

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY



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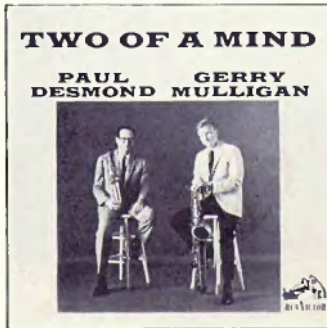
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PLAYBILL

IT IS OUR CUSTOM, each January, to ring out the old year by ringing up \$1000 bonus awards for the best fiction and best nonfiction published in our pages during the past 12 months. Each year the task of selecting the prizewinners has become increasingly difficult; in 1962 our feast of fiction was served up by such top talents as Nelson Algren, Ludwig Bemelmans, Ray Bradbury, Jack Finney, Paul Gallico, Herbert Gold, James Jones, Garson Kanin, Ken W. Purdy, Ray Russell, William Saroyan, Françoise Sagan, James Thurber, P. G. Wodehouse and Bernard Wolfe, among many others. A difficult choice, as you can see, but we herewith bestow our Best Fiction laurels—and loot—upon novelist James Jones for his deeply etched war story, *The Thin Red Line* (previewing his major work of the same title), which we serialized in August, September and October. Honorable mentions in the fiction department go to Bernard Wolfe for *Anthony from Afar* (February), to Harry Mark Petrakis for *The Miracle* (May) and to PLAYBOY newcomer Rick Rubin for *Winter in This Latitude* (December).

Choosing our nonfiction prizewinner was no less beset by an embarrassment of riches; the article authors this past year included, to name only a few, Charles Beaumont, Arthur C. Clarke, J. Paul Getty, Ben Hecht, Leicester Hemingway, Nat Hentoff, Morton Hunt, Al Morgan, Robert Ruark, Dan Wakefield and switch-hitting Ken W. Purdy, who won 1960's Best Fiction bonus for *The Book of Tony* and 1961's Best Article award for *Hypnosis*. This year's winner (it's getting to be a habit) is again Ken W. Purdy for his powerful and perceptive *Stirling Moss: A Nodding Acquaintance with Death*. (The prolific Purdy gets off to a fast start in the 1963 bonus race in this issue with our lead fiction, *The Golden Frog*, a frightening fable of a carillonneur who embraces a strange fate in the secret heights of his bell tower.) Honorable mentions in the nonfiction field go to science writer Arthur C. Clarke for *The Hazards of*

Prophecy (March), the keynote article in his PLAYBOY series on the expanding potential of modern man, and to billionaire J. Paul Getty, our Consulting Editor on Business and Finance, for *What Makes an Executive?* (May), an invaluable self-gauge for aspiring captains of commerce. (Getty, too, is back with us this month with an analysis of *The Millionaire Mentality* which, he avers, is one thing a computer can never possess.)

In the Holiday Issue—at-hand, you'll find a special portfolio of articles and features entitled *A Man's World*. Its contents are certain to be prized for (among other reasons) a literary coup of considerable magnitude—a series of previously unpublished observations on life and art, love and death by Ernest Hemingway, who gave them shortly before his death to California's nonprofit Wisdom Foundation. Knowing that these choice thoughts of the generation's greatest writer might otherwise be lost to the world of letters, we sought and gained the Foundation's permission to publish them.

Hemingway's statements, entitled *A Man's Credo*, are strikingly bookmarked herein by a specially cut two-sided profile of The Man himself. The profile unites *Credo* with still another literary scoop—a rugged blank-verse tribute by Russia's freest-thinking, plainest-talking poet-rebel, Evgeny Evtushenko, entitled *Meeting with Hemingway*. The poem was penned in Evtushenko's Moscow apartment at a small desk dominated by a large photo of the bearded writer. Twenty-eight-year-old, Siberian-born Evtushenko made bold on a trip to Cuba last year to visit the house in which Hemingway wrote *The Old Man and the Sea*. "He is," says Evtushenko, "my favorite prose writer by far." His poem was translated by George Reavey, an Oxford don who is himself a poet (*The Colors of Memory*) and a critic (*Soviet Literature Today*).

Although it lasted only two minutes and six seconds, the Liston-Patterson championship fight achieves epic proportions through the eyes of famed



HEMINGWAY



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EVTUSHENKO



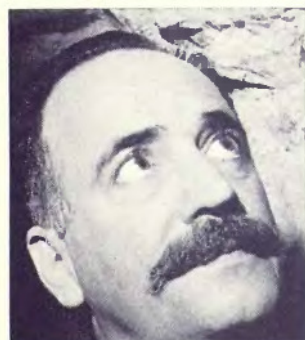
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Hollywood writer Budd Schulberg and combat novelist Gerald Kersh in *Background and Battleground*, a sharp one-two treatment of the leather-fisted gladiators and the mystique of the heavyweight championship that brought them so briefly together. Schulberg and Kersh, both lifelong boxing buffs, were well-qualified for their ringside assignment: Schulberg, of course, is the author of *The Harder They Fall* and Kersh, who has authored several fightbooks, was, for a time, a semi-pro wrestler ("But a very poor one," he says).

Three days before the Big Fight, Chicago was the scene of a memorable verbal battle between novelist (*The Naked and the Dead*) Norman Mailer, and author (*God and Man at Yale*) William F. Buckley, Jr., editor of the conservative *National Review*, in a debate on the nature of the American Right, arranged by John Golden Productions and staged before 3600 partisans of the Left and Right. Here, for the first time, are the opening essays by both combatants, written especially for *PLAYBOY* and ceremonially delivered to our offices before the debate — in sealed envelopes — by the disputants themselves. An exclusive transcript of the ensuing debate will appear in our February issue.

For those who debate the real nature and concept of *PLAYBOY*, we offer Part II of *The Playboy Philosophy* by Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner. In this issue, Hefner discusses the womanization of America and explains *PLAYBOY*'s concept of and counter to the Asexual Society. For still another view of the *PLAYBOY* concept, see *Sahl on Playboy*, a friendly asSahl by satirist Mort Sahl.

Novelist-polemicist Philip Wylie, perennial battler against an apron-string society (*Generation of Vipers*), is with us in this issue with a surgical dissection of *The Career Woman*. This month, as Wylie's latest novel, *Triumph* (a frightening vision of World War III) rolls off the presses, momism's mortal enemy is busy in his Miami home working on a screenplay concerning the effect of the white man's civilization on Florida's

proud Seminole Indians. But he tells us he's troubled by a secret yearning: "I would like, at least once, to do an article that's for women, not agin some kind of dame, damsel, demoiselle, madame — or madam."

If that's the case, Wylie will envy William Saroyan who, in *To Be Courteous to Women*, spins a happy yarn about a harried author who briefly becomes involved with some fine Parisian *filles* — and he's in favor of them all the way. Now on a European sojourn, the fabled Saroyan tells us he's busy producing several of his own plays. Also embroiled in play production — but for television — is Henry Slesar, whose short story *The Glowworm* may start a new fad in lapel jewelry. In Slesar's ironic fantasy, a tiny glowworm pin is the symbol of a secret society of pleasure-bent perfectionists — male and female — who need no other introduction.

Cleopatra, we suspect, would have been tailor-made for the *Glowworm* folk and *Liz as Cleo*, our photo preview of the forthcoming spectacular, glows with exclusive undressed shots of Elizabeth Taylor. Similarly appealing is our annual *Playmate Review*, nine pages of proof that 1962 was indeed a bountiful year. Our statistical department tells us that last year's "average Playmate" (a contradiction in terms) was five-feet-four, weighed 115 pounds, measured a neat 37-22-35 and was just a shade under 21 years of age.

If you can tear yourself away from our gatefold girls, you may want to try your crayons on what we deem to be the coloring book to end all coloring books. *The Playboy Coloring Book*, consider what might have happened if some famous folk had heeded our *Retroactive New Year's Resolutions*, follow the latest foibles of *Little Annie Fanny*, shop from our *Last-Minute Christmas Cache*, track down this season's newest ski sweaters, partake of Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario's plans for *The New Year's Day Brunch*, and join us in a toast with *Champagne Plus*.

Cheers.



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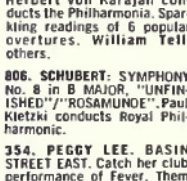
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474. THE SOUND OF RICHARD STRAUSS. Erich Leinsdorf conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra: Salome's Dance, more.



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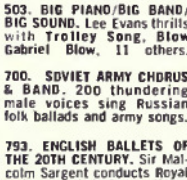
523. RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: SCHEHERAZADE. Erich Leinsdorf, the Concert Arts Symphony capture the magic of its bewitching melodies.

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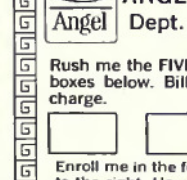
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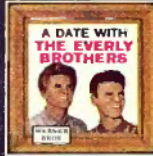
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246. "Bold splashes of color, tremendous warmth."—Hi Fi Rev.



91. "Most lavish and beautiful musical, a triumph."—Kilgallen



296. Cathy's Clown, Lucille, A Change of Heart, 12 in all



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400. Also: Dr. Kildare, Bonanza, Gunsmoke, 12 in all



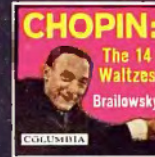
93. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time



34. Stars & Stripes Forever, Washington Post March, etc.



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



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



270. "Something no one should pass up."—Washington Star



95. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *



12. Also: Gunfight at O.K. Corral, Rawhide, etc.



103. It's "Hooray for Jose Jimenez!"—N.Y. Journal-Amer.



250. This is "an extraordinary chorus."—New York Times



54. All Of You, Bye Bye Blackbird, Ah-Leu-Cha, etc. *



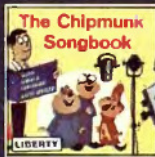
129. Also: Home, My Own True Love, Morgan, The McCoy, etc. *



259. Also: Britten's Young Person's Guide To the Orchestra



179. Crying, I Can't Help It, True Love, Mr. Lonely, 8 more



132. The Band Played On, A Bicycle Built For Two, 12 more



252. "Performances that really sparkle and glow."—High Fid.



65. Includes: She'll Have to Go, Someday, Four Walls, 9 more



144. "Hackett's cornet playing is just lovely!"—S.F. Chron.



100. "Superb... all the beauty & nobility captured."—HiFi Rev.



241. "Two of the greatest singers."—N.Y. Herald Trib.



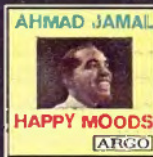
215. "Walloping ensembles and stirring solos!"—High Fidel.



232. Most exciting and thrilling of all Beethoven concertos



195. Oklahoma Bill, Make the Water-wheel Roll, 10 in all



223. "Delightful... pleasurable wit, superb timing."—Esquire



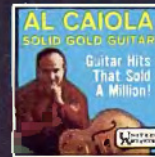
57. Nine Pound Hammer, Hear the Wind Blow, 12 in all



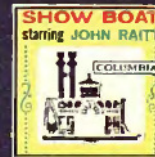
273. The most passionate love music ever composed



60. Trees, Because, Danny Boy, My Task, My Friend, 7 mere



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



95. Starring William Warfield, Anita Darian, Barbara Cook



151. Also: Billy the Kid, In the Valley, Strawberry Roan, etc.



401. It's All in the Game, Till There Was You, Cry, 9 more



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



206. "A top-notch performance."—Amer. Record Guide



199. The Breeze and I, Ebb Tide, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all



155. Also: Taking A Chance on Love, Flamingo, Amapola, etc.



200. Honky Tonk (Part I and II), 'Deed I Do, Boster, etc.



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



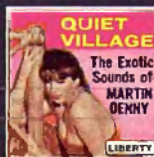
294. "Exciting... compelling."—New York Herald Tribune



190. Also: Pretend, And the Angels Sing, Cherry Pink, etc.



205. "Performance. Superb. Recording. Excellent."—HiFi Rev.



145. Happy Talk, My Little Grass Shack, Cha Cha Cha, etc.



46. Also: Like Someone in Love, When I Fall in Love, etc.



102. Complete score of the harmonies... gorgeous."—Newsweek



251. "Richness of the harmonies... gorgeous."—Hi Fi Rev.



403. Mama, Come Back To Sorrento, 'D Sole Mio, 12 in all

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A Man's Credo P. 120



Liz as Cleo P. 80



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

FANNY MAIL

I believe you are entitled to far more than the modicum of pride you claim for introducing the Harvey Kurtzman-Will Elder series, *Little Annie Fanny*, in your October issue. The comic genius of this pair has been too long neglected, and with *Annie*, they have taken the comic strip into a new dimension of satirical and graphic art.

William Kastanotis
Lynn, Massachusetts

Annie Fanny ain't funny. It earmarks your magazine as juvenile and drags it down to the level of *Mad* magazine. Alfred E. Neuman is no match for J. Paul Getty or Robert Ruark.

Glenn Elliott
Houston, Texas

The recent appearance of *Little Annie Fanny* on PLAYBOY's pages was a very refreshing surprise. Messrs. Kurtzman and Elder have indeed created a success. And it is Annie's antics rather than her statistics that will keep her on the road to success. Bravo!

Michael Wyckoff
St. Cloud, Minnesota

Miss *Annie Fanny* was just darling; I hope she's going to be in each issue.

Mrs. Paula Wild
San Francisco, California

After all that buildup, *Little Annie Fanny* turned out to be a bust.

Erika Wolfson
Evanston, Illinois

I couldn't be more pleased that Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder have now invaded the world of the sophisticate. I sincerely hope that *Little Annie* and her family tickle the fancy of the world.

Bruce F. Lowitt
Brooklyn, New York

Kick *Little Annie* out on her fanny.

Larry E. VanHoose
Glen Burnie, Maryland

You have done a great service to devotees of satire by bringing Kurtz-

man, Elder and *Little Annie Fanny* to PLAYBOY.

Tom Hackett
Columbus, Ohio

I have not come to praise Harvey Kurtzman (because I have long considered him a satiric talent of major proportions), but to praise PLAYBOY for realizing the potentials of the comic strip format. Critics of the comics overlook the fact that what we see of comics is virtually always the Code-restricted comic magazines or those dished out by the taboo-ridden newspaper syndicates. As a result they have attracted few writer-artists of genuine talent and the few gifted people in the field are severely limited in a medium of immense possibilities. I look forward to eventual hard-cover publication of *Little Annie Fanny*. Once your audience is conditioned to *Annie*, the time may be ripe for an experiment in seriocomic art that would prove the comics a legitimate literary medium. A combat story, for instance, written by Norman Mailer or James Jones, adaptations and layouts by Kurtzman and paintings by Jack Davis.

Bob Stewart
New York, New York

PAUL BEARERS

I enjoyed Paul Gallico's *The Picture Thieves* in your October issue, finding it an amusing fictionalized theory concerning the art snatches.

Daniel Catton Rich, Director
Worcester Art Museum
Worcester, Massachusetts

Thanks for the Paul Gallico story in your October issue. It was great. I've long admired Mr. Gallico and wondered why he wasn't published more often. In a way, he is our present-day Mark Twain.

Dexter S. Miller
Norfolk, Virginia

THE WRITER WRITES

Just a note to tell you that I continue to read PLAYBOY each month with a great deal of pleasure. I am especially impressed by the high quality of your



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A. S. Burack, Editor
The Writer
Boston, Massachusetts

AFTER HOURS

In the October issue, I found a reference in *Playboy After Hours* to Intercourse, Pennsylvania, a neighboring locale to my old home town. I feel you missed one salient feature, namely that a short distance from Intercourse is another small town called Paradise. Any Lancaster County boy will tell you that the best way to Paradise is through Intercourse.

William C. Barton
Glenville, New York

SELLERS DWELLERS

My only complaint with your October Peter Sellers interview was that it wasn't long enough.

Tony Randall
New York, New York

I truly enjoyed reading your interview with Peter Sellers. Sellers came alive as a person in an extraordinary way, and his thoughts, frustrations, pleasures—both as a human being and an actor—were captured very well indeed.

Kim Hunter
New York, New York

In your interview with Peter Sellers, your headline reads "a candid conversation with england's prime minister of mummery." To spell England without a capital letter is ungrammatical and an insult.

R. Bryan Cain
St. Anne's-on-Sea
Lancaster, England

That was a subheadline, and the lower casing was strictly a matter of style, Mr. Cain; all words in our subheadlines are lower case. No offense, old chap.

It was a great pleasure to read the interview with Peter Sellers of whom—like everyone else—I'm a fervent fan. One always reads with interest what anyone in one's own profession has to say about the problems of perfecting his "instrument"—unlike the violinist who can acquire by purchase a perfect Strad. or a pianist who can have his Baldwin always tuned to concert pitch—an actor has to be both instrument and player. Not every man can become a Gielgud or a Guinness or an Olivier or a Sellers, but it is always comforting, when struggling with one's own problems, to be reminded that the people who make it look so superbly easy to act well are the ones

who work the hardest and are the least easily satisfied themselves. There's only one remark of Mr. Sellers' I take exception to—"I'm not anything to look at"; he must be well aware that when occasion calls he can look as magnificent as any man—just as the fact that Dame Edith Evans has never been elected Miss Universe has never prevented her from persuading an audience that she was the most beautiful woman in the world when the role required it. Incidentally, your interviewer was a master in the art of asking intelligent questions.

Cathleen Nesbitt
Hollywood, California

Our thanks to Miss Nesbitt, a veteran of over 50 years in the theater and 30 years in films.

RE MONTEREY

The article *The Jazz Festival Grows Up* by Nat Hentoff in your October issue was very refreshing. I have never attended nor participated in any other festival than Monterey's, and from what I've heard from my fellow musicians who have, I've been spared. As for Monterey, it's always a "pila"—meaning pill—which is a small ball.

Stuff Smith
Los Angeles, California

Nat Hentoff's article on the jazz festivals was a shameless promotion for Monterey. The Washington Jazz Festival, organized by his friend, Gunther Schuller, was the biggest and most expensive fiasco in jazz history. Yet he quotes Schuller as saying, "Running a real jazz festival isn't that hard. You put it on in an atmosphere that people can respect and in which they can enjoy themselves at their own pace. It's that simple." After reading that garbage, anyone who suffered Schuller's conception of a jazz festival in Washington, as I did, will have a long, hard laugh.

Harry Johnson
New York, New York

That was a great article on jazz festivals. I'm especially glad to see you realize the greatness of our Monterey Jazz Festival. Everything you said about it is true.

Ray Bragg
Lake Tahoe, California

In the heat of current racial upheavals, you are probably getting your share of correspondence from many people. I would like to harken to your October article, *The Jazz Festival Grows Up*. Up to this point, you have dealt with the racial question fairly and equably. Why did you now print a quote of Dizzy Gillespie's that was not only prejudiced but tinted with black supremacy. Your following sentence about his smile almost

seemed to condone his sentiments. Would you please tell me why you printed it.

Wade Sisson
Davis, California

Diz, one of jazzdom's blithest spirits, is both a hipster and a quipster. You can't put down Gillespie, Wade, if you had no quarrel with Dick Gregory in "From the Back of the Bus," which ran in the same issue.

LAURA LAURELS

Your October Playmate is in all ways above all the Playmates preceding her except for Marilyn Monroe. That goes back a long way.

Ott Ferrari
Edwardsville, Illinois

For the past 33 years (I began when I was 10) I have been looking for what I thought would be the most beautiful woman in the world. At present I still haven't met her, but at least I've seen her picture — Laura Young.

L. C. Cobb
Lincoln, Nebraska

MORE MILES

It was a pleasant change to read the truthful statements uttered by Miles Davis in September. He certainly is not what is popularly considered "a good colored boy." By concentrating on his horn, he has not had time to master the use of a big white handkerchief in public or to develop a halfway decent grin.

T. Mack, D.D.S.
Charlotte, North Carolina

Imagine my profound disappointment to discover that your interview was with Miles Davis, racial authority, rather than Miles Davis, great jazz musician.

A. Weisbrod
Toronto, Ontario

The interview with Miles Davis is a document of incalculable social importance; it is fortunate that it has been published in a mass-circulation magazine. **PLAYBOY** is to be congratulated.

Grover Sales, Jr.
San Francisco, California

We are all, by this time, pretty well aware that discrimination against Negroes exists in some places, but Miles Davis is in danger of being so prejudice-conscious as to find discrimination where none exists.

Joseph Allets
New York, New York

Irresponsible statements such as those made by Miles Davis are constant reminders that help us remember the Negroes' proper place. You can't really believe that interviews with uneducated,

Which holiday greeting is older... the first Christmas Card or Gordon's Gin?

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NAACP and their ultimate objective—
bastardization. Examine your own true
personal motives. Your objective in join-
ing the bastardization movement is wider
circulation for PLAYBOY, not for any true
compassion for the Negro. Well, have
fun while you can, because the sword
of God is about to drop on this country.

Roger J. Sampson
Coral Gables, Florida

*Why don't you two guys try joining
the human race? All it requires is a lit-
tle compassion and understanding. The
world is big enough for everybody and
it will be a better world when everybody
has a fair and equal opportunity in it.*

HERR MAIL

I want to use this possibility to for-
ward my congratulations as well as my
thankfulness to all your editorial staff
for all the joy and the pleasure which
gives me every month the PLAYBOY—
and a special bravo (this one from a
higher point of view—as I am a sociolo-
gist) for the PLAYBOY as an example for
other editors, specially in the literary
wastes of Germany, how to compile
business with literary style, entertain-
ment with *esprit*, erotics with elegance
and real taste (and not the pseudotaste
of academical eunuchs), etc. Forgive me
my bad English, please.

E. M. Weidling
Munich, West Germany

*No apologies necessary, Herr Weid-
ling; you're coming in loud and clear.*

MOSS CODA

Stirling Moss has been, and still is,
a good friend of mine and, of course, I
am always interested in an article con-
cerning him. I think that Purdy's was
extremely well-done. I say this because
the article was interesting not only to
one who has had some experience in race
cars, but to the average lay reader as well.

James Kimberly
New York, New York

*Thanks to one of America's most re-
nowned amateur drivers.*

I thought Ken Purdy's piece on Stirling
Moss was masterful—one of the best
jobs I've ever seen on the number one
practitioner of any dangerous sport, en-
compassing the emotions and motiva-
tions of all the other dangerous sports.
He said so many new yet timeless things
in it that needed to be written just
that way.

Barnaby Conrad
San Francisco, California

*That sort of praise from bullfighting
aficionado and authority Conrad is
praise indeed.*

BULL'S-EYE

Robert Ruark's article *The Gentle-
man's Hunting Arsenal* was not only
interesting but a great change of pace.

Peter J. Astrowsky
Durham, North Carolina

Bob Ruark's *The Gentleman's Hunt-
ing Arsenal* was one of the finest things
we've ever read about the charm a fine
gun holds for a sportsman.

Walter S. Haynes
Abercrombie & Fitch
New York, New York

OPINION OF MATTER

As a longtime admirer of Arthur C.
Clarke—the science teacher as well as
the science writer—I feel I must record
the never-failing pleasure I derive from
his speculative, yet fact-based flights of
scientific fancy—imaginative tours de
force that provide the perfect back-
drop to the more earthly items contrib-
uted by other talents on your formidable
team.

Jack Gordon
Ruislip, Middlesex, England

Re *Mind Beyond Matter*: Let it be
said that in years to come mental telep-
athists may be able to span space at a
speed faster than that of light and that
the golden era of the Machine Age may
not reach its peak for another 500 years.

Martin P. Duffy
Nutley, New Jersey

Arthur Clarke's *Mind Beyond Matter*
was interesting and surprisingly up-to-
date, considering that he is talking out
of his field. However, his remarks on the
"pleasure center—pain center" theory of
the intracranial self-stimulation phenom-
enon require comment. The hedonic
theory is not so much an explanation as
it is, simply, a reified description of what
is happening when an animal acts to
turn electrical stimulation of its brain
on or off. Only recently has experimental
evidence been brought to bear on a real
theory of this effect by Prof. J. A.
Deutsch of Stanford. Deutsch's theory
(described in his book, *The Structural
Basis of Behavior*) postulates that the
stimulation has two effects: The first is
excitation of motivational centers, and
the second is the excitation of neural
pathways signaling that the object of
the motivation has been achieved. It is
as if the stimulation produced, for ex-
ample, the feeling of ravishing hunger,
and simultaneously, the experience of
eating a juicy steak. I can envision an
age in which all our needs will be simul-
taneously aroused and gratified electron-
ically: "A loaf of zap!, a jug of zap!, and
zap!" Like Clarke, I also speculated
once on the possibility of surgically

implanting telemetric devices on the optic nerves of humans so that whatever they saw could be relayed to television screens. I explained this to a friend of mine, and he topped me by saying that it could be called "Candid Comrade."

Larry Blumen
Department of Psychology
Stanford University
Stanford, California

THE SOUND OF DISCORD

September's *The Sound of Hirsch* — true insight from Leonard Michaels, real genius. This is instant identity — tough to be exposed to. No regrets, though. More, more.

Kent Edwards
Troy, New York

Hirsch. Hirsch. Hirsch. Crap. Crap. Crap.

Charles M. Worthley
Miami, Florida

PLAYBOY APPLAUSE

You've come a long way since your first issue, but no doubt the best is yet to come. Your magazine has a special talent for presenting much-needed points of view to a public that is evidently growing tired of the milk toast dished out by *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Roy Garrett
La Jolla, California

Just can't resist letting you know how much I enjoy PLAYBOY. It's refreshing photo-, story- and fashion-wise — even better than a martini. Well, anyhow, it lasts longer.

E. J. Goldtrap, Jr.
Pompano Beach, Florida

I have been reading your magnificent magazine for some 10 months now and find it most enjoyable. Friends of mine who come out and visit me occasionally, here on the Congo Border, are always asking to see the latest copy.

D. A. Tolson
Bancroft, Northern Rhodesia

A Medal Award is being presented to PLAYBOY Art Director Art Paul in appreciation of the splendid opportunities he affords artists and designers, for the overall excellence of the magazine, and for its inspirational progressiveness.

Fred Steffen
Artists Guild of Chicago, Inc.
Chicago, Illinois

I wonder if the average PLAYBOY reader stops to think of the amount of work attached to turning out a fine number like the October issue. Thank you.

C. H. Cook
Bakersfield, California

You're welcome.



Casanova used it after

4711 is a men's after-lotion. It is eminently suitable for a man because it refreshes, and yet leaves no cloying after-scent. It may be used after a shave, after a shower, after a long day's work. Frankly, what you use it after is your own affair.

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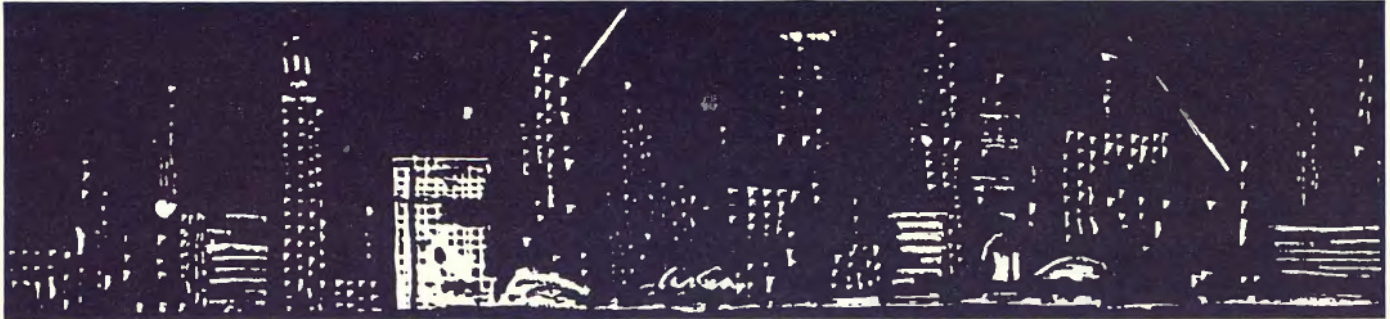
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



As this issue goes on sale, the annual cries of outrage concerning the commercialization of Christmas will be at their height. By the time it goes off sale, the ululations will have peaked out—for another year. What better time to solve the problem, permanently and painlessly? This is a rhetorical question requiring mere assent; we have the solution and propose to present it, *not* as a Christmas gift, herewith.

The arguments *against* commercializing Christmas are pure and persuasive: It is a keystone in the religious ritual of the Christian faith and as such should not be exploited by crass commercialism. The arguments *for*, however, have a potency all their own, but we doubt they've ever found a spokesman willing to stand up and enunciate them. They include the pragmatic fact that the rites of gifting and getting on or just before December 25th are deeply entrenched in our societal pattern. But a more compelling case might be made by any serious economist who projected the consequences if there were some way to abolish this secular take-over of the Holy Day. It's our guess he'd predict that the national economy would totter, if not founder. It is a fact that from Thanksgiving Day on until Christmas, a huge segment of our populace succumbs to what has been termed The Madness of Crowds and goes on an unequalled buying binge, digging into savings, borrowing, selling stocks and bonds, so that—with the money thus obtained—consumer goods may be purchased for others with a reckless goodwill unmatched the rest of the year. Suppose there were some way to turn this off. Contemplate the effect on bankers and bonus spenders, loan sharks and credit managers, incompetent sales

help and red-nosed bell ringers, carilloners and Christmas-tree growers, gift-certificate printers and post-office personnel, Gian Carlo Menotti's royalties for performances of *Amahl and the Night Visitors* and the industrious weavers of aluminum wreaths, indignant editorial writers and the minatory minions of *Consumer Reports* (with their dire warnings of unsafe and shoddy Christmas merchandise), turkey raisers and pine-cone collectors, and the manufacturers of toys, cotton, tinsel, tree ornaments and lights—to name but a very few of the people and institutions which would suffer cruelly. The thought staggers the imagination, just as surely as the fact would stagger our mercantile complex and the GNP.

How to reconcile these opposing positions? Our answer, which we promised above, is simplicity itself: You don't reconcile them, you divorce them. By Presidential ukase and sheer calendar coincidence, the religious holiday, Christmas, and the secular gifting time, Xmas, would fall on the same day. Celebration of Christmas would be reserved to those whose spiritual leanings dispose them to its observance; Xmas—and that jolly old secular elf, Santa Claus, would belong to all.

Think of the benefits! The annual hard sell for Xmas could start, say, on Halloween, rather than waiting until Thanksgiving Day, as is now customary. Freed from the frail fetters of good taste, the greediest merchants could plug Xmas as good, *good*, good, GOOD for you, for the economy, for the scalp, for your loved ones, for whatever, to their hearts' content. The challenge to our merchant magnates is not even an especially difficult one; they've been able to punch over Mother's Day and Father's Day; ob-

viously, it will be much easier to sell Xmas, since so many of us are already habituated to this annual miracle of merchandising.

Furthermore, we can spread this business boon worldwide, an altruistic task our Peace Corps is suited—by name and aim—to undertake. Underdeveloped African countries could be introduced to *Bwana Santa*, whose most potent juju decrees gift giving on his Day, called Xmas. The Far East might be persuaded to give a niche among its other household gods to Santa-San. West Germany could adopt Santa von Klaus, while East Germany and other Iron Curtain countries could get in on the act with Komrade Kringle, legendary enemy of the Common Market and the inventor of Xmas, natch; the Near East might pick a Moslem holiday like the Feast of Ramadan and have Xamadan fall at the same time of year, with Abu Ben Santa presiding over the socially compulsory buying and giving of gifts (What a shot in the arm *that* would be for an ailing bazaar!). Should Israel be expected to take second place to the Moslem world? Don't be silly: Xanukkah (pronounce the X as in Xavier) or X-Hashanah (pronounce the X as in Xmas) are ready-made.

As a matter of fact, once we've taken Christ out of Xmas (and seen Him again secured, unsullied, in Christmas) there's no reason not to launch a brand-new gift-giving holiday, say around July Fourth, which might be named X-dependence Day, or Summer Xmas (resort wear, swim wear, sporting goods). Madison Avenue—take it from there.

From the Lake Charles, Louisiana, *American Press*: "Alcoholics Anonymous will meet at 9 P.M. Saturday at 302 S.

perennial reading
pleasure . . .



THIRD PLAYBOY ANNUAL

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Ryan. This meeting is for members only, P.M. Saturday for boys and girls nine to 12 years of age."

In a recent advertisement in *The New Yorker*, a king-sized 76" x 54" bed was offered for sale by a Manhattan establishment named, appropriately, The Workbench.

Having introduced our readers over the years to such essentials of the good life as the Nuttin' Box, the Improved #7 BunaB and The Ultimate Machine, we now call your attention to the Spin-Sulter, a sort of circular slide rule of three concentric rotating discs that make it possible to compose original and flowery (though nonprofane) curses with Oriental eloquence. The outer disc gives single pejorative adjectives (like "reeking," for example), the next disc yields hyphenated compounds (like "maggot-ridden") and the inner one consists of insulting nouns (such as "driveler"). Result: your choice of 262,144 triple-threat, automated abusives. With a few whirls, we came up with (in addition to Reeking, maggot-ridden driveler): Gluttonous, cress-hawking slackjaw! Wheezing, card-carrying bawd! Mincing, tongue-clucking twaddler! Simpering, soup-slurping sycophant! Noisome, lampshade-wearing har-ridan! Cozening, chin-chucking flunky! (We added our own exclamations; so may you.)

As for the sapient, far-seeing inventors of this swear wheel (There's an idea, fellows — how about a *compliment* gadget? No, somehow doesn't make it, does it?), they have such faith in their handy laborsaving device that they've named their new, ambition-ridden company "Rich & Famous." We wish them lots of deserved, money-proliferating luck.

Bargain-of-the-Month from the philately column of *The New York Times*: "Polynesia: Native Girls. All unused. Get Acquainted Special for only \$1.00 . . . to Adults Only."

The blockbuster news from the women's fashion salons that "breen" (brown with a greenish cast, or is it green with a brownish cast?) will be *the* color this season should warm the cockles of every copywriter's heart. This freshly minted color contraction opens up wide new avenues for verbal virtuosity — after breen, why not grown or grange, blurple, blite, blown, or bled, pue, rue or rite, yack, pack, whack, rack or brack? And now, if you'll excuse us, we feel just a little nilious (that's nauseous with a bilious cast).

Foot-in-Mouth Department: Representative Olin E. Teague of Texas, when informed of the Soviets' twin-orbital space

flight, announced resonantly in defense of U.S. astronautical efforts, "Our program is on solid ground."

RECORDINGS

If *My Son, the Folk Singer* (Warner Bros.) doesn't give Alan Lomax and John Jacob Niles apoplexy, nothing will. The perpetrator of this hoo-ha hootenanny — a mortal blow to all the musical ethnics — is Allan Sherman, a cherubic full-time TV producer, sometime singer and all-time funny lyricist, whose fame, because of this red-hot LP, is now nationwide. To say that the folk-song takeoffs have a strong Jewish flavor is to take the humor out of context. The pungent punning that runs rampant throughout is universal in appeal — "Gimme Jack Cohen and I Don't Care," "Sarah Jackman," "Glory, Glory, Harry Lewis" and "God Rest You, Jerry Mendlebaum." And we dig such beautiful refrains as "The Catskill ladies sing this song — hoo-ha, hoo-ha/Sittin' on the front porch playin' mah-jongg, all the hoo-ha day" or "Little David Susskind, shut up; please don't talk, please don't talk/Little David Susskind, eat first, then you'll talk."

The latest entries in the bossa-nova sweepstakes include *New Beat Bossa Nova* (Colpix) with Zoot Sims' tenor fronting an orchestra charted by Al Cohn and Manny Albam, and *Bossa Nova* (Audio Fidelity), which features the piano of brilliant Argentine-born composer-arranger Lalo Schifrin abetted by Leo Wright's burning alto and flute, and rhythm. The mellifluous Sims has some auspicious aid from superlative guitar man Jim Hall as they amble their way through arrangements that specialize in ensemble flutework. The Schifrin session is much more electric in its intensity and a good deal closer to authentic bossa nova in concept and execution. The percussion section, in particular, is hypnotically insinuating. *Stan Getz/Big Band Bossa Nova* (Verve) has one of the pilgrim fathers of that Brazilian beat in this country shimmeringly showcased by the artful orchestrations of Gary McFarland. The young composer-arranger leads a large-sized contingent with Getz' glittering tenor in the fore almost continuously. Other individual voices heard on occasion belong to Jim Hall, Hank Jones and Doc Severinsen, who has a short introductory solo on *Chega de Saudade* that is brilliantly bell-like.

Sinatra/The Great Years (Capitol) is a re-issue recap of some of Frank's best efforts for that company from 1953 to 1960. The three-LP package splits almost down the middle between those items origi-

nally recorded in stereo and those that have been rechanneled for stereo. Among the gems in the pay lode: *The Gal that Got Away*, *When Your Lover Has Gone* and *One for My Baby*. **Frank Sinatra/All Alone** (Reprise), a collection of ballads most of which border on the antique, is with few exceptions a bad scene. Conductor-arranger Gordon Jenkins has supplied tempi that range from slow to soporific, a handicap the present-day Sinatra vocal cords are unable to overcome. The best of the lot are *The Girl Next Door* and *What'll I Do*; the worst — *All Alone* and *Charmaine*. The rest are merely listless.

Among one segment of ivory-tower longhairs there are three cherished articles of faith which, whatever their erstwhile validity, have no present application. First among them is that record companies keep issuing the same old repertory over and over again. Second is that there's nothing technically new or better about stereo recording than there was four or five years ago. Third is that the sole motive of the record companies is making a buck. Each of these notions has an element of truth, as we shall see; none now stands up in the field of classical music, as we'll prove herewith, via a few examples — each, incidentally, a most fitting Christmas gift for the right person.

Yes, record companies do keep coming out with new recordings from a rather familiar repertory. Two factors justify the practice. If your rig is a good one and your ear is not of tin, try playing a current classical release and one of the same music issued, say, five years ago. The difference is vast—enough so, in our estimation, to warrant replacement of the old with the new, unless the original recording is technically especially fine, or the recording artist or interpretation clearly surpasses the newer version. Fine examples are the new Artur Rubinstein playing of the lyrical *Chopin Concerto No. 1* (Victor) with the New Symphony Orchestra of London; *The Complete Brandenburg Concerti* (Angel) played by the Philharmonia Orchestra with Otto Klemperer; Van Cliburn's dynamically romantic *Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2* (Victor), in which he's backed by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony; and Bach's *Four Suites for Orchestra* (Capitol) spiritedly played by Yehudi Menuhin and the Bath Festival Chamber Orchestra.

In addition to continuous and gradual improvement in recording technique, there are clear-cut breakthroughs. One such is discs made from 35mm magnetic film recording; if you want to hear dramatic proof of its virtues, try Berlioz' *Symphonie Fantastique* (Command), played by L'Orchestre National with Andre Vandernoot. More striking is the new

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use of the 45-rpm speed for LPs, as beautifully exemplified by an album titled *Flute Concertos of Eighteenth Century Paris* (Connoisseur Society). Though the music (by virtual unknowns) is a bit rococo and slight for hard-breathing classicists, the recording's superiority in sonority, clarity, fidelity and virtually complete freedom from distortion makes it abundantly clear that good 45-rpm recording is, at the very least, the equal of the very best 33 $\frac{1}{3}$.

As for the charge that the record companies are only after the fast and easy buck—it is easy enough to dispose of it by a sampling of current classical output. Sure, the disc makers are in business for more than their health; sure, they cater to popular taste; but just as certainly there are among the recording fraternity men who would have chosen some other occupation if loot were their only motive. How many of each of the following would you guess could be sold—compared to, say, a standard work by Beethoven, Brahms or Tchaikovsky? Hindemith's *Concerto for Violin and Concerto for Alto* (Vox); *Alban Berg Suites from Wozzeck/Lulu* (Mercury); *Ionisation* (Urania), by Edgar Varese; Josquin Des Prés' *Missa Hercules Dux Ferrariae* (Vanguard); or the complete organ music of *Buxtehude* (Vox). All these are excellently performed, meticulously recorded—and hardly calculated to make anyone rich. (As with most stereo recordings today, the bulk of the classical records mentioned here are also available on 4-track tape, about which a great deal more will be said in PLAYBOY's annual hi-fi roundup, in February.)

Let's you think thoughts of Christmas have rendered us beamishly openhanded with compliments, heed this caveat re classics: Unless you especially want one particular performance of a work, make sure you're not buying a newly packaged reissue from the days before the best contemporary recording techniques were developed. Some of the "new" 45-rpm LPs, for instance, are made from old tapes, which the 45s reproduce faithfully enough, but can't, of course, improve upon.

In our October 1961 review of Frank D'Rone's *Try a Little Tenderness*, we wondered why Frank didn't put out an LP of vocals without the benefit (dubious at best) of stringy or big-band backing. It's taken a while, but *Frank D'Rone in Person* (Mercury) is just that. Etched at San Francisco's hungry i, this vinylizing features Frank's fine pipes with only his guitar and rhythm for accompaniment in a dozen offerings that are pleasurable from first groove to last.

Pike's Peak (Epic), a prestigious package by the Dave Pike Quartet (Pike, vibes; Bill Evans, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Walter Perkins, drums), is filled with what jazz critic Whitney Balliett has aptly tabbed the "sound of surprise." Inventive and tasteful, Dave is very much his own mallet man, and with Bill Evans' finely drawn keyboard configurations as a catalyst, Pike is indeed at a peak where the airs are rarefied but refreshing. The elder statesman of the vibraphone, on tap in *Lionel Hampton/Many-Splendored Vibes* (Epic), comes off second best in comparison to Pike. While Hampton's approach is pleasant and sure-handed, it is (using the Balliett definition as a yardstick) much too familiar in its pattern to engender any surprises. Lackluster backing, too, does nothing for this session made up for the most part of standards that are, unfortunately, standardized in treatment. At the other end of the vibes pole is that electronic powerhouse currently on display in *Terry Gibbs Quartet/That Swing Thing!* (Verve). Gibbs, recorded very live at Shelly's Manne-Hole, gives no quarter in his frenetic, punishing attack on matters musical. Terry speaks loudly and carries a pair of big sticks in a two-sided frontal assault that leaves the listener wilted and Terry's instrument short-circuited, we suspect. Even such seemingly bland material as *Stella by Starlight* is hypocoed into a highly charged affair. The current king of the vibes, on hand with *Big Bags/Milt Jackson Orchestra* (Riverside), steers an unerring course through musical waters charted by Tadd Dameron and Ernie Wilkins. The big-band sound really does nothing for Jackson, however; the ensemble work is astonishingly uninspired. It is only when Jackson takes over as soloist (a great deal of the time, fortunately) that the session comes alive. *Nice and Easy* (Jazzland) spotlights yet another vibist, Johnny Lytle and his quintet. Lytle is of the school whose *New Frontier* is a return to old roots. With Johnny Griffin's tenor and the piano of Bobby Timmons echoing and amplifying Lytle's musical sentiments, the group foals a whole lot of soul including a quartet of indigo-rounds penned by its members.

Bobby Darin, a singer for all ages, has his post-teen audience very much in mind on *Oh! Look at Me Now* (Capitol). The tunes include such antediluvian anthems as *Roses of Picardy* (1916), *My Buddy* (1922), *All by Myself* (1921), *Always* (1925), *Blue Skies* (1927), *You Made Me Love You* (1912) and *There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder* (1928). The Billy May arrangements and Darin's de-

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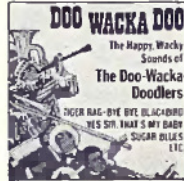
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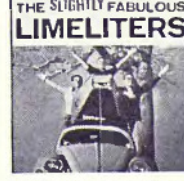
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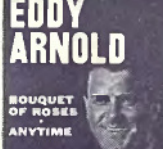
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THEATER

According to its importer, David Merrick, Britisher Anthony Newley's *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off* is a "new-style musical." But it's really Newley-style. The young co-author-composer-lyricist, and (by himself) director, and (almost by himself) star wears several rather recognizable hats—John Osborne's, Zero Mostel's and Marcel Marceau's, to name just three. Imagine, if you can, Osborne writing an angry musical for Mostel and having it played instead by Marceau. Not all the jokes are the greatest ("You working for peace?" "No, I'm on a straight salary."), but if Newley were a Mostel he might carry them off even more effectively than he does. Instead, painted white like Marceau, he mimes his way into the mother lode of broad jokes, but someone has made the pantomime too long. Newley knows how to ripple his hand (meaning sex) and walk in place, but that's pretty much the extent of his repertory. Rippling and walking in place, Newley plays Littlechap, whose world is a circus. His favorite girl is Anna Quayle, who plays, variously, a typically English girl, *eine typische Deutsche*, a glorious Russian, and an all-American. She is only so-so at accents. Newley begins as an errand boy; his first errand is to impregnate the boss' daughter—and so up the ladder to success. In the end he is Lord Littlechap of Sludgepool, a charter Snob, winner of the Ignobel Prize for Parliamentary Doubletalk. Finally on top of his world, he suddenly decides to get off. Newley shows a major talent for writing popular tunes (*What Kind of Fool Am I?*) and for singing them, but alas, that's not quite enough to stop the *World*. At the Billy Rose Theater, 208 West 41st St.

With *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* 34-year-old Edward Albee proves he is not afraid of three acts. In his first assault on Broadway, the author of *Zoo Story* and *The American Dream* has frightened all the skeletons out of his closet in order to dangle them onstage to the amusement, horror and edification of his audience. In a conventional framework—a beginning, a middle and a resolution—he has composed a most unconventional confessional in which four drunken characters talk themselves almost to death. The hosts for the late-night drink-along are Martha (Uta Hagen) and her husband George (Arthur Hill), she the bitchy daughter of a college president, he a testy professor of

history on the father's campus. Their guests are clean-cut Nick (George Grizzard), a young biology instructor, and well-scrubbed Honey (Melinda Dillon), his wife. Party games are in order—three deadly games of humiliate the host, jump the hostess and get the guests. First off the pad is hostess Martha, who flails wildly at her husband, dredging up all his fears and failures before their guests. "If you existed," she spits, "I'd divorce you." George takes it, and with a filthy flick, tosses it right back in his wife's face. Nick seems honestly horrified (his wife is by this time honestly brandy-fied), but soon he is pitched into battle by George, and proves himself an able ego-nicker. The biologist is a smooth, polished monster, who was fooled into marriage because of a false pregnancy—but has been making the most of Honey's money ever since. Having lost his taste for Honey, he is soon horsing around on the kitchen floor with his harridan of a hostess (needless to say, he is impotent), while the host reads and Honey sleeps on the bathroom floor. It's three hours of furious theater before the final exorcism. *Who's Afraid*, faultlessly acted, and brilliantly directed by Alan Schneider, makes for a nightmarish visit with a neurotic generation. At the Shubert Theater, 225 West 44th St.

MOVIES

In *Two for the Seesaw* Shirley MacLaine is supposed to be Jewish and Robert Mitchum is supposed to be witty. The first of these disguises is the more successful. As dark-haired Gittel, our Shirley still looks more clansman than *landsman*, but her warm inflections are infectious, and only occasionally does the borscht accent sound like Yankee bean. Rigid Robert is more of a problem because out of that inflexible face keeps coming William Gibson's flexible dialog. With all its ups and downs, though, *Seesaw* makes a funny, feeling-filled film. A few minor characters have been added to the one-couple Broadway hit, but it's still essentially a duet for two lonely voices—the Nebraska lawyer estranged from his wife, who comes to New York for a new look at himself, and the modern dancer, with open heart, blouse and house, who at 29 has been doing the beatnik bit a bit too long. They help, hurt and heighten each other before he finally returns to the wife from whom divorce cannot separate him. The sex has a salty savor uncommon in American films, and the characters are drawn with humor and a keen ear for the mid-20th Century blues. Robert Wise,

who directed, has made this a *Seesaw* worth seeing.

Darryl F. Zanuck, the last of Hollywood's Big Men, has turned out his biggest production yet in *The Longest Day*. With a script by Cornelius Ryan from his own best seller (assists by James Jones and Romain Gary, among others), D day has been brought to the wide screen in a film that captures the courage, complexity and confusion of the largest military action in history. Made on location (with assists by various armed forces), it has touches of standard guts-and-glory movies and some "heart" scenes that turn the stomach, but most of it is lifelike — and deathlike. One invasion shot is an absolute jaw-gaper: A German coast-watcher scans the misty horizon at dawn on June 6, 1944, and sees nothing; then, as we watch, hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of ships materialize swiftly out of the mist. The newsreel nuance is helped by the playing of French and German scenes in French and German (with subtitles) and entrusting them to foreign directors. The Cast of Thousands has 42 featured players, most of them in cameo parts — but not all are jewels. Robert Mitchum makes the beach a little less Normandy and a little more Malibu; John Wayne is a cowboy gotten up as a paratrooper; Fabian and Paul Anka storm pillboxes as if they were jukeboxes. Still, despite its molasses moments, *The Longest Day* has pace and power. It runs three hours, and the three hours run.

Remember the cereal box with the picture of boy holding cereal box with a picture of boy holding cereal box . . . ? In *A Very Private Affair* Brigitte Bardot, sexy film star with harassed private life, plays sexy film star with harassed private life, who presumably makes films about sexy stars with harassed p.l.'s. BB is a dancer who lives in Geneva and falls for married Marcello Mastroianni, a theatrical producer. He thinks she is just a sweet kid. Full of lorn love, BB goes to Paris where she becomes such a famous star that the crowds and the *Dolce Vita*-type photographers drive her out of her snub-nosed head. She flees back to Geneva in a dark wig and a brown study, to find that MM is wifeless but not lifeless. As a result of this Big Two meeting, MM and BB become MBBB, and sometimes even BBMM. He goes off to the Spoleto Festival to do a play. She follows and fatalistically invites the very fan fanaticism that is driving her frantic. The end tries hard to be tragic but it's all just one more version of what hell it is, fellows, to be a star. The only plus in this minus effort is Henri Dacae's pastel color camera.

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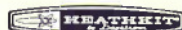
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Jane Fonda is the reason for seeing *Period of Adjustment*, Tennessee Williams' caramel comedy. It has to do with a just-married pair who spend the day after the wedding night at the home of a friend of the husband. First nights are rarely what they are cracked up to be, and this one cracks up but good. The friend they stay with, married for five years, also has had a life of hits and Mrs. It's one of those symmetrical comedies that is obviously going to be tied up in a nice neat bow, but the string of yoks keeps it moving at a frisky pace. Far-from-plain Jane is the blushing bride who can't stop beating around the blush. This rangy girl has now shown a range of talent that makes her the most charming, disarming actress to hit the American screen since the advent of Audrey Hepburn.

ACTS AND
ENTERTAINMENTS

Judging by the number of soft drink setups at the Gate of Horn's ringside, the *Chad Mitchell Trio* must have attracted every rep-tied prep schooler and date within 50 miles of Chicago. The 7-Up set evidently likes its liberalism in sugarcoated, banjo-backdropped, close-harmonied doses. There were two high points to the evening (a very enjoyable one, by the way). First and foremost was the trio's eagerly awaited run-through of its record hit *The John Birch Society* in which, among other things, Westbrook Pegler is held suspect because he "doth protest too much," and whose targets are Rosie Clooney, Pinky Lee, Red Skelton and Mommy (If she's "a Commie, then you've got to turn her in"). The second showstopper was new — a Teutonic take-off on *The Twelve Days of Christmas* that covered such miscellany as three anti-Semites, four top Gestapo leaders, six guided missiles, \$7,000,000, and other assorted items near and dear to an embittered Nazi at Xmas time. The trio, usually accompanied by just a guitarist, had the benefit of an instrumental trio behind them — a banjo, guitar and bass operating in close rhythmic rapport — as they displayed their diverse wares. There were several stomping spirituals, tongue-in-cheek items including one about Lizzie Borden ("You can't chop your poppa up in Massachusetts; Massachusetts is a far cry from New York"), tender ballads such as *Walking on the Green Grass* and *Golden Vanity*, and a dramatic contrasting of the original Irish *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*, sung as a dirge, and the up-tempo American Civil War version. Mitchell and confreres Mike Kobluk and Joe Frazier are straight-

forward, robust and nontwangy in their delivery — a formula that several of the less successful but artier groups might attempt.

Barbra Streisand, caught recently at New York's Blue Angel, is one of those petite, young (20) creatures whose voice, style and general demeanor belie their appearance. She displayed a Valkyrie-sized set of vocal cords and a tightly controlled delivery that ranged from meekly child-like to wantonly worldly. Arriving almost breathless from her smash performance as Miss Marmelstein in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*, Barbra immediately set up lighthearted housekeeping with a way-out, upbeatnik ballad from *The Fantasticks* that began, "I'd like to swim in an ice cold stream . . ." and after about six bars, every warm-blooded male in the house was ready to join her. Barbra, who first won fame as a comedienne, can be legitimately acclaimed as a singer of note; her *Cry Me a River* proved that. She could be plaintive (on the oddly fashioned *I Hate Music*, but *I Like to Sing*) or hilarious as she told why she was in love with Harold Monget ("Not because he has a car . . . Arnie Fleisher has a car . . ."). The rest of her turn featured semi-abstract airs, ebullient ditties and verdant evergreens all in a row. A melodic magician, Miss Streisand deftly turned the Blue Angel into a Barbra-shop. Catch her soon and you'll have a cocktail-party ploy of being able to say you knew her when.

BOOKS

In *The Pyramid Climbers* (McGraw-Hill, \$5), Vance Packard, nemesis of waste makers, status seekers and hidden persuaders, takes on America's executive class. His new book, written more in sorrow than in anger, might be subtitled *Success Sphinx*. Vance advances the thesis that the men who run our large corporations "are the most manipulated and exploited steady jobholders in the land." Callow personnel "experts" strip bare the executive psyche; bosses dissect the executive wife; consultants exacerbate the executive ulcer. The pyramid climber must keep his emotions sealed tight, his imagination in limbo and his politics under his hat (unless they are of the Barry Goldwater variety, in which case he should broadcast them). One activity for which modern executives have little inclination and less time, according to Packard, is sex: "The executive may be immersed in the contents of his briefcase all evening. When he becomes aware that it is midnight, he

stamps out his last cigarette, restuffs his briefcase and goes up to a new area of concentration, his wife. But by then she is either asleep or cold to his business-like advances." Thanks to pervasive corporate bigotry, only about three percent of the population has a chance of ever making it to the highest peaks of the hierarchy. To be considered managerial material, you must be (1) a male, (2) a college graduate, (3) "a WASP" — White-Anglo-Saxon-Protestant. Nor does it hurt if you're a six-footer and modishly slim. Packard, who participated in *PLAYBOY's Panel* on corporation ethics (November 1962), deplores this sort of discrimination; but considering the life he says executives endure, it may be a blessing to short, fat non-WASPs that pyramids have so little room at the top.

It is easy enough to put James T. Farrell down, along with his work. Make your deference to *Studs Lonigan* ("powerful book but more easily admired than read"); point out that it was written 30 years ago; and ask, "What has he done for us lately?" His new book, *The Silence of History* (Doubleday, \$4.95), will not change the conventional judgment. Eddie Ryan, Chicago Irish, poor, intellectually ambitious, differs very little from Farrell's old quasi-autobiographical hero, Danny O'Neill. He has cried "No!" to the values of his time. The time is 1926, and Eddie, having read Bertrand Russell's *A Free Man's Worship*, has decided to live with "unyielding despair." Beyond the last horizon, he knows, is the "clockless eternity of entropy," but to accept that fate and to go forward is victory enough, victory with only "the honor of the soul of man." There are a good many people, some of them technically better writers than Farrell, who agree with his views but refrain from proclaiming them because they are redolent of the cracker-barrel atheist. What's new? one wants to ask. Whether it's slow entropy or the quick big bomb, what's new? Well, Eddie Ryan likes a sunny morning and the looks of the legs and breasts of the girls at the University of Chicago. He yearns for beauty and love with a dogged sadness that makes even beauty and love seem not worth the effort. Farrell confronts the drudgery and dirt of experience, of daily life lived monotonously, with a stubbornness that has to be admired. It may not be art, but it is the stuff of art, even great art. What thwarts his efforts to transmute this material is an absence of any vision of the good life either for the individual or for society. Still, even those who are impatient with his clumsiness cannot deny that for three decades he has been trying to say more than most other writers; if he continues to fail, we may still be grateful that James T. Farrell, unlike history, has not been silent.

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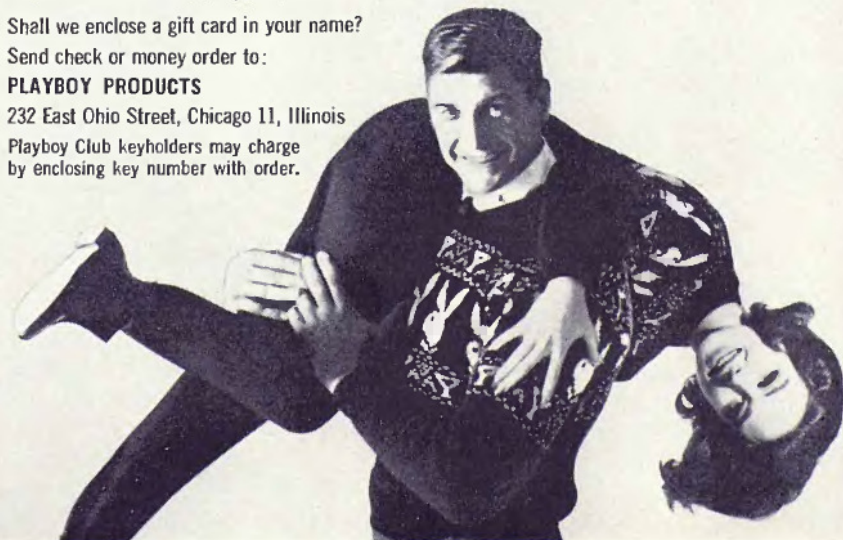
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Ever since legal judgments in favor of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *Tropic of Cancer* turned bluenoses an apoplectic pink, it has been only a matter of time before William Burroughs would burrow his way into the bookstores of Main Street, U.S.A. Former drug addict Burroughs was hooked for a decadent decade and a half on every sort of jolt imaginable—and junk is his subject. Now, after years underground, his magnum opus, *Naked Lunch* (Grove, \$6), has finally been brought out of hiding to a chorus of praise: Norman Mailer declares Burroughs is "the only American novelist living today who may be conceivably possessed of genius." And Jack Kerouac calls him "the greatest satirical writer since Jonathan Swift." Well, Burroughs is an intelligent, witty, serious writer, and one does not have to be the best since Swift to deserve a hearing. But readers who take dust jacket blurbs seriously are in for considerable disappointment. *Naked Lunch* is not a novel at all, but rather, in Burroughs' own words, a compilation of "notes on sickness and delirium." Fine—if these notes had some semblance of direction or overall meaning. Instead, we get a stew of disconnected vignettes, fantasies and hallucinations, with no sequence in time, no relationship in space. It's like lurching on the day's leftovers. Possibly for the junkie this is the way things really are—but a desire to portray chaos is no excuse for writing chaotically. Like Henry Miller, Burroughs muses incessantly on sex. Words like "ectoplasm," "slime," "glob," "fluid," "ejaculation," "pollution" slither across virtually every page. But where sex in Miller—amusing, lusty or absurd—usually involves *people*, in *Naked Lunch* the sexisodes never touch ground. Unquestionably, Burroughs has a lot to say. Unfortunately, he says it most clearly in a straightforward essay appended to his book and reprinted from *The British Journal of Addiction*.

Comedian Dick Gregory's *From the Back of the Bus* (Dutton, \$1.95), a portion of which first appeared in our October 1962 issue, is now gracing the bookstalls with a full quota of wryly razor-edged edicts on the tensions, trauma and taboos of race relations. One Dicktum on racial hypocrisy, we think, sets the laughing-to-keep-from-crying mood of the book, to wit: "Some people have a wonderful way of looking at things. Like the ones who hire one of us to baby-sit so they can go to a Ku Klux Klan meeting." The introduction is by PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner and photos of the gremlinish Gregory are by staff photographer Jerry Yulsman (in black-and-white, of course).

