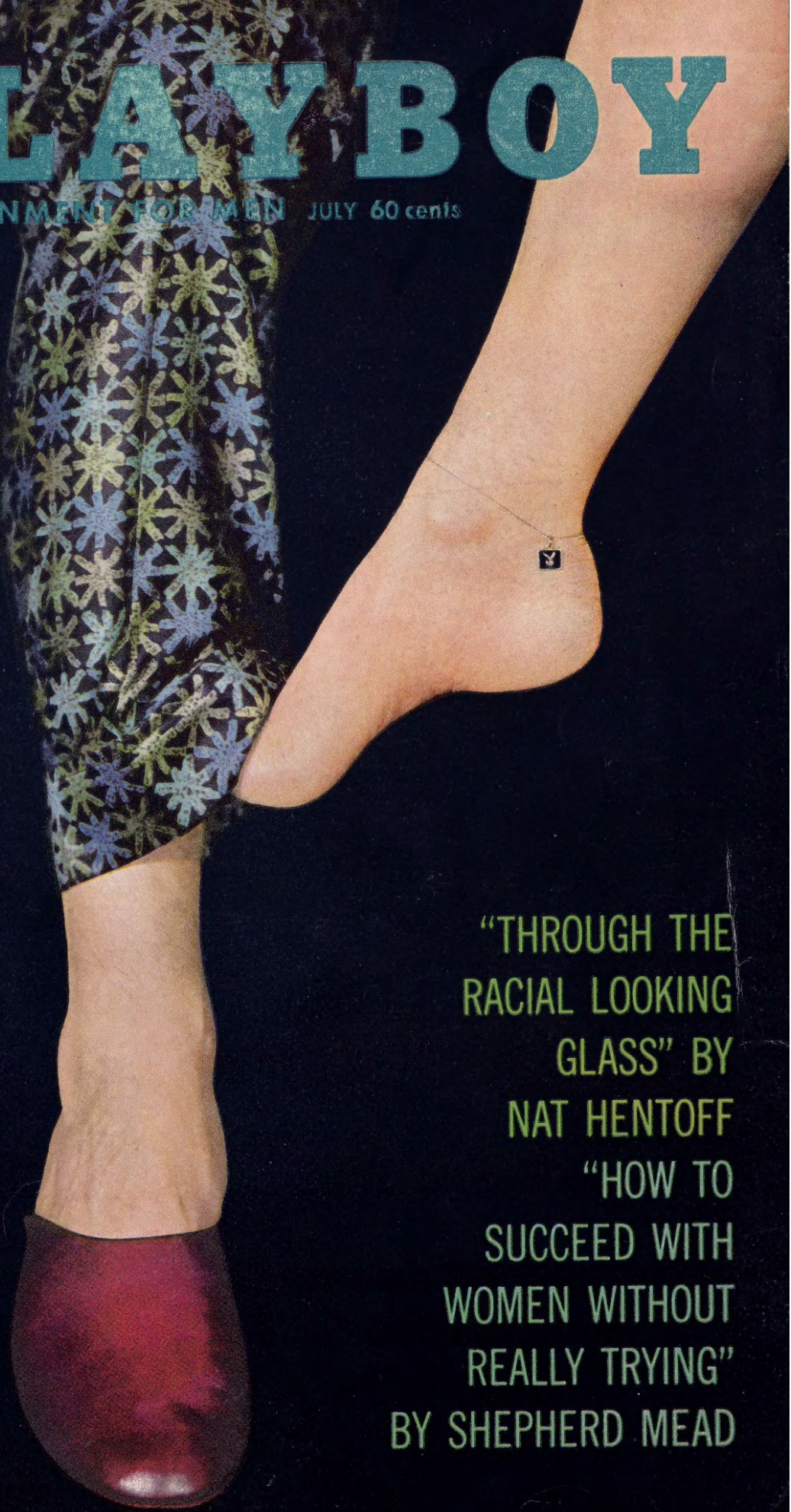


PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN JULY 60 cents



"THROUGH THE
RACIAL LOOKING
GLASS" BY
NAT HENTOFF
"HOW TO
SUCCEED WITH
WOMEN WITHOUT
REALLY TRYING"
BY SHEPHERD MEAD

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"—with maximum sunburn protection!"

says

Stella Stevens

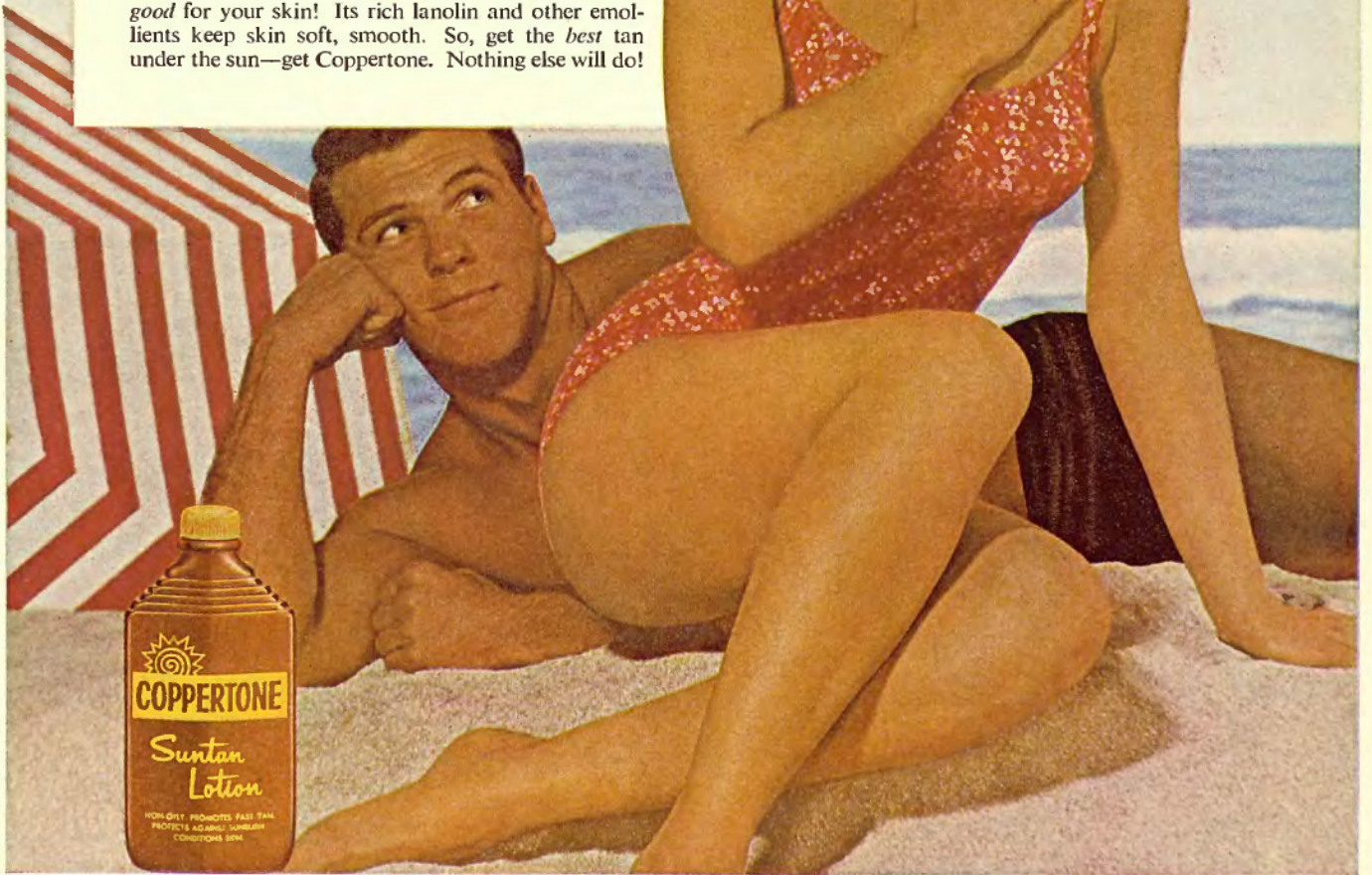
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GIRLS!"

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TAYLOR



WILLINGHAM

PLAYBILL

PLAYBOY HAS RECEIVED many a word of praise and criticism since it began publishing eight-plus years ago and that is to be expected, since the magazine is controversial in concept and never has been intended to appeal to everyone.

The praise has taken many forms and has come from many high places, but none has pleased us more than the recent comment by columnist Hugh Russell Fraser in San Francisco's *Daily Commercial News*, the West Coast's oldest and most prestigious business journal. We felt readers might enjoy a reprinting of Fraser's reaction to our March issue, so here it is:

"Well, PLAYBOY has at last made it I never thought it would . . .

"The magazine that was once chiefly noted for curvaceous, semi-nude blondes, all displayed in good taste, has now become one of the most intellectual magazines in America!

"Congratulations are in order.

"Never having met its editor, Hugh Hefner, nevertheless I assure you his achievement is one of the wonders of the age.

"While the *Saturday Review* still holds the top position, PLAYBOY is now second, *Harper's* third, *Esquire* fourth, *Atlantic* fifth, and *The New Yorker* sixth, in content, range, variety and significance of ideas dealing with the contemporary scene.

"The March issue comes close to being a sheer work of art. For a magazine devoted to 'Entertainment for Men,' it is strangely concerned with two things few men, and even fewer women, have any real interest in: namely, truth and beauty. Perhaps I should make an exception of the glories of the supernormal female figure. Here most men are definitely interested, or should be. (If they are not, they are too old and, for all practical purposes, have ceased to live, or are so badly repressed they should go home to mother, or are one of several varieties of sexual freaks.)

"The color reproduction in the center of the magazine is of what is probably the most beautiful and stunning female bosom north of the Rio Grande. It is possessed by Pamela Anne Gordon, a 39-23-35 tourist attraction in Vancouver, now gaining her education at the University of British Columbia. (I suggest that it is less important for her to gain an education than give an education —

via similar color photos — to millions of beauty-starved males around the world; after all, Pamela has something that few women have . . . and on her shoulders rests a heavy responsibility and obligation to make the most of the fabulous gift the God of Truth and Beauty has bestowed upon her.)

"Having drunk deep of this rare and costly wine, let us glance over the other pages. Here J. Paul Getty, the billionaire (tactfully the magazine does not remind us of the fact), has a thought-provoking indictment of *The Vanishing Americans*. He holds that 'in the restless voice of dissent lies the key to a nation's vitality and greatness.' And that dissent is disappearing. Indeed, it has almost disappeared.

"Even the goal of our educational system is to make us conformists. . . . Yet he is hopeful: 'I'm convinced the American people are ready to reclaim their minds and their nation, to take them back from the pressure groups, selfish minorities and hucksters to whom they lost them by default in recent years.' . . . I do not share this view, but his indictment of the lack of dissent is as long and detailed as it is absorbing.

"In the same issue, Alfred Kazin, in my judgment the greatest living literary critic, examines *The Love Cult*, a slight misnomer, since what he is examining is not a cult but the whole general concept of love from Plato to Freud to the modern psychiatrists. The role that it has played in Christian dogma, as he analyzes it, is especially impressive and is alone worth the price of the magazine.

"Ben Hecht has an intriguing memoir; *The Playboy Advisor* tells us how to marry the boss' girlfriend; Ernest Hemingway's brother writes about his brother; and best of all, Arthur C. Clarke's article on *The Hazards of Prophecy*. Here is an analysis of the short-sightedness of men of science in the last half-century, the first of a series of amazing insights into the 'expected' and the 'unexpected' in science.

"There are other articles of equally rich intellectual fare. But I do not have space here.

"However, a new planet has swung into our universe of superior magazines. . . . And it bears the date of March 1962. A toast, therefore, gentlemen, to America's newest star in the intellectual firmament — PLAYBOY!"



MEAD



HENTOFF

And a toast to you, Mr. Fraser, for your laudatory comments. May we invite you — and our readers — to enjoy the issue at hand?

Lead off with Robert Lewis Taylor's sophisticated saga of a writer's sojourn in Hollywood — and its surprising aftermath. Taylor, perhaps best known for his Pulitzer Prize-winning *Travels of Jaimie McPheeters*, has some half-dozen tomes to his credit. He left *The New Yorker*, where he was a profile writer, to serve as Lieutenant Commander in the Navy during World War II, has free-lanced since. His latest book is *A Journey to Matecumbe*; his *The Pilgrimage of Roger Haydock*, in this issue, was written after a brief stint in Hollywood, working on the script for a movie based on his Pulitzer novel, "But any similarity between me and the hero of the story is purely coincidental."

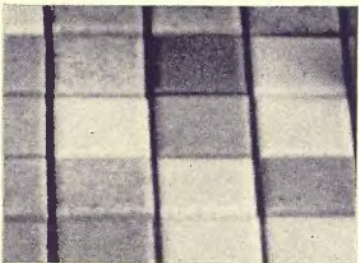
Turn next to Nat Hentoff's unflinching view *Through the Racial Looking Glass* at the American Negro's militant march toward equality. Then climb aboard for *Bus Story*, the tale of a fateful encounter between virginity and cynical sexuality, which will constitute part of *Eternal Fire*, a massive new novel (scheduled for publication by Vanguard Press next January) by Calder Willingham, author of *End as a Man* and prolific scripter for such films as *Paths of Glory*, *The Vikings* and the Oscar-winning *Bridge over the River Kwai*.

Next, survey *The Sorry Plight of the Human Male*, first installment of Shepherd Mead's sagely satirical *How to Succeed with Women Without Really Trying*, the updated version of his second celebrated self-help guide, which made its debut in PLAYBOY. (His first: *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, currently a Broadway smash and soon to be a motion picture.) Then heed J. Paul Getty's persuasive appeal for *A Sense of Values*, an inflexible code of ethics, in professional and personal life; and apprehend *The Bandit*, Ben Hecht's recollection of a killer's betrayal by an ice-blooded moll. Next join our own *Janet Pilgrim in Palm Springs*, a six-page pictorial featuring PLAYBOY's own office Playmate. Add a healthy helping of other fare for reading and viewing, and you'll have a potpourri which we hope will sustain your pleasure and Hugh Russell Fraser's high regard.

PLAYBOY



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Grooming Gear P. 36



How to Succeed P. 46



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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CLOUDED REPORT

Françoise Sagan is a girl of great talent and I think you were right to publish *The Wonderful Clouds*.

André Maurois
Neuilly-sur-Seine, France

Re April's *The Wonderful Clouds*: the pointlessness of Miss Sagan's novel is exceeded only by her bad writing.

Rita Jennings
Blue Springs, Missouri

With the unhip, stupid and obscure first installment of *The Wonderful Clouds* by some French illiterate, you have hit a new low.

Robert Frank Frederick
Columbus, Ohio

My thanks to PLAYBOY for once more proving it is ready, willing and able to publish fiction of the highest literary merit. Part I of *The Wonderful Clouds* left me eager to read author Sagan's conclusion.

John Eldridge
Boston, Massachusetts

Françoise Sagan's novelette on Topic A fascinated me. Its chief attraction was the fact that a girl who had so little fun in the hay kept working in it all the time. It's not a new wrinkle but I have a hunch it's becoming the new womanhood.

Ben Hecht
Nyack, New York

PARIS PLAUDITS

About your views on Paris—every word concerning the town is right.

Porfirio Rubirosa
New York, New York

Congratulations on an excellent run-down of the City of Light, but one correction must be made. The first drink at Le Crazy Horse is not \$3, but \$5.60.

Richard Godosky
New York, New York

FOLK SONGS

I greatly enjoyed reading Larry Sie-

gel's *Folk Songs for Moderns* in your April issue. Without reservation, I found the songs deft, incisive and amusing. However, I am fully in disagreement with the message of the introduction: "Not only do most of today's songs not mirror our age, but they have all they can do to retain their popularity tomorrow." Folk songs are not an antique form. Not only are the old songs being rewritten to mirror contemporary trends, but new songs are being created every hour. Have you never heard of *Strontium 90*:

What will the future bring to me?

No head, two heads, maybe three?

And the like of Jimmy Hoffa has been considered folk-song-wise in a song that George Armstrong of Chicago learned from Fleming Brown who heard it in Southern Illinois:

Union's great, union's strong;

Helped us workers get along.

But a bunch of pickets came around;

Beat me bloody to the ground.

Furthermore, there are hundreds of songs like *Talking Atom*, *The Foggy Dewey*, *Spaceman's Revenge*, etc. We're happy to welcome Siegel's selections to this great body of material, but let us never deny its existence.

Oscar Brand
New York, New York

While deferring to you as one of the country's foremost purveyors of contemporary folk ballads, Oscar, we must still agree with our original statement, to wit: most "pop" songs today are completely unrelated to life and completely devoid of the qualities that endure.

FROST BITTEN

Although I realize your magazine is geared to be "Entertainment for Men," I thought you might be interested in hearing from one of your undoubtedly numerous female readers. You should take a deep bow for Vance Aandahl's *Adam Frost*. It's one of the finest short stories I've read. It should put the air-raid-shelter people out of business

A
totally
civilized
habit



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FOR MEN

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6 oz., \$5
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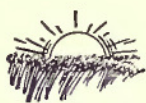
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Of the many wonderful, light, mild bourbons of Kentucky, more people prefer Old Crow to any of the others. This is quite a recommendation when you think of it. But then, great men of America's past—HENRY CLAY for instance—have testified to Old Crow's greatness since the year 1835. It was and is the ideal of what a straight Kentucky bourbon should be.



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Kentucky Bourbon



(hoorah, hoorah). Who would want to survive in a world like that?

Gail Pollard
Kearny, New Jersey

Glad to see your continuing interest in both science and science-fiction as evidenced by the great April issue. Arthur Clarke does his usual fine job of exposition, and as for Vance Aandahl—he is the most exciting new name I have come across in my last few years of devoted s-f reading. Let's have more.

Richard P. Adler
Cambridge, Massachusetts

CINEMA RERUN

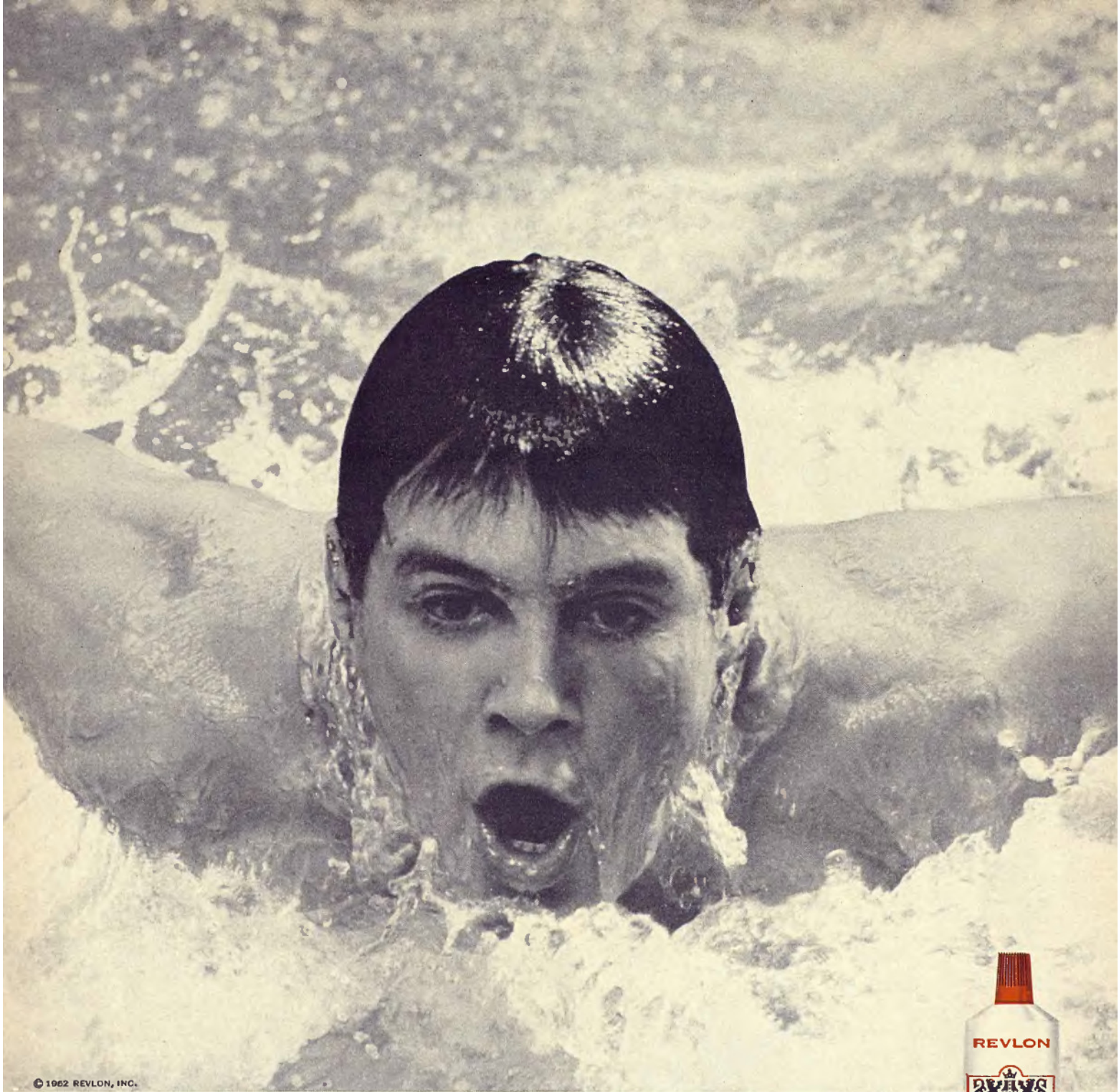
Cinema on a Shoestring shows Mr. Knight to have high insight and understanding of his subject. It is encouraging that such comprehensive coverage of the subject of motion pictures is included in your publication, and I'm sure it will lead others to deal more honestly with the importance of the medium itself. When those who “use” the medium to make money are made to realize that the true worth of the picture industry lies in the good it can do rather than in the money it can make, then we as an audience can enjoy a “grown-up” and unlimited supply of movies which challenge the imagination and stimulate that area of emotional and intellectual understanding regularly avoided by cliché-happy producers who allow their fear of box-office failure to smother their creative instincts. In the meantime, we continue to scratch the surface of motion-picture potential with the hope that our store of energy is not used up constantly fighting the accountants and the distributors of the business for the chance to make worthwhile films.

Maurice McEndree, Producer
Shadows

The Stanley Kramer Corporation
Universal City, California

The article *Cinema on a Shoestring*, by Arthur Knight, is the first that I've read anywhere that gives an accurate and perceptive view of what's happening in the world of low-budget films. It is remarkably free of the romanticism and glibness that usually characterize such articles. Arthur Knight is a knowledgeable, intelligent, sympathetic and thorough reporter. As one who has been involved in a few of the pictures he mentioned, I was particularly excited to read an *honest* account of what these people are trying to do. And his notion that Hollywood can make Hollywood movies better than anyone is a bit of sage observation that many low-budget types *still* haven't come to. Please give us more of the same inside, straight, intelligent reporting.

Stanley E. Russell
New York, New York



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

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

It's one thing to lose your hair naturally, but why rush things with an unhealthy scalp? Your hair-dressing may keep your hair neat, but does it keep your scalp healthy, too? 'Top Brass' moisturizes to stop dry scalp, with *no greasy build-up*. And it's *medicated* to fight dandruff. Get 'Top Brass' in the tube or the new cream-liquid in plastic squeeze bottle.



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IT'S MARTINI VERMOUTH

TAXFUL APPROACH

The way Dedini paints things with his April cartoon concerning the Revenue Service, life certainly can be pleasant for the excise-tax collectors.

Mortimer M. Caplin
Commissioner of Internal Revenue
U.S. Treasury Department
Washington, D.C.

POST MORTEM

Congratulations on the PLAYBOY story in *The Saturday Evening Post*. While it was predictably colored to suit the prejudices of that magazine's middle-class, middle-brow, middle-aged audience, it is a real tribute to you and what you have accomplished to have the article there at all.

Maurice Hammond
San Francisco, California

I had heard *The Saturday Evening Post* was in trouble — down in both newsstand circulation and advertising — but I didn't guess how serious the trouble must be until I tasted the sour grapes in their profile on PLAYBOY. They would apparently like to pretend that your success is based on nothing but sex, unable to understand the social revolution that has taken place in this country over the last generation, and why PLAYBOY prospers while the *Post* flounders. "The Influentials" — a pet *Saturday Evening Post* phrase for those in our society who influence the taste and thinking of others around them and who the *Post's* promotion department would like to pretend are readers of that tired publication — are actually reading PLAYBOY.

Clifford Patch
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Kindly keep your smut out of *The Saturday Evening Post*. It is enough to have you spreading your filth in your own magazine without putting it in an article in a decent magazine like *The Saturday Evening Post*.

(Unsigned)
Toledo, Ohio

We didn't write the "artical," lady. (You are a lady, aren't you, oh mysterious, unsigned stranger?) "*The Saturday Evening Post*" will have to take the responsibility for this particular batch of "smut" and "filth." Sorry.

I enjoyed reading about you in *Czar of the Bunny Empire* in the April 28th issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. It is probably the ultimate compliment to both PLAYBOY and its publisher that what was seemingly intended as a hatchet job actually failed to injure any part of your success story or its significance: The article states that Editor-Publisher Hefner is "cash-register oriented" and his playboy world largely a press agent's gimmick, but everything about PLAYBOY — from the earliest issues

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—has obviously been a labor of love and something you fellows take a great deal of pride and pleasure in doing. The *Post* tries to convince its readers that "PLAYBOY's chief contribution to American culture is built around photographs and cartoons of naked young ladies . . . the essays are on such subjects as the history of bathing (with photos of buxom nudes stepping out of archaic bathtubs)," but anyone who has ever bothered to sit down and actually read the magazine knows how high your editorial standards are, how many important pieces of fiction by top writers you have published, and how wide is the range of interests in your articles. Some discerning chap might even see a similarity between the *Post's* new feature, *On the Way Up*, and PLAYBOY's popular *On the Scene*, and speculate on whether the contemporary art and design introduced into the "new" *Post* a few months ago wasn't partly inspired and strongly influenced by the modern magazine illustrations and layout that have been winning art and design awards for PLAYBOY for eight years: one might even wonder whether all that publicity and advertising they gave their PLAYBOY article wasn't designed to boost the lagging *Post* sales by trading on the popularity of the very publication they were editorially putting down.

Simon Jaffe
Chicago, Illinois

We were pleased to have PLAYBOY's story told in "The Saturday Evening Post" and sorry only that it proved so inaccurate in the writing: we counted over two dozen misquotes and misstatements. More than \$100,000 was spent promoting the article through newspaper ads, television, newsstand display cards, a full-page ad in "The New Yorker"; the issue sold 10 percent above normal. For a somewhat different and, we feel, fairer view of PLAYBOY's editorial content, read the Hugh Russell Fraser column reprinted in "Playbill" in this issue.

Enclosed is a copy of a letter I have written to *The Saturday Evening Post* on their not-so-subtle character assassination. You might do readers of Curtis publications a service by sending them all a reprint of your now near-classic article, *The Pious Pornographers*.

"Gentlemen:

"The flavor of sour grapes is evident in Bill Davidson's article on Hugh Hefner and his PLAYBOY enterprises, as in almost everything else printed about Hefner to date. The implication that PLAYBOY's chief contribution to American culture is refined pornography provides eloquent testimony of author Davidson's lack of acquaintance with PLAYBOY's increasingly excellent literary content.

"Hugh Hefner has the considerable

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plus 10 more
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Just Friends
I Won't Dance
—10 More
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TCHAIKOVSKY:
1812 Overture
Capriccio Italian
ANTAL DORATI
WORLDWIDE SYMPHONY ORCH.
COLUMBIA

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THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
COLUMBIA

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

Time Further Out
The Dave Brubeck Quartet
COLUMBIA

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

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Original Soundtrack Recording
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Sink the Bismarck
Worth to Alaska
plus 9 more
COLUMBIA

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

SHOSTAKOVICH SYMPHONY No. 5
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NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
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YOUR TWIST PARTY
with the King of Twist
CHUBBY CHECKER
FARWAY

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

JOSE JIMENEZ
THE ASTRONAUT
KAPP

160. Truly a "hilarious character!"—N.Y. Journal-Am.

QUIET VILLAGE
The Exotic Sounds of MARTIN DENNY
LIBERTY

69. My Little Grass Shack Cha Cha Cha, Happy Talk, 10 more

Rhapsody in Blue
An American in Paris
Leonard Bernstein plays Gershwin
LIBERTY

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

Lets All Sing With The CHIPMUNKS
Sings from the Alvin Show
LIBERTY

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

RAY CONNIFF
his orchestra and chorus
CONCERT IN RHYTHM
COLUMBIA

44. I'm Always Chasing Rainbows, Serenade, 12 in all

RAY CONNIFF
Memories are Made of This
TAMMY
MY FOOLISH HEART
10 more
COLUMBIA

225. Also: No Other Love, Three Coins in the Fountain, etc.

MILES DAVIS
Sketches of Spain
COLUMBIA

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

JULIE IS HER NAME
Cry Me a River
I Should Care
Say It Isn't So
9 More
LIBERTY
JULIE LONDON

67. Also: I'm in the Mood for Love, Easy Street, Laura, etc.

CHUBBY RYDELL
BOBBY CHECKER
CAMEO

66. The Hucklebuck, Wild One, etc. (Not available in stereo)

THE BLUE DANUBE
A Johann Strauss Festival
PHILADELPHIA ORCH. • GIMANDY
COLUMBIA

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

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SUNNY SIDE UP
MARKER LIGHTS
Aula Leo • 12 more
COLUMBIA

8. That Old Gang of Mine, Sweet Violets, 16 big hits in all

YOUR REQUEST
Sunny Side Up
Marker Lights
Aula Leo • 12 more
COLUMBIA

9. By the Beautiful Sea, The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi, etc.

HANDEL: MESSIAH
LEONARD BERNSTEIN
N. Y. PHILHARMONIC
COLUMBIA

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

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ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING
COLUMBIA

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

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The Power and the Glory
Orch. and Choir Cond. by PERCY FAITH
COLUMBIA

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

The Harmonicats
MOON RIVER
EL CID
LA DOLCE VITA
9 More Movie Hits
COLUMBIA

33. Also: Around the World, Guns of Navarone, Maria, etc.

TCHAIKOVSKY
The SLEEPING BEAUTY
Ballet Suite
PHILADELPHIA ORCH
EUGENE ORMANDY
COLUMBIA

181. Superb performance of this enchanting ballet score

WALL TO WALL SOUND!
STEVE LAWRENCE
EYDIE GORME
Two on the Aisle
COLUMBIA

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

DINAH WASHINGTON
September in the Rain
HAPPY MOODS
ARGO

40. Without A Song, This Heart of Mine, twelve hits in all

AHMAD JAMAL
HAPPY MOODS
ARGO

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

THE DUKES OF DELAWARE
BREAKIN' IT UP ON BROADWAY!
COLUMBIA

61. Lida Rose, If I Were a Bell, Runnin' Wild, 9 more

FRANNIE LAINE
HELL BENT FOR LEATHER
High Noon
Wild Goose
Mule Train
9 more
COLUMBIA

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

RACHMANINOFF
Piano Concerto No. 2
BERNSTEIN-ENTREMENT
N. Y. PHILHARMONIC
COLUMBIA

189. "A performance of many epochs"—New York Times

PATTI PAGE
Sings Country and Western
GOLDEN HITS
Mercury

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

50 GUITARS GO SOUTH
OF THE BORDER
Tommy Garrett
LIBERTY

123. You Belong to My Heart, Perfidia, Besame Mucho, etc.

GERRY MULLIGAN QUARTET
what is there to say?
COLUMBIA

133. My Funny Valentine, Just in Time, plus 6 more hits

RAVEL:
Bolero • La Valse
Rhapsodie Espagnole
LEONARD BERNSTEIN
N. Y. PHILHARMONIC
COLUMBIA

191. "Exciting... compelling."—New York Herald Tribune

MARTY ROBBINS
More Greatest Hits
Ballad of the Alamo
Don't Worry
10 more
COLUMBIA

19. Also: Streets of Laredo; Ride, Cowboy Ride; El Paso; etc.

Bouquet of Love
THE PERCY FAITH STRINGS
Invitation
Blue Moon
Easy to Love
9 MORE
COLUMBIA

36. Also: Stella By Starlight, Now High the Moon, etc.

CHOPIN:
The 14 Waltzes
Brailowsky
COLUMBIA

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

SARAH VAUGHAN'S Golden Hits
BROKEN HEARTED MELODY
ETERNALLY BEST
9 MORE
Mercury

79. Also: Moonlight in Vermont, Whatever Lola Wants, etc.

A DATE WITH THE EVERLY BROTHERS
COLUMBIA

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

BROOK BENTON
GOLDEN HITS
Kiddio • The Same One Endlessly • 9 More
Mercury

31. Also: So Close, Nurtin' Inside, So Many Ways, etc.

The New ANDRE KOSTELANETZ
"Wonderland of Sound"
COLUMBIA

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

BEETHOVEN Violin Concerto
ISAAC STERN
New York Philharmonic,
Leonard Bernstein, Cond.
COLUMBIA

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

JUDY GARLAND
"A Star is Born"
Original Sound-Track Recording
COLUMBIA

157. Full of nostalgic memories. Not available in stereo

The Ventures
WALK DON'T RUN
Raunchy
Night Train
Caravan • 9 MORE
DOLBY

71. Also: The McCoy, Morgen, My Own True Love, Nome, etc.

FDLK SONGS and DRINKING SONGS from GERMANY
COLUMBIA

199. Lighthearted singing, lusty and utterly delightful

Warm and Wonderful LES PAUL & MARY FORD
AFTER YOU'VE GONE
DEED I DO • 10 MORE
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94. Also: Am I Blue, Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams, etc.

THE BROTHERS FOUR
GREENFIELDS
EDDYSTONE LIGHT • YELLOW BIRD
plus 9 more
COLUMBIA

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MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR
COLUMBIA

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

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229. Also: Lambert, Hendricks and Ross; Carmen McRae; etc.

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

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

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186. Five of Bach's mightiest and most popular works

22. Also: One More Ride, I Still Miss Someone, etc.

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183. "Distinguished, freshness, vitality." — High Fidelity

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Encore of Golden Hits

Twilight Time
My Prayer
Only You
9 more

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

MORE ENCORE OF GOLDEN HITS
THE PLATTERS

Harbor Lights, I Wish, Sleepy Lagoon, My Secret, 8 more

3. Harbor Lights, I Wish, Sleepy Lagoon, My Secret, 8 more

CLAIR de LUNE
A Debussy Piano Recital by PHILIPPE-ENTREMONT

174. "Extraordinarily beautiful...brilliant, sivery" — N.Y. Times

MIDNIGHT IN MOSCOW
Kenny Ball and his Jazzmen

232. Puttin' on the Ritz, American Patrol, 12 in all

ROGER WILLIAMS GREATEST HITS
Autumn Leaves
Near You
Tummy
9 More

25. Also: September Song, I Got Rhythm, Wanting You, etc.

SOUTH PACIFIC
MARY MARTIN - PINZA

ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST

141. Complete score of the hit show. (Not available in stereo)

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173. This brilliant musical painting is an American classic

JIMMY DEAN
BIG BAD JOHN and other fabulous songs

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

BIG BAND OF THE BIG HITS
Up a Lazy River
African Waltz
Calcutta—9 More
SI ZENTNER and his ORCHESTRA LIBERTY

82. Also: Tenderly, Save the Last Dance For Me, etc.

FLAMENCO PURO SABICAS

198. "Performance: Superb. Recording: Excellent" — HiFi Rev.

THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET
Patterns

95. Odds Against Tomorrow, Skating in Central Park, etc.

I Have Dreamed
DORIS DAY

55. I'll Find You, You Stepped out of a Dream, 10 more

FINLANDIA
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA - NORMAN TAYLOR & HIS CHOIR
plus — Finlandia
Swedish Rhapsody
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177. "Electrifying performance...overwhelming" — HiFi Rev.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST THEMES
FERRANTE & TEICHER


47. Romance, Theme from The Apartment, Love Affair, 9 more

WALL TO WALL STEREO
GOLDEN PIANO HITS
Ferrante & Teicher and their ORCH.
BEGIN THE BEGUNE
WARSAW CONCERTO
MISERERE—9 MORE

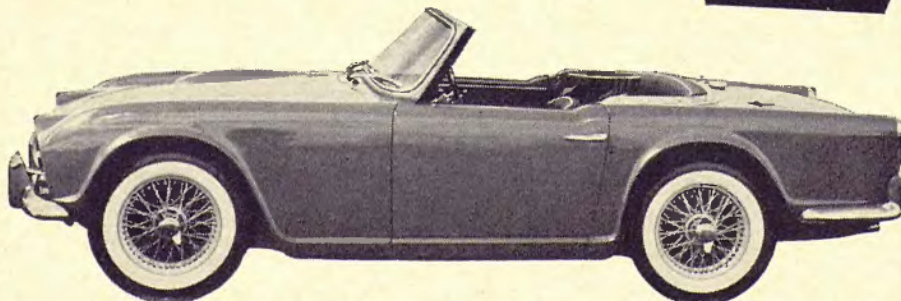
48. Also: Near You, Autumn Leaves, Exodus, 'Til, etc.

What does it take to beat the Triumph TR-3?



 The Triumph TR-3 is the most popular sports car in America—virtually unbeatable until this year. That's when they brought out the TR-4, the TR-3's new companion. Drive it. It's even more exciting and easier to handle. For one thing, torque or thrust, is high at all speeds. So the TR-4 does equally well at a modest 50 or a thundering 100. The track is wider, so the cornering is flatter. The steering system is as easy as power steering, but far more responsive. All forward gears, including 1st, have synchromesh for effortless shifting. The windows roll up. The top is rain-proof. And the price is a mere \$2849.* ■ There are Triumph dealers in all 50 states—over 550 in all. One lives near you. Drop in and ask for a test drive. See how much fun driving can be.

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distinction of being an updated Horatio Alger story—a man whose belief, determination and hard work have brought him success in full measure. He enjoys his work, has infinite freedom of self-expression, and is surrounded by the conditions and people he likes best. How pathetically few others in this age of enlightenment and progress can say the same.

"Vive le cottontail!"

Stephen E. Thomas

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Thanks, Steve. For some inexplicable reason, the "Post" chose not to publish your letter.

The *Saturday Evening Post* story was a crock.

Jack Olsen

Sports Illustrated

New York, New York

NEW YORK PLAYBOY CLUB

I'm sure by this time several hundred readers have sent you a copy of the full-page Playboy Club cartoon in a recent issue of *The New Yorker*. The fact that your Playboy Club Bunnies have become



"He met her in some Chicago key club, I understand,"
The New Yorker, ©1962 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

so well known that most everyone here and across the country who reads *TNY* understands this subtle bit of humor is a tremendous tribute to you. The very presence of this cartoon in *The New Yorker* may also give you some idea of just how much preopening interest the Playboy Club is generating in this usually blasé town. Just when can New York keyholders expect their Club to be ready?

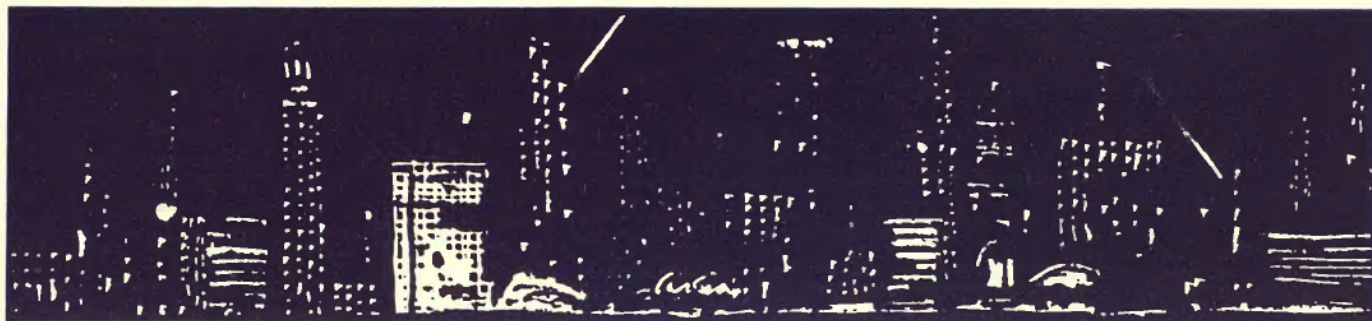
Robert Lloyd

New York, New York

A cement workers' strike and other construction complications delayed the opening, but the Manhattan branch of Playboy Clubs International will be completed by late summer and the official opening is scheduled for October 11th.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



If you look at the contents page of this issue, you'll see you are holding the seventh issue of Volume 9 (i.e., the July issue of our ninth year), a conjunction of mystic numbers which led our tireless research department to sources of antiquity and legend, both common and arcane, concerning them.

Let's start with nine. We can't tell you why a stitch in time saves nine (and not eight or 10), but we can tell you what is meant by "possession is nine points of the law." In the folklore of jurisprudence, the nine are: a good deal of money, a good deal of patience, a good cause, a good lawyer, good counsel, good witnesses, a good jury, a good judge, good luck. Speaking of law, there are, as every schoolboy knows, nine Supreme Court Justices.

You know how many men per team, and how many innings per game the national pastime calls for. If you don't know the number of months required for human gestation, you shouldn't be reading this magazine.

Prometheus advised Deucalion to construct an ark, which tossed about for nine days before grounding on the top of Mount Parnassus. When you see the expression "the Nine" it refers to the Muses. There were nine virgin priestesses of the ancient Gallic oracle.

Of Lars Porsena—whoever he is—Macaulay, in his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, said, "By the nine gods he swore/That the great house of Tarquin/Should suffer wrong no more." The nine gods were: Juno, Minerva, Tinia, Vulcan, Mars, Saturn, Hercules, Summanus and Vedio. The ancient Sabines also had nine: Hercules, Romulus, Esculapius, Bacchus, Aeneas, Vesta, Santa, Fortuna, Fides.

Cats have nine lives. The "nine-tail bruiser" is English prison slang for the cat-o'-nine-tails.

In Ptolemy's system of astronomy there were nine spheres: Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the Firmament of fixed stars, and the Crystalline Sphere.

Hell has nine rivers, according to some sources; others claim that the River Styx enclosed the infernal regions in nine circles. According to Milton (John Milton, not Milton Eisenhower) the gates of hell are "thrice threefold."

In Scandinavian mythology, there were nine earths, and Odin had a priceless ring which miraculously produced eight other rings (making nine in all) every ninth night.

Something that is sensational but brief is commonly called—or was—"a nine days' wonder." The Abracadabra, a cabalistic charm, was worn nine days and then flung into a river.

In the folklore of the British Isles, a sure cure for a sprained ankle is to tie nine knots in a thread of black wool.

There are nine orders of angels; there are nine "marks of cadency" in heraldry; and nine crowns are recognized.

Nine crosses figure in ecclesiastical architecture: the crosses of altar, processional, roods on lofts, reliquary, consecration, pectoral, spire, pendent over altars and marking crosses.

A nifty way of performing some mathematical operations is known as "casting out nines"—which we will herewith do, and proceed to the mystic number seven.

There are, traditionally, seven arts; seven wonders of the world; seven sorrows; seven virtues (faith, hope, charity, prudence, justice, fortitude, temperance) and seven deadly sins (pride, wrath, envy, lust, gluttony, avarice, sloth).

Christ spoke seven times on the cross.

According to the ancient Hebrews, there are seven names of God. According to John Ruskin, there are seven lamps of

architecture. You should be able to name the seven seas. The Pleiades, a constellation, was known as the Seven Sisters.

