

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1963 SIXTY CENTS

PLAYBOY



A PROVOCATIVE INTERVIEW
WITH BERTRAND RUSSELL

A NEW SHORT STORY
BY GRAHAM GREENE

"A FLEDGLING OF L'AMOUR"
BY ALEXANDER KING

"THE PLAYBOY CARS"
BY KEN W. PURDY

"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?"
A TRIO OF TEMPTRESSES

"SILVERSTEIN IN MIAMI"
SHEL'S CARTOON ANTICS



Photographed in Elgin, Scotland, by "21" Brands. Front row (l. to r.): Sandy Allan, Head Maltman; Willie Watson, Cooper; Willie Turner, Maltman; Bob Ganmie, Mashman; Jimmy Sim, Tun Room Man; Peter Geddes, Still Man; Robbie Stewart, Still Man; Jack Grant, Maltman. Rear (l. to r.): Willie Craig, Manager; Bob Milne, Head Brewer; Jack Sinclair, Asst. Brewer; George Geddes, Head Warehouse Man; Charlie Sinclair, Asst. Warehouse Man; James Anderson, Boiler Man.

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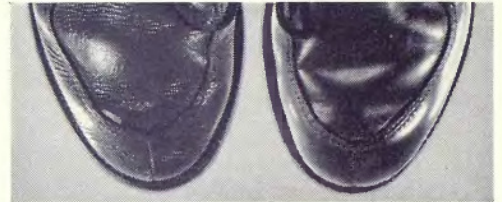
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PLAYBILL This issue's captivating cover girl is our own Cynthia Maddox, who won her first deluge of reader plaudits as the bountiful Valentine on our February 1962 cover and precipitated another mail-storm with *Valentine Revisited* in May. Cynthia's off-camera activities hereabouts have changed since then: no longer just a PLAYBOY secretary-receptionist, she's been promoted to Assistant Cartoon Editor to the not incidental pleasure of our cartoonists.

Another photo of Cynthia, in the company of PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, appears below. And Hef himself appears herein with Part IV of *The Playboy Philosophy* in which he examines the historical and present-day role of religion in American society. His findings provide a key to the modern problem of a womanized, asexual culture which he will explore next month.

History will surely record Lord Bertrand Russell as among the 20th Century's greatest dissenters—that is, if anyone survives to write this century's history. On this point 90-year-old Lord Russell, disarmament's most fervent spokesman, has grave doubts—doubts which he vigorously propounds in our exclusive *Playboy Interview* with him.

Another brilliant Briton with us in this issue is novelist (*The Power and the Glory*), playwright (*The Compliant Lover*) Graham Greene, who, in *Mortmain* (literally, "deadly hand") tells a subtle tale of lethal kindness.

England's most valiant valet saves the day and his gentleman, Bertie Wooster, in the rousing risible second and final installment of P. G. Wodehouse's latest novelette, *Stiff Upper Lip, Jeeves!* Because the 82-year-old Wodehouse is so

veddy, veddy British, only a few of his fans know that his digs are in merry old Long Island and that he has been an American citizen since 1955.

A colonist in reverse is our own Ken W. Purdy who, with family and 1934 Bugatti Type 50, is in temporary residence in London. Which explains the English flavor of some of the anecdotes in his high-powered take-out on *The Playboy Cars*, those autos specially bred for speed and/or styling and most apt to suit a playboy's tastes.

Continuing the international air of this issue, we present that caustic cosmopolite, Alexander King, who makes a devastating comparison between American and Continental sexual mores in *A Fledgling of L'Amour*, which will be included in his forthcoming book, *Is There a Life After Birth?*, to be published late this month by Simon and Schuster. King tells us he considers himself "the quintessential product of Austrian Baroque and American Cold Shoulder."

As a recent traveler reporting to his newspaper from our troubled Southland, Hoke Norris, author, essayist and literary editor of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, conceived *Hung Jury*—a gripping and paradoxical short story that taps the knotted roots of violence in his native Deep South. His latest book, *We Dissent*, is a collection of opposition views to segregation by prominent Southerners.

For an exploration of really far-out regions, writer Richard Warren Lewis takes us on a tour of *The Little World of Stan Freberg*, that comic genius who perfected the art of selling through satire. While profiling neighbor Freberg (they both live in Beverly Hills), says Lewis, he became hooked on Freberg-pitched products: "He turned me into

a Chun King chow meinliner."

The Ad Game is seen in a quite different light in Herbert Gold's *The Song of the Four-Colored Sell*. This issue's lead fiction, *Song* sings of a day in the life of copy writer Dan Shaper, protagonist of other Gold stories in PLAYBOY, and of Gold's novel-in-progress, *Salt*, from which he's now taking time out to work on a stage farce called *The Make-Out People*.

You'll have no trouble making out the problem we faced in choosing our Playmate of the Year—which we've partially solved with a decision to present three fine finalists and a request for suggestions on the final choice from our readers. We'll announce the results—with full pictorial coverage—in June.

The artful assemblage which illustrates Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario's article on *Brandy* is the inspired work of Harry Bouras, one of America's outstanding construction sculptors. Bouras, who is now artist-in-residence at the University of Chicago, has had 10 one-man shows and is winner of several important prizes.

And speaking of art, the legs that so attractively kick off *Feet First*—Fashion Director Robert L. Green's highly polished shoe survey—belong to our Associate Picture Editor Bev Chamberlain. Art Director Arthur Paul tells us the idea came to him quite naturally while watching Bev walk down a corridor, another indication of our pleasant working conditions here at PLAYBOY.

Pleasant conditions continue in this issue with *Silverstein in Miami* featuring Shel at the seashore, more on women from succeder Shepherd Mead, another misadventure of *Little Annie Fanny*, and a healthy helping of other fare, including our fair Miss March.

GREENE



HEFNER and Maddox



PURDY



BOURAS



KING

PLAYBOY®



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Four-Colored Sell P. 62



Three-way Tie P. 100



The Playboy Cars P. 66

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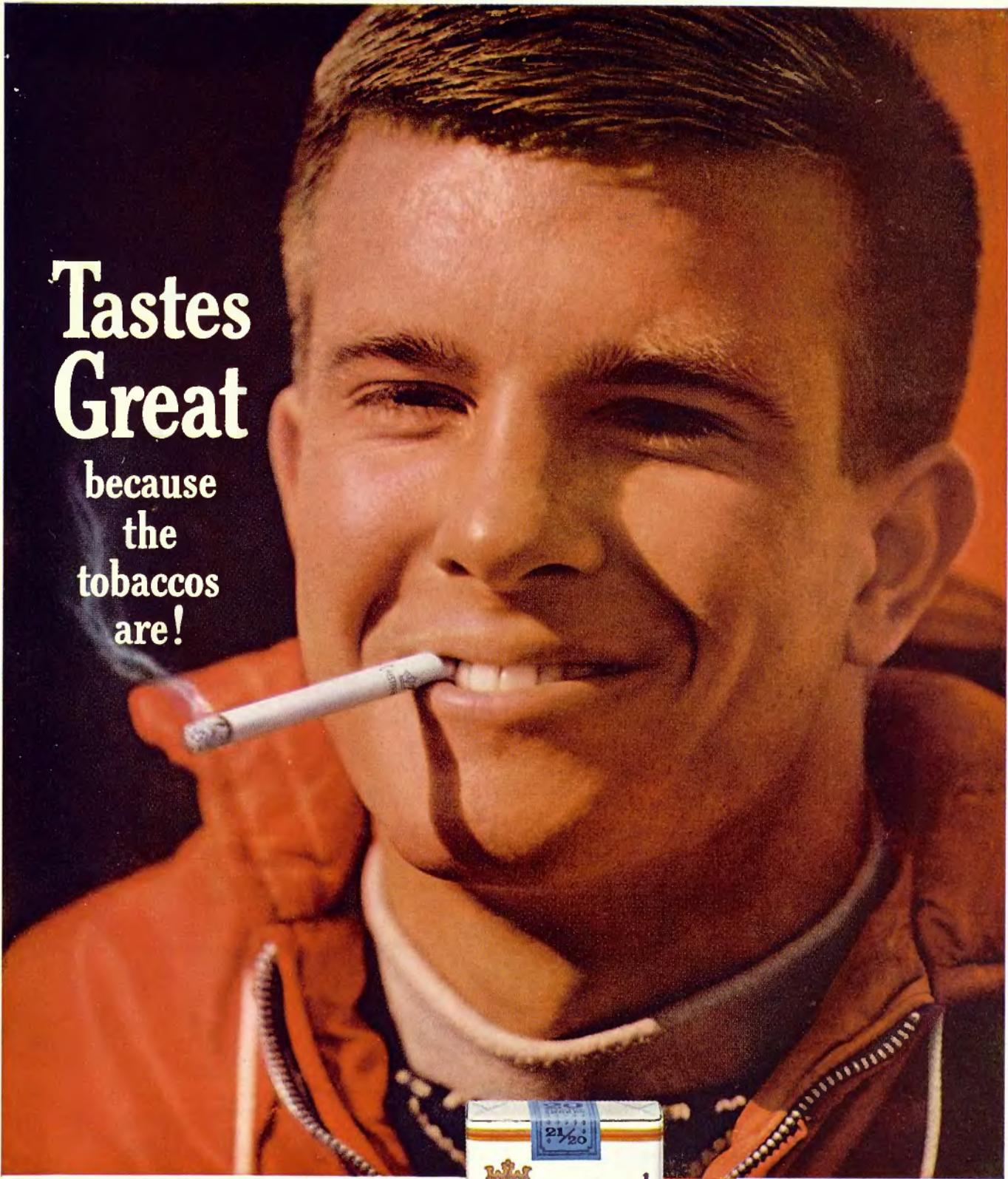
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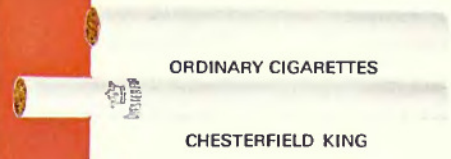


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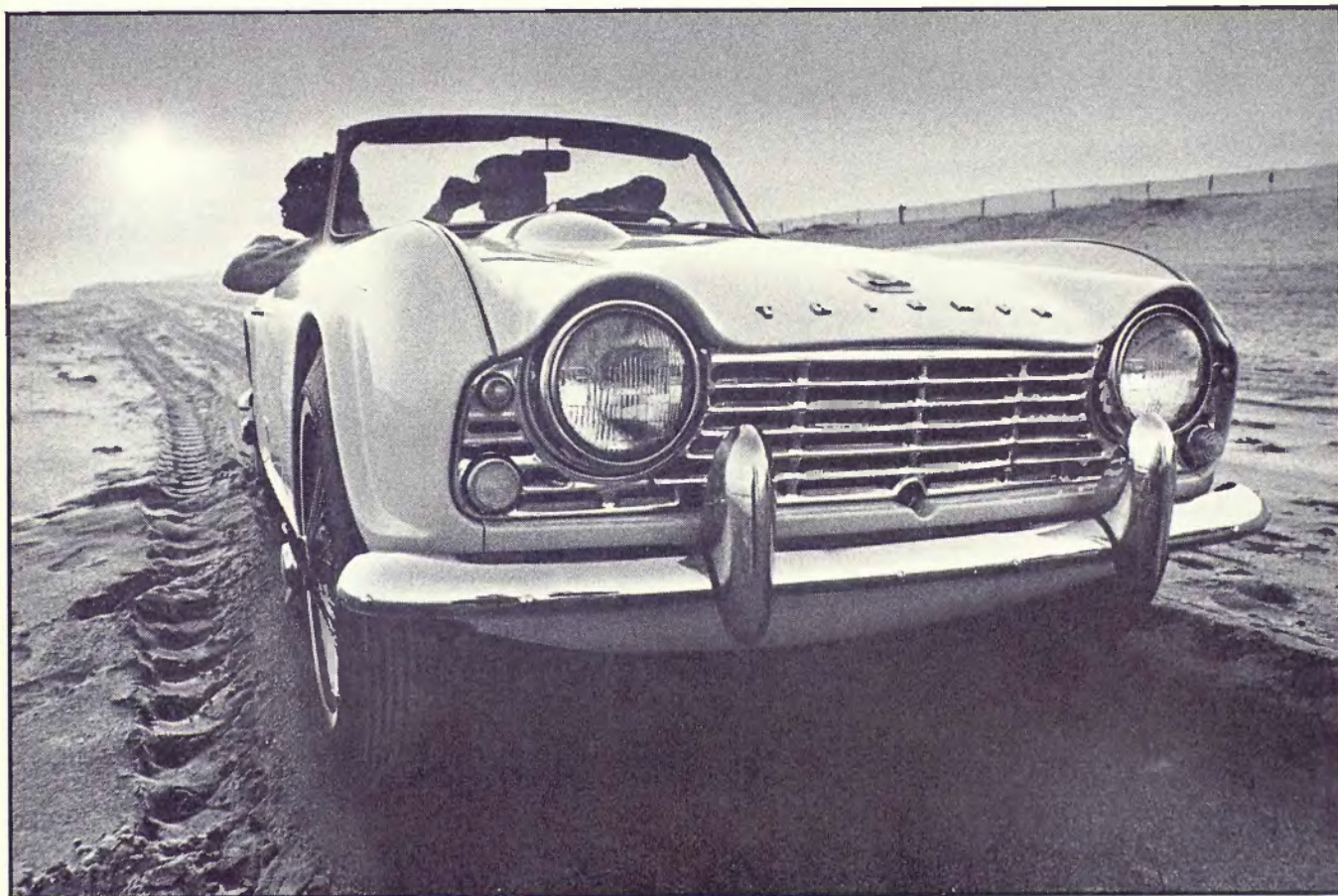



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

PLAYBOY'S PHILOSOPHY

The phenomenon of PLAYBOY represents both a profound sickness in our culture and a very real, rational basis for optimism about the future of human civilization. The sickness—which goes much deeper than mere Puritanism—is to be found in the cultural climate in our society that makes the criticism of a publication of PLAYBOY's remarkable quality a popular pastime. The reason for optimism is PLAYBOY's success. Considering the age and extent of the philosophical heritage which PLAYBOY challenges, the success of a magazine devoted to the principles that life is really worth living, that what is moral is not necessarily an absolute conceived 2000 years ago, and that philosophical dualism is vicious nonsense is nothing short of astounding. No one who believes that human life—in its full meaning—is an end in itself can fail to be encouraged by this. Mr. Hefner's explicit presentation of PLAYBOY's philosophy is superb, as is the implicit one constantly afforded by the magazine's contents.

David Stein
Jeannette, Pennsylvania

Having just completed Hugh Hefner's December treatise on PLAYBOY's philosophy, I feel compelled to write and tell you personally that a large number of my former reservations concerning the magazine's content and purpose have been answered and an undeserved prejudice against you has been replaced with pure respect and admiration.

Geoffry White
Canoga Park, California

PLAYBOY's philosophy, indeed! Come now, aren't we becoming a trifle pretentious? As a long-time reader, I have found PLAYBOY's features entertaining to the extent that I have been willing to tolerate silently the increasing incidence of a slightly too-clever and affected editorial flavor. PLAYBOY's viewpoint has always been delightfully hedonistic and its intellectual quality, I must admit, has consistently been far superior to similarly oriented publications. My objection is

this: If you must take yourselves so seriously—if you must conceive yourselves as the urbane, terribly sophisticated and progressive leaders of an enlightened generation—fine. Just keep it to yourselves, please, and I'll go on enjoying your magazine. Don't tell me how damned sophisticated you are—it makes you look positively silly.

Michael Glicksman
Toledo, Ohio

PLAYBOY's sophistication (or lack of it) really isn't the issue or point of our editorial statement. In over nine years of publishing, we have indulged in precious little soapbox oratory on any subject, preferring to express our views through the material chosen for the magazine's pages. But, as Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner took pains to point out in his opening paragraphs of "The Playboy Philosophy," when other publications are printing articles like "The Anatomy of Playboy" and "Playboy's Doctrine of Male," purporting to explain what PLAYBOY represents and believes in, then it's time to spell out in greater and more specific detail, ourselves, the guiding principles and editorial credo under which we operate. If we are to be damned by critics, we prefer to be damned for our own opinions and not the opinions someone else has made up for us; if we are to be praised, again we prefer to have the praise for what we actually stand for rather than what even the best intentioned may think our stand to be.

I very much enjoyed the December issue of PLAYBOY, with Sally Baldwin's *Sex Symbols*. I found her drawings most amusing—and far more practical than some of the Freudian interpretations of sex symbols that I, alas, keep coming across in the psychoanalytic literature. Far more serious and significant is Hugh M. Hefner's *The Playboy Philosophy*. The first installment contains some highly consequential and well-thought-out views on sex censorship, some of which I shall probably quote in later writings of my own. I am looking forward to the second article in this series.

Albert Ellis, Ph.D.
New York, New York

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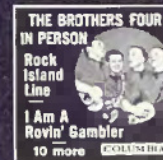
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108. He's a truly "hilarious character!"—N. Y. Journal-Amer.

HARMONICATS
Peg O' My Heart
Deep Purple
Tenderly
—9 More
COLUMBIA

24. Also: Malaguena, Sabre Dance, Perfidia, Mam'selle, etc.

CARNIVAL IN VIENNA
Eugene Ormandy
Philadelphia Orch.
COLUMBIA

253. "Sparkling music & performance."—Musical America

♂ the theme
♀ from
+ ben
+ casey
VALJEAN
at the piano
CARLTON

Two of Us
ROBERT GOULET
• But Beautiful
• Make Someone Happy
• Don't Blame Me
9 MORE
COLUMBIA

400. Also: Dr. Kildare, Bonanza, Cunt-smoke, 12 in all
184. Also: Take Me In Your Arms, Little White Lies, etc.

TIME OUT
THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
COLUMBIA

50. "It soars and it swings... a breakthrough."—Playboy

Stravinsky conducts LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS
"THE RITE OF SPRING"
COLUMBIA

255. "Unchallenged as the world's master composer!"—Life

Hollywood Premiere
DON COSTA
THEMES FROM
Long Day's Journey Into Night
Baby Elephant Walk
Murphy on the Bounty
COLUMBIA

105. Also: All Fall Down, Miracle Worker, My Geisha, etc.

WALTER BRENNAN
OLD RIVERS
LIBERTY

189. Ten great narratives by the star of "The Real McCoys"

BOBBY VEE sings
Hits of the Rocking '50's
LIBERTY

174. Lavender Blue, Earth Angel, Donna, Lollipop, 12 in all

LENER & LOEW
Camelot
RICHARD BURTON
JILLIE ANDREWS
and Original Broadway Cast
COLUMBIA

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

"QUITE POSSIBLY THE GREATEST PIANO RECORDING YET MADE!"
—HiFi Review
VLADIMIR HOROWITZ

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ
Chopin • Liszt
Rachmaninoff
Schumann
COLUMBIA

269. "Horowitz can play the piano with a strength and seething air of controlled violence that no other pianist can match."—Time

"Stands as a testimony to an instrumentalist in full command of his resources."—Musical America

Beethoven
MISSA SOLEMNIS
Leonard Bernstein
New York Philharmonic
Westminster Choir
COLUMBIA

236-237. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Bernstein caught its grandeur as well as its delicacy."—N.Y. Times

YOUR TWIST PARTY
with the King of Twist
CHUBBY CHECKER
PARKWAY

2. Heund Dog; Twistin' U.S.A.; etc. (Not available in stereo)

JOHNNY CASH
SONGS OF OUR SOIL
COLUMBIA

15. Clementine, The Great Speckle Bird, The Caretaker, etc.

TCHAIKOVSKY
The SLEEPING BEAUTY
Ballet Suite
PHILADELPHIA ORCH
EUGENE ORMANDY
COLUMBIA

457. "Faultless playing, fabulous sound!"—Washington Post

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

62. Also: I'm in the Mood for Love, Easy Street, Lanra, etc.

DORIS DAY'S GREATEST HITS
SECRET LOVE
IT'S MAGIC
10 More
COLUMBIA

52. Also: A Guy Is A Guy; Whatever Will Be, Will Be; etc. *

THE VENTURES
Perfidia • Blue Tango
Harlem Nocturne
9 more
GOLDEN

130. Also: The Shuck, Hawaiian War Chant, Detonr, etc.

EILEEN FARRELL
Wagner:
Immolation Scene
Leonard Bernstein
N. Y. Philharmonic
COLUMBIA

272. "The undisputed queen of U.S. dramatic sopranos."—Life

REX HARRISON
JULIE ANDREWS
MY FAIR LADY
ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING
COLUMBIA

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

MILES DAVIS
Sextet
Someday My Prince Will Come
COLUMBIA

36. "This is the one to get...emotionally moving!"—Down Beat

FAMILY
Sing-Along with Mitch
When You Wore a Tulip
Oiane • Ja Da O Marie
14 more
COLUMBIA

10. Also: San Francisco, Deep Purple, K-K-K-Katy, etc.

LORD'S PRAYER
MORMON
TABERNACLE CHOIR
COLUMBIA

I Have But One Heart
JERRY VALE
SINGS GREAT ITALIAN LOVE SONGS
COLUMBIA

256. This is "an extraordinary chorus."—New York Times
403. Mama, Come Back To Sorrento, 'O Sele Mio, 12 in all

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

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

RAY CONNIF
'S Continental
COLUMBIA

38. White Cliffs of Dover, Lisbon Antigua, Tico-Tico, etc.

Bach
Organ Favorites
E. Power Biggs
COLUMBIA

281. Five of Bach's mightiest and most popular favorites

The ALVIN SHOW
LIBERTY

133. A hit album by the Chipmunks for all the family to enjoy

Beethoven:
Symphony No. 3
"EROICA"
Philadelphia Orch
ORMANDY
COLUMBIA

231. "Relentless motion... excitement."—S.F. Chronicle

Bobby Vinton sings
ROSES ARE RED
and other songs for the young and sentimental
RESPIC

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

"CHARM AND ORIGINALITY... QUITE DIVERTING"
—Saturday Review
PETER, PAUL and MARY

PETER, PAUL AND MARY
IF I HAD A HAMMER
LEMON TREE - 10 MORE
COLUMBIA

172. "Uncommon musicianship and a rare sense of style."—HiFi Review. This brilliant album also includes: 500 Miles, This Train, Early in the Morning, Autumn to May, Sorrow, If I Had My Way, It's Raining, Cruel War, Where Have All the Flowers Gone, etc.

MEET CLAUDE KING
Wotvorton Mountain
LITTLE BITTY HEART
THE COMANCHEROS
9 MORE
COLUMBIA

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

The New
ANDRE KOSTELANETZ
"Wonderland of Sound"
COLUMBIA

33. Everybody Loves A Lover, Be My Love, Valere, 12 in all

AHMAD JAMAL
HAPPY MOODS
ARGO

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

BOBBY HACKETT
Dream Awhile
MISTY • STARDUST
THAT OLD FEELING
9 more
COLUMBIA

143. Stairway to the Stars, Misty, Stardust, Dream, etc.

ETHEL MERMAN
GYPSY
Original Broadway Cast
COLUMBIA

97. Ethel Merman's "most dazzling moment."—N. Y. Times

WALL TO WALL SOUND
LOVE THEMES
Ferrante & Teicher
I'm in the Mood for Love
My Funny Valentine
Dream of Love
8 More
COLUMBIA

42. Also: I've Got A Crush On You, Imagination, etc.



I make magic with martinis

Want a martini that's out of this world? Try
a Calvert martini. I'm not just "extra dry"...

I'm 100% dry.

I am writing this in a state of real perplexity — having to do with the plight of being a woman. (At this point feel free to flush this missive down the drain, if you'd rather not grapple — figuratively — with the subject.) Well, here it is: PLAYBOY is a superior mag that deals forcefully and forthrightly with all kinds of far-out subjects like The Negro Question, Strontium 90, Charlie Chaplin, erotic realism in literature, and like that. But — women? Strictly a roll in the hay! I have this funny feeling that women are People, too. Am I wrong? Are we really just a bunch of Bunnies? Could this *tiny* flaw in your approach be the reason you've never had a Negro Playmate in your mag? It would be too degrading — to Negroes? (But all right if it's just chicks?) How about becoming a real crusader for Women as People — not *Ladies' Home Journal* stereotypes, but warm human beings of all ages, with all the shortcomings of the cats who resort to toupees, Arnold Elevators, key clubs and the myriad props to failing egos that abound in our sorry age. Or are you really just a high-class pimp?

Pele Murdock

Berkeley, California

Pele, one of the major points being made in "The Playboy Philosophy" is the importance of being an individual — and that includes both men and women. Yet, because our attitude toward women is so often misinterpreted, Hefner plans to give it special attention in "Philosophy" next month. As for photographs of Negro beauty, see "The Girls of Africa," in next month's PLAYBOY.

Carpe Diem!

Being a sonnet inspired by Hugh M. Hefner's *The Playboy Philosophy*, PLAYBOY, Vol. 9, No. 12 (December 1962), P. 73.

Lift your glass and drain the wine!

Ring laughter loud and clear!

Drink up! Let doubt and fear

Betray us not. We'll dance and dine,
Be epicures of viands fine.

Defy abstract "Tomorrow's near"

With certain fact "Today is here."
Impale it on the Devil's tine!

Carpe Diem — we *have* today —

Tomorrow, then, may never come.

Drink deep from life's sweet flow-
ing fount

As precious moments slip away —

Our lips tomorrow may be
dumb

In death. *Today* the seconds
count!

John M. Welch, Ph.D.
Columbia, Missouri

AND AWAY WE GO

I have been a partial reader of PLAYBOY



For dallying on the dunes, steer your attention to Zipsters, the niftiest narrows on the beach. These sliver-thin pants might have been tattooed on. The side pockets do a disappearing act...close

clean and flat with nylon Talon zippers. No-belt waistline, high top back pockets and 14-inch cuffless bottoms make them fit like a fish's swim trunks. Slung low on the hips, they prove pure catnip to the

natives and a credit to your old-school taste. In cotton, rayon, miracle fibres and other assorted washables for laundry in the local waterfall. Only \$5.95 to \$8.95 at stores that feature the h.i.s.[®] label.

do the desert-island bit in **h.i.s.** zipster slacks
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GOOD READING THESE WINTER DAYS

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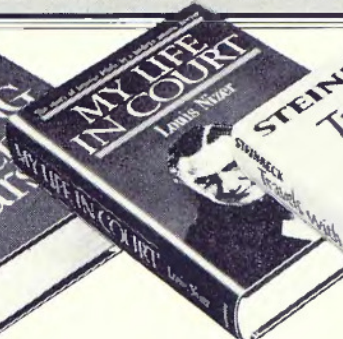
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by KATHERINE ANNE PORTER. (Publisher's retail price \$6.50)



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by RACHEL CARSON. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price \$5)



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by LOUIS NIZER. (Publisher's retail price \$5.95)



553. TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY
by JOHN STEINBECK. (Publisher's retail price \$4.95)



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by ROBERT REI-ARK. (Publisher's retail price \$5.95)



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by WILLIAM FAULKNER. (Publisher's retail price \$4.95)



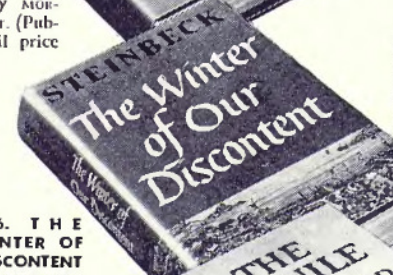
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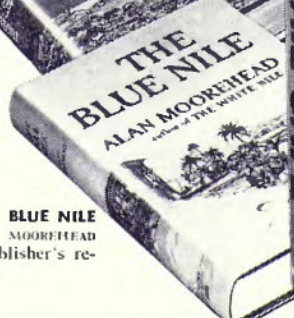
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by MORTON M. HUNT. (Publisher's retail price \$5.95)



486. THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT
by JOHN STEINBECK. (Publisher's retail price \$4.50)



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by ALAN MOOREHEAD. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price \$5.95)



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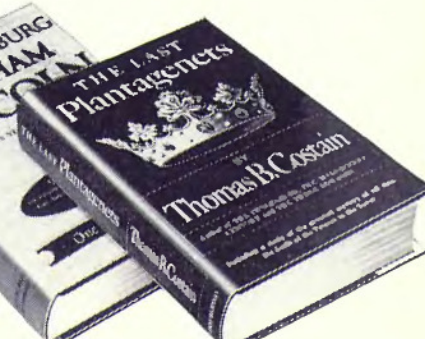
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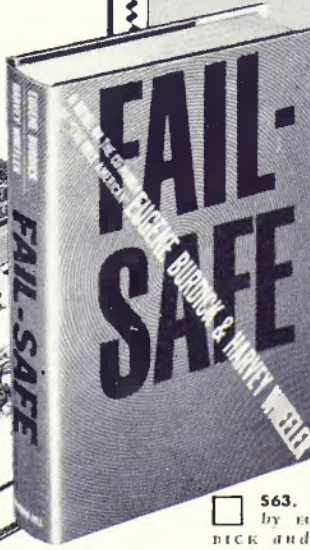
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recommended by BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

TO READ BUT FAILED TO . . . THROUGH OVERSIGHT OR OVERBUSYNESS



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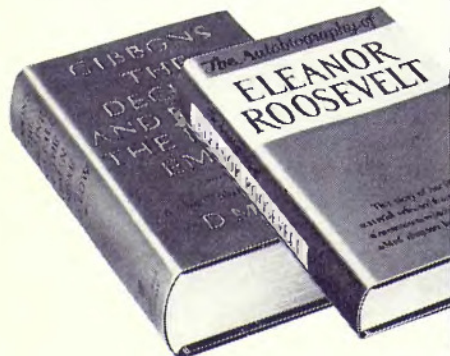
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9

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the
young
man
who
tabs
his
collars



...wears Cricketeer "Great Grey" Suits

He depends on the Cricketeer approach to tradition to take him through his most important days (and evenings). He finds these medium-to-pale shades make a business luncheon successful . . . dinner for two even more so. He can't resist the way "Great Greys" shed new light on Cricketeer's favorite subject . . . the lighter colored suit. They look their traditional best in Cricketeer's Magna 2x2 tropical, an unbeatable blend of 55% Dacron* polyester and 45% worsted. Cricketeer Great Grey suits . . . tailored trim and natural . . . \$59.95. Other Cricketeer tropical suits \$55.00 to \$75.00. At your favorite store or write: Cricketeer & Trimlines, © 200 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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for quite a few years. By partial, I mean that I have scanned through the journal whenever I have had the opportunity. Recently I have been able to read it in more detail and would like to take this opportunity to tell you how great I thought the interview with Jackie Gleason was. This certainly gave me an insight into a person I have admired from afar, in a small way, for quite a long time. Now I understand what makes him tick.

Stirling Moss
London, England

If your *Playboy Interview* is received each month by all your readers with as much enthusiasm as mine, eventually it should be a bigger attraction than the Playmate of the Month. Especially when you can secure such honest interviews from personalities with the character of Miles Davis and, of course, Jackie Gleason — the egotist, the comic, but more appreciated by me as a philosopher.

Clemmie H. Phillips
Thomery s/s et Marne, France

NUMBERS GAME

Thank you kindly for the October issue of PLAYBOY — which I loved. Did you put Peter [Sellers] on page 69 because he doesn't appear to know whether he is coming or going? Cheers.

Terry-Thomas
London, England

DAHLIANCE

Although your magazine has always been among my favorites, especially in the photo department, you have finally outdone yourself with the pictorial pulchritude of a living Dahl in your December issue. Eye-arresting Arlene gets a Vive-la-Dahl and a plea for more.

Tom Murphy
Middletown, Connecticut

Hey, how come we have the sweet rear view of our December cover girl, but none of Miss Dahl?

H. W. Lester
Hazel Green, Alabama

That's showbiz, Lester.

Study of the double-page photographic spread of voluptuous nude Miss Dahl reclining comfortably on a soft, clean bed seems to bear up PLAYBOY's point that the pleasurable activity of enjoying sexual attractiveness of wholesome beauty is here to stay. And fortunately for wholesome and pleasurable living, some young, well-curved companions have proven qualified to personally identify with The Muller Proposition for Peace and intimately relate their lives to the present world with deep involvement and enthused participation in exhilarating, public-spirited, socially conscious living.

Leon Arnold Muller, President
International Affairs Study Group
Chicago, Illinois

Oh?

gū's'tō

What does it mean, anyway?

Webster's says, "Keen or zestful appreciation; high relish or enjoyment."

Funk & Wagnalls say, "Keen enjoyment; relish; zest."

Beer lovers say, "Schlitz."

"Just the kiss of the hops" brings the character of Schlitz to life. Gently breathes real gusto into this great light beer.

But if you really want to know what gusto is, reading a dictionary won't explain it half so well as drinking a Schlitz. Now?

Schlitz—the beer that made Milwaukee famous . . . simply because it tastes so good.



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Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N.Y.,
Los Angeles, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.



no little
woman's
roll-on

gives the big protection,
stroke for stroke, you get
with Brake. It's the big
protection a big man needs.

MENNEN

Brake

GLIDE-ON DEODORANT
FOR MEN

SOUND THE SYMBOLS

I usually don't understand symbols at all but Sally Baldwin's *Sex Symbols*, in December, were crystal clear and perfectly delightful. Now I wish she'd do just one more especially for PLAYBOY (because they don't think the type exists) — the sexy female with brains.

Helen Gurley Brown
Pacific Palisades, California

For more lip from Miss Brown, who penned the best-selling "Sex and the Single Girl," watch these pages for an upcoming "Playboy Interview."

In nine years of avidly reading PLAYBOY, I have been determined many times to send accolades, yet never have taken pen in hand. I have now ceased procrastinating to say bravo in regard to *Sex Symbols* in the December issue. It was certainly one of the cleverest pieces of humor in many a day.

Carol Reals
Bayside, New York

AFTER HOURS

In your December review of recordings, your last sentence of a Sammy Davis Jr. review credits Ira Gershwin with the lyrics for *Thou Swell* from *A Connecticut Yankee*. Lorenz Hart wrote the lyrics with Richard Rodgers as composer.

Irving Eisman
New York, New York

Our apologies for having such an unfortunate change of Hart.

FOWL PLAY

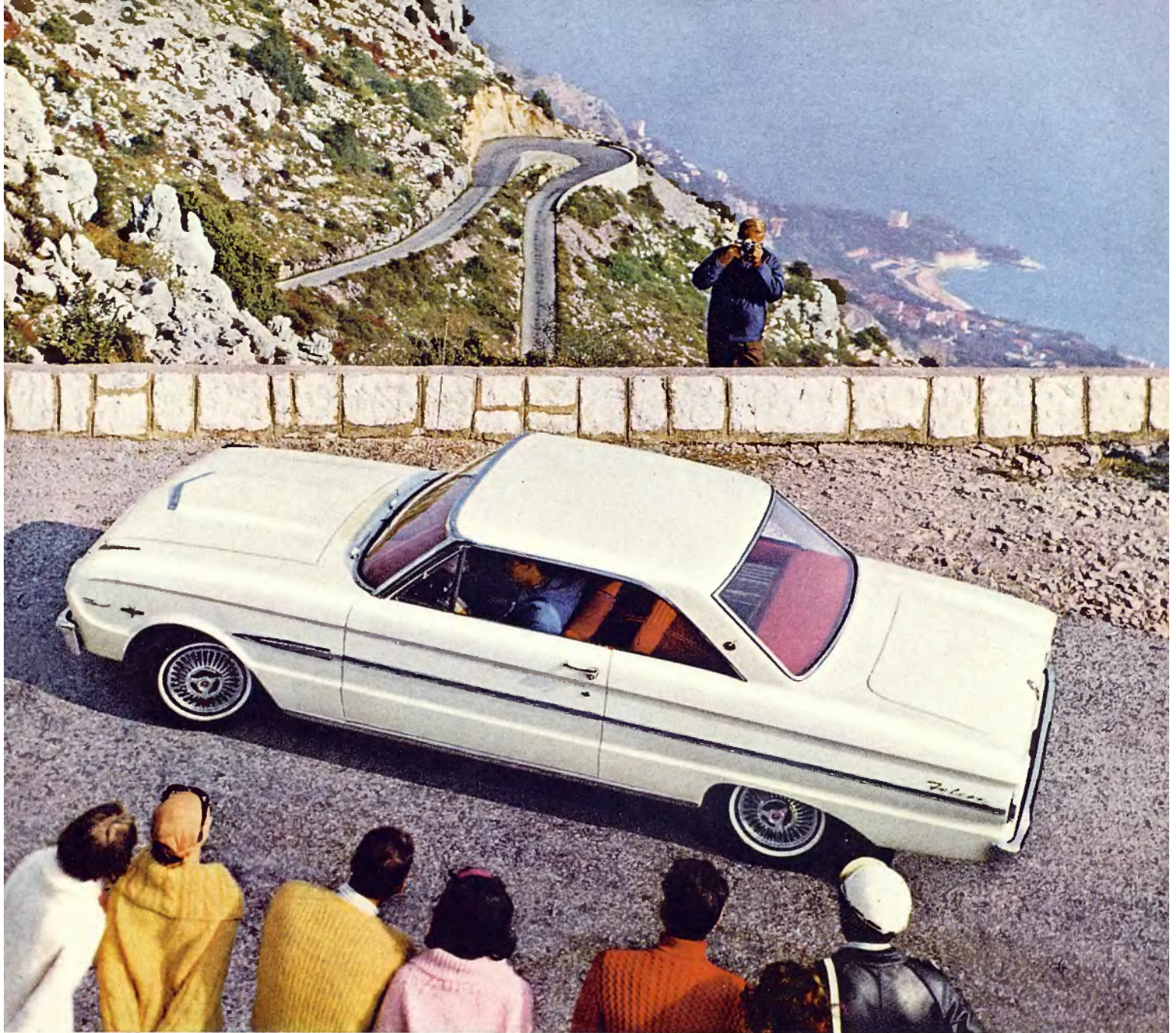
Because of your November issue and Thomas Mario's *Fowl Deeds* article, I finally managed to prepare (in the three weeks that I had been married) one meal that brought rounds of applause from my spouse: Pheasant Sauté with Mushrooms.

Jan Stirling
Billings, Montana

GRATITUDE FOR LATITUDE

Your unpredictability is one of your charms. Each issue proves it, but your December issue gave me my biggest surprise to date. When I saw the roster of impressive contributors on your cover, I thought you'd gone the marquee route. While I have nought but high praise for the stuff produced for you by big-name writers, my highest accolade goes to you for having selected as your very first story in the issue, *Winter in This Latitude*, by unknown Rick Rubin. Or, I should say, *previously unknown*, since this wonderfully original and penetrating yarn should win him the fame and plaudits of all your most literate and literary readers. Thanks for surprising me — again.

Rod Jensen
Duluth, Minnesota



FALCON'S NEW SPRINT IS BUILT TO TAKE TURNS . . . AND TURN HEADS DURING IT!

Presenting the '63 1/2 **Falcon Sprint**—and we mean sprint!



Take Falcon's nimble chassis, top it with a sleek "scatback" roofline, add bucket seats, wire wheel covers, eye-level tachometer, console, special trim, plastic wood-grained steering wheel and—zip!—here's a brand-new brand of compact excitement! An even neater trick: all this dash and dazzle are *standard* . . . and at a very Falcon-like price!

America's liveliest,
most care-free cars

FORD

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"RALLYE"-TYPE WHEEL

OPTIONAL 4-SPEED STICK

EYE-LEVEL TACH



Want the full story on all the Ford performance options? Send for "Hot New Dishes on Ford's Giant Menu," M.M.S.I., Dept. P, P.O. Box No. 387, Detroit 32, Mich.

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Mavest brings rich, linen-like texture to a smart, easy-care sport coat that keeps its store-new freshness. Success secret is a fabric of 50% Vycron polyester and 50% cotton by Designer Fabrics, Inc., that stays trim, neat, wrinkle-free. Fabric performance certified by Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute. In conventional 3-button model; also available in the 3-button natural-shoulder Squiretown® model. In ten fashion-right colors. Sizes: Regular, Short, Long, X-Long. To retail for about \$29.95. At Burdine's, Miami; Juster Bros., Minneapolis; J. L. Brandeis & Sons, Omaha; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; and other fine stores. For one nearest you, write Mavest Inc., 19 West 24th Street, New York 10, N. Y. ■ Beaunit Fibers, Division of Beaunit Corp. 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.



keeps
that
fresh-
out-of-
the-box
look
with

Vycron
POLYESTER FIBER

Vycron is the registered trademark for Beaunit's polyester fiber.

COVER CHARGE

After nine years and 108 issues of PLAYBOY in my closet, you've won. I've been looking dreamily at your December cover for most of the day now, and I can't find it. I certainly hope that the fur your cover girl is holding didn't belong to our PLAYBOY rabbit.

Larry Hampe
Hollywood, California

We wish to congratulate you on your fantastic December issue, particularly your fine cover. Just one question: Where have you hidden your stylish rabbit?

Bob Nielsen, Jeff Hamann, Ed Ruttan
East Lansing, Michigan

Really now, fellows. Lights on a marquee, the design on a paintbrush handle, a reflection in the water, and even OK signs made with gloved hands — fine. But that silly red ribbon by her right foot?

John Michael Pavlik
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Your ribbon rabbit is the coolest yet.

J. Webb
Jenkins, Kentucky

After scrutinizing both sides of the December cover, I had nearly abandoned the search for the PLAYBOY rabbit in favor of more easily recognizable niceties until I discovered a reasonable facsimile created by the bow at the bottom of the inside cover. Incidentally, the cover idea was in itself terribly clever but duplicating the idea with variations — the illustration for *Winter in This Latitude* and the Interlandi and Silverstein cartoons — was a masterful stroke of genius. Did I miss any?

Wally Nickel
Santa Ana, California

A couple. See below.

I got some of the anticipatory excitement of Christmas morn from your clever use of mysterious boxes, unopened, piled in profusion on the first page of your gift section, but I did wish I might know what they contained. Then I flipped the page — to have my curiosity satisfied and to discover you'd worked yet another switch on your two-sided cover. Neat!

Jason Pell
New York, New York

I dig your inside front cover of the December issue. But why is the word *Playbill* reversed on page 4?

Richard I. Dudley
Guilford, Connecticut

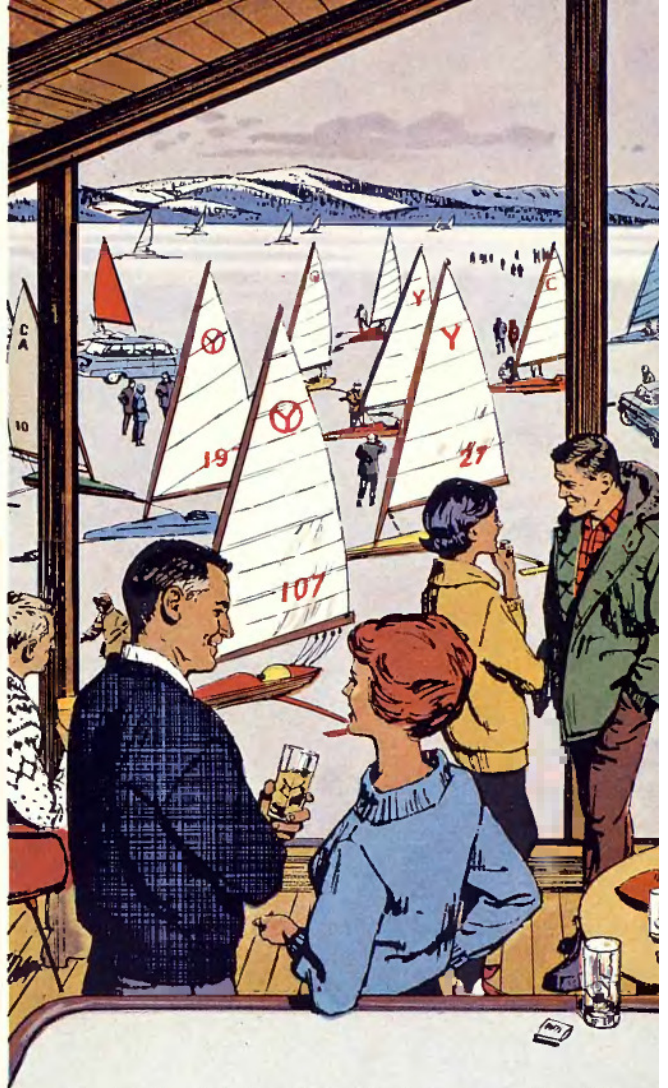
Your December issue was a wonderful
wonderland of surprises and
and, incidentally, a masterpiece of judge-
ment.

James S. Cohen
Newark, New Jersey
James S. Cohen





The young-hearted crowd choose a brand new way to follow the sun



Iceboating: fast action exerts a magnetic pull

THE YOUNG-HEARTED CROWD
 LIKE THEIR BOURBON SMOOTH
WALKER'S
DELUXE

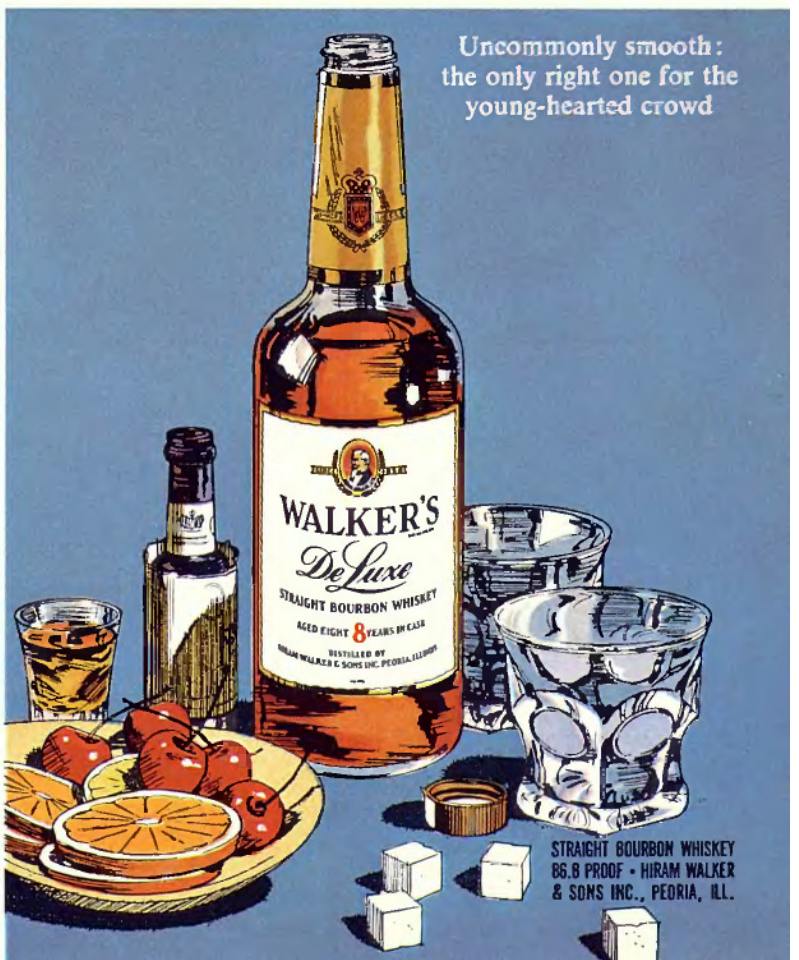
The light and elegant bourbon that's 8 years smooth



They put new life into
 all the old folk songs



They challenge only the
 hardest, fastest slopes



Uncommonly smooth:
 the only right one for the
 young-hearted crowd

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
 86.8 PROOF - HIRAM WALKER
 & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.



For men on the go. The Pacer.

The Pacer steps out of the commonplace with its distinguished waffle weave. The Pacer is knit of Tycora® nylon, with unbelievable softness, unbelievable endurance. It holds your foot firmly, really stays up. Wash the Pacer again and again by

machine or hand. It always springs back to shape. The Pacer is stretch knit. One size fits you, and everyone else. The Pacer is Interwoven® right to its toes. That is why it is not just an ordinary sock. Why not try at least one pair. \$1.50.

Interwoven®

THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



The successful orbiting some months back of Telstar and her sister satellites inspired optimism in many customarily glum television viewers, most of whom have since given forth with happy predictions of how Olympic games, European coronations and summit meetings will soon be brought back alive to Americans at their Stateside hearths. While we admit that these brave-new-worldly thoughts are edifying, we feel that they ignore one of the most interesting sidelights inherent in a sky bright with Telstars: the possibility, however remote, that foreign talent and maturity might begin to have some beneficial effect upon the U.S.' soporific TV commercials. As international television becomes more common, and Madison Avenue's hucksters begin to feel the impact of a foreign expressiveness that has until now been confined to art-flick houses, maybe — just maybe — a dash of spice will be added to the pabulum that comprises our customary admixed diet.

To illustrate our point, we ask you to consider what a refreshing change it would be if we were able to lamp such hot spot commercials as these:

The camera pans down a phalanx of washing machines in the dusty basement of a Montmartre bordello, and reveals a pneumatic strumpet spitting epithets at a silent machine. Enter a squat, cheery man sporting a tool kit, a mustache and a guttural Bordeaux accent. "*Bon jour, mademoiselle,*" he rasps. "What seems to be the difficulty?"

"This pig of a machine," she snaps. "It does not march."

"Of course not — you employ the wrong detergent. One must — *zut,* didn't I meet you last year in Marseilles?"

"All detergents are equal," she sniffs. "And I've never been in Marseilles."

"And clearly you have never tried the new, improved Splash. Splash's low suds level eliminates troublesome clogging, and its greater cleaning power will yield a far brighter wash. Give me your dress and your slip, little chicken, and I will demonstrate."

The girl languidly doffs her duds, which the Splash man deposits in the machine. Dissolve to scene 20 minutes later: The girl is fastening on her capacious bra as she watches the repairman pull the clothing from the washer. "Why, they're good as *nouveau!*" she squeals happily. "Never has my frock been so fragrant and clean! Are you sure, Monsieur, that I can't pay for the use of this, how you say, Splash?"

The repairman gives her a satisfied smirk. "Tut-tut, little gypsy," he says, patting her derriere, "we have both learned much during the washing of your clothes. Believe me, that which you taught me is more than sufficient payment for a full box of brand-new Splash."

The girl winks at the camera and says, "Girls, get it at your neighborhood grocer's. Splash, that is."

As the scene fades, we hear her giggling to the repairman, "I *do* remember you from Marseilles! I recognized that silly birthmark."

Or: The camera dollies in on a remote inn in Northern Sweden. Two women are seated on the porch sipping tea. As a black knight representing Death and Inferior Toilet Tissue gallops by on the wooded road beneath them, one of the women shudders and remarks, "Dear God, but I'm nervous. Or is there a God, do you think?"

"Nervous," repeats the other. "Whatever in the world for?"

"I'm sleeping with Uncle John this

afternoon. And I don't know what I'll do to keep from being offensive. You know . . . under the arms and all?"

Her friend chuckles and plucks a container of Nice-Blue Secret from her décolletage. "Look, honey, just between us girls, you put a couple of dabs of this on, and you won't have any 'woman trouble' at all."

The next scene shows the two meeting for tea that evening. "Well, how did it go?" presses the helpful one.

"Zowie," smirks the other, with a broad wink, "thanks to Nice-Blue Secret. Why, would you believe it, a bubbling brook appeared miraculously in each of my dainty and inoffensive armpits. John, sweet thing, says he's going to have me stocked with bass."

All in all, it's a great opportunity for the Mad Ave boys to kick over the traces of trite and true marketing, and start enlivening U. S. tubes with internationally flavored, universally entertaining ad fare. Beam it up to Telstar, fellows, and see if it bounces.

Lolita note from the Oakland, California, *Tribune*: "Actor Steve Cochran's third wife is a 10-year-old Danish office worker, Jonna Jensen. 'My friends will never believe this,' Cochran, 38, said after they were married . . ."

Caveat emptor: a downtown Chicago office building housing several of the country's most respected investment firms is called The Rookery.

In Toledo, Ohio, for the information of those who may be planning a pleasure trip thence, it is illegal to: impersonate the mayor; steal from Victory Gardens; wear a hatpin with more than half an inch protruding; park a steam locomotive



*the same
sweet
vermouth
that makes
matchless
Manhattans*



*is
something
special
"on the
rocks!"*



MARTINI & ROSSI



*the versatile
vermouth—
it's imported!*

under a bridge while the steam is coming out; make "unnecessary noises"; smoke opium; allow idlers, dissolute persons or characters of ill repute to attend a party (whether this excludes personal friends is not specified); throw reptiles at another person; and conduct endurance contests longer than 12 hours. Such as staying in Toledo?

RECORDINGS

Volume Two of *Ray Charles/Modern Sounds in Country and Western Music* (ABC-Paramount), a follow-up to best-selling Volume One, is, in our estimation, just as forlorn an enterprise as its precursor. Aside from the opener, a surprisingly robust limning of *You Are My Sunshine*, these turkeys-in-the-straw have nothing to recommend them. A much better batch of Charles (based on his biggest record hits) is available on "*The Genius*" in *Harmony/The Anita Kerr Singers* (Victor). A mellifluous, precisely schooled quartet, the group adds an ensemble dimension to a dozen Charlesian chants that is smooth yet stirring. The instrumental side of the omnipresent Mr. Charles can be heard on *Soul Meeting/Ray Charles & Milt Jackson* (Atlantic). Although Ray's piano prowess has to take a back seat to the solid creativity of the incomparable Bags, the amalgam of what would seem to be two totally dissimilar styles bears much tangy fruit. These opposite musical poles should attract a wide audience, and deservedly so.

Another Git Together/Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet (Mercury) points up several facts: that the Jazztet is one of the most splendidly swinging groups extant and that Art Farmer's handling of the Flügelhorn has become more and more a thing of beauty. The session moves from such esoterica as trombonist Grachan Moncur III's *Space Station* to the heretofore somewhat schmaltzy *This Nearly Was Mine*—whatever the piece, however, the Golson-Farmer contingent is very much on the *qui vive*.

Lena/Lovely and Alive (Victor) is another electric outpouring from the Horne of plenty. The "I's" have it on this LP (the titles of the dozen standards all kick off with "I") but the arbitrary gimmick can be forgiven in the light of the end result. Among the I-items to which Lena lends a special class are *I Concentrate on You*, *I've Grown Accustomed to His Face* and *I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart*. Marty Paich is the chargé d'affaires and a definite plus on the outing.

The Modern Jazz Quartet/The Comedy (Atlantic) is a delight. John Lewis' musical

SEX



CAESAR



& SONG



'LITTLE ME'

ORIGINAL B'WAY CAST ALBUM

"Sum total, a blockbuster." *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

Hear the witty, wacky, wonderful songs from Original Cast Recording starring Sid Caesar Broadway's hottest new musical hit in the with Virginia Martin. Now at your record dealers!

EXCLUSIVELY ON

RCA VICTOR



The most trusted name in sound



HOW TO WIN THE SON OF CITATION

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE



CONTEST RULES: 1. In not over 16 letters nor more than three words, print a name for the Kentucky Club prize colt. Count punctuation or space between words as letters. Use plain paper or entry blanks. Print your name and address.

2. Send as many entries as you like to—

Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest
P.O. Box 8K, Mount Vernon 10, N.Y.
Each entry must be accompanied by complete cellophane zip-off top from outer wrapper of any of Kentucky Club's 9 Master Blends of pipe tobacco: Aromatic Kentucky Club Mixture, Brush Creek, Crosby Square, Donniford, New Greenbrier, Kentucky Club White Burley, London Dock, Peper's Pouch Mixture, Whitehall. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight April 8, 1963. No entries returned. All become property of Kentucky Club Division of Mail Pouch Tobacco Co.

3. Prizes will be awarded as listed. Entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of appropriateness (specific reference to the characteristics and lineage of the horse), freshness (interest, creativeness, "sparkle"), and sincerity (believability). Judges' decision final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All members of a family may compete, but only one prize to a family.

4. Everyone in United States and possessions or Canada may enter the contest except employees of the manufacturers of Kentucky Club's Tobaccos, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Entries must be the original work of contestant. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

5. Winner of prize Thoroughbred will be notified in ample time to attend the Derby. Other winners will be notified approximately eight weeks after close of contest. The Son of Citation will be presented at Churchill Downs during Derby Day week.

If because of accident or other reasons it is necessary in the judgment of the Company to withdraw the colt described above, cash equivalent to the purchase price of the colt will be awarded. List of winning persons available to those requesting same and enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope.

SEND TO:

KENTUCKY CLUB DERBY DAY CONTEST
P. O. Box 8K, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y.

NAME OF COLT. NOT OVER 16 LETTERS—MAXIMUM 3 WORDS

YOUR NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

STREET

CITY ZONE STATE

NAME OF DEALER

Use this form of plain paper and send each entry with a cellophane zip-off top from outer wrapper of any of Kentucky Club's 9 brands of pipe tobacco. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 8, 1963.

musings on the 16th Century Italian *commedia dell'arte* fall softly and satisfyingly on the ear. The Quartet (with an assist from songstress Diahann Carroll heard as *La Cantatrice*) expertly intertwines the tonal character of the *commedia's* roles—*Columbine*, *Pulcinella*, *Pierrot* and *Harlequin*—while adding a noteworthy portrait of its Roman surroundings. Lewis, Milt Jackson, et al., are tastefully creative throughout.

For those who have had trouble following the burgeoning legions of folk singers, we recommend *Joan Baez in Concert* (Vanguard). Miss Baez is a young lady beside whom most of the other balladeers seem phony or feeble. The pure Baez tone is by now legendary; it is employed here through a wide range of material that includes *Copper Kettle*, a Texas moonshining ballad, the familiar *Black Is the Color* classic and a threnody of the Thirties, *Pretty Boy Floyd*.

THEATER

Tchin-Tchin is about sin-sin. An Italian-American contractor and an upper-class English lady meet to discuss an affair *his* wife is having with *her* husband. As the contractor, Caesario Grimaldi (Anthony Quinn) explains, "Even if you and I never met and I had a cold, you'd catch it." The English lady, Pamela Pew-Pickett (Margaret Leighton) wants Caesario to take action against the adulterers, but neither knows precisely what sort of action. "If I say, 'Choose my wife or yours,'" Caesario muses gloomily, "he'll choose mine." Caesario, on the other hand, is not about to choose Pamela Pew-Pickett. She is, he tells her, a tea bag. Caesario is a Scotch man himself. Pamela sticks to tea and empathy until, after four months of indecision, the pair concludes that since their spouses are still in heat, they are not going to remain out in the cold any longer. Their fling begins in a seedy hotel room with Pamela taking her very first nip of Scotch. "You won't treat me as a tart?" she says girlishly. Caesario ponders a moment, replies, "I might." "Well," says Pamela, "if I get very drunk maybe I won't notice," and snatches the bottle. They both get very drunk, and their sportive cavort is one of the great hilarities of recent theatrical seasons, Miss Leighton revealing the latent charms beneath her dignity and clothing, and Quinn, that quintessence of earthiness, finally passing out, blotto on the cotto. Unfortunately, nothing that happens afterward reaches this high plane of low comedy. Things turn first toward the absurd, then toward the maudlin.

Still, Quinn and Miss Leighton give splendidly matched, sparkling performances, and until it goes flat in Act Two, their play is vintage bubbly. At the Plymouth Theater, 236 West 45th Street.

BOOKS

At the age of 85, Carl Sandburg sings out forcefully in a collection of 77 new poems called *Honey and Salt* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.75), several of which first appeared in *PLAYBOY*. The bard who put Chicago on the Muses' map back in 1916 has no plans, thank you, to lay down his lyre, or guitar, or anything else. As ever, he is an openhanded writer, more flowing than fine-polishing. His low points are his long poems: the title piece and the closing one (*Timesweep*) pound at Walt Whitman's door without really getting in. The surprise is that so many of these poems deal with love and passion—and not down memory lane, either.

I could love you
as dry roots love rain.

I could hold you
as branches in the wind
brandish petals.

With his still vigorous voice, an eye still eager for eyefuls, our octogenarian Ovid makes most of today's obscurantists sound like tired old men. May he sing on.

In his new novel, *Triumph* (Doubleday, \$4.50), Philip Wylie tells this generation what it can expect from its viperousness: a nuclear Armageddon that vipes out everybody north of the Equator. Everybody, that is, but 14 Americans who, in a Wylie manner, sneak into previously prepared catacombs beneath the hills of Connecticut. From this snug asylum they watch the holocaust on television—in color. The deluxe shelter, complete with library, radar equipment and a roller-skating rink, is the creation of Vance Farr, a farsighted multimillionaire. His baker's dozen of underground guests includes two Negroes, a Chinese girl, a Japanese man, a Jewish genius physicist and a nymphomaniac named Angelica (white). All of Wylie's women are beautiful, regardless of race, color or creed. All of his men appear to be sexually inhibited to the point of psychosis. This makes for a lot of dull moments in the catacombs. Eventually, though, virility wins out and there ensues an interracial scramble, in which everyone chooses a lover of contrasting hue. Thus mated, they emerge from their shelter to rebuild civilization along less bigoted lines. Readers will find plenty to shudder at in Wylie's description of doomsday and occasionally in the gentleman's writing style.

Win this son of Citation

he can win for you!

Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest

JUST NAME HIM AND HE'S YOURS

The most promising colt ever offered in a Derby Day Contest! His sire made racing history—Citation was the stakes winner of \$1,085,760.

CITATION	{	BULL LEA
	{	HYDROPLANE II
FAST JANE	{	FASTNET
	{	DJAINA



PAINTED BY R.S. REEVES

Just think of the thrill of owning this great thoroughbred whose sire is a big stakes champion! Citation was the first horse to top the million dollar mark!

YOU don't have to do a thing but name him! Kentucky Club will feed and care for him—and pay his board and training to July 1, 1963. Then you can race him—or sell him—we hope you make a fortune either way!

Got a name? Just limit it to 16 letters, and not more than 3 words.

PRIZES GALORE!

Winner will also receive 2 tickets to the Kentucky Derby plus hotel room for 4 days and \$1,000 for fun and expenses!

2nd and 3rd prizes: Fully-equipped 14' Glaspar 1963 Tacoma 100 boat, with a classic-



styled, dependable Johnson electric-starting Super Sea-Horse 40 h.p. outboard motor.

4th prize: \$500 cash.

Additional prizes: 50 "Eveready" Captain stainless steel weatherproof lanterns with red beacon flasher, Alkaline battery and sealed-

beam headlamp. Plus over 500 wonderful prizes.



HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST

Submit as many names as you'd like. With each entry send the complete cellophane zip-off top from the outer wrapper of any of Kentucky Club's 9 brands of tobacco. See the contest rules on the next page—and either mail in the coupon or use plain paper. Start thinking now. You may be a winner! Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight April 8, 1963.

See opposite page for full information

Kentucky Club Tobaccos... a blend for every taste.



The finest Kentucky White Burley—cube cut for coolness.



Superbly mild and aromatic, never burns hot.



Smells so good because it tastes so good.



Uniquely full bodied and rich tasting, yet pleasingly mild.



New!... menthol cool and mild with real tobacco taste.



A cool-burning, English type tobacco, distinctively aromatic.



In Fine Whiskey...
FLEISCHMANN'S
 is the BIG buy!

*The First Taste
 will tell you why!*



As every fiction writer with an eye to the best-seller list knows, one way to pave the royal road to high royalties is with concocted plots and automated characters. The art of the serious novelist lies in another, harder direction; he must create human beings out of his life's experience and then resist the temptation to manipulate them for the sake of the story. In *Past Eve and Adam's* (Atheneum, \$5.95), Thomas Curley demonstrates that he is of the second breed — a writer and not a manufacturer. His people — Phil Fay, pornographer and Bowery wino, who lifts himself out of the gutter only to be plagued by the nightmares that drove him there in the first place; his boyhood friend, Gerry Weems, striving against his own nature for success in Wall Street and a cool, conventional existence; Sid Stein, a painter who peddled Phil's feckly pictures for a commission, yet is committed irrevocably to the integrity of his own work — merge powerfully as old secrets are unearthed and new, dangerous relationships are forced upon them. In the mysticism of Phil Fay, the desperate upward-mobility of Gerry Weems and Sid Stein's devotion to his art, Thomas Curley cracks through to the deeper longings beneath the 20th Century veneer. Whether the milieu is 10th Street in New York City or a 10th generation town in New England, he knows whereof he writes; his eye is sharp and so is his prose. And his subject — the mysterious interweaving in each man's life of past and future, character and destiny — is worth all the skill and perception that went into it.

MOVIES

40 Pounds of Trouble sounds lightweight — and is. The script by Marion Hargrove, a distant descendant of an old Shirley Temple starrer (*Little Miss Marker*), is about a hot-shot gambler who has a six-year-old child left on his hands at the Lake Tahoe lottery he manages. He also has divorce and dame dilemmas and the laughs lie mostly in the tyke's toddling innocently through his money, marital and mob machinations. The high spot is a chase through Disneyland, which is just about to be hilarious when it forgets to stop. Tony Curtis is a winning casino concierge; Edward Andrews, Howard Morris, and Larry Storch comprise a sturdy staff; and in a brief appearance as a brutal boss, Phil Silvers is all gold. Director Norman Jewison keeps this candy-striped soufflé of yeggs and sugar from collapsing into an omelet.

If you're going to see only two films this year, *Lawrence of Arabia* should be

ANY 4

of these outstanding \$7.95 and \$9.95 pre-recorded 4-track

STEREO TAPES

\$5.98

FOR ONLY

RETAIL VALUE UP TO \$39.80

if you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 5 selections from the more than 150 to be offered in the coming 12 months

ROGER WILLIAMS
songs of the
SOARING '60s
Theme from Carnival
Theme from Exodus
Itsy Bitsy Bikini
—9 more [KAPP]

23. Also: The Bilbao Song, Portrait of My Love, Calcutta, etc.

WEST SIDE STORY
Original Soundtrack
[COLUMBIA] Recording

4. The winner of ten Academy Awards. Maria, Tonight, etc.

TCHAIKOVSKY: SWAN LAKE
Ballet Suite
ORMANDY
Philadelphia Orch.
Includes a Special Booklet and Rare [COLUMBIA] Illustrations

46. "Superlative playing...sumptuous sonics."—High Fidel.

