

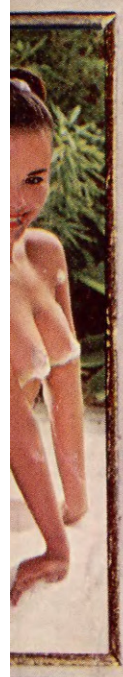
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1964 • \$1.25

# PLAYBOY

TENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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**PLAYBILL** TEN YEARS AGO, **PLAYBOY** — then a publication of modest dimensions and high hopes — first appeared on the newsstands. In our premier issue, we had this to say: "Within the pages of **PLAYBOY** you will find articles, fiction, picture stories, cartoons, humor and special features culled from many sources, past and present, to form a pleasure-primer styled to the masculine taste." Viewing that statement in retrospect, it's gratifying to know that, although we've grown enormously in both editorial scope and physical size, we have swerved not one iota from our original concept of what a magazine designed to provide "Entertainment for Men" should be.

The first issue of **PLAYBOY**, put together with paste pot and scissors on a bridge table in Hugh M. Hefner's kitchen, was undated (we weren't sure there would be a second issue), sold 51,000 copies, contained a grand total of 42 pages, no ads, reprints of short stories and articles, and the now-famous nude photograph of Marilyn Monroe, a lovely lady to whom, fittingly, we pay tribute in this anniversary issue in a 10-page paean, *MM Remembered*. To say that these past 10 years have been eventful would be an understatement. **PLAYBOY** now sells over 40 times as many copies per issue as it did back in December of 1953. In 10 years, **PLAYBOY** has run over 444 articles, 414 stories, 197 pictorial features; we've run 144 fashion features, 1637 cartoons and 150 cartoon stories; we've had 8 Playboy Jazz Polls, 3 Playboy Jazz albums, and a spectacularly successful Playboy Jazz Festival; there are at present 8 Playboy Clubs which will have their own magazine, *VIP*, debuting next month; we've had a syndicated TV show, *Playboy's Penthouse*; we now offer 68 Playboy Products; Playboy Press is busy turning out a variety of **PLAYBOY** books.

The paper for last month's issue, all 1875 tons of it, filled 75 boxcars. For the statistically minded, it may be of note that that issue, costing \$1.25 — two-and-a-half times what our first issue did — weighed in at 1 pound, 6 ounces (less than half your butcher's charge for good *filet mignon*), or over five times the original issue's 4.1 ounces, and sold over 2,000,000 copies — an increase over its 10-year-old counterpart of 3900 percent. In our first decade of publishing, **PLAYBOY** — started with a total investment of less than \$8000 — has sold over 100,000,000 copies.

And now, in a proper mood for celebrating, we'd like to make our authors' awards. Annually, we bestow \$1000 bonuses for the past year's best fiction and non-fiction. In 1963, both categories produced riches which embarrassed us not at all. In the running for the nonfiction laurels were Charles Beaumont, Lenny Bruce, Arthur C. Clarke, Leslie Fiedler, Ben Hecht, Nat Hentoff, and the Williams Iversen and Zinsser. This year's award goes to William Iversen for his penetrating puncturing of the Mr. and Mrs. myth, *Love, Death and the Hubby Image*, in our September issue. **PLAYBOY** regular Iversen's first book, *The Pious Pornographers*, just one of 11 books published in 1963 which first appeared in our pages in whole or in large part, is characterized by Groucho Marx as "one-third Perelman, one-third Thurber and one-third Benchley and as good as any of the three"; and Virginia Kirkus, professional predictress of book sales and quality, says of it, "The title chapter is well worth the price of the whole book" — which is \$3.95. **PLAYBOY** readers who dug it in the magazine in 1957 (for 50 cents) would tend to agree. Bill's *A Short History of Toasts and Toasting*, in this issue, marks his 16th appearance in **PLAYBOY**.

The year's fictive output was both consummate and cornucopian. Contenders for the crown included Ray Bradbury, Graham Greene, Walt Grove, Bernard Malamud, Ken W. Purdy, Ian Fleming, William Saroyan, and Bernard Wolfe. The editors, however, were almost unanimous in their number-one choice: last August's *Naked Nude*, Bernard Malamud's seriocomic etching of an amateur art forger, which is included in his recently published volume of tales, *Idiots First*.

Winner Malamud's first collection of short stories, *The Magic Barrel*, won the prestigious National Book Award in 1959. The following year, it was awarded to Philip Roth, author of this month's *An Actor's Life for Me*, for his short-story compilation *Goodbye, Columbus*. Author Roth's subsequent novel, *Letting Go*, consolidated his position as a major American writer who, according to *The New York Times*, "has a remarkable gift for representing the nightmarish disasters that befall those who leave themselves defenseless by living with what he considers complete sincerity." *An Actor's Life for Me*, our lead fiction for January, is Princeton writer-in-residence Roth's sensitive, probing, dramatic portrayal of a rocks-bound marriage. The corrosive and castrating trials of a courtly courtship are allegorically annotated in a straight-faced story by Britisher Wolf Mankowitz in *The Very Acme of Romantic Love*. A ceramics expert, theatrical producer (*Rhinoceros*), playwright (*Expresso Bongo*), movie scripter (*The Bespoke Overcoat*) and novelist (*A Kid for Two Farthings*), Mankowitz is currently concerned with the possibility of shipping his Dickensian musical, *Pickwick*, from London's West End to these shores. The shores of Sicily form the backdrop for Frederic Morton's *The Homecoming*, wherein an Austrian wood carver, an amoral American beauty and several unsavory expatriates and locals add the heat of passion and betrayal to Etna's steamy environs. Morton, whose *The Rothschilds* played a long run on the best-seller lists, is now scripting a film adaptation of *Homecoming* which will star Carroll Baker. In-



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trigue on an international scale—the lifeblood of Ian Fleming’s James Bond—is tour-de-forcefully confined in the normally very proper surroundings of Sotheby’s, London’s swank auction gallery, in *The Property of a Lady*. Sotheby’s showed Ian Fleming a defunct craftsman’s drawing for a priceless *biblot* which may never have been made—or which may reside in a secret collection behind the Iron Curtain; the imaginative Bondman took it from there, as *Property* proves. Fleming, *PLAYBOY* readers will be happy to hear, has just delivered to us the completed manuscript for another book-length Bond adventure, *You Only Live Twice*, which we’ll serialize starting in May. Happily—and predictably—our last Bond serial, *On Her Majesty’s Secret Service* (*PLAYBOY*, April–June, 1963), now in book form, has quick as a rabbit leaped to a high slot on best-seller lists.

A celebrated commentator on manners and morals, the highly controversial—and widely read—Vladimir Nabokov, inventor of the nymphet and one of the world’s most meticulous and original stylists in poetry and prose, makes his first appearance in our pages via a skillful and revealing interview conducted in his Swiss digs by *PLAYBOY* contributor Alvin Toffler. Former *Fortune* editor Toffler is slated to have a book published soon on *The Culture Business*.

A former *PLAYBOY* interviewee, Bertrand Russell, returns to these pages with an amplification and clarification of some of his previous comments. In *The Conflicting Ideologies of East and West*, Lord Russell looks through a glass darkly at the power struggle between the Capitalist and Communist camps. The prospects before us leave him something less than sanguine. In *The Uses of the Blues*, that uniquely American musical idiom is evocatively tied to the Negro’s plight by James Baldwin, whose collection of essays, *The Fire Next Time*, has been a best seller for almost a year. Baldwin is now busy shepherding his play, *Blues for Mr. Charlie*, toward its Broadway opening early this year.

A new vein of insightful gems has been mined from the unpublished observations of Ernest Hemingway. His *Advice to a Young Man*—further revelatory gleanings (see *A Man’s Credo*, *PLAYBOY*, January 1963) from interviews given to California’s nonprofit Wisdom Foundation just before his death—is a rich heritage left to future generations by the literary giant of his generation. Another Olympian, Pablo Picasso, honors us with his presence. Perhaps no other figure of the 20th Century has so profoundly influenced art as has the Promethean 82-year-old painter. *The Wisdom of Pablo Picasso* is a distillation of the creative genius’ previously unpublished pronouncements on life, love and the arts—plus a self-portrait in words.

One of *PLAYBOY*’s earliest hands, Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario, fetes our anniversary with *The Festive Fondue* and also a collection of toasting recipes to quaff while reading Iversen’s historic dissertation on the gloriously magniloquent toasting art. Tom’s first *PLAYBOY* article, *Pleasures of the Oyster*, appeared in April of 1954. Through the 123 food and drink features we’ve run in the intervening years, *PLAYBOY*’s readers have been tantalized into expanding their gourmandian horizons by master chef Mario. Several other long-time *PLAYBOY* contributors are on deck for the celebration. The work of Alberto Vargas—whose *The Vargas Girl Circa 1920* will delight those interested in nostalgia and just plain girl watchers—first graced these pages in March 1957. Larry Siegel is represented this month with *The Boy Allies*, another helping of his deservedly famous satires, this one based on the fictional superbos of World War I. This is the 17th helping of Siegel since he first left us laughing in February of 1959. A veteran of almost seven years in *PLAYBOY*’s service, our own Shel Silverstein herein undertakes a comically candid look at the magazine’s earlier life and times in *Silverstein’s History of Playboy*. Various ventures upcoming for Shel include more *PLAYBOY* history à la Silverstein, a nursery of kiddie books—*Who Wants a Cheap Rhinoceros?*, *Don’t Bump the Glump* and *Uncle Shelby’s Crazy Poems*—plus (on a somewhat different note) a book of his neo-folk songs. Singing no praises for the British sportsman, eminent humorist P. G. Wodehouse takes off in wry pursuit of riding pinks’ high jinks in *Fox Hunting—Who Needs It?* A more serious scrutiny of what some call sport and others label barbarism is the theme of Budd Schulberg’s *The Death of Boxing?* Fisticulls aficionado Schulberg, who surveyed the first Patterson-Liston fiasco for us, uses the second debacle as a point of no return for a sapient indictment of boxing’s current comatose state. That impersonal and depersonalizing corporate ritual, management screening, is self-applied by Vance Packard in *On Being a Managerial Misfit*. Packard, author of *The Status Seekers* and *The Pyramid Climbers*, is currently at work on a new book of socioeconomic revelations. In this issue, too, is the fourth installment of Lenny Bruce’s Pagliaccian autobiography, and another installment of Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner’s *Playboy Philosophy*.

Rounding out our seams-bursting capper for a halcyon decade of publishing, we offer: *Playboy’s Playmate Review*, a visual recap of the dozen gatefold girls of the past year; *Fun and Games*, a compendium of party crowd pleasers; *PLAYBOY*’s *Retroactive New Year’s Resolutions*; *Word Play*; *Gidget Goes Teevee Jeebies*; *Little Annie Fanny*; and gift suggestions for the last-minute Christmas shopper. *In toto*, a birthday cake topped with the brightest of journalistic candles. So join the celebration.



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# WIND SONG

by PRINCE MATCHABELLI

# PLAYBOY



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## DEAR PLAYBOY

**Y** ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

### LENNY BRUCE

As an elementary-school teacher, I found it very difficult to accept or understand Lenny Bruce, but after reading the first part of his autobiography [*How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, October 1963] in your interesting and informative magazine, I think I have found a new idol. Thanks for helping me find the real Lenny Bruce. I certainly agree with Will Leonard of the *Chicago Tribune* when he states: "Lenny Bruce is here to talk about the phony, frightened, lying world."

J. W. Wyman  
Berkeley, California

Congratulations on the first installment of Lenny Bruce's autobiography — a living Holden Caulfield. It's great.

Arnold Paster  
Madison, Wisconsin

The Lenny Bruce autobiography is certainly a complement to the PLAYBOY philosophy of unrestricted thought and expression. I find his "words" completely acceptable and welcome in my house. As you probably suspect, I am a believer in Lenny Bruce, his humor and satire.

Howard Shoemaker  
Omaha, Nebraska

PLAYBOY welcomes the comments of iconoclastic cartoonist Shoemaker.

I have been moved beyond all belief by your first installment of Lenny Bruce's excellent autobiography. The sensitivity, sincerity and, above all, the humanness of this great man of our time is laid bare for all those who believe in the soul to see.

Morris Erby  
New York, New York

Your efforts on behalf of the sick, dirty-minded Mr. Bruce and your approval of his warped "jokes" are to be regretted. I have heard some people say your magazine is the "Devil's Bible," and I must say I now understand why.

Kenneth Tierney  
New York, New York

I have been a reader of PLAYBOY almost since the beginning and have an

almost complete collection of the magazines. However, I have now bought my last one. You used to have good stories, and I have enjoyed the Bunnies. But the stories are now too "sick," and when you publish the autobiography of that obviously mentally ill individual, Lenny Bruce, something is very wrong.

Paul S. Cutter, Jr.  
Morris Plains, New Jersey

Re *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, Part I, by Lenny Bruce, page 106. With all your research and marketing groups, how could you possibly spell Massengill "Messingil," especially when it makes reference to the leading feminine-hygiene powder on the market in the United States today?

It seems to me that with all the time Lenny Bruce spent under the sink picking at the linoleum he would have learned, even at that early age, that Massengill Powder is in a class all by itself.

Don F. Everett, Advertising Manager  
The S. E. Massengill Company  
Bristol, Tennessee

After reading Part I of the autobiography of Lenny Bruce, I have come to the conclusion that Lenny is sick. I do not mind so much his comments on sex as I do his comments and jokes on religion. As a Jewish clergyman, I strongly protest Lenny's views on religion.

Rabbi M. Miller  
Brooklyn, New York

I have been a reader of PLAYBOY since its inception, and over the years I have been tempted to congratulate you on this article or that short story many times. While the consistency of quality and originality of your publication has persisted, I was never provided with the proper stimulus needed to put me at my Smith-Corona — until *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*.

Lenny Bruce is truly a natural comic. With the perfect balance of pathos and introspection, he conjures an accurate image of the hypocrisy that engulfs us, but presents it as though it were a farce! The credit for saying it must go to Bruce,

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Orchestra  
**THE STRIPPER**  
and other  
big band hits  
LIBERTY

1179. Chances Are, Just Walking in The Rain, 12 in all

1043. Midnight in Moscow, Stranger on the Shore, 12 in all

**MARY MARTIN in  
RODGERS & HANMERSTEIN'S  
THE SOUND OF MUSIC**  
COLUMBIA  
with Original Broadway Cast

**Monk's  
Dream**  
COLUMBIA  
**THELONIOUS MONK  
QUARTET**

1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!" - Ed Sullivan

1025. "Probably his best recording ever." - Life

**BILL  
DOGGETT  
AND HIS COMBO**  
**FINGER-  
TIPS**  
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**NEW CHRISTY MINSTRELS**  
Tall TALL TALES!  
COLUMBIA

**THE PLATTERS**  
Encore of Golden Hits  
Twilight Time  
My Prayer  
Only You  
9 more  
Mercury

**MITCH  
MILLER'S  
Greatest  
Hits**  
Yellow Rose of Texas  
River Bird  
plus 10 more  
COLUMBIA

**THE BYRDS**  
DICK VAN DYKE  
CHITA RIVERA  
ORIGINAL  
BROADWAY CAST  
COLUMBIA

**RAY  
CONNIFF**  
Rhapsody  
in  
Rhythm  
COLUMBIA

**ANDY  
WILLIAMS**  
Warm and  
Willing  
STRANGER ON THE SHORE  
EMBRACEABLE YOU  
LOVE IS HERE TO STAY  
plus 9 more  
COLUMBIA

**BOBBY HACKETT**  
plays MANCINI  
Days of Wine and Roses  
Moon River • Dreamsville  
9 MORE

1156. Menkay, One Fine Day, Hot Fudge, twelve in all

1190. Down to Darby, Billy's Mule, The Old Timer, 9 more

1028. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.

1018. Also: Do-Re-Mi, The Children's Marching Song, etc.\*

1181. "Happy, zestful... most captivating." - N.Y. News

1018. Malaguena, My Remanca, Lady of Spain, 12 in all

1177. Also: Warm All Over, More Than You Knew, etc.

1161. Also: Baby Elephant Walk, Peter Gunn, Mr. Lucky, etc.

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Simply write in the numbers of the SIX records you wish to receive FREE on the postage-paid card. Then choose another record as your first selection... for which you will be billed only \$3.98 (regular high-fidelity) or \$4.98 (stereo). In short, you receive seven records for the price of one!

Be sure to indicate whether you want your seven records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Country & Western; Teen Hits; Jazz.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club's music Magazine, which you will receive free each month.

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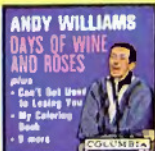
\*Records marked with a star (\*) have been electronically re-channeled for stereo.

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Terre Haute, Ind.

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**DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**  
plus  
• Can't Get Used to Losing You  
• My Coloring Book  
• 9 more  
COLUMBIA

1002. In addition to the Academy Award Winner, Andy sparkles with such 35: When You're Smiling, What Kind of Fool Am I?, I Let My Heart in San Francisco, etc.

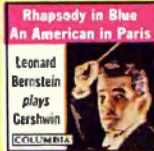
## Show Music



Original Soundtrack  
COLUMBIA Recording

1037. Universally acclaimed winner of eleven Academy Awards. "The most adventurous musical ever made." — Life. Including: Tonight, Maria, A-Me-Ri-Can, I Feel Pretty, etc.

## Classical Music



**Rhapsody in Blue**  
**An American in Paris**  
Leonard Bernstein plays Gershwin  
COLUMBIA

1098. Leonard Bernstein plays and conducts both the Columbia Symphony and New York Philharmonic with: "fierce impact and momentum." — New York World-Telegram

## Folk Music



1163. The most popular of all folk artists delight those of all ages with such songs as: Puff, the Magic Dragon; This Land Is Your Land; Settle Down; Pretty Mary Flora; 8 more



1180. Also: I Wanna Be Loved, etc. (Not available in stereo)



1054. A sumptuous outpouring of glorious melodies



1073. "Lavish color... rhythmic verve." — High Fidelity



1052. Also: Lookin' for Love, The Girl Can't Help It, etc.



1014. Also: Wasn't the Summer Short?, Marianna, etc.



1010. Also: Railroad Bill, Cotton Pickers' Song, Whistle, etc.



1185. Also: Because of You, Be My Love, I Remember You, etc.



1061. Also: A Taste of Honey, My Honey's Loving Arms, etc.



1166. "A brilliant musical score!" — New York Times



1067. "Perhaps the greatest piano recording." — HiFi Rev.



1145. A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall, It's All Right, 12 more



1046. Also: Fly Me To The Moon, I Remember You, etc.



1095. Most exciting and thrilling of all Beethoven concertos



1024. The Good Life, Someone to Love, If I Love Again, 9 more



1050. Take This Hammer, Salty Dog Blues, Mama Blues, 10 more



1130. Also: All The Love, Come Softly to Me, Hey Baby, etc.



1187. Teens top drum plays for your dancing pleasure



1029. Also: Sweet Georgia Brown, Philosphizin', etc.



1107-1108. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Zestful... a powerful, vital statement!" — Hi Fi Review



1174. Also: Stormy Weather, When The Sun Comes Out, etc.



1030. "Music is exuberant... splendid tunes." — New Yorker



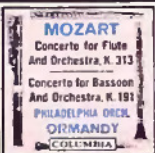
1155. Also: Home On The Range, Tennessee Waltz, etc.



1074. Historic debut of an "astounding talent." — Time



1142. Also: Memphis, Monolulu Lulu, Tallahassee Lassie, etc.



1070. "Performances of rare loveliness." — St. Louis Globe-Dem.



1128. Also: Beyond The Sea, Solitude, Ebb Tide, etc.



1031. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit \*



1123. "It soars and it swings... a breakthrough." — Playboy



1080. "This is an extraordinary chorus." — New York Times



1080. Born to Lose, Four Walls, I Walk the Line, 12 in all



1157. Also: Call Me Irresponsible, I Wanna Be Around, etc.



1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.



1182. Also: Let's Twist Again. (Not available in stereo)



1138. Also: Scarlet Mist, Quiet Village Bossa Nova, etc.



1089. "Lush, full-blown, romantic." — The Atlantic



1122. "Excellent... first-rate performance." — S.F. Chron.\*



1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.



1097. Five of Bach's mightiest and most popular compositions



1003. Also: Volare, Around The World, Kansas City, etc.



1092. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano." — N. Y. Times



1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. \*



1195. The performance is "most beautiful." — The Atlantic



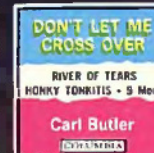
1152. Nine hilarious numbers. "It's great fun!" — Playboy



1022. Also: Mean to Me, Then You'll Be Happy, etc.



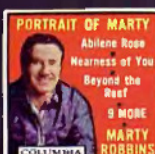
1094. "Performances that really sparkle and glow." — High Fid.



1134. Also: I Know Why, Grief in My Heart, etc.



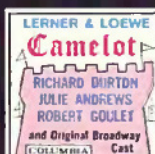
1175. Also: Twist and Shout, Playboy. (Not available in stereo)



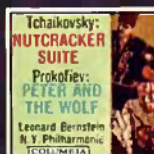
1065. Also: Dusty Winds, I'll Walk Alone, Lolene, etc.



1069. Bold, thrilling interpretation of a superb symphony



1035. "Most lavish, beautiful musical; a triumph!" — Kilgallen



1070. "Skillfully, warmly, richly performed." — High Fid.



1059. Also: Over the Rainbow, Never on Sunday, etc.



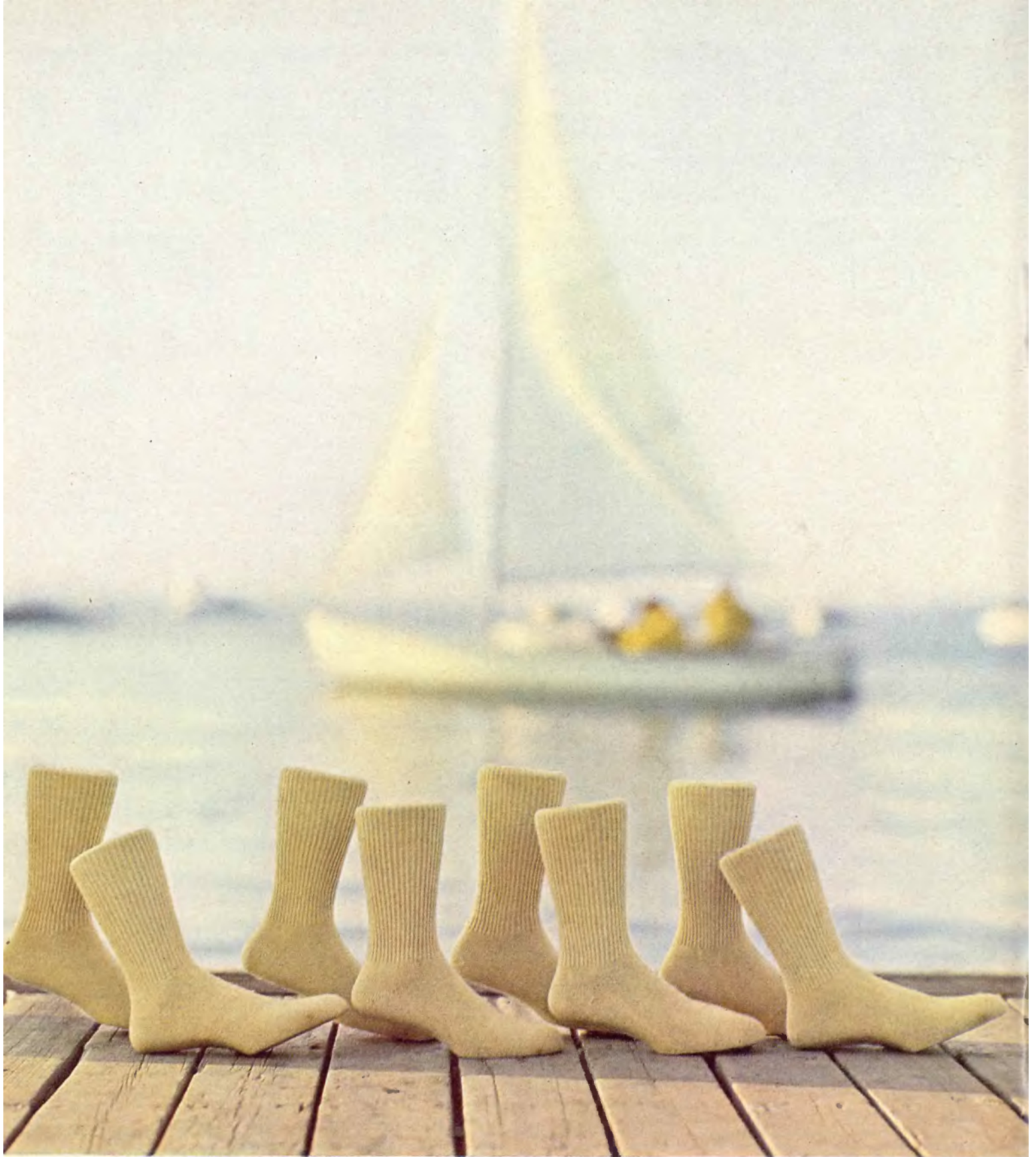
1004. Green Leaves of Summer, My Tan, Greenfields, 9 more



1100. "Bold splashes of color, tremendous warmth." — HiFi Rev.



1176. Also: King of Kings, Lili Marlene, La Strada, etc.



## The Crew-Saders™

We won't ask how long it's been since you were young and twenty. We'll simply tell you that these socks are both. Youthful enough to delight a man whose future is still ahead of him. And twenty—that's how many colors they

come in. A combination of high-bulk Orlon acrylic and stretch nylon, one size fits almost everybody. (King size fits everybody else.) They're made by Interwoven, and, as further encouragement, a pair costs only a dollar fifty.

**Interwoven®**  
THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS



but for the courage to publish his wit, even more praise must go to PLAYBOY.

Mike Burnson  
Delray Beach, Florida

### THE RIGHT TRACK

Locomotive engineers appreciate such nostalgic pieces about the heyday of rail passenger service as Charles Beaumont's *Lament for the High Iron* [PLAYBOY, October 1963]. The name trains were the top jobs for our members. It would be a mistake to conclude, as the uninitiated might do, that the railroads are dying off because travelers prefer jet planes or their own, or rented, autos. The railroads are thriving as transporters of freight and there is satisfaction for locomotive engineers in handling hot-shot and symbol freight trains. I might add that old hoppers like myself appreciate the regular features of your magazine.

R. E. Davidson, Grand Chief Engineer  
Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers  
Cleveland, Ohio

Charles Beaumont's *Lament for the High Iron* is truly great craftsmanship—authentic nostalgia, with a trace of "Forgive them; for they know not what they do," in describing the inability of modern man to appreciate the luxury, relaxation and inner delights of train travel.

He knows and explains brilliantly what the rat race and its idolaters have done to the passenger train. I agree with so much of what he says and feels, and am so grateful for his *simpatico* treatment of the subject, that I should stop right here, but, precisely because we both understand and deplore the travel trend, perhaps he will grant me a couple of quibbles or caveats.

First, I question his implication that the freight train is "passing into extinction" and will "vanish . . . in our lifetime." I would bet all I own that he is wrong about this—even if he is younger than I think he is. The flanged wheel on the steel rail is still—by long odds—the most economical and efficient form of transportation (except, perhaps, the ocean steamship) and I think it still will be when our grandchildren are "highballing toward oblivion."

Now, just a little quibble about the passenger train. Here he is at his enchanting best in analyzing what has occurred and in expounding the unappreciated class, elegance, romance, comfort and soul-satisfying experience of train travel. But he implies that these "refuges" and "sanctuaries" no longer exist and are no longer attainable—anywhere, any time.

Has he ever traveled between Chicago and San Francisco on the California Zephyr? Does he know that this train was deliberately scheduled slower than necessary so the passenger can enjoy,



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Martini Men  
appreciate the  
identifiable  
excellence  
of imported  
**BEEFEATER GIN**



UNEQUALLED SINCE 1820 • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS  
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND CORPORATION, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



**There's only one sound like the Four Freshmen's.  
And it's never the same.**

Because the Four Freshmen are always experimenting. Finding new ways to bring their jazzy, bluesy, brass-section blend to great songs. Finding new ways to make every song they sing more exciting to listen to.

They've been doing just that for years.

With the modern jazz sound of songs like "It's a Blue World." With quiet ballads and jumping, uptempo tunes. With the swinging excitement of "This Could Be the Start of Something Big."

And they've done it again in their new album, "Got That Feelin'."

There's wild rhythm, brass, and guitar backing by Shorty Rogers. There's a collection of great songs: "Walk Right In," "Basin Street Blues," "Summertime." There's the driving, rousing, rocking new *Top 40* sound of the Freshmen.

You've never heard anything like it before. From anyone. But that's no surprise, because it's a Four Freshmen album.

And like every one, it's exciting to listen to.

Listen to the Four Freshmen on Capitol, and you'll hear what we mean.

For a start, listen to these newest Four Freshmen albums:



(S) T 1950



(S) T 1753



(S) T 1860

during daylight from a vistadome, the glories of the Colorado Rockies, the High Sierras, and the Feather River Canyon and, at night, sleep through the desert? Does he know that it is filled to near capacity on almost every trip, and that European travelers, in increasing numbers, are flying directly to Chicago and taking the California Zephyr to San Francisco, so they can see the country?

Eldon Martin, Vice-President  
Burlington Lines  
Chicago, Illinois

One of my associates, knowing of my interest in railroads in general and of my predilection for traveling Pullman, was kind enough to send me a copy of Charles Beaumont's recent, exceedingly well-written article, *Lament for the High Iron*. I spent a most enjoyable 30 or 40 minutes with the article and heartily second all of his statements relative to the plus features of a good train. As he said so well, there's nothing very elegant about eating dinner from a pink plastic tray while strapped in a seat. I'll take a table, crisp linen and sparkling silver any day.

I only disagree with him on his constant use of the past tense, insofar as railroad travel is concerned. So many journalists seem bent on writing an obituary for the rails right now. To me, that is all very premature. Everything now on this earth will eventually pass away, but since I do a great deal of traveling by train, I am of the opinion that no human being now alive will witness their complete demise.

Franklin Garrett, Director-Information  
The Coca-Cola Company  
New York, New York

In his *Lament for the High Iron*, Charles Beaumont used the most colorful phraseology I have ever seen to describe the impressive magnificence of steam-engine railroading. I enjoyed reading it, but that era is gone forever. Not so the "railroads" with their efficient, sleekly streamlined diesel-electric operations which are, and will continue to be, the backbone of our national transportation system. Charles Beaumont need not shed tears or carve tombstones for the industry—he should have seen the American Railway Progress Exposition in Chicago last October and had his faith rejuvenated.

Ernest S. Marsh, President  
The Atchison, Topeka and  
Santa Fe Railway System  
Chicago, Illinois

It is incredible to think that a whole generation of boys are growing up who have never lain in their beds of a soft summer's night, listening to the far-off lonesome sob of a steam locomotive, and

never will. Charles Beaumont's article evoked all of the bittersweetness of a half-remembered love affair that can never die. As he says, we all simply assumed the great romance of the railroad to be a part of the timeless, natural order of things, like *The Lone Ranger*, from WXYZ, Detroit.

Stanley J. Mann  
Woodbridge, New Jersey

#### LOVE LOST

For those in search of Satisfied Love [*Playboy After Hours*, October 1963], looking on page 1415 of the Manhattan Telephone Directory will be of no avail. However, page 1433 of the directory lists Satisfied Love under the number UN 5-0755. Unfortunately, several other seekers must have discovered your error before I did, for the line has been busy all day. Oh well, I guess I'll sit back and enjoy the rest of *PLAYBOY* while Satisfied Love enjoys her new-found popularity.

Wayne Poopsie  
Great Neck, New York

*Wayne Poopsie?!*

#### DROPPING A LINE

*Cliché Safari* in the October issue was refreshing, but the authors neglected to portray that most exciting and dangerous of undertakings — making a scene.

Marty Ambrose  
Detroit, Michigan

#### LOVE, DEATH, HUBBY

Congratulations to the September *PLAYBOY* and William Iversen for a piece I've long wanted to write myself. Ask any little girl what she wants to be when she grows up. She says: "A mommy." Does she say: "A wife"? Of course not; her daddy is a joke. However, if she answers: "A movie star," both her mommy and daddy are jokes, and I like her.

Rona Jaffe  
New York, New York

*And we like this comment from authoress Jaffe of "The Best of Everything" fame.*

Until I read *Love, Death and the Hubby Image*, I had thought that perhaps I was alone in resenting the implications of the insistent insurance men that I was — along with my husband — unthinking, foolish and irresponsible. Because, you see, I think that purchasing a great amount of life insurance is rather a selfish — and foolish — way of spending money. Why should the husband work to earn the money which will become useful only when he is no longer able to enjoy it? Why not enjoy life together now and let the wife accept the responsibilities of supporting the family at some time? After all, the husband

## "What's the name of the finest



## tasting Puerto Rican rum for



## holiday drinks?"



Great reserves of light, dry mountain rums give Merito an unmatched delicacy and dryness. This holiday, serve Merito and, quite simply, you'll be serving the best.

**merito**  
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"Just a subtle reminder,  
friend... customers want  
Angostura in Manhattans!"

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**Drinkable but  
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has been carrying those responsibilities long enough—must he continue to do so even after death?

I suppose that my position is different from that of many women, for I have no doubt of being able to earn a good living for my two children and myself if I had to. Circumstances are different elsewhere, of course, where the wife is unprepared for a good-paying and stimulating job. But are circumstances so universally different that our entire society must accept the belief that supporting a family is the responsibility of a husband, both before and after his death, sublimating any of his "irresponsible" desires so that the family and the children can enjoy much-publicized "togetherness"? I think not. Before any man is a husband or a father, he is himself—a person.

Mrs. Harry Charles  
San Diego, California

I was so incensed by *Love, Death and the Hubby Image* that I could hardly digest the words, but despite my poor assimilation of your big masculine-oriented message, I feel I must speak my piece. As an aged woman of 48 and a grandmother four times over, I am quite far-removed from the subject of your article. But I remember the early days with a vivid clarity that colors my thinking to such an extent that whenever I see a married couple enjoying themselves in a friendly, companionable manner, I think they must be putting on a really big show.

Women do not marry because they are fed up with the rat race—those that do are shortly able to learn all about rats firsthand. As for escaping routine, dear sirs, have you ever made up the bed you have to lie in 365 days a year for 25 years? That's routine. Be your own boss? No time clock? Well, who do you think is boss, and who better knows it, when he says, "Coming to bed now?"

As for me, past the child-rearing years, I am finally allowed the privilege of being a rosy-late-for-the-bus-road-runner. And I have run away from the house and the man and I can run away from you, too, I can, I can, I can.

"Gingerbread Lady"  
Washington, D. C.

It is very hard to understand what's so belittling to a man about doing some household chores. It's patently obvious to the most casual observer that when my husband was a free, happy, heroic bachelor, somebody cooked his meals, and somebody did his dishes, and somebody washed his floors, and somebody took care of his laundry—and that in fact it was all done by the dear boy himself. Now I ask you, was he degraded, was he persecuted, was he castrated because he had to do these nasty feminine

chores? Hell, no. He was competent. Today, he doesn't have to be good at every household skill, but because we both work all day, he does do his share (like the 87 percent you quoted). Why not? Why should either marriage partner be totally the drudge of the other one? It is a pity that the pressures of the big world tend to kill off a lot of men too soon, but I wish Mr. Iversen wouldn't try to blame that on demanding, perverse wives. The desire to succeed is hardly limited to married men—in fact, it's hardly limited to men, I say.

Come to think of it, the article was so gallingly resentful that, although perceptive and well-constructed, it was rather out of proportion. It reminded me of an equally impassioned work: Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex*.

Cynthia Kolb Whitney  
Arlington, Massachusetts

Congratulations to Bill Iversen. The only complaint I have is that it hasn't been published in any so-called women's magazines! By the way, where is the 13 percent of non-hubby-daddy-servants hiding? I'd like to put in an order.

Natalie Ketchum  
Denver, Colorado

In reading *Love, Death and the Hubby Image* by William Iversen in the September PLAYBOY, we couldn't help but notice the addition of a new adjective to the English language—"square-as-all-Cleveland." We have come to the conclusion that this clever, 20-letter, triple-hyphenated word fills a conspicuous gap in the descriptive terms of our language. The word obviously has a great future as a modifier for a whole spectrum of household appliances, 75-cent magazines, and dismal articles with 6-word titles.

Robert R. Zappala, Arnold Sobol  
Case Institute of Technology  
Cleveland, Ohio

#### SWIFT REPLIES

Your Tom Dirties [*Playboy After Hours*, October 1963] were extremely clever and quite enjoyable. May I add: "I'm fascinated by prostitutes," said Tom tartly.

Harvey Glassman  
New York, New York

"I never wear falsies," she said flatly.  
Hammett Murphy  
Knoxville, Tennessee

"All my friendth are out of town thith weekend," said Tom fruitlessly.

John R. March  
Boise, Idaho

And may we add: "It doesn't look like I fared too well on my Wassermann," said Tom positively.





6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS, INC., DETROIT, MICH. 66.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

Your choice of gift wraps at no extra cost.

## 4 wonderful ways to say "Merry Christmas"



## ...and a fifth for you

By this time you've probably found out that everyone (well-1-1, *practically* everyone) would be simply delighted to get Canadian Club for Christmas.

That shouldn't surprise you. After all, Canadian Club is the world's most wanted gift whisky. So why not give your favorite people what they want? Canadian Club comes lavishly gift-wrapped in rich foil, sprightly ribbons and hand-tied bows.

And, while you're buying Canadian Club for your friends, don't forget to pick up an extra bottle and wish *yourself* a happy holiday, too. With discriminating taste like yours, you certainly deserve Canadian Club!



*Canadian Club*

## For 171 Christmases, the cologne from Cologne has been a most welcome gift.

The first Christmas we remember at The House of 4711 was back in 1792. Thinking back, it's remarkable the way things have changed since then.

Still, some things haven't changed a whit. Even in 171 years.

For example, 4711 Cologne's original secret formula (the gift of a Carthusian monk to his friend Our Founder) has been stubbornly kept intact. Unchanged. Uniquely untampered-with.

(A refreshingly stuffy state of things in this day and age of New! Now! Revolutionary! Improved!)

So 4711 is still a refreshant cologne, not a perfumed cologne. Which means (fortunately for The House of 4711) that it may be used both by men and women.

To cite a few examples:

Men like 4711 as a bracer after shaving. Women, as a lightly fragrant freshener, one which won't interfere with a perfume or perfumed cologne.

Both like it after a bath or shower, or as a brisk freshener now and again through the day.

But The House of 4711 doesn't stop at 4711 Cologne; oh no.

There's also 4711 perfumes, 4711 perfumed colognes, 4711 bath crystals, 4711 soaps, and 4711 so on. (We might especially recommend 4711 Tosca Perfumed Cologne.)

Any of the many 4711 products makes an unusually welcome gift, especially when done up in a 4711 holiday gift set. The sort of gift which you in particular should either give, or receive.

Now then. Have you been very good this year? Will Santa Claus bring you a little something from The House of 4711 for Christmas? Ho, ho, ho.



The House of 4711

## PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



For those of you who dug our puppet pictorial revamping of *A Visit from St. Nicholas* in last month's issue, we've decided to subject Santa to yet another affectionate roasting on his way down the chimney. This time we've rewritten the original as a return to the old days when language was an ornament as well as a tool. Gentlemen, herewith a properly sesquipedalian rendering of *St. Nick* for your delectation.

'Twas the nocturnal segment of the diurnal period preceding the annual yuletide celebration, and throughout our place of residence, kinetic activity was not in evidence among the possessors of this potential, including that species of domestic rodent known as *Mus musculus*. Hosiery was meticulously suspended from the forward edge of the wood-burning caloric apparatus, pursuant to our anticipatory pleasure regarding an imminent visitation from an eccentric philanthropist among whose folkloric appellations is the honorific title of St. Nicholas.

The prepubescent siblings, comfortably ensconced in their respective accommodations of repose, were experiencing subconscious visual hallucinations of variegated fruit confections moving rhythmically through their cerebrums. My conjugal partner and I, attired in our nocturnal head coverings, were about to take slumbrous advantage of the hibernal darkness when upon the avenaceous exterior portion of the grounds there ascended such a cacaphony of dissonance that I felt compelled to arise with alacrity from my place of repose for the purpose of ascertaining the precise source thereof.

Hastening to the casement, I forthwith opened the barriers sealing this fenestration, noting thereupon that the lunar brilliance without, reflected as it was on the surface of a recent crystalline

precipitation, might be said to rival that of the solar meridian itself—thus permitting my incredulous optical sensory organs to behold a miniature airborne runnered conveyance drawn by eight diminutive specimens of the genus *Rangifer*, piloted by a minuscule, aged chauffeur so ebullient and nimble that it became instantly apparent to me that he was indeed our anticipated caller. With his ungulate motive power traveling at what may possibly have been more vertiginous velocity than patriotic alar predators, he vociferated loudly, expelled breath musically through contracted labia, and addressed each of the octet by his or her respective cognomen—"Now Dasher, now Dancer . . ." et al.—guiding them to the uppermost exterior level of our abode, through which structure I could readily distinguish the concatenations of each of the 32 cloven pedal extremities.

As I retracted my cranium from its erstwhile location, and was performing a 180-degree pivot, our distinguished visitant achieved—with utmost celerity and via a downward leap—entry by way of the smoke passage. He was clad entirely in animal pelts soiled by the ebon residue from oxidations of carboniferous fuels which had accumulated on the walls thereof. His resemblance to a street vendor I attributed largely to the plethora of assorted playthings which he bore dorsally in a commodious cloth receptacle.

His orbs were scintillant with reflected luminosity, while his submaxillary dermal indentations gave every evidence of engaging amiability. The capillaries of his malar regions and nasal appurtenance were engorged with blood which suffused the subcutaneous layers, the former approximating the coloration of Albion's floral emblem, the latter that of the

*Prunus avium*, or sweet cherry. His amusing sub- and supralabials resembled nothing so much as a common loop knot, and their ambient hirsute facial adornment appeared like small, tabular and columnar crystals of frozen water.

Clenched firmly between his incisors was a smokingpiece whose gray fumes, forming a tenuous ellipse about his occiput, were suggestive of a decorative seasonal circlet of holly. His visage was wider than it was high, and when he waxed audibly mirthful, his corpulent abdominal region undulated in the manner of impectinated fruit syrup in a hemispherical container. He was, in short, neither more nor less than an obese, jocund, multigenarian gnome, the optical perception of whom rendered me risibly frolicsome despite every effort to refrain from so being. By rapidly lowering and then elevating one eyelid and rotating his head slightly to one side, he indicated that trepidation on my part was groundless.

Without utterance and with dispatch, he commenced filling the afore-mentioned appended hosiery with various of the afore-mentioned articles of merchandise extracted from his afore-mentioned previously dorsally transported cloth receptacle. Upon completion of this task, he executed an abrupt about-face, placed a single manual digit in lateral juxtaposition to his olfactory organ, inclined his cranium forward in a gesture of leave-taking, and forthwith effected his egress by renegotiating (in reverse) the smoke passage. He then propelled himself in a short vector onto his conveyance, directed a musical expulsion of air through his contracted oral sphincter to the antlered quadrupeds of burden, and proceeded to soar aloft in a movement hitherto observable chiefly among the

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THING BETWEEN ME AND  
THE SALT WERE  
GOODYEAR TIRES."**





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### A CAR OR A COFFIN

"Take it from me, when I started building my racer, The Spirit of America, I didn't know if I was building a car or a coffin. At speeds I was thinking of going, there was a good chance my trip to the Salt Flats would be one-way. But I was just determined enough not to think about it too much.

"It was three years ago, in Costa Mesa, California, when the work really began. I had saved a few dollars so I bought a war surplus J-47 engine. I moved it into my garage.

### IT TAKES CASH TO BUILD A RACER

"To build a Bonneville racer it takes money. Lots of it. You can know all there is about cars, design and engineering . . . but the real problem is money.

"Every nut and bolt must be paid for. And to cut corners on a racer is like cutting your own throat.

"So I contacted several large corporations I thought would be interested in my project. I had drawings of the Spirit plus a model. I also had a detailed flip-chart to present the facts as clearly as possible. Guess I sounded a little naive to some of the executives. Here I was, twenty-three years old with a dream to drive a car over four hundred miles an hour . . . and I was asking them to invest a lot of money.

### GOODYEAR AND SHELL COME THROUGH

"Finally, after traveling over half the country, two breaks came. First, Shell Oil Company decided to help me. Then Goodyear said they would make the tires!

"Tires to a racer are like feet to a runner. Without them, you just sit there. Goodyear knew tires better than anyone in the business . . . and best of all, they knew Bonneville racing. In 1960 Mickey Thompson was driving on Goodyear tires when he pushed his Challenger I to the fastest one-way speed ever recorded on the salt until now.

"But I needed more than just tires. Let me explain. The jet car I was building would, I hoped, move across the flats at speeds two or three times faster than anything at Daytona or Indianapolis. Also, my car would weigh more than 3 tons. With that weight at those speeds, each pound of tire would have to take about 12,000 pounds of centrifugal force. A tire failure under those conditions could scatter me and my car over half the state of Utah.

### THE FASTEST TIRES ON EARTH

"The Goodyear engineers were great. They threw themselves into the project like men possessed. Meanwhile the Spirit was starting to take shape.

"In the summer of 1962 we took the car to the Salt. I was the happiest guy in the world.

"The trip was a complete failure. The car would not steer properly. The fastest man on wheels was still John Cobb, of England. His two-way average speed of 394.2 mph was still the world record.

"So we took it back to the garage for a long winter of changes and checks. Even the tires, perfect as they were, went back to Goodyear for more testing. Goodyear has a high-speed dynamometer. With this machine they ran my tires at more than 600 mph—fastest speed any land tires have traveled. Not one failed. Plenty safe for me.



### SHOWDOWN ON THE SALT

"August of 1963 found us up on the Salt again. This time the car was performing like a jewel. Then on the morning of August 5th, at 7:15 a.m. to be exact, I sat in the Spirit at the far end of the long black line that marks the 10-mile course. The wind was right. The official timers were in place. The car checked out. This was the precise moment that all my work and plans and dreams had led me to. I pushed the throttle forward. Moments later my drag chute popped. I had gone through the measured mile at 388.49 mph. We turned the car around and, again, I followed the black line to its end. Before I knew what had happened there were people swarming all over the car. My crew was yelling and shouting. I had made the second run at 428.37 mph. An average of 407.45 mph. A win.

"It's all over now. And looking back I know I have many people to thank. Goodyear for being there when I needed them. For the tires only they could build . . . so perfect . . . so right . . . that I never thought about them . . . or worried about them, even at top speeds. Which is how it should be with tires. And it's exactly how it is with Goodyear tires."



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**Norelco**

seed-bearing portions of a common weed. But I overheard his parting exclamation, audible immediately prior to his vehiculation beyond the limits of visibility: "Ecstatic yuletide to the planetary constituency, and to that sellsame assemblage, my sincerest wishes for a salubriously beneficial and gratifyingly pleasurable period between sunset and dawn."

Beat-the-system players may take heart from the recent ruling of a Federal judge in Milwaukee, who decided that a person found guilty of embezzlement need not pay income tax on the money he stole.

Jessica (*The American Way of Death*) Mitford dropped by to say hello the other day and brought us a present: a pretty coloring book, on the cover of which is a picture of a little boy and a little girl, hand in hand, entering a huge wrought-iron gate. We glanced at the title, all in caps—FOREST LAWN COLORING BOOK—and smiled wanly, being no little used up on coloring-book gags and dubious sick jokes, and deeming this to be a rather elaborate combination of the two. But we were wrong, Miss Mitford pointed out. This is a straight, no-joke job, published by the Forest Lawn Memorial-Park Association, featuring 29 scenes from "Forest Lawn Treasures" and designed, presumably, to make the wee tads on the cover feel dandy about death. The only thing missing is directions for use, which we'll supply: Color it tasteless, color it black.

