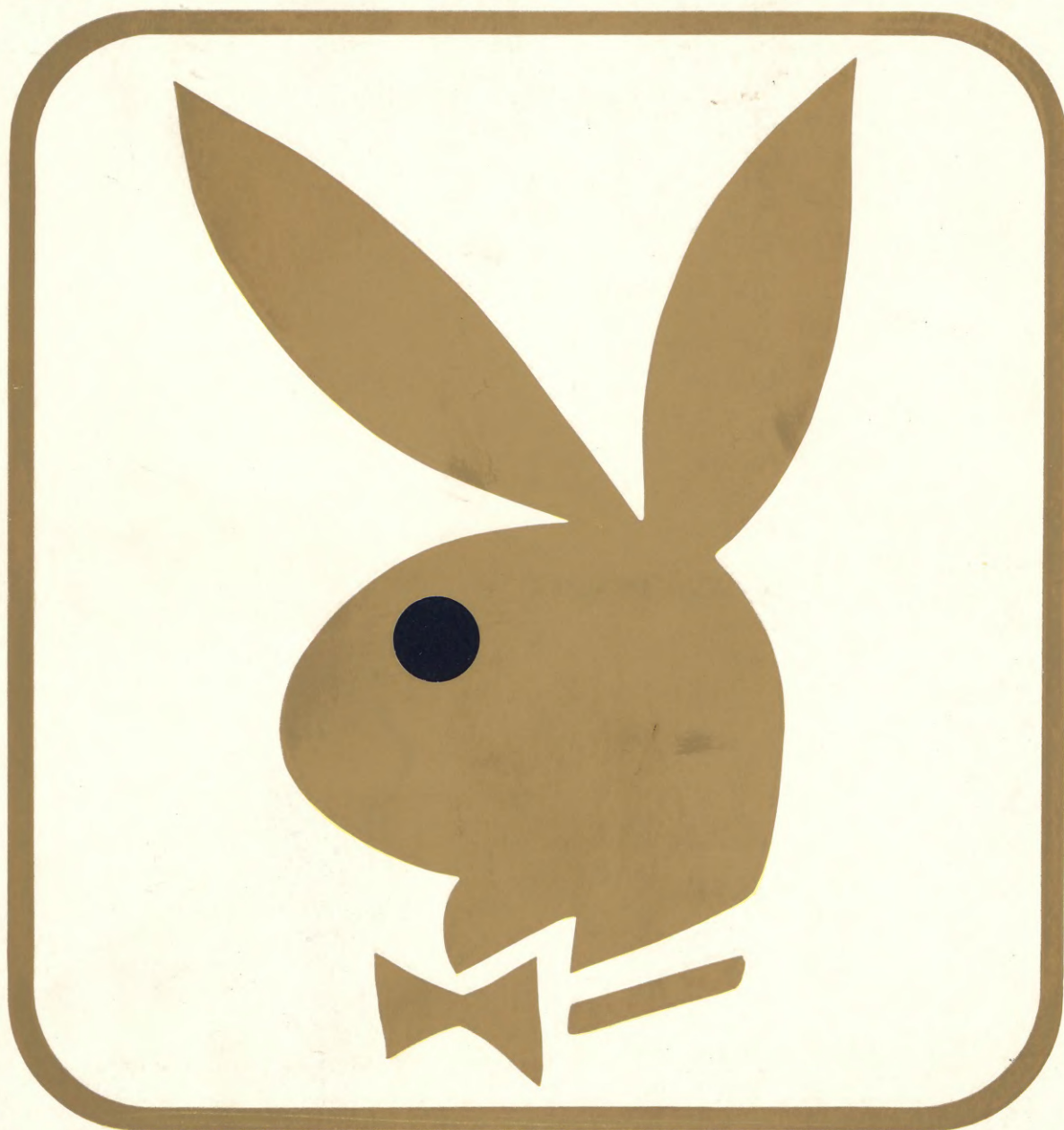


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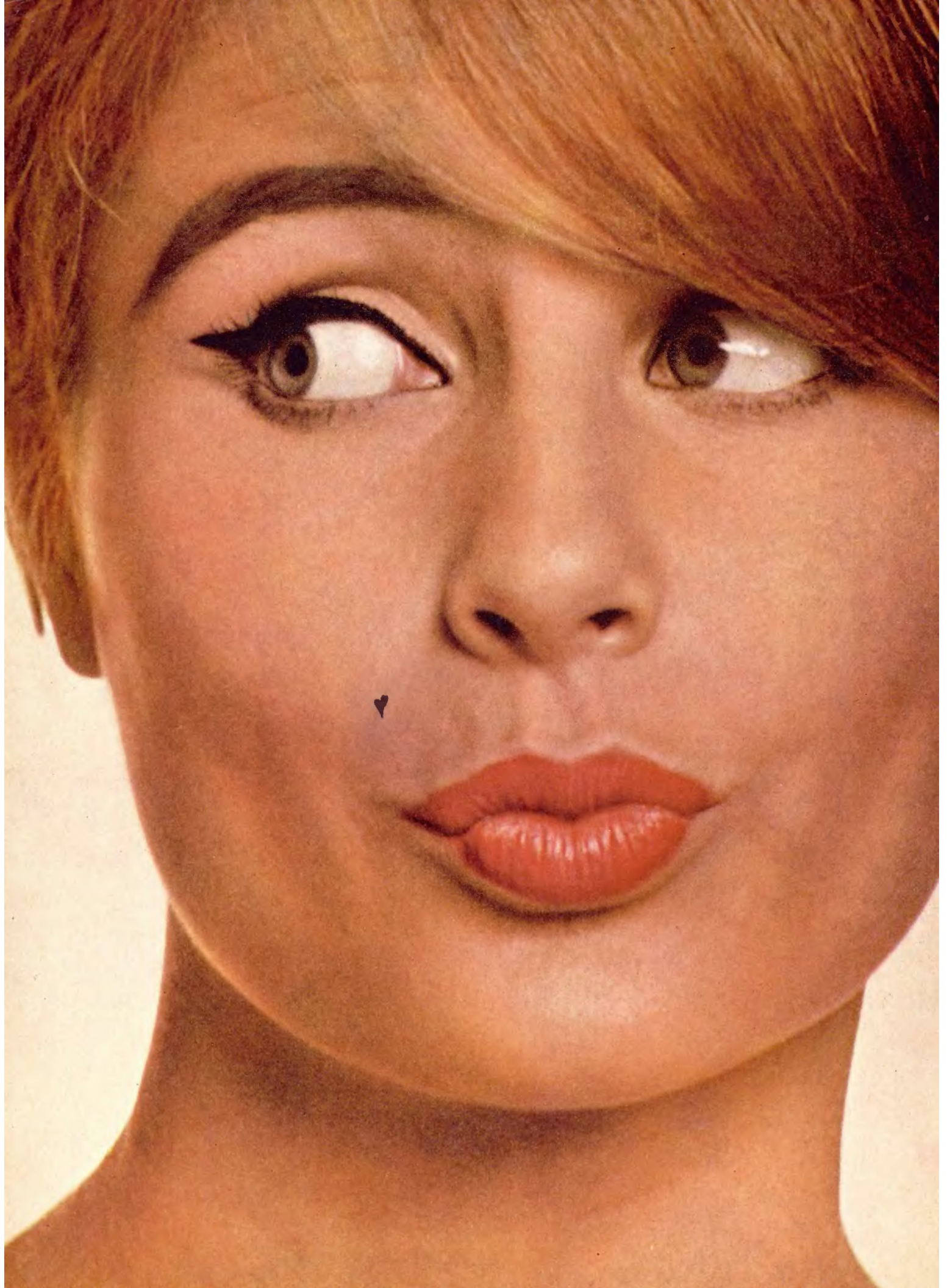


TENTH HOLIDAY ISSUE

CHRISTMAS FACT AND FICTION BY
ALBERT SCHWEITZER, J. PAUL GETTY,
RAY BRADBURY, ALBERTO MORAVIA, BEN
HECHT, MORTIMER ADLER, ROBERT PAUL
SMITH, ARTHUR KOPIT, LENNY BRUCE,
ROBERT BLOCH, LAWRENCE DURRELL



PLAYBOY'S TEN FAVORITE PLAYMATES
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OF KIM NOVAK AND SUSAN STRASBERG,
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PLAYBILL

OUR OWN RABBIT'S BUSSED CHEEK COMES with the compliments of December's puckered Playmate, Donna Michelle, who has thrown a kiss his way in honor of the first of two special issues celebrating PLAYBOY's 10th birthday. The die-cut double cover is a unique portent of the king-sized offering of Christmas goodies within its gold-trimmed wrappings. On the inside, PLAYBOY has placed an eye-catching gift assortment of well-chosen words, jewel-bright photos and fine artwork.

Our fictive Christmas cup runneth over with renowned PLAYBOY regular Ray Bradbury's *The Vacation*, an evocatively poignant tale of a family adrift in a strangely silent world. Sci-fi laureate Bradbury is currently far from silent; he has become, and we quote his business card: "Interior Design & Idea Consultant/United States Government Pavilion/New York World's Fair." In this capacity, he has contributed a dramatic scenario relating "in symbolic terms, a dynamic history of America and its machines." The ubiquitous Bradbury also will be welcoming to these shores French New Wave director François Truffaut, who will be filming Ray's *Fahrenheit 451* (PLAYBOY, March, April and May 1954) in New York. In January, Simon and Schuster will publish a new collection of Bradbury short stories. *The Machineries of Joy*, the title story of which appeared first in PLAYBOY. Phill (two Fs please) Renaud, the Canadian-born, Chicago-based artist who produced the sensitive illustration for *The Vacation*, is one of many contributing artists who have won awards for PLAYBOY. With *Eyewitness*, Alberto Moravia, Italy's *primo autore*, puts in his first reappearance since September's *Ah, Women, Women*. A masterful limning of a crisis in a servant-mistress relationship, it should garner fresh bravos for the writer and added sales for *More Roman Tales*, of which it's a part, to be published in January. Anatole Broyard, author of *Conversation Over Moo Goo Gai Pan*, has just forsaken Chinese-restaurant-filled New York City for the exurbs where he is kept busy juggling a pair of novels and a pair of teaching positions (Columbia and the New School). Followers of this magazine will remember with affection his insightful *The Labors of Love* (October 1961). *Moo Goo Gai Pan*, we assert, will not leave the reader with an empty feeling



DURRELL



GETTY



ADLER



RENAUD



BLOCH

a half-hour after finishing it. Lawrence Durrell gladdens our pages with *A Corking Evening*, a corkingly good slice of the antic life of Antrobus, a bumbershotted diplomatic corpsman born out of Durrell's own foreign-service experiences. Durrell, whose niche in the literary pantheon was assured with his *Alexandria Quartet*, spent a non-vacation-type summer hopscotching across the Continent to supervise production of a number of his plays, including *An Irish Faustus*. And there's the Devil to pay in *Psycho* author Robert Bloch's *Beelzebub*, a grand guignol about a man beset by an entomological updating of Coleridge's albatross.

Prohibition, the alky-logged albatross that hung around America's neck for 14 years, is rousingly recalled in *The "Noble" Experiment* by Ben Hecht, the Boswell of the Bathub Gin Era. His wry tour of that lawless and ludicrous age was one part of a Hechtic schedule that included: a new book, *Letters from Bohemia* (anecdotes about and letters from such Bohemians as H. L. Mencken and Charles MacArthur); a contract to write 29 half-hours for a CBS comedy series; the writing and directing of a movie, *The Empty Coffin*, in New York; and the attempt to get backers for a Broadway musical which Hecht says "might save the U.S. from an era of boredom." A more contemporary reminiscence is *To Paradise*, by Ferry by Arthur Kopit. The precocious author of the marathomonickered *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad* backgrounds his *Île du Levant* idyl thusly: "In the late spring of 1960 I was in Cannes, nearly broke, and enjoying myself immeasurably. The events described in *To Paradise*, by Ferry are all true; the style, like the Riviera itself, a little wind-blown. *Ars longa, vita brevis.*"

In this brief life-span of ours, Albert Schweitzer has managed to cram several lifetimes of accomplishment — as a master organist and interpreter of Bach, and as a healer of the sick and the outcast. To reach the good doctor of Lambaréné, PLAYBOY's interviewer — in a singular odyssey — traveled by plane, jeep, dugout canoe and on foot, engaged Schweitzer in a revealing discussion, and started back for his home base in Southern Rhodesia. Suddenly, we lost all contact with him and PLAYBOY communiqués remained unanswered. A month later, a note from him unraveled

the mystery: shrapnel wounds received while covering the Katanga fighting had acted up and thrown him back into the hospital for major surgery and subsequent incommunicado recuperation. Today, our Stanley-like correspondent is fine, and so, we believe, is his Schweitzer interview.

Morality of a less rarified nature is weighed in J. Paul Getty's *The Morals of Money*, wherein author Getty asserts that the obligations of the affluent to society are manifold and, on occasion, burdensome. The burden of fitting a maximum amount of reading into a minimum amount of time can be greatly lightened according to Dr. Mortimer Adler in *How to Read a Book Superficially*. Sultan of the *Syntopicon*, guru of the *Great Books*, impresario of the Institute for Philosophical Research, and author of the best-selling *How to Read a Book*, Adler is eminently qualified to point the way to the swift absorption of the classics for fun and intellectual profit.

Somewhat dismayed by the far-from-superficial interest the First Family has shown in matters cultural, Mr. Smith (Robert Paul) Goes to Washington in *Everybody Shiny on His Own Side*, and recommends that the Clan Kennedy kick the arts-sponsoring habit forthwith. Meanwhile back in New York, the pithy Smith has just had published *How to Grow Up in One Piece* which he describes as "a children's book for adults, or an adult's book for children." An adult look at youth's mirthful misconceptions, William Zinsser's *Saltpeter and the Wolf* charts the zany course through history of that notorious chemical of prep-school and Armed Forces infamy which we all "knew" was being slipped to us surreptitiously to knock the wind out of our sexual sails. Anaphrodisiac expert Zinsser is the author, in conjunction with cartoonist James Stevenson, of the recently published tongue-in-cheek tome on American visiting rites, *Weekend Guests*.

For your yuletide jollies, PLAYBOY has updated Clement Moore's St. Nick classic into a Kriss Kring-a-ding-ding delight: *What a Night Before Christmas!* stars Sid and Marty Krofft's internationally famous Les Poupées de Paris, wooden wonders who have performed with dishabilled verve at P.J.'s in Hollywood (a splinter group proved a bare-ashed bonanza at the Seattle World's Fair), Broadway's York Theater, and Las Vegas' Hacienda Hotel; in 1964 the



BROYARD



HECHT



ZINSSER



BRADBURY



SMITH

Kroffts' answer to *No Strings* has a date to keep with New York City's World's Fair. Two of the world's fairest are featured in *Susan and Kim*, a photo fillip that pictures the Misses Strasberg and Novak in fetchingly unfettered array. Five times as unfettered are ten enticing damsels on display in *Editors' Choice*, the PLAYBOY staff's personal preferences from a decade of Playmates that has seen more than a hundred gorgeous creatures grace our gatefold.

During the past 10 years, the country's top cartoonists have contributed their inventive wares to PLAYBOY's pages, and some of their best efforts have been directed to adding their own brand of yulefoolery to our Xmas issues. In *Choice Cartoons of Christmas Past*, we encore a covey of December cartoons with the obvious postscript that the passage of time has dimmed none of their luster.

And with the third installment of night-club errant Lenny Bruce's *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, it's also obvious that each succeeding entry in the Bruce autobiography indicates anew the arsenal of high-caliber ammunition Lenny has on hand to offset the slings and arrows of his tormentors.

In *The Playboy Philosophy* this month, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner zeroes in on the hypocrisy of contemporary society displayed by its professed beliefs and its actual behavior.

Stuffers for the PLAYBOY Christmas stocking include Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario's *The Holiday Roast* and a companion piece on potables, *Holiday Spirits—Hot and Cold*, both designed to send the reader scurrying to groaning board and grog; *Merry Christmas!*, a nine-page plenitude of gifts to give and to get—unique and utile—plus Fashion Director Robert L. Green's sage and sophisticated suggestions for *Gifting the Girls*; more far-out dialog for the late-night reruns in *The Teevee Jeebies Story*, this batch supplied by PLAYBOY's editors; the holiday miss-adventures of *Little Annie Fanny*; and an overflowing cornucopia of features, cartoons and reviews.

And so, we offer PLAYBOY's mistletoe-trimmed December issue—our biggest and, we think, best yet—as a fitting landmark and as choice holiday fare.

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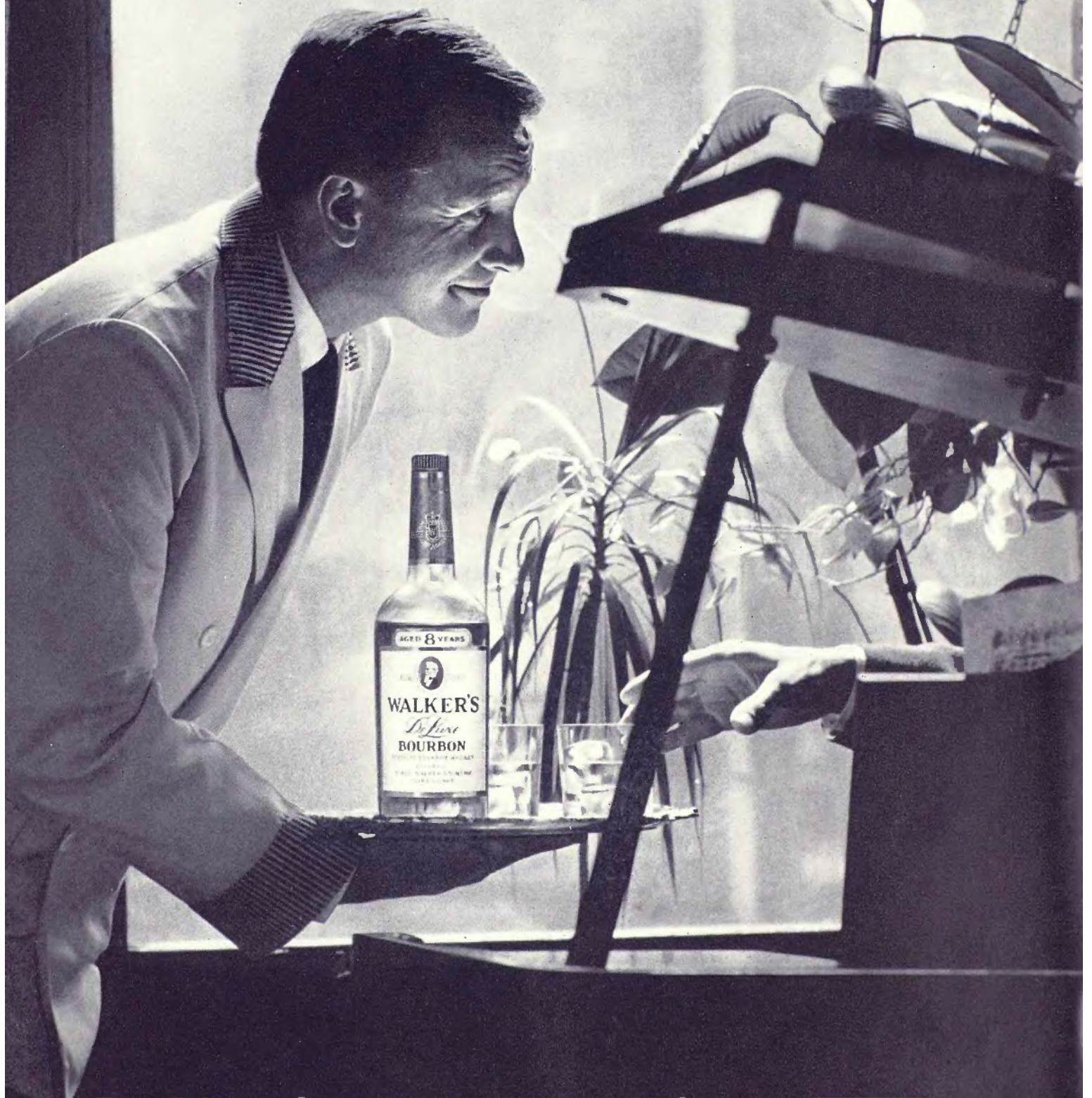
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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POOR RICHARD

Your Burton interview in the September issue certainly must have boosted circulation. An article of Christine Keeler's views on government and economics would have done as well. The Burton interview proved nothing other than that he is just another prostituted stud in mighty pursuit of the big buck: to hell with taste, discretion, and the feelings of others. Others being us poor maligned masses bombarded daily with lurid sensational accounts of the lives and loves of these people.

Bill Lamkins
Honolulu, Hawaii

I was not surprised to read the intelligently handled, fascinating, and stimulating interview of Richard Burton, for which you deserve much praise, as does your well-chosen interviewer, Kenneth Tynan. It is consistent with the excellent quality of your magazine.

C. Lawrence
Chicago, Illinois

Re Kenneth Tynan's interview of Richard Burton in the September PLAYBOY. It's evident that Mr. Burton takes himself seriously, but really, now, he doesn't expect us to do the same, does he?

Judith Hardes
Phoenix, Arizona

HUBBY CLUB

William Iversen's *Love, Death and the Hubby Image* is new proof—if new proof were necessary—that PLAYBOY tells the truths that need to be told first, and tells them best. As a Middle Easterner who has spent the last three years in this country, attending school, I have been appalled at the amount of castrating, demeaning and utterly inexcusable "good-natured" kidding that the American news and communications media heap on the unresisting American male. I cannot imagine another country with a population of self-respecting, reasonably brave men where a show like *I Love Lucy*, or *Make Room for Daddy* would go merrily on its way, for 10 years, watched by millions of wives and wives-to-be, and dedicated to proving that if it were not

for the cheerful little woman standing behind him all the way, hubby would long ago have collapsed. Having talked with several American males about the subject and getting only a sick grin in answer, I had thought that the mental castration and emotional spine breaking of the American man by his mate was complete. Thank you for proving me wrong.

Khachig Tololyan
Watertown, Massachusetts

After reading William Iversen's *Love, Death and the Hubby Image* I got up and crossed to the center of the room meeting my wife halfway. I fainted with my eyes and dropped her with a hard left hook. She rolled and was up on one knee at eight, registering little more than mild surprise, but she needn't have after what she's been up to.

Seriously, I found the article to be a clear echo of my thoughts on the subject. I'm sure that this piece will bring a volley of hot replies from those who have sacrificed so much, but it may cause intelligent broads to reflect—I hope.

James Gardner
Beeville, Texas

I wasn't aware of the extent to which my marriage had crucified me until I read William Iversen's September article, *Love, Death and the Hubby Image*. It surely ranks as the shallowest diatribe against common sense PLAYBOY has published.

Many of Iversen's allegations have an uncomfortable grain of truth in them, but the whole truth of marriage is a little more complex, and involves deeper emotions, than your author apparently can feel. Mature women simply are not the greedy creatures pictured only as consuming machines; mature men simply are not bumbling fools in a 13th Century romantic stupor. Neither could submit to being led around by the nose, as Iversen states men are, and implies women should be.

Bachelorhood, the proffered alternative, has never to my knowledge been successfully practiced by any society more advanced than that of bees. I don't believe that romantic marriage entered into

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note a bright way to start a man's day...the fresh tingle of The Grand Three, dispenser top set of After Shave Lotion, Men's Cologne, Body Rub Cologne, \$3.50. Ship Mates has the same scent in After Shave Lotion and Cologne, \$2.00.



look at the mark of a distinguished man...his set of Signature! After Shave Lotion, After Shave Talc, Men's Cologne in the scent that's a man-pleaser, \$5.50. Quite debonair is Signature's Deluxe Spray Cologne, \$2.50.



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by emotionally stable adults is wrong because it is a sociologically new idea and lacks the flavor of male supremacy, nor can I accept that Iversen's alternative is better because it hasn't been tried.

Fred Juergens, Jr.
Case Institute of Technology
Cleveland, Ohio

At last, the perfect cure. Whenever a member of our Bachelor's Anonymous feels he is losing his grip on swinglehood, a call to a buddy's pad brings a TR-4 to his door, and while they tool around town, the slipping singleton gulps *Love, Death and the Hubby Image* by Iversen. We'll kick it yet!

Ed Fox
Baltimore, Maryland

William Iversen's brilliant article, *Love, Death and the Hubby Image*, would have been even more entertaining if it were not so tragically accurate. Somehow the humor is hollow when you reflect how squarely on-target Iversen is in his critique of the sick American marriage relationship.

However, Iversen, like many others, errs when he lays much of the blame at the doorstep of the mass media. Unfortunately, the popular media in this country are not leaders, originators, or even guidance counselors. At best, they merely amplify the mores of a society they did not create.

The most popular magazines are those which carry articles which the public *wants* to read; the most popular radio stations are the ones playing the music the public *wants* to hear; the most popular TV programs are chosen not by the rating services but by the people who tune them in.

Norman Wain
WHK Radio
Cleveland, Ohio

The following is in rebuttal of your recent article on the so-called "soft life" the women of America are leading and the many advantages they derive from retiring from the business world into the glamorous country-club atmosphere of married life:

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"Bunny Tiredtail"
Oakland, California

Three cheers for William Iversen and his extremely articulate article. For many years the American male has been waiting for such an article. A copy of this fine piece of writing should be in the hands of every full-blooded bachelor. It should be entitled "A Man's Manifesto" and distributed on every street corner. Let us all raise our glasses high to such excellent exposition. May it not be too late for the rest of us to adopt these thoughts. By the way is, or should I say was, Mr. Iversen married?

Victor E. D. King
Ann Arbor, Michigan

He is.

Re *Love, Death and the Hubby Image*:
I wish I'd said that.

Mel Foley
Alva, Oklahoma

FICTION FANFARE

Ray Bradbury's *The Life Work of Juan Diaz* brought a lump to my throat and a threat to my complacency. It was red, raw realism, lighting up a dark corner of human poverty in a troubled and distressed land.

Jacob Charles
Mattapan, Massachusetts

Theodore Sturgeon's excellent story, *Noon Gun*, contains, I feel, the essence of what the hell life is all about. It embodies what the existential psychologists are trying to say and what the beats and many of us might be fleeing from. It was a superlative tale that can be appreciated both as pure entertainment and as being socially significant.

Ronald Woo
San Francisco, California

FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

I probably am prejudiced, but I think your All-America team and squad picked

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got

the taste
that's right!

not too strong...not too light...
Viceroy's got the taste that's right!

SMOKE ALL 7

Smoke all 7 filter brands and you'll agree: some taste too strong . . . others taste too light. But Viceroy — with the Deep-Weave Filter — tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. That's right!

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weave
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TOUJOURS MOI de CORDAY

this year is very good. It is also good to see Coach Parseghian picked as Coach of the Year, and two of our fine boys, Cvercko and Myers, on the first team. I certainly hope your prediction comes true, and will follow with interest the progress your fine magazine is making.

Stuart K. Holcomb,
Athletic Director
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois

The September 1963 *Pigskin Preview* analysis of the teams was exceptionally well done. Naturally, I am most interested in the Southwest and I realize that this conference has many times reversed the order of pre-season picks and this could be one of them.

L. R. "Dutch" Meyer
Athletic Director (Retired)
Texas Christian University
Fort Worth, Texas

Re Anson Mount's statement: "West Virginia will again be tops in the Southern Conference." Last year, VMI won their fourth Southern Conference title in six years, and I predict this year will make it the fifth in seven years. I therefore question Mr. Mount's statement.

W. B. Underwood, Jr.
Goldsboro, North Carolina

The point Mount made was that while West Virginia would be the strongest team in the Southern Conference, formidable outside opposition would keep it from having the best overall record.

RHYME FOR A CHANGE

The limericks in the September issue were great! And to top it off Arnold Roth, the artist, surpassed himself by combining a mastery of comic-illustrative technique with sheer artistic beauty. Thanks to PLAYBOY for recognition of his talent; I hope to see much more of him in future issues.

William P. Hoest
Huntington, New York

PHOTO FINISH

I will probably still be laughing when you receive this letter—at *News-Reals*, of course, in the September issue. Hope you people have as much fun putting PLAYBOY together as I have reading it.

Jim Kennedy
Arlington, Virginia

On the whole I greatly enjoyed *News-Reals* by Gerald Gardner in your September issue, but being a conservative (in the modern sense of that word) and a Goldwater fan as well, I would like to comment on the gibe at the Senator on page 169. I am not writing this because I cannot stand a gag at Mr. Goldwater's expense. I, too, thought Senator Hubert Humphrey's crack about "18th Century Fox" quite funny (but then I always



Wherever you are, make it merrier...
don't be vague...give

HAIG & HAIG



THIS HOLIDAY SEASON
YOUR FAVORITE
SCOTCH COMES
IN THREE
DIFFERENT
GIFT WRAPS.



Music to set the Choose any 5



16-09. STAN KENTON. WEST SIDE STORY. Jazz version of stage and screen hit; Maria, I Feel Pretty, Something's Coming, Cool, 7 more.



16-68. RAY ANTHONY. THE TWIST. Let's Twist, Bunny Hop Twist, Backland Twist, Mexican Hot Twist, Peter Gunn Twist, Night Train Twist, 5 more.



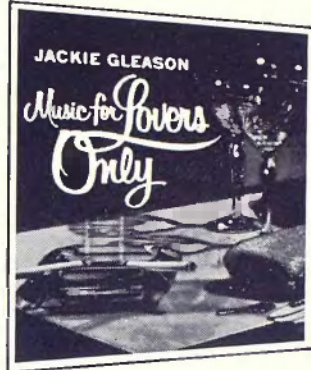
11-07. THE KINGSTON TRIO. FROM THE HUNGRY! Recorded live in San Francisco. South Coast, Davie, Wimoweh, 9 others (Monaural only).



16-02. THE BEST OF DUKE ELLINGTON. Warm Valley, Rockin' in Rhythm, Satin Doll, Caravan, Flamingo, Black and Tan Fantasy, more jazz classics.



17-54. JACKIE GLEASON. GIGGOT. Conducts his own music from his delightful film. "Distinctive appeal." Amer. Record Guide, 17 memorable melodies.



JACKIE GLEASON
3-52. JACKIE GLEASON. MUSIC FOR LOVERS ONLY. Romance takes over with Body and Soul, Some Day, Little Girl, 9 others.



14-39. JACKIE GLEASON. LAZY, LIVELY LOVE. Because Of You, On The Street Where You Live, Speak Low, It Had To Be You, 8 more.



7-56. TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD. HYMNS. 12 cherished songs, including Rock Of Ages, The Old Rugged Cross, Sweet Hour Of Prayer, My Task.



17-50. GEORGE CHAKIRIS. The singing discovery of West Side Story sings Maria, One Girl, Ill Wind, By Myself, Tonight, I Believe in You, more.



17-04. FABULOUS HITS OF DINAH SHORE. Especially recorded. Jim, Blues in the Night, I'll Walk Alone, The Gypsy, Buttons & Bows, 7 more.



10-39. JONAH JONES QUARTET. JUMPIN' WITH JONAH. No Mean at All, Just a Gigolo, That's a Plenty, Bill Bailey, It's a Good Day, 7 more.



17-91. BOBBY DARIN. OH! LOOK AT ME NOW. His smash first Capitol album. Blue Skies, Always, My Buddy, The Party's Over, 8 others.



17-53. THE FOUR FRESHMEN. THE SWINGERS. 12 jazz sizzlers: L'il Darlin', Taps Miller, Satin Doll, Lullaby of Birdland, Lulu's Back in Town, more.



15-53. WILD! HI-FI/STEREO DRUMS. Billy May, Les Baxter, others in a percussion orgy! Bongo Bash, Racker Rocket, 7 more. Monaural or Stereo.



17-41. HANK THOMPSON & BRAZOS VALLEY BOYS. #1 Country & Western Band! Gathering Flowers, Jersey Bounce, Red Skin Gal, 9 more.



15-14. THE HITS OF BENNY GOODMAN. The Swing King's big ones: Blue Lou, Air Mail Special, Get Happy, Let's Dance, 8 others.



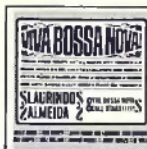
14-98. JUNE CHRISTY. OFF-BEAT. Unusual tunes by a great jazz vocalist. Remind Me, You Say You Care, A Sleepin' Bee, Out of This World, 6 more.



5-09. JACKIE GLEASON. MUSIC, MARTINS AND MEMORIES. Backgrounds to love: Once in A While, I Remember You, I Can't Get Started, 9 more.



17-73. JONAH JONES. JAZZ BONUS. With organ, guitar, Soft Winds, June Night, Hot Toddy, more. "Solidly swinging sound." -Variety



17-59. VIVA BOSSA NOVA! LAURINDO ALMEIDA. His fiery guitar and band swing the new dance rage. Lazy River, Mr. Lucky, 10 others.



15-33. STAN KENTON. THE ROMANTIC APPROACH. His newest, most exciting dance band! Imagination, I Understand, Fools Rush In, 9 more.



18-47. THE LEE EVANS TRIO. Exciting piano stylings of West Side Story Medley, The Sweetest Sounds, I'm Old Fashioned, Teacher's Blues, many more.



NAT KING COLE
B-24. NAT KING COLE. LOVE IS THE THING. 12 silk-smooth love songs. It's All In the Game, At Last, Love Letters, more.



18-08. THE BEACH BOYS. SURFIN' SAFARI. Rockin', rollin', splashin' fun! Surfin' Safari, County Fair, 409, The Surf, 8 more beach parties.



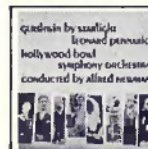
MILES DAVIS
7-62. MILES DAVIS. BIRTH OF THE COOL. Also Kai Winding, J. J. Johnson, others on 11 "cool" tunes. Monaural only.



14-34. ERNIE FORD. SING A SPIRITUAL WITH ME. Steal Away, Old Time Religion, Roll Jordan Roll, I Want to Be Brody, Go Down Moses, many more.



16-88. BIG BEAT HAMMOND. JACKIE DAVIS. Jazz rocks the organ with Honeyuckle Rose, Stampin' at the Savoy, The Song Is You, others.



85-81. GERSHWIN BY STARLIGHT! Leonard Pennario, pianist; Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Alfred Newman.



17-96. STAN KENTON. ADVENTURES IN JAZZ. New directions in exciting sounds. Turtle Talk, Misty, Body and Soul, Limehouse Blues, more.



18-17. NELSON RIDDLE. LOVE IS A GAME OF POKER. New sounds on 17 brilliant arrangements. Finesse, Withcraft, Penny Ante, Indiscreet, others.



17-99. ROSE MADDOX. SINGS BLUEGRASS. Fine, talented, excellent! Sail, Review, Cotton Fields, Uncle Pen, 10 more Rose Maddox specials.



18-31. JIMMIE ROWLES. KINDA GROOVY! Blues-drenched piano and vocals. Sugar, Me and You, I Wish I Knew, Miss Brown to You, 9 more.



9-14. KEELY SMITH. I WISH YOU LOVE. Warm-voiced love songs: I Understand, Imagination, Fools Rush In, Mr. Wonderful, 7 others.



17-12. VAN ALEXANDER. SAVOY STOMP. Solutes to Swingdom's bands and hits. Unleashed, Christopher Columbus, Let's Get Together, 9 others.

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12-21. FRANK SINATRA. NO ONE CARES. Stormy Weather, A Cottage For Sale, Here's That Rainy Day, Where Do You Go, 7 more.



16-57. NANCY WILSON/CANNONBALL ADDERLEY. Teaming up to give you I Can't Get Started, Happy Talk, Unit 7—eleven numbers in all.



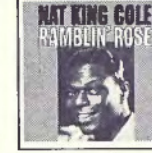
17-10. JUDY GARLAND. THE GARLAND TOUCH. Stunning performance by Miss Showbiz! I Don't Care, Lucky Day, Sweet Danger, 10 more.



14-42. DEAN MARTIN. THIS TIME I'M SWINGING! Dino rocks with imagination. Mean to Me, Just in Time, True Love, Someday, and other finger snappers.



14-90. DAKOTA STATON. DAKOTA! Poignant ballad stylings of Buck Me to Sleep, If I Love Again, Pick Yourself Up, I'll Close My Eyes, 6 others.



17-93. NAT KING COLE. RAMBLIN' ROSE. Warm and wonderful country music! The Good Times, Skip to My Lou, Your Cheatin' Heart, 9 more.



PEGGY LEE

15-20. PEGGY LEE. BASIN STREET EAST. Catch her club performance of *Fever*, *The Second Time Around*, *Fever*, *Indeed*, 12 more.



THE KINGSTON TRIO

9-96. THE KINGSTON TRIO. Smash hits: *Tom Dooley* and 11 more great songs from calypso to sea chanteys. Monaural only.



16-58. THE KINGSTON TRIO. COLLEGE CONCERT. Live at U.C.L.A. Little Light, Edorado, M.T.A., 300 Miles, Oh Miss Mary, Chilly Winds, others.



8-59. JACKIE GLEASON. VELVET BRASS. Plush interpretations of favorites: *The Man I Love*, *Southern Song*, *Out Of Nowhere*—13 more.



17-20. FERLIN HUSKY. SOME OF MY FAVORITES. Songs with a sound as big as America. *Willow Tree*, *My Adobe Hacienda*, 10 more.



17-72. PEGGY LEE. SUGAR 'N' SPICE. *Ann That Love*, *I Believe in You*. See See Rider, *Embrace Me*, *The Best is Yet to Come*, 7 more.



17-67. NANCY WILSON. HELLO YOUNG LOVERS. *Sophisticated Lady*, *Miss Otis Regrets*, *Nina Never Kissed Me*, 9 more. "Remarkable"—*Down Beat*.



GEORGE SHEARING

14-72. GEORGE SHEARING. THE SHEARING TOUCH. Superb stylings: *Nola*, *Misty*, *Bewitched*, 8 more. With Billy May strings.



18-24. LOU RAWLS. BLACK AND BLUE. A blues-singer finds 11 St. James Infirmary, *Strange Fruit*, *Kansas City*, *Trouble in Mind*. 8 others.



18-66. BOBBY DARIN. YOU'RE THE REASON I'M LIVING. 12 country-western favorites: *Here I Am*, *Release Me*, many more big hit numbers.



16-65. RED NICHOLS. DIXIELAND SUPPER. *Red's 5 Pennies* in 13 dancers' delights: *Blues Around*, *It's My Fault*, 10 more.



16-71. PEGGY LEE. BLUES CROSS COUNTRY. *Basin Street Blues*, *St. Louis Blues*, *Goin' to Chicago*, *N.Y. City Blues*, *Los Angeles Blues*, 7 more.



16-34. FARON YOUNG. THE YOUNG APPROACH. His most popular hits: *Backback*, *Goin' Steady*, *I Fall to Pieces*, *Trail of Tears*, 8 others.



10-05. TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD. NEARER THE CROSS. Inspiring hymns—*New The Day Is Over*, *Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me*, ten other favorites.



15-74. NAT KING COLE. THE TOUCH OF YOUR LIPS. Creamy musical memories: *Nat So Long Ago*, *Illusion*, *I Remember You*, *Funny*, 7 more.



16-89. JACKIE GLEASON. LOVE COMES IN FLAME. 2 string orchestras ignite romance with *Would You, Lover's Waltz*, *How About Me*, more.



15-44. HANK THOMPSON. AN OLD LOVE AFFAIR. *My Old Flame*, *I'll Be Around*, *Just a Little While*, *It's My Fault*, 8 more torch numbers.



15-68 & 15-69. JUDY AT CARNegie HALL. "Garland at her greatest." *Hi-Fi Stereo Review*. 28 exciting songs from the greatest evening in show-business history: *Man That Got Away*, *Trolley Song*, *Chicago*, *San Francisco*, 24 more uncovers, recorded live. (2-record set counts as two separate selections.)



16-28. GEORGE SHEARING. SATIN AFFAIR. The quintet with strings—*Star Dust*, *My Romance*, *The Party's Over*, *Early Autumn*, 8 other smooth stylings.



14-07. THE KINGSTON TRIO. STRING ALONG. America's favorites in 12 imaginative stylings. *South Wind*, *Leave My Woman Alone*, *Tomorrow*, etc.



17-62A, 17-62B, 17-62C. SINATRA: THE GREAT YEARS. Huge, 36-hit collection of "The King's" all-time BIG records—now in one limited-edition, souvenir album. Thrill again to *Leon Baby*, *All of Me*, *Hey! Jealous Lover*, *Witcheroff*, *Learnin' the Blues*, *One for My Baby*, many more. (3-record set counts as 3 separate selections.)



11-99. THE KINGSTON TRIO AT LARGE. Here's the Kingston Trio in a vivid folk festival: *Blow Ye Winds*, *Scarlet Ribbons*, *Gefaway John*—9 more.



6-94. CAROUSEL. Movie sound track, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones. They sing *If I Loved You*, *Mister Snow*, *You'll Never Walk Alone*, others.



10-53. FRANK SINATRA. ONLY THE LONELY. *Ebb Tide*, *Spring Is Here*, *Goodbye, What's New*, *Blues In The Night*, 7 more great hits.



12-58. THE KINGSTON TRIO. HERE WE GO AGAIN! Guitars, banjos and bongos going like crazy. *Haul Away*, *A Worried Man*, 11 more.



17-74. THE EXCITING VOICE OF AL MARTINO. A warm, rich baritone sings *Mattinata*, *No More*, *Here in My Heart*, *Granada*, 8 others.



7-40. THE KING AND I. Original movie sound track of Rodgers and Hammerstein's success. *Hello Young Lovers*, *We Kiss in a Shadow*, more.



16-89. DAKOTA STATON AT STORYVILLE. Her first "on stage" album! *Mean & Evil Blues*, *Easy to Love*, *The Show Must Go On*, 9 more greats.



16-42. THE KINGSTON TRIO. CLOSE UP! 12 songs never before recorded: *Sail Away*, *O Ken Koranga*, *Jesse James*, *Weeping Willow*, etc.

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find Humphrey funny). My reason is that I believe the gibe fosters a false impression in two ways.

First, I do not believe that Senator Goldwater or any other present-day "conservative" would really advocate abolishment of the Postal Department. The suggestion of this in the gag is misleading. Second, it is eye-opening to consider what our postal service might be today if it had *not* been gradually monopolized by the Government in a series of steps starting in 1813 and continuing almost to the present time.

James F. Yeager
Yonkers, New York

Editor-Publisher Hefner has a similar observation to make about the Postal Department in this month's "Playboy Philosophy."

TEE HEE

Re the September cartoon on page 172, Interlandi's caption was excellent, but I think I might have said "I'm afraid you have an unplayable lie" — or, perhaps, "You have a playable lay!" Your magazine gives me much lookin' and readin' pleasure.

Sam Snead
The Greenbrier
White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia

SIREN SONG

Greatly enjoyed September's *Europe's New Sex Sirens*. Thought you might want to see how one of the featured sex



sirens, Alexandra Stewart, relaxed between takes for New Wave film, *Makes Your Mouth Water*.

Cynthia Grenier
Paris, France

Your photographic essay on *Europe's New Sex Sirens* was the biggest letdown since Jayne Mansfield took off her brassiere.

Kenneth Feldman
New York, New York

PLAYBOY PLAUDITS

The recent 15-cent increase per issue for your magazine was accompanied by at least a 20-cent increase in reading

entertainment. Basic economics leads me to condone any further expansions that the PLAYBOY editors may have in mind. Continued success to your most excellent magazine.

Jerry Truax
Fort Frances, Ontario

Through one of the students on our campus, I was introduced to your fine magazine. As a Britisher, I am glad to see that there is at least one American magazine published that can deal with sex in a wholesome and attractive manner. I was also amazed, and yet delighted, that the articles carry such intellectual material. I have one criticism to make, however, your cover announces "PLAYBOY — Entertainment for Men." Is there not some way you can include us ladies in the invitation?

Margaret Crosby
University of Southern Mississippi
Hattiesburg, Mississippi
Ladies are always welcome aboard, Margaret.

SINA QUA NON

This is to acknowledge your splendid comments in September *After Hours* on SINA. We are still receiving piles of mail daily, mostly from people wanting literature or membership forms for joining.

The battle against AT&T and the New York Telephone Company is going into its fifth week. Our pickets from Greenwich Village and Harlem hold a daily vigil in front of AT&T at 195 Broadway and the New York Telephone Company offices at 140 West Street.

G. Clifford Prout spent this Labor Day weekend clothing 12 animals at Dietch's Kiddie Zoo in Fair Lawn, New Jersey, which was filmed for the *Jack Paar Show*. Huge crowds were on hand to applaud the sight of a llama in a skirt, a bear in overalls, a camel in a jump suit and a goat in Bermuda shorts. Our SINA field workers assisting Mr. Prout had their hands full.

Bruce Spencer, Vice-President
Society for Indecency to Naked Animals
New York, New York

PLAYBACK

It was a pleasant surprise to see the *Missa Luba*, a mass sung in pure Congolese style, reviewed in the September PLAYBOY. *Jubilee* (a Catholic magazine published and edited by laymen) introduced this unusual recording, and it has proven to be wildly popular. We have already sold over 10,000 copies. It is encouraging for us to know that PLAYBOY appreciates good religious music.

John Reynolds
Jubilee
New York, New York

GRAHAM CRACKER

I am a member on the Billy Graham committee. I am writing *[sic]* this letter



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shines brighter
than
Esquire Boot Polish**



**NEW! FREE APPLICATOR
with black polish! Now
get the same fabulous
Esquire shine on your
shoes not your hands!**



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in behalf of the models who are lovers of the flesh. Those sinful [*sic*] Jezebels and creatures of the devil. Here at the Billy Graham crusade we have condemned your night club of [*sic*] limits to our christian brethern's [*sic*]. We have condemned your models to eternal hell. The Bible gives us the authority. We are asking the models to think it over very carefully. Hell is an awful [*sic*] place. The devil will eat the models up.

Quite apparently the models have no desire to be converted to our precious savoir [*sic*] Jesus Christ. We here at the Billy Graham crusade have given the models every opportunity to go to heaven and meet Jesus. Kindly tell the models to read the Bible every day to try to seek courage. The models who are sinful [*sic*] instead of playing around will have to work very hard when they get to hell. We here at the crusade of Christ cannot do anything to get the models out of hell. Even our prayers in behalf of the models will be of no avail. As a member of the Billy Graham crusade of Jesus I have brought up the method of the livelihood of your models who advertise their rear ends to the public for the sake of money. It is our belief that is indeed a very shameful method of eeking [*sic*] a livelihood. We even prayed in behalf of those Jezebels of sin. In fact over 50,000 thousand [*sic*] christians prayed for those sinful [*sic*] creatures. We have lost all hope for your models. We have also condemned PLAYBOY magazine as unfit to read for any of our members. We have made strict rules. Anyone caught reading that filthy magazine will be barred from going to heaven. As a man of great learning, I thoroughly [*sic*] understand women as well their history. It seems that women are sheading [*sic*] their clothes as displayed by your models. As an authority upon women I can relate many tales about women which would require pages. In fact I know more about women than any of your so called feature writers. Unquestionably you will wonder what can a man of God know about women. Women are my business. As a man of God I also make my livelihood off the creatures of sin.

We here at the Billy Graham crusade for our savoir [*sic*] have devised a plan. We are going to walk in front of the Playboy International Clubs with signs stating down with those sinful places. As soon as our project is organized it will go into effect. We will show your club what the cross of Jesus means.

John V. Coffield

Member [*sic*] of the Billy Graham crusade
for our blessed Jesus Christ
Los Angeles, California

*Sic, sic, sic. With you for a friend, John,
Billy Graham doesn't need enemies.*



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Instead of placing still more names in nomination for our ever-lengthening list of Unlikely Couples, we've decided to introduce a brand-new — and we hope no less pleasantly pointless — parlor game this month. Linking names is still the game, but this time the idea is to string them together into a single multisyllabic monicker of interlocking first and last names. For example: Santa Claus Fuchs, Billie Sol Estes Kefauver, Danny Thomas à Becket, Bruno Walter Winchell, T. S. Eliot Ness. When you've whipped up a few of these elementary dual combinations, you'll be ready to try your hand at something a bit more ambitious: trios (Meg Myles Davis Grubb), quartets (John Vivyan Leigh Hunt Hartford), quintets (Malcolm X-Ray Anthony George Montgomery), sextets (Beau Jack Barry Nelson Eddy Albert Schweitzer), and so on *ad absurdum*. When you've gone as far as you want to go with this gambit, you may want to add the refinement of a word-play capper, as in Ann-Margret Truman Doctrine and Steve Allen Dulles Dishwater. Then you'll be qualified to graduate to the big leagues with such freight-train appellations as Harold Lloyd George Washington Irving Berlin Airlift, Benjamin Franklin Roosevelt Grier Ganson Kanin Able and the mouth-filling Little Eva Marie Saint Paul Douglas Dillon Thomas Mann Ray Charles Atlas Shrugged. Happy name-dropping.

Attached to a driver's-license-renewal notice sent to a friend of ours by the Wisconsin State Motor Vehicle Department was the following printed note: "IF YOU DO NOT RECEIVE THIS NOTICE, LET US KNOW BY LETTER."

What price glory? An unintentionally

truncated item from the Fresno, California, *Bee* reports that the local city council recently adopted a resolution "commending Darla Banks for winning the national Miss Teenager contest. She may be called before the council to be made."

Brace yourself for this one: A headline in the Albuquerque, New Mexico, *Tribune* recently announced: UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO DENTAL HYGIENE STUDENTS TO BE CAPPED.

We've heard of far-out names for race horses, but this tongue twister — listed in the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* among the thoroughbreds scheduled to race at Santa Anita — leads the field by a furlong: %oom so-lae now is TH TH TTT.

The Christmas Gift for the Man Who Has Everything but a Gaping Wound: A company in Woodstock, New York, has begun the sale of simulated injuries made of vinyl (ostensibly as first-aid training devices, but perfect for those masochists on your Xmas list too chicken to receive the real thing). As an added attraction to those who are sticklers for detail, the manufacturer offers "blood" pumped through tubing to the injury. And lest any all-thumbs injury fancier be frightened off by the prospect of a do-it-yourself laceration kit, the wounds come completely assembled.

Poignant note from the Personals column of the Chattanooga, Tennessee, *Times*: "ARCH: Wanted it, loved it, miss it, want it again. Call me. Darlene."

Cryptic note: In the interests of keeping youngsters off the streets, the rector of St. Augustine's Church in Bolton,

England, has thoughtfully provided a local teenage social group with a quiet hideaway for evening club meetings and twist sessions: the rectory crypt.

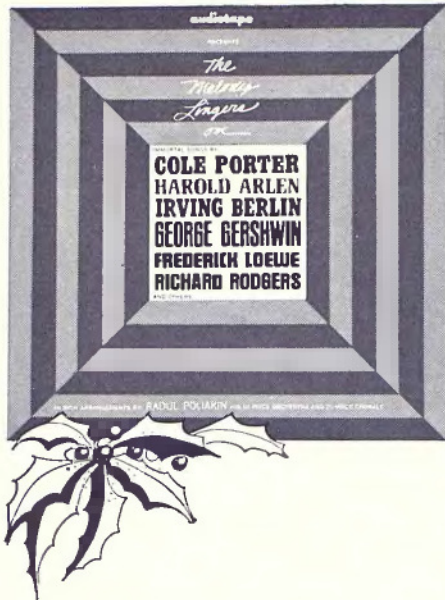
Our faith in the imperishability of the never-never land that is Hollywood was bolstered immeasurably by a real-estate ad we glommed in a recent copy of *Daily Variety*. It offered for sale (at a price-slashed \$825,000): "America's most amazing house" with such honey features as a waterfall; a 60-foot, indoor-outdoor pool with tunnel and sliding wall of glass; a private night club-playhouse, with a beach on its roof; two 20-foot statues flanking the entrance and a gold Buddha in the courtyard; a harem room with bunks for six (eight in a pinch); and just to prove that it isn't all play and no work in Flick City, a 50-guest bomb shelter with its own wine cellar.

Peace or Else Department: A British correspondent informs us that London police have taken a dim view of the novel approach to pacifism espoused by a member of the Committee for Nuclear Disarmament: He was recently arrested for possession of a homemade bomb.

Unique collector's items offered for sale in a recent issue of *Antiques Trader*: "Frank Lloyd Wright's balls, matched pair, 3 ft. diam., leaded stained glass, \$1600 the pair."

Untold Story of the Month, from the Personals column of New York's *Village Voice*: "Attention: Leon who lost Sylvia in the snowstorm please contact TR 8-9232 for expression of gratitude."

We are informed by the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* that a crusading subcommittee



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In another of his eye-opening exclusives, columnist Drew Pearson recently addressed a New England teachers' convention, according to the Springfield, Massachusetts, *Herald*, on the subject of "Two Lays with Nikita Khrushchev."

Our nomination for the most eloquently incomprehensible example of Mad Ave jargon was delivered by an agency man in his candid appraisal of a TV dramatic script by a Hollywood writer friend of ours. "In part," he told the author, "this is not totally without merit."

THEATER

The idle rich who idle on the stage in Jean Anouilh's *The Rehearsal* indulge in a novel double standard. Infidelity is encouraged, but only within one's own class—in this case, the uppermost. The hero of this stylish exercise, a French count named Tiger (Keith Michell), has the heart of a hedonist, a tart-tongued wife (Coral Browne), and a snooty mistress named Hortensia (Adrienne Corri): the countess has a priggish lover. Each savors the other's escapades (except for the prig who is always challenging somebody to a duel). In pursuit of still further pleasure, the insatiable Tiger dallies with a hired girl, a governess, and a virginal blonde nymphet (Jennifer Hilary), which causes the caste-conscious countess to proclaim to Hortensia, "If I were Tiger's mistress, I wouldn't let him make a fool of me." Actually, for most of this charade, which has to do with the rehearsal for an 18th Century play about inconstancy that the count is staging, Tiger makes fools of everyone—except his old school chum Hero (Alan Badel). It is this boozy self-defeatist who, in the play's most moving scene, disillusiones the maiden about her grand passion and does the lower-case hero in. The end is sudden, rueful and apt, but *The Rehearsal* begins slowly, with seemingly endless variations on the permissiveness of the aristocracy. Fortunately, the main business—the limits of pleasure, the pains of love—eventually comes out of rehearsal and into play, and the result is urbane, ironic, literate theater. At the Royale, 242 West 45th Street.

The Irregular Verb to Love features Claudette Colbert as a mad bomber. She likes little animals and is so furious at furriers for skinning them that she pelts their shops with homemade blockbusters—and usually gets caught by the cops. When we meet her, she has just been

released after an eight-month hitch in the pokeny. Her husband (Cyril Ritchard) is a law-abiding curator of a London zoo. Their apartment is lovingly decorated with family pictures—of dogs, horses, polar bears. All this would seem to be material for a farce about an animal funny farm of a household, but the fauna turns out to be just so much decorative flora. The play, which ran in London for a year, is really situation comedy. Son Andrew has brought home a bedmate from Europe: she is Greek, speaks no English, smells like a goat, and is dressed in what looks like an old rug. Daughter Lucy has got herself pregnant and doesn't want to marry the man because she thinks he doesn't want to marry her. Mother starts to muddle, proving in her children's eyes to be not only a mad bomber but a bad momma. Ritchard, who directed, stands to one side trying to be civilized. He doesn't have many lines, but he makes the most of the good ones, and the least of the bad ones. For a last curtain, authors Hugh and Margaret Williams suddenly remember the explosives and blow off a blast in Miss Colbert's powder room. This shakes up the stage, but it is too late to wake up the play. At the Ethel Barrymore, 243 West 47th Street.

MOVIES

There may be an eclectic Eskimo or simple Bushman who does not yet know that Jean Kerr is a witty woman, but the rest of us have been gratefully broken up some time or other by Kerr cracks. *Mary, Mary*, her supersmash, is less a play than a playground for her pleasantries and pungent unpleasantries, and screen adapter Richard L. Breen has wisely kept out of the way so that, more or less, we get the original script on film. But director Mervyn LeRoy and film editor David Wages have not been so unobtrusive. Some pay-off lines are stifled by the staging or the cutting. Example: "This man writes like a sick (Cut from one shot of Mary to another) elf." What line could lick that kind of treatment? Still, as the picture progresses, the laughs crackle out of this chronicle of how the visit of a headstrong young divorcée to her publisher ex-husband to settle some tax matters results in his renunciation of a new fiancée and their remarriage. Wee Debbie Reynolds is somewhat short on high-comedy technique; she wrestles with Mary whereas Barry Nelson, who played the husband on Broadway, has more than a half Nelson on his part. Hiram Sherman is a quiet, drolly-poly lawyer, and Michael Rennie has moderate comic competence as the mature menace.



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FOR MEN

Diane McBain, as the fiancée, is an all-out mistake.

Fresh from their quasi triumphs in *Cleopatra*, Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton are now fogbound at London Airport. *The V.I.P.s* figuratively parks *The Wayward Bus* at the *Grand Hotel* and tells us how the lives of a group of people are affected by the 24-hour delay of a transatlantic plane. Miss Taylor has left a note for her husband (Burton) saying that she is flying off with Louis Jourdan; Rod Taylor, an Aussie businessman, has to reach New York to raise money to cover a big check he's written; Orson Welles, a movie producer, has to get out of England by midnight for tax reasons; Margaret Rutherford, a duchess, has to get to a Miami job in order to save her ancestral home. Drama piles upon drama until it reaches minuscule heights. Terence (*Winslow Boy*) Rattigan has filled his screenplay with velour vitality, and Anthony Asquith has directed with a thousand movie-type movies in his head. But just because the film is such a phony, there is a plump sort of pleasure to be found in the obvious contrivances and the Metrocolor tear-jerking — it's like slurping a good, goocy sundae.

The Cardinal, based on the late Henry Morton Robinson's best seller, is the sacerdotal saga of Stephen Fermoye, a Boston boy, from his ordination just after WW I to his elevation to cardinal just before WW II. Father Fermoye has a saint-size share of tribulations: he quells a riot after a false miracle; he starves in a Massachusetts parish; he wrestles with the problem of his sister wanting to marry a Jew; later, following Catholic dogma, he has to give the word to let her die in childbirth; he temporarily doubts his faith and forsakes his altar ego; while he's in mufti, a Viennese Venus falls in love with him; he helps a Negro priest in Georgia and gets a flogging; he deals with Cardinal Inmitzer in *Anschluss* Austria and visits Hitler's ante-room — in fact, he is just about the busiest cleric in all Christendom. Otto Preminger, one of the few remaining directors with a sense of old-fashioned theatrical schmaltz, manages to grease even the stickiest situations, but it's still not smooth going. Carol Lynley is pretty as the sinful sister; Raf Vallone and Tullio Carminati show fine Italian hands as Roman prelates; Ossie Davis is genuine as the Georgia priest; Romy Schneider makes a luscious Viennese strudel; and in his first extensive screen role, John Huston is salty as a peppery Boston cardinal. The epic levels off pretty low, however, because of the Fermoye of Tom Tryon, whose previous pictures include a Disney delight called *Moon Pilot*. His performance is very Tryon.

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Carol Lynley's career zips along, but not far from *The Cardinal* to a comedy called *Under the Yum Yum Tree*, based on the Broadway show of the same name. This is the strained story of a California college girl who decides to live with her boyfriend without sleeping with him — you know, so they can test their compatibility without doing anything that Mummy Wouldn't Like. And if you think *that's* a gimcrack gimmick, hear this: The apartment they get is in a building owned by a thirtyish bachelor who rents flats cheap to chicks, then takes out the difference in dalliance. Said landlord sizzles when he spies the coed and tries to capitalize on the situation; the one almost redeeming feature is the casting of Jack Lemmon as the landlord. He is so fine a *farceur* that he makes even bits of this boredom bearable, but who chooses his scripts for him? Imogene Coca (a good comedienne) and Edie Adams (a fair comedienne) appear as a housekeeper and an aunt, respectively; and there is a star performance put in by the bachelor's predatory pad. But all the Technicolor jack, along with the talented Jack, is wasted under the ho-hum tree.

Remember the old chestnut about the man who is advised to make love to his wife every night for a year in order to kill her off? After 10 months, shriveled in a wheelchair, he points a palsied finger at his blossoming spouse and croaks: "See that woman? She has two months more to live." Transported to Italy, that's the basis of *The Conjugal Bed*, and since there's some bitter truth in the old joke, there's bitter fun in the film. Ugo Tognazzi, never seen here before, quickly shows why he is one of Italy's leading "average guy" actors. He plays a successful Roman *boulevardier* and car salesman of 40 who marries a saintly young girl and soon finds that religion is not her only devotion. When he takes to working late at the office in self-defense, she follows him — to try out the office sofa. When he retreats to a monastery for a week's recovery, she's waiting at the door and, on the way home, taunts him into a little roadside picnic. After he finally produces the baby that proves he's still a man, he thinks she will give him a rest; but the poor guy ends up in his grave. And there's a closing hint that she's moving on to his partner. The death is out of key with the film's rueful ribbing of the Geritol set, and Marina Vlady comes on as a moon-faced maid who doesn't suggest lethal lust: still *The Conjugal Bed* has a good deal of bounce to it.

In the French Style, adapted by Irwin Shaw from two of his own stories, is beautifully photographed in small-screen black and white, and only occasionally suffers from being too much in the



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French style. This tale of a nice American girl (Jean Seberg) who goes to Paris to paint and who stays to paint the town as well — is steeped in sophisticated *tristesse*, but Shaw's message swims its way through the tears: bohemian high life, he tells us, is fine for those engaged in creative — or at least absorbing — occupations, which Seberg is not. In a few years, she finds herself being more used than useful, so, after a particularly shattering love affair with an itinerant journalist, she closes her Left Bank account and marries an American doctor with sincere bedside manners. Writer-producer Shaw rejoiced that he and director Robert Parrish (who coproduced) could at last make a picture free of front-office finagling; they have succeeded fairly well — despite an adult-soap-operatic script and some uneven acting (the best of which by far is turned in by Seberg).

RECORDINGS

A pair of nonpareil jazz practitioners get together on *Ella and Basie!* (Verve) and the results are exactly as one would expect them to be — splendid. Although Ella and the big Basie sound are completely compatible, our favorite tracks find Miss Fitz in the select surroundings of the Count and a Kansas City Seven-size group as they do *Them There Eyes* and *Dream a Little Dream of Me*, both free and easy offerings. The orchestrations are by Quincy Jones.

Eddie Costa: Memorial Concert (Colpix), a tribute to the late pianist-vibist recorded at New York's Village Gate, is a fitting musical farewell. Side one by the Clark Terry Quartet features the crack trumpeter's own *The Simple Waltz* and Mercer-Ellington's *Things Ain't What They Used to Be* (with trombonist Willie Dennis). Terry was never more eloquent. The Coleman Hawkins Sextet takes over on side two with *I'm Confessin'* and *Just You, Just Me*, a pair of oldies which the Bean long ago put in his hip pocket.

Buddy Greco Sings for Intimate Moments (Epic) is Buddy at his tastefully relaxed best. He's accompanied by a first-rate instrumental group — Bud Shank, Shelly Manne, Barney Kessel, Joe Mondragon, and Dave Grusin who also leads a vocal contingent called the Enchanted Voices. The singing group is good in spite of its name, and with Greco roamin' through the likes of *Desafinado*, *If Ever I Would Leave You*, *Moon River*, and *This Is All I Ask*, the output is strictly optimum.

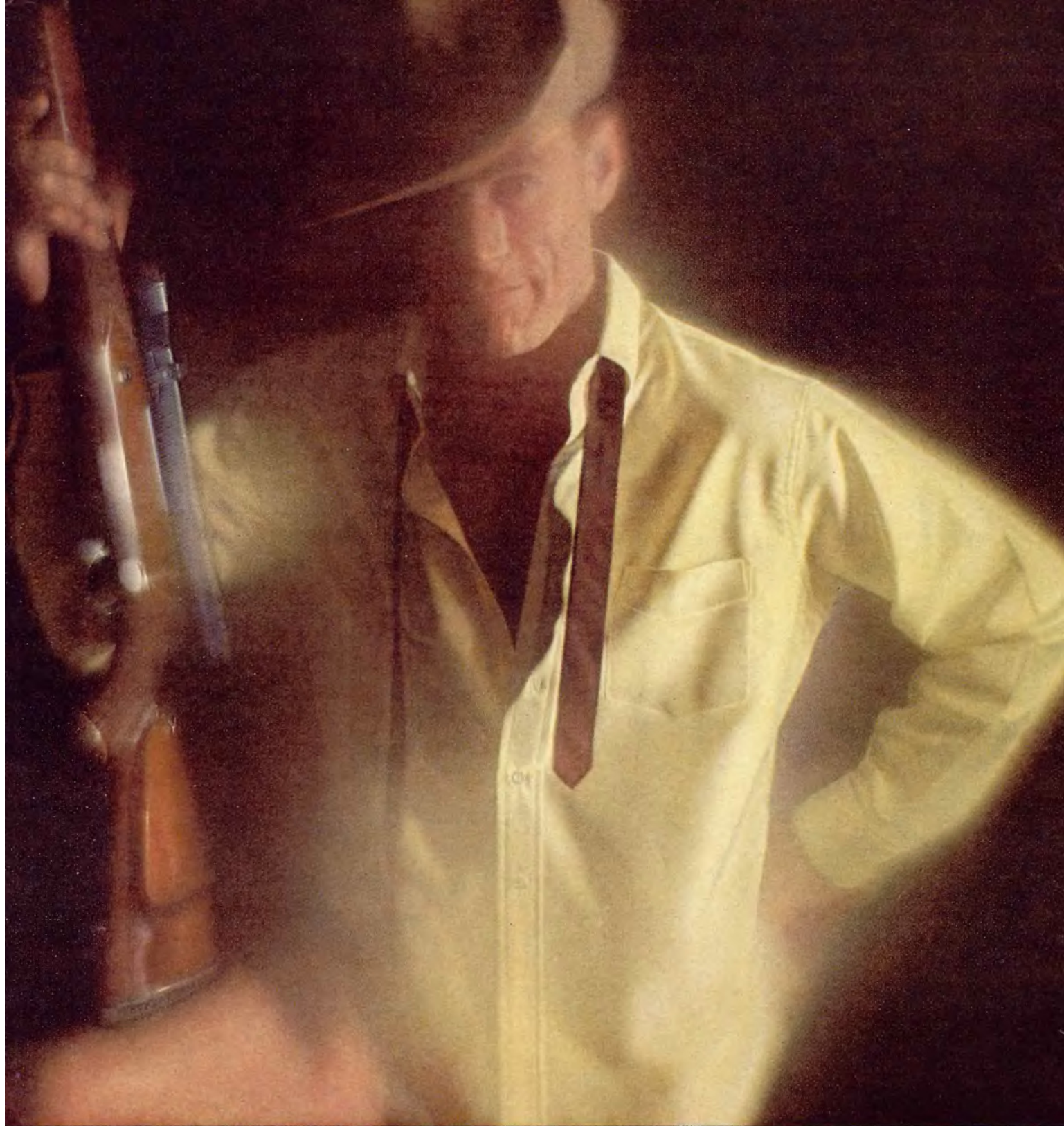
We're afraid that someone has slipped some leaden bars into *A Treasury of Golden*

Hits/Sammy Davis Jr. (Reprise). In *a Persian Market*, *And This Is My Beloved*, and *Stand Up and Fight* are too weak in their original forms to be anybody's cup of tea, and no matter how hard he tries, Sammy just can't heat them up. It's a pity because *It's All Right with Me*, *That Old Black Magic*, *Birth of the Blues*, and the rest are Grade A Davis.

The sensuous tonal richness of the works of Richard Strauss is brilliantly underlined in the performance, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Erich Leinsdorf, of Strauss' *Ein Heldenleben* (Victor). The soaring peaks of sound produced by the orchestra will test the temper of your hi-fi rig — the output should be worthy of what's going into it.

Vince Guaraldi "In Person" (Fantasy) encores the pianist who scored so heavily with his *Cast Your Fate to the Wind*. Here, with rhythm, Vince casts a fresh eye on jazz standards such as *Green Dolphin Street* and *Jitterbug Waltz*, runs through a group of Latin lilt, and, all in all, appears to be enjoying himself as much as we're sure the listener will.

Herewith, a premium-size packet of piano LPs covering the creative spectrum. **Erroll Garner/One World Concert** (Reprise) was recorded at the Seattle World's Fair and is filled with the Niagara of notes that mark Garner's musical signature. Performing with bass and drums, Erroll bounds or glides through such as *The Way You Look Tonight*, *Sweet and Lovely*, *Lover Come Back to Me*, and (surprise!) *Misty*. Surrounded by Billy May's orchestra, **The Piano Witchcraft of Cy Coleman** (Capitol) has been placed in a plush setting. Out of the twelve tunes, Coleman conjures up seven of his own compositions including *The Best Is Yet to Come*, and, understandably enough, *Witchcraft*. **Night Train: The Oscar Peterson Trio** (Verve) features Peterson, Brown and Thigpen in a driving, blues-tinged mood. The blues make for happy listening; we rarely have heard the group so up for a session. This LP rates Oscar an Oscar. One of Celluloid city's most creative talents turns his attentions to the movies' musical treats in **André Previn in Hollywood** (Columbia). Previn's own melodies from *Imma la Douce* and *Two for the Seesaw* are part of a prestigious parcel that includes *Gigi*, *Laura*, *The Last Time I Saw Paris*, and *It Might As Well Be Spring*. Johnny Williams has charted the proceedings. An elder statesman of modern jazz and a piano man for all seasons is yours for the listening on **Thelonious Monk / Criss-Cross** (Columbia). The Monk, who is given some respite from his solo labors by



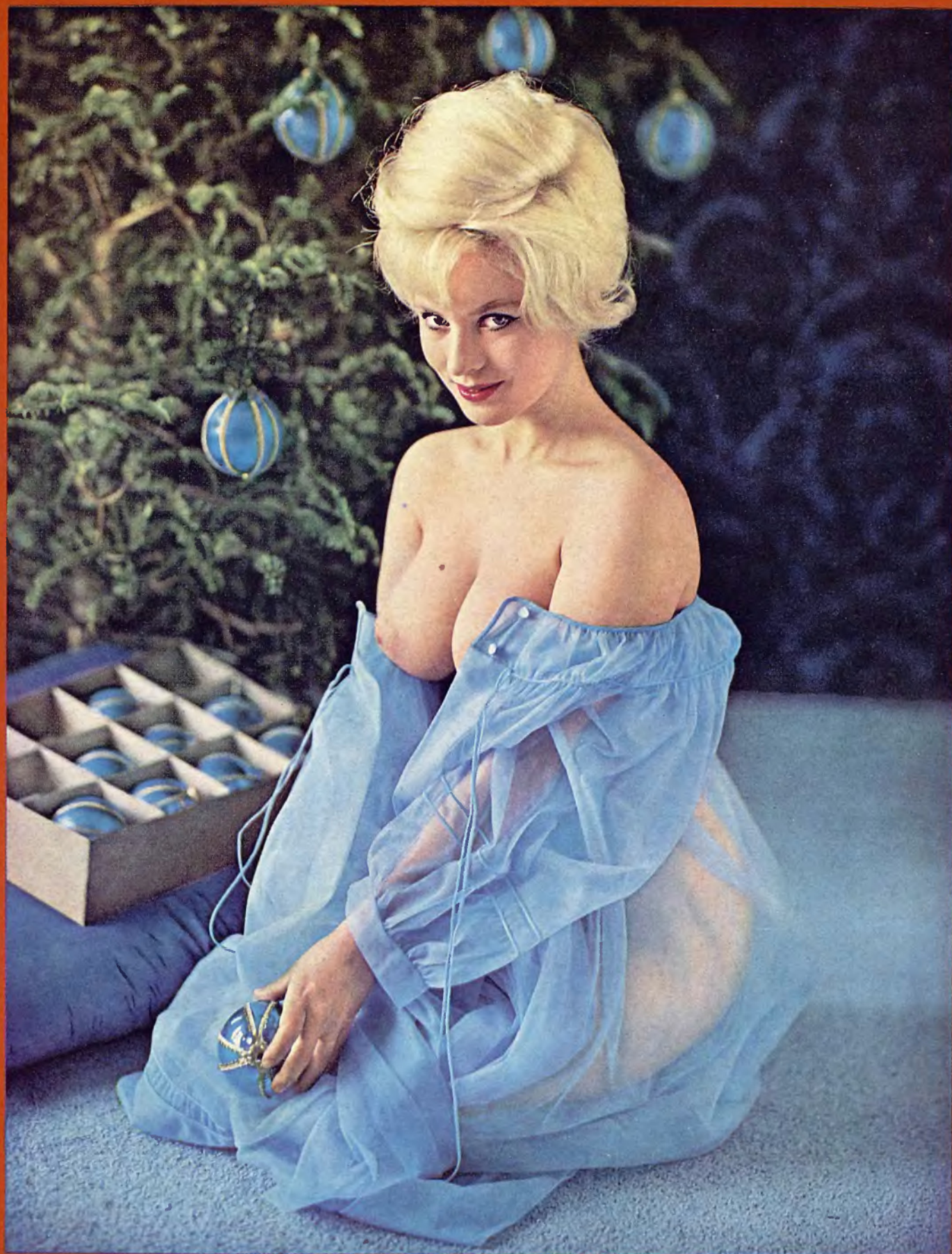
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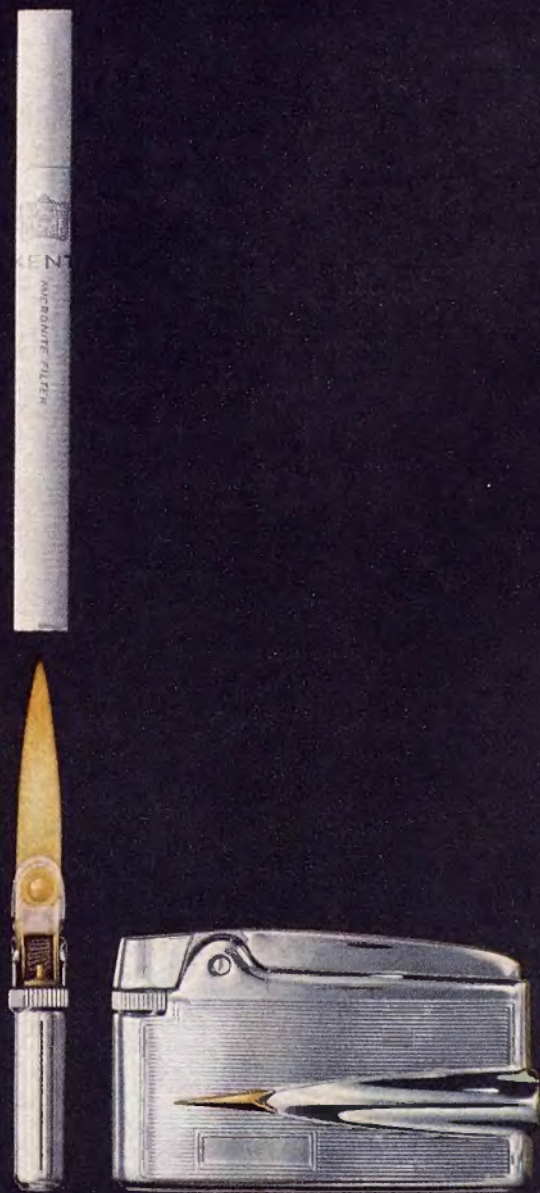
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tenor man Charlie Rouse, leads his quartet through singularly original originals interspersed with a couple of well-cooked chestnuts, *Tea for Two* and *Don't Blame Me*.

For Swingers Only/Lorez Alexandria (Argo) is a tasteful showcase for a songstress deserving of a larger audience. Lorez, backed by a tidy group of Chicagoans featuring flutist Ronald Wilson, offers eight choice items, including such estimable evergreens as *Baltimore Oriole*, *Little Girl Blue*, and *All or Nothing at All*.

Pleasant listening, albeit lightweight jazz, is to be found in abundance on *The Most Beautiful Horn in the World*, **Bobby Hackett, Plays the Great Music of Henry Mancini** (Epic). Hackett's cornet is, of course, as flawless as ever, and his flights of fancy through the Mancini library touch down on the themes from *Mr. Lucky* and *Peter Gunn*, *Days of Wine and Roses*, several *Hatari!* tunes and *Moon River*. If the session is not memorable, it is certainly mellifluous.

There's a bluesy batch of ballads on hand in *This One's for Me/Damita Jo* (Mercury). Backed by a band charted by Billy Byers and Al Cohn, and conducted by Byers and Quincy Jones, Damita Jo tees off the session with an ace, *In the Dark*, a jazz classic that doesn't get the play it warrants. Further along, and almost equally enjoyable, are *I'll Be Around*, *Everybody's Somebody's Fool* and *A Good Man Is Hard to Find*.

As a special Xmas aural delight, may we recommend *Christmas in the Congo* (Philips), a collection of European and Congolese melodies performed by Les Troubadours du Roi Baudouin. The African rhythms and rich native voices provide a unique approach to the celebration of the birth of Christ.

Impressions of Cleopatra/Paul Horn (Columbia) can only offer the sensuous sounds of Paul Horn's flute and bass flute, but that should suffice for jazzophiles. The melodic lines of the movie may not match its epic visual proportions, but Horn, vibist Emil Richards, pianist Victor Feldman and rhythm give Cleo a high degree of musical class.

Sassy Swings the Tivoli (Mercury) is a live recording made during Sarah Vaughan's stint at Copenhagen's famed Tivoli Gardens. And from Sarah's opening *Won't You Come Home Bill Bailey*, wherein Miss Vaughan turns a couple of bloopers into funny pieces of business, right on through the closing *I Cried for You*, Sassy is loose and the audience loves it. We did, too, due in no small

measure to the backgrounding of omnipresent arranger-conductor Quincy Jones.

Antonio Carlos Jobim, the Composer of "Desafinado," Plays (Verve) very well, indeed, a dozen of his own tunes, including *Desafinado* and *One Note Samba*, with a piano style that is both lean and provocative. Leo Wright and trombonist Jimmy Cleveland contribute their services on occasion. The arrangements by Claus Ogerman are moody and completely apropos.

A most pleasant stroll down memory lane is *Sinatra's Sinatra* (Reprise), wherein Frank echoes some of his past hits. With Nelson Riddle's orchestra for company, and such gems as *I've Got You Under My Skin*, *In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning*, *Witchcraft* and *Put Your Dreams Away* on the agenda, The Chairman is in his finest vocal fettle.

BOOKS

After a long lapse into the novel, Bernard Malamud again gives us a book of both amusing and compassionate stories, *Idiots First* (Farrar, Straus, \$1.50). Four of the pieces are set in Italy, four are about the life of Jews in New York; these, the other three stories and the scene from a play in progress all show Malamud's double gift for fantastic humor and for re-creating the hidden grind of private unhappiness. *Still Life*, the story of an inept seduction, begins as a shrewdly funny portrait of two young painters, touches the reader with their confusion and frustration, and ends as a wild comedy of crossed sexual and religious fervor. Also involving a painter is *Naked Nude*, which ran in *PLAYBOY* last August and concerns an impoverished expatriate, awash among the *latrinas* of Milano, who, forced into an art swindle, dauntlessly double-crosses his fellow conspirators. *The German Refugee* is pure reminiscence, pure portraiture. This is Malamud's greatest power, the making of portraits that smell at once of life and imagination; unfortunately, sometimes he seems not to know where to go once the central figure or situation has been drawn. The failures of the volume are the forced or inconclusive endings of some of the stories. *The Death of Me*, for example, is about an Italian tailor and a Polish presser whose feud finally causes the death of their boss in a scene of arbitrary melodrama that does not carry the symbolic weight the author seems to assign to it. *A Choice of Profession* is a subtle account of the collapse of love between a teacher and a student he discovers is a former prostitute; but it trails off disappointingly



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at the end. In spite of these occasional lapses though, each story keeps one listening for more of the author's voice — not wide in range, but clear, ironic and tender. Malamud's prose is accurate and spare — another of the many modest virtues that together make *Idiots First* a wise man's choice.

The growing number of disciples of the drugs known as hallucinogens (principally mescaline, LSD and psilocybin — see PLAYBOY's three-part take-out on them last month) continue to tell the uninitiated that the experience produced by these substances is impossible to explain in mere human language; and then they try to explain it. This contradiction is acknowledged in the introduction to Alan Watts' *The Joyous Cosmology* (Pantheon, \$5) by former Harvard psychologists Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert: "The Joyous Cosmology is a brilliant arrangement of words describing experiences for which our language has no vocabulary." Mr. Watts is eminently qualified for this challenging task, for he is the principal Western popularizer of Oriental mysticism. His book, subtitled "Adventures in the Chemistry of Consciousness," is a brief (94 pages) ramble through the author's psyche under hallucinogenic influence, compiled and condensed from a variety of drug experiences. The sensations are quite similar to those set down by Aldous Huxley in *The Doors of Perception*, such as "Going indoors I find that all the furniture is alive . . . now that we have time to look at each other we become timeless." When Watts attempts to express profound insights, the reader can sense his frustration at the limitations of ordinary language: "Life seems to resolve itself down to a tiny germ or nipple of sensitivity. I call it the Eenie-Weenie . . ." Perhaps there is in fact no adequate vocabulary for expressing these chemical-mystical experiences but Watts gives it one of the best tries to date.

