plans are under way for the September 15 gala opening of the glamorous seven-story New York Playboy Club. The address is 5 East 59th Street, in the heart of midtown Manhattan. This fourth fabulous Club in the nationwide Playboy chain is being rushed to completion at a cost of \$3,250,000 and will be the largest Club to date.

The interior of the lavish Gotham branch is expected to create talk in decorating circles. Among the unusual touches will be the open fireplace,

familiar to viewers of the *Playboy's Penthouse* TV show. This contemporary hearth will rise two levels to form a subtle background for a raised, circular piano-bar in the Living Room.

Only a few months remain until the New York Club makes its debut — a milestone in Manhattan's colorful night-life history. During this time, you will want to apply for a Playboy Club key at the Charter Roster rate of \$25 to persons living within the New York area. Once the Club opens, the Playboy Club keys will be \$50.



Keyholders demonstrate their hip prowess during the Clubs' "Late Late Twist Party."

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If you are as attractive as Bunny Joyce Nizzari (left) and between the ages of 18 and 25, you have the opportunity to become a Playboy Club Bunny. Joyce has worked

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Interviews arranged in Chicago, Miami, New Orleans, New York and Los Angeles. For appointment, write and enclose photo: Playboy Clubs International, Personnel Dept. P662, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

Detroit Playboy Club Bows Late This Year

DETROIT (Special) — Plans for a lavish Detroit Playboy Club at 1014 E. Jefferson Ave., on the site of the Stockholm Restaurant, have been announced.

The Detroit Club will be one of four Playboy Clubs opening in 1962, with New York, San Francisco and St. Louis also on tap. The two-story building, located near the new Civic Center, will be refaced and the interior completely

remodeled, to follow Playboy Club contemporary styling.

Catering to Playboy Club keyholders and guests, the plush Detroit Club will feature outstanding entertainment, fine food and drink, lavish modern decor, and, of course, beautiful Bunnies—many of them Playmates from the centerspread of the magazine. One of the sparkling special features of the Motor City Club will be an intimate, split-level Living Room surrounding a swinging piano bar. Of course, the famous Playboy Club rooms—Playmate Bar, Cartoon Corner, Library and Penthouse—will also be in evidence.

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remodeled, to follow Playboy Club contemporary styling.

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CLUBS OPEN—Chicago at 116 E. Walton St.; Miami at 7701 Biscayne Blvd.; New Orleans at 727 Rue Iberville.

LOCATIONS SET—New York at 5 East 59th St.; Los Angeles at 8580 Sunset Blvd.; Detroit at 1014 E. Jefferson Ave.; St. Louis at 3914 Lindell Blvd.; San Francisco at 736 Montgomery St.; Washington and Baltimore.

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Celebrities are found in abundance at the Playboy Club. Here Actor James Garner winds up a whirlwind Midwest tour at the Chicago Club.

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c/o Playboy Magazine,
232 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

Gentlemen:

Here is my application for Lifetime Key Privileges to the Playboy Club. Enclosed is my check for \$_____ (Playboy Club keys are \$50 within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and in the state of Florida. Keys are \$25 outside these areas). I understand that if my application is accepted, my key will admit me to Playboy Clubs now in operation and others soon to go into operation in major cities throughout the U.S. and abroad.

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discussion

THE PLAYBOY PANEL: THE WOMANIZATION OF AMERICA

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

PANELISTS

EDWARD BERNAYS, generally regarded as the father of public relations, and a pioneer in dignifying and professionalizing the field, has been an active publicist since 1915. The nephew of Sigmund Freud, he has written several psychologically oriented books on public opinion and its manipulation—among them *Public Relations* and *The Engineering of Consent*—which are considered the definitive texts on the subject.

DR. ERNEST DICHTER, onetime Viennese psychoanalyst, is the founder and president of the Institute for Motivational Research, whose clinical probings into the nature and manipulation of consumer psychology have profoundly influenced the marketing techniques of Madison Avenue since the early 1950s.

ALEXANDER KING, erstwhile painter, illustrator, playwright and *Life* editor, belatedly became a national celebrity as the asp-tongued raconteur-in-residence of *The Jack Paar Show*, subsequently as the prolific author of three consecutive best-selling volumes of personal philosophy and reminiscence: *Mine Enemy Grows Older*, *May This House Be Safe from Tigers* and *I Should Have Kissed Her More*. His fourth book is presently in progress.

NORMAN MAILER (*Playboy Panel: Sex and Censorship in Literature and the Arts*, PLAYBOY, July 1961), the iconoclastically outspoken author of *The Naked and the Dead*, *The Deer Park* and *Advertisements for Myself*, has most recently penned a controversial first volume of poetry, *Deaths for the Ladies and Other Disasters*, and is currently at work on a massive fourth novel.

HERBERT MAYES (*On the Scene*, PLAYBOY, April 1961), the dynamic editor whose experimental daring has transformed *McCall's* into the world's top-ranking women's magazine, recently capped a long editorial career at the helms of such publications as *Cosmopolitan* and *Good Housekeeping* with his promotion to the presidency of *McCall's*.

DR. ASHLEY MONTAGU is the distinguished anthropologist, anatomist, educator and social biologist whose much-publicized belief in the biological supremacy of women, as expressed in numerous TV interviews, lectures and books on the subject, has won him a reputation as their most articulate champion.

DR. THEODOR REIK, a 30-year disciple and

colleague of Sigmund Freud, and one of the progenitors of modern psychoanalysis, has conducted a lifelong campaign of popular indoctrination—as author of such authoritative laymen's texts as *The Search Within* and *Of Love and Lust*—in the aims and means of psychiatry as a science.

MORT SAHL (*Playboy Panel: Hip Comics and the New Humor*, PLAYBOY, March 1961), precursor and acknowledged elder statesman of the literate, topically attuned new generation of hip humorists, divides his time currently between TV guest shots and infrequent club dates, and is contemplating a weekly video series this fall. His latest LP is *On Relationships*.

PLAYBOY: In a 16th Century tract somewhat alarmingly entitled *The First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*, a fiery Scottish statesman named John Knox wrote that "The nobility of England and Scotland are inferior to brute beasts, for they do that to women which no male among the common sort of beasts can be proved to do to their females; that is, they reverence them, and quake in their presence; they obey their commandments." So it would appear that the topic of womanization is not entirely original either with PLAYBOY or with 20th Century America. But in the past 20 years it has become a subject of increasing concern—and a source of both dismay and delight—to many thousands of people, male and female. Ever since Philip Wylie coined and condemned Momism in 1942, there has been a growing national awareness of the degree to which women have come to power in our society. In many ways, of course, this meteoric ascendancy has been entirely laudable; we are not male chauvinists. But in many ways it has given grave cause for alarm to women as well as men. One need only behold the proliferation of advertising directed at women, public relations directed at women, mass-media entertainment directed at women; or consider the massive upsurge in feminine purchasing power, the kitchen-oriented redesigning of homes, the wall-to-wall decor of American automotive appointments; or reflect on the fact of the female's greater life expectancy; or examine the increasingly blurred distinctions between the sexes in this country—not only in busi-



REIK: What is astonishing to me is that women, more and more, are taking over the active roles in sex, which was not so before. The men finally will resent it. They should.



KING: I haven't the slightest doubt that this absolute . . . equality is a great mistake and in violation of all natural laws . . . because democracy is all right politically, but it's no good in the home.



MONTAGU: I think that women are becoming masculine, in the sense that they're taking over male values. And the male values are those which have brought the world to the disastrous state in which it now finds itself.



SAHL: The happiest chicks . . . are the ones who don't try to run it and are junior partners. They have it all—by letting the guy do it all for them.



MAILER: *I think that the womanization of America comes not only because women are becoming more selfish, more greedy, less romantic, less warm, more lusty, and also more filled with hate—but because the men have collaborated with them.*



BERNAYS: *A lot of this so-called feminization is a . . . result of a very healthy trend in society: simply that nobody wants to be anybody's servant any more.*



DICHTER: *Womanization has taken place only to the extent that it has brought the modern woman up to par with the male . . .*



MAYES: *There's much more nearly a partnership in this country between men and women than there is anywhere else in the world . . .*

ness, but in such diverse realms as household chores, leisure activities, smoking and drinking habits, clothing styles, upswinging homosexuality and the sex-obliterating aspects of togetherness. More than 90 percent of the advice columns in the daily press are written by and for women; women also account for an estimated 75 percent of all consumer purchases; and they comprise the lioness' share of the nation's teaching force, inculcating male and female students alike—all too often already geared to a mother-dominated home—with a feminist, not feminine, orientation. In short, the male finds himself confronted with, contributing to, and partaking of a phenomenon which ranges in scope from our society's reliance upon the specialized needs, whims, tastes and appetites of women to the fact that many women take it for granted that a man will chivalrously open doors, light cigarettes or yield his seat on a bus, yet offer him no such return courtesy when they come into conflict in the job arena. There seems to be room for speculation, in fact, about whether women are being masculinized even faster than the country is becoming womanized. Or is it, perhaps, that men are being effeminized? These are but a few of the questions we will scrutinize in an attempt to illuminate cause and effect of this process. In a *PLAYBOY* article appropriately titled *The Womanization of America* (September 1958), Philip Wylie offered this capsule analysis: "Enough men have abnegated and enough women have won to dominance so that a broad picture of our national life . . . shows it to be in sad condition . . . a deadly distaff encroachment of what started as feminism and matured into wanton womanization." Norman Mailer, as a man and as a writer, how do you feel this chain of events was set into motion—and where might it be taking us?

MAILER: I think it has come out of the whole crisis that America is in. After World War I, and particularly after World War II, America began to see itself not only as a world power, but as *the* world power. And this was a shift in America's historic function, because after all, before World War I, America was the land of freedom and opportunity. It was not a place engaged in world history, but an island sheltered from world history where people could go and be free of the deteriorating effects of being engaged in all the crises of history. If you went to America you could make a life for yourself. You could build a family, find work that was appropriate to yourself—ideally—and found a small dynasty. Now, again, when America became a world power and it began to have ambitions to become *the* world power, what happened was that men began to see, began to have a different desire, to want something else out of

their lives. What they wanted was to be successful: not to be successful in the sense that they build large families, build a business, move into new country, move into new land, move into the frontier, create something that was going to expand; but rather that in a somewhat stratified society—certainly stratified relative to what America had been 50 years ago—they would rise through these strata and acquire more and more power over a society which was no longer open and viable, but on the contrary, an enormously subtle and complex machine. Well, when they desired this, they began to look for something different in women than they had looked for before. So I think that the womanization of America comes not only because women are becoming more selfish, more greedy, less romantic, less warm, more lusty, and also more filled with hate—but because the men have collaborated with them. There's been a change in the minds of most men about the function of marriage—which isn't necessarily that they're becoming weaker vis-à-vis their wives; it's that they've married women who will be less good for them in the home and more good for them in the world. The kind of woman who doesn't wash a dish is usually a beauty who'll spend 10 to 12 hours in bed and will take two hours to make up, and has to have a nurse for the children, but she'll be a wow at a party and she will aid the man in his career because when they both go to the party, everybody envies him, covets his woman, and so forth. What he wants is a marvelous courtesan with the social arts. A courtesan who can go out into the world, side by side, with him.

SAHL: That's true, all of it goes back to us. We're driving. But I'm not blaming myself. I'm not one of the guys responsible. Chicks have more time than we do for compassion and for kindness and all the qualities I look for in a woman—and rarely find. All the romanticism in my love affairs comes from me. I'm the guy who flies over to see her for a weekend. They don't do anything like that. They cry when you get there. They're practical people.

PLAYBOY: Mort, in your latest record, *On Relationships*, you point out that "A woman who demands equality renounces her superiority . . ."

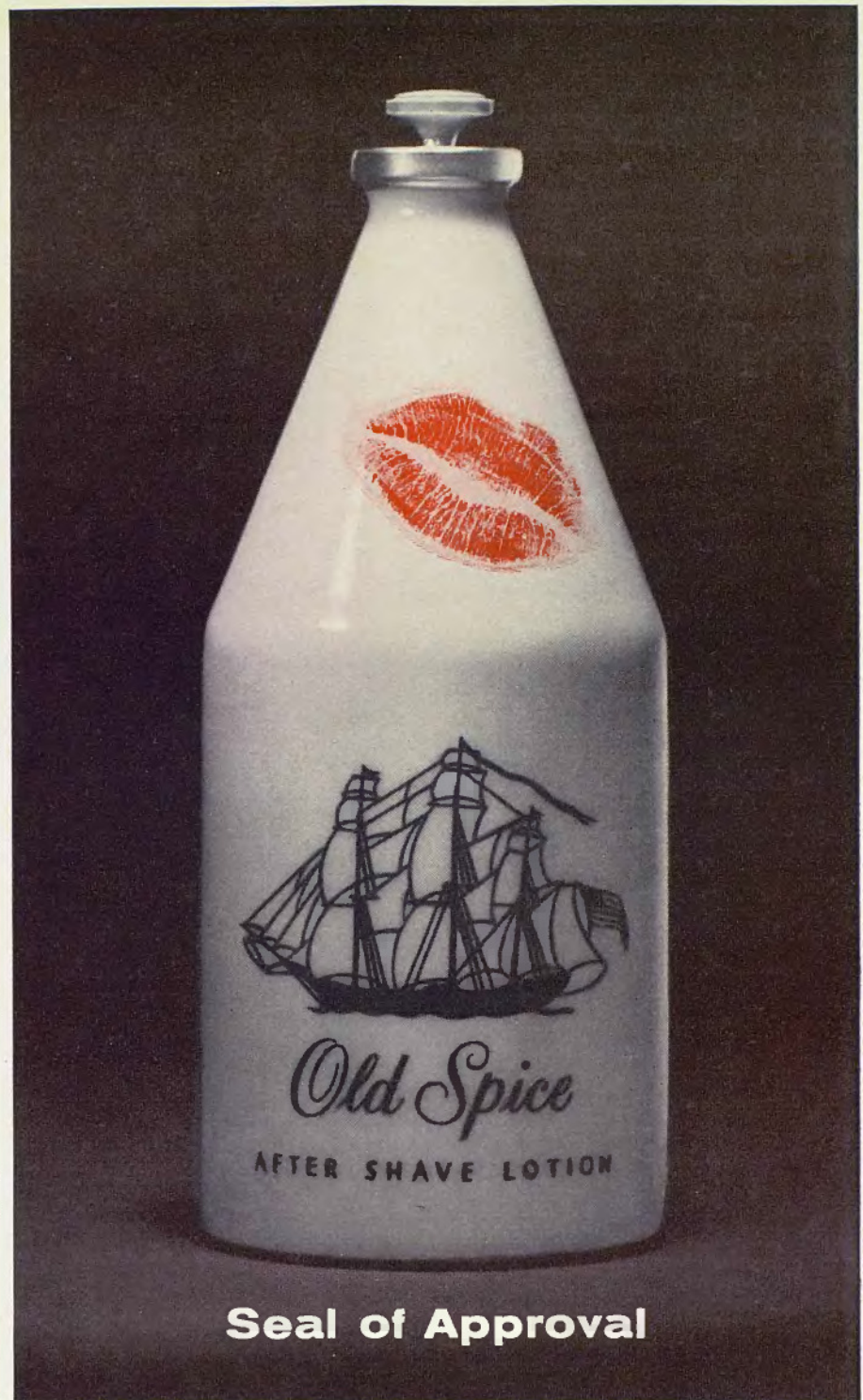
SAHL: When I say that they renounce their superiority I mean that the chicks who would theoretically do anything for the guy—they're in a better spot than the chicks who fight the guy. They always are. They always come off better. In other words, it's like where a chick comes on and says, "I'm sick and tired of everybody thinking that you're God"—not realizing that if she thinks I'm God, and I know that *she* is—well, she's in a pretty good position. That's what

I'm talking about. If you ever want to stop a chick, look in her eyes and say, "What do you want?" Chicks compete in the world, and they think a pair of pants goes with it. They're really unbelievable. And they're not gentle. And they're not women.

REIK: Because before, man was the breadwinner, and now the woman sometimes earns more than he does; it gives her a certain independence. In general, I would say American women are the most independent in the world. I would say there is a law—a law as binding as the laws of chemistry or of physics—namely, that a masculinization of women goes with the womanization of man, hand in hand. There is no doubt about who is the boss of the house in Europe, or let's say olden times, but that's not true any more.

DICHTER: Biologically, a change has taken place. The woman is no longer just a woman; she has become a partner in the biological sense, in the psychological sense, and also in the whole concept of family planning, professional activities. Womanization has taken place only to the extent that it has brought the modern woman up to par with the male—though there is still not 100 percent equality. The reason for it comes from both sides. The male, of course, and particularly the insecure male, is very much afraid of losing his illusion of superiority by this equalization between himself and the woman. One thing that always impressed me—there was a scene which appeared in *The African Queen* where something went wrong with the propeller, with the screw of the boat, an old-fashioned fishing boat in Africa, and Humphrey Bogart is all tired out with his diving several times trying to repair it, and finally Katharine Hepburn says, "I'll go down and repair it," and he says, "Oh, no, you can't do that." And she answers, "Why not?" He says, "Well, a woman just can't do that." And she repeats, "Why not?" And he looks at her for a few seconds and says, "I really don't know." She goes down and repairs it. So when approached logically the man has no explanation. Why *can't* the woman dive down and repair a propeller shaft just as well as he, particularly if he's tired out? It has taken several thousand years for the male to permit the female more and more equality. In the last analysis it's going to be the male who will profit by it. He's going to have a partner rather than a little doll that he has to take care of, which gives him a feeling of superiority, but in an illusory fashion.

PLAYBOY: Philip Wylie disagrees. If we may refer again to his **PLAYBOY** article on womanization, he commented as follows on the repercussions of suffrage: "The ladies won the legal advantages of equality—and kept the social advan-



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tages of their protected position on the pedestal. They thought 'equal' meant 'identical' in the days before they decided 'equal' meant 'in full charge.' They said they wanted to be partners with their males, and to 'share everything.' That turned out to mean that the ladies wanted to invade everything masculine, cover it with dimity, occupy it forever — and police it."

KING: But there is a law in physics, you see, stating that with one rear end you can only sit on one chair and not on eight chairs. Women are discovering this now — that you can't have it in all directions. I haven't the slightest doubt that this absolute, unquestioned equality is a great mistake and in violation of all natural laws. It is a mistake because democracy is all right politically, but it's no good in the home. Because somebody has to make up his mind and somebody has to have an image, as I have, of what my family is. I don't ride roughshod over anybody's opinions or wishes or hopes; that goes without saying — no imaginative man could — but I certainly would be baffled if my wife made major decisions without consulting me, and even bowing to the superior reason I have, as to why certain things should not be done. Democracy means that everybody has all the say about everything. Well, I think this is nonsense in the family. Absolute nonsense. It's the loss of this authority which has undermined marriage.

BERNAYS: A lot of this so-called feminization is a direct result of a very healthy trend in society: simply that nobody wants to be anybody's servant any more. Women want to be free and independent people in a free and independent society. There has been a movement toward egalitarianism of the sexes ever since, I suppose, the matrons of early Rome. But in the last 50 years this movement has been greatly accelerated by the suffrage movement, by the vote, by higher education — as a result of which women have gained a great deal. But from every practical standpoint, I think this is still a man's world, and I think that men, not as a conspiracy, but simply to maintain the old patterns, have created the illusion that women have many more equalities and rights than they actually have.

SAHL: The happiest chicks — the ones who are *really* ready for marriage, in a sense — are the ones who don't try to run it and are junior partners. They have it all — by letting the guy do it all for them.

DICHTER: And so the woman still *plays* the role of having to be conquered, being weak, being the doll. The perfume, the dressing up, the evening gown — all these things are playful continuations, manifestations of what originally were

necessities. The carrying across the threshold of the newlywed, for example. This is the strong male actually raping the woman, taking her in there, throwing her on the bed. Well, many of our wedding ceremonies come from that. So you have a vast array of such rituals that we are maintaining in our daily lives. But we are doing them playfully, in a gamelike fashion. The original meanings have gotten lost. We don't need them any more.

PLAYBOY: What about such social niceties as coat-holding and cigarette-lighting for the ladies? Have we also outgrown the need for these chivalrous amenities?
MAILER: Women want chivalry and they don't respect the price of it. Chivalry consists of opening a door for a woman; that means you've got to be alert, you've got to be thinking, you can't retire for a moment into your own preoccupations, which might be pressing. So there you are, in position to open the door. And the moment the woman begins to think this is something to be taken for granted, then a certain small injustice creeps into the relation — to use that despised word. The irony is that when women get the kind of man who's marvelous at these small attentions, they are always profoundly dissatisfied by his lack of depth. But when they get a man with depth, they are miserable at his incapacity to take care of them in small ways.

MONTAGU: I think that since women got the franchise, males have sort of felt, well, if they're going to be equal with us, we don't have to get up in buses and give them our seats, and we don't have to open doors for them because Ashley Montagu says that they're constitutionally stronger anyway. But the fact is that politeness is something which, even between members of the same sex, helps to make the wheels of society go around a great deal more smoothly than they otherwise would.

MAYES: Knowing that women physically are not as strong as themselves, men traditionally want — by thought and gesture, I think — to offer them what protection they can; it's more a courtesy than anything else, the same kind of courtesy that a man would extend to a child in crossing the street. That doesn't imply that men are superior and women inferior. It's simply a tradition, and a pleasant one, the same kind of tradition that prevails in wooing. It's the man who asks the woman if she'll be his wife, not the woman who asks the man if he'll be her husband.

KING: I say women can't expect a chivalrous attendance from men and at the same time challenge them on every score. The woman's status has changed completely in the last 50 years. I think we're in an interregnum right now where the man is no longer willing or

ready to accept complete responsibility for the family as he did in my father's and grandfather's days—father was the boss in our house and there wasn't any argument about it. I don't mean that the women didn't have a great deal to say. I'm sure they knew more about how the finances were being handled or should be handled, and so on. These were the matters which were surely of common concern to both parents, and I'm sure the mother had the greater influence. But there were other aspects of family life—the way they faced the world, the image that the family gave to the world—and in this image there was no question that the husband was the dominant factor. Now, with the liberation of the woman from housework and chores, and with her getting the vote and feeling her new freedom, an uneasy period has set in, in which neither of the two knows quite what to do. And the man, sheepishly and very foolishly, I think, has in some ways resigned his prerogatives, and by default woman has taken over.

MONTAGU: I do think that there's been an abdication on the part of the male of his role as a male, and one of the principal causes and effects that I see is the lack of seriousness of the American male, who is *hidding* all the time, who is one of the boys, who in relation to his own children feels that he has to be a pal rather than a parent. This, of course, is indeed an evasion of his own responsibility as a father, let alone as a parent, which means also an evasion of his wife as well as his children. And this general attitude that you see among so many men in America is very well described in the word "kidding." There are large numbers of men I know who go through what seems to be the whole of their lives without ever attempting to be serious. Anything for a laugh, horsing around. Now this sort of thing makes it impossible for boys in America to grow up as anything but technical adults. They remain immature, and also in their relation to women—this light approach and lack of seriousness in their relationships with women—this, then, makes it imperative for the women to do something about the situation. And, of course, most of them bemoan this type of man, and so *they* assume increasingly larger burdens and loads which should, or did, normally fall upon the shoulders of the male. I think this has come about largely as a result of the industrialization of America and the taking of the husband out of the home and apartment, often at a great distance, from which he leaves in the morning and returns late at night and can no longer play the role even of husband, let alone of parent. And this emasculation is largely a result of what

Bourbon Supreme

"The Bourbon That Named Itself"



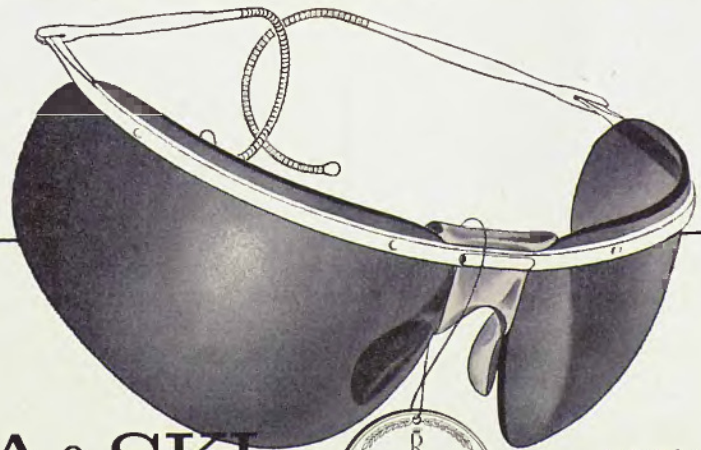
The golden tassel that decorates every bottle of Bourbon Supreme is symbolic of its national renown as one of America's finest bourbons... Charcoal Distilled for extra lightness.

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY, INC. • New York, N. Y. • Pekin, Ill. • Sausalito, Calif.
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 90 PROOF

For just \$12⁹⁵ you can own the world's finest sunglasses!

(No competitor can duplicate them—at any price!)

These are the original wrap-around sunglasses first discovered by French skiers and racing drivers. The exclusive (patented in France) Orama IV® lenses are distortion-free and are made with the U-V factor—a special filter formula which cuts out ultra-violet rays. They give you 180° glare-free vision with no blind spots. They are fog-resistant, scratch-resistant, shatterproof.



SEA & SKI SPECTACULARS

BY RENAULD OF FRANCE



In daylight gray, filter green and bright amber. Styled for men and women, including continental case. \$12⁹⁵

TRY THIS ON YOUR WRIST AND SEE HOW PERFECTLY A HELBROS WATCH SUITS YOU!



CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE.

HELBROS

Glacier—thinnest silhouette in sight, yet a truly rugged performer. 17 Lifetime Jewels. Unbreakable Mainspring. Shock-protected. Rich Holland Suede band. Helbros Watches from \$19.75 to \$375.00. © 1962 Helbros Watch Co., Inc., 2 Park Avenue, New York 16, New York

Kenneth Murdock up at Harvard once described as "the leisure of the theoried classes"—by which he meant that the more the male was able to learn, the more he was able to give his wife and children, but at the same time absolve himself of all the responsibility for the direction and regulation of their activities. So this has all come about largely as the result of the change from the rural to the urban industrial civilization which America is now doomed to become almost completely.

DICHTER: In the modern home, the woman is the family doctor, she is the cleanliness expert, she is the cook, she is also the professional advisor to the husband. Should he change his job? Should he not change his job? To this extent, I think the woman's role has always been very strong; probably it is stronger than it ever was before.

PLAYBOY: Again in his *PLAYBOY* essay on *The Womanization of America*, Philip Wylie took a dim view of her influence in this area: "When it became evident that technology could provide myriads of families with luxuries and comforts always hitherto restricted to the few, America's men, more than males elsewhere, abandoned the arts, sciences, and so on—for business enterprise. And when the ladies saw what goodies even a middle-income husband could furnish, they put the heat on men for more, and the men accepted the burden."

DICHTER: Still, I would maintain my thesis that women are just coming up to par now, and that it is being officially recognized at last. We've found in our studies, apropos this point, that the male, while unmarried, will try to step up his purchases in status and quality and size until he gets married. Then all kinds of other demands set in: furniture, children, the buying of a home. He's almost inclined at this point to settle down and say, "Well, I've got most of the things I want." It is then that the woman starts pushing him. We've even recommended that this technique be used in many approaches to salesmen. It is the wife of the salesman who can often be used to stimulate him and urge him to make more money.

MAYES: I hate to think of what most men in business would be like if they didn't have their wives to depend on. There isn't a reasonably intelligent woman who won't help out in her husband's business when and if she can. And invariably she is willing to do so if called upon.

BERNAYS: Concerning her influence, I've gathered that such decisions as where a family will take the two weeks' vacation, for instance, are pretty much the wife's, because she takes the children along. The decision as to the type of clothes the girls or boys wear—that is also her decision. But the decision as to where

they will live is pretty much the husband's. I've had women work for me over the years, very good ones, who were married; they might be earning more than their husband, but if their husband was transferred to the Denver office, there wasn't a question in their mind about leaving. Now there is another factor to indicate that when it comes to the disposal of money by the family—that is, in a will or whatever—the man is usually in charge. If you look at the records, you'll find that the men take out the life insurance—though of course they take it out for the women. And I find, to my surprise, that at no point in the early life of a woman—in primary school, grammar school, prep school, high school or college—does she ever impinge on the economics of life.

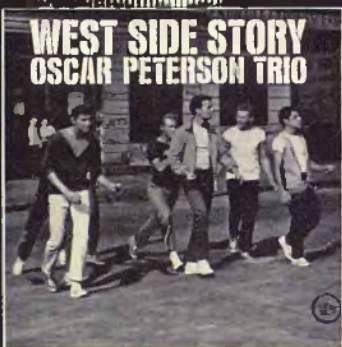
PLAYBOY: Yet, as Max Lerner asserts in his massive *America As a Civilization*, "The most striking fact about American consumption is that it is dominated less by a class than by the tastes, fantasies and standards of the American woman."

DICHTER: The old saying that woman holds the purse strings is only partially true. I think that as far as major decisions are concerned in the modern household, it is usually a joint concern, very often a family decision. As a matter of fact, I think that even the children exert more influence than the woman.

KING: Well, I'm quite sure that most of the purchases made nowadays are made with woman as the decisive factor in making the decision as to what is to be bought—from the family car down to the table napkins and to ashtrays, because you can say that she has a better sense of decoration, you see, of what is becoming to the home. Since she spends most of her time there, she should. But this has become now a complete woman's prerogative.

MAYES: I think that this is a woman's country, as opposed to England, for example, which I think is a man's country. In the United States, every consumer product is manufactured with the woman's needs in mind. Here the most advanced developments in home equipment, for instance, are put on the market just as soon as possible. In England, old models will be kept until the dies wear out; but if it's a matter of men's boots or clothing, everything that's new comes out immediately. In this country, women want the best that's available, the most efficient, and what's new must come on the market immediately—women here won't settle for anything less. Factors of taste and style are most often left up to the wife, whether it has to do with the furnishing of a home, with the choice of clothing for children, or with the provision of food for the family.

DICHTER: Women usually have more secur-



V/V6-8454



V/V6-8429



V/V6-8420

**This is
Oscar Peterson
Giant of Jazz
Exclusively on
VERVE® RECORDS**

ity as far as taste is concerned. You know, the male will ask his wife or girlfriend to help him out in choosing shirts or a suit. To that extent, at least, I think the female plays a very strong role.

BERNAYS: I think, by and large, one can make the generalization that women buy most of the food; yet even that is changing; nowadays you'll find as many men as women in the supermarkets, going through impulse buying. My daughter's husband, for example, goes to the supermarket once a week. But the mother purchases the children's clothes, and that I think is *not* changing. To a great extent, the man purchases the mechanical appliances that go into the home. In certain cases, however, shopping becomes a family function; we found in Honolulu that the families of Chinese background would come into Sears Roebuck as a unit, four or five people, to look at a vacuum cleaner. They would buy it as a family. Whereas in a German culture pattern, let's say in Milwaukee, you might have an entirely different situation, where only the man would buy it. Despite its national advertising, America has more diversification than any one European country; we've got greater variety technologically, greater variety in terms of immigration, greater variety in terms of acculturation of various groups. But when you look at the reality of who controls the economy, the only thing you can say is what the antisuffragettes used to say: woman should maintain her *indirect* influence over man.

PLAYBOY: Yet there are many who would say that her influence has been anything but indirect — particularly in such areas as the apportionment of domestic duties. As increasing numbers of American wives have graduated from the responsibilities of housekeeping to those of wage-earning, thousands of married men have found themselves sharing such traditionally distaff chores as dusting, sweeping, dishwashing, bottle-warming and even scrubbing. Couldn't this blurring of male-female roles be viewed as an encroachment of womanization?

MAILER: The fact that men are washing dishes doesn't necessarily mean it's the womanization of America; it's that there's been a shift in the social and biological function of the woman to where she is expected, as I said before, not so much to create a home as she is to be an aide-de-camp or a staff general to an ambitious opportunist. Part of this unspoken contract is that therefore she won't wash a dish. She won't wash it because she realizes that's not part of her function. He would love her to wash the dishes as well, but he knows damn well she won't, because it's precisely the kind of women who have a great many choices who won't wash the dishes.

Heineken's Heineken's Heineken's Beer

*A treasure
of pleasure
from Holland
to here!*

*Fully aged.
Natural carbonation only.
Brewed to
Heineken's exclusive
old-world
formula.*



IMPORTED
**Heineken's
HOLLAND BEER**

GEN. U. S. IMPORTERS: VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

REIK: Well, I've never washed a dish in my whole life. I don't say anything against it; if men in America help their women in the home, it's just a difference of customs.

MONTAGU: When I married, I told my wife that I feel a good husband should share the responsibilities of doing such little chores around the house in order to relieve her. I don't like the patriarchal European attitude.

KING: If you care about your wife, you instinctively help with the chores. As long as she doesn't get up and *hand* me the apron; that ends the idyl and the supposition that this is a voluntary thing that I'm doing out of affection and a sense of responsibility. The man in the apron was just a gag once upon a time, but today they actually sell special aprons for men, made of denim with hand-stitching, and so on. Aprons were worn by carpenters years ago, and by blacksmiths, but the aprons modern man wears are sold at Hammacher Schlemmer and cost \$16 apiece.

MAYES: What the devil difference does it make whether a man wears an apron? He wears it to keep his clothes from getting dirty. And his position is in no way denigrated when he washes a dish or uses a vacuum cleaner. There's much more nearly a partnership in this country between men and women than there is anywhere else in the world, and if there's something a man can do around the house to make life easier for his wife, he's either a fool or a most inconsiderate person if he doesn't.

SAHL: I have a theory about the kitchen. If a chick said, "I'll do it," I might even help her. But this is all academic. No one has ever said it to me.

BERNAYS: The fascinating thing to me is that the man doesn't even *wash* the dishes; he dries them. So what he is doing is not assuming half the burden as half of the family, but rather a sop toward the half. Now my own feeling is that, what with the dearth of servants, the husband would really be a slob if he didn't do something toward lightening the burden of his wife. But there are very few husbands I know who scrub the floor or take the diapers out to the container; they're much more likely to do the *symbolic* helping things, rather than what might be called the dirty work. I think that many men who dominate the mass media through advertising, and who dominate big business, are unconsciously trying to get the woman back *into* the kitchen. They're depicting her with the appliance and making it enticing so that they can give themselves the feeling that they have a free slave at home who will attend to their wants.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, there was an advertisement a few years ago for a washing machine, showing a group of

people gazing raptly at a demonstration of the machine; and standing at the front of the admirers was a burly, square-jawed Marine — a traditional symbol of virile masculinity.