Police were mystified, reports the Kalamazoo, Michigan, *Gazette*, when the drivers of two cars involved in a head-on collision stepped quickly from their autos and fled the scene on foot—until it was discovered that both cars were stolen.

*Bah, Humbug Department:* A San Francisco friend of ours swears he witnessed the following street scene during the downtown holiday rush. We quote from his note, scribbled on a greeting card: "Vendor hawking windup Santa Claus dolls on corner. Half a dozen running around on sidewalk. Man asks, 'How much?' Vendor says, 'Fifty cents.' Man hands him one dollar. Stomps heavily on two of scurrying Santas. Parts fly. Man smiles contentedly, walks off into dusk."

### BOOKS

In need of a quick but careful gift for a friend you respect? You can't beat a book—with this one caution: Make sure you know the dimensions of your friend's

mind. This knowledge and a full-fledged bookshop (shun all-purpose emporiums) will do the job. The season is rich in rich volumes that will bring long-run cheer to your bibliophilic buddies and bunnies. Here are a few:

*Discovery of Painting* (Viking, \$25) is the most sumptuous primer on art appreciation we've seen in a long while. One need not agree with all of French art curator René Berger's notions of what makes a great painting great to take pleasure in the hundreds of excellent gravure illustrations and hand-tipped plates which he uses to demonstrate his points, and in the elegant design of the book as a whole.

Lovers of the City of Light will find a literary and pictorial picnic in *A Vision of Paris* (Macmillan, \$19.95). Editor Arthur D. Trottenberg had the excellent idea of juxtaposing the incomparable prose of Marcel Proust with the sepia-toned plates of brilliant turn-of-the-century photographer Jean Eugène-Auguste Atget. The result: an evocative re-creation of lovely things past.

For sprightly profiles of 2350 quotable notables to enliven somebody's reference shelf, try a fresh updating of *Celebrity Register* (Harper & Row, \$25). Editor Cleveland Amory and staff come off more like gossips than biographers, but there's a fair amount of wit (Caldwell, Erskine, is reported to have "the imagination of the big bawd wolf") and refreshingly little bowing and scraping.

The mysteries of a 1959 *Niersteiner Unterer Rehbach Riesling Feine Spätlese Kabinett* and everything else having to do with the vine of the Rhine and environs are uncorked in *The Great Wines of Germany* (McGraw-Hill, \$9.95). It's guaranteed to quench all thirst for knowledge, and may inspire a thirst for the real thing—as the promotion-minded authors, André L. Simon and S. F. Hallgarten, doubtless intended.

A host of insights into the minds of five centuries of artists, from Lorenzo Ghiberti of Florence to Jackson Pollock of Long Island, are available in two handsomely boxed volumes of *Letters of the Great Artists* (Random House, \$15), edited by Richard Friedenthal. Over 300 documents accompanied by a like number of illustrations do not solve the mystery of creativity, but they do demonstrate that the basic concerns of the artist have remained much the same since the Early Renaissance—method, money and mistresses.

*The Book of American Skiing* (Lippincott, \$17.50) is a picturesque treatment of the most picturesque of sports. With the assistance of more than 300 photographs, author Ezra Bowen traces the techniques, surveys the slopes and profiles the personalities that make skiing what it is in this country. He even includes recipes

for *Glühwein*, hot buttered rum and cheese fondue.

In *A Life in Photography* (Doubleday, \$19.50), Edward Steichen uses a few thousand words and 234 photographs to trace his long career as a master taker of pictures. If there is still any doubt as to the quality or nature of his genius, it will be set to rest by the brilliant array of portraits included here, notably of showbiz notables, which he made in the 1920s and 1930s.

*The Bedside Playboy* (Playboy Press, \$5.95) is a 500-page, nugget-filled tome mined from the pages of *PLAYBOY*. Among our old friends revisited, you'll find Ray Russell, Charles Beaumont, Ray Bradbury, Frederic Brown, Arthur C. Clarke, Ken W. Purdy, Larry Siegel, William Iversen, Herbert Gold, Ben Hecht, Jules Feiffer and Shel Silverstein, ad infinitum, ad encomium. Spiced by Party Jokes and Ribald Classics, and sprinkled liberally with cartoons, *The Bedside Playboy* offers the perfect light touch before lights out.

A trio of entertaining and instructive books make fine Christmas fare for the autophile. Most sumptuous is *The Motor Car/An Illustrated History* (London House & Maxwell, \$14.95), by Gianni Marin and Andrea Mattei. The reader is transported by words and pictures from Cugnot's Steam Wagon of 1770 to Donald Campbell's ill-fated Bluebird of 1960; it proves a fascinating journey. *A History of the World's Classic Cars* (Harper & Row, \$7.95), by Richard Hough and Michael Frostick, is more limited in scope, confining itself to the golden ages of the automobile in England, France and Belgium, Germany and Austria, Italy and the U. S. A. The black-and-white-offset reproduction of photos and old advertisements leaves something to be desired, but the profusion of handsome machines compensates for the deficiencies. J. D. Scheel's *Cars of the World in Color* (Dutton, \$5.95), translated from the Danish by D. Cook-Radmore, is crammed from cover to cover with reproductions (some almost postage-stamp size) of hundreds of automobile paintings by Verner Hancke. What the artwork lacks in finesse it makes up in volume. It is an ideal book for automotive browsing; where else could one find a two-page spread containing illustrations and information on two Cisitalia's, a Diatto, three Isotta-Fraschinis and a 1906 Itala?

Six years ago J. P. Donleavy won admiring readers with the outrageous, breath-taking humor of his first novel, *The Ginger Man*. Donleavy's second novel, *A Singular Man* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6), is the same sort of fragmented, picaresque comedy, but it is even funnier. It tells of some months in the life of George Smith, a shady



## Who put the King in Nat King Cole?

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New York businessman in his thirties. Smith is separated from his predatory wife and their four children, who bleed him for money; he is haunted by a disintegrating former schoolmate named Cedric Calvin Bonniface Clementine; he is stricken with love for an elusive and capricious blonde model who needs more money than he has; he is hounded by anonymous enemies, surrealistically present everywhere, who shadow and threaten him. His only rock of stability in all this is the air-conditioned luxury tomb he is having built for himself. The world about him is one of victims and victimizers—desperate, gagging with too much life, trying to claw over one another's backs after money and sex. While Smith is making love to his secretary for the first time, he silently lectures her on the consequences: "Shirl will sue me. Bonniface will make me skip in fear. And you will tell me to do my own typing . . ." And then he joyfully surrenders to the tenderness he knows is only momentary but no less precious for that. His friend Bonniface warns him, "Don't hold the world in distrust. It's nice out here. Provided you have padding for the ribs and protection for the groin." Smith's armor is mediocre, but nevertheless—frantic, worried, hilarious—he does go out into the world again and again. That is what gives an edge of pathos to this work of a screamingly comic imagination.

In his guerrilla warfare against our hypocritical times, Jules Feiffer operates in two areas of combat. In one, he ambushes the external political, economic and social power structures. In the other, he opens internal wounds of loneliness, relationships in which there is no relating, and free-floating anxiety. Feiffer's *Album* (Random House, \$1.95) is concerned primarily with this inner maze. Most of Feiffer's present protagonists, some of whom have already been introduced to PLAYBOY readers, fall prey to their own evasions and to their hollow stratagems to collect love as it was in the murmuring womb—a process shown most provocatively in *The Lonely Machine*, one of three cartoon stories. *The Relationship* is a wordless distillation of that common American shadow play usually called An Intense Love Affair That Didn't Work Out. The illustrated parts of the book also include a remarkably tender and yet softly mocking fable, *Excalibur and the Rose*, which, among other things, is a lesson in self-dislocation as a cure for narcissism. Feiffer's prose pieces, too, have their trenchant moments, but he is at his best when his lines—verbal and visual—intersect. At those times, he is most apt to hit his dying-at-the-center targets dead center.

## RECORDINGS

The following is a Christmas contingent of impressively packaged LP albums to gladden the heart of any audiophile, no matter what his aural predilections.

The most elegant offering for the yule is undoubtedly *Artur Schnabel/Beethoven: The Complete Piano Sonatas on Thirteen Discs* (Angel): the luxurious packaging matches its contents. There is the monumental eight-LP album of Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic in performances of *Beethoven's Nine Symphonies* (Deutsche Grammophon). Issued for the first time is Arturo Toscanini and the Philadelphia Orchestra in a 1941 performance of *Schubert's "Great" Symphony in C Major, No. 9* (Victor). A beautiful portfolio-styled packaging of Mendelssohn's *Incidental Music to a Midsummer Night's Dream* (Victor), played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Erich Leinsdorf, includes a set of Boydell engravings based on the Shakespeare play. Jascha Heifetz and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Fritz Reiner perform *Brahms' Violin Concerto in D* (Victor); along with the recording is a handsomely mounted appraisal of Heifetz by Samuel Chotzinoff. *The Horowitz Collection* (Victor) is a twin delight, featuring a full range of Horowitz performances plus full-color reproductions of the modern-art masterpieces in the pianist's collection. *The Julian Bream Consort/An Evening of Elizabethan Music* (Victor) also combines sights and sounds: accompanying the recording is a booklet rich with reproductions in full color of Elizabethan paintings. *A Treasury of Music of the Renaissance* (Elektra) is performed by the singers and instrumentalists of La Société de Musique D'Autrefois; it spans, on two records, the music of 15th and 16th Century France, Italy and England.

Opera buffs will hosanna Puccini's *Tosca* (Victor) featuring the magnificent voice of Leontyne Price, the Vienna State Opera Chorus, and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Herbert von Karajan. Bach's *Saint Matthew Passion* (Columbia), with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic, is sung in English by the Collegiate Chorale and the Boys' Choir of the Church of the Transfiguration; there is included an additional seven-inch LP of Bernstein discussing the work. In the same vein is the four-LP album of Handel's *Messiah* (Westminster), given a stirring performance by the Vienna Academy Chorus and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under the baton of Hermann Scherchen; featured soloists are Pierrette Alarie, Nan Merriman, Leopold Simoneau and Richard Standen.

For followers of the spoken word,

there are glittering goodies: Edward Albee's acid-dipped Broadway smash, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (Columbia), is acted, on four discs, by the original cast. Paul Scofield gives a definitive performance of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (Caedmon), with Diana Wynyard and Wilfrid Lawson adding to the merits of this four-LP album. *Sir Winston Churchill / First Honorary Citizen of the United States* (Colpix) contains excerpts from the ex-Prime Minister's most famous speeches delivered with the rolling resonance and rich phraseology which were uniquely his.

The jazz fancier has not been neglected by St. Nick: there is on hand *The Ellington Era, Volume One* (Columbia), covering the Duke's orchestral efforts from 1927 through 1940; it is three LPs' worth of jazz history in the making. A three-disk jazz potpourri, *The Greatest Names in Jazz* (Verve), gleaned from that label's consummate catalog, reads (and sounds) like a Who's Who of Jazz. While not issued as one package, the four-LP series *Jazz at Preservation Hall* (Atlantic) should be an *in toto* must for lovers of New Orleans jazz: it encompasses the leading purveyors of an ancient jazz form which refuses (and justifiably so) to die.

As an added attraction, for the folk-niks, we offer *A Treasure Chest of American Folk Song* (Elektra), a lyrical history of the U. S. A., sung by Ed McCurdy, who is accompanied by ex-Weaver Erik Darling. It is a two-disc cornucopia of Americana.

Bill Evans' *Conversations with Myself* (Verve) is an exceptional LP. The pianist has electronically overdubbed himself into a trio—and a trio of Bill Evanses makes the listener thrice blessed. Not merely a technical tour de force, it is a major creative achievement. Among the items Evans turns his six-handed attentions to: *Stella by Starlight*, *'Round Midnight* and *Hey There*.

*Miles Davis/Seven Steps to Heaven* (Columbia) finds Miles dividing his time and the LP between recording dates in New York and Hollywood. The quintet tackled standards on the West Coast and originals in Manhattan. We'll give the nod to Davis & Co.'s West Coast handling of *Basin Street Blues*, *I Fall in Love Too Easily* and *Baby Won't You Please Come Home*, perhaps because Miles' inventive brilliance is more clearly defined against the backdrop of standards.

Their best recording to date, for our money, is *Peter, Paul and Mary/In the Wind* (Warner Bros.). The title is taken from Bob Dylan's moving *Blowin' in the Wind*, which the trio performs evoca-

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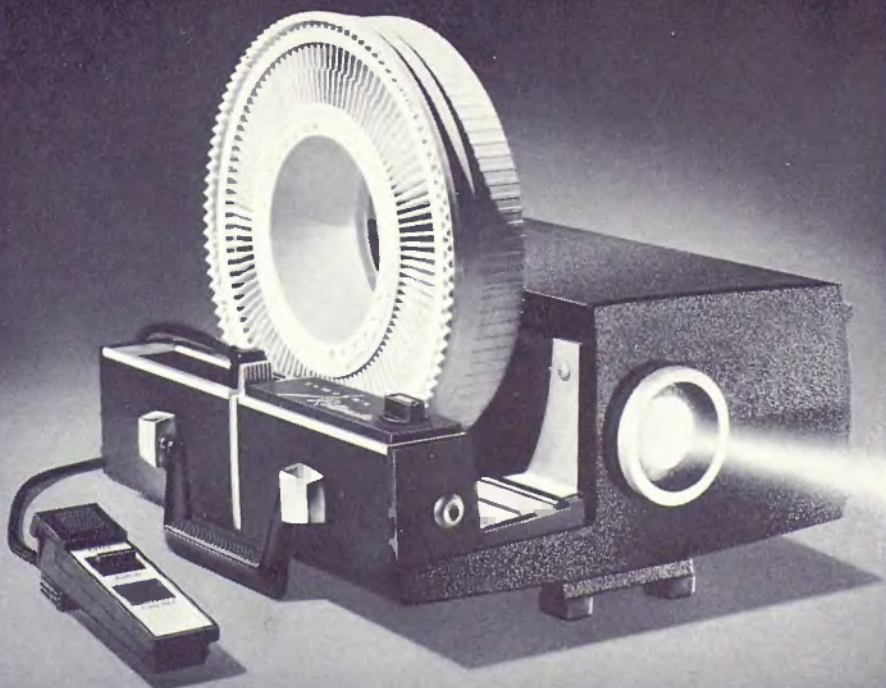
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tively. Three other tunes, all on side one, are equally good — *Very Last Day*, *Long Chain On* and *Rocky Road*. The group is syrup smooth, the material is nonsaccharine. Folk music in a different idiom is offered on *The World of Miriam Makeba* (Victor). The South African songstress conveys her native rhythms and melodies with expression and a voice filled with the exotic nuances of her homeland.

*Take Ten/Paul Desmond* (Victor) finds Dave Brubeck's alto ego off on his own hook, and doing very well, thank you. Aided not inconsiderably by top-drawer guitarist Jim Hall, Desmond dispenses lush tonalities on several themes from that jazz breeding ground, *Black Orpheus*, along with the odd-tempoed title tune and five others. Keeping things on a rhythmic keel are bassist Gene Cherico (replaced by Brubeck man Gene Wright on *Take Ten*) and MJQ drummer Connie Kay. Paul, et al., are consistently compelling.

We give top grades to *Paul Winter Sextet/New Jazz on Campus* (Columbia). Fresh from triumphs overseas as American jazz ambassadors without portfolio, and a White House command performance, the *Winter Wunderkinder* have taken to the college circuit. Here, in concert at the universities of Kansas, Colorado and Kansas City, the group displays a youthful disdain for the musical cliché. Winter's alto and soprano work is augmented by the stellar performances of baritone saxist Jay Cameron and pianist Warren Bernhardt, making for an LP that provides the Winter of our content.

## MOVIES

What happened to the custard pie? It's the only slice of slapstick omitted from *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*, Stanley Kramer's three-and-a-half-hour Technicolor Cinerama comedy. The film is as inflated as its title, but it contains such a wealth of wackiness that no one will be left laughless. The plot has been chosen to provide maximum chances for chases: the "wienie" is a suitcase full of \$350,000 buried 15 years ago by a crook (Jimmy Durante) who zooms off a twisting California road while fleeing from the cops. Before he — figuratively and literally — kicks the bucket (a good sight gag), he mumbles something about the money to some passing motorists, including: harried Milton Berle (who has a harrying mother-in-law, Ethel Merman); truck driver Jonathan Winters; gagwriters Mickey Rooney and Buddy Hackett; dentist Sid Caesar and wife

Eddie Adams. First they're friendly, then they're frenetic as they try to beat one another to the spot in Southern California where the boodle is buried. Spencer Tracy is the detective chief who's having them all tailed by helicopter and patrol car; Phil Silvers and Terry-Thomas also get well into the many acts; and the list of other stars and near stars is lengthy. It all takes place in one delirium-drenched day: smashups, pratfalls, explosions, fights, fires, and a finale atop a fireman's extension ladder that plays crack-the-whip. Comic genius the film lacks, but if you laugh at only 20 percent of the gags, you'll still be busy.

Merry England sends us another meaty movie, a bit merrier than most. *Billy Liar* is comic in its method but cutting in its meaning — the story of a 20-year-old Midlands clerk (Tom Long Distance Runner Courtenay), who can't help fantasticating in conversation and living half his life in his imagination. (When he's caught in a lie, there's a sudden dream flash of him with a tommy gun, spitting bullets at the people who represent the reality he hates.) Because he is so helplessly inventive, Billy gets himself engaged to two girls he doesn't want to marry, gets in a pretty mess with the petty cash in his office, goofs himself into thinking he has a London job as a comic's scriptwriter. A soul-mate girl, who also loathes their itty-bitty life, has the nerve to break loose and light out for London: but at the last minute Billy finks. Alone he trudges back up the street to his parents' house, heading an imaginary dream-country battalion — but we see him sinking into the dreary daily parade in which he is a humdrum major. Steig's *Dreams of Glory* cartoons and Thurber's Walter Mitty are ancestors of Billy; but he is not just a pipe-dream type. He is a savage symbol of youth urged to have dreams by a society that keeps him from fulfilling them. Directing his second film, John (*A Kind of Loving*) Schlesinger has made *Billy Liar* tell the truth.

Scrape off a couple of figurative inches of Hollywood postcard patina and *The Wheeler Dealers* is a pretty sharp comedy, getting in some good hits at Wall Street, Texas and New England. George J. W. Goodman and Ira Wallach, with Goodman's novel as a base, have flung some fresh flings into the screwball formula. James Garner is a Boston-born Yale man, now a wildcat oil prospector in Texas, who has to raise a bankroll in New York; so he dons Stetson, string tie and thataway accent. Lee Remick is a security analyst in a brokerage house; as an excuse to dump her, her boss gives her a dud stock to dump. There's a lack

of security in Arthur Hiller's direction, and the plot moves only when somebody pushes it—but the incidental touches touch it up. Like: Garner is about to get into a cab at Idlewild when a wee old lady slams him in the puss with her handbag, climbs into the cab herself and says, "That'll teach you manners, young man." Or: Three Texas zillionaires in a steam room decide to visit Garner up No'th. One picks up a phone, gives an order, and the steam room *banks*. It's in a plane. Despite some weak scenes, there's a lot of pertinent impertinence dealt out in *The Wheeler Dealers*.

Oedipus, but not very complex, is the basis of *Take Her, She's Mine*, a comedy by Nunnally Johnson, out of Phoebe and Henry Ephron's play, about a father's tribulations with a college-age daughter as he realizes that her activities may now lie outside the chastity belt. In these travels from the temperate to the erogenous zone, James Stewart stewes as the perturbed pa, Sandra Dee is the deep dish, Audrey Meadows is the ma, and Robert Morley makes a much-appreciated appearance as a patient English parent in Paris. Paris? Yes, the daughter's semidelinquencies take her from campus to café, via a young French painter she meets in college. Necessity is the mother of most of this comedy's invention, but Stewart knows how to get all the fire out of good old American ire. Sociologists will note that, as usual, much fun is made of poets, antibomb movements and modern painting; more novel is the fact that one Harvard man on the make affects a J. F. K. accent and appearance. Can you imagine a swain imitating Ike or Harry?

Audrey Hepburn in a picture is plenty. Anything else that's good—script, cast, direction—is just a bonus. In *Charade* there's no bonus of contention: it has a trim, tight performance by Cary Grant; Walter Matthau nasalizes niftily as a CIA'nik; and director Stanley Donen deftly keeps the reels turning. Continental comedy-mystery is the caper. Audrey is the American widow—suddenly—of a Frenchman; equally suddenly, several gentlemen are explaining to her, with guns and knives, that they want the loot which her louse spouse did them out of, and of which she has never heard. For help she leans on Cary, who sort of materializes out of thin debonair, and he guides her through a gavotte of gaiety and guignol, including some roof-top wrestling and a bathtub burial. Peter Stone's plot is light on logic, but it wends its way with crisp cracks, so all's well that wends well.



© Bacardi Imports, Inc., Miami, Fla.  
Rum, 80 proof

## How to tell In Eggnog from the Other Stuff

Some eggnog is in, some is out. An infallible way to tell is to taste it. Another way is to steal a look at the label of the spirits it was made from. If the label says "Bacardi," Brother, it's in.

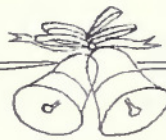
To make it yourself, mix half a bottle of Bacardi with a quart of dairy eggnog mix, sprinkle with nutmeg and *chill*. (By the way, a recipe that's so far out it's back in, is to drink the Bacardi on-the-rocks the night before and have the eggnog mix for breakfast. First-rate.)

In any case, have a *huge* party. If it uses up enough Bacardi, *we're* in. Show us you have the Christmas spirit!

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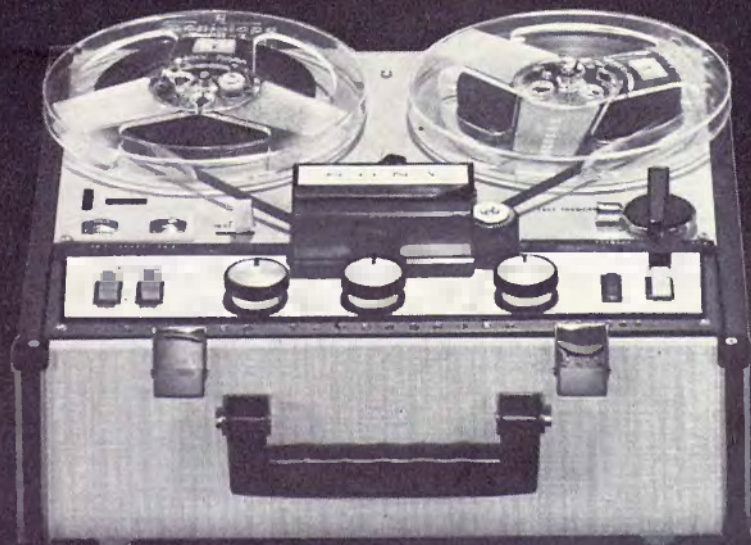
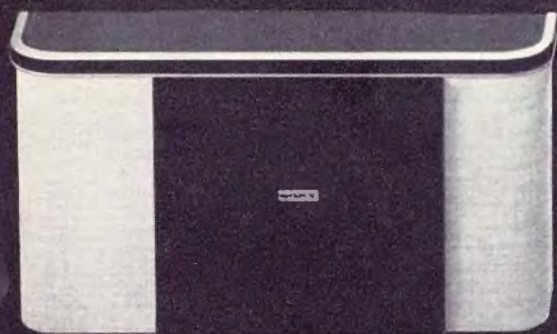
  
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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**A**s a result of frequent and, at first, innocent visits, I have become amorously involved with a friend. Because of me she now seeks a divorce. Her husband agrees to this and has expressed a desire to have custody of our eight-month-old daughter. This is, I think, mutually satisfactory, but I wish you'd advise us on how to overcome the obvious social barriers. — W. C., Boston, Massachusetts.

*The same way you've overcome them thus far — with your eyes shut and your mind out of gear. You say that because of you, your friend seeks a divorce. But since she's so willing to abandon your child, we suspect that the most important person in her life is none other than the lady herself. The courts, of course, will decide who gets custody of the child. But you seem destined to get custody of her husband's shoes. You may find that they pinch.*

**I** have a drinking problem, but it's not quite what you'd imagine. I have lunch with my boss fairly frequently and he happens to be a three- or four-martini man who equates an ability to hold one's liquor with manliness, business success, aggressiveness, etc. The catch is that one pre-lunch cocktail dulls my faculties to the point where it's about all I can do to get through the rest of the workday without making an ass of myself. I have a feeling that if I spill it to my boss that I'm better off doing without, he's going to mark me no good, but I still hate to act muddleheaded in the afternoon. Any solution to my dilemma will be appreciated.—D. K., Houston, Texas.

*Honesty, to coin a cliché, may be the best policy in this case. As tactfully as possible, explain to your boss that he has his choice — he can have a drinking partner and a half-day executive or he can accept your alcoholic allergy and have your clearheaded services on tap for a full workday.*

**I**s it acceptable to offer a guest a pipe from your own rack for an after-dinner smoke? Is it acceptable to ask to borrow one? — J. O., Heidelberg, Germany.

*Pipes, like toothbrushes, are neither borrowed nor lent. Back in the old days the proper host kept a supply of clay pipes on hand for his guests, to be used once and then thrown away. These are still obtainable, and, as a host, you can offer them. As a guest, it's never proper to request a pipe. If you don't bring your own favorite briar when you step out to dinner, you'll have to settle for a postprandial cigar or cigarette.*

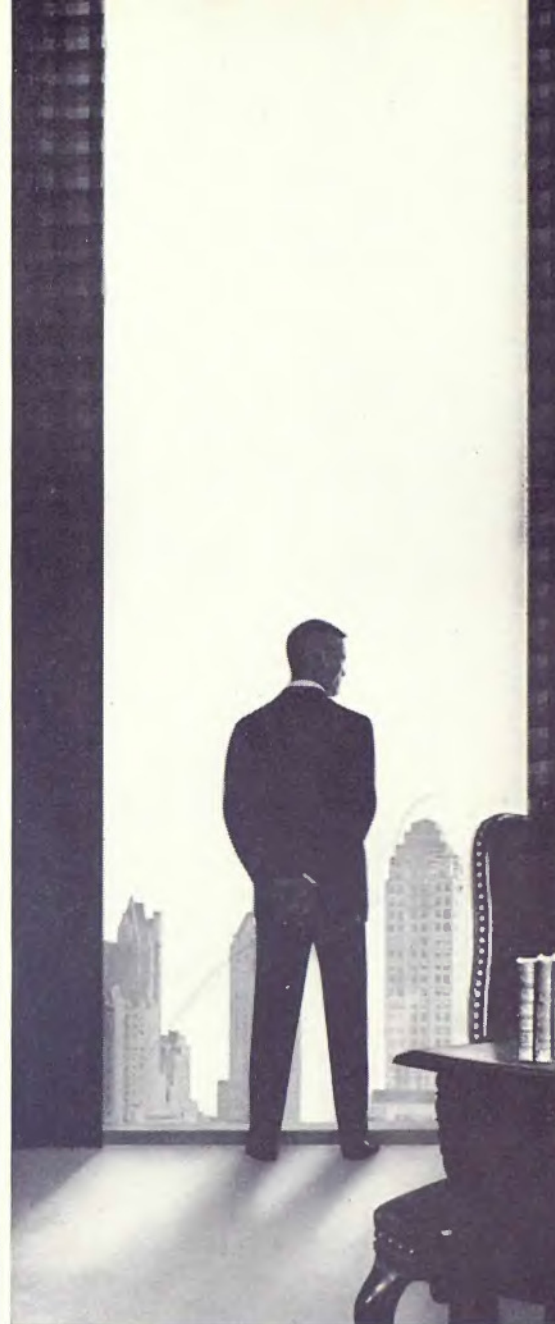
**W**hat exactly is the difference between a raglan coat and a balmacaan coat if there is any difference at all? — V. W., Washington, D. C.

*Raglan refers specifically to a sleeve that extends upward to the neckline of a garment (which could be a sweater, jacket or shirt, as well as a coat); it forms a slanting seamline running from the underarm to the neck. A balmacaan, however, is a type of coat — loose, flaring, and made of rough woolen fabric — identifiable by its small round collar and raglan sleeves.*

**H**appily, I've got a nest egg tucked away that I'd like to hatch into something profitable by investing in the stock market. I'm pretty much of a tyro and I'm not quite sure how one goes about choosing a broker. Of course, I could use someone a friend recommends, but is there a more scientific approach than that? — R. Y., Detroit, Michigan.

*There are assorted ground rules to help you line up a good broker, and acting on a friend's recommendation is among them — providing, of course, that the friend has a history of successful investment. A good broker should be ready, willing and able to supply factual information, to obtain opinions from his firm's analysts, to offer sound advice on basic investment procedures and, on request, on the buying and selling of specific issues; when orders are placed, he should be able to execute them promptly and efficiently. Of prime concern should be whether your man's firm operates exclusively as a broker, or is diversified into a number of areas — as a dealer, underwriter, commodities trader, etc. It is important, also, to know your man's background and previous experience, and the number of accounts he is handling for his firm; you want him to be able to have enough time to service your account properly. It would be wise, also, to find out what shaves your broker personally owns; it might influence his recommendations. Ask for the firm's financial statement and samples of recommendations it has made in recent months. Then, even though you have major sums to invest, try your man out on a modest order. If the test run turns out satisfactorily, then you can have him handle your complete portfolio with confidence.*

*In the light of the substantial sums that are often involved, it's amazing how many people give less thought to their choice of broker than they would in choosing an accountant to handle their tax returns.*



## THAT MAN

He has the will and where-withal to do as he pleases. When he talks, men unconsciously hunch forward to listen. When he looks at a woman, she feels *all* woman. You may admire him; resent him. But no one can be indifferent to him.

*His cologne and personal grooming accessories are 'That Man' by Revlon. A lusty tang of lemon, tabac and amber... as different from others as That Man is from the run of men.*



**H**ow many gallons are there in a wine cask? — G. D., Wilmington, Delaware.

*Casks vary widely in size and don't have a standard capacity. Their capacities can range from the approximate 127 gallons of a South African leaguer and the 115 gallons of a cask called a port pipe to the 1½ gallons of one called a pin.*

**T**he girl I go with has a problem. She can't get interested in sex until after she's roared up and down the highway for an hour at the wheel of my car (or hers) at speeds in excess of 100 mph. I say she should become aroused in a more normal fashion (even the swankiest dine-and-drink date leaves her cold if it's not capped with one of these joy rides), but she says fast driving is kicksville for her. I am especially concerned because she is not a very good driver, though she has yet to have a wreck. — C. L., Brockton, Massachusetts.

*Kicksville? That's more like grim-reapersville. Unless she gets some psychiatric help in a hurry, you're both heading for trouble. Until she's straightened out, let her hurt you in the driver's seat.*

**I** remember some time ago in your columns you put forth a tongue-in-cheek recipe for Flaming Roc Egg in response to a reader's request for something exotic in the way of an egg dish. Seriously, though, what do you have in the way of a meat recipe that is both wildly exotic and yet within the realm of possibility? — S. N., Chicago, Illinois.

*How about trying this one on for size on your front burner? We're indebted to that master gastronome Alexandre Dumas and his "Dictionary of Cuisine" for the following:*

#### ELEPHANT'S FOOT

*Take one or more feet of young elephant, skin them, and bone them after soaking in warm water for 4 hours. Cut them into 4 pieces lengthwise and once across. Parboil for 15 minutes. Dip in fresh water and dry with a cloth.*

*On the bottom of a heavy pot with a tight lid put 2 slices of Bayonne ham, then your pieces of elephant foot, then 4 onions, a head of garlic, some Indian aromatic spices, ½ bottle of madeira and 3 ladlefuls of bouillon. Cover tightly and simmer for 10 hours. Remove the fat. Add 1 glass of port and 50 little green pimientos blanched in boiling water to preserve their color.*

*The sauce should be well flavored and very sharp.*

**I** work in the purchasing department of a rather large corporation. Although my salary is fairly modest, I do have a position of responsibility, one in which I am called upon to recommend the awarding of a great deal of the company's business to outside contractors. Which brings me to my problem. The other day the vice-president of one of the contracting firms dropped by my office, inquired about a big contract his outfit was interested in landing, and then, after some verbal fencing back and forth, suggested (circumspectly, I must admit) that if his firm was awarded the contract, on which he felt his company had made an attractive bid (it had) and was well qualified to handle (it was), he'd let me in on a stock deal that would make me a lot of money on a small investment. I think my ethical standards are as high as the next man's, and I would no more take a business bribe than steal, but this seems to fall into a gray area which isn't covered by my personal code. First, as I said before, I'm sure the man's company will do a good job and the bid is a very reasonable one; in fact, I had already decided to recommend that they be awarded the contract before the V.P.'s recent visit. Second, could the man's offer really be construed as a bribe? There is no payoff involved; merely a tip on what he says is a sure thing. I'd love to make a stock killing but will I be compromising myself if I do? — K. M., Detroit, Michigan.

*You certainly will. No amount of rationalizing will change the fact that the V.P.'s siren song was strictly "Here Comes the Bribe." Tell the man to forget the stock tip: if his company deserves the contract on its own merit, by all means go ahead with your recommendation.*

**A** friend of mine is getting married next month and I want to know if there is such a thing as a shower for a guy? If so, what sort would be the best to give? — A. Y., New Orleans, Louisiana.

*Sorry. If by "shower" you mean a party-cum-gifts similar to those for the bride-to-be, the answer is definitely no. There's nothing to prevent you from throwing a prenuptial blast for your friend, however.*

**M**y girl insists I keep my eyes closed during any serious kissing. I see nothing wrong in going into things with my eyes wide open. Who's correct? — R. J., Waukegan, New York.

*To look or not to look is purely a matter of personal taste. However, when your partner adamantly insists that you assume any particular attitude, chances are it bespeaks something amiss in her own. If it's just a whim, why not humor her? Or perhaps she'll settle for one eye?*

**I**'m going to be in Europe for the months of May and June. I'm an auto-racing buff, so I was wondering what major auto events I might be able to take in while I'm over there. — S. M., Washington, D.C.

*You couldn't have picked a better time for auto racing; the calendar is crowded with premier competition. First, there's the Grand Prix de Monaco on May 10th, then the German Grand Prix at the Nürburgring on the 24th, followed by the Grand Prix of Holland at Zandvoort on the 31st; June 14th, there's the Belgian Grand Prix at Spa, the 20th and 21st is Le Mans, and the Grand Prix of France will be held at Reims on the 28th. All in all, spectacular race spectating.*

**P**lease clear the air; I've heard AM-FM tuners called both stereo and multiplex. Is there any difference between the two? — R. N., Des Moines, Iowa.

*There is a fine distinction. The technical means of transmitting FM stereo — that is, the broadcasting of two or more signals on the same carrier frequency — is known as multiplexing.*

**R**ecently I began dating a lovely 22-year-old whose family came to this country only 10 years ago. Things were going fine until her brother stepped into the picture. He told me that if I didn't plan to marry his sister, I should stop seeing her. He added that if I didn't follow this advice he'd break my legs. He has 80 pounds on me and I believe him. How can I avoid both marriage and fractures — and keep seeing this girl, who would like me to continue dating her? — L. T., Oakland, California.

*Since the sister is on your side, have her explain to Big Brother that in America marriages are not arranged, but grow from mutual interests which can only be uncovered through dating. Presumably he's been here long enough to realize that women rate free and equal treatment, and the sister may be able to get across the idea that she's old enough to make her own decisions. She might also point out that his menacing attitude will only jeopardize her prospects, by driving off or crippling all potential suitors. If this doesn't work, you can either exit laughing or begin stockpiling crutches.*

*All reasonable questions — from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette — will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*





# Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 42

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DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES

SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY  
ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

JANUARY 1964

## LAST CHANCE FOR PLAYBOY'S TRIPLE GIFT

### Christmas Special Includes Club Key, Champagne, Party Photo for Price of Key Alone

CHICAGO (Special)—This is your final opportunity to order The Playboy Club's unique Christmas Triple Gift! You can let friends, relatives and business associates enjoy the wonderful world of Playboy beginning with the holiday season and for countless days

and nights afterward, but you *must act now*, for this offer cannot be made again. Orders placed by December 20 will be promptly filled and dispatched.

Here's what each lucky man will receive when you extend the Playboy spirit this Christmas:  
**1. His personal Playboy Club key.** This coveted silver symbol of the good life will admit him to every Playboy Club anywhere in the world. As new Playboy Clubs are opened (six Clubs are open now and several premieres are planned within the next few months), his key will provide entree to each. The key thus grows in value, gives more and more pleasure as each year passes, constantly recalls your thoughtfulness.

**2. A bottle of fine champagne.** Upon his first visit to The Playboy Club a beautiful Bunny will bring a bottle of Playboy's champagne to your friend's table, *with your compliments.* He'll start his membership in the proper party atmosphere, with a sparkling reminder of your corking good taste.

**3. Playboy party picture.** As a permanent memento, the new keyholder will have his picture snapped by the Club's Camera



Champagne on the house—part of Playboy's Christmas Triple Gift.

Bunny, who will mount it in a souvenir holder. Thanks to you, he'll be able to relive the glamor of the occasion every time he looks at the photograph.

Each gift key, accompanied by certificates entitling the recipient to champagne and party picture, is mailed to the recipient in a personalized package including a colorful Christmas card hand-signed with your name.

The advantages of The Playboy Club will be unlocked for years to come by this most thoughtful gift. The pleasures of this "20th Century Dream-

world," as *Variety* calls it, await new keyholders in many forms, including the privileges of relaxing in your own Club, man-sized drinks, gourmet menus, outstanding entertainment and, of course, the beautiful Bunnies.

To order your triple-gift keys use the coupon on this page. *And if you don't have a Playboy Club key yourself, what better time than now to get in on the most exciting night life in America.* Just check the appropriate box for your triple gift.

*This offer is not extended in any state or locality where the making of such offer is prohibited or restricted.*

### Keyholders: Dial a Bunny



For speedy shopping, keyholders can order Triple Gifts from a Playboy Club Bunny by phone, and charge to their key.

Los Angeles 213 WE 7-3014  
Phoenix 602 264-4314  
San Fran. 415 YU 2-2711

### San Francisco Club Construction Begins

Construction began in October on the San Francisco Playboy Club, at 736 Montgomery St., which is scheduled to extend the expanding key chain from Coast to Coast by this summer. Adding to the night life of Los Angeles will be the first combination Playboy Club and hotel, opening later on Sunset Boulevard. The Phoenix Playboy Club is a year old.

Exciting news for keyholders is the recent announcement of the opening of the Manila Playboy Club—first of many overseas Clubs—atop the Katigbak Building in one of the city's most exclusive sections.

### \$25 TAX DEDUCTION

A \$25 Playboy Club key, given as a business gift, is fully deductible under 1963 Internal Revenue Service regulations. The rules allow a deduction of \$25 per recipient for as many such gifts as you give.

#### PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

**Clubs Open**—New York at 5 E. 59th St.; Chicago at 116 E. Walton St.; St. Louis at 3914 Lindell Blvd.; New Orleans at 727 Rue Iberville; Phoenix at 3033 N. Central; Miami at 7701 Biscayne Blvd.

**Locations Set**—Los Angeles at 8580 Sunset Blvd.; Detroit at 1014 E. Jefferson Ave.; Baltimore at 28 Light St.; San Francisco at 736 Montgomery St.; Kansas City atop the Hotel Continental; Manila, Philippines, atop the Katigbak Building.

**Next in Line**—Washington, Boston, Dallas, Pittsburgh.

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 personal and triple-gift key order

(Full payment must accompany this coupon. Playboy Club members may charge to their key number. Playboy Club keys are \$25, except for those persons living within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and the state of Florida, where keys are \$50. Minimum age for key privileges is 21 years.)

Enclosed is check for \$ \_\_\_\_\_, or charge to my Playboy key: \_\_\_\_\_  
(LETTER & NUMBER)

MY NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (PLEASE PRINT)

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ DEPT. 242W

-----If ordering personal triple-gift key only, you need not complete this portion.-----

SEND TRIPLE-GIFT KEY TO \_\_\_\_\_ (PLEASE PRINT)

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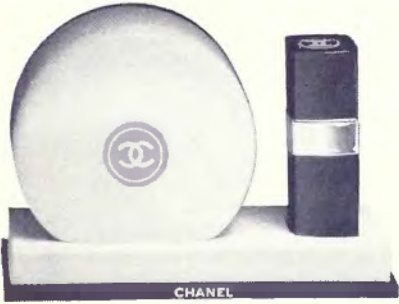
GIFT CARD TO BE SIGNED

Use separate sheet of paper to order additional gift keys.

Check here if you wish only information about joining The Playboy Club.



Spray Perfume and Cologne  
(Both Refillable) 10.00



Spray Cologne and Both Powder 10.00



Eau de Cologne from 3.50



Perfume from 7.50



# CHANEL

## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

CLIMATIC CONDITIONS in March, with newborn spring breezes busily invading every area in the awakening Northern Hemisphere, tend to stir the blood of the winter-weary traveler into similar inclinations. March is the month of peripatetic exploration, the start of a season when the thirst for novel milieus can only be slaked by foot-loose and care-free roving through a variety of attractive locales. "Plan Twenty-two" is a recently organized European travel plan which caters to this wanderlust engendered by the coming of spring. Geared to the needs of the traveler with sophisticated tastes but little knowledge of European byways, the organization provides — mileage unlimited — a car, individually prepared maps and itineraries, and prepaid "trip cheques" providing for daily expenses at nearly 100 inns, charming hotels and gourmet restaurants, under the aegis of the famous French *Relais de Campagne*. The manager of each establishment, as you follow a leisurely route of your own choosing, will at your instruction arrange reservations for you at your subsequent caravansary. There are *Relais* members in Spain, Portugal, Sweden, France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Denmark, Liechtenstein and England. You can buy any number of these trip cheques at \$22 each, depending upon the number of days you plan to stay at each or any of the member stations.

Domaine de la Cour, the French version of a dude ranch, is a modernized country manor in Vichy, a municipality also offering golf, tennis, clay- and live-pigeon shooting, horse racing, horse shows, bullfights, water skiing and sailing, plus opera and ballet in season, and two gambling casinos. A center for horseback excursions through the valleys and forests of the Bourbonnais, the Domaine offers you a choice of 25 excellent horses and — for the saddle novice — has three topflight riding instructors on hand. You may stay for only a day, or take advantage of a one-week program including meals, lodging, a daily canter through the forest and one full day's jaunt to any of the innumerable points of interest.


Should your appetite for travel crave more exotic fare, a quick plane trip to Gibraltar and thence by ferry to Africa will bring you into Tangier — lively, cosmopolitan, comfortable and different. While staying at the Ritz or the luxuriously Moorish El Minzah, you can vary your time by strolling through

the great Socco market place, the ancient Mendouba Gardens near the Sultan's palace, or lazing away the hours by the seaside. It goes without saying that exotic dishes are the rule rather than the exception at any of the city's picturesque restaurants, and many pleasant evenings may be spent in the municipal casino.

Another Mediterranean spot at which to take the March sun is Corsica, but be sure to travel there by boat rather than plane. The island is famed for the heady scents that meet the incoming ships, scents originating in the island's tangled carpet of flowering bramble dotted with juniper and laurel, sage and myrtle and lavender, wild rose and honeysuckle, thyme, heather and rosemary. Still largely undiscovered by American travelers, its pure-white beaches and snow-capped mountains remain unspoiled and pristinely attractive. The Napoleon Bonaparte Hotel at L'Île-Rousse offers room with bath plus three meals for \$12.50 a day, with a casino nearby and a number of outstanding gourmet restaurants purveying such Corsican specialties as blackbird *pâté*.

Northward into Italy, just 11 miles beyond Rome in the Frascati hills, lies the Villa Florio, a handsome country hotel converted from an 18th Century hunting lodge. The area is the source of some of Italy's most noted wines. The villa itself has 22 rooms, each with private bath, and each regally decorated with antique furniture. Its cuisine and large outdoor swimming pool attract great numbers of guests, including such as Elizabeth Taylor and the Shah of Iran.

Should your springtime travel take you to the West Coast of continental U.S.A., don't pass up the chance to sample California's wines in the *bistros* and smart dining spots of San Francisco, or overlook the fact that the 500,000 acres of sunny vineyards to the north, south and east of San Francisco played host to many curious visitors last year. A call to the Wine Institute before you depart from the city will tell you which ones are open to the public along your projected itinerary; or you can make a package tour of the California wine region through a new organization called Tours, Incorporated. In Saratoga, just 50 miles south of San Francisco, one of the major wineries schedules guided tours — observation and sampling — every half hour from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.

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

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## Thinks For Itself

No more guessing . . . the new Argus Autronic II 35mm camera sets perfect exposures for you automatically. You'll get perfect color slides, color prints or black and white snapshots everytime. There is even a built-in signal that warns you when light is too dim to shoot. Coupled rangefinder focusing gives you extra-sharp pictures at any distance. Shutter speeds to 1/500th of a second lets you capture all of the action.

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: VLADIMIR NABOKOV

*a candid conversation with the artful, erudite author of "Lolita"*

Few authors of this generation have sparked more controversy with a single book than a former Cornell University professor with the resoundingly Russian name of Vladimir Vladimirovich Nabokov. "Lolita," his brilliant tragicomic novel about the nonplatonian love of a middle-aged man for a 12-year-old nymph, has sold 2,500,000 copies in the United States alone.

It has also been made into a top-grossing movie, denounced in the House of Commons, and banned in Austria, England, Burma, Belgium, Australia and even France. Fulminating critics have found it to be "the filthiest book I've ever read," "exquisitely distilled sewage," "corrupt," "repulsive," "dirty," "decadent" and "disgusting." Champions of the book, in turn, have proclaimed it "brilliantly written" and "one of the great comic novels of all time"; while Nabokov himself has been compared favorably with every writer from Dostoevsky to Kraft-Ebing, and hailed by some as the supreme stylist in the English language today. Pedants have theorized that the book is actually an allegory about the seduction of the Old World by the New—or perhaps the New World by the Old. And Jack Kerouac, brushing aside such lascivious symbolism, has announced that it is nothing more than a "classic old love story."

Whatever it is, Nabokov would seem

to be incongruously miscast as its author. A reticent Russian-born scholar whose most violent passion is an avid interest in butterfly collecting, he was born in 1899 to the family of a wealthy statesman in St. Petersburg. Fleeing the country when the Bolsheviks seized power, he made his way to England, where he enrolled as an undergraduate at Trinity College in Cambridge. In the Twenties and Thirties he drifted between Paris and Berlin earning a spotty living as a tennis instructor and tutor in English and French; achieving a modest degree of fame as an author of provocative and luminously original short stories, plays, poems and book reviews for the émigré press; and stirring praise and puzzlement with a trio of masterful novels in Russian—"Invitation to a Beheading," "The Gift" and "Laughter in the Dark." Finding himself again a refugee when France fell to the Nazis in 1940, Nabokov emigrated with his wife to the United States, where he began his academic career as a research fellow at Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology. Now writing in English—in a style rich with inventive metaphors and teeming with the philosophical paradoxes, abstruse ironies, sly non sequiturs, multi-lingual puns, anagrams, rhymes and riddles which both illuminate and obscure his work—he produced three more novels during his subsequent years as a

professor in Russian and English literature at Wellesley, and then at Cornell. First came "Bend Sinister," an unsettling evocation of life under a dictatorship; then "Invitation to a Beheading," the poignant, haunting portrait of an aging émigré college instructor; and finally the erotic tour de force which was to catapult him almost overnight to world-wide eminence—"Lolita."

This brief recital of biographical facts, however, outlines only the visible Nabokov, revealing nothing of the little-known interior man; for the labyrinth of his creative intellect has remained a hall of mirrors to all who have attempted to explore it. And his amused indifference to the most erudite appraisal of his work and worth has served merely to enhance the legend of his inscrutability. Shunning personal publicity, he grants interviews only rarely—having consented to see PLAYBOY only after satisfying himself that the subjects we proposed to discuss were worthy of his attention.