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am falling in love with a girl who has a very bad reputation. She is "known" not only among my friends but, as I have recently discovered, by most everyone in town. Even though I have found that the rumors about her are, unfortunately, true, my feelings toward her are still the same. But I'm afraid that when and if I marry her, I will be laughed at by my friends and maybe even given the cold shoulder by business associates. What do I do? Ignore everyone else and continue to court her, or give her up as a lost cause? — T. A., Tampa, Florida.

If in the first flush of romantic love public opinion looms larger in your thoughts than private happiness, you're clearly headed toward a post-honeymoon future of increasing mental malaise. You'd best break off now, sparing yourself — and her — your inevitable agonizing reappraisals.

Having enjoyed stays at hotels using both the American plan and the European plan during a recent Florida vacation, I'm curious to learn just how and when the distinction between the two systems started. — P. R., Anchorage, Alaska.

The American plan (by which guests pay for lodgings plus meals at an inclusive, regular rate) came into being during pre-Revolutionary days when travelers stopping at inns and taverns took potluck at their landlord's family table. The French-originated European plan (separate checks for bed and non-mandatory board) began to appear in the U.S. around 1830, and gradually became the more popular system. Today, only a few American hotels — usually of the resort variety — offer the American plan exclusively; many, however, give guests an option on either plan. Abroad, the European plan is far more prevalent (frequently modified by the inclusion of breakfast in the room rate).

What's your opinion of electric toothbrushes? Don't you feel there's something basically decadent about mechanizing such a simple chore? — C. B., Granite City, Illinois.

Not at all. Any gadget that accomplishes a chore with ease and speed gets our vote. Dentists say these bathroom appliances will scrub one's molars far more efficiently and thoroughly than will the manual method. Better yet, you get equivalent benefit in a fraction of the time required for thorough manual brushing. In our book, decay is decadent — not the means to combat it.

A couple of years ago a reader asked you if he was right in flatly refusing to

take his girl's roommate along on a date; you said he acted impulsively and should have taken both of them on the town — once. Recently I was confronted with a comparable situation — but the denouement was far different. Twice in one month the girl I date regularly has surprised me by having a lone and lonely girlfriend as her visitor when I fell up to her pad to take her out for the evening. On both occasions, the girls just sat there, having drink for drink with me, until common politeness forced me to ask the other girl to join us. First time I was annoyed, but concealed it and said nothing. Second time, I took my girl aside after the first drink and asked if she expected me to have her girlfriend tag along. She said it would be the decent thing to do, and I wasn't going to stand there arguing, so I was stuck again. Next day, I called my girl and told her I'd felt imposed upon. She accused me of being unfriendly and chintzy. I got sore and hung up on her. Following day I figured she'd been defensive and I'd responded harshly; I called her, we made up, and made a dinner date. You know what happened: I got to her place and there was this friend of hers I was introduced to, name of Sally, let's say. Same old story — but this time with a different ending. What happened was, I got so sore I told my girl to stay home, grabbed Sally out of the place, took her to a swell dinner, pitched like mad, and scored. Now my girl won't speak to me. What to do? — J. P., Detroit, Michigan.

First, we think you did the right thing under the circumstances, and we're glad to hear that it turned out so well that evening. Life is for living and you probably had a better time that evening than if you spent it in the way you had planned with your regular girl. Be wary of Sally, however — she spells trouble. Any female who hangs around a friend's apartment when she most certainly knows that the friend is getting ready for a date, and who then permits herself to be dragged away alone in place of the girlfriend with whom you had a date — and, a swell-dinner-and-being-pitched-like-mad notwithstanding, goes to bed with the regular boyfriend of her girlfriend under these unusual circumstances — spells trouble. There is a pattern to her actions that strongly suggests Sally is really quite hostile, though perhaps subconsciously, toward your regular girl. Throughout the evening, both in the apartment and after you had taken her out (the willingness to go with you as a substitute date is especially revealing), Sally was actively competing with your regular girl. The reason your girlfriend won't speak to you may not be

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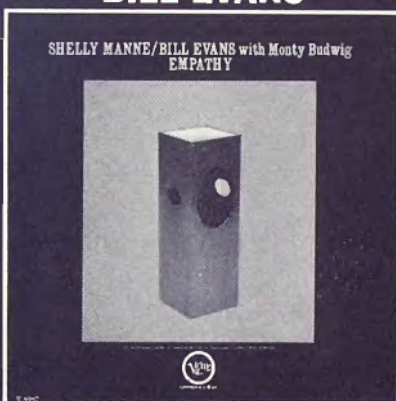
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just because you walked out on her that evening—it is quite possible that, consistent with the hostility displayed in her actions the night before, Sally went back to your girlfriend the next day with a full account of everything that the two of you did together. And if she didn't tell her the whole truth she probably made up a half-true version that came out even worse than what actually occurred. The best response to all this is to point out the obvious significance of Sally's action to your regular girl and you will then be able to successfully deny that anything happened on your night out with Sally (which your girl will *want* to believe), because anything whatever that Sally may have said can be brushed aside as a lie prompted by the same competitive hostility. This will permit your girl to satisfactorily (in her mind) shift the blame for the evening from you to Sally, which is what she will doubtless do, after which you should have no problem. You may wish to point out along the way that you realize walking out on her with someone else was rude, but it was equally rude for her to have a friend sitting there in the apartment at a time when she was expecting you for a date—especially when you had already made your feelings about this sort of thing known to her. You can point out, with real validity, that under the circumstances the presence of Sally in the apartment when you arrived for your date was like waving a red shirt in front of a bull. One thing's sure: From now on you can count on privacy whenever you've arranged for a date with your girl.

I've heard a great many conflicting opinions concerning absinthe, and would like to learn just what is truth and what is fiction. For example, for what reason is it outlawed in the U.S. and France? Can you shed any other light on this mysterious beverage?—J. R., Huntington, West Virginia.

The truth about absinthe is as ambiguous and elusive as the appearance of the drink itself: When properly mixed with water, ice and sugar, it turns successive shades of emerald, pink and gold before becoming milky and opalescent. Among the accusations that its mythical properties have aroused are the claims that (a) it causes insanity, (b) it is a sexual stimulant, and (c) it lowers the birthrate by preventing or aborting pregnancy. In spite of a dearth of scientific evidence to support such beliefs, public health authorities in Switzerland, France, the U.S. and other countries have outlawed the liquor, generally on the grounds that it is made with wormwood, an aromatic herb that is reputed to be harmful if consumed in excess. The fact that wormwood tea used to be sipped by old ladies and young children as a remedy for

minor debilities has not dissuaded the lawmen from their opposition to it. Undoubtedly more formidable than the wormwood oil is absinthe's staggering alcoholic content: It is 136 proof (or 68 percent alcohol). It seems likely that absinthe's sinister and exaggerated reputation stems directly from this alcoholic potency. If you're curious as to its flavor, you might take note that an aperitif quite similar to absinthe in its pronounced anise taste is sold under the label of Pernod Fils, the original French producers of absinthe.

This is less a question than a request for information you may not wish to divulge. A lot of your *Advisor* questions ask for personal advice. Now, based on the time lag between stories in your magazine and letters to the Editor about them, I conclude that your deadlines make it impossible to answer *Advisor* questions promptly, so what good are your answers to guys in personal quandaries that need immediate solutions?—T.O., Phoenix, Arizona.

By the time you see this in print you'll know, since you will have received by mail a personal letter in response to your query. The same thing happens with all questions addressed to *The Playboy Advisor*: They receive a prompt postal reply, and then afterward, if the question is of sufficient interest, it is considered for publication.

While reading your *On the Town* in *New York* piece [November 1962], I was reminded again of a question that has always puzzled me: Why is New York sometimes referred to as Gotham?—F. F., Lexington, Kentucky.

The original Gotham is a village in Nottinghamshire, England, which used to be widely noted in legend and proverb for the conceit of its inhabitants. Washington Irving first applied the name to New York in 1807 in one of the *Salmagundi Papers* in an effort to satirize the vanity of his fellow townsmen. Thereafter, the stuck-up sobriquet stuck.

A friend of mine has run an Austin-Healey Sprite in a couple of races and the experience has made him unpleasant to ride with: he goes too fast, brakes violently, double-clutches and shifts gears all the time. He tells me that a dumb dame cannot be expected to know that this is the right way to drive. Right?—D. L., Tacoma, Washington.

Wrong. *PLAYBOY's* Ken Purdy, who has ridden with the likes of Phil Hill and Stirling Moss, tells us that professionals tend to drive at moderate speeds, with notable concentration, both hands on the wheel and above all very smoothly. No ordinary passenger or

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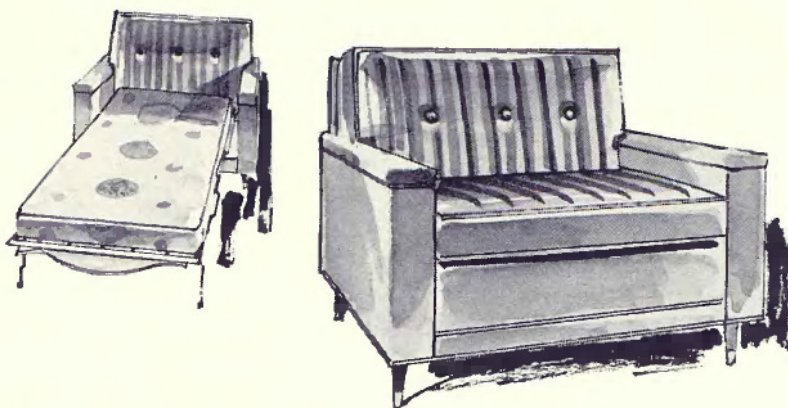
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sports car today requires double-clutching on gear-shifts, except, in a few cases, for first gear, a gear rarely needed while the car is in motion.

My executive position in a large advertising agency requires that I attend many conferences and client meetings in distant cities; I take my wife along on some of these, but certainly not all. When I return from the solo jaunts, she goes through my wallet and my laundry with a magnifying glass, poking about and asking me to account for every second of my time away from home. Last time I returned, she found a trace of lipstick on one of my handkerchiefs, which I quietly explained was the result of an innocent buss on the cheek by the wife of one of my clients, the two of whom had taken me to dinner. My wife screamed bloody murder, called me a cheat and winged me with a Wedgwood urn; I, in turn, stormed out of the house—and there's been little peace since. Tell me—short of taking my wife along on every business junket, which would be both a financial burden and a social bore—what is the solution for the married man who must travel and face a jealous wife on return?—P. B., New York, New York.

La Rochefoucauld once observed, "Jealousy feeds upon suspicion, and it turns into fury or it ends as soon as we pass from suspicion to certainty." Since in your wife's case certainty clearly ends in fury, you should see to it that she never finds the slightest cause for alarm in your excursions. The best way to achieve this end is also the simplest one: don't cheat. Obviously such guilt-edged accidents as the wayward buss that caused your current malaise won't happen often; lacking nourishment, her suspicions should eventually die. Until that happy demise, you should treat her probings with as much patience and understanding as you can muster; after all, a woman's jealousy defies rational argument, and your peace of mind would probably be in a far worse state if she patently didn't give a damn what you did. If, on the other hand, you do occasionally graze in greener pastures, and irrefutable spoor of same is found by your spouse, the blame and the clamorous consequences thereof are yours.

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



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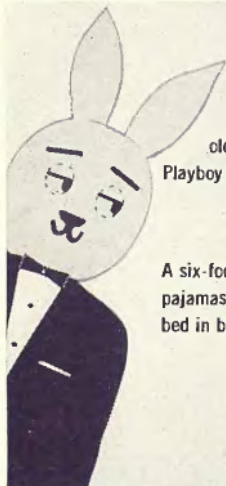
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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE


ONE OF THE BRIGHTER IDEAS of March is to turn it into a month of sun days spent far from habitual haunts—there's no better time to shake off late-winter doldrums. While selecting your vacation site, we suggest you pay particular heed to the blues-banishing climate and palm-fringed benefits of the Hawaiian Islands, whose scenic beauty is abetted by cherry blossoms during March. Here the outer Neighbor Islands are becoming increasingly "in," as more and more knowledgeable journeymen bypass honky-tonk Honolulu in favor of less publicized, more pleasurable watering spots.

Our favorite is the bountiful island of Kauai. A 20-minute spin from Lihue Airport will bring you to the spanking new Waiohai Hotel, where a memorably soft existence may be led in and out of the resort's bungalows that are scattered in tropical gardens from the sea and salt-water swimming pool at one end of white Poipu Beach to the freshwater pool adjacent to the tennis court and first-rate dining lodge. Those who prefer accommodating themselves in a livelier big-resort atmosphere should sign in at the Garden Isle Hotel, a 250-room hostelry set beside Kauai's Waitua golf course. The hotel houses its guests in a series of modern, garden-located buildings with magnificent vistas over ocean, mountain and lagoon, and is equipped with an impressive array of facilities that includes shops, gymnasium, steam baths, night club and cocktail lanai. While Kauai is widely recognized as a superlative launching site for deep-sea fishing excursions, not many sportsmen realize that the island is also an extremely happy hunting ground. Fine bases for upland shoots may be found near Waimea Canyon.

On most of the islands you can hire a jeep for extemporaneous back-road excursions; on Maui, for example, for around \$6 a day plus a dime a mile your rented roadster will spin you up to the rim of Haleakala Crater or along a spectacular cliff-hanger of a road containing some 900-odd curves in one 20-mile stretch, or on an easier jaunt through the lush Iao Valley and along the coast to the old whaling port of Lahaina. All-day jeep caravan tours around and about Oahu (at \$16 per vehicle) hit scenic highlights such as Koko Head Crater and the Pali cliffs of the Koolau Range, and include change-of-pace stop-offs for swimming and fishing at beaches of promise like Kaupo and Kalama. At any time, you're free to peel off on your own detour—perhaps for a glass-bottomed-boat ride out of Heeia—thence to rejoin the guided caravan.

The island Eden most accessible to near Easterners is, of course, Bermuda, status assembly-point of spring's college-week celebrators. Among the early rights of spring here are convivial colonial night life and the watery pleasures of the Bermuda day; for enjoyment of same you can rent a houseboat (a typical one sleeps four and goes for about \$125 a week), or stay at one of the hotels that package a full week of sailing, water-skiing and boating for \$150 per person. Water sportsmen should take note of two unusual aquatic opportunities: For \$9 an hour you can rent novel power skis (a double-pontoon affair powered by an outboard motor and steered by the simple process of leaning to one side or the other) and tool in and out of coves and past the water taxis and ferries of the Great Sound at speeds up to 25 mph; the island also offers two schools in advanced water-skiing that give expert counsel in the protected waters of Mangrove Bay or reef-locked Ely's Harbour on such tricky aboveboard maneuvers as single slalom, backward skiing and jumping. For \$10 a lesson, experienced skiers can get the hang of those huge kites that, under the boat's pull, waft one several hundred feet above the water—a stunt every bit as difficult as it looks.

March is the classic cruise season, and for those with the wherewithal the where might well be South America. To complement the salt-tanged days of swimming, sunning, dining and dancing aboard your floating resort, you'll debark in countries of abounding interest still underexploited touristically. Typical of the unsung high-style way stations that dot the east coast is an old ranch called Pinera Azul, 45 minutes out of Buenos Aires. Visitors are driven to the Spanish Colonial ranch house in time for cocktails before lunch. While you sip your patio potation in the cooling shade of grapevines, native dancers and singers make heady cocktail music with guitars, charangos, ukuleles, bongo drums and queñas flutes. The pampas pampering continues with a lunch of empanadas (small meat pies), pit-roasted *asado* of beef, salads and Argentine wines. In the afternoon, you can dip in the pool, stroll through gardenized grounds beneath towering pines, eucalyptus and morera trees, and visit the venerable home itself. The setting, like many in S.A., is unabashedly romantic, and cause enough for any man to head south of the border for a well-earned spree of carefree carousing.

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

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THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

part two: playboy's editor-publisher spells out—for friends and critics alike—our guiding principles and editorial credo

PLAYBOY HAS BECOME AN increasingly popular topic of conversation over the last year or two, and comment on our success has often included discussion and debate on our doctrine and our editorial point of view—in the popular press and various journals of opinion, as well as around the office water cooler, at fraternity bull sessions, at cocktail parties, club gatherings and wherever else urban men and women exchange ideas. Having heard so many others explain what PLAYBOY is all about, we've decided it's time to speak out ourselves on what we believe in, and what we feel PLAYBOY represents in present-day society, permitting ourselves a few personal asides on society itself along the way.

Last month we offered some opening observations on PLAYBOY's critics and pointed out that negative comment on the magazine actually takes two very different forms: There are some who criticize PLAYBOY for its *content*—certain specific features of which they do not approve; while others object to the publication's *concept*—the overall editorial viewpoint expressed in the magazine each month.

The critics of content are the easiest to answer. Few would quarrel with the overall excellence of the magazine's fiction and articles (a list of writers like the ones contributing to this issue speaks for itself) and PLAYBOY has received more honors, awards and certificates of merit for its art, photography, printing and design, during the last half-dozen years, than almost any other magazine in America. The criticism of content is soon seen to be largely a matter of sex, and primarily pictorial sex, at that. For some few, a photograph of the female figure—no matter how attractively posed—is embarrassing, objectionable and even downright sinful. In fact, one sometimes gets the feeling that the more attractively posed—and therefore appealing—the female is, the more objectionable and sinful she becomes to the critical. In order to react in this way, of course, one must believe that sex itself is objectionable and sinful—especially as typified by a beautiful

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

woman. Fortunately only a twisted few are able to fully accept such a negative view of God's handiwork, but the witch-burning Puritanism, which associated the Devil with all things of the flesh, and which formed a part of our early religious heritage in America, has left its mark on many more. And so the prude, the prig, the censor and the bluenose have a ready band of followers willing to bowdlerize the world's greatest literature; destroy the too-suggestive art and sculpture; clip, cut and mutilate the cinema; determine—not just for themselves, but for their neighbors as well—what can and cannot be shown on television, what magazines and newspapers can and cannot print, what plays the theater can and cannot present; burning, destroying, defacing, purging, purifying—all in the name of Him who was the Creator of all these things in the beginning. And if they could find some means or manner by which they might burn from the memory of man every sensual delight, every yearning of the flesh, every God-given pleasure of the body, we have no doubt that some would seize the opportunity with much zeal and joy. This, we suggest, is man at his most masochistic—man at his self-destructive ultimate. For here man tries to destroy not simply the body, but the very mind of all humankind. If a person can look at the picture of a beautiful woman and find ugliness there, and obscenity, then it can only be that he carries that ugliness and obscenity within himself. If beauty is in the eye of the beholder, so is its opposite.

THE CRITICISM OF CONCEPT

The critics of PLAYBOY's editorial concept are not so easily answered. Sex plays a part in their attitudes, too, of course, but it is a more sophisticated and complex criticism, as when Harvey Cox, in writing *Playboy's Doctrine of Male* for the "Christian Journal of Opinion," *Christianity and Crisis*, describes PLAYBOY as "basically antisexual." And the magazine's attitude toward the male-

female relationship in our society is coupled with what some critics feel is PLAYBOY's overemphasis on the superficial and material things of life.

According to John A. Crane, minister of a Unitarian Church in Santa Barbara, California, who devoted an entire sermon to "Philosophy and Phantasy in Playboy Magazine and What This Suggests About Us": PLAYBOY presents "a new image of the ideal man. . . . [He] is, above all, a skilled consumer of the bountiful flow of goods and services produced by our economy of abundance. He is a man of discriminating taste, style and polish. He knows how to spend money with flair. He is a skilled and sophisticated lover, who knows how to avoid anything resembling a permanent attachment with his paramours.

"Not only does PLAYBOY create a new image of the ideal man, it also creates a slick little universe all its own. . . . It is a universe for rather elegant and refined consumers, and girls are the grandest of all consumer goods. A girl is something, like a sports car or a bottle of Scotch or an Ivy League suit, that is meant to be used and enjoyed by men. But always with flair, with polish. There need be no entangling, no stifling alliances or obligations. Girls are playthings, and once enjoyed will have to be set aside and replaced with others new and fresh."

On the same note, Harvey Cox describes women as a "Playboy accessory." "After all," he writes, "the most famous feature of the magazine is its monthly foldout photo of a *playmate*. She is the symbol par excellence of recreational sex. When playtime is over, the playmate's function ceases, so she must be made to understand the rules of the game. As the crew-cut young man in a PLAYBOY cartoon says to the rumpled and disarrayed girl he is passionately embracing, 'Why speak of love at a time like this?'"

And suggesting just how far apart the critics of PLAYBOY's content and concept may sometimes be, Cox continues: "Moralistic criticisms of PLAYBOY fail because its antimoralism is one of the few places in which PLAYBOY is right. . . . Thus any theological critique of PLAYBOY that

focuses on its 'lewdness' will misfire completely. PLAYBOY and its less successful imitators are not 'sex magazines' at all. They are basically antisexual. They dilute and dissipate authentic sexuality by reducing it to an accessory, by keeping it at a safe distance." Cox concludes with: "We must see in PLAYBOY the latest and slickest episode in man's continuing refusal to be fully human."

What is PLAYBOY's answer to these critics of its concept? There would seem to be some truth in what they say, even if we do not agree with their conclusions. How is it possible to both agree and disagree with these critics — accepting some of their evidence, while rejecting their interpretation of it? Part of the answer lies in their incomplete understanding of what PLAYBOY really represents and believes in. Another part of the answer is clearly rooted in a fundamental difference of opinion about life, and the world in which we live, that we would like to explore at some length. But the best way to begin, we think, is through an explanation of just how PLAYBOY was initially conceived and why we feel it has enjoyed such success in a time when many other, older, well-established magazines have floundered and failed. And in fully understanding the PLAYBOY phenomenon, one may also gain greater insight into this entire generation and how it has grown out of the social and economic revolution that has taken place in America over the last 60 years.

THE UNCOMMON MAN

Within the threescore years of this century, the American personality has undergone as drastic and dramatic a change as the country itself. The first 30 years of the 20th Century were characterized by our unbounded faith in ourselves, both individually and as a nation. We were enjoying the results of the industrial revolution, and if the streets were not literally paved with gold, it was only a technicality. It was a time of confidence and enthusiasm; it was a crazy, romantic, wonderful time, when most men believed they could lift themselves by their own bootstraps, even if they didn't yet own a pair of boots. Boys hungrily consumed the books of Horatio Alger (he wrote 119, or, as one critic put it, "one book, rewritten 118 times," that sold an almost unbelievable 250,000,000 copies) with titles like *Sink or Swim, Strive and Succeed, Do or Dare, Fame and Fortune*. They told a youngster that success, yes, and fame and fortune, too, could be *his* — no matter how humble his beginning — if he was industrious, honest and had faith in himself, his God and his country. Nothing was impossible. Any boy could grow up to be President of the U.S., or of U.S. Steel.

The United States was the golden land of opportunity and freedom — for

its own people and for the rest of the world as well. America's promise was spelled out in the words inscribed on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty:

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to
breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your
teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest-
tossed, to me:
I lift my lamp beside the golden
door.

These were the years of the Uncommon Man — when uncommon ambition and deeds were the rule rather than the exception. These were the years of the great national heroes, both fictional and real. Before World War I, every young man's idol was Frank Merriwell, whose exploits in *Frank Merriwell at Yale, Frank Merriwell's Dilemma* and *The Winning Last Quarter-Mile* proved the importance of pluck, perseverance, honor and playing the game according to the rules. Merriwell was the ultimate in the Uncommon Man — he was, as his creator Burt L. Standish modestly informed us in adventure after adventure, the greatest student and athlete that Yale has ever known. The so-called Golden Era of Sports was actually less that than a period in which important sports figures (and, indeed, anyone who excelled at almost anything) were acclaimed national heroes. It was a time when an entire country could get as cockeyed excited as a kid over a young man's climbing into a single-motor airplane and flying across the Atlantic alone.

The era reached its apex in the decade now fondly remembered as the Roaring Twenties. After the Great War, a new sophistication and cynicism spread across the land, but the Twenties were a good deal more than Sheiks and Shebas, bathtub gin and the Charleston. It was a yeasty time, a time of innovation and adventure, when new notions and ideas were accepted almost as quickly as they were born — a period of important growth in science and the arts. It ended with the stock market crash late in 1929.

THE COMMON MAN

The 10 years of bleak Depression that followed the Roaring Twenties came as a brutal and sustained shock to the national psyche. Some saw in it a terrible retribution for the years before — a sort of protracted hangover from an economic binge. It was nothing of the sort, of course, but the generation which came to maturity during the Depression suffered just the same.

During the 1930s, worse things than hunger afflicted us. It is difficult — nay, almost impossible — to hold onto one's optimism, individuality and spirit of ad-

venture, when you cannot earn enough to support your family. Intellectual achievement and education lose much of their prestige and appeal when a diploma offers no assurance of a job after graduation, and when the great majority cannot afford a higher education in any case. Nor is a man apt to feel particularly competitive in a society that offers him almost no opportunity to compete.

In place of individual initiative, an emphasis on accomplishment and educational attainment, a faith in self and in our economic system, a curiosity about the new and different. Americans became increasingly concerned with security, the safe and the sure, the certain and the known.

Instead of helping the people to sort out their ideas and ideals during this time of uncertainty and confusion, a great many newspapers, magazines and movies actually pandered to the public's already growing prejudices. If it was especially difficult to get ahead during the Depression, then the popular press was perfectly willing to persuade people that what they already had was plenty good enough. After all, why make a man quest after things he could probably never achieve? If his aspirations were much beyond his hopes of fulfilling them, he would only become frustrated and unhappy. So the newspapers, magazines, movies, and radio, too, set about making Americans satisfied with their lot, complacent about the *status quo*. Some might argue that if you curbed the nation's initiative, it could cause incalculable damage, but that was an abstract philosophical idea and the problems of the time were the only reality.

This satisfied, complacent, relatively initiative-free social order was achieved in several ways: First, the mass media made the wealthy appear to be as shallow, ignorant, foolish and unappealing as possible. Admittedly, making wealth itself unattractive would really take some doing, but the press and films did a damned impressive job of the next best thing. The Sunday magazine section of the Hearst papers of the Thirties had a fine old time convincing us that most all of society (the socially prominent) and the financially well to do were either scoundrels or scandalous empty-headed nincompoops, or both.

The wealthy, as depicted in the mass media, almost always accumulated their money ("ill-gotten gains"?) in some underhanded or slightly suspect way. Or else it was inherited. And in either case, it was clearly undeserved and unearned. There just wasn't very much interest in publishing stories of self-made men, who'd prospered, like the heroes of Alger and Standish at the start of the Century, through the application of pluck, perseverance and honest hard work. A catchy label is always helpful in more clearly

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establishing a desired identity for any group, and the press came up with a fine one: "The Idle Rich."

In the films, the rich girl-poor boy romance, or vice versa, was extremely popular all through the Thirties, as we became tremendously class conscious in this supposedly classless country. And invariably the wealthy half of the pair, and his or her family, turned out to be the less thoughtful, practical, considerate and nice. Poverty, you see, brings out the best in a person.

Rich young men were played by rather foppish, foolish, weakling types like Robert Montgomery, while the poor heroes were portrayed by more solid, feet-on-the-ground fellows like Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda. Tracy won his first Academy Award of the Thirties for straightening out a rich man's spoiled youngster (Freddie Bartholomew) in *Captains Courageous*; Gable got his Oscar for straightening out a rich man's spoiled daughter (Claudette Colbert) in *It Happened One Night*. Gary Cooper fought the good fight for the little man, against the forces of evil wealth and power, in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* (by inheriting a few million himself and throwing the Haves into an absolute panic with plans for spreading the wealth around to a number of the Have-Nots, and winding up in a sanity hearing for his trouble) and again in *Meet John Doe* (by threatening to jump off the top of a building, when evil Mr. Moneybags, played by Edward Arnold, became too much for him). Having apparently learned nothing from Coop's chilling experience (it was a subzero December night when he climbed out on that roof to jump), Jimmy Stewart took on the same all-powerful adversary in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* (in both pictures dirty Arnold was trying to use his millions to buy his way into the White House, but in this one he even had his own SS-like motorcycle police corps).

A typical example of a romantic movie made during the Depression (and there are dozens upon dozens to choose from) was something called *Holiday*, starring Cary Grant, Katherine Hepburn and a pre-Dr. Kildare Lew Ayres. Cary played a handsome, unassuming, high-principled, philosophical pauper, who fell in love with a beautiful, self-centered, cold-as-ice rich girl, played by we've no idea who. Lew Ayres portrayed the wealthy, foppish, foolish, weakling brother, who might have turned out as well as Cary, we soon realized, if only he hadn't been born rich. As it is, he's an alcoholic. What else?

The wealthy father was a domineering egomaniac, who kept his children under his thumb, or tried to. (Edward Arnold was apparently busy elsewhere when they

made this one, because the tyrannical old man was ably played by someone else, whose name we also don't recall.) Katy played a second daughter who, by some unexplained miracle, had managed to escape the evil taint of Daddy's moola.

The conflict in the film develops over Daddy's insistence that he will consent to the marriage only if Cary agrees to come to work for him as a vice-president in one of his corporations. Miss Richbitch sides with Daddy, of course, but Cary realizes that if he consents, he will surely be corrupted and destroyed, no doubt winding up like wealthy, foppish, foolish, weakling Lew Ayres, or worse. And he doesn't even care for a cocktail before dinner.

At this point, it could be legitimately argued that this movie is less concerned with a conflict between the virtues of acquiring or not acquiring money than with the more basic question of whether a man should give up his individuality, independence and integrity in exchange for a soft, secure and purposeless life. Obviously, the only thing for Cary to do is to tell the old man to shove it, which is exactly what he does. But here's the rub—and this is what makes this particular picture an especially interesting example of the philosophical content of Depression-day film fare. *Why* did Cary turn down the old man's offer? (And it should be mentioned, he thought long and hard before finally deciding to turn it down at picture's end.) Exactly what was Cary weighing this executive position in Daddy's firm against? Did he have a plan for going into business for himself? Did he prefer to work his way up in another company of his own choosing? Did he have the driving urge to become a doctor—to heal, to save lives, to get an M.D. movie series of his own going before Lew Ayres sobered up and latched onto the Dr. Kildare gimmick at Depression's end? Maybe he wanted to build bridges or skyscrapers? Or would he heed the call of politics and help Junior Senator Jimmy Stewart take care of power-mad Edward Arnold? *Forget it*. Cary had worked just long enough to save up enough money to buy a small boat. He was in his middle 20s and he figured that work could wait for at least 12 years. He planned on bumming around the world in his boat for the next dozen annums. Honest. That's it. And that's exactly where he was headed at picture's end. Naturally, Katherine Hepburn knew a good thing when she saw it, so when her sister bowed out, she tagged right along after Cary—leaving the purposeless life with the wealthy family for a purposeless life with a boat bum. No doubt she made the best decision under the circumstances (boat bum or not, Cary Grant is still Cary Grant), but one can't help wondering why the makers

of this movie, like many of their brethren during the Depression, felt obliged to preach a philosophy that said, in essence, *the best thing in life is sitting on your ass*. Actually, we don't wonder at all. Since a major part of the country was forced to do little more than sit on its ass through much of the Depression, it was just good box office to give them movies that said that loafing and doing nothing with your life was really desirable. Why, look, Cary Grant is doing it by choice—he's passing up several million dollars and marriage to Miss Richbitch, who the movie would have us believe he loved—right up until the last couple of scenes anyway—and all so he could loaf. The public liked that sort of soothing syrup, and so the movies gave it to them, and so did the magazines, and the newspapers and radio.

A majority of the movies made during the Thirties were musicals, comedies and other forms of escape entertainment, exploiting the public's desire to avoid the realities of the times. And when a realistic film was made, it was usually depressingly downbeat. No point in being overly optimistic about this world in which we struggle to survive.

Initiative, ambition and the accumulation of wealth were not the only virtues made light of or actually ridiculed during the Depression. Education, intellectual achievement, science and the arts took their knocks, as well. By Depression's end, the press had even come up with a suitably negative label for excessive intellectualism and academic accomplishment: "Egghead." In place of Picasso, we were given Norman Rockwell and in place of literature, the *Reader's Digest*.

No general truth is without its exceptions and no time is without its virtues. The Thirties did witness the positive emergence of greater concern for one's fellow man and the immense strides made in the labor movement, but even these worthwhile accomplishments had their negative aspects, for they further de-emphasized the individual in favor of the group. And concern for the collective many is not always the same as concern for each and every separate member of society taken as a single person, with his individual hopes and dreams, desires and aspirations.

Legitimate interest in the welfare of the average man became subtly transformed into an idealization of the average man. To be an average guy, a part of the group, one of the gang became a pretty good thing to be. "Mr. Average Man" was someone with whom everyone could identify and who wouldn't be proud to be considered "Mr. Average American"? But just a generation before, no American worth the name would have settled for the notion of being an "average" *anything*. His aspi-



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rations were a good deal higher than that. For there is something far better than being just average and if most of us aren't aiming for that something better, then the very average itself will drop lower and lower, along with our aspirations.

During the Depression, concern for the Common Man turned into a deification of the Common Man, and of common ideas and common taste. Who needed an education? Wasn't *common sense* what really counted? There was no room in the Thirties for the uncommon act, the uncommon accomplishment, the uncommon mind or the Uncommon Man.

FALLEN IDOLS

There were very few great heroes in the Thirties, where there had been many in the Twenties and before. (The single notable exception was F.D.R., who existed less as a hero during this time of trouble than as a truly national Father Figure.) And the temper of the times may be most clearly appreciated when we consider that during the Depression, and thereafter, we not only failed to recognize and acclaim the Uncommon Men amongst us, we set about tearing down some of the Uncommon Men we'd most acclaimed a decade earlier.

Charles Lindbergh was the greatest single hero of the Twenties. He had gained an even greater hold on America's heart in the early 1930s through the tragic loss of a child in a world-famous kidnap-murder. But when he returned from a visit to Germany late in the decade and expressed the unpopular view that we should avoid a war with that nation, because her armed might would prove too much for us, his ideas were not considered the honest, if inaccurate, opinions of a sincere and patriotic American, they were damned as being little short of treason. The Lindbergh Beacon, atop the Palmolive Building in Chicago, was promptly renamed and the "Lone Eagle" was really alone from that time on. The public never forgave him. But was it a single unpopular opinion they were unwilling to forgive, or the fact that he'd been an uncommon hero to them in the first place?

Charles Chaplin is unquestionably the greatest comedian the world has ever known. He was beloved all through the Twenties, not only in America, but everywhere. He made some of his most delightful feature-length films in the Thirties, but the U.S. began to cool toward the little tramp. They didn't like Chaplin's politics. Born and raised in London's slums, he'd always been a bit left-of-center politically, but he was certainly no active Communist, as some suggested. The public didn't care much for his personal life either. The U.S. Government actually brought criminal charges against him for violating the

Mann Act, because he transported a woman, with whom he was having an affair, from one state into another—a "crime" that, in these days of more easily accessible and less expensive transportation, probably over half the adult male population of this country has committed. And despite the fact that the Mann Act was passed to cover white slavery, as clearly stated in the law, and the "immoral purposes" referred to therein, in connection with transporting females over state boundaries, is prostitution. Chaplin was acquitted.

The spurned female, who had helped the Government with that case, then filed a paternity suit against Chaplin, claiming him the father of her illegitimate child. He lost that case, despite the fact that blood tests proved conclusively that the child could not possibly be his. Neither the public nor the press ever forgave Chaplin for these breaches in good conduct. Yet Errol Flynn, who was involved in maternity and rape suits at about the same time, was secretly admired by most and generally considered to be a lovable scalawag. Charles Beaumont, in his article, *Chaplin*, published in *PLAYBOY* (March 1960), commented on this paradox: "Flynn, even when he was consorting with girls young enough to be his granddaughters, could do no wrong. Chaplin could do no right." And Beaumont also suggested a possible reason for this double standard: "Perhaps because he [Flynn] did not add to these [his affairs] the affront of genius."

One of the greatest actors of our time, and as much responsible for the early worldwide popularity of movies as any other human being, Charles Chaplin was never given an Academy Award. His last two pictures to be released in the United States (*Monsieur Verdoux* and *Lime-light*) were generally panned here and did poorly at the box office, although they both won praise and prizes in Europe. Badgered by public, press and the U.S. Government (the then Attorney General of the United States, James P. McGranery, called him an "unsavory character" and ordered Immigration authorities to hold a hearing to determine whether or not Chaplin was an undesirable alien), he was English and had never taken out citizenship papers, an "affront" for which America would never forgive him, Chaplin finally chose exile in Switzerland in 1945.

We feared that the memory of Charlie's genius was fading, for almost nothing complimentary had been written about him in any large-circulation magazine in the previous half-dozen years, so we asked Charles Beaumont to write an article on Charlie, the talent, as distinguished from Chaplin, the man. Beaumont's article began; "High on the list of America's pet hates is a man who, over a 30-year period, gave this nation—

and every other nation throughout the world—a gift valuable beyond price and beyond estimation, the most desirable and most difficult to receive: the imperishable gift of joy."

Beaumont continued: "An anti-Chaplin campaign was begun, calculated by its emphases and omissions to present a single image of Chaplin, so hateful an image that some European critics concluded that it was a classic admission of guilty conscience . . ."

"Not content to destroy the man, the columnists proceeded to attack the man's work. Learned students of the cinema, such as Hedda Hopper, began to have second thoughts about the "so-called Chaplin masterpieces." Were they really so great? Were they really as funny as they were cracked up to be? . . ."

"Only a few months ago, a logorrheic Hollywood TV personality was asked why he persisted in slamming Chaplin. 'I'll tell you,' said the personality. 'I've got nothing against the guy personally. What he does is his own business. I'm just sick of hearing all this stuff about what a great comic he was. You see one of his pictures recently? They're pathetic. Stupid. What's funny about a little schmo who looks like Hitler and acts like a queer? I'll tell you a great comic. Joey Frisco. There's a great comic . . .'

"So now even Charlie—as distinct from Chaplin—is under attack. It would be comforting to think the Little Fellow isn't in danger, that nothing so magnificent could possibly perish, but other magnificent things have perished, and at the hands of men. Why not Charlie too? Film doesn't last forever, and memory fades. And though we speak of a wonder that held the world enchanted for three generations, the wonder has demonstrably begun to dim. The young in America today do not know Chaplin at all, except as the monster the press has built, and that is sad. Unless they live in the few great cities of the nation [in which some few Chaplin films still are shown], they don't know Charlie, either. And that is tragic. For the artist and his art, separable as they may and must be, are of vital importance to the cultural and moral development of America. If we allow ourselves to forget what we had, then we shall never understand what we lost, and that will make us poor indeed.

"I have a notion that he suffers from a nostalgia of the slums.' So wrote Somerset Maugham of his friend Charles Spencer Chaplin, touching upon one of the great secrets of Chaplin's art. From the beginning it has been a celebration and a mockery of the earth's poor. Celebration because while we breathe, even in the dankest air of the lowest slum, we live, and life is sacred; mockery because, in Chaplin's words, "The poor deserve to be mocked! What fools they are!"

What holy fools, he should have added, for that must be the final description of his masterpiece, Charlie.

"... Dispensing love, he received love in return; and his fame grew, like a vast silvery balloon.

"That this must have its effect upon a man is, or should be, self-evident. Chaplin the man had always been withdrawn. The sudden overwhelming popularity caused him to withdraw further. People did not understand. They did not understand that Chaplin's way of repaying them for their love was to give them the best of him, through Charlie, and that having put into Charlie all that was wild and fine and sweet in him, there was little left over.

"But people have a way of resenting great artists. A man may travel to the searing center of his soul and come out with a new vision, and the world will ask him why he hasn't changed his shirt.

"This is what the world — our American world — began to ask Chaplin. Over a 20-year period, working 20 hours a day, he was making the finest films anyone had ever seen, distilling his genius to its greatest perfection. . . . And people laughed, but they did not forgive. For while Chaplin was dishing up these delights, he was living a life described by columnists as 'unnatural.'

"To ask an artist to please everyone with his life as well as his art is both stupid and unfair. Even if all the charges leveled against Chaplin were true, America's attitude would be difficult to understand. As the charges are almost entirely false, the attitude is inexplicable."

Beaumont concluded: "It is for these reasons, for his occasional weaknesses as a person and for his incredible strengths as an artist, that Charles Chaplin became one of the most despised men in America. Now, in Vevey, Switzerland, he lives quietly with his wife and seven children — one of whom this remarkable man sired only recently, despite the fact that he is in his 70s. Because he is in his 70s, Chaplin will, before long, die. And then, because his legend has been all but destroyed, he will probably be forgotten, as most men are.

"But what Chaplin created we must not allow to be forgotten: Charlie the fool. Charlie the clown. Charlie, the spirit of Man, walking with a goatlike skip in his oversize shoes and a hitch of his baggy pants — bewildered, but unafraid — into the unknown. Charlie, the best of us."

A bit later, near the end of this editorial, we plan to list a number of specifics in which PLAYBOY believes. You may put one down now, ahead of time: We believe wholeheartedly in the Uncommon Man and in his right to be uncommon. There is perhaps no single belief that is more important to us. It is in man's God-given differences, more

than his similarities, that we find the very best of him. And our America was founded on the unique understanding that through man's differences, and the fullest protection of their free expression, we might create the most perfect society yet conceived.

PLAYBOY has never done much direct editorializing — this present piece is a rare exception — but regular readers have come to know the things we believe in through the subjects we choose to write about and what we choose to say about them. One of the things we believe in is the Uncommon Man, and the magazine has included articles on Uncommon Men from its earliest issues — Chaplin, Frank Lloyd Wright, Hemingway, Charlie Parker, Stirling Moss. We've commented upon their uncommon natures and expounded their uncommon philosophies.

We have never been big on quotations or precepts, but we have two that we took for ourself in our early teens and they've formed a pair of guiding principles by which we've tried to shape our own life.

The first: "This above all, to thine own self be true, and thou canst not then be false to any man."

The second: "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, else what's a heaven for."

Our article on Chaplin produced more warm compliments and comment from readers than any other personality profile we have ever published: George Jessel wired, "THE PIECE ABOUT CHARLIE CHAPLIN WRITTEN BY CHARLES BEAUMONT IS THE MOST SENSITIVE AND TOLERANT PORTRAIT OF A MAN THAT I HAVE EVER READ, WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF BERTRAND RUSSELL ON TOM PAYNE." Hollis Alpert wrote, ". . . a wise, balanced and warm description of the artist and his career. About time, too, before his legend and reputation suffer completely from his vituperative, ignorant detractors. Congratulations on PLAYBOY's judgment and courage in publishing the article." Paul DeWitt, ". . . An essay worthy of the highest praise. An eloquent tribute to one of the most misunderstood men of our time." Dore Schary, "The Chaplin article written by Charles Beaumont is a good piece; a warm and sympathetic recounting of a tragedy." Charles B. Yulish, "The 'protective' picketing of Chaplin films will no doubt continue, as well as Philistine panning of his genius. I am truly sorry for those who participate in such. I am more sorry, however, for the millions who will never share the experience of crying during the ending of *City Lights*, or roaring at Chaplin's comic mastery in *Limelight*." Herman G. Weinberg, "Bravo! I refer to that Chaplin piece by Beaumont. It needed to be said and I'm glad it was PLAYBOY who said it."

These letters appeared in our July 1960 letters column. We had also re-

cently published an article on the Academy Awards (*The Oscar Syndrome*, April 1960) by Dalton Trumbo, a man unusually well-qualified to write on the subject, since he is one of Hollywood's finest screenwriters and had only recently won an Oscar himself, pseudonymously, for scripting *The Brave One* as "Robert Rich," because he had been blacklisted in Hollywood and could not write there using his own name. His article was personal, provocative and stimulating of thought. We published it before he succeeded in breaking through the blacklist barrier, so his thoughts were all the more vitriolic and searing. A few months later, his own name appeared on a screen credit, for the first time in 12 years — first on *Spartacus* and then *Exodus*. We had also made the serious error of inviting Larry Adler to perform on our television show, *Playboy's Penthouse*. Our only excuse, and we must admit it's a slim one, was because Adler is *the* virtuoso on the harmonica, the man responsible for getting the mouth organ accepted as a musical instrument instead of a toy, and we felt our viewers would find him entertaining. We had no idea that Adler, too, was on somebody's little black list, but he was. And we think it only fair to add that if we *had* known he was on somebody's little black list, it wouldn't have mattered a bit.

Nevertheless, the profile on Chaplin, the article by Trumbo and the TV appearance of Adler were enough to prompt a few letters of quite a different sort, and we published those, too, in July 1960: A. C. Cohn wrote, "Chaplin in your magazine, Larry Adler on your TV show. You are becoming a stink in the nostrils of the American people." T. F. Hanson asked, "What's the matter with PLAYBOY? Is it beginning to follow the Communist party line?" And R. E. Chasen wrote, "Please cancel my subscription at once. First, the hearts-and-flowers for Chaplin, then Dalton Trumbo. As an ex-FBI agent, it becomes impossible to continue."

All this sound and fury (the ratio ran nearly 30 to 1 in favor of the Chaplin and Trumbo articles) gave us one of our rare opportunities to spell out (in an answer in the letters column) a portion of PLAYBOY's philosophy: "PLAYBOY sincerely believes that this nation is big enough, strong enough and right enough to give free expression to the ideas and the talents of every man among us without fear of being hurt by any man's individual weaknesses or follies. We believe, too, that no good idea, no important work of art and no meaningful talent becomes less good, less important or less meaningful because it comes from a doubtful source. You don't have to be a homosexual to read Oscar Wilde or an alcoholic and a drug addict to appreciate the prose and poetry of Edgar Allan Poe.

It is also possible to recognize the comic genius of Chaplin, read an article on the Academy Awards by Dalton Trumbo and enjoy the music of Larry Adler without necessarily approving of either the men or their personal philosophies of life. For the record, of course, none of these men has ever been proven a Communist—a matter of some importance in this country that prides itself on fair play and believing a man innocent until proven guilty. But that's really beside the point—for we also appreciate Picasso as one of the world's greatest living artists, and we know he's a Communist. Politics may be important in government, where national security is a vital consideration, but it has no place in art and literature. Not if America's art and literature, and indeed the country itself, are to remain free."

We think it quite important to have a magazine of considerable circulation and influence establishing and re-establishing these basic concepts of freedom upon which our nation is built. If PLAYBOY hadn't spoken up in behalf of Chaplin in 1960, no one else would have. At any rate, no one else *did*—no other major magazine—either before or after. Chaplin wasn't a very popular cause. But it's important to voice opinions on unpopular causes, too, when there is something that deserves to be said.

Back in the 1930s, there was a certain hue and cry for social reform and some of it was good and some of it wasn't, but almost no attention was given to the most important single item in a free society—the significance of the individual and his right to be different.

THE INVISIBLE MAN

Whether the country would have recovered from the psychic depression as readily as it did from the economic depression will never be known: the Second World War ushered in a half decade demanding a high degree of rigid conformity. So Americans gave up willingly what individuality they had left, and gladly, in order to exert a total and unified effort in the defeat of the enemy. In the silence that followed the firing of the last shot and shell, a quiet searching out of the things that we had won (and lost) in the war might have been expected, but instead the shrill voices of extremists at both the far Left and Right shattered any hope of a peaceful time at war's end. Americans became aware of the Communist threat from without and the demagogues among us used a fear of Communists within to trample human rights and individual liberty in a lusting after power. McCarthyism was born in America in the middle Forties. Congressional committees on un-American activities investigated and interrogated the common citizen, as well as our greatest scientists, our university faculties and

our clergy; Americans demanded that other Americans sign loyalty oaths; the communications industry (movies, television and radio) drew up blacklists that permanently barred individuals suspected of politically improper views or affiliations; neighbor spied on neighbor; brother turned in brother. Anyone who had ever been a member of the Communist Party, for whatever reason (except as an agent for the FBI) and at whatever time, was a Red (completely ignoring the fact that many misguided but sincere and loyal Americans joined the Party in the Thirties when Communist Russia was not our enemy and in the Forties when she was actually our ally); anyone who presently belonged, or had ever belonged to any of a hundred different clubs, organizations or affiliations that appeared on any of several hundred different lists (made up by almost anyone who had some names available and a mimeograph machine) as pro-Communist, a Communist front, Communist influenced, Communist infiltrated, or sympathetic with any Communist cause, was a Red; and anyone who objected to, and spoke out against, the injustice, defamation and persecution of these individuals was a "Pinko" or a "fellow traveler." At no time in America's history was the label-label technique more frequently, or successfully, put to use. A real, 100-percent, red-white-and-true-blue American was judged not by what he stood *for*, but by what he stood *against*. If it was unwise to voice an unpopular point of view during the Depression and War, it was positively foolhardy once the War had been won, for it could cost a man his job and his good name. Conformity was the safest road; to be outstanding or outspoken was to be exposed; to be invisible was to be secure. We had created a nation of conforming, security-conscious, stay-in-line, group-oriented, nonthinking, unquestioning, responsibility-avoiding Invisible Men.

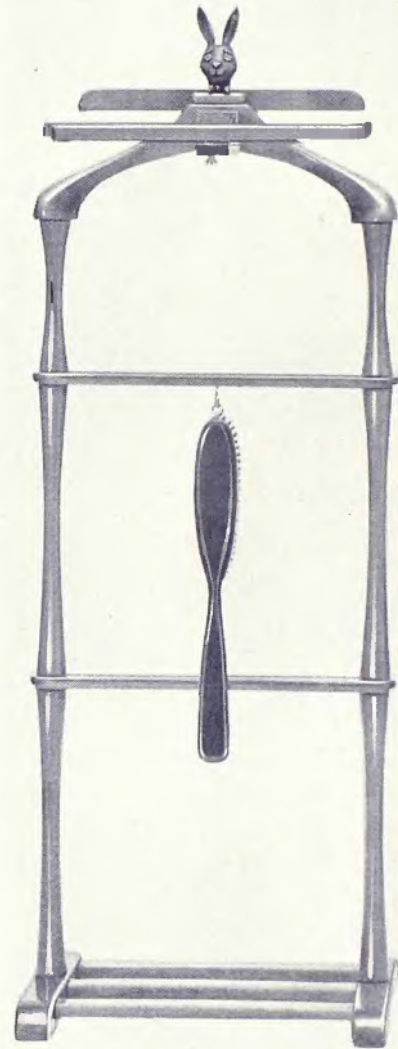
In 20 years of Depression, War and Post-War pressures, we had very nearly managed to destroy the fundamental spirit and social, economic and political beliefs upon which this nation was founded and through which we had prospered and grown.

THE UPBEAT GENERATION

Somewhere in America in the late 1940s a significant counterwave first began to be felt: a new generation was coming of age that seemed unwilling to accept the current shibboleths, chains, traditions and taboos. It was none too soon, for America was lagging woefully in education, the arts, the sciences and world leadership. There were and are pessimists who believe the nation drifted past the point of no return. We are not among them.

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A small portion of this new generation, a colorful fringe only, broke from the fetters of conformity in what has been called a revolution without banners. These were the so-called Beat Generation, modern-day nihilists for whom it was enough, apparently, to flout and defy. For their few number and their profound negativism, the Beats attracted an incredible amount of national attention. So much so, in fact, that the nation was distracted from a much more significant and larger segment of the new generation, a group less colorful on the surface (without the beards, berets and dirty underwear), but sharing the rebellious spirit of the Beats, and equally ready to throw off the shackles of sameness and security. Both groups refused to accept the old ideas and ideals passed along by the previous conformity-ridden generation, but whereas the Beat part of this new generation rejected the old in a negative way, simply turning their backs on society and ceasing to communicate, the rest searched for new answers and new opportunities in a spirit that was positive in the extreme. We've named these, appropriately we think, the Upbeat Generation. They are bringing the country alive again and they are, we're certain, the only hope America has for the future.

Actually, the spirit and attitude of the Upbeats is right out of the first part of this century—it's the same optimistic viewpoint and zest for living that made America great in the first place. In the 1930s and 1940s we lost faith in ourselves, we hid our individual identities within groups, decisions were made by committees, companies were run by boards; today, a younger and less fearful generation seems willing to look the future straight in the face and spit in its eye.

Life calls it the "Take-Over Generation" and they devoted an entire issue to the subject last fall. "Coming hard over the horizon," *Life* wrote in its introduction to the issue, "just beginning to make his presence and his power felt, is a new breed of American. He is filled with purpose and he thinks on a scale that often scares his elders. He demands responsibility, not because he craves authority but because he can get the job done. He is, at this moment in history, starting to take over our destiny.

"... Younger men and women [are] pressing into authority: in government, in business, in science, in education and the arts. 'The guy you give the job to is 23. The guy who tells him what to do is 25,' says the 39-year-old boss of one of the biggest nuclear laboratories in the U.S. where all of the concepts as well as the people are brand-new. Even in older American establishments the take-over has started. In the big corporation, where the old desire for job security is giving

way to a new insistence on job opportunity, the daring young idea man is finally starting to lay the Organization Man to rest."

Life noted that the new generation was moving so fast that of the 1200 freshmen entering Harvard last September, over 10 percent were well-enough prepared to be given the option of starting right off as sophomores. *Life* quotes young Dr. John Stuart Foster, Jr., head of Lawrence Radiation Laboratory, as saying, "You can excel. You just can. There are very few things in this country that can't be figured out. Most people are just too prone to laziness." He has made his laboratory, located in Livermore, California, a place "where men have the ability to explore their own abilities."

"If I went by the book, I couldn't get a flight off the ground," says Lewis B. Maytag, Jr., 36-year-old president of National Airlines, whom *Life* describes as having "monumental impatience with anything that stands in his way when he wants to get something done. He has always been equally impatient with himself. . . . He resents what he considers a too helpful, too protective society. 'Free enterprise,' he says, 'let's the cream top out. Suppress this, make everybody a common man, and society's in trouble.'

"Nothing moves fast enough for Richard L. Dorman, Los Angeles architect and designer," according to *Life*; Dick, winner of 10 national awards, is co-architect and designer (along with Arthur Davis of New Orleans) of the Hollywood and San Francisco Playboy Clubs. "I want to change everything," *Life* quotes him as saying, "my letterheads, my office, the decorations. I want to upgrade everything."

After 20 years of stultifying conformity, a new generation has awakened America's natural optimism, rebel spirit and belief in the importance of the individual. A certain enthusiasm, a restless dissatisfaction with the *status quo*, a yearning to know more and experience more is typical of youth in any time, but America is unique as a country in having most successfully put this youthful vigor and attitude to work as a national dream. The dream got lost for a time—for 20 years to be more precise—but the new generation, the Upbeat Generation, though it grew up through the Thirties and Forties, was relatively unaffected by the profound negativism of those two decades. Its members were too young to feel the hardship and humiliation of the Depression and without the real fears and frustrations of the Thirties branded deep into their psyches, they were able to shake off the conformity of the War years and the threats of the Post-War period with relative ease.

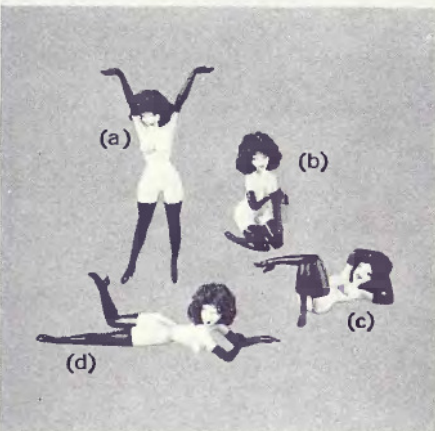
The manner in which America finally rejected and struck down McCarthyism

in the mid-Fifties should have proved the changing temper of the times. But there was other evidence of startling change available as early as the late 1940s, for those who could read the signs: The new generation displayed the frisky and romantic side of its nature by starting a love affair with the Roaring Twenties—the decade it has come to most resemble in mood and attitude. It began with the resurrection of F. Scott Fitzgerald, the author most associated with the Jazz Age: Fitzgerald had not been popular since before the Depression and when he died in 1940 every one of his books was out of print, but suddenly he was one of the most widely read and talked about writers of the day and his popularity, far from proving a fad, has continued undiminished over the last dozen years. Our women began wearing fashions adapted from those of the Twenties (the Chemise, the Sack) and some of the most popular styles were almost exact copies. We sang their popular songs; acclaimed their 25-year-old slapstick comedies the funniest thing to be seen in movies in our own generation; kept a slight British musical titled, *The Boy Friend*, running month after month after month on Broadway, because it was an enchanting parody of the romantic musicals of the Twenties; made a brief national fad of the Jazz Age's most famous piece of wearing apparel, the raccoon coat, a craze that was over almost as soon as it had begun, but not before *Time* was able to report that Macy's was unable to keep enough in stock to handle the orders (we remember our reaction to that story in *Time*: an image of a dozen industrious ladies down in Macy's basement—surrounded with piles of unsold Davy Crockett raccoon hats from stock—sewing them together into coats for the new fad). And some of us even tried to learn the Charleston, before the Twist got us by default. The Upbeat Generation clearly feels a strong kinship with the Roaring Twenties and the two periods share much in common in both spirit and point of view. The Upbeats can enjoy kicking up their heels, participating in the same sort of fun and frivolity for which the Twenties are most famous, but they are equally capable of knuckling down to a particular job and getting it done, as described by *Life* in its "Take-Over" issue. What some fail to realize (and this includes a number of PLAYBOY's critics) is the extent to which the lighter side of life truly complements the serious side: either without the other would result in only half a man. The fellow who spends all of his time in leisure activity never knows the intense satisfaction that is to be had through real accomplishment; but the man who knows nothing but his work is equally incomplete. And because activity actually begets activity, the man who works hard, and plays hard,



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too, will soon find that he is accomplishing more of both than if he had tried to concentrate all or most of his effort in only one direction.

PLAYBOY, of course, is primarily concerned with the lighter side of life, but we have always tried to view man and his world as the sum of all of their parts and we believe that properly balanced all of the parts should fit together and complement one another.

Our editorial emphasis is on entertainment and leisure-time activity rather than on the ways in which man earns his daily bread and yet the articles, on the creature comforts and the infinite variety of man's more elegant, leisure-time possessions, clearly stress that these are the prizes available in our society in return for honest endeavor and hard work. Thus PLAYBOY exists, in part, as a motivation for men to expend greater effort in their work, develop their capabilities further and climb higher on the ladder of success. This is obviously desirable in our competitive, free enterprise system, for only by each individual striving to do his best does the country itself progress and prosper. The fact that a man is motivated by material possessions and comforts does not mean that he has no other interests and that he is not also motivated by other nonmaterial considerations. The acquisition of property—and in the 1960s property may mean a handsome bachelor pad, elaborate hi-fi rig and the latest sports car—is the cornerstone of our American economic system. And a publication that helps motivate a part of our society to work harder, to accomplish more, to earn more, in order to enjoy more of the material benefits described—to that extent, the publication is contributing to the economic growth and strength of the nation.

RELIGION AND FREE ENTERPRISE

Americans actually suffer from a slight case of schizophrenia where money is concerned. Most of us would like to have a goodly supply of it on hand (preferably tax free), but we also refer to it as filthy lucre and the root of all evil. We believe in American free enterprise, but its natural benefits sometimes make us feel guilty. These mixed emotions are a reflection of a schism between our religious and our political, sociological and economic beliefs.