In *Corporations in Crisis* (Doubleday, \$4.50), Richard Austin Smith tells how seven large corporations botched their businesses without even trying. It is a breezy study in managerial ineptitude. With little compassion for the high-priced bunglers, Smith tells why "Big Steel was so wrong when it was so sure it was right" — in raising steel prices in 1962; how Howard Hughes' leadership wrecked RKO ("He never visited the place, despite its piling up \$20,000,000 in losses"); how General Dynamics dropped \$125,000,000, "the biggest product loss ever sustained by any enterprise"; and why the executives of General Electric permitted themselves to become involved in the recent price-fixing fiasco. Smith delves into the causes of each



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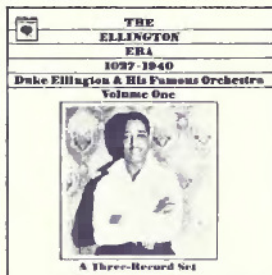
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The sounds of Columbia Records  to give, to have, to share.

corporate crisis and, with the obvious advantage of hindsight, does not hesitate to name the guilty parties. Most of the troubles, says Smith "are the result of years of procrastination, of unwillingness to face up to mistakes." This book of horror tales should be read by all executives who think their companies are doing just fine.

David Cort, novelist, onetime *Life* foreign editor, and essayist extraordinary, can be counted upon to find something fresh to say about anything he chooses to write on—and he chooses to write on practically anything. His latest collection, *Social Astonishments* (Macmillan, \$4.95), includes his observations on prisons and parades, on dog lovers, bank robbers and flying saucers, on crossword puzzles, cigarette ads and Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace. To describe his technique is to beg the issue. Here he is on women: ". . . The typical woman progresses from the gentle, sentimental barbarian to the breeder monopolist to the clubwoman and so back through the phyla, perhaps as far as the black widow spider." On women's sex lives: "A few are as potent at the age of 20 as the best men. Some are absolutely frigid into the 30s, and then come alive, with mixed feelings. Some start slow, have a mild heyday and firmly abandon sex in their 40s. Most spend their lives kidding their husbands." On reducing faddists: "This pompous sadism . . . is a philosophical, sociological and dietary disaster. To tell anybody to drink only skimmed milk is a dirty, rotten trick." On millionaires: ". . . As we now realize that a healthy ecology needs its predators, its wolves, lions and hawks, so too the financial community needs the elimination of its weak, sick and sloppy members, before their errors become epidemic. The millionaire, stalking the forests of the night with his suspicious, appraising, sour look, is glad to do the job. God, as if he needed Him, bless him!" It is for such fare that knowledgeable essay fanciers pay court to Cort.

Love makes the words go round, and two new anthologies have a sumptuous share of them. *Erotic Poetry*, edited by William Cole (Random House, \$8.95), is the amplest anthology of its kind we've ever seen—full of love, lilt, laughter, lechery and life. Cole has culled contributions from the oldest Greeks to the newest Americans, from the Zenni East to the zaniest West, and the result is a tasteful collection that celebrates the joy of being a man with a woman and vice, you should pardon the pun, versa. (Stephen Spender's introduction sets the civilized tone for these paens to the primal urge.) Some of the poems are subtle, some pull no punches. Items: a healthy helping of Robert Burns' bawdy ballads, including *Tommie Makes*

My Tail Toddle; various odes—wistful, proud, angry—addressed to the relevant portion of the male anatomy by Robert Graves, Yeats and others; ancient ballads and modern blues, D. H. Lawrence and Lawrence Durrell, Kingsley Amis and the ubiquitous Anonymous. This anthology is a rich ribald romp. In one of those coincidences that periodically plague publishers, Louis Untermeyer, veteran versifier, has produced an anthology called *An Uninhibited Treasury of Erotic Poetry* (Dial, \$7.50), which has more pages and less interest than Cole's book. Untermeyer includes nice, naughty translations of Greeks, Romans, Frenchmen and Germans, some of them done by himself; and he has come up with such curiosities as *On a Young Lady's Going into a Shower Bath*, by the author of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. But his book is marred by too much of the too familiar (*Song of Songs*, Chaucer), by folk songs that are dull without music, and by many introductory pages containing only a few lines each to pad out the book. If it's erotica you're prospecting for, the Cole mine has the richer vein.

It is estimated that the average conscious American is exposed to 1400 to 1600 advertisements each day; they constitute a sort of Van Allen belt of threats and panaceas encircling our continent. If some portion of the fallout from all this shows evidence of rational,

grown-up minds at work, we are indebted as much to David Ogilvy as to any advertising man now operating. Mr. Ogilvy has made his million in the course of demonstrating that advertisers can use good sense and good taste at least as successfully as the gibberish that so frequently dominates their communications with the outside world. This is no small achievement. It is unfortunate that he didn't choose to have someone else tell us about it. He peoples the pages of his *Confessions of an Advertising Man* (Atheneum, \$4.95) with an admirable collection of Oxford dons, poets, prime ministers, copywriters, blood royalty and princes of commerce. But his favorite character is never in doubt. The first-person-singular pronoun dominates the book. Where he lists his suggestions for preparing better advertising, Ogilvy's credentials and professionalism cannot be faulted. There are many on Madison Avenue who could profit from his specific advice about writing copy, designing layouts and preparing TV commercials. For the lay reader, however, David Ogilvy's collection of do's and dons is likely to prove wearisome. The Schwepperversence is there, but somehow those curiously refreshing little bubbles just don't last long enough.

When President Kennedy summoned some of the best minds of his alma mater to Washington to advise and help form the nucleus of the Administration, he neglected to issue the call of public service to former Harvard man Norman Mailer. Mr. Mailer has generously sought to repair the omission with *Presidential Papers* (Putnam, \$5) "written to the President, for him" by "a court wit, an amateur advisor." This is the excuse for the publication of the stray magazine pieces, poems, letters and dialogs (including his debate with William Buckley, Jr., which appeared in *PLAYBOY*, January and February 1963) that have accumulated since the last such compendium was published in 1959 as *Advertisements for Myself*. But Mailer really needs no such excuse, for his observations on such assorted subjects as Castro, Kennedy, Sonty Liston, the Right Wing, capital punishment and contraception may often be wild and egomaniacal but never suffer from the sin of dullness. His pose is often annoying ("One thought of oneself as one of the few writers in the country" says Mailer like a miffed matron when lamenting Jackie Kennedy's refusal of an interview), but when the hot machine of his prose gets going in full gear, the spectacle is brilliant. Catch him, in just one hunk of a great, winding shimmering sentence describing the delegates to the 1960 Democratic convention "there in the Gallery of the Biltmore, that huge depressing alley with its in-

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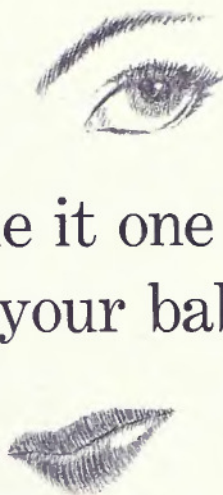
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Grove Press continues its campaign to get good gamy books off the banned wagon. After *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and Miller's *Tropics*, they come on very strong with a big one-volume edition of all five volumes of Frank Harris' *My Life and Loves* (Grove Press, \$12.50), a work that's enjoyed more notoriety than readership, hitherto available only in various eviscerated versions. John F. Gallagher, who introduced and annotated it, has gone to typescript sources and Harris' own copies and has come up with the full, freewheeling life of the writer-editor-amorist who did absolutely nothing in a small way. Harris, a pioneer sex scribe, describes his love-life down through the busy, busy years with detail and delight, although he was well over 70 when reminiscing. (So he exaggerates a little. Who doesn't?) His sexual safari was only one of his careers; his other lives were at least as active. Born in Ireland (1855), he ran away to America at 15; was a construction worker on the Brooklyn Bridge, a hotel clerk in Chicago, a cowboy on cattle drives, a member of the Kansas bar; grew restless and circled the globe, studied at Heidelberg, and became editor of a London daily at 28. He went on to edit various magazines, including one for which he hired Bernard Shaw as dramatic critic and H. G. Wells as literary critic. He met and/or knew — among hundreds of celebrities — Whitman, Bret Harte, Zola, De Maupassant, Marx, Gladstone, the then Prince of Wales, Wagner, Cecil Rhodes, Henry James, Conrad, Ruskin, and Oscar Wilde. He died in 1931, broke and bitter. The last two sections of the autobiography show age dimming the dynamo, but the whole work is a fine two-handful of intellectual and physical vitality.






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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I would like your opinion on a unique experience. Recently, I had a blind date with a divorcee, arranged through a mutual friend. As I was taking her home — after an evening of wining, dining and dancing — she informed me that I would have to pay her baby sitter. I felt justified in *not* paying the sitter, but she didn't see it my way. She said that if I was to have the pleasure of her company, I should be prepared to cover all expenses. I finally agreed to pay half the sitter's fee, but I was damned displeased. Do you think that my companion's demand was proper? — H. F., Dallas, Texas.

No, her demand wasn't proper, but neither was your haggling with her over the few dollars it must have cost to pay the sitter. What you should have done was tell your date before the evening started that you were going to take care of the sitting fee. The lady's officious attitude might have given you good cause to scratch her off your date list, but that in no way should have precluded your acting like a gentleman and not like a penny-pinching clod.

Will aspirin in Coca-Cola knock out the drinker? — G. L., Memphis, Tennessee.

No, but it will help cure a headache if he has one.

Is it considered an affectation to wear sunglasses in the city during any but the summer months? The sun's glare off sidewalks and snow bugs me, but I'll shed the shades if you say so. — B. G., Chicago, Illinois.

Let there be less light, by all means, and don't be concerned about the season. But avoid oddball shapes and shades of shades.

A group of guys in the office on the same executive level have lunch together every day. There are six of us and it seems to be taken for granted by one and all that there is an open invitation to lunch extended to everybody. What I'm getting at is that I occasionally don't feel like lunching with a full crew — after a while, you get to feel as though you're at a board meeting. I'd like to break this thing down into smaller groups, but don't quite know how to go about it. I don't want to slight anyone, yet I think I'd feel silly making the suggestion about diversification to the group. What's the best way out? — S. H., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

We suggest you take your dilemma by the horns and start asking one of your associates at a time to join you for lunch.

Pick out restaurants that are a bit off the beaten track, so there'll be little chance of bumping into the rest of the group. This should make the fact that you don't dig the mass mess as S.O.P. clear enough to the others.

I am 34 years old and divorced. I had been dating an 18-year-old girl for several months and we had fallen in love, but her father disapproved and shipped her out of town to forget me. This only served to reinforce our feelings and now we are determined to get married. If we do, can her father do anything to legally separate us? — M. J., Inglewood, California.

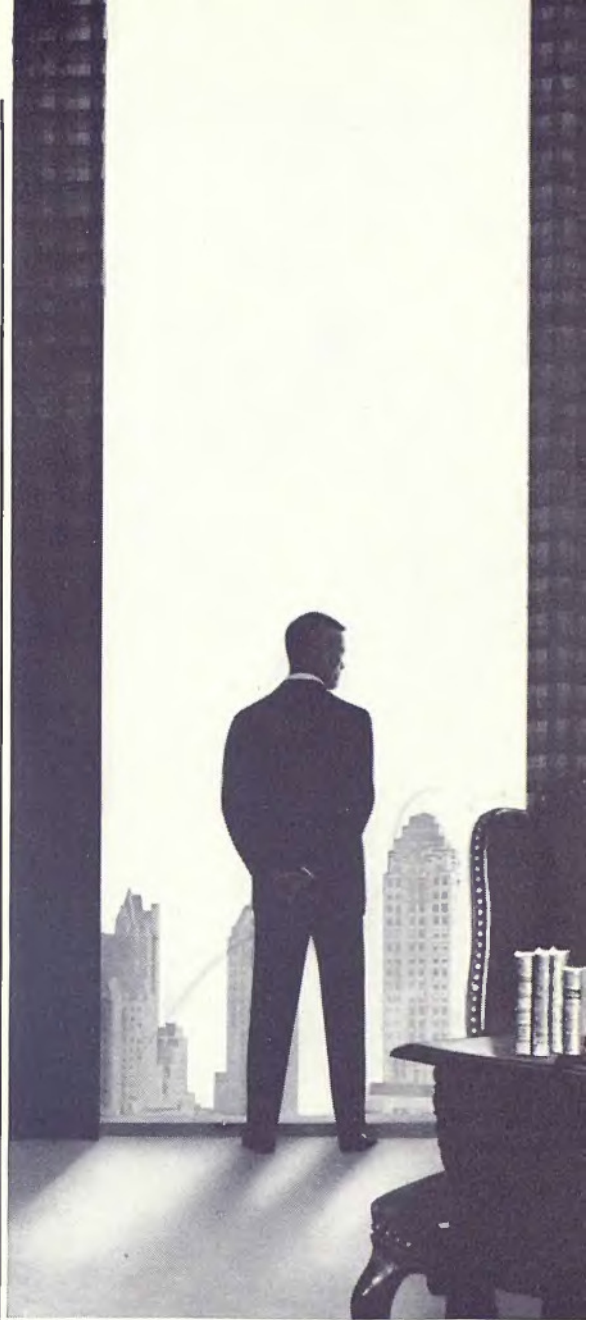
You'll have to ask an attorney what her dad can legally do to keep you and your girl apart, but at the moment it sounds as if he's doing all he can to push you two together. If you wed his darling daughter simply to defy him — which you say you're "determined" to do — all three of you could wind up losers.

What do you people have against bow ties? I never see them in your fashion take-outs. I like to wear them, but you're beginning to make me feel like a square. — A. B., Providence, Rhode Island.

There's nothing wrong with bow ties if the patterns and fabrics are tasteful. However, most men (and we are among them) feel that a regular necktie is more flattering than a bow, since the latter has a tendency to make the face look fuller. Clip-ons are another matter altogether — they're strictly for Celluloid collars.

I did not get too far into high school before money problems at home made me quit and go to work. That was years ago, and I've done fairly well since then. So well, in fact, that I'm now moving in a social circle made up almost completely of college grads. I bow to no man in business matters, but sometimes I feel like a low-grade moron when the conversation starts flying way over my head. I don't have the time, what with long hours at the plant and going over reports afterward, to pick up an education at home, so I'm really stumped. I don't want to turn antisocial, but I also hate to play the village idiot. It's not that anyone looks down his nose at me; it's just that I know I'm not with it. What's my next move, if any? — G. P., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If, as you say, your friends seem to be accepting you for what you are, why try to be anything else? You sound like your



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own worst enemy. Whatever you do, don't try to fake it intellectually; the inevitable faux pas will brand you as a phony. Keep your conversational gambits confined to the things you know, be an attentive listener, and don't be afraid to ask for an amplification of anything you might find unfamiliar. Your big problem will be in getting that inferiority-complex monkey off your back. You should literally make the time available for night school or, at the least, some form of additional education. Life is more than just "long hours at the plant and going over reports afterward," and while your industry is to be commended, your itch for a broader education is a positive one that should be scratched. It will make you a happier, more complete individual, and of greater value to your company in the long run as well.

We are three girls with a problem. Two of us are in college and the third is working. We are said to be good-looking and fun, and we have no trouble getting dates. But, how do we say no to that certain question? We are so tired of hearing, "You're a big girl now," or "I'm a man with a man's needs," that we often find ourselves dating fellows who we know won't give us any trouble but who are often less fun than the ones who are more our type but are also more demanding. What to do? — A. C., L. H., and M. L., San Francisco, California.

The best way to say no to "that certain question" is simply to say "No" — and if pressed for a reason, to give the most honest explanation you can: that you prefer to reserve sexual intimacy for someone with whom you are in love or to whom you are married — whichever happens to be the case — that casual sex (or sex outside of marriage) is against your personal moralities or your religious beliefs.

Unfortunately, we can supply no similar solution to the other part of your problem: the fact that the men who are most your "type" and with whom you have the most fun are also the ones who prove to be the most "demanding." This inconsistency of attitude suggests that your feelings about sex may be less a matter of personal convictions than a point of view established for you by others when you were young.

Each of you will have to decide for herself whether this point of view on sex is really important enough to allow it to limit your social life to men in whom, you indicate, you have less interest. As long as you hold your present attitude on sex, it is consistent to date the less "demanding" men, since to do otherwise turns your personal lives into a constant battle, in which sex can truly be equated, in your minds, with "trouble."



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zone _____ state _____

We offer this additional thought, however: the answer to the problem need not lie at either extreme — indiscriminate promiscuity or a complete rejection of sex. Religious taboos aside, it is a perfectly natural and healthy thing for women to have some sex life prior to marriage and the tradition that places such stress on female "virginity" is more conducive to frustration and suffering than anything else.

Two friends and I are going on a long hunting weekend in the woods of Maine. The cabin we'll be staying in has a small stove, but no refrigerator. What provisions would you suggest we take with us that will provide simple-to-prepare, varied fare? Naturally, we hope to supplement our menu with fresh game, but on the chance that we draw a complete blank in that department we'd like to have something besides canned pork-and-beans to fall back on. Any tips? — L. B., New York, New York.

No problem — just visit a fine gourmet shop (Charles & Co. or Macy's in your city) and stock up on a wide assortment of exotic canned comestibles. You'll find everything from Swedish or Danish meat balls to clam cakes to enchiladas in sauce — the choice of victuals for a wilderness fare-thee-well is almost endless. Something else you might check out at your sporting-goods store (if portability is a problem) is Armour's Star Lite outdoor foods prepared by a freeze-drying process which removes 99 percent of their moisture. The foods need no refrigeration and keep up to two years, requiring only soaking in water before cooking to restore their moisture. There are currently 12 varieties available ranging from a ranch-style breakfast (sour eggs, pork-sausage patties and fried potatoes) to shrimp creole.

Perhaps you can help me solve a nerve-racking problem. I recently discovered my brother-in-law cheating on my sister. The third party was his secretary, whom I've met. It was in an out-of-the-way restaurant and I guess he never imagined that anyone would know him there. Anyhow, their activities at dinner made it quite evident that the only business being conducted was monkey business. Now I don't know what to do. Should I tell my sister? She seems to be very happily married, and I'm afraid my revelation might blow things wide open over what might have been just a momentary weakness of the flesh. Or should I tell my brother-in-law that I spotted him and give him a chance to explain, although I don't see what sort of legitimate explanation he could offer? — C. C., Denver, Colorado.

Your best bet is to stay out of it; the affair (if there is one) is really none of

your business. If you took it upon yourself to tell your sister what you suspect, who would be the better for it? Certainly neither she nor your brother-in-law; nor would confronting him with your suspicions be likely to do anything but strain your own friendship with a member of the family, while having little or no effect on his other relationship. The wisest thing you can do is give your sister's husband the benefit of the doubt, and try to forget the incident.

Can you tell me what the word "Smoking" on an invitation to a dinner party means? A friend of mine told me he received one worded that way from a French couple now living in the States. — J. H., St. Petersburg, Florida.

"Smoking" is the Gallic way of saying "Black Tie."

I've been a widow for two of my 26 years, and during that time I've encountered a problem which I hope your sage advice will solve. My job as secretary to a junior exec permits me to meet many men of all types. But since I'm not interested in remarriage, nor a free meal and an evening's entertainment, I accept dates with only those for whom I feel a reasonably strong attraction at the moment. Now, I have no intention of becoming promiscuous, but neither do I intend to say "No" to anyone to whom I'm physically attracted. Apparently, I'm attractive, too, since the men in my life these past two years insist that I am about the best thing on which they have ever laid eyes. But now, something has begun to work on my subconscious and is making me doubtful of my femininity: I have two disturbing figure faults — breasts that lack the firmness and youthful look of the lovely girls within your pages, and stretch marks on my hips. None of my sexual partners has ever mentioned these as deterrents, but can you cosmopolitan men-about-town tell me if most men *do* feel repulsed by such less-than-perfect attributes? Help! — S. C., Boston, Massachusetts.

Fret not. Femininity is far more a matter of attitude than anatomy and no male worth his salt expects perfection in either department: men are going to like you for what you are, and, judging from your letter, that's quite a bit.

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, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

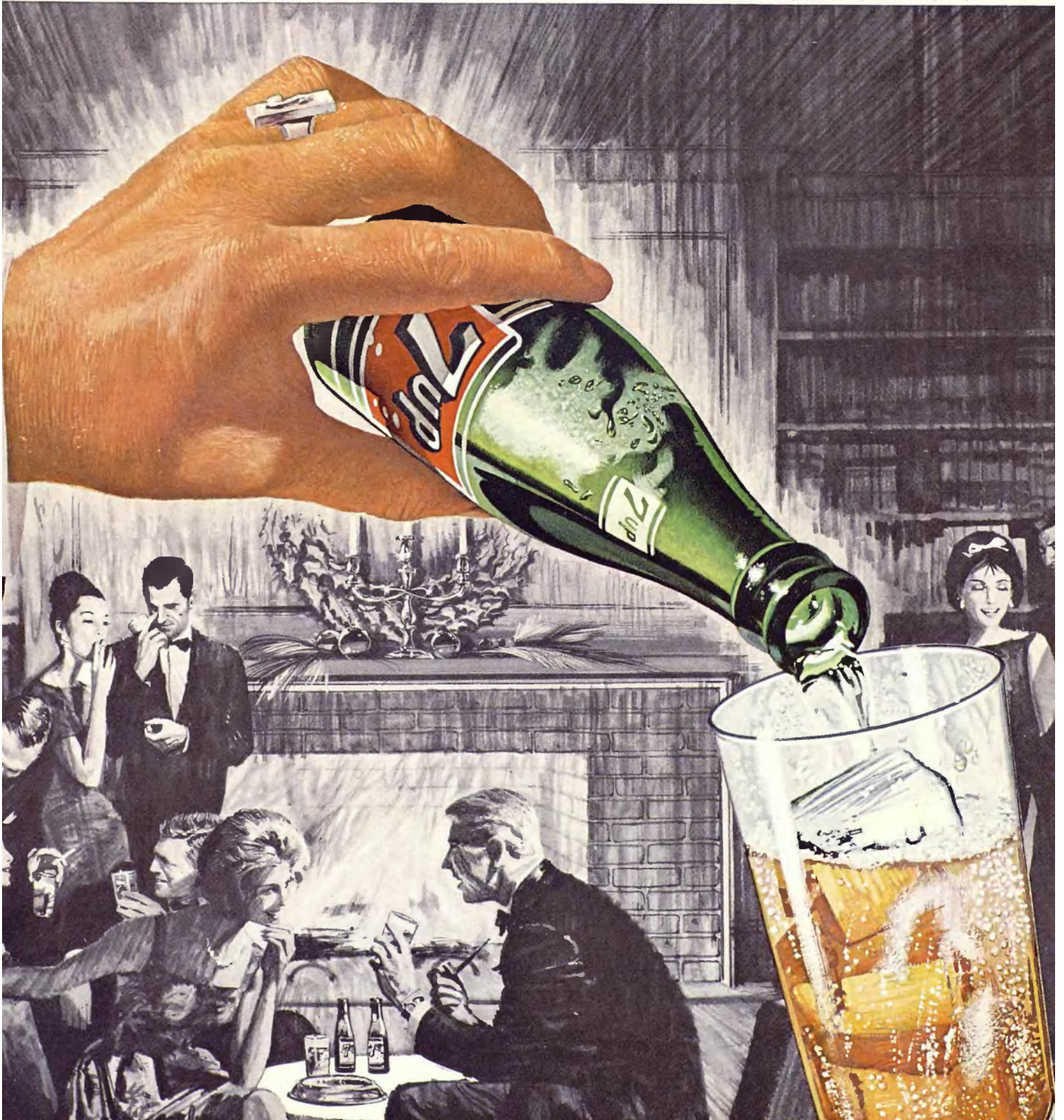




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FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY THE TASTE OF GOOD WHISKEY
Discover, during this convivial season, why so many experienced highballers stay with 7-Up. Why? Seven-Up guarantees a man-type drink! Hearty. Full-flavored. It's a whiskey flatterer (not a flattener). Seven-Up coaxes out all the good whiskey flavor, smooths it. But just sip a 7-Up highball—tasting is believing!

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WHITE HORSE BIEN

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THE
WHITE HORSE
CELLAR



Eftab J742



What we know about you!

(If you're a Scotch drinker)

If you are a Scotch loyalist—prefer Scotch to all other kinds of whisky—you'll enjoy this insight into what kind of person you are. See how good a judge you are of yourself and your fellow Scotch-men.

Pencil handy? Check the appropriate boxes below. (All answers at bottom of page—but later, please.)

1. As a Scotch drinker, chances are nine to one you live:

In a small town Beyond your means
On the East Coast Near a big city

2. Three out of every four people who prefer Scotch are:

Clerical and sales people Housewives and teachers
Business executives & Professional people Bagpipers

3. An especially large number of Scotch-preferers went to college. The correct figure is:

9% 62% 57.3% 75%

4. And a surprising number of Scotch loyalists are important people in public life. How many?

20% 6.2% 18% 11%

Read on:

This brings us to Part II and a genuinely distinguished Scotch called White Horse. (The name comes from an ancient Scottish tavern.) White Horse differs from many famous Scotch whiskies in certain important ways. Try your hand at guessing:

5. Some much-advertised Scotches are bottled in England. Some are actually bottled in the U.S.! Where is White Horse made, bottled and imported from?

Scotland England United States

6. Some Scotches, though famous, are relatively new. White Horse has been cherished in Scotland for:

50 years 125 years 200 years

7. White Horse is known as the DRY Scotch. It's light enough for modern taste. Yet it has substance. It doesn't "water out" with ice or soda. That's because Dry Scotch

isn't made the usual way. The crisp dryness of White Horse comes from:

Thirty selected malt whiskies

Twelve hours in an Autoclave Charcoal filtering

One thing more. If you are one of the knowing people who prefer White Horse, we'd like to suggest a few other things that are probably true about you:

■ Your educated taste in Scotch is away from the heavy or sweet—toward the clean and crisp—toward the DRY. That's why you prefer White Horse. It's DRY.

■ You like being a good host. Enjoy serving White Horse, the dry Scotch. DRY—as in White Horse—means not pungent, not smoky. But not thin or watery, either. DRY—by White Horse—tastes delightfully like Scotch.

All of the above makes you a pretty special kind of man . . . who likes a pretty special kind of Scotch.

Why not order White Horse for your next party? You'll appreciate the subtle Scotch personality that we call DRY. The care that even goes so far as numbering each bottle. Your friends will appreciate it, too.

Answers:

1. Near a big city. 2. Business executives and Professional people. 3. 75% 4. 20% 5. Scotland 6. 200 years 7. Thirty selected malt whiskies.

100% Scotch Whiskies. Blended 86.8 proof. Sole distributors: Browne-Vintners Company, New York City.



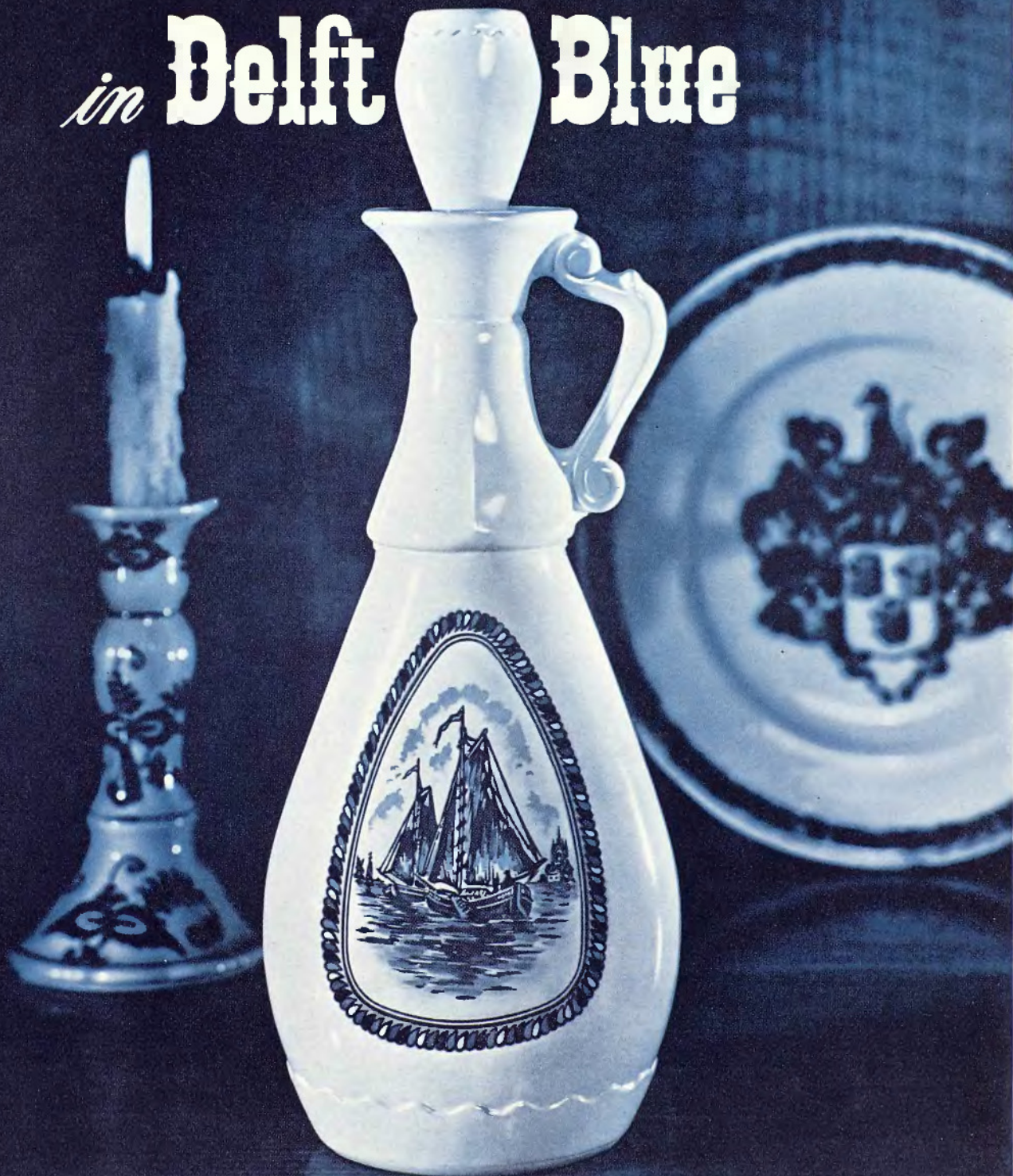
Unique White Horse Glasses. Like to mingle the past with the contemporary? Then you'll want a set of handsome White Horse glasses (shown on facing page). Set of 4 in sparkling crystal. Emblazoned with colorful, old-world tavern signs. Send \$3 to White HorseCellar, Dept. P12, P.O. Box 170, Boston 1, Mass.



White Horse the dry Scotch

Beam's Choice Bourbon

in Delft Blue



THE CHOICE GIFT IN BOURBON
at no extra cost (beautifully gift wrapped)

For the bourbon connoisseur, a gift distinctive in origin and character. Made from a formula passed on from generation to generation for over 168 years.

The distinctive flavor and delicate light character are a result of Beam's exclusive charcoal filtering after aging six long years. 90 proof by choice.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

THE MEDICAL VIEW

It is OK to glamorize sex as you and the Madison Avenue boys do. It's great! But when are you and the advertising men going to start glamorizing the results of sex, i.e., the rising venereal-disease rate, the jet-age seven-month pregnancies, the broken homes, the suicides, the homicides and the individual crack-ups?

Let's do a real service to mankind and present this subject in its right perspective, so the issues involved are not steaming hot in the beginning and freezing cold in the end.

Warren J. Brown, M.D.
Indian Rocks, Florida

But none of the above-mentioned concerns are caused by sex or a more permissive attitude toward sex per se — they are caused by the very attitudes toward, and ignorance of, sex which we oppose. Dr. Brown, meet Dr. Santrizos (below).

It would seem that any more plaudits for *The Playboy Philosophy* would be superfluous; however, after reading the September installment, I feel impelled through deep satisfaction and conviction to extend my congratulations on your lucid analysis of our confused, guilt-laden sexual morality.

On the basis of my personal experiences with emotionally disturbed patients, I feel that the last paragraph of the 10th installment (September), which lists the effects of such a morality, should have also included most types of neuroses and schizophrenias.

If the sex drive in man is evil, then so is the hunger drive and all other components of his instinctually endowed nature; and if this is so, then it must follow that God, if he be, is also evil.

Harry Santrizos, M.D.
Playa Del Ray, California

THE FEMALE VIEW OF MARRIAGE

Many thoughts have been provoked by Hefner's series on sexual mores through the ages. Some crystallization has taken place as I read the article *Love, Death and the Hubby Image* by Will Iversen, in the September issue. Now I would like to share some of my thoughts with you in the hope that further discussion may add to the much-needed understanding between the sexes.

As a feminist, but — first of all — a person, I sympathize with your image of

the exploited male and agree that he gets the rawer end of the deal in the modern American marriage. However, I think you overlook the fact that women are just as dissatisfied with their lot as parasitic accumulators of "things" as are men with women's monopolistic "devotion." One need only observe the long line of neurotic women awaiting their turn to tell all to the friendly neighborhood therapist to realize that the frustrations in our society are there for men and women alike.

How did this state of affairs come into being? Are women, now that they are "equal," finally paying men back for centuries of exploitation? Are we women finally coming into our own as Montague's inherently superior sex? Bosh! By such oversimplifications one ignores the threat to the male ego, when it appears that the "little woman" might be able to "achieve" more than her spouse, if she were willing to sacrifice him on the altar of her search for self; one ignores also the female who refuses to compete for fear of failure and so hides her inadequacies behind the weak excuse that her place is "in the home."

It is obvious that equality between the sexes has not been achieved. As long as either sex believes it is inherently superior or inferior to the other, as long as men and women view each other as natural enemies, there will be no equality.

Let me define my term: by equality, I mean true give and take; the recognition of the other person's individuality; his (her) right to have his own identity and to pursue those personal objectives which will fulfill his personality.

One of my difficulties in expressing my thoughts clearly is the necessity of using generic terms like "mankind," "his" and "him" when I mean all of humankind. It should be noted that the male world has excluded females so long from the domain of thought and self-expression that general terms are usually expressed as male — the epitome of male exclusiveness.

Returning to the problem of the modern American marriage — and how it got that way — readers will find enlightening Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique*, which sounds the battle cry against the post-War "back to the home" boom, which has subverted the feminist movement by glorifying woman's traditional role as domestic drudge and nestkeeper.



Make mine
an Old Fashioned...
and
don't forget the
Angostura
Bitters

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AROMATIC BITTERS



Drinkable but
unthinkable—a Manhattan
or Old Fashioned without
Angostura! Don't forget the
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According to her, this boom was promoted primarily by the return of male editors to the women's magazines (and, in fact, a return to the control of all mass media)—men who were nostalgic after the war years for a return to male normalcy (supremacy), with the little woman waiting patiently in the doorway of their vine-covered cottage, greeting with adoring eyes her hero, returned from the battles of the day. If her thesis is correct, man has only himself to blame for his current predicament.

However, I cannot ignore female responsibility so easily. While I agree with Miss Friedan that women should not be expected, and are not satisfied, to find their total identities through their husbands and children, and are no better fitted for dishwashing, ironing and scrubbing than men, I do feel that women have a responsibility not only to assert their individuality, but to accept fully the roles of free citizens—to discharge their obligations to society, to use their capacities for love and compassion to benefit, not to enslave, humankind.

Unfortunately, I fear that the Battle of the Sexes finds much succor in the pages of PLAYBOY. While your exposition of the hypocrisy of our sexual mores is very much on the right track, you contradict your own philosophical attitude by continuously exploiting the female as a sexual object. Of course, she is! But she is first of all a Person—then a Woman!

I think that until we are able to accept people as people, we will never reach true understanding and mutual respect between the sexes. I could carry this discussion further by noting our unfortunate categorization of people into races, religions and ethnic groups, et al., which immediately blinds us to their individuality, but I think (I hope) you get my point.

Mrs. Elayne B. Nord
Little Falls, New Jersey

We get your point, because we share it. We also believe that women should have the right, along with men, to explore and discover their individuality and to develop those qualities that will make them truly human. But we would argue with the premise that PLAYBOY favors contemporary society's Battle of the Sexes—even though our critics often claim we do.

It is our view—and a view that will be explored at length in future installments of "The Playboy Philosophy"—that it is the antisexual element in society that has, throughout history, treated women as less than human by either reducing them to the status of property or elevating them to an equally dehumanizing position on pedestals.

PLAYBOY does not degrade nor exploit the female when it treats her as a romantic sex object in a magazine edited

for a male audience: we offer a positive, quite optimistic view of society—a happy, healthful, heterosexual view—in which the roles of men and women complement one another, instead of being competitive or in conflict.

At last it has happened. I am finally compelled to write giving you one married American woman's opinion of you, Mr. Hefner, your publication and the people who write for it.

Between your *Playboy Philosophy* and Mr. Iversen's article, *Love, Death and the Hubby Image*, I am utterly nauseated. My husband loves his children, doesn't kick the cat and has no objections to paying for life insurance that will benefit his family. Yet he is a man in every sense of the word. He is master of this ship and I am delighted to be his first mate.

As far as this "hubby image" is concerned, I ask, who writes the jokes, draws the cartoons and dreams up the husband-ridiculing advertising in American media? In one word, *men!* It stands to reason that this must be their own opinion of themselves.

Also, who invents such things as washers, dryers, clock-radios and 25-foot telephone cords? Again, *men!* If they really resent we women enjoying such conveniences, why don't they keep these bright ideas to themselves?

Ponce de Leon and Chris Columbus were probably pansies and I wouldn't doubt but what your esteemed author might be, too.

As for your *Philosophy*, it escapes me completely. It appears to me that you, Mr. Hefner, hold nothing dear or sacred—be it marriage, religion or patriotism. You state that "religion should be a personal thing between man and his God." I'm willing to bet that your "personal god" is a cool cat with a crazy beard, twisting around in bunny heaven with a host of buxom, cotton-tailed angels. You seem convinced that you are an authority on all subjects. Perhaps both you and Mr. Iversen should try marriage. It's great fun. Especially the nights.

You're probably wondering why I allow your magazine in my home at all. It's simply this: the man's man to whom I'm wed still manages to exercise some rights. Even though trapped in the web of marriage, it is still his privilege to read what he chooses.

I dare you to print this letter in its entirety. I hesitate to estimate the number who will agree with my opinion. The figure would be astronomical!

Mrs. Veronica Graeme
Lemon Grove, California

We're not opposed to the institution of marriage, Mrs. G.—only to certain negative aspects of it, as practiced in contemporary American society. If you and your husband have a happy marriage, based upon mutual love and re-

spect, we're happy for both of you, and for your children. You are among the few who have escaped the suffocating antisexuality and competitive hostility that modern marriage too often fosters.

We agree that the problems that presently face society, relative to sex, marriage and the entire spectrum of male-female interinvolvement, are more the doing of man than woman—but the answers, if we are to find them, must be sought by both sexes, for the benefit of both. We will offer our own suggestions in future installments of "The Playboy Philosophy."

On the personal side, Mr. Iversen is married and, he reports, happily so; Mr. Hefner is unmarried and, he reports, happily so.

First, as a reasonably discerning individual, I'd like to thank you for *The Playboy Philosophy*, because it has prodded me into taking a long, eye-opening look at the society in which we live—a society which most of us normally take more or less for granted. Like so many of your other readers, I found the view rather startling. This is us—modern America—with our roots sunk deep in the superstitions of long-gone eras, and our heads buried in the muck and darkness of outdated prejudices and dogmas. It is easy to understand why we are stagnating in a swamp of conformity and acceptance of the *status quo*.

Second, as a young wife and mother, I'd like to thank you for the invaluable contribution you have made to my own personal view of our roles in society. The greater insight into the contradictions between expressed and actual standards of conduct has helped me to answer many of my own questions, and will help me to answer the questions which will inevitably come from my daughter.

While I have not found myself in total accord with all that has been said, both the agreement and the disagreement have helped me to form a more enlightened personal philosophy.

Mrs. Judith Hanson
Beaumont, Texas

Yes, Canadian women do read your magazine. In fact, one Canadian woman, the editor of *Chatelaine* magazine, went so far as to devote an entire editorial page to an attack on you ["Playboys—Who Needs Them?"—*Chatelaine*, March 1963]. In a way, I suppose, you should thank Mrs. Anderson. She did more than she thought she would—her concern with what Canadian women read backfired. Many of us couldn't wait to get our hands on the forbidden PLAYBOY.

Some found what Mrs. Anderson wanted them to find, but many of us found *The Playboy Philosophy*, which is excellent, and the new Jeeves novelette by P. G. Wodehouse, and much, much more, of interest to the mature, intelli-

**Sneaky way to keep
your suntan year round
(and your job, too)**

**Push the button – it's a desk lamp!
Turn the dial – it's a sunlamp!**

NEW EXECUTIVE SUN AND DESK LAMP BY SEA & SKI!

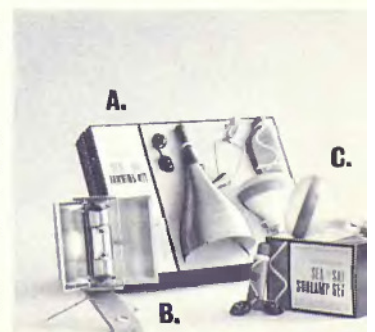
Now you can get a vacation tan right at your desk (while the boss thinks you're working like the devil). Sea & Ski brings you an entirely new idea in sunlamps: a combination desk light and tanning lamp! And you'll really tan with Sea & Ski's exclusive deep-tanning spectrum. It gives you the most effective ultraviolet rays, the sun's fastest tanning power. Tested and proved by the Desert Research Institute, world authority on tanning. The lamp is con-

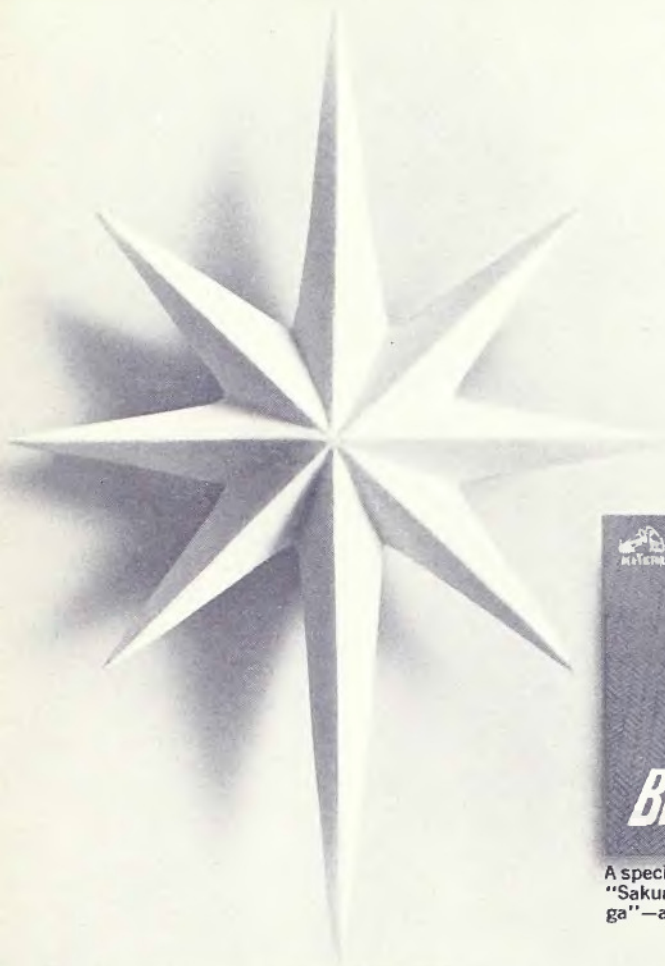
structed of machined steel with burnished brass finish, handsome walnut-grained base. Slip out and get one when nobody's looking! \$50.00

More brand new sunlamp ideas by Sea & Ski: **A.** Year Round Tanning Kit \$25.00; **B.** Portable Tanning and Health Lamp \$42.50; **C.** Ultraviolet Sunlamp Set \$13.95. Only the best stores in your city have Sea & Ski Sunlamps. If they don't, ask them to order one for you.

HAVE A GREAT SUMMER THIS WINTER – GET A SEA & SKI™ SUNLAMP!

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This Christmas give



A specially warm gift! Belafonte sings "Sakura," "Waltzing Matilda," "Tunga"—all songs of people and places.



A perfect gift for Mr. C's fans! Songs he sings on his TV show, such as "Carnival" and "My Coloring Book."



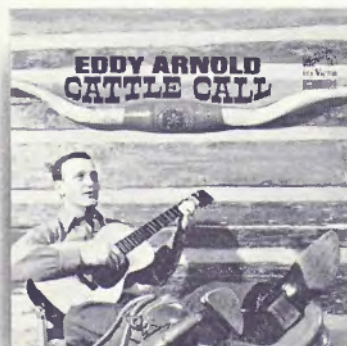
A truly beautiful Dynagroove album. 18 Christmas carols uniquely arranged by Robert Russell Bennett.



Everybody will enjoy the Cartwrights in favorites such as "Oh Fir Tree Dear," "Merry Christmas Neighbor."



Delight every enthusiast with Cliburn's sensitive interpretation of Beethoven's most serene concerto!



You'll please both Western and folk music fans with classics such as "Cool Water," "Streets of Laredo."



This Menotti opera has become a Christmas classic! The original NBC telecast album is a delightful gift.



"Mr. Soul" will make someone on your list happy with "Little Red Rooster," "Mean Old World," 10 more.

Stars in jewelry by  'LINDE'...

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the brightest stars of all...



A happy gift! Hirt backed with voices on "I Can't Get Started," "Man With a Horn," "I'm Moving On," 9 others.



New hits, new arrangements in Mancini's first Dynagroove album. "Banjai Pipeline," "Green Onions."



This work made both stars famous! Here, Price sings all three female roles. A wonderfully welcome gift.



For those who love folk songs, here's a 14K treasury! "The Midnight Special," "John Riley," and 11 more.



A gift of romance! Their voices blend in "Lover, Come Back to Me," "Sweethearts," and 10 more love ballads.



Odetta's haunting and lovely voice gives special magic to "Shenandoah," "900 miles," "Blowing in the Wind."



A gift sure to please! Liszt's "Galop Chromatique," "Wedding Dance," "Song Fest," and 6 more favorites.



A Dynagroove album to delight Nero's fans. It's his first recorded "live." Features a "West Side Story" medley.



Something unusual: Pop music with a pow! A debut album with "Putt It," "Barefoot Adventure," 10 others.

Stars in entertainment by **RCA Victor** 

The most trusted name in sound

gent person, of either sex.

I like what I've found and shall continue to read PLAYBOY. I've given up on *Chatelaine*.

Mrs. Laurette Simon
Calgary, Alberta

PHILOSOPHY AND POPULATION

To deem a philosophy necessary to justify the erotic pleasure a male may obtain from viewing pictures of nude females in your magazine is the summit of rationalization. With a population explosion all over the world, PLAYBOY's Sex Crusade is comically inappropriate. What is really needed is not a *Playboy Philosophy*, but a good 5¢ contraceptive!

Barbara L. Nelson
Los Angeles, California

How about both?

RESPECT FOR RELIGION AND LAW

I have been an enthusiastic reader of PLAYBOY from the first issue and I have enjoyed seeing the magazine mature into an American institution. The past few issues, however, have changed PLAYBOY from "entertainment for men" to a philosophical essay on life and living. As long as you stick with entertainment, you are great, but when you attempt to analyze religion, law and education, you must then compete with writers and publications that are truly qualified and specialize in these fields.

Your editorials show your lack of knowledge of law and religion, since you respect neither. I think the problem is, you are beginning to believe the trash you print.

You created PLAYBOY — now you are about to destroy it. Fortunately, we will survive very nicely.

Larry Sanders
Whittier, California

We have considerable respect for both law and religion — we simply believe the two should be kept separate in order to assure a free society. We're quite certain you will survive without PLAYBOY and, quite frankly, we're willing to try getting along — difficult as it may prove to be — without the support of someone who has been an "enthusiastic reader" of PLAYBOY since the first issue, but has always thought of the magazine as "trash."

A PHILOSOPHY BY ANY OTHER NAME

I have been reading, with some interest, Mr. Hefner's exposition of *The Playboy Philosophy*. In general I share many of his views, as do most liberals in this country. And we are grateful for the opportunity of seeing many long-held but unpopular opinions appear in print for such a large audience to read.

It is also clear that Mr. Hefner is on the right side of the road, so to speak. He is against intolerance and suppression, censorship and authoritarianism. He is for freedom and individual decision. Well and good — one cannot help

but applaud his liberal sentiments.

It is, finally, quite evident that he has been doing his homework. The articles have managed to quote copiously from the source materials of those organizations to which *The Playboy Philosophy* is opposed, and it seems that the quotations are fair ones.

But I would like to take exception to Mr. Hefner's use of the word "philosophy" in describing his editorials. This is not a pedantic quarrel but, I believe, a point of the utmost importance. "Philosophy" is a technical term; there are professional, trained "philosophers," who have worked for many years mastering the tools of their craft. And the term "philosophy" has definite meaning: it is not just a catchall for a lot of good ideas.

The task of philosophy is to answer some very definite and basic questions — questions which have been roughly the same since the dawn of civilization: What is Man? What is God? What is the relationship between them? What is Society? What is the relation between Society and the Individual? What is Knowledge? What is Good? What is Being? What is the Origin of the World? These, and a few more, are the questions that a professional philosopher trains himself to answer. They are all abstract questions, and all receive abstract answers. Of course, the answers differ, but the basic questions remain the same.

So it is all well and good — indeed, highly commendable — for Mr. Hefner to have committed to print his ideas about a variety of subjects. But until he sets as his task the answering of these basic questions, he has, it seems to me, no legitimate right to use the word "philosophy" in the title of his articles.

This is particularly relevant, because unless Mr. Hefner spells out quite clearly what his over-all conception of Society, Man, Good and Evil, Religion, etc., really is, his series of editorials may prove more destructive than constructive. Then again, maybe it is a good idea to destroy a lot of useless and dangerous ideas and prejudices, without building something positive in their place. But that, too, is not the primary function of philosophy.

The criticism is relevant, also, because without having built a philosophical foundation for his position, Mr. Hefner is unable to do justice to his opponents. A perfect example of what I mean is his treatment, some months ago, of the Jewish position regarding sex — a subject which, by virtue of my profession, I happen to know something about.

Jewish philosophy is quite clear on the matter of the worth of the human body. Not sharing the view of St. Paul (and of the Greek Mystery Religions) on the dualism between Body and Soul, it has, in the main, never fallen into the trap of condemning all pleasurable bod-

ily activities as sinful. Mr. Hefner may produce quotations from various rabbis through the ages which indicate the opposite, of course, for the Tradition is 4000 years old and vast in what it encompasses. There were times when Jewish life tended to be puritanical. But all this does not obscure the fact that, at heart, Jewish Tradition is not, and never really has been, antisexual. In any society, there are dissenting opinions, individual neurotics, and even neurotic groups, but as a *philosophy* — that is, in its basic, main-stream tradition, Judaism has a positive view of Life and Sex.

If Mr. Hefner is going to take issue with his opponents — whether religious or secular — he will have to strike at the roots of their beliefs — at their philosophies — not at only a few of their fruits. He will have to challenge, abstractly, their presuppositions, and offer presuppositions of his own in place of them.

Unless he is prepared to engage in this arduous technical job, he can no more be properly considered a philosopher than I, for all that I plunk away on the banjo, can be considered a musician.

Rabbi Walter Zanger
San Francisco, California

Editor-Publisher Hefner does not, in any sense, consider himself a philosopher and he has said that "The Playboy Philosophy" is less a philosophy in the technical or scientific sense of the word than in the sense that any human being may have a personal "philosophy of life." "The Playboy Philosophy" is, as described in its continuing subtitle, a statement of the "guiding principles and editorial credo" of this magazine and its publisher, which seems consistent with one of the definitions of the word given by Merriam-Webster: "The body of principles underlying a human activity . . . or business."

Some of your semantic reservations may also be set at ease with the installment in this issue, for Hefner more clearly delineates the underlying principles of his "philosophy" and does specifically define his concept of Man, Society, the relationship between Society and the Individual, and Good and Evil.

Your comments on the lack of antisexuality in Judaism are consistent with Hefner's own editorial observations. He stated, in August, that according to G. Rattray Taylor in "Sex in History" — expressing a view shared with other authorities — "The early Jews believed strongly that one should enjoy the pleasures of life, including those of sex (see Deuteronomy 21: 10-11) and some teachers held that at the last day one would have to account to God for every pleasure that one had failed to enjoy"; he also quoted Taylor's statement that the seemingly antisexual "Thou shalt not commit adultery," in the Ten Commandments, originally referred to an offense against

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prince...
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by PRINCE MATCHABELLI



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property, as wives were considered, at the time, to be the property of their husbands.

The only time that Judaism developed a strong antisexual bent was, Hefner noted, in the post-Exilic period, but this, he emphasized, was in contrast to, rather than consistent with, Jewish tradition. In the September "Philosophy," Hefner quoted an article by Nathaniel S. Lehrman from the *Journal of Religion and Health*, which says: "Although sexuality was accepted without question throughout early Biblical times, and in the Mosaic code in particular, various aspects of the latter have given rise to the erroneous belief that the Old Testament is antisexual. Such asceticism appears to be altogether foreign to the traditions of Israel."

Hefner also quoted from David Mace, in "Hebrew Marriage": "The entire positive attitude toward sex which the Hebrews adopted was to me an unexpected discovery. . . . I had not realized that it had its roots in an essentially 'clean' conception of the essential goodness of the sexual function. This is something very difficult for us to grasp, reared as we have been in a tradition which has produced in many minds the idea that sex is essentially sinful . . ."

IN THE STANFORD LIBRARY

Your powerful and lucid exposition of the PLAYBOY philosophy is in the best tradition of Leibnitz, Berkeley, and the too-often-passed-over Ouspensky. Despite the groanings of a few repressed prudes and deadheads in the Stanford Philosophy Department, five of us, all terminal graduate students, have succeeded in having PLAYBOY placed alongside *Ethos* and *Daedalus* on the shelves of the philosophy library. The issues are bound quarterly and have found their way into the permanent stacks. Meanwhile, the sprightly cover of the October issue enlivens the otherwise fusty atmosphere, and is the focal point of many spirited philosophical "bull sessions."

It was Alfred Lawson who said, "Man's innate sexuality can in no wise be differentiated from his other creative impulses. Mankind has suffered with each ill-advised attempt at their bifurcation." With each passing month your timely reaffirmation of this basic verity drives the Philistine further into retreat.

These essays bear the unmistakable hallmark of genius.

Bradley Efron, Allen Dodworth, Mark Draper, Michael Fullmer, Thomas Cover
Stanford University
Palo Alto, California

THE BUNNY SYMBOL

In reference to the April *Philosophy*, and the comments made in the last paragraph on the giving of sexual connotations to symbols, perhaps you would like to remark on this bunny business. Tell me, is there not even a little bitty

snigger hidden away there? Oh, now I see: your rabbit symbolizes the fact that you wrinkle your editorial noses at hypocrisy in our modern society. Oh, well, none of us is perfect.

William Stuart
Princeton, New Jersey

The symbolism in the PLAYBOY rabbit is meant to suggest that the magazine is editorially playful, frisky and, yes, sexy, too—but hardly intended to prompt a hidden snigger. Our hare apparent is a fun-loving beastie—a bunny vivand, so to speak.

NATIONALISM

I am in full agreement with your editorial position on sex, religion and government. It is good to see an honest philosophy of this kind out in the open for all to see, consider and debate. It seems to me, however, that to help destroy one irrational, immature idea (puritanism), you are fostering another (excessive nationalism). Your text is peppered with appeals to that prevalent mentality in the States that only "American" ideals are valid and worthy—that we alone have the key to human happiness. It's a smug, complacent and ego-centric philosophy born of insecurity.

In today's world we need to overcome attitudes of provincialism—not encourage them. We need thinking that tends to unite nations by minimizing cultural and historical differences and by creating a feeling of compromise, good will and mutual understanding. You are echoing in your articles an "Americanism" cult which is far more dangerous to mankind's future than puritanism would ever be. On a single page of the June issue [p. 71], you refer to "our American ideal," "the American saga" and "the American covenant." Aren't these principles valid for all mankind?

I am an American citizen and my work has temporarily taken me overseas to Europe. I love my country as much as anyone, but I recognize that a strong and free America depends, in the long run, on a strong, free united world that has solved the problems of hatred, intolerance, overpopulation and war. Idealistic? Maybe. But a goal to shoot for. How about joining the fight? It may not sell as many copies as the sex bit, but it sure helps one get a good night's sleep.

James P. Thrasher

Newport, Monmouthshire, England

Hefner has made frequent references to our American heritage and ideals, not out of excessive nationalism, but because the society he has been discussing throughout much of "The Playboy Philosophy" is American: In criticizing censorship and the interinvolvement of church and state in the U.S., for example, it is natural to contrast these problems with the beliefs and intentions of America's founding fathers and the

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guarantees of freedom in the American Constitution and American law; the three specific phrases you mention as having appeared on a single page in June were a part of an interview with U.S. Supreme Court Justice Black on the significance of the First Amendment in protecting American freedom.

Quite obviously these principles are valid for all mankind and a considered reading of "The Playboy Philosophy" to date should make clear that Hefner's emphasis on the individual and his freedom is not limited, as a concept, to any one community or country. The extent to which our views parallel your own will become doubly clear with a reading of this month's installment, since Hefner restates and amplifies on the most basic tenets of the magazine's philosophy.

ART AND POLITICS

In your editorial credo in the January issue, you say: "Politics may be important in government . . . 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."

Borscht! At best, a *non sequitur*: at worst, a mumble-headed fallacy. Art and literature are classic and potent tools of politics, and to attempt to debate their "value," as distinct from their content, aims, persuasiveness and just plain message, is Neo-Scholastic prissiness. Or to use a word scathing to you especially, naive.

The truth of this statement can be seen in the listing of a half-dozen names and works: Pete Seeger . . . *The Cranes Are Flying* . . . the Bolshoi . . . *Shadows* . . . Orwell . . . *All Quiet on the Western Front* . . . *Guernica*. Are these works of art or politics? The answer is, *both*. And in recent years, the most adept use of this tool has been made by the Left — Far Left — that is, the Socialists and the Communists.

As K. R. Minogue has pointed out, the modern liberal has a left-sided homonymous hemianopia for this sort of thing — and PLAYBOY is no exception. You who are so sensitive to Madison Avenue subliminal hanky-panky have nothing to say about "truth in packaging" on this far more crucial matter. And the blindness is one-sided — or do I hear a cry to import recordings of the Nazi Army Chorus and Band singing *Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!* For the sake of art, even?

James W. Wiggs
Indianapolis, Indiana

You have lifted the comment out of context and, thereby, lost the point. Hefner did not mean to suggest that art and literature are not often used for political and social ends — they obviously are. What he expressed was the view that political considerations should not be a basis for government suppression of art and literature; and, further, that a work of art should be judged on its merits: the sins of the

fathers should not be laid upon their "children," whether they be the poems of Ezra Pound, the dancing of the Bolshoi Ballet, Picasso's paintings — or even the piano playing of Mussolini's son. Suppression by the state or by any pressure group leads to creative sterility.

The point that a work of art should be judged apart from the artist was well made a few years ago in a play, "The Male Animal," by James Thurber and Elliott Nugent, in which a mild-mannered professor caused a furor at his university when he proposed to read, at the next meeting of his English class, the illiterate but poignant letter written in his death cell by anarchist Bartolomeo Vanzetti, one of the condemned pair in the infamous Sacco-Vanzetti trial that caused such a national stir in the Twenties.

We are fundamentally opposed to dictatorship and so reject the political ideologies of both Nazism and communism, but we are glad we live in a free America, where it is possible to read with equal ease "Mein Kampf" by Hitler and "Das Kapital" by Marx. Incidentally, re Nazi recordings, "Hitler's Inferno," an LP slice-of-Nazi-life, has been available in the U.S. for several years — and it's a spine chiller. In our estimation, the availability of such works is consistent with the most basic precepts of a free society and is preferable to the attitude adopted by some Germans after World War II, who thought they could erase the memories of Nazism by not talking, writing, reading or hearing about them.

For your information "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles" origins predate Nazi Germany by several centuries. The lyric is based on the anthem of Helgoland, when Helgoland belonged to Great Britain; it, in turn, is based on a 13th Century poem. The music was composed by Haydn in 1797. "Deutschland" was adopted as the German national anthem in 1922, replacing "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Heil Kaiser, Dir," the latter sung to the same tune as England's "God Save the King" and America's "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

CENSORSHIP

Thank you for *The Playboy Philosophy*. For several years, I have been searching for an intelligent, well-written, contemporary appraisal of our social and sexual standards. Now here it is: all that I had hoped for and more. I have been reading your magazine for two or three years and have enjoyed it very much. But since the institution of the *Philosophy*, I have been praising your editor more than ever.

It makes me furious to hear of (and experience) the censorship, prejudice and hypocrisy which is still present in the "free" United States today. When will people learn that censorship of any subject is not only unjust and insulting,

but dangerous as well? In this country we pride ourselves on our tolerance, but where in the hell is it? I, as one lowly citizen of this grand and glorious U. S., would like to see more of the practice of what is preached. And even if I didn't agree with Hefner's concepts, I would still admire him immensely for daring to cross some of our more prominent and staid citizens. Hurray for Hefner! Hurray for PLAYBOY! Hurray for life!

Laura Hasenyager
University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kansas

As a condition of this life, I know that someday I must die a personal death. No other man may do this for me. Therefore, let no man presume to think for me, or tell me what I may read, or interfere in any area of my personal freedom. The worst obscenity of all is censorship itself.

Robert U. McMahon
New Hartford, New York

SEXUAL FREEDOM

The main reason for the success of your *Playboy Philosophy* is that you tell your readers what they want to hear. Being human, it even appeals to me, your hypocritical adversary. Like your other readers, I find your philosophy attractive. I do not doubt that it would be easier and far more enjoyable to adhere to than my prudish notions. But I cannot accept it, because I have a higher set of values.

For example, in matters of sex, I believe that man is a creature of habit. If a person has indiscriminate sexual relations before marriage, he (or she) will be strongly tempted to continue these relations after marriage. This strikes at the foundation of our society, the family. I believe that the family unit would be seriously weakened by extramarital sexual relations. Roger Vadim showed in *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* that even the most liberal union cannot exist under such conditions. Thus, I believe that promiscuity would crack the foundation of our society.

Hiram B. Larkspur
Washington, D.C.

If by "promiscuity," you mean all extramarital sex, then society is already promiscuous, since the great majority of American men and a large percentage of the women presently indulge in sex outside of marriage. What PLAYBOY advocates is not a more sexually promiscuous society — since we believe that sex is most satisfying when accompanied by emotion — but a more enlightened attitude toward behavior that already exists.

We agree that adultery may seriously weaken a family unit and is, therefore, not desirable; but adultery is more apt to be the symptom of marital trouble than the cause — and the underlying cause of disharmony would seem, to us,

to be the more important concern.

We do not agree that the man (or woman) who has indulged in premarital sex is more inclined to indulge later in extramarital sex, if the marriage itself is a happy and emotionally fulfilling one. Alfred Kinsey's research indicates that a person with some premarital sex experience is more likely, statistically, to have a successful marriage than a person without such experience.

We do not believe that society should lower its values; we believe it should raise them. We favor the highest set of values of all — one based upon reason.

I picked up a copy of PLAYBOY for July and became very much interested in your philosophy, or credo. Your attack on sexual hypocrisy is absorbing. The parts admitting that some of our most honored sex morality is based upon male ownership of the female as mere property, like his pipe or his rod and reel, particularly intrigued me. I can remember one time in my teens when I got my face slapped for saying that most morals seemed to be based not on real honesty or decency, but on the expediency of the male.

And the screwball rulings of the church down through history are astounding. I'd never read anywhere before that anyone, even a religious leader, dared set the exact time and precise technique for a man and wife's most private moments! How mechanical can you get?

However, some points of disagreement, or inquiry, came to mind while reading. And the ignoring of these could well bring a new kind of mess almost as bad as the old one. If you aren't careful, you may destroy the lilt along with the guilt.

For one thing, how about the age-old thrill of winning someone you think is better and more desirable than the average? This desire is common in both sexes. But if everybody is to become as easily available to everybody else as you appear to think they should, who will seem worth winning?

Your dislike of the time-honored double standard is to the good, and I agree, but it seems to me you are in danger of replacing it with another double standard. The old standard condemned a woman if she said yes, calling her loose. But the new one vaguely forming these days would apparently call her cold if she says no. She gets damned if she does and damned if she doesn't. This isn't exactly a change for the better. And after all, a promiscuous sex life is not necessarily synonymous with a happy sex life. And last, but not least, do you really believe that all possessiveness can be eradicated from human nature — for either sex? It is a feeling that goes pretty deep.



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Incidentally, if you want to publish this letter in the *Forum*, you will have to do so under a different name, like Mary Forsythe, or some such, or anonymously. Not that I'm ashamed of anything I've written, but the last time I expressed myself frankly on sex it was two months before the snide, late-at-night phone calls stopped. Anyway, my husband would probably clobber me for this letter, if he knew I'd written it.

"Mary Forsythe"

Tacoma, Washington

PLAYBOY is not advocating a society free of all sexual restraints, only one in which those restraints are more reasoned, just and humane. We would not remove the "pleasure of the chase" for anything in the world. When Hefner speaks of "sexual freedom," he does not mean "free love," or sexual behavior freed from the responsibilities that go with it; it is our wish only that sex be freed from the overriding feelings of fear, guilt and shame that have perverted and repressed it for centuries — and that sexual morality be based upon reason rather than superstition.

We do not believe that man will ever rid himself of all possessiveness, or that it is desirable to do so, but undue possessiveness toward other human beings likens them to objects or things, and is rooted in the ancient concept of people as property. Human beings are not possessions. An individual should be loved and respected, but not possessed.

The woman of today may be damned if she does and damned if she doesn't, because society is in a state of transition from an old sexual morality to a new and, we trust, more enlightened one.

Many men throughout history have observed and commented, in one way or another, on the perpetual evolutionary improvement of the human race — one in which PLAYBOY is taking a very active part today. Tennyson wrote, in 1842, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." So must our sexual outlook change, yielding to a more intelligent approach, based on scientific knowledge.

In the past, various forms of sexual restrictions no doubt prevented the heartache of illegitimacy, but today we have a knowledge about birth control that makes these restrictions unnecessary, and an awareness of the psychology of sex which should contribute to our freedom from fear and frustration. But people must be awakened to the availability of this knowledge, and so I congratulate you on the *Philosophy* as a means of enlightenment in our modern society.

Robert C. Banks
Belleville, Ontario

TWO TEACHERS' VIEWS

As a subscriber to PLAYBOY magazine, I would like to commend Hugh Hefner

for his ability as both a writer and an editor, and for his courage as a publisher in giving the American people his *Playboy Philosophy*. As a Chicago high-school teacher of history and English, I have found the expression of similar views on society less than acceptable on numerous occasions, so I can fully appreciate the immense courage involved in publishing your ideas. Such criticism of established traditions and taboos has caused the financial and social downfall of many great men throughout history.

Robert W. Pfeiffer II
Chicago, Illinois

I am a small-town, Iowa, English teacher. I am also an atheistic existentialist and an avid reader of PLAYBOY. In your September *Playboy Forum*, you printed two letters that represent my feeling about *The Playboy Philosophy*: the first was from Mrs. Lillie S. Segal, who wrote, "This editorial series deserves to be read, not just by PLAYBOY readers, but by every student and adult in the country"; the second was from Raymond J. Brandell, who wrote, "Although we (the society of the 'provincial Middle West') have broken the bonds of political isolationism, it seems that we yet suffer from an isolationism of the mind."

I have been "swept" from my last two teaching positions by angry mothers and clergymen. The individual school superintendents "asked" that I not return because of "discipline problems"—a handy term used by administrators of the saber-toothed curriculum to eliminate "dangerous influences" to the fetal minds of today's high-school students.

The actual reasons why I was asked to leave the first position were quite simple: I was suspected of drinking while away from the school system; I was seen smoking while walking down the main street of the town wherein the school is located; and third, I presented an argument for atheism while we were discussing various religions in class.

I had to leave the second school because I had recommended a satirical article which appeared in PLAYBOY to an unusually bright female student who loved satire, but who did not have enough sense to read it without, in turn, recommending it to her puritanical mother. Her mother had heard from my landlady that I had a large collection of PLAYBOY magazines in my room, also some "dirty" poetry (Ferlinghetti) and — the *coup de grâce* — *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius.

I am now starting on my third teaching position and am acting like an early Christian as he sneaked about the catacombs. I am continuing to read PLAYBOY; and, in terms of Mother, God, and the Flag (in that order), I am trying to teach my students that they must under-

stand what they believe before they can actually believe.

Please do not publish my name if you choose to print this letter. If you did, I would probably be hanged this time: almost no one in these small towns will admit it, but I am not the only one who reads your truly great magazine.

Please continue your magnanimous attempt to present the truth and perhaps soon I can stop being a hypocrite and start talking to my students as if they were intelligent beings capable of making decisions for themselves.

(Name and address withheld by request)

CLARIFICATION REQUESTED

I view your sexual code with considerable ambivalence. I am refreshed by your attempts to rid America of her sexual hypocrisy and do not take issue with your premise that sex should be enjoyable. This is fine, as far as it goes. Assuming, however, that sex is a manifestation of love, it cannot be divorced from love's commitments and responsibilities. As a caseworker who has worked with unwed mothers, I have seen what sex can be for those who simply wanted to have some fun. For this reason I don't find your code shocking or immoral, simply underdeveloped. Perhaps a note of clarification would be helpful. In the meantime, may I wish your fine magazine continued success.

L. Jeffrey Powell

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

PLAYBOY's position on sex is indeed "underdeveloped" — Hefner has, thus far, devoted a single installment of "The Playboy Philosophy" (July) to the serious gap that exists between our society's supposed sexual beliefs and actual sexual behavior, with the observation that such hypocrisy is harmful to both the individual and society as a whole; and two installments (August and September) to an examination of the history of the religious beliefs that produced our contemporary antisexualism.

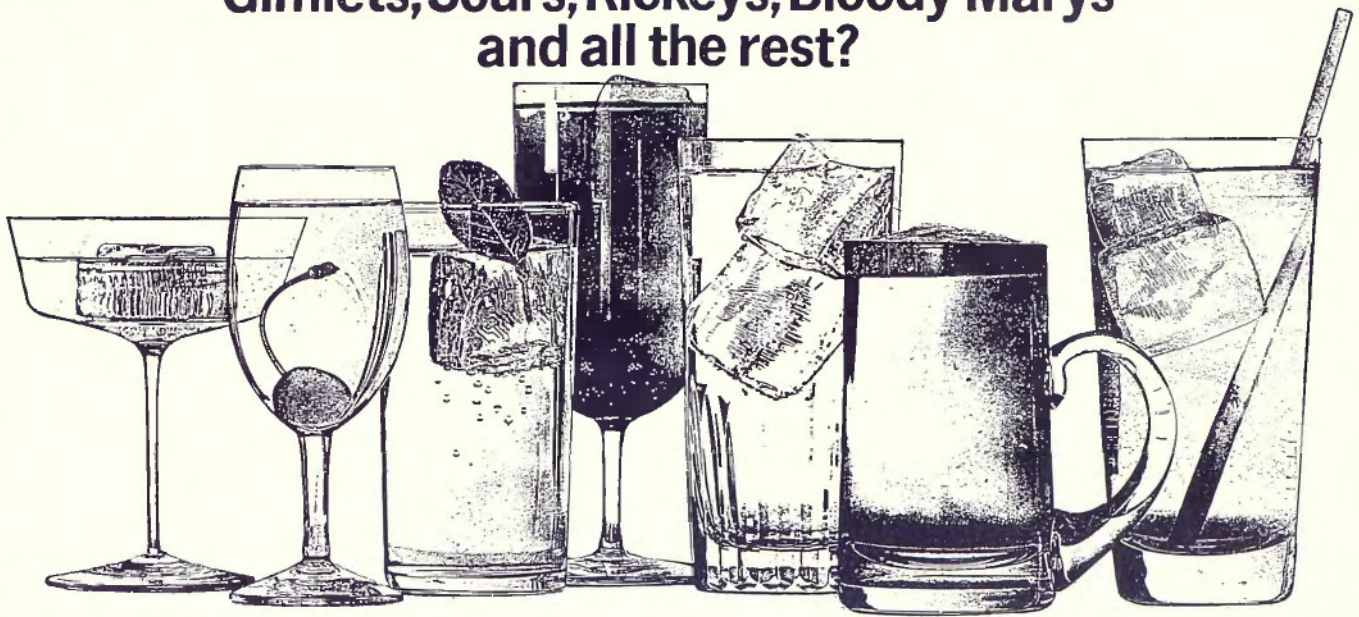
In the next several issues, Hefner will consider our current sexual standards and practices at greater length and suggest an alternative sexual code of ethics more in keeping with a rational society.

But before Hefner expands on his views, we would ask you whether it is sex or society that is to blame for the heartache you have witnessed as a caseworker? Is it sex or an ignorance about sex that produces unwed mothers? Is it sex or the prejudices of an unfeeling and irrational society that precludes any sane solution to unwanted pregnancy, and persecutes and shames the unwed who become pregnant?

SEXUAL MATURITY

Body chemistry produces in humans an erotic desire for physical satisfaction
(continued on page 216)

How can we possibly serve Gimlets, Sours, Rickeys, Bloody Marys and all the rest?



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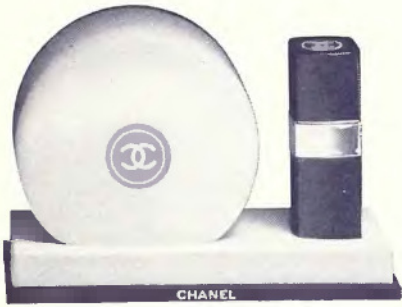
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dash of bitters, fill with soda water and stir. And now, **ROSE'S BLOODY MARY:** In a shaker with ice— 1 jigger of vodka, ½ jigger of Rose's Lime Juice. Top with tomato juice. Add Worcestershire. Salt and pepper it. Shake well. Pour over ice in a large glass. / Whatever your favorite drink, write for all recipes to: L. Rose & Co., Ltd., 445 Park Avenue, New York 22, New York. You'll find a bottle of Rose's at your favorite store for mixers.



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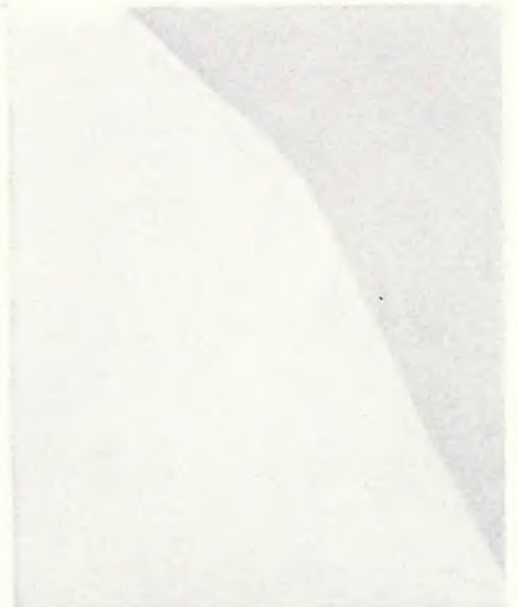
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CHANEL



THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

the thirteenth part of a statement in which playboy's editor-publisher spells out—for friends and critics alike—our guiding principles and editorial credo

OVER THE PAST YEAR, we have attempted a general evaluation of a number of our society's strengths and weaknesses: we have discussed the importance of the individual in a free society, the over-emphasis on conformity and security, and the need for a revitalization of both our democracy and the free-enterprise system through greater stress on the uncommon man, and uncommon endeavor and accomplishment; we have considered the importance of the separation of church and state to a democracy and pointed out how, throughout history, whenever government and religion were not kept apart, an erosion of man's liberty was certain to ensue; we've discussed censorship and how a free society cannot long remain free without the full protection of free speech and press, and the uninhibited expression of even the most unpopular and, to some perhaps, objectionable ideas; we've analyzed obscenity and demonstrated how a single suppression of free expression can be used to outlaw a wide variety of unpopular opinions and actions; we have documented the historical sources of many of our antisexual concepts, considered America's own puritanical heritage, the current Sexual Revolution and our society's search for a new sexual morality.

Because the area covered in the first 12 installments of *The Playboy Philosophy* has been so broad, our first, quite general discussion has left a number of questions still to be answered and a great many side considerations yet to be explored. As we enter into the second year of this continuing editorial series, we will attempt to answer some of the numerous queries raised by readers along the way (we cannot mention our readers without pausing to note that the enthusiastic response to these editorials has made the effort expended on them a most gratifying experience) and try to offer positive solutions to some of the societal problems we face in our time.

We have spent most of the past few installments on an historical analysis of sex suppression and a consideration of how this antisexual aspect of society has created a censorship of communication

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

among free men in both the past and the present. In the months ahead, we will discuss contemporary sex behavior and its conflict with our professed religious and moral teachings; we will consider the gap that exists between sex behavior and the law, and the effect such a hypocritical schism can have upon a community's mental and moral health. We will discuss sexual responsibility, both in and outside of marriage; the importance of the family in raising children; divorce, birth control, abortion, prostitution; and such nonsexual moral problems as racial discrimination, capital punishment, legalized gambling and drug addiction.

We will comment on the changing roles of men and women in contemporary America, our drift toward an asexual society, and the inherent dangers we foresee in such a trend, for men and women alike; we will consider the single vs. the double standard in sexual morality and attempt to analyze the positive and negative aspects of both. While our principal concern will remain the individual and his relationship with himself, with other individuals, and with his society, we will also consider the broader implications involved in the international morality of nations and world responsibility in the Atomic Age.

Out of these various fragments, we hope to evolve and set down our personal philosophy for a happier, healthier, more productive, more rational, more truly human and humane world. We will state our views as frankly and honestly as we know how, confident that our readers will respect our candor and the sincerity of our intent, even when they find themselves in disagreement with some of our conclusions. As in the past, we will welcome the reactions—both positive and negative—of our readers, believing above all else that the free exchange of ideas on subjects such as these offers the surest guarantee of our society's continued growth and freedom.

SOCIETY AND THE INDIVIDUAL

Our view of the world is predicated

on the paramountcy of the individual and each person's inherent individuality. Society benefits as much from the differences in men as from their similarities, and we should create a culture that not only accepts these differences, but respects and actually nurtures them. We have previously stressed the value of the rebel to society, not because we feel that mere rebellion or the desire to be different is beneficial in itself, but because the rebel attitude, and the divergent ideas it produces, are essential to progress. Through constant questioning, re-evaluation and reanalysis of established ideas, ideals, traditions and "truths" of a society, we stand the best chance of discovering more significant ideas, establishing better traditions and learning greater truths.

In addition, we believe that each individual has a *right* to explore his own individuality—to discover himself, as well as the world around him—and to take pride in himself and the individuality that sets him apart from the rest of mankind, as fully as he takes pride in the kinship that links him to every other man on earth—past, present and future. A society should exist not only for the purpose of establishing common areas of agreement among men, but also to aid each person in achieving his own individual identity.

It is important to remember that our American democracy is based not simply on the will of the majority, but on the protection of the will of the minority. And the smallest minority in society is the individual.

A RATIONAL SOCIETY

Second, we believe in a society based upon reason. The mind of man sets him apart from the lower animals and we believe that man should use his intellect to create an ever more perfect, productive, comfortable, fulfilling, happy, healthy and rational society.

We believe in the existence of absolute truth—not in a mystical or religious sense, but in the certainty that the true nature of man and the universe is knowable, and the conviction that the acquisition of such truth should be one

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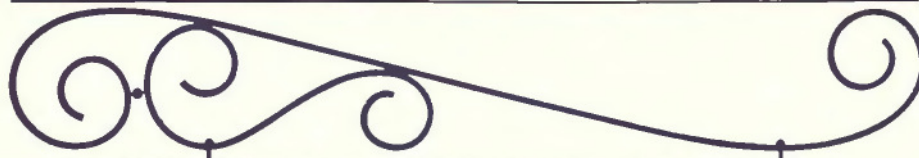
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of the major goals of mankind. Truth may play a part in religious dogma, but we think it presumptuous for any one religion to assume it has the inside track on truth, divinely revealed. We think it natural that man be awed by the overwhelming marvel and magnitude of the universe in which he exists, and if this awe leads to reverence, faith and worship, that, too, may enhance his spiritual awareness and his sense of wonder.

It is only when faith in the unknown produces resistance to the acquisition of greater knowledge that we oppose it—or when the perversion of faith produces bigotry, intolerance, or totalitarian intimidation, coercion, persecution or subjugation of those of different beliefs.

There is a curious philosophical inconsistency in the fact that while science is based primarily upon reason and religion primarily on faith, it is science that currently stresses man's inability to use his rational mind (projected in the theory of determinism, in which man is seen as the sum of his heredity and environment) and religion which stresses free will and responsibility (making him accountable in an afterlife, where he is punished or rewarded for his actions).