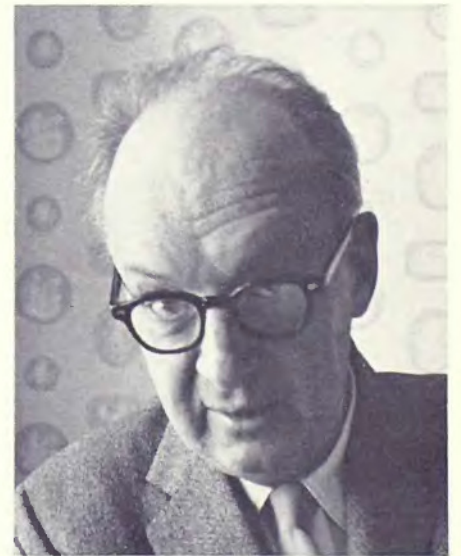
Tweedy, bespectacled, absent-mindedly professorial in mien, the 64-year-old author greeted our interviewer, freelance writer Alvin Toffler, at the door of Nabokov's quiet apartment on the sixth floor of an elegant old hotel on the banks of Switzerland's Lake Geneva, where he has lived and worked for the past four years—most recently producing "Pale Fire," the extraordinary



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"Freudism and all it has tainted, with its grotesque implications and methods, appear to me to be one of the vilest deceptions practiced by people on themselves and on others. I reject it utterly."



"I shall never regret 'Lolita.' She completely eclipsed my other works—at least those I wrote in English; but I cannot grudge her this. There is a queer, tender charm about that mythical nymphet."

story of a gifted poet as seen darkly through the eyes of his demented editor; and a belated English translation of "The Gift." In a week-long series of conversations which took place in his study, Nabokov parried our questions with a characteristic mixture of guile, candor, irony, astringent wit and eloquent evasiveness. Speaking in a curiously ornate and literary English lightly tintured with a Russian accent, choosing his words with self-conscious deliberation, he seemed somewhat dubious of his ability to make himself understood—or perhaps skeptical about the advisability of doing so. Despite the good humor and well-bred cordiality which marked our meetings, it was as though the shadowed universe within his skull was forever beckoning him away from a potentially hostile world outside. Thus his conversation, like his fiction—in which so many critics have sought vainly to unearth autobiography—veils rather than reveals the man; and he seems to prefer it that way. But we believe our interview offers a fascinating glimpse of this multileveled genius.

**PLAYBOY:** With the American publication of *Lolita* in 1958, your fame and fortune mushroomed almost overnight from high repute among the literary cognoscenti—which you had enjoyed for more than 30 years—to both acclaim and abuse as the world-renowned author of a sensational best seller. In the aftermath of this *cause célèbre*, do you ever regret having written *Lolita*?

**NABOKOV:** On the contrary, I shudder retrospectively when I recall that there was a moment, in 1950, and again in 1951, when I was on the point of burning Humbert Humbert's little black diary. No, I shall never regret *Lolita*. She was like the composition of a beautiful puzzle—its composition and its solution at the same time, since one is a mirror view of the other, depending on the way you look. Of course she completely eclipsed my other works—at least those I wrote in English: *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, *Bend Sinister*, my short stories, my book of recollections; but I cannot grudge her this. There is a queer, tender charm about that mythical nymphet.

**PLAYBOY:** Though many readers and reviewers would disagree that her charm is tender, few would deny that it is queer—so much so that when director Stanley Kubrick proposed his plan to make a movie of *Lolita*, you were quoted as saying, "Of course they'll have to change the plot. Perhaps they will make *Lolita* a dwarfess. Or they will make her 16 and Humbert 26." Though you finally wrote the screenplay yourself, several reviewers took the film to task for watering down the central relationship. Were you satisfied with the final product?

**NABOKOV:** I thought the movie was ab-

solutely first-rate. The four main actors deserve the very highest praise. Sue Lyon bringing that breakfast tray or childishly pulling on her sweater in the car—these are moments of unforgettable acting and directing. The killing of Quilty is a masterpiece, and so is the death of Mrs. Haze. I must point out, though, that I had nothing to do with the actual production. If I had, I might have insisted on stressing certain things that were not stressed—for example, the different motels at which they stayed. All I did was write the screenplay, a preponderating portion of which was used by Kubrick.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel that *Lolita*'s twofold success has affected your life for the better or for the worse?

**NABOKOV:** I gave up teaching—that's about all in the way of change. Mind you, I loved teaching, I loved Cornell, I loved composing and delivering my lectures on Russian writers and European great books. But around 60, and especially in winter, one begins to find hard the physical process of teaching, the getting up at a fixed hour every other morning, the struggle with the snow in the driveway, the march through long corridors to the classroom, the effort of drawing on the blackboard a map of James Joyce's Dublin or the arrangement of the semi-sleeping car of the St. Petersburg-Moscow express in the early 1870s—without an understanding of which neither *Ulysses* nor *Anna Karenin*, respectively, makes sense. For some reason my most vivid memories concern examinations. Big amphitheater in Goldwin Smith. Exam from 8 A.M. to 10:30. About 150 students—unwashed, unshaven young males and reasonably well-groomed young females. A general sense of tedium and disaster. Half-past eight. Little coughs, the clearing of nervous throats, coming in clusters of sound, rustling of pages. Some of the martyrs plunged in meditation, their arms locked behind their heads. I meet a dull gaze directed at me, seeing in me with hope and hate the source of forbidden knowledge. Girl in glasses comes up to my desk to ask: "Professor Kafka, do you want us to say that . . . ? Or do you want us to answer only the first part of the question?" The great fraternity of C-minus, backbone of the nation, steadily scribbling on. A rustle arising simultaneously, the majority turning a page in their bluebooks, good teamwork. The shaking of a cramped wrist, the failing ink, the deodorant that breaks down. When I catch eyes directed at me, they are forthwith raised to the ceiling in pious meditation. Windowpanes getting misty. Boys peeling off sweaters. Girls chewing gum in rapid cadence. Ten minutes, five, three, time's up.

**PLAYBOY:** Citing in *Lolita* the same kind of acid-etched scene you've just de-

scribed, many critics have called the book a masterful satiric social commentary on America. Are they right?

**NABOKOV:** Well, I can only repeat that I have neither the intent nor the temperament of a moral or social satirist. Whether or not critics think that in *Lolita* I am ridiculing human folly leaves me supremely indifferent. But I am annoyed when the glad news is spread that I am ridiculing America.

**PLAYBOY:** But haven't you written yourself that there is "nothing more exhilarating than American Philistine vulgarity"?

**NABOKOV:** No, I did not say that. That phrase has been lifted out of context, and like a round, deep-sea fish, has burst in the process. If you look up my little afterpiece, "On a Book Entitled *Lolita*," which I appended to the novel, you will see that what I really said was that in regard to Philistine vulgarity—which I do feel is most exhilarating—no difference exists between American and European manners. I go on to say that a proletarian from Chicago can be just as Philistine as an English duke.

**PLAYBOY:** Many readers have concluded that the Philistinism you seem to find the most exhilarating is that of America's sexual mores.

**NABOKOV:** Sex as an institution, sex as a general notion, sex as a problem, sex as a platitude—all this is something I find too tedious for words. Let us skip sex.

**PLAYBOY:** Not to belabor the subject, some critics have felt that your barbed comments about the fashionability of Freudianism, as practiced by American analysts, suggest a contempt based upon familiarity.

**NABOKOV:** Bookish familiarity only. The ordeal itself is much too silly and disgusting to be contemplated even as a joke. Freudism and all it has tainted with its grotesque implications and methods, appear to me to be one of the vilest deceits practiced by people on themselves and on others. I reject it utterly, along with a few other medieval items still adored by the ignorant, the conventional, or the very sick.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of the very sick, you suggested in *Lolita* that Humbert Humbert's appetite for nymphets is the result of an unrequited childhood love affair; in *Invitation to a Beheading* you wrote about a 12-year-old girl, Emmie, who is erotically interested in a man twice her age; and in *Bend Sinister*, your protagonist dreams that he is "surreptitiously enjoying Mariette [his maid] while she sat, wincing a little, in his lap during the rehearsal of a play in which she was supposed to be his daughter." Some critics, in poring over your works for clues to your personality, have pointed to this recurrent theme as evidence of an unwholesome preoccupation on your part with the subject of sexual



attraction between pubescent girls and middle-aged men. Do you feel that there may be some truth in this charge?

**NABOKOV:** I think it would be more correct to say that had I not written *Lolita*, readers would not have started finding nymphets in my other works and in their own households. I find it very amusing when a friendly, polite person says to me — probably just in order to be friendly and polite — “Mr. Nabokov,” or “Mr. Nabahkov,” or “Mr. Nabkov” or “Mr. Nabohkov,” depending on his linguistic abilities, “I have a little daughter who is a regular *Lolita*.” People tend to underestimate the power of my imagination and my capacity of evolving serial selves in my writings. And then, of course, there is that special type of critic, the ferrety, human-interest fiend, the jolly vulgarian. Someone, for instance, discovered tell-tale affinities between Humbert’s boyhood romance on the Riviera and my own recollections about little Colette, with whom I built sand castles in Biarritz when I was 10. Somber Humbert was, of course, 13 and in the throes of a pretty extravagant sexual excitement, whereas my own romance with Colette had no trace of erotic desire and indeed was perfectly commonplace and normal. And, of course, at 9 and 10 years of age, in that set, in those times, we knew nothing whatsoever about the false facts of life that are imparted nowadays to infants by progressive parents.

**PLAYBOY:** Why false?

**NABOKOV:** Because the imagination of a small child — especially a town child — at once distorts, stylizes or otherwise alters the bizarre things he is told about the busy bee, which neither he nor his parents can distinguish from a bumblebee, anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** What one critic has termed your “almost obsessive attention to the phrasing, rhythm, cadence and connotation of words” is evident even in the selection of names for your own celebrated bee and bumblebee — *Lolita* and Humbert Humbert. How did they occur to you?


**NABOKOV:** For my nymphet I needed a diminutive with a lyrical lilt to it. One of the most limpid and luminous letters is “L.” The suffix “-ita” has a lot of Latin tenderness, and this I required too. Hence: *Lolita*. However, it should not be pronounced as you and most Americans pronounce it: Low-lee-ta, with a heavy, clammy “L” and a long “o.” No, the first syllable should be as in “lollipop,” the “L” liquid and delicate, the “lee” not too sharp. Spaniards and Italians pronounce it, of course, with exactly the necessary note of archness and caress. Another consideration was the welcome murmur of its source name, the fountain name: those roses and tears in “*Dolores*.” My little girl’s heart-rending

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fate had to be taken into account together with the cuteness and limpidity. Dolores also provided her with another, plainer, more familiar and infantile diminutive: Dolly, which went nicely with the surname "Haze," where Irish mists blend with a German bunny—I mean a small German hare.

**PLAYBOY:** You're making a word-playful reference, of course, to the German term for rabbit—*Hase*. But what inspired you to dub Lolita's aging innamorato with such engaging redundancy?

**NABOKOV:** That, too, was easy. The double rumble is, I think, very nasty, very suggestive. It is a hateful name for a hateful person. It is also a kingly name, and I did need a royal vibration for Humbert the Fierce and Humbert the Humble. Lends itself also to a number of puns. And the execrable diminutive "Hum" is on a par, socially and emotionally, with "Lo," as her mother calls her.

**PLAYBOY:** Another critic has written of you that "the task of sifting and selecting just the right succession of words from that multilingual memory, and of arranging their many-mirrored nuances into the proper juxtapositions, must be psychically exhausting work." Which of all your books, in this sense, would you say was the most difficult to write?

**NABOKOV:** Oh, *Lolita*, naturally. I lacked the necessary information—that was the initial difficulty. I did not know any American 12-year-old girls, and I did not know America: I had to invent America and Lolita. It had taken me some 40 years to invent Russia and Western Europe, and now I was faced by a similar task, with a lesser amount of time at my disposal. The obtaining of such local ingredients as would allow me to inject average "reality" into the brew of individual fancy proved, at 50, a much more difficult process than it had been in the Europe of my youth.

**PLAYBOY:** Though born in Russia, you have lived and worked for many years in America as well as in Europe. Do you feel any strong sense of national identity?

**NABOKOV:** I am an American writer, born in Russia and educated in England where I studied French literature, before spending 15 years in Germany. I came to America in 1940 and decided to become an American citizen, and make America my home. It so happened that I was immediately exposed to the very best in America, to its rich intellectual life and to its easygoing, good-natured atmosphere. I immersed myself in its great libraries and its Grand Canyon. I worked in the laboratories of its zoological museums. I acquired more friends than I ever had in Europe. My books—old books and new ones—found some admirable readers. I became as stout as Cortez—mainly because I quit smoking and started to munch molasses candy

instead, with the result that my weight went up from my usual 140 to a monumental and cheerful 200. In consequence, I am one-third American—good American flesh keeping me warm and safe.

**PLAYBOY:** You spent 20 years in America, and yet you never owned a home or had a really settled establishment there. Your friends report that you camped impermanently in motels, cabins, furnished apartments and the rented homes of professors away on leave. Did you feel so restless or so alien that the idea of settling down anywhere disturbed you?

**NABOKOV:** The main reason, the background reason, is, I suppose, that nothing short of a replica of my childhood surroundings would have satisfied me. I would never manage to match my memories correctly—so why trouble with hopeless approximations? Then there are some special considerations: for instance, the question of impetus, the habit of impetus. I propelled myself out of Russia so vigorously, with such indignant force, that I have been rolling on and on ever since. True, I have lived to become that appetizing thing, a "full professor," but at heart I have always remained a lean "visiting lecturer." The few times I said to myself anywhere: "Now, that's a nice spot for a permanent home," I would immediately hear in my mind the thunder of an avalanche carrying away the hundreds of far places which I would destroy by the very act of settling in one particular nook of the earth. And finally, I don't much care for furniture, for tables and chairs and lamps and rugs and things—perhaps because in my opulent childhood I was taught to regard with amused contempt any too-earnest attachment to material wealth, which is why I felt no regret and no bitterness when the Revolution abolished that wealth.

**PLAYBOY:** You lived in Russia for 20 years, in West Europe for 20 years, and in America for 20 years. But in 1960, after the success of *Lolita*, you moved to France and Switzerland and have not returned to the U.S. since. Does this mean, despite your self-identification as an American writer, that you consider your American period over?

**NABOKOV:** I am living in Switzerland for purely private reasons—family reasons and certain professional ones too, such as some special research for a special book. I hope to return very soon to America—back to its library stacks and mountain passes. An ideal arrangement would be an absolutely soundproofed flat in New York, on a top floor—no feet walking above, no soft music anywhere—and a bungalow in the Southwest. Sometimes I think it might be fun to adorn a university again, residing and writing there, not teaching, or at least not teaching regularly.

**PLAYBOY:** Meanwhile you remain secluded

—and somewhat sedentary, from all reports—in your hotel suite. How do you spend your time?

**NABOKOV:** I awake around seven in winter: my alarm clock is an Alpine chough—big, glossy, black thing with big yellow beak—which visits the balcony and emits a most melodious chuckle. For a while I lie in bed mentally revising and planning things. Around eight: shave, breakfast, meditation and bath—in that order. Then I work till lunch in my study, taking time out for a short stroll with my wife along the lake. Practically all the famous Russian writers of the 19th Century have rambled here at one time or another. Zhukovski, Gogol, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy—who courted the hotel chambermaids to the detriment of his health—and many Russian poets. But then, as much could be said of Nice or Rome. We lunch around one p.m., and I am back at my desk by half-past one and work steadily till half-past six. Then a stroll to a newsstand for the English papers, and dinner at seven. No work after dinner. And bed around nine. I read till half-past eleven, and tussle with insomnia from that time till one a.m. About twice a week I have a good, long nightmare with unpleasant characters imported from earlier dreams, appearing in more or less iterative surroundings—kaleidoscopic arrangements of broken impressions, fragments of day thoughts, and irresponsible mechanical images, utterly lacking any possible Freudian implication or explication, but singularly akin to the procession of changing figures that one usually sees on the inner palpebral screen when closing one's weary eyes.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that you write standing up, and that you write in longhand rather than on a typewriter?

**NABOKOV:** Yes. I never learned to type. I generally start the day at a lovely old-fashioned lectern I have in my study. Later on, when I feel gravity nibbling at my calves, I settle down in a comfortable armchair at an ordinary writing desk; and finally, when gravity begins climbing up my spine, I lie down on a couch in a corner of my small study. It is a pleasant solar routine. But when I was young, in my 20s and early 30s, I would often stay all day in bed, smoking and writing. Now things have changed. Horizontal prose, vertical verse, and sedent scholia keep swapping qualifiers and spoiling the alliteration.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you tell us something more about the actual creative process involved in the germination of a book—perhaps by reading a few random notes for or excerpts from a work in progress?

**NABOKOV:** Certainly not. No foetus should undergo an exploratory operation. But I can do something else. This box contains index cards with some notes I made at various times more or less re-

cently and discarded when writing *Pale Fire*. It's a little batch of rejects. I'll read a few [Reading from cards]:

"Selene, the moon. Selenginsk, an old town in Siberia: moon-rocket town" . . . "Berry: the black knob on the bill of the mute swan" . . . "Dropworm: a small caterpillar hanging on a thread" . . . "In *The New Bon Ton Magazine*, volume five, 1820, page 312, prostitutes are termed 'girls of the town'" . . . "Youth dreams: forgot pants; old man dreams: forgot dentures" . . . "Student explains that when reading a novel he likes to skip passages 'so as to get his own idea about the book and not be influenced by the author'" . . . "Naprapathy: the ugliest word in the language."

"And after rain, on beaded wires, one bird, two birds, three birds, and none. Muddy tires, sun" . . . "Time without consciousness—lower animal world: time with consciousness—man; consciousness without time—some still higher state" . . . "We think not in words but in shadows of words. James Joyce's mistake in those otherwise marvelous mental soliloquies of his consists in that he gives too much verbal body to words" . . . "Parody of politeness: That inimitable 'Please'—'Please send me your beautiful—' which firms idiotically address to themselves in printed forms meant for people ordering their product."

"Naive, nonstop, peep-peep twitter in dismal crates late, late at night, on a desolate frost-bedimmed station platform" . . . "The tabloid headline 'TORSO KILLER MAY BEAT CHAIR' might be translated: '*Celui qui tue un buste peut bien battre une chaise*'" . . . "Newspaper vendor, handing me a magazine with my story: 'I see you made the slicks.'"

"Snow falling, young father out with tiny child, nose like a pink cherry. Why does a parent immediately say something to his or her child if a stranger smiles at the latter? 'Sure,' said the father to the infant's interrogatory gurgle, which had been going on for some time, and would have been left to go on in the quiet falling snow, had I not smiled in passing" . . . "Intercolumniation: dark-blue sky between two white columns."

"'I,' says Death, 'am even in Arcadia'—legend on a shepherd's tomb" . . . "Marat collected butterflies" . . . "From the aesthetic point of view, the tapeworm is certainly an undesirable boarder. The gravid segments frequently crawl out of a person's anal canal, sometimes in chains, and have been reported a source of social embarrassment."

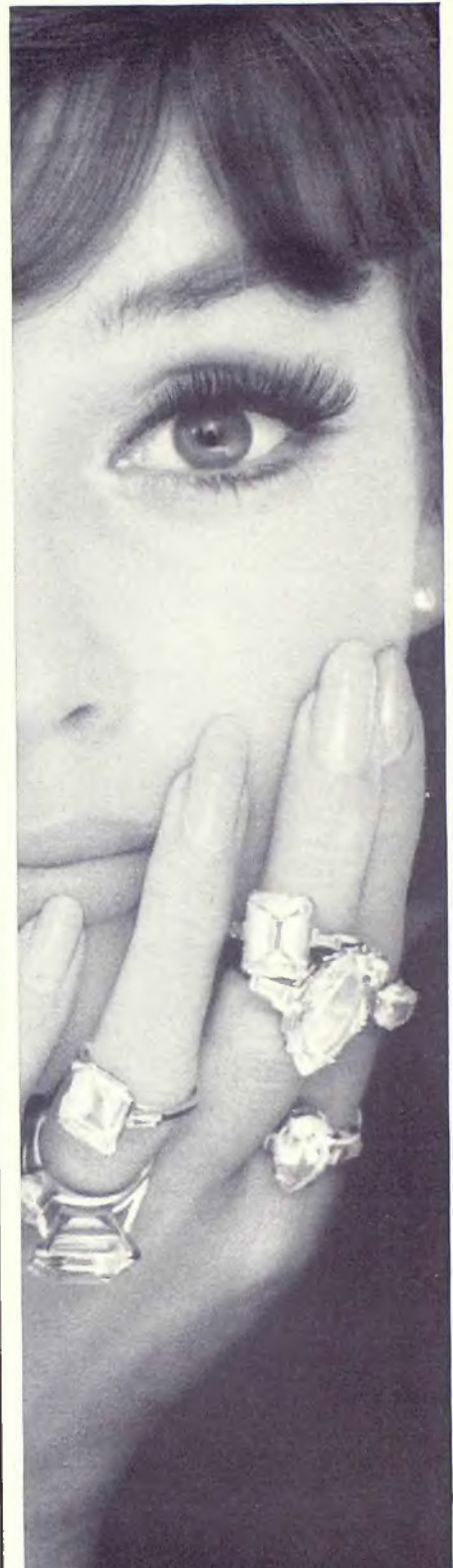
**PLAYBOY:** What inspires you to record and collect such disconnected impressions and quotations?

**NABOKOV:** All I know is that at a very early stage of the novel's development I get this urge to collect bits of straw and

fluff, and to eat pebbles. Nobody will ever discover how clearly a bird visualizes, or if it visualizes at all, the future nest and the eggs in it. When I remember afterwards the force that made me jot down the correct names of things, or the inches and tints of things, even before I actually needed the information, I am inclined to assume that what I call, for want of a better term, inspiration, had been already at work, mutely pointing at this or that, having me accumulate the known materials for an unknown structure. After the first shock of recognition—a sudden sense of "*this is what I'm going to write*"—the novel starts to breed by itself: the process goes on solely in the mind, not on paper; and to be aware of the stage it has reached at any given moment, I do not have to be conscious of every exact phrase. I feel a kind of gentle development, an uncurling inside, and I know that the details are there already, that in fact I would see them plainly if I looked closer, if I stopped the machine and opened its inner compartment; but I prefer to wait until what is loosely called inspiration has completed the task for me. There comes a moment when I am informed from within that the entire structure is finished. All I have to do now is take it down in pencil or pen. Since this entire structure, dimly illumined in one's mind, can be compared to a painting, and since you do not have to work gradually from left to right for its proper perception, I may direct my flashlight at any part or particle of the picture when setting it down in writing. I do not begin my novel at the beginning, I do not reach chapter three before I reach chapter four, I do not go dutifully from one page to the next, in consecutive order; no, I pick out a bit here and a bit there, till I have filled all the gaps on paper. This is why I like writing my stories and novels on index cards, numbering them later when the whole set is complete. Every card is rewritten many times. About three cards make one typewritten page, and when finally I feel that the conceived picture has been copied by me as faithfully as physically possible—a few vacant lots always remain, alas—then I dictate the novel to my wife who types it out in triplicate.

**PLAYBOY:** In what sense do you *copy* "the conceived picture" of a novel?

**NABOKOV:** A creative writer must study carefully the works of his rivals, including the Almighty. He must possess the inborn capacity not only of recombining but of re-creating the given world. In order to do this adequately, avoiding duplication of labor, the artist should *know* the given world. Imagination without knowledge leads no farther than the back yard of primitive art, the child's scrawl on the fence, and the crank's



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message in the market place. Art is never simple. To return to my lecturing days: I automatically gave low marks when a student used the dreadful phrase “sincere and simple” — “Flaubert writes with a style which is always simple and sincere” — under the impression that this was the greatest compliment payable to prose or poetry. When I struck the phrase out, which I did with such rage in my pencil that it ripped the paper, the student complained that this was what teachers had always taught him: “Art is simple, art is sincere.” Someday I must trace this vulgar absurdity to its source. A schoolmarm in Ohio? A progressive ass in New York? Because, of course, art at its greatest is fantastically deceitful and complex.

**PLAYBOY:** In terms of modern art, critical opinion is divided about the sincerity or deceitfulness, simplicity or complexity of contemporary abstract painting. What is your own opinion?

**NABOKOV:** I do not see any essential difference between abstract and primitive art. Both are simple and sincere. Naturally, we should not generalize in these matters: It is the individual artist that counts. But if we accept for a moment the general notion of “modern art,” then we must admit that the trouble with it is that it is so commonplace, imitative and academic. Blurs and blotches have merely replaced the mass prettiness of a hundred years ago, pictures of Italian girls, handsome beggars, romantic ruins, and so forth. But just as among those corny oils there might occur the work of a true artist with a richer play of light and shade, with some original streak of violence or tenderness, so among the corn of primitive and abstract art one may come across a flash of great talent. Only talent interests me in paintings and books. Not general ideas, but the individual contribution.

**PLAYBOY:** A contribution to society?

**NABOKOV:** A work of art has no importance whatever to society. It is only important to the individual, and only the individual reader is important to me. I don’t give a damn for the group, the community, the masses, and so forth. Although I do not care for the slogan “art for art’s sake” — because unfortunately such promoters of it as, for instance, Oscar Wilde and various dainty poets, were in reality rank moralists and didacticists — there can be no question that what makes a work of fiction safe from larvae and rust is not its social importance but its art, only its art.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you expect your own work to remain “safe from larvae and rust”?

**NABOKOV:** Well, in this matter of accomplishment, of course, I don’t have a 35-year plan or program, but I have a fair inkling of my literary afterlife. I have felt the breeze of certain promises. No doubt there will be ups and downs,

long periods of slump. With the Devil’s connivance, I open a newspaper of 2063 and in some article on the books page I find: “Nobody reads Nabokov or Fulmerford today.” Awful question: Who is this unfortunate Fulmerford?

**PLAYBOY:** While we’re on the subject of self-appraisal, what do you regard as your principal failing as a writer — apart from forgettability?

**NABOKOV:** Lack of spontaneity; the nuisance of parallel thoughts, second thoughts, third thoughts; inability to express myself properly in any language unless I compose every damned sentence in my bath, in my mind, at my desk.

**PLAYBOY:** You’re doing rather well at the moment, if we may say so.

**NABOKOV:** It’s an illusion.

**PLAYBOY:** Your reply might be taken as confirmation of critical comments that you are “an incorrigible leg puller,” “a mystifier” and “a literary *agent provocateur*.” How do you view yourself?

**NABOKOV:** I think my favorite fact about myself is that I have never been dismayed by a critic’s bilge or bile, and have never once in my life asked or thanked a reviewer for a review. My second favorite fact — or shall I stop at one?

**PLAYBOY:** No, please go on.

**NABOKOV:** The fact that since my youth — I was 19 when I left Russia — my political outlook has remained as bleak and changeless as an old gray rock. It is classical to the point of triteness. Freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of art. The social or economic structure of the ideal state is of little concern to me. My desires are modest. Portraits of the head of the government should not exceed a postage stamp in size. No torture and no executions. No music, except coming through earphones, or played in theaters.

**PLAYBOY:** Why no music?

**NABOKOV:** I have no ear for music, a shortcoming I deplore bitterly. When I attend a concert — which happens about once in five years — I endeavor gamely to follow the sequence and relationship of sounds but cannot keep it up for more than a few minutes. Visual impressions, reflections of hands in lacquered wood, a diligent bald spot over a fiddle, take over, and soon I am bored beyond measure by the motions of the musicians. My knowledge of music is very slight; and I have a special reason for finding my ignorance and inability so sad, so unjust: There is a wonderful singer in my family — my own son. His great gifts, the rare beauty of his bass, and the promise of a splendid career — all this affects me deeply, and I feel a fool during a technical conversation among musicians. I am perfectly aware of the many parallels between the art forms of music and those of literature, especially in matters of structure, but what can I do if ear and brain refuse to cooperate?

But I have found a queer substitute for music in chess — more exactly, in the composing of chess problems.

**PLAYBOY:** Another substitute, surely, has been your own euphonious prose and poetry. As one of few authors who have written with eloquence in more than one language, how would you characterize the textural differences between Russian and English, in which you are regarded as equally facile?

**NABOKOV:** In sheer number of words, English is far richer than Russian. This is especially noticeable in nouns and adjectives. A very bothersome feature that Russian presents is the dearth, vagueness and clumsiness of technical terms. For example, the simple phrase “to park a car” comes out — if translated back from the Russian — as “to leave an automobile standing for a long time.” Russian, at least polite Russian, is more formal than polite English. Thus, the Russian word for “sexual” — *polovoy* — is slightly indecent and not to be bandied around. The same applies to Russian terms rendering various anatomical and biological notions that are frequently and familiarly expressed in English conversation. On the other hand, there are words rendering certain nuances of motion and gesture and emotion in which Russian excels. Thus by changing the head of a verb, for which one may have a dozen different prefixes to choose from, one is able to make Russian express extremely fine shades of duration and intensity. English is, syntactically, an extremely flexible medium, but Russian can be given even more subtle twists and turns. Translating Russian into English is a little easier than translating English into Russian, and 10 times easier than translating English into French.

**PLAYBOY:** You have said you will never write another novel in Russian. Why?

**NABOKOV:** During the great, and still unsung, era of Russian intellectual expatriation — roughly between 1920 and 1940 — books written in Russian by *émigré* Russians and published by *émigré* firms abroad were eagerly bought or borrowed by *émigré* readers but were absolutely banned in Soviet Russia — as they still are, except in the case of a few dead authors such as Kuprin and Bunin, whose heavily censored works have been recently reprinted there — no matter the theme of the story or poem. An *émigré* novel, published, say, in Paris and sold over all free Europe, might have, in those years, a total sale of 1000 or 2000 copies — that would be a best seller — but every copy would also pass from hand to hand and be read by at least 20 persons, and at least 50 annually if stocked by Russian lending libraries, of which there were hundreds in West Europe alone. The era of expatriation can be said to have ended during World War II. Old writers died, Russian publishers

also vanished, and worst of all, the general atmosphere of exile culture, with its splendor, and vigor, and purity, and reverberative force, dwindled to a sprinkle of Russian-language periodicals, anemic in talent and provincial in tone. Now to take my own case: It was not the financial side that really mattered; I don't think my Russian writings ever brought me more than a few hundred dollars per year, and I am all for the ivory tower, and for writing to please one reader alone — one's own self. But one also needs some reverberation, if not response, and a moderate multiplication of one's self throughout a country or countries; and if there be nothing but a void around one's desk, one would expect it to be at least a sonorous void, and not circumscribed by the walls of a padded cell. With the passing of years I grew less and less interested in Russia and more and more indifferent to the once-harrowing thought that my books would remain banned there as long as my contempt for the police state and political oppression prevented me from entertaining the vaguest thought of return. No, I will not write another novel in Russian, though I do allow myself a very few short poems now and then. I wrote my last Russian novel a quarter of a century ago. But today, in compensation, in a spirit of justice to my little American muse, I am doing something else. But perhaps I should not talk about it at this early stage.

**PLAYBOY:** Please do.

**NABOKOV:** Well, it occurred to me one day — while I was glancing at the varicolored spines of *Lolita* translations into languages I do not read, such as Japanese, Finnish or Arabic — that the list of unavoidable blunders in these 15 or 20 versions would probably make, if collected, a fatter volume than any of them. I had checked the French translation, which was basically very good, but would have bristled with unavoidable errors had I not corrected them. But what could I do with Portuguese or Hebrew or Danish? Then I imagined something else. I imagined that in some distant future somebody might produce a Russian version of *Lolita*. I trained my inner telescope upon that particular point in the distant future and I saw that every paragraph could lend itself to a hideous mistranslation, being pockmarked with pitfalls. In the hands of a harmful drudge, the Russian version of *Lolita* would be entirely degraded and botched by vulgar paraphrases or blunders. So I decided to translate it myself. Up to now I have about 60 pages ready.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you presently at work on any new writing project?

**NABOKOV:** Good question, as they say on the lesser screen. I have just finished correcting the last proofs of my work on Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin* — four fat

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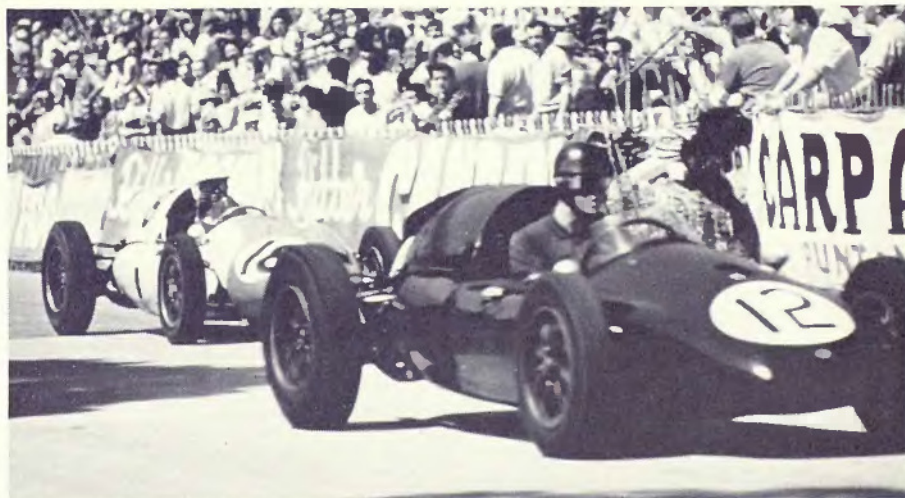


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little volumes which are to appear this year in the Bollingen Series; the actual translation of the poem occupies a small section of volume one. The rest of the volume and volumes two, three and four contain copious notes on the subject. This opus owes its birth to a casual remark my wife made in 1950—in response to my disgust with rhymed paraphrases of *Eugene Onegin*, every line of which I had to revise for my students—“Why don’t you translate it yourself?” This is the result. It has taken some 10 years of labor. The index alone runs 5000 cards in three long shoe boxes; you see them over there on that shelf. My translation is, of course, a literal one, a crib, a pony. And to the fidelity of transposal I have sacrificed everything: elegance, euphony, clarity, good taste, modern usage, and even grammar.

**PLAYBOY:** In view of these admitted flaws, are you looking forward to reading the reviews of the book?

**NABOKOV:** I really don’t read reviews about myself with any special eagerness or attention unless they are masterpieces of wit and acumen—which does happen now and then. And I never reread them, though my wife collects the stuff, and though maybe I shall use a spatter of the more hilarious *Lolita* items to write someday a brief history of the nymphet’s tribulations. I remember, however, quite vividly, certain attacks by Russian *émigré* critics who wrote about my first novels 30 years ago; not that I was more vulnerable then, but my memory was certainly more retentive and enterprising, and I was a reviewer myself. In the 1920s I was clawed at by a certain Mochulski who could never stomach my utter indifference to organized mysticism, to religion, to the church—any church. There were other critics who could not forgive me for keeping aloof from literary “movements,” for not airing the “*angoisse*” that they wanted poets to feel, and for not belonging to any of those groups of poets that held sessions of common inspiration in the back rooms of Parisian cafés. There was also the amusing case of Georgy Ivanov, a good poet but a scurrilous critic. I never met him or his literary wife Irina Odoevtsev; but one day in the late 1920s or early 1930s, at a time when I regularly reviewed books for an *émigré* newspaper in Berlin, she sent me from Paris a copy of a novel of hers with the wily inscription “Thanks for *King, Queen, Jack*”—which I was free to understand as “thanks for writing that book,” but which might also provide her with the alibi: “Thanks for sending me your book,” though I never sent her anything. *Her* book proved to be pitifully trivial, and I said so in a brief and nasty review. Ivanov retaliated with a grossly personal article about me and my stuff. The possibility of venting or distilling friendly or unfriendly feelings

through the medium of literary criticism is what makes that art such a skewy one. **PLAYBOY:** What is your reaction to the mixed feelings vented by one critic in a review which characterized you as having a fine and original mind, but “not much trace of a generalizing intellect,” and as “the typical artist who distrusts ideas”?

**NABOKOV:** In much the same solemn spirit, certain crusty lepidopterists have criticized my works on the classification of butterflies, accusing me of being more interested in the subspecies and the subgenus than in the genus and the family. This kind of attitude is a matter of mental temperament, I suppose. The middlebrow or the upper Philistine cannot get rid of the furtive feeling that a book, to be great, must deal in great ideas. Oh, I know the type, the dreary type! He likes a good yarn spiced with social comment; he likes to recognize his own thoughts and throes in those of the author; he wants at least one of the characters to be the author’s stooge. If American, he has a dash of Marxist blood, and if British, he is acutely and ridiculously class-conscious; he finds it so much easier to write about ideas than about words; he does not realize that perhaps the reason he does not find general ideas in a particular writer is that the particular ideas of that writer have not yet become general.

**PLAYBOY:** Dostoiévsky, who dealt with themes accepted by most readers as universal in both scope and significance, is considered one of the world’s great authors. Yet you have described him as “a cheap sensationalist, clumsy and vulgar.” Why?

**NABOKOV:** Non-Russian readers do not realize two things: that not all Russians love Dostoiévsky as much as Americans do, and that most of those Russians who do, venerate him as a mystic and not as an artist. He was a prophet, a claptrap journalist and a slapdash comedian. I admit that some of his scenes, some of his tremendous, farcical rows are extraordinarily amusing. But his sensitive murderers and soulful prostitutes are not to be endured for one moment—by this reader anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that you have called Hemingway and Conrad “writers of books for boys”?

**NABOKOV:** That’s exactly what they are. Hemingway is certainly the better of the two; he has at least a voice of his own and is responsible for that delightful, highly artistic short story, *The Killers*. And the description of the fish in his famous fish story is superb. But I cannot abide Conrad’s souvenir-shop style, and bottled ships, and shell necklaces of romanticist clichés. In neither of these two writers can I find anything that I would care to have written myself. In

mentality and emotion, they are hopelessly juvenile, and the same can be said of some other beloved writers, the pets of the common room, the consolation and support of graduate students, such as—but some are still alive, and I hate to hurt living old boys while the dead ones are not yet buried.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you read when you were a boy?

**NABOKOV:** Between the ages of 10 and 15 in St. Petersburg, I must have read more fiction and poetry—English, Russian and French—than in any other five-year period of my life. I relished especially the works of Wells, Poe, Browning, Keats, Flaubert, Verlaine, Rimbaud, Chekhov, Tolstoy and Alexander Blok. On another level, my heroes were the Scarlet Pimpernel, Phileas Fogg and Sherlock Holmes. In other words, I was a perfectly normal trilingual child in a family with a large library. At a later period, in Cambridge, England, between the ages of 20 and 23, my favorites were Housman, Rupert Brooke, Joyce, Proust and Pushkin. Of these top favorites, several—Poe, Verlaine, Jules Verne, Emuska Orczy, Conan Doyle and Rupert Brooke—have faded away, have lost the glamor and thrill they held for me. The others remain intact and by now are probably beyond change as far as I am concerned. I was never exposed in the 20s and 30s, as so many of my coevals have been, to the poetry of Eliot and Pound. I read them late in the season, around 1945, in the guest room of an American friend’s house, and not only remained completely indifferent to them, but could not understand why anybody should bother about them. But I suppose that they preserve some sentimental value for such readers as discovered them at an earlier age than I did.

**PLAYBOY:** What are your reading habits today?

**NABOKOV:** Usually I read several books at a time—old books, new books, fiction, nonfiction, verse, anything—and when the bedside heap of a dozen volumes or so has dwindled to two or three, which generally happens by the end of one week, I accumulate another pile. There are some varieties of fiction that I never touch—mystery stories, for instance, which I abhor, and historical novels. I also detest the so-called “powerful” novel—full of commonplace obscenities and torrents of dialog—in fact, when I receive a new novel from a hopeful publisher—“hoping that I like the book as much as he does”—I check first of all how much dialog there is, and if it looks too abundant or too sustained, I shut the book with a bang and ban it from my bed.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there any contemporary authors you *do* enjoy reading?

**NABOKOV:** I do have a few favorites—



for example, Robbe-Grillet and Borges. How freely and gratefully one breathes in their marvelous labyrinths! I love their lucidity of thought, the purity and poetry, the mirage in the mirror.

**PLAYBOY:** Many critics feel that this description applies no less aptly to your own prose. To what extent do you feel that prose and poetry intermingle as art forms?

**NABOKOV:** Poetry, of course, includes all creative writing; I have never been able to see any generic difference between poetry and artistic prose. As a matter of fact, I would be inclined to define a good poem of any length as a concentrate of good prose, with or without the addition of recurrent rhythm and rhyme. The magic of prosody may improve upon what we call prose by bringing out the full flavor of meaning, but in plain prose there are also certain rhythmic patterns, the music of precise phrasing, the beat of thought rendered by recurrent peculiarities of idiom and intonation. As in today's scientific classifications, there is a lot of overlapping in our concept of poetry and prose today. The bamboo bridge between them is the metaphor.

**PLAYBOY:** You have also written that poetry represents "the mysteries of the irrational perceived through rational words." But many feel that the "irrational" has little place in an age when the exact knowledge of science has begun to plumb the most profound mysteries of existence. Do you agree?

**NABOKOV:** This appearance is very deceptive. It is a journalistic illusion. In point of fact, the greater one's science, the deeper the sense of mystery. Moreover, I don't believe that any science today has pierced any mystery. We, as newspaper readers, are inclined to call "science" the cleverness of an electrician or a psychiatrist's mumbo jumbo. This, at best, is applied science, and one of the characteristics of applied science is that yesterday's neutron or today's truth dies tomorrow. But even in a better sense of "science"—as the study of visible and palpable nature, or the poetry of pure mathematics and pure philosophy—the situation remains as hopeless as ever. We shall never know the origin of life, or the meaning of life, or the nature of space and time, or the nature of nature, or the nature of thought.

**PLAYBOY:** Man's understanding of these mysteries is embodied in his concept of a Divine Being. As a final question, do you believe in God?

**NABOKOV:** To be quite candid—and what I am going to say now is something I never said before, and I hope it provokes a salutary little chill: I know more than I can express in words, and the little I can express would not have been expressed, had I not known more.



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on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

## COLORING BOOK PHILOSOPHY

I have just completed the first 12 installments of your stimulating *Playboy Philosophy*, but while these essays are intrinsically sound, I feel they represent the grossest manifestation of hypocrisy I have seen in a very long while. PLAYBOY's true philosophy was all-too-aptly set forth in the wonderful 10-page *Coloring Book* in the January 1963 issue. That is where the true attitudes of PLAYBOY toward sex and moral character in general are revealed. You could have maintained your ruse indefinitely were it not for *The Playboy Coloring Book*. After it appeared, your profound editorials revealed themselves as an intellectual "front" hiding PLAYBOY's real philosophy — an attitude of "I don't give a damn about anyone else, just as long as I have a hell of a good time!" Hefner's ideas have real merit and should have been aired and given serious consideration a long time ago — it is just too bad that PLAYBOY doesn't practice what the *Philosophy* preaches.

Roger Klausner  
Seattle, Washington

*"The Playboy Philosophy" represents the sincere and considered opinions of Editor-Publisher Hefner and forms the basis for the editing of this publication; "The Playboy Coloring Book" was sative and meant to be enjoyed as such. From its earliest issues, PLAYBOY has included both the serious and the satirical and the editors trust that most readers can tell the difference.*

## HEDONISM

This letter is in reference to one that appeared in the October *Forum* from Charles F. Robertson, of New York, that stated that the hedonistic ideal of maximizing pleasure and minimizing pain will cause everyone to become "happy jellyfish that have no more substance to themselves than the knowledge of their own pleasure." I think Mr. Robertson has the mistaken idea that a hedonist seeks to eliminate all pain, but this is not necessarily the case. The basic idea behind hedonism is that the net result of all our pleasure-pain stimuli should be as delectable as possible.

Using a broad definition of pleasure, one can classify all people, regardless of beliefs, as hedonists. Even a masochist, although he seeks pain, is actually seeking pleasure, since he derives pleas-

ure from pain. Mr. Robertson could be classified as a hedonist — it just happens to be his opinion that if he succumbs to the temptations of earthly pleasures he may be unable to experience the after-death satisfactions of heaven, which he considers greater than those of the physical world; in contrast, a person who believes as Mr. Hefner does, feels that he can enjoy both the pleasures of this world and the next.

Robert L. Milton  
Pasadena, California

*We would make a distinction, however, between rational pleasure — which we favor — and pleasure of an irrational kind (i.e., masochism).*

## WHICH WAY IS UP?

For many years I have assumed that PLAYBOY was one of the most widely unread magazines in the country. People bought PLAYBOY; people looked at PLAYBOY. Every man on campus could make knowing comments on the latest Playmate of the Month — or on Playmates in issues umpteenth months back, for that matter. But no one read PLAYBOY.

I am one of the squares who like to read PLAYBOY. I was concerned lest the magazine (through no fault of its own, for as Mr. Hefner's *Philosophy* has demonstrated, PLAYBOY does have something to say) be relegated to the status of *Life*, the magazine for people who can't read.

Perusal of the letters column and, more recently, *The Playboy Forum*, has finally dispelled these fears. They prove that PLAYBOY is being read, and widely. They also show a fascinating potpourri of straight thinking and absurdity.

Some of these letters have prompted me to make comments in the past, but until now I have been restrained by that helpless feeling of futility. "These people," I have often muttered to myself, "have no concept of rationality. How, then, can they hope to follow any?" My impetuous inner self was not to be denied by such superficial defeatism, however, so I have selected a letter from the *Forum* of the September issue to sacrifice upon the Altar of Sweet Reason.

The letter in question comes from Mr. John Tumbur, of Modesto, California. Mr. Tumbur's style of comment is most distressing and all too common.

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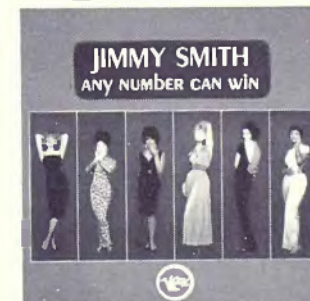
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His letter is obviously directed against *The Playboy Philosophy* in general; when one scrutinizes his statements, no real justification for his conclusions presents itself. To cite an example: "It seems to me that to make the statements included therein is to undermine the principal Christian tenets we have based our society upon." (*Sic*)

This statement, of course, is quite accurate. Mr. Hefner has proven it time and time again in his writing. But couldn't this possibly have a beneficial result? How can Mr. Tumbur use this contention to support his implied thesis (i.e., there is but one set of worth-while values—I follow it and so must you)? His contention lends equal support to the arguments of his opponents. Mr. Tumbur's repeated use of the word "we," I shamefacedly point out, is nothing more than an attempt to lend popular weight to statements that cannot be factually supported. It rather reminds me of the story of the Lone Ranger who, finding himself surrounded by Indians, turns to Tonto (as usual):

"Well, Tonto," says the Ranger, "it looks like we have had it."

Tonto, seldom at a loss for a witty rejoinder anyway, asks, "What do you mean 'we,' white man?"

"We" might well ask the same question of Mr. Tumbur.

Mr. Tumbur refers to what he calls a "lowering of values," stating that "it would be much more desirable to attempt to base our actions on an elevated set of values." The gentleman is again quite right, and we may accept this statement on faith ourselves. We can accept it, that is, until he answers one question for us. Which way, if you please, is up?

He continues on his way, strewing a rosy path of unsupported conclusions and emotionally loaded phrases, such as "ultimate harm," "total moral bankruptcy" and "disastrous." His whole letter is reminiscent of a burlesque from several years back which pictured what I took for a modern-day male Ophelia.

Mr. Tumbur is typical of the many who deluge you with opinion, emotion and blatantly faulty causal relationships. It amazes me that these people can seriously hope to justify or substantiate their points when the very methods they employ do their points of view more harm than an ordinary difference of opinion would ever do.

How can viewpoints like these ever receive a respectful hearing if their spokesmen continually insist upon making themselves absurd before the issues ever come to debate? I hate to see a lopsided contest of any kind. In the interest of fair play and good sportsmanship, *PLAYBOY* should offer some sort of a "Guide to Debate," or "How to Make Good Use of a Point of View." Included in this should be a course in "Under-

standing What You Read." I don't think some of your readers have quite got the hang of that yet.

I do realize that such steps, if taken, may eliminate the "humor-without-intent" variety of letter, but doggone it, fellows, don't you know it's not nice to make fun of less fortunate people that way?