There are seven heavens; ancient Rome was built on seven hills and was referred to as the Seven-Hilled City. In Japanese folklore there are seven gods of luck; there is a Spanish fable that during the Moorish invasion seven bishops left Spain and founded seven cities, a kind of never-never land known as "The Island of the Seven Cities." There are seven gifts of the spirit (wisdom, understanding, counsel, fortitude, knowledge, righteousness, Godly fear); there are Seven Churches of Asia; in medieval times the patron saints of England were known as The Seven Champions, and according to ancient astrologers the number of the planets was seven.

There are seven bodies in alchemy: Sun (gold), Moon (silver), Mars (iron), Mercury (quicksilver), Saturn (lead), Jupiter (tin), Venus (copper). It was once believed that man is composed of seven substances and has Seven Natures, not to be confused with the Seven Senses.

The "Seven Against Thebes" were war heroes who fought to restore the son of Oedipus to the throne. The Seven Bishops were thrown in the clink for non-conformity in 1688. (They did not dig James II's Declaration of Indulgence.)

The expression "The Seven" refers to those chosen by the Apostles to be the first Deacons.

In the Apocalypse there are seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven trumpets, seven spirits before the throne of God, seven horns, seven vials, seven plagues, a seven-headed monster, a seven-eyed lamb.

The Hebrew verb "to swear" means literally "to come under the influence of seven things."

There are seven days in creation, seven

Stroke of Genius!

Florida playboys improve jim-dandy formula -end fuss of mixing 432 Daiquiris!



DAIQUIRIS	Frozen Concentrate*		BACARDI Silver Label	
	Tsp.	6-oz. can	Ozs.	5ths
1	2		1½	
4	8		6	
9		½		½
18		1		1
54		3		3¼
108		6		6½
216		12		13
432		24		26

SHAKE OR STIR WITH ICE UNTIL VERY COLD

* Limeade, lemonade or Daiquiri Mix—if fresh fruit is used, substitute juice of ½ lime or lemon and ½ tsp. sugar for each 2 tsp. of concentrate; substitute juice of 9 limes or lemons and 3 tablespoons sugar for each can of concentrate. Do not add sugar to concentrate.

Our old formula went to 216 Daiquiris—which seemed enough in the old days. But Florida playboys asked the logical question: suppose we invite *twice* as many people?

So in deference to right-thinking we publish this enlarged version of the remarkable little formula for mixing Daiquiris in *batches*! It is a masterpiece of clarity: (1) read down for the number of Daiquiris, (2) read across for the ingredients,

(3) muster a Bacardi *Daiquiri* Party. Incredibly simple.

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

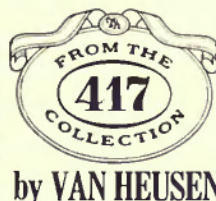


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A man gets seen in 417!

He hoists sail with the easy aplomb of a man who takes after the best in sporting, women and clothing. Note three examples above. Not the least is his Acrilan® knit "417" pull-over. It has the cool feel of rich cord-knit fabric . . . the friendly air of freedom . . . and that natural bent-for-action look. Easy comfort and confident good looks are the mark of Van Heusen's authentically styled "417" Collection of dress and leisure shirts. You'll find them wherever fine men's wear is sold.



days in the week, seven graces, seven divisions in the Lord's Prayer.

Getting back to the Hebrews, the seventh son of a seventh son was presumed to have extraordinary powers; every seventh year was sabbatical; seven times seven years was a jubilee; they had three great feasts, each lasting seven days, and seven weeks separated the first and the second.

Baalam had seven altars on which he sacrificed seven bullocks and seven rams. Naaman was commanded to dip seven times in the Jordan; Elijah sent his servant seven times to look for rain; Nebuchadnezzar was a beast for seven years. In a dream, the Pharaoh saw seven cattle and seven ears of corn.

Ask any craps shooter about the significance of seven to him. Ask Nathaniel Hawthorne about *The House of the Seven Gables*. Don't ask Earl Derr Biggers if his *Seven Keys to Baldpate* is a guidebook to cranial depilation. Salome, in her fervid ecdysiastic gavotte, shed seven veils, got paid off with a head tax on John the Baptist.

Finally, seven priests with seven trumpets marched around Jericho once each day, but seven times on the seventh day; Samson's wedding feast lasted seven days and—possibly in post-prandial torpor—he then told his bride what she wanted to know and was promptly bound with seven withes and had seven locks of his hair shorn, probably the most disastrous haircut in the archives of barbering.

Nine times seven is 63—which is exactly 40 more than 23 skiddoo, an act we will now perform, having added copiously to your store of curious and useless knowledge.

Apparently the facts of modern life have begun to make themselves known—and profitable—even to real estate brokers. From an ad in *The Tampa Tribune*: "An invitation to the wise bride and groom—especially those with small children . . ."

A recent feature story in Lake Placid's *Adirondack Enterprise* posed a thought-provoking, if unintentional, question on Civil Defense preparedness. "What would happen," it asked gravely, "if an atomic attack came during the middle of vice?"

We are frequently struck by evidences of noncommunication in the communications biz and suggest the ensuing may be an almost classic example of the phenomenon, as it manifests itself in the category of right hand not knowing what left hand is doing. Leafing through the paper the other day, our eye was caught by the following sentiments expressed by movie producer Freddie Brisson in an

interview with columnist Irv Kupcinet: "Take my movie, *Five Finger Exercise* . . . the story is one that could involve homosexuality, a triangle and even an Oedipus complex. But this so-called realism is phony to me. I don't believe in the 'shock treatment.' So I studiously avoided any of the sordid angles that presented themselves and turned out a movie that is entertainment for the entire family." The exhibitor's ad, for the same movie, in the same issue, carried the headline "WE'RE NOT A FAMILY . . . WE'RE CANNIBALS . . . WE DEVOUR EACH OTHER!" and was accompanied by photos and captions as follows. Boy with hand on another boy's chest, caption: "You think love [inserted by the newspapers in place of the screenplay's original word "sex"] will change you . . . make you different?" Woman caressing boy as man discovers them, caption: "I'm sure we can have a really warm friendship . . . even with the difference in our ages!" Boy with hand over mother's mouth, caption: "I'm your son . . . I love you . . . but I'm a man in my own right!" Which struck us as an admirable attempt to avoid the sordid angles of "homosexuality, a triangle and even an Oedipus complex." To be sure, we may be naïve. Perhaps there *was* communication, out of which grew an agreement to cover all bases—or anyway, all kinds of families.

A cheering message to whom it may concern: the London Post Office has announced that maggots and earthworms may now be sent by mail.

From a *McCall's*-sponsored convention of "typical housewives" in Chicago comes disquieting evidence that charity no longer begins at home, if it ever did. During a panel discussion on drinking, reported *The Miami Herald*, "most of the women said they kept liquor and wine for guests and served only beer to their families."

We note with pleasure the recent birth of a 10th child to a representative in the Missouri state legislature. The prodigal father's name: Peter Rabbit, Jr.

THEATER

Six characters in search of an author found the right man in Herb Gardner, whose first play, *A Thousand Clowns*, will keep them gainfully employed on Broadway until the laughter begins to die down a year or two from now. The star of this offbeatnik evening is Jason Robards, Jr., the straight actor with the crooked smile, who clowns for comedy as if he'd never heard of O'Neill or Hellman. He plays oddball writer Murray

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Burns, lately the brewer of *Chuckles and the Chipmunk*, a TV decoction for kiddies, who threw up the job in more than one sense of the phrase. Now he is a nonworking nonconformist with one suit, one grubby New York flat (decorated in "Fun Gothic") and one 12-year-old nephew named Nick (Barry Gordon), whom he is bringing up to be a free soul like uncle. Life in Burnsville tends to be whimsical, but never sticky. When Murray isn't at the movies, he is likely to be instructing his neighbors through the window on their garbage disposal, or phoning for weather reports so he can chide the recorded voices for repeating themselves. Such are the simple pleasures of the idle poor — until a pair of investigators from the Child Welfare Board barge in to check up on Nick's unorthodox environment. The lady of the team (enchantingly played in an April storm of tears and giggles by Sandy Dennis) decides to make the uncle rather than the nephew her lifework. But her colleague (William Daniels) sternly decrees that Nick must be removed unless Murray goes back to work. As Murray's overwrought agent (A. Larry Haines) desperately points out, the only job open to a writer of his client's known nuttiness is back there in the TV trees with the kiddies and the chipmunks and the schizoid Chuckles himself (Gene Saks in a convulsive caricature of a Pied Piper who hates little children). Murray's choice between losing either Nick or his emancipated way of life doesn't make for much of a contest as plays go, but Gardner's robust talent for comic observation provides the needed vitamin supplement. At the Eugene O'Neill, 230 West 49th Street.

No Strings is the first Broadway musical for which Richard Rodgers has written the words to his own music, and the combination is a good cut above anything else the season has to offer. As producer, Rodgers has promoted his musicians from the pit to mingle onstage with the actors, who, in turn, take on the chore of moving their own lightweight, free-form scenery about from a Paris fashion photographer's studio to Deauville and back again by way of St. Tropez and Monte Carlo. But Rodgers' particular inspiration was to provide a showcase for night-club singer Diahann Carroll's hitherto unfulfilled personality. Miss Carroll does him proud — in the circumstances. The circumstances are circumscribed by Samuel Taylor's ill-tailored libretto. Richard Kiley, playing a Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist on the loose in Paris, falls in love with Diahann, a Harlem-born *haute couture* fashion model, and the darling of the Left Bank, the Right Bank and her savings bank. Not until an iffy and unsatisfactory ending does any hint of racial self-conscious-

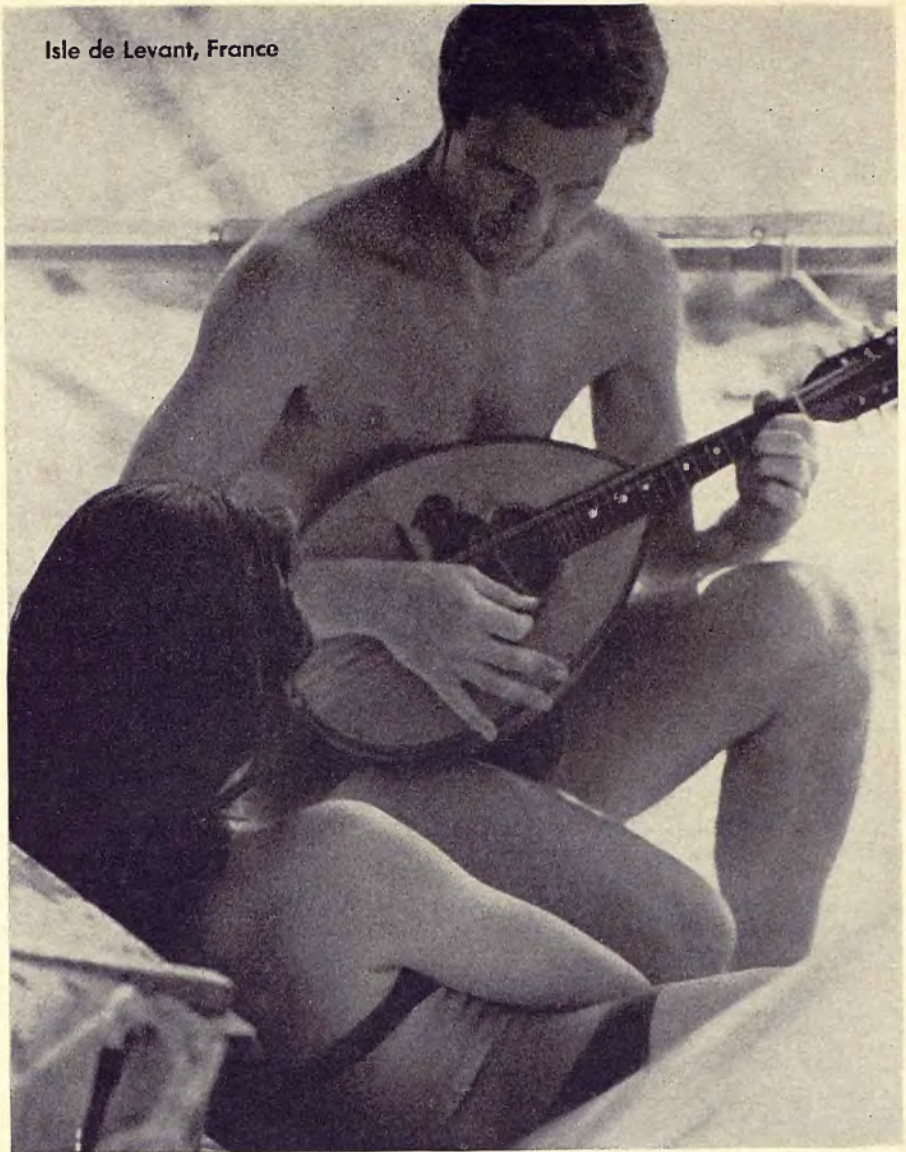
ness enter the story. Instead, Taylor has patched together a problem calculated to leave the audience cold. It seems that poor Kiley has a severe case of writer's block; the champagne call of the international set is stronger than the lure of his typewriter. Miss Carroll's problem might have been something to worry about; it isn't easy to give a damn about a writer who just doesn't want to write. Although director-choreographer Joe Layton keeps his actors whirling busily, these sub-Scott Fitzgerald stereotypes don't seem convinced that they are having a very gay time. Bernice Massi, a brassy Oklahoma oil heiress on a nympho's holiday, belts out a pair of loud numbers, and Noelle Adam, a blonde bonbon, sings from the heart of the Champs-Élysées a tickling tune called, naturally, *La La La*. But the best of *No Strings* stems from style, song and the savvy performances of the two principals. Kiley's duets with his Diahann — among them such melodic memorabilia as *Nobody Told Me* and *The Sweetest Sounds* — are worth the price of the plot. The charming Miss Carroll carols from the dulcet to the low-down with a felicity that should deprive the night clubs of her lovely presence for many months to come. At the 54th Street Theater, 152 West 54th St.

RECORDINGS

Billie Holiday — The Golden Years (Columbia) is one of the biggest batches of Billie reissued to date; it has the added attraction of containing several previously unreleased recordings (made with Basie's 1937 band) transcribed from radio performances. *The Golden Years* (1933–1941) finds Billie singing in front of her own band, Benny Goodman's and Teddy Wilson's, as the extensively annotated 3-LP package chronicles Billie blooming into her most productive years. Her efforts with Wilson, in particular, sound as lustrous today as when they were etched. **Love Letters** (Liberty), the latest offering of the indefatigable Julie London, stays in the gentle come-hither groove she practically owns. The tunes are all standards or semistandards, each expertly cast in the London image. Catching a Diahann Carroll performance in person is half the fun, but the other half is to be found on **Showstopper!** (Camden). Miss Carroll communicates, something many of today's carbon-copy contraltos have failed to achieve. The session is made up of evergreens, all made a little more verdant by dynamic Diahann.

The Bridge (Victor), Sonny Rollins' first recording in several years, bridges the gap between Sonny's retirement from the

Isle de Levant, France



The New York Times described Islands in the Sun Club as "a service for non-conformist travelers and the armchair tourist." Members describe it as "out of this world," and "the only club anywhere with a sense of humor." Each month we issue an exclusive report on an exotic, get-away-from-it-all island. Because our special reporters call them as they see them, you will find the reports honest, chatty, personal, illustrated, up-to-date, complete: How to get there, who and what you will find there, what to buy there (from baubles to land), where to dance and lounge there, etc., etc., etc. Among the islands covered to date: Cozumel, Puerto Vallarta, Ibiza, Abaco, Mykonos, St. Lucia, Boja California, Jamaica. Other services for members: Clubhouses with discounts, travel service, insurance, buying service, charter flights, realty, Members' Exchange, business opportunities, and registered membership cards. We are confident you too will agree that there's nothing quite like Islands in the Sun Club. Welcome aboard!

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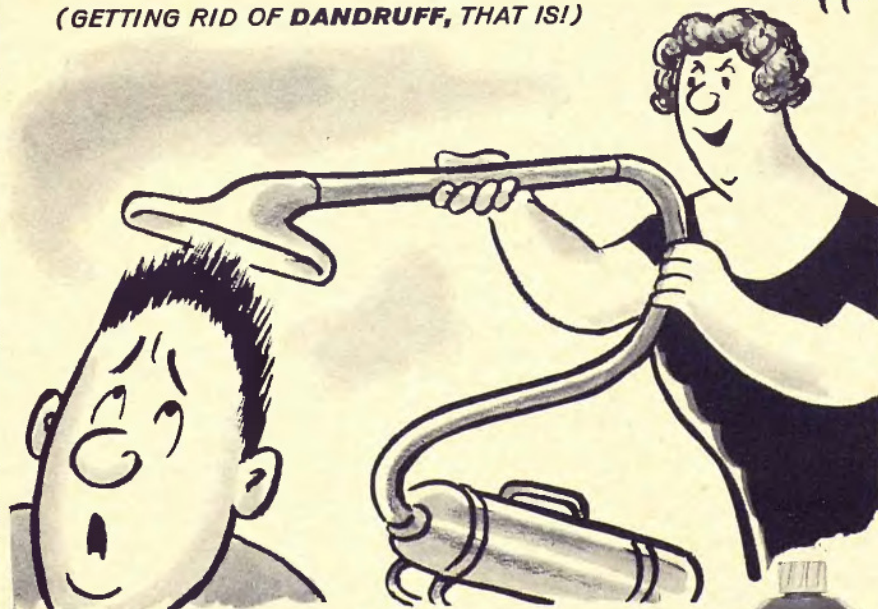
Rare?—there was no such thing. 1769 was the year Gordon's Gin first took its place in English life, but not in bottles. It was served from wooden casks in public houses. Bottles came along later, in the nineteenth century. But in all these 193 years, no matter how it was purveyed, Gordon's has always harked back to Alexander Gordon's original 1769 formula. Why tamper with such distinctive dryness and flavour? It has made Gordon's the best-selling gin in England, America, the world.



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jazz scene and his return with a concise statement of just how he has grown during that period. Rollins has mellowed tonally and matured thematically. Sharing the solo chores is guitarist Jim Hall, as Sonny wends his lyrical way through a half-dozen old-timers and originals. There should be no further evidence required that Rollins was away too long.

If you recall with any sort of warm nostalgia (we do) the music of Jimmy Dorsey and the vocals of band singers Bob Eberly and Helen O'Connell, then you'll surely dig *Remember Jimmy* (Decca), a roundup of their best recordings. Included are *Brazil*, *Green Eyes*, *Tangerine* and *Amapola*, and all those J. Dorsey numbers that make the prepop era perennially memorable.

Oscar Pettiford: *Last Recordings by the Late Great Bassist* (Jazzland) is Volume 2 in that label's *Classics of Modern Jazz* series, and while the session is historically important, the presence of a Copenhagen jazz group of nonexceptional talents with Pettiford makes the effort far from classic. As a final reminder of Oscar's monolithic bass-playing and his ability to add class to his surroundings, fine—but great jazz? No.

Bags Meets Wes! (Riverside) is a terse title that says all. The vinyl meeting of Jackson and Montgomery has proved prodigally fruitful, with the delicately malleted Jackson vibes providing the perfect contrast to Wes' lightning-fingered guitar. The Jones boys (Sam on bass and Philly Joe on drums) and Wynton Kelly's piano are plus factors as the quintet attacks a collection of jazz-born items, the oldie *Stairway to the Stars*, and movie theme *Delilah*.

Brash Bobby Darin, who believes that all things are within his reach, may not be too far off the mark on *Bobby Darin Sings Ray Charles* (Atco). Bobby rates Rayve notices for his firm grasp of the Charles idiom. Included are *What'd I Say*, *Hallelujah I Love Her So* and *That's Enough*, which is more than enough. The Four Freshmen, a first-quality quartet, turns its attentions to the standout tunes of other vocal groups in *Stars in Our Eyes* (Capitol), and the songs covered generally gain something in the transition. The boys have ranged as far afield as the Four Coins' *Shangri-La* and the Four Aces' *Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing* for material and returned in harmonic triumph. *Sammy Davis, Jr., Belts the Best of Broadway* (Reprise) tells only half the story in its title, since Sammy does some beautiful balladeering to counterbalance the swingers on hand; in the former category: *My Romance* from *Jumbo*, *We Kiss in a Shadow* from



Playboy Club News



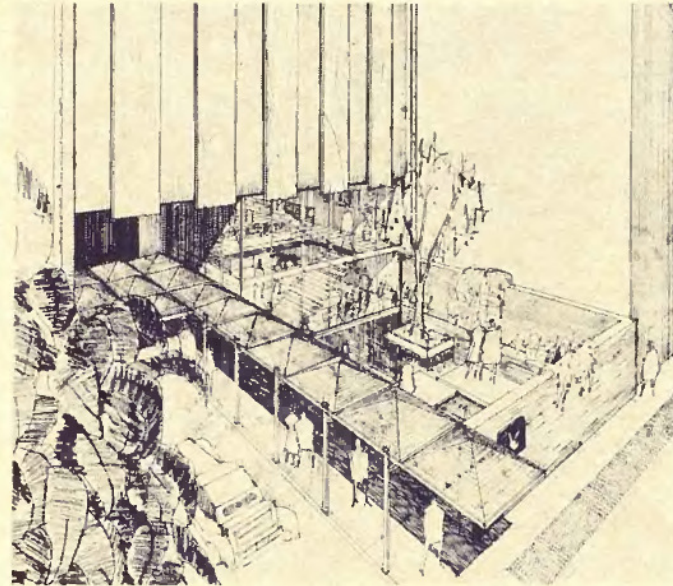
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LAVISH ST. LOUIS CLUB GETS SET TO SWING

\$750,000 Playboy Club Debuts September 20

ST. LOUIS (Special) — Sidewalk engineers are amazing passersby with their speed in constructing the St. Louis Playboy Club. With this ultra-modern four-level structure rising right on schedule, the magic date — September 20 — is now set for the grand opening.

The \$750,000 building is located at 3914 Lindell Blvd., near the luxurious Chase-Park Plaza Hotel and glittering Gaslight Square. The Club will have a unique room, the "Playpen," a suspended area overlooking the Living Room and Playmate Bar, both standard features of other Playboy Clubs now in operation in Chicago, Miami and New Orleans. Outdoors, sheltered from the noise of the city by an ornamental wall, will be a formal patio-garden with reflecting pool. An exterior glass front exposing two levels of the Club will provide patrons within



The architectural drawing of the St. Louis Playboy Club, 3914 Lindell Blvd., shows the exterior and garden. September 20 marks the gala opening.



This was scene of St. Louis Club location a few short months ago.

with a relaxing view of the sculptured landscape.

The Club exterior will be set off by a series of pagoda-shaped canopies extending from the 40-foot recessed entrance. Keyholders and guests driving up to the Club entrance will proceed along a driveway winding under the structure to parking areas in the rear where attendants will be on hand to lend

assistance.

With the St. Louis Club set to open soon, area residents will want to take advantage of the Special \$25 Charter Key Roster.

THE PLAYBOY CLUB IS OPEN SEVEN NIGHTS A WEEK

Once the Charter Roster is filled and the Club officially opens, a Playboy Club key will be \$50, the Special Resident Fee, for all in the St. Louis vicinity.

DETROIT CLUB OPENS THIS YEAR

DETROIT (Special) — The lavish Detroit Playboy Club, at 1014 East Jefferson Ave., is set to open near the end of 1962. The Club, to cost \$650,000, is located on the site of the famed Stockholm Restaurant. The building will be refaced and the interior completely remodeled, to follow Playboy Club contemporary styling. The floors will be converted into multi-levels, similar to the exciting

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

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.

NEXT IN LINE — Baltimore, Washington, Dallas, Boston, Pittsburgh, Puerto Rico.

pattern established by the Chicago Playboy Club.

As with the Playboy Clubs in Chicago, Miami and New Orleans, the plush Detroit branch will feature outstanding entertainment, fine food and drink, and beautiful Bunny hostesses.

Other cities slated to get Playboy Clubs this year are New York (opening October 11), San Francisco and St. Louis.

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Presently in the "Bunny Training Program" at the Chicago Club, Bunnies (l to r) Patty,



Marian and Judy look forward to welcoming keyholders and guests to the New York and St. Louis Playboy Clubs, set to open in early autumn. These and other Bunny lovelies will add to the glamor of these fabulous new Clubs.

Young ladies who feel they meet the standards of attractiveness and personality required of Playboy Club Bunnies may arrange for interviews in Chicago, Miami, New Orleans, New York or Los Angeles. For appointment, write and enclose photo: Playboy Clubs International, Personnel Dept. P762, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

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232 East Ohio Street,
Chicago 11, Illinois

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The King and I and *Carousel's If I Loved You*—in the latter: the fastest-paced *Two Ladies in De Shade of De Banana Tree* we've ever heard, with *Falling in Love with Love* hard on its heels: Ordinarily, Hawaiian-type music leaves us cold, but we must admit that Vic Damone's *Strange Enchantment* (Capitol) paints a most engaging swaying-palms picture. We'll have to chalk it up to Vic's rich baritone, Billy May's able orchestrations, and the inclusion of such favorites as *Poinciana* and *Flamingo*. *The Midnight Special* (Victor) is one of Harry Belafonte's best LPs, which is taking in a lot of territory. It has a freshness (due in large part to Belafonte's new lyrics set to a number of old folk tunes) and a drive that is electric in its intensity.

Gloomy Sunday and Other Bright Moments (Verve) is a nominal reflection of the tongue-in-cheek approach much favored by the Bob Brookmeyer Orchestra and its leader. The charts are supplied by stellar arrangers Eddie Sauter, Al Cohn, Gary McFarland, Ralph Burns and Brookmeyer himself, and are transmitted with éclat by a fine collection of sidemen and soloists.

"I'm the Greatest Comedian in the World Only Nobody Knows It Yet" . . . Jackie Mason (Verve) is an extraordinary first LP. Mason, a rabbi turned comic, is neither sick nor stand-up, nor slapstick, nor insult. He defies categorization except as very funny. In his routines, he leans toward self-deprecation ("When I retired from show business, I was the only one who knew that I quit. I start slow and little by little I die out completely. The last place I played, the act before me was so bad, while my act was on they were still booing him."). Mason, commenting on the Masons, reveals he is one of 14 children because his mother is hard of hearing ("When my father would ask, 'Would you like to go to bed or what?' my mother would say, 'What?' My father was wiped out in the crash; some stockbroker jumped out of a window and smashed his pushcart."). On the sexual hipness of children ("Every kid in the world plays doctor. You think they don't know what they're doing? Why don't they play accountant?"). On the trials of genius ("Marconi's wife said to him, 'So you invented the radio tube; so what—who needs it? If you're such a genius why can't you fix the television set?'"). On the population explosion ("More people are born in India every minute than in Turkey, which proves that more people talk turkey in India"). On social relationships ("A normal man wants only one thing from a woman—companionship. I'm talking about a very old man. Sex is very bad for one; for two—great! As Dr. Kinsey said to the sex maniac,

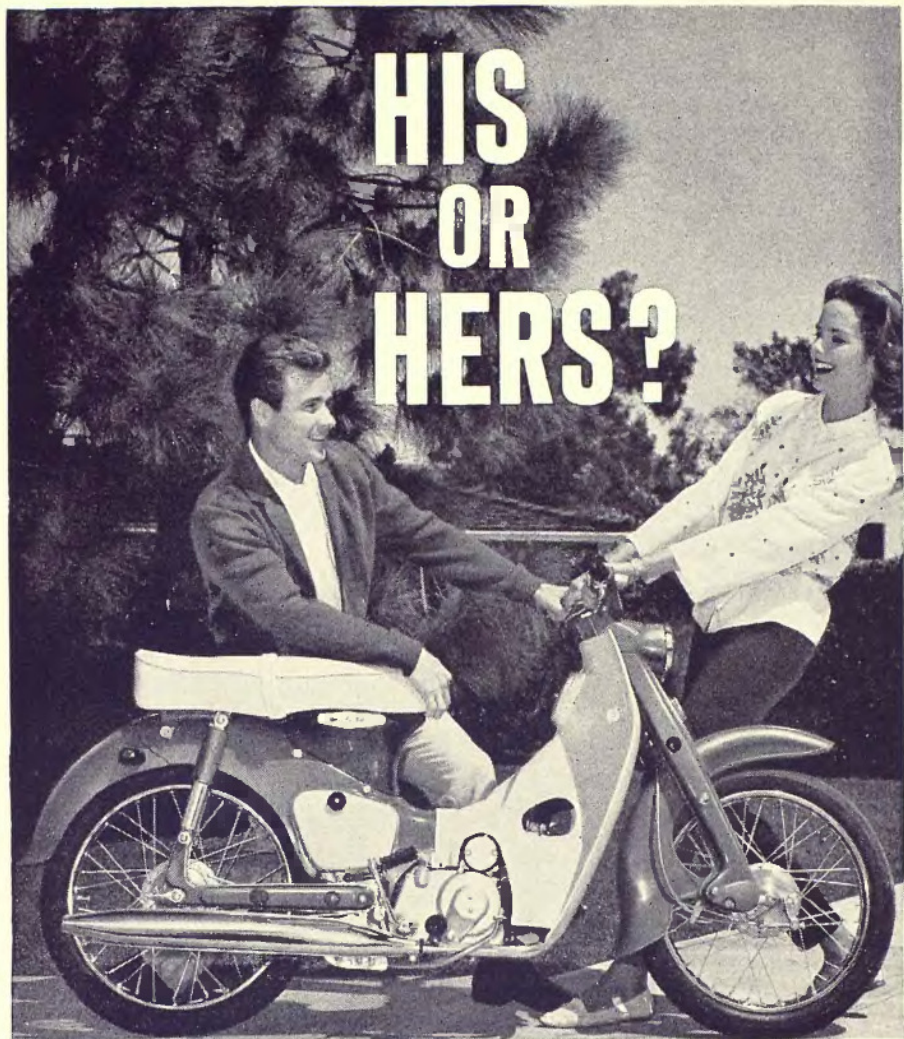
'You're OK in my book.''). All this is delivered with a rabbinical inflection unique in the world of comedy.

MOVIES

Kim Novak has built a following—made up mainly of people who have been following her built—by presenting two of most things at once. Now it's two new comedies—but, unlike Kim's natural gifts, one is less bouncy than the other. *Boys' Night Out* starts with a Gallic-type gimmick. Four suburbanite gents (three of them married) team up to rent a luxury apartment in Manhattan, furnished with, among other things, Kim. Each of the commuters has a visiting night assigned to him. What these hopefuls don't know is that the gal is a sociology student doing fieldwork for her thesis on *Adolescent Sexual Fantasies in the Suburban Male*. Now her big problem is how to do her fielding without getting tagged. Tony Randall, Howard Duff and Howard Morris drool adroitly as the three married wolves at the door, but this penthouse party never really gets off the ground. Reasons? (1) As a comedian, James Garner, the unmarried swain, is a chip off the old Rock Hudson. (2) The dialog is by Ira Wallach, whose reputation as a wit should be investigated by the Senate Committee on Inflation. (3) Michael Gordon's directorial touch has to be measured in megatons. The only thing about Kim that needs uplift is her acting, and here she doesn't get enough support.

La Novak's other new comedy, *The Notorious Landlady*, sparkles where *Night Out* sputters. Reasons? (1) Her leading man is Jack Lemmon, whose talent would reflect on a dressmaker's dummy playing opposite him. (2) The dialog by Larry Gelbart and Blake Edwards is deft. And so (3) is Richard Quine's direction. Lemmon, a State Department staller assigned to London, rents an apartment from Kim, who is suspected of having murdered her husband. Fred Astaire, Lemmon's chief, warns him to keep his nose clean; but Lionel Jeffries, of *The Yard*, asks Lemmon to snoop for evidence. Plenty of plot, lots of laughs. Astaire is amiable; Jeffries, a gifted English kook, is ginger-peachy. And Jack Lemmon is, as always, a pleasure to be in the same theater with.

In the saga of Helen Keller, nothing is more moving than the moment when, at the age of eight, she first broke through the soundless barrier. William Gibson's play (and now his screenplay), *The Miracle Worker*, is an emotion wringer



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when it sticks to Helen and her teacher, the ex-blind Boston foundling, Annie Sullivan. The tussles between these two — the scared kid fighting ferociously to return to parental petting, Annie tough-mindedly turning her toward life — are peaks of unphony pathos. Gibson's dressing-up of the script is dullish, but director Arthur Penn (of the original play) filmed the teacher and tyke with more immediacy and impact than they had on the stage. Anne Bancroft, the original Annie, gives the same steel-willed, softhearted performance, and the same Helen, Patty Duke, is even finer in the film.

They laughed when Producer James B. Harris and Director Stanley Kubrick sat down to play Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita*, for it had been prophesied (1) that it could never be filmed and (2) that if it were, such dire consequences as Code disapproval and Legion condemnation would surely follow. Upon which, young Harris and Kubrick headed for England and made what is certainly one of the year's best movies. Not only that — the movie is being handled by MGM, has been awarded a Code seal, and has been placed in a noncondemnatory Special Classification (as was *La Dolce Vita*) by the Legion. The central question is, of course, has Humbert Humbert's perverse hankering for little girls been turned into acceptable sexual channels? The answer depends on how nymphelike one considers Sue Lyon, who plays the all-important role. Fourteen when chosen for the part, fatherless Sue (in real life) matured into a precocious 15 during the shooting. This, of course, makes her a couple of years older than Nabokov's specifications in the novel. She is nevertheless an eye-catching, eminently satisfactory *Lolita*, and a good little actress to boot. Kubrick reportedly shot as many as 35 takes for each of her scenes, not letting up until he had captured the prematurely wise look of the eyes, the uncannily exact slurp of a Coke. James Mason as Humbert Humbert is haggardly, possessively monomaniacal in his passion for her, and Peter Sellers steals not only *Lolita* but almost gets away with the picture itself as the brilliantly grotesque Clare Quilty. And some Special Category award is due Shelley Winters as *Lolita*'s dreary, doomed mother. Her whining, avid need for sex understandably congeals Humbert's conjugal blood. The movie, like the book, is ironically, subtly funny for much of its length, but it becomes heartrending as Humbert's erotic need for a nymphet turns into an uncontrollable fixation. Nabokov, doing his own filmscript, chose not to provide Humbert with a previous history of nymphet-chasing (it is alluded to, and that's all). This means that those who have read the book will immediately util-

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ize their indoctrination course to comprehend Humbert's miseries. For those who haven't, the movie offers a somewhat different experience, as it becomes the tragicomic story of an intelligent man led astray by adolescent allure. More remarkable than the technical excellence of Kubrick's direction is his pervasive sympathy toward and understanding of the characters. His collaboration with the actors evokes a genuine emotional response. A further tribute to the film is the fact that its two and a half hours slide by all too quickly.

BOOKS

As *Lolita* packs the movie houses, Nabokov's new novel, *Pale Fire* (Putnam, \$5), stacks the bookshops. This elaborate literary leg pull is in two main parts—a philosophical narrative poem almost 40 pages long, ostensibly written by one John Shade; and a much longer commentary on the poem by one Charles Kinbote. The poem itself is literate and sober; the commentary is a wild affair. Kinbote, who has been teaching incognito at the same college as Shade, gradually reveals himself to be the exiled monarch of Zembla, which the book's index (yes, there is an index) lists as "a distant northern land." Kinbote has escaped from Zembla, with a revolutionary agent on his track, and the ass of an assassin accidentally kills the poet Shade instead of the king. Nabokov writes brilliantly; few men can turn a phrase or toss off a serious gag with such felicity. But his doses of melodrama, satire, fantasy and a highly sophisticated irony here produce a concoction that will daunt most readers. One thing is certain—it won't have as many as *Lolita*.

There is not much in his latest novel to remind James M. Cain fans of his erstwhile sadistic sexology. In *Mignon* (Dial, \$4.50)—a Civil War novel about an ex-Union soldier and a beautiful young Southern widow, name of Mignon, a filly in her prime—there is, instead, a great deal of talk about buying and selling cotton in 1864. Unfortunately, when it comes to business or war, Cain is not able; his prose lacks vigor; his characters become trivial. The writing picks up force only when he pits a virile young man against a sexy young woman—as in the scene in which the chateleine of a New Orleans gambling house batters the hero's face with her shoe, while her servant holds him at sword's point. Imagine a book in which Cain wrote only at his best: A young man and a young woman, both naked and with



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good teeth, alone in a deserted church. For 40 days they go at each other savagely, lustily, tenderly, holily (Cain insists on the holiness of sex), and then die of exhaustion in each other's arms and blood. That, James M., is what we expect when we raise a Cain.

Pogo: "What's the Jack Acid Society stand for?" Deacon Mushrat: "We won't stand for much, believe me! It's what we're against that's important." Okefenokee Swamp, the home of Pogo (Possum), Albert (Alligator) and other free spirits has recently been invaded by the Jack Acid Society, a snoop group headed by Deacon Mushrat and Molester P. Mole (who are also its only members) and dedicated to fighting Creeping Democracy. Wherever Mole and Mushrat look, they see red. Pogo and Albert confuse matters considerably by volunteering for their blacklist. We refer the reader to *The Jack Acid Society Black Book* (Simon & Schuster, \$1) by Pogo, as told to Walt Kelly, for the development of the plot. Pogo is a prince of a possum, and we are grateful to him for writing this book — his first.

Some years ago there was a writer named John O'Hara — and he was not a bad writer. (See *Appointment in Samarra*.) Then he became a manufacturer of fiction — and he was a successful one. (See *A Rage to Live*.) His characters, it is true, were no longer flesh and blood, but they were always a very high-quality plastic. Now, on the evidence of his new novel, *The Big Laugh* (Random House, \$4.95), he has completely automated the craft of creation. O'Hara here traces the career of Hubert Ward, a bad boy (he seduces a dentist's wife, doesn't pay his debts, exploits a director's homosexuality to get his first acting job, and even lies to a *New Yorker* reporter) who, at the age of 25, wins stardom in Hollywood and is reformed by marriage to a Real Person — only to be cast back into darkness when (irony!) she wearies of him. The events, spiced with the usual passages of scarlet O'Hara, are by and large interesting; the printing is clear; the dialog is readable; the binding is sturdy; the social-milieu details are doubtless authentic Broadway-Hollywood circuit, circa 1930, and we are spared the inventories of trivia that have encumbered previous O'Hara novels. Moreover, every now and then one comes upon a page or two of writing that brings a character to sudden life, as though the machine broke down at that point and the old pro himself was forced to take up his rusty pen. But rarely in O'Hara's work have these interludes been as brief as in *The Big Laugh*. It's not funny.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

After many hours of brain-racking I've been unable to come up with a solution to a rather classic problem: Just how can I win back the affections of a girl I've been unfaithful to? Up until a couple of weeks ago our relationship was an extremely happy one. Then she left town briefly to visit relatives and I, being lonely and depressed, dropped by to see a friendly chick I used to date. There's no point in going into details — we had a couple of drinks, I made an automatic pass, and one thing led to the inevitable other. Unfortunately, word of this rendezvous got back to my girl. She was furious and demanded an explanation. I apologized, but how can one explain an act that was mechanical and essentially meaningless? I'm very much in love with her and would do anything to regain her respect and devotion. Any suggestions? — P. K., Phoenix, Arizona.

First, you'd better ask yourself whether this girl's "respect and devotion" are worth the price you may have to pay for them. If she is unwilling to forgive and forget an incident for which you seem sincerely sorry, what sort of relationship can you hope for in the future? If you decide the girl is worth giving up your masculine mobility for, then what is probably called for is a white lie. You've already been truthful and apologized for an incident for which you should certainly be forgiven. If she is emotionally incapable of accepting that apology, make up a besitting excuse for the incident that will satisfy her. If the girl cares at all for you, she will want to believe that nothing happened, so she will willingly accept even a very thin story that explains away the incident as a misunderstanding or something that never happened.

What's the proper technique for eating Italian spaghetti? — D. G., Kansas City, Missouri.

An unresolved tug of war persists between two schools of spaghetti devotees: those who eat by fork alone (*Enrico Caruso was one*), and those who use a fork in conjunction with a large spoon (several strands are picked up by the fork and twirled against the bowl of the spoon until a proper mouthful has been wrapped). Though purists may cry foul, we tend to favor the latter system simply because it's easier, and because one runs less risk of holding a fork stranded with an overdose of pasta.

With Detroit returning to compact economy models and prices hovering near \$1900, I'm curious to know just how far the auto industry will have to go to match its all-time-low price tag.

— T. B., Boston, Massachusetts.

A country mile as the dough flies: back in 1923 a man could treat himself to a new Ford Model T for \$295, history's lowest automotive run for the money.

Acoed has invited me to join her and three sorority sisters for a weekend at their summer pad on the dunes of East Hampton. I have accepted, of course, but am struck with this thought: When a man joins a woman for a weekend of surfing who pays what bills? — R. S., New York, New York.

Follow the rules laid down for campus vacations. You pay your own transportation, of course, and it is appreciated (but not required) if you take your date a present. If you're staying at her hut, you'd better be prepared to split the food and liquor bills during your stay. If not, your coed has probably reserved a room for you at a hotel (which you should pay for) or with friends. If it is the latter, take along a gift for the hostess, but don't volunteer to buy staples (it's considered *de trop*).

Having just been released from the service, I'm anxious to replenish my civilian wardrobe. Could you tell me just how many suits, sports jackets and slacks are considered essential to a young exec's needs? — J. J., St. Louis, Missouri.

While there are no hard and fast rules governing the components of a gentleman's wardrobe, you'd do well to suit yourself with the following fundamental attire that should more than adequately take care of your needs.

For cool or cold weather:

- 1 black suit with subdued stripes (business)
- 1 navy subdued check suit (business)
- 1 gray subdued plaid suit (business)
- 1 tweed suit (spectator sportswear and country weekends)
- 1 solid black suit (cocktail parties and nonformal dining)
- 1 lightweight dinner jacket (formal occasions)
- 1 subdued solid or tweed sports jacket (casual dress)
- 1 pr. light-gray slacks (casual dress)
- 1 pr. oxford-gray flannel slacks

For warm weather:

- 1 lightweight gray flannel suit (business)
- 1 dacron-and-worsted black pinstripe suit (business)
- 1 lightweight blue glen plaid suit (business)
- 1 striped seersucker sports jacket with cotton slacks (both business and casual activities)

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1 batik sports jacket with dacron-and-worsted slacks (both business and casual activities)

1 lightweight dinner jacket (formal occasions)

To be truly well equipped in the tog-gery department, you should aim for the acquisition of eight business suits, two dark suits for evening wear, two sports jackets (one check and one stripe), one navy blazer, eight pairs of slacks and two dinner jackets.

What wines should one drink with dessert? — G. S. York, Pennsylvania.

In general, sweet wines make for just desserts. Bordeaux types like Haut Sautesnes or Barsac are compatible with all last-course dishes, and go especially well with fruit desserts such as strawberries Romanoff or peach tart. Champagne — the most festive of dessert wines — is a highly recommended supplement to a tray of fine ripe cheese. Other choice dessert selections include Malaga (a very sweet Spanish wine with a heavy taste), Tokay (a Hungarian wine that can also be sipped as an aperitif) and Marsala (inexpensive and strong, from Sicily). Dark sweet wines such as Madeira, sherry and port are meant to be sipped after the dessert, with your demitasse. With the exception of the Bordeaux and champagne, which should be served cold, the above wines are properly savored at room temperature.

The bans have been published and the banalities preached but I'm still at a loss on one problem: how intimate a gift may I bestow on a girl to whom I'm engaged but am not yet entwined? — J. G., Miami Beach, Florida.

A man's gifts to his betrothed should reflect his tastes, his tact and his tactics. If you believe in tradition, festoon her with fancies that may be seen from the outside (scarves, gloves, jewelry), and don't skindive for flimsies worn under the surface. Convention flouters who see no point in refraining from the familiar may, on the other hand, win approbation by shopping in the undergarment district. If the girl has a sense of humor, you might also present her a fancily wrapped package with a note reading "To be worn on our wedding night" — first insuring, of course, that the package is pristinely empty.