It is our view that man is a rational being and while his heredity and environment play a major role in setting the pattern of his life, he possesses the ability to reason and the capacity for choice, not granted to the lower animals, whose response to life is instinctually predetermined. The use, or lack of use, of his rational mind is, itself, a choice and we favor a society in which the emphasis is placed upon the use of reason—a society that recognizes man's responsibility for his actions.

We believe in a moral and law-abiding society, but one in which the morality and the laws are based upon logic and reason rather than mysticism or religious dogma.

A FREE SOCIETY

Third, we believe that man was born to be free, that freedom should be his most cherished birthright, and that it should be society's function to see that his freedom is preserved.

Freedom in a rational society must have its limitations, of course, but the limitations should be logical and just, commencing at that point where one man's freedom infringes upon the freedom of others.

Society also has the right to limit the freedom of those who have broken its laws: who, because of mental or emotional disorder, are incapable of conducting themselves rationally within society; and those who have not yet reached an age at which they may be expected to accept the responsibilities of the full freedom granted to adults.

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HAPPINESS AND THE PLEASURE CONCEPT

Fourth, the primary goal of society should be individual happiness. We believe that pleasure is preferable to pain and that any doctrine which teaches otherwise is masochistic.

Happiness and pleasure are mental and physical states of being and society should emphasize the positive aspects of both. For many individuals, happiness includes spiritual values: they should be free to follow their spiritual beliefs, but not to force them upon others.

For ourselves, any doctrine is evil if it teaches that ignorance is preferable to knowledge, pain is preferable to pleasure, self-denial is preferable to self-gratification, poverty is preferable to wealth; or that the acquisition and enjoyment of material possessions is improper or wrong, and that they preclude ethical and moral rectitude, creativity, usefulness to society and all other admirable qualities presumed, by some, to be the sole property of the self-sacrificial.

We believe that a society that emphasizes the individual and his freedom, is based upon reason, and has happiness as its aim is an ideal society and the one to be strived for.

ENLIGHTENED SELF-INTEREST

We think it is natural and right for the individual to be principally concerned with himself. We think that man, like the lower animals, is primarily motivated by considerations of self, but that rational man should be expected to exercise what is termed *enlightened* self-interest.

We oppose the tendency to meaningless selflessness in our present society. Self-sacrifice and self-denial are, in themselves, wrong unless they are motivated by a desire for some greater individual good. This does not mean that man should be unconcerned about the well-being of his fellow man. To the contrary, intelligent self-interest includes a concern for others. The individual should be willing to assist those less fortunate, for a society—and each individual in it—benefits from a concern for the welfare of all. We simply mean to emphasize that it is right and natural for the individual to be primarily concerned with himself, dedicated to his own interests, proud of his efforts and his accomplishments. Such dedication and pride are of definite benefit to both the individual and the rest of society.

A HUMAN AND HUMANE SOCIETY

A society that emphasizes rational self-interest is not an impersonal one. Just the opposite. An emphasis on the intelligently self-dedicated individual produces

both a more human and more humane social order. Moreover, these are the very qualities that our society is in greatest danger of losing.

As society becomes more complex, more structured and specialized, there is an increasing tendency to de-emphasize the personal, the individual and the human. Even as man's technology becomes automated, man himself runs the risk of becoming a depersonalized automaton. Pride in individual accomplishment becomes more difficult when he is but a single cog in the machinery of mass production—and this is equally true whether he works on the assembly line in a factory or at a desk performing a repetitive, routine white-collar job.

He dresses the same as the man next to him, drives a similar car, lives in a similar house, watches the same television programs, smokes a similar cigarette and drinks a similar beer. He enjoys a two-party political system, but both candidates run on similar platforms: he enjoys a free press, but is often given only one side of major local, national and international questions.

Mass communication and mass advertising produce in him the same interests, ideals, dreams, aspirations and brand images as in everyone else. And to make certain his opinions, likes and dislikes don't become too different from everyone else's, opinion polls on everything from political figures and important issues of the day to the popularity of TV shows and the products they sell inform him, down to a tenth of one percent, what his fellow Americans are thinking and doing.

Moreover, if his manners, morals, politics or religious beliefs are too different from the rest, he runs the risk of losing his job and being ostracized from his community.

His social-security number is more important than his name, when he is applying for a job; the number on his credit card is more important than his reputation when he seeks credit in a restaurant or a department store. He is a number to the Internal Revenue Service when he pays his taxes; another number to the insurance company when he pays a premium or makes a claim; and still another number to the people who supply him with gas and electricity. It's a matter of little consequence, we suppose, and we don't doubt that the new system is more efficient (at least for A. T. & T.), but since the telephone company began changing exchanges to numerals, we can't remember the phone numbers of any of our friends anymore. (For friends outside the city of Chicago, our own personal number—complete with area code and office extension—is 312-642-1000-201,

though we'll be damned if we *feel* like 312-642-1000-201. To associates inside the PLAYBOY organization, however, Illinois Bell allows us to be little old 201.)

An incident reported in *The New Yorker* several weeks ago illustrates just how far we've really gone in losing our identities in this numbers game: "A young lady from Boston recently joined the staff of the New York Hospital and was given a small blue identification card with her name and address on it. This proved of no help to her when she tried to cash her first pay check at a bank, and since she had no driver's license, she was in danger of starving for lack of liquid funds. Then, resourcefully, she neatly printed six arbitrary numerals along the top of her identification card. After that, her checks were cashed without any ado, the bank tellers dutifully copying down the bogus numerals. She likes to think of her six figures being copied by the central bank clerk, punched into monster I.B.M. machines, and immortalized on magnetic tape."

Most of our mass communication, mass production, automation and numeralization serves worthwhile ends and makes possible the more effective operation of an ever more complicated economy and involved social structure. But to offset this depersonalizing process, we require a conscious emphasis on the individual that was never so necessary before. Now, as never before, we need to explore, reassess and revitalize those qualities that make us truly human, as well as truly individual, distinctive and different from one another.

The much discussed New Leisure, made possible by the shorter work week resulting from mass production and automation, must be used not only to escape the tedium of a routinized existence, but to develop interests, avocations and personal potentialities that are otherwise stilled. Since this publication is devoted to such leisure-time living, it can play a significant part in exploring this increasingly important area of our existence and, most especially, in motivating its readers to personally examine and develop aspects of their individuality, interests, talents and activities perhaps previously dormant.

Any such development of our individualism is a personally rewarding experience certain to make each of us more truly human. It should also make us more humane, for an emphasis on one's own distinctive traits, interests and ideas ought to produce an appreciation of the individual differences in one's fellow men. By contrast, the do-gooder and the busybody are preoccupied with others—and are noted for their intolerance.

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THE INDIVIDUAL VS. THE GROUP

It is essential that a free society continually re-establish and re-emphasize the importance of each individual within it, remembering that a society and its administrator, government, are only the means to an end, and not an end in themselves. The all-important end is, and must always be, the individual—his interests, his freedom and his happiness.

Group good should not be allowed to overshadow individual good. Group good should not be achieved at the expense of individual good. Group good should not become disembodied from individual good.

An overemphasis on a collective idea, ideal or ideology can give them an identity unrelated to the interests of the individual. And totalitarian control over the mind and body of man is most easily accomplished by stressing a depersonalized group: in a dictatorship the interests of the state are placed above those of the common citizen: the Inquisition would not have been possible without putting the concerns of the church ahead of those of the people; few of history's bloodiest wars would have been fought if the interests of the individuals involved had not been subordinated to those of the nation; religious bigotry and racial discrimination require our thinking in terms of groups rather than individuals; World Communism requires that its members dedicate themselves wholly, unquestioningly, unthinkingly to the good of the Party.

This is not to suggest that worthwhile ends may not also be served through group action and dedication, but when the group itself, or the ideal, or cause, becomes more important than the individual members dedicated to it, as well as the individuals in society who may not be, then the scene is set for the perpetration of the most monstrous atrocities against mankind.

It is our further belief that the greatest benefits to society have come, throughout history, from individual effort. While group endeavor obviously has its place in society and an increasingly complex social order requires more joint effort than was necessary in simpler times, the need for individual initiative and thought has also never been greater.

We suffer today from too much group-think and group action and too little individual endeavor. No council could have created *Hamlet* and the *Mona Lisa* could never have been painted by a committee. In science there is a virtue in joint effort that does not exist in art and literature, but even here the appearance of group productivity is deceiving. For while a complex scientific project, like the search for a cure for cancer or some aspect of the

U. S. space program, may involve the energies of many men, a single mind must conceive the nature of the problem and a possible solution, to then be explored by the research of many. Collective effort may have been required to build the atom bomb, but the formula $E = mc^2$ came from a single genius—the technology of science depends upon group interaction, the inspiration of science depends upon the individual.

We do not mean to suggest that men are intellectual islands, for it is obvious that in most areas of endeavor, each man's effort is built upon the previous effort of others, but the greatest achievements, whether in art or science, have been produced by a solitary, dedicated, self-involved individual. "Eureka!" is an individual expletive.

It should also be clear that man must remain free if he is to continue to thus conceive and create, for history has proven, in every age and place, that the men most responsible for the world's progress are often ridiculed and derided by their fellow men and their contribution only perceived with the passage of time.

It is also true that those who have accomplished the most are not, by and large, history's humanitarians. Society esteems self-sacrifice, but the self-dedicated man is more apt to give the world the things of most lasting value. The creative man's achievement may benefit humanity, but this benefit is a by-product only, for it is the quest for a new beauty or truth that more often drives him—as he climbs upward to the farthest reaches of knowledge thus far attained. He climbs with his mind for the same reason as the man who scales mountains—because the problem is there and the challenge exists in conquering the unknown. He climbs until, at last, he stands alone on a dark plateau where no man has ever stood before—and then climbs on, pitting his intellect, ingenuity and imagination against the bleak, uncertain rock, hoping that they will lead to a peak that holds the new truth or treasure that he seeks. Each generation a few great men reach these upper regions, where the air is rarefied and pure, where no other mortal has ever breathed the air before, and then climb down again clutching some new bit of knowledge, a discovery, a piece of art or music, a formula, a view of man or molecules, of life or death, or time, or space—and the world is richer for it.

It is a lonely journey—this climb up the mountain of the unknown, but it can produce the fiercest kind of satisfaction—it can give man the meaning of what it is to be a man. And it is much the same in every worthwhile area of human endeavor in which the indi-



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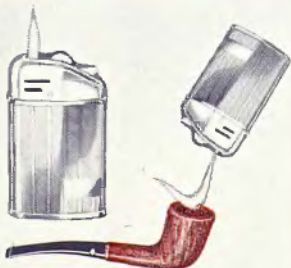
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THE FALL OF THE UNCOMMON MAN

Each generation produces its giants — those searchers after truth, creators of beauty, and doers of deeds, who stand out, head and shoulders above the rest. It is to such as these that we referred when we wrote, in an earlier issue, of the need to honor and esteem the uncommon men among us. We observed then that the legitimate concern over the plight of the common man during the years of the Great Depression had turned into a near deification of the common and the average, whereas, what is needed is a greater emphasis on the uncommon and the unusual.

The tendency to suspect unusual effort, to resent and demean the uncommon accomplishment, is in sharp contrast to the attitude of Americans during this nation's formative years, up to and including the 1920s. There was a time when men took pride in their work, truly honored intellectual pursuit, and made heroes of the men of greatest accomplishment — whether in science, arts and letters, sports, or adventure-some derring-do. But the Depression Thirties was not a time for heroes and most Americans were more than willing to believe that even their idols had feet of clay. As we have already noted, our two beloved Charleses of the Roaring Twenties — Lindbergh and Chaplin — suffered much the same reversal of public sympathy in the dismal decade that followed, as did still another Charles — King Charles I of England, at the hands of the Puritans in the middle of the 17th Century — though the English monarch paid a somewhat heavier penalty for falling out of public favor, being sentenced to hanging until not quite dead, castration, disembowelment and decapitation.

The hanging, castration, disembowelment and decapitation of two of America's most popular heroes was only symbolic — we being more civilized and all — but the job was about as thorough as was done on the unfortunate English potentate. The public images of the Lone Eagle and the Little Tramp were trampled in the muck and mire, not so much for any misdemeanor on either of their parts, but because of the public's need to destroy its giants — to reduce all men to the level of the common denominator. Lindbergh and Chaplin were logical choices — they were the most popular — they had the furthest to fall. Besides, they both walked right into it.

Lindbergh was ostracized for expressing an unpopular pre-War estimate of the strength of the German *Luftwaffe*;

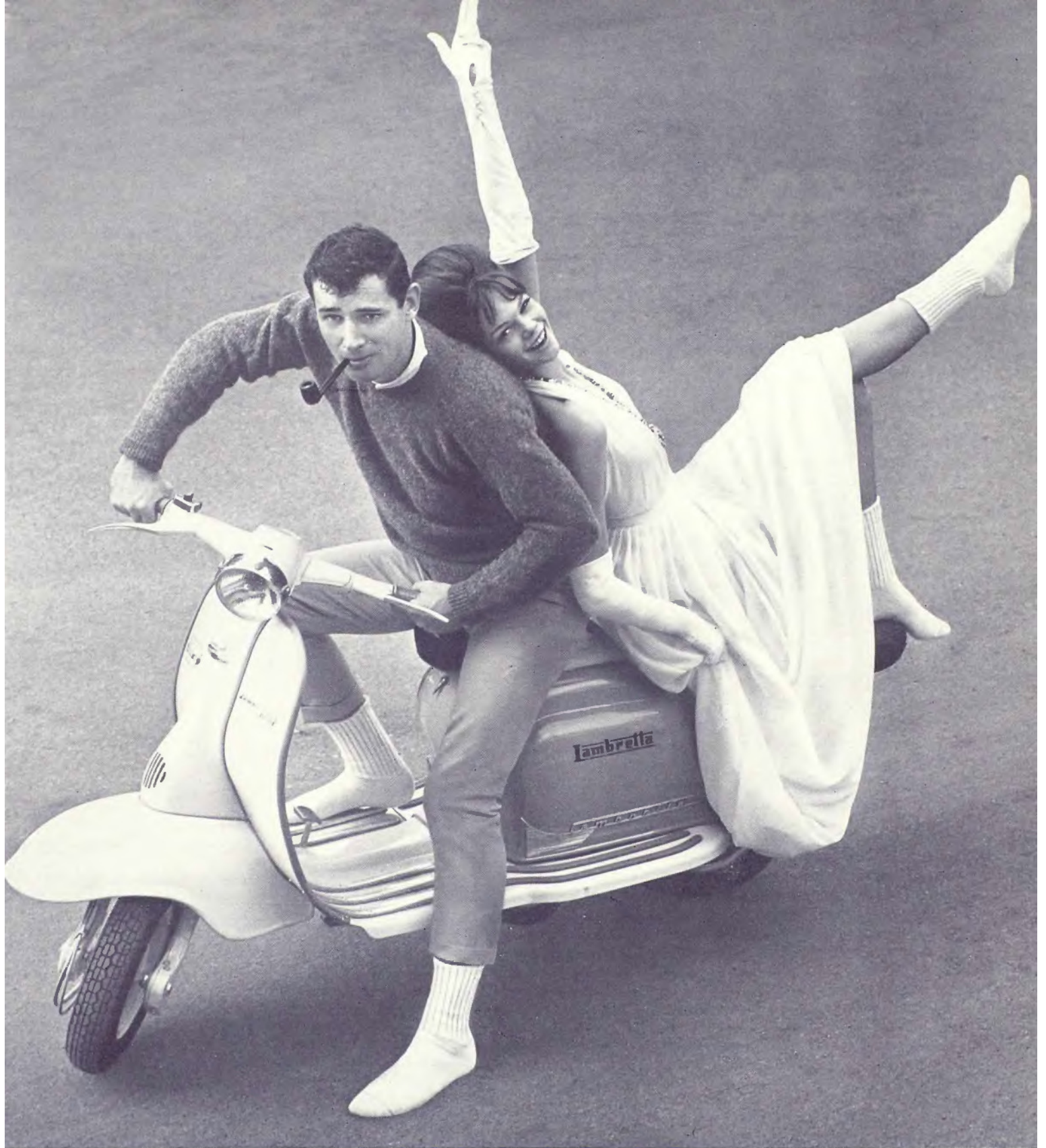
he also accepted a German medal for his air exploits of a decade before and advised against war, which added up to appeasement. Both public and press were properly horrified and the owners of the Lindbergh Beacon, a Chicago landmark, went looking for a new name for their light.

Chaplin produced a brilliant satirical indictment of the Nazis, *The Great Dictator*, at about the same time, but that wasn't enough to save his skin. He was vilified and savagely abused by the public, the press and the U. S. Government for his sexual immorality, unpopular political views and the fact that he had never shown sufficient gratitude for his success here to bother applying for U. S. citizenship.

Since the aspersions on his political attitudes appear to have been wholly unwarranted, and since America is not in the habit of attacking every member of the community who is not a citizen, sex appears to have been Chaplin's principal sin, and it is certainly the one that received the widest attention, in two highly publicized trials involving an alleged violation of the Mann Act and a paternity suit — both brought about by the same spurned and vindictive woman. He was found not guilty in the first case and though conclusive scientific evidence proved him innocent in the second also, the court ruled the evidence inadmissible and convicted him anyway. The Government persecution of the man, heralded the world over as the greatest comedian of modern times, included a temporary revocation of his passport as "an undesirable alien." Commenting on this phenomenon in his sympathetic personality piece, *Chaplin* (PLAYBOY, March 1960), Charles Beaumont wrote: "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."

Beaumont noted that Errol Flynn had weathered a far nastier sex trial (involving the statutory rape of a teenager) at about the same time, without ever having the public turn against him (the phrase "In like Flynn" became, in fact, a popular sexual compliment of the day and Flynn wanted to call his best-selling autobiography *In Like Me*, but the publisher demurred and he had to settle for *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*). Beaumont



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observed: "Flynn, even when he was consorting with girls young enough to be his granddaughters, could do no wrong. Chaplin could do no right. . . . Perhaps," Beaumont suggested, "because he [Flynn] did not add to these [his affairs] the affront of genius." An understandably embittered Chaplin finally left America forever, to live out his days with his wife and family in Switzerland, where the remarkable gentleman is still siring children in his mid-seventies—a fact that would no doubt get him literally castrated and disemboweled by the less potent and more irascible of the Geritol set, if he were still around where we could lay our hands on him.

ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM

The anti-intellectual syndrome in America is a part of our society's subconscious desire to elevate the mediocre and demean the uncommon in education and intellect. No one needs to be told that men of learning, and the acquisition of knowledge, should be esteemed far more highly than they are in the U. S.; and this is the only civilized country in which educators and education are given such lowly status.

Throughout the Thirties, Hollywood produced musicals and comedies that appealed to the popular prejudice that the typical U. S. college was a place of campus high jinks rather than a fount of learning. And the stereotype stuck: mass media still represent the typical college boy as more interested in football and panty raids than an education; the cliché college professor is "absent-minded." Everyone knows that "common sense" is superior to acquired knowledge. In the Forties, the press added a new word to the language—"Egghead"—a term of derision for the intellectual.

For many Americans, to be cultured is to be considered effete. Classical music is played by "longhairs" and appreciated by "squares." The man or woman of learning or cultural accomplishment, the poet and opera singer—have long been stock comedy characters in movies. Modern art is still more apt to evoke a wisecrack in the popular press than sincere interest or critical comprehension.

Television has simply continued to make use of the clichés already established by movies, magazines and newspapers: *Time* magazine recently commented, "To watch TV tell it, the U. S. teacher has long been a simple sap like 'Mr. Peepers.'"

But times are changing. As we have previously observed, America is giving every evidence of entering into a cultural renaissance. The *Time* comment quoted above was the lead-in to a review of a new TV show, *Mr. Novak*, in which the teacher-hero projects a very different, more complimentary image. And television in general, with gentle prodding,

is becoming increasingly concerned with matters educational and cultural, though there is still far too much attention paid to the rating systems instead of programming quality and variety.

American movies are now willing and able to tackle adult themes in a grown-up manner unthinkable a generation ago and are, in general, better than they ever were in Hollywood's heyday. AM radio is, by and large, worse than ever—with its accent on "Top 40" rock 'n' roll, but there is the remarkable FM-radio boom, with quality and culture galore. The same holds true for the recording industry: the single-record business, which is all we knew as a lad (spinning Miller, Ellington and Dorsey at 78 r.p.m.), has been taken over by the screechers and howlers (on those tiny 45-r.p.m. records with the giant holes in the center—to match the ones in the heads of their listeners); but the post-War long-play album and hi-fi and stereo popularity have given us sounds we never knew in our teens.

Jazz is busting out in half-a-dozen different inventive directions and there is more interest in classical music, both recorded and live, than at any previous time in our history; interest in ballet and modern dance is on the increase, too. Since the War, American painters have taken the initiative away from the Europeans in modern art and produced the first really important art movement this country has ever known. U. S. literature is probing new levels of life and existence in a new and refreshingly honest way and important books previously suppressed, like *Lady Chatterley's Lover* by Lawrence and *Lolita* by Nabokov, are now being published here legally for the first time.

America's anti-intellectual and anti-cultural history has undoubtedly hurt us as a nation and while U. S. education is now receiving increased attention, the symptoms of our earlier prejudices are still reflected in the public primary and secondary school systems across the nation, which devote more time, money and effort—special instruction, special classes, special schools—to the sub-normal child than to the superior one. Although both deserve extra attention, it seems clear to us that society would benefit far more from a reverse of the present emphasis, since it is from among the superior children of today that most of tomorrow's leaders will come—and the first years in the life of any person—normal or abnormal—are the most important in determining motivation, interests, personality, etc. Whereas our institutions of learning should stress free inquiry and academic achievement, too often they only perpetuate conformity, reinforce society's prejudices, promote social and nonacademic curricula, suffer from low teacher status and pay, and

are plagued by political and religious interference.

In class-structured societies, intellectual and cultural interests traditionally have been perpetuated by an elite leisure or ruling class and filtered down thence to the lower classes. In a relatively class-free democracy, no such process exists and an interest in such pursuits should be emphasized at every level of society.

Those in positions of prestige, influence and power in a democracy can be especially valuable in promoting education and intellectual achievement, cultural and civic interests, and in promulgating the growth of the democratic process by directing attention to the significant issues of the day, seeing that all sides of important questions are given full and proper coverage, and keeping open the channels of inquiry and communication that are the foundations of a free society.

It is obvious that those in positions of prestige, influence and power in the U. S. have not always done this, that the men in control of our various media of communication have too often simply pandered to popular taste and prejudice rather than making any serious attempt to lead or enlighten.

Though we have as free a press as any nation in the world, some unpopular ideas and issues of public concern do not often receive full and unprejudiced coverage in the mass magazines and newspapers; among them: communism, Cuba, Red China's membership in the U.N., world government, the dangers of radioactive fallout from atomic testing, religious totalitarianism in America, censorship, sexual morality and law, divorce, birth control, abortion, prostitution, sex in prison, capital punishment and drug addiction.

Even the heads of our leading institutions of learning cannot always be counted upon to publicly endorse the most basic tenets of democracy—as when loyalty oaths were required of the teachers of many of our prominent universities and colleges, during the hysterical period of the McCarthy and House Un-American Activities probes; when the president of the University of Illinois fired biology professor Leo Koch for writing a letter to the *Daily Illini* expressing a liberal view on sexual relations before marriage; or when the president of Baylor, early this year, forced the university's drama department to close its production of Eugene O'Neill's prize-winning play, *Long Day's Journey into Night*, in mid-run, because, "the language of the play was not in keeping with the ideals of the university." The Baylor incident prompted Paul Baker, the highly regarded head of the drama department, and 11 members of his staff to quit. In a joint statement, the departing faculty members said, "Our

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decision is not a hasty one. It has evolved from many hours of soul-searching conferences and prayer on the part of each faculty member. It was a heart-wrenching decision. The faculty, representing 140 combined years of dedicated effort, has worked to make a contribution to the promotion and growth of Baylor. It is not easy to leave such a large investment. . . . It is our fervent hope and prayer that Baylor University will grow beyond the confines and pressures of the present moment and that it will fulfill its destiny as a complete and great university." During his 28 years at Baylor, Baker had pioneered in many phases of theater and attracted international attention and acclaim; thankfully, comstockery does not infest the entire academic community: within an hour of his resignation, Trinity University announced Baker's appointment as chairman of its speech-and-drama department.

This fall Yale's president, Kingman Brewster, Jr., was confronted with a difficult decision concerning academic freedom in the student body: a request from the school's Political Union to allow rabid segregationist George Wallace, Governor of Alabama, the opportunity to speak at Yale. Brewster denied the request, because he felt it might insult or incite New Haven Negroes. We believe it was the wrong decision for, as *Time* pointed out, in a democracy free speech must be "for the bad guys as well as the good guys."

Other Ivy League schools did not compound Brewster's error: the Harvard-Radcliffe Young Democrats invited Wallace to speak there after receiving a ruling of "no objection" from President Nathan M. Pusey; when the Brown University *Daily Herald* invited Wallace to speak, President Barnaby Keeney said that Brown is open to all speakers—"communists, fascists, racists and bigots." Princeton's president, Robert Goheen, sanctioned a student invitation to Mississippi Governor Ross Barnett, though he termed it "untimely and ill-considered," adding, however, that free inquiry is "pivotal to the very idea of a university."

The reaction to the Yale refusal became so intense that law students at the school decided to reinvoke Wallace, and this time Kingman Brewster, while making it clear he considered it "offensive and unwise," did not interfere. Voltaire expressed the pertinent point best, more than 200 years ago, when he said, "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." Voltaire understood, as all those who believe in democracy should, that a free society depends upon the free interchange of ideas—an unhampered interchange of ideas both popular and unpopular, ideas that seem significant and those that seem insignificant, ideas

with which we agree and those with which we disagree. And when we refuse the right of free expression to anyone, we have reduced—to that extent—the freedom of us all.

FREE ENTERPRISE IN A FREE SOCIETY

We favor capitalism above any other economic system—not because it is "The American Way," but because it is consistent with our belief in the individual and his freedom: competitive free enterprise is the logical economic counterpart of a free democratic society.

We have expressed our concern over the degree to which capitalism has become a dirty word—even in America. We believe this is caused by a lack of knowledge of what capitalism really is, how it differs from controlled economies like socialism and communism, and the extent to which it has proven its superiority over them. Americans' mixed emotions about capitalism stem, in part, from the puritan religious and moral heritage that equates material possessions and the accumulation of wealth with sin, and in opposition to the supposedly more worthwhile spiritual aspirations of man. But, for us, no conflict need exist between the spirit, mind and body of man, nor between a consideration of spiritual values and the acquisition of both knowledge and the material benefits of a free economy.

Americans have traditionally "worshiped the Almighty Dollar"—as our social critics have expressed it—and suffered a gilt-edged guilt complex as a result. But the emphasis on competitive enterprise and economic gain has given this country the highest standard of living in the world, producing not only an unequalled national prosperity and the physical possessions and comforts that only money can buy, but also the elimination of illiteracy, famine and disease (the compatriots of poverty), a longer life expectancy, greater physical mobility (more automobiles, roads, trains, buses and air transportation than any other nation in the world), greater upward social and economic mobility, the benefits of fuller, freer communication (through books, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, films and theater), increased education (despite our failure to give education its full due), more opportunities—both vocational and avocational—and more leisure time to enjoy the latter.

Capitalism has proven itself superior to any controlled economy, just as democracy has proven itself superior to any other political or social order. Free enterprise is the best, most productive economic system, because it assures the fullest scope to individual initiative, taking advantage of man's naturally acquisitive and competitive nature and offering the greatest opportunity to the

greatest number, with maximum potential benefit to all.

Capitalism places the ownership of property in the hands of individual citizens instead of in the hands of government. Property represents power and if power is to rest with the individual in a free society, as it must if the individual is to remain free, then he must have the right to possess property. A society in which the state owns all property, or so controls the use of all property as to enjoy the equivalent of ownership, is not free. Without private property, the individual is a slave of the state.

Because the individual cannot be truly free if he is robbed of the power of property, the economic system of socialism is incompatible with the sociopolitical system of democracy. A simple example of the way in which freedom is linked to property will help to make the point: a society may profess the ideal of a free press, but if all paper, printing and binding equipment, and the book-magazine- and newspaper-publishing firms themselves, as well as the distributing companies, bookstores, and magazine and newspaper stands are owned by the government, a free press does not really exist.

We do not believe it is possible to return to a completely laissez-faire economy—some minimal controls over our economic life are desirable and necessary. But the clear purpose of these controls should be not to stifle individual initiative and enterprise, but to stimulate them—to keep the economy truly competitive through checks and balances that make impossible the undue acquisition of wealth and power by any group—be it of management or labor.

We are familiar with the seemingly negative aspects of the free-enterprise system—the tendency to cycles of boom and bust; the fact that in a competitive economy not everyone can come out on top; the waste of duplicated effort, products and services, by competing companies; the creation of unreal "needs" through aggressive advertising; the evil of built-in obsolescence.

But not all such negatives are the inevitable by-products of a free competitive economy. In addition, our economic advisors have found remedies for the worst of these deficiencies and the negatives that remain are slight, indeed, when compared with the benefits that accrue to society as a whole from private ownership, the profit motive and free competition.

Without some Governmental direction, the present economy would not long remain either competitive or free. Yet many of the current checks and balances would not have been necessary if previous controls had not been introduced which created new and unanticipated situations requiring still further



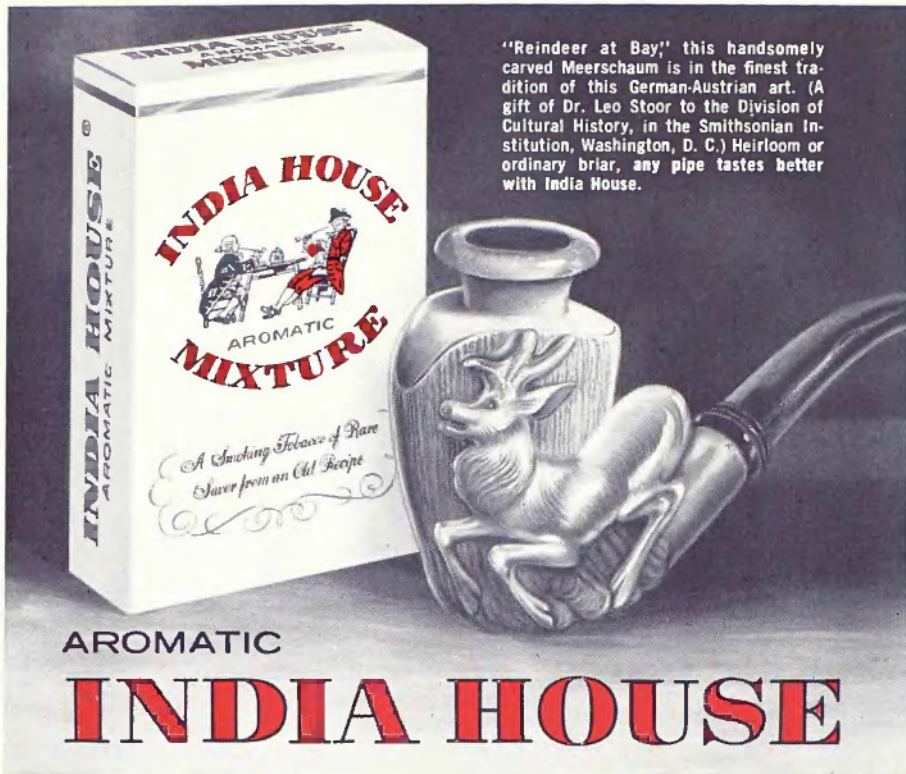
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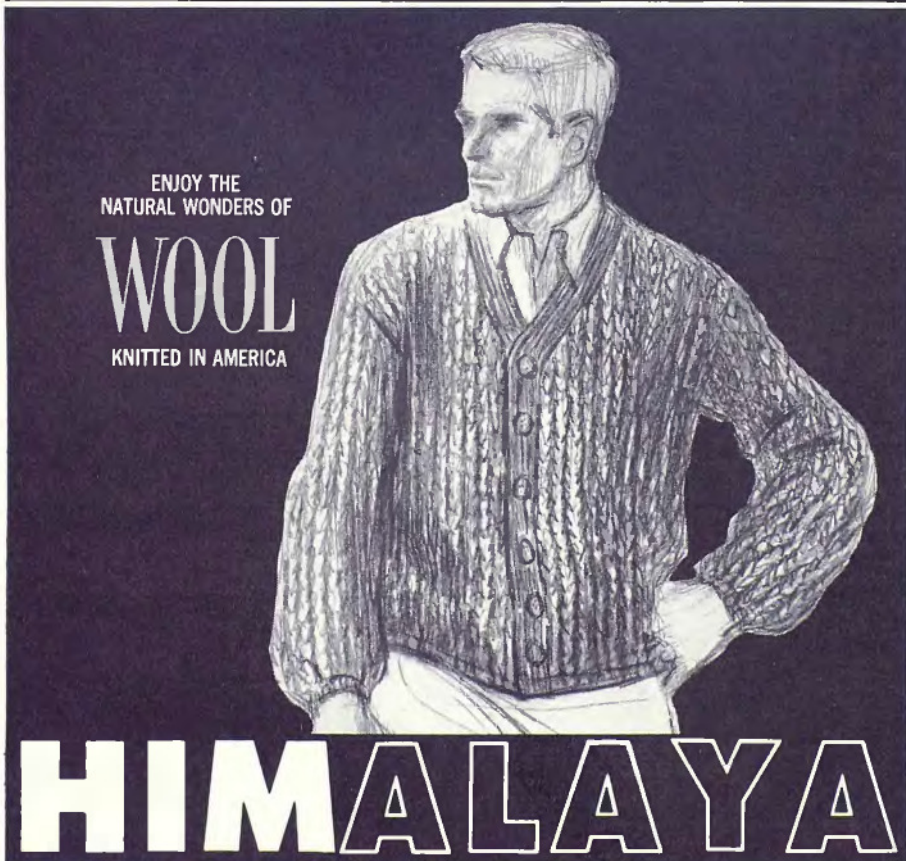
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and different controls.

It is only a few decades since the U. S. began enacting laws to protect labor from the abuses of power by Big Business; today there is evidence of a growing need for legislation to protect business from the abuses of power by Big Labor.

Our present tax structure offers another significant case in point. Excessive taxes inhibit initiative, investment and business expansion—they have a deleterious effect upon free enterprise and the economy. As U. S. taxes grew—often in a haphazard and wholly arbitrary manner—the harmful effect upon the economy was partially offset through the introduction of equally capricious exceptions, exemptions, special depreciations, depletion allowances and deferrals.

The result is an unnatural monster of a tax structure—Frankensteinian in concept—created from the blood and bones of private individuals and industry—crippling free competition and sapping the strength of an otherwise vigorous economy.

The current tax setup, both personal and corporate, not only stifles initiative, but the special allowances and loopholes set otherwise honest men to searching for ways and means of avoiding their tax obligations, and a whole new breed of tax counselors and consultants has sprung up to aid them in doing just that. This generates the same sort of antisocial behavior that Prohibition did, and when social commentators criticize the immorality of the modern businessman, they would do well to examine current U. S. taxes, as one of the significant causative factors.

It is not usually recognized, but our excessive taxes, including the graduated income tax, favor the already wealthy individual or company and work their primary hardship on the newcomers who might otherwise offer competition to those at the top. The previously prosperous amassed their wealth before prohibitive taxes were introduced: the present tax structure makes it most difficult for anyone else to duplicate the accomplishment. Higher taxes thus tend to protect established wealth and power, reduce competition and perpetuate the *status quo*.

Excessive taxes not only limit our own business growth and prosperity; additionally, they compare unfavorably with the taxes of most of the countries of the Common Market, making it difficult for U. S. business to compete internationally.

We approve of President Kennedy's proposed tax cut and only wish it was more substantial. We also wish that the proposed plan included more tax reforms, as was originally contemplated. But our present tax laws are such a maze of special concessions and consid-



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erations that the passage of any meaningful reforms is almost impossible. It has been seriously suggested that the best plan of all might be starting all over again from the beginning. That might not be such a bad idea.

The last few generations have witnessed a general trend, in the United States, away from free competitive enterprise toward a more controlled economy. Some of these controls, in the form of social legislation, have served desirable ends and benefited both society and the individual: some have had a stifling influence — shifting the emphasis from initiative to security, discouraging productivity, investment and economic growth.

It is sometimes argued that free enterprise was practical when our society was simpler, but that a complex modern economy requires greater Government regulation and control. The opposite view seems to us to make more sense. It is precisely because a modern industrial economy is so extensive and diverse that it requires the managerial supervision of many individuals for its efficient operation rather than the supervision of a single Government appointee.

Government control over business should always remain at a practical minimum, because it is our firm conviction that the individual operates best with the fewest number of restrictions and our further belief that excessive power endangers freedom — whether that power is in the hands of government or any other entrenched group.

There is this additional, all-important consideration also: private enterprise is, other things being equal, more efficient than government: a free society is more productive than a controlled one.

It is not that men in government are any less capable — it is simply that when one removes the primary motivations of personal ownership and profit, along with competition, it markedly reduces enterprise and efficiency.

General Motors and U.S. Steel annually produce profits of most impressive proportions, but though it is not plagued with prohibitive taxes and controls, no one can remember when the biggest American business of all — the U.S. Government — last operated in the black.

The U.S. Postal Department incurs a remarkable deficit each year delivering the mail, despite periodic rate increases with no related increase in service. In contrast, A.T.&T. supplies Americans with another form of communication and, distressed by the depersonalization of digit dialing or no, we're impressed by the handsome profit they manage to show at the end of every fiscal year and the handsome dividend they regularly send to stockholders, while generally

improving the service, lowering the rates, purchasing all those swell ads showing nice folks conversing with loved ones on the phone and giant fingers doing the walking, with enough loot left over to put Telstar into space.

We're not suggesting that mail delivery be returned to private enterprise where, incidentally, it began; we're simply indicating that the profit motive is a powerful factor in improving efficiency — no doubt, if A.T.&T. had significant competition, that would only further improve our telephone company's operation.

The Cincinnati Enquirer recently offered further evidence of the high cost of Government effort in an editorial on the Peace Corps — a pet project of the current Administration of which, we hasten to add, both we and the *Enquirer* approve: "It is worth noting that the budget for the current year allocates the Corps some \$40,000,000, which, according to R. Sargent Shriver, the Peace Corps' director, includes \$9000 for each Corps member. A survey of the private and religious organizations that send missionaries abroad — to do very much the same kind of work for which the Peace Corps is responsible — reveals that their normal maintenance cost for each missionary is \$2000 a year.

"The obvious moral to be drawn is not confined to the Peace Corps. Whatever Government undertakes, it does at several times the rock-bottom cost — a circumstance that ought to make every American think twice before he invites the Federal Government into any new areas of activity."

A look abroad only confirms the conviction that competitive free enterprise supplies an impetus missing in state-owned or -controlled economies. East and West Germany offer a dramatic contrast in post-War recovery, with half the country prospering under capitalism and the other half suffering the deprivation and despair of Communist control.

The Common Market has demonstrated the remarkable economic stimulus that free competition can provide on an international basis, with the co-operating countries enjoying an unprecedented prosperity as a result. Even Russia has, in recent years, found it necessary to resort to capitalist incentives in both her industrial and farm programs to improve the efficiency of the workers. And while the United States contemplates the problem of grain surpluses, Russia — which once was in the position of being able to export a certain amount of grain herself, this year has been forced to import hundreds of millions of dollars of wheat from the U.S. and the rest of the free world to make up for the deficiencies in its own agricultural output.

The contrast in efficiency between various forms of government reminds us of the humorous list of definitions that crossed our desk awhile back:

Socialism — You have two cows and give one to your neighbor.

Communism — You have two cows; the government takes both and gives you the milk.

Fascism — You have two cows; the government takes both and sells you the milk.

Nazism — You have two cows; the government takes both and shoots you.

Bureaucratism — You have two cows; the government takes both, shoots one, milks the other and throws the milk away.

Capitalism — You have two cows; you sell one and buy a bull.

This spoof of the "isms" may not supply any new insights into the economic policies of the various forms of government listed, and perhaps the elephant jokes have reduced your enthusiasm for animal humor, but the over-all point of these definitions is a sound one — the best, most efficient economy is a free economy, which relies upon the resourcefulness of the free individual.

At this crucial time, when our nation is involved in a Cold War of ideologies for the uncommitted countries of the world, it is most important that every American have a clear understanding of just what capitalism really is — and recognize that while it may have its defects, as anything man-made does, it is the best economic system yet conceived.

FREEDOM OF OPPORTUNITY

Freedom, for us, is quite clearly more than the right of each individual to do and say what he wishes, without fear or favor from the state or from society — it also includes opportunity.

If man is to be free to fully explore his individual potential — for the good of himself and his society — then we must offer each man the maximum possible opportunity for such exploration.

While we have pointed out the dangers in the state becoming overly protective, believing that too much paternalistic concern for its citizens can sap them of the individual initiative and enterprise that are the essence and strength of a democracy, the Government may rightly interest itself in the education, health and welfare of the individual, since the ignorant, the unhealthy and the destitute have only a limited opportunity for the pursuit of happiness, as guaranteed by our Constitution.

A competitive economy benefits society
(continued on page 214)

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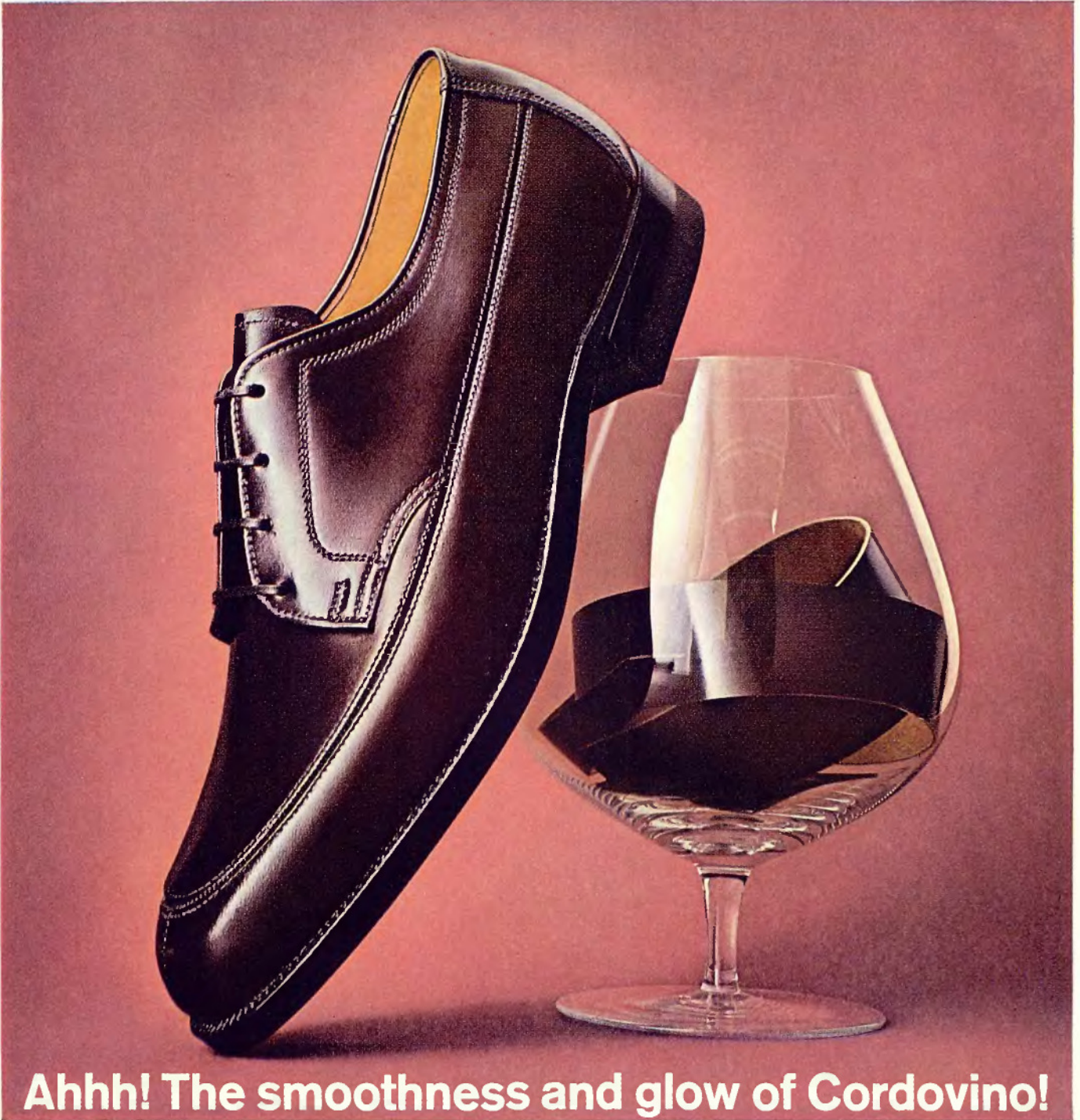
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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THOSE OF YOU who prefer not to partake of February's winter wonderlands might try the nearby tropics for sunny contrast. If you choose to do so, you can rent an entire island for \$100 a month. Just off the coast of St. Vincent, British West Indies, one island we know of has a house and a beach cottage, either of which can be rented separately—the 6-bedroom house for \$36 a month or the 2-bedroom cottage for \$18. A furnished 3-bedroom cottage, with sitting room and patio, can be had for \$18 a week on Bequia, served daily by schooner from St. Vincent, or you can stay at the Sunny Caribbee Hotel where rooms with meals (including afternoon tea) are \$8.40 single, \$15 double.

Over in the Netherlands Antilles, within easy driving distance of Willemstad, the Coral Cliff Hotel, one of Curaçao's newest, offers the usual resort pastimes of sea and pool bathing, yachting, deep-sea fishing, water skiing and snorkeling plus (unusually delightful for the science-minded visitor) an elaborate ham-radio station, an observatory for sky gazers, scuba equipment for undersea explorers, and a stock of unusual tropical fish in the hotel's gigantic swimming pool. Rates up to \$15 a day single without meals, \$23 a day double.


Called by some people "France with frangipani blossoms," the islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe, still relatively unspoiled by a glut of tourists, boast rose-pink coral beaches shaded by almond trees and mountain slopes lush with green-velvet rain forests. The 30-room Cap Est on Martinique and the Caravelle on Guadeloupe are both 1963 entries. Major diversions are natural—beach lolling and water fun—but you can easily lose your shirt betting on legal cockfights or duels between snakes and mongooses; however, you'll outgrow your shirt anyhow on the diet of Creole-flavored French cooking that's so good the average meal runs five courses just to show off the chef's abilities. The long wine list does justice to the likes of agouti stewed in white wine, hawk's bill, tortoise stew, conch-and-octopus stew, haunch of roast wild goat, sea crab and ocean turtle.

Dedicated snow lovers need not curtail their wonted wintertime interests, however, if they book themselves a northwest passage to our snowiest state for the Anchorage, Alaska, Fur Rendezvous. This great-granddaddy of sled-dog races—with some \$7000 in prize money—pits the canine competitors team against team for the world championship; last year 18 states competed with a total of 30

teams. Eastward across the continent, at Ste. Agathe in Canada's Quebec Province, sled-dog racing serves to add seasonal sparkle to the Snow Festival, and motorcycle racing on ice lends novelty to the more usual winter pageantry of torchlight ski processions, fireworks and dancing beside a glittering ice palace. In the evening at most of these Laurentian resorts, avail yourself of the food specialties—notably Swiss Fondue and Fondue Bourguignonne.

Sybarites, for whom the fresh air in the snowbound country is merely designed to sharpen the appetite, can safely try a winter weekend at the Publick House in Sturbridge, Massachusetts. The so-called Yankee Winter Weekend starts Friday night with hot syllabub by a roaring fire in the old, paneled Common Room after a crisp drive through the wintry countryside. Pheasant dinners and pie breakfasts alternate with sleigh rides and square dancing, and visits to the old village itself, the next two relaxed days, recapturing the best in 18th Century living.

But if warm-weather wintertime in exotic surroundings is all you really hanker for, the next time you're in Florida move out of the Miami circuit for a few days, and get over to Moore Haven in February for Chala-Nitka, a delightful contest between local Indians and the gnarled white locals in turkey, duck, quail and alligator-calling contests, bass fishing and boat racing through the dark-stained channels of the Everglades. Or hire an air boat, with a good guide who can lead you across the watery savannas and along the matted mangrove clusters of this strange, exotically colored swamp, and stop over at Duck Rock in the Ten Thousand Islands. Try arriving at dusk or dawn, when the whole island is covered with thousands of egrets, ibis, pelicans, cormorants, spoonbills and herons. For full enjoyment of this really unique area, stop over at the old Rod and Gun Club in the Everglades. For all its modern comforts, there's a wonderfully moss-draped, decadent-South feel to the place. Food's good and service of the best. In this same area, for about \$100, shanty boats are available out of Fort Myers for a week's dawdling around Corkscrew Swamp Sanctuary, Big Cypress Swamp, Fisheating Creek in the Brighton Reservation of the Seminole Indians, Bear Lake and the Key Islands beyond the mangrove wilderness. It's a lazy, different sort of trip with the food and company aboard ship usually tops.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611. 



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Give Capitol popular albums. Give music by all the greatest stars in the business. In addition to the albums shown, here are a few more of the best: George Shearing's *Jazz Concert* (S)T 1992, Nat Cole's *Unforgettable* T 357, Bobby Darin's *Earthy* (S)T 1826, Guy Lombardo's *The Sweetest Medlies This Side of Heaven* (D)T 1947, Laurindo Almeida's *It's a Bossa Nova World* (S)T 1946, Dick Dale's *Checkered Flag* (S)T 2002, the Beach Boys' *Surfer Girl* (S)T 1981, Hank Thompson's *State Fair of Texas* (S)T 1955, Webley Edwards' *Romantic Instrumentals of the Islands* (S)T 1987.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ALBERT SCHWEITZER

a candid conversation with africa's enigmatic doctor of the body and soul

Albert Schweitzer is a quadruple doctor — of music, theology, philosophy and medicine. He had authored several definitive religious texts and had been named principal of Strasbourg Theological College before he reached 30. He was also — and still is — recognized as the world's foremost authority on organ architecture, as an eminent Bach scholar, and as a celebrated interpreter of Bach's organ music. At the age of 38, in the full maturity of his multifaceted intellectual powers — culminating an eight-year period of spiritual stock-taking — Schweitzer elected to renounce the personal rewards and material blandishments of the Continent for a life of dedication to the sick in the jungles of French Equatorial Africa. Today, at a vigorous 88, he is acknowledged as one of the foremost philosophers of our age — and perhaps its most controversial medical figure.

A man of Schweitzer's stature might seem inhumanly Olympian if his towering intellectual and moral virtues did not shadow all-too-human shortcomings. He himself concedes that he is "arrogant" and "lacking in love"; he has been accused of ruling his tropical mission as a benevolent dictator; of countenancing

the most unsanitary hospital conditions in Africa; of being more interested in the welfare of animals than that of human beings; and of clinging to a Kipling-esque tradition of big-brother colonialism. Few, however, will deny that he is one of the handful of great men our century has produced.

In the hope of probing the uncharted depths of this universal man, PLAYBOY dispatched a special correspondent on a 1500-mile safari which ended with a journey by dug-out canoe up the swirling Ogooué River from the squalid timber village of Lambaréné to the sandy beach in front of Schweitzer's jungle hospital. Beyond the beach stood the dark, smoky hospital buildings — surrounded by a dusky sea of goats, chickens, patients and their relatives, dotted with the bobbing white pith helmets which Schweitzer insists on as headgear for his medical staff.

Our three-day interview began at the hospital, where "le grand docteur" was supervising construction of a new residence building; it continued in the dining room where he and the staff shared dinner at a long refectory table, and where evenings he played his antique piano and read the Bible aloud in German by the

light of a green-shaded paraffin-oil lamp. It resumed the following day at the nearby leper colony — built with his Nobel Peace Prize winnings — en route to which he insisted on walking ahead of the car to shoo chickens out of harm's way; and concluded in the hospital dispensary, where he sits for several hours each day attempting to diminish a mountainous backlog of unanswered correspondence from the outside world, while behind him a tattered little delegation of natives queued up for pills and potions. We first queried him about his half-century of isolation in his adopted homeland.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Schweitzer, in the last few key years in African history you have been silent about African affairs with the exception of a statement on Katanga. Some persons have said your life in a small and isolated corner of Africa has prevented you from seeing the full course of African development. Do you feel that living here in the forest divorces you from outside events?

SCHWEITZER: No, I am not at all cut off; but you will probably agree that it is sometimes better to maintain silence. I spoke out on the Congo because it is an



"The United Nations had no right to intervene in Katanga. Katanga is a state in its own right and Mr. Tshombe is a wise and very competent individual. Unfortunately, he is also a very sick man."



"I want, before I die, to see all atomic weapons banned, no matter who makes them or what name they give them. This is the only possible hope for mankind if we are to avoid self-destruction."



"Basically, men in Africa are looking for the same things as men in India or China or the U. S. A. The surroundings may differ . . . but really, all people want is a way of life, a religion."

important matter and I was horrified to see what was happening. The Congo has always been a mess, ever since the days of King Leopold. It is altogether too big, too artificial a creation of the Europeans of the 19th Century ever to survive as a single entity, a complete and living country. Even now, even with the assistance he is receiving, Adoula is not in control. Not by any means. The Congo is cracking and disintegrating and nothing anyone can do can hold it together indefinitely. Nor should it be held together. It is doomed by its own artificiality. It is strange, but these things do not seem to worry other people. The United States, for example, is compulsively pouring money into such a country. Why? After all, this is not just token aid, not just the sort of money sent to show dispassionate good will. It is vast sums of money and huge assemblies of equipment which are involved. I can only think that this is being done because the United States has this fixed idea, this obsession, that if it does not flood Africa with money, then all Africans will immediately become Communists. But, my friend, Africans will never become Communists. Because communism is too artificial—too much like the Congo itself in a way—too much an affair of foreign disciplines which are totally alien to the African spirit. No, no, communism is not for Africa—certainly not the communism people comprehend in other parts of the world.

PLAYBOY: Some people see Africa as a microcosm reflecting the difficulties confronting the rest of the world. Do you?

SCHWEITZER: On a certain plane, yes, I suppose so. Basically, men in Africa are looking for the same things as men in India or China or the United States of America. The surroundings differ and the manifestations, of course, may be more violent at a time of immense political change. But really, all people want is a way of life, a religion.

PLAYBOY: As an observer of the African situation, what solution do you see?

SCHWEITZER: My friend, I am not a prophet. But time will certainly bring a solution suitable to the African himself; and that solution will come all the quicker if the pressures tugging the African this way and that are removed. The solution will not come with stupidities such as the United Nations' intervention in Katanga. They had no right to do this. They are bandits! Assassins! Katanga is a state in its own right and Mr. Tshombe is a wise and very competent individual. Unfortunately he is also a very sick man. There is no sound reason why he should not have been allowed to establish his own, self-contained state. Dag Hammarskjöld, although he was a very great man in other respects, made a grave mistake over Katanga. I think he himself realized this because he sent me

a telegram just a few days before his death saying he was forced into the Katangan war. In the long term, what has been achieved by the war in Katanga? What will be the situation there in one year or two, when all the United Nations troops have been removed, perhaps not only from Katanga itself but from the rest of the Congo. As I said, Mr. Tshombe is a sick man; perhaps he will no longer be able to rule in his own country. So what has the fighting and bloodshed achieved?

PLAYBOY: You have repeatedly stated that one of your guiding principles is "reverence for life." As we understand it, this is a respect for *all* forms of life, from the highest to the lowest. Isn't this doctrine incompatible with the daily needs of men? And isn't it particularly at odds with your own work as a doctor?

SCHWEITZER: Who is to say which is the highest form and which is the lowest? Are you going to draw a line and say "Below this, life does not matter"? You cannot have a scale of values making that chicken higher than this goat. Mankind must accept that mystery of our life which sometimes makes the taking of life inevitable. Yes, it is true that a doctor is faced with continual and puzzling difficulties. A man has life, but so does a microbe. And sometimes it is necessary to kill that microbe to save the man and this involves a decision. The man with reverence for life must accept the responsibility for destroying that life. A man must think and meditate not only about the mysteries of his own life but about the links between his own life and the multitude of other lives around him. He must learn not only to consider and have *respect* for his own life but for all other life forms. And this need not be difficult. Because the man who thinks, and keeps thinking, is almost bound to progress from awareness and respect for his own life to sharp awareness of the lives around him.

PLAYBOY: Was this basic principle of your philosophy—respect for life, as you just called it—always in the back of your mind, or does it date only from your years at Lambaréné?

SCHWEITZER: Whether it was always in my mind, who can say? But certainly it was here that it became clear, while I was on the river, that this one phrase came into my mind which clarified my thoughts and resolved my struggle to give coherence to my point of view. It seemed, I remember, incredible to me that it had not been thought of by others, but only by an imbecile like me.

PLAYBOY: You have long said man should be governed by the rule of reason, and you have added that civilized man must follow four principles: he must not lie, must not steal, must learn to value property, and to be kind to animals. Don't

you feel that this quartet should be expanded to include, say, kindness to human beings?

SCHWEITZER: Surely respect for human beings follows naturally from respect for animals. The principles you have mentioned are merely an outline, not a complete philosophy of life. But if you follow through the deep implications, for example, of kindness to animals, the love of God must surely follow.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that formal religion, and in particular, Christianity, is still a major force in the world?

SCHWEITZER: No, it is not; not in a true sense. You have only to look at the wars in which mankind is now and then engaged to see that this could not happen if religion in any absolute way was a force. But there is a longing for religion among many people. Especially since the War, the letters I receive show a longing for religion. Christianity in the last century and at present is often untrue to itself. It has lost the essential element of willingness to love, and of reaching communion with God through that willingness.

PLAYBOY: If Christianity has in the last century become untrue to itself, would you say that the ideals of the last century are now worthless?

SCHWEITZER: An ideal which has true merit cannot be worthless or out-of-date. Time has no impact on the true ideal. But it can become obscured, and that is often what has happened. Mankind today is technically brilliant but often spiritually empty because the habit of fundamental thought has been abandoned. Yet fundamental and rational thinking is essential for mankind to reach true awareness. Men must discover for themselves, in their own minds, the truth of existence. Or they must *try* to discover it and up here, here in their minds, explore the mysteries of the world. They must struggle against that spirit of the age which tries to submerge independent thought under a blanket. This struggle is supremely important.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Schweitzer, at the moment of your greatest recognition in the academic worlds you had chosen, you suddenly embarked on a new career. Was this—as some persons have suggested—because of an unrequited love affair or a feeling of inadequacy in theology and music? Or was it your reaction to what you just called the "spirit of the age"?

SCHWEITZER: These suggestions have been made before; but really, the story is a simple one although a little long. I decided early that my life up to the age of about 30 would be to do as I wished; but after that, it would be for my fellow men. As to why I chose to be a doctor, here in Lambaréné, this I have explained in *Out of My Life and Thought*. I wanted to apply in a material way a Christian



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concept of love, and medicine seemed the obvious course. Lambaréné was not, of course, always part of my ambition. It was only after I read about the difficulties the Paris Missionary Society was having here in finding a staff, after the mission had been established by some Americans, that I chose Equatorial Africa. I think it was the right choice, because, here, human beings were struggling to exist and needed help.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Schweitzer, your hospital is now 50 years old. In the past few years, it has been severely criticized by some visitors who say it is dirty, primitive and inefficient. It has been alleged that crates of modern drugs have been left to spoil in the open and never used.

SCHWEITZER: I never reply to that sort of criticism. But so far as drugs are concerned you can look for yourself—here, in the dispensary. You see, every consignment of drugs is carefully put on the shelves and issued as needed. I have here about four-hundred patients, not many nurses and only about six doctors—sometimes more, sometimes less, because many doctors come as visitors for a short time from all over the world. This year we have had a great American dentist, for example, and there is a Japanese doctor running the leper village two kilometers away. I have tried to create a hospital suitable to the circumstances of the forest. Many of the people who come here have never seen anything of civilization before and to throw them into a European type of hospital would make them feel strange and shocked. Here, they are surrounded by their families, by people they know. At the same time, the relatives who come with them can look after many of their physical needs.

PLAYBOY: Looking back on a long, full life, do you have any regrets?

SCHWEITZER: No, I have no regrets. I never have regrets because they are pointless and negative.

PLAYBOY: It is some time since your last book was published. Are you writing another at the moment?

SCHWEITZER: Oh now, my friend, you do not ask a woman if she is pregnant...! There are many things I wish to say still, especially about nuclear disarmament. But a book? You had better wait and see.

PLAYBOY: You have said that the great secret of success is to go through life "as a man who never gets used up." Though you have achieved much, what do you feel you still have to do?

SCHWEITZER: All the time I am allowed to remain here on earth I want to continue building my hospital. There is so much to do; always so much. And building with the hands is satisfying—and creative. Apart from that, there is the bomb. I want, before I die, to see all atomic weapons banned, no matter who makes them or what especial name they give them. This is the only possible hope

for mankind if we are to avoid self-destruction. Already I have fought against this insanity for several years with my friend Bertrand Russell and others.

PLAYBOY: What you are asking for is not just a ban on tests, but a ban on atomic weapons altogether. Do you think there is a prospect of achieving this?

SCHWEITZER: It is not just a question of hope: we *must* achieve it. Do you want mankind to be obliterated?

PLAYBOY: You have said that you do not intend to leave Lambaréné again. Don't you think you would be more effective if you personally urged this ban during a visit to Europe or America?

SCHWEITZER: No, I shall not go away. An English university wanted me to go there this year but I told them the same thing. This is my home, this is where I am needed most and in any case, there is no difficulty in communicating with people. I spend several hours a day writing letters and my staff helps me. I am in almost constant touch with others regarding the bomb and I cannot see how my physical presence away from Lambaréné could be of particular help.

PLAYBOY: Let us assume for a moment that the world does succeed in banning atomic weapons. We would still possess many means of waging war, and would still be possessed of many causes which might provoke conflict. Considering the differences which split the world, do you think war can be averted?

SCHWEITZER: My friend, we must hope so. But deep-down among men, you know, the differences are not always as great as they appear on the surface. Look—quick!—look at those two chickens fighting under the tree. See how they rush at one another, make a big noise and ruffle their feathers... and now, what? You see, it's all over. It was just bluff, just noise. Big nations are like those chickens. They also like to make big noises. But very often it means no more than two chickens, squabbling under a tree.

PLAYBOY: But in today's world, innocent bluffs and squabbles—through misunderstanding or miscalculation—can quickly explode into global war, so much so that some persons have come to judge man's progress solely in terms of weapons. Do you think that man's historical predilection toward warfare belies the concept that he is basically good?

SCHWEITZER: Why should man exist if he is bad? All living things have an elemental goodness, but in mankind, his true nature is often largely submerged, like a log in the river, by the environment he has created about him. But simply because it is submerged does not mean that idealism does not exist and despite times of pessimism I think the day will come when that idealism is allowed its full function and flowering.



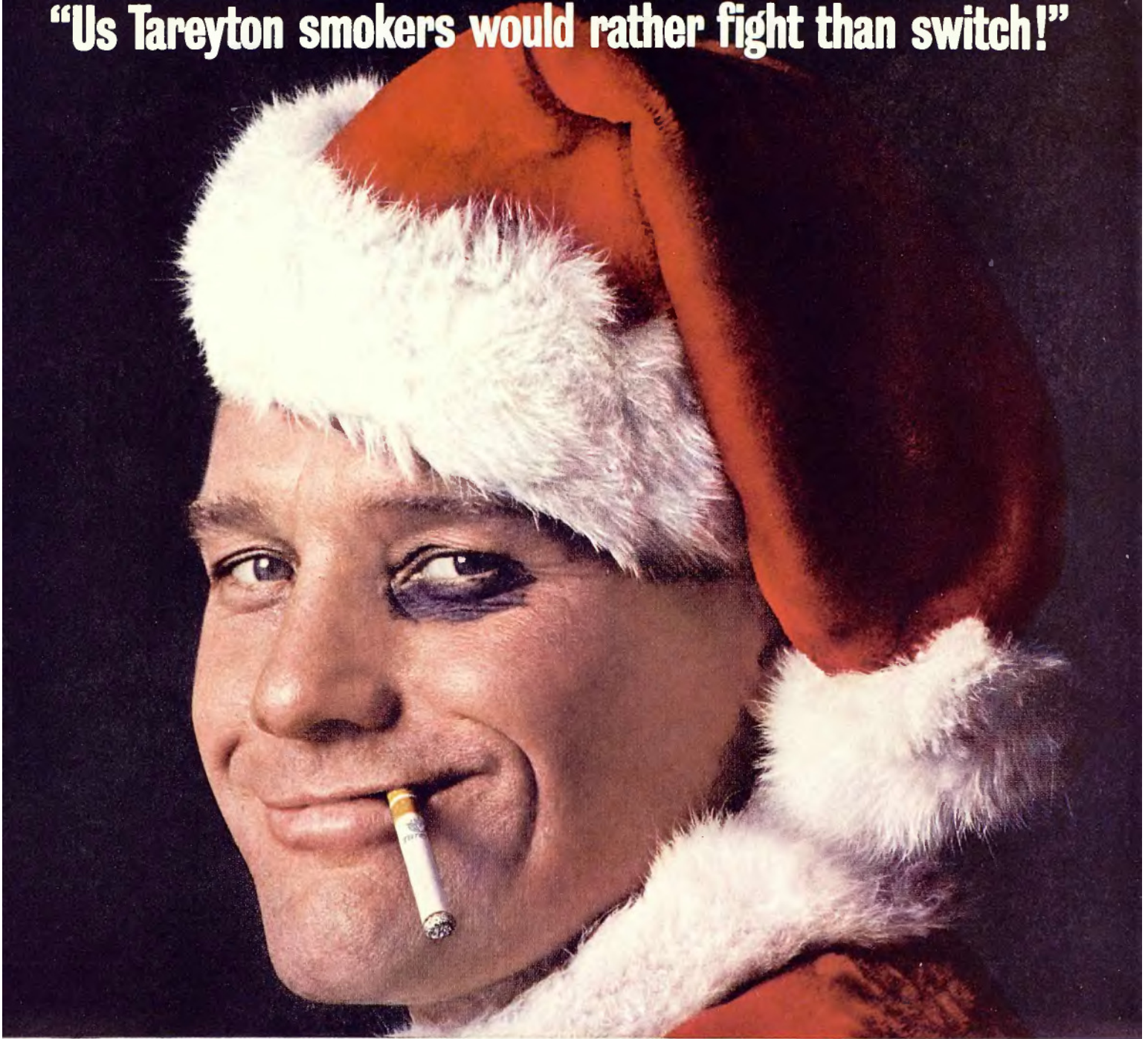


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GIFTING THE GIRLS

for a golden yule: a guide for guys on pleasing their playmates By ROBERT L. GREEN

BEFORE RINGING HIS CHRISTMAS BELLES to announce he's Santa *sans pareil* this year, the knowledgeable gentleman will be pretty particular in the presents of each particular pretty. The golden yule calls for recognition of each playmate's individuality, for the gift that's uniquely *hers*. Even if present company includes a wide range of deserving recipients and shopping time is limited, you can still find the favor that fits and reap holiday dividends all through the year.

Start by reshuffling the black book to yield a breakdown by type. For instance: the life of the ultrafeminine, long-fingernailed sophisticate is dedicated to being "in." Your gift should be, too.

The career-happy rising young girl executive is tailored to brisk efficiency and tempered by an addiction to success; the clue to gifting her is the status symbol.

The sportswoman's interest in the great outdoors is reflected in the studied carelessness of her clothes, coiffure and attitude. Spectator or participant she's a nature girl, and your gift should support this role.

The vibrant, enthusiastic perennial child-woman is a well of laughter and fun; this good-humor girl will



From left: Broadcloth buttondown shirt, by Brooks Brothers, \$12.50. Mole overblouse, by Mork Cross, \$125. Eight-piece manicure set, leather case, from Hoffritz, \$18.50. Mohair sweater, by Robert Leoder, \$45.



Rear, from left: Train case, \$92.50; suitcase, \$117.50; hat/shoe box, \$105; all in Duro leather, by Seeger. Front: Cordon Bleu 4-track stereo record/playback tape recorder, all in one unit, by RCA, \$200.



From left: Electric-eye 35mm camera, f/2.8 lens, by Fujico, \$99.50. Zebra flask, by Rigaud, \$25. Sweater, by Playboy Products, \$18. Pepper mill, by Rigaud, \$15. Takashimaya coffee warmer, \$18. Stereo tuner-amplifier, by Bogen, \$580.

enjoy the frivolous gift.

The articulate, opinionated intellectual who is ardently political and prefers the Bolshoi to golf, may be a bit snobbish; bear this in mind when selecting her *cadeau de Noël*.

Once you've categorized the ladies in your yule log, you're well on the way to selecting the correct Christmas cumshaw — the gift that cries out that only you know the *real* her. But before plunging headlong into the Christmastide, think for a moment how well you know each pretty paramour, and how well you *want* to know her.

If the ink is still wet in your address book, an inexpensive token associated with the way you met would be appropriate. If cocktail chatter concerned a favorite musician, a waxing by him would wear well; if you spoke of Africa, a small, museum-produced *objet* would suit; if you spoke of travel, select the best guidebook you can find.

If you're always glad to see her but aren't carrying the torch, the less-personal gift may be desirable because of its high platonic content; costume jewelry, books, records, hand luggage, handkerchiefs and travel clocks all fall into this category.

If you plan presentation at a private weekend retreat, the yuletide yardstick calls for something more personal: furs, jewels, and important wardrobe items such as the custom-tailored suit or the fur-trimmed parka fill the need here. In this same group fall lingerie and negligees — but only if you've lingered negligently.

If her apartment is no larger than a converted Victorian bathroom, don't burden her with a wide-skirt quilted hostess gown when you can select an offbeat-print shift which is practical and chic. Anything sartorial should

be considered in terms of its upkeep; that which must be hustled off to the cleaners after each wearing would be taboo for many girls. In fact, no gift should add to the expense column of her budget. Unless she has boldly hinted her eagerness to own a dog, cat or parakeet, skip it; harmless furry creatures have a habit of transforming into monsters of responsibility and expense. Also anathema is anything even remotely suggesting she could improve her appearance. In this category fall electric razors, soap, glamor courses and exercise equipment.

In furniture and furnishings, be guided by what she already owns and avoid superimposing your own taste on hers. A Calder mobile or a Jackson Pollock original would be perfect if Herman Miller and Knoll Associates are responsible for her furniture, but would disappoint if her decor was Louis XVI.

Don't buy a diamond ring, no matter what the size, unless you mean to become engaged; give a jeweled pin instead. And don't make the fatal error of being influenced by size alone; the finest of its kind makes the lasting gift — no matter how small. She'll much more appreciate a simple gold lapel pin from Cartier or Tiffany than the most glittering piece of junk jewelry. The big-name jewelers have learned this marketing lesson, and their gift bars now offer less expensive items — packaged with the same elegance as their best jewelry.

If your girl is very rich in her own right, don't try to compete with her wealth — a moderately priced



From left: Battery-operated transistor clock, by Secticon, \$70. Folding travel chessboard, leather case and magnetic chessmen, by Mark Cross, \$9.95. Ladies' leather passport case, saddle stitching, from Alfred Dunhill, \$16.95.



From left: My Sin, Lanvin, 1 oz., \$17.50. Joy, Jean Patou, 2 3/4 ozs., \$125. Chanel No. 5, 8 ozs., \$120. Playmate, Playboy Products, 1/2 oz., \$15. Hypnotique, Max Factor, 1 1/4 ozs., \$25. Filled'Eve, Jacqueline Cochran, 1.3ozs., \$30.



From left: Lap robe, Argentine mountain cot, from Piñata Party, \$250. Swivel mirror, by Rigaud, \$45. Travel jewelry case, leather, from Mark Cross, \$100. Pearl necklace, by Richelieu, \$16. Pear lighter, from Evans Case Co., \$21.50.

but imaginative gift from a name store would be more effective in this case than a more expensive item from a lower-level emporium.

While we're listing don'ts, remember that she may have some obvious personal ones which could embarrass if you ignored them. These include: no earrings if her coil covers the ears; no bug or animal jewelry until you're sure about her attitude toward a bug or animal; no classical records or cultural tomes if her interests run to pop vocalists and fashion magazines.

Personalized gifts add the necessary element of uniqueness; monogrammed initials, for instance, can turn perfectly ordinary stationery into a really thoughtful and appreciated present. You can add the personal touch in many ways: try a custom handbag to match her favorite suit or coat, a set of luxury coat hangers padded in



From left: Double-breasted wool suit, low-belted coat with small lapels, lined skirt, from Jax, \$220. Empress chinchilla sweetheart cape, Oleg Cassini design, from Evans Furs, \$2295. Alligator handbag, by Mark Cross, \$230. Camel's-hair suit, flared skirt, completely lined, from Jax, \$215.



Gift wrapping for the sportive girl: Pull-over midy porko, for ski or après-ski, in natural Bolivian vicuña, by Ben Kahn, \$450.

the decor of her pad, or a favorite print (a favorite of hers, not yours) framed to complement her apartment color scheme. If there's a book which has special meaning for the two of you, have a copy bound in leather.

Remember that custom-tailored gifts must be ordered early. Monogramming can usually be done in less than a week, and during the holidays most stores set up for three-day service. Initials are always acceptable, but there are other ways to use engraving effectively: nicknames, the date you met, the first words of a significant message, notes of your favorite song, or your telephone number on a sterling-silver desk pad. For variety, try his-and-hers brandy snifters, a written message on a lighter, or a verse of favorite poetry on a crystal cigarette box. The gifts that can be personalized are endless: cocktail shakers and glasses, sterling bookmarks, gold car keys, handkerchiefs, place mats, hand mirrors, brushes, combs, scarves, letter openers, compacts, blouses, desk sets, photo albums, passport cases, portfolios, tea services.

Make sure your yule log includes street addresses as well as names: you may stumble on an unexpected find which can be gift-wrapped and sent directly. Bring your own pen, and carry your personal card to include in the gift package.

Because you're not alone in your shopping, many top stores offer male-oriented shopping services. Here consultants will go over your list, accompany you through the store, and help you make your selections. Usually charming and knowledgeable, these girls are quite prepared to cope with the man who announces "Here's my list—twenty gifts—I only have an hour." Many stores have separate areas for men only where you will be surrounded with suitable gifts, invited to relax and have a cocktail while a skilled "sales friend" reviews your list and discreetly inquires about the girls in question. Specialty shops often have a men-only night before Christmas, where a showing of lingerie and similar items will give you a chance to visualize various articles on varying figures. In most cities you can find professional shopping services in the classified phone book. Make a telephone appointment and, for a fee, a consultant will go over your list, suggest items, shop for you, even have the packages wrapped and delivered.

If you shop yourself, pay special attention to department-store sections which cater to women's particular interests. These shops-within-a-store usually consist of: the *boutique* shop—small items collected from far-flung craftsmen; the gourmet shop—tinned, glassed and packaged food to suit the most exotic taste; the bar shop—decanters, glassware,



ARTHUR WHITELAW PRACTICALLY LIVES IN THE THEATER. At 23, he's already produced one musical hit—Best Foot Forward—and he's got another sure thing lined up for this season: a revival of Cabin in the Sky. But Art's preoccupation with the spectacular simmers down when it comes to choosing clothes. Instead he prefers the cool traditional cut of Cricketeer. Natural shoulders. Pleatless trousers. Contrasting-color vest. Trust Art to pick a hit. **CRICKETEER®**

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swizzlers and all the other bar accessories; and the perfume bar, providing all the name brands and some special holiday packages as well.

To protect yourself from the perennial last-minute oversight and to avoid being embarrassed by the unexpected girlfriend with the unexpected present, buy a few extra all-purpose gifts (handsomely gift-wrapped, of course), such as a glass paperweight, a Florentine-leather jewel box, or perhaps a set of handkerchiefs. Failing these you can still save the day with perfume — eminently available, usually found on the ground floor near the door, always in pocket-size packages.

If you planned all along to give her perfume, your best bet is to use a simple compliment to get the name of her brand. "What a provocative scent — what is it?" will provoke an automatic answer, and you'll be able to respond in kind, choosing perfume, cologne, toilet water, or a combination. If you weren't farsighted enough to learn her favorite, here's a general guide: heavy musk perfume, sweetly clinging and possibly Oriental, suits the sophisticate; for the career girl, spicy or citrus fragrances are more appropriate; the outdoor type will go for woody or ferny scents, while the delicate dainty will prefer light, multi-floral fragrances.

You're well on the way to the perfect present if whatever you give her is beautifully wrapped. Virtually all department stores have a special gift-wrapping service which transcends mere bow-tying. Skilled hands will here transform even a modest box of handkerchiefs into a gala gift. You can leave the aesthetics of the job to the wrapper, but once again, it's more effective to impart the personal touch: remember her favorite color combinations (from her attire or apartment decor) and request that these be used for that extra subliminal touch.

If you're still unable to envisage the particular gift for the particular girl, here are some specific suggestions. As a gift of garb, fur is always the most flattering and the most appreciated. The classics of sable, mink and chinchilla come in many forms (from coats, to muffs, to stoles, to collars) and prices. Also check the casual coats and jackets in offbeat furs. Depending on the girl, consider a hooded wildcat jacket, a short coat in yellow *borrego* (South American lamb), or a boldly marked black-and-white pony middy blouse, collared in black sable. Furs *can* look great and not cost a fortune: irresistible to most women would be a black- or red-fox barrel muff with matching toque — seventy-two inches of red-fox boa to trail down the aisle of a theater; a three-cornered scarf of natural Nigerian serval cat to wear in Western style; or a tri-

angular leopard scarf trimmed in black velvet.

If she glories in gadgetry there's an infinite variety — ranging from clam openers to glass shirred-egg covers. Try an electric pencil sharpener, an indoor putting green, or a traveler's Scrabble set with magnetized letters. From the specialty shop you can get her imported poultry or kitchen shears, a gold-colored rolling pin, or a wine rack. For the stay-at-home videophile, a compact 16-inch TV or a remote-control TV switch. Beware, however, the gadget that's too gadgety for simple feminine mastery.

For the classicist, there's a new version of an old breakfast favorite, a Florentine grid which recreates the humble waffle in Cellini arabesques. If you and your playmate have had a disagreement — personal, intellectual, or political — send a bronze hand of Buddha in the classic gesture of peace (it's an ancient statuary fragment reproduced at a reasonable price); if she is the best of breed and already has everything worth having, try a tiny circular bedroom rug — of sable; and, for the shutterbug, an extra slide-storage box with a request for a private screening. If she harks back to the good old days, gift her with sticks of sealing wax and a handled monogram seal for letters, or a pressed flower arrangement in an old daguerreotype frame. Conversation pieces range from a cast-iron kitchen matchbox to a set of Christmas candles — one for each of the twelve days. If she has a craving for making entrances: a chin-high stack of moth-ball-size pearls. For the girl who is always ten minutes late — you can select timepieces ranging from an over-size belt clock to a tiny alarm-clock lapel pin. Decorative items you might choose: an alabaster apothecary jar, for cigarettes or candy; a bamboo Regency tub to hold wine; a lacquer chest for blankets or liquor; a gold-and-silver checkers set; and French desk accessories fashioned from old bookbindings, ormolu and end papers.

If the girls on your list ski, the stores are bursting with clothes for slope and lodge; you might consider a parka of natural Patagonian fox. Is there a horse-woman on your list? Seek out a variation of the working cowboy's jacket, waist length, in gold-sueded cowhide, lined with fleece. Also check the umbrella world: for sheer, opulent elegance, you can find a model with sterling-silver handle tipped with a giant emerald (fake, of course); thoughtful and stylish is the umbrella with matching scarf.

Endless varieties of food — ranging from the Fruit-of-the-Month to a personally selected larder of gourmet provender — make ideal gifts. A window-sill garden of herbs (chives, basil, parsley,

rosemary, thyme and cherry tomatoes, in individual pots) will challenge a creative cook and flatter an ordinary one. For a personal touch, give a file of recipes to relish — including a selection of your own favorite meals, and recipes from restaurants where you've both enjoyed the *spécialité*. To make a good cook better and a better one best, try an oaken electric ice-cream freezer or a fireside plug-in corn popper. Glassware also makes a charming and effective gift: try a set of specialty glasses — brandy, Delmonico and Pilsner to start. Still in the accessories area, try an asparagus steamer, hand-finished chopping board, or the latest corkscrew for the stubbornest bottle (this you will package with a favorite wine, of course).

By sending the extreme you can offer a unique gift. Buy her gloves, but make it a collection in every shade of brown from caramel through taupe. Buy her silk scarves — three dozen of them pushed into a leather box which opens in a cascade of color. Buy her the largest Mexican glass bowl and fill it with a salad of garden-colored cashmere sweaters; buy her a painting — the smallest miniature you can find, or a famous print in the largest size available. Buy her a tiny candelabrum with a set of candles, an enormous bottle of champagne, or five-dozen chrysanthemums.