On the religious side, it is argued: Because we spend a relatively few years in this world and an eternity in the next, none of the things of this world really matter very much. Whatever we achieve and acquire on this earth is meaningless for, as some sage has observed: You can't take it with you, not even by Air Express. The body of a man is soon dead and gone, but the soul lives on forever, so it would seem only right and natural to

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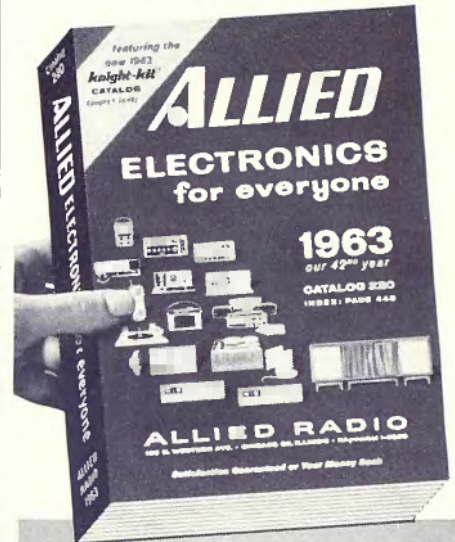
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give the bodily comforts, desires and needs relatively short shrift. From this point of view, it's easy to understand why PLAYBOY's editorial interest in fine food and drink, male fashion, cars, hi-fi, apartment design, and such would seem superficial and our concern with sex nothing short of sinful. (We plan on exploring the matter of sex in some detail, but prefer to tackle it separately a bit further on.)

Unitarian minister John A. Crane criticized this so-called superficiality in a sermon on the magazine: "PLAYBOY teaches polished consumership for older children," he said. And also: "The magazine presents, implicitly, a new image of the ideal man for its readers, the kind of man every modern, liberated, intelligent, red-blooded American boy may aspire to be. The ideal man is, above all, a skilled consumer of the bountiful flow of goods and services produced by our economy of abundance. He is a man of discriminating taste, style and polish. He knows how to spend money with flair."

Harvey Cox had this commercial aspect of PLAYBOY in mind when he called us "dictatorial taste-makers" in an article on the magazine in *Christianity and Crisis* and Reverend Roy Larson wrote, in *Lowdown on the Upbeats* for the Methodist publication *Motive*: "PLAYBOY's readers . . . need never make the mistake of serving YMCA-type foods, for the magazine has a food editor whose knowledge of foods is matched only by his knowledge of the psychology of the young urban male. My favorite food article appeared in one of the early issues under the title *The Sophisticated Cheese*. After extolling the virtues of what he called 'certain urbane bacteria,' the author went on to suggest that one can measure the degree of one's maturity by one's choice in cheese.

"More specifically, he said: 'The best kinds of cheese are never eaten by youngsters. A growing boy will gobble down a Swiss cheese on rye at the corner drugstore, but he will consistently drown all the cheese flavor with a double-rich malted milk. After his graduation from college he'll learn to appreciate a Welsh Rabbit, but he'll not be able to tell the difference between French and Canadian Trappist until he reaches his late 30s.'"

If you are now weighing the full implications in this criticism of PLAYBOY's "polished consumership," along with the church doctrine that lies behind it, you are about to make the rather disturbing discovery (or perhaps you'd already made it) that U.S. religion and free enterprise are, in certain respects, incompatible. The really basic beliefs in our religious life are intimately and inseparably entwined in our dream of a free democratic society, but certain of the old traditions and taboos, conceived in another world and another age, then passed down as a part of organized religion through the

centuries, are as much in conflict with our present-day ideals in America as the Mormon belief in multiple wives was a few short years ago.

Perhaps the notions that poverty is holier than wealth, and the poor are more certain to receive eternal salvation than the rich, made some sense as religious preachment many centuries ago, when almost all men were paupers and certain to remain that way; they make very little sense in America today, however, where every man has an opportunity to better himself. Perhaps the solemn claim that the meek shall inherit the earth suited a time and place where nearly all men were slaves; but free men in a democracy have a right to be heard, have a right to disagree, have a right to be different and take pride in their differences.

If what many of us profess to believe religiously were actually applied to American social, political and economic life, we would have a system more nearly socialist than capitalist. Much of the dogma still remaining in today's organized religion tends to de-emphasize competition and the importance of the individual; a sort of selfless interest in helping others, without doing anything to help oneself is stressed, with more attention often given to man's inherent weaknesses than his strengths; accomplishments in this world are of relatively minor importance and physical comforts and pleasures are often frowned upon and sometimes thought to be sinful.

We're applying 16th Century religion to a 20th Century world: a more sophisticated time requires a more sophisticated faith. There's no logic in the belief that man's body, mind and soul are in conflict rather than harmony with one another, and the idea that man was placed upon this world, but not expected to accomplish anything while here, seems especially inane. In man's success, and in his struggling for success, others benefit as well as he, himself; and civilization—and sometimes truth or beauty, as well—gets advanced another notch. If it were not for this, if man were not allowed to struggle and dream and accomplish wondrous things on his little planet, there would be no point to his existence here at all, and it would require a very strange and calloused God to play so pointless and cruel a joke on all mankind.

To some of us capitalism is almost a dirty word. It shouldn't be. It's time Americans stopped being embarrassed and almost ashamed of their form of government and their economy. It's the best two-horse parlay in the world and perhaps if we were more fully sold on it ourselves, we could do a better job of selling it to other countries. It is certainly essential for us to clean out any areas of confusion in our thinking—

like the free enterprise and religion conflict—so that we fully understand what it is we do believe in. Whole countries are often won to one side or the other with ideas these days. This is not a time to be vague or uncertain.

Maurice Stans, president of the nation's largest bank holding corporation, and author of a nationally syndicated newspaper column on business and government, recently wrote: "What we have in American free enterprise is an almost perfect blending of the forces that motivate people. It combines equality of opportunity and freedom of choice with our dominant individual traits of acquisitiveness and competitiveness."

If we were looking for additional evidence of the merits of the free enterprise system, we couldn't ask for much more dramatic proof than East and West Berlin today. The contrast between the two halves of that once whole city—one rebuilding under a democratic free economy and the other under Communist socialism—says more than any business or financial expert ever could. And so do the East Berliners scrambling to escape over and under the hated wall that separates the two sectors.

There's another bit of negative evidence here in the U.S. that deserves a comment, too. During the Depression of the Thirties, this country came as close to socialism as it ever has, with the Government creating hundreds of thousands of jobs for the unemployed. During that period, the optimism, initiative and competitive spirit that supply a unique spark to our free enterprise system disappeared. As a result, this country literally stood still for 10 long years and dragged its heels for another 10—not just economically, but in almost every area of activity. We're feeling the effect of it now in the race for space. Russia used that generation to pull ahead of us in missile research and to shorten the gap between the two countries in many other areas. Where socialism has failed her—as it has in many areas—Russia has introduced various capitalistlike incentives. But one thing Russia has been unable to supply to its program is the spark that only a free society has. It can make the difference.

For today, in America, a new generation is taking over—with all the upbeat spirit, questing impatience and rebel derring-do that are needed to put the United States back in the position of unquestioned world leadership.

In the third and final part of "The Playboy Philosophy," which appears next month, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner defends the PLAYBOY editorial attitude on sex and discusses the Womanization of America and our drift towards an Asexual Society.



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DEPT. 230

THE SERGEANT held the door open for the other man.

"This is Lieutenant Simmons, Mr. Vanyon," he said. "I wonder would you just start over again and tell the lieutenant how this all happened?"

John Vanyon stood to shake hands. "Well, I suppose so," he said, "but after all, I just did tell you . . ."

"I know, Mr. Vanyon," the sergeant said, "but I want the lieutenant to hear it from you yourself. You got to admit this is not any common thing. I mean, this is no traffic violation we're dealing with here. This is serious."

"Yes, I know," Vanyon said. "Very well." He dropped back into the chair. They were in a small office opening off the squad room. Their chairs were pulled up to a battered kitchen table. A coffee pot was going on an electric plate.

"You know who I am, I suppose?" Vanyon asked Lieutenant Simmons.

"I know your name, you're 32, you're a professor of music at the University and you play the bells up there," Simmons said. "That's all I know."

"Assistant professor," Vanyon said. "And carillonneur. A carillon is a set of chromatically tuned bells hung in a tower, more than three octaves of them . . . well . . . in the summer, during vacation, I play three times a day, eight in the morning, noon, and nine at night. For the nine o'clock program I usually go into the tower about 8:30 and practice for a while: we have a practice keyboard hooked up to xylophone bars instead of bells. I did that tonight. It was 8:30 when I went into the tower. The rain was beginning."

"Did you lock the door behind you?"

"I closed it," Vanyon said. "It locks itself, it has a spring latch. It swings very easily, for all its size. It's hung on ball-bearing hinges, I understand. I know it was locked. I heard the bolt slide into the slot. It has a slick, oil sound, you can't mistake it."

"I went up to the playing cabin in the top of the tower, and then . . ."

"Excuse me," Simmons said. "I understand there's an elevator?"

"Yes, there's a small one in a corner of the tower," Vanyon said. "This is a bare tower, there's nothing inside it but the bells, a stairway and the elevator. The elevator is very slow, and as a rule I use the stairs."

"And the whole tower is about seven stories high?" Simmons said.

"Three hundred-odd feet."

"You must be in pretty good shape," Simmons said.

"I don't know," Vanyon said. "I suppose so."

"You must be strong," Simmons said.

"I noticed that when we shook hands," the sergeant said. "You got a strong grip."

"All carillonneurs have strong hands," Vanyon said. "The instrument does that. At any rate, I went up, and I ran through the program I intended to play. Then I climbed into the bell chamber—through a trapdoor in the ceiling of the cabin—and opened the louvers. I came down again and set up the clappers, something that must be done every time the instrument is played, it's a matter

program. I filed the music away, went up and closed the louvers, all the regular things. I put my shirt and jacket on, and then I discovered that the door wouldn't open."

"That's the door to the place upstairs, you mean?" Simmons said.

"Right. The playing cabin. I couldn't move it. I thought I must have locked it, absentmindedly, but the latch was off. Still, I couldn't budge it. I thought of pulling the pins out of the hinges, but they were on the outside and I couldn't get at them. And the door itself is steel. It's painted to look like wood but it's steel."

"No phone in the tower?"

"No. And before tonight it had never occurred to me that there was any need for one. But I wasn't really bothered. After all, nothing much could happen to me. I decided that when the storm died down I'd toll one of the big bells until someone came to the foot of the tower. Then I'd throw down the key to the main door, wrapped in a note, and wait for someone to come up and take the cabin door off its hinges."

"While I was waiting I played something on the practice clavier. Then I played it on the bells, with the louvers closed, just for myself."

"What did you play?"

"It was Pleyel's *Sonata 3*," Vanyon said. "After that I played a Welsh round, and then I improvised for a while. I played until my hands were tired. When I stopped I noticed that the thunder was barely audible. I opened one of the two windows. There was almost no rain falling. I looked down and that was when I first saw him. He was standing in the exact center of that little place in front of the door, in the center of the circle of light that falls there, and he was looking up. I waved and he waved back. I made a gesture to him to wait, and I ran over to the bench and scribbled the note, which you have now, and wrapped the key in it and tossed it to him. He caught it, in one hand, and I remember thinking that it seemed very easy for him, he just stuck his hand out and took it. He read the note and then he moved out of sight. He went to the door."

"Now, why do you think he didn't open it?" Simmons said.

"For the reason he gave," Vanyon said. "He couldn't."

"But the sergeant says it opened right up for him," Simmons said.

"I know, and so did the cabin door. But you have to remember, that was some time later. My belief is that the lightning strike did it somehow—froze the doors to the jambs, both of them."

"Couldn't," the sergeant said.

"Well, I couldn't open mine, and he said he couldn't open the main door. I

THE GOLDEN FROG

small and magical,
the mystic amulet
bestowed inhuman powers
on its possessor

fiction By KEN W. PURDY

of adjustment. And at nine o'clock I began the program.

"You'll remember that it was at about nine that the storm really broke. I had been playing for about five minutes when the tower was hit. I understand it happens during almost every thunderstorm, but this was the first time I was there. I must say it was a fantastic sensation. There's a lot of noise attendant on playing the carillon. One's very close to the bells—and we have two that weigh seven tons each—and then there is a great clatter from the clapper wires, the wooden keys and so on. But when the lightning struck I couldn't hear any of this over the tremendous crack the lightning bolt made.

"I kept on playing. I finished the



believed him, and I still think he was telling the truth."

"It's easier for you to believe some of this than it's going to be for me, I can tell you that," Simmons said.

"It's not a question of *belief*," Vanyon said. "Not for me, at least. I saw it all. I'm sure the sergeant has told you what happened next. He came out into the light again, waved in a kind of helpless way, clearly trying to indicate to me that the key wouldn't work, and then he walked over to the corner of the tower and began to climb it."

"A human fly," the sergeant said.

"Mr. Vanyon," Lieutenant Simmons said, "I know what that tower looks like, and I have to tell you right now that I find what you say hard to believe. All right, it's not perfectly smooth. Maybe there's a foothold here and there. *Here and there*, I say. But I think it would be a rough proposition to climb that tower even with a rope. Without a rope, I say it's impossible."

John Vanyon left them. He wrapped a handkerchief around the handle of the coffeepot and brought it to the table. They shook their heads. He filled his cup.

"Let it rattle," the sergeant said. "You can't chip *that* cup."

"Rattle?"

"Your hand was shaking a little when you poured the coffee."

"Was it?" Vanyon said. He carried the pot to its stand. "Lieutenant Simmons," he said, "I suggest you just let me tell you what happened, straight through, and after that we can go over it and you can ask questions."

Simmons shrugged heavily. He smiled, his fat cheeks moving to slit his eyes. "Fine," he said. "But in that case I'd like to get a stenographer in here and take it down. Be much easier for us to go over it that way. You have no objection, have you?"

"No," Vanyon said. He didn't like the idea, but he couldn't think of an effective argument. He felt vaguely trapped, lightly but firmly held, like a man lost in a forest. The harshness of the room scratched on his nerves. He conceived that the two policemen across the table were implacably stupid and he had to hold down a rising hatred.

The sergeant got up and went out.

"That storm didn't cool things any," Simmons said.

"Apparently not," Vanyon said.

"Do you play anything besides the—how do you say that, *carillon*?" Simmons said.

"Piano and organ. Most *carillonneurs* play one or the other."

"I took piano when I was a kid. It was a waste. When my wife wanted my kid to start I told her nothing doing."

A tall girl came in. She was carrying a little black case, and the sergeant, be-

hind her, his hand in the small of her back, lower than it needed to be, had another.

"Patrolwoman Tierney, Mr. Vanyon," he said.

She offered her hand. She was strong. Vanyon was six feet tall and she looked him level in the eye. She was made taller by red hair massed around her face, the dense, wiry, incompressible kind of hair. The lieutenant held a chair and she sat down without looking, a girl long used to having chairs held for her, buttocks so firm that she seemed to touch the chair in two small places only. She was a stenotypist and when she had her little machine standing on its bandy-legs she looked up and smiled.

"OK, Mr. Vanyon," Simmons said.

"He started up the tower," Vanyon said. "He was on the corner, the southwest corner to be exact, so that he had one foot and one hand on each wall. But only for the first 10 feet or so. Then he moved over to the south wall. He came up fast, just incredibly fast. He moved in a practiced way, a habitual way, as if he had been up the tower before. He moved rhythmically. He would reach for a handhold, and then a foothold, he'd wait for a beat, then lift himself smoothly, reach, wait, lift, reach, wait, lift—it was wonderful to watch. He came right on up, and I could see him: young, dark hair, tan, bareheaded, wearing a trench coat. He looked up and grinned at me. He had very white teeth, or perhaps they just looked white because he was so tan. He came up to the window and hooked his elbows over the sill. He had an engaging, open look, and he seemed young except that his nose had been broken, more than once, too.

"Well," he said, "are you asking me in?"

"I laughed. 'You've come all this way, why not?' I said.

"He came over the sill and stood in the middle of the floor, soaking wet. 'I suppose that's the stuck door,' he said, 'since it's the only one in the place.' He gave it a shake. 'Buggered,' he said, 'just like the one below.'

"I introduced myself and he said his name was Dennis Rolt. He didn't say more. Judging from his age, I took him to be a graduate student or an instructor. I wasn't surprised at not having seen him before. When 10,000 students are set down in a city of this size . . . I asked him where in the world he had learned to climb.

"In England," he said. "In my school everybody ran up and down the buildings like so many deathwatch beetles. One can't do anything with really modern buildings, of course, but anything old, or anything fake-Gothic, like this, is easy enough. Might as well have ladders running up them. They take in

the ladders going down, though. Different matter, going down.'

"Easy or not," I told him, "it was very good of you to come up, and . . . I stopped there, and he laughed.

"You don't really know why I *did* come up, do you?" he said.

"And I didn't, you know.

"I could hardly expect to open your door if you could not," he said, "and in any case it wouldn't get you out if I could, because the one below's jammed as well. So I didn't come up to rescue you. You can be bloody sure I'm not going to offer to carry you down the wall on my back."

"You're right about that," I said. "I wouldn't go at the point of a gun."

"And I didn't come to keep you company," he said. "You change ringers know you're going to be lonely when you sign on."

"Carillonneurs," I told him. "Change ringers are something else again."

"It's all bells," Rolt said. "And balls to all bells, I say. It's a dreadful kind of music. And balls to all music, comes to that, bells or no bells. But that's not to say a word against musicians. Musicians I'm for. Musicians of all kinds and stripes, players of the lute, the pipes, the mouth harp, the piano-forte, the musical saw, the fiddle and the flute. Also all artists of whatever kind, from Leonardo to Bernard Buffet; painters in oil, watercolor, gouache, butter-milk, egg yolk, India ink or stale beer; painters on canvas, linen, silk, ivory, wet plaster and sidewalks; also engravers, masters of mezzotint or whatever; Lord's Prayer pinhead specialists; money-makers, particularly French money-makers; sculptors, whether of stone, marble, jade, clay or ice for carnivals— all sculptors, particularly, in my view, untutored Eskimo sculptors sawing away on whale-tooth and soapstone; some jewelers, bookbinders, *chefs de cuisine*; one *chef d'équipe*; three unicycle riders and a very few bill collectors. All those, and a good many more, and emphatically I am including all *carillonneurs* and bell-bongers, whether of the high degree, the middle or the low."

"He walked up and down the cabin, very fast, as he talked," Vanyon said, "and first I thought he was drunk and then that he was psychotic—crazy. And the more he talked the more he did talk. His articulation fed on itself. I would like to have had Miss Tierney there to record it, because I can't begin to reproduce it."

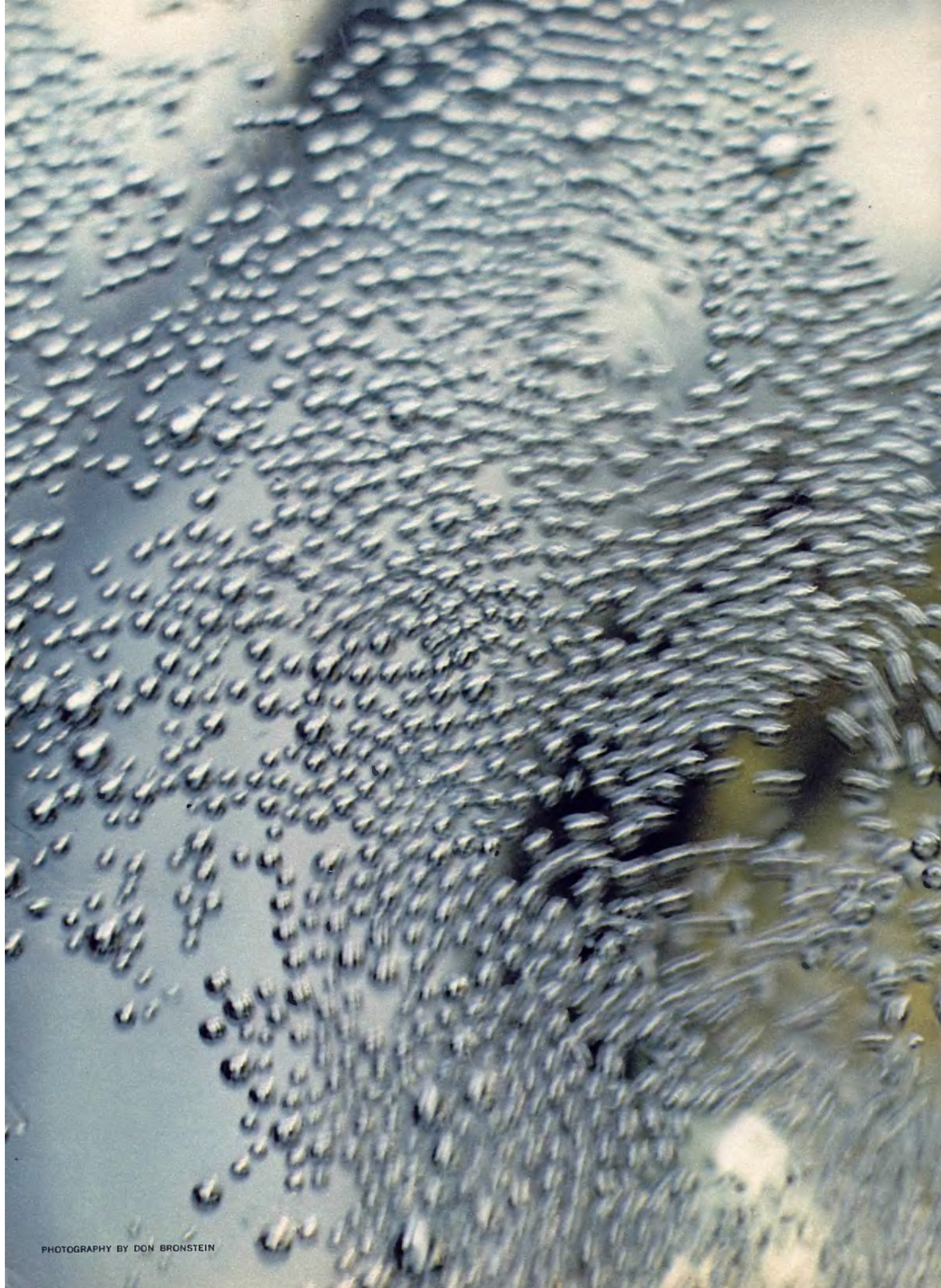
Patrolwoman Tierney smiled, enough to suggest that she appreciated the mild compliment, not enough to suggest that she thought it a jolly idea.

"I came up," Rolt said, "because you represent the ideal human person. It was perfectly evident, even when you

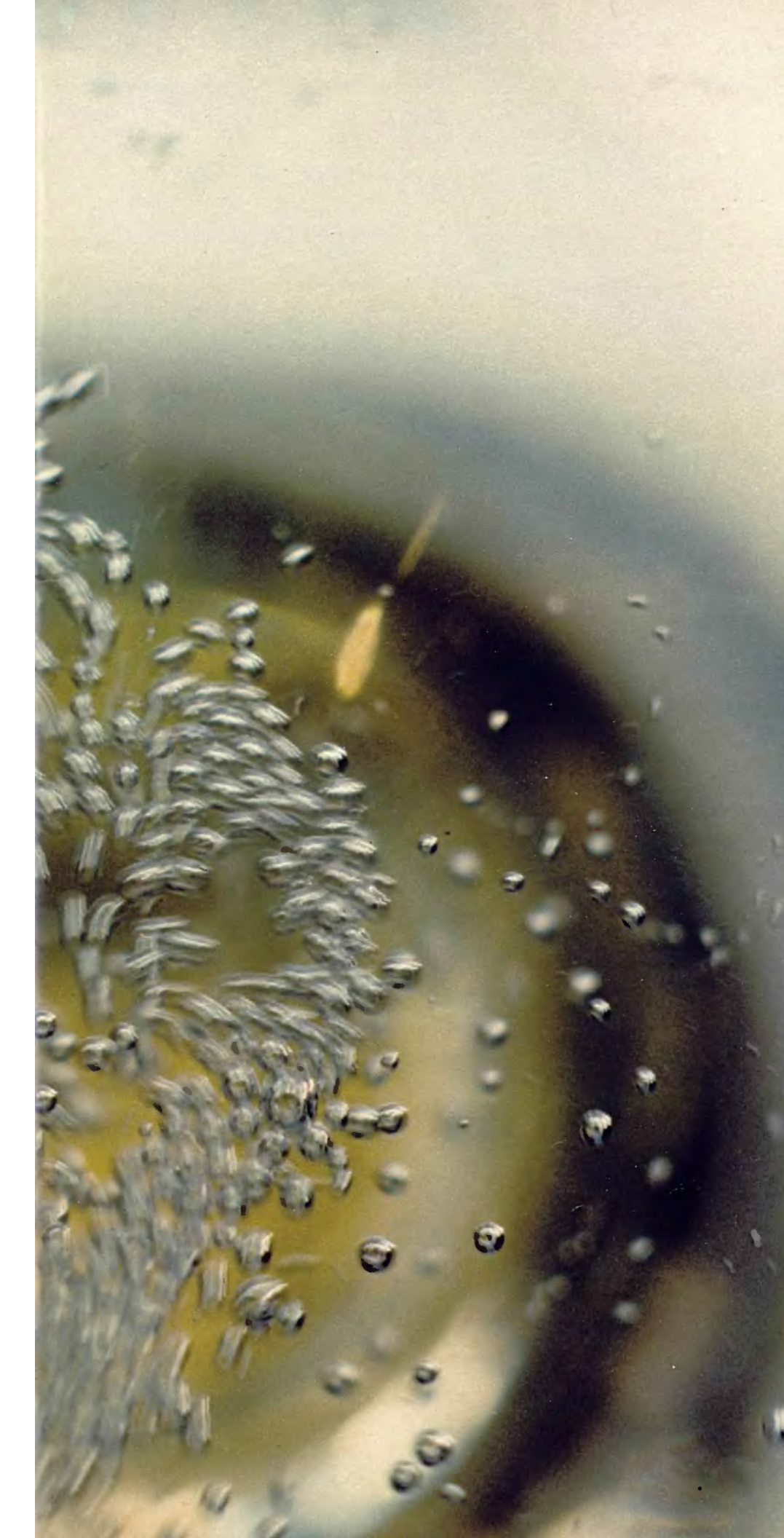
(continued on page 88)



"Surprise! Surprise!"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON BRONSTEIN



WHAT THE COCKTAIL is to the end of the office day, champagne is to the end of the year. Cast champagne as the principal ingredient in a cocktail and you have a drink of absolutely unrivaled éclat.

As a sparkling status symbol whose pedigree is no less prestigious than that of the crowned heads of Europe, champagne has no peer among potations. Bubbly — be it pale gold or pink — can turn a breakfast or a banquet into an opulent occasion. On New Year's Eve, it is delightfully *de rigueur* for bidding fond farewells or relieved good riddances to the departing twelvemonth.

Only those who've never tried it will shy away from mixing champagne with other potables. To argue, as some obstinate purists do, that because champagne is the most glamorous of all wines, it should never be part of a mixed drink is like remonstrating that since lobster is the most delectable seafood known to man, it should never be made into lobster newburgh or thermidor. The fact is that in matters bubbly the converse holds true; because champagne radiates its own gilt-edged glory, the drink into which it's poured becomes gloriously exciting for toasting the new year.

Of mixed champagne drinks, only a very few like Black Velvet (a half-and-half blend of champagne and stout) radically alter bubbly's taste. In all the other punches, cups and cocktails, the original fruity bouquet of the wine — its champagniness — remains steadfast in spite of any new witchery that's added. For this reason your best bet for champagne mixmanship is to buy one of the good nonvintage bruts. If you're going the domestic route, simply remember that the charm of the New York State type lies in its similarity to the hearty richness of the Concord grape, while the California champagnes coincide in flavor more nearly with the classic European varieties.

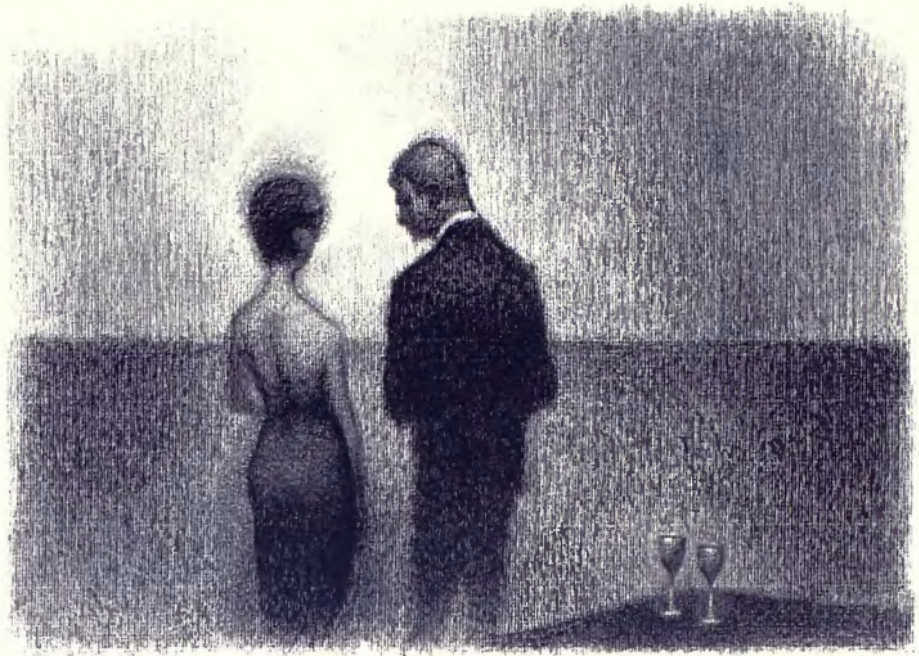
If you're hosting a New Year's Eve champagne (concluded on page 144)

Champagne Plus

*sparkling variations
on a bubbly theme
for an effervescent
new year's eve*



"You're not thinking Christmas, Miss Barnett!"



"Nice of you to help me," she said. "You might even claim a reward."

THE GLOWWORM

fiction By HENRY SLESAR

it, too, can turn—especially upon those who misuse its potent powers

A PRIME EXAMPLE of ice sculpture she was, the glacial beauty in the come-on red dress, holding her own party in the corner of the room. Daniel inspected the attraction over the heads of her male admirers; fortunately, he was the tallest man in the crowd. For a moment, their eyes met and conducted a brief conversation. He got himself another drink and waited for an opening.

It came in the kitchen. Ostensibly, she was helping the hostess dispense lamb curry and little hot frankfurters, but she looked painfully undomestic. He came to her assistance, and her icy-blue eyes traveled from his brush-cut blond hair to end at his windmilling bow tie.

"Crooked," she said throatily.

"Fix it," he suggested.

She obliged without coyness. He inhaled the perfume of her dark hair like a professional brandy sniffer, and then explored the terrain of her snowy shoulder. He wondered if it would be cold to the touch. He was about to find out, but became distracted by a small jeweled pin that was clasping her neckline together. It was a pin in the shape of a glowworm, its extremity luminous with a tiny emerald.

"Pretty pin," he said.

Her back went rigid, and she touched the pin lightly with a coral fingernail. "Does it look familiar?" she said, in an

odd voice.

"Familiar? Why, no, I just think it's pretty."

"Oh." She handed him a tray, and blessed him with an incandescent but chilly smile. "Very nice of you to help me. You might even claim a reward."

"What kind of reward?"

"Meet me on the terrace at 11, and I'll explain."

She swept by him. He followed with the tray, and spent the intervening time talking to an engineer, an advertising executive and a woman whose religion was skindiving. The girl in the red dress (he learned her name from the engineer: it was Deborah) vanished within the cordon of her private party.

At 11, he apologized to the skindiving enthusiast and went out on the apartment-house terrace for a breath of air. Deborah was there, her profile turned to the night. "Well," he said lightly, "here we are."

She opened her beaded red bag and rummaged for something. She found it, and handed it to him without a word. He held it toward the light from the French windows, and read:

THE GLOW SOCIETY, DEBORAH LANDIS,
O.E.

There was a handwritten date he couldn't read. The card was severe in design, except for the small illustration

of a glowworm with a green posterior.

"Very interesting," he said. "Only what's it supposed to mean?"

Now she turned to face him. She was beautiful, marblelike, in the blended light-and-shadow of the terrace.

"Your name, please?" she said crisply.

"Daniel. Daniel Holrood."

"Mr. Holrood, you must promise me that what I say will go no further."

He chuckled. "You're not a spy, or anything like that? I mean, I don't work for the Government, you know."

"I'm not a spy. The Glow Society is a strictly private organization. It dates back to 1928, and of necessity it must maintain absolute secrecy."

"Scout's honor," he said. "Just tell me what the hell it's all about."

She looked toward the skyline once more.

"It may be clearer if I tell you the significance of the Society's name. The letters stand for 'Great Lovers of the World.'"

"Great lovers of the—you must be kidding me."

"I'm serious, Mr. Holrood. The Glow was organized by our founder, Miss Bettina Rasher, in 1928 at Atlantic City, New Jersey. It was formed in the interest of—attractive women everywhere, who are neither anxious to be domesti-

(concluded on page 164)



THE NEW YEAR'S DAY BRUNCH

zesty provender to fortify post-revelry celebrants

food and drink By THOMAS MARIO

Of all the formulas concocted to cast off the post-New Year's Eve pall, none is more likely to recapture the previous night's comradery and smooth the ruffled feathers of the late-rising night owl quicker than a festive early-afternoon array of good food and drink. If you're the host of a holiday brunch, you're in the particularly attractive position of being able to stick close to your own glowing hearthside. Don't let your open house be too open; you'll want only those of your confreres and confidantes with whom you honestly enjoy eating and drinking. They should come as they are with no particular protocol for dress or diversion. A few may arrive at your door exhibiting a slight under-the-weather-beaten look. But after the first round of frozen screwdrivers, their listlessness will dissolve into spirited note-trading on the previous night's itineraries. This urbane renewal of the year-end's wassailing has its roots in history. In the days when New York was Nieuw Amsterdam, Dutch bachelors on New Year's morning always called on young Nieuw Amsterdamsels. After eight or ten stops and eight or ten punch bowls, the average young Dutchman would begin *Zuider Zeeing* things, and would then have to be carefully guided home on the arms of his nearest Dutch uncle. After your second or third round of drinks, the Japanese New Year's celebration lasting an entire week begins to make more and more sense. The proper milieu for your brunch is, of course, the inviting expanse before a blazing log fire, close enough to the buffet table to savor the fragrance of scrambled eggs and truffles, of finnan haddie and capers, of sausages sizzling in a chafing dish. Although your agenda may be vaguely scheduled for a noonish kickoff, the whole day's docket should be as flexible as possible. Brunchers, always a law unto themselves, are entitled to the privilege of eating when they're hungry and drinking when they're dry in either order. Only one exception comes to mind. If there's to be revelry around a bowl of creamy eggnog, this event is best billed after the food is offered. The same counsel holds for sherry flips or port flips, both of which are quasi desserts and are best enjoyed after eating. Every pick-me-up should produce the glowing effects of a hot-and-cold shower, alternately soothing and stimulating. When you mix the bloody marys, there should be an extra dash of Tabasco, an extra squirt of lemon juice. Let the jigger runneth over when you pour the cognac or kirsch on the rocks. ¶One of the first duties of the brunchmaster is to set a table that's sumptuous, and the most important step in making your table bounteous is to acquire buffet ware that's vivid and inviting. Highly burnished Sheffield silver platters and coffee sets, for instance, once the main interest of antiquarians, are now sought after as modern graces of easy entertaining. ¶Even a New Year's Day get-together designed along the lines of a Continental breakfast—juice, rolls and coffee—can be done up memorably. A single glass of orange juice or a screwdriver is a somewhat forlorn sight. How much more munificent are the very same drinks poured into a deep glass pitcher, resting in an iced champagne bucket, surrounded with a wide circle of polished Delmonico glasses or tulip-shaped stemware. One of the most auspicious sights on any New Year's Day table is a commodious breadbasket piled high with warm quick breads. Today, this kind of prodigality is merely a matter of shopping at the right places. If you've access to a French baker, you can garner an assortment of brioches, the richest and silkiest of soft rolls, flaky *croissants* so tender they seem to float away when you sample them, long salt sticks and crisp club rolls. For partisans of Americana there are blueberry muffins, corn muffins and pecan buns, all from the frozen-food counters. They require no more toil than brief baking or warming in their own pan. Pre-

serves can be lined up, ranging from French Bar-le-Duc to Canadian wild blueberry jam to Hawaiian orchid honey. Coffee should be in the largest and brightest urn and ever-flowing. In the cold light of the morning after, the brew should be unadorned and, if anything, a little darker than usual. The best coffee in the world will taste even better if you own an electric grinder and use it right before brewing.

Realistically, however, you'll want more than an orange juice, roll and coffee routine when you're holding a house party. But the holiday brunch should never be expanded into an overworked smorgasbord. Two or three chafing dishes of hot food should suffice. Each should be cooked and stowed away a day in advance, whenever possible, both for better flavor and for avoiding the occasional confusion that sometimes accompanies last-minute preparations. If there's a small gathering of two or three couples, such short gastronomic services as shirred eggs, waffles or griddle cakes can be proffered. In larger groups one of the distaff members of the crowd should be designated as tender of the waffle iron or griddle iron, filling orders as requested.

Your only worry in the midst of such festive carryings-on may well be how you're going to keep the following 364 days from being anticlimactic.

FROZEN SCREWDRIEVERS
(Serves four)

- 6 ozs. frozen undiluted orange juice
- 6 ozs. water
- 2 cups coarsely cracked ice
- 6 ozs. vodka

Put all ingredients in an electric blender. Blend 10 to 15 seconds.

FROZEN BLOODY MARYS
(Serves four)

- 18-oz. can tomato juice
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 8 dashes Tabasco sauce
- 6 ozs. vodka
- ½ teaspoon celery salt
- ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Freeze tomato juice in the ice-cube tray of the refrigerator. Put balance of ingredients in electric blender. Add tomato juice cubes. Blend until all ingredients are puréed. Move frozen pieces of tomato juice toward blender knives as necessary. The drink will be quite thick and may be served with a spoon.

COFFEE EGGNOG
(Serves six)

- 6 ozs. coffee liqueur
 - 4 eggs
 - 6 ozs. heavy sweet cream
 - 1 quart milk
 - 2 ozs. cognac
 - Ground coriander seed
- Beat eggs well in a large mixing bowl.

Add coffee liqueur, cream, milk and cognac slowly, beating well. Chill thoroughly in refrigerator. Sprinkle with coriander, after pouring in serving glasses.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH TRUFFLES
(Serves four)

- 12 eggs
- 4-oz. piece of slab bacon (unsliced)
- ⅞-oz. tin truffles
- Madeira or sherry wine
- Salt, pepper
- 3 ozs. sweet butter

Cover bacon with cold water in saucepan. Bring to a boil. Simmer slowly until bacon is very tender, about 30 to 40 minutes. Chill bacon in refrigerator. Cut off rind from bottom of bacon. Discard rind. Cut bacon into thinnest possible slices. Cut slices into smallest possible dice. Drain truffles. Cut truffles into small dice. Cover truffles with Madeira. Let stand for about 1 hour. Drain truffles, discarding Madeira. Beat eggs well in a deep bowl. Add bacon and truffles to eggs. Add ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon white pepper or more to taste. Melt butter in electric skillet over low heat. Add eggs. Stir constantly, cooking until eggs are soft scrambled. Serve with buttered-toast triangles.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH GENOA SALAMI
(Serves four)

- 6 ozs. Genoa salami sliced very thin
- 4 medium size fresh tomatoes
- 4 scallions
- 12 eggs
- 3 ozs. sweet butter
- Salt, white pepper, cayenne pepper

Bring a saucepan of water to a boil. Lower tomatoes into boiling water for 20 seconds. Remove tomatoes from water. Place under cold running water for a minute. With a sharp paring knife, remove tomato skins. Cut out stem ends. Cut each tomato in quarters. Press gently to remove seeds. Cut tomatoes into ½-in. dice. Separate slices of salami. Place in a shallow pan in oven preheated at 370° for 20 to 25 minutes or until salami is browned. Remove from oven. Drain and discard fat. Break salami slices into coarse pieces, crumbling it by hand. Cut scallions crosswise into thin slices, using white part of scallion and about 2 in. of green. Beat eggs well. Melt butter in electric skillet over low heat. Add tomatoes. Sauté until tomatoes are tender. Add eggs, salami and scallions. Add ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon white pepper or more to taste and dash of cayenne pepper. Stir constantly, cooking until eggs are soft scrambled. Serve with sliced toasted Italian or French bread.

HAM, CHIVE SAUCE, POACHED EGG
(Serves four)

- 1-lb. ham sliced paper thin
- (No. 1 on slicing machine)

- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 cups light cream
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 tablespoons fresh chives, minced fine
- Salt, pepper
- 3 tablespoons salad oil
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 4 slices white bread
- 4 poached eggs

(Be sure ham is machine-sliced, not hand-sliced, and not the usual packaged sliced ham.) Tear ham into pieces about 1 in. square. Place ham in a saucepan with 4 tablespoons butter. Sauté over low flame, stirring frequently until ham is curled, not brown. Blend cream and flour in blending machine about 10 seconds. Pour over ham, bring to a boil. Simmer slowly about 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add chives and salt and pepper to taste. Keep warm. Heat salad oil and 3 tablespoons butter in a skillet until butter melts. Fry bread until medium brown on both sides. Spoon ham mixture over bread on serving plates. Place poached egg on top of ham.

CHEESE SOUFFLÉ WITH BRANDY
(Serves four)

- 6 egg yolks
- 6 egg whites
- ¼ cup butter
- ¼ cup flour
- 1 cup hot milk
- ⅛ teaspoon freshly grated nutmeg
- ¼ cup brandy
- ½ lb. shredded cheddar or Swiss cheese
- ¼ teaspoon onion powder
- ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
- Salt, pepper

Melt butter in a heavy saucepan and remove from flame as soon as melted. Stir in flour slowly with a wire whisk until no lumps remain, and very slowly add hot milk, stirring constantly. Return to moderate flame, simmer 5 minutes, stirring frequently, and remove from fire. Beat egg yolks well and stir into sauce slowly. Add nutmeg, brandy, cheese, onion powder, garlic powder and salt and pepper to taste. Place over moderate flame and cook, stirring constantly, until sauce is very thick; then remove from flame and let cool an hour. Preheat oven to 325°. Beat egg whites stiff but not dry, until they form soft peaks, and fold into cheese mixture. Turn into a 2-quart casserole. Bake approximately an hour in preheated 325° oven or until souffle has risen and is golden brown. Serve at once.

Of one thing you can be certain: Your brunch will be a comfortably casual, contagiously convivial way of starting the New Year off on the right fete.



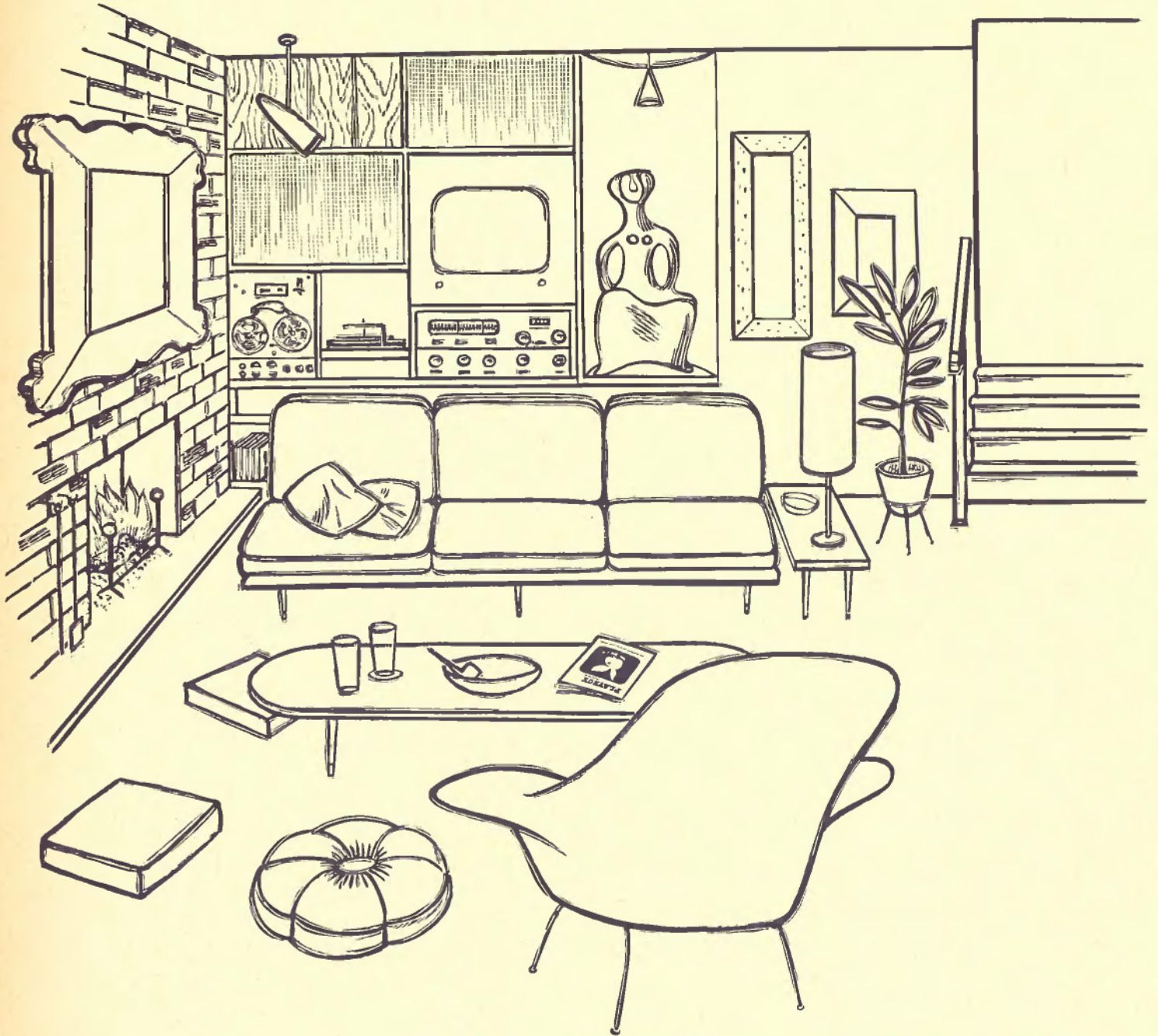
THE PLAYBOY COLORING BOOK



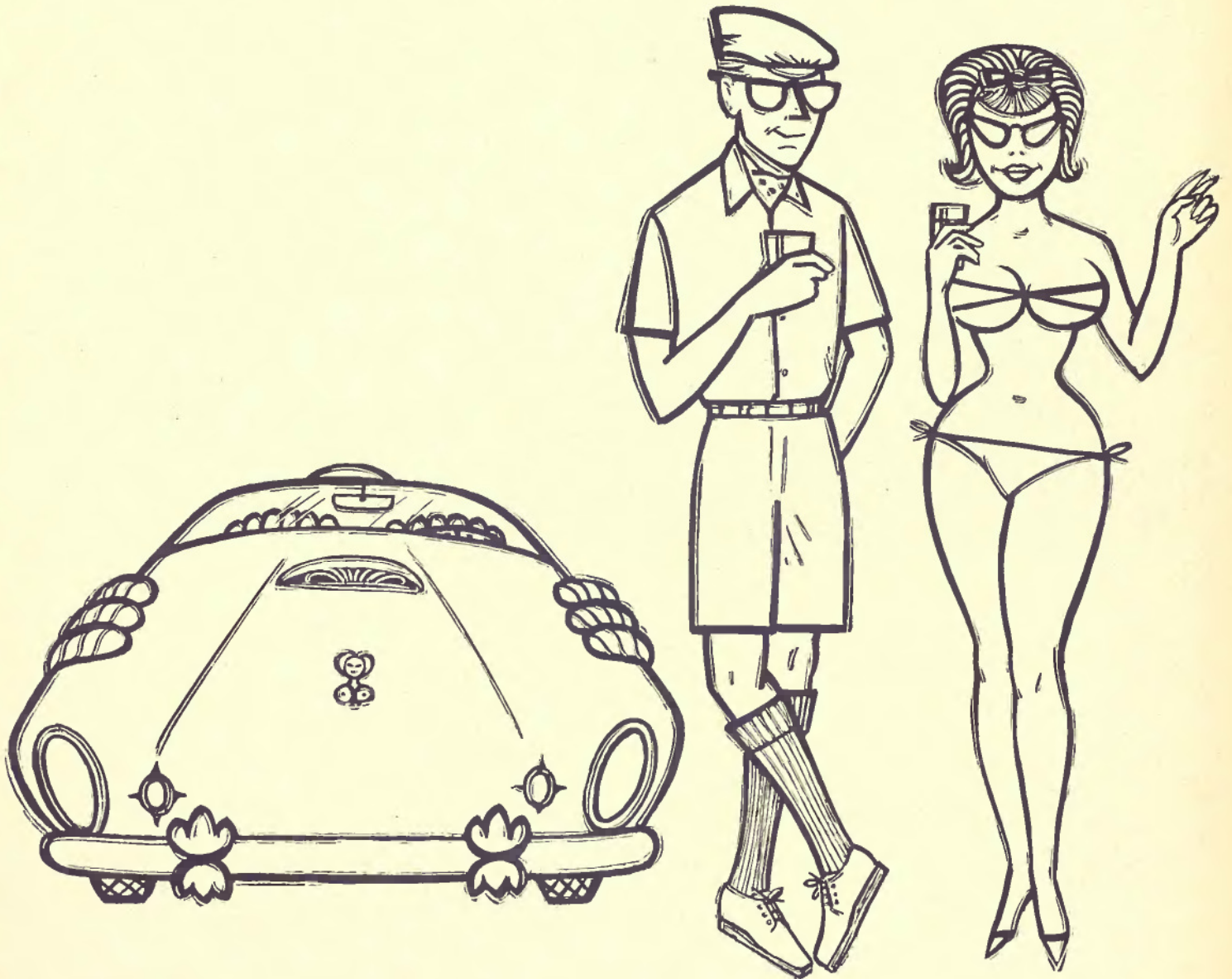
In the wide, and sometimes weird, world of publishing, 1962 may well be remembered as The Year of the Coloring Book. Who before then would have guessed that droves of adults would pay loot for the privilege of seeing their foibles parodied in sprightly facsimiles of children's entertainment? Who indeed but three Chicago advertising copywriters—Marcie Hans, Dennis Altman and Martin A. Cohen—who started the fad with *The Executive Coloring Book*. To date, it has sold nearly 300,000 copies and has spawned scores of successors, including *The Businessman's Coloring Book*, *The Corporation Coloring Book*, *The Psychiatric Coloring Book*, *The JFK Coloring Book*, *The New Frontier Coloring Book* and—so help us—*The Radio Time Buyer's Coloring Book*. Angered at first by their imitators, *Executive's* execs filed a fistful of suits, but—perhaps mellowed by moola—they have since desisted, in favor of issuing a second offering of their own—*The John Birch Coloring Book*. At the height—or depth—of this growing glut, *The Realist*, a one-man gadfly journal, got into the act when its razor-witted editor, Paul Krassner (who is also a PLAYBOY Contributing Editor), suggested several icon-tumbling, taste-defying, stuffed-shirt-pricking coloring-book titles. Among them are *The U.S. Sailors Rendered Impotent by a Six-Month Cruise on a Nuclear Sub Coloring Book*, *The Braille Coloring Book for Use with Finger Paint* and *The Police Kicking S---t Out of Non-Violent Ban the Bomb Demonstrators Coloring Book*. Eying all of this activity—color our eyes jaundiced—we realized we'd be remiss if we did not offer our readers a New Year's chance to flex their crayons with their own *Playboy Coloring Book*.



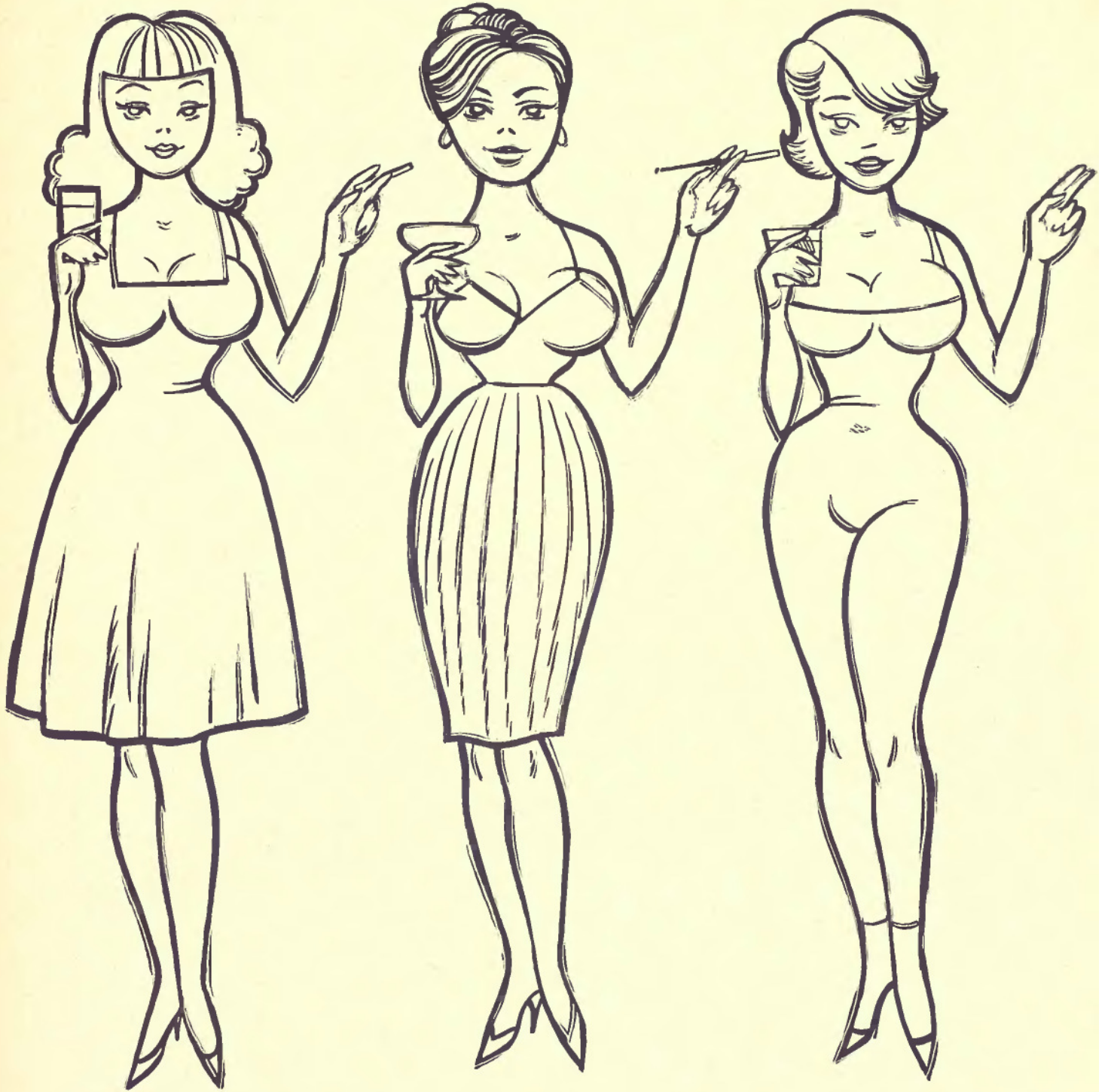
THIS IS A PLAYBOY. He lives a colorful life. Color him colorful. Would you like to be a playboy? You would? Then first, put down your crayons . . .



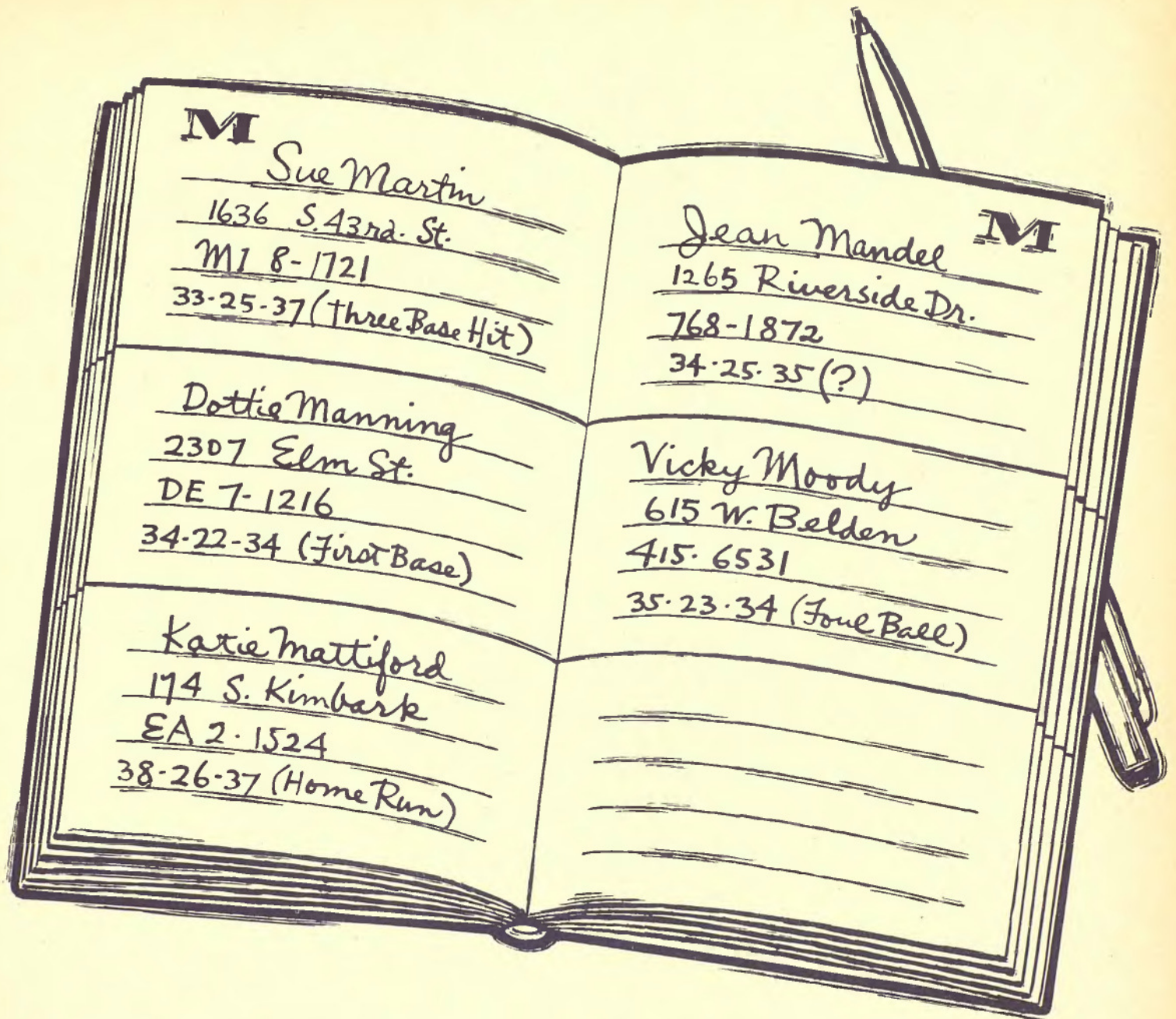
THIS IS WHERE THE PLAYBOY LIVES. It is called a pad.
The pad is full of toys. There are seven stereo speakers in this picture.
Find them and color them loud. See the blank picture frames on the wall?
They are part of the playboy's modern art collection.
You may scribble in the blank spaces with your eyes closed.



HERE IS THE PLAYBOY WITH HIS TWO FAVORITE TOYS.
The one on the left is called a sports car. Color it fast. The one on the right
is called a playmate. Color her pretty. Now color the rest of her. The
playboy's sports car can do 7000 rpm. How many rpm can the playmate do?



THESE ARE EXTRA PLAYMATES. Every playboy should have several to spare. That is because variety is the spice of life. The playboy likes his life spicy. Make one of the girls a blonde. Make one of the girls a brunette. Make one of the girls a redhead. It does not matter which is which. The girls' hair colors are interchangeable. So are the girls.