BERNAYS: It could have been a man with an eye-patch or a five-legged horse; I would not attempt to evaluate the aberrations of art directors. But just as one swallow doesn't make a summer, one ad wouldn't make either a trend or a valid interpretation. If you take ads as a whole, what do you see? You see the man dominating the appeal to women; you see him selling goods to women in terms of projecting himself in a way that satisfies *his* happiness and *his* ease by making her in rapport with a washing machine or an iron or a vacuum cleaner.

MAYES: I guess the ad was supposed to be an eye-catcher and to indicate that men as well as women are interested in washing machines. But if you were to find out how many men are actually interested in washing clothes, I think the number would be insignificant.

KING: I think the advertising boys were being very, very shrewd, and that's all — throwing a sop to the men; so they pick out a superman, a Marine, the least likely man to be interested in such a transaction. The man who invented this ad probably got a bonus for the idea. And I don't think it reflects anything. However, it prefigures something: probably every woman will take along a Marine every time she picks out a washing machine from now on.

MAILER: This ad, I think, would be an attempt, by that part of the mass media embodied in the word advertising, to bolster up the ego of the American male by saying, "See, even the most virile of men will consider, will study a washing machine." And the reason behind it is probably that there are many, many more men putting wash in washing machines these days, and it's beginning to bother them; they're beginning to feel a certain amount of resentment toward it, which no doubt motivational research has discovered. So this is a way to draw the fangs of male resentment. But then you can't tell. It might have been simply that the copywriter was a homosexual and queer for Marines, so he put it in because it made the ad exciting to him.

DICHTER: Probably the ad was supposed to imply that there are many jobs among the daily household chores that originally or at least psychologically are men's jobs — and laundry is one of them. In our studies we've found that washing machines are masculine rather than feminine: they are the masculine burly helpers; they are this burly Marine who represents the washing machine. He doesn't permit his tiny, delicate little woman to exert herself. It's like Mr. Clean, you know — the same kind of ef-

fect. And by the way, Mr. Clean is the eunuch, you know; he's a castrated male, psychologically speaking. He's the genie, he helps the housewife without being interested in her in an erotic sense. And all of these — the washing machine, the instant coffee, the frozen foods, the various cleaning products — they all represent the role of the ideal husband who takes over all the chores and permits the woman to be pure woman without any responsibilities. However, she knows deep down that this is wrong. What we're dealing with is equality; modern conveniences and appliances have helped to speed up this equality. It doesn't have to be the male any longer who washes the dishes; he refuses more and more to do so. Here the husband buys his freedom from this role by buying a dishwasher instead. That's his ransom.

PLAYBOY: Is this a common approach in contemporary advertising?

DICHTER: Yes, there are quite a few ads that make use of this appeal. I saw a recent one for mink coats which was very cleverly done: how to sell your husband on buying you a mink coat. It was supposedly addressed to women, but I read it as a man; and it was the first time I ever came close to the idea that maybe I ought to buy my wife a mink coat — because it really told the wife what arguments to use to convince her husband that he is really successful when he can afford to buy his wife a mink coat.

MONTAGU: Well, I think this has to do with the fact that in America a great deal of our merchandising is based on the validation of the quality of the article by means of its *external* rather than its actual quality. If you can only make it look good outside, you are more likely to sell it. This, of course, has paid off on the American scene. It is part of the American value system which evaluates success by external demonstration — by money, by the house you live in, by the car you drive. And in order to attract the female, you have to make it quite sufficiently elegant for her to feel that when she is driving the car — alone or with her husband — that its appearance will validate for the rest of the world her success in having acquired the kind of man who can afford this kind of car.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, Dr. Montagu, you state in one of your most celebrated books, *The Natural Superiority of Women*, that the female has not fared so well in the realm of noneconomic prerogatives: "Apart from the right to vote, American women have no more Constitutional rights than they had in 1789; in other words, medieval English common law is the law which still governs and places upon them the stigma of inferiority and bondage."

MONTAGU: Anything you can think of that
(continued on page 133)



PAMELA 35-22-35

Everybody knows she smokes Chesterfield Kings. And why. (21 great tobaccos make 20 wonderful smokes. Twenty-one vintage tobaccos grown mild, aged mild, blended mild... tobaccos too mild to filter, pleasure too good to miss.) The only question is whose Chesterfields will she choose? Tom's? Dick's? Harry's? Dick owns a 90-foot cruiser. Sometimes Chesterfields alone are not enough.

CHESTERFIELD KING 21-20

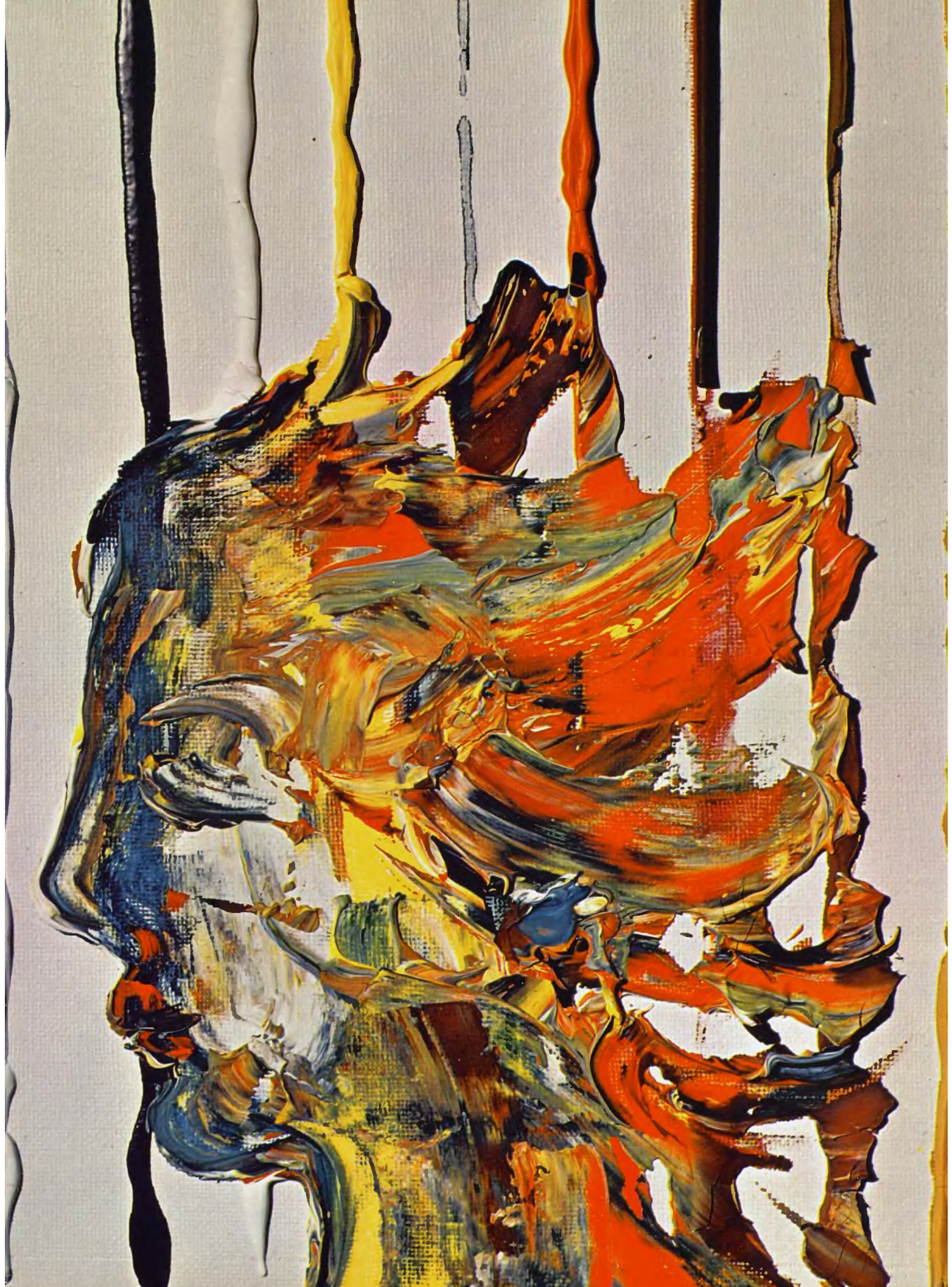
*the charming old reprobate
sacrificed a night to win the day for his son*

A FATHER'S GIFT

fiction **By WALT GROVE**

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR PAUL





A FATHER'S GIFT

WHEN MY MOTHER GOT MARRIED the third time they went to Switzerland for the jousting and I had to move in with my old man. I don't hate him, but he's so goddamn charming. He enters a room and dainty feminine undergarments begin to drop like autumn leaves. No kidding. I've seen him just *look* at some dame he'd never even *met* before, and right away I could see old Dad was home free once again. Intellectually, of course, he's a lightweight.

He's an illustrator. If Coca-Cola wants a painting of a gorgeous clean-cut American girl fondling a red Irish setter, old Dad knocks it out. It's not a *bad* life. Part of the year he lives in Westport, and the rest in Florida. And he's a real huntin' fishin' ridin' shootin' type, too. You should see the clothes he wears. In the country he goes around in an old Brooks jacket with leather elbows and a blue work shirt and maybe a red bandanna. That's part of his earthy charm. You can just picture the dames jacking up the old rpm because At Last They Are Getting It From A Real Man. You know, like Lady Chatterley.

But that's only in the country. He has an English tailor—the thing he's proudest of is that he hasn't gained an inch around his waist since college—and when he takes the train into New York he looks like Anthony Eden on official business for the Commonwealth. And since he can work any time he's way ahead of the other local swordsmen if some married dame wants action at 2:30 on a Tuesday afternoon. The only thing he needs to speed up the flow of eager, happy and satisfied women is a revolving door.

Anyway, right after the wedding I caught the train. Old Dad met me at the station in Westport driving an antique station wagon, again part of his country charm. We threw all my crap in the back.

"Listen, how do you feel about living with me?" he asked. "I mean, how do you really feel?"

I hadn't lived with him since I was four or five, whenever it was they got divorced. "Well, I wanted to go to boarding school," I said, because I am always honest.

"Oh, you'll have time for that sort of thing," he said. "Next year when you're in college you'll see. This year I wanted you with me." He kept looking straight ahead at the road. "You may not believe that, Jay, but it's true. I wanted you with me. Oh, I know what you're thinking. Why now, after all these years? Well, I can't help it, I don't like little kids. They're always dropping their jelly sandwich. But you're a man now. We can have a real ball. And I've waited for this a long time."

He meant it. The old bastard had actually been planning for a long time. Jesus. What do you say? I didn't know what to say.

The house in Westport is one of those Colonials which are old as God. We carried my crap up to the second floor. He'd fixed me up a kind of apartment. My own sitting room and bedroom and stereo and a refrigerator full of beer. It was all leather and tweed and manly as hell. The only thing the old lecher had forgotten was a mirror over the king-sized sack.

"It doesn't have an outside entrance," he said, "but the place in Florida does and we'll be there most of the time. Oh, listen. I've got a car you can use."

We went down to the garage. It was an MG, red. "A friend of mine was getting rid of it, so I thought what the hell. You can take it to school next year, if you want." He paused as if he didn't know what else to say. "We'll have a good time, won't we, Jay?" he asked suddenly. "Won't we have a good time this year?"

"Oh, sure," I said. "Sure."

Well, we didn't. I'd been living there about 10 days when I went in his studio to sharpen a pencil one afternoon and he was working on an illustration. I had to laugh.

"No woman in the world's got breasts like that," I said. "You're painting your own fantasy."

He works from photographs. All illustrators do. They get a model in a pose, then photograph her. Old Dad grinned and handed me the photograph, but they still didn't look like that to me.

"I guess they do have to be seen to be appreciated," he admitted. "I'll introduce you to her."

"Gee, Dad, thanks a lot," I said and went back upstairs, but my sarcasm was wasted.

Saturday night I was lying on my sack in my underwear reading Camus. The old bastard had been invited out to din-din and about 10:30 I heard him come in accompanied by the gay abandoned tinkle of feminine laughter. He called, "Jay. Come down. I want you to meet some people."

"In a minute," I called back, but I didn't move my ass.

I kept on reading and finally I heard someone come upstairs and walk down the hall. My door was ajar. "Yoo-hoo?" she said. "Anybody home?" Oh, Christ. She was going to be cute about it.

"No," I said.

She entered, laughing, with a drink in each hand. It was Mooey-Cow, the model. She wasn't much older than I was.

"I'm Bitsy," she said, sitting beside me on the bed. "Say, you *are* cute. I thought your old man was just handing me the ordinary line of crap. What're you doing?"

(continued on page 120)



"You know, I'd heard you were neat, but I really had no idea . . . !"

**A
TOAST
TO
BIKINIS**





after a decade of Continental exposure, is finally finding its place in the U.S. sun . . .



figuratively speaking, never has so little done so much for the noble cause of Truth . . .

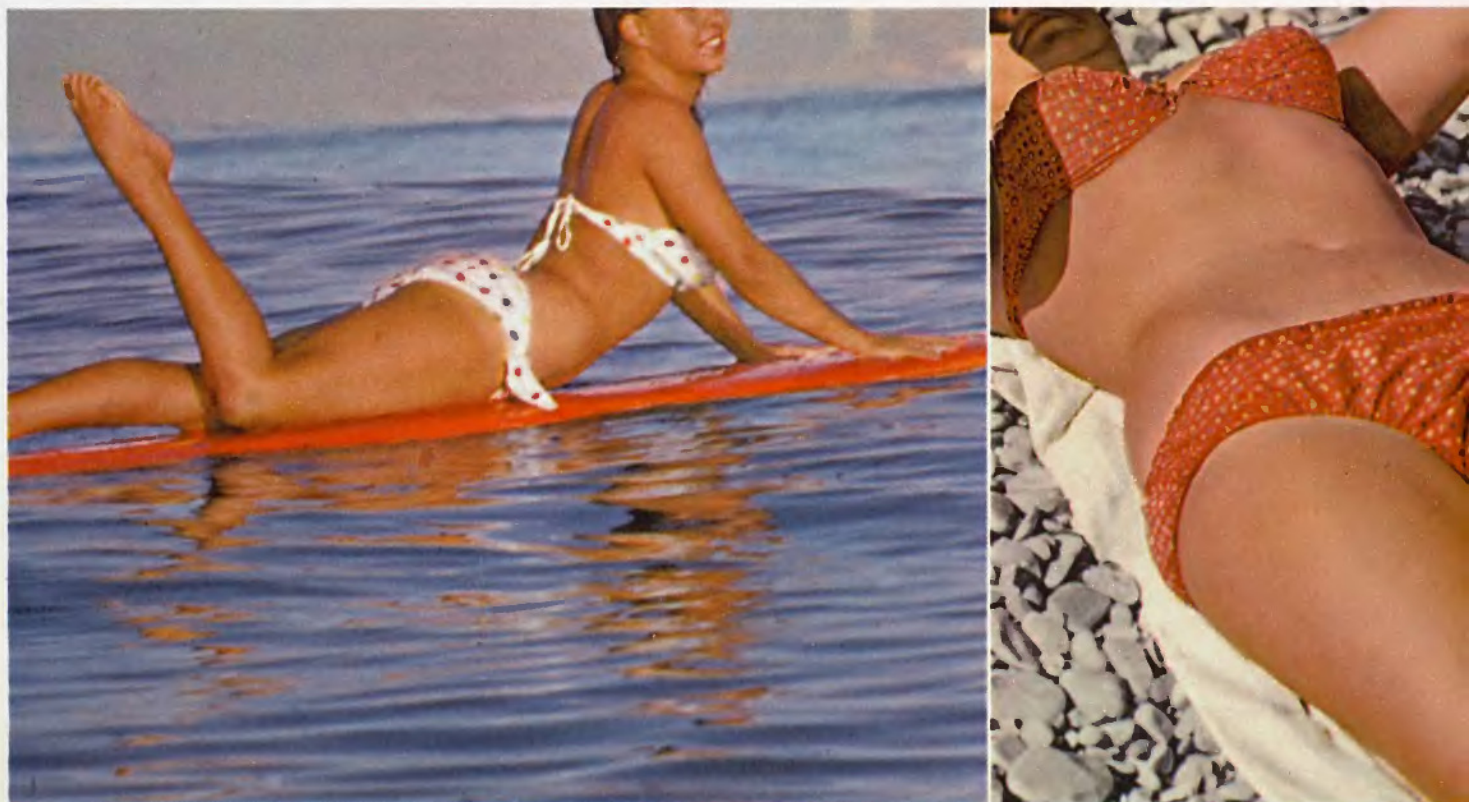








nor have beauties ever looked better while slipping out of something comfortable . . .





so, toast
the brief
bikini—
it was
once just
a nothing
atoll.







1.




2.



3.

Don Madden

THE MURDER OF EDMUND GRANT



fiction By ROBERT CENEDELLA

*the truth about the beat bard's epic encounter with
a friend who proved to be his severest critic*

There is widespread disagreement as to just what the world lost on that summer night last year when Daniel Dunhaven leaped toward Edmund Grant and cracked poor Grant's skull open with a poker. We lost Edmund Grant, of course, but some who have read his novels say that was no loss. We lost Daniel Dunhaven, too, for he will probably never write another critical essay. This is not because the struggling quarterlies have closed their pages to his work; on the contrary, both *New Broom* and *Parnassorama* have written to the critic himself as well as to the warden of the prison where he will spend the next 99 years, professing themselves eager to continue publishing Dunhaven's provocative critiques — those same critiques

which once caused the poet Alfie Doremus to apostrophize him:

hail, critic!

never a critic more sympathant-coollike,

*never a critic less contemptobastic,
onliest critic that writes with his
G U T S—*

an accolade originally mimeographed in *New Broom*, but given somewhat wider circulation by *The New Yorker* under the caption "Neatest Trick of the Week."

The warden interposed no objection to Dunhaven's writing in prison. In fact, when I interviewed him for an article on *Should Prisons Be Punitive?* and he discovered I had known both Dunhaven and Grant, he told me, wistfully, "I wish Dunhaven would write. It would be splendid public relations for the prison."

But Dunhaven has refused to write anything but regrets to the editors. *A critic* (he said in his letter to *Parnasorama*) *needs booze and cool jazz and prostitutes just as much as a poet or a novelist. What I'd turn into if I wrote criticism here in this antiseptic jail, I'd turn into a square. I'd be saying John Hersey was cool. Regards to all the losers in the Village, all the junkies and the free lovers and the trumpeters who've lost their lip. Forget about me. I'm dead. There's nothing to smoke in this place but tobacco.*

As I say, I knew both Dunhaven and Grant, though not really well. I had sought them out while preparing a magazine piece called *Are the Beat Also Lost?* I had interviewed Dunhaven about a week before he killed Grant, and I met him again when he came to Grant's one-room apartment—or "pad," as they called it—on the night of the killing. I had never seen Grant until that night, but with the exception of his murderer, I was the last to see him alive. The last words the novelist addressed to me were: "Get out, get out, you creep, some other time, got to talk to Danny."

I complied with his request, of course, but not without regret at having our talk terminated thus abruptly. The truth is, I had for weeks been looking forward to chatting with him.

For the reader must surely know that Edmund Grant, as the author of *Shantytown Hamlet*, *Zing!*, *Down Kwanis* and several other novels, had achieved a considerable reputation. He was the originator and, indeed, the only practitioner of Dialogic Realism. I can think of no other 20th Century novelist except Ivy Compton-Burnett whose novels consist solely of dialog; but since Miss Compton-Burnett's dialog is really a heightened parallel of the consciousness of her characters, Edmund Grant stands magnificently alone as the faithful transcriber of the fragmented quality, the inarticulateness, the downright dullness of common speech.

His devotion to his purpose was of an enviable purity. He never compromised with popular taste. He gave the lazy reader no relief. Who has not yearned, along about page 500 of *Shantytown Hamlet*, for a solid 50 pages of description? Who would not, by that time, gladly skip the dialog to read about the colors of the sunrise, or to scan an exhaustive catalog of the furnishings in the room where the characters sprawl talking? But Edmund Grant's novels give us no sunrise, and indeed, we never discover whether the characters are talking in a room at all, or on a park bench, or while perched in the branches of some tree. They talk. That is all. That is enough, for the art of Edmund Grant is essentially a simple art.

Those who have encountered the dialog in Grant's novels may be interested in the novelist's own speech patterns. Let me quote from the tape recording I made when I interviewed him:

GRANT: What's with the pencil?

I: It's for taking notes.

GRANT: You got that machine, that tape, that thing there, that tape. That thing. It's going. It's running. What you need notes?

I: Well, as we go along, maybe I'll write a comment or two in the notebook.

GRANT: Hey, you take it for serious, right?

I: Um-hm.

GRANT: I be goddamned. Well, OK, start noodling.

I: All right. About *Shantytown Hamlet*: I'm wondering whether you deliberately decided to do the *Hamlet* story in a squalid modern setting, or—

GRANT: Hey, what you doing, you reading there, in the notebook there, you got it down there, the question, you reading it off like a trombone player plays for Sammy Kaye or something? You reading it, the question?

I: No, I'm just looking at my notes.

GRANT: Notes! Notes! What's the matter with write your article like I write my books? What's the matter with improvise, huh?

The perceptive reader will have noticed, I am sure, that though Grant's speech is somewhat more coherent than that of the characters in his novels, his speech rhythms are remarkably similar to theirs. I point this out for the edification of literary historians; but in the present context, such considerations are peripheral, however interesting—for the purpose of this memoir is journalistic, not literary. I am writing to set the record straight.

I am in a position to do this, because when I went to Edmund Grant's apartment, or pad, I took with me, as the reader now knows, my tape recorder. And when the unlocked door opened and Daniel Dunhaven, bloody-eyed and drunken, stood peering at us and roar-

ing, "Got to talk to you, want to talk, got to get things straight, you son of a bitch, Eddie," my host was in such a hurry to get rid of me (I have already set down what he said as he pushed me toward the door), that I found myself out of the apartment and down on the dark street, empty-handed.

Upstairs, my tape recorder was taking down everything that was said in that one-room pad that night.

After the murder my machine was, of course, appropriated by the police; but when Dunhaven agreed to cooperate with the prosecution in return for an indictment charging only second-degree murder, there was no need to run off my tape in the courtroom. When the trial was over, it was returned to me.

I played the tape, of course—and it confirmed what I had suspected all along: that the newspapers had been wrong about this case from the moment it broke.

Every paper had seen only one thing in the murder of Edmund Grant: a critic had killed a novelist. It was Murray Kempton, I think, in the *New York Post*, who made the only gentle comment when he said that Dunhaven had been considerably kinder to Grant than Dwight MacDonald had been to James Gould Cozzens; but even this charitable judgment was based on a false assumption. Other scribes, equally mistaken, were more brutal. Those who have forgotten the journalistic reaction to the murder have but to glance—oh, at the editorial page of the *Daily News* or at a copy of *Time*, or at Pegler's column, or John O'Donnell's, or Sokolsky's; for even now, so many months after the event, there are those who still remember Grant's murder with anti-intellectual glee.

See how the comments have gone on, month after month. First, in a column written a few days after the murder:

To soft-headed apologists for Soviet methods, we can point out that this week in our own country we were served Literary Criticism à la Russe, and the District Attorney, at least, found it indigestible. The men in the Kremlin habitually cut down their artists as Dunhaven cut down Edmund Grant, the only difference being that the Commissars lack Dunhaven's apparently discriminating literary taste.

Then, when the trial opened:

The formal indictment spoke of homicide, but when merry-eyed, spade-bearded Daniel Dunhaven went on trial in New York's Court of General Sessions last week, it was for a crime many of us have committed: disgust with Beatnik Edmund Grant's Dialogic Realism.

(continued on page 148)



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PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS & GRADS



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For those worthies who have recently acquired sheepskins or have since taken more than two exemptions on their income tax, June is the gifting month. Therefore, and herewith, we present three pages of very pleasant presents indeed. 1. Five-piece glass casting rod in leather attaché case, by Abercrombie and Fitch, \$87.50. 2. Featherweight 35mm electric eye camera with f/2.8 lens, by Ricoh, \$54.95; electric eye model J66 with 10-second developer and built-in flash, by Polaroid Corp., \$89.50. 3. Jockey Club cologne, 3 ozs., by Caswell-Massey, \$3; glass ball desk clock, by Destino Gifts, Ltd., \$33; adjustable madras plaid belt, elastic striped belt and natural stretch hemp belt, all with brass buckles, by Canterbury, \$2.50-\$3.50. 4. Audifon telephone amplifier with AM radio, by H & N Electronics, \$49.95. 5. Stereo Festival III, twin 25-watt amplifiers, AM/FM tuners with multiplex, by Harman-Kardon, \$299.95, walnut enclosure \$29.95. 6. Canvas-lined Italian burlap zipper duffel, by Dunhill Tailors, \$30; seven-transistor electric clock radio, by Bulova, \$49.95; all-transistor 50-watt stereo amplifier kit, by Knight-Kit, \$79.95, walnut enclosure \$12.45; Filtr-Aire car air conditioner with four directional vents, by Artic-Kar, \$280. 7. Copper crepe suzette maker with walnut handles, by Bazar Français, \$48; cast aluminum well and tree platter with walnut base, by Gladmark, \$23.95; staved teak salad bowl with servers of teak and steel, by Maison Gourmet, bowl \$16, servers \$6.50. 8. Motor scooter with 4-speed shift, by Vespa, \$415. 9. Walnut-finish stereo rig with AM/FM radio and FM multiplex, detachable speaker doors, by General Electric, \$350. 10. Silent valet in walnut with 16-inch brush, no-stoop shoehorn and familiar rabbit head, by Playboy Products, \$50; olive plaid linen and Terylene double-breasted boating blazer, by Fashion Park, \$65.



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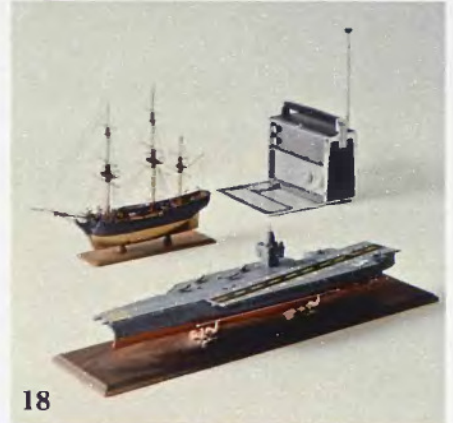
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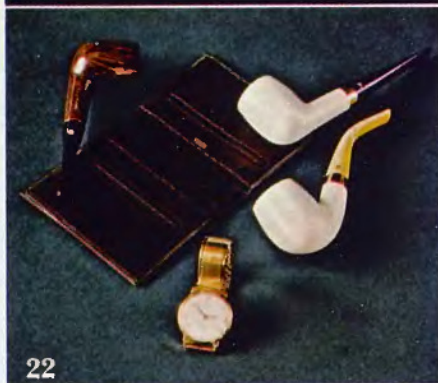
11. Sportsman's outing umbrella-seat, by International Home Products, \$16.95; fiberglass golf clubs, by Abercrombie and Fitch, the wood \$27.50, the iron \$19.45. 12. Portable circular saw with micrometer angle controls and high-efficiency motor, by Rockwell Manufacturing Co., \$79.99. 13. Leather-lined cowhide travel case fitted with twin brushes, stainless-steel manicure set, mirror and compartments, by Alfred Dunhill, \$75; imported silks by Handcraft, ascots \$5, pocket squares \$2.50. 14. Thermal hot-or-cold bucket of hand-rubbed red lacquer on Danish maple, by Dansk, \$30. 15. Replica of 16th Century globe with hidden six-bottle bar compartment on walnut stand, by Alfred Dunhill, \$395. 16. Black Beauty 19-inch portable TV featuring a new tapered cabinet design, in simulated leather and chrome trim, by Philco, \$200; lightweight all-transistor portable TV with 8½-inch screen, earphones and leather carrying case, operates on house current, optional battery pack, or 12-volt car or boat battery, by Sony, \$250. 17. Deluxe three-band Mariner radio receiver with direction-sensing antenna, lighted tuning dial and meter, and water-resistant cabinet with back panel access to leakproof battery holders, by Heathkit, \$109.95. 18. H.M.S. Bounty, 22-inch model in ready-to-assemble kit, by Marine Model Co., \$33; all world nine-band, all-transistor portable receiver with four built-in antennas, three double-tune I-F transformers and a 4"x6" speaker in a compact chrome-trimmed case, by Admiral, \$275; scale model kit of the nuclear-powered U.S.S. Enterprise, by Aurora, \$9.95. 19. Electromatic Super Sea-Horse, 40-horsepower outboard with automatic transmission, separate single-lever electric control unit, fixed high-speed carburetor jets, electric key switch starter, built-in DC generator, automatic choke, and choice of four propellers for various power needs, by Johnson, \$795.



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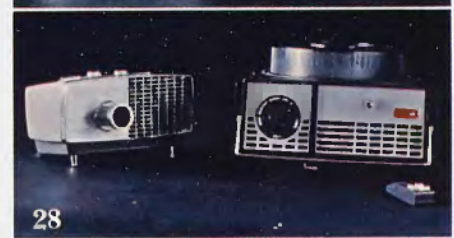
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20. Lightweight electric calculator adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides, by Bohn Duplicator Co., \$235. 21. Twin spruce slalom-finned water skis, for use as a pair or singly, by AMF-Voit, \$40. 22. Presentation pipe of rare close-grain briar with leather case, by Kaywoodie, \$50; two meerschaum pipes with 14K rolled gold bands, by Medico Pipes, the set \$30; olive cowhide folding card case with removable windows, address index and compartments, by Prince Gardner, \$7; battery-powered electric wristwatch, by Timex, \$40. 23. FM converter for car radios, with power pack for sports cars, by Automatic Radio, converter \$59.95, power pack \$9.95; Microcorder II, lightweight, battery-operated, two-speed tape recorder with remote control microphone, by Webcor, \$149.95. 24. Solid brass ship's bell clock, with bell striker, by Alfred Dunhill, \$110; gold-plated Colt Derringers mounted in lucite bookends, by T. Harry Skinner, the pair \$125. 25. Wine storage rack of heavy-gauge brass, holds 12 bottles in proper position, by Select Art Creations, \$12.50. 26. Self-sharpening, floating-head rotary shaver, by Norelco, \$30; model 1066 shaver with adjustable head, sealed motor and shatterproof nylon case, by Schick, \$31.50; redwood gift box with all-purpose lotion, shower soap on cord and deodorant stick, by English Leather, \$5. 27. Six-transistor, battery travel clock-radio with car-plug, by Toshiba, \$60; Seasider portable transistor radio, by RCA Victor, \$32.95. 28. Compact home movie projector featuring Magi-Cartridge instant loading and no rewinding, with Technor f/1.5 zoom lens, by Technicolor Corp., \$99.50; Carousel slide projector with 80-slot revolving tray, automatic jamproof gravity feed system, plus all-in-one remote unit on a 12-foot cord, with five-inch f/3.5 lens, by Eastman Kodak Co., \$140. 29. Italian silk brocade robe, fully silk-lined, by Battaglia, \$75.

APPETIZER



The hypnotic throb of drums filled the room together with the sound of weird, rhythmic chanting and occasional bloodcurdling shrieks. It was easy to imagine some huge barbaric fire flickering on fat tropical leaves, and making the eyes of wild things gleam red and wicked as they crouched watching in the dark. Mingling surrealistically but pleasantly with the

drums and chanting, the faint purr of busy traffic rose from Fifth Avenue 30 stories below. When the drums broke off in midvibration, Brett Yardley rose from the couch, conscious that he moved with the lazy grace of a tiger, and turned off his high-fidelity tape machine. Then he smiled with benign manliness at the devastating blonde whose side he had just quit.

"Well, Laura Mae, my dear," he said, his voice deep and resonant, "what did you think of it?"

For an answer she fluttered the lids of her breathtakingly beautiful eyes; little dimples of sensual joy appeared on either side of her delicious lips. Yardley set his firm square jaw a little firmer. By God, he thought exultantly, the magic's working again. Just like it always worked. He always wondered if it would and, By God, it always did. He began to freshen their drinks.

"It is remarkable that so savage a people," he said, observing the sweet trim of Laura Mae's ankles as he bent over the Scotch, "could produce music so subtle and profound." And it was true. He always marveled that the backward louts had hit upon it.

He handed Laura Mae her glass, letting their fingertips touch for a held breath, and then he toasted her with earnest, sincere-type admiration showing in his big brown eyes.

"I recorded what we have just heard," he said only barely missing the tone of a travelog narrator, "in the very heart of an almost impenetrable South American jungle. I was crouched in the concealing undergrowth, in constant fear for my life." Which was the solemn truth. He had been absolutely stoned when he had made the bet with Fenton in camp, and then there was that blanked-out period after he set out alone, and then there he was like Tom Swift and his electric tape recorder with those maniacs doing their horrible business within smelling distance of him. Jesus, had he ever sweat blood! But they hadn't spotted him. And so here he was with Laura Mae, as he had been with Maxine, and Joan, and Dot, and all the lovely, lovely others. With the never-fail spell of the recording and the sure-fire pitch.

He glanced over at Laura Mae and was pleased to see the expected look of wonderment and awe appearing right on schedule. Her tiny nose, he noticed, tilted up just a fraction when her mouth made a soft O. A charming effect. But he kept his expression grim.

"Yes, my dear," he said, putting his hand on her forearm reassuringly, "they would have killed me if they'd found me."

Her eyes grew bigger than he would have thought possible. He looked away from them and gazed firmly into the middle distance, taking a stolid sip of his drink. All guts, that was him! But restrained.

"Killed me after hideous tortures, my dear," he carried on, putting his glass on the table before him with a sure and gentle motion. Then he took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

"Killed me," he said, "and then eaten me."

Laura Mae gave a marvelous little gasp and he took her hands in his. Sure enough, she had the glazed look.

"Yes, Laura Mae," he said, "they were cannibals."

And that music, that strangely haunting sound of drums and chanting voices, was recorded by me as they were in the *actual act of roasting their victim!*"

Sometimes he wondered why the hell the thing always worked, then he figured it was better, maybe, to leave it alone and not bother. I mean, just go ahead and *let* the voodoo do its stuff, you know?

He stood, tall and strong, and she stood with him, leaning against him dazedly. Together they walked to the player and then, after a long pause during which they exchanged searching looks and reached unspoken agreement, he reached out a bronzed hand to flip the switch and activate the magic music.

She listened, fascinated, as the drumbeats set the air to pounding hypnotically about her, making her

*playboy's master of the macabre
debut as a fantasy fictioneer*

HORROR

TRIO

By Gahan Wilson

skin feel warm and stroked, causing her blood to simmer in her veins. She thrilled at the eerie chantings which caused her breath to come in small, excited gasps, and made her feel alive and truly wakened for the first time in her life.