By themselves, gift certificates are unimaginative and cold — but all this changes with a bit of flair. A gift certificate for something from a creative jeweler can be sent with an empty jewel box and the note "M. Buccellatti is waiting for your call." Make your arrangements privately with the designer as to price and billing.

Women constantly hint of their pleasures — just listen to her small talk and you'll find directions. If she chatters about sports, her apartment, her cat, her love of jazz, the theater, chances are these are important to her and any gift related to them will please her.

Be very careful about the practical gift — it may be a disappointment. Interestingly enough, one girl's practical item may be another's conversation piece. Never ask her directly what she wants — you'll only cause a negative reaction complicated by her not knowing the amount you want to spend; you'll also eliminate the important element of surprise.

Save the one special gift for the one special girl for a Christmas Eve presentation. Now that you've filled all the other stockings, you can nestle at hearthside for a long winter's nip with the chosen one, content with the knowledge that in a world where it's better to give than to receive, you have given the best.





WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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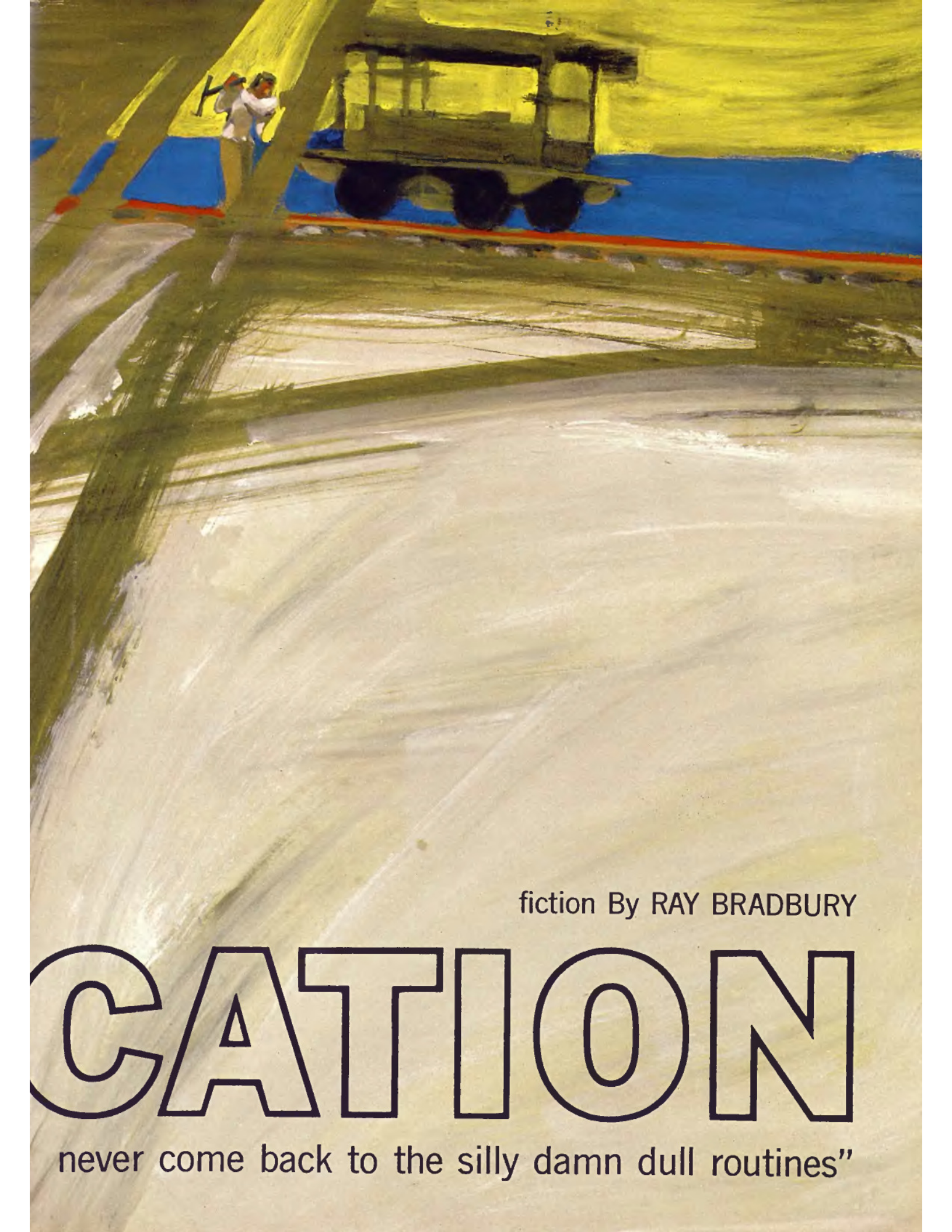
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THE VA

“we’re let out, darling,” he’d said, “and we’ll



fiction By RAY BRADBURY

CATION

never come back to the silly damn dull routines”

IT WAS A DAY as fresh as grass growing up and clouds going over and butterflies coming down could make it. It was a day compounded of silences of bee and flower and ocean and land, which were not silences at all, but motions, stirs, flutters, risings, fallings, each in their own time and matchless rhythm. The land did not move, but moved. The sea was not still, yet was still. Paradox flowed into paradox, stillness mixed with stillness, sound with sound. The flowers vibrated and the bees fell in separate and small showers of golden rain on the clover. The seas of hill and the seas of ocean were divided, each from the other's motion, by a railroad track, empty, compounded of rust and iron marrow, a track on which, quite obviously, no train had run in many years. Thirty miles north it swirled on away to farther mists of distance, thirty miles south it tunneled islands of cloud shadows that changed their continental positions on the sides of far mountains as you watched.

Now, suddenly, the railway track began to tremble.

A blackbird, standing on the rail, felt a rhythm grow faintly, miles away, like a heart beginning to beat.

The blackbird leaped up over the sea.

The rail continued to vibrate softly until at long last around a curve and along the shore came a small workman's handcar, its two-cylinder engine popping and spluttering in the great silence.

On top of this small four-wheeled car, on a double-sided bench facing in two directions and with a little surrey roof above for shade, sat a man, his wife and their small seven-year-old son. As the handcar traveled through lonely stretch after lonely stretch, the wind whipped their eyes and blew their hair, but they did not look back but only ahead. Sometimes they looked eagerly, as a curve unwound itself, sometimes with great sadness, but always watchful, ready for the next scene.

As they hit a level straightaway, the machine's engine gasped and stopped abruptly. In the now-crushing silence, it seemed that the quiet of the earth, sky and sea itself, by its friction, brought the car to a wheeling halt.

"Out of gas."

The man, sighing, reached for the extra can in the small storage bin and began to pour it into the tank.

His wife and son sat quietly looking at the sea, listening to the muted thunder, the whisper, the drawing back of huge tapestries of sand, gravel, green weed and foam.

"Isn't the sea nice?" said the woman.

"I like it," said the boy.

"Shall we picnic here, while we're at it?"

The man focused binoculars on the green peninsula ahead.

"Might as well. The rails have rusted badly. There's a break ahead. We may have to wait while I set a few back in place."

"As many as there are," said the boy, "we'll have picnics!"

The woman tried to smile at this, then turned her grave attention to the man. "How far have we come today?"

"Not ninety miles." The man still peered through the glasses, squinting. "I don't like to go farther than that any one day, anyway. If you rush, there's no time to see. We'll reach Monterey day after tomorrow, Palo Alto the next day, if you want."

The woman removed her great shadowing straw hat which had been tied over her golden hair with a bright yellow ribbon, and stood perspiring faintly, away from the machine. They had ridden so steadily on the shuddering rail car that the motion was sewn in their bodies. Now, with the stopping, they felt odd, on the verge of unraveling.

"Let's eat!"

The boy ran with the wicker lunch basket down to the shore.

The boy and the woman were already seated by a spread tablecloth when the man came down to them, dressed in his business suit and vest and tie and hat as if he expected to meet someone along the way. As he dealt out the sandwiches and exhumed the pickles from their cool green Mason jars, he began to loosen his tie and unbutton his vest, always looking around as if he should be careful and ready to button up again.

"Are we all alone, Papa?" said the boy, eating.

"Yes."

"No one else, anywhere?"

"No one else."

"Were there people before?"

"Why do you keep asking that? It wasn't that long ago. Just a few months. You remember?"

"Almost. If I try hard, then I don't remember at all." The boy let a handful of sand fall through his fingers. "Were there as many people as there is sand here on the beach? What *happened* to them?"

"I don't know," the man said, and it was true.

They had wakened one morning and the world was empty. The neighbor's clothesline was still strung with blowing white wash, cars gleamed in front of other seven-A.M. cottages, but there were no farewells, the city did not hum with its mighty arterial traffics, phones did not alarm themselves, children did not wail in sunflower wildernesses.

Only the night before he and his wife

had been sitting on the front porch when the evening paper was delivered and, not even daring to open to the headlines, he had said, "I wonder when He will get tired of us and just rub us all out?"

"It has gone pretty far," she said. "On and on. We're such fools, aren't we?"

"Wouldn't it be nice" — he lit his pipe and puffed it — "if we woke tomorrow and everyone in the world was gone and everything was starting over?" He sat smoking, the paper folded in his hand, his head resting back on the chair.

"If you could press a button right now and make it happen, would you?"

"I think I would," he said. "Nothing violent. Just have everyone vanish off the face of the earth. Just leave the land and the sea and the growing things like flowers and grass and fruit trees. And the animals, of course, let them stay. Everything except man, who hunts when he isn't hungry, eats when full, and is mean when no one's bothered him."

"Naturally," she smiled, quietly, "we would be left."

"I'd like that," he mused. "All of time ahead. The longest summer vacation in history. And us out for the longest picnic-basket lunch in memory. Just you, me and Jim. No commuting. No keeping up with the Joneses. Not even a car. I'd like to find another way of traveling, an older way . . . Then, a hamper full of sandwiches, three bottles of pop, pick up supplies where you need them from empty grocery stores in empty towns, and summertime forever up ahead . . ."

They sat a long while on the porch in silence, the newspaper folded between them.

At last she spoke.

"Wouldn't we be *lonely*?" she said.

. . .

So that's how it was the morning of the first day of the new world. They had awakened to the soft sounds of an earth that was now no more than a meadow, and the cities of the earth sinking back into seas of saber grass, marigold, marguerite and morning-glory. They had taken it with remarkable calm at first, perhaps because they had not liked the city for so many years and had had so many friends who were not truly friends, and had lived a boxed and separate life of their own within a mechanical hive.

The husband arose and looked out the window and observed very calmly, as if it were a weather condition, "Everyone's gone . . ." knowing this just by the sounds the city had ceased to make.

They took their time over breakfast, for the boy was still asleep, and then the husband sat back and said, "Now I must plan what to do."

"Do? Why, why you'll go to work, of course." (concluded on page 110)

WHAT A NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS!

a hip updating of the clement moore classic starring the famous krofft puppets of "les poupées de paris"

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR PLAYBOY BY MARIO CASILLI



'Twas the night after Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, except Santa's spouse
Who, with shabby old house coat and curlers in hair,
Was making S. C. wish that he wasn't there.
"So the *children* were nestled all snug in their beds!"
She shouted at him as she waved some blonde threads.
"Now, patience, my dear," pleaded Santa with pain,
"If you'll just let me speak, I'll try to explain.

"I left here on time, albeit quite shivery,
Intending to make the Christmas delivery.
But before my first stop, it became crystal clear
That ahead of my sled were eight crazy reindeer!
They bypassed the houses where I planned to go
And finally dumped me right out in the snow
Where, what with my wondering eyes should I sight,
But a house full of girls — and a single red light!



" 'Hey girls! Look who's here!' I heard one exclaim.
 And there rose such a cheer I was glad that I came.
 They dusted me off and invited me in,
 And their boss introduced them to me with a grin:
 'Here's Pat, Midge and Fran and a loser named Vixen.
 (She's pregnant, drives an Edsel and voted for Nixon!)
 Here's Connie and Cuddles and Bubbles and Joyce.
 Now look them all over and then take your choice.'

"Now, my dearest, you know that I could not agree
 To take one and not all of them . . . up on my knee.
 So I said to their leader, 'It would be a crime
 If I didn't give all of your girls equal time.'
 She chuckled and said, 'You're a helluva gent!'
 And I lingered with them till my . . . ear was quite bent.
 Then before I departed I gave them their toys:
 Five sables, three ermines and a golden Rolls-Royce.





"Despite what you think, there's no reason to doubt
 That I planned to continue my regular route.
 But when for my list I ventured to look,
 What should I find but a little black book!
 To hunt for *my* list I knew would take ages,
 So I used in its place that little book's pages.
 And though (as you know) I'm quick to embarrass,
 The first address led to the Lido in Paris.

"Now, the names in that book included 'Annette,'
 'Beatrice,' 'Lilli' and a yummy 'Yvette.'
 But just which was which? There was no guessing whom
 Until they all took me to their dressing room.
 And there I discovered Annette had a mole;
 Bea really was blonde; and Yvette wore a scroll
 Tattooed on her thigh that caused me to pause;
 For on it was written *J'adore Santa Claus!*





"The evening rushed on in a dizzying whirl
 As the little black book led to girl after girl
 In Paris and London and L.A. and Vegas.
 And each of them had to eggnog and nutmeg us!
 (And I'm not to blame if their clothing was scanty,
 Or if they were all simply wild about Santy.)
 Thus it was that the sun rose over New York
 At the very same time I was leaving the Stork.

"After that, Sugarplum, your jolly old gnome
 Hopped into his sleigh and headed for home.
 Now, I've told you my story with patience and care;
 So I'm sure you'll excuse that bit of blonde hair."
 "Indeed, I will not!" Mrs. Santa shot back.
 Then, without a word she went straight to his pack
 And dumped out a doll you'll not find on a shelf!
 (Said Santa quite weakly: "It's just a new elf.")





"A disgrace to your calling — that's what you are!"
 Mrs. Santa came on like an angry hussar.
 "There's only one way to undo what you've done —
 Now, don't argue with me! I'm sending our son!
 He's the symbol of everything you ought to be:
 Love of family, clean living — in short — decency!"
 "My gawd!" muttered Santa to this revelation,
 "That pantywaist kid will kill my reputation!"

But although Santa pleaded, his wife remained firm,
 Shouting, "Take off that suit, you philandering worm!"
 In a twinkling their son made ready to go;
 Candelabrum in hand and dimples aglow!
 "Now be careful, my precious, and be a good boy,"
 Mrs. Santa said kissing her bundle of joy.
 'Twas then Santa shouted (his voice was a deaf'ner!);
 "Give that little black book to PLAYBOY's Hugh Hefner!"



(And so ends our story
 of Santa's detour;
 Happy Christmas to all —
 à la Clement Clarke Moore!)



HOLIDAY SPIRITS—HOT...



our festive outpouring of original potations—to cool the

NOTHING PLEASURES THE amateur barman's ego as much as inventing — or serving — a new drink that is enthusiastically received by his guests. All year long he's correctly given credit for his fine wines and brews, his gins and whiskies and rare brandies. What his bottlemates are actually praising, however, are brewers, distillers and vintners rather than the host himself.

During the holidays, a seasonal change occurs. 'Tis the season when entirely new grogs are offered up to the saturnalia. Even the most finicky of bibbers is glad to sample what he's offered, instead of making his own choice.

...AND COLD



palate or warm the cockles/drink By THOMAS MARIO

Of course, along with the holiday fun of really asserting himself at his own wassail bowl, he assumes a few essential duties. In compounding a new drink, he first conducts his own pilot study, taste-testing the drinks at least 24 hours in advance. Since he'll offer all guests the same liquid formula, with no questions asked, he makes sure that his new drink is neatly balanced, providing the kind of aftertaste that keeps his party glowing and going. His potables must be potent. The standard ounce-and-a-half jigger in the usual mixed drink should be elevated to two or three ounces. Recognizing the prodigious holiday thirst of his guests, the host lays *(concluded on page 200)*

VACATION (continued from page 102)

"You still don't believe it, do you?" he laughed. "That I won't be rushing off each day at 8:10, that Jim won't go to school again ever. School's out for all of us! No more pencils, no more books, no more boss' sassy looks! We're let out, darling, and we'll never come back to the silly damn dull routines. Come on!"

And he had walked her through the still and empty city streets.

"They didn't die," he said. "They just . . . went away."

"What about the other cities?"

He went to an outdoor phone booth and dialed Chicago, then New York, then San Francisco.

Silence. Silence. Silence.

"That's it," he said, replacing the receiver.

"I feel guilty," she said. "They gone and we here. And . . . I feel happy. Why? I *should* be unhappy."

"Should you? It's no tragedy. They weren't tortured or blasted or burned. It went easily and they didn't know. And now we owe nothing to anyone. Our only responsibility is being happy. Thirty more years of happiness, wouldn't that be good?"

"But then we must have more children!"

"To repopulate the world?" he shook his head slowly, calmly. "No. Let Jim be the last. After he's grown and gone let the horses and cows and ground squirrels and garden spiders have the world. They'll get on. And someday some other species that can combine a natural happiness with a natural curiosity will build cities that won't even look like cities to us, and survive. Right now, let's go pack a basket, wake Jim and get going on that long thirty-year summer vacation. I'll beat you to the house!"

. . .

He took a sledge hammer from the small rail car and while he worked alone for half-an-hour fixing the rusted rails into place, the woman and the boy ran along the shore. They came back with dripping shells, a dozen or more, and some beautiful pink pebbles, and sat and the boy took schooling from the mother, doing homework on a pad with a pencil for a time; and then at high noon the man came down, his coat off, his tie thrown aside, and they drank orange pop, watching the bubbles surge up, glutting, inside the bottles. It was quiet. They listened to the sun tune the old iron rails. The smell of hot tar on the ties moved about them in the salt wind, as the husband tapped his atlas map lightly and gently:

"We'll go to Sacramento next month, May, then work up toward Seattle. Should make that by July first, July's a good month in Washington, then back

down as the weather cools, to Yellowstone, a few miles a day, hunt here, fish there . . ."

The boy, bored, moved away to throw sticks in the sea and wade out like a dog to retrieve them.

The man went on: "Winter in Tucson, then, part of the winter, moving toward Florida, up the coast in the spring, and maybe New York by June. Two years from now, Chicago in the summer. Winter, three years from now, what about Mexico City? Anywhere the rails lead us, anywhere at all, and if we come to an old offshoot rail line we don't know anything about, what the hell, we'll just take it, go down it to see where it goes. And some year, by God, we'll boat down the Mississippi, always wanted to do that. Enough to last us a lifetime. And that's just how long I want to take to do it all . . ."

His voice faded. He started to fumble the map shut, but before he could move, a bright thing fell through the air and hit the paper. It rolled off into the sand and made a wet lump.

His wife glanced at the wet place in the sand and then swiftly searched his face. His solemn eyes were too bright. And down one cheek was a track of wetness.

She gasped. She took his hand and held it tight.

He clenched her hand very hard, his eyes shut now, and slowly he said, with difficulty:

"Wouldn't it be nice if we went to sleep tonight and in the night, somehow, it all came back. All the foolishness, all the noise, all the hate, all the terrible things, all the nightmares, all the wicked people and stupid children, all the mess, all the smallness, all the confusion, all the hope, all the need, all the love. Wouldn't it be nice?"

She waited and nodded her head once.

Then both of them started.

For standing between them, they knew not for how long, was their son, an empty pop bottle in one hand.

The boy's face was pale. With his free hand he reached out to touch his father's cheek where the single tear had made its track.

"You," he said. "Oh, Dad, you. You haven't anyone to play with, either . . ."

The wife started to speak.

The husband moved to take the boy's hand.

The boy jerked back. "Silly! Oh, silly! Silly fools! Oh, you dumb, dumb!" And, whirling, he rushed down to the ocean and stood there crying, loudly.

The wife rose to follow, but the husband stopped her.

"No. Let him."

And then they both grew cold and

quiet. For the boy, below on the shore, crying steadily, now was writing on a piece of paper and stuffing it into the pop bottle and ramming the tin cap back on and taking the bottle and giving it a great glittering heave up in the air and out into the tidal sea.

What, thought the wife, what did he write on the note? What's in the bottle?

The bottle moved out in the waves.

The boy stopped crying.

After a long while he walked up the shore to stand looking at his parents. His face was neither bright nor dark, alive nor dead, ready nor resigned; it seemed a curious mixture that simply made do with time, weather and these people. They looked at him and beyond to the bay where the bottle, containing the scribbled note, was almost out of sight now, shining in the waves.

Did he write what *we* wanted? thought the woman; did he write what he heard us just wish, just say?

Or did he write something for only himself? she wondered, that tomorrow he might wake and find himself alone in an empty world, no one around, no man, no woman, no father, no mother, no fool grownups with fool wishes, so he could trudge up to the railroad tracks and take the handcar motoring, a solitary boy, across the continental wilderness, on eternal voyages and picnics?

Is that what he wrote in the note?

Which?

She searched his colorless eyes, could not read the answer; dared not ask.

Gull shadows sailed over and kited their faces with sudden passing coolness.

"Time to go," someone said.

They loaded the wicker basket onto the rail car. The woman tied her large bonnet securely in place with its yellow ribbon, they set the boy's pail of shells on the floor boards, then the husband put on his tie, his vest, his coat, his hat, and they all sat on the bench of the car looking out at the sea where the bottled note was far out, blinking on the horizon.

"Is asking enough?" said the boy. "Does wishing work?"

"Sometimes . . . *too* well."

"It depends on what you ask for."

The boy nodded, his eyes faraway.

They looked back at where they had come from, and then ahead to where they were going.

"Goodbye, place," said the boy, and waved.

The car rolled down the rusty rails. The sound of it dwindled, faded. The man, the woman, the boy dwindled with it in the distance, among the hills.

After they were gone, the rail trembled faintly for two minutes and ceased. A flake of rust fell. A flower nodded.

The sea was very loud.





EYEWITNESS

the pity of it was that there seemed to be no genuine masters or mistresses left in the world

fiction **By ALBERTO MORAVIA**

THEY SAY THAT THE DAY WILL COME when we shall all be masters and there won't be any servants. They say that the occupation of a servant is unworthy of a man who is a man because one man ought not to serve another. They say that the day will come when we will do everything for ourselves, without any servants, like savages. I'm not disputing it: man never stands still; he feels a need to make changes in everything that exists, and very likely the changes are for the worse, but he is bound to make them and then, to comfort himself, he calls them progress. But there's one thing I'm sure of: out of ten men — as far as I know, anyhow — two, perhaps, are born masters, but the others are born servants. The master who is a born master likes to give orders from the very cradle; but the others are not content until they have found a master to give orders to *them*. Well, well, men are all different; and in spite of all sorts of progress there will always be masters and servants, only they'll call them by another name; as we all know, words, to men, are everything; and the man who is offended at hearing himself called "porter" will no doubt run up eagerly if someone shouts "luggage carrier" at him.

As for me, I was born a servant, I have lived up till now as a servant and I shall die, I daresay, as an old dotard, but still a servant. I like to serve; I like to obey; I like to submit to the will of another. To serve: there is a possibility, however, that the word may be misunderstood. For if you come to think of it, while I am serving my master, he is serving me. I mean, in fact, that if there wasn't a master I should not be able to be a servant. And what should I do then? Become a gravedigger?

And so, from one place to another, changing either because I did not like my master, or because he did not like me, or for some other reason, I finished up in a villa on the Via Cassia, where I thought I had found a good situation. In this recently built villa lived a recently married couple: she a blonde, with a long, lovely face and enormous, intense blue eyes, very thin and tall and elegant, her boyish appearance emphasized by her golden hair, cut short à la Bonaparte; he, small and dark and powerfully built, with disproportionately broad shoulders, a square face, a loud voice, his whole person full of authority and importance — one of those small men who make up for their size by a domineering, arrogant manner. He was evidently a proper rustic by origin — judging, anyhow, by his mother who turned up at the villa on one occasion and whom I very nearly mistook for one of the peasant women who go round with baskets of new-laid eggs. His wife, on the other hand, came of a good family; I think she was the daughter of a magistrate. I said it was a good situation, but I did not say it was an ideal one: for we were isolated, 20 kilometers along the Via Cassia, and for a manservant who did not have a contemplative character like mine this would have been a serious disadvantage. Then, the villa was a large one, with a ground floor all reception rooms and an upper floor all bedrooms, and there were only three of us servants, not counting the gardener: the cook, the housemaid and myself. Finally — and this, in my opinion, was the worst thing — neither he nor she was really and truly a "master," that is, a master born: he was a peasant, son and grandson of peasants; she was of good family but uprooted; she set herself up as mistress of the house but she hadn't the habit of it, and, as everyone knows, in these matters it's habit that counts.

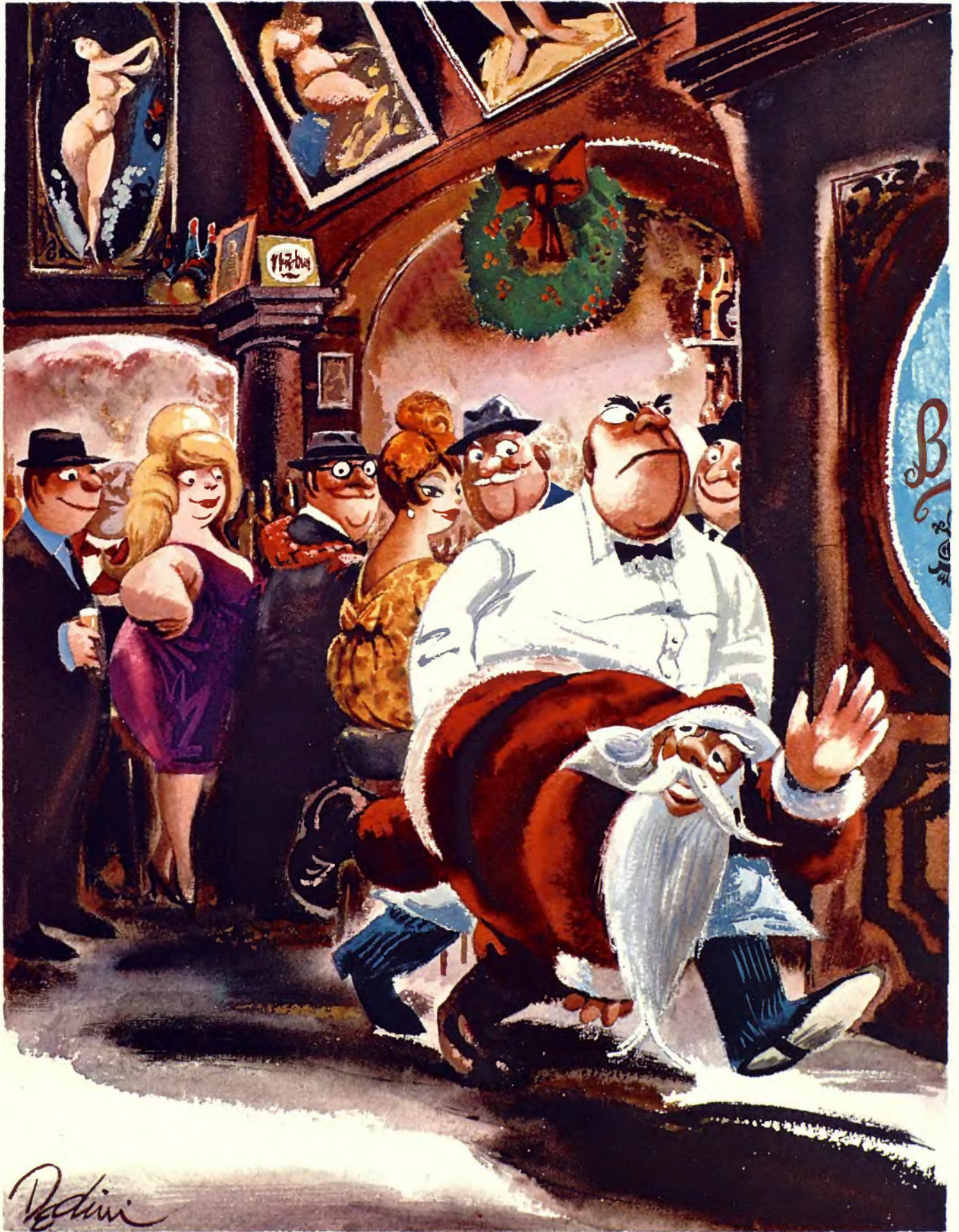
Early in the morning, after breakfast, he would leave the house, get into his powerful, expensive car and drive off along the Via Cassia; generally he would stay out all day; and I have an idea that in Rome, apart from his import-export office, he also had some sort of a love nest. She also had an expensive car which she drove herself, but she used it rarely, either because she did not like going into town or, more probably, because she did not know anybody there; so she stayed at home, wandering round, in trousers and jumper, from one room to another, from one floor to the other, and also, if the weather was fine, round the garden. She was always doing something, it is true, for in such a big house there was always something to do; otherwise, especially in the afternoon, she would curl up in an armchair, sitting on her own legs, and read; but whatever she was doing, wandering round the house or reading, you could see that she was discontented and bored. Sometimes she would stand behind me, in the garden, while I was helping the gardener to put in plants and prune trees; or again she would get on her horse — for she had a fine horse in a stable at the far end of the garden — and go galloping off round the countryside; but always, whether in the garden or on horseback, she had that discontented, bored look on her face.

At last, often after dark, he would come home again, and would begin furiously blowing his horn as soon as he reached the turning from the Via Cassia. From the sound of that horn it was clear who was master in the villa: she would jump up from the sofa where she was reading and run to the door on long legs tightly encased in very tight trousers; beside her, barking, ran two enormous great Danes, as big as calves, which had been sleeping, curled up at her feet, all the afternoon; the maid, too, would come running, tying on her apron and adjusting her cap; the gardener, who was also the

(continued on page 206)



"It's not for nothing that you are called 'Ivan the Terrible'!"



Dinklage

"Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night . . .!"

HOW TO READ A BOOK SUPERFICIALLY

the contemporary champion of ageless classics candidly contends that you can ingest their germinal ideas without chomping the surrounding chaff

article **BY MORTIMER ADLER**

AS A MAN LONG IDENTIFIED with the great-books movement — indeed someone once called me “The Great Bookie” — I am painfully aware that many of the great works of thought and imagination I have been talking and writing about for 30 years are not read by those who might enjoy them most. A generation entertained by C. S. Forester, Herman Wouk, Georges Simenon and J. D. Salinger finds the works of Homer, Virgil, Dante and Shakespeare practically unreadable.

The truth is that these books are actually fully as readable as *Captain Horatio Hornblower*, *The Caine Mutiny*, the Inspector Maigret mysteries and *The Catcher in the Rye*. The knack lies in knowing how to read them.

First, let us observe how not to read them. Consider, for example, the approach of the romantic lover of culture and learning who sets out to tackle the masters. Does he advance upon these renowned works as he would a contemporary best seller? Of course not. Instead, full of reverential awe, he approaches them as if they were sacred scripts. He starts from the first word on the first page and proceeds to the last word on the last page — or at least that is his goal. He proceeds cautiously, pedantically, feeling compelled to comprehend every sentence the moment he reads it — or to succumb in the attempt.

What happens to our lover of culture is not difficult to predict. The “stops” become more and more frequent as he tries to track down every allusion to unknown legend, myth or history, or is diverted by the author’s own digressions — all too plentiful, incidentally, in many of the great literary works of the past. No matter how pronounced a glutton for punishment our reverential reader may be, there comes a point when even he has had too much of a bad thing and he finally gives up. A few more experiences like this with the great books, and he becomes convinced that reading them is a fruitless pursuit and that they have acquired their lofty reputation through snobbery, stupidity or skulduggery.

It is not hard for us to see where the poor fellow has gone wrong.

Obviously, he has not given these renowned books any chance to display their worth. No sensible person reads an ordinary book in this way, and it’s no way to read a *great* book either. Our disillusioned culture seeker has been betrayed by his naïveté and his prim solemnity. He has so encumbered himself that he cannot function as a reader, loaded down as he is with all his dictionaries, encyclopedias, classical companions and literary histories, as he tries to track down every obscure allusion and understand every word of the venerable book.

Now, let me speak for myself. Whenever I have found a great book worthy of its reputation, it was the shape, tone, drive, mood and essential content of the book as a whole that impressed and interested me. Some parts of it I found especially enjoyable or vivid, while others bored, puzzled or stymied me until I slid by them and went on with my reading. This is the common-sense way of reading a great book the first time around. Otherwise — via the stop-and-look-it-up or stop-and-figure-it-out way — one would never get it read the first time.

Note that I did not say this is the only good way or even the best way to read a great work. I said that this admittedly superficial reading is the best and only way *the first time around*. I grant, indeed I urge, that the great books are infinitely rereadable, that we discern more meaning in them

(continued on page 122)



SUSAN

born to the theater, bound for stardom



KIMI

a bright-burning star adds to her luster





Stars bright shine with different light — thus, Susan Strasberg, theater-bred (father Lee heads Actors Studio), has been a stage-movie-TV triple threat since her Broadway debut (at 15) in “The Diary of Anne Frank.” Brunette, brown-eyed and a wispy 5’, Susan (now 24) will next be seen in the Italian film, “Kapo.” Her last play, “Camille,” failed financially, but Susan’s admirers are rewarded by these nudeworthy photos, inspired by the classic drama.



SUSAN STRASBERG

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY
BY PETER BASCH

KIM NOVAK

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY
BY BERT CANN



Kim Novak, a Hollywood thoroughbred, is one of the last of the red-hot products of the late, lamented star system. Raised by untheatrical parents, Kim spent an emotionally turbulent adolescence in Chicago before clicking with a screen test nine years ago. Blonde, green-eyed and a bonny 5'7", Kim (now 30) has been box-office dynamite from the beginning ("Pushover," "Picnic," et al.) to her present starring role in Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" — in which, for the first time, Kim goes the way of all flesh.





HOW TO READ A BOOK

(continued from page 115)

the more we read them and the more we bring to them. But we must start from where we are and with what we are — with our present age, experience and insight — and let these works and writers communicate to us here and now.

What soured many of us on so vital and juicy a writer as William Shakespeare in our school days was not simply the fact that we were far too young to understand all that he said. Of course, we were too young — what schoolboy could understand Othello, what schoolgirl understand Cleopatra? But that was not our trouble. Just recall how a play as tight and simple in structure as *Macbeth*, with a single story line and theme, moving swiftly toward its climax and conclusion, packing everything into a terse 2100 lines, was hopelessly obscured by pseudo-scholarly busyness. We were so busy reading the explanatory footnotes and glossary, and laboriously tracking down unfamiliar terms and allusions that we were never able to view the play as a whole. We never suspected that the proper way to read a play for the first time is to do it in one continuous reading, so as to grasp the action as a whole — and then, and only then, if we care to do so, to go over it carefully, searching out the meanings and connections of the details of dialog and plot. In school, we never got to see what the shouting was all about or to discern why the characters behaved as they did. What wonder, then, that Shakespeare seemed dull?

Granted that more elaborate and complex plays, such as *Othello* and *King Lear*, will not reveal as much of their meaning as does *Macbeth* in a quick once-over, the fact remains that it is the essential theme and action that must enlist our interest before we can become aware of all the details. In *King Lear*, what excites, astounds and terrifies us is the sad and mad career of that amazing, impulsive, raging old man as he realizes the consequences of his blind stupidity in his relations with his daughters. This is the core of the play and everything else runs in or out of it. This is what it is important to follow and grasp. As for the side story or subtheme of Gloucester and his sons, which crisscrosses the main story throughout the play, it is not important to see exactly how it fits, or whether indeed it fits at all with the central theme, when first we read the play. If we wonder about it, we can return and search it out, with the actions and reactions of Lear and his daughters fixed firmly in our minds.

It is pedantic fussiness that interferes with our enjoyment of Shakespeare, not the Elizabethan, poetic language that some readers claim is the hazard. Actually, the problem of understanding the idiom in most of Shakespeare's plays is

not much more difficult than that of grasping any other English local dialect, such as the speech of Faulkner's rural Southerners or Sillitoe's provincial British workingmen. The philologist Jespersen once pointed out that Shakespeare's language is for the most part the ordinary conversational English of his day and not at all a fancy poetic diction. We should not find it too hard to grasp what Iago means when he tells Desdemona's father that his white ewe is being tupp'd by an old black ram. "Tup" is certainly less of a problem to us than Norman Mailer's odd three-letter word in *The Naked and the Dead* will be to readers three centuries hence (they may well confuse it with "fig").

. . .

As I have indicated, the distinguished literature of past eras provides quite a few obstacles, detours and blind alleys, where an innocent and serious-minded reader may well come a cropper. One of the most annoying things to many readers, especially in very ancient literature, is the repetition of terms, narration and dialog. Homer's reference to "the rosy-fingered Dawn" in the *Odyssey*, for example, may charm us at first, but some of us are ready to chew off our fingernails at the thousandth repetition of this phrase. Moreover, certain parts of the story of Ulysses' wanderings are repeated many times in full detail.

One explanation of this may be that the ancient writers did not have an editor peering over their shoulders, telling them what to cut and what to condense. In those days, perhaps, books were more written than edited, in contrast to our "advanced" present-day practices. But the most likely explanation is that Homer was still close in manner to the ancient bard who chanted his tale at the banquet table or around the campfire. Oral recitation, particularly of long narratives, required repetition at various points in the tale, and no doubt the audiences liked to be reminded of the details and events that had gone before (as in the serial stories in our weekly and monthly magazines). And they would nod appreciatively at the repetition of a favorite metaphor or phrase.

However, we who read the *Odyssey* today usually do so alone, and most often without moving our lips. If we have read and remember a certain situation, event or interchange, there is no need to read it again, often in the very same words, a second and a third time. What most of us do when we are aware of this ancient practice is to skip the repetitive passage entirely and go on with the story, which is, of course, the sensible thing to do. It certainly involves no lese majesty or blasphemy, for however sacred Homer may have been held in certain Greek

circles, his text is not sacrosanct to us. We are not compelled to mouth and ponder every single word — including duplications and reduplications. Reading is, after all, an active and selective process, the analog of writing, not a merely passive echoing of the writer's words.

Another favorite practice of the ancients, and one which has been followed by writers all the way down to the present, is the frequent use of digressions. Sometimes these digressions dovetail into the narrative proper and serve to fill in what has gone before, like the movie flash back. But often they seem to serve no particular purpose. In the *Odyssey*, for instance, Ulysses' lying yarns when he is trying to preserve his incognito, and the long and detailed accounts of their pasts by various minor characters. All these digressions seem to do is to keep us from going on with the main story. According to such eminent literary critics as Goethe and Schiller, this was just what the author was trying to do, to "retard" us in the reading of the story, in order to keep things relaxed and leisurely. Ancient audiences, it seems, liked a man who took his time, and they liked to take their time in getting to the culmination of a story.

The modern temper, however, is not a leisurely one and we are likely to be annoyed rather than mollified by digressions from the main story. Our tendency is to skip or skim these interruptions. Certainly something is lost when we do this, for a full appreciation and enjoyment of Homer requires an awareness of the richness and clarity of detail even in his offshoots from the main narrative. It would be unfortunate if we did not catch the wonderful story of how Ulysses got his scar in Book XIX of the *Odyssey*, and the many other magnificent miniatures that adorn the work. Still, in a first reading we must achieve a middle ground between the slow sipping which never gets to the bottom of the glass and the quick gulp which never senses the flavor, body and aroma. We must not permit ourselves to become so engrossed in our admiration of Homer's miniatures that we lose the main thread of the story of that most crafty and devious of men, Ulysses; his ambiguous, devoted, sly and catty wife; and his weak, uncertain, father-seeking son.

A great book which certainly seems to call for the skipping device is Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. This engaging, comical, touching story of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance and his fat, pragmatic squire is interspersed with all kinds of side stories, stories within stories and subplots. There are many of these tales, such as "The Novel of the Ill-advised Curiosity" (in which the husband prevails on his friend to test his wife's virtue — to his sorrow), which have nothing

(continued on page 196)

opinion **By ROBERT PAUL SMITH**

everybody shinny on his own side

a smart rap on the first family's knuckles for the way it sticks its fingers in america's cultural pie

I LIKE JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY; I think his wife Jackie is a very pretty girl of the kind of pretty I don't much care about; I am as fond of Caroline as any middle-aged but middling-vigorous paterfamilias is of anybody else's small girl child, namely, not so's you could notice it; brother Bobby seems to me to earn his keep well if a trifle eagle-scoutishly, and brother Ted is a matter strictly between brother Jack and the electorate of Massachusetts, and absolutely none of my business.

J.F.K. reads, writes and speaks the American language with vigor (or vighah); if his action in Birmingham may have been something less than fearless, at least his prior conduct in the Meredith case was forthright (after what struck me as inexplicable temporizing); if his early handling of the Cuban situation was inept, his second go-round, as well as his more recent conduct on the Nuclear Test Ban were inescapable, bold, brave and brilliant and, thank God, correct.

On balance, he seems to me to be an excellent President to be having now, and I'm glad I voted for him.

But (my, wasn't that "but" a long time coming?), starting with his inauguration, I have been seeing a cloud considerably larger than a man's hand developing into a storm head which in my opinion should be seeded and dispersed instantly.

At the inauguration, a venerated poet whose work I admire was
(concluded on page 219)



THE MORALS OF MONEY

THOSE RESPONSIBILITIES ATTENDANT UPON THE POSSESSION OF PERSONAL WEALTH

article **BY J. PAUL GETTY**

WORDS SUCH AS millionaire, multimillionaire and billionaire carry a magic and compelling ring. Understandably enough, many people are mesmerized by those words, by what they think those words imply — and by the thought of piling up a personal fortune as an end in itself.

These people seem to believe that every millionaire has his millions in ready cash, stored in strongboxes beneath his bed or in a handy wall safe in his library, to hold or squander according to his whim. They also apparently believe that money can buy them everything and solve all their problems.

In the case of a “working” millionaire — a wealthy individual actively engaged in business — nothing could be further from the truth. In the first place, although a businessman may be “worth” many millions of dollars, precious little of his wealth is in fluid, spendable cash. His fortune is invested — tied up — in land, buildings, machinery, equipment, raw materials, finished-product inventories, in all the things which make up his business and keep it in operation.

Certainly, only a minute fraction of any working businessman’s fortune is ever available to him as personal cash on hand unless he chooses to go out of business and liquidates his holdings by selling them. But the successful businessman very seldom sells out.

He knows that wealth which serves no constructive purpose has no real justification for its existence. It might be said that he views business as a creative art. He uses his money as capital, investing and reinvesting it to create businesses and to expand them. These, in turn, create jobs and produce goods and services — and help create a better life for all.

The successful businessman also knows that wealth does not automatically grant him a year-round, no-limit license for fun-filled frolic. He is well-aware that money has the power to do many things *for* people — but he also realizes that money can do many things, bad as well as good, *to* people, their private lives, personalities and moral and intellectual values.

Believe me, wealth is something with which one has to learn to live — and the task is not always as simple as might be imagined. A man who becomes rich finds it necessary to adjust to the idea of being wealthy. He must make certain that he maintains his perspective and his sense of values. He must learn to cope with the special problems his wealth creates, to handle the types of people who are wont to flock around him because he is rich.

And even though the successful businessman may not have to worry about his rent or grocery bills, though he may be secure from personal financial want, he is never secure from financial worries. The businessman’s wealth derives from the profits made from his business ventures — profits which are dependent upon the efficient operation of those ventures. Consequently, he always has money problems.

If one of his firms is operating at a loss — as will often happen — he must take immediate steps to remedy the

(continued overleaf)

Gahan
Wilson



"Harvey! You come down here this instant!!"

situation. He must find money to finance the expansion and modernization programs of his companies. He must see to it that his companies pay debts promptly. He always has to think — and often has to worry — about these and countless other questions of finance. Take my word for it, a businessman's worries over paying off a \$5,000,000 bond issue that has matured are no less great, immediate and personal than those of a \$75-a-week clerk who has to meet a \$500 note that's falling due!

No matter how wealthy or successful a businessman may be, he has heavy responsibilities to his employees, customers, shareholders and the public at large. Unless he stands ready to discharge his obligations, he will not remain wealthy very long.

I received my first lessons about money and business in the tough, no-nonsense school of the Oklahoma oil fields. The men I met and with whom I worked had very definite views on the morals of money, the ethics of business and the responsibilities of a businessman.

"Moral responsibility can never be avoided." "The last thing you should ever do is borrow. The first thing you must always do is repay your debts." "If you can trust a man, a written contract is a waste of paper. If you can't trust him, a written contract is still a waste of paper." "Money is only as good as what you do with it. The best thing you can do with your money is to keep it working and to make sure it keeps you working, too."

Such are a random but representative sampling of the tenets which formed the credo of the oil fields. They may sound homely in this age of nuclear-powered Madison Avenue slogans, but I've found them to be as valid and valuable as anything I've learned during my career.

I'll admit I didn't take all the lessons to heart at the beginning. I was 24 when I made my first million. With that money — and the arrogant self-confidence of youth — I decided to retire and spend the rest of my life enjoying myself.

I had a great time — at first. But a man in his mid-20s who has worked hard and achieved results can only play so long. He can attend only so many parties, drink only so much champagne and paint the town red only so many times before he realizes that he's wasting his time — and that he's bored stiff.

It took me about two years to reach the supersaturation point, but reach it I finally did. I retired in 1916. By early 1919, I'd tasted far too much of my far-too-premature retirement, and my money and I were back in the oil business, this time to stay. I've kept my money working, and it's kept me working, ever since.

Once an individual achieves financial success and is identified as a millionaire,

he is thenceforth a marked man, and matters only get worse as his wealth increases. If he's seen talking to other businessmen over a restaurant lunch, he is sure to receive a dozen telephone calls a few hours later from people asking him to confirm or deny the reports of projected mergers, stock splits or extra dividend payments which are already making the rounds. Let him attend a social function and dance with a young lady more than once, and the rumors of a "sizzling new romance" which buzz through the ballroom are certain to find their way into the gossip columns. The conversation at the luncheon table may have been concerned solely with hobbies or horse racing. The millionaire's dancing partner may have been his niece or his cousin. But the results are inevitable.

No, despite all the many advantages he enjoys, the wealthy businessman's life is not all champagne and caviar. He must accept the fact that, despite his wealth and position, there *are* drawbacks to being a millionaire. He may be respected or admired for achieving success and wealth, but he must expect that a considerable and vociferous segment of the population will envy and even hate him for it. There are times when he may be praised for what he says or does, but he will be reviled at least as often.

In some ways, a millionaire just can't win. If he spends too freely, he is criticized for being extravagant and ostentatious. If, on the other hand, he lives quietly and thriftily, the same people who would have criticized him for being profligate will call him a miser.

If he goes to parties and night clubs, he is labeled a wastrel and doubts are raised about his maturity and sense of responsibility. Let him shun the salons and saloons, and he is promptly tagged as a recluse or misanthrope.

To the auditors and critics of the rich, even the most minor actions loom as matters of major concern. Take tipping, for example. I've found that if I leave a liberal tip in a restaurant, someone is sure to say I'm showing off. If I don't overtip, that same someone will be the first to say that "Paul Getty is a penny pincher."

If I talk to reporters, word gets around quickly that I'm a publicity hound. If I don't grant interviews, I'm considered "uncooperative" or hostile to the press, and some gossip columnist is certain to write something to the effect that "Paul Getty is strangely uncommunicative these days. Could it be that he's trying to avoid answering certain highly explosive questions?"

Am I complaining? No. Not at all. I'm merely listing some of the things a millionaire has to accept with rueful and resigned good humor.

A wealthy person can obviously buy a plenitude of the material things in

life. He can have an extensive wardrobe, automobiles, a fine house, servants — in short, all the *material* appurtenances of luxury living. The extent to which he is able to enjoy these depends on him, and, if he is an active businessman, to a considerable degree on the demands which his business makes upon his time and energies.

I still find that it's often necessary to work 16 and 18 hours a day, and sometimes right around the clock. When I travel, the problems of business are never farther than the nearest telegraph or cable office or telephone. I can't remember a single day of vacation in the last 45 years that was not somehow interrupted by a cable, telegram or telephone call that made me tend to business for at least a few hours. Such work schedules and the need for devoting the majority of my time to building and expanding my businesses have taken a heavy toll of my personal life.

I've been married and divorced five times. I deeply regret these marital failures, but I can understand *why* they were failures. Each one of my former wives is a wonderful woman who did her utmost to make her marriage to me a success. But a woman doesn't feel secure, contented or happy — she doesn't feel as though she is really a wife, or that she really has a husband — when she finds that her husband is thinking of his business interests first and foremost and that she comes next, almost as an afterthought.

Five marital failures have taught me these things. They've also taught me that a happy marriage is another of the countless things in life that no man can buy no matter how many hundreds of millions of dollars he possesses.

Friendship is something else that can't be bought — although there are many who try to sell its counterfeit. I've often said that time is the only reliable gauge by which a wealthy person can measure friendships. I consider myself to be extremely fortunate in having made many real and good friends.

These people have been my friends for years and even decades. They've never tried to profit financially from our friendships. If they have asked me for anything, their requests were reasonable — the kind that good friends are likely to make of each other.

Such is not the case with the familiar type of individual who goes out of his way to become friendly with a wealthy person with premeditated intent to get something for nothing. That "something" may be a job, an inside tip on the stock market, money to start a new business or to shore up an old one that's crumbling, an outright cash gift — or a cash gift that's euphemistically described as a loan.

(concluded on page 164)



SUYEOKA

TO PARADISE, BY FERRY *memoir* By ARTHUR KOPIT

the prospect of a visit to a nudist colony with the english girl had seemed promising, but, as it turned out, clothes made all the difference

THE OTHER DAY I tried to get into a nudist colony.

Things didn't work out so well.

They started off well, though, that I must admit. First there was the English girl. It was on the last day of the Cannes Film Festival that I spotted her. In the midst of a blur of browned bodies there she lay, lobster-pink, glistening with oil. She was draped languorously across a chaise longue in the middle of the Carlton beach, a copy of the *London Times* by her side. I wandered over.

"*Parlez-vous anglais?*" I asked, casually.

Two sea-blue eyes peered up at me from over the rim of a pair of sunglasses, obviously too dark to see through. The eyes squinted, focused

and blinked.

"Oh Christ, not another *American!*"

I smiled.

She turned over on her stomach.

"I see you're reading the *London Times*. Mind if I have a look?"

"What's the matter, they all out of *Herald Tribunes?*"

I told her I liked the print of the *London Times* better. She crumpled it up into a small ball and hurled it at me. "Strike one," I said.

She didn't laugh.

"Mind if I sit down?"

She didn't answer. I sat down.

"Are you staying (continued on page 130)

TO THE OFFICE WIT

Fill the cup and drink up hearty,
You were the "Life of the Christmas Party."
Permitting no prank to go unenjoyed,
You now face the New Year unemployed.



*verse by
Judith War
& Larry Light*

TO THE OTHER PLANETS



Halloo way out there in the cosmic distance;
We Earthlings just wanted to say
We're busy planning our own nonexistence,
But Top-o'-the-Season today!

To The First Family (AND RELATIVES)



Here's one massive missive of yulish amenities.
Who can buy cards for so many Kennedys?



*Playboy's
Christmas Cards -
missives + missiles
for the jolly season*

A Very Special Greeting

(to perhaps the only one Hallmark has neglected)



They sell cards for nearly everyone;
For each some rhyme is penned.
But there's nothing for the uncle
Of the dentist of a friend.
So accept my warmest greetings
In this season of the wreath:
Dear brother of the dad of he
Who fixes my friend's teeth.



TO AN UNGRATEFUL YOUNG LADY

*In '63 I've given thee
Much love and warm affection.
Good Lord, I've tried to help provide
A home of near perfection.
I've sympathized, I've compromised,
I've pampered and regaled you.
And now you've said it's time we wed.
My dear, where have I failed you?*

TO PARADISE (continued from page 127)

here at the Carlton?"

She stared at me incredulously. "What are you, a bloody idiot? If I were staying at the Carlton do you think I'd be out here on the beach?"

I nodded.

She probably had a point, though I must confess I didn't precisely see it. Still, I allowed her her occasional obscurities for she looked wonderful there in the sun. Her hair was white-blonde, long, straight and wet and just managed to touch the freckled, pink tips of her shoulders. She looked somewhat like a cross between May Britt and Princess Margaret. I asked her how long she'd been there.

"Since one o'clock."

"No, I mean in Cannes."

"A week."

"Are you happy here?"

She propped herself up on her elbows. "What are you, a psychiatrist?"

She didn't wait for an answer but turned her back to me, unraveled the *London Times* and began to read.

"You don't like Americans very much, do you?"

She pointed a pink finger in the general direction of the sea. I looked out. A U. S. aircraft carrier, three destroyers, two cruisers and a submarine dotted the picturesque port.

"Four thousand on shore leave," she muttered.

There was nothing one could say.

I decided to examine her back. It was slightly less pink than her front. It looked rather like the skin of a well-patted baby. It looked soft. She had a beauty mark about three inches above the white line of her right hip. There was a mosquito bite on her left shoulder. I resisted the temptation to scratch it. Instead, I watched a small stream of sand slowly snake its way down from her haunched shoulder blades along the line of her spine to a small, white, dimpled hollow just above her powder-pink, slightly wet, bikini pants.

"You know, I'm very fond of the British," I said, softly.

"Then stop breathing on my back. You're blocking the sun."

I apologized. I lay back, folded my hands behind my head and began to think about the Revolutionary War. I was just coming to Cornwallis when she spoke.

"All right, what are you doing in Cannes?"

Feverishly I racked my brain. *Why had she spoken?* What was the real motive behind the disarming innocence of her question? Was it simply curiosity? Or was it politeness? Was it boredom? Or was it perhaps (and far more likely) some subtle seaside passion that drew her irresistibly toward me; some strange Medi-

terranean lust, peculiar to the British, unknown to Americans and fatal? I decided that the best thing to do was answer and play it cautiously from there.

"I'm a writer," I said, as cryptically as possible.

She asked me what I did for a living.

It was a question I had not expected. I swallowed, moistened my lips and craftily avoided a direct answer by repeating that I was a writer.

"And you make money at it?"

"Enough to live," I said, looking around to see who was listening.

"In Cannes?"

I told her that I'd won 10 dollars at the Casino the night before.

She took off her sunglasses and stared at me microscopically. I could hear the I.B.M. cards inside her head shuffling through to the next question.

She said, clearly and emphatically and in the queen's best English, "You still have not told me just what you are doing here in Cannes."

I decided to tell her.

She didn't believe me.

"I've never heard of the place," she said.

"Well, it is very small."

"Is it something like Capri?"

I said I didn't think so.

"Majorca?"

I said no.

She smiled slightly and asked if it was the sort of place American tourists would consider "charming?"

I said I doubted that very much.

"Well, just what sort of article are you proposing to write?"

I told her I wouldn't know until I got there.

"And you mean to say you're going all the way out to this place to write a story for some magazine and you don't know the first thing about it?"

I told her that wasn't really true, that actually I did know quite a bit about the place.

The signs of exasperation were beginning to show when she asked, "Like what?"

I said, "Well, for instance, the people don't wear any clothes there."

It worked.

At 7:30 the next morning we left Cannes together.

. . .

Now these are the ways to get to Levant: by train from Cannes to St.-Raphaël, which takes forty minutes; from St.-Raphaël to St.-Tropez by bus, changing at St.-Tropez for the bus to Le Lavandou, which takes two hours and forty-five minutes. The ferries from Le Lavandou to the Île du Levant leave at nine o'clock, eleven, two and six. The boat ride takes an hour. So if one leaves Cannes on the seven-o'clock train, one

will arrive on Levant at twelve. One can also drive. I did. There are two routes available. I took the scenic route (synonymous the world over with "longer route") by mistake.

We arrived at Le Lavandou at five past eleven. The ferry had just pulled out.

We waved, sadly.

It came back, quickly.

Except for the captain and a Scandinavian-looking couple the boat was empty. It was a large boat.

The English girl grinned. "Looks like the tourist season hasn't started yet, hmm?"

I offered that the two-o'clock was probably a more popular ferry.

"I don't believe there's anyone on that island at all. I think you're simply spiring me out there so you can seduce me."

I decided to allow for the possibility of insular desertion and left her statement unanswered except for what I hoped was an enigmatic smile. She yawned and pulled the latest copy of the *Illustrated London News* from her BOAC traveling bag.

"Pity you're not covering the island for the *Illustrated News*," she said. "They go in for this sort of thing in a big way."

A voice said, "Is this the first time for you?"

I turned from my reading companion and confronted one half of the only other couple on board.

I said it was.

"You'll love the island," he said. "Ingrid, my wife, and I are going there for years. It's like a Garden of Eden. The people are all so wonderful and friendly. You'll love them. You'll stay I think a long time?"

I said I was looking forward to an enjoyable stay indeed.

He said, "You are newlyweds?"

I was suddenly conscious of a pair of eyes observing me with much interest from over the copy of the *Illustrated London News*.

"Uh, no. Just good friends."

"Ah."

He lapsed into silence.

I decided that more was needed. "We used to live near each other in Sussex. We've known each other for years."

The eyes were still not reading.

"Maybe then you get married soon?"

"I'm afraid that's impossible," said the latest copy of the *Illustrated London News*. "You see, I'm already married."

And the eyes sank merrily from view.

I looked up at the sky with intense interest. "Lovely day for an island outing, don't you think?"

Silence.

At last: "You'll love the island. Ingrid, my wife, and I are going there for years. It's —"

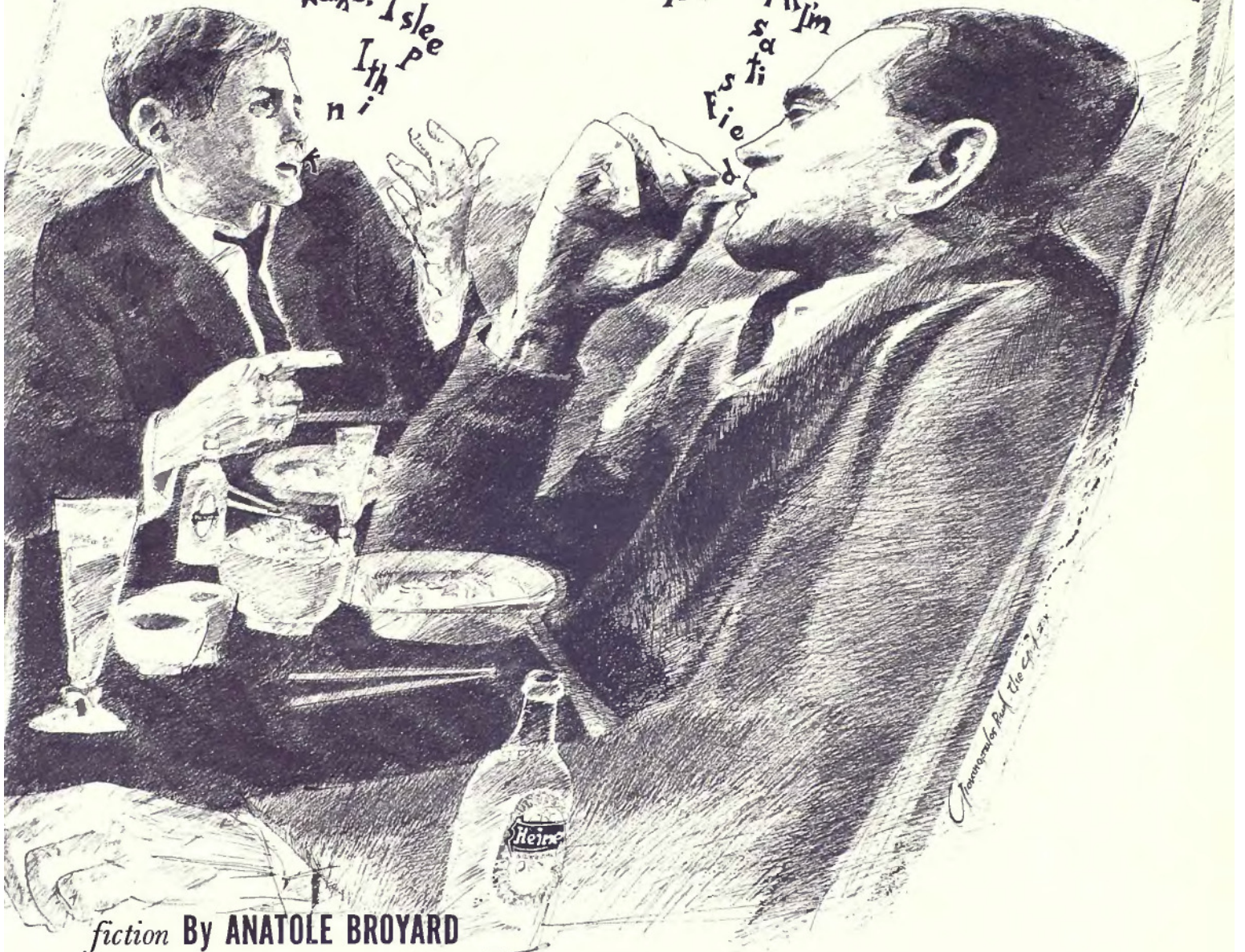
(continued on page 208)

"My uncle Sam offered to send me to school, and I didn't feel like going to work, so I'm a schoolboy I read books I take

"Listen, this is how it goes: Your life is there and you live it. You don't read it in a book or take a walk through it or dream it and you don't think it up either--- it's there. It's a life. I'm not a philosopher to go to the library or take a course to

walks, I sleep
I th P
n i

find out if I'm
sati
sati
sati



fiction By ANATOLE BROYARD

CONVERSATION OVER MOO GOO GAI PAN

Milton didn't have that hungry look anymore—he had Sylvie, the kid, the house and the lawn instead

I'VE NOTICED THAT AS YOU GET OLDER most of your friends fall out like hair, or decay like teeth. Usually, though, there's one that you keep. You need him as a witness to what you once were—a nice-looking kid with fast hands—and eventually as a pallbearer. I had thought I'd keep Milton, but as he himself said, I always did think too much.

I was in the Philippines when I got his letter, and I read it sitting on some 40-millimeter crates in an ammunition dump. At first I refused to believe what I read—it was as though I'd seen his name on a casualty list.

Not that I had anything against marriage—this one just didn't make sense. It had to be bad news. Sylvie wasn't knocked up—Milton would've told me. And I knew he wasn't in love, so why in hell had he done it? She was a good kid, she had a shape, but you don't love a girl for that. And you don't marry her. Not Milton, anyway—or so I thought.

His letter told me nothing, so I took the cue and postponed my questions for two years. Then when I got out in 1947, I went to see him. He was living in Kew Gardens, in the top half of a two-family house. His brother-in-law, who was a dentist, had the ground floor.

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food By THOMAS MARIO THE HOLIDAY ROAST

ALMOST EVERY YULETIDE FEAST, big or little, roisterous or suave, brings forth a roast. In the past, men have celebrated holiday junkets with roasts as small as quail, a succulent bird that literally fits in the hand, and have wassailed around whole oxen, turned by a pitchfork beside a ton of glowing coals. There are flamboyant roasts like baron of beef, a bridge-shaped double loin from the best part of the steer, and modest roasts like young guinea hen. At beerfests, the crackling goose hangs high and the brown suckling pig is a succulent sight to behold. Even the most jaded gourmet's pulse quickens at the sight of roast *filet* of beef, or ribs of beef, or roast saddle of lamb carried on the holiday platter.

Types of roasts and roasting have changed for the better down the years. Roasts are no longer buried under a crust like Sir Henry Grey's Christmas pie filled with four geese, four turkeys, four wild ducks, six snipe, six pigeons, two rabbits and two beef tongues. Today, you'd have to look far and wide on holiday tables to find a roast peacock, once considered the food of lovers and the meat of lords. In baronial halls, the great roasted bird was once heralded with trumpets, its skin completely covered with gold leaf, its mouth aflame with blazing wads. But for all of its brilliance, the peacock, like the boar's head garlanded with bay, had a taste closely akin to coarse sawdust.



festive fare to meet the demands of a hungry yuletide horde

No age has produced better birds for roasting than the modern capon or the Capehen (the eunuch of the Rock Cornish game family), or the domesticated pheasant raised on the preserve rather than bagged in the wilds. And you can actually taste roast beef getting better year by year, as the ribs and loins become more flavorful, their grain fuller, their flesh more tender.

Brillat-Savarin, the great French gastronome, used to say that cooks who excel at roasting are born, not made. While we take an opposite stand, it isn't difficult to follow Brillat-Savarin's reasoning. He was a noted French jurist, exiled during the revolution, who spent three years as an *émigré*



wandering about the United States. Obviously, he suffered from a malady for which science still has found no cure—overexposure to American roast turkey.

For some reason, apprentice chefs often stand in awe of the roast, as though there were countless nuances to master. It just isn't so. The roasting art follows one very simple guideline. Raw meat for roasting must be eminently roastable. It may be fresh, as in the case of lamb or veal, or hoary with proper age, as in the case of beef and certain game, but in any instance, meat destined for roasting must be absolutely prime—not top choice—fine-grained as silk, and docilely tender. Anything else should be prepared in some other manner. Roasting success depends much less on the cook than it does on the butcher.

Any idolater of roasts, no matter how brief his cooking experience may have been, can put a roast on the fire. The trick is in knowing when to take it off. There's an exact moment when the flesh is done but juicy. The French call it *à point*. It's literally the instant of esculent perfection. If you happen to pass it, you're cooked as well as the roast.

For uniformly shaped roasts like ribs of beef, and racks or loins of lamb, the meat thermometer is one of civilization's most indispensable aids. Make sure that your thermometer is accurate: when it registers rare, your meat should be a luscious pink and not bloody or semigray. Epicures, who are mostly incorrigible nonconformists, can never agree on just what the words "rare" or "medium" really mean. Meat thermometers indicate "rare" beef as meat which has reached 140° inside. But practiced beefeaters usually find 130° or 120° more to their liking.

To test the doneness of birds, the *cognoscenti* of the roasting profession use a two-pronged fork or metal skewer. If, when the fork is inserted or when the bird is lifted from the pan, tail-end down, a rivulet of pink juice flows, the bird is rare. Wild ducks are always roasted rare. But in the case of white-meated birds, the spurt of juice will be white and clear when the bird is *à point*. If no juice flows, your bird has passed into the great incredible beyond. A final test for roast birds is to wiggle the leg up and down at the second joint. If it moves easily, it's ready for the holiday carving knife. If you must wrestle with it, return it to the fire until suitably tractable.

While the pace of most styles of cooking quickens day by day, the art of roasting becomes slower. The old culinary adage—spare the heat and save the flesh—recently has been rediscovered. A fierce flame for 15 minutes or so may be used for starting a roast. But

after this initial baptism of heat, just as soon as the first hint of browning appears, the fire should be cut down drastically. The slow, easygoing temperatures make the roast juicier, plumper and more tender. Game birds and thin meat like *filet* of beef are exceptions. A slow fire makes them taste steamy.

For feasting with illustrious roasts, the finest still wines are the French red or white burgundies such as chambertin or montrachet. One of the blessings which American holiday feast makers enjoy is the fact that these great gifts of Bacchus are often more easily obtainable in New York or other large American cities than they are in London or Paris. The shelves here, for some years now, have boasted wider selections. And while the tariff may be higher, you'll often find top vintages not easily found in France itself. If you're in a quandary about which still wine goes with which roast, you can always resolve it in one easy stroke by serving the foam of the angels—the driest French or American champagne you can buy.

Since all great roasts are actually very simple presentations, they should be honored with flattering garnishes. Rich chestnut stuffing, grilled liqueur-flavored fruit or wild rice make a perfect supporting cast for the star attractions which follow.

ROAST CAPON, WILD RICE WITH WALNUTS (Serves six)

7-lb. capon
Salad oil
Salt, pepper, MSG seasoning
2 10-oz. cans cooked wild rice
3 ozs. broken walnut meat
2 tablespoons butter
2 cups chicken broth, fresh or canned
1/3 cup dry white wine
Brown gravy coloring
2 tablespoons arrowroot or cornstarch

Have butcher truss capon for roasting. Preheat oven at 325°. Brush capon with salad oil. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover breast with aluminum foil. Place capon on a wire rack in an uncovered roasting pan. Roast for approximately 3 hours or until tender. Remove aluminum foil a half-hour before roasting is completed. While capon is roasting, empty wild rice into a shallow pan or casserole. Sprinkle walnut meat on top. Dot with butter. Bake 20 to 25 minutes. Remove capon from pan. Throw off excess fat, but let drippings remain. Add chicken broth and wine. Bring to a boil over top burner. Add brown gravy coloring if necessary. Dissolve arrowroot in 1/4 cup cold water. Slowly add arrowroot to gravy. Simmer 3 to 5 minutes. Season to taste with salt, pepper and MSG. Pass gravy in sauceboat at table. Capon should be carved like turkey, that is, breast cut into thin slices, second joint cut into chunks, and

drumsticks left whole.

ROAST FILET OF BEEF, MUSHROOM FONDUE (Serves six)

5- to 6-lb. whole beef tenderloin
Salad oil
Salt, pepper, paprika
1 1/2 lbs. fresh button mushrooms
1/4 cup butter
2 shallots or spring onions (white part) minced fine
1/4 cup flour
2 cups hot milk
3 ozs. shredded process gruyère cheese
3 tablespoons madeira or dark sherry
Grated parmesan cheese
2 tablespoons bread crumbs
1 cup chicken broth
1 packet instant bouillon powder
Brown gravy coloring
1 tablespoon butter

Have butcher prepare tenderloin (usually listed as *filet* on menus) for roasting. He should remove outer fat and membrane close to meat, and tie narrow end of *filet* under for roasting. Top fat may be returned as a protective coating for roasting, but it prevents browning of meat. Brush meat (if fat is removed) generously with salad oil. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Preheat oven at 450°. Roast until meat thermometer inserted in thickest part of *filet* shows 130°. This usually takes less than 1 hour. Wash mushrooms. If button mushrooms are unobtainable, and large mushrooms are used, cut them into quarters or eighths. Melt 1/4 cup butter in large wide saucepan. Sauté mushrooms in butter until tender. Add shallots. Sauté a minute or two longer. Remove pan from flame. Stir in flour, mixing well. Slowly stir in milk, mixing constantly. Return pan to a moderate flame. Simmer 5 minutes. Add gruyère cheese and madeira. When cheese melts, remove pan from flame. Add salt and pepper to taste. Turn mushroom mixture into shallow baking pan or heatproof casserole. Sprinkle generously with parmesan cheese. Sprinkle with bread crumbs. Sprinkle lightly with paprika and oil. Place pan or casserole under broiler flame until topping is browned. Remove *filet* from pan. Pour off excess fat. Add chicken broth and bouillon powder. Add brown gravy coloring. Place pan over top burner and bring to a boil. Scrape pan bottom and sides to loosen drippings. Add 1 tablespoon butter, and salt and pepper to taste. Carve *filet* at table in 1/2-in.-thick slices. Pass pan gravy and mushroom fondue separately at table.

ROAST SADDLE OF LAMB, CHIVE MINT JELLY (Serves six)

10-lb. saddle (double loin) of lamb
1 1/2 cups chicken broth, fresh or canned

(concluded on page 202)



"Well, at least you're not the last one to know."



prima donna

triple gifted miss december is a prize package of holiday bounty

THE FAMILIAR HOLLYWOOD SAGA of child stardom — all too often ending in both real life and reel life with a fast fade-out when adolescence rears its ugly head — has been refreshingly rewritten by Donna Michelle, the azure-eyed 18-year-old who adorns our December gatefold. In the years since her triple flowering as a grade-school piano prodigy, drama-contest winner and bantam ballerina with the New York City Ballet, Donna has ripened under the Southern California sun into a mature mistress of her performing arts — and an offbeat beauty with a style and a mind emphatically her own. An honor graduate from L.A.'s Reseda High School, she enrolled this fall at UCLA for an ambitious 18-hour curriculum running the academic gamut from art history to abnormal psychology. "It's a scholastic smorgasbord," she admits, "but with my appetite for learning, I don't think I've bitten off more than I can chew." In the category of between-meal snacks, Donna's varied diet of recreational reading ranges currently from Dante's *Inferno* ("La Dolce



Displaying the flawless form of a *premiere danseuse*, Donna slips into tights and leotard for her weekly ballet class at Hollywood's Eddie Gay Dance Studio, where she passes her bar exam with flying colors, then leaps aloft in an applause-worthy arabesque.



MISS DECEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Vita with central heating”) to *Atlas Shrugged* (“After the second chapter, so did I”). Equally discerning, if a bit more impulsive, in her choice of beaux, she digs the kind of guy “who’s been around and looks it, who’s worldly-wise without being world-weary, articulate and affirmative, but somewhat skeptical about the holiness of sacred cows.” Most important in a man, feels Donna, are two qualities: the courage to demand the right to be himself, and the grace to grant the same privilege to everyone else. “But I can’t ask what I can’t offer,” she confesses. “I’m afraid I have a long list of third-class males who really set my teeth on edge—especially the moral Milquetoast who continues to obey unquestioningly the out-moded codes decreed by society’s die-hard guardians of Victorian decency. Fortunately, you can’t hold back a flood for long with a dike that’s so full of holes. When it finally gives way, maybe we’ll begin to understand, accept and, who knows, even rejoice in our sexual identities.” We’ll drink to that. A Christmas present perfect—triple-featured herein as our holiday Playmate, double-cover girl and one of the 10 pretties we’ve picked as our favorite Playmates of the decade—Donna herself is reason enough for just such a celebration of feminine physiology.



Though a champion freestyler and skindiver, Donna avoids surfing (“Frankly, I’m chicken”), has a ball on the beach instead.



Parked in her L.A. driveway, Triumph owner Donna dreams of a record-setting race with Stirling Moss—“on or off the course.” No less fond of record spinning (“Anything but Mantovani and his musical molasses”), she auditions a new LP.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Kool-Aid* as charity for beatniks.



Two well-known actors were exchanging boasts at Sardi's. "Well, I've been doing all right," said the first one. "During the third act last night, I virtually had the audience glued to their seats."

"Marvelous!" replied the second actor. "Dammed clever of you to think of that!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *meteorologist* as a man who can look into a girl's eyes and predict whether.

A friend of ours, who blows second sax in a chic society orchestra, was taking a break at the bar one evening and overheard the following conversation:

"First, I'm going to buy you a few drinks and get you a little tight," said the guy aggressively.

"Oh no you're not," said the girl.

"Then I'll take you to dinner and ply you with a few more drinks."

"Oh no you're not."

"Then I'll take you to my apartment and keep serving you drinks."

"Oh no you're not."

"Then I'm going to make violent, passionate love to you."

"Oh no, you're not!"

"And I'm not going to take any precautions either!" said the guy.

"Oh yes you are!!" said the girl.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *voyeurism* as looking at the world through roué's-colored glasses.

Two knights, resplendent in shining armor and mounted on handsome steeds, rode through the forest followed by their meek little page who was huddled uncomfortably on his burro. As they arrived at a strange castle surrounded by the usual moat, one knight shouted the traditional "Tallyho" to inform the castle's proprietors that the travelers desired lodging for the night. The drawbridge was soon lowered and out came a wispy fellow, dressed in flowing robes of many colors. "Well, what can I do for you fellows?" he lisped.

The tired knights, anxious for lodging but taken aback by their limp-wristed host, looked at each other in dismay, then one whispered to the other: "Promise him anything, but give him our page."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *optimist* as a pregnant showgirl who rubs vanishing cream on her stomach.



And then there was the 50-year-old bachelor who woke up one morning feeling like a 20-year-old. But he couldn't find one that early in the day.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Hungarian* as a physically well-endowed man from Gary, Indiana.



The man standing at the bar (in court, unfortunately) was well-dressed, alert, and obviously intelligent. The judge asked him how he pleaded to the charge of rape and, much to the magistrate's surprise, he replied, "Not guilty by reason of insanity, Your Honor."

"Insanity?" exclaimed the judge.

"Yes, sir," said the defendant. "I'm crazy about it."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn \$25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.



Interlandi

"Ho, Ho . . . Oh, Oh!"

MOO GOO GAI PAN (continued from page 131)

The minute he opened the door, I could see he had put on weight. It was also plain that motherhood hadn't been kind to Sylvie, either. I was immediately uncomfortable, and to stall for time, I picked up their son, who was about a year-and-a-half and had apparently been conceived well within wedlock. The minute I laid hands on him, he went off like a burglar alarm. We all started cooing and trying to coax him to smile, or at least shut up, for his uncle Paul, but it was no use. Finally Sylvie took him and pressed his face between her breasts to muffle him up, and Milton opened the window to let out the compressed air. He invited me to stick my head out too and look down at his lawn, which he had bought and laid in divots like linoleum squares.

Sylvie held her son in her lap, ready to smother him again if necessary, and we sat around talking nervously like three strangers in the dentist's waiting room downstairs. I was trying to be charitable, to give Milton the benefit of the doubt, but it wasn't easy. The kid, for example, was unattractive, and it didn't look like the kind of unattractiveness that he'd outgrow. Sylvie, on the other hand, seemed to be rapidly outgrowing whatever attractiveness she had had. The way she bit off her d's and t's, it was like circumcising every word. Milton's accent wasn't so bad — it had the nuances and inflections of a well-told Jewish joke — but with Sylvie it was no joke.

She began all her sentences with *so*. So what are you going to do now? So you were in Japan? So you're a lieutenant? and so on. When Milton and I spoke, her head turned from one of us to the other as if she were at a tennis match.

Am I jealous? I asked myself as we sat there fanning the conversational fire with clichés. Milton and I had planned to take a place in the Village when we got out of the Army, so I guess I was jealous. But not only for me — for him. He had been my best friend, my buddy, the closest thing I had to a brother, and I was jealous of all the things he might have been and I might have shared with him.

Of course I saw that he probably would have turned out to be just what he was now, but at least we'd have had the fun of trying. Ashamed of what I was thinking, I tried to look at it his way: What would we have done in the Village, after all? Strike too many poses, chase too many girls, waste too many evenings sitting in the San Remo, always hoping for and expecting too much. . . . Most likely it would all have been pointless, but as some poet said, you never know how much is enough until you know how much is too much. Milton would never know, and

this realization opened such a distance between us that I felt I was still looking at him and talking to him from the other side of the world.

After dinner, while Sylvie did the dishes, Milton and I watched television. It was still a new thing in 1947, and although his set was about seven feet tall and three deep — with a radio, phonograph and bar built in — the screen was about the size of an enlarged snapshot. A stand-up, borscht-belt comic was on, and he was making faces at the audience. Then I saw that both he and Milton were laughing at the same time, and I felt a swift flash of anti-Semitism. He wasn't my buddy, my brother, anymore — he was just a Milton, and to him I was just a goyish *kopf*.

When it was time to go, I had the feeling I would never see him again, and I would have said something. I don't know what — everything, maybe — but Sylvie walked with us to the subway, so that was that.

After that we let it drop by mutual consent, but about a year later, when I was living in the Village, I ran into him. I was coming out of a secondhand book shop on Fourth Avenue and he was going somewhere to see somebody about some secondhand machines. At first I didn't recognize him because he was wearing a hat — then, in the confusion, we arranged to have dinner.

I was to meet him on the corner of Fifth and Eighth at 6:30. In this, at least, he hadn't changed — it was a throwback to the old Brownsville days. When I used to go there to pick him up, he never waited for me in the house. Even if it was snowing, he'd meet me on the corner of Pitkin. In 10 years I'd been inside his family's apartment just once. I forget why we went in, but I still have an impression of a long railroad flat with windows at only one end.

"You're not wearing your slippers?" This was his opening line when he arrived. I'd had on sneakers when I saw him earlier.

"I thought we might go to the Copa afterward," I said. "Where do you want to eat?"

"I don't eat pizza."

"I'll try to control my craving," I said. "Where do you want to eat?"

He pursed his lips, then smacked them. "I feel like Chinese. Let's go for Chinese."

I never knew him to eat Chinese food before, but I should have guessed. At a certain age — a sort of culinary *bar mizvah* — every classical Jewish type begins to hunger for it. It must be some Oriental root in their racial unconscious.

We settled for a Chinese joint in the

block. There were two and he chose the fancier one. He hung up his hat and we slid into a booth. The waiter shuffled over with menus and he scanned his thoughtfully. I ordered sweet-and-sour pork and a bottle of beer. He chose Moo Goo Gai Pan, pronouncing it with Kew Gardens expertise, and added "Make that two Heineken's."

He put the menu down and smiled. "So what are you doing, Paulie?"

I wasn't going to be the first to open up, so I said, "Living. What are you doing?"

"Come on," he said. "Don't be afraid to talk to Papa."

"I'm talking. What do you want me to say?"

"I ask you what you're doing and you give me a fast answer."

"All right, I'll give you a slow one. I'm going to school."

"You're going to school?"

"That's what I said."

"You're twenty-seven years old."

"Uh-huh."

"You're two months older than me."

"Yeah."

"And you're going to school?"

"I may go till I die."

He shook his head. "Nah, you're not going to school."

"What am I doing?"

"You're stalling."

"A school by any other name—"

"You're stalling! You never went to a class when we were in Brooklyn College — so don't tell me you're going to school."

"My Uncle Sam offered to send me to school, and I didn't feel like going to work, so I'm a schoolboy."