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.



POLLY-JO 38-21-38

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CHESTERFIELD KING 21-20



WHEN ROGER HAYDOCK CONSENTED to go to Hollywood, against his better judgment, he had lately been presented with an important award for fiction, in connection with a book he had written chiefly for his own amusement (and that of his son) and which he had thitherto thought of, if at all, as a trifle. Since the advent of the honorific, he had reviewed his opinion and found it wanting in perception. More specifically, he had missed becoming pompous only through the steadying influence of his wife, a leggy, good-humored brunette who viewed him with tolerance and a wry concession to his faults. Attached to this man, like a gyro to a steamboat, she kept him from turning turtle as he wallowed through the self-roiled seas of a writer's life.

Haydock's communications with Hollywood had been tonic but jangling. The most majestic of the studios had bought his book, for a princely sum, and was planning to convert it into a film epic of Americana. The finished product would be peerless in length and heroic in all its dimensions. In numberless conversations by long-distance telephone, he had sought, and failed, to ascend to the high plateau of moonstruck superlative where the studio officials loved and sang. To start with, he was made uneasy by the very length and frequency of the calls. Haydock admired Thoreau's thesis of simplicity, and while he was perfectly profligate in questions of large finance, he often descended to stinginess over small household incursions like garbage collection, charity drives for diseases sponsored by television comedians, phone calls when a postcard would do, and the brigandage of listless plumbers. "These fellows throw money around like sailors ashore," he complained to his wife. "It's unwholesome,

THE PILGRIMAGE O

*he had read all the books and seen all the sights,
but hollywood still held some surprises for him*



and may bring on runaway inflation." "Quite possibly they know what they're doing," she said. "It's often necessary to spend money to make money. To coin a phrase," she added, performing the ritual, to dodge a barb and keep the peace.

After nearly a year of effort, the studio had tentatively settled on a script, the sole survivor of a batch of five, which included one by a reformed drunk who confessed, under pressure, that he had never gone through the book but had read "a very long, detailed review." His departure from the story, which was rustic in flavor, was a masterwork of creative writing; he led the characters out of their Southern milieu to spend most of their time in a San Francisco saloon, talking, and brought the plot to a denouement of conspicuous apathy with an irrelevant argument for homosexuality.

Haydock himself had not been invited to join in the preparation of the screenplay. The studio had its reasons. The first of these was that he was generally untutored in the medium; for another, he was known to be difficult. Haydock had not wished to write the movie, but he preferred the studio to believe that he could. As he told them on the phone, with a wonderful lack of tact, he was an expert on motion pictures; the fact is, he had celluloid in his blood (and here his voice began to sound just faintly like the melodious rasp of W. C. Fields), and had spent thousands of hours sitting in movie theaters to avoid making conversation with bores. Apparently the studio regarded the qualification as flimsy. Also, Haydock's reputation for arrogance, independence — he was moderately rich — impatience with less sprightly minds (which often seemed to him to include everybody alive), bumptious challenge, vague

F ROGER HAYDOCK

fiction By ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR



threats of violence, and frequent audacious mischief had caused concern of a preventive nature.

Haydock was aware of these traits, and considered them disturbing. He liked to deplore them to his wife, hoping to be reassured that they didn't exist, but she usually shrugged, knowing better, and offered only the dubious palliative that "it may only be a phase," a statement that set his teeth on edge. It was, in a sense, a family joke. If one of the children burned down a barn, his wife dialed the insurance man, as Haydock stamped ranting through the living room, and remarked soothingly, "Don't worry; it's nothing but a phase." "Of course," he would shout, "and next comes the grand larceny phase, and then the smuggling, and then kidnapping, then piracy, and, at last, murder. How close are they to their murder phase?" Later, to be sure, he reflected that he had been excessively censorious, whereupon he summoned the culprit and bragged at length about the many (superior) black deeds of his own youth; then he gave the child five dollars for injecting verve into the neighborhood play. Haydock was, in short, a man of extremes. In his attitude toward his work, he was alternately self-deprecatory and conceited, humble and overbearing, capricious and hurt if the mood was rejected; at times savagely critical of a colleague and again writing him a warm, sincere note of commendation. No doubt the keystone of his character was inconsistency: he was blown by whimsical winds. He found it difficult, for example, to live anyplace in contentment for over six months: the climate turned foul, the people palled, the customs were stupid, the structures grotesque, the geography deliberately offensive. He had once moved the family from a palatial villa near Cannes because the Mediterranean was too blue. "It's like a damned poster," he said. "It's a fake. They pour pigment in it every night, in that river that comes in up near Nice."

Despite this erratic search for the green pastures of body and soul (which his wife curbed with enough firmness to make life possible, and which he himself watched and fought) Haydock had a hard, artist's core of professionalism. When he sat down to work, he knew what he was doing. Moreover, he proceeded with suicidal reliability in a straight line until the job was finished. If the subject matter was subtly attuned to his special viewpoint, he perhaps knew what he was after better than anybody else in the world could have, and it was this insight, this vast, ordered fund of concept, idea and execution that the studio officials now wished to bring to bear on their completed script. Haydock's, the studio felt, was the original creator's unique knowledge of how to diffuse throughout a screenplay the book's delicate spirit. He could not help

but applaud an understanding so sensitive, and while he was by no means eager to go to Hollywood, he was, he decided, willing. Even so, he had what he considered to be the usual misgivings of the successful Eastern toiler in the mysterious vineyard of rhetoric. The gossip in the bazaars was disparaging, and the literature he had read on the subject (by writers whose options were dropped) drew gloomy pictures of a frosted-cake, jerry-built land in thrall to monied, illiterate vulgarians. Worse, it was a poppy-field of remorseless corruption, a *belle dame sans merci* to whose charms—cash and a sinus-free climate—the finest talents of the East had fallen prey. Haydock and his wife talked it over, flirting as close to a serious discussion as they ever came, and agreed to keep their heads. "They say they'll put us up in a first-class suite at the Beverly Sunset," he said, "with unlimited access to room service and all the amenities. It sounds risky. I think I'll drop them a postcard and ask them to lodge us in a motel somewhere near downtown Los Angeles, say in the Mexican section." "Don't be an ass," his wife replied, reminding herself that for once she could probably get an expensive permanent without having a domestic fuss.

. . .

They were whisked to the West Coast by jet (superjet) plane, in a five-hour trip that was uneventful except for one trivial lapse by Haydock, the result of overstimulation from two unaccustomed (free) martinis at 11 o'clock in the morning. For a man determined to maintain his equilibrium, the week began, in fact, on a note of whirligig unreality, and characteristically he grumbled out of all proportion. The drinks came immediately after takeoff, and a full dinner, including a lobster cocktail and a large sirloin, was served at 3:30 in the afternoon. Midway during the dangerous void thus produced, Haydock asked (offering grandly to pay) for a third drink; he was refused by one of the several faultlessly beautiful and efficient stewardesses, whose policy denial sounded, he thought, like a taped recitation from a Dresden doll. Brooding over a corporate folly that could intoxicate 100 passengers, on the house, then let them squirm for hours without further alcohol or the soporific of food, he decided that the stewardesses, too, were hostile and also identical. When he chattily asked one if the company ran them off on a mimeograph, his wife's protest was so bitter that he spent the rest of the trip overcompensating with ornate compliments, apology and thanks.

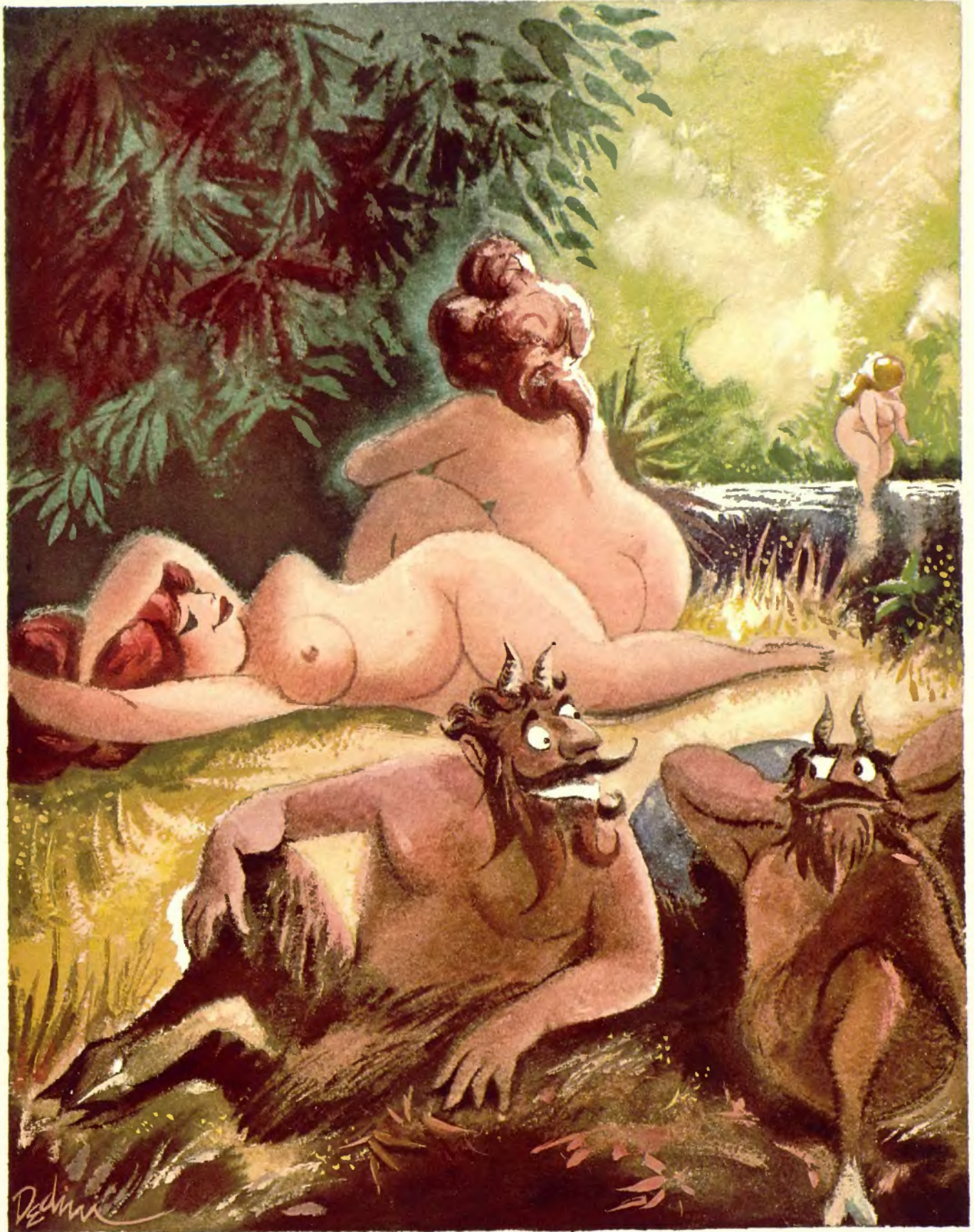
He was glad to see the Los Angeles airport swim up out of the deep, hand-sprinkled, artificial green of the coast and to greet his agent, Fred Eisenfeld, whose sun-tanned face, relaxed by years of cheerful cynicism, seemed to provide

a peg of sanity upon which to hang this nervous venture. "What do these birds want out of me?" Haydock demanded on the ride to the Beverly Sunset. "Nothing," said Eisenfeld, long used to springing things on twitchy writers one at a time, with pressure-chamber spaces in between, to avoid cases of the literary bends. "They want you to enjoy the hotel, swim in the pool, eat the food, maybe come out to the studio a time or two when you get rested up." "What am I supposed to say about their script?" "Tell them the truth; tell them how it hits you," said Eisenfeld easily. "What if it hits me bad?" "Then tell them it's terrible; say they've injured you professionally; refuse to come out of your suite; challenge the head of the studio to a duel; sue. You might even say 'I want to go home.' That line's been very successful out here in the past."

"OK," said Haydock, grinning. He had known and trusted Eisenfeld for a long time and was relieved to be yanked back into a reasonable frame of mind. In this milieu, it was soothing to be around somebody to whom the most childish and explosive byways of human conduct were commonplace, the daily fare of a shepherd stuck by choice with a herd of black sheep. So thinking, Haydock restrained himself to a minimum of comments, all scathing, over the bustle and ceremony of arriving at the Beverly Sunset Hotel, an establishment of flashing splendor. As he watched the quick, expert deployment of liveried doormen, car-parkers, bellhops and other units, he took cover behind a potted palm and signaled wildly to his wife and Eisenfeld, nearby, to get down, to avoid being hit. "They're guerrillas," he hissed. "They've already got my bags. That's the way they operate, in little bursts; besides, I recognize the uniforms from the Pacific." During the war, Haydock had suffered a very tangential brush with the enemy on Bougainville, and, now, was often inclined to look on himself as a seasoned fighter, like the ailing but randy old "combat man" of *Over the River*. "Come out of there, you idiot," his wife said, "you're making a scene." "Duck!" hissed Haydock. "Grab yourself a foxhole in the Riviera Lounge." Eisenfeld only smiled, enjoying it all, and indeed it was for his entertainment that Haydock had begun this absurd charade.

In their room, or suite, for it seemed infinitely spacious and divided, Haydock was authentically impressed. Spurred on by the reliable audience of his agent, he took note of the drapes, the reproductions of Matisse, Bonnard and Picasso (which he described as superior to the originals, with fresher color) and the three tinted telephones, each with its own number. Then he found a fourth phone in the bathroom. "By God, what

(continued on page 40)



"Is it just me, or have you sensed a pagan revival in this country recently?"

Guy sports snap-on terry wraparound by State-O-Maine, slippers by Pad Abouts, \$3 the set; wields cordless power shaver with self-sharpening cutters, by Remington, \$36; shares deep-pile Creslan-Dynel rug (by Cloud Nine, \$12) with brass shaving stand by Hammacher Schlemmer, \$40. Tray holds six-ounce bottle Knize Ten after-shave, \$4.50; four-ounce jug Old Spice preshave lotion by Shulton, \$1. On wall: wood-handled shower brush by Hammacher Schlemmer, \$17.50; 24K gold-plated dolphin towel ring by Sherle Wagner, \$27.50; terry bath towel by Cone, \$1.50. Below: cypress cane wastebasket, \$25, brass towel ladder, \$75, both by Hammacher Schlemmer; terry towels by Cannon, \$3.50. Weightwise, 1 to r: springless scale with graduated bar, by Detecto, \$40; 24K gold-plated scale by Borg, \$25.



By ROBERT L. GREEN IT IS A TRUISM THAT CLOTHES ALONE don't make the man, and the corollary is equally apparent: good clothes are an indispensable aid in helping the man make it — socially, professionally and purely personally in the realm of *esprit* and self-esteem. Of virtually equal importance is meticulous grooming — as opposed to mere cleanliness — since good grooming, no less than good manners and tasteful attire, goes far to enhance the total impression of the total man.

The adult urbane man, in his evolution from ring-around-the-neck boyhood, evolves a fairly automatic routine of bathing, shaving, toothbrushing, nail-clipping, cleaning, etc. If these activities are thought of at all, it is in terms of a not especially joyful routine. It need not and should not be so: the art of being perfectly groomed — and looking it — is easily achieved, with accompanying pleasures, with a bit of extra attention to proper gear, pleasing surroundings in which to employ it, and a modicum of extra know-how which is readily acquired.

The man's bathroom itself is worthy of the same attention as he may devote to his bedroom. Generally, we favor white or light-colored walls, with boldly contrasting bath mat, shower curtain and towels in such colors as deep blue, brown, green, red. (Light-colored walls make for good lighting — another essential to the properly equipped bathroom.)

The grooming gear should be comparable in quality and variety to that illustrated here — soaps, shavers, scrub brushes, hairbrushes, combs, after-shave, cologne, etc., i.e., all that may be necessary or desirable for the rites of the bath. The appurtenances, such as scale, sun lamp, soap dishes, hamper, towel racks and rings, etc., should be as luxuriously functional as one may obtain; there is an almost sensual pleasure in using such equipment daily, and to the degree that tangibles can do so, properly posh paraphernalia goes far toward promoting a feeling of well-being.

Most men these days prefer the shower to the tub. We are firm believers in both, since there are bound to be times when the suffusing warmth of a steaming tub in winter, or the indolent refreshment of a cooling tub in summer, is not replaceable by any shower so far conceived. After a particularly grueling day at the office, or active outdoor sport, total relaxation in a tub for 15 or 20 minutes can do more to ease the nerves and sinews than even the most dulcet shower.

A shower should, of course, be equipped with a head which is manually adjustable from gentle rain to deluge to needle spray. Each man will suit himself as to temperature and force of spray, but it may help you evolve a more satisfying procedure if you note these pointers.

In winter, take your shower as hot as you want it, but always turn it toward cool before emerging so that you will not step out into a chill workaday world with pores open. In summer, remember that an invigorating needlepoint cold or cool shower may make you feel refreshed while you are in it, but it tends to close the pores and stimulate blood circulation, and you may feel more discomfort from heat after it than you would if you stayed a bit longer in a cool (not cold) sluicing deluge.

Toweling has a great deal to do with the beneficent effects of showering. If the aim is to "stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood," as Shakespeare has it (admittedly in another connection), then towel vigorously with a friction towel. If the aim is to keep cool and calm, make use of a large, absorbent

WATCHWORDS TO THE WISE FOR KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

GROOMING GEAR

GROOMING GEAR *(continued)*

terrycloth towel and pat, rather than rub. Let final moisture evaporate from the skin, either in the buff or while you wear a terrycloth robe. When the weather is cool, a daily laving, tub or shower, night or morning, should take care of your hygienic needs and keep you feeling fresh. When the weather is warm, a shower or tub in the morning and when you get back from work will do much to keep you feeling cool and collected.

For those inevitable mornings after and early risings with insufficient sleep, we advise starting the shower tolerably warm while you lather and rinse, then sharpening up the spray and lowering the temperature until you attain that hydrotherapeutic shock which — even though it may be accompanied by involuntary yelps — does much to overcome the torpor of awakening.

Après le déluge, especially during the hot months, a gentleman uses stick, cream, powder, or liquid deodorants or antiperspirants — and there is a great difference between them. If you tend to perspire heavily, you may prefer an antiperspirant. If you are conscious of — or self-conscious about — *(concluded on page 109)*



Before the bathroom mirror, l to r: lightly scented shaving soap in wooden bowl, by Yardley, \$1.50; tube of Moustache hair cream by Marcel Rochas, \$2.75; English nail brush with nylon bristles, by Caswell-Massey, \$3; Woodhue soap by Fabergé, \$1.50, in 24K gold-plated shell soap dish by Sherle Wagner, \$29.50; seven-ounce bottle of 4711 men's cologne by Colonia, \$5; three-ounce bottle of Emperador cologne by Mem, \$2.50; 16-ounce bottle of Pour Monsieur cologne by Chanel, \$13.50; three-bladed electric shaver with long-hair trimmer, flip top, by Sunbeam, \$32.50; nine-ounce bottle of Imperial Gold after-shave by Kings Men, \$3.75. Misty reflections on same theme, middle row, l to r: Swiss hairbrush with stiff boar bristles, sculptured macassar-wood back, \$15, Swedish aluminum comb, \$1, both by Caswell-Massey; Old Spice shower soap on cloth cord, by Shulton, \$1; Swedish hollow-ground surgical-steel straight razor by Hoffritz, \$11.50. Back row, l to r: Swedish surgical-steel manicure set by Abercrombie & Fitch, \$47.50; adjustable stainless-steel brush stand, \$12.50, holding badger-bristle shaving brush, \$15, both by Alfred Dunhill, and spring-driven double-edge-blade razor generating 6000 lateral strokes per minute, by Stahly, \$22.50; six-ounce bottles of Black Watch after-shave by Prince Matchabelli, \$2.50, Eau de Lanvin for Men, \$5; four-ounce bowling-pin bottle of after-shave by Alfred Dunhill, \$2; earthenware shaving mug with water spout, by Caswell-Massey, \$4.75; English vegetable gourd bath mitt by Caswell-Massey, \$3; multibladed electric shaver by Ronson, \$29.50; compact sun lamp by Hanovia, \$40; six-ounce aerosol of Woodhue cream shave by Fabergé, \$1.50; invisible talc by Yardley, \$1.25; electric toothbrush by Squibb, \$19.75; AC-DC hand massager by Oster, \$47.



ROGER HAYDOCK (continued from page 34)

do you think of that? Strategically placed, too; you can reach right up and take it off the hook without even laying down your book." He lifted the receiver, summoning the switchboard girl. "This is Roger Haydock, in the bathroom of 411 and 412," he said. "Did you wish me to put this on the conference board, sir?" she asked in a cultured, rather stogy voice, which Haydock immediately deduced had been trained by an elocutionist, probably at one of the studios. "What in hades is a conference board?" "It's like when they have a conference up there—an outside call's put on all your phones, so everybody can hear." "Arrange the conference board at once," said Haydock, flushing the toilet in some agitation. "This is important." When the other phones rang, they were answered by his wife, who was hanging clothes in a bedroom closet, and by Eisenfeld, who was comfortably sprawled in the *sala*. "Get your pencils and pads," said Haydock tersely. "Let's have a conference." His dictum evoked only an inelegant expletive and click from the bedroom, and Eisenfeld's tolerant chuckle.

After he had stoically absorbed a lecture from his wife for not making a show of gratitude to Eisenfeld, to the studio, and to the hotel manager (whose card was attached to a spray of chrysanthemums and a basket of fruit in the \$60-a-day suite), Haydock resolved to get back to earth. But his good intentions were shattered by the arrival of the rental-car man, who bore a strong physical resemblance to Rock Hudson, and, he decided, a mental similarity to another popular mime of the region, a donkey named Francis. "Here's your key to the Thunderbird, sir," the man said, awaiting a tip with haughty servility, like Arthur Treacher in one of his many roles as a menial. "What Thunderbird?" Haydock replied. "I've got a Jeep, and a Chevrolet. Where'd it come from?" "Search me," the man said, sensing trouble and taking on a rather Bogartian leer. "They give it to me at the agency; that's all I got." "It's from the studio," Eisenfeld spoke up. "You can't move around in this town without a car. They didn't have time to put in a transportation system." "How does this car shift?" demanded Haydock, giving the representative a keen look. "I don't know. It shifts pretty good. I only drove it once. They keep it greased, you know what I mean." "I mean *how* does it shift?" said Haydock with emphasis. "Well, Jesus, you push on the gas and it shifts itself. Automatic." "Aha!" cried Haydock. "Now we're getting somewhere." He assumed a professorial stance, as his wife murmured in disgust, and said, "The point is, I don't want

a car that shifts by itself. Neither do I want one with windows that roll up automatically. Maybe you'd better make a note of this. I assume you have several species?" "Buddy," said the man wearily, "we got 'em all." "Well, then," Haydock continued, with a familiar feeling of impotence before the onrushing tidal wave of nonsense, "no magic transmission, no power brakes and no power steering—those are musts. Eventually, people's arms and legs will fall off. No multicolors, two headlights only, no fins and no plastic—leather seats—no singing horns, no radio, no chromium—" "I don't know," said the representative doubtfully. "I'm sorry," Haydock said. "I should have put this in the affirmative. What I do want is as follows: a very old, black car, with a divided windshield that's glass color—not blue—floor gearshift topped by a rubber knob, running boards made out of steel that isn't rolled paper-thin, walnut dashboard, and thick wooden steering wheel. Emergency brake on the outside, or left-hand, running board, with a tool box nearby. Side curtains that don't quite fit, so you can have a little fun if a storm comes up, and a wind-up clock that's been out of whack for years." "I don't know," said the representative. "I just don't know what it would be." "It would be," said Haydock quietly, "a 1924 Haynes. That's all, my man. Here's a dollar for your trouble. We're going out. When you get the car, please leave the key at the desk. If it doesn't have a self-starter, leave a crank."

"What I don't understand," said Eisenfeld, deep in his sprawl on a sofa, "is why you ever became a *writer*."

"He's a stand-up comedian," said Haydock's wife. "He's just one long stream of laughter."

"Bring on the studios; I've got this burg exactly where I want it," Haydock told them.

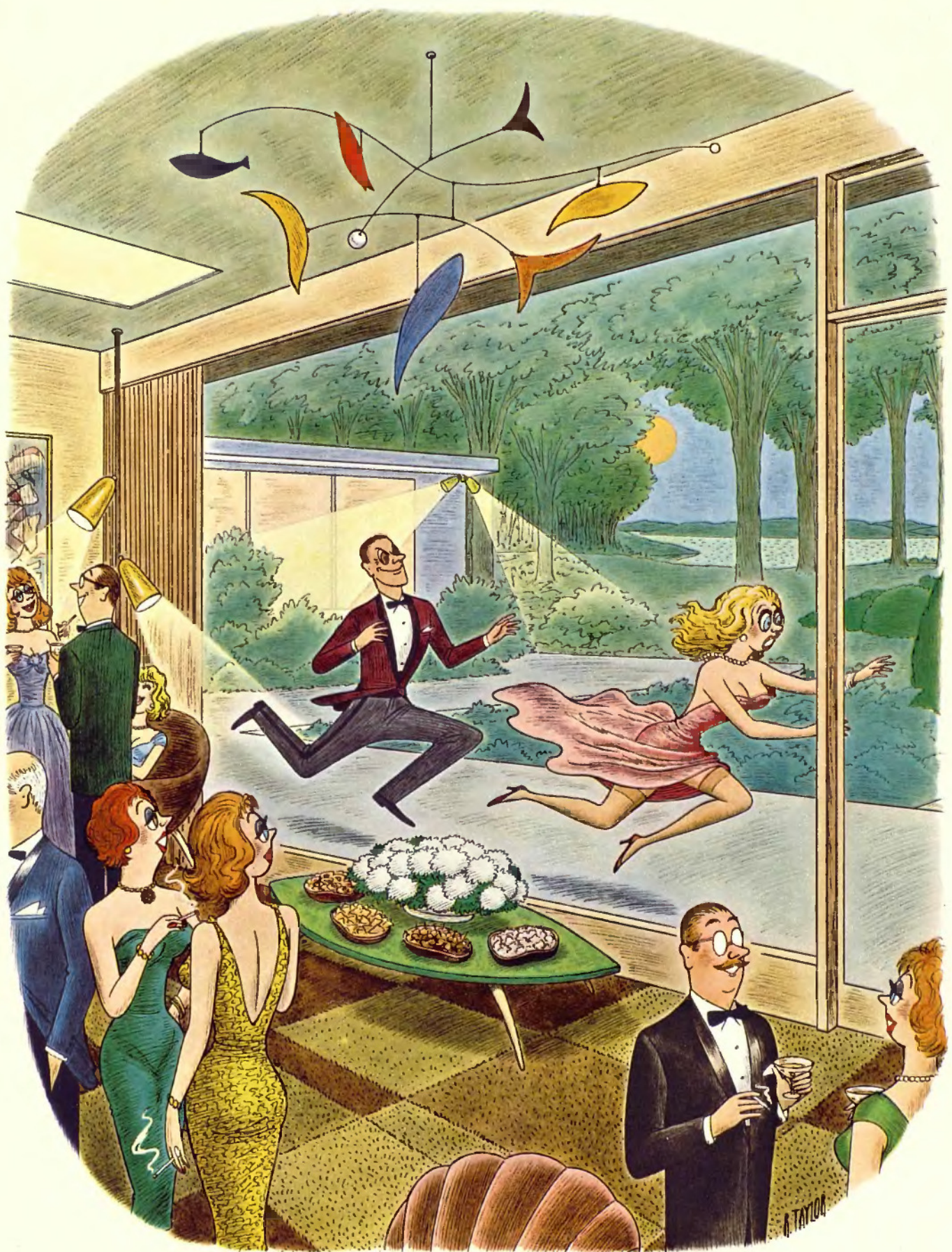
. . .

Driving out, the next morning, he watched the immaculate, inspired houses roll past under the hard blue sky and suddenly felt, in his stomach, a warning ting-a-ling of nerves. He had been expecting it, the other side of the coin—hollow apprehension—the textbook "floating anxiety" that fixed its grip in the empty wake of merriment. He was bothered, often nearly paralyzed, by seriousness, and by importance, and this trip to the studio was important, for he earnestly hoped that a good movie would be made of his book. He sought to regain his ascendancy (by this age he had gathered a store of little flags with which he could mark the solid-ground path out of the swamp) by asking questions, essentially derisive. From

his position in the back seat, with Eisenfeld's shaggy mane and his wife's ponytail glaringly framed by the white road before him, he said, "These houses, now. They're stunning, all different, too, but are they actually inhabited? I was through here three or four times during the war—I was doing most of Nimitz' planning, then, as you may recall from reading the papers—and I've never yet seen a sign of life around a house, or anybody swimming in a pool. I take it the place is abandoned, like Virginia City." Eisenfeld, in his unimpressed way, loved this shrill, implausible, tumescent, perhaps impermanent settlement, but he had long ago ceased to bristle upon hearing it abused. "Oh, they're in there. All the actresses—the ones not working—are reading Shakespeare for pleasure. They come out at night when the racket starts. Like bats." "What racket?" demanded Haydock suspiciously. "It isn't a night-club town; certainly places like Ciro's and Mocambo fold up in a hurry." "Orgies," said Eisenfeld. "They go to each other's houses and have orgies. This is Sinto; it's decadent; it's pulling down the moral structure of the nation." "I'd like to hear about some red-hot Hollywood sin," said Haydock's wife. "Something juicy, for use at the Woman's Club when I get home. Spofford's in a slump." Casting about, Eisenfeld spoke at length of the great Hollywood names, the mobile, enlarged photographs, in two dimensions, that comb their Lorelei locks for an affection-starved republic. Few of these, it seemed, had the conventional distribution of hormones; one, moreover, was paying court, with some hope of success, to a jaguar. He mentioned a powerful industrialist, a shadowy figure, ill-kempt and acerbic, whose importation on terms approaching peonage of golden, melon-breasted nymphs now formed a little nucleus of notability among the younger actresses. In the whispered, fearful prattle of the soirees, he was "the girl miser," who hired eunuchs to steer his bonded troupe in and out of bars, when he himself was busy. "Fellow has the devil of a time keeping track of them," said Eisenfeld. Haydock, sympathetically moved, suggested that he put the girls in white skullcaps and sweaters, each bearing a scarlet letter "P," and Eisenfeld turned into the studio.

At the gate, several armed policemen came out to give them a close, hard look, causing Haydock to lift his arms and cry "I'm clean," but Eisenfeld exchanged a few pleasantries, having to do principally with Las Vegas, the current joke town of the area, and they were waved on. Even so, Haydock refused to let it drop. "They expecting trouble around here?" he asked, and

(continued on page 101)



"He considers every woman he meets a personal challenge."

WN
LE



fiction BY CALDER WILLINGHAM *Harry had a need to score which knew no bounds of time or place*

AS THE INTERSTATE BUS in which Harry rode moved slowly into the heart of Dixie, carrying him toward an adventure that would bring forth the culmination of his dark genius, though he hardly could have guessed that then, he passed the time by amusing himself with a young girl, telling her ridiculous lies that she believed completely and playing with her body in the dark until he succeeded in inducing her to have several orgasms. He also succeeded in making her think he was madly in love with her and that he intended to come back to her home town and marry her. The idiocy of women never ceased to delight and fascinate Harry.

However, Harry, unlike some men who share his hobby, took a real pride in doing a good job. He was not satisfied simply to make a score. Of course that was the basic point, but it should be done in a manner with style, and thoroughly. He liked to make a really deep impression, something that the score would remember with a thrill for the rest of her life. With an almost uncanny sensitivity, he could find and press the right button, say the right thing, offer a tender kiss or a fierce and stallionlike embrace, whichever was proper to the moment thereof; he always felt himself successful when they wept and held his hand and told him that never before had they known what *real* love was like. A score of this type left Harry with the feeling of a job well done.

Of course, a real score couldn't be made on an interstate bus, even at night in the gloom with the other passengers snoring and dozing. But considerable diversion was possible, and naturally there was always the chance of stopping off for a while in a hotel or a tourist cabin. At worst, it passed the time and enabled a man to keep his hand in.

Quite a bit earlier that night, he had been sitting with a fairly attractive brunette around 35, who said she had four children and a husband waiting for her in Staunton, Virginia. Not very much prospect there, but Harry had no prejudice against married women; on the contrary, he found them very entertaining in their way, so he talked to her for a while, then when the lights went out and it was dark he made a few moves. He was just getting established

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB CHRISTIANSEN

BUS STORY

with her, kissing her a few times and playing with her breasts, when the bus pulled into Staunton around midnight. The brunette, looking a bit nervous and flustered, got out to join her husband and kiddies, and Harry looked around for other material.

His eye had already noted the young blonde girl sitting in the back, but an old lady was with her. The girl was so young Harry had thought it was her grandmother or something with her, but not so, the old lady was also getting out at Staunton, rising now to get her bag and parcels. The girl was traveling all alone. Harry at once grabbed his raincoat and made his way back there, before any of the passengers boarding at Staunton could take the seat away from him.

"Is this seat occupied?" he asked quietly.

"No," said the girl.

Harry asked politely, "Do you mind if I sit here? The fumes up front are giving me a headache."

The girl nodded permission briefly and turned and stared out the window. He put his raincoat in the rack above, sat down by her, lit a cigarette, turned to her and smiled. "Kind of rainy, isn't it?"

The girl again nodded, head turned from him as she stared out the window at the night.

"Glad I'm not in it," he said. "Are you going far?"

The girl murmured an inaudible reply. She was sitting well over on her side of the seat, stockinged knees close together, hands primly folded in her lap. Probably she had noticed him with the married brunette up front and that had put her a little on guard. Harry took a drag on his cigarette and looked the girl over. His guess was that she was around 16. Blonde. Pink rosy cheeks, blue eyes, medium height, a little slender but coming along nicely from what he could see. She had on a spring coat, a pale tweedy coat with big horn buttons. A little velvet hat was in her hair. Everything she wore was brand new, obviously bought for her journey, so she must be going a fair distance.

"That was my sister who got off back there at Staunton," said Harry. "She was supposed to travel on with me to New Orleans, but I guess you saw the bus driver give her that wire back up at Winchester."

The girl turned and looked at him. "No, I didn't," she said.

"That was her husband Arthur who met her back there at Staunton with the kids. He'd wired ahead for her to get off at Staunton. Didn't you see that lame nigger come running with the wire back at Winchester?"

"No," said the girl. "I didn't notice."

"Arthur was afraid he wouldn't be

able to make it to the bus, and wanted to be sure she got off. The baby has pneumonia." Harry sighed gloomily. "Sis and I were in Washington, D.C., visiting my older brother Bob, when we got word that Grandma was deathly ill of kidney trouble down in New Orleans." He sighed again, heavily. "All this sickness. It seems to be striking in every direction."

"Well, I'm awful sorry to hear about it," said the girl.

Harry then had one of his uncanny inspirations. Where they came from, he had no idea, but it was spooky the way he hit on things like this. He bowed his head, paused for several seconds, and said, "I don't mind telling you that I've been praying a little for my grandmother." He swallowed, with emotion. "It seems to help, too."

"Well, of course it does," answered the girl. "And that's a kind of funny coincidence, because you know right now I'm on my way to a Young Folks Faith-in-Prayer Convention in Cleveland, Tennessee. Isn't that a coincidence?"

"Amazing," said Harry. "Let me ask you something — but what's your name?"

"Margaret," said the girl.

"Mine is Tom," said Harry. He smiled. "Glad to know you, Margaret."

The girl blushed and smiled back. "Glad to know you, Tom."

Harry solemnly shook her little hand. Then he settled back in his seat and stared pensively into space. "Tell me something," he said. "Margaret, do you think that . . . that God . . . really *cares* about what happens on the earth? I mean, take my grandmother, for instance." He turned on her his silvery eyes, eyes in which confusion and pain became sweet sorrow. "Now, all of a sudden, she gets this . . . this *terrible* kidney trouble. She may actually *die*. It's awful, we all love her so. Do you think God really *cares*, Margaret? Are my prayers heard at all?"

"I am sure they are," said the girl.

Three and a half hours later, in the gloomy dark night as the bus roared on through Virginia, Harry, not without effort and difficulty, got her panties down to her knees. At that point, she gave up and herself slipped them over her ankles and shoes. For a while, the panties lay in the dust on the floor, by the butts of Harry's cigarettes, then he reached down and picked them up and put them into his left coat pocket over his gun.

Harry always carried his Beretta pistol with him, while traveling or when involved in any situation with which he was not familiar. It was a small-caliber, flat weapon exquisitely engraved with inlaid silver and gold. He had owned it ever since three very tough Irish boys gave him a severe beating a year before

in South Chicago. That was one little hustle he hadn't taken in stride. He was coldly determined it would not happen again. Harry didn't like to be beat up. He liked to be the one who did the beating up. The gun, of course, was only for rare emergencies like that in Chicago; he'd seen all he wanted of jails already.

As dawn was breaking, an old farmer one seat up across the aisle began to crane his head around. The party was about over. Harry had spread his raincoat over his and the girl's laps like a blanket. He held her wrist in an iron grip with his left hand, and did not mind the pain in his cramped right hand. "Oh, please," whispered the girl. "Don't anymore." In a futile effort at escape, the plump buttocks that straddled his wrist lifted again from the seat, gluteus maximi contracted and firm. He held fast, middle finger uplifted and hand spread as if supporting her; then a strained trembling in midair, and helpless soft descent. "Oh, this is so wicked," she whispered. The old farmer coughed. Harry grinned and thrust harder, touching the hard girlish cervix with his fingertip, simultaneously twisting her thin wrist with his other hand. His smile broadened as the girl again turned white and once more got the startled look on her face, as if she heard some faraway ominous sound. "Stop it now," she whispered. "It's making me sick again." Harry gave her a little kiss on her sweaty temple. "You aren't sick, honey," he said. "You're in love."

That was what she believed so he may as well kid her along. The questions she had asked were so hilarious he had almost had to laugh out loud. Such as, "Does being in love always make you feel so weak and sick?" The girl hadn't a doubt that she was head over heels in love with him. Those hours in the dark had more than convinced her. Ah, well. It was beginning to get to be quite light outside and the old farmer across the aisle was coughing his head off. Besides, better not take the edge off too much; it still might be possible to get her to stop off at a tourist cabin somewhere. Even so, it was with some reluctance that he removed his hand from under her plump bottom; she was a sweet little darling and he hated to let her go.

Harry sat back in his seat and lit a cigarette and considered the situation. Cleveland, Tennessee, and that bunch of idiots down there were still some hours away, but she was being met down there by chaperones and all that. He would have to get her off the bus somewhere before they reached Cleveland. But that was impossible, because the people down there undoubtedly were expecting her and would raise a fuss if she didn't show up. That would be im-

(continued on page 62)

THE GALLEY CHEF



A YACHTSMAN'S CUISINE FOR YOUR OWN CAPTAIN'S TABLE

food By THOMAS MARIO

THERE ARE FEW THINGS more conducive to gargantuan appetites and prodigious thirsts than a long run through open water on a powerboat or sailing vessel. And there are no more felicitous surroundings in which to appease and slake the inner mariner than topside on a boat moored in a quiet cove, the summer stillness broken only by the gentle lapping of gins and tonics against frosty tumblers.

The kind of victuals you'll want for your boat depends for the most part on the length of your cruise and the size of your galley. If you're speedboating from one (continued on page 96)

the first in a satirical review of how to succeed with women without really

LET US ASSUME you have come bouncing into the world, a brand-new human male, complete with all your equipment.

It may seem, even to the casual observer, that you are well fitted out, and that you have obvious attributes that your sister does not.

Chances are, too, that you will be larger and heavier, which may lead you to believe that you are also stronger and more durable.

This, unfortunately, is not the case.

As a human male you are the weaker of the two sexes, until now doomed to poorer health and to an earlier death.

The figures are clear and convincing. In the United States the life expectancy of women is 73.9 years, of men 67.3. Women recover from diseases more easily and frequently, are physically superior to men in almost every way. They are *16 times* less likely to have color blindness, *seven times* less likely to have hysteria, *eight times* less likely to stutter, immune to hemophilia, far less subject to epilepsy and many other diseases.

Mentally, too, women are much more stable. You have only to take a swing through our mental hospitals to see that male patients far outnumber females.

WHY?

Why is this true? You will find the answer in your chromosomes. The "Y," or male-producing sperm, were pitifully neglected by nature. They contain only a niggardly portion of the rich chromosomal lode—the "X" chromosomes—of the female-producing sperm.

Briefly, in the male something has been left out.

Some have tried to shrug this off, as though a chromosome or two made little difference. They have only to look around them every day to see how tragically wrong they are.

Look about *you*. Note with a smile, if you dare, this tatterdemalion band of human males going bravely on, its hair thinning, its whiskers growing, its paunches expanding, its nerves twitching, its arches falling, without the real power of reproduction or the solace of motherhood.

Note how bravely they stride forward, head erect, eyes clear, courage firm—even though barren, sickly, mentally confused and doomed to an early grave.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

Is there any way we can save these tragic figures, any way to ease their pain, calm their nerves, save their strength, or settle their stomachs?

The answer is a ringing YES!

We can help the human male—and though the path is not an easy one, we can follow it, each of us, by reading and putting into effect some tested rules.

BEGIN NOW

It is never too early in life—nor too late—to begin this study.

If you are a lad of five or six, having this read to you at your mother's knee, good! Like the ballet, the violin and the tightrope, really fine maleness should begin early.

On the other hand, if you are crowding 70, it is still not too late to add happy years to your life.

Regardless of your age, after the first few columns you will feel your load begin to lighten, your shoulders straighten, and a new look of courage come into your eyes.

After a few more issues, you will flex your muscles quietly, and as the series gathers momentum, you may have to smother a quiet chuckle or suppress a confident grin. These will come, we must warn you, not from amusement, but from a new assurance, and an anticipation of triumphs to come.

THE SORRY PLIGHT OF THE HUMAN MALE

By SHEPHERD MEAD



trying, by the author of "how to succeed in business without really trying"

Our purpose, of course, is to instruct, not to amuse. Momentary laughter is of small value weighed against a happier and more abundant life.

The scraps of talk must be taken with this in mind. They are intended, like the accompanying illustrations, only to illustrate difficult points. It may seem to you that they are all taken from a single real-life story—and so most of them are—but not every incident occurred to our central character. Several have been contributed by our researchers working from Maine to California.

The author would like to make it particularly clear that this material is *not* autobiographical. A natural modesty prevents him from delving into the labyrinths of his own checkered career.

HOW TO HELP YOUR MOTHER HELP YOU

In your very cradle you will be told that there is nothing like a mother, and of course this is true.

Your mother will be, in a sense, your first training ground. She will be your first contact with the female sex. Study her carefully. The lad who learns early how to get around his mother has made a fine start.

LET BOOKS GUIDE YOU

Luckily we live in an enlightened age, one in which child psychology has replaced the more vigorous methods of raising children.

However, even today it is not always safe to assume that your mother has a book on child guidance. If she does not, by all means supply her with one. Many fine volumes have been put out in paper covers and can be bought for a few cents. They are within the reach of any child's allowance, and are an excellent investment. Best not to let your mother know who bought the book, if you did. Try this method:

"Mommy, why did Daddy bring this book home?"

"Oh, did he, Davie?" (She will pick it up.) "Well, well. Daddy brought it, did he?"

(Then of course you will have to speak to your father.)

"Daddy, why did Mommy bring this book home?"

This will cause a little harmless confusion and will guarantee a careful reading of the book.

Though they come in many colors and sizes, you will find that these books are all built around one premise: the child is often misunderstood, but never really bad. Punishment merely causes resentment and injures the relationship between child and parent.

Encourage this point of view. You will find that no matter what you do, you have done it for a deep-seated reason, and it wasn't your fault. In fact, the book will show that it was *your parents' fault*. There is no such thing, you will discover, as a bad boy.