Yardley felt the ecstatic trembles running through her luscious frame and gloated. Don't tell me there isn't one hell of a lot to this magic bit, he crowed to himself, happily gathering the woman's eager body into his arms. What I mean is those natives weren't just sitting around while that victim roasted, buddy. Not on your sweet life they weren't. Not with that ever-loving music goading their glands, making the thick, sweet lust in them glow and roar, and —

Suddenly, unexpectedly, Laura Mae jerked like a hooked fish. Yardley opened his eyes in amazement just in time to see her head loll loosely back. Abruptly she became limp and too heavy for him to hold. She slid from him to thump in a crazy heap on the floor.

It took him a beat before he really saw the dark man who had been standing behind her and another before he could make any sense out of the mean-looking club the man was swinging at him. Then there was a wild splotch of pain which stopped almost before it started, and then bright lights everywhere, and then nothing.

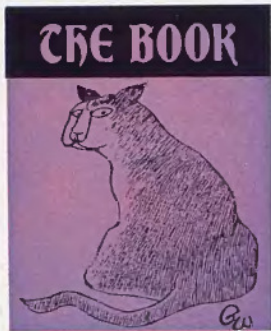
The dark man pocketed his club, which was carved to represent one of his gods, and knelt to tie Laura Mae and Yardley with lengths of rope which he had thoughtfully brought along. He was rough with Yardley, but gentle with the woman. It was not her fault, after all, that this long pig had stolen and misused the music of his people. He locked her in Yardley's wardrobe closet only after making sure she would have sufficient ventilation.

Then he went to the phone and dialed. While he

waited he adjusted the lapel of his Ivy League jacket and brushed some lint off one of its sleeves. The local costumes were interesting, he reflected, but awkward to wear. He scratched absent-mindedly at a scarification mark on his cheek. When he heard the answering click he spoke without preamble:

"He's the man, all right, and he had the music, so we've tracked it down at last. But it seems a shame," the dark man said, "not to use it just one more time before we burn the tape. What say you bring the girls over? I'll have things ready."

Then he put the receiver back on its hook, eyed Yardley's meaty bulk in a speculative way, and headed for the kitchen to check on the size of the oven.



Doren's fingers found the black book before the rest of him. They had cruised, almost independently, hopping, groping, from book to book after the manner of the fingers of collectors the world over, touching each book tentatively, but with skill, and when they felt the odd, almost furry spine of the black book they had stopped quickly as an owl's gaze halts

on a mouse. He looked down at the book his fingers had discovered for him and carefully concealed any outward signs of the electric thrill which ran through him. Casually, studiously so, he took the black book from its place and languidly began to turn its pages.

His eyes and fingers worked together now; taking in the peculiar softness of the skin pages, noting the heavy black type deeply indented into its sienna-splotched, ocher background, touching and seeing the barbaric woodcuts of astrological signs and magic circles and imps and dark angels.

Doren's heart began to beat with a thudding intensity which frightened him. He almost believed it might be audible to others. He could imagine its thumping carrying across the empty shop where the ears of old Steiner would perk and listen. But Steiner's back remained solidly turned and Doren gave a strained smile at the fantasy.

He closed the book and carefully slipped it back where he had found it. His head buzzed with schemes and confusion. A large black cat jumped soundlessly onto the stall and Doren stroked it, thankful for the interruption. He felt the cat's back arch under his hand and he attempted to consider his situation coolly.

It was the sort of situation which never happened. People who didn't collect books, or who collected them only a little, always felt that they really might come across a Shakespearean folio, or a Gutenberg Bible, or, Doren swallowed, a black book such as this. But it never happened. Old Steiner and his fellow bookdealers saw to that.

He glanced down at the book again, tore his eyes from it, and selected another one at random. The cat mewed pettishly and he stroked it again to silence it.

It wouldn't take a Steiner to spot the black book, thought Doren. This was no subtlety, no delicately flawed wonder, no first edition panted after only by certain esoterics. There was nothing obscure about this treasure. Its feel, its look, even the smell of it broadcast its singularity. The most ignorant clerk would have been sophisticated enough to at least strongly suspect the black book's value.

He put down the book he'd been toying with, he

couldn't even remember its title, and risked another inspection of his find. Its absurd, its altogether ridiculous price was lightly penciled on its end page: one dollar and 75 cents. He almost gasped when he recognized Steiner's European seven with its crossbar. That eliminated the idea of a blunder by a part-time assistant. The old man had priced it himself.

Had he been drunk? It wasn't in character. But how on earth could the old man have come to make such a gigantic error? How could he have given the black book its grotesque price and condemned it to a common stall?

Would he give challenge when Doren went over to buy the book? It seemed likely. The hideous mistake would be seen at once, a plausible explanation would be hastily presented, and the book would be out of Doren's hands forever. Forever — because Doren knew he would never be able to afford anything like its true cost. It was an item only for richly endowed libraries and millionaire collectors. The thing must be practically priceless.

Doren turned to a carefully cut magic circle. Each minute detail was sharp and clear. It was important, he reflected wryly, not to make mistakes when you drew a magic circle. He had seen plenty of them before, of course. Every *grimoire*, every warlock's spell book, contained at least one of them. The idea of the circle was central to the diabolist's art. But this one was, in some tingling way, different from any of the others. This one looked as if it might actually *work*.

He closed his eyes and opened them again, like a man with a bad headache, and the shop seemed to rush in at him. It was as if he had been away in some far-off place for an immeasurable time and only just returned. He looked down dazedly at the cat and it looked up at him with green expectation in its eyes.

Doren felt suddenly tired. He could not cope with the plots and plans which flashed through his mind. He saw himself gathering an armful of books and taking them up to Steiner, shuffling them before the old man's eyes like a magician with a pack of cards, burying the black book in a flurry of unimportant others. He imagined himself waiting until a rush of customers were at the dealer's desk, and then shoving the book hurriedly into view, giving him money and going before the old man could properly take in what had happened. He seriously considered just slipping the book into his pocket and leaving without paying.

He sighed. He could do any of these things, but in his present peculiar state of exhaustion he felt he wouldn't be up to the simplest of them. For the first time in his life he found himself a convinced fatalist. If it was to happen, it would happen, he decided; if it wasn't, then it wouldn't.

He walked up to Steiner's desk with the black book in his hand. Doren noticed that he looked thin and haggard, as if he had been through a bad illness. Perhaps the dealer was sick. That might explain it.

"Well, Mr. Doren? You found something you want?"

"Yes," said Doren. He put the book on the desk and pushed it toward the old man.

Steiner opened it without curiosity and noted the price. "One dollar and 75 cents, please," he said, and when Doren had given him the exact change, he said, "Thank you, Mr. Doren."

Doren took the black book, knew it was now his, and was torn between the impulse to shout in triumph and, oddly, to cry in sorrow. He nodded at the old man and walked unsteadily through the shop. He paused at the door and blinked at the sunlight. It was too bright. It seemed unfriendly. He hunched his shoulders and went down the street, patting and stroking the book with his hands.

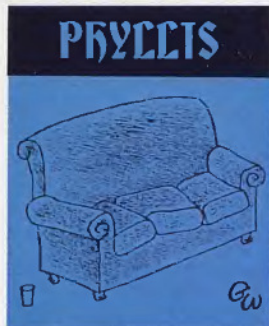
Steiner watched him leave. When Doren had passed

out of sight the old man turned to look at the cat which perched calmly on the stall where the black book had been.

"All right," said Steiner wretchedly. "It's gone. Now you go."

The cat smiled broadly at the old man. It was a horrible smile. It was bigger by half than the cat's small head. The teeth were thick, white, and pointed like a shark's. The cat leaped gracefully to the floor and, still grinning hugely, left the shop in stalk of Doren.

Then the old man sagged in his chair, alone, completely alone, with his bleak awareness that he had gained no reprieve, after all.



After this nice gentleman catches my eye in the bar mirror a couple of times and sees I don't flinch away in spite of he's giving me The Look, he comes over, kind of unsteady, and asks me would I mind if he bought me a drink, Miss, and I tell him It's a free country and I will have a double Scotch, thank you. So pretty soon we're talking away like any-

thing you could want to mention and in spite of what we are talking about is not concerned with sex, directly, his hand keeps brushing my knee. But I don't jerk away, only sort of shift over so as to let him know I am not stuck-up but I am not the kind of girl with which you can rush things, if you know what I mean.

It turns out his name is Eddie and he is a salesman in from Chicago here for the convention. He says as how they usually have the convention in Chicago but he is just as glad they are having it here this year as it gives him a chance to get away.

After we have a few more drinks he asks me do I live around here and I tell him I live just next door in the third-floor back with Phyllis. He says he wouldn't think a pretty girl like me would want to bother with a roommate and I tell him there is no bother at all with Phyllis and we have been together ever since Daddy died.

Eddie says we sound like a regular team and I say we are, kind of, but we each live our own lives. He asks me Is she like you? and I say Oh heavens no, we are altogether different and in fact it would be hard to imagine two girls who are more different than Phyllis and me. Take like I am always going around all the time, like in bars and like this, but Phyllis she just stays up in the apartment practically for all day.

He asks me What does she do up there? and I say Oh, she just sits up in her corner all the time and knits. Eddie asks me What does she knit? and I say Oh, she just knits, is all.

We have a couple of more drinks and Eddie asks how about we buy a bottle and go up to my place and sort of talk where it's private, if Phyllis wouldn't mind, and I say Sure, why not?

So he gets a bottle and we head up the stairs with him all the time asking me You sure Phyllis won't mind? and me telling him she doesn't mind at all. We get into the living room and I take off my hat and Eddie fixes a couple of drinks at the sink and then he sits down on the sofa beside me and hands me my drink but I put it on the table and say I have had enough for awhile and he looks at me and he guesses so has he and puts his drink on the table next to mine and we start doing this and that on the sofa.

Well we have hardly got started when he gets this worried expression on his face and says No offense, Honey, but what is that funny musty smell? I tell him Oh, it isn't anything, and put my arms around his neck, but he still looks worried and asks me No, but what is it? So I say For Pete's sake, it is only Phyllis, and he sits up and says What do you mean?

Well what can I do but sit up and tell him Well that is the way she smells, is all, and it isn't that she isn't clean or anything and we even tried perfume once but it only made it worse. It is not her fault that Phyllis smells that way.

Eddie has some of his drink and asks me Is she sick or something? and I say No she has been that way ever since I met her when Daddy died and left me an orphan and without her I honestly don't know what would have happened to me so if she smells a little it is hardly for me to complain.

I can see it will be No Go for a while so I turn on the radio with some nice quiet music and Eddie fixes a couple more drinks and eventually we get back to fooling around on the sofa again but we haven't hardly more than just got going when so help me up he sits with that worried expression on his face all over.

Well what is the matter now? I ask him, and he says What was that noise for cryeye? Boy I am getting more than just a little tired with him but I say Forget the noise and come back to Mama, but he says It came from over there, and he points to Phyllis' door.

I can tell you I am getting plenty exasperated with him but I sit up and say It is only Phyllis so ignore her. He says It sounded like somebody scratching on the door with a bunch of dry twigs for cryeye, what is she doing scratching on the damn door? I tell him How should I know? And it certainly doesn't take much to get your mind off of certain things after all the big eyes down at the bar. He says Don't get mad, Baby, it's only that it kind of startled me is all.

So I tell him All right, then, just forget it and come back here and let's have some fun, but he says he thinks he could use another drink and he goes over and fixes one but all the time he keeps his eyes on Phyllis' door. Then he starts to come back to the sofa but then he stops by the end table and looks down and points to the floor and asks What the hell is that?

What the hell is what? I say, and I am by now feeling very irritated with him altogether. That stuff, he says, still pointing at the floor. So I lean over the arm of the sofa, and look down and say Oh that is only some of Phyllis' knitting.

He says It don't look like any knitting I ever saw. He says It looks like a bunch of fluffed-up dirty Kleenex. Then he bends down and touches it and when he straightens up it has all stuck to him except where it's still stuck to the floor.

For God's sake, he says, It's all sticky! I tell him Of course it is, you dope, if it wasn't sticky it wouldn't work. He looks at me and his face goes pale and he drops his drink and begins to pull at Phyllis' knitting to try to get it off him but it won't break and he just gets himself more tangled up.

Well, I say to him, I had hoped we could have had some fun but have it your way, and I walk over to Phyllis' door and open it and out she comes.

I am hardly ready for bed by the time she is all done with Eddie and there is only that mummy thing she leaves. Well, I say to her, I hope you enjoyed him as he was a complete waste of time as far as I'm concerned. But I can tell from the bored way she cleans her forelegs with her fangs that she also considers he was pretty much a washout.





Sartorial theme and variations: at left, our man in tussah silk jacket with ocean pearl buttons, center vent, by Stanley Blacker, \$60; wool worsted beltless flannel slacks with quarter-top pockets, by Anthony Gesture, \$20; cotton shirt with spread collar, convertible cuffs, by Van Heusen, \$5; hand-sewn llama calf moccasins, by Bostonian, \$23; Dacron and silk tie, by Wembley, \$2.50.



Right: a fresh new fashion look for leisure with the same smart jacket, shirt and shoes — plus three quick changes. Natural-tone Dacron and linen walk shorts with belt loops, side pockets, plain front, by Corbin Ltd., \$14; jaunty brown ribbed nylon knee socks, by Esquire, \$1.25; imported black silk ascot with small brown paisley pattern, by Handcraft, \$5.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT
quick-change artistry: a double-entendre in summerwear

bicycle belle



Temporarily debarked in sylvan seclusion, well-turned wheeler Merissa Mathes displays her splendor in the grass



cycling playmate merissa mathes is a springtime ring-a-dinger

and furnishes charmingly bedirndled proof (36-22-36) that exercise is one key to perfect physical shape.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GLENN OTTO



MISS JUNE PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



HELPING TO MAKE JUNE days all the more rare in California this spring is a bucolic beauty named Merissa Mathes, a budding actress and this month's cycling Playmate. During workdays auburn-haired Merissa is strictly a city girl, absorbed in thespian studies — but weekends she likes to go on a spin through the countryside for sunny sessions of away-from-home homework. A graduate of Santa Monica City College, our 22-year-old scene stealer admits to a fondness for exotic food, ghost towns and windy nights in San Francisco; she also harbors hopes of becoming a dramatic success (her recent role calls include local theater productions and a part in the flick, *The Phantom Planet*). While waiting out the big break, Merissa lives the life of an L.A. bachelor girl, reads avidly (Ian Fleming's James Bond series), cooks up a storm (specialty: veal scaloppine) and dates a number of her understandably enthusiastic admirers.

Sitting pretty on board her bike, Merissa merrily rolls along on an outing through the California countryside.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Year in and year out, although other colors may make a momentary bid on the fashion scene, the most popular among women remains long green.



A friend of ours has just told us about a remarkable ploy that's used by an aging and wealthy man-about-town. He dates only the most beautiful girls and confides to each of them that he suffers from a heart condition (not true). Then he takes them home to his magnificent estate, where they are properly dazzled by the quantity and quality of his possessions. He hints at the vast extent of his fortune. Then comes the clincher: he tells each wide-eyed, open-mouthed girl that, by the terms of his will, all his money and possessions go to whomever is with him at the time of his death. Then, so he claims, the girl usually does her level best to kill him with kindness.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *assault* as what every woman likes to be taken with a grain of.



Sheila and George were spending the first night of their honeymoon in a quaint medieval town in France. To add piquancy to the evening, Sheila suggested coyly that they make love every time the old night watchman rang his hourly bell. George smiled in delight at this prospect, but four rings later he pretended that he had to go out to get some cigarettes and staggered off to the watchman's tower.

"Listen, old man," he wheezed to that

worthy, "do me a favor, will you? For the rest of the night, ring that bell of yours at two-hour intervals instead of hourly!"

"Ah," replied the ancient watchman, fingering his mustache, "I would be happy to oblige, monsieur, but I cannot do this."

"Why not?" George demanded. "I'll give you money, if that's what's troubling you!"

"Not at all," the old man responded. "You see, a beautiful young lady has already bribed me to ring the bell every half hour."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gigolo* as a fee-male.

A castaway was washed ashore after many days on the open sea. The island on which he landed was populated by savage cannibals who tied him, dazed and exhausted, to a thick stake. They then proceeded to cut his arms with their spears and drink his blood.

This continued for several days until the castaway could stand no more. He yelled for the cannibal king and declared, "You can kill me if you want to, but this torture with the spears has got to stop. Damn it, I'm tired of being stuck for the drinks."



We just heard about the expensive new Miami Beach hotel that's so exclusive Room Service has an unlisted number.

Grace and Martha were from a very prim and proper Eastern finishing school, and they were spending their vacation together in New York; on this particular afternoon, they had accepted an invitation from a bohemian artist, whom they had met a few weeks before on a visit to the Village, to attend an exhibition of his paintings. As they approached an extremely provocative nude, Grace couldn't help noticing that the canvas bore a striking resemblance to her girlfriend.

"Martha," she gasped, "that painting looks exactly like you. Don't tell me you've been posing in the nude!"

"Certainly not!" Martha stammered, blushing furiously. "H-he must have painted it from memory."

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.



Intrepid

"Don't get anything started that I can't handle, my boy . . ."

food By THOMAS MARIO
a caravan of near eastern
cuisine fit for a caliph

Aladdin's Lamb

IT MAY COME AS SOMETHING OF A SURPRISE to the great mass of Americans whose sole culinary contact with genus Ovis consists of lamb stew and lamb chops, that there is no meat more steeped in ancient lore or more delectably adaptable to exotic variations. Near Eastern wise men have lionized lamb for several millennia. So avid were these ancients in their appreciation of lamb that a Samaritan prophet had to rebuke his people for eating too much of it. Not so today. From the windswept slopes of Greece, where the natives stuff their grape leaves with ground lamb, through the Levant and the arid wastes of North Africa, where burnoused Bedouins feast on juicy, butter-tender kebabs grilled on sticks over a desert fire,





lamb is universally devoured and still held in almost reverential esteem.

Near Easterners, astute shepherds that they are, know that the best lamb for eating must have its youthful bloom intact when it goes to the sacrificial fire. In this country we call it spring lamb. It was once available only during the spring months, but now it provides year-round provender. The worthy chef should learn to recognize spring lamb by its color. The flesh must be light-hued, a shade deeper than pink veal, but nevertheless a vivid light red. Its flesh is close-grained, velvety to the touch, with reddish porous bones. In a display case you will frequently spot cuts of lamb taken from older carcasses by their deeper shades of red. Buy the lightest in color and the lightest in weight. A six-pound leg will invariably be sweeter and "cleaner" in taste than an eight-pound leg which, having reached the point of diminishing returns, usually gives itself away with a woolly or muttoney aroma when it's carved. Lamb that's a year old, called yearling, cannot conceal this strong, past-its-prime flavor, and no herb nor spice nor artifice of seasoning will ever revive its youth.

The one pledge which every amateur chef must take is to never broil nor roast lamb to the overdone, massacred stage. Like roast beef or beefsteak, the pink juices must be frisking over the rare meat. This dictum, of course, doesn't apply to stewed or braised lamb.

In the days of the old sheikdoms the only time lamb was ever upstaged was at very important state dinners when guests of honor sat before a huge table topped with a barbecued camel stuffed with three lambs, each of which was stuffed with five chickens, each of which was stuffed with 10 eggs, the whole steaming menagerie resting atop a mountain of rice. Bachelors today who haven't had too much experience with camel cookery can, nevertheless, offer munificent portions of lamb in its stead. In many cities you can now buy the slightly leavened bread called *khubuz* which Near Easterners use as both plate and spoon. Americans like it split crosswise and toasted. It should be preferred in superabundance. Both wheat pilaf and rice pilaf are now sold in packages containing all needed seasonings, and portions of these should be prodigal.

While the East may be mysterious in myriad ways, its cuisine, though exotically flavored, is simply conceived and easily concocted. If the larder in your tent requires such offbeat foods as shelled pine nuts, vine leaves or sesame oil, you'll find them wherever there's a Syrian, Turkish, Greek or other Near Eastern food dispensary, as well as in many gourmet shops. If you find a

recipe calling for *boulghour*, again rest easy. This is simply another word for cracked wheat, not to be confused with wheat germ. Cracked wheat is available in so-called (Allah forgive us) health-food stores.

Even the names of exotic Near Eastern dishes, which seem forbidding when untranslated, turn out to be delightfully descriptive in English. Most Americans now know that the Arabic word *shish* means meat and *kebab*, skewer. The Turkish *kadin budu*, which is ground meat shaped in the form of an oval cutlet, means literally "lady's thigh"; *kadingogobegi*, a small pastry sold in Near Eastern bakeries, means "lady's navel," the obvious shape of the delicate dough. It would be a rash assumption, however, to infer that Turkish cookery is completely preoccupied with female anatomy.

For their inspiration, Near Eastern cooks draw on both the Far East and the West. Following the Indian ritual, they unleash the flavor-granting genie of such spices as cumin, coriander and cloves by grinding them with mortar and pestle, a bit of enchantment that can be performed at least a thousand times faster in an electric blender. Now and then they will serve curry blazing like an oriental lamp in a vast food bazaar. In deference to their Italian neighbors across the Mediterranean, they daily bow to the call of the onion and the garlic bulb. As early as the 1600s, Turkish records were describing how, when Satan left Paradise and stepped on earth, "garlic sprang up on the spot where he set his left foot and onions where he set his right. Nevertheless both are very pleasant foods." Like the Italians, too, they revel in a wild profusion of silky purple eggplants, pine nuts and hot peppers, scallions and tomatoes, olives and their oil.

With nary an assist from Gayelord Hauser, Near Easterners have created a thousand and one dishes with yogurt. Yogurt is one of a race of fermented milks, the oldest of which is *kuniss*, a potent potable made from camel's milk. Yogurt, in the Near Eastern kitchen, is what wine is in a French kitchen—an indispensable catalyst that frolics midst marinades, soups, stews and sauces. Its flavor is impudent and tart. It makes its mark not with a frontal assault but with a persistent, sly tantalization of the taste buds that soon becomes the most pleasant kind of addiction. One of the most delightful of the Lebanese salads is sliced cucumber in yogurt with finely chopped scallions topped with a sprinkling of chopped mint.

In planning the *orgia* for your own digs, you'll want to make a sacrificial bow to Dionysius, Greek god and giver of the grape, with a superb dessert wine from Greece—*mavrodaphne*—a pota-

ble closely akin to a deep rich madeira. In Greece, the most popular wine with lamb is *retsina*, a light white wine containing resin which was originally used as a preservative. A word of caution: it's the kind of wine for which a taste must be acquired, and it won't be acquired quickly. For the conclusion of the feast, Greek *metaxa* hardly needs an endorsement here. One of the world's great thoroughbred brandies, it should be inhaled and sipped slowly while the taste of thick Turkish coffee is still on the tongue.

STUFFED GRAPE LEAVES (DOLMAS) (Six appetizer portions)

24 grape leaves
Additional leaves from jar as needed
½ lb. ground lamb
¼ cup rice
1 small onion, minced
1 small clove garlic, minced
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 tablespoon dried mint leaves
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon ground mace
¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
1 pint chicken broth, canned or fresh
¼ cup olive oil French dressing
Soak the 24 grape leaves in water overnight. Wash well. Drain. Place leaves in a pot, covered with cold water. Simmer 20 minutes. Drain. Sauté rice, onion and garlic in oil over a low flame, stirring constantly, until rice turns deep yellow. Combine rice with ground lamb, mint leaves, salt, mace and pepper, mixing well. For each portion place 2 grape leaves overlapping each other slightly, shiny side down, on a flat surface. Place 2 teaspoons of the lamb mixture on the leaves. Roll leaves up, loosely because rice expands during cooking, folding in sides to enclose meat. Place a layer of grape leaves from jar on the bottom of a wide saucepan. Place stuffed grape leaves, open side down, in pan. Cover with additional leaves from jar. Add chicken broth. Place a dish on top to hold leaves in place. Simmer slowly until chicken broth has evaporated. Avoid scorching. Remove stuffed grape leaves from pan. Place in a shallow casserole or hors d'oeuvres dish. Spoon French dressing on top. Chill thoroughly in refrigerator. Place stuffed grape leaves on lettuce leaves, garnished with cherry tomatoes and scallions. Serve as a first course.

GRILLED MARINATED LAMB STEAKS (KEPAMA) (Serves four)

4 lamb steaks, 8 to 10 ozs. each, cut from center of leg of lamb
1 teaspoon cumin seed
1 teaspoon coriander seed
½ teaspoon whole black pepper
¼ teaspoon cracked red pepper
½ cup olive oil

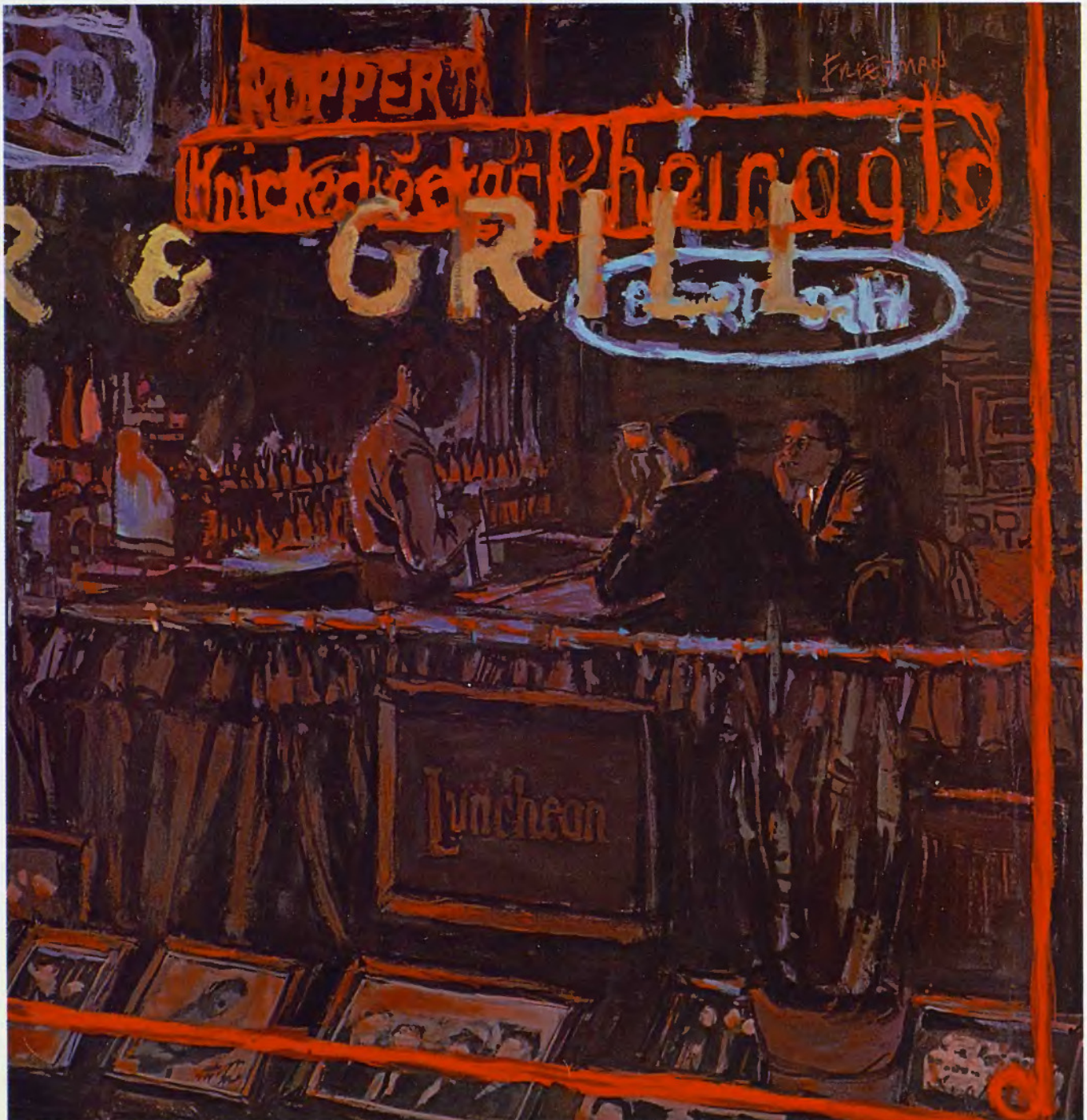
(continued on page 146)

god deliver us from accidents, he thought, and make us understand the true nature of the
NOISES IN THE CITY *fiction* By IRWIN SHAW

WEATHERBY WAS SURPRISED to see the lights of the restaurant still lit when he turned off Sixth Avenue and started up the street toward the small apartment house in the middle of the block in which he lived. The restaurant was called The Santa Margherita and was more or less Italian, with French overtones. Its main business was at lunchtime and by 10:30 at night it was usually closed. It was convenient and on nights when they were lazy or when Weatherby had work to do at home, he and his wife sometimes had dinner there. It wasn't expensive and Giovanni, the bartender, was a friend and from time to time Weatherby stopped in for a drink on his way home from the office, because the liquor was good and the atmosphere quiet and there was no television.

He nearly passed it, then stopped and decided he could use a whiskey. His wife had told him she was going to a movie and wouldn't be home before 11:30 and he was tired and didn't relish the thought of going into the empty apartment and drinking by himself.

There was only one customer in the restaurant, sitting at the small bar near the (continued on page 108)



MARVIN FRIEDMAN

"Let's see now... Getting hit in the beard by a pitched ball... No. Getting hit by a pitched ball in the beard... No. Getting hit by..."



Silverstein

PLAYS BALL

our bushy bush leaguer joins the white sox for spring training

Dressed to the nines in pinstripe baseball flannels and toting a well-padded mitt, cartoonist Shel Silverstein recently trekked to Sarasota, Florida, for a five-week spring-training fling with the Chicago White Sox. This trial introduction to the innings and outs of big-league ball was for Shel a boyhood dream of glory come true: while still a beardless Chicago youth he earned his daily bread vending beer and hot dogs at Comiskey Park, the White Sox balliwick. According to our hirsute hero, he came within a whisker of making the opening-day squad: "It was Luis Aparicio or me," he admits modestly, "and I just didn't want to hurt Luis' feelings. As of now, I'm a free agent, available to any ball club that might be a contender."

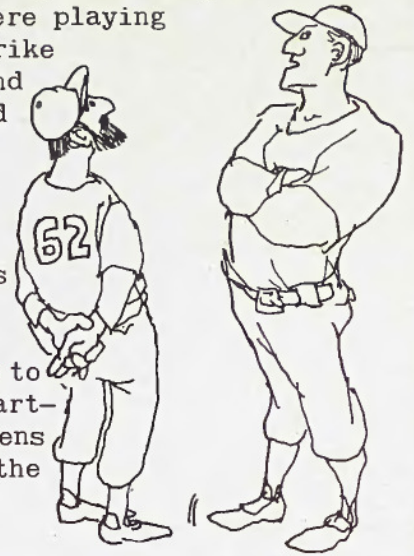
"Look, if you were a pitcher, I'd rub down your arm for you. If you were an outfielder, I'd massage your legs. But all you do is sit on the bench, and I'll be damned if I'll..."



"...One finger means throw a high inside fast ball
 ...two fingers means throw an outside curve
 ...three fingers means your fly is open...
 four fingers..."

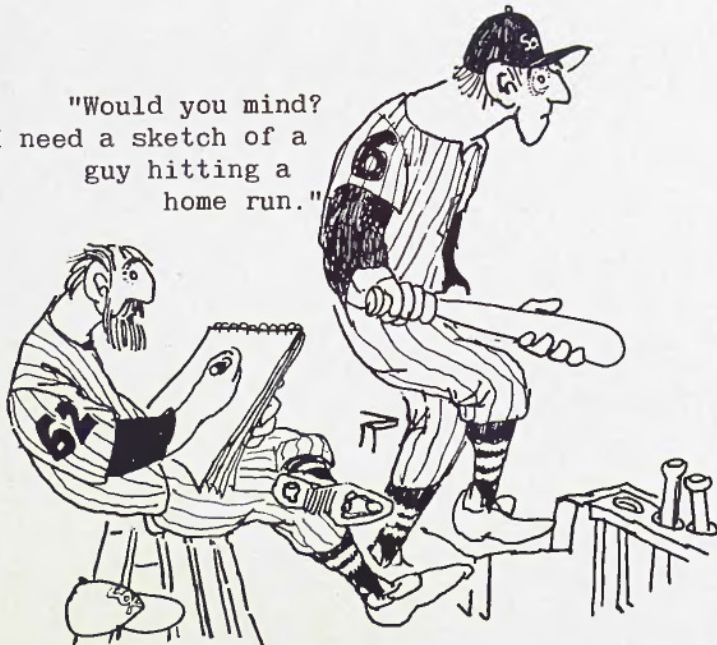


"My greatest thrill since I've been in baseball? Well I guess that would have to be my first day in the majors. We were playing at Detroit and I strike out three times, and make two errors, and we lose the game. But as I'm leaving the ball park, this big blonde comes over and tells me how much she enjoys watching me play and invites me to come up to her apartment, which happens to be right in the neighborhood. Well sir..."

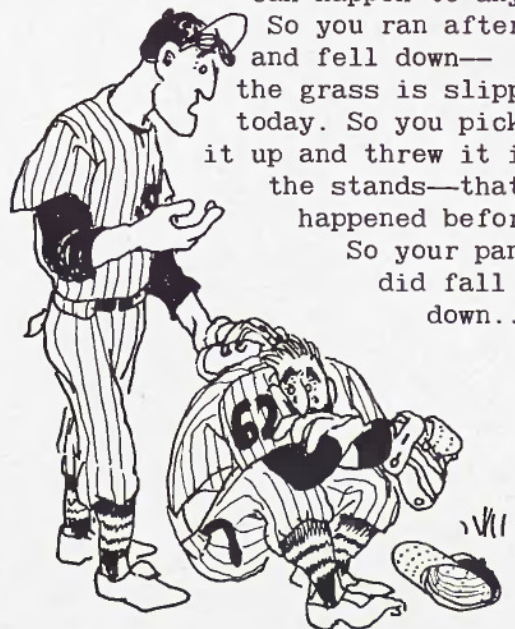


Playing the Shel game, our catcher in the wry makes a flip return, poles one to the far reaches of the pitcher's mound, and flops.

"Would you mind? I need a sketch of a guy hitting a home run."



"OK, Shel, so you dropped a fly ball—let's face it, that can happen to anybody. So you ran after it and fell down—the grass is slippery today. So you picked it up and threw it into the stands—that's happened before. So your pants did fall down..."