ANDY WILLIAMS
SINGS
MOON RIVER
and other great movie themes
[COLUMBIA]

54. A Summer Place, Love Is A Many Splendored Thing, etc.

COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CLUB

IF YOU ARE ONE OF THE FORTUNATE PEOPLE who own 4-track stereo tape playback equipment... if you are the kind of person who gets a kick out of sensational-sounding music... if you are seeking to build an outstanding library of superb stereo tapes... here is the most generous offer ever made by the Columbia Stereo Tape Club!

By joining now, you may have ANY FOUR of the magnificently recorded 4-track stereo tapes offered here — up to a \$39.80 retail value — ALL FOUR for only \$5.98!

TO RECEIVE YOUR 4 PRE-RECORDED STEREO TAPES FOR ONLY \$5.98 — simply fill in and mail the coupon today. Be sure to indicate which Club Division best suits your musical taste: Classical or Popular.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts chooses outstanding selections for both Divisions. These selections are described in the Club Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division... or take any of the wide variety of tapes offered to members of both Divisions in the Magazine... or take no tape in any particular month.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase 5 tapes from the more than 150 to be offered in the coming 12 months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to buy any additional tapes... and you may discontinue your membership at any time.

The tapes you want are mailed and billed to you at the list price of \$7.95 (occasional Original Cast recordings somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge.

HARMONICATS
Peg O' My Heart
Deep Purple
Tenderly
—9 More
[COLUMBIA]

13. Also: Malaguena, Sabre Dance, Perfidia, Mam'selle, etc.

STRAVINSKY
conducts
The "FIREBIRD"
COMPLETE BALLET
[COLUMBIA]

45. "Brilliant performance... lush... rich."—Mus. Amer.

Star Spangled Marches
ANDRE KOSTELANETZ
Strike Up the Band
Colonel Bogey
Seventy-Six Trombones
[COLUMBIA]

21. "A fine workout for any sound system."—Billboard

The New
ANDRE KOSTELANETZ
"Wunderland of Sound"
[COLUMBIA]

15. Everybody Loves A Lover, Be My Love, Volare, 12 in all

DRFF: CARMINA BURANA
THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
soloists and chorus
ORMANDY conducting
[COLUMBIA]

35. "Superb... best recording."—Washington Post

TIME OUT
THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
[COLUMBIA]

28. "It soars and it swings... a breakthrough."—Playboy

LENER & LOEW
Camelot
RICHARD BURTON
JULIE ANDREWS
and Original Broadway Cast
[COLUMBIA]

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

Rhapsody in Blue
An American in Paris
Leonard Bernstein plays Gershwin
[COLUMBIA]

31. "Fierce impact and momentum."—N. Y. World Telegram

BOUQUET
PERCY FAITH STRINGS
Tenderly
Laura
Speak Low
plus 9 more
[COLUMBIA]

17. Also: Intermezzo, Beyond the Sea, Ebb Tide, etc.

THE DUKES OF DIXIELAND
BREAKIN' IT UP ON BROADWAY!!
[COLUMBIA]

27. If I were A Bell, From This Moment On, Lida Rose, 9 more

Bach Organ Favorites
E. Power Biggs
[COLUMBIA]

44. "Limitless pleasure, perfect in stereo."—High Fidelity

TONY BENNETT
I Left My Heart in San Francisco
Tender Is the Night
Smile - 9 more
[COLUMBIA]

55. Also: Once Upon A Time, Candy Kisses, Love For Sale, etc.

BEETHOVEN
SYMPHONIES No. 4 and 5
[COLUMBIA]
BRUNO WALTER
Columbia Symphony Orchestra

36. "No better need be sought, a Walter speciality."—Atlantic

RAY HARRISON
JULIE ANDREWS
MY FAIR LADY
ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING
[COLUMBIA]

1. "One of the best musicals of the century."—N. Y. Times

RAY CONNIF SINGERS
YOUNG AT HEART
If I Loved You
Harbor Lights
You'll Never Know
9 more
[COLUMBIA]

8. Also: "I'm In the Mood For Love, These Foolish Things, etc.

HAWAII
The Fabulous 50th State
SAM MAKIA and the Makapuu Beach Boys
[KAPP]

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

FREE TAPES
given regularly!

If you wish to continue as a member after purchasing 5 tapes, you will receive — FREE — a 4-track stereo tape of your choice for every two additional tapes you buy — a 50% dividend!



SEND NO MONEY — just mail the coupon today to receive your four pre-recorded 4-track stereo tapes — ALL FOUR for only \$5.98!

IMPORTANT NOTE: All tapes offered by the Club must be played on 4-track stereo playback equipment. If your tape recorder does not play 4-track stereo tapes, you may be able to convert it simply and economically. See your local service dealer for complete details.

COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CLUB, Terre Haute, Ind.

SEND NO MONEY—mail coupon to receive 4 tapes for \$5.98

COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CLUB, Dept. 420-3
Terre Haute, Indiana

I accept your special offer and have circled at the right the numbers of the 4 tapes I would like to receive for \$5.98, plus small mailing and handling charge. Enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

CLASSICAL POPULAR

I understand that I may select tapes from either Division. I agree to purchase five selections from the more than 150 to be offered in the coming 12 months, at list price plus small mailing and handling charge. Thereafter, if I decide to continue my membership, I am to receive a 4-track, pre-recorded tape of my choice FREE for every two additional selections I accept.

Name (PLEASE PRINT).....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

APO, FPO addresses: write for special offer
If you wish this membership credited to an established Columbia or Epic Tape dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, fill in:
Dealer's Name.....
Dealer's Address.....

CIRCLE 4 NUMBERS BELOW:

1	22	44
2	23	45
3	26	46
4	27	48
6	28	51
8	31	53
13	35	54
15	36	55
17	41	
21	43	

45-9C

MORE JOHNNY'S GREATEST HITS
Small World
A Certain Smile
plus 10 more
[COLUMBIA]
JOHNNY MATHEIS

6. Also: Stairway To The Stars; Teacher, Teacher; etc.

BEETHOVEN
Piano Concerto No. 5
"Emperor"
LEON FLEISHER
SZELL
CLEVELAND ORCH.
[COLUMBIA]

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

QUIET VILLAGE
The Exotic Sounds of
MARTIN DENNY
LIBERTY

51. Pagan Love Song, Hawaiian War Chant, Happy Talk, 9 more

THE BLUE DANUBE
A Johann Strauss Festival
[COLUMBIA]
PHILADELPHIA ORCH. • ORMANDY

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

SONGS OF THE NORTH & SOUTH
1861-1865
[COLUMBIA]
Mormon Tabernacle Choir

43. Dixie, Aura Lee, Battle Hymn of the Republic, 13 in all

FIRST TIME!
DUKE ELLINGTON
MEETS
COUNT BASIE
[COLUMBIA]

26. "Walloping ensembles and stirring solos."—High Fidel.

FINLANDIA
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA • NORMAN TABERNACLE CHOR
EUGENE ORMANDY
plus-Vocal Trios • Swedish Rhapsody • Peer Gynt Suite No. 1
[COLUMBIA]

53. "Electrifying performance... overwhelming."—HiFi Rev.

MARY MARTIN
in
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
THE SOUND OF MUSIC
with Original Broadway Cast
[COLUMBIA]

2. "Every number is fresh and charming."—New York Post

ROCKY MARCIANO

-Chin of Iron



-except when he shaves!

I kept 'taking it on the chin' from my razor—until I found new

afta®

MENNEN aftershave lotion
that conditions...heals...protects

Great new formula soothes...zesty new scent stimulates! New **afta**—Mennen's no-sting aftershave—conditions dry and easily irritated skin, keeps it soft, pliable for easy shaving comfort day after day.

New **afta** soothes razor-rawness, helps heal nicks and cuts. Guards against sun, wind, chapping, too!



In handy new squeeze-flask!



NO STING • NO BURN • MENNEN afta

both of them. It's twice as long as most movies (with intermission, just over four hours) and twice as gorgeous; and it treats a superb subject with intelligence and insight. The story follows T. E. Lawrence from early 1917, when he was a map maker for British Intelligence in Cairo, to his first expedition to Prince Feisal and his revving-up of the Arab revolt, his tortuous trek to 'Aqaba, his railroad raiding, his capture by degenerate Turks, his release, and his taking of Damascus. Through all this action moves the fascinating figure of Lawrence, heroic but humane, modest but maniacal, brooding but bloody: a hooded Hamlet seeking his destiny with soul and scimitar. The script by Robert (*Man for All Seasons*) Bolt is the most literate screen original in recent memory. Peter O'Toole, of the Stratford (England) Shakespeare company, makes Lawrence credible as man and superman. Omar Sharif, Egypt's top film actor, plays his friend Ali with moody masculinity, and Anthony Quinn, despite his Brooklynese, is a commanding Arab commander. Alec Guinness (Feisal), Jack Hawkins (General Allenby), Anthony Quayle (a conventional colonel), Claude Rains (a deft diplomat), Arthur Kennedy (a coarse correspondent)—all are expert as is Fred A. Young's Panavision Technicolor photography. Director David Lean comprehends character and camel charges, desert vista and visceral drama. At last—a spectacular for grownups.

Days of Wine and Roses is really about nights of Four Roses and wine. Jack Lemmon plays a San Francisco PR pro who is sipping his way to success when he induces his girl (Lee Remick) to try a brandy alexander; what's sauce for the gander is sauce for the soon-gone goose. Before long they are married and share a small child and a large habit; thirst come, thirst served. In overdue course Lemmon is out on his empty beer can and man and wife are trying to make a fresh start at her father's plant nursery down the coast. But he sneaks in a couple of bottles, and they are soon off to all pints west. He winds up in a violent ward and, eventually, Alcoholics Anonymous. After more dousings and dryings, he makes it to shore, but the wife says she just can't face the idea of life without another drink: so she goes *Off Into the Night* . . . The unhappy use of happy juice is no laughing matter, but O.P. Miller's script from his TV play is an unwieldy combo of an 1890 temperance message and the *Lost Weekend Revisited*, of trite preachment and equally trite "frank" sequences. When Lemmon starts searching for a buried bottle in the hothouse, we know

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in the first three seconds what the scene's going to be — and it goes on for three minutes. Jack is a top talent, but director Blake Edwards hasn't been able to get the right twist of Lemmon into this whiskey-soured story.

"The day is coming when Cossacks will have something better to do than carry horses around the house!" That's a fair sample of the dialog — and doings — in *Taras Bulba*, a Shubert-show version of Nikolai Gogol's fierce and flavorful novel. There are punches aplenty, literally and visually, hands lopped off with sabers, and wounds cauterized with vodka, then ignited to make flesh *flambé* — all in epic Eastmancolor. The Cossack classic tells of a way-out 15th Century Ukrainian warrior and his two sons, Andrei and Ostap, who help to sweep the steppes free of galloping Poles. Ostap is just a run-of-the-military madman; love leads Andrei to treason and a bullet from pa's pistol. The exteriors, jumping with exotic extras, were filmed in Argentina, where gorgeous scenery pampas the eye. The whole swashbuckling circus must be taken with a grain of somersault, but Yul Brynner makes a fairly electric Bulba, and Tony Curtis is amiable and acrobatic as Andrei. Christine Kaufmann, a serenely beautiful German girl, is the object of Andrei's understandable affection.

L'Avventura and *La Notte* were the first two parts of Michelangelo Antonioni's trilogy about modern man trying to *be* a man in the modern world; now the trio is completed with *Eclipse*. The films are linked in theme, not in story or characters — although Monica Vitti again plays the lead. An ultrachic chick from a district of Rome that looks like a Design for Tomorrow, she lives her life in sheath dresses against a background of abstract paintings. As we meet her, she is breaking up with a lover. No solid 19th Century argument; she simply falls out of love with him. (The picture begins with a three-minute silence in the room where they've been talking.) She drifts; and one day she drifts to the Borsa, the Roman stock exchange, where she meets a young broker (Alain Delon) who frolics in the money market like a dolphin in his private pool. The two circle one another warily yet winningly for a few days as they fall in love. At story's end, they are happy, but the girl is convinced that this love, too, cannot last. The picture finishes with another three or four minutes of silence: just twilight shots of that up-to-the-next-minute neighborhood — the spatial and spiritual environment in which man is alien and ailing. Until we come to terms with our world, Antonioni is asking, how can we be real enough to love? *Eclipse* is not as terribly moving as the first two films of the set because Miss Vitti's char-

acter is more symbolic than specific, that is, she's a person with individual as well as Western-world problems. But the film is miraculously made, and the frenzied scenes of the Borsa prove Antonioni a master of movement as well as mood.

John Huston's *Freud* is less a biography of a man than of an idea — from the time young Sigmund gives up neurology for research until, secure in self-knowledge, he strikes into the psyche. Most of the film centers on Freud's treatment of Cecily Koertner (a combination of several classic cases), and the discovery and diagnosis of his own neurosis. It is only a matter of time before he gets to the Oedipus complex and shakes those old Vienna walls. Montgomery Clift gives Freud everything he has, which is enough to make him sincere if not scintillating. Susannah York, the sick Cecily, is captivating in her trauma and Liebes-trauma, and Susan Kohner clings properly as Freud's vinelike wife. The script by Charles Kaufman and Wolfgang Reinhardt simplifies but is solid, seizing every chance to make the internal drama intense, and the fine photography of Douglas Slocombe views Vienna and visions with equal skill. Though it wobbles occasionally, John Huston has achieved something of a filmic monument to a monumental achievement.

Laurence Olivier, who sometimes thinks he isn't acting unless he has an accent and an altered face, proves in *Term of Trial* that all he really needs is an old tweed jacket. As a schoolmaster gone to seed, he takes root and grows in this story of a man who has spent his life trying to have the courage not to be stupidly courageous. Now, married to a French woman and to Scotch whisky, needled by one and nourished by the other, he teaches in a Midlands town. Out of the goodness of his rather leaky heart he gives private lessons to a 15-year-old (girl) pupil, who promptly gets carried away. He gently but firmly carries her back — which is just what she doesn't want. In very feminine revenge, she lies to her mother, who thereupon tells the police that the Prof assaulted her child. Even in the trap of seeming truth, he manages to stay as concerned for the kid as for himself. The plot lines are slow to come to a point and the tricky ending is trifling, but Olivier's performance is high perfect. His final outburst at the trial makes the black-and-white screen flare. Simone Signoret, the wife, rooms at the top again with a thinner part and a plumper face, and Sara Miles, the girl, scores with the role if not with her teacher. Peter Glenville, who adapted James Barlow's novel and directed, makes a good try, even if he doesn't always cross the line from OK to KO.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My playmate has given me an imported wicker picnic set that fits into the back of my Jaguar. So, I'm expressing my thanks by taking her on a picnic. It may as well be a first-cabin affair. What would you say should be the menu? — P. Y., Bronxville, New York.

To go with the Jag and the picnic basket, go with an aristocratic British-type picnic menu:

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Apple Tarts

Hot French Roast Coffee

Irish Mist Liqueur

I'm headed for a short stay at Ocho Rios, Jamaica, and plan to take along my Bermuda shorts. When wearing them, what determines the length of one's socks? Is it simply a function of temperature, or what? — H. B., Augusta, Maine.

No, it's a function of activity. Knee-high socks should be donned after five o'clock when a jacket is worn with the shorts. Socks of mid-calf length should be worn for informal daytime doings. Short socks should be reserved for active sports wear. Incidentally, rather than pack your shorts you might want to buy a couple of pairs on the island itself, where an excellent local product is available in the popular Jamaican length.

Being a ski instructor, I get to meet different young women every week. The girls I teach are usually pretty, if not beautiful, and most of them wear very expensive, sexy outfits that apparently give an excellent idea of the wearer's structure — or so I thought. The sad fact is that when I have gotten together with some of them, in the wee hours of the morning, I have more than once found to my surprise that I have been cheated — that is, nature had been improved upon by some strategically positioned upholstery. My question involves the proper etiquette when confronted with such a discovery. Do I ignore it, or do I have the right to be angry? — B. H., Stowe, Vermont.

Ignore it. It's as natural and proper for a flat-chested girl to put up a false

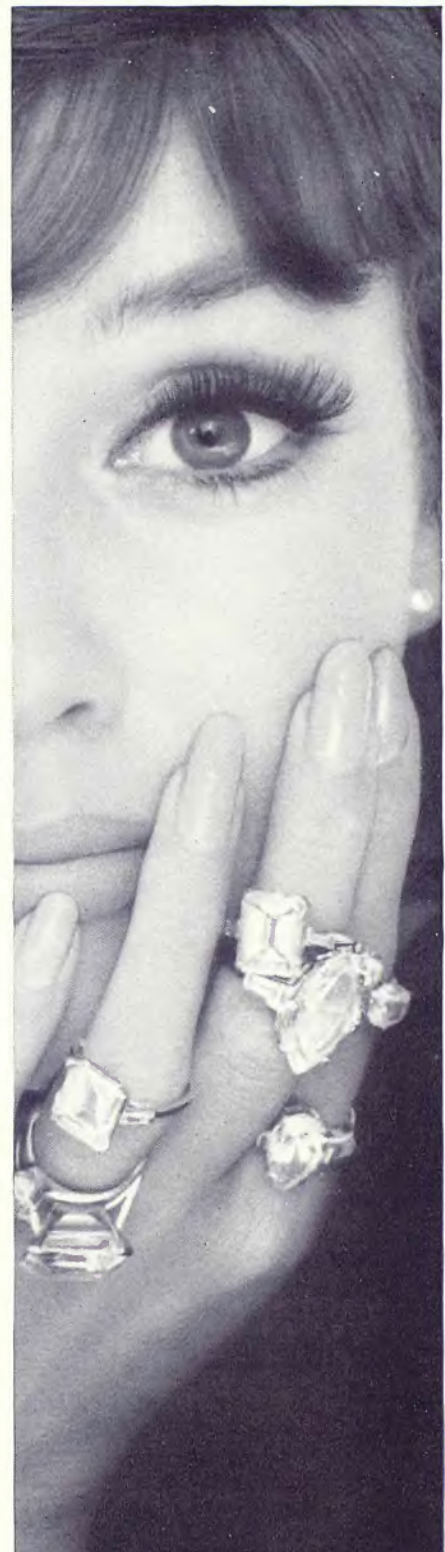
front as it is to wear lipstick and eye make-up. You wouldn't want to spend time with a girl who didn't think enough of herself to try to be as attractively dressed as possible, would you? We once heard of a popular movie queen who even had falsies sewn into her nightgowns, but that, of course, is carrying things a bit too far. Hide your disappointment and enjoy. After all, the proofs not in the padding, but in the performance.

Since moving to Wilmette, Illinois, last fall, I've heard from several sources that this is the wealthiest community in the land. Judging from all visible standards of living — houses, cars, furs, etc. — I can well believe it. Is there any richer in the U. S.? — O. M., Wilmette, Illinois.

Just one. Shaker Heights, Ohio (a suburb of Cleveland), has a median family income of \$13,933 per annum. Wilmette jingles in second with \$13,661.

On my last vacation, I met a very attractive and charming Danish girl who is working as an airline stewardess on the trans-Atlantic run. While this chick is one of the most stimulating (intellectually as well as physically) I've ever met, and I date her just about every time she's in town, she has one annoying habit that's really beginning to get to me: When we reach the demitasse-and-brandied stage of dinner, she invariably produces a small cigar and proceeds to light up. This bugs me on two counts: It looks unfeminine and it always draws stares from the occupants of neighboring tables. Trying not to be too stuffy, I've pointed out to her that in this country girls just don't smoke stogies. She's replied that this is a silly convention, that women in Copenhagen think nothing of smoking cigars in public, and that she sees no earthly reason why she should not be allowed to take her smoking pleasure over here as well. In short, she's made it clear that she's the independent type. Any suggestions on how I can get her to break the cigar habit? — P. C., New York, New York.

Next time out, bring along a pack of potent French or Turkish cigarettes, and urge — nicely, but firmly — that she smoke one of them in lieu of her customary cigar. If she's as savvy as you say — and as feminine — she'll accede, especially since the effort involved in your thoughtful provision of a substitute smoke should help her realize how strongly you consider cigar puffing unbecoming and — in public — embarrassing as well.



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Three months ago I started dating a magnificent Amazon who's a dancer in the front lines at a main-stem nightery. We have a lot of laughs together and a fine physical rapport, and while she's not exactly the kind of girl I'd want to bring home to mother, for the time being life is great. Believe it or not, I'm even helping her to study philosophy. There's just one flaw in all of this: At 6'1", the girl and I stand eye-to-eye, barefoot, but with chic spike heels she is a good 3" taller than I. Needless to say, this occasions stares wherever we go. I'm beginning to wonder if I'm making an ass of myself by dating her in public. Do you feel there is something inherently ludicrous in a guy squiring a chick several inches taller than he?—S. L., New York, New York.


Of course not. If a couple gets along, the question of relative height is totally irrelevant. In all likelihood, it's not the girl's altitude that is causing all the commotion, but her good looks. So enjoy the stares—they are a compliment to you and the beauty on your arm.

My girl recently bought a sporty blue Sprite and is so nuts about it that now when we set out on a date she insists that we take her car, not mine. Not only that—she pleads with me to let her do the driving. I'm all for letting her have her fun and all that, but I just don't feel right sitting idly by while she works us through traffic. It bothers me—but I also realize that I may be making a mountain out of a molehill. Am I?—D. M., San Francisco, California.

No—your malaise is legitimate. While there's no harm in letting her play Jeeves once or twice, thereafter you should put yourself back in the driver's seat. Point out to her that she has ample opportunity for driving her car when she is by herself, and add that it is as improper for her to be chauffeuring you about town as it would be if she paid the check for your next night out.

A certain girl and I have been close friends for the past five years. During this period the girl has gone out with a number of different fellows, but not had a serious affair with any until about a year and a half ago. Then it happened: she fell deeply in love with a guy who doesn't have a very promising future, and who treated her badly at times. She had strong hopes that they would marry, but then he got another girl pregnant and married her instead. To make matters worse, just before the romance went on the rocks the girl was told by her parents that she is an adopted child. As you can imagine, all of this had an ad-



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verse effect on her. I now find myself falling in love with her. But our relationship is in a twilight zone of mixed friendship, love and retrogression. We are both persons with a defensive nature, she not declaring her feelings because she does not want to be hurt again, and I not declaring my feelings because I'm afraid of making a mistake and losing her. I sense that she wants to marry me someday, even though she hasn't said it. The trouble is that when I show too much interest in her she retreats, and when I act indifferently toward her she becomes aggressive — we just can't get together. For the past two weeks I've acted as though I hate her, but two nights ago we made love for the first time. Thinking that things were about to move forward, I have treated her with extra warmth since that night. Now she is moving away from me again. Just what do I do? — P. F., Phoenix, Arizona.

Treat her with all the tenderness you can muster. The girl has obviously been dealt two severe psychic wounds which will require time to heal. At the moment she fears committing herself to you (with the associated vulnerability) as much as she fears losing you. Confronted by your patience and gentle understanding, trust should grow, and the fear of emotional overexposure may gradually fade away. Although you don't ask, we can't in good conscience predict a successful marriage for the two of you and it would certainly be a mistake to marry until such time as the relationship is on a far sounder emotional relationship. Don't hope that marriage itself may somehow solve your emotional problems. It won't.

Is there a correct side (i.e., right or left) on which to: (a) part the hair, (b) tilt a hat to a slightly rakish angle, (c) crook a furred umbrella over the arm? Same for: (d) the hand on which to wear a class ring, (e) the vest pocket in which to carry a pocket watch, and (f) the wrist on which to wear a wristwatch. — S. S., Woonsocket, Rhode Island.

Choose sides as follows: (a) left preferred, but choice is yours unless a pronounced hair spiral dictates one side or the other; (b) right preferred; (c) left preferred; (d) left hand, little finger, preferred; (e) right preferred; (f) left for right-handers, and vice versa.

What's the best way of surreptitiously learning a new date's birthday, without questioning her relatives? — T. A., Clifton, New Jersey.

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A while back you gave several theories on the origin of the word *cocktail*. What explanation, if any, do you have for *highball*? — C. M., Lynchburg, Virginia.

In American bartender argot during the Gay Nineties, all glasses were called balls. Inevitably, tall glasses used for such potables as whiskey and soda came to be called highballs.

I have on my hands what I believe to be a classic reverse of the age-old problem of respect (or lack of same) toward women. Some months back I began to date a young lady whom I had known casually through family ties for many years. We got on very well—so well, in fact, that it was soon clear to me that we were in love. Finally, on one memorable night, things got started and before we knew what was what, the proverbial moment of truth was imminent. Summoning all my will power, I played the part of a perfect gentleman and, in what I thought to be a very diplomatic manner, ceased and desisted. Well, that did it—on came the tears and the accusations that I thought she wasn't good enough for me. Despite all explanations about my honorable intentions, she stormed off in a huff and I haven't seen her since. Now I am beginning to hear through mutual friends that she has been saying that I am passive, a latent homo, that I couldn't make the grade with her, etc. I want to know what I did wrong. I mean, doesn't a girl want respect? Doesn't the gentleman's code count for anything anymore? — D. P., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

You're getting exactly what you deserve. Rather than upholding any "gentleman's code," you've violated it by your humiliating refusal of the girl's ultimate gift. Next time around, try to remember that a gentleman may be defined as one who never needlessly inflicts pain or humiliation. People like you give chivalry a bad name. You can be grateful for this much, however: if the girl is now talking about the matter to friends, she is so insensitive that any meaningful relationship with her would have been impossible and probably would have ended in grief.

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



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BERTRAND RUSSELL

a candid conversation with Britain's impassioned pacifist

If the long and stormy life of Bertrand Arthur William Russell can be said to possess any unifying thread, it is an enduring attitude of passionate skepticism, a lifelong refusal to accept any truth as immutable, any law as infallible or any faith as sacred. During the nine decades of his dedication to dissent, the erudite Earl Russell, a member of the House of Lords, has been awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in recognition of his pioneering research in mathematical philosophy and symbolic logic, and honored with Britain's distinguished Order of Merit for service to his country. But he has also been reviled as an enemy of religion and the flag; jailed for his ring-leadership of passively nonviolent demonstrations against nuclear armament; and variously extolled and execrated for his contentious convictions on free love, women's suffrage, sex education, pacifism and preventive war.

As the *London Times* wrote last May on the occasion of Lord Russell's 90th birthday, "for every one who grasps even the outline of his contribution to mathematical logic, 10,000 wear the little but-

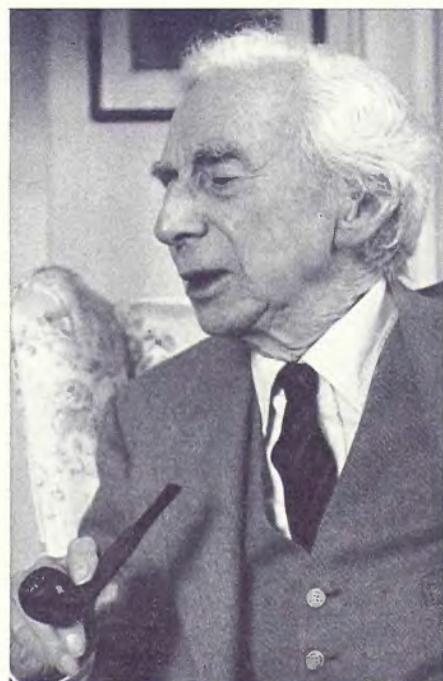
ton that he wears." The button is the badge of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, a militantly antimilitary movement of which he is the combative champion. As spiritual leader of the famed Committee of 100, a ban-the-bomb group that commands widespread popular support in Britain, he has also earned international eminence—and a brief prison term for civil disobedience—as the most articulate agitator for the controversial cause of unilateral disarmament. In October 1957, he published an open appeal to the great powers for a cessation of nuclear testing which won worldwide headlines when both Nikita Khrushchev and John Foster Dulles responded with public replies. Russell unexpectedly became an active intermediary between East and West at a critical moment during the recent Cuban crisis when Premier Khrushchev, in a personal reply to a cabled appeal from Russell, gave the first public indication of his intention to avoid rash action in responding to the American arms blockade.

After a conversation with Russell four decades before this momentous interven-

tion, T.S. Eliot described how "his dry and passionate talk devoured the afternoon." And so it did early this winter in a three-hour interview with *PLAYBOY* at his secluded home in the mountains of North Wales; the venerable philosopher discussed his fears and hopes for the world with the luminous lucidity which inspired one reporter to write, "He is all flame and no ash. He has a brain that burns when you come near it." Puffing determinedly on a blackened briar, cleaving the air with energetic gestures and pounding his chair arm periodically with an emphatic fist—his deeply creased, hawklike visage animated with intense conviction beneath the familiar shock of unruly white hair—he spoke with ominous eloquence, and a final ray of hope, of the nightmare of atomic annihilation that has haunted his waking thoughts and commandeered his considerable energies since the explosion of the first hydrogen bomb at Eniwetok. In October 1961—after a decade of mounting personal outcry against the unabating arms race—Russell warned his uneasy listeners at a ban-the-bomb



"I feel that the human race may well become extinct before the end of the present century. Speaking as a mathematician, I should say that the odds are about three to one against survival."



"People may think themselves safe in their deep shelters; but they will roast. Governments must be made to give up the habit of lying in order to persuade people to die quietly."



"When I was young, I set out with the belief that love could conquer the world. I perhaps thought that the road to a free and happy world would be shorter than it has turned out to be."

rally in London's Trafalgar Square that they would be lucky if any of them were alive in a year's time. That year has passed, and nuclear holocaust has not yet overtaken us. We began our interview by reminding Lord Russell of this prophetic miscalculation.

PLAYBOY: Inasmuch as the world has successfully survived the year since your Trafalgar Square address, Lord Russell, would you care to revise your estimate of the likelihood of an atomic war?

I said at Trafalgar Square that we would need luck as things were, and we have been extremely lucky so far. But I don't see any reason to be optimistic. I still feel that the human race may well become extinct before the end of the present century. Speaking as a mathematician, I should say that the odds are about three to one against survival. The risk of war by accident—an unintended war triggered by an explosive situation such as that in Cuba—remains and indeed grows greater all the time. For every day we continue to live, remain able to act, we must be profoundly grateful.

PLAYBOY: In a scathing reference to President Kennedy, Premier Khrushchev and Prime Minister Macmillan, you said in 1961 that "they are the wickedest people who have ever lived in the history of man, and it is our duty to do what we can against them." Did you actually mean to say that Kennedy, Khrushchev and Macmillan are the worst of a gallery of villains which includes Hitler and Attila?

RUSSELL: That was an arithmetical statement. Just as it is a wicked thing for one man to murder another, it is 10 times as wicked to murder 10 others, and 1,000,000 times more wicked to be responsible for the death of 1,000,000 men. No man in history has ever had the chance to murder on such a scale. In the past there have been long and bitter wars that caused appalling destruction, but at the end there were still people who could build again. Today we face the prospect of total obliteration in a single day. If mankind is to survive at all, intelligent people must learn to think and act in a less provocative manner than in former times.

PLAYBOY: Did not the avoidance of nuclear war over Cuba last October reassure you about the prudence and restraint of both Kennedy and Khrushchev?

RUSSELL: There *are* signs that the politicians are beginning to realize the implications of the power they wield. But they have not fully assimilated them. So much seems to depend on very personal factors with politicians—even on what they have had for breakfast and whether they have indigestion when they have to make some important decision. What I am

saying is this: When two great powers disagree about anything—it doesn't matter what—they must find a way to settle it somehow by arbitration or by negotiation, not by war or threat of war. We know only too well that if you threaten someone with war and he doesn't give way, then you may find yourself committed either to war or to backing down—and *that* choice has almost always been resolved by war. The Berlin crisis is a case in point. Here the Russians have been somewhat aggressive; they are trying to secure a change in the status of West Berlin by what amounts to threats of war. In the case of the Cuban crisis, on the other hand, Khrushchev has shown himself to be less belligerent than Kennedy, and in effect, at a crucial moment last October, was responsible for avoiding a war of nuclear devastation. Full credit must be given to him for this. He acted with great restraint in a crisis of the first magnitude. I hope it may pre-empt similar responses should the Berlin question reach a comparable peak of crisis. The essential thing to understand is that no conceivable solution to any problem is worse than a nuclear war. It is necessary to realize before it is too late that any act—whatever its motive or rationale—is to be considered wicked if the consequence is an atomic holocaust.

PLAYBOY: What do you believe was the effect of your own personal intervention with Khrushchev—via your much publicized cable appealing for Russian prudence in responding to the American blockade of Cuba?

RUSSELL: He carried out the promise he made in the letter replying to my cable—the promise to do nothing rash that would risk conflict. Within hours of my communication, 12 Soviet ships had turned back from their Cuban destination and Khrushchev had stopped further shipment. This left Cuba illegally blockaded in violation of international law. I believe that if a blockade is defensible when applied to Cuba, then the precedent can be applied also to Berlin and even to Britain, which is an advanced American nuclear base. America should remember the War of 1812 when the United States would not tolerate a British blockade. This is the very heart of what I have been saying for years: If nuclear bases are intolerable in Cuba, then they are intolerable anywhere in the world. Nuclear bases threaten the survival of mankind and the Cuban crisis has shown us how very close we are to annihilation.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Russian position on Berlin may bring us closer still?

RUSSELL: I can't tell. There are all these different possibilities. There is *intended* war, resorted to when one side really thinks it can win. That is the least likely cause in this case. Then there is escala-

tion—a little war growing into a big one. There is also threat and counter-threat, where each side hopes the other will give way—a course inevitably bringing such dangerous factors as prestige and national pride into play. But what is most likely in Berlin or elsewhere is simply war by misinterpretation. You may get a meteor or something like that showing up on a radar screen, and someone will press the button. There is no time to consider. It could so easily happen, in a day, in a moment . . .

PLAYBOY: Can you make any estimate of the destructive consequences of such a disastrous "misinterpretation"?

RUSSELL: This is a question for experts, though all experts are biased. For an uninformed person such as me, it is very difficult to make any precise forecast. But I could give you a *minimum* estimate. I believe you must generally estimate that, at the very least, the price of nuclear war would be that half the population of both America and Russia, plus the whole of the population of Western Europe and Britain, would be wiped out.

PLAYBOY: You are the outspoken advocate of unilateral disarmament for Britain. Is this cause, as some critics have asserted, simply a means whereby Britain can escape the destruction of nuclear war through neutrality?

RUSSELL: By no means. I regard it as a means to rid Britain of a very awkward commitment. Authorities feel that Britain adds absolutely nothing to the military strength of America, that America would be better off without us. I agree. It would not weaken NATO one atom. What I want to see is a concerted attempt by the neutral nations to achieve an accommodation between East and West. The influence of the neutrals would be immensely strengthened if Britain were one of them. We have a very long political experience. With the exception of the Scandinavian countries, we are perhaps more sensible politically than others. We could play a very great part. But I don't see much chance that we shall. In any case, I do not advocate unilateralism solely for Britain; I see it as a step toward wider disarmament. Fear is very much a part of the incentive for armaments. If the fear were removed, each side would be more reasonable. I think that if the West were to voluntarily divest itself of nuclear weapons as a token of its peaceful intentions—this would greatly impress the Russians. They would then feel that they had nothing to fear and that they could enormously reduce their own expenditure on armaments. They would spend their money on consumer goods instead.

PLAYBOY: Does your disarmament plan involve also the abandonment of conventional weapons?

RUSSELL: We should not interfere with

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conventional weapons unless there is general nuclear disarmament. We would then discard all but a very small number of conventional weapons.

PLAYBOY: It has been said by some political observers that this eventuality will remain entirely academic as long as the U.S. continues to insist on inspection without disarmament, and the U.S.S.R. on disarmament without inspection. Would you agree or disagree with this appraisal?

RUSSELL: It does rather look that way. One side says that America is to blame for the stalemate and the other says Russia is responsible. You get the same sort of explanation in both countries. That, roughly speaking, has been the excuse for not reaching agreement. But I think the true explanation lies deeper than that. Neither side *wants* agreement, and they have to have something plausible to disagree about. You must realize that in both countries there are political and military factions—lobbies, if you like—which exert powerful pressure for extremist policies. On both sides they consist of people with interests in armaments and all the apparatus of preparation for war. There are military commanders in power on both sides, and their vested interest is in exercising that power. In fact, military people carry much more weight in the making of policy than does public opinion.

PLAYBOY: Would you say, then, considering this climate of opinion within as well as between Russia and America, that there is any realistic hope of drafting a global disarmament plan which would be acceptable to both sides?

RUSSELL: No, not at present. There is no possibility of attaining or sustaining general disarmament until East-West tension has lessened.

PLAYBOY: In 1957 you wrote in *The New Statesman*, the liberal British journal, an appeal to Premier Khrushchev and then-President Eisenhower for just such a lessening of world tension, to which both the Russian leader and John Foster Dulles responded with public reassurances. Six years have elapsed since then without a noticeable decline in global strife and division. At this critical moment in the cold war, would you care to make another such appeal—perhaps suggesting specific ways in which relations can be improved—to Khrushchev and President Kennedy?

RUSSELL: If I were to make another such appeal, I would have to begin by repeating what I said in 1957. I should say simply to both men: "You seem anxious to destroy the world, to create vast misery and total destruction. All this preparation for war is childish—and suicidal. If you could only begin to tolerate each other, you would be perfectly happy." I would go on to suggest that the overridingly urgent necessity is to come to

an agreement; this is far more important than the precise form the agreement takes. Last summer I sent a message to Moscow in which I expressed the wish that in all negotiations between East and West, the negotiator for the Communists should begin by saying that the universal victory of capitalism would be less disastrous than nuclear war. At the same time, the Western spokesman should start by admitting that the universal victory of communism would be preferable to the destruction of mankind. In a speech last July, Khrushchev singled out this suggestion and said that he entirely agreed. I was rather pleased. I would suggest further that the likelihood of war could be lessened immeasurably if both sides would place a great deal more emphasis on the ghastly destructiveness of war. At present the major organs of publicity in both East and West are inclined to make the public believe that nuclear war wouldn't really be so terrible after all. That is why I am opposed to Civil Defense preparations. They are diabolical inventions calculated to tell lies and to deceive. Everyone who knows anything knows that. People may think themselves safe in their deep shelters—but they will roast. Governments must be made to give up the habit of lying in order to persuade people to die quietly. Thirdly, I would strongly recommend an agreement on both sides not to teach that the other side is wicked. For Americans, communism is the Devil; for the Russians, capitalism is the Devil. The truth is that neither is wickeder than the other. They are both wicked.

PLAYBOY: Do you see no difference between the moral positions of America and Russia?

RUSSELL: No. They *both* have abominable systems. I am inclined to prefer the American system, but only because it is more allied with what I am used to. If I had been born a Russian, probably I should prefer the Russian system.

PLAYBOY: Have your views changed since you returned from a trip to Russia in 1920 to write one of the earliest and sharpest criticisms of the Soviet regime?

RUSSELL: I still take exactly the same view. Up to the time of Stalin's death, it was really quite horrible. Since then, I think, things have not been quite so bad—though I still don't care for the Soviet system at all. I just don't happen to like the American system either. The Americans tell you they stand for freedom: What they mean is that you must be quite willing to perish in order to be free in hell. In Russia they punish you if you espouse capitalism; in America they punish you if you espouse communism. What is the difference? But it is not worthwhile for us to go into the question of whether Russia or America has the better system. There are merits

and demerits on both sides. The only important matter is to find some way of compromise between them which will avoid war. At present each has an entirely melodramatic conception of the other, and I think that the Russian Government in particular encourages this view by not allowing Russian tourists to visit other countries except in small organized groups. The same applies to Western visitors in Russia. This is a great pity. But there also seems to be some kind of fear in the West that if you get to know Communists, you will begin to admire them and finally be won over by them. Not a bit of it. There is simply no other way to achieve on each side an understanding of the real nature of the other. I would suggest finally in my appeal that both Kennedy and Khrushchev consider the merits of a plan whereby the neutral nations would appoint a small, permanent body, well-informed on world affairs, which would investigate every dispute—such as Berlin, India or Cuba—and give an objective opinion on how it should be settled without favoritism to either side. Each settlement proposed, of course, would have to be as far as possible one that will be acceptable to the public in the countries concerned. Perhaps it could then develop into a permanent organization composed of three *different* groups: East, West and neutral. It seems to me that whichever side was more reasonable would win the support of the neutrals. Something of this sort has got to develop if we hope to reduce the deadly danger of war. Such a three-pronged body could be a step toward truly effective world government. But of course that won't be for a long time. At first it would be merely advisory. After a century of advice, it might begin to acquire a measure of authority.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider it possible to strive for these same aims *without* waiting a century—by relying on the UN?
RUSSELL: It can't be done through the UN as it is now, because the UN does not embrace China. Its exclusion is a colossal stupidity. The veto also is an absurdity. Some nations, moreover, are very much more powerful and more populous than others, and you cannot invest a little nation with the same weight as a big nation. What you will have to do is divide the world into regions. You might, for example, have North America as one group, Europe as another, Russia as a third, China as a fourth, and so on. You would have to work it out with a view to making it more or less equally balanced in population. And the various regions ought to be so constituted that their internal relations would be foremost in importance and their relations to the outer world secondary in importance. I would leave each region complete autonomy for its own affairs. The world



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government would become involved only when there were contests or disputes with other regions. We shall not long survive without some such system.

PLAYBOY: On a personal level, why have you chosen to adopt a policy of civil disobedience as a means of promoting the cause of peace?

RUSSELL: Purely to get attention. All the major organs of publicity are against us. It was extremely difficult to get any attention at all until we resorted to it. I have no views in principle either for or against civil disobedience. It has always been practiced at different times and places. With me it is purely a practical question of whether to do it or not, a method of propaganda.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the authorities have the moral right to prosecute and imprison those involved in such non-violent demonstrations for peace—as they have done to you?

RUSSELL: I have no right to complain about being punished for breaking the law. I complain only if I am not permitted to break it. I recognize that if you go outside the law you cannot complain if it is made a little awkward for you, but it ought to be possible to do so. If I suddenly took it into my head that I wanted to assassinate the Queen, then I should expect to be punished. You do that sort of thing with full foreknowledge of the consequences.

PLAYBOY: You were recently threatened with expulsion from the Labor Party for urging Western representatives to attend a Moscow "peace" conference and state their views. Aren't such occasions always turned to their own advantage by the Communists?

RUSSELL: On the contrary. Members of the Committee of 100 went to Moscow last summer and presented their point of view very effectively indeed. They got publicity both inside and outside of Russia. Many Americans have asked me why I don't preach my ideas to the Russians as well as to the West, and the answer is that I *do*. Certainly the Russians disagree with much of what I say, but I have found it just as easy—or as difficult—to get publicity for my views in the Soviet press as in the English press. The question I wondered about was whether they had bowdlerized what I said. I have taken the trouble to get translations of what they printed and found that they have been completely faithful. They have not altered a scrap.

PLAYBOY: In addition to disseminating your views personally on both sides of the Iron Curtain, you were the initiator of a series of peace conferences, of which the first was held in Pugwash, Nova Scotia, between groups of scientists from East and West. What positive results do you feel have emerged from these symposia?

RUSSELL: They have made a contribution toward informed opinion. For one thing, as a result, the test-ban negotiations came very much closer to success than they would otherwise have done. But the Pugwash meetings have not accomplished as much as one might have hoped. There was a lack of effective publicity. The public won't listen to informed opinion. They want uninformed opinion.

PLAYBOY: In 1916, you were fined £100 by the Lord Mayor of London for circulating a pacifistic leaflet which the law deemed "likely to prejudice the recruiting and discipline of His Majesty's Forces." Your intention, you said then, "was to procure, if possible, a change in the law, or failing that, to secure a change in administration." Does the same intention motivate your current antiwar activities?

RUSSELL: Yes. Then, of course, I was defending the rights of conscientious objectors in World War I. I do not wholly share their views, but I felt, and still feel, that one should respect their convictions. They believe what I do not believe: that it is wicked to take part in *any* war, however righteous the cause. I supported the war against Hitler, and have become a pacifist today largely because of the destructiveness of nuclear warfare.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of this destructiveness in psychological terms, you have said that Kennedy, Khrushchev, Macmillan and other world leaders "are driven irrationally into policies which may effectively end human life on this planet." If their judgment is so irrational, Lord Russell, what is the point of your attempts to dissuade them on *rational* grounds from precipitating war?

RUSSELL: Even less is to be gained, I think, by the West's continuing campaign to remake the East in its own image, and by the East's unrelenting efforts to do the same with the West. The change—an attitude of mutual concession in an atmosphere of mutual understanding—has got to come from within each country, from within each individual. It is to this end that I persist in my appeal. When I made such an appeal to Khrushchev last October, the Cuban situation had changed the world situation very much for the worse, and I felt it necessary to make a last effort. His response was more than I could have hoped for: he showed himself willing to act cautiously in very difficult circumstances. I will continue to maintain communication with him for the purpose of facilitating a settlement.

PLAYBOY: Even if a nuclear conflict is avoided, either through disarmament or a continuing balance of power, Khrushchev has made it clear that future "peaceful co-existence" will entail a continuing nonviolent struggle on the ideological front and an intensified

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campaign of economic competition which he predicts will eventually "bury" us. What posture do you feel the West should adopt in combating this threat? **RUSSELL:** Neither of these conflicting interests will be arbitrated equitably and amicably until we have a truly representative and authoritative world government. In the absence of one, it will be a tug-of-war, a question of who is stronger. A continued program of economic and educational aid to underdeveloped countries, meanwhile, would be a significant means of strengthening the Western position. It would be better, of course, if such aid were given cooperatively by both sides, but I don't think that this is practical politics at the moment. In either case, it should be given not on cold war grounds, but simply because these people need help.

PLAYBOY: Do you share the apprehension of leading sociologists and economists concerning the implications of unchecked population growth in such overcrowded and underproductive areas as Africa, China, India and parts of Latin America? **RUSSELL:** The population problem has, in my opinion, been rather exaggerated. It can be solved by adequate birth control, and I don't think that Catholic objections will prevent the increasingly widespread use and acceptance of contraceptives. After all, Roman Catholics represent only a small segment of the world's population. India and China are the really big problem areas, and both are inclined to favor birth control.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with many historians and social scientists who foresee that the next century will witness "an inexorable economic and societal evolution," as one commentator has expressed it, "from the tradition of individual enterprise to the psychology of mass man"? **RUSSELL:** Societies comprised of small farmers, merchants and artisans will soon be anachronistic. Almost everybody is already part of something big. If we are to preserve individual liberty in this new world of huge firms and institutions, we must begin thinking in different terms from the tenets of classical liberalism. We will be able to deal with the "curse of bigness," as Justice Brandeis called it, only by democratizing industry. I would like, for example, to see rules providing for the popular election of directors and managers in each industry. The important thing is to ensure the limitation and equitable division of power. At present economic power is too much concentrated in the hands of a few big men who control the lives of others to an undesirable degree. The Russians—in fact, socialists of all countries—make the cardinal error of believing that if you have a democratic state running industry, then it automatically follows that the industries themselves will be democratic. But to put



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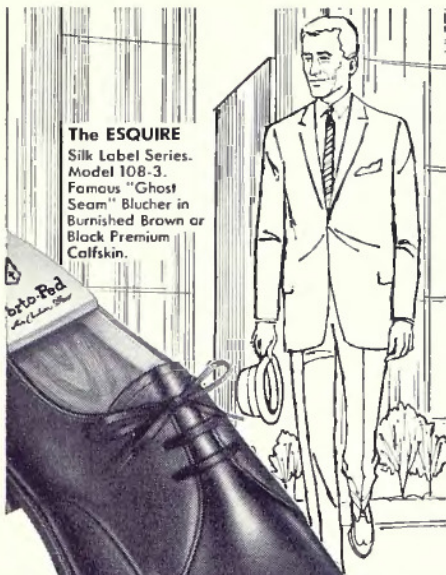
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state officials in place of capitalist officials changes nothing; they are still men, still wielding the same power. Unless state officials are made responsible to all us underlings, nothing will ever be achieved by nationalization.

PLAYBOY: So far we have been talking mainly of the issues which have preoccupied you during the last half-dozen years. But your life's work has encompassed a multitude of causes. Which of them has mattered most to you?

RUSSELL: Though they have mattered differently at different times, the question of international peace certainly transcends any I have ever been concerned with or any issue that previously excited me. But I have derived great satisfaction from many of my interests—matters of the mind more than anything else. Mathematical logic has been the source of perhaps my deepest intellectual gratification. It has given me very great pleasure to feel, in an important field of human knowledge, that I may have made some lasting contribution to man's understanding of things which were once beyond his grasp, but which can now be comprehended and manipulated. I am also pleased with the aftermath of my campaign for women's suffrage and my efforts to secure a more enlightened sexual morality and behavior. They have gone almost as well as I would have liked them to go. When I was young, one talked to a woman in a different language than when talking to a man. There was a cultivated unreality in intercourse between men and women which I thought was very bad indeed. Today things are utterly different. Young people don't realize how much change there has been. But we still need much more freedom and frankness in sexual instruction. Another matter to which I have always attached great importance in education is that schools ought not to teach nationalism. Every school, with hardly any exception, has as one of its objects the deception of children. They teach them patriotism, to salute the flag. But the flag is a murder symbol, and the state is a pirate ship, a gang of murderers come together. When they salute the flag, they salute the symbol of bloody murder. All this is perfectly clear, valid psychology.

PLAYBOY: On the occasion of your 90th birthday, Lord Russell, you said, "In old age, one becomes aware of what has, and of what has *not* been achieved." Did you mean this observation to apply to the fruits of your own efforts in behalf of the various causes you've espoused?

RUSSELL: Let me reply this way. Contrary to the customary pattern, I have gradually become more and more of a rebel as I have grown older. Since boyhood, my life has been devoted to two different objectives which for a long time remained separate. It's only in compara-



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tively recent years that they have come together. One has been to discover whether anything could actually be *known*; this was a matter of philosophical inquiry. The other has been to do whatever I could to help create a happier world. I cannot claim that what I have written, said and done about social and political problems has had any great importance. It is easy to have an immense effect if you dogmatically preach a precise gospel such as communism. But I do not believe that mankind needs anything dogmatic. I think it essential to teach a certain hesitancy about dogma. Whatever you believe, you must have reservations. You must envisage the possibility that you may be wrong. I want to see individuals retain the kind of personal flexibility and initiative that they ought to have. This means that they cannot and must not be forced into a rigid mold. In my lifetime, freedom — which once seemed to be gaining ground — has come to be regarded as weakness. When I was young, I thought the battle for tolerance had been won. But more recently we have reverted back to the intolerance of the great religious wars. And when I was young, I set out with the belief that love — free and courageous love — could conquer the world. I perhaps thought that the road to a free and happy world would be shorter than it has turned out to be.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel now that this dream of a free and happy world was perhaps little more than the kind of utopian vision which has always inspired man in youth — and so often disenchanted him in maturity?

RUSSELL: It is something more. There is not anything to stop it from coming to pass except our own silliness — a silliness forced upon us by an education which teaches us that *our* country is vastly better than any other, and that in all respects it is always in the right. It would not be difficult to build a peaceful world if people really wanted it. It is certainly worthwhile to live and act and do what one can to bring it about. I haven't changed my earlier views in that respect. I still believe exactly what I said when I was 80, when people were asking me much the same question. I have lived in the pursuit of a vision, both personal and social: personal, to care for what is noble, for what is beautiful, for what is gentle, to allow moments of insight to impart wisdom in mundane times; social, to envision in imagination an attainable society in which the individual can grow freely, in which hate and greed and envy will die because there is nothing to nourish them. These things I still believe. So you can see that the world, for all its horrors, has left me unshaken.



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THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

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

WE HAVE TRIED to show in previous issues how an improper emphasis on security and conformity stifled this country for a generation and we have pointed to signs that suggest, to us, that initiative and the individual may soon again be receiving their proper due. But there has been another stifling influence in America—far more insidious—that has pervaded our culture since the nation's beginnings, yet most of us are only vaguely aware of its continuing effect on every facet of our laws and our lives.

Puritanism—as stultifying to the mind of man as communism, or any other totalitarian concept—has been a part of the American culture since the country's earliest settlers landed on Plymouth Rock, or thereabouts. For it matters little if a book is burned because it contains an unpopular political idea or an unpopular moral or religious one—the book has been burned just the same—and society is a little poorer for having lost perhaps just one small voice, one difference of opinion, one divergent thought or idea.

We must never forget that this democracy draws its matchless strength from the continuous free exchange of differing ideas and by keeping open the channels of communication for even the most unpopular points of view. Our founding fathers made the protection of every minority and every minority opinion of paramount importance in both our Constitution and the Bill of Rights. They recognized that down through history great men and great ideas have been unpopular in their own time. Man learns slowly and cultural changes that might otherwise take years require generations while those that might take generations sometimes take centuries. Socrates, teacher of Plato, and recognized today as one of the great philosophers of history, was accused in his own time of being without fixed principles and sentenced to die by drinking poison hemlock; Van Gogh, the brilliant and prolific impressionist, sold only four paintings during his lifetime, was driven mad by despair and killed himself; Galileo was twice tried by the Inquisition for daring to suggest that the earth revolves around the sun; Christ was nailed to a cross for

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

teaching that man should love his fellow man.

Progress necessarily requires the exchange of outdated ideas for new and better ones. By keeping open all lines of communication in our culture, every new idea—no matter how seemingly perverse, improper or peculiar, has its opportunity to be considered, to be challenged, and ultimately to be accepted or rejected by society as a whole or by some small part of it. This is the important advantage that a free society has over a totalitarian one, for in the free exchange of ideas, the best will ultimately win out. A dictatorship, with its pre-established dogma, is chained to the past; a free society may draw from past, present and the future.

If much of the foregoing—and of what follows—seems obvious, even elementary, it is necessary, we think, to clearly spell out those accepted beliefs that form the common ground from which our philosophy is derived. Too often the most readily acknowledged precepts become clichés to which mere lip service is paid while their real intent and significance are lost.

In America we have built an entire nation—a social order, economy and government—on this concept of freedom. And whatever shortcomings it may seem to have are, we believe, less inherent in the ideal of a free society than they are the result of our failing to keep faith with that ideal. This is not to suggest that a nation as large and as complex as this one is capable of remaining free for all without some supervision and control. The economic system of free enterprise, for example, would not continue to function successfully without certain necessary checks and balances. But it is important for us to never lose sight of the primary aim and purpose of our government, which should be to achieve and perpetuate the maximum amount of freedom and opportunity possible for all of its citizens.

True freedom also includes freedom from ignorance, sickness, poverty and fear, without which the other freedoms would be meaningless. Our government

is sometimes likened to a parent, but it must be careful not to become a too overly protective parent, whose guidance and control smother initiative and self-respect.

The *individual* remains the all important element in our society—the touchstone against which all else must be judged. The individual's very individuality—his right to look, think and act as differently from his fellows as he chooses (without, of course, interfering with the similar rights of others)—supplies the divergent, interacting components that produce progress.

No group is necessarily more important than each individual member of the group. Group thought is not necessarily superior to individual thought and neither is group taste. It is our feeling, moreover, that actions taken to allegedly benefit one group or another—the taxpayer, the working man, the consumer, society, the nation—too often benefit almost no one. So-called “group good” is sometimes a vaguery that shields an activity that could not be justified on any individual basis.

All totalitarian concepts place a particular group—a race, a religion, a class, a country—ahead of the individual. Thus the political extremes of right and left—socialism and communism on the one hand and fascism and Nazism on the other—have more in common, each with the other, than they do with democracy, whose system of checks and balances places it at the political center. Einstein's theory of curved space would seem to apply to the political universe as well as the physical one: the opposite extremes of political dogma eventually meet.

It is not enough to recognize that a nation is no more important than the sum of all of its people: a country is no more important than each of its citizens, taken singly, and apart from all the rest. For only through concern and respect for each member of society can the whole of society hope to achieve its ultimate potential.

AMERICAN PURITANISM

Our founding fathers established protections for America's individual citizens in both the Constitution of the United

States and the Bill of Rights, assuring that this nation's rule by the majority would always be tempered with a concern for the rights and privileges of the most insignificant of our minorities.

American jurisprudence is especially concerned with the protection of the individual, differing from much of Europe's law in that a man must always be considered innocent until proven guilty; and further, that we would rather allow four guilty men to go free than unjustly convict one who is innocent.

With such an acute awareness of the importance of protecting the rights and freedom of every individual in our society, it is interesting to see how and why many of these rights have been lost. Please do not consider us impious if we suggest that it is American religion that is largely to blame.

Since many of the early settlers left Europe for the New World specifically because of religious persecution, it seems especially strange that they should adopt the very practices from which they had so recently fled. Nevertheless, that is precisely what they did.

Organized religion, as separated from any personal faith, has had a considerable civilizing influence upon mankind through all of history; it has fostered hope, charity and education. But bloody wars have also been fought because of it, and millions kept in abject poverty, tortured and executed in the vilest ways.

Presumably, a man's religion should make him a better person — more tolerant, sympathetic and understanding towards his fellows. Too often organized religion has had the opposite effect, placing its emphasis on orthodoxy instead of understanding and emphasizing ritual and dogma rather than the spiritual founding principles of faith and love. And make no mistake — the tyranny of man over his fellow man is just as great an evil when it is wielded in the name of God as in the name of the state.

The early Puritans who settled in America did not see their religion as simply one aspect of life, but as the whole of it. As Puritan leader Jonathan Edwards wrote in describing the Christian's "practice of religion": "It may be said, not only to be his business at certain seasons, the business of Sabbath-days, or certain extraordinary times, or the business of a month, or a year, or seven years, or his business under certain circumstances; but *the business of his life.*" This attitude is shared by a great many religious people, of various faiths, today. And as far as it goes, it can hardly be criticized. But it must be recognized that in defining the "practice of religion" as a full-time, 24-hour-a-day proposition, religion pervades, directs and controls the totality of human life and thought. Religion may thus be used to justify the

regulation of all of man's activity — and, indeed, it has been.

The early Puritan in America is described by the Encyclopaedia Britannica as "a spiritual athlete, characterized by an intense zeal to reform, a zeal to order everything — personal life, family life, worship, church, business affairs, political affairs, even recreation — in the light of God's demands upon him." This religion required conformity and things went badly for those early Americans who proved unwilling to conform.

If authenticated cases of "witch burning" were relatively unknown in early America (compared to the thousands of religious executions in Europe by fire, drawing and quartering, boiling in oil, disembowelment and a great variety of other tortures too numerous to catalog here, throughout the 16th, 17th and 18th Centuries), our Puritan forefathers had other subtler ways of keeping the citizens in line — public floggings, the stocks, the scarlet letter, the ducking stool and an occasional hanging — all for relatively minor infringements of the religious dicta of the time.

The Britannica further describes the daily routine of the Puritan as having involved "the keeping of a spiritual diary in which the events of the day were closely scrutinized and an accounting made of moral successes and failures as well as note being taken of the signal evidences of divine grace or displeasure that had been disclosed during the course of the day." And if all this strikes the reader as being more like Orwell's *1984* than the beginnings of democracy in America, we can only add a solemn *amen*.

FREEDOM OF AND FROM RELIGION

When the leaders of the American Revolution sat down to draft the U. S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights, they were keenly aware of the excesses that may be perpetuated in the name of the Almighty and the need for checks and balances if further abuses of power by either church or state were to be averted. John Cotton said: "Let all the world learn to give mortal man no greater power than they are content they shall use, for use it they will. . . . It is necessary that all power that is on earth be limited, church power or other. . . . It is counted a matter of danger to the state to limit prerogatives, but it is a further danger not to have them limited."

Historians generally credit the reaction to this puritarranical society as a major factor in the early American denunciation of arbitrary power, the demand for liberty and development of our democracy. The founding fathers included necessary safeguards in both the Constitution and the Bill of Rights specifically establishing religious freedom and the

separation of church and state. To this end, they had a much earlier reference: "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's, and unto God the things which be God's." (*Luke*, 20:25) But for all their precautions, we do not enjoy true religious freedom in America today. In a remarkable example of double-think, we've successfully sustained our freedom of religion, but not freedom from religion.

There is a clear and quite significant distinction between these two aspects of religious freedom in a democratic society: Most of us are able to worship God in a manner that suits us and there is never a question or concern about Governmental pressure or intervention; only an occasional offbeat cult is apt to draw down civil censure for its meetings (we haven't heard of any Black Masses being broken up by the gendarmes lately, but there was a back-hills community holding services not long ago involving rattlesnakes that officials put a stop to after one of the faithful was bitten and died). Some of the present-day religious charlatans, who seem more interested in reaching into the pockets of the poor than in reaching Heaven with their shorn flock, out-Gantry Elmer by holding their revival meetings on local radio and television, where the audiences can be counted in the hundreds of thousands (the offerings are taken by mail). Although these "services" are patently not as perilous as live serpents, they may provide some of us with cause to wonder whether there is actually too *much* freedom allowed in certain areas, in the name of religion.

By and large, the U. S. Government goes out of its way to respect and protect the personal beliefs of its many religious minorities (and in America, *all* religious denominations are minorities): Though suicide is legally equated with murder in our society, a Christian Scientist is not forced to accept medicine or undergo surgery, even when a physician may know that without them he is going to die; nor does the Government force an authentic conscientious objector to bear arms, even in wartime. Religious freedom is recognized as one of the most basic rights in our democracy, but we protect only one half of it.

The other half — freedom from religion — became an issue of considerable controversy recently in connection with a Supreme Court ruling against the reading of a state-prepared prayer at the beginning of daily classes in New York's public schools. The decision was widely misunderstood and called irreligious in many quarters, including the floor of Congress, but it was actually just the opposite, being a reconfirmation by the high Court of our Constitution's guarantees regarding the separation of church

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and state powers, which are as much to safeguard religion from encroachment by government, as to protect government from undue religious pressures.

It should be understood that when we refer to freedom *from* religion, we are not simply contemplating the problems that a publicly professed atheist or agnostic may encounter in being accepted in certain areas of our society today, whether or not his religious beliefs (or, more accurately, disbeliefs) would work against him in any attempt to hold public office, become a schoolteacher or receive a promotion in most major business firms; and a good deal more is involved than religious phrases on our Federal currency and prayers in our legislative forums. Our concern is the extent to which religious beliefs and prejudices have infiltrated and influenced our laws — the men who enact them, execute them and judge by them.

CAESAR AND GOD

Just how important is true religious freedom and a total separation of a people's church and state? Certainly this country was founded by men with a fundamental faith in God. References to Him are to be found throughout the Declaration of Independence, the U. S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights. Why were these devout men so concerned, then, with keeping separate the things that are Caesar's and the things that are God's?

Our founding fathers had the whole of European history, as well as early American Puritanism, to prove that only by keeping religion and government separate is it possible to keep each free. The extent to which this is true may be illustrated by considering the differences in our more fundamental religious and democratic convictions.

At the heart of the matter is religion's belief in itself as an absolute: there are thousands of different organized religions throughout the world and each is convinced that its own basic beliefs are divinely inspired and true. So resolutely are these beliefs sometimes held that many of history's bloodiest conflicts have been waged over them. But a free democracy draws its strength from the exchange of many divergent ideas and the recognition that the best of all concepts may give way to a better one tomorrow.

Religion is based upon faith; democracy is based upon reason. America's religious heritage stresses selflessness, subservience to a greater Power and the paying of homage to Him in long-established, well-defined, well-organized ways; democracy teaches the importance of self, a belief in ones If and one's own abilities. Religion teaches that man should live for others; our democracy's free-enterprise system is based on the

belief that the greatest good comes from men competing with one another. Religion offers a special blessing to the meek and the promise that they will inherit the earth; democracy requires that men speak out and be heard.

Most religion in America teaches that man is born with the stain of Original Sin upon him; a free democracy stands on the belief that man is born innocent and remains so until changed by society. Most organized religion in the U. S. is rooted in a tradition that links man's body with evil, physical pleasures with sin and pits man's mind and soul against the devil of the flesh; the principles underlying our democracy recognize no such conflict of body, mind and soul. Religion tends to de-emphasize material things, discourage a concern over the acquisition of wealth, bless the poor and promise that they shall dwell with God in the Kingdom of Heaven; our free-enterprise system is founded on the ideal that striving to materially better oneself is worth while and benefits not only the individual, but the world around him. Most religions are based upon the importance of the next world; democracy is based upon the importance of this one.

We trust that we have stated the contrasts fairly. Remember that we are referring here to the underlying Puritan religious heritage that runs all through American history (most modern-day U. S. religion, of whatever denomination, shares at least some of these viewpoints with Puritanism). Recognizing that we are necessarily oversimplifying matters a good deal, if you take exception to any of the above, it matters little, so long as we have made our over-all point — that American religion and democratic government are built upon different premises, with a great many divergent, if not actually conflicting, ideas and ideals. That's as it should be, of course, and no one is obliged to pick one over the other — only to recognize the necessity for keeping them separate.

With a need for the separation of church and state so fundamental to a free democratic society, with a spelling out of that need by our founding fathers in both the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, with the urging of the Holy Bible to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's, how is it that Americans have still allowed religion to enter their government — their laws, their executive offices, their legislatures, their courtrooms?

Quite simply, because the traditions of our people opposed any such separation and traditions do not die easily; they cannot be killed by mere logic, whether voiced in the street or written into a constitution. Throughout European history there has been an intimate connec-

tion between religion and government. The Puritan faction that broke away from the Church of England introduced a number of reforms, but a separation of religion and law was not among them. Though early Americans cried out for freedom and hailed the new democracy, Puritanism was not dead. And because certain men continued to act as though church and state were not then, and from that time forward, to be wholly separate and distinct, they never truly have been.

NEVER ON SUNDAY

How serious have been the results? Your point of view may depend upon how successful your own particular religion has been in affecting the laws of our land — unless you share, with us, a greater concern for a truly free society in which no legislation, no court decision, no governmental action is based upon religious influence, intimidation or prejudice.

All of America's so-called Blue Laws have been religiously inspired. Every state in the Union except Alaska has its citizens controlled by some form of Sunday legislation. Recently a Pennsylvania justice of the peace convicted 225 people for engaging in "worldly work on Sunday"; included among his victims: stage actors and highway toll collectors. In New York City you can buy newspapers seven days a week (unless some irreligious union leader stops the presses), but you can purchase few of the items advertised therein on Sunday. Last year a Bronx motorist was arrested for changing his spark plugs on the wrong day. The Supreme Court of Arkansas ruled puzzlingly: "It does not follow that because a druggist sells soap on Sunday, a grocer has a constitutional right to do it, too."