M

Sue Martin

1636 S. 43rd. St.

MI 8-1721

33-25-37 (Three Base Hit)

Dottie Manning

2307 Elm St.

DE 7-1216

34-22-34 (First Base)

Katie Mattiford

174 S. Kimbark

EA 2-1524

38-26-37 (Home Run)

Jean Mandel

M

1265 Riverside Dr.

768-1872

34-25-35 (?)

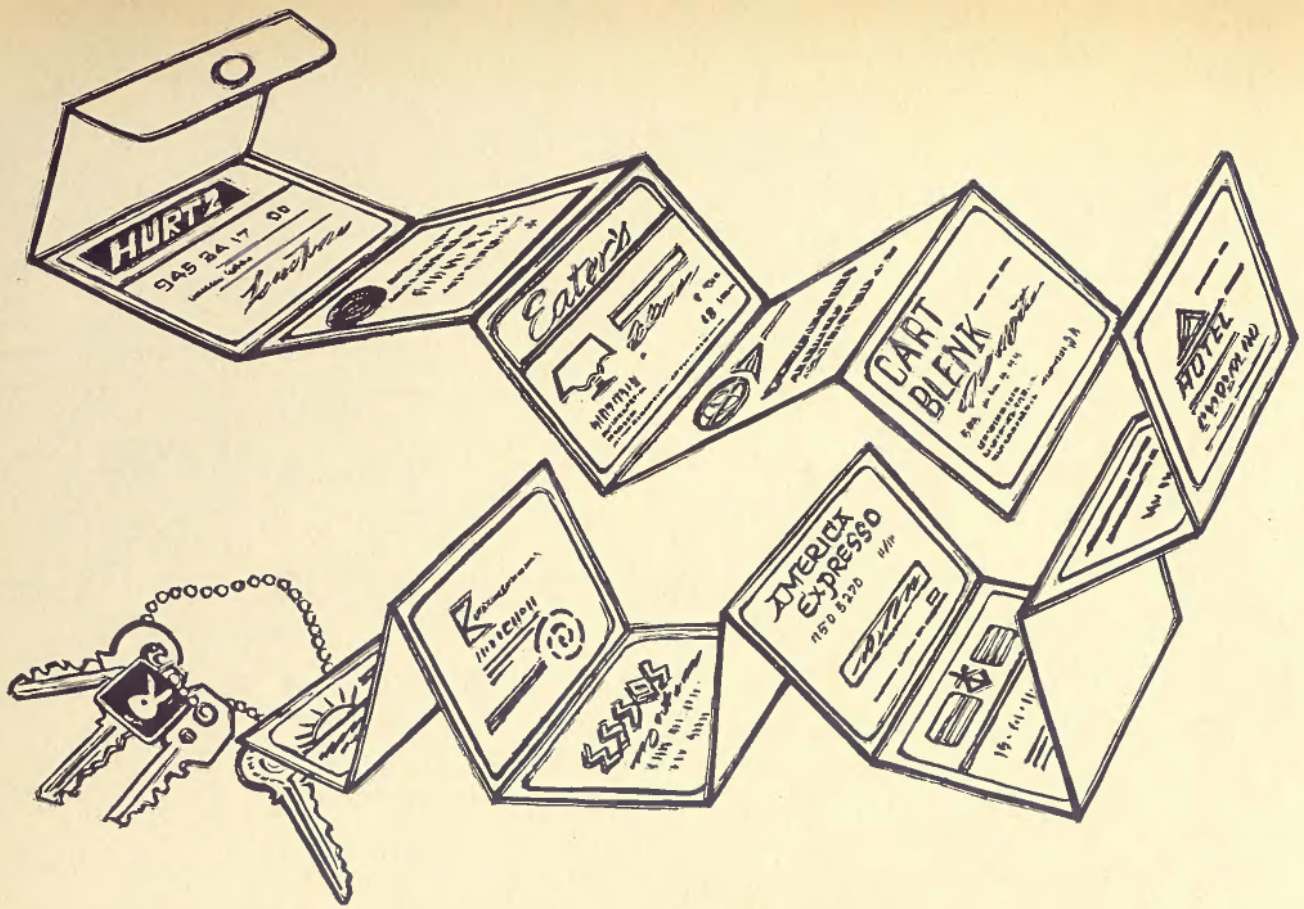
Vicky Moody

615 W. Belden

415-6531

35-23-34 (Foul Ball)

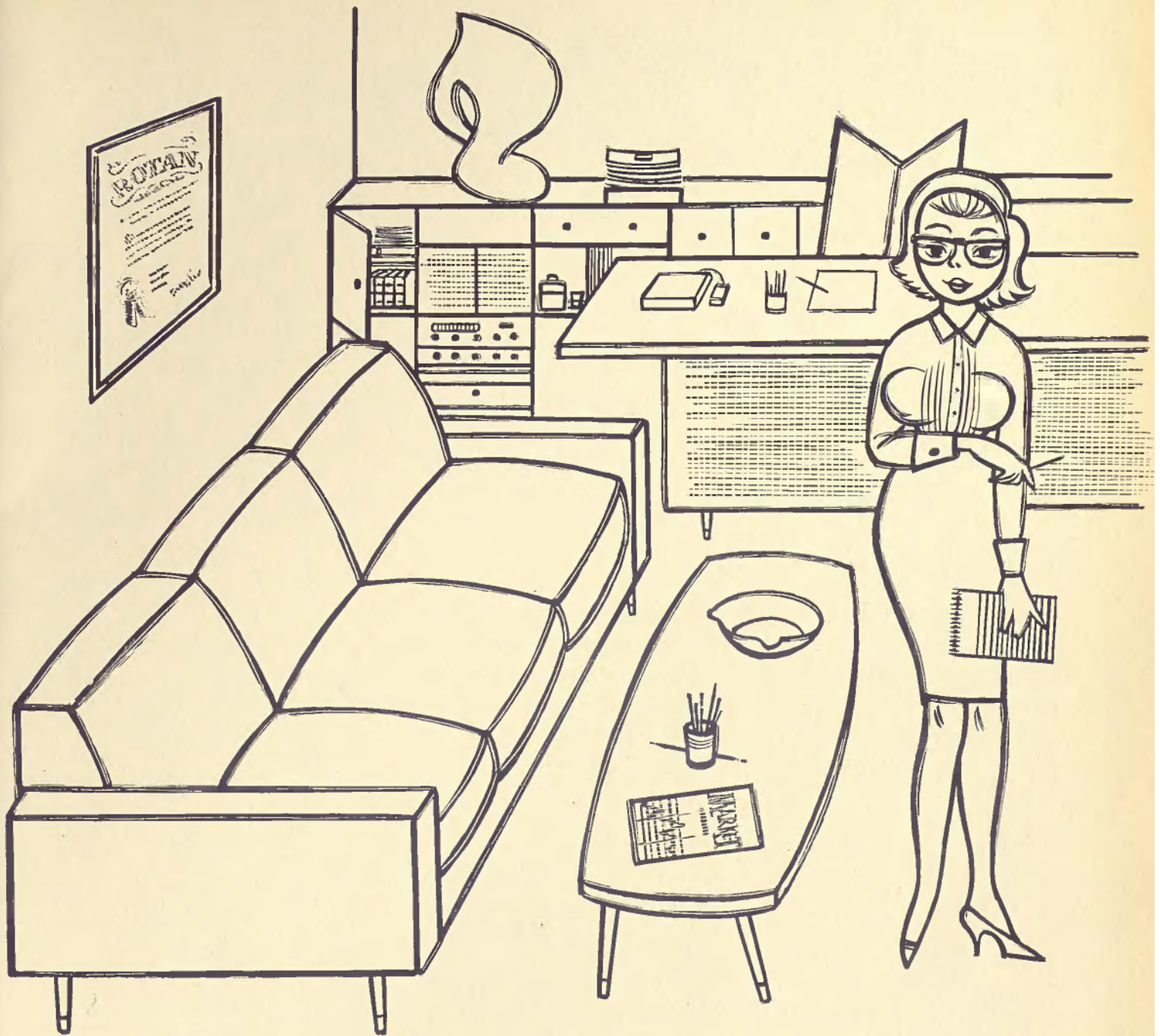
THIS IS THE PLAYBOY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK. No playboy should be without one. Color it black. Do you have a little black book? Good. Write the names, addresses and telephone numbers of the prettiest playmates you know in your own little black book. After the name, address and phone number, write down the playmate's vital statistics. Also write down your own vital statistics about your last date with this playmate. Did you get to first base? Did you get to second base? Did you get to third base? Did you score? Isn't this fun? It is just like baseball. Only better. Do not bother to copy down the names and numbers from the book on this page. They are phony. If you would like to send us your little black book after it is all filled out, we will be happy to grade it for you. And we will send you a nice thank-you note. Or maybe a get-well card.



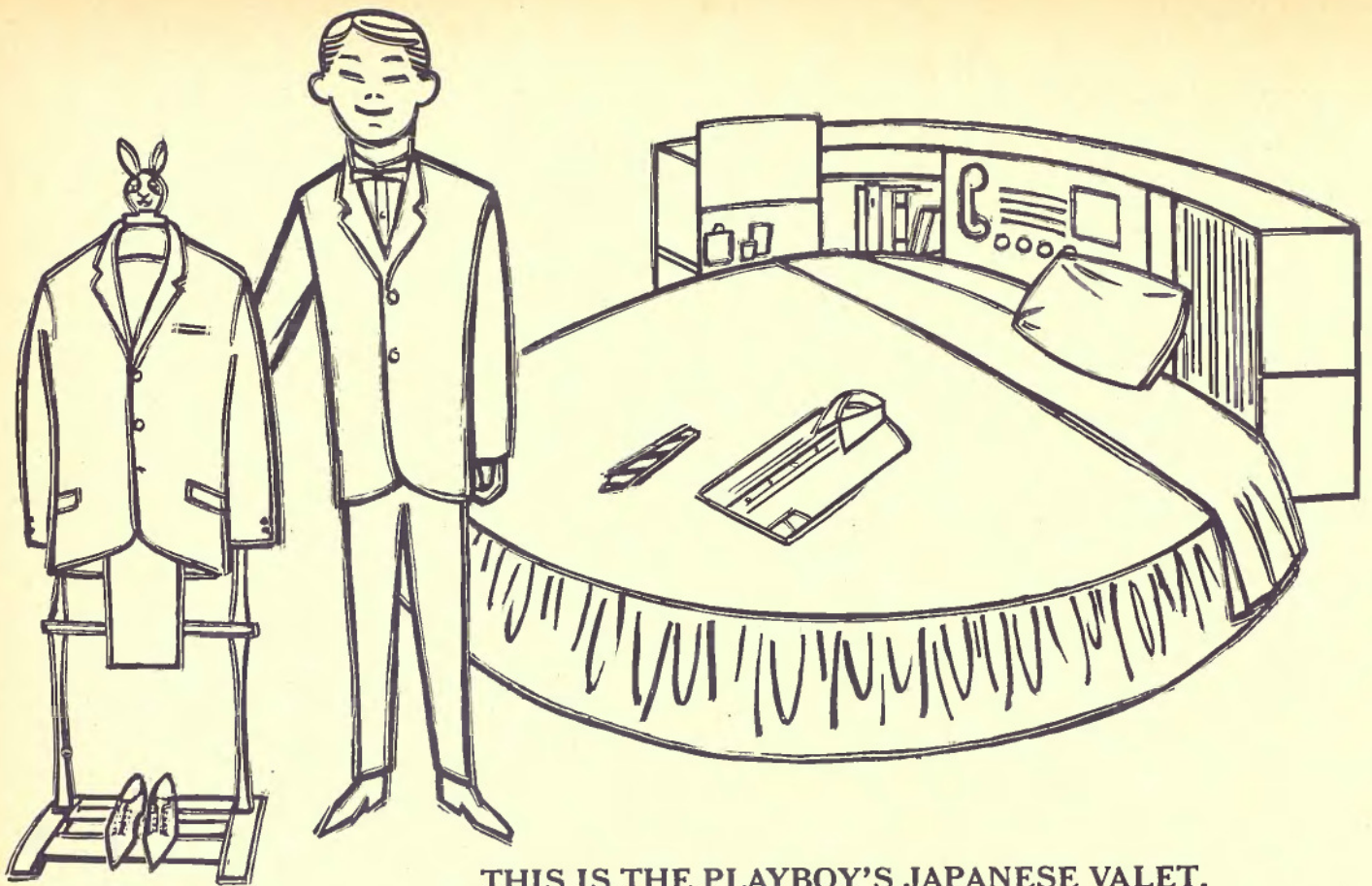
THE PLAYBOY LIVES ON CREDIT. He has a credit card for everything. He hasn't paid cash for anything in the last 10 years. Next week he is joining a new credit card company. It is the best one of all. With this company's credit card, you can sign for monthly bills you receive from other credit card companies.

THIS IS THE PLAYBOY'S BEST VINTAGE CHAMPAGNE. He only opens a bottle on special occasions. It is Saturday night and the playboy has a playmate in his pad. It is a special occasion. So were Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.





THIS IS THE PLAYBOY'S OFFICE. He goes there to write stories. The stories are called expense accounts. The boss must like them because he says they are likely stories. The girl in the picture is the playboy's private secretary. The playboy likes to tell her other kinds of stories. He has just told a story to his secretary. Color her face red. The playboy's secretary cannot type, or spell, or take shorthand. Color her hair yellow, and her eyes green, and her lips red, but leave her mind blank. The playboy's secretary has a funny birthmark, but it is covered by her blouse. If you wait for a few minutes, perhaps you can color the birthmark.



THIS IS THE PLAYBOY'S JAPANESE VALET.

He is laying out the playboy's English suit, Italian shoes and French-cuff shirt. The playboy is very internationally inclined. He is thinking about joining the Peace Corps. He thinks he will wait until there is an opening in Monte Carlo.



WHY DON'T YOU LIKE ME, MARIO?

THE PLAYBOY LIKES FOREIGN MOVIES. He likes them because they are artistic, sensitive and outspoken. Here is a scene from a foreign movie.

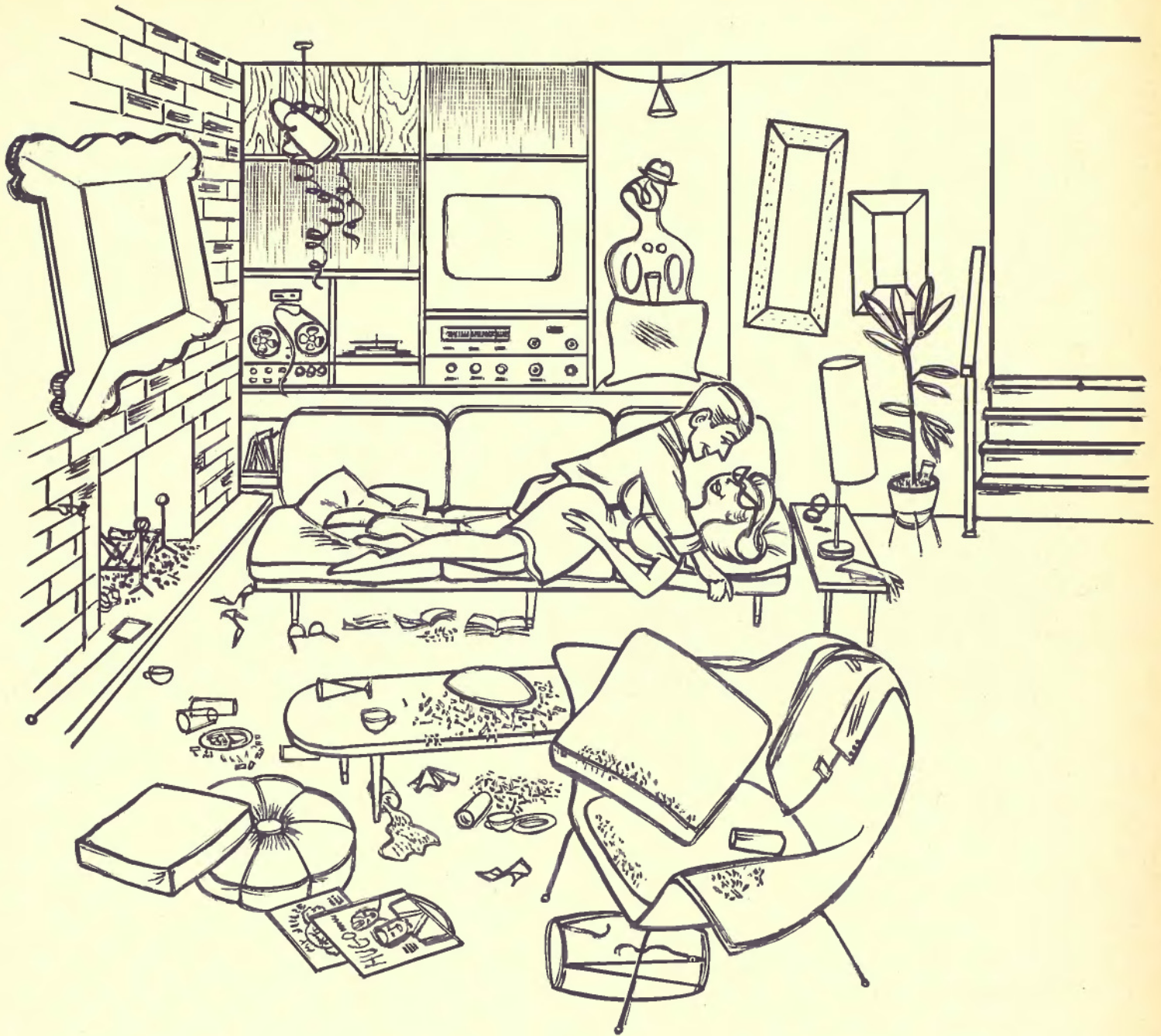
Do you see the lady on the screen? She is an artistic, sensitive actress. Color her panties an artistic, sensitive black.



THE PLAYBOY IS DINING OUT. He dines at only the best restaurants, because he is a gourmet. Whatever that means. The playboy and his date have ordered *chateaubriand*, rare. Color it dark brown. The playboy is looking for a waiter. Color his face purple. There are five waiters hidden in this picture. Can you find them? Neither can the playboy. If you find them, color their hearts black. The playboy wishes he was home in bed. Color the reason he wishes he was home in bed.



THE PLAYBOY IS THROWING A PARTY IN HIS PAD. The hi-fi is turned up very high. The playboy's neighbors have just called to complain. They have asked him to please lower the sound. It is annoying them. They are vacationing in Bermuda. The fat man is telling a crude joke. Color him blue. The fat man isn't much fun at parties, but he is always invited anyway, because he is the playboy's pal. The fat man owns a model agency and he always brings his models with him to parties. The playboy chooses his pals carefully. Someone must stay after the party is over and help the playboy clean up his pad. Who will the playboy invite to stay and help clean up his pad? Will the ravishing redhead in the green cocktail dress be invited to stay and help? Will the beautiful brunette in the lavender toreador pants, who is beating on the bongo drums, be invited to stay and help? Will the pretty blonde wearing the glasses, and the strapless dress, and the strapless 39-D brassiere be invited to stay and help? One thing is sure, the fat man will not be invited to stay and help.



THE PARTY IS OVER. The playboy is alone in his pad. Oh, look, the pretty blonde wearing the glasses, and the strapless dress, and the strapless 39-D brassiere has been invited to stay and help. She and the playboy are getting better acquainted. Color her eyes as azure blue as the Mediterranean at dusk on the Italian Riviera. Color her lips the red of the finest wine from France. Color her hair as golden yellow as the sun at high noon in Egypt. The playboy has promised to take the pretty blonde to all these places. Make her glasses rose-colored. Color the playboy's lies white.



HERE IS THE PRETTY BLONDE GIRL AGAIN. See how she stands in front of the church? She has been standing in front of the church for a long while now. Why is she wearing that funny white dress? Is she waiting for the playboy? She is going to have a long wait. Color this page completely black. Then tear it out and burn it.



track!
*you're
 on the
 right one
 with this
 trio of
 trailblazing
 sweaters*

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

Atop our sartorial ski poll, l to r: bulky-knit Icelandic-patterned boat-neck lamb's-wool pullover, by P & M Distributors, \$27.50; hand-loomed cable-knit wool-nylon pullover with slit collar, silver link-chain closure, by Kingstone, \$30; Norwegian-patterned brushed-wool cardigan with convertible turtleneck collar, zip front, by Alps, \$18.





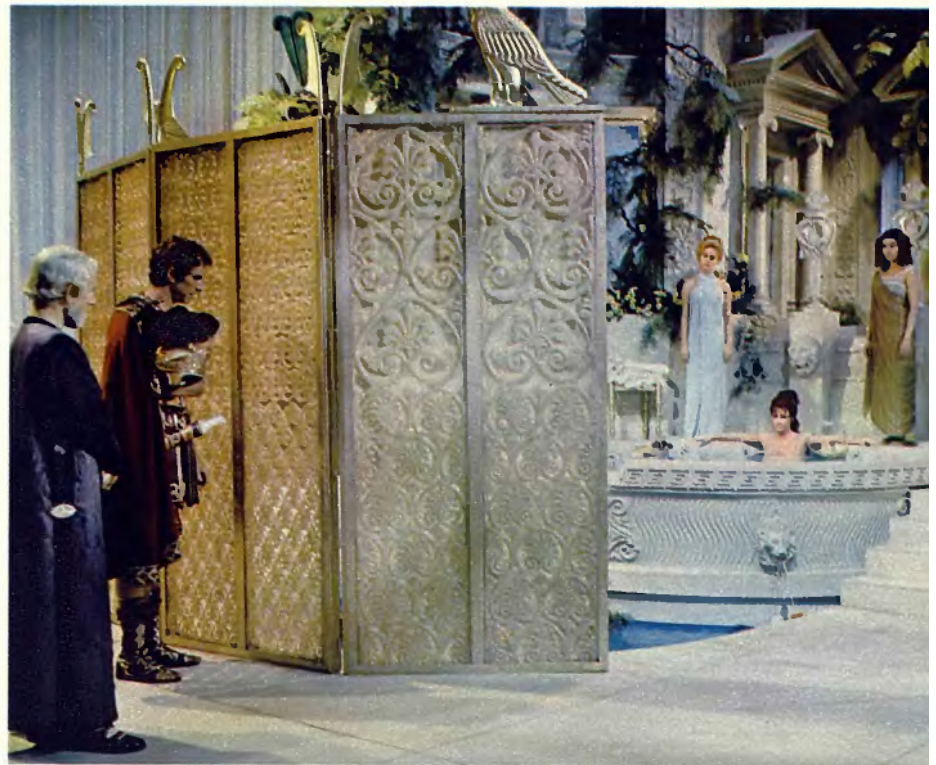
LIZ AS CLEO

*an exclusive unveiling
of a queen
in a tailor-made role*

WHEN ELIZABETH TAYLOR applied a six-inch Egyptian asp to her snowy bosom in Rome last summer, and thereby brought to a close the celluloid life of Cleopatra, the gesture was fraught with symbolic irony: While she dispatched the Nile Queen, Liz was also writing finis to the costliest movie opus in history, 20th Century-Fox's nearly calamitous *Cleopatra*. Bedeviled by Elizabeth's illnesses, hamstrung by pyramiding production costs and plagued by the offscreen antics of its principals, the epic will start its run this spring a hefty \$37,000,000 in the red, with the future of Fox's fortunes riding squarely on its box-office take. When the first flack-happy press releases appeared announcing that Queen Liz had been signed to play Queen Cleo, the role-call struck most observers as an



Above: a clutch of Little Egypt's puts on a floor show for banqueting Cleopatra (Liz) and her Latin lover, Mark Antony (Richard Burton), in a typically sumptuous scene from the Fox extravaganza. Liz and Richard's affectionate offscreen ad liberties stirred up an international ruckus that became a cause célèbre in gossip columns. Left and far left: looking like a million (considerably less than what she'll earn for her portrayal of the Sphinx lynx), crowned princess Elizabeth Taylor is every inch Cleopatra as she poses in two of 60 regal gowns created for her use in the film. It was Liz' lack of costume in the bath scene, however, that provoked the most publicity coverage.



Left: truly a morsel for a monarch, Elizabeth Taylor heads for the royal bath. Above: imperial guests cool their heels while Liz warms hers in a gigantic tub during the filming of the much publicized bathing scene. Opposite, clockwise from upper left: Liz cleans up in her Taylor-made part, in the process reveals an admirable glimpse of Cleo's cleavage. In a separate take, Richard Burton does the rub-a-dub-dub bit under the tender loving care of a handmaiden scrub team. Following her ablutions, Liz stretches out to receive a filmed massage as a stage-hand holds up a clack board and director Joseph Mankiewicz supervises at left. It is not yet certain whether or not this scene will be used in the U.S. version of the film, or be restricted to foreign release. With \$37,000,000 at stake, Fox may break cinematic precedent and run the nude scene in the domestic version.

auspicious, even inevitable, choice. Soon after she had made it into Hollywood's big kleigs in *National Velvet*, Liz began garnering praise for her near-flawless feature attractions and her voluptuous body; with maturity and experience her thesping expertise developed apace, and in such films as *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and *Butterfield 8* (for which she won an Oscar) she gained wide respect. It seemed logical that the lovely and talented Miss Taylor should want to essay a role traditionally coveted by other gifted actresses (some past Cleos of stage and screen: Helen Hayes in Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*, Vivian Leigh in the film version, Tallulah Bankhead in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, Claudette Colbert in DeMille's *Cleopatra*). Too, there seemed an uncanny parallel between the historical Cleo and the new pretender on her throne: Both were renowned as young beauties, both flopped in their first two marriages (Cleo couldn't make a go of it with either of her two kid brothers; Liz shucked Nicky Hilton, then Michael Wilding), both were then snowed by an older Caesar-type who was fated to die violently (Cleo had the real McCoy, Liz the imperial impresario, Mike Todd), both then snared new regents and were accused of swiping them from sweet, defenseless wives (Cleo got Antony from Octavia, Liz got Eddie Fisher from Debbie Reynolds). Despite the happy omen of such carbon copy typecasting, *Cleopatra* came a cropper soon after filming began in London in 1960; Liz first contracted meningitis, then a near-fatal case of double pneumonia, and the entire production had to be halted while she recuperated. This ill-starred beginning drained Fox coffers of \$5,000,000, and resulted in the ash-canning of hundreds of thousands of feet of film. With Liz again back in shape in the fall of 1961, cameras once more began to roll — this time in sunny Italy, where Liz and husband Eddie were housed in a 14-room villa off the Appian Way. *Cleopatra* then lurched forward on its costly hegira (decorative touches like the reconstructions of the Roman Forum and Cleopatra's Alexandrine palace near Anzio added to the general fee-for-all), only to run into a new kind of trouble when Welsh actor Richard Burton was welcomed to the pyramid club to



In the much discussed but hitherto unseen nude scene from *Cleopatra*, Elizabeth Taylor reclines regally beneath the ministering



play Mark Antony. Eddie, Liz and Richard started their triangle in friendly enough fashion, even making the night-club scene in Rome on New Year's Eve as a threesome. Soon, however, it was rumored that Richard and Liz were pursuing their two-on-the-Nile duet off-camera, a suspicion strikingly confirmed by Liz and Richard during late-hour dancing and nuzzling in the Eternal City's publican pubs. (Pestered by the flash cameras of the predatory *paperazzi*, the two turned elsewhere for privacy, found that where there's a villa, there's a way.) This revelation set off a Roman scandal whose repercussions were gleefully reported by the world's press. The comedy of eros unfolded with memorable confusion: Eddie flew to Manhattan for a checkup in a private psychiatric hospital, where he called reports of a marital crack-up "ridiculous and absolutely false";

hands of a masseuse and in one memorable moment of Egyptian mummery proves that she is indeed a dish fit for the gods.



Liz returned from a two-day expedition with Richard at a Tyrrhenian fishing village sporting an unexplained black eye; blonde Mrs. Sybil Burton swept into Rome with her four-year-old daughter to squelch rumors of a Sybil war. Adding to the brouhaha of mixed-up ids was the arresting rumor that the Tiber Tigress was burning bright for yet a third party, *Cleopatra's* writer-director Joseph Mankiewicz. While all of this made entertaining reading, it also aroused an outraged chorus of protest from affronted moralists: Rome's *Il Tempo* intemperately branded Liz a destroyer of families and suggested that she be evicted from Italy as an "undesirable," an appellation clearly open to debate. Liz was not given the boot from the boot, however, and eventually the most expensive flick of the ages became histrionic history. (As we go to press,

the great Burton-Burton-who's-got-the-Burton game has yet to reach final resolution, though rumors of a Liz-Eddie reconciliation are heard again in the land.) The sight of Liz fiddling while Eddie burned caused fresh waves of panic to sweep through Fox's mogul hordes: Would the finished film, like *Cleo*, pass on to greater rewards, or would a shocked and indignant public express its disapprobation by a box-office boycott? Some observers, like Producer Walter Wanger, feel that the picture has gained five dollars in publicity for every dollar it has cost. Others remember a bit of filmflamery called *Stromboli* and point out that leading lady Ingrid Bergman's much publicized, production-stalling bearing of an illegitimate child did not prevent the movie from being a horrendous financial dud. Whatever the outcome, one sure financial winner is richly rewarded Liz: Her original salary of a cool million was augmented by a hefty spell of overtime at \$50,000 a week, and further nest-feathering is in the offing when she starts collecting her 10 percent of the gross. As Fox president Darryl F. Zanuck and company creditors nervously await the public's COD verdict, *PLAYBOY* herewith pauses to contemplate the beautiful focus of the global furor: Queen Elizabeth, filmdom's unrivaled goddess of love.



These three exclusive photographs of Elizabeth Taylor were shot for *PLAYBOY* by actor Roddy McDowell, a co-star with Liz in *Cleopatra* and a friend of hers since her film debut in *Notional Velvet*. Reportedly among her favorite pictures of herself, these memorably sensitive and seductive portraits show Hollywood's premier love goddess clad in a gossamer-thin nightgown prior to the filming of the bedroom scene in *Cleopatra*, and contain cause enough for the decline and fall of the Roman Empire along with Antony. Perfectly cast in the role of the Egyptian sorceress, Liz skillfully evokes the infinite variety that spiced the life of Caesar and Antony, succeeds in confirming W. Shakespeare's rhapsodic appraisal of the original Cleo: "Other women cloy the appetites they feed, but she makes hungry where most she satisfies." *Cleopatra* was penned by director Mankiewicz, who based his story on Plutarch's biographical tomes. Like most male writers, Plutarch waxed eloquent on the mystery of Cleo; among his reflections on the barging beauty is this pleasant notation: "Were Antony serious or disposed to mirth, she had at any moment some new delight to meet his wishes; at every turn she was upon him, and let him escape her neither by day nor by night." Mankiewicz himself offers this thoughtful comment on the immortal Queen of the Nile: "Cleopatra was not a 'Vamp.' She was a highly complicated, intelligent woman who was carried to great heights in her ambition. Elizabeth Taylor," he adds, "has an understanding of this."



GOLDEN FROG (continued from page 56)

knows how many furlongs stood on end separated us, that you were among the ideal human persons for my purposes, or purpose, because really I have only one. You are an artist, a perceiving, intelligent individual; you are marooned and helpless, locked up, tied, tossed, confined, wrapped and fastened, lonely and willing to listen. What more could a salesman want? And that's what I am, a salesman, a salesman on what I like to think is the highest level: a doctrinal salesman. I sell doctrine. I am the only man in the world who can give you, fully and cogently, the doctrine of The Golden Frog. Oh, there are others—all of them taught by me, mark you—who can explain it around the edges, give you the soup and salad of it, so to speak, and maybe the cheese and coffee, but for the heart of the matter, the entree, the *boeuf Massoni*, I have to do that myself. And it's not often that I have the chance. It won't do for just anyone. I have to select, and select, and select again, and even then I'm often wrong. I was perfectly prepared, you know, when I climbed in that window, to find that I'd been wrong again, and that I'd have to sit here, mute and helpless, and let you rant and rave over me about bells, bore me until my skull bones melted and ran hot out of my ears, and I was ready to pay the price, and God knows I loathe hearing other people talk. But I was not wrong, I was right, and I shall tell you everything.

"The Golden Frog is, naturally, not a frog at all, but a tree toad, the common *hyla versicolor-versicolor*. Being called a frog, if he were actually a frog he would be of no use. He is *hyla versicolor-versicolor*, and if you don't know what he looks like, he looks like this."

"Rolt opened his hand and held it out and there in his palm was a tiny golden toad, as big as a quarter, perhaps, smooth and old-looking.

"The Golden Frog," he said, "is a god, naturally you'll have guessed that. Where he stands in the pantehnicon of gods I know, of course, but I cannot tell you—not yet, not yet. Mind you, I don't say he is God. Mind you, I don't say he is not. He is The Golden Frog. You are bright, you are clever, you are no fool, the insane chatter of your bell clappers hasn't beaten the wits out of you, no, and not even the lightning bolts rattling on your roofree here one to the minute—do you know I saw your blasted tower hit 10 times tonight if it was hit once? But you're bright, and you know that *hyla versicolor-versicolor* is the tree toad, if only because I've told you so, and you know that the tree toad is a limpet-thing and climbs verticals and hangs to walls and likes high places, and you'll have con-

nected that, won't you, with me coming up the tower? And have you connected it with you being up the tower, though you came up, Lord knows, in a clot's fashion, jiggling on the end of a wire in an elevator, bouncing on a string like a yo-yo. Still, you are here, here you are, up.

"Nothing. He does nothing, The Golden Frog, and that's what he's for. It's for us to do, don't you see? The Golden Frog will not make my winter rye grow 4700 feet higher than yours, no, nor a Persian inch higher; he doesn't know if a sparrow falls, and he doesn't care. Since he will not catch you, falling, he won't let you go, either, and that's a simple concept which I'm sure you grasp. Let me tell you what happened to me one time, I was rock-climbing, in a manner of speaking, I was going up the south face of the Gersgarten, and alone. This was before I lived in The Frog, and I was a devotee of the cult of Barquah, indeed for a long time I thought that everyone born during October of 1932 was a *Barquahniste*. As you know, either now or because I'm telling you, Barquah had 15,000 male children, each of whom was a *nark*, or holy man, fully capable of those inexplicable actions we are pleased to call miracles.

"Now, my natal *nark* was Tu'bip Alem, and it was upon Tu'bip Alem that I always called when I needed help, which was often enough, lord knows. And when that bloody *piton* pulled—I saw it pulling, the crack seemed to open, widen, and something or somebody inside the mountain pushed it out—and I fell, I yelled, you can imagine, for Tu'bip Alem to help me. And I had time to yell. That's a 5000-meter drop, off the crest of the south face at Gersgarten. Oh, I yelled. And a great brown hand came down out of the clouds and caught me and held me. And a tremendous, booming voice, a voice that was the topmost end, the double-distilled distillate of every booming baritone voice since time first whispered, this great voice boomed out and said, in Gjindi, "Do you call Tu'bip Alem or Tu'bip Alam?" Now, as I have said, Tu'bip Alem was my natal *nark*, while Tu'bip Alam was just another of the 15,000 to me, although no doubt very important to those whose natal *nark* he was, and to *shatusa* herders, whose patron he was, but still nothing to me. But which had caught me? How could I tell in whose big brown hand I lay? I tried to think for a split second, and the hand tightened and began to crush me. So I made the decision on an ethical basis: honesty is the best policy. "I called," I said, "on Tu'bip Alem." The great brown hand opened,

and slowly, slowly turned and dropped me. It was the hand of Tu'bip Alam, and I was no *shatusa* herder."

"I interrupted him," Vanyon said. "I told him I had heard that story before, years before. It's an old gag, I told him. Usually you hear it told about St. Francis and St. Francis of Assisi.

"He laughed. 'I don't doubt it,' he said. 'But you only heard it. It happened to me!'"

"Did you believe him?" Simmons said.

"I don't know," Vanyon said. "And it doesn't matter, because, don't you see, you must see, the important thing was not whether what he was saying was true or not, the important thing was that he was saying it. It wasn't important that the gold frog might be a god; it was important that he obviously did believe that it was a god. To me Dennis Rolt was a wonder; he was a free spirit; he was the voice of the world as we would like to think the world should be, a paradise of astonishment and beauty. Just to hear him made me feel that everything in my own life, or almost everything, was dull and hopeless. And that in spite of the fact that I thought, as I told you before, that he might be crazy, completely mad. No one could hear a man talk as he talked without wondering if he were sane, but still . . ."

"You say he made you feel that your life was dull," Simmons said. "You were jealous of him?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose I was," Vanyon said, "although that's a very crude way of putting it."

"That why you killed him?" the sergeant said softly. "Because you were jealous of him?"

Vanyon turned. "When I first saw you, sergeant," he said, "I decided you were a stupid man. I was wrong. You aren't just stupid. You're a monument to stupidity. In you, stupidity burrows to a brand-new low. You are . . ."

"You better watch your mouth, buddy," Simmons said.

The sergeant's face was burning red and his right hand twitched rhythmically and convulsively on his thigh.

"He'd better watch his," Vanyon said.

"Turn it off," Simmons said. "Get on with your story. What was the last thing he said, Tierney, before this fuss?"

Patrolwoman Tierney lifted a few accordion folds of paper from her machine's little trough.

"Just to hear him made me feel that everything in my own life, or almost everything, was dull and hopeless," she read.

"He went on with the story," Vanyon said. "My cutting in about St. Francis and St. Francis of Assisi didn't stop him.

(continued on page 98)





Our perky philatelist shops at her favorite stamping ground, celebrates new acquisitions with a glass of milk.

SELECTED SHORT SUBJECT

**minuscule miss monterey
starts our new year aright**

in Bell, she was raised in nearby Santa Barbara where she now lives, with roommate, in a newly constructed apartment building. Out on her own in the warm, affable world after graduating from Santa Barbara High, young Miss Monterey first tried working as a governess, lasted one unrewarding week ("I detest domesticity and kids," she says firmly, then adds, "at least for the time being"); she then found a more logical *métier* modeling for the local Brooks Institute of Photography. A dedicated slugabed, she usually chooses to snooze till noon in her white-walled bedroom, which is modernistically decorated with black ceramic plaques, black wrought-iron stands and one large red stuffed hound dog. Afternoons she customarily carries out modeling assignments, then strolls through Santa Barbara on long, lazy window-shopping sprees, or perhaps has an obliging male take her on a top-down sight-seeing spin through the countryside. By nightfall, Miss January's compact motor has been fully energized, and she is ready to be whisked away to dinner (*filet mignon*, heavy on the mushrooms), thence to a movie (preferably with Paul Newman or Frank Sinatra on the marquee) or the dog track ("The ones with the saddest eyes always win"), and, if she can wangle it, a late-in-the-date scoop of banana ice cream. On dateless nights she scrunches up in a big leather chair to watch Casey or Dillon on TV, or catches up on her reading (she's currently perusing two popular tomes: *The Carpetbaggers* and *The Fountainhead*), or earnestly patters with her two-year-old stamp collection while Sinatra or Buddy Greco croons softly from her phonograph. Judi's appealing aura of freshness and glowing health is abetted considerably by her pet luxury: Every day she indulges herself with long and fragrant bubble baths. Though her suitable-for-framing frame (34-22-33) is admirably mature, Judi's youthful visage causes many to underestimate her age, a tendency she claims does not bother her a whit. Her chief gripe with mankind at the moment is those conceited members of the vigorous sex who assume they are irresistible. Judi is sold on the Golden State, proves her stay-put devotion by pointing out that she has never traveled anywhere by plane, train or boat. "Why travel," she asks, "when everything is right here?", a rhetorical query of unassailable logic. She admits to a warm regard for the big-band sound of Count Basie, likes old James Dean flicks, dancing, lobster, skating, and the kind of a man who reads *PLAYBOY*. We are confident the attraction is mutual.



MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Looking every bit the collector's item herself, January's Judi curls up with a good book: her lovingly cared-for volume of stamps. A friend presented her with the partially filled album two years ago and Judi took to the relaxing hobby posthaste.



Miss Monterey and a kerchiefed comrade swap girl-talk above an Austin Healey at a Pacific Palisades sports-car rally. Our compact model cheerfully admits to knowing next to nothing about cars, but is keenly interested in what makes them go: men.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

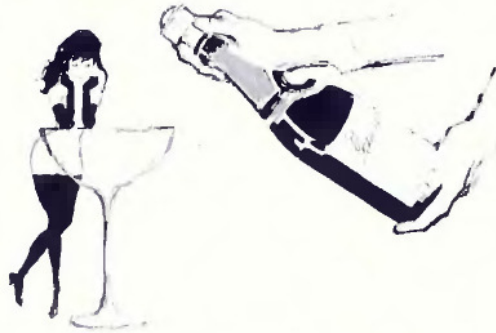
The convertible glided silently to a stop on a lonely country road.

"Out of gas," he said, with a sly smile.

"Yes, I thought you might be," said his date, as she opened her purse and pulled out a small hip flask.

"Say, you *are* a swinger," he said. "What do you have in there — Scotch or bourbon?"

"Gasoline," she replied.



We know a nearsighted girl who can't tell her friends until they're right on top of her.

"My wife is always asking for money," complained a friend of ours. "Last week she wanted \$200. The day before yesterday she asked me for \$125. This morning she wanted \$150."

"That's crazy," we said. "What does she do with it all?"

"I don't know," said our friend, "I never give her any."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *adolescence* as the age between puberty and adultery.

Noah Webster's wife, returning from a long trip, discovered the lexicographer *flagrante delicto* with a pretty chambermaid.

"Mr. Webster!" she gasped, "I am surprised!"

"No, my dear," said Webster with a reproving smile. "You are shocked; I am surprised."

Hoping to avoid the embarrassing attentions that most hotels bestow on newlyweds, the honeymooners carefully removed the rice from their hair, took the JUST MARRIED sign off their car, and even scuffed their luggage to give it that traveled look. Then, without betraying a trace of their eagerness, they ambled casually into Miami Beach's Fontainebleau Hotel and up to the front desk, where the groom said in a loud, booming voice, "We'd like a double bed with a room."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *incest* as sibling revelry or a sport the whole family can enjoy.

A young politician, eager to gather votes, accepted the invitation of a local woman's club to speak on the subject of sex. However, fearing that his wife wouldn't understand, he told her that he planned to lecture on sailing.

A week after the speech, his wife ran into one of the ladies of the club who mentioned

how entertaining his talk had been.

"I just can't understand it," said the wife, "he knows so little about it."

"Come now, darling, don't be coy. His talk showed intimate acquaintance with the subject," said the matron.

"But he's only tried it twice," protested the wife. "The first time he lost his hat and the second he became seasick."

Many a girl succeeds in keeping the wolf from her door these days by inviting him in.

In her own eyes, Peggy was the most popular girl in the world. "You know," she said, with characteristic modesty, "a lot of men are going to be miserable when I marry."

"Really?" said her date, stifling a yawn. "How many are you going to marry?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *prostitute* as a member of the fare sex.



Rustic Ron stared at the bellhop in disbelief. "Twenty-five dollars for a girl? That's ridiculous! Why, in Tennessee I can get a girl to clean my house, wash my clothes, cook my meals and sleep with me all night for four pork chops a day."

"Then what," said the bellhop, "are you doing in Chicago?"

"Buying pork chops."



You are charged," said the judge, "with the serious offense of assault and battery upon your husband. How do you plead?"

"Innocent," said the shapely defendant. "I hit him because he called me a vile name."

"And just what did he call you?" asked the jurist.

"It's really too terrible to repeat — he . . . he called me a 'two-bit whore!'"

"That is bad," said the judge. "What did you hit him with?"

"A bag of quarters, your honor."

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.



"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus."

GOLDEN FROG (continued from page 88)

"There I was," he said, "dropping like a stone down the face of the Gerrsgarten, spurned by the great brown hand of Tu'bip Alam. It didn't matter. I was saved by another means, which is not important. In point of fact, to quiet any absurd skepticism that might rise in you, or, rather, any additional and absurd skepticism that might rise in you, I will say that I was saved by bloody chance: I fell into a snowfield, 20 ruddy inches of fresh powder hanging on the steepest slope in the Alpes-Maritimes, rolled about a kilometer and came out, nine-tenths suffocated but alive and with the seat in my pants, just above the village of Voiten, and within sight of the bar run by the Dutchman Glauvert, and that was where I told the story for the first time, and that was where I left Barquah, for good. Or for bad, who'm I to say?"

"I interrupted him," Vanyon said. "I said, 'What do you do now, when you're not running up rock faces or bell towers?'"

"I roam about," he said. "I roam about, and earn vast sums of money in ways that would dazzle you, and I make love to all the girls who will have me, and some that won't, too, if I think they have the understanding to be truly grateful afterward and when people will listen I tell them of The Frog. I have carried the doctrine of The Frog to odd places: Parlakimedi, which you know, if only because I'm telling you so, is in Madras, and Pin Hook, which I suppose everyone knows is in Indiana. I tell them of The Frog, the All-Knowing and All-Seeing and Do-Nothing Frog who is the ultimate solution of our mille-faceted problems. What is the doctrine of The Frog, you say, and I say, the doctrine of The Frog is, Send not for any other man to do, lest you be done, and ever since *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was published a pretty pun has been possible on that sentence, and even before that time it was possible, for a man learned in the literature of the English language, to make and enjoy this pun on done. As Andrew Salter so often says in private conversation, "Why aren't you laughing, you aren't laughing enough!" but to be serious, you will concede that although The Frog speaks only once, he speaks with sheer eloquence and with the voice of wisdom beyond plumbing, and if you are reminded of Churchill bare-breasted on the beaches in 1939 congratulations to you but you have misread me. I say again, The Frog is wise beyond wisdom, for there is no answer beyond his answer, which is, Do, lest you be Done. Or, reduced, Do. This is all wisdom, boiled down, in the great black kettle of the other

sky, the one beneath us, to one drop, one syllable, Do, and *hyla versicolor-versicolor*, when he cries, "Wh'deel Wh'deel!" cries "Do!" in all the languages, or nearly all, of the whole Melanee group, as I'm sure you know, if for no other reason than that I'm telling you so.

"Join us then, in The Frog. Carry the voice of The Frog to a supine, passive, limp, flaccid, custardy world full, like seeds in a jam pot, of people being done, not doing. Say you'll come, and when you do then I'll tell you what it is to have life in The Golden Frog, where we live in The Frog, and I'll tell you a good many other things that will amaze and startle you and rouse you until your brain bubbles like so much porridge, and your blood will run till you hear it screaming down your arteries and up your veins, and if you stick a pin in your arm the stuff will bore a hole through the ceiling and just that will get you off, we call it Reverse Medicine and when you live in The Frog you need no other, and what is more . . ."

"It was about there," Vanyon said, "that he gave the door another jerk, in passing as it were, and it opened. We were both amazed, but there it was, swinging open.

"All right!" Rolt said. "What's good for one's good for the other, and it's even money the one below is cured as well." We didn't know about that, but certainly the cabin door was free. I still think, and he did too, that the lightning strike had something to do with their sticking.

"At any rate, I said to Rolt, 'We'll go down and look and if it's open I'll buy the drinks.' But he said, 'The bit about the drinks is all right, but I'll go the way I came.' And he went over to the window and moved out of it backward. He hung there for a second, his elbows hooked on the sill, just as he had when he came in, and then he levered himself out and down. I remembered what he'd said about the ladders being taken in going down, and I wanted to talk him into coming down with me on the stairs, and I suppose he knew it because he said, 'Stairs are for clots, but don't worry, The Frog will soon unclot you.' He moved differently going down, much more slowly, and not at all rhythmically. I watched, looking down at him. I really don't believe he had made 10 feet, and certainly it wasn't 15, before he fell. I saw it all very clearly. His right foot came loose and the sudden weight transfer jerked his right arm loose; I heard the fingernails of his left hand scabble and grate on the granite and then he went, out backward, looking up, all of a piece, exactly like a man going

off a high board, and instantly there was a great shout, 'Tu'bip Alem, save mel' and because he was now falling so fast, the sound was altered by the Doppler effect, you know, as when one hears the tone of a crossing-bell change when one's riding in a train, and the 'save mel' was stretched out, dropping, 'say-ay-ayve-meeeel' and then he hit."

Miss Tierney's machine clicked briefly as she caught up. The coffee bubbled.

"I will say one thing," Lieutenant Simmons said. "In 22 years on the Force, and 10 in Homicide, that is the damnest story I ever sat down to listen to. The damnestest."

"Look, Mr. Vanyon," the sergeant said. "Now look. Here is this fellow falling 300 feet and he knows he's going to be dead in two seconds and he yells out that Tubepalum or whatever. Why? If he's going to yell anything, for some heathen saint to save him, and he's just through telling you he doesn't believe in that one . . . my point is, why didn't he yell for the tree toad, the gold frog?"

"He was making a joke," Vanyon said.

"A joke? A joke?" Simmons said. "The man's two seconds from a messy end, and he's making a joke? In mid-air?"

"I think so," Vanyon said. "I think he was saying to me, 'You know that when a man's dying he often reverts to the belief he was brought up in. But I'm doing this consciously, and satirically, and laughing, to show you that for me it's still The Frog!'"

Simmons looked at the sergeant, who was looking at him. The lieutenant's head inclined toward the door and they rose as one and left without a word.

Patrolwoman Tierney's hands were folded in her pretty lap. Since she'd stopped working her machine, she had been staring at Vanyon with interest. Where this interest rose, what spurred it, how deeply it ran, he could not know.

"I have an idea they didn't believe me," he said. He didn't see great profit in offering her this opening, but the silence and her straight-line regard had become oppressive.

"Not a word," she said. "Nor did I."

You are a dumb bitch, Vanyon said to himself. "It was as near the absolute truth as I could make it," he said.

"Nobody in the room believed it but you, then," she said. She laughed. "I think the sergeant and the lieutenant are only wondering how to go about asking you some questions about it."

She was right.

"Oh, there's no doubt about that at all," Simmons was saying. "He threw the fella out the window on his head and that's for sure. The question is why he did it and how we can get it out of him. You asked him why we couldn't

(concluded on page 106)

gifts

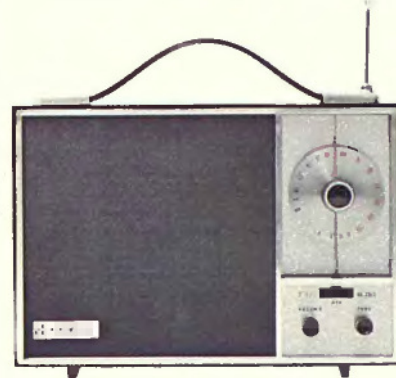
LAST-MINUTE CHRISTMAS CACHE

(how to play your appointed role in the late late yuletide show)



\$15 Austrian chef set with 15-inch chopping knife, 17-inch roast knife, 13-inch poultry carver, has hand-honed blades, satin-finish handles of Swedish stainless steel, packed in import case, by Salm-Harley.

\$79.95 Portable AM-FM radio weighs 3 lbs., has automatic frequency control, a 360°-rotating antenna that telescopes flush with top of case, can be extended to 33 inches. Operates on self-contained battery or from 110-volt outlet. Brushed-aluminum-trimmed case stands 6½ inches high, by Kinematix.



\$195 Fitted traveling kit of tan hide, 12"x8", contains ivory-backed brushes, mirror, scissors, clippers, nail file, bottle opener-corkscrew with knife blade, container for aftershave lotion, cuff link box, additional compartments for electric shaver or other toiletries, from Alfred Dunhill.



\$4.98 (stereo), *Impromptu*, originals by Billy Taylor, rhythm, on Mercury. **\$11.15** (3-LP stereo), *Sinatra—The Great Years*, (1953-1960) on Capitol. **\$13.50** (3-LP mono), *The Playboy Jazz All-Stars, Volume 3*, by Playboy Products. **\$5.98** (stereo), *Cal Tjader Plays the Contemporary Music of Mexico and Brazil* on Verve. **\$5.98** (stereo), *Shelly Manne 2-3-4*, with Coleman Hawkins, Eddie Costa, Hank Jones, George Duvivier, on Impulse! **\$30.98** (5-LP stereo), Wagner's *Die Walküre*, with Nilsson, London, Leinsdorf and London Symphony, on Victor.



\$40.50 Marble and brass 4-piece bar tool set, with stand 12 inches high, from Alfred Dunhill.

\$74.50 per pair, Guardian wireless transistorized electronic intercom system, can be plugged into any conventional electric outlet, allows three independent systems to operate over same circuit, unit is 6½ inches wide, by Progress Webster Corporation.



\$9.95 Ski jumper, nylon, front zippered pocket, by HIS. **\$96** the set, International Code signals, (40 in canvas bag), 2'x1½', by Annin & Company.



\$20 Royal Gambit, chess-type military board game, by Lakeside Toys, Inc. **\$3.95** New Frontier-Ola, a spoof on both politics and board games, by Einhorn-Victor Productions. **\$5.95** Ticker Tape, stock market investment game, based on Big Board securities, by Fontenelle, Inc. **\$5.95** Horse Rating, board game for amateur handicappers, by Lew Kennedy Enterprises.



\$195 Celestial telescope, 48 inches long, has 6-inch reflector, electric clock drive, setting circles, comes with equatorial mount and pedestal base, 6x achromatic finder scope, 4 eyepieces, by Edmund Scientific Company.



\$4.95 Mask, has slanted tempered safety lens. **\$79.50** R-4 Dial-A-Breath Regulator. **\$85.50** Diving lung, 28 inches long, with spring-loaded reserve valve. has Custom D-Pak harness of heavy aluminum. **\$1.95** Snorkel of black rubber, molded mouth-piece. all by Dacor.

\$39.95 Double-breasted all-wool outer coat, camel-colored, with dark brown alpaca shawl collar, three-quarter length, with nylon lining quilted for warmth, flap pockets, leather buttons, by McGregor.



\$21.50 the set, Danish salad bowl of satin-finish stainless steel, with black nylon serving spoon and fork, by Gematex. **\$22.95** Tray, 20 inches long, of mutenye wood, with inlaid center, by Dansk.

\$37.95 Lektronic II shaver, can be operated from self-contained, rechargeable power supply, or by AC house current, can be recharged in or out of travel case, with mirror, by Remington Rand.



\$75 Champagne bucket of hand-rubbed solid brass and post of solid ebony, stands 33½ inches high, has removable liner of aluminum, from Alfred Dunhill.



\$10 *The Playboy Gourmet*, by our own Tom Mario, Crown. **\$14.95** *Larousse Encyclopedia of Prehistoric and Ancient Art*, edited by Rene Huyghe, Prometheus. **\$12.95** *Shakespeare, 10 Great Plays*, illustrated by the Provencens, Golden. **\$11.50** *The Iliad of Homer*, translated by Richmond Lattimore, illustrated by Baskin, Gehenna. **\$15** *A Strategy of Investing for Higher Return*, by Richard H. Rush, Prentice-Hall. **\$6.50** *Dionysus*, edited by Clifton Fadiman, McGraw-Hill. **\$15** Bookends, 6 inches high, teak inlay and chrome, by Maison Gourmet, Ltd.



\$259.95 Acapulco 19-inch TV set has wireless remote control, all hand-wired circuitry, self-contained antenna, is 22 inches wide, 16 inches high, by Zenith.

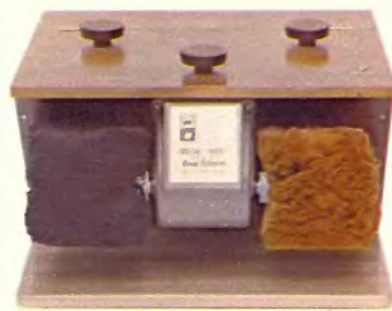


\$15 Butane table lighter, gold plated, for pipes or cigars, holds one-year fuel supply, by Iwan Ries.

\$120 Automatic watch, 17 jewels, stainless steel, waterproof, sweep-second hand, alligator band, by Lucien Piccard.



\$59.95 Beck "400" automatic shoe polisher, 9 inches high, automatically applies brown or black wax to shoes while buffing, Formica bottom plate protects cabinet, from Abercrombie & Fitch.



\$295 Exercycle, combines actions of horseback riding, rowing, bicycling, has Westinghouse electric motor, contoured seat, pedal stirrups, reversible handlebars, by Exercycle Corporation.

\$52.50 Imported 4-piece Sampan salad bowl set, of beech strips, is crackproof, colorfast, moisture-resistant, can also be used for hot foods, small bowl holds dips, fits in center of insert ring, large bowl has 20-inch diameter, from Foreign Advisory Service Corporation.



\$20 Curved hip flask, 4½ inches high, of black seal leather with brass trim, metal lined, holds 6 ounces, from Alfred Dunhill.

\$265 (Top) FM/Multiplex tuner all transistorized, has separate power on-off switch, stereo-mono headphone jack, weighs 10½ lbs. **\$265** (Bottom) Matching 60-watt stereo amplifier, all transistorized, has cartridge output compensator, weighs 12 lbs.; each unit, in oiled walnut enclosure, is 3 inches high by 15½ inches wide by 9 inches deep, both by Omega Electronics Corporation.



\$84.50 Orvis Banty fly outfit includes superlight one-ounce rod (52 inches when assembled) which casts up to 50 feet, 2¾-ounce reel, special taper fly line, and carrying case, 28 inches long, which holds rod, reel, flies, line.

\$16.95 Creel of moisture-resisting willow, trimmed in leather, 15 inches wide, imported from Italy. **\$10.25** Monogram 18-inch-long landing net of Scottish handwoven linen twine, on white ash, all are from Abercrombie & Fitch.



\$12.95 Life-Lite flashlight, rechargeable in 110-volt AC outlet, in clip-on holster, by Gulton Industries. **\$12.95** Sea & Ski Spectaculars have distortion-free, wrap-around amber lenses, by Renauld of France.

\$405 per month, Ultronic Stockmaster makes available at the push of a button the last sale, bid price, ask price, current high, current low, total volume traded in the day, yesterday's close, last four-quarter earnings, indicated yearly dividend rate, time of last sale of 4000 stocks (NYSE, AMEX, Commodities, Over-the-Counter), is 8½ inches wide by 16 inches long, by Ultronic.





"I've just decided to disinherit everybody for Christmas!"