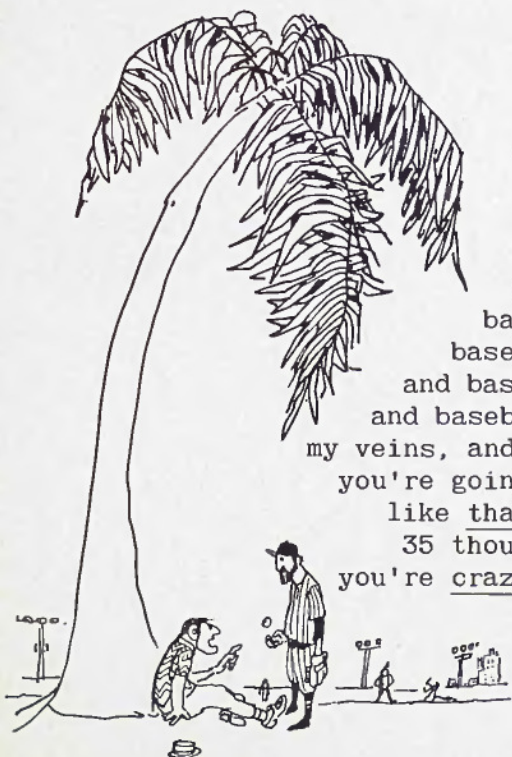


"So Al Lopez says to me, 'Mantle,' he says, 'If the Yankees ever find out that you're playing for us in your spare time, they'll be plenty mad, so how about growing a beard so that nobody will recognize you...?'"

"Gee, imagine—
18 years of pitching
in the majors!"



... attempting to swipe second from Nellie Fox



"So I says, 'Look, I'm a ball player who loves to play baseball. I eat, sleep and dream baseball. I got baseball in my mind, and baseball in my heart, and baseball running through my veins, and if you think you're going to get a guy like that for a lousy 35 thousand a year, you're crazy!'"

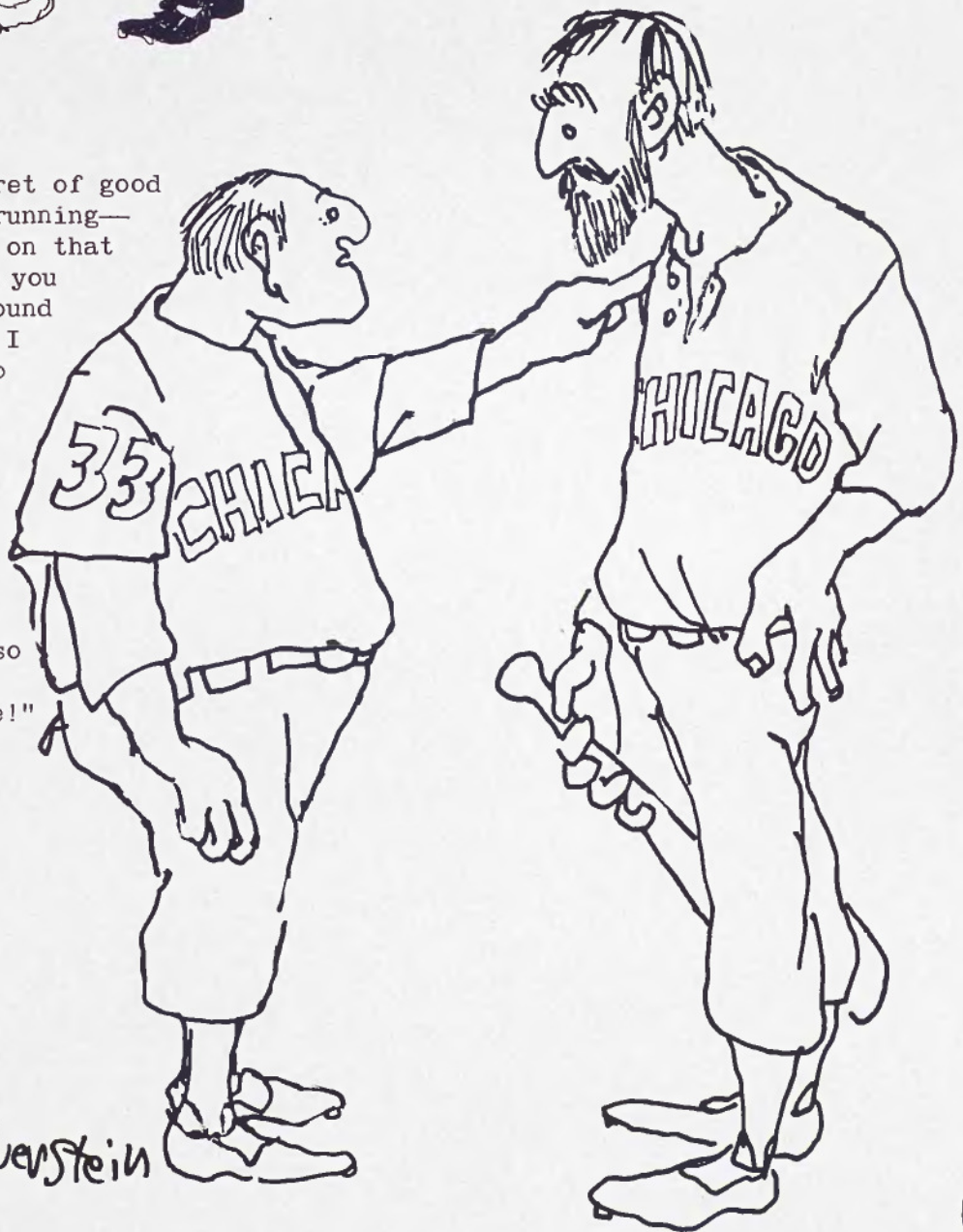


"Here's how it works, Shel: I endorse Wilson baseball shoes and they give me free shoes... I endorse Gillette razors and they give me free razors and razor blades... I endorse Wheaties and they give me free Wheaties... So maybe you'd like me to endorse those Bunnies down at that key club and..."



"You see, most people think umpires lead unhappy, lonely lives, but that isn't really true. Sure, the managers hate us, but that's easily understood ...and so what if the fans hate us, too, that's the privilege they pay for...and so we're not allowed to fraternize with the players off the field— heck, we don't have much in common with them anyway...and sure, sometimes my family disagrees with a call I've made, but all of these reactions are a good, healthy part of this great game and not directed at me personally... at least that's what my psychiatrist tells me..."

"Now, the secret of good conditioning is running— I want you to run out on that field...I want you to do 20 laps around the infield, and I want you to keep running, and do 10 laps around the outfield, and I want you to keep running all the way back to the hotel, and pack your bag, and keep running all the way back to Chicago, so we can get some work done here!"



Silverstein



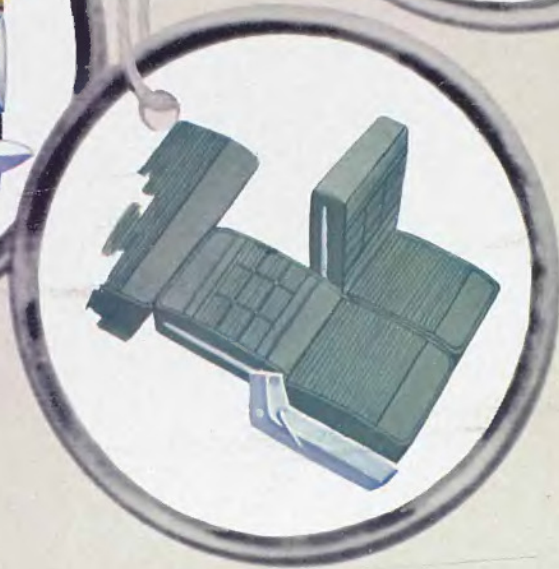
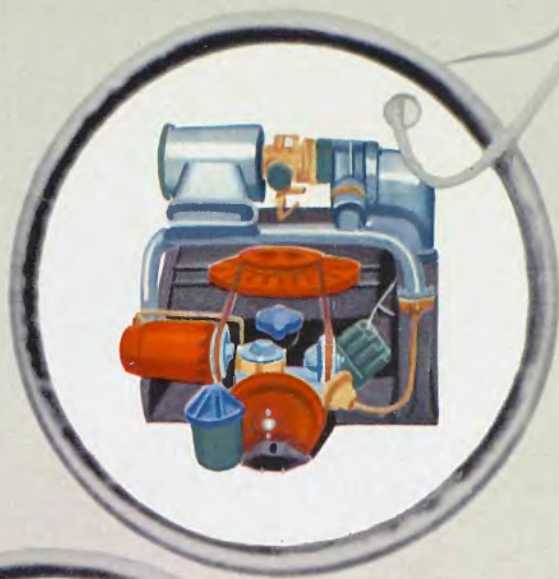
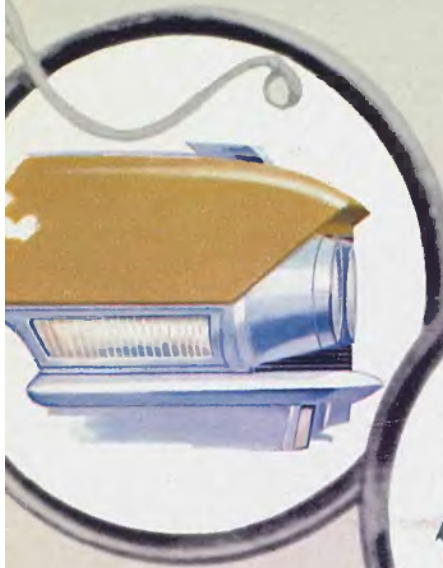


"All right, then — go home to your mothers!"



AN OBJECTIVE APPRAISAL OF NEW DIRECTIONS IN AUTOMOTIVE ENGINEERING AND DESIGN
modern living By KEN W. PURDY

F.O.B. DETROIT
continued



Left to right: Cadillac cornering lights illuminate direction in which the car is turning; Rambler's familiar fully reclining seats are optional equipment on sedans and station wagons; Chevrolet's Corvair Monza Spyder features a 150-horsepower turbocharged engine; Studebaker Gran Turismo Hawk's dash panel has its outside instrumentation angled so that gauges face the driver directly.

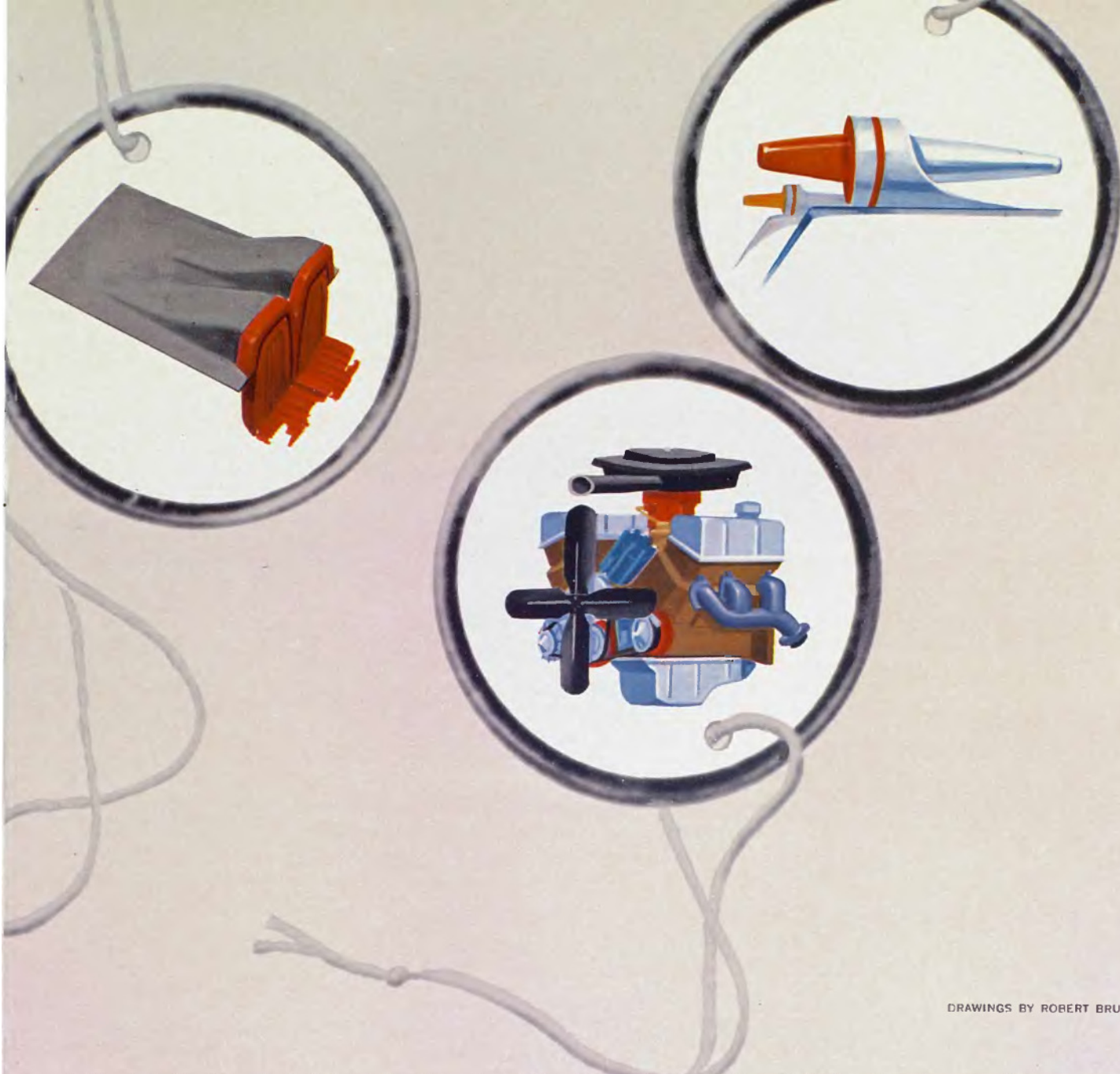
IN 1946, WHEN THERE WEREN'T MORE THAN 25 NEW SPORTS CARS in this country — and 19 of those were MGs — the first thing an Owner said on meeting another Owner was, usually, "Hello." The second thing he said was, "Brother, did I run away and hide from a Buick just now, on the West Side Drive!"

"That Detroit iron. Sad, isn't it?"

"Pitiful. Really pitiful. They ought to be ashamed of themselves out there."

In 1946, it could happen. In 1947, too, and in '48, '49 and '50. But, about 1952 — that's a decade ago, isn't it — the worm began ever so slowly to turn. It has some time since come all the way around, and today nothing is so tiresome as the four syllables of the ancient cliché *Detroit iron*, and nothing so plainly marks a New Boy. American automobiles are no longer categorically fat, slobby, slow and loose on the road. They are big, medium, medium-small, small-medium, compact and in-between and what have you; they're fast, nimble, some of them are economical and some are astonishingly roadworthy.

Excepting the mini-cars, the Morris and Austin and Fiat kind of thing, and Grand Prix or road-circuit race cars, Detroit now makes an automobile competitive with any car built abroad. (At least one mini-car, Ford's Cardinal — the name could be Falcon Four — is in the offing, and there are brave souls who talk about a Detroit-built G.P. car.) The Chevrolet Corvette is a genuine sports car; the Chrysler 300H is a real *gran turismo* machine; the Lincoln Continental is a deluxe town car. Yes, deluxe: the power-window motors are rubber-coated to prevent rust



DRAWINGS BY ROBERT BRUNTON

Left to right: Ford Thunderbird Sports Roadster converts to a two-seater by placement of a tonneau cover over its rear passenger compartment; Buick's V6, standard equipment in the Special, is the first engine of its kind to be housed in an American passenger car; Chrysler Imperial's freestanding taillights, revived from 1956's Forward Look, are now handsomely housed in chrome nacelles.

and, mayhap, to muffle their already almost inaudible work-sound; the automatic choke is water-warmed; the trunk lid is opened and the outside mirror adjusted from the driver's seat. And although the total number of *makes* of automobile has, regrettably, declined steadily down the years, the *variety* of American automobiles available today, from the points of view of size, function, performance and appearance is remarkable: there are 400-odd models on the market!

Remarkable, too, is the ground that has been covered in the path to eventual full freedom from maintenance: lifetime factory lubrication, 6000-mile oil changes; self-adjusting brakes, two-year engine coolants. The car into which the owner will put nothing but gasoline is in clear line of sight. (He may not do that much. Studies have shown that the automobile owner deeply resents, subconsciously, the necessity of refueling his car; that he doesn't think of gasoline purchase as the acquisition of a useful commodity, since he never sees, touches or tastes it, but as the payment of a license fee or toll to keep his car going. Many first-rate minds here and abroad are working on the proposition that a lifetime fuel must be found. In theory it already exists: nuclear energy. The ultimate fuel will have to be cheaper than that, and very much less dangerous. Before we have it we'll have intermediate fuels, 30-day, 60-day, 90-day fuels.)

Chrysler, just as the new year began, displayed its version of the gas-turbine engine (first run in an automobile in 1950 by the Rover company of England) in Plymouth and Dodge prototypes, announced (*continued on page 128*)



when it comes to best-seller book lists, the best is none too good

FUTURE HISTORIANS MAY WELL CALL THIS the era of Follow the Leader. Despite the devotion our society pays, so noisily and incessantly, to the New, the Better, the Different, most people move gleefully along with the great parade, buying, seeing, doing much what all their neighbors buy, see and do. It has become a Madison Avenue truism that the popularity of a product is a virtue in itself, apart from and more enticing than usefulness or sturdiness or attractiveness. We are, in fact, a generation that equates popularity with quality. We watch top-rated TV shows *because* they are top-rated. We consider a play worth seeing only if a ticket for it is difficult to get. And we buy books because they are on the best-seller lists.

This last symptom of America's love affair with popularity is more alarming than most. The best-seller lists, presumably designed simply to indicate what the public is reading, have become the single most effective means of determining what the public *will* read. The presence of a book among the 30 or so titles that, according to the ads, ALL AMERICA IS READING, is a guarantee to the author and publisher that it will make money for them. All over the country, they can rest assured, people will be picking up copies of a book which they know little about except that lots of other people have picked it up. All perfectly harmless and in the best tradition of American free enterprise. Or is it?

Well, maybe it would be if books were toothpaste, but in this particular case we are dealing with ideas, not with dentifrice. Book lists are invidious at best — and in practice their best is none too good. The most cursory investigation of the methods by which the major lists are concocted shows a startlingly wide margin for error, dishonesty and outright fraud.

The best-seller list, as we know it, is a fairly recent innovation. Although the first compilation of book sales in America was published by *The Bookman*, a trade paper, in 1885, it was designed as a service for booksellers and was hardly more than an educated guess as to what was selling, would sell or might sell. By 1905, the words "Best Seller" were common enough to be included in a revised edition of the *Oxford English Dictionary*. But it wasn't until the Twenties that publishers recognized the value of the phrase as a stimulant to sales, and headlines hailing THAT EXCITING NEW BEST SELLER began to appear whenever books were advertised.

From its modest beginnings, the best-seller list has today become a pivotal fact of publishing life. Although literary prizes and critical accolades invariably go to works that have trouble selling enough copies to break even, in most people's minds a book that doesn't qualify as a best seller might just as well not exist.

About 55 national best-seller lists are now issued in this country, and glancing through a pile of them on any given week can be a diverting pastime — they so often bear so little relationship to one another. Two are generally credited with being the most important, most respected and most accurate of the lot. These widely revered lists are published in the Sunday book supplements of *The New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune*. What exactly do they measure? Is it possible, as has been rumored, that the reports on which they (and most of the others) are based may be, to put it mildly, frequently misleading?

The *New York Times* list, first published on August 9, 1942, employs a staff of

(continued on page 96)



*"No, he hasn't yet, Mama . . . Pretty soon, I guess, Mama . . .
Yes, I'll call you right after he does, Mama . . ."*

GREAT PAPER CHASE (continued from page 94)

stringers who each week ask 180 retail booksellers in 36 cities around the country for their five best-selling fiction and nonfiction titles — just the titles, not the number of copies sold. This information, collected in person or by phone, is wired back to New York, where a “qualitative analysis” is made of the raw data. A book that has been listed by a store as its number one choice is given five points. Second choice gets four; third, three; and so on. The point scores from booksellers in large cities are set down on one of two master sheets. On the other sheet are inscribed the scores from smaller cities and towns.

After the master sheets are completed, a piece of rather peculiar arithmetic is performed. The scores for the large cities are doubled in an attempt to make up for the fact that the number one book in a small-town store may have sold only 10 copies, while a book listed fourth in a large city may have sold several hundred. One need not be a statistician to see that this is an extremely rough attempt at figure-weighting.

Charles Scupine, who supervises the compiling of the *Times* list, makes no claim to absolute accuracy. He admits that frequently individual stringers do not report in and that on some weeks large areas of the country are not canvassed. But the purpose of the list, he adds, is merely to show trends. Over the course of a year, he contends, it is representative and self-corrective. He has complete faith in the accuracy and honesty of his stringers and the reporting booksellers.

The New York Times Book Review, it must be noted in all fairness, does make a gesture toward nonconformity each week by adding, directly beneath its *Best Seller List*, a few nonbest-selling titles, which, say the editors, have been selected for their “particular literary, topical or scholarly interest.”

The system used to make up the *New York Herald Tribune's* Sunday book list, *What People Are Reading*, varies considerably from the *Times* system, and it is not unusual for a book to ride one of the lists for several weeks without ever making the other. One week last summer, for example, the *Times* had Wallace Stegner's *A Shooting Star* in ninth place and Evan Hunter's *Mothers and Daughters* in 10th place in a list of 16. Neither book made the *Herald Tribune's* *What People Are Reading* list that week.

The *Herald Tribune* established its *What People Are Reading* department on October 16, 1933. At first, it was intended to be primarily a promotion device for the book supplement in which it appears, and which is sold separately from the newspaper outside

New York City. The *Tribune* chose 75 bookstores around the country to aid in compiling its list. Starting in the early Forties, a store had to sell at least 100 copies of the *Tribune* book section every week to qualify as a reporting store. If it failed to meet its quota in any given week, it was replaced by another store that was merchandising the supplement more successfully. Wags suggested that the feature's name should be changed to *What People Are Reading in Bookstores That Sold 100 Copies of the Herald Tribune Book Section This Week*, and the 100-copy requirement was soon discarded. Although retailers are still supplied with supplements to be put on sale, they no longer have to sell a set number of copies.

There are, currently, 57 dealers reporting to the *Tribune* every week. New ones are added and old ones are dropped periodically. Each of them is supplied with a batch of postcards on which he is supposed to note his six best-selling fiction and nonfiction titles. He is not asked to set them down in order of sales — just the titles. Thus, a book listed sixth by a store carries as much weight as a book listed first. In the final tabulations the book that has been included on the most lists from the most stores becomes the number one best seller. Any title sent in by at least three stores automatically makes the list.

The loopholes in the *Herald Tribune's* system are obvious. Nobody contacts the stores personally, as do the *Times* stringers. Dealers sometimes let weeks go by without reporting in, and thus whole sections of the country may be ignored in the survey for considerable periods. In one listing chosen at random, for example, no stores reported from such important book centers as Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Kansas City. The *Tribune* survey for August 27, 1961, did not include bookstores in Chicago, Illinois. Chicago has been considered for many years by publishers to be one of the best markets in America for fiction, and its omission is a very sizable one, indeed, for a list that purports to tell what people are reading across the country.

Even dealers who do remember to send in their postcards have a way of getting careless about it. One bookseller who is frequently represented on the *Herald Tribune's* list says that in his store, and in at least six other reporting stores that he knows of, any book that sells 12 copies is bound to make the dealers' lists. In other words, if you bought 12 copies of a book in his store and 12 copies each in two of the other stores he mentioned, that book would be named on three postcards, and would automatically qualify as *What People*

Are Reading. It is thus possible, theoretically if absurdly, to have a certified best seller that has sold a grand total of 36 copies.

There is another important difference between the *Times* and *Tribune* lists. The stores that the *Times* stringers contact are, as far as the general public is concerned, anonymous. The *Herald Tribune*, on the other hand, lists the reporting stores along with the best sellers themselves. This, in the view of many observers in the book trade, leaves the door open to larceny.

Some years ago *Variety* reported that a motion picture company had been approached by a public relations man who offered, for a nominal fee (nominal to a PR man, that is), to put *any* book on the best-seller lists. The fact that this feat was possible was no secret in the book field. As one knowledgeable observer puts it, “It would be a cinch. By buying 100 copies of a book in selected stores around the country, anyone can influence the reports.”

A few years ago, Hollywood purchased the motion picture rights to a best-selling novel called *Not As a Stranger*. When the book seemed about to slip off the best-seller lists into oblivion, a curious thing happened: It began moving up again. Investigation disclosed that, oddly enough, it was selling only in certain stores, in certain cities — stores that reported to the *Times* and *Tribune*.

Aware that the lists are susceptible to outside influence, a well-known novelist is reported to have developed a profitable sales-spurring gambit of his own. He arranges his extensive lecture schedule so that he appears only in cities that report regularly to either the *Times* or the *Herald Tribune*, and autographs only books purchased at reporting stores. (He insists on seeing the sales slip before he sets pen to flyleaf.) This writer now has six best sellers to his credit.

Publishers have developed many “sales aids” designed to encourage dealers to stock up on a given title, display it with enthusiasm, extol it to customers and, hopefully, mention it when the stringer calls or note it on the postcard. The most attractive promise a publisher can give a bookseller is that a title will be backed by a big advertising campaign. The dealer may be offered one book free for every 10 purchased, as an inducement to stock up.

Movie companies and publishers of pocket books have been known to pay handsome sums earmarked for promoting a given book so that when it reaches the screen and/or newsstand it can be advertised as **THAT BELOVED BEST SELLER**. Occasionally, these promoters participate even more directly in the manu-

(continued on page 150)





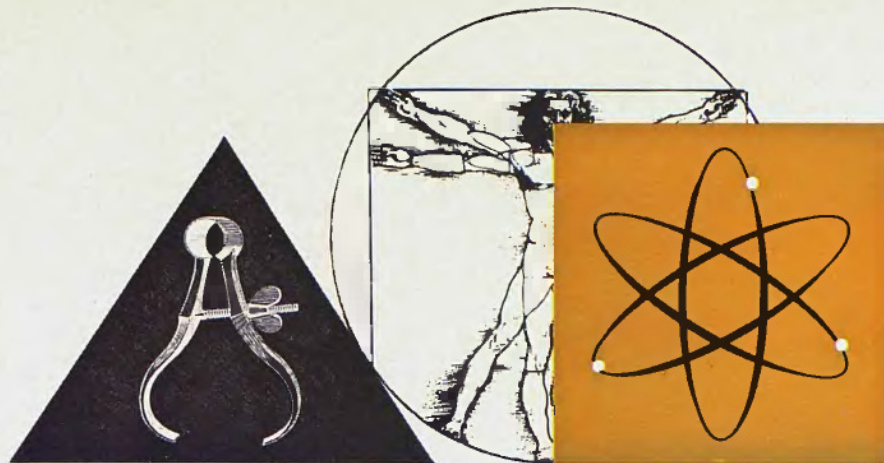
Now birthday-suited for the balmy briny, bubbly aquanaut explores the silent world. Above, clockwise from 12: cylinder with one-hour air supply, chest harness, \$85; twin-hose regulator, \$90, both by U.S. Divers; battery-driven self-propeller base, by Nemrod, \$300. Air-powered pneumatic speargun, by Nemrod, \$20. Twin galvanized tanks with 42-cubic-foot capacity, quick-release buckle, air-flow control, \$145; tank pressure gauge, \$20; single-hose two-stage regulator, \$42.50, all by Healthways. Rubber safety float inflatable with seltzer cartridges, by Dacor, \$12.95. Lightweight portable sonar with watertight headset, 45,000-square-yard range, by Dalmo Victor, \$2250. Woven nylon weight belt with quick-release buckle, by Seacraft, \$3.50. Double-skin neoprene wet suit with nylon zipper front, built-in spine pad, by White Stag, \$42.95. Twin galvanized cylinders with 71.2-cubic-foot capacity, harness, \$147.50; double-diaphragm two-stage regulator, \$79.50, all by Dacor.



Opposite: our nifty naiad discovers the divers delights of submarine flora. Above, l to r: stainless-steel diver's watch with dive-timer, by Zodiac, \$100; rubber-encased depth gauge—compass with luminous dial, wrist strap, by Voit, \$16; navigation wrist compass, by Sea-Well, \$5.95; automatic decompression meter which memorizes time, depth of dive, \$50; wrist-strap panel with depth gauge, compass, thermometer, decompression table, watch with dive-timer, \$150, both by Healthways; pressurized stainless-steel calendar watch with dive-timer, by Dacar, \$69.50; precision aluminum thermameter, by Sea-Well, \$7.95.







FROM LILLIPUT TO BROBDINGNAG

AN ARRESTING INQUIRY INTO THE LIMITS OF THE POSSIBLE: EXPLORING THE DIMENSIONAL EXTREMES OF LIFE **ARTICLE BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

WHEN THE MICROSCOPE WAS INVENTED at the beginning of the 17th Century, it revealed an entire new order of creation to mankind. Below the range of the visible was an unsuspected universe of living creatures, dwindling down, down, down to unimaginable minuteness. This discovery, coming at the same time as the telescope's revelations at the opposite end of the scale, set men thinking about the question of size.

One of the earliest – and certainly the most famous – results of that thinking was *Gulliver's Travels*. The genius of Swift seized upon the change of perspective caused by magnification as a means of satire, and both Lilliput and Brobdingnag have now passed into our language. As also, though invariably misquoted, has Swift's stanza on the same theme: "So, naturalists observe, a flea/Has smaller fleas that on him prey/And these have smaller still to bite 'em/And so proceed *ad infinitum*."

Although it was quickly discovered, to the general relief, that Swift's Brobdingnag existed nowhere on Earth, the rather more attractive idea of minute or even microscopic races of men continued to fascinate writers. (It is more attractive, of course, because we are all scared of giants, whereas we feel that we could cope with midgets. In reality, it would be just the reverse.) The classic story of the microworld is Fitz-James O'Brien's *The Diamond Lens*, published in 1858, when the author was still in his 20s, with only four years of life ahead of him before his brilliant career would be cut short by the Civil War. *The Diamond Lens* describes what is perhaps the most frustrating romance in literature; it is the tragedy of a microscopist who falls in love with a woman too small to be visible to the naked eye, and who lives in the world of a water drop.

Later writers did not let such an obstacle as mere size stand in the way of the plot; they invented drugs which contracted or expanded their characters as desired. The immortal Alice was perhaps the first to taste one of these potions, not yet listed in the pharmacopoeia; and nowhere else have the difficulties they could cause been so vividly described.

The idea of the microworld received a fresh lease on life in the 1920s, when the work of Rutherford and others laid bare the nuclear nature of the atom. The thought expressed in Swift's stanza was revived on a far more breathtaking scale. Every atom might be a miniature solar system, with electrons playing the role of inhabited planets – and, conversely, our solar system might be merely an atom in a superuniverse.

This theme was taken up with enthusiasm by the prolific science-fiction writer Ray Cummings, who had training that many of his colleagues might have envied: he was Edison's secretary for five years. In *The Girl in the Golden Atom* (1919) and later stories, Cummings shrank a whole series of heroes down to subelectronic size, passing somewhat glibly over such problems as the navigation of internuclear space and the location of the right atom (and the right girl) among the several million million million million different atoms that exist in a few ounces of gold.

Not long ago, Hollywood surprised many of us by making a remarkably good movie on the theme of smallness; I refer to *The Incredible Shrinking Man*, which 90 percent of intelligent filmgoers probably judged by its unfortunate title and decided to miss. The most incredible thing about the Shrinking Man (and I imagine that we can thank the author and scriptwriter Richard Matheson for this) was the fact that he was so *credible*, and the avoidance of the conventional happy ending left his final fate both moving and strangely inspiring. But perhaps I am too easily satisfied; it is so rare to meet a glimmer of intelligence in what film producers are pleased to call science-fiction movies that one's gratitude (*continued on page 116*)



"Accursed Daylight Saving Time!"

*“ . . . and then he said
that Niagara Falls is an
extremely important source
of hydroelectric power
and that it consists
of two cataracts —
Horseshoe Fall, which
is 160 feet high and 2600
feet across, and American
Fall, which is 167 feet high
and 1000 feet across —
and they are separated
by Goat Island, and over
212,000 cubic feet of
water pass over the Falls
every second, and then
I left for Reno . . . ”*



Vargas



Ribald Classic a translation of a classic legend from lithuania

FOR THE LONG COLD WINTER

AN OLDISH FARMER married a beautiful wife much too young for him. He discharged both his farmhands—one because he was too young and virile, the other because he was too old and experienced. A week later he was frantic. The corn was ready to harvest and there was no one to do it but himself and his wife.

"What can I do?" he asked his wife. "I'm afraid to hire a farmhand, lest he do something bad to you. And yet the work is too heavy for you and me."

"Hire the miller's son," she suggested. "He lives with his widowed mother, and they say she has kept him so innocent that he knows less about sex than a nun. Besides, he is as strong as an ox."

"I've seen the lad," said the farmer suspiciously. "I believe he is rather handsome."

"That may be," replied the wife, "but he has a strong back and strong legs, and if he is as innocent as they say, where is the danger?"

The farmer sent his wife to visit her parents and he called the widow's son and made plans to test him. He led him past the sheepcote where the ram was diligently providing the ewes with a spring crop of lambs.

"You're a city lad," said the farmer. "I'll bet you can't tell me what that ram is up to."

"Oh, but I can," laughed the young man. "My mother has explained it all to me. The ram is storing up heat for the long cold winter."

A little later they caught sight of the bull and a heifer.

"It will be cold, indeed," said the miller's son. "Mother says that animals know when people don't. They're the best possible weather prophets."

To keep from laughing, the farmer said: "How wise your mother is! I do hope she won't say anything to my wife. I would hate to have to buy her a new fur coat at current prices."

And so it was that the farmer hired the miller's son and the crop seemed to leap from the fields into the wagons the farmer drove to the market. Even so, he found that he had to discharge the miller's son, in spite of his strong back and muscular legs. He dropped by to explain to the lad's mother.

"I just can't keep the boy," he said. "What did he do that was wrong?" said his mother. "I've tried to bring him up to be a helpful boy."

"That's just the trouble," growled the farmer. "He's far too helpful. I came home from market yesterday afternoon and found him in bed with my wife."

"I hope you haven't hurt the boy!" cried the mother in alarm.

"I didn't have the heart," said the farmer. "I took my rifle down from over the fireplace. I cocked it and asked him why he was doing what he was doing. You see, madam, he had not troubled to stop the whole time I was there."

"What did he say?" queried the nervous widow.

"What I might have expected," said the farmer: "'Sir, what with the long cold winter coming on, I thought the least I could do was save you from buying your wife the fur coat you were complaining about.'"

"Then he was only being helpful," said the widow with relief.

"Exactly," said the farmer as he started for home. "Too damned helpful."