Sunday legislation was quite general in colonial times, Puritan Virginia having enacted such a law as early as 1629. In Connecticut at about the same time, colonists drew up a set of laws that made the Scriptures the supreme guide in civil as well as religious affairs; only approved church members were allowed in politics and in 1644 the general court decided that the "judicial laws of God as they were declared by Moses" should constitute a rule for all courts "till they be branched out into particulars hereafter." The theocratic character of the government thus established is clearly revealed in the series of strict enactments and decisions which constituted the 45 "Blue Laws" listed by Reverend Samuel Peters in his *General History of Connecticut*, more than four fifths of which existed in some form throughout the New England colonies. They included the prohibition of trial by jury; married persons were required to live together or be imprisoned; a wife was considered



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good testimony against her husband: the penalty for adultery was death, and the same for conspiring against the jurisdiction; it was against the law for a woman to "kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day"; no person was permitted to "travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day"; and there were heavy fines for "concealing or entertaining Quaker or other blasphemous heretics."

Blue Laws of one sort or another are still enforced in most states. The Vermont Supreme Court has held that a person hunting on Sunday in violation of the law is liable in a civil action for any hurt that he may accidentally inflict upon a companion, even though he would not otherwise be legally held responsible. In some states, notably in New England, persons have been denied the right to damages for injuries sustained while traveling or working in violation of Sunday laws, on the theory that the offense was a contributing cause to the injury; in some states contracts made or to be performed on Sunday are expressly declared unenforceable, though they are otherwise valid. In Georgia it is against the law to swim on the Sabbath "within sight of a road which leads to a church"; in one Iowa town, it is against the law to go swimming in public at any time, any day, anywhere.

The validity of such laws has often been questioned, on the rather reasonable ground that they infringe Constitutional guarantees of religious freedom, but generally without success (for our courts have shown the influence of religious dogma fully as much as our legislators). In 1858 the California Supreme Court held a Sunday observance law unconstitutional on the ground that it sought "to enforce, as a religious institution, the observance of a day held sacred by the followers of one faith," but three years later it reversed its position.

Humming snatches of *It's a Blue World and Never on Sunday*, we confirmed in a heavy volume of our trusty Encyclopaedia Britannica (which we keep close at hand for just such emergencies) that since that time, the courts have upheld such laws with what the Britannica terms, "substantial unanimity . . . at first on frankly religious grounds but later on the ground that to prescribe periodic days of rest from customary labour is a legitimate exercise of the legislative power to provide for the physical and moral welfare of the community." As neat a bit of double-talk as ever we've seen (for which we'll blame the courts and not our encyclopedia), and pardon us if we're a mite skeptical about a second set of reasons that is conveniently produced to justify an old opinion, when the first set of reasons

begins to wear thin. If these Sunday laws were originally established for religious reasons and initially upheld by the courts for "frankly religious" reasons, let's not try to pawn off another set of reasons on us today. If we're not willing to permit full religious freedom to all of our citizens — freedom of and from religion — let's at least have the gumption to admit it to one another.

In 1961 the U. S. Supreme Court listened to attorneys from Massachusetts, Maryland and Pennsylvania who argued that Blue Laws violate the 1st and 14th Amendments to the Constitution. A split decision went against them, thus increasing the likelihood of more, rather than less, Blue legislation across the country in the future.

Since we usually stay abed most Sundays anyway, it's difficult to get too personally upset over laws concerning who can and cannot work on the seventh day; if God felt obliged to rest up after six days of toil, a mere mortal would probably be wise to do the same. But on the other hand, none of us spends his week putting together the heavens and the earth, which must have been pretty tiring work. Perhaps a highway toll taker can do whatever he does seven days out of seven. But what really bugs us is the uneasy feeling that if we are able to justify one kind of Blue Law, what's to stop someone from slipping in a few others on us again when nobody's looking? No kiss from Mom on the Sabbath and a bullet in the head for adultery! And suppose a "Quaker or other blasphemous heretics" showed up at the Playboy Club some night and we got caught entertaining them?

DARWIN AND PROHIBITION

Puritan religious doctrine has infected our laws to a far greater degree than most of us probably realize. And consistent with what one might expect, when religion rather than reason dictates legislation and its adjudication, progress often becomes the victim.

In 1925 the State of Tennessee passed a religion-inspired anti-evolution law making it "unlawful for any teacher in any of the universities, normals and all other public schools of the state, to teach any theory that denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals," which resulted in the world famous Scopes Trial later that year in which high school biology teacher John Thomas Scopes was charged with teaching Darwin's Theory of Evolution in his classes. The case caused a sensation, because Christian Fundamentalist William Jennings Bryan went to Dayton, Tennessee, to assist the local prosecutor,

and the American Civil Liberties Union took an interest in the case, persuading Clarence S. Darrow, the most famous criminal lawyer of his generation, to accept the role of chief counsel for the defense, assisted by Dudley Field Malone, a liberal Catholic and one of the great courtroom orators of the time, and by Arthur Garfield Hays, the outstanding civil liberties attorney. The rulings of the judge prevented any testing of the constitutionality of the law and Scopes was found guilty on a technicality, but Darrow managed to get Bryan on the stand and subjected him to a devastating cross-examination on his Fundamentalist attitude regarding the conflict between science and the Bible that made Bryan the laughing stock of the nation; many believe that the experience hastened his death, which occurred five days after the close of the trial. The defense appealed the case to the state supreme court which, in 1927, upheld the constitutionality of the law, while clearing Scopes on another technicality.

Perhaps the most hurtful legislation ever effected in America was the Puritan-inspired 18th Amendment that in 1919 made Prohibition the law of the land. The Anti-Saloon leagues, the W.C.T.U. and other Christian temperance groups had been working toward this end for several decades and a number of states and local communities were voted dry years before national prohibition of the sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages took effect. Prohibition actually began as a Blue Law, when continuous agitation by the temperance societies resulted in a limited statewide prohibition by Indiana statute, in 1816, making the sale of liquor on Sunday illegal.

National Prohibition was a hotly debated moral issue, with strong and sincere feelings running high on both sides, but by World War I, when it came to a final vote, a considerable majority favored its passage and the absent soldier vote, if cast, would not have made any substantial difference at the polls.

The "Noble Experiment" undoubtedly had its benefits, but when weighed against the terrible negatives it produced, the deep social and economic consequences from which we have still not fully recovered as a nation, we have a dramatic lesson in the harm that the most sincerely motivated people can do when they try to legislate the private lives and morals of their fellow citizens. In the failure to enforce the unenforceable laws of Prohibition, there was a general breaking down of law and order: a tremendous illicit liquor traffic developed, putting huge sums of money in the hands of well-organized criminal gangs; public officials were corrupted to protect the illegal

(concluded on page 125)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A pace-setting young man who times his move to perfection, the PLAYBOY reader is first to spot a winner when it comes to the sleek shape of a new model. And compatible with his power to purchase any car going is his taste for automotive trends that keep him ahead of the field. FACTS: According to a recent reader survey by Benn Management Corp., 58.5% of PLAYBOY households own two or more cars; 19.6% own three or more. As further proof of arrival, median household income is well over \$10,000. To market your product with imagination, get on the right track—in PLAYBOY. It guarantees delivery of today's spirited spenders.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: New York • Chicago • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Detroit • Atlanta

fiction By Herbert Gold

THE SONG OF THE FOUR-COLORED SELL

dan had a talent for sweet copy, but he wanted
more time, more days, more light and air

The Tiger of Third-Class Mail at Work?

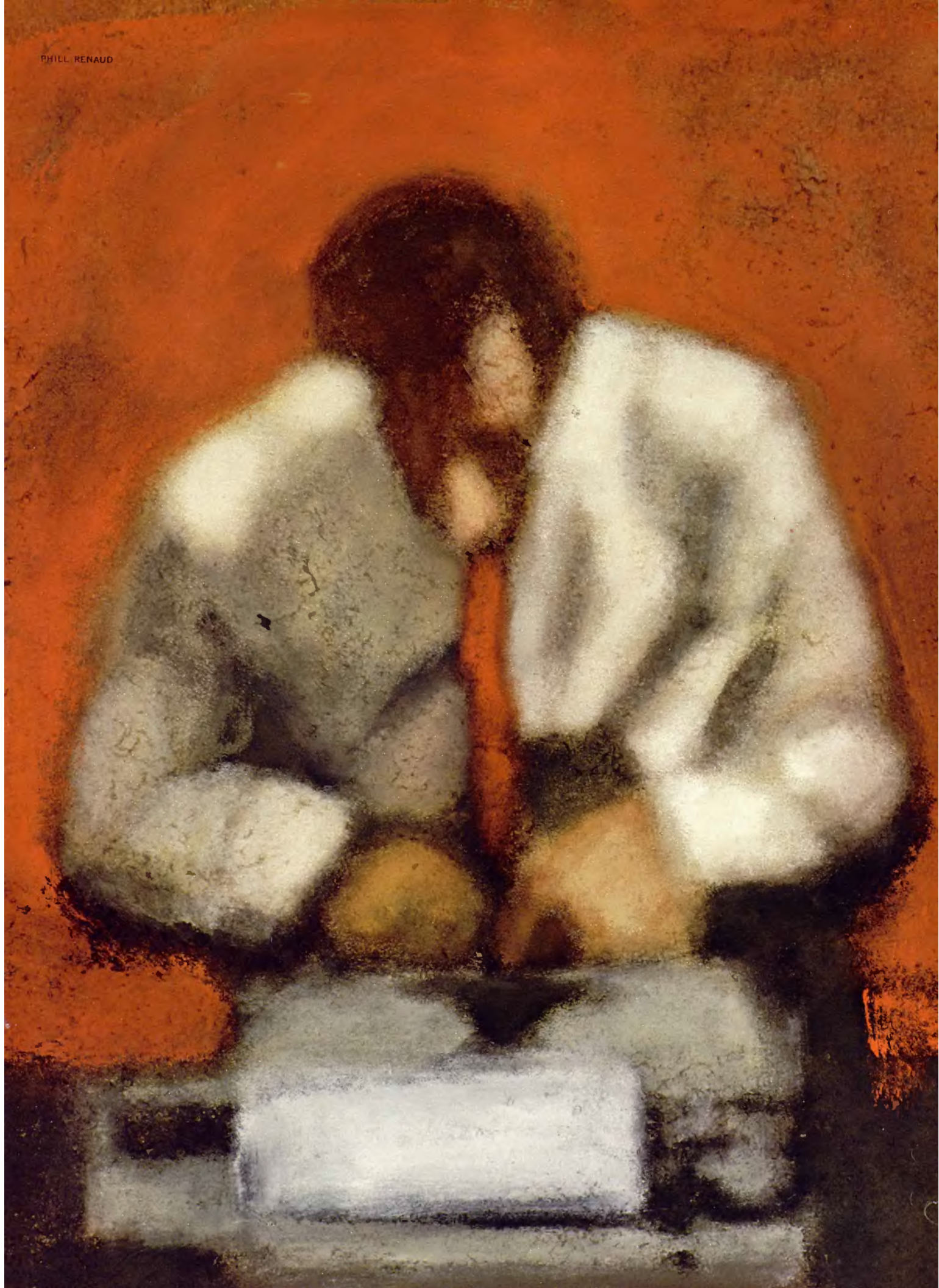
No.

The Come-On Letter, How It Grew?

No.

I Was a Teenage Circulation Hotshot? The Song of the Four-Colored Sell Which Looks Like It Was Typed? The Duplicated Personal Signature? The Junk Mail King? I Threw Up into My Typewriter and Found Child Support?

Maybe I don't need a title for this part of my confessions. I just did this job. Come Goneril, come nightlong fret with some lady, I nevertheless came tramping through the office at 54th and Madison first thing in the morning, dazed and creative, saluting the aluminum stripping (the building had been modernized) and the automatic elevators (the human factor sometimes got drunk)



and humming right back at the air conditioning as it hummed at me. The office was already filled with human factors. On an average Monday morning, hung over by Goneril, say, but still shaven, shriven, shorn and Ivy, I smilingly still could not stand the sight of my secretary. Her name was Rita Rooney. Her breath smelled of raisin-and-nut bread from the Chock Full o' Nuts (with cream cheese) for the first two hours after lunch. When I dictated to her, it always seemed as if she were dictating the menu, chopped nuts, homogenized Kool Aid, three cigarettes and a Dexedrine Spansule (for luck and weight control) right back at me. I'm doing the talking; why is she breathing so much, with eyes dreamily crossed? Well, I preferred to compose directly onto the typewriter anyway. But even over the intercom, when she announced that Mr. Anthony desired to see me, I conjured up a vision of Rita's waxed paper with a few crumbs of raisin-nuts sprinkled carelessly over it as she dreamed away the few hours of lunch in a vision of slimness. If fantasy slenderized, we'd be a nation of poets.

"Hiya," I said, striding in. That already is a great accomplishment. You try striding in those pipestem pants; you try saying Hiya first thing in the morning to Rita Rooney. This lady, my secretary, whom I shared with Tom Davenport from the Advertising department (I was in Promotion), gave me a brilliant smile out of a mouth painted like a perfect satiny ribbon, the lips wriggling along each other. "'Sa beautiful day, isn't it?" I asked Miss Rooney. "Going to be hot as hell."

"Fabb," she wriggled and wriggled, "simply fabb." I decided that I preferred the Village beatniks at Jim Atkins' on Sheridan Square or the Israeli-style Zioniks in the coffeehouses of the upper West Side, with their white or non-lipsticked mouths. Rita did that to me. She was taking noonsies with Tom Davenport. He couldn't afford a hotel room, paid a Karen Horney analyst for his wife, was too shy to borrow an apartment, sweated out renting a hotel room anyway. This meant that she gave me an extra "b" for crispness on the word "fab," since she was not sure of my intentions about her. She was nervous about this weight problem (the Dex) and guessed that maybe I didn't even lust after her. Cool I remained, and imagined a future of Fabb . . . fabbb . . . fabbbb, Mr. Shaper. It used to be that this accent and speech mannerism indicated leisure and certain girls' schools, but now, given time to read the society pages, Rita could pick up the latest word in the early afternoon edition over her lunch, a mere 12 hours after Cholly Knickerbocker had got it straight. "He's clyde," she once confided to me, lips

writhing with disdain, "you know, square. I prefer Leonard Lyons 'cause he has substance, not just gossip, don't you?"

"Fabbola," I said.

She glanced at me with one wild crossed eye as if she feared catching me in the act of one-upping her. She didn't mind sexual perversions (experimentation, she would call it—it's thinking makes it dirty), but one-upping is fattening to a girl; it makes unsightly bulges; it also gave her the anxiety which the idea of three-in-one sex would give my mother in Cleveland. From too much reading in the social service area of the *New York Post* which surrounds Leonard Lyons, Rita had obscurely decided that liberal and experimental sex somehow helped to stop reaction here and abroad; she had not *decided* exactly, she just lived liberally and sincerely, planning to go to bed with a Negro someday. This year the three-in-one tablet, next year the Negro. But the Puerto Ricans would have to wait for another Great Stride Forward. You can't hurry human nature. Tom Davenport had morosely reported, with no visible joy on his henpecked countenance, that he had been the inner layer in a three-in-one tablet composed of Rita and Frederika, the German receptionist. He got sore when I referred to him as Spansule for the next week or so. Frederika was dumb and pretty, the ideal receptionist, though at 35 beginning to lose her first enthusiasm for the job; Rita took lousy shorthand, breathing too much, but typed carefully and had a cunning little crossed eye. Since I like to compose my own copy directly, saying "Bllach" to the typewriter when it turns my stomach, her shortage of shorthand was no pain to me. She copied neatly, on the electric typewriter, changing colors when I so indicated. "Make the YOUR NEIGHBORS WILL TURN GREEN in green, Miss Rooney. WELL-READ ABOUT THE REDS in red, please."

"Fabb," she said. "Capitalized like that? Italicized? How about paragraphing? Every sentence? Special words? What happened to your lip? Please caw me Rita, Mr. Shaper. Dan."

"It's all indicated in the margin." As she well knew. But she needed to rub my nose in her efficiency. *Bllach*, I thought into my cream-colored office Olivetti, filling the pit which hid the keys with my last night's supper. Caw me Dan. Bawh. Davenport had been looking liverish lately, too. Maybe new trouble with his wife. Or maybe the three-in-one pill was ceasing to take effect. What next? What next? No wonder he took offense at the Spansule notion. I meant someday to tell him that Rita's metabolism was all g-shmasht by the Dexedrine she took for weight control. Those stimulants seem to constrict the

blood vesicles in the brain and other organs of pleasure, giving all sorts of fantastic ideas but making it difficult to live up to them. No blood, no joy. But lots of weight control and squeezed ideas. *Bllach*. Laughing is the quickest way I know to dry off the disgust behind my ears, to shake me into good or bad behavior, to jiggle me up and out of troubles. Of course, it doesn't help the Africans or the Asians or the Europeans much—if they know how to laugh, they just *laugh*—but it isn't aimed at solving their problems. And maybe not Goneril's either. Or Castro's. Or Rita's. Or Peter's. Question: Or mine? It usually settles my stomach, anyway. The way camphor helps a cut lip.

An office boy strolled past with the Napoleon-in-Egypt look that goes with this absolutely arrogant profession, provided the boy is white, Anglo-Saxon and Protestant; he flung a black folder on my desk. String-tied, Top Secret. It contained the latest report on advertising and circulation gains and losses for our chief competitors, *The New Yorker*, *The Reporter*, *Harper's*, *The Atlantic* and some lesser outlets and intakes of dollars. Oh-oh. Our rate of gain was still the steepest in town, but it was slowing down in proportion to the others, and according to a memo from our consultant statistician, using the present evidence, he projected a topping out in 17 to 20 months. "When you top out, you cop out," Tom Davenport had once announced to me at coffee-wagon time, and Rita had sighed adoringly—wisdom from the mouth of a grownup. I stared at the graph. There was a crawly jagged line up to a December future, then squash—we ceased to be the phenomenon of the publishing business. Naturally, there would be changes projected at that point, or sooner, if they took the statistician seriously. They might. He was paid like a downtown lawyer. I moped at my desk. I wished once more for a desk in a cubicle, a big old wooden desk in a nice friendly claustrophobic little closet, instead of this aluminum kidney on legs, without drawers, in a work area, surrounded by office boy, stenographers, secretary, mailers, machinery for producing agoraphobia. It's easy to grumble in an area, but hard to mope. At the grade in the organization where losses could easily be blamed on me, I was like a Greek messenger—off with my job security! *Put your head in the Outgoing basket, please*. Last item in the folder was a note from my pal Bobb Anthony, the boss: "Lunch today? Talk this over." Bobb sat at his control point in a private office like a humane, sluggish general, sucking gumdrops, with nothing to do but occasionally to destroy entire civilizations. At a nod he might order the deluge of junk mail to be
(continued on page 138)



*"I'm afraid I'll still have to see
your driver's license."*

AC COBRA

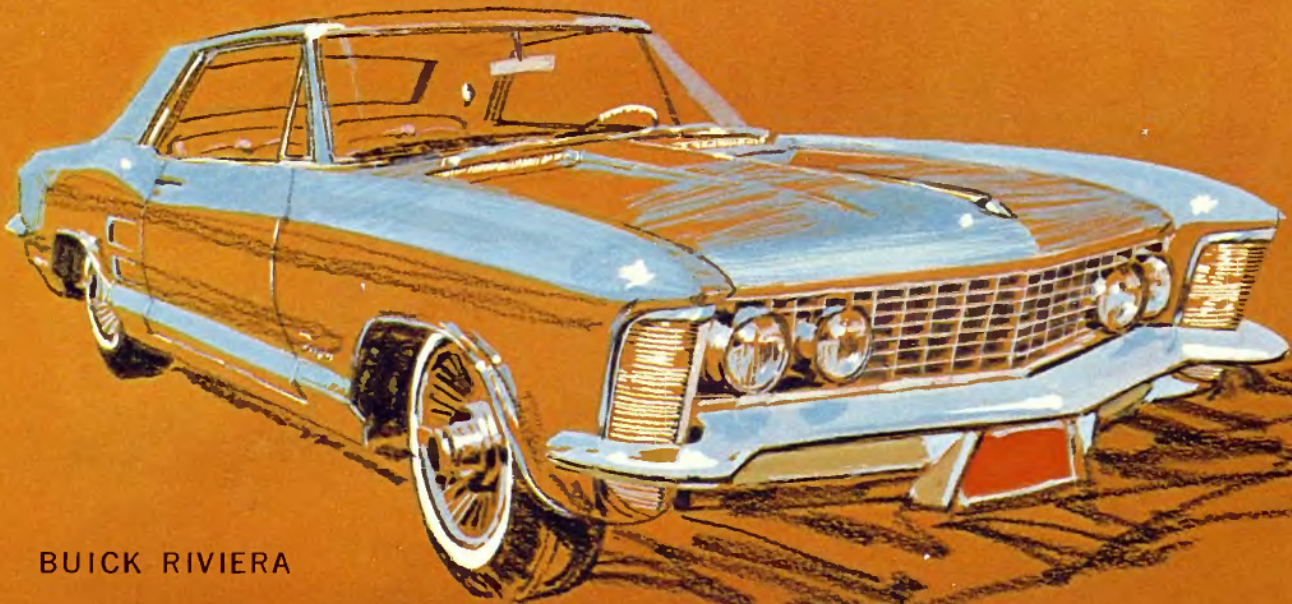


ASTON MARTIN DB4



THE PLAYBOY CARS

our own selection of those
with the style, speed,
engineering and
distinction to satisfy
the urbane owner



BUICK RIVIERA

modern living By KEN W. PURDY

BEFORE SCANNING THE CURRENT WORLD OUTPUT of automobiles in search of playboy cars, let's get the record straight on just what we mean by that phrase. Among those qualities which justify the appellation "playboy car" are all those desiderata that might come under the quaint cliché "sex appeal." That is, a playboy car has dash and style, speed and zing, an atmosphere of luxury and/or sportiness, "alive" responsiveness and an overall air bespeaking the fact that it was personally selected to complement its owner's happiest self-image. But, quite possibly, one might more clearly spell out exactly what constitutes a playboy car in terms of negatives — most of them, not incidentally, qualities highly touted to the mass market.

A playboy car is not: exclusively designed for economical operation; an ideal family vehicle; a car stripped of all "extras" so as to make it a best buy in terms of safe-and-sane transportation; a car designed with the lady of the house in mind, in "decorator" colors, and mushy enough in handling to lull the baby in the rear-seat bassinet to sleep; a chrome-dripping status symbol in which more effort and money were invested in garish ostentation than in automotive excellence. Just as surely — and here is another distinction — a playboy car is not primarily a brutal-riding racing machine, nor is it calculated to stir the heart of the greasy-palm, dirty-fingernail contingent who are happier with a hot rod, or under their heap with a wrench. Not to belabor the point (in the event that we have not already done so), a playboy car is a gentleman's car, and yet it is one which will deliver to him those virtues of performance and appearance a man with a flair for good living will want. On the chart, pages 74-75, you'll find a selective sampling of models by various makers which comes closest to meeting the ideal criteria for playboy cars.

Stone me for a chauvinist, but the one item that raised my blood pressure

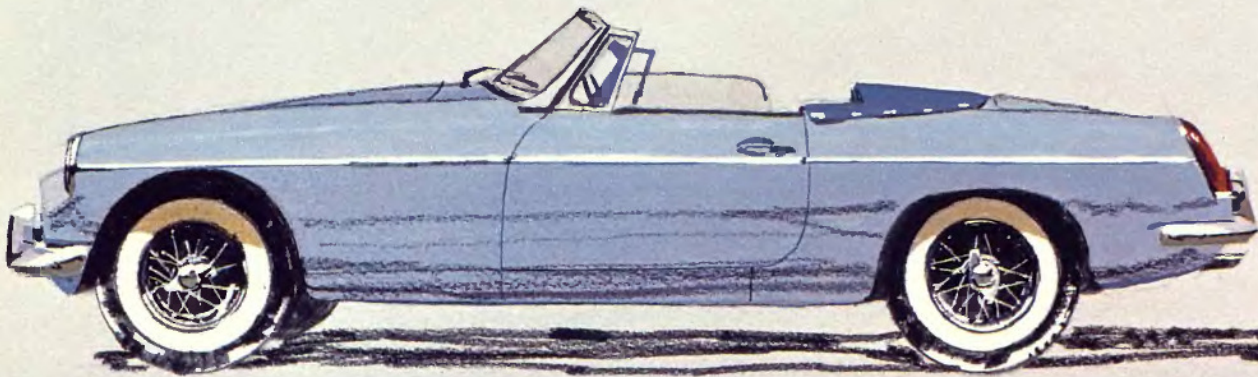
(text continued on page 70)

PAINTINGS BY BEN DENISON

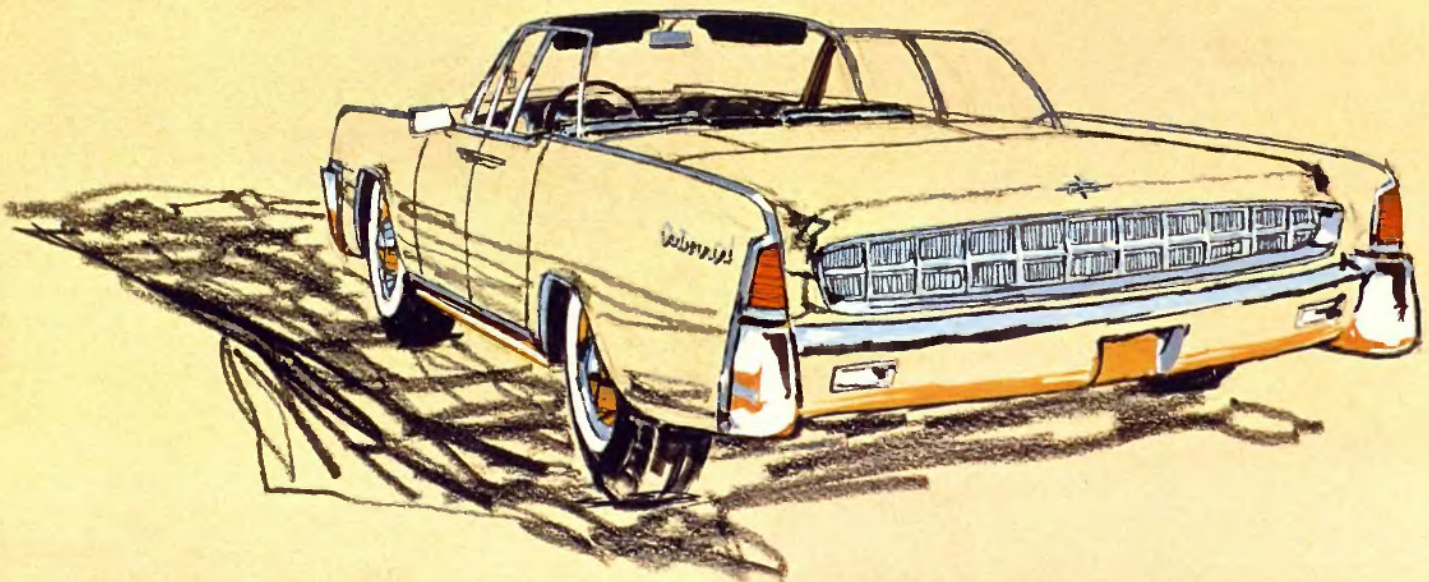
JAGUAR XK-E COUPE



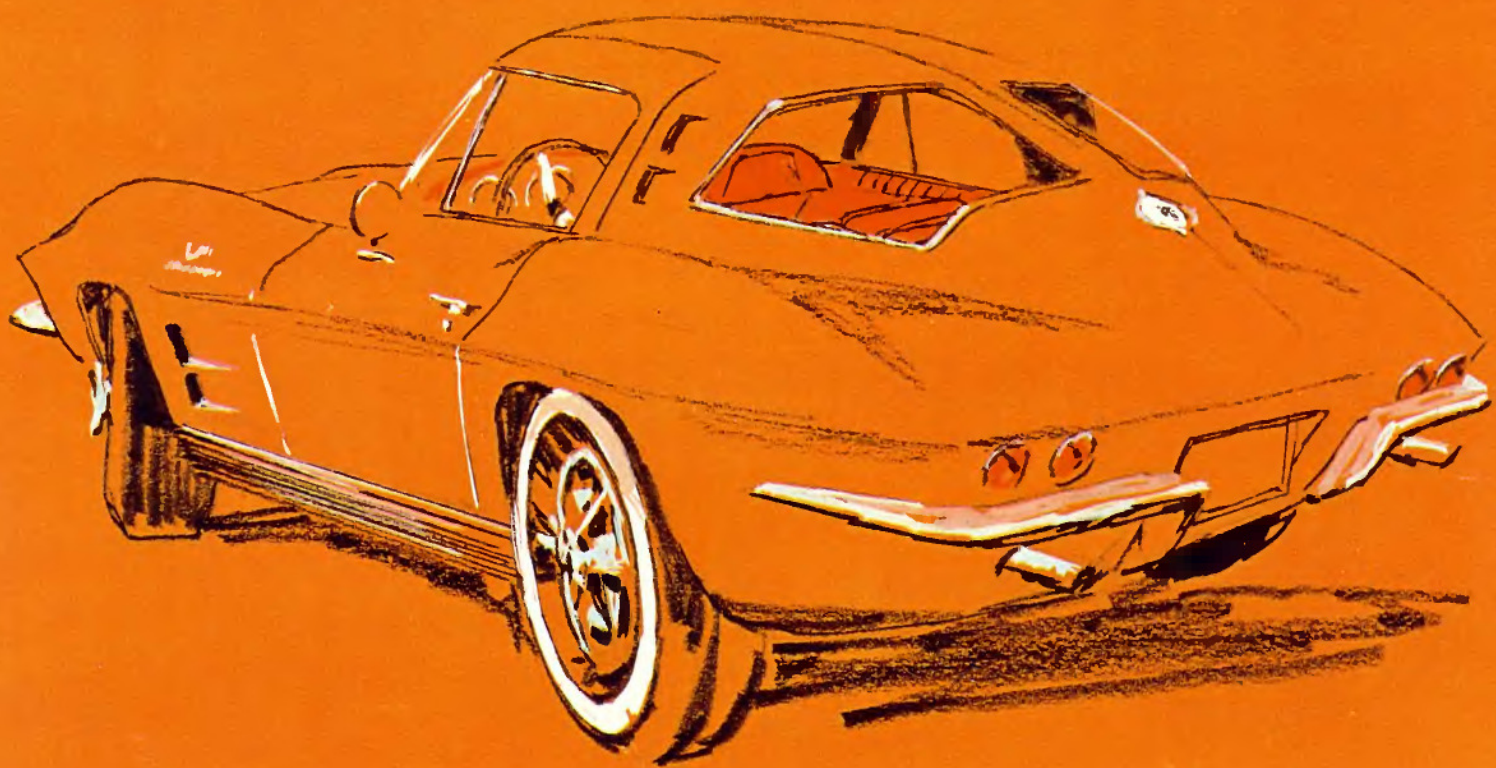
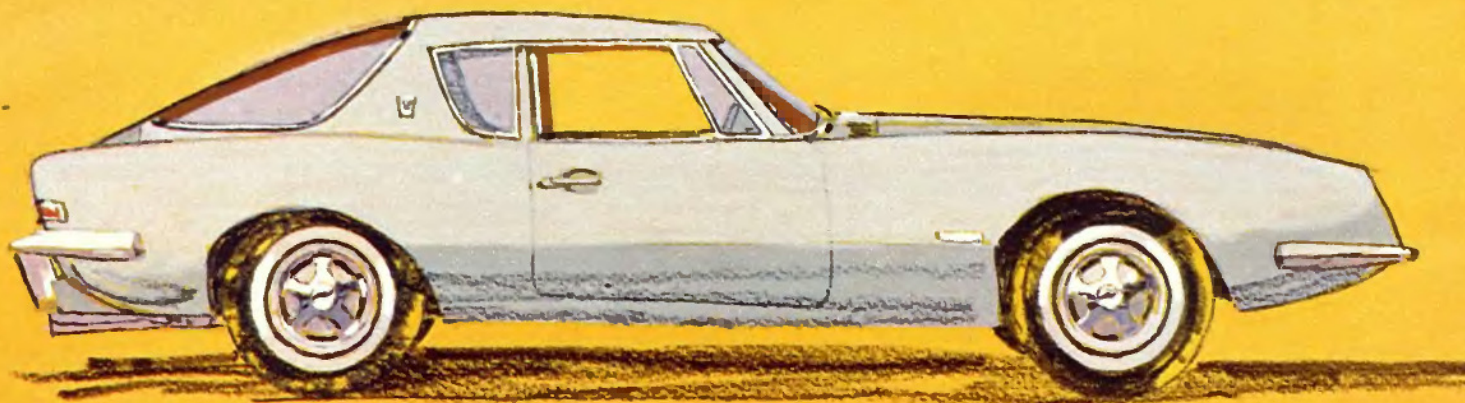
MGB



LINCOLN CONTINENTAL CONVERTIBLE

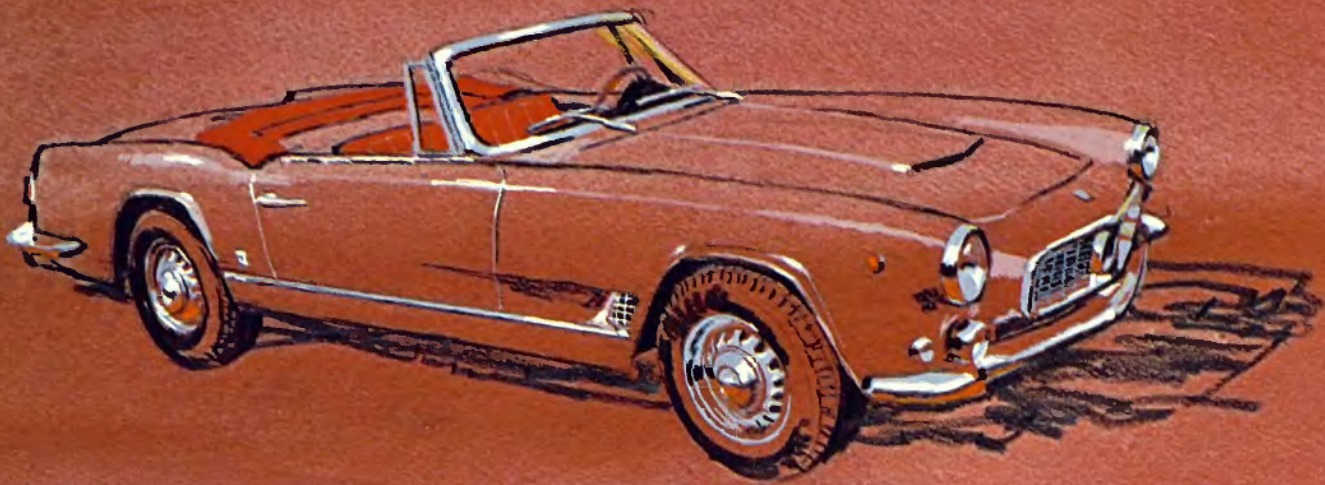


STUDEBAKER AVANTI



CORVETTE STING RAY SPORT COUPE

MASERATI 3500 CONVERTIBLE

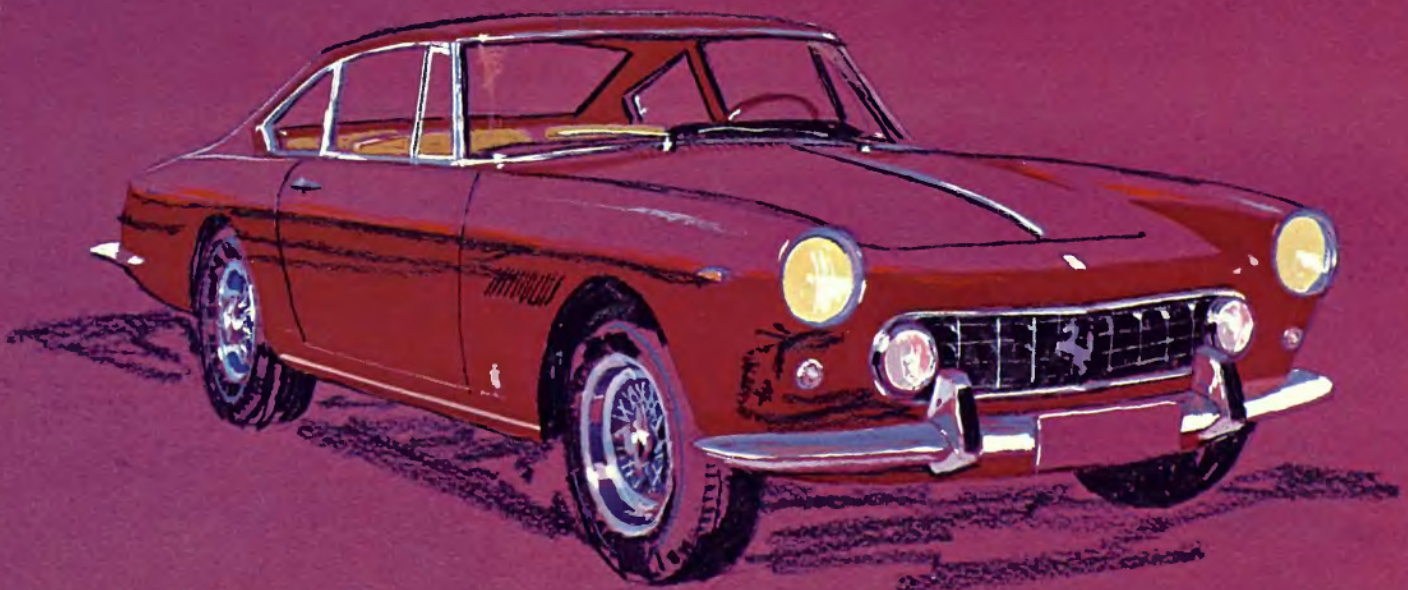


more than any other at the Earls Court Show in London this year was the new Sting Ray Corvette. I was able to contain my excitement at discovering that the Rolls-Royce now has twin headlights and a lowered radiator — a couple of bad mistakes, as time will demonstrate, I think. The new Triumph, the Lotus Elan — interesting, but nothing over which to smash one's piggy bank. But the silver Corvette coupe squatted there on its hardwood-floored platform sending out a soft but convincing message. In its ultimate stage — 360-horsepower engine, fuel-injected — this is a 160-mph automobile, and by far the best-mannered Corvette to appear. It is *not* a Ferrari-eater (and don't argue with me; Zora Arkus-Duntov, who made the thing, says it's not), but then, one has to face the fact that nothing on the road today will take a Ferrari Berlinetta. Tomorrow, maybe. Today, no, nothing. I don't like the fake air-intake grilles on the top of the Corvette's engine-box lid, and I don't like the go-nowhere speed-line indentations that have been stamped into the sides of the body, but that's the extent of my criticism.

In the way of other Chevrolets, the rear-engined Corvair Monza has a basic 80-horsepower engine, but a 150-hp Spyder version is available with

MERCEDES-BENZ

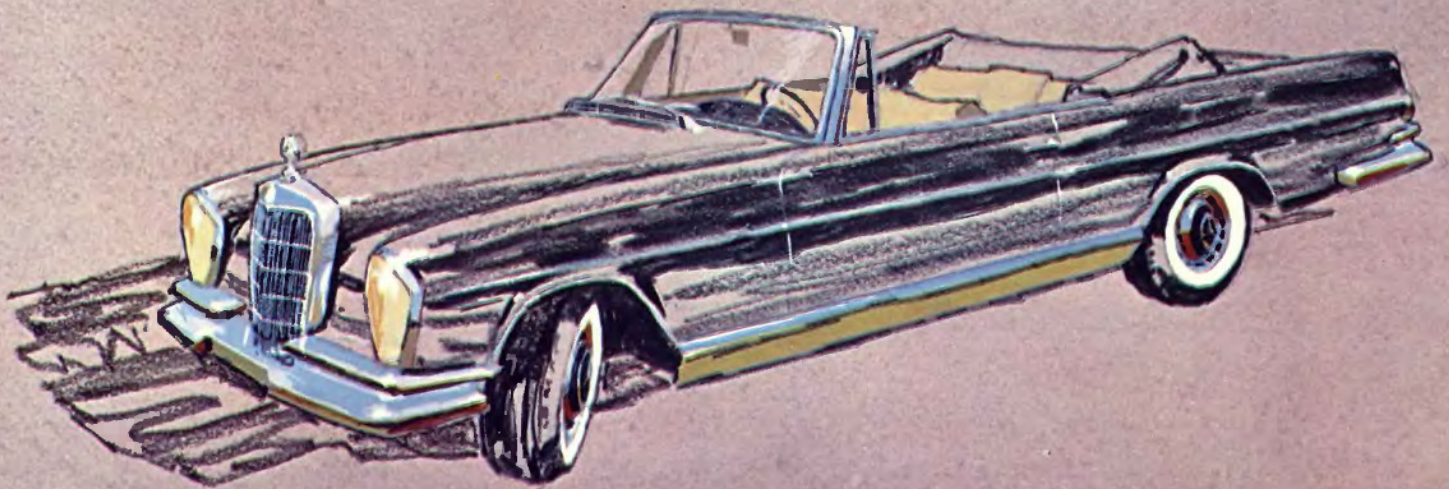
FERRARI 250 GT 2+2



CHRYSLER 300J



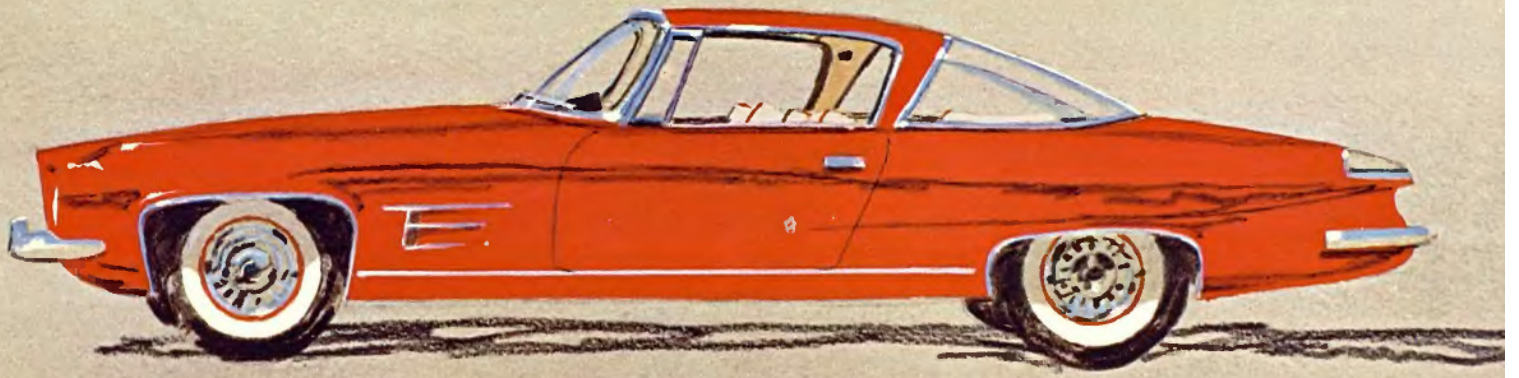
300SE CONVERTIBLE



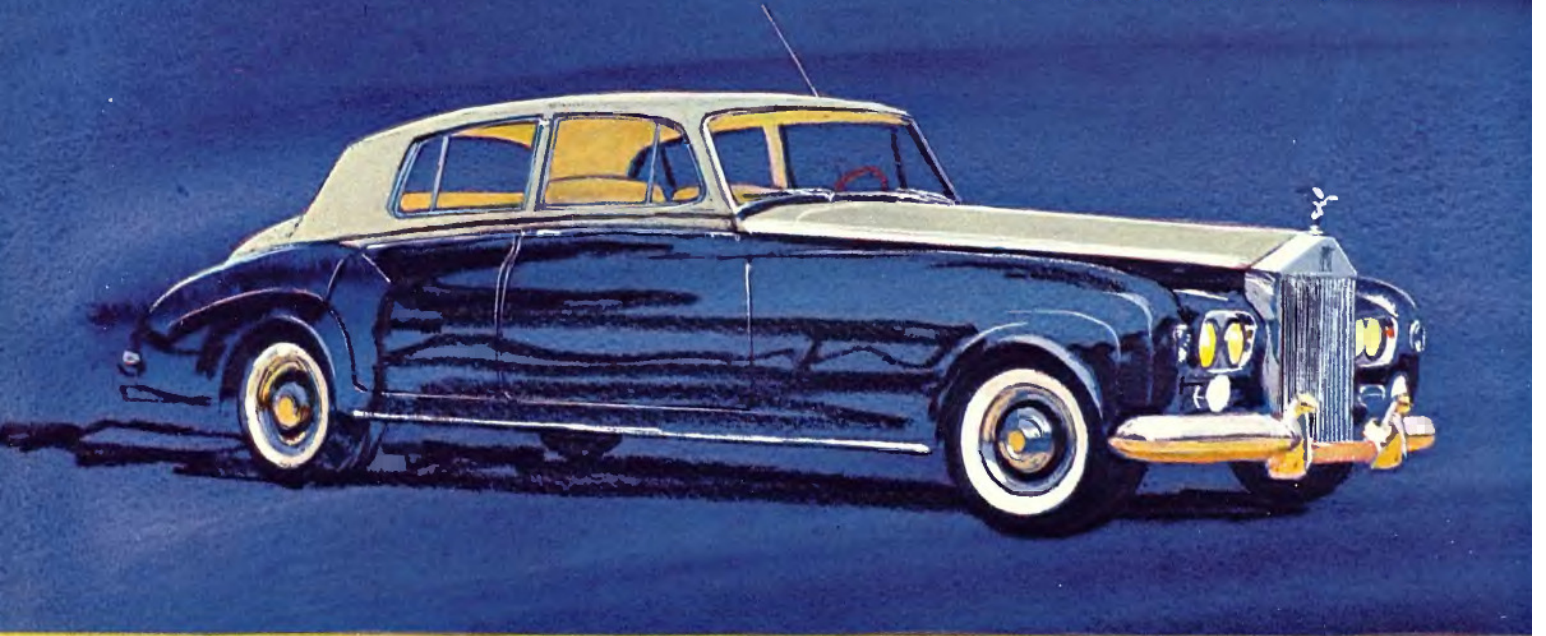
FACEL II



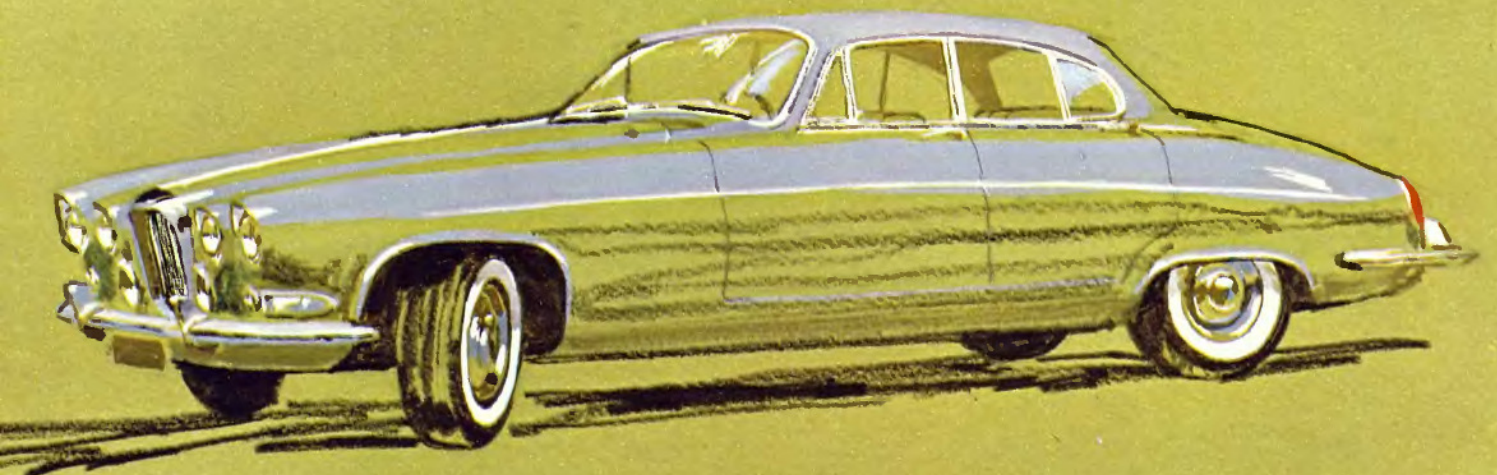
GHIA L 6.4



ROLLS-ROYCE SILVER CLOUD III



JAGUAR MARK X

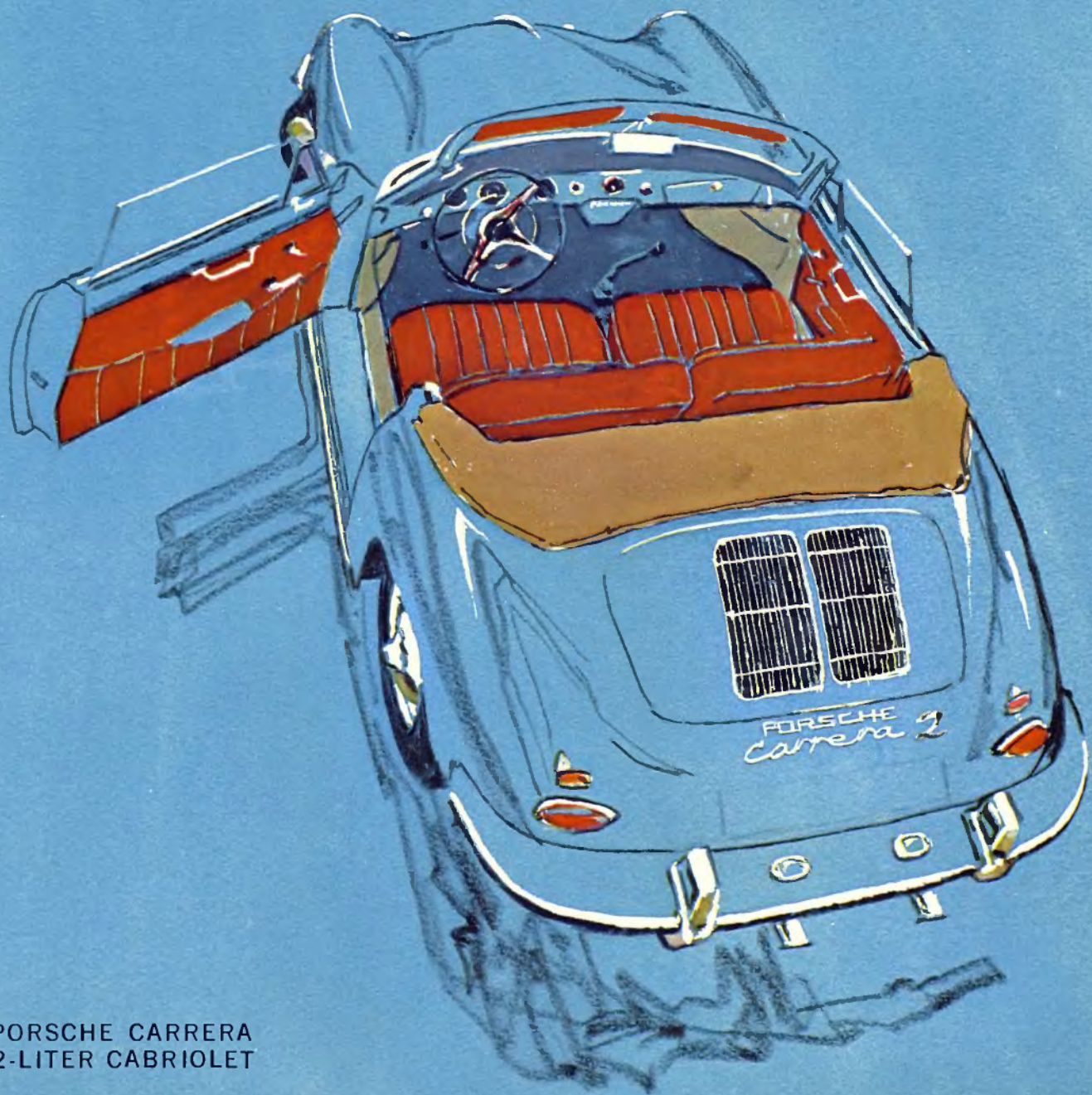


an exhaust-powered supercharger, heavy-duty brakes and suspension. Wire wheels, too, if you want them; altogether, a most desirable package.

The fantastic amount of power to be had in nearly all U. S. automobiles today is backed up by handling qualities that continue to surprise Europeans, so long convinced that the soft, hopelessly unstable 1948 car is all the Americans know how to make. Peter Garnier, sports editor of the renowned British journal, *Autocar*, recently wrote, after an extensive testing of General Motors products in Detroit, "There no longer exists any justification whatever for the European conception of American cars as large, rolling, pitching 'land-cruisers' that are happy only in a straight line." Add to this the engineering superiority that the Detroit product generally enjoys over the European, and its longevity advantage over all but the highest-priced imported cars, and we can see that there are good things available in the Main Street automobile stores these days.

Three splendid examples are the Ford Thunderbird, founder of the "personal" car concept; the imitative but exciting Buick Riviera; and the not-at-all-imitative Studebaker Avanti from the atelier of Raymond Loewy, who appears to have set his face sternly against the silly double-headlight vogue. A suitable medal should be struck off for him.

The Avanti is by most people's standards a good-looking car, with some useful features built into it, not the least of them a concealed roll bar to hold the roof up in case someone turns the thing over. This can be done. The



PORSCHE CARRERA
2-LITER CABRIOLET

PERTINENT DATA ON THE PLAYBOY CARS

SPORTING & LUXURIOUS AUTOMOBILES BOTH FOREIGN & DOMESTIC

MAKE & MODEL	OVERALL LENGTH	WHEEL-BASE	ENGINE (cu. in.)	MAX. BHP @rpm	MAX. TORQUE lbs.-ft. @rpm	0-60 mph	TOP SPEED	PRICE	FEATURES
AC Cobra	151.5 in.	90 in.	260-V8	260@5800	269@4500	4.2 sec.	153 mph	\$ 5,995	Powered by Ford Fairlane V8; body made in England
Buick Riviera	208	117	401-V8	325@4400	445@2800	10	125	4,333	425 cu. in. engine, tilting steering wheel are optional
Buick Skylark Convertible	192.1	112.1	215-V8	200@5000	240@3200	12.8	—	3,011	Aluminum V8 has 11:1 compression ratio
Cadillac Eldorado Biarritz	223	129.5	390-V8	325@4800	430@3100	9.8	120	6,608	New engine; major power assists standard
Chevrolet Impala Convertible	210.4	119	283-V8	195@4800	285@2400	13.3	103.4	3,024	5 other V8 options available
Chevy II Nova 400 Convertible	183	110	194-6	120@4400	177@2400	16	94	2,472	Power-operated top is optional
Chevrolet Corvair Monza Spyder	180	108	145-6	150@4400	210@3200	10.8	115	2,798	Turbo-charged engine; 4-speed gearbox is optional
Chevrolet Corvette Convertible	175.3	98	327-V8	300@5000	360@3200	7	130	4,091	Fuel-injected 360-hp engine available
Chevrolet Corvette Sport Coupe	175.3	98	327-V8	300@5000	360@3200	7	130	4,306	Independent rear suspension; retractable headlamps
Chrysler 300J	215.5	122	413-V8	390@4800	485@3600	8	135	5,184	Heavy-duty suspension; all power assists standard
Dodge Polara 500 Convertible	208.1	119	383-V8	305@4600	410@2400	8	—	3,196	New self-adjusting brakes; 426 cu. in. engine is optional
Dodge Dart GT Convertible	195.9	111	225-6	145@4000	215@2400	14.7	—	2,559	Top is manually operated; 170 cu. in. engine is standard
Ford T-Bird Sports Roadster	205	113.2	390-V8	340@5000	430@3200	11.4	110	5,563	Tonneau cover for rear seats is unique
Ford Galaxie 500XL Convertible	209.9	119	406-V8	405@5800	448@3500	7	135	4,063	427 cu. in. V8 made available in February
Ford Falcon Futura Convertible	181.1	109.5	170-6	101@4400	156@2400	19	90	2,470	260 cu. in. V8 introduced in January is optional
Ford Fairlane 500 Sports Coupe	197.6	115.5	221-V8	145@4400	216@2200	15	94	2,607	289 cu. in. V8 available
Imperial Convertible	227.8	129	413-V8	340@4600	470@2800	11	120	5,782	Major power assists standard; free-standing headlamps
Lincoln Continental Convertible	213.3	123	430-V8	320@4600	465@2600	11.8	110	6,916	New 4-barrel carburetion; all power assists standard
Mercury Comet S22 Convertible	194.8	114	170-6	101@4400	156@2400	18.2	90	2,710	Floor-mounted 4-speed gearbox is optional
Mercury Monterey S55 Convertible	215	120	406-V8	405@5800	448@3500	7.7	120	4,341	427 cu. in. engine top option; 390 cu. in. engine is standard
Olds Starfire Convertible	214.4	123	394-V8	345@4800	440@3200	7.7	125	4,742	Auto. trans., major power assists standard
Olds F-85 Jetfire Coupe	192.2	112	215-V8	215@4600	300@3200	9	115	3,048	Fluid-injected, turbo-charged engine
Plymouth Sport Fury Convertible	205	116	318-V8	230@4400	340@2400	12	109	3,082	Available with ram-induction 426 cu. in. engine
Plymouth Valiant Signet Convertible	186.2	106	170-6	101@4400	155@2400	17	93	2,454	225 cu. in. engine is optional
Pontiac Grand Prix	211.9	120	421-V8	370@5200	460@3800	6.6	140	3,923	Top engine option; 389 cu. in. engine is standard
Pontiac Le Mans Convertible	194.3	112	326-V8	260@4800	352@2800	9.5	120	2,909	Standard engine is 194.5 cu. in. 4
Rambler American 440 Convertible	173.1	100	195-6	125@4200	180@1600	—	—	2,344	E-stick auto. clutch, twin-stick (overdrive) trans. available
Studebaker GT Hawk	204	120.5	289-V8	210@4500	300@2800	9	120	3,095	Supercharged Avanti engine is optional
Studebaker Avanti	192.4	109	289-V8	210@4500	300@2800	7.5	130	4,445	4-speed gearbox is standard with optional blown engine
ENGLAND									
Arnold-Bristol Deluxe	167	99	120-6	130@5500	128@5000	8.7	112	4,995	Body by Bertone; 2-liter Bristol engine
Aston Martin DB4 GT	171.4	93	224-6	302@6000	270@5400	6	152	12,500	62 hp more than DB4 saloon
Austin-Cooper	120	80	61-4	56@6000	54.5@3600	18.2	86	1,791	Transverse-mounted engine, front-wheel drive
Austin-Healey Sprite II	137.5	80	58-4	50@5500	52.5@4000	19.6	84.6	1,870	Weights only 1450 lbs.
Austin-Healey 3000 II	157.5	92.8	178-6	136@4750	167@3000	11.2	115	3,535	New comes with roll-up windows, new top
Bentley Continental Convertible	211.7	123	380-V8	—	—	12	125	25,690	Bodywork by Park Ward; also available as coupe

Avanti is not a *gran turismo* car, no matter what has been said about it: it's not all that fast, and it will not handle with the likes of E-Jaguars. Good-looking, though, and full of dash. Disc brakes. You can get them on any Studebaker this year, by petition.

Buick's Riviera is a 120-plus-mph hardtop touring car of considerable charm. It shows impressive acceleration — 0 to 60 in about 10 seconds — handles reasonably well for anything so big — the wheelbase is 117 inches — and has brakes that appear well able to manage the weight. They are drums. Incidentally, the reason discs are not appearing on more American cars is that U. S. designers are not satisfied with the rate of pad wear they currently show on big and heavy cars. Brake wear, like frequent lubrication procedures, is something that is acceptable to many owners in Europe, who still like to fiddle with their cars. The American, who tends to equate luxury with

convenience, would ideally like to have nothing to do with automobile maintenance.

Ford's Thunderbird has a few mechanical changes for the better — alternator instead of generator, for example, and 100,000-mile lubrication for the front end. It's quieter than last year's. There are three basic models, and the top-stowing arrangements on the convertibles are novel and intriguing still.

The biggest engine currently running any passenger automobile — 7 liters of it — is in the Continental, largely unchanged, and still a superlatively engineered and assembled motorcar. The engine puts out about 300 horsepower and the car carries a two-year guaranty.

Chrysler's Imperial has very nearly as big an engine, at 6.7 liters, and 20 more horsepower. While it may not quite be produced to the exacting inspection-and-test standards of the Continental, the Imperial is still a superior

Daimler S. P. 250	160.5	92	156-V8	140@5800	155@3600	9.5	134	3,995	Reinforced fiberglass body; 4-wheel disc brakes
Jaguar Mark X	202	120	230- 6	265@5500	260@4000	10.1	120	6,995	4-wheel disc brakes; auto. trans.; "E" engine
Jaguar 3.8	180.8	107.4	230- 6	220@5500	240@3000	8.5	125	5,170	4-wheel disc brakes; auto. trans.
Jaguar XK-E Coupe	175.4	96	230- 6	265@5500	260@4000	6.3	150	5,895	Independent suspension; 4-wheel disc brakes; unitized body
Lagonda Rapide	195.5	114	244- 6	259@5000	265@4000	—	—	13,750	Auto. trans.; made by Aston-Martin's David Brown
Lotus Elite	150	88	74- 4	75@6500	75@4750	12.2	115	5,690	Fiberglass body; Coventry Climax engine; MG gearbox
MGB	153.2	91	110- 4	94@5500	107@3500	11	105	2,658	Front disc brakes; roll-up windows; adjustable side vents
MG Midget	136	80	58- 4	50@5500	52.5@4000	21.6	90	1,939	Sheres basic body and engine with Sprite
Morgan 4/4	144	96	82- 4	57@5000	74@2500	18.6	82.6	2,394	Last holdout of classic car styling
Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud III	211.7	123	380-V8	—	—	12	101	16,655	Engine of cast aluminum; first year for dual headlamps
Rover 3-Liter	186.5	110.5	183- 6	134@5000	169@1750	18.6	100	5,495	African cherry wood paneling; auto. trans. available
Sunbeam Alpine	155.2	86	97- 4	85@5000	94@3800	14	100	2,595	Engine is hypoid standard 1.6-liter Rootes unit
Sunbeam Harrington Le Mans	155.2	86	97- 4	104@6000	105@4500	14.4	108	3,995	Fiberglass roof; front disc brakes
Triumph TR-4	156	88	131- 4	105@4750	128@3350	10.9	109	2,849	4-speed gearbox, fully synchromeshed
FRANCE									
Citroen DS-19 Convertible	180	123	118- 4	83@4500	105@3000	16.8	98	5,660	Power disc brakes; power steering; auto. trans. standard
Facelia	163.5	96.5	97.6- 4	115@6400	106@4100	—	—	4,950	4-speed Pont-a-Mousson gearbox; unitized body
Facel II	187	104	383-V8	355@4800	460@2800	8.3	130	11,550	Auto. trans.; disc brakes, power-assisted
Renault Caravelle S	167.9	89.4	58- 4	51@5500	55@3500	19	85	2,450	4-wheel disc brakes; sealed cooling system
GERMANY									
Auto Union 1000SP Convertible	164.2	92.5	60- 3	60@4500	65.1@3000	—	90	3,995	3-cylinder, 2-cycle engine; front-wheel drive
Mercedes-Benz 300SL	180	94.5	183- 6	240@6100	228@5000	7.6	130	11,573	4-wheel disc brakes; fuel-injected
Mercedes-Benz 300SE Convertible	192	108	183- 6	185@5200	205@4000	11.4	109	12,573	Fuel-injection; auto. trans.; disc brakes, air suspension
Mercedes-Benz 190SL	166	94.5	116- 4	120@5700	107@2800	13.7	109	5,644	4-wheel independent suspension
Porsche Super 90 Cabriolet	158	82.7	96.5- 4	102@5500	89@4300	13	115	5,034	4-speed gearbox, fully synched; torsion bar suspension
Porsche Carrera 2-Liter Cabriolet	158	82.7	120- 4	152@6200	131@4600	8.7	125	8,030	Latest version of Porsche; new engine
VW Karmann-Ghia Convertible	163	94.5	73- 4	39.5@3900	64.9@2400	—	74.5	2,495	Rear-mounted air-cooled engine; on VW chassis
ITALY									
Alfa Romeo Giulia Spider	154	88.6	96- 4	105@6200	—	—	105.6	3,395	5-speed gearbox, fully synched; Pininfarina body
Alfa Romeo 2600 Spider	172	98	158- 6	165@5900	205@4000	7.5	125	5,295	Triple-twin carbs; 5-speed gearbox, fully synched
Ferrari 250 GT 2+2	185	102.4	180.5-V12	240@7000	181@5000	8	150	12,900	Ferrari's V12 only one in production; 4-passenger
Ferrari Berlinetta	163.7	94.5	180.5-V12	280@7000	202@5500	5.5	175	12,950	Shorter wheel base, more powerful engine than 2+2
Fiat 1200 Spyder	158.7	92.1	74.5- 4	63@5600	60@3000	16.1	90	2,595	Combines standard Fiat chassis with Pininfarina body
Ghia L 6.4	210	115	383-V8	325@4600	410@2400	7.4	130	16,325	Latest from Dual Motors Corp.; Chrysler engine
Lancia Flavia Coupe	178	99	91- 4	90@5200	82@3500	15.9	103	4,715	4-speed gearbox, fully synched; front-wheel drive
Lancia Flaminia Convertible Touring 3C	177	99.2	150-V6	140@5600	150@3600	14.8	118	7,200	Only European V6; triple-twin carbs; body by Touring
Maserati 3500GT Iniezione Convertible	188	102.3	213- 6	235@5500	260@4000	7.6	146	13,400	4-wheel disc brakes; fuel-injected
Maserati 5000GT Iniezione Coupe	189	102	301.5-V8	325@5500	327@4000	5.6	168	16,300	4 overhead chain-driven cam shafts; fuel-injected
SWEDEN									
Volvo P1800	173	96.5	109- 4	100@5500	108@4000	13.6	105	3,995	Body is made in England; 4-speed trans., fully synched

NOTE: The above chart is a representative sampling of the world's most desirable makes; it does not list all models, nor attempt to be comprehensive. Domestic car prices are factory suggested retail prices which include Federal excise tax and dealer preparation cost; not included are transportation costs, state or local taxes; price is for auto with engine listed. Foreign prices are Port of Entry, do not include transportation costs within U.S., state or local taxes.

deluxe motorcar. The very fast 300 model is designated J this year. Few really fast cars are as comfortable as the 300J.