Eric A. Westling  
Colorado State University  
Fort Collins, Colorado

#### SCHOOL PRAYER

The recent Supreme Court decision to consider unlawful and an infringement upon the rights of our society the practice of daily school prayers probably found favor in your opinion. I conclude this from your much-quoted phrase "freedom of, but also freedom from, religion." May I present another viewpoint? The atheists who drove the court to this decision in reality have a religion—atheism—which causes us to ask, is the banning of prayers in our schools in support of this religion? The very point which the atheists have been fighting, practice of a religion in public schools, is brought up again when the absence of a religion (the atheists *own* religion) is forced upon those seeking free expression of their beliefs. I'm sure I'm not alone in the hope that my children will not be brought up in a school where one religion is condoned—atheism.

R. Jay Mollar  
The Citadel  
Charleston, South Carolina

*Your phraseology is a bit slanted. No one drove the Supreme Court to any decision—atheist or otherwise. The Supreme Court decision was an interpretation of the Constitution's separation of church and state. Secular instruction is simply that. By law it must exclude instruction or practice of any religion, even—granting you your definition—atheism.*

#### AN ORIENTAL VIEW

*The Playboy Philosophy* has held my attention for the past half-dozen issues primarily because it seems to speak for that muted, brainwashed child of Western man who has only recently, through a handful of literary martyrs, found the courage to shake off the cloak of tradition and hypocrisy. He has undertaken an agonizing reappraisal of his beliefs and practices. As an Oriental imbued in a rather different philosophy, I venture to submit an outsider's view of the American, nay, the Western dilemma.

Your problem in the West is one of religious impotence and philosophical vacuum. Ever since Christianity drifted away from the source of its origin in the East toward the more gullible denizens of the temperate zones, it has been mangled, abused, disguised, translated and transliterated into a morass of myths, legends, half-truths and unrealistic codes of behavior arbitrarily imposed by ama-

teur theologians. One cannot, in fairness, berate *all* Christian ideals; but if those ideals have the misfortune of being based on an untenable dogma, then their validity is doubtful.

In the medieval ages a procession of saints, apologists and divines produced a half-baked doctrine of sexual morality unrivaled in its impracticability and hypocrisy by any other faith in the world. It doomed Western man to infinite hell on earth by bottling up the forces in him that make life worth living. Then came the discovery and development of America, the Industrial Revolution, and the affluent society that was to radically change man's position in life. But latter-day saints still perpetuate and aggravate a fraud on their many captive followers. Today Christianity is like a drug, rolled into a medicinal chocolate, wrapped round Santa Claus, the church bazaar, and the Sunday school, and given to Western man in an ample enough dose to put him to sleep. His belief is, for good measure, tempered by fear of hell, sweetened by hopes of heaven, and garnished with a solid drumming of his "sinful" state. So when the hapless faithful is awakened, he finds himself enmeshed in a web of guilt with stigma of hypocrisy.

The proponents of Christianity have failed to understand that religion is a body of social science and morality its outer garment that needs constant changing, cleaning and refurbishing. If not treated as a social science, it has no part to play in our social evolution. But in order to accept religion as a social science, it must be submitted to logical analysis. When submitted to such a test, by even the simplest standards of logic, Christianity collapses like a deflated balloon.

We are presented with the doctrine of original sin, but it is easily proven that Adam, as he has been portrayed, never existed. That he might, in fact, have been a monkey. It is a laughable argument that the origin of man's "guilt" may lie in some monkey business. Then we are told, pursuing the same sin, that Jesus Christ, as the Son of God, came to this earth for the express purpose of dying for that sin. Why so much time elapsed (presumably thousands of years) between the original sin of Adam and the crucifixion of Jesus in atonement for it is a mystery; especially since he was preceded by a host of recognized prophets, messengers, saints, saviors and other assorted holy men, none of whom referred to the inherent "guilt" of man.

But Christian theology has not stopped at that. We are presented with the three "images" of God, i.e., the Trinity; the state of man's sinfulness, regardless of how well-behaved he is; threats of hell and hopes of paradise; and told to accept the package deal or suffer in purgatory ever after. And then there is the

root of it all—the Devil himself, who precipitated Adam's fall to sin. Which takes us back again to Darwin, evolution and the monkey. Further comment on that is superfluous.

The purpose of the above discourse is to emphasize the absurdity of the dogma on which is built Christian morality and the morality of Western man. Faced with this farce, is it a wonder that people are turning away, agonized with doubt, from the plague of all the guilt complexes the good reverends can provide?

This is the sum of the crisis which affects all mankind, not America alone. Everyone seems to be hitting around the bull's-eye. What is needed is a critical re-examination of the dogma on which Christian morality is built. Spurious religious propaganda, revivalism, crusades, and indiscriminate censorship reflect the sorry state of religious affairs. **PLAYBOY**, in the past year, has brought much needed attention to this problem. Please accept my heartfelt felicitations on your accomplishment.

Rufy S. Khwaja  
Royal Air Force  
Rutland, England

#### FREEDOM FROM RELIGION

Your philosophy of freedom from religion and freedom from God would be amusing if it weren't so sad. God, of course, cannot be disregarded nor annihilated. He is from everlasting to everlasting. It's interesting that in the 1957 Government census 97 percent of our people classified themselves as Catholic, Protestant or Jewish. According to church records, church membership is actually about 60 percent of the population. Escape from God and conscience seems difficult.

But why should anyone want to escape God when He is a God of infinite love? He sent His only son, Jesus Christ, to die in our stead and for our sins, so that we can have complete forgiveness and finally a new life of eternal joy in heaven. (See *John 3: 16; 11 Cor. 5: 19-21; Rev. 21: 1-7*.) Life here on earth also becomes worth living, for it has a new purpose in Christ—as millions will testify who, in Christ, have found the power to live for others and not just for their own selfish ends.

Even God's laws were given in love, for our good and the common good. The closer we live to His divine laws, the happier we will be, especially when we remember that even all our failures are forgiven us in Christ.

Juvenile delinquents aren't happy; neither are adult delinquents—for long.

Arthur E. Graf

Department of Practical Theology  
Concordia Theological Seminary  
Springfield, Illinois

*Freedom from religion (the reference was made relative to organized religion's*

*involvement in government) is hardly the same thing as freedom from God. We heartily endorse any religion based upon "a God of infinite love"; what we oppose is neither the concepts of God nor of organized religion, but those concepts of negativism, totalitarianism and suppression that exist within certain elements of organized religion today.*

#### A PRIEST FOR PLAYBOY

Yes, I will renew my subscription to your magazine for three years—my check is enclosed. I take this action promptly and with enthusiasm because of the 12th installment of your *Playboy Philosophy*, the one appearing in the November issue.

It might interest you to know that I am a Christian—a priest of the Episcopal Church, as a matter of fact. Nevertheless, I sincerely believe that you are doing more to help people understand the difference between faith and religion, freedom and law, justice and bigotry, than the Church has done since the 16th Century. Indeed, if you will forgive me, I have taken much of what you have said in your previous articles and used those words as if they were my own.

My dear friend, The Reverend Dr. William A. Clebsch, professor at the Episcopal Theological Seminary of the Southwest in Austin, Texas, recently said that "in a real way the word of faith, if one were to read it right now, would much more likely be found in the *Post-Dispatch* of this morning than in the Holy Scriptures." I could, without any qualms of conscience, say the same thing for **PLAYBOY**.

The Reverend John Troy Vaughn  
Fort McKavett, Texas

#### SEX AND RELIGION

A copy of your licentious publication having been brought to my notice, I feel constrained to comment upon what you are pleased to refer to as your "philosophy" regarding "the sexual nature of man." Your argument seems to be: Sex is natural, *ergo* sex is good. Now none will deny that it is natural, but so is murder, adultery and theft: that is, they can all be accomplished without the supernatural intervention of natural law. But who will say they are good?

The Lord hath said: "It is good for a man not to touch a woman." (*1 Cor. 7: 1*.) As for censorship, the Lord has in all ages appointed those who have attained to a higher cleanliness to watch and aid the progress of the less fortunate toward attaining to His higher mandates. You say that the exhibition of filth may provide a release for man, whose basic natural impulse is to wallow in it; but the Lord hath said: "To be carnally minded is death." (*Romans 8: 6*.) So much for your "reason"! A "philosophy" whose words lie sandwiched between pictures designed to excite the

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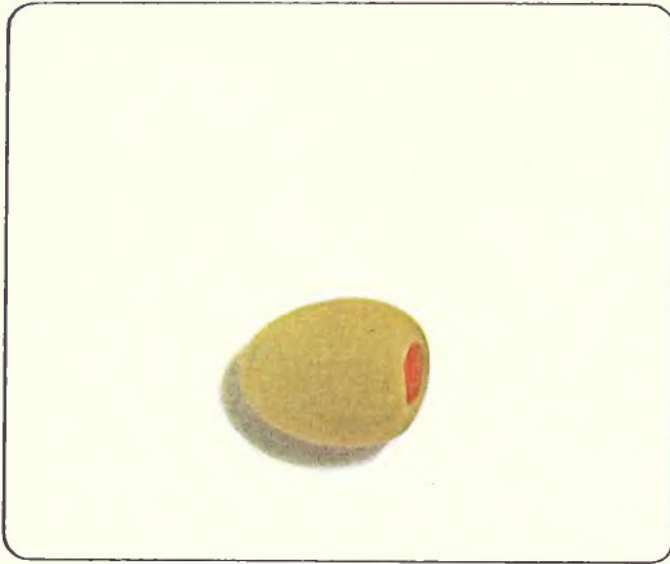
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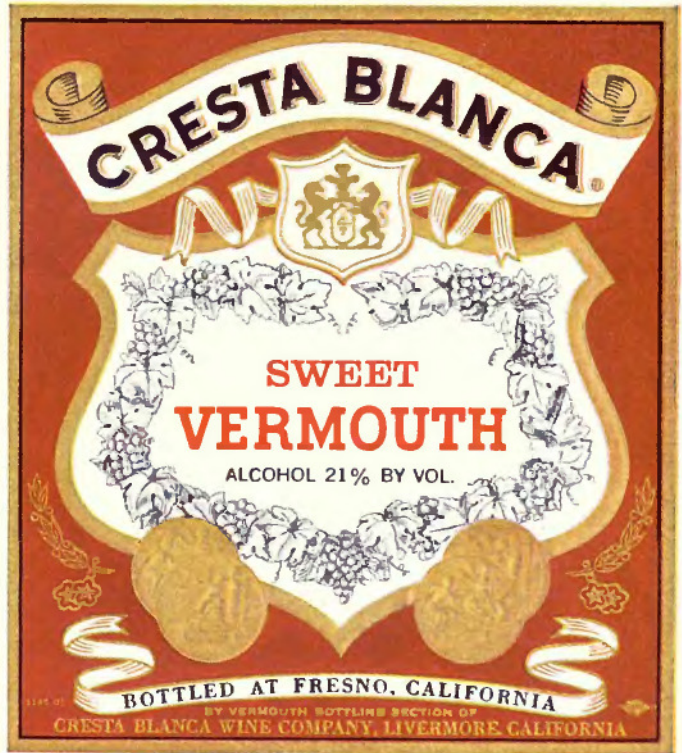
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hunger of lust needs no further comment.

The Reverend Niel Tidwell  
Church of Jesus  
Ketchikan, Alaska

Reverend, you'd better do a little more Bible study. Neither of your quotations is attributed to the Lord in the Bible — they are statements made by St. Paul in response to questions put to him by the Church of Corinth. It was Paul, not Christ, who first introduced the significant note of antisexualism into Christianity and, as historical references in the August and September installments of the "Philosophy" indicated, Paul had an extremely pessimistic view of sex; he believed that the end of the world was imminent and that man should, therefore, put away all things worldly and prepare himself for that event.

But, as Hefner commented, St. Paul's antisexualism was slight compared to the twisted theological thought that followed him — upon which much of the more recent Christian antisexuality is based. William Graham Cole, as Chairman of the Department of Religion at Williams College, wrote in his book, "Sex in Christianity and Psychoanalysis": "All unwittingly [St. Paul] marked the transition point between the healthy and positive attitude toward the body which characterized the Old Testament and Jesus, and the negative dualism which increasingly colored the thought of the Church. . . . Although in most other respects the Church successfully defended the ramparts of naturalism, the citadel of sex fell to the enemy. Increasingly, virginity became a cardinal virtue, marriage a concession to the weak . . . sex had become an evil necessity for the propagation of the race, to be avoided and denied by the spiritually strong. . . . Even those who were 'consumed with passion' were urged not to marry, to discipline themselves, to mortify the flesh, for the flesh was evil . . ."

Our point is not "sex is natural, ergo sex is good." What is called "natural" — sex included — can be either good or evil, depending on the surrounding circumstances. We consider personal sex preferable to impersonal sex, for example, and we are opposed to all coercive, fraudulent and exploitative sex — though it is the coercion, fraudulence and exploitation that we consider evil, not the sex itself.

Your suggestion that God has, in all ages, chosen those of "a higher cleanliness" to watch over what the rest of us "less fortunate" human beings say and do has a familiar sound to it — this viewpoint has been the basis for exercising totalitarian control over the mind and body of man throughout the centuries. We would oppose any such undemocratic proposition even if it were not provable — as it so readily is — that those thus "appointed . . . to a higher

cleanliness" have been responsible, in the past, for the enslavement, witch burning, heretic torture and death of millions of nonbelievers, and the perpetrators of some of the most monstrous atrocities ever committed by man.

Our personal God has chosen us to do our own censoring and informed us that anyone who attempts to take away that right is opposing His will.

The September installment of *The Playboy Philosophy* is a very lucid, well-argued and, on the whole, very fair exposition of the Church's distrust and repression of the sexual impulse throughout the ages. There are, however, one or two comments I would like to make.

Firstly, Mr. Hefner limits his attack to antisexualism within Christianity. No doubt the revulsion to sex is most marked in that religion, but there are passages in the Buddhist and Hindu scriptures which read like the morality tracts which used to be thrust into the hands of young boys by sinister and sexually obsessed moralists in the earlier years of this century. In a great deal of organized religion, of whatever variety, one encounters not only a kind of generalized revulsion to sexuality per se, but also a specific and inadequately disguised distrust and even hatred of women. In terms of psychology, Christ's immense contribution was his insistence on the importance of the female. The truths he emphasized have, unfortunately, been perverted by the organizing and, at the same time, disruptive genius of clericalism.

It always astonishes me that people do not see more clearly to what extent repressed homosexuality has played a part in the organization and dissemination of the great religions of the world. A good deal of the Church's historical hatred of women should be taken at its face value.

There is one point in this matter which troubles me. It is one thing to see clearly the evils of sexual repression. One must, however, avoid the danger of crusading on behalf of sex qua sex. I do not say that this is what *PLAYBOY* is doing, but every important emancipator in this sphere must be careful that he does not replace a systematized repression by an almost mechanized emancipation. Sex for the sake of sex is already an overdone philosophy.

Dr. A. Guirdham  
Bath, England

#### SEX AND CONFORMITY

Your editorials expounding *The Playboy Philosophy* have remarkably illuminated your peculiar type of idiocy. Naturally you have a right to think of yourself and the rest of your compatriots as studs and to devote your life to sexual gratification, but when you must seek to

explain your behavior in supposedly rational terms you make yourself ridiculous in the eyes of everyone, even your subscribers, and reduce yourself to the image of a drooling sexual psychopath, babbling incessantly about his "philosophy" and his "reasons" for such erotic behavior. If you find it so difficult to conform to the norms and rules imposed by the society in which you live, perhaps it would be better for you to admit your inability to control yourself and withdraw to an island somewhere — away from normal people. You could take along women, an artist, and a printing press. When the women grow old and can no longer satisfy you, your artist can draw nude pictures, and you can print them and distribute them among yourselves and your friends. You could exist in your own little microcosm — exciting yourselves over your pictures and dreaming of past pleasures.

We despise and condemn your philosophy for what it is: a sophisticated sexual perversion. We prefer to think that the soul is better than the body, that there is more beauty to be found in the mind than in the mud, and that love is infinitely better than lust.

John M. Kaman, Robert H. Melka,  
Michael Maas, Daniel P. Roberto  
University of Notre Dame  
South Bend, Indiana

Fortunately, we don't find it necessary to choose between the merits of the body and soul — we don't consider them mutually exclusive, or in conflict with one another; nor do we connect sex with mud, or find love and lust opposing one another. We would also remind you that this country was founded by men who found it "difficult to conform to the norms and rules" imposed upon them. That's what brought the Quakers to America; that's what sent the Mormons out West; that's what brought the Catholics to Maryland. We like to think of ourself as being part of, and a voice in, that society which you seem to put forth in the third person, as something apart from the individual. If you feel that the status quo — be it social, economic, sexual or religious — is inviolate, we suggest you reread world history, wherein the only constant has been change. A society that stands still actually regresses, when surrounding cultures advance. We don't believe that America is standing still: sexual attitudes are just one phase of a changing cultural pattern in the United States. We believe that this social evolution is a good and necessary thing and we also believe that discussing it is healthy. It is difficult to find the logic in a society that is technologically advanced enough to talk about putting a man on the moon, but at the same time adheres to socio-sexual taboos and dogmas formulated in the Middle Ages.

## GOD AND MAN

I am worried and not a little dismayed by the picture of religion which your concerned and thoughtful *Philosophy* presents to the American "Religious Establishment." Without presuming to speak for the entire spectrum of this establishment, I would like to verbalize some of my thoughts to you and your readers, as an equally concerned and quite dedicated believer in the Christian faith. Consider this, if you will, one man's witness for that faith, to a portion of his community, the United States of America.

The April issue brought me to my typewriter with a whole complex of indictments, which you have articulated, and which for the past 50 years have been lying at the foot of the Christian altar gathering dust. This century has evolved a perversion around the person of God. This man-made image which has been labeled God came not, I am sorry to say, from God, but from man—ever attempting to return the compliment of God. Since God made man in His image, man has felt the necessity of returning the compliment: the unhappy results are all about us, and they are what prompted you to write.

Man seems to have forgotten that when God created the world, He created it good; in place of this, we have evolved the idea that God has a dirty mind—and that man is the result. Instead of imagining God as some sort of Victorian judge, spending his time developing an endless list of meaningless do's and don'ts, man ought to be trying to work and live in closer harmony with his Creator.

We seem to have forgotten what Christ taught—that we are all the children of a loving God; what has been put forth as gospel instead is a remote and angry God, whose favor we must somehow try to win. We call the worship of idols pagan and yet an endless array of idols has infiltrated the Christian community: one of these you have rightly revealed as censorship; Puritanism is another—with its monstrous notion that there is evil in the very body of man, as such. Again we find a belief that God has a dirty mind.

Jesus was a great one for exposing idols in his day and I really feel he would have just as much to do, if not more, turning over idols in his church today. I think it would be very worthwhile if one of your *Playboy Interviews* were given over to someone who could show this New Generation that the whole Christian Establishment is not pervaded with such things as your indictment rightly describes. Since, by default, you have become the spokesman for my generation, I feel you must assume the responsibility of beginning the dialog which is necessary in order to restore the

communication which has broken down between people and the church.

Parker H. Moore, Junior Seminarian  
The Episcopal Seminary in Kentucky  
Lexington, Kentucky

## RELIGIOUS HUMANISM

Several Unitarian and Universalist ministers have called my attention to your series on religion in *PLAYBOY*. With some difficulty, I managed to get all of the back issues since December 1962, and so catch up on what you have been running. You know something—I don't see how a nonprofessional, a layman, has been able to do such a job. I have five earned academic degrees; I read for several periodicals that publish reviews; and, when I have the time, correct some manuscripts, so I speak with some authority when I say that there is a tremendous amount of work represented in your series and your references are to the best scholars in the field.

It seems remarkable to me that this series should appear in a pretty-girl magazine (no offense intended); also, that so many ministers know about your magazine and its editorials.

My extrapastoral work is for scholarly, probably stuffy, learned periodicals. With diffidence I advise that some people have suggested that I might make a contribution to *PLAYBOY* in this field [excerpts from two such letters follow]—provided, of course, that your experiment, if your editorial series may be termed that, evokes the positive response I anticipate. I don't know that I could be of any use to you, but as a minister I like to bring a civilized approach to religion for people, as you are doing in sex. In any event, congratulations on a job well done.

Harold Scott, Minister  
First Congregational Parish, Unitarian  
Kennebunk, Maine

Dear Harold:

I want to congratulate you on your article, "The Survival of Supernaturalism," in the Summer 1963 issue of *Humanist World Digest*—it is one of your best to date. My only complaint is that the article won't be read by enough people—but I have a remedy for that. I suggest you condense it some and send it to *The Playboy Forum*, c/o *PLAYBOY* magazine.

Harold, are you familiar with *PLAYBOY*? Have you bought or read any copies lately? I bought my first issue (September 1963) two days ago. This magazine, I understand, has a tremendous circulation among college students and successful executives. They claim the median income of their readers is over \$10,000 a year. The remarkable thing is that the owner and editor, Mr. Hefner, has been publishing his

philosophy (called *The Playboy Philosophy*) every month for the past 10 issues; the installment in September is Part 10 and it is a real historical blast against Christian orthodoxy—and from what I gather, other installments are equally factual and rough on C.O. It seems his philosophy is agnosticism and, I guess, Humanism and Epicureanism. But, Harold, look at the tremendous guts of the man to come out with this philosophy in a magazine of such tremendous circulation. I'm not certain what the circulation is, but I believe it is well over a million. And in a letter department called *The Playboy Forum*, he invites readers to respond with their own ideas on the subjects he has been editorializing about. Get a copy of the magazine and write to them. *PLAYBOY* has the audience—the successful young executives and college men. I hope you take advantage of this opportunity.

Frank  
Dallas, Texas

Dear Dr. Scott:

It is not necessary to tell you that ever since the Neo-Pythagoreans expressed the principle of authority from divine revelation religious tolerance, found among the pagans, has been extinct. It set the stage for fanatically held convictions of non-demonstrable humbug, killed scientific inquiry and led to the Dark Ages.

I read your excellent article on superstition in the Summer issue of *Humanist World Digest*. It certainly deserves a wider audience. The number it reached was infinitesimal and most of them are already rationalists. It should be read by many who have never heard of *H.W.D.*, or any other publication of its kind. *PLAYBOY* magazine has begun to publish some unorthodox material that is reaching readers by the millions. A competent scholar, such as your article proves you to be, could do more for Humanism with one article in *PLAYBOY* than a thousand in *H.W.D.*

Superstition is a Hydra-headed monster and a sword is much more effective against it than a penknife.

The pot is beginning to boil at a faster rate and it is in continuous need of fuel to keep it boiling. The English have backed the [liberalizing of the] Anglican Church to such an extent that, for all practical purposes, they are almost Unitarians and Humanists. The same can be done in this country.

At least half the ministers in the U. S., gulled into superstition by dotting parents, would welcome a rebellion that would give them a chance

to throw off their cloak of hypocrisy; the other half are still as primitive as the clergy of the Dark Ages. A positive change for the better can be brought about and PLAYBOY offers hope that the process is beginning to accelerate. It would certainly keep its momentum with your help.

Religious fundamentalism has bred, and continues to breed, some unsavory monsters. This authoritarianism, when transposed into the secular field, breeds Birchism, McCarthyism, communism and fascism. When you fight one, you fight them all.

Keep up the good work and may your pen never run dry. Check into PLAYBOY.

W. L. Saunders  
Wichita Falls, Texas

PLAYBOY welcomes the respected voice of Reverend Harold Scott—along with those of every religious denomination that believes that our society should be both free and rational. Excerpts from Dr. Scott's article, "The Survival of Supernaturalism," are reprinted below, with permission, from the Summer 1963 issue of Humanist World Digest.

On its inside cover, Humanist World Digest defines religious Humanism: "The religious Humanist feels that religion without a natural scientific basis is either myth or superstition. Conversely, science without a moral basis is incomplete and nonhumanistic. We hold that it is the function of science to seek truth, and the function of religion to warm and supplement it . . ."

#### THE SURVIVAL OF SUPERNATURALISM

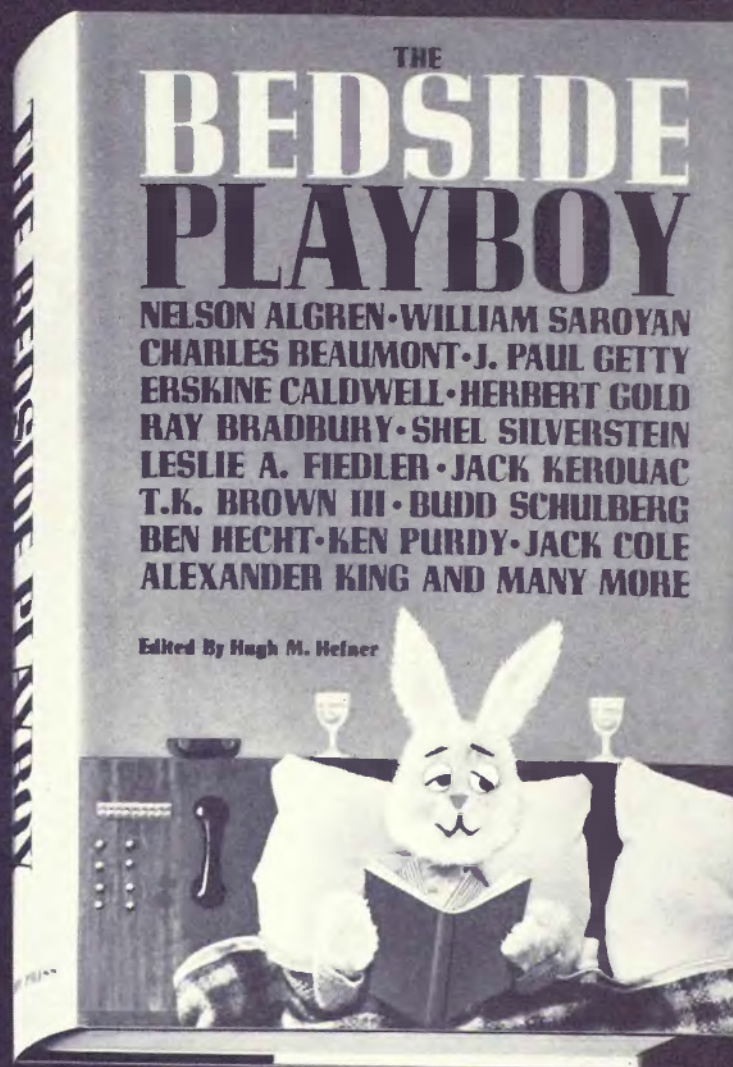
Christianity was born into a world that except for a few philosophers accepted supernaturalism. Professor Willoughby of the University of Chicago used to be fond of telling us that for the ancients the supernatural was natural. The supernatural has always been an integral part of orthodox Christian theology.

While religion is native, natural and intrinsic to men the interpretation of religion, that is theology, has described itself largely in terms of supernaturalism. I see no point in calling any part of our experience supernatural. For me supernaturalism is superstition.

In order to compete with the many theories of religion of the world in which it was born, Christianity not only had to offer supernaturalism, but a more extravagant supernaturalism than Judaism, the many mystery cults, or the Numa religion of Rome. The late Professor Gilbert Murray liked to assure us that "Christianity came into no empty world."

The exposition of Gentile Christianity by Paul is meaningless without super-

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naturalism. Not only the piddling miracles but the whole cosmic genesis and destiny are simplified by supernaturalism. Jesus is not a Jewish teacher, prophet and humanitarian but the principal figure in a cosmic plot in which, unfortunately, human beings are involved.

Paul taught that the saved Christian had become a divine creature no longer subject to the limitations of ordinary mortals. He assumed attributes of deity such as sinlessness and immunity to death and decay. In some cases he was able to communicate directly with other deities, as God the Father, Christ, spirits and angels, converse in strange tongues, cast out demons, heal the sick and crippled without recourse to medicine or surgery, expose magicians, have visions, receive revelations, foretell the future, handle snakes and not be bitten, and in general transcend the world of mortal sense. Yet the church for the most part claims it is teaching New Testament Christianity. It was nothing less than all of this that Paul offered members of the First Century Mediterranean world if they would become Christians. The marvel is, not that he was successful, but that so often he failed of success.

Early Christianity had no faith in man. Man was helpless. Hope for man in this life and for eternity depended on supernatural intervention.

The persistence of supernaturalism into our time is one of the most remarkable of social phenomena. It is a commentary on (a) the lack of integration of knowledge, (b) the lack of carry-over in education and (c) the superstitious regard for the pulpit even in this age of disintegrating historical theology.

Not only did the early Christian religion claim more and better miracles than were previously available, but Christians condemned non-Christian miracles as fakes or as proceeding from Satan.

The whole history of heresy has in it a great deal of jealousy in respect to who had supernatural power. The Catholics discount Protestant miracles. The Protestants make fun of Catholic miracles.

In the same manner Christians have denied there was any revelation but Christian revelation. Revelation by definition is the imparting of knowledge to a human or humans by supernatural means. It is claimed to be immediate, ineffable and indescribable. It is a unique experience. Since it is unique, it cannot be examined scientifically. Still, the burden of proof should be upon the person who claims a revelation. He who believes in angels should be asked to produce one for our examination.

Not only have Christians denied other than Christian miracles and on occasion condemned to death witches, and people possessed of a devil, and dealers in magical power, but they have turned upon their neighbors and slaughtered

fellow humans who claimed a revelation other than orthodox. Thus Catholics have tortured, burned and hanged Protestants and heretical Catholics, and Protestants have tortured, burned and hanged other Protestants.

So long as any interpretation of religion claims to have been a revelation (truth from God) it must hold all else is error, and *must* be intolerant and has in it the seeds of persecution. Cannot we see that? Revelation corrupts religion. The Inquisition was inevitable.

The ancients explained phenomena in terms of supernaturalism because they had no other explanations. They had no telescope on Mt. Palomar through which they could read the secrets of many worlds. They had no compound microscopes by which they could lay bare the mysteries of nature's vital processes. The only way the ancients had of knowing truth to be truth was to have it supernaturally guaranteed. To claim supernatural authentication for Christianity was the only way it possibly could become a popular religion.

While wild supernaturalism has been greatly modified or rejected by scholarship, the masses [still] love, enjoy and defend it. They demand it from pastors. Sunday-morning broadcasts are full of it.

Religion is man's response to his environment. Theology is an interpretation of the religious drive. Listeners to my radio addresses sometimes accused me of "tearing down religion." That cannot be done. If you have a leaking roof and you put on new shingles you are not tearing down your house. It is not meritorious or religious to believe something because it is in an ancient book, or because a lot of people have believed it, or to hold, as Tertullian did — before he backslid — that it is true because it is unbelievable. The church is a backward institution. It need not be. It will be a backward institution until it abandons supernaturalism.

Harold Scott, M.S., Th.D.  
Kennebunk, Maine

#### PURITANISM AND PUBLIC MORALITY

It is, of course, no accident that PLAYBOY places the majority of the blame for the unsatisfactory condition of American sex morals on the old New England Puritans. But perhaps the blame should focus less upon their mores than upon the fact that they were the founders of the U. S. tradition of public morals. Many people have been as prudish: the Puritan courtship custom of bundling became so "unpuritan" that some mothers were forced to tie their daughters' legs together. They hardly could be called teetotalers either. Considerable amounts of rum were drunk at Puritan weddings.

But what placed an indelible stamp on U. S. history was the fact that the Puritan theocracies spawned a tradition

of public morals with strong religious overtones. As a result, private freedom here is largely mythical. Our morals are in the hands of numerous "watchdogs of society." The local high-school principal tells his students how to wear their hair. Observance of religious rituals is forced upon students in public schools. And the Postmaster General thinks he should determine what publications may be read.

You have picked a choice and long-overdue area for social reform. Keep up the good work.

Geoffrey Gall  
Kalamazoo, Michigan

#### PERSONAL PURITANISM

I began reading your *Playboy Philosophy* rather casually, with no true feeling of involvement — rather, in the mood of one willing to be amused, and unwilling to believe that the publisher of PLAYBOY could strike real flame from a resinous and incredibly complex mass of firewood. I'm a novelist and writer of short stories (and of many other things) and a pretty damned good one, sometimes; one of my stories was in PLAYBOY, a couple of years ago. And, as I read on, I simultaneously found myself going through a personal crisis of exploration and self-questioning: I'll spare the details, but it's enough to say that I found huge icy blocks of puritanical glacial matter, which had been placed in my personal path in my boyhood, and which I had shut my eyes to; now I saw them, and could, slowly but finally, take a genuine look at them, and assess them for what they were. Your PLAYBOY articles weren't the entire cure-all in this case, but they were catalytic enough, and honest enough, to be strong contributing factors in helping me in my semiblind search for self-knowledge. And they also helped me, in certain subtle ways, to free the writing (which is, of course, my life) and to free others around me. I'm not saying yours is a holy mission — that would call for a definition of holiness, and I don't intend to get into theological hair shaving. But that the philosophy, the search, is marvelously liberating, is true — and anything that can liberate is precious, is needed, and requires no two-and-a-half cheers, but the full three — delivered fortissimo.

Paul Darcy Boles  
New York, New York

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in our continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence on either the "Philosophy" or the "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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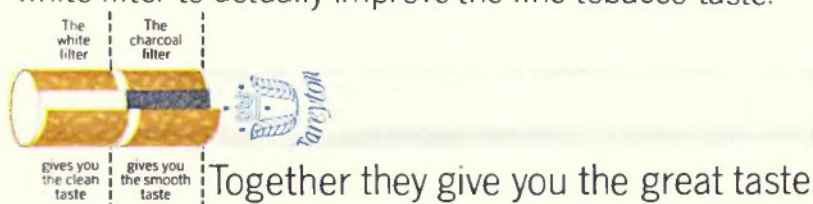
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# THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

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

CONTEMPORARY SOCIETY is undergoing a profound Sexual Revolution—it is apparent in our books, magazines, movies, television and everyday conversation—in every area of communication.

To some it represents a decline in moral standards—a turning away from the divinely revealed Word of God, as expressed in the Bible, the Ten Commandments and the Judaeo-Christian heritage that a majority of Americans share; to others it represents a facing up to "the facts of life," an enlightened search for a new morality more in keeping with modern man's greater understanding of both himself and the world in which he lives—a quest for a new code of conduct consistent with our conduct itself and based upon reason rather than superstition.

But whatever viewpoint one espouses, there is common agreement that a Sexual Revolution is taking place and that the old religious restrictions have little or no influence on the sexual behavior of a sizable segment of our society. For these citizens, at least, a new, more acceptable moral code must be found.

We will offer, in a subsequent issue, our own concept of a sexual ethic for modern society. But first we wish to consider the extent to which the old traditions and taboos surrounding sex have become inoperative and largely ineffectual; we want to discuss, also, the dangers inherent in any such societal schizophrenia—where a significant gap exists between professed beliefs and actual behavior—and the effect that such inconsistency can have upon the very fiber of society itself, especially when the moral code that a major part of society refuses to accept is reinforced by legal restraints in all 50 of these United States.

## RELIGION IN A FREE SOCIETY

We have previously discussed the importance of the separation of church and state in a free society and concluded that any fusion of religion and government is irreconcilable with the ideals of our democracy. The founding fathers took seriously the lessons of religious persecution and tyranny offered by history and gave us a Constitution and a

## editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

Bill of Rights that guarantee full freedom to and from religion.

The dominant religion in America is Christianity and all who accept its teachings should be free to live accordingly. But it is obvious to even the casual observer that there is a wide divergence in the social, moral and religious precepts of the various Christian denominations. And what of the non-Christians in our democracy? Obviously the Jews, Buddhists, Mohammedans, existentialists, agnostics and atheists should be equally free to follow their own religious convictions. Each man's freedom should be limited only to the extent that it infringes upon the freedom of others.

It was the search for such religious freedom that brought many of the original settlers to the New World in the first place. It was the awareness of the importance of such freedom that prompted George Washington to say, "The Government of the United States of America is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion."

And James Madison, another of our founding fathers, said, "Who does not see that the same authority which can establish Christianity, in exclusion of all other religions, may establish with the same ease any particular sect of Christians, in exclusion of all other sects?"

Clearly, then, each member of society should be free to practice, and to preach, his own particular religion, but no religious doctrine can be justifiably forced upon society by the state.

## RELIGION AND MORALITY

All religions include some moral precepts as a part of their theology and there are broad similarities among the moral codes of the major religions of the Western World—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. But there is not nearly the unanimity of opinion on sex within organized religion in the U. S. that is often assumed, and among laymen there is virtually no agreement whatsoever.

Modern Christianity includes a significant strain of antisexuality—introduced, as we have observed, first by St. Paul, strongly reinforced by the medi-

eval Church, and again by the leaders of the Reformation and the Counter Reformation. The Protestant Puritanism that developed first in England and then America drew its antisexual prejudices primarily from the teachings of Calvin. Puritanism became the principal religious influence on the social patterns that evolved in both countries; in the U. S., Jewish and Catholic immigrants were influenced by the puritanical Protestant culture, and the Catholics reinforced our antisexual mores with sexual prejudices of their own. Thus the Protestant, Catholic or Jew in America is more apt to be sexually repressed than his counterpart in free societies elsewhere in the world.

## JEWISH MORALITY

As the oldest of the major religions of Western civilization, Judaism supplied the historic soil from which Christianity grew. Christian antisexualism was not derived from the earlier Judaic culture, however, and Jewish societies have been traditionally more permissive in matters of sex than either the Roman Catholic or the Protestant.

As we have already stated in our historical consideration of religion and sex in the August and September issues, early Judaism accepted sex as a natural part of life. The early Jews, according to G. Rattray Taylor, in *Sex in History*, "believed strongly that one should enjoy the pleasures of life, including those of sex, and some teachers held that [on one's] last day one would have to account to God for every pleasure that one had failed to enjoy."

The only sexual injunctions in the Ten Commandments are against adultery and coveting of a neighbor's wife. Of these, Taylor says, "It must be understood that in this period, just as in Rome and Greece, adultery was a property offense and meant infringing the rights of another man. It did not mean that a man should restrict his attentions to his wife; indeed, when a wife proved barren, she would often give one of her handmaidens to her husband that she might bear children for him. Moreover, as the Bible often reminds us, men were free to maintain mistresses, in addition to their wives; on the number of wives a

man might have there was no restriction.

"Nor was there any ban on premarital sex; it is seldom appreciated that nowhere in the Old Testament is there any prohibition of noncommercial, unpremeditated fornication — apart from rape, and subject to a father's right to claim a cash interest in a virgin [daughter]. Once a girl had reached the age of 12½ years, she was free to engage in sexual activity, unless her father specifically forbade it. Prostitution, though frowned on, was common, and in Jerusalem the whores were so numerous that they had their own market place. Nor in pre-Exilic days was sodomy a crime, except when committed as part of religious worship of non-Jewish gods."

In an article in a recent issue of the *Journal of Religion and Health*, Nathaniel S. Lehrman confirms that premarital virginity and extramarital fidelity were "not demanded of Hebrew men. Prostitution, both sacred and profane, existed in Israel . . ." Morton M. Hunt writes, in *The Natural History of Love*, "Men in the Old Testament were patriarchal and powerful, and often guiltlessly enjoyed the services of several wives and concubines."

Lehrman states further, "Because the bearing of children was regarded as such a blessing, dying in the virgin state was considered unfortunate rather than desirable. . . . Sexuality and eating . . . would seem to have been regarded rather similarly by the Old Testament. It permanently forbade certain types of food and sex, and sometimes temporarily prohibited all eating and sexual activity. Permanent and total sexual abstinence seems to have been as foreign to its thinking, however, as permanent and total abstinence from food."

"Although sexuality was accepted without question throughout early Biblical times, and in the Mosaic code in particular, various aspects of the latter have given rise to the erroneous belief that the Old Testament is antisexual. Such asceticism appears to be altogether foreign to the traditions of Israel."

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

Post-Exilic Judaism developed certain sex fears and repressions as a masochistic reaction to persecution. These same fears and restrictions later found their way into early Christianity, which also suffered persecution and hence proved a fertile field for them. The extreme asceticism

and antisexuality of the medieval Church and of Protestant Puritanism have no parallel in Judaic history, however.

Whatever antisexual element exists in modern Judaism is probably due, for the most part, to the nearly 2000 years of coexistence in primarily Christian cultures. American Jews — while not nearly as sexually permissive as the Hebrews of the Old Testament — are more liberal than either American Catholics or the main stream of American Protestantism.

#### CATHOLIC MORALITY

Christian antisexuality began, as we have stated, not with Christ, but with St. Paul, who was strongly affected in his views by the mystical religions of the Orient, which were then spreading throughout the Roman Empire. Paul had an extremely negative, pessimistic view of mankind in general, and sex in particular; he believed that the cataclysmic end of the world was imminent and that man should, therefore, put away all things worldly to prepare himself for that event.

John Short writes of Paul, in *The Interpreter's Bible*, "Obviously the marriage relationship did not appeal to him . . . [he] seems to have regarded the more intimate sex relationship with some distaste. He is of the definite opinion that it is better for Christians to follow his personal example, and remain unmarried." Paul himself wrote, "It is well for a man not to touch a woman . . ." but conceded that it was better to marry than to "burn." He also wrote, "For I know that in me dwelleth no good thing. . . . For the good that I would do, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. . . . Oh wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

But St. Paul's antisexualism was slight compared to the twisted theological thought that followed him — and upon which much of our more recent Christian antisexuality is based. In *Sex in Christianity and Psychoanalysis*, William Graham Cole, then Chairman of the Department of Religion at Williams College, wrote: "All unwittingly [St. Paul] marked the transition point between the healthy and positive attitude toward the body which characterized the Old Testament and Jesus, and the negative dualism which increasingly colored the thought of the Church. . . . Although in most respects the Church successfully defended the ramparts of naturalism, the citadel of sex fell to the enemy. Increasingly, virginity became a cardinal virtue, marriage a concession to the weak . . . sex had become an evil necessity for the propagation of the race, to be avoided and denied by the spiritually strong. . . . Even those who were

'consumed with passion' were urged not to marry, to discipline themselves, to mortify the flesh, for the flesh was evil . . ."

Out of Pauline dualism — derived from the mystical religions of Asia — the early Church conceived of the body and soul of man as being in perpetual combat: deprive the body and you feed the soul; satisfy the body and the soul is damned to eternal hellfire. Asceticism turned into masochism and self-torture, as fanatical monks retired to the burning deserts of North Africa to mortify their flesh, fasting, flagellating themselves, going without sleep and refusing to wash; some castrated themselves in order to be freed from the torments of the flesh.

The Church's concern with sex became an obsession: virginity, sexual restraint and denial were prized above all else, and eventually became a requirement of all those taking churchly vows. Sexual pleasure became a sin — first outside of marriage, and eventually inside of it as well. Marriage itself was held in low esteem, as were all women — who were viewed as a temptation to evil.

Roman society was sexually liberal and had tended to upgrade the status of women, in comparison to earlier times. In his book *Premarital Sexual Standards in America*, Ira L. Reiss, Professor of Sociology at Bard College, states: "The Christians opposed from the beginning the new changes in the family and in female status. . . . They fought the emancipation of women and the easier divorce laws. . . . They [had] a very low regard for sexual relations and for marriage. . . . Ultimately, these early Christians of the first few centuries accorded marriage, family life, women, and sex the lowest status of any known culture in the world."

Taylor states that the Christian code was based, quite simply, "upon the conviction that the sexual act was to be avoided like the plague, except for the bare minimum necessary to keep the race in existence. Even when performed for this purpose, it remained a regrettable necessity. Those who could were exhorted to avoid it entirely, even if married. For those incapable of such heroic self-denial, there was a great spider's web of regulations whose overriding purpose was to make the sexual act as joyless as possible and to restrict it to the minimum." Taylor points out that it was not the sex act itself which was considered damnable, "but any pleasure derived from it — and this pleasure remained damnable even when the act was performed for the purpose of procreation . . ."

Not only was the pleasure of the sex act held to be sinful, but also the mere desire for a person of the opposite sex, even when un consummated. And since the love of a man for a woman could

be conceived as, at least partially, sexual desire, this led to the concept that a man should not love his wife too much. In fact, Peter Lombard maintained, in his *De excusatione coitus*, that for a husband to love his wife too ardently is a sin worse than adultery.

By the Eighth Century, the Church had begun to develop a strict system of ecclesiastical laws, codifying every aspect of sexual activity in a series of "penitential books." Celibacy was the ideal, though it did not become universally required of those with priestly functions until the 11th Century. Since chastity was a virtue, it became virtuous for wives to deny sex to their husbands, which many apparently did. As we previously observed, however, it is doubtful if this actually increased the sum total of chastity, since many husbands were probably driven to extramarital relations as a consequence.

In some penitentials, fornication was declared a worse crime than murder. Attempting to fornicate, kissing, even thinking of fornication, were all forbidden and called for penalties: for the last-named transgression, the penance lasted for 40 days. Nor was intention a necessary requisite for sin, for involuntary nocturnal emissions were considered sinful; the offender had to rise at once and sing seven penitential psalms, with an additional 30 in the morning.

The penitentials also devoted an inordinately large amount of space to penalties for homosexuality and bestiality, but the sin upon which the greatest stress was placed was masturbation. In *Social Control of Sex Expression*, Geoffrey May states that in five comparatively short medieval penitential codes, there are 22 paragraphs dealing with various degrees of sodomy and bestiality, and no fewer than 25 dealing with masturbation by laymen, plus a number of others dealing separately with masturbation by members of the clergy. According to Aquinas, it was a greater sin than fornication.

We have remarked previously on the insights supplied by modern psychiatry into societies with severe masturbatory taboos. The activity is nearly universal in infants, and since punishment comes when the child is too young to understand its significance, and when masturbation represents his primary means of pleasure without outside assistance, a fear of this specific pleasure becomes imbedded in his unconscious and later generalized into a fear of other sexual pleasure. Such taboos are thus to be found in almost any society suffering from repression or feelings of guilt and shame related to sex.

The Church fathers increasingly codified every aspect of sexual behavior to the point where only coitus between husband and wife, for the purpose of

procreation, in a single approved position, was considered "right" and "natural." Sodomy, fellatio and cunnilingus were prohibited—even among married couples and where such foreplay might be the prelude to coitus. Sex was also restricted to certain days of the week and times of the year: G. Rattray Taylor states that at one time in the Middle Ages, "the Church forbade sexual relations—even between man and wife—for the equivalent of five months out of every year."

Taylor makes clear his conviction that these limitations on sex were calculated to make it as pleasureless as possible and that the Church laws prohibiting polygamy (which had been permitted in pre-Exilic Jewish society and not forbidden by the early Christian fathers) and divorce (which the early Church had recognized for a limited number of reasons, including barrenness, religious incompatibility and prolonged absence) were motivated by an interest in curtailing sexual opportunity to the absolute minimum.

Similarly, laws against incest were broadened in the 11th Century to include second, and eventually third, cousins—as well as the godparents and the witnesses at a baptism or confirmation (it eventually became a sin for even relatives of the godparents, priest and witnesses to marry one another). All of this tended to reduce the opportunity for "sin" (sex) and it is easy to imagine that in some small villages there might have been literally no one to whom a person of marriageable age could be legitimately wed.

The Church forbade all sex with animals (bestiality) and then defined copulation with a Jew as a form of bestiality, with the same penalties—which is not without a certain irony, since the Christian law against bestiality was derived from the Jews.

Because it considered marriage a contaminating process, the Church at first refused to perform the marriage ceremony, but later—as a part of its comprehensive attempt to control all sexual matters—it urged couples to take their marriage vows in the church, eventually proclaiming church marriage compulsory and all civil ceremonies invalid. The Church then refused to perform weddings at certain times of the year and Taylor reports that at one point "there were only 25 weeks in the year when marriages were legal. . ." The Church also restricted the hours during which the wedding vows could be taken; first declaring that the ceremony should be performed openly, "it established that marriages must take place in daylight, but later defined daylight as eight A.M. to noon."

The Church fathers had no reservation about rewriting the Bible to their

own ends. W. H. Lecky states, in *The History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe*, "The fathers laid down a distinct proposition that pious frauds were justifiable and even laudable . . . [and] immediately, all ecclesiastical literature became tainted with a spirit of the most unblushing mendacity." Taylor says, "Only real desperation is enough to explain the ruthlessness with which the Church repeatedly distorted and even falsified the Biblical record in order to produce justification for its laws."