TEEVEE JEEBIES AROUND THE CLOCK

satire By SHEL SILVERSTEIN



"Will you please get the hell off the table so we can eat!"



"So I said, 'How about coming up and having a little drinky?' . . . and she said, 'OK' . . . so then I put on some Sinatra records, and then . . ."



"Do you know how long I've been waiting to get into that bathroom?!"



"And your group, did you brush with Crest?"



"Hell, man, silver bullets cost money!"



"But, Frank, you still haven't told me how I'm going to make all that money . . ."

more fresh and foolish dialog for the late late show



"OK, Dino, you're suspended . . . Sammy, you're reinstated and fined \$100 . . . Peter, you're . . ."



"Now, in the Navy, when we speak of a piece of tail . . ."



"Hey, you know beating up girls is a little easier than beating up guys!"



"Well, if you'd concentrate less on yelling 'Geronimo' and concentrate more on . . ."



"Hold still — there's a mosquito on your forehead."



"Believe me, Mr. Tanny, it wouldn't be wise for you to make any personal appearances on TV . . ."



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NOISES *(continued from page 85)*

entrance. The waiters had already gone home and Giovanni was changing glasses for the man at the bar and pouring him a bourbon. Weatherby sat at the end of the bar, but there were still only two stools between him and the other customer. Giovanni came over to Weatherby and said Good evening, Mr. Weatherby and put out a glass and poured him a big whiskey, without measuring, and opened a soda bottle and allowed Weatherby to fill the glass himself.

Giovanni was a large, non-Italian-looking man, with an unsmiling, square, severe face and a gray, Prussian-cut head of hair. "How's Mrs. Weatherby tonight?" he asked.

"Fine," Weatherby said. "At least she was fine when I talked to her this afternoon. I've just come from the office."

"You work too hard. Mr. Weatherby," Giovanni said.

"That's right." Weatherby took a good long swallow of the whiskey. There is nothing like Scotch, he thought gratefully, and touched the glass with the palm of his hand and rubbed it pleasantly. "You're open late tonight," he said.

"That's all right," Giovanni said. "I'm in no hurry. Drink as much as you want." Although he was talking to Weatherby, Weatherby somehow had the feeling that the words were addressed to the other man at the bar, who was sitting with his elbows on the mahogany, holding his glass in his two hands in front of his face and peering with a small smile into it, like a clairvoyant who sees something undefined and cloudy, but still agreeable, in the crystal ball. The man was slender and graying, with a polite, educated face. His clothes were narrow and modish, in dark gray, and he wore a gay striped bow tie and a buttdown oxford white shirt. Weatherby noted a wedding ring on his left hand. He didn't look like the sort of man who sat around alone in bars drinking late at night. The light in the bar was subdued and Weatherby had the impression that in a brighter light he would recognize the man and that he would turn out to be someone he had met briefly once or twice long ago. But New York was like that. After you lived in New York long enough, a great many of the faces seemed tantalizingly familiar to you.

"I suppose," Giovanni said, standing in front of Weatherby, "after it happens, we'll be losing you."

"Oh," Weatherby said, "we'll be dropping in here to eat again and again."

"You know what I mean," Giovanni said. "You plan on moving to the country?"

"Eventually," Weatherby said, "I

imagine so. If we find a nice place, not too far out."

"Kids need fresh air," Giovanni said. "It isn't fair to them, growing up in the city."

"No," Weatherby said. Dorothy, his wife, was seven months pregnant. They had been married five years and this was their first child and it gave him an absurd primitive pleasure to talk about the country air that his child would breathe as he grew up. "And then, of course, the schools." What joy there was in platitudes about children, once you knew you could have them.

"Mr. Weatherby . . ." It was the other man at the bar. "May I say good evening to you, Sir?"

Weatherby turned toward the man, a little reluctantly. He was in no mood for random conversation with strangers. Also, he had had a fleeting impression that Giovanni regretted the man's advance toward him.

"You don't remember me," the man said, smiling nervously. "I met you eight or 10 years ago. In my . . . ah . . . in my shop." He made a slight sibilant sound that might have been the beginning of an embarrassed laugh. "In fact, I think you came there two or three times . . . There was some question of our perhaps doing some work together, if I remember correctly. Then, when I heard Giovanni call you by name, I couldn't help overhearing. I'm . . . ah . . . Sidney Gosden." He let his voice drop as he spoke his name, as people who are celebrated sometimes do when they don't wish to sound immodest. Weatherby glanced across the bar at Giovanni for help, but Giovanni was polishing a glass with a towel, his eyes lowered, consciously keeping aloof from the conversation.

"Oh . . . uh . . . yes," Weatherby said vaguely.

"I had . . . have . . . the shop on Third Avenue," Gosden said. "Antiques, interior decoration." Again the soft, hissing, self-deprecating half-laugh. "It was when I was supposed to do over that row of houses off Beekman Place and you had spoken to a friend of mine . . ."

"Of course," Weatherby said heartily. He still didn't remember the man's name, really, but he remembered the incident. It was when he was just starting in, when he still thought he could make a go of it by himself as an architect, and he had heard that four old buildings on the East Side were going to be thrown together and cut up into small studio apartments. Somebody in one of the big firms, which had turned the job down, had suggested it might be worth looking into and had given him Gosden's name. His memory of his conversation with Gosden was shadowy, 15

or 20 minutes of rather distracted talk in a dark shop with unlit brass lamps and Early American tables piled one on top of another, a sense of time being wasted, a sense of going up one more dead-end street. "Whatever happened?" he asked.

"Nothing," Gosden said. "You know how those things are. In the end, they merely pulled the whole block down and put up one of those monstrous apartment houses 19 stories high. It was too bad. I was terribly impressed with your ideas. I do remember, to this day." He sounded like a woman at a cocktail party, talking swiftly to a man in a corner to hold him there, saying anything that came to mind, to try to keep him from escaping to the bar and leaving her there stranded, with no one to talk to for the rest of the evening, for the rest of her life. "I meant to follow your career," Gosden went on hurriedly. "I was sure you were meant for splendid achievements, but a person is kept so frantically busy in this city—with nothing important, of course—the best intentions—" He waved his hand helplessly and let the complicated sentence lapse. "I'm sure I pass buildings you've put up every day, monuments to your talent, without knowing . . ."

"Not really," Weatherby said. "I went in with a big firm." He told the man the name of the firm and Gosden nodded

gravely, to show his respect for their works. "I do bits and pieces for them."

"Everything in due time," Gosden said gaily. "So you're one of those young men who are putting us poor New Yorkers into our cold bright glass cages."

"I'm not so young," Weatherby said, thinking, grimly, *That's* the truth. And, at the most, Gosden could only have been 10 years older than he. He drained his drink. Gosden's manner, gushy, importunate, with its hint of effeminacy, made him uncomfortable. "Well," he said, taking out his wallet, "I think I'd better . . ."

"Oh, no, please . . ." Gosden said. There was a surprising note of anguish in his voice. "Giovanni will just lock up the bottles and put me out if you go. Another round, please, Giovanni. Please. And please serve yourself, too. Late at night like this . . ."

"I really must . . ." Weatherby began. Then he saw Giovanni looking at him in a strange, imperative way, as though there were an urgent message he wanted to deliver. Giovanni quickly poured a second Scotch for Weatherby, a bourbon for Gosden and a neat slug of bourbon for himself.

"There . . ." Gosden said, beaming. "That's better. And don't think, Mr. Weatherby, that I go around town just offering rounds of drinks to everybody.

In fact, I'm parsimonious, unpleasantly parsimonious, my wife used to say, it was the one thing she constantly held against me." He held up his glass ceremoniously. His long narrow hand was shaking minutely, Weatherby noticed, and he wondered if Gosden was a drunkard. "To the cold beautiful lonesome glass buildings," Gosden said, "of the city of New York."

They all drank. Giovanni knocked his tot down in one gulp and washed the glass and dried it without changing his expression.

"I do love this place," Gosden said, looking around him fondly at the dim lamps and the gluey paintings of the Ligurian coast that dotted the walls. "It has especial memories for me. I proposed marriage here on a winter night. To my wife," he added hastily, as if afraid that Weatherby would suspect he had proposed marriage to somebody else's wife here. "We never came here often enough after that." He shook his head a little sadly. "I don't know why. Perhaps because we lived on the other side of town." He sipped at his drink and squinted at a painting of sea and mountains at the other end of the bar. "I always intended to take my wife to Nervi. To see the Temple," he said obscurely. "The Golden Bough. As the French would say, *Hélas*, we did not make the voyage. Foolishly, I thought there would always be time, some other



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year. And, of course, being parsimonious, the expense always seemed out of proportion . . ." He shrugged and once more took up his clairvoyant position, holding the glass up with his two hands and peering into it. "Tell me, Mr. Weatherby," he said in a flat, ordinary tone of voice, "have you ever killed a man?"

"What?" Weatherby asked, not believing that he had heard correctly.

"Have you ever killed a man?" Gosden for the third time made his little hissing near-laugh. "Actually, it's a question that one might well ask quite frequently, on many different occasions. After all, there must be quite a few people loose in the city who at one time or another have killed a man—policemen on their rounds, rash automobilists, prizefighters, doctors and nurses, with the best will in the world, children with air rifles, bank robbers, thugs, soldiers of the great war . . ."

Weatherby looked doubtfully at Giovanni. Giovanni didn't say anything, but there was something in his face that showed Weatherby the barman wanted him to humor the other man.

"Well," Weatherby said, "I was in the war . . ."

"In the infantry, with a bayonet, perhaps," Gosden said, in the new, curious, flat, nonfeminine voice.

"I was in the artillery," Weatherby said. "In a battery of 105s. I suppose you could say that . . ."

"A dashing captain," Gosden said, smiling, "peering through binoculars, calling down the fire of the great guns on the enemy headquarters."

"It wasn't exactly like that," Weatherby said. "I was 19 years old and I was a private and I was one of the loaders. Most of the time I spent digging."

"Still," Gosden persisted, "you could

say that you contributed, that by your efforts men had been killed."

"Well," Weatherby said, "we fired off a lot of rounds. Somewhere along the line we probably hit something."

"I used to be a passionate hunter," Gosden said. "When I was a boy. I was brought up in the South. Alabama, to be exact, although I'm proud to say one would never know it from my accent. I once shot a lynx." He sipped thoughtfully at his drink. "It finally became distasteful to me to take the lives of animals. Although I had no feeling about birds. There is something inimical, *prehuman* about birds, don't you think, Mr. Weatherby?"

"I haven't really given it much thought," Weatherby said, sure now the man was drunk and wondering how soon, with decency, he could get out of there and whether he could go without buying Gosden a round.

"There must be a moment of the utmost exaltation when you take a human life," Gosden said, "followed by a wave of the most abject, ineradicable shame. For example, during the war, among your soldier friends, the question must have arisen . . ."

"I'm afraid," Weatherby said, "that in most cases they didn't feel as much as you would like them to have felt."

"How about you?" Gosden said. "Even in your humble position as loader, as you put it, as a cog in the machinery—how did you feel, how do you feel now?"

Weatherby hesitated, on the verge of being angry with the man. "Now," he said, "I regret it. While it was happening, I merely wanted to survive."

"Have you given any thought to the institution of capital punishment, Mr. Weatherby?" Gosden spoke without looking in Weatherby's direction, but

staring at his own dim reflection above the bottles in the mirror above the bar. "Are you pro or con the taking of life by the State? Have you ever made an effort to have it abolished?"

"I signed a petition once, in college, I think."

"When we are young," Gosden said, speaking to his wavery reflection in the mirror, "we are more conscious of the value of life. I, myself, once walked in a procession protesting the hanging of several young colored boys. I was not in the South, then. I had already moved up North. Still, I walked in the procession. In France, under the guillotine, the theory is that death is instantaneous, although an instant is a variable quantity, as it were. And there is some speculation that the severed head as it rolls into the basket is still capable of feeling and thinking some moments after the act is completed."

"Now, Mr. Gosden," Giovanni said soothingly, "I don't think it helps to talk like this, does it, now?"

"I'm sorry, Giovanni," Gosden said, smiling brightly. "I should be ashamed of myself. In a charming bar like this, with a man of sensibility and talent like Mr. Weatherby. Please forgive me. And now, if you'll pardon me, there's a telephone call I have to make." He got off his stool and walked jauntily, his shoulders thrown back in his narrow dark suit, toward the other end of the deserted restaurant and went through the little door that led to the washrooms and the telephone booth.

"My Lord," Weatherby said. "What's that all about?"

"Don't you know who he is?" Giovanni said, in a low voice, keeping his eyes on the rear of the restaurant.

"Only what he just told me," Weatherby said. "Why? Are people supposed to know who he is?"

"His name was in all the papers, two, three years ago," Giovanni said. "His wife was raped and murdered. Somewhere on the East Side. He came home for dinner and found the body."

"Good God," said Weatherby softly, with pity.

"They picked up the guy who did it the next day," Giovanni said. "It was a carpenter or a plumber or something like that. A foreigner from Europe, with a wife and three kids in Queens somewhere. No criminal sheet, no complaints on him previous. He had a job to do in the building and he rang the wrong doorbell and there she was in her bathrobe or something."

"What did they do to him?" Weatherby asked.

"Murder in the first degree," Giovanni said. "They're electrocuting him up the river tonight. That's what *he's* calling about now. To find out if it's over or not. Usually, they do it around 11-11:30, I think."



Weatherby looked at his watch. It was nearly 11:15. "Oh, the poor man," he said. If he had been forced to say whether he meant Gosden or the doomed murderer, it would have been almost impossible for him to give a clear answer. "Gosden, Gosden . . ." he said. "I must have been out of town when it happened."

"It made a big splash," Giovanni said. "For a coupla days."

"Does he come in here and talk like this often?" Weatherby asked.

"This is the first time I heard him say a word about it," Giovanni said. "Usually, he comes in here, once, twice a month, has one drink at the bar, polite and quiet, and eats by himself in back, early, reading a book. You'd never think anything ever happened to him. Tonight's special, I guess. He came in around eight o'clock and he didn't eat anything, just sat up there at the bar, drinking slow all night."

"That's why you're still open," Weatherby said.

"That's why I'm still open. You can't turn a man out on a night like this."

"No," Weatherby said. Once more he looked at the door to the telephone booth. He would have liked to leave. He didn't want to hear what the man would have to say when he came out of the telephone booth. He wanted to leave quickly and be sure to be in his apartment when his wife came home. But he knew he couldn't run out now, no matter how tempting the idea was.

"This is the first time I heard he asked his wife to marry him here," Giovanni said. "I suppose that's why . . ." He left the thought unfinished.

"What was she like?" Weatherby asked. "The wife?"

"A nice, pretty little quiet type of woman," Giovanni said. "You wouldn't notice her much."

The door at the rear of the restaurant opened and Gosden came striding lightly toward the bar. Weatherby watched him, but he didn't see the man look either left or right at any particular table that might have held special memories for him. As he sprang up on his stool and smiled his quick, apologetic smile, there was no hint on his face of what he had heard over the telephone. "Well," Gosden said briskly, "here we are again."

"Let me offer a round," Weatherby said, raising his finger for Giovanni.

"That is kind, Mr. Weatherby," said Gosden. "Very kind indeed."

They watched Giovanni pour the drinks.

"While I was waiting for the connection," Gosden said, "I remembered an amusing story. About how some people are lucky and some people are unlucky. It's a fishing story. It's quite clean. I never seem to be able to re-



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member risqué stories, no matter how funny they are. I don't know why. My wife used to say that I was a prude and perhaps she was right. I do hope I get the story right. Let me see—" He hesitated and squinted at his reflection in the mirror. "It's about two brothers who decide to go fishing for a week in a lake in the mountains . . . Perhaps you've heard it, Mr. Weatherby?"

"No," Weatherby said.

"Please don't be polite just for my sake," Gosden said. "I would hate to think that I was boring you."

"No," Weatherby said, "I really haven't heard it."

"It's quite an old story, I'm sure, I must have heard it years ago when I still went to parties and night clubs and places like that. Well, the two brothers go to the lake and they rent a boat and they go out on the water and no sooner do they put down their lines than one brother has a bite and pulls up the hugest fish. He puts down his line again and once again immediately he pulls up another huge fish. And again and again all day long. And all day long the other brother sits in the boat and never gets the tiniest nibble on his hook. And the next day it is the same. And the day after that, and the day after that. The brother who is catching nothing gets gloomier and gloomier and angrier and angrier with the brother who is catching all the fish. Finally, the brother who is catching all the fish, wanting to keep peace in the family, as it were, tells the other brother that he will stay on shore the next day and let the one who hasn't caught anything have the lake for himself that day. So the next day, bright and early, the unlucky brother goes out by himself with his rod and his line and his most succulent bait and puts his line overboard and waits. For a long time, nothing happens. Then there is a splash nearby and a huge fish, the hugest fish of all, jumps out of the water and says, 'Say, Bud, isn't your brother coming out today?'" Gosden looked anxiously over at Weatherby to see what his reaction was. Weatherby made himself pretend to chuckle.

"I do hope I got it right," Gosden said. "It seems to me to have a somewhat deeper meaning than most such anecdotes. About luck and destiny and things like that, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, it does," Weatherby said.

"People usually prefer off-color stories, I notice," Gosden said, "but as I said, I don't seem to be able to remember them." He drank delicately from his glass. "I suppose Giovanni told you something about me while I was telephoning," he said. Once more his voice had taken on its other tone, flat, almost dead, not effeminate.

Weatherby glanced at Giovanni and

Giovanni nodded, almost imperceptibly.

"Yes," Weatherby said. "A little."

"My wife was a virgin when I married her," Gosden said. "But we had the most passionate and complete relationship right from the beginning. She was one of those rare women who are made simply for marriage, for wifehood, and nothing else. No one could suspect the glory of her beauty or the depths of her feeling merely from looking at her or talking to her. On the surface, she seemed the shiest and least assertive of women, didn't she, Giovanni?"

"Yes, Mr. Gosden," Giovanni said.

"In all the world there were only two men who could have known. Myself and . . ." He stopped. His face twitched. "At 11:08," he said, "they pulled the switch. The man is dead. I was constantly telling her to leave the chain on the door, but she was thoughtless and she trusted all the world. The city is full of wild beasts, it is ridiculous to say that we are civilized. She screamed. Various people in the building heard her scream, but in the city one pays little attention to the noises that emanate from a neighbor's apartment. Later on, a lady downstairs said that she thought perhaps my wife and I were having an argument, although we never fought in all the years we were married, and another neighbor thought it was a program on a television set, and she was thinking of complaining to the management of the building because she had a headache that morning and was trying to sleep." Gosden tucked his feet under the barstool rung in an almost girlish position and held his glass up again before his eyes with his two hands. "It is good of you to listen to me like this, Mr. Weatherby," he said. "People have been avoiding me in the last three years, old customers hurry past my shop without looking in, old friends are out when I call. I depend upon strangers for trade and conversation these days. At Christmas, I sent a hundred-dollar bill anonymously, in a plain envelope, through the mails to the woman in Queens. It was on impulse, I didn't reason it out, the holiday season perhaps . . . I contemplated asking for an invitation to the . . . the ceremony at Ossining tonight, I thought quite seriously about it, I suppose it could have been arranged. Then, finally, I thought it wouldn't really do any good, would it. And I came here, instead, to drink with Giovanni." He smiled across the bar at Giovanni. "Italians," he said, "are likely to have gentle and understanding souls. And now, I really must go home. I sleep poorly and on principle I'm opposed to drugs." He got out his wallet and put down some bills.

"Wait a few minutes," Giovanni said, "until I lock up and I'll walk you home

and open your door for you."

"Ah," Gosden said. "that would be kind of you, Giovanni. It is the most difficult moment. Opening the door. I am terribly alone. After that, I'm sure I'll be absolutely all right."

Weatherby got off the stool and said to Giovanni, "Put it on the bill, please." He was released now. "Good night," he said to Giovanni. "Good night, Mr. Gosden." He wanted to say more, to proffer some word of consolation or hope, but he knew nothing he could say would be of any help.

"Good night," Gosden said, in his bright, breathy voice now. "It's been a pleasure renewing our acquaintance-ship, even so briefly. And please present my respects to your wife."

Weatherby went out of the door onto the street, leaving Giovanni locking the liquor bottles away and Gosden silently and slowly drinking, perched neat and straight-backed on the barstool.

The street was dark and Weatherby hurried up it toward his doorway, making himself keep from running. He used the stairway, because the elevator was too slow. He opened the metal door of his apartment and saw that there was a light on in the bedroom.

"Is that you, Darling?" He heard his wife's drowsy voice from the bedroom.

"I'll be right in," Weatherby said. "I'm locking up." He pushed the extra bolt that most of the time they neglected to use and carefully walked, without haste, as on any night, across the carpet of the darkened living room.

Dorothy was in bed, with the lamp beside her lit and a magazine that she had been reading fallen to the floor beside her. She smiled up at him sleepily. "You have a lazy wife," she said, as he began to undress.

"I thought you were going to the movies," he said.

"I went. But I kept falling asleep," she said. "So I came home."

"Do you want anything? A glass of milk. Some crackers?"

"Sleep," she said. She rolled over on her back, the covers up to her throat, her hair loose on the pillow. He put on his pajamas, turned off the light, and got into bed beside her and she lifted her head to put it on his shoulder.

"Whiskey," she said drowsily. "Why do people have such a prejudice against it? Smells delicious. Did you work hard, Darling?"

"Not too bad," he said, with the freshness of her hair against his face.

"Yum," she said, and went to sleep.

He lay awake for a while, holding her gently, listening to the muffled sounds from the street below. God deliver us from accident, he thought, and make us understand the true nature of the noises arising from the city around us.



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ABOUT WHAT?

ABOUT US! DOES IT MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO YOU? THE FACT THAT I'M MARRIED, THAT IS?



OF COURSE NOT, WHY SHOULD IT?

WHY SHOULD IT? WHY SHOULDN'T IT? YOU MAY HAVE THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT ME - I DON'T PLAY AROUND A LOT!



HONEY, HONEST, IT DOESN'T MATTER IN THE LEAST TO ME. |

OH, IT DOESN'T DOES IT. WELL MAYBE THIS WILL. I LOVE MY WIFE VERY MUCH!



MARVELOUS! ARE THERE ANY KIDS? |

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO PULL, BUT AS LONG AS I'VE GONE THIS FAR YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW THE COMPLETE TRUTH - TO ME YOU'RE A ONE-NIGHT ADVENTURE!



AND THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE TO ME, HONEY! AFTER ALL, I'M MARRIED TOO.

YOU-MARRIED?

SURE-



I-I DIDN'T KNOW-



WANT TO SEE MY KIDS?



NO-NO! FOR GODSAKES - PLEASE DON'T!



LOOK, SUGAR- YOU WANT TO FORGET THE WHOLE THING?



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FROM LILLIPUT

(continued from page 102)

tends to overflow.

These stories of miniature and micro-worlds raise two distinct questions: could such worlds exist (not necessarily on our planet), and if so, could we observe or enter them?

As far as the first question is concerned, I think we can give a definite answer, based upon laws familiar to all engineers and biologists, but not to those journalists who love to trot out such ancient fallacies as: "If an ant were as big as a man, it could carry a load of 10 tons." In fact, it couldn't carry itself.

At any level of size, certain things are possible and others are impossible. The whole world of living creatures, with all its wonderful richness and variety, is dominated and controlled by the elementary fact of geometry which states: if you double the size of an object you multiply its area four times, but its volume (and hence weight) eight times. From this mathematical platitude, the most momentous consequences flow. It implies, for instance, that a mouse cannot be as big as an elephant, nor an elephant as small as a mouse—and that a man cannot be the size of either.

Let us consider the case of man. He is already a giant—one of the very largest of all the animals. This thought comes as something of a surprise to most people, who forget that the animals larger than man could have their names written on a single sheet of paper, while those that are smaller would fill volume after volume.

Homo sapiens shows a considerable range in size, though the extremes are very rare. The tallest man who has ever lived was perhaps five times the height of the smallest, but you would have to search through millions of cases to find a ratio of four to one—unless you happened to hit on a circus exhibiting both an eight-foot giant and a two-foot midget. And if you did, you would probably find that both were sick and unhappy people, with little chance of reaching the normal span of life.

For the human body is a piece of architecture that has evolved to give its best performance when it is five or six feet tall. Double its height, and it would weigh eight times as much, but the bones which supported it would be increased in area of cross-section only four times. The stresses acting upon them would therefore be doubled in intensity; a 12-foot giant is possible, but he would always be breaking his bones, and would have to be very careful how he moved. To make a 12-foot version of Homo sapiens practical would involve a major redesign, not a straight scaling up. The legs would have to be proportionally much thicker, as the example

of the elephant proves. The horse and the elephant both follow the same basic quadrupedal design—but compare the relative thicknesses of their legs! The elephant must be near the sensible limit of size for a land animal; this was reached (if not exceeded) by the 40-ton brontosaurus and that largest of all land mammals, the incredible rhinoceros baluchitherium, which stood 18 feet high at the shoulder. (The head of a giraffe is only 16 feet from the ground.)

Beyond this size, no structure of flesh and bone could support itself against gravity; if real giants exist anywhere in the universe, their bones will have to be made of metal, which would involve some difficult problems in biochemistry. Or they will have to live on worlds of low gravity, possibly in space itself, where weight ceases to exist. One of the most interesting questions in extra-terrestrial zoology is whether life can adapt itself to space by purely evolutionary processes. Almost all biologists would say, "Certainly not!" but I think it unwise to sell nature short at the present state of our ignorance, and shall have a few more words to say on this subject later.

In the direction of smallness, the problems that arise are not quite so obvious, but they are equally fundamental. At first sight there seems no very good reason why a man one foot high need not be a working proposition. There are plenty of mammals this size, based upon the same general design; some of the smaller monkeys, for example, are very much like little men.

Closer examination, however, reveals that their proportions are quite different, their limbs much more slender than man's. For just as a man enlarged to a height of 20 feet would be impractically fragile and underpowered for his weight, so, conversely, one diminished to a height of a foot would be hopelessly clumsy and overmuscled. Small animals need *much* smaller limbs, as is dramatically shown by the insects with their often unbelievably delicate legs and wings. By the time the Incredible Shrinking Man started to measure his height in inches, his grossly overpowered muscles would have torn him to pieces.

But long before then, so many other things would have gone wrong that he would be dead from a dozen causes. All the elaborate mechanisms of the body—respiration, blood circulation, temperature control, to mention only the most obvious—would have failed. When he was a tenth of his original size, the little fellow would have a thousandth of his starting weight. (We won't inquire where that missing 99.9 percent has gone; if he still has it, of course, he is 50 times as dense as platinum and has fallen through the floor.) Yet the area of his lung surfaces, stomach walls, and

vein and artery cross-sections has diminished not by a thousand, but only by a hundred. His entire metabolism would proceed at 10 times the previous rate per unit of his mass; he would probably die of heat stroke through overproduction of energy.

This sort of argument can be followed to the same conclusion for every one of the body's functions, and makes it perfectly clear that even if the means existed for expanding or contracting a man, he would be incapacitated and then killed by quite a modest change of scale. There is no chance that any man will ever be able to stalk warrior ants through the jungles of the grass, still less marry a Princess in a Golden Atom.

Having made this point, I would like to add one slight reservation. A very good case can be made to the effect that man is now considerably larger than he need be. Physical strength and the size that necessarily goes with it will be needed less and less in the future. Indeed, size will be a handicap—especially in the cramped quarters of space vehicles—and it has been half-seriously suggested that one way of alleviating the coming shortages of food and raw materials is to breed smaller people. Even a 10-percent reduction in the average height of the human race would have a very considerable effect, for

smaller people would need smaller homes, cars, furniture, clothes—all the way along the line.

There would be no midgets, of course, if *everyone* were three feet high, and the world could then quite comfortably support twice its present population. Few futures, however, seem less likely than this, for thanks to better food and medical care men are growing rather than shrinking. (Harvard graduates, admittedly a privileged class, have been gaining an inch a generation—an astonishing rate which suggests that they will be in real trouble around the year 3000.) Only a ruthless and all-powerful world dictatorship could reverse this trend; dictators are nearly always small people and one can imagine some future Hitler or Mussolini determined to assuage his inferiority complex by making his subjects even smaller than he—though he could hardly expect to see any noticeable results in his own lifetime.

Although small living creatures cannot be manlike, and no man could continue to function if drastically reduced in size, this does not rule out the possibility that extremely small yet intelligent beings might exist if they were constructed upon nonhuman lines. By altering her designs nature can circumvent, to a quite remarkable degree, the limitations imposed by size. Consider,

for example, the difference between the albatross and the tiniest midge, barely visible to the eye. Both are aerial creatures that fly by flapping their wings—and there the resemblance ceases. Anyone knowing only the midge could make a very convincing case for the impossibility of the albatross—and vice versa. Yet both exist, and both fly, though one weighs a billion times as much as the other. They represent the extreme ends of the evolutionary spectrum, when the resources of biological materials and mechanisms have been stretched to the limit. No bird much larger than an albatross could fly, as is demonstrated by the ostrich, the moa, and their giant ancestors, as terrifying as dinosaurs. No insect much smaller than a midge could have any control of its movements through the air; though it might float as helplessly as the planktonic creatures drift through the sea, it could not fly.

Even a complete redesign, therefore, permits only a limited, and not an indefinite reduction in size. Sooner or later we come up against the fact that the basic structural elements of living creatures—the building blocks of life—cannot be made much smaller than they already are. All animals are constructed of cells, and all cells are of much the same size. Those from an elephant are only twice the size of those from a

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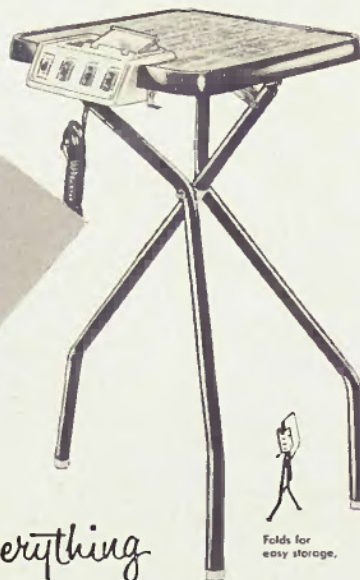
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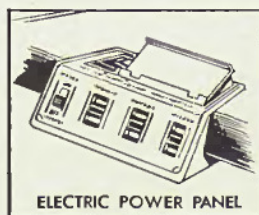
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mouse. It is as if all living creatures are like houses, built from bricks which vary only slightly in size. It follows, therefore, that very small animals must also be very simple animals, because they can contain only a limited number of components.

Intelligence, whatever else it may be, is at least partly a by-product of cellular complexity. Small brains cannot be as complex as large brains, because they must contain fewer cells. One can imagine the human brain still functioning well at half its present size—but not at one tenth. If, on planets with powerful gravitational fields, living creatures are reduced to a height of a few inches, they cannot be intelligent—unless they make up for their lost height by increasing their area, to give an adequate volume of brain. There might be doll-like animals on 50-g worlds, but anything capable of rational thought would look not like a mannequin, but a pancake.

Not only intelligence, but life itself, becomes impossible as we continue down the scale of size. Only just beyond the limit of today's microscopes the essential granularity of nature makes its appearance. As the cell is the basic building block of *all* living creatures, so atoms and molecules are the building blocks of the cell. Some minute bacteria are only a few score molecules on a side; the viruses, which mark the frontier between life and nonlife, are even smaller. But no house can be smaller than a single brick, and nothing that lives can be smaller than a single protein molecule, which is the chemical basis of life. The largest proteins are about a millionth of a centimeter long; that is a nice round figure to remember, as the last milestone on the road down from the world of life.

Although it is conceivable that more efficient types of organisms may have evolved on other planets (indeed, it is somewhat immodest to assume otherwise), it seems very unlikely that they could be *so* much more efficient that they could alter those conclusions. We can dismiss, therefore, those ingenious stories of midget (and even microscopic) spaceships as pure fantasy. If you are ever persistently buzzed by a strange metallic object that looks like a beetle, it will be a beetle.

There is not much that can or need be said about theories of the subuniverse and the suggestion that atoms may be miniature solar systems. Stories based on this theme are now virtually extinct; they were killed when it was discovered that electrons behaved in a most unplanetary fashion, being waves at one moment and particles the next. The cozy and easily pictured Rutherford-Bohr atom lasted only a few years—and even in that model, electrons were assumed to jump instantaneously from

orbit to orbit, which would have been very unsettling to their inhabitants. Wave mechanics, the uncertainty principle, and the detection of such puzzling particles as mesons and neutrinos made it very clear that atoms were nothing like solar systems, or indeed anything that the minds of men had ever envisaged before.

I might mention, with a slight shudder, that in *Amazing Stories* during 1932–1935 one J. W. Skidmore produced an entire series of tales about a subatomic romance between an electron, Nega, and a proton, Posi. How any author could have spun this horrid whimsy out over five stories (or even one) I cannot now imagine: his success may be judged from the fact that though I read the entire Posi-and-Nega series at the time of publication, I cannot for the life of me remember whether boy eventually met girl, and, if so, what happened.

Almost invariably, stories of microcosmic universes have ignored the fact that a change of size always involves a corresponding change of time rate. Small creatures live short, active lives; to birds and flies, we must be very slow-moving, sluggish creatures. If we go to the limiting case of the atom and suppose that the orbiting electrons are in fact worlds in their own right, they must have fantastically short "years." In the Rutherford-Bohr model of the hydrogen atom, the single orbital electron makes about a million billion revolutions around the nucleus every *second*. If this corresponds to the 88-day year of Mercury, the innermost planet in our solar system, it would mean that time in the hydrogen atom must pass about 10,000 million million times more swiftly than it does in our macroscopic universe.

No science-fiction hero, therefore, could ever make two visits to the same subatomic world. If he stepped back into his own universe for a single hour, and then returned to the atom, he would find that hundreds of billions of years had passed. And, conversely, any round trip to the microworld would have to be practically instantaneous in our time, otherwise the traveler would die of old age among the atoms. I do recall one story in which a scientist sent his daughter and his assistant on a brief visit to the subatomic universe and was disconcerted to welcome back several hundred of their great-great-great-grandchildren a couple of minutes later; even so, I fear that the author, though he was on the right track, grossly underestimated the magnitude of the problem. It would not be a question of a few human generations—but the lifetimes of many suns.

For time can be a barrier more unyielding than space; this will be par-

ticularly true if we ever discover, and attempt to communicate with, extremely large intelligent entities. A number of writers have explored this idea, which does not conflict with my earlier remarks about the impossibility of giants. I was speaking then of *planetary* environments—and there may be creatures larger than planets.

One writer to handle this theme was Fred Hoyle—and whatever views one may take of Professor Hoyle's cosmology, nobody doubts that he knows his physics. In *The Black Cloud* he described, with great plausibility and conviction, a gaseous invader from interstellar space, some hundred million miles in diameter—in fact, a kind of intelligent comet.