The Eldorado convertible by Cadillac still has fins, as well as the longest look in the world of the automobile, and a new, shorter, narrower, lighter engine. In some circles this motorcar has prestige that is stunning. I think it's six feet or so too long. However, driving a Cadillac is an Experience, when it's one with everything on it: air conditioning; Cruise Control, which means you don't have to bother keeping your foot on the accelerator; automatic dimmer for the headlights; adjustable steering wheel; and so on and on. From the same house comes the Pontiac Grand Prix, which isn't really that, of course, but offers formidable performance in its category, a 4-speed stick shift, bucket seats and accompanying *grand luxe* features, the whole rig turned out in first-cabin fashion.

The smallest production figures in Detroit are certainly those of the Ghia L 6.4, successor to the Dual-Ghia, a specialty car which is basically a Chrysler with coachwork by the Italian house of Ghia. Two a month are assembled in Torino. The new model uses the Chrysler "B" 6.4-liter engine, and basic running gear is Imperial. Ghia does only the body shell and upholstery; hardware is Chrysler.

There are those, and they are not few, who think the Ferrari the best automobile in the world. I incline to that view. There are quieter, handier, more luxurious, more comfortable motorcars in the world market—but for the maximum amount of *everything* desirable that can be, by intelligence, obsessive determination and the power of will, combined into one vehicle, it seems to me one must go to Ferrari. Blinding speed, the maximum luxury that can be blended with it, flawless road holding on the most sophisticated level, mechanical reliability that is astonishing, considering the flat-out performance the car will produce hour after hour under any condition of travel—and this without much maintenance bother—these useful and pleasant characteristics are available in a Ferrari to a degree unmatched in other motorcars. The Ferrari is the Bugatti of today, beyond any argument. Your local Ferrari dealer will speak to you in terms of \$12,000 or \$14,000 or \$16,000 and he will prove to be selective, to say the least, in the matter of a trade-in, but you have been warned, thus you are armed.

The most useful Ferrari is possibly the 250 *gran turismo* 2-plus-2. Here we have a V12 3-liter engine producing a modest but genuine 240 horsepower, sufficient to make the machine do 125–150 miles an hour. This is a four-passenger car, and the rear seats, if not up to Cadillac or Continental or Imperial standards of acreage, are better suited to containing

the human frame if the *pilote* decides to hurry. The baggage compartment aft is not meant to take bushels of apples to the cider mill, but it will contain all the impedimenta any four reasonable voyagers could wish.

Pininfarina designed the 2-plus-2 body and there isn't enough chrome on it to make a glitter in Arizona sunshine; the roof appears to be a floating cantilever springing up from the rear-wheel arch. A splendid machine. For four people, nothing better.

Enzo Ferrari also delivers a Berlinetta, a lightweight, vitamin-packed, Adrenalin-injected coupe for sports-car racing. One of these will do you for anything: Le Mans, for example, or Sebring. Bring a letter from your driving teacher. Your local Ferrari dealer won't sell you a Berlinetta if he thinks you might be upset by the prospect of a hairpin corner coming up when you are doing 170 in a pouring rain, at night.

Turned loose in the Ferrari factory with *carte blanche* to keep everything they could carry out in half an hour, most of the knowing would scuttle about looking for armloads of 4.9 parts. Ferrari builds the 4.9 to order, and I suppose that a year that produced one a month would be a big year. The 4.9 is in every way an automobile of superlative performance. A 4962-cubic-centimeter engine is not big by U. S. standards—little more than a small Pontiac, for example—but it's huge in Europe and it's expected to put out in matching fashion: a 4.9 will reach 60 in 6.5 seconds, and, at the end of a standing quarter mile, which takes it 14.5 seconds, it will be passing 100 mph in 2nd gear, with 3rd and 4th still to come. Available any time is 165 miles an hour, the brakes are at first glance wildly oversize and the car sticks to the road in the acceptable Italian major-league fashion. Like most ultrafast touring automobiles, the Ferrari 4.9 has been designed to understeer, but the surplus of power on hand can be used to take it through neutrality to oversteer on demand. That's to say, for all conceivable noncompetitive over-the-road use, driver ability is the limiting factor in the 4.9's performance.

As to price, the elder Morgan's dictum applies: "If you have to think about that . . ."

It is getting so that only graybeards who go back to 1946 remember it, but gospel once maintained that a car that would really put out at the top end of the speed range had of necessity to be a lumpy boneshaker at the bottom. A measure of the distance designers have come since then is such curiosities as the ability of the 6-cylinder fuel-injection Maserati to run at 10 miles an hour in top gear—and top gear is 5th. With reasonable care the motorcar can be made to accelerate from that speed in

that gear all the way to 140. Of course, you'll do it quicker shifting like a busy bear; even if it's been years since you sat down to a 5-speed gearbox you ought to get to 100 in 20 seconds. Who cares whether you do it in 20 seconds or 18 or 22? The point of the exercise is that the thing will do everything: it will slide around town like a 3-year-old hearse, and it will run with the best the sheriff's men have to offer in any jurisdiction in the country. That is what an automobile is supposed to do. If it's low, menacing and mean looking to boot, good. You may like this about it or not, but for reasons which escape me, a black Maserati with black leather will attract more attention, in environs frequented by *cognoscenti*, than a red Ferrari.

If the 3500GT won't do you, Adolfo and Omer Orsi, who make them, will run you up a 5000, to order. The 5000 is a V8 and unless you are a better man than I am, there is about half an inch at the bottom of the accelerator-pedal travel that you want nothing whatever to do with. You can be doing 125 mph and still be in 3rd gear. If you start fiddling with the radio running in top gear you can look up and find a reading of 170. The fuel-injected engine puts out 325 (real) horsepower. It could be made to give 30 more, but that would seem pointless.

When a tight little group of payroll stick-ups made off with \$173,600 in cash at London Airport recently, eye-witnesses reported that the rubber they laid down as they left the scene came off the rear wheels of a pair of identical blue E-Jaguars, leading one to wonder if that ultrafast two-seater will come to be a favorite among British free enterprisers, as the big front-wheel-drive Citroen was among the French a few years ago, indeed to such an extent that the Paris headlines usually called them "*traction-avant* bandits."

The E-Jaguar is a phenomenon of extraordinary significance in more ways than one. The look of the thing, aside from the unhappy cam-housing bulge in the engine lid, more than merely striking, is quite close to being beautiful, and the rear-end treatment is so sexy that I'm surprised a man can drive one up Beacon Hill in Boston without being arrested for indecent exposure. It's one of the very fastest cars in the world, and, considering what it will do, it's cheap. Remember, the two wildest things in the world are the 4.9 Ferrari and the 5000GT Maserati, \$15,000 items (stripped, that is!), and while an E-type can't cope with them on a road circuit, it certainly can on the highway, where the last couple of burners can't be lighted. And you can buy an E for yourself and another one for your favorite bartender for the price of a 4.9 from Modena.

The category of fast luxury sedans has
(continued on page 132)

Wortmain

even the happiest
of unions can be killed
by the deadly kindness
of a woman scorned

fiction by
Graham Greene



HOW WONDERFULLY SECURE and peaceful a genuine marriage seemed to Carter, when he attained it at the age of 42. He even enjoyed every moment of the church service, except when he saw Josephine wiping away a tear as he conducted Julia down the aisle. It was typical of this new frank relationship that Josephine was there at all. He had no secrets from Julia; they had often talked together of his 10 tormented years with Josephine, of her extravagant jealousy, of her well-timed hysterics. "It was her insecurity," Julia argued with understanding, and she was quite convinced that in a little while it would be possible to form a friendship with Josephine.

"I doubt it, darling."

"Why? I can't help being fond of anyone who loved you."

"It was a rather cruel love."

"Perhaps at the end when she knew she was losing you, but, darling, there *were* happy years."

"Yes." But he wanted to forget that he had ever loved anyone before Julia.

Her generosity sometimes staggered him. On the seventh day of their honeymoon when they were drinking retsina in a little restaurant on the beach by Sunium, he accidentally (*continued on page 110*)



"I hate interrupting your yoga exercises, Miss Higgins, but you're wanted on the phone."

in the states he knew the bewilderingments of boyhood,
in paris he learned an attitude few americans attain



A FLEDGLING OF L'AMOUR

memoir By ALEXANDER KING

WELL, A HELL OF A LOT of water has flowed down the Danube since I was a boy, and I often sit and speculate about what could possibly have happened to all of the people whom I had known during those long lost years in the Vienna of my childhood.

I dare say the sudden transference from that life to the New York of my adolescence was perhaps the most shattering single event of my whole existence. The immigrant's traumas are like the aftereffects of a second birth, only nobody swaddles or feeds you or gives a damn what really happens to you. Believe me, it's quite a bit of something. The wonder of it is that anybody ever manages to survive it with even a small fragment of sanity left at all.

A couple of weeks after I'd landed in the United States I made a friend, a boy who lived on the same block with me and whose name was Walter Portson. His people had come out of Scandinavia somewhere and had brought Walter along when he was just a few months old. He was really a decent kid and he tried to do his best to help get me over the most awkward stages of my foreignness. I liked him a lot and we kept track of each other for quite a number of years. In fact, we went on waving to each other in a friendly way even over long distances, until when he finally died, in 1939, and his widow, Mildred, asked me to come to his funeral.

Well, anyway, during those first few weeks of our acquaintance he did his tactful best to wise me up—to lift me out of the darkness of my greenhorn status and to make me as acceptably American as everybody else.

"Let's play ball," he said to me one afternoon.

"Let's buy a ball and play catch."

"Fine," I said.

So the both of us went into a most unmemorable stationery and candy store and for three cents we bought a ball.

Come to think of it, that stationery store wasn't so unmemorable after all. I can remember that one hot day I walked into its characterless dinginess and said to the old man behind the counter, "Please give me a small chocolate soda."

"What flavor?" he said.

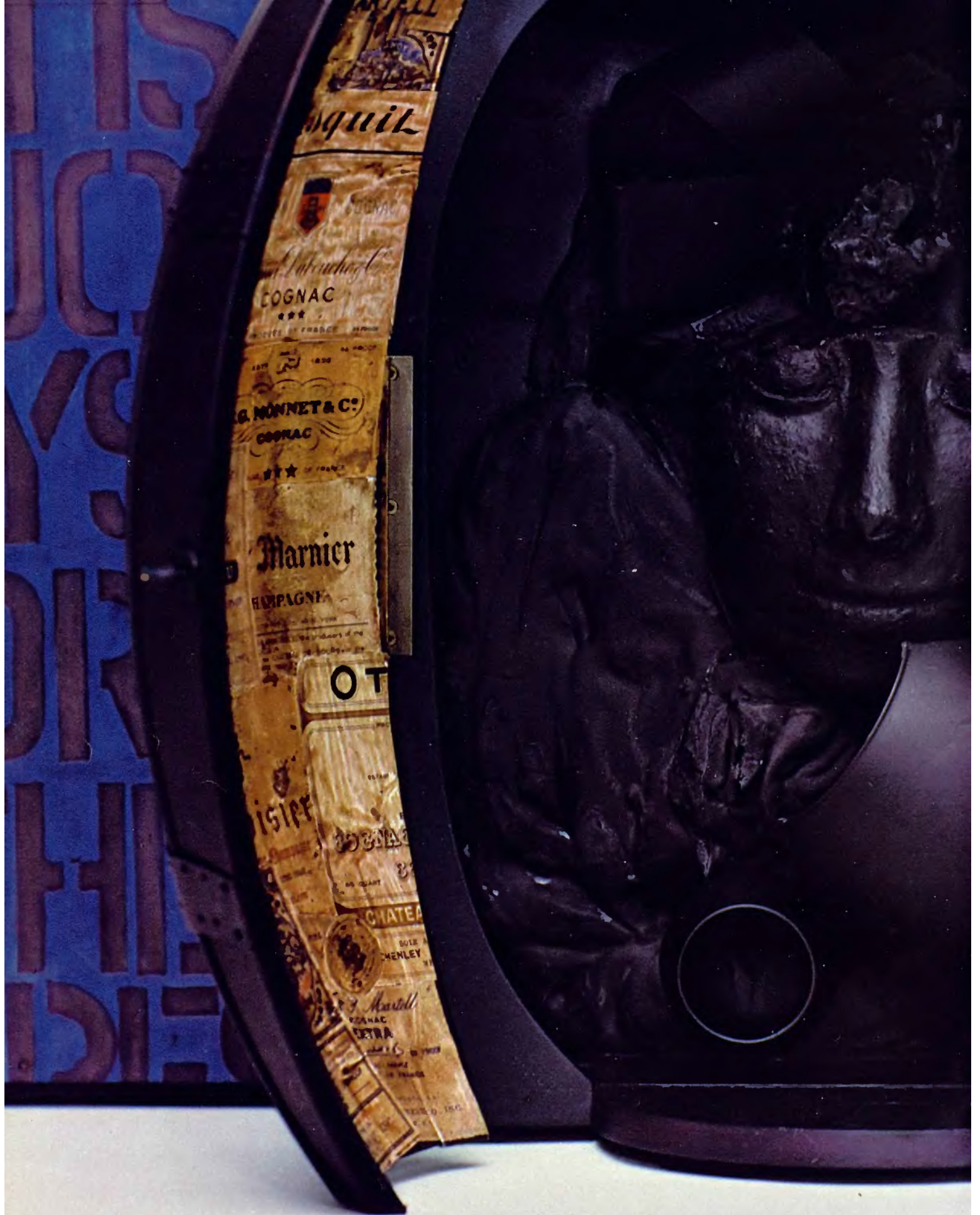
So, you see, he didn't actually live for nothing, since after half a century I can still recall his peculiar condition.

By the way, this ball that we purchased was called Bully Boy, and its name was stamped right on its unresilient exterior in black ink. I noticed at once that there was an absolutely leaden weightiness about this ball of ours and when I tried to bounce it off the sidewalk it just lay there like a dead bull-turd.

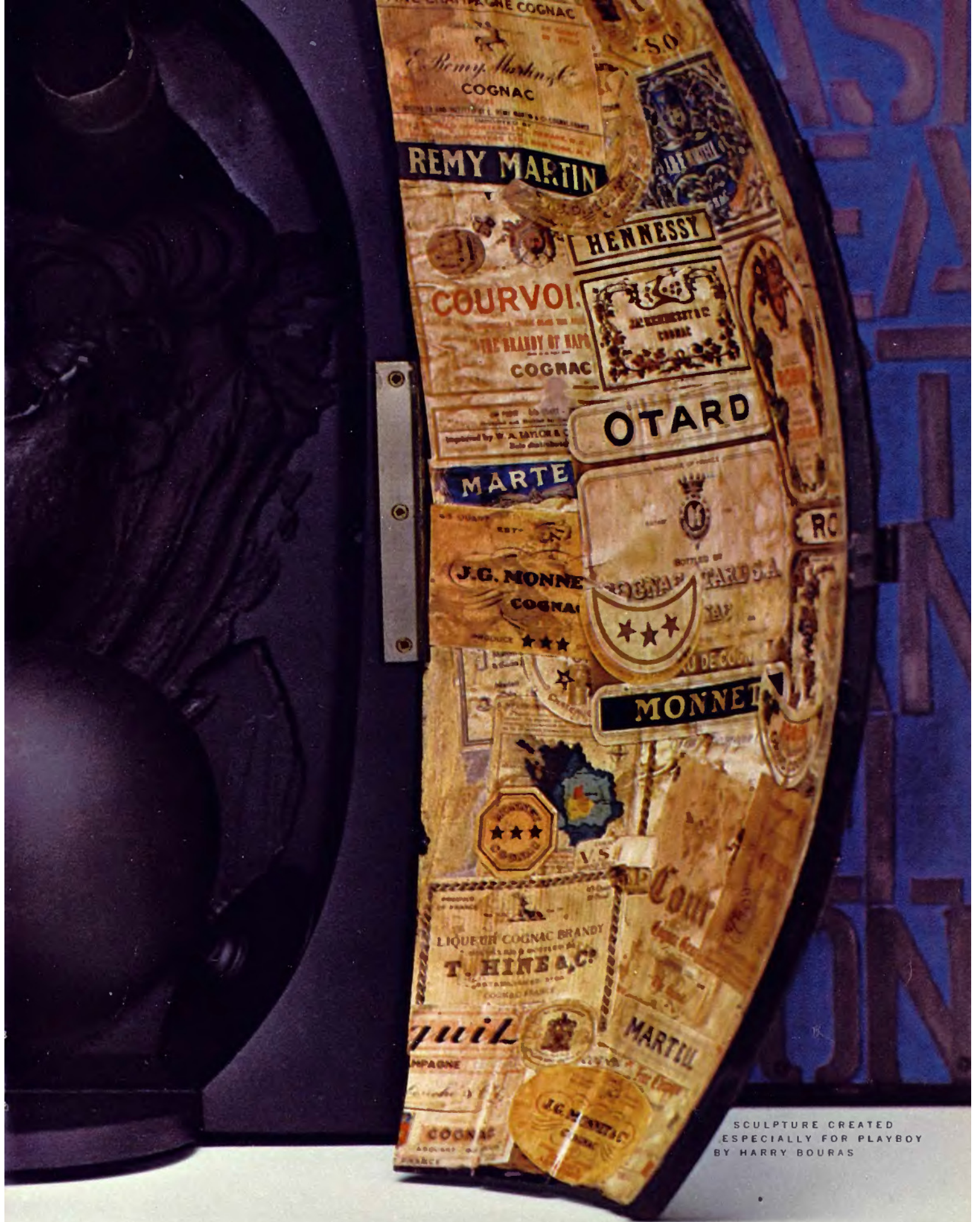
Now, let's get this thing clear.

Boys in Europe hardly ever played ball at all. They played soccer, of course, avidly and passionately, and, once in a while, just to oblige a particularly attractive girlfriend, we'd even condescend to toss a few rubber balls around with them, in the park somewhere, but you may believe me, those balls of theirs didn't even have the vaguest resemblance to anything like Bully Boy.

Those balls in the old country were called *Salon Ballen*, and they were about the size of a full-grown cantaloupe and most of them were decoratively pasted together out of red and black strips of latex. They were not too tightly filled with air either, and when they bounced off anything they went "boing," ever so softly, like a dowager's bosom that (continued on page 164)



BRANDY *a heady encomium*



SCULPTURE CREATED
ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY
BY HARRY BOURAS

to the grape's greatest distillate BY THOMAS MARIO

BRANDY

"CLARET IS THE LIQUOR for boys, port for men, but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy." Either Samuel Johnson's classic 18th Century dictum no longer applies, or the fact that cognac consumption has tripled in this country during the past 10 years suggests that heroes have proliferated of late at an unparalleled rate. In any case, Dr. Johnson was on the right track to this extent: brandy taken neat is in itself heroic. There is something about brandy's finesse that caresses the senses and even the palm of your warming hand. Although after-coffee brandy outshines almost any flavor or aroma that has gone before it, it isn't necessary to sate your palate with a formal 12-course dinner and six wines in order to test the survival power of a great brandy. Actually, the fine old elixir becomes an even more impressive finale for the modern casserole dinner, the shell steak party or the informal buffet.

Brandy is distilled wine. Those who passed Chem. I may recall that alcohol has a lower boiling point than water and that when you heat wine in a still, the vapors which rise first and are later condensed become *eau de vie*. The first raw spirits in Europe trickling out of the medieval alembics were properly used for treating battle wounds rather than drinking. How they evolved into what we now know as brandy is explained in a number of well-aged, well-blended myths.

One story concerns a Dutch sea captain who had been shipping wine from France to Holland and was rowing in the Charente River near the area which now produces cognac. He dropped his hat into the water, fished it out and noticed that it was twice as heavy. Why not extract the water from his vinous cargo, he reasoned, save a fortune in shipping costs and then later restore the water to the wine? He arranged to have the wine distilled, only to discover, upon tasting it, a new kind of Dutch courage so stunning that he couldn't possibly think of restoring the water to his *brandewijn* (Dutch for burnt wine).

Or perhaps you prefer this legend: In England during the 16th Century, importers often received wine from the same area of France. It didn't travel well and was frequently spoiled upon arrival at the English docks. To salvage their investment, they distilled the wine into brandy wine, a product which Chaucer had long before identified as the "water of immortality." It was a reasonable name because the powerful distillate, unlike wine, seemed to live on and on for years without spoiling.

Italian specialists in drinking mythology easily explain how brandy came to be aged in the wood. An alchemist in the 15th Century stored his *aqua vitae* in a cellar barrel. To keep it out of the hands of mercenary soldiers about to plunder his village, he buried the barrel of raw brandy. He died, however, before he could retrieve his trove. Years later, someone discovered the hidden *grappa*, half empty from evaporation, its raw white liquid now infused with a golden color

and an indescribably noble flavor. So much for myth and mystique.

COGNAC

To describe cognac as distilled grape wine doesn't begin to explain its rich complex of flavors and noble breeding. You may derive some knowledge of certain brandies, even if you've never sipped them before, simply by scanning their labels. To gain some appreciation of the brandy called *framboise*, for instance, you need merely translate the French word, which means raspberry. Uncork the bottle and the distinct perfume of crushed raspberries rises softly to your nostrils. It's a clear, intense pleasure. But the flavor of cognac is far above and beyond the mere essence of the grape. In fact, it tastes no more like grape than bourbon tastes like corn. While you sip it, let us explain the inscriptions and annotations printed on the cognac label.

For example, there's the phrase *Fine Champagne Cognac*. It has no allusion whatever to champagne, the bubbly wine produced in an altogether different section of France. It so happens that the soil in which the cognac grapes flourish is a dour mixture of chalk and pebbles very much like the soil of the champagne country of the Marne. The word *champagne* also means an open stretch of land. On the cognac label the word is the tip-off to the fact that the grapes used came mainly from two of the finest open sections in the heart of the Cognac region, identified on the map as Grande Champagne or Petite Champagne. To be called Fine Champagne, cognac must contain grapes of which at least 60 percent are from the Grande Champagne.

Stars on cognac labels don't offer any really meaningful information to the buyer. Originally, a single star was used by vintners to mean a good vintage after a poor year. Two stars meant the bottle represented a succession of two good years, and so on. Nowadays, stars are the cognac maker's way of giving a subjective nod to what he considers fine quality. You're not likely to come across a well-known label with less than three stars, and often they're not used at all.

The most interesting thing about initials such as VO (very old) or VSOP (very superior old pale or particular) is that they represent English rather than French designations, obviously coined for the export trade. They can't always be taken as a strict code of quality. Bottles marked VSOP by a particular brandy shipper are usually finer spirits than a bottling from the same shipper without the initials. The VSOP signet as used by most of the outstanding shippers of cognac is usually an assurance that the brandy thus marked is largely composed of 20- to 25-year-old stock. VVSOP (very very superior old pale) is taken to mean stock about 40 years old.

The whole question of age is disposed of very simply by American import laws. No age is permitted to be printed on a bottle of (continued on page 124)



STIFF UPPER LIP, JEEVES! novelette By P. G. WODEHOUSE
conclusion: the situation looked bleak for bertie—until his gentleman's gentleman stepped in to save the day for the pride of the woosters

In the previous installment, connoisseurs of the Britannic mixed grills served up by P. G. Wodehouse were offered another helping of Bertie Wooster and valet—the redoubtable Jeeves.

At the start of Part I, Bertie's brain is boggling at the mere thought of encountering the resident eccentrics of ancient Tottleigh Towers, country manor of cantankerous old Sir Watkyn Bassett. But the call of compassion prevails—to say nothing of the Code of the Woosters. Bertie complies when his pal, the Rev. H. P. ("Stinker") Pinker, bids him totter to Tottleigh to help Stinker and his fiancée, Stephanie ("Stiffy") Byng, ac-

quire a vicarage. Sporting an Alpine hat and with Jeeves at the ready, Bertie takes off on an odyssey he is soon to regret.

On hand to greet him at the Towers, among others, are: Sir Watkyn; his daughter Madeline, once almost the bride to be of Bertie and now the betrothed of fish-faced Gussie Fink-Nottle; that blighter Roderick Spode; and the ill-tempered dog, Bartholomew. Soon Bertie discovers that Fink-Nottle is depressed by his engagement to the formidable Madeline and is casting covetous glances at the cook. He and Jeeves observe also that both Sir Watkyn and Spode eye him uneasily, particularly after Stiffy per-

suares him to filch from the former a black amber statuette and return it to Major Plank—Bassett's irascible rugby-loving neighbor. As our first episode draws to its close, the irate Plank is about to call the law when Jeeves, anticipating him, steps into the parlor through an open French window. "I am Chief Inspector Witherspoon, sir," he announces.

"HAS THIS MAN been attempting to obtain money from you?" asked Jeeves.

"Just been doing that very thing, Inspector," said Plank.

"I thought (continued on page 92)





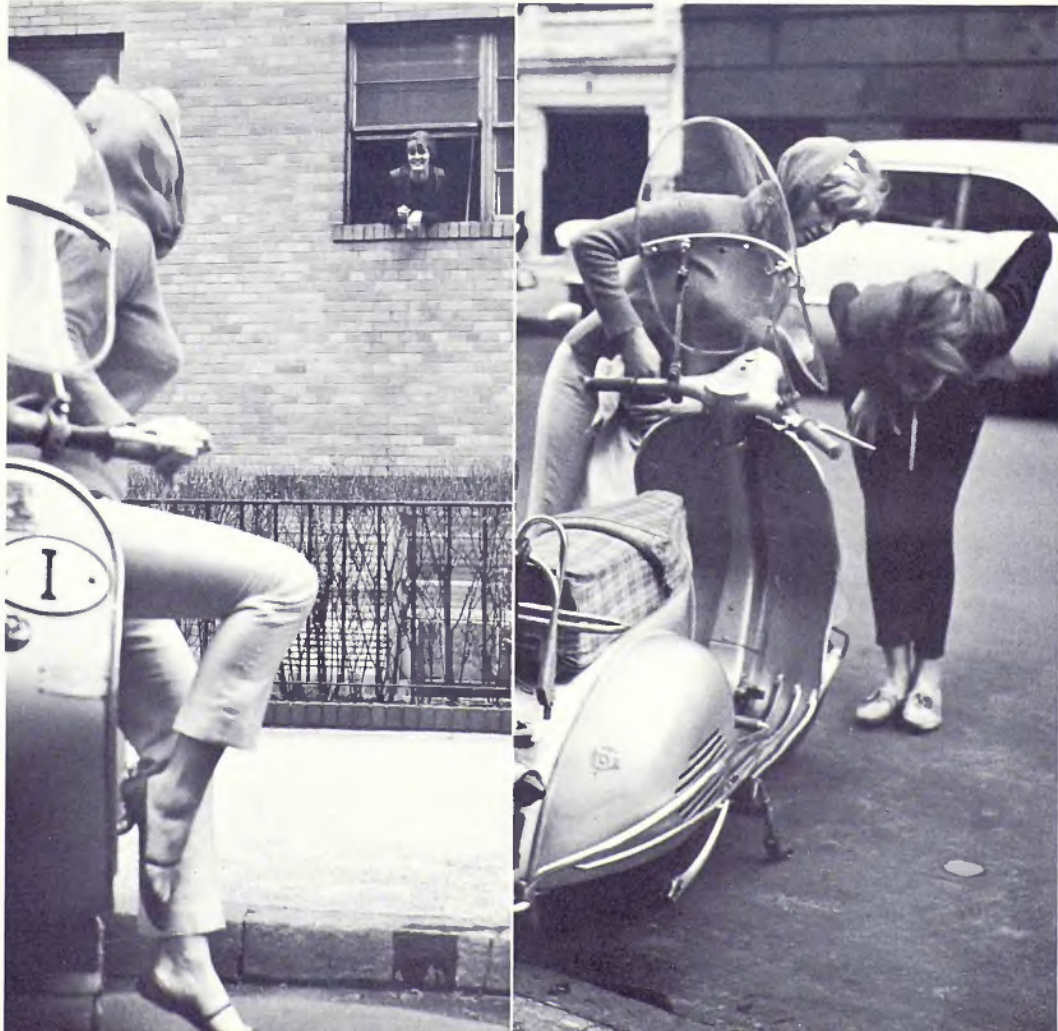
Set to scoot on her new motor scooter, Playmate Adrienne Moreau pauses to polish the windscreen.

*miss march is a debonair
example of urban development*

MANHATTAN MANNEQUIN

ONE REASON NEW YORK is a nice place to visit is the girls who want to live there — particularly the ebulliently budding models and actresses who brighten the city as they anonymously pursue their careers and dreams. Such an unsung charmer — typical in her bouyant hopes, atypical in her cool blonde beauty — is Adrienne Moreau, an aspiring New York free-lance fashion model and our March Playmate. The short happy life of Miss March began 21 summers ago in Trenton, New Jersey, where she was born of French parents; following schooling in both Jersey and Pennsylvania she entered Rutgers to study the diplomatic arts (specializing in languages and political science). Along the way her vivacious personality led to many extracurricular activities: she first did fashion modeling at 16 in Philadelphia, starred in two high school plays, and during college worked as a part-time teacher in a New Brunswick charm school. After giving the academic life the old college try for two years, Adrienne left Rutgers in the spring of 1961 with the time-honored ambition of becoming a girl of independent ways and means in NYC. Since

En route to buy art supplies, Adrienne proudly shows off her sporty two-wheeler to a girlfriend.





MISS MARCH PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Miss March sketches her roommate's bongo-beating beau during a lazy Sunday afternoon in her living room. Though she is an enthusiastic painter, Adrienne is disarmingly modest about her skill at the easel: "I paint myself, mostly—I mean, most of the paint ends up on me!"



A small-scale pile-up fails to discourage Adrienne as she and her roommate pilot a brace of electric racing cars. Says she: "I'm wild about cars and speed. I have this crazy ambition to travel all over the world some year soon and see every Grand Prix race. I love to go!"

her arrival, she has done well in publicity and advertising assignments (unlike fashiondom's usual skeleton crew, she tapes a notable 38-22-36) and recently was able to finance a snug walk-up apartment on 73rd Street just off Central Park, where she lives with a roommate amid a pleasant feminine clutter of clothing and cosmetics. Though somewhat shy at first introduction, Adrienne makes friends easily with men, who are invariably taken with her quick enthusiasms, her spontaneous laugh, and the fact that she so obviously enjoys masculine company. Of her future she says: "I'm terribly unrealistic—I want to become a great actress, and travel extensively, and marry a wise, decisive man. And I want lots of laughter and wonderful unpredictable things along the way. I don't want to live by any blueprint." For the nonce, lovely Adrienne is clearly content with the lively life of a New York bachelor girl—and glad to have *PLAYBOY*'s company as she relaxes in and around the apartment she hopes will be her launching pad.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Friend of ours says he's read so much about the terrible effects of smoking that he's decided to give up reading.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *genius* as a nudist with a memory for faces.

Strolling into the admitting office of a large hospital, a well-developed lass told the nurse on duty that she wanted to see an upturn.

"You mean an *intern*, don't you, dear?" asked the kindly nurse.

"Well, whatever you call it, I want a contamination," replied the girl.

"You mean *examination*," corrected the nurse.

"Maybe so," allowed the girl. "I want to go to the fraternity ward."

"*Maternity* ward," said the nurse, with a slight smile.

"Look," insisted the girl, "I don't know much about big words but I do know that I haven't demonstrated for two months and I think I'm stagnant."

The proof that women are all alike is that every one of them thinks she's different.

Although he kept bachelor's hours, Harry quite piously demanded absolute fidelity from his wife. Almost every night he would leave her at home with the children, bidding her farewell with a cheery, "Goodnight, mother of three."

Then one night she called back just as cheerfully, "Goodnight, father of one."

Now Harry stays home.

Behind every successful man stands a surprised wife.

Fred's convertible glided to a halt on the edge of a lonely country road.

"I suppose," said his pretty but reluctant date, "you're going to pull the old 'out of gas' routine."

"No," said Fred, "I'm going to pull the 'here after' routine . . ."

"The 'here after' routine — what's that?" she wanted to know.

"If you're not here after what I'm here after, then you're going to be here after I'm gone."

On the first night of their honeymoon the bride slipped into a flimsy bit of silk and crawled into bed, only to find that her husband had settled down on the couch. When she

asked why he was apparently not going to make love to her, he replied, "Because it's Lent."

"Why, that's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard," she exclaimed, almost in tears. "To whom, and for how long?"

Our favorite airline stewardess is the one who says, "Coffee, tea or me?"

We know an executive who is so old that when he chases his secretary around the desk, he can't remember why.



The sweetest words any young man can hear from his steady girl are these: "There's really nothing to worry about — I kid you not."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *platonic relationship* as mind over mattress.



The couple was afloat in a canoe when a sudden thunder squall flashed across the lake. "Oh Lord," the young man prayed, "save us and I'll give up smoking and drinking . . . I'll give up betting on the ponies . . . I'll give up —"

Above the noise of the thunder came the girl's earnest plea: "Don't promise to give up *everything*, George! Paddle!"

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn \$25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Thank you, but I'm afraid I don't gambol."

as much. We have had our eye on him for a long time. He is a confidence man of considerable reputation in the underworld, known to us at the Yard as Alpine Joe, because he always wears an Alpine hat with a pink feather in it."

"He's got it with him now."

"He never moves without it."

"You'd think he'd have the sense to adopt some rude disguise."

"You would indeed, sir, but the mental processes of a man like him are hard to fathom. With your permission I will take him into custody."

"You couldn't do better," said Plank heartily. "Shove him into a dungeon with dripping walls, and see to it that he is well gnawed by rats."

What with prop forwards and corner-flagging and gentlemen's personal gentlemen popping up out of traps like Demon Kings in pantomimes, the Wooster bean was not at its best as we moved off, and there was nothing in the way of conversation until we had reached my car, which I had left at the gate.

"Chief Inspector who?" I said, recovering a modicum of speech.

"Witherspoon, sir."

"Why Witherspoon? On the other hand," I added, for I like to look on both sides of a thing, "why not Witherspoon? However, that is not germane to the issue and can be reserved for discussion later. The real point, the main item on the agenda paper, is how on earth do you come to be here?"

"I anticipated that my appearance would occasion you a certain surprise, sir. I hastened after you directly Miss Byng had apprised me of her interview with Sir Watkyn."

"What interview was that?"

"Shortly after luncheon Miss Byng had a conversation with Sir Watkyn, in the course of which the latter revealed the true facts in the matter of the statuette. Induced to do so by Miss Byng's reproaches. He informed her that there was no foundation for his original statement and that in actual fact he had paid Major Plank £1000 for the object."

"Not a fiver?"

"No, sir."

"You mean he had lied in his teeth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?" I said, getting down to it in that direct way of mine.

I thought he would say he hadn't a notion, but he didn't.

"I think Sir Watkyn's motives are obvious, sir."

"Not to me."

"He acted from a desire to exasperate your uncle, Mr. Travers, sir. Mr. Travers is a collector, and collectors are not pleased when they learn that a rival collector has acquired at an insignificant

price an *objet d'art* which they would have wished to possess themselves."

It penetrated. I saw what he meant. The discovery that Pop Bassett, a man for whose insides he had always had a vivid distaste, had got hold of a 1000-quid thingummy for practically nothing would have been gall and worms to Uncle Tom. Stiffy had described the relative as writhing like an egg whisk, and I could well understand it. It must have been agony for the poor old buster.

"You've hit it, Jeeves. It's just what Pop Bassett would do. Nothing would please him better than to spoil Uncle Tom's day. So my errand was . . . what, Jeeves?"

"Bootless, sir."

"Bootless? It doesn't sound right, but I suppose you know. And if it hadn't been for you bobbing up at the crucial moment, I should have been in for it. How did you get here so quick?"

"Immediately upon learning the facts, I borrowed Miss Byng's car. I left it some little distance down the road and proceeded on foot to the house. Hearing raised voices, I approached the French window and was thus enabled to intervene at, as you say, the crucial moment."

"Very resourceful."

"Thank you, sir."

"Plank was showing a nasty noncooperative spirit. Who is he, by the way?"

"A very eminent explorer, sir. He recently made an expedition into the interior of Brazil. He has not long been in residence in Hockley-cum-Meston. He inherited the house where he resides and a great deal of money from a deceased godfather. He raises Belgian hares, and eats only nonfattening protein bread."

"You seem to have got him taped all right."

"I made inquiries at the post office, sir, where I was also told that Major Plank was very fond of football and is hoping to make Hockley-cum-Meston invincible on the field."

"Yes, I gathered that from remarks he dropped. You aren't a prop forward, are you, Jeeves?"

"No, sir. Indeed, I do not know what the phrase signifies."

"Nor do I, but he told me he yearned for one. Rather sad, when you come to think of it. All that money, all those Belgian hares, all that protein bread, but no prop forward. Still, that's life."

"Yes, indeed, sir. If you will excuse me now, sir, I will be returning to Totleigh Towers. I promised to assist Sir Watkyn's butler at the school treat."

"School treat? How do you mean, school treat?"

"I thought Miss Bassett would have informed you that the annual school treat takes place this afternoon in Sir Watkyn's park."

"No, she didn't mention it."

"Will you be accompanying me, sir?"

"No, Jeeves, I will not."

I was remembering the story I had once heard Pongo Twistleton tell at the Drones. He got mixed up in a school treat once down in Somersetshire, and his description of how, in order to promote a game called *Is Mr. Smith at Home?* he had had to put his head in a sack and allow the younger generation to prod him with sticks and had held the smoking room spellbound.

"I propose to oil off somewhere, not returning till the quiet evenfall."

"Very good, sir. I think you are wise. Passions are apt to be unbridled at these functions. Then if you will give me the statuette, I will deliver it to Miss Byng and she will restore it to its place in the collection room."

When I got back to Totleigh Towers, having spent the afternoon driving hither and thither and to and fro, the heart was light and the morale in midseason form. It seemed to me that I no longer had to worry about the stability of the Madeline-Gussie alliance now that the latter, through the kind offices of Emerald Stoker, had got in touch with the steak and kidney pie and could fulfill his legitimate aspirations. And the relief of knowing that the amber eyesore had passed from my custody, that the school treat had shot its bolt in my absence and that there was now nothing to prevent me buzzing back to London on the morrow was stupendous. I remember Jeeves once saying something about God being in His heaven and everything just like mother made, and I could understand what he had meant.

He came into my room after I had been there a minute or two, bearing a whisky and soda.

"I saw you arrive, sir, and I thought you might be in need of refreshment."

"Thank you, Jeeves, I am. Warm day."

"Quite sultry, sir."

"How did the school treat go?"

"I think the juvenile participants in the festivities enjoyed themselves."

"How about you?"

"Sir?"

"You were all right? They didn't put your head in a sack and prod you with sticks?"

"No, sir. My share in the afternoon's events was confined to assisting in the tea tent."

"So everything went off without a hitch?"

"In a manner of speaking, yes, sir. There were certain unfortunate incidents of the kind which are always inseparable from this form of entertainment. Mr. Fink-Nottle was somewhat roughly handled. Among other vicissitudes which he underwent, a child en-

(continued on page 108)

WHILE HIS AFFLUENT NEIGHBORS are still snug in their silken contour sheets, a lanky Beverly Hills resident gulps down 10 varieties of vitamin pills along with a tumbler of freshly squeezed grapefruit juice. The sun has yet to pierce the California snog as he pulls on a Beethoven sweat shirt, wrinkled khakis and size 10½-D tennis sneakers. Exiting from his 15-room Spanish colonial villa on North Beverly Drive, he briskly embarks on his morning constitutional, heading past hedgerows toward the Beverly Hills Hotel, a short jog up the street. Outflanking its pink-stucco façade, he wheels right at Sunset Boulevard and then right again on Crescent, pausing briefly to greet a motorcycle cop crouched behind a stop sign. Occasionally a bewildered Japanese gardener looks up from landscaping to observe the loping figure turn at Lexington, hard by the stately mansions pin-pointed on Hollywood star maps, and then negotiate the stretch down palm-lined North Beverly. Back home, hardly puffing, he grunts through 10 minutes of calisthenics and swims four laps in his cherub-studded, Olympic-length pool, capping these bursts with a hot-and-cold needle shower in soapy splendor. After a breakfast of bran flakes with raw almonds, one half of an organically grown papaya, yogurt and stone-ground bread, Stan Freberg, Satirist, is ready for another day at the office.

Despite the evidence of his determined daily regimen, Freberg is far from being another movieland eccentric seeking attention. More accurately, he has attracted plenty of attention already as the nation's foremost plotter of offbeat television and radio commercials (average fee: \$55,000 a campaign, including a \$5000 consultation fee), the wriest iconoclast on records (some 6,000,000 sold), a TV-comedy innovator, a pioneer in film advertising and a stiletto-sharp deflator of all the plump panjandrum from John Birchers to Bridey Murphy searchers.

The bulk of Freberg's abundant talent and resources has resolutely focused for the past six years on reversing the insidious cacophony of tactless TV and radio commercials with radical new techniques. By creating sales pitches that never sound like sales pitches, he has craftily made products seem warmer and friendlier, clients eventually smiling and contented, customers smitten and eager. To accomplish this nifty triple play, he



Mr:
**THE
 LITTLE WORLD
 OF
 STAN FREBERG**

*satire's ace entrepreneur
 and how
 he got that way*

By RICHARD WARREN LEWIS

adroitly laces his subtle spiels with generous doses of show business, histrionics, good humor and gimmickry. The sublime design: to entertain.

But even while avowing such thinking (capricious by Madison Avenue standards), Freberg remains sedate enough to spurn accounts Batten, Barton and Durstine might give their Osborn for. His forte happens to be the corporation in trouble—the coffee company peddling its first instant years after everyone else, the soft drink that has slipped from third to fifth in the marketplace, the ignoble chow mein producer, the tea-bag manufacturer on a treadmill. “If a company comes to me and cannot clearly state its problem,” says Freberg, “I don’t want to get involved. I recently turned down someone whose problem was that they had 60 percent of the market and they wanted to increase their business.

Why, 60 percent, that’s a monopoly, practically.”

In supporting the underdog, Freberg is not unlike Edward Bennett Williams, mouthpiece for Hoffa, Costello and Dave Beck. He is also a bit of an Abe Burrows, the facile writer frequently summoned to fix a Broadway-bound play wallowing in Boston. “I want the advertising agencies to think of me as that special surgeon they call in,” he explains. “Like, four doctors are standing around the patient who is dying and they say: ‘Why don’t we get Dr. Freberg in Vienna? Do you think he’d come?’”

When Dr. Freberg does arrive he invariably carts along a carpetbag full of razzle-dazzle so irregular that the specialist is often mistaken for a quack. His noncommercial commercials sometimes sound like miniature musical comedies. Many of them start in mid-conversation and never once do they bellow “Say, Mother!” or “Save, save, save,” the time-honored attention-getters. Their decibel level is constant, their message semisubliminal. “Advertising has created a commercial barrier,” Freberg says. “My object is to break through that barrier. People have become beaten around the ears with the baseball bat of hard sell to the point where they’ve developed a cauliflower receptivity, and you just cannot reach them with techniques now archaic due to their sheer volume and repetition. Advertisers are paying billions of dollars every year playing to a roomful of empty furniture.”

To keep an audience in the living room, Freberg’s workaday theory is “to be musically memorable, amusing, completely unorthodox in approach, and all three whenever possible.” He has composed a pair of six-minute radio commercials (*Woburn!* for Salada Tea and *Omaha!* for Butter-Nut Coffee) that unmistakably resemble tabloid-sized Broadway musicals. He has formed a group of Chinese folk singers, The Chun Kingston Trio, for a chow mein company. He has employed bop-talking beatniks to push cottage cheese with pineapple and mass apple-bobbing parties to sell banks. But mostly he has sold potential advertisers who flock to what he calls “Freberg, Ltd. (But Not Very)”, his one-secretary office on Sunset Strip.

Jeno Paulucci, an American-born Chinese food manufacturer from Duluth, Minnesota, (continued on page 98)



feet first

*playing footsie
with playboy's
shoe-in
favorites*

attire By **ROBERT L. GREEN**

THE ULTRASLIM OUTLINE of last year's foot-gear has filled out into a broguishly masculine shoe silhouette that's high, wide and decidedly handsome, in emulation of the evolution in apparel to slightly wider shoulders and lapels. Cleaving to the classic lines of wingtips, straight tips and moccasin fronts in laced and loafer models with wider toes, they create an impression of sturdy substantiality without sacrificing the polished urbanity of unadorned styling. Subtly keyed in style and shade to every mode of male attire, the well-heeled gentleman's shoe wardrobe for '63 includes a variety of smooth leathers for dress and business wear,





Upper left: playful playmate falls head over heels for his burnished brown, grained-hide slip-ons with high tongue, hand-sewn front, lastex-bound sides, by American Gentleman, \$18.

At left, she decides to slip into something comfortable: his black calf oxfords with two-eyelet lace-front, plain toe, high tongue, black kid lining and high-rise heel, by Connolly, \$22.

Above: slip-clad but not slip-shod in his smooth-hide moccasins, she digs their rich antique-copper shade, hand-sewn front, leather lining, high tongue, leather heel and sole, by Winthrop, \$15. At right, she kicks up her heels—and one of his: a cedar-brown, grained-calf slip-on with welt seams, U-shaped toe, flexible gore top, leather heel and sole, high tongue, by Banister, \$40.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON BRONSTEIN



grained textures for tweedy town-and-country pastimes, brushed hides and coarse-weave fabrics for active and spectator sports.

In step with the season, the boot look is well suited to the slim-limbed line of Ivy slacks. Although this year's boot-style shoes extend up to and under the trouser bottoms; few, happily, are cut higher than the ankle.

In a smart sartorial comeback, the soft-shoe routine of yore will be stepping onstage once again in a selection of extra-pliant leathers that you'll find eminently easy on the eyes and feet. Designed in dress and sport models with flexible soles and foam-padded insoles, they're casually correct for penthouse and poolside. Meanwhile, back in the South and Southwest, watch for renewed *(concluded on page 132)*





Far left: getting into step with male shoe fashions, she's on firm social footing in a sturdy wingtip blucher-style shoe of tan-toned grained hide with five-eyelet lace-front, leather lining, heel and sole, by British Walkers, \$29. Bottom left: she takes a tricky toe hold on clean-lined dark cordovan moccasin with hand-sewn front, leather lining, heel and sole, by Bostonian, \$28.

Left: girl gets big boot from a pair of cordovan-colored half-boots of pebble-grained calfskin with plain front, two-eyelet lace-front, leather heel and sole, by Jarman, \$15. Below: she puts her best foot forward over cocktails—and so does her companion, in a black blucher of smooth calfskin with two-eyelet lace-front, leather heel and sole, by French Shriner, \$27.



LITTLE WORLD OF STAN FREBERG *(continued from page 93)*

came knocking in 1960, distressed that his canned chow mein was accumulating dust on grocers' shelves. Two of the biggest advertising agencies had failed to hypo sales. Freberg suggested that Paulucci state the hard fact, that 95 percent of the U. S. had not only never tried Chun King, they hadn't even heard of it. "Lay it on the line," said a voice in the first of a skein of commercials. "Let's have a little truth in advertising for a change." Commercial number two sought to prove the unlikely notion that most Americans eat chow mein daily, just as many Chinese subsist on hot dogs. "What did you have to eat last Monday?" a pitchman asks his shill. "Hot dog," is the Chinese-inflected reply. "Tuesday night?" "Hot dog." "Wednesday night?" "Hot dog." "Thursday night?" "Hot dog." "Friday, Saturday, Sunday?" "Hot dog, hot dog, hot dog." The frankfurter fanatic exposes himself and the subgum selling plot by reaching too fast for the bogus testimonial payoff.

Paulucci had already given Freberg, Ltd., the green light, "But when he heard those commercials," Stan recalls, "he called from Duluth in a rage. He said: 'I'm not in business to sell hot dogs. You told me you were gonna put some commercials on the air that are really gonna bring my sales up. You told everybody I'm only selling five percent of the people. That's a terrible thing and I don't want to admit that in public.' His voice was up about three octaves. He said: 'I've canceled all the air time. I want you to redo the whole campaign.'"

Freberg bridled, raising *his* voice several octaves. "Look," he said, "those commercials are designed to hit people on the head with a two-by-four and make them aware of a product called Chun King. First of all, nobody cares about Chinese food to any great extent, let alone canned Chinese food, let alone a particular canned Chinese food called Chun King. So you can't expect me to get in tired lines about vegetables picked at the peak of perfection. If my campaign doesn't work I will get out of advertising and pull you in a rickshaw up La Cienega Boulevard past Restaurant Row." Paulucci reluctantly demurred, promising: "If it does work I'll pull you in a rickshaw."

The campaign reinstated, Freberg went to work in earnest. He had millions of yellow plastic handles attached to Chun King cans, called them "security handles" — so customers wouldn't feel guilty about abandoning the traditional Chinese restaurant takeout cartons for chow mein in a can. Though Chinese eateries were insignificant competition, they became the expedient enemy. The Chun Kingston Trio rhymed out this intra-noodle warfare, and suddenly people

were flocking to supermarkets to carry home Chun King by the security handlesful. Sales soared 30 percent within a year and Freberg got his rickshaw ride from Paulucci as flashbulbs popped.

Celebrating further, Freberg hosted a candlelit dinner party on the marbled patio of his \$200,000 home. The bill of fare for scores of Los Angeles grocery store buyers: Chun King chow mein served from gleaming copper chafing dishes. "People ate it and raved," Freberg says. "After it was all over I told them it was Chun King. They wouldn't believe it. So I had a uniformed guy from Brink's standing out behind the house. He had all the empty cans padlocked in mailbags." With proper ceremony, the Brink's man expertly unlocked the sacks and littered the patio with empty tin cans. "It created a good public relations feeling for the company," Freberg says.

The first of Freberg's \$50,000 campaigns was commissioned by Kaiser Aluminum Foil in 1959. It was an attempt by Kaiser to induce apathetic storekeepers to stock its wrapping and thereby enlist them in shelf-to-shelf combat with Reynolds Wrap. Using animated cartoons, Freberg introduced Clark Smathers, a misunderstood but determined Kaiser salesman who bopped grocers over the head with a mallet to convince them to order the foil. Freberg inundated merchants with mallets of their own (to hit back with), survival kits filled with band-aids and mercurochrome (to patch pummelings by Smathers), and a medal that read: DON'T HIT ME, I'VE GOT IT, with clusters for Bravery, Valor and Lumps. When Henry J. Kaiser first viewed the commercial on *Maverick*, he pulled a Paulucci. "I heard that as the mallet came down on the grocer's head, Kaiser literally leaped from his chair as if someone had hit *him* over the head," Freberg relates. Kaiser picked up a phone in Hawaii and ordered the agency to pull the campaign off the air. They refused. Though foiled, Henry J. did not have to take the wrap. Freberg's irresistible program had vamped 43,000 new retail outlets in four months.

Early last year Salada Tea, a 103-year-old concern located in Woburn, Massachusetts, discovered its tea-bag sales were soggy, its profits limp. For his normal advance consultant's fee of \$5000 ("My motto is *Ars Gratia Pecuniae* — Art for the Sake of Money; I tell them Freberg thinks much better when he gets the money in front"), they summoned Stan, asked him what was wrong. "What they got for five grand," says Freberg, "was 18 mimeographed pages, a simulated leather cover, and two metal brads." Inside was the plan for the Salada campaign.

"The tea industry is living in a fool's paradise," he told them. "Nobody really thinks about tea the way they think about coffee. Salada has to dig into the coffee market and reach people who have just never considered drinking tea, especially Salada. Before you can get people to think about Salada Tea in a new way you have to first get them to think about tea, period, in a new way. The best thing to do was to kid this old slogan that should be carried off to the Old Slogan Home — 'Take Tea and See.'" Freberg's notion for the initial radio spot was a stentorian announcer in an echo chamber declaring: "Take Tea and See." A second voice asked: "You mean I can throw away my glasses?" Then he planned to come right out and say "coffee" in the second tea commercial. One voice queried: "Would you like to shake the coffee habit?" The second voice answered: "Not particularly, I'm a coffee man myself." Old-line ad men were aghast.

Researching at his office, Freberg sliced open dozens of tea bags, noted that most competitive bags consisted largely of a dusty coloring agent to make the tea quickly turn orange. Salada's bags contained nothing but leaves and took nearly three minutes to steep properly. To kill the three minutes, Freberg prescribed putting reading material on the tags of the tea bags — snappy one-liners, philosophical thoughts, instant fortunes like: "You will meet a tall, dark Internal Revenue man" and "A mysterious envelope will be mailed to you with a little window in it. Pay it" — and informing listeners of this literary coup as the campaign picked up momentum.

Salada executives approved Freberg's analysis, shelled out an additional \$50,000, and the crusade was under way. Next step, also told in a one-minute commercial, was to have the American Federation of Gypsies (a Freberg invention) strike the home plant at Woburn, claiming tea-leaf-fortune readers were being thrown out of work by the Salada tags on the bags. Separate full-page advertisements in *New York* and Boston newspapers and *The New Yorker* stated the gypsies' position in the strike and management's counterarguments. The gypsies alleged that Salada "eliminated the middle man or woman." Salada averred: "You can't fight progress." The climax was a six-minute musical comedy commercial, *Woburn!*, studded with Freberg-concocted songs like *Hooray for the A. F. of G.*, *Pity the Poor Gypsies*, and a stirring *Hymn to Woburn*. By the end of the singing, the dispute was resolved. Salada had hired the unemployed gypsies to affix tags to the bags and assist in fortune writing. A third full-page ad announced the strike settlement and

(continued on page 126)



"Now we'll check your reflexes . . ."



pictorial

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

avis kimble

laura young

june cochran

GENTLEMEN, WOULD YOU HELP US settle a dispute? For the first time in our nine years of publishing, the editors of PLAYBOY have been unable to select just one Playmate of the Year. After five secret ballots, the voting at presstime remained deadlocked in a three-way tie among the lovely girls whose names appear above. As you can see, this is a hang-up of considerable proportions, because no editor was willing to forgo his favorite, so we leave it to you to make the final decision. Please send us your opinions. In return, we'll present a full take-out on the winner in our June issue. The candidates: Left: auburn-haired Avis Kimble (Miss November), an upbeat bohemian, poetess and painter who, at 18, is adding bright new dimensions (39-22-36) to Chicago's creative scene. No idler, Avis now wants to delve into art dealing. Center: alluring Laura Young (Miss October) hails from New Jersey but, at 24, has traveled far in the fashion world. Laura digs guys and golf, yet insists she's a "square at heart." If so, she's the only square we know with 36-25-36 measurements. Right: diminutive June Cochran (Miss December), a silver-haired Hoosier with a modeling-and-movie career in mind figures (36-20-34) as an equally strong contender for Playmate-of-the-Year honors. At 21, she has already won her state title in both the Miss Universe and Miss World contests. Now, gentlemen, which do you prefer? To aid you in this difficult decision, we offer on the next six pages photographic documentation of each candidate's qualifications, along with her campaign pledge and platform. We await your comments.

playboy's editors find it difficult
to choose one from among
the past annum's comeliest three





avis kimble

"A vote for me is a vote for good business sense. If I'm chosen Playmate of the Year, I'll use my bonus money to open an art gallery in Chicago's Old Town district — the first of a great chain — just as Hugh Hefner started his Playboy Clubs! Please give me your support and help me to retire at a very, very early age."









laura young

"If elected Playmate of the Year, I can promise one thing: I'll faint. Seriously, everybody likes to be liked, and nothing could aid my ego more than winning this contest. Why, I'm so excited about being in the finals that I'm going to run right out and buy a dozen PLAYBOYS. Maybe if all my friends write in, I'll win."





June Cochran

"Being selected PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Year is my main ambition — the greatest honor I can imagine. I've won a lot of contests, but this is the title I want most. It would give me a chance to tour the country as a representative of America's finest magazine and, perhaps, to personally thank every reader who votes for me."





tangled an all-day sucker in his hair."

"Worse things than that happen at school treats. I myself once got a small lizard down the back of my neck. Was he sore?"

"He displayed considerable annoyance. He detached the sweetmeat and threw it from him. It hit the dog Bartholomew, who, affronted by what he presumably considered an unprovoked assault, bit him."

"That must have darkened his mood."

"Yes, sir, and it was not lightened when Miss Bassett, who chanced to be present, accused him of teasing the animal. Mr. Fink-Nottle plainly resented the charge."

"Oh, my God! A rift within the lute!"

"I would not go so far as to say that, sir, for Miss Bassett was called away to speak to Mr. Pinker before hostilities, if I may use the word, had time to reach their height. Mr. Pinker's object in seeking a conference with Miss Bassett, I learned from Miss Byng, who sought me out later, was to ask her to use her influence to soothe Sir Watkyn."

"Why did he need soothing?"

"It appears that one of the boys in the tea tent threw a doughnut containing raspberry jam at him, with only too true an aim."

"Feeling, one supposes, that Pop Bassett was the sort of chap who needed to have doughnuts thrown at him."

"Presumably, sir."

"And how right the stripling was."

"Yes, sir. But the young fellow's impulsive action led to unfortunate consequences. Sir Watkyn has voiced doubts as to the wisdom of giving a vicarage to a curate incapable of keeping order at a school treat. Miss Byng, while confiding this information to me, appeared greatly distressed. She had supposed—in her own phrase—that the thing was in the bag."

I lit a moody cigarette.

"There's a curse on this house, Jeeves. Broken blossoms and ruined lives wherever you look. The sooner we're out of here, the better. I wonder if we couldn't —"

I had been about to add "make our getaway tonight," but at this moment the door flew open as if propelled by a mighty rushing wind, and Spode appeared. His lips were twitching and his eyes glittering, and he seemed to have grown a bit since I'd seen him last, being now about nine-foot-seven.

"Oh, hullo, Spode," I said. "I mean Oh, hullo, Lord Sidcup. Take one or two chairs."

He ignored the kindly invitation.

"Have you seen Fink-Nottle?" he demanded, speaking, it seemed to me, from between clenched teeth.

"I'm sorry, no. I've only just got back.

I had some business to attend to this afternoon, so unfortunately missed the school treat. A great disappointment. You haven't seen Gussie, have you, Jeeves?"

He made no reply, possibly because he wasn't there. He always slides discreetly off when the young master is entertaining the quality.

"Was it something important you wanted to see him about?"

"I'm going to break his neck."

"No, really? Why is that?"

He ground his teeth, at least that's what I think he did to them, and was silent for a space. Then, though there wasn't anybody listening except me, he spoke in a lowered voice.

"I can speak frankly to you, Wooster, because I know that you, too, love her."

"Eh? Who?"

"Madeline. Who did you think I meant?"

"Do you love Madeline?"

"I have always loved her, and her happiness is very dear to me. It was a great shock to me when she became engaged to this man Fink-Nottle, but I accepted the situation because I thought that that was where her happiness lay. Though stunned, I kept —"

"A stiff upper lip?"

"— my feelings to myself. I sat —"

"Like Patience on a monument?"

"— tight, and said nothing that would give her a suspicion of how I felt. All that mattered was that she should be happy. But when Fink-Nottle turns out to be a libertine —"

This surprised me.

"Who, Gussie? What makes you think Gussie's a libertine?"

"The fact that less than ten minutes ago I saw him kissing the cook," said Spode through the teeth which I'm pretty sure he was grinding, and he dived out of the door and was gone.

How long I remained motionless, like a ventriloquist's dummy whose ventriloquist has gone off to the local and left it sitting, I cannot say. Probably not very long, for when life returned to the rigid limbs and I legged it for the open spaces to try to find Gussie, Spode was still in sight. He was disappearing in a nor'-nor'-easterly direction, so, not wanting to hobnob with him again while he was in this what I might call difficult mood, I went sou'-sou'-west, and found that I couldn't have set my course better. There was a sort of yew alley or rhododendron walk or some such thing confronting me, and as I entered it I saw Gussie. He was pacing up and down in thought.

Thought, I need scarcely mention, was a thing I was in myself, and not agreeable thought, either. My whole future depended on Augustus Fink-Nottle sticking to the straight and narrow path and

not blotting his copybook, and now he had strayed several miles from the s. and n.p. and blotted his c. in no uncertain manner. There were no doubt misdemeanors which Madeline Bassett would be able to bring herself to overlook, but something told me that cook-kissing wasn't one of them. It was in somber mood that I accosted the blighter with a resounding "Hoy!"

He turned, and it seemed to me that a strange light was shining through his horn-rimmed spectacles. He looked like a halibut that's just learned that its rich uncle in Australia has died and left it a packet.

"Ah, Bertie," he said. "What a beautiful day. What a beautiful, beautiful day."

I could not subscribe to this.

"It strikes you as that, does it? It doesn't me."

He seemed surprised.

"Not beautiful? Something wrong with it, you feel? In what respect do you find it not up to sample?"

"I'll tell you in what respect I find it not up to sample. What's all this I hear about you kissing Emerald Stoker?"

The Soul's Awakening expression on his face became intensified. It's a hard thing to say about a boyhood friend, but at these words Augustus Fink-Nottle definitely smirked.

"Oh, you've heard about that? What a girl, Bertie! She's my idea of a thoroughly womanly woman, and you don't see many of those about these days. At the school treat this afternoon that ghastly dog of Stiffy Byng's bit me to the bone, and do you know what Emerald Stoker did? Not only was she all sympathy, but she bathed and bandaged my lacerated leg. She was a ministering angel, the nearest thing to Florence Nightingale you could hope to find. It was as she finished attending to the gash that I kissed her."

"Well, you shouldn't have kissed her."

Again he seemed surprised. He said he had thought it rather a good idea.

"But you're engaged to Madeline."

"Ah, Madeline," he said. "I was about to touch on Madeline. Do you know how she reacted to my serious flesh wound? She espoused Bartholomew's cause. She said the whole thing was my fault. She accused me in set terms of having teased the little bouncer. Do you know what Madeline Bassett's trouble is? No heart. Lovely to look at, but nothing *here*," he said, tapping the left side of his chest. "Are you aware that out of pure caprice she insists on my being a vegetarian? Oh, Jeeves told you, did he? Well, even a fellow with a brain like yours can understand what that has meant to me, particularly when I was staying at Brinkley Court. Night after night I had to refuse Anatole's unbeatable eatables. And when I tell you that two nights in suc-

(continued on page 146)



attire

the playboy shirt-jacket

introducing a double-duty design for the mobile man

Casually correct as a daytime shirt for the driving male, this versatile innovation serves no less handsomely as a jacket at the lunch or cocktail hour, banishing the bother of changing into tie and sports coat while on the move. Designed in breezy basket-weave cotton hopsacking by PLAYBOY Fashion Director Robert L. Green, it features patch pockets, notched lapels, five-button front, no vents, buttonless cuffs, detachable ascot (fastened to back of collar with inside button), by Bill Miller, \$22.

WILLIAM GORMAN

Wootmain (continued from page 77)

took a letter from Josephine out of his pocket. It had arrived the day before and he had concealed it, for fear of hurting Julia. It was typical of Josephine that she could not leave him alone, for the brief period of the honeymoon. Even her handwriting was now abhorrent to him—very neat, very small, in black ink the color of her hair. Julia was platinum-fair. How had he ever thought that black hair was beautiful? or been impatient to read letters in black ink?

"What's the letter, darling? I didn't know there had been a post."

"It's from Josephine. It came yesterday."

"But you haven't even opened it!" she exclaimed without a word of reproach.

"I don't want to think about her."

"But, darling, she may be ill."

"Not she."

"Or in distress."

"She earns more with her fashion designs than I do with my stories."

"Darling, let's be kind. We can afford to be. We are so happy."

So he opened the letter. It was affectionate and uncomplaining and he read it with distaste.

Dear Philip, I didn't want to be a death's-head at the reception, so I had no chance to say goodbye and wish you both the greatest possible happiness. I thought Julia looked terribly beautiful and so very very young. You must look after her carefully. I know how well you can do that, Philip dear. When I saw her, I couldn't help wondering why you took such a long time to make up your mind to leave me. Silly Philip. It's much less painful to act quickly.

I don't suppose you are interested to hear about my activities now, but just in case you are worrying a little about me—you know what an old worrier you are—I want you to know that I'm working *very* hard at a whole series for—guess—the French *Vogue*. They are paying me a fortune in francs, and I simply have no time for unhappy thoughts. I've been back once—I hope you don't mind—to our apartment (slip of the tongue) because I'd lost a key sketch. I found it at the back of our communal drawer—the ideas bank, do you remember? I thought I'd taken all my stuff away, but there it was between the leaves of the story you started that heavenly summer, and never finished, at Napoule. Now I'm rambling on when all I really wanted to say was: Be happy both of you. Love, Josephine.

Carter handed the letter to Julia and said, "It could have been worse."

"But would she like me to read it?"

"Oh, it's meant for both of us." Again he thought how wonderful it was to have no secrets. There had been so many secrets during the last 10 years, even innocent secrets, for fear of misunderstanding, of Josephine's rage or silence. Now he had no fear of anything at all: he could have trusted even a guilty secret to Julia's sympathy and comprehension. He said, "I was a fool not to show you the letter yesterday. I'll never do anything like that again." He tried to recall Spencer's line—"Port after stormie seas."

When Julia had finished reading the letter she said, "I think she's a wonderful woman. How very very sweet of her to write like that. You know I was—only now and then, of course—just a little bit worried about her. After all, I wouldn't like to lose you after 10 years."

When they were in the taxi going back to Athens she said, "Were you very happy at Napoule?"

"Yes. I suppose so. I don't remember. It wasn't like this."

With the antennae of a lover he could feel her moving away from him, though their shoulders still touched. The sun was bright on the road from Sunium, the warm sleepy loving siesta lay ahead, and yet . . . "Is anything the matter, darling?" he asked.

"Not really . . . It's only . . . do you think one day you'll say the same about Athens as about Napoule, 'I don't remember, it wasn't like this?'"