"Charles, I don't know what to do with little David! He's been putting frogs in the deepfreeze again."

(Or whatever experiments you may have been carrying on.)

"Well, shall I get out the old belt?"

"Charles! It says right here—mischief is often a symptom that the child feels unloved and unwanted."

"Oh?"

"Why, you underlined it yourself!"

"I didn't."

Well, *someone* did. I think we should do something *nice* for Davie."

Besides making life more bearable for you, these books will help you to keep your mother well adjusted. A mother who is uncertain, who feels at a loss for the right thing to do, is not a mother you will be proud to



ILLUSTRATED BY CLAYTON

show to your friends.

After a while, as your mother becomes more confident, you can branch out into all sorts of activities. The more complicated you seem to her, the better.

Be a challenge to her.

CAN I SHAPE HER CHARACTER?

So many of our young readers, unsatisfied with their mothers, ask us: "Can I improve her character?" The answer is yes. Concentrate on her mind.

QUIET HER FEARS

At one time or another all mothers are frightened. You may find that your mother develops strange unreasoning fears of normal, everyday things like rats, mice, snakes, toads or spiders—things you play with every day.

Do not use these things against your mother, except when you feel you must take strong measures. A frightened mother is not an efficient mother, and you both will suffer.

Instead, show her she has no real reason to be frightened:

"Here, Mom, just pick him up by the tail. He won't hurt you."

Instill *just enough* fear so that she will be careful. A fearless mother can be a careless mother, and one that is difficult to control.

PUNISHMENT

You may have to punish her from time to time. It will not be pleasant, but will result in a better mother.

Tears and tantrums—used to punish mothers for so long—have little effect today. The best punishment is mental, and the keen lad thinks up a way that will suit his own mother's mind.

Night tactics are particularly effective. Wake up at regular intervals during the night, say at one, three and five A.M. Cry loudly. Soon your mother will answer. You may be either (1) too hot, (2) too cold, (3) hungry, (4) thirsty, or (5) afraid of bad dreams.

The expert, however, prefers the simple *meaningless wail*, which cannot be disposed of with a "Well, go on down and get some graham crackers," or other suggestions allowing the mother to stay in bed. She will come in on the double.

"What's the matter, Davie?"

"Mother, you look lovely with your hair down!"

(Choose any of her good points. Flattery here is effective.)

"Are you all right?"

"Almost, mother, almost. Nothing you can do. Just sit here awhile with me, will you?"

If she takes you to a psychologist (and she may) it is best to take the fellow aside quietly:

"Yes, Master David?"

"Just wanted to brief you, Doctor. If Mother says anything about howling at night, I pretend I did it. No use frightening her, you know."

"You didn't cry out?"

"Hardly! Ask Father."

(You may assume your father will sleep through all this. Fathers always do.)

The doctor will comfort and reassure her. This is what he has been trained for, and what he is well paid to do.

Remember, though, that in most cases punishment of any kind is not necessary. Mothers are anxious for approval and will go to great lengths to obtain it.

Give her the opportunity to please, and then be generous with your praise.

A WORD OF CAUTION

By following these simple rules you can make your mother useful and happy. She will thank you for it.

You will not only be saving your strength and soothing your nerves, you will be learning, and what you learn in helping your mother will be valuable in dealing with other women.

However, remember this major difference between mothers and other females: your mother is the only female who will want, from the start, to do something *for you*. Other women will always begin by wanting you to do something *for them*.

This is why it is so necessary to *bring out the mother* in all women as soon as possible. It is far easier to do than it sounds. We will go into it more fully in our later articles.

Meanwhile, your body is growing. Make sure your character grows with it!

HOW TO BE IRRESISTIBLE IN SHORT PANTS

You may feel, once you have properly trained your mother, that you have no further need to worry about the female world. Unfortunately, this is not true.

However, for the next 10 years or so, girls of your own age should be completely beneath your notice.

True, your first sight of the schoolyard, filled with laughing girls, will terrify you. This feeling will last for several years—unless you remember this simple fact: *males are afraid of females only at the time when females can do them no damage whatever*, which is when the males are in short pants. This is no doubt some simple instinct of nature, and should be disregarded entirely.

SET YOUR SIGHTS HIGH

Devote much of your attention during this period to the playing fields. You will be building the fine physique that will be so valuable in later years.

But indoors, remember that *your first exercises as a human male have begun*.

Concentrate entirely on mature wom-

en and begin practicing the masculine charm which will later become second nature to you. The lad who learns how to charm women while still in short pants will have few worries in the trying years to come.

BE A LITTLE BOY

Though your object will be to charm the fully grown female, you will succeed best by being a little boy.

This is effective even when you *are* a little boy, and later, when you are not, it will still be good. Thus it is important not only to seem as little as possible, but to remember how you did it.

It is not as simple as it seems. For example, one of the best ways to seem little is to pretend to be big.

"See how big I am, Miss Jones?"

"My goodness, you *are* big, Davie!"

"Feel my muscle!"

(Do not harden the muscle fully in these demonstrations. No use revealing your true strength.)

You will soon discover that actual *size* has nothing to do with it. Women prefer tall men and small boys—and they are happiest of all when they find a male who is both at the same time.

BE UNBUTTONED

This is closely related but subtly different. Being unbuttoned is an attitude, and can be assumed by expert boys with every button firmly buttoned.

Women, you will soon learn, have a fetish for neatness in everything but human males. They fidget to see a littered desk or a cluttered living room, but they have a weakness for men who look tousled and unbuttoned.

You must learn, while you are still portable, to be an island of confusion in a sea of tidiness. A smudge here, a sneer of lipstick there, or shoes on the wrong feet—these are all good.

The real expert, however, can simply assume an unbuttoned expression without disturbing a hair. This takes practice but will be most useful in later years.

BE INCOMPETENT

Women will always like you more for what they do for you than for what you do for them. This is true at any age, and it is well to begin practicing it early. Seem to be a blundering but lovable idiot.

"I'm just all thumbs when it comes to tying ties. Will you help me, Miss Jones? Father says you're such a comfort in the office."

"I'd love to, Davie! Just jump up on my lap."

She may not be able to tie as neat a knot as you can, but you will soon

(concluded on page 110)

THE BANDIT

in which a young reporter learns that the honey taste of crime can sate and cloy and kill

YOU WILL FORGIVE ME if I tell you — with a little admiration — about some criminals I once knew. They were part of my youth which, by itself, makes them admirable. But they were also brave, courteous and fond of us newspaper Neds. They never told lies, except to the police; never robbed any fellow man of his good name, only of his life if the situation called for it. And I remember no crook who was greedy, or no crook who thought that money made a man.

And how harmless these crooks seem alongside today's honorables who are nobly determined to blow up our planet so that the ideals of freedom shall not perish. Let us hope the surviving insects will be smart enough to admire our aspirations. This way, ants and glow-worms — crawl up for a look at the high-falutin print and paper records left behind by humanity!

My apologies for sneaking this end-of-the-world epitaph into my gay story. Let the politicians wrestle with their grand finale. I'll hang on to yesterday — and my criminals.

An ideal spot for consorting with criminals was Big Jim Colosimo's Café, after three A.M. Mossy Enright, Gene Geary, Tommy O'Connor, Blackie Weed — a bevy of well-barbered knaves beckons, masticating their porterhouse steaks and listening moodily to Big Jim's orchestra play *The Chocolate Soldier*, *Madame Sari*, *The Red Mill*. But I'll pass them over for Big Jim himself, the most deserving for recall. And he is, too, sort of backstop for my story.

Big Jim Colosimo had begun his career, Horatio Alger fashion, as a street sweeper in a white suit, with a long-handled brush and a garbage can on wheels. One summer morning, Madame Victoria, lolling in her brothel window, noted the eye-flashing, six-foot-three sweeper tidying the street in front of her doorstep. She whistled at him. Big Jim dropped his long-handled brush and strode into Victoria's house, and Chicago history.

They married and within 10 years Jim put 22 affiliated whorehouses into action, all stocked with evening-gowned lassies, hopheaded pimps and pale piano players. In his rise as brothel king of Chicago, Colosimo's name "had been linked" (as the libel-ducking newspapers gingerly put it) with 12 murders and 91 near-lethal sluggings. The road to suc-

memoir By BEN HECHT

cess is ever a bumpy one. But there were no unpleasant legal consequences for this carnage. This was because Big Jim had unselfishly declared the town's police and judiciary in on his whorehouse harvest. He raised "the fix" in the U.S.A. from furtive bribery to big business. Indeed, all our public guardians of today swanking around on their underworld takes must pay homage to Jim Colosimo as the founding father of their corruption.

With his 23 sex centers booming, and his dope peddling and crooked gambling activities in high, Colosimo divorced the impressionable Victoria who had whistled at him one summer morning. He opened his tony café on the Near South Side. A commanding figure in tuxedo, diamond studs and well-greased hair, he presided here nightly, respected and admired by Chicago's flossiest citizens. Bigwigs of industry, politics and the arts felt enhanced by his handshake. Next to Mayor William Hale Thompson, who was stealing the city blind, Colosimo was our ranking celebrity.

After Big Jim was gunned down one dawn in a phone booth (by "parties unknown" — whom every reporter in town could name), I covered his funeral — a cavalcade of éclat and officialdom worthy a hero of the land. Nearly every whiskey-nosed magistrate who owned a silk hat, and more dignitaries of every stripe than had been assembled since the Chicago Fire, rode in the grieving procession. Several hundred thousand humbler citizens crowded the line of march and filled the air with lamentation as Big Jim moved by in his \$10,000 brass coffin, with a 50-piece band tooting him softly to his resting place. Tagging after his hearse were 30 open automobiles stuffed with flowers. Not a blossom was left on sale in Chicago that day.

Vale, Jim Colosimo. But back to his café on a night of his reign, when he still gloried and drank deep. By three A.M. the higher types of café society, full of wine, food and preparatory necking, had teetered off to their priapic chambers. And the people of the night started to eat, drink and discourse at the always snowy-lined tables provided by Mr. Colosimo. The four-piece orchestra — a piano, cello and two violins — dozed between offerings. But the wait-

(continued on page 52)



WOMEN'S APPAREL BY JAX, MR. MORT, CAPEZIO



attire **midsummer
MADness**

*festive and fettlesome resortwear
for july declarations
of independence*



Heeding the sartorial call of the wild, summer sportswear will be the balmiest in a month of sun-days — as aptly embodied by the spree de corps of this beachnik brigade. L to r: an aquanaut orbits in cotton denim shirt with mandarin collar, \$8, cotton denim shorts with side zipper, elastic back panel, \$6, both by Sea Squire. Farsighted avant guard sports nylon-tricot tank suit, by Speedo-White Stag, \$4. Butterfingered cone-man scoops fashion scene in cotton mattress-ticking jacket with single button, side vents, Continental cuffs, no pockets, by Bill Miller, \$35; cotton beach shirt, \$6, acetate-cotton-rubber stretch-knit swim trunks with front belt, squared legs, \$5, both by Catalina; rubber-soled leather slip-ons, by Jags, \$11. Style-hip twister cuts rug in combed-cotton pullover with poncho front, $\frac{3}{4}$ sleeves, by Jayson, \$5; cotton stretch pants with foot stirrups, $\frac{1}{2}$ -top pockets, by HIS, \$10. Fast-rising trial balloonist is a gas in fitted swim pants with self belt, foot stirrups, \$15, cotton-knit boat-neck pullover with $\frac{3}{4}$ sleeves, poncho tails, \$6, both by Jantzen.

(continued from page 49)

ers were on their toes like a football line, for it was now boom time for tips. Who were these night people? Killers, burglars, pimps, stickup men called "on the muscle" boys, and an aristocracy of con men who could speak like London fops and order their food with French phrases. All these with their ladies fair.

A varied-looking run of wenches: a few beauties with explosive bosoms and foot-high Spanish combs stuck in their hair. But most of them were more sparrow than macaw. For they were seldom pickups or brothel loan-outs, but ladies who had earned the trust of their law-breaking males. Beauty and lechery were of minor importance in their females. Sex was seldom a vital diversion to crooks. Danger and violence preoccupied their nerve centers, and sensuality was an also-ran. Young, old, voluptuous or stringy, their women had one quality in common — they were voiceless.

I sat this night with a new friend waiting for dawn while listening to stories from some of our fellow drinkers. What stories they were! Not even our crack newspaper raconteurs could uncork gaudier, merrier tales than these villains of the town. All the cockeyed plot turns I was to use in a spate of movie scripts were given me by these night-people talkers.

My new friend was Lionel Moisse. He had come to town in the spring from the *Kansas City Star* and landed on Hearst's *Examiner*.

Moisse was tall, with warrior muscles. His bony face offered a broken nose as a signature of trouble. A tangle of blondish hair gave him a windblown look. He had iron fists and a homicidal temper to go with them. When unprovoked, however, his head was abuzz with Byron, Keats and Walt Whitman. He brooded about writing fine novels as soon as he found time. He had brought a disciple with him from Kansas — a hard-muscled, pretty boy named Ernest Hemingway. After a month, the disciple disappeared.

"Poor Ernie," Moisse explained, "had to take a job with a house organ for a furniture factory. He's writing dithyrambs about mahogany bureaus. God help him."

Moisse's distinction among us was not his barroom knockouts or his mooning over literature. It was his prowess as a lover. Within five months of his arrival in town, a Lionel Moisse Suicide Club had been formed by a number of young women who had unsuccessfully sought death after the tumultuous Lionel had rid himself of their company. One of the members, a poetess in high standing at Jack Jones' Dill Pickle Club, said to me:

"I'll know better after this than to

love a man with a poet's soul. It's like loving the west wind."

Oddly, it was Moisse who was full of lover's woes this night in Colosimo's. His girl, an ex-Spanish dancer named Conchita, had flown their love nest.

Moisse met the *señorita* after her recovery from a railroad accident. She had suffered an amputation and been fitted with a wooden leg. Shortly after her hospital release, Moisse met, courted and won her love. But triumph made him wary. It was Moisse's credo that any woman who loved him was merely rehearsing for her next amour.

To insure Conchita's fidelity, Moisse removed the dancer's wooden leg every evening and toted it to the *Examiner* where he stored the detached limb in a locker. His work done, he returned happily to his beloved's side and clamped the leg back in place.

He had returned, thus burdened, a few days ago and found his nest empty. Conchita, presumably with the aid of a new flame, had acquired a second wooden leg and run off.

Moisse removed a note from his pocket and read it aloud at our table — "Dear Lionel, you can keep my leg as a souvenir. I've got a nicer one with much better knee action. Yours truly, Conchita."

He burned the note in a saucer and spoke over the ashes, "There's only one thing you can detach from a woman to keep her faithful. But who wants to carry that around all day?" He looked up and added, "Our little pal is knocking at the gate."

We had picked up an odd admirer in our tour of the night spots — an undersized dude in a light-gray suit and a blue polka-dot tie. Although Moisse and I were not moochers (by profession), we had no objection to a host staking us to *filet mignon* and Château Yquem.

Our patron was always alone. He had joined up with us several times and sat listening to us talk shop. He sat smiling at our stories of murders, suicides, infidelities, con games and other devilities of the town. He had pale eyes, whitish blond hair and his skimpy physique in its pastel clothing had a doll-like look. His wallet bulged with greenbacks which I sensed were not honestly acquired. But our tales never lured him into any anecdote of his own.

Aware that this lonely little dude who sought our company was a crook of some sort, Moisse and I asked questions. But the only information we pried out of him was that he had no friends or relatives and that he had quitted the Division Street High School in his sophomore year because everybody, including the teachers, took turns at beating him up.

Beyond this, we knew only his name, Teddy Webb.

Newspaper headlines in a few weeks would end the silence of this night-spot dandy. MURDEROUS BANDIT WEBB KILLS AGAIN, POLICE DOUBLE HUNT FOR KILLER-FIEND WEBB. And one I remember nostalgically, POLICE CHIEF SCHEUTTTLER FUMES OVER POSTCARD FROM HUNTED KILLER — "DEAR WOODEN SHOES, GO CATCH FISH — TEDDY WEBB."

But on this night in Colosimo's we saw only a dapper hanger-on. He was having some trouble getting admitted. Obviously, this was his first time at Big Jim's door. Seeing us, he waved, pointed, and the hefty headwaiter let him in. He headed for our table, greeted us deferentially, sat down and ordered food and wine for three. He had an unusual voice for so slight a body — a baritone that might have come out of a beer-bellied wrestler.

No sooner had Teddy Webb finished his ordering than Moisse started the tale-telling. That was the way of the newspaper man in that day — to start up a story for no other reason than that a listener had appeared.

Lionel's topic this evening was the exotic death of the Reverend Henry Blossom. We had both covered the story a few weeks before.

The Reverend Blossom, Moisse related fondly, had been found asphyxiated in the basement of his West Side church. He lay dead on the cement floor with his trousers off, beside the half-nude body of a lady parishioner, also dead from asphyxiation. A few soft pillows buoyed up her corpse.

"In the ardor of his lovemaking," Moisse related, "the busy parson unknowingly kicked open a gas jet with his foot. The happy couple remained locked in each other's arms until death interrupted their love rites. Tell me a more pleasing way to perish. It reminds me of the vengeful taxidermist in Kansas City whose pretty wife succumbed to a prominent roué. I wrote the lead after the police found her body, "The stuffing that dreams are made of —"

A man tapped my shoulder and said, "The boss wants to see you." It was a flattering summons.

He handed me a U.S. Army discharge card signed by a colonel. Its two typed lines read:

"Name — Capone, Alphonse,
Character — Excellent."

Colosimo's office looked like a mandarin's lair. It was crowded with elaborately carved Chinese furniture and ivory inlaid screens. The walls were covered to the ceiling with inscribed photographs from the world's notables.

"Sit down, kid," Big Jim said. "Why I called you in is to tell you that that

(continued on page 106)



"I like a good loser."



*an over-the-counter brief
encounter nets us our july playmate*

super salesgirl

When Pamela Anne Gordon appeared as Miss March this year, PLAYBOY staffers and readers alike were pleasantly alerted to the Playmate potential of Canadian north-of-the-border girls. For our Miss July, we once again chose a choice denizen of Vancouver, British Columbia: her name is Unne Terjesen and she was brought to our attention by sharp-eyed counter spies who spotted her working as a salesgirl in a downtown department store. Those who judge this statuesque (5'7") and honey-haired miss a perfect Nordic phototype do so with good reason, for 19-year-old Unne was born and raised in the village of Odda, Norway, where she worked as a hair stylist, won several local beauty shows and in 1960 was a comely runner-up in the Miss Norway contest. Two years ago she, her parents and three older brothers set sail for Canada and a home-away-from-home in Vancouver; once settled in this beauty-blessed city, our well-rounded traveler (39-23-39) took up her current soft-sell chores. Not surprisingly, indigo-eyed Unne is fond of wintry sports such as skiing and skating; she also has an improbable penchant for full-throttle jaunts through the Canadian countryside at the helm of her brother's Harley-Davidson motorcycle. She's an amateur painter, is swayed by Sinatra's swinging, and prefers dating personable guys with a sense of humor (nothing depresses her more than sobersided types who can't give or take a joke). Hopefully, the future holds more in store for her than stores: Says Miss July, "Right now, I have three ambitions — to become a successful model, to own a shiny new black Mercedes-Benz convertible, and to travel, especially to see the skyline of New York." For an even more inspiring silhouette, we recommend a perusal of the accompanying gatefold.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI. BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN HONEY



MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Lady-in-waiting Unne Terjesen handles the tulles of her trade with perfect poise and unassuming grace.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Latest rags-to-riches story — Texas style — concerns a young man from Dallas who inherited five million dollars, and proceeded to run it into a small fortune.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *ecstasy* as something that happens between the Scotch and soda and the bacon and eggs.

Daughter," said the suspicious father, "that young man who's been walking you through the park strikes me as being exceedingly unpolished."

"Well," she answered coyly, "he is a little rough around the hedges."

What some young ladies refer to as a diary might be more aptly described as a whodunit.



Though Wilbur Simpson appeared to be in good health for a man in his middle 40s, his doctor informed him that his blood pressure was disturbingly high and, unless he quit his job at once and took a complete rest for at least a year, he should not expect to be around to enjoy his middle 50s. Like many a man before him, Wilbur had been so busy keeping up with the Joneses, he'd neglected to put anything away for an emergency, but his loving wife, Mildred, expressed a real willingness to go to work and support them both till he was back on his feet. Unfortunately, Wilbur had not married his sweet wife for her brains, and there were very few jobs about for even as attractive a middle-aged woman as she that would produce anything close to the kind of income they had been used to living on. So,

with understandable reservations, but recognizing it was truly a matter of life or death, they decided that the only profession for which the unskilled Mildred could hope to qualify, and earn any real money, was the world's oldest.

Wilbur choked back his misgivings as he watched his wife depart on the first day's adventure, but he credited himself with being a sophisticated and worldly man, and he had to admit that this was the one profession for which Mildred was well suited. She was still a well-proportioned and attractive woman, and, if she could just remember to keep track of her earnings, she might do very well, indeed. But at the end of the first day, Mildred arrived home a sorry sight, her clothes dirty and disarranged, in a state of near exhaustion.

"It certainly looks as though you've been a busy girl on your first day," said Wilbur sympathetically. "How much did you earn, dear?"

"Thirty-six dollars and a quarter," moaned Mildred.

"That isn't very much money for 12 hours," said Wilbur. "Who gave you the quarter?"

Mildred collapsed on the sofa and smiled weakly. "Why, silly," she said, "all of them, of course!"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *falsies* as absenteeism.

Having received a return from a bachelor executive who claimed a dependent son, an income-tax inspector sent the form back with a note saying, "This must be a stenographic error." Back came the report with the added notation: "You're telling me!"

A number of showgirls were entertaining the troops at a remote Army camp. They had been at it all afternoon and were not only tired but very hungry. Finally at the close of their performance the major asked, "Would you girls like to mess with the enlisted men or the officers this evening?"

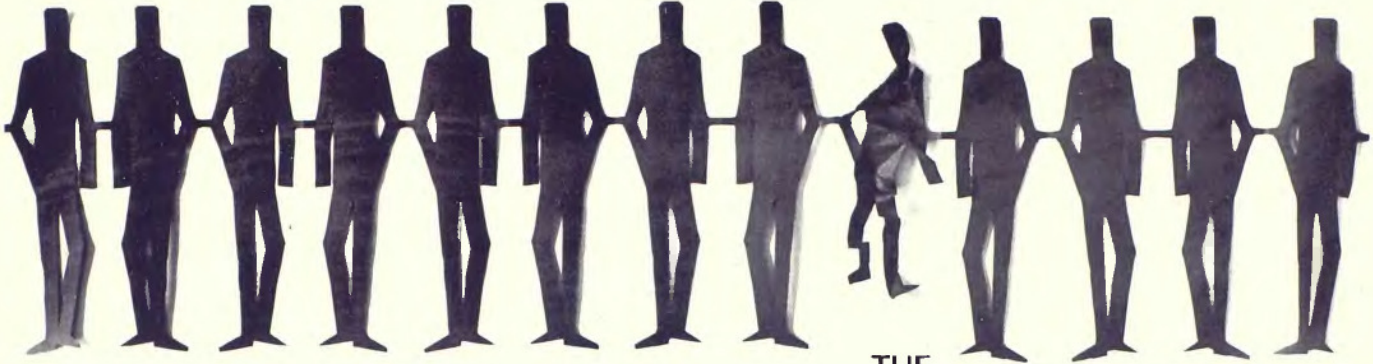
"It really doesn't make any difference," spoke up a shapely blonde. "But we've just got to have something to eat first."

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.



"That's my wife — we're taking separate vacations this year."

*the vice-president in charge
of personnel was worried;
some of the younger men
were killing themselves
with overwork*



THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE RIGHT JOB

fiction By J. C. THOMPSON

GUY LUCEY HAD HAD A SECRETARY of his own for only a month, and he still felt a secret pride every morning when she came into his unitized-panel office and asked, "What is the schedule for today, Mr. Lucey?"

It was true that Miss Halvorson was in her middle 40s, totally humorless, and almost totally chinless; she had been dredged, so to speak, from the bottom of the secretarial pool. But, Guy told himself, Scale 8 was the first scale at Greater United Foods where a man got a secretary of his own, and you couldn't exactly specify a Jayne Mansfield type.

This morning, however, Miss Halvorson didn't ask her usual question. Instead, she handed Guy a sealed envelope, and said, "Mr. Millikin's secretary asked me to give you this. You're to call Mr. Millikin as soon as you can to discuss it with him."

Guy set his cardboard coffee container down on the desk blotter.

"'Personal and Confidential.' What's it all about, Miss Halvorson?"

"I have no idea, Mr. Lucey. Mr. Millikin's secretary asked . . ."

"OK, OK. Thanks. I have some letters and reports, but they better wait until I take care of this. I'll holler when I'm ready."

"Yes, Mr. Lucey."

When she had gone, Guy ripped open the envelope. Mr. Millikin, Greater United's Vice-President in Charge of Personnel, didn't send many "Personal and Confidential" notes, Guy thought. And he particularly didn't send them to junior executives in the Market Research Department.

Guy unfolded the single sheet of paper:

PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL

FROM: S. V. Millikin, Vice-President, Personnel

TO: Guy Lucey, Assistant Statistician, Market Research Department, National Sales Division, General Office.

Dear Mr. Lucey:

An opportunity has arisen within the company which may interest you. Will you please call me soon so that we can set a time to discuss it.

This will probably involve your taking a series of aptitude tests; please arrange your schedule so that the next three or four days are as clear as possible.

SVM

Guy set the memo down on his desk, sipped his lukewarm coffee, and pondered. ". . . opportunity . . ."? Hell's bells, I just got a raise out of the adding machine bullpen to Scale 8. I hope they're not going to send me back out there. Guy put the coffee container carefully into his wastebasket so as not to splash out the dregs, picked up his "inside" telephone, and dialed "O."

"Mr. Millikin, please."

The appointment was for after lunch, so Guy ate alone. He didn't want to have even one drink before the meeting, and he didn't want to explain his abstinence to the fellows he usually ate with.

At two minutes to two, Guy got off the elevator at the 17th-floor "mahogany row," and announced himself to the receptionist.

Mr. Millikin had a folder on his desk, Guy's own personal file. He looked up and smiled at Guy, but did not rise or offer to shake hands.

"Afternoon, Lucey. Sit down. I appreciate your getting in touch with me so promptly. You're probably wondering what this is all about."

"Yes sir, I am."

"Well, Lucey, I can't tell it *all* to you, but I'll try to hit the high spots. First, though, let's take a look at"—Millikin looked down at the folder—"where you've been, and where you think you're going, right?"

"Yes sir, fine."

"Let's see. You're 29. Good school. Bus Ad major. Pretty fair grades. Married." Millikin looked up sharply. "Happily married, Lucey?"

"Yes sir, I guess I am."

"No spats, no arguments?"

"Well . . ."

"Never mind, it's not really important. Children?"

"Two lovely little girls, sir. Six and four."

"Fine, fine. Now then, you went from college to American Chemicals, in accounting. And two years later you joined us." He looked up again. "How do you feel about that decision now?"

"Well, fine. I think I have a good future here, sir."

"Yes. I've been talking with Tinkham, your immediate superior. He tells me that since your elevation to Scale 8 you've been applying yourself well—long hours, taking work home with you, and so on. Right?"

"I'm trying to do the best I can, Mr.

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BUS STORY *(continued from page 44)*

possible, anyhow. Despite the limp condition she was in, she'd never in this world cold-bloodedly agree to go with him to a hotel room or a tourist cabin. So that was out. It was a pity, really, because five minutes alone with her and the story would have a different ending. But how? There was no way. He would have to make the best of it. Maybe one of these days he would pass through Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and he could finish it off then.

He looked at her and smiled. A dim corona of blurred lipstick circled her mouth from the endless kisses of the long night. Too long a night. Harry himself felt awful. He needed her so badly he hurt all over. If there was only some way . . . but there wasn't. Oh, well. The best he could do was set it up for the future, in case he ever got to that town. He stared almost resentfully at her as she tried to put on fresh lipstick. "Do you really love me?" he asked.

The girl blushed and said, "Why else do you think I've acted like I have?"

"That was *my* fault," said Harry nobly, changing his tack. "I lost control of my head, and took advantage of you."

"Well, I let you," she answered, eyes down.

"The truth . . . is that I want to make *real* love to you," said Harry gently. No soap. A blank look was coming into her eyes. The very idea was inconceivable to her. She'd never get off that bus. He sighed and looked back toward the front. He just couldn't help it; if there was one thing he hated, it was letting a score get away. "The thought that I won't ever see you again depresses me terribly," he said.

"Maybe you'll see me sometime."

To amuse himself in a bleak situation, Harry replied, "I almost feel like canceling my trip to Panama."

"Panama?"

"Umm-hmm."

"You mean, the Panama Canal?"

"Yes, I'm going down there. Didn't I tell you?"

"But you said you were going to New Orleans."

"I am," replied Harry calmly. "But I will embark from New Orleans by fruit boat for Panama."

The girl stared with interest. "Why are you going to Panama?"

"Well, you see," said Harry, "I have an uncle down there who has a concession to sell liquor to the soldiers." Harry paused, realizing this wasn't in character; at once a moody, rather depressed expression came into his silver-gray eyes. "He wants me to go down there and help him with the business. But I disapprove morally of liquor and so there has already been a lot of doubt in my mind about making the trip."

"Well, don't go, then," said the girl.

"Yes, but you see, I need an operation," said Harry, improvising blandly as he went along. "And my only chance of getting it is through my rich uncle."

"Oh. Well, that's too bad. Is it a very serious operation?"

Harry paused, a look of embarrassment coming on his handsome features. "Well, it's a sort of special operation, Margaret," he said quietly.

"Oh," she answered. Several seconds went by. Harry could feel the curiosity in her. Finally she said, "Is it very dangerous, this operation?"

Now might be as good a time as any to reveal to her the fact that he was sterile and could not have children, thus it was perfectly safe for any girl to share his bed. This was true. A stubborn case of gonorrhea at the age of 15 had rendered Harry permanently sterile. The ailment had been cured, but Harry could never be a father. It didn't bother him, to say the least; he had found the fact of his sterility invaluable in soothing the anxiety of a score that she might get pregnant. He always let the fact drop in one way or another. A bit of a problem, though, how to drop it in this case.

Harry cleared his throat and said, "No, the operation isn't dangerous, but it's very expensive, because it's so delicate." He turned and looked into her eyes and said sadly, "You see, honey, I am unable to have any children."

The startled look on her face almost made Harry smile, but he didn't, he continued to stare at her with a pensive sadness.

"Oh," she said.

"It doesn't affect me, as a man," he said. "I mean, I am able to marry and everything, but you see, Mother Nature made just a little tiny mistake and I was born not entirely normal, though you'd never know it and it takes an extremely expensive laboratory test to show it."

"Oh," said the girl, "well, I didn't mean to pry."

"That's all right, I'm not sensitive about it," answered Harry. "The truth is you really ought to know about this. I *want* you to know about it."

Something was puzzling her. A frown was between her eyes. She asked finally, "But what's that got to do with your going to Panama to work for your uncle?"

"That's what I was telling you," said Harry. "To get the money from my uncle for this new operation. You see, my condition used to be incurable, but not anymore. There's this brilliant doctor in Berlin, Germany, who has worked out a new operation to cure just what I've got. Now, I've always felt bad about not being able to be a father, but the trouble is the only man who can do this opera-

tion so far is this doctor himself. You see, it's a *very* delicate operation, and takes about five hours." He paused, as if considering a problem, then asked gently, "Do you want me to explain the operation to you, honey?"

"Well," said the girl, blushing, "if you want to."

"I think I *ought* to," said Harry. He hesitated, then took her hand and looked into her eyes and said, "You see, honey, a *man* is a very complicated *thing*. Now, deep in my tummy, honey, there are some little tiny, tiny tubes, and it's through those little tiny tubes that the cells come to make babies. Now, you see, honey, sometimes Mother Nature gets a little careless, and leaves those tubes all closed up. Then, even though that man can live a normal life and make love to girls and you'd never dream anything was wrong, he won't ever be a father, that poor man."

"I know," said the girl in a low, awed tone. "We studied about it in biology class. It . . . it's a miracle, isn't it?"

"Honey, it's amazing. But what this brilliant doctor in Germany has done is to figure out a marvelous way to take tiny little needles and work them through each tube in turn. It's a simply *marvelous* thing, this operation. To give you an idea how marvelous it really is, this doctor has to use a magnifying glass even to *see* those tubes, they're so small. Now, you can imagine what a steady hand it must take to guide those little tiny needles through those almost invisible tubes. Isn't that simply *amazing*?"

All of this was delivered in a thoughtful, measured tone of utter solemnity. Harry could not have been more sincere; his own awe at the brilliant doctor in Berlin, who could stick invisible needles through invisible tubes, was quite genuine. Still, in the back of his mind, he thought perhaps this time he'd laid it on just a bit too thick. But not at all. The girl was staring in rapt fascination. "It sure is," she sighed. "He must be *very* smart, that doctor."

"Oh, he's brilliant, just brilliant," said Harry. "But the operation costs three thousand dollars. And that, honey, is why I'm going to Panama on that fruit boat next week."

"Can't you get the money some other way?"

"Maybe. But I never had the incentive, until now. I never thought I'd want to get married, so what did it matter?"

"You feel different, now?"

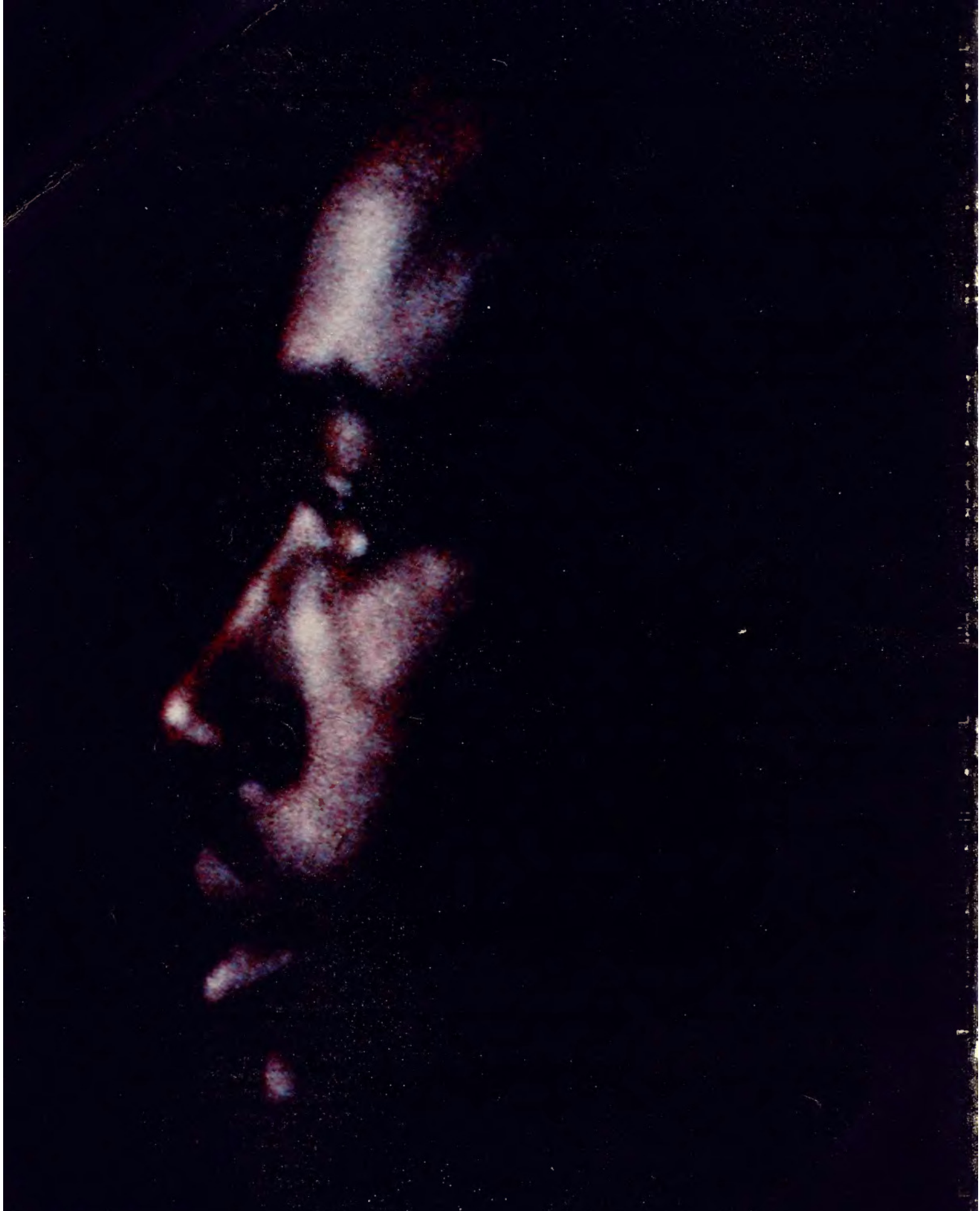
"You know I do," said Harry.

The girl was silent a moment, then asked, "Does it always work?"

Harry, who was still trying to think of some way to get her into a hotel room, didn't catch her meaning. "Does what always work?" he asked.

"Why, that operation."

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARTHUR PAUL

THROUGH THE RACIAL LOOKING GLASS

article By NAT HENTOFF

A PERCEPTIVE REPORT ON
THE AMERICAN NEGRO AND
HIS NEW MILITANCY FOR
UNCOMPROMISING EQUALITY

DURING A BRITISH CONCERT last fall, Dizzy Gillespie dedicated a number to "mother Africa." Looking at the audience with a characteristically mocking smile, he added: "We're going to take over the world, so you'd better get used to it."

The listeners chuckled, secure in their own freedom from prejudice and convinced that the grinning Dizzy was simply clowning as usual. A few nights later, a group of British jazzmen held a private party in honor of Dizzy. Toward dawn, Gillespie burst into an *impramptu* lecture: "You people had better just lie down and die. You've lost Asia and Africa, and now they're cutting out from white power everywhere. You'd better give up or begin to learn how it feels being a minority."

Dizzy was still laughing, but he wasn't clowning. Gillespie is no racist in the sense of the bitter, separatist sects such as Elijah Muhammad's Temples of Islam. He has led several integrated bands and has many non-token white friends; but Dizzy's irrepressible race pride does partly symbolize the accelerating change in American Negroes' attitudes toward whites—including white liberals—and toward themselves.

They are generating those "winds of social revolution" which labor

leader A. Philip Randolph has warned the A.F.L.-C.I.O., "are blowing on every institution in the country." Some of the winds are destructive and represent ugly, reverse racism—Crow Jim. Others are inchoate and so far are powered more by smoldering emotions than by specific programs. The strongest are those forces for immediate and final integration which are directed with varying techniques by such groups as the N.A.A.C.P., the Congress of Racial Equality, and Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

The one organic change which now applies to nearly all Negro adults—including the vast majority of the unorganized—has been underlined by James Baldwin: "The American Negro can no longer be, nor will ever be again, controlled by white America's image of him." The intensity and extent of this self-emancipation are revealed in comedian Dick Gregory's explosion during a candid interview with Paul Krassner in *The Realist*:

"I'm so goddamn sick and tired of a white man telling us about us—he can't. He tells us, 'Wait, take your time.' You can't tell me to wait. You're not black 24 hours a day. . . . This is the right the white man has been assuming for years—that he can assume to know more about us than we know about ourselves. And this is wrong. Because he don't. He knows about us what we want him to know. . . . He never follows us home. . . . We are better qualified to write about the white man in this country than he's damn-near qualified to write about his own self. Because he do things around us *because* we don't count that his friends know nothing about."

The Negro maid has certainly observed more about her employers than they have ever realized. "The employer," playwright Lorraine Hansberry adds pointedly, "doesn't go to the maid's house. You see, people get this confused. They think that the alienation is equal on both sides. It isn't. We have been washing everybody's underwear for 300 years. We know when you're not clean."

Beyond this sense of having a superior knowledge of the battleground, there is the belated, overwhelming realization among Negroes that even though they have intimately known white weaknesses, they have nonetheless allowed their own self-image to be imposed on them by the majority culture. There is an awakening insight that they need no longer be perpetually and pervasively on the defensive.

When Joe Louis first came to New York from Detroit, he stubbornly refused photographers' requests to pose eating watermelon. He was very fond of the fruit, but he told the photographers he hated watermelon rather than help rein-

force a national caricature. Now Floyd Patterson can say to the press: "I used to think Jesus was a white man. All the pictures I've ever seen of Him showed Him as a white man, but I can no longer accept that. He either is a Jesus of no color, or a Jesus with a skin that is all colors."

On all fronts in the Negro revolution there is angry wonder at the extent to which Negroes have allowed themselves to be molded by whites. As a Nashville intellectual told Dr. C. Eric Lincoln while the latter was researching his book, *The Black Muslims in America*: "Negro children grow up, and they don't know *who* the hell they are. They aren't white, and white rejects them. But white is all they know about. And you talk about adjustment! It's a wonder any of us survive."

Many have survived by becoming hardened against the white world—and against themselves. Alison Burroughs-Cuney taught for a while in a Day Care Center in New York and a large majority of her pupils consisted of members of minority groups. In *Freedomways: A Quarterly Review of the Negro Freedom Movement*, she wrote:

"Most of these children sooner or later grew tough, as a matter of self-preservation; you expected it. But I was especially dismayed to note that the Negro child often grew tougher. . . . The other children were in many cases, just as poor, and aggressive enough, but not with the bitterness of hopelessness and desperate impudence of the Negro children. . . . [The Negro child] may display a boldness that he does not feel. He is 'loud,' he will be heard, he *will* exist. His sensibilities are blunted, he cares for no one—not even himself—but he will survive by any means he can. He swallows the false values of this white society; he is brutalized, and he all too often becomes delinquent."

On occasion, a teacher is able to break through the fortifications, but a poignant index of the damage that has already been done is this conversation reported in a *Life* story on a slum school in New York. A white teacher has reached a small Negro child. "I love Miss Lemon," the little boy said. Another child taunted him. 'She white, man, she white.' Weeping, kicking, the boy swung wildly at the other child and screamed, 'She's no white lady. . . . She's colored. . . . just like me. . . . colored.'"

At home, too, there has been the measure of whiteness. James Baldwin remembers: "One's hair was always being attacked with hard brushes and combs and Vaseline; it was shameful to have 'nappy' hair. One's legs and arms and face were always being greased so that one would not look 'ashy' in the winter-time. One was always being mercilessly scrubbed and polished, as in the hope

that a stain could thus be washed away. I hazard that the Negro children, of my generation, anyway, had an earlier and more painful acquaintance with soap than any other children, anywhere."

Whites have largely been ignorant about how many Negroes felt about themselves, nor have they been aware of the color caste system that has existed so long within the American Negro community. In *Negro Digest*, Dr. Lincoln has pointed out that "self-hatred and the rejection of the hated stereotype often exist side by side." In Atlanta, for example, where the Negro community has a long history of forthright struggle against discrimination, "in one prominent family of light-skinned Negroes, the mother sought to discourage an unacceptably dark-skinned college student from calling on her near-blonde daughter by playing *Deep Purple* on the piano whenever he put in an appearance." Sarah Vaughan recalls of her childhood: "I often wished I was a medium-brown skin color. I imagined people of that color were regarded more highly than I. To most persons who knew me, I thought, I was just another little black girl for whom the future was just as dark as it was for thousands of others like me."

The word of the new pride in being black has not yet reached most Negro children, but one illustration of the rapidly altering self-image among adults is the rebellion among Negro women against hair straighteners as more of them wear their hair in the close-cropped, "natural" African style. Writer Margaret Burroughs has complemented James Baldwin's description of Negro boyhood: "The girl-child's hair is washed, pressed, curled or waved. At an early age, one is made aware of the temporary quality of this transformation. One learns to guard against moisture of any type, perspiration or rain, for fear that one's hair will go 'back.' One develops a mind-set against swimming, unless it is just before one is to go to the beauty parlor. I wonder how many Negro swimming champions have been lost to us because of this consideration. . . . Perhaps now you understand the reasons for my revolution and why I am wearing my hair the way God made it. . . . We women who now wear our hair natural are being our own true selves. We have ceased to look for the key to unlock the spiral in our hair."