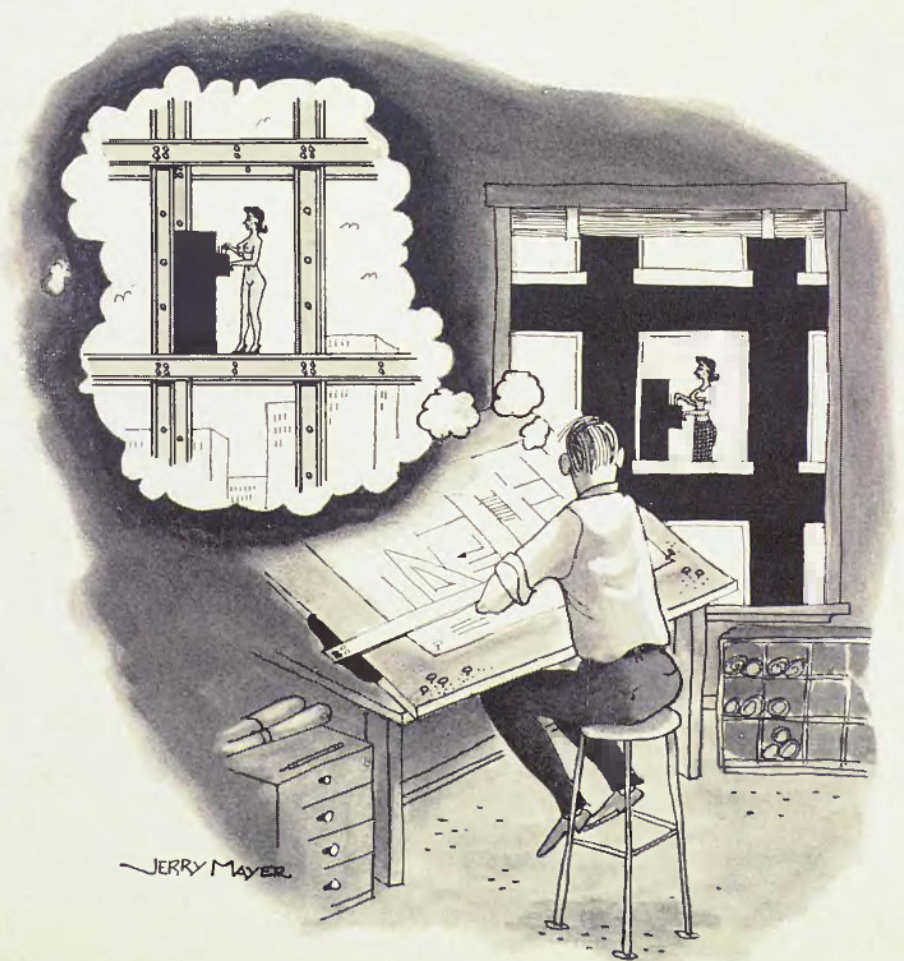
Even if the "thoughts" of such a creature were propagated by radio waves, as Hoyle suggested, it would take 10 minutes for a single impulse to travel from one end of it to the other. A nerve impulse can make the trip across the human brain in a few thousandths of a second, so mental operations involving the whole of the Black Cloud would take perhaps a million times longer than those of a human mind. We would get very tired waiting for its answers; a short sentence would take a couple of months to deliver.

However, the Black Cloud might be able to talk to us at our own rate, or

even at the rate of our fastest teleprinters, by detailing a minute and localized fraction of itself to deal with so trivial a problem. In that case, we could hardly claim to be in communication with it as a whole, any more than an ant could claim to have made contact with a man, because his toe twitched when it walked across his foot.

These are rather humbling thoughts, but I do not think that they are necessarily fantastic. Looking down toward the atom we can see, a few orders of magnitude beneath us, first the end of intelligence, then the end of life. There is no such finality in the other direction, and as yet we have no inkling of our position in the hierarchy of the Universe. There may be intellects among the stars as vast as worlds, or suns—or solar systems. Indeed, the whole galaxy, as Olaf Stapledon suggested long ago, may be evolving toward consciousness, if it has not already done so. It contains, after all, 10 times as many suns as there are cells in a human brain.

The road to Lilliput is short, and it leads nowhere. But the road to Brobdingnag is another matter; we can see along it only a little way, as it winds outward through the stars, and we cannot guess what strange travelers it carries. It may be well for our peace of mind if we never know.



FATHER'S GIFT *(continued from page 54)*

"I am reading a book, lady," I said.

She looked at the jacket. "Camus," she said, mispronouncing it. "What's it about?"

"A man is condemned to spend eternity pushing a stone to the top of a mountain. Once it gets there it rolls down and he has to push it to the top again."

"In that case you'd better have a drink," she said and put a glass in my hand. Then she took off her shoes and sat cross-legged on the bed beside me and snuggled up.

I won't say her approach was crude, but it was direct. After all, I was just lying there in my underwear. She made her move and I was so startled I jumped out of bed. To have jumped farther would have been to do myself an unkindness.

"Leggo," I said.

"What's the matter with you?" she said.

Jesus, I was embarrassed. "Listen, if you'd just like to sit here quietly, or something."

She stood up and put on her shoes. "No, thanks. I had a quiet night last night. So goodbye to you." She walked out.

Well, eventually the old man's car drove off. After a while it came back. He came upstairs switching off lights and tapped on my door. He was just tight enough to be charming, but no more. "What the hell, kid? Didn't you like Betsy?"

I didn't want to talk about it. "She's OK."

He stared at me. "Listen, haven't you ever had a girl? There's nothing wrong with it, you know. I don't know if you know there's nothing wrong with it or not. You mustn't think there's anything wrong with it, because if you think there's anything wrong with it, well, that's wrong."

I got up to hunt for a cigarette. "Well, I always thought a person's sex life was a person's sex life. You know what I mean? I mean I don't like it thrown at me. You make me feel like the only reason you brought me here was to get me bred."

He looked tired and disappointed. "OK, Jay," he said finally. "OK, I'll leave you alone."

There was nothing I could say. The year wasn't going to be the way he wanted. But Jesus, how could it? He was 40-something years old; I was 18. How can you be old buddy-buddies in a situation like that? I couldn't even think of anything polite to say to him.

The middle of October we closed the house and went to Florida. The house there — in Florida, that is — had only two bedrooms, but it was modern as hell with a couple of sun decks and a big patio and a view of the Gulf. My father

worked outside, usually. In the afternoons after I got back from school I'd lie on the beach in the sun by myself. That is, I did until Evie Caldwell came along.

Before I tell the gossip about Evie I'd better explain about the school. It was small, which was the most important thing, and there were only about 300 students. All the kids had known each other all their lives and had their friends and girlfriends and cliques. I was not exactly Most Popular Boy. I went to a couple of dances stag, but what the hell. So I gave it up.

Evie was in my Latin class, and she was supposed to be the sexiest girl in school. She *looked* the part, but in my experience the sexiest-looking girls are not always the sexiest when you get down to it. The gossip was that she was available, and insatiable — she could never get enough at no time nowhere in this world, man. Well, gossip. It's meaningless. Gobble gobble gobble. Christ, sometimes I hate people.

Late one afternoon I was on the beach watching those crazy little birds run along the edge of the water when I saw Evie. She was walking toward me and she had on a faded blue bathing suit which was too small and she kept tugging at it and pulling it down. Then she saw me. "Oh. Hi."

I said Hi.

"You know something? I found an absolutely perfect sand dollar. That's very unusual. They usually get broken up when the tide goes in or out." She held it out.

"Sit down and have a cigarette," I said. "Or maybe a beer?" I always took beer to the beach.

"I don't smoke." She sat down beside me. There were grains of sand caught in the golden hairs on her forearm. "I can't stand to smell women who smoke. You know?"

I opened a can of beer. "Yeah, it's funny about smelling. When I was a little kid everybody used to smell different to me. Now I smoke so much."

"You haven't lived with your father before, have you?" she said. "Because he's been coming here for years."

So I told her about my mother. "You see, Switzerland's an ideal place because you can go for weekends to Paris or Rome, or even Spain."

"Are you glad she's married?"

"Well, yeah. He's a nice guy. The one before him committed suicide. Not that he wasn't nice, too. He was very considerate about the way he did it. One day when my mother wasn't in the apartment he shot himself. He put the pistol right in his ear. That's the best way if you want to shoot yourself. The lady next door was watching television and she got the super to come up with a key

and they called the cops."

"Why did he do it?"

"I don't know. He was pretty nervous. He'd had four breakdowns and had to go to a sanatorium in Massachusetts. I used to watch him sweat. He'd be just sitting in a chair, not doing anything, and suddenly he'd start to sweat. Water'd pour off him. He could really sweat."

Evie looked thoughtful. "Gas is easier."

"Natural gas, you mean?"

"Uh-huh. A doctor who used to be my mother's friend said that was the best way. Of course, there's always the danger of an explosion. Carbon monoxide is probably ideal."

"You get a terrific headache from that, though, right before the end. I read a book about some polar explorers who had a poorly ventilated igloo. They lighted the stove and damn near conked out before they could get outside. That's how I know about the headaches."

"Well, a lot of times people take pills and somebody comes along and pumps them out."

I lay on my back and looked at the sky. "Maybe the ideal way would be to get in a warm tub and then take a bunch of pills and *then* open a vein."

"And sniff ether," Evie said. "You can buy ether in a drugstore, can't you? I think once we bought some to kill some kittens. That damn old cat we had."

I asked her if she wanted another beer, but she shook her head. "Your mother ever remarry?" I asked.

"No, and I wish she would. She drinks."

"That can be a problem."

"It used to be she'd get drunk once a month. Now it's about every week. She says the most terrible things and I have to stay home from school with her." Evie brushed sand from her legs. "Of course, I don't *think* she's going through the change, but I can't be absolutely sure."

"How come I didn't see you at the dances?" I said.

She grinned. "Nobody asked me."

"Aw, come off it," I said. "These guys down here out of their minds? They had too much sun? There's one Friday night. Let's go."

She glanced away. "Take me somewhere else. A movie."

"OK," I said.

She threw the perfect sand dollar toward the water. "I don't like the kids here. I hate it here. As soon as I'm 18 I'm leaving." She stood up and brushed sand off the backs of her legs and her ass. "Well, I got to go."

"Want me to drive you?"

"No. My brother's meeting me."

She had a brother named Alfred, a Neanderthal. He was older and spent his entire high school career taking courses in woodworking shop. That kind of moron. He had two cronies who had played football until they were out of eligibility — Beano McNab and Big Fats Farr. They aren't important right now,

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Friday night I was shaving when my father walked past the bathroom and stopped. "What're you doing?" he said, only he didn't mean that; he meant why, or for what purpose, was I shaving at that hour of the day. But I didn't bother to straighten out the old bastard's syntax.

"Date," I said.

"Who is she?"

"Girl."

"Doesn't she have a name? Perhaps I know the family. I have been coming here for a number of years."

"Evie Caldwell."

"Oh, Jesus Christ," the old bastard said.

I put down the razor. "What's so wrong with her?"

"Nothing at all. But have you seen her mother?"

"She drinks," I said.

"Who the hell cares about that?" the old man said. "I mean, have you *seen* her?"

"Not yet, pops," I told my real daddy.

He looked honestly worried. "I'm going to tell you the same thing my father said to me years ago. The moment you become interested in a girl take a good look at her mother. That is the way the girl will look 20 years hence. Ask yourself if *that* is what you want 20 years from now."

"For Christ sake, we're only going to a movie. I doubt if we'll produce issue tonight."

"All right, but I'm only asking you to think, son."

That was the first time he'd ever called me that. It was embarrassing. He followed me into my room and sat on the bed while I dressed. "For Christ sake stop worrying about me," I said. "It makes me nervous. I'll look at her mother."

I did, too. Oy.

They had a big expensive house. It wasn't anything like our house which was only a beach house. Evie's house was white and three stories with a big wall around it. I guess it was Moorish. It was lousy with gardens and flowers and hedges and the driveway was crushed clamshells. I stopped my MG under the porte-cochere. Old Alfred was sitting on the marble steps alternately picking his nose and scratching his can. That kid had rhythm. He hadn't shaved in a couple of days and was dressed correctly for cesspool cleaning.

"What's new?" I said, by way of greeting.

"Huh?" he said.

"I said, is Evie around?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"We have a date."

He giggled. "No crap? She really going out with you? That's a hot one. Boy, that's a hot one."

As the sun slowly set on Alfred, and his nose and his ass *and* his intellect, I went up and rang the bell. The door was open but there was a screen door and I couldn't see inside. I could hear people arguing, though. It was one of those arguments where someone says, "You don't know *what* the hell you're talking about," and the other person says, "The hell I don't." I mean it was on that level and there was no point in eavesdropping so I kept ringing.

A woman came to the door. She had a horsy, bitter face and she was wearing a hat with little flowers all over it and rimless eyeglasses. Her dress was made from flowered material and she had a bunch of flowers pinned to her shoulder. Christ, she even *smelled* like flowers.

"What do you want?" she said in a mean, nasty voice.

"I'm Jay Thornton," I said. "Would you tell Evie I'm here, please."

"Oh, for Christ sake," she said, as if she couldn't care less, and she didn't. "I'm Mrs. Caldwell." Then she turned from me and yelled, "Evie! Your date's here!" And then she just walked away. I couldn't see inside the house and it was like she'd disappeared. Then the argument started again. Goddamn mumble-mumble goddamn. I opened the door and went in.

I was in a foyer and to my left was a drawing room. The furniture was haggard-looking as if no one gave a damn about it. A fat man with a bright red face was sitting in a chair, drinking. A woman in a lace dress was leafing through a book of photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson. Mrs. Caldwell was pacing back and forth, arguing with the fat man. Right in the middle of the room, lying flat on his back, was a skinny guy in a double-breasted seersucker suit. One of three things had happened: he had passed out, gone to sleep, or died. Mrs. Caldwell kept stumbling over him. Every time she did she gave him a little kick, the way you do a chair in your way. He never opened his eyes or made a sound.

"The hell you say," the fat man was saying.

"The *hell* I don't," Mrs. Caldwell replied.

"The hell you do."

"Oh, you exasperate me," Mrs. Caldwell said and walked to the stairs. "Evie! For Christ sake, you're keeping this boy *waiting!*"

The fat man beckoned to me and I went into the drawing room. "Boy," he said. "You go to school?"

"Yes sir," I said.

"Good," he grunted, and I wondered what he would have said if I had said I didn't: bad? He waved his hand at the lady in the lace dress. "My wife."

"Oh, how do you do," she said, giving me a sweet smile. "You play the harp."

"No ma'am," I said.

"Oh, but you will," she said, laughing

delightedly. "Oh, yes, you'll play the harp. I'm psychic."

At that moment Evie came down. She had on a white dress. Talk about a breath of spring. Oh, *honey!*

"Let's get the hell away from the creeps," I said under my breath.

"Yes, baby," she whispered and squeezed my hand.

"Wait just a minute," Mrs. Caldwell said. "You're not going anywhere until I look at your throat. I know you are coming down with one of your colds."

"Oh, God," Evie said.

"Open your mouth."

So Evie opened her mouth and the old bitch glanced in. "Ah-ha, inflamed," Mom cackled. "Red as hell. Take a teaspoon of whiskey before you go."

"I hate that stuff," Evie said.

"Young lady, you will do as I say."

Evie took the whiskey, shuddered slightly, and we went out and got in my MG. "Those are friends of mother's," she said. "Every Friday night they play poker."

"I sure like your dress," I told her.

She squeezed my hand. "I think it stinks."

The thing I liked about that dress was it unbuttoned down the front, all the way. We went to a drive-in movie and drank some beer I'd brought along. It wasn't until about the middle of the second feature I got that dress unbuttoned and then only the first four or five from the top. About a two-hour struggle had preceded that. She could kiss like a driven maniac, but she wouldn't let me *do* anything. I was about out of my mind before I got her brassiere unfastened. Oh, Christ, what rare gems from the Orient! Then she said she was hungry so I took her to get something to eat and we ended up at her house. It was dark, like the House of Usher, and we sat on the lawn. I put my hand adroitly up her dress and she hauled off and belted me. She really hit me.

"You bastard! Don't you *ever* do that!"

She hit me so hard she bent my brace. I wear a brace on my back teeth and it's silver and it bent. It was cutting into my gums and killing me. I was about out of my mind with pain.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"You dumb bitch," I said. I was bleeding.

"Let me see," she said, but it was too dark. "I'll go get a flashlight."

"You go to hell, I'm going home."

She grabbed my hand. "Wait a minute, baby. Wait just a minute." She ran into the house and I stood there like an idiot drooling all over myself and then she came running out. "It's OK. She's passed out."

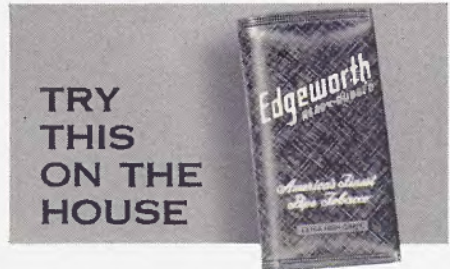
"What the *hell?*" I said.

"I'll drive you home. You can't drive like that." She made me get in the MG and she drove me home. Christ, there



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was a light on. The old man was waiting up for me.

"Well, come on," Evie said. "You've got to tell your father." She pulled me out of the car and opened the front door and there we were, as they say, in.

The old man had been spending a quiet evening in front of the fireplace, leafing through his pornography collection. "Good God, has there been an accident? Is he seriously hurt?"

"No, I hit him. He put his hand up my dress and I hit him and bent his brace. I'm Evie Caldwell."

"You're a pair of young idiots," the old bastard said sternly. "And I'm going to telephone your mother and tell her about this."

"It won't do any good," Evie said. "She's passed out."

"For Christ sake, Dad, do something," I said. "I'm in pain. Don't just stand there. Turn on the television."

"Open your stupid mouth," he said.

So I opened my stupid mouth and he glanced into it with the intensity of a brain surgeon removing a malignancy and said, "Don't move, I'll get the needle-nosed pliers," and dashed out of the room. He dashed back, said, "This may hurt, grip something," and unbent me. Oh, blessed satisfying relief! Then we all went into the bathroom and I rinsed with peroxide and they both looked into my mouth.

"It seems all right," old Dad said to Evie.

"Well, he's stopped bleeding but he's sure mangled. You better get him to a dentist tomorrow."

"Come on, clown," I said. "I'll drive you home."

"I'm not sure you should go out with that wound," my father said. "You come right back, do you hear? I don't want you doing anything to get it infected."

"I'm glad to have met you, Mr. Thornton," Evie said.

"Come back to see us, my dear," he said. "Come often."

So I took her home. There still wasn't one light on in the old haunted house. "Oh, its poor mouth," she said, kissing me. "Its poor baby mouth. Me sorry. Me so very, very sorry." She kept kissing me. "Now I have some of your blood. Now I have some of your blood inside me."

"You dumb bitch," I said. "Why'd you do that?"

"I can't stand that sort of thing, Jay."

"You dumb stupid bitch," I said. I felt like you do when you're a little kid and get angry, that you might cry. "I love you."

"Will you promise never to do that again?"

"Yes," I said, lying my head off.

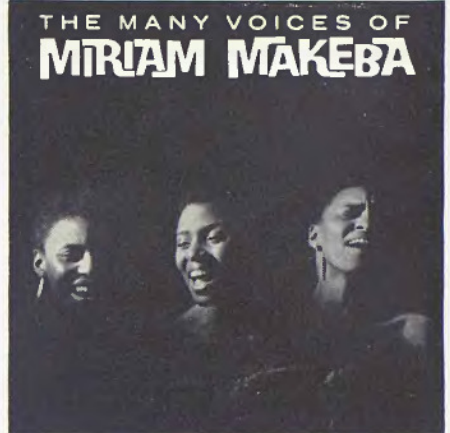
"All right. Then I love you, too."

So then I had a girl and I spent four of the most miserable months of my life. No, she kept saying. *No, I don't want to do that.* For instance, one afternoon we

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were lying on the bed in my room and I took off everything she had on, every goddamn thing, and she didn't say anything so I thought it was all right. We must've tussled for an hour before she began to cry. And I mean sob. Really heartbroken.

"What is it?" I said.

"Oh, I thought you loved me, I thought you loved me," was all she said for a long time. Then: "If you're going to do that I'll never see you again. I never will. Oh, I can't stop you, Jay. I can't stop."

"Listen, you maniac, I love you," I said.

She was still crying. "Do you really mean that, Jay? Do you really love me? Will we get married someday?"

"Hell, yes," I kept saying. "Hell, yes."

"Well, then I'll think about it," she said, and blew her nose. "I'll try to come to some kind of decision soon." And so she put on her clothes and then I drove her home.

One thing about my old man. He was discreet as hell. My room had its own entrance, of course, but he knew. He never said anything, though. I mean anything like a lot of people would. Anything crude. I respected him for that.

One afternoon Evie walked out of school and got in my car with a look on her face like someone about to undergo major surgery. "You can this afternoon if you want to," she said. "I'll let you."

I'm not going to write anything about that afternoon. That would be a hell of a thing to do.

What happened was in March I got the flu. I was out of school a week, sicker than a dog. Evie called a couple of times the first part of the week and my father took the messages. You know how it is when you've had the flu, you don't feel like doing anything. All weekend I lay around in the sun. Monday I went back.

In study hall I sat next to Esmé Todd. That was at two o'clock in the afternoon. Esmé had the largest ass and the emptiest head in the entire student body. She either whispered during study hall or wrote notes in green ink. Really a charming creature.

"You missed all the excitement being sick," she whispered as soon as the study hall teacher had told us to shut up.

"Mmmm," I said.

"Yeah," she said, chewing gum. "Evie Caldwell got knocked up."

I thought that I was going to die, right there.

"They questioned all the boys in senior class about who did it," she went on. "If you'd been here they would have questioned you, too." She reflected. "I guess it was either Beano or Big Fats."

I was dying. "What!" I hissed.

"Well, they're good friends of her brother. You know, Alfred? About three or four years ago I remember one sum-

mer a lot of kids started sleeping outside at night and Beano and Big Fats used to go over to Alfred's a lot. Yeah, it was four summers ago because she was 13 then. Alfred talked her into it because he liked Beano and Big Fats a lot."

I went out of my mind then. "How the hell do you know that?" I said, and I wasn't whispering.

Esmé looked at me blankly. "I used to watch."

I walked out of study hall. Somebody called to me, I think, but I'm not sure. I walked out of the building and got in my car. I think I drove around for an hour, but I really don't remember. There's a whole hour of my life I can't remember what I did. I couldn't think, all I could do was feel. My girl. My girl.

I drove to Evie's house and walked up the steps and rang the bell. I rang hell out of it. The door opened a crack. "Is that you, Mrs. Caldwell?" I said. "This is Jay. Jay Thornton. May I please see Evie?"

"Go away," Mrs. Caldwell said in her mean, nasty voice. "We don't want any boys around here."

"Please let me talk to her, Mrs. Caldwell."

"You go away or I'll call the police," she said. "I've got a shotgun in here."

"But it was me, Mrs. Caldwell. I'm the one."

"Don't be so sure of yourself," she

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said. "Anyway, I don't give a goddamn who it was. I am going to have that young lady operated." She closed the door.

I kept ringing the bell but she didn't come back. Then I really went out of my mind. I drove back to school. A lot of kids were coming down the steps at the main entrance, but the seniors usually came out the side where their lockers were. I saw Alfred and Beano and Big Fats come out of the building together and I went to meet them. "Listen," I said.

They stopped and looked at me and Big Fats grinned. "Well, hello, boy." Actually, he'd always been friendly.

I couldn't speak. I hit Big Fats as hard as I could, which wasn't very hard. He put his notebook down carefully and took the pencil from behind his ear and hit me in the mouth and broke two of my front teeth. I lay on the ground until Beano said, "Get up, you bastard," so I got up and he hit me twice in the stomach, only twice, and I lay down again and vomited. They walked off.

I lay there until the physics teacher, Mr. Jefferson, came out of the building and said to me, "Jay, you've been fighting. You know that's against the rules. I'll have to report it. I'm going to tell the principal right now." He hurried back inside, an old man with loose silver jingling in his pocket.

I got to my knees, then I stood up and walked to my car. I drove home. The old man wasn't there. I went into his room. He kept a .44 magnum handgun in a desk there. I got it out and loaded it and I was standing there bleeding all over the place and crying because I was so

angry when the front door slammed.

"Jay?" he called. "You home?"

Then ice began to rattle in a martini pitcher. I walked into the room with the gun in my hand and leaned against the wall. He had on a faded pair of dungarees, that was all. He was brown as mahogany and looked like a suave pirate and I hated his goddamn charming guts. He glanced at me, cool as hell, and said, "Have a good day at school?" Then I knew he'd heard about the fight, at least.

"If you try to stop me I'll kill you," I said.

He held the martini glass up to the light. "Go for the jugular, kid, it's the quickest way."

"Cut it out," I said. "You can't con me."

He sat down and lighted a cigarette. Then he looked at me and he looked disgusted. "If there's one thing I can't stand it's a slob. For Christ sake, wipe the emotional egg off your face. What do you think life is? Roses? I didn't raise you to be a slob."

"You didn't raise me, buddy."

"Jesus, you do feel sorry for yourself," he said. "Has it ever occurred to you that by the same token I was never around to bother you?"

"I hate your goddamn guts," I told him.

"Sure you do," he said. "I know that. Because I'm a better man than you are. You're standing there trembling, tears running down your dirty face, in pain, and I am sitting at my ease calmly enjoying a drink and feeling no pain at all. *That's* what you hate. You hate it because you don't have it. So go ahead. Be a slob."

"Thanks for the fatherly advice," I

said, and walked to the door.

"Goodbye, Jay," he said.

I turned and looked at him. The old bastard was calmly sipping the martini. He really *wasn't* going to stop me. "Why the hell not?" I asked him.

"If you really want to do this thing you'll find a way. No one can stop you."

I kept staring at him.

"You're my son, Jay," he said. "I love you. But I can't stop you. Only you can do that."

Jesus, the old con. They get you with it every time, don't they? I was shaking like a leaf. "You miserable, lying son of a bitch," I said and threw the gun on the sofa and put my face in my hands.

"What in the *hell* happened?" the old man said.

So I told him. He got up and mixed another martini before he said anything. Then he asked, "What do you want?"

"Evie," I said.

"I'll only ask you this once. Are you *sure*?"

"I want Evie," I repeated.

He grinned at me. "Kid, you have come to the right place. If there was ever a job for Superman this is it. Now watch your old man operate." He picked up the telephone and dialed a number. "Mrs. Caldwell? Miles Thornton here. I was wondering, could you have a drink with me? In about an hour or so. No, I thought we'd go somewhere if you haven't any objection. Perhaps later we might get something to eat. Yes, in about an hour."

He put the phone down and looked at me. "You've got nothing ahead of you but morning sickness and the PTA," he said dryly. "And you know what you've done to me? You've made me a goddamn grandfather, and I'm too *young* to be a grandfather."

It was twilight when I drove to Evie's house. She was standing on the steps all alone. I walked up and took her hand. She'd been crying and her eyes looked like hell. She'd probably been crying for days. "Come on," I said. "Let's go."

"I've got to tell you something," she said.

"Everybody experiments," I said. "The hell with it."

My old man didn't come home that night. As a matter of fact he didn't get back until 3:30 the next afternoon. Evie and I were on the deck, sunbathing, and when I heard him drive in I covered her with a towel. The old bastard looked haggard, really haggard.

"What the hell happened to you?" I said.

"You dig motels?" he asked.

"Jesus, *really*?" I said.

He slowly nodded his head.

No greater love. Believe me. When you think about that Mrs. Caldwell. No greater love. What a really charming old bastard he was!



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F. O. B. DETROIT (continued from page 93)

it would go into limited production in 1963. Every major manufacturer in the world has a turbine in the works. The device, basically the same as the aircraft propjet engine, is light, simple, easy to maintain and unfussy about fuel. Against: it's expensive to build, doesn't deliver instantaneous acceleration — there's a one- or two-second lag — and while it burns cheap fuel, it has, in the past, burned quite a lot of it. Research and development will reduce the force of these disadvantages, and it seems certain that a gas-turbine, whether American, British, German, French or Italian, will be available for purchase before very much longer.

So much for tomorrow. But, watchman, what of today?

It's a buyer's market. Last year was the year of the compacts, and this year is the year of the in-between, compact-intermediate, not-big-yet-not-small automobile. It is not a year of great revolutionary change, but there has been notable refinement of existing models, there are some engines of tremendous power, there are some enchanting new convertibles and it's a great year for gimmicks: Ford's door-locks that can't freeze, for example, or Chrysler's new starter, which doesn't make the whine with which starters have always previously announced that they were at work. Also, because California law now requires forced ventilation of the crankcase, an effective antismog feature, and Wisconsin requires seat-belt fastenings, these two humanitarian devices are becoming widely available. No-wax paint jobs are trending toward standard, and the limited-slip differential, for decades restricted to race cars, is a common option. This useful device will not allow one wheel to spin madly in snow, for example, while the other one does nothing: it puts the whip to both of them.

It once was — and not so long ago — that 300- and 400-horsepower engines usually came in passenger cars marked "Made in Italy" and tagged at \$10,000 and upward. But Ford in 1962 has an optional 405-horsepower engine in the new Galaxie series, Plymouth offers a 410-horsepower option for all models, and the Super Sport kit for the Chevrolet Impala turns out 409 horsepower to such purpose that there are few automobiles of any origin that can stay with it. The American Grand Prix driver Dan Gurney took an Impala to England to run in sedan races. This class in Great Britain is dominated by 3.8 Jaguars, some of which, one hears, have D-type engines. Whatever they have, the fast ones are fast indeed, but Gurney was overtaking them on the straights just the same, although he couldn't hold them easily in the corners, and he seemed a fair bet to win the race when he broke a wheel. (His

car didn't have the heavy-duty "export" wheels optionally available.) An Impala SS hardtop sedan, with the radio playing and the heater on, will get to 105 miles an hour within a quarter of a mile, and in 13 seconds. Not long ago, those were strictly racing sports-car figures.

Chevrolet is full of little surprises this year. For the first time since 1928, for instance, there's a 4-cylinder Chevrolet, the Chevy II. It comes as a 6, too, at 120 horsepower, 30 more than the 4 produces. The Chevy II — it's amusing, and comforting, that GM decided to call the car what everybody else calls it — has an innovation in suspension: the rear spring, instead of being made up of several leaves clipped together, is just one piece. The idea is that such a spring, relieved of the friction of the several leaves sliding over each other, will give more easily under weight. To stand up to the work, the single-leaf spring must be shot-peened under load, and Chevrolet has a tight patent on the 50-ton machine that does the peening.

Why did no one ever think of *this* before: When the cloth of a convertible top is stretched taut over the supporting ribs, they show as ridges, naturally. Chevrolet has cut ridges into the dies that stamp out some of its hardtop roofs. Result, a top with the interesting irregularity of a convertible and the durability of steel.

There's news in the Ford Thunderbird: a tonneau cover over the rear seats that has built into it a pair of headrests for the front-seat passengers. Good-looking, too. Or at least new-looking, and unusual. That's in the Sports Roadster model, and there are three others, convertible, hardtop and landau — the last a formal hardtop with a leather-grained vinyl roof. The Thunderbird doors are four feet wide and the car carries 45 pounds of sound-deadening material.

The Fairlane is the "compact-intermediate" Ford. It's 197 inches long, including everything. It runs the 6-cylinder Falcon engine, but it's available with a V8 as well, the package including such refinements as a self-cleaning fuel filter which keeps not only dirt out of the gas line, but water as well. Lubrication is good for 30,000 miles, engine coolant for two years, engine oil for 6000 miles, gearbox and differential lubrication for the life of the automobile, and the whole package carries the 12-month/12,000-mile guarantee originated by Ford.

The Falcon, Ford's best-selling compact, comes in a deluxe version of some distinction, the Futura. The front seat-backs fold flat, by the way, right down to the dash, so that the back-seat riders can get in without using Alpenstocks. The Futura is a happy combination of ideas, and the urban shopper should

think on it: it's handy enough for town and fast enough for the road. Incidentally, if you think of yourself as a *type sportif*, and you *must* have a manual transmission, or stick-shift, the primary tool of the truck driver's trade, Ford's new three-speed has a helpful bit of machinery built into it: a lock-out which will not allow the driver to engage first or reverse gear until the clutch has been pushed all the way down. Prevents chipped gear teeth.

In midyear Ford announced new sports-model variants on the three main stars of the line — Falcon, Fairlane, Galaxie: the Galaxie 500XL, the Fairlane Sports Coupe, the Falcon Sports Futura. These are all bucket-seated, optionally floor-shifting items meant not so much for transportation as for fun. With the 405-horsepower engine in it, the 500XL ought to be fun on almost any level. You'll be pleased to hear that the medium-sized, 221-inch Ford V8 engine weighs just half as much as the original 1932 V8 and produces twice the power. Like all 1962 Fords, these new ones will pretty much take care of themselves (for example, when the car backs up, the brakes are automatically adjusted); the Ford people believe that they shouldn't require more than two to four hours of maintenance during the first year.

A novelty this year is Rambler's "E-stick" — a manual transmission with automatic clutch available on the American. The driver just waggles the gearshift lever back and forth almost as if it were hitched to an automatic transmission. Rambler has fully reclining seats, too, and an up-and-down adjustment on the cushion, worked by hydraulic pressure. And a double-master-cylinder braking system.

That pioneer compact, the Studebaker Lark, appears this year in a glamorous dress-up model, the Daytona, carrying separate front seats and offering engines up to 210 horsepower driving through optional 4-speed stick-shifts, if that device is your pleasure.

Studebaker's Hawk has always been good-looking and looks even better this year in its one model: the Gran Turismo. You can have this newly designed package driven by as much as 210 horsepower. The Hawk is handsome, clean, esthetically pleasant inside and out. The round-faced instruments are, as always, clustered in front of the driver, but this year there's a refinement: the gauges at the far ends of the dashboard have been turned inward at a slight angle, inward toward the driver. This is a gimmick that appeared first, as far as I know, a couple of years ago on a Bertone Ferrari. A good idea, but of course necessary only on full instrument panels. It doesn't make much difference which way idiot lights point.

In the matter of lights, Cadillac en-



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gineers have come up with a profundity: the new taillights are white until the brake pedal is touched. Then, by a crafty system of reflection, they go red. Cadillac has also warmed up one of the oldest and best ideas in lights that turn with the front wheels. These are not the main headlights, they're secondary lights, and they will brightly fill in those dark up-close corners in slow, winding roads and driveways. For a real wonder, Cadillac has a parking brake that will not only hold the car, it will stop it! That used to be the idea behind the second brake, you know. It wasn't called the parking brake, it was called the hand brake; it stood in the middle of the floor like a young tree and with it a strong child could stop the automobile. Cadillac's 1962 version doesn't sprout out of the floor, but otherwise there's a resemblance.