"What a dear fool you are," he said and kissed her. After that they played a little in the taxi going back to Athens, and when the streets began to unroll she sat up and combed her hair. "You aren't really a cold man, are you?" she asked and he knew that all was right again. It was Josephine's fault that—momentarily—there had been a small division.

When they got out of bed to have dinner she said, "We must write to Josephine."

"Oh no!"

"Darling, I know how you feel, but really it was a wonderful letter."

"A picture post card then."

So they agreed on that.

Suddenly it was autumn when they arrived back in London—if not winter already, for there was ice in the rain falling on the tarmac, and they had quite forgotten how early the lights came on at home—passing Gillette and Lucozade and Smith's Crisps, and no view of the Parthenon anywhere. The B.O.A.C. posters seemed more than usually sad—B.O.A.C. TAKES YOU THERE AND BRINGS YOU BACK.

"We'll put on all the electric fires as soon as we get in," Carter said, "and it will be warm in no time at all," but

when they opened the door of the apartment they found the fires were already alight. Little glows greeted them in the twilight from the depths of the living room and the bedroom.

"Some fairy has done this," Julia said.

"Not a fairy of any kind," Carter said. He had already seen the envelope on the mantelpiece addressed in black ink to "Mrs. Carter."

Julia read it aloud.

"Dear Julia, you won't mind my calling you Julia, will you? I feel we have so much in common, having loved the same man. Today was so icy-cold that I could not help thinking of how you two were returning from the sun and the warmth to a cold flat. (I know how cold the flat can be. I used to catch a chill every year when we came back from the south of France.) So I've done a very presumptuous thing. I've slipped in and put on the fires, but to show you that I'll never do such a thing again, I've hidden my key under the mat outside the front door. That's just in case your plane is held up in Rome or somewhere. I'll telephone the airport and if by some unlikely chance you haven't arrived, I'll come back and turn out the fires for safety (and economy! the rates are awful). Wishing you a very warm evening in your new home, love from Josephine. P.S. I did notice that the coffee jar was empty, so I've left a packet of Blue Mountain in the kitchen. It's the only coffee Philip really cares for."

"Well," Julia said laughing, "she does think of everything."

"I wish she'd just leave us alone," Carter said.

"We wouldn't be warm like this, and we wouldn't have any coffee for breakfast."

"I feel that she's lurking about the place and she'll walk in any moment. Just when I'm kissing you." He kissed Julia with one careful eye on the door.

"You *are* a bit unfair, darling. After all, she's left her key under the mat."

"She might have had a duplicate made."

She closed his mouth with another kiss.

"Have you noticed how erotic an airplane makes you after a few hours?" Carter asked.

"Yes."

"I suppose it's the vibration."

"Let's do something about it, darling."

"I'll just look under the mat first. To make sure she wasn't lying."

He enjoyed marriage. So much so that he blamed himself for not having married before, forgetting that in that case he

(continued on page 136)

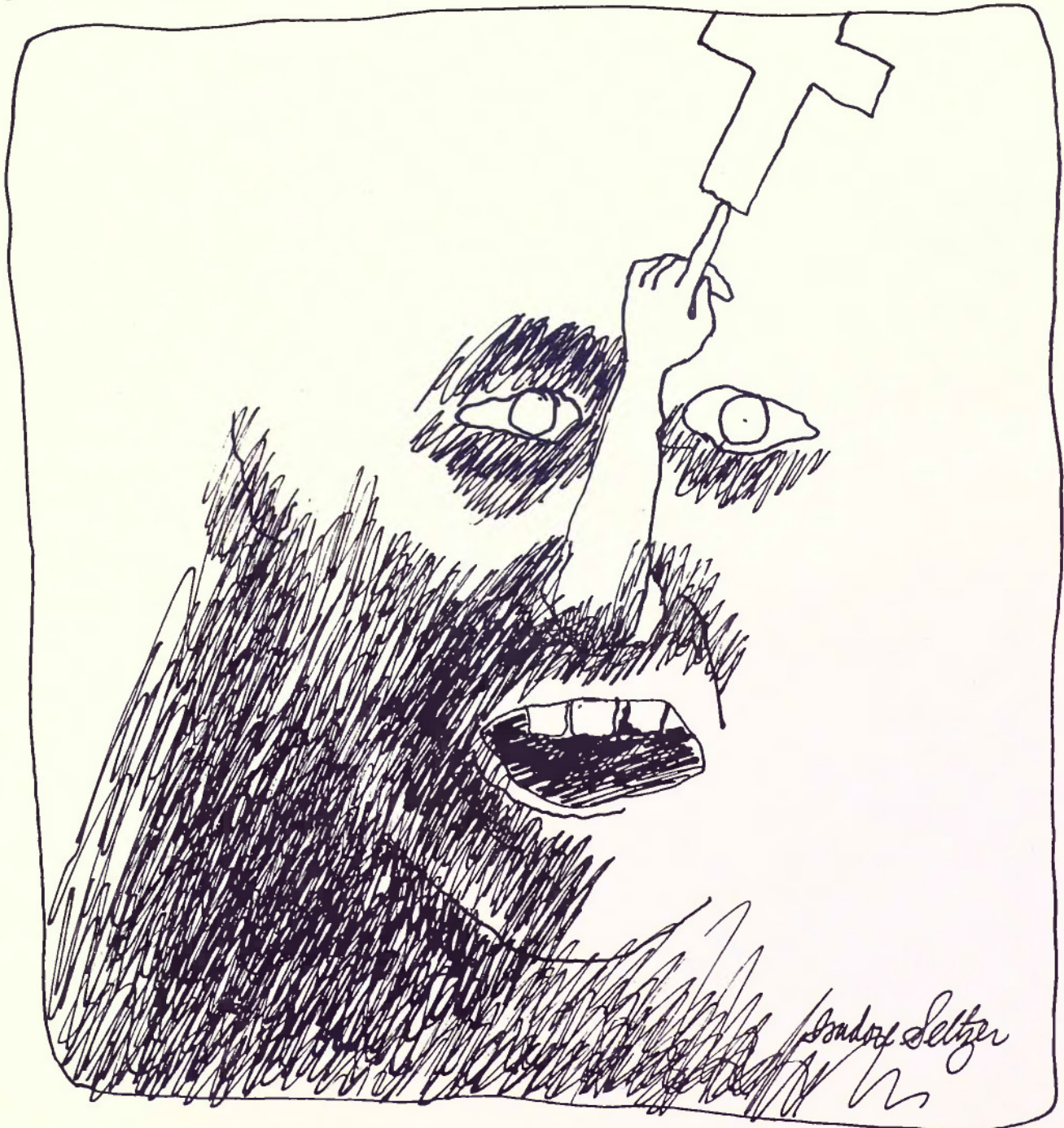
HUNG JURY

there couldn't be that much bad in a man who loved his child so much—or so they said

AT THE END OF A DAY of glare and heat — sand devils dancing on ditch banks, leaves still and hushed on oaks, man and animal creeping beneath a baked sky with the movements of hibernation, of clotted blood — at the end of such a day, with the evening star already hung like a distant lamp in the west, a six-year-old girl named Rosa Belle Miller was run over by a car in front of her home in the village of Tobacco Grove. After the first jolting grip of brakes, the car rolled on for several feet before the driver, not yet comprehending, perhaps, but horror already glazed upon his features, turned sharply off the street. The front bumper hit the trunk of an oak, not hard, gently, nuzzling. The engine died with a sound of choking. The driver's door was flung open. The driver, perhaps 20, whose unfinished face had suddenly aged, leaped out and ran back to Rosa Belle Miller. He knelt beside her. Already her blue dress was reddening at the collared yoke. Her long-lashed eyes were closed, but her lips were open. Her breathing stirred faintly the dust

(continued on page 158)

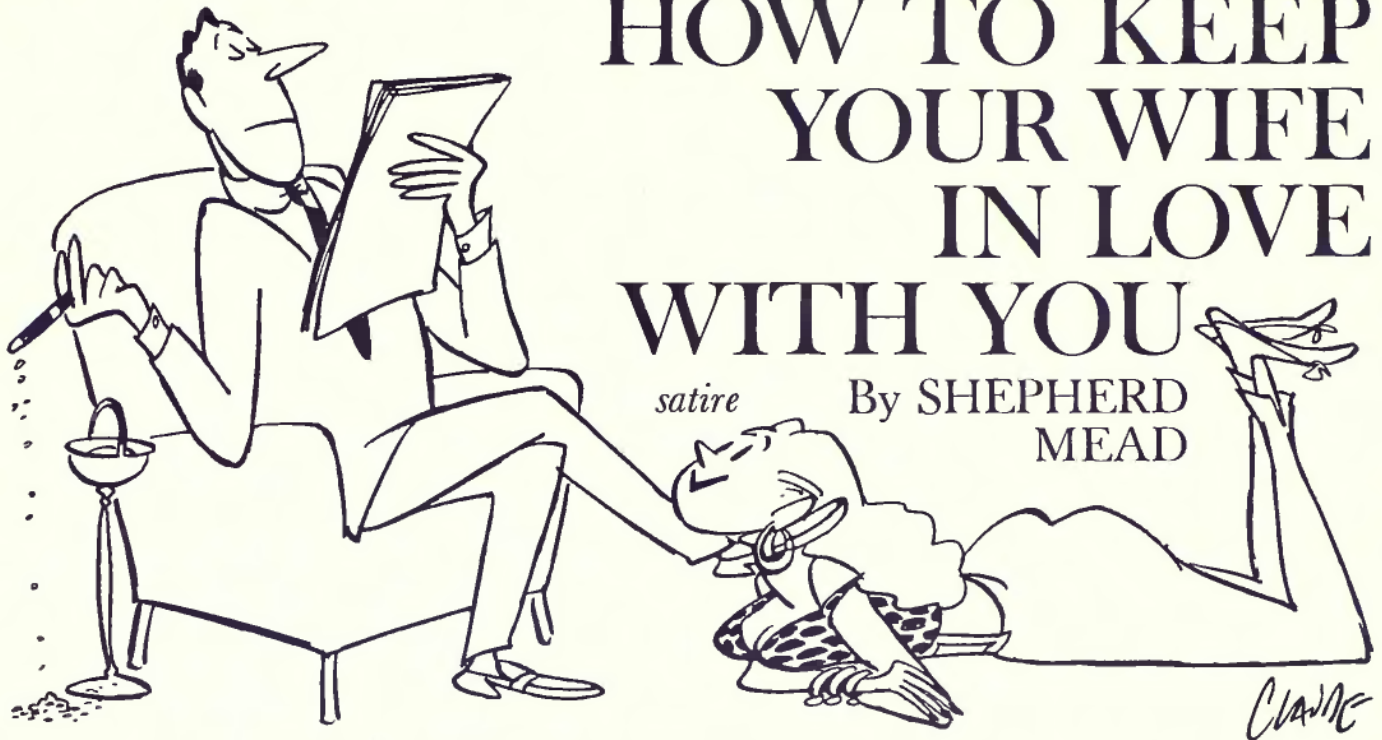
fiction BY HOKE NORRIS



HOW TO KEEP YOUR WIFE IN LOVE WITH YOU

satire

By SHEPHERD MEAD



The wife who loves you is harder working, more efficient.

still more pointers on succeeding with women without really trying

IT IS ANNOYING to spend long months training a wife only to have her leave you for another.

You may believe that any sensible woman would want to stay with you *for her own good*. This is not always the case. Women are creatures of emotion, seldom making their decisions as we men do, on the basis of reason and logic.

Remember, too, that the wife who loves you is harder working, more efficient and more cheerful.

"MUST I LOVE HER, TOO?"

Leave the gentle emotions to others. To keep your wife firmly in hand and soundly in love with you, you must act clearly, dispassionately and logically—something few men can do when their minds are confused with passion or softened by sentimentality.

If you love unwisely and too well, you may be startled—as so many are—to find that your wife has deserted you for another, less confused male.

In short, have a clear head, a firm hand and a cool heart.

BE SEXY

Though love is not necessary, sex has a place in every marriage.

(NOTE: If you are reading this article aloud by the fireside, skip the next few paragraphs. It is also recommended that you either place the

magazine on a high shelf, or snip out these passages. They are not intended for young ears.)

The subtle distinctions between love and sex we will leave to other, more incisive pens, and get on to the practical instruction.

IT IS YOUR MIND THAT MATTERS

The trim, hard-muscled physique is a fine asset, to be sure, but in sex it is the mind that really matters.

The physical aspects are childishly simple and can be mastered by any schoolboy. They are far less difficult to perfect than, say, a good approach shot, or a serviceable backhand.

The brainwork, the strategy and tactics, are not so simple, and it is here that real competence is developed, here where the men are separated from the boys.

BE CONFIDENT

You must never doubt that you are the most desirable man in the world. This idea will seem ludicrous to you at first, but keep at it. Millions of men have accepted it easily, and so can you.

Give her the impression that she is lucky to be with you, that you are, somehow, doing her a favor, and that it cannot last.

FLATTER HER

The object of really skillful flattery is

to show that you *do* appreciate her, that in fact she *almost* comes up to your exacting standards.

In short, create the impression that she is probably the most desirable girl in the world—but that you haven't quite stopped looking.

Flatter a woman only on her good points. She will know what they are, and it must be assumed that by this time so will you. A woman with good eyes, hair, breasts or legs will know it, and can easily swallow the statement that they are the most beautiful in the world.

A word of caution, however. Uncontrolled flattery is bad, can backfire and make a woman feel she is too good for you. Controlled flattery not only preserves the right balance, but can lead to self-improvement.

"Your legs are lovely, dear. Probably the best in the country—below the knees."

"What's the matter with above the knees, Davie?"

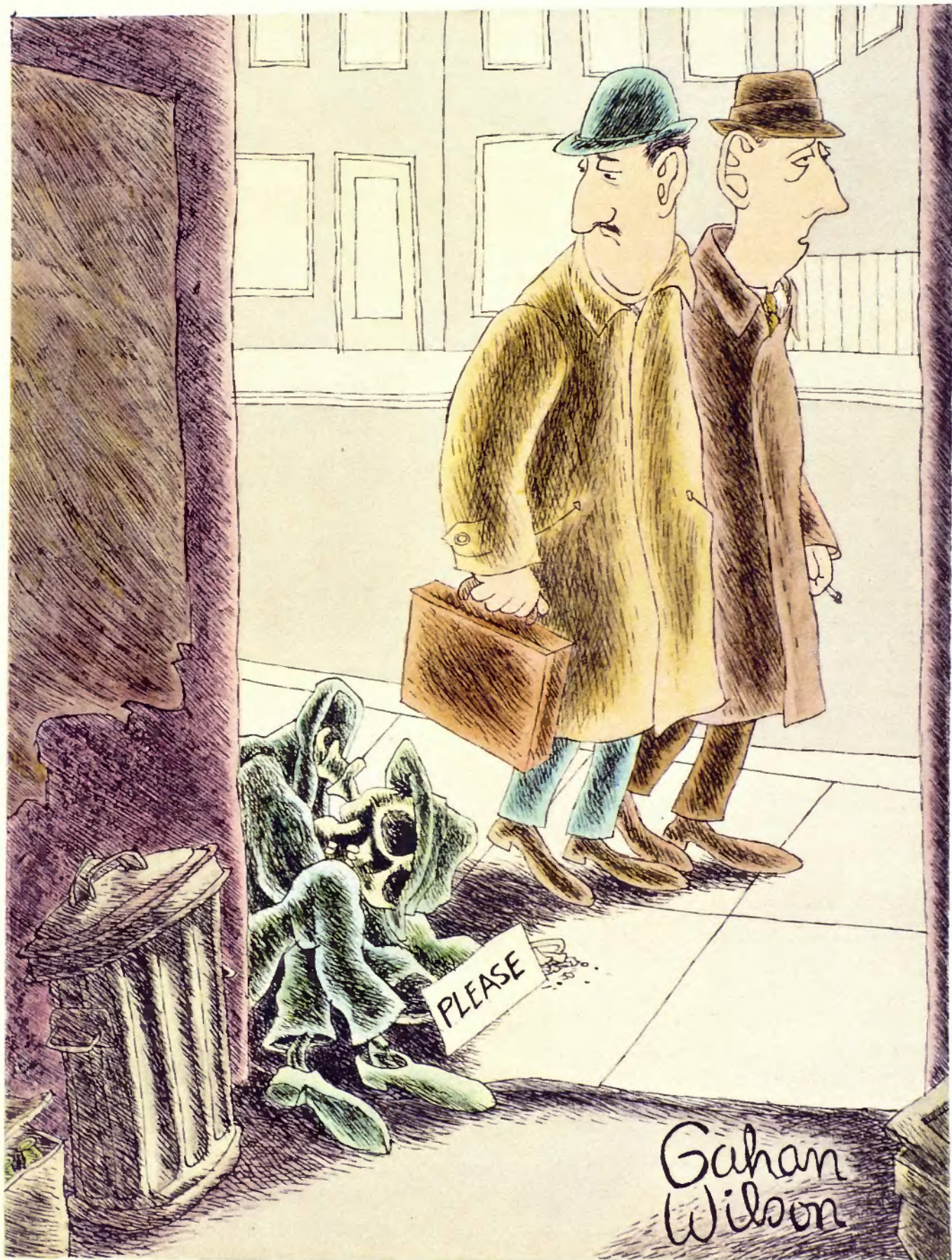
"Did I say anything was the matter, Phoeb?"

"Davie, don't you *dare* leave me hanging here cut off at the knees! If my hips are too fat, say so!"

(*Deep in her heart every woman knows her own shortcomings.*)

"You said so, sweet, not I. I like you just the way you are."

(continued on page 155)



"Some poor devils can't make a go of anything."

*"I'm hurt, darling —
you haven't even noticed
I'm wearing the new
cuff links you gave me."*



Vargas

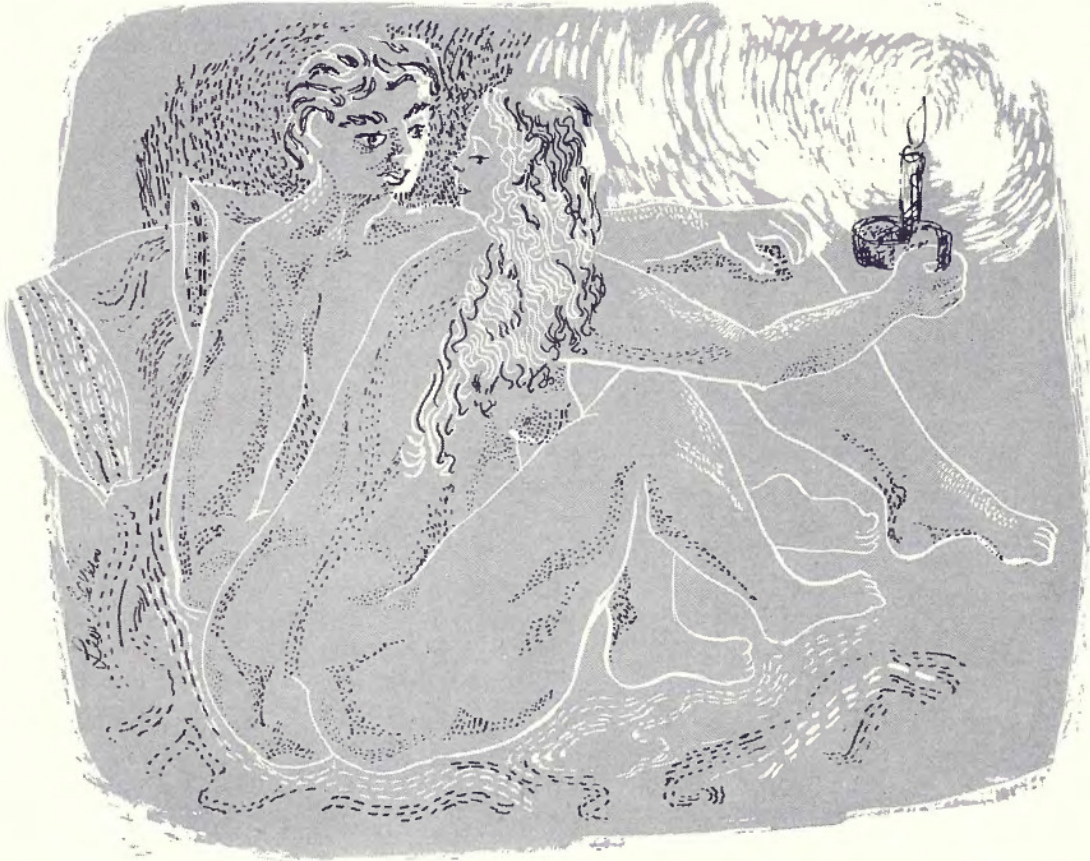
A MATTER OF SIMPLE DUPLICITY

THERE LIVED IN THE COUNTY OF ALLETZ a man named Bornet, whose ardor for his wife had lessened considerably through their years of marriage. Accordingly, he had become interested in one of his maidservants. However, because he valued highly the esteem of his neighbors, and because he knew that they would not look favorably upon such an activity, he knew not how to approach the matter.

Living next door to Bornet was a man named Sandras, and their friendship was such that they had all things in common except age, for the

place. When Bornet arrived she would make her identity known and accuse him of infidelity.

On the appointed night, Bornet's wife took her position in a closet which had been selected as the meeting place and Bornet arrived and made love to her. Just as she was about to announce her identity, however, he informed her of his supposed thirst and promised to return. Since Bornet's powers were the waning ones of one who has long been married, she decided to withhold the revelation until she was able to sample his capabilities once his



neighbor was 15 years Bornet's junior. Nonetheless, he confided in the younger man to the point of asking his assistance in the project.


As they planned, Sandras, who himself had no difficulty in attracting women, would confront the maid, arrange a rendezvous in a dark place where his identity would not be apparent and then inform Bornet. When the time came, Bornet would meet the maid, take his pleasures and depart, on the pretense of requiring a drink of water. Then Sandras would return and avail himself of the pleasures he had earned.

The young man carried out all details of the plan to the letter and announced the rendezvous to Bornet. What neither of them knew, however, was that the maid shared confidences with Bornet's wife and suspected all along that Sandras was acting only as the former's agent.

Consequently, the two women decided that the maid, on the day of the rendezvous, would absent herself and Bornet's wife would take her

thirst had been slaked. One can readily imagine her surprise upon the appearance of Sandras, for he made love with a zest and vitality previously not experienced by her. When the pleasure had subsided, she lighted a candle and prepared to accuse her husband. When she and Sandras recognized each other there was no alternative but for each to tell the complete truth.

Naturally, they agreed, there would be no point in denying each other that which they each enjoyed so thoroughly, as long as Bornet was so cooperative in their scheme of activities. Therefore, they decided to schedule many future appointments, all on the basis of the last. And this was done. Bornet never learned the truth of the matter, and never did he cease to be amazed at his wife's inability to learn of his activities. He also could not understand the pleasant change in her disposition. And, strangely, none of those involved saw fit to explain to him.

— Retold by Paul J. Gillette 



HENRY MANCINI *swinging sultan of the sound track*

THE FOUR CHARACTERS STRUNG OUT behind film's current musical miracle worker, Henry Mancini (*Breakfast at Tiffany's*'s Holly Golightly, private eye *Peter Gunn*, *Hatari!*'s white hunter Sean Mercer and professional gambler *Mr. Lucky*), are striking symbols of maestro Mancini's video-movie-LP-sound-track success story. Back in movies to stay after three years on the TV-series treadmill — his latest effort, *Days of Wine and Roses*, will be followed by a pair of mystery-comedies, *Pink Panther* and *Charade* — Mancini had once toiled for six years and through 100 films in Universal-International's musical vineyards (the fruits of his labors at U-I were rarely vintage) before teaming up with *Peter Gunn*'s Blake Edwards. Mancini's formula for his vinyl smashes — LP sales of his movie and TV themes measure in the millions — is a simple one: discarding the original sound tracks, he re-orchestrates and re-records his themes. As a consequence, eminent jazz musicians, unencumbered by plot line, have had a chance to let loose at length. If some critics were inclined to dismiss Mancini's musical abilities, after the phenomenal success of *Peter Gunn* and *Mr. Lucky*, as a one-stringed bow wrought out of a jazzed-up, drum-ridden beat, they were forced to gnaw on their words as Mancini's poignantly lyrical *Moon River*, written with Johnny Mercer, and the score for *Breakfast at Tiffany's* cornered the 1962 Oscar market, while last year's Grammy awards, given by the recording industry, saw Mancini carry home five mantel decorations. An imaginative instrumental innovator who has made use of a Hammond organ (*Mr. Lucky*), a harmonica (*Moon River*), an autoharp (*Experiment in Terror*) and an untuned piano and calliope for *Hatari!*, the 38-year-old Mancini may take his bag of tricks to Broadway. If he does, it's a good bet theater audiences will exit humming his melodies.

ON
THE
SCENE

RICHARD HUNT *genius of the junkyard*

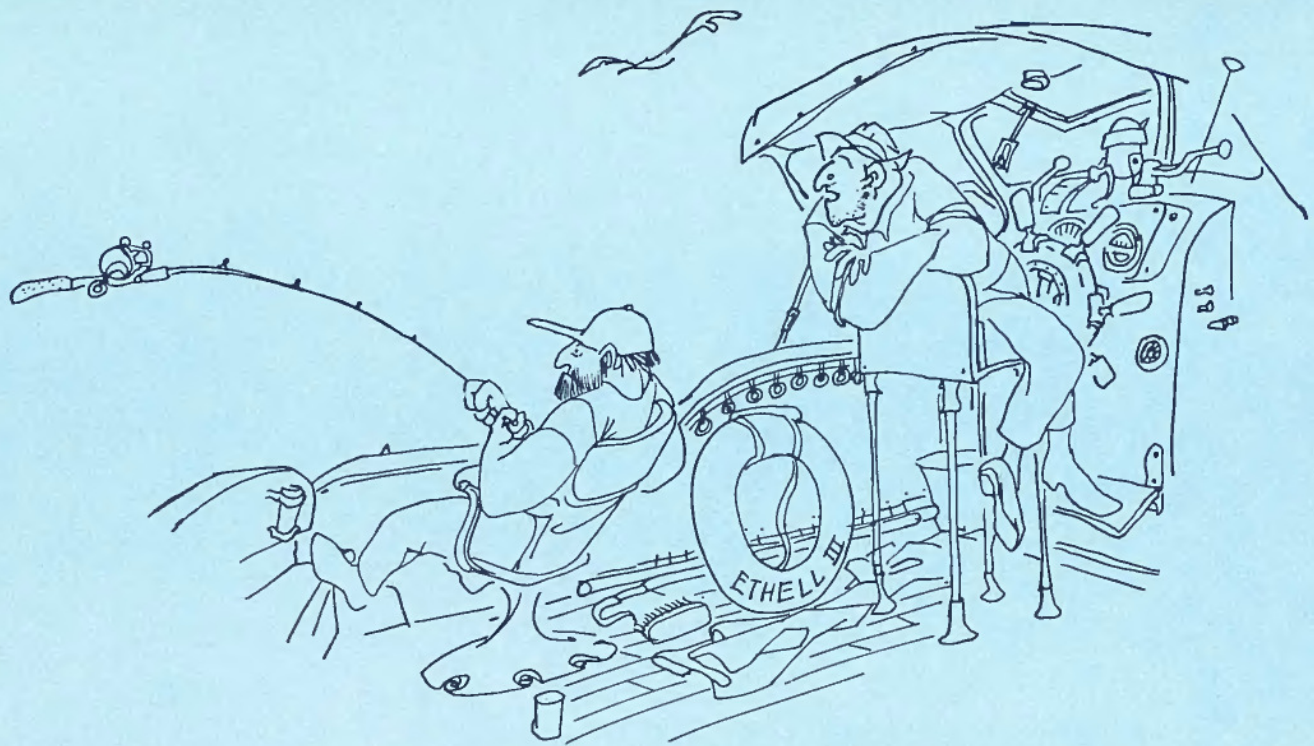
WIELDING AN ACETYLENE TORCH in the backroom of a Chicago bar, 27-year-old Richard Hunt molds twisted steel into some of the most impressive sculpture in America, for he is a man determined to forge in the smithy of his soul "the undetermined conscience" of his race. Acclaimed even before his first one-man show in 1956 (his third opens February 25th at the Alan Gallery in New York), Hunt today is recognized as the Midwest's foremost young sculptor in metal. His tools: a welder's torch, a grinder, a vise, a hack saw, a pair of pliers, a maul and a ball-peen hammer. His materials: the wreck of a car, a broken bicycle, an egg beater, a tortured piece of pipe and other impedimenta from a dozen junkyards. With this 20th Century flotsam he has created a series of abstract masses that have an obscure and haunting relationship to an anatomy of grotesque limbs, joints and muscular twists and turns. *Steel Figure - '59* (right) is a bizarre parody of the human form, expressing, he says, "the fusion of motion." *Spatial Theme*, a skeletal figure constructed from a bicycle handle bar, a table leg, parts of a stroller and other tubular elements, depicts "endless motion." Of himself, he says simply: "I try to convey an insight into our times." Hunt was born on Chicago's teeming South Side, the son of a barber. He began to paint at eight and joined the Junior School of the Art Institute of Chicago at 13. In 1953 he transferred to the Institute itself and there was smitten by the convoluted forms of Julio Gonzalez, the Catalan art pioneer who was among the first to conceive the idea of welding metal into sculpture. Three years later Hunt's winged pipes, rods and bric-a-brac were first displayed in a gallery, and since then they have been exhibited in 21 museums and galleries in the U. S. and abroad. Today his work is represented in the permanent collections of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the Art Institute in Chicago, and Cleveland Museum. To his agent-mentor, B. C. Holland of Chicago, Hunt's early flowering is exceptional. "Painters are sprinters," says Holland. "But sculptors usually develop late—like marathon runners. Richard is almost unique." To which Hunt appends: "I must work fast. Any artist, particularly a Negro, has a responsibility to locate the truth."



BOBBY FISCHER *knight errant, heir apparent*

ASIDE FROM SONNY LISTON, no American champion has ever endured a worse press than 19-year-old Robert J. "Bobby" Fischer, who romped off with the U. S. chess title at the age of 14 and held it for four years before retiring undefeated. Accustomed to being labeled "egotistical," "rude," "ungrateful" and "impolite," Fischer has a ready explanation for his poor public image: "The people who interview me know very little about chess so they are forced to dwell on my personal 'problems.'" Actually, Fischer's "problems" are scarcely different from those of any teenager who has won fame before gaining a sense of identity. His monumental immodesty (he has often been quoted as saying he is one of history's greatest players) is the natural result of his success in vanquishing his elders. But no one belittles Master Fischer's unconventionally aggressive style of play. "He has," says I. A. Horowitz, editor-publisher of *Chess Review*, "divine afflatus—the breath of the gods upon him." Fischer learned the game from an older sister when he was six, could think of nothing else by the time he was 10, and at the age of 12 was blazing a trail of checkmates through the awed ranks of the prestigious Manhattan Chess Club. Like many chess masters, he is no eclectic genius; he detested school and quit at 16 to earn a modest living as a tournament pro. Although he claims outside interests (movies, clothes, good food, travel and palmistry), chess dominates his life. His small Brooklyn apartment is cluttered with chess books, boards and trophies. He has as yet only a faint interest in females. ("Girls are weak. I can beat any woman at knight-odds—even the national champion.") But time is rounding the rough edges of Fischer's personality. An omen of his emerging maturity is his straightforward explanation of why he blew his only tournament game with Russia's 51-year-old world champion, Mikhail Botvinnik: "I made a pure blunder." The blunder has put the world title at least three years out of Fischer's reach. But few chess masters doubt that this knight errant will eventually become king.



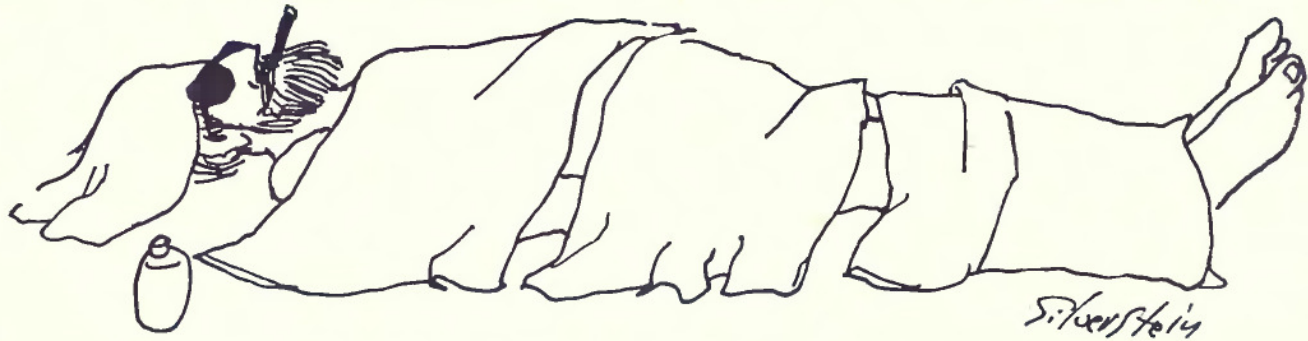


"Y'know, it's a funny thing...y'all look more like a fisherman than any man I've ever seen. When I first laid eyes on you, I said to myself, 'Now there's a fisherman!' I says..."

"In March those damn college girls flock down here...
in April those office girls come down here...in
January the rich wives show up...in June it's the
schoolteachers.
A real prostitute
doesn't stand a
chance anymore!"

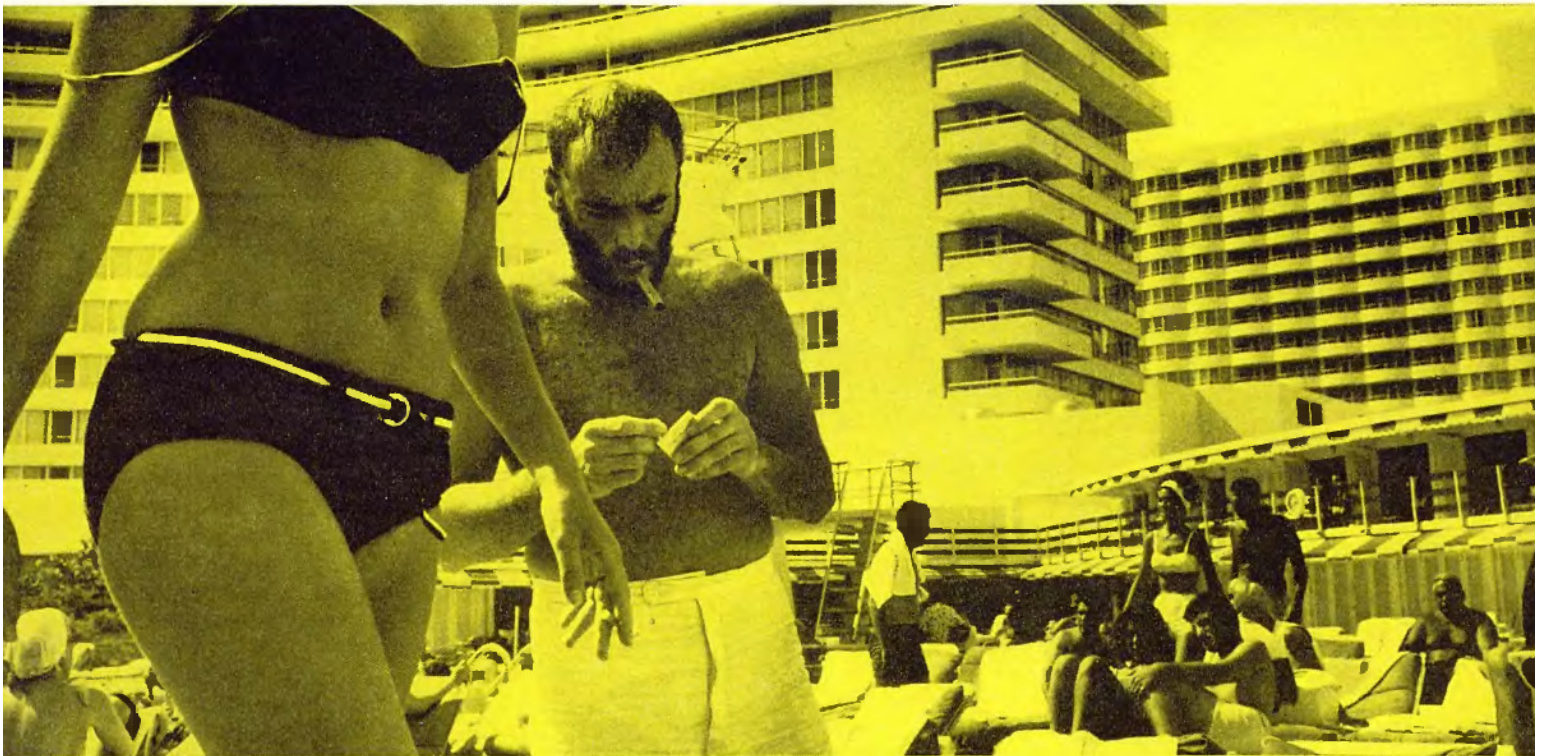


silverstein in miami



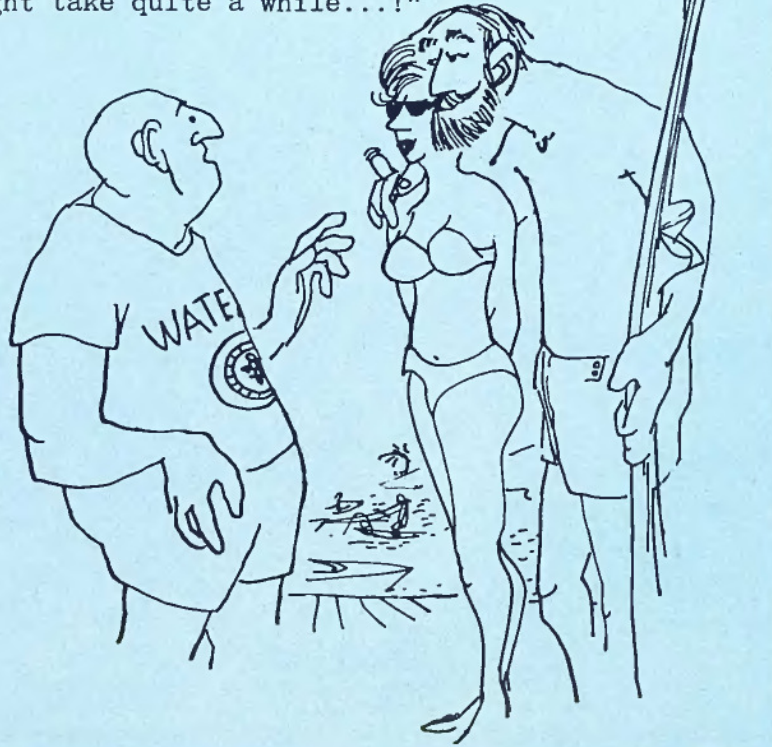
playboy's peripatetic beard beards florida's florid playground

Feigning indifference to Miami's natural beauties, shaggy Shel ignites a cigar in the pool area of the Fontainebleau Hotel.



CLUTCHING A JUG of sun-tan lotion and whistling *Moon Over* you-know-what, Shel Silverstein, PLAYBOY's wandering minstrel of the sketch board, recently trekked to Miami Beach to research and relish the palm-fringed benefits of that land flowing with mink and honeys. Venturing forth from his Fontainebleau Hotel base, Shel first observed at close hand the storied playground and its sun and sand, bars and boites, fur-bearing females and go-for-baroque architecture. Then, having soaked up sufficient local color and Planter's Punch, our bushy chronicler set up his unjaded palette and recorded these wry impressions of Florida's phantasmagorical gold coast.

"Well, I can teach you to water-ski in about two days and I can probably teach you to ski with her on your shoulders in about a week, but to do that on water skis... that might take quite a while...!"



"H'mm, 103 degrees... almost too warm for my mink."



"You see, if a girl has a nice tan, that means she gets' out to the pool early in the morning, which means she wasn't out late the night before, which means she hasn't met any boys, which means her whole vacation has been wasted. So if a girl's got a great tan, she's in big trouble!"





"So I decided that instead of wasting my money on a week in a dumpy hotel, I'd invest it all on one day in the best hotel—so I have till four o'clock to find a husband—that's check-out time."

An appreciative clutch of Bunnies is all ears as our hirsute cartoonist explains his manly art within the confines of the Miami Playboy Club.

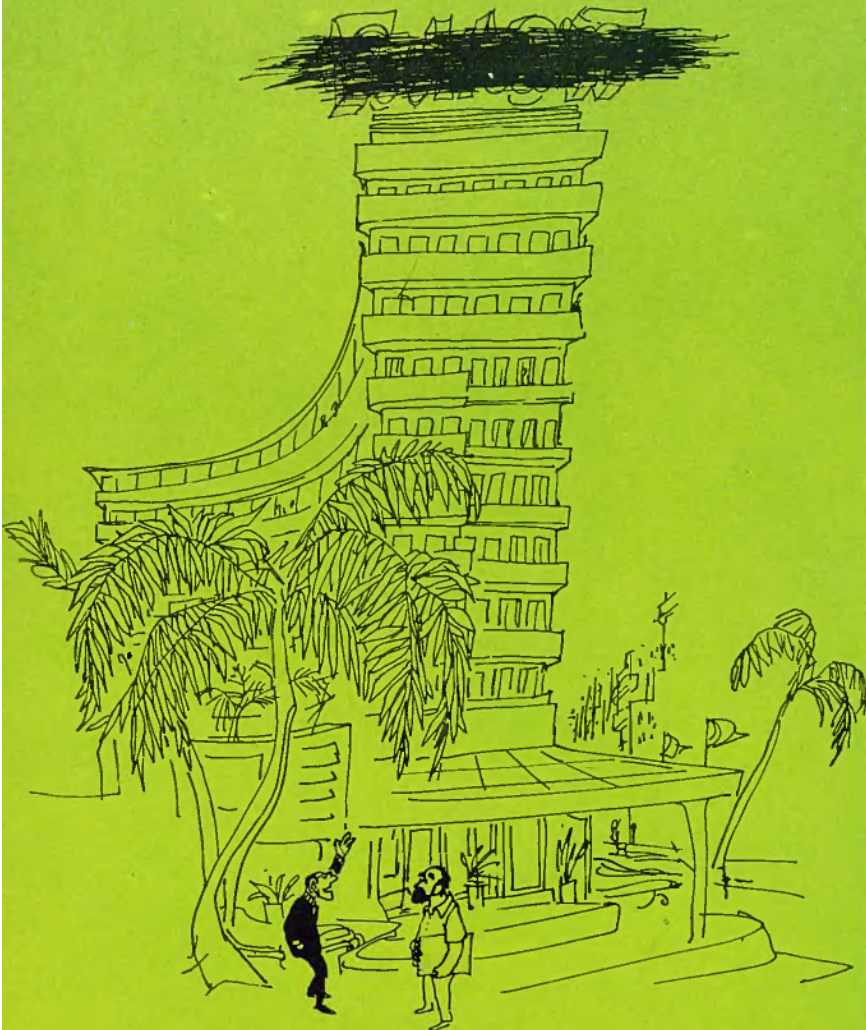


"Well, if the Cubans did shoot rockets over here, don't you think they'd wait until the off season?"

"First I heard he was single, so I wanted to meet him...then someone said he was a Cuban, so I didn't want to meet him... then somebody else said he was Jewish, so I wanted to meet him...then somebody said he was a rabbi, so I really wanted to meet him...but then I found out he's a cartoonist, so to hell with him!"



"Look—why should we give you a complimentary room? You've already drawn our hotel into one of your cartoons. We've already got our publicity—absolutely free!"

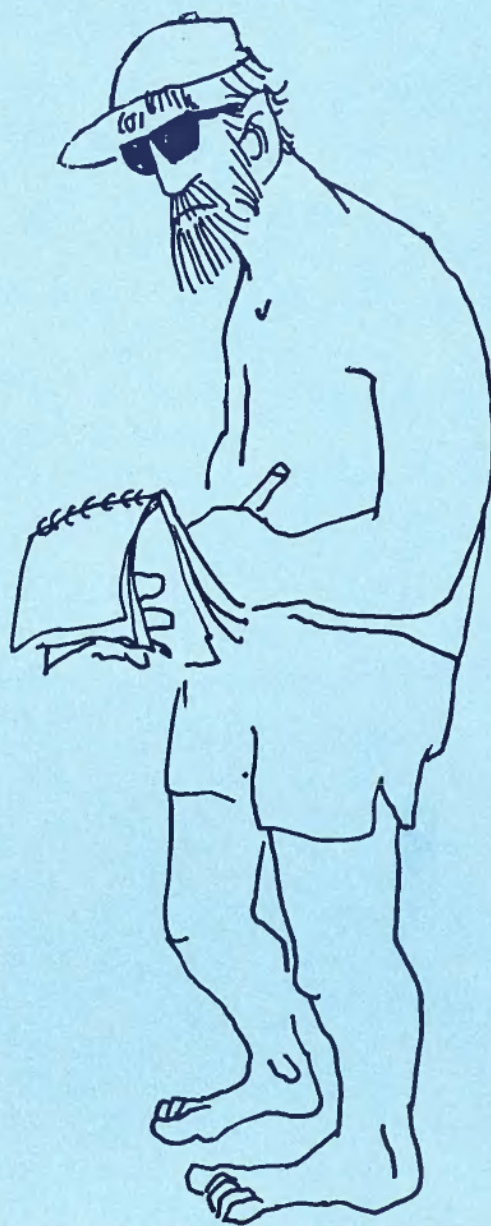


"So we arrive at our hotel, but as soon as we get unpacked, we hear there's a newer hotel over on Collins Avenue. So we move over there, but before we're unpacked, we hear that there's a newer hotel right up the street. So we move over there, but before we even get our luggage up to the room..."



Striking a pose à la Hemingway, Shel occupies a sport fisherman's fighting chair while pitting his brawn against a 90-lb. sailfish, then treads the boards on a water-skiing jaunt up and down the blue waters of Biscayne Bay.

"Well, just because a woman is a grandmother, give me one good reason why she has to dress like an old lady...give me one good reason...!"



Silverstein

BRANDY (continued from page 82)

cognac. The ruling is reasonable since all cognacs, including the greatest, are blends of different vintages transformed by different distillations of different ages. In mixing their artful blends, the cognac masters will choose one for mellowness, another for virility, another for finesse. Naturally, a superb cognac contains more liquid age than youth. One sagacious brandyman, when asked for the perfect age of a cognac, said it was the same as that for a woman (as opposed to a girl) — somewhere between 25 and 40. Brandy connoisseurs all agree that waters of immortality beyond the age of 50 begin to slip in quality. Stories claiming that a particular cognac was taken from Napoleon's foot locker are so much romantic nonsense. In the cellars of the old cognac houses, there may be a cask here and there containing cognac a hundred years old, but these are museum pieces from which most of the glory has literally gone with the years. Remember that cognac only ages in the wood, never in the bottle. When you buy cognac, the best advice is, use it. It will never attain a greater quality. Once opened, don't keep it too long. Frequent uncorking eventually will cause it to lose its original glow.

You may confidently forget all about stars, initials and other identification tags when you buy cognac bearing the labels of the old eminent brandy shippers. Generally speaking, price is one of the better yardsticks. Two others are equally dependable — your nose and mouth. In the last analysis, cognac can be properly assessed only as it trickles drop by drop down your throat. You should find yourself not only drinking it, but drinking to it.

Cognac, the brandy, is as unique as its old home, the countryside astride the Charente and Gironde rivers of which the little sleepy town of Cognac is the center. It's one of the few places left in France where wolves are still hunted. Sixty-four thousand grape growers, each with his little plot of land, toil under an eerily calm light in a land saturated with more sun than any other grape region in France. Pot stills, kept under government lock and key when the distilling season is over, are identical with those used three centuries ago. An odd freak of nature makes the otherwise unfriendly soil just about perfect for growing the tart grapes that turn into greenish wine and eventually aged brandy. Just as important as the grapes is the wood, from the nearby Limousin forest, in which the cognac is put to sleep. So heady are the vapors around the ancient brandy casks that workmen wear safety belts to keep them from tumbling

into the vats. No railroad has ever been permitted to go into the Cognac region. The old distillers feared that a spark might accidentally cause the whole countryside to *flambée*, for — during its long hibernation — enough brandy is released as fumes into the air each day to provide cognac for all France.

NON-COGNAC GRAPE BRANDIES

The one French brandy which one can talk about in the same breath with cognac is Armagnac. Distilled from the very same grapes grown in the Cognac region, it turns out to be a very different *eau de vie*. Its home is Gascony, birthplace of D'Artagnan, and it was, naturally, his favorite tippie. Not only is the earth of Gascony unlike that of the Cognac area, but the black oak used in making Gascon casks results in a different marriage of wood and spirits. The brandy of Armagnac, although in the pantheon of great spirits, is somewhat harder and more pungent than cognac but still has immense appeal to the brandy faithful in both France and the English-speaking countries. While D'Artagnan and his fellow musketeers used to praise it for its aphrodisiac qualities, modern natives of Gascony take a more sophisticated view of its effects. Instead of guzzling from oversize tankards, they like to sip their brandy after it's been swirled in warmed cups, just emptied of hot coffee, to rouse its heady dark aroma.

Marc, a common brandy in France, is distilled from the stems and skins of grapes. It has a woody, peasantry flavor. Although you aren't likely to find it at your corner liquor store, you can expect to meet it in many *bistros* if you travel in France. Other French grape brandies exported to this country are light-tasting and excellent for mixing purposes.

German brandies from the valley of the Rhine are superb distillates with a faintly sweet accent due to the fact that the Rhenish grapes are left on the vine longer than the French. German brandy is not only an after-dinner drink but enjoys a reputation — among the hearty — as a pre-breakfast potation for those in need of a vigorous pick-me-up. The German version of our prairie oyster is brandy poured over herring strips and egg yolks, and is eaten like a salad.

While the best-known ambassadors of Spain and Portugal are sherry and port, each country has always produced brandies as fortifiers for their wines. Spanish brandy is soft, dark and reminds you ever so slightly of the flavor of sherry. Portuguese brandy has its own bouquet and flavor strongly reminiscent of port wine. Metaxa from Greece, the richest tasting of all brandies, made from the sweet muscat grape, is almost a semi-liqueur.

It's not surprising to find many of the

best metropolitan bars using California brandy as a mixer. California brandy never aspires to the subtleties of a cognac, but its easygoing personality seems to make it just right for stingers, sidecars and other brandy concoctions. It should be pointed out that the so-called fruit-flavored brandies bottled in this country are not true brandies but liqueurs with a brandy base.

In South America, a Peruvian brandy called Pisco is distilled from the muscat grape. Usually, it's made into a brandy sour, Pisco Punch. Aged in clay jars for a short period, it will give you a sensation somewhat akin to touching a third rail.

WHITE FRUIT BRANDIES

Great brandies aren't all derived from the meat within a grapeskin. Superb distillations, extracted from other fruits, are generally white, fiery and unaged in order to preserve their straight fruity essence. Usually, not a trace of sugar is apparent. They're fine for *flambés* and make an exciting obligato to a cheese platter, or fruit bowl and may be enjoyed with coffee, in coffee or after coffee. The most noted is kirsch or kirschwasser, a white brandy made of cherries and cherry pits. The Black Forest of Germany, Switzerland and Alsace are all homes of kirsch. Crushed plums are used to make Quetsch or Mirabelle in France and Slivovitz in Central Europe. The latter is an exception to the no-aging rule and develops a light golden aura after six or eight years in the wood. The lush flavor of red raspberries is drawn into *framboise* in France and *Himbeergeist* in Germany. One of the most delightful and most recent white brandies to appear in this country is Birnenbrand, a pear *eau de vie* from Switzerland. Through some sorcery its pear aroma is much richer than that of the fruit itself.

APPLE BRANDY

Long before George Washington wrote to Samuel Laird asking for his apple brandy recipe, Americans were distilling what we now call applejack. Currently used as a cocktail mixer, it is famed particularly for its role in the jack rose. Its French counterpart, calvados, is a suave post-prandial potation. Applejack, although aged, keeps a vivid perfume of the apple. Calvados retains only the subtlest hint of the fruit, perhaps because of its longer aging.

MISE EN SCÈNE

Tasters in the old brandy houses of the Charente prefer a simple tulip-shaped glass rather than the brandy inhaler which, they feel, creates almost too intense an aroma. For professional brandymen, sniffing all day long, this may be true. But to those for whom the after-

dinner brandy is the epitome of conviviality, the snifter seems the superior vessel for brandy contemplation. A single jigger of brandy should be poured into the glass and set into a lazy whirl while your hand coddles the glass to make the aroma grow. The practice of heating a brandy glass over a low flame isn't recommended; if overdone, it will damage the flavor of a fine brandy.

One of the coolest ways of presenting a white fruit brandy is to surround it with an ice pillar. First, place the brandy bottle in a large paper carton, fill the container two thirds with water, and place it in the freezer. Before pouring the brandy, tear off the carton, leaving the bottle covered with an impressive robe of ice.

Brandy is amazingly versatile. Highballs, on the rocks, alexanders, sidecars and stingers are all brandy classics. For more imaginative ways of unbending at your bar, try the following brandy concoctions. The word brandy in a drink recipe means any well-mixing grape brandy.

All recipes are for one drink.

BRANDY MELBA

1½ ozs. brandy
¼ oz. peach liqueur
¼ oz. raspberry liqueur
½ oz. lemon juice
2 dashes orange bitters
1 slice brandied peach

Into a cocktail shaker with ice pour the brandy, peach liqueur, raspberry liqueur, lemon juice and orange bitters. Shake well and strain into prechilled cocktail glass. Add the brandied peach slice.

BLACK FOREST COCKTAIL

1 oz. kirsch
½ oz. brandy
1 oz. grapefruit juice
¾ teaspoon sugar
Brandied cherry

Put the kirsch, brandy, grapefruit juice and sugar in a cocktail shaker with ice. Shake well and strain into prechilled cocktail glass. Add the brandied cherry.

FROZEN BRANDY FLIP

1½ ozs. brandy
1 oz. rum

1 egg yolk

½ oz. lemon juice
1½ teaspoons sugar
½ cup cracked ice

Put all ingredients in electric blender. Blend 15 to 20 seconds.

BRANDY CASSIS

2 oz. brandy
½ oz. crème de cassis
1 oz. lemon juice
Lemon peel

In a cocktail shaker with ice pour the brandy, crème de cassis and lemon juice. Shake well. Strain into prechilled cocktail glass. Twist the lemon peel over the drink and drop it into the glass.

Whether you take your brandy neat or in a felicitously compounded mixed drink, you'll find nothing more conducive to after-dinner delectations and dialectics. A bottle of brandy's pervasive presence at a tête-à-tête will warmly disprove the ancient adage that three's a crowd.



PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY (continued from page 60)

flow of alcohol; the general administration of justice was hampered by the overflowing courts and prisons cluttered with Prohibition cases; secret dens of vice, much more difficult to control, replaced the open saloons of yesteryear; and previously respectable, law-abiding citizens flaunted law enforcement.

In the Borah-Butler debate in Boston in 1927, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler argued: "The 18th Amendment must come out of the Constitution, because it does not belong there. It affronts and disfigures it. It contradicts every principle upon which the Constitution rests, and the difficulties, the embarrassments, the shocking scenes reported daily from every part of the land are the natural and necessary result of the inner contradiction that has been set up between the Constitution, as it was, and the 18th Amendment added to it in 1919. . . ."

"We talk of law enforcement. You cannot enforce conflicting laws—something must give way; and, when it is the 18th Amendment and the legislation based upon it on the one hand and the whole body of the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, the whole of political English and American history on the other, which do you suppose will have to give way? It must be this new and invading element in our public law."

Repeal had become a national issue by the time of the Presidential election of 1932 and national Prohibition came to an end in December of 1933. Its major

scars are still evident, however—some 30 years later. The general disrespect which a great many Americans still have for their laws and for local law enforcement agents is the direct result of the lawlessness in which the ordinary citizen participated during Prohibition; and the well-organized criminal gangs that developed to supply the demand for illegal liquor used their organizations and the millions of dollars in profit they gained from that "Noble Experiment" to build an impregnable crime empire that law enforcement officers, at the Federal, state and local levels, seem at a loss to cope with today.

Prohibition, in one form or another, still exists in many parts of these United States. Whatever benefit these communities—and some entire states—believe they are reaping as a result must be weighed against the very real damage to law, government and public morality that the daily flaunting of prohibition produces. The hypocrisy that accompanies such legislation is sometimes beyond belief, as governmental bodies execute and enforce laws while simultaneously evolving complicated systems for circumventing the laws' intentions.

And as we have already observed, when religion rather than reason dictates legislation, do not expect logic with your law: On Sunday, in the largest city in the land, it is perfectly permissible to drink in public in any of several thou-

sand clubs or bars (after one P.M.), but you cannot purchase a packaged bottle of liquor in order to drink in the privacy of your own home.

In much of what we have written this month, it may have seemed that we have little regard for the religious side of life. Nothing could be further from the truth. Life could be a very bleak and empty experience without faith and hope to fill the black void of the unknown.

What we oppose is any man's attempt to *force* his faith upon others. Religion should be a personal matter between man and God; it has nothing to do with man's relationship with government. They must be kept separate—totally separate—and apart. If they are not, man will not long remain free.

Because of the unexpectedly heavy response to "The Playboy Philosophy," we have revised our original plans regarding length to permit a fuller and more thorough exploration of the subject. Thus, topics previously announced have been deferred to later issues. Next month Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner completes his probing of American religion and government with a consideration of Puritanism's influence on sexual behavior, censorship, birth control and abortion; after which, he delves into PLAYBOY's sometimes misunderstood attitude towards women, the shifting roles of the male and female in modern America and the dangers he foresees in our drift towards an Asexual Society.



LITTLE WORLD OF STAN FREBERG (continued from page 98)

the formation of a Bureau of Gypsy Affairs in Woburn.

So effective was the campaign that *The New York Times* dispatched a Boston stringer to Woburn inquiring about the strike, the issues, and the gypsies building bonfires on the Salada parking lot, before the hoax was discovered. "The whole purpose of this thing was to get people involved, worrying about the gypsies, worrying about the making of tea," Freberg admits. "Salada has now become an interesting product to think about." Sales statistics indicate buyers are thinking six figures harder than ever before.

Flushed with success, the Salada people recently commissioned Freberg to mount still another frontal assault on their archrival beverage. Offering a Freudian explanation for its unflinching references to the word "coffee," one of the new ads proclaimed, "We go on the theory that if you bring a subject like coffee right out into the open, people will be less curious about it, and eventually lose interest in it. So you'll never catch us referring to the other side as 'Brand X' or 'the expensive brew.' All it can do is get Salada Tea into a lot of hot water. We hope so." Another ad displayed the full-page photo of an apothecary jar (labeled TEA) filled with coffee beans beneath the boldface headline, ANNOUNCING THE SALADA TEA COMPANY'S 70TH ANNIVERSARY COFFEE BEAN GUESSING BEE. Whoever was astute enough to submit the closest estimate to the correct number of beans in the jar would win "a sterling silver tea service, a year's supply of Salada Tea, the apothecary jar and the coffee beans" — for which such uses as "making beanbags" and "running through your fingers" are helpfully suggested. In a small footnote the ad explained, for the interest of those who care about such things, "If you're wondering why coffee beans, just try counting tea leaves sometime."

Such inspired gimmickry has punctuated most Freberg campaigns since he co-authored his first jingle for Contadina Tomato Paste in 1956, *Who Puts Eight Great Tomatoes in That Little Bitty Can?*, a foot-stomping ditty that triggered such a run on Contadina that the competition was twice forced to slash prices. Charged with advertising Nucoa Margarine to 15,000,000 complacent New Yorkers, Freberg bought 567 radio spots and 57 newspaper ads to introduce Dudley, an obtuse skywriting pilot scheduled to perform high above Manhattan daily at noon. Freberg's charming charade was to make Dudley misspell Nucoa for the first four days, e.g., *Noapt, Nucou, Nucou, Mother*, and finally come through with a flourish on the fifth. Trouble was that New York was socked in with low clouds for the full week of Dudley's doodling and

gawkers never saw the message. Freberg later used the same idea effectively for Butter-Nut in L.A. In retrospect, he says, "New York is a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to skywrite there."

In other creative outbursts, Freberg has adorned an Army officer's epaulets with stars made of Cheerios (the actor was called General Mills), shepherded 25 live sheep through a Nytol (sleep inducer) segment, recorded a singing dog yowling about paper towels, and scripted milk company melodramas à la Shakespeare, Tennessee Williams and Verdi. The opera aping starred a facsimile Milton Cross translating a vital aria as: "Oh, boy, we have found the skimmed milk of human kindness." Freberg's *TV Guide* spots cannot have retarded the magazine's newly realized 8,000,000 circulation. And more than any recent sortie, they mirror his disgust with Madison Avenue phrase-making. "Only *TV Guide* gives you extra pages, stronger staples," intones one of them. "See that quarter-inch recess from the staples to the edge of the listings thing? That's the quarter inch that makes the big difference. *TV Guide* has it at both ends: got the stories, got the listings. So sit back and smoke, er, read *TV Guide*. Outstanding, and it's cheap." Freberg relished the *TV Guide* assignment. "The things I like the best are the ones in which I take the part of the abused listener or viewer at home. I blow the whistle on outrageous claims. I figure I'm enabling millions of people to live vicariously. They have wanted to holler at the set and say: 'Big deal.' They identify with it and they love it."

Because his messages didn't sound like commercials, disc jockeys swiftly identified, too, and began slipping in Freberg spots for free, much to the consternation of local account executives. At stations in Salt Lake City, Boston and Phoenix, half-hour gallimaufries of Freberg favorites were slotted like regular programs. His paean to Butter-Nut coffee, *Omaha!*, broke into the Top 40 tunes on Los Angeles radio and ultimately a special Capitol Records single was issued to capitalize on the growing ground swell. Citizens of the real Omaha invited Freberg to conduct the 78-piece Omaha Symphony Orchestra in the inspiring sales pitch. He did so, after having his baton arm energized by a Nebraska masseur. In an uncanny manner Freberg commercials were developing as widespread acceptance as his dozens of hit single records achieved in the Fifties.

• • •

Stanley Victor Freberg, 36-year-old son of a Swedish Baptist minister, was a sandy-haired banjoist-harmonica player-ropewalker with Red Fox and His Musical Hounds when he recorded *John and Marsha* in 1951. A spoof of soap

operas, the only dialog consisted of a woman (Freberg) orgasmically wailing "John" and a man (also Freberg) gushing "Marsha" while treacly organ music and dripping violins crescendoed in the background. The record sold 250,000 copies in two weeks, even though it was banned on three radio networks because of "suggestive lyrics." JOHN and MARSHA signs replaced MEN and WOMEN over countless rest-room doorways and Freberg was on his way.

A year later Stan heard a Johnnie Ray record, figured "the whole damn industry is turning into one big wailing wall," and collaborated with Ruby Raksin (composer of the notable *You Can Take My Love and Shove It Up Your Heart*) to write the Ray lampoon, *Try*. Wildly sobbing, gurgling, gulping and wailing, Freberg wept his way through the lyrics: "If you're happy and your eyes are always dry, / Don't you know that it's the style to sob and sigh? / Singers do it, crowds do it, even little white clouds do it. / You, too, can be unhappy if you tarry!" Capitol Records was swamped by phone calls from outraged Ray rooters.

This response was niggardly compared to the tumult that greeted *St. George and the Dragonet* and *Little Blue Riding Hood*, both broad burlesques of the renowned *Dragnet* television show. Within three weeks 900,000 pressings of the double-barreled hit had been sold.

Soon it became automatic for Freberg to turn out one hit satirical record after another. Some prime examples: *Wunnerful, Wunnerful; C'est Si Bon; The Banana Boat Song; Yellow Rose of Texas; Wide Screen Mama Blues; Rock Around Stephen Foster* and *Heartbreak Hotel*. To tubthump the latter, a needling of Presley, Freberg inundated the press with do-it-yourself sideburn kits in four shades — ash blond, henna, slightly gray and greasy black.

With record royalties clinking in, the comedian agreed to a concert tour of Australia in 1956, commencing three days before the Melbourne Olympics. He arrived Down Under a week in advance to ease the local scene "so I could satirize them instead of bringing over Lockheed Aircraft jokes." Freberg heard that a torch-bearing relay of Olympic runners was striding toward Melbourne and decided to make a bodacious entrance into vast Melbourne Stadium by running up the aisle with a blazing Olympic torch. "This is possibly the biggest laugh I ever got in my life," he admits. "After I reached the platform I lit the m.c.'s cigar with my torch (he was fumbling for a match) and got a second laugh. You have never heard a sound like 14,000 Australians in an amphitheater cheering you. It's like a roar of the ocean. It's so invigorating you want to stay up there and entertain them for four solid hours." Freberg didn't stay that long, though he did



"It's great!"

*"And you said
I couldn't make
a good martini."*

"How did you...?"

*"The gin, my love.
Look at the gin."*

Yes, look at the gin.
If it's Seagram's, you can see it's amber dry.
One sip—and you'll know that this is, by far,
the dryest gin you've ever tasted. Bone dry. Sahara dry.
Come to think of it:
aren't you feeling a little dry yourself right now?
SEAGRAM'S EXTRA DRY GIN BELONGS WITH GRACIOUS LIVING.





"And to think that you were sent here specifically to aid us with our overpopulation problem."

linger long enough to try his *Try* routine. "I ripped my shirt to shreds and threw the pieces to the audience," he says. "They fought over them. They even ripped my tie off my neck on the street. I'm a star of great magnitude there, much more so than I will ever be in this country." In those pretelevision times, record-happy Australians enabled Freberg to set box-office marks that surpassed Bob Hope's and Frank Sinatra's. His tour was extended from 8 to 26 days and he played to as many as 39,000 customers daily.