Attaching, as they did, so much importance to preventing masturbation, the medieval churchmen sought Biblical justification for this prohibition and finding none, they twisted the Scriptures to suit their purpose. *Genesis* 38 refers to Onan's seed falling upon the ground and his subsequently being put to death. The interpretation was established—and is still widely believed—that this passage refers to masturbation, from which we derive the word *onanism* as a synonym for the practice. The passage actually refers to *coitus interruptus* and Onan was put to death for violating the law of the levirate, by which a man must provide his deceased brother's wife with offspring, so that the family's possessions can be handed down to direct descendants.

The Catholic writer Canon E. de Smet, in his book *Betrothment and Marriage*, comments upon this: "From the text and context it would seem that the blame of the sacred writer applies directly to the wrongful frustration of the law of the levirate, intended by Onan, rather than the spilling of the seed."

The Romans, Jews and Greeks had not opposed abortion, but Tertullian, using an inaccurate translation of *Exodus* 21:22, which refers to punishing a man who injures a pregnant woman, popularized the belief that the Bible held abortion to be a crime. Rabbi Glasner states, "The Bible itself does not mention it at all. . . . One might argue that therapeutic abortion, at least, would not be considered objectionable, since the embryo [is] a part of the mother (like a limb), and not a separate entity." Taylor notes that though the error in translation has long since been recognized, the Church still maintains its position opposing abortion, and this opposition has been incorporated into secular law. Which also demonstrates that the moral laws of Christianity are frequently not so much derived from Biblical authority, as Biblical authority is sought to justify the particular prejudices and predilections of the time.

The Church's interpretation of the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden provides an especially striking example of construing Scripture in ways

not consistent with the text. To support its general position on sex, the story was changed to suggest that the "forbidden fruit" Adam tasted in the Garden was sex, with Eve cast in the role of the temptress. Thus the Original Sin that Adam handed down to all of us was sexual in nature. But the Bible makes no such statement: the book of *Genesis* states that Adam defied God by eating from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, making him godlike, and it is for this that God expelled him from Paradise. William Graham Cole wrote: "The preponderance of theological opinion, in both Jewish and Christian circles, has interpreted the Original Sin as pride and rebellion against God. The Church's negative attitude toward sex has misled many into belief that the Bible portrays man's Fall as erotic in origin. Neither the Bible itself nor the history of Christianity thought substantiates such a belief."

It is also worth noting that in the story of the Garden of Eden, the female is viewed in an unfavorable light — not only is she created from one of Adam's ribs, placing her in a position of being his possession, but Eve is also the one who tempts Adam into breaking God's commandment, thus causing their downfall. In an alternate explanation of the story, menstruation was explained as a "curse" imposed upon women for Eve's treachery and that time of the month is still sometimes referred to by women today as "having the curse," without any knowledge of the expression's derivation.

Women were generally considered a source of sin and contamination, along with sex and marriage, by the Church of the Middle Ages. It was believed that sexual evil really dwelt within woman and that she was a constant temptation to man, who might otherwise remain pure. Tertullian proclaimed to all women: "Do you not know that each one of you is an Eve? The sentence of God on this sex of yours lives in this age: the guilt must of necessity live, too. You are the Devil's gateway . . . you are she who persuaded him whom the Devil was not valiant enough to attack . . ."

Nor were such attitudes held by only a few members of the clergy. Robert Briffault states, "These views were not, as has been sometimes represented, exceptions and the extreme. . . . [The fathers of the Church] were one and all agreed. . . . The principles of the fathers were confirmed by decrees of the synods, and are embodied in the canon of the Council of Trent."

John Langdon-Davies states, in his *Short History of Women*, "To read the early Church fathers is to feel sometimes that they had never heard of the Nazarene, except as a peg on which to hang their own tortured diabolism, and as a blank scroll upon which to indite their furious misogyny." Havelock Ellis says,

"The ascetics, those very erratic and abnormal examples of the variational tendency, have hated woman with a hatred so bitter and intense that no language could be found strong enough to express their horror."

An anonymous philosopher of the medieval Church wrote, "A Good Woman is but like one Ele put in a bagge amongst 500 Snakes, and if a man should have the luck to grope out that one Ele from all the Snakes, yet he hath at best but a wet Ele by the Taile."

Christianity's fierce hostility to sex produced a repressive society in which perversion and sado-masochism soon became prevalent and it erupted finally in the witch trials of the Inquisition, with the persecution, torture and death of millions throughout almost all Europe.

Modern Roman Catholicism can hardly be held accountable for the sins of the medieval Church, but much of the antisexuality conceived out of the irrational obsession with sex that marked the Middle Ages persists in the Church doctrine of today.

The Catholic Church remains more adamant in its opposition to sex outside of marriage than either the Jews or most Protestant denominations. Catholic dogma still proclaims that the sole purpose of sex is procreation and so forbids all mechanical means of birth control, though the recent introduction of "the pill" (discovered by a Roman Catholic) and the pressures of population explosion in many underdeveloped countries of the world are producing a re-evaluation of this doctrine.

Catholicism still considers civil marriage invalid for Catholics and opposes all divorce. It also forbids abortion — even therapeutic abortion, condoned by many Jews and Protestants.

The Church's concern over sex has led many Catholics into active participation in censorship groups and their concern over birth control has sometimes produced an antagonism to public sex education. It is understandable, therefore, why the Catholic religion is still viewed, by some, as basically antisexual.

There is a more liberal element within modern Catholicism, however. Dr. John Rock, a devout and highly respected Catholic scientist, is one of the major researchers in the field of oral contraception and in his bold book, *The Time Has Come*, he forthrightly faces the linked problems of overpopulation and birth control; he also expresses the opinion that no state government has the right or competence to legislate on the religious aspects of the problem (this comment from the Boston scientist refers especially to the archaic laws of both Massachusetts and Connecticut, which prohibit doctors from giving out any information on birth control to their patients, even when it is requested)

and states his conviction that *all* governmental restrictions on birth control, written and unwritten, should be removed.

In this same area, it is worth noting that whereas our previous President, a Protestant, refused to approve a policy whereby the U. S. would give out birth control information to nations suffering with the problem of overpopulation, remarking, "I cannot imagine anything more emphatically a subject that is not a proper political or governmental activity or function or responsibility." President Kennedy, a Catholic, fully endorsed such assistance and permitted his representative at a UN debate on the subject to say, "So long as we are concerned with the quality of life, we have no choice but to be concerned with the quantity of life."

The more liberal element in current Catholic thought is evident in this statement from *The Church and Sex* by R. F. Trevett, published in 1960 as Volume 103 of *The Twentieth Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism*, with the official *nihil obstat* and imprimatur: "We have an occasional sneaking wish that the laws of the Church might be modified. . . . Surely there is room for more tolerance toward those struggling with a very powerful instinct that is apparently always warring against principles . . ."

"Why is our sex life bedeviled with problems? Are those problems genuine or the result of taboos? . . . If we can find positive and practical answers to these questions, we may hope also to discover something very different from the negation and prudery, the obscurantism and intolerance which many sincerely believe — and we Catholics must take our share for this sorry state of affairs — make up the Church's teaching on sex."

#### PROTESTANT MORALITY

It might be assumed that the Protestant Reformation would have produced a more natural, positive, less restrictive attitude toward sex. Just the opposite occurred.

The Roman Church had started to become more liberal in its attitude on sex with the Renaissance and this sexual permissiveness was one of the things that Protestant leaders like Calvin and Luther opposed. Calvin, especially, preached a doctrine that rejected not only sex, but *all* pleasure.

Calvinist Puritanism became popular in England and, later, America. The Puritans perpetuated the witch hunts of the Inquisition which, as we recorded in the August issue, were predominantly sexual in origin. The interinvolvement of church and state was extended rather than diminished and the Puritans actually gained control of the English Parliament in the 17th Century, overthrew

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ask your barber for  
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the monarchy (executing Charles I in a manner that would have made the most bestial barbarian proud), and ruled the government for a brief period, until strong opposition to their oppressive laws forced them from power.

The English Puritans attempted to make "immorality" impossible by imposing the harshest of penalties. For adultery and for incest (the latter being defined as sexual relations between any couple prohibited from marriage because of their relatedness) the punishment was death. Because the Puritan rule was not a popular one, juries most often refused to convict, but in *Puritan, Rake and Squire*, J. Lane reports that a man of 89 was executed for adultery in 1653 (which, as we observed in September, age considered, may seem more a compliment than an injustice) and another for incest (with his brother-in-law's daughter) in 1656. These penalties were repealed with the end of Puritan rule, but as late as 1800, and again in 1856 and 1857, attempts were made to have Parliament reimpose the death penalty for adultery.

The first courts established by the Puritans in America were clerical rather than civil, and some simply introduced the Bible as the basis for their laws. The Puritans in America never burned any witches, but they did hang a few and one was crushed to death.

Centuries of religious sex suppression have not succeeded in stilling the natural mating urge in humankind, but they have managed to spawn a society in which sexual expression is excessively burdened with feelings of guilt and shame. Antisexualism reached its peak in England during the early reign of Queen Victoria and, in America, extended well into the 19th Century. In that time, all sexual words and references were deleted from books, including the Bible; women wore several pounds of excess clothing, and a lady's ankle was apt to cause more excitement than the sight of an entire leg does today; a woman was never pregnant, she was "in a family way"; sex education for children had babies being delivered by the stork; maidenly modesty forbade the discussion of sex, even with one's own doctor, and rather than undergo a personal physical examination a female patient would often point to the ailing part of the anatomy on a small doll doctors kept in their offices for such occasions; undergarments and even male trousers were referred to as "unmentionables"; legs were discreetly called "limbs"—on people, the Thanksgiving turkey, and even on furniture; proper ladies covered the "limbs" of their chairs and couches with little skirts of printed crinoline, for modesty's sake; some even took to separating the books on their shelves by the sex of the author, lest the volumes by men and women be permitted to rest

against one another; the uncommonly prudish unmarried woman would not undress in a room in which the portrait of a man was hung.

Far from de-emphasizing sex, such actions had the opposite effect, and so instead of remaining aloof from it, this period of English and American history must be seen as sexually obsessed—as are all periods of sexual repression.

While Victorian man urged women to purity, he distrusted them also. He wanted them to be virgins, but suspected secretly that they were whores. He was therefore compelled to divide the female sex into two categories: "good" women, who had no taste for sex; and "bad" women, who had. It is revealingly symptomatic of the times that W. Acton asserted, as a supposed statement of fact in a scientific work, *The Functions and Disorders of the Re-productive Organs*, that it was a "vile aspersion" to say that women were capable of sexual feeling. In *A History of Courting*, E. S. Turner states, "Sexual instincts became something no nice girl would admit to possessing; her job was to make man ashamed of his."

In *The Natural History of Love*, Morton M. Hunt writes, "The role in which Victorian man had cast woman had its inevitable effect on man himself. Patriarchal he might be, stern to his children, frock-coated, mightily bewhiskered, and not to be trifled with, but he played this part at the expense of his own sexual expressiveness and his own peace of mind. If he were a libidinous man, he was driven to resort secretly to brothels. If he were weakly sexed, the emphasis on the purity of woman might actually unman him. If he were an average man with an average drive, he might live his entire life galled by the need for self-denial and self-restraint."

Such is the stuff of which our sexual heritage is made.

It is difficult to state a contemporary Protestant view of sex, because the very nature of Protestantism, with its many denominations, makes for many viewpoints. Protestant attitudes thus range from the conservative to the most liberal.

The Puritan influence upon Protestantism, and upon the entire fabric of American society, is still pronounced. But there is also a new awakening to the sexual nature and needs of man within Protestantism, and some Protestants are quite outspoken on the subject.

In an article titled *A 20th Century Philosophy of Sex*, Joseph Fletcher, teacher of social ethics at the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Massachusetts, states, "The Christian churches must shoulder much of the blame for the confusion, ignorance and unhealthy guilt associations which surround sex in Western culture. . . . The Christian church from its earliest, primi-

tive beginnings has been swayed by many puritanical people, both Catholic and Protestant, who have treated sexuality as inherently evil."

In *The Bible and the World of Dr. Kinsey*, William Graham Cole, head of the Williams College Department of Religion, put it even more strongly: "There can be no quarrel with the secular world at this point. It is right and the church has been wrong. Sex is natural and good. . . . It is attitudes which are good and evil, never things. . . . Those who take the Bible seriously must stop apologizing for sex. . . . they must begin with a concession to the secular mind, granting that sex is natural.

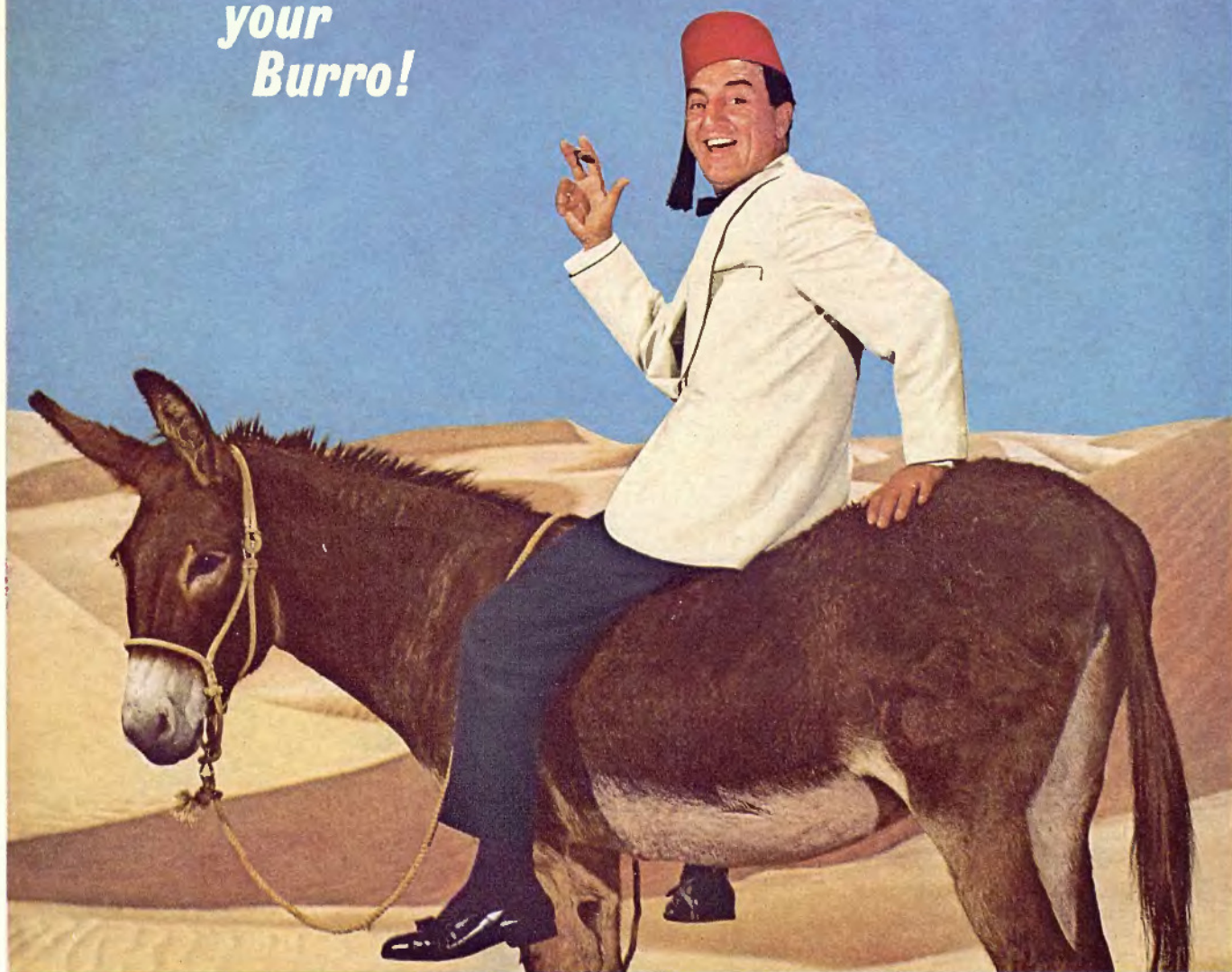
"In its efforts to prevent irresponsible procreation, Western civilization has used the device of what Freud called the walls of loathing, guilt and shame. On the whole this method of social control has worked reasonably well, but a price has been paid for its success—the price of sexual perversion, which is the product of fear and anxiety. . . . The method of moralism has been weighed in the balance and found wanting, partly because it moves in the wrong direction and partly because it has based its case on fear."

In *Religion and Sex: A Changing Church View*, David Boroff wrote in a 1961 issue of *Coronet*, "Much of Protestantism no longer wishes to be identified with repression and Puritanism. 'In fact,' says Professor Roger Shinn, of New York's Union Theological Seminary, 'repression is a Christian heresy.' . . . In this country, Puritanism . . . has been hostile to the expression of sexual feeling. But in recent years, Protestant theologians have re-examined these concepts. They now argue that Puritanism, when it insists that sex is evil, is actually a distortion of Christian doctrine. These thinkers have been influenced not only by recent Biblical scholarship, but also by the findings of psychiatry—especially the revelation of the psychic damage that may be done by sexual repression."

As we observed in the July installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, England is also undergoing a Sexual Revolution. *Time* reported in its March 22, 1963 issue: ". . . The British are deeply concerned with their search for what some call 'a new morality' to fit the hushed-up facts of life. 'The popular morality is now a wasteland,' said Dr. George Morrison Carstairs, 46, professor of psychological medicine at Edinburgh University, in a recent BBC lecture. 'It is littered with the debris of broken convictions. A new concept is emerging, of sexual relations as a source of pleasure, but also as a mutual encountering of personalities, in which each explores the other and at the same time discovers new depths in himself or herself.'"

(continued on page 188)

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***how to talk dirty and influence people***



*Here I am in my famous impression of a faith healer. Yes, friends, drop your bread in the collection box or I'll throw this right in your faith.*

***part four of an autobiography by lenny bruce***



**synopsis:** Last month, in Part III of his autobiography, Lenny Bruce continued the story of his post-War attempts to support himself and his wife, Honey, while struggling through the early stages of his career. His part-time stint as a free-lance charity collector in priestly garb having ended with Honey's near death in an auto crash, Lenny began concentrating exclusively on show business. He told how he gradually worked toward his unique style, showing how many of his most famous bits sprang directly from his collisions with the world's hypocrisies. Maturing as a performer, but still obscure, Lenny took Honey to California, where he worked on his father's farm for a few months and then m.c.'d in a burlesque club. It was shortly after this that Honey, now recovered, had a chance to go back to stripping, and left for a short engagement which extended into a longer and longer one that finally ended in divorce. Lenny related how he progressed into gradually better jobs, as a solo act in clubs and as a sometime screenwriter for 20th Century-Fox. He described his final disillusionment with organized religion through his experiences while trying to produce a picture of his own with a religious theme. Finally, he recounted his arrival as an established show-business figure, with prominent celebrities following his act from club to club, and the trade papers giving him increasingly bigger and more enthusiastic notices. Beginning Part IV, Lenny has evolved the successful approach many think makes him the freshest, most important performer of the day — and he is beginning to get into serious trouble with the fuzz because of it.



Clowning for the camera in one of my grave moments. I cross up a friend.



Another in my series of famous impressions. Red Buttons? Eddie Cantor? Jonah describing the whale?

THE FIRST TIME I got arrested for obscenity was in San Francisco. I used a 10-letter word onstage. Just a word in passing.

"Lenny, I wanna talk to you," the police officer said. "You're under arrest. That word you said — you can't say that in a public place. It's against the law to say it and do it."

They said it was a favorite homosexual practice. Now that's strange. I don't relate that word to a homosexual practice. It relates to any contemporary chick I know, or would know, or would love, or would marry.

Then we get into the patrol wagon, and another police officer says, "You know, I got a wife and kid —"

"I don't wanna hear that crap," I interrupted.

"Whattaya mean?"

"I just don't wanna hear that crap, that's all. Did your wife ever do that to you?"

"No."

"Did anyone?"

"No."

"Did you ever say the word?"

"No."

"You never said the word one time? Let ye cast the first stone, man."

"Never."

"How long have you been married?"

"Eighteen years."

"You ever chipped on your wife?"

"Never."

"Never chipped on your wife one time in eighteen years?"

"Never."

"Then I love you . . . because you're a spiritual guy, the kind of husband I would like to have been . . . but if you're lying, you'll spend some good time in purgatory . . ."

Now we get into court. They swear me in.

The cop: "Your Honor, he said blah-blah-blah."

The judge: "He said *blah-blah-blah!* Well, I got grandchildren . . ."

Oh, Christ, there we go again.

"Your Honor," the cop says, "I couldn't believe it, there's a guy up on the stage in front of women in a mixed audi-



Here I am in my guise as a mild-mannered charity promoter.



I forget who the other two guys are, but that's not Shirley Temple on your right. For years I dreamed of participating in a situation like this, but I finally had to hire my own cop and judge, thus making it a setup. P.S. I was acquitted.

ence, saying blah-blah-blah . . ."

The District Attorney: "Look at him, he's smug! I'm not surprised he said blah-blah-blah . . ."

"He'll probably say blah-blah-blah again, he hasn't learned his lesson . . ."

And then I dug something: they sort of *liked* saying blah-blah-blah.

Even the bailiff: "What'd he say?"

"He said blah-blah-blah."

"Shut up, you blah-blah-blah."

They were yelling it in the courtroom.

"Goddamn, it's good to say blah-blah-blah!"

. . .

The actual trial took place in the early part of March 1962. The People of the State of California *vs.* Lenny Bruce. The jury consisted of four men and eight women. The first witness for the prosecution was James Ryan, the arresting officer. Deputy District Attorney Albert Wollenberg, Jr. examined him.

Q. . . . And on the night of October the fourth did you have any special assignment in regard to [the Jazz Workshop]?

A. I was told by my immediate superior, Sergeant Solden, that he had received a complaint from the night before that the show at this club was of a lewd nature, and that sometime during the evening I was to go in and see the show and find out what the complaint was all about. . . . Just as I entered the establishment, the defendant was coming onto the stage.

Q. I see. And what did he do when he came onto the stage?

A. Well, he walked on the stage and seated himself, I believe on a stool, and started his act.

Q. And during the course of his act did any talking about an establishment known as Ann's 440 arise?

A. Yes.

Q. Prior to the discussion about Ann's 440 Club, what was the defendant talking about?

A. Well, he talked—he talked about many things, many different topics. One or two that I recall was some discussion that he made about toilet bowls, and another little talk I guess you'd call it about butterflies.

Q. I see. And then in reference to Ann's 440 Club, was this part of the conversation about butterflies or toilets?

A. No. It was later in the show.

Q. I see. And what did he have to say, as you recall, about that?

A. Well, he was giving a little summary of different experiences he had had during his time in show business; this particular instance he apparently had worked at Ann's 440 Club maybe a few years in the past. And during this particular episode at the 440 he was talking to some other person, who, as near as I can recall, I think was either his agent

or another entertainer. And during this conversation . . . one person said, "I can't work at the 440 because it's over-run with [vernacular for fellators]."

Q. Now, who was saying this on the stage?

A. The defendant.

Q. Now, after this statement, what then occurred?

A. A little later on in the same show the defendant was talking about the fact that he distrusted ticket takers and the person that handled the money, and that one of these days a man was going to enter the premises and situate himself where he couldn't be seen by the ticket taker, and then he was going to expose himself and on the end of it he was going to have a sign hanging that read, "WHEN WE REACH \$1500 THE GUY INSIDE THE BOOTH IS GOING TO KISS IT."

Q. . . . Now, subsequent to the statement about hanging a sign on a person exposed, was there any further conversation by the defendant while giving his performance?

A. Yes. Later in the show he went into some kind of chant where he used a drum, or a cymbal and a drum, for a tempo, and the dialog was supposed to be —

MR. BENDICH (my attorney, Albert Bendich): I'll object to what the witness infers the conversation or dialog was supposed to import, your Honor. The witness is to testify merely to what he heard.

THE COURT: Sustained.

MR. WOLLENBERG: Can you give us the exact words or what your recollection of those words were?

A. Yes. During that chant he used the words "I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming," and —

Q. Did he just do it two or three times, "I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming"?

A. Well, this one part of the show lasted a matter of a few minutes.

Q. And then was anything else said by the defendant?

A. Then later he said, "Don't come in me. Don't come in me."

Q. Now, did he do this just one or two times?

A. No. As I stated, this lasted for a matter of a few minutes.

Q. Now, as he was saying this, was he using the same voice as he was giving this chant?

A. Well, this particular instance where he was saying "I'm coming, I'm coming," he was talking in a more normal tone of voice. And when he stated, or when he said "Don't come in me. Don't come in me," he used a little higher-pitched voice . . .

. . .

Mr. Bendich now cross-examined.

Q. Officer Ryan, would you describe your beat to us, please?

A. . . . It takes in both sides of Broad-

way from Mason to Battery.

Q. And in the course of your duties, Officer, you have the responsibility and obligation to observe the nature of the shows being put on in various clubs in this area?

A. Yes, sir, I do.

Q. . . . Now, Officer, you testified, I believe, on direct examination that you had a specific assignment with reference to the Lenny Bruce performance at the Jazz Workshop, is that correct?

A. That's correct.

Q. Tell us, please, if you will, what your specific assignment was.

A. My assignment was to watch the performance of the show that evening.

Q. What were you looking for?

A. Any lewd conversation or lewd gestures or anything that might constitute an objectionable show.

Q. What were your standards for judging, Officer, whether a show was objectionable or not?

A. Well, any part of the show that would violate any Police or Penal Code sections that we have.

Q. . . . And how long were you present at the performance, Officer?

A. Approximately forty-five minutes.

Q. . . . I believe that you indicated that the first basis of your decision to seek the arrest of Mr. Bruce was your overhearing the word, to wit, "[vernacular for fellator]," is that correct?

A. That's correct.

Q. Now, Officer, after your entrance into the Jazz Workshop at approximately ten o'clock, what time would you estimate it to have been when you heard the word "[vernacular for fellator]"?

A. Approximately ten minutes, I'd say.

Q. And how long thereafter, Officer, was it before you heard the next term to which you took exception or which you considered to fall within your conception of objectionable?

A. I'd say probably another ten or fifteen minutes.

Q. Now, I take it, of course, that the performance was a continuing one and that Mr. Bruce was performing throughout this period that you stood there and observed the show?

A. That's correct.

Q. Yes. Let me continue along this line, then, Officer, if you will, and ask you approximately how much time elapsed after the second term to which you took exception until you heard the next term to which you took exception?

A. A few minutes again, maybe five or—five minutes, I'd say.

Q. Now, these three occurrences, Officer, are the ones on which you based your decision to seek the arrest of the defendant, is that correct?

A. That's correct.

Q. You witnessed the performance for a forty-five-minute period of time, is that correct?

A. Yes.

Q. And when you left, the performance was still going on, is that correct?

A. That's right.

Q. Now, I believe that you told Mr. Wollenberg during your direct examination that with respect to the last language to which you took exception, to wit, the words or the phrase "I'm coming," that particular section of Mr. Bruce's show took approximately two minutes, is that correct?

A. Well, I'd say anywhere from two to four minutes. I'm only approximating now. I didn't look at my watch.

Q. Yes. Now, it only takes a second to say the word "[vernacular for fellator]," does it not, or approximately that?

A. Approximately.

Q. And I should say that it takes approximately another second to utter the phrase "kiss it," is that correct? Would you concur?

A. Yes.

MR. BENDICH: . . . [You have previously described] the clubs that are situated upon the beat that you patrol, and among other clubs you listed the Moulin Rouge . . . And would you be good enough to tell us, Officer Ryan, what the nature of the entertainment material presented in the Moulin Rouge is?

A. Primarily a burlesque-type entertainment.

Q. Strip shows are put on . . . ?

A. That's correct.

Q. And, as a matter of fact, Officer Ryan, there is a housewives' contest put on at the Moulin Rouge with respect to superior talent in stripping, is there not?

A. I don't know if it just encompasses housewives; I know they have an amateur night.

Q. Now, Officer Ryan, will you tell us a little bit about what occurs during amateur night?

A. Well, just what it says, I believe. Girls that have had little or no experience in this type of entertainment are given a chance to try their hand at it.

Q. To try their hand at it, and they try their body a little, too, don't they?

MR. WOLLENBERG: Oh, if your Honor please, counsel is argumentative.

THE COURT: Yes. Let us not be facetious, Mr. Bendich.

MR. BENDICH: I am being perfectly serious, your Honor.

THE COURT: Well, that question smacks of being facetious.

MR. BENDICH: I will withdraw it. I don't intend to be facetious.

Q. Officer Ryan, will you describe for the ladies and gentlemen of the jury, if you will, please, what the ladies who are engaged in the competition on amateur night do?

MR. WOLLENBERG: If your Honor please, this is irrelevant.

THE COURT: Overruled.

THE WITNESS: Well, they come on the stage and then to the accompaniment of music they do a dance.

MR. BENDICH: And in the course of doing this dance, they take their clothes off, is that correct?

A. Partially, yes.

Q. Now, these are the amateur competitors and performers, is that correct?

A. That's correct.

Q. Tell us, please, if you will, what the professional performers do.

A. Approximately the same thing, with maybe a little more finesse or a little more ability, if there is ability in that line.

Q. And you have witnessed these shows, is that correct, Officer Ryan?

A. I have, yes.

Q. And these are shows which are performed in the presence of mixed audiences, representing persons of both sexes, is that correct?

A. That's true.

Q. Now, Officer Ryan, in the course of your official duties in patrolling your beat you have occasion, I take it, to deal with another club, the name of which is Finocchio's, is that correct?

A. That's true.

Q. And you have had occasion to observe the nature of the performances in Finocchio's, is that true? . . . Would you be good enough, Officer Ryan, to describe to the ladies and gentlemen of the jury what the nature of the entertainment presented in Finocchio's is?

A. Well, the entertainers are female impersonators.

Q. . . . And can you describe the mode of dress, Officer, of the female impersonators in Finocchio's?

A. Well, they wear different types of costumes. Some of them are quite full, and others are —

Q. Quite scanty?

A. Not "quite scanty," I wouldn't say, no, but they are more near to what you'd call scanty, yes.

Q. "More near to what you'd call scanty." Well, as a matter of fact, Officer, isn't it true that men appear in the clothes of women, and let's start up — or should I say, down at the bottom — wearing high-heeled shoes?

MR. WOLLENBERG: Oh, if your Honor please, he's already answered that they're wearing the clothes of women. That covers the subject. We're not trying Finocchio's here today.

MR. BENDICH: We're certainly not trying Finocchio's but we are trying Lenny Bruce on a charge of obscenity, and we have a question of contemporary community standards that has to be established, and I am attempting to have Officer Ryan indicate what the nature of the community standards on his beat are.

THE COURT: . . . Well, ask him to be

specific.

MR. BENDICH: Very well. Will you please be more specific, Officer Ryan?

A. In what regard? I have testified —

Q. With regard to describing the nature of the scantily dressed female impersonators in terms of their attire.

A. They have all different kinds of costumes. Now, which particular one — I never paid that much attention to it, really.

Q. Well, they appear in black net stockings, do they not?

A. I imagine they do at times.

Q. And they appear in tights . . . ?

A. On occasion, yes.

Q. And they appear wearing brassieres, do they not?

A. That's correct.

Q. I think that's specific enough. . . . Officer Ryan, in the course of your observations of the strip shows in the Moulin Rouge, have you ever had occasion to become sexually stimulated?

A. No, sir.

MR. WOLLENBERG: I'm going to object to this and move to strike the answer as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, if your Honor please.

THE COURT: The answer is in; it may remain.

MR. BENDICH: Were you sexually stimulated when you witnessed Lenny Bruce's performance?

MR. WOLLENBERG: Irrelevant and immaterial, especially as to this officer, your Honor.

THE COURT: Overruled.

THE WITNESS: No, sir.

MR. BENDICH: Did you have any conversation with anyone in the Jazz Workshop on the night that you arrested Mr. Lenny Bruce?

A. No.

Q. Officer Ryan, you're quite familiar with the term "[vernacular for fellator]," are you not?

A. I have heard it used, yes.

Q. As a matter of fact, Officer Ryan, it was used in the police station on the night that Lenny Bruce was booked there, was it not?

A. No, not to my knowledge.

Q. Well, as a matter of fact, it is frequently used in the police station, is it not?

MR. WOLLENBERG: That's irrelevant and immaterial, if your Honor please. What's used in a police station or in private conversation between two people is completely different from what's used on a stage in the theater.

THE COURT: Well, a police station, of course, is a public place.

MR. WOLLENBERG: That's correct, your Honor.

THE COURT: As to the police station, the objection is overruled.

MR. BENDICH: You may answer, Officer.

A. Yes, I have heard it used.

Q. Yes, you have heard the term used in a public place known as the police station. Now, Officer Ryan, there is nothing obscene in and of itself about the word "cock," is there?

MR. WOLLENBERG: I'm going to object to this as being irrelevant and immaterial, what this man feels.

THE COURT: Sustained.

MR. BENDICH: Just two last questions, Officer Ryan. You laughed at Lenny Bruce's performance the night that you watched, did you not?

A. No, I didn't.

Q. You didn't have occasion to laugh?

A. No, I didn't.

Q. Did you observe whether the audience was laughing?

A. Yes, I did.

Q. And they were laughing, were they not?

A. At times, yes.

Q. And no one in the audience made any complaint to you, though you were in uniform standing in the club?

A. No one, no.

MR. BENDICH: No further questions.

Later, Mr. Wollenberg examined the other police officer, Sergeant James Solden.

Q. . . . And did you have occasion while in that area [the Jazz Workshop] to see the defendant Bruce? . . . Did you have a conversation with him?

A. The conversation was, I spoke to Mr. Bruce and said, "Why do you feel that you have to use the word [vernacular for fellator] to entertain people in a public night spot?" And Mr. Bruce's reply to me, was, "Well, there are a lot of [vernacular for fellators] around, aren't there? What's wrong with talking about them?"

Mr. Bendich made his opening statement to the jury, "to tell you what it is that I am going to attempt to prove to you in the course of the presentation of the defense case. . . . I am going to prove through the testimony of several witnesses who will take the stand before you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, that Mr. Bruce gave a performance in the Jazz Workshop on the night of October fourth last year which was a show based on the themes of social criticism, based upon an analysis of various forms of conventional hypocrisy, based upon the technique of satire which is common in the heritage of English letters and, as a matter of fact, in the heritage of world literature. We are going to prove, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, that the nature of Mr. Bruce's performance on the night of October the fourth was in the great tradition of social satire, related intimately to the kind of social satire to be found in the works of such great authors as Aristophanes, Jonathan Swift —"

MR. WOLLENBERG: I'm going to object.

Aristophanes is not testifying here, your Honor, or any other authors, and I'm going to object to that at this time as improper argument.

MR. BENDICH: Your Honor, I didn't say I would call Mr. Aristophanes.

THE COURT: I don't think you could, very well. . . .

And so the trial began.

It seems fitting that the first witness for the defense was Ralph J. Gleason, a brilliant jazz critic and columnist for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Gleason was my first real supporter, the first one who really went out on a limb for me, to help my career.

Mr. Bendich examined him.

Q. . . . Mr. Gleason, will you describe for us, if you will, please, what the themes of Mr. Bruce's work were during the appearance in the Workshop for which he was arrested?

MR. WOLLENBERG: I will object to just the themes, your Honor. He can give the performance or recite what was said, but the "themes" is ambiguous.

THE COURT: Overruled.

THE WITNESS: The theme of the performance on the night in question was a social criticism of stereotypes and of the hypocrisy of contemporary society. . . . He attempted to demonstrate to the audience a proposition that's familiar to students of semantics, which is that words have been given in our society almost a magic meaning that has no relation to the facts, and I think that he tried in the course of this show that evening to demonstrate that there is no harm inherent in words themselves.

Q. . . . How important, if at all, was the theme of semantics with reference to the entire show given on the evening in question?

A. In my opinion, it was very important — vital to it.

Q. And what dominance or predominance, if any, did the theme of semantics occupy with respect to the content of the entire show on the night in question?

A. Well, it occupied an important part in the entire performance, not only in the individual routines, but in the totality of the program.

Q. Yes. Now, with respect to the rest of the program, Mr. Gleason, would you tell us about some of the other themes, and perhaps illustrate something about them if you can, in addition to the theme of semantics which Mr. Bruce worked with?

A. Well, to the best of my recollection there was a portion of the show in which he attempted to show satirically the hypocrisy inherent in the licensing of a ticket taker who had a criminal record for particularly abhorrent criminal acts and demanding a bond for him. . . .

Mr. Gleason was asked to read to the jury an excerpt from an article in *Com-*

*monweal*, a Catholic magazine. The article was by Nat Hentoff, who's Jewish, so it doesn't really count. Gleason read:

"It is in Lenny Bruce — and only in him — that there has emerged a cohesively 'new' comedy of nakedly honest moral rage at the deceptions all down the line in our society. Bruce thinks of himself as an ethical relativist and shares Pirandello's preoccupation with the elusiveness of any absolute, including absolute truth.

"His comedy ranges through religion-in-practice ('What would happen if Christ and Moses appeared one Sunday at Saint Patrick's?'); the ultimate limitations of the white liberal; the night life of the hooker and her view of the day; and his own often scarifying attempts to make sense of his life in a society where the quicksand may lie just underneath the sign that says: TAKE SHELTER WHEN THE CIVILIAN DEFENSE ALARM SOUNDS.

"Bruce, however, does not turn a night club into Savonarola's church. More than any others of the 'new wave,' Bruce is a thoroughly experienced performer, and his relentless challenges to his audience and to himself are intertwined with explosive pantomime, hilarious 'bits,' and an evocative spray of Yiddishisms, Negro and show-business argot, and his own operational semantics. Coursing through everything he does, however, is a serious search for values that are more than security blankets. In discussing the film *The Story of Esther Costello*, Bruce tells of the climactic rape scene: 'It's obvious the girl has been violated. . . . She's been deaf and dumb throughout the whole picture. . . . All of a sudden she can hear again . . . and she can speak again. So what's the moral?'"

Later — after the judge had pointed something out to the Deputy District Attorney ("Mr. Wollenberg," he said, ". . . your shirttail is out.") — Mr. Gleason was asked to read to the jury a portion of an article by Arthur Gelb in *The New York Times*.

"The controversial Mr. Bruce, whose third visit to Manhattan this is, is the prize exhibit of the menagerie, and his act is billed 'for adults only.'

"Presumably the management wishes to safeguard the dubious innocence of underage New Yorkers against Mr. Bruce's vocabulary, which runs to four-letter words, of which the most printable is Y.M.C.A.

(continued on page 82)

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DIFFERENT  
GIFT WRAPS.

# Silverstein's HISTORY OF PLAYBOY

*humor* By SHEL SILVERSTEIN *part one of our bearded bard's personal chronicle of the first ten years in the life of this publication*

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**THE EARLY YEARS** In 1953 a fellow named Hugh Hefner — young, ambitious, dedicated to the enlightenment of Western Man — resolved to start his own magazine. Hefner first considered the creation of a magazine about Chicago, but after listening to the views of many Chicagoans, he gave up that idea in favor of a publication that more accurately reflected the interests of the contemporary American male.



"Believe me, kid, I been selling magazines in this town for thirty-five years and the public don't want another magazine. If they want news, they got Time and Newsweek... they want stories, they got The Saturday Evening Post and Collier's...they want pictures, they got Look and Life... they want sensation and exposé, they got Confidential... they want love, there's True Romance... they want sophistication, there's The New Yorker... they want adventure, there's True and Argosy... they want geography, there's the National Geo— Hey! Look at the knockers on that big blonde crossing the street!!!"

Realizing that he would need expert assistance on his new project, Hefner hand-picked the cream of Chicago's talent and after much contemplation and serious consideration, he assigned them to the duties they were later to perform with such distinction on the great new publication.

"OK, then — I'm the editor and publisher, and uh...Art, you'll handle the business end..."

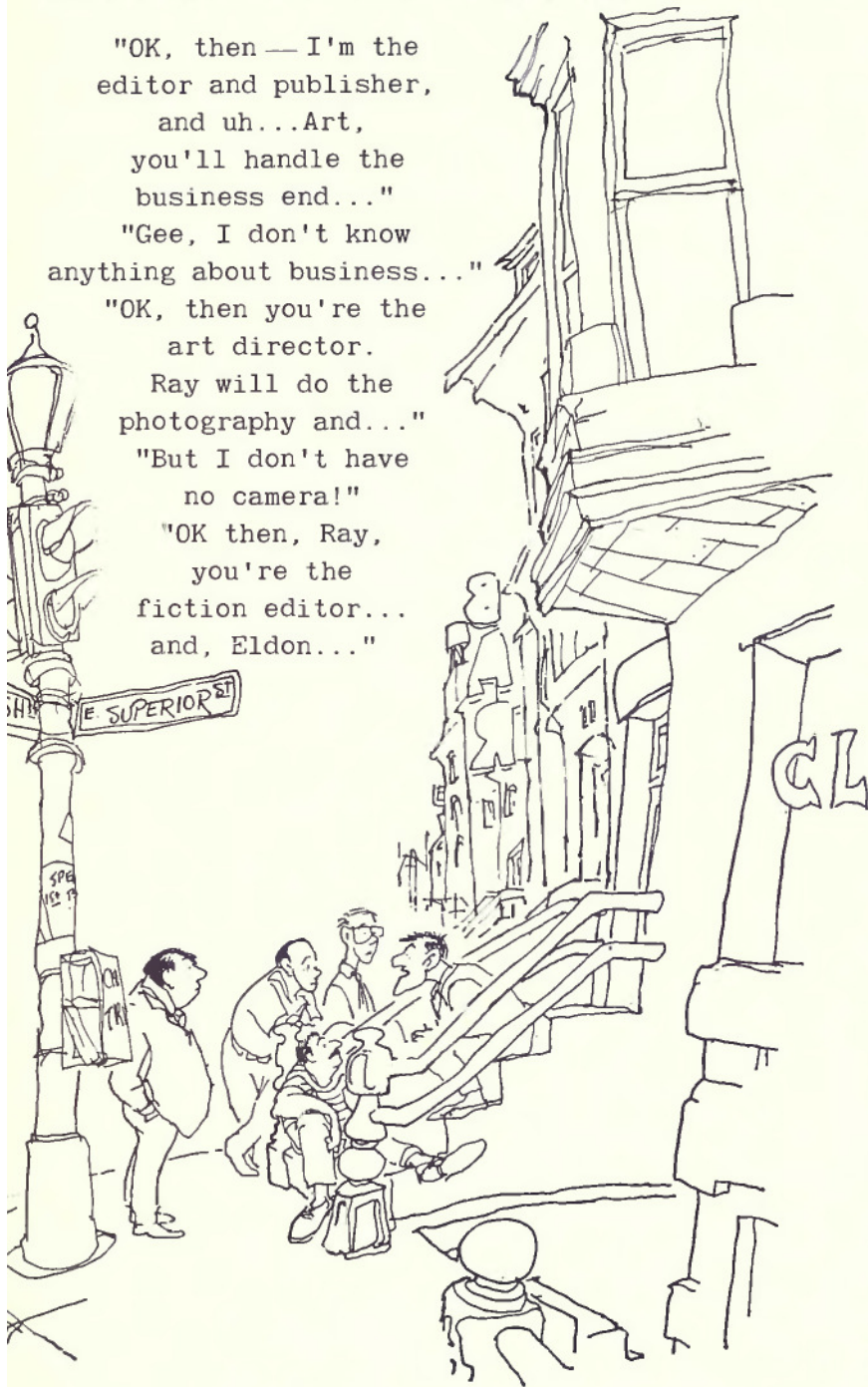
"Gee, I don't know anything about business..."

"OK, then you're the art director. Ray will do the photography and..."

"But I don't have no camera!"

"OK then, Ray, you're the fiction editor... and, Eldon..."

"OK then, Ray, you're the fiction editor... and, Eldon..."



There were, of course, an endless number of details to be worked out, a format to be conceived, and an editorial policy to be determined. It was obvious from the first that Hefner had his finger on the pulse of the American male.

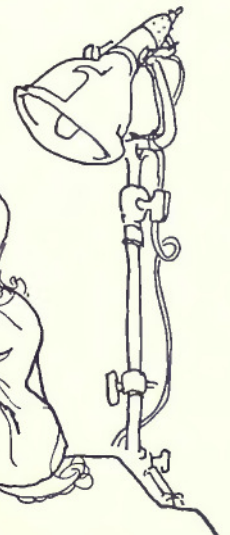


At this point, displaying a natural *savoir-faire*, Hefner adopted the black briar pipe that was to become his trade-mark.



"I don't think you've quite got the idea..."

With an initial bank roll of less than \$8000 and the mounting costs of staff, office, printing, paper and distribution, it took tremendous ingenuity and corner cutting to keep the first issues of the magazine out of the red.



"I'm afraid it won't work. The pose is too awkward... the legs are bony...the face is fair, but I don't dig the body. Anyway, they'd be sure to spot the wig. We're just going to have to go out and hire a model... but nice try, Fred!"





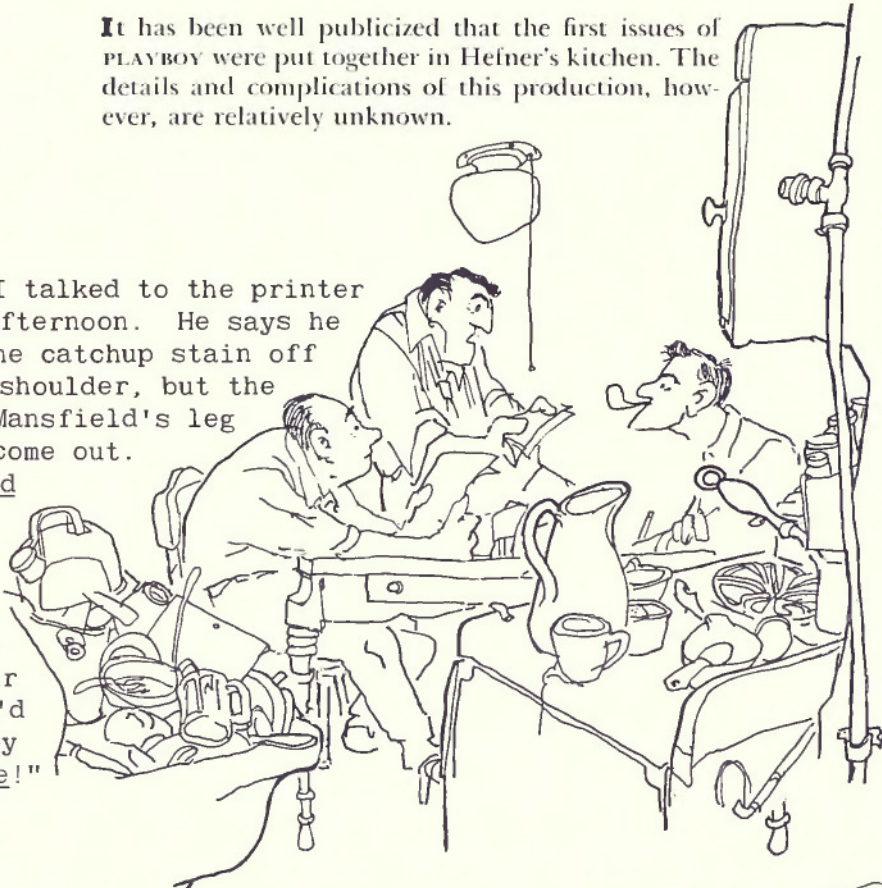
"Now for the middle of the magazine, I'd like to have a special fold-out feature...a full-color photograph of...of...a car! No, that's no good. Maybe...maybe a sports event! No...maybe a gun...no..."



It has been well publicized that the first issues of PLAYBOY were put together in Hefner's kitchen. The details and complications of this production, however, are relatively unknown.

"I talked to the printer this afternoon. He says he can get the catchup stain off Janet Pilgrim's shoulder, but the stuff on Jayne Mansfield's leg is butter and it won't come out.