Much is going to be heard about the new Buick V6, and if one's not careful it's easy to get the impression that this is the first V6 engine in the history of the world, but it's not: Lancia has had V6s and V4s for years, and General Motors has for some time been building a V6 truck. The Buick engine — which was decided upon because a 4-cylinder doesn't equate with the Buick "image" and a 6-in-line would require expensive new tooling — produces about 135 horsepower under ideal test conditions and should be pleasantly easy on gasoline consumption. There's nothing radical about it and it should be entirely reliable. The makings of an amusing little ploy come with this engine: its firing order is irregular compared with a V8, and produces a galloping effect, audible when it's run without mufflers. Muffled, running on the road in the automobile, it would be a keen and experienced ear indeed that could tell the difference. Nevertheless, driving the car one can say to practically any male passenger, "Of course you notice the characteristic V6 exhaust note," and get a wise nod of agreement in return. Buick stylists would have you know that they went through 4800 paint samples to pick the 15 colors they're using — and 3000 seat-cover materials.

If you can't be made happy by a V6 Buick, a Cadillac or the big new Chrysler Imperial *fantastico* — with its stand-up taillights nested in nacelles this time — or the two-year-guaranteed Lincoln Continental, there's a gaggle of sports-car-emulating machinery to consider, with Europe-reflective model names like Grand Prix, Monza, Gran Turismo (two) and Le Mans, these from Pontiac, Corvair, Studebaker, Lancer and Tempest in the order cited. Of similar purpose are the Dodge Polara 500, the Oldsmobile Cutlass, the Valiant Signet 200. Extra performance capability, bucket seats or reasonable facsimiles thereof and floor-

mounted shift-lever, whether manual or automatic, might be stated as shared characteristics of the group.

Power figures around the 300 mark, which identified full-race cars not so many years ago, are characteristic in this echelon. These are *going* automobiles. You can get 348 horsepower in the Pontiac Grand Prix, for example, and 303 is standard. The Dodge Polara 500 runs 305 HP and even this pales beside the 405 put out by the most powerful engine Ford has ever built. The brand-new Plymouth Sport Fury runs the 365 HP engine as an option for a standard 230; you can have as well dual exhausts, a 4-barrel carburetor, hot camshaft, high capacity radiator and heavy-duty springs, rear end and battery.

Chevrolet, meanwhile, has crammed a trunkful of power into a small package, hyping its Corvair Monza line with a Spyder model which features such dashboard exotica as an electric tach, manifold pressure gauge, and cylinder-head pressure gauge. Their *raison d'être* — a turbine-driven supercharger which lifts the basic Corvair engine's horsepower to an immodest 150. This, coupled with a four-speed box, heavy-duty suspension and beefed-up brakes, has produced a whippet not geared for grandma's supermarket forays.

In the "real" sports-car category, that is, an automobile suitable for competition use, the Corvette remains the only entry, regrettably. (A Studebaker Loewy-designed sports car, the Avanti — said to have a glass fiber body and supercharged Hawk engine on a Lark chassis — was to have been unveiled 'twixt this writing and publication date. Cloak-and-dagger operations in South Bend prevented appraisal of Studebaker's bright hope, but if the maximum security curtain indicated great expectations, the car might cause something of a stir in the American marketplace.) With the fuel-injection "big" engine the Corvette will accelerate to 60 miles an hour in less than seven seconds, and its top speed and handling qualities have brought it over the line ahead of such renowned imported stuff as Mercedes-Benz 300SLs and E-Jaguars, although it can't cope with the world's best fast passenger car, the Ferrari. Of course, the Corvette *should* beat Ferraris, Jaguars, Aston-Martins, Mercedes-Benzes and the lot, on the basis of engine size, the governing factor in race-car handicapping: the Corvette engine measures 327 inches, or 5.3 liters, while the E-Jaguar, for example, runs 231 inches in cubic capacity, or 3.7 liters. But while Jaguar's Sir William Lyons' feat in putting on the world market a 150-mile-an-hour car for less than \$6000 was considered almost incredible, at last report fellow General Motors executives had

not yet taken to rising in the presence of ex-Chevy General Manager Ed Cole and designer Zora Arkus-Duntov, though they brought the 1962 Corvette in at \$3900.

In the eyes of many of the brass-bound sports-car group, a Jaguar at \$4000 wouldn't be the real thing: too many people could have one. The American sports-car mystique derives in a straight line from the British attitude and is reactionary to the bone. The view of many Britons of the Edwardian persuasion is that sports motoring most distinctly should be a sport limited, like the hunting of the fox, to the few. People of this persuasion have objected to every development that has made control of a motorcar easier and thus available to more people. Decades have passed since the nonsynchronized or "crash" gearbox was a standard passenger-car fixture, indeed the gearbox itself has almost gone, but still every year someone will take pen in hand to bewail the passing of the crashbox, the silent and speedy use of which required a high degree of skill. When the first sports cars were imported postwar, this attitude came with them. I heard the owner of a new TC MG, asked by a passer-by for a dealer's address, flatly refuse to give it.

When sports cars began to pour into the country in the thousands, it became impossible to maintain that attitude, but it was logical to venerate them still as a group, and to uphold them as desirable rarities, considered vis-à-vis the Detroit product, coming off the line like cookies out of an automated oven. For a long time, this snobbism could be backed by a rationale of a sort: the American product was graceless and unsafe, and absurdly slow to boot. That much was justified, but some carried the notion further, and argued that the Detroit motor-masters did not make a fast and roadable car not because they didn't want to, but because they didn't know how, they couldn't. This was obvious nonsense, and betrayed — or betrays, because one still hears it — ignorance of the history of the horseless carriage: the thing was invented in Europe and most improvements on it and developments of it have originated in Europe. But the refinement of the device itself, and its accessories, so that they could be made cheaply and quickly and simply, has taken place in this country in great measure; and it's in this country that concern for comfort and, above all, *workability* has been paramount.

It is now held to be a truism in the European automobile industry that the United States will not again *allow* imported cars to regain the percentage of the trade they had a few years ago. That is, the European makers concede that



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Detroit can keep them out if it chooses — if it chooses to make a competitive product. In the areas of reliability and performance refinement, the American product has long been much more than merely competitive. For a clear indication of its excellence one must read the road tests published by British technical journals. Some of these magazines have been doing road tests almost as long as there have been automobiles to drive. Their staff people have traditions to uphold and they are blasé to say the least. Further, they have believed for a long time that U.S.-built motorcars are big, ugly, fat gas-eaters that cannot get out of their own way. Consequently, it is illuminating to read the composite articles produced by these journalists when they have been driving an American car for a week or 10 days.

"This amazing engine runs with uncanny freedom from vibration and in almost total silence . . . the car responds instantly to the steering . . . firm, predictable in behavior . . . a motorcar deserving of the highest praise . . . astonishing acceleration in almost complete silence . . . the lowest noise level of any car we have ever tested . . . at no point could any vibration be detected . . ." A full list of such paraphrases would be a long one indeed.

No, the owner of an imported high-performance car can no longer pull up alongside a Detroit at a stoplight or a tollgate, look contemptuously down his nose, and blast away. He can still win a parkway or throughway dust-up, but, more often than used to be the case, the driver wins it, not the car. Guile is needed, shiftiness, and skill. The foreign-car *pilote* has to rely on acceleration to 30 miles an hour, on such ploys as knowing when to flash lights at the fellow just ahead, so as to knock him into the next lane to block the competition; he has to rely on the nimbleness of his car, the narrowness that will let him take it through a tight slot, and he has to be more willing than the other fellow to accept the hazard that a bike cop will roar up out of the ground. In fact, the Man doesn't have to be on a bike. Each of the big firms makes a so-called police special, and any one of them will do an adequate pursuit job on you, no matter *what* you're driving. It's a pity you can't buy one without a letter from the head of the local department, but if you ponder the options available with certain of the 1962 Ford, Chevrolet and Plymouth sedans, you can put together a reasonable facsimile and go Jaguar-hunting with it.

One thing more: 1962 will be remembered as the year the jet-sized tail-fin went to join the bulb-horn and the acetylene lamp.



has ever been said about the Negro has been said about the female by males. This is why I often refer to females as the inferior race of the masculine world. And when the inferior race attempts to assert itself, of course, then it's called pushing, aggressive and all the other epithets hurled at it. This is the logic of people who roll you in the mud and when you come up dirty, won't have anything to do with you. This is a great loss to the whole world, and one of the sad things about our present situation: that women are not playing the role they should be playing in bringing some sort of sanity back to the masculine world. Many a man has said to me, "You should have seen this office before we had women working here; it was like a jungle." These feminine touches help civilize civilization.

MAYES: I think one reason we have a less effective government than we might have is due to the fact that fewer women are in Government than ought to be. We have token representation, that's all. We have, I believe, two women as United States Senators: Maurine Neuberger and Margaret Chase Smith. Of the hundreds and hundreds of members of the House of Representatives, only 60 are women. We've had only two women as state governors. There've been only two women in the President's cabinet since the beginning of our century: Frances Perkins and Oveta Culp Hobby. We've had only a handful of women ambassadors, Mrs. Luce having been the most important. Ruth Bryan Owen was assigned to Denmark; Eugenie Anderson also to Denmark, at a later time; Frances Willis was assigned as minister to Switzerland; Perle Mesta to Luxembourg; and, I believe, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman to Norway. What's important in any Government job is financial and economic

know-how, and of course a thorough knowledge of international affairs. There is also a certain physical stamina that's required in a top Government job. Men, obviously, are stronger physically than women and probably are better equipped to stand the pressures; we must remember that seven of our Presidents have died while in office. But women in Government could do no worse than men have done. Can you imagine a woman doing a worse job with Tammany Hall in New York than men have done? Can you imagine women school superintendents doing a worse job than has been done by men in this country? Women, I think, would be inclined to function in high positions with a greater sense of dignity; it would be hard to conceive of a woman in the United Nations taking off her shoe and pounding a desk with it.

MAILER: In short, the reason there's a womanization of America is that men have been directing history directly, and their navigation has brought us to the edge of disaster—possibly even to extermination—and so women have begun to develop a profound distrust of the supposed biological superiority of men. By biological superiority, I refer, of course, to the notion that man is the stronger animal and a wiser one.

MONTAGU: I think that women are becoming masculine, in the sense that they're taking over male values. And the male values are those which have brought this world to the disastrous state in which it now finds itself. The most important of these, I would say, states that you can settle arguments by force. Now women notoriously do *not* like to settle arguments by force; they will make every possible appeal to any other compromise, do anything but resort to force, make concessions, and so on. I think we need a great deal more of this in the world.

They have not yet been *completely* victimized by these male values; but to a large extent they have. If you took a vote among those who wished to drop hydrogen bombs on someone or other, a large number of them would nowadays be women.

MAYES: To me that sounds like sheer nonsense. Although women will certainly participate in mass demonstrations, they are not, in this country, participants where violence is concerned. I don't believe that women in America hold that position at all. To return to the subject of government, however, my general feeling is that the conduct of a government should be no less a two-sex relationship than a marriage. The better the marriage, the greater the likelihood that the two partners will supplement each other's judgment. Opinions may be different, emotions may be mixed, but with give and take, with concessions here and adjustments there, the right solutions can be arrived at. We have every right to expect more effective government if we can achieve a somewhat more equal partnership of the sexes. No man can do more to hurt his wife than to cheat in marriage, and it may be that our male population in the main is cheating in government by considering it a one-sided affair. There shouldn't be in government, any more than in marriage, a double standard.

PLAYBOY: In connection with this concept of partnership in public and private life, why did *McCall's* drop its identification as "The Magazine of Togetherness"?

MAYES: "Togetherness" implies that the magazine might be fundamentally a family magazine. It's a family magazine only to the extent that women run the family. The slogan was dropped merely to indicate that it's a magazine primarily and fundamentally for women.

DICHTER: Interestingly enough, we found in some studies done for *Time* magazine



that the modern woman does not necessarily want to be reached by a special type of women's magazine, though she still reads it. It's a step forward from the time when she didn't read at all — or just read a cookbook or the Bible or whatever she read — that she now has begun to read the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and so on. But the next step that the really emancipated woman is interested in is to read a magazine that is addressed to *people* rather than to men or women.

MAYES: Well, more women buy *McCall's* than any other magazine in the world. I assume this is so because we come closer to giving them what most interests them; and much of what interests them wouldn't be of the remotest interest to men.

DICHTER: In line with that, we did some work for *True* magazine. We found that *True* appealed primarily to the male who wanted at all costs to hold onto his den and to his den psychology; that he felt very much annoyed when his woman, whatever type she was — girlfriend, and so on — read his publication. It's like a woman coming along on a hunting or fishing trip — you know. What's going to be left to him, he thinks; rather than accepting the fact that he'll have a partner; that a woman as a fishing partner is as good or better than a man as a fishing partner.

SAHL: No — let's face it. It's like when I want a friend to talk to — no woman is available to me. They are not mature, dignified people whom you can turn to and intellectualize with; you turn to a guy. Chicks talk about being friends, but they don't know what the hell the word means. When they say "Be my friend," that means "Don't make a pass at me." That's what *they're* talking about. And then they start competing. Play a girl's role and don't *fight* guys, you know? Don't go out and look for a superior guy; a bright girl always does that, and then the minute she gets him she starts putting him down. I knew a very bright girl, and I said to her, "You always try to quell every remark instead of surrender," and she said, "Yes, and you always rise to the bait." There's a woman for you. They have no passion.

MONTAGU: I think the male is largely at fault. The male is in the position to do what the whites could have done to make the so-called inferior races feel that they were as good as anyone else and no longer inferior. They didn't and will probably pay the penalty for it in the long run. And, similarly, males. Instead of saying to women, "We will assist you to develop your qualities and potentialities to the best of our ability and your ability," they went ahead and said, "Sink or swim," just as we did to the Negro in the Reconstruction period. This brought women forth into all sorts of hysteric responses calculated to prove to the

world they were as good as men by *being* like men, taking over masculine values instead of having been taught to realize their own values, their own contributions, their own potentialities as women. At this very moment, all our educational institutions are teaching girls as if they were boys. I don't know of a single institution in which they're teaching girls that girls are different from boys. They allow them to find this out in an *ad hoc* manner such as is customary in our culture — but what they find out, of course, is largely wrong, and they're getting no help. We're not teaching the males what women are. We're not teaching the women what males are. We're not teaching them how to reciprocate, how to complement each other's potentialities to the optimum.

REIK: Women in general, as little girls, are no doubt envious of boys. Once I saw a little cartoon on a postcard, showing a little girl looking at her brother or another little boy, who is urinating against a tree, and the caption was, "How practical!" And something of this kind is mentioned by Dr. Spock. A little girl complains to her mother about a boy and says, "He's so fancy and I'm so plain." Meaning the comparison of the genitals. And from this has come the tendency of women to beautify themselves. That means originally that the little girl, when she discovers the difference with the little boy, is, so to speak, envious and cross with her mother about the little boy.

KING: Penis envy does exist, it's true — I think that perhaps it's not conscious, but it exists. I have no doubt of it. I have known a great many women in my life and they've all been enormously competitive on all levels, you see, particularly in the last few years. I think they do deeply and instinctively resent these outward manifestations of masculinity of which they have none.

MAILER: Well, since I've never been without a penis, I don't understand what penis envy is. I've always found that rather a ridiculous phrase, anyway; why not just say that women hate men, biologically? I mean it's simpler, it's probably truer. It might be that women hate not only men's penises, but they hate their brains, they hate their legs if they're stronger, they hate their chests if they're hairier. Why not speak of testes envy? But I do think that if penis envy exists in women today, it existed in them 200 years ago, 500 years ago, 1000 years ago, and that you can't ascribe this shift in the sexual habits and marital habits of people in America today to penis envy. You've got to ascribe it to a certain historical phenomenon; let's say the historical phenomenon allowed penis envy to express itself.

MONTAGU: But we *are* in a masculine-dominated culture, of course, and the

male-dominating values assert that females envy the superior creature because he is so "superior."

DICHTER: I think that the woman is afraid she may have to compete and will not be able to compete with the male. I remember a study we did many years ago — we set up two types of women and their historical evolution. First you had the homebody type, the woman who only felt happy at home but actually was insecure — she was afraid of the outside world; a woman's place is in the kitchen, the rearing of children, and so on. The normal, biological approach. But the real reason why she put these things up as ideals was that she was afraid of having to face the male in the outside world on his own grounds. Then we had the other extreme — sort of a Hegelian evolution from thesis to antithesis: the career woman who was afraid of being just a woman, of not being able to fulfill herself — the Rosalind Russell type in the movies, the advertising woman with the male voice, whom the pure male finally conquers and makes aware that she can fulfill herself in her biological female function. Now this career woman was a misfit who was really awfully insecure. She didn't want to be a woman. She was afraid that she might not be able to fulfill herself in her biological female function. The new type — and this again continues my whole thesis — that is emerging more and more is a balanced type of woman who can do both, in a sense: rediscover in a modern, creative fashion her own function, her biological function, if she wants to. She is not a submissive partner in sex, but goes as far as invited.

REIK: What is astonishing to me is that women, more and more, are taking over the active roles in sex, which was not so before. The men finally will resent it. They should. It is, so to speak, in their masculine capacity. I treated a patient who dated an actress several times, and once she invited him to her apartment for a nightcap. He came up, and she went into the other room and changed into a negligee, and then she came back in and said, "Now, look here, Oscar, about this farce; it's so unnecessary, let's go to bed." And he was absolutely disgusted. He took his hat and left her because *he* wanted to take over. He wanted to woo her. To conquer her. He wanted to wait.

MONTAGU: Well, look, I heard about such propositions 45 years ago on the part of actresses. This is nothing new, though I wouldn't take actors and actresses as good samplings in this area. I think it is true that women are taking the initiative a little more comfortably than they used to. Women have always taken the initiative; it's only the dumb male who's unaware of the fact. But now



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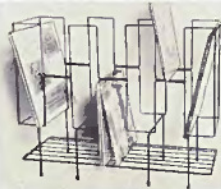
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women are likely to be very much more uninhibited about it, and I think this is all to the good.

REIK: Women in the past had at least some subtlety in such matters. I remember a case in which the wife and husband both went to bed, and the wife asked her husband, "Are you tired?" And he said, "Yes." And after some minutes, she said, "Are you *too* tired?"

DICHTER: Just as being partly dressed is more erotic than being undressed, I would rather have a woman invite me subtly rather than a "Let's go" kind of thing.

KING: Anglo-Saxons don't like a buildup; an attractive woman to us is a woman who is easily accessible. This isn't true of the truly sensitive man, of course, but the majority of men like to get drunk so that they get over that first necking period as fast as possible. Well, even a cat needs a buildup. An ordinary alley-cat, no matter how much in heat she is, will let no males approach her until she is physiologically — and who knows, maybe psychologically — ready. Only man tries to get away from that.

SAHL: Women are so much more aggressive than they have to be. You say, "Let's talk first." But the women are cold, predatory.

KING: Only 50 years ago it would have been inconceivable, even among the most learned people — I'm talking about psychiatrists 50 years ago — to presume that a woman is supposed to enjoy herself in her sexual relations with men. There were certain women who did, but they were considered really not quite ladies. The assumption that a woman is supposed to get something out of her sexual contact, something joyful and satisfactory, is a very recent idea. But this idea has been carried too far, too. It's become so that women are sitting like district attorneys, to see what the man can or cannot perform, and this has put men tremendously on the defensive.

The tragedies of the bedroom which don't see the glossy pages of magazines are probably horrendous beyond belief. To prove her sexual prowess, woman makes no outward demonstration of her virility; while a man does or must. It's very easily discernible whether he's making it or not. And so, consequently, he's on the defensive from the word go.

MAILER: I think part of the problem is this — it's certainly true that men are becoming more passive and women are becoming more aggressive. But I don't know that this is necessarily bad, even of itself. Because certainly, as Mr. King points out, women were miserable in many ways 50 and 100 years ago. One senses it. One senses it through all the Victorian novels and through the paintings of that period and through the music



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and plays. The horror is not that women are getting more aggressive and men more passive, but that this process could have been something very attractive, and it could have enriched the style, the vitality, the air of the nation. I think that America was getting ready for a renaissance. You see, all the prerequisites for a renaissance were here. The woman was beginning to attain a certain amount of leisure in this country after the second world war. A great many people were bursting into all sorts of new worlds. Children were coming out of families that hadn't even had secondary school education, and they were all going to college; so you might say there was an enormous cultural explosion in America. There also was a certain relaxation of the worst aspects of Puritan morality in sex, a certain liberation in sex. And some of it was very good. There was even, perhaps, a certain interesting self-consciousness coming into American life. People were becoming more interested in style and manner. People were becoming more interested in leading their lives with a certain dash and *élan*. As I say, I think that all the conditions for a renaissance were here. My guess is that during pioneer times, during times when history is beginning to be made — whether it be the American frontier, or the early years of the Russian revolution, or in the time of the Crusades — that men tend to be much more men and women to be women. I think that what characterizes periods of renaissance, whenever they occur in history, is that you tend to have this coming together of the sexes; to wit, women tend to become more like men and men more like women. The population creates artists in great number. The artists always have a great sensitivity to the poles of their nature. They're aware of what's masculine in them and they're aware of what's feminine in them. By this I don't mean any crude equation to homosexuality or bisexuality. One can be aware of the feminine side of one's nature without being overcome by it. What happened, I think, was that at this moment when this potential was present in American life, a whole series of things invaded American life: the Cold War invaded American life, the FBI invaded American life, the worst kind of newspaper prose invaded American life, the psychoanalysts invaded American life — and they all have a very mechanical view of man which destroys any romantic notions, and a renaissance cannot survive without romantic conceptions. One has to believe that life is exceptional, extraordinary and glorious, that one fights the good fight and is rewarded. And all this potentiality, this incredible creative flowering in American life, for the first time in our history, was spoiled by what I would call these dull

cancerous ways, these totalitarian ways, these authoritarian ways. Because whenever you have a creative period, it also tends to be to a slight extent an orgiastic period. The Italian Renaissance was an orgiastic period. But there was a panic on the part of the people who were running America before this orgiastic tendency — all the people who were running America were terrified that America was going to run away with itself. So they did everything they could to deaden it.

DICHTER: We recently did a study in one of the European countries on birth control and it was appalling to find out how women in this particular country still feel that sex is for the men, so they just submit to it. Quite a large number of these women are still playing the role of inferiority; there are some interesting implications there. Our study dealt with oral contraceptives and the problem that exists where the female has to take the initiative. With other contraceptives, it was the male. The real resistance against the oral was, "It isn't right, it isn't moral for me to take the initiative." It is considered more modern, more practical, more hygienic, better and more pleasure-producing, less neurosis-producing, and so on, but the real resistance against it comes from the attitude, "Well, it would mean that I'm really acknowledging sex," this even among married women. "I don't want to acknowledge sex. That's my husband's idea. He wants — well, he's just that much of an animal." That's how they express it. "What can I do? That's how men are. So I have to submit to it." Which, to a clinical psychologist is, of course, a frightening thing to find in 1962. Because of our aura, our whole moral concept, we haven't arrived as yet at a point where equality, sexwise, has been accepted.

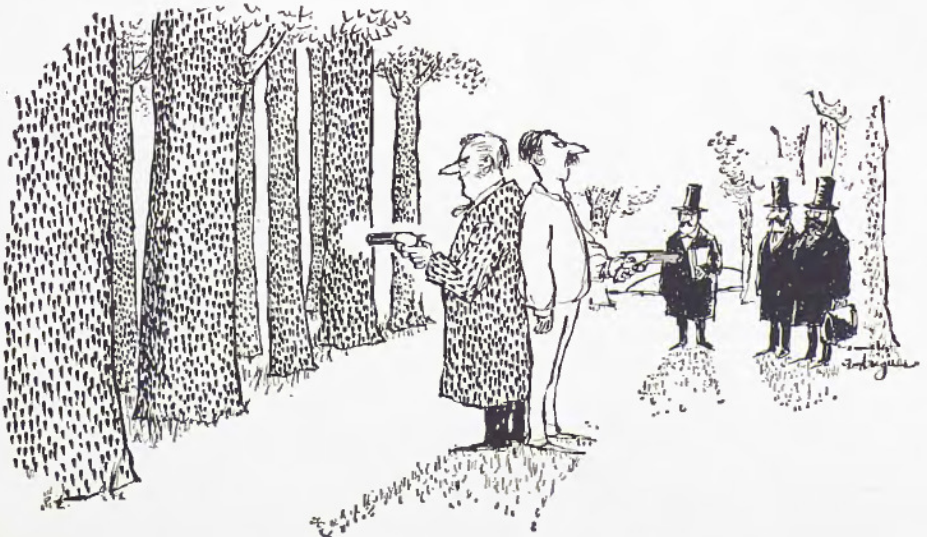
MONTAGU: I happen to have been connected from the ground up with the development of this pill and know a good

deal about it. In the first place, we know very well that in Planned Parenthood in this country, for example, that it is *women* who come for the help, *women* who want the instruction, *women* who write and say I want some assistance here; it's very rarely the male. In fact, the big problem is getting the male interested at all. You cannot get males to take pills. They just won't. In any event, the female is always expected to protect herself. Even in monolithic societies, primitive societies, it's the women who want to take these pills, women who want the help. It's got nothing to do with the feeling that, well, they're going to be accused or accuse themselves of taking the initiative away from the male or in any substituting for what should be a masculine role.

DICHTER: First of all, there's a definite relationship between the social class and the use of birth control techniques. I am talking primarily about the lower-income group — they show resistance to the whole idea. Our statistical knowledge with the birth control association has shown that the instruction reaches primarily the middle class and upper-middle class. The real *problem* is reaching the lower-income-group people, for they are the ones who have many children. In every instance, however, the woman is the executor — though I think it's by common consent.

SAHL: But they're not honest. If you ask, "Are you prepared?" — they'll say, "I'm *never* prepared, what do you mean?"

MAILER: Well, that's the trouble with motivational research. They come in with an intellectual bureau, you know, with little file cabinets in it. No matter what answer they get they can put that answer in a few of these little cubbyholes. It's all open and shut. There's no attempt to consider the possibility that a woman might be right — biologically right, instinctively right — in *not* wanting to use



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a contraceptive. Particularly if you take ignorant women, they're not going to be able to express themselves at all, and one could know for a certainty only that their reasons for not wanting to use them would be rather vague. The fact might be not that a lot of women refuse to admit to themselves that they want sex when they really do — which is a middle-class notion entirely; an *American* middle-class notion, for that matter — but on the contrary, what it might be is that they feel a deep biological aversion to having sex without the possibility of conceiving. It may be that a woman obtains a deep biological knowledge of herself and of the world by the way in which she conceives. You see, the fact that she *can* conceive alters the existential character of her sex. It makes it deeper. Because she's taking more of a risk. It's more dangerous, it's more responsible, it's graver. And because it's graver, it's deeper. And since it is deeper, it's better for her. It's healthier. The reason she may not want to use a contraceptive is because she senses somewhere deep within her — in a dim fashion, no doubt — that there's something alien to the continuation of her and her species and her family if she uses a contraceptive. And she may also feel a great shame about all this, because, after all, here's this very impressive gentleman with the eyeglasses, taking down every word she says, and there's the attitude of her husband and all the people around her, and her children about using contraceptives, and so she begins to feel that, well, maybe she's wrong. You might say that in the pit of her stomach — living one way and her mind's living another way — confusion is the result. And this pitiful confusion is immediately processed into statistics, which are psychotic in their lack of attachment to the biological reality.

KING: You must realize that in the days of my grandfather, the story used to be told how the man was caught by his son coming out of a brothel, and the boy was quite shattered, and the father said: "Would you want me to bother your mother on account of two dollars?" This was the generally accepted concept — that sex was a burden to the woman, and certainly not anything she looked forward to. The man was a beast and from time to time had to appease himself in this unaccountable way, you see, to still the wilderness and wildness in his psyche and in his blood, by these indulgences. And women were somehow above this or beyond this. Now you have the new woman altogether, who makes measurements and tests and keeps a statistical account of the number of times that she's required, so that the whole picture has changed completely.

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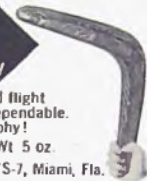
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the putative eminence of homosexuality — in fashion, in arts and letters, in government, in society at large — be attributed to the usurpation of traditional male prerogatives, social and sexual, by the "emancipated" modern woman?

KING: I think that this has accounted for a great deal of homosexuality. Not that you *make* homosexuals that way, but I think it's a component factor — the fact that women have become so dominant, you see. Remember that the pansies are constantly on the make because that's the terrible situation that they're in; nevertheless, they're on the make only when they *feel* like it. But if you're married to a woman, and this woman is sexually highly charged, you're really being tested constantly, regardless of anxieties you may have or the troubles you may have, or how unready you may be for a sexual indulgence at that particular moment. The pansies are naturally evasive and want to get away from reality and don't like a big buildup to begin with.

SAHL: You know, the women glory in homosexuals. They love them because it means disengagement: they don't become homosexuals themselves, nor do they become heterosexuals; what they do is disengage. You know, when the homosexuals take over, we men can stay and women can't. That's the irony of the whole thing. And yet women love to dress up in clothes designed by fags, and to have you look like their son in the tight suits. All the women want you to be is quiet. They want your clothes to be quiet so *they* can emerge. You become one of the textures in the room, along with the wallpaper, the curtains — "Can't you do anything in good taste?" — you know, dark navy-blue suit, black tie. The point is, about women, I used to think they wanted me to get dressed when we went out because they wanted me to conform. It's not really that complicated. They just want to get dressed to kill, and they're willing to sacrifice *your* individuality to do it.

KING: That's an interesting phenomenon in haberdashery — they keep selling vests with golden buttons and those strange trousers that are skintight and have no pockets, and those very tight little shirts — the shoulderless man and all that sort of business. The people who work in these shops are obviously fairies, and they do set fashions, there's no question about it. The whole Italian look that came in a few years ago is really a pansy look, and I must say a lot of men have resisted this — like a lot of women resisted the sack, you see. In the arts, in the theater particularly, you can get nowhere unless you're a fairy, and I say this without fear that you're going to prove to me that there are two people who are not fairies. In Great Britain it's even worse, it's hardly conceivable — but in

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America there are certain musicals where not only the writers and the lyricists and the composer and the director and the choreographer, of course, are all pansies, but where even the *ushers* are fairies.

MAILER: Indeed, even the audience, sometimes.

MONTAGU: In this connection, one of the interesting phenomena of our day is, of course, the Tennessee Williams type of writer. Here you see a very sensitive man, very much not in favor of women, and denigrating them altogether, putting them into a kind of pathological framework in which most women, happily, do *not* function. But nevertheless this man has enjoyed great success, even though people are beginning to catch on that this is largely due to the theme he is exploiting: the unhappiness which exists inevitably between the sexes because they're both wanting different things from one another, each being unable to give what the other expects and wants and even has a right to expect. This can only end in tragedy and disillusionment, disaster; they eat each other up, cannibalistically. And this is popular because it actually satisfies the needs of a great many people who want things like this, particularly, about women. Tennessee Williams and other playwrights not far removed, who see things as through a glass of darkness, are not giving a contemporary view of anything other than their own maladjustments.

KING: The people who write these plays make the women out to be absolute horrors. It's no accident that in Proust, for instance, the women's names, the sweethearts, the girls that appear, all have male names like Gabrielle — never really women's names. Consequently there isn't any question in my mind that

much of the playwriting in this country is done by pansies. You know, pansies like only old and broken-down actresses, they account for the popularity of some of the most horrible women in the American theater, those broken-down old crocks who are always drunk, falling all over the place, with their hair in their faces. These are the great stars among the fairies, and they set the fashion, there's no question about it. It does affect the American theater, of course, and American thinking.

MAILER: The moment we get into homosexuality, we face two arguments: one is that there were always as many homosexuals, and they just hid under stones, and now they've come out; and the other is that there are more homosexuals today. Now I think it's impossible ever to run a statistical study that would have any real meaning, so you just have to decide which one you think is true. I think the latter is true. I think there are probably more homosexuals today than there were, say, 50 years ago. And I think the reason — there are many, many reasons, but I think one of the most basic reasons — would have to do with the general loss of faith in the country, faith in the meaning of one's work, faith in the notion of one's self as a man. You might say that it's a little bit harder to be a man at the moment, when the price of your knowledge is weakness. So long as men didn't know anything about latent homosexuality, they could express their latent homosexuality in a thousand ways and it never meant a thing. I mean, one's seen any number of Bavarians in Munich, let's say, sitting around hugging one another and feeling one another's knees over a lot of beer drinking, and it never occurs to them that this is a *rampant ex-*

pression of latent homosexuality. Americans can't do that, so a perfectly natural, pleasant kind of latent homosexuality can't be expressed. Therefore the amount of homosexuality in them is intensified. They become self-conscious about homosexuality because the outlets have been destroyed or blocked up. But that is just a small part of it; I think the critical thing is that when a man can't find any dignity in his work, he loses virility. I have always believed that masculinity is not something that is given to you. It may be aided by your physical constitution; if one is born to a very strong father, there is perhaps a greater potentiality to be very virile. But, of course, one knows of any number of homosexuals who are the sons of very strong fathers, who are completely crushed by having very strong fathers, and they end up very weak men.

REIK: There are, of course, other factors in homosexuality. For instance, it is customary at a certain age for the little boy not to play with girls but only with other boys. There comes a certain estrangement between the sexes, which has to be. Among my cases is an exception, a boy who grew up amongst women, sisters, mother and never saw much of other boys, so he played with the little girls; this resulted later on, of course, in a kind of disposition to homosexuality. In general, we say as a pedagogic principle that the father should be a bit more disciplinarian toward a boy, and more easy and tolerant toward a girl; while the mother should be more yielding and kinder toward the boy, but much more critical toward the little girl. When the mother is a very severe disciplinarian to her little boy, and the father is meek and mild, he attracts the boy and the mother pushes him away. There are others, of course, but this is a certain factor in the genesis of homosexuality.