His high-pitched laugh always sounded strange coming out of his hard face. "So you don't feel like going to work?"

"You like to work?"

"Lunatics like to work, but that's beside the point. What else have you got to do?"

"I can think of a lot of things. I read books, I take walks, I sleep, I think—"

"You think! You think whether you'll read a book, take a walk, or maybe you'll go to sleep?"

"When is the last time you read a book?"

"I've got no time for books. I get home, pat the kid on the head, eat dinner — it's nine o'clock. I get up at six-thirty. Where am I going to read a book? Besides, I'm reading invoices all day."

"You look at television, don't you?"

"Yeah. . . ."

"Books won't blind you any faster than television."

"I can see a whole television show in half-an-hour. I read a book for half-an-hour, it's just time for a character to take a crap."

"All right, you pat the kid on the head and you watch television — is that it?"

"I live, you *schmuck*, like you said — only with me it's true. I read, I walk, I

(continued on page 234)

SALTPETER AND THE WOLF

disarming the myths about public enemy number one, the sneaky white foe of red-blooded manhood

article **by william zinsser**

SEATED ONE DAY at the table next to a teenage nephew, I soon ran out of topics that bridged his generation and mine, and a painful silence settled over us both. Suddenly I thought of a subject that I knew we would have in common.

"At your school," I asked, "where do they put the saltpeter?"

He brightened at the question. "It's usually in the mashed potatoes. Where did they put it at your school?"

"Our headmaster got up in the morning and put it in the hot cereal," I said, "but in the Army we thought it was in the chipped beef. Tell me: How often do you get it?"

"Once or twice a week," he replied, "and also on special occasions. I mean, the headmaster always puts saltpeter in



the food before dances."

"How do you know you're getting it?"

"You can *taste* the stuff," he said.

As we talked on, I was delighted to find that this ancient belief survives as strongly as ever in the nation's youth. For if there is one thing that gives continuity to the galloping generations of American schoolboys, schoolgirls, campers and servicemen, it is the certainty that saltpeter is being slipped into their meals to reduce their sexual urges. In theory this keeps their minds on work.

The belief is so old and tantalizing that I decided to track it—if possible—to its source. I began by making a survey of my middle-aged friends, and it turned out to be a sure-fire topic. All I had to do was drop the word "saltpeter" into a conversation and I might as well have dropped a bomb. People stopped talking about whatever dull topic they were talking about and plunged with relish into this one, their faces alight with a curiosity that time has never quenched. For an aura of mystery continues to surround the saltpeter story. Everybody knows everything about it, and yet—this is the spooky part—nobody knows anything.

Nobody, for instance, has ever witnessed the act of saltpetering the food, though legions of students have kept strict watch during their tours of duty as kitchen help. It is simply assumed that the cook keeps his saltpeter in an unmarked box and that he sprinkles it into the meals with a motion too fast for the human eye to see, or too casual to arouse suspicion. Nobody seems to know what saltpeter looks like.

Whether it works is a question, as I found in my survey, that evokes answers of every shade from a resentful yes to a defiant no. But on one point there is total agreement, and this is the belief that saltpeter is white and that it goes into white or whitish foods. How this notion arose is not hard to guess, for in the school and camp diets no colors come out of the kitchen with such stunning regularity as the small group that includes "oyster," "chalk" and "tattletale gray." White dominates the table, starting with dawn's early farina, continuing with midday's mashed potatoes, and ending with supper's flabby puddings.

White sauces are particularly suspicious. Surely it is no accident that chipped beef is such a staple of institutional cooking. Here is a meat that literally swims in a viscous sea—one so devoid of taste and color that it can't contain anything good and therefore must contain saltpeter. Possibly it was even invented for this very purpose, long ago, by a school cook stuck with a medicoculinary problem.

But there are half-a-dozen other traditional villains. "At our school," one matron in her 30s told me, "I just *know* it was in the fisheyes." She was referring, of course, to tapioca. The very fact that it bears this generic name is proof of its unpopularity, and this in turn makes it an ideal host for saltpeter, for on the whole, saltpeter is identified with foods that nobody likes.

Another big faction says that it goes into the fish—and with good reason. In the entire realm of cookery there is no substance whiter or drearier than a boarding-school sole or scrod. But this theory has one big flaw—many people don't like fish. They leave it on their plate, or merely pick at it, and so miss their allotted dose of saltpeter.

This is a risk that a wise headmaster would not take. He would more probably go to the other extreme and fix the vanilla ice cream. Many adults believe that this is where they got their saltpeter, and they are still angry about it. "Why do you think the headmaster gave us vanilla ice cream so often?" they asked me, flaring with remembered wrath. They have a point—it makes more sense to lace the coveted ice cream than the hated fish or fisheyes.

But one theory far outnumbers the rest, and that of course is the one that points the finger at mashed potatoes. In part this theory is based on the sheer repetition of mashed potatoes in the school diet. But mainly, it is because mashed potatoes—at least as they are prepared in institutional kitchens—have a lumpy quality that the tongue encounters nowhere else. Within their soft white mass dwells a colony of hard little mounds, which could only be induced by some alien element. What more likely element than KNO_3 , as saltpeter is known to chemistry?

Confirmed in my own belief that saltpeter goes into white foods, I next wanted to learn how often it is administered. The question is a crucial one, obviously, for anybody who knows the answer can arrange his eating habits accordingly. Most people feel that they got saltpeter once a week, but some feel that they were given a far heavier dose.

"We got it four or five times a week," one man told me. "Our headmaster was a very nervous type."

"Our headmaster," said another, "got up every morning and shook it into the breakfast." Quite a few people, in fact, made this statement and were absolutely sure of it. It was simply the first item on the headmaster's daily schedule.

The dose was also increased (there is almost unanimous agreement here) at times of approaching contact with the opposite sex. "Our food was always

saltier near the end of the term," I was told. This was to keep the boys and girls from straying into trouble during vacation and thereby sully the school's good name. Any boy with hopes of conquest took care not to eat anything white during the preholiday week—a tactic which, needless to say, brought him close to starvation. Of all the strands in the saltpeter saga, this is one of the most sinister, for it would enable a headmaster to rule his wards even when they had passed beyond his jurisdiction—when they were, so to speak, operating on their own time. He also cracked down, evidently, just before school dances. "Boy, the Old Man really salted the food then!" many people said.

Nor does the Old Man rule only the boarding-school and summer-camp years. A World War II veteran recalls that his company cook showed him a weekly table of saltpeter doses, which varied with the different Army recipes. I never saw such a chart in my own Army days, but I did feel that my commanding officers would go to any length to repress me, for they never tired of giving us punitive lectures on "sex hygiene" and showing grisly films on venereal disease.

Up to this point my survey merely uncovered theories. But I was after facts, if any facts there were in this misty realm of legend and hearsay. I went first to the New York Public Library, which has 127 cards on "saltpeter." Not one, however, dealt with its biological effect or with its use in schools, camps, military institutions, prisons or any other monastic society. In fact, the majority dealt with its use as a fertilizer and as an explosive. Clearly I was on the wrong track here—to say the least. I had to get nearer the source, so I wrote to two friends who are headmasters of boys' boarding schools and asked them point-blank: "Do you or don't you?"

"I checked with our infirmarian," the first one wrote back, "and she said that when she was in nursing school she heard that saltpeter was served; with a member of our faculty who was an officer in the Navy, and he said that the sailors on board ship in the last war were certain of it, but that so far as he could ever ascertain, there was nothing to it; and lastly with our school doctor, who again had heard the rumor but had never encountered the application of saltpeter to meals."

The second headmaster was quite indignant. "I've been in the teaching business a long time," he replied, "and I've been in charge of school kitchens and known the cooks, and it's all a myth. I've been headmaster here for 21 years, and frankly, I spend as much time with the

(concluded on page 150)



A CORKING EVENING

FICTION BY LAWRENCE DURRELL THAT DEDICATED DIPLOMAT, THE REDOUBTABLE ANTROBUS, WAXES NOSTALGIC OVER PAST COMBAT WITH WASSAIL BOWL AND FIRKIN

ALL DAY TODAY (said Antrobus), I have been addressing Christmas cards, an occupation both melancholy and exhilarating; so many of us have gone leaving no address. They have become "BAG ROOM PLEASE FORWARD," so to speak. Some are Far Flung, some Less Far Flung, some Flung Out Altogether, like poor Toby. It is a season which sets one to wondering where Diplomatic Dips go when they die, old man; do they know that they can't take it with them, or is there perhaps a branch of Couetts' in Heaven which will take postdated checks? And if they live on as ghosts, what sort of ghosts? Is there a diplomatic limbo — perhaps some subfusc department of the UN where they are condemned perpetually to brood over such recondite subjects as the fishing rights of little tufted Papuans? Ah me! But perhaps it would be more like some twilit registry where a man might yet sit down to a game of cooncan with a personable cipherine. . . .

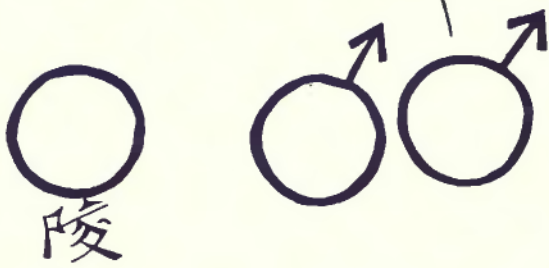
Yes, as I rifled my address book so many forgotten faces drifted across my vision. Who will ever tell their stories? Not I. What has become of Monksilver and Blackdimple — those two scheming Jesuits? What of "Tumbriel" Goddard who believed in the Soviet way of life until he tried kvass? What of old "Tourniquet" Matthews and "Smegma" Schmidt, the Polish avalanche? If ever the secret history of the Office is written, their names will be blazoned abroad. Some have never had their due — like poor little Reggie and Mercy Mucus, the British Council couple. They died in the execution of their duty, eaten by wolves. Despite the falling barometer they tried to cross a frozen lake bearing a sack full of Collins' Clear Type Shakespeares; they were heading for some remote and flyblown khan where their eager clientele of swineherds waited patiently, eager to ingest all this foreign lore. In vain! In vain!

Then my eye fell upon the name of Dovebasket, and forgotten scenes thronged back, one more painful than the next. I remembered, for example, the age of emulation — I have often remarked how emulous heads of Missions can be. That winter it was champagne. Several old European cellars had been up for sale and (concluded on page 213)



"What a grand old performer! Fifty years in show business and he's still packing them in."

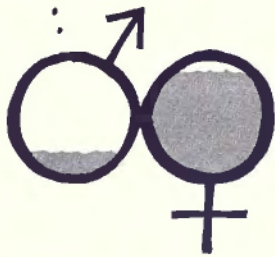
TELL ME, HOWIE... IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT...



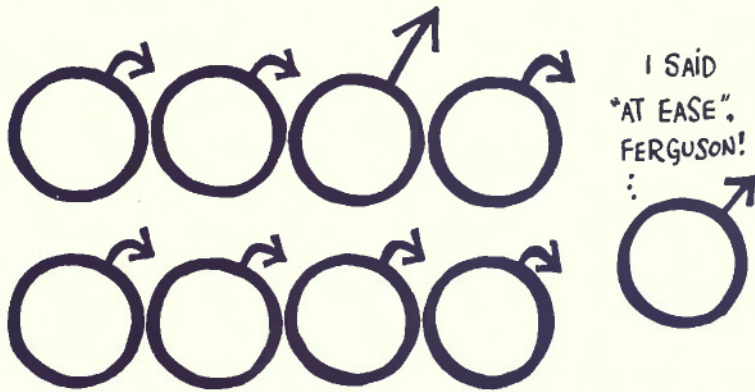
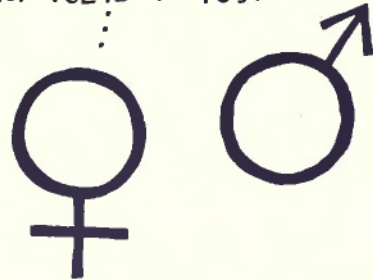
SYMBOLIC SEX

more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times
humor By DON ADDIS

NOW THEN... YOUR PLACE OR MINE?



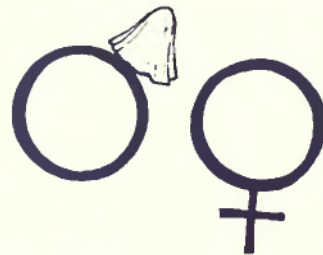
PLEASE, NORMAN... IT'S NOT POLITE TO POINT



I SAID "AT EASE", FERGUSON!



GUESS WHO!



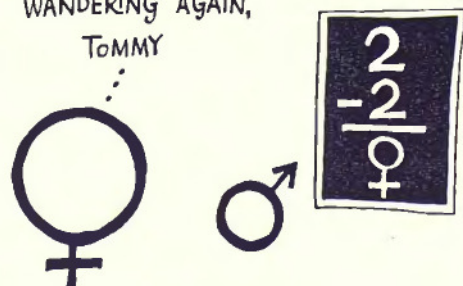
I WISH YOU HAD TOLD ME IT WAS A COSTUME AFFAIR!



I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU YOU'D GET NOWHERE WITH HER



YOUR MIND IS WANDERING AGAIN, TOMMY



SALTPETER *(continued from page 146)*

steward and dietitian as with anyone else, in the hope of having the food good, attractive and tasty. I have never heard of any saltpeter being put in our food. As a matter of fact, it's ridiculous to even think about it. So if you want to really know the truth as far as this headmaster is concerned, he has never seen any saltpeter put in the food, he knows nothing of any saltpeter ever having been put in any food, and the question is a glorification of the unimportant. At least, if the cooks did it, I never heard about it."

Strong evidence, I had to admit — but not conclusive. Did not both headmasters hedge slightly? You bet your chipped beef they did. I needed something more solid, so I went to our family doctor.

"It's curious," he said, "but medicine has hardly any use nowadays for potassium nitrate, or saltpeter. There was a time when it was inhaled — or put in cigars — to relieve bronchial spasms. Today we use it, and not too often, only in the treatment of kidney diseases, where we want the potassium. We never want the nitrate, which is actually harmful. In fact, saltpeter is a powerful poison if a person gets too much of it."

"But," I asked, "what about this matter of what it does to — I mean when I was in school we all knew that the headmaster put it —"

"I must say," he broke in, "that I've heard about that all my life, but there's just no medical evidence to support it. What's more, potassium nitrate tastes very salty and is extremely hard to disguise, even in a small dose. The therapeutic dose of potassium nitrate as a diuretic in kidney ailments is a half gram. You put a half gram of saltpeter in anything and it will be detected. Try it. Stop at the druggist's and get a pinch of saltpeter and put it in your coffee, and you'll see for yourself it's only a myth."

So that was it. I was at the end of the trail. It was only a myth. *Myth!* The word suddenly set off a carillon in my head. Any boob knows that myths don't just come from nowhere. They come from somewhere — from some dim land called "race memory," from some cranny of the mind whose messages we receive, but indirectly. I hurried over to a psychoanalyst and put my problem to him.

"Oh, that's a very old and interesting legend," he said. "Of course psychiatry has a sound explanation for it. You'll find the basic hypothesis postulated in Freud's *Totem and Taboo*."

"Couldn't you just postulate it for me in your own words?" I asked.

"Well, it's quite simple, really. You see, this concept that something is being done to curb sexual impulses must spring from the unconsciousness of the individual, or, in the case of a school, from the

collective unconsciousness of all the students. A great deal of guilt accompanies masturbatory activities," he said. "For one thing, the fantasies accompanying these activities often center on the young masters' wives. The saltpeter myth is an intrapsychic reaction that the student develops to handle his chaotic thoughts at this age. It's somewhat like a paranoid reaction — though not as strong — because it takes the form of guilt and suspicion. The boy thinks 'The headmaster's going to punish me.'"

"How is this tied in with Freud's theory?" I asked.

"Well, you know Freud felt that all men were constitutionally afraid of their fathers. He theorized that in the first society on earth, the sons ultimately slew their fathers and took over the leadership of the tribe, including the sexual rights with their own mothers. In this 'primal parricide,' as Freud called it — and, incidentally, you'll find the tale confirmed in the mythology of many races — the sons incurred overwhelming guilt about the return of the father's spirit and the awful punishment that he would inflict. This punishment would naturally be castration."

"Naturally," I said.

"Now you can see how the saltpeter myth would grow out of all this," the analyst went on. "Saltpeter would temporarily castrate. In the minds of schoolboys or soldiers or sailors it would be the logical step for a headmaster or commanding officer to take as a reprisal for their guilty sexual thoughts. This is why the word goes out, when a ship is approaching port or when a school is about to have a dance, that saltpeter is being put into the food."

"Then it's a group reaction more than an individual reaction?" I asked.

"In general, yes. When a boy goes off to boarding school or camp he is heavily exposed for the first time to erotic talk about girls. The fact that everyone talks about the subject gives it a collective sanction. And by the same token, the saltpeter is directed by the headmaster at the collective group."

"Many of the young members really seem to believe," I said, "that the headmaster goes to the kitchen first thing every morning to pour the saltpeter. How do you explain that?"

"It's all part of the same delusion," he said. "I had a headmaster who lent himself to that kind of omnipotence. He got up early each day and walked over the entire school grounds with an enormous great Dane. Any boy seeing him would think of him as the all-seeing, all-knowing chief of the tribe. If you were being a good boy, he was being a good headmaster, and if not, you would suspect him of terrible retribution."

"Saltpeter is the perfect punishment, of course, because it's so subtle. You have to eat, so nobody can escape the chief's revenge. You are helpless and choiceless, and it's only what you deserve for the crime that you might even be thinking about girls this way."

I staggered out of the analyst's opaque world into the clear reality of New York City, visions of my own headmaster swirling in my mind. I saw his kindly figure carved into a totem pole with a vial of saltpeter in one hand and a lollipop in the other.

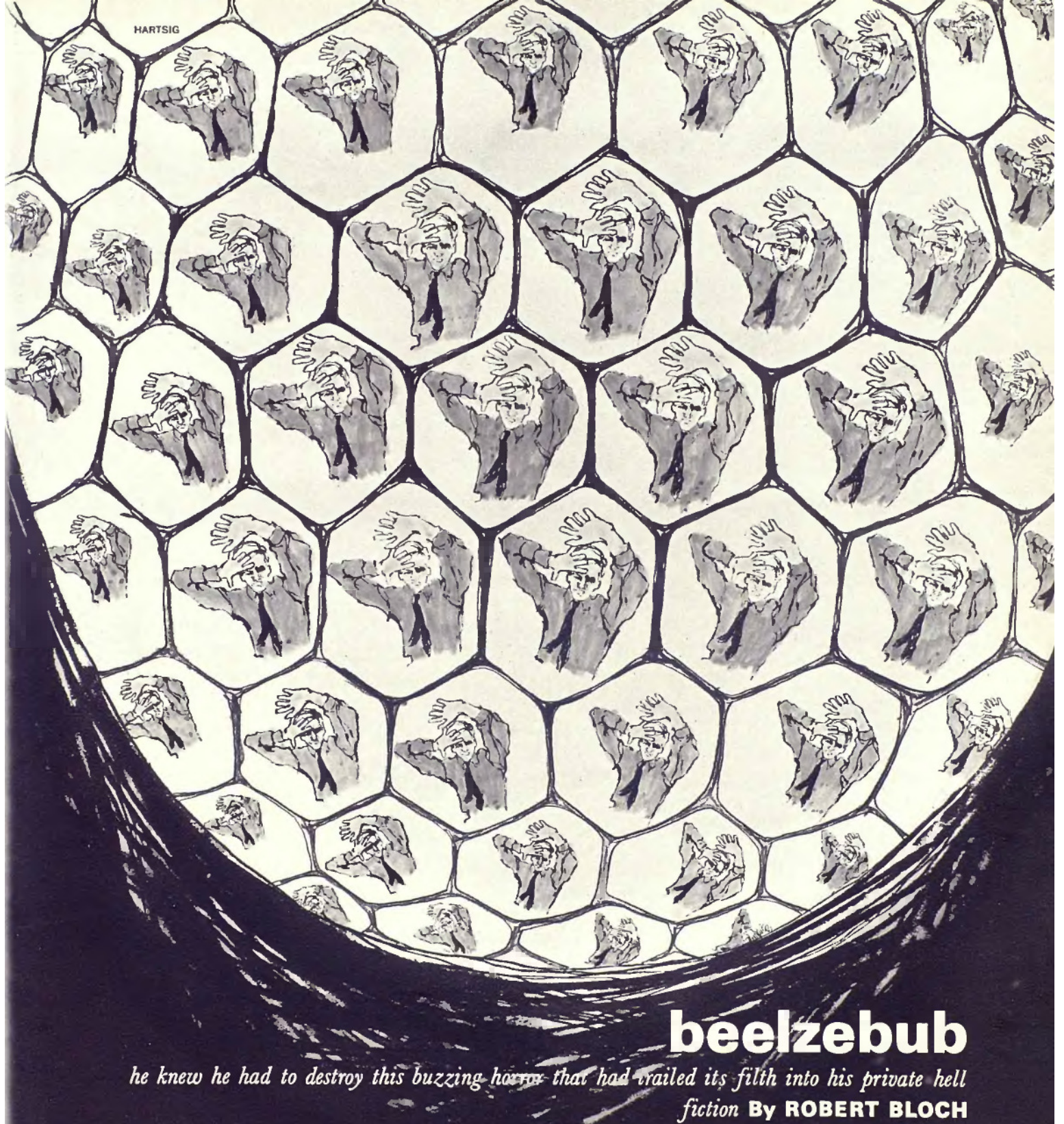
Only one question remained. How, of all the chemical substances that the earth has yielded, did the legend focus on saltpeter? Here again the scholars have been remiss, and the usual dictionaries offer scant help. The sole clue lurks in the unabridged *Oxford English Dictionary*, which says that one meaning of "saltpeter" derives from the French *La Salpêtrière*, "a hospital for women at Paris, formerly a prison for women." Its English equivalent, says the *O.E.D.*, is "saltpetre house," the first recorded use of which (1767) is: "a woman condemned to be branded and confined to the saltpetre house for nine years."

That the myth came into the Anglo-Saxon world by this route seems a good bet, for prisons have always figured strongly in the legend — if not as strongly as schools, camps and Army bases, that is only because fewer people have come out into polite society to tell the tale. But the sexual problems of jail inmates are proverbial, and a rumor easily could have swept some early English "saltpetre house" that the warden was putting a white powder into the food to curb the prisoners' appetites.

As for the origin of *La Salpêtrière*, I have a hunch that Saltpeter and Saint Peter are subtly intertwined — or were several centuries ago — but I'll leave that to other researchers. My own investigation ended with a stop at the druggist, who measured out a half gram of saltpeter and gave it to me. I took it home with trembling hands — here at last I was face to face with the enemy. The powder was, not at all to my surprise, white. The crystals were larger than ordinary salt, but they could easily be ground up into, say, mashed potatoes or fisheyes or vanilla ice cream. I dumped the little grains into a cup of coffee and they dissolved instantly. No man would know, at least by looking, that the coffee had been treated.

Shakily I lifted the cup and took a sip. It tasted terrible. I started to take another swallow, but some invisible force — some primal instinct that came from I know not where — pushed my hand back to the table. I took the cup out to the kitchen and poured the coffee down the drain. A man can't be too careful.





beelzebub

he knew he had to destroy this buzzing horror that had trailed its filth into his private hell

fiction **By ROBERT BLOCH**

HOWARD WAS STILL HALF-ASLEEP when he heard the buzzing. It was a faint, persistent drone, balanced delicately on the very threshold of consciousness. For a moment Howard wasn't sure whether the sound came from the sleeping side or the waking side of his mind. God knows, he'd heard plenty of strange noises in his sleep lately; made them, too. Anita was always complaining about how he'd wake up in the middle of the night, screaming at the top of his lungs. But he had reasons to be upset, the way things were going, and besides, Anita was always complaining, period.

The drone deepened insistently and Howard knew he was awake now. He could feel the stale heat of the bedroom and the response his body was making to it — the loginess of his limbs and the cold pattern of perspiration forming on them.

Bzzzzzz.

Howard opened his eyes.

The room was dim, but the California sunshine filtering through the smog was also filtering

through the interstices of the window blinds. Just enough to transform the bungalow-court apartment into a small oven with its baking heat. Just enough to give Howard a glimpse of what he didn't want to see—the living room filled with a fan-shaped clutter of clothing and furniture radiating from the axis of the roll-away bed, the cubbyhole kitchen through the open archway, with the caked and crusted dishes heaped in the sink. Yes, and the damned portable typewriter on the table in the corner, its carriage accusingly empty and its untouched keys leering up like rows of dusty teeth.

Rows of dusty teeth—Christ, man, what a writer you are! When you're asleep, that is.

But he wasn't asleep. He could hear that buzzing. Louder now, much louder. Goddamned fly. How'd it get in here, with all the windows tight shut? Anita had a thing about opening windows, no matter how hot it was, when she had her curlers in. And she always had the curlers—

Bzzzzzzzz.

Howard sat up. The noise was too loud to be coming from the kitchen. It had to be here in the room. He turned and glanced at the huddle in the bed beside him.

The sun glinted off the curlers. A ray played cruelly across Anita's neck, accentuating the stringy fold.

That's where the fly was sitting. At first he thought it was Anita's mole. But moles don't move. Moles don't buzz.

It was a fly, all right. He stared at Anita, thinking God how he hated the thing—noisy, rasping at your nerves, always around when you don't want it, demanding attention, intruding on your privacy. Dirty, messy creature, carrying filth—

Somehow his hand had drawn back and now it was coming forward; he wanted to hit it, not too hard, just swat it and destroy it because it had to be destroyed, he had to get rid of it.

Howard wasn't conscious of the blow or its force. Realization of its impact vanished before the overwhelming explosion of Anita's shrill scream.

"Oh, you bastard!" And then she was sitting up, striking at him; not once, but again and again, harder and harder, and shrieking louder and louder. "You—you—trying to kill me while I'm asleep—"

It was crazy, she was crazy, and he was trying to explain about the fly, he was only going to swat the fly, but she wouldn't listen, she never listened when she got into one of those hysterical rages. She was crying, sobbing, stumbling into the bathroom; of course she locked the door. There was no sense continuing with the same old scene, no sense pounding on the panel and stammering out apologies. All he could do was find his

clothes and get dressed, locate his brief case under the jumble of *her* clothing. Past nine already, and his appointment was at ten. He had to be there on time.

In his haste, Howard forgot all about the fly. What he had to decide now was whether to spend the next 20 minutes catching a cup of coffee at the drugstore on the corner or run into the barbershop for a quick shave. He settled for the shave; it was more important to show up looking presentable.

Luck was with him. He got the car started without any trouble, made it over to the barbershop. There was a vacant chair. Howard settled back in it, grateful for the hot towels that blotted out the sound of the radio and the sight of the autographed photos on the wall. Why was it that every damned barbershop in this town had to keep the radio blatting at full volume, had to disfigure the wall with faded pictures of faded actors?

And why was it that barbers didn't have enough sense to keep their places clean?

Howard found himself flinging the sheet aside before the barber had finished applying after-shave lotion. "What's the matter with you guys—can't you even keep the lousy flies out of here?"

He hadn't meant to blow up, and come to think of it, there was only one fly, buzzing around the ceiling in Howard's range of vision as he lay tilted back in the chair.

But Howard didn't come to think of it until he was out of the shop, until the damage was done. The way that crummy barber had looked at him—

Oh, well, he wouldn't be going back there again anyway. There were plenty of other barbers around.

Not so many producers, though. At least not so many who wanted to make a deal with him. Howard reminded himself of that as he wheeled up to the studio gate. He put a big smile on his face for the guard who directed him to parking space, and an even bigger smile for Miss Rogers, secretary in the outer office of Trebor Productions. But he saved the biggest smile for Joe Trebor.

That took a little doing. First of all, there was the damned half-hour wait in the outer office. Well, that was Trebor for you—an A-OK ratfink. Of course they were all alike, these producers. They all had the same routine. Set up an appointment, then postpone it. Set up another, give you the pressure; "How soon can you make it? Tomorrow morning? Good—10 o'clock sharp, in my office. I'll leave a pass at the gate for you."

So you showed up promptly at 10, carrying the brief case and taking the best possible care of that extra-big smile so that it wouldn't crack around the edges. And then you sat there like a

damned fool in the reception room, crossing and uncrossing your legs in the uncomfortable little chair, trying not to stare at the secretary as she kept putting calls through to the guy you were supposed to be seeing right now. Sometimes you even sat there while the charm boys finger-snapped their way in and out of the sanctum sanctorum; the sharp young agents, hair just a little too long over the back of the buttondown collar, trousers just a little too tight in the seat, always a little bit ahead of you as they made their pitch, set their deal—for somebody else.

Howard got into Joe Trebor's office at 10:32. He stayed six minutes.

Three minutes later he was standing before a pay phone in a glass booth, trying to dial Dr. Blanchard's number with a forefinger that wouldn't stop trembling, then interrupting the incoherency he poured into the mouthpiece to take a wild swipe at the insect that soared and swooped insanely within the confines of the phone booth. "It's following me!" he shouted into the mouthpiece. "The damned thing's following me—"

. . .

"Do you want to talk about it now?" asked Dr. Blanchard quietly, as Howard sank back into the big, leather-covered chair. Scarcely another 20 minutes had elapsed, but Howard was now quite calm. And of course he wanted to talk about it.

That's why he'd called Blanchard, even though it wasn't his regular appointment day, that's why he'd come running over here to the nice, quiet office where you could sit back and relax and nobody pressured you.

It wasn't like Joe Trebor's office—he was telling the doctor about that now. About the phony modern paintings on the walls and the big desk with the high executive chair behind it and the low chair in front of it, the one you sat in. When you sat in that chair the producer looked down on you and you had to look up to him. You looked up over that bare desk which told you here was a man too important to waste his time on mere paperwork the way writers did. You looked at the intercom and the phone with the six extension buttons which showed just how busy a producer he was, and at the solid-silver water carafe which showed just how wealthy he was. And you looked at the picture of the wife and kids, which was supposed to show you what a solid citizen he was, if you didn't happen to know the stories about the way he interviewed for feminine leads.

But you didn't look directly at Joe Trebor, because he was staring at you. Staring and waiting for you to come up with the story line. You got the notes

(continued on page 203)

EDITORS' CHOICE

ten personal favorites from playboy's first ten years



WE REALIZE WE'RE LEADING WITH OUR collective chin by declaring the "best" of the more than 100 Playmates who've enlivened our centerfold in our first 10 years, but even among Playmates, we feel, some girls just stand out. Disagreement with our selections is bound to arise; there are undoubtedly as many individual lists possible as there are readers with adequate eyesight. To preclude having our office picketed by irate partisans, therefore, we are willing to make a deal: Promise to view our editors' choice with an open mind, and we in turn will—in the issues subsequent to this one—feature, each month, the Playmates of one year of the past decade. We invite your votes on them by mail. Then, next December, at the end of our 10th Anniversary Year, we'll print a Readers' Choice of Playmates, and see how your preferences compare with our own. Be apprised, however, that this month's



compilation—judging from the amount of fan mail each Playmate's initial appearance evoked—is close to being the choice of readers as well as of our editors. Surprisingly, our more famous Playmates such as Stella Stevens, Jayne Mansfield and our first and most memorable Playmate of all, Marilyn Monroe (to whom PLAYBOY devotes an entire feature next month), are not in this grouping. The possible reason for this is that the photographic charm of these lesser known beauties (now the pin-up queens of the nation and the world) has overcome any inclination we might have had to judge by standards of fame alone. In short, we think our selections are just plain terrific, and if you'll take a look, we'll rest our case.



JANET PILGRIM holds the distinction of being the only Playmate featured in the centerfold on three different occasions — July 1955, December 1955, and October 1956 — and was the inspiration for PLAYBOY's "girl next door" Playmate concept. Janet was in charge of our Subscription Fulfillment when she first posed and has been, for the past several years, heading up Reader Service.





LISA WINTERS first appeared upon these pages as Playmate of the Month in December 1956, after her discovery — on a Miami street corner waiting for a bus — by top pin-up photographer Bunny Yeager. A shy and retiring girl, Lisa's fantastic figure and winsome smile brought rave responses from our readers, and she has remained a high point in the annals of our gatefold girls. We hope that the state of Florida will forgive our poaching on its property, because the irremediable loss to male bus riders in sunny Miami has obviously been the fortunate PLAYBOY readers' gain.





JOYCE NIZZARI is another happy result of Bunny Yeager's ever-ready eye for beauty. Her bare-battamed Playmate pose in December 1958 is regarded by famous publisher Bennett Cerf as the best pin-up photo ever to appear in PLAYBOY. Romantically linked at various times with Frank Sinatra, Andy Williams and television-movie director Jahn Frankenheimer, she is still happily single, and works on PLAYBOY promotions between her busy schedule of assignments as a top model. Beauty-contest winner Joyce has also worked as a showgirl, Playboy Bunny, and in a number of motion pictures.





ELLEN STRATTON was studying law at night when we first discovered and uncovered her in December 1959. While Ellen was working as a Bunny, she met TV director Gordon Shepherd (who filmed *The Most*, prize-winning TV documentary on the Bunny Empire); soon thereafter they were engaged, and she is now working for his thriving Intervideo Productions in Toronto.





HEIDI BECKER is the provocative Austrian-born beauty who first graced our centerfold in June 1961. Discovered by top PLAYBOY photographer Mario Casilli on the West Coast, Heidi's splendorous qualifications made a certainty of her selection as a top-10 placer after strenuous deliberation about an entire decade of Playmates. Her penchant for prolific pizzo-eating (*molto* cheese and sausage, but *na* anchovies, *prègo*) has yet to adversely affect her 36-22-34 tabulations.





CHRISTA SPECK, an eye-catching import from Germany, is a close friend of Heidi's, though they met only after both were living in California. Voted Playmate of the Year after her appearance as Miss September in 1961 (and as a lovely guest at our *Playmate Holiday House Party*, December 1961), she subsequently became engaged to puppeteer Marty Krofft (see *What a Night Before Christmas!* in this issue). Christa's favorite pastimes are jazz listening, modern dance, and trampoline workouts.





AVIS KIMBLE was a bright and bright-eyed 17-year-old when **PLAYBOY** first discovered her in our own home town, Chicago, going to school by day and working as a photographer's assistant afternoons and early evenings. Shortly after her 18th birthday, she appeared as our Playmate for the month of November 1962. Her appearance in **PLAYBOY** helped finance her secret dream, an antique shop, intriguingly named *Fly By Night*, which successful and enterprising emporium our *rara Avis* — strikingly nonantique — now operates in the heart of the city's prospering Old Town.





CONNIE MASON was a top model and a Bunny in both the Miami and Chicago Playboy Clubs when she appeared as our Playmate of the Month this past June. Her expressive face and provocative posing have reaped a wave of motion-picture and television offers, including one from film producer Howard Hawks. Connie is currently working in New York City, and has been romantically linked with White House fashion designer Oleg Cassini, who confesses that his personal taste in women runs to Playmates like Connie rather than scrawny high-fashion mannequins.





CHRISTINE WILLIAMS is the stunning, Bardot-like Amazonian beauty whose high popularity is only enhanced by her 6-foot (in her bare feet), 37-26-37 charms. This year's October Playmate, Christine is now under the diligent mentorship of top Hollywood agent William Schuller, and beginning a promising career in motion pictures. Only 18 years old, Christine hopes that she will someday be a famous star of the screen. It should be obvious to our readers from these pictures that Christine can well afford to be optimistic on that score.





DONNA MICHELLE, our Playmate prize this month, beautifully rounds out the editors' choice of the 10 top Playmates of the decade, three of whom appeared this year. Discovered by the daughter of photographer Edmund Leja, Donna was asked to try her hand at being a Playmate: read all about her in this issue's centerfold.



MORALS OF MONEY (continued from page 126)

For example, I have four grown sons. All chose to enter the family business. When each made his decision to do so, he was allowed to start right in — at the bottom of the ladder. My sons served their apprenticeships by serving customers in filling stations owned by my companies. They sold gasoline and lubricating oil, filled batteries, changed tires and did their share of cleaning grease racks and sweeping and mopping the premises where they worked.

Yet, innumerable casual acquaintances have blandly asked me to do them a "favor" and give *their* sons, or unemployed relatives, executive-level jobs in the firms I control. They never seem to understand why I turn them down, and almost always become highly indignant when I do.

Then there are those who ask me for tips which will make them rich overnight — or within a week or two at most. It's useless to tell them I have none to give. The get-rich-quick dreamers won't believe me.

"You damned millionaires are all selfish and unfair!" "You've got secrets for making money, but you won't share them." "You don't want anyone else to get rich!" So go some of the tirades against me.

Apparently, these individuals believe that modern business is conducted in the dark of the moon by warlocks and sorcerers who chant mystical incantations and draw pentagrams on the floors of board rooms. It doesn't do any good to argue with them. They will not believe that hard work — not tips or secrets — is the key to business success. They don't want to believe it. They want success and wealth served up to them. They don't want to work.

The effect a rich man's money will have on others is often surprising, sometimes barely believable, and by no means always salutary or ennobling. I've said before that a millionaire is a marked man. There are many who consider him an easy mark as well. For instance, I have long been an avid and serious art collector. Through the years, I have been offered bogus Botticellis, counterfeit Corots and fake Fragonards by the carloads.

I recall one man who tried to sell me what he said was a rare 14th Century tapestry, and for which he asked "a mere \$45,000." When I told him I wasn't interested, he flew into a rage.

"But you've got to buy it!" he shouted, thrusting the tapestry at me. "My wife worked months to make it!"

Another enterprising soul informed me that he was breaking up his collection of paintings and showed me several soot-begrimed, 10th-rate canvases in cheap, cracked frames. He had col-

lected the paintings, all right — from scrap heaps and junk shops.

I don't suppose anything illustrates the cupidity and economic ignorance of some people better than the floods of letters by which all reputedly wealthy persons are constantly plagued.

In my own case, I receive up to 3000 letters every month from people who are totally unknown to me. Some are written by women — of all ages and from all walks of life, I gather — who say they've read or heard that I'm extremely rich and currently unmarried.

"You're just the man I've always wanted for a husband . . ." "It's plain to see that you need a wife, and I know I would fill the bill to perfection . . ." "I'll gladly divorce my husband and marry you, if you'll just send me the money to pay the lawyer's fees . . ." These are typical lines taken from some of the marriage-proposal letters I've received in recent weeks.

The ladies often enclose snapshots or *salon* portraits which display greater or lesser quantities of their charms. On occasion, they'll send along entire photo albums. Some of these amorous hopefuls, I might add, hint coyly — or state bluntly — that they're willing to waive the fusty formalities of marriage and overwhelm me with love and companionship provided appropriate financial arrangements are made beforehand.

But the majority of my unwanted mail — about 70 percent, according to a tally made by my secretary — is made up of letters written by people who ask me to send them money. I do not doubt for a moment that some small percentage of these are from individuals who are actually in need. Unfortunately, it is utterly impossible to separate these from the thousands sent by professional panhandlers and chronic beggars. The letters come from practically every country in the world. It would cost vast sums to check the validity of the appeals. Thus, it's necessary to refuse them all.

Like almost all wealthy men — certainly, all with whom I am acquainted — I make my contributions only to organized, legitimate charities. Each and every year, my companies and I contribute sums totaling many hundreds of thousands of dollars to charity. This is the only way one can give money with any degree of assurance that it will be received eventually by deserving persons.

I've tried to make this clear in press interviews and public statements, but without avail. Thousands of people who want me to send them money continue to write to me. "You're rich. You'll never miss the money," most of my unbidden correspondents write, as though this explains and justifies everything.

Some plead. Others demand. A few

even threaten. A surprisingly large number cannily specify that I'm to send them "cash — no checks" because they "don't want the tax authorities to find out about the money." There are even those who demand the sum they request "net — with all taxes paid."

The head of a state medical association once asked me for \$250,000 — so that he could buy a yacht. "It's not much, considering what I've heard about the size of your fortune," he wrote.

This, mind you, was a professional man — a physician who was obviously highly regarded in his community and his state. So, I presume was the certified public accountant who used his firm's impressive stationery to request \$500,000. He'd "discovered a sure-fire system for playing the stock market" — and wanted to play it with my money. "I'll see that you get 10 percent of the profits," he promised generously.

Then there was the high-school teacher who wanted a million tax-free dollars so that she could help her relatives, and the banker who wrote that he'd embezzled \$100,000 and was certain I would make good his defalcations.

I could cite such examples almost indefinitely. In an average month, the total amount requested by these mail-order mendicants easily exceeds \$3,000,000. On one memorable day a short while ago, a *single* mail delivery brought letters asking for a total of no less than \$15,000,000!

All this, of course, is but a relatively minor annoyance among the sundry problems that come with wealth. I've mentioned several in this article which serve to make a rich man's life — pleasant and enjoyable as it is in many ways — something less than the carefree idyl so many people picture it to be.

As I've said, money can do things for people — and it can also do many things *to* them. What money does for or to a particular individual is largely dependent on his moral and intellectual standards, his outlooks and his attitudes toward life.

If he's a businessman, the important consideration is what he *does* with his money. The best use he can make of it is to invest it in enterprises which produce more and better goods and services for more people at lower cost. His aim should be to create and operate businesses which contribute their share to the progressive upward movement of the world's economy, and which thus work to make life better for all. Therein lies the justification for wealth, and therefrom does the working businessman derive the greatest sense of satisfaction.

That is what I have tried to do with my money, and those are the aims and goals of the companies in which I have invested. Those are — or should be — the morals of the successful businessman's money.



THE LADY AND THE WENCH



A NOBLE AND FAMOUS KNIGHT of our realm once fell in love with a fair damsel and advanced himself in her graces so that she refused nothing he desired. But finally it was necessary for him to go away to the wars to serve his king in Spain and in many other places. He conducted himself so well in battle that his return was received with great celebration.

During his absence, however, his lady had married an elderly gentleman, a wise and courteous man who had spent much time at court. This gentleman, indeed, deserved a better wife, but had not yet learned the greatness of his misfortune.

When the lover returned from his valorous deeds, he arrived one night at the castle where the lady now dwelt. Her husband received the knight gladly on account of their former acquaintance, and likewise for the knight's great fame. But while the gentleman entertained the knight with food and wine, the lady desired to entertain him in the same way she had often done in the past, lacking only a proper time and place.

"My sweet," whispered the knight, "if you are really willing, a way will be

found. After your husband is asleep, you need only rise softly and come to my room."

"Nay," replied the lady. "The danger is too great. My lord sleeps lightly, and often wakes, putting out his hand to touch me gently with his fingers. If he found me not, we would both be lost."

"When he awakes does he do nought but touch you with his hand?"

"Not another thing," she answered.

"Then it is truly fortunate that I arrived, and our project will not be too difficult. Is there another woman here in whom you can confide and who can aid us?"

"There is one maiden I can trust with any secret. She is most loyal and will do all I bid her."

"You and she must then make arrangements for this night," advised the lover.

Eager for the affair, the lady called her damsel. "My dear," she told the girl, "you may do me a service this night and help me do the thing dearest to me in this world."

"Command me, my lady; I am ready and happy to serve."

"The knight, our guest," explained her mistress, "is the man I most love. I would not wish him to leave before I speak with him, nor can he tell me what is in his heart except privately. Therefore I beg that tonight you take my place in bed beside my husband. As you know, you need fear no harm nor inconvenience. He is accustomed to turn to me during the night and touch me a little; then he turns away and goes back again to sleep. Lie rather far from him, as I do, and take care that you feign sleep and do not say a single word."

"For your pleasure I shall gladly do it, madam," the damsel promised.

After dinner the gentleman talked with the knight about wars and many other things. Then they had a glass of wine and all retired to bed, but not before the lady told her lover of the evening's plans.

The damsel waited in the gentleman's darkened chamber, and as soon as he lay down she came and put herself in her lady's place. Then the lady quickly went where her lover waited. Soon she was in

the knight's bed and the damsel in the gentleman's. Not all that night was spent in sleep.

As was his custom, one hour before dawn the husband stretched out his hand and turned toward the girl, thinking it was his wife. By chance he touched her breast. Letting his hand rest there a moment, he felt that both breasts were firm and high, and after a moment even firmer. He then let his hand explore further. On the evidence of her young breasts and of other secrets as well, he soon knew that this was certainly not his wife. She was no longer so well arrayed, nor had his touch ever caused in her the effects he noted during this examination of his bedmate.

"Aha," he thought, "they have played a naughty trick on me. I shall give them one in return." Then he kissed the damsel gently and did those things which ought always to follow such explorations as he had already carried out.

Afterward he began to shout so loudly that all in the castle could hear, "Sir knight, where are you? Speak to me!"

The knight was dismayed to hear himself called thus, and the lady knew not what to do, saying, "Alas, we are lost."


Her husband shouted once more, and the knight ventured to reply, "What does it please my lord?"

"I wish all to know that I am willing to make such an exchange whenever it pleases you, sir knight."

"What exchange do you speak of?"

"The exchange of an old woman, disloyal and already somewhat faded from overuse, for a fresh, obedient and courageous young wench. You have brought me greater pleasure than I have known since my marriage, and for this I thank you greatly."

Even the maid was too surprised — both for herself and for her mistress — to speak. And the knight quickly left his ladylove, failing to thank his gracious host for all the entertainment, and departed without bidding anyone adieu.

— Translated by John A. Rea 





"But aren't you the gentleman who asked Santa for the life-size doll?"





man at his leisure

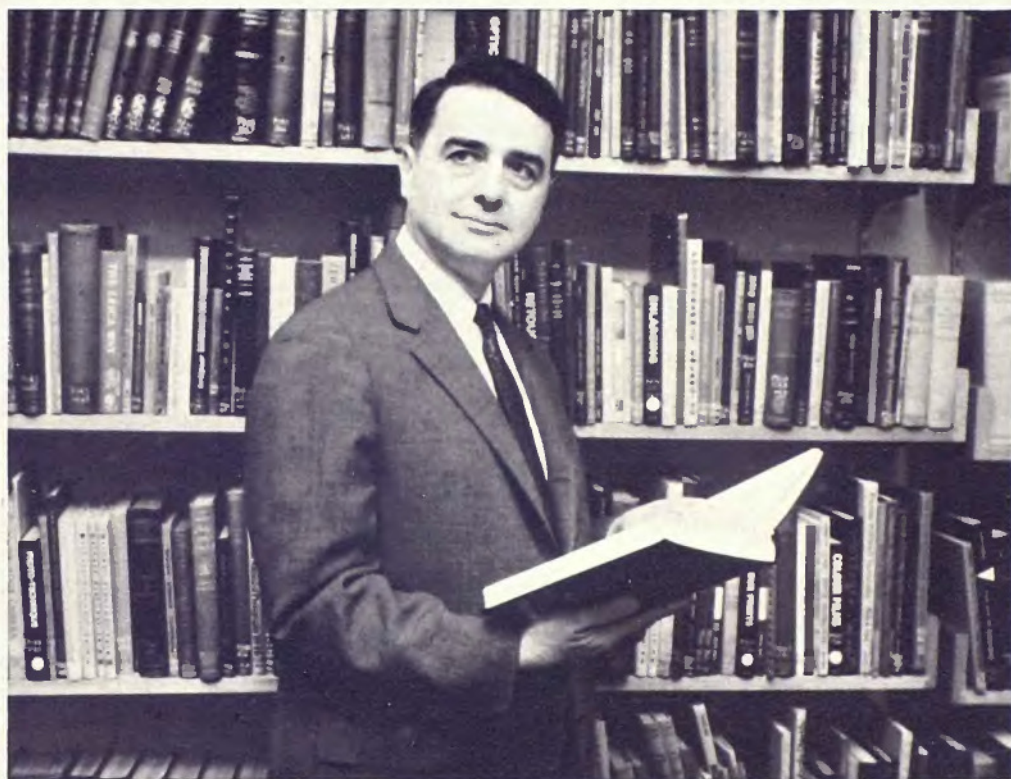
neiman portrays the studied violence of professional boxing

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, scene of spectaculars ranging from political rallies to the circus, from an Ed Sullivan show to Elizabeth Taylor riding an elephant, means but one thing to the professional prize fighter: the ultimate arena. As the old vaudevillians aspired to the Palace Theater, so the boxer to the Garden. "Here, centered in this vast, dark bowl in a pyramid of stark white light, two opponents will meet in clashing combat, weaponless save for the thick muscle and jarring bone of bodies rehearsed and prodded and strained into maximal aggressive potential; here, urged and badgered by the relentless roaring of the tiered spectators, leather-shielded fists will thrust and strike and punish until a victor can be declared," says artist LeRoy Neiman. The smoke-filled atmosphere, the wet gleam of naked flesh, the lightning action, are all plucked out of time at the instant of existence and portrayed here from the swift march down the aisle to the empty ring, through the ferocious initial onslaught, to the final wrap-up in the victor's dressing room. Besides the savage scenes of the fight itself, Neiman also limns herein the seldom-depicted respect that exists between the contestants beyond the final bell, their controlled nervousness as they pace the canvas awaiting the decision of the judges, and the brief tending of a wound by the concerned handler which may later require a doctor's stitching. Even at the moment of his opponent's proclamation as victor, the defeated fighter's congratulations are embodied in his stance as he springs forward to clasp the other's gloved hand.

Finally, the victor, his hand plunged in an ice bucket, contented but physically beat, gives his answers to a contingent of jaded sportswriters. "Yes . . . Yes, I think I broke my hand—with that left that dropped him in the first round . . . Yes, or I would have stopped him sooner . . . Yes, he's a good boy . . . Fought me clean, fought good . . . A good opponent . . . No, he never hurt me . . . No . . ." Outside the dressing room, far down a long cement corridor, the roaring, the cheering, the shuffling footsteps have ceased. The pyramid of light burns yellow with dust. Other, dimmer lights glow now over empty seats. Men with brooms are sweeping.



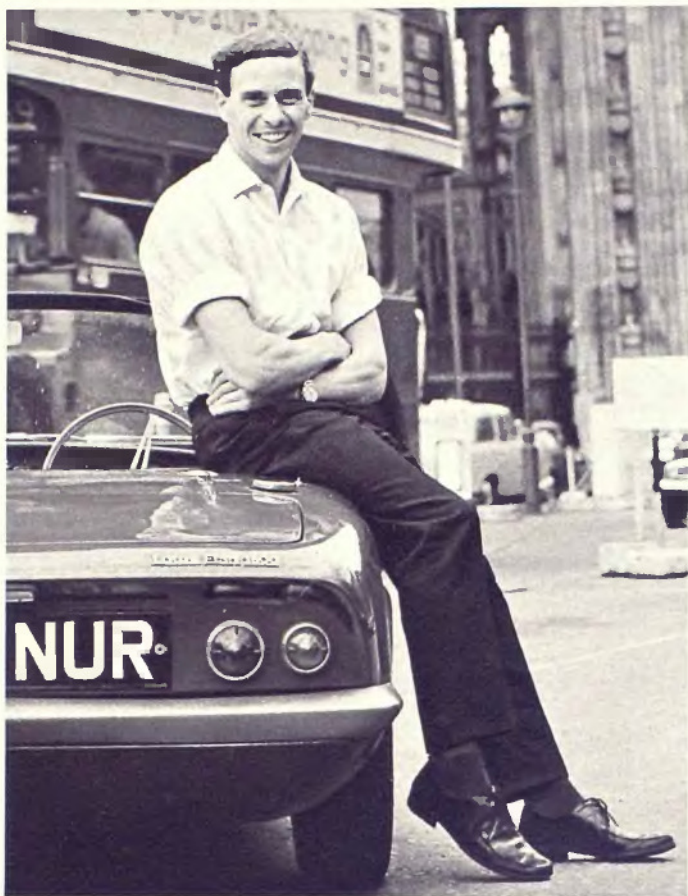
ON THE SCENE



GEORGE S. WOODRUFF

EDWIN H. LAND *prints charming*

TODAY, 16 YEARS AFTER the debut of the Polaroid camera, an event that altered both the progress and the pursuit of amateur photography in the United States, its creator is the possessor of a personal fortune of more than \$100,000,000. In 1947, Edwin Herbert Land was chairman of the board of a company operating at a loss of more than \$100,000 a year. Yet he prefers not to speak of this remarkable change in his personal fortunes. He is a camera-shy, self-effacing man dedicated to avoiding the public eye at all possible costs. Indeed, when last August his company introduced a new compact (2½-pound) Polaroid, designed for faster, more maneuverable home photography, Land took off for Venice. "I'm in no mood to talk about these things now," said he. Nevertheless, uncommunicative 54-year-old Edwin Land could talk big if he so chose—for his success, by any standard in any field, is substantial. He began his experiments with polarization at the age of 17 while a precocious student at Harvard. He then quit school and founded the Polaroid Corporation in 1936. He perfected the one-step photography process 11 years later and immediately became a favorite of fortune. His camera was a singular success: its stock climbed from 96¼ in 1950 to 216 a year later (it now sells at about 200). In 1952 came the ultimate tribute: the Russians copied the Polaroid and, expectedly, claimed they had invented it. Away from his office, Land, hearth-loving and the father of two, has tenaciously guarded his private life from public view. His interests rest in the field of scientific experimentation and education. Although he never graduated from Harvard, he is a member of three of its visiting committees (astronomy, chemistry and physics). He is also an institute professor at M.I.T. and holds six honorary degrees. But most of his time is spent in his lab, where he works 15 hours a day and where he spent 10 years working on 10-second development and 5 more perfecting Polaroid color film, a development that had shutterbugs snapping to attention upon its introduction last summer when they realized that home photography had new delights in store for them: Now they could click their chicks not only in black and white, but in Playmate pink as well.



MARVIN KONER

JIM CLARK *great scot*

WITH LIGHTNING STRIDES, a 27-year-old sheep-raising Scotsman is rapidly approaching the now-retired Stirling Moss' near-magical ability to extract maximum performance from those fleet but fractious road runners, the Formula 1 machines of Grand Prix auto racing. Driving a Lotus-Ford—minuscule by American standards but incredibly nimble compared to the cumbrous Indianapolis cars—Jim Clark pioneered what will shortly turn into a racing revolution by finishing second in the Indy 500 (missing first place by the margin of loudly disputed winner Parnelli Jones' speed-cutting oil leak in the closing laps), and breezing in ahead of much the same field in the Milwaukee 200. These two performances, sandwiched in among four straight wins on the European Grand Prix circuit (Spa, Zandvoort, Reims and Silverstone), offered emphatic evidence that Moss' heir apparent was more than ready to assume auto racing's throne. Carrying into this season's competition a reputation as the fastest driver extant, Clark has now coupled his innate aptitude with a knowledgeability that marks him for greatness. Besides the 1963 World Driving Championship crown which he donned after an impressive win at Monza (he had lost the 1962 championship when a bolt in his Lotus worked itself loose in the final laps of the last race of the season after he had piled up a formidable lead), Clark also wore the warm mantle of ungrudging acknowledgment by his confreres that he was in a class by himself—an accolade which appeared preordained ever since nonpareil Moss' prophetic observation that the unassuming racer was "the greatest natural talent driving today."

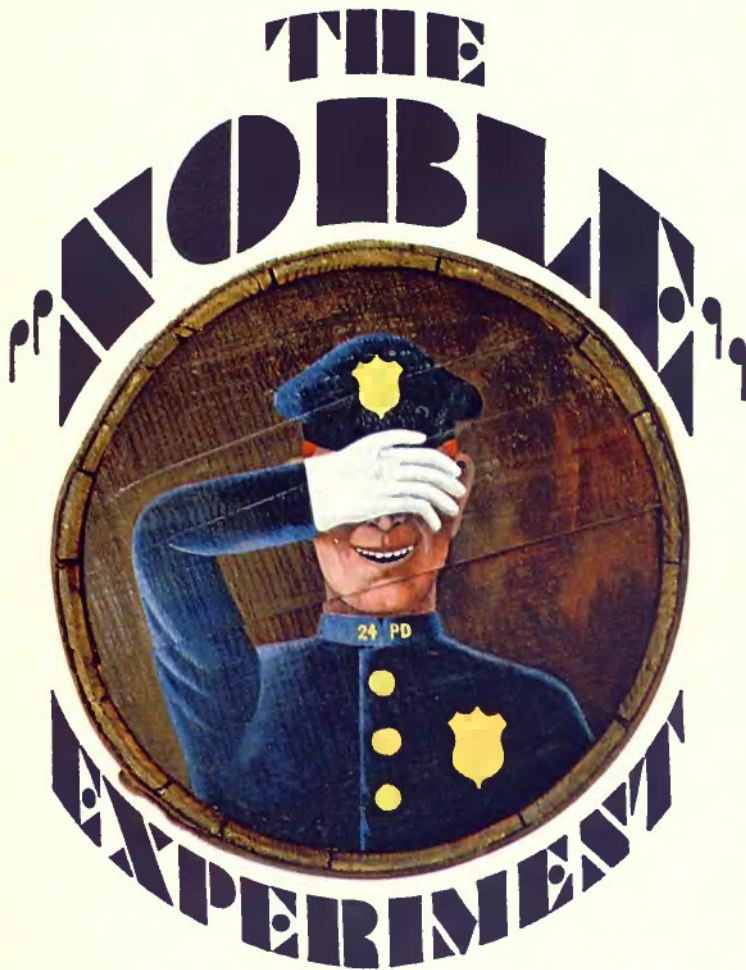


WOODY ALLEN *mirthful masochist*

DON BRONSTEIN

THE WORLD OF RUNT-SIZE superschlepp Woody Allen is bounded on all sides by the 27-year-old comic's heroic one-downmanship; he counts survival as a supreme accomplishment. Woody, who operates behind owlish glasses and a Roger Price hairdo, tells his audience-cum-analyst about his problems with his family ("My mother used to say, 'If a strange man offers you candy and asks you to go for a ride in his car—go!' And I'd go. . . . I have this magnificent pocket watch which my grandfather, on his deathbed, sold me."), the opposite sex in general ("I sold the memoirs of my love life to Parker Bros.; they're going to make them into a game"), his ex-wife in particular ("My wife was immature; I would be taking a bath and she'd come in and sink my boats"), and society *in toto* ("I was kicked out of college for cheating on a metaphysics exam; I was caught looking into the soul of the person sitting next to me"). An erstwhile out-of-sight gagwriter for such laugh luminaries as Sid Caesar, Herb Shriner and Garry Moore, Woody took the billing by the horns two-and-a-half years ago and broke in his own act at New York's Duplex ("I worked for no salary to no people"). Allen's audience in the past year has burgeoned following a four-month stint he did at Greenwich Village's Bitter End, a coffeehouse that Woody turned into his own Sanka sanctorum. Since the Bitter End's happy beginnings, Woody has almost been able to call his shots—the hungry i, Mister Kelly's, the Blue Angel, the Crescendo; he's taped three *Candid Camera* shots, has made a TV pilot film, and has a movie-script deal percolating. Why does he drive himself so hard? Woody, with deadpan sincerity, explains: "I don't want to be just another pretty face." 173

nostalgia
By BEN HECHT



a colorful firsthand
chronicle of prohibition—
the unenforceable
phenomenon that created
the three-ring circus
called the roaring twenties

I OFTEN WONDER if the things I remember are true. I don't mean about the deviltries of youth. No man can remember himself accurately. The best he can do is locate the windings of a dried river bed, and invent the water that once flowed in it; invent the swift current, the rapids, the alluring swimming holes.

I mean the memory of events such as wars, political and moral upheavals and all the fanfares that become involved as history. Since most historians devote themselves to chronicling the ultimate triumph of virtue over evil, and since no such happy finale has yet come to pass, it is obvious that history is the science of daydreams, as are the reports of novelists, poets and priests.

In my efforts, here, at sketching the history of an era through which I lived, and of which I was a rather sprightly observer, I know I shall write as much out of bias as out of fact. How can one write of the seven deadly sins of morality without a touch of bias? A bleating piety inflamed the land, terrifying its Tom Thumb politicians. Result—the Prohibition Era, 1919–1933.

For some 14 years the Era turned the U. S. into a joke. You wouldn't have had a much funnier nation if a law had been passed requiring all its citizens to walk naked on stilts.

There are, naturally, two Prohibition Eras—the one that existed and the one that has flowered into an American legend. As box office, number two Era is today neck and neck with the winning of the West, and challenging its lead. The Chicago gangster of the Twenties in his pinstriped suit and his Mediterranean hairdo promises to pull ahead of the Indian chief provoked by crooked white men into scalping wagon-train passengers.

I was a Chicago newspaper reporter during the dry years, and, biased though I may be, I shall do my best to write of them without out-and-out lying. This is not an easy chore. The lies that have accumulated about the Twenties are now tall enough to receive homage as a myth, particularly from writers.

It is more profitable for writers to succumb to a myth than to contradict it. Succumb, and you can make a fortune peddling scenarios to the movies and television industry. In fact, I have. Contradict, and a few nickels will trickle in from the literary periodicals.

What is the myth? It is the same historical myth, with a jazz beat added, of virtue's triumph over evil. There are always a few carpers. But the human multitude never tires of applauding this fantasy. Perhaps it is all for the best—that the need for believing the world is better than it is never surrenders to reality.

Millions of current Americans gape nightly at TV sets and movie screens watching the virtuous lawmen take on the evil gangsters of the Twenties and mow them down with firearms. Virtue always triumphs, suffering seldom more than a minor flesh wound that any doctor can clear up in a week. The evil ones always getting plugged, rolling down stairways and pitching out of windows, ready for the morgue wagon.

It was not thus in the Prohibition Era. Good and evil did not meet in a head-on collision. They met only for the pay-off. The forces of law and order did not advance on the villains with drawn guns, but with their palms out, like bellboys.

During our prohibition spell some 600 gangsters were murdered in Chicago, nary one by a cop. For the 600 murders in Chicago's streets only two culprits were caught and convicted of homicide. The two were probably masochists who rushed neurotically to the station house for punishment.

This is not a wanton comment. Suicide was one of the occupational hazards for Chicago gunmen. Frank Nitti, Al Capone's "Enforcer" blew his own head off, as did a number of our town's most able killers.

I noted in my reporter days that professional killers were often moody fellows. They did a lot (continued on page 222)



PAINTINGS BY PAUL DAVIS



"And to think, Santa, that I didn't believe in you!"



"'Tis the season to be jolly, tra-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la . . ."



"Christmas, of course, is really a rat race for us Don Juans."



"... It's Christmas, madam . . . do you need anything . . . ??"



*"Find another way to beat the cold,
Walsh — or turn in your bell!"*

Choice Cartoons of Christmas past

*a compendium of wry yulefoolery
from the pages of playboy*



"I've been saved, thank you."





"If not you, who?"



"See here, Mr. Dabner — I'm your secretary!"



"Well, do we exchange the usual gifts?"



"Oh, dear!"



Interland

"Memo to the Christmas Office Party Committee:
 Congratulations, et cetera, et cetera,
 signed B. J. Wilkens."



Dempsey

"Ho, ho, ho!"



Starrs

"So now it'll be Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen,
 Comet, Cupid, Donner and Venison."



Sokol

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



"No, Fred, it's pretty quiet here. As you know, Stanhope and Company canceled all Christmas office parties two years ago."



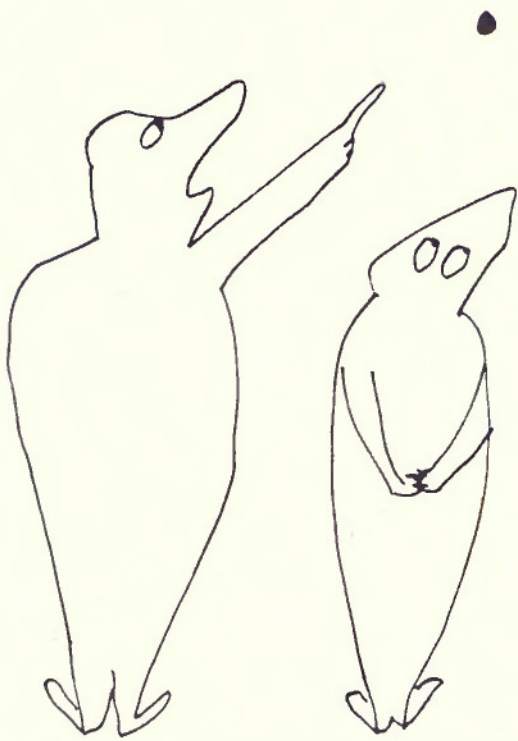
"Don't 'Ho-ho-ho' me, you dirty old man!!"



"... I'm Scrooge from the office, Mrs. Cratchit...
I'm here — heh-heh-heh —
to give you a goose for Christmas..."



"We need one volunteer to help
Miss Fairfront here gather the mistletoe."



*"Now, don't get those two buttons mixed up.
This one sets off five-hundred inter-
continental ballistic missiles, and that one
lights up the White House Christmas tree."*



*"My gracious, Mr. Simpson —
I thought it was a pillow!"*



"What's going on here?!"



*"Well, Willie,
I understand you've been a bad boy this year!"*

how to talk dirty and influence people



The fuzzi figured a priest in Miami Beach had to be up to something. But it was OK—I had a license to practice.

*part three of an autobiography by **lenny bruce***

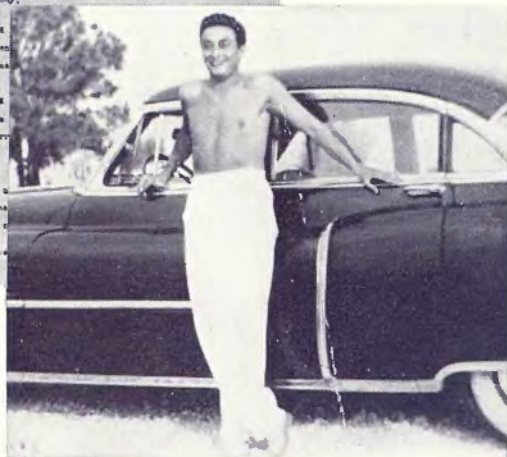
ARREST REPORT

Place of Arrest: 84 Street & Allen Road
 Date: April 22, 1951
 Bureau of Investigation (General):
 Division: Panhandling
 Arrested (Name): A.L. DeFuria
 Address: Florida Ave.
 94 Livingston Street ALLEN, N.Y.
 Phone (No. 1):
 Phone (No. 2):
 Phone (No. 3):

Received a call to investigate a man dressed as a priest collecting funds for a leper colony.
 Found subject at the corner of 80th Street & Allen Road, dressed as a priest, subject stated to the colored guard that he was collecting funds for some non-secular organization that had sponsored a leper colony.
 This person, and stated that he was to go to the leper colony to stay and appear there.
 When he was questioned as to why he was taking on the priest's attire, he stated that he had taken on the priest's attire to raise money for the leper colony.
 The organization which is a private benefit, but that the organization is a

Released 09/22/51

They charged me with panhandling . . .



. . . I ask you— is this the pose of a panhandler?

Honey was making it as a singer, at last, and we were doing fine.

That was the day I left the priesthood.

Singer Injured in Auto Crash

Night Club Artist Bodily Cut, May Have Fractured Skull After Collision in Lawrenceville

A night club singer and her combs-in-hand were injured yesterday evening in a two-car collision in Lawrenceville, minutes after they had returned their car from the City parking garage where it had been held for being illegally parked.

Miss Eleanor Brown, appearing in a white dress, was thrown from the car at the collision, suffering bruising, lacerations and a possible fractured skull.



Hefner? Hefner? I can't seem to find your name in my dance card.

synopsis: Last month, in Part II of his autobiography, Lenny Bruce continued the story of his early show-business career; of his rise toward prominence as a "clean young comic" after acclaim on an "Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts" show, and of his growing dissatisfaction with the snickering "morality" of a world as difficult for him to understand as the crazy-quilt episodes of his rootless childhood had been. Disillusioned, he signed on in the merchant marine, only to fall in love with Honey Harlowe, a redheaded stripper, just before shipping out. He recounted his experiences aboard ship, where he unknowingly smoked hashish with a Turkish seaman who was horrified at the thought of drinking alcohol; and ashore, where he investigated a Marseilles bordello that catered to men's fantasies as well as their physical desires. Finally, Lenny told how he returned to the U.S., married Honey, and was immediately faced with the problem of supporting the two of them without letting his wife continue in her smirked-at profession. Casting about for a source of income while Honey took singing lessons, he recalled how, while in the Navy, he had successfully solicited help for a leper colony, gratis. Then, as the first step in his plan for becoming a free-lance fund raiser, he had stolen a bundle of priestly garments from a rectory, and, as Part III begins, Lenny is ready to go into business for himself.

THE NEXT FEW WEEKS were spent with a battery of lawyers getting a charter from New York State which legalized the Brother Mathias Foundation. This licensed me to solicit and disburse funds to the leper colony — which was not at all illegal, for I meant to *do* just that . . . after "operating costs" had been deducted.

I had it made: a priest with a disease — an unbeatable combination.

The first place in which I chose to solicit funds was Miami Beach. Honey was stripping there, at the Pad-dock Club, and I was working at the Olympia Theater in Miami. We were living at the Floridian Hotel.

Honey was in bed, eating a breakfast that consisted of an orange pop and a hot dog with Everything. I had had Monsignor Martin's pants taken in at the seat and the legs let out. I had three suits all nicely tailored, cleaned and pressed. They fit perfectly. They hung in lovely incongruity: the clerical costumes and the G string, side by side.

The sun poured through the room and bounced off the beaded G string. The prism formed a halo as I walked out of the room in my somber black outfit.

I was just about to get into Honey's 1949 convertible Chevrolet with the leopard-skin seat covers when I heard it for the first time, loud and clear: "Good morning, Father."

The voice came from a sensual-looking, buxom woman of about 35. They bounced when she walked. Ooooh, Daddy! I stood looking at her, both reverent and horny at the same time.

"I'm Mrs. Walsh," she said. "Are you at the Floridian, Father?"

"Yes, I'm with the Brother Mathias Foundation, and we're in this area to collect money for the poor unfortunate lepers in British Guiana."

"Well, I don't have my checkbook with me —"

"Oh, no," I interrupted, "a donation was the farthest thing from my mind."

"I know that, Father, but I want to give you something. I'm going to my room — 417. When you return, give me a knock, won't you?"

"Well, yes, if you insist."

I watched her do her little-girl pout. Some women can pout so that it looks as if they're putting in a diaphragm at that very moment.

"You won't forget, will you, Father?"

"No, I shan't forget."

With all the subtlety of an exhibitionist exposing himself in a subway station, she telegraphed: "My husband better not keep sending me down here alone."

I drove away as Honey scowled out the window, devouring another one with Everything on it.

I started to drive north from the Floridian, heading my winged chariot, which had a conventional shift that stuck, toward the wealthy homes.

A priest driving a convertible with the top down would cause a lot of comment in Boston, but here in the domain of David and Celia, I went unnoticed. I whizzed past the markets which proclaimed "Goodman's Noodles" and "Hebrew National," past the theater which advertised "Saturday Night Only — Cantor Rosenblatt, Naftula Brandywine, Yetta Stwerling, Direct from Second Avenue, in *A Mema's Hartz — Jewish Drama*."

Always the same problem with a little plot twist, like a pretzel. The Jewish girl marries a gentile boy and the Jewish girl's family immediately goes into mourning. The gentile husband stays drunk and beats her throughout the entire second act. The third act has the usual happy ending, where the girl gets pregnant, the drunken husband leaves her, and she goes blind working in a sewing-machine factory. The child grows up to be a brilliant physician who naturally, is a genetic representation of his mother's side; but he stutters terribly because of the gentile blood in him. At the end of the third act, his kindly old Jewish grandmother, who has been searching for him, meets him unexpectedly while sitting on a bench waiting for an offstage bus. He kisses her and whispers stutteringly in her ear, "I love you" — in Hebrew . . . but the evil gentile part of him comes out and he bites her ear off as the curtain falls on the little theater off Times Square. About

40 blocks off Times Square.

As I stopped for a pedestrian to pass, a rabbi drove by and gave me a friendly wave. I wondered, do rabbis and priests always wave at each other, just like people in sports cars?

I reached a wealthy section a few blocks away which, interestingly enough, was inhabited almost exclusively by gentile families. I parked the car at the curb and knocked at the first door.

. . .

If you have ever done any door-to-door selling, whether it be encyclopedias, siding, shingles, baby pictures, or Avon cosmetics, you know that you receive rejection 95 percent of the time. I've always assumed that one would have to be a dedicated masochist to pursue this type of employment.

As a kid, I studied the color transference of a buttercup while lolling on a lawn retreat between soliciting subscriptions for the *Long Island Daily Press*. I would commune with nature to recoup my stamina and morale between houses. Actually, I was a door-to-lawn salesman.

It sure was uncomfortable standing on a porch, looking through a screen door at a shadowy figure bent over struggling with a mohair davenport while the roar of an unattended vacuum cleaner belled and wheezed. A nine-year-old salesman hasn't learned the refinements of the game. . . .

The first telephone call: "Hello, Mrs. Harding? I hope I'm not disturbing your dinner. . . . Ha, ha, ha — well, I won't keep you a minute; I know it must be delicious. My name is Schneider. Your neighbor, Mrs. Wilson, gave me your number. Now, before you hang up, don't get the idea that I'm trying to sell you anything. Certainly not! You are very fortunate, indeed, because my company is engaged in a market-research project and, providing you qualify according to our strict specifications, I may be able to offer you a most valuable service, free of charge — absolutely free — which will not cost you one single penny . . . that is, of course, *providing* you do pass our strict qualifications. . . ."

The strict qualifications being that she doesn't hang up.

But I cannot indict the system. It is no more corrupt than any other form of selling. The term itself, "selling," implies talking the customer into purchasing an article he has not previously had any need or desire for.

When I was nine years old, I would find myself standing on a strange and unfriendly porch, getting the breath scared out of me by some dopey chow dog who always leaped out at me from nowhere. Luckily he would just miss me by the six-inch strain on his chain. Dogs seem to take a particular delight in scaring nine-year-old boys. I think

it's really a game with them, harmless enough, like fetching sticks, because they are certainly capable of killing you if they wanted to. They don't, though; they just nip at your heels when you ride past on your bike. It's all in fun. For *them*. I didn't understand the rule of the game when I was nine years old.

I was a prepubic spoilsport.

I must admit that when you stand on that porch and they leap out, it does serve some useful function. If you have sinus trouble, your nasal passages are cleared up in seconds. I imagine that's what the cave men must have done instead of taking nose drops. If a kid's nose was stuffed up, they just stood him in front of a cave until a dinosaur stuck his head out.

By 1951 I had considerably refined my sales approach. I still had no "opener" telephone call to ease my introduction, but I did have a uniform.

A uniform is an important means to instant acceptance.

A man is no longer just a man; he is part of an institution — milkman, postman, diaper man — he has conquered the suspicion of being a stranger by acquiring a kind of *official* anonymity. He is associated with a definite mission. He means business.

I learned that from my experience in the Navy, the merchant marine and, of course, the WAVES. Now, my priest uniform overshadowed General Eisenhower's in commanding respect.

I walked up to that \$90,000 bay-front home with the yacht parked in the back, and the chow dog lay down just the way Daisy used to in the *Blondie* movies. That's what preacceptance does for you. Androcles had achieved it for me thousands of years before, taking that thorn out of the lion's foot.

The door opened even before my foot touched the first step. A flustered maid, wiping her hands on her apron, gulped: "Good morning, Father, won't you come in? Mrs. McKenery will be right down."

The house was immaculate. The maid led me to the Music Room. In the center was a beautiful Baldwin grand, the grandest piano I had ever seen. It probably hadn't been played since the little girl whose picture stood on top of it had grown up.

I conjured up a mental picture of the mistress of the house. People usually look like their homes. This house was spotless, but not the crisp, white-kitchen cleanliness with yellow-flowered curtains and a cute Donald Duck-clock decor with which some reflect themselves. This house smelled of wood polished with linseed oil.

Some women are Clorox scrubbers; others are dusters or straightener-uppers.

(continued on page 211)

MERRY CHRISTMAS!



playboy's frolicsome femlin presents a handsome holiday haul

Our jaunty Femlin conducts a Christmas tour through PLAYBOY's extensive gift gallery displaying a spectacular array of yuletide largess to fill even the largest of stockings. Beginning on her green-gloved right: Gold cigarette case, 18-kt., done in groove-banded open basket weave, by Tiffany, \$1175. South American jasper cuff-link set, midnight blue, mounted in knurled-edge silver, by Dante, \$17.50. Wafer-thin gold watch, with 14-kt. Florentine finish, matching mesh band, 22-jewel movement, by Hamilton, \$300. Pair of roulette-red, solid-coral dice, 18-kt. gold-inlaid pips, with felt-lined leather dice cup (not shown), by Schlumberger, \$570. Accutron desk clock, cordless, frame in rolled gold plate, accuracy guaranteed to within one minute a month, transistorized with electrically driven tuning fork and movement fully visible, powered by mercury cell which lasts a full year, angle of clock face adjustable at base, by Bulova, \$175.



Below, clockwise from noon: Cotton-corduroy car coat, with wool-plaid lining, by H.I.S., \$25. LeRoy Neiman portfolio, six full-color reproductions, from Playboy Products, \$25. Vargas portfolio, six full-color reproductions from the pages of PLAYBOY, by Playboy Products, \$25. Chemex coffee maker, brews 6 to 20 cups, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$17.50. Four-speed turntable/changer, with built-in strobe, completely separate changer and turntable mechanisms, by Thorens, \$250; base, \$30. Porter-Cable battery-operated drill, with rechargeable power pack, by Rockwell Manufacturing Co., \$120. Dictating machine, lifetime magnetic tape, by Norelco, \$249.50. UHF converter, for black-and-white or color sets, by Standard Kollsman, \$39.95. Emergency tool kit, includes flashlight, leather case, from Mark Cross, \$30. Battery-operated railroad clock, with transistorized movement, by Rigaud, \$250. Super Sports motorcycle, 50cc, four speeds, by Honda, \$285, West Coast P.O.E. Serving tray with lacquer finish, by Takashimaya, \$6.90.



Left, clockwise from one: Swedish carafe, with rosewood trim, vacuum design, by Bonniers, \$19.50. Deerskin gloves, by Fownes, \$5.50. Testa leather attaché case, by Seeger, \$152.50. Buffet bain-marie double pot and warmer, from Bazar Francais, \$55. Hawaiian milo wood salad bowl, from America House, \$100. Stainless-steel knives, with stag handles, set of six, from Hoffritz, \$25. Silver boot jigger (on Femlin's foot), by Brooks Brothers, \$7.50. Old World globe with brass base, by Brooks Brothers, \$30. Teak salt-and-pepper-mill set, by Maison Gourmet, \$10. Oak letter box with trays, by Bonniers, \$45. One-piece Swedish telephone, by Ericofon, \$59.95. Glacier Ware pitcher-cooler, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$22. Ties (from left) by Beau Brummel, by Superba, and by Sir Wembley, \$3.50 each. Walnut coat hanger, with brass fittings, by Maxwell-Phillip, \$12. Stainless-steel chafing dish, walnut fittings, from Alfred Dunhill, \$35. Center: Playboy Cartoon Album, Playboy Products, \$2. Automobile Quarterly, Automobile Quarterly, \$21 per year. Three Plays by Jean Giraudoux-Christopher Fry, Oxford University Press, \$5. The Early Years of Alec Waugh, Farrar, Straus, \$6. Rosewood book ends, from America House, \$16. Background: One-of-a-kind wool rug, by America House, \$600.



Above, clockwise from 10: Copper ship's lamp, from Brooks Brothers, \$22.50. Rare bird's-eye-briar pipe, comes with hand-fitted case, serviced for life, by Kaywoodie, \$100. Movie camera, 8mm, with two-speed electric zoom reflex action between 9 and 36mm, f/1.8 lens, by Fujica, \$249.50. Teak salad bowl, made in Sweden, by Bonniers, \$18. Ski mask of Orlon acrylic knit, from Siegel Brothers, \$2.25. Egyptian water clock, one hour, with leather trim, by Rigaud, \$30. XP-100 pistol, .221 caliber, single shot, bolt action, center fire, one-piece Zytel stock, with fitted zipper case, by Remington Arms, \$99.95. Sun-timer sunglasses, with broad temples, by Victory Optical, about \$12. Turchinite paperweight, two-inch transparent geometric cube, from America House, \$8.35. Skindiver alarm watch, tested to 1000-foot depth, decompression calibrated, antimagnetic steel case, corrosion resistant, by Vulcain, \$250. Shoe buffer, with leather handles, by Rigaud, \$3.50. White Dot cartridge desk pen, one of pair from teakwood set (center) which has thermometer, name plate, all by W. A. Sheaffer, \$60.