Singer Abbey Lincoln, another woman who has gone "natural," goes beyond Miss Burroughs and adds a different chauvinistic criterion for attractiveness: "I think that the black woman is the most beautiful and perfectly wonderful woman in the world."

Similarly, there are Negro jazz musicians who are now stating publicly what

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Interalandi

"I must say, it's the most private key club I've ever seen."



"You're supposed to be in your own back yard digging a bomb shelter, Mr. Turp."

WORD PLAY *humor* By **ROBERT CAROLA**

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

BRRROGUE

LITHP

K A N G A R O O

mispalce

ca **m** ei

DRAWKCB

LAME

addi
+ ion

DIVIDE

visit

cheapskate

hide

many — not all Negro jazzmen — have been telling each other for decades. The bluntest is composer-pianist Cecil Taylor: "The greatness in jazz occurs because it includes all the mores and folkways of Negroes during the last 50 years. No, don't tell me that living in the same kind of environment is enough. You don't have the kind of cultural difficulties I do. Even the best white players only simulate the feeling of the American Negro."

The same dissonance is being sounded in Negro fiction. A character based on Charlie Parker says sharply in John Williams' novel, *Night Song*: "Tell us about jazz and American art and how us niggers did it. Sheeeeeeeeee! This is my business. This is all I know, man . . . Ain't no spade critics. All the spade deejays, they playin' rock 'n' roll. Ain't but a few spade joints can pay my way. . . . You white, it's your world. You won't let me make it in it and you can't. Now ain't that a bitch?"

One chronically enraged, nonfictional Negro jazz musician actually began to plan a public assault on Al Hirt to dramatize what he termed white exploitation of "our" music. A friend reminded him that Miles Davis and Erroll Garner weren't exactly starving, and the kamikaze project was dropped. The musician is now conducting a private census of the booking offices and jazz-record companies to determine how many Negro executives and secretaries they employ. "You can't call *this* crazy behavior," he told his friend defiantly, and his friend admitted that indeed he could not.

Another musician has decided he will employ no more whites in his band and is totally resistant to the argument that he is thereby as bigoted as he accuses most whites of being. His fixed position is an example of the distortion of values that has occasionally accompanied this surge of defiant self-appreciation among some Negroes. Another illustration was an editorial by James Hicks, editor of the *New York Amsterdam News*, one of the country's leading Negro weeklies. When India invaded Goa and violated both the United Nations charter and Nehru's own frequently proclaimed precepts of moral behavior among nations, Hicks could only see the event in terms of color: "For the first time in my more than 40 years of existence I have seen a black nation take something away from a white nation by force. And I'm glad!" The *Amsterdam News*, however, has been silent concerning a black leader, Nkrumah of Ghana, suppressing black opposition by force.

A major impetus to the spiraling pride of race among American Negroes has, of course, been the swift emergence into power of the independent African na-

tions, and Hicks is far from alone in being uncritical of their admittedly complex transitional periods as they try to establish internal order. The fact, however, that these states do exist has had a profound effect on nearly all Negroes who recall their shame in childhood at seeing American movies about Africa. They cringed at the natives, since they were convinced those primitives reinforced the barbarous cartoons which represented the way most whites looked at all blacks.

Today the African political leader is a source of satisfaction as well as of irony. A few months ago, Dizzy Gillespie went to a Northern airport to meet a Nigerian diplomat. "You should see," he told a friend, "the dignity and respect these Africans get — and they're the same as me. In the crowd with them I was in the clique, and for the first time in my life I felt free! A lot of the white people thought I was African, and man, they were 'tomming' me!"

Among a small but vociferous minority of American Negro militants, Africa has become their primary allegiance. Insisting that Negroes will never be accorded full equality here, they have established such Africa-oriented political organizations as the New Alajo Party in New York's Harlem. Its leader, Ofuntola Oserjeman, proclaims: "Our liberation must be complete. Every technique of slavery must be wiped out. We must begin with our so-called leaders. Support Africanization! Note to men: adopt the African look; cut the brims off your hats, you will look like you should, and less like an imitation . . . Our names, our clothes, our clubs, our churches, our religion, our schools, businesses, holidays, games, arts, manners and customs — all must change!"

These Negro Zionists, however, are fragmented into splinter groups. Much more significant are the equally separatist but much larger and tightly organized Black Muslims who have grown from less than 30,000 in 1959 to over 100,000 with at least 70 temples and missions in some 27 states. Their numbers are drawn mostly from the Negro poor and their credo has distilled the long-dormant pain and hatred of these underground men. The Muslims advocate strict social separation of the races; economic autonomy for the American Negro through his own businesses and banks; a separate educational system concentrating on Negro history and Negro superiority; and eventually, a political enclave of their own that will consist of several states to be paid to American Negroes as indemnity for slavery. In reacting against white stereotypes of the Negro, the Black Muslims create and savor their own caricatures of white men who, according to Elijah Muhammad

("The Messenger of Allah to the Lost-Found Nation of Islam in North America"), are "by nature . . . murderers and liars."

Although the Muslims have made progress in setting up their own businesses and schools, the wild unreality of their ultimate political solution is bound to limit their membership unless the whole American racial situation becomes so irrational that the hundreds of thousands of American Negroes who now sympathize with but do not join the Muslims finally feel there is no longer any realistic hope for their ascent within the larger society and choose Muhammad's demonology in desperation.

"The Muslim movement," James Baldwin has warned, "has all the evidence on its side. Unless one supposes that the ideal of black supremacy has virtues denied to the idea of white supremacy, one cannot possibly accept the deadly conclusions a Muslim draws from this evidence. On the other hand, it is quite impossible to argue with a Muslim concerning the actual state of Negroes in this country; the truth, after all, is the truth." Baldwin wrote this in *The New York Times Magazine*, which is an indication that this raw truth, as he sees it, is at least being disseminated among those who can add new evidence before the Muslims grow appreciably stronger.

One of the newer manifestations of Negro militancy is a string of committees, generally led by young Negro intellectuals, and called by such urgent names as "Freedom Now" or "On Guard for Freedom." One in Atlanta is simply titled "The Now-Nows." They are based in most of the larger cities and while they have not yet fused into a nationally coordinated movement, they keep in contact. These actionists work as pressure groups to spur established Negro leaders into stronger positions and occasionally they organize their own demonstrations against discrimination. They admit no whites because their goal is direction of the Negro masses and they contend they could not gain trust among the most frustrated Negroes if they themselves were integrated. A few have white wives and are finding this a problem. At one New York meeting of various nationalist groups a few months ago, Malcolm X., the shrewd chief strategist for Elijah Muhammad, pointed at two leaders of the "On Guard for Freedom Committee" who are wedded to white girls and thundered, "No one involved in a mixed marriage can speak for Afro-Americans."

These committees consider the Muslims politically ingenuous and regard the N.A.A.C.P. and the Urban League as too "assimilationist" and too slow. They disdain the philosophy of nonviolence that activates C.O.R.E. and Martin Luther King's legions. Their hero is Robert

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A SENSE OF VALUES

article By J. PAUL GETTY

the treadmill scramble for money and status is not the route to real wealth

ABOUT A YEAR AGO, my youngest son, Gordon — then 27 — informed me that he wanted to leave the family business and embark on a career as a composer of serious music, something for which he has always shown considerable talent. As much as I would have liked for Gordon to remain in business with me, I raised no objections. On the contrary, I approved his decision wholeheartedly. I could readily appreciate why he was willing to abandon a highly promising business career to become a composer. And, to tell the truth, I was — and am — very proud of him.

Gordon wants to express himself in his own way, by doing what interests him most, by doing what he believes to be of the most lasting value. While the career he has chosen is not one in which he is likely to find great financial rewards, I believe that he has already found something far more important. He has found himself. He has discovered and defined his own standards of values; he has asserted his individuality and independence. To these extents, Gordon has already achieved a rare degree of success in life.

I have known entirely too many people who spend their lives trying to be what others want them to be and doing what others expect them to do. They force themselves into patterns of behavior which have been established for — and by — people with personalities entirely different from their own. Seeking to conform to those patterns, they dissolve into grotesque, blurred mirror images as they obliterate their individuality to imitate others. Rootless, dissatisfied, they strive frantically — and most often vainly — to find their own identities within the constricting limits of an existence alien to their natures, instincts and innate desires.

"I wanted to be a writer. My father refused to hear of it and insisted I go to law school and become an attorney. I make a good living now, but I'm bored and restless . . ."

"I'd like to sell my business and buy a ranch somewhere, but my wife won't let me because she's afraid it would mean a loss of income and prestige . . ."

"There's nothing I hate more than suburban living. I'd much rather have an apartment in the city, but all the other executives in my firm have homes in the suburbs — so I have to have mine there, too . . ."

"I feel trapped, as though I'm caught up in a pointless rat race. I really don't like or enjoy my work, but I don't know what else I could do and still make as much money as I'm making now . . ."

I've heard such statements as these made with ever-increasing frequency in recent years. Essentially, they are expressions of personal discontent — and

even defeat — but they also reflect a constantly growing social illness of our time.

The post-World War I period was said to have produced a confused, insecure and disillusioned Lost Generation. There is, tragically enough, ample evidence to indicate that the post-World War II era produced a generation which has, in large part, lost its sense of perspective and purpose. It is a generation whose members are prone to substitute flimsy dollars-and-cents price tags for scales of lasting values and who meekly surrender their individuality and even their integrity as human beings. A glaringly obvious manifestation of this can be found in the social phenomenon of status seeking, which has become so widespread and prevalent that it looms as one of the principal motivating forces behind our contemporary social behavior patterns.

Now, I agree that the desire of human beings to rise above the mass and to gain the respect of their fellow men is a basic one. Within certain broad limits and subject to certain self-evident reservations it is a constructive and salutary motivation. The desire to excel has impelled countless individuals to make important contributions to the progress of civilization. But, as more than one observer has noted, the rationale of today's status seeking and the directions it takes are neither constructive nor healthy.

To my way of thinking, status may be defined as a form of recognition an individual's peers award him for above-average contributions to society. It is something that must be earned, a reward for accomplishment that is awarded at a degree proportionate to the value or importance of what the individual contributes toward the common good.

Nowadays, however, the tendency is to equate status almost automatically — and all but exclusively — with financial success. And, it seems that the achievement of status not only is, *per se*, considered an end unto itself, but that for many it has become the sole motivation and the only worthwhile goal.

Vast numbers of people have apparently convinced themselves that the amassing of money and the material things it can buy alone signifies achievement, connotes success and confers status. They pile up money and the material possessions which they believe are solid proofs rather than frail symbols of ability, achievement and success. They accept as manifest truth the shoddy theory that they can gain social position and the respect of others only by outearning and outbuying those around them. They have no interest in building anything but their own bank balances; they are not concerned with values, but only with the dollars-and-

cents prices they pay for their possessions.

I've encountered more concrete examples of this distorted viewpoint than I'd care to count. Quite typical of them was my recent experience with a businessman who paid me a visit in London, arriving with a letter of introduction from a mutual acquaintance in New York. After spending more than two hours boasting about how much money he'd made in the last few years, my visitor informed me that he was on his way to France, where he intended to buy some paintings.

"I've heard that you're quite an art collector," he said. "I thought you could help me out by giving me the names and addresses of some reliable art galleries or dealers from whom I could do my buying."

"Are you interested in paintings from any special period or of any particular school?" I inquired. "Or are you looking for works by some particular artist?"

"It doesn't make any difference to me," the man shrugged impatiently. "I wouldn't know one from another in any case. I just have to buy some paintings — and I have to spend at least \$100,000 for them."

"Why can't you spend less than that?" I asked, puzzled that anyone would set an arbitrary minimum rather than a maximum on what he wanted to spend.

"Oh, it's one of those things," came the straight-faced explanation. "My partner was over here a couple of months ago, and he paid \$75,000 for some pictures. I figure that to make any kind of an impression back home, I've got to top him by at least \$25,000 . . ."

It is easy to see how this man judges values. I strongly suspect that it is also a safe bet that whatever he has done in life, his motives were always just as shallow and trivial as his purely status-seeking reasons for wanting to buy paintings. Unfortunately, there are many people like him. In my opinion, it would be difficult to find justification for their wealth; I do not believe they really earn — or, for that matter, deserve — their money.

I am a stubborn advocate of enlightened free-enterprise Capitalism and the last person in the world to question anyone's fundamental right to achieve financial success. I contend that a person who possesses the imagination and ability to "get rich" and goes about his money-making activities legitimately should be allowed every opportunity to do so. On the other hand, I firmly believe that an individual who seeks financial success should be motivated by much more than merely a desire to amass a personal fortune.

My own father was poor — very poor — in his youth, but he went on to build a business and become a millionaire. He

made a great deal of money during his lifetime, but he did not make it with any intention of caching it away for his own exclusive benefit. He knew the value of money and had very definite ideas about its uses. My father considered his wealth primarily as capital, to be invested for the direct benefit of his employees, associates, stockholders, customers and their families — and for the indirect benefit of the entire public and the nation's economy. His attitude toward his wealth was governed by a maxim he took from Sir Francis Bacon: "No man's fortune can be an end worthy of his being." He loved the challenge of business, but the incentive was not to pile up money, rather to accomplish something lasting. I doubt seriously if his total personal and family expenditures ever exceeded \$30,000 a year — yet, he was probably one of the first businessmen to build swimming pools and provide recreational facilities for his employees.

I learned much from my father and from my experiences in the bare-knuckle school of the oil fields, where a man was judged by his actions, not by the size of his bank balance or the size of his automobile. The lessons taught in the oil fields were blunt and trenchant.

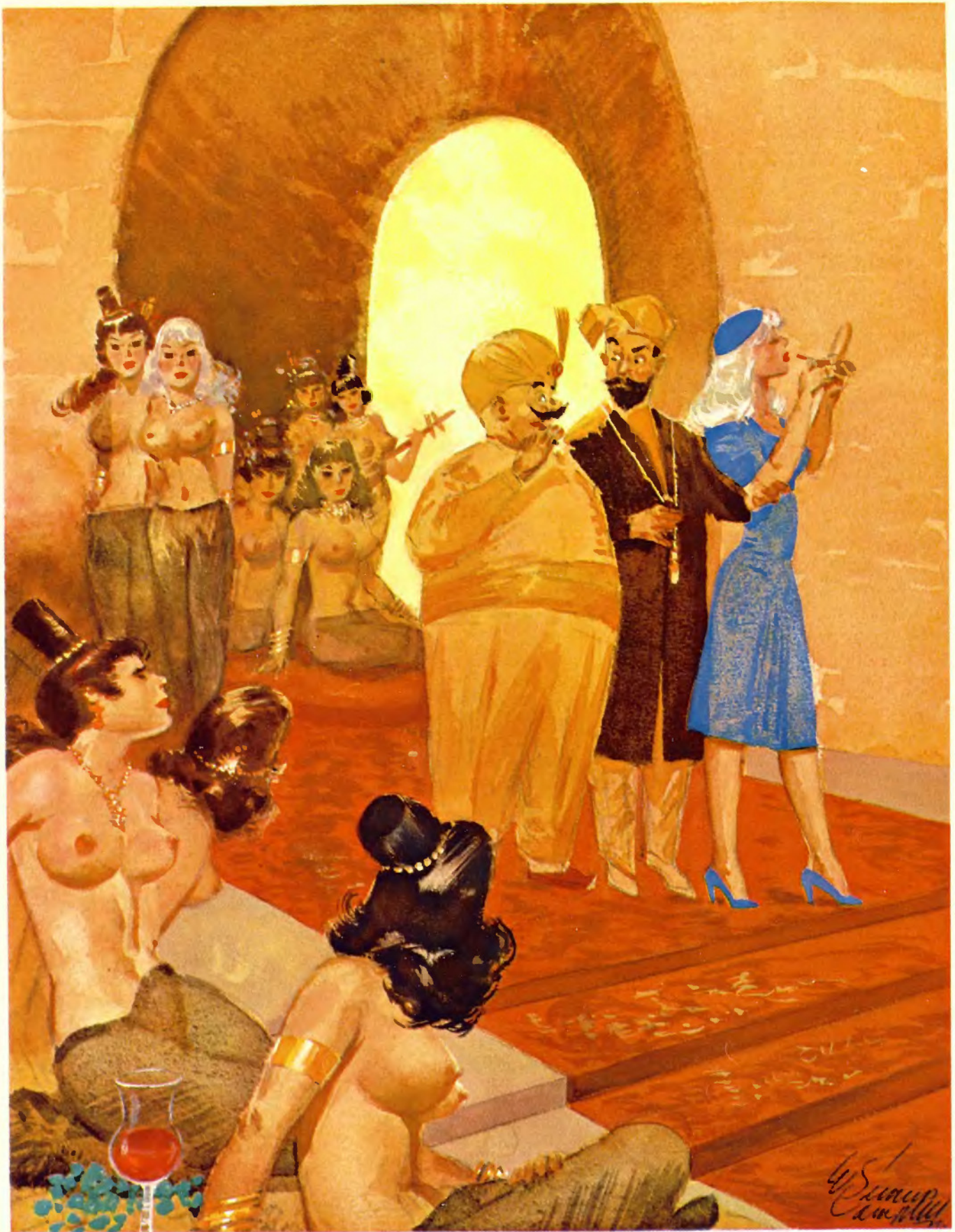
I remember one instance when I hired a new crew to drill a well for me. I'd never worked with any of the men on the crew before. At that time, I was already worth several millions; the men knew this, but they knew very little else about me.

To my annoyance, the crew loafed on the job for several days. I finally realized its members were sizing me up. Once I understood what was wrong, the rest was easy. I took the first chance that presented itself to prove that I could scramble up the rig from floor to crown block as fast as any of the derrick men and that I was able to run a string of rotary tools as well as the drilling superintendent.

"All right, boss — you'll do," one of the drillers grinned after I'd passed my unofficial field trials. "Now it doesn't make any difference how much money you've got. We can get to work." And they did.

The astute, progressive and truly successful businessman does not think of his work primarily in terms of profits. He works to create businesses which not only produce materials, goods or services, but which also, to the greatest extent possible, contribute to the welfare of all. He knows that his business is first of all a working partnership among his employees, stockholders, associates and himself — a partnership in which he supplies a certain share of the capital and provides the direction and inspiration. He thus has a sense of responsibility.

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"If she has a friend, maybe we could work out a little reciprocal trade agreement!"

JANET PILGRIM IN PALM SPRINGS

*playboy's own office playmate spends
her vacation in the california sun*



After a hop from PLAYBOY to Palm Springs, Janet swings into action on the mountain-rimmed courts of the famed Tennis Club. International champs Lew Hoad (below, left) and Jack Kramer (below, right) were fascinated by her flawless form.



WHEN JANET PILGRIM, our illustrious chief of Playboy Reader Service, told us that she planned to spend her vacation in California's fabled Palm Springs, we were about to ask her to send us back a spring or two. But we bit our tongue and hit upon a better idea—a pictorial record of J.P.'s pilgrimage to P.S. We told her that if she wouldn't mind having a PLAYBOY photographer tagging along (lucky fellow) we'd be happy to pick up the tab for her trip. Janet, one of our earliest and most popular Playmates and the only girl ever to become Playmate of the Month on three occasions (July 1955, December 1955 and October 1956), happily accepted the offer. Thus, she had herself a nifty vacation on PLAYBOY, and we—and you—got some fine photos of Pilgrim's progress on an oasis odyssey, as you'll see on these six pages. As in any good tale of the Wild West, Janet's journey was marked by a harrowing moment: on the third evening of her stay, the convertible in which she was riding ran off the Palm Canyon Highway. Walking away from the accident with a broken arm and a few beautiful bruises, Janet said, "I suppose this is the modern equivalent of getting tossed by a bucking broncol!" Roughriding notwithstanding, the Palm Springs Saga ended happily with a well-tanned Janet safely back in the Playboy Building in Chicago, supervising thousands of monthly reader queries on every subject from PLAYBOY fiction to fashion to Playmate of the Month.





Net results of the first afternoon's activity: the start of a well-displayed Palm Springs suntan and a date for the evening. Here, Janet lays out a few mentionables before plunging into an eye-soothing bubble bath. (Although rain is scarce in Palm Springs, cool crystal springs from neighboring mountains furnish enough water to validate the chamber-of-commerce's boast of one swimming pool for every $2\frac{3}{4}$ local citizens.) While the resort is noted for its Great Outdoors, its indoors looked great, too, with Janet on the scene.



Up early the next morning to shop for a native costume, Janet discovers she has a choice, apparely, between Western and Martian styles. Although she was amused by the far-out golfing hats, she rejected them in favor of a pint-sized 10-gallon getup.



Janet's next stop is the wide open spaces of nearby Chino Canyon for some handsome horsing around with Ray Ryan, her host and owner of the Springs' El Mirador Hotel. (Palm Springs comes by its rustic ways naturally; half of it belongs to the prosperous Agua Caliente Indians who got it back from the U.S. Government in 1891.) Above, in full regalia, Janet, no expert equestrienne, comes out a photo-finish second in a hell-for-leather race against Ryan. But, despite the sweeping desert that surrounded them, Ryan readily admitted that when it came to scenic beauty, our gal Pilgrim won in a walk.





Although some wag once labeled Palm Springs "the town where celebrities go to get away from one another," Janet, a celebrity in her own right, had no trouble attracting a galaxy of notables wherever she went. At a roundup party in columnist Bob Considine's rambling ranch house, she chats with movieman Gene Raymond (above, left) and outdraws industrial designer Raymond Loewy (right) by distracting him with her own design. After a sunrise chuck-wagon breakfast with hotelman Ryan (center), Janet returns to El Mirador to find that a good book is no match for a needed nap.







Refreshed and ready for another big day—what's left of it—Janet pops appealingly out of a quick shower before taking a leisurely shopping tour for greeting cards to send to the gang back at PLAYBOY. Ironically, one of the cards she chose pictured a girl with her arm in a sling. (Its message read: "I wasn't going to stay so long—but they twisted my arm.")



Back at the hotel, Janet demonstrates that there's many a slip between a dress rehearsal and curtain time at Palm Springs' posh Starlite Room (above). There, her date for the evening was champion track-and-field man Parry O'Brien. It was later that same night that Janet and Parry found themselves staring at the stars through the cracked window of an overturned convertible. He was uninjured, but the accident broke the evening's spell, and Janet's arm. Janet spent much of the rest of her vacation mending in the sun, but her Springs friends surprised her with a big "cast party" before sending her home to PLAYBOY.

RIGHT MAN (continued from page 63)

Millikin. Yes. I *have* been working hard, sir."

"Good. That was our impression."

Millikin was silent for perhaps five seconds. He regarded Guy intently. Then he flipped the file shut, leaned back in his chair, and smiled warmly.

"Lucey, I think you have a good future here, too. I've been going over your aptitude tests—the ones you took when you joined the company, and before you went up to Scale 8. They indicate a good, healthy amount of company orientation and other-directedness."

Guy looked puzzled.

"I'll put that in plainer language, Lucey. You're a good company man. Now, about these tests that you'll be taking. We have about 30,000 employees, including plant personnel all over the country. Here in the General Office there are over 2000 men, ranging from the Chairman of the Board down to the newest trainee. My job is to try to balance these 2000 men—in other words, to find the right men for the right jobs."

Millikin paused to light a cigarette, and Guy hastened to light one for himself.

Millikin continued. "And that's where these psychological tests come in, Lucey. They take out the guesswork. My judgment, just from talking with a man, certainly can't be 100 percent accurate. After all," and Millikin smiled warmly again, ". . . you can't tell a book from its cover, can you?"

"No sir, I guess not."

"What's your personal opinion about these tests, Lucey? Got any resistance to them?"

"Well, frankly sir, I wonder just . . . what I mean is, I read *The Organization Man*, and I . . ."

"Fine, fine, most interesting book. I'd say it might be a bit radical, personnel-wise, but *interesting*."

"Yes sir. I mean, I really think if the tests are valid, why I'm all for them. I don't mind them at all."

"Good. Because you have three days ahead that'll be full of tests."

Mr. Millikin got up, strolled to his window and gazed out.

"Now then, you're probably wondering why, so close on the heels of your last advancement in duties and pay, we are considering you for something else. As I said, I can't be completely explicit at this point, but I *can* tell you that this will be a special assignment. We need one man—just one, for the job."

He turned, looked at Guy.

"I'll be administering the tests personally"—Guy's eyebrows went up; usually Mr. Millikin assigned this work to one of his many assistants—"due to the extreme importance of this particular project. Do you have any questions?"

"Sir, I do, but I guess they'll wait. Until you can give me some more details, that is."

"Right. Well, then, Lucey, that's all for today. You've passed your first hurdle without even knowing it. This interview. I have my own personal criteria, and your answers, your attitude, your bearing—all these tell me, 'This might be the man.' Good day, Lucey. Please be in my conference room tomorrow morning at 10. We'll start the tests then."

. . .

On the commuting train that night, Guy sat at his regular table in the club car with three fellow Greater United men, Reg Paige, Steve Herman and Joe Collyer. They worked in the same building, although in different departments, they rode the train together, and they lived in the same suburban development in New Jersey.

Guy related what had happened during the day.

"And you have no idea what kind of job Millikin has in mind?"

"Nope."

"But those goddamn tests, Guy," Steve Herman said. "In Public Relations we don't have to take them, and if we did I think I'd quit. I think they stink."

Guy looked at Steve, who was a New Frontier Democrat and was considered the radical of their little group.

"Steve, I don't like 'em either. But like old Millikin says, he has to find the right man for the right job. And the tests are guideposts, so to speak."

"Guideposts, schmidposts."

"Guy's right, Steve," said Reg Paige. "They're scientifically valid."

"And what the hell," said Joe Collyer. "You can't fight city hall."

That night, it took Guy a long time to get to sleep. There was something very strange about this, he thought. He knew that he worked hard and well; he also knew that he was not one of those industrial boy wonders. Finally, he slept, to dream from time to time of blank test forms floating beyond his reach—just far enough so that he could not read the questions. And then they were gone.

. . .

The next day the tests began. They were much like the many others he had taken from the time he began working for Greater United Foods. Multiple-choice questions, running mostly to things such as:

"If you could be successful in one of the following vocations, which would you choose? (a) museum curator, (b) farmer, (c) salesman, (d) dancing teacher."

Or, "Which of the following do you prefer? (a) symphony music, (b)

jazz music, (c) news broadcasts."

The tests filled the first and second days completely, draining Guy of energy and patience. Millikin was secretive, but pleasant, like a dentist in the reception room. And the tests went on.

When Guy got up the third, last day, he was very tired.

At the breakfast table, his wife said, "Honey, can you take a day off after this is over? Relax a little bit?"

"Don't know." Guy sipped his coffee, bit at a loose fragment of fingernail. "Frankly, this is driving me nuts. Not knowing, I mean. Maybe today . . ."

"Daddy," the six-year-old said, and Guy smiled at her. "I like kindergarten. Can I have one of my new friends over for dinner?"

"Sure, honey."

"Can I have *two* over?"

"You talk to your mommy about that."

"I want to go to kindergarten, too," the four-year-old said.

"Guy, I do hope you can take some time and rest. You haven't been playing with the girls, reading to them. And they miss it."

Guy closed his eyes and tightened his lips. "Gwen, I said that I'd try. And I will, dear."

As Guy left the house, he hugged each of his pretty daughters and kissed his wife. Then he kissed her again, hard. "I love you, Gwen. The strain'll be over soon. Wish me luck."

"Luck, Guy."

And he went out to the car, and on to the station, and in to New York.

. . .

Guy finished the last test shortly before lunch.

"Get a fast sandwich and be back here in the conference room by one," Mr. Millikin said, as he took the test papers. "Then we'll have a final personal interview."

When Guy returned, there were three other men waiting with Mr. Millikin.

"Mr. Lucey, this is Mr. Simpson, our Marketing V.P., and Mr. McQuinn, Executive Vice-President. And this is Dr. Burgundy, an industrial psychologist and consultant to Greater United."

Guy shook hands all around. He had never met any of the men before, although he had seen Mr. McQuinn and Mr. Simpson from time to time around the building. The other man, Dr. Burgundy, was a complete stranger. He was a large man, Guy noticed, with a curiously melancholy face.

"Now then, Lucey, we have a few questions to ask you," Mr. Millikin said. "Please relax, talk freely, we're all on the same payroll here . . ." Everyone chuckled, except Dr. Burgundy.

"First," said Mr. McQuinn, "You consider yourself a pretty hard worker,

(continued on page 98)

fiction By H. C. NEAL **WHO SHALL DWELL ...**

the choice of redemption was his as armageddon screamed upon them

IT CAME ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON and that was good, because if it had happened on a weekday the father would have been at work and the children at school, leaving the mother at home alone and the whole family disorganized with hardly any hope at all. They had prayed that it would never come, ever, but suddenly here it was.

The father, a slender, young-old man, slightly stooped from years of labor, was resting on the divan and half-listening to a program of waltz music on the radio. Mother was in the kitchen preparing a chicken for dinner and the younger boy and girl were in the bedroom drawing crude pictures of familiar (continued on page 110)



The Homebody

YOU'RE KIDDING.



NO, I'M NOT. WHY DO YOU THINK I'M KIDDING?

YOU STILL LIVE AT HOME?



MY PARENTS AND I GET ALONG VERY WELL. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?

NOTHING! DID I SAY ANYTHING WAS WRONG? COMON, YOU HAVE TO BE KIDDING.



HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF GOOD FAMILY RELATIONS? I'M NOT SUCH A FREAK YOU KNOW! WHY DOES EVERYONE TRY TO MAKE ME FEEL WRONG?

YOU REALLY STILL LIVE AT HOME? YOU'RE BEING SERIOUS NOW.



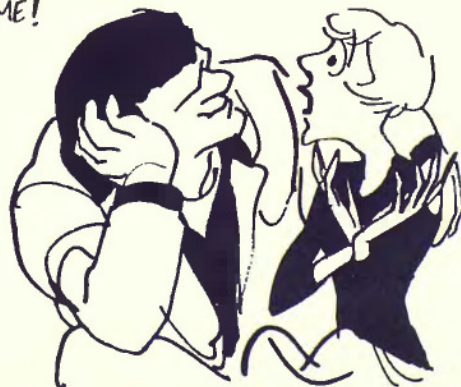
WE DO HAVE DIFFERENCES. WHAT FAMILY DOESN'T? BUT I'M NOT LIKE MY SISTER. I CHOOSE NOT TO RUN AWAY.

YOU'RE PUTTING ME ON! ADMIT IT!



I THINK THAT RUNNING AWAY DOESN'T SOLVE ANYTHING. I GIVE A LITTLE AND THEY GIVE A LITTLE. SOMEBODY HAS TO MAKE UP FOR THE HEARTBREAK JANET'S CAUSED THEM.

YOU KNOW, YOU'VE ALMOST GOT ME BELIEVING YOU. YOU DO LIVE AT HOME!



WHY SHOULD TWENTY-NINE BE AN ARBITRARY AGE TO MOVE OUT? WITHOUT ME WHO WOULD THEY HAVE LEFT?

LOOK- I'M NOT SAYING A WORD! SO ITS THAT WAY ABOUT YOU AND LIVING AT HOME, HUH?



LET JANET RUN AROUND HAVING ALL THE FUN. SOMEBODY HAS TO BE RESPONSIBLE. DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT WOULD DO TO MY PARENTS IF I MOVED IN WITH HER?

HEY, YOU CAN TELL ME. YOU'RE KIDDING- HUH? YOU'RE KIDDING-



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT REAL HEARTBREAK IS. THEY KNOW THE KIND OF LIFE JANET LEADS. IF I MOVED IN WITH HER THEY'D - THEY'D-

YOU MUST BE KIDDING!



WILD PARTIES - OUT TILL ALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT. BOY-FRIENDS ALL OVER THE PLACE. I'M THE RESPONSIBLE ONE, YOU KNOW. WILD PARTIES -

NOBODY STILL LIVES AT HOME.



SHE USED TO LISTEN TO ME. I BET I STILL HAVE INFLUENCE OVER HER.

YOU DO, HUH? YOU REALLY LIVE AT HOME.



IF I DID MOVE IN WITH JANET I BET I COULD MAKE HER SETTLE DOWN! THAT CERTAINLY OUGHT TO PLEASE MY PARENTS!

I KNEW IT! YOU DON'T STILL LIVE AT HOME!



I'LL TELL THEM TONIGHT! THEY'LL BE DELIGHTED!

JULES FEATHER

*"They tell me this nightie is a mixture
of nylon, dactron, orlon and come-on."*



Vargas

THE CRAFTY LOVER



Ribald Classic

a new translation from La Fontaine's *Contes et Nouvelles*


A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN once took into his household a lovely serving maid to whom he quickly taught the game of love. Well equipped for the sport she was, young, lithe and full of *joie de vivre*.

One morning early, the man stole out of bed while his wife still slept and went down to the garden where the maid was cutting a bouquet for madam, it being her birthday. Seeing the flowers, the master of the house began to praise their beauty and fragrance, all the while comparing them unfavorably to the exquisite charms of the maid herself. As his hands caressed the maid, she began to struggle, as all women do (being ever so careful *not* to interfere with the man's progress). Some kisses later the two were taking their pleasure on the warm garden earth.

The trouble was that their performance had been witnessed by a gossipy neighbor woman peering from her window. The husband, seeing the curtains moving, said to the maid, "We have been discovered, my dear, but fear not."

So saying, he hastened up to his bedchamber where his wife still lay in sleep. Awakening her, he led her down to the garden on the pretense of cutting her a bouquet for her birthday. Once there, he began the game he had played earlier with the maid. The same fumbling, the same ineffectual defense on the part of his wife led to the same earthy result.

That evening when the neighbor dropped in, ostensibly to extend her birthday wishes to madam, she quickly drew the good wife aside and started whispering rapidly and earnestly to her. The husband, who could well surmise what the woman was saying, was delighted to hear his wife repeat several times, choking with laughter, "But, my dear friend, it was I!"

—Translated by D. Taylor Brook 

RACIAL LOOKING GLASS (continued from page 70)

Williams, a former N.A.A.C.P. chapter head in Monroe, North Carolina, who was removed from his position by that organization for arming Negroes in his city against white marauders. After a complicated situation involving Williams' alleged kidnapping of a white couple in Monroe during a day of racial skirmishes, Williams fled to Cuba. He remains, however, a bristling symbol to those young Negroes who feel, as one has said, "We have no other cheeks to turn. We Afro-Americans will be heard by any means you make it necessary for us to use."

Calvin Hicks, chairman of the board of the On Guard for Freedom Committee in New York, laid it on the line before a mixed meeting of liberals in New York last fall. "We are," he said, "engaged in a cleansing process, an internal rebellion against the black Uncle Toms and also against the white liberals and radicals for whom the Negro has existed as a social illustration rather than a person. And you," he looked at the earnest young white members of the Young Peoples Socialist League in the front rows, "will have to suffer because we cannot trust any of you any longer. Sure, we'll make mistakes and there may be ugliness in our militance, but you cannot expect a man to wallow around in the mud for 300 years and come up saintly."

In this last respect, Hicks was emphasizing an unpalatable but inevitable fact. It is unrealistic to expect all American Negroes to forgive and forget their history in this country without at least a decade and probably more of emotional catharsis. Kenneth Clark, a psychology professor at C.C.N.Y. — on whose studies the Supreme Court partially based its 1954 school desegregation decision — expresses the hope of Negro and white integrationists that the storm must eventually subside because "Hate is an extremely difficult emotion to sustain over a prolonged period of time."

Yet there are other close observers of American race relations who share Clark's opinion but who also agree with Morroe Berger, Associate Professor of Sociology at Princeton, that up to a point, "Hate is very often useful. What has happened on this question of hate is that we have gotten a glimpse into the Negro community . . . The whites have not known what the Negroes were thinking and now . . . white people are beginning to find that Negroes are very critical, very bitter, and many of them hate whites."

It would have been educational, for example, for whites to observe the differences in reactions to the 1958 movie *The Defiant Ones* in Negro neighborhoods from their own. At the movie's end, Sidney Poitier, a convict on the edge of freedom, chooses to reject his escape

route and instead rescue his white companion. Liberal whites were moved at so noble a gesture of reconciliation. Some Negro audiences, outraged, yelled at the screen, "Get back on the train, you fool!"

In sum, there can be no organic resolution of racial divisions until this reservoir of fury is recognized by responsible white and Negro leaders. A British professor of psychology, John Cohen, has suggested that one way of relieving international tensions is to play a game he calls "role reversal." Americans, for example, should try to imagine themselves Russians, and the reverse should take place. The aim of role reversal, says Cohen, "is not necessarily to convince, but to communicate."

For those American whites who would like to try to imagine being Negro, columnist P. L. Prattis of the *Negro Pittsburgh Courier* has started the game for his side in a blunt message to Negroes: "Just suppose we took *our* freedom as seriously as our white fellow Americans take theirs, or the freedom of West Berliners." If Negroes did, Prattis continues, would not "all of us small-fry Negroes tell all the *big* Negroes like Roy Wilkins, Martin Luther King . . . and others who lead the pack: 'We're tired of just playing around trying to get along with those white people . . . We want our freedom NOW, or we're going to make it mighty rough for somebody with those homemade, short-range bombs we have stashed in our cellars?'"

Prattis does not mean there actually is a large, secret arsenal ready for a racial Armageddon. He is, however, verbalizing a fantasy that has occurred to many Negroes and that might well occur to whites in a game of role reversal.

A major concern, therefore, of Negro leaders who want these wounds to heal and not to fester is that this bitterness, however therapeutic, may roar out of control and cause new and deeper chasms. For this reason as well as for the sake of simple justice, even previously "moderate" Negroes are agreed that unless progress toward full equality is markedly accelerated, the Black Muslims and similar products of despair will continue to grow in strength.

Also potentially dangerous are those still unaffiliated, unskilled and chronically underemployed Negroes who have become distrustful of all organized power groups, racist or integrationist. These pockets of hopeless rage are not unaffected by the winds of change, and individuals among them can finally explode in violence. A few months ago, a white man was stabbed to death on the steps of a Brooklyn church. The murderer, a 29-year-old, unemployed Negro laborer, told police, "I killed him because I felt like it. I killed him because he was white. I don't know why I did it.

I want to save my race."

The immediate cause of this man's frustration — and that of millions of Negroes — is economic discrimination. Most whites do not fully realize the height of economic barriers. As of the 1960 census, the Negro population has grown to 18,871,831. In the past 20 years, it has increased 46.7 percent while the overall population gain was 35.7 percent. Now 10.5 percent of the population, Negroes earn less than five percent of the nation's income. Furthermore, in the last decade, unemployment among Negroes has never dropped below 10 percent as contrasted with an average of five percent for the total population.

The majority of Negro workers, prevented by local employer prejudice and by discriminatory union rules from entering skilled vocations, perform not only the most menial, lowest-paying work with the least seniority; but they are involved in precisely the kind of job that is rapidly disappearing as automation and other technological improvements increase (some 2,000,000 of these jobs now vanish annually). The result, as labor writer Michael Harrington has observed in *Commonweal*, is that more and more Negroes over 40 "will certainly never find another job as good and may well be condemned to job instability for the rest of their lives."

The young Negro entering the labor market finds the same obstacles — very often union-made — toward learning a craft. Throughout the country, Negroes make up less than two percent of the apprentices in the various trade-union training programs for skilled jobs. "It's almost easier," says Gus Edwards of the Urban League, "for a colored kid to become a nuclear physicist than it is for him to be a plumber." The Negro worker, in short, is caught in a circle of inadequacies. Prevented by union and employer prejudice from acquiring skills, he is indeed less qualified on the average for advanced employment opportunities when they do occur.

Moreover, as Dr. James Conant has indicated in his book *Slums and Suburbs*, and in many speeches to educational associations, there is the further inflammable fact that unemployment among all youth under 20 is currently 20 percent. "The problem," he emphasizes, "of unemployed youth in the large cities is in no small part a Negro problem . . . The existence in the slums . . . of thousands of youths . . . who are both out of school and out of work is an explosive situation. It is social dynamite."

Realizing that rootless Negro youth and despairing older Negro workers make easy prey for the racist demagogues on street corners, Negro labor and civic leaders have hardened their stands and all agree that this is going to be a decade of unremitting, organized pressure for basic change. On New Year's Day of

1962, A. Philip Randolph, who founded the Negro American Labor Council in 1959 because the A.F.L.-C.I.O. was not moving fast enough to democratize its affiliates, told a church audience in Harlem that the Negro must organize for power because "there are no reserved seats. You keep what you can take." The same audience was told by an executive member of the North Carolina N.A.A.C.P. that political power must be accumulated along with economic force. "You may look free," he told the New York Negroes, "but you are just as subordinated as we in the South."

The N.A.A.C.P. as a whole, bristling at charges from young Negro intellectuals and Southern direct actionists that it has become too "soft," is increasingly militant. Although high N.A.A.C.P. officials have criticized those who overstress demonstrations when the long-term successes are to be won in the courts, Roy Wilkins, N.A.A.C.P. executive secretary, has reached the point at which he too speaks of the "growing disenchantment of the Negro community with sweet reason and with customary channels."

This past January, President Kennedy sent a message of congratulations to Wilkins on the occasion of a dinner in the latter's honor. Wilkins brushed off the President's praise, telling Kennedy that the N.A.A.C.P. regarded his first year's record on civil rights "disappointing"

because Kennedy had made the "basic error" of approaching the problem by executive action alone instead of pressing for legislative redress. The *Amsterdam News* was ecstatic in approval. "Show me," wrote editor James Hicks, "another Negro leader who will stand up and give the President of the United States hell just 24 hours after the President has got through saying 'this is my kind of colored boy.'"

Representatives of the Kennedy Administration have tried to reason with the N.A.A.C.P., pointing out, among other evidences of progress, the increase in Negro attorneys in the Justice Department during the past year from 10 to 50. One answer, impatient and sounding not too dissimilar from what a Black Muslim might say, came from Clarence Mitchell, director of the N.A.A.C.P.'s Washington bureau: "The Republicans and the Democrats don't want to give us civil rights, but the big difference is that the Democrats have more Negroes who can explain why we don't need such rights."

The day of accommodating Negro leaders, men willing to accept partial gains now for promise of more to come, is nearly over. Among those tolling their end is the Reverend Ralph Abernathy, a Montgomery, Alabama, minister and close associate of Martin Luther King in the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. "For too long," Abernathy told

a Nashville rally of nonviolent demonstrators, "we have been invited downtown, the big Baptist preacher, the Methodist Bishop, the Negro undertaker and one or two other Negroes. In a hotel, the Chamber of Commerce serves us tea and cookies, and the Negroes have eaten all the cookies and drunk up all the tea and the white men have said, 'We wouldn't mind giving you this integration if all of the Negroes were like you! But you are different from the rest.' They leave the meeting with their chests stuck out, saying to themselves, 'You know, we *are* different from the rest of those Negroes.' The time has passed for us to sell our people out for a cup of tea and a cookie! . . . I get so sick and tired of traveling across the country and Negroes coming up to me with their chests stuck out: 'I'm the only Negro in the City Council.' 'I'm the only somebody on a committee.' We don't want no only anything! You don't have anything to boast of until you can get five or six Negroes on the City Council. Then let me hear you boast. Here we don't have but four Negro Congressmen in the United States of America — and we boast about the only this and the only other."

The kind of Negro described by Abernathy is on the defensive in Negro communities everywhere. His main bastion used to be in the South, but as an aftermath of the sit-ins and freedom rides by

Men! It's
Old Spice
deodorant

now in
spray

...with new
fine-mist
action

...protects
up to
72 hours!