Of course, we could use the same process we used to get that coffee stain off Marilyn Monroe's thigh, but that will cost us another seventy-four dollars...! I think we'd save a lot of money by renting an office!"



Circulation climbed steadily during the first year. Soon hundreds of thousands of modern urban young men were looking forward to each new issue, with its fine fiction, thought-provoking articles and sophisticated humor.



Above, left: The summer of 1953 finds Hugh Hefner hard at work in the living room of his Chicago apartment, banging out the copy for the first issue of PLAYBOY. Center: Early staffers Art Paul, Joe Paczek, Hef, Ray Russell and Jack Kessie hold conference on the floor. PLAYBOY could not yet afford the luxury of a table. Right: By the second year, Art Director Art Paul not only had a table but an office of his own to put it in. Here he discusses a pressing design problem with Publisher Hefner—should the June Playmate fold out to the right or left?

**PLAYBOY's** small staff soon found itself responsible for editing articles and stories on a wide variety of subjects. Fortunately, it was equal to the challenge.

The early issues of the magazine attracted such artistic luminaries as LeRoy Neiman, Jack Cole and myself. We recognized in Hefner a man who understood and sympathized with the artist and his needs.



"...And I say it's crazy to do an article on the Ivy League three-button suit, when it's the Continental double-breasted that's really the coming thing..."

"The Continental? Are you kidding?! No one who is really well dressed would be caught dead in a Continental cut!...And what about the champagne article...?" "I say we feature only the finest French imports... forget the domestic wines...and stick with the really vintage years...Oh, you want another beer, Jack?" "No, thanks. But I'll go along with you on the champagne piece if you'll agree to use the Ferrari article in place of the feature on the Jag. You really can't compare the two cars, Ray. The Ferrari Berlinetta accelerates from zero to sixty in five-and-a-half seconds, with a top speed of a hundred-and-seventy-five miles per hour, and..." "Well...let's talk about it on the subway going home."

"Of course, as soon as we get established we'll start paying regular rates, but until then here's the deal... for a line drawing, a date with our receptionist...for a story illustration, my secretary for the afternoon...for a full-color page, the Playmate of the Month...for a special ten-page feature in color, the Playmate for a month..."



Above, left: At our Second Anniversary office party, Editors Jack Kessie (the tall one) and Ray Russell (the short one) whoop it up with a bottle and a female staffer. Center: Hef solves important problem with Subscription Manager Janet Pilgrim—should she continue to hand-address magazine envelopes each month now that subscriptions have passed the 100,000 mark? Right: In bedroom behind his office, Hef—attired in P.J.s, a customary sight around the casual PLAYBOY offices—considers manuscript's from budding Hemingways while clutching ever-present bottle of Pepsi.

With the staff still small, many of us were required to function in more than one capacity. Janet Pilgrim, for example, was PLAYBOY's first subscription manager, and one of the earliest Playmates.



"Good morning, Playboy Magazine...Subscription department? This is the subscription department, sir...Just one minute, please... Switchboard...Yes, Mr. Hefner. Your eggs will be ready in about five minutes...Yes, sunny side up. Yes, sir, with toast and a Pepsi... Excuse me for keeping you waiting, sir... now what was that about your subscription. Yes?...Just one minute, please... Good morning, Playboy Magazine... Look, buster, if you don't stop calling me and talking like that, I'm going to notify the police!!...Good morning, Playboy Magazine...This is the accounting department. Yes, sir...Excuse me one moment, please...Switchboard...Scrambled instead of fried?...OK...Good morning, Playboy Magazine...No, madam, just send us a photograph... Switchboard...OK, Art, have him set up the camera and I'll be right in...Good morning, Playboy Magazine...Yes, sir. This is the sales department...very funny...Switchboard... Forget the eggs? Just toast and Pepsi? Yes, sir...Good morning, Playboy Magazine..."

Hefner recognized the importance of a proper advertising image for his new publication and insisted on only the finest accounts.



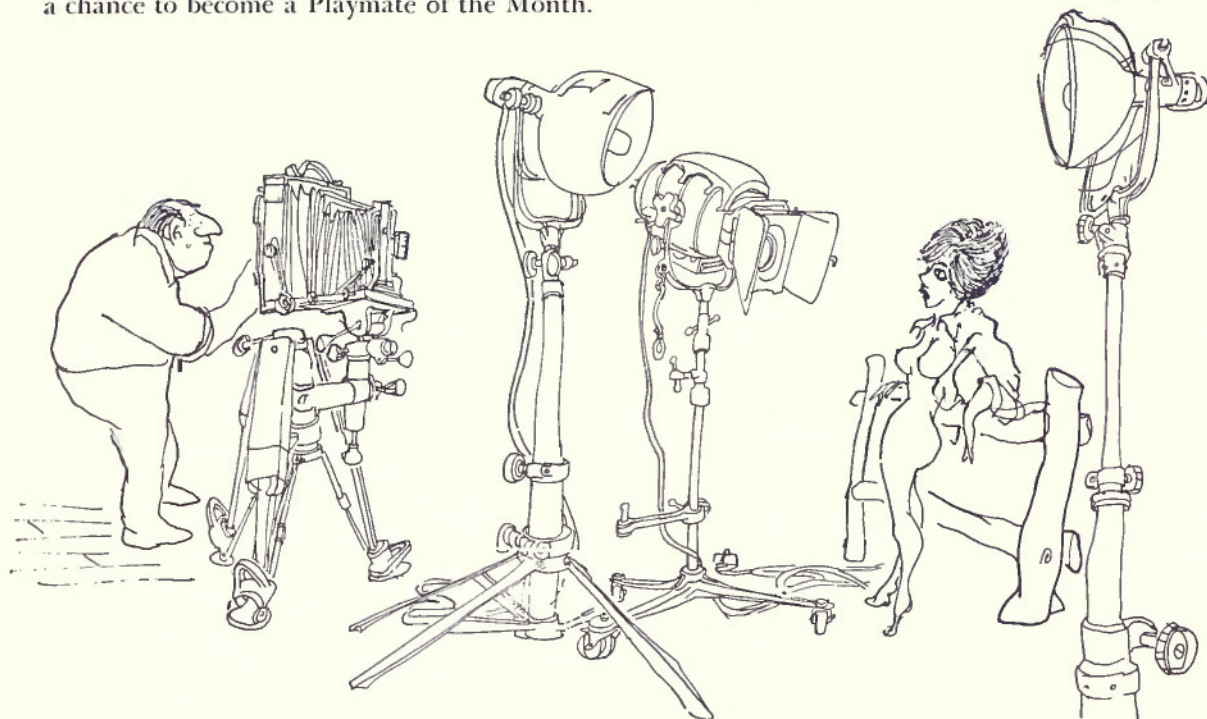
"...A full-page ad will triple your business overnight and we'll accept your first payment in hot dogs and, if you include enough soda pop, we can probably give you full color..."

As the magazine began to grow, so did the staff. And Hefner was now attracting top talent by offering appropriate salaries.



"OK, here's how it will be... Spec is the associate publisher, so he gets seven hundred a week... Vic is promotion director, so he gets five hundred a week... John is production manager, so he gets four hundred a week...and, Tajiri, you'll be photographing the girls, so you pay us a hundred a week!"

Whereas it was once unthinkable for "nice girls" to pose in the nude, the girl-next-door quality of the Playmates brought applications and photographs from thousands of nice girls begging for a chance to become a Playmate of the Month.



"Y'know, this is the first time I've ever had my picture taken without my clothes on and I should be nervous, but you're the one who's shaking...and this is costing you fifty dollars per hour overtime, but you're the one who's smiling... and I'm under all these hot lights, but you're the one who's sweating. I guess I'll never understand photography!"

Life, however, was not all a bed of roses. The publication was to have its share of legal problems, some of which were to lead to great disappointment.



"But we can't find a legal loophole!  
The girls can come here...  
you can pose them...you can photograph  
them...but you can't keep them!"

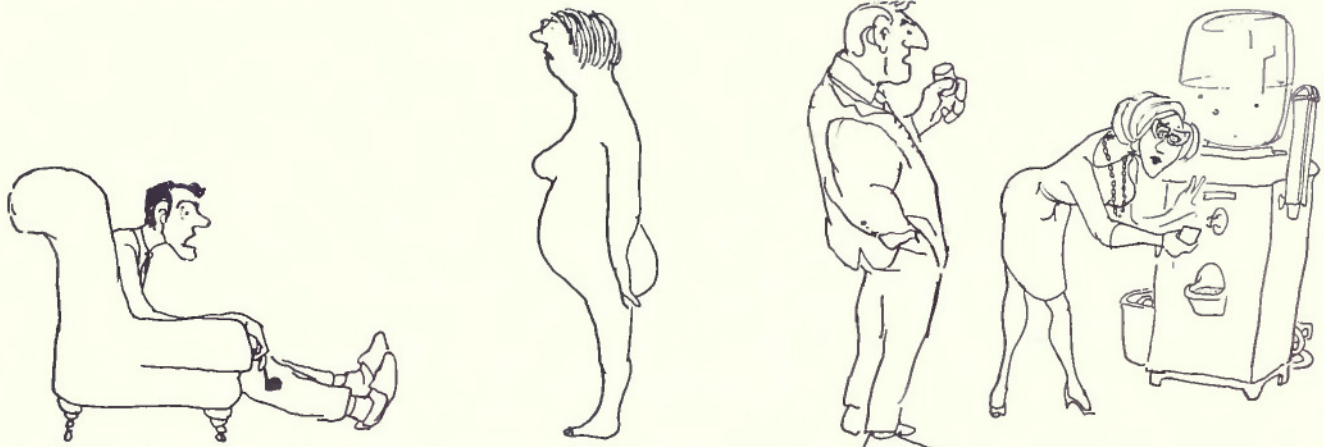
With an ever-increasing number of readers turning to PLAYBOY for the latest information on wearing apparel, food and drink, hi-fi, travel and sports cars, Hefner introduced *The Playboy Advisor* to answer the questions that the young urban men of America wanted to know. He was a fanatic in his insistence on exact and exhausting research.



"OK, Chief, here's the report...You can do it in a Porsche, but you can't do it in a Maserati or a 300SL...You can't even try to do it in an Isetta...You can do it in the new MG, if you take out one of the seats... Now in the American cars..."

**PLAYBOY** was now paying top money for its Playmate photographs, and members of the staff found themselves continually badgered by hopeful models.

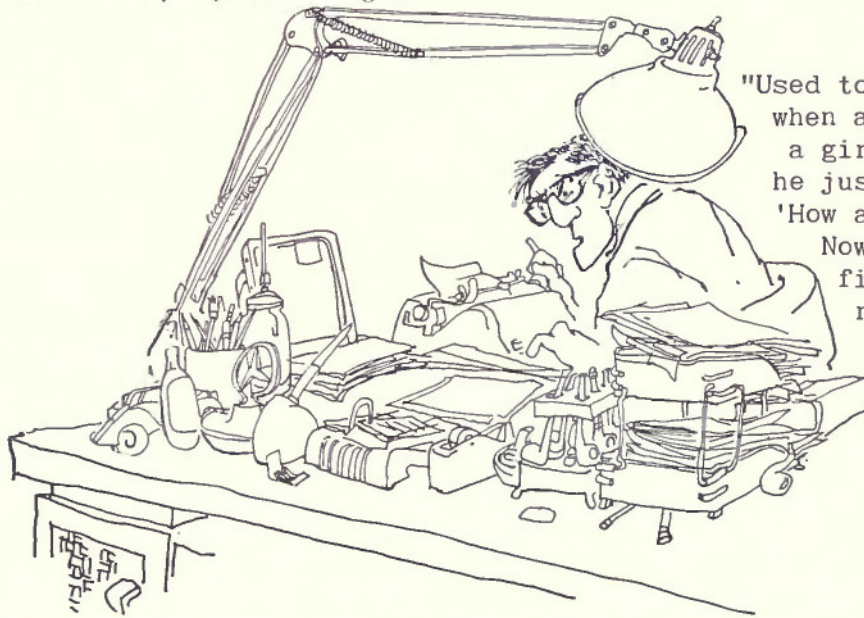
While the magazine itself was somewhat revolutionary, life at **PLAYBOY** was pretty much the same as any other office.



"For the last time, Aunt Edna, you can't be a Playmate!"

"Well, if you ask me, it's got too much vermouth...!"

**PLAYBOY's** circulation was now up to 750,000 . . . advertising was starting to come in . . . the publication had become a national institution, like mom, apple pie and the flag. But as with all successful organizations, growth and prosperity brought a lessening of the personal relationships that had characterized the early days of the magazine.



"Used to be around here, when a guy wanted a girl and a bottle, he just yelled down the hall, 'How about a girl and a bottle!' Now you have to fill out a goddamn requisition slip...!"



Above, left: Here I am at the **PLAYBOY** office—handsome, debonair and lighthearted—amused, no doubt, by one of my many whimsical inspirations. Center: Subscription Manager—Playmate Janet Pilgrim joins staffers in **PLAYBOY** bowling league; woman in the background is her mother who, through **PLAYBOY** nepotism, found her way into Janet's department. Right: New staffer, Associate Publisher A. C. Sectorsky, discusses plans for future with Publisher Hefner; Spec's first suggestion: change the nome of the magazine. **NEXT MONTH: "THE MIDDLE YEARS"** 81

## how to talk dirty *(continued from page 72)*

But there are probably a good many adults who will find him offensive, less perhaps for his Anglo-Saxon phrases than for his vitriolic attacks on such subjects as facile religion, the medical profession, the law, pseudo-liberalism and Jack Paar. ('Paar has a God complex. He thinks he can create performers in six days,' Mr. Bruce is apt to confide.)

"Although he seems at times to be doing his utmost to antagonize his audience, Mr. Bruce displays such a patent air of morality beneath the brushness that his lapses in taste are often forgivable.

"The question, though, is whether the kind of derisive shock therapy he administers and the introspective free-form patter in which he indulges are legitimate night-club fare, as far as the typical customer is concerned.

"It is necessary, before lauding Mr. Bruce for his virtues, to warn the sensitive and the easily shocked that no holds are barred at Basin Street East. Mr. Bruce regards the night-club stage as the 'last frontier' of uninhibited entertainment. He often carries his theories to their naked and personal conclusions and has earned for his pains the sobriquet 'sick.' He is a ferocious man who does not believe in the sauciness of motherhood or the American Medical Association. He even has an unkind word to say for Smokey the Bear. True, Smokey doesn't set forest fires, Mr. Bruce concedes. But he eats Boy Scouts for their hats.

"Mr. Bruce expresses relief at what he sees as a trend of 'people leaving the church and going back to God,' and he has nothing but sneers for what he considers the sanctimonious liberal who preaches but cannot practice genuine integration.

"Being on cozy terms with history and psychology, he can illustrate his point with the example of the early Romans, who thought there was 'something dirty' about Christians. 'Would you want your sister to marry one?' — he has one Roman ask another — and so on, down to the logical conclusion in present-day prejudice.

"At times Mr. Bruce's act, devoid of the running series of staccato jokes that are traditional to the night-club comic, seems like a salvationist lecture; it is biting, sardonic, certainly stimulating and quite often funny — but never in a jovial way. His mocking diatribe rarely elicits a comfortable belly laugh. It requires concentration. But

there is much in it to wring a rueful smile and appreciative chuckle. There is even more to evoke a fighting gleam in the eye. There are also spells of total confusion.

"Since Mr. Bruce operates in a spontaneous, stream-of-consciousness fashion a good deal of the time, he is likely to tell you what he's thinking about telling you before he gets around to telling you anything at all . . ."

Mr. Bendich resumed his line of questioning.

Q. Mr. Gleason, would you tell us, please, what in your judgment was the predominant theme of the evening's performance for which Mr. Bruce was arrested?

A. Well, in a very real sense it's semantics — the search for the ultimate truth that lies beneath the social hypocrisy in which we live. All his performances relate to this.

Q. Mr. Gleason, as an expert in this field, would you characterize the performance in question as serious in intent and socially significant?

MR. WOLLENBERG: I will object to this as being irrelevant and immaterial.

THE COURT: Overruled.

THE WITNESS: Yes, I would characterize it as serious.

MR. BENDICH: And how would you characterize the social significance, if any, of that performance?

A. Well, I would characterize this performance as being of high social significance, in line with the rest of his performances.

Q. Mr. Gleason, what in your opinion, based upon your professional activity and experience in the field of popular culture, and particularly with reference to humor, what in your opinion is the relation between the humor of Lenny Bruce and that of other contemporary humorists, such as Mort Sahl, Shelley Berman, Mike and Elaine?

MR. WOLLENBERG: That's immaterial, your Honor, what the comparison is between him and any other comedian.

THE COURT: Objection overruled.

THE WITNESS: Mr. Bruce attacks the fundamental structure of society and these other comedians deal with it superficially.

MR. BENDICH: Mr. Gleason, you have already testified that you have seen personally a great many Lenny Bruce performances, and you are also intimately familiar with his recorded works and other comic productions. Has your prurient interest ever been stimulated by any of Mr. Bruce's work?

A. Not in the slightest.

MR. WOLLENBERG: I will object to that

as calling for the ultimate issue before this jury.

THE COURT: The objection will be overruled. . . . You may answer the question.

THE WITNESS: I have not been excited, my prurient or sexual interest has not been aroused by any of Mr. Bruce's performances.

. . . .

The transcript of my San Francisco trial runs 350 pages. The witnesses — not one of whose sexual interest had ever been aroused by any of my night-club performances — described one after another, what they remembered of my performance on the night in question at the Jazz Workshop, and each interpreted its social significance according to his or her own subjectivity.

For example, during the cross-examination, the following dialog ensued between Mr. Wollenberg and Lou Gottlieb, a Ph.D. who's with the Limelights:

Q. . . . Now, Doctor, you say the main theme of Mr. Bruce is to get laughter?

A. That's the professional comedian's duty.

Q. I see. And do you see anything funny in the word "[vernacular for fellator]"?

A. Mr. Bruce — to answer that question with "Yes" or "No" is impossible, your Honor.

MR. WOLLENBERG: I asked you if you saw anything funny in that word.

THE COURT: You may answer it "Yes" or "No" and then explain your answer.

THE WITNESS: I found it extremely unfunny as presented by Mr. Wollenberg, I must say, but I can also —

THE COURT: All right, wait a minute, wait a minute. I have tolerated a certain amount of activity from the audience because I knew that it is difficult not to react at times, but this is not a show, you are not here to be entertained. Now, if there's any more of this sustained levity, the courtroom will be cleared. And the witness is instructed not to argue with counsel but to answer the questions. . . .

THE WITNESS: I do not [see anything funny in that word], but as Mr. Bruce presents his performances he creates a world in which normal dimensions, I mean, become — how shall I say? Well, they are transmuted into a grotesque panorama of contemporary society, into which he places slices of life, phonographically accurate statements that come out of the show-business world . . . and sometimes the juxtaposition of the generally fantastic frame of reference that he is able to create and the startling intrusion of slices of life in terms of language that is used in these kinds of areas, has extremely comic effect.

Q. . . . Doctor, because an agent uses that term when he talks to his talent, you find nothing wrong with using it in a

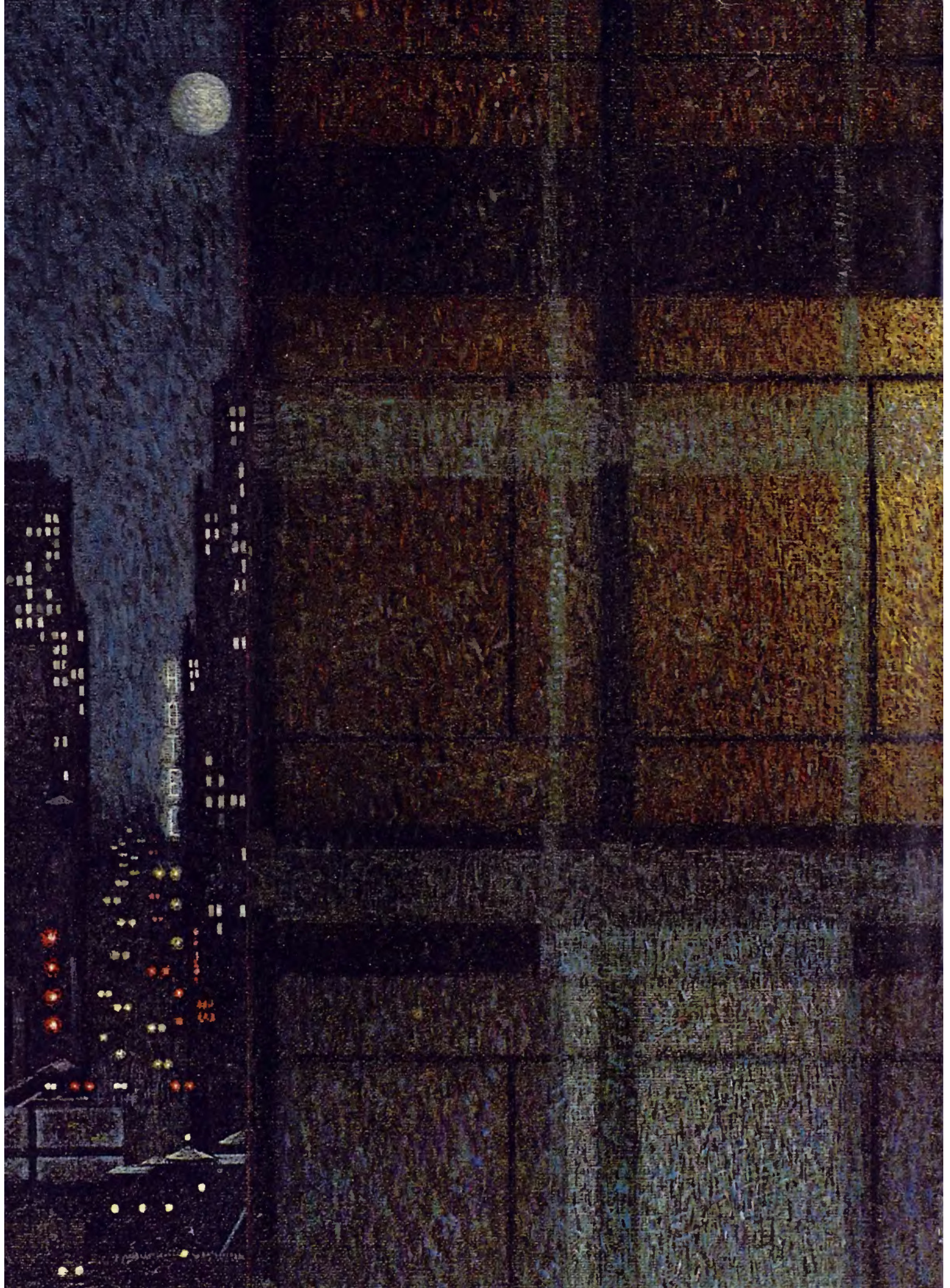
*(continued on page 179)*




## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man whose discerning taste puts him on easy terms with elegance, the PLAYBOY reader just naturally celebrates in the style to which he's accustomed. And his continuing loyalty to PLAYBOY, the magazine that advises him on matters male, is widely known. No other magazine speaks with such authority to and for today's young men—from college room to conference room. And with this 10th Anniversary Issue, PLAYBOY is proud to celebrate a decade of providing the best in entertainment for the sort of man who insists the best things in life aren't free, but very much worth working for. A toast to you, our reader.

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INSTANTLY, WALTER APPEL knew what the man across the way was up to. Walter had left his study and come into the living room out of pique with himself, really. He could not keep his mind off Tarsila Brown; he was supposed to be sitting there paying the bills, and all he could think about was whether he would call her. And whether he would did not seem to depend on whether he should. For he knew that he shouldn't. Only a fool had to learn the same lesson twice in six months, a fool or a child, and he made it a point in life to try not to act like either. Tarsila had arrived in New York from London; he had read the news in a gossip column. Would he call her? What good could possibly come of it?

He left his checkbook and came into the living room. Looking for nothing, except perhaps release from the unfamiliar discomfort of irresolution, Walter peered between the curtains. In the window facing onto the rear of the Appel apartment, he saw the naked man strolling back and forth.

His first impulse — he had none. He did not throw open his own window and call, "Hey you — will you please pull your shades!" He did not rush to telephone the police, or Bellevue. He did not go immediately around to Juliet's study to see if the curtains were drawn. Walter had no sharp impulse to act. The apartment across the courtyard had been empty for several weeks; the man must have recently moved in — and without a doubt, he was trying to expose himself to Juliet. All Walter did, knowing this, was to drop the edge of the curtain and return to his desk where he tried once again to pay the previous month's bills.

Ridiculous! Pushing up from his chair, he raced out of the study, down the hall, and into the living room again. He took three lurching steps to the curtains, pitching forward like some monster — and then

## AN ACTOR'S LIFE FOR ME

*it took a major crisis—was it of his own making?—for walter to learn at last his role in the world of reality fiction* By PHILIP ROTH

ILLUSTRATION BY HERB DAVIDSON

got control of himself.

Walter switched on a lamp. He chose a record and placed it on the turntable. All the while he deliberately kept his back to the curtains. If you lived in a city like New York, you were bound to catch glimpses through the window . . . But the fellow had been exhibiting himself; his intent was made clear by the very way in which he moved his limbs, so slowly, so languorously . . .

Walter adjusted the volume of the phonograph; he adjusted the tone. Then he walked around to Juliet's study. And there he had his second intuition. He realized what it was that Juliet was doing behind her door. For a week now she had been going off to her study after dinner to spend an hour or two writing, or so she had said. He had not bothered to question her; she was not very much of a writer, Walter believed, but he allowed her her enthusiasms; he had to. He knew now that she was not writing at all. One and one suddenly made two. He could hardly believe it. He only rapped on the door. "Brandy?"

There was no answer. If he tried the handle he would find it locked — so he believed — so he feared. "Juliet?"

The door swung open. Juliet was fully dressed. He looked immediately past her into the room. The curtains were closed. But just as she snapped out the lights, he saw that the soft folds of blue velvet — the drapes she herself had sewn — were swinging to and fro, as though the wind were blowing them, or as though they had just been pulled shut.

. . .

Juliet and Walter were not a perfectly happy couple. There had been setbacks and there had been hard times, though discretion being a virtue of both, even when they had chosen for a while to separate, hardly anyone had known of their trouble. For reasons of their own, they had no children. Until only a short time ago, it had been to the expression of their talents that each had devoted himself. At an age when other young men and women were disappearing into small suburban houses, or sailing romantically off to Europe on five dollars a day, Juliet and Walter were living out of choice in one dark room over the truck traffic on Hudson Street. Once, to an impressionable girlfriend down from college, Juliet had offhandedly referred to their place as "a pad in the Village"; when they were alone again, Walter had bawled her out for it. He and Juliet lived where they did, as they did, because they wanted to be themselves — which, at that time, meant that Juliet wanted to be an actress, and Walter a playwright.

But Juliet's career never really got off the ground: She had majored in drama and the dance at a series of permissive girls' schools, she had played most of the leads in college, but in New York the only

parts she received were walk-ons in plays put on in vacant churches and downtown lofts, where sometimes to meet the fire regulations was as difficult as finding an audience. The one Broadway role she was ever in the running for — a small one, at that — she did not get because, said the director, she looked too much like Katharine Hepburn: at least that was how Juliet reported his remarks to Walter when she arrived home. Immediately she went out and cut her hair, bought a pair of pendulous copper earrings, and, in the next few days, tried on a crash diet of peanut butter and bananas to change her general appearance. But on the fifth morning, when she mounted the scale, she announced, "I've actually *lost* two pounds," and for a whole day, instead of going back to the director, as she had planned, or to her acting class, or even downstairs to get something for them to eat for dinner, she lay in bed and sobbed. Pathetically she thrashed about on the bed, waiting, Walter knew, for him to do something, or to say something, that would put things right for her. He was her rock. He had a stocky frame, and a strong chin, and in his early 20s his straight black hair had already begun to go gray at the sides. His neck was thick, his body hairy; he had always a tendency to look older and shorter than he was. To a girl like Juliet, so full of airy hopes and dreams, how like granite Walter must have seemed. But now all he could do for her, despite the graying sideburns and the forward thrust of his head, was feel sorry for her, and smooth her hair, and tell her that she ought to be flattered to be told that she looked like Katharine Hepburn, who was a beautiful woman.

The night of Juliet's collapse, Walter read over the five plays he had so industriously written during the three years of their marriage. How much longer could *he* keep it up? He too had been a hot-shot in the theater department, at a liberal-arts college in Pennsylvania, a pretty little place up in the Allegheny Mountains that used the local high-school auditorium in which to put on plays. His drama professor had believed that Walter Appel had written the best one-act play by anyone who had ever attended the school. But Walter was in New York now; though it might be that the producers were commercial, and stupid, and Philistine (as Juliet assured him they were), it might also be that he was not a very gifted man. On the bed in the corner of the room, Juliet whimpered the night through in dreams of loss, while in his writing chair, Walter read his plays and admitted to himself that there was really no more chance of his becoming a playwright than of Juliet's becoming an actress. It was time to stop being an adolescent.

The next morning he put on a tie and jacket, and with the decision firmly made to change his life, he went off to look for

work that he could do. Through Harvey Landau, who had met the young couple and taken to them in a fatherly way, Walter found a job in the business end of the theater. Perhaps it was not what he had hoped to do, but it was what he could do. In fact, it was only a short while before he found himself feeling much more like a man, doing a regular day's work, and doing it well.

The Appels were soon able to move from the squalid room on Hudson Street to a good-sized apartment in a brownstone on the Upper West Side. Juliet went around telling people about their high ceilings for a month, in an effort, Walter knew, to forget about her failure as an actress. As the months passed, he was surprised to find her clinging so to her illusions; but then he was surprised that for all his display of seriousness and purpose, he had actually been a victim of illusion himself.

At home Juliet began to practice her French with records. Did she believe they were going to move to France? He did not ask; he let her be. She went for a month to a German woman in the East 80s who taught her how to sew her own clothes. She enrolled in a writing course at the New School, and came home in tears one night, because the instructor had made fun of her story in class. Everything pointed in the same direction: it was time to have a baby. One night Walter had a dream of a little girl whose name was Allison. It was their daughter. But dreams are one thing, Walter well knew, and life another. Unfortunately it was not time to have a baby at all. For, some eight months after discovering their limitations as actress and playwright, the Appels discovered in themselves yet another limitation: it seemed as though they had fallen out of love.

Not that they appeared to care less for each other. What made the predicament so trying was that in all ways but one the marriage seemed to be what it was before: Juliet, between enthusiasms, leaning upon Walter, and Walter there to be leaned upon. During the day there were even moments when Walter thought that perhaps they should have a baby so as to prevent the marriage from falling apart, if that was what was beginning to happen. Yet at night he could not blind himself to the change that had taken place, though it was a change which at first he did not entirely understand. Why should they be indifferent to one another in their bed?

Though they had no baby, their life together went on. At parties Walter would even find himself rubbing his wife's back, as she sat beside him with a drink in her hand. He saw the other men admire her tall, good looks, her vivacity, the way she walked and laughed — he admired these things himself, her spirit-

(continued on page 228)



*"I came up to complain about the noise . . . !"*



## A SHORT HISTORY OF TOASTS AND TOASTING a skoal-

article By WILLIAM IVERSEN CHEERS! PROSIT! Skoal! ¡Salud! Bottoms up! Here's how! *Na Zdorovje!* *Okole Maluna!* Down the hatch! *A votre santé!* Lang may your lum reek! *Oogy Wawa!* and Here's to it!

Ranging at random from High German to colloquial Scotch on the rocks, such are some of the innumerable sentiments and exclamations drinking men have used to salute their fellow booze buffs in the ancient and well-nigh universal custom of toasting — a gracious practice which the 18th Century wit Richard Brinsley Sheridan gaily hailed as “an excuse for the glass,” and the 17th Century Puritan William Prynne glumly denounced as “a kind of shoehorn to draw on drink in great abundance.”

Tugging on our own merry mukluks, and dipping into a few well-aged volumes of liquid lore, we soon learn that most of mankind has traditionally drunk “healths,” and that the idea of drinking a “toast” is peculiar to those who quaff and converse in English.

As a matter of sober fact, even the English drank nothing but healths until the latter part of the 17th Century. Prior to that time, a toast was only a slice of lightly browned bread which people ate for breakfast, just as they do today — with the singular exception that a bit of toast was often floated in a tankard or bowl of warm spiced ale to provide a morsel of solid nourishment. In the earliest historical account of how the word “toast” came to be associated with the ritual of drinking to someone's health, Richard (*The Spectator*) Steele reported, in 1709, that the expression first came into vogue among the hard-drinking blue bloods of the Restoration, who were wont to resort to the city of Bath to soak up the fashionable mineral waters in an atmosphere of wine, women and whist. “It happened,” as Steele





## satisfying survey of the legend and lore surrounding libational salutes

explained in *The Tatler*, "that on a publick Day a celebrated Beauty of those Times was in the Cross Bath, and one of the Crowd of her Admirers took a Glass of the Water in which the Fair one stood, and drank her Health to the Company. There was in the Place a gay Fellow, half-fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, Tho' he liked not the Liquor, he would have the Toast. He was opposed in his Resolution; yet this whim gave Foundation to the present Honor which is done to the Lady we mention in our Liquors, who has ever since been called a Toast."

According to the 11th edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the "custom of drinking 'health' to the living is probably derived from the ancient religious rite of drinking to the gods and the dead. The Greeks and Romans at meals poured out libations to their gods, and at ceremonial banquets drank to them . . ." In distilling this information down into a couple of quick verbal jiggers, *Britannica* allows several essential facts to evaporate, however. In a libation, for example, a given quantity of liquor is poured out on the ground as a sacrifice to a deity, while in drinking to someone's health the liquor goes gliding down the drinker's own throat. The Greek and Roman custom of passing around a "cup to the good spirit," furthermore, is believed to have originated with the "cup of salvation" which was religiously quaffed by the ancient Hebrews, whose drinking vessels were often smashed on the ground to prevent their being defiled by secular use — a practice which led to the traditional Jewish wedding custom of shattering the glass from which the bride and groom have drunk.

The custom of raising a glass aloft in honor of the person being toasted is also attributed to the early Greeks, who were wine-guzzling health addicts of heroic capacity. (continued on page 212)



# HERE'S HOW

a ringing round of holiday toasts for men of good cheer

*Here's to ridding the world of the curse of liquor . . . glass by glass!*

*Gin comes from junipers, beer comes from hay,  
Wine comes from barrels in gushes.  
And what's more important, I'm happy to say,  
I come from a long line of lushes.*

*Here's a fond toast to our hostess,  
Who many times has cursed herself  
For the night she wore the backless gown  
And, in doing the twist, reversed herself.*



*Here's to good old whiskey,  
So amber and so clear.  
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lips,  
But a damned-sight more sincere.*



*To the love that lies in women's eyes,  
And lies, and lies, and lies.*

*Men who hold their liquor  
Are worthy of renown,  
I guess we've held it long enough.  
Come on, let's drink it down.*

*Here's to the man who takes a wife,  
Let him make no mistake:  
For it makes a world of difference  
Whose wife it is you take.*

*Too much alcohol warms the blood  
And makes the words come gushin'.  
Sobriety, though, makes a party a dud —  
So here's to a heated discussion!*

*Here's champagne to our real friends  
and real pain to our sham friends.*

*Capistrano is famous for its swallows;  
let's get even famouser.*

*May you be healthy enough to get married,  
wealthy enough to get married,  
and wise enough to avoid it.*

*May you live as long as you want to,  
and want to as long as you live!*

*May they never fail ya:  
Your genitalia!*



*I'll toast the girls who do,  
I'll toast the girls who don't.  
But not the girls who say they will  
And later decide they won't.  
But the girl I'll toast from break of day  
To the wee hours of the night  
Is the girl who says, "I never have —  
But just for you, I might!"*



*Here's to Carry Nation,  
Of antidrink renown,  
Who, though against libation,  
Hit ev'ry bar in town.*

*Here's to woman! Would that  
we could fall into her arms  
without falling into her hands.*



*Liquor ruins your liver, fuddles your brain, distorts your speech,  
cripples your coordination, and shortens your life span . . .  
And so — Here's to masochism!*

*May you prove to be the wrong blood type.*

*Here's to long-winded toasters: May they dry up before the drinks do.*

# ... AND HERE'S HOW

## a ringing round of holiday drinks for men of good cheer

By THOMAS MARIO

WHEN A DRINK for toasting is perfectly made, it honors both guest and liquor. Toasts may be ladled from a giant punch bowl or poured directly from bottle or shaker; they may be hot or cold. The well-bred toastmaster makes sure that his potables are always offered in sparkling polished glasses and that his glasses, whenever possible, are of the stem type so that his toasters not only drink the liquor but, in holding it aloft, unhidden by the hand, can drink to it.



PICON VERMOUTH  
(Serves one)

2 ozs. Amer Picon  
1 oz. dry vermouth  
½ slice lemon  
1 tablespoon cognac

The old French 78-proof aperitif liqueur appears in many tall and short drinks, but no matter what version you choose, it remains a magnificent pre-dinner toast. Although it's as potent as any standard cocktail, it always treats the palate gently. Its kind of sophistication suggests that it be followed with a blazing-hot onion soup or petite marmite, with chicken or game in a wine sauce and with a plump baba au rhum. Pour Amer Picon and vermouth into mixing glass with ice. Stir well. Strain into prechilled stem whiskey-sour glass, 6-oz. capacity. Add an ice cube and ½ slice lemon. Float cognac on top without stirring.

BRANDY MILK PUNCH  
(Serves two)

¾ cup milk  
¼ cup heavy cream  
4 ozs. cognac  
2 teaspoons sugar  
½ oz. golden rum  
Freshly grated nutmeg

For small groups, brandy milk punch can be quickly mixed and served without the complex logistics of oversize punch bowls filled for mass drinking. The soft, rich potation is an especially comfort-

able toast on the morning or afternoon of New Year's Day. Pour milk, cream, cognac, sugar and rum into cocktail shaker with ice. Shake well. Strain into either prechilled glass punch cups or tulip-shaped all-purpose drinking glasses. Sprinkle with nutmeg.



HOLIDAY ROB ROY  
(Serves one)

2 ozs. Scotch  
½ oz. dry vermouth  
½ oz. sweet vermouth  
Drambuie  
Maraschino stem cherry

The rob roy is one of those adaptable toasts that can be offered equally well at the afternoon cocktail hour, at dinner or midnight supper. It may be made with all sweet or all dry vermouth or the half-and-half mixture above. Pour Scotch and both kinds of vermouth into mixing glass with ice. Stir well. Pour a very small amount of Drambuie into prechilled cocktail glass. Swirl the liqueur around and then pour excess into another glass. Strain rob roy into glass. Add cherry.



CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL  
(Serves two)

1 split brut champagne  
Angostura bitters  
1 barspoon sugar  
Lemon peel

For sheer éclat, no drink at any hour of the day or night or year can match iced champagne. The champagne cock-

tail happens to be one of the easiest of all toasts for both intimate and outsized frolics. Prechill glasses, using either saucer-champagne or tulip-shaped goblets. The latter will preserve the bubbly delight as much as possible. A fifth of champagne will make 6 or 7 champagne cocktails, so increase your ingredients accordingly. You must make sure, of course, that your champagne inventory is ample. In estimating the number of rounds you'll need, you should provide enough champagne for a minimum of three rounds. Into each glass put a dash or two of bitters and a half spoon of sugar. Add the champagne. Often the sparkle of the champagne will blend the ingredients and no stirring is necessary. Otherwise, a gentle swirl will suffice. Twist the lemon peel over the champagne and drop it into the glass. You're now ready for a sparkling toast.



BLUE BLAZER  
(Serves two)

6 ozs. Irish whiskey  
2 tablespoons honey  
¼ cup boiling water  
Lemon peel

The blue blazer is both nightcap and toast. Served steaming hot, it's slowly sipped. It may be made with either Irish or Scotch whisky. Some bartenders wear asbestos gloves when making the blue blazer. For mixing a blazer, you need two heavy and rather deep mugs, about 12-oz. capacity. Rinse the mugs with hot or boiling water before mixing the drink. Pour honey and boiling water into one mug and stir until honey is dissolved. Heat whiskey in a saucepan until it's hot but not boiling. Pour into second mug. Light it. Pour the whiskey back and forth between mugs. The blue stream that will flow is best appreciated in a dimly lit room. Since a few drams of the blazing whiskey may spill, it's best to pour it over a large silver or china platter. When flames subside, pour the blazer into a thick cut-glass goblet. Twist the lemon peel over the blazer and drop it into the glass. Cheerio!

# THE PROPERTY OF A LADY

*fiction* **By IAN FLEMING**

*as the bidding approached its climax, james bond caught sight of his chunky adversary giving a secret signal*

IT WAS, EXCEPTIONALLY, a hot day in early June. James Bond put down the dark-gray chalk pencil that was the marker for the dockets routed to the Double-O Section and took off his coat. He didn't bother to hang it over the back of his chair, let alone take the trouble to get up and drape the coat over the hanger Mary Goodnight had suspended, at her own cost (damn women!), behind the Office of Works' green door of his connecting office. He dropped the coat on the floor. There was no reason to keep the coat immaculate, the creases tidy. There was no sign of any work to be done. All over the world there was quiet. The IN and OUT signals had, for weeks, been routine. The daily top-secret SITREP, even the newspapers, yawned vacuously—in the latter case scratching at domestic scandals for readership, for bad news, the only news that makes such sheets readable, whether top secret or on sale for pennies.

Bond hated these periods of vacuum. His eyes, his mind, were barely in focus as he turned the pages of a jawbreaking dissertation by the Scientific Research Section on the Russian use of cyanide gas, propelled by the cheapest bulb-handled children's water pistol, for assassination. The spray, it seemed, directed at the face, took instantaneous effect. It was recommended for victims from 25 years upward, on ascending stairways or inclines. The verdict would then probably be heart failure.

The harsh burr of the red telephone sprayed into the room so suddenly that James Bond, his mind elsewhere, reached his hand automatically toward his left armpit in self-defense. The edges of his mouth turned down as he recognized the reflex. On the second burr he picked up the receiver.

"Sir?"

"Sir."

He got up from his chair and picked up his coat. He put on the coat and at the same time put on his mind. He had been dozing in his bunk. Now he had to go up on the bridge. He walked through into the connecting office and resisted the impulse to ruffle up the inviting nape of Mary Goodnight's golden neck.

He told her "M" and walked out into the close-carpeted corridor and along, between the muted whiz and zing of the Communications Section, of which his Section was a neighbor, to the lift and up to the eighth.

Miss Money Penny's expression conveyed nothing. It usually conveyed something if she knew something—private excitement, curiosity or, if Bond was in trouble, encouragement or (continued on page 200)









## THE HOSTING JACKET *masculine elegance after dark*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

Unimpeachably correct hostwear is the mantle of success which can dress up your holiday fete — whether tete-a-tete or extravaganza. This bottle-green hosting jacket of cotton velvet, with matching link-style buttons and black satin shawl collar, is fully lined. Double satin-piped pockets are an added feature, by After Six, \$55.

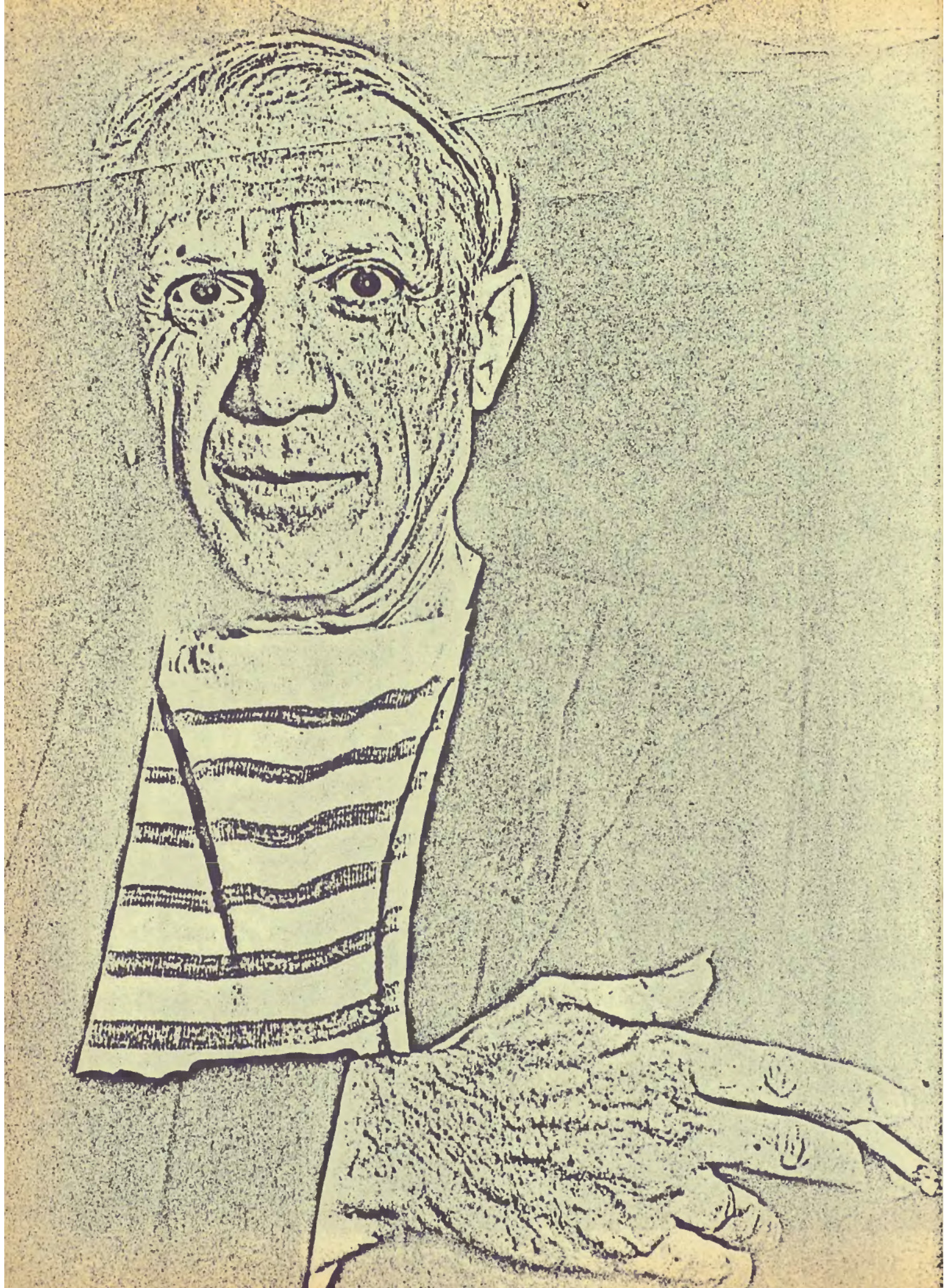
94 Complementing the jacket, shirt of English cotton voile has fashionably narrow pleats, by Sulka, \$23.50.

THE  
WISDOM  
OF  
PABLO  
PICASSO

---

*the world's foremost living artist puts forth a credo for creativity*

---



**A**rt is the best possible introduction to the culture of the world.

Great art always suggests nobility of spirit.

Great paintings all have the same thing in common — they convey the overflowing of creative imaginations and monumental compulsions.

Art! I love it for the buried hopes, the garnered memories, the tender feelings it can summon at a touch.

Painting is the supreme form of artistic expression because it is the most faithful mirror of its own existence.

Art washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life.

Painting is superior to literature. A writer gives interest to slices of life's details. The artist organizes them and endows them with form.

I am always aware that I am engaged in an activity in which the brush can accomplish what the pen cannot.

We artists represent our fictions as though they were realities, while writers preach their realities as though they were fictions.

I try to make my paintings as reliable as history and as picturesque as fiction.

I often do for a figure exactly what a novelist does with a character he creates.

Art, like literature, is in need of heroes.

Art is valuable and enriching only so far as it is not born in artifice.

A work of art does not depend on the morality of its subjects, but on the faithful truth of the rendering of whatever it may be.

Realistic honesty in art is elegant idealism in the artist.

Meager imagination and uninspired realism have invaded modern art more to the point of becoming art's most serious obstacles.

Loud, long-winded art is pompousness.