Right, outer circle, clockwise from noon. Citation men's cologne, 4.75 ozs., by Mennen, \$1.25. Figaro soap, from after-shave set with cologne, by Lanvin, \$8.75 complete. Shaving stick, by Colgate, 60c. Valor cologne, 8 ozs., with after-shave lotion (not shown), by Lorle, \$7.50. English Leather spray lotion, 2 ozs., by Mem, \$5. That Man cologne, 4 ozs., by Revlan, \$4. After-shave lotion, 6 ozs., by Countess Mara, \$5.50. Adjustable safety razor, by Gillette, \$1.50. Shaving mug, from Corrado Cutlery, \$2.50. Bath soap, three bars, from Alfred Dunhill, \$5. Razorstrop, hand-finished leather, from Corrado Cutlery, \$6. Badger shaving brush, from Corrado Cutlery, \$12.50. Jet for Gentlemen men's cologne, 3.7 ozs., by Corday, \$3.50. Old Spice shower soap, with rope handle, by Shulton, \$1. Oak shaving mirror, by Bonniers, \$48. No. 4711 cologne, 6.76 ozs., by Colonia, \$5. Inner circle, clockwise from noon: Eau de Kananga cologne, 8 ozs., by Rigaud, \$10.50. Leather toilet kit with two brushes, from Alfred Dunhill, \$35. Tricorn cologne water, 8 ozs., by Caswell-Massey, \$8.75. A Gentleman's Cologne, 16 ozs., by Chanel, \$13.50. Canoe, French hand soap, by Dana, \$3.75. After-shave lotion, 4 ozs., with cologne (not shown), by Yardley, \$7.50 the set. Razor, from Corrado Cutlery, \$5. "346" lotion, 4 ozs., by Brooks Brothers, \$3.50.





Clockwise from seven: Automatic sound/slide projector, shows 40 slides, 35mm, each with up to 20 seconds of recorded commentary, by Revere, \$299. Gladstone bag of Gobi cowhide, by Seeger, \$190. Walnut dry bar with built-in refrigerator, ice-cube maker, by Springer Penguin, \$665. Finnish linen, four mats, \$7.80, four napkins, \$4, by Dansk Designs. Stainless-steel coffee samovar, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$30. Nine-transistor bottle radio, disguised as fifth of Scotch, from Alfred Dunhill, \$50. Bronze horse on teak block, by Arts of La Jolla, \$37.50. Six-foot checked Shetland scarf, by Hand Crafts, \$5. Sun lamp/desk lamp combination with automatic timer, by Sea and Ski, \$50. Model Nine speaker system, two full-range electrostatic units in oiled walnut, by KLH, \$1030. Chromed-steel tool kit with leather case, from Mark Cross, \$250. All-wool Finnish lap robe, by Bonniers, \$25. Adjustable coffee mill, silver and aluminum, by Distinguished Gifts, \$19.95. Slippers, of glove leather, by Evans, \$11. Automatic answering service, from the Bell System, \$25 installation, \$25 monthly. Center: Automatic 12-gauge shotgun, 5-shot, gas operated, by Remington Arms, \$169.95. Beneath it: Shooting-gear box, holds shells and cleaning equipment, mahogany with brass hardware, by Abercrombie & Fitch, \$29.50.



Clockwise from noon: Hand-blown pitcher, 60-oz. capacity, with stirrer, by Riekes-Crisa, \$3. Italian glass ashtray, in two colors, by Bonniers, \$20. Rib-striped wool sweater, V-neck, with suede patches, by Himalaya, \$20. Swedish wooden matches, 140 boxes, of various sizes, from Bonniers, \$8. Corkscrew and double jigger (held aloft by Femlin), $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. and $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs., with stag handles, by Maxwell-Phillip, \$12 each. Champagne taster, 8 ozs., in tulip design originally conceived for President Kennedy, by Riekes-Crisa, 70c. Cowhide belt with brass trim, by Canterbury, \$4. Italian gloves with capeskin palms, crocheted backs, Orlon lining, by Fownes, \$7. Sputnik barometer-thermometer-hygrometer combination, clear dome with brass fittings, by Hoffritz, \$24.95. Tie, multicolor waven Scottish design, wool and mohair, by Rooster, \$2.50. Danish lamp with pleated shade and black metal stand, from Bonniers, \$37.50. Portable AM-FM radio, 9 transistors, nickel-cadmium batteries recharge by plugging into AC outlet, AFC, no-drift FM circuit, earphone, auxiliary-speaker jack, indicator to show station clarity and battery life, by Gulton, \$79.95. Center: Game box, tap-grain hide, lined in mahogany, with gold-tooled trim and brass fittings, contains luxury editions of 20 board games, plus dice, cards and dominoes, by Mark Cross, \$400.

Right, clockwise from noon: Projection screen, opens horizontally to 40" x 40" picture area, by Radiant, \$44.95. Vivella flannel robe, miniature Stuart plaid, by State-of-Maine, \$35. Sportwin outboard motor, 9½ H.P., 59 lbs., with tiller-located gear indicator, by Evinrude, \$355. Tri-Planar speaker system, slim design, walnut finish, by University Loudspeakers, \$79.95. Nikon F camera, 35mm, automatic, instant-return mirror, instant-reopen diaphragm, by Nikon, \$233; attached to it: 180-degree wide-angle lens, 8mm, f/8, internal rotating turret with 6 built-in filters, by Nikkor, \$449.50. FM stereo tuner, solid-state circuitry, by Harmon-Kardon, \$299; walnut case, \$19.95. Salt and pepper mills, of walnut and brass, by Rigaud, \$12.95 each. Four-track tape recorder, with 3 separate heads, self-contained playback system, solid-state power amplifiers, by Roberts, \$599.95. Water-repellent cowhide satchel, by Seeger, \$110. Cigarette box, leather with brass fittings, by Rigaud, \$49.50. Center: English oak barrico, with brass hoops, from Brooks Brothers, \$42.50. In it, from left: Lightweight underwater spear gun, from Dacor, \$15. Nylon umbrellas, with whangee handle, \$15, Malacca handle, \$27.50, both from Brooks Brothers.

Below, top to bottom from left, first column: Louis Henry pâté de foie gras, 5 ozs., \$7.50. Au Gourmet babas with rum, 14 ozs., \$1.29. Montrachet 1959, \$8.95. Java-Mocha-Mara coffee beans, from Berkshire Farms, 5 lbs., \$5.95. Lobster, 18 ozs., shipped live in seaweed from Saltwater Farms, 12 for \$19.95 plus freight. Second column: Ile de France brie, 2 lbs., \$5.38. Polli pickles giardiniera, 2 lbs., \$3.95. Dutch cheese ball, 65 ozs., \$5.25. Prime strip steaks, about 12 ozs., from Stock Yards Packing Co., 6 for \$25. Third column: Romanoff caviar, 14 ozs., \$33.95. Danish ham, 10 lbs., \$11.50. Fratelli artichoke hearts, 12½ ozs., \$3.95. Raffetto brandied peaches, 18 ozs., \$1.59. Fourth column: Smoked Rock Cornish game hen, from Berkshire Farms, \$7.95 the brace. Reese de Paris snails with shells, 24 for \$2.35. Smoked turkey, from Stop & Shop, \$1.75 lb. Polli antipasto hors d'oeuvres, 19 ozs., \$7.85. Fifth column: Cafe Salvador instant espresso, 2 ozs., 53c. Potage Français crawfish bisque, 14 ozs., 69c. On its right: 1955 Bollinger brut, \$18.50. Sixth column: Société Bee Roquefort, \$1.98 lb. Reese de Paris truffles, 3½ ozs., \$8.95. Lady Clementine colossal stuffed olives, 18 ozs., \$2.19. Scan Val mussels in aspic, 5 ozs., 95c. Last column: Grand Duke beluga malossol caviar, comes in earthenware crock, 14 ozs., \$42.50. Bigelow Darjeeling tea bags, 40 for \$2.25.





THE TEEVEE JEEBIES STORY



“Down by the Old Mill Stream . . .”



*“Alice, I have something to tell you —
I’m not really a eunuch . . .!”*



“No wonder it wouldn’t fire — you’re out of caps.”



*“So much for the twist. Now to do the
mambo, we place both feet . . .”*



*“Hey, lady, wanna have a little
fun before your boat sails?”*



*“My God! No one will ever believe it. Raped by
a flock of butterflies!”*

a laughingstock of additional dialog for the late late tv reruns



"It says, 'Beware! There is a spy in your midst. He is wearing a white ...!'"



"For the last time, Tim, you're not riding on the running board!"



"Oops — watch where you're putting your foot, baby!"



"But she won't give me back my football!"



"If you think this is funny, you ought to see what he wrote on the wall of the men's john!"



"Just because I drink, and cuss, and smoke cigars, and look disheveled, you think I'm not a good leader. Well, the world's going to remember the name of General Irving Goldfarb . . .!"

HOW TO READ A BOOK

(continued from page 122)

to do with the story of Don Quixote. A recent translator of Cervantes' work, J. M. Cohen, advises us to skip these interlarded tales entirely. Certainly most of this extraneous material can be skipped in a first reading without affecting our grasp of the main theme.

Another obstacle to our understanding and enjoyment of some of the great works of fiction is that the author often steps into the role of preacher, teacher or lecturer. These dissertations occur not only in works with a serious message, such as Dante's *Divine Comedy* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*, but also in such comic tales as *Don Quixote* and *Tom Jones*. In the latter two works, the discussions are closely related to the narration, consisting of literary criticism and literary history. The whole story of *Don Quixote* might be regarded as a form of literary criticism, since it deliberately parodies the trashy chivalric romances which were popular in Cervantes' time. But in addition to this practical or existential demonstration of the ridiculousness of the cliché-ridden romances, Cervantes provides a critical history of this literature, as well as a discussion of the popular drama of his time. He also gives us in Part II of his novel a criticism of the defects of which he had been guilty in Part I—for instance, that "The Novel of the Ill-advised Curiosity" is out of place. Most of this critical material is apparently germane to the work, which is one of the prime examples of anti-literary literature—a work of fiction written to demonstrate the worthlessness of a certain type of fiction.

In the case of *Tom Jones*, the essays on literary criticism, which appear at the

beginning of each of the 18 "books" that comprise the work, do not have such a close relation to the theme. Indeed, these admittedly are breaks in the narrative which the author, Henry Fielding, avows will be a welcome change for the reader. He proceeds to give his captive audience a whole theory of the writing of novels and also to get in his licks against the literary critics, whom he describes as "reptiles," "slanderers," ignoramuses and incompetents. Here again our common-sense rule should prevail. The main thing in *Tom Jones* is the story of the misfortunes, exploits and embarrassing moments of that good-natured "gallant" young man and of the people with whom he is involved. If the chapters of literary criticism are an annoying interruption in our following the story, then we may ignore them at a first reading, without feeling guilty about "cheating."

When we come to a book like Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, the presentation of the author's theory of the causes of historical events adds a further, and to some readers a discouraging, complexity to what is already a very complex work. Indeed, the late H. L. Mencken has said it contains every endeavor known to man with the possible exception of a yacht race. It tells the story of several families over three generations against the background of Napoleon's war against Russia. Close to 500 characters march through its pages. It is a vast fictional narrative which at the same time deals with widespread and complex historical events. In addition, it includes whole sections presenting Tolstoy's philosophy of history—that historical events are completely determined and inevitable, not influenced at all by human decisions.

From the time the novel first appeared, extraordinary as well as ordinary readers have protested vehemently against the inclusion of these long discursive passages in a work of fiction. Turgenev accused Tolstoy of sheer charlatanism. Flaubert complained that "he repeats himself, he philosophizes." And the critic Percy Lubbock said that he inserted "interminable chapters of comment and explanation, chapters in the manner of a controversial pamphlet, lest the argument of his drama should be missed." Though the justice of these harsh criticisms can be challenged, it is still true that our reading and understanding of this magnificent story will not be seriously impaired if we skip what Lubbock called "these maddening interruptions" in a first reading, and go on with the novel. Our enjoyment and completion of the work depend on our following out the destinies and interactions of the main characters and the incomparable portrait of men at war. Besides, the common reader will gather a good deal of Tolstoy's theory of historical inevitability simply from his story of the war and its direction—for instance, the contrasting portraits of Napoleon and Kutuzov, the ridicule of pretentious military theorists, the comparatively greater role assigned to the common soldiers as against the "big brass," and the way in which General Bagration saves the day at Austerlitz merely by his unplanned appearance on the scene.

This work certainly deserves its reputation. Few writers have equaled Tolstoy's power to re-create concrete human actions—war, hunting, farming, family life and erotic love. But again it is not necessary to read everything in the novel the first time we read it—perhaps not at all. I, myself, find the parts dealing with Pierre Bezukhov's Masonic activities boring, and this has not been remedied by continual rereading, so I pass them by. Other readers may find that other parts drag, and skip accordingly. Certainly this is a whale of a book, and far more enjoyable to read than 90 percent of the fat contemporary best sellers through which people plow in order to be "well-read" today.

Speaking of a whale of a book naturally reminds us of *Moby Dick*, by Herman Melville, a great work of fiction that includes numerous sections of nonfictional material. Pages and pages of the book are filled with a history and description of whale hunting and a pseudo-scientific "cetology," the study of whales. Here again it is far better for those who feel blocked and confused by the appearance of these chunks of historical and scientific material that interrupt the flow of the narrative, simply to skip them at a first reading. After all, it is obviously far less important to absorb all the details of the whaling industry



"Forget it, Harry. Lots of Santa Clauses are Jewish."

(On display at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, England)



This is the first Christmas card, but



this English holiday greeting is older!

When J. C. Horsley designed the first Christmas card in 1843, Gordon's Gin had already been an English holiday fixture for 74 years. Obviously, then, you're on very firm traditional ground when you give a gift of Gordon's. Nice thing is, Gordon's still harks back to Alexander Gordon's original 1769 formula, which keeps it distinctively dry and flavour-some. So your gift is not only richly historical, it tastes good, too. Ideal Christmas gift, wouldn't you say?



"... And yet, Kitty, in many, many ways I'm very, very poor."

than to perceive that Captain Ahab's hunt for the white whale has something to do with man's encounter with evil. *Moby Dick* is a rich and complex story, requiring enough of the reader's concentration and energy, without forcing him, in addition, to an involuntary reading of the digressions into history and biology.

Another great book that contains much nonfictional and instructive material is, oddly enough, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, by PLAYBOY's patron monk, François Rabelais. The common habit of talking about Rabelais' work instead of reading it has concealed this from most of us. This does not mean that Rabelais is not Rabelaisian in the common sense. He is, and most delightfully and wholesomely so, in a manner to make most contemporary attempts at coarseness seem sick and effete. Yes, Gargantua's ingenious invention of a new type of toilet tissue is there, and so are the great feats of emptying heroic bladders to flood the countryside and win battles, the rhapsodies on the male member and on that now unfortunately passé article of wearing apparel, the codpiece, Panurge's plea for an impregnable wall for Paris constructed of women's essential parts, arranged according to size, the five recipes for the abatement of lust, of which "the too frequent reiteration of the act of venery" seems to be the surest. These and hundreds of other such incidents, as well as all the four- and five-letter words and many others that we never heard of — all are there. Rabelais' earthiness is indeed no mere spieler's come-on.

This earthiness is wonderfully enjoyable, but that is by no means all that there is to Rabelais' masterpiece, for it is also in large part a distillation and presentation of Renaissance learning. At the beginning Rabelais suggests the two faces of his work, pointing on the one hand to the saving power of laughter and claiming nothing but wholesome mirth as his aim, while on the other hand warning that a serious message is cleverly hidden under the "jests, mockeries, lascivious discourse, and recreative lies." He urges that the reader "by a sedulous lecture, and frequent meditation, break the bone, and suck out the marrow."

This seems to contradict what I have been saying. But, for one thing, I think Rabelais' rather large claim is to be taken with several grains of salt, especially when he promises to "disclose . . . the most glorious doctrines and dreadful mysteries." I do not think, however, that he is just trying to put the cloak of respectability over his "Rabelaisian" stories, for indeed the work is a potpourri of all the arts, sciences and poetry of his time. This varied material is somehow welded together and brought into the story. For instance, it is in his stories about Gargantua and Pantagruel that

Rabelais gives us a concrete and humorous description of his ideal educational program, in contrast with the degenerate scholastic type of education. His views about the stupidity and horror of war between nations are expressed in the context of his tale, which he tells in uproarious fashion. He attacks legal folderol and hairsplitting in the comical litigation between Lord Kissbreech and Lord Suckfist. His antipapist views are embodied in a satirical section dealing with Pope-Figland and Papimany. Undoubtedly, all the currents of the Renaissance and Reformation are present in *Gargantua and Pantagruel*. Still, we do not read it as social and cultural history, which we can get in handier form elsewhere. If we are edified and instructed, it is because we have been seduced into it by the story and the style — by Rabelais' joyous bouncing about of words.

But, again, we are not compelled to read every single, blessed word. There are frequent repetitions of themes and ideas, and some parts of the work drag, especially in the later books. I am sure that Rabelais himself would approve a reader's skimming or skipping the parts that bore him. After all, his life ideal, as portrayed in the utopian community of Thélème in the book, is nonconstraint. DO WHAT THOU WILT is its motto. Rabelais' view is that constraint corrupts.

• • •

What about such monumental pieces of literature as the *Divine Comedy*, *Paradise Lost* and *Faust*? Are they not exceptions? Such works seem to demand a whole mass of accessory scholarship, including a score card to tell the players, and a detailed map of the scene to find our way around. There is a good deal of justice in this objection. We may take the *Divine Comedy* as a prime example of such monumental, all-embracing literature. How can we appreciate this work even partially without some knowledge of the philosophical and theological doctrines which it presupposes, of the historical characters who fill the work, and of the political situation in Dante's time, including the role of the papacy to which he refers so often? There is no doubt that all the footnotes, explanations and graphs that are solicitously tacked onto most editions of the *Divine Comedy* are quite helpful. But it is also true that they can hinder a successful reading of the work the first time around. We may get so enmeshed in following the footnotes and locating ourselves on the various levels of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise that we may miss the message as well as the story and the lovely language in which it is told.

Whatever Dante has to say to us is told in the form of a story. It is, on the author's own admission, an allegory of man's free will and destiny, and he begs the reader to seek out the underlying

meaning of the narrative. That meaning, however, is to be grasped through our own reading, imagination and appreciation, not through a pile of glossaries, dictionaries, footnotes, guidebooks or maps. Dante himself said that he was appealing to the reader through poetic fiction. His aim, he said, was "to put into verse things difficult to think." There are many possible meanings and levels of meaning at a first reading, and it is doubtful if we can ever fully exhaust them in innumerable readings. But whatever meanings we do perceive through our own personal insight must come through reading the story about Dante, lost in a dark and tangled wood at the midpoint of his life, and following him on his way through Hell and the other regions. It is not important that we grasp the extremely complicated topography of Hell at a first reading. What really matters is that we sense the pervading tone, are impressed by the dramatic and touching incidents, and become aware of the central personal relationships, such as the master-disciple relation between Virgil and Dante. And, besides, the author himself stops the story from time to time to sketch the plan of his imaginary regions and hint at the meanings intended by some of the incidents and characters.

Again, as with many other of the great books, there are sections of the work that are dull and tedious — every page of the *Divine Comedy* is not on the same level of vitality, lucidity and interest. There is a good deal of it that you will not only want to skim the first time, but also the next few times. And the same goes for *Paradise Lost*, *Faust* and similar works.

This is a good time to recall that the reason why we reread a book is not merely to grasp what was lost or blurred in the first reading, but also to enjoy again what we enjoyed the first time. Exactly the same impulse is at work as the one that impels us to see again a movie which we particularly enjoyed and admired. William Faulkner, remarking on how he continually reread the literary classics, pointed out that with these "old friends" you do not have to begin at the start and go on to the end. "I've read these books so often," he said, "that I don't always begin at page one and read on to the end. I just read one scene, or about one character, just as you'd meet and talk to a friend for a few minutes." This is all the more reason to read through and enjoy a great book the first time. Without that initial acquaintance and pleasure, the stage of familiar friendship and repeated enjoyment can never be reached.

The moral is evident — it is a far, far better thing to have read a great book superficially than never to have read it at all.



HOLIDAY SPIRITS (continued from page 109)

in a liquid inventory large enough to allow all present to attain complete euphoria. If he's mixing cold drinks, the liquors, glasses, juices and sparkling waters must be chilled to a deep frost beforehand. He neither undershakes nor overshakes. If he's ladling hot drinks, he is certain that his ingredients are what the Irish call screeching hot. He mustn't be timid when creating holiday libations; they should be prodigally rich in flavor.

Happily, the one ingredient which always favors holiday drinking is rugged weather. Raging winds, snow or rain can be counted upon to make any grog seem infinitely smoother and richer than it would be under fair skies. The usefulness of climatology in the fine art of bartending was keenly appreciated by Chief Justice John Marshall and his colleagues in the early days of the Supreme Court. All members of the highest bench concurred that the specially imported "court madeira," as it was called, not only helped them to speed up their decisions but also improved the skill with which their decisions were made. Custom, however, discouraged madeira drinking except in wet weather. Before the bottle was uncorked, Chief Justice Marshall always sent a colleague to the window. If the weather was inclement, it provided the justices with justification for a liberal libation. If there was sunshine, Marshall was ready with an unchallengeable argument. "That is all the better," he'd say, "for our jurisdiction extends over so large a territory that the doctrine of chance makes it certain that it must be raining somewhere in the district which we have to administer," after which, the deep-brown madeira was duly poured.

As an accompaniment to modern holiday mixology, we favor the salty, unadorned viands—thinly sliced West-

phalian ham, anchovies on freshly and copiously buttered hot toast, huge queen olives stuffed with celery and almonds, and imported smoked salmon, as thin as paper, curled on crisp rye wafers.

We offer as inspiration to keepers of the festive bar, six new holiday drinks. Each formula serves two.

GIN AND JERRY

- 4 ozs. gin
- 1 oz. yellow Chartreuse
- 3 ozs. orange juice
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 egg
- Ground cinnamon

Pour gin, Chartreuse, orange juice and sugar into saucepan. Heat almost to boiling point, but don't boil. Beat egg in narrow bowl with rotary beater until egg is very light and foamy. Slowly, while stirring constantly, pour hot liquid into bowl. Pour into preheated tom-and-jerry mugs or punch cups. Sprinkle lightly with cinnamon.

PINEAPPLE CHAMPAGNE

- 1 split *brut* champagne
- 1 oz. pineapple liqueur
- 1 oz. calvados
- 2 pineapple cocktail spears

Chill all ingredients thoroughly before assembling drinks. Prechill saucer champagne glasses either in refrigerator or in cracked ice. Pour liqueur and calvados into glasses. Place a pineapple spear in each glass. Pour champagne into glasses. Stir lightly to merely blend ingredients.

MULLED SCOTCH

- 4 ozs. Scotch whisky
- 2 ozs. Forbidden Fruit liqueur
- 4 ozs. orange juice
- 4 ozs. grapefruit juice
- 4 teaspoons honey

- 2 slices of orange
- 4 whole cloves
- 2 pieces cinnamon stick

In a saucepan, heat Scotch, Forbidden Fruit liqueur, orange juice, grapefruit juice and honey up to boiling point, but don't boil. Stir well to dissolve honey. Press cloves into flesh of orange slices. Pour hot liquid into preheated mugs. Float an orange slice on each drink. Place cinnamon stick in each mug for stirring. Drink improves after a minute as aroma of spices gradually ripens.

HOT PORT FLIP

- 6 ozs. port wine
- 2 ozs. cognac
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- ½ teaspoon instant coffee
- 2 tablespoons heavy cream
- 1 egg

Freshly grated nutmeg
Pour wine and cognac into saucepan. Add sugar. Stir well. Heat well, but don't boil. Stir in instant coffee. In a narrow bowl beat egg with rotary beater until egg is very foamy. Stir in cream. Very slowly, while stirring constantly, pour hot liquid into egg mixture. Pour into preheated punch cups or mugs. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

WINTER BERRY COCKTAIL

- 3 ozs. blended whiskey
- 2 ozs. strawberry liqueur
- 2 ozs. lemon juice
- 1 oz. dry vermouth
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 6 large strawberries
- 2 teaspoons seedless strawberry jam or raspberry and red-currant preserves

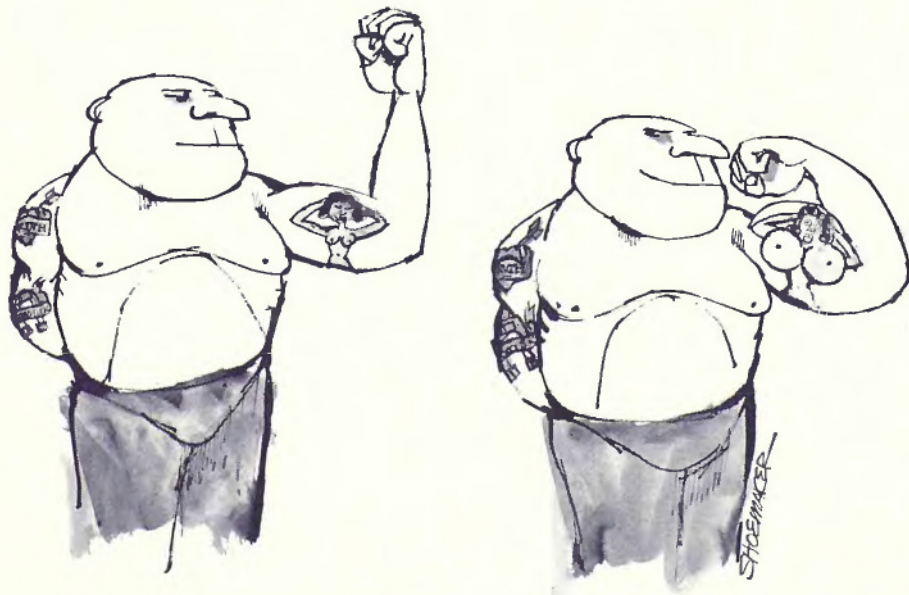
Stir jam or preserves until soft. Remove stems from strawberries. Roll berries in jam until well-coated. Into cocktail shaker with ice, pour whiskey, strawberry liqueur, lemon juice, vermouth and sugar. Shake very well. Strain into prechilled outside cocktail glasses. Float strawberries on top.

CARDINAL COCKTAIL

- 4 ozs. light dry rum
- ½ oz. orgeat (almond syrup)
- ½ oz. grenadine
- ½ oz. triple sec liqueur
- 2 ozs. lime juice, freshly squeezed
- 2 slices of lime

Pour rum, orgeat, grenadine, triple sec and lime juice into cocktail shaker with ice. Shake well and long. Strain into old-fashioned glasses. Add ice cubes if necessary to bring liquid to rim. Cut each lime slice halfway to center and fit onto rim of each glass.

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by the maker of famous Ronson Lighters



HOLIDAY ROAST (continued from page 134)

- 1 packet instant bouillon powder
- 1 tablespoon arrowroot or cornstarch
- Brown gravy coloring
- Salt, pepper, MSG seasoning
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 8-oz. jar mint jelly
- 1 tablespoon fresh chives, minced
- 2 tablespoons triple sec

Have butcher remove outer membrane or "fell" from saddle. Any fat in excess of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. should be removed. Excess flank from side should be cut off, and saved for stew. There should be just enough flank remaining to wrap under loin bottom. Have the butcher tie the flank on the bottom to hold it in place. Remove lamb from refrigerator an hour before roasting. Preheat oven at 450° . Sprinkle lamb with salt and pepper. Place on a wire rack in an uncovered roasting pan. Roast 20 minutes, then reduce oven temperature to 350° . Roast for approximately 2 hours. A half-hour before roasting is completed, cut string holding flank ends together, turn saddle upside down, and finish roasting. Remove lamb from roasting pan. It should set in a warm place about 15 to 20 minutes before serving. Throw off excess fat from pan, but let drippings remain. Add chicken broth and bouillon powder to pan. Stir well to loosen pan drippings. Place pan over top burner. Bring to a boil. Dissolve arrowroot in 2 tablespoons cold water. Slowly add to simmering liquid in pan. Add brown gravy coloring if necessary. Season to taste with salt, pepper and MSG. Simmer

5 minutes over very low flame. Stir in butter. Combine mint jelly, chives and triple sec, mixing well until blended. To carve saddle, first cut *filets* away from bottom of loin on each side. Cut each *filet* into two long strips. From the top of the saddle, alongside the backbone and parallel to it, cut the meat in long strips about $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. thick. To loosen slices, run carving knife across rib bones. Place *filets* on exposed carcass of saddle. Replace saddle slices on top. Serve pan gravy and jelly in sauceboats at table.

ROAST PHEASANT, GRAND MARNIER
(Serves two to three)

- 2- to 2½-lb. oven-ready pheasant
- Salt, pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chicken broth, fresh or canned
- 1 packet instant bouillon powder
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons dry white wine
- 1 oz. Grand Marnier
- 1-lb., 2-oz. jar Grand Marnier peaches
- Cinnamon
- Sugar

When ordering pheasant, give butcher at least a day's notice so that he can thaw it for roasting. Have him place slices of larding pork or salt pork over breast of bird, and tie it for roasting. Preheat oven at 450° . Place pheasant in a shallow roasting pan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roast 40 to 50 minutes, turning pheasant during roasting so that it browns evenly. Discard slices of pork when they are brown. Remove pheasant

from pan. Throw off fat from pan. To the pan add the chicken broth and bouillon powder. Bring to a boil. Simmer a few minutes. Remove from flame. Stir in 1 tablespoon butter, white wine and Grand Marnier. Before bird is finished roasting, drain juice from peaches. (Save it for a fruit compote.) Place peaches in a shallow pan, cutting them in halves and discarding pits. Sprinkle lightly with cinnamon and sugar. Dot with remaining butter. Place pan under broiler flame until peaches are heated through. Arrange peaches around pheasant on serving platter.

CROWN ROAST OF PORK, CHESTNUT STUFFING
(Serves six)

- 6-lb. crown roast of pork
- Salt, pepper, paprika
- 6 cups stale bread cubes, small
- 1 large Delicious apple
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
- 1 medium-size onion, minced fine
- 2 pieces of celery, minced fine
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon leaf thyme
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon leaf sage
- 11-oz. can (drained weight) chestnuts
- 2 eggs, well-beaten

Have butcher prepare crown roast. Be sure he removes all backbone so that meat can be easily carved. Have him "French" the ends of the chops, that is, remove fat, and clean bones down to eye of meat. Sprinkle roast generously with salt and pepper. Place roast on shallow roasting pan. Fasten small pieces of aluminum foil around bone ends of each chop so that they will not char during roasting. Before roasting, prepare stuffing. Soak bread in cold water 15 minutes. Gently squeeze bread in colander or strainer to remove excess liquid. Remove skin and core from apple. Mince fine. In a saucepan melt butter over low flame. Add apple, onion, celery, thyme and sage. Sauté slowly until onion is yellow, not brown. Drain chestnuts and break into coarse pieces. In a mixing bowl combine sautéed vegetables, chestnuts and bread cubes. Add 1 teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper. Add eggs. Mix well. Pile stuffing into center of crown roast. Sprinkle stuffing lightly with paprika. Preheat oven at 350° . Insert meat thermometer into thickest part of a chop. Roast, allowing about 30 minutes per pound or until thermometer registers 185° . When pork is done, remove aluminum foil from ends of chops. Replace with chop frills. Transfer roast to a large platter. Garnish with water cress.

After you've played gourmandial Santa with one of these royal roasts, your dinner guests undoubtedly will display the proper Christmas spirit by praising their host for his culinary gifts.



"My God! That's my analyst!"



beelzebub *(continued from page 152)*

out of the brief case and you started to read, all the while conscious that you were just wasting your time with a showboat operator like this, a guy who kept interrupting to make Mickey Mouse suggestions for changes, a guy who didn't understand the values you were aiming for. All he knew was "story line" and "How do you go out, what's the curtain, you need a tag here," and "Why don't you change it and play this scene exterior?" Typical fly-by-night producer.

And then the buzzing.

The *buzzing*, just when you were trying to build, trying to sell, trying to nail him down. The *buzzing*, drowning out your voice.

And you looked up and saw the fly, perched on the stopper of the silver carafe. It was just squatting there, rubbing its tiny forelegs together, cleansing them. If you put those forelegs under a microscope you'd understand the need for cleansing, because they were covered with filth.

Then you looked at Joe Trebor who was smiling and shaking his head and saying, "Sorry, I don't quite see it. You haven't licked the story line yet." And as he said it he rubbed his hands together because they were covered with filth,

he'd walked through filth, he left a trail of filth wherever he went, and what right had he to buzz at you? And what right did he have to keep flies in his office to bug you when you were telling your story, your story that you'd sweated over for weeks in that lousy one-room apartment, like a furnace, with Anita slopping around in her dirty housecoat and whining why didn't you get up the bread?

And some of this you thought and some of it you must have said because Joe Trebor stood up and he got that look on his face and he was telling you something you couldn't quite hear because of the damned buzzing. So you smiled, holding your lips very tight, not wanting to admit you blew it, but you knew. And you split out and made the phone call to the doctor and there it was — the fly, the same fly, the little black thing with a million eyes that can see everything, everywhere, right in the booth with you now, buzzing and listening. It saw and it heard and it followed you, through all the filth in the world.

Howard knew Dr. Blanchard understood because he was nodding quietly, calm and relaxed, and there was nothing wrong with his eyes. They weren't like

Anita's or the barber's or Joe Trebor's eyes, all accusing him of putting them on. And they weren't like the fly's eyes had been, either, watching and waiting. Dr. Blanchard really understood.

Now he was asking Howard all about it, when the fly had first appeared, how long ago he could remember being conscious of flies. He even knew that talking about such things made Howard a little nervous, because he was saying, "Don't be afraid. There are no flies here. Just go right ahead and say whatever comes to mind. You won't be interrupted by any buzzing — *buzzing* — *buzzzzinnngggg*—"

The buzzing. It was in the room. Howard heard it. He couldn't hear the doctor's voice anymore because the buzzing was so loud. He couldn't even hear his own voice shouting, but he knew he was telling the doctor, "You're wrong! It's here — it followed me! Can't you see?"

But of course Dr. Blanchard couldn't see, how could he see, when the fly, the black, buzzing fly, was sitting there and buzzing on top of his bald head?

And it buzzed and it stared, and the droning drilled through Howard's skull and the eyes lanced his brain, and he had to run, had to get out of there, had to get away, because they didn't believe

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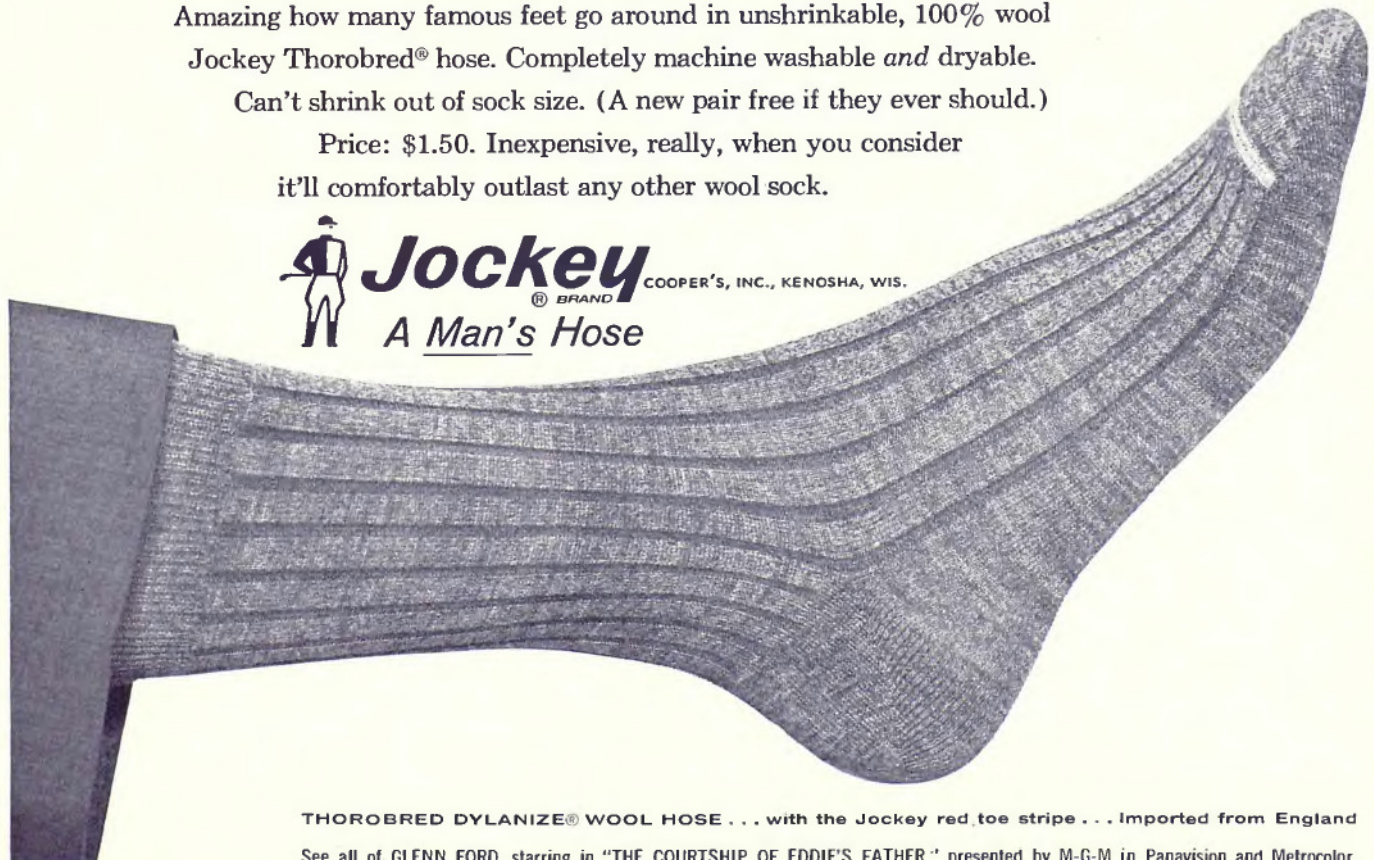
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him, nobody believed him, not even the doctor could help him now.

Howard didn't stop running until he got to the car. He was panting when he climbed in, panting and wringing wet with perspiration. He could feel his heart pounding, but he forced himself to be calm. He *had* to be calm, very calm now, because he knew there was no one else to depend on. He'd have to do it all himself. The first thing was to check the car very thoroughly, including the back seat. And then, when he was quite sure nothing had gotten in, to lock the doors. Lock the doors and roll up the windows. It was hot inside the car, but he could stand the heat. He could stand anything but the buzzing

and the stare.

He started the engine, pulled out. Calm, now. Keep calm. Drive carefully, right up to the freeway access. And edge out slowly. Get into the left lane and open up. Now. Drive fast. The faster you drive, the faster you get away from the buzzing and the staring. Keep it at 70. A fly can't do 70, can it?

That is, if the fly is *real*.

Howard took a deep breath.

Suppose there was no fly, except in his own imagination? But it couldn't be; not in his imagination, the one tool, the one weapon, the one area a writer must protect. You can't open up your imagination to a buzzing beast, a creature that crawls through filth, you can't allow the

invasion of an insect that incubates in your own insanity, an incarnation of your own personal devil, an evil that torments you incessantly. But if it *was* that way, then of course there was no escape. He couldn't drive fast enough, run far enough, to get away. And there was no hope for him at all.

Bzzzzzzz.

It was there, in the car. At least, he heard it. But the sound might be coming from inside his own shattering skull.

And now he saw it, fluttering against the windshield before him, just below the rear-view mirror. Or did he see it? Wasn't it just a fragment of inward vision? How could there be a real fly here in the car, with all the windows closed tight?

But he saw it and he heard it and it buzzed and it crawled, and his sweat poured and his heart thumped and his breath rasped and he knew it was real. It *had* to be real. And if it was, then this was his chance, his only chance, locked inside the car with it where it couldn't get away.

Howard shifted his foot from the gas pedal to the brake. The car was hurtling down an incline but he knew he had it in control, everything was under control now. All he needed to do was swat the fly.

The creature had paused in its progress across the windshield so that it was poised directly before his line of vision. Howard could see it very clearly now, as his hand moved up. He almost laughed at himself as he stared, laughed at his absurd fantasies. Silly to think of demonic possession by such a tiny, fragile insect: he could see every delicate veining and tracery of its fluttering wings as he leaned forward. For an instant he even stared into its eyes: its multifaceted eyes, mirrors of myriad mysteries.

In that instant he knew.

But his hand was already swooping out, and all he could do was shriek as the car lurched and the culvert wall loomed—

. . . .

When the squad car came the fly was resting very quietly on Howard's eyeball.

Its eyes swiveled slowly as the red-necked patrolman bent over the body, pausing just long enough to sense the frustration, the suppressed anger, the seething tension behind the stolid face. Then it rose gracefully and buzzed around the patrolman's shoulders as he straightened. As the patrolman turned away, the fly followed.

The patrolman sighed. "Poor devil," he muttered.

It was, of course, Howard's epitaph.



"You commanded this!?"

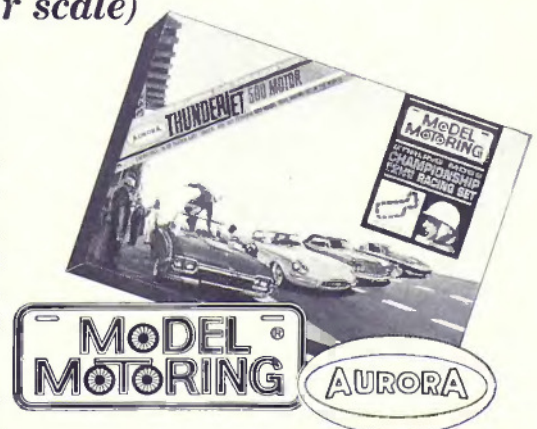


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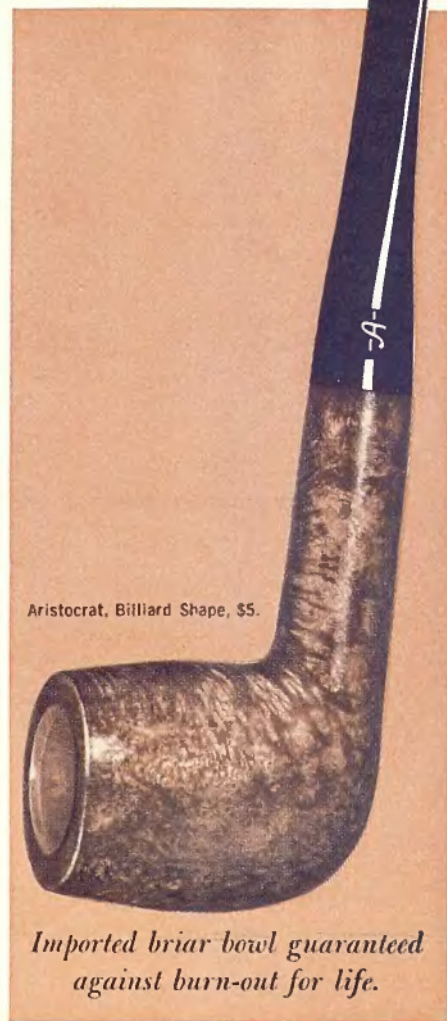
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EYEWITNESS

(continued from page 112)

custodian, would run to open the gates of the drive; and I myself would run to open the front door. He would bring his car round the curve of the drive, enveloping us in the dazzling light of his headlights, then get out and enter the house with the deportment of a Mussolini. His first words were always the same: "Is it ready?" Then he would go and stretch himself out on one of the many sofas in the drawing room; and she, like an amorous cat, would nestle close up to him and, taking his hand, begin stroking the long black hairs on his wrist with her fingertips. He abandoned his hand and arm to her, and meanwhile, with his other hand, held up the newspaper, which he read without taking any notice of her. Then I would button up my jacket, throw open the double doors of the dining room and announce, with a slight bow: "Dinner is served."

Have you ever seen, in some humble eating place on the outskirts of the city, a poor laborer, all dirty and sweaty and with his little hat made of newspaper still on his head, gulping down a big plateful of beans and pork cracklings? Well, my master behaved just like that, for all that he had come home in an expensive car and had suits made of English cloth. At one end of the very long yellow-marble table, with its lace mats and its glassware, silverware and porcelain that could not have been finer, *she* sat, stiff and upright and full of dignity; at the other end, sprawling crookedly at the table with his napkin tucked into his collar, sat *he* — in other words, the laborer. But why do I say the laborer? I'm slandering laborers. He, like a child that hasn't yet learned to walk and that tumbles down on all fours every other step, he, I say, tried to eat with a knife and fork but often resorted to his fingers, especially if it was a case of chicken or veal cutlets. No need to mention that he chewed with his mouth open or drank with his mouth full, that he wiped his lips with the back of his hand, that he balanced a row of peas on his knife and thrust them into his mouth; with him, one vulgar gesture succeeded another like so many pearls on a string. Naturally his wife suffered, for, as she often repeated, she set great store by good manners. I used to see her staring at him with her big blue eyes, then looking at me, and then at the flowers in the middle of the table; or again she would sigh and bend her head. But he took no notice and went on worse than before. Finally she would say to me: "Remigio, change the plates, please"; but he, as he gnawed away at some bone or other, would protest with a growl, just like a dog; and so I waited with the clean plate in my hand till he had finished.

I went on like this for about a month,

and, apart from these regrettable dinners, I liked the place. I was left in peace, I had a nice room with a bath, and I was able, in the bargain, to devote myself to gardening, for which I have a passion. But one evening the storm broke which, secretly, I had always foreseen. He, as usual, had thrown himself on his plate of meat with his hands; I recall that it was grilled lamb cutlets; she was watching him and, as usual, the sight pained her. He gnawed all the cutlets, one after the other, four of them in all, covering himself with grease up to the ears, and then, when it seemed that he had finished, he started all over again. Firmly she said to him, from the other end of the table: "Valentino, couldn't you stop eating always with your hands? Apart from anything else, you wipe your fingers on the napkins and one would need a set of two dozen of them to keep up with you."

He was crushing a bone with his teeth, which were strong, close-set and white, like the teeth of a wolf. He rolled his eyes fiercely, and said nothing. She blinked her eyelids and persevered: "Valentino . . ."

He put down the bone for a moment and said, very clearly: "Leave me alone!" Then he picked up the bone again.

"You oughtn't to eat with your fingers," she resumed, in an agitated, nervous way; "it's only boors who eat with their fingers."

"I'm a boor, then, am I?"

"Yes, if you go on like that, you certainly are."

"And d'you know what *you* are?"

"I don't know and I don't want to know . . . but do stop eating with your fingers."

"You're a pauper, a bore and an idiot."

She flinched at these insults as though someone had thrown a glass of wine in her face. Then she said, with dignity: "I may be a pauper, but in my home people didn't eat with their fingers."

"Of course not: you didn't have anything to eat."

"Valentino!"

"Shut up, you idiot!"

Then she lost patience. Leaning forward on the table, her eyes narrowing with hatred, she hissed: "I've never told you all that I think of you . . . but the moment's come to tell you now: you're a boor, you're a peasant, you're a lout . . . you're no good for anything but making money. If you were at least good-looking — but you're not, you're just a dwarf."

To be called a dwarf was obviously the indignity that hurt him most. I drew back only just in time; otherwise he would have knocked me down as he rushed from his place to the other end of the table where his wife was sitting. She sat quite still and watched him coming with a pale, twisted smile. As her husband reached her he raised his hand;

she stared straight at him. He struck her in the face, once and then again. She rose and walked slowly out of the room; her husband followed her, in a towering rage; and then I heard cries and yells but it was *he* who was shouting all the time, and there must have been blows given, but I saw nothing. Quietly I cleared the table, just as I did every evening, and then went to my own room. To tell the truth, this scene had not made any particular impression upon me: in the first place I had, as I have said, foreseen it for some time; besides, as we all know, the table is the place where scenes happen, and during my career as a manservant I had witnessed I don't know how many scenes of this kind—and even more violent ones.

Next morning I got up very early and went to the pantry. The villa was immersed in a deep silence, the silence of the country. I took a pair of his shoes and started cleaning them, humming under my breath, in front of the wide-open, sun-filled window. At that moment, suddenly the door opened and she appeared on the threshold.

I looked at her and at once realized that the blows must have been many and violent. One eye had swelled up and was half-closed in the middle of a circular bruise—one of those dark bruises

that go green and then yellow and take a month to disappear. This bruise gave her whole face a strange look, at the same time both comic and sad. I looked at her, and the bruise was one of those things which, the less you want to look at it, the more you do so. Then she said: "Remigio, I'm very sorry, but I'm forced to give you notice."

This, truly, I was not expecting. I stood there openmouthed, with the shoe in my hand. Finally I stammered: "But, *signora*, what have I done that you should have to give me notice?"

She replied coldly: "You haven't done anything; in fact I'm very pleased with you."

"Well, then?"

"I'm giving you notice because of what happened yesterday evening."

"But what has that to do with me?"

"It has nothing to do with you, but you heard and saw, and I can't bear the idea of your staying in the house after what you heard and saw."

"But, *signora*," I said, understanding at last, "these are things that happen . . . all husbands and wives come to words and blows—in the upper as well as the lower classes. I swear to you that, as far as I am concerned, it's just as though I hadn't seen or heard anything."

"That may be so, but I can't bear to

be waited on by someone who heard and saw these things. I'm sorry, but you must go."

"But, *signora*, you're ruining me."

"I'll give you a very good reference," she said. And, with these words, she went away.

You see? It was they who came to words and blows; but I, who had nothing whatever to do with it, got the sack. I did not try to press this point, nor did I wish to refer the matter to her husband, who would certainly have admitted that I was right: fundamentally I liked her, and I understood her and was aware that for her it would be yet another humiliation. Furthermore, she would then have hated me and I should have had to leave just the same. So I did not breathe a word; I packed up and went away that same day, without waiting for my week's notice. But now we come back to what I said before: with one who was truly mistress in her own house this would not have happened. A real, born mistress does not even see her manservant; for her he is transparent like glass. Why, she can even take off all her clothes in his presence, or get exasperated with her husband: it's just as though the servant were not there. Well, well, it seems there are no real masters and mistresses left in the world.



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TO PARADISE

(continued from page 130)

"Well, I don't suspect *we'll* be able to stay for more than a year or two," announced the *Illustrated News*. "My husband, you see."

I looked away. He walked away, vaguely.

The *Illustrated News* descended into the bag and was immediately replaced by two eyes, a nose and a mouth. The eyes were laughing. The mouth was busy saying, "But if the people are all so wonderful and friendly, who knows . . . ?"

The port of Levant consists of a dock and a dirt road. A hand-lettered sign tacked to the sawed-off trunk of a tree said, "HELIOPOLIS, 5 KM." A brochure I'd picked up in Lavandou explained that Heliopolis was the leading city on Levant. A careful examination of the enclosed map revealed that it also happened to be the only city on Levant.

The Scandinavian couple quickly disappeared into the woods. The boat slowly disappeared from shore. There was no one else in sight. We decided to walk to the city.

It did not take long to realize that the visual attractions of the island would never be topographical. It was a dismal place. The hills were overgrown bumps in the ground and were covered with a monochromatically green collection of weeds, bushes and stubby trees. For flowers one would have to hope for a florist's shop in town, though an occasional poppy did disturb the uniform serenity of the countryside.

The road itself consisted of rocks, boulders, dirt, broken glass, tin cans, newspapers and large red ants. We decided that the Garden of Eden lay ahead and continued on our way. A thread of weeds served as a highway divider. The few birds that we chanced to pass were not singing. They sat, stone-winged, on the branches of leafless trees.

An old yellowing billboard blossomed on one of the verdant hills. It suggested that, when in Heliopolis, one buy Sultana sun oil.

The English girl made me promise to buy her some.

A hand-lettered sign announced that we were entering the city limits.

We stopped short in fear that we might pass right through. The city, it seems, consists of a "Grand Hotel," a restaurant (which sold Sultana sun oil according to a sign on the door), and a church. It wasn't much, but it certainly was the beginning.

She said she wanted coffee so we went into the restaurant. A waitress promptly appeared. Naturally, she wore an apron.

We ordered. She left. The view was interesting.

"Well, at least we know we're on the right island," I said, forcing a nonchalant laugh.

The English girl eyed me skeptically.

The waitress returned with our coffee, placed it on the table and left, once again.

Once again, I watched her as she left.

"Is this a particularly *fine* American magazine that you're writing for?" she asked.

I said it was.

She sipped her coffee in silence.

I paid the bill and we walked out of the restaurant, picking up a bottle of Sultana on the way.

"Well Mr. John Gunther," she asked, "what do we do now?"

I suggested we leave the booming metropolis of Heliopolis and strike out for a beach.

She thought it an exceptionally outstanding idea.

We found a beach.

Actually, it wasn't much of a beach. It was more of a rock gully with water on one side than it was anything else. But as the island of Levant *has* no sand beaches (neither does Nice for that matter, but the pebbles are smaller) we decided to make the best of the situation.

Now to get onto this beach one must first descend a 60-foot ladder that reaches from the floor of this charming seaside cove up to the surrounding hillside. We paused at the top of the ladder and reflected on the view below. The shore was dotted with uniformly tanned, well-tanned, Sultana-covered bodies stretched in supine worship of the sun-god above. They sparkled like plucked chickens. There was not a bathing suit in sight.

One group was lying around a head of lettuce, picking at its leaves and munching them. An occasional carrot gleamed its orange way toward a mouth. A group of girl children (first guess, ages 12 to 15, obviously healthy, a credit to any community) was passing around a bottle of goat's milk. A couple of leather-skinned men, easily in their 70s, were doing push-ups. A volleyball game was in progress (and a more painful spectacle to watch one could not hope to find). A medicine ball flew briskly about the beach. Children amused themselves by chasing after sea gulls. Parents amused themselves by chasing after children. Everyone was smiling. I saw no one staring wistfully out at the sea.

"Behold. Our Garden of Eden," she said; music on her lips.

A rainbow crowned the horizon like a halo. The sun shone warmly, white in the chalk-blue sky. We made ready to descend into Paradise.

A moment of doubt crossed my mind.

An image flashed. A pride of lions is frisking about in its primeval play den. A white hunter armed only with camera is making ready to crawl near. On his back is a sign: LIFE VISITS A LION PARTY. Immediately a second image flashes. A large, full-maned lion is standing on a rock in the middle of a group of cubs. The cubs are nuzzling each other playfully. The large, full-maned lion is smiling proudly, a roll of high-speed, Tri-X film dangling from his jovial mouth.

I dismissed the image and we descended. Halfway down the ladder all sound stopped. I had the strange sensation that we were being watched.

I looked down.

The medicine ball sat quietly on the beach. The volleyball waited in a woman's hands. A leaf of lettuce hesitated in front of a half-opened mouth. A carrot, on its way up, made its way back down to a plate where it rested among its own, its time not up yet. The bottle of milk paused on its journey. The sun-god watched. Our feet hit the ladder, loudly.

"Maybe we shouldn't go down there," she said.

It was a suggestion not to be met

without some serious consideration. I looked back up.

A man and a woman were at the top of the ladder making ready to descend. It was a curious view.

"I guess there's not much choice in the matter," I said, softly.

We climbed the rest of the way down.

In the most distant corner of the beach under the shade of a steam shovel we set our blanket. No one moved.

"Do you have any beads?" I asked.

"What for?"

"Trading," I said. "In case sign language doesn't work."

"I think we'd better take our clothes off," she said. "We're too conspicuous this way."

My head nodded. I began to work on my socks.

"How're you doing?" I asked.

"What's the matter, can't you see for yourself?"

I told her I thought it advisable that at the moment I not even try.

She laughed and dangled her blouse and skirt in front of my face. "Hurry up," she said. "The natives are getting restless."

I took off my other sock.

She tossed her panties over my big toe.



"I don't suppose you'd care to hear the rest of my inaugural address?"

I smiled to the people.

Two little children walked over and stared at me curiously. They walked away. I thought I could detect the sound of whispering.

"You're only attracting attention," she said. "Take off your pants."

My head nodded again. I stood up. I dropped my pants. I dropped back on my stomach. Quickly. Too quickly.

The English girl laughed. "Lots of rocks, huh?"

I muttered a few-hundred words of appropriate wisdom and began contemplating the undignified state of man in the modern world.

"Rather unlike the Carlton beach, isn't it?"

I chose not to answer.

"Still, it is a rather charming place," she said, staring appreciatively at the steam shovel and surrounding boulders, bricks and scooped-out dust-red clay. A few beer bottles caught her glance. "I do believe we're bathing out of an excavation pit. How terribly exotic. I wonder what they're proposing to build here?"

I said it was obviously not a beach.

She said she thought she was rather inclined to agree.

And then I looked at her for the very first time. It was a lightning-quick peek taken from out of the corner of my myopic left eye.

She was not like the others. For that matter, neither was I.

"I think they can tell we're tourists," I said.

"That's all right," she said. "They're not paying attention anymore."

Which was true. The medicine ball had resumed its flight, and above the gentle lapping of the sea the noise of well-munched carrots could be heard once again.

"Like to play some volleyball?" she asked.

I winced.

"All right then, Joseph Pulitzer, what do you propose we do?"

I proposed we do nothing for the moment but maintain our position.

She asked me to rub Sultana on her back.

I told her I thought it best that she do it herself.

She sighed, turned over on her back and began to apply the sun-tan oil to her more easily accessible side. I looked away. I saw the best women of my generation, naked. I decided that most of them would have looked better with clothes on. I also decided they would have looked more provocative.

I decided to think about something else.

She asked me if I wanted her to rub some sun-tan oil on my back. I thanked her profusely anyway.

210 She sighed, closed her eyes and

promptly went to sleep.

I looked around again, and I looked longer. I observed (and not without some strong feelings of regret) that the place was a bore. I glanced at my watch. *Two o'clock*. The next ferry left at four. I yawned and took out my camera.

Now there was, in this action itself, nothing intrinsically wrong. It's simply that I happened to click the shutter along the way.

The English girl woke up.

"What was that?" she asked sharply.

"Just my shutter."

"Just your *what*?"

"My shutter. To my camera."

"To your camera!? What are you, a blooming idiot?"

"What do you mean, 'what am I, a blooming idiot?'"

"I mean what are you, a blooming idiot? You can't take pictures of them."

"And why-the-hell not?"

"Because you just bloody-well can't."

"I didn't see any sign."

"*You didn't see any sign*. You Americans all need signs. Well I'm telling you you can't."

"What are you, a professional nudist?"

"I happen to be British, and I happen to know the difference between right and wrong."

"And I happen to take pictures on the beach at Cannes *all the time*."

"Well this isn't Cannes. These people don't have any clothes on."

"Well I don't have any clothes on either!"

"Then why don't you take pictures of yourself?"

I growled at her.

She sneered back.

I'd begun to focus again when I suddenly realized that all noise had stopped. So, in fact, had all motion. The beach had become full of browned bodies standing stiffly in a long line, facing the blanket.

I put on my wide-angle lens.

"Don't tell me you're actually going to take another?"

"Of course. Old American maxim: 'Never retreat in the face of danger.'"

She asked me if I'd ever been in the Army.

I said no.

She said she'd thought so.

I smiled at them and took a quick check of my light meter. I clicked the shutter. They began to move toward the blanket, slowly.

"And may I ask you just why in the bloody hell you've got to take pictures?"

"For the article," I said. "It will be more interesting if there are illustrations."

"It will be more interesting if you're around to write it."

I looked at them. They were moving

steadily, slowly closer. It was interesting to note that they were no longer smiling.

"They don't look particularly friendly, do they?"

"You *are* perceptive, aren't you?"

She turned over on her stomach and buried her head beneath her skirt and blouse. She muttered, "You can handle this one yourself, Columbus. The beads are in the wallet. As of this moment I've never seen you before in my life."

They gathered about the blanket and stared down at me. I looked up and smiled (warm eyes, open hands, signs of friendship all). They continued to stare. The sun-god hid his eye behind a cloud.

"*Bonjour*," I said. "*Comment ça va?*"

A woman stepped forward. She was big-boned and red. Her legs were like tree trunks. She had small, fat-wide hands which she was waving in my face. She was screaming.

I told her I didn't speak German.

She went on, undeterred by the enormity of our language barrier.

I asked her if she spoke English.

I assumed she didn't.

Now my French, at its best, is incredibly poor but at least it's something. I asked her if she spoke French.

She continued screaming.

"*Esperanto?*" I asked, politely.

She screamed louder.

I detected the word "camera" as a recurring motif.

I decided to use my French, speaking it as quickly and indistinctly as possible, thereby confusing them all:

I said I was sorry and would not take any more pictures.

She pointed a pudgy finger at my camera. The native chorus picked up its cue and began to chant, "Camera! Camera!"

I told them I had only taken two pictures but that if they would give me a mailing address and if the pictures happened to come out I would gladly send them some copies.

The chant grew stronger.

I leaned over to the English girl. "I can't quite understand what they're saying," I whispered, "but I think they're upset."

She kicked me.

The German woman reached for my camera. "Camera," she said.

"You want see camera?" I asked.

The chant stopped.

I picked up the camera and held it forth. I stood up, unashamed of my nakedness, warmed by the sun-drenched air, clean, brown.

"Camera Leica," I said. "Camera German. Camera *Deutsch*. Bought in *Deutschland*. Camera good. Leica good. Me good. Mean no harm. Like Leica. Like *Deutschland*. *Wunderbar!*"

I smiled a banana smile. Obvious sign of friendship.

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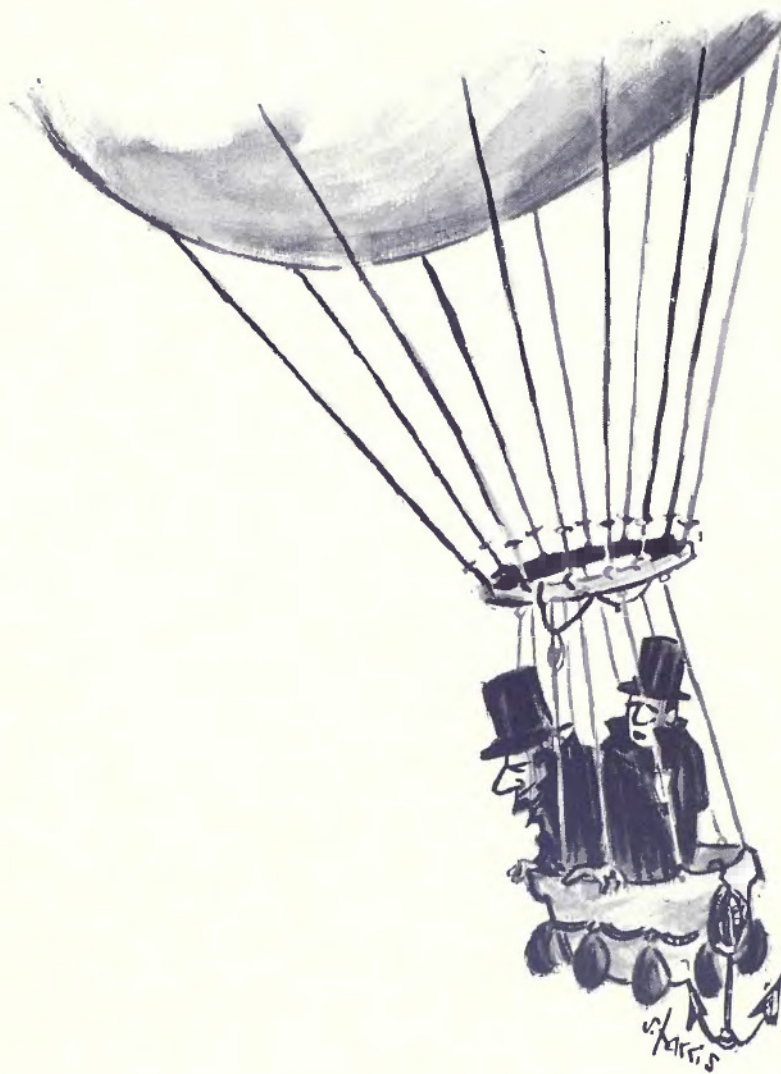
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"Is that why you built this, Professor Grinbaum—so you could spit on them?"

Her hand shot out, pudgy palm open, wanting.

I showed it to her. She grabbed it, turned to the sea and cocked her arm to throw. I grabbed it back. I clutched it to my chest.

"Nein!" I shouted. "Camera *Deutsch!* *Deutschland* good! Camera good! *Good! Expensive!*"

The chorus chanted, "Camera! Camera!"

I picked up a rock, a small rock, just a pebble, symbol of resistance.

A voice from the chorus said, "Camera go in sea."

I decided to give them the film and hope for the best.

"I give you film," I said, slowly, emphatically. "You give me money for film."

They moved in closer. I decided to give them the film free.

Unloading the camera in record time, I handed the film to the German woman. She threw it into the sea. The natives moved back, smiling slightly. It

seemed to me their teeth looked strangely sharp.

The German woman stayed. She pointed an accusing finger at me; then at the English girl lying headless on the beach beside me. She muttered something.

An old, white-haired man stepped forward—the wise man of the clan. He said, in perfect English, "*Frau Uebermensch* says you are not true *natuivistes*. She sights your white bands of skin as evidence. I think it advisable that you leave at once."

I stared at him in amazement. "Where the hell were you while all this was going on?"

He walked away.

The English girl pecked out from her hiding place. "Well Columbus, what's your next plan?"

I looked up at the sky. A small cloud was visible near the horizon. I said it looked like a storm was brewing and that there seemed little point in just hanging around.

We climbed the ladder, two rungs at a time, dressing as we went.

The ferry was waiting at the dock. Except for the captain it was empty. He seemed surprised to see us. We took a seat in a corner and, folding our hands in our laps, waited patiently for the boat to leave.

The English girl pointed toward the dirt road.

The German woman was standing there, statue-like, watching.

"If I put on my telephoto I think I can get a good picture of her from here. I've got another roll left."

The English girl hit me a hard right to the shoulder just as the ferry pulled away from the dock.

We walked up on deck and gazed back at the slowly receding shore. For a long time neither of us spoke but only stood there, lost, each in his own private thoughts. My mind traveled back along the painful path of memory to the Scandinavian couple we'd met on the boat trip over. *When would I ever see them again?* I remembered the truly excellent cup of coffee I'd had and savored its distant aroma in the taste buds of my imagination. I thought back fondly to the sun-tan oil we'd acquired: our only souvenir. And I stood there, silent, never wanting to speak again. And then, as our little green hump of Paradise faded slowly in the distance I heard, in my mind's ear, the wonderful sound of lettuce leaves and carrots calling to me from across the azure waters, singing to me from the distant, rock-bound, rock-strewn shore. And I saw, in my mind's delirious eye, the natives—standing in a line, their healthy bronzed feet touching the edge of the very water I now sailed away upon, and they were waving. And then, as the sun sank slowly in the west, I dried the last trace of my tears and turned to the English girl.

She was standing at the railing mumbling something about American magazines. I stood behind her, silently, and watched as the soft white folds of her blouse rippled in the sea-dampened wind and her skirt teased at her knees. And I observed (and not without a modicum of interest) that there, for some reason, on the bridge, in the wind, in the gathering shadows of dusk, she seemed suddenly and strangely provocative.

We took the shorter route back to Cannes, arriving in time for a good civilized dinner, a little dancing with clothes still on, a little swimming with less on. And a nightcap, as they say. Three days later, when she left for home, we were much closer friends.

CORKING EVENING *(continued from page 147)*

those who had not overspent on their *frais* had cried *snap*, among them Polk-Mowbray. He, was at that time, going through a difficult period. He had become much enamored of young Sabina Briganza, daughter of an Italian colleague; mind you, all this in a perfectly proper and avuncular way. When she announced her engagement, he was so pleased that he decided to throw a party for the event which would both celebrate her beauty and allow him to show off his champagne. Though often misguided, he was a good man at heart. But he had offended Dovebasket. And Dovebasket harbored a Grave Grudge. He decided to "touch up," or as he put it, "to excite" Polk-Mowbray's cherished cases of Pommery. With a blowtorch in hand, and clad in a steel-worker's mask, he prowled the cellars like a figure from Greek tragedy, warming the stuff up and loosening the wires. The result was unforeseen, but satisfying from his point of view. The banqueting room was shaken by dull explosions; some of the bottles went off like Mills bombs, others threw out parabolas of foam. I saw Drage holding one of these spouting bottles up with the astonished look of a man whose umbrella has blown inside out. Worst of all, the Briganza child received a black eye from a cork.











The failure of this party and the fury

of the parents all but unhinged Polk-Mowbray; he took to locking himself up, talking to himself, and even to starving a bit. It got to such a pitch that he even started sleepwalking. One morning Drage saw him in the light of a dim dawn, walking out of the Embassy and into the road clad in the blue nightshirt he always wore (with the Royal Arms embroidered on it). It was horrifying. There was our Head of Mission crossing the main road in his tasseled bedcap, hands outstretched, lips moving. Drage sped after him, Bible in hand. He tried to wake him by talking to him, but in vain. He dared not actually shake him for the person of a Plenipotentiary Extraordinary is sacred and can be touched, pulled or pushed only by someone of equal rank. Drage was at his wit's end; he even read bits of the Gospel loudly to his chief, but to no purpose. All he heard was the muttered whisper: "I have come to apologize." They were nearly run down by an early-morning tram full of workmen who cheered them. Then, with increasing horror, Drage saw Polk-Mowbray turn into the gate of the Italian Mission and start climbing the ivy toward the second floor where the unfortunate Briganza girl slept. Now the situation was saved only by an extraordinary coincidence.

Drage grabbed one ankle and yelled

for help. And De Mandeville, who had been on a diet that week and had been limiting himself to a glass of early-morning dew which he gathered himself from the Embassy grass, heard him, and glass in hand, bounded to the rescue across the road. Less intimidated by Polk-Mowbray's rank than the butler, he sacrificed the dew he had gathered by pouring it down his Ambassador's back. Polk-Mowbray awoke with a start and fell, bringing down most of the trellis with him. There was a moment of agonizing reappraisal as the three of them sprawled among the flower beds. Then Polk-Mowbray realized where he was, though he knew not quite how. They rushed, they ran, they galloped back to the safety of the Mission. That morning, Drage served them an early breakfast in the buttery and Polk-Mowbray swore De Mandeville to secrecy; he also told him that he was putting him up for the lifesaving medal—a cherished decoration normally given only to people who rescue dogs from wells. "Furthermore," he added, for he knew how to do the handsome thing, "I want to apologize for making you waste your dew. I know it is jolly hard work gathering it." De Mandeville was deeply touched, and replied: "Not at all, sir. There is plenty more where it came from." Upon which amiable exchange, the incident was closed.



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as a whole, but it also produces casualties. Not everyone can wind up on top. It is just and proper that society concern itself with those who might otherwise suffer unnecessarily from the competition.

Each of us deserves some part of the knowledge, and the scientific and technological advances produced by the generations that preceded us. If society and its government, as the established administrator of society, can be forever reminded of their true purpose — which is to serve the individual and not to hamper, impede or control him — then we can all share in our common cultural, educational, philosophical, scientific and technological heritage — and it can serve as a springboard to greater accomplishment and a motivation to new achievement, rather than being a source of initiative-stifling security and conformity.

The distribution of the benefits of past progress to the many both improves and strengthens society for each member in it — for no social order is any more well off, more healthy, more prosperous, more educated and more culturally aware than the sum of all of its parts.

A country's most valuable natural resource is not its mineral deposits, its oil, its timber, or its agricultural produce — it is its people. And no nation, big or small, rich or poor, can reasonably afford — in this increasingly competitive world — to waste any part of this most valuable of its natural resources, by permitting the perpetuation of ignorance, disease, hunger or poverty.

Furthermore, our view of society — of the community of man — is worldwide. It has no regional or national boundaries. The individual and his rights remain supreme — the world over — without regard to race, religion or ethnic origins.

Man's scientific skills have given him the ability to literally destroy the earth and everything on it; it remains for man to learn how to live on it as well. And just as man's problems no longer know any boundaries, so his decisions, his hopes, dreams and aspirations must be free of all limiting boundaries also. Man's destiny encompasses all the earth, and more — it now reaches to the stars.

A UNITED WORLD

Science and technology have shrunk the earth to the size of a community. As a result, we must now deal with one another on an international basis to an extent that was never necessary before. It seems obvious that this must eventually lead us to some form of world government — that even as we now have a United States of America, we must eventually establish a United Nations of the World.

This is not inimical to the interests of individuals or nations, but is consistent with them, for it is to be hoped that when world government becomes a reality, it will be based upon the same concepts of freedom and the importance of the individual as our founding fathers established for America through the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights.

We are presently trying to solve vital international problems without the world organization necessary to make them a reality. The United Nations is a beginning, but until it possesses the power to establish laws — by democratic process — and enforce them, we can never achieve international freedom for each individual man. Until the United Nations, or some similar world-governing body, has the power to enforce its decisions, it can never be more than a debating society of nationalistic interests.

The greatest single problem facing mankind today is the possibility of its extinction through atomic conflict. But the only possible solution to the problem — true world government — is given relatively little attention. By placing national interests ahead of the interests of the individual, we run the risk of world annihilation.

It is as though the United States were to attempt to solve its national problems without any national government. Imagine, if you will, the impossibility of ever achieving the individual rights, the freedom and the prosperity we presently enjoy, if each of the 50 states had its own powerful army and was engaged in an arms race with every other state, and the guarantees of the Constitution and the resulting Federal laws were limited by each sovereign state's willingness to accept or reject them.

No rational human being would want to live in a community in which there was no police force, in which each family was armed, and where disputes were settled by the use of these arms rather than on the basis of justice and reason. And yet that is exactly how we have traditionally settled our differences as nations. In the past, men have thus decimated whole generations, destroyed the cultural advances of centuries, and subjugated the populations of entire countries, in settling their disagreements.

Now, however, man's scientific advances have so exceeded his social progress, that he is in immediate danger of destroying his entire world and everything in it.

We can never escape this danger until the ability to wage such warfare has been eliminated, but international disarmament alone is obviously not the

answer — any more than the answer for a community is simply the disarming of each household. Without a police force, families would still settle a great many disputes through the use of whatever force remained at their command, and so would nations. The only logical solution to the problem is the same, on an international basis, as it is for a single community: the establishment of a world government, conceived in liberty, with justice for all, with an all-powerful international police force to implement its laws.

Before the invention of atomic weapons, such an ideal would have been considerably more difficult to achieve. Now, however, it is relatively simple. If all atomic arms were in the possession, not of individual nations, but of a truly international army, established to enforce the laws of a democratically conceived international government, war would cease to exist. Disputes between nations would then be settled, as they should be, not by power or coercion, but by law, justice and reason.

Nor is this ideal an impractical concept, unrelated to the realities of the world as it exists today. Ideally all of the nations of the world, and especially the most powerful ones, should be dedicated to such a plan, but this is not essential to its success. If the United States and a majority of the free nations of the world were to institute such a plan, no single nation or group of nations, including Russia and the Communist bloc, would be powerful enough to stand against it. Moreover, if the world government were established on a truly just and equal basis, rational men of every nation would recognize that it offered the only alternative to world annihilation. Most certainly the great majority of the presently uncommitted nations of the world would commit themselves to such a plan, which favored international justice rather than any national or power-bloc interest.

The need for such international control of atomic weapons is also immediate, before more nations achieve the power to plunge us into oblivion. Most of us recognize that the greatest danger of atomic warfare exists, not today — between the United States and Russia — but in the immediate future, when Communist China, which rejects the concept of peaceful coexistence, becomes an atomic power. A world government, which outlawed the development or possession of atomic weapons by any one nation, would put an end to the ever-present possibility of total destruction of the human race.

It would also produce a new pros-

perity throughout the world by eliminating the current arms race and the need for countries to expend, and thus waste, a staggering part of their wealth and productivity in the building and sustaining of the ever more powerful, more expensive weaponry for a war they dare not wage.

AN IRRATIONAL SOCIETY

This, then, is the foundation of our philosophy—an emphasis on the importance of the individual and his freedom; the view that man's personal self-interest is natural and good, and that it can be channeled, through reason, to the benefit of the individual and his society; the belief that morality should be based upon reason; the conviction that society should exist as man's servant, not as his master; the idea that the purpose in man's life should be found in the full living of life itself and the individual pursuit of happiness.

This concept of man and society may seem so elementary that the reader will take for granted that most men of intelligence concur. But witness the society in which we live. Our morality is based, in large part, on mystical dogma, not reason. Our lives are governed by superstition and prejudice rather than knowledge. Self-sacrifice is prized above self-interest and self-esteem. Society is placed above the individual. And the goal of happiness is lost in a labyrinthine maze of emotional responses, self-doubts, self-denials, inhibitions, prejudices, unthinking value judgments, superstitions and hypocrisies. Our society is predicated largely on the irrational rather than the rational.

Nowhere is this more true than in the realm of sex. We have already considered the historical origins of our national sexual neuroses. Next month we will contrast our contemporary sex laws and supposed beliefs with actual behavior, and consider the effects of such inconsistency on the psychological and moral fabric of society. Following that we will suggest a more rational sexual code, consistent with the philosophy thus far expressed, and more apt to produce a happier, healthier social order in the future.

See "The Playboy Forum" in this issue for readers' comments—pro and con—on subjects raised in previous installments of the "Philosophy."

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long before maturation produces the good judgment to go with it. Any parent raising children can confirm this for you. Your sociopsychological factors resulting from what you call repression have nothing to do, it seems to me, with intelligent self-control. Until judgment and maturity develop in an individual (they never develop in some) to a point capable of coping with the emotional, religious and economic realities of the consummation of the biological urge, some direction — internal or external — must be applied. Without it, I believe our Christian and free society would crumble.

Charles H. Carrick
Parkview, Ohio

Hefner has not suggested that children be raised without restrictions, as regards sex, or anything else; children obviously require supervision and guidance, by home, school and church, as well as the protections supplied by society at large. When Hefner discusses freedom for the individual, he is referring to the individual adult; when he speaks of a free society, he is referring to an adult society.

We favor intelligent self-control, in sex and all things, and agree that this is not — by definition — the same as sexual repression; a social ethic based upon reason would also require maximum maturity from every citizen and would tend to

increase, rather than decrease, individual responsibility.

Incidentally, it is important for all of us who believe in a free America to remember that it is no more right to refer to this country as a "Christian and free society" than it would be to refer to it as a "free, Protestant society," a "free, Anglo-Saxon society" or a "free, white society."

SEX AND RELIGION

With regard to *The Playboy Philosophy* for August, I cannot conceive of the Roman Church, of which I am a member, being so strict about sex and marital relations. The men of earlier centuries were created the same as we, and when they got married they expected to go to bed with their wives without being subjected to the prescriptions you mention in your article.

I wonder if someone was at fault in the early days of the Roman Church, or if the authors that you quote have misinterpreted the rules and regulations of the times. According to what I learned in school, marriage is a sacrament which permits a man and woman to be united in body and mind. Consequently, the married couple has almost complete freedom in sex.

Jean J. Houle
Beauharnois, Quebec

Complete freedom? More than was permitted during the extreme antisexualism of the Middle Ages, certainly. But isn't marital sex supposed to be performed for the purpose of procreation rather than pleasure, with any mechanical means of controlling conception considered a mortal sin? Isn't just one prescribed position for sexual intercourse deemed proper and "natural"? And isn't most sexual activity other than coitus, even between married couples, considered perversion? (In the United States noncoital sexual activity is termed "a crime against nature" and is prohibited by law in almost all of the 50 states.) And what of the unmarried adult? He (or she) has no sexual freedom at all.

The belief is widespread in our society that Christianity is the greatest motivating force for "good moral conduct" in existence, but the term "moral" is only relative. There are non-Christian cultures the world over that are perfectly content with their own morals, their own gods, or with no gods at all. (It is also obvious that Christians have not been content with their own religion, for they have split into numerous different denominations — each with its own moral beliefs.)

Many of the world's non-Christian cultures are more humanitarian than Christianity has proven itself to be. Christians have suffered, down through the ages, from more inhibitions, sexual or otherwise, more anxieties and more distrust of their fellow man than have many non-Christian societies.

The Government of the United States, as the protector of our free democracy, has a great responsibility on its hands, and that responsibility is to the people. I agree with PLAYBOY's philosophy that the Government's responsibility is not to part of the people, but to *all* of the people. It should protect the Christian religion and the rest of American society equally.

Paul E. Taylor
Park Forest, Illinois

It seems to me that many of the statements included in the eighth part of *The Playboy Philosophy* (July 1963) undermine the principal Christian tenets we have based our society upon. Why should we lower our values to meet our actions? It seems to me that it would be much more desirable to attempt to base our actions on an elevated set of values. Premarital sex, as advocated, and extramarital sex, as condoned, cannot fail to do ultimate harm.

Besides destroying the moral fiber of an essentially Christian nation and leading to total moral bankruptcy, these expressions of sex would, inevitably, lead to trial marriages, wife trading and even-



tually to the institution of free love. To allow this to happen, merely to satisfy the whims and desires of the incestuous and the bestial, would be disastrous.

We must realize that the mind can and must triumph over the body. If it does not, man may become irrational — fulfilling every sensual desire at his pleasure.

John Tumbur
Modesto, California

It is the triumph of man's rational mind over himself and his society that we favor. Christian, Jew, existentialist and atheist should all be free to follow the dictates of their own beliefs, but not be allowed to force their beliefs or codes of conduct on others; all men should be held responsible and accountable for their actions and their actions should not be allowed to infringe upon others' rights. Society should base its universal laws on reason, rather than on the dictates of any religion or creed, with a respect for the individual and the purpose of promoting his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The tremendous response to *The Playboy Philosophy* demonstrates the demand for a modern popular philosophy appropriate to our scientific view of the world. PLAYBOY has, uniquely, laid the foundation for such a philosophy. It is to be hoped that this philosophy will continue to grow, both in acceptance and in concept. To that end, I believe that the following opinions may be of some value.