New wide-angle, fast-action spray. New ingredient Allodrin* gives you protection that won't wash off. Never sticky. Dries fast. 1.00 plus tax.

Same great protection also in new Old Spice Roll-On Deodorant. *Trademark • Also available in Canada

SHULTON

Negroes of a new generation, the older gradualists are also changing. After hundreds of Negroes were imprisoned in Albany, Georgia, last winter during a demonstration, a wealthy Negro real estate man in that city told a *Wall Street Journal* reporter: "This jailing was a wonderful thing. Before it happened, I guess we professional people were inclined to go along with the whites. We wanted to keep the masses pacified. We didn't come in contact with day-to-day segregation. The white people we meet are usually interested in selling us, and we don't use the buses or feel any economic pressure. It was easy to forget the lives most Negroes have to live." In Jackson, Mississippi, a Negro attorney added: "When the freedom riders kept coming into Jackson, I thought that was not the right method. But since the overall picture has developed, C.O.R.E. and the other young people have done more to advance the cause of civil rights in the state than anything in the last 25 years. Even the 1954 Supreme Court decision, great as it was, did not arouse the Negro community like this did."

Nor is this stiffening of racial pride limited to the North or to those Southern cities that have been invaded by the direct actionists. In the small town of Elmore, South Carolina, there used to be an annual Christmas parade which was climaxed by Santa Claus tossing candy and toys to all the children in sight. In fact, says Negro reporter John McCray, the adult Negroes "had considered whites a sort of Santa Claus. White men gave them jobs, made them loans for crops, farm implements, and food and clothing for their families. They handed down discarded wearing apparel and excess food and scraps from their tables. Then came the U.S. Supreme Court's decision."

After 60 Negro parents in Elmore had joined in a petition for desegregation of the schools, Negro workers began to be fired and farmers lost their credit. At the end of the 1955 Christmas parade, Santa Claus threw gifts only to the white children. Ever since, there have been separate Santa Clauses in Elmore. "To hell with all white people now," said an elder of the Negro community a couple of years ago. "We know they ain't no damned Santa Claus."

With moderation and Santa Claus discredited, the prognosis for the immediate future is a diversity of uncompromising tactics. As one strategist in Tennessee puts it: "Racism will be eliminated when Afro-Americans make life really inconvenient for anyone in our way. And I mean racism on both sides. If we — who want to be a fully participating part of American life — win, the Muslims and the disaffiliated intellectuals will be isolated. If we do not succeed quickly and completely enough, we're all in trouble."

One weapon which will be increasingly employed is the boycott. In the past

25 years, it has been used only intermittently in the North, but during the sit-ins, "selective buying campaigns" in the South startled Negroes as well as whites by the extent of their effectiveness. In Savannah, one such boycott caused retail sales in some large stores to drop as much as 50 percent. Last year, 400 Negro ministers in Philadelphia convinced at least one-third of that city's 700,000 Negroes to join in a "selective patronage" program which forced a baking company, a major soft-drink concern, and an oil and gas colossus to upgrade employment opportunities for Negroes.

In North Carolina, the N.A.A.C.P. threatened a statewide boycott against all A&P stores that did not hire Negroes as cashiers. The A&P has begun to yield. A decision to picket a Coca-Cola bottling plant in Champaign, Illinois, was called off after the company president agreed that the "next driver-salesman hired here by Coke will be a Negro." In New York, the state N.A.A.C.P. has instituted a selective buying campaign focused on three prominent cigarette manufacturers because all have barred Negroes from apprentice training programs. When the manager of a linen service in Albany, Georgia, proclaimed that he was going to fire any of his Negro employees who had engaged in desegregation demonstrations, Negro barbers told him they would no longer be his customers. The manager changed his mind.

Also certain to spread, especially in the North, are C.O.R.E.-style sit-ins against housing discrimination. As responsible a housing expert as Harris L. Present, chairman of the New York City Council on Housing Location, is convinced that "the time has come in the City of New York where the techniques used by the freedom riders and sit-in demonstrators will have to be applied to get more equitable treatment for tenants." Meanwhile, after growing success in the East, C.O.R.E. has already begun a "Freedom Dweller" campaign in Chicago in addition to another in Los Angeles.

So sensitive, in fact, is the Negro community becoming to discrimination that the New York branch of the N.A.A.C.P. recently got into trouble with its membership for having a Cadillac as a door prize at a fund-raising dance. Negro salesmen for other auto concerns complained that Cadillac's employment policy excluded them. Other members — as in the case of Joe Louis and the watermelon — objected because, as one said, "Negroes have too long been identified with a yearning for a Cadillac as a status symbol." It was too late to send the car back, but the head of the chapter promised the incident would not be repeated.

Concerted political action is also increasing. The Negro press is not letting the President forget that he received 80 percent of the 3,000,000 Negro votes cast in 1960. In city after city, candidates are

being measured by more and more Negro voters in terms of their positions on immediate projects to expand Negro opportunities. Much credit for the narrow win of New Jersey Governor Richard J. Hughes over former Secretary of Labor James Mitchell is given to Phil Weightman, an insistent integrationist who organized a huge registration campaign for Hughes among New Jersey's Negroes.

In Detroit, Jerome Cavanagh, a political unknown, defeated the incumbent mayor, Louis C. Miriani, even though the latter was supported by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Negro voters turned against Miriani in protest against police brutality and against the mayor's silence on a proposal made just before the mayoralty campaign by Negro City Councilman William Patrick that would have strengthened the antidiscrimination powers of the city's community relations commission. In the November vote for the Council, Patrick himself rose from seventh to third place in total number of ballots. Political writer R. J. Widick concluded in *New America*: "The exceedingly high vote in the Negro and working class districts put an end to the theory that 'you don't have to worry about them, they won't vote,' a theory that infuriated Negro leaders in Detroit who were determined once and for all to break through the benevolent paternalism with which too many people, including some top labor leaders, have treated them."

The first Republican municipal victory in Louisville in 28 years last November was largely due to Negro bitterness at reigning Democrats who had refused to desegregate public accommodations. In addition, a Negro, Mrs. Amelia Tucker, became the first Negro woman to be elected to a Southern state legislature since Reconstruction. Negroes already have the majority of the vote — 57 percent — in Atlanta, and were responsible last year for the election of a liberal mayor as against a segregationist.

Negroes are now served at lunch counters in Savannah because enough of them bloc-voted to throw out a slate of city officials who had opposed integrating the eating places. In Durham, North Carolina, Negroes form 25 percent of the population but turn out 30 percent of the vote. Accordingly, public schools are beginning to be integrated and Negroes are being hired by, as well as served at, downtown lunch counters. More Negroes, moreover, are to be found on public boards and commissions. John Wheeler, Negro president of the Mechanics & Farmers Bank in Durham, says flatly: "I can't point to anything here that we got that didn't have pressure in the background. The political structure here listens to us because we have a strong balance of power."

In the deep South, fear still keeps many Negroes from registering, and apathy born of hopelessness holds down the

number of voters in the North. Nonetheless, the percentage of Negroes everywhere who are being persuaded to register by the N.A.A.C.P., the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee is inexorably rising. White politicians are increasingly conscious that Negroes can push them off the public payroll. In New York City, the local Republican organization was sorely distressed last summer at the lead paragraph in the *Amsterdam News*' report of a campaign dinner for the Republican candidate for mayor: "If Governor Nelson Rockefeller, State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz and other state and city Republican leaders expect to win elections this year or next, they are going to have to improve on their race relations . . . Not only did the GOP State Committee not have a single Negro on the program, but there wasn't even a token Negro among 61 persons seated on the dais at the dinner."

Nonseparatist Negro leaders are as intransigent in fighting for equal rights in education as they are in making their political weight felt. They are disturbed at the fact that eight years after the Supreme Court school decision, only seven percent of Negro pupils in the South are in mixed classes. When the border states are omitted, that figure drops to one percent. They are equally angered by the less-publicized phenomenon of "resegregation." As whites move to the suburbs and leave neighborhoods into which Negroes are finally being admitted, newly desegregated schools quickly become nearly all-Negro in such cities as Washington, Baltimore, St. Louis, Oklahoma City and Miami. There is now more segregation in the Baltimore and St. Louis school systems than before the 1954 decision.

As a result, there will be mounting campaigns for Federal open-housing laws and executive orders to that effect. The core of prejudice everywhere is lack of neighborhood, day-to-day contact between the races as equals. Meanwhile, there is an increasingly fierce struggle against the extension of segregation-by-neighborhood to the schools, and this fight is beginning to awaken many Northern whites to Negroes' impatience with gradualism. The school board of New Rochelle in New York State has not yet fully recovered from the shock of a federal judge telling it that it had been operating a segregated school system through its venerable "neighborhood policy" of allocating children to schools.

Agitation in New York City is rising. Although an "open enrollment" plan now allows elementary and junior high school children to transfer to a mixed school outside of their neighborhoods, that plan does not cover high schools. Ninety percent of the Negro pupils at high school level are assigned to 20 per-

cent of the city's high schools. Last year a suit was filed against the Board of Education to end this practice, because fewer Negro parents are willing to wait until they can move their families into integrated neighborhoods. Their children are in school *now*, and now is when they want changes made. Already the Superintendent of Schools has promised major concessions, and the suit has been dropped.

Court action has been started to abolish neighborhood boundary policies in the Chicago and Detroit school systems, and other cities are on the list. Leading many of these actions is New York attorney Paul Zuber who asserts: "The North must realize that the 'New Negro' that they have read about in the South is becoming ever present in Northern states." Zuber, too, is making use of the "role reversal" game in his speeches. "If white people," Zuber has stated, "were compelled to live in a society where new legislation would determine whether or not their historical rights were going to be protected, new legislation would be the first order of every state legislature and city council in the Northern states."

In view of this mood, it was no surprise when Negro leaders united to condemn Dr. James Conant's resistance to bursting through neighborhood boundary lines in schooling. Conant feels that it is more important to improve slum schools than to "effect token integration by transporting pupils across attendance lines." The essence of the counterargument was given by Samuel Pierce, a Negro member of the New York City Board of Educa-

tion: "If a Negro never gets an opportunity to associate or compete mentally in the classroom with whites when he is young, he may well grow up feeling inadequate, insecure and inferior when he has to compete with whites later on in life. The result will be that he will not, because of this psychological factor, be able to compete successfully. The obvious consequence will be a limitation on Negro progress and a retardation of the integration process."

"Now Conant is an intelligent and conscientious man," said a Negro judge, "and yet he still could not understand that simple a point. This controversy shows how much you whites still have to learn."

Another drive just starting is an insistence that textbooks be radically changed to omit distortions about the Negro and to cover much more fully the richness and complexity of Afro-American achievements and of pre-colonial civilization in Africa itself. In a Cleveland high school that is 95 percent Negro, a pupil finally asked her history teacher last fall, "Sir, why do these history books always show us picking cotton? I have *never* been in a cotton field in my life."

A recent survey by the Anti-Defamation League on the way minorities are treated in secondary school textbooks makes a point that has yet to occur to many whites but is a gnawing source of dissatisfaction among Negroes: "Historically, American Negroes continue to be portrayed primarily as simple, childlike slaves and as uneducated, bewildered



"The Little Old Winemaker — that's who!"

freedmen. Most textbooks do not chronicle the achievements of this people in the years from 1876 to the present. Where attention is given to outstanding Negroes in American history, the presentation is insufficient to counterbalance the previously created stereotype of a racially inferior group."

"I once asked a white teacher when I was in grade school," says a Muslim leader, "about my people's history. She told me we didn't have any."

As a group, textbook publishers are notoriously unwilling to antagonize any section of the country and have consequently been largely reluctant to act on criticisms of Negro coverage in history and social science texts. It is a safe prediction, however, that many publishers will yield by the end of the decade, and probably before then. More Negroes are being elected to school boards and more Negro parents are prepared to keep their children out of school for the sake of principle and strategy.

The inescapable point is that even if they wanted to — and they do not — Negro leaders cannot let up on the pressures they are applying in any of these areas because they in turn are being pushed. No Negro leader is immune to charges of softness. A. Philip Randolph has single-handedly forced George Meany to invite the once "outlaw" Negro American Labor Council to work with the A.F.L.-C.I.O. in ending union discrimination. Randolph continues to dramatize the gulf between labor's promises and results and will not let "big labor" rest. Yet a Negro nationalist paper, *African News and Views*, referred scornfully last November to the fact that Randolph's Pullman Porters Union employs a white lawyer, a white auditor and a white economist, and that it leases space in Harlem from a white landlord. "If a camel driver," the newspaper continued, "could come all the way from Pakistan and become the owner of a deed to one square inch of land in Texas, certainly the Pullman Porters could become owners of at least one square foot of real estate in Harlem where they have been located for more than 30 years."

Nor is Martin Luther King safe from criticism from his own followers. In the past year, although King remains a very meaningful symbol to many college students in the "movement," there have been sounds of dissatisfaction. King has been charged with lack of administrative ability and, more seriously, with lack of fire. He concedes there is some truth to both accusations. A shy man, he would prefer a much more contemplative life than he is now forced to lead, and he is more skilled in theology than in the tactics of social dislocation. "One of my weaknesses as a leader," he has said, "is that I am too courteous and I'm not candid enough. However, I feel that my softness has helped in one respect: peo-

ple have found it easy to become reconciled around me."

In any case, King has no intention of withdrawing from the battle. His Southern Christian Leadership Conference is intensifying its projects to get Negroes registered in the South. C.O.R.E. is also expanding its activities, and there will be more waves of Freedom Riders. A newer force, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, represents the toughest cadre of nonviolent commandos in the South. Most of its basic staff of 16 are Negro college students who have pledged to stay out of school for at least a year. They work in the rural vastnesses of Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana.

"Snick," as the committee is called, insists that its workers live among the Negroes they are trying to register. "The people we deal with," says one of its organizers, "are so afraid of retaliation that at first, many will not even talk about voting. The only way we can make progress with them — and we have — is to stay long enough, eat what they eat, live where they live, and thereby gain their confidence. Also, by being there, we act as a buffer and take upon ourselves much of the white anger that would otherwise fall on them."

Members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee draw \$40 a week — when it's available. They function as an autonomous organization, and privately, most of them consider the N.A.A.C.P. too cautious and Martin Luther King too concerned with speech-making rather than with accelerated action. "He lost me," says one girl, "when he was missing on those Freedom Rides into Mississippi. And how come he's moved his headquarters into a predominantly white office building in Atlanta with segregated toilets?"

In addition to their role as the most militant Negroes in the South (excepting the Muslims and other separatists), the egalitarians in the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee are significant in yet another way. Unlike many middle-class Negro students who have participated in sit-ins and freedom rides, Snick's actionists are not at all certain they will be content when full integration is finally achieved. They join with young Negro intellectuals in the North in questioning the essential value structure of American society.

Charles McDew, chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, emphasizes: "I'm fighting for a position of choice. I want to be able to make up my own mind as to how much of this society I'm willing to integrate with. Too many of the 'freedom riders' don't think beyond integration. But men ought not to live and die for just washing machines and big television sets. When this part of the fight is over, I expect to go on and work for organic change in this country's political and

economic structure so that integration will be worth having."

There is an anguished echo of McDew in James Baldwin: "People always tell me how many Negroes bought Cadillacs last year. This terrifies me. I always wonder: Do you think this is what the country is for? Do you really think this is why I came here, this is why I suffered, this is what I would die for? A lousy Cadillac?"

Another voice in this chorus of fundamental dissent is that of the Reverend James Lawson, a former leader of the Nashville sit-ins. Lawson works with Martin Luther King but is considered much more penetrating a theorist than King and a more daring actionist. There is evidence that Lawson aspires to the eventual leadership of the nonviolent "movement." In 1960, he criticized the N.A.A.C.P. as "too bourgeois." Last year, Lawson told the annual meeting of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference: "Serious revolution is total and maintains a question mark over every aspect of society. No institution is taken for granted . . . Most of us work simply for concessions from the system, not for transforming the system . . . Does not our political system encourage segregation? It is not just the lack of Negro voting, but the failure of systems to provide real choices for voters. The economy of the South encourages segregation — with cheap labor, keeping certain groups of Negroes and whites pawns of financial interests, using race hate to stop unions . . . We must recognize that we are merely in the prelude to revolution — the beginning, not the end, not even the middle."

Also looking beyond integration is James Bevel, who is in charge of a nonviolent action group in Jackson, Mississippi. "If nonviolent action will work in Mississippi," he says, "it will work anywhere. If it can eradicate segregation, it can eradicate any evil. I can see the possibility of a worldwide nonviolent student movement. I can see the possibility of a nonviolent movement uniting the students of India and Russia and China and America. I can even see a nonviolent movement on the battlefield."

Other Negroes, not nearly so sanguine as Bevel about the practical potential of nonviolent action, nonetheless do agree that their own function will be to continue to question the foundations of American society. "The question is openly being raised," says Lorraine Hansberry, "among all Negro intellectuals, among all politically conscious Negroes: Is it necessary to integrate oneself into a burning house?"

So far there has been minute recognition of this result of Negroes' engagement in the struggle for their rights. Some young Negroes are evolving into a new role — a social critic not only of

discrimination but of the total context of life in America. It is of this Negro that Professor Kenneth Clark says: "He cannot be content to demand integration and personal acceptance into a decaying moral structure. He cannot help his country gird itself for the arduous struggle before it by a willingness to share equally in a tottering structure of moral hypocrisy, social insensitivity, personal despair and desperation. He must demand that the substance and strength inherent in the democratic process be fulfilled rather than cynically abused and disparaged."

The weight of evidence now indicates meanwhile that integration itself may be fully achieved in time to prevent the Black Muslims and other separatist groups from being more than a historical footnote to the period of catharsis among Negroes that preceded the final abolition of racial barriers in this country. The pressures are working. In Macon, Georgia, the home until two years ago of the Grand Imperial Dragon of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Mayor Edgar Wilson admits: "We've been watching these freedom rides and boycotts in other cities, and we're getting the picture. Even Robert E. Lee finally had to surrender, didn't he?"

The labor unions may also be forced to desegregate much sooner than most are willing to, as a result of unrelenting pressure from A. Philip Randolph and other critics within and outside the labor movement. Many employers have already shown a remarkably quick reaction to multiple pressures. In January, for one example the country's 50 leading producers of defense weapons and heavy equipment — with a labor force of 3,500,000 — agreed not only to end discrimination on Government projects but in every area of their work and in all units, subsidiaries and divisions of their corporations. Negro leaders complain that this agreement has so far been mainly on paper, but for those companies who lag, there will be increased economic pressure in the form of boycotts as well as inevitable legislative and executive coercion on local and national levels. In similar ways, the schools will be redesegregated by increasing abandonment of the policy whereby children attend only schools in their own neighborhoods.

More slowly but just as inexorably, changes are taking place in individuals. Last fall, a Negro civil rights leader lectured at a Southern white college. She needed transportation to a Negro school some 40 miles away, and a white student volunteered to drive her. "You might get into trouble," she warned. "Ma'am," the boy answered, "you don't understand. I need to do this. I've been waiting for this moment a long time."

Percy Sutton, head of the New York City branch of the N.A.A.C.P., was jailed in Jackson, Mississippi, a few

months ago. While in the station house, he later told Murray Kempton of the *New York Post*, "A policeman came up to me and said not to look at him and go on smoking my cigarette while he talked. He said that he only wanted to say that he had worked in Negro sections all his life and wondered how Negro women could respect Negro men who had to come in at the back door all the time and that he understood."

More and more Negroes at the same time are working through their distrust and hatred for whites to agreement with Martin Luther King that "black supremacy is as dangerous as white supremacy." Jazz trumpeter Donald Byrd, for one, has disassociated himself from those of his colleagues who are using jazz as a racist expression. He wrote to *Down Beat*: "I would like to speak solely from the standpoint of a human being — for once not from the standpoint of race — because you must remember that jazz was based on European harmony and melodic concepts . . . I think that contrary to the views of many people in jazz, it is time we joined with other musicians, classical and otherwise, to create music purely for the joy of creating it."

Even the image of Santa Claus is beginning to change in so previously unlikely a place as Atlanta where, *Jet* magazine reported last Christmas, a Negro Santa Claus was hired for a white-owned record shop. "Although he is the first Negro Santa Claus to appear anywhere in Atlanta, he registered surprise that white kids expressed neither shock nor resentment while Negro kids kept rubbing their eyes in disbelief."

There are many abrasions, awakenings and more serious wounds to come before the white man ceases to regard himself as Santa Claus and the Negro stops thinking of white as the Devil's color. For many generations, pockets of hatred will remain among both whites and Negroes, but the strong likelihood is that the major issues between the races in America will be resolved in from 10 to 20 years, some of them sooner. Thereafter, the next stage of dissent in this country may well be led by a new kind of integrated minority demonstrating against all the rest of us, Negro and white, in an attempt to broaden and deepen the social revolution.

Judging by the composition of many of the burgeoning peace groups, this stage has already begun. A Negro "freedom fighter" recently clipped an Associated Negro Press Bulletin which began: "The Defense Department made clear that it is against segregation in the nuclear fallout shelter program." He grimaced, and said to a friend, "That's where we go from here. I'll be damned if I want to be integrated into oblivion."

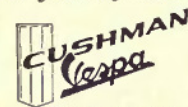


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"It is 98 percent successful," said Harry calmly.

"Well," she replied, "if I were you, I'd get that money in some other way, and have the operation. That is, if your conscience bothers you about selling liquor to those soldiers."

"It does bother me a great deal," said Harry. "I hate the idea of helping those poor boys ruin their lives with drink. The Government ought to put my uncle in jail, if you want my honest opinion, instead of giving him that concession to sell poison to American boys."

"Well, I sure agree with you, and if you feel that way, you definitely ought not to go down there," she answered with some heat. "If your uncle's that kind of man, he probably wouldn't give you the money anyhow."

"He probably wouldn't," said Harry gloomily. "Uncle Charles always was pretty untrustworthy."

"I bet he wouldn't give it to you at all," said the girl. "You ought to settle down somewhere in *this* country and get a job and make the money yourself."

"You're right," said Harry. He thought for a moment. "What kind of town is Harrisburg? Do they have opportunities for engineers there?"

"Why, sure," she said. "Are you an engineer?"

"Yes, I hold a degree from the California Institute of Technology," said Harry blandly.

"You do? What kind of engineering?"

"Civil."

"Well, isn't that amazing! My own father is a civil engineer!"

It wasn't amazing at all. She had told Harry that her father was a civil engineer earlier that night. But Harry looked startled and said, "Well, what do you know?"

"I bet my father could get you a job. I'm sure he could, in fact, easy."

Harry paused, staring straight ahead, eyes narrowed as if he were engaged in deep cogitation. "I have to go to New Orleans anyhow, because of poor Grandma. But afterward, do you suppose I could meet your father and talk to him about an engineering position?"

"Oh, sure."

"That would be wonderful," said Harry.

The bus seemed to be stopping. Harry looked up as the driver announced that there would be a 45-minute rest stop for breakfast. A sleepy bustle began in the bus. During their conversation, it had turned broad day. The rain of the night before had stopped and bright sunshine washed down into the muddy yard where the bus stood parked.

"Where are we?" asked the girl.

"Looks like a post stop stuck out in the middle of nowhere," said Harry.

He and the girl got up and left the

bus with the other passengers, including the old farmer who stared dubiously over his shoulder at them. The post stop was nothing more than an ordinary house and barn on an empty stretch of highway. There were no tourist cabins or sleeping accommodations, just a house and a barn considerably remodeled into a restaurant. He and the girl walked inside the restaurant.

"Some dump," said Harry. "You'd think they'd stop in a regular bus station in a town somewhere. I'd thought of laying over and catching 40 winks in a hotel." Stubborn to the bitter end, Harry still had a vague hope of getting her into some hotel. Now even that was out, dim chance though it was; the bus wouldn't stop again till they reached Cleveland, except to take on and let off passengers. Harry glared coldly at the fat, bustling man in the apron who seemed to run the place. It was times like this that made him feel like getting into a tussle. The girl was going to get away, and there was nothing he could do about it. "What a dump," he repeated. "The whole damn family runs the place. There's the wife behind the counter, and there are the kids waiting table, and there's old grandma at the cash register. What a dump to park us at."

As they passed a door marked LADIES, the girl said, "I better go in here and wash up."

"Sure," answered Harry. "While you do, I'll call New Orleans and see how my grandmother is, if that phone works."

The girl hesitated, then blushed and leaned toward him and whispered, "Can I have my panties?"

Harry was on the verge of slipping them to her, but something stopped him. "Well," he said in a low tone, "somebody might see me hand them to you. I'll give them to you on the bus."

While the girl was in the ladies' room, Harry made his long-distance call to Glenville, asked Information for the best hotel, and reserved a room and bath at the Hotel Jeff Davis. The girl was still in there, so he went to the men's room himself, then came back and stood looking at the rush in the restaurant, a sour disgust on his face. A northbound bus had come in at the same time and the place was busy.

At that moment, the old farmer who'd been gawking and coughing at Harry and the girl on the bus shuffled up to get a drink from the water fountain by Harry's elbow. As he went by, the man made the error of glancing with cold contempt at Harry. A little tickle went down Harry's spine.

"What are you looking at, Pop?" he asked quietly.

The man, who seemed to be around 50, turned to stare at Harry. "Nobody much, I reckon," he said.

Harry slowly walked up close to the man, eyes as remote and cold as the gray perpetual ice of distant Siberia. Something in those eyes made the farmer, a stocky and able-bodied man, brace himself as if a panther had suddenly materialized before him out of thin air. In a soft, whispered voice, Harry said, "I don't like the way you were looking at my wife back on the bus, you old son of a bitch. What were you thinking, she's some tramp I picked up?"

Pale, open-mouthed like a fish, the farmer swallowed heavily, and in a very different tone said, "I wasn't thinking nothing."

"Yes, you were. You've got a mind as dirty as the combined britches of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, you stinking old bastard. You insulted my wife, and you'd better say your prayers, because I'm going to break your god-damned neck in about two seconds."

The farmer, utterly intimidated and a bloodless gray, stared at Harry as if he were a demon come to drag him to hell. His mouth moved but no words came out. A faint gasp came from him as Harry reached out and gently seized the front of his overalls. Now, this dreadful demon was going to kill him. The farmer's eyes bulged with terror and again the open mouth worked soundlessly.

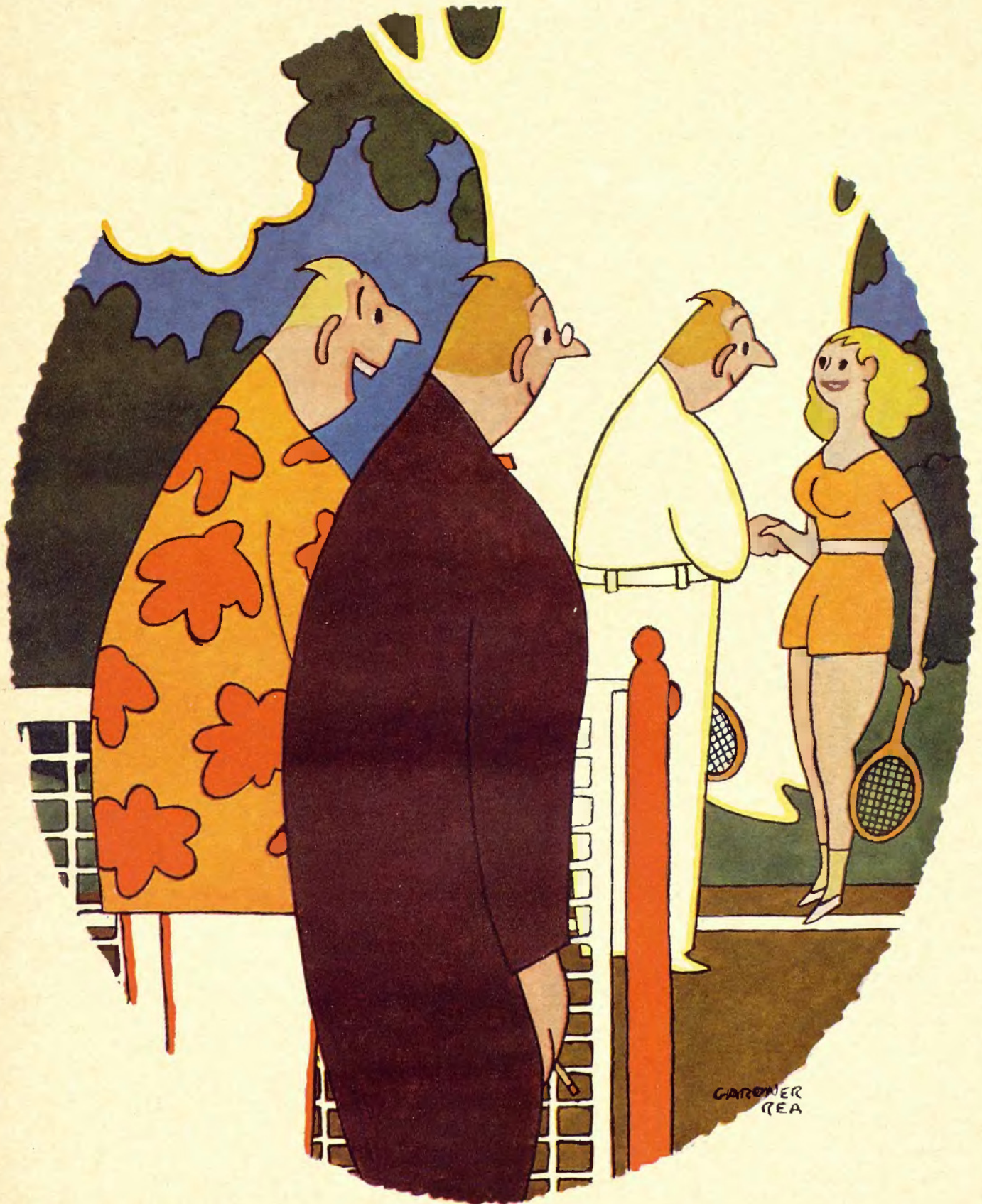
"Say you're sorry," whispered Harry.

"I . . . I'm sorry," said the farmer.

Harry released the overalls. "OK," he said. "Now, get out of my sight, you old bastard. Don't stay to eat. Get your ass out to that bus."

"Yes, sir," said the farmer. Like a beaten dog, he turned and walked out, too frightened even to look back. Harry watched him, with a faint smile. It was a nice hustle. No one in the restaurant had noticed a thing. But it was too bad, in a way, that the fellow hadn't had more starch. Harry had not been kidding. It was the one thing he was always honest about. If he told a man he would kill him, he meant it. Murder came naturally to Harry.

Ten seconds later, Harry was as calm as if nothing had happened. If anything, he was calmer than before; the incident had discharged some of his icy anger that the girl was going to escape. Was there no way? There was not. He winced in genuine distress. A thing like this was bad for the health. In sour disgust, he stared again at the busy members of the family that operated the post stop, the mother behind the counter, the grandma at the cash register, the adolescent boy and the three girls waiting on tables. And then, the idea flashed into his mind with a sudden dazzling inspiration, just like that. Wham! Out of nowhere. A moment later, the girl came out of the ladies' room and walked up to him with a timid smile. Her face was washed and her hair combed, but she still looked



GARDNER
REA

"I still say he'd have won if her shorts hadn't fallen down."

pale after the long night.

"Hello, beautiful," he said, smiling. "Want some breakfast?"

"I sure do!" she said. "I'm starved."

"Alrighty; looks like all the tables are taken, so you sit right down there at the end of the counter. Don't order, I'll be with you in just a minute."

Harry watched the girl as she walked toward the counter. Forty-five minutes, the bus driver had said: that left at least a good 30 minutes, probably more. He turned and strolled over to the gray-haired lady at the cash register, leaned toward her and spoke in a low tone. "I'd like to speak to the manager on a confidential matter," he said.

"He's in the kitchen," said the woman. "What is it?"

"It's a personal matter," said Harry.

"Well, he's back there. Right through those doors."

The manager of the post stop was a balding, nervous man with a cast in one eye. Harry walked over to him and said, "Excuse me, sir, but I have a serious problem that may be a matter of life and death."

"What?" exclaimed the man.

"Don't be nervous, sir, but it is fairly serious. My young wife and I are traveling to Biloxi, Mississippi, to visit her sick brother, and you see, sir, she is in a delicate condition."

The man's eyebrows went up. "Having a baby?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. It's only in the third month, so don't be alarmed, but the doctors have warned that this trip may bring on a miscarriage. She has been having pains for the last hundred miles, with all the jostling of the bus, and I wondered, sir, if you would be so kind as to allow the poor girl to lie down somewhere, if only for a few minutes, and rest?"

"Why, sure," said the man, "except we're rushed—she can go back in the house, I'll get one of my girls to take you-all back there."

"Sir," said Harry sadly, "my little wife is terribly self-conscious about her condition. It's her first baby, you know. Could you show me the room first, then let me go get her and take her alone, to spare the poor girl embarrassment?"

The man, who during this conversation was trying to fry a pan of eggs and grill two dozen strips of bacon, said, "I got a better idea. Get her and go back yourself, you can find it, the house is open—just go right through that door and along a passage, and in the door at the end there's a hall, then you go down that hall to the second door, that's my mother's bedroom. Your wife can lie down there awhile."

"Thank you ever so much, sir," said Harry. "You're a Christian gentleman."

"Anytime," said the man.

Delighted with the brilliance of his inspiration, though such inspiration was

a normal thing for Harry when he felt the pressure of an escaping score, he turned with a springy step and went back into the restaurant section out front. The girl looked up from her stool at the counter with a pleased smile when he walked over to her. Harry took her arm.

"Come with me for a second," he said.

"Where?" she asked.

"I'll show you, just back here."

Puzzled, the girl followed him past the cash register. Harry nodded politely to the grandmother as they went by. It would be her bedroom, probably.

"Why are we going in the kitchen?" asked the girl.

"Just passing through," said Harry. He nodded with polite sobriety at the manager, who now was busy over a pan of potatoes.

"But where are we going?" asked the girl.

"I want to show you something, honey," said Harry.

"What do you want to show me?"

"Something very, very interesting."

Puzzled but in no way alarmed, the girl let him guide her along the covered passage between the barn and the house. With a small bow, Harry opened the door of the house and held it for her, smiling gently.

"Do you know the people that live here?" she asked, as Harry led her down the hall.

"Umm-hmm," he replied. "And I've got a wonderful surprise for you, too, honey." He opened the door to the second room. "Right in here." Harry guided her in and closed the door quietly behind him.

The girl looked around with a mild curiosity. It was a small and rather dark little bedroom with chintz curtains in the window and a torn green shade. The bed was covered with a crazy quilt and had a large chamber pot beneath it.

"What are we doing in here?" she asked. "And what's the surprise?"

Harry walked slowly toward her, then held out his arms. "Me," he said.

A look of faint apprehension came into the girl's eyes. Even now, however, she was not really alarmed. "Now, Tom," she said, trying to slip from his embrace.

"Kiss me," said Harry.

"No, I can't," she answered. "Not in here."

"Sure you can," said Harry. He had his arms around her, his hands firm in the small of her back. "Kiss-kiss."

"Not in here, like this," she replied, in a pious tone. "It wouldn't be right."

"Come on, honey," he said softly.

"Well, just a little one," said the girl. "Then we've got to—"

Three minutes later, it suddenly dawned on the girl that it was possible her situation had in it some elements of

danger. Twice, as they sat on the edge of the bed, he had pushed her over on her back, and twice, she had struggled back up again. "But I don't want to lie down!" she whispered. "Tom, you must stop this! Tom, please! Please, Tom!"

"Move your feet over here like this, you'll be more comfortable. That's right, now just lay back on the pillow." Hands tight on her shoulders, Harry pushed hard, with sudden force. Down she went. Now kiss me again. Tha-at's a sweet girl. Another."

Even now, lying on the bed with Harry half across her, the girl obviously did not realize exactly what was happening. Nervous and frightened though she was, nevertheless she responded to his kisses, as she had done on the bus. Two minutes later, not more than five minutes after they first entered the little bedroom, her dress was high above her waist and suddenly then it dawned on her that an incredible thing was about to happen. It was practically happening! What could she do?

"Tom, please," she whispered. "We can't."

"Move your knees," he replied, in a strange voice.

"I can't! Please!"

There are times to be tender, and there are times to be just a little bit rough. This was a time to be just a little bit rough. Left forearm heavily across her breasts and left hand gripping her shoulder so hard she winced, Harry used his knee like a wedge, gray eyes hypnotic above her. "Open your legs," he said in a cold, harsh and vicious tone. Lips apart and eyes empty with shock, the girl did as she was told. A moment later, hands limp on his shoulders, a gasp came from her. Then, another gasp.

As if in a dream, she opened her eyes and looked up. He was propped on his elbows, smiling. "Now," he said gently, "relax. See? There's nothing to it."

In numbed bewilderment, as totally befuddled as it is possible to be, the girl watched him suddenly withdraw from her completely and sit over on the side of the bed. Was this all there was to it? Why was he taking off his shoes and socks?

"Slip off your dress and bra," said Harry. "We've got a good 20 minutes." He grinned. "And relax. You've lost it, the worst is over."

Stark naked, tanned muscles rippling, Harry was beautiful. With a natural grace, he walked across the room and wedged a chair under the knob of the door. The girl, in a dazed fashion, had pulled her dress over her head but had not taken the sleeves all the way down her arms and had not removed her bra; she followed him with her eyes as he turned and walked toward her. Numbed and dulled and shocked out of kilter as all her mental processes were, she stared

at him in awe, fright and admiration. As he sat down by her, she wet her lips and asked, "Are we going to again?"

Harry smiled and kissed her cheek as he unsnapped the bra. "That was only a technical operation, honey," he said. "Now we're going to make love, you little sweet darling." The smile on his face had in this moment a genuine tenderness and warmth. Now, as he circled his golden arms tight around her, shut his eyes and smelled the soap in her soft blonde hair, a feeling of deep relief and joy flooded through him; then, as in bliss and rapture he proceeded with the act of generation, the emotion of love briefly warmed the icy wasteland of his soul. "My little darling!" he cried. "My angel!"

Smoking a cigarette as he tied his shoes, Harry said, "Don't cry, honey, every girl has to lose it sooner or later."

The girl was sobbing on the bed. Her conscience had caught up with her. She also was complaining that he had hurt her. Well, what did she expect, violins?

"It won't hurt you so much next time," he said, narrowing his eyes to keep out the cigarette smoke.

"Oh," said the girl. "Oh, oh, oh!"

"You better quit bawling and get dressed, or we'll miss that bus," said Harry. "Go on, now, put your clothes on."

Trying to control her sobs, tears

streaming down her cheeks, the girl stood up with trembling knees and began awkwardly trying to step into her panties. "Oh, oh!" she said. "What would my Mama and Papa say? Oh, Oh!"

"Don't tip 'em off," said Harry.

A few minutes later, dressed but still sniffing and weeping, the girl walked with Harry toward the bedroom door and glumly watched him unpry the chair. She sniffed loudly and asked, "When are you coming to Harrisburg?"

"Oh, one of these days," said Harry.

Luckily, by a gnat's whisker, they made the bus. It was already turning to pull out and Harry had to yell at the driver.

"Couldn't find you," said the driver, as they got on. "Where were you?"

"Picking daisies," answered Harry.

As he and the girl walked down the aisle, Harry noticed the old farmer, who was crouched down in his seat staring at the floor. "Hi, Pop!" he said cheerfully. "How's tricks?"

In the seat, as the bus resumed its passage south, the girl began to weep again.

"Tell me something, honey. How you spell your first name?" The girl told him, and he asked, "Now, how old are you, doll?" The girl said her 17th birthday had been a week before. This started her crying harder, because the trip had been a birthday present from

her Mama and Papa, who trusted her and believed in her. "Would you say," asked Harry, "that your hair was blonde or a light brown?" "Blonde, why?" "One more question and that wraps it," said Harry. "How tall are you and what's your weight?"

"I'm five four and I weigh a hundred and 16," she said. "What are you writing it all down for?"

"So I'll remember you always," answered Harry.

Again, she began to weep. "Tom," she said. "Tom, won't you tell me when you're coming to Harrisburg?"

"I said, real soon, doll."

"But where will I write you?"

"Tom Layfield, General Delivery, New Orleans."

"Will you answer my letters?" asked the girl, sniffing, trying not to cry. Doubt, like a snake, had seized her. He seemed so cold and indifferent now. Face puckered and weepy, she asked, "Do you hate me, for what I did?"

"Why, no, honey," said Harry. "You were a real sweetheart."

She cried all the way to Cleveland. Harry paid no attention. They all cried, sooner or later. His thoughts were on the future, his fancy on the new vistas his path would surely reveal, until the day when he would find a permanent peace.



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GALLEY CHEF (continued from page 45)

yacht club to another, you can pick up food and drink wherever you happen to tie up. Longer trips are simply floating picnics: you pack your portable cooler with rare roast beef and rich brown pieces of barbecued chicken, fill a deep bowl with German potato salad, stack the fresh rye and the pumpernickel, remember the mustard, add the necessary amount of cold lager to your cargo, and shove off. For an all-day or weekend cruise, you'll want hot and hefty fare from your own galley. The sailor assigned to the job may have a misgiving or two when he or she lights the stove, but when the aroma of crisp bacon or hashed brown potatoes or hot clam chowder first rises on deck, all hands know that the real master of the vessel is stationed below.

To the landed gentry who may be unacquainted with the customs of marine life, it should be pointed out that cooking equipment on most boats is, of necessity, a narrow-gauge version of civilized gear.

Yet after a few offshore outings, you'll discover unexpected virtues in your vest-pocket kitchen. With elbow room at a premium in the narrow cooking space, you learn how to stow all food within arm's reach. It's always a matter of surprise to see how *much* grog, grub and equipment a small galley can hold. You'll find that a single all-purpose herb — *bouquet garni* — can substitute very well for the dozen or so apothecary jars you would normally tap. Coffeepots and Thermos jugs mounted on gimbals use wall space that would otherwise be wasted. The shallow drawers of your food locker put all provisions in easy view. On board you use one saucepan where you'd ordinarily be tempted to use two or three — a limitation that compels you to chart an easy menu course. Again, because of limited quarters, you'll buy pans that are nested and fitted with removable handles so that one handle can do the work of four. The marine rail around your stove compels you to use deep pots with narrow diameters, a type which happens to be just right for those soups or stews which shouldn't be reduced too quickly. The same deep pots, incidentally, are insurance against unexpected tidal waves of clam broth or gravy spilling over the galley deck. Plastic salt and pepper shakers can be made to defy the laws of gravity by fitting them with small magnets that will secure them to the stainless-steel counter surface.

Cruising schedules on rivers, lakes and seas all over the world are alike in one respect: the best laid schemes gang aft a-gley in the face of becalmed waters or ailing engines. Anticipating these normal delays, an experienced commodore sees to it that there are always extra

rations in cans. All hands will welcome canned ham. Buy the type which requires no refrigeration. Canned Canadian-style bacon, another name for smoked boneless pork loin, is equally good hot or cold, on land or sea. In the canned-chicken department, the large-size units containing whole chicken are your best bet; small cans or jars, with the exception of those containing whole breast of chicken, are likely to be filled with trimmings rather than thick chunks of meat. Corned beef hash or roast beef hash, both stanch nautical standbys, can go into the frying pan without any additions, although you can enhance them mightily with a few beaten egg yolks and a spray of Worcestershire. Among canned meats and seafood, the field, of course, is now unlimited — from galantine to gaffelbiter. Just remember, though, that some of the foods which sound exotic — kangaroo steak or canned wild boar — aren't likely to satisfy ravenous seafarers as readily as generous helpings of chili con carne, meat-stuffed ravioli and other time-tested pleasures.