I believe that the ages which are to follow this will surpass our possibilities of art. The art of today should embody the highest life of today for the use of today. For those who have gone before us do not need it, and those who will come after us will have something better.

**A** great artist is answerable only to God.

The ideal artist possesses alert senses and intelligence, a keen gift of humor, and a supreme gift of expression mature in spirit.

Every great artist has possessed exceptional moral strength.

An artist may have peculiarities of temperament, be shy, distrustful, irritable or violent, but he must never degenerate into the loneliness of old age.

The nearer an artist approaches greatness, the more successful is his treatment of simple themes.

I have always tried to give my work a refined simplicity.

Artists are men of many parts, consequently they are often inconsistent of style.

Good artists are above all things good workers, the faithful craftsmen of their work.

An original painting that is destined to survive often shows a restless spirit, combined with warmth of genuine feeling, undramatic monumentality and a grandeur of spiritual content.

Many of the paintings I see today seem derivative, petty and uninspired. Good art is always earth-bound no matter how clumsy the style.

An artist fails only when he sinks to insincerity.

An artist must renew his ideas by the simple honesty of his vision and by the courage of his analysis.

Every professional painter has his monotonous side, when all his pictures seem to have a stilted effect.

A great painting is as fluent and harmonious as the architecture of a tree.

An artist must strive to achieve a balance between realism and stylization, between the poetry of his means and the truth of his subjects. Thereafter his path is clear and he can paint with infallible accuracy entirely from memory and imagination.

A painter cannot paint what does not exist. He can only rediscover what has been lost, forgotten or misunderstood.

Artists should be judged by results, not by intentions.

The levelheaded, critically minded, sensible painter never grows famous. He grows rich.

Great talent is often smothered under the gold heaped upon it by the innumerable, rich, would-be art collectors of our age.

I often tell young people to learn in youth to withstand the fascination of money, and not to contemplate it with pleasure as if it were some precious thing. It is, in fact, glittering earth, and nothing more. It is unstable and fugitive. It flits from one to another, and is like the withered leaves which the wind drives to and fro, and collects here in one heap, there in another.

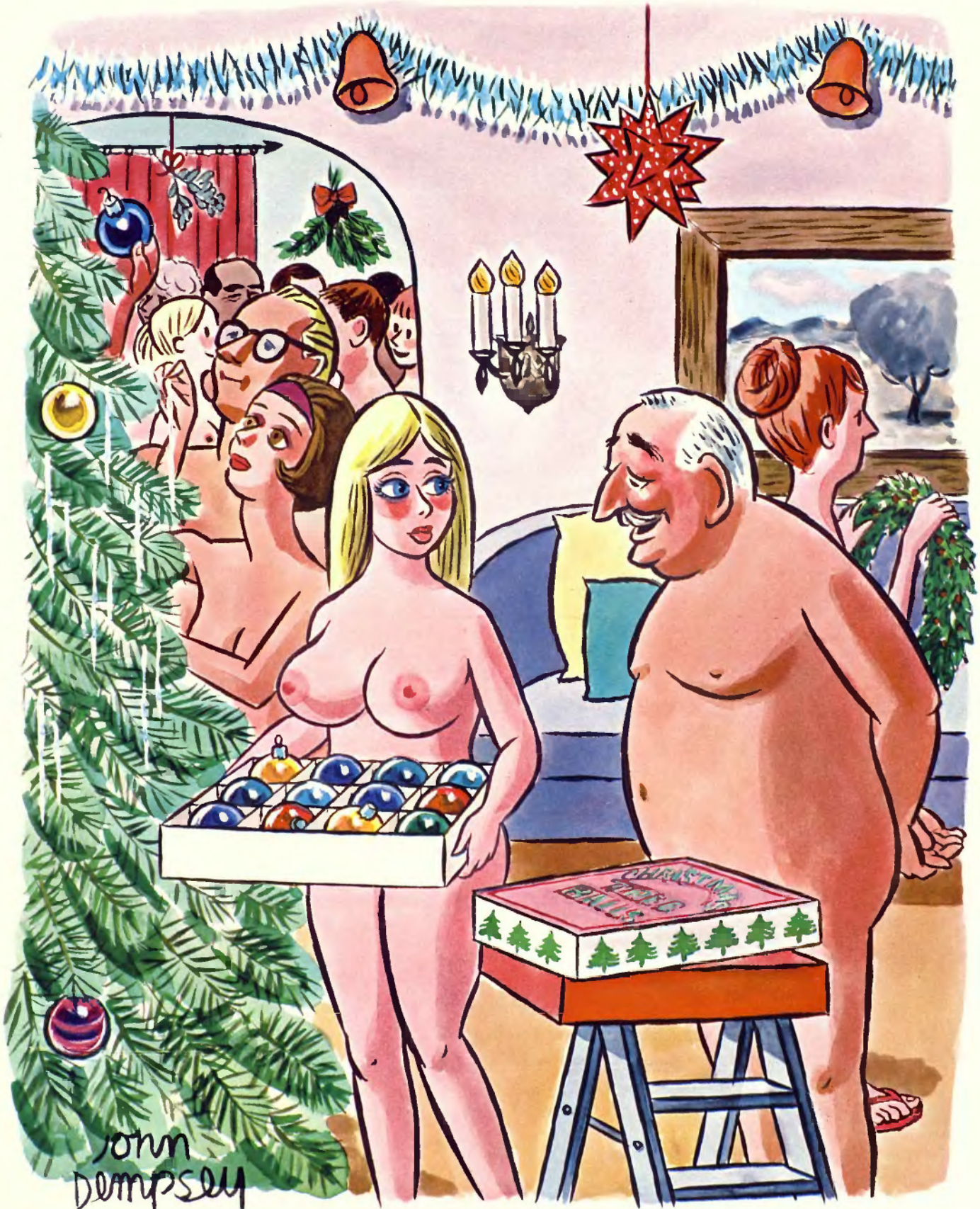
I see many modern paintings today that are alien to beauty, possessing a certain meagerness of spirit and lack of sensibility and without a spark of imagination.

An artist who has acquired great popularity often is an expert at understanding the popular mentality.


A thousand artists have made good livings with their sets of rubber stamps.

There are too many hackneyed themes in so-called popular art. Some of the pictures may have great painterly qualities, but they are rather empty, lacking vigor and solidity.

The plain truth is that the nearer an unknown (continued on page 236)



*"Lovely ornaments you have there, Miss Abbott!"*



*"I never quite understood it—  
this sex symbol. I always thought symbols were  
those things you clash together.  
But if I'm going to be a symbol of something,  
I'd rather have it sex than some  
other things they've got symbols of."*







PLAYBOY'S FIRST PLAYMATE: DECEMBER 1953

*"The urge to go nude was her most public whim. 'I dreamed I was standing up in church without any clothes on,' she recalled, 'and all the people there were lying at my feet.' Years later, she posed nude for Christendom's most famous calendar, and from that moment on, she was the only blonde in the world."*

# mm remembered *a retrospective tribute to a hollywood legend*



"MARILYN MONROE," BY WILLEM DE KOONING, 1954

*"Throughout the ages, artists have made symbols of female goddesses and cult images. De Kooning has painted them as masochistic, shamelessly erotic women whose distortion expresses great suffering."*

ART HISTORIAN PETER SELZ



*"She had flesh which photographs like flesh. You feel you can reach out and touch it."*

BILLY WILDER

"Unique is an overworked word, but in her case it applies. There will never be another one like her, and Lord knows there have been plenty of imitations." The speaker: movie director Billy Wilder. The subject: Marilyn Monroe, nee Norma Jean Mortenson, an illegitimate child who grew up in a foster home to become the leading lady in her own story-book dream of movie stardom — a female so famous that her alliterative initials were known as universally as those for Sex Appeal, with which many considered her synonymous.

To the charismatic magnetism of the screen's great queens — the carnal candor of Harlow, the lush beauty of Swanson, the bewitching mystery of Garbo, the sexual precocity of Bardot — she added her own ineffable electricity: an enchanting amalgam of worldliness and otherworldliness, girlish helplessness and womanly self-possession, wide-eyed naïveté and sly self-parody. "I think she's something different to each man," Clark Gable said of her, "blending somehow the things he

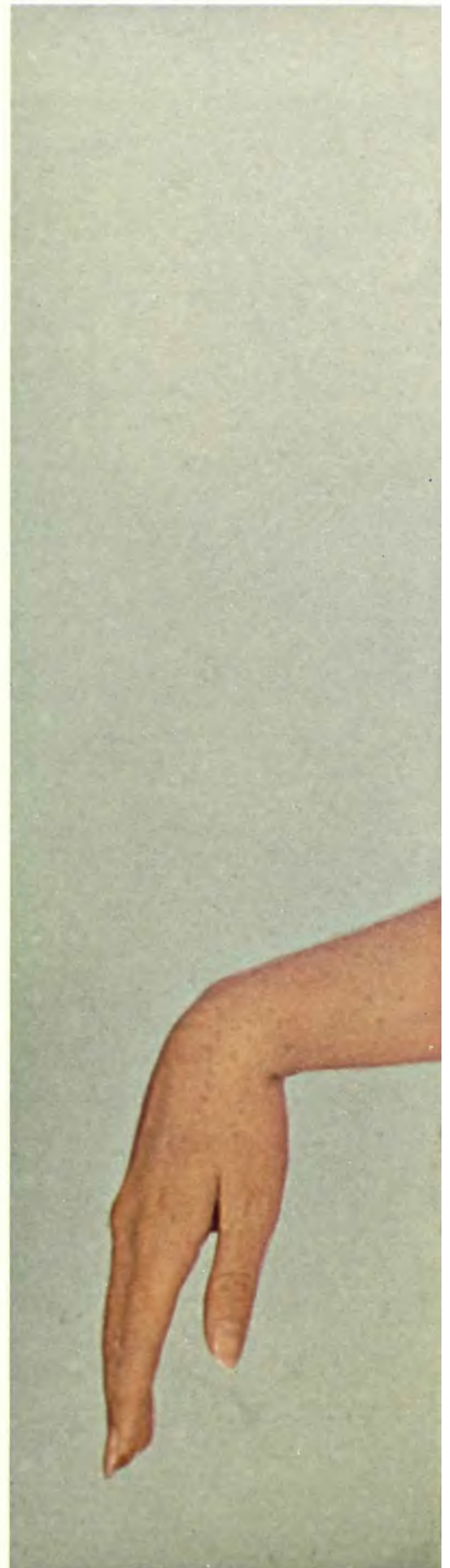
*"Marilyn is a kind of ultimate, in her way, with a million sides to her. She is uniquely feminine. Everything she does is different, strange and exciting, from the way she talks to the way she uses that magnificent torso. She makes a man proud to be a man."*

CLARK GABLE



seems to require most." But whatever her allure, her message was elemental and universal — people began to get it loud and clear from the moment she swiveled across the screen in 1950 as Louis Calhern's pneumatic "niece" in *The Asphalt Jungle*, her first important bit part. By 1952, after equally minor but increasingly conspicuous roles in *All About Eve*, *Love Nest* and *Clash by Night*, she had unseated Betty Grable as the nation's most popular pin-up queen.

Soon after the news leaked out that she had posed for what was to become history's most famous nude photo, Marilyn appeared as *PLAYBOY's* first and still foremost Playmate in the magazine's premier issue of December 1953. From then on, her rise to fame and fortune, paralleling *PLAYBOY's* own, moved into high gear via such Technicolor vehicles as *Niagara*, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, *How to Marry a Millionaire* and *River of No Return*. She became the reigning love goddess of the screen — but, as such, a creature less of flesh than fantasy for millions to whom she represented the ultimate embodiment of erotic womanhood. Though she basked and bloomed in the sun of this adulation, she found herself struggling in vain to preserve her three-dimensional identity beneath the glossy façade of Celluloid sex symbolism. With her celebrated marriage to Joe DiMaggio in 1954, she







*“Marilyn was so cute when she did that swimming sequence for ‘Something’s Got to Give.’ Director George Cukor asked her if she would do it nude, and told her he’d watch the camera angles so that there’d be nothing indelicate about the scene, in which she was supposed to playfully take a midnight swim in the pool, aware that her husband, Dean Martin, was peeking at her. She said yes, without being coy about it. When she saw the rushes later she roared at herself and said, ‘I actually look like a good swimmer. Who’d guess that I’m just a dog paddler?’ ”*

MARJORIE PLECHER, MARILYN’S WARDROBE MISTRESS

sought to substantiate her womanhood as a loving wife and mother; but pre-empted by the pressures of superstardom, these dreams of blissful domesticity were destined to dissolve before the end of the year.

Critics, meanwhile, had begun to discern in her performances a burgeoning comic flair which she refined into a genuine comedic style as the seductive girl upstairs in *The Seven Year Itch*. Unflattered, however, Marilyn was becoming increasingly impatient with what she felt was her typecast public image as a vapid and voluptuous kewpie doll. When the studio responded to her pleas for challenging dramatic roles by casting her as the decorative centerpiece in still another Cinemascope confection, she simply walked out on her long-term contract, formed her own production company, abandoned Hollywood and moved to New York. In an earnest search for self-fulfillment as a serious actress, she enrolled at the Actors Studio and began to cultivate cultivated friends – including playwright Arthur Miller. Returning triumphantly to Hollywood from this year-long self-exile to star in the film version of William Inge’s *Bus Stop*, she brought her Method training poignantly to bear on the most evocative portrayal of her career. Converting to Judaism, she married Miller that June and traveled with him to London to film *The Prince and the Showgirl* – realizing at last a long-cherished dream of co-starring with Sir Laurence Olivier. The reviews of her performance were not overgenerous; but her next role, as the ukulele-playing vocalist of an all-girl band in *Some Like It Hot*, was hailed as *(text continued on page 190)*







*"After she made the swimming sequence, she asked me, 'Do you think it was in bad taste?' I told her there was nothing suggestive about it at all. Her figure was more beautiful than it had ever been. A perfect body like Marilyn's looks beautiful nude, and beauty is never vulgar. Her animal magnetism, though sometimes flamboyant, always had an appealing, childlike quality which seemed to be poking fun at the very quality she symbolized."*







*Interlandi*

As you have probably noticed, World War I is rapidly overtaking the Civil War these days in the popularity sweepstakes among writers. It all began two years ago with Barbara Tuchman's Pulitzer Prize-winning "The Guns of August." Since that time the bookstalls have been featuring such new works on The Great War as Alistair Horne's "The Price of Glory," Brian Gardner's "The Big Push," Barrie Pitt's "1918: The Last Act," etc. In addition, Winston Churchill's "The World Crisis" has been reissued, and there is talk in the industry that Erich Maria Remarque's classic, "All Quiet on the Western Front," will also receive reprint treatment.

As one who has read some of the afore-mentioned works and has thumbed through the others, I am impressed by their over-all quality. But I am also somewhat depressed by their grim accent on blood, slaughter and futility.

Having floated serenely through that conflict with the aid of a raft of boys' books which were so popular in the Thirties ("The Boy Allies" series by Clair W. Hayes, among others), I look back vicariously on the struggle as something exciting and supremely glorious. To me it was in essence a war through which clean-cut young protagonists romped heroically, performing fantastic deeds at the expense of a well-meaning but inept foe. In short, to my generation World War I was basically a fun war.

So, as my contribution to a currently hot literary trend, I would like to reissue — from memory — my favorite World War I book.

"Well, well," said Field Marshal Foch, commander of all Allied forces on the Continent, "if it isn't Mal Kane and Lester Crawfish. I have heard so much about you two lads."

"It is indeed grand meeting you, sir," said Mal and Lester, as they stood there in the command tent somewhere on the western front.

"You two have certainly made names for yourselves thus far in this, the most titanic struggle that mankind has yet known," Marshal Foch went on. "Proficient with the sword, pistol and most other weapons; courageous and clean-living to a fault; superb military strategists; grammarians par excellence and masters of sixteen tongues, many of which have aided you immeasurably on your various spying missions; you have both already reached the rank of full colonel. And yet you are mere lads of fourteen."

"We shall be fifteen next month, sir," said Lester, somewhat nettled.

"Of course," said Marshal Foch. "I have just received an invitation to the party that General Pershing is throwing for you at Château-Thierry. But do tell me a little bit about your backgrounds."

"There is nothing much to tell, sir," said Lester modestly. "Mal and I are two American chums who have won innumerable medals in U. S. schools for history, citizenship and grammar. We came to visit Europe with our parents back in 1914 and, finding museum-attending and such things to be rather dull, we decided that it might be fun to participate in a war."

"That's right, sir," Mal continued. "But not just *any* war. We had in mind a *noble* conflict. So we assassinated Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, and . . ."

"You assassinated the Archduke?" said Marshal Foch, not a little astonished. "All along I had thought . . ."

"That a Serbian student had done it?" said Mal, chuckling.

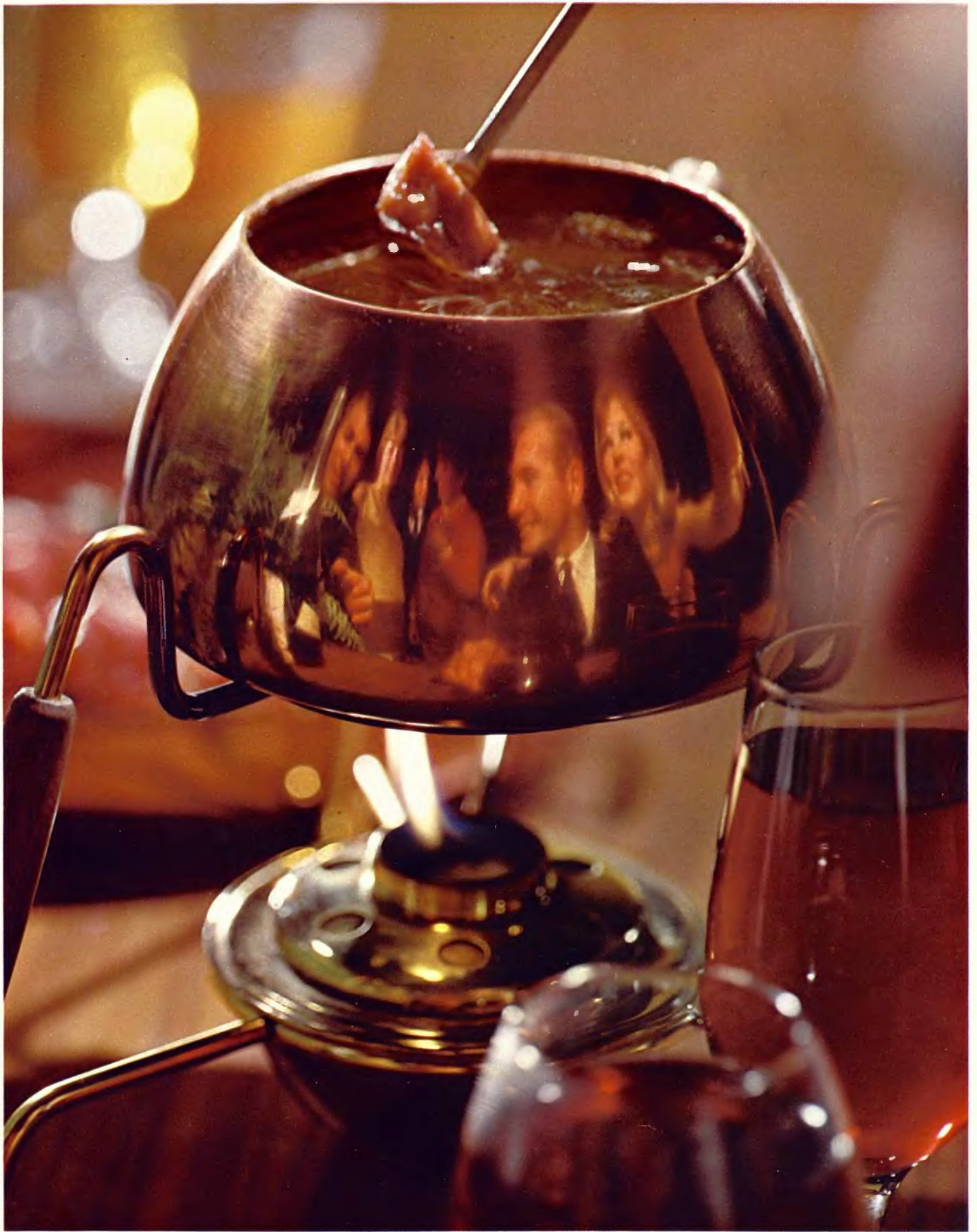
"That's one on you, sir," laughed Lester. The field marshal joined in the general laughter in spite of himself.

"But seriously, sir," said Mal, "we have seen action with the Belgians at Liège, where we singlehandedly destroyed three German regiments. We then unearthed a conspiracy that threatened to wipe out the entire French army (continued on page 210)



*an enemy-routing romp over the top  
with those fictive heroes of world war one*

satire By LARRY SIEGEL



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

# THE FESTIVE FONDUE

**Food By THOMAS MARIO** REPORTS FROM SWITZERLAND confirm that the current favorite sport among the Swiss — mountaineering, yodeling, skiing and beautiful women notwithstanding — is fondue. In pursuit of that pleasure, the Swiss have become the outstanding proponents of the fondue fork, the most utile table utensil to come along since a Byzantine princess introduced the first fork to the West. The fondue fork is an extra-long, two-pronged job which the Swiss use to dip chunks of crusty French bread into a chafing dish filled with melted cheese and kirsch. The dish — still popular and tasty — is called *valais*. The newest member of the fondue clan is called *bourguignonne*, and it towers over the older fondue like the Matterhorn over a molehill.

Although the open season for fondue continues all year long, it scores highest as holiday table fare. In the chemistry of hospitality, the happiest formula has always been one that allows the guests to partake of the host's chores. The kind of normal barrier encountered at some formal dinner parties simply dissolves at fondue fetes. It's every man for himself, and you avoid the competitive eying of the roast beef platter and the crowding in the vicinity of the lobster newburg. No matter how fierce the appetites, no fondue enthusiast will ever have to declaim as Alexander Barclay once did, describing a dinner in one of his eclogues:

*And if it be fleshe, 10 knives shall thou see  
Mangling the fleshe, and in the platter flee.  
To put there thy hands is perill without fayle  
Without a gauntlet or els a glove of mayle.*

The ritual of fondue *bourguignonne* is simple. Each guest is presented with a plate of small pieces of raw *filet mignon* and an assortment of sauces. He impales the meat on his fork, lowers it into a dish of hot oil over a spirit lamp, waits about a minute or less, dunks the now-browned meat in one of several sauces, and then commits the luscious morsel to its final destiny.

It doesn't detract from the fun of fondue to point out that the phrase fondue *bourguignonne* is, in a sense, a misnomer. The French word *fondue* means a dish cooked to a pulp or purée, like the melted-cheese or scrambled-egg fondues. Fondue *bourguignonne* didn't come from Burgundy, nor does it resemble either the Burgundian beef stew or the beef dish kept on the back of the fire by French peasants until they returned from the fields. Some Swiss chefs like to say that its unknown originator fell in love with a girl from the Côte-d'Or and created the fondue as a culinary tribute to his Burgundian heart's delight. Origins aside, the varieties of holiday menus based on the fondue *bourguignonne* are limitless and echo the *esprit*, if not the letter, of Burgundian gourmandise.

Before the party, the role of the fondue host is more that of purveyor than beleaguered chef. He provides the raw meat which he merely cuts into small pieces. He may make a hot sauce of the hollandaise type in his blender and offer several compatible condiments. In addition to the meat, there may be a huge mound of *roesti*, the Swiss version of hashed brown potatoes, or a platter of brown noodles and one of the excellent cooked frozen vegetables now available. Although a salad may seem like an *embarras de richesses*, it's fine for nibbling while the snared meat is in the fondue dish.

Classic fondue equipment can be bought as a set, or assembled in separate pieces. Visually, the highly burnished copper or brass assemblage is a distinct plus at any table. There's a tray of brass or copper (for protecting the table) on which a trivet stands. Beneath the trivet, the flames emanate from a spirit lamp or can of Sterno. Into the trivet, a deep copper dish lined with silver snugly fits. One fondue set will take care of four to six people. For parties of eight or over, you'll need two sets. If you happen to own a chafing dish, the blazer may be used directly over the flame for fondues, but the deeper fondue dish is, of course, spatter-proof. We prefer fondue forks with multicolored handles so that each of the entrants at the tournament can identify his weapon. Fondue dinner plates are often seen at the rites. They're simply compartmented dinner plates with a large section for holding the meat and peripheral smaller sections for (concluded on page 196)

eschewing the conventional cheese approach, playboy  
champions burgundian delights for a convivial crowd

# ON BEING A MANAGERIAL MISFIT

article By VANCE PACKARD *the best-selling author of books on the executive life reveals his own shortcomings—were he an aspirant in the business world*

EVERY VENTURESOME AMERICAN MALE, I suppose, likes to think that he could be a successful corporate executive if he bothered to try. The captain of industry in our society commands the open or secret envy of most of us; and if you watch him for a day you may gain the impression that you might, with a little practice, be able to take his place credibly.

I watched such executives for more than two years before preparing my recent book *The Pyramid Climbers*. In the course of my watching and researching, I confess, it often occurred to me to wonder if I, too, could be one of those executives who gets his name on the door of a teak-paneled office, with a smiling secretary to guard that door. I even took a battery of tests, in the company of several aspiring managers, that were designed to lay bare my strengths and weaknesses as a potential executive.

What I concluded about my own executive capacity might amuse if not enlighten those readers of *PLAYBOY* who have entertained similar secret speculations about themselves—or have indeed already made the grade as successful corporate executives. I prepared what follows especially for such readers.

The rules and requirements for getting near the top of a sizable corporate pyramid, I learned, are trickier and far more excluding than might at first seem apparent.

Even so, I had grounds for dreaming. I have never met a payroll, beyond paying my children's allowances; but for that matter, most executives of sizable corporations have never met one either. And I do have some of the surface characteristics that might give me the impression that I could reach a position where I would have rank after rank of respectful subordinates hastening to do my bidding.

One authority I encountered, John Hite, director of The Institute of Management, Johnson & Johnson, stressed that, "One must be a bit half-assed to be a good manager." This is technically known as having a tolerance for ambiguity. Certainly many people have credited me with being fully qualified in this respect. Many men, especially scientists and engineers, break up when given executive jobs simply because they don't have this tolerance. It pains them to take an important action when they don't have all the facts. An executive often can't wait for, or can't possibly know, all the facts. His responsibility at times is bound to extend further than his personal knowledge. There are times when he must shine as a hunch player.

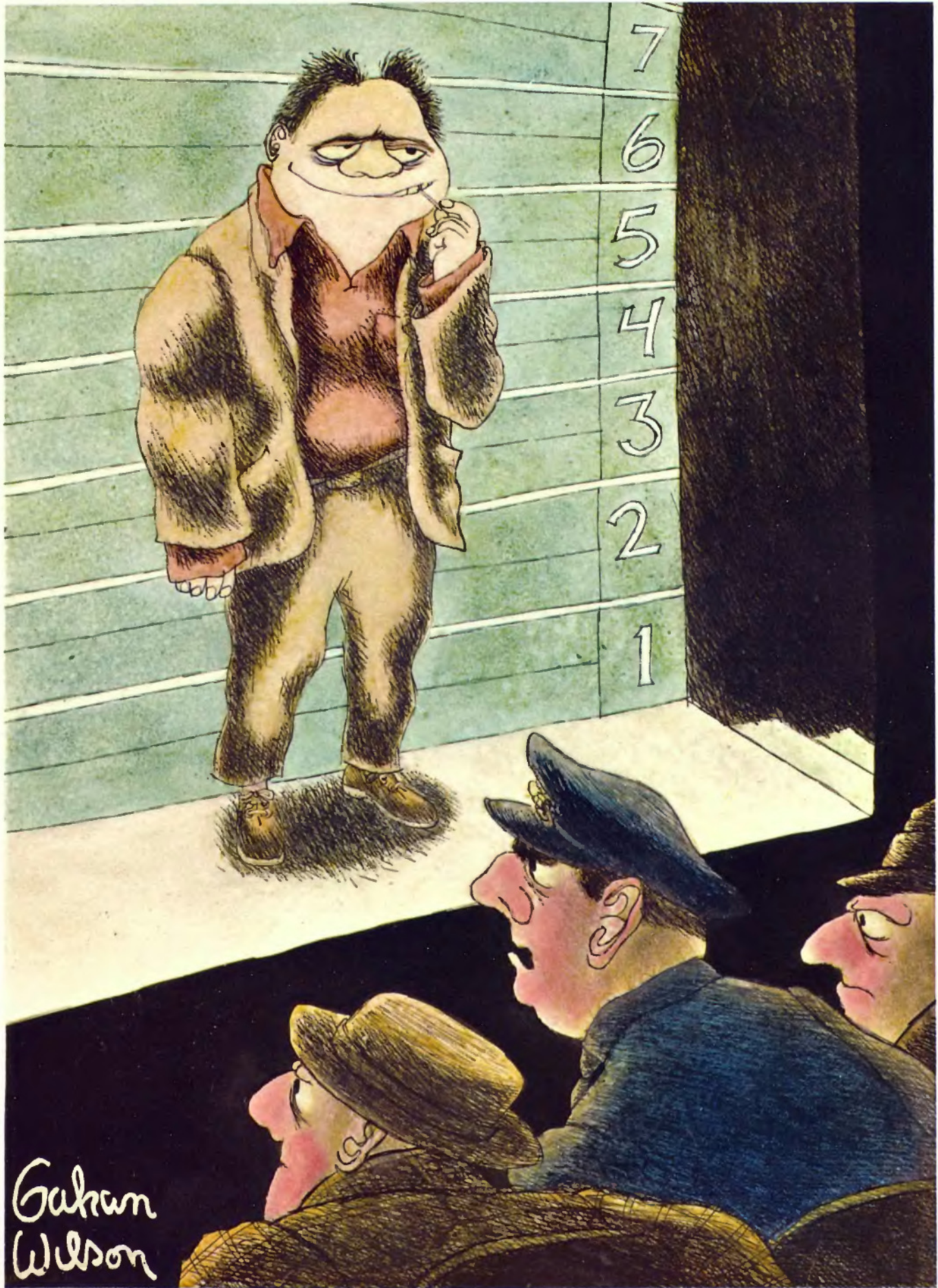
I might also be optimistic about my executive potentialities because I could breeze through most of the preliminary screening usually performed on executive candidates. I'm safe on the most common knockout factors that prevent a great many talented people from even being considered seriously for important management jobs.

Unlike many people more talented than myself, I am not handicapped for an executive position by accidents of birth or heredity or religion, to cite some obvious knockout factors. First of all, I happen to be a male. When companies talk about their executive man power they usually mean just that. There are exceptions, but generally females are not thought of as executive material.

By accident of birth I am also what sociologists call a WASP. I'm a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant. Most of the big companies, wittingly or unwittingly, favor the WASP out of long habit, and while barriers gradually are being eased, most managements of large business institutions still think of their executive suites as social clubs where WASPs are given preference. The non-WASPs—especially those who are non-Christian or nonwhite or have east- or south-European ancestors—still encounter considerable difficulties in attaining high executive positions in most of the nation's larger business enterprises. The large corporations have lagged far behind public institutions and universities in drawing from the whole spectrum of American society in filling their management ranks.

Another of the common knockout factors that would still leave me in the running is the standard query about education. The corporate screeners now as a matter of routine usually want evidence that a candidate possesses a college diploma. This is especially so of the larger companies. Some technical jobs in companies obviously require a college education. But it is also true that many of the most spectacular private entrepreneurs of our day—those who have made more than \$10,000,000 in the past two decades despite

*(continued on page 130)*



*"Where are the others?"*





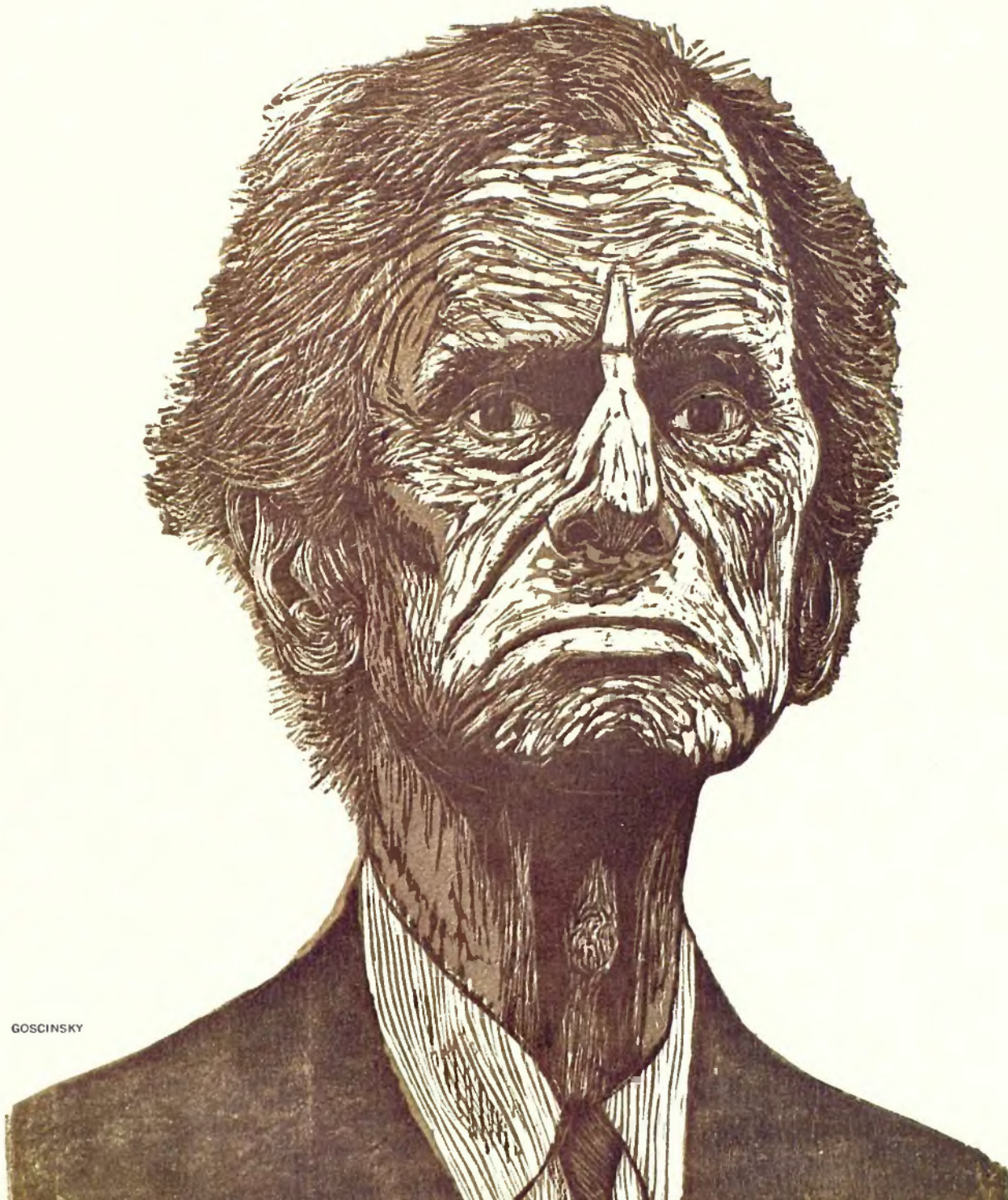
# THE CONFLICTING IDEOLOGIES OF EAST AND WEST

*an eminent philosopher weighs the factors in today's critical balance of power*

*opinion* By BERTRAND RUSSELL

THE TENSION BETWEEN EAST AND WEST has many forms and is supported by many very differing arguments. One of the causes of tension is supposed to be that the West has one ideology and the East has another. It is said in the West that the West is Christian, while the East is godless, and that the West loves freedom, while the East practices despotism, and that the West believes in self-determination for nations, while Russia is out for world conquest. A correlative set of beliefs exists in the Communist world: the West is said to entertain superstitions which help sinister influences to gain power; the vaunted freedom of the West is said to be only freedom for the rich and to have no purpose except exploitation. Communist countries call themselves "peace-loving" and are as persuaded of America's imperialism as America is of that of Russia. By means of these opposing beliefs, each side becomes persuaded that the other is wicked and that the destruction of the forces of evil is a noble work which must be performed at no matter what cost.

Although the ideological differences are sincerely believed by each party to justify its hostility to the other, I do



GOSCINSKY

not myself believe that ideological questions play any important part in *causing* the tension between East and West. I think, on the contrary, that they are propaganda weapons designed to stimulate warlike ardor and to convert neutrals. Whenever, in past history, two approximately equal states have had much more power than any others, they have been hostile and have fought each other until both were too exhausted to remain formidable. France and Spain, England and France, Germany and England have all, in turn, followed this pattern until now all have rendered themselves nearly powerless, and the old futilities have been taken up by America and Russia. All these various struggles had their ideological aspect, but all were, in fact, caused by love of power. The rest is merely an elegant decoration.

The evidences for this thesis are not far to seek. Western propagandists tell us that the West has noble aims, whereas the East is materialistic. But one of the most persuasive arguments for an American invasion of Cuba is that, if Castro is allowed to remain, real estate in Miami will not be worth 50 cents an acre. Throughout Latin America, and in various other parts of the world also, American influence is devoted to keeping corrupt, cruel tyrants in power because they are more convenient for American capitalists to deal with.

I do not wish to suggest that one side has a monopoly on humbug. East Germany is called "The German *Democratic Republic*," whereas it is, in fact, a military dictatorship established by an alien military power in the course of suppressing a popular revolution. But, although Russian humbug exists, I do not think it has ever surpassed in cynical pretense the Western contention that the West stands for what it calls "The Free World." The West is ready to accept Spain and Portugal as allies although both these countries have a despotism as ruthless as that of Russia in the worst days of Stalin. Nor is it only in allied countries that America shows indifference to freedom. Modern developments of capitalism have placed immense power in the hands of great industrial corporations, and those who do not submit to their dictation find scant respect for liberty. This was much less the case in earlier times. Capitalists were less organized and were often engaged in competition with each other. Craftsmen and peasants had a certain degree of economic freedom such as is now possessed only by the great magnates of industry. Freedom of the press, which has always been a liberal slogan, has now become almost completely a sham. Newspapers with large circulations depend for solvency upon advertisements, and well-paid advertisements inevitably come almost wholly from the rich. It is true

that in the Western world the press has a certain degree of *legal* liberty, but newspapers which oppose the Establishment cannot hope for large circulations, because they do not appeal to advertisers. The consequence is that the general public gets its news distorted and biased, and is kept in ignorance of many things which it is important that it should know. The most sinister example of this kind of distortion is the influence of the armament industry in repressing the facts about nuclear warfare, its probability and its destructiveness. In the West, the press is thus controlled by leading industrialists; in Russia, by leading politicians. The one system is no more democratic than the other.

There also is a tendency in the West to lay too much stress upon purely legal freedom and to ignore the economic penalties to which a man of unorthodox opinions is exposed. While he is a student at a university, he is spied upon by the authorities and, if his opinions are not wholly conventional, he finds, on leaving the university, that it is very difficult to secure a job. If he does succeed in this, he is liable to be harried by Congressional investigations which take up his time and are likely to leave him bankrupt. Is it to be wondered at that most men take pains to avoid such penalties?

I am not pretending that Russia is better in these respects. I am only contending that "The Free World" has become, everywhere, a beautiful dream which can be honestly believed in only by those who are ignorant of modern facts—but these, unfortunately, constitute about 99 percent of the population.

It is ironic that the curtailment of freedom in the West has been chiefly due to the belief that the West is fighting for freedom. So long as East and West continue to regard each other as monsters of iniquity, freedom is sure to diminish in the West and will have difficulty increasing in the East.

This brings me to the question: What can be done to diminish the acerbity in the conflict of ideologies? Something can be done by an increase of social intercourse between East and West. But I do not think that anything very decisive can be done until ways are found of diminishing mutual fear. At present, most people on each side believe that the other may at any moment make a treacherous attack which will be utterly disastrous in its effects. This belief naturally engenders hatred of the other side. The hatred increases the other side's fear, and therefore the other side's armaments. The Russians talk about 100-megaton bombs, and we shudder and think how wicked they are. Our authorities, in return, boast of our numerical superiority in nuclear weapons. Each side, like a bragging schoolboy, says, "You're the ones who will be exterminated, while we shall survive." This is so childish that one would hardly have believed, in advance, that eminent politicians would talk such nonsense. And so, in a kind of deadly interchange, each increases its own danger in the attempt to decrease the danger of the other side. I do not see how this deadly spiral is to be overcome except by mutual disarmament. But there will not be disarmament until fear is lessened, and fear will not be lessened until there is disarmament. What can be done to find a way out of this tangle? Disarmament conferences keep on taking place, but it is understood on both sides that they are only a game to bemuse the populace and that they must on no account be allowed to lead to any good result. All the people engaged in this dangerous game know perfectly well that sooner or later it will lead to disaster. Perhaps tempers will be frayed beyond endurance, perhaps nervous apprehension will come to be thought worse than what it fears, perhaps an accident or a mistake will plunge the world into nuclear war. All these things may not be very probable, but sooner or later, if there is no change in public policy, one or another of them is almost a certainty.

There is one quite simple thing which could be done, however, and which would make all the difference. Each side must acknowledge that the destruction on both sides would probably be about equal and that nothing that anybody desires would result. Each side should say to the other, "We have a common interest, which is to remain alive. We also have a common enemy, which is nuclear weapons. Let us conquer the common enemy and pursue our common interest in peace. Let us hate armaments instead of hating half of those who wield them. At present, both halves are mad, and each hates the other half for being mad. It is absurd that such a state of affairs should be prolonged by men with any shred of rationality."

I believe that if either Kennedy or Khrushchev were to stand up at a disarmament conference and make this speech, the world would rise to applaud him, and the merchants of death who at present govern our policies would slink away and hide to escape the common detestation which they have so amply earned. I shall be told that this is a foolish vision of an idealist out of touch with reality. Reality, I shall be told, is corpses. Anything else is an idle dream. Perhaps those who say this are right, but I cannot think so. I am persuaded that one eminent man, whether Russian or American, could, given courage and eloquence, convert the world to sanity and allow mankind to live in joy rather than perish in futile agony.

Y

**Joseph Valachi:** I firmly resolve to give up the rackets this year and try some new occupation; perhaps I can get Frank Sinatra to give me singing lessons.

**The Saturday Evening Post:** We will attempt to regain reader interest by placing more emphasis on editorial material of interest to women and leaving football stories and the like to *Sports Illustrated*.

**John Profumo:** In order to retain the "common touch" so important in politics, I intend to spend more time this year mingling with our lower-class citizens.

**Governor George Wallace:** I will find a way to focus national attention on Alabama's fine educational system.

**Nelson Rockefeller:** In order to insure my Republican candidacy for President, I will build my public image on the theory that "all the world loves a lover."

**Happy Murphy:** I will do my best to make Mrs. Rockefeller Happy.

**Floyd Patterson:** I firmly resolve not to gamble in Las Vegas.

**Sonny Liston:** I intend to smile and laugh more, make friends, and be thoughtful and unassuming; I will try to remember it's not whether you win or lose that counts, but how you play the game.

**Cassius Clay:**

I'll continue the switch from fighter to poet,  
Since I know it builds up my purse.  
It's the simple trick, for those who know it,  
Of going from bad to verse.

**Liz Taylor and Richard Burton:** We will take adjoining hotel suites in London, since it will save considerable time when we have to get together for script readings.

**Robert Kennedy:** I am going to investigate the Planned Parenthood Association.



**Hugh M. Hefner:** I believe I will write an editorial explaining PLAYBOY's philosophy; I'm sure I can put down what I want to say in a single issue, or maybe two...

**Jayne Mansfield:** This year I intend to concentrate on my acting; no more cheesecake or other sexy photographs—not even for PLAYBOY.

**Nikita Khrushchev:** We will have to beg off if anyone asks us to make a moon trip; we've already got more satellites than we can handle.

**Paul Hornung:** I will give up gambling before I get into trouble, and I'll lay anybody 3-to-1 odds that I can do it.

**Barry Goldwater:** I will have my den redone in walnut; Birch seems to be out this year.

**Queen Elizabeth:** I will suggest to The British Railways that they take a tip from American Express and never carry more than \$50 in cash.

**Christine Keeler:** I will cut down on my social life.

**Evgeny Evtushenko:** I will write an epic poem glorifying the new creative freedom in the U.S.S.R. and dedicate it to that patron of the avant-garde arts, Premier Khrushchev.

**Frank Sinatra:** I'll invite some of my pals out to Cal-Neva this year; it should be good public relations.

**Mao Tse-tung:** I will lean over backward in my attempts to achieve peaceful coexistence with those capitalistic swine in the Kremlin.

**Harold Macmillan:** I will press for better terms as a member of the Common Market by not appearing too eager when De Gaulle invites us to join.

**Sabu:** I will make a comeback in showbiz as a comedian, but with a new, more sophisticated image. After all, no one would care to hear jokes about elephants.

*playboy presents some famous folk some firm resolves they might have made last january*

## RETROACTIVE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS



# TRIPLE TREAT

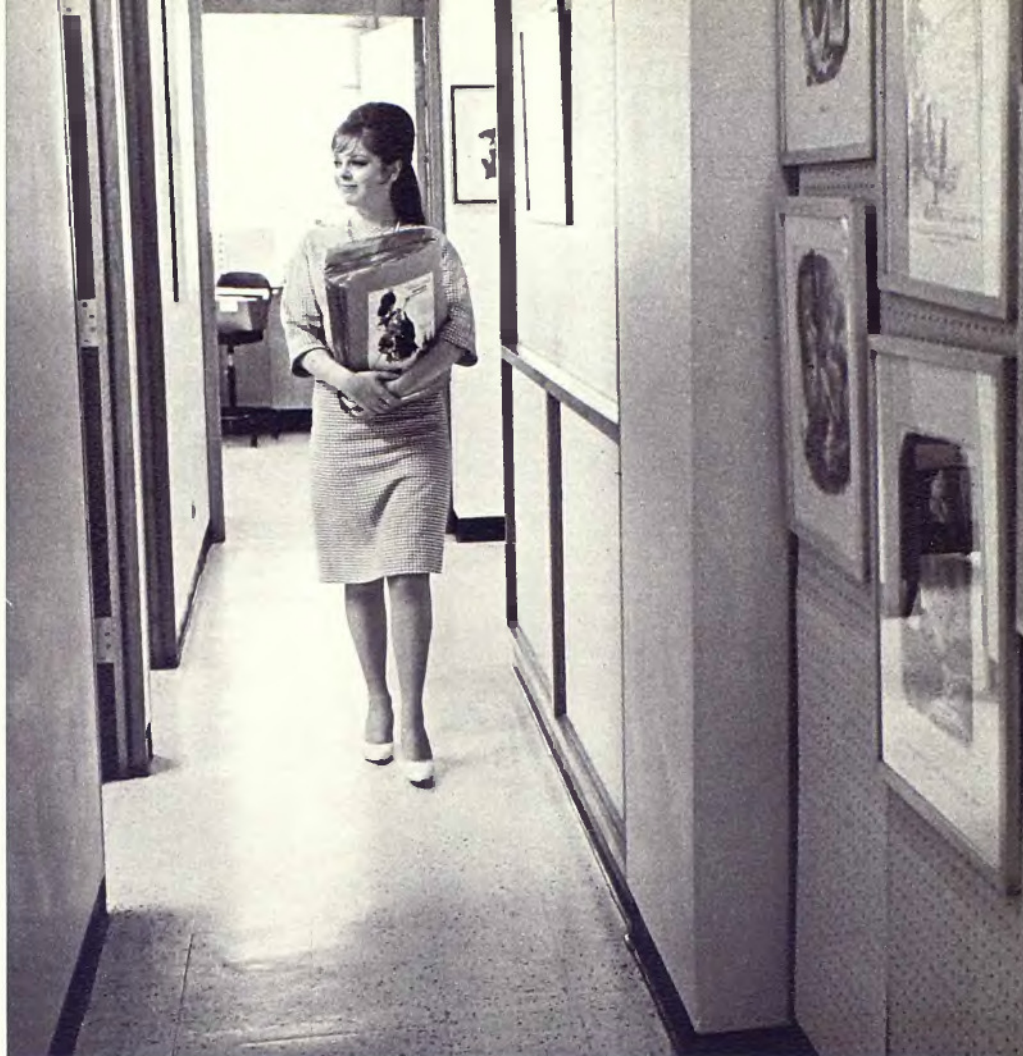
*equal parts of schoolgirl, bunny and editorial assistant make sharon rogers a happy blend of playmate*

BEING AN OLD HAND at looking long and far for potential Playmates, we're always cheered to discover a comely young lass close to home, and they come no closer than our titian-haired Miss January, Sharon Rogers. Sharon graces the PLAYBOY scene as a part-time editorial assistant whose presence we would gladly share from nine to five and then some. She has repeatedly declined our full-time office offers, however, on the unimpeachable grounds that additional editorial work would encroach on her two other métiers. For, besides her afternoons at PLAYBOY, multifaceted Sharon is a schoolgirl in the mornings and a Bunny evenings at Chicago's Playboy Club.