Man continues to broaden his understanding of the physical laws of the universe. He should be doing the same in the area of moral "law." Yet, while the investigation of the physical laws enjoys society's full support, attempts to examine moral laws meet with cries of outrage — just as did science's first explorations into the physical realm. We are led to believe that morality is a sacred constant of the universe, divinely revealed thousands of years ago, and deficient only to the extent that man fails to heed its demands. That this is not the case is aptly demonstrated in the August chapter of *The Playboy Philosophy*. Our present moral codes are direct descendants of the morality that sanctioned the burning of witches, which practice has very few advocates today. From our 20th Century vantage point, it becomes apparent that even if divine revelation formed the original basis for morality, it has suffered ludicrous distortion as it passed through the minds of men. We have good reason to believe that much distortion or error still remains in our professed sexual morality.

The main hindrance to the free examination of questions of morality is man's myopic view of God, from Whom our moral codes supposedly derived, from which fact they gain their invulnerability. Just as the moral concepts



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have suffered now-obvious distortion, it is reasonable to assume that the popular concepts of God Himself are inaccurate. (A few people dismiss all religious works as mere collections of folklore, inventions of men's minds: devout Christians must so regard the religious beliefs of the world's two billion non-Christians.) As science provides us with an increasingly better view of the universe, the popular notions of God pale in comparison. The deeper our knowledge penetrates, the more impressive the cosmos becomes: its space is measured by the billions of light years; its precision by the billionths of an inch. The entire pageant is controlled by immutable law. Considerations such as these lead the believer to ask, "Can there be any doubt as to the existence of God?" to which should be answered, "But do the popular concepts of God do justice to the creator of such a universe as we now observe?" It would seem that the better way to know God would be to study His works, as science is doing, rather than to pore over ancient manuscripts. These, after all, are still only the words of men, and are limited by the extent of man's comprehension at the time they were written. In any event, our basic concepts, derived from the Bible or otherwise, should be continually subjected to the test of reason, in the light of our increasing knowledge. In this manner we can hope to eliminate at the earliest time the errors which the future always reveals to have been present in the past.

A case in point is the matter of sexual morality. Certain taboos regarding sex cannot be justified in terms of the good of humanity. After valid reasons for restraint have been removed, there still remain the negative attitudes that sexual pleasure should be only a by-product of procreation, or, at least, that sex should not be enjoyed for itself, but only as an expression of something "more noble."

Although procreation is the fundamental purpose of sex, mankind's persistent sex drive can afford pleasure throughout the four seasons. On the other hand, it is amply demonstrated in nature that merely firing up a spring drive is sufficient to ensure the perpetuation of the species. The religious taboos attempting to restrain men from enjoying his surplus sexual energies can be explained only in terms of rules, not related to human welfare, but quite arbitrarily set forth by God—possibly as a test for humanity. A god who would act in such fashion would be too petty to be consistent with the magnificence of this universe. Individuals have difficulty enough in merely living according to the rules they deem necessary for their own temporal good. Notwithstanding plush times and places, such as 1963 America, the trials of living faced by

the average human being, down the ages, would try any soul. That an omnipotent creator would, for good measure, throw in unnecessary sexual desire and then arbitrarily legislate against its satisfaction is inconceivable. It should be emphasized that we do not presume to question the will or ways of God. The question is, rather, do these facts attributed to God seem consistent with the intelligence that created this awe-inspiring universe, or do they seem more appropriate to the imaginations of men?

From a purely humanist point of view, the times when one should restrain his sex drive—or resist the demands of any desire, for that matter—can be summarized under two general headings: First, one individual's satisfaction should not be obtained at the expense of another individual. Second, the eventual consequences of one's satisfaction of the immediate desire should not be such as to subtract from his total pleasure or satisfaction, integrated over his entire lifetime.

There are a great many qualifications and corollaries to these two statements, but none of them contains the theorems that pleasure is inherently sinful or that sex is base. These latter concepts have been contrived by men and used in an attempt to fight fire with fire: to control human emotions—drives—with another powerful emotion, fear. This may or may not have ever been justified; it no longer seems to be effective.

Reason must be the foundation of our modern moral codes. From our present knowledge of man's half-million-year history, we may deduce his true nature, under its veneer of civilization. We may further infer the requirements necessary to satisfy that nature, and build codes of ethics and morals aimed at maximizing that satisfaction for all individuals.

With this humanist approach, we will have a better chance of arriving at eventual harmony with the will of the Creator than with our present approach, which often grants to human error the immutability of divine sanction. An important characteristic of the new codes would be our willingness to change or refine them in the light of increasing knowledge and understanding.

H. R. Ahrens
 San Diego, California

Amen.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in our continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence on either the "Philosophy" or the "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



everybody shinny (continued from page 123)

run in onstage like a star and came off like a performing seal. It wasn't that he booted his act, it was that that honest man was playing in the wrong league. Poets are not adjuncts of political leaders; *au, very au, contraire*.

Jackie had been going about her business with what seemed to me exemplary decorum, being highly decorative, speaking the languages her husband did not speak, being, I feel sure, a perfect hostess, and whatever she was doing as a wife and mother is clearly between herself, her husband and her kids, although I could wish that she would explain in the near future that 21-gun salutes on the White House lawn are not some darling new kind of fireworks played to the balcony of the young.

She had been busy, I feel sure, with getting those horrible curtains the hell out and rearranging the furniture, and who's got a better right? She lives there.

Then, some time ago, she was trapped into being a *conférencière*-guide-shill for a television program, and all that needs to be said of that evening is what may be said of any amateur in the performing arts: she got an E for effort. The show also produced some lines of dialog that have got to go ringing down the corridors of time. Ringing, well, more tinkling, down the corridors of the White House was her line, "And this is the Green Room." "Oh," said Charles, the quick-witted Rover Boy, as they entered the room. "I can see why it's called the Green Room."

(Look, look, the wall is green. See, Charles, see, the drapes are green. The furniture is green. The carpet is green. The ceiling is green. The windows are green. The pre-dominant color is green. It is called the Green Room.)

But this is all interior decoration and of no more moment than showing up at the ballet opening.

What is of more moment is that at the opening of the National Cultural Center in Washington, Mr. Kennedy made a speech in which he said roughly that our particular hunk of American history would be remembered years from now, not for its political or economic accomplishments, but for its culture. One must suppose that by culture he meant what would go on in this culture factory—a sort of super Lincoln Center. (A young man of my acquaintance related to me what is wrong with Lincoln Center, apart from its debatable acoustics. "You don't make something called a cultural center," he said. "you build some buildings and hope that it will turn into a cultural center.")

Now look, Jack, you are President of the United States, and a damn good

one. You can write the books you wish to, and read the ones you wish to, and make statements about them if you so choose. Your wife may hang whatever pictures she wants in the White House, and what she does about the furniture is OK with me. But it is no part of your or her function to be the cultural leader of the United States. It is, as yet, no function of any official of the United States to put his hooks, grubby or otherwise, on those of us who write, paint, sculpt, compose, sing, dance or take a chance. In fact, aside from allowing us a break on the income tax in the general neighborhood of a first-class citizen, the less these United States have officially to do with the artist, the better things will be for the artist and the republic.

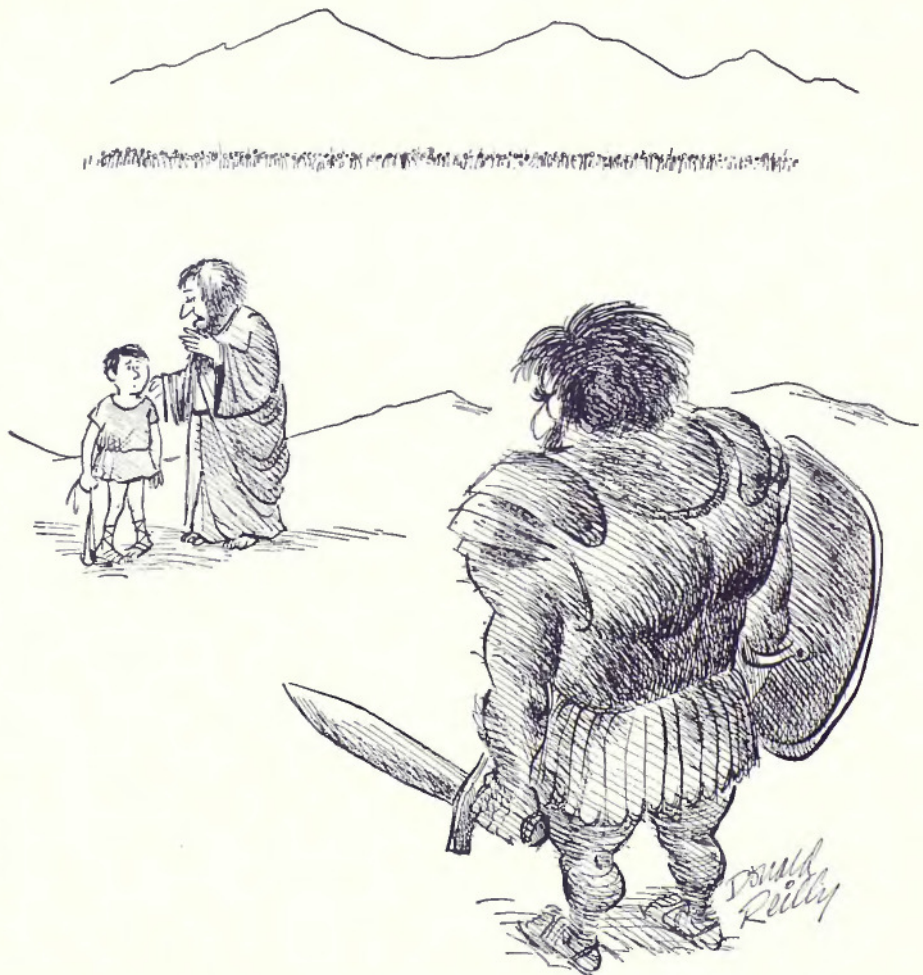
The artist is the enemy of the *status quo*, if he's an any-good artist, and from Plato to Khrushchev, any attempt to make him an appendage of government, no matter how kindly intentioned, produces damn bad art and worse artists.

I do not think it is the province of this or any other President of any state to fool around with judgments on the place of art, or the quality of culture, or its historic role. The next step, and it is not a very long one, is Khrushchev's shooting off his big bazoo about the evils of any paintings which do not show the noble Soviet worker building a new world, in a style which we now use only for doughnut stores.

Go, I say, Mr. President, open ballets and art exhibits, make dinners for Nobel Prize winners, and dress up for opening nights, say kind words to artists, spicers, troupers, and if you really like it, throw open one of those big play-rooms in that big house to strolling players of quality. As a private citizen, do what you will about art.

But as President—I'll make you a deal, Jack. If you won't make statements about art, I won't buck for Commander in Chief.

You see, neither of us knows what part, if any, of our culture, if any, will be part of history. That comes under the Department of Posterity.



"Don't worry about a thing, kid — the old fixeroo is in."

The Loan

LISTEN, AL, YOU'RE A FRIEND OF MINE, RIGHT? I'M A FRIEND OF YOURS, RIGHT?



IF YOU WERE IN TROUBLE I'D HELP YOU, RIGHT? WHAT'S A FRIEND FOR IF NOT TO HELP ANOTHER FRIEND WHEN HE'S IN TROUBLE. YOU FOLLOW ME SO FAR, AL?



WELL, I'M IN TROUBLE, AL. I NEED A FAVOR. IF I NEED A FAVOR WHO DO I GO TO? DO I GO TO EDDIE WHO'S A VERY GOOD FRIEND BUT WHO, LET'S ADMIT IT, IS BASICALLY SELFISH? NO, I DON'T GO TO EDDIE.



DO I GO TO FRANKIE WHO'S A VERY GOOD FRIEND BUT WHO- AND WE BOTH KNOW THIS, AL- IS TOTALLY SELF-INVOLVED? NO, I DON'T GO TO FRANKIE.



DO I GO TO WALTER OR PHILLIE OR MARVIN - MY BEST FRIENDS EVERY ONE? NO, I DON'T GO TO THEM, AL! THEY CAN'T BE TRUSTED!



SO WHO DO I GO TO? WHO'S THE ONLY RELIABLE, TRUSTWORTHY, UNSELF-INVOLVED FRIEND THAT I HAVE? YOU, AL. I GO TO YOU!



AL, I
NEED
FIVE
HUNDRED
DOLLARS.

I'LL
WRITE
YOU A
CHECK.



YOU'RE A PRINCE, AL.
A ROYAL PRINCE -
HEY - WAIT A MINUTE!
THIS CHECK IS FOR
SEVEN HUNDRED FIFTY
DOLLARS!

FORGET
IT.
/



WHAT DO YOU
MEAN FORGET
IT? 500 IS
ALL I NEED!
I DON'T
NEED
750!

YOU'RE A
FRIEND,
WILLIE,
RIGHT?
FORGET
IT!



WHAT ARE YOU
TRYING TO PULL, AL?
YOU KNOW THE KIND
OF GUY I AM. YOU
KNOW YOU'D
NEVER GET
BACK THE
500!

500! 750! WHAT'S
THE DIFFERENCE?
WE'RE FRIENDS,
RIGHT?



COME ON, AL - I DON'T NEED
TWO HUNDRED FIFTY DOLLARS
MORE GUILT! GIVE ME
A CHECK FOR 500!

IT'S
750
OR
NOTHING,
WILLIE.



SOME FRIEND,
I'LL GO ELSEWHERE!





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Norelco

NOBLE EXPERIMENT

(continued from page 174)

of secret churchgoing. No such signs of troubled conscience were to be spotted among the city's officials fattening on the underworld's payrolls. There were no suicides among these high-class characters.

As a historian of a major upheaval that took place under my nose, I admit bias, but I also can boast of perception and participation. In the Twenties hundreds of bright young Americans spurned their native land and went looking for saner heaths across the Atlantic. John Gunther, T. S. Eliot, Ernest Hemingway, Sherwood Anderson, Ezra Pound were some of the successful *émigrés*. But Paris, London and Rome were overrun with scores of talented refugees from the U. S. who wound up as castaways instead of celebrities.

I also felt the lure of superior foreign climes. A fellow, finely arrayed, came into the *Chicago Daily News* local room after hours. Jimmy Butts and I were at our dog-watch posts, bowed over our typewriters, composing our first novels. The well-dressed visitor announced that he was looking for two reporters to fill out his staff of the *Shanghai Sun*. He was leaving for China the next day and needed a yes or no before nightfall.

The three of us went to Mangler's saloon to talk the matter over. I came to around three A.M., alone. Jimmy Butts had taken off for China. Despite my youthful fancy for far-off Cathay, I was still a Chicagoan. I learned later that the well-dressed recruiting fellow had deemed me unfit for service in China because I was unable to hold my liquor. I improved during the Prohibition Era as did most of my fellow Americans.

This brings me to my first historical statement. The gun-toting crooks of Prohibition and their political buddies were a minor phase of the Era. The main show was the public—the hundred-million Americans without previous police records who joined happily in the vast lawbreaking.

In Chicago, the spectacle of an entire city switching its allegiance from law to lawlessness was a fascinating performance to watch. Press and radio reported similar mass defections throughout the nation.

The thirst for forbidden alcohol was only part of this secession. This is no *ex post facto* theory. We used to talk about it in our favorite saloons that were no more bothered by Prohibition than were Santa Claus and his reindeer. We used to sneer at the amateur drinkers who were invading our once orderly liquoring places. It was obvious that most of the citizens who started hitting the bottle had been nondrinkers before Prohibition, or wine tipplers at best.

There was no mistaking the meaning of this booze rush. It was the minutemen of Lexington and Concord all over again. The thing that turned Americans into liquor lovers in the very first weeks of Prohibition was the fine American instinct for freedom. Yes, we used to have it, when freedom was a much simpler word than it is now. It had to do with living more than voting. It didn't mean saving the world, but enjoying the pursuit of happiness, as suggested in the Constitution.

I'll declare myself in on the national psychology of that time, despite the fact that I and my mentors felt as detached from the ideologies around us as if they were the sputterings of the hairy Ainus of Japan. I mean, we looked on President Warren G. Harding, both Houses of Congress and all the pontificators of the Republic as rogues and liars or victims of dementia praecox—the first psychiatric phrase to arrive from Vienna.

The thing that startled us at first was that we were no anarchic elite. We were part of a lawbreaking multitude. Everybody had become iconoclasts. Everybody explained to the speak-easy bartender that we had just won a war to make the world safe for democracy, not bluenoses. In fact, you could not find a soul to contradict anything you said against the Government and against morality unless you cornered a rabbi, priest or chairlady of the altar guild.

In the first months of Prohibition everybody became aware that breaking its law was no more dangerous than getting a haircut. The shooting started, but it was gangster versus gangster. The bootleggers battling it out for territorial rights would no more have plugged a bystander than rival automobile salesmen would have shot down a new-car yearner.

As for our opinions of crooked police, crooked judges, mayors, state's attorneys, etc., they were favorable. Our attitude toward the unprecedented spread of corruption resembled a mood described by Bret Harte in one of his Western tales. He wrote of a boomtown newspaper's account of a flood that had floated away most of its readers—"the editor observed with pensive pride that, 'an area greater than the State of Rhode Island is now under water.'"

There is this to say for our political grabenheimers. Usually crooked government shares its plums with the few. It will smooth the way for a financier to filch a few more millions, and clobber a shoplifter who tries to make off with an embroidered petticoat.

Our Prohibition crooks, from the White House down, were as greedy as any other, but they were not stooges for big business, only. They served also the multitude. They were on freedom's side, for mercenary reasons, to be sure; but

who cared?

As a reporter I was aware that the cops turned their backs on the underworld killings, but my respect for the bluecoats was not lessened. They provided enough copy for the city desk by arresting amateur killers — relatives who kept knifing each other at breakfast, and decimating family reunions.

We were amused by the knowledge that the lawmen couldn't run down a professional killer if he was stuffed and put on display in Marshall Field's window. But it was no sour amusement. Indeed it was a less critical attitude than I feel today toward the police for not arresting the characters responsible for making my living room hideous with TV commercials. I can state firmly that the Americans of the Twenties would never have stood for them. There would have been an uprising in that freedom-loving time as there was against the blueses of the land.

I have still a few more historical generalities to put down before recounting remembered details and incidents of the dry spell. First, and tenderest, is this: I doubt if Americans will ever have as much fun as they found in the Twenties.

There were many reasons. We were still a practically untaxed people. And we had no future wars to worry about. We had just won the war that ended all wars. Skipping the Arabian Nights economy of the period — land booms, oil, coal, factory, building, automobile and chain-store booms — there was the added attraction of a crime boom. Our lives became full of theatrical diversion. *The Untouchables*, *The Roaring Twenties* (their authentic versions in which the bad guy always won) were playing bang-bang in front of us. We were, in a manner, members of their casts, but never their casualty lists. There were only two "civilian" deaths in our Chicago gang wars — an assistant state's attorney and a not-quite-kosher newspaper reporter.

My report of the Twenties as a happiness peak is without bias. I have heard and read lamentations from many who lived in that time, but these can be dismissed as enemy propaganda. The complainants would have had only disconsolate tidings to offer had they spent the Twenties in Mohammed's third heaven. There are always people who consider happiness a mysterious sin.

True, there were bewailers, groaners, and oratorical bores ululating about hell-fire, but the American multitude embraced the Prohibition Era as if it were a permanent New Year's Eve. And so it was, in many ways. Not only drinking, but kissing was stepped up. Inhibitions petered out. Sex came into high favor.

Indeed, the Era altered the American

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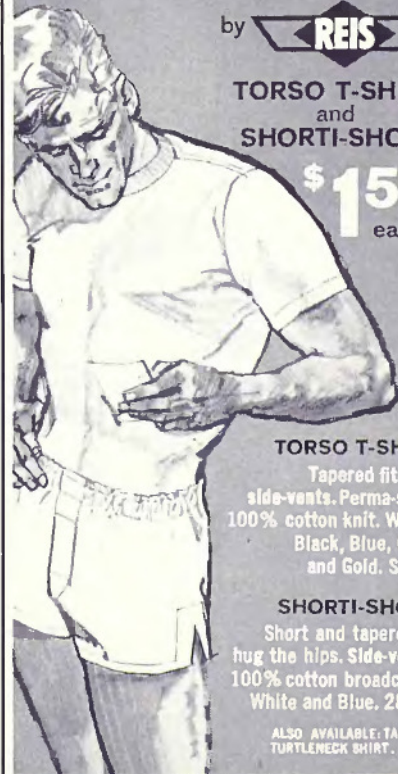
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character drastically, and chiefly for the better. It altered also the American scene but definitely for the worse. I mean it created a secondary U.S.A. known as organized crime. Corrupt public officials, since Prohibition, have handed over at least a fourth of the nation to criminals. We are a democracy and a crookdom; God bless our wondrous lawyers. Years ago I wrote a parody of *America*, as sung by the Devil:

*My country 'tis of thee
Sweet land of larceny
I am thy God —
Land where the crooks preside,
And freedom, roped and tied
Shrieks from each mountainside —
Who pinched my wad?*

About the American character change, I have a pleasanter picture to submit. First, one of the greatest historical events in human annals—the total emancipation, for better or for worse, of American womanhood.

Prohibition not only doubled the nation's booze consumption, but brought a new set of consumer throats to the alcohol market—the ladies. Before Prohibition, feminine drinking had been limited mainly to ladies in high society or in bawdy houses. The saloons were male compounds into which no female could step. The lower-class saloons sometimes broke with tradition and served a lady beer if she came to the back door and brought her own pail.

Even male drinking, before the dry era, was almost as privately practiced as sex. Men got stewed beyond the critical ken of home folks. Prohibition not only opened the nation's barrooms to the ladies, but elevated, generally, the social side of liquor drinking. Family groups started passing out highballs in their respectable parlors, and rarely did a neighborly visit wind up without a participant or two blotto.

I remember pious hostesses, all Caesar's wives, plying me with drink in their homes, and as arch about it as nice ladies in a fun house with their skirts blowing around their heads.

There was a genial thrill to home lawbreaking. It was like going slumming in your own parlor. You could enjoy a little glow of crime without losing your moral standing, since the best people were all criminals.

I recall also the rush-hour jam of respectable folk in the speak-easies. You didn't have to go to them for a drink. You could get one in nearly every hotel and restaurant in the city. But these lawbreaking locales lacked glamor. In the speak-easies you could rub shoulders with widely publicized gangsters and killers. A "hello" or a hand-shake from one of these underworld celebrities was something to brag about.

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speakeasy patrons. The tough-looking waiters treated them with a deference never before, or since, encountered in any cafés. You drank and broke the law with a sense of swagger, and no worry. A police or Federal raid was as unlikely a prospect as an invasion by brownies. In some of the speak-easies, booze was served in thick coffee cups, but that was only a bit of showmanship to add a reminder of lawlessness to the safe go-ons-on.

The only people who were hesitant about visiting the speak-easies were the top gangsters and killers who owned them. These were, as a rule, socially shy fellows. Customers embarrassed them with their loud cries of admiration and hiccuping requests for autographs. There was also the possibility that when a drunk threw his arms around a gangster's neck, not love but homicide might be behind the gesture.

One of the most startling by-products of Prohibition was the nation's sexual renaissance. Our "dry spell" inflamed the national libido as if the entire Republic had been given an injection of Spanish fly.

As a young student of this phenomenon, I understood it not too well at the time. There is a motto about gift horses. However, I did some pondering in later years about the collapse of female morality during Prohibition. (Collapse is, perhaps, too dour a noun.) Obviously, the girls of the Twenties followed a basic psychological pattern—people who break one law are ready to try their hands at other taboos.

It is likely also that American Puritanism had run its course, and would have sidled off without Prohibition; although I doubt this. Whatever the cause, sexual morality underwent a revolutionary change. A myriad of virgins under the influence of bathtub gin yielded their virginity in the back seats of automobiles. In the time before the invention of the motel, the automobile flourished as the most popular courting place for the boss and his secretary, and other amorous duos. It was said then of the automobile that "no good girl would ride in one."

As the Era gained steam, a wave of adultery and wife swapping broke over the land. In the Far West, city planners took advantage of the nation's flickering home fires by setting up pioneer divorce mills. One Reno litigant (male) awaiting his freedom, offered Americans a new diagnosis of marriage—"The f---ing you get, ain't worth the f---ing you get."

The Republic instantly understood this mystic utterance.

The fact that a new sexual frontier had been opened up in the U. S. was signaled by the disappearance from the

store counters of corsets, bloomers, step-ins and other survivals of the chastity belt. Instead of such glum trappings the store windows displayed diaphanous negligees, black-chiffon nightgowns and similar hints of female cooperation.

. . . .

We had fun buying gallons of sacramental wine from synagogue janitors and cathedral caretakers. Door-to-door salesmen came into our homes and offered us a kit containing 12 different glass tubes of cordial flavoring. You added the flavoring to the gallon of alcohol that was part of the purchase, and your sideboard bloomed with bottles of crème de menthe, Grand Marnier, Benedictine, crème de cacao, etc.

There was a touch of glamor in buying whiskey bottles over which men had fought and died all the way from Canada to our own front doors. We enjoyed also chipping in for cases of Napoleon brandy, and becoming thus epicurean lawbreakers. I knew then, as I know now, that this imported tippie had never been nearer France than Gary, Indiana; that it tasted like our Chicago-made Martel brandy, and that the double-negative salesman was cheating us. But we low-income characters were tasting not only brandy but boulderism. We were happy to pay a bit extra for the

status of booze bouncers. Although the Napoleon-brandy label did not fool us, it fooled our less-knowing dinner guests.

It was fun, also, carrying a flask in your back pants pocket like a bundle stiff, and striking a blow for freedom every hour by taking a swig of it. As a result, we were as often drunk during the day as in the night. I can remember having to dictate home-edition stories at noon to sober colleagues, and returning their typewriting favor on other deadlines.

There was also an intellectual type of fun on tap. This was listening to what H. L. Mencken called "the wowers in action." Prohibition's apostles and white knights filled the land with a joyous spouting. We used to read their speeches aloud in the speak-easies and set drunks to rolling on the floor with laughter. During the Era that recorded an annual 8000 to 12,000 murders in the U. S.—an all-time high in national homicide; that witnessed the collapse of honest government; that set a new world's record for a per-capita consumption of liquor—during this time of flowering corruption and chronic bacchanalia, the following wower statements were headlined in the press:

William Jennings Bryan spoke out, "God has given America Prohibition



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Ray A. Haines, U. S. Prohibition Commissioner, stated, "Prohibition has cut arrests in half, cut deaths, cut the population of prisons and almshouses, cut juvenile delinquency and offenses against chastity."

Dr. Louis Herman Smith, president of Washington and Lee University, called the Prohibition law, "The longest and most effective step forward in the uplift of the human race ever taken by any civilized nation."

The Attorney General of the United States proclaimed, "Prohibition will haul down the black flag of crime."

President Warren Gamaliel Harding, who was being successfully blackmailed at the time by a leading Federal dry enforcer named Gaston B. Means, prophesied, "Prohibition will put an end to the terrible evils that feed on alcohol."

Addressing a conclave of fellow solons in Washington, Senator Volstead, father of the dry amendment, announced, "We can now be proud as a nation that has restored sobriety and its attendant virtues to its grateful citizens."

Evangelist Billy Sunday preached the funeral of John Barleycorn in Norfolk, Virginia. It was an impressive interment. A span of horses drew a hearse to the jam-packed graveyard. A 20-foot papier-mâché bottle was lifted from the hearse and carried to its burial plot. A Devil in red tights followed the bottle and moaned grievously as Billy Sunday shouted, "Goodbye, John Barleycorn, you were God's worst enemy. You were hell's best friend. I hate you with a perfect hatred."

There are thousands of similar quotes moldering in the newspaper files of the Twenties. You would have to rummage in the Dark Ages of Europe to find utterances as clownish and pigheaded as came pouring out of our statesmen.

Remembering such pronouncements, I grin as I did when I first encountered them in all their pristine ninnyism. But the grin fades. I have grown up. I fall to wondering how many of today's statesmen will sound as ridiculous 40 years from now as did their predecessors of the Twenties. My guess is, most of them.

The American masses enjoyed Prohibition, but the criminals married it, loved and honored it until death did they part. Crooks all over the world, hearing the great news of the 18th Amendment, headed with or without passport for the U. S. A., which had become again the Promised Land. Some of them got sidetracked in New York, Detroit and Cleveland, but the cream of the crop reached Chicago in triumph. We were the big time. Our town was the

Maypole around which the nation's law-breakers capered.

Johnny Torrio, Al Capone, Dion O'Banion, Frank Nitti, Hymie Weiss, Greasy Thumb Guzik (his right thumb had been permanently soiled by money counting), Spike O'Donnell, Bugs Moran, Neddie Herbert, Machine Gun Jack McGurn, Schemer Drucci, Dago Lawrence, Three Gun Louis Alterie, Frankie Lake, Polack Joe Saltis, Terry Druggan, the Terrible Genna Brothers; these are some of the names of Chicago's leading antiprohibitionists. They still keep their stellar standing.

Of these, my favorite was Deanie O'Banion. He was Al Capone's greatest rival, but not in character. O'Banion was the gay boy of the underworld, its most romantic figure: a combination of Robin Hood and Dead Eye Dick. He did his own killing. He was involved in 25 murders, but never arrested, due not only to his purchase of police immunity but also to his personal charms.

Deanie's victims were all gangster opponents employed by Capone and the Terrible Genna Brothers to knock him off. Deanie would no more take a pot-shot at a nonunderworld citizen than a football halfback would leap into the stands to tackle a bleacherite. The police were able to soothe whatever conscience they had with the thought that every time an O'Banion opponent was beaten to the draw, another enemy of society entered the morgue.

Deanie was young, handsome, well-mannered, a persistent churchgoer since his early choirboy days, and a loving husband. He was also full of compassion for his fellow man. His charities were almost as great as his bribes. He toured the slums of his boyhood, handing out \$100 bills to the needy, and beating up their heartless landlords. He had a \$14,000 organ in his home on which he accompanied himself in hours of song.

He was full of pranks. He used to appear at dawn in the doorway of our all-night saloon, Quincy No. 9, a newspaper reporters' rendezvous.

"Who wants to go for a ride with me?" he would ask.

The journalists took turns joining him. I went twice. O'Banion owned a souped-up flivver. We headed for the lake front in normal style. Arriving at Michigan Avenue, O'Banion spurned the street and used the sidewalk for further touring.

The wide sidewalk was almost deserted at this early hour. But there were some traffic cops to play with. Sighting one of these, Deanie pretended his flivver was a bull in a Sevillian bull ring. He sent it charging at each officer, snorting and wheeling around him in *toro* fashion.

The cops played along as matadors. They were usually fellow Irishmen, with



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a soft spot for a man of high spirit; particularly if they were on his payroll.

As part of his business program, O'Banion undertook the elimination of his rivals — the Terrible Genna Brothers. During this campaign, a couple of Capone employees entered O'Banion's flower shop on the Near North Side, across the street from Holy Name Cathedral in which he had sung and worshiped since childhood. O'Banion's flower shop was no fake front for his bootlegging operations. It was an honest emporium. He delighted in trimming its show window, and was proud of his flower fancying clientele.

"Ain't seen you for a long time," said one of the two arrivals, and held out his paw for a handshake. Always the gentleman, O'Banion put his trigger finger out of play by clasping the hand of greeting. The other visitor pumped five bullets into Deanie, who was thirty-two years old at the time.

Capone sent an attractive floral wreath to O'Banion's funeral, inscribed in white carnations: "From a Friend."

The funeral was one of the most moving spectacles ever seen in Chicago. O'Banion's body lay in state for three days in its \$10,000 bronze casket with solid-gold handles. Forty-thousand men, women and children filed into the Sbarbaro Funeral Home to view the remains in its Pharaoh's casket.

The hearse, heading for the graveyard was followed by 30 open automobiles all hidden from the eye by pyramids of flowers. There was not a blossom to be bought that day in Chicago's florist shops.

Following the slowly moving gardens were some 100 automobiles filled with silk-hatted dignitaries of city and state. An estimated 30,000 pedestrian mourners completed the cortege. A 50-piece band played Deanie to his resting place.

Despite much pressure, the Church refused Deanie Catholic burial rites. The Reverend Patrick Malloy, however, came out to Mount Carmel Cemetery, minus his priestly vestments. Standing in multi over the grave, Father Malloy said three Hail Marys and the Lord's Prayer.

O'Banion's wife, Viola, a beautiful and loyal helpmate during his triumphs in Chicago had a tall shaft erected over his grave. Two words were chiseled on it: "MY SWEETHEART."

The day after the funeral Deanie's chum, Three Gun Louis Alterie, challenged O'Banion's assassins to a public duel. He said he would meet the murderers at State and Madison Streets, and shoot it out with them single-handedly, in true O'Banion tradition.

The gallant offer startled Chicago's reform Mayor, William Dever. He had, temporarily, ousted Big Bill the Builder from his City Hall perch.

"I'm staggered," said Mayor Dever, "are we living by the code of the Dark Ages, or is Chicago part of the American Commonwealth?"

Mayor Dever's unromantic attitude ruined the proposed duel. Hymie Weiss, another O'Banion pal and avenger, hired a vacant office overlooking the entrance of the Sherman Hotel. He had information that Al Capone was going to visit the hotel in the near future. With his machine gun in place on the window ledge, Hymie waited for three days and nights. He ate up several lengths of salami and downed a case of lemon pop.

On the fourth day, Hymie Weiss was rewarded. The street in front of the hotel filled up. A band played. Citizens cheered and Al Capone stepped out of the hotel entrance, right into Hymie's gun sights. But O'Banion's avenger didn't open fire. Beside Capone stood the sour-faced President of the United States, Calvin Coolidge. The Chief Executive had fearlessly come to Chicago to repair Republican fences.

The military-band music, the fluttering American flags, and the face of a U. S. President misted Hymie's eyes with patriotism. A true-blue American, like his idol, O'Banion, avenger Hymie's trigger finger stiffened. What if by some accident he hit the wrong guy — knocked off a President of the United States! My God, he would never forgive himself. And Hymie allowed the hated Capone to walk out of range under the guard of the Chief Executive.

In the underworld, the event was long applauded as President Coolidge's greatest achievement while in office.

Of the booze monarchs produced by Prohibition, the least colorful was Alphonse Capone. He was a humorless man, and as obsessed with arithmetic as a bank president.

His annual bootleg gross was estimated between \$150,000,000 and \$300,000,000. Whatever the correct figure, 25 percent of it went into the pockets of city, county and state public officials. Capone also kept an emergency fund handy for Federal pay-offs.

In the pile of print and drama inspired by Al Capone there is usually missing the outstanding fact of his criminal career — his popularity. During his heyday, Al was the most popular and beloved figure in Chicago. In the rest of the nation his name had the glitter of a great folk hero. Of all the public figures who succeeded Al Capone, only Charles Lindbergh stirred the populace to as wild an appreciation.

I remember going to the opening day of a Chicago race track with Capone and a dozen of his business associates. There were some 30,000 men and women at the track. Spotting Al Capone



"The chair recognizes Mr. Frazer."

in his box, they loosed an ovation that almost matched 1918's Armistice Day.

"The people love me," said Capone in an interview my editor Henry Justin Smith refrained from putting into our paper, the *Chicago Daily News*. "The reason is I'm their benefactor. I give them what they want, beer, and booze, at reasonable prices. If there was a law, for instance, against people enjoying sex which I wouldn't be surprised if it came, a smart fella who owned a string of whorehouses could get elected President of the U. S. A., if he cared for the position."

At the time of his prophecy, Capone owned 30 large brothels in Chicago and its environs. They were a heritage from Big Jim Colosimo, who had imported Johnny Torrio and Al Capone from Brooklyn to be his bodyguards.

Shortly after engaging his new protectors, Colosimo was mysteriously shot to death one dawn while in a telephone booth. Capone and Torrio inherited his 30 whorehouses, among other assets.

Big Jim must have chuckled in his fiery hell when his whorehouses avenged him. Capone died in 1947, gibbering with a brain destroyed by syphilis.

Capone was as near a practical reformer as ever reigned in Chicago. He cut the city's burglaries, holdups and jack rollings to a new low. He achieved the cleanup by employing from 300 to 600 criminals at a good wage and thus lessening the incentive for porch climbing and jack rolling. The weekly pay

of a Capone killer ranged from \$100 to \$600 a week.

Capone also drove all the gamblers out of the city's Loop. He was especially stern with crooked gamblers. Tough, young Mickey Cohen who was running a "bust out store" in Randolph Street — a dice game at which no outside player could hope to win — was ushered out of town by Capone. Dozens of other confidence men and sharpers were similarly bum's-rushed out of the metropolis.

"The City of Chicago is my customer," Capone explained to the startled crooks. Mickey Cohen told me the conversation years later. "And I'm protecting my customer's interests," said Capone. "I don't want any citizens of Chicago getting rooked or beat up by any crooks. I want my customers to realize they ain't going to get hurt breaking the Prohibition law. If anybody gets hurt it'll be only me and a few of my associates. My 2,000,000 customers ain't even going to get their hair mussed."

"He was a smart man," Mickey Cohen reminisced, "and also very impressive." Mickey was, at the time of his reminiscence, the bookie king of California. "I have tried all I could to follow his policy by keeping Los Angeles free from crime and safe for its citizens."

I collided with Capone's business side once. A young Southerner arrived in Chicago and confided to me in a saloon that he had taken over the 14 Midwest-

ern states in behalf of another Southerner named Lupton Wilkenson, who was annexing the Eastern Seaboard.

"The Far West, suh, is not worth our time or energy," said my informant.

His name was Grady Rutledge. He was direct from Georgia and his great-great-grandfather—a crony of Oglethorpe—had signed the Declaration of Independence. Grady's commander-in-chief, Lupton, was another Georgian, 21 years of age. "But, suh, he is going to hold all the publicity campaigns of this enormous country in the hollow of his hand."

I agreed to join Grady, after newspaper hours, as a vice-president. I added Richard Henry Little to our organization which, in no time, occupied an entire floor of the Frances Willard Building in La Salle Street.

Our first enterprise was to raise \$10,000,000 for the Northern Baptists, which we did with a single publicity wrinkle. We organized, through press and pulpit, a "kissless era" for the Baptist Faith. Every Baptist girl in every parish pledged herself not to allow any male to kiss her until the \$10,000,000 was in Baptist coffers.

This *Lysistrata* gambit raised the millions needed for holy work in jig time.

"We have our finger on the public pulse, suh," Grady addressed me and our other vice-president, Dick Little. Dick, one of the finest of foreign correspondents—he had scooped the world on the fall of Port Arthur—was at the time conducting the *Chicago Tribune's* "Line o' Type" column.

"Our next task," said Grady, "is the overthrow of Prohibition."

After some discussions we decided to launch an organization called "The Camels." Grady, too full of gin to stand up, uttered his battle cry from his presidential chair, "A million members, a dollar a member—a million dollars!"

We staged a grand joiners rally in the La Salle Theater. A dozen girls in ornamental breechcloths and transparent brassieres passed among the prospective Camels in the theater, distributing our literature and their own phone numbers.

We landed a host of happy joiners, who in return for a dollar bill received a 10-cent Camel button to wear on their lapels. But The Camels was a short-lived organization. A few days after our La Salle Theater triumph a pair of Capone messengers visited our headquarters in the Willard Building which, to Grady's horror, also housed the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The messengers represented Capone's business side. They were lean, glittering-eyed natives of Sicily and their coats bulged with firearms.

"Al says to lay off," they informed us, "he don't want no Camels."

320 Grady, descendant of the Declaration

of Independence signer, sputtered a bit, but Dick Little and I swung him around to Capone's side as a cozier place for Chicagoans. The underworld wanted nobody menacing the Prohibition goose that was laying the golden eggs. And what the underworld wanted was the law in Chicago.

The picture of lawmaker Capone would be incomplete without at least one account of his private life. As a Capone society item I offer the birthday party he gave one of his intimates called Curly. Pal Curly was a fat, bald-headed liaison man between Capone and his surviving rivals.

But pal though he was, Curly had a shortcoming. He had not been entirely honest in his negotiations with his boss' competitors. In return for large fees he had permitted them to remain alive and functioning.

Curly's birthday was celebrated in Cicero, Illinois. Some 50 ladies and gentlemen in evening rig arrived in motor cars. Curly was toasted as the guest of honor. A candlelit birthday cake appeared. Cries of "Speech, speech" brought a dew-eyed Curly to his feet.

As Curly started his thank-you speech, six Capone men joined him and beat him into a pulp with baseball bats. During the pulpifying of Curly, the rest of the guests, led by Capone, sang, "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday, dear Curly . . ."

. . .

The Republic teemed with famous crooks and killers. We heard of them in Chicago during the Twenties but, being chauvinists all, we considered them a sort of road-company troupe of malefactors. Many of them became criminals of power and prestige, particularly in New York City: Larry Fay, Owney Madden, Longy Zwillman, Waxey Gordon, Lepke, Gurrah, Meyer, Dutch Schultz, Frankie Yale, Lucky Luciano, Legs Diamond, Joe Adonis, Willie Moretti, Vito Genovese, Augie Pisano, Abe Reles, Vincent Coll, etc. I omit a few of the top ones who are still alive and guarded by expensive lawyers against any libelous references.

New York's criminal talent made little impression on Chicago. Its bootlegger vendettas, killings, hijackings seldom merited more than a few sticks on an inside page of our press. Chicagoans preferred to read about their own gun-blasting bravos. Besides, the Eastern bootlegger didos were small-time dramas alongside such events as our St. Valentine's Day Massacre and the destruction of the Terrible Genna brothers; and the return of seven Capone negotiators from a conference with the Purple Gang in Detroit.

Capone had been favorably attracted by the business talents of Detroit's underworld. Its bootlegging sales were mounting into the millions. Capone de-

cidated it was time for a big business merger. For a 25-percent cut of the Purple Gang's profits, Al was willing to add his prestige to its operation.

After a day of conference, the seven Capone negotiators returned to Chicago in an ambulance, on the floor of which they lay full of bullet holes and dead. The ambulance was abandoned by its drivers in the heart of the Loop.

Capone gave his negotiators a lavish funeral, and demanded in a graveyard interview that the U. S. Army take over the City of Detroit, and straighten it out. President Harding refused bravely to bow to this Capone dictate, and the Purple Gang continued to flourish in Detroit.

A few out-of-town episodes, however, made our Chicago front pages. One was the demise of Dutch Schultz.

After a period of warfare with Legs Diamond, Mad Dog Coll and Owney Madden—Dutch Schultz, nee Arthur Flegenheimer, was assassinated in the Palace Bar in Newark, New Jersey. Chicago editors were attracted chiefly by Dutch Schultz' deathbed utterances. As he gave up the ghost, the once puissant Dutch Schultz spoke, "Mother is the best bet. A boy has never wept or dashed a thousand kim."

George Briggs, New York correspondent for our *Daily News*, refused to be budged on this deathbed quote.

"I know it sounds idiotic," said Briggs, "but please bear in mind most New Yorkers sound idiotic. You can't expect their underworld characters to make more sense than the rest of the population."

. . .

One of the most curious things I noted in the Twenties was the activity of our professional censors. In Chicago no less than in all the cities of the nation. As the divorce rate doubled and adultery became as commonplace as theatergoing, as less than 30 percent of brides reached the altar as virgins, and half of our public servants were in cahoots with crooks and killers—the censors arose everywhere to bring the Devil to his knees. Not political censors, or censors of crime and corruption. There were a few such voices crying, "Wolf! Wolf!" They made a bit of noise but they were as powerless as a set of gophers.

The censors of power were the literary and entertainment arbiters. During our bawdy, lawbreaking Twenties, these vineyard workers had the situation in hand. No book, magazine, newspaper, movie screen or theater stage was permitted to print or exhibit any improperly dressed female. A citizen caught carrying a photograph of a nude lady was certain to be locked up in prison for three months. No publisher or producer was allowed to offer the public any literature or drama that concerned itself with sexual rela-



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tions, by married or unmarried participants; that offered instances of unpunished infidelity, or that presented a heroine who was not a virgin.

During this time when Americans were illegally pouring a billion dollars worth of booze annually down their throats, the movie-censorship code forbade a movie showing any male or female taking a drink of liquor. And while our gangsters were blowing each other to hell and gone at the rate of 8000 to 12,000 a year, our movie code forbade the showing of any movie character shooting another movie character. Any movie producer who tried to outwit the code by depicting a crooked policeman or politician on the screen would have been run out of Hollywood as a subversive on Russia's payroll.

Of the many stories I covered as a reporter in the Twenties that celebrated the triumph of virtue, I offer one. A young lady passenger on a North Avenue streetcar was accused by a fellow passenger, a high-school principal, of showing her leg to way above her knee while traveling beside him.

The East Chicago Avenue police-court judge who absorbed the evidence was on gangster O'Banion's payroll. Deanie had told me he had bought His Honor cheap, \$200 a week for liberating any O'Banion associate brought before his bench.

The judge fined the lady knee exhibiter \$10 and promised to send her to jail if she indecently displayed her person again. From this episode I deduced that an ounce of morality was a cover-up for a ton of guilt.

I remember wondering in those flagrant days if Americans would ever recover enough respect for their politicians to take an hour off to vote for any of them again. Apparently, they did.

Prohibition did not knock out democracy, it only corrupted it. It did this by producing a crop of crooks as smart as any bankers or railroad presidents. Our underworld, after Prohibition, became a coterie of lethal financiers, buffered by the best legal brains of the land. As of today the chances of convicting a top-echelon crook are as remote as sending an archbishop to the electric chair.

Another Prohibition legacy is the high regard for criminals that fills the American heart of today. Our good citizens' crush on gangsters has put billions of dollars into the movie and TV cashboxes.

After Prohibition dozens of actors became national idols by shooting blank cartridges at other actors in a flood of screen dramas. Among these catchup-shedding desperadoes were Edward G. Robinson, Paul Muni, James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, Alan Ladd, George Bancroft, Clark Gable, George Raft, Jack Palance, Victor Mature, Richard Widmark, Dick Powell, Peter Lorre,

John Garfield, Sydney Greenstreet, Rod Steiger, etc.

An eye-opener on what had happened to Americans during Prohibition was provided by John Herbert Dillinger, who led a kill-crazy gang in the Midwest in 1933 and 1934. Dillinger's score included ten men murdered, seven wounded, four banks robbed, three police arsenals plundered, and three jailbreaks in which he released all his fellow prisoners.

During his murder-and-plunder spree Dillinger wrote his sister, "Don't worry about me, I'm having a lot of fun."

An all out manhunt for Public Enemy Number One kept Dillinger's name in the nation's headlines. A Gary, Indiana, whorehouse madam named Anna Campana gave the FBI a helping hand in locating the murderer. On July 22, 1934, Dillinger walked out of a movie theater in Chicago, and was shot to death by FBI agent Samuel P. Cowley.

It was the FBI's blackest hour. A large part of the public acted as if an American idol had been destroyed. Letters denouncing the killing of Dillinger, and editorials calling it a cowardly deed filled the press of the land.

Four months after killing the country's leading murderer, agent Cowley came unexpectedly on one of Dillinger's old gang, a murderer and bank robber known as Baby Face Nelson. In the ensuing gun battle FBI agent Cowley was killed and Baby Face was fatally wounded.

Again most of the nation's sympathy went to the slain murderer rather than to the heroic Cowley who had died in battle.

With the repeal of the dry amendment, the hangover became sharply apparent. The Prohibition Era had produced a nation of crime buffs. Not just bootlegger fans but a coast-to-coast audience with a yearning to see anybody shooting anybody else. Husbands shooting wives, psychos wiping out nests of relatives, cowboys plugging Indians, barkeeps or sheriffs. And, of course, the Bad Guys of organized crime falling in a hail of bullets from the Good Guys of law and order in the Prohibition Era.

Lawlessness today is our chief spectator sport. It even tops our interest in the Communist menace. From 50,000,000 to 90,000,000 Americans sit pop-eyed before a nightly roar of gun battles and corpses piling up.

The armchair infatuation with crime is the lesser half of the story. The Prohibition Era helped vitally populate the U. S. with the largest cast of real murderers, thieves, swindlers, muggers, rapists and crooked politicians ever assembled in one land. Our annual murder rate tops that of the entire rest of the world, with Chinese and Russian

figures unavailable. Our criminals outnumber the combined felons of all Western civilization.

J. Edgar Hoover's blackboard lists an annual 6500 murders, 1,500,000 armed robberies, 1,500,000 rapes, muggings and skull fractures, and 1,250,000 automobile thefts and dope peddlings.

In all, the U. S. is the homeland of more than 3,000,000 active criminals who manage to steal and swindle an annual take of \$20,000,000,000 out of their honest countrymen.

Almost none of this criminal loot is recovered. However, the Bureau of Internal Revenue reveals that last year it collected tax penalties totaling \$1,684,000,465.

Very few of our important racketeers, extortionists, dope, prostitution and murder impresarios landed in jail that year or any other year. However, all is not darkness. The Internal Revenue Bureau reveals that the prison sentences meted out to income-tax jugglers totaled 2538 years.

The Prohibition Era is not solely to blame for our moral bust up of today. Other forces have been at work. Racial intolerance, fear of the atom bomb, and the timidity of the vote-hungry politician have all taken bites out of the American soul.

It is generally said of the Twenties (by other historians) that they echoed the decline and fall of the Roman Empire; that they turned the U. S. into a land of Godless libertines, cynics, sadists, and Napoleonic crooks.

But give the Devil his due. He made some pleasant contributions in the Era. Jazz music brought the Negro his first taste of equality. The female figure came out of its sartorial cocoon. Its anatomy on full display, except for a few square inches, put an end to the peekaboo game that was called modesty. Hypocrisy changed from a social into a political force. Governments and not human beings took to talking through their hats. And religion, far from being scuttled by the Era, was actually improved by the cynicism of the Twenties. The gingerbread dogmas that made it almost impossible for an intelligent human to submit himself to a church service have been considerably chipped away.

Summing up my report of the Prohibition Era, I don't know if it was a time of feasting that ended a civilization, or a new look at human values that launched an improved existence. But this I know: the U. S. was a sweet land when it was having fun in the Twenties.

Biased or not, if I had the choice of a decade in which to live, from Pericles to Kennedy, I would ask for residence in the Prohibition Era.



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MOO GOO GAI PAN

(continued from page 144)

sleep, I think—that's not living. It's
 playing. How long can you keep that up?
 You're probably going crazy already."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to work. I'm going home.
 I'm going where I'm supposed to go—
 where I've got to go."

I gave him a skeptical look. I was afraid
 to say too much. It was one thing to mock
 my life, because it was so random, and it
 was only mine. It was like saying
 "Where'd you get that tie?" I could al-
 ways change it—but with him it was
 flesh and blood. I could hardly ask
 "What's that big hump on your back?"

The waiter brought our order and laid
 it out on the table. Milton picked up his
 glass to pour the beer. It was scratched
 from scouring and he held it up to the
 light and looked at it sardonically. "Listen,
 Pancho," he said, "this is how it
 goes: Your life is there and you live it.
 You don't read it in a book or take a walk
 through it or dream it, and you don't
 think it up either—it's there. Look at me
 —I got married. When I went overseas
 in 1945 I left a lively nineteen-year-old
 girl, two-months pregnant. Twenty-six
 months later I come back—twenty-six
 months I've been waiting to live like a
 human being. I don't tell her I'm coming
 —I want to surprise her, I'm going to
 drop in like a bomb. So what happens?
 I ring the bell, I hear a lot of hollering
 inside. My mother-in-law opens the door
 —she's crying. She looks at me and she
 starts up even louder. 'It's not him! It's
 not him!' I'm standing there, my hat on
 my head, my duffel bag on the doorstep.
 'Who's not him?' I say, and I take off the
 hat. My wife comes up. 'Where is he?
 Where is he?' She's crying too. 'What am
 I—invisible?' I say. 'What's going on
 here?' So between boo-hoos and yoo-hoos
 they tell me the dog is lost, they're crying
 for the dog. They thought I was bringing
 back the dog. Sylvie goes back in and
 drags something out. I thought it was the
 dog, but it's the kid. 'Here's your father!'
 she's hollering. I'm still standing on the
 doorstep. I look at the kid. He's scream-
 ing—I'm the bogeyman. His face is all
 screwed up. I see that he's skinny and his
 eyes are close together. He's screaming
 like an air-raid siren. I look at Sylvie—
 her eyes are red, she has wrinkles in her
 neck, and I see that the little bastard has
 dragged her ribs down. She's staring at
 me as if to say 'Nu, you're home?' It's not
 that she isn't glad to see me, you under-
 stand, it's just that the dog is lost—her
 mother is crazy about the dog, and the
 kid too—and she's a bit slow, she didn't
 know I was coming. She'll catch up in a
 minute—wait awhile. But I don't feel
 like waiting. I see my father-in-law bring-
 ing up the rear. He's got the dog on his
 brain too—he even offered a reward.

Nobody offered a reward for me. I have-
 n't put my foot in the door yet. I'm
 thinking I could turn around and walk
 away. I'm going to find the dog, I could
 say, and before they woke up I'd be gone.
 I'd grow a beard, take a French name—
 they'd never find me! But what did I do?
 I went across that doorstep, I picked up
 the kid, screaming and all, put my hand
 around Sylvie, coughed up a smile for her
 old lady, clapped her old man on the back
 —I had three hands—and said 'Here
 I am!'

"A few days later I report to the old
 man's hat factory and start to work like
 a slave six days a week. Sundays when
 I'm trying to read the sports page he's
 always after me—'Why don't you take a
 hammer in your hand?'—so I move to
 Kew Gardens. Another expense! Furni-
 ture, debts, divots—they got me a whole
 life wholesale!

"But you see what I mean, Pablo—all
 this has nothing to do with it. The point
 is: This is a life, for better or worse. Peo-
 ple know what I mean when I talk to
 them about it."

This was such a staggering *non sequitur*
 that I put down my knife and fork and
 stared at him. "So you're happy—you're
 satisfied?"

"Satisfied! It's a life, I'm telling you.
 I'm not a philosopher to go to the library
 or take a course to find out if I'm satis-
 fied."

Even though I still loved him, I could-
 n't let all that pass. "You like living in
 Kew Gardens on top of your brother-in-
 law?"

"He's a dentist. Suppose I wake up in
 the middle of the night with a toothache
 —I got a bargain. Besides, where do you
 want me to live—on top of a mountain?"

"What about the hat factory? You
 enjoy making hats?"

"I don't make hats—I make money.
 You think making hats is more monoto-
 nous than making girls? You don't go
 through the same motions, say the same
 things every time? Hello—goodbye!"

I looked down at my plate and tried to
 remember him as he was five or six years
 before: the fine tough tight grin he had,
 the quickness you could see in his clown-
 ing. He was wiry then, with a restless
 ferocity in his face that sucked in his lean
 cheeks. We used to wear each other's
 clothes, but now he outweighed me by 20
 pounds, he didn't have that hungry-for-
 life look anymore. Now he would call
 that look "from hunger."

"You never feel trapped?" I said, com-
 ing back to Kew Gardens.

"Sure I feel trapped! But I'd rather
 be trapped by something than by noth-
 ing."

"Monotonous or not, you don't wish
 you could grab a stray piece now and
 then?"

"Sure I wish! But suppose I did grab
 one—I'd still wish, because you can't

grab them all. Right now in the shop there's a Puerto Rican kid with a belly full of mambo who's hot for me. I once made a deal with her and borrowed some guy's place. She meets me around the corner after work and I'm whistling for a cab when all of a sudden I say to myself Ah, what for? and I put her in the cab and send her away. Then I go home and tell Sylvie to wear a pair of black stockings and high heels to bed."

"Black stockings and high heels! Are you serious?"

"Sure I'm serious — where's your imagination?"

I looked at him. I thought he was putting me on. "I know," he said, "you recite them poetry. OK, each man to his taste. It all depends on what you want. Now you take your kind of girl — your skinny *shiksas* — they've got no tits. Fine! you say — there's nothing to go wrong. They can't fall, you can frame her and hang her on the wall, or from the chandelier. Sylvie, now, she's no work of art — her tits hang down to her belly button already. But they're tits! When she lays down you can't tell the difference. She puts on a bra and they bounce. You and your chums over here, you've got to grab your girls by the ass. They've got nothing but asses — your whole world is ass-backward!"

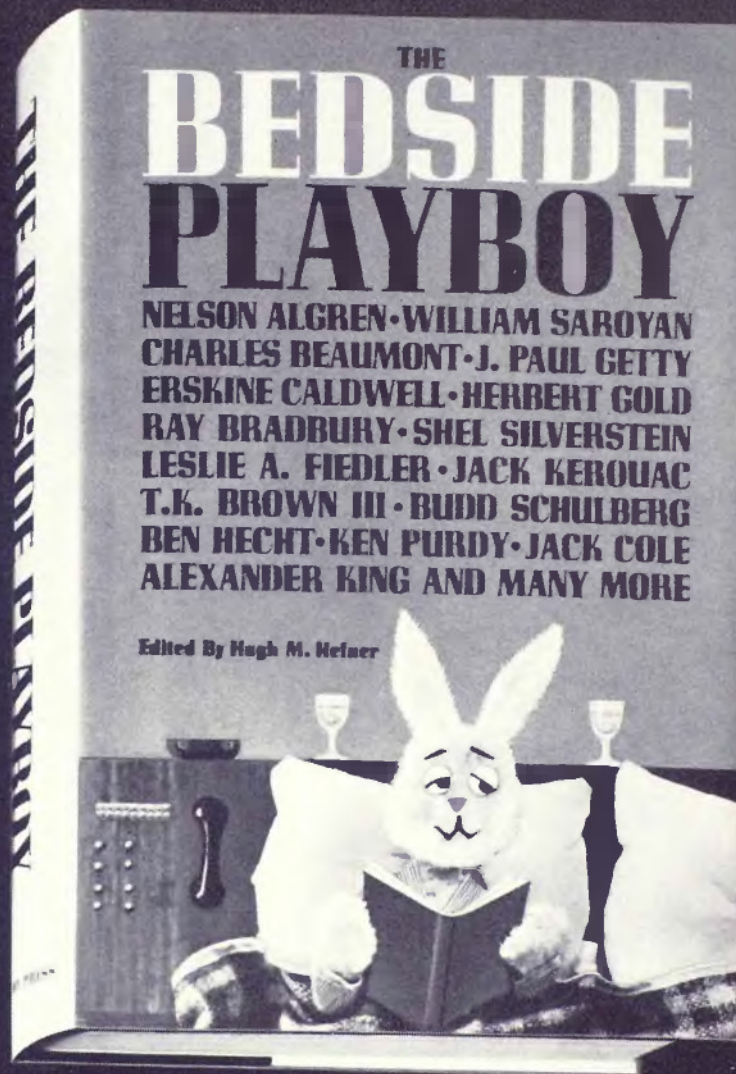
Before I could stop laughing he was off on a different tack. "Listen, Polo, you want a job? You need something to exercise your talents on. I'll give you a place on the truck — plenty of fresh air, contacts, you'll see the world. I'll even fix it so you don't have to count the boxes."

"Then I can move to Kew Gardens."

"Naturally! I'll buy you some divots, you'll have a lawn. You'll get an apartment with a toilet and I'll teach you to bet baseball."

His baseball bets — hockey, basketball, football and fights as well — always baffled me with their point spread, who's hot, who's pitching, what the smart money says, and so on, and I had the fleeting thought, as if this was a prerequisite to living his life, that I could never get the hang of it all. It suddenly struck me too that I was much more of a babe in the woods in his world than he was in mine, and strange as it seems, there were more imaginations running amuck in his. He had told me, for example, about a friend of his named Herbie who was a state highway patrolman. One day Herbie had stopped a guy for speeding. It turned out that the guy was an appliance dealer, and he talked his way out of the ticket by offering Herbie a 40-percent discount on anything he wanted. A fair exchange was no robbery, Herbie said, then he squeezed the guy for the same discount for all his friends and relatives, so that in his and Milton's house now nothing is done by hand if it could possibly be managed electrically. It was the same with the

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friends and relatives. Then one day the dealer, who by now is like an in-law, confesses: He purposely did it, in Herbie's words — he deliberately got himself stopped for speeding so he could make a pitch and start the wholesale ball rolling. And if this isn't plot enough to dumfound Dostoevsky, here's the pay-off: They weren't even surprised, Herbie and Milton. Yes, he was a hustler, they conceded, but they saw nothing unusual in him.

I must have had a faraway look in my eye, because Milton tapped his knife against his glass. "Stop thinking, Pasquale! You think too much. Look what happened to Hamlet. You're surprised I know what happened to Hamlet? I saw it on television. I'll explain to you what Shakespeare was saying: He was saying that happy is busy, you've got to be busy, then you've got no time to think you're unhappy. Here, I'll tell you a story — you

only understand stories, even though you're always thinking. A few weeks ago I'm riding in the subway and I meet a guy I knew in basic training, Zeller. 'Hello, Miltele,' he says and starts pumping my hand. 'How are you, what are you doing, how's the family?' and so on. 'Fine, fine,' I say, and I remember that he's crazy about his wife, he was always raving about her and writing letters, so I ask him 'How's your wife, Zeller?' He puts on a long face. 'Ah, not so good,' he says. 'not so good.' 'Why, what's the matter?' I say. 'Nothing serious?' 'You'd never guess in a million years,' he tells me, and he pulls out a pencil and a piece of paper. 'You see,' he says, 'most people's intestines, they go like this' — he draws a couple of loops — 'but my wife, her intestines, they go like this,' and he draws the same thing but with a knot in it. I look at the paper. The man next to him looks at it, too. People are listening. 'Nothing can get

past here,' he says, pointing to the knot. 'Naturally she's very uncomfortable.' I don't know what to say. People are watching us. He looks at me very seriously. 'It's costing me a fortune,' he says. I'm trying to think of something to answer — 'So the doctor's giving her treatments?' 'Naturally,' he says. 'He's against an operation, so he's giving her solvents and she's on a fluid diet.' Well, I wished him luck with his solvents, and when I got off the train I thought about him and his wife with the knot in her intestines and I felt sorry for him. I thought maybe he was a little cracked — but then I realized that he was happy. He could take out his life or his wife and draw you a diagram. He had a first-rate problem, like one of those doctor series on television. Plenty of human interest — and suspense, what suspense!"

The waiter was clearing the table and I knew Milton would soon be leaving. I felt very sad, as if those scraps on my plate were the sweet-and-sour remains of our friendship. A faint hope — maybe he was only clowning? — rose and fell. But no, if it was a joke, it was on him. The dead pan was no longer a mask.

My feelings slipped out in a needle: "By the way, did you get your new two-tone load yet?" He had told me the last time I saw him that he was going to trade in his car.

"Not yet," he said. "I had to get Sylvie a cocktail diamond."

"A cocktail diamond?"

"That's right — a cocktail diamond."

"What the hell is a cocktail diamond?"

"It's like an engagement ring, only she wears it on the other hand."

"Doesn't she have an engagement ring?"

"Sure she has an engagement ring."

"She can't put it on the other hand?"

"She wants one on both hands. She wants to feel well-balanced."

"Listen, Milton, let me ask you: Can you tell a diamond from a piece of glass? Can Sylvie?"

"What are you bugging me for? She wanted it — her friends have them."

"Her friends have them — so she has to have one, too, and you have to pay through the nose for it?"

"I don't pay through the nose — I pay by check. Anyway, what do you want from me? You want me to change the world?"

If I had stopped to think, I wouldn't have done it, but he was my best friend, my brother, so I said "Yes. Yes, I want you to change the world. I want to change it myself."

He gave me a long searching look until the waiter came and laid the bill between us. I reached for it, but he pushed my hand away. "All I want to change," he said, "is a twenty."



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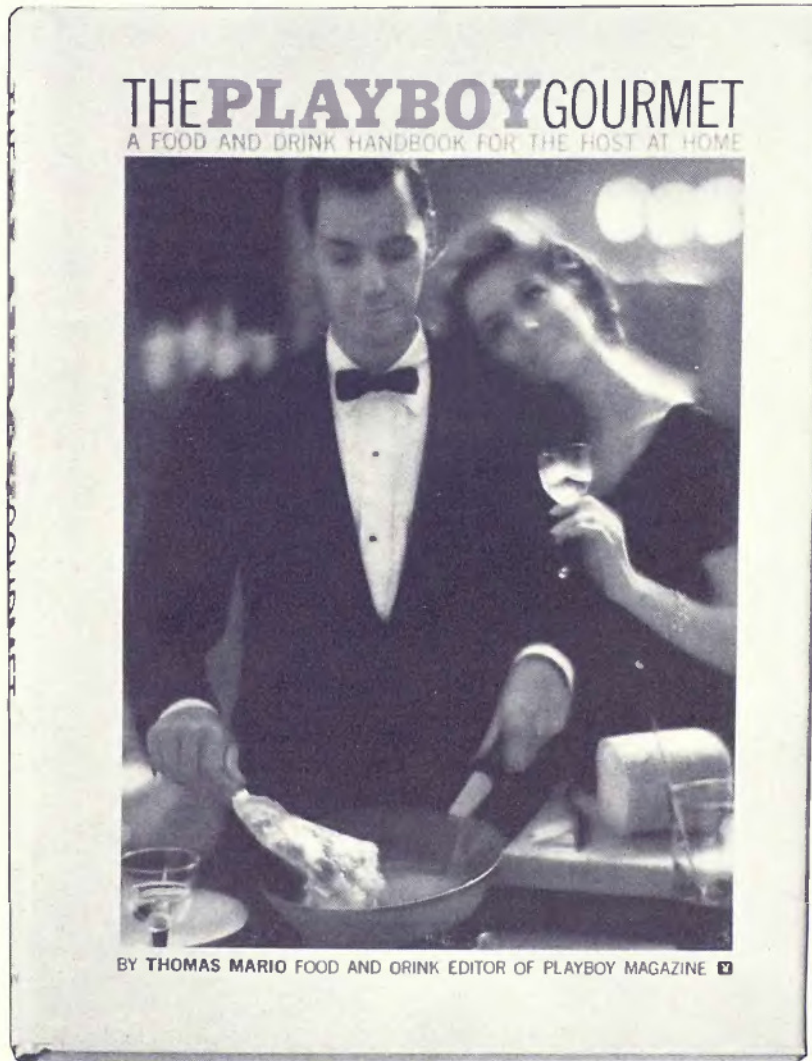


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JY-104 (Tie Bar) \$3.50.
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"Just go up on the roof and mind the reindeer until I tell you — and the whole sack is yours, sonny."

how to talk dirty (continued from page 184)

Mrs. McKenery was a banister polisher. She entered, a woman in her 60s, with slightly oily skin, satiny as the furniture. She probably used some expensive monkey-gland preparation for the purpose of preservation, and it certainly served its function; all of her wrinkles were well-preserved.

Within half-an-hour, all I was able to contribute to the conversation was, "I am from the Brother Mathias Foundation, and we are in this area receiving contributions for the unfortunate lepers in British Guiana. . . ." And I had to fight to get *that* in. She had taken a deep breath when she sat down and didn't stop for another one as she treated me to the most intimate revelations of her life. First she related the details of all the Good Work she had ever done — the organizations to which she gave unstintingly of her services. Then she concentrated on her *real* sacrifices — being married to an insensitive, cruel man and remaining with him only for the sake of their daughter so that she could have a normal upbringing.

Of course I had to agree that she, Mrs. McKenery, had wasted her life so that her Dolly could have a mother and father and not suffer the indignity of "a broken home." I inquired where Dolly was, and I was not overly surprised to find that she was at the analyst.

After Mrs. McKenery cataloged all the sacrifices she had made since her marriage, she described how she had been raped "by a nigger farmhand Daddy had fired." She was only seven years old when it happened, but she related the Sabine scene to me in intricate detail: detail that is acquired only by constant retelling. It was in the Poe Classicist manner. "We lived on a two-hundred-acre estate — do you know where that big new store downtown is? Daddy used to play croquet with me there — it was our front yard."

She went on and on and on, into the ghastly description of the lynching of her attacker who, incidentally, had never actually "touched" her, but had been drunk and was merely boasting to others of his intentions.

"What if he *had* gotten to me? I still shudder when I think about it."

After the confession of her early traumatic sexual experiences, she discussed frankly her husband's lack of manliness. "He was *never* an affectionate man." She sighed deeply, but before I could take advantage of this opportunity to make my pitch, the maid interrupted: "Excuse me, madam, but Mr. Madison is here."

I was introduced to Geoffrey Madison, "a brilliant young poet" who was acquainting Mrs. McKenery with the

Greek classics and teaching her to appreciate tragedy. He was taking her to the opening of the first espresso house in Miami Beach.

She explained to this sensitive fellow the purpose of my visit — the wonderful work I was doing for the unfortunate lepers in — "Where was that place?"

Madison smiled askance at me. One hustler to another.

He reminded me that they had only 15 minutes to get to the art exhibit, and she hurriedly wrote me a check, putting in the amount and signing it, telling me to fill in the name of my organization. She kissed my hand and left me alone with the maid, who had been raped, too. When she was 14.

I don't know if I have an extrasensory gift for divining violated virgins, but of all of the women I interviewed, nearly 80 percent had been raped. The other 20 percent had either been hurt on a bicycle or horseback riding, or fallen accidentally on a fence. Their big problem was that their husbands never believed them.

The maid gave me an envelope, and I couldn't wait till I got out of the house to the car so that I could open it and peek at the amount on Mrs. McKenery's check: I was too discreet to conduct such an investigation on the premises. The envelope contained a poem Mrs. McKenery had written about Saint Agnes, also a clipping from the Seventh-day Adventist paper about the tea cozy she had made for the Korean Orphan Drive, and the check. When I looked at the amount on it, I thought there must have been a mistake. I saw the number 750 in the upper-right-hand corner and figured she had forgotten the decimal point; but there it was spelled out: "Seven hundred and fifty and no/100 dollars."

I knew then that I was on my way to being the highest-paid analyst on Miami Beach.

In two days I made only nine calls. The sessions got longer and longer. I got only one rejection and collected \$5300 in cash and checks. All from the purest, most self-sacrificing women who were unfortunately married to insensitive, unaffectionate husbands, and who would all be virgins to this day if it weren't for what seemed to be the same lustful rape artist or a fence whose height had been just a little underestimated.

I was mildly annoyed because I never got a chance to discuss religion, which was my official sphere of interest. I had done a lot of reading in preparation, and it was all being wasted.

The only trouble I had was from

Honey. When I came home that first night, she wouldn't believe that I had gotten "all that money just for nothing." She insisted, "No woman's going to give you \$750 just for *talking*."

She would go through all my clothes for lipstick traces; she would sniff me all over for the scent of powder or perfume.

I never did anything but shake hands with any of these women, but there were times during our marriage when I kissed other girls, and I had found it much safer to leave the lipstick on and explain it away with, "I couldn't help it, this tipsy old lady just grabbed me and kissed me, she said I looked like her son who was killed in the war, she must've been about seventy. . ."

If you've ever tried to rub lipstick off, you know that even if you remove it all, your mouth is twice as red as it was when you left it alone.

When Honey and I had first started going together, she had told me: "I know how men are, like butterflies going from flower to flower. I understand that from time to time you may kiss another girl, and I don't mind, as long as you tell me. I just never want to hear it from anyone else."

And I believed her.

And I did tell her.

Just once.

"I'm glad you told me," she said, and began a slow burn. Within half-an-hour, she had broken every record I had — including my Gramercy Five 78s — and ripped up all the pictures I had of anybody I knew before we were married, and demanded that I tell her the girl's name and that we go together to her right then at four A.M. and "have it out." She ended with: "OK, if you can have a good time, I can have a good time, too!"

For weeks after, every time I came home from, say, the drugstore, she would say, "How's your girlfriend?" Whenever I talked to anyone on the phone, or on the street, or in a store — even a salesgirl — Honey would charge over or, following me in the car, pull up to the curb and challenge: "Is that her?"

Three days after my confession she saw me talking to the secretary of an agent who was trying to get me a booking. This, incidentally, was a woman so ugly I wouldn't have kissed her if she were the last woman in the world. Somehow Honey got her name, traced her number and called up her husband. She introduced herself and told him. "It's not my husband's fault, he's very weak-minded." Therefore, his wife was to blame, and he probably knew she was a tramp, but if he wanted her "in one piece" for himself when his turn came, she'd better keep her hands off me!



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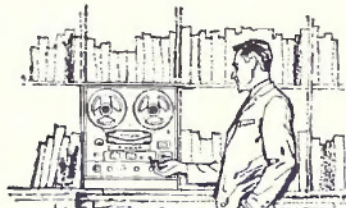
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The funny thing was that the secretary had been giving her husband all kinds of hell for cheating until then. It really created a lot of confusion. He was very sympathetic to Honey and invited her over to hear the whole story. When she went over there, he was half-looped and made some pretty strong advances, figuring that they would console each other, and she was struggling with him when his wife walked in.

Honey came home with her blouse ripped and her lipstick smeared, and I really gave her hell.

The next day I "made" the stores on Lincoln Road. Honey happened to be in one of the shoe stores and heard me give the manager my pitch. After that, she believed me. He gave me a check for \$100, which was considerably less than the average, but, after all, he had never been raped.

One afternoon as I left a big house on Palm Island with \$250 in cash warming my pocket, I beheld a sight that made my heart stop just as it did that day so many years ago when my father walked in on me while I was stroking it. A cop on a motorcycle pulled up to the curb, kicked the prop stick in place, and said: "Can I talk to you for a moment, Father?"

"Yes, my son, what is it?"

He was a nice young man with a polite but straightforward approach. "We've had complaints from residents in this area concerning soliciting. It's just a matter of form, but I have to ask to see your permit."

"Permit?"

"Yes, your permit."

"Oh, yes, my permit . . . oh, yes . . . hmmm."

He just stared and repeated: "Yes, your permit."

"Gracious, let's see, did Brother Leon take care of that matter? I know I spoke to the Cardinal about it after Mass. . ."

I kept mumbling until my voice was choked off by the sight of a squad car cruising down the block. It stopped about 20 yards from us, and the police inside the car motioned to the motorcycle cop in a grandiose manner. He walked over and exchanged a few words with them, while I stood there not knowing what to do.

"Hey, you! C'mere! You! Hey! Get the hell over here!"

I looked all around me as if I could not believe that anyone could possibly address me in that tone of voice.

The officer in the car got out. I don't think I have ever seen such a huge man, before or since. He was about 60 years old, must have weighed about 250 pounds, and was easily six feet, eight inches tall. White hair, crew-cut. Not

one ounce of fat.

Just then another car came wheeling around the corner and slammed up right in front of us. It was a stripped-down 1951 Ford. Obviously two plain-clothes men.

Paul Bunyan walked over to them and conferred with them as four more motorcycles blasted up, their sirens screaming.

By this time, all the people were pouring out of their homes. Within 10 minutes there were four police cars, six motorcycles, and three kids yelling "Bang! Bang!" while rolling in the dirt.

No one had said a word to me since "Hey, you!"

They just stood off a few paces and eyed me with a sort of take-him-dead-or-alive look.

The giant spoke his line again: "Hey, you!"

I attempted to preserve my dignity in front of my parishioners, who were watching anxiously.

"Sir?"

"You heard me, Jack, take the shit out of your ears!"

Those past few days, sipping tea from bone china with ladies and nibbling Ry-Krisp and watercress, had made me feel quite pious. I actually shocked myself when I heard my voice come out with: "I see no reason to use vulgarity, my son."

Two elderly ladies came to my aid, shaking their fists at the giant's hip pockets. He actually apologized to them for his outburst, but when I looked at him with benevolent forgiveness, he got hot all over again.

I edged over behind the old ladies.

"Get in the car," he commanded. One old lady got so frantic she had her prayer beads skipping around as if she were doing a hula.

"We're not going to let them take you, Father," said one benefactress. "They belong to Satan's army."

An officer tried to grab my arm but one of the plucky old dolls came up with her purse which must have had nothing less than a brick in it, because it knocked him squarely on his butt. As a reflex, the sergeant came up and kicked the old woman in the ass, not hard, but hard enough to bring a Doberman pinscher bounding seemingly out of nowhere. In retaliation, he took a good piece out of the sergeant's hip.

It wasn't long before I heard more sirens, and soon enough we were drawn up in battle lines. On one side were about 50 policemen, paddy wagons, tear-gas guns, riot-quelling equipment, and the fire department, whose men were beginning to screw the fire hose onto the hydrant.

On the other side of No Man's Land I held my ground with my army of elderly ladies and our K-9 Corps, Brutus the

Doberman.

Although we were no more than 25 feet apart, the captain in charge picked up one of those electric speakers you see in prison pictures, where the warden always says, "Give up, Dutch, we have you surrounded!"

My ladies had formed a Red Cross unit and were passing out hot coffee to the ranks.

The mechanical voice boomed over the megaphone. "This is Captain Goldman! Give up now and no one will be hurt! You will be given fair treatment, whether you are a priest or not! We just want to take you down for questioning! If you have any Christian feelings, you will surrender yourself and spare this mob the tear gas and fire hose which we will use if they do not disperse!"

I looked at my forces and my heart swelled. There were nearly 50 women, the youngest about 80 years old. They stood at attention, awaiting the decision of their leader.

Everything was orderly and disciplined except the kids. There were dozens of them yelling "Bang! Bang!" "I'm Hop-

along Cassidy!" "I'm Bishop Sheen!" as they rolled over in the dirt, creating the impression of a genuine skirmish.

But my ladies stood fast. I like women in that age bracket, because they're the only ones who still wear rouge. I looked sadly at my troops and said, "I had better go."

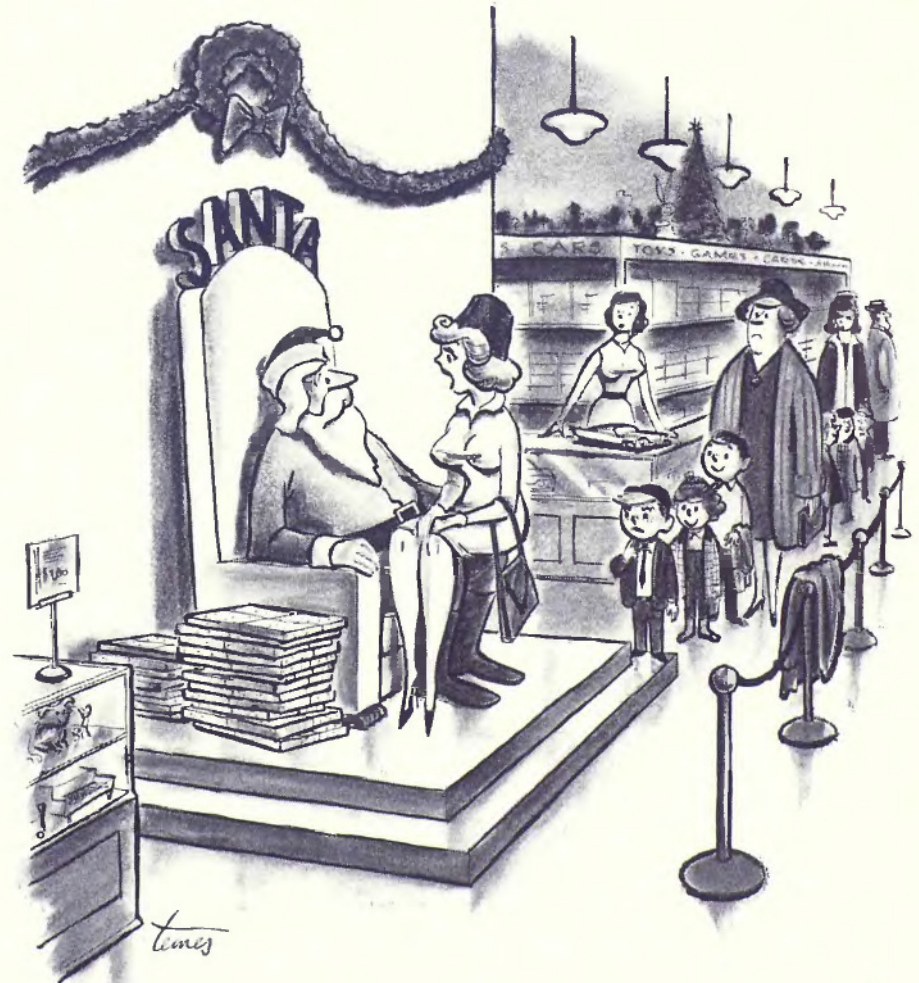
A cracked cracker voice in back of me spoke up determinedly. "If you don't want to, we're behind you, Father!" And I heard the click of what sounded like . . . and to my amazement, it was indeed . . . she had cocked the breech of a monstrous-looking elephant gun.

"We're behind you," another cried. And she started to hum, then all joined in singing. "I'm brave when He walks with me. . . ."

The police stood across the way and gaped, dumbfounded.

For one crazy moment, I thought, "How nice. Honey and I will move into this neighborhood and I will be their pastor."

"You have ten seconds!" The voice boomed over the loud-speaker. The la-



"We can't meet like this anymore, darling —
Billy is asking questions!"



"What's a girl like you doing in a nice place like this . . . ?"

dies pressed together around me in a solid phalanx. Brutus pricked up his ears. "One . . . two . . ." I saw the firemen ready the hose.