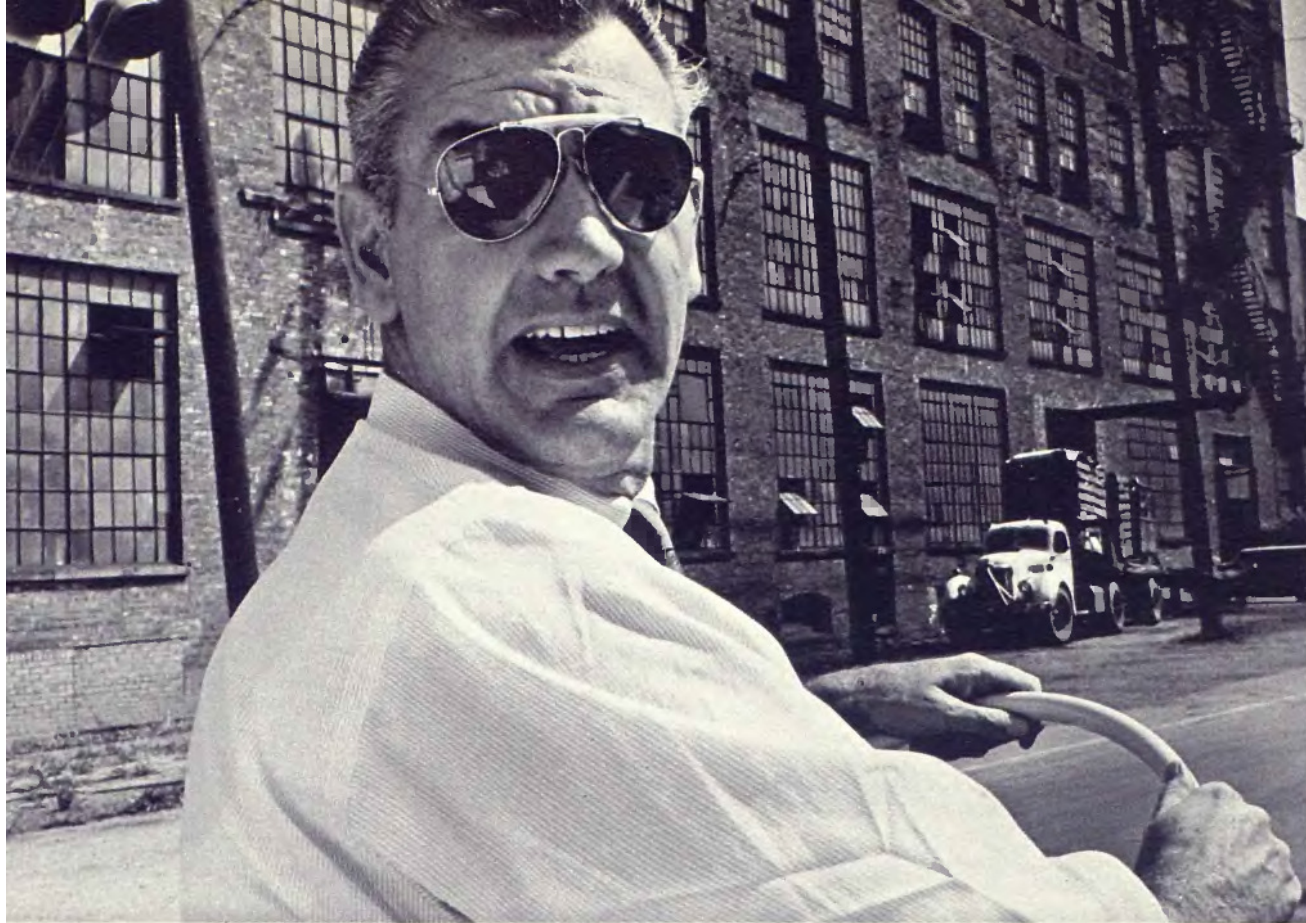


REGINALD ROSE *eloquent writer of wrongs*

THE PREVAILING MOOD of *The Defenders*, an admirably articulate Saturday-evening hour of TV courtroom drama created by adroit Reginald Rose, is one of illuminating reflection on the causes and effects of social justice. In his Januslike role as script editor and oft-time writer of the program, Rose, a man of rare gifts and discernment, has stressed a single theme: that the law often lags behind changing social needs and is woefully inconsistent with the requirements of morality. His favorite situation is one in which the individual is thwarted by the outmoded prescriptions of established authority; and he pursues it doggedly on *The Defenders*, where he deals with such topics as capital punishment, mercy killings and abortion. By uncompromisingly eschewing the shopworn plotlines, cardboard characters, glib dialog and souped-up suspense that customarily festoon so many courtroom mellers, the show already has earned four Emmys and, despite all canons to the contrary, has gained and retained an audience of 21,000,000 viewers. For Rose, this success has come after 30 years of fruitless trysting with his typewriter. Born in Harlem (whose heterogeneous society was the seedbed of his social consciousness), he began to write at 10, composed some 100 unpublished short stories and three unfinished novels before selling his first TV script. Today, responsible for the most respected dramatic show on the air, he finds the cup well worth the running. "We have proved," he says, "that the legend of a conspiracy to keep thought-provoking drama off TV is as empty as the heads of those who talk so much about it."



ON
THE
SCENE



DAVIS

ANTHONY NEWLEY *coming up in the world*

PERHAPS THE MOST highly touted British performer to appear on a U.S. stage since Noel Coward's arrival in *The Vortex* in 1925 is a 31-year-old multithreat showman named Anthony Newley, versatile star, director, co-author, co-lyricist and co-composer of the new Broadway musical, *Stop the World, I Want to Get Off* (see *Playboy After Hours*, this issue). *World*, a serio-comic blend of mime, melody and melodrama detailing the womb-to-tomb Odyssey of an Everyman called Littlechap, has had Britishers appreciatively rolling in the isles for the past year and a half, but has drawn mixed notices from Manhattan critics. If the ambitious pastiche lost something in its trans-Atlantic transplanting, the show made it crystal-ball clear that the Newley-wedded blend of astute showmanship, supple versatility and Cockney-eyed humor will be heard from again. Plucked from London's Italia Conti Stage School at the age of 14 by movie mogul Geoffrey de Barkus, Newley cut his acting teeth in a starring role in a now-forgotten epic, has since made more than twoscore film appearances (most memorable: as the Artful Dodger in *Oliver Twist*), conceived and acted in a controversially original TV series (*The World of Gurney Slade*), and as a pop singer has had several discs poll-vault into England's Top 20. A man given to brooding introspection and trenchant self-analysis, Newley is growing restless as a stage performer: "It's a love affair — and you can't hold a love affair for a year. More than anything else, I want to direct my own films. The real stuff of entertainment is imagination, and we've got to get back to it."

SHERWOOD EGBERT *cyclone in south bend*

WHEN HARD-JAWED Sherwood Egbert, onetime construction worker and ex-Marine, was picked to revivify Studebaker-Packard in February 1961, he found the South Bend firm suffering badly from hardening of the autories. The introduction of the Lark had been a pro tem palliative, but sales and optimism quickly dwindled when the Big Three flooded the compact-car field. Egbert, as president, immediately instituted an ennui-jarring shake-up; weak executive links were severed, the gone-to-seed plant was refurbished, the Lark line was restyled in record time, a new Gran Turismo Hawk went from drawing board to prototype in 18½ weeks, and in April 1962, the Raymond Loewy-designed Avanti debuted at the Studebaker stockholders' meeting. The results produced by the 42-year-old Egbert's whirlwind take-over have been therapeutic: with Studebaker's domestic sales for the 1962 model year up almost 50 percent over 1961, South Bend feels that at last it can give Detroit car makers a real fight for the American auto dollar. Pushing diversification (home appliances, an airline, chemicals), Egbert also had a few more automotive tricks up his sleeve; he introduced in the 1963 line the Wagonaire, a revolutionary sliding-top station wagon, and put future Studebaker designs up for competition between the Avanti's Loewy and Wagonaire's Brooks Stevens. Egbert, supercharged and steel-nerved ("I have no personal emotions when it comes to business"), occasionally co-pilots the company plane, is determined to get Studebaker off the ground. Those who know him have no doubts that he can do it.

GOLDEN FROG (continued from page 98)

find the gold toad he says Rolt had?"

"I asked him," the sergeant said. "The body was so near clean, you know. The \$200-odd dollars, and not another thing, not a wallet, not a letter, not so much as a laundry ticket, and no gold toad, either. He said it must have fallen out of Rolt's pocket on the way down, and it was either lost in the grass or buried under him, or somebody picked it up before the squad car got there."

"Doesn't the dumb bastard know that the toad being missing ruins his story?"

"I told him that. I told him if we had the toad there'd be a different face on the matter. He said if we had the toad it would wind up on some alderman's watch charm, but it didn't matter because it was lost and nobody had it."

"He deny he was the first man to the body?"

"Oh, no. He admitted that. He ran down the stairs, the door opened all nice and proper and he went out."

"That door business. That takes brass, a lie like that."

"It does. Well, lieutenant, with all respect I got to say that you and I are a poor bet to get anywhere arguing with this joker. The old way is the best way, I always say, and an hour would do it, too, with this one. He'd cave in in a hurry, this one would."

"I believe you. But there's hell to pay if you get caught working over any of these eggheads. This is no bum from West Ninth Street. You let a college professor trip and fall against the wall a couple of times and you're liable to get hauled up in front of Congress. 'Gestapo' is what they'll call you. You'll get famous on television."

"'Cossack' I like better than 'Gestapo,'" the sergeant said, "and I been called both. Look, he's got to prove it, right? I give you my word, I won't put a mark on him, and I'll have him dictating a statement in 30 minutes flat."

"I have to go upstairs and see McGuire," the lieutenant said. "I don't know anything about anything."

"That's OK with me," the sergeant said. He walked briskly from the room.

"Mr. Vanyon," he said. "will you just come with me? Will you come too, Tierney?"

Miss Tierney smiled with what seemed to Vanyon to be real warmth. "Of course," she said.

. . .

It was an hour later, or an hour and a bit, and by no chance, that Lieutenant Simmons saw Patrolwoman Tierney coming up the stairs. She was carrying the tools of her trade. She was ever so little damp, as if someone had blown at her head through a Japanese flower-wetter, the kind that makes a mist.

"Well?" Simmons said.

"Not a word out of him," she said. "Tom tried everything he could, and I tried a couple of things, and we tried a couple together, but it was no go. Of course, we were being careful of the bastard, but even so, he should have caved in. He didn't. The man came up the wall, he says, and fell off of it."

"Where's Vanyon now?" Simmons said. "Tom's putting his clothes on him," Miss Tierney said. "He's all right. He can't walk, he's swollen in a couple of places, you know, but by morning he'll be OK."

Simmons saw him in the morning.

"You know what happened to me?" Vanyon said.

"Nothing happened to you," Simmons said. "But something will, if you open your big yap. Two things will happen to you. First, you'll get arrested if you spit on the sidewalk, and you'll get arrested if you don't. Second, you'll have an accident, and nothing trivial, either. So shut up. You killed a man!"

"You know goddamned well I didn't."

"You did. And you look like you're getting away with it, for the time being, and maybe for longer, although that I doubt. But nothing happened to you, and you'll do well to remember it. You can pick up your hat and get out of here, and they'll tell you at the desk where you can go and where you can't, pending the inquest and so on and so on."

Vanyon looked around for Patrolwoman Tierney on his way through the station house to the street, but he was not really sure he wanted to see her again, ever. Crouching naked to her ingenuity and the sergeant's iron-hard brutality, he had been frightened almost beyond endurance, so that he wondered why consciousness did not leave him. He had endured what they did only because he had no alternative: he was not completely craven and so he could not or would not put an end to the agony by saying he had killed Rolt when he had not; there was no other door he could open. Not much later on, he would be able to convince himself that he had maintained his will against theirs because he was standing in the light that Dennis Rolt had cast, standing in the reflected glow of The Frog. For now, it was enough to think that the red-haired girl and the dough-faced sergeant had martyred him, but left him living. In fact, he thought, if Rolt was the prophet, what might Vanyon be?

The eight o'clock program of that morning was the first he had missed in a long time, and he felt badly about it, as if the fault were somehow his. He was on the street at a little after 11 and he took a taxi to the tower. Two groundkeepers were setting squares of turf at the foot of the tower, and 30 or

40 students were watching them. Nobody recognized Vanyon and he was quick with the door. He threw the inner bolt, something he had never done before, and looked carefully around. He got into the elevator cab and pushed the top button. He was lifted slowly up the damp inner wall, in silence except for the whine of the electric motor and its gears high above. He swung the playing-cabin door to and fro. It did not seem to be free and easy in the jamb, as he remembered it, neither did it stick. He left it open. It was hard for him to climb the short ladder to the bell chamber, but he made it. When he had opened one set of louvers he realized that he was so sore and stiff he would not be able to play, and he closed them again as soon as he was sure that there was no one hiding in the dark places behind the bells. He crawled back down the ladder. He sat on the bench, where he had been sitting the night before, watching Rolt storm to and fro, and it was easy for him to think that the mad and tantalizing torrent of the dead man's words still rang in the room. Sometimes, in the bell chamber, he would touch the rim of a bell with a half dollar, to hear the hum of it run on until you couldn't be sure if the sound had ended or not, and he thought he could hear Rolt's voice in the same way. He sat in the playing cabin for a long time. Going down in the elevator he looked carefully all around. At the door he turned out the lights. The windows in the tower were narrow, they were archers' slits really, the lowest of them 30 feet from the ground. No one could see him. He went to the corner of the tower farthest from the elevator, where the steam pipes came through the floor. He knelt there for a moment, then moved to the center of the floor, where a shaft of light angled down. He opened his hand and looked at the little frog he had lifted from its hiding place behind the cluster of pipes. It was heavy and smooth and golden. He had it now, and he would keep it. It lay heavy on his hand, so heavy, so solid that it seemed a part of him. He remembered, he believed, every word Rolt had spoken, and it was easy for him to recall the two places where Rolt said he had been: Pin Hook, Indiana, and Parlakimedi in Madras. "I have carried the doctrine of The Frog to odd places . . ." He dropped the rounded lump of gold into a pocket of his jacket. He unlatched the door and went out. The groundkeepers had finished their work, and the students had gone away. A hot sun hung in a windless sky. He turned to look at the tower. He knew that he would never see it again, that he would never come back to it.



TO BE COURTEOUS TO WOMEN

fiction By William Saroyan

this was paramount among the things he had to do to bridge the gap between the tax bite and his muse

AS THEY WALKED, they talked. "Do you know what I like about our Government? I like its nickname, Uncle Silly."

"Can I quote you?"

"Why not?"

"I mean, it might make trouble for you—*more* trouble, that is—although it *would* make a livelier story, too."

"Anything I say you can quote. There is no off-the-record with me. Just because I owe Uncle Silly a lot of money doesn't mean I've got to call him Uncle Sam."

"How much do you owe?"

"I haven't got the exact figures, but I think it's somewhere in the neighborhood of \$11,000,000, or 11,000,000 buttons, or 11,000,000 something or other."

"How do you expect to make the money?"

"I'm on my way to Yancey right now, and you know who he is, I presume."

"I do. Or at any rate I know who he *was*. He was the white-haired boy of the movie business until six or seven years ago. He was the producer of a lot of great movies, and two or three times as many stinkers. He's still producing for the same lot, working out of Paris. Do you think he'll ever make a comeback?"

"A comeback to *what*?"

"Do you think he'll ever make a great movie again?"

"Why do you imagine he might not?"

"Well, he hasn't made one in six or seven years, and how much time do you need?"

"Two minutes?"

"How do you mean? Two minutes?"

"Doesn't a thing like that have to begin out of a condition that's constant? That's how I mean. Isn't it a matter of always having the makings of greatness

[a lie if there ever was one, what we mean is only a *seeming* greatness, a kind of impression or illusion of relative superiority rather than of actual greatness] on hand, in yourself, after which all you have got to do is decide to do something, and almost *anything* will do, it will have to have this quality of relative superiority because you yourself have it all the time, and you just don't need any more time than the time it takes to decide to do something."

"Do you mean, then, that Yancey hasn't got this quality, or that he never had it, or that he had it now and then for a while, and then lost it?"

"Is this interview about Yancey?"

"Well, no, but you said you're on your way to an appointment with him, and you presumed I know who he is. Well, who is he, (continued on page 157)



"Well, kid, we're not identical twins anymore!"

A MAN'S WORLD

A SPECIAL PORTFOLIO CONCERNING MAN'S
POLITICS AND SPORT, HIS BUSINESS AND
PLEASURE, HIS COMPETITION AND CREDO

NORMAN MAILER

and

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

opposing viewpoints concerning
the role of the right wing in america today

J. PAUL GETTY

on those traits in human transactions
which characterize the millionaire

BUDD SCHULBERG

and

GERALD KERSH

reports in depth on champions, championship fights
and the Patterson-Liston debacle

PHILIP WYLIE

the nemesis of mom analyzes another
deadly menace, the career woman

MORT SAHL

the PLAYBOY phenomenon as seen by
today's foremost stand-up satirist

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

a never-before-published
distillation of the writer's trenchant
observations on life and art

EVGENY EVTUSHENKO

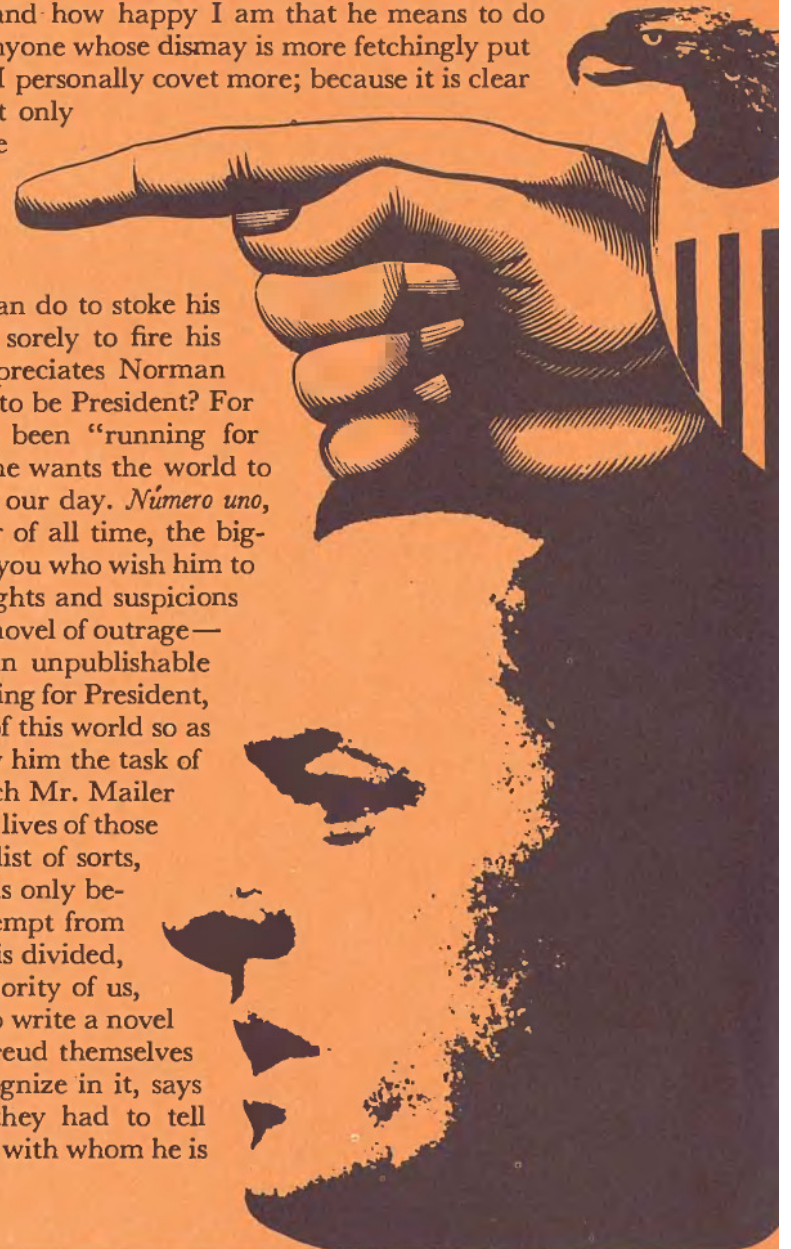
a poetic tribute to Ernest Hemingway by
Russia's most important new young poet

OPPOSING STATEMENTS ON THE ROLE

a conservative's view **By WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.**

I welcome Mr. Mailer's interest in the American Right Wing. On behalf of the Right Wing let me say that we, in turn, are interested in Mr. Mailer, and look forward to co-existence and cultural exchanges with him in the years to come. I hope we can maintain his interest, though I confess to certain misgivings. I am not sure we have enough sexual neuroses for him. But if we have any at all, no doubt he will find them, and celebrate them if not here tonight, certainly in a forthcoming political tract, perhaps in his sequel to the essay in which he gave to a world tormented by an inexact knowledge of the causes of tension between the Negro and the white races in the South, the long-awaited answer, namely that all Southern politics reflects the white man's resentment of the superior sexual potency of the Negro male. Mr. Mailer took his thesis—easily the most endearing thing he has ever done—to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, to ask her benediction upon it. She replied that the thesis was "horrible," thus filling Mr. Mailer with such fierce delight that he has never ceased describing her reaction, commenting that he must be responsible for the very first use of that overwrought word by that lady in her long, and very talkative, career. ¶ "Oh how we shall *scarify!*" the dilettante Englishman reported to his friends a hundred years ago, on announcing that he had finally put together the money with which to start a weekly magazine. How Mr. Mailer loves to scarify!—and how happy I am that he means to do so at my expense. Not only do I not know anyone whose dismay is more fetchingly put down, I do not know anyone whose dismay I personally covet more; because it is clear from reading the works of Mr. Mailer that only demonstrations of human swinishness are truly pleasing to him, truly confirm his vision of a world gone square. Pleasant people, like those of us on the Right Wing, drive him mad, and leech his genius.

Recently he has confessed that it is all he can do to stoke his anger nowadays, and he needs that anger sorely to fire his artistic furnace. The world, if it truly appreciates Norman Mailer, must be a cad; how else will he get to be President? For Mr. Mailer, to use his own phrase, has been "running for President for 10 years." He means by that he wants the world to acknowledge him as the principal writer of our day. *Número uno*, the unchallenged, unchallengeable matador of all time, the biggest bullkiller since Theseus; and so those of you who wish him to be President must confirm his darkest thoughts and suspicions about you, so that he may give birth to that novel of outrage—which, he gloats, will be, "*if I can do it*, an unpublishable work." Those few of us who are neither running for President, nor are needed to preserve the hideousness of this world so as to fatten Mr. Mailer's muse, are assigned by him the task of cultivating "the passion for socialism," which Mr. Mailer finds "the *only* meaning I can conceive in the lives of those who are not artists." Mr. Mailer is a socialist of sorts, but if socialism is not his first passion, that is only because, in his capacity as an artist, he is exempt from ideological servitude. The rest of the world is divided, as I say, in two groups. First the great majority of us, who compose that terrible world he wants to write a novel about so great—so great that Marx and Freud themselves would want to read it, for they would recognize in it, says Mr. Mailer, a work that "carries what they had to tell another part of the way." Those others of us with whom he is



OF THE RIGHT WING IN AMERICA TODAY

a liberal's view **By NORMAN MAILER**

Would you care to hear a story Robert Welch likes to tell? ¶ "The minister has preached a superb sermon. It has moved his congregation to lead nobler and more righteous lives. Then the minister says, 'That, of course, was the Lord's side. For the next half hour, to be fair, I'll give equal time to the Devil.'" ¶ Well, ladies and gentlemen, upon me has fallen the unhappy task of following Mr. Buckley. Mr. Buckley was so convincing in his speech that if I had not been forewarned that the Devil cannot know how far he has fallen from Paradise, I would most certainly have decided Mr. Buckley was an angel. A dishonest angel, perhaps, but then which noble speaker is not? ¶ I did not come here, however, to give Mr. Buckley compliments. I appear, presumably, to discuss the real meaning of the Right Wing in America, a phenomenon which is not necessarily real in its meaning, for the Right Wing covers a spectrum of opinion as wide as the peculiarities one encounters on the Left. If we of the Left are a family of anarchists and Communists, socialists, pacifists, nihilists, beatniks, international spies, terrorists, hipsters and Bowery bums, secret agents, dope addicts, sex maniacs and scholarly professors, what indeed is one to make of the Right, which includes the president of a corporation or the Anglican headmaster of a preparatory school, intellectually attired in the fine ideas of Edmund Burke, down the road to the Eisenhower-is-a-Communist set of arguments, all the way down the road to an American Nazi like George Lincoln Rockwell, or to the sort of conserva-

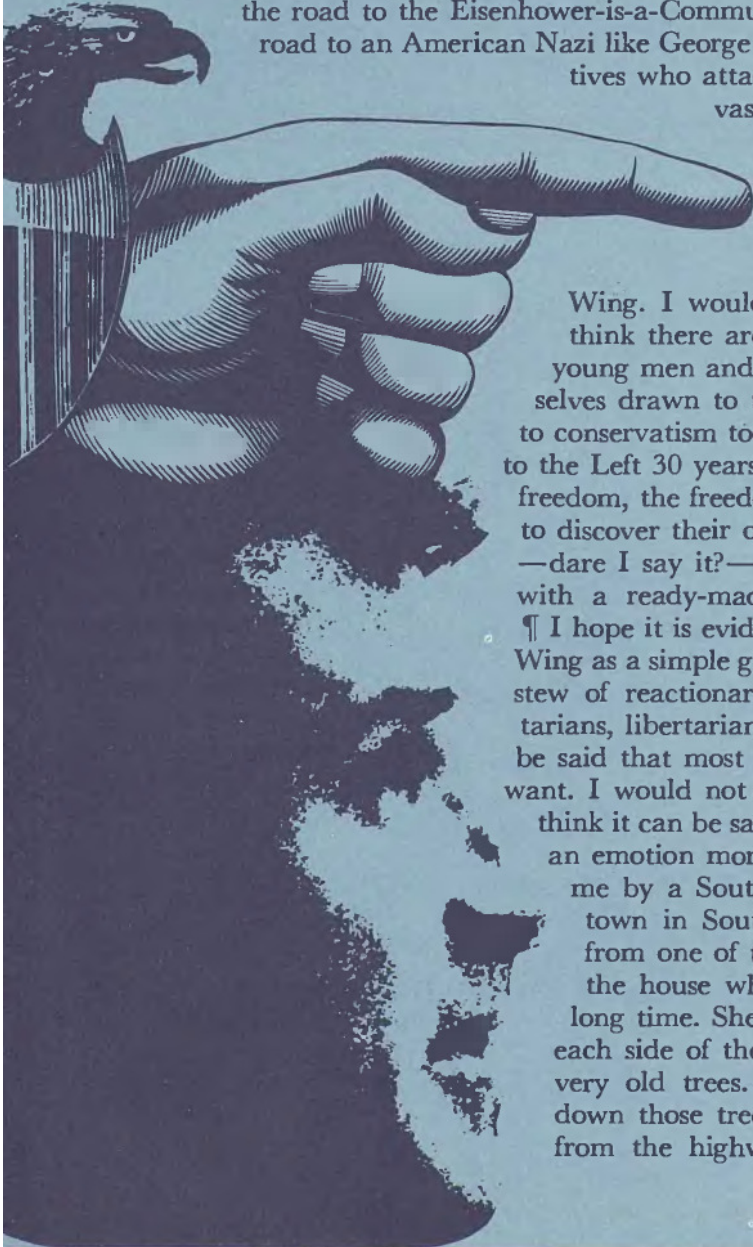
tives who attack property with bombs in California. On a vastly more modest and civilized scale, Mr.

Buckley may commit a mild mayhem on the American sense of reality when he says McCarthy inaugurated no reign of terror. Perhaps, I say, it was someone else. ¶ But it is easy to mock the Right

Wing. I would rather put the best face one can on it. I think there are any number of interesting adolescents and young men and women going to school now who find themselves drawn to the Right. Secretly drawn. Some are drawn to conservatism today much as they might have been attracted to the Left 30 years ago. They are the ones who are curious for freedom, the freedom not only to make money but the freedom to discover their own nature, to discover good and to discover—dare I say it?—evil. At bottom they are ready to go to war with a ready-made world which they feel is stifling them.

¶ I hope it is evident that I do not see the people in the Right Wing as a simple group of fanatics, but rather as a contradictory stew of reactionaries and individualists, of fascists and libertarians, libertarians like John Dos Passos for example. It could be said that most Right Wingers don't really know what they want. I would not include Mr. Buckley in this category, but I think it can be said the politics of the Right in America reflects an emotion more than an insight. ¶ I think of a story told

me by a Southerner about his aunt. She lived in a small town in South Carolina. She was a spinster. She came from one of the better families in town. Not surprisingly, the house where she lived had been in the family for a long time. She loved the trees on the walk which bordered each side of the street which ran by her house. They were very old trees. ¶ The City Council passed a bill to cut down those trees. The street had to be widened. A bypass from the highway was being constructed around the old



BUCKLEY at peace will want to labor for socialism, he tells us; we will "want a socialist world not because we have the conceit that men would thereby be more happy—but because we feel the moral imperative in life itself to raise the human condition even if this should ultimately mean no more than that man's suffering has been lifted to a higher level, and human history has only progressed from melodrama, farce and monstrosity to tragedy itself."

Not very long after writing that sentence, Mr. Mailer and a dozen others, including several other Presidential candidates, signed an advertisement in papers throughout the country under the sponsorship of a group that called itself the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. "The witch-hunting press," the advertisement said in almost as many words, "is suggesting that Castro's great democratic revolution is contaminated by Communism. That is hysterical and fascistic nonsense." One or two signers of that petition—Kenneth Tynan, the English critic, was one—were subsequently called before a Congressional investigating committee and asked what they knew about the sponsorship of the Fair Play Committee. To Mr. Mailer's eternal mortification, he was not called, thus feeding what *Time* magazine has identified as Norman Mailer's subpoena envy. Anyway, it transpired that the organizer of that Committee was a paid agent of Fidel Castro, who even then was an unpaid agent of the Soviet Union. The insiders no doubt found it enormously amusing to be able to deploy with such ease some of the most conceited artists in the world behind the Communists' grisly little hoax. There is melodrama in a Norman Mailer rushing forward to thrust his vital frame between the American public and a true understanding of the march of events in Cuba; there is even farce in the easy victimization of Mr. Skeptic himself by a silent-screen ideological con man; and it is always monstrous to argue aggressively the truth of the Big Lie. But I think the episode was less any one of these things than an act of tragedy, though without dire consequence for the players—they are strikingly impenitent, insouciant—but for others. The people of Cuba are also writing a book that carries forward the ideas of Marx and Freud, a truly unpublishable book. Their suffering, for which Mr. Mailer bears a part of the moral responsibility, they must endure without the means to sublimate; they are not artists, who count their travail as a steppingstone to the Presidency.

Consider this. Last spring a middle-aged Cuban carpenter, known to persons I know, received notice at his three-room cottage on the outskirts of Havana at five o'clock one afternoon that at nine the next morning his 12-year-old son would be taken from him to be schooled in the Soviet Union during the next six years. The father, who had never concerned himself with politics, asked if his son might not, as an only child, be spared. (continued on page 165)

MAILER bypass of the business district. The reason for the new bypass was to create a new business district: a supermarket, a superpharmacy, a superservice station, a chromium-plated diner, a new cemetery with plastic tombstones, a new armory for the Army Reserve, an auto supply store, a farm implements shop, a store for Venetian blinds, a laundromat and an information booth for tourists who would miss the town on the new bypass but could read about it in the Chamber of Commerce's literature as they drove on to Florida.

Well, the old lady fought the bypass. To her, it was sacrilege that these trees be cut down. She felt that if there were any value to some older notions of grace and courtesy, courage under duress, and gallantry to ladies, of faith in God and the structure of His ways, that if there were any value at all to chivalry, tradition and manners, the children of the new generations could come to find it more naturally by walking down an avenue of old homes and trees than by reading the *National Review* in front of the picture window under the metal awning of the brand-new town library. Secretly the old lady had some radical notions. She seemed to think that the old street and the trees on this old street were the property of everyone in the town, because everyone in the town could have the pleasure of walking down that street. At her gloomiest she even used to think that a new generation of Negroes growing up in the town, strong, hostile, too smart, and just loaded with Northern ideas, would hate the South forever and never forgive the past once the past was destroyed. If they grew up on the edge of brand-new bypasses in cement-brick homes with asbestos roofs and squatty hothouse bushes in the artificial fertilizer of the front yard, why then, how could they ever come to understand that not everyone in the old South was altogether evil and that there had been many whites who learned much from the Negro and loved him, that it was Negro slaves who had first planted these trees, and that it was Negro love of all that grew well which had set the trunks of these trees growing in so straight a route right into the air.

So the old lady fought the execution of these old trees. She went to see the Mayor, she talked to everyone on the City Council, she circulated a petition among her neighbors, she proceeded to be so active in the defense of these trees that many people in town began to think she was just naturally showing her age. Finally, her nephew took her aside. It was impossible to stop the bypass, he explained to her, because there was a man in town who had his heart set on it, and no one in town was powerful enough to stop this man. Not on a matter so special as these trees.

Who was this powerful and villainous man? Who would destroy the beauty of a fine old street? she wanted to know. Was it a Communist? No. Was it the leader for the (continued on page 165)

By J. PAUL GETTY

THE MILLIONAIRE MENTALITY

THOSE TRAITS OF MIND THAT CHARACTERIZE THE MAN OF WEALTH, ACTUAL OR POTENTIAL

MANY YEARS AGO, I HIRED A MAN — call him George Miller, it's close enough — to superintend operations on some oil properties I owned outside Los Angeles, California. He was an honest, hardworking individual. He knew the oil business. His salary was commensurate with the responsibilities of his position, and he seemed entirely satisfied with both his job and the pay he received. Yet, whenever I visited the properties and inspected the drilling sites, rigs and producing wells, I invariably noted things I felt were being done in wrong or inefficient ways.

There were too many people on the payroll, and there weren't adequate controls over costs. Certain types of work were being done too slowly; others were being performed too rapidly and hence without proper care. Some equipment items were being overstocked while there were shortages of others.

As for George Miller himself, I felt he was spending too much time doing administrative work in the Los Angeles office and not enough out in the field — on the drilling sites and rigs. Consequently, he wasn't able to exercise the necessary degree of direct personal supervision over the operations.

All these things served to keep costs high, to slow production and hold down profits. But I liked Miller and was certain that he possessed all the qualifications of a top-notch superintendent. After some weeks, I had a man-to-man talk with him. I informed George bluntly that I thought there was considerable room for improvement in the manner in which he was handling his job.

"It's funny, but I need only to spend an hour on one of the sites, and I spot several things we could do better or cheaper and increase production and profits," I told him. "Frankly, I just can't understand why you don't see them, too."

"But you *own* the properties," the superintendent declared. "You have a direct personal interest in everything that happens on or to them. That's enough to sharpen any man's eyes to ways of saving — and thereby making — more money."

Truth to tell, I'd never thought of it in quite that way before. I mulled over what George said for several days and then decided to try an experiment. I had another talk with Miller.

"Look, George. Suppose I farm the properties out to you," I suggested. "Instead of paying you a salary, I'll give you a percentage of the profits. The more efficient our operations, the bigger those profits will be — and the more money you'll make."

Miller gave the proposition some thought and then accepted the offer enthusiastically.

The change was immediate — and little short of miraculous. As soon as George realized that he, too, had a "direct personal interest" in the properties he really hit his stride. No longer merely a salaried employee, the superintendent became keenly concerned with cutting costs, boosting production and increasing the profits in which he was to share. He viewed operations on the drilling and well sites in an entirely different light, instantly recognizing — and correcting — faults which had theretofore eluded him.

Miller shucked unnecessary personnel from the payroll, pared operating expenses to the bone and used his considerable native ingenuity to devise better methods for getting the work done. Where he'd previously spent two and sometimes three days each week in the Los Angeles office, he now made only brief appearances there once or twice a month (continued on page 160)

BACKGROUND

behind the scenes
of the liston-
patterson fight

By **GERALD KERSH**

APART FROM priests and lawyers, anybody who claims to have had heart-to-heart conversation with Sonny Liston is either a ventriloquist or a liar. He has no inclination to talk and if he had he couldn't. Hence, practically every word he has ever said in public has been taken down and treasured, quoted and requoted. "*All I want is a referee who can count past eight*" has been translated into 36 languages. So has "*In this business you go into the ring to beat the other fellow.*" As for "*Caw-fee? You go ask Patterson for cawfee. I ain't got no cawfee. I can't afford no cawfee. You ask Patterson for cawfee!*" — that swept the world. It was one of the longest speeches Liston had ever made, and there was passion in it; some said a kind of wild poetry.

It was Frank Mastro of the *Chicago Tribune* who inspired it, out at Aurora Downs where Liston's camp was. Liston was in form that day. Something was goading him to the bitter eloquence of resentment. A Boston reporter asked him what size socks he took. Liston replied, "*Large*"; all made a careful note of that. "And how big is your neck?" — "*Eighteen and a half.*" "So what size collar do you take?" — "*Same as my neck.*"

I said, "One consolation:



markowitz

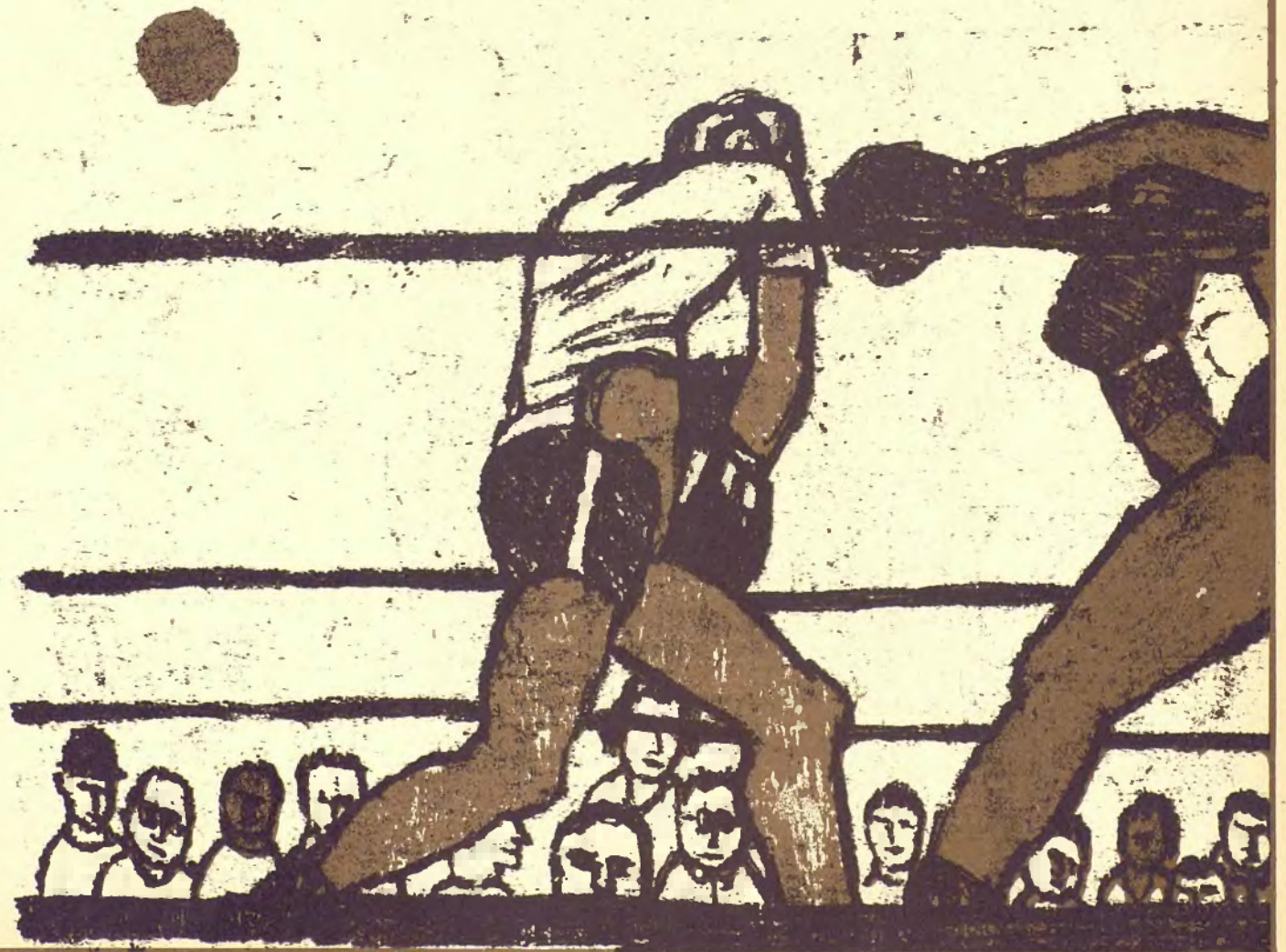
AND BATTLEGROUND

the anatomy and mystique of championship boxing

By BUDD SCHULBERG

THE CONTEST BETWEEN the heavyweight champion of the world and his logical challenger has drawn me to ringside since the days when Joe Louis was taking his first giant steps. I flew from California to New York in the slow prop days to watch Billy Conn move smartly around the impassive Bomber, with upset fever mounting until the champion caught up with the cocky light heavyweight from Pittsburgh in the 13th round. Prizefighting is a brutal sport; I have been involved in a love-hate relationship with it since my childhood days when I kept scrapbooks of my boxing idols, Benny Leonard, Fidel La Barba, the Negro mammoth George Godfrey, Mushy Callahan, whose autographed boxing gloves hung in a place of honor over my bed after he defeated the West Coast Battling Nelson, Ace Hudkins, destroyer of Ruby Goldstein.

Prizefighters and prizefighting have been part of my life all the way back to a frustrated small-boy evening when my father tried to ease me into the Benny Leonard-Ritchie Mitchell lightweight championship fight at the old Garden that lived on Madison Square. An outraged uniform insisted that prizefights were off limits to children and ordered me home to bed posthaste. Over the years I found myself meeting and making friends with fighters more easily than with, say, fellow writers or actors. When Rocky



KERSH We've got to see you fight, but you don't have to read what we write."

Liston bawled, "Joe! Joe! Talk to this feller!" — and a man in a T-shirt came and showed me his biceps. His right arm was his visiting card; his name was tattooed there, so that when he put the muscle up his name, Jos. Polino, sprang into view. "No," said he, "we don't read what you write." And since this was evidently meant to be funny, all laughed except Frank Mastro, who was possessed by a seething indignation. It wasn't the cup of coffee, or the lack of it, that got him, he said — it was the principle of the thing. And he didn't like the general atmosphere. Wherever you turned, there were policemen with guns on their hips; dark, sideways-looking men. It just wasn't good enough. And it would be a long cool day in hell before Mastro forgot the way Jack Nilon ordered him out of the ring when Liston was punching the bag a little while earlier. "Get out!" — like that.

I said, "Well, after all, Nilon owns Liston."

"I've been in the fight game 30 years," said Frank, "I was in it in the days when it was illegal. I didn't have no Polino to bandage my hands. I wore an old pair of kid gloves with the fingers cut off. I fought as often as three times in one night . . ."

"I've got to talk to Nilon," I said.

But this is easier said than done. Although the rest of us remained in Chicago, awaiting the fight, Nilon had gone back to Philadelphia. You couldn't get within 40 feet of Liston. Dead-silent and completely still, robed and cowed, his eyes rolled up and his mouth drawn down, he sat at a little table in the empty hall. Tiny and frightened, his wife sat near him. She, too, had nothing whatever to say. All approaches to them were barred. Nervous with the cares of his office, Polino, hand-taper, towel-holder, gentleman of the scanty wardrobe, waved us away, shouting, "Back there, back there! Your place is back there! Not here, back there!"

A big detective eased his holster on his hip and looked at us long and hard.

"Let's get the hell out of this," Mastro said.

"I want to get hold of Jack Nilon."

(continued on page 146)

SCHULBERG Marciano was getting ready to defend against Ezzard Charles, I would sit around his Grossinger's farmhouse with him swapping stories or talking everything from fights to films to religion. Rocky could concentrate on his training sessions as single-mindedly as Sonny Liston, but he had an engaging, disarmingly intellectual curiosity.

Unlike the recent participants in the most farcical dethronement in the history of the heavyweight division — Sonny (as in a storm cloud) Liston and Floyd (innerthink) Patterson — Rocky seemed to enjoy his meetings with the press. Archie Moore wallowed in them with uninhibited multisyllabic joy. Pros like Ezzard Charles and Jersey Joe Walcott accepted them as part of their paynight obligations. Upstart Cassius Marcellus Clay could have written — or at least dictated — *Advertisements for Myself* if Norman Mailer, noted writer and would-be fighter, had not beaten him to it.

But Sonny Liston and Floyd Patterson, as they prepared for what one of the myriad promoters described as "Boxing's Moon Shot, the biggest boost the

fight game ever received," tolerated the press with an unprecedented hostility, politely veiled by the tormented, forever insecure Floyd Patterson, impolitely unveiled by Sonny Liston, a man steeped in violence, who may be kind to his wife and fond of dogs and small children, but who punches into his outweighed sparring partners as if they were the sad, expendable human chattels they are.

The new champion says his idol is Joe Louis. Here he has chosen well. Boxing is a slum sport, born of poverty and a terrible need to break out of the hungry cellar of the have-nots, into the daylight of the wanted and the heeled. It is still the only way the poor, lost bottom dog, once the Irish, the Jew, the Italian, now the Negro and tomorrow the Puerto Rican, can fight his way up from overcrowded and broken homes, illiteracy, the delinquent gangs that become his true family, his streetcorner classrooms. Prize-fighting to our North American society is what bullfighting is to the Spanish and the Mexican, the one escape hatch to fame and fortune and respectability for the child forsaken.

(continued on page 136)



By **PHILIP WYLIE**



THE CAREER WOMAN

momism's corrosive critic dissects another deadly menace

WHEN THE HISTORY OF THE WESTERN WORLD is finally written — that is, if anybody survives to set it down — one type of person will be noted as the perfect symbol, if not a major cause, of the dreadful and ridiculous dilemma of this age of cowed men and bullish women. That figure will be no ruling male, no president, hero, genius, statesman, athlete or other such pants-wearing Influence as has usually swayed the tides of human affairs. It will be a woman, a woman of a special kind — if the term woman may be stretched beyond natural compass to include sub-humanoids whose main function is to sabotage sexuality.

The name we give these pseudobroads refers to a single aspect of them all: the fact that they have achieved commercial success in our society. Usually, that success lies in the general category of industry, commerce and business enterprise. This special breed may include females in the arts and professions, but it is mainly composed of executive brass — front-runners and she-mahouts in what we call the rat-race. Our name for them is career women.

Legend and ancient history, art and letters have always endeavored to warn noble and aspiring males against career tendencies in the other sex. Pandora, for instance, was a career woman who — in an act characteristic of the mink-bearing dragons of our times — disregarded taboo and opened a chest to satisfy her greedy curiosity, thereby setting loose all the ills of humanity. Other symbolic precursors of today's career women include the Harpies, Circe and Medusa, whose business enterprises were dedicated, respectively, to robbing strong men of their food, changing heroes into animals and turning men to stone.

Again, one finds in Judeo-Christian literature a multitude of prophetic examples. Consider Delilah and Salome, a pair of Miss Asia Minors who used their sex appeal to advance political and industrial aims — at considerable cost to those males who would impede them. The Salome story is especially apt, inasmuch as the twisting doll not only got her man beheaded (at the behest of her unsavory mom) but, exactly like her numerous sisters of the present day, she afterward danced in proud, imbecilic ecstasy at her triumph.

With such clear lessons embossed on the record it is saddening to observe that American men have not only neglected to heed them, but have also failed to note that hordes of such girl-guillotiners have now risen to lofty status in our midst. Some idea of the extent of milady's invasion of occupation territory may be gleaned from the 1962 *World Almanac's* breakdown of job groups by sex: Under the once masculine-oriented category of "Managers, officials and proprietors, except farm," a numbing total of 1,082,000 females is listed (as against 5,771,000

WYLIE males); under the general category of "Professional, technical and kindred workers" the chilling ratio is 2,448,000 women to 4,753,000 men. Today, only a militant minority of alarmed males stands ready to combat this deadly encroachment; only a few recognize the unnerving but verifiable fact that we are now guided in our everyday lives almost as much by Gorgons as by Congress or Kennedy.

If this appraisal seems, on casual reading, unwarranted, let the reader contemplate for a moment what it is that career women do. Where do they operate? In what areas of enterprise are they most numerous and powerful? Whom do they affect — and how?

They are, of course, the sachems of style and fiefs of fashion. They edit, co-edit or subedit the churning flux of women's magazines which, in turn, point the eyes (and ears, noses, heads and grabby arms) of mom, sis, auntie and grandma at What to Buy next, What to Do next, Where to Go, and so forth *ad nauseam*. As every man knows — and most unthinkingly accept — career women abound in a yet more directive and managerial field, that of advertising. Career women, perfumed pirates and inflated ignoramuses, have also set themselves up publicly as sages, and in endless syndicated columns undertake to resolve, with a flaccid flutter of their mindless minds, problems from irrefutable and baffled men — problems that Solomon wouldn't have touched after months of meditation.

Indeed, nearly all our American media of so-called communication are so strongly influenced by these Harpies and Medusas that most citizens under 50 years of age are not aware that there ever was a time when the sweet, sticky, claw-tipped fingers of females did not model or remodel, provide or withhold much of what we read, hear on radio and behold on TV. Consider, as the evidence, any big-city newspaper.

Newspapers, at one time, were written, set in type and distributed with primarily a male audience in mind. They were dedicated to the purveying of solid news and to sober (or witty) intellectual editorializing about the state and shape of the world. Such advertising as they contained was addressed to men — who, then, were America's purchasers — and not one ad had ever been censored, let alone "created" by any chrome-plated, high-heeled (and higher-handed) individual who was a woman only in that a post-mortem would show her to own the physical organs of the female.

Look now, however, at the newspaper. More than half of it, providing it's a successful journal, will consist of advertisements, of which 99 inches in every 100 will be aimed at women, who have become the American purchasers. For male newspaper readers there is, still, some news and a sports section. But the latter, nowadays, is likely to be smaller than another called "Woman's Pages" and still another called "Society News" and perhaps a third, called "Home Section" — a perusal of which will leave the investigator aware of the strange fact that, in America, "Home" must be a place inhabited by women and children only, and run for them, by them. Indeed,

the control exerted over us in this and kindred ways by career women has reached chilling proportions.

What has wrought this reversal, this female ascendancy, this daily Krakatoa of candied crap?

The career woman.

What is she like?

Chic. That, always. Hat-bearing: A hat is, for her, what a miter is for a Pope, a crown for a Caesar. High-heeled. Suit-wearing. Middle-aged: It takes time to turn a girl into an ogre. Middle-aged, like mom, that rapid great-busted goddess of a castrated continent. But incalculably more destructive. Beside her, mom and momhood are an absolute delight — in terms of basic motivation, misguided though it is.

She can be attractive, even — though rarely — beautiful. Demonstrably, there are in business today many svelte, charming, chic, sexy women — but the man who is sharp of eye can detect in nearly all of them the signs of burgeoning harridanism, and perceive premonitions of the hardening horror that is yet to be. Such a man must instantly be on the alert, for most dedicated career women will unhesitatingly use their sexuality in the manner of the Sirens, whose allure had a single professional intent: luring sailors off course and causing ships to be wrecked. The latter-day career woman has much the same obscene compulsion: She must compete with and, if necessary, cripple manhood and masculinity on earth, an enterprise that in healthier times would have evoked a universal, deep-bass laugh of derision.

But how can men laugh who have been reared and bred in the utterly unmale belief that they are lost, beat or silent? What have they to laugh at? Only themselves — and in a hollow, winded way that never will suffice to brush aside this werewoman who made them what they aren't today.

It is true that not all men are docile in the face of her manipulative ploys. A growing percentage of knowledgeable males are coming to recognize these shrill humanoids for what they are, and are managing either to keep them at arm's length or to anticipate and counter their perfumed power plays. But even the optimists among us must concede that this percentage is still pitifully small.

What of her habitat?

It is man's and she has infiltrated every cubic foot of it with the single exception of the toilet. The career woman is most numerous found in offices in big-city skyscrapers. Here, in subdued, bounced light she sits behind an acreage of desk, walnut or mahogany, which has so dissatisfied her in its natural state (like everything else) that she has had it bleached, as if it were not elegant wood but mousy hair. Rarely the president or board chairman, she holds as much sway over both as she can glean by her characteristic methods: espionage, blackmail and, if she is up to it, whoring. She knows where all the boss' bodies are buried and if she is not his mistress, which, usually, her synthetically deluding carcass prohibits, she knows where he keeps his wench. If — and the likelihood increases as career women multiply and virile men drop dead (continued on page 154)

By MORT SAHL

Mort Sahl has long been one of PLAYBOY's favorite comedic commentators on the contemporary scene. During the year just past, he had some amusing things to say about the magazine and the key club that PLAYBOY's editors felt readers would enjoy, so Mort consented to putting them down on paper, just the way he said them in his night-club act. For this reading, imagine you're in your favorite club: Mort is onstage, in his familiar sweater and open-necked shirt, but instead of the usual newspaper, he is holding PLAYBOY.

THE OTHER EVENING, out of desperation, I found myself in front of the Chicago Playboy Club. Whenever Hefner isn't throwing a party at his house, the town gets pretty desperate. There aren't any signs on the outside of any of the Playboy Clubs, you know — just rabbits. But I recognized it and I went in.

The Playboy Club in Chicago has five floors, and when I got into the lobby, I saw this sign, and it said, ENTERTAINMENT ON ALL LEVELS. All right, I thought. I'm ready for that! And then this girl came over to me — she was an ex-Playmate. You know — from the center of the magazine. Many are called, but few are chosen. She was wearing the Bunny ears, and the little cotton tail, and the black tie, with white collar and cuffs . . . that's about all. And she said, "Good evening, I'm your Bunny Rosalie." Or something like that.

"Good evening," I said. "Where's the action?"

So this chick says to me — the Bunny, she says, "In the Playroom, sir — on the fifth floor. The Bunnies are Twisting."

Have you ever seen that? You've never danced the Twist until you've Twisted with a Playboy Bunny. In the Miami Playboy Club, the Bunnies Twist on the piano. They have a Twist Party and do this dance that is kind of the theme of the Club: It's the Ultimate Promise Unkept. That's really it, you know.

So I started up the stairs and about half way up, I came upon this businessman. He was stretched out on a landing and they were working over him, giving him Playboy Oxygen. He was kind of out of his head. He could remember his key number all right, but not his name.

In the Playroom, there were a bunch of people sitting around and the members were Twisting with the Bunnies, and over in the corner I see the Editor-Publisher of PLAYBOY, *(continued on page 152)*

SAHL ON PLAYBOY

iconoclasm's comic laureate pays
the magazine and the key club a visit

By **ERNEST HEMINGWAY**

THE GREAT WRITER'S LAST REFLECTIONS ON HIMSELF, HIS CRAFT, LOVE AND LIFE

No man can ever reveal me to the world more vividly than I have chosen to reveal myself. No man can conceal himself from his fellow men, for everything he fashions and creates interprets him. I tell people all about myself in my books.

ON WRITING

FROM MY VERY FIRST NOVEL, I seem to have been conscious of my destiny. I never for a moment doubted that I was the pioneer of a new era, and I realized that in future years my every act would be regarded with great interest. I therefore determined that posterity should have a truthful report of all my acts and thoughts.

I AM A SEEKER for something beyond life and outside of time. But my aim is to present human life in its normal guise, never exalting or refining it. I am not a great thinker. I bring no burning messages to mankind. I know the world surprisingly well, however, and I touch its life at a thousand different points.

I NEVER HAD TO CHOOSE A SUBJECT — my subject rather chose me. Like other authors before me, I delight in men of power, in masters of situations, in masters of men. I become so infatuated with my theme that I can devote myself to nothing else. Inspiration can be as passionate as love.

MY NOVELS are drawn from the depths of my heart and experience, but I am not content to give them forth spontaneously and thoughtlessly. My writing habits are simple: long periods of thinking, short periods of writing.

I DO MOST OF MY WORK in my head. I never begin to write until ideas are in order. Frequently I recite passages of dialog as it is being written; the ear is a good censor. I never set a sentence down on paper until I believe I have it so expressed that it will be clear to anyone.

YET I SOMETIMES THINK my style is suggestive rather than direct. The reader must often use his imagination or lose the most subtle part of my thought.

I TAKE GREAT PAINS with my work, pruning and revising with a tireless hand. I have the welfare of my creations very much at heart. I cut them with infinite care, and burnish them until

A MAN'S CREDO

they become brilliants. What many another writer would be content to leave in massive proportions, I polish into a tiny gem.

I HAVE THE RARE GIFT of being able to apply my broad critical powers to my own work as if it were the production of another. I have not hesitated many times to reject that which a less conscientious writer would have left unquestioned.

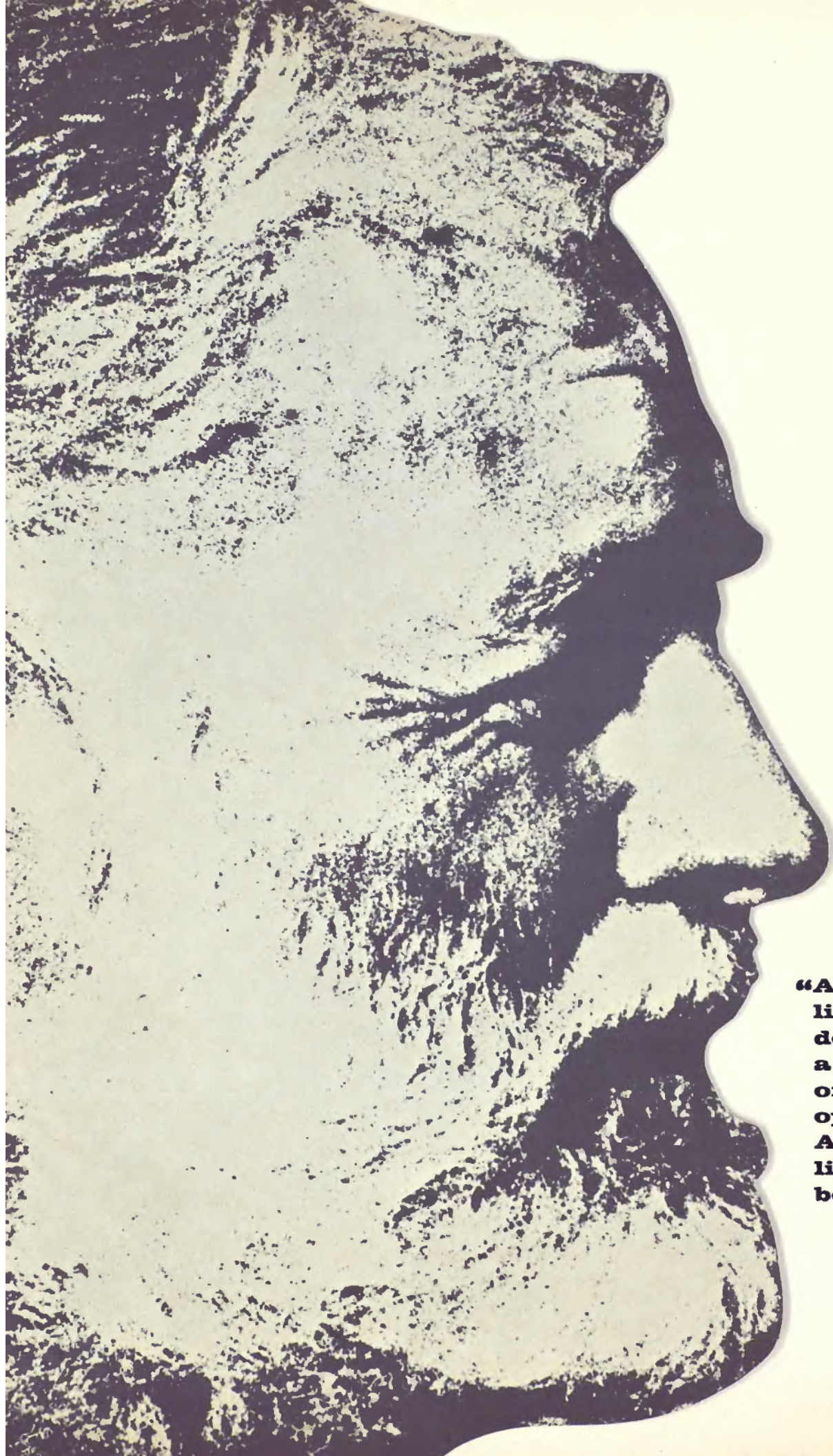
ONE SHOULD NEVER WRITE except to please oneself. I am happy writing. But I am not always happy about what I write.