Back in the United States, his luster had not dimmed. Perhaps his most acerbic record, *Green Christmas*, was released late in 1958 and in short order both the CBS and NBC radio networks banned it, as did scores of independent stations. It was a scathing, bull's-eye attack on the overcommercialization of Christmas that lasted nearly seven minutes and lambasted mercenary advertisers to a turn. At an advertising powwow a cigarette manufacturer reveals his latest wrinkle—Santa Claus with tattoos on both arms, one saying "Merry Christmas," the other "Less Tars." "On the fourth day of Christmas," a chorus harmonizes, "my true love gave to me, four bars of soap, three cans of peas, two breakfast foods, and some toothpaste on a pear tree." A chestnut spiel cries: "Tiny Tims roast hot, like a chestnut ought." The singing of *Jingle Bells*, accompanied by the jangle of cash register bells, consummates the gibe. *Green Christmas* was the record sleeper of the holidays. Freberg accepted a scroll from the Trinity Methodist Church in Los Angeles acknowledging his efforts to put Christ back in Christmas and he turned all the disc proceeds over to the Hemophilia Foundation. Detractors predicted an advertising boycott of Freberg for sponsor-baiting, yet three months later Coca-Cola and Marlboro, both twit victims, tendered him choice contracts.

Subsequently Freberg issued *The Old Payola Roll Blues*, an indictment of grafting disc jockeys, bird-brained young singers and opportunistic managers. It enjoyed only a mild success, and, surmising the singles record market was being controlled by bird-brained teenagers, Freberg temporarily withdrew from his successful satirical run. The self-exile ended in 1961 with a prodigious album, *Stan Freberg Presents the United States of America*. Freberg had flunked history at Alhambra (California) High School and conceivably his puckish rewrite of the old textbooks served as latter-day retaliation. In Freberg's version of our antecedents a cuckolded Queen Isabella offers Columbus a Fiat agency in West Barcelona as incentive to stay at home, Manhattan is sold to Peter Tishman for \$24 worth of junk jewelry, and Franklin fears retribution from the Un-British Activities Committee before

grudgingly signing the *Declaration of Independence*. Washington's forces freeze by the Delaware as their leader dickers for a \$1.20-an-hour boat rental, Betsy Ross tastes the General's displeasure over her stars-and-stripes needlework (he wanted polka dots), and only the combination of a mammoth Norman Rockwell canvas depicting fearsome American troops and some realistic cannon and rifle fire sound-effects records fools the British and saves Washington from making a big decision at Yorktown—"You think I ought to surrender in the blue blazer or the trench coat?"

Fourteen consecutive weeks in the recording studio were required to execute the 49 minutes of drollery. On the final day, impatient Capitol executives shut down the air conditioning in a last-ditch effort to drive Freberg from the premises. The Freberg penchant for perfection (he wrote, acted in, composed and directed *U.S.A.*) mushroomed production costs to a record \$100,000, all recouped when the recording sold 100,000 at up to five dollars a copy. Three more volumes of Freberg's fanciful history, supplementing the initial 1492-1781 entry, are in diagram form and astute producer David Merrick plans to mount a musical comedy version next season on Broadway. Untitled as yet (Freberg is undecided between *David Merrick Presents Stan Freberg Who in Turn Presents the United States of America* or *Oh Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, Freberg's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*), the adaptation is currently being penned by its creator—characteristically sweating over each semicolon and miming each part himself—in a bungalow behind the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Freberg's penchant to oversee every minuscule detail in his vast salmagundi of projects worries him more than who the next client will be. "I know if I keep it up, I'll have a heart attack by the time I'm 40," he admits. That corner is less than five years away and to insure his reaching it he keeps his personal physician, Dr. Charles Benson, on 24-hour call. For in a self-consuming fashion Stan finds it difficult to reach maximum efficiency unless he is smack up against a deadline. Some of his most notable output has been concocted with only a short time to spare. He penned the intricate inner rhymes to the Salada jingles in less than three hours. "We took the phone off the hook," he says, "because we knew they were going to call. It was off the hook for three hours while I wrote all the lyrics. As soon as we put it back on it started ringing. I picked it up and said: 'Gee, I've been sitting here waiting for you to call. I was just about to leave.' 'We tried,' said the voice on the other end, 'but your line was out of order.' 'No kidding,' I said, 'Jud, did you know the line was out of order? Well, anyhow, you wanna

hear this stuff?' It's a terrible dodge, but that's the only way I can work."

Victor Richard Freberg, Stan's father and a twice-a-month evangelist at the Los Angeles County Jail, gifted his son recently with a four-intensity shower head, knowing that Freberg does some of his hardest thinking while soaping up. "I put on the needlesharp when somebody's gonna call me in 10 minutes from New York and they want the whole campaign laid out to them on the phone and I have not one thought in my head," he says. "I go from violently hot to ice cold and then back again. It gets my pores breathing and my brain working." Not long ago, during such an immersion, the long-distance phone pealed with five executives tuned in on a conference call. "Have you got the jingle written yet?" they asked. "Yeah," Freberg fibbed, "I got it right down here in front of me. Let me move to another room where I can talk better on a different connection. I'll call you back." He returned the call in 10 minutes. "During that time I wrote the whole jingle," he confesses. "I didn't have a word on paper." Utilizing the rhyming dictionary he keeps at his bedside, Freberg scribbled an Army recruiting pitch called *Modern Army of the U.S.A.* that eventually won him plaudits in the House of Representatives for its remarkable pull. "OK," Freberg shouted into the receiver, "we have a better connection now. Is everybody there? Can you hear all right? Yeah, that's great. Well, I've been wrestling with this for some time now and I think I've got it tightened up now to where it works."

Once an idea does work, the peripatetic Freberg wheels into action in various guises—as a business agent negotiating price, as an actor interpreting his own writings, as a director coaching other actors and as a film editor splicing together finished frames. Gradually he has developed into a Hydra-headed one-man band, attributable to his ferocious desire to make everything sound and look unequivocally Freberg. "I have rarely found anyone who could carry the thing out so that the end result would be just like I'd done it myself," he confesses. "I must admit that I've carried this to a ridiculous extreme. If I'm going to survive I have to find people who can help me. So far the greatest burden of this has been on my wife. She is the only person I have enough faith in not to blow it."

Two trenchant personalities, his psychiatrist and his wife of three years, have guided Freberg through his fatiguing flurries of activity. In Donna Jean Freberg, Stan acquired more than merely the keeper of his immense home (friends call it "Stan Simeon"). She has developed into a mainstay of Freberg, Ltd.'s four-man staff, functioning in various degrees as bookkeeper, mother, alter ego, com-



why does Stephan make two Dandruff Removers?

—Because there are different types of hair and scalp... Stephan makes this famous Dandruff Remover Hair Lotion with oil and without.


Your best bet on how to control flaky, embarrassing dandruff is to *ask your barber*. He'll tell you just how you can eliminate your loose dandruff problem.

Let him show you how to apply Stephan's—and then buy a bottle from him. Use it at home every day. We guarantee you'll banish loose dandruff—or your money back.

Only \$1—plain or with oil.

More men use Stephan's to control dandruff than any other hair lotion in the world.

Look for the Stephan display stand in your barber shop.

sold only by barbers. 

panion, critic, timekeeper and associate producer. Her husband says, "On my TV special that kid was in there when the ship was sinking, calling orders and cracking the whip. There came a point two days from the deadline where she just took over and really wailed; because of her we snapped the thing together. She's able to take a terrific objective viewpoint because she knows me so well and knows what I want. She becomes my eyes and ears in the studio when I'm acting or out on the floor."

Dr. Jud Marmor, a psychiatrist with a sizable showbiz clientele, was first consulted in 1959, ostensibly to help Freberg determine whether he was suited for marriage and also to explore motivations for his kinetic existence. Marmor eventually assured Freberg that he was ready to buckle down to the responsibility of marrying his 27-year-old secretary. His dissection of the Freberg psyche was equally rewarding for the harried humorist. "I wanted to find out why I wished to do so many different things," Freberg says. "Six months and quite a few dollars later the answer was I *wanted* to do all those different things. It made me realize there was nothing wrong with that except that I just had to face up to it and recognize that I wasn't going to get my due amount of sleep. It was comforting to know there wasn't some terrible hidden manifestation, some spurious drive, that was making me do this because of something negative or unconstructive. I found that I had a terrific ambition and desire to make myself heard in several areas."

As helpmeet in achieving this calling, Mrs. Freberg also acts as a trusted lieutenant in Stan's latest lucrative business: writing, producing and directing trailers, the trade term for movie-house coming attractions, and radio-TV plugs for films such as *Sergeants Three*, *The Road to Hong Kong* and *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*. For these labors United Artists pays Freberg \$30,000 per picture, a fee 10 times greater than they ever shelled out for such labors before. "United Artists has the good sense of wanting to depart from all the hoary techniques used in the last 25 years of advertising motion pictures," Freberg points out. "Words like 'the greatest'... 'a triumph'... 'brought gloriously to the screen'... 'sensational'... have lost their meaning. Any day now they can go back to 'good' and it *will* have some meaning because they haven't used it in so long."

Early in 1961, after declining proposals to publicize *The Apartment* ("I couldn't explain the moral structure of the picture in a 20-second spot without being in bad taste") and *Inherit the Wind* ("It took a bigoted approach by implying that Southern Baptists were a lunatic fringe"), he huddled with Frank Sinatra to discuss *Sergeants Three*, the Clan

Western produced by Sinatra's Essex Productions. Freberg watched a screening and says he thought: "Good Heavens, the man has remade *Gunga Din* as a Western."

"Is that what you did?" he asked Sinatra.

"Yeah," Sinatra answered. "We got the rights to *Gunga Din* and we did it as a Western."

"Well, that's the whole campaign right there," Freberg said. "The first guy says: 'I hear that Frank Sinatra remade *Gunga Din* as a Western,' and the second guy says: 'I can't accept that.'"

Sinatra nearly fell off his chair, Freberg swears, and told him the idea was great. A week later, at a meeting with United Artists and Essex executives, Freberg had a rougher time selling his conception. "Generally they were a little nervous about such an approach, this honest admitting of what they'd done," Freberg relates. "There was one guy from U.A. who kept saying it would never work, that it was negative advertising, that it was terrible. Frank finally had the last word. 'That's it,' he said. 'I want to do it.'"

Freberg went ahead and devised a stopper of a campaign that had its greatest impact on television. In the opening blast, Freberg conducts man-on-the-street interviews with passersby, informing them that Sinatra has remade *Gunga Din* as a Western. "I'm sorry, I can't accept that," say the first two before the microphone. He poses the same intelligence to a crowd of people crossing a street corner. "We can't accept that," they shout in unison. Still clutching his mike, Freberg saunters over to Dean Martin and Sinatra, clad in Civil War uniforms and casually leaning against a rail.

FREBERG (to Martin): They can't accept it.

MARTIN (to Sinatra): They can't accept it.

SINATRA (dispassionately): Yeah, well. *Camera cuts to logo of film's title, "Sergeants Three."*

ANNOUNCER: Try and see it. Try and enjoy it. Try and accept it.

Not everything Freberg's magic hand touches clears a quick profit. His passionately uninhibited television special last year, *The Chun King Chow Mein Hour*, typically took too long to produce, resulting in a noticeable deficit in the Freberg treasury. All overtime costs came out of his own pocket and they were monumental. Extensive retakes necessitated three days (34 hours) in the studio and when he finally reduced the 107 hours he had on tape to the hour-long air version, he found his \$125,000 budget as tattered as the leftover scraps of scripts and ribbons of wasted footage. One scene, a precision dance routine requiring four taxi doors to slam on beats

of music, took 22 takes to perfect, a mark previously endemic only to Marlon Brando movies. The printable sequence came at 4 A.M. The last day of shooting, which began at 9 in the morning, ground to a halt at 6:30 the following morning with Freberg surviving on Deximil.

The special in the can, Freberg spent the succeeding two days recording *Woburn!* and then, near complete exhaustion, headed for a bed at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. "All of a sudden, I started to flip," he says. "A plane went over one night and the whole house shook and the vibrations . . . well, I just had a terrible crying jag." But even in the Cedars the garrulous Freberg was hard put to relax. "Everybody in the hospital, all the nurses, kept poking their heads in," he recalls. "So I finally put in a television set so they'd think I was busy, and that's where I made my mistake. I never get much of a chance to watch television. I had been living in this dream that advertising was really getting better, that it was more artistic, that nobody hollered at you anymore or insulted you. I was shocked to see the greatest parade of mediocrity that one can imagine going across that set. I kept thinking that any minute I'd see one of those bright commercials that win awards. Nothing was even passable. It so depressed me that I really began to think about getting out of the business."

Though this prospect appears remote, the Spanish stucco house on Beverly Drive looms more and more as Freberg's ivory tower. "When I'm behind those walls I'm living in my own little villa, like I'm on an island in the midst of this community that really is pretty ridiculous," he says. "I'm at a good vantage point to observe. Freberg is a guy who comes out for brief flurries and disappears into the woodwork, anyhow. I really enjoy disappearing. I like having a special audience. I never wanted the mass audience and I never will. Six or seven years ago I thought it was an important thing to be known as a comedian. As time goes on I realize the thing I want to be recognized for is my point of view, as opposed to me as a person. My point of view, I hope, is mostly Frebergian. It is satirical, sharp and incisive. It is the classic viewpoint of the serious, working satirist who would like to pinprick pomposity, sham and frippery. Like Oscar Levant used to say: 'Strip away all the phony tinsel of Hollywood and you'll find the real tinsel underneath.'"

At Chez Freberg, with its carved rosewood 1887 Steinway and cherub-encrusted antique mirror (he has tagged the three cupids Patti, Maxine and LaVerne), he ultimately plans to retrench the business that grossed \$500,000 last year, and retreat from the dazzling tinsel. "I'm trying to fight my way back out of

advertising with a machete," he explains. "For a man who wants to make his living as a humorist and a satirist, I've spent too much time doing commercials. If I wanted to be just an advertising man then I would have turned into a factory long ago. I worry that I have deserted the cause. Maybe now's the time to ride off into the sunset."

At sunset, in his beamed-ceiling catbird seat, the curtailed Freberg could contemplate the pleasant prospect of his upcoming assignment as consultant to designer Charles Eames on the IBM exhibit for the 1964 New York World's Fair. Or he could amuse himself rereading the two dozen volumes of Tom Swift and the stacks of Benchley, Thurber, Perelman, Buchwald and Shulman that stuff his bookshelves. Or he might write a daily newspaper column (he has already submitted samples to six syndicates) on pet projects ranging from a plan for a Beverly Hills Birch Watchers Society to the Freberg solution to the Cold War—delivering Khrushchev to Disneyland.

But considering Freberg's proclivity for applying the needle, it is unlikely that real retrenchment could last for long. That fact was made perfectly clear last summer, smack in the middle of his first prolonged vacation in two years. No sooner had he climbed into his swimsuit than the jangling of the telephone jarred his Malibu beachhead. The American Broadcasting Company was threatening to yank his latest chow mein campaign off the network. The reason: his one-minute pitches were deft parodies of existing commercials of such free-spending sponsors as Anacin, Bufferin, Clairol, Dash and Winston. "Nine out of ten doctors recommend Chun King," one message said. The nine doctors shown were Chinese, the tenth Caucasian. "Does she or doesn't she use Chun King?" went another. "Only her grocer knows for sure." Clairol's ad agency protested that the "for sure" part of their provocative slogan was being violated. Freberg's excitable client, Jenö Paulucci, turned livid, abandoned his rickshaw and raced to New York. After three days of haggling among network, sponsor, ad agency and Chun King representatives, Paulucci clearly had used his noodle. He argued that a commercial could not be trademarked, offered to let the courts decide how valid his thinking was. Though a minor change in the Clairol broadside was yielded (it became "Could it or couldn't it be Chun King?"), all the other spiels were aired as originally filmed. And as he dispassionately dipped his big toe into the Malibu surf, Freberg had a parting blast for the nervous New York nabobs. "I thought the chicken was supposed to be in the chow mein," he said, "not in the network."

a hit!
KEY-MAN
 SLACKS
*Measure-Made to fit
 the Student Body*



KEY-MAN slacks have caught fire . . . their fit is a hit! Beware — new long wear fabrics like 50/50* in Key-buck will have you trying them on — be prepared to part with—\$7. Available in continental and belt loop styles — 54 sizes to fit the student 5 ft. to 6 ft. tall weighing from 90 to 185 pounds.

*A wrinkle-free blend of 50% Fortrel, Celanese polyester fiber and 50% combed cotton.



A HIT RECORD
"His is My Key Man"

Your favorite men's shop or department store has Key-Man slacks and order blanks for this new "45" record release which entitles you to order it for just 25c; or send 25c in cash direct to Key-Man Division of Hortex Mfg. Co. Dept. PB Box 9817, El Paso 88, Texas, for this new record and name of your nearest Key-Man store.

KEY-MAN DIVISION OF
 HORTOX MFG. CO. / P.O. BOX 9817 / EL PASO 88, TEX.



feet first

(continued from page 96)

interest in the classic saddle oxford, tastefully contemporized with combinations of smooth and textured leathers in quietly contrasting shades — though the man with a taste for traditional black and white in this resurgent style will be standing no less tall in the saddles.

In another welcome revival, moccasins have reappeared on the feet of the fashion-wise — urbanized and updated with flexible, close-cropped leather soles and inverted stitching for a slimmer silhouette beneath the narrow line of cuffless trousers. Leather-covered elastic goring along the shoe tops from heel to instep makes the new loafers comfortably snug, easy to slip on and off. The hides to seek are as texturally attractive as the choice in men's glove leathers: smooth, matte, grained and brushed versions of calf, pigskin, alligator, suede and doeskin.

As always, the pace-setting color in both laced and slip-on styles will be unimpeachable black, followed closely by a field of browns ranging from luggage tan to deep cordovan — with coffee,

cocoa and chocolate shades of recent seasons eclipsed by a rich spectrum of red-browns: copper, cinnamon, chestnut, burnt sienna, mahogany and bronze. Understated olive tones of gray, brown and black are in the running, but the dark horse of this year's fashion foot race will be rich antique ochers with a golden undercast glowing beneath the dull burr of a bootmaker finish.

An informal footnote: You won't take a false step in the arch-liberal new wardrobe of shoes designed exclusively for casual wear. Materially speaking, they run the gamut from cork to burlap, denim to straw, natural leathers to synthetic fibers in chromatic combinations of hide and fabric. Though the accent is on understated tones of luggage tan, straw, beige, cream and even classic white (reflecting the renaissance popularity of white slacks), many styles will be showing up in shades ranging from electric blue to fire-engine red. With such wide choices, you'll be sure to find the ideal means to step lively, kick up your heels and yet keep both feet fashionably on the ground — all at the same time.



"Oddly enough, that's one of the few jokes he considers decent enough to tell in mixed company."

PLAYBOY CARS

(continued from page 76)

never been densely populated, particularly in the small and handy sizes. Best thing going at the moment is probably the 3.8 Jaguar, successor to the 2.4 and 3.4 — the numbers having to do with engine size expressed in liters. It weighs a ton and a half, has a 107-inch wheelbase, and will crowd 120 miles an hour. The interior is standard British upper-class walnut, leather and carpeting. Since Jaguar took Daimler over, slightly more status, perhaps, comes with the Daimler sedan, identical with the 3.8 except for the traditional wrinkly Daimler radiator and the potent Daimler V8 engine. The V8 is a 2.5-liter, but performance is only fractionally under the Jaguar's.

The Mark X Jaguar, the big sedan, is a happy combination of speed and comfort and handling, indeed it is almost a unique combination. It touches 60 miles an hour in 10 seconds and will do an honest 115, offering notably luxury, security and good manners all the way.

Great Britain's entrant in the upper stratum of high-performance motorcars — Ferrari, Maserati, Mercedes-Benz 300SL, Corvette — is the Aston Martin, a limited production vehicle built by the noted gear manufacturers, David Brown, Ltd. Aston Martin has a remarkable racing record running from the 1920s to the present, and the cars reflect competition experience. There are three of them: the Aston Martin DB4, a four-passenger hardtop that became quickly well known a bit ago for its ability to go 0-100-0 mph inside 30 seconds; the DB4 GT, a two-seater, shorter, lighter than the standard and 60-odd horsepower quicker; and the DB4 GT Zagato, a competition car that can be used on the road, two people, an all-aluminum bumperless body in which weightsaving has been carried to the extent of using plastic instead of glass for the windows. Sixty miles an hour in 5 seconds, a terminal of say 155, given a little piece of straight to wind up on.

There aren't many better-looking cars than the Aston Martin. I happen not to like the steering of the car, which is absurdly heavy, or the gear shift, which takes a lot more muscle than I care to expend on such a trivial business. The car makes more mechanical noise — drive line, particularly — than I think is acceptable at its price level. Too, the Aston Martin's stand-up record does not compare brilliantly with the Ferrari's in flat-out long-distance running. Those things aside — stunning. Bring \$10,000 and a checkbook.

France mayn't have been the birthplace of the automobile, but certainly it was its cradle. Great names abounded there: De Dion, Hotchkiss, Delahaye, Bugatti, Delage, Talbot, Voisin, Renault, Citroen, Peugeot — but today, of the big, high-striding fast cars there is nothing

left that is all French. Still, the Facel-Vega comes out of France, and certainly it is a grand touring automobile *deluxe*. All right, you can't run it in a race, and what of it — the cars you *can* run in a race don't come with instrument panels in French-polished golden ash, either.

The Facel-Vega, currently the Facel II, is a stiff, sturdy chassis running a big Chrysler V8 engine that will take it to 50 miles an hour in 6 seconds and a bit and produce 130 mph for a top speed. It offers reasonable accommodation for four people, and rollicking room for two, with luggage accommodation on the American scale. Heating arrangements are to northern Minnesota standards. The shock absorbers are adjustable on the Armstrong system. You can choose between a 4-speed manual gearbox, the Pont-a-Mousson, one of the best, or the standard Chrysler automatic.

Daimler-Benz products are unusual in that all the cars in the line have independent rear suspension, and the range is unusually wide. The Mercedes-Benz 190D is possibly the most thoroughly refined diesel passenger automobile in the market, the 300SE is one of the most luxurious, and the 300SL one of the fastest. There is also the medium-sized 220S sedan and the very desirable 220SE convertible. The big 300SE ranks on the topmost level of the world's fine cars. The only Mercedes-Benz that seems pointless to me is the 190SL, the two-seater, which suffers from the serious defect of looking as if it would really go when it won't — it's too heavy for the power.

The 300SL, in limited production, has been unchanged in design for some time. It is rather out of fashion now, but it is still one of the most tremendous performers on the road, and the original 300SLs, the gullwing coupes, are already bringing premium prices as classics!

The first 6-cylinder Alfa Romeo in a dozen years is the new 2600, distinctly something of an event. This is a fast touring automobile of long pedigree and flawless behavior. There are three body styles: convertible, two- and four-door hardtops. They run in the 120-mph range that is required of anything aspiring to be called a fast touring car today, indeed they will run from 0 to 60 in a bit over 7 seconds and to a top of nearly 130. This is expensive, high-quality merchandise, requiring extended use for appreciation. You can use the brakes all the way down an Alpine pass and still expect to stop dead, on a straight line, at the bottom, and the celerity with which the car can be taken over the road depends largely on the driver's sophistication.

The idea of sticking a big American V8 engine into a light, roadworthy European chassis is one that has intrigued many down the years. One remembers the Allards of the late 1940s and early 1950s, booming along under the heavy

beat of Cadillac and Chrysler engines, and almost unbeatable for a long time. The newest of these hybrids looks like being the best. It's the AC Cobra, Carroll Shelby's idea. Shelby is a sports-car driver of wide experience: a sports-car champion of the United States, a winner at Le Mans, and so on. A free-swinging Texan, Shelby takes the large view, as a rule. He wondered what would be wrong with stuffing one of the big, reliable Ford 8s into the light, strong, astonishingly roadworthy AC Ace chassis and then giving the package as much luggage room as possible and all the instruments for which room could be found on the dashboard. There was really nothing wrong with such a notion, as it turned out. The Cobra will do 100 miles an hour in 10 seconds, which is quite fast enough for me, and I imagine for you, too; it will show 114 mph at the end of a standing quarter mile, and you can have something around 150 miles an hour for top speed. Good-looking, too, and comfortable. You can have it in various stages of tune and option, for touring or racing, the latter setup, in its ultimate degree, making you competitive with anything anybody else has, for about \$9000.

Other things being equal, I prefer a good-looking automobile to an ugly one, and I think that the Lotus Elite is no less attractive a two-seater than anything else on the world market. The Elite is smooth, almost wholly unadorned, most happily formed in line and bulk, and very small. The engine carries four cylinders and is by Coventry-Climax, whose *grand prix* engines have powered the remarkably successful racing cars from the same house that produces the Elite.

The car is quick enough, 110–115 mph available in the engine's standard form — it will accept a lot of tuning — but it is the road holding that stuns one at first; there appearing to be no limit at which corners may be entered. There is a limit, of course, but it is very high indeed.

There are numerous flaws to be noted in it. The body is all fiberglass, the smell stays with it a longish time, it's always noisy, sometimes wet; the windows are plastic and nonwinding. But, driving the thing, and remembering how lovely it looked as you came up to it, you can forget all that.

Another small car of which much is made is the Porsche. The Porsche is like the city of Madison, Wisconsin, or warmed sherry, or the writings of Ronald Firbank: it's the focal point of a cult, and the members believe there's nothing like it. Certainly the Porsche is a great automobile, designed by Ferdinand Porsche, one of the true towering figures of automobilism, and built by a son devoted to his memory. The car has other notable advantages: essentially the same model has been long in production, subject to constant evolutionary improve-



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ment — an extremely important circumstance, one that has marked nearly all truly great motorcars. Also, production is limited, and in the hands of craftsmen who do care — and whose work is nevertheless under stringent and repeated inspection. All in all, it would be most peculiar if the Porsche were *not* a great car.

The model called the Super 75 is the middle of the range, and perhaps the best for all-around use. Its engine runs 88 horsepower as compared with 70 for the model 1600 and 102 for the Super 90. The 75 will do 110 miles an hour, and because the design characteristics of its air-cooled engine include slow piston speed, it can be cruised all day at 100 without stress. The new 2-liter Carrera is in limited production. This has a 4-overhead-camshaft 130-net-horsepower engine and has been spoken of in awed terms by experienced testers. It is apparently free of the maintenance complexities that made the old Carrera such a drag to take care of, although it too was very rewarding to drive.

A list of the striking points in an inventory of the Porsche would be a long one; the car repays the most careful examination in an attempt to discover what gives it the air of bank-vault solidity combined with airy grace. The gearbox, for instance. It's an "enthusiast's" cliché to say "the gearbox is a delight to use," and, of course, as a rule that's errant nonsense. A gearbox is usually a flaming bore. Who needs it? But the fantastic smoothness of the Porsche unit is so tantalizing that the driver *does* find himself making opportunities to push it around. And there are many other such amusements on the Porsche, beyond any doubt one of the great all-time designs.

The Swedish Volvo P1800 (the word means "I roll" in Latin, right?) was a major sensation of the 1960 New York automobile show, but minor production

difficulties prevented its appearance in quantity until 1962. (The body is made in Great Britain and the car assembled there.) Production is limited, European demand heavy, and the car will never become common currency.

It appears only as a hard-top two-seater, a pair of small extra seats in back. Nothing else has quite the same line as a Volvo, and it looks very much what it is: fast but solid. It is not ferociously fast — 105, 60 in 14 seconds — but there is nothing overstressed about it and it will deliver that kind of performance indefinitely. It is very carefully made. The standards enforced by Volvo purchasing agents are well known to European suppliers for their stringency and their high rejection rate. Out of the pieces they keep the factory hands make a sound, pleasant, fast two-seater, one that should go for a very long time, at less than \$4000.

It's a rarity, but very nice: the big Citroen convertible. I think this is one of the most striking soft-top automobiles in the market. Several years old now, the DS-19 Citroen is still well advanced mechanically, and it offers one of the most startlingly smooth rides over a rough surface ever devised. Your friendly Citroen dealer may not have a convertible on the floor when you visit him, but he can get one for you, if you bring money, and you will drive it a long way before you meet another.

There are wealthy British families that have never owned anything but Rover motorcars, and that has typified the reputation of the machine: luxurious and built to last forever. The facts that the car was fast, for a medium-sized sedan, and handled pretty well, too, have been overlooked. To demonstrate these facets of their car, the Rover people have lately taken to running the Three-Liter, the top of the line, in British and Continental rallies, and with remarkable success

even in such brutal events as the Liege-Rome-Liege. The body of the Three-Liter sedan has been redesigned in the interests of lightness and grace; a two-door "coupe" has been added.

The Rover company is one of the few small independent producers left in Great Britain. Its remarkably progressive attitude is demonstrated by its origination of the gas-turbine automobile, which it ran first in 1950. The current version of the turbine car, with which I have some experience, is a delightful motorcar, all the bugs shaken out of it, that could go into the market tomorrow.

It's fashionable to say that the Rolls-Royce ("Rolls" is an unspeakable vulgarity, but they often say "Royce" at the factory) is not as good as it used to be. It's true that it isn't as elaborate as it once was, when all the holes in the chassis were hand reamed and fitted with tapered pins instead of rivets; when the radiator shutters opened and closed according to the water temperature; when the wheels were fitted on splined hubs, and so on, but the *necessity* for all these things has passed.

The Rolls-Royce has at the moment no real competition, in that similar American cars do not succeed in providing that air of utter solidity — a manor-house-on-wheels effect — that Messrs. Rolls-Royce achieve by design, finish, masses of walnut and leather, back-seat cocktail cabinets with cut-glass decanters, and so on. In outward design the Rolls-Royce is certainly well behind the times. In mechanical practice it is no longer an innovator, to put the matter mildly, and I think we may expect to see root changes reasonably soon, particularly if Daimler-Benz modifies the 300SE into something fully competitive.

The material that goes into a Rolls-Royce cannot be bettered and the craftsmanship that forms the material is still superb. A 50-mile ride in a Rolls-Royce is as rewarding an experience as land transport offers.

The Bentley, as everyone who reads must by now know, is identical with the Rolls-Royce except for the radiator shell. This difference also accounts for a \$300 price spread, the R-R radiator being handmade — and formed of planes that do not run dead level, by the way, but only appear to, a discovery made by Greek temple architects. If you wish to rush about at high speed in luxury (the Rolls-Royce does about 101) you can buy the distinctive Bentley Continental, which will do 125 or so, and in something approaching utter silence.

Wholly unostentatious, completely beguiling, the small front-wheel-drive Lancia Flavia is for the man who wants luxury in his personal transport but does not require that mere passers-by know he



has it. The Flavia is known to be a status symbol only among the innermost of the ins.

The mechanical specifications of the car give engineers the impression that someone was trying to find ways of spending extra money on it. It would take a paragraph of gobbledygook to explain the refinements of the front-wheel-drive apparatus, perhaps the best ever built. The Flavia driver moves surrounded by refinements undreamt of by lesser Romans: when first turned on, the headlamps will *always* be dimmed, no matter how they were left when turned off; the center button in the steering wheel doesn't blow the horn, for which other arrangements are provided; it flashes the headlights.

The Flavia is undoubtedly a 10-year car, and it runs in a silence previously undreamt of by small-car designers, and known only to the largest *limousines* deluxe. A milestone.

Another desirable rarity is the Lancia Flaminia *gran turismo* convertible. This is a V6 two-seater, with room in the rear for luggage or small children, a 14-second 0-to-60 time, and a top around 115-120, all this delivered with the road holding, appearing to border upon the weird when one comes to it for the first time, that has been legendary in Lancias since the 1920s.

The Italian likes to drive as if there were no tomorrow, whether he's conducting a Lambretta or a Maserati, and so the ideal small sedan for the Italian market is something good-looking, uncluttered, that will go, handle and stop. The Fiat 1200 Spyder is such a vehicle, one of the formidable range produced by the giant Italian factory, culminating in the big, luxuriously equipped 2300, carrying such basic necessities as a hot-air blower on the rear window, a foot pedal that turns on the windshield washers and puts the wipers through a measured cycle, seats that fold down into a bed, and so on.

The four-passenger Caravelle by Renault was enthusiastically received in Europe as perhaps the first practical fast touring car in the lower price range. It is in fact a very good thing: a four-passenger coupe mounting a pleasantly sculptured body, a brisk engine mounted in the rear. The Caravelle S is brilliantly up to date in such points as a factory-sealed cooling system and it has disc brakes on all four wheels, unusually effective ones at that. The car's 85 mph performance can be used freely.

Donald Healey is a versatile, energetic designer of mature years who was winning major European rallies in the 1930s. Just after the war he produced the Healey Silverstone, which had a mild acceptance, and the Nash-Healey. His association with the Austin has been most rewarding, resulting as it has in the Austin-Healey and the small and lively Sprite.

The present Mark II Austin-Healey is a neat compromise between the "real" sports car, the all-out competition kind, and the fast convertible. Fast convertible devotees may like the A-H better than sports-car types, on the grounds of gearing, refinement and a feeling that a 3-liter engine ought to put out a little more. Still, the Austin-Healey is not a slow car, delivering 60 in about 11 seconds and getting close to 120 before running out of breath.

The Triumph two-seater is about 10 years old. As the TR-2 and TR-3 it did well in scores of competitive runs of one kind or another. I thought it a stark, uncomfortable, boy-racer kind of thing, but the TR-4 has been lifted to a civilized level of comfort and it still does go. It has windup windows, lots of luggage room, a top that's waterproof in anything up to a gale — it will take you a week to learn to put it up, but never mind — and even a heater that heats. It's remarkable to find these amenities built into a medium-price British sports car, bearing in mind that British motorists are still at a level of development at which 80 percent of them, in a survey made at the end of 1962, stated a fixed preference for floor-mounted gearshifts — not in sports cars only, but in everything! Wind-up windows and all, the TR-4 will get 25 miles to the gallon or so, without being too much babied, and say 110 miles an hour.

Three other cars that come to mind in the same category are the new MG, the MGB, the Sunbeam Alpine and the Sunbeam Harrington Le Mans. The Alpine is a brisk and good-looking two-seater and the Harrington Le Mans modification is a higher-powered (104 horsepower as against 85) version with a four-seater body of original and intriguing form.

The MGB is the current representative of the honored line that began in 1924 and of which the TC Midget is best remembered in the United States. The MGB is a thoroughly refined automobile, fast and steady and yet with nothing stark about it. It does come close to the old ideal of a sports car: something equally suitable for a date and for competition. The current MG Midget is smaller, running on a 950-cc engine which gives it a 90-mph top speed. It has all the easy responsiveness that has endeared the make to two generations of drivers.

Though the kinship between an MG Midget and a Lincoln Continental may seem on the surface somewhat more distant than that which binds a catboat to a cruise ship, there does exist that uncommon bond which connotes the playboy marque — a flair, a breeding, a purpose particularly suited to the mobile man whose predilections call for urbane transport.

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Wootmain (continued from page 110)

would have been married to Josephine. He found Julia, who had no work of her own, almost miraculously available. There was no maid to mar their relationship with habits. As they were always together, at cocktail parties, in restaurants, at small dinner parties, they had only to meet each other's eyes . . . Julia soon earned the reputation of being delicate and easily tired, it occurred so often that they left a cocktail party after a quarter of an hour or abandoned a dinner after the coffee — "Oh dear, I'm so sorry, such a vile headache, so stupid of me. Philip, you must stay . . ."

"Of course I'm not going to stay."

Once they had a narrow escape from discovery on the stairs while they were laughing uncontrollably. Their host had followed them out to ask them to post a letter. Julia in the nick of time changed her laughter into what seemed to be a fit of hysterics . . .

Several weeks went by. It was a really successful marriage . . .

They liked — between whiles — to discuss its success, each attributing the main merit to the other. "When I think you might have married Josephine," Julia said. "Why didn't you marry Josephine?"

"I suppose at the backs of our minds we knew it wasn't going to be permanent."

"Are we going to be permanent?"

"If we aren't, nothing will ever be."

It was early in November that the time bombs began to go off. No doubt they had been planned to explode earlier, but Josephine had not taken into account the temporary change in his habits. Some weeks passed before he had occasion to open what they used to call the ideas bank in the days of their closest companionship — the drawer in which he used to leave notes for stories, scraps of overheard dialog and the like, and she would leave roughly sketched ideas for fashion advertisements.

Directly he opened the drawer he saw her letter. It was labeled heavily TOP SECRET in black ink with a whimsically drawn exclamation mark in the form of a girl with big eyes rising genielike out of a bottle. He read the letter with extreme distaste:

Dear, you didn't expect to find me here, did you? But after 10 years I can't not now and then say, Good-night or Good morning, how are you? Bless you. Lots of love (really and truly), Your Josephine.

The threat of "now and then" was unmistakable.

He slammed the drawer shut and said "Damn" so loudly that Julia looked in. "Whatever is it, darling?"

"Josephine again."

She read the letter and said, "You know I can understand the way she feels.

Poor Josephine. Are you tearing it up, darling?"

"What else do you expect me to do with it? Keep it for a Collected Edition of her letters?"

"It just seems a bit unkind."

"Me unkind to *her*? Julia, you've no idea of the sort of life that we led those last years. I can show you scars: when she was in a rage she would stub her cigarettes *anywhere*."

"She felt she was losing you, darling, and she got desperate. They are my fault really, those scars, every one of them." He could see growing in her eyes that soft amused speculative look which always led to the same thing.

Only two days passed before the next time bomb went off. When they got up Julia said, "We really ought to turn the mattress. We both fall into a kind of hole in the middle."

"I hadn't noticed."

"Lots of people turn the mattress every week."

"Yes. Josephine always did."

They stripped the bed and began to roll the mattress. Lying on the springs was a letter addressed to Julia. Carter saw it first and tried to push it out of sight, but Julia saw him.

"What's that?"

"Josephine, of course. There'll soon be too many letters for one volume. We shall have to get them properly edited at Yale like George Eliot's."

"Darling, this is addressed to me. What were you planning to do with it?"

"Destroy it in secret."

"I thought we were going to have no secrets."

"I had counted without Josephine."

For the first time she hesitated before opening the letter. "It's certainly a bit bizarre to put a letter here. Do you think it got there accidentally?"

"Rather difficult, I should think."

She read the letter and then gave it to him. She said with relief, "Oh, she explains why. It's quite natural really."

He read:

Dear Julia, how I hope you are basking in a really Greek sun. Don't tell Philip (Oh but of course you wouldn't have secrets yet) but I never really cared for the south of France. Always that mistral, drying the skin. I'm glad to think you are not suffering there. We always planned to go to Greece when we could afford it, so I know Philip will be happy. I came in today to find a sketch and then remembered that the mattress hadn't been turned for at least a fortnight. We were rather distracted, you know, the last weeks we were together. Anyway I couldn't bear the thought of your coming back from the lotus islands and find-

ing bumps in your bed the first night, so I've turned it for you. I'd advise you to turn it every week: otherwise a hole always develops in the middle. By the way, I've put up the winter curtains and sent the summer ones to the cleaners at 153 Brompton Road. Love, Josephine.

"If you remember she wrote to me that Napoule had been heavenly," he said. "The Yale editor will have to put in a cross reference."

"You *are* a bit cold-blooded," Julia said. "Darling, she's only trying to be helpful. After all, I never knew about the curtains — or the mattress."

"I suppose you are going to write a long cozy letter in reply, full of household chat."

"She's been waiting weeks for an answer. This is an *ancient* letter."

"And I wonder how many more ancient letters there are waiting to pop out. By God, I'm going to search this flat through and through. From attic to basement."

"We don't have either."

"You know very well what I mean."

"I only know you are getting fussed in an exaggerated way. You really behave as though you are frightened of Josephine."

"Oh hell!"

Julia left the room abruptly and he tried to work. Later that day a squib went off — nothing serious, but it didn't help his mood. He wanted to find the dialing number for overseas telegrams and he discovered inserted in volume one of the directory a complete list in alphabetical order, typed on Josephine's machine on which O was always blurred, of the numbers he most often required. John Hughes', his oldest friend, came after Harrods', and there were the nearest taxi rank's, the chemist's, the butcher's, the bank's, the dry cleaner's, the greengrocer's, the fishmonger's, his publisher's and agent's, Elizabeth Arden's and the local hairdresser's (marked in brackets, "For J. please note, quite reliable and very inexpensive" — it was the first time he noticed they had the same initial).

Julia, who saw him discover the list, said, "The angel-woman. We'll pin it up over the telephone. It's really terribly complete."

"After the crack in her last letter I'd have expected her to include Cartier's."

"Darling, it wasn't a crack. It was a bare statement of fact. If I hadn't had a little money, we would have gone to the south of France too."

"I suppose you think I married you to get to Greece."

"Don't be an owl. You don't see Josephine clearly, that's all. You twist every kindness she does."

"Kindness?"

"I expect it's the sense of guilt."

After that he really began a search. He looked in cigarette boxes, drawers, filing cabinets, he went through all the pockets of the suits he had left behind, he opened the back of the television cabinet, he lifted the lid of the lavatory cistern and even changed the roll of toilet paper (it was quicker than unwinding the whole thing). Julia came to look at him, as he worked in the lavatory, without her usual sympathy. He tried the pelmets (who knew what they mightn't discover when next the curtains were sent for cleaning?), he took their soiled clothes out of the basket in case something had been overlooked at the bottom. He went on hands and knees through the kitchen to look under the gas stove, and once when he found a piece of paper wrapped around a pipe, he exclaimed in a kind of triumph, but it was nothing at all — a plumber's relic. The afternoon post rattled through the letter box and Julia called to him from the hall, "Oh good, you never told me you took in the French *Vogue*."

"I don't."

"Sorry, there's a kind of Christmas card in another envelope. A subscription's been taken out for us by Miss Josephine Heckstall-Jones. I do call that sweet of her."

"She's sold a series of drawings to them, remember? I won't look at it."

"Darling, you are being childish. Do you expect her to stop reading your books?"

"I only want to be left alone with you. Just for a few weeks. It's not so much to ask."

"You're a bit of an egoist, darling."

He felt quiet and tired that evening, but a little relieved in mind. His search had been very thorough. In the middle of dinner he had remembered the wedding presents still crated in a box cupboard for lack of room and insisted on

making sure between the courses that they were still nailed down—he knew Josephine would never have used a screwdriver for fear of injuring her fingers, and she was terrified of hammers. The peace of a solitary evening at last descended on them: the delicious calm which they knew either of them could alter at any moment with a touch of the hand. Lovers cannot postpone as married people can. "I am grown peaceful as old age tonight," he quoted to her.

"Who wrote that?"

"Browning."

"I don't know Browning. Read me some, darling."

He loved to read Browning aloud—he had a good voice for poetry, it was his small harmless narcissism. "Would you really like it?"

"Yes."

"I used to read to Josephine," he warned her.

"What do I care? We can't help doing some of the same things, can we, darling?"

"Here is something I never read to Josephine. Even though I was in love with her, it wasn't suitable. We weren't—permanent." He began:

"How well I know what I mean to do

When the long dark autumn-evenings come . . ."

He was deeply moved by his own reading. He had never loved Julia so much as at this moment. Here was home—nothing else had been other than a caravan.

" . . . I will speak now,

No longer watch you as you sit
Reading by firelight, that great brow

And the spirit-small hand propping it,

Mutely, my heart knows how."

He rather wished that Julia had really

been reading, but then of course she wouldn't have been listening to him with such adorable attention.

"If two lives join there is oft a scar,

They are one and one, with a shadowy third;

One near one is too far."

He turned the page and there lay a sheet of paper (he would have discovered it at once, before reading, if she had put it in an envelope) with the black neat handwriting.

Dearest Philip, only to say good-night to you between the pages of your favorite book—and mine. We are so lucky to have ended in the way we have. With memories in common we shall forever be a little in touch. Love, Josephine.

He flung the book and the paper on the floor. He said, "The bitch. The bloody bitch."

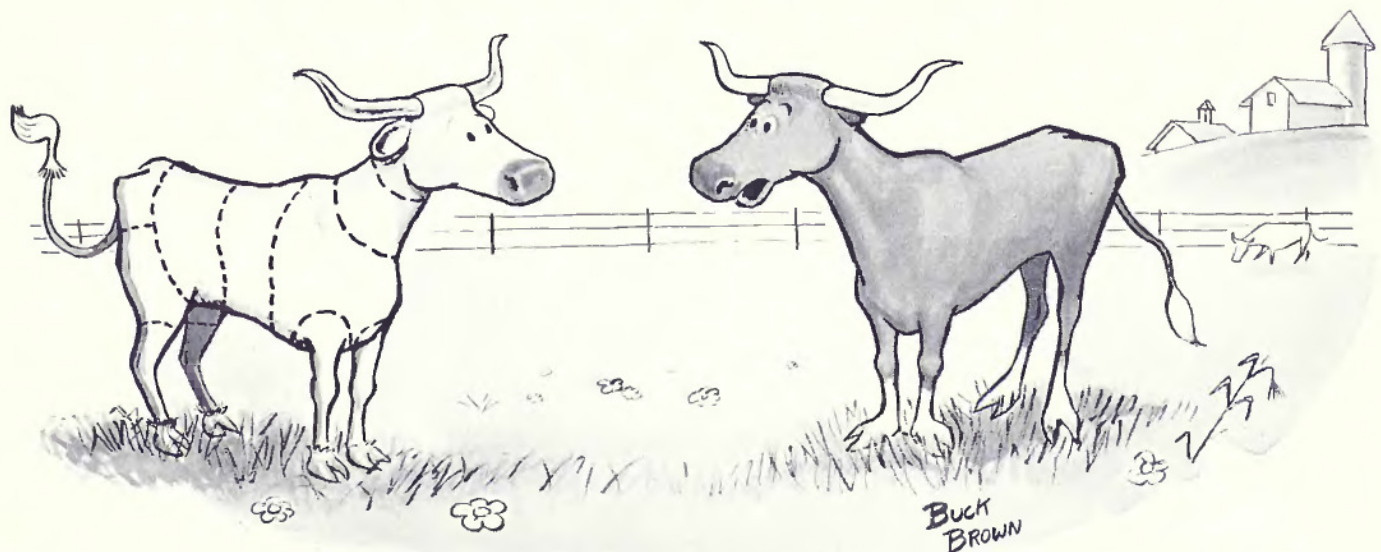
"I won't have you talk of her like that," Julia said with surprising strength. She picked up the paper and read it.

"What's wrong with that?" she demanded. "Do you hate memories? What's going to happen to our memories?"

"But don't you see the trick she's playing? Don't you understand? Are you an idiot, Julia?"

That night they lay in bed on opposite sides, not even touching with their feet. It was the first night since they had come home that they had not made love. Neither slept much. In the morning Carter found a letter in the most obvious place of all which he had somehow neglected: between the leaves of the unused single-lined foolscap on which he always wrote his stories. It began:

Darling, I'm sure you won't mind my using the old old term . . .



"Yes, I'd say you had a very narrow escape."

brought down upon an unsuspecting civilian population. He might order me out in the field to sell subscriptions door to door. What was on his mind, that fine executive instrument that knew little, saw nothing, but controlled all? Soon I would know. Soon I would have to face the pitiless scrutiny of manifest capitalism. Well, that's our way of life — Gen. Bobb Anthony at the chartrouse push button.

My mouth was dry. Fear for my future. Also Goneril was a dehydrating factor in the economy of my saliva balance. By mistake I had licked my lip and opened the cut.

I carried the black folder with me to the water cooler and stood sipping from a triangular folded cup. A trickle ran out of the isosceles. Goddamn statistics, graphs, graph paper and leaky cups. When you're ahead, you're not ahead; and when you're behind, you're collecting unemployment. What would I do for the child support? Well, I'd find another job.

Rita approached too closely, raisins and nuts, as I stood sipping cool water and said, "Mr. Anthony called. Right now. If you're not too busy." I was still at the gurgle-bottle of spring water. There were droplets on my tie. I had not worn old school today. Knit, the raveled tie of care which had flapped in Goneril's face as I lugged her home. Last night had left me slightly verbose, weak in the head and needing the moral support of the classics. "He'd like you to step in to see him," Rita said. I wondered if Tom D. got those if-you're-not-too-busies from her satiny lips. Please hurry up if you're not too busy, Frederika's waiting. Poor tuckered-out Davenport.

I blew at the tip of her nose and she winced. "Thunkyo," I said crisply, Englishing it up a bit. She knew this wasn't love and her mouth wriggled accordingly.

On my way to the boss I stopped to chat with Tom Davenport in his corner of the work area. A few symbolic words to establish my goal for the day: Absence of Panic. Davenport was my colleague in Advertising, slightly my senior in rank and seriousness; Promotion is a more airy occupation. It's the difference between a staff captain and a captain of infantry. He had a morning headache, he reported. Like a lady, he had morning headaches, not hangovers; cramps, not gastritis; his regular physician was a gynecologist, I do believe. "Oh I tell you," he said. That year he was also saying, "Let's face it" and "The thing is, I got this headache." Davenport was loyal to everything. He was a dog and loyal. He was loyal to everything but his own desires. These he constantly betrayed. What he really wanted, let's face it, was to be conjugal, uxorious, with a

wife he bedded once a week except during the rutting season, then once extra on the weekend, all honor to trees budding in Scarsdale. Instead he felt it his duty as a modern man, loyal as a dog to the concept of Modern Man, to chase secretaries, receptionists, and others whom his low energy put in easy reach. Because he didn't really want them, he desired only his wife, he had to invent newer and newer stunts, like the three-in-one pill. (Actually, it seems more likely that Rita and Frederika had invented it.) Poor loyal fellow used to take the train out to Scarsdale, totally pooped, but feeling awfully loyal as he napped, swaying with the train motion. He felt himself in the big league for sex. He was a loyal little leaguer, anyway, lugging his bat home to mamma. Mrs. Davenport (Peg) was a thin and pretty girl who made hungry love to him occasionally. She looked like the assistant buyer at a notions counter. She took his exhaustion for work exhaustion, a devotion to her which kept him driving, driving, driving at his job. Which in a way it was. I imagine him in bed explaining affectionately to Peg, "Let's face it. The thing is, I'm tired." The thing sure was. Together, like the Chinese Communists and Rita Rooney, they had taken the Great Leap Forward into a dazed effort and fatigue. Seeking an identity as Davenport the Stud, he became meeker and meeker, week after week.

"It's not nice to go about seducing all these nervous girls," I once told him as we stood in the men's room, "some of them with this weight problem they have to take Dexedrine for."

He grinned nervously at the compliment. He zipped up, tucking himself ostentatiously out of the way. "How's the boy?" he said. I had made his day. On the other hand, he also had his doubts.

Later he came up to my desk and wanted to talk to me seriously about things. He thought I shouldn't try kidding the folks too much in my letters. The thing is, that was just his opinion. I should just lie straight and friendly on the page and tell the American people we were giving them something the other magazines *wished* they could give, but they just didn't have the know-how. Well, not say it, imply it. But not kid about vital issues and personalities. "You know?" he asked. "Think it up in your own words, Dan. Let's face it, you're the sharp one with words."

"But you with the —" And I made an Italian gesture.

"Aw," he said, "I got troubles, you know?" That was just his opinion, too.

"You make out swell, gee," I said, "considering you got all those troubles."

"How often you see your kids?" he asked me. A little dig. "It cost you a lot,

I know, but is it worth it?" Another little dig. Still, he really was wondering if he should maybe marry Rita and Frederika. Well, that triangle stands up as well as many of the parallelograms I know. Also he was giving me the needle. "You're a kidder," he said, "but I have to tell somebody. Only I'd consider that thing, you know, about the P.O.V. Emphasize how we protect American values, the home and country bit, plus the long view, that's the ticket. Consider it, anyway. We're going ahead on the woman package again this spring — special issue on problems, featuring the liberal view on divorce. We're going to say sometimes it's justified. Twenty-three percent Catholics in our latest figures! Wow!" He moved his head from left to right and then back straight on its socket again. "Risky."

"Bobb wants to see me."

"Risky," he repeated, glad to be part of a team that wasn't afraid to take chances on minority groups. We had faith in the open-mindedness of Americans. "Hey, that's a funny lip you got there!" he called as his parting shot.

On my way to see the boss I wondered why that statistic about our Catholic readership stuck in my mind. Had there been a significant 23 percent of something in Kinsey, too? Well, despite Pythagoras and Davenport, there is no magic in unalloyed numbers. A secondary quality — no essence.

The boss, big-hearted Bobb Anthony, sat at an antique desk which Caroline, his wife, had personally installed in his office (no work area for him). The desk uncooled the color scheme; it didn't go with the space dividers; it stayed. Oh you interior decorator, but I love my wife. On this stretch of wormy French wood with green hoofs instead of legs, Bobb placed his executive elbows, he placed the saucer of gumdrops out of reach, he placed his head in his cupped hands, he placed all his attention on me and said dolefully, "Dan, you got like a talent for sweet copy, smartness. But productwise we got to figure out how to use it bestest. Not just adequate, but authentic. I want you to be fulfilled, too."

Translation: If my letters didn't pull trade, I should look for other work. And *smartness* — that's not a nice word.

Line of Meaning: Keep an eye on the circulation charts. And don't say Lung Guyland about Southampton, even wisecrackwise.

"How's the family?" he asked. "I suppose you miss them" (sigh) "it's tough."

Translation: Three years ago the company's Operations Research analyst finished his presentation of findings on the pilot project — statistics, market study, analysis of typing pools, depth questionnaire on editorial matter, the works — with a comment to Bobb over lunch: "Oh yes. Take an interest in the

help. The team. Infects them with Oedipal identification — all siblings together. Break down the barriers. Implement the work concept. The image is — *you're the daddy, Bobb.*"

Line of Meaning: Got to limit time off for trips to Cleveland. The children of divorced employees don't sell magazines.

I told big-hearted Bobb, big-hearted, spongy-jowled, snack-loving Bobb, about how my children in Cleveland had wanted to see what I did when I went to work. One day my stepwife, then still my antiwife, brought them to the office where I then wrote training manuals. It happened that it was somebody's birthday and we were eating cake and drinking coffee and there were funny paper hats on heads and crumbs in the typewriters. "Oh," said the boys, "work is where Daddy goes to eat cake and coffee. And ice cream."

Big-hearted Bobb was frowning, thinking. Shouldn't get crumbs in the rollers, jam 'em up. But then he came awake: "Cute!" he said. "I bet they're cute kids! I love kids like that!" The troubled, humanoid frown faded back on. He took off on Monday, Wednesday and Friday to see his analyst — a three-credit course. "Kids, they're great, the greatest in the cathexis department," he said, "mine like that, too — Caroline wants to have you out to the place real soon. You must miss a real home with kids."

Should I thank him?

"The stable family structure," he remarked, "is one of our foundations in life as in the magazine business." He was making an effort. I wanted to return him to his effortless self. A little bit of that higher-priced spread would bring the boss back to normal — not that normal was a happy state for him. On the contrary. But normal at least.

I knitted my brows. "This job is a step forward for me," I said to Bobb. "You know, New York is a bigger town than Cleveland."

"I know," he said resonantly.

Inspired by comprehension, real intercommunicating between me and Bobb, I pursued my discovery to its outer reaches. "New York is more demanding than Cleveland. Intense. It's like the business center of America. Skyscrapers. Why, we work in one ourselves! Commercial and trade."

"More theater, too," he murmured delicately. "The arts. Their galleries. The United Nations."

He was drumming with three fingers. There was a sound like hoofbeats at Caroline Anthony's antique desk. I was carried away. "And those double-decker buses on Fifth Avenue."

Silence. Communion. A breach in the wall of responsibility, salary and stock options which lay between us.



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"I suppose you're kidding again," he said at last, with a sigh, "since those double-decker buses went out after the war."

"Yeah. They sold 'em to Mexico. I was kidding, Bobb."

"I miss 'em, too. I used to ride 'em with a girl all the way up to the Cloisters, you know, Rockefeller's house? Blonde hair. Small firm breasts. That's what makes you the right guy for your job —"

"What?" I said.

"Your ability kiddingwise. On the T. A. test you scored exceptionally high in Creative Kidding." He thrummed lightly with three fingers on the antique desk. Heavy drumming would have wiped it out — vibration, splinters. So he thrummed, but I took in the signal.

"Bye, Bobb."

He reached for a gumdrop from the ceramic saucer his daughter had made in Creative Crafts at nursery school. You could always see when a paper had been given Mr. Anthony's personal attention by the creative sticky fingerprints. Surreptitiously he put the gumdrop in the wastebasket and went looking for a cherry one. They were his favorite, but he often got grape instead.

On the way out I thrummed with three fingers on my forehead, practicing, and Bobb's secretary thought, Always thinking. Or so I think she thought. But my antique green brain hardly quivered; in its shrunken autumnal state, it lay curled and waiting, suffering from its desires. Cunning. Patience. Self-knowledge and knowledge. The problem, Bobb and everyone seemed to say, is Communication. But oh no it wasn't. We communicated too goddamn much already. It's *what* we communicated that bothered me. The President and Khrushchev understood each other all right — they spoke clearly enough — it's *what they say and do* that may wipe us out.

I felt that Bobb and I communicated just fine — communicated incomprehension, confusion, suspicion, doubt and friendly personal regards. Like Goneril, he meant well. I was being warned as only a gentle bureaucracy knows how to warn that the guillotine is being returned from its vacation in the attic.

"Hey!" Bobb came lumbering after me, ignoring the buttons on his intercom. "How's about lunch later? I can clear my calendar." He seemed to have forgotten that he had already asked me to lunch with him. Or maybe this was a subtle way of being nice after the business about the graph and my children — letting the whole office know that he appreciated me, ran after me, even fed me. There was a caesura in the din of typewriters as he trampled into the work area, peeling dried sugar from his fingertips. "And we can check the zoo!" he said.

After his own feeding on martinis and chops, Bobb liked to stroll into Central Park and make sure the animals had dined adequately. And that they were still there. I also liked to check the park, though I was more interested in the people on benches. The losers sit in Central Park of a nice Indian summer day, confronting nature with silent reproach; some have animals, some don't; some nurse incurable diseases, such as postnasal drip and *Weltschmerz*, watching like parents over their hygienic fetishes.

For lunch we ate martinis, lamb chops with paper booties, and fruit salad. Bobb had like this weight problem. Sure, his gumdrops might contain calories, he argued, but they kill the appetite. If overweight didn't exist, America would have invented it. Midtown Manhattan sometimes seems to use work as a rest between Metrecal binges. Slimming is serious; a job is only a job, but clothes

are not made for fat boys and girls.

"Well, it's not so bad as all that," Bobb told me. Weight? No, the circulation projection. "First place, not your fault. Second place, every book has its period of consolidation. This is consolidationsville for us. *Ne worry pas.*" He got that from Caroline, I was sure. "Third place — hell, you want to spend a weekend with us on the Island? How are things in Ole Cleveland? You know, I met a girl, Barbara Jones, your buddy Pete Hattan been seeing. You'd like her. My wife knows her from — Caroline knew Pete from . . ." He was puzzled about how Caroline knew Barbara Jones and Peter. "Small-worldsville," he said anyway. And he topped his hand briefly, nonpederastically, over mine in order to indicate brotherly feeling, friendship, trust, confidence, and that at his stage in analysis he could hold hands with a man in a restaurant without feeling queer: I squeezed back; he squeezed; we squeezed in unison; the final squeeze clinched it that I probably wouldn't be fired, maybe just not promoted, in case my campaign failed, and that at the very least I would someday have a weekend in Southampton to remember him by. Pensively we untangled our hands from what might have been.

"It's through Peter Hattan I think Caroline knows her," he concluded. With the hand that had gripped mine he restlessly took up a load of peanuts from the bowl left, by error, on our table. "Ask him to turn you on."

"Well, I suppose I'll meet her someday."

"S.W., huh?"

Small World. Before the boss married this wife and found himself in the magazine business and on a diet, he had been a Jehovah's Witness briefly, then gave up doing the Lord's work to do the 14th Air Force's work (bomber pilot, sitting up there in the sky over Germany, eating Oh Henrys), and now he was back to doing the Lord's work on one of His chosen magazines. Providing the graph didn't ground him. Bobb would never be fired; he had the business equivalent of Calvinist grace — stock representation, a directorship — but he didn't want to feel squirmy, anyway. He wanted to build something more than his buttocks. As a youth he had rebelled against his family by finding a seriously out religion; also he had made friends with Sonny Tufts. Sometimes he grew nostalgic, overeating at lunch, overtaken by thirst, getting thrown for a weekend nag by his wife, for the days when he did the Lord's work in more direct ways. The three fingers of his right hand were continually busy, brushing peanuts, picking gumdrops, tapping his forehead. His wife Caroline was so elegant that she left out both the consonants *and* the vowels when she talked, trailing only a neurotic sexy



"Now that Harold has left, Mother, there's something I must tell you about him . . ."

breeze in the air behind her; she had her charities (Russian relief) and her men (Anon.), and she lay around a lot on committees. The Russians she wanted to relieve were not Red Russians. They were foxy-faced children of heroes of the Denikin horse cavalries which fought to keep Formosa free in 1917–1919, all over Europe and Siberia. They scraped their ancestral saddle sores raw again in time for the Easter ball. "Hiya, Serge." "Hiya, Prince, howsa boy?" They were caterers or majordomos and a few worked for the CIA, advising on choice of hors d'oeuvres or Latin countries to be subverted, as the case might be. Their stubborn cousins still needed subsidies from the boss' wife's efforts. They alone upheld the banner of the screaming eagle of the Czar. What if the rightful government of *La Sainte Russie* were not reinstated in time to save the Czar's loyal children from infection by godless Western European ways? What if the Bolsheviki actually succeeded in making collective farmers out of the happy wood-gathering peasants? It was one of Caroline's causes.

Bobb finished the nuts in the bowl. "Let's," he said. He presented his Diners' card. He wrote in the tip, making that odd stifled satisfied grunt which men make when writing in a generous expense-account tip. We threaded our way through the little tables designed for drinking, not eating, on which we had eaten. We would now check the zoo. Bobb walked over to Fifth Avenue and uptown with great purpose. He knew where he was going. His wife liked lions, he liked seals. First, for me, we went through the monkey house. "Blah, smells," he said.

"It's the kids and their peanuts," I said.

"It's the monkey turd," he said. He was right. The red-and-blue-tailed primates crouched, capered, loped, moped in their cages and work area.

"Aw. Aw," I heard myself saying.

"Goshalmighty, Dan, you got a strong maternal instinct," Bobb commented.

Outside — "*Blah!*" cried Bobb to underline his point — we paused near the hippopotamus in its deep mud. A child in bloomers, a boy-child with a momma who liked bloomers, a kid whose mother had the notion that bloomers are Edwardian, like Tiffany glass, this desperate child was teasing the hippo; the hippo lay stoned in mud, unresponsive, autistic, catatonic, asleep with its warts and subsidiary worms and weevils; the child climbed onto the fence and fell into the slurpy, turdy, fertile ditch. He was hauled up by his shrieking, bloomer-loving mother. "Aice!" She screamed like the victim of a Japanese art film. The child wore a subtle smile beneath its pout. It might lose the war, but it would win campaigns. Its momma, Lady Macbeth, was in a momentary breakdown, pluck-

ing madly as she howled. The hippo blinked and heaved itself delicately over. Opening its mouth — those shapeless drapes of tumbling pink membrane — the hippo let go with a volcanic convex yawn. Momma screamed at this further insult, and the child, dripping hippo reject as it dangled from its mother's hands, gave the animal a grateful wink. The child had paid a small price, *merde* on the face, for a great reversal of fortunes. Its mother broke her heel stamping. "Hire that man!" I said to Bobb. "Enterprising."

"Do you believe in permissive children?" he asked. "I haven't made up our mind yet."

The seals were Bobb's goal, but he had been courteous with my digressions. Now his stride quickened. There were marvelous waxy yellow leaves strewn on the path along with the Good Humor wrappings and peanut bags. It was like Indian summer in Cleveland — banks of leaves and an acrid burning in the air. High clouds. A brilliant sun. Now here we were at last. The seals poked up onto rocks, aw, and pointed their snouts heavenward, gee. Bobb gazed at me with silent reproach. Sometimes he wished he didn't have to be my father figure. Because of my dawdling over the monkeys, hippo and people, we had missed the exhibition of catching lunchtime fish in the air. A seal staggered on its flippers and made a wet awking noise. Moved, Bobb responded. "Kitchykoo!" he shouted. "Kitchy, kitchy, kitchy, koo!" They slickly digested their meals in the cool gray sun and failed to answer his entreaties. Maybe, like me, they did not know what he really wanted of them. Any more than did the losers on their benches, playing possum. The boy at the hippo moat knew, though. Or knew enough, since his own purposes were clear to him. He wanted to embarrass his

mother by getting hippopotamus turd on his face and bloomers. We can use more men like that in this country.

Bobb licked his lips, hungry for seal meat. Admiration made him hungry. Both eating and dieting made him hungry. The thought of his wife made him hungry. He had pangs when he thought of the world's troubles. Doing the Lord's work, he had been slim; as a fighter pilot, lean; now — fighting the belt. Calves heavy in his narrow pants. The pants hiked up on him. There were broad horizontal wrinkles in the lap when he sat down. His garters itched. He wanted to fly again: like the seal, he had evolved too far and his flippers were overspecialized. He was clumsy. Regretfully he said goodbye to the seals for another day. No tears. He would be back.

Excitement had loosened his tongue. He began to tell me his innermost secrets. I didn't want to hear. He would regret it later. Men have been fired from better jobs than mine for less cause than that.

"Bobb, listen," I was saying. He had been telling me about his body. "There's a health food for every lack —" Vitality, energy or will, take your pick.

"Your friend Peter's a health bug," he said thoughtfully. "He's in good shape. Course, he's not married."

"Some of those foods taste good," I said.

"Umm, I like carrot sticks, with a little salt, you know? For a snack? Instead of crackers?"

We strolled out of the park toward the office. We hit the crowd on Fifth Avenue, going every which way. Bobb stood confused, his head higher than most, looking for his bearings. I could see him selling *The Watchtower* and predicting the end of the world soonest. He looked hungry for a meaning in life. He looked



hungry in general. Then abruptly he was reminded of the basic point. He stood amid the crowd and called down to me: "Now hear this. With your help, boy, we're going to climb into the steatosphere, stee-rat-rat-ratosphere. We'll not only sell more paid-up subscriptions, no giveaway gimmicks, I mean gimmicks, than any other class magazine, but also than any other *quality* rag. Now hear that."

I was at his side throughout this outburst. The seals were over. The hippoboy was over. I tended to consider the speech a little sanity-inducing joke on his part, but he repeated it on an average of twice a week, usually on Monday at the morning meeting and on Thursday at random. There at the southeast corner of Central Park where the Plaza Hotel gracefully looms, I decided that it must be a complicated put-down, but of whom? Of me and my job? Of himself? Of his wife for marrying him? Of things in general? Later in the day I came around to the simple solution: He meant it. He was like Goneril. He was sincere, and that was the gimmick. "You're right, Bobb," I replied, "and I'll do the best I can." He might have looked foolish to me, smelling his salty, spitty fingertips near the fountain of the Plaza, but he knew how to substitute other pleasures for his slim bygone waistline.