"Beat your swords into plowshares," I said gently, raising my hand in peace, and walked away from my blue-haired battalion toward the enemy.

The captain whispered in my ear: "Don't make any dramatic gestures to those biddies or I'll crease your head with this club."

"Incitement to violence is not the path of righteousness, my son," I assured him.

They took me in the squad car. Instead of going directly to the police station, we pulled up at a Catholic church. The captain intended to assure himself that I was a fraud before they booked me. The Monsignor came out. We spoke for half-an-hour.

The arrest report describes the result of that meeting: I was booked on a charge of vagrancy.

They searched my hotel room, found the charter of the Brother Mathias Foundation, and realized that everything was in order. They wired New York to find out if I was wanted there. When I came up clean, they released me.

In court the next morning I was found not guilty.

The law had taken a close look at me and recognized my occupation as legitimate. It was Easy Street from now on. I went home and counted my receipts. I had collected about \$8000 in three days.

I made out a check for \$2500 to the lepers and kept the rest for operating expenses: it would take a lot of gas to get us to Pittsburgh.

My vision mathematically calculated the numbers on the highway signs. U.S. 101 . . . PENN. 42. (101 plus 42 is 143.) Peripherally I read the impersonal directions: TRUCK ROUTE; DETOUR; GO SLOW; SCHOOL ZONE. Did the guys who had painted those signs wonder where they would be placed?

How tragically ironic that most of these signs are made and painted in prisons, perhaps by life termers who would never have the opportunity to see their handiwork in "action."

How sweet and truly Christian it would be if every priest, minister and rabbi would be responsible for a lifer and take him out for just one day so he could see his artwork on a sign or perhaps on a license plate and be able to say to himself: "I made that." Just one day out of his cage.

Goddamn the priests and the rabbis.

Goddamn the popes and all their hypocrisy. Goddamn Israel and its bond drives. What influence did they exert to save the lives of the Rosenbergs—guilty or not? Again, the Ten Commandments doesn't say "Thou Shalt Not Kill Sometimes. . . ."

So the pope has his secretary issue a statement about not executing Chessman. What is that? With the tremendous power of the Church I don't believe they could not have exerted pressure enough to get him off if they had really wanted to. But they didn't. He was an agnostic. He did not ask for forgiveness. He might have had a chance if he hadn't been so stupid as to continue claiming he was innocent.

Why don't religious institutions use their influence to relieve human suffering instead of sponsoring such things as the Legion of Decency, which dares to say that it's indecent that men should watch some heavy-titted Italian starlet because to *them* breasts are dirty?

Beautiful, sweet, tender, womanly breasts that I love to kiss; pink nipples that I love to feel against my clean-shaven face. They're clean!

Why doesn't the Legion of Decency say: "It's indecent that men should stand by and watch cyanide gas administered to human lungs in a death chamber!" The answer is because in their philosophy life is not as important as death. If death and the imminence of death serves the purpose of bringing a person to his knees before the Church, then it is worth using as a positive instrument of propagating the faith. The Church therefore condones capital punishment.

They went a long way toward refining its methods themselves during the Crusades and the Inquisition.

Of course I disagree with them and of course they have a right to believe whatever they do; all I want is for them to come out and admit it and stop issuing sanctimonious bulls which say one thing while they pursue the opposite.

The Burma-Shave signs whizzed past and suddenly Pittsburgh sprang up and yelled "Boo!" as the dark broke. It looked so dramatic, the city in the dawn, that I felt a twinge in the pit of my stomach. I don't know exactly what it is, but any city at that time of day gives me the feeling I used to get when I swallowed the contents of a Benz-drine inhaler and chased it with Coke. It really *was* "The Pause that Refreshes."

I guess I feel funny about the city because it's so big and alone. Christ, I hate being alone. I was always alone when I was a kid.

Pittsburgh was all alone, too. Like a



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tough Polish kid with a homemade haircut, cap, knickers, and a broken tooth.

. . .

Honey and I checked into the Milner Hotel.

Those Milner Hotel rooms were beautiful, with high ceilings and fake fireplaces and the mirrored pictures with the flamingo bird. "A Dollar a Day and Servicemen Welcome."

We always got a special rate for a double. There was no toilet in the room — it was at the end of the hall — but there was a sink in the room. Needless to say, I never washed my face in it.

The thing I especially liked about Milner Hotels is that they always had real pillows with chicken feathers in them. I hate those foam-rubber pillows. You can't bend them over. They keep bounding up. Nothing is more obscene to me than a foam-rubber pillow covered with a clear plastic polyethylene zipper bag, even more so when it starts to turn brown; it looks like the burnt isinglass in a potbellied stove.

I'm probably the only one who ever really looks at the mattress in hotels. There always seems to be a brown stain around one button. I've never stained any of these mattresses, and I've asked a lot of people who are very truthful and have no inhibitions, and they've told me *they* never stained any either. There must be some guy who stains these mattresses before they leave the factory.

I finished examining the mattress and then I double-locked the door. Honey had the dopiest thing about always making sure the door was locked. I used to tell her, "What the hell, I'm in the room, nobody is going to bother you." But she would go through the whole ritual of going outside the door, having me lock it from the inside and making sure no one could get in.

I used to really put her on. When she was locked out I'd start screaming and yelling to her as she tried the door. "Get away! Leave me alone, you horny broad! You're a nymphomaniac! I'm all sore, I can't do it anymore!"

Honey gets embarrassed if she coughs in an elevator. She hates anything loud, and although she is a sensitive and delicate lady, she gets me hotter than any woman I have ever known. When I finally let her back in the room, she was angry, so we made up.

Later we decided to get the rest of our stuff out of the car. To my consternation, the car was gone. Stolen? The audacity! I had a sign on the windshield which clearly read: CLERGY. What a sin — stealing a holy automobile! Should I call the police? No, I would call headquarters. "Hello, operator, give me Rome — IVMLV."

Honey, being more earth-bound than

I, hustled me off in a cab in the direction of the Car Pound. She noticed that we had been parked the wrong way on a one-way street on the No Parking side during a rush hour in front of a fireplug.

As we rode along, the wind blew her long natural-red hair across me so that it caressed my neck and shoulders. I took her in my arms: it was so luxurious, riding in the back seat as if I were Mr. First Nighter with his own chauffeur. I held Honey tight. Every part of her was warm and sensual. She always dressed crisply and smelled clean. I don't know how long we had been parked in front of the Car Pound when the driver finally summoned up "Ahem" and pointed to the meter, which was still running.

The officer in charge treated us to a brief lesson in morality. "What's the matter with you people — don't you believe in signs?"

I never understood what that was supposed to mean. "Don't you believe in signs?" Suppose you say, "No, I don't believe in signs." Will they let you go because in this country we're guaranteed freedom of belief? No man is to be forced to believe in something that goes against the grain of his conscience. "That's right, officer, I don't believe in signs." "Very well, brother, go in peace."

Anyway, we paid the fine and got the car out.

It was the black 1951 Chevy convertible that we had bought on time. That's such a cute way to put it, the implication being that you don't really have to pay money, you just sort of adopt it for a little while, keep it around, and it's yours.

I recently found my financial records and looked up the figures. There was no record on the Chevy, but the Cadillac I bought right after it originally cost only \$161 a month. I took a loan on it and had it refinanced to payments of \$63 a week. It was new when I bought it in 1951, and when I sold it in 1957 — still making payments of \$254 a month — I still owed \$1200 on it. I got only \$900 for it and had to scrounge around to make up the difference of \$300 in order to stay out of debtors' prison for the right to ride the bus.

Honey and I were on a tight budget in 1954 — \$17 for groceries, \$6 for insurance, \$4 for the Laundromat, rough-dried and folded. Laundry was always a big problem. Honey figured out that when the baby came, our laundry bill would be doubled and we could save a lot of money by getting a washer-dryer combination which was advertised by the appliance store for only a dollar down "on time." That's all she could see: "It's only costing us a dollar, the

Laundromat is paying the rest." Instead of \$20 a month to the Laundromat, we paid \$21.06 to the appliance store. We were going to save what would otherwise have been "doubled" when the baby came.

I knew intuitively that it was a mistake. But Honey always had a way of explaining things to me so that it looked as if the *store* was taking a big screwing. We took advantage of more stores — it's a wonder they're still in business.

JUST \$1 DOWN . . . ONLY \$21.06 A MONTH
NO HIDDEN CHARGES . . . NO GIMMICKS

And they were telling the truth. Your only investment *was* a dollar — that is, if you were willing to use your washing machine in their store. They wanted \$36 for trucking charges to deliver.

"Are you kidding — \$36? I'll get a couple of the guys, we'll have it out of here in a minute. . . ."

The first step in exploiting your friends into doing manual labor is to get them to admit they're not doing anything first.

"Hi, Manny, what's happening?"

"Nothin' — we're just hanging around the pad here."

"Listen, you want to have some kicks? I got a new Kenny Drew album and Joe Maini is on it and he really sounds good. When will you be over? In about ten minutes? Oh, wait a minute, I got a wild idea. Listen. I've got to talk soft. Honey is in the kitchen. I saw a nutty-looking chick in this downtown store who's a real balling freak. And I hit on her and she's a nut for bass players, so I told her that I'd bring you over. It'll be perfect; I can sneak out on Honey because I've got to go over there anyway to pick up something."

This operation is quite successful with the average satyr who is always "ready." The girl-in-question has always conveniently taken the day off when you get there, and after your friend recovers from the disappointment of the vanishing phantom lady, you march him to Appliances.

I shared his second shock. It was a big white monster that was designed to "wash 'n' dry" in one cycle. It really was quite a wonderful machine. It could do everything but get through the god-damned door.

"A little this way." "Up on this end." "Easy now, easy now, *easy now*, god-damnit!" "Oh-oh, one sure thing, we can't take it back now." "Well, we're lucky it's just scratched in the back."

Of course, there are always hallway superintendents that hit you just when you are in the worst position, when you're going down the stairs with it. One guy's fingers are slipping, and it has your shoulder pinned against the fire extinguisher, and you have to go to the bathroom in the worst way — and he



“Deck the halls with boughs of holly, tra-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la . . . !”

hits you with encouraging words like "Are you guys kidding? You'll never get that thing out of here!"

And there is *still* one guy who asks, "You got a match?" And would you believe it, I invariably *reach* for one.

With the help of a young, willing kid we got the machine into the street. Young boys are sincerely godlike in attitude. A young kid will always help. I think the motivation is for adult acceptance, and the sweet part about it is that you know it's never profit motivation, because when you go to give them some money, they always say in a shy, awkward manner, "No, that's all right, Mister." And when you force it on them, they're quite embarrassed.

What happens to sweet, willing young

boys? What happens to all of us? We never stop anymore and say, "Can I help you, Mister?"

My musician friend had a 1940 Pontiac convertible, and the washer-dryer just fit in the back seat. The edge of the machine pushed the driver's seat close into the wheel, leaving my friend pushed tightly against the wheel. As we drove along, he looked very intense because of his position, as racing drivers look, hugging the wheel.

We were talking and laughing about the dirty trick I had pulled on him, but the conversation stopped at every bump and I would just hear *whoosh*, as the machine inadvertently served as an artificial respirator.

We got to the house, and the car

couldn't make the steep driveway, so we had to lift the machine out of the car and carry it 60 feet. As we were carrying it, I thought this would be a great torture device to give to the Secret Service.

The landlord looked on apologetically, and then said, "I would like to help you" — he was one of those guys — "but, you know, I'm not supposed to lift anything."

The final *coup de grâce* which I had anticipated with fear now became a reality: the kitchen door was too small. But you still keep thinking that no one would design a product that couldn't fit through an average door.

We finally got it through the living-room door. By this time, my thumbnail and my index finger were Mediterranean blue. My friend's back would never be the same.

We set the machine down with a thump on the living-room floor, taking a breather before we attempted to lug it into the kitchen. It was such a cute little kitchen. The house was really a cute little house. A cute little gingerbread kitchen with a cute little door, six feet high by two-and-a-half feet wide. Now I don't care who you are — even if you're the mover who did William Randolph Hearst's San Simeon job — you're not going to get a washer-dryer, four feet high by four feet wide, through that door.

Well, what the hell, a lot of people have washer-dryers in their living rooms.

They also have pigs and chickens, but they're Indians, and they live in Mexico. That's it, goddamnit, the majority rules. If I were a Mexican or an Indian, and all our neighbors were Mexicans or Indians, we'd think nothing of having the washer-dryer in our living room.

As I sat with a glum look on my face, wondering whether we ought to move to Mexico with the washer-dryer, Honey started in with, "What the hell are you so grouchy about? Boy, you take the fun out of everything. I have to sit here all day by myself, and you've been gone three hours."

Yeah, that's it. I'm just selfish. Manny and I, we're just having all that fun, smashing our fingers and putting our backs out of whack. But I never even would go into these things with Honey. I just thanked her, grateful for the laughs she gave me.

We couldn't decide where to put the washer-dryer: perhaps next to the sofa, or better yet in a corner, since the living room was a little overcrowded anyway. Honey considered making a coffee table out of it, but then we would have to build up all the couches and chairs. Of



"As your hostesses, Miss Cratzmyer and I would like to welcome you aboard Trans-America's new supercolossal extraspecial luxury flight number 347."

course, we could have made a "coffee counter" out of it.

But what the hell, we were saving money. Luckily, we hadn't sent the weekly car payment in yet, because it cost that much plus \$10 to have the plumber come in and connect the machine.

It really looked wild . . . those two big, long black hoses going out of the living-room window into the yard . . . like the laboratory where Frankenstein's monster was born.

Everything worked fine, until the neighbors started watering the lawn. It had something to do with the pressure. When Honey was washing clothes, the owner would stand there holding a watering hose in his hand with just a trickle coming out.

We got the plumber back to do some more fixing and pipe changing. Now Honey could do the washing, and the landlord could water the lawn—but suddenly his wife screamed out the window: "The toilet won't flush!"

Whenever anyone flushed the toilet, you couldn't wash clothes or water the lawn. Which worked pretty good, except for those of us who had problems because of early toilet training and suffered from anal repressions, since it was necessary to yell at the top of your lungs, "I'm going to the bathroom! Stop washing and watering!" Then you could flush the toilet.

For those of us who found this announcement too traumatic, there were proxy announcers. I learned, also, that the landlord, who was quite a timid soul, was using the facilities next door.

The dopey dryer part of the machine was gas-operated, and it had a pilot light that kept going out. The pilot was right on the bottom, *one inch* from the floor, so you couldn't see it, you had to feel it. You had to reach in with your fingers, press down a button and light a match; then you had to hold it for at least 30 seconds till it took. I don't know what kind of matches the *inventor* of the machine used, but in 30 seconds, the matches *I* used always burned my fingers—or else, because of the fact that most floors carry a bit of a draft, the matches burned out in 15 seconds.

But the machine had a "guarantee." Of course, like all guarantees, it only covered parts. The particular part that was giving me trouble cost 38 cents, but the son-of-a-bitch who had to come in to replace it cost \$26. It wasn't bad enough that I had been exploited by the department store, but now a mechanic, too.

That's something which has always bugged me. Radios, automobiles, whatever—you're really at the mercy of the repairman, because when they look in "there" and throw a lot of mechanical terms at you, you really feel like an



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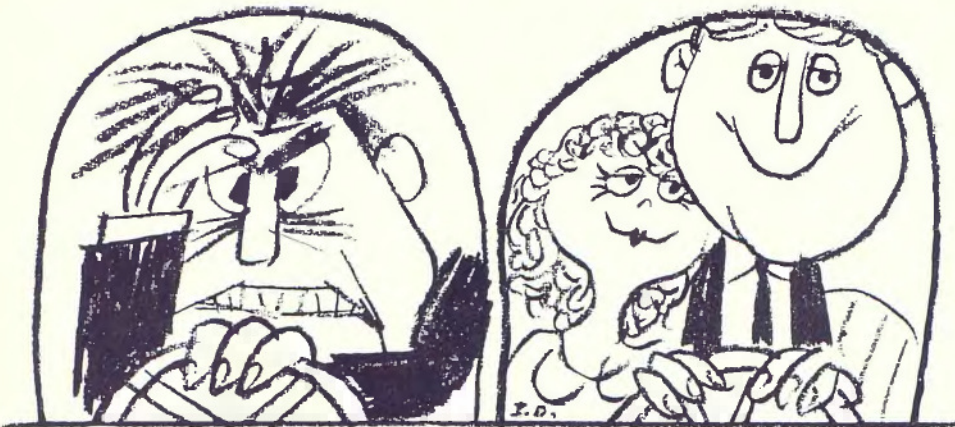
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idiot. It's the same with a broken watch. When the guy tells you that you need a new blah-blah-blah, can you say, "Why, that blah-blah-blah is in perfect condition."

Maybe some day I'll write a *Manual of Stingmanship*. It will contain one completely esoteric reference to apply to each mechanical device the average guy owns, so that the repairman will assume that you're a genius and that you know twice as much as he does.

For example: You take your radio in to be repaired. Before the guy unscrews the back, you say: "I don't know what the hell it is—those new low-impedence osculators haven't had quite the filtration powers that the old X72103 set had. I'd check it out myself, but I've got to rip down that damned radar installation I put up last month in the Radon Valley."

After you give the repairman your name and address, leave immediately, before he has a chance to ask you if this radio is A.C. or D.C., which, if you're like I am, you wouldn't know. All the *Manual* would contain would be one or two good sentences for every appliance.

I wonder where that washer-dryer is today.

I've always wondered about things like that. When I look at a refrigerator which I figure must be 30 years old, I know that the couple who first bought it loved it dearly and shared many personal experiences with it. Probably it was already there in the house at the arrival of their first-born. It probably held the formula for all their children.

And then what? Sold. Perhaps to some guy who had a Boat, Dock and Fishing Equipment Shack; and the butter, milk, eggs, Jell-o and leftover spaghetti was replaced by frozen bait and cans of beer.

Then maybe, in between homes and people, it stands in a Used Appliances store. You've seen them: big, bare stores with maybe 50 or 60 refrigerators, old and new, with descriptions scrawled on them in black crayon: "As Is," "Perf. Mechanical Cond.," "Beauty, Clean," "Reposessed."

Are they happy there, all the refrigerators together? Do they talk to the gas stoves? Are electric stoves snobs?

There they are, an army of refrigerators, expensive ones and budget jobs, rich and poor. If one of them were socialistically minded, he might indeed say, "Some of us are old and some are quite modern with roll-out trays and automatic cube dispensers, but while we are here, we are all the same . . . because we're all defrosted."

Living from one crazy disaster to another, Honey and I were always laugh-

Thank you,
darling,
but I'm not the
eggnog type

Understandably.

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Which would seem to be reason enough for anybody.

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ing, kidding, teasing, loving each other. Nothing could really hurt either of us because we were always together, and when one of us was down the other would pick the both of us up.

I had never enjoyed sleeping as much as when I slept with Honey. She just seemed to fit so nice, and I would really sleep soundly. It was funny, because when we first got married, I had never slept with a woman before. I had *made* plenty of women, but I had never *slept* with one. I was fairly promiscuous, but I always went home "after," so it took me awhile to get used to sleeping with someone. I remember, about the second week of our marriage, Honey was heartbroken because I asked for a room with twin beds. But little by little, I got used to sleeping with her, and after a while I couldn't sleep without her.

I was like that kid in *Peanuts* with his dopey blanket.

Honey was the most ticklish person in the world. All I had to do was *look* at her and say, "I'm going to tickle you now. I'm going to give you the worst tickling you've ever had," and she would really get giggly. I would just have to touch her side, and she'd laugh so hard the tears would come to her eyes.

She really made me laugh and did all kinds of bits for me. As I've said before, she had the most beautiful hair I'd ever seen. It was naturally red, and she could sit on it. When she wears it down, some women are so catty that they come up to her—in a hotel lobby,

a shopping market, a movie theater—and say, "Oh, what lovely hair you have!"—and then they always touch it and give it a little yank; Honey wised me up as to their motivation—some women wear things called "switches," long pieces of store-bought hair that fit in their own hair and match it in color, by which device they can make their hair look about a foot longer than it really is. I had never seen anyone with hair as long as Honey's; to hear others talk, though, 80 percent of the women in the world had hair that long, but they just cut it last week. "Oh, when I see your hair that long, I could just shoot myself. My hair was just as long as that, and I cut it, like a damn fool."

If I were depressed, Honey would even use her hair to try to cheer me up—tickling me with it, or making a mustache out of it.

We were driving happily along the streets of Pittsburgh, as silly as a couple of kids, sitting squeezed up tight to one another, deliciously in love, and laughing about my plans for the Brother Mathias Foundation.

We approached an intersection and came to a stop. It was dusk. There was a large truck a block-and-a-half away, coming along at about 40 miles an hour. I saw that we had plenty of time and nosed out to make it across. But as I pulled out an old Packard touring car whipped around the truck, passing it at breakneck speed. It was a convertible—as it came on us I could see the sudden terror in the driver's eyes.

He involuntarily screamed, "Ma!"

I felt a rough substance coarse against my lips. It was cement. I had been thrown out of the car, and my mouth bit into the pavement, the curb connecting with my head with the thud of a coconut cracking. I found out later that my skull had been fractured, but I stood up immediately with that superhuman strength which people always have when "My life was saved by Eveready flashlight batteries."

To my horror I saw the Packard ramming my car down the street. The seats were empty and both doors flapped like mechanical wings of death. I saw the back wheels go over Honey's soft young body. I heard her hips crack like the sound of a Chinese fortune cookie. The next moment the truck, coming behind the Packard, also ran over her.

I raced to her and threw myself upon her. I felt something warm and wet, and looked down. It was her intestines. Oh, my sweet wonderful baby, my wife, every combination of everything, my mistress, my high priestess, I love her so much, please God let this only be a nightmare.

Her face was gray and there were puddles of blood around her. I yelled, "Oh God, why are you punishing her for my sins, why?"

I kissed her cold face and shouted into her ears, "I love you, take me with you!" I prayed and cried and wished for death, and all at once I realized we were in the center of a huge circle of people. I looked up into the faces of the crowd that had gathered and I knew I had been punished.

I sat on the curb and wept as the siren of the ambulance became louder.

"Oh, dear God, how ashamed I am, not ashamed of sinning, but ashamed that I have fallen into the mold which I despise. I am the image of the men I hate, the debauched degenerate that all men are who only in last resort find religion. How shallow you must think me, God, for surely if I were *your* God, I would say 'To hell with him. When he needs me, then he prays. But when he doesn't need me I never hear from him.' I cannot say I am sorry that I posed as a priest, but I can tell you this, if you let Honey live I'll rip up the charter and never do it again."

Four months later, Honey took her first step. The doctor said that with proper care, exercise and rest, she would regain her normal posture and health within a year.

I thanked God silently.

Thus ended the career that might have dwarfed those of Billy Graham and Oral Roberts and all the other evangelists who save. Save every



"Forget it, man—I don't want to sing along with you!"



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penny they can lay their hands on.

The only hang-up now is, I wonder if God is a man or woman, or what color He is. Since the Bible could not be read if it weren't for printing, and the Chinese people were smart enough to invent printing, God must be yellow. What would His son's name be? Jesus Wong? Or Wing Fat Christ? "Yea, I say to thee vellilee." I know that God is not Japanese because *they* killed nuns at Pearl Harbor.

"Well," the theologians say, "I don't believe that God is a person. God is within me." Then He's a cancer, and all those scientists who want to cut Him out must hate God.

Or perhaps God is a transvestite who practices voodoo—the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost. And I'm confused about the direction of Heaven. It's not up there, because the earth revolves, and sometimes you go to Hell at 8:30, and Heaven at 12:06.

The Romans' God had naught to do with religion, except for Tuesday Night Wrestling & Christian-Eating. And the Egyptians before them didn't relate to Christianity; Rameses was the son of God, and he balled everybody in the kingdom including Moses' mother.

And Jehovah's Witnesses came to Atlantic City during the busy season and couldn't get any rooms. What is the answer? There is no God. *Dominus non sequitur.*

Certainly on an intellectual level I cannot buy the mysticism attached to any man-made religious object, whether it be the mezuzah nailed to the door sill—at least if they'd make it functional and put a chain on it, you could use it for a lock and kiss it at the same time—or the white plastic statues that Father Gregory from Louisiana has manufactured, the proceeds of which go to building segregated Catholic schools—they can make those white plastic statues functional, too, by tying them in electronically with the bumper and the windshield wiper, so that when you do someone in, you can give him the last rites and baptize him at the same time.

With the money that Honey and I got from the accident, we bought a new Cadillac—a black four-door, really chic job that cost \$4017. We drove to Arcadia, California, to see my father, who had remarried. We were going to go to Hollywood—"where my father is"—and then Honey would *really* get into the movies. My father wasn't really involved with the motion-picture industry; in fact what he *was* really involved with was a chicken farm.

We worked on the farm for two months. It was like being back with the

Denglers. I really put the place into shape. Honey did the canning.

Then my father and I had a beef, and we left. We couldn't get jobs. California is a weird place—you've got to get booked from New York.

Until Honey and I started "winging"—that is, getting into a higher-income bracket—we always bought secondhand stoves and refrigerators. You could get a stove for about \$35 and a refrigerator for about \$75. When we were living on the Coast, I knew she wanted a new refrigerator, but I couldn't afford it.

At that time, I was working a burlesque club, and there was a TV producer from the show, *Your Mystery Mrs.*, who was a regular customer. Like most voyeurs, he needed a rationalization for watching the strippers. "The girls—are you kidding? Those old bags! I go to see the comedians!"

This was in part true. Somehow these guys have the misconception that the emcees can fix them up with the girls. But the request—"Will you fix me up with so-and-so?"—is preposterous, unless a girl is an out-and-out hooker, which strippers are not: otherwise they would be hookers, not strippers.

Of course, there are some people who sell themselves for money. That "some" constitutes 90 percent of the people I've known in my life, including myself. We all sell out some part of us.

Any 19-year-old girl who is married to a wealthy, elderly guy . . . well, never mind that—just *anyone* who is married for security is a hooker. Two dollars for a short time, as opposed to a marriage license and a lot of two dollars for a longer time.

The point is that women, unlike men, cannot be "fixed up." With the exception of a hooker, you can't go up to any girl and say, "How about doing it with my friend?" For women to make it, there has to be a love motivation, or at least a chemistry that passes as love.

On the other hand, men are animals. Again, guys will make it with mud, dogs, cats, goats—ask any guy who has been unfortunate enough to spend time in an institution, or a place where men are deprived of women. Many of these men will practice homosexuality, never to return to that pattern upon release.

Ironically, the way homosexuals are punished in this country is by throwing them into jail with other men.

I remember one of the funniest newspaper *stiches* I've ever read was about this case in Miami. Judge Albert Saperstein gave two guys 30 days in the county jail—are you ready for the charge?—for kissing each other and dancing in one saloon or another on Alton Road. He told them in court, "I realize that this is a medical problem, but I have to

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set a precedent at the beginning of the season."

You can do it all you want in March, but don't do it in February.

Before I go any further, I had better explain what kind of show *Your Mystery Mrs.* was. . . .

ANNOUNCER: In 1931, today's Mystery Mrs. lost her family in a mine explosion. Bravely she went on alone and through years of self-teaching and discipline, she was able to support herself. Where other women, used to the support of a husband, would live off the charity of relatives, your Mystery Mrs. studied day and night, came to New York City, and now has a wonderful job. She is an usherette at the Roxy Theater.

One night last month, in the line of

duty, showing two people to their seats, she tripped and fell and has been incapacitated ever since. She has been too proud to accept any help. Our show heard about this plucky widow and decided to do something. There aren't many plucky widows, folks. How many of you out there can say you know a plucky widow? How many widows can say in all honesty, "I'm plucky!"

(All the widows in the audience stand up and say "I'm plucky!")

ANNOUNCER: Our Mystery Mrs. has always dreamed of having her own set of matched luggage. We're going to make that dream come true. And our Mystery Mrs. is . . . (Organ fanfare . . . camera pans to Mystery Mrs., seated in audience.) . . . You, Mrs. Ralph Whoozis from Alberta, Kansas!

Mrs. Whoozis does her "surprise" take — sometimes referred to in the business as the "Does he mean me?" take. There are several accepted methods of creating expressions for the surprise. One is to clench the fist of the left hand, simultaneously drop the lower jaw, and in a split second bring up the left side of the other clenched fist so that the index finger lands between the teeth. Individuals who have seen a few neorealistic Italian films, where the "wronged" bites the index finger in anger, usually do well with this take.

The announcer waves both wrists limply but speedily to encourage applause. Mrs. Whoozis takes her luggage after shedding a few tears on the unbreakable, unscuffable, unfashionable crap they give her — and housewives at

home sigh and identify.

Now, when the producer of this show was drooling at his favorite stripper, I never dreamed that a time would come when I would be involved with a Mystery Mrs. "You know, Lenny, you're a pretty creative guy," he said one night, having corralled me backstage, "because every time I come in here you've got some new material. You know, I'm pretty creative, too. I don't like to blow my own horn, but I'm a brilliant writer. The shame of it is, nobody knows."

"How's that?" I asked, looking at him as one looks at a desperate man standing on a ledge.

"Lenny, did you see *Your Mystery Mrs.* yesterday?"

"Hardly. It goes on at nine o'clock in the morning."

"I had on a widow that not only lost three sons in the War, but two husbands. And she's a blood donor. We got more telephone calls on this show than on any one we've had in two weeks. People from all over. Some furrier from the Bronx is going to send her a full-length sheared-beaver coat to keep her warm. The pitch was, she has given so much blood that now, by some strange quirk, she has low blood pressure."

"Amazing," I said. I always say that when I don't know what the hell else to say. When I don't say "amazing," I switch off with "Boy, some people," or sometimes an "I don't believe you." Another good phrase is "Can you believe that?" If the talker is bitching about being exploited, the best one for that is, "It seems some people, the better you treat them, the worse they are to you." Or, "It just doesn't pay to be nice to people."

After I gave out with two "Hmms" and a "That's one for the book," the producer laid it on me: "They eat it up, Lenny, you wouldn't believe it, but they eat it up. The cornier it is, the more they eat it up. And now are you ready Lenny? Are you ready for the bit? It's all bullshit, ya hear me? Bullshit with a capital K. I write it. Me — poor little, stupid me — is the one that makes 'em laugh and makes 'em cry. I make it all up!"

"You know who that plucky little widow is? She's a waitress I met when I was in the Air Force. I bumped into her in a dancehall last week — now, mind you, I haven't seen her in over, let's see, the War was over in 1945, I came back to L.A., why, it's an easy fourteen years — and I says to myself, 'Now I know that broad from somewhere.' Then it hits me. She's 'Go Down Gussie.' This broad was the greatest French job on the West Coast. Loved it. Couldn't get enough of it. I said, 'Hey, remember that place where you used to wait on me?' She

looked at me for a minute and couldn't place me. I didn't have the toupee then and I guess I look different without it."

His toupee was the kind which had lace in the front that looks like a screen door cut out, and he always had it on a little crooked. I don't know who it could have fooled — maybe passed-out drunks or little babies. When he sweated, it used to curl up in the front.

Anyway, he continued: "We shot the shit for a while and then I told her what I was doing and asked her if she would like to be a plucky widow next week. 'What's in it for me?' she says. 'Nine inches,' I says. 'Always braggin', ain't ya?' she says. I says, 'Let's go up to your apartment and fix some grub, I'm starved.' She says, 'I don't think I got anything in the icebox.'"

Of all this degenerate flack he was throwing at my ears, the one thing that hit me was her icebox. How sad — the icebox again. I wondered where she got her icebox. Maybe it was one of those built-in iceboxes that Pullman kitchens have. Hookers' iceboxes always look the same: a jar of mustard, a Coke, maybe a lemon, and an onion that is blooming with those long sprouts.

The producer went on and on, describing in lewd detail how she had Frenched him. The poor French. There's an example of how one minority group has given a whole nation an erotic reputation. It could easily have been another country, and he could just as well have said "She Polacked me."

He explained that the "widows" or "grandmas" or "have-a-year-to-livers" were all people who could be trusted — friends of his or the other writer for the show, or people those friends sent. They could have their choice of two deals: One, take a straight \$50 and he would keep the prizes; or, two, if it was the "Basket Case" (the act which had the most dramatic impact), you would get \$50 and split the prizes. The big prizes were a color-TV set, a washing machine, a set of silver, and an air-conditioning unit — all of which they got free from the distributors in exchange for plugs.

"You need anything, Lenny? Any appliances?"

"Well, I *could* use a new refrigerator. . . ."

"You got it."

"I don't think I'd make a very convincing plucky widow."

"Look, Lenny, if you can get me an old lady about 60 years old that you can trust for next Wednesday, the machine is yours. And, let's see . . . er — if you can get me — yeah, that's it, get me a 60-year-old lady and her wedding picture, get the wedding picture as soon as you can so I can get it to the lab and have it blown up, and I'll give you a

script Monday.

"She doesn't have to remember much. I never give them more than a few lines: 'I only wish the Mister was alive to see this!' Or, 'My boy is coming home from the Veterans Hospital, and this TV set will make all the difference in the world to him!' I gotta go, Len. I'll see you Wednesday at the office. Here's my card. Bring the wedding pic. I'd like to stay and see Princess Talja, but I gotta go. You know what they say, when ya gotta go, ya gotta go."

I've never known who the hell "they" are, but I'll bet they belong to the American Legion, have very white skin with real white legs, and wear Jockey shorts, and black shiny dress shoes with black stockings on the beach.

A 60-year-old lady?

Mema had a relative that she was pretty friendly with, and she called her on the phone and explained in Yiddish what she was to do. She said "Nix," but she had a friend who was a real *vilda chi* (wild one). She said this woman was perfect, she spoke very good English, etc.

I went over and met Mrs. Stillman. The woman was about 70 but looked about 55, had bleached-blond hair, full make-up, and platform shoes — the highest I'd ever seen, about 10 inches. With the platforms, she was about four feet tall. Some Jewish ladies look like little birdies to me.

I flipped when she showed me the sheet music she brought over. She was going to be on TV, so she was going to sing. She had all of the Sholom Secunda hits (he is the Yip Harburg of Second Avenue).

She said she also knew a few stories, but maybe they were a little *shmutsik* for TV. When I told her that the program wasn't exactly that type of format, she was visibly shaken. I was afraid I was going to lose her, so I started to pad — "But then, after you tell them about your *tsornis* maybe you'll sing your song." That made her happy. I figured after she told the story I would shuffle her off into a room and give her a quick con about overtime. The song she was planning to sing was *Bells Mine Schtate-tala Bells*.

She gave me her wedding picture, and I got it over to the office. It was perfect. A real old tintype. The story was going to be a real basket case:

"Miss Whoozis was a spinster who searched her whole life for the perfect man. She has always been lonely and unhappy. Two months ago, on a boat from Greece, came a man who was her ideal type. They met at Horn & Hardart's Cafeteria, by the silverware section. He was confused by some of the food, the chow mein in particular. They met every day and fell in love, but sad-

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ness struck our happy couple.

"George Polous was unemployed and the Immigration Department was going to send him back. But he has a lot of money coming to him, if only he can find his Uncle Nicholas who has \$7000 of his inheritance. This is a wedding picture of Uncle Nicholas and his wife. *Your Mystery Mrs.* did a great deal of research and was saddened to discover that George's Uncle Nicholas had passed away. But his wife was alive, and his wife had the money put away for George."

And guess who the aunt was going to be, boys and girls—that little Jewish bird lady, my aunt's friend. Her wedding picture would be shown on a TV screen. There was Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Polous in their wedding picture—alias Mr. and Mrs. Stillman.

It was two days away from the show when Mrs. Stillman called me and asked me to come over immediately. It was about the show. On the way over, I figured the worst. Maybe she wanted a trio in back of her when she was singing.

She looked pleasant as she sat me down on the polyethylene-covered furniture. "Mr. Bruce, I want you should feel very relaxed wid me; after all, you and I boat know things about life."

I thought to myself, Christ, who is going to believe this Hebrew National is a Greek? Well, maybe they would introduce her as a symbol of brotherhood. A Greek woman who lives in an old Jewish neighborhood and has assimilated.

"What I'm gettin' et, is, you are dishonest cheating me."

"Oh?" I said. After all, her prize was supposed to be a refrigerator-freezer combination, a washing machine and a TV set. I was going to get the refrigerator, she would get \$50, and the producer would get the rest of the prizes.

"Don' ect tricky wid me, Sonny."

"Tricky? What the hell are you getting at?"

"One tousand dollars, that's what I'm getting at... I talked to my son in West Chester dis mornin', and I told him to watch me on the television. He sed to me, 'I'm so heppy for you, Momma, how much are you getting?' I told him \$50. Vell, he's telling so hard, I said, 'Oh, I'm a comedian.' He says, 'Momma, you are de biggest sucker in de world, people are always teking edventage of you.' Well, that is the trut, Mr. Bruce, people hev always made a good-time Benny out of me.

"He told me that Shirley Beck, who lived downstairs from us when we lived in Laguna Beach last year—was it last year now, let me see, Vera was 32 years old, and Helen was pregnant in June, yes, it was last year—Shirley was on the Groucho Marx show and got \$1000, and

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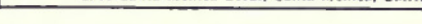
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Mr. Bruce, \$1000 is not \$50."

"Is that right, Mrs. Stillman — \$1000 is not \$50? Do you realize that if this information gets into the wrong hands, our country could be in great danger? Now, look, I don't know what you're trying to prove, but *gonsa geschikta* — which means "the whole thing"; it's always good to throw in a couple of Yiddish words when you're debating with a member of the older generation — "is for our refrigerator, which I need, and that's the reason I'm getting you on the show. And for doing this for me, I want to give you \$50 from my own pocket. The rest of the prizes are a washing machine and a TV set that the producer wants for letting me get you on the show in the first place. Now, I don't know where any thousand dollars is going to come from."

"Well, dat's your headache already. I'm not doing it for a penny less than \$1000."

I left her house a beaten man. I'm such an impulsive nut that as soon as I had heard about getting the refrigerator, I had promised ours to a couple who had just been married, and they were so happy about it. . . . I told Honey the bad news. She said, "That's all right, Daddy, the old one is plenty good."

"Yes, but I promised to give it away, and I can't disappoint these people."

"Why do you have to use Mrs. Stillman? Get another woman."

Of course! It still wasn't too late. I was supposed to bring Mrs. Stillman down to the studio for her to sign her release the next day. Honey knew a

woman of about 60 who made most of the strip wardrobe for the girls. She was very good-natured. We called her on the phone and she was perfect.

The only slight problem was that they already had the wedding picture of Mrs. Stillman blown up ten feet high by four feet wide; and Mrs. McNamara, the seamstress, was about five feet, nine inches tall and weighed 160 pounds.

I briefed her, and then we met the producer. "This is Mrs. Stillman," I said, "our basket case."

"Well, she doesn't look too much like her wedding picture. How the hell tall is her husband?"

"Oh, he was a big man," she said without missing a beat.

The show was 36 hours away.

And then I got a call from one of my best friends, a saxophone player. He was broke, and he had a chance to make some bread in a recording session, but he needed \$50 to get his alto out of hock.

It came to me in a flash.

"Joe," I said, "your mother's going to give you that \$50."

"Are you kidding, Lenny? She hasn't got 50 cents. And if she has, she's already spent it on wine." Joe's mother was the sweetest, best-natured woman I've ever met, but she did like her Napa Valley.

I explained the TV deal to Joe, and he called his mother and then called me back, saying that it would be a perfect deal. Joe's mother would be Mrs. McNamara, posing next to Mrs. Stillman's picture, who was supposed to be Mrs. Polous, who was going to give to her Greek nephew, who was going to be

deported, \$7000 that she had been saving for him ever since his Uncle Nicholas had died. Then George and his Horn & Hardart sweetheart could be married, and I would get my refrigerator, and Joe's mother could have \$5 for wine (which I gave to her as an advance), Joe could have his \$50 to get his alto out of hock, and the producer could go straight to jail if anything went wrong.

At 8:30 on the morning of the show, Joe's mother and I met the usher as we had been directed to do, and he sat her in a special seat, with me next to her. The people who were going to be "surprised" always had to be seated in the right seats so that the cameraman knew where to pick them out.

Luckily, the producer of *Your Mystery Mrs.* came late, and when he saw Joe's mother sitting next to me, clutching her brown paper bag twisted into the definite shape of a wine bottle (and she really was boxed — I had never seen her so drunk — and just think, she'd be on television in 10 minutes), he kept staring at her with a what-the-hell-am-I-losing-my-mind-is-that-the-same-woman-who-was-up-in-my-office? look.

Before the program started, a warm-up master of ceremonies told some disgusting water-closet-humor jokes. Then he explained about the applause. And then the show was on:

"Somewhere in this fruitful land, there is a soul that needs a helping hand . . . and we present, with love and kisses (*Organ fanfare.*) . . . *Your Mystery Mrs.!*"

The first act was a light, what they call humorous, bit. Four men were onstage in back of a rig with their pants rolled up to their knees, so that you could see only their legs. If this woman could pick her husband's legs, she and her husband could win a round trip to Holland to attend her father's funeral.

I heard a strange sound and my heart stopped. Joe's mother was snoring. I gave her a good pinch and brought her out of it. When the announcer said, "And it's lucky you, Mrs. Nicholas Polous!" the camera panned to her just in time to see her kissing the brown paper bag. I whispered, "Go ahead on up there, please. Don't forget, you're not doing this for Joe's alto but for my icbox."

It took her two years to get up to the stage.

The emcee observed very quickly that his next guest was drunk. "Mrs. Polous is certainly a brave woman, folks. She was just discharged from the hospital this morning, and against doctor's orders she's here. I'm going down to help her." This got the audience's sympathy, and his quick thinking turned round one into a winner.

They flashed the wedding picture on the screen, and you would have had to be blind not to have seen that this was not Mrs. Polous. There was a weight difference of about 80 pounds — which difference you might buy; people do lose and gain weight. But they don't grow seven inches. Mrs. Stillman was a little tiny woman. Joe's mother was even bigger than Mrs. McNamara.

But when they flashed the picture on, all the women in the audience gave one of those "Oh, isn't that sweet?" sighs. The announcer reminisced about the wonderful life that Mr. and Mrs. Polous had shared, and how brave she was, and how he knew that she was comforted by the memories of her late husband.

And all Joe's mother kept saying was, "Yeah, he was a hell of a man!"

The emcee didn't quite believe what he had heard the first time, and he sort of laughed to cover up, but she kept saying it: "Yeah, he was a hell of a man!" He sensed she was going to go into a stream of profanity, and when I looked up inside the glass booth, I saw the producer staring down at me, nodding his head slowly and mechanically.

All of a sudden I saw a cue card that the audience saw, too: "GET TO THE PRIZES AND GET HER THE HELL OFF!" This certainly confused the studio audience. A brave woman like that, who had just gotten out of the hospital? Is that the way you talk about her? Get to the prizes and get her the hell off?

". . . And a beautiful refrigerator with a double-deep freezer compartment will be sent to your home. . . ."

The show was over, and I hustled Joe's mother into a cab, after she insisted I go back and get her the wine she had left under her seat.

I came home with a bottle of champagne and two hollow-stemmed glasses. Honey loved that kind of glass, and she loved champagne. She was standing in the doorway with an I've-got-bad-news look on her face.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?"

"I just got a call from guess who — Mrs. Stillman. Her son in New York watched the show and saw her picture being used. He called his lawyer and they're suing for invasion of privacy."

And sue they did. But everything turned out OK. I got the refrigerator, Joe got his alto, his mother got her wine, and Mrs. Stillman settled out of court.

Naturally, though, the producer lost his job. I felt sort of bad about that, but soon enough he was producing a show twice as big as the *Your Mystery Mrs.* package. And this one is still running; still successful.

All of which goes to prove the old adage, "You Can't Keep a Good Crook Down . . ."

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It was starting to get desperate for us financially, and Honey said, "OK, I've got a chance to strip."

"Oh, Christ, no. I don't want you to go back to stripping!"

"Well, I'll just go stripping for two weeks, and that'll be it. I'll play Las Vegas."

The thing was just to get enough money to make payments on the car — \$120 a month. I had it all figured out. I got a room for seven dollars a week. I ran an ad in the paper: Lenny the Gardener — LET ME EDGE, CLEAN AND MOW YOUR LAWN FOR \$6.00.

And I lived, just for the hell of it, on 15 cents a day. I cooked for myself. I was making \$90 in a burlesque joint, plus the money I got from gardening. I had Honey's picture up and flowers in the window of my room, just like a shrine.

I had never been separated from her before, and I just couldn't wait for the two weeks of stripping in Vegas to end. But the night she was supposed to come home, she called up and said she had a chance to stay over for two extra weeks.

"Are you kidding? Come home."

I begged and begged and begged, but she stayed there anyway. That was a tell-tale sign of where I stood in the marriage. I started eating more crap and more crap. I was a complete slave. I was really hung up on her.

Eventually, Honey and I were to get divorced.

I finally had some guts and got rid of her. She left me.

We kept breaking up and going back together at my insistence. She was always better at holding out.

After you break up and go back again enough times, you get hip to one thing: the time of day you break up is very important. If you run away in the middle of the night, there's no place to go. You can't wake your friends up, and in a small town you're really screwed. It's best to break up on your day off, in the afternoon. You get out and you go to the movies. Otherwise, like a *schmuck*, you're standing on the lawn at three o'clock in the morning with a pillowcase full of clothing and the door locked behind you.

That's when you're *not* proud that you've "lived next door to someone for 15 years and didn't even know their name."

When I got divorced, a couple of major magazines, like *Time*, asked me, five years later, that dumb question: "What happened to your marriage?" I

figured I would throw a real stock line and they would know I was putting them on and they would cool it.

"What happened to my marriage? It was broken up by my mother-in-law."

And the reporter laughed — "Mother-in-law, ha ha, what happened?"

"My wife came home early from work one day and she found us in bed together."

"In bed — that's perverse."

"Why? It was *her* mother, not mine."

One thing about getting divorced, it gave me about an hour's worth of material. That's not bad for an eight-year investment.

But I didn't know how screwed up I was over Honey until one night she came into the club where I was working and sat ringside with some guy. I completely fell apart, and was able to do only a nine-minute show.

Guess who I saw today, my dear...

• • •

Four years of working in clubs — that's what really made it for me — every night: doing it, doing it, doing it, doing it, getting bored and doing it different ways, no pressure on you, and all the other comedians are drunken bums who don't show up, so I could try anything.

The jazz musicians liked me. I was the only hippy around. Because I was young, other people started to work the same clubs for nothing, just to hang out the way you do when you're young. Hedy Lamarr would come to see me work, and Ernie Kovacs. Every joint I worked, I'd start to get a following.

"You should get out of this place," I would be told, "you're too good for these shithouses." But I knew I wasn't ready yet. I was still thinking in terms of "bits" — you know, "I've got my so-and-so bit, and I've got this other bit. I've got two complete shows."

Then, after a while, instead of just getting material together, little by little it started happening. I'd just go out with no bits.

"Hey, how come you didn't do any bits that show?"

"Well, anything is a bit if I do it twice."

And I really started to become a craftsman, where I could just about structure anything into humor.

Up until 1957, I had never gotten any write-ups. I had worked all these burlesque clubs, where they just had the ads for the club — the names of the girls in the show, and then on the bottom they had:

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Now, when I went to San Francisco I stopped working these burlesque clubs and I worked the so-called straight clubs, such as Ann's 410, where I would be the only act.

I hadn't realized till then how much material I had, because here was a place where I wasn't just emceeing between 15 strippers. I could just wheel and deal for hours and hours. And the same people started coming every night, and there was always something different, and it would really drive them nuts. I had a whole bagful of tricks, which I'd developed in the burlesque clubs.

There was already this "in" kind of thing with all these musicians who had heard of me, but the controversy that actually did, let's say, "make" me was the bit I did called "Religions, Inc."

I had gotten a job as a writer at 20th Century-Fox. They were working on a picture called *The Rocket Man*, and Buddy Hackett told them, "Lenny's very good, he's funny and he can create and everything. Why don't you let him have a crack at it?"

So they told me to read the script over the weekend.

The average writer knocks out 15-20 pages a day. I went and did about 150 pages over the weekend and I came back and really impressed the hell out of them. They changed the whole theme of the picture.

The story was about these kids in an orphan asylum. It was just a cute little picture. Nothing unusual. I added to it — there was a Captain Talray who had a space show for kids. He goes to the orphan asylum and he gives the kids all these toys. And Georgie Winslow is the last kid he sees, and he doesn't have a toy left for him, and so the kid is really sad. But then a space gun appears — *Pchewwww!* — a magic gun.

Georgie Winslow starts using this gun — like when a car's going to run over him — *Pchewwww!* — he stops the car. And that was the whole different twist I gave the picture: the magic space gun.

They gave me a contract and I was so proud. My God, a writer at 20th Century-Fox! My own secretary! Man, I just couldn't believe it. It was one of the most thrilling things in my life, because all the other things that have happened to me have happened gradually.

Anyway, I wanted to produce my own picture. At the time I was sort of swept up with the story of Christ — this big, beautiful man — and the picture I had in mind was about a handicapped bum who wore a hearing aid. His whole ambition in life was to save enough money to buy a black leather motorcycle jacket. Some day the motorcycle, but first he



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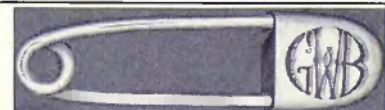
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just wanted to get enough money together to buy the jacket.

There was to be a scene in the picture where he was really disappointed, and his hand was caught in the door and had to be all wrapped up in a bandage, and he was struggling with his suitcase . . . and he passes this statue of Christ. It's a beautiful statue. It doesn't show Christ being crucified: it shows him very stately, on top of the world, standing there, and he's King of Kings.

The shot was to be this: I walk up to the statue, pass it, look back, gaze at it for a while. There are some flowers on the ground at the foot of this ball which is the earth. I pick up the flowers. I can just about reach His toes, and I put the flowers at His feet, and then I just sort of fall on the globe, embracing it. When we go back to a long shot, showing my arms outstretched while I'm falling there, it looks like a cross.

Now I had searched and searched for a statue of Christ. It took me two days to find the right one. I found it outside in this big churchyard, on Melrose and Vine Streets in Hollywood.

I still had a concept of priests which stemmed from all the Pat O'Brien movies. You know: you're in trouble, they just come and comfort you.

Well, I couldn't get to talk to one of them.

So I went directly to the headquarters, on Alvarado Street, the center where all these different priests go.

At the rectory, I got this kind of answer: "It's not my parish."

They'd all close their windows, and they wouldn't even talk to me. True, I was dressed as a bum, because I was doing the picture, but still. . . . They just wouldn't talk to me.

Finally — and this part didn't actually happen, but I made a joke out of it on the stage that night — I said: "I tried to find a statue of Christ today, and I tried to talk to priests, and no one would talk to me, but I finally got a chance to talk to one, and he sold me a chance on a Plymouth."

That was the first joke I ever did on religion. It was only a joke, but it really related to the rejection and disappointment I had felt that afternoon.

Then came the extension on that. The abstraction was: "The Dodge-Plymouth dealers had a convention, and they raffled off a 1958 Catholic Church."

And that was the beginning of Religions, Inc.:

And now we go to the headquarters of Religions, Inc., where the Dodge-Plymouth dealers have just had their annual raffle, and they have just given away a 1958 Catholic Church. And seated around the



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desk on Madison Avenue sit the religious leaders of our country.

We hear one of them. He's addressing the tight little group in Littletown, Connecticut (Madison Avenue is getting a little trite).

"Well, as you know, this year we've got a tie-in with Oldsmobile. Now, gentlemen, I don't expect any of you boys to get out there in the pulpit and hard-sell an automobile. That is ridiculous. But I was thinking now. What do you say to this? If just every once in a while, if we'd throw in a few little terms, just little things like, uh, 'Drive the car that He'd drive!'—and you know, you don't have to lay it on, just zing it in there once in a while and then jump maybe to the Philistines.

"Gentlemen, as far as merchandising possibilities are concerned this year, the rabbi, here, has come up with a winner. For \$19 a gross, the genuine Jewish star, lucky cross and cigarette lighter combined, turn it over in the snow and see Rosebud. And for the kids, the Kiss Me In

The Dark Mezuzah—really a winner.

"Now, here we go with our first speaker tonight, one of the great Holy Rollers in America today, a great man, gentlemen, and a great Holy Roller."

"Well, thank you verry much. Gentlemen, tonight is thrill night. Is it thrill night for the teenagers, the Elvis Presleys? No, gentlemen, it's thrill night for me, because tonight, for the first time in seven years, I'm talking to men of the industry. For the first time in seven years, gentlemen, I'm not going to look into one sweaty face, not one thick red neck, gentlemen . . ."

Ordinarily, an opening at a small club—and Ann's 440 was a damned small club—would get no attention at all. But when I opened there, the press got wind of it, and I really blew the town apart.

Hugh Hefner heard about me, and he came to San Francisco to hear me. He arranged for me to come to Chicago and work at The Cloister. They offered

me \$600, but I had been working Ann's 440 on a percentage and getting \$750 a week (not bad after coming from a room where I was making \$90), so I asked for \$800 at The Cloister, and if they held me over, I would get \$1250 a week.

Recently—five years later—I was arrested at The Gate of Horn in Chicago for "obscenity." But, according to *Variety*, ". . . the prosecutor is at least equally concerned with Bruce's indictments of organized religion as he is with the more obvious sexual content of the comic's act. It's possible that Bruce's comments on the Catholic Church have hit sensitive nerves in Chicago's Catholic-oriented administration and police department. . . ."

And actually I had *praised* the Catholic Church.

Remember the freak shows—the alligator lady and the guy who could typewrite with his toes? The irony is that the generation now that is really offended by "sick humor"—talking about people that are deformed—they're the generation that bought *tickets* to see the freaks: Zip & Pip, the onion-head boy, Lolly & Lulu, all these terrible, bizarre-looking freaks.

Now, dig the difference between the generation today and my father's generation. These young people today, the ones who are "going to hell in a basket," they're really better Christians and more spiritual than that last, perverse generation, because this new generation not only rejected but doesn't support freak attractions—that's not their entertainment *shtick*—they like rock 'n' roll as opposed to the freak shows. But, thank God for the Catholic Church, there'll still be freaks—the thalidomide babies—they'll grow up and get a good tie-in with Barnum & Bailey.

"Are you a sick comic?"

"Why do they call you a sick comic?"

"Do you mind being called a sick comic?"

It is impossible to label me. I develop, on the average, four minutes of new material a night, constantly growing and changing my point of view: I am heinously guilty of the paradoxes I assail in our society.

The reason for the label "sick comic" is the lack of creativity among journalists and critics. There is a comedy actor from England with a definite Chaplinesque quality. "Mr. Guinness, do you mind being called a Chaplinesque comic?" There is a new comedian by the name of Peter Sellers who has a definite Guinnessesque quality. "Mr. Sellers, why do they say you have a Guinnessesque quality?"

The motivation of the interviewer is not to get a terse, accurate answer, but rather



"My God, it's our husband!"

to write an interesting, slanted article within the boundaries of the editorial outlook of his particular publication, so that he will be given the wherewithal to make the payment on his MG. Therefore this writer prostitutes his integrity by asking questions, the answers to which he already has, much like a cook who follows a recipe and mixes the ingredients properly.

The way I speak, the words with which I relate are more correct in effect than those of a previous pedantic generation.

If I talk about a chick onstage and say, "She was a hooker," an uncontemporary person would say, "Lenny Bruce, you are coarse and crude."

"What should I have said?"

"If you must be specific as to her occupation, you should say 'prostitute.'"

"But wait a minute; shouldn't the purpose of a word be to get close to the object the user is describing?"

"Yes, and correct English can do this; 'hooker' is incorrect."

"And I say 'prostitute' is incorrect."

The word has become too general. He *prostituted* his art. He *prostituted* the very thing he loved. Can he write anymore? Not like he used to — he has *prostituted* his work.

So the word "prostitute" doesn't mean anymore what the word "hooker" does. If a man were to send out for a \$100 prostitute, a writer with a beard might show up.

Concomitant with the "sick comic" label is the carbon cry, "What happened to the healthy comedian who just got up there and showed everybody a good time and didn't preach, didn't have to resort to knocking religion, mocking physical handicaps and telling toilet jokes?"

Yes, what *did* happen to the wholesome trauma of the Thirties and Forties — the honeymoon jokes, concerned not only with what they did but also with how many times they did it: the distorted wedding-night tales, supported visually by the trite vacation-land post cards of an elephant with his trunk searching through the opening of a pup tent, and a woman's head straining out the other end, hysterically screaming, "George!" — whatever happened to all this wholesomeness?

What happened to the healthy comedian who at least had good taste? . . . Ask the comedians who used to do the hare-lip jokes, or the moron jokes — "The moron who went to the orphans' picnic," etc. — the healthy comedians who told good-natured religious jokes that found Pat and Abie and Rastus outside of Saint Peter's gate all listening to those angels harping in stereotype.

Whatever happened to Joe E. Lewis? His contribution to comedy consisted of



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returning Bacchus to his godlike pose with an implicit social message: "If you're going to be a swinger and fun to be with, always have a glass of booze in your hand; even if you don't become part swinger, you're sure to end up with part liver."

What ever happened to Henny Youngman? He involved himself with a nightly psychodrama named Sally, or sometimes Laura. She possessed features not sexually but economically stimulating. Mr. Youngman's Uglivac cross-filed and classified diabolic deformities definitively. "Her nose was so big that every time she sneezed. . . ." "She was so bowlegged that every time. . . ." One leg was shorter than the other, and Mr. Youngman's mutant reaped financial harvest for him. Other comedians followed suit with Cockeyed Jennies, et al., until the Ugly Girl routines became classics. I assume this fondness for atrophy gave the nightclub patron a sense of well-being.

And whatever happened to Jerry Lewis? His neorealistic impression of the Japanese male captured all the subtleties of the Japanese physiognomy. The buck-teeth malocclusion was caricatured to surrealistic proportions until the teeth matched the blades that extended from Ben Hur's chariot. Highlighting the absence of the iris with Coke-bottle-thick lenses, this satire has added to the fanatical devotion which Japanese students have for the United States. Just ask Eisenhower.

Whatever happened to Milton Berle? He brought transvestitism to championship bowling and upset a hard-core culture of dykes that control the field. From *Charlie's Aunt* and *Some Like It Hot* and Milton Berle, the pervert has been taken out of Kraft-Ebing and made into a sometimes-fun fag. Berle never lost his sense of duty to the public, though. Although he gave homosexuals a peck out of the damp cellar of unfavorable public opinion, he didn't go all the way; he left a stigma of menace on his fag — "I sweah I w kiw you."

I was labeled a "sicknik" by *Time* magazine, whose editorial policy still finds humor in a person's physical shortcomings: "Shelley Berman has a face like a hastily sculptured hamburger." The healthy comic would never offend . . . unless you happen to be fat, bald, skinny, deaf or blind. The proxy vote from purgatory has not yet been counted.

Let's say I'm working at the Crescendo on the coast. There'll be Arlene Dahl with some New Wave writer from Algiers and on the whole it's a cooking kind of audience. But I'll finish a show, and some guy will come up to me and say, "I — I'm a club owner, and I'd like you to work for me. It's a beautiful club. You ever work in Milwaukee? Lots of people like you there, and you'll

I never go into battle without my
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after shave lotion . . .
though sometimes I do forget
my razor blades.



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really do great. You'll kill 'em. You'll have a lot of fun. Do you bowl?"

The only thing is, I know that in those clubs, between Los Angeles and New York, the people in the audience are a little older than me. The most I can say to people over 50 or 55 is, "Thank you, I've had enough to eat."

I get to Milwaukee, and the first thing that frightens me to death is that they've got a 6:30 dinner show . . . 6:30 in the afternoon and people go to a night club! It's not even *dark* out yet. I don't wanna go in the house, it's not dark yet, man. If the dinner show is held up, it's only because the Jell-o's not hard.

The people look familiar, but I've never been to Milwaukee before. Then I realize—these are the Grayline Sight-seeing Bus Tours before they leave—this is where they *live*. They're like 40-year-old chicks with prom gowns on.

They don't laugh, they don't heckle, they just stare at me in disbelief. And there are walkouts, walkouts, every night, walkouts. The owner says to me, "Well, I never saw you do that religious bit . . . and those words you use!" The chef is confused—the desserts aren't moving.

I go to the men's room, and I see *kids* in there. Kids four years old, six years old. These kids are in awe of this men's room. It's the first time they've ever been in a place their mother isn't allowed in. Not even for a minute. Not even to get something, is she allowed in there. And the kids stay in there for hours.

"Come out of there!"


"No. Uh-uh."

"I'm going to come in and get you."

"No, you're not allowed in here, 'cause everybody's doing, making wet in here."

In between shows I'm a walker, and I'm getting nudgy and nervous. The owner decides to cushion me with his introduction: "Ladies and gentlemen, the star of our show, Lenny Bruce, who, incidentally, is an ex-GI and, uh, a hell of a good performer, folks, and a great kidder, know what I mean? It's all a bunch of silliness up here and he doesn't mean what he says. He kids about the pope and about the Jewish religion, too, and the colored people and the white people—it's all a silly, make-believe world. And he's a hell of a nice guy, folks. He was at the Veterans Hospital today doing a show for the boys. And here he is—his mom's out here tonight, too, she hasn't seen him in a couple of years—she lives here in town. . . . Now, a joke is a joke, right, folks? What the hell, I wish that you'd try to cooperate. And whoever has been sticking ice picks
(concluded on page 277)



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LIQUEUR, ON THE ROCKS, COCKTAIL.



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Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

MARLEY WAS DEAD!... NOT THAT THAT CONCERNS OUR ADVENTURE, BUT IT'S A GREAT OPENING LINE FOR ANY CHRISTMAS STORY. ACTUALLY, EVERYONE IS VERY MUCH ALIVE AT THE BEGINNING OF OUR OWN YULETIDE TALE, FOR OUR LITTLE ANNIE IS A GUEST AT A TRADITIONAL HOLIDAY OFFICE PARTY, WHEREIN SHE EXPERIENCES THE WARMTH AND CHEER OF FRIENDSHIP, KINSHIP, GOOD-FELLOWSHIP AND ONE-UPMANSHIP.

GEE, MR. BATTBARTON, I KNOW THE TYPICAL OFFICE PARTY IS SUPPOSED TO BE CAREFREE AND UNINHIBITED, BUT ISN'T THIS CARRYING THINGS A BIT TOO FAR?

ISN'T IT FANTASTIC, BABY?— MOTHER-HENNED THE IDEA MYSELF!— TOOK THE BALL AWAY FROM HUCK BUXTON OF "SALES"— WHICH PUTS ME ONE-UP ON BUXTON! BUT TO QUOTE BYRON: "ON WITH THE DANCE! LET JOY BE UNCONFINED, NO SLEEP TILL—"

BATTBARTON! YOU DIDN'T TELL ME ANNIE WAS HERE!



MR. BUXTON! SPEAK OF THE DEVIL!
"—NO SLEEP TILL-- TILL—" GAH-PRUNES! I'M NOT GOING TO READ ANY MORE POETRY!

"—NO SLEEP TILL MORN, WHEN YOUTH AND PLEASURE MEET TO CHASE THE GLOWING HOURS WITH FLYING FEET."

OH, BENTON, PLEASE GO ON READING. I LOVE POETRY!

"SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY LIKE THE NIGHT OF CLOUDLESS CLIMES AND STARRY SKIES"— AH— (LOST THE PLACE)!

"—AND ALL THAT'S BEST OF DARK AND BRIGHT MEET IN HER ASPECT AND HER EYES!"... I'M ONE-UP, BATTBARTON, OLD SPORT!
GAH-PRUNES! I'M NOT GOING TO READ ANY MORE POETRY!
OH, GO ON, BENTON, YOU SILLY THING, YOU. IN A MINUTE, I'LL THINK YOU'RE JEALOUS!





THAT PUTS YOU ONE-UP ON ME, BUXTON! COME, ANNIE! TIME TO LEAVE! REMEMBER, YOU PROMISED TO PLAY HOSTESS AT MY HOLIDAY OPEN HOUSE TONIGHT. I'VE INVITED SOME OF YOUR FRIENDS TO DROP IN FOR DRINKY-POOS, YOU KNOW, IN ADDITION TO THE VERY BIGGEST AGENCY PEOPLE.

TELL BENTON TO READ MORE POETRY.

BENTON'S A DECENT SORT, BUT SUCH A BORE. HIS WHOLE LIFE IS ADVERTISING! ADVERTISING! THE ONLY THING HE APPRECIATES IS A GOOD PIECE OF AD COPY!



ME-OH-MY! LOOKIT THERE! -SMOKE BILLOWING OUT OF SOMEBODY'S OFFICE!

ADVERTISING'S ALL RIGHT, BUT AFTER ALL, THERE ARE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS! -LIKE LIVING!- HAVING FUN! -APPRECIATING ONE'S LEISURE-TIME ACTIVITY!

WHY I DO BELIEVE IT'S HUCK BUXTON'S ACCOUNT FILES!

HE'S SO SILLY TO BE JEALOUS.



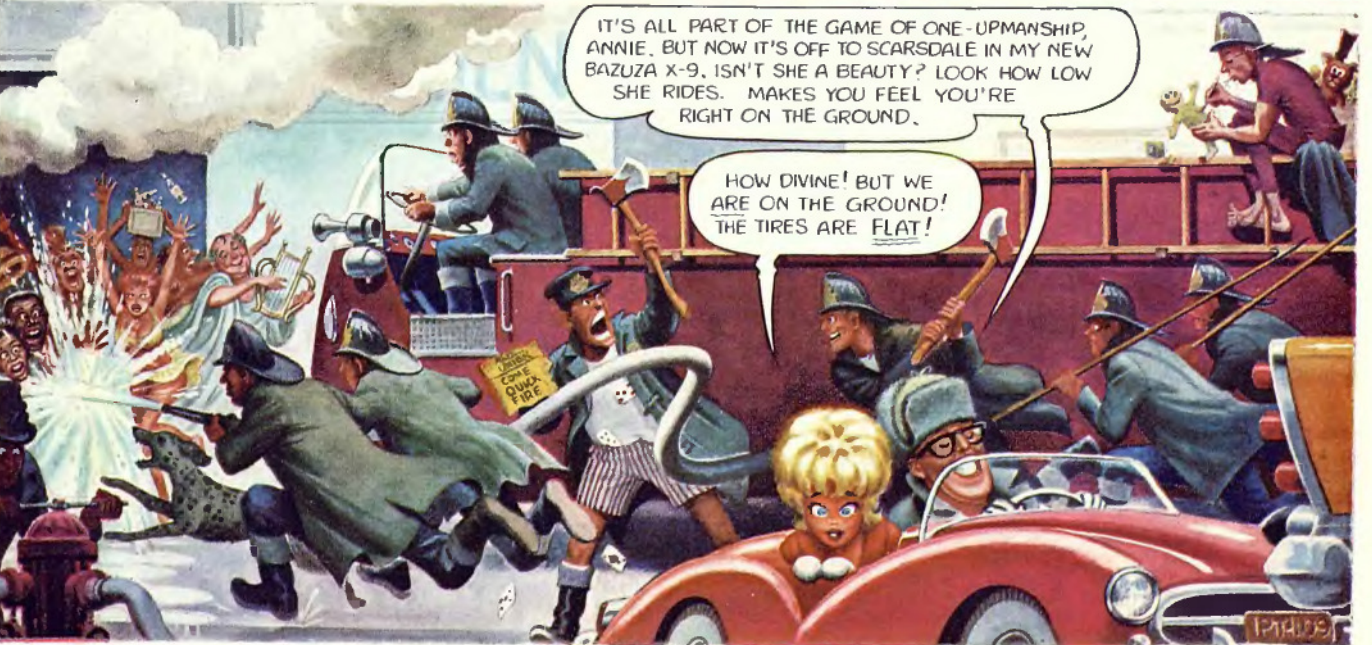
MY ACCOUNT FILES?! YIPE! LET GO OF ME, YOU SILLY CHILD! DON'T YOU HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING? MY FILES ARE ON FIRE!

**FIRE!
FIRE!
FIRE!**



-OUT THIS SIDE EXIT, SWEETHEART! NO NEED TO PANIC. HA, HA! IT'S ONLY A SMOULDERING BUNDLE OF PLASTIC SWIZZLE STICKS DEFTLY DROPPED INTO AN EMPTY WASTEBASKET. THAT PUTS ME ONE-UP ON HUCK BUXTON!

BUT, MR. BATTBARTON - SOMEBODY MIGHT GET TRAMPLED!



IT'S ALL PART OF THE GAME OF ONE-UPMANSHP, ANNIE. BUT NOW IT'S OFF TO SCARSDALE IN MY NEW BAZUZA X-9. ISN'T SHE A BEAUTY? LOOK HOW LOW SHE RIDES. MAKES YOU FEEL YOU'RE RIGHT ON THE GROUND.

HOW DIVINE! BUT WE ARE ON THE GROUND! THE TIRES ARE FLAT!



BY GEORGE, SO THEY ARE! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF HUCK BUXTON!

ONE-UPMANSHIP, OLD SPORT! ...I'VE GOT A CAPITAL IDEA, ANNIE! SINCE I LIVE NEAR BENTON, WHY DON'T I DRIVE YOU OUT IN MY NEW GAZZAZA SPECIAL.

HOW DIVINE!



BUT ANNIE, YOU CAN WAIT HERE IN COMPLETE COMFORT WHILE I FIX THE FLATS. MY BAZUZA'S FIRST FEATURE IS THE TWO EXCLUSIVE BUCKET SEATS.

AHA! BUT MY GAZZAZA'S FIRST FEATURE IS THE ONE EXCLUSIVE BUCKET SEAT!

BENTON, YOU SILLY, SILLY THING -- IN A SECOND I'LL THINK YOU'RE JEALOUS.

GAH-PRUNES!



WE'RE OFF! NOTE THE WAY SHE ACCELERATES! THIS BABY WILL TAKE US WHERE WE WANT TO GO!



NOTE HOW SHE CORNERS COMING OFF THE DRIVE. SHE'LL TAKE US WHERE WE WANT TO GO!



NOTE HOW SHE CLIMBS BACK ONTO THE DRIVE. ...SHE'LL TAKE US WHERE WE WANT TO GO, ALL RIGHT!

WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE WE GOING?



WHO WANTS TO GO ANYWHERE?



CRIMINY! THAT WAS THE LONGEST WAY TO SCARSDALE, EVER! ...LOOK! BENTON'S ALREADY HERE ...AND, OOH ...LOOK! LOOK AT HOW HE'S DECORATED HIS HOUSE!

— DECIDED TO CAB OUT. — DID A LITTLE WORK WHILE WAITING FOR YOU, ANNIE. — CAN'T HAVE THE PLACE LOOKING DRAB, CHRISTMAS-WISE ... LIKE BUXTON'S.

HA! CHALK ONE UP FOR OLD BATTBARTON!

YES... I THOUGHT I'D DO A QUIET TABLEAU THIS YEAR - THE SOFT SELL, YOU MIGHT SAY... WREATHS WITH SINGLE, LIGHTED CANDLES FLICKERING IN THE DUSK - REAL LIGHTED CANDLES, OF COURSE... AND OUT IN THE MOONLIGHT ARE SEEN TWO COLD LITTLE WAIFS, SWEETLY SINGING CHRISTMAS CAROLS - REAL LITTLE WAIFS, OF COURSE.

BENTON, I AM ALL CHOKED UP. YOU ARE THE CLEVEREST MAN -

-JUST LET ME GET OUT OF THIS CAR!

UGH!



DON'T COMPARE HOUSES, OLD BOY, WHEN I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO PUT UP MY DECORATIONS -

IF YOU'LL JUST MOVE YOUR KNEE OVER THE BRAKE, SWEETS, SO'S I CAN SHIFT THE GEAR LEVER OFF OF MY LEG AND GET OUT.

KEEP SINGING, YOU LITTLE RAGAMUFFINS, OR YOU DON'T GET A CENT!

IF YOU RELEASE THE HOOD LEVER, I CAN FREE MY ANKLE AND GET MY FOOT PAST THE CLUTCH -

UGH!

UGH!

UGH!

NUK!



JUST WAIT, YOU BLASTED SHOW-OFF - JUST AS SOON AS I UNHOOK THE THROTTLE BAR HOLDING MY SHOELACE, SO'S I CAN SWIVEL THE SHIFT OUT OF OVERDRIVE AND RELEASE MY RUDDY LEG, I'LL SHOW YOU!

SHALL WE REPAIR TO THE DEN FOR DRINKY-POOS WHILE HE GETS OUT OF HIS EXCLUSIVE BUCKET SEAT, BABY?

"ONE-UPMANSHIP, OLD SPORT!"

BENTON! YOU'RE SO SAVOIR-FAIRE.

UGH!

POM!



AH, THERE WE ARE -- HORS D'OEUVRES READY FOR THE GUESTS... A ROARING FIRE... MUMSY TUCKED IN BED... DRINKY-POOS IN HAND... ARMS LOCKED IN A TRADITIONAL TOAST. - SHALL I TAKE UP BYRON WHERE I LEFT OFF WHEN THAT CLOD INTERFERED?

"THE LIGHT OF LOVE. THE PURITY OF GRACE -"

RAP! RAP! POUND! POUND!

BATBARTON, OLD SPORT! ANNIE!... COME OUT AND SEE MY HOUSE!

OH, MR. BUXTON IS SO MUCH FUN! LET'S GO SEE!



"THE MIND, THE MUSIC BREATHING FROM HER FACE -"

OOH! OOH! OOH! UP ON THE ROOF! SANTA CLAUS... AND HIS REINDEER!







TOUCHÉ FOR HIM! I'M ONE-UPMANSHIPPED! BY THE GIMMICK-SELL! AND NOW I'M GOING TO SPITBALL HIM MY ANSWER TO THE GIMMICK-SELL! I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM A TASTE OF THE HARD-SELL!



-AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE A PART OF MY HARD-SELL, BABY! HERE! TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES AND PUT THIS ON!

WELL... I DON'T KNOW THAT I APPRECIATE YOUR ATTITUDE, MR. BATTBARTON.



IF ONE WANTS A FAVOR FROM A LADY, ONE MUST SPEAK WITH GENTLENESS AND RESPECT. RUDENESS WILL GET YOU NOWHERE! - NO-WHERE INDEED!



PUT-THIS-ON-BEFORE-I-BELT-YOU--



-RIGHT-IN-THE-KISSER!

HOW DO YOU WANT ME TO WEAR IT? HOW? HOW?



I'LL TEACH HIM ONE-UP-MANSHIP! GET OVER HERE!

THIS IS SILLY! WHATEVER YOU DO, HE'LL JUST DO YOU ONE BETTER.

AHA! BUT I HAVE THE FINAL, THE END, THE ULTIMATE ONE-UPMANSHIP PLOY... AND THAT PLOY IS-

GOODWILL
TO ALL MEN

BY THE WAY
TO THE
SPRONG!

NOEL FIDEL
NIKITA. MAO

LOVE

-FORCE!

MERRY
CHRISTMAS,
ANNIE.

SUGARDADDY
BIGBUCKS BROUGHT
THE WHOLE GANG OUT
IN LIMOUSINES!

MERRY
CHRISTMAS!

OH, MERRY
CHRISTMAS, RUTHIE!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, DADDY,
RALPHIE, SOLLY —
OH, MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO JUST EVERYBODY
ONE AND ALL!

ARF!
ARF!

CHEERS FROM
Russ Heath
Will Elder
Harvey Kurtzman

END

how to talk dirty (continued from page 269)

in the tires outside, he's not funny. Now Lenny may kid about narcotics, homosexuality, and things like that. . . ."

And *he* gets walkouts.

I get off the floor, and a waitress says to me, "Listen, there's a couple, they want to meet you." It's a nice couple, about 50 years old. The guy asks me, "You from New York?"

"Yes."

"I recognized that accent." And he's looking at me, with a sort of searching hope in his eyes, and then he says, "Are you Jewish?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing in a place like this?"

"I'm passing."

He says, "Listen, I know you show people eat all that crap on the road. . . ." (Of course. What did you eat tonight? Crap on the road.) And they invite me to have a nice dinner at their house the next day. He writes out the address, you know, with the ball-point pen on the wet cocktail napkin.

That night I go to my hotel—I'm staying at the local show-business hotel; the other show people consist of two people, the guy who runs the movie projector and another guy who sells Capezio shoes—and I read a little, write a little. I finally get to sleep about seven o'clock in the morning.

The phone rings at nine o'clock.

"Hello, hello, hello, this is the Sheckners."

"Who?"

"The people from last night. We didn't wake you up, did we?"

"No, I always get up at nine in the morning. I like to get up about ten hours before work so I can brush my teeth and get some coffee. It's good you got me up. I probably would have overslept otherwise."

"Listen, why we called you, we want to find out what you want to eat."

"Oh, anything. I'm not a fussy eater, really."

I went over there that night, and I *do* eat anything—anything but what they had. Liver. And Brussels sprouts. That's really a double threat.

And the conversation was on the level of, "Is it true about Liberace?" That's all I have to hear, then I really lay it on:

"Oh, yeah, they're all queer out there in Hollywood. All of them. Rin Tin Tin's a junky."

Then they take you on a tour around the house. They bring you into the bedroom with the dumb dolls on the bed. And what the hell can you tell people when they walk you around in their house? "Yes, that's a very lovely closet;

that's nice the way the towels are folded." They have a piano, with the big lace doily on top, and the bowl of wax fruit. The main function of these pianos is to hold an eight-by-ten picture of the son in the Army, saluting. "That's Morty, he lost a lot of weight."

The trouble is, in these towns—Milwaukee; Lima, Ohio—there's nothing else to do, except look at stars. In the daytime, you go to the park to see the cannon, and you've had it.

One other thing—you can hang out at the Socony Gas Station between shows and get gravel in your shoes. Those night attendants really swing.

"Lemme see the grease rack go up again," I say. "Can I try it?"

"No, you'll break it."

"Can I try on your black leather bow tie?"

"No. Hey, Lenny, you wanna see a clean toilet? You been in a lot of service stations, right? Did you ever see one this immaculate?"

"It's beautiful."

"Now don't lie to me."

"Would I lie to you about something like that?"

"I thought you'd like it, because I know you've seen everything in your travels—"

"It's gorgeous. In fact, if anyone ever says to me, 'Where is there a clean toilet, I've been searching forever,' I'll say, 'Take 101 into 17 up through 50,' and I'll just send 'em right here."

"You could eat off the floor, right, Lenny?"

"You certainly could."

"Want a sandwich?"

"No, thanks."

Then I start fooling around with his condom-vending machine.

"You sell many of these here?"

"I don't know."

"You fill up the thing here?"

"No, a guy comes around."

"You wear condoms ever?"

"Yeah."

"Do you wear them all the time?"

"No."

"Do you have one on now?"

"No."

"Well, what do you do if you have to tell some chick, 'I'm going to put a condom on now'—it's going to kill everything."

I ask the gas-station attendant if I can put one on.

"Are you crazy or something?"

"No, I figure it's something to do. We'll both put condoms on. We'll take a picture."

"Now, get the hell out of here, you nut, you."

I can't help it, though. Condoms are

so dumb. They're sold for the prevention of love.

As far as chicks are concerned, these small towns are dead. The cab drivers ask *you* where to get laid. It's really a hang-up. Every chick I meet, the first thing they hit me with is, "Look, I don't know what kind of a girl you think I am, but I know you show people, you've got all those broads down in the dressing room, and they're all ready for you, and I'm not gonna . . ."

"That's a lie, there's nobody down there!"

"Never mind, I know you get all you want."

"I don't!"

That's what everybody thinks, but there's nobody in the dressing room. That's why Frank Sinatra never gets any. It's hip *not* to ball him. "Listen, now, they all ball him, I'm not gonna ball him." And the poor *schmuck* really sings *Only the Lonely*. . . .

It's a real hang-up, being divorced when you're on the road. Suppose it's three o'clock in the morning, I've just done the last show, I meet a girl, and I like her, and suppose I have a record I'd like her to hear, or I just want to talk to her—there's no lust, no carnal image there—but because where I live is a dirty word, I can't say to her, "Would you come to my hotel?"

And every *healthy* comedian has given "motel" such a dirty connotation that I couldn't ask my *grandmother* to go to a motel, say I want to give her a Gutenberg Bible at three in the morning.

The next day at two in the afternoon, when the Kiwanis Club meets there, then "hotel" is clean. But at three o'clock in the morning, Jim. . . Christ, where the hell can you live that's clean? You can't say hotel to a chick, so you try to think, what won't offend? What is a clean word to society? What is a clean word that won't offend any chick? . . .

Trailer. That's it, *trailer*.

"Will you come to my trailer?"

"All right, there's nothing dirty about trailers. Trailers are hunting and fishing and Salem cigarettes. Yes, of course, I'll come to your trailer. Where is it?"

"Inside my hotel room."

Why can't you just say, "I want to be with you, and hug and kiss you." No, it's "Come up while I change my shirt." Or coffee. "Let's have a cup of coffee."

In 50 years, coffee will be another dirty word.

This is the third installment of "How to Talk Dirty and Influence People," the autobiography of Lenny Bruce. Part IV will appear next month.



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