I DO NOT BELIEVE that my books will ever stand as a monument to my memory — I have tried to be honest in my humility. I am a writer by determination rather (continued on page 124)

**“I could
sum up
my life in
four words:
I have
enjoyed
living.”**

**"I could
sum up
my life in
four words:
I have
enjoyed
living."**





**"A long
life
deprives
a man
of his
optimism.
A short
life is
better."**

MEETING WITH HEMINGWAY

from behind the iron curtain, a poetic
tribute to america's master of prose

By **EVGENY EVTUSHENKO**

We were sitting at an airport
in Copenhagen drinking coffee.
It was comfortable there, refined,
and elegant to the last degree.
Then suddenly he appeared — that old man
in a plain green parka with a hood,
his face deep tanned by the salty wind —
loomed up rather than appeared.
Furrowing through a crowd of tourists,
he walked as if he'd just been sailing a boat,
and like the sea-foam, his beard,
grown whiter, fringed his face.
He walked with grim, victorious
determination, generating a big wave
that swept through what was old but looked modern;
and pulling open the rough collar of his shirt,
he, refusing a vermouth or a Pernod,
asked for a glass of Russian vodka at the bar,
and pushed back with his hand the tonic: "No!"
With roughhewn hands, all scarred and dented,
in boots that made a mighty clatter,
in trousers indescribably stained and greasy,
he looked more elegant than anything nearby.
The earth seemed to sink beneath him —
so heavily did he tread upon it.
And one of us commented with a smile:
"Just look! The very spit of Hemingway!"
Expressed in every gesture, he walked off
with a fisherman's ponderous gait.
All out of granite roughly hewn, he walked
as men step through fire, through the ages.
He walked as if stooping in a trench;
walked moving men and chairs aside . . .
He resembled Hemingway so much!
Later I learned

that he indeed was Hemingway!

**"A long
life
deprives
a man
of his
optimism.
A short
life is
better."**

than natural talent — the best example of a self-made man that literature affords. I have never deserved the enormous success and fame that have been bestowed upon me.

I HAVE HAD MANY enthusiastic admirers who never read a single book of mine. But then the public has always tended to exaggerate my importance — and underestimate my significance.

BOOKS POSSESS AN ESSENCE of immortality. They are by far the most lasting products of human effort. Temples crumble into ruins, pictures and statues decay; but books survive. Time is of no account with great thoughts, which are as fresh today as when they first passed through their authors' minds, ages ago. What was then said and thought still speaks to us as vividly as ever from the printed page. The only effect of time has been to sift and winnow out the bad products; for nothing in literature can long survive but what is really good.

THE MODERN NOVELIST, aside from patience and ability to work hard, must possess a rare combination of powers. He must have sound judgment and an accurate sense of proportion to select and reject among ponderous masses of material, and to arrange all with due subordination of parts and with a true perspective. He must possess imagination, that he may project himself into the past as well as the present and actually live amid the themes which he describes. He must have critical insight, that he may trace causes and results and pronounce accurate judgments upon men and events. Only when a man has clear insight into the springs of human action can he truly begin to write well.

FEW NOVELS have everything: combat, pursuit, cruelty, sex, a host of strong characters, a story that plunges ahead like an armored division, and a respect for its characters and for truth.

ALL THAT MANY NOVELISTS WRITE in their later years is simply a recombination again and again of the scenes and characters and incidents of their earlier work, with less art and less enthusiasm and energy.

TOO MANY MODERN NOVELS teach no lesson and serve no purpose, except to chill the blood by mere revolting physical horror. It makes me happy to read a new novel by an unknown novelist that is empty of bitterness, intensely charitable and generally wise.

THE VALUE AND CHARM of a good book lie in its perfect simplicity, its frankness and its seemingly unconscious revelations of character and motive. It is simplicity both in language and thought. It is artless and free from conscious literary effort. But writing with straightforward simplicity is more difficult than writing with deliberate complexity.

A WRITER'S STYLE should be direct and personal, his imagery rich and earthy, and his words simple and vigorous. The greatest writers have the gift of brilliant brevity, are hard workers, diligent scholars and competent stylists.

MANY SUCCESSFUL WRITERS are able to tell absorbing and expert stories about almost nothing. The greatest literary faults of modern writers are their tendencies to overornament and their fondness for superficial glitter. I am always afraid of meeting a writer whose books are full of technical virtuosity.

MUCH WRITING published today is crude and defective in art. Too many authors write rapidly and carelessly, seldom correcting their first manuscript dashed off in the heat of composition. As a result, the faults of their style are very glaring. Their dialogs are far from natural, their words ill-chosen, their English often slovenly in the extreme. Many of their novels are without unity of plot and action. The story is at times tediously spun out, running on and on like the tale of a garrulous storyteller. They seem to have little idea of what the next chapter of their novel will contain. And sometimes they drag in strange and utterly unnecessary scenes with no apparent reason whatever. They often introduce new characters near the end of the book. And their characters are either monsters or angels, dissected with disgusting minuteness. They act often without sufficient motive, are cold and lifeless, mere symbols used in the solution of some vague, fantastic problem of destiny. And the plots are glaringly improbable. In these books there is little that is connected with the real, living world.

ON TOIL AND TIME

IN A CALM SEA every man is a pilot.

BUT ALL SUNSHINE without shade, all pleasure without pain, is not life at all. Take the lot of the happiest — it is a tangled yarn. Bereavements and blessings, one following another, make us sad and blessed by turns. Even death itself makes life more loving. Men come closest to their true selves in the sober moments of life, under the shadows of sorrow and loss.

COMMON OBSERVATION ought to teach us how impossible it is to avoid difficulties, if we would succeed in any great enterprise. We ought to be thankful for them. They test our capacities of resistance. Character evokes out of frustration. It is only after we have studied and tested ourselves, and overestimated our talents to our injury, more than once, that experience gives us the proper estimate of our own strength and weakness.

TO REGRET ONE'S ERRORS to the point of not repeating them is true repentance. There is nothing noble in being superior

to some other man. The true nobility is in being superior to your previous self.

IN THE AFFAIRS OF LIFE or of business, it is not intellect that tells so much as character, not brains so much as heart, not genius so much as self-control, patience and discipline, regulated by judgment.

WISDOM IS LIFE'S LAST GIFT to the mature mind. The man of experience learns to rely upon time as his helper. Time has been described as a beautifier and as a consoler; but it is also a teacher. It is the food of experience, the soil of wisdom. It may be the friend or the enemy of youth. Time will sit beside the old as a consoler or as a tormentor, according as it has been used or misused, and the past life has been well or ill spent.

LIFE IS ALMOST SPENT before we know what it is. But existence is not to be measured by mere duration. An oak lives for centuries, generation after generation of mortals in the meanwhile passing away. But who would exchange for the life of a plant a single day of the existence of a living, conscious, thinking man?

THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS in life that are so beautiful and so deeply moving that I feel a little ashamed for not having appreciated them more. Still, I could sum up my life in four words: I have enjoyed living.

ON DEATH AND FEAR

THE BOOK which I wished to be the crowning work of my life was *The Old Man and the Sea*. The work was done under great difficulties. Old age was creeping upon me. But few men die of old age. Almost all die of disappointment, passionate, mental or bodily work, or accident. Man is the most hard worked of all animals. A long life often deprives man of his optimism. A short life is better.

THERE IS SCARCELY ANY MAN who has not, at one time or another in the course of his life, suffered more pain than is ordinarily felt by people when they die. The pang of death, a famous doctor once told me, is often less than that of a toothache.

ALL ARE CALLED TO BATTLE and destined to die, but cowards die futilely. I have always believed that the first duty for a man is still that of subduing fear. Nothing discourages a man more than cowardice and a fear of danger. The smooth way it makes difficult, the difficult inaccessible. Human beings often undergo much needless fear because they are afraid to search out all the facts. For fear of finding the fact worse than the fear, they often fear what is much worse than the fact. They go on through life thinking they have seen a ghost, and miserable in the thought. It is better to know the worst than live on week after week in fear of the worst.

(concluded on page 175)

a portfolio of the past delightful dozen



MISS OCTOBER: LAURA YOUNG

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

THE NEW YEAR, WROTE POET EDWARD FITZGERALD, is a time for "reviving old desires." So it is with New Year's resolve that we now recall the joys—or rather, the Myras, Lauras, Robertas and Junes—that unfolded before us in our past 12 Playmate-of-the-Month features. The happy and obviously rewarding search for our perfect dozen took us this year to the north woods of Canada (for two Playmates), to the sound stages of Hollywood (for two more), to a country club, a department store, a riding stable, and—not surprisingly—to our own Playboy Clubs. Conjuring up the pleasures of the not-so-distant past, our sentimental journey begins with a return to languid Laura Young, whom we first met on the rolling green of a golf course where she carded an impressive 36-25-36. Since appearing as our Playmate in October, Laura has attracted a national gallery as a fashion model.



MISS MARCH: PAMELA GORDON

Left: The cantilevered (39-23-35) architecture of a Vancouver construction firm receptionist named Pamela Anne Gordon gained her the additional prominence, in March, of becoming PLAYBOY's first Canadian Playmate. Since then, prodigious Pam — an indoor girl at heart — has bowed to demands for an encore by signing on as one of the showbizziest Bunnies at our Chicago Playboy Club. Right: A teenage bent for nonstop telephone talking was displayed by beguiling bobby-soxer Roberta Lane when she appeared at her blue-jeaned best as our April Playmate. Now she chats over a business phone as a grown-up girl Friday for a New York lingerie manufacturer. Our sylvan shot of Bobbie sans sox proves that she is still quite obviously the right number (34-21-34).

MISS APRIL: ROBERTA LANE

Right: Kittenish Kari Knudsen, a Norwegian with a knack for knitting, was fittingly featured in nothing but a sweater as our February Playmate. Now a New Yorker, Kari hasn't tarried in her pursuit of acting honors; she's been seen in such TV series as *Naked City* and *The Defenders* and has also added her touch to *A Touch of Mink*. Returning to our pages, Kari again pulls our eyes over the wool — and her 36-23-35 figure.

MISS FEBRUARY: KARI KNUDSEN





MISS NOVEMBER: AVIS KIMBLE

Right: Cat fanciers may remember that a sleepy Siamese lounged contentedly on the covers of Avis Kimble's downy bed when we captured the Kimble contours in our November issue. The rest of us, however, are more likely to remember Avis, an upbeat bohemian of literary bent and artistic (39-22-36) lines who was equally at home on either side of an easel. Continuing to pursue her muse, Avis is currently penning a book of poetry. Left: A freewheeling bicyclist built (36-22-36) for beauty, California's Merissa Mathes wore only a beribboned bonnet when she appeared as our pastoral Playmate in June. After her camera poise was uncovered, Merissa forsook the cycling path for the high road to Hollywood. But a movie career is only a peddle push toward her ultimate ambition: her own cattle ranch.

MISS JUNE: MERISSA MATHES



Left: The dog days of August held no terriers (or poodles either) for PLAYBOY readers who caught the cool beauty of generously (39-23-35) endowed Jan Roberts as she perched in pumps and the mere suggestion of a negligee over a breakfast bar in her Chicago apartment. Unlike many Playmates who have gone on to win their ears as Playboy Club Bunnies, Jan was one of our hutch honeys even before she made the centerfold scene.

MISS AUGUST: JAN ROBERTS





MISS MAY: MARYA CARTER

Right: Off California's rocky coast we first caught sight of mermaidly Marya Carter, our Playmate for May. A sprightly water nymph who showed flawless (37-23-36) form as a scuba-and-ski buff, Marya minus swimsuit is enough to lure any man onto the rocks. Since her splash on our pages, Marya has abandoned her beachnik ways to get into the swim of showbiz as a fixture on Jackie Gleason's weekly TV spectacular.



MISS SEPTEMBER: MICKEY WINTERS

Right: In September, when we pictured high-riding Mickey Winters "hitting the hay" in a lofty pose, several of our readers needled us by agreeing that Mickey was stacked (36-18-34) indeed, but upon oat straw rather than hay. Straw vote or gallop poll, our answer to Lady Godiva still ranked as one of the most popular Playmates of the year. Left: Unne Terjesen was framed in regal splendor when she appeared as our July Playmate. But there is a tomboyish half to elegant (39-23-39) Unne that blossoms, from time to time, into tree climbing and motorcycle mania. Runner-up in the 1960 Miss Norway contest, Unne forsook fjords to come to Vancouver two years ago. Since her PLAYBOY debut, she has moved into full-time fashion modeling.



MISS JULY: UNNE TERJESEN



MISS JANUARY: MERLE PERTILE

Left: When we first considered pert Merle Pertile as a Playmate candidate, we felt certain we had seen her somewhere before. And so we had; Merle was a regular on our *Playboy's Penthouse* TV show originating in Chicago. In the 12 months since we channeled her into the pages of PLAYBOY, Merle has roled up an impressive list of Hollywood credits. But even before she garnered speaking parts, her projection (38-22-34) was outstanding.

Right: Proof that the Yule season is a joyous one was fetchingly offered in our December issue with the unwrapped presence of five-foot-two June Cochran, gifted with 36-20-34 holiday trimming. An Indiana lass who has won her state title in both the Miss Universe and Miss World contests, June is now a convention co-ordinator. But one look at June in January is enough to convince us that she's far from just conventional.

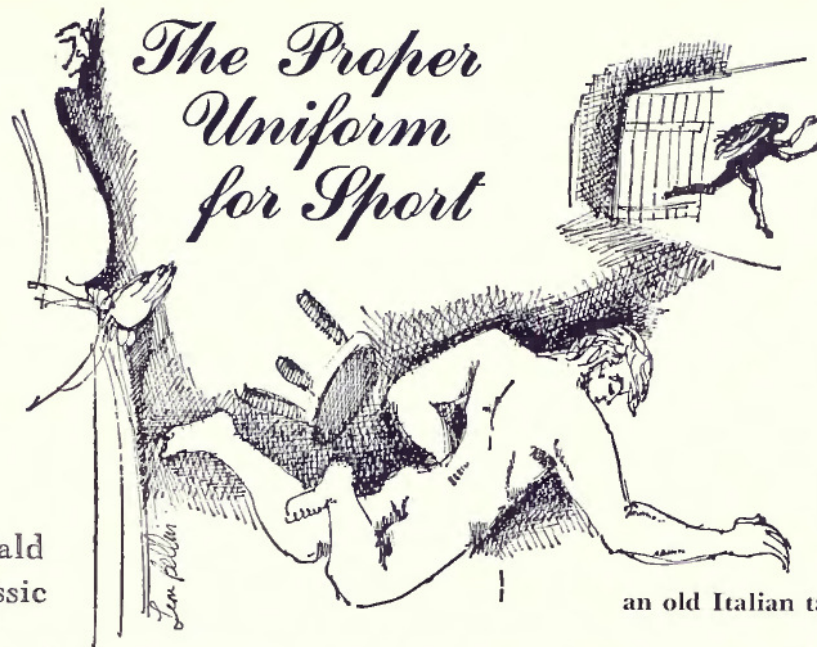
MISS DECEMBER: JUNE COCHRAN



*"... And I hereby resolve
to be a good girl
this coming year —
starting first thing
tomorrow morning!"*



Vargas



Ribald
Classic

an old Italian tale

A GARRISON HAD BEEN SET UP in Turino for the purpose of providing quarters for the wives of Italian Army officers on the march. Named to the detail in charge of this garrison was a youthful sergeant, known among his comrades for his ability to enjoy even the most adverse circumstances.

And, appearances notwithstanding, this garrison detail was indeed adverse, for while the men were surrounded by an abundance of women at all times, likewise they were under the charge of an elderly colonel whose sole basis of judgment was the book of military regulations.

It was in this atmosphere that the sergeant made the acquaintance of an attractive young woman, the wife of an officer 20 years her senior who was interested in matters of the military much more than in matters of the heart. The sergeant found in her a girl whose very being exuded the spirit of life. Immediately he fell in love with her; and, as swiftly, she became enamored of him. As might be expected, soon their knowledge of each other became physical as well as spiritual.

At the same time, living also in the garrison was the widow of an elderly major, herself quite lacking in the attributes that attract men. She was insulted, however, that the young sergeant did not see fit to associate himself with her, and thereupon vowed that she would make him regret his choice in women.

One night, while the two young lovers were together in a particular barn, the old woman entered with a light. Seeing her before she saw them, the lovers began to run. The sergeant, completely naked, fell over a milking stool, and was observed by the woman. Immediately, she accosted the colonel and related the happening to him; then she demanded

that the sergeant be disciplined. The colonel, however, held to another view.

"The regulations regarding evidence maintain that hearsay is inadmissible," said he. "Therefore, it is impossible to charge adultery, as you claim, for we know not that he was adulterous except by your accusation. Our knowledge is limited to the fact that he was found unclothed. This, milady, is not adultery."

Thereupon the old woman proceeded to the library where she embarked upon a study of legal volumes. Two days later she emerged and marched to the colonel's office, where she charged that the sergeant was guilty of being out of uniform. The colonel nodded thoughtfully and sent out arresting officers, for, in truth, the charge did apply. Likewise, however, he journeyed to the library himself and gazed reflectively upon the inscription, "*Ubi Iniuria, Ibi Remedia*" ("Where there is an injury, there is also a cure"). He spent several hours in meditation and returned to the court, whereupon he ruled as follows:

"In such instances as members of the military are engaged in sport, they may elect to wear whatever clothing might be appropriate for the sport in which they are engaged, in which event there shall be no violation if the attire is neat."

The sergeant was freed, returned to his lover and proceeded to enjoy the circumstances. Meanwhile the colonel scheduled a series of appointments for the old woman, at which appointments, he would have us believe, he intended to describe more fully the law as pertains to questions of suitability. Naturally, we are inclined to draw our own conclusions on the subject, keeping at all times in mind the colonel's wisdom and his motto.

—Retold by Paul J. Gillette



Over the years it has been fascinating for me to watch the development of young men with little or no education, no poise except with their gloved hands inside a fighting ring, no confidence with their so-called "superiors," steadily grope their way to maturity and social adjustment. Joe Louis came out of the dark nowhere of depression- and prejudice-ridden Detroit, but fast of hand and slow of speech, there was a grace about him, in the dressing room and at the training camp conference, that quickly won the not easily given hearts of the working press.

If necessity is the mother of invention, responsibility may be the mother of human dignity. Joe Louis said little, but what he said had substance. When Wendell Willkie, the eloquent Presidential candidate, in the ring for the Joe Louis-Buddy Baer World War II charity fight, told the crowd that we were sure to win because God was on our side, unlettered Joe corrected him. Said the champion, putting his title on the line for nothing, a patriotic gesture no aircraft or electronics profiteer was to emulate—"We are on God's side." Joe's origins had been humble and his sponsors were a pair of well-endowed numbers men from Detroit, but the responsibility of the heavyweight championship rested nicely on his broad and supple shoulders. You might say he grew into the job, as did, in their individual ways, Jim Braddock and Rocky Marciano.

Others have failed their roles for reasons interesting to analyze even if you are not keen fans or close students of this cruel chess game of a sport. Jack Sharkey, clever for his size, appeared to take one of the rare dives in the history of this championship when he fell before Primo Carnera, who towered like Samson and punched with all the power of a second-rate featherweight. Primo, delivered up for slaughter by the mob after they had fattened on his purses, was mercilessly chopped down by Maxie Baer, the formidable front-runner, who preferred doing his roadwork with the opposite sex, blew his 10-1 shot to Braddock, the brave retreat, and had to be lifted off the rubbing table to go to his execution against Joe Louis. Since this is a cruel sport, it makes excessive demands on the flesh and spirit. It has its own dure code. Primitive and primordial it may be, but in this day of automation, the organization man, conformity, the brooding passivity of the beats and the beatniks, I find the old-fashioned virtues, pride, courage and personal determination attractive, even inspiring elements separating men from sheep and champions from pseudochampions looking for paynights, merely passing through.

The crowd remembers and knows the difference. Chicago, where Floyd Patter-

son, the heavyweight Hamlet, earned or rather received \$13,492 per second for his inept and futile two minutes and six seconds against Sonny Liston, the pile driver who walks like a man, is the city where the referee was counting out Jersey Joe Walcott while J. J. was counting his money after Marciano had dumped the aging cutie in round one. And long ago in the same cow-town metropolis on the lake there was the stirring one-rounder between Joe Louis and Kingfish Levinsky, who had to be pried loose from his stool and literally flung into what was laughingly called combat by his brave managers, including his sister, a lady who surely would have provided more opposition for Joe that sorry night. Chicago is a slaughterhouse town and perhaps it is the pervading odor of sudden, sledgehammer death that hangs over its coliseum that numbs the nervous systems of its one-round gladiators.

But the crowd—4000 of whom paid \$100 per seat and wandered from Comiskey Park asking each other what Liston had hit Patterson with, while 14,000 others (about half of what had been expected) paying down to \$10 for seats from which even Liston looked like a midget—didn't even bother to ask each other because nobody had seen nothin'. This crowd remembers. It will be a long time before Roy Cohn and the Brothers Bolan lure them back to Comiskey, even if it's scaled from five bucks ringside to four bits in the bleachers. One redeeming feature of the fiasco was the safety valve of American laughter. "I have better fights with my wife," one frustrated ticket holder was heard to say. And outside as the disappointed fled into the night, resourceful vendors hawking their pathetic souvenirs were croaking, "Here ya are—only 15 cents—here ya getya money's worth." A few passersby smiled, but no sale. The \$100-seat celebrities were off to the parties to drink and ogle fancy ladies. Then 10-buck *aficionados*, who had come to root Patterson, the "good guy," were in no mood to wave any Liston banners over their beers. Here and there a true fan of the old days remembered a genuine heavyweight defense in his town, 25 years before, almost to the day.

That was when Jim Braddock, whom Joe Gould had resurrected from the Jersey docks, was in there against the 23-year-old Joe Louis. No one gave the old longshoreman a chance. Joe Gould, who told me the whole story shortly before he passed on to wherever good fight managers go, had taken the precaution of looking out for Jim (and Gould) by making one of the silent provisions of the deal a 10 percent interest in Louis' future title purses. That was Gould's business. Braddock's business was to fight. He performed with honor. The

word pride comes readily to Patterson's lips, but Braddock carried his pride where it seems to function best. A more seasoned, better-schooled fighter than Patterson, never overprotected by a shrewdly paternalistic manager like Cus D'Amato, a veteran of Queensberry wars, Braddock was able to knock Louis down. But Joe got up and came on, stronger every round, while the old legs of Gould's breadwinner were running down like a mechanical toy's. At the end of seven, Gould, a man of sensitivity, whose pockets were bulging with the advance money in cash, thinking of his client's health, and perhaps of their newly acquired interest in the imminent champion, urged Braddock to surrender. "If you let 'em stop it, I'll never speak to you again," muttered the hopelessly outgunned defender. "I wanna lose it in the middle of the ring where I belong."

Louis obliged him in the next round, knocking him cold. Braddock was satisfied. That's how prizefighters are, when they *are*. Thus spoke Barney Ross when Henry Armstrong was dishing him a beating it seemed impossible for this old welterweight marvel to survive. He insisted on suffering his ordeal to the final bell of the 15th. It is a kind of pride that passes understanding for us ordinary mortals.

There seem to be two kinds of courage, the suspension of the imagination that Hemingway once described, and the control of the imagination. Hemingway, who devoted most of his life and his art to this basic but complex problem, called the latter "grace under pressure." I wonder if Hemingway and other novelists have been to prizefights, not only because the outdoor title fight is an American social phenomenon, but because a man comes into a fight stripped to his essentials. He cannot depend on the support and cooperation of teammates. There he stands alone under the heat of the ring lights and the thousand eyes of the crowd for whom it is so easy. A distinguished colleague of mine, who knows his sweet science, has written in another magazine that he is leery of psychological interpretations of prizefights. The men simply come in and fight to the best of their skills, he says. I dissent. I have seen men beat themselves in training camps. I have seen a man take the fight out of a better man by convincing him that the former is in control. It is a way of getting off, a way of asserting. And beyond this, there is the chess game, the feinting, the correct appraisal of the other man's rhythm, even the stratagem of allowing punches to land glancingly, so as to build up false confidence. Encouraged, the opponent grows careless. Thinking of moves ahead, the chess-player-fighter is waiting for the opening he will provoke. There are ruses and counterruses, but at

last the true nature of the man reveals itself.

Discussing the abortive "moon shot," the most lucrative paynight in all fight history, in the frenetic pressroom at the fight headquarters in Chicago, I was telling a New York sportswriter how I had enjoyed previous fight assignments because, like a painter making sketches for some longer work, I could put down in the best words at my disposal the form, the look, the feel, the significant details of the match. They had been like exercises in creative writing: *Observe closely, then try to recreate the experience.* This time, I complained, instead of the experience being over, it had barely begun. Since there was no fight, one must probe deeper, behind the fight, around the fight, with a hard look at the past and an educated look into the future. That's right, he agreed, to cover this fight you have to be not just a boxing expert, but a racket investigator, a tax wizard and a psychoanalyst.

I don't qualify for any of those, but if Norman Mailer, with whom I lived first in friendly, then in anxious proximity during that agitated fight week in Chicago, can swing on Archie Moore the night of the fight (Archie slipped it nicely and retired to a neutral corner) and pre-empt Liston's chair at the press conference the following morning and call the new champion a bum (clean-cut decision for Liston, leaving not blood but egg on fearless young novelist's face) — that kind of courage is infectious and so I came away from Chicago ready to appraise the new champion and the ex-champion as fighting men, as racket-prone, as potential millionaires and as *rehabilités*. I doubt if there is such a word, but the way things are going in the boxing business I fear it will have to be thrust into a language already overburdened with little monsters like *finalized* and *psyched*.

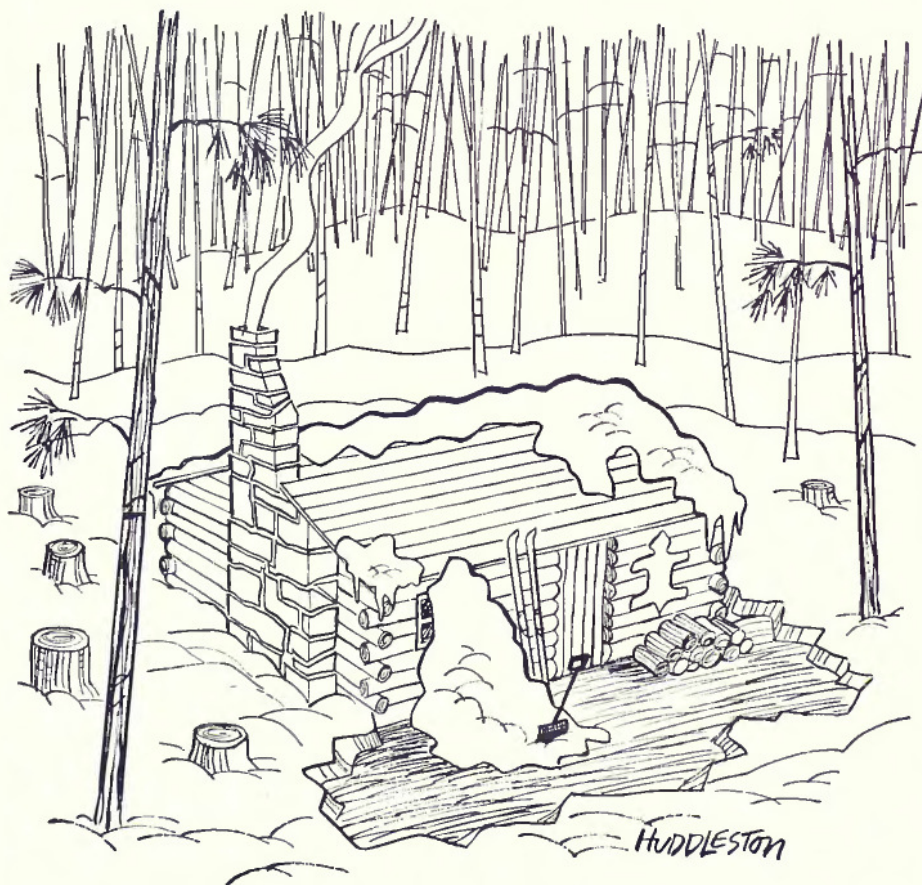
Sonny Liston, even if he remains a dark spot on the conscience of the New York Athletic Commission, and other august bodies who frown on ex-cons with underworld connections, is now the undisputed champion of this troubled world. He is the most heavyweight this witness has seen since Joe Louis. He is not as fast as Joe, as crisp or as clever, but he is bigger and stronger. Louis scaled under 200 when he was in his youthful prime; when he weighed as much as Liston did for Patterson he was overweight and overhill. Liston is a true, not an aging and overstuffed 214. He is not as awkward and ponderous as some of the experts believed. Watching him train at the forlorn, abandoned racetrack, Aurora Downs, he performed his now celebrated rope-skipping dance to the wild strains of his favorite *Night Train* for 24 minutes. Joe Louis, and everyone else on hand for this ritualistic

war dance, was impressed. In fact a number of writers, this one included, were plain frightened. He skips rope with a primitive, nimble vengeance that belies his size and dramatizes his superb condition. In the past I have seen finely conditioned athletes, Louis and Marciano for two, and Liston now forms with them a trinity of holy terrors. If no suitable contender can be dredged up — and the runners-up now seem a pitiful collection — he may have a future as a novel attraction at the Copa and the spas of Vegas, skipping his own unique choreography to the screaming beat of *Night Train*. I think I'd go to see it again, which is more than most of us who were there could say for a reprise of his demolition of Patterson. Willie Reddish, his big, hard-fat, surly-eyed, mournful-moustached trainer, plays a grim second banana to another promising act. Willie hurls a 12-pound medicine ball with all his old Philadelphia might at Liston's belly, which receives the blow without a flicker of reaction from Liston's face. In fact Liston's massive features are a study in imperturbability. The heavy ball drops from Liston's gut as from a brick wall and Liston tosses it back nonchalantly, occasionally grunting for Willie to throw it *harder*.

Everybody obeys Liston. This is his camp. He has no manager of record, only

an "adviser," in little eager-beaver Jack Nilon, a Philadelphia caterer to football games who seems to have been chosen for this position of responsibility near the throne because he never set eyes on or even heard of Blinky Palermo. Palermo is the well-known Philadelphia philanthropist presently out on \$100,000 bail for attempting to muscle in on an erstwhile welterweight champion called Don Jordan. Blinky enjoys a reputation for taking wonderful care of his fighters on the way up. Ask Billy Fox or Johnny Saxton, sometime when you happen to be dropping in on the asylum. It would be nice if one could tell the *Sonny Liston Story* without soiling it with the fingerprints of "our man in Philadelphia." But honesty, or at least a few honest doubts, must prevail.

Liston hits the speed bag with quicker hands than his heft would suggest, occasionally ripping the hide off it to expose its bulging bladder. On the heavy bag he throws the meanest left hook I have ever seen. When he drops this awful weapon on his light heavyweight sparring partners, their legs tremble and they double in pain. It is not pretty to see. Sonny was one of 25 children in the cotton-picking fields of Arkansas, and they say his old man, whose wife had run off to the wilds of St. Louis, beat him every day until Sonny grew big enough



"The way that snow is piled up out there, Miss Johns, we'll probably be stuck here a week."

to beat him back. He ran off to St. Louis to hunt down his mother; size and anger made a cop-fighter and a man out of the boy who prowled the streets. There was no Wiltwyck to reform and tame him, as in Patterson's case. Now Sonny can work out his hostilities, as we analysts say, on his little sparring partners. The champion of the world, as of 9:30 P.M. on the night of September 25th, was to fare no better. Sonny's sparmates call him The Bear and fear his viciousness and more than earn their \$25 per round. Even Floyd Patterson, enjoying the higher compensation of \$1,700,000 for two thirds of a round, was not made happy by the experience.

After Liston had shown all I needed to see to reconfirm an early summer opinion, I attached myself to a small select group of sportswriters who were to have a private audience with Liston before his main press conference. These were reporters for national weeklies and big-city sports desks. Bob Teague, a bright newspaperman who happens to share skin pigmentation with Liston and sociability with the rest of us, went in to see "what mood Sonny is in." "If he's in a good mood he'll see you," Teague explained, somewhat apologetically. "I think he's in a good mood today." I could not have judged this from the workout I had just seen, only that The Bear had a hell of a left hook.

Bob Teague returned to say that he was awfully sorry but Sonny was not in a good mood after all. Liston, it seems, like a blind man with a heightened sense of touch, compensates for a slight inability to read and write by remembering the faces of newspapermen whose comments have offended him. He had spotted such a culprit in the crowd. For a man who can take a medicine ball hurled at his stomach with cannonball speed, he is as thin-skinned as Patterson and much more forceful in expressing his resentments. He does not like newspapermen to refer to his past. Since he has been arrested 19 times since 1950, served as a headbreaker for John Vitale, a St. Louis netherworlder with both Teamster and suspected Mafia connections, and has twice been picked up with Barney Baker, the 300-pound Teamster enforcer now doing time for selling out his union brothers for a couple of Gs, it is sometimes difficult for reporters to keep some of these unhappy facts from creeping into their Liston pieces. So bye-bye good mood. "Caruso will not sing tonight," one of the newsweekly men protested. "Who the hell does he think he is?" asked a man from a working daily who needed the interview. "He thinks he's Sonny Liston, the next champion of the world, and I'm afraid he's right," said another.

We contented ourselves with a joint conference presided over by Liston and his distinguished visitor, Ingemar Jo-

hansson, who, for one mad and glorious year, held this profitable championship. Liston wore his hair tight to his head like a monk's cap. He fixed his small audience with an ask-me-a-question-I-dare-ya glare. Perhaps for that reason the first question was addressed to Ingo, the Swedish capitalist. In one paper he had picked Patterson for his speed. In another paper he had touted Liston for his strength. Which side was he on? Ingemar peered at the stolid Liston through his shrewd baby-blue eyes. "I—don't know," he said after a suspenseful pause. "For this the great expert is imported from Goteborg," we muttered.

Then Ingo was asked about his subpoena; seems he put his hand out on arrival anticipating a handshake, and an unkindly stranger slipped a subpoena into it, enjoining him not to leave the country until he had anted up the cool million Uncle Sam is looking for in back taxes.

Now the rebel, the outsider that Sonny Liston has been all his life showed in a broad smile. He and Ingo weren't black man and white man now, but fellow-victims of the Law. "That'll teach ya t' shake hands with strangers," Sonny laughed, for the first time. Another tax question tossed Ingo's way brought this warning from Sonny: "Don't tell him nothin', ya'll just make it worse."

When the questions turned to Sonny's craft, why he was working so little with his right, did he have a plan for the fight, just how good a fighter did he think Patterson was, the eternal post-workout interrogation, Sonny was sullen again. He thought the questions were foolish and obvious, and to most of them he merely grunted and glared. "You fellers look at the sun, then ya ask me if the sun is shinin'." His faithful colleagues, Reddish, Palino, Purulli, who have been loyal yardmen in the vineyards of Blinky Palermo, were studies in poker-faced hostility. In fact, in some 30 years of training camp visits, this was the most unfriendly. "It's like covering Lubianka," I whispered to a friend whose question had just been answered with a Liston *look*, a stare that puts Karloff's and Lugosi's in the Bobbsey Twins' class. And when Liston did talk, his voice sounded muffled and distant, from some hole deep inside him, almost as if issuing up out of a tomb.

If a top New York stage designer had been asked to design ideally contrasting training camps for Liston and Patterson he could not have provided better than Aurora Downs and Marycrest, the bucolic Catholic farm retreat for underprivileged children where Patterson was finishing six months of intensive preparation for the listless two-minute fight. It was a lovely fall day, harvest time in Illinois with fields of yellow cornstalks and horses grazing in green meadows. There was Ted Carroll, the erudite

Negro cartoonist now installed as a Patterson press attaché. We reminisced about the night we were stranded together at the Robinson-Gavilan fight outside Philadelphia and jumped the back of an open truck as rain began to fall. We remembered the first Walcott-Marciano fight when Rocky was down, glazed and cut in the first round, doubled almost to the dropping point in the 12th, and then with the blood continuing to stream down into his eyes, somehow pulled himself together out of semi-blindness and dropped Walcott with a classic hook to the jaw. We were in one of the front press rows, and it seemed as if the entire population of Brockton, Mass., was running up our backs, across our shoulders and leaping from our heads into the ring to embrace their new champion.

Cus D'Amato, a strange, squat monk of a man who had served as Patterson's Svengali in Floyd's groping, amateur days after his return from Wiltwyck, but whom Floyd has gradually, persistently cut out of his life, was running *The Floyd Patterson Story*, a remarkable film documentary that proves conclusively that Floyd Patterson is the greatest heavyweight since Sullivan and Corbett went at each other in the first Queensberry title fight (gloves, no longer to a finish, three-minute rounds, etc.). The film opens with Corbett losing his title to Ruby Bob Fitzsimmons with Bat Masterson as the third man. This encounter had been part of my boxing mythology, Corbett the master boxer and Fitzsimmons the bald freak of a middleweight who could take out ranking heavyweights with a single punch. In this bit of grainy film history, they looked slow and unattractive. Ruby Bob fetches Corbett one in the stomach pit and down slides my idol, slumping along the canvas without any noticeable effort to rise, as had Willard and Dempsey and Louis and Marciano. "A couple of bums," Cus commented over the sound track. "Floyd would've licked them both the same night."

The film went on to show Cus' indomitable tiger leaping on and devouring a score of opponents, each one glowingly described. When the well-edited mayhem reached Archie McBride I felt a pang, for Archie had trained in my Pennsylvania barn and the local postman and I had been his first managers. We had thought of him for the local rings of Trenton and Reading and had not realized he would finally be in the Garden with Patterson, in Havana with Valdez, then the number one contender, in Chicago beating lethal Bob Satterfield, and losing a squeaker to Johansson in Goteborg, where the local referee, and Ingemar, frowned on infighting. I remembered the dressing room in the Garden after Floyd dropped Archie to his hands and knees for the full count

REMEMBER HOW WE MET STEVIE? THE VERY FIRST WORDS YOU EVER SAID TO ME WERE-



The Thinker

-HAVE YOU READ "DAS KAPITAL"?



I WAS A BOY THEN, DOROTHY.

A WILD, HUNGRY, GOD SEARCHING BOY - LUSTING AFTER ABSOLUTES IN A GODLESS WORLD - AN IMMATURE PICTURE, DOROTHY.



AND THEN - DISILLUSION AND DESPAIR. A REJECTION OF ALL THINGS HOLY AND UNHOLY - A LOSS OF FAITH IN MAN -



I BECAME DEDICATED TO APATHY! ALL I ASKED WAS AN END TO MY INNER TORMENT - AN END TO SEARCHING!



AND FINALLY - A NEW AWAKENING - A NEW VISION - A LEAVING BEHIND OF ALL DOGMA - AT LAST I HAD LOST MY PASSION FOR FALSE GODS!



THEN YOU ARE YOUR OWN MAN NOW, STEVIE?

COMPLETELY.



HAVE YOU READ ANY "ZEN"?



JULIUS FEIFFER

in the seventh. Archie had cried and apologized for not doing better. "Too many hands," he kept saying, staring at the floor from the rubbing table with that listless dejection that follows physical beating. On the previous Sunday a key McBride sparmate had failed to show at our farm and I had offered myself as a brief sacrifice to Archie's conditioning. I was worried about Arch because you can get to know a fighter so well you can almost smell his probable conquerors and victims. Archie was a small heavy-weight, like Patterson, but slower and he looked better against big men, bruisers, Valdez, Besmanoff, Miteff . . . Bob Baker was the target we had wanted, but the word from New York was Patterson. Floyd had already bested Archie in informal sparring sessions when they were both at the same camp training for other fights. "I'll try to move around and you try not to hurt me," I said to Archie. He assured me that to injure his benefactor was the furthest thing from his mind. Thirty seconds later, with a mild jab, he broke my nose. In fact after one minute I looked as smashed up as Tony De Marco after Carmen Basilio had worked him over in that brutal welterweight title fight in Boston.

My brief encounter with McBride taught me a lesson. Writers should stop fighting and leave the profession to the men who make it their business. For some unaccountable reason novelists have a tendency to commit pugilism. Hemingway, no less, once pushed me against the wall of a Key West patio because he seemed to think prizefighting was his exclusive literary hunting ground, and I had no right to trespass. I think he felt the same way about war and the sea and love. Over the years I've been pushed against a few walls by novelists weighing in anywhere from featherweights to out-of-condition heavyweights. I don't know why, but poets and biographers seem to be a more peaceful lot. On the screen *The Floyd Patterson Story* was rising to a glorious climax with Floyd's vindication and revenge: The Swede stretched for a count that could have gone on for 10 minutes instead of 10 seconds.

"Floyd is the most underrated champion in history," Cus continued his non-stop commentary. "The press is always criticizing us for fighting bums. He fought four number one contenders and two more in the first five. Remember Brian London was number four. Rademacher may have been an amateur *technically* but he was a seasoned heavy-weight who could hit as hard as anyone in the division." I have always listened to Cus with a kind of exasperated awe. Oratorically, he could hold five Senators and Jerry Giesler at bay. Is he the greatest con man in the boxing business since Doc Kearns or the saint who slew single-handed the underworld dragons that

flourished under the Norris regime? They say Floyd doesn't speak to him anymore, refusing to listen when Cus wanted no part of Liston, as he had successfully run around Machen, Folley and any other threats to the carefully concocted record. It was probably necessary for Patterson, the wounded introspective, to cut off D'Amato's water, just as every son must finally strike at and turn from his father in the adolescent fight for independence. But facts are facts. Cus' peculiar match-making, Rademacher, London, Harris, McNeeley, may have helped dig the boxing game a little lower into the bog where it has been settling since the retirement of Marciano. But his business acumen on Floyd's behalf—three fourths of a million in 1959, a million in 1960, another mil in 1961, and that whopping \$1,700,000 for the Liston thing, plus the earlier paynights that Cus accounts for more honorably than is the custom in the countinghouses behind the blood pits—may entitle Cus to a statue, a noble Greek pose would be appropriate, in Floyd's Scarsdale residence. In his million-dollar obscurity, he doesn't have to talk to Cus, only bow in oriental respect as the sun rises and falls away.

Of the more eminent combos in the history of the heavyweights, Dempsey-Kearns, Louis-Jacobs, Marciano-Al Weill, and that grand old pair of vaudevillians, Archie Moore and Kearns making the scene again as spry octogenarians, surely the strangest pair are Patterson and D'Amato: Cus who can't stop talking and Floyd who can barely start. A crowded, poverty-ridden home in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn drove the moody ex-champion into the streets as a baby-faced truant in baggy pants and cast-off shoes. Released from Wiltwyck, where his sensitive nature responded to kindness and companionship, he found himself with his fists under Cus' tender tutelage. He was a recluse who liked dark places, cellars and dark corners where he could search his troubled, frightened soul. In 1952 he became one of the most gifted of Olympic champions, at 167 pounds, and had his first taste of acceptance. He was the youngest man ever to win the heavy-weight championship and the only one, including Corbett, Jeffries and Dempsey, ever to regain it. Yet the tormented slum-child who had slept three in a bed stamped his adult personality, perhaps even permanently warped it.

When he was knocked rubber-legged and sloe-eyed by Johansson and right-crossed out of his title in three rounds, he had saved face by rising to punishment seven times (shades of old Joe Grim), but the two thirds of a million dollars and a demonstration of courage in the old tradition were no balm for a sense of having fallen from grace. He crept back into his home and drew the

shades and hid as if he had stolen the purse and, as is commonly believed, shamefully splashed à la Sharkey. In his preparation for the Liston fight he said strange things and set up a pattern of behavior defeatist and self-indulgent. He had two cars ready, one headed for the hotel in the event of a victory, another toward New York, a getaway car ready to run like a thief's in the night. A false mustache and beard would help to hide him from the unhappy eventuality. In a press interview shortly before the fight, Patterson sermonized that if Liston won, he hoped the public would accept him and give him the opportunity he deserved. These are commendable words for a social worker, but the hard truth is that Patterson should have been preparing himself to go in and knock Liston's brains out, not concern himself on the eve of the fight of his life with his opponent's regeneration. For the second Johansson fight, Floyd had said he had to "work on his viciousness." Telltale phrase. Viciousness is not even a valuable asset in the prize ring. Louis and Marciano were not vicious men. They did not have to think in those terms. They were superbly trained, intense competitors. They competed until they had asserted domination. It may not be sufficiently understood that the prizefighter is probably the most intelligent and sensitive of all professional athletes. As they approach their lonely, naked night, out there alone in front of scores of thousands and now through closed-circuit TV, four or five million, they think positively. At least the winners. Patterson thinks too much, about too many things; he thinks not well but deep. His mind and heart are divided. He is a jockstrap Hamlet. Against the Rademachers, Harrises, Londons, McNeeleys he could prevail. But against a ballbreaker like Liston, who comes not to think or regenerate but to knock you dead, Patterson is a sensitive child in the hands of a brutal father.

When I returned to the pressroom, feeling the mounting tension in the click of the typewriters, the increased conversational hum, the alcoholic buildup of the freeloaders, I took a deep drink and a deep breath and went to the bulletin board where all the writers, 500 of them from every part of the U.S., from England, from France and Holland and South America, were being asked to post their predictions. Fascinating guesswork. D'Amato's monolog on Floyd—"Look at his record, actually greater than Dempsey, Louis, Marciano"—had virtually brainwashed me. "Liston—KO—5" I added my bit to the board. If the second-raters, among which I number Johansson, could bounce Floyd down when they hit him on the jaw, how could The Bear fail?

The pressroom tension on the day of the fight mounts an emotional ther-



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"It's not that I didn't believe in Santa Claus — it's just that you've shattered my image somehow . . ."

momenter toward hysteria. I have never seen sportswriters so personally involved, so much like us poor semi-professional novelists, as they were for this fight. I talk to people I am fond of and see too rarely, Red Smith, Frank Graham, Jesse Abramson, Gene Ward, Al Abrams from Pittsburgh, 20 more. "Who do you like? What do you feel? I see Liston big." Ezzard Charles wanders in, like Patterson never having quite believed himself to be the champion, and most of the room seems unaware of him. Only a few, like thorough Jesse Abramson, pauses to interview him. It is a compressed, high-pressure world, and yet a world of escape, a world that stands still and balances on a single point—The Fight. Far to the South, another Negro is fighting his way into the State University with the help of the U.S. Marshals and the Federal Army, but if any of the 400 people here should ask you what you think his chances are, obviously they are not thinking of Meredith but of Patterson. Anyone who asks you how you think it will turn out is not inquiring about the negotiations to free the Cuban prisoners or to solve the problem of divided Berlin. Only The Fight is real in this room. I find myself picking up countless newspapers, and with front-page worlds cracking and steaming, turning instinctively to the sports section. A sympathetic journalist wanted to interview me on Hollywood history, a subject that usually arouses me, and I feel impatient. The fever of the fight was on me.

When Patterson's friend, Mickey Alan, was singing *The Star Spangled Banner*, with Floyd at attention with head bowed patriotically like the good little graduate of Wiltwyck, Liston in his white robe and cowl, looking like a black wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, kept moving, throwing abbreviated, shadow-box punches and working his massive shoulders sinuously inside his robe, without ever taking his dark angry eyes off Patterson. You will have to take this on trust, but my note at that moment reads: "Patterson may be the first fighter ever beaten by *The Star Spangled Banner*." I don't think Patterson was scared in the ordinary sense of the word. But the disguise and the defeat-car pointed east into the lonely night were ready. The fight he made was like a dying man's fluttering his eyes for a few extra moments of life. He had thought too long, and in his quiet, divided panic he came to Liston like an amateur, unable to suspend his imagination or control it. This deprived him of speed of hand and foot and plan. He bore in to meet his destruction. In the first 30 seconds he was beaten. He jabbed once, leaped foolishly forward once with that "gazelle punch" he could never correct, Liston missed three or four opportunities, and then landed with one of those awful lefts that thudded

against Patterson's temple. We were close enough to see the fight go out of Patterson's eyes. In the clinches Liston hurt the boy-champion, even on the arms. Two rapid left digs to the kidneys in another clinch hurt Patterson more than he would remember. He clutched for the ropes and Liston knew he had him and it was left-right uppercut (well executed) and then left hook to the side of Patterson's already sagging face. "Then I hit him a good left hook," Liston was to say later in the sweltering dressing room. It was over before some of the celebrities were in their seats or the bleacher gods had adjusted their field glasses.

In the other dressing room, where the jostling, sardined press and screaming photographers were kept waiting for 40 minutes, I stood an arm's length from the crestfallen loser and could barely hear his whispered answers. At this moment racists were growing into an ugly mob on the campus of Ole Miss and the Federal Government was attempting to arrest the Governor in the most violent case of willful disregard of Federal authority since the Civil War. But here in this steaming, oppressive room the victim was a reformed Negro delinquent who, despite fame and an almost outlandish and barely deserved fortune, had once again lost his position and his pride. The questions about the fight were routine. He had not gotten off fast enough, he whispered. Liston's speed surprised him. He was hurt only in his spirit. Were Liston's punches slow? "Then he threw a lot of slow punches," Patterson said, unable to look at his inquisitors. The rematch? He would like it as soon as possible. "Where can they hold it—in a telephone booth?" a cynical sportswriter muttered. "Floyd, are you going back into seclusion again?" There was a painful silence. Then Floyd lowered his head and nodded. I think even seasoned boxing writers were a little embarrassed for this neurotic Horatio Alger whose childhood traumas had robbed him of the realization of just how lucky he was. Back into the cellar he would crawl, back into the shadows, back into the comforting dark, to hang like a bat and dread the daylight. His wife and his children and his mother would know luxuries allowed only to the upper one half of one percent. But the fact that he never has been accepted as a champion and will go down as a paper tiger will haunt him through the mismatch rematch and perhaps, poor, sick, foolish, serious man, to the end of his days.

Next day's press conference produced the New Liston—the one we may live with for a long time—that is, if the fight game survives its mounting scandals. Miraculously overnight the scowling, growling, glaring, grunting Liston had become a man of wit and amiability,

with the patience of Job and the diplomatic touch of Adlai Stevenson.

It was the most bizarre post-fight conference I ever attended. The promoters and the half-forgotten caterer-"manager" Nilon drifted into an open and prolonged argument about money matters, the sort of thing Uncle Mike Jacobs would have settled in his hotel bathroom, and not with the world press enjoying front row seats for the washing of dirty linen. Blue-eyed, tax-hung Ingemar Johansson peered in from the entrance but when urged by a publicity staff member to come forward and be photographed congratulating the new champion and perhaps challenge him publicly, Ingo pulled away like a frightened deer and said in his soft Swedish-English, "No, no, I stay here, I no go in." He was rather more resolute about this than he was about getting up in the sixth round of the third Patterson fight in Miami. I wasn't sure whom he was ducking, Liston or the Revenue men.

Sonny Liston found his voice, his smile and his humor, even if his purse was tied up by the Internal Revenue along with the total receipts of the fight. The promoters, it seemed, had failed to file a corporate income tax for 1961. And there was the question of spreading Patterson's bonanza over 18 years. Was this legit or a tax dodge? There are even rumors that the Government is interested to know if Sonny is still going steady with Barney Baker and his old pals.

Despite these gathering clouds that may one day wash the fight racket down the drain, Liston presided with the grandeur of Emperor Jones. Asked if he had been surprised that the fight ended so quickly, Liston's deadpan comedy was top drawer: "No, I was surprised it lasted as long as it did." Did Patterson show any punching power? "The punch he threw that I blocked seemed to have some power behind it if it had landed."

Finally came the serious questions—the ones that will affect Liston's future, if not the future of the entire fight game now under closer scrutiny than ever before. What kind of champion did Sonny intend to be? If the public would accept him, he began, continuing the thought that had seemed to disturb Patterson before the fight, he would prove that he was really—"Re—" he said. "Re— Jack [turning to Nilon], you finish it for me."

So that is the question and the shadow that hangs over the heavyweight championship. Here is Liston, on the lam from Arkansas to St. Louis to Philadelphia and now set to move once more because of new trouble (or harassment?) from the law, Liston who could be to the Sixties what Louis was to the Thirties and Forties and Marciano to the Fifties. Is he really *re*—? He doesn't need the mob, as did Carnera, to topple his opponents for him. He can do that 143

with his own pile-driving left hook, his right uppercut and his fearful strength in the clinches. But whose side is he on? Nilon is his "adviser." George Katz gets 10 percent for a brief period of fronting. What happened to the original shareholders? Palermo? Frankie Carbo, temporarily detained at Alcatraz? The working press seem divided between the he-paid-his-debt-so-give-'im-a-chance school and the cynics who believe once you run with the John Vitales, the Palmos and Carbos of this corrupt world, you never get away, no matter how many Boy Scout and church luncheons you attend.

The Patterson rematch will have to take place, though the next one will seem more like a sputtering Fourth of July sparkler than a moon shot. After that perhaps Johansson will take three steps from his corner and fall down. Cassius Clay, despite the poem he pressed into my hands signed "the next champion of the world," will have to grow up and wait for Liston to grow old. Sonny Liston is a conqueror with no new worlds in view. Only the ghost of Louis past or a reconditioned Marciano could stand up to him.

Meanwhile, the State of New York, in a mood to bar the besieged sport, has been wondering out loud whether Sonny Liston is genuinely free of the dark associations that have clouded his career. Our new champion needs no false beard and false mustache to hide false pride. But if boxing is to survive, as I continue to hope, Sonny will have to face the one question he stumbled over at his victory press conference. Is Sonny Liston really re —?



Champagne Plus

(continued from page 59)

party, you'll want to serve food appropriate to that electric air that always seems to fill a room after the soft popping of the cork — iced Beluga caviar, rich pâté de fois gras, and paper-thin slices of prosciutto ham wrapped around lengths of Christmas melon. You can depend on champagne, when it's poured, to upstage not only all other drinking but the dining as well. Only a swallow is necessary to make everyone feel like echoing Dom Perignon's exultant exclamation that he was "drinking stars."

All recipes are for one drink.

PLAYBOY'S CHAMPAGNE OLD FASHIONED

Brut champagne
 ½ oz. Grand Marnier
 ½ oz. Forbidden Fruit liqueur
 1 slice lemon

Dash orange bitters

Into a frosted old fashioned glass, pour bitters and liqueurs. Fill glass with ice-cold champagne, stir very gently and launch with lemon slice.

CORDIAL MEDOC CUP

1 oz. cordial medoc
 ½ oz. cognac
 1 oz. lemon juice
 ½ teaspoon sugar
 Iced champagne
 1 slice of orange

Shake cordial medoc, cognac, lemon juice and sugar with cracked ice. Strain into a highball glass filled with large pieces of cracked ice. Fill with champagne. Place orange slice on top.

FRENCH 75

1½ ozs. cognac
 1 oz. lemon juice
 1 teaspoon sugar
 Iced champagne

Shake cognac, lemon juice and sugar with cracked ice. Strain into highball glass filled with large piece of cracked ice. Fill to rim with champagne. For collins fans, gin may be substituted for cognac.

CHAMPAGNE MANHATTAN

1 oz. whiskey
 ¼ oz. sweet vermouth
 Dash bitters
 Iced champagne
 Brandied cherry
 Stir the whiskey, vermouth and bitters in a cocktail shaker with ice. Strain into a pre-chilled champagne glass. Add cherry. Fill glass with champagne.

MELBA COCKTAIL

½ oz. *Himbeergeist* (raspberry brandy)
 Iced champagne
 Frozen raspberries thawed
 Raspberry sherbet, hard frozen
 Pour *Himbeergeist* and champagne into pre-chilled champagne glass. Drop a raspberry into the glass. With a fruit baller, scoop out a single small ball of the sherbet. Float it on top of champagne.

SPARKLING GALLIANO

½ oz. *Liquore galliano*
 ½ teaspoon lemon juice
 Iced champagne
 Cucumber rind
 Pour *liquore galliano* and lemon juice into pre-chilled champagne glass. Stir. Cut cucumber rind lengthwise. Each piece should be about 1½ in. long and ½ in. wide. Drop cucumber rind into glass. Fill with champagne.

CHAMPAGNE NOYAUX

½ oz. *crème de noyaux*
 Jordan almonds
 1 teaspoon lime juice
 Iced champagne
 1 slice lime
 Place almonds, for as many drinks as you think you'll make, in a saucepan with cold water. Bring to a boil. Drain. Slip off almond skins. Place almonds in a pan in a moderate oven pre-heated at 370°. Toast for about 15 minutes or until almonds are light brown. Avoid burning. Pour *crème de noyaux* and lime juice into pre-chilled champagne glass. Stir. Add a toasted almond. Fill glass with champagne. Float lime slice on top.

The pleasantly champagned expressions of approval from those guests who have come to grapes with the subject at hand should be enough to assure you that the blends justify the means.



"But, darling, it's the night before Christmas!"

satire By SHEPHERD MEAD



HOW TO SELECT YOUR FIRST WIFE

IF YOU ARE STILL WITH US we will assume you have decided to get married. Your problem, then, will be to select your first wife, and to marry her quickly, since she will not have the qualities that make for a suitable fiancée.

Before we list the qualities to look for, we had best answer another frequent question:

SHALL I MARRY BENEATH MYSELF?

We must all face this question squarely.

Try to look at yourself objectively. Make an honest but accurate estimate of your merits, charms and abilities. Be sure to tally up your mental qualities, the keen mind that is common to so many males.

Add to this sum your basic, simple maleness, which is so fine. You will probably be faced with this fact, as so many men are: *You must marry beneath yourself.* There is no other direction in which to marry.

The problem usually becomes one of degree. How far beneath you should you marry, and in what direction?

This leads us to *the qualities to look for in the first wife.*

A FIRM, HEALTHY BODY

The first wife, as opposed to the fiancée, must be practicable and serviceable. She is neither a toy, an ornament, nor a playmate. She will be your wife during the early, hard years before you can afford a staff of servants. She will serve as mother, cook, housemaid, chauffeur, nurse and charwoman. This will allow her, if she is nimble, six or seven hours of sleep a night, ample for a sturdy girl.

It is best, before deciding definitely, to test for firmness. Few of us would consider buying a grapefruit without squeezing it — yet how many make the

far more important choice of a close companion in a sloppy, hit-or-miss fashion?

Using the thumb and forefinger, exert gentle pressure along certain key muscles. A girl with good muscular tone will wear well and last for years, even if neglected occasionally. She will not tire easily, and will usually maintain a cheerful disposition despite long hours and hard work.

"Davie, you pinched me!"

"Oh, sorry, Phoebe. Must have slipped."

"Well, stop!"

"Have you ever thought of taking a bit more exercise?"

ENDURANCE

Though the fiancée, as we have seen, needs occasional bursts of strength, the first wife must have endurance, must be good over the long haul.

There is no known method of testing this accurately, no way of telling by the cut of her jib, so to speak, how she will sail on a long beat to windward.

However, careful observation during times of stress, such as a marathon series of cocktail parties during Christmas week, will give some indication. Observe not the sparkle of personality nor the tinkle of surrounding laughter, but signs of physical deterioration, sagging of the diaphragm and abnormal clinging to or leaning upon doorjambes or male guests.

DOGLIKE DEVOTION

The fun-loving qualities of the perfect fiancée have no place in the first wife, who will be allowed little time for unproductive merriment.

You will be looking for a girl who is earnest, conscientious, and possessed of *(concluded on page 157)*

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KERSH

(continued from page 116)

"You won't get anything out of him. It's my belief he doesn't know anything. Anyway, he's in Philadelphia."

"Oh well, the actual fight is the least of it. It's the way the stone is cut and set that counts," I told him.

"This is going to be a bum fight."

Indeed, a vague dread that this might prove to be so seemed to be haunting the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel, where Headquarters was buried in the basement. Cus D'Amato had flown in, smiling like a pumpkin-ghost under his Augustan haircut.

"How do you feel about things in general?" I asked him.

"There are no things in general at the moment. There is one thing in particular only."

"The fight of course."

"Of course."

"Do you feel any anxiety on that score?"

"No. A certain anxiety is natural. But on the whole, no."

"You look a little tired, Mr. D'Amato."

"I am not in the least tired. If I were... I have devoted my life to this. It is my life."

"Patterson must win?"

"I hope so. I believe so. Yes."

"If by some chance —"

"— Excuse me. As a certain general said, there is no alternative to victory. I cannot think in any other terms. I refuse to think in any other terms."

"Is it true that you have repeatedly begged Patterson not to meet Liston?"

"You are a writer. Do you necessarily believe everything you read?"

"I've been watching Liston. A man would be well-advised to keep clear of that left hand," I said.

"So. A man is well-advised to keep clear of a steamroller. And so a man is not run over by a steamroller."