The lights were against us, so I took the time to admire the Plaza, the fountains, the hacks and their horses. It may have been all a plot — the clop of horses' hoofs, the high hats on the hackies, the water leaping in the Plaza fountains — but it succeeded in generating a nostalgic yearning for grace.

"This is a beautiful corner," I said, "beloved by writers since the Twenties."

"Hell," he said, "I'm going on 45 and I still love it."

Want to bet he was closer to 50?

After lunch I wrote my child support check for the month. Sigh. A moment of

gloom. I took the pictures out of my wallet and set them up on the desk in front of me. Must get new ones; children grow. Then rubbed my hands together. I went back to work on a special letter for the subscribers of *The Realist*, a funny little hip magazine whose subscription list we had bought from a part-time secretary who had managed to steal it out of the shoe box in which the editor kept it. Just how, I don't know. This is business, not crime. We paid her 25 cents per name, and with the proceeds she took a weekend in Fire Island. Ate steamed clams for the first time — then the crook went back to Hunter College, with a major in Lit. I read (researched up) some back issues of the magazine, which was slanted toward the secular branch of the Lenny Bruce cult. Prophet, not Saint, thank God. Steeping myself into the slant, a toe at a time, I tapped out some sick humor, ritually said "Bllach" into the typewriter, and let's go. "Hiya, Dads. Sick we're not, but disgusted we sometimes are —" No. "Hey buddy. Look, you're probably not a magazine subscriber. Take a walk in the evening, pick up on the headlines, browse in an open-late bookstore —" Bllach. No and double-no. That blasted secretary, that smalltime goon, what trouble she made for me. How could I both conform to company policy and pick up the trail after this narrow band of nonconformists? I mean, if you have to sell an ingroup on being an outgroup, you might as well teach Lit at Hunter College.

I was thinking again. Across the work area Rita frowned with her company-spy, three-in-one eyes. I was staring at the freckles. A blouse covered them, but she knew I knew from Tom Davenport. She sat at a metal desk with pipestem legs and her skirt hiked up as she typed. Thigh, thigh, then metathigh — why? The Napoleonic office boy ambled past

with a fresh cargo of gumdrops for Mr. Anthony. An afternoon yawn hit me and I remembered Goneril. I concentrated. Focus — it is important in selling.

Delicacy is also essential, but my task was not easy. These small-small promotions were sometimes worse than the big ones. Even if it came to the subscribers to some California literary quarterly with 126 paid-up admissions, we would bend all our (my) effort to drag in a few of them with a special letter. Frederika and Rita whispered together in the girls' room, but I slaved away over my cream-colored Olivetti. It isn't that 126 subscriptions made any real difference. But we thought of them as peer-group leaders, we thought like that, and they firmed up the advertising base . . . That was it! Try that old story again! I rolled in another sheet. It made a zipping sound. *Bllach*. I sometimes wrote the self-critical words onto the top of the sheet; my fabb secretary knew enough not to type it into the final copy. "As a peer-group leader — jargon is shorthand, pals — you are especially valuable to a magazine like ours. We admit that we attempt to influence the decision-making mass of Americans; a magazine like ours cannot be edited from Big Sur; but still there is an advantage for you too in keeping touch . . ." I considered this a mildly novel way to sell the product. I tried to imply: Look, buddies, we're giving you something to sneer at in case you're tired of *Time-Life*. Be advanced. Be far out. (I scribbled in the margin: *hp, swung*, meaning: Don't forget to use the words hip and swinging someplace in the copy.) Sneer at us, I was begging them, at a bargain introductory rate to peer-group leaders, stamped envelope enclosed.

In months and years to come I might have to deal with the subscription lists of the *National Review* (right), the *National Guardian* (left), a journal of members of the union of AFL-CIO business agents, a Jewish anti-Zionist newsletter (we are Americans of the Mosaic persuasion, we have swell table manners dating back to before the Civil War, in which we fought bravely and impartially on both sides), not to speak of such major sources of names as *The New Yorker* and the Chevy Chase telephone directory.

The buzzer sounded. Rita said, "Mister Hattan on the telephone." I could see her satiny lips wriggling across my work area.

"Put him on, please. Hello, pal. Yeah. Sticky and hot inside — the air is cooled. Sure, you say so, I'd like to meet her. No. No. I'd like to meet the lady. Trust in the Lord."

He called me the Mahalia Jackson of the magazine promotion trade and signed off. All I meant was that I trusted him to fill my evenings with pleasure and occupation, amen. Back to *The Realist*.

At 3:30 I looked up to notice that the



coffee wagon had passed me by. I would do without. It tasted like boiled back issues, anyway. The wastebasket was half full of wadded-up paper. But there were three sheets in a new manila folder.

At five o'clock I skipped the usual drinks, as usual, but shaved myself with an old Sunbeam Shavemaster I kept in the closet in the men's room, in a gnurry tangle of extension cords wrapped around a drugstore mirror. It was the razor my father gave me when I got out of the Army — single-headed, slow, grinding away like the mills of God against my beard. It still worked. The plan for its obsolescence had not been perfected. And it relaxed me to rub the machine against my jaw and think of my father in Cleveland, moral, sleepy, still alert to my failings. The grumpy motor massaged my brain. I also brushed my teeth.

At six I would meet Peter at his place and life would begin anew in the gray-yellow dusk of Manhattan. I would tell Peter about Goneril and he would cluck and grin and then he would lead me back into the maze. The girls of Riverside Drive, Village chicks, those lovely East Side ladies, so patient in their eagerness . . . But before this, I met the boss one more time that day. He barged in on me just as I was tucking the Shavemaster back in the closet. He said: "You working kind of late?"

And you piddling in the help's john? I wanted to ask. Lonely, Boss? But I didn't. While he stood aspraddle and sighing, I apologized. He shivered, took a deep breath, zipped, buttoned. For this relief, much thanks. Also it took him away from fingering his candies. I apologized for working so late. I'd rather he didn't know about the shaving, but I also didn't want him to think me panicky because of our lunch and that graph. I winked. "Busy," I said.

Winks he understood. He winked back. Christ, if he wanted to hold my hand again —! But he only said: "Fabb." Making out with the secretaries in the office was OK, while shaving somehow lay in some murky area which lacked definition and clear precedent. Maybe this was because it implied that the beard was growing out of the head on company time. I imagine, given a razor account at an advertising agency, protocol might be reversed: the daily growth of hair could be considered field research, and shaving it a case of market analysis. But we sold deodorized and homogenized sex — sophisticated sex, with deep analysis — along with our politics. If I could talk once on the phone with one of the President's speech writers, also in advt. & promot., as I in fact once did, I could cop a feel behind the files.

Bobb Anthony had a vestigial twitch in his eye. It dated back to the Twenties. Winking is *out*; we wink in words nowadays; but the boss was nonverbal despite his garrulity. Like the seal, he stretched,

preened and fished in the air. He trapped an innuendo in the stee-ratosphere.

Bobb winked. About that conversation with Washington: We had been negotiating with the President for a little text piece on fall-out. His man said he was waiting for the right crisis to wake up America. The Chief was bidding his time. You can lead a man to the shelter, but you can't make him dig. In the end we decided that major policy decisions should be left to the Luce magazines and Congress; we wanted to preserve our independent critical posture, like *The Reporter*. Only sharper and more homespun. We didn't think it in keeping with our image to add the President to our stable of writers. We preferred sharp-eyed pros. They required less rewriting and were unlikely to cause war with a careless word. In case of war, we would probably enjoy major circulation increases, due to national anxiety, but this advantage would be more than offset by likely hydrogen damage to our plant. The President's man said it was OK by him. No sense in precipitating a moral crisis in the cement industry before we were ready. He said his feelings weren't hurt, but the plug he gave us for the fall circulation drive had a pretty general ring to it.

From the woman's angle, we had thought the President's wife might give us some tips on how to decorate your home away from home, underground, making use of antique fold-away furniture to lick one of the major problems in styling, limited space. We thought of running it with a red and blue color layout — a novel wake-up device to beat certain gloomy implications. Who wants to be cooped up with the family that way, even in a flawlessly decorated living area? Well, we ran it up the flagpole — as Bobb said — but it didn't flutter. I had to throw away a whole promotion series geared to the progressive slant on "Wake Up, America!" Bobb liked the way I had stolen this theme from under the noses of the Radical Right, and yet preserved our magazine's traditional liberal posture (or image).

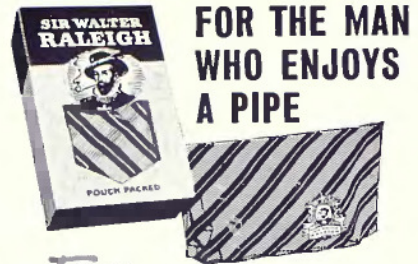
We stood at the elevator together. Bobb stared at my lip with a worried frown (Boss takes interest in health of Team). "I got a little Chap Stick, you want to try it?" he said. "Last time they ran their ad, they sent me a hundred." He took his head on a slow shake. "Now what am I gonna do with a hundred Chap Sticks? Eat 'em?"

"No," I hastily urged him, thinking, They're probably slimming, though.

"Well, you take care." He put his head next to mine and his eyes widened delightedly. "Say! Hey! Wow! That's a bite, boy!"

I hung my face in pride. "Aw," I said. It wasn't. It was a blow from Goneril's neck. The camphor had irritated it.

"Boy! And I was worrying about you,



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too! Man! Come on, Dan, please — aw, come on — please — have a Chap Stick, will you?”

Others came up, saw us in close discussion, pressed the button for themselves. Bobb made a small conspiratorial gesture of one finger to mouth. He considered himself sworn to secrecy. I could trust him with my secrets (Boss like a father to Team). Implicitly. Grave silence. We entered the elevator. As I said, Bobb winked. At least a half-dozen people felt caught and blushed. What dreams on their work-ended minds? Guilty, guilty. We shot down 18 floors to our nighttime, part-time careers in what seemed like real life. Rita Rooney and Tom Davenport, trapped in the elevator together, did not even glance at each other. Workaday love was over; conjugal duty and dating now began. The troops marched through the lobby, good soldiers all. We were released from the command of ravenous, organizational Bobb Anthony. The building dribbled us forth into the newsreel evening. Farewell till tomorrow, dear colleagues. Bye-bye.

We broke step and took a breath, and then went forward on our separated campaigns.

Subway. Down again, across, and up the West Side. The subway was filled with brutal exhaustion on the muzzles of travelers, brutal hilarity in the form of elbows and feet. We rocketed through the earth, holding our breath. I wanted to do something personal. It had been a long day. *Personal!* I felt denuded. My right shoulder ached. It had been to the wheel. Each day was like flipping a little. Each evening I sought to do something which would make me human in this inhuman city. The elbows in my ribs in the subway — like the bloomed boy at the hippo pit — made me flush with gratitude. Fight back, fellas! Return junk mail to sender! Loaf, laze and wallow! Enjoy a surliness break! Goof off! Love. Coffee breaks are not enough. Drink and eat! Kick and yell! My lips were chapped and dry from the smiles I had licked away. Ah food, strong bread with sweet butter, that would be an introduction to personal life again.

On the way to meet Peter, I stopped to buy a loaf of pumpernickel in one of those supermarkets on Broadway which they install in converted movie theaters. On the marquee they advertise lard, you know? Or a special on Mazola? Some of them are being transferred back now to noncholesterol-producing art movies. Well, anyway, in the supermarket there was this girl, this woman — full in style, no hysteria on the face, a beauty in a plaid skirt and white blouse, strong legs, high breasts, a long straight nose, just a touch of dampness at the blouse and hairline; she was wheeling a cart and rested on the steering bar a hand without a wedding ring. That proved that

she was meant for me. For ever after, a woman, a woman! Irish maybe. With a touch of Slav. Of Indian. Of English aloofness. Yet earthy. Perfect, her for me and me for her. Our team! Goodbye, Goneril, you had your chance. You muffed it. Not this darling, my true love. She said nothing to me, but she rode that grocery cart with the grace of an angel. For my benefit. She stood on one toe to lift off a bag of flour. For me. Not a large bag. Medium. She lived alone. But she liked to cook. English muffins. Apple pies. Oatmeal cookies. Mm, fresh cookies. How to speak with her? If I came up behind her and said all at once, “I love you,” wouldn’t she maybe think me a masher, even crude? Possible. So I followed her. Grilled bacon. Bacon and tomato sandwiches for two. On a little marble table. Fireplace. The glow on her face. If only she knew how discreetly I followed her, with consideration for her delicate feelings, instead of just boorishly falling to my knees in front of her cart, she would learn to appreciate me. But she did not notice. Brillo. Ivory Snow. I trailed her in a transport. I wheeled my cart, containing nothing but a long loaf of bread, behind her cart, containing a mounting pile of staples. Jell-o yes. Jell-o no. She replaced the Jell-o on the shelf. She put it back in the right spot. She would not lose my place when I wanted her to read something in a book I admired. She would read the paragraph and hand it back. She would comment briefly. Later we would discuss it in detail. She was considerate of Jell-o. She would be considerate of me. With a delicate pressure on the bar and wheels of her cart she braked it in order to read the backs of boxes. She was literate. She was an intelligent consumer. She compared quantities of riboflavin in breakfast cereals before making her choice. She made distinctions. She was intelligent. She went to the library near Amsterdam Avenue to read *Consumer’s Report*. But she was not a slave to advice. Imagining the crisp pop of Kellogg’s Special “K” against the soft thrill of Wheaties, her tongue between her teeth, the tradition of the New against a fine old flake. I wanted to bite that tongue. Not now, later. I wanted to squeeze it gently. Later. Not now. But I wanted to, badly. At some future date. When I knew her better. When it was appropriate. When it flowed naturally from long acquaintance. When she knew I cared about her, the real her, not merely some ideal of Ideal Woman, not merely some psychosensual target. She was not just a pickup. She was Venus and Aphrodite, she was a careful shopper. She put both boxes down and decided on Kretchmer’s Wheat Germ in the jar. It goes wonderfully with bananas and nuts. In the fruit and nut department. I didn’t blame her at all. I was with her there. I was on her side all the way. I was behind her.

She wheeled her cart and I wheeled mine. She had her hair pinned up and the nape of her neck was lovely, unhysterical, calm, womanly, loving. She forgave me my sins. She knew I was a sinner, but knew also that the worst of all sins is not to recognize one’s own flaws. I saw error and sin! within! And yet she knew that I did not wallow in self-pity. Yes, I dipped in a toe now and then, but I had so much to give her. Kretchmer’s Wheat Germ is toasted, did she know that? Toasting probably changes some of the original vitamins. That’s all right. “Alteration will thy pleasure be.” We took our joys carelessly. Untoasted wheat germ is for cattle. We sliced bananas, raisins, and sprinkled nuts on our morning cereal. We took coffee in mugs we bought at the outdoor fair on Waverly Place. We went shopping together because that was how we had met, she and I.

But how to speak those first words to her? So far we were merely grocery carts that passed in the Manhattan night. Quality there. Frozen meat. Liver. Ground chuck. She wasn’t poor, she didn’t buy hamburger; she wasn’t extravagant, she didn’t buy steak; she bought ground chuck. She bought liver. She wasn’t phony, she didn’t buy tripe or brains. God she was perfect. No animals. I bet she had no cats. I felt it in my bones — no cats. She liked human beings better than cats. But how to stop her? How? I mooned along, pushing rubber wheels. I had inadvertently picked a cart for myself with a little elevated wire throne for a baby. She could be mother on vacations to my two. She would like them. They would like her. She took an old envelope out of her purse and checked off her list. She had every item and more. Me. She also had me. I was on her list if she only knew. She did not know. She would leave soon. She felt fulfilled. I felt unfulfilled. How to fulfill us both? I could strike up a conversation about Pechter’s Russian Pumpernickel. That’s what I wheeled in my cart. I could tell her all my jokes about it, my bad puns. How it supports life, it’s true, it’s beautiful. “Beyond the Pechter Principle” — Freud. “Pechter’s in Our Time” — Neville Chamberlain. But she was too young for appeasement. But what if she didn’t like Pechter’s Russian Pumpernickel? What if she ate Pepperridge Farm bread? Wouldn’t she think me odd? Eccentric? Pushy? “Beyond the Pepperridge Principle.” No, it didn’t have that swing. The rhythm was off. She might call for the manager. The police. Have me thrown out. For protection against her goons I seized a box of frozen strawberries and threw them next to the bread in my empty cart. Unmelted, they make a brutal weapon. And maybe they would give me an idea. We need ideas more than weapons. They gave me no idea, they did not even thaw.

The master maneuverers say that the important thing in politics is to be on the scene, present, *there*. Wildly I skated up behind her. If I knew her name, I could be more fully present. In England they know each other. Here we have to be empirical. Love is a kind of politics. But what did I know about her? She was standing at a bin that displayed rubber gloves to protect a lady's hands from detergent itch. This week only, if you bought a pair of rubber gloves, you got an extra glove free, due to this special offer. She took the package. I knew nothing at all about her but what I sensed in my heart. Maybe she had a third hand. I never said a word to her. I listened to her with the third ear, but I never had the chance to say I loved her, third hand and all. I never saw her again. She never had the chance to make me the happiest man in the world. I was disappointed, wouldn't you be?

I carried my bread and strawberries down Broadway in a paper bag.

Even Goneril cared more than she did.

Frederika and Rita Rooney cared more about Tom Davenport than she did about me.

Caroline Anthony cared more about Bobb.

"Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care," Shakespeare said, thinking of love; but every way you look at it, love no longer works like that. Now youth is full of care—struggle for an ideal beauty, struggle to fit romance to marriage, the bitter decision-making of divorce—and only in age do most of us learn to take pleasure easily. Age begins to know how, pleasure sinks into the bones at last; but in age a man should settle to his ambitions and get to work and be full of satisfactions. Still, there are nasty men of all ages, groping in the streets; young men in the basements, old men dancing at Roseland. Youth and age both are full of care. Even Rita Rooney, letting her eyes cross all the way, is fabulously sincere. Bobb, Tom and the man who wheeled the coffee cart worked at it all night, worked by day; Goneril lived in care as she made her films in magnificent pornoscope; Peter and I discussed; there was very much alike in all our lives.

Could private detectives find me the girl in the supermarket? Track her down? Learn her habits and teach me to infiltrate her days somehow?

Reasoning and fantasy. *Bllach*.

A group of Puerto Rican kids at a pizza stand were laughing at me. I had taken a greedy bite of the heel of the bread and was chewing with my jaw making clicking noises. One of them tossed me a crust of pizza. He judged me harshly. I too. I sometimes think we all now reason too much about things, Why? and why? and why?, eating ourselves up with insights, I insight you and you insight me

and we each insight the other; we brood brood *brood*; but then I look at the way I live at work, what I do with my brains all day, and goddamnit, maybe I ought to think more. Is writing come-on letters what for we rose out of the slime with the help of the opposable thumb and the Olivetti? Is this why I battered my way out of my mother's cervix, with my head all bloodied and her filling the delivery room at St. Luke's Hospital with screams? To write let's-do letters? To smell Rita Rooney's breath and see the bottle of Dextrine in the wastebasket? To hear Tom Davenport's troubles and bluff with Bobb Anthony? Finally getting down to labor at: "In the coming weeks our line-up includes such vital reports on war and peace, Broadway and Hollywood, as . . ."

Isn't there something more?

Now the strawberries began to melt and there was a soggy stain on my grocery sack. I held the strawberries between two fingers. I drop-kicked them into the street. Applause. More Puerto Rican kids. I had strawberry mush on my right toe. But the strawberries had only *started* to melt. I limped.

I wanted something more! The days were growing short. It was getting dark. Indian summer over soon. Daylight saving time over soon. I wanted more time, more days, more light and air. I wanted to like what I did. I wanted to love whom I bedded. I had plans for the universe. I wanted it to stick around for a while.

Could I rescue foundered love, foundered marriage and family, by finding Miss Right? (Ten million frayed boys were looking for that same girl, strong, laughing, pensive, multilayered, strolling the supermarket without a past.) I would take her for a weekend with Bobb and Caroline Anthony at their place in Southampton. Gradually she would see me for what I am. Then I would launch myself

bravely into business, founding a magazine called *Thank You, The Quarterly of Gracious Receiving*.

What else is there to do?

We're not at the Strategic Air Command in Omaha, running switchboards. We're running typewriters, wheeling grocery carts.

So how else to spend all the power we nonetheless gloriously still possess? Not like the trained seal bobbing out of the salt in the zoo, flapping winglessly under the sun.

Up the stairs two steps at a time. In a hurry.

I presented the bread like a carbine at Peter's door. Black bread with a harsh grain in the stock. Good bread, but unkind thoughts about myself. I knocked with it. The door came open. Green eyes and a smile of welcome. A crisp fresh beige shirt and a black knit tie, just being tied.

"Hi, Pete. What's doing tonight?"

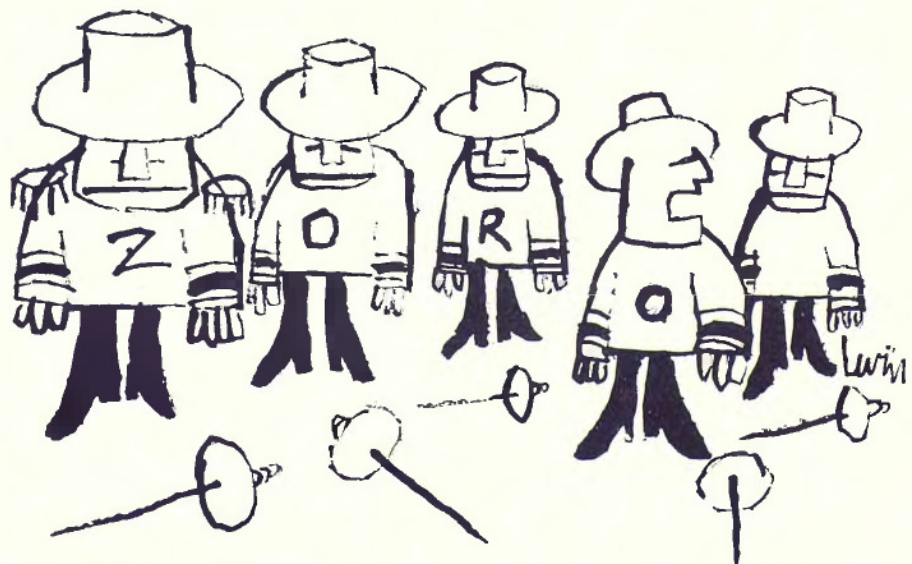
"Games, boyo, games. There are these two good sports I thought you ought to meet. One, she has nice eyes. The other—she's highly skilled."

"Skill," I said. "Hm. I think I'd rather see nice eyes. There's more than enough technique already in this world."

He wagged his head disapprovingly. "You're not being a very good student. Old Uncle Pete is trying to tell you something. After dinner we'll —"

I gave him the bread to show I meant him no disrespect. "After dinner," I said, "I want to take Nice Eyes away alone someplace. It would be kind of nice to talk to someone with nice eyes."

He bugged out his green gaze at me. Well, it was time for me to be a little hard on reality. Maybe Miss Nice Eyes and Dreamy Dan could find our way to what skills we needed all by ourselves on that workaday and fantastic floating island.



"Two Rs, stupid!"

cession he gave us those *Mignonnettes de Poulet Petit Duc* of his and on another occasion his *Timbales de Ris de Veau Toulousiane*, you will perhaps appreciate what I suffered. I can see now that what I felt for Madeline was just a boyish infatuation. What I feel for Emerald Stoker is the real thing."

"But you can't marry Emerald Stoker!"

"Why not? We're twin souls."

I was still trying to find an answer to that, when Stiffy and Stinker appeared, and the former came bounding up to him.

"What are you doing hanging about here, Gussie?"

"Eh? I was just chatting with Bertie."

"Well, stop chatting with him and run like a hare. Spode's after you."

"Eh?"

"He wants your blood in buckets. He saw you kiss the cook."

Gussie's jaw fell with a dull thud.

"You never told me that," he said to me, and one spotted the note of reproach in his voice.

"No, sorry, I forgot to mention it. But it's true. You'd better escape while the escaping's good."

"I will," he said, and dashing off as if shot from a gun was brought up short by colliding with Spode, who had at that moment entered left center.

"Ha!" said Spode.

It's always a bit difficult to know what to reply when chaps say "Ha!" to you, but Gussie was saved the necessity of searching for words by the fact that Spode had begun to shake him in a manner that precluded speech, if precluded

is the word I want. His spectacles fell off and came to rest near where I was standing. I picked them up with a view to returning them to him when he had need of them, which I could see would not be immediately.

This human drama had not passed unnoticed by Stiffy.

"Harold!" she cried, and one could gather what she meant. Gussie was no particular buddy of hers, but she was a kindhearted young shrimp, and one always likes to save a fellow creature's life, when possible. She was calling on Stinker to get into the act and save Gussie's. And he stood there passing a finger thoughtfully over his chin, like a cat in an adage, plainly at a loss to know how to proceed.

There is plenty and to spare of the Rev. H. P. Pinker. Even as a boy he must have burst seams and broken try-your-weight machines, and I knew that it was not pusillanimity that was stopping him getting action. Had he encountered Spode on the football field, it would have been the work of an instant with him to spring at his neck and twist it into a spiral. But the brass hats of the church look askance at curates who swat the parishioners. Sock your flock, and you're sunk. So now he hesitated, and when he intervened, it was merely with the honeyed word.

"I say, you know, what?" he said.

I could have told him his errand was bootless, if bootless really is the word, which I still doubt. When a gorilla like Spode is going good, you can't stop him with a mild remonstrance. Seeming to

realize this, he advanced to where the latter was now starting to strangle Gussie, laid a hand on his shoulder and pulled. There was a rending sound, and the clutching hand released its grip.

Spode was annoyed. You could see that not only from the way he looked, like a tiger of the jungle interrupted while tucking into its breakfast coolie, but from what he did a moment later. He hit Stinker on the nose, and all the doubts which had been bothering that man of God vanished in a flash. If there's one thing that makes you forget you're in holy orders, it's a socko on the beazer. A moment before, Stinker had been all concern about the disapproval of the princes of the Church, but now, as I read his mind, he was saying to himself "To hell with the princes of the Church!", or however a curate would put it. "Let them eat cake." There was a momentary mix-up, and the next thing one observed was Spode on the ground, looking like the corpse which had been in the water several days. His left eye was swelling visibly, and a referee could have counted 100 over him without eliciting a response.

Stiffy, with a brief "At a boy!" led her loved one off, no doubt to bathe his nose and stanch the vital flow, which was considerable, and I handed Gussie his glasses. He was standing there twiddling them in a sort of trance, when a voice spoke, and I noted that Madeline Bassett was with us. She was gazing at Gussie as if he had been a mass murderer she wasn't very fond of.

"Brute!" she cried.

"Eh?" said Gussie.

"What have you done to Roderick?"

Gussie adjusted his spectacles, cast a glance at the remains and shrugged a shoulder.

"Oh, that? He had only himself to blame. The fellow asked for it, and I had to teach him a lesson. He must have known what would happen when he saw me remove my glasses. When I remove my glasses, those who know what's good for them take to the hills."

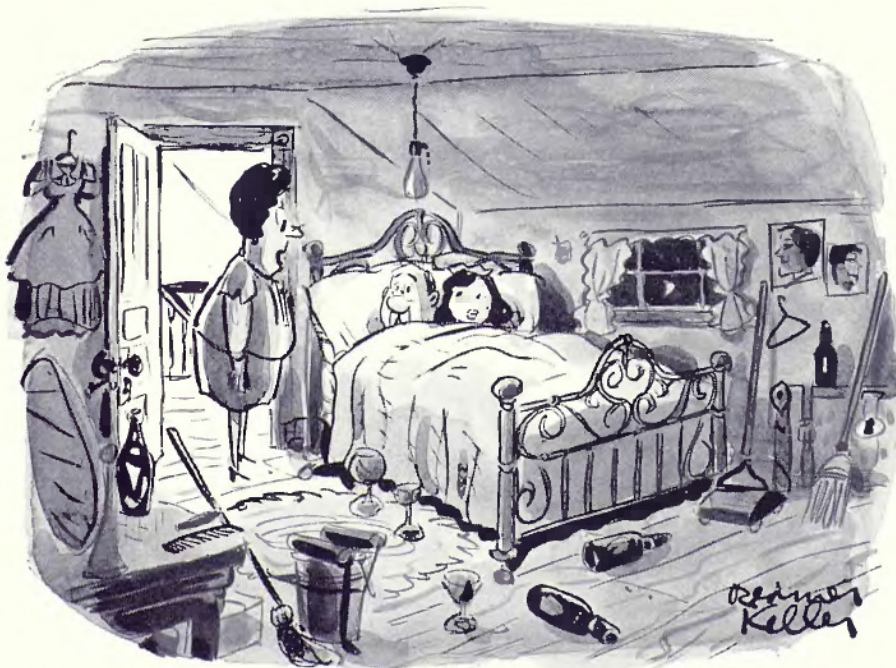
"I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!" cried Madeline, a thing I didn't know anyone ever said except in the second act of a musical comedy. Spode had risen to his feet, and she took him tenderly by the arm and led him away.

"This," Gussie said, "is the end!" Another thing you don't often hear. And he, too, legged it.

There seeming to be nothing to keep me, I started back to the house. In the drive I met Jeeves. He was at the wheel of Stiffy's car. Beside him, looking like a Scotch elder rebuking sin, sat the dog Bartholomew.

"Jeeves!" I ejaculated, if that's the word.

"Good evening, sir. I am taking this little fellow to the veterinary surgeon.



"Why, Dexter! And I reported you to the missing persons bureau six days ago!"

Miss Byng is uneasy because he bit Mr. Fink-Nottle. She is afraid he may have caught something."

"Jeeves," I said, still ejaculating, "the lute's gone phut."

"Sir?"

"At this very moment Miss Bassett and Gussie may be severing relations."

"Most disturbing, sir," he said, and, apparently feeling that that covered it, he drove off. Bartholomew gave me an unpleasantly superior look as they passed, as if asking me if I were saved.

Out of what I have heard Jeeves describe as the welter of emotions one coherent thought emerged, and that was that if I didn't shortly get a snifter, I would expire in my tracks. It was now approaching the cocktail hour, and I made my way to the drawing room. I knew that, whatever his faults, Sir Watkyn Bassett provided cocktails for his guests.

I found him seated with a well-laden tray at his elbow, and hurried forward, licking my lips. To say that he looked glad to see me would be overstating it, but he offered me a lifesaver, and I accepted it gratefully. I had drained it, and was fishing for the olive, when Stiffy came bounding in.

"Hullo, Uncle Watkyn. Having one before dinner?"

"I am."

"That's what you think," said Stiffy,

plainly glad to be bearing front-page news, like those messengers in Greek tragedies. "There isn't going to be any dinner. The cook's just eloped with Gussie Fink-Nottle."

"Eloped?" he gurgled. "With the cook?" he gurgled. "Are you sure of your facts, my dear?"

"I met them as they were starting off. Gussie said he hoped I didn't mind him borrowing my car."

"You reassured him, I trust?"

"Oh, yes. I said 'That's all right, Gussie. Help yourself.'"

"Good girl. Good girl. An excellent response."

"You're pleased, Uncle Watkyn?"

"This is the happiest day of my life."

"Then you can make it the happiest of mine," said Stiffy, striking while the iron was h., "by giving Harold that vicarage."

Most of my attention being, as you may well imagine, riveted on the soup in which I was immersed, I cannot say whether Pop Bassett hesitated, but if he did, it was only for a moment. The news, now officially confirmed, that Augustus Fink-Nottle was not to be his son-in-law had filled him so full of the milk of human kindness that you could almost hear it sloshing about inside him. He was in no shape to deny anyone anything. I really believe that if at this point in the proceedings I had tried to

touch him for a fiver, he would have parted with it without a cry.

"Of course, of course, of course, of course," he said. "I am sure that Pinker will make an excellent vicar."

"The best," said Stiffy. "He's wasted as a curate. He needs scope. Unleash him as a vicar, and he'll be the talk of the established Church. He's as hot as a pistol."

"I am sure he is. But excuse me, my dear, I must go and see Madeline and—"

"Congratulate her?"

"I was about to say—dry her tears."

"If any."

"Exactly. If any," said Pop Bassett, and was out of the room like one of those wing three-quarters who, even if they can't learn to give the reverse pass, are fast.

If there had been some uncertainty as to whether Sir Watkyn Bassett had done a buck-and-wing dance, there was none with regard to Stiffy doing one now. She pirouetted freely, and the dull-est eye could discern that only the fact of her not having one prevented her strewing roses from her hat. I had seldom seen a young shrimp so above herself. And I, having Stinker's best interests at heart, rejoiced with her, going so far as to allow her to kiss me on both cheeks. If there's one thing Bertram Wooster is nippy at it is forgetting his

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personal troubles when a pal is celebrating some stroke of good fortune.

But in the midst of all the back-slapping and three-rousing-cheers-giving, a sobering thought occurred to me.

"I agree with you," I said, "that this looks like the happy ending, but I think you ought to have it in writing."

This stopped her as if she had bumped into a prop forward. The joyous animation died from her face.

"You don't think Uncle Watkyn would let us down?"

"There are no limits to what your bloodstained Uncle Watkyn can do, if the mood takes him," I said gravely. "I wouldn't trust him to give me the correct time, unless I had it in writing. If I were you, I'd go and get hold of Stinker and bring him here and have the thing embodied in the shape of a letter."

"He's out on the lawn. I'll fetch him."

"It wouldn't hurt to bring a couple of lawyers, too," I said, as she whizzed past me.

At this point, the door opened and Spode came in, sporting as spectacular a black eye as it has ever been my privilege to see. And it was as I stood there, trying to think of something to say which would be sympathetic and tactful, that Pop Bassett returned.

But a very different Bassett from the effervescent rejoicer who had exited so short a while before. Then he had been all buck and beans, as any father would be whose daughter was not going to marry Gussie Fink-Nottle. Now his face was drawn and his general demeanor that of a man who discovers too late that he has swallowed a bad oyster.

"Madeline tells me," he began. Then he saw Spode's eye, and broke off. It was the sort of eye which, even if you have a lot on your mind, you can't help noticing. "Did you have a fall, Roderick?" he asked, goggling.

"Fall, my foot," said Spode. "I was socked by a curate."

"Good heavens! What curate?"

"There's only one in these parts, isn't there?"

"You mean you were assaulted by Mr. Pinker? Good heavens!"

"Just one of those things," I said, though I'm not sure if it was the right thing to say. "Faults on both sides. Young blood, don't you know, and all that."

For the first time Pop Bassett seemed to become aware that the slim, distinguished-looking young fellow standing on one leg by the sofa was Bertram.

"Mr. Wooster," he said. Then he stopped, swallowed once or twice and groped his way to the table where the drinks were. Having downed what looked like a beakerful of straight gin, he resumed. "I have just seen Madeline."

"Oh, yes?" I said courteously. "How is she?"

"Off her head, in my opinion. She

says she is going to marry you."

Well, I had more or less steeled myself to something along these lines, so except for letting my lower jaw fall perhaps six inches I betrayed no sign of discomposure, in which respect I differed radically from Spode, who reeled and uttered a cry like that of a cinnamon bear that has stubbed its toe on a passing rock.

"I am not surprised that you are upset, Roderick," said Pop Bassett sympathetically. "I feel the same myself. I am distraught. I can see no light on the horizon."

"But she can't marry *that!*"

"She seems resolved to."

"I'll go and talk to her," said Spode, and left us before I could express my resentment at being called *that*.

It was perhaps fortunate that only about half a minute later Stiffy and Stinker entered, for I could see that it was going to be difficult to hit on a subject of conversation which would interest, elevate and amuse.

"Here we are, Uncle Watkyn," said Stiffy, very merry and bright. "We thought we would have the thing embodied in the shape of a letter."

Pop Bassett blinked.

"What thing?"

"Why, the vicarage."

"The vicarage?"

"The vicarage you're going to give Harold."

"Oh? I have just seen Roderick," said Pop Bassett, changing the subject.

I think Stiffy made a mistake at this point in giggling. There is a time for girlish frivolity and a time when it is misplaced. It had not escaped my notice that Pop Bassett was swelling like one of those odd circular fish you catch down in Florida.

"I'll bet he had a shiner."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Was his eye black?"

"It was."

"I thought it would be. Well, how about that embodying letter?" said Stiffy. "Harold has a fountain pen. Let's put the show on the road."

I was expecting Pop Bassett to give an impersonation of a bomb falling on an ammunition dump, but he didn't. Instead, his manner took on that sort of chilly stiffness which you see in magistrates when they are fining you five quid for boyish peccadilloes.

"You appear to be under a misapprehension, Stephanie," he said in a metallic voice. "I have no intention of entrusting Mr. Pinker with a vicarage."

Stiffy reeled.

"But, Uncle Watkyn! You promised!"

"I was not aware, when I did so, that Mr. Pinker had assaulted Roderick."

"Roderick assaulted Harold."

"Indeed? That was not the way I heard the story."

"Well, it's the way it happened. Har-

old was cooing to Roderick like a turtle dove, and Roderick suddenly hauled off and plugged him on the beazer. What would you have expected Harold to do? Turn the other nose?"

"I would have expected him to remember his position as a clerk in holy orders. He should have complained to me, and I would have seen to it that Roderick made ample apology."

"What's the good of apologies? Harold did the only possible thing. He knocked Roderick base over apex, as anyone would have done in his place."

"Anyone who had not his cloth to think of."

"Roderick was murdering Gussie Fink-Nottle."

"And Mr. Pinker *stopped* him?" cried Pop Bassett, aghast. "Great heavens!"

There was a pause while he struggled with his feelings. Then Stiffy, as Stinker had done with Spode, had a shot at the honeyed word.

"It's not like you, Uncle Watkyn, to go back on your solemn promise."

I could have corrected her there. It was just like him.

"You have always been so kind to me, Uncle Watkyn. You have made me love and respect you. I've come to look on you as a second father. Don't louse the whole thing up now."

"If by that peculiar expression you mean that you wish me to change my mind and give Mr. Pinker this vicarage, I am afraid I must disappoint you. I shall do no such thing. I consider him unfit to be a vicar, and I am surprised after what has occurred that he feels justified in continuing his duties as a curate."

"Is that final?"

"Quite final."

"Nothing will move you?"

"Nothing."

"You'll be sorry."

"I disagree with you."

"You will. Bitter remorse is what's coming to you, Uncle Watkyn. Never underestimate the power of a woman," said Stiffy, and she buzzed off. A sinister thing to say, it seemed to me, and I wondered what she had in mind.

She had scarcely left us, when Butterfield, the butler, entered.

"Excuse me, Sir Watkyn, Constable Oates desires a word with you, sir."

"Who?"

"Police Constable Oates, sir."

"What does he want?"

"I gather that he has a clue to the identity of the boy who threw a doughnut at you, sir."

The words acted on Pop Bassett as I'm told the sound of bugles acts on war horses, not that I've ever seen a war horse. He had been eying Butterfield with that ill-concealed irritation with which men of testy habit eye butlers who butt in at the wrong moment, but his demeanor changed in a flash. His face

lit up. He didn't actually say "Whoopee!" but you could see that that was a mere oversight. He was out of the room in a matter of seconds, Butterfield following some lengths behind, and it was just as they left that I happened to glance out of the window.

The window looked on the drive, and I had wandered there during the Bassett-Stiffly hostilities with the idea of removing myself from the battle zone. From where I was standing I got a good view of the steps leading up to the front door, and when I saw what was coming up those steps my heart stood still and for an instant everything went black.

It was Plank. There was no mistaking that square, tanned face and that purposeful walk of his, like a bloodhound on the trail of a prop forward. And when I reflected that in about two ticks Butterfield would be showing him into the drawing room, I confess that I was momentarily at a loss to spot the proper channels through which steps should be taken.

My first thought was to wait till he had got through the door and then nip out of the window, which was conveniently open, and I was about to do so when the dog Bartholomew came sauntering along, and I saw that I would have to revise my strategy from the bottom up. You can't go climbing out of windows in the presence of an Aberdeen terrier whose slogan is: Bite first and ask questions afterward. In due season, of course, he would learn that what he had taken for a burglar was in reality a harmless guest and would be all apologies, but by that time Bertram's outer crust would be as full of holes as a Swiss cheese. Falling back on my second line of defense, I dived behind the sofa with a muttered "Not a word to a soul, Stinker!" and was nestling there, speculating as to what the harvest would be, when the door opened.

"If you will wait, Sir Watkyn will be at liberty shortly," I heard Butterfield say. "He is temporarily engaged."

"Chap's an ass," said Plank, as the door closed. "I don't want Bassett. I thought I'd made that clear to him. I'm looking for a fellow named Pinker."

"My name's Pinker," said Stinker.

"Some relation, perhaps. The Pinker I'm after is a curate."

"I'm a curate."

"You are? Yes, by Jove, you're perfectly right. I see your collar buttons at the back. And your name's Pinker?"

"Yes."

"H. P. Pinker?"

"Yes."

"Prop forward for Oxford and England a few years ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, Lord-love-a-duck!" said Plank. A note of alarm came into his voice. "You haven't given up playing, have you?"

"Oh, no. I still turn out for the Harlequins."

"Well, are you interested in becoming a vicar?"

There was a crashing sound, and I knew that Stinker in his emotion must have upset his customary table. After a while he said in a husky voice that the one thing he wanted was to get his hooks on a vicarage, or words to that effect, and Plank said he was relieved to hear it.

"My chap at Hockley-cum-Meston is downing tools very shortly, and I've been scouring the countryside for a spare. And I would never have known that you were in these parts if it hadn't been for a friend of mine, a Chief Inspector Witherspoon of Scotland Yard. He phoned me just now and told me I should find you at Totleigh-in-the-Wold. What was that noise?"

"I heard nothing."

"Sort of gasping noise. Seemed to come from behind that sofa. Take a look."

"There's nothing behind the sofa," said Stinker, very decently imperiling his immortal soul by falsifying the facts on behalf of a pal.

"Thought it might be a dog being sick," said Plank.

And I suppose it had sounded rather like that. The revelation of Jeeves' black treachery had unmanned me, causing me to forget that silence was golden. A silly

thing to do, of course, to gasp like that, but, dash it, if for years you have nursed a gentleman's personal gentleman in your bosom and out of a blue sky you find that he has deliberately sicked Brazilian explorers on to you, I maintain that you are fully entitled to behave like a dog in the throes of nausea. I could make nothing of his scurvy conduct, and was so stunned that for a moment or two I lost the thread of the conversation. When the mists cleared, Plank was speaking.

"Oddly enough, I've never seen you play," said Plank. "Been out in Brazil and elsewhere. Only recently returned to the old country. But of course I know you by reputation. I don't think I mentioned that it's my aim in life to make the Hockley-cum-Meston rugby team the talk of England. We're all right at half and three-quarters, but the scrum wants stiffening. What Hockley-cum-Meston needs is a vicar who's a good prop forward, and everybody tells me you're outstanding. So you can take up your duties as soon as you like. I'll embody the thing, when I get home, in the shape of a letter."

And after a well-phrased expression of thanks from Stinker and a word from Plank to the effect that he'd better be sneaking out or he might run into that old bore Bassett, the door closed and I felt it was safe to surface.



It was to the side table that I made my way, for after the ordeal through which I had passed I was in urgent need of a restorative. And I had had one quick and was about to have another rather slower, when the door handle started to turn and I went homing back to the sofa again.

"Good evening, sir," said Jeeves a moment later, peering over the top of it. "I fancied I had not been mistaken in supposing that I had observed you seeking concealment. Would you care for an appetizer, sir? I was obliging Sir Watkyn's butler by bringing them."

I rose. My face was cold and hard, like a picnic egg.

"What I want, Jeeves, is not a slab of wet bread with a dead sardine on it —"

"Anchovy, sir."

"Or anchovy. I am in no mood to split straws. I require an explanation, and a categorical one at that."

"Sir?"

"You can't evade the issue by saying 'Sir'? Answer me this, Jeeves, with a simple Yes or No. Why did you tell Plank to come to Tottleigh Towers?"

I thought the query would bathe him in confusion, but he didn't so much as shuffle a foot.

"I chanced to encounter Miss Byng, sir, and found her in a state of considerable despondency owing to Sir Watkyn's refusal to bestow a vicarage on Mr. Pinker. I had learned at the post office at Hockley-cum-Meston that the incumbent there was retiring shortly, and having been informed by the lady behind the counter of Major Plank's enthusiasm for Rugby football and of his desire to strengthen the local forward line, I thought it would be an excellent idea to place him in communication with Mr. Pinker. In order to be in a position to marry Miss Byng, Mr. Pinker requires a vicarage, and in order to compete successfully with rival villages in the football arena Major Plank requires a vicar with Mr. Pinker's wide experience as a prop forward. Their interests seemed to me identical."

"It didn't occur to you to envisage what would happen if Plank met me?" I said, still icy.

"I was sure that your keen intelligence would enable you to find a means of avoiding him, sir."

My iciness melted. It is not too much to say that I was mollified.

"Should I mix you a cocktail, sir?"

I shook the head.

"Cocktails are bootless, Jeeves. My predicament is not one that a dry martini with a spot of lemon peel in it can cure. I'm going to be married."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes, Jeeves, married. The fate that is worse than death, don't they call it?"

"Would it be taking a liberty if I were to ask —"

"Who to? You don't need to ask. Gussie Fink-Nottle has eloped with Emerald Stoker, thus creating a . . . what is it?"

"Vacuum, sir?"

"That's right. Which I have to fill. Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

I had been about to beg him as a personal favor not to say "Most disturbing," but at this moment I saw the door opening and speech was wiped from my lips. But it was only Stiffy. She came in with that sunny smile on her face which always means that she's been up to some kind of hell.

"Hullo, souls," she said. "Bit of hot news for you. I've pinched that thing of Uncle Watkyn's."

For an instant her words did not penetrate. Then I got it, and I gasped rather freely.

"The eyesore, you mean?"

"If that's what you want to call it. The idea is to go to Uncle Watkyn and tell him he won't get it back unless he does the square thing by Harold. It's what's called power politics. Right, Jeeves?"

"Perfectly correct, miss."

"But didn't Stinker find you?" I said.

"No. Was he looking for me? I haven't seen him."

"Then you haven't heard the latest. He dashed off to tell you that Plank has given him the vicarage of Hockley-cum-Meston."

"You're kidding!"

"Not at all. I was present when the deal went through. Behind the sofa, but present."

"Well, pickle me for an onion! This opens up a new line of thought. Are you sure it's official?"

"Plank is embodying it in the shape of a letter tonight."

"Oh, frabjous day! Calloo! Callay! What's Plank like? Clean-shaven?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I want to kiss him, and if he had a beard, I wouldn't. Shall I kiss you, Jeeves?"

"No, thank you, miss."

"You, Bertie?"

"Some other time."

"Then I'll go and kiss Bartholomew. And meanwhile I suppose the shrewd line to take is to return this thing to storage before Uncle Watkyn notes its absence. Go and put it in the collection room, Bertie. Here's the key."

I like to oblige the delicately nurtured when possible, but there are moments when only a nolle prosequi will serve.

"I'm not going near the ruddy collection room. With my luck, I'd find your Uncle Watkyn there arm in arm with Spode, and it wouldn't be any too easy to explain what I was doing there and how I'd got in."

Jeeves, as always, found the way.

"If you will give the object to me, miss, I will see that it is restored to its place."

"Thank you, Jeeves. Well, goodbye, all. I'm off to find Harold," said Stiffy, and she withdrew, dancing on the tips of her toes.

I shrugged a shoulder.

"Women, Jeeves!"

"Yes, sir."

"What a sex!"

"Yes, sir."

"No scruples."

"No, sir."

"However, there isn't time to go into the subject now. You'd better put that ghastly thing back where it belongs without delay."

"Yes, sir. If it were done, when 'twere done, then 'twere well it were done quickly," he said, making for the door, and as I went to the side table where the drinks were I was thinking how neatly he puts these things.

I was in the act of reaching for the cocktail shaker, when again footsteps sounded without, and feeling that 'twere well it were done quickly, I made for the sofa once more, lowering my previous record for the short spring by perhaps a split second.

I was surprised, as I lay nestling in my little nook, by the complete absence of dialog that ensued. Hitherto, all my visitors had started chatting from the moment of their entry, and it seemed odd that this new couple should apparently be deaf mutes. Peeping cautiously out, however, I found that I had been mistaken in supposing that I had with me a brace of guests. It was Madeline alone who had blown in.

But she was not alone for long. Clumping footsteps sounded, the door handle turned, and a voice said "Madeline!" Spode's voice, husky with emotion.

"Oh, Roderick," she said. "How is your eye?"

"Never mind my eye," said Spode. "I've been looking for you everywhere. Sir Watkyn has told me the awful news about you and Wooster. Is it true you're going to marry him?"

"Yes, Roderick, it is true."

"But you can't love an ass like that," said Spode, and I thought the remark extremely offensive. Pick your words more carefully, Spode, I might have said, rising and confronting him, but I didn't. I may be an ass, but I am not a silly ass.

I heard Madeline sigh, unless it was the draft under the sofa.

"No, Roderick, I do not love him, but I feel it is my duty to make him happy."

"Tchah!" said Spode, which was another of those things you don't often hear, and I think that at this point he must have grabbed her by the wrist, for she uttered a medium-sized squeak and said he was hurting her.

"I'm sorry, sorry," said Spode. "But I refuse to allow you to ruin your life. I



"I think we can stop looking for Freddie."

won't have it. You can't marry this man Wooster."

"But, Roderick, I want to make him happy."

"Well, you're not going to. You're going to make *me* happy. I'm the one you're going to marry. I've loved you since you were so high."

Madeline was plainly moved.

"I know, Roderick, I know," she said, having gurgled a bit. "Ah, why is life so tragic?"

"Life's all right," said Spode. "At least, it will be if you give this blighter Wooster the push and marry me."

"I have always been very fond of you, Roderick."

"Well, then?"

"Give me time to think."

"Certainly. I'll leave you now, and you can do all the thinking you need. And while you're thinking, turn this over in your mind. Wooster, in addition to being half-witted, is a thief."

"Whatever do you mean?"

"Do you know why he came here?"

"To be near me."

"Nothing of the kind. He came to steal that black amber statuette of your father's."

"It can't be true!"

"It's perfectly true. He's always stealing things. The very first time I met him, in an antique shop in the Brompton Road, he as near as a toucher got away with your father's umbrella."

"I can't believe it," said Madeline.

"I'll go and fetch Sir Watkyn," said Spode. "Perhaps you'll believe him."

For several minutes after he had clumped out, Madeline must have stood in a reverie, for I didn't hear a sound out of her. Then the door opened, and the next thing that came across was a cough I had no difficulty in recognizing. It was that soft cough of Jeeves' which always

reminds me of a very old sheep clearing its throat on a distant mountain top.

"I wonder if I might have a moment of your time, miss?"

"Of course, Jeeves."

"It is with reference to Mr. Wooster, miss. I just begin by saying that I was passing the door and inadvertently overheard Lord Sidcup's observations. His lordship has a carrying voice. And I find myself in a somewhat equivocal position, torn between loyalty to my employer and the desire to behave like a good citizen and do the right and honorable thing."

"I don't understand you, Jeeves," said Madeline, which made two of us.

"I think you should be warned, miss."

"Warned?"

"Regarding Mr. Wooster, miss. I am loath to criticize my employer, but I feel that you should know that he is a kleptomaniac."

"What!"

"I had hoped to be able to preserve his little secret, but he has now gone to lengths which I cannot countenance. In going through his effects this afternoon I discovered this, concealed beneath his underwear."

I heard Madeline make a sound like a dying soda water syphon.

"But that belongs to my father."

"If I may say so, miss, nothing belongs to anyone if Mr. Wooster takes a fancy to it. I do not think Mr. Wooster can help it. It is a form of mental illness. But whether a jury would take that view, I cannot say."

"You mean he might be sent to prison?"

"It is a contingency that seems to me far from remote."

I think Jeeves must have shimmered off after this, for silence fell again and nothing happened except that my nose began to tickle. The draft behind the

sofa seemed to be getting worse, and I would have given 10 quid to be able to sneeze, but of course that was outside the range of practical politics. I just lay there, thinking of this and that, and after quite a while the door opened once more, this time to admit something in the nature of a mob scene. I could see three pairs of shoes, two of which I recognized as those of Pop Bassett and Spode, and I was wondering whose the others were, when their proprietor gave tongue. All he said, presumably catching sight of the side table, was "What ho, the drinks!" but it was enough to tell me that Plank was for the second time a pleasant visitor.

Pop Bassett was the next to speak, getting under the wire a short head in front of Spode. He said "Good heavens!" and then they both said "Madeline! Where did you get that?" and Plank said "Why, that's that little thingummy I sold you, Bassett, isn't it?" and Madeline gave a sob, at least it sounded like a sob.

"Jeeves brought it to me, Father. He found it in Bertie's room."

"Ha!" said Spode.

"Who's Bertie?" asked Plank.

"The nephew of an unscrupulous collector of my acquaintance," said Pop Bassett. "How right you were, Roderick!"

"Who's Roderick?" asked Plank.

Spode said he was Roderick, and Plank said "Ah? Well, in that case I think I'll have a whisky and soda."

"Yes, how right you were, Roderick," Pop Bassett proceeded. "You said his motive in coming here was to steal this. But how he got into the collection room I cannot understand."

"These fellows have their methods."

"Seems to be a great demand for that thingummy," said Plank. "There was a pie-faced young son of a bachelor round at my place only this afternoon trying to sell it to me."

"Wooster!"

"Who's Wooster?"

"Travers' nephew."

"Who's Travers?"

"The collector I spoke of. Obviously Travers sent him here to steal the statuette. He must have stolen it while everyone was busy at the school treat and taken it to you."

"Couldn't have been the same chap. My fellow's name was Alpine Joe."

"Wooster would naturally adopt an alias."

"I suppose he would. I never thought of that. Witherspoon must have been mistaken."

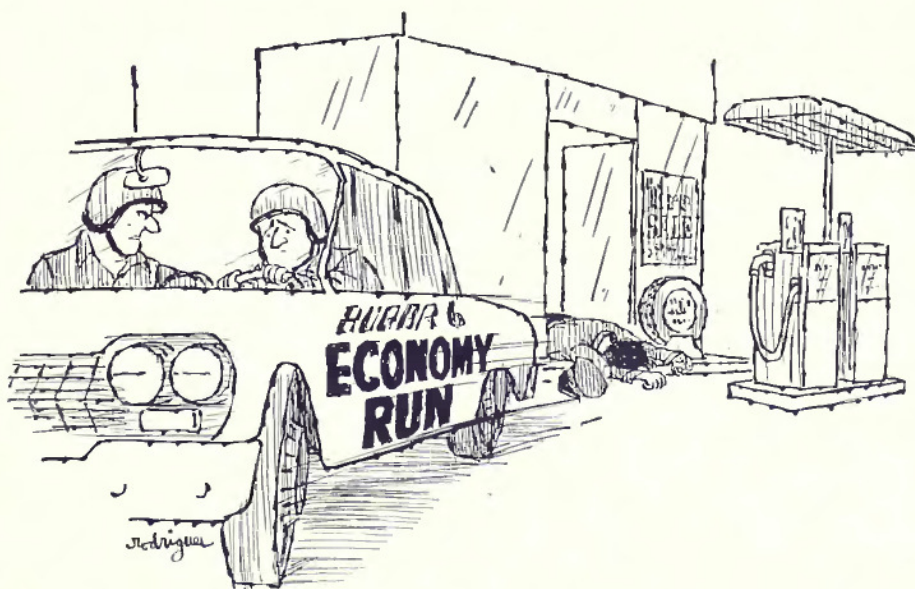
I was waiting for someone to say "Who's Witherspoon?" but nobody did. Instead, Pop Bassett addressed Madeline.

"Well, after this —"

"Yes, after this," said Spode, "you're certainly not going to marry that worm."

"What worm?" asked Plank.

"He's worse than Fink-Nottle."



"Dead men tell no tales."

"Who's Fink-Nottle?" asked Plank. I don't think I've ever come across a fellow with a greater thirst for information.

"My daughter was at one time engaged to be married to Augustus Fink-Nottle. But he has eloped with Stoker."

"Who's Stoker?"

"The cook."

"He's eloped with the cook?"

"He has."

"Dashed sensible of him," said Plank. "Very hard to find these days, cooks."

"And now," said Spode, "she's going to marry me. Isn't that so, Madeline?"

"Yes, Roderick. I will be your wife."

Spode uttered a whoop which made my nose tickle worse than ever.

"That's the stuff! That's the way I like to hear you talk!" he said. "Let's go out into the garden. I have much to say to you."

I heard a sound like a bursting paper bag. It was Pop Bassett expressing relief and joy.

"Lady Sidcup!" I heard him murmur.

"Who's Lady Sidcup?"

"My daughter will shortly be. One of the oldest titles in England. That was Lord Sidcup who just left us."

"I thought you called him Roderick."

"His Christian name is Roderick."

"Ah!" said Plank. "Now I've got it. Now I have the whole picture. Your daughter was to have married someone called Fink-Nottle?"

"Yes."

"Then she was to have married this fellow Wooster?"

"Yes."

"And now she's going to marry Lord Sidcup?"

"Yes."

"Clear as crystal," said Plank. "I knew I should get it threshed out in time. I think this calls for another whisky and soda."

"I will join you," said Pop Bassett.

It was at this point, unable to hold it back any longer, though well aware that it would put the frosting on the cake, I sneezed.

"I knew there was something behind that sofa," said Plank, rounding it and subjecting me to the sort of look I suppose he used to give native chiefs who couldn't grasp the rules of Rugby football. "Good God! It's Alpine Joe!"

"It's Wooster!"

"Who's Wooster? Oh, you told me, didn't you? What steps do you propose to take?"

"I have rung for Butterfield."

"Who's Butterfield?"

"My butler."

"What do you want a butler for?"

"To tell him to bring Oates."

"Who's Oates?"

"Our local police constable. He is having a glass of whisky in the kitchen."

"Whisky!" said Plank thoughtfully, and as if reminded of something went to the side table.

The door opened.

"Oh, Butterfield, will you tell Oates to come here."

"Bit out of condition, that chap," said Plank, eyeing Butterfield's receding back. "Wants a few games of Rugger to put him in shape. What are you going to do about this Alpine Joe fellow? You're a justice of the peace, aren't you?"

"I intend to give him a sharp sentence."

"I think you're wise. Pinches everything he can lay his hands on and doesn't understand the first thing about Rugger."

"I shall give him 30 days."

"I'd make it 60. Nice round number, 60."

"There is much in what you say."

"Couldn't make it six months, I suppose?"

"I fear not."

"No, I imagine you have a regular tariff. Ah well, 30 days is better than nothing."

"Police Constable Oates," said Butterfield in the doorway, and to cut a long story s., in about another couple of ticks I was in custody and on my way to the police emporium in the village.

To say that when I lay down on the plank bed of my cell I fell into a dreamless sleep would be deceiving my public. I passed a somewhat restless night. I could have sworn, indeed, that I didn't drop off at all, but I must have done so, because the next thing I knew sunlight was penetrating the barred window and through the grille in the door I could hear a silvery voice. It was Stiffy's, and she appeared to be ticking Constable Oates off with no little severity.

"Oates," she was saying, "you're an ass."

This was profoundly true, but it seemed to displease the officer. He resented the charge, and said so, and Stiffy said she didn't want any back chat from him.

"You road company rozzers make me sick. Unlock that door."

"It's against regulations, miss."

"I want to talk to Mr. Wooster."

"Not sure that's allowed. I'd have to look it up."

"But I keep telling you that Sir Watkyn isn't pressing the charge."

"So you say, miss."

"Well, go and phone him and ask him."

This seemed to strike Oates as a sound idea, for I could hear him receding, and a moment later I was aware of Stiffy's face at the grille.

"Bertie."

"Hullo?"

"Are you there?"

"In person."

"Did you have a nice night?"

"Most restful."

"I'm glad to hear that, because I can't help feeling that all that's happened was



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to a certain extent my fault. Would you like me to tell Uncle Watkyn that it was I who pinched that thing and that you are as pure as the driven snow?"

"Certainly not."

"Don't you want your name cleared?"

"Not if it means Stinker learning all. He would be shocked to the core. It isn't as if you were going to be a gangster's moll. The gangster would be all for you swiping everything that wasn't nailed down. But it's different with Stinker. When he marries you, he'll want you to look after the parish funds. Apprise him of the facts, and he won't have an easy moment."

"I see what you mean. Yes, you have a point there."

"Imagine his jumpiness if he found you near the Sunday offertory bag. And, anyway, there's no need to tell anyone anything. I heard you saying that Pop Bassett wasn't pressing the charge, so I'm all right. Ah, here comes mine host, returning." I said, as the clumping of Constable Oates' regulation boots made itself heard.

"Well?" said Stiffy, addressing him.

"Sir Watkyn supports your statement, miss."

"I told you he would. Fling wide those gates."

Oates flung them, though giving me the impression that he was hurt and disappointed, and I passed with Stiffy into the great world outside the prison walls.

"Goodbye, Oates," I said as we left, for one always likes to do the courteous thing. "It's been nice meeting you."

His only reply was a sound like a hippopotamus taking its foot out of the

mud on a river bank, and I saw Stiffy frown.

"You know," she said, as we reached the open spaces, "we really ought to do something about Oates, something that would teach him that we are not put into this world for pleasure alone. I can't suggest what offhand, but if we put our heads together, we could think of something. You ought to stay on, Bertie, and help me bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

I raised an eyebrow.

"As a guest of your Uncle Watkyn?"

"You could doss at Harold's place."

"Sorry, no."

"You won't stay on?"

"I will not. I intend to put as many miles as possible in as short a time as possible between Totleigh Towers and myself. And it's no good your using that expression 'lily-livered poltroon,' because I am adamant."

She made what I believe is called a *moue*. It's done by pushing the lips out and drawing them in again.

"I thought it wasn't any use asking you. No spirit, that's your trouble, no enterprise. Jeeves'll be here in a minute," she said, and pushed off, exhibiting dudgeon. A brief while later Jeeves drove up in the car.

"Good morning, sir," he said, alighting. "Your disturbed night has left you ruffled, I am sorry to see. You are far from *soigné*."

"You know, Jeeves," I said, "painful though this episode has been, it has taught me a lesson — viz., that one makes a mistake in labeling someone as a hellhound just because he normally behaves

like a hellhound. Look closely, and we find humanity in the unlikeliest places. Take this Sir W. Bassett. A menace to pedestrians and traffic and without, one would say, a redeeming quality. And yet, having got Bertram out on a limb, he does not, as one would have expected, saw it off, but declines to press the charge. It has touched me a good deal to find that under that forbidding exterior there lies a heart of gold. Why are you looking like a stuffed frog, Jeeves? Don't you agree with me?"

"Not altogether, sir, when you attribute Sir Watkyn's leniency to sheer goodness of heart. There were inducements."

"I don't dig you, Jeeves."

"I made it a condition that you be set at liberty, sir."

"Condition? How do you mean condition? Condition of what?"

"Of my entering Sir Watkyn's employment as his personal attendant, sir. I should mention that during our visit to Brinkley Court the gentleman, very kindly expressing appreciation of my duties, made me an offer to leave your service and enter his. This offer, conditional upon your release, I have accepted."

The police station at Totleigh-in-the-Wold is situated in the main street of that village, and from where we were standing I had a view of the establishments of a butcher, a baker, a grocer and a confectioner. And this butcher, this baker, this grocer and this confectioner seemed to flicker before my eyes, as if they were dancing the twist.

"You're leaving me?" I gasped.

The corner of his mouth twitched. He seemed to be about to smile, but of course thought better of it.

"Only temporarily, sir. I think it more than possible that after perhaps a week or so differences will arise between Sir Watkyn and myself and I shall be compelled to resign my position. In that event, if you are not already suited, sir, I shall be most happy to return to your employment."

I saw all. It was a ruse, and by no means the worst of them. The mists cleared from before my eyes, and the butcher, the baker, the grocer and the confectioner returned to what I have heard Jeeves call the *status quo*.

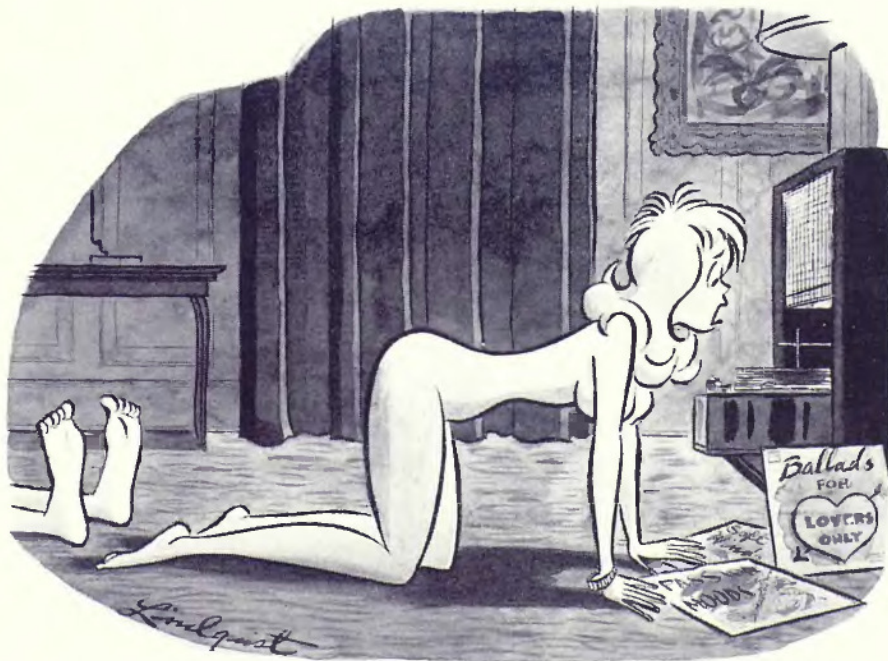
"When the fields are white with daisies, you'll return, you mean?"

"Precisely, sir."