There are days when nothing, not even 150-proof arrack, can warm a crew like mugs of hot thick soup. The huge baskets of provisions once required to make hot *potages* are now reduced to paper envelopes. Until recently most dehydrated soups were better left unsipped. The newer soups, however, following the Swiss recipes for smoky green-pea soup or cream of leeks, are fast and easy. You may want to add a lump of sweet butter or a generous dash of madeira, but even without these flourishes, they're superb.

One of the best ways to broaden your culinary horizons at sea is through the crafty art of foraging. If you know where to dig for clams or scallops, or can navigate your way to a clam or oyster shed, lobster pound, or a waterside fish store where such piscine provender as swordfish steak or red snapper can be bought, half the galley battle is won. Cruising down Chesapeake Bay, for instance, you'll find dozens of coves where fresh-cooked crab meat is ready to go into salads, fried crab cakes or crab meat newburg.

Skippers of small- or medium-size craft should guard against going overboard on gadgets. The gross tonnage of corkscrews, cans, bottles, ice buckets, tongs, racks and picks can present a formidable obstacle course twixt the gent who's drawn the duty as bartender and his wares. To avoid this kind of overstocking, limit, first of all, the variety of drinks you're offering. If liquor is called for in a food recipe, use the same liquor for bar purposes. Try to carry no more bottles and glassware than fit into a mounted bar rack. Drinking ware with

thermal insulation conserves ice and is unbreakable.

Happily, shipboard menus have long since jettisoned bully beef and baked beans as seagoing staples. Now, the regular weekend hegira down to the sea in ships is just about equally divided between the sexes. And when you ask a woman into your cabin to share the dogwatch, you no longer make your pitch with a chunk of salt beef garnished with hardtack. Not that she's likely to expect a pomegranate *soufflé à l'Orientale* on ladyfingers saturated with kirsch. She will be buoyed up, however, with the easy, informal fare which follows.

CRAB MEAT HASH BROWNED (Serves four)

1 lb. fresh or canned crab meat
 ½ package (4½ ozs.) prepared hashed brown potatoes
 Onion salt, pepper
 Juice of ¼ lemon
 2 tablespoons salad oil
 3 tablespoons butter
 4 eggs

Very carefully examine crab meat and remove any pieces of shell or cartilage. Boil potatoes, following directions on package. Drain and cool. Combine crab meat and potatoes. Add onion salt and pepper to taste and lemon juice. Heat oil and butter in a large skillet. Two skillets may be used if necessary. Add crab-meat mixture. Sauté slowly, stirring frequently, until mixture is hot. Move mixture to one side of pan, and shape into a long oval like an omelet. Continue to sauté without stirring until bottom is deep golden brown. Turn onto platter, brown side up. Poach or fry eggs and place atop crab meat. Serve with bottled *sauce diable*.

CLAMS SOUTH SIDE (Serves four)

(If fresh chowder clams are procurable, use 2 dozen in place of clams in jar below. Scrub clams well. Steam open with about a pint of water. You'll need 1½ cups of the resultant clam broth for the sauce.)

2 11½-oz. jars clams in juice
 ¼ cup butter
 ¼ cup flour
 ½ cup heavy cream
 ½ cup milk
 1 tablespoon onion juice
 ½ cup dry white wine
 1 tablespoon parsley flakes
 Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate

Let butter stand at room temperature until soft enough to spread easily, then mix with flour into a smooth paste. Drain clams, reserving juice. Cut clams into eighths. Pour clam juice, cream, milk and onion juice into saucepan. Slowly bring to a boil. Add butter mixture slowly, stirring until sauce is thick and smooth. Add wine, clams and parsley. Simmer five minutes. Add salt,

pepper and monosodium glutamate to taste.

SEA BASS SAUTÉ WITH TOMATOES
(Serves four)

- 2 2-lb. sea bass, cleaned and scaled
- 19-oz. can tomatoes
- 6-oz. can tomato paste
- 1 teaspoon onion salt
- ¼ teaspoon garlic salt
- 3 tablespoons brandy or bourbon
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons parsley flakes
- Salt, pepper, paprika
- Flour
- Salad oil

Chop tomatoes coarsely, reserving their juice. In a saucepan combine tomatoes, tomato juice, tomato paste, onion salt, garlic salt, brandy, butter and parsley flakes. Simmer 10 minutes. Cut off head and tail of each sea bass. Cut fish crosswise into 1-in. slices. Sprinkle generously with salt, pepper and paprika, then dip in flour. Heat ¼ in. salad oil in saucepan or skillet. Sauté fish until brown on both sides. Place fish on a large platter or serving plates, removing carefully from pan to avoid breaking slices. Pour sauce on top of fish.

BEEF IN MUSTARD SAUCE
(Serves four)

- 2 lbs. top sirloin of beef
- 3 tablespoons salad oil
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 tablespoon beef extract
- 2 teaspoons onion juice
- ¼ teaspoon *bouquet garni*
- Salt, pepper
- 3 tablespoons Dijon mustard
- ¼ cup heavy cream

Cut beef, Chinese style, into thin slices about ⅛ in. thick and 1 in. square. Heat oil in a heavy saucepan. Sauté meat until brown, stirring frequently. Stir in flour, mixing well. Add 3 cups water, beef extract, onion juice,

bouquet garni, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Simmer slowly, stirring occasionally, until beef is tender — about one hour. Mix mustard and cream to a smooth paste. Pour into sauce. Serve with buttered noodles or home-fried potatoes.

CALVES' LIVER SAUTÉ, ONION FRITTERS
(Serves four)

- 1¼ lbs. calves' liver sliced ⅓ in. thick
- Salad oil
- 1½ cups diced onion
- Flour
- 1 tablespoon baking powder
- Salt, pepper
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- ½ cup milk
- 1 tablespoon parsley flakes
- ¼ cup butter
- Juice of ½ lemon

Pour 3 tablespoons oil into saucepan. Add onion and sauté until just barely tender, not brown. Set aside. Sift together 1½ cups flour, baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Pour eggs and milk into mixing bowl. Add onion, parsley flakes and sifted dry ingredients. Stir only until a lumpy batter is formed. It should not be smooth. Heat ½ in. oil in skillet until it shows first wisp of smoke. Drop batter by large spoonfuls into skillet. Brown fritters on both sides. Sprinkle liver with salt and pepper. Dip in flour, patting off excess. Heat ¼ in. oil in skillet and sauté liver two to three minutes on each side. Avoid overcooking. After liver is removed from skillet, add butter and lemon juice to skillet. Heat butter until it sizzles. Pour over liver on serving plates or platter. Line up fritters alongside liver.

SAUSAGE AND RICE PILAF
(Serves four)

- 1 cup long-grain rice
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 small onion, minced fine
- 1 piece celery, minced fine

- 2 envelopes instant chicken broth
- 2 8-oz. cans brown-and-serve sausages
- 10½-oz. can mushrooms in gravy
- 2 tablespoons dry sherry
- Salt, pepper

Melt butter in a deep heavy saucepan. Sauté onion and celery until tender but not brown. Add 2¼ cups water, instant broth, ½ teaspoon salt and rice. Stir well. Reduce flame as low as possible and cook, covered, without stirring, until rice is tender — about 20 minutes. Place sausages in pan and sauté until brown. Remove sausages from pan. Pour mushrooms in gravy into the same pan and add sherry. Bring to a boil. Season to taste. Spoon rice into a shallow casserole or platter. Place sausages on top of rice. Pass gravy separately.

CURRIED LOBSTER SALAD
(Serves two)

- 2 boiled lobsters 1½ lbs. each
- 2 hard-boiled eggs
- 1 cup Chinese cabbage
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- 1 tablespoon heavy sweet cream or sour cream
- ½ teaspoon curry powder
- Dash garlic powder
- Salt, pepper
- 4 radishes
- 2 scallions
- Lettuce leaves

Remove meat from lobster. Cut into ½-in. cubes. Chop eggs coarsely. Cut Chinese cabbage into thin julienne strips. In a mixing bowl combine mayonnaise, cream, curry powder and garlic powder. Mix well. Add lobster, eggs and Chinese cabbage. Toss well. Add salt and pepper to taste. Cut radishes and scallions into thin slices. Line a salad bowl or bowls with lettuce leaves. Pile lobster salad on top. Sprinkle with slices of radishes and scallions.

Bon appétit and bon voyage!



SHOEMAKER

RIGHT MAN (continued from page 80)

generally, don't you, Lucey? Take work home . . ."

It was true. Almost every evening Guy took home an attaché case full of figures, trends, projections.

"I guess you could call me ambitious, Mr. McQuinn. I want to get ahead, to provide well for my family. And since I'm no genius, the best way to do it is to work hard, do my best. But I don't mind, I enjoy the work."

The four men nodded, exchanged glances. Dr. Burgundy made a note on a pocket pad, and said, "Mr. Lucey, what are your ambitions here at Greater United? Do you want to be president of the company? Or what?"

Guy hesitated. "Well, I don't know. I know I'm not really brilliant, so I guess I'd never be president. Maybe Manager of Market Research. I just haven't thought about it very much."

Dr. Burgundy turned to the others. "What we thought. Drive factor almost exactly median."

Mr. Simpson spoke. "Would you consider yourself *loyal* to Greater United?"

"Why, yes sir. I'm loyal. I think it's a fine company."

Again the men exchanged glances and nodded.

Mr. Millikin said to Dr. Burgundy, "What do you think, Carl?"

"Just one more question." Dr. Burgundy regarded Guy with a peculiar intentness. "Is there any record in your family of mental illness?" He spoke very slowly, very precisely. "On either your mother's or your father's side, has anyone ever been in a mental institution, or been hospitalized for depression or melancholia?"

Guy felt a chill of uneasiness. "Mental illness?" No one moved or spoke. "No sir. All my folks were—just normal. Normal small-town folks, that's all."

"I see," said Dr. Burgundy, "I see."

"What do you think, Carl?" said Mr. Millikin.

Dr. Burgundy rose. "I think Mr. Lucey is our man. The tests indicate it, and as far as I'm concerned, our little talk here wraps it up."

The others stood.

Dr. Burgundy strode across the room. With astonishing swiftness, he drew a small blackjack from his coat pocket and in a continuous motion before Guy could move he swung it in an expert short sideward arc, to a point on Guy's head just above the left ear. Guy felt a hard crack of pain, the room swung crazily around him, and then blackness.

When Guy awoke, he was lying on the conference-room couch, and his first awareness, after swimming out of the throbbing headache, was of quiet conversation. He opened his eyes, and saw Mr. Millikin, Mr. Simpson, Mr. McQuinn and Dr. Burgundy standing by the window.

He tried to move, but he seemed to be paralyzed. Only his head would respond, and it was with great effort that he could raise it an inch or so from the pillow on which it rested.

Guy tried to speak. It was a long, sighing moan.

The men turned from the window.

"He's awake," said Mr. Millikin.

"Can you hear us, Lucey?" asked Dr. Burgundy. "Can you speak?"

"Yes." Guy whispered.

"You've been given an injection," said Dr. Burgundy. "A simple curare derivative. You're paralyzed, partially, but if you try you can talk a little."

The men sat down. Mr. McQuinn looked at his watch. "Let's get on with it. I have a meeting with the West Coast Zone Manager at 3:30."

Mr. Millikin cleared his throat.

"Lucey, as you may have gathered, you have been chosen for this rather—ah—special assignment."

He turned to Mr. McQuinn. "Jimmy, want to explain this from the point of view of the big picture?"

McQuinn was tamping tobacco into a pipe. "Certainly, Sam." He struck a match. "The easiest way to say it, Lucey," puff, puff, ". . . is that from time to time . . ." puff, puff, puff, ". . . it becomes necessary that . . ." he shook out the match deliberately, ". . . a man *die* for Greater United Foods." He sucked again on his pipe. "*Die* for Greater United Foods," he repeated. "And you're the man, it turns out."

Guy felt his stomach slip and slide inside him. He strained to speak. "What . . . ?"

"Oh, it's nothing personal, Lucey. And we don't *like* to do it, for heaven's sake."

"Of course not, Guy," interrupted Simpson, with the look of an earnest fifth-grade teacher on his face. "But with management comes responsibility, you know. And we wouldn't be doing our jobs if we shirked ours."

"That's right," said McQuinn. "That's the whole point, you see. You have been chosen to die—as it happens, your death will appear to be a suicide—in order that others might live. Live more successfully and happily for Greater United, to be specific."

Guy gasped again. ". . . why?"

"Good question, Lucey," said Millikin briskly. "From time to time, as you must know, it's necessary for management to *motivate* our men in various ways. Sales contests, production quotas, you're familiar with all that. We try to keep you fellas pushing good and hard. But our studies *now* show that too many of you—especially you youngsters—are working *too* hard. Straining at the leash a little, carrying the worries of the world on your shoulders, so to speak."

"And it wouldn't do," said McQuinn, "for us to ask our men *not* to push, would it? That just wouldn't be good management. Carl? You got anything to add?"

Dr. Burgundy nodded. "There is also the future to consider, Lucey. The company men of your age and status grouping are eventually going to be running things around here from the managerial level on up. It is important that they reach those positions mentally and physically intact—without ulcers, without symptoms of chronic anxiety—in short, with healthy, well-balanced egos."

"Right," said Millikin. "So when it becomes necessary, we simply make it appear that *overwork* has got in its licks. Let's see—the last two were simulated heart attacks, weren't they, Jim?" McQuinn nodded, puffing. "But once a year or so, a suicide really makes the men stop and think, slows them down.



"Try not to make a fool of yourself."

Actually *increases* productivity, strangely enough," he chuckled.

"... but why me . . . ?" Guy whispered.

"The tests, Lucey. They indicated that you'd never be a really top dog around here. You'd be just middle or upper-middle management. Lots of young sprouts like you around, you just happened to be the most average of all."

Simpson smiled his warm salesman's smile. "One thing, Guy, don't feel hurt about this. It's happened before and it'll happen again. We have to keep our men working hard — but not *too* hard. It's part of the free enterprise system, really part of the American Way."

Millikin said, "And your major medical, group insurance, pension fund — everything's in order. Your family'll be fine."

McQuinn cleared his throat, looked at his watch. "Gentlemen, my meeting . . ."

They stood, and Millikin said. "Thanks, Lucey. I can't say 'luck,' I guess, but 'chin up,' fella, anyway."

And except for Dr. Burgundy they were gone, closing the door softly behind them.

Guy thrashed in panic. But his arms and legs only quivered.

"All traces of the injection will be gone in a few minutes," said Dr. Burgundy, "so we might as well get it over with."

He raised one of the large windows, and Guy felt the outside heat billow in through the cool air-conditioned room.

Then Dr. Burgundy lifted Guy easily, limp in his arms, walked to the window, and threw him out.

As Guy went out the window, and down, he caught a glimpse of the deserted inside courtyard 17 floors below, saw fractionally two tiny garbage cans against the building wall, closed his eyes, felt the breathtaking rush of air. And then he crashed onto the cement.

That evening, Herman, Paige and Collyer sat in silence in the club car, portraits of stunned disbelief. From time to time, one would shake his head, sip from a glass of beer.

Finally, Paige spoke. "I don't understand it. I just don't."

"Guy was such a level-headed fellow," said Collyer.

Herman looked at the other two. "But don't forget. He was pushing himself."

"That's right. He'd just made Scale 8 . . ."

"... and was pressing damn hard for something even better."

Paige drained the beer from his glass and set it down hard.

"The hell with it. All the money in the world isn't worth that."

"We should take it easier," said Collyer. "We should *all* take it a little easier."

SENSE OF VALUES

(continued from page 72)

bility to others and realizes that he can only make — and justify — his profits if he succeeds in accomplishing these aims.

I have been successful — and fortunate — in my business career. The money value of my holdings in the companies I own or control has been estimated in the hundreds of millions of dollars. But this is a paper fortune and to me it is still a means and not an end. Only an infinitesimal part of my fortune is held by me in cash. My wealth is represented by machinery, oil wells, pipelines, tankers, refineries, factory and office buildings — by all the myriad assets of my companies. And those companies are continuing to produce goods and perform services — and to grow and expand. Thus, my wealth is continuing to perform useful, creative work. These are the worthwhile ends to which my wealth is a means, and which give money its real value.

I do not measure my success in terms of dollars and cents. I measure it in terms of the jobs and the productivity my labors and my wealth — invested and reinvested as capital in my companies — have made possible. I doubt very seriously if I could have reached anywhere near the level of success that I have reached if I'd employed any other yardsticks to gauge my progress during my career.

I've found that, to establish his identity, to feel that he is a fully participating member of society, an individual must have purpose and feel that what he does has some enduring value well beyond the limits of his own personal interests. In order to achieve any contentment in life, he must derive genuine satisfaction and an equally genuine sense of accomplishment from his work. These are considerations at least as important as the size of the income he receives from his job, profession or business.

By no means am I suggesting that a vow of poverty — or anything even remotely approaching it — will provide an individual with a shortcut to ecstatic bliss. There is very little room for the wandering mendicant and his begging-bowl in our civilization. Human beings have progressed well beyond the stage where they can be satisfied with their lot while living on a diet of black bread and boiled cabbage. They must have decent living standards — all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life — if they are to be even moderately content. In order to have these things, they must earn money.

This does not, however, change the fact that there are many ways of gauging values besides placing them on a dollars-and-cents scale. A badly written, banal contemporary novel may sell for

five dollars a copy, while a great literary classic may be purchased in paperback edition for 50 cents. Certainly the latter has infinitely greater real *value* than the former, regardless of the tremendous disparity in their prices. By the same token, there are many kinds of success other than purely financial success. I hold that an individual's standing in society should be judged by criteria other than merely his income, accumulated monetary wealth or the number and money values of his material possessions.

Past and present, there are uncounted examples of individuals who made priceless contributions to civilization, but who realized little or no monetary rewards from what they did. Innumerable great philosophers, scientists, artists and musicians were poor men all their lives.

Mozart, Beethoven, Modigliani and Gauguin — among others of comparable stature — died poverty-stricken. No one on earth could possibly estimate the value of the contributions made to mankind by such men as Dr. Albert Schweitzer or the late Dr. Thomas Dooley; yet, it's highly doubtful if either of them ever enjoyed a personal income as large as that earned by the average department-store buyer.

The architect who designs a breathtakingly beautiful building is often a poor man compared to the tenants who will occupy it. The engineer who builds a dam may well earn less from his labors than the landowner whose acres are irrigated by water from the dam. The architect and engineer have created and built; their success is no less great because they did not earn fortunes from their work.

Also largely overlooked in this age of treadmill scrambling for money and status is the fact that there are many forms of wealth other than financial wealth. One of the most genuinely contented men I've ever known was my cousin, Hal Seymour. Hal and I grew up together; we were always close friends and for long periods we were constant companions. Hal cared very little for money. Content to earn enough for his own needs, he good-naturedly turned down every opportunity I offered him for earning more. Working here and there — he was a topflight oil driller, photographer, miner, a master of many trades — he never had much money. But he managed to satisfy his desires to go many places and do many things — and he always enjoyed himself thoroughly with the armies of friends he made wherever he went. His aim in life was always to do whatever he attempted well. He realized this aim; he always gave more than he took.

Hal considered himself to be very wealthy in personal freedom. He was always able to do the things he wanted to

do, and always had the time in which to do them. He seldom missed a chance to remind me that, in these regards, I was much poorer than he. Before his death a few years ago, he frequently wrote me letters which opened with the wryly humorous but meaningful salutation: "To the Richest Man in the World from the Wealthiest . . ."

I'll have to admit that I envied Hal his abundance of time—which is one of the forms of wealth that people tend to disregard these days. Rich as I may be from a material standpoint, I've long felt that I'm very poor; indeed, in time. For decades, my business affairs have made extremely heavy inroads on my time, leaving me very little I could use as I pleased. There are books that I have wanted to read—and books I have wanted to write. I've always yearned to travel to remote parts of the globe which I've never seen; one of my greatest unfulfilled ambitions has been to go on a long, leisurely safari in Africa.

Money has not been a bar to the realization of these desires; insofar as money is concerned, I could have easily afforded to do any of these things for many years. The blunt and simple truth is that I've never been able to do them because I could never afford the time. It's paradoxical but true that the so-called captains of industry frequently have less time for indulging their personal desires than their rear-rank privates. This applies to little things as well as big ones.

It is not my intent to imply that I am in any way dissatisfied with my lot in life. Indeed, I would be more than ungrateful for the good fortune and advantages I've enjoyed if I were anything less than happy. Moreover, I am very gratified that I have managed to accomplish most of the goals I set for myself when I began my career.

The point I'm trying to make is that each individual has to establish his own standards of values, and that these are largely subjective. They are based on what the individual considers most important to him and what he is willing to give for a certain thing or in order to achieve a certain aim.

Old—but true—are the bromides that you can't have everything and that you can't get something for nothing. An individual always has to give—or give up—something in order to have or get something else. Whether he's willing to make the exchange or not is entirely up to him and his own sense of values.

Acknowledging all this, I nevertheless believe that there are certain values which, if not absolute in the strict sense of the word, are surely basic and can be said to be generally valid. I never cease to be amazed by the casual and even callous manner in which sizable segments of our population ignore these fundamental values.

It is estimated that more than 120,000 Americans take their own lives each year. This figure includes cases which are officially recorded as suicides and the cases of those who do away with themselves, but whose deaths, for one reason or another, are not recorded officially as such. A significant portion of these 120,000 annual tragedies are classed as economic suicides.

According to Dr. Thomas P. Malone, head of the Atlanta, Georgia, Psychiatric Clinic and an acknowledged authority on the macabre subject: "At least 30 to 40 percent of so-called economic suicides occur when a man is successful, not when he is failing. When a man has achieved the peak of success, often he has nothing left to scramble for."

I'm no psychiatrist, but it seems to me that anyone who takes his own life because he has achieved success and has "nothing left to scramble for" never had any worthwhile motives to scramble for in the first place. The goals he sought—and achieved—were meaningless. When he realized this he also realized that what he had actually achieved was not success but pathetic failure.

In a report which appeared recently in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Drs. Richard E. and Katherine K. Gordon revealed the results of an intensive study they made of families living in a typical contemporary status-seekers' suburban community. They determined that the diseases which stem primarily from emotional stresses—notably ulcers, coronary thrombosis, hypertension and hypertensive cardiovascular disease—were markedly more prevalent there than in communities in which status seeking was not such a dominant social factor. Anyone who has encountered specimens of the ulcer-ridden, tranquilizer-devouring and status-seeking Organization Man type and their nervously shrill-voiced, perpetually apprehensive wives will hardly be surprised by this revelation.

I, for one, am unable to see that the achievement of any degree of social status is worth the price of a man's life or the destruction of his or his family's health. Assuredly, there is something very wrong basically when human beings are willing to sell their lives and their health so cheaply.

Nor am I able to see that money or the dubious benefits conferred by the attainment of what passes for status are worth the price of one's individuality and personal integrity. I am apparently in the minority. It is becoming increasingly apparent that it's no longer fashionable to pay much heed to these considerations. Their value has been swept aside in the pell-mell rush to conform to what is regarded as the majority view—which regards the accumulation of money and material things and the

gaining of status as the approved goals and places no ceiling on the price which can be paid for achieving them.

I consider it one of the major tragedies of our civilization that people have come to regard it virtually mandatory to imitate in order to win the social acceptance of their fellows. The end result of this can only be to reduce even the most brilliant individuals to a sterile common denominator.

Toady and lickspittle are nasty words. The average man would probably be inclined to use his fists on anyone who called him either. Yet, countless men will lower themselves to such absurd devices as wearing bow ties because their employers wear them, cutting their hair the way their superiors do, or buying their homes where the other executives buy theirs. They ape and echo the ideas, views and actions of those they seek to impress, proving nothing but that they are servile toadies. Imitation may be the most sincere form of flattery—but it is imitation, and flattery is nothing more than a pat on the head from someone who knows he deserves a kick in the behind.

I once obtained control of a company and was immediately—and far from favorably—impressed by the fawning attitude of the majority of the firm's executives. Most were obsequious yes-men feverishly trying to please the new boss so that they could further their own narrow ambitions. Wanting to see just how far they were willing to go, I called a special management meeting. At the meeting, I proposed a wholly impractical and ruinous scheme which, if implemented, would have quickly bankrupted the firm.

Of the nine executives present, six instantly expressed their approval of my "plans." Three of these men went to the extreme of modestly hinting that they'd been "thinking along similar lines"—something I could well believe from having studied the firm's profit-and-loss statements. Two very junior executives remained glumly and disapprovingly silent. Only one man in the group had the temerity to stand up and point out the flaws in my proposal.

Needless to say, the company soon had some new faces in its executive offices. The three dissidents remained; all are still associated with my companies and, I might add, are now in the upper income brackets.

It has always been my contention that an individual who can be relied upon to be himself and to be honest unto himself can be relied upon in every other way. He places value—not a price—on himself and his principles. And that, in the final analysis, is the measure of anyone's sense of values—and of the true worth of any man.



ROGER HAYDOCK

(continued from page 40)

getting out of the car, at a parking space, he tapped his wife on the shoulder. "The workers are about to revolt. Revolution's in the air; you can smell it." "Oh hush up, and let me enjoy it," she said. Early, as Haydock always was, out of some mysterious dread of the moment (customarily he sat an hour in waiting rooms, before boarding trains), they walked on slowly, past vast gray hangarlike buildings, past outdoor sets, one with the standard rattle of musketry and Indian yelps, and bodies stacked like sawlogs, past, at last, three soaring wooden monoliths, uninscribed, loftily guarding their secrets. "Hold on a minute," said Haydock, stepping over. "I want to see who's buried here." "They're oil wells," Eisenfeld explained patiently. "They struck oil, and boarded up the derricks to make them look better." With a simulation of faintness, Haydock leaned back against the shaft; then he said, "You aren't serious, of course. What you mean is, the set designers stuck these up and *claimed* they housed oil wells, to tie in with the general atmosphere." "They're real," replied Eisenfeld, waiting. Haydock pressed his face against the boards, shaken a little at this awesome preservation of the unities, certain for a moment that he could never again use with conviction the old contemptuous, identifying words like sham, masquerade, magic lantern, make believe. He was able to hear, deep inside, the steady pulsations as the punctured earth bled black juice, fighting off deficits, beating back the bankers, competing with TV.

It would be difficult to say what Haydock expected his producer to resemble. The truth is that he had no definite picture in mind, but confusedly hoped that he might be wearing a blazer, with MR. BRONSTEIN stenciled on the back. (This would imply, of course, a canvas chair in the same genre, on the set, and, alongside, a kind of human echo with a vocabulary consisting of "Yes.") His knowledge of him was limited to a few films he had made, some of them good, one or two brilliant. It was a snobbish source of pride to Haydock that he had never quite probed the anatomy of a producer's duties, never determined where his responsibility began and ended, the outer limits of his sphere of influence. What he was not prepared for, and it shocked him, was an unbombastic gentleman of contemplative mien in a well-cut stripeless dark suit and seated in an office whose fabrics and paintings, whose workaday Swedish desk, whose family pictures and small mementos of places seen and cherished, implied a taste far beyond the legend. Victimized as he was by the novels and stories, he had expected (he realized now with un-

frivolous accuracy) something false and foxy, a shade less than respectable. He had looked for a man who by the questionable genius of opportunism had survived the storm winds of front-office deceit and caprice, nepotism, public infidelity, changing taste, topical surprises, depressions and recessions, the good pictures that failed to catch on, the bad ones that made a box-office showing, options, temperament, disloyalty, attack and counterattack—the long, dreary catalog of hurts and failures inevitable when the spectrum of positive arts is fused into a single, unconvinced industry. He felt tricked. This was not the careless mogul of the long-distance telephone, and he was suddenly aware that the moonstruck superlatives, the high-sounding declarations of intent, had been served up, like unwanted hors d'oeuvres, because they were expected by a new diner in this well-advertised café. Haydock saw with chagrin that it was he himself who had been examined and found vulnerable. As the pricked bubble of his ego subsided, leaving the professional whom the studios had patiently awaited, he became involved in his book as a movie for the first time.

They chatted at length. Bronstein's comments on the novel proved that he had read it with discernment. He referred affectionately to favorite chapters, to scenes, to dialog, even to isolated words and phrases, that Haydock, too, now felt were the truest marks of his creation. But there was no embarrassment of lavishness here, nothing "Hollywood." Bronstein's praise was rich but not fulsome. Haydock listened in admiration while the producer described the technical problems of bringing to the screen a long book, astir with activity, swollen with plot and subplot. Elisions must be made, bridges devised by screenwriters that would span certain areas while retaining the book's basic tone, new areas constructed (all still in the spirit), characterizations subtly altered—this one strengthened, that played down—to attract the stars who in the end might mean a golden shower or disaster at the box office. There was a great deal more. The first, the most important task was, of course, the need to shape this uncinematic work into three acts. Haydock was obliged to agree that it could scarcely be a travelog, a succession of scenes, no matter how lively and entertaining. Of pressing importance was the protraction of the dramatic curve, with its beginning, middle and end, and climax wrought in timely perfection, as by an ardent and expert lover. But the supreme task would be to take what was good about the book and make it better. Haydock sat up, alerted by the view halloo. He could hear the distant baying of hounds. This was a familiar game trail down which



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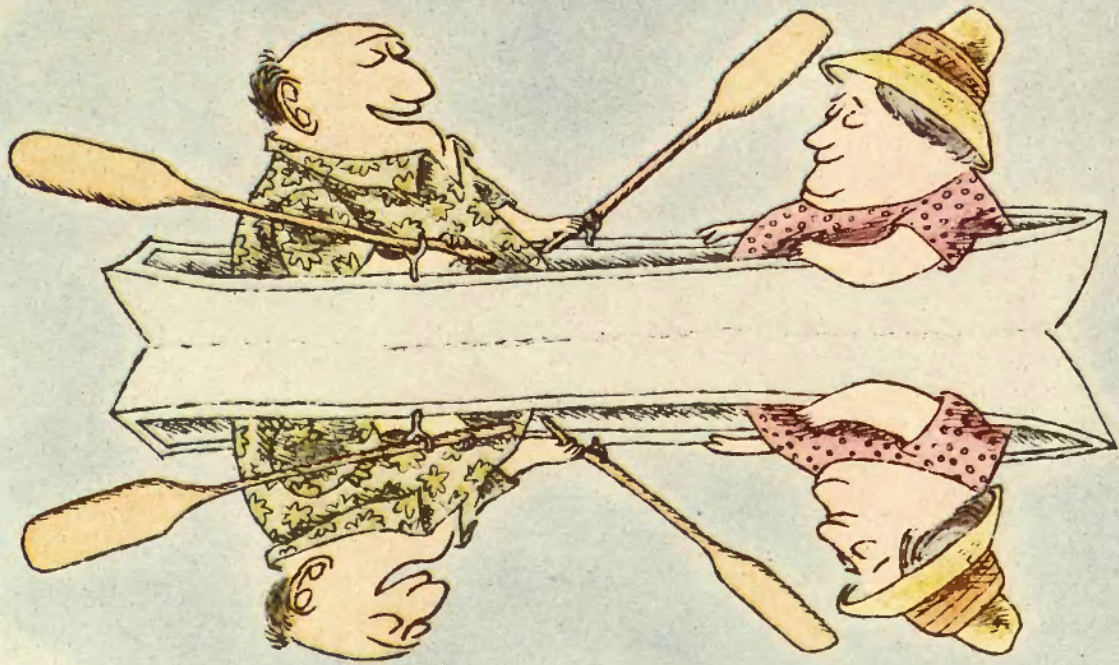


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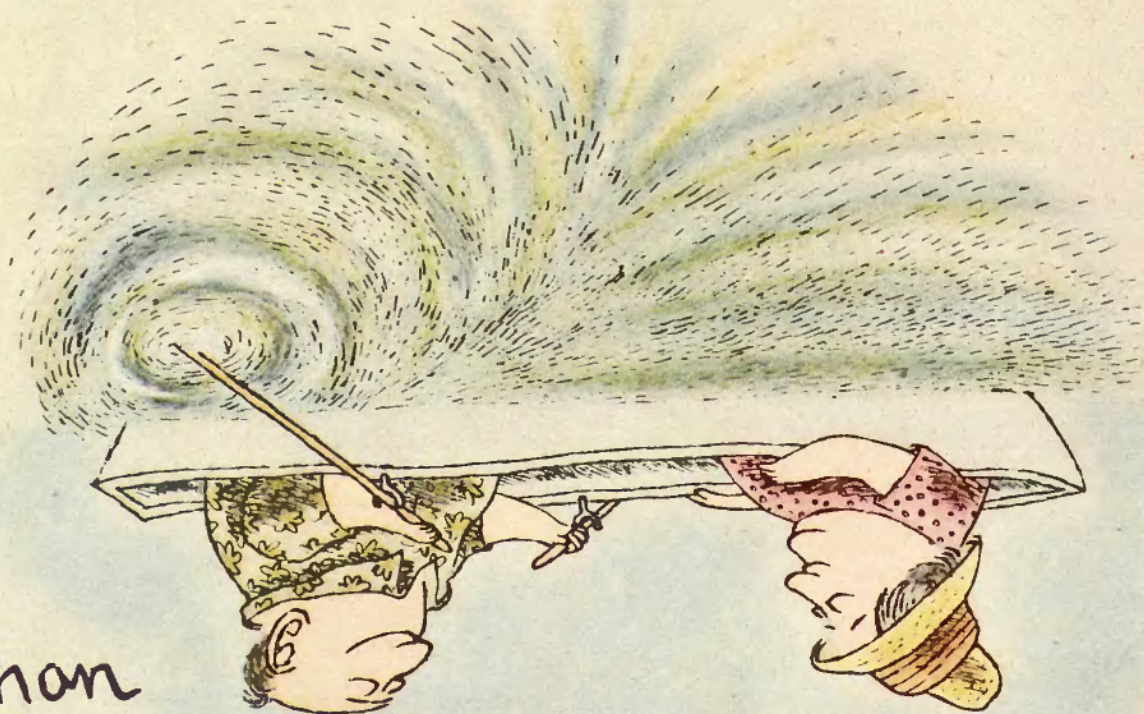
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Gahan
Wilson

he, as the quarry, had bounded in anger for nearly 20 years. How many times, he wondered sadly, from how many strivers who had tried and failed to become writers, had he defended a labored-over, sweated-over, constructed-in-agony product? On their record, what inexplicable arrogance could persuade them of their superior knowledge? They were, he felt, adjudging their betters by the critical standards that had caused their own collapse, and only by staving them off, at great cost to his serenity, had he managed to stay professionally alive. So acute was his bitterness on the subject that, often, he had mulishly rejected suggestions that would patently have been to his benefit. Gently (for he wished to avoid argument) he expounded to Bronstein, to Eisenfeld and to his wife, his theory that the good movies, the real winners, had been those which had simply followed the book. He cited *David Copperfield* and *Gone with the Wind*, spinning off at random examples which, though not arty, or even self-consciously artistic (therefore unsuspect to a money man) were yet critically sound and had played merry tunes in the till. "In both cases," said Haydock, "nobody was inspired to write a new book. They decided that the original was good enough to film. It was a matter of story and cast —"

"Let's go have lunch at the commissary. I think Mrs. Haydock might enjoy it," said Bronstein with genuine Old World courtesy.

After a wholesome meal at which the producer discoursed with erudition on a variety of subjects — medicine, law, bowling, psychiatry, horticulture, Las Vegas, primitive religions — Haydock and his group were turned over to a studio guide, who led them on a tour of the sets. For anyone in search of glamor (and despite his scoffing talk, Haydock was a secret fan, an addict, hooked since childhood) the experience was curiously baffling. In these halls, or others like them, trod the ghosts of Garbo and Barrymore, of Theodore Roberts, of W. C. Fields and Charlie Chaplin, Jack Gilbert, Wallace Reid, Lon Chaney, Dolores Costello, Jean Harlow, Douglas Fairbanks, "Freckles" Barry — the gorgeous, unpredictable symbols, living and dead (but gone from these painfully empty halls) who had set the rhythm of an age. Virtuosi or hams, Haydock thought, they possessed more than the ordinary marks of identity, and they would be cherished. En route to the set of one film-in-the-works, an ode to slum clearance, Haydock recognized a popular idol of the moment, Rance ("Sweat-sox") McGee, a skinny, tousled-haired youth, somewhat the worse for acne, in frayed blue jeans and a saucy, stained sweater. Wrench in hand, he was seated on the ground beside a Cooper Monaco, changing a piston rod, or draining the oil, or maybe

only tightening a nut. "I know a garage where that kid might get a job, if he'd clean up a bit," said Haydock in a normally loud tone, but his wife shushed him indignantly. On another set, there was being waged what was informally described by the crews as "the battle of the bosoms." Co-starred, after an inspirational idea by an obscure associate producer, José Serpesil (whose superior promptly stole most of the credit), were a bovine Danish matron whose dramatic gifts, which measured out at 44-28-39, were presently without peer in the film world, and an Italian actress whose dimensions (40½-23-40) — nothing to be ashamed of, but certainly an inch or two short of genius — had placed her abreast of the competition so to speak, assisted by a peculiar, rotary, heaving motion with which she managed her wares under stress. She was a youngster yet, so Haydock had recently read in a column by Lolly Parsons (45-35-48), and gave every promise of fattening up to aggressive contention. As he gratuitously established Miss Parsons' contours, he wondered if this new Bertillon system would be carried on to its idiot's extreme, in the style of other American hysteria. He toyed with headlines in the *Times*: PRINCESS MARGARET (39-22-36) ARRIVES FOR WHITE HOUSE VISIT; and SENATOR SMITH (36-26-38) DEMURS AT GENERAL RANK FOR ACTOR. Haydock lagged behind to listen, or watch, hoping to see the noted mammaries in full swing, but it was a scene in which both stars were covered, one having turned nun, after a career of matchless carnality, and the Italian being in coy process of announcing to her lover, a car thief, that she was about to have a baby. Both of these repeated cinema travesties of actions essentially private had embarrassed Haydock for years; besides, neither actress could speak recognizable English, so he turned away.

Before they broke off the visit, their escort steered them — furtively, in the style of a runner for a peep show in Montmartre — to a set whereon was being enacted a drama of beatnik life in the Village. Before the camera were several creatures in costumes unspeakably offensive — a sissified youth, with bangs, compressed into tight black corduroys, a high yellow vest and a Norfolk jacket; another in a derby and a horizontally striped sweater that reached to his shins; a third in filthy ducks, the right leg torn off at the knee; and a sprinkling of bare-foot, unmade-up girls. They lolled comatose on the floor of what appeared to be a flat of singular decor, with two hideous abstractions, one in a triangular frame, another painting more representational — a clear, well-composed view of a woman choking a baby — and a rough-hewn sculpture of a Madonna with three breasts. To the erratic accompaniment of a drum roll, a pallid, hollow-checked girl stood listlessly reciting an unrhythmed

poem in which she stated that she hoped to murder her mother. Haydock moved up, fascinated; then he found himself beside the producer, a man he knew slightly, presumably the guiding spirit behind two brilliantly tasteful films of recent years. "It's hilarious," Haydock told him. "Good stuff. Do you allow them to run loose at night, or lock them up on the set?" "Mr. Haydock," said the producer solemnly, "this is going to be a very, very important document of Today. We've done a very large amount of research." Horrified, Haydock saw that he was deadly serious. For a wild instant, he wondered if he could be drunk. Drifting away, mournfully uncertain whether after all it could be he himself who in the quick rush of years had missed the beat, he stood beside a boy and a girl, members of the cast, momentarily idle, who had reached some abstruse impasse in a romantic alliance. "Tony, liss-en," she said, her slight body bent forward, both hands clawing the air, her pretty lower jaw outthrust and moving laterally, chewing the words. "Look, Tony, will you liss-en? I mean, what I mean is, I — I mean Tony will you LISS-EN? I mean I don't understand you-oo." In a sudden revulsion of feeling, Haydock briefly harbored the notion of removing to Tierra del Fuego until method acting had been stamped out and some public-spirited citizen had bombed the Actors Studio. One Brando could be a boon, he reflected; 5000 assumed the proportions of a Biblical plague. Desperately he looked about, hoping that there might emerge from these mock-up cathedral shadows another Valentino, with greasy, patent-leather hair, and an imperious cinema queen in the raucous tradition, raising hell with a director. He was fed up with the ordinary, tired of verisimilitude, surfeited with the dreary. His needs were simple; he wished to be entertainingly kidded. In his dark seat in the theater, Haydock preferred to feel that great things were coming; he believed in the vampire's promise.

. . .

In the following 24 hours, he and his wife were swept along the glittering Hollywood trail of cocktail party, lunch at Romanoff's and star-studded dinner. Exhausted, and with no commitment for nearly half the next day, they decided to enjoy their hotel, which certainly was one of the world's finest, and have a midday snack in their suite. And it was here, returning upstairs from a breakfast of black-walnut waffles on the sun-drenched Patio Portofino, that they caught, and checked, their first delusion of grandeur. The door to another suite was open, as the maids tidied up, and Haydock stopped, nettled. Not only was the wallpaper superior, but the suite itself looked out to the Alcazar Gardens, while the Haydocks' gave onto the boulevard in front. "By God, for two pins I'd

ask them to move us," he said. "After all, for 60 bucks a day . . ." "It is more attractive. There's no doubt about it," replied his wife, musing. Then with a little shake of her head, she said, "Hold on; this is what we *weren't* going to do — remember?" Half-convinced, Haydock permitted himself to be led docilely home. A few minutes later, they agreed that it had been a close call. During the morning, she wallowed in the luxury of the hotel's beauty parlor, getting the full treatment from permanent to pedicure, while Haydock, aching in every joint, called in the house masseuse, a strapping Finn, who set to work with shrill yelps of joy. Buckling to her work, she gained a chancery toehold, then, when he kipped free, slipped easily into a Turkish leg-stretcher, meanwhile applying an illegal Indian rub to his left wrist. She was remarkably powerful, even for so large a woman. Haydock's young years had been spent in a rough section of the land; he had an authentic knowledge of fighting, but he began to wonder, for one of the few times in his life, if he hadn't given away too much weight. First, not surprisingly, she announced that, in Hollywood, it was necessary to pound with unusual vigor; the residents were in terrible shape. The ordeal continued, to a running, heavily accented commentary on Hollywood and its people. Within 10 minutes she had divulged enough questionable material about five or six of the leading stars to have them jailed for an aggregate of at least 35 years. In spite of his disillusionment, Haydock breathed more freely. The heat, for the moment, had been taken off himself. But when she flipped him over on his back, using a quarter nelson and crotch hoist, she seized his right leg and bent it back on his stomach with a crack that must certainly have been audible in the next suite. "I not a masseuse," she said, with a false effort at a smile. This came as no news to Haydock, who decided that he had seen her in an all-lady mudathon, on television. "Physio-therapist, licensed. In Scandinavian contry, doctor have us setting all broken bones." It seemed only fair, he thought, since they had probably broken most of them. Still, he felt reassured. It's safer to have advance knowledge of an enemy's objective. He realized now that she was planning to break his leg and set it, and he steeled himself to thwart her. He was still ahead, on points, when his wife returned from the beautician, and after the therapist left, carrying her bag with professional costume and, he imagined, splints, iodine, adrenaline and chloroform, along with her *laissez-passer* from the Scandinavian doctors, and perhaps a letter of appreciation from the Finnish Society of Morticians, they discussed the morning, his wife joyous with the usual frizzled permanent, himself because he was alive.