MAILER: So that essentially what it comes down to is an existential series of victories and defeats. In other words, masculinity is not something one is born with, but something one gains. And one gains it by winning small battles with honor. I'm saying that because there is very little honor left in American life, there is a certain built-in tendency to destroy masculinity in American men. I think the mass media, for instance — television first, movies second, magazines third and newspapers running no poor fourth at all, because they're all so hideous — tend to destroy virility slowly and steadily. They give people an unreal view of life. They give people a notion that American life is easier than it really is, less complex and more rewarding. The result is that Americans, as they emerge from adolescence into young manhood, are



very much like green soldiers being sent into difficult combat. One of the military maxims that makes a lot of sense says that you can't send untried men into a difficult place, because even though they may be brave, they haven't had enough experience to deal with the brutal complexity, the sudden attack of a war experience. If you do send them into a bad place, almost always they break and run. I think this is quite similar to what happens as a young man emerges from the mass media which have been his educator much more than the schools—because the schools, particularly in the small towns, are unspeakably insipid in what they teach. I mean, no one ever comes within a mile of a good novel in the average small-town high school English course. But at any rate, these people emerge into adult life callow, untried, green and sentimental. And when they realize that the world is much worse than they've been prepared for, they are usually hurt, crucially, and they can lose a lot of their virility just in these first early skirmishes where they get wounded, sometimes even crippled—where they wouldn't even have been crippled at all if they had been harder and tougher and had a better sense of what it was all about.

PLAYBOY: Columnist Joe Hyams recently philosophized bleakly on the prospects of the changing movie hero. "I often wonder," he said, "what historians 50 years hence will deduce when they sit in a projection room examining the films of today and our heroes, and comparing them with the films and heroes of an earlier time. For our gods of the screen have changed, as has our culture. We no longer worship the man of authority. Instead, we tend to idealize the passive protagonist, the undynamic man." The same appellation has been applied to the ineffectual TV situation-comedy father and to the Maggie and Jiggs, Blondie and Dagwood type of henpecked comic-strip buffoon. How have these bland and blundering male entertainment heroes affected and reflected the image of womanized man?

KING: They're depicted as sheep; they always get straightened out by the children and the wife. You wonder how the hell they ever made the money to support these rats.

SAHL: On television, you swing if you're single, and you're an idiot if you're married. If you're a woman and you're married, you're not smart, you're just cunning and treacherous. It's the traditional role for the guy to be impotent, and for the woman to outsmart the guy.

BERNAYS: In the comic strips, you see, most of the cartoonists are men. I don't know a woman cartoonist, just offhand.

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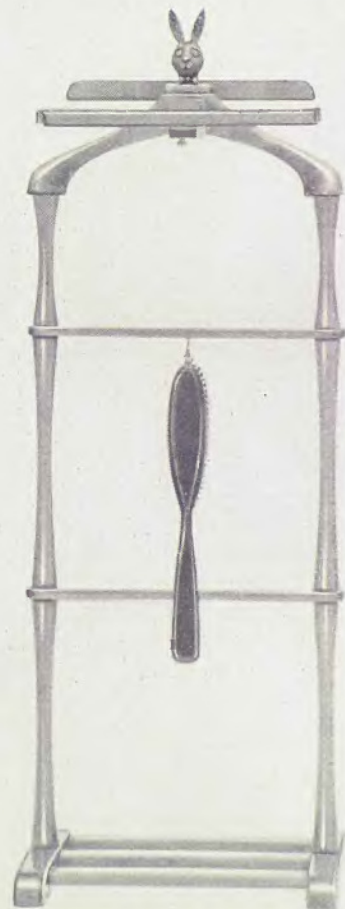
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Neither do you. So that this may be one way of getting rid of male guilt feelings about holding women in thralldom; they may be purging themselves by showing the man as bumbling.

REIK: I would say that these caricatures are a kind of unconscious mockery of the correlation between the masculinization of women and the feminization of men.

KING: That's got nothing to do with it, at least on television. They simply know what the sponsor's going to buy. There was never an art form, or potential art form, in the history of the world so bedeviled by the idiots who pay for it as TV is. No matter who those shlunks were who made movies, they had certain aspirations, and once the picture was decided upon, only the mediocrity of the people concerned could spoil it. But now, the manufacturer of the toilet paper or the gargle or the underarm distillate or whatever the hell he sells — and his family, and his apple-cheeked children — everybody can butt into TV. These people want not only the lowest common denominator, but the lowest possible denominator that can be anticipated.

MONTAGU: Nevertheless, the people who create these characters are simply putting down in comic form, or any other form, what they've observed around them. Often they observe long before the academic critics come upon the scene to take over with a more critical analysis of what is transpiring before everyone's eyes.

PLAYBOY: For example?

MONTAGU: Well, what I think is the really new phenomenon now — in comics and real life — is the bachelor-career-woman-mother-wife, using all those terms in their really operative meanings. She's a bachelor career-woman, bachelor mother and bachelor wife. And her attributes toward her family are largely the function of her desire to become a success in the world in which men are successes. She has the attitudes and mind of a bachelor, and she has a husband and children only because part of the success that she must ornament herself with, in order to demonstrate it to herself and others, is that she must have a husband and children and a family and a home. But she has no real interest in them. And consequently they suffer.

KING: Let's face it. We're surrounded by a world in which the women are becoming dominant and the men are not — they are losing their gender prerogatives.

PLAYBOY: In the 1954 edition of his explosive magnum opus, *Generation of Vipers*, Philip Wylie updated his ominous 1942 prophecy of creeping Momism with an even darker forecast: "When we agreed upon the American Ideal Woman, the Dream Girl of National Adolescence,

the Queen of Bedpan Week, the Pin-Up, the Glamor-Puss — we insulted women and disenfranchised millions from love. The hen-harpy is but the Cinderella chick come home to roost: the taloned, cackling residue of burnt-out puberty in a land that has no use for mature men or women. Mom still commands. While she exists, she will exploit the little 'sacredness' we have given motherhood as a cheap-holy compensation for our degradation of women; she will remain irresponsible and unreasoning — for what we have believed of her is reckless and untrue. She will act the tyrant — because she is a slave. . . . We are deep in the predicted nightmare now, and Mom sits on its decaying throne — who bore us, who will soon, most likely, wrap civilization in Mom's final, tender garment: a shroud." Does the future of American womanhood — and manhood — really bode so ill, gentlemen, or can we hope for a gradual process of mutual adjustment which will place the sexes on a basis of equilibrium in which each is aware of — and respects and understands — that difference proverbially implied in the Frenchman's cry of "*Vive la différence!*"?

MAILER: I believe there is a biological tide to history. One doesn't attempt to argue with low or high tide when one is at the seashore, but one does speak of a pleasant sun, or a dirty sea, or a strong surf or choppy surf. What I think we've got now is a dirty choppy surf. It comes probably from a failure of nerve, from an unwillingness to face up to the fact that this country's entering into the most desperate, nightmarish time in its history. Unless everyone in America gets a great deal braver, everything is going to get worse — including the womanization of America.

MONTAGU: I certainly do not foresee the drifting of America or any other country into a matriarchy. There never was a matriarchal society, if by matriarchal we understand the government of a society conducted by women. The revolutionary events I do foresee involve a restoration of the equilibrium between the sexes, a clarification of the hopelessly confused male, female, parental and sexual functions in our culture, a rather more harmonious development of the complementary roles which men and women should play in the realization of their own and each other's shared and separate potentialities.

PLAYBOY: Thank you, gentlemen, that is about all we have time for — and you seem pretty well to have stated your positions. Though there has been some difference of opinion, there seems to be a general feeling among you that the womanization of America is, indeed, a fact — to varying degrees. Some of you

see benign elements in it, others see it as nefarious. There are those who feel it is at least partially the fault of the men, and none of you seems completely happy with it. Therefore, it might be safe to assume from what we have been discussing that neither men nor women are separately happy about the relationships of the sexes in American society today. In fact, we seem rather to have stressed the blurring of male-female differences.

It seems apparent, too — tacitly, from the content of your remarks and their direction — that womanization is associated in most of your minds with the marital situation. The exception is Mort Sahl, the only one among you overtly concerned about what he sees as a baleful contamination of romance and courtship which — in his inimitably tangential way — he decries as the womanizing (that is, antifeminizing) of girls as well as wives. Implicit in his viewpoint is the suggestion that girls today are both competitive and demanding, emotionally and psychologically on the take. Does it not seem odd — at the least — that marriage, which has traditionally been the acceptance of loving, honoring and obeying, now appears to be the source of an aggressively domineering womanhood? That is a rhetorical question; our time and space are running out.

But before we close, perhaps it may be interesting to you to be apprised of another aspect of this situation — or problem. It is one that we, here at PLAYBOY, may see a bit more clearly than most. There is a new spirit on the land, evident among our own readership, which would suggest that the younger, urban people of this country are coming to a new awareness of both masculinity and femininity. That is, the men are increasingly aware that one can be masculine without being hairy-chested and muscular; the women, that one can be intelligent and sensitive — and witty and wise — and at the same time completely feminine. Perhaps this is a new wave; perhaps it is merely a growing expressiveness — an acting out at last of latent, pent-up feeling — in both sexes. As our nation becomes emancipated from the notion of associating sex with sin, rather than with romance, and as young people are increasingly freed of feeling guilty about a play period in their lives before settling down to marital maturity, so the attitudes of the sexes may well become more healthy toward each other, may acquire a mutuality and mutual appreciativeness which does not entail the obliteration of differences, but rather heightens their pleasures and allows individuals of each of the sexes a fuller and more natural development of psyche and spirit, mind and body.



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Aladdin's Lamb

(continued from page 84)

- 1 teaspoon salt
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 1 smashed clove garlic
- Sweet butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon cut into wedges
- 4 large sprigs watercress

Slash the edge of each lamb steak in several places to prevent curling during broiling. Put the cumin seed, coriander seed, black pepper and red pepper in the well of an electric blender. Blend until spices are coarsely ground. Add oil, salt and lemon juice to blender. Blend a few seconds more. In a shallow bowl or casserole combine the oil mixture with the sliced onion and garlic. Add lamb steaks. Marinate about two hours, turning lamb steaks several times to coat thoroughly with mixture. Broil lamb steaks quickly over a very hot charcoal fire. Brush with butter just before serving. Garnish with lemon wedges and watercress.

LAMB MEAT BALLS, DILL SAUCE (KUFTA) (Serves four)

- 1 lb. freshly ground lamb
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground coriander
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 1 onion, finely minced
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cracked wheat, must be small-
est (fine) size
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 quart water
- 2 envelopes instant chicken broth
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
- 1 cup yogurt
- 1 tablespoon dried dill weed

Combine lamb with salt, pepper, coriander, cinnamon, onion, cracked wheat and egg. Mix very well. Shape into balls no more than $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter. In a wide saucepan bring water to a boil. Add instant chicken broth and half the meat balls. Simmer, covered, 10 minutes. Remove meat balls from pan. Add balance of meat balls and simmer, covered, 10 minutes. Strain and measure broth. There should be 1 pint liquid. If necessary, simmer until it is reduced to 1 pint. Keep liquid hot. In another saucepan melt butter. Remove from fire. Slowly stir in flour, blending very well. Slowly add hot chicken broth, stirring constantly with wire whip. Return to a moderate flame. Add meat balls. Simmer very slowly 10 minutes. Remove from fire. Stir in yogurt and dill weed. If meat balls are to be reheated before serving or reheated the next day, use a double boiler.

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EGGPLANT AND LAMB CASSEROLE
(Serves four)

- 1 large or 2 small eggplants, total weight about 1¾ to 2 lbs.
- ½ lb. boneless chuck of lamb
- 2 slices stale white bread
- ⅓ cup diced fennel
- 1 medium onion
- 2-oz. can mushrooms, drained
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon ground cumin
- ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper
- ⅛ teaspoon white pepper
- 1 whole egg
- 1 egg yolk
- ¼ cup bread crumbs
- 8-oz. can prepared tomato sauce
- Olive oil
- ½ teaspoon coarsely chopped bay leaves

Cut eggplant in half lengthwise. Place in a large saucepan fitted with lid. Add 1 cup water. Simmer, covered, until eggplant is steamed tender. Drain eggplant. When cool enough to handle, scoop out eggplant meat, leaving about ¼ in. of eggplant shell. Brush an 8-in. casserole with olive oil. Place the pieces of eggplant shell, purple side down, in the casserole, covering bottom and as much of the sides as possible. Cut eggplant if necessary to fit into place. Soak bread in cold water, squeezing gently to

eliminate excess water. Put the eggplant meat, lamb, fennel, onion, bread and mushrooms through a meat grinder twice, using the fine blade. Combine ground lamb mixture with salt, cumin, cayenne pepper, white pepper, whole egg and egg yolk. Add bread crumbs. Mix well. Pile lamb mixture into casserole, spreading evenly. Bake in preheated oven at 375° 30 minutes or until mixture is firm. Heat tomato sauce with 1 tablespoon olive oil and bay leaves 5 minutes. If there is excess liquid in casserole, tilt casserole to pour it off. Turn eggplant upside down on serving platter to unmold. Again, if there is any excess liquid on platter, tilt it gently and pour off. Pour sauce around eggplant on platter. Cut into pie-shaped wedges to serve.

LAMB CUTLETS (KADIN BUDU)
(Serves four)

- 1 lb. chopped lamb
- 3 ozs. semisoft cheese, such as bel paese or process gruyère
- ¼ cup dry white wine
- ¼ cup precooked rice
- Olive oil
- 1 small onion, finely minced
- 1 teaspoon crumbled dry mint
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 eggs, well beaten

Force the cheese through the large holes of a square metal grater. Bring wine to a boil. Add rice. Remove from fire. Rice will absorb wine. Heat 2 tablespoons oil in a wide skillet over a low flame. Add onion and sauté until it turns yellow, not brown. Add meat. Cook, stirring constantly, breaking up meat as much as possible, until meat turns light brown. Remove meat from fire and put it in a large mixing bowl with cheese, rice, mint, salt, pepper and garlic powder. Knead the mixture about five minutes; that is, squeeze it and push with the palm of the hand, until all ingredients cohere. For each cutlet take about ¼ cup mixture, and shape it gently into an oval form about ¾ in. thick and 2½ in. long. The shape of the "lady's thigh" is best, actually, if it's made flat on two wide sides to permit uniform browning. Melt butter in an electric skillet preheated at 325°. Add 1 tablespoon oil. Dip each cutlet (gently, to avoid breaking) into egg. Sauté until medium brown on both sides.

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EDMUND GRANT (continued from page 66)

And when Dunhaven was sentenced:

Though we have often said we favor not only capital punishment but also public torture for sadists and sex fiends, we're glad Dunhaven didn't get the chair. Maybe before they row him up the river, they could give him a baseball bat and put him in a room with Tennessee Williams, Jack Kerouac, and the writers who fill hours of TV prime time with gore.

And finally, this allusion to the murder in a political editorial written nearly a year after the trial was over:

What we say is, it's not the decent right-thinking Americans who conform, it's the pinkos. And we'll go right on thinking this until one big-domed ADA member criticizes another sometime—preferably with a poker, in the effective manner of the critic Dunhaven driving home the point that he didn't like Edmund Grant's prose style.

In short, everybody assumed, or pretended to assume, that the murder of Edmund Grant was the translation into action of a critical essay, that because Dunhaven was a critic, the homicide was a criticism.

But the truth of the matter—willfully ignored by journalists to whom the facts were easily available—is that Daniel Dunhaven admired Grant's novels and always had.

In the April 1957 issue of *Parnassosoma*, Dunhaven wrote: "There's the literary landscape, the sky painted all

blue like on a postcard and the smells all sick-sweet like from Bloomingdale's perfume counter—and along comes Eddie Grant, big as a giant, and he tramples on the pretty flowers and he blows out his breath, and all of a sudden there's no more perfume smells, but the stink of booze and sweat smells and dirty-laundry-under-the-bed smells, and what we've got now, we've got no phony postcard any more, but real life, painted by a great artist who knows how to make his readers suffer."

There is a more recent public record of Dunhaven's adulation of Grant. In an issue of *New Broom* which appeared just a month before the murder (though it was dated three months earlier) it was Dunhaven who introduced the excerpt therein reprinted from Grant's *Shantytown Hamlet*.

The excerpt itself begins:

Ham said: "Hey, mom there." Gertie said: "Well, what?" Ham said: "Afterward, after he got killed dead—and what'd he die, anyway, my old man, some virus? But I mean afterward, why Unk?" Gertie said: "You don't think I'm attractive?" Ham said: "But why Unk? And nobody said what virus." Gertie said: "You don't think Unk's attractive?" Ham said: "Maybe no virus, no germ, no disease there at all." Gertie said: "Unk's taller than your old man was." Ham said: "Maybe the Unk virus." Gertie said: "I'm still pretty." Ham said: "Goddamn to hell, I know! And afterward you didn't tell me. Maybe Unk 'ull catch

the Ham virus." Gertie said: "Go out and play now." Ham said: "I'm old, you forget I'm old. I grew up last year and you never looked and you never said and you never made marks on the wall with a pencil higher and higher, no, you and Unk said go out and play and thought I'd maybe never miss the pencil marks on the wall and I'd never catch wise to the virus about my father, but I'm old, I'm grown up, I'm a virus, too, and you and Unk just wait. Just wait! Just wait! Just wait!"

Dunhaven, introducing that scene, said: "Powerful! This is the way it always is between a sensitive kid and his mother. You think they talk iambic pentameter? They talk like Eddie Grant puts it down, that's how they talk."

And finally, when I visited Dunhaven in the prison—after the murder, remember—he said to me: "Eddie put down the way people talk when they're off guard, when they're feeling deep. Some guy in the *Saturday Review*, you know, the puzzle magazine, the double-crossics, he said Eddie's people were muddy, he said, and incoherent, he said. Some criticism! What the hell does he think, people are eloquent? The deeper they're feeling the more they talk like Eddie wrote them."

The point is clear, I think. Daniel Dunhaven killed Edmund Grant, not because he disliked Grant's work, but in spite of the fact that he believed Grant to be a great artist!

Why, then, did he kill?

We do not have to guess at the answer to that question. I have the tape which tells us why he killed.

I now offer to the world the evidence of that tape, which was still rolling as I left Grant's room on the fatal night. I start my transcript just after my exit:

GRANT: Square. That writer, that magazine guy. Square.

DUNHAVEN: I didn't come about square, Eddie.

GRANT: Tie. Knitted tie. And he takes notes. Hey, have a cup of rum, Danny.

DUNHAVEN: I won't drink your rum. I gotta have it out with you, Eddie.

GRANT: Blue suit, too, that guy. Like a funeral. No rum? What's a matter?

DUNHAVEN: The matter is you got a great career you shouldn't ought to ruin.

GRANT: Yeah? Name me who writes a better book. I'll prove to you. Wait a minute. Here it is . . . *New Broom*. Quote.

"Eddie Grant makes the avant-garde look like they're guarding the *derrière*." There.

DUNHAVEN: Eddie, I wrote that.

GRANT: Oh, you did?

DUNHAVEN: Sure. Didn't I always say you're the best writer in the whole wide Village? It's just your next book won't be any good.




"Great Scott! Isn't that our roving ambassador?"

GRANT: Why not?
 DUNHAVEN: Because you got a girl now.
 GRANT: Me?
 DUNHAVEN: Yeah, you. You got a girl.
 GRANT: You mean just because some girl, some twist, some broad there, you won't drink my rum? Take away the sweat socks, the blue jeans, and what's the difference between a girl and a man? Have some rum.
 DUNHAVEN: I don't drink with someone that spoils a great career.
 GRANT: Anyways, who said I had a girl?
 DUNHAVEN: Don't fake, Eddie. I'm talking about Emma.
 GRANT: Oh, Emma. Well, yuh, I've seen Emma a few times.
 DUNHAVEN: A few times. I introduce her to you at the party Friday, and ever since I can't find her in her pad. Once the door is even locked and there's little noises inside. Tonight I found her and she said she's waiting for you.
 GRANT: Oh, yuh, well, thought I'd take the kid to a belly dance or something, and a butterscotch sundae afterward.
 DUNHAVEN: Eddie, you're an artist! You can't get mixed up with a girl! Look what happened to the boxer in *Golden Boy*!
 GRANT: I'm no critic. I don't read the classics. And what's with you, Danny? I been with girls before. You never minded.
 DUNHAVEN: This is Emma.
 GRANT: Hey, listen, you like Emma yourself? That it?
 DUNHAVEN: Never mind.
 GRANT: You like her yourself!
 DUNHAVEN: Goddamnit, when you found her, she was in my lap!
 GRANT: So that's it! You like her! All right, wanna know what I thought when I saw her there at the party there, Friday, in your lap there? I thought . . . How can I express it? There must be a word for it. Let's see . . . Beautiful! Yes, that's the word. Beautiful! She's beautiful!
 DUNHAVEN: I know that.
 GRANT: How many times you think beauty comes into a guy's life?
 DUNHAVEN: But she's mine! Mine, Eddie! Whose lap was it?
 GRANT: If beauty sits in the lap of my best friend, then rises and comes into my arms, all friendly considerations fade in the wonder and the glory of that moment.
 DUNHAVEN: Eddie, she's my girl!
 GRANT: Your girl? Emma? Never. The secret spot behind her ear quivers damply, and oh, how beautiful are her feet with sandals! Never could you appreciate Emma!
 DUNHAVEN: I could not appreciate her? Emma, with her raven tresses? Emma, who each time she walks 14 steps writes a sonnet?
 GRANT: Ah, now I know you, villain, as you are!
 DUNHAVEN: How am I?

GRANT: Traitorous.
 DUNHAVEN: No, I'm just in love.
 GRANT: Traducer! Plotting, voicing grave concern
 Lest my career expire — when all the while
 'Tis only of my Emma that you care!
 DUNHAVEN: My Emma!
 GRANT: Mine!
 DUNHAVEN: I saw her first!
 GRANT: But I
 Spoke tender to her. She herself avowed
 No man before me thus bestirred her.
 DUNHAVEN: No?
 Then ask her, prithee, what befell last month
 When I escorted her unto her pad,
 And there with gentle words, importunate hands,
 Had all my will of her.
 GRANT: Aha! But I
 Have had my will more lately. Mark you, too:
 My will of her is hers of me. We twain
 Melt into one. Her hips are fluid locks;
 Her mouth is wounded as it wounds mine own;
 The ears of Ethiopian Night are split
 With her hurt joyful cries and gladsome moans
 Commingling with my own. For we are one!
 DUNHAVEN: She's mine!
 GRANT: Not so. You cannot touch your hand
 To her — whilst I romp picnicking upon
 Her hillocks and her valleys.
 DUNHAVEN: Damn your eyes!
 GRANT: She's mine!
 DUNHAVEN: I love her!
 GRANT: Still, I say, she's mine!
 DUNHAVEN: Bastard! Son of a faithless whore!
 GRANT: Watch out!
 DUNHAVEN: Watch out yourself, you blackest-hearted friend!
 Take that! And that! Your treachery's at an end!
 Farewell, my sometime buddy. Now has come
 The time when yes, I will drink up your rum!
 I have of course omitted the sounds of the attack with the poker, which were clearly recorded on my tape. The reader can imagine those sounds, I think.
 And the reader can see, too, what injustice has been done in the public prints to both Grant and Dunhaven. The critic killed for no mere literary reason. No — in jealous rage he took the life of the man he admired because they both loved the same woman.
 And now that my tape has revealed the truth to all the world, I trust that the press will henceforth treat Daniel Dunhaven with all the respect it habitually accords to killers motivated by the tenderest of passions.


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GREAT PAPER CHASE

(continued from page 96)

facture of what they consider will be a popular novel. For example, Dell Books paid \$265,000 for the sequel to Grace Metalious' *Peyton Place*, simply to induce its appearance. A high price for inspiration—but it paid for itself in national publicity. All in all, no one who has observed the mass-market media's impact on the book business will quarrel with the statement by Jerry Wald Productions (which sweetened Dell's kitty by an undisclosed amount) that "The motion picture industry may certainly accept a modest accolade for its share in popularizing best sellers . . ."

Sometimes booksellers will succumb to the temptation to list a book as a best seller because it is exactly the opposite. A retailer may have loaded up on a particular title which, on the basis of advance expectations, *should* have sold very well. Finding himself with unforeseen stacks of unsold books on his hands, he is sorely tempted to include the lagging title in his next report in hopes that it will find its way onto the list. In the trade, these books are called "best buyers" rather than best sellers. I have been told, confidentially, that such was the case with the recent John Steinbeck novel, *The Winter of Our Discontent*. On the basis of Steinbeck's reputation and previous sales figures, bookstores loaded up with the expectation of having an assured best seller. *The Winter of Our Discontent*, however, one of Mr. Steinbeck's lesser works, was received coolly by critics across the country. Despite its lagging sales, book dealers reported the title to both the *Times* and *Tribune*, in the hope that a position on the lists would move the stock.

Even if promotional gimmicks were held to a minimum, however, the basic weaknesses of the system would remain. Most bookstores do not have the kind of complex inventory setup that can tell them precisely how many copies of a given title are sold during a given week. Similarly, publishers' sales figures cannot be depended on because they do not really represent final retail sales.

The manager of one of the largest bookstores in the world says frankly that he uses "the rule of back" in reporting to both the *Times* and *Tribune*. "If I tried to keep an accurate, authentic, up-to-date record of sales on individual titles I'd be out of business in a week," he explains. "It's just too expensive and time-consuming. I'll tell you how I work it. I judge the popularity of a book by the number of copies I have to drag up from the stockroom in the basement. If the twinge in my spine reminds me that I dragged up an exceptionally large number of a certain book, I include that book in my weekly report."

In addition to the statistical inadequacies, a variety of unpredictable per-

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sonal factors weighs heavily on the best-seller reports. Bookdealers admit that they frequently send in a "culture" vote. They will include in their report a worthy volume that is not selling very well, but seems to them to merit a boost. Also, a high-minded dealer may ignore a runaway best seller of dubious literary value if he feels it reflects unpleasantly on his store and its clientele.

This was the fate, quite recently, of a slim volume of scatological poetry called *Poems for the John*, written by a nightclub comedian named Jackie Kannon. It was turned down by publisher after publisher, and Kannon eventually formed his own company (KanRom) and published it himself. Bookstores refused to stock it; *The New York Times*, the *Herald Tribune* and several national magazines refused to carry his advertising. Kannon, working assorted major night clubs across the country, devoted a portion of his act to plugging the book and reading excerpts from it. Stocked initially by cigar stores, stationery stores and the kind of specialty shops that feature itching powder and dribble glasses, the book has had a phenomenal sale — selling, by Kannon's possibly enthusiastic estimate, in excess of 250,000 copies. One small stationery store on Madison Avenue reportedly sold 2200 copies in a single week. As a result of this success and a healthy boost from Dorothy Kilgallen's column, Brentano's and other major bookstores across the country began stocking the book. Its phenomenal sale continued in these stores, many of which reported in regularly to *The New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune*. Very few of them, if any, ever mentioned *Poems for the John*, despite the fact that in many, many cases Kannon's little collection of bathroom humor outsold the top-selling book on display. It made no best-seller list, in any newspaper, despite the fact that a sale of 250,000 (or, cutting Kannon's estimate in half, 125,000) topped even so notable a best seller as Theodore White's *The Making of the President*.

It is occasionally in a publisher's interest to call attention to the deficiencies of the best-seller lists. In March 1949, for example, Harcourt, Brace created a furor in the industry by taking an ad in *The New York Times* to reproduce the *Times* list for February 20, which had *The Seven Story Mountain* by Thomas Merton in 11th place. The publisher contended that on the basis of his sales figures of 60,000 copies, Mr. Merton's book should have been in first place. Harcourt, Brace closed with this challenge: "If any publisher can show better sales figures than these for the same period on any book from the above list, we will buy this space for him to say so next Monday." Nobody accepted.

Many publishers complain that the compilers of best-seller lists ignore such

staples of the industry as cookbooks and home decoration guides. The newspapers have simply decided to consider these volumes outside their ken, although a popular cookbook will often outsell even the number one best seller on both of the major lists, week in, week out. Recently, Dutton issued a new Mickey Spillane novel in hard-cover edition. Spillane, reigning king of the paperbacks, also has a rather large hard-cover sale, a sale impressive enough to put it easily up among the first 10 in the best-seller list if the compilers of the list recognize the legitimacy of whodunits. But along with cookbooks, whodunits — even by Spillane — don't count.

Both the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* are aware of the weaknesses of their systems, and both have tried and are trying to strengthen them. The *Times*' rule of doubling the figures from large cities is an effort — though an arbitrary one — at compensating for the obvious inequality between a small Main Street bookstore in the South and Macy's book

department in Manhattan. The *Herald Tribune* is demonstrating its concern over the problem of geographic representation by changing its reporting stores regularly. It has recently revised its format for the book section, and in an effort to give a boost to books that have not broken into the best-seller columns, the *Tribune* now includes a weekly box, *Our Book Editors Suggest This Week*.

But even if a practical, foolproof method of measuring the nation's reading tastes were devised, best-seller lists would still stand as tributes to conformity. For people who can't bear the burden of deciding for themselves what they want to read, the lists, however inaccurate, are a boon. For those who tremble at the thought of not being *au courant*, the lists are no doubt indispensable.

But, fortunately, for persons who prefer to find their ideas and their pleasures in their own ways, the best-seller lists can, with just a little effort, be ignored.



"What d'ya mean, it won't flush?!"

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Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

ESSAYIST WILLIAM HAZLITT once defined the soul of a journey as liberty: "Perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases." Today, Hazlitt's idyl dream has been given substance — notably in Europe — by the popular discovery of the wheeling-and-dealing pleasures inherent in a rented car. Many vacationers, however, aren't aware of a new twist in roll-your-own traveling: the elimination by one company of the return fee on auto rentals between major cities in seven European countries, an act which unties the touring tourist from hitherto standard routings. In view of this liberalizing trend, we suggest you augment your August ramblings this year by equipping yourself with one for the road.

A spin through the French countryside, for example, can lead on to the rustic luxury of a timbered Norman inn, like the Hostellerie Guillaume le Conquerant at Dives-sur-Mer, a fabled dwelling once favored by its illustrious namesake. Here you can sip and sup amidst the splendor of a baronial 11th Century banquet hall, then bed down topside in venerable Gallic comfort.

Your four-wheeled hired help should also swing you into Austria for a noteworthy sampling of the annual Salzburg music festival, and a scenic jaunt along the magnificent Grossglockner Alpine Road. For a change of pace, try switch-

ing to real horsepower and a joy ride through the Carinthian uplands: during the summer a former cavalry officer leads his charges over the hills on trips to ancient Austrian castles, where one may sup in baronial halls attended by old family retainers, and spend the night in a room overlooking superb mountain vistas.

In Ireland, you can motor into County Kerry north of the storied lakes of Killarney to take in the mid-August Puck Fair at Killorglin, a bucolic festival that accompanies lively livestock trading. The streets about the fairgrounds and the white dusty road that winds up from the lazy Laune River are crowded with cattle dealers, tweedy gentry, bagpipe processions and carnival color; in the pubs, ballad singers and jig-step fiddlers evoke the hearty essence of Synge and O'Casey. Scotland, too, has much to offer in August, when the mist is light over the blue-tinged moorland. Following a drive to one of the many smallish Highland inns set near rocky glens and quiet mountain lochs, you'll find dinner a memorable experience, whether it starts with a rich Scots barley broth or a delicate poached Scottish salmon, goes on to Angus steak or savory cold grouse.

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

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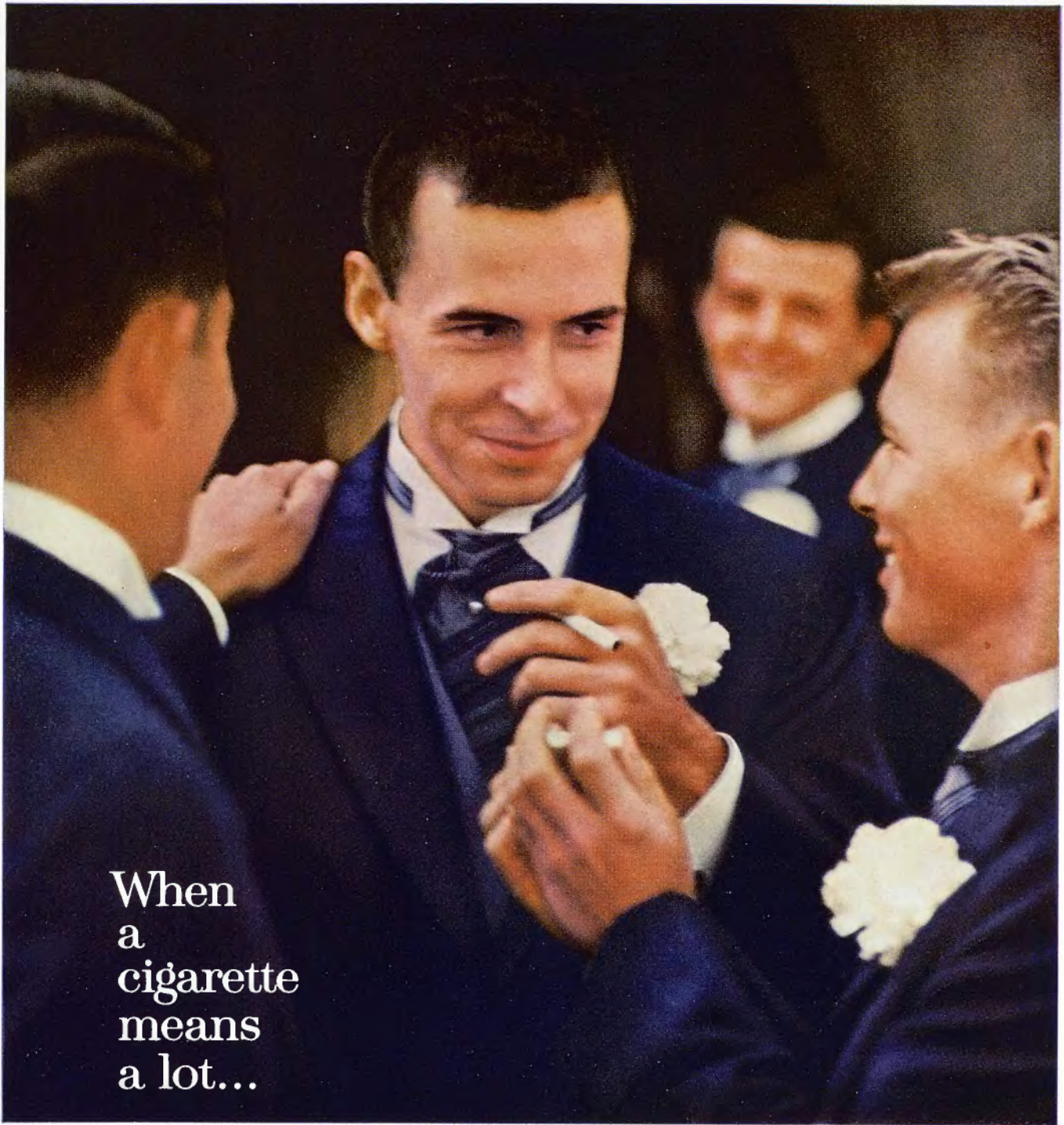
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