A rush of emotion filled me. I felt the need of a gesture of some kind. Then I got it.

"Take this Alpine hat, Jeeves, and give it to the deserving poor."

"Thank you very much, sir," he said.



"Good heavens! We've been playing these mood LPs at 78!"

This is the final installment of a two-part serialization of P. G. Wodehouse's novelette, "Stiff Upper Lip, Jeeves!"



KEEP YOUR WIFE

(continued from page 112)

(This is an excellent phrase. It shows tolerance, affection and good nature — yet subtly implies there is room for improvement.)

Often you will find you have planted a seed. Watch it grow.

"David, I haven't eaten anything but black coffee and grapefruit for three weeks. Now how are my legs?"

"Lovely, dear, lovely."

(Every nice word helps.)

"Above the knees, David!"

"Lovely, Phoebe! Pretty soon now I bet we'll notice a real improvement in our little girl!"

(Encourage and inspire, but never overdo it.)

BE BOYISH

Though in most civilized countries maturity is the keynote to sex, in the United States the opposite is true. Here you will succeed best by Being a Boy.

Stay figuratively in knee pants and you will be loved deeply and well. Call your wife "Mom" from time to time. She will accept this as a healthy, affectionate, American gesture, and will love you all the more.

In fact, there are times when this is the only safe approach.

"David, what's this powder and lipstick on your handkerchief?"

"Must be yours, Phoebe."

"David, this is *not* my perfume, and *not* my shade."

(All escape seems to be cut off. But wait!)

"Well, gosh, Mom, I mighta been a naughty boy, but I couldn't help it, honest. This great big gal at the office just picked up your little guy and before he could say 'Put me down!' she gave him a great big bunny hug!"

(Note the use of the third person, too. This is effective in such cases, since it almost creates the impression it was somebody else.)

BE AFFECTIONATE

You can be affectionate either (1) *boyishly*, as above, or (2) *doggyishly*, which many say is even better.

Doglike affection should be just a bit clumsy and overeager, like a cocker spaniel wagging its tail. This is best when accompanied by an over-all shaggy appearance, obtained not only by tweedy clothes, but by keeping the hair mussed and just a little too long, and particularly by assuming a shaggy expression. This takes practice, but is well worth the effort.

The lopsided smile plays a part here, but you are striving for more than that. The shaggy expression cannot, many argue, simply be assumed, it must be *lived*.

It is, they say, a way of life — and a fine one, too.

BE SOUGHT AFTER

You have only to watch a bargain sale to realize that no woman wants anything unless other women want it, too. Make this principle work for you and not against you.

Be sought after by women and — more important — let your wife know it. We can take it for granted that women will pursue you, as they will most men. However, if you aren't outwardly attractive, have no fear. *Seeming* to be sought after is just as good, as long as you make it convincing.

"Let's cross over here, Phoebe. Don't think she sees me yet."

"Who, Davie?"

"That blonde."

(Always pick the most gorgeous hunk of woman in sight.)

"The minky one, with the legs?"

"Mmmmmmm-huh. Can't imagine what she sees in me, pet, but she claims she simply turns to jelly when I'm near her. Lord knows, I don't encourage it, any more than I do with the others."

Office parties will give you other opportunities.

"Have to go, Phoebe, much as I hate it. You don't know what it is to fight off four or five girls at once. Let them get one mouthful of liquor and they just swarm over me. Have to pick 'em off like leeches. What are you going to do? Some people just radiate sex, and I guess I'm one of the unlucky guys."

If actual demonstration is necessary, and if you're unable (or unwilling) to draw adoring women, certain types will be of help.

1. *The Myopic*. This common type cannot see two feet in front of her, yet is unwilling to wear glasses at parties.

First make sure your wife is watching, but at a distance. Then approach the myopic one and say "Darrling!" in a stage whisper. She will turn on you a look of love and affection that will last until you come into focus.

Retreat rapidly, and if you are nimble you can create an impression not only of love and affection, but of pursuit. Fade into the mist and rejoin your wife.

"Did you see *that*, Phoebe?"

"I certainly did, David. Down-right blatant."

"I got away, thank goodness. You appreciate my problem, though."

2. *The Co-worker*. There is magic in proximity and daily association. Women who work side by side with you cannot help coming under your spell, especially if you control their salaries or can throw business their way.

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They will like you *for yourself*, but it is difficult to make many wives believe this. In fact, if you encounter a co-worker at a public gathering, allow her to make the usual display of affection, but *do not reveal the relationship to your wife.*

"Little embarrassing, I know, Phoebe."

"Who is that woman, David?"

"Please, darling!"

(*Take on a wounded expression.*)

"Let's not discuss it, shall we? It all happened before I met you. She never got over it, poor kid."

3. *The Discerning.* Some women are keener judges of character than others. They can see through your tough veneer, can find the real *you* that lies beneath. They can be forgiven for their occasional displays of emotion.

These women will surprise you with the accuracy of their judgment of *your* character, though — if you overhear them — you may be amused to find they heap the most shameless flattery on other men.

"Davie, I saw you give me that gorgeous, beamin' smile. I just went all atwitter, I did! You are the most charmin', lovable man!"

Let your wife overhear this and she will appreciate you all the more.

HOW TO KISS

Many of us are likely to forget that kissing, when properly gone about, can be a real pleasure. And unlike so many pastimes, it requires no mechanical equipment, little training and small danger.

The man who spends his time kissing can scorn greens fees, caddies, ski tows and overhauling of motors. He can laugh at the weather, can feel safe from bodily injury, strains, sunburn, poison ivy and the like. Locker-room arguments with their lasting bitterness can be forgotten.

And today, with our social advances, men have more and more time away from office and factory, more golden hours of leisure. Use them!

The Long-Range View. However, there are times when gay pleasure must yield to sober thought, times when we must take the long-range view.

Just as important as knowing *how* to kiss is knowing *when* to kiss, and — even more important — when *not* to.

If it seems to you that your wife is beginning to take you for granted, if, for example, she greets you in the evening wearing an old pair of slacks, it is time for discipline.

The Neglected Kiss. For several days neglect to kiss your wife. If she is used to it she may, by sheer habit, place herself in a kissing position, lips extended, body quivering and face full of affection. Give her an excuse.

"Oh. Sorry, Phoebe. Don't want to give you this cold."

"I didn't notice you had a cold."

"You would if you kissed me, pet."

The next time an opportunity arises, say a few hours later, give her a *different* excuse. This is important.

"Oh. Sorry, pet. Don't want you to catch this sore throat."

"I thought it was a cold, Davie."

"Where in the world did you get that idea, Phoebe?"

The Automatic Kiss. This is sometimes referred to as the Kissless Kiss, and can be administered on the cheek or forehead, though the real expert can do it directly on the lips. If it is kept quick, dry and sexless, the lip technique is by far the most effective.

The humorous, or end-of-the-nose, kiss is equally sexless, but carries with it a note of forgiveness.

The Slightly Preoccupied Kiss. Kiss her almost ardently, then break off suddenly and write something in a memo pad.

"What are you writing, Davie?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Tell me, Davie, tell me!"

"Nothing at all, pet." (*Close the memo pad.*)

"Where were we? Oh, yes, come here!"

Or, during the course of an ardent embrace, start humming something — softly, but not *too* softly.

"David, what are you humming?"

"Our song, Phoebe."

"That isn't *our* song, David."

"No?"

(*Stop humming and go on with whatever you were doing.*)

The Delayed Morning Kiss. A few weeks of skillful treatment should snap her back into line, if she is made of the right stuff. If so, be big. Take her back into the fold. It is best to do this dramatically, and one good method is the delayed morning kiss.

Leave a few minutes early for work, drive once around the block, then rush back to the house.

"Forget something, Davie?"

"Sure did, pet. Forgot to kiss you goodbye. There!"

Kiss her soundly, but don't overdo it. This is most effective if you have neglected to kiss her goodbye for the last three or four mornings. Then leave for work. She will await your return eagerly.

The Anticipated Kiss. Closely related to the above is the anticipated kiss, also referred to as the delayed kiss, type two.

Indicate subtly that you do plan to kiss her. Bend toward her slowly and then, as your lips almost touch, laugh softly.

"Oh. Just occurred to me. Funny thing happened at the office today."

Tell your little anecdote. When you

finally *do* kiss her, she will appreciate it all the more.

The Burning Kiss. The mechanics of this are simple to perfect. In fact, you can do almost anything as long as you do it *slowly*.

It is the real expert, however, who adds afterward the lovable, boyish touch.

"Gosh!" (*Give her a big smile.*)

"Gosh, Mom, that was keen!"

The Question of Ears. You will find that women are sharply divided on their reactions to the ear kiss or even, in extreme cases, the ear bite. They either like this very much or not at all.

Experiment once or twice, gingerly. If it fans her quickly into a flame you have another arrow in your quiver, another card in your deck. Remember it.

"*Should I Kiss Her Hand?*" Though not actually subversive, hand-kissing is Un-American, and should be used only in extreme cases.

A word of warning: like eating peanuts, hand-kissing is habit-forming and difficult to stop once begun. If not curbed it can give your wife's hand a chapped or nibbled look and can bring you infection and loss of appetite.

SEX ISN'T EVERYTHING

You will soon find that sex alone isn't everything in marriage. Being a gay companion can go a long way toward filling your wife with deep and lasting affection for you.

Be a Gay Talker. Remember that while you're out in the whirl and glitter of the business world, your wife is leading a life which — while it may be restful and healthy — is often drab.

Take back to her what you can of your tinsel world of bright lights and nimble minds. She will cherish it. Think, as you return each evening, of the *bons mots* you have delivered during the day, the sparks you have struck against others.

Embroider freely. Chuckle brightly, summon a twinkle to your eye, and say:

"Well, we were sitting around B.K.'s office when who sashays in but his secretary, fried to the ears and whistling through her teeth."

(*B.K.'s secretary is really 62 years old, teaches Sunday school in Hackensack, and drinks one glass of sherry every Christmas, but no matter. You will find your wife is interested primarily in the peccadilloes of the career girls in the office.*)

"Drunk again, was she, Davie?"

"Sozzled! Well, we expect *that*, but this time she started taking her clothes off, right there!"

"What did B.K. say, David?"

"What *could* he say? After all, he started it. Well, to put in all the sordid details —"

A little story like this will cost you

nothing, and is sure to bring sunshine into her life.

Take Her Out to Dinner. An occasional meal in a restaurant makes a woman feel loved and pampered. It need not be expensive if you plan it properly.

(a) *Let her choose the place.*

"You name it, Phoeb, any place at all!"

"Well, there's the Gold Club."

(*Her first hasty choice will be the most expensive place in town.*)

"Good. We'll go there."

(*Never be niggardly. Start off gaily. Halfway there, stop suddenly.*)

"Oh, foolish of me. Gold Club's always closed on Tuesdays." (*If it is Tuesday.*)

"Sure?"

"Positive. Joe tried to get in last week. Tell you what, though. Now that we're way out here, I know a little French place. Very intimate."

(*And they have a table d'hôte dinner for \$1.75.*)

(b) **Surprise her.** If your wife becomes expansive at the sight of a menu, try this old Continental trick. Select a good reliable place and order your dinner in advance. Be sure to select dishes that she likes, and ones that will fit your purse.

She will never see a menu and will have surprise after surprise as the different courses come on.

"I'm not even going to tell you how much this all costs, but nothing is too good for my Phoeb!"

Share Your Hobbies with Her. It is a happy marriage indeed when the husband and wife do things together, sharing all their happy leisure hours. Be a pal to your wife. Take her with you for a round of golf. Though she may not want to help carry your clubs, a well-trained wife can be useful in finding lost balls and replacing turf.

Aboard a sailboat a wife is invaluable, and often has a gay time, too. She will keep the deck sparkling, the lines well coiled, and the jib sheets firmly cleated. You will be free to handle the tiller.

Wives even make fine shooting companions. One patient husband, faced with a crisis in his kennels, found that his wife not only blended well with the underbrush, but was able to hold a steady point for minutes at a time.

AVOID ARGUMENTS

Arguments have no place in the well-planned marriage. Marriage is a partnership, marriage is working together.

Arguments occur only when there is resistance or lack of cooperation on the part of the wife.

Once your wife realizes how admirably suited you are to lead, you will have little friction and a genuinely happy home.

However, in spite of all you can do,

there will be times when a poorly trained wife will raise her voice and an argument will have begun.

You have little to fear, however, if you memorize the following rules.

DON'T BE LOGICAL

Arguing with a woman is like trying to shoot pool with a hockey stick. You have a feeling you are playing two different games at the same time.

Being naturally clearheaded and logical, you may try to rely upon reason. This is a mistake. A woman uses only naked emotions, weapons she can handle far better than you.

Allow Tempers to Cool. A woman's tantrum is like a summer storm, violent but often of short duration. Once tears begin to flow, be sympathetic but pre-occupied. Improvise some simple but urgent duty.

(*Sob, sob.*) "You don't love me, David."

"Be right with you, Phoeb, soon as I check the safety valve in the basement."

"You don't love me!"

"I do, pet. Don't want you blown sky high, though. Back in a jiffy."

(*Stay away for 30 or 40 minutes, then return with a bright smile.*)

"Oh, hello, pet. Perfect hell down there. Blazing and hissing. Now, where were we?"

Chances are, her anger will be gone. **Arouse Pity.** This requires expert playing, but if done correctly can melt the coldest heart.

"Gosh, Mom, when you come runnin' at your little Davie like that, well, I just wanta hide my head in your apron and have a good cry."

Once you arouse her sympathy, your battle is half won.

Be Strong, Be Silent. Over the long haul, however, there are few techniques that equal simple silence.

It takes character to remain wordless, but you will have character to spare. Several days of silence will wear down the most determined outburst.

You may be tempted to add the enigmatic smile or the tuneless hum. Do not do so. Utter silence and the masklike expression are less satisfying, but will do the best job.

WELL WORTH THE EFFORT

Remember, kindness and consideration for your wife *do pay off*. The selfish husband who goes his own way without regard for his wife's feelings will soon find himself with a broken home.

Be good to your wife and she will be good to you.

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HUNG JURY *(continued from page 111)*

in which she lay.

"Oh, God," the driver whispered, "she ran out in front of me."

He looked up, already pleading innocence, though there was as yet nobody to hear. "I couldn't help it," he whispered. "It wa'n't my fault. She ran out in front of me." He stood and looked about him in horror and hopelessness, his body, like his face, now suddenly aged.

Rosa Belle Miller had just eaten supper with her parents, taken her plate and silverware to the kitchen sink and, after a word of permission from her mother and a kiss and an embrace from her father, run out to play with a neighbor's child, across the street and two doors east. Her parents had not heard the faint thud of chromium and steel upon flesh and bone. Her mother, Agnes (or Aggie) Miller, was gathering the rest of the dishes and taking them into the kitchen. Her father, Cletus (Clete) Miller, had looked after his daughter as she skipped from the room, his face lighted with love and joy. Now he flung his paper napkin aside with the faintly contemptuous air of a man who found eating a necessity, or even an annoyance, rather than a pleasure. He rose and walked from the dining room into the living room, where he picked up the evening paper from Wilmington. He was shaking it open and bending to sit down in his easy chair when his movements and gestures were interrupted by the ringing of his telephone. Walking into the hall, he answered it—an old-fashioned upright telephone on a marble-topped table, its receiver hanging by prongs at its side.

Clete listened. His head lowered suddenly and a light sprang into his eyes. After a moment he said, "It's tonight, is it? I'll be there. You don't think I'd miss this, do you?" He spoke low, his lips almost touching the black, flared mouth-piece. Another pause, then: "Listen, Brother, don't say that on the phone. We've got enemies. You never know who's listenin'."

By city standards, the Millers' house was plain. All houses in Tobacco Grove were so—small, modest, American frame with Victorian gingerbread and 20th Century television aeriols. A few stood in oak groves, but most of them (their tin roofs glaring in sunlight, gleaming in moonlight or starlight, drumming in rain) stood bleakly exposed to whatever weather the seasons brought. The larger ones housed the county offices, the grocery stores, the drugstore and the Masonic Lodge. There were six filling stations (one for every 300 people) and two garages. The courthouse was Roman, Greek and Georgian, which made it, like the homes, thoroughly American. Only the new medical clinic, of all the struc-

tures in Tobacco Grove, seemed alien and new. It was long and low after the modern fashion, all squares and rectangles, precisely brick, with large picture windows in its waiting room and casement windows in its wards. Its rooms and corridors were air conditioned; they were muted and clinical, and they smelled of drugs and antiseptics—that typical hospital odor that always somehow becomes the odor of blood. The clinic was half a mile across town from the home of the Millers.

The village didn't end. Rather, it merged with or flowed into the ambient fields and forests where tobacco grew heavy and green, and the piny woods rose stunted and dusty from sandy soil. Out there, rutted roads sprouted from the highway and twisted and coiled to the shacks of tenant farmers, white and colored. In one of these shacks lived a woman named Clemmy (once Clementine) Suggs, a young widow with a hard, bony body and dirty, stringy blonde hair. It was said in the village and the county that she received men upon the disheveled quilted bed of her one room. That she even received Negro men. The keepers of the community's morals were said to be pondering her case.

Clete Miller still listened, the telephone receiver clamped to his big freckled left ear. Aggie Miller had poured white soap flakes from a red, white and blue box into a dappled gray dishpan and poured in hot water from a dappled blue kettle. With the patient movements of one whose blood runs sluggish, under low pressure, she turned this way and that, and bent her elbows and dipped her fingers into the soaped water. It had been less than two minutes since their daughter had left the table (it's always startling to learn how many movements can be made in a brief time). Aggie Miller began to hear cries from somewhere out front. She paid them no attention. Probably the children at play. She was a tall, dry, juiceless woman, humble, meek, though not likely to inherit the earth, just help populate it. She had borne 10 children altogether. Six of them died early. Of the three surviving sons, one was in the Army at Fort Jackson; one clerked in a shoe store in Wilmington; and one, the eldest, had argued with his father, suffered a blow in the face, and gone away; he had not been heard from for over a year. His absence Aggie Miller bore with humility and resignation. The Lord worked in mysterious ways. He gave and He took away. The boy, the Prodigal Son, humbled, praying forgiveness, would come home someday, and she would kill a fatted chicken.

Clete also heard the cries from outside.

He frowned faintly. He was a large ruddy man, his sandy hair graying and thinning upon his freckled scalp. His face was fleshy, but deceptively so, perhaps. Beneath the rounded cheeks, the bulky nose and the surprisingly weak, loose mouth, one could see at times the power and the flash of the prophet of old; Elijah, perhaps, mocking the priests of Baal, or even a more recent prophet with muscle and lash driving the money-changers from the temple; a dedication, a purpose, even a light that marked him for fine, elevated causes. He was a deacon, a giver to charities, a man of prayer. His wife knew that he was the best of men: a saint.

"Jake," Clete was saying, low and secret into the telephone, looking blindly through the front screen door to the outside, where the sounds of voices were rising now in pitch, "Brother Jake, you don't have to convert me. You know me. I'm as dedicated to this cause as you are. I got a little daughter I'm not ever goin' to let 'em get. I'm goin' to keep her safe as the rock, pure as the driven snow. Her and her children and their children. So help me God, I am. I'll do anything—"

Their daughter Rosa Belle had been a surprise of their middle years. She could be their grandchild (as their neighbors always said). She was the apple of his eye (this too they always said). It was a joy that swelled the heart and misted the eye to see Clete Miller with that golden-haired little daughter of his. She rode his shoulders to the post office every morning. He filled her room with dolls. Never in all her life had he struck her, in reproof or in punishment or in anger. He wept sometimes, at night, in darkness, thinking about Rosa Belle. There couldn't be much bad in a man who could love a child so (this too they said).

But now—now Clete, though the receiver was still clamped to his ear, had stopped listening to his caller. He looked with growing interest out into the twilight. He was being called—no doubt about it, several voices were shouting his name. His wife stepped softly into the hall, her dry, pale lips parted in wondering. What could it be? The voices drew near. A man ran up on the front porch, dim, almost translucent, seen through the screen, in the haze of twilight. He shouted, "Clete, Clete, it's your little girl—it's Rosa Belle."

The man—neighbor, Emmett Jones, across the street, Rosa Belle playing with his daughter Florence—burst open the screen door and stood there shouting and flinging his arms. What? What? Aggie said behind Clete, "What? What?" He hung up and got to his feet. Rosa Belle? What? His wife brushed past him—he felt her sharp elbow strike his wrist—and past Emmett. On the porch she screamed and vanished. Clete now too



"You know, Susan — you're going to make some lucky guy a wonderful wife. I'll spread the word around."

ran past Emmett, but stopped at the edge of the porch.

"We've called the doctor. They're sendin' the ambulance. But Clete—Clete, it wasn't his fault. She ran out in front of him."

Clete turned on him. What could this stranger—this idiot—be babbling about? Impossibilities. Nothing had happened. Nothing could have happened. She had just left the house. He swung his stupefied eyes from the distraught neighbor to the crowd gathered on the other side of the street. Beyond it stood a cream-colored convertible that seemed to be rooting like a hog at the base of an oak. He ran again, shouting his daughter's name. His voice shattered and his throat split open upon the melody of her name. The crowd parted. His wife (gray dress, bent back) was kneeling beside a scrap of blue cloth. Clete fell to his knees.

"The doctor's comin'."

"Don't move her. You might hurt her."

"Don't even touch her."

He did touch her, fingertips upon soiled cheek, palm of hand upon golden curls. "What happened?" he whispered. "What happened?" he shouted.

In his hallway the telephone rang again. It rang five times before it silenced itself. Some of the crowd heard it. Clete did not. He stood. "Where are they? Why don't they come?" He was answered by the sound of a siren and his wife's sobs. She lay beside her daughter, an arm across her shoulders. "Where is he? The driver?"

Once more the crowd parted. Clete saw the youth, down an alley of faces and forms. He walked slowly forward. A hand grasped his left arm, a hand grasped his right arm.

"Take it easy, Clete."

"Sheriff's on his way."

The young man's eyes flashed. "She ran out in front of me," he cried. "I couldn't help it. It wa'n't my fault. She ran —"

"I'll kill him."

"Take it easy, Clete. It wasn't his fault."

"Yes, I saw it too, Clete. It wasn't his fault."

"We'll see," Clete said, turning back to his daughter. Once more he fell to his knees at her side. He shoved his groaning wife away and took a small cupped hand in his. His tears fell upon it and he prayed until, lifted and gently pulled, he raised himself and let the doctor take his place. The neighbors lifted Aggie now, too, in afterthought. The doctor put down his black bag, got to his knees and pulled back an eyelid upon a dead staring blue eye. He felt a pulse, tested limbs and ribs, and with both hands ripped open the yoke of the blue dress. He exposed a bleeding cut. To this he applied a fluid, a compress and a quick bandage

brought from his black bag. He stood. "Lift her carefully, boys," he said. An odor like acid cut through the hot heavy air of summer sundown.

They lifted her carefully—hands under head, shoulders, thighs and legs—to a stretcher and carried her to the open back door of a black vehicle that served as both ambulance and hearse, as occasion demanded. "Follow us," the doctor ordered, vanishing through the wide-open door which now closed and receded in the gloom of thickening night.

Once more hands rested upon Clete's arms. His neighbors clamored with offers to drive him and Aggie to the hospital. He flung them off. "No, I'll drive," he said. He ran to the back of his house and jumped into his Ford sedan. Roaring, it plunged backward and then forward and into the street. He saw Aggie standing at the edge of the crowd, gray and broken. His brakes screeched. "Come on, get in," he shouted. Two neighbor women took her arms and led her to the car and helped her in.

The ambulance was already out of sight. He tried to catch it. He mustn't let her leave him. The street lights burned suddenly into brightness upon the hot, dusty town.

"Pray, Clete, pray God," his wife said, gripping his arm.

"Yes, pray God, pray God," he whispered. He prayed, his shirt wet with sweat, his palms slick on the steering wheel.

The sheriff's black car, its red light flashing, roared past them. At any other time Clete Miller's eyes would have glared and his jaws clenched. Clete had once been a deputy sheriff. He had been fired. "They fired me because they're afraid of me," he'd told Aggie, "afraid of the right, afraid of a man that'll fight for the right." Aggie had said, "Yes, Clete, yes. You're too good for them." Tonight the two cars passed, and the two men, without a glance.

Half a mile—to Clete and Aggie it seemed a world away, a lifetime away. He prayed. At some time he could never know, the name he spoke became Rosa Belle.

A turn at a corner—and the Ford skidded to a stop before the odd low brick structure beside which now, the big black door gaping open again, stood the black ambulance. Clete jumped from his car, leaving Aggie to make her way alone, and ran across the dry, gray lawn and into the front door.

"Where is she?" he shouted. "Where'd they take her?"

A nurse (he saw a white dress and a gold pin, but no face) hurried to him. "Now, now, she's in emergency. They're doing all they can."

"But I've got to see her."

"No, please. Now you just sit down over here."

He felt himself sag. It's catchin' up with me, he said to himself. The thing's just beginnin' to hit me. He let the nurse lead him to a large square leather chair. He sank his body into it, and his face into his hands. After a moment he felt a hand upon his shoulder. He looked up, into Aggie's streaked gray face. She got to her knees before him. "Pray," she whispered, "pray God."

He found himself praying: "Oh God of all, let her live, let her live. I'll do anything. I'll be better. I'll be a good man. I've been an evil man —"

"No, Clete, no, you haven't," Aggie cried.

He started. Had he been praying aloud? He prayed silently: Oh God of all, let her live, let her live. His total awareness, all the flesh, blood and bones that God had given him, strove with the agony of his praying. All his immortal being labored to lift his little girl out of the valley of the shadow. He believed that he himself alone, by the power of his tissue and sinew and soul, could raise her from darkness to light; and frightened by his vanity, he prayed for humility. But still he fought, praying. She must, she must, she must live, she must, she can't die. His hands moved with the gestures of lifting. His flesh strove with his spirit for the salvation of a little girl.

"Clete," a voice said, "Clete, listen to me."

He looked up. Sheriff Emory Barnes stood before him, a tall fat man who needed a shave, hat in hand, his gray shirt and pants wet with his sweating. "Clete," he said, "Clete, I'm sorry."

"Yes, I know you're sorry, Emory, and I appreciate it."

"You want to speak to the boy that done it?"

Clete stood. Aggie, forgotten again, rose slowly to her feet. A few neighbors huddled in a corner stared at them. "Yes," Clete said, "bring him in."

"Now, Clete, it wa'n't his fault," the sheriff said, shifting on his feet. "I talked to two witnesses, and they say he wa'n't speedin', and your little girl ran out in front of him."

"I said bring him in."

"Clete, I tell you for your own good —"

"Bring him in!"

"Clete," Aggie said, taking his arm, "remember what the Bible says. Judge not."

The sheriff hesitated, but finally turned, motioned and called, "All right, George, come on in." The boy (George; Clete never did that night get his last name) walked slowly in, trembling and white. He stood before Clete as before judgment, but he repeated, "It wa'n't my fault, Mr. Miller, I swear it wa'n't." He

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waited in fear and forlorn hope. "I'm sorry," he whispered at last.

Clete nodded. "We got to be forgivin'," he said. "At a time like this, we got to be forgivin'."

Sheriff Barnes took a deep breath and blew it out between fluttering lips. "All right, George," he said, jerking his thumb, "you go on outside and wait. I don't reckon they want to talk to you anymore now."

The boy turned away, sloped to the door and went out.

Sheriff Barnes studied Clete for a moment. "Clete," he said, nodding, "you're a good man."

"You know he is, Emory Barnes," Aggie cried, with a spirit they had never before witnessed in her. "It's too bad you didn't know that a long time ago, before you betrayed him."

"Aggie," Clete said, with firmness but

tenderness too, "now, Aggie, we must be forgivin'. God will not succor us in this moment if we don't forgive as we are forgiven."

"Clete," Aggie begged, "Clete, don't abuse me now."

"I won't, Aggie, I won't. We're all under a strain."

"Where's the doctor?" she asked. "He ought to tell us *some*thin'."

The sheriff nodded and walked away down a corridor. In a moment he returned and said they couldn't tell anything yet. A nurse approached and told Clete that somebody was calling him on the telephone. "I can't," he began, and hesitated. "I can't, not now," he said, but followed the nurse through a dark corridor and into a dim small office. He picked up the telephone and whispered Yes? He listened. "We don't know yet," he said, after a moment. "She's still in

emergency . . . But Brother, how can I? This is my daughter, Brother Jake . . . Yes, but you don't have to convert me . . . Yes, Brother Jake, I know I took the oath, but it's my own flesh and blood—can't you postpone the thing?" It seemed to be forever too late for postponement. No way to reach the brothers now. They were already gatherin'. Was Brother Clete goin' to honor his oath?

He hung up and walked out into the darkened corridor. The doors at one end were labeled EMERGENCY in large red letters. Beyond their ground glass he saw shadows moving across lights. At the other end waited the bright lobby. He hesitated, shivering suddenly in the air conditioning. He sighed, and walked out into the light. The sheriff was gone; the neighbors huddled in a corner. Clete swallowed and licked his lips. He walked to Aggie, who looked up at him, questioning. "Aggie," he said, "I've got to go. I've just got to. It won't take long, I'll be right back."

He waited for her to speak but she only gazed up at him.

"I can't help her by just waitin' here." Still she gazed at him. The faith, humility and grief in her homely face almost broke him in two. But he said, "I've got to do my duty, Aggie."

"I know you'll do your duty, Clete," she whispered.

He hurried outside. The heat struck him like a wall. He threw himself into his car.

A few minutes later he stood in darkness with half-a-dozen other men, beneath the impoverished limbs of the piny woods, and above them, the stars. "Brothers," Brother Jake said, as they crowded into a tight dark little group in the big darkness of forest and night, "Brothers, I want you all to know what our good Brother Clete here has done. His little daughter was hit by a car not an hour ago. She's in the clinic. She may be bad off."

Clete was choked by a sob rising in his throat. He put his hands there, pressing with his fingertips. He would choke to death if he didn't sob. His grief was like a vast bubble rising in his throat. Somehow he swallowed it. Brother Jake's voice went on in the stillness and the darkness of the pines, "But he come when duty called, Brothers, he come to shield that little golden-haired daughter of his, and all our daughters, from a fate truly worse than death."

Clete turned his back. This time he did sob, in a choking sound. A brother put a hand on his shoulder.

"We pray for you, Brother Clete," Brother Jake said. "We pray for that beautiful little child. We pray God, Lord God," he began, and prayed with fervor and clenched fists. Clete felt his cheeks



"... What I said was, 'Your elephant is standing on my wife.'"

wet, and raising his head saw the stars glitter through his tears.

Brother Jake's "Amen" sounded rather curt and hurried. "Now, Brothers," he said, "you all know what to do. Just remember one thing, don't call each other by name after we get there."

They hurried to their cars. They returned and gathered together again. With the others, Clete slipped a white habit upon his body and put on a white peaked cap that made a mask over his face. They inspected each other, looking close in the darkness. The round cutout eyes made small black empty sockets in their flattened white faces. "Now, let's go, Brothers," Brother Jake ordered.

They returned to their cars and drove through the woods in a deep-rutted road of white sand. They stopped before a shack and got out. Yellow lamplight shone through the windows. The brothers whispered, clustered together as if for warmth. Brothers Jake and Clete went forward and jerked the door open. They stepped in. A woman, perfectly still, slightly stooped over a table in the middle of the floor, stared at them. Her lips were parted but she did not cry out. Her eyes were muddy gray.

She didn't struggle much. Just enough, just as a token, perhaps. She was a woman accustomed to blows. Perhaps she had been expecting guests, even guests in white robes. A man at each side, she walked in silence to one of the cars. Her bare feet dragged in the sand. She was hard and spare, soiled and sullen.

"Brother, you tell her," Brother Jake ordered, pointing to Clete.

The woman drew back as Clete stepped before her. Brother Jake and another hooded figure clutched her arms and held her upright, on her tiptoes.

"Clemmy Suggs," Clete said, "you are an evil creature, a Jezebel, a profligate, wanton woman. You are stained by the filth and the slime and the poison of your own choosing. You are a shame and a disgrace upon pure white Southern womanhood. You will be punished. We are the instruments of your punishment. You receive men." He drew a deep breath, for the horror and the startling, secret, guilty, quickly rejected fascination of what he next had to say. "You receive nigger men in that shack of yours. For that you shall be lashed with the lash of a righteous, avenging God."

"No," the woman cried, speaking for the first time. She struggled but her captors held her firm. "You got no right. You're lyin'. I never—I never took no nigger man, never."

"We know, Clemmy Suggs, we know," Brother Jake said. "White men's bad enough. But niggers! You know we don't allow nothin' like that in this county. We're good God-fearin' people in this county. Now, let us pray. You pray," he said, again pointing to Clete, "pray in

honor of the sacrifice you're makin' this night of God's vengeance."

Clete shut his eyes and clasped his hands. The woman screamed, "Hypocrites. Prayin' before you beat a woman. Hypocrites!" Clete prayed, "Oh Lord God of hosts, God of vengeance, we ask your blessin' upon this righteous act that we are about to perform in Thy name, and upon this foul woman that she may be cleansed and made pure. And dear God remember that little girl—that little girl lyin' broke and bleedin' yonder in the hospital. Keep the good doctor's eye steady and his hand sure, Lord God, upon her bruised and violated flesh, and bring her back to us." He sobbed again, choked and gripped his throat. "Amen," he gasped.

"Now," Brother Jake cried, in fury, joy and glee.

The brothers tied her hand and foot, face down, over the hood of the car. Her flesh trembled. She whimpered and whispered "No, no." Brother Jake raised his white habit and removed his belt—thick black leather two-and-a-half inches wide, a square brass buckle stitched at one end. "Brother, you," he said, handing it to Clete.

He took it. Two brothers jerked the woman's sleazy dress over her head.

"Why, she ain't even wearin' pants," one of the brothers exclaimed.

"None of that, Brother," Brother Jake shouted. "We ain't here to lust after her flesh."

The woman moaned and twisted upon the hood of the car. Her thighs and legs were wasted and stained, her buttocks thin, pinched and pimples. It occurred to Clete, just as he swung the belt for the first blow, that they looked like Aggie's. The woman howled. In the dim light from her windows he saw the scarlet welts he had accomplished upon the backs of her thighs. He swung again. Again. Blood that time, a thin grudging beaded line of red at the lower curve of her buttocks. The woman screamed with the long despairing anguish and agony of violated innocence. Clete struck her again. The blood ran. He struck her again. "Please. No. Please. No." The flesh darkened and swelled; blood trickled about the curve of her legs. "Please. No!" she groaned, like a whipped child, in pure brute agony, the breath rushing from her gaped mouth and dragged in again. "Oh, please. No." He struck her flesh again, and again.

"Enough," Brother Jake said, quietly.

Clete swung again, and then again. The flesh of her ankles and wrists tore against the ropes binding it. Clete hit her again.

"Enough. Enough. Goddamnit, I said enough. I'm sorry, Brother, but we don't want to kill her. Brothers, untie her."

Her flesh was like sausage meat.

Clete dropped the belt and staggered to his car, tearing his white habit from his soaked body.

Now, a few minutes later (how was it possible that *there* was so close to *here*? he couldn't remember driving), he stood before Aggie again and told her, "I said it wouldn't take long. I promised, didn't I? And kept my promise?"

"You kept it, Clete," she said. "I knew you would."

"You heard anything yet?"

"No news is good news."

He sat down on a leather sofa and trembled in the cool air of the room. He was profoundly sleepy. He felt his eyelids sliding closed, and his limbs and body sinking into drugged sleep. He shook himself. It wouldn't be decent to sleep now. Aggie joined him and took his hand. He squeezed her fingers; the effort exhausted him.

He was suspended, at rest, at peace. There was nothing, nothing, and the doctor stood before him. Clete got to his feet, patient and sweetly weary. He showed no surprise—no thanksgiving, no hallelujah—when he heard the doctor say, "She's going to be all right." Clete remembered TV shows. It always happened this way on TV too: The man in white (sainted, speaking in a sanctified voice) saying, "She's going to be all right." But Clete was unable to play his role. He stood there nodding. He had known for some minutes that she was going to be all right. He was a man of faith. He had prayed.

"She's sleeping now, under sedation. She'll wake up in the morning. Perhaps you can see her then."

The doctor waited. Anxious parents always asked many questions. They always wanted the bloodiest of details. These two walked silently away from him and out the door. The doctor was new in the town, and from far away. He would never understand these people.

Clete drove slowly, turning corners in wide arcs, almost coasting along. At home Aggie sank into her sewing chair in the living room, her long, bony legs spread before her. He remembered Clemmy's legs, long, wasted, and naked and bleeding. He walked into the kitchen and went to the sink, where for the first time in her life Aggie had left the dishes unwashed. He found a clean glass and drew it full of water and drank it down. Sweat stood on his brow. His shirt was wet with it. He took it off and dropped it on the floor. He walked out on the back porch. The night chilled his body. The scrub pines behind his house pierced the dark horizon. "Thank God," he whispered. The stars glittered. They danced, grew and pulsed beyond his tears.

has accidentally come into momentary collision with a marquetry table.

Well, my friend Walter was standing about 30 feet away from me when this ball game of ours began and without a word of warning he suddenly hurled this Bully Boy straight at me. Luckily, I was always rather agile in those days, because if I hadn't gotten out of the way of that missile he would probably have nailed me right up against the wall of the house in front of which I had taken my stance.

After a while, he showed me a small leather-covered mattress that fitted awkwardly over your hand and with which you were supposed to catch these deadly projectiles. I can assure you that I realized then and there that my days of Austrian daydreaming were definitely over, once and for all.

A country in which children were encouraged to hurl Bully Boys at each other required a posture and an attitude for which certainly nothing in my past had properly prepared me. Yes, sir, if a mildly disguised rock was considered an amiable plaything in this new land of mine, I had better readjust my sights and my bearings and learn to get a hell of a lot tougher than I had ever imagined I need be.

But ball playing wasn't the only startling novelty I encountered right off. There were lots of other surprises and astonishing contradictions waiting to be assimilated by me.

For instance, I was enormously puzzled by the kids I came to know later on in school, because a good many of them who were already 15 and 16 years old were still so confoundedly ignorant on a subject like sex. If the matter ever came up at all, they just sniggered like a bunch of half-wits, and even the more intelligent ones among them became obviously quite embarrassed.

It didn't take me too long to discover the reason for all this. I found that, although the streets of our neighborhood were full of pregnant women and the cats and dogs of the town were feverishly fornicating all around us, the citizens of this great republic had decided, seemingly by common consent, that sex was, by and large, something secret and sordid, or that it was at best an extremely recondite ritual only clandestinely indulged in by some especially licensed initiates. Furthermore, it was considered the height of bad taste, and to a certain degree even dangerously antisocial, to discuss any aspects of sex with young people on any levels excepting from those thunder and brimstone platforms where the horrors of syphilis and gonorrhea were delineated with meticulous, clinical detail and properly anathematized before an audience consisting *exclusively of males*.

Women were not supposed to know

about such things at all, and the belief was certainly held and widely encouraged that no decent girl would ever show curiosity about such subjects.

As Jimmy Durante would say, "Those were the conditions that prevailed."

I had had a much better break, of course, simply because European kids from the middle-class category to which I belonged could hardly get into their teens without knowing at least as much as the birds and the bees, even in those benighted times. I was also particularly fortunate because my sensible and loving parents had given me the chance to find out about the critical facts of life without having to obtain such information in its most degrading aspects from a foulmouthed slum urchin or some slavering, hydrocephalic farm yokel.

One day, when I was still extremely young, I recall that I introduced some aspect of sex as a conversational gambit. My mother, showing neither surprise nor indignation, took a pencil out of her sewing basket and on the back of a laundry pad, which happened to be lying on the table, she made me a drawing of an inverted bottle and told me, without the slightest embarrassment to either of us, that this, in a rather simplified form, represented a woman's uterus, in which babies were conceived. Briefly, she also outlined for me the particularly volatile and ambitious nature of the male spermatozoa and, when that short period of elucidation was over, I was possessed of a damned-sight more wholesome information on the subject of sex than most of the men and women who were graduating from high schools in New York City during some of those good old days.

I suppose these intimately personal questions have to be tackled according to the highly individual concepts of morality that happen to prevail within each family unit. However, there can be no doubt that in all matters pertaining to sex, the majority of people are bound to be influenced by the general climate of ethical prejudices and predilections that are sometimes dominant within a geographic community.

I witnessed a fascinating example of peculiarly national mores when I was living in France, some years ago.

My wife and I were staying in an apartment and, although we had a competent maid and had most of our meals at home, we had fallen into the habit of taking dinner, from time to time, in a pleasant little cookshop in one of the side streets near the Quai Voltaire. Since it was quite close to our home, we used to go there at least once a week and, after a while, we managed to be accepted on really friendly terms by the owners of this establishment, and even the poisonously parochial clientele showed a certain tolerant acquiescence toward our

presence in their midst. We had reached a point where nobody gave any outward signs of astonishment when we appeared, and we were treated with the quiet, smiling civility which is so rarely to be found in Paris.

At any rate, one night when we dropped in for dinner, I noticed that at a conspicuously well-set table, almost in the center of the room, a rather strange-looking couple had established itself.

That is to say, the woman was certainly a total stranger, while the young man who sat facing her, a boy of 16 or 17 at the very most, seemed vaguely familiar to me; but it was not until after our soup course had been served that I finally managed to decipher his true identity. He was undoubtedly our neighborhood coaldealer's eldest son, but he was so elaborately smartened up on that particular evening that I could hardly believe it was the same boy.

His lady, who was constantly eying him with a certain proprietary demureness, was surely many years his senior and was, without any possibility of error, quite obviously a prostitute.

Now, please, let me clarify this seemingly cruel, categorical pronouncement, and permit me to elucidate it in terms of its exact sociological context. This female companion of Maurice's (that was the boy's name) was extremely pretty and unobtrusively well-mannered, and, what's more, she was rather smartly but not too lavishly decked out for the occasion; her black suit and dark-green toque with its half veil would have seemed perfectly appropriate on any other well-dressed woman in the room. She ate and drank with evident relish but with the modest decorum one generally associates with orderly domestic circumstances.

And yet, I knew with absolute certainty that she was a professional prostitute because she had lacquered her nails with some sort of highly iridescent fluid and was wearing noticeably elaborate facial make-up. No woman of the French petty bourgeoisie would, under any circumstances, have worn such make-up, at least not during the period of time which is here under discussion. I'm talking about the year 1937, and I think that this state of affairs held true even until shortly after the close of the Second World War.

So, as I've been telling you, there they sat, almost in the middle of the room and all around them the local tradesmen and their wives were munching away at their veal cutlets and their lambs vinaigrette, and these simple delicacies were accompanied by various appropriate wines, as well as by crisp seasonal salads and fruits not too terribly prepossessing in their appearance, but which, nevertheless, gave off an unbelievable rich and appetizing fragrance.

Now, get this straight!

Everybody in that restaurant knew perfectly well that Maurice, the coal-dealer's eldest son, was about to have his first real sexual experience that very night. It was all so patently obvious that, somehow, I couldn't resist the notion that even the half-dozen children, sitting all around us, must have been completely aware of the true state of things.

And yet, let me say to the eternal glory of that little gathering assembled in that Parisian cooky-nooky, that nobody in that room, either by word or gesture, gave the slightest outward sign that anything untoward was about to happen. There was, I will admit, a certain submerged feeling of festiveness about the place. Indeed, an almost tangible vibration of communal good will seemed to emanate from that small gathering of average folk, and only very rarely was I able to catch some busily masticating matron casting a furtively appraising, sideward glance in Maurice's direction. However, I must insist that these subtle, visual reconnoiterings were completely bereft of even the slightest contamination of any sort of prurency.

Later, while we were having our deserts, I discreetly consulted our waiter, whose name was Hilaire, about Maurice's impending splash into manhood. Since Hilaire had a little English, we conducted our soft-spoken dialog in that language.

"Yes," he said, "Maurice is going to be 17 in a few months and he has really been pretty restless of late. He is a very nice boy and very devoted to his family. He is doing all the paper work for his father now, and he is certainly a great help to him."

And that was that.

I could just imagine it all. I could imagine Maurice's mother at some time during the past few weeks complaining to the old man that the boy seemed unusually irritable and most uncharacteristically short-tempered toward everyone and that it might perhaps be a good notion to speak to the local padre about him. I could also easily guess the father's reaction to this suggestion and the knowing, fugitive smile that must have lurked about his grizzled mustache as he patted his wife reassuringly on the back.

"It will be quite all right, Marguerite," he had probably said to her. "I think I know what is wrong with the boy. He is a very good lad and I think all he really needs is just a little holiday. That is all."

I can also conjecture how, later on, papa had quietly given his son 300 francs, had playfully pinched him on the cheek and said to him: "Amuse yourself a little, my boy. It is spring and you are young only once."

I'd be willing to bet my neck that there was no more to it than that. The rest a French boy would easily know how

to manage for himself. And since there was nothing dirty or underhanded in what was about to happen, Maurice saw no reason for being furtive about his actions, and so he had naturally brought his lady of the evening to the restaurant of his own neighborhood. Indeed, I don't think it was too farfetched to imagine that he would finally take her to the little Hotel Seville that was located close by, right around the corner from his home.

When Maurice and his companion were nearly done with their meal, the waiter suddenly approached their table and presented them with a fresh bottle of wine which nestled luxuriously in a napkin-draped basket.

Maurice looked at the waiter in evident surprise, upon which Hilaire pointed significantly to the far side of the room and said, "Monsieur Robillet sends you this bottle with his compliments and hopes you will drink to his health."

Maurice rose from his chair as Monsieur Robillet, a retired police official, half rose from *his* and, after the cork had been cleanly drawn, the two men smilingly lifted their glasses toward each other and drank bottoms up. The lady at the table had also taken a modest sip, and when Robillet was finished wiping his mustache he held up a freshly filled glass and said: "Good hunting, my boy!"

No more than that.

Maurice and his companion stayed long enough to finish half their wine and I noticed that Hilaire carefully wrapped up the bottle and placed it in the pocket of the young man's overcoat which was hanging on a clothes rack right near the cash desk.

At last, they rose to leave. In the doorway Maurice turned around and bowed to the assembled company, which responded by presenting faces of unanimously jovial encouragement. His lady-friend gave a smallish nod in the general direction of Monsieur Robillet and, after she had straightened out her escort's muffler with a gesture of almost maternal concern and protectiveness, they finally stepped, arm in arm, out into the soft Parisian night.

Well, maybe you don't care too much for this story. Maybe you are one of those lucky ones whose first sexual experience happened under idyllic circumstances — on a moonlit night somewhere, in a leaf-shadowed arbor, on moss-covered turf — while the nightingales were singing their little hearts out in the swoon-inducing fragrance of the nearby jasmine bushes. It may even be that the angel you were involved with was your childhood sweetheart, whose father owned a flock of oil wells and whose mother thought you'd make just about as ideal a son-in-law as she was ever likely to find.

I said *maybe*, didn't I?



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SINCE THIS STORY CONCERNS THE FOREIGN ART THEATER, PERHAPS IT SHOULD BE TOLD WITH SUBTITLES. THEN AGAIN, AS FELLINI OR DE SICA MIGHT OBSERVE, *LE PAROLE TROPPO TECNICHE E LE ESPRESSIONI PARAMENTE IN USO NON SONO STATE INCLUSE*... WHICH FREELY TRANSLATED MEANS, WITH A LOREN, AN EKBERG, WHO NEEDS SUBTITLES!

THAT NERVY AGENT OF YOURS IS WAITING IN THE HALL, HONEY. I TOLD HIM YOU WEREN'T READY YET.

OH, RUTHIE... SOLLY IS A LAMB. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S NERVY?

NOW SEE HERE, SOLLY-- THIS IS A LADY'S BED-ROOM AND NOT GRAND CENTRAL STATION.

RUTHIE, BA-BY... NIX MAKING LIKE THE STIX HIX... THIS IS SHOW-BIZ!

NOW, ANNIE, BABY... DID YOU MAKE UP LIKE I TOLD YOU TO?

YES, SOLLY. SEE MY BRIGITTE BARDOT PONY TAIL?

WIN W BARRY

OH I LIKE IT, SWEETIE-BABY. YES, I LIKE IT!

BUT SOLLY-- YOU CAN'T EVEN SEE IT FROM THERE!

DO YOU THINK THE GREAT ITALIAN FILM DIRECTOR, FEDERICO MOFFUNDZALLO WILL BE INTERESTED IN HIRING AN AMERICAN GIRL LIKE ME?

CASTRO LAYS AN EGG

BABY... ITALIAN FILMS ARE A BIG INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS TODAY! THAT'S HOW MOFFUNDZALLO CAN AFFORD TO SHOOT FOOTAGE IN THE U.S. A.! WHY HIS AMERICAN DISTRIBUTION ALONE IS HALF HIS GROSS... HE NEEDS A BEAUTIFUL ALL-AMERICAN BABE LIKE YOU, AND JUST TO BE SURE HE SIGNS YOU UP, I'VE GOT YOU DRESSED UP LIKE BB... THE TOP EUROPEAN BEAUTY!

THE WAY OUR CURRENT TARIFF STRUCTURE IS CONSTITUTED, USING U.S. TALENT IS ACTUALLY AN ECONOMY. MOFFUNDZALLO CAN HIRE AMERICAN ACTORS WITH PROFITS FROM OTHER PICTURES HE HAS TIED UP HERE, SO HE ACTUALLY NEEDS YOU, BABY... AS PART OF HIS TOTAL ECONOMIC STRATEGY...

OH, SOLLY, YOU THINK SO... BIG!

ER... PAY THE CAB, SWEETIE.

DOTU STUDIOS



THAT'S WHAT "LIZ" SAID TO ME THE OTHER DAY IN A CONVERSATION WE WERE HAVING WITH "MARLON" AND "CARY"... AND I POINTED OUT THAT "FRANKIE" AND "DINO"— SAY! LOOK! HERE'S SOPHIA—

DAR-LING—

SOPHIA, BABY SWEETIE BA-BY!

DAR-LING!

MODIGLIANI ART FILMS

LIZ BIZ WIZ

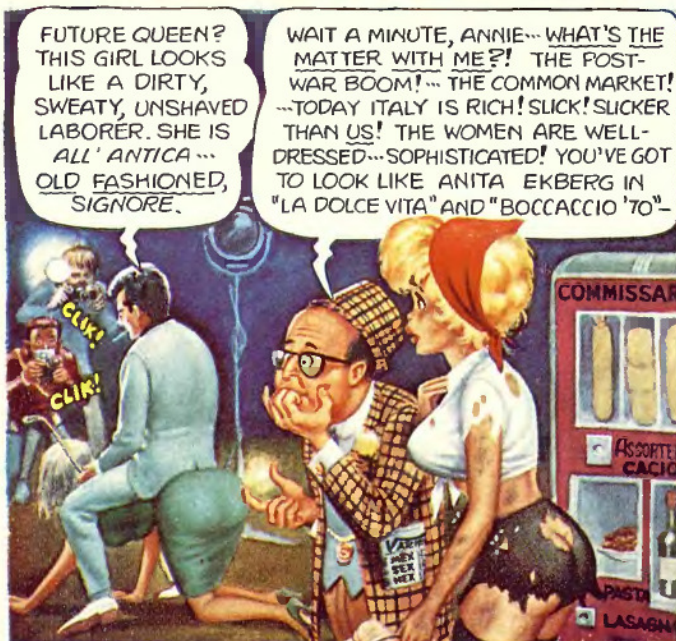
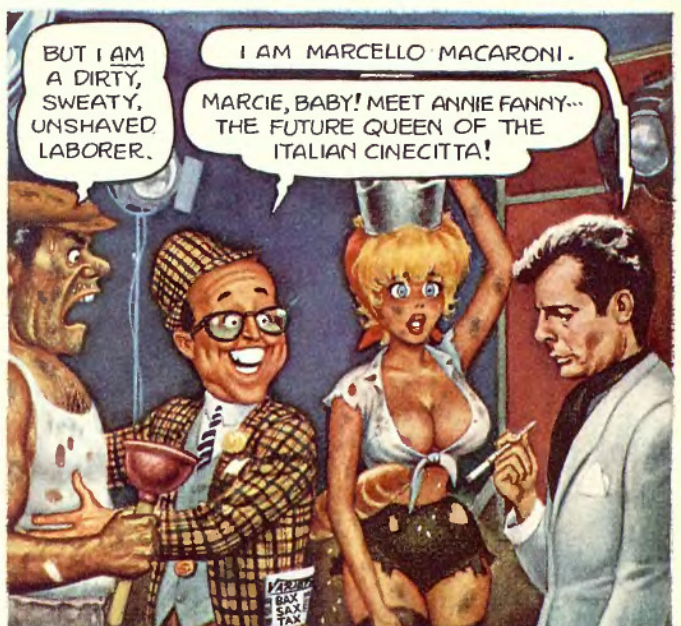
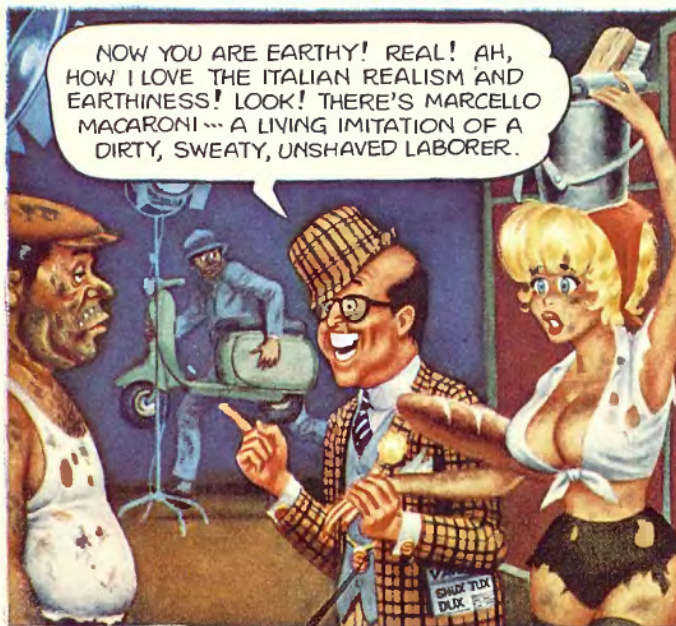


ANNIE! ... YOU REMEMBER SOPHIA IN "STREETWALKERS OF ROME" WHERE SHE PLAYED A PREGNANT GARBAGE COLLECTOR! SO REALISTIC! ... SO EARTHY—



WAIT A MINUTE, ANNIE... **THAT'S IT!** EARTHINESS! ... PEASANT GIRLS IN RICE FIELDS! YOUR BRIGITTE BARDOT APPROACH IS ALL WRONG! IT'S NOT THE ITALIAN STYLE! ... **QUICK!** YOU'VE GOT TO CHANGE INTO SOMETHING EARTHIER BEFORE WE SEE MOFFUNDZALLO ABOUT A PART IN THIS PICTURE!

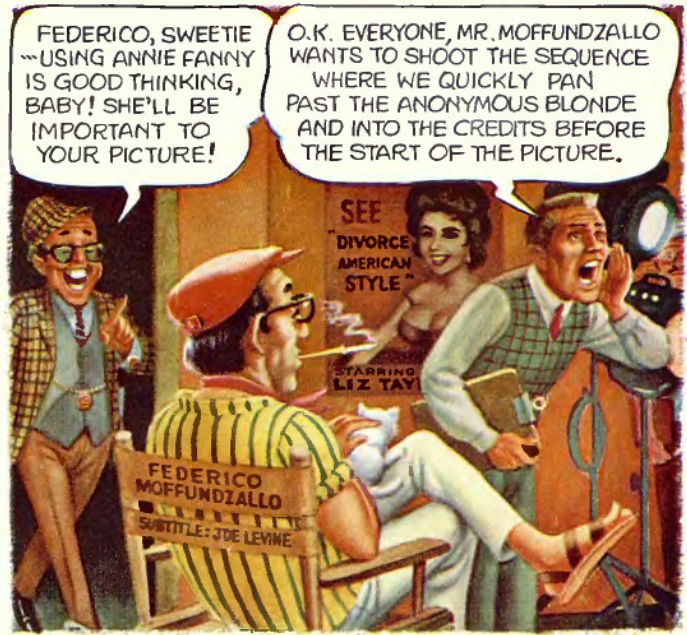
SECRET KOUCH PUSH RUSH





SOLLY! SOLLY!
FEDERICO
MOFFUNDZALLO
LIKED ME!
I GOT THE
PART!

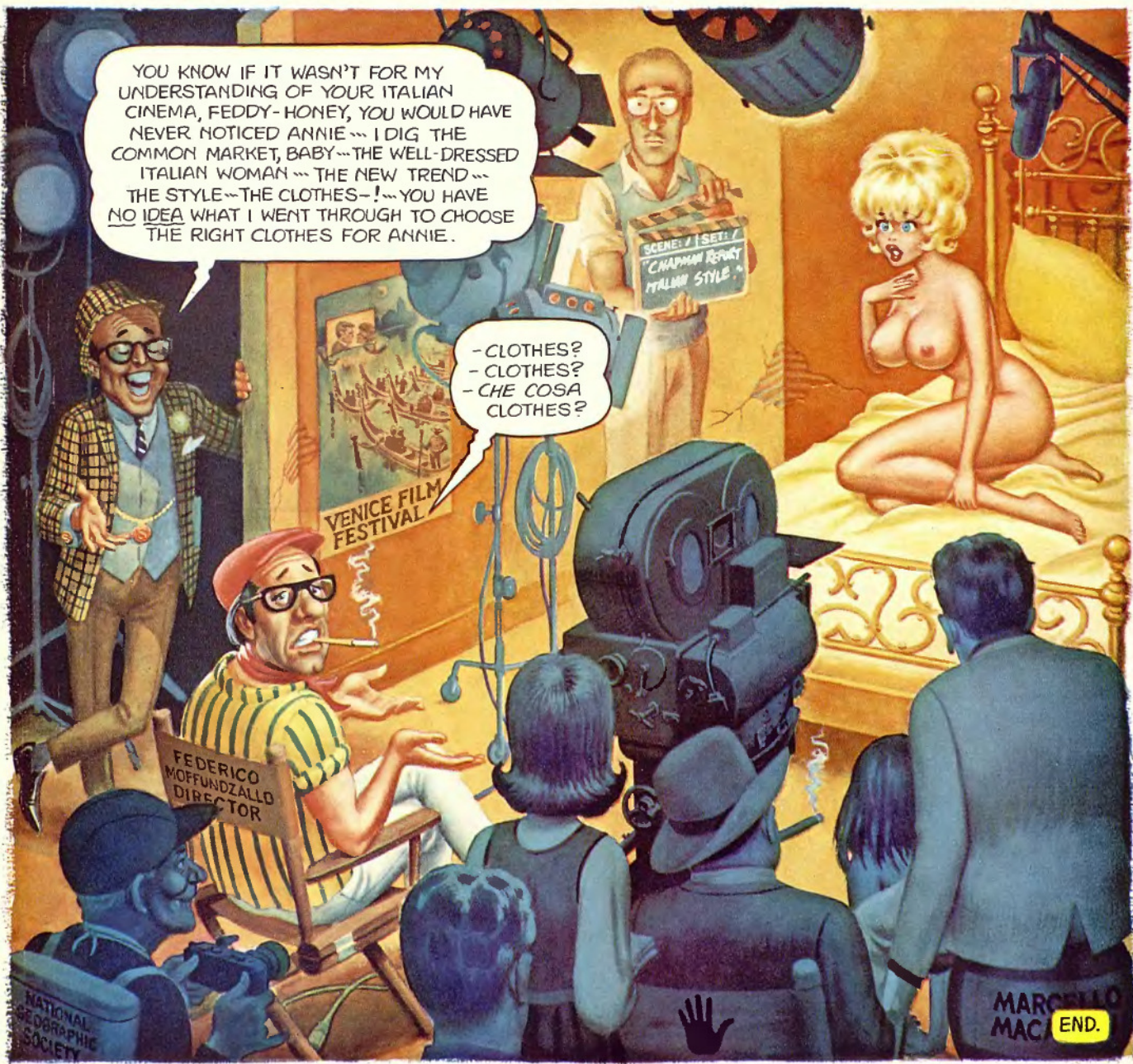
SEE? SEE? LEAVE
IT TO OLD SOLLY!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU
HOW TO DRESS? DIDN'T
I TELL YOU ABOUT
THE NEW ITALIAN STYLE?



FEDERICO, SWEETIE
--USING ANNIE FANNY
IS GOOD THINKING,
BABY! SHE'LL BE
IMPORTANT TO
YOUR PICTURE!

O.K. EVERYONE, MR. MOFFUNDZALLO
WANTS TO SHOOT THE SEQUENCE
WHERE WE QUICKLY PAN
PAST THE ANONYMOUS BLONDE
AND INTO THE CREDITS BEFORE
THE START OF THE PICTURE.

FEDERICO
MOFFUNDZALLO
SUBTITLE: JOE LEVINE



YOU KNOW IF IT WASN'T FOR MY
UNDERSTANDING OF YOUR ITALIAN
CINEMA, FEDDY-HONEY, YOU WOULD HAVE
NEVER NOTICED ANNIE -- I DIG THE
COMMON MARKET, BABY -- THE WELL-DRESSED
ITALIAN WOMAN -- THE NEW TREND --
THE STYLE -- THE CLOTHES -- ! -- YOU HAVE
NO IDEA WHAT I WENT THROUGH TO CHOOSE
THE RIGHT CLOTHES FOR ANNIE.

- CLOTHES?
- CLOTHES?
- CHE COSA
CLOTHES?

SCENE 1 SET 1
"CHAMPAN REPERT"
ITALIAN STYLE

FEDERICO
MOFFUNDZALLO
DIRECTOR

NATIONAL
GEOGRAPHIC
SOCIETY

MARCELLO
MACA END.

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Key-Man Slacks	131
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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THIS MAY, a fresh travel fillip will be available to those with an unabashed yen for luxury accommodations: a service has been organized which specializes in renting villas on the French and Italian Rivas and along Spain's jet-set Costa Brava. Included among the homes-away-from-home up for hire are a pastel cottage on a flower-bright hill above the tiny Italian fishing port of Alassio and proximate beaches laved by the Mediterranean; a villa on a vast estate built for Queen Victoria, overlooking Cap-Ferrat; and a spotless modern Spanish apartment near a village whose main street is closed to traffic every Saturday night for folk dancing. A monthly rental rate ranging from \$165 to \$445 will also net you a maid who'll do your marketing in the morning, come by in the afternoon to clean and launder while you're at the beach or picnicking in a lazy mountain meadow, then prepare dinner for you and yours. Each pad is fully checked out with an eye toward American tastes, and all are worthy of prolonged occupancy.

To the eastward can be found one of the Continent's finest expeditionary opportunities: a cruise to and through the legendary Greek isles. If you don't have the two weeks and half-dozen accompanying friends that are almost essential for chartering your own yacht and cruising in luxuriously vagabond style amid the islands, nonetheless you can get a memorable sense of their extraordinary rocky isolation and beauty on the shorter non-charter trips available. One of the better ones—an 8 A.M. to 9 P.M. affair for a

going rate of \$10—runs through the Straits of Salamis to the islands of the Bay of Athens, Aegina and the temple of Aphaia, Poros and Hydra. There are also rewarding 3-day (\$55) and 4-day (\$75) runs by private yacht to the islands of the Saronic Gulf and Epidaurus and through the Gulf of Corinth to Patras.

The pleasantest approach to the early summer Epidaurus Theater Festival in Greece is by sea from Athens. You embark at 3 o'clock, land at a seaport village on the Peloponnesus coast, partake of refreshments, then bus to the ancient amphitheater. There, under the open evening sky, the players perform Greek tragedies on the stone stage with Grecian scenery for a backdrop: a grove of pines, hills covered with green scrub, a few tawny fields, on the horizon a bare gray ridge.

A kingly divertimento to be found here in the States in the early part of the month is the 89th running of the Kentucky Derby. One good way to enjoy this event in style is to take advantage of a 3-day tour which provides reserved terrace seats for the race at Churchill Downs, accommodations at the Netherland-Hilton in downtown Cincinnati, a field trip to the horse farms of the Kentucky bluegrass country, and a choice sampling of southern cuisine in Lexington. The price comes to around \$110 (plus air fare to Cincinnati)—a modest ransom for regal rewards.

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

NEXT MONTH:

"ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE"—A BRAND-NEW JAMES BOND NOVEL, THE FIRST EVER TO APPEAR IN A MAGAZINE—BY **IAN FLEMING**

"THE PLAYBOY PANEL"—A DISTINGUISHED SYMPOSIUM OF SCIENCE-FICTION WRITERS DISCUSSES 1984 AND BEYOND—WITH **POUL ANDERSON, JAMES BLISH, RAY BRADBURY, ISAAC ASIMOV, ROBERT HEINLEIN, FREDERICK POHL, WILLIAM TENN, ROD SERLING, THEODORE STURGEON, ARTHUR C. CLARKE** AND OTHERS

"PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST"—A SEVEN-PAGE PREVIEW OF WEARABLES TO MAKE YOU A NEW MAN THIS COMING SEASON—BY **ROBERT L. GREEN**

"THE GIRLS OF AFRICA"—A 10-PAGE TEXT AND PICTORIAL SALUTE TO THE VARICOLORED MAIDENS OF A CONTINENT OF CONTRASTS

"THE NEW YORK PLAYBOY CLUB"—THE GRANDEST IN OUR CHAIN OF KEY CLUBS OPENS TO A DAZZLED AND DAZZLING THROG



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TO TOP THIS COMPACT

Technically, two ways. Manually and automatically. You see, the snazzy Dart GT convertible (above) has an optional automatic top. Or a manual top as standard equipment. Same with the lower-priced Dart 270. Either way, you have the top of the convertible news for '63. Most other converts are famously loose with your hard-earned dough! Not Dart. It's a compact. Its low price and upkeep are in keeping with other compacts. But after that, no comparison! Dart's got the 6 that scampers like a V8. And Dart's a new kind of compact in the large economy size. It's got relaxin'-size room and comfort. It's really too roomy to be a compact, but too thrifty to be anything else. You pay less for Dart and get more going for you. □ Your Dodge Dealer has a full line of Darts. In 2 series, 9 models. Convertibles, sedans, a hardtop, wagons. Go see him for a drive in one of The Dependables.

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