Prognoses were coming in from the experts, now, curiously smelling of virtue. Tommy Loughran felt that for the sake of unborn generations, Liston should be utterly obliterated; he staked his professional reputation that Patterson would knock him cold in 60 seconds of the first round. Gunboat Smith said Liston shouldn't be allowed within a mile of any respectable prize ring, and predicted an overwhelming victory for Patterson. Jack Dempsey, remembering the time he beat Willard, felt that by the same token Patterson should beat Liston. Gunboat Smith said the same about the time *he* beat Willard. Jim Braddock prophesied a victory on points for Patterson in 15 rounds, vaguely hinting that this is how *he* might have beaten Willard if they had met. Rocky Marciano said Patterson, by all means; and although he didn't meet Willard he had cut down even bigger men in his time. And Jess

Willard himself said Patterson ought to give Liston a thorough hiding — and wouldn't they kindly leave him out of it?

The men of hindsight — the only really wise ones — saved their diagnoses for the post-mortem and their emotions for the epitaph, making ready to tell you, later on, what would have happened if and when. Ancient Doc Kearns, all passion prudently spent and every bit of it booked and accounted for, kept as still as a lizard on a stone; only those who knew him knew that if he chose he might yet dart out a deadly tongue and snap up an unsuspecting flyweight. His eyes aren't what they used to be; but oh, how that man can listen! He knows that all is rumor, hearsay, flimflam and conjecture. And now it had come to his ears that Las Vegas money was on the contender and that Frank Sinatra himself had bet a fortune on Liston.

"Don't let it fool you," said he. "Rumor is a weapon here, the same as on Wall Street. It was the same in Sullivan's day, it was the same in Jeffries' day, it was the same when Johnson stopped Burns, and when Willard stopped Johnson, and when Dempsey stopped Willard, and Tunney..."

Doc was getting into the million-dollar gates, now. He shut up.

• • •

"Ancillary rights—I know all about ancillary rights," Harold Conrad, the promoter's press agent, was croaking into a telephone hooked over his left shoulder. "Listen —"

Meanwhile, Ben Bentley, Conrad's assistant, white face crumpled with loathing and mouth twisted and tortured with weariness and disgust, spoke in a hearty, happy, rich, mellifluous voice into another telephone: "Why, sure, sure! Hell, Jack, it's been a long, long time! Good to hear your voice —" He spits out an imaginary crumb, and, snarling, purrs, "— We're trying to pack 600 reporters into three rows; but for you..."

"Sit down, sit down," said Conrad, beckoning to me, and displacing a pyramid of papers. "How's it coming?" He is the sandman of this promoters' dream of a prizefight. Never was such money involved. He anticipated \$5,000,000 gross. In 320 theaters, precisely 978,234 people were to pay six dollars apiece to see the fight televised. Another \$1,000,000 was expected from other ancillaries. Graff-Reiner-Smith Enterprises had guaranteed fighters and promoters a minimal \$2,000,000. The event was being projected by Telstar. "A Moon Shot!" cried Mr. Smith. "After the purses are announced, every young athlete in the world will dream of becoming a fighter!"

"How do you find it?" I asked Conrad. "Good," said Conrad. "It has got to be good. It had better be good." He pointed with a thumb to a locked door behind him, which sealed a tiny room with a pigeonhole through which hands



"On the other hand, people always remember my name . . ."

perpetually passed, waving money, and voices sounded crying for seats at any price up to \$100.

"You're a Patterson man, of course?"

"Of course I am. How does Liston look?"

"He'll win."

Conrad said, "You might just as well shout 'Give us Barabbas!' What about lunch?"

"I've got to see a man on Rush Street. Then I've got to go and see Jack Nilon in Philadelphia."

"Now what the hell for?"

"Just to see."

"There's nothing to see. Jack Nilon simply doesn't exist. Nobody can make anything of that character," said Conrad. "He tried to publicize himself once. It couldn't be done. The public wants something with an image."

"A hero?"

"An idol. Hero worship comes later," said this peddler of dreams. "I wish you luck."

In point of fact, I was following the grapevine. At a place on Rush Street there is to be found a man, call him Anonimo, who knows all about Liston. Anonimo has grown gray in the insecure and irresponsible business of hustling. He has been a bootlegger's errand-boy, a salesman of potato-peelers, a marijuana-pusher's aide-de-camp, a pilot bird for floating crap-games, and whatnot. But he likes to think big and large figures taste sweet in his mournful little mouth.

"A 2,000,000-buck guarantee ain't bad," he said, judiciously, as we sat in a booth that smelled of burnt fat close by the machine you put a quarter into for a can of hot tomato soup. "But I know it for a fact, there's at least \$20,000,000 being bet on this fight, at the latest estimate. Now look; nobody gambles for fun anymore. When the boys lay it down in

the millions, they play to win, not for kicks."

"Meaning Liston has simply got to win?"

"Not necessarily, because gambling ain't just on a win or a lose. There's rounds, there's points. And you've got to remember the odds. If there's 20 Gs on Liston, there's 20-plus on Patterson. But the smart money's on Liston. So Liston will most likely win. But whichever way the cat jumps, Sonny's the sucker. He stands to get 12½ percent of the gross. They say they'll gross \$5,000,000. His minimum guarantee is 200 Gs. Well, OK, say we give Sonny \$100,000. Where does he stand? He's into Jack Nilon for a 150 Gs, to begin with. Over and above that, I hear he owes Blinky a matter of 30-40. There's your 400 Gs cut in half, to begin with. But Uncle Sam don't take that into consideration. No, sir, the taxes come off the top, and they add up to, say, 350 of that 400 Gs. Off the remaining 50 Gs, cut various incidentals. So Sonny's got 30 Gs. Debts outstanding? And I mean the sort of debts it doesn't do you a bit of good to go bankrupt for. Call it 200 Gs — \$200,000! And a champ has got to live it up a bit — put up a background — and that comes high, man, high! So they promote him, but big. And he earns into the millions, like Joe Louis. But the more he earns the less he's got. The promoters get their piece. But the fighter, like Sonny, he's the sucker."

"All this I could have figured for myself," I said. "I understand you know something about Liston personally."

"There was some idea of breaking one of his hands. That's why he all of a sudden got to be so careful of them. That's why there's a 24-hour double guard on him. It was a strictly businessman's idea, to secure an investment, like they say. There's two sides to every deal. Just bust one of his hands a bit. Bust or

no bust. With \$5,000,000 in the pot he's got to fight. That scheme came out of Vegas. But I think they dropped it. I never knew Sonny personally. You got it wrong. My cousin Lou was in stir with Sonny, at Jefferson City. Lou's in Philly now. I'll give you an address where you can find him. I'll write you a note . . ."

Thus, having got Nilon's unlisted number out of somebody's little black notebook, I went to Philadelphia and met that strange, elfin character on neutral ground, in the bar at the airport. He did give an interview to a magazine writer once before, but it came out like a kind of crochetwork. Such pattern as there was consisted in formless holes connected by strained threads.

Jack Nilon is a multimillionaire caterer. How did he become one? He simply took two ham sandwiches, and, taking as a fundamental principle that trick of multiplying grains of wheat on the squares of a chessboard, parlayed them into billions of ham sandwiches. How did he distribute? Skip a square. How did he push sales, overcome competition, get concessions? Skip a square. Hence the lacunae. The Nilons make a closed corporation of the utmost respectability, worth some \$10,000,000 a year.

His eyes, swollen with fatigue, looked like half-open walnuts. He would have been none the worse for a shave. The washed-out green cardigan he had been wearing in the ring at Aurora still hung on his fleshless shoulders as on a wire hanger. He wondered why I had come all that way to see him.

I said, "I want you to tell me how I can make some money out of this fight" — just like that.

"Bet on Liston."

"What round?"

"The sixth."

"I should have guessed the fourth," I said.

"Sixth, I think," said Jack Nilon.

"Tell me — is there really a plot against Liston?"

He blinked. "A plot? You mean to hurt him? Liston — I watch every mouthful that boy eats. Do you know, I examine and prepare every steak with my own hands — cook it! I watch the water he drinks. I buy the purest spring water obtainable. You saw him drinking a cup of tea? I supervise every tea bag that goes into soak. Some people would overlook the matter of ice, and fill the freezer trays with tap water. I thought of that, too. Sonny loves ice. I personally fill those trays with spring water, out of sealed bottles."

"Surely, Mr. Nilon, these are very remarkable precautions?"

"I'm a very particular man."

"You aren't worried in case something might happen to Liston?"

"It's a matter of principle. When it comes to what I give somebody to eat



"Every time I go out with the boys for a few drinks my wife accuses me of working late at the office."

and drink, I can't be too careful. Fastidious. Besides, I've got to win this fight."

"You don't feel any anxiety?" I asked.

"Not on the whole, no."

"When you say 'got to' — is it money invested that concerns you?"

"No. I've put a lot of money into Liston. But I've dedicated myself. It's my aim and ambition to have a heavyweight champion. Just that."

"No wonder you look a little tired, Mr. Nilon."

"I'm not tired."

"And Liston must win?" I asked.

"Absolutely," said Jack Nilon. "Absolutely."

"Otherwise, what?"

"There can't be any otherwise."

"Is it true Cus D'Amato never wanted Patterson to meet Liston?"

"Absolutely. They've been avoiding this for years."

"What do you think about what they say concerning Liston's gangster connections?"

"Nobody ever said anything to me about it. What gangster connections? I haven't seen any gangsters around. I don't think I'd know one if I saw him. Would you? I wouldn't."

"I saw some on TV once," I said.

"I don't have a lot of time for that. I must ask the kids about it. Sonny is a good, clean boy. You mustn't believe everything you read in the papers."

"I put you down as a dedicated man, then."

"Right."

"A businessman with a passion for a good clean game."

"Right."

So, eventually, I made my way to Lou Anonimo's address on the South Side of Philadelphia, and found a small, dapper man in a stinky-brim hat, who said that any friend of Joe's was a friend of his. Chatty, articulate, discreetly gay, a man you could introduce anywhere, Lou accompanied me to a chophouse. It was true, he said, that he had been locked up in the Missouri State Penitentiary about 1951 on account of a misunderstanding. Deeply shocked by the carelessness of some people who locked their cars but left the ventilation windows unfastened, Lou had pointed out to a friend how easy it was to slip your hand in, unlock the door and take out valuables in the backseat. He was only demonstrating. Frightened out of his wits by a rude policeman, he had run away. Apprehended, it was found that somebody else of the same name and with identical fingerprints had been caught doing the same thing several times in the past; as a result of which coincidence Lou Anonimo became a prisonmate of Sonny Liston.

"Liston's story?" said Lou. "He didn't have one. He'd already done a year and he was only about 17. He was 16 when

they gave him four five-year terms to run concurrently. A matter of mugging in St. Lou. Why, a kid of 16 gets caught mugging here in the East, they just beg him with tears in their eyes not to do it again and teach him electronics. Jeff City pen stinks. It was luxury to Liston, though. He enjoyed taking a bath. He even liked the grub, which is horrible."

"They tell me he was a bad prisoner."

"He was a model prisoner. They made him messenger runner. He'd never had it so good. He came from Pine Bluff, Arkansas. He was one of 25 children. His old man was very much against sin and beat him with a strap every day of his life because he looked like he was thinking evil thoughts. Sonny scared the hell out of me, once. He never was much of a talker. One day I was just standing looking at nothing in particular, and Sonny bellows at me, 'What you lookin' at?' I tell him, 'Nothing.' He says, 'Well, you stop thinkin' thoughts!' He doesn't mean to shout. He's just got that kind of voice, like a alligator. He couldn't read or write. His family was what they call subminimal, I think. Minimal is Statistics for Worse Than Beasts; subminimal is a step lower down. It refers to their standard of living . . . My God, Sonny's in for a gay old time of it, if he gets to be champ! Over and above everything else — 24 brothers and sisters! Probably nine or 10 more by now, if his Daddy is still around."

"Is it true Liston was backward? I mean, retarded?"

"No. His brain was an average so-so, I think. Only it was kind of blocked up.

Father Stevens tried to teach him his ABCs, but it didn't take. So he taught him boxing. That took. He got paroled in 1952. Father Stevens and Monroe Harrison and one other went sponsor for him. Call the other one Number Three. He was a crook. Father Stevens and Harrison didn't know. Harrison and Number Three had half shares in Liston. Harrison's good lady got sick, and he sold his half to Number Three for about 500 bucks. Then Number Three went partners in Liston with John J. Vitale. What did Sonny know? From nothing. There's your kickoff. The St. Lou cops told Sonny if he didn't get out of town he'd be found in a drain. They meant it, too. Most of the marks he got are from the cops' breakdown gangs, not from the ring. So Number Three sold Liston to Pep Barone, and Pep took him to Philly. The rest — your guess is as good as mine. I'll tell you one thing, and I'm a man that uses his eyes: Liston's no hood. He's a baby, a big baby. And they'll treat him as such, the poor bastard."

"What do you think of Patterson?"

"He had better breaks than Sonny. But Patterson's the kind that deserves breaks. He's a good boy, sensible. Sonny never had any breaks, and never deserved any breaks, and never will get any breaks. But I like him — don't ask me why."

"Instinct?" I suggested. "Patterson wants to be born again. Liston wants to be born; period."

Then there is the matter of "hunger" in a fighter. Little Euclid, the bookie, told me about it in Philadelphia. "Doc





“George always opens his presents the night before . . .”

Kearns," said Little Euclid, "likes to keep his fighters hungry."

Little Euclid was amused when he said it. "By 'hungry' Doc didn't mean short on grub; what he meant was, worrying about the day after tomorrow, the steak after next—*anxious*. Not *overanxious*, just *anxious enough*—hungry on the installment plan, kind of. Oh, the Doc was a genius—but a genius! They used to say he could measure the miseries with a micrometer. And it paid off. It'll pay off in Liston's case, too. He'll always be just worried enough."

"There's two sides to every angle," he continued. "If you don't see the other one, where's the angle? I mean, look at Patterson's point of view. Liston had it rough all his life, he was pushed around ever since he can remember, but compared to Patterson he's carefree. Toss Liston a side of beef and he'll gnaw on it until he goes to sleep. Has Liston ever been humiliated? Not on your life! But Floyd—believe me, his humiliation has been something terrible lately. I ask you, as a man of the world, how would *you* like it if you owned a elegant apartment house, and so you go in at the front entrance, and in the lobby a uniformed doorman on your own payroll says, 'Use the service entrance?'"

"I should be so disgusted I'd refuse to take the rent out of spite," I said.

"And how would *you* like it if you had an estate with the millionaires in Scarsdale and your neighbor built a fence out of spite, and so you was put to the humiliation of building a fence twice as high, like Floyd had to do?"

"My feelings would be so outraged I'd give away all my property and go on relief in protest."

Little Euclid went on:

"To be a property owner ain't all honey, believe me. Here some tenant gripes about a faucet, there somebody else leaks through the ceiling—it's a responsibility, a terrible responsibility. A guy figures a legitimate angle to raise rents 15 percent, so the tenants hold a mass meeting and they go to the housing authorities. You're working out in the camp, and all of a sudden some screwball calls about the drains—"

"—Did this really happen to Patterson?"

"Did I say it did? But it must be on his mind; you can't just own property and forget it—it ain't in human nature, it ain't civilized."

"Does Patterson handle his own investments?"

"No, and that's just where the worry comes in," said Little Euclid, "because that's where the poor bastard lies awake all night worrying, 'Who's handling my property tonight, and how?' Because, believe me, for every angle you can figure, a handler can figure two. On top of it all, a guy has got to think about his

public image, yet. He's got to do all sorts of things repulsive to the likes of you and me . . . like smiling, like being nice, like shaking hands. It's no joke, being respectable. And what's the result? What thanks do you get? They call you yellow."

"Patterson isn't yellow," I said, "he's preoccupied."

"Yes, that's where Cus D'Amato is off the beam. Doc Kearns would have handled Floyd better. If the Doc had had that boy, we'd be three heavyweight champs ahead by now. Cus don't know the facts of life. Do you feed a cock before he fights? Do you give a horse oats before a race? Eh? Believe me, to give a fighter a apartment house is a terrible mistake. Hold a second mortgage, let him hope, let his heart go into his mouth when there's a knock on the door—that way he fights better. Liston is a hungry lion. Cus made a big mistake with Patterson."

"I disagree there," I said. "A poor man will fight to get rich, but not half so hard as a rich man will fight to stay rich."

"Men like Rocky Marciano don't grow on trees. And look at Tunney: He puts a few bucks in the bank and quits cold. But cold! Is this a fighter?"

"He should have stayed on, no doubt, until he got his brains beaten out?" I suggested.

"A fighter like that betrays his public image," said Little Euclid. Relishing this phrase, he repeated it, "He betrays his public image."

. . .

I recall a somber afternoon a few weeks earlier, when Patterson was closing his camp in New York State and making ready for Chicago—a martyred-looking young man, smiling as if he had weights hooked to the corners of his mouth, while the last lingering reporters waited for him to say something.

"I am a man of principle," he said. "Everything I do I base on principle. Where is a man without his principles?"

"Are you fighting Liston as a matter of principle?" I asked.

"I'm fighting Liston because I'm a fighter. I'm fighting Liston because I'm Champion, and I must defend my championship on principle. Yes, it is a matter of principle, too. Like that fence I put up in Rockland County. My neighbor wanted to segregate me, so he put up a fence between his property and mine. On principle, I put up a higher fence than his, right against it. It cost a lot of money. I didn't care what it cost. It was a matter of principle."

"That's why you had words with Mr. Fugazy?" asked Harold Conrad, slyly hortatory.

"Yes, in Florida. I threw up the fight, I threw up everything. Fugazy arranged to separate the races. 'No, on principle,'

I said; and I packed up, and I came home and I don't want anything more to do with Fugazy!"

An AP man asked, "Jimmy Cannon used to like you. Now he doesn't seem to like you anymore. In fact he just about said you were the worst fighter in the world. How come?"

"I don't know how come!" cried Patterson, in something like anguish. "I haven't read his piece. I don't want to read his piece. I won't read it!"

"Is it true that President Kennedy said you ought to fight Liston?"

"I don't feel like discussing any talks I might have had with the President at this moment."

"No principle involved?" I asked.

"I just don't feel like it," said Patterson. "And as for principle—I've got to do what I think is right, haven't I? If you go on turning the other cheek you never progress, do you?"

"Wasn't it Khrushchev who said that?" somebody asked.

Patterson didn't seem to hear. The AP man asked, "Is it true that you said if you lost this fight you'd never give another nickel to the Church?"

"Whoever said that I'll sue for defamation!" cried Patterson. "I've given thousands. I'll give more. On principle, I'll sue."

"I don't believe the stories about you having a glass chin," said the AP man.

"How can Floyd have a glass chin?" Conrad demanded. "Haven't you seen the films of his fights? Whenever he's been hit on the chin, hasn't he practically always got up again?"

"You're not actually afraid of Liston, are you?" I asked.

Patterson said, "No, I am not. But even if I were, I'd still fight him on principle. You wait. Let everybody wait. I've got it worked out. I'll anticipate every move he plans to make. Whatever Liston does, I'll do the same one tenth of a second sooner!"

"You plan a knockout, a quick knockout?"

"Yes, I do. This fight will not go the distance. I have my plans."

"For after the fight?"

"After the fight I am going to buy another apartment house. I have all the papers drawn up—insurance—everything." His eyes were fixed on a spot in the middle distance. A little man dressed in black is on the way.

"A priest!" whispered the AP man, with a kind of awe.

And even at this stage it was apparent that to the soul-searching Patterson, this fight was something in the nature of a penance; and when it was paid, nothing would have been proved and nothing bought; and whatever the poor devil thought he had to atone for would always rim his light, unbanished.



SAHL ON PLAYBOY (continued from page 119)

Hugh M. Hefner. So I walked over there and sat down, and I noticed he was wearing a black armband for *Show Business Illustrated*, but I didn't say anything to him about it. He was sucking on his pipe, kind of philosophically, and we sat there and talked sort of man-to-man. We talked the way guys talk, when they're together. You know.

I said: "Hey, what's happening?"

And he said: "Hey, wha'd'ya say?"

Then we got into a serious discussion about the search for the perfect woman, and he told me he'd been searching all week. I noticed they were holding a Playboy Séance at the next table — one of the members put his hands on the table, and another member put his hands under the table and then a Bunny screamed. The table didn't move, but the Bunny did.

We were still talking philosophically, when three Bunnies came out of the kitchen carrying a small cake with a candle on it, and they brought it over to

our table and started singing *Happy Birthday* to Hefner and he started blushing. It was his 35th birthday. So I reminded him that he was old enough now to run for the Presidency — that is, if he would be willing to step down. He said that he'd thought about that, but that the orientation was alien to his primary areas of interest.

Then he told me that he was planning a new *Playboy Panel* for the June issue and he wanted me to participate in it. You see, PLAYBOY has these panel discussions every few months — a David Susskind sort of thing — and they record them on tape, then edit them and publish them in the magazine. The last one I participated in was on the subject of American humor, and it didn't work out too well, because we kept theorizing instead of proving by example. Steve Allen and Jonathan Winters and Mike Nichols took part and it was mostly a lot of talk — which is the way panel discussions often wind up — unless you're careful.



“... I think it's an outrageous insult to Playboy Clubs all over America!!”

But Hefner said, “I have a new one that I want you to participate in, and I think you'll like the subject — it's to be on the *Womanization of America*.”

So I said, “The *what?*?”

And he said, “It's a verb I made up. It means that women dominate our culture and I want to find out if men resent it.”

So I said, “We *do*, we *do!*”

And he said, “Well, we're holding the panel discussion at the Playboy Building tomorrow afternoon at three. Can you make it?”

I told him I could and the next afternoon I dropped by the rabbit hutch on East Ohio Street. I went directly up to Mr. Hefner's office, which is shaped like a handball court, but with all-walnut paneling, and shoji screens, and Herman Miller furniture and a boomerang-shaped desk. He asked me if I was ready for the *Panel*, and I said I was, so he took me into the Panel Room, which had paneled walls — naturally — and a big conference table with a tape recorder in the middle of it, and there was an elaborate bar and a bartender, with a rabbit emblem on his shirt, and most of the *Panel* was already seated around the conference table discussing the *Womanization of America*.

Hefner introduced me around the table to the other *Panel* members: “This is Dr. Theodor Reik. [“How do you do.”] And Margaret Mead. [“Nice catching up with you.”] And that's Norman Mailer sitting over there, and Alexander King.”

“The Duke of Windsor and Jack Kerouac should be in later with Judge Bazelon and Louis Armstrong.” He gets all these people together for his *Playboy Panels* — Hef does. Then he said, “I'm going to leave you now. I have to go down and look over some layouts anyway. You go ahead and talk. I don't want you to feel nervous or inhibited.” And he turned on this tape recorder and he left.

So I began to feel very uninhibited, and I went over to the bar to get a drink and the discussion started.

Alexander King said to me, “You're from California, aren't you?”

So I said, “Yeah. You know. I try to be.”

So he said to me, “Are you aware that the divorce rate in Los Angeles County is 68 percent?”

And I said, “Yeah, I know.”

So he said, “And as if that's not bad enough, they keep getting married. Why is that?”

So I said, “I don't know. I guess we believe in love.”

He said, “That's not a valid reason.” And then he said, “The trouble is — people marry too young.”

So I said, “What?”

And he said, “That's right. A woman gets married at 19 and at 23 she's a different person.”

So I said, "Gee, that's a splendid example." And a lot of people were applauding at the table.

So he said, "I wasn't thinking of anyone in particular. I just made that up." Those are often the best statistics.

So I said, "Really?"

And then King said, "I want my daughter to live with six guys before she chooses a husband."

So everybody on the *Panel* is shattered now, and they're asking all the questions to make them feel good. You know, like: "What will people think — living openly with six men?" And: "What about conventions?" "What about middle-class morality?" "What about our mores?!" You know, he *loves* that.

So he said, "I don't give a damn about our mores, our hypocritical middle-class values, and all that!"

So after everybody got through with that, we got down to the real question: "Do you have a daughter?"

"No."

Then the discussion started really getting complicated, and Dr. Reik asked, "Don't you think that most automobiles are sold because women like the two-tone color schemes of the interiors?"

So I said, "What do you mean?"

So he said, "You know, decorative seat covers, and like that."

So I said, "No, they're all digging bucket seats today — it's the time of the sports car. You know, with that business between the seats, and the phony stick shift and everything."

So he said, "Well, I can see I'm going to have to be a little more blunt. Don't you think the Edsel failed because of the overt symbolism of the car?" Freudian?

So I said, "I think the Edsel failed because it cost as much as a Pontiac and it wasn't as good as a Pontiac."

So Dr. Reik said, "That's an economic determination."

So I said, "Yeah."

So he said, "You're a *Marxist*!" And then he saw I was offended, so he said, "Aren't you?"

So I said, "I don't know. If you can't get work, I'm not. Otherwise, I'll go to Albania with the others."

The discussion went on a little further and then Mailer said, "Why is it when I walk into offices they're filled with women typing? Why are offices filled with women?"

So Margaret Mead said, "Be more tolerant. Maybe women have to make a living — and they also contribute to society by typing in offices."

So Alexander King said, "That isn't why women work in offices — they just work there to meet guys and get married."

And I was sitting there, you know, and I was thinking: If women just work in offices to get married, maybe they're insincere about typing. Maybe they don't care about filing or any of the things

that are important to me.

So then Dr. Reik said, "If a woman works in an office, that's OK, but if she continues in an executive capacity through her productive years, that's not to meet men so much as to *be* a man."

So I figured, well, I'd better say something about this. So I put my hand up.

"Yes," said Dr. Reik, "what is it, young man?"

And I said, "Maybe they hire women to work in offices, because women work cheaper than men."

So now they're all sitting at the other end of the table together and they're all saying, "You *are* a Marxist, aren't you?"

So I said, "Well, I'm not at all sure about that. Dr. Reik, what do you think? What's your position?"

So he said, "Young man, I'm a Freudian, and that is a great deal better than being a Marxist."

And they all started agreeing with him: "Oh, yes, much better . . . that's a great deal better . . ."

So I said, "Well, I don't accept a conclusion that easily. I'm going to get a ruling on that. I'll call Mr. Hefner."

So I picked up the intercom and I asked for Hefner and he answered right away: "Photo Lab — Hefner here." (I kind of figured you would be. Matching up those three different girls in a composite, eh?)

So I said, "Mr. Hefner, is it better to be a Freudian or a Marxist?"

So he said, "Well, I would say . . . [I could hear him puffing on his pipe philosophically] . . . that it is better to be a Freudian."

So I said, "Wait, c'mon, give me some support, will ya?"

He said, "I can't. I have to be objective."

So I said, "Why is it better to be a Freudian?"

So then he said, "Because if Karl Marx had gone to see Freud three times a week, he could have talked this thing out and Russia would be all right today."

I said, "Isn't that a little oversimplified?"

And he said, "I'm sorry, that's PLAYBOY's position." And he hung up.

I don't imagine much of this has been very interesting to women, because they don't need it. Women seem to know about sex intuitively: they don't have to read PLAYBOY. But men have to study and learn, so they buy this manual and that way they get to be mature. They get to be mature like me: They get to be 34 and they believe that women fold in three parts. And have staples in their tummies. Once a month, you have a paper doll to call your own. You can unfold her, and fold her up again, but can you live with her? I don't know . . . it depends on your needs.



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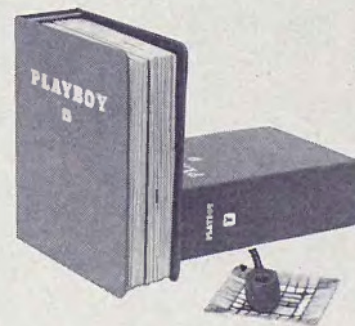
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of failing hearts and exploded arteries — if her boss is a homosexual, she will know his boyfriend or boyfriends and use that information to her own advantage.

For the career woman is without true intelligence and has but a solitary goal: her own personal, particular success. She is as ruthless as the Hun. She operates by Gestapo methods. To work under her command is, for a male, more humiliating than to work in a cotton field as a black slave, for while she wears the judo master's brown belt in interoffice politicking, she simultaneously demands chivalry at the hands of her befuddled male minions. Her desk is a pulpit and a judge's bench and the chair behind it is a throne. She hands out holy ordinance without ethic or principle but with the aim, solely, of advancing her personal status. She sentences her employees, not according to merit, but according to whether they advance her name or threaten her idiot eminence. She is after power and she is achieving it, for she has reduced most extant male Americans to the next nearest state to impotence: an acceptance of her usurped rights as valid and her due.

The career woman, usually, has been divorced — often several times. If she is currently married, it is only because the married state will help her career. Her kids — if any — are under the supervision of sitters, nurses and indigent relatives. Whatever their state, the career woman has long since thrown them to the wolves. For, in the single-minded pursuit of power and influence, she and her blindfolded male accomplices have already fed America's youngsters to Moloch: The tots sit about, building up appetites for merchandise, their innocent little minds TV-spellbound by what motivational researchers have learned is most likely to rivet tots up to and through commercials: scenes of murder, mayhem, massacre and similar children's-hour fare.

They call her "brilliant," this highly paid Circe in our midst. If she is, however, she is also, outside her career, more ignorant than institutionalized Mongoloids. She may, that is, know everything about traverse-curtain fabrics; but she cannot tell a diplodocus from Debussy and thinks ion-exchange has something to do with foreign money.

On her throne she sits, this skirt-girt squid, the she-tycoon, caring only about herself and heedless of the damage she is doing to the national psyche. From office to office she spike-heels her girdled way and every time her step falls on tile, terrazzo or hardwood, another bolt is tightened on the coffin of our culture.

Her operation is not, as a rule, spectacular. It is one of interception multiplied by millions and perhaps billions of occasions. Wherever goods and services

are marketed in which women, children (and, by now, all men who have been denied manhood and are consequently part child and womanish as well) have any interest, the careerist interferes, adding her so-called "feminine touch" and her note of "woman-appeal" to all manner of products, from boats to boots, autos to automatic dishwashers, inevitably at the expense of masculine functionalism. And at every one of myriad opportunities she hoodwinks the consumers into believing that what they need and want is what she, the organization woman, says they need and want.

It is a reciprocal activity and each instance of it slightly alters both the public demand and the product — goods or services — to better suit the womanoid (but never truly womanly) objectives of these distaff diminishers of man's estate. She is, in a sense, a Norn, snipping and weaving individual fates. But even the legendary Norns knew the difference between men and women, whereas their career-crazed counterparts do not believe in men, or that maleness is justified, and so have no real idea of what a woman is or should be.

Each one engages in a ceaseless struggle to unman men and, by every minute stratagem her calculating mind can devise, seeks to make women the primary sex. If she is not a stylist she is, minimally, a style influence. It is her small, perpetual interception, for example, that took the automobile — once all man's and a practical replacement for his wagons and buggies — out of a masculine sphere of influence and had it repeatedly redesigned until it became an unmanly, pastel-hued, becushioned, four-wheeled boudoir.

The creep of this she-pox on all the artifacts of civilization is insidious and all-pervading. Indeed, the career woman may even be present on the sales floor itself. In the city where I live it is a woman — and her dashing, desirable picture in her ads — who has outsold all the area's men in one car specialty: Cadillacs. Her ad has boasted as much, for years.

No, our virago, our villainess, our butter-crunch tyrant is by no means content to do her reshe-ing of everything and everybody from skyscraper offices. She is also, and often primarily, a Buyer. Annually, or twice- or thrice-annually, she leaves her business place, her furthick rugs, Venetian blinds, beautiful secretary (a prop of nearly every one of the breed) and her recasting couch (if she is still of couchy endowment) and goes forth into the wide world to exhume, steal, borrow, blackjack or otherwise acquire the aesthetic ideas of men living and dead which will provide her with "inspirations" for next year's mode — in coats, patios, eggbeaters, car-door

handles, jewelry, candy, car-seat covers: You name it.

In her, two antithetical qualities meet — two mutually exclusive absolutes. Like almost all her American sisters she is the antisexual distillate of a culture originally Puritan, and then decadently Victorian. Yet hers is also a culture where the long rejection, vilification and general denial of sex have forced sexuality to ooze into artificial and abnormal conspicuousness, to become, in effect, its own tease. And the tease, when examined, is everywhere employed in America not to accomplish what it suggests — an ever more abundant loving — but to sell things.

The career woman embodies a total prudishness coupled with an absolute vulgarity, and in so doing personifies better than any other group that aspect of America which invariably strikes visiting foreigners: a vulgarity as vast as our very continent and then, incredibly combined, the prudishness, the prissiness, the shearing censorship and hateful sex-hostility of our heritage. We exploit sex but reject its experience; it is flamboyant as an American image, yet forbidden as a fact. In all history, the central urge of men and women has never before been so tantalizingly acknowledged and then so violently redirected, to lesser, substitute activities such as the purchase of dishwashers or impulse buying in supermarkets.

Our homes and gardens churn, throb, buzz, wheeze and snarl with laborsaving devices. Our ladies have not only been emancipated from political thrall but, virtually, freed from the old, hard chores of homemaking and housekeeping. Electricity does everything from mixing our daiquiris to banishing our garbage. We are urbanized, suburbanized or exurbanized. Throughways and jet planes have ended the exile of nearly everybody, almost everywhere. We ought to be enjoying our boasted abundance and arrogant affluence.

But the name we give our era is the Age of Anxiety. We are so nervous, apprehensive, taut, discontent, stressful and uneasy that — even though we have arrived at a time of medical wonders in which most of the major killers of our plague-ridden past have been vanquished — we are falling like flies before the "diseases" of tension. Germs don't now often get us, but our arteries burst. Psychosomatic ills our grandparents never heard of cripple millions. Other millions simply go nuts.

What's wrong? What's wrong, fundamentally, is a disastrous confusion about (and even exchange of) our roles as males and females.

Men began to make the error that set the stage for our dilemma about two centuries ago. As science provided enlightenment in the midst of the Dark Age chases, men commenced to imagine

that they could conquer what they had always regarded as their enemy: Nature. And when they reached a point where mass production became possible, men felt sure they had Nature by the tail.

At that time—not very long ago—nobody even dreamed that mass production would soon lead to pillage of the planet. At that hopeful and historic instant, no one dreamed that America, within a couple of generations, would be consuming more than half of all the minerals and raw materials mined, pumped and quarried from the earth or grown or harvested on its surface.

At that seemingly glorious moment, too, ancient and timeless values and relationships still briefly obtained. The male—dad, bud, gramps, uncle Sid—was the family purchasing agent. Women bought only the foodstuffs they could not raise themselves, along with a few light-industry items, such as their own and children's clothes. For a while, mass-produced goods were also expected to have durability. In the early 1900s, a house was still expected to last for a few generations and vehicles were made to endure almost as long. Kiddies' toys often were inherited from great-grandparents and the props of adult entertainment—musical instruments, say—were constructed for the ages.

Such was the setting when woman attained her first breath of liberation: the vote. She followed up her advantage with all the united and furtive frenzy of convicts who have found a hole in their prison wall. Soon, she became a familiar figure in business. She ceased to be the once-rare, shirtwaisted amantensis of the boss—or the all-too-common seamstress in the sweatshop. She became a proud secretary—then, a business girl—and soon, a career woman. By then, she was working cheek-by-jowl with company executives. Several wars, with their withdrawal of manpower from the office, factory, mill and elsewhere, gave the ladies a further boost upstairs.

In this process—and here's the crux of the calamity—the American female brought her only possible addition to the productivity of brilliant and hard-working men: style, at one time designed to make woman appealing to man, but no longer. High fashion, today, is aimed at making women envious of each other. Hitherto, women had limited their concern with fashion to constant alteration of dress styles. As they began to gain some hold on business enterprise, however, and inasmuch as the new marvel of mass production made it possible (though utterly wasteful), women began to admire, demand and include style in every sort of goods and services.

That sole contribution of the feminine mind to American enterprise was highly acceptable to the men in charge of the engines of production. "Styling" had its result: rapid obsolescence and increased

sales. Soon, the most durable sorts of artifacts—vehicles, for example—were given a characteristic that once had been dominant only in milady's wardrobe, that of modishness. A man was no longer proud that the carriage which transported him had been sturdily made in his grandpa's day and still survived for his thrifty use. On the contrary, if his vehicle—now an automobile—were a couple of years out-of-date, he (and his little woman and his clamorous kids) was as heartily ashamed of it as mother once would have been to dress in a dated evening gown.

With fashion ascendant, men rushed in ever-greater tides into the art and act of fabrication, distribution and sale of ever-greater masses of "necessities" that had an ever-shorter life. The American economy was by then spiraling upward. And two absolute disasters were in the making.

First, the Businessman became the American hero, replacing the nobleman, the political leader, the artist, doctor, professor—in sum, replacing that ancient idol, intellectual man. Almost overnight, in our fair nation, it became the

general opinion that women, not men, were the proper arbiters of the arts, the book-readers, the lecturegoers, the poetry-admirers. Never before in history had one sex so suddenly abdicated what had, thitherto, been its galactic symbol-system of status. But it happened. And, all of a sudden, the figures who had always dominated society and received its utmost respect—the men of God, the schoolmasters, the professors and artists—became nobodies, relegated to the bottom of the social heap.

Man's imagination, his brain, his natural capacity for command, control, management and direction—all that and more—vanished in a smoke puff in America. Men who used their intelligences in the arts and the professions were not only abruptly sent to the foot of the social table, but now, in their place, sat men who manufactured egg-beaters. A generation of males has since grown to adulthood in the new hierarchy. By now, most men do not even realize that they—not women—were once the arbiters of style, beauty and design—that they had the authentic genius and the genuine good taste—that



*"Whatever it is that Nikita's up to,
I don't like the looks of it."*

they possessed the true discernment and intellectual sensitivity of our species. They have simply sloughed off their birthright and now imagine that all this, at which they had excelled in the long past of humanity, is woman's sphere.

Men did not and do not realize that, in such immense default, they abandoned the essence and center of manhood itself. All they know now — in most cases — is that no matter how much they achieve under the present rules of status-striving in America, they somehow don't feel like men, or act the way they sense men ought to act, or relate to women in any reconciling way. No wonder!

The instant they lost their hold on the qualities that truly describe maleness, women grabbed them. And — the second disaster — the grab included the purse strings. Women, in millions, became the family purchasing agent. In what amounts to a trice, as history is timed, the American female turned into the American spender. Men, by then, were too damned busy trying to earn the money to pay the bills women incurred to have energy for anything else. And the bills, remember, were of an upward-spiraling sort, as that titanic female gimmick, style, began to determine the life of almost every product. With built-in obsolescence, everything from children's toys to entire kitchens, from cars to houses, became likely either to fall apart or fall out of fashion overnight and therefore to require replacement. The great enterprise of advertising — under career-woman attrition — here took the lead.

Readers will, at this point, begin to discern what then happened. With women doing the buying and manhood sweating its life away on the assembly line or in the office, it was inevitable that women would become arbiters of what would sell, and so of what men should fabricate. It was then that the career woman burst into full and repulsive bloom. Her primary task became to conceal the grandeur of masculine intelligence and imagination — to pretend that these were basically womanly attributes — and to see to it that America's young males and females were so heavily indoctrinated in that fallacy as to be unable, all their lives, to undo the delusion. By that grim process, of course, the schoolmaster was shoved aside and specialized career women took over education from play school clear to — and often including — college.

The career woman also turned America's wives into career-women-stooges: What the she-pilots of school, home and industry claim to be the right direction is taken by the entire sisterhood as the proper course for the American home, America's kids and, of course, for pop.

As a result, there now exist males who haven't the faintest notion of the mean-

ing of their sex. Consciously or not, they take their directives from distaff dictators — cradle to coffin. It never dawns on them that they, not the little lady — that tireless emulor of the arrogant careerists — are innately better fitted to select the decor for a drawing room, choose books, determine family budgets, manage offspring and decide what they will (or will not) learn and do. In virtually every one of their once-proudly held and magnificently administered categories of masculine attainment, they now defer to the little woman, who in turn takes her cue from Big Sister, the unassuageably avaricious career woman.

Most of the males of Madison Avenue — the men who "create" and advertise and distribute and sell the swiftly outmoded and soon-broken gadgets of our modern world — are, owing to the processes noted above, woman-counseled (if not woman-bossed) in the office as well as at home. Since he devotes his life to things that women will buy, the man in the gray flannel suit is, really, a pretender. If he wore garments on his body that truly described his slant of mind and stated the use he makes of his critical and imaginative faculties, he would wear prison stripes and an apron.

Assisting the career women in their nefarious enterprises nowadays are other thousands of men who, faced with asexual Harpies and antisexual Circes, have, simply, given up even trying to be male and turned, in shrieking dismay, to homosexuality. These victims of the transcendent American She have tried, in effect, to beat their assailants by joining them. Hordes of such would-be escapists have banded with the career woman to denigrate further what is left of masculinity.

The career woman has done all this.

Look at her!

Under her hat-crown curl the blue-dyed, machine-made tresses. Her mouth is like an ax bite. Her eyes are two handfuls of glinting fishhooks. Her little chin can cut channels through stuff bulldozers couldn't scratch. Her brain is concentrated upon two things, and only two: self-advancement (even if that must be made over more corpses than were stacked at Shiloh's breastworks) and upon the profession in which she has carved (in other people's flesh) her career.

What can be done about her, and her works? Is there hope for men who still try, in their fumbling way, to recover manhood?

I think so. I think, indeed, that the rebellion has begun.

The career woman — and all she is and does and has done to womanhood in general — prevails today primarily because of a special sort of suppression. She would topple from her pulpit, judiciary bench and throne if men, once

again, began to feel and act toward women in the intended ways. That is to say, women should again be seen by men as complements of themselves and not as competitors. American men need to realize that the female is their natural love-object and that her most worthy aspect is seen in her flowering youth. They need a fair and ringing statement defining sexuality as altogether good and noble and complete and satisfying. They need, to put it plainly, a sharp and exhilarating experience of luscious womanhood in her natural state, of womanhood occupied with her real career: enticing and then cooperating with males — not an unnatural career of avaricious commerce.

A little reflection will disclose the extent to which our society at present tries to censor, obliterate, outlaw and hide every evidence — in photograph or drawing, in print or on calendars, in prose or, particularly, in person — that woman is intended to be the sexual companion of man. Let us, then, who are still masculine, or who wish to become masculine, and those who would undertake to restore a birthright now stolen by the career sisterhood and their dupes — let us unite to celebrate womanhood as feminine, as gorgeous, as titillating and sexy — and let us hoot down with hearty bass guffaws any and all vulgar and puritanical dames who try to stride in and put a stop to our fun.

Let us cultivate a climate of natural yearning and healthy satisfaction, a climate in which the destructive career woman, that deadly steatopygous coprophagiac, will perish from neglect and scorn.

Let us once more allow women to inspire us — not to pilfer our pockets and withhold their love, their beauty and their erotic companionability.

Let us again celebrate women in their rightful role.

Unless we do, gentlemen, the jig may soon be up, as was implied in the opening passage of this dithyramb. For, in these sick and frustrate days, the energies and efforts of such men among us as still own and use their imaginations are being increasingly devoted to a pair of allied efforts. One of those is, simply, to get off the earth and out of the she-rat-race entirely, in space vehicles. Failing that, failing to regain manhood and resupply women with their true careers (men), these last and uncowed representatives of disgraced, tormented, castrated and frustrated manhood are, sure as sunshine, going to blow the whole miserable, perverse, inverted and self-defeated thing we call civilization to atoms. The time remaining is short. But the girls — not the career women, gentlemen, just the girls — are willing, even eager, to help.

FIRST WIFE

(continued from page 145)

doglike devotion and a strong sense of duty.

She should be willing to follow you through thick and thin, expecting little, yet happy for every favor you bestow, grateful for every pat or kind word.

Beware the schemer, the girl who pretends devotion only to trap you into marriage. Simple errands often point the way to the right girl.

"Davie, I spent just *hours* trying to get City Hall to answer your question. Must have been to 20 departments."

(City Hall is an excellent place to test strength of character.)

"Oh? Find the answer, Susie?"

"Well, no, Davie, I didn't, but —"

"Got a permanent today, too, eh?"

(Be quick to note evidence of personal vanity or selfishness.)

"I simply *had* to — I —"

"Doesn't matter, pet, I don't mind at all."

(No use making an open display of temper.)

Keep looking. No effort is too great if you are to find the girl of your dreams.

A FLEXIBLE MIND

Many men look for a girl with a strong mind. This is a mistake. Your own mind will be strong enough for both of you. Powerful mental equipment on the part of the wife leads only to friction and unpleasantness. Sparks can fly and tears may flow.

The first wife should have a good but flexible mind, one that will bend easily. Keep bending it in the right direction, and you will soon have a wife that is the envy of all your friends.

Many believe that education is harmful to the good wife. Nothing could be further from the truth. In hundreds of cases girls with *actual degrees* have made fine wives. Though there is little that

the classroom can contribute to the work she will have to do, most modern girls' schools encourage games and body-building sports. Field hockey, especially, is good. It ingeniously duplicates sweeping and mopping motions. Girls who marry quickly following school can even retain some of the same calluses, well-trained muscles, and nimble athletic reflexes.

Her real education will begin the moment the two of you become man and wife. All during this period, which may last for years, she will be learning, plucking the ripe fruit that hangs so heavily from your mental branches.

GOOD BREEDING

The influence of heredity, which science tells us is so important, should not be overlooked. A girl with a good set of chromosomes is a prize indeed.

How, so many ask, can I check up on them?

Look to her family. A father, for example, who is on the board of directors of a number of influential corporations can be reasonably sure to have acceptable chromosomes. Worldly honors do not come by accident, and are only too often the result of good breeding and a well-chosen group of ancestors.

"CAN I REALLY FIND HER?"

"What are my chances," you may ask, "of finding such a woman?" Very small. But don't be discouraged. Remember that the new wife is only the raw material with which you will work. It will be your duty to train her, long and painful though the process may be.

If you keep at it, with little thought of self, but only a firm resolve to have a fine wife, you will succeed!

Detailed instructions follow in the next chapter.

NEXT MONTH: "HOW TO TRAIN YOUR FIRST WIFE"



COURTEOUS TO WOMEN

(continued from page 107)

in relation to your debt?"

"Well, now, that aspect of the matter certainly has a bearing on the issue. Yancey is the man I telephoned five or six weeks ago when I reached Paris after losing all of my money in the gambling houses on the Riviera."

"How much did you lose?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Uncle Sam isn't going to like that, is he?"

"I don't like it, either. I only did it in the hope of getting the money he claims I owe by some other means than writing."

"Why not by means of writing?"

"Well, first, because it's hard work, as you yourself may know, in case you're a newspaperman who has written books, or is trying to."

"I've written six, and published three."

"Then you know."

"Only too well, and not one of the published books earned more than a thousand dollars."

"I'd like to read them sometime, if you've got copies to spare. Or at any rate I'd like to *try*. I'm a poor reader."

"They're not novels, they're only collections of pieces. You might enjoy reading around in them."

"Well, I'd like to try."

"Digression over. I mean, here's one of the books. I'll pick it up tomorrow morning."

"No, give me at least until day after tomorrow morning."

"OK. So you tried to win the money you need for taxes, and instead you lost the money you had."

"Every dollar of it, plus a thousand from my Italian publisher, plus three thousand from my London agent."

"Making the total lost \$14,000?"

"I think of it as \$15,000, because that's the way I prefer to think of losses. Never underestimate the amount you lose, always overestimate. Having lost,





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I came to Paris, to see Yancey, but for three days I put off telephoning him—because I still had hopes of getting the money I need some other way."

"What other way, for instance?"

"The National Lottery of France. I bought one ticket for a little less than 2600 francs, worth about \$5, and as the drawing was the following day, and as the results of the drawing would be available the day after the drawing, I wanted to wait, and while I waited I believed I might just win—50,000,000 francs, that is, or \$100,000. It doesn't matter that I didn't know my ticket could win a maximum of only 5,000,000 francs. Who needs to know a thing like that? So let it be only 5,000,000, it would be a beginning, wouldn't it? And I could get back into all kinds of gambling action. As it turned out, I won."

"How much?"

"Three thousand francs, which is 400 francs more than I paid for the ticket—that would be a net profit of about 80 cents, which of course is better than nothing. Any kind of a win is better than a loss, but it just wasn't enough. And it costs money to live at the Hotel George V. Thus, there was no other way out. I telephoned Yancey and the following afternoon I went up and told him my story."

"What did you tell him?"

"I'm flat broke and ready to go to work—on anything!"

"And what did Yancey tell you?"

"You've got a deal. Read some properties I own, and let me know what you think of them. If any of them appeal to you, write the whole thing over. We'll talk business as soon as you find something you like. If you don't find anything you like, come up with an idea, and if I like it, we'll talk business again."

"So what happened?"

"I examined half a dozen of his properties and didn't like any of them. I came up with an idea, he liked it, and he told me to go ahead and write it."

"Did you?"

"I began day before yesterday."

"What is it?"

"I haven't finished writing it yet, so I don't know."

"I've heard that you work swiftly. I've heard that you wrote a play that got all the prizes in six days, but then that was away back there in 1939. How long do you think it will take you to finish this job?"

"I'm giving myself nine days—that's three extra days, in honor of Paris, so to say. Well, this is the Plaza-Athénée. Have you got your story?"

"It would be a much better story if I knew how this job of writing for Yancey turns out, what you think of,

how much money you are paid for it, and so on."

"Yes, I suppose it would, but in that case you'll have to come around to the George V a week from today."

"OK, I will."

They said so long, and he went on into the lobby and asked the man at the desk to telephone Yancey.

While the man tried to get Yancey on the phone, the thought came to the writer that the better part of the problem of the writer, not himself necessarily, the writer in general, any writer, in the U. S. or anywhere else in the world, in Iceland, for instance, perhaps the most basic problem of any writer in the world, at any time, is health, pure and simple.

But most writers didn't have health. Scott Fitzgerald didn't, and neither did Thomas Wolfe. They hadn't had *enough* of it, at any rate. And if you were given to speculation of that sort you wondered what they would have gone on to write had they had health enough to survive. It was useless to do that, of course, to speculate in that manner, and yet it was almost inevitable, too.

If Wolfe had survived, if his spirit had quieted down a little, if he had become only a little disenchanting with his writing, with the world, with art, with the human race, with himself, if in fact he could come (at least for a moment or two now and then) to despise it all (as in fact he surely must have, in any case), and if he had fallen into silence, even, or into a state of despair, and sat in a chair in Brooklyn for a whole year, doing nothing, who could guess what he might have gone on to write? Who could guess how much deeper and more true his writing might have become, how much shorter in point of number of words used and how much more lean and clean in point of effect? But it was useless to do that, since the word had come from somewhere in the North, in the state of Washington or Oregon, that Thomas Wolfe had died, and the year was only 1938.

Now, Wolfe had been dead 21 years, even while he waited for the call to Yancey to go through. Why had Wolfe rushed? Why had he written so much, so swiftly, and so steadily, instead of saying suddenly, "Now, I stop."

Yancey came on the line, and after a few minutes they went to the bar and talked.

Yancey said, "What did you do after work last night? Get drunk? I mean, are you still drunk?"

"I was at the Aviation Club from one until four in the morning. Beginning with 50,000 francs—all the money I have in the world—I lost all of it in five minutes, excepting 3000 francs, and then, knowing I had to have my money back or my writing would go bad, I

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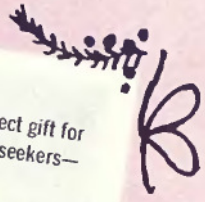


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began to gamble carefully. After five minutes I had 15,000. I went from the big table to the little one just as the bank was betting 50,000 francs, and I said banco because nobody at that table knew I didn't have 50,000. The dealer gave me two pictures and then an ace, and he turned up for himself a picture and a two, and I figured my goose was cooked. But he added an eight to the two for a baccara, or nothing, so the croupier slid the win to me off the wooden spade."

"Well, you've got guts."

"It wasn't enough to have gotten out of a bad spot, I had to go on drinking and gambling, so pretty soon I was almost broke again. I lost and won three times, but at four in the morning I suddenly noticed that I had almost 100,000 francs. Without any trouble at all I got up and cashed in my chips and went out to the Champs-Élysées, and from across the street came four pretty girls in a merry group. They were from Le Sexy, and they wanted onion soup. They were so happy together I agreed to take them to where they like to have their onion soup, a place somewhere in Pigalle, but along with the onion soup they wanted champagne, too. I'd had such good luck, losing and winning, I figured hell, let them have what they want, it isn't my money anyway. The onion soup and champagne cost me 30,000 francs, or 60 bucks. I kissed them goodnight, in broad daylight, as if each had been a wife for 20 years or more, really loving each of them, not knowing anything at all about each of them, as it is with a man kissing his wife after 20 years. And then I went up the street and came upon one of the prettiest girls I have ever seen, surely not more than 17, with bruise marks all over her arms. I stopped to chat a moment, and she said she wanted a lot for what she had. I believed she would want 30,000, but a lot to her turned out to be 1500, or three lousy dollars. I loved her as if she were that same wife after a long night of fun, and she said, 'You are not an American, you cannot be an American, I know many Americans, I was brought up near an Army post.' Yes, I got drunk last night all right, and I'm still drunk, but I know one thing—I know my work is going to go just fine when I get around to it in an hour or two. For three or four or five hours, for as long as I need to write scene one of act two I know my writing is going to go just fine, and that's my job, isn't it? To see that I permit my writing to go as nicely as possible? That's the real problem of the American writer, isn't it? To be courteous to women, so that things will be courteous to him, and let him write."

MILLIONAIRE MENTALITY

(continued from page 113)

and chafed impatiently until he could return to the drilling sites.

I inspected my properties again some 60 days after George Miller took over under the new relationship. I checked the operations minutely, but could find nothing wrong. Indeed, I noted little if anything I could have improved upon personally. Needless to say, in a very short time both Miller and I were making far more money than we had before he started working on a profit-sharing basis. The incident taught me one of the many lessons which have led me to believe that most men fall into one of four general categories.

In the first group are those individuals who work best when they work entirely for themselves—when they own and operate their own businesses. Such men do not want to be employed by anyone. Their desire is to be completely independent. They care nothing for the security a salaried job offers. They want to create their own security and build their own futures entirely on their own. In short, they want to be their own bosses and are willing to accept the responsibilities and risks this entails.

Next are the men who, for any of a large number of reasons, do not want to go into business for themselves, but who achieve the best, and sometimes spectacular, results when they are employed by others and share in the profits of the business.

There are many widely different types of men in this category. They range from topflight salesmen who prefer working on a commission basis—earning in proportion to what they produce, with neither floors nor ceilings on their incomes—to the finest executives in the business world.

George Miller was one who fit into this category. So—at the uppermost end of the scale—did the late Charles E. "Engine Charlie" Wilson. I'm certain that Charles E. Wilson would have achieved great success had he gone into business for himself. But he preferred working for someone else—first for the Westinghouse Electric Company and then for the General Motors Corporation. Wilson's rise from an 18-cent-an-hour job to the \$600,000-a-year presidency of General Motors is a classic saga of American business. Charles E. Wilson was always an *employee*—but he amassed millions through stock-ownership in the companies for which he worked, thus sharing in the profits he helped to create.

My third category includes individuals who want only to be salaried employees, people who are reluctant to take risks and who work best when they are employed by others and enjoy the security of a steady salary.

take me very long to pinpoint the trouble. Three of the company's key executives were virtually casebook examples of the postal clerk, men who were neither cost-conscious nor profit-minded.

The monthly salaries of each of these men ran into four figures. One month, shortly before payday, I instructed the accounting department to "short" each of their paychecks by five dollars—and, if they complained, to send them directly to me.

As I more or less expected, all three of the executives concerned presented themselves at my office within an hour after their checks were delivered on payday. To each, in turn, I delivered a little speech that was hardly calculated to brighten his day.

"I've been going over the company's books," I announced sourly. "I've found several examples of what I consider unnecessary expenditures which have cost this company's stockholders many tens of thousands of dollars in the last year. Apparently, you paid little or no attention to them. Certainly, I've seen no evidence that you tried to reduce the expenses or correct the situations which caused them to rise as high as they did. Yet, when your own paycheck is involved, you instantly notice a five-dollar underpayment and take immediate steps to have the mistake rectified." Two of the executives got the point, took it to heart and quickly mended their ways. The third did none of these things—and was soon looking elsewhere for work.

It should go without saying that no business can long survive unless it makes a profit. It should also go without saying that businessmen and business executives must be constantly alert for ways to reduce costs and increase efficiency, production, quality and sales so that the company he owns—or for which he works—can operate at a profit.

These would appear to be the most basic of all basic business axioms. Yet it is a sad fact that many businessmen and executives barely comprehend them—and there are even those who don't comprehend them at all!

An all-too-familiar attitude was expressed to me recently by a young executive who complained bitterly that his departmental budget had been slashed by \$20,000.

"Did the cut reduce the efficiency of your department or curtail any of its productive operations?" I asked him.

"No, I guess not," he replied after a moment's thought.

"Then why complain?" I inquired.

"We could have found *something* to spend the money on!" was this alleged executive's answer. "After all, you have to think big and spend money to make money!"

I'm glad this young man wasn't on one of my payrolls. I would have disliked terminating our conversation by firing him on the spot.

I've heard this concept that "you have to think big and spend money to make money" bandied about ever since I began my own business career. I doubt if there is any other business concept more widely misinterpreted.

I agree that anyone who desires to achieve success and wealth in business must have imagination and be farsighted. He must also be willing to spend—and risk—money, but only when the expenditure is justified and the risk is carefully calculated.

In my opinion, it's more important for the man with The Millionaire Mentality to be able to think small than to think big—in the sense that he gives meticulous attention to even the smallest details and misses no opportunity to reduce costs in his own or his employer's business. I explained my views along these lines not long ago to a newly graduated aspirant for a junior executive position.

"Do you mean that a man has to be a penny pincher to be a success?" he wanted to know.

I replied that what might seem to be penny-pinching at one level might well loom as a large-scale economy at another. I mentioned the example of the giant U.S. corporation that recently made a study of the contents of the wastebaskets in its administrative offices.

Each night for a week, a team of workers emptied the waste receptacles and sorted out the usable items of company property which had been tossed into them by the firm's employees during the day. By computing the value of such minor items as paper clips, rubber bands, erasers, pencils, and so on which had been discarded during the week and multiplying the total by 52, company officials discovered that more than \$30,000 was being wasted—literally thrown away—each year!

Another firm operating a fleet of trucks saved \$15,000 annually on its gasoline bills just because an alert executive noticed that drivers were filling their fuel tanks to overflowing at the company gas pumps and that gasoline remaining in hose nozzles was allowed to drip onto the ground.

In one of my own companies, a bright junior executive burned much midnight oil to devise a shortcut in a production operation which saved less than half a cent per unit, but added up to a total yearly saving of over \$25,000—more than twice his own salary. Last year, he also reduced overall costs by 20 percent and increased production by 12 percent in his own department. This young man quite definitely has what I term The Millionaire Mentality. He is, incidentally, no longer a *junior* executive.

I do not hesitate to predict that he will reach the top and make his millions in record time.

In this day and age, almost every business firm has to fight a constant battle against rising costs. More than ever before in history, the emphasis has to be on reducing costs and increasing production.

There is absolutely no room in today's business world for even the most junior executive who has a postal clerk's outlook—but there is an insatiable and ever-growing need for executives who possess or will develop Millionaire Mentalities. Faced with spiraling costs and shrinking profit margins, many firms have begun to weed out the former and give greater latitude and opportunity to the latter.

In my own companies, we have instituted a program of "early retirement" to rid ourselves of the personnel deadwood which has been allowed to collect over the years—and which, inevitably, collects in almost any business firm.

Several hundred executives and employees have been compulsorily retired well before reaching the normal retirement age. The criterion for selecting those to be retired has been their actual value to the companies. In brief, the question asked in each case was whether the individual was productive, cost-conscious and profit-minded.