Riding the crest of high spirits, he thought the time propitious to put room service to the test. In addition, he had a score to settle with the hotel for sending up a homicidal Amazon. "We've neglected this bunch," he said. "They may be hurt. What's more, I notice where they claim on the menu they can supply any food on earth. It seems a little broad." "All right," she said, "but don't act up." He sat lost in thought; then, rousing himself, he rang room service and was answered by a male voice unmistakably French. "My wife and I wish lunch sent up," said Haydock. "Something simple but nourishing." He divined that the man's reply — "*Continuez, Monsieur*" — was a trifle disappointed. Even so, the French, the quick perception that he was dealing with a bilingual gourmet, struck a genial note. It was the correct atmosphere in which to order lunch in this special hotel in this particular town. "My wife wants a caviarburger and a bottle of Gewurtztraminer, '45. For myself, I'd like a Strasbourg goose stuffed with filet mignon. And, I think, a couple of bottles of Berliner Weissbier, extra pale." As his wife took over the phone, by force, he could fancy that he heard the faint words, "At what temperature, Monsieur?" but it may only have been an echo of other orders, from other rooms. "I'm Mrs. Haydock," said his wife acidly, as if the relationship might be unusual in the voluptuous chambers of the Beverly Sunset. "My husband isn't himself this morning; he's overexcited. What we *would* like is Persian melon, two small, rare filet mignons, and asparagus with Hollandaise, with maybe three bottles of Carlsberg." Haydock was astonished. Since her days at an Eastern school and college, and the hurried, frantic weekends at Princeton and New Haven, she had settled into a kind of hamburger regimen. Heretofore, the outside limit of her room-service imagination had been chicken salad. While he had been skylarking, in a setting uniquely frolicsome, his wife was serious about this uncharacteristic noontime fare. He watched her as she replaced the receiver and walked, humming, over to inspect her hair. And when the waiters came, silent, polite, deft, evoking their radiant viands from silver vessels like a magician producing rabbits from a hat, he was staggered to see her stroll up and cut into a filet with a look of regal suspicion. "Something is wrong, Madame?" "Well, they *are* a little overdone," she said. "Then, Madame, we should by all means take them back." "That might be best," she said absently, returning to the mirror for a last dab at the permanent. Haydock leaned back on the sofa aghast. In the 13 years of their marriage she had never before stooped to any such caricature of the manorial indifference to peasantry. Indeed, they had often deplored this in two or three of their

friends — well-known, self-made people whose beginnings had been humble and who, now, were rushing, hard to please, pressing slightly, trying to catch up with an imitation of something that scarcely existed. All the same, he decided, she was right, you know. It made little sense to eat a filet mignon, especially here, that fell below the level of perfection. Besides, it might be tonic for the staff: only way to keep those fellows down there on their toes. When at last they were served, he signed the check with a casual glance and thought that, at \$33, it seemed more than reasonable.

That night, at Bronstein's party, he tried to drink in moderation, wishing to discuss the script he had been given at the studio. But it was an uphill job. The function was not at all what he expected; the house itself made him uneasy. It was charming, exquisite even; but it was not stagily so. It had an off-hand, comfortable look. There was no movie bar with its row of barstools (just like your favorite saloon's). The living room, low, half-darkened, spacious, had sofas that were neither bolt upright nor deep enough to shoot one's feet out at a tendon-wrenching angle. The dining room, with a working fireplace, looked out through a broad glass wall to a handsome expanse of greensward that ran down to a pool in which someone (and Haydock had a strong conviction that it was not a studio extra, hired for the occasion) at the moment was swimming. There were no jokes in the bathroom. He had met Bronstein, Haydock reflected, and should have known better. But he had read the books and seen the films that these partial outcasts made in unaccountable disparagement of themselves, and he felt a sense of letdown. It was for an instant relieved when he belatedly became aware of the hallway, in which hung a gallery of breathtaking oils, unusual by any literate standards. Very briefly, he thought he had discovered Bronstein's Achilles' heel; surely this passage had felt the delicate knowing hand of a set designer; then he dismissed the idea as unworthy. He wandered moodily around, meeting the guests — playwrights, authors, professional people of distinction — and members of Bronstein's family, each of whom had done something spectacularly fine in the large worlds of medicine, law, scientific research. Not quite cheated (for he would have been pleasurable irritated), he yet missed the rackets group singing at the piano (perhaps wearing funny hats); the corkscrew apologies for Russia, with the current witticism in belittlement of tyranny and suppression — "If you have one Hungarian friend, you'll never need an enemy"; the man who maneuvered you into a corner and said, "I consider myself a liberal, and you sure can't generalize about races, BUT —"; the inevitable Jew who told a derisive story

about Jews (one that Haydock would never have told, and had no wish to hear); the outsized, aggressive he-man who drunkenly demanded to know if there were any Communists in the house.

After the deferential colored staff had served a flawless dinner—an epicure's revel that Haydock, in his new mood, decided made the hotel fare seem tasteless and sterile—he retired with Bronstein to a study adorned (unobtrusively) with testimonials to past triumphs. There they discussed the script. Haydock had read and reread it conscientiously, making explicit notes. He had even rewritten a long scene, with dialog, to illustrate his basic complaints: that the script was uncomfortably humorless, that the characters represented a kind of reincarnation—having died under the studio's treatment and been perpetuated in another form, like the Tin Woodman of Oz—and that the story was practically new though not necessarily fresh. Aided by the spirits he had drunk (which consisted of four highballs, three glasses of wine and a hearty slug of cognac), he talked fluently but without heat. His preamble exonerated the writer of the script (fired weeks previously); the man had clearly tackled a genre of book with which he felt ill at ease. Haydock never doubted that the new writer, a youth who had been engaged to reshuffle the fifth script, would construct a chronology easy to clothe in the book's original garments (according to Eisenfeld, there had been some *sub rosa* talk of asking Haydock, later, to do a "polish job" on the finished product). Warming to this opening theme, feeling the cognac work its magic, he slipped into gentle sarcasm, one of his recurring faults. He had no doubt that such a richly promising youngster, whose name was already a household word (Haydock had never heard of him, as he was perfectly aware that Bronstein knew), would blossom into one of the true geniuses of tomorrow. He rambled on, waxing in eloquence, and found himself, as often, thinking on two levels: a part of him discoursing with brilliance, and another standing off in applause. He harked back to the origins of movies, speaking with nostalgia of men old enough to be his grandfather, of David Wark Griffith, of Broncho Billy Anderson, of Adolph Zukor. He was pleased by the success of *The Squaw Man*, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* and *Bernhardt's Queen Elizabeth*. These were the good parts, that made the fight worthwhile. Haydock graciously paid tribute to Bronstein's studio, sketching its history and growth (wondering with awe how he could remember it all), and came down to cases with a rousing back-clap for Bronstein's own pictures. As to the project at hand, "You and I, working together," he said, lighting a cigar (one of his host's, which would cause him to sneeze all the next day), "can

lick this thing. I haven't the least doubt of it." "Pardon me?" said Bronstein. Haydock wobbled back to earth, somewhat in the manner of a spent rocket, without any way stops. Perfectly sober, he restated a few of his points about the script. Then he realized that his host was not listening. Perhaps he had never listened, from the day Haydock walked into the studio. What he heard instead, Haydock thought, was a clamorous litany of shouts from other sets, tasks finished, the ideas and rules, precept and example, that staked out the margin of safety in this industry that fearfully tiptoed day by day over its own worn trail. As his mind raced rapidly back through the week, Haydock realized that nobody ever listened here; it was the secret of social gift in this land. Why had Bronstein wished to see him? Sadly, Haydock realized that he might never know. A film would be made from his book. Impersonally, as one might scan the movie list of a newspaper, he wondered what it would be like.

• • •

They went home the next morning. At the airfield, the jet, which had raised its bulk so formidably before, had lost its towering appearance. Frowning, Haydock imagined that the Russians already had produced one twice as big. "Anyhow," said his wife on the plane, snapping her fingers at a stewardess, in search of a magazine, "we didn't lose our heads." New York, when they landed, looked colorless, almost real—Haydock missed the vivid artificiality of Beverly Hills—and when they reached Spofford, he stood in his yard, glancing around with mild distaste. The house of which they had been so proud appeared somehow to have shrunk, and the "green," a sweeping triumph of impeccable bluegrass, seemed seedy. Even his children, returning from their private day school, had a raffish, casual look, as if they belonged in New England.

Though the hour was late, they decided to dine at home, with an accent on simplicity, watching television, their plates in their laps, the first dull step on the nervous road back to normal. They agreed that it was important. Carefully, Haydock tested the hamburger steak that his wife plopped down with a curious air of abstraction. It was clearly overdone. For a brief, mad moment, he decided to send it back to the kitchen, but he refrained when he considered that nobody was there to receive it.

What was the one great way to live? First thing in the morning, Haydock thought, he would write Bronstein a letter. It would strike just the right note—grateful and interested but aloof, admiring and wise, a siren letter, leaving the door open for further negotiation.



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BANDIT

(continued from page 52)

blondie who pushed in here tonight and is sitting at your table is a wrong guy. Tell your friend, Mr. Moisse, not to get into any action with that fella."

Four of us sat at a table in Ike Bloom's joint the next Saturday night. Bloom's Midnight Frolics Café was the flashiest drop in town. Here the high-toned Camilles came to parade their feathers and their loot. Bedizened bedroom queens turkey-trotted on the dance floor with their paunchy, peasant-faced keepers, all shined up as if ready for interment. The whinny and roar of a 30-piece orchestra poked at their feet.

At the tables wine gushed out of iced bottles, monkey-suited waiters curtsied, and diamonds sparkled from a swamp of female flesh in flaglike evening gowns. The splurge of silken-squeezed breasts, buttocks and boiling pelvises filled the gilt chairs with a motionless lewdness.

Moisse, beside me, had shaken his last week's love woes out of his soul. He was scouting for Conchita's successor.

"I've always made the mistake," he said, "of hunting for loyalty and honor in the female. No more. That's like hunting the unicorn, whose existence is still debatable." Looking off, he added, "Holy Ike, have a look at our little pall He seems to have struck gold."

Dude Teddy, in a satin-laped tuxedo, stood in the noisy, milling entrance. Holding his arm was a tall, redheaded girl whom I knew. She was called Swan, with no other name. A lean, undulant Lorelei with a delicate boy face, she was to be seen always in the same getup — a clinging sheath of black velvet out

of which her slim neck provided its own ornament. The tousled hair was Pompeian red. Oiled eyelids were kept down like window blinds. Slitted, pallid eyes glinted out of an egg-white face.

I had interviewed Swan after the suicide of a jockey who had been her lover. I had also questioned the bellhops in her hotel — a lewd oasis in an area of pious residents. My findings were: she was the daughter of a socially glamorous family in New York City; she had graduated from Vassar College; she could recite reams of Shakespeare in a genteel, broad-A'd voice; she was addicted to hashish in liquid form; and she had bedded with a score of lovers, all grubby underworld characters. But grubby lovers weren't enough. She liked to wallow in private dope parties where sex and hallucination cakewalked in the night.

I had come away from a three-hour interview somewhat singed but unseduced. And I had thereafter shunned the thrill-greedy, dirt-hungry beauty with the sweet boy face.

"Do you know her?" Moisse asked.

I told him what I knew of Swan.

"You talk like a Lutheran," he grinned.

"Since when are nymphomania and a knowledge of Shakespeare drawbacks in a lady? Not to mention drugs and a talent for debauchery. They all add up to a shark-belly hunger for life. I've always wanted to love one of those creamy-skinned man-eaters."

Moisse stood up, his face young with jollity. But he remained at the table. Teddy and his Swan had joined the couples on the dance floor.

"I'll wait till the hammerhead and her

prey finish their gyrations," Moisse said.

Dance followed dance. Couples started deserting the dimly lit floor. But our dude, Teddy, a head shorter than his flame-topped lady, hopped, skipped and swiveled on the dance floor with no more sign of quitting than if he were a goldfish circling in a bowl. Swan seemed equally dance-nutty.

Around three A.M. Moisse's eyes acquired a bourbon fog. The jam of bosombouncing mares and feet-twirling stallions had thinned out. But Swan and Teddy were still capering without letup.

Moisse glared at our frisky dude.

"That waltzing mouse will keep the lady rotating until dawn," Moisse said. "I shall postpone my rescue of the poor girl until tomorrow. I assure you, on the navel of Salome, that I'll have the lovely Swan in my cornfield by tomorrow. Tomorrow I'll wrap her around me like a tourniquet."

Moisse slid down in his chair and fell asleep.

But my friend had to shelve his plans for courtship. A new bandit saga hit the newsstands, blazoning the activities of an "albino slayer" soon identified as Teddy Webb.

The press whooped with robbery and murder headlines. Chicago sat up as if a carnival had come to town. What fun headlines used to be when the disasters they shouted had nothing to do with us.

Unbelievably even for that bandit heyday, the Teddy Webb saga kept growing, kept piling up robberies and shootings week after week, as if not a "lone bandit" was loose on the city but an invading army. The editorial writers began to take note and to sound warnings. "Not any man can deny that the spectacle of 4000 armed police officers unable to apprehend one murderous criminal is an ominous challenge to our very civilization. The question arises — is Chicago's police department too corrupt or, possibly, too inefficient to remove this single menace to society — Bandit Teddy Webb?"

What a fellow our little dude was during his saga days. Identified as a heretofore small-time stickup man, Teddy Webb raced through the town in a commandeered taxicab, descending on fur stores, dress shops and jewelry marts, and wounding or killing whoever tried to thwart him. He blasted his way into a number of these places with dynamite sticks. The casualty list included two policemen. Teddy usually "struck alone." But once a "beautiful red-haired siren" was glimpsed in his bandit cab.

I covered the story from dawn to midnight, and did most of my sleeping in the lobby of Swan's hotel, beside a stakeout of four detectives. It was more than a lust for news that kept me glued to the story. I was not only its reporter but its phantom participant.



"Come back here, you!"

I knew what Teddy and Swan were feeling and saying in their secret, blood-spattered world of hashish and passion. I understood Teddy Webb as if he were the simplest of Punch-and-Judy figures. I could feel the joy in the soul of the lonely little dude who had been nobody, peering out of nowhere. Victory had come to him. Anonymous as a June bug since childhood, this friendless fop had landed feet first in the headline halls of fame, or infamy—a distinction seldom made by the successful.

I also knew the happiness of Swan, though I understood it less. Female emotions need an anthropologist for deciphering. They are closer to the zoo than the male's. If women had written the Old Testament instead of men, they would have put down a more credible Garden of Eden, one in which Eve antedated Adam by several eons. How else could her daughters have come by their more primitive howls?

I didn't understand Swan any more than I have many other women on whom I have turned a searching eye. But I could sense her. Half asleep beside the detectives in the lobby of the hotel, I could sense her slitted eyes smiling at the loot brought by her bandit lover. I could see it piled on the bed of some frowsy room, and see her posturing in the bloodstained furs and dresses like a slim Medusa trying on new hairdos. And I could see her lying nude and sexual in some shabby bed, with stolen diamonds twinkling on her skin, and with the shouts of "Extra Paper—New Murder Extra!" drifting into the hide-away room like a burst of applause. I had read of such things in Dostoevsky, De Quincey and the Marquis de Sade, but now I was their neighbor in life. The ecstasy of evil, sex full of Roman candles; the angelic float of drugs, the honey taste of crime, the glee of murder, and each day lived like a leap from a high roof—I peered through a door crack into this other world.

I moved on to the office of Assistant Superintendent of Chicago's Police, Herman Scheuttler, called "Wooden Shoes" by his admirers. I was interviewing him about the derisive postcard he had received from the hunted bandit.

Reporter Bartlett Cormack of the *American* was also on hand, to write of that afternoon later in his play, *The Racket*, and in numerous magazine tales. Cormack was a pale, bespectacled, wizen-faced young journalist. His future talents were not yet perceptible in his naive clucks of wonder at the world.

I pause in my story to tell a bit of Chief Scheuttler who looms like a hundred melodramas in my memory. Chief Scheuttler was a law enforcer as unbelievable as any to be seen on our television screens today. He was a tall, bulky, implacable enemy of crime, honest as the day and courageous as the lion. In his youth as a police lieutenant,

Scheuttler had made a spectacular capture of the anarchist Louis Lingg—leader of the Haymarket Riots bomb throwers.

Anarchist Lingg had been tracked down in a three-story house. Lieutenant Scheuttler and a dozen cops entered the building with drawn guns. Louis Lingg shouted down from the third floor that he held a bomb in his hand, and that if the cops started up the stairs he would explode it and kill everybody on the premises, including himself.

Lieutenant Scheuttler said to his men, "Wait here." He handed one of them his gun and then called out, "I'm coming after you alone, Louis, without a gun. If you lick me you can get away."

Six-foot-three Herman Scheuttler, famed for his powerhouse fists, walked up to where iron-muscled six-foot-two Louis Lingg stood waiting with his bomb. Anarchist Louis was as "fictional" a character as hero Herman. He put his bomb away, removed his coat and took on the barrel-chested nemesis in fair battle. No television Western today offers a more Homeric fracas than was fought by big Herman and big Louis on those West Side stairs.

Scheuttler won. Battered and bleeding, he lugged the unconscious Lingg to the cops waiting below. Louis Lingg, however, won his second bout with the law. He outwitted the hangman by chewing a nitroglycerin bomb and blowing his head off.

That was many years ago, but it was the same stalwart crime hater who spoke out of his chief's chair about Teddy.

"I'm going to get Teddy Webb," Chief Scheuttler said, "and I promise you this. That murdering little squirt will go to trial with a broken jaw and an ear missing. I'm going to take the little bastard apart before I bring him in. You can quote me for that, and I don't care if it costs me my job. He killed two policemen."

The phone rang. Scheuttler answered. His face lighted. His bulk came out of the chair.

"We've got Teddy Webb's address," the chief said. "A woman just phoned it in to Captain Strassneider."

"Can we have her name?" I asked.

"Who in hell knows her name?" Scheuttler answered and strode out of the room. Cormack and I trotted after him.

A few years later I would have known instantly who the betrayer was—Swan. Who else betrays a man as surely as the woman who loves him? But at 19 my information of womankind was skimpy and roseate. I had not yet learned that love and hate were twins, that love can betray and kill as well as serve and delight. I had not yet seen a half-dozen paramours sobbing over lovers they had just slain. "Oh, I loved him so, I loved him so!" Nor had I discovered the disturbing fact that sex was no merry exercise only, but a diversion full of devilish

problems. Not till my sagelike 20s did I become aware that love-smitten ladies have kept the police as busy as have gangsters.

Yes, it was Swan who called Captain Strassneider. She betrayed her Teddy for a reason more startling than any I was ever to hear from a soured Isolde.

Cormack and I arrived at the tipped-off address 10 minutes after the cops. An excited policeman in front of the house told us Teddy Webb had been captured on the top floor. Bart and I skittered up the stairs and popped into an attic bedroom, with a skylight in its ceiling.

Chief Scheuttler and four policemen were standing around Teddy Webb as he put on his shirt and trousers. No one spoke. The cops were motionless. I stared at Teddy as he carefully fixed his polka-dot tie. It seemed incredible that this blondish little dude, silent and wistful, had terrorized a city. I noted an opened trunk overflowing with furs and colorful dresses. The sweet, theatric odor of female powder and perfumes drifted ghost-like in the air. But there was no Swan. Then I noted a fifth uniformed cop. He lay dead on the floor, dead on his back with arms stretched out and stony eyes rolled up in a blue-skinned face.

I stared at the body. There was no wound visible, or drop of blood. As I knelt beside the dead man for a closer look, I saw Scheuttler head for me. He lifted me from the floor and flung me out of the room. An owl-eyed Cormack came stumbling out after me. A cop towed us efficiently down the stairs.

Ten minutes later a cop came out of the house and said the chief wanted us upstairs again.

The dead policeman was still on the floor but with his coat off. There was a hole in his bloodstained shirt.

"He was shot in the armpit," Scheuttler said. "That's why you didn't notice the bullet wound before. You can see for yourself, now."

I saw the blood-covered wound, and I saw also that Scheuttler's left hand was in his coat pocket. I knew part of the story then. Later, Teddy Webb told me the whole of it.

"I was having a nap," Teddy reminisced in his death cell, "when I heard a noise. I knew it was the cops. I jumped for the skylight, like I'd always planned, and this cop came busting into the room. I didn't have my gun handy and was in my underpants. The cop had his gun in his hand. I thought I was a goner, hanging from the skylight in my underpants. But the cop didn't shoot. He just looked at me with his mouth open and turned blue and flopped to the floor, dead with heart failure. I was so surprised I hung there a few seconds. Then all the boys came in. After Chief Scheuttler kicked you out of the room, he pulled off the dead cop's coat and shot him under the arm. Then he sliced his own hand with a pocket knife and smeared his blood

on the cop, because guys don't bleed after they're dead. He was saving the honor of the police force, he said. He didn't want it on record that a police officer had been frightened to death by just looking at me. And while he was giving the dead cop an honorable wound, he made a deal with me. He promised not to rough me up if I kept my mouth shut about the dead cop. So, why not? I was going to be tried for killing two other cops. There was no harm in making it three. Just a little more publicity before my good-bye party."

On the sidewalk in front of the house Scheuttler asked me nervously, "What are you going to write about the dead officer?"

I remembered Scheuttler and Louis Lingg and many other old Wooden Shoes stories.

"I'll write he was shot down while bravely performing his duty," I said.

I remember Teddy Webb's trial vaguely, and his hanging is also without detail in my memory, hardly more than the sound of the gallows' trap banging down. The wildness of that sound that punctuated my youth every month or so has never left my ears.

But there is one Teddy Webb scene that replays itself vividly in my head, with all its original look and sound. Swan in Teddy Webb's death cell. Swan come to bid him farewell two nights before his hanging. Swan in her black-velvet sheath of a dress, slim-footed, slim-necked, eyes almost shut in a genteel boy face topped by claws of red hair. Swan as unchanged as a clock tick.

Chief Scheuttler, grateful for my lies about his dead cop, had sent me a tip about this lovers' last tryst.

It was after midnight. I had been playing casino with Teddy in his cell. It was the only card game he knew.

"You're just wasting your time, kid," Teddy said, "I don't own a quarter to pay up with." I mentioned his last "bank job."

"She got it all," Teddy said. "Show me those card tricks again. I like to watch."

I started palming cards and tumbling them down my coat sleeve. I had spent much time as a boy practicing to be a magician. Teddy watched, and listened for the sound of a visitor. I listened with him. It came—heels clicking—a crescendo in the silent corridor. Gus Plotka, the deathwatch guard, unlocked the cell.

A tang of perfume freshened the air and Swan came in, like a debutante gone slumming.

"I thought you would be alone, Teddy," she said.

I said I'd step outside.

"It doesn't really matter," Swan's lah-de-dah voice stopped me. "Which paper do you write for?"

"The *Journal*."

"Oh, those stories," Swan smiled,

"quite Baudelairean."

"How are you, Swan?" Teddy Webb's baritone asked.

"Very sad," said Swan. "May I sit down here?"

"Sure, always room in my bed for you," said Teddy. Swan sat beside him on the hard cell bed.

They were silent, and I noticed that Teddy wasn't looking at her. He was looking out of the cell door, his face grim, his lips rigid. I became aware of Teddy Webb as if I had stepped into his head. His thoughts swirled around me. "You turned me in to the cops, you bitch. You put me here to be hanged, you bitch." His silence was like a sputtering fuse. And I knew what I should have known in Scheuttler's office. It was Swan.

Swan's slitted eyes opened. They were green, large and full of sadness. But I thought of snakes' heads.

"I loved you very much, Teddy," she whispered.

"You gave me a good run for my money," said Teddy, and smiled.

"It wasn't for money," Swan said, "you mustn't ever think that."

The green eyes under the claws of red hair looked tenderly on the doomed man.

"I'll never love anybody as much as I did you," Swan said, "as long as I live."

"Me, either," Teddy said, and grinned over his little joke.

How could he talk to her, smile at her, listen to her lies? He knew. Or maybe he didn't. Maybe I had guessed it out of my own head, not out of his.

"I'm glad you're not afraid of Friday," Swan said.

"I'm kind of looking forward to it," said Teddy. "I've had all I want—y'know what I mean?"

"You're not at all afraid?" she asked. I heard mockery in her voice.

"Everybody has to die," said Teddy.

"But walking to the gallows," Swan said. Excitement sharpened her voice and pulsed in her neck. "And having to stand still while they do all those things to you. The rope—and things. They should give you some drug to make it easier for you."

"They would if I asked," said Teddy.

"You won't ask?" Swan whispered.

"No, I'll keep my eyes open till they finish," Teddy said.

And still no accusation, no cry of rage at her betrayal. I watched them stand up, and I knew the game they were playing. She had come to the cell to enjoy Teddy's terror. And he was intent on thwarting her.

"I think I had better go," Swan said.

"Yes," said Teddy, "there's no fun here."

"Friday morning," Swan whispered.

Teddy nodded, "At six A.M."

"Would you mind if I kissed you?" Swan asked.

"What a question," Teddy grinned.

I watched a curious embrace; a cool

little man in the arms of a passion-glowing woman. Nothing secret, now. She let him see her gloat of pleasure as her hands caressed his neck and clutched at his back. Her slim body fitted itself against him. Her lips and teeth ate at his mouth.

The shameless embrace ended. Swan's eyes opened. A green, watery light was in them. She spoke in a hoarsened voice, "Goodbye, Teddy."

"So long, honey," Teddy said. And he was still smiling.

Swan walked out of the death cell. Plotka locked the door and the heel clicks moved away.

"The little bitch, the little bitch," Teddy said. "Goddamn her soul to hell!" He sat down, and looked at me with shivering shoulders.

"Did I do all right?" he asked. "I didn't let on, did I?"

"No, you didn't."

"Scheuttler told me, right off," Teddy said, "that she turned me in. She came here hoping I'd holler at her. But I wouldn't give her the satisfaction. She had to give it to herself, grabbing me and enjoying a dead man in her arms. That's what she was kissing—a dead man. I wanted to stick my hand down her throat and rip her tongue out. But I took it easy, didn't I? And she knew all the time I knew about her turning me in. I spoiled some of her fun, smiling at her. And I'll tell you something else. She never fooled me while we were hooked up in that room. I knew all the time she'd do it. She was excited over my killing those cops. She wanted to do some killing herself. For kicks. So she picked me. I could feel it when I was holding her, and she'd start shivering. She'll get her big kick out of Friday morning."

"Why did you stay with her after you knew what she'd do?" I asked.

"I don't know," Teddy said. "It was like gambling. Yeh, I kept betting my neck against another kiss. Just for kicks. Like her. Yeh, we had a ball for a time, us two. And I'll tell you something about that redhead. I wouldn't trade places with her right now."

He yawned.

"I'm sleepy," he said. "See you Friday morning. Write me up good, will you?"

That was Teddy Webb, the little nobody who had found a brief identity as "a menace to our civilization"; and who was ready to go back to being a nobody at the end of a rope.

I saw Swan once again on the Saturday night after the hanging. She was sitting velvety, poised and smiling at a table in Ike Bloom's café. Sitting beside her, tenderly massaging her hand and telling her a story, was Lionel Moisse. His rumpled hair was slicked down.

I said a hello to the happy couple and walked on.



GROOMING GEAR

(continued from page 38)

the possibility of a male aroma, you will probably want to try the deodorants. For most men, antiperspirants do the trick. Tip: make sure your underarms are thoroughly dry before donning your shirt; though most antiperspirants and deodorants do not damage fabrics (and you should check labels concerning the makers' guaranties in this respect), harm to fabrics is far more likely to occur if the underarm application you use is damp or tacky when you dress.

To further enhance your freshly bathed feeling and sense of sparkling cleanliness, you may wish to make use of a drop or two of men's cologne. If so, shun the sweet scents in favor of citrus or woody or spice-based tang.

Most men shampoo while showering — which is a good idea. Too many men use their bath soap for this purpose, and we recommend that they promptly switch to shampoo. In selecting the shampoo, be guided by your hair type — dry, normal or oily. For dry hair, seek a brand of shampoo containing lanolin; if your scalp tends to be sensitive or to flake, use a shampoo containing a germicidal agent. In any case, lather copiously and rub vigorously, twice, with a complete rinsing in between, making certain that the final rinse is thorough.

Once you've dried your hair, you'll probably want to apply a tonic or dressing suitable to your hair type: creams, oils and glycerine-based ones for dry hair, alcohol-based ones for oily hair. An important part of hair care is daily brushing with a fairly stiff-bristled hairbrush. The scalp is more readily stimulated if you start at the back of the neck and brush up and over your head — regardless of what hair style you prefer. A lively massage with an electric vibrator is an alternative to brushing.

A final word about hair care, this not self-administered, but definitely important for you to be aware of. Patronize the very best barbershop you can find, and find one barber therein who knows how you like your hair cut and will take the time and effort required to trim it without use of razor or clippers. Then regularly avail yourself of his ministrations so that you will fulfill this criterion of looking like a gentleman: "He never looks as if he needs a haircut; he never looks as if he's just had one."

Time and direction are the two big deals in toothbrushing, with dentifrices a matter of secondary importance. Virtually all standard brands of dentifrice do a good job and you won't go far wrong selecting by flavor alone. Same with mouthwashes and rinses, though most dentists warn against using the powerfully germicidal ones except in recommended dilution. But more important than these is the brushing itself, properly accomplished with the sides of the bris-

les, not the tips, and with to-and-fro massage action starting above the gum line and swinging down from the top teeth, up from the lowers. If you're the hurry-up type, you'll want to investigate electric toothbrushes, which give you the equivalent of thorough hand brushing in a fraction of the time.

We hereby secede from the razor controversy. It's our belief that a man should have both an electric razor and a regular razor. In fact, we favor two electric razors, one to be kept in the office for a fast facial cleanup if you're going out for the evening without stopping off at home first, or if you have an important cocktail or business appointment. Most men feel they can get a closer shave with lather and blade, rather than with an electric shaver. This may be a matter of habit, or of technique. Those using a bladed razor should be aware that the best of shaving creams (tube, bomb or hard-milled-soap lather to be used with brush) cannot do a proper job without a thorough face-washing first. Then, all soap should be removed with a thorough rinse. If you have oily skin, two washes and two rinses may do more than one to soften the beard and prepare it for shaving. Many men have found that a splash of skin-bracer or even after-shave lotion, applied after the rinse and before the shaving preparation, helps keep the face hairs erect and ready for effective cutting. Wielders of straight razors need no admonition to keep their razors well stropped. Safety razor blades should be changed before each shave.

The electric razor, too, does better when the face has been cleansed of all natural oils. However, your electric razor will perform better on a thoroughly dry beard. For wielders of the electric razor there are talcs and preshave lotions which achieve the desired condition before you zizz away the whiskers.

We're all in favor of after-shave lotions, provided they are not heavily scented and that what scent they do have is bracingly fresh rather than fragrant. They not only remove the last vestiges of lather, but they cleanse those microscopic nicks which are virtually unavoidable, and they close the pores and cool the face while they evaporate.

Too many chaps, otherwise impeccably groomed, neglect their hands. There are odorless, lanolin-based hand creams which, if regularly applied, will prevent a chap's chapping his paws in the coldest weather. Thorough drying after washing, application of lotion and the wearing of gloves whenever one is outdoors all help keep hands in good condition throughout winter's rigors.

We recommend fairly regular sessions with the manicurist in your barbershop. Between her ministrations, clippers and emery boards will keep your nails the proper shape and length. Never clean nails with metal; this abrades the under-surfaces and lets dirt accumulate more easily. An orange stick is the thing.

A tip on toenail care: clip them short and straight across, to avoid ingrown nails and the snagging of socks.

And now, groomed from head to toe, you're bound to be the best man.



"If you ask me, the thin veneer of civilization stripped off Benson pretty darn quick."

SORRY PLIGHT

(continued from page 48)

learn there is more in life than well-tied cravats.

BE DEMONSTRATIVE

Women like gestures of open affection. Approach the woman of your choice with a rush and fling your arms around her as you grow taller. Thus you will, in a sense, work your way up.

The cuddle or snuggle is effective, too. Land suddenly on the proper lap and hang on.

When you have reached the size at which it is debatable who should get on whose lap, you have gone beyond the bounds of this first installment.

BE A BONE OF CONTENTION

Women are always competing with each other. Use this to your advantage. It is never too early to begin.

Valuable as it is to put your arms around a woman, it is twice as valuable if another woman is watching. Jealousy will begin to work in the neglected woman.

"Davie, come over here and see what I've got for you!"

She will have something interesting and it will differ as you grow older.

HOW TO HANDLE TEACHERS

Luckily for you, most elementary school teachers are women. You can handle them just as easily as you do other women, and with the same methods.

Avoid the old clichés. For example, taking an apple to the teacher is bad. On the contrary:

"May I borrow your apple, Miss Brown?"

"Oh, Davie, are you so hungry?"

"Oh, no! We have plenty at home. Just felt a little weak."

(Always be brave.)

"You certainly may have my apple, Davie!"

Your object is *not* the apple. You may not even *like* apples. You are trying to win her friendship. She will soon forget the lad who brought the apple, but she will long remember the one who borrows it.

SPREAD HAPPINESS

Your little body will begin to grow, faster than you expect. All the more reason why you should use these golden years wisely, giving yourself a firm foundation on which to build your life.

If you forget everything else, remember this: all older women are hungry for love and affection. Give it to them. It is your duty to spread sunshine.

Spread it—spread it thickly. There will always be enough to go around.

NEXT MONTH: "THE FIRST SAP OF MANHOOD AND HOW IT RISES"

WHO SHALL DWELL

(continued from page 81)

barnyard animals on a shared slate. The older boy was in the tack shed out back, saddle-soaping some harnesses.

When the waltz program was interrupted by an announcer with a routine political appeal, the father rose, tapped the ash from his pipe, and ambled lazily into the kitchen.

"How about joining me in a little glass of wine?" he asked, patting his wife affectionately on the hip.

"If you don't think it would be too crowded," she replied, smiling easily at their standing jest.

He grinned amiably and reached into the cupboard for the bottle and glasses.

Suddenly the radio message was abruptly cut off. A moment of humming silence. Then, in a voice pregnant with barely controlled excitement, the announcer almost shouted:

"Bomb alert! Bomb alert! Attention! Attention! A salvo of missiles has just been launched across the sea, heading this way. Attention! They are expected to strike within the next 16 minutes. Sixteen minutes! This is a verified alert! Take cover! Take cover! Keep your radios tuned for further instructions."

"My God!" the father gasped, dropping the glasses. "Oh, my God!" His ruggedly handsome face was ashen, puzzled, as though he knew beyond a shadow of doubt that this was real—but still could not quite believe it.

"Get the children," his wife blurted, then dashed to the door to call the older boy. He stared at her a brief moment, seeing the fear in her pretty face, but something else, too, something divorced from the fear. Defiance. And a loathing for all men involved in the making and dispatch of nuclear weapons.

He wheeled then, and ran to the bedroom. "Let's go," he snapped, "shelter drill!" Despite a belated attempt to tone down the second phrase and make it seem like just another of the many rehearsals they'd had, his voice and bearing galvanized the youngsters into instant action. They leaped from the bed without a word and dashed for the door.

He hustled them through the kitchen to the rear door and sent them scoting to the shelter. As he returned to the bedroom for outer garments for himself and his wife, the older boy came running in.

"This is the hot one, Son," said his father tersely, "the real one." He and the boy stared at each other a long moment, both knowing what must be done and each knowing the other would more than do his share, yet wondering still at the frightening fact that it must be done at all.

"How much time we got, Dad?"

"Not long," the father replied, glancing at his watch, "12, maybe 14 minutes."

The boy disappeared into the front room, going after the flashlight and battery radio. The father stepped to the closet, slid the door open and picked up the flat metal box containing their vital papers, marriage license, birth certificates, etc. He tossed the box on the bed, then took down his wife's shortcoat and his own hunting jacket. Draping the clothing over his arm, he then picked up the metal box and the big family Bible from the headboard on the bed. Everything else they would need had been stored in the shelter the past several months. He heard his wife approaching and turned as she entered the room.

"Ready, Dear?" she asked.

"Yes, we're ready now," he replied, "are the kids gone in?"

"They're all down," she answered, then added with a faint touch of despairing bewilderment, "I still can't believe it's real."

"We've got to believe it," he said, looking her steadily in the eye, "we can't afford not to."

Outside, the day was crisp and clear, typical of early fall. Just right for boating on the river, fishing or bird shooting. A regular peach of a day, he thought, for fleeing underground to escape the awesome hell of a nuclear strike. Who was the writer who had said about atomic weapons, "Would any self-respecting cannibal toss one into a village of women and children?" He looked at his watch again. Four minutes had elapsed since the first alarm. Twelve minutes, more or less, remained.

Inside the shelter, he dogged the door with its double-strength strap iron bar, and looked around to see that his family was squared away. His wife, wearing her attractive blue print cotton frock (he noticed for the first time), was methodically checking the food supplies, assisted by the older son. The small children had already put their initial fright behind them, as is the nature of youngsters, and were drawing on the slate again in quiet, busy glee.

Now it began. The waiting.

They knew, he and his wife, that others would come soon, begging and crying to be taken in now that the time was here, now that Armageddon had come screaming toward them, stabbing through the sky on stubbed wings of shining steel.

They had argued the aspects of this when the shelter was abuilding. It was in her mind to share their refuge. "We can't call ourselves Christians and then deny safety to our friends when the showdown comes," she contended, "that isn't what God teaches."

"That's nothing but religious pap," he retorted with a degree of anger, "oatmeal Christianity." For he was a hard-headed man, an Old Testament man. "God created the family as the basic



unit of society," he reasoned. "That should make it plain that a man's primary Christian duty is to protect his family."

"But don't you see?" she protested, "we must prepare to purify ourselves . . . to rise above this 'mine' thinking and be as God's own son, who said, 'Love thy neighbor.'"

"No," he replied with finality, "I can't buy that." Then, after a moment's thought while he groped for the words to make her understand the truth which burned in the core of his soul, "It is my family I must save, no one more. You. These kids. Our friends are like the people of Noah's time: he warned them of the coming flood when he built the ark on God's command. He was ridiculed and scoffed at, just as we have been ridiculed. No," and here his voice took on a new sad sureness, an air of dismal certainty, "it is meant that if they don't prepare, they die. I see no need for further argument." And so, she had reluctantly acquiesced.

With seven minutes left, the first knock rang the shelter door. "Let us in! For God's sake, man, let us in!"

He recognized the voice. It was his first neighbor down the road toward town.

"No!" shouted the father, "there is only room for us. Go! Take shelter in your homes. You may yet be spared."

Again came the pounding. Louder. More urgent.

"You let us in or we'll break down this door!" He wondered, with some concern, if they were actually getting a ram of some sort to batter at the door. He was reasonably certain it would hold. At least as long as it must.

The seconds ticked relentlessly away. Four minutes left.

His wife stared at the door in stricken fascination and moaned slightly. "Steady, girl," he said, evenly. The children, having halted their game at the first shouting, looked at him in fearful wonderment. He glared at his watch, ran his hands distraughtly through his hair, and said nothing.

Three minutes left.

At that moment, a woman's cry from the outside pierced him in an utterly vulnerable spot, a place the men could never have touched with their desperate demands. "If you won't let me in," she cried, "please take my baby, my little girl."

He was stunned by her plea. This he had not anticipated. What must I do? he asked himself in sheer agony. What man on earth could deny a child the chance to live?

At that point, his wife rose, sobbing, and stepped to the door. Before he could move to stop her, she let down the latch and dashed outside. Instantly a three-year-old girl was thrust into the shelter. He hastily fought the door latch on

again, then stared at the frightened little newcomer in mute rage, hating her with an abstract hatred for simply being there in his wife's place and knowing he could not turn her out.

He sat down heavily, trying desperately to think. The voices outside grew louder. He glanced at his watch, looked at the faces of his own children a long moment, then rose to his feet. There were two minutes left, and he had made his decision. He marveled now that he had even considered any other choice.

"Son," he said to the older boy, "you take care of them." It was as simple as that.

Unlatching the door, he thrust it open and stepped out. The crowd surged toward him. Blocking the door with his body, he snatched up the two children nearest him, a boy and a girl, and shoved them into the shelter. "Bar that door," he shouted to his son, "and don't open it for at least a week!"

Hearing the latch drop into place, he turned and glanced around at the faces in the crowd. Some of them were still babbling incoherently, utterly panic-

stricken. Others were quiet now, resigned, no longer afraid.

Stepping to his wife's side, he took her hand and spoke in a warm, low tone. "They will be all right, the boy will lead them." He grinned reassuringly and added, "We should be together, you and I."

She smiled wordlessly through her tears and squeezed his hand, exchanging with him in the one brief gesture a lifetime and more of devotion.

Then struck the first bomb, blinding them, burning them, blasting them into eternity. Streaking across the top of the world, across the extreme northern tip of Greenland, then flaming downrange through the chilled Arctic skies, it had passed over Moscow, over Voronezh, and on over Krasny to detonate high above their city of Shakty.

The bird had been 19 minutes in flight, launched from a bomb-blasted, seared-surface missile pit on the coast of California. America's retaliation continued for several hours.



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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE


DURING SEPTEMBER, when summer's gonow-pay-later crowd is back home, and before the winter season commences, the world's playgrounds again offer beneficent elbow-bending room. First and foremost among these last resorts are the European festivals attendant to the harvesting of man's great and good friend, the grape; a grand tour can be made by him who would sample the multiform fruits of the vine.

An exemplary example is Munich's riotous Oktoberfest—which, with Bavarian foresight, gets under way during September—where you may imbibe your time in the pleasant company of several thousand high-spirited Brünnhildes. Proximate German intemperate zones are found at Koenigswinter, where the Vintner's Festival bubbles over at the Rhine-washed base of the craggy Drachenfels mountain, and at Duerkheim, where the saucy Sausage Fair is held.

Road scholars will find further stimulating research material in the valley of Portugal's Douro River, scenic site of the port wine harvest. At Pêso da Régua the Guild of Port-grape Growers will arrange an itinerary for you through the areas where pressing business is in full swing, together with introductions to growers' private wine cellars for tiptop tipping of special vintages. You may then head for Spain and the sherry harvest at Jerez de la Frontera, a sparkling town of whitewashed houses and narrow streets limned with orange trees and

aromatic with the heady scent of sherry evaporating from enormous casks in the 240 vast bodegas. Most of these warehouses are open to the public during the four-day Fiesta de la Vindimia, and visitors are free to sip and savor the finos and olorosos between sessions of bull-fights, horse racing, fireworks and flamenco dancing. Also, in September, Greek taste-makers offer daily wine bibbing in the park of the famous Byzantine Monastery at Daphne, nine miles outside Athens. For a small admission fee you are at liberty to take the rough with the smooth from a sampling of more than 60 varieties of Greek wines—to the accompaniment of folk dances and singing.

Across the Atlantic, we suggest a visit to Venezuela, where you can swing into the South American spring aided by the new Venezuelan tourist exchange rate—4.58 bolivars to the dollar, as compared to the official rate of 3.35—which cuts carousing costs by more than a third. Stay at the lush new 30-million-dollar Macuto Sheraton, close to Caracas' airport. Here you may relish the stay-at-home pleasures of the hotel's golf and night clubs, natural beach and dual swimming pools, or set forth on excursions to cascading Angel Fall deep in the jungle and to the pearl-fishing grounds—now open to skindivers—off Margarita Island.

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

NEXT MONTH:

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"THE PRODIGAL POWERS OF POT"—ACCLAIMED BY ANCIENTS, FROWNED ON BY FUZZ, BEATIFIED BY BEATS, MARIJUANA REMAINS THE MOST MISUNDERSTOOD DRUG OF ALL TIME—BY **DAN WAKEFIELD**

"THE GIRLS OF OUTER SPACE"—A PICTORIAL ROMP WITH MAIDENS FAIR FROM OTHER PLANETS—BY **JERRY YULSMAN**

“Who are you calling
a tomato?
Wolfschmidt is mine.
He’s got taste.”

“Of course
he has taste.
Wasn’t he with me
last night?”



“Look at me,
Wolfschmidt.
You know
your onions.
Let’s make
great
Martinis
together.”



“What dolls.
If only
I wasn’t
having
a drink
with
that lemon
tonight.”



Wolfschmidt has the touch of taste that marks genuine old world vodka. For that reason it makes better Screwdrivers, Bloody Marys, Martinis, Tonics, Etc. GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS CO., N. Y. 22. MADE FROM GRAIN, 80 OR 100 PROOF, PROD. OF U. S. A.



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