True, the cost of retiring these people and of paying them pensions years before they were due to receive them is very high. But we have found that the cost is significantly less than the cost of keeping them on our payrolls, where they not only draw full pay, but cause more harm than good, producing losses instead of profits.

The man with a Millionaire Mentality is not a penny pincher and money-grubber. If he is an executive, he watches costs and tries to reduce them—and strives to increase production and sales and thus profits—in every way he can because he has the interests of the company, its shareholders and employees at heart. He knows that the healthier the company, the better its profit picture, the more those shareholders and employees will benefit.

It is more than a figure of speech to say that an executive holds the stockholders' investments and the employees' jobs in his trust. To discharge those trusts, he must direct every effort to insure that the company makes a fair profit—one not only large enough for it to continue in business, but also large enough for it to take advantage of opportunities for expansion. An executive who understands this and acts accordingly is already well on his way to establishing the frame of mind that produces The Millionaire Mentality. He is also assured of success. He is on his way to the top.





"No, no . . . she was supposed to get in after you baked the cake!"

GLOWWORM (continued from page 61)

cated, nor willing to waste their time or charms on inept members of the opposite sex. Miss Rasher started the Society as a lark, of course, but it soon became a serious institution. Today, its membership is worldwide, and while the exact figures are secret, there are over 8000 female members, to say nothing of several hundred officers of both sexes."

"Members? But what kind of club is it?"

"It's not a club," she said contemptuously. "It is a Society. Modesty aside, I must tell you that it numbers some of the most beautiful women in the world as its members; the enrollment requirements are very strict. Each member is permitted to wear this small glowworm pin — for identification purposes."

"For whose identification purposes?"

"For the attractive and — suitable males the Glow girls are seeking. Once a man qualifies, he is given a winged glowworm pin — the male glowworm is winged, you know, and carries no light. This pin enables him to approach any Glow member and be assured of — shall I say, an ardent welcome?"

"You mean he can —"

"Yes, Mr. Holrood. Without fear of rejection, without time-wasting preliminaries, the Glow girls of the world are his for the asking."

He swallowed twice.

"But *how* do you qualify? What do I have to do, swim the Hellespont?"

"Nothing so unrelated. Certain officers of the Glow have been appointed Official Examiners."

He looked at the card again.

"O.E. Is that what O.E. means?"

"Yes, I have that honor."

"And you mean — you'll give me a chance?"

"That's my job, Mr. Holrood." She reached for the purse again, and with efficient motions, withdrew a tiny notepad and a slim pencil. She wrote rapidly on the first page, tore it out, and handed it to him. "I'm afraid I have another appointment this evening, but if you'll come to this address tomorrow night at say, 10 o'clock, I'll be happy to see you."

"Look, Debbie, you sure this isn't some kind of rib?"

"It's not a rib, Mr. Holrood, and please call me Miss Landis. You must remember, I am an officer."

"You honestly mean you'll — and I'm supposed to —"

"It's the only chance you'll have. Fail tomorrow night, and the ladies of the Glow Society are denied to you forever. If you succeed, of course, you must swear to keep the fact secret. The pins are not transferable, and any infraction of the rules will meet with immediate revocation of all privileges. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly clear. Perfectly nutty, but clear."

He trailed two fingers on her shoulder, and her surface temperature dropped five degrees. "Please, Mr. Holrood," she

said. "Until tomorrow."

Then she turned and went back inside.

At 10 the following night, she was hardly less glacial when she greeted him at the door of her apartment. But instead of a red dress, she wore a translucent chemise of pale blue, held together at the throat by a glowworm pin with a remarkably smooth-working catch.

• • •

When he received the official notification in the mail, Daniel immediately telephoned Deborah Landis' apartment.

"I want to see you," he said.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Holrood, that's against the rules. Did you receive my letter?"

"I got it," he said, with deadly calm. "But I still want to see you. Are you free for lunch?"

There was a momentary, lip-chewing pause.

"All right," the girl said. "Where do you eat lunch?"

He met her at the Allenby Room shortly after 12, and steered her to a secluded table. She wore a white tailored suit and looked virginal. He gritted his teeth, and ungrit them only for the first martini.

"All right," he said. "I suppose you're feeling very smug today."

"Certainly not. I never enjoy declining a likely male, Mr. Holrood, that's not what we're after."

"So I was really that bad, was I?"

"You mean you don't know?" She shrugged, and sipped her drink languidly.

"Yes, I know," Daniel said harshly. "I know that I enjoyed that night about as much as a schoolboy enjoys his final exams. What did you expect?"

"We expect love, Mr. Holrood, warm, passionate love. Is that too much to ask of a healthy young man?"

"And since when is love such a one-sided proposition? You had me so damn jittery with your lousy O.E. card and your icebox attitude —"

"I was only doing my duty."

"No," Daniel said gravely. "You weren't doing your duty, Miss Landis. You were forgetting it takes two to tango, and that's the most serious offense in the Glow Society. Frankly, I don't know how we ever let you take the job as an Official Examiner."

An eyebrow arched.

"Did you say *we*?"

"Yes, *we*," Daniel said. He took out his wallet and removed a card. It read: THE GLOW SOCIETY, DANIEL K. HOLROOD, VICE-PRESIDENT, NORTHEAST DIVISION.

"I'm sorry," he said quietly. "But even the Examiners must be examined sometimes. Turn in your glowworm, Miss Landis — you're through."



OPPOSING STATEMENTS *(continued from page 112)*

BUCKLEY The answer was no. The father spent the evening talking with his wife and sister, and on his knees praying. The next morning he opened the door to the escort who had come to fetch his son, put a bullet through his head, turned and shot his wife and child, and then blew out his own brains.

That is not merely a horror story, nor merely a personal tragedy, any more than the story of Anne Frank was merely an isolated horror story, a personal tragedy. It is a part of a systemic tragedy, just as the annihilation camps in Germany and Poland were a part of a systemic tragedy; the tragedy that arises not out of the workaday recognition of man's capacity for brutality, but out of the recognition that man's capacity for good is equal to the task of containing at least systemic horror, but that we are here frozen in inactivity, while the horror spreads, leaping over continents and oceans and slithering up to our shoreline, while those whose job it is to contain that horror grind out their diplomatic nothingness, and the nation's poets wallow in their own little sorrows. The American Right Wing, of whom I am merely one member, clumsily trying to say what Norman Mailer with his superior skills would be saying so very much better if only he would raise his eyes from the world's genital glands, are trying to understand why; are trying to understand what is that philosophy of despair, and who was it that voted to make it the law of nations, that we should yield to it, that teaches us to be impotent while fury strikes at the carpenter's home 90 miles from the greatest giant history ever bred, whose hands are held down by the Lilliputian solipsists of contemporary liberalism.

Cuba is a symbol of American liberalism's failure to meet the challenges of the modern world. If such a thing as Castro Cuba were not possible, such a thing as the American Right Wing, as it exists today, would not be possible; as things are, the American Right Wing is necessary, and providential.

Why are we now threatened with Castro? Why should Castro ever have arisen to threaten us? There is a question, I dare suggest, the Right alone has been asking. If the President of the United States desired a clue as to the answer to that question he might reflect on a scene enacted three-and-one-half years ago at his alma mater. It was a brilliant spring evening, and Harvard had not found a hall large enough to hold the crowd. In the entire history of Harvard, is it said, there had not been such a demand for seats. The meeting was finally held out of doors. And there 10,000 members of the Harvard community — teachers, students, administrative officials — met in high spirits to give Fidel Castro a thunderous, prolonged, standing ovation.

That is why the United States has not been able to cope with Castro — (nor before him with Khrushchev, or Mao-Tse-tung, or Stalin; or, for that matter, with Alger Hiss). We have not understood. The most educated men in our midst and the most highly trained — including those who trained the Kennedys — have not been understanding the march of history, in which Castro is a minor player, though at the moment great shafts of light converge on him to give him a spectac-

MAILER National Association for the Advancement of Colored People? No. Was it perhaps a Freedom Rider? No. Was it a beatnik or a drug addict? No. Wasn't it one of those New York agitators? No, no, it wasn't even a Cuban. The sad fact of the matter was that the powerful and villainous man was married to the richest woman in the county, came himself from an excellently good family, owned half the real estate around, and was president of the biggest local corporation, which was a large company for making plastic luncheon plates. He was a man who had been received often in the old lady's house. He had even talked to her about joining his organization. He was the leader of the local council of the John Birch Society.

Mr. Buckley may say I am being unfair. The man who puts the new bypass through does not have to be the local leader of the John Birch Society. He can also be a liberal Republican, or a Democratic mayor, a white liberal Southerner, or — and here Mr. Buckley might tell my story with pleasure — he could be a Federal man. The bypass might be part of a national superhighway. The villain might even be a Federal man who is under scrutiny by the Senate Investigating Committee, the House Un-American Affairs Committee, the FBI, and the CIA. It seems not to matter — a man can be a fellow-traveler or a reactionary — either way those trees get chopped down, and the past is unreasonably destroyed.

The moral well may be that certain distinctions have begun to disappear. The average experience today is to meet few people who are authentic. Our minds belong to one cause, our hands manipulate a machine which works against our cause. We are not our own masters. We work against ourselves. We suffer from a disease. It is a disease which afflicts almost all of us by now, so prevalent, insidious and indefinable that I choose to call it a plague.

I think somewhere, at some debatable point in history, it is possible man caught some unspeakable illness of the psyche, that he betrayed some secret of his being and so betrayed the future of his species. I could not begin to trace the beginning of this plague, but whether it began early or late, I think it is accelerating now at the most incredible speed, and I would go so far as to think that many of the men and women who belong to the Right Wing are more sensitive to this disease than virtually any other people in this country. I think it is precisely this sensitivity which gives power to the Right Wing's passions.

Now this plague appears to us as a sickening of our substance, an electrification of our nerves, a deterioration of desire, an apathy about the future, a detestation of the present, an amnesia of the past. Its forms are many, its flavor is unforgettable: It is the disease which destroys flavor. Its symptoms appear everywhere: in architecture, medicine, in the deteriorated quality of labor, the insubstantiality of money, the ravishment of nature, the impoverishment of food, the manipulation of emotion, the emptiness of faith, the displacement of sex, the deterioration of language, the reduction of philosophy, and the alienation of man from the product of his work and the results of his acts.

What a modest list! What a happy century. One

Interlandi



"Look, do me a favor and stop saying, 'Who needs it!'"

BUCKLEY ular brilliance. When Castro arrived at Harvard he had been five long, hectic, flamboyant months in power. He had kept the firing squads working day and night. He had reduced the courts to travesty; he had postponed democratic elections until a day infinitely distant; he had long since begun to speak stridently about world affairs in the distinctive accents of Bolshevism; he had insulted our ambassador; his radio stations and newspapers were pouring out their abuse of this country and its people. Things would become worse in the next months, and the more offensive Castro became, the madder we were all instructed to get at General Trujillo. Castro would not get such a reception at Harvard today. But today is too late. Today is when President Kennedy labors over the problem of how to contain Castro. Now, having waited so long, Mr. Kennedy must deal with the doctrine promulgated by Khrushchev on September 11, which states that "the Soviet Union will consider any attempt on the part of the Western Hemisphere powers to extend their system to any portion of the Communist world as dangerous to our peace and safety" — what we have identified at *National Review* as the Monroevski Doctrine.

The point is that no one in power seems to know exactly how to deal with Castro. No one even knows how this country is to deal not with Castro — he is merely a particularization of the trouble — but with a much larger question. We don't know how to deal with Harvard University. If Harvard wasn't able to spot Castro for what he is earlier than it did, and show us how to cope with him, who can? And yet Harvard, so dulled are its moral and intellectual reflexes, cheered, while Castro was accumulating the power to engross the full, if futile, attention of President John F. Kennedy, B.S., Harvard, 1940, LL.D., 1956, even while another of her illustrious sons, Norman Mailer, B.A. 1947, was propagandizing for a Committee to Hasten the Unmolested Communization of Cuba.

Of Cuba, the Right Winger concludes, it can truly be said that she was betrayed. That melodramatic word is not being used only by the founder of the John Birch Society. It is the word — "*la gran estafa*" — being used by most of Fidel Castro's closest former associates, who had thought they were struggling all those months in the Sierra Maestra for freedom, only to find that at a mysterious political level of whose existence they were not even aware, arrangements were being made to use their hunger for freedom and reform as the engines to create a slave state. They, the earliest associates of Castro, were not really to blame. They fought bravely, and one must not fault the working soldiery for a lack of political sophistication. But there were others whose business it was to know who did not know, and their ignorance resulted in the betrayal of those men who followed Castro blindly, only to find themselves to have tunneled out of their cell into a torture chamber.

The United States was caught by surprise? The Right Wing suggests there are reasons why we were caught by surprise, and that we can never be done exploring what those reasons were, and how to avoid them in the future. But all inquiries of this nature are denounced as McCarthyite. President Kennedy has told us the Government was caught completely by

MAILER could speak for hours on each of the categories of this plague. But we are here tonight to talk about other matters. So I will try to do no more than list the symptoms of this plague.

Even 25 years ago architecture, for example, still told one something about a building and what went on within it. Today, who can tell the difference between a modern school and a modern hospital, between a modern hospital and a modern prison, or a prison and a housing project? The airports look like luxury hotels, the luxury hotels are indistinguishable from a modern corporation's home office, and the home office looks like an air-conditioned underground city on the moon.

In medicine, not so long ago, just before the war, there still used to be diseases. Diphtheria, smallpox, German measles, scarlet fever. Today there are allergies, viruses, neuroses, incurable diseases. Surgery may have made some mechanical advances, but sickness is more mysterious than ever. No one knows quite what a virus is, nor an allergy, nor how to begin to comprehend an incurable disease. We have had an avalanche of antibiotics, and now we have a rampage of small epidemics with no name and no distinctive set of symptoms.

Nature is wounded in her fisheries, her forests. Airplanes spray insecticides. Species of insects are removed from the chain of life. Crops are poisoned just slightly. We grow enormous tomatoes which have no taste. Food is raised in artificial circumstances, with artificial nutrients, full of alien chemicals and foreign bodies.

Our emotions are turned like television dials by men in motivational research. Goods are not advertised to speak to our needs but to our secret itch. Our secondary schools have a curriculum as interesting as the wax paper on breakfast food. Our educational system teaches not to think, but to know the answer. Faith is half-empty. Until the churches can offer an explanation for Buchenwald, or Siberia or Hiroshima, they are only giving solace to the unimaginative. They are neglecting the modern crisis. For all of us live today as divided men. Our hope for the future must be shared with the terror that we may go exploding into the heavens at the same instant 10,000,000 other souls are being exploded beside us. Not surprising, then, if many people no longer look to sex as an act whose final purpose is to continue the race.

Language is drowning in jargons of mud. Philosophy is in danger of becoming obsolescent. Metaphysics disappears, logical positivism arises. The mass of men begin to have respect not for those simple ideas which are mysteries, but on the contrary for those simple ideas which are certitudes. Soon a discussion of death will be considered a betrayal of philosophy.

Finally, there is a vast alienation of man from responsibility. One hundred years ago Marx was writing about the alienation of man from his tools and the product of his work. Today that alienation has gone deeper. Today we are alienated from our acts. A writer I know interviewed Dr. Teller, "the father of the hydrogen bomb." There was going to be a new test of that bomb soon. "Are you going to see it?" asked the reporter.

"Who is interested in that?" asked Teller. "That is just a big bang."

BUCKLEY surprise by the East Germans on August a year ago when the great wall was erected. I believe him — though it strikes me as strange that so massive an accumulation of standby brick and mortar could have escaped even the notice of our CIA. The result of our failure to have anticipated that wall has been to freeze the dreams of one half of Germany and chill the hopes of free men everywhere. In Laos we were surprised by the militancy of the thrust from the north and the intransigence of the Laotian insurrectionary force; whereupon we yielded, midwifing a government whose archetype we saw in Czechoslovakia just after the War; we know, but haven't learned, that coalition governments become Communist governments; that who says A, must say B . . .

So it has gone, throughout the history of our engagement with the Communist world; and only the Right, and honorable and courageous but unrepresentative members of the Left, have had the compassion to raise their voices in sustained protest. "Never fear," our leaders sought to pacify us in 1947: "We have established a policy of containment." On the 15th anniversary of the policy of containment we can peer 90 miles off the Florida coast into Soviet-built muzzles. And on the other side of the world, in Laos, those who fumble trying to define the New Frontier learn that it has crept 500 miles closer to us since Mr. Kennedy undertook to set this nation to moving again.

It is said of the American Right Wing that we do not trust our leaders. Nothing could be closer to the truth. Our leaders are not Communists, or pro-Communists, and are not suspected of being so, notwithstanding the gleeful publicity that has been given to the aberrations of a single conspicuous member of the Right Wing who made a series of statements that I would put up alongside some of the political commentary of Herbert Matthews, Gore Vidal, and Norman Mailer, as qualifying for the most foolish political prose published during 1961. The Right Wing, who are so often charged with wishing to escape from reality, desire in fact to introduce reality to our ideologized brothers on the Left; far from fleeing from world responsibilities, we wish to acknowledge that the weight of the world's problems does in fact lie squarely on the shoulders of our leaders; and draw attention to the fact that these leaders have been losing the world war; and, insofar as a great many human beings are personally concerned, have lost it already. If you were a Cuban who believed in freedom, would you trust the leaders of America? Or if you lived in East Berlin? Or Laos; or China, for that matter? Our leaders are not Communists, but they have consistently failed to grasp the elementary logic of nuclear blackmail, with the result that we have found ourselves without any strategy whatever — not even enough strategy to enforce a doctrine we felt capable of enforcing 140 years ago.

The implicit logic of those of our leaders who decline to fight for Cuba is the logic of defeat. Ultimately their arguments must, by logical necessity, come down to surrender. And indeed this exactly is the naked word that is finally being used today by a few brave cowards. "For the first time in America," Mr. Joseph Alsop wrote a year ago, "one or two voices are begin-

MAILER Face to face with a danger they cannot name, there are still many people on the Right Wing who sense that there seems to be some almost palpable conspiracy to tear life away from its roots. There is a biological rage at the heart of much Right Wing polemic. They feel as if somebody, or some group — in New York no doubt — are trying to poison the very earth, air and water of their existence. In their Mind, this plague is associated with collectivism, and I am not so certain they are wrong. The essence of biology seems to be challenge and response, risk and survival, war and the lessons of war. It may be biologically true that life cannot have beauty without its companion — danger. Collectivism promises security. It spreads security the way a knife spreads margarine. Collectivism may well choke the pores of life.

But there is a contradiction here. Not all of the Right Wing after all is individual and strong. Far from it. The Right Wing knows better than I would know how many of them are collectivists in their own hearts, how many detest questions and want answers, loathe paradox, and live with a void inside themselves, a void of fear, a void of fear for the future and for what is unexpected, which fastens upon Communists as equal, one to one, with the Devil. The Right Wing often speaks of freedom when what it desires is iron law, when what it really desires is collectivism managed by itself. If the Right Wing is reacting to the plague, all too many of the powerful people on the Right — the presidents of more than a few corporations in California, for example — are helping to disseminate the plague. I do not know if this applies to Senator Goldwater who may be an honorable and upright man, but I think it can do no harm to take a little time to study the application of his ideas.

As a thoroughgoing conservative, the Senator believes in increasing personal liberty by enlarging economic liberty. He is well known for his views. He would reduce the cost of public welfare and diminish the present power of the unions, he would lower the income tax, dispense with subsidies to the farmer, decentralize the Federal Government and give states' rights back to the states, he would limit the Government's spending, and he would discourage any interference by Washington in the education of the young. It is a complete, comprehensive program. One may agree with it or disagree. But no doubt it is a working program. The reasonableness of this program is attractive. It might even reduce the depredations of the plague. There is just one trouble with it. It does not stop here. Senator Goldwater takes one further step. He would carry the cold war to the Soviet Union, he would withdraw diplomatic recognition, he would recognize, I quote, that:

" . . . If our objective is victory over communism, we must achieve superiority in all of the weapons — military, as well as political and economic — that may be useful in reaching that goal. Such a program costs money, but so long as the money is spent wisely and efficiently, I would spend it. I am not in favor of economizing on the nation's safety."

It is the sort of statement which inspires a novelist's imagination long enough to wonder what might happen to the Senator's program if he were elected President. For we may be certain he is sincere in his desire

BUCKLEY ning to be heard, arguing that what ought to be done is to surrender."

"Mr. Kennedy says Berlin is not negotiable," writes Mr. John Crosby in his column. "Why isn't it? Why isn't anything negotiable rather than thermonuclear war? . . . Are we going to wipe out two-and-a-half billion years of slow biological improvement in a thermonuclear war? Over what — Berlin? I agree with Nehru that to go to war under any circumstances for anything at all in our world [presumably excepting Goa] in our time is utter absurdity. . . . I certainly think Berlin is negotiable and, as a matter of fact, Khrushchev is not even asking very much. . . . And after all, Communism . . . is not that bad, and someday we're going to have to face up to that. . . ." And Mr. Kenneth Tynan, the English critic, agrees. "Better Red than dead," he writes, "seems an obvious doctrine for anyone not consumed by a death wish: I would rather live on my knees than die on my knees."

Well, assuming it is death toward which we are

MAILER to achieve superiority in all the weapons, including such ideological weapons as arriving first on the moon. But what of the cost? There is one simple and unforgettable figure. More than 60 cents out of every dollar spent by the Government is spent on military security already. Near to two thirds of every dollar. And our national budget in 1963 will be in the neighborhood of \$90,000,000,000. If we add what will be spent on foreign aid, the figure will come to more than 75 cents in every dollar.

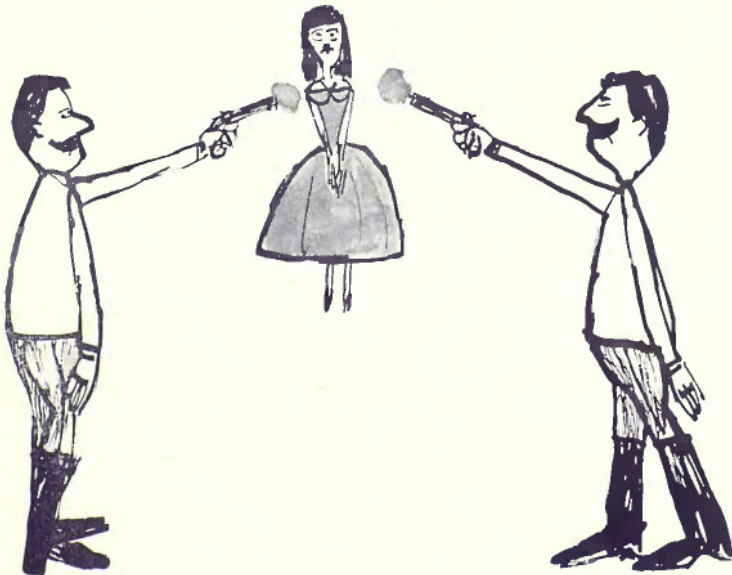
Yet these expenditures have not given us a clear superiority to the Soviet Union. On the contrary, Senator Goldwater points out that we must still *achieve* superiority. Presumably, he would increase the amount of money spent on defense. This, I suppose, would not hinder him from reducing the income tax, nor would it force him to borrow further funds. He could regain any moneys lost in this reduction by taking the money from welfare and education, that is he could if he didn't increase our defense efforts by more



1



2



3



4

SHOEMAKER

BUCKLEY headed as a result of our determination to stay free, let it be said that Mr. Tynan would not need to die on his knees, but rather standing up. Which is how those of his ancestors died before Runnymede, at Agincourt and Hastings, at Dunkirk, who fought for the freedom of their descendants to exhibit their moral idiocy. Mr. Crosby advances as a substitute for the slogan "Give me liberty or give me death" the slogan: "*John Crosby is too young to die.*" Let them live. There remain impenetrable corners of the Soviet Union where Messrs. Crosby and Tynan could store up their 2500 calories per day and remain absolutely free from the hounds of radioactivity, if not from the hounds of Bolshevism. But they will not go: they would have *us* all go; and they are right in suggesting that their logic, because it is in greater harmony with the inexplicit premises of American foreign policy over the years, will prevail. It is at odds only with official rhetoric, which is all wind—the tiger Schlesinger typing out a 1000-word roar once a month for the White House Department on Releasing the Bellicose Energies of the Masses. The implicit cogency of surrender will, they feel sure, overcome the defiant rhetoric, and ease us into a course of conclusive appeasement. It is implied by Messrs. Crosby and Tynan that the Right Wing seeks a war. But in fact we seek to avoid war: And the surest way to avoid war is to assert our willingness to wage it, a paradox that surely is not so complex as to elude the understanding of professional students of the drama. The appeasers and collaborators in our midst seek to pour water in our gunpowder, and lead into the muzzle of our cannon, and leave us defenseless in the face of the enemy's musketry. There is no licit use for a nuclear bomb, they are saying in effect, save possibly to drop a small one on the headquarters of the John Birch Society. But these are in fact the warmongers, for they whet the appetite of the enemy as surely as the stripteaser, by her progressive revelations, whets the appetite of her clients. "*However I survey the future,*" concludes Kenneth Tynan, "*there seems to me nothing noble*" in dying. "*I want my wife to have another child, and I want to see that child learn to walk.*" Those in the West of civilized mind and heart are engaged in trying to make just that possible, the birth of another child to Kenneth Tynan, always assuming he has left the virility to procreate one.

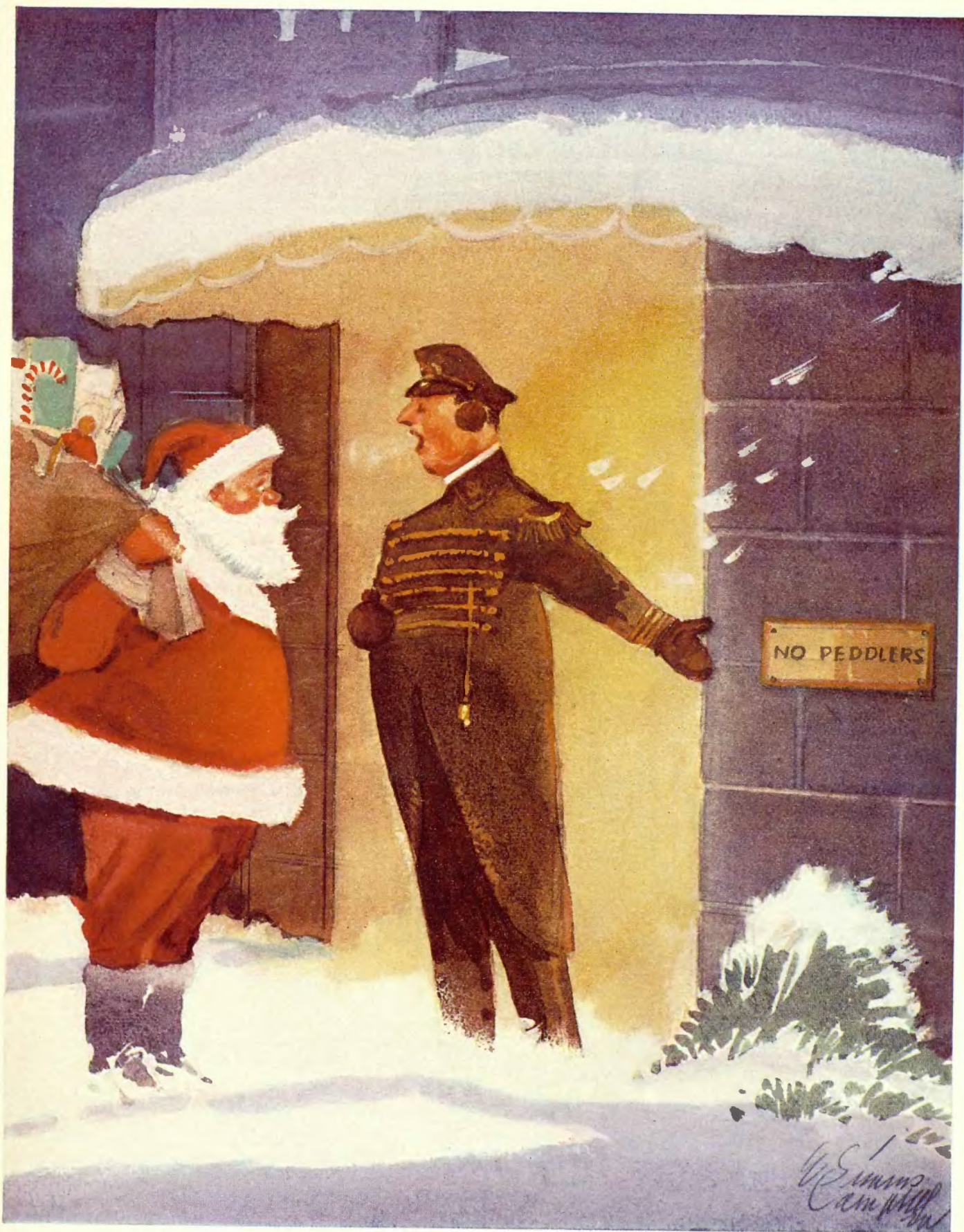
Disintegration is what we conservatives see going on about us. Disintegration and acquiescence in it. The liberal community accepts calmly and fatalistically the march of events of the past years. History will remark that in 1945, victorious and omnipotent, the United States declined to secure for Poland the rights over which a great world war had broken out; and that a mere 16 years later—Who says B, must say C—we broke into a panicked flight from the responsibilities of the Monroe Doctrine, which we had hurled as a fledgling republic in the face of the omnipotent powers of the Old World 140 years ago, back when America was a great nation, though not a great power. It is the general disintegration of a shared understanding of the meaning of the world and our place in it that made American liberalism possible, and American conservatism inevitable.

For the American Right is based on the assumption

MAILER than 10 percent, for if he did that, we would be spending more already than the money we now spend on welfare. And of course that part of the population which would be most affected by the cessation of welfare, that is, so to speak, the impoverished part of the population, might not be happy. And it is not considered wise to have a portion of the populace unhappy when one is expanding one's ability to go to war, unless one wishes to put them in uniform. Perhaps Goldwater might not reduce the expenditures on welfare during this period. He might conceivably increase them a little in order to show that over the short period, during the crisis, during the arms buildup while we achieve superiority over the Russians, a conservative can take just as good care of the masses as a liberal. Especially since we may assume the Russians would be trying to achieve superiority over us at the same time we are trying to achieve superiority over them, so that an arms and munitions competition would be taking place and there would be enough money spent for everyone.

But let me move on to education where the problem is more simple. To achieve superiority over the Russians there, we simply need more technicians, engineers and scientists. We also have to build the laboratories in which to teach them. Perhaps, most reluctantly, just for the duration of the crisis, which is to say for the duration of his period in office, President Goldwater might have to increase the Federal budget for education. That would be contrary to his principles. But perhaps he could recover some of those expenditures by asking the farmer to dispense with subsidies. The farmer would not mind if additional Government funds were allocated to education and welfare, and he was not included. The farmer would not mind if the larger corporations of America, General Dynamics and General Motors, General Electric, United States Steel and A.T.&T. were engaged in rather large new defense contracts. No, the farmer would not mind relinquishing his subsidy. Not at all. Still, to keep him as happy as everyone else Goldwater might increase his subsidy. Just for the duration of the crisis. Just for the duration of enlightened conservatism in office. It would not matter about the higher income tax, the increased farm subsidies, the enlarged appropriation for welfare, the new magnified role of the Federal Government in education, President Goldwater could still give the states back their rights. He would not have to integrate the schools down South. He could drive the Russians out of the Congo, while the White Councils were closing the white colleges in order not to let a black man in. Yes, he could. For the length of a 20-minute speech in Phoenix, Arizona, he could. But you know and I know and he knows what he would do—he would do what President Eisenhower did. He would send troops in to integrate the schools of the South. He would do that if he wanted to keep the Russians out of the Congo.

Poor President Goldwater. At least he could cut down on the power of the unions. He could pass a Right-to-Work act. Indeed he could. He could carry the war to the Russians, he could achieve superiority, while the unions of America were giving up their power and agreeing not to strike. Yes. Yes. Of course he could. Poor President Goldwater. He might have to end by passing a law which would make it illegal



"Can't you read?"

BUCKLEY that however many things there are that we don't know, there are some things we do know; on the assumption that some questions are closed, and that our survival as a nation depends on our acting bravely on those assumptions, without whose strength we are left sounding like Eisenhower, which is to say organically unintelligible; rhetoricizing like Kennedy, which is to leave it to Madison Avenue to make nonaction act; or writing like Mailer, which is to write without "beginning to know what one is, or what one wants" — the criticism of Mailer made by his friend, my enemy, Gore Vidal.

To win this one, ladies and gentlemen, it will take nerve, and take courage, and take a certain kind of humility, the humility that makes man acknowledge the demands of duty. But it takes also a quiet and unshakable pride, the pride of knowing that with all its faults, with all its grossness, with all its appalling injustices, great and small, we live here in the West under a small ray of light, while over there there is blackness, total, impenetrable. "You have to care about other people to share your perception with them," Norman Mailer has written. But nowadays, he confesses, "there are too many times when I no longer give a good goddamn for most of the human race." It is tempting to observe that nothing would better serve the good ends of the goddamn human race than to persuade Mr. Mailer to neglect us; but I shall resist the temptation, and predict instead that those liberating perceptions that Mr. Mailer has been wrestling to formulate for, lo, these many years, those ideas that will catapult him to the Presidency, are, many of them, like the purloined letter, lying about loose in the principles and premises, the organon, of the

MAILER ever to pass a Right-to-Work law. Under Goldwater, the American people would never have to be afraid of creeping socialism. They would just have state conservatism, creeping state conservatism. Yes, there are conservatives like the old lady who wished to save the trees and there are conservatives who talk of saving trees in order to get the power to cut down the trees.

So long as there is a cold war, there cannot be a conservative administration in America. There cannot for the simplest reason. Conservatism depends upon a huge reduction in the power and the budget of the central Government. Indeed, so long as there is a cold war, there are no politics of consequence in America. It matters less each year which party holds the power. Before the enormity of defense expenditures, there is no alternative to an ever-increasing welfare state. It can be an interesting welfare state like the present one, or a dull welfare state like President Eisenhower's. It can even be a totally repressive welfare state like President Goldwater's well might be. But the conservatives might recognize that greater economic liberty is not possible so long as one is building a greater war machine. To pretend that both can be real is hypocritical beyond belief. The conservatives are then merely mouthing impractical ideas which they presume may bring them power. They are sufficiently experienced to know that only liberalism can lead America into total war without popular violence, or an active underground.

There is an alternative. Perhaps it is ill-founded. Perhaps it is impractical. I do not know enough to say. I fear there is no one in this country who knows enough to say. Yet I think the time may be approaching for a great debate on this alternative. I say that at least this alternative is no more evil and no more visionary than Barry Goldwater's promise of a conservative America with superiority in all the weapons. So I say — in modesty and in doubt, I say — the alternative may be to end the cold war. The cold war has been an instrument of megalomaniacal delusion to this country. It is the poison of the Right Wing. It is the poison they feed themselves and it is the poison they feed the nation. Communism may be evil incarnate, but it is a most complex evil which seems less intolerable today than it did under Stalin. I for one do not understand an absolute evil which is able to ameliorate its own evil. I say an evil which has captured the elements of the good is complex. To insist communism is a simple phenomenon can only brutalize the minds of the American people. Already, it has given this country over to the power of every huge corporation and organization in America. It has helped to create an America run by committees. It has stricken us with secret waste and hatred. It has held back the emergence of an America more alive and more fantastic than any America yet created.

So I say: End the cold war. Pull back our boundaries to what we can defend and to what wishes to be defended. There is one dread advantage to atomic war. It enables one powerful nation to be the equal of many nations. We do not have to hold every loose piece of real estate on earth to have security. Let communism come to those countries it will come to. Let us not use up our substance trying to hold onto



"What say we go up to my place and break some resolutions . . ."

BUCKLEY movement the Left finds it so fashionable to ridicule.

There, in all that mess, he will, for instance, run into the concept of duty, which presupposes the validity of nonpersonalized standards. Why this retreat from duty? Because our leaders are, when all is said and done, scared. "*We will take Berlin,*" Khrushchev said to an American cabinet officer, "*and you will do nothing about it.*" Why won't we do anything about it? Because we might get hurt — as individuals, we might suffer, and so we rush into the great comforting bosom of unreality, who strokes our locks and tells us nothing will happen to us if only we will negotiate, keep sending lots of foreign aid to India, lots more sit-ins to Georgia, and lots more McCarthyites to Coventry.

The flight from reality by those who are scared . . . "I have only one life to give for my country," the liberal says, "and my country isn't worth it." "*Could you imagine yourself living happily in a Communist society?*" the interviewer recently asked C. P. Snow, the liberals' Renaissance Man. "*I think so,*" answered Sir Charles. "*If you had to, if somebody said you've got to live in America or live in Russia for the rest of your days, which would you choose?*" "*Well, that is very difficult. I think, to be honest, I could be very happy in either of them.*"

Members of the Right Wing could not.

The true meaning of the American Right Wing, Mr. Mailer, is commitment, a commitment on the basis of which it becomes possible to take measurements. That is true whether in respect of domestic policy — about which more during the last half of this program — or foreign policy. For those on the radical Left with Norman Mailer, and for so many Americans on the moderate Left, the true meaning of our time is the loss of an operative set of values — what one might call an expertise in living. For them there is no ground wire, and without a ground the voltage fluctuates wildly, wantonly, chasing after the immediate line of least resistance — which, in Cuba is *Do Nothing*. For those, like Norman Mailer, who have cut themselves off from the Great Tradition, one observes that it is not truly important that a Laos has been dismembered, or that a great wall has gone up through Berlin, or that a Cuba has been communized: Mailer's world is already convulsed, at a much higher level, and he has no ear for such trivia as these. For he views the world as groaning under the weight of unmanageable paradoxes, so that Euclidean formulations, Christian imperatives, Mosaic homilies become, all of them, simply irrelevant; worse, when taken seriously, these are the things that get in the way of his own absorption with himself, in the way of that apocalyptic orgasm which he sees as the end objective of individual experience.

How strange it is that all the Establishment's scholars, all the Establishment's men, have not in the last half dozen years written a half dozen paragraphs that truly probe the true meaning of the American Right Wing. They settle instead for a frenzied, paranoid denunciation. Indeed the Left has discovered that the threat is really internal. There is no enormity too grotesque or too humorless to win their wide-eyed faith. I have seen some of them listen respectfully to the thesis that people in America belong to the Right

MAILER nations which are poor, underdeveloped, and bound to us only by the depths of their hatred for us. We cannot equal the effort the Communists make in such places. We are not dedicated in that direction. We were not born to do that. We have had our frontier already. We cannot be excited to our core, our historic core, by the efforts of new underdeveloped nations to expand their frontiers. No, we are better engaged in another place, we are engaged in making the destiny of Western man, a destiny which seeks now to explore out beyond the moon and in back into the depths of the soul. With some small fraction of the money we spend now on defense we can truly defend ourselves and Western Europe, we can develop, we can become extraordinary, we can go a little further toward completing the heroic vision of Western man. Let the Communists flounder in the countries they acquire. The more countries they hold, the less supportable will become the contradictions of their ideology, the more bitter will grow the divisions in their internal interest, and the more enormous their desire to avoid a war which could only destroy the economies they will have developed at such vast labor and such vast waste. Let it be their waste, not ours. Our mission may be not to raise the level of minimum subsistence in the world so much as it may be to show the first features and promise of that incalculable renaissance men may someday enter. So let the true war begin. It is not a war between West and East, between capitalism and communism, or democracy and totalitarianism; it is rather the deep war which has gone on for six centuries in the nature of Western man, it is the war between the conservative and the rebel, between authority and



"No, you cannot be bitten by Richard Burton instead of the snake!"

BUCKLEY Wing out of resentment over their failure to get their sons into Groton; and I remember the rumor that swept the highest counsels of the ADA and the *Washington Post* in 1954 that Senator McCarthy was accumulating an arsenal of machine guns and rifles in the cellar of the Senate Office Building. . . . And, of course, we all know that they continue to believe in Santa Claus.

"Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair." And the charge was brought against them by the principal merchants of the City: "That they were enemies to and disturbers of their trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town." Thus John Bunyan wrote about the town of Vanity, and how it greeted those in the city who came to buy the truth.

"I am frankly all but ignorant of theology," Norman Mailer writes. If he wants to learn something about the true nature of the American Right Wing, I recommend to him the works of Presidents Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.



The foregoing statements by Messrs. Mailer and Buckley, written exclusively for PLAYBOY, were subsequently read by them as preambles to a debate on the American Right Wing today, a transcript of which (also a PLAYBOY exclusive) will appear in our next issue.



"You call this 'Just a little present'?"

MAILER instinct, between the two views of God which collide in the mind of the West, the ceremonious conservative view which believes that if God allows one man to be born wealthy and another poor, we must not tamper unduly with this conception of place, this form of society created by God, for it is possible the poor man is more fortunate than the rich, since he may be judged less severely on his return to eternity. That is the conservative view and it is not a mean nor easy view to deny.

The rebel or the revolutionary might argue, however, that the form of society is not God's creation, but a result of the war between God and the Devil, that this form is no more than the line of the battlefield upon which the Devil distributes wealth against God's best intention. So man must serve as God's agent, seeking to shift the wealth of our universe in such a way that the talent, creativity and strength of the future, dying now by dim dull deaths in every poor man alive, will come to take its first breath, will show us what a mighty renaissance is locked in the unconscious of the dumb. It is the argument which claims that no conservative can ever be certain those imbued with the value of tradition did not give more devotion to their garden, their stable, their kennel, the livery of their servant and the oratorical style of their clergyman than God intended. Which conservative indeed can be certain that if his class once embodied some desire of the Divine Will, that it has not also now incurred God's displeasure after all these centuries of organized Christianity and enormous Christian greed? Which conservative can swear that it was not his class who gave the world a demonstration of greed so complete, an expropriation and spoilation of backward lands and simple people so avid, so vicious, so insane, a class which finally gave such suck to the Devil, that the most backward primitive in the darkest jungle would sell the grave and soul of his dearest ancestor for a machine with which to fight back?

That is the war which has meaning, that great and mortal debate between rebel and conservative where each would argue the other is an agent of the Devil. That is the war we can welcome, the war we can expect if the cold war will end. It is the war which will take life and power from the statistical congelations of the Center and give it over to Left and to Right, it is the war which will teach us our meaning, where we will discover ourselves and whether we are good and where we are not, so it is the war which will give the West what is great within it, the war which gives birth to art and furnishes strength to fight the plague. Art, free inquiry and the liberty to speak may be the only cure against the plague.

But first, I say, first there is another debate America must have. Do we become totalitarian or do we end the cold war? Do we accept the progressive collectivization of our lives which eternal cold war must bring, or do we gamble on the chance that we have armament enough already to be secure and to be free, and do we seek therefore to discover ourselves, and Nature willing, discover the conservative or rebellious temper of these tortured times? And when we are done, will we know truly who has spoken within us, the Lord, or the Fallen Prince?



ON VICE

OF ALL THE DETESTABLE EVILS that disgrace this world, bigotry is certainly the most pernicious, the most to be dreaded. No evils can be compared with its dark and malignant spirit. Bigotry consists in being obstinately and permanently attached to our own opinions. The habitual critic is essentially an obstructionist. He is a stranger to constructive and helpful methods. Personal opinion has become his ruler and self-exaggeration his monitor. His views are to his perverted sense synonymous with absolute right.

AMBITION is the original of vices, the mother of hypocrisy, the parent of envy, the engineer of deceit.

THE GENERAL RUN of men sink in virtue as they rise in fortune. Give a man the necessities of life, and he wants the conveniences. Give him the conveniences, and he craves for the luxuries. Grant him the luxuries, and he sighs for the elegances. Let him have the elegances and he yearns for the follies. Give him all together, and he complains that he has been cheated both in the price and quantity of the articles.

HUMAN NATURE will someday come face-to-face with human destiny — what an explosion there will be!

ON LIVING WITH MEANING

FROM THE CRADLE to the grave, in his needs as in his pleasures, in his conceptions of the world, and of himself, the man of modern times struggles through a maze of endless complications. Nothing is simple any longer; neither thought nor action; not pleasure, not even dying.

I HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED that the man who has begun to live more seriously within begins to live more simply without. In an age of extravagance and waste, I wish I could show to the world how few the real wants of humanity are.

I WOULD RATHER be able to appreciate things I can't have than to have things I am not able to appreciate.

IT'S AMAZING to me how many precious moments are wasted in needless self-indulgence, in frivolous pursuits, in idle conversation, in vague and useless revelry. To widen your life without deepening it is only to weaken it.

YOU MUST ACT. Inactive contemplation is a dangerous condition for the mind. We should not dream away our lives.

BETTORS AND GAMBLERS usually die poor. But even where young men have made a lucky stroke, the result is too often a misfortune. They neglect the necessary, persistent effort. The habit of industry is ignored. Work becomes distasteful, and life is wrecked, looking for chances that never come.

PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS SEEKING shortcuts to happiness. There are no shortcuts.

A GREAT STEP is made when a man has learned that there is no connection between liking a thing and doing it. A

characteristic of great writers is their intense earnestness. Their lives are often sad and cheerless, but they are never idle. Whatever they do, whether in religion, politics, education or work for daily bread, they do with all their might.

ON SOLITUDE

SOMETIMES I WRITE all day from loneliness.

BUT COURAGEOUS MEN have often turned forced solitude to account in executing works of great importance. It is in solitude that the passion for perfection best nurses itself. The soul communes with itself in loneliness until its energy often becomes intense. Thus if a man is ever to be happy, he must have more time to himself.

BUT WHETHER A MAN PROFITS by solitude or not will mainly depend upon his own temperament, training and character. While, in a large-natured man, solitude will make the pure heart purer, in the small-natured man it will only serve to make the hard heart still harder. For though solitude may be the nurse of great spirits, it is the torment of small ones.

BUT A WRITER should never live apart from the world when he is not writing.

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN more interested in men and women than in ideas. I am bored by movies, television and theater; though gifted raconteurs make poor writers, I would rather talk to anybody or listen to anybody talking.

MANY WILL SEEK your friendship while you have much to give. When you need to receive, the number of your friends will be diminished, but their quality will be improved.

ON LOVE

LOVE is the universal creator of man and the universe. Love is the universal

instinct. Love enlarges the scope of the mind, enhances the mental faculties, clarifies emotion and gives poise to enthusiasm. Love lives and increases her store by giving. Her genius is in sharing all that she possesses and all that she is. Love is reciprocal. To understand another is one of life's richest blessings, and to be understood by another is perhaps love's sweetest and most satisfying gift. Love gives without thinking of return. Love is honest and patient, though all about her be faithless, dishonest and turbulent. Love recognizes neither time, space nor outward separation. She multiplies joys, displaces friction and discord with harmony, judges not by appearances. Love is the ultimate of existence, the principle of brotherhood, the essence of character, the basis of fellowship. Love looks for the good everywhere and under all conditions, and finds it. Love reveals the plan of the universe and the character of a man at a single glance. And religion is simply love lived.

ON PRESENT AND FUTURE

TODAY we are not in any backwater of history, but on the top of the tide and moving with a sweep that is irresistible. The great days are not gone; the great days are here, and greater days are coming.

THE INCREASED FACILITIES for travel and the growth of surplus wealth annually send a great stream of visitors up and down the earth. Everybody goes everywhere, and is likely to come back home a broader and worthier man, with somewhat less antipathy to his fellows, and a deeper realization of the truth that his own highest welfare is inextricably bound up with the whole race to which he belongs. However faintly, the heart of humanity is beginning to beat as one.



"Mind if I sing you a song of the open road?"

Little Annie Fanny

AS WE MAKE READY TO WEARILY RING OUT THE OLD AND HOPEFULLY RING IN THE NEW, WE PAUSE TO ENJOY ANOTHER TALE WITH OUR LITTLE BLONDE WAIF — FOR WHAT CAN BE MORE STIMULATING THAN SPENDING THE YEAR'S REAR WITH LITTLE ANNIE FANNY?

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER



Elder





ANNIE?
IS SOME-
ONE IN
HERE WITH
YOU?

LOOK, RUTHIE! IT'S MY DADDY
BIGBUCKS! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?
HE'S COME HOME FOR THE
HOLIDAYS! HE ISN'T MY REAL DADDY,
BUT THAT'S WHAT I CALL HIM.

YES...
ANNIE IS
LIKE MY
VERY OWN
SWEET LITTLE
GIRL.



ANNIE! SHAME-SHAME, STANDING
AROUND LIKE THAT IN FRONT OF
YOUR DADDY BIGBUCKS. BESIDES...
YOU'VE GOT TO GET INTO YOUR
COSTUME AND GET READY FOR
OUR COSTUME PARTY!

OH, MY! I'M SO
EXCITED I FOR-
GOT THAT I'M NOT
DRESSED!



THERE! NOW I'M DRESSED!...DO
YOU LIKE MY COSTUME, DADDY?
I CALL IT "THE NEW FRONTIER!"
...OH, DADDY! WHY DON'T YOU
JOIN OUR PARTY AS
SANTA CLAUS!

NO, ANNIE... I'LL COME
AS MYSELF... FREE
ENTERPRISE! -RUGGED
INDIVIDUALISM! I'LL
COME WITH MY
ASSISTANT... THE WASP!



THE WASP?!
HERE? BRRR-
HE'S SO SILENT
...YOU NEVER KNOW
...HE'S AROUND.

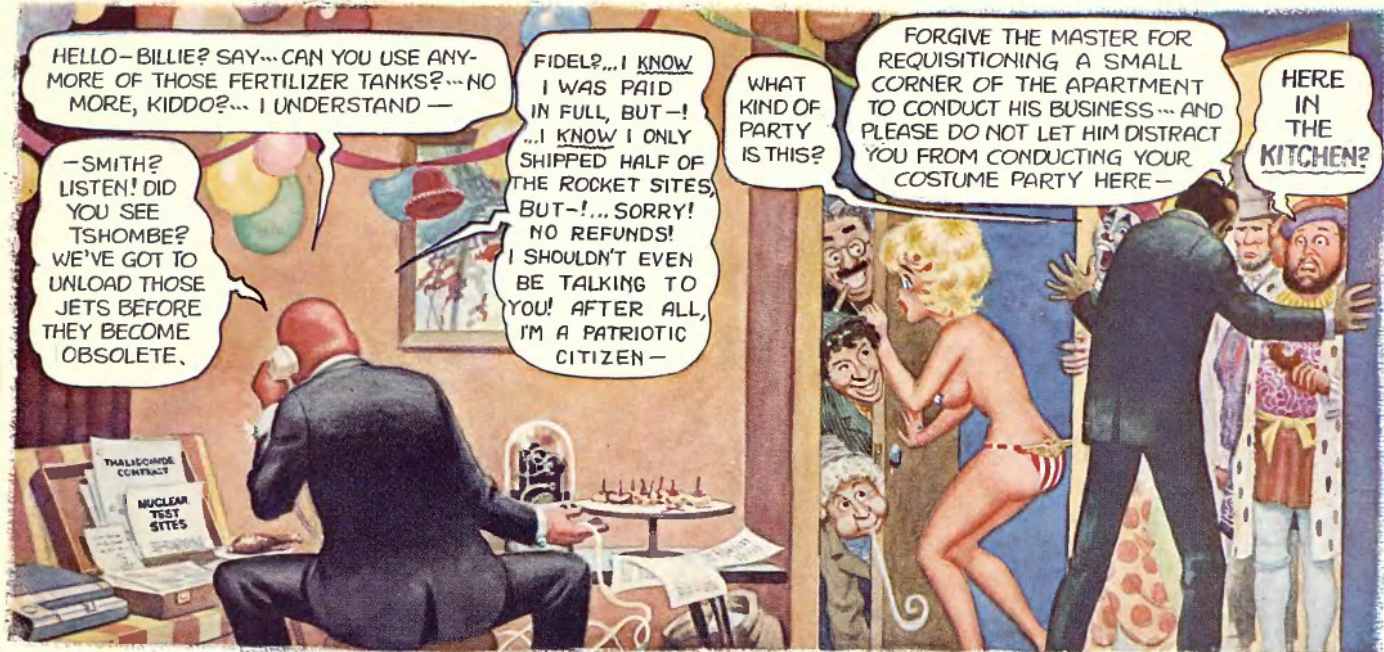
YES... AS A MATTER OF FACT,
THE WASP HAS BEEN HERE ALL
THE TIME... SILENT... IMPERTURBABLE
...BEHIND YOUR DRESSING
SCREEN.



AH, THERE NOW, WASP!
YOU CAN COME OUT NOW,
WASP! COME ON OUT OF
IT, WASP! SNAP OUT OF
IT, BOY!

HE WAS THERE ALL THE
TIME I WAS DRESSING?
...OH, EXCUSE ME,
DADDY! THE GUESTS
ARE ARRIVING!





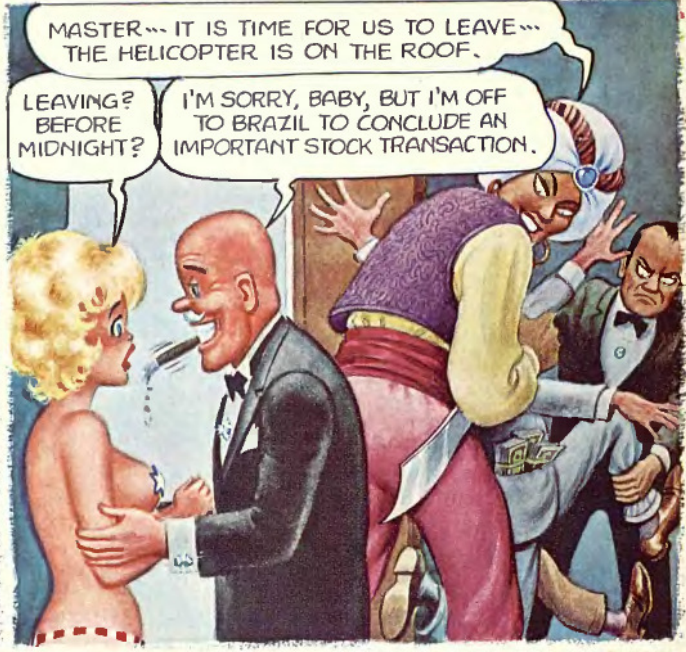


OH, RUTHIE! LOOK AT THIS ONE! ISN'T HE A SCREAM? HOW CLEVER TO INVENT SUCH A GOOFY COSTUME—

AH, THE LITTLE MISSY'S BIG HEART IS ONLY EQUALLED BY HER BIG MOUTH.

ANNIE, DEAR, THIS IS MY MAN, SHAZAM, AND THAT'S HIS HIS NATURAL COSTUME.

YI!!



MASTER... IT IS TIME FOR US TO LEAVE... THE HELICOPTER IS ON THE ROOF.

LEAVING? BEFORE MIDNIGHT?

I'M SORRY, BABY, BUT I'M OFF TO BRAZIL TO CONCLUDE AN IMPORTANT STOCK TRANSACTION.



OH, WHAT ARE YOU UP TO THIS TIME, DADDY?— A CAPITAL GAINS DEAL? AN UNDERWRITING? A PROXY FIGHT?

I'M UP TO AN ESCAPE, SWEETHEART. THEY CAN'T EXTRADITE ME FROM BRAZIL.



I THOUGHT YOU'D AT LEAST STAY TO WELCOME IN THE NEW YEAR WITH ME.

AH, LITTLE GIRL... WHEN YOU TURN THOSE BABY BLUES ON, HOW CAN I RESIST?



LISTEN! SINCE I CAN'T STICK AROUND UNTIL MIDNIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'M GOING TO DO—



I CAN'T WAIT FOR THE NEW YEAR, BUT I CAN BRING THE NEW YEAR TO ME! TURN THE CLOCKS AHEAD, BOYS... ON THE DOUBLE! I WANT MIDNIGHT!

YOU'RE SO MASTERFUL, DADDY!

YOU WILL PLEASE TO SING "AULD LANG SYNE!"

"HAPPY NEW YEAR! PLEASE."

YI!!
YI!!
YI!!



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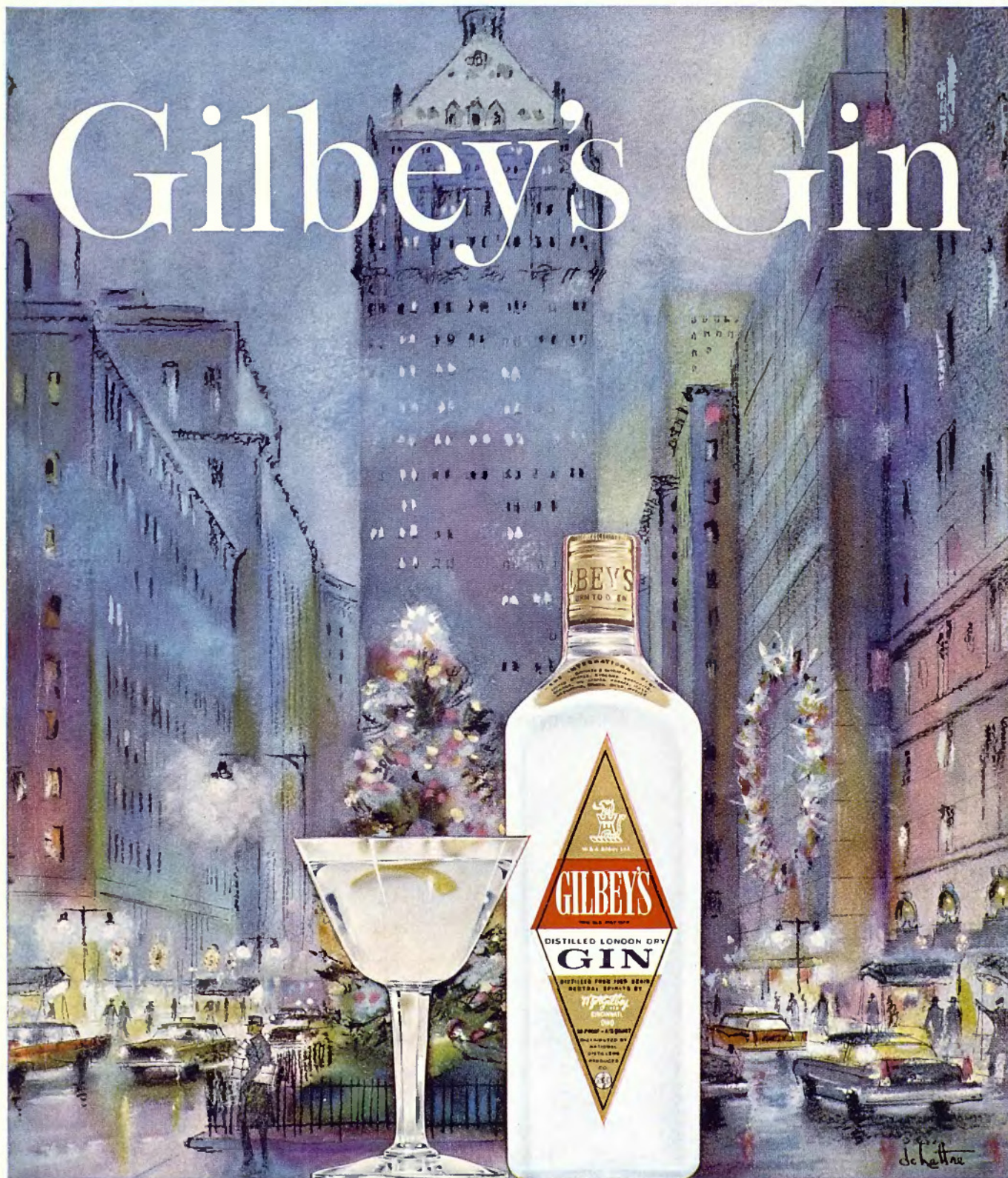
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