As a 10-o'clock scholar, our 21-year-old Playmate attends school—the private secretarial variety—four days a week, improving her shorthand and typing. She spends afternoons at the PLAYBOY offices, filing, sorting and locating pictures in the extensive PLAYBOY photo library, which now includes many shots of Sharon herself. Besides her pictorial laurels this month, Miss January made a fetching snow miss as our ski-clad November cover girl, and also appeared in the July Bunny story and as the roommate of our November Playmate, Terre Tucker. Terre has since

Combining handiwork and leg work in pleasing proportions our January Playmate brings the paste-up of a future issue of PLAYBOY to the editors for approval, makes a most creditable picture when she checks picture credits.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR





*"I can't ever decide which of the three lives I'm living pleases me most. Working for PLAYBOY is certainly a thrill, because there's always something exciting happening there, and besides that, it's interesting and carries a little responsibility as well. . . . I always seem to perform better when I know people are counting on me."*



Top left: A photostatic paste-up of guess-who passes Miss January's critical examination. Above right: A picture search in the photo library. Above left: Sharon talks shop with Nancy Ruffolo, executive secretary to Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner.

departed for a New York modeling career, and Sharon now rooms with other Bunnies in the Chicago Bunny dormitory. Here Sharon and roommates Linda Castorina and Judy Ryder indulge in their share of late-evening dormitory high jinks, which includes everything from philosophical talk sessions to friendly wrestling. Frolicsome Sharon is five-foot-two with eyes of blue, who looks closer to 16 than her actual 21 years. Though she certainly doesn't have time on her hands, in her free moments she enjoys Steve McQueen movies, the *Bullwinkle* show, Ayn Rand, backgammon, and watching sports-car races. "I keep busier than most girls I know," Sharon says, "and I sometimes think I'm just not getting enough sleep. I hate to snooze too much, anyway, because when I wake up I just *know* I've missed something. Besides, I've heard somewhere that too much sleep makes you gain weight, and I'm terribly worried I'll get chubby." Those fears are groundless, for she has no trouble getting her petite 35-22-35 form into a Bunny costume. Born in Seattle, Sharon has lived in Chicago long enough to call it her home. She nurtures acting ambitions, which is understandable, since she's a second cousin of the



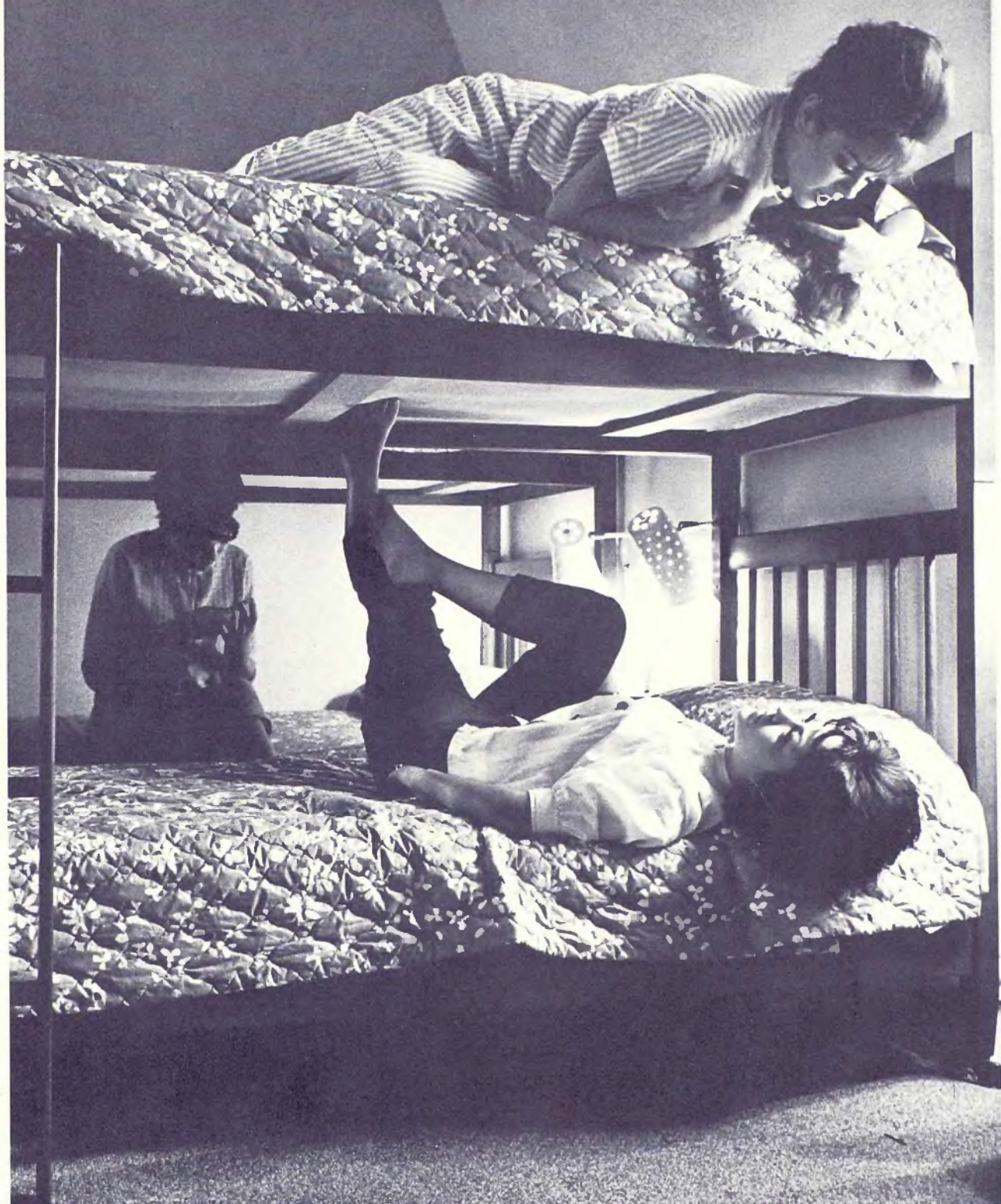
*"Being a Playboy Club Bunny is one of the biggest thrills of my life. Whenever I'm in the Club, serving guests or greeting keyholders, I feel like I'm onstage, performing — and I guess in a sense I am. In the year I've been at The Playboy Club I've met nicer people than I ever knew before. It really has changed my life."*



Top left: Sharon finds a friendly zipper-upper in a Bunny cohort at the Chicago Playboy Club. Top right: She provides a striking greeting for arriving keyholders. Above left: Graceful Sharon serves a satisfying potable to a grateful guest.

late Will Rogers. Sharon studied piano as a child, but gave it up after high school. She enjoys "any sort of music except hillbilly," and concedes a special weakness for the classical. Listening or playing, her favorite of favorites is Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini*. She's wild about Wilder — Billy or Thornton — and also enjoys steak, chocolate milk shakes, Paul Newman, talk dates over *café au lait*, and stuffed animals, which she considers true friends. For a glimpse of Sharon, bearily dressed with a very close friend, *vide* gatefold.





Above: Sharon and two of her Bunny roommates share dormitory girl talk. Below, left: Frolicsome trio conducts some lipstick-and-kneecap shenanigans. Below, from left: Roommates Judy Ryder, Sharon, and Linda Castorina, with friend.

*"I studied piano for ten years, but I don't play much anymore. I love music, though, and whenever I get depressed, I put something bright and cheerful on the phonograph. Nothing perks me up faster than music or joking and kidding around with my roommates."*







MISS JANUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

We know a cool chick who thinks that a pot holder is a cigarette case.



Then there was the college girl who was expelled from school for having a record player in her room—the local disc jockey.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fun-loving* as the only kind there is.

When a newly bought rooster died after only three weeks on the job, the farmer was determined that the replacement would last a while longer, and so, before putting the rooster into the hen coop, he dosed it heavily with vitamins and pep pills. The instant the bird was released, it charged into the coop and serviced every one of the hens therein. Then, before the farmer could stop it, it flew over the fence, landed beside the pond, and similarly serviced the ducks. With the farmer close behind, it flew into the adjoining coop and proceeded to do the same for the geese. At this point, the farmer gave up and went back to the house, shaking his head and muttering, "He'll never last out the day." Sure enough, around sunset the farmer was crossing the yard, and there lay the rooster, legs aloft, flat on its back, with two hungry buzzards slowly circling above his supine body. "Damn it!" groaned the farmer. "Now I've got to buy me another new rooster!" At which point the rooster opened one eye, winked and, pointing at the nearing buzzards, said, "Shh!"

Sign in a pharmacy window: FOR THE GIRL WHO HAS EVERYTHING — PENICILLIN.

Then there was the Japanese callgirl who went broke because no one had a yen for her.

Detroit's swankiest watering place had rarely seen such excitement as that evening when the suavely dressed young man, attired in cape and dinner jacket, jumped up from his table and proclaimed: "There's five hundred dollars for any lady in this place who'll do it my way." Pandemonium reigned and the crowd stood aghast as the bartender, maitre de and manager forcibly ejected the young fellow. He sat morosely on the curb in front of the lounge, until a beautiful deb type slipped out of the door, walked over to him and asked if his offer

still held. He said it did, and they promptly took a cab to her apartment. There she quickly disrobed, got into bed and, as he lay down beside her, she asked, "Incidentally, just what is your way?"

"On credit," he replied.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *oral contraceptive* as the word "No."

Police?" came the voice on the phone. "I want to report a burglar trapped in an old maid's bedroom!" After ascertaining the address, the police sergeant asked who was calling. "This," cried the frantic voice, "is the burglar!"



The voluptuous blonde was chatting with her handsome escort in a posh restaurant when their waiter, stumbling as he brought their drinks, dumped a martini on the rocks down the back of the blonde's dress. She sprang to her feet with a shriek, dashed wildly around the table, then galloped wriggling from the room followed by her distraught boyfriend. A man seated on the other side of the room with a date of his own beckoned to the waiter and said, "We'll have two of whatever she was drinking."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn \$25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.



*"Young man, you should be asleep!"*

## MANAGERIAL MISFIT *(continued from page 114)*

income taxes—have never been near a college. But they did it mainly by pioneering new fields or starting with small companies. The settled, large corporation usually demands a college diploma whether the job reasonably requires it or not. One of the frankest explanations for this requirement was offered by a president participating in a round table on executive potential sponsored by the McKinsey Foundation for Management Research. He said: "We desperately need a means of screening. Education is one quick means of preliminary screening without having to think too much about it."

My diplomas were mislaid many years ago, but at any rate I could probably prove I had received them; and furthermore, one of them was from Columbia, which technically is an Ivy League institution, though not as closely identified in the business mind with Ivy League as Harvard, Princeton and Yale. In the minds of most corporate screeners, an Ivy League diploma looms as a solid plus factor (and for some it is a must).

So much for the preliminary screening. These facts cited—that I happen to be a male, college-diplomaed WASP—leave me still in the running, although they would knock out 97 percent of the adult population of the United States, or at least create great difficulty for them at many major corporations.

Appearances also count a great deal in executive selection and here, too, I could probably get by. In physical appearance I lack the taut look that is prized, but my physical dimensions are at least acceptable. At 5'9" and 182 pounds (in my shorts before breakfast), I'm a bit on the short, robust side for executives. The streamlined six-footers are frequently preferred, and often specified, especially in marketing positions. However, I'm not so short or plump that I would be positively handicapped.

Still, despite all these surface assets working in my favor, I know that if I found myself inside a good-size corporation as an aspiring manager, my prospects of getting ahead would be dim indeed. I would be classified No Go rather than Go on the colored organization charts the consultants like to draw up to show at a glance whether a man should be upgraded, viewed with caution or downgraded. I would not be considered a "successful package," to use one of the favorite phrases of appraisal specialists. I would not be an "earmarked man," to use another phrase.

One piece of evidence is that I flunked the battery of psychological tests designed to screen executive potential. They were comparable to the tests most young aspiring executives must now take at some point before or after employ-

ment. As a polite gesture, the testers told me that they would assume from my record as an author that I was acceptably bright and so would excuse me from the usual speed tests in skill with words, fluency in handling ideas and reasoning via arithmetic, etc.

I have had reservations even about the usefulness of intelligence tests since my own early experience in finding that two I.Q. soundings made on me within a five-year period were 34 points apart. The fact is, however, that the aspiring executive today must love to take psychological tests of all kinds, or at least learn to be highly facile at taking them and not freeze during test-taking. (I used to develop bladder pains during test-taking.)

The tests I took were primarily to see if I had an executive-type personality, and several were of the projective type. Psychologist John Dollard of Yale commented this past year: "There may be exceptions unknown to me but, generally speaking, projective tests, trait scales, interest inventories or depth interviews are not proved to be useful in selecting executives, or salesmen, or potential delinquents or superior college students."

In any case, one test of my executive personality was a request that I draw a picture of a woman. Perhaps I should not confess this, but I had not attempted to draw a picture of a woman (or almost anything else) for at least 25 years. I approached the challenge most cautiously and ended up with a dumpy-looking matron. The lines of my drawing were not aggressively rendered, which (I learned later) suggested I probably was not responding as a true executive should. It is possible that I also lost ground by putting clothes on my woman. Some psychological testers believe that a real executive-to-be will, when asked to draw a woman, draw a nude girl.

I was asked in another question what I would do if I were in the basement of a theater and found that a fire had broken out. There were four actions to choose from. I checked, "Endeavor to extinguish it." I should have checked, "Notify the management." It did not say how big the fire was, which exasperated me at the time, because I had once had a small fire in the kitchen curtains of a rented apartment that might have gotten clear out of control if I had rushed out to search for the superintendent instead of tearing down the curtains and stamping out the fire. But my response to the question, I gathered, was one more indication that I might be too individualistic in my responses to be classified as executive material.

In the tests I was being appraised for a specific opening as a marketing executive with a cosmetics company. One

question on my sales judgment was based on this situation: "You've made a presentation and your man is ready to buy. How big an order should you ask for?" I responded by checking "Just enough not to scare him off." It was such responses—instead of the "correct" solution, "Twice what you expect to get"—that put me in the bottom 20 percent on sales judgment.

One of my most serious shortcomings, I gathered, was that I scribbled my answers rather untidily, which apparently indicated to the assessors that I was not as orderly in my habits as an ideal executive is assumed to be.

The probers sought to find if I was dangerously neurotic by inviting me to check from a long list things that bothered me. Presumably I would have been viewed as a most dubious risk if I had checked either "germs" or "my enemies" as things that bothered me.

In another test I was invited to project my personality by explaining what I saw in a vague, murky picture printed on the form. Successful marketers, I understand, will usually see such pictures—common in psychological testing—in upbeat terms. They will see a man looking at smokestacks as a man visualizing opportunity rather than as a man gloomily contemplating a disturbing problem.

I was also invited to check from a long list of occupations the roles that would particularly appeal to me. This is sometimes called an interest inventory. The good executive type sees these as a chance to indicate his love for running things and to follow practical pursuits rather than artistic or idealistic ones. I checked "Be a U.S. Senator," which I assumed was a reasonable, if ambiguous, response. At any rate, it was an honest, if unrealistic, one.

As aspiring executives are exposed to more and more testing and come to sense the appropriate responses, the testers seek more ingenious ways to make their testing at least cheatproof. This explains the recent effort to attain more "depth" in probing, which can be dangerously unfair to aspirants, especially if the results are scored by people who are not fully qualified clinical psychologists. One effort at achieving a cheatproof test is to confront the testee with a so-called forced-choice test. The two alternatives could be equally reasonable in some situations, but your response supposedly reveals patterns that are assumed to be significant for the job in question. In one such test an applicant for an advertising job had little trouble guessing what the correct answer should be. The testee was forced to choose between these two possibilities:

1. I like to keep my desk neat and clean.
2. I like to kiss members of the oppo-

*(continued on page 208)*

# the uses of the blues

*how a uniquely american art form relates to the negro's fight for his rights*

*soliloquy* **By JAMES BALDWIN**

THE TITLE, *The Uses of the Blues*, does not refer to music; I don't know anything about music. It does refer to the experience of life, or the state of being, out of which the blues come. Now, I am claiming a great deal for the blues; I'm using them as a metaphor—I might have titled this, for example, *The Uses of Anguish* or *The Uses of Pain*. But I want to talk about the blues, not only because they speak of this particular experience of life and this state of being, but because they contain the toughness that manages to make this experience articulate. I am engaged, then, in a discussion of craft or, to use a very dangerous word, art. And I want to suggest that the acceptance of this anguish one finds in the blues, and the expression of it, creates also, however odd this may sound, a kind of joy. Now joy is a true state, it is a reality; it has nothing to do with what most people have in mind when they talk of happiness, which is not a real state and does not really exist.

Consider some of the things the blues are about. They're about work, love, death, floods, lynchings; in fact, a series of disasters which can be summed up under the arbitrary heading, "Facts of Life." Bessie Smith, who is dead now, came out of somewhere in the Deep South. I guess she was born around 1898, a great blues singer; died in Mississippi after a very long, hard—not *very* long, but very *hard*—life: pigs' feet and gin, many disastrous lovers, and a career that first went up, then went down; died on the road on the way from one hospital to another. She was in an automobile accident and one of her arms was wrenched out of its socket; and because the hospital attendants argued whether or not they could let her in because she was colored, she died. Not a story Horatio Alger would write. Well, Bessie saw a great many things, and among those things was a flood. And she talked about it and she said, "It rained five days and the skies turned dark as night" and she repeated it: "It rained five days and the skies turned dark as night." Then, "Trouble take place in the lowlands at night." And she went on: "Then it thundered and lightnin'd and the wind began to blow/Then it thundered and lightnin'd and the wind began to blow/There's thousands of people ain't got no place to go." As the song makes clear, she was one of those people. But she ended in a fantastic way: "Backwater blues done caused me to pack my things and go/Because my house fell down/And I can't live there no mo'."

Billie Holiday came along a little later and she had quite a story, too, a story which *Life* magazine would never print except as a tough, bittersweet sob-story obituary—in which, however helplessly, the dominant note would be relief. She was a little girl from the South, and she had quite a time with gin, whiskey and dope. She died in New York in a narcotics ward under the most terrifying and—in terms of crimes of the city and the country against her—disgraceful circumstances, and she had something she called *Billie's Blues*: "My man wouldn't give me no dinner/Wouldn't give me no supper/Squawked about my supper and turned me outdoors/And had the nerve to lay a padlock on my clothes/I didn't have so many, but I had a long, long way to go."

And one more, one more—Bessie Smith had a song called *Gin House Blues*. It's another kind of blues, and maybe I should explain this to you—a Negro has his difficult days, the days when everything has gone wrong and on top of it, he has a fight with the elevator man, or the taxi driver, or somebody he never saw before, who seems to decide to prove he's white and you're black. But this particular Tuesday it's more than you can take—sometimes, you know, you can take it. But Bessie didn't this time, and she sat down in the gin house and sang: "Don't try me, nobody/'Cause you will never win/I'll fight the Army and the Navy/Just me and my gin."

Well, you know, that is all very accurate, all very concrete. I know, I watched, I was there. You've seen these black men and women, these boys and girls; you've seen them on the streets. But I know what happened to them at the factory, at work, at home, on the subway, what they go through in a day, and the way they sort of ride with it. And it's very, very tricky.

It's kind of a fantastic tightrope. They may be very self-controlled, very civilized; I like to think of myself as being very civilized and self-controlled, but I know I'm not. And I know that some improbable Wednesday, for no reason whatever, the elevator man or the doorman, the policeman or the landlord, or some little boy from the Bronx will say something, and it will be the wrong day to say it, the wrong moment to have it said to me; and God knows what will happen. I have seen it all, I have seen that much. What the blues are describing comes out of all this.

*Gin House Blues* is a real gin house. *Backwater Flood* is a real flood. When Billie says, "My man don't love me," she is not making a fantasy out of it. This is what happened, this is where it is. This is what it is. Now, I'm trying to suggest that the triumph here—which is a very un-American triumph—is that the person to whom these things happened watched with eyes wide open, saw it happen. So that when Billie or Bessie or Leadbelly stood up and sang about it, they were commenting on it, a little bit outside it: they were accepting it. And there's something funny—there's always something a little funny in all our disasters, if one can face the disaster. So that it's this passionate detachment, this inwardness coupled with outwardness, this ability to know that, All right it's a mess, and you can't do anything about it . . . so, well, you have to do something about it. You can't stay there, you can't drop dead, you can't give up, but all right, OK, as Bessie said: "Picked up my bag, baby, and I tried it again." This made life, however horrible that life was, bearable for her. It's what makes life bearable for any person, because every person, everybody born, from the time he's found out about people until the whole thing is over is certain of one thing: he is going to suffer. There is no way not to suffer.

Now, this brings us to two things. It brings us to the American Negro's experience of life, and it brings us to the American dream or sense of life. It would be hard to find any two things more absolutely opposed. I want to make it clear that when I talk about Negroes in this context I am not talking about race; I don't know what race means. I am talking about a social fact. When I say Negro, it is a digression; it is important to remember that I am not talking about a people, but a person. I am talking about a man who, let's say, was once 17 and who is now, let's say, 40, who has four children and can't feed them. I am talking about what happens to that man in this time and during this effort. I'm talking about what happens to you if, having barely escaped suicide, or death, or madness, or yourself, you watch your children growing up and no

matter what you do, no matter *what* you do, you are powerless, you are really powerless, against the force of the world that is out to tell your child that he has no right to be alive. And no amount of liberal jargon, and no amount of talk about how well and how far we have progressed, does anything to soften or to point out any solution to this dilemma. In every generation, ever since Negroes have been here, every Negro mother and father has had to face that child and try to create in that child some way of surviving this particular world, some way to make the child who will be despised, not despise himself. I don't know what the Negro problem means to white people, but this is what it means to Negroes. Now, it would seem to me, since this is so, that one of the reasons we talk about the Negro problem in the way we do is in order precisely to avoid any knowledge of this fact. Imagine Doris Day trying to sing:

*Papa may have, Mama may have  
But God bless the child that's got  
his own.*

People talk to me absolutely bathed in a bubble bath of self-congratulation. I mean, I walk into a room and everyone there is terribly proud of himself because I managed to get to the room. It proves to him that he is getting better. It's funny, but it's terribly sad. It's sad that one needs this kind of corroboration and it's terribly sad that one can be so self-deluded. The fact that Harry Belafonte makes as much money as, let's say, Frank Sinatra, doesn't really mean anything in this context. Frank can still get a house anywhere, and Harry can't. People go to see Harry and stand in long lines to watch him. They love him onstage, or at a cocktail party, but they don't want him to marry their daughters. This has nothing to do with Harry; this has everything to do with America. All right. Therefore, when we talk about what we call the Negro problem we are simply evolving means of avoiding the facts of this life. Because in order to face the facts of a life like Billie's or, for that matter, a life like mine, one has got to—the American white has got to—accept the fact that what he thinks he is, he is not. He has to give up, he has to surrender his image of himself and, apparently, this is the last thing white Americans are prepared to do.

But anyway, it is not a question now of accusing the white American of crimes against the Negro. It is too late for that. Besides, it is irrelevant. Injustice, murder, the shedding of blood, unhappily, are commonplace. These things happen all the time and everywhere. There is always a reason for it. People will always give themselves reasons for it. What I'm much more concerned about is what

white Americans have done to themselves; what has been done to me is irrelevant simply because there is nothing more you can do to me. But, in doing it, you've done something to yourself. In evading my humanity, you have done something to your own humanity. We all do this all the time, of course. One labels people; one labels them Jew, one labels them fascist, one labels them Communist, one labels them Negro, one labels them white man. But in the doing of this, you have not described anything—you have not described me when you call me a nigger or when you call me a Negro leader. You have only described yourself. What I think of you says more about me than it can possibly say about you. This is a very simple law and every Negro who intends to survive has to learn it very soon. Therefore, the Republic, among other things, has managed to create a body of people who have very little to lose, and there is nothing more dangerous in any republic, any state, any country, any time, than men who have nothing to lose.

Because you have thus given him his freedom, the American Negro can do whatever he wills; you can no longer do anything to him. He doesn't want anything you've got, he doesn't believe anything you say. I don't know why and I don't know how America arrived at this peculiar point of view. If one examines American history, there is no apparent reason for it. It's a bloody history, as bloody as everybody else's history, as deluded, as fanatical. One has only to look at it from the time we all got here. Look at the Pilgrims, the Puritans—the people who presumably fled oppression in Europe only to set up a more oppressed society here—people who wanted freedom, who killed off the Indians. Look at all the people moving into a new era, and enslaving all the blacks. These are the facts of American history as opposed to the legend. We came from Europe, we came from Africa, we came from all over the world. We brought whatever was in us from China or from France. We *all* brought it with us. We were not transformed when we crossed the ocean. Something else happened. Something much more serious. We no longer had any way of finding out, of knowing who we were.

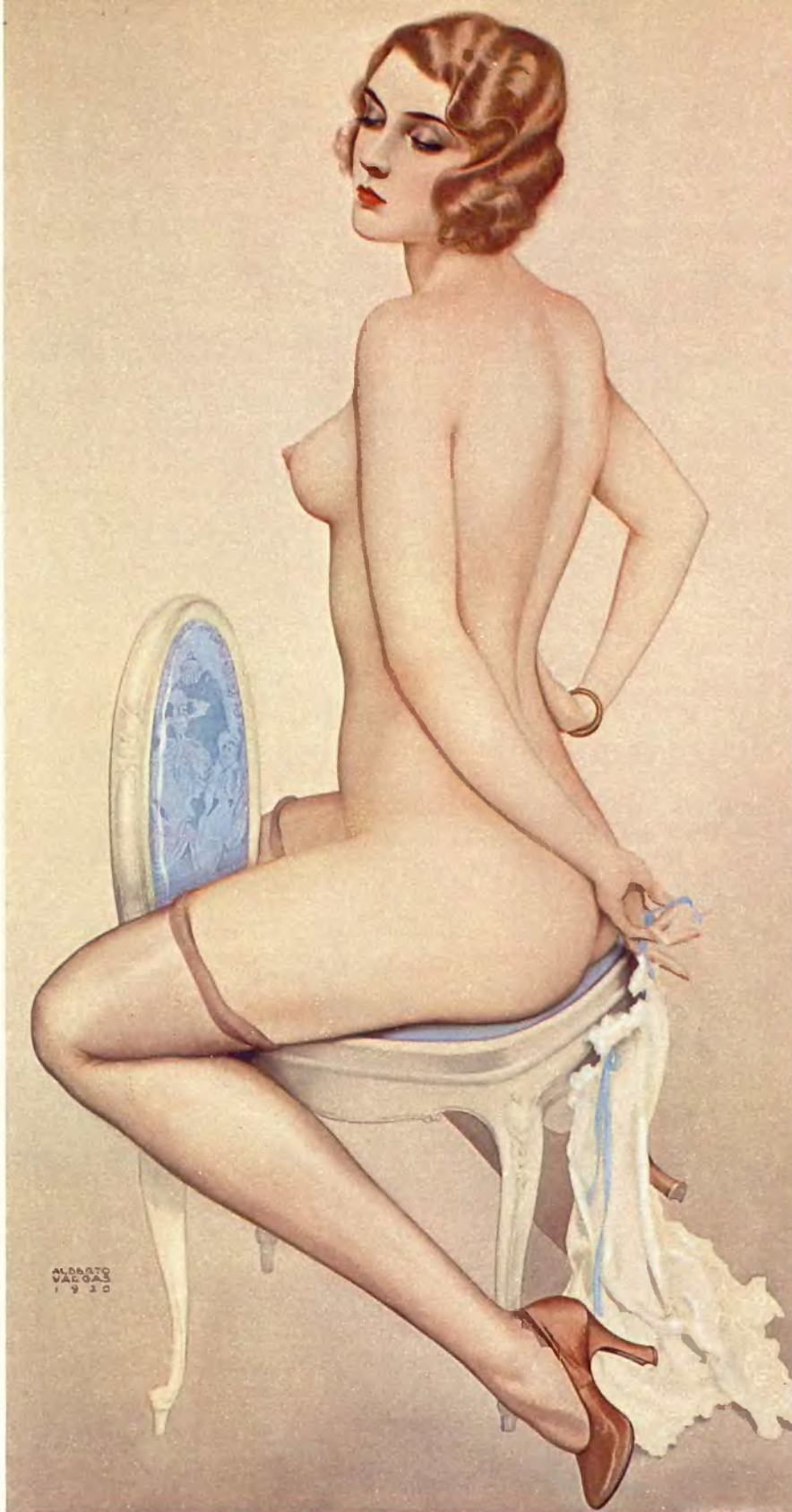
Many people have said in various tones of voice, meaning various things, that the most unlucky thing that happened in America was the presence of the Negro. Freud said, in a kind of rage, that the black race was the folly of America and that it served America right. Well, of course, I don't quite know what Freud had in mind. But I can see that, in one way, it may have been the most unlucky thing that hap-

(continued on page 240)

# THE VARGAS GIRL • CIRCA 1920

A NOSTALGIC PORTFOLIO BY OUR FAVORITE DELINEATOR OF THE AMERICAN GIRL





"BLUE CHAIR" 1920

**A**T SOME PERIOD between Pocahontas and Marilyn Monroe, American womanhood became the Western World's ideal of feminine beauty. No small role in this focusing of romantic-aesthetic appreciation was played by one man, a man whose artistry, meticulous craftsmanship and warmth of spirit have been uniquely coupled with creative energy and prolific output. For almost half a century, Alberto Vargas has been glorifying the American female as no other artist has ever done — and he's still going strong, as *PLAYBOY* readers can testify each month. Even as far back as 1943, *Life* magazine could say of him, "In his 20-year career he has drawn more than 25,000 beautiful women." This would be a prodigious accom-





ANNA MAE CLIFT 1920



"COMPOSITE" 1925



SHIRLEY VERNON 1927

plishment for a quick-sketch artist, but for a man whose canvases capture beauty — line by carefully constructed line — the feat seems hard to believe.

We visited Vargas last summer in his California home, where he now devotes his talents to turning out one of *PLAYBOY*'s highlights, the monthly Vargas drawing. Doing a leisurely 12 girls per year is a far cry from the hectic output of his earlier *Esquire* tenure, when Vargas drew not only 36 girls a year for that periodical, but — patriotic new American that he was — a beautiful "mascot" for any military unit that asked for one, a deed that raised many a serviceman's morale during World War II. If you add to this his designing of Vargas Girl playing cards and his countless commercial illustrations for magazines, marquees and billboards, the fact that he didn't simply burn up from his own energies is a wonder of the age.



"FLEURS DU MAL" 1920





HELEN HENDERSON 1926



MARIE PREVOST 1921

During our visit he showed us some of the artwork he had done at the start of his career in this country, for *The Ziegfeld Follies*. It was so thoroughly charming that we determined, as a special bonus for our readers in this Tenth Anniversary Issue, to offer this portfolio of Vargas Girls of the Twenties, and to tell you something of this man who — though his work has been internationally renowned — has had little of his own history brought before the public.

The son of a wealthy photographer in Lima, Peru, Alberto Vargas had gone, while in his teens, to Europe to learn the intricacies of photographic technique. There, however, he found his interests gravitating away from the simple capturing of a likeness on film, toward the more demanding art of painting. Going beauty (continued on page 194)



GLADYS LOFTUS 1923



ALBERTO  
VARGAS



*"Can I help it if he's a watchdog?"*





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## THE VERY ACME OF ROMANTIC LOVE

*his noble suffering stirred her  
passion—only after he was  
no longer capable of ardor*

*allegory* By WOLF MANKOWITZ

A GENTLEMAN walked beside a river with his mistress. He was melancholy and silent, for he knew that something was expected of him; but it was difficult to speak because the lady stepped lightly beside him with an inscrutable and serene expression upon her face as if he were not there. Sometimes he suspected that in his absence she gave way to unbounded delight, although it was well understood between them that they were in love.

His unhappiness increased and it became more and more necessary for the gentleman to speak. They approached a bend in the river and he turned to her, saying: "My dear, I would gladly jump into that river to prove the heat of my love for you." And he strode gravely to the riverbank and jumped in.

When he returned, wet and shivering, to her side, his eyes implored some recognition, and the lady, rising to his need, remarked: "I admire the courage with which you get yourself wet through on a rela- (concluded on page 197)



CLAP HANDS: *a need for nonverbal communication*



CHEEKSY-WEEKSY: *war paint for patsy-watsy*



KISS & TELL: *partner picking by buss*



LAP SITTING: *in these circles, a wrong move makes a fall guy*



MIX & MATCH: *a swinging switch on cinderella*



DRAWN CHARADES: *a contest 'twixt two loose lautrecs*



**GUESS WHO:** *identification by body braille*



**MOVIE DIRECTOR:** *lights, camera, lots of action*



**HANDCUFFS:** *the trickiest of ties that bind*

IT IS ALWAYS POSSIBLE to give a party without playing games. Wingdings with no more aim than to bring people together, ply them with refreshments and leave them to their own devices have sometimes turned out to be fun, but simply gambling that everyone will have a ball at such a gathering is a chancy business at best. The host who wants his parties joyfully anticipated and reluctantly departed plots his guests' amusement in advance.

(This is not to be interpreted as an endorsement of the whistle-blowing "It's nine-thirty! Everybody stop! Now we're going to play the next game!" approach to supervised play. If you've planned six games for an evening, and everyone is having so much fun with game number three that they don't want to quit, forget the remaining trio. You're a success already; why spoil it?)

The following games can be played with suitable variations on rules, prizes and penalties, at the host's discretion, and depending upon how well the guests know one another, or how well lubricated their party spirits become.

Games fall into five categories, and the first category — a

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## FUN *and* GAMES

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*icebreakers,  
crowd pleasers  
and  
laugh getters  
for  
confirmed gamblers*

---

must in party gamesmanship — is Icebreakers. These are warm-up games, useful at the start of any party, but particularly helpful when some of the guests don't know one another well enough to relax and have a good time. Any of the following should serve to put even the most recalcitrant loner into a convivial party mood.

**HA-HA** — Everyone stretches out supine on the floor, with each man's head resting on a woman's stomach, and each woman's head on a man's stomach. At a signal from the host, everyone says "Ha-ha-ha-ha." With their heads bouncing merrily on the shaking tummies, the guests' laughter soon becomes genuine, with most of them eventually breaking out in what are appropriately called "belly laughs."

**LAP SITTING** — Girls form a circle and the men a surrounding circle, each man standing behind his date. At a signal from the host, girls begin circling to their right, men to their left; at the next signal, from wherever they are now located, partners must rush to find each other, at which

time the men squat to form "laps" on which the girls must sit. Last couple to do so is eliminated, and the circling begins anew, until one couple remains. Prizes for the winners.

**BALLOON GAME**—This can be played by everyone at once or by one couple at a time (in which case the efforts must be timed). Each man faces his date, and a large balloon is placed between them. First (or fastest, if this is timed for each couple) pair to break the balloon by sheer body pressure wins. Last (or slowest) couple must chugalug their drinks.

**HANDCUFFS**—Pair off couples. Each man is handcuffed with the ends of a three-foot string tied to his wrists. Women are similarly handcuffed, with their strings passed behind the men's, so that partners are linked. Object: Get free without undoing knots, removing wrist loops or breaking string. All start at a given signal, and the resulting contortions will raze any remaining shyness among the guests. Secret: Pass the two-foot section *through* either of the partner's wrist loops (from the forearm side) and over the hand. Last couple free pays a forfeit.

Even with the ice broken, the night is still young, and the host knows that attempting to bring *everyone* into a game at once may still be a bit premature; glasses might have to be refilled a few more times before most of the guests become carefree enough to start showing some competitive spirit. These next games, therefore, are in the Spectators' Delight category; a relatively small number of people will be doing the playing, while the others have simply to watch and enjoy the fun.

**KISS & TELL**—Choose one man, blindfold him and place him in the center of the room. He is then kissed by three different girls in succession, one of whom is his date. The girls don't speak, and the gentleman must pick out his partner. Successful guessers may win a prize.

**GUESS WHO**—Take the men into another room. Blindfold one of them. In the meantime, one of the women has been selected and blindfolded. Now bring everyone together again. The blindfolded pair, placed in the center of the room, must guess each other's identity by touch alone. Of course, no speaking or sounds allowed, from either the couple or surrounding guests. When a player feels he knows his partner, he says who it is. If correct, he gets a point; if not, it makes it that much easier for the other blindfolded to guess his name. Guessing continues until someone is identified, then the game starts again with two new players. The group (men or women) having the least number of points at end of game loses, and must

chugalug their drinks, or winning group can be given prizes.

**ADAM & EVE**—The guests form a circle, with one man and one woman in the center as Adam and Eve. Adam is blindfolded and tries to find Eve by calling "Eve!" to which she must answer "Here I am, Adam!" When he hears the mating call, the man attempts to grab the girl, who tries to dodge him. Byplay continues against a one-minute time limit. If Adam catches Eve, he can remove his blindfold and choose another man to take his place. If he fails, the girl chooses another Eve. No matter who wins each round, the blindfold changes from man to woman each time, so that Eve always chases Adam after he has chased Eve.

**CLAP HANDS**—A guest is chosen to be IT and is sent out of the room. Then everyone agrees on something for IT to do. (Examples: Take the ashtray from the coffee table, empty it into the fireplace and place it on the host's head. Or, kiss a particular girl on the cheek, pick her up, carry her around the couch and deposit her in another guest's lap.) Once the action is chosen, IT is called back into the room and told that the guests will tell him what to do by the tempo and volume of their clapping. They begin to do so, rhythmically and quietly. The one who is IT moves around aimlessly, and every time a random move or gesture approaches the desired action, the clapping increases in tempo and volume. A wrong move and the clapping slows and becomes fainter. After he has completed his assignment, another IT is chosen. At end of game, the one performing in the shortest time wins; slowest must pay a forfeit.

There may still be some guests holding back from wholehearted entry into the games. To warm up those not quite filled with group spirit as yet, you can try Team Competition; guests who might have avoided other forms of play won't want to be called poor sports by teammates. Also, with teams chosen, they are less likely to be able to subvert anyone else into joining them as nonparticipants.

**DRAWN CHARADES**—Three pencils and three pads of paper are needed. The host selects one person from each team and hands each a pad and pencil. Then, so that they alone can observe, he writes a word, a phrase or even a sentence on the third pad. At a signal, the two return to their teams and draw a *picture* which—actually or symbolically—gives teammates a clue to what has been written. First team to shout the correct answer wins; losers must chugalug their drinks. Then another person from each team is chosen and the game proceeds. The host may start out with simple subjects, such as "train" or "ice-cream cone," but soon thereafter can move on to

trickier ones like "slaughter" or "gallop," or even into the realm of abstract concepts on the order of "justice" or "malice." You'll find that everyone wants more than one turn at this one, and no prizes will be necessary, since it is likely to continue till the paper runs out.

**LIFE SAVER GAME**—Alternate girl, boy, girl, boy, etc., on each team, in two lines side by side. Each player is provided with a toothpick to be held in his mouth, and on the toothpick of the first person in each line is placed a candy Life Saver. The idea is to pass the Life Saver from toothpick to toothpick without using the hands or dropping the Life Saver. The first team managing to get the Life Saver down the entire line and back again wins. (This can also be played without teams: Guests form a circle and pass the Life Saver around. Whenever someone drops the candy, he must down his drink.)

**ORANGE GAME**—Similar to Life Saver Game, but in this, an orange is passed. No use of hands allowed, the orange being held between chin and chest of the first player, and gotten hold of in the same manner by the next in line. Considerable body contact is inevitable, which is, of course, the game's charm.

**HONEYMOON**—Props needed here: a small suitcase, a nightgown, pajamas and a bed. At a signal, a couple takes the nightie and pajamas, throws them into the bag, runs to the bedroom, puts the pajamas and nightgown on over their clothing (in sophisticated circles, they're sometimes put on in place of outer garments), hops into bed, removes the pajamas and nightgown *from each other*, repacks, and returns to the starting point. Then a couple from the other team goes, and so on. Couples are timed, with suitable prizes for the lowest score.

**WATER BALL**—If the party is at poolside, divide into teams, women on one side, men on the other, each man opposite his date. Hand each girl a balloon filled with water. At a signal from the host, the girls all toss their balloons to the men; at another signal, the men toss them back. Then teams must step one pace farther apart, and the throws back and forth are repeated. And so on, until one couple remains with balloon intact. (Note: Couples who are eliminated early may want a second chance; the price for a new balloon is downing their drinks.)

At this point, you are ready to begin the Entire Group category, because any ice not already broken just won't break, and at least you now have some ready-made exclusions from your next guest list. You can get rid of the party poopers on the spot, however, with the first of the following games.

(continued on page 223)



## FOX HUNTING— WHO NEEDS IT?

humor By P. G. WODEHOUSE

*the hunters become the hunted as the hallowed sport of the horsy set is brought to bay*

IT SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY, though actually it was about five years ago, when I was a slip of a boy, that I wrote a thoughtful essay for this journal of enlightenment on the decay of falconry in England, showing how that sport, once a popular craze, had completely lost its grip on the public and had ceased to exist. It is now my pleasant task to add fox hunting to the obituary column and lay my little wreath on its tomb.

Pleasant I say, for, possibly because I am intensely spiritual, I have always been a staunch upholder of kindness to our dumb chums. I resemble the man in a Perry Mason story who was never able to like anyone who did not get along with animals. My impulse, when I meet a fox, is to offer it a ham sandwich from my luncheon basket. I would never dream of chevying it across country with uncouth cries, and this has made me allergic to fox hunters. When I hear of one falling off his horse and breaking his top hat, I feel a quiet satisfaction and wish it could happen to all of them. I feel that if these people have got to kill something, why don't they kill one another? I have seen scores of hunting men in my time, and not one who

(continued on page 150) 147





"Hi!"

## FOX HUNTING (continued from page 147)

would not have been better for a dose of cyanide, or a dagger of Oriental design inserted between the fourth and fifth ribs.

Fox hunting, sometimes called the unspeakable in pursuit of the uneatable, though it may survive in odd spots, is for all practical purposes a thing of the past. There has not been a hunting joke in *Punch* for years, and there used to be one every week, and pretty awful they were, too. They generally showed the Cockney sportsman getting into difficulties of some kind or doing something contrary to hunt etiquette like shouting "Hark for'ard" when he should have been shouting "Yoicks." *Punch* was always very humorous about the Cockney sportsman.

The literature of hunting has also petered out. There was a time, notably in the Victorian era, when whole stacks of novels with a hunting interest hit the best-seller lists. Robert Smith Surtees (1805-1864), author of *Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds*, *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour* and other works, wrote of nothing else. But the demand for these chronicles ceased abruptly many years ago. A Surtees writing today and mailing his efforts to publishers would simply be wasting postage. About the only relics of hunting that have survived into a more enlightened age are the hunting song and the hunt ball, and it should not be long before wise legislation prohibits these.

Hunting songs nearly always begin "Hullo, hullo, hullo, hullo," and it is only when you get well into the refrain that you realize that the singer is not telephoning and, owing to a faulty line, having some difficulty in establishing connection with his baby or his honey or his old-fashioned mammy or whoever it is he is trying to get on the wire. And even when this does not happen, the hunting song is very hard to bear. Nobody who has heard a bevy of fox hunters singing "D'ye ken John Peel?", each in a different key, can ever be quite the same again.

The hunt ball is perhaps an even worse affliction. The advice I would give to every young man starting out in life is never to get mixed up in one. The ballroom on the night of a hunt ball is no place for weaklings. The dancers prefer energy to finesse. Fred Astaire would cut a poor figure at one of these gatherings, but any member of the front line of the San Francisco 49ers or the Green Bay Packers would be in his element, for what goes on at a hunt ball is not so much dancing as bucking the line, and a partner not so much a partner as a battering ram or a guided missile. It was while attending a hunt ball that the man who invented tanks got his great idea.

It was not for a long time that fox hunting reached the hunting-song and hunt-ball stage of popularity. Like so many epidemics, it started in quite a small way. According to the encyclopedia to which I occasionally turn to polish up my information on the few things I do not already know all about, it was the invention of several men including Thomas Boothby and William Draper, who were around and about in the latter part of the 17th Century and the first part of the 18th Century. The encyclopedia tells us nothing of a talk between these two pioneers which might have led up to their momentous decision to pursue the fox, but it is not difficult to reconstruct the scene. A little imagination is all that is required.

I picture them having a snootful in the bar parlor of the Beetle and Wedge Inn at Lower Smattering on the Wissel, Shropshire—or Salop, as they called it in their whimsical way. They had spent the afternoon hawking and had not enjoyed themselves. It would be too much, perhaps, to describe them as disgruntled, but they were certainly far from being grunted. Both felt that they had had all the hawking they needed.

Hawking, or falconry, was the only sport open in those days to anyone who wanted to kill something, as every red-blooded Englishman did. It consisted of attaching a hawk to one's wrist with a string and sauntering along until one saw a pigeon and then untying the string, whereupon the hawk would fly up and disintegrate the pigeon. It would then return to its base and you would go rolling along till you saw another pigeon, when the same routine would be gone through. It sounds silly, and it was silly, but everybody was doing it and there was a whole book of rules that you had to learn, besides a lot of technical expressions like cere, brail, creance, frounce, jonk, panel, ramage, seeling, mantling and raking out.

There were other drawbacks as well. You might quite easily find yourself handicapped out of the game from the start, for hawks, we read, were allotted to degrees and orders of men according to rank and station—for instance, to royalty the gyrfalcon, to earls the peregrine, to yeomen the goshawk and "to a knave or servant the useless kestrel."

This had been going on for centuries, and by the time Thomas Boothby and William Draper came along a certain ennui had begun to manifest itself. Thinking men were asking themselves if they were not saps to go to all the trouble and expense of the thing when the hawk had all the fun and its proprietor was merely someone we noticed among those present. Pictures in the illustrated papers of someone hawking

were often captioned "Hawk and Friend," and this gave considerable offense. Thomas Boothby and William Draper felt particularly strongly on the subject, because they had been lumped together under the heading of "Knaves" and given kestrels. Boothby put their case rather well after he had downed three or four flagons of malvoisie.

"You know what we are, Bill?" he said, his face flushed and his articulation somewhat blurred. "I'll tell you what we are, Bill. We're just supers supporting the star. Who gets the applause and takes the bows? You? Me? No, sir, the hawk. We're just the ground crew, we're straight men for blasted birds, that's what we are, Bill. Is that a system?"

"I couldn't agree with you more," said Draper. "And the expense of it all." "Hawking's a pain in the neck. I'm fed up with it."

"Me, too. On the other hand," said William Draper, who was a thoughtful, levelheaded man, "you have to look at these things from every angle, and there's no denying that when you hawk, something gets killed. It makes me nervous not to be killing things, and I don't see how you're going to do it unless you hawk. What else is there to kill if you don't kill pigeons?"

The conversation had reached the exact point to which Thomas Boothby had been leading it. He helped himself to another flagon of malvoisie.

"Foxes," he said. "You ever met a fox?"

"Not socially. I've seen them around."

"Well, from now on you and I are going to hunt them."

"What, on foot?"

"No, we'll ride."

"On horses?"

"That's the idea."

William Draper considered this. An objection occurred to him.

"But suppose you fall off and the fox turns and snaps at you? Might give you a nasty sore place."

"We'll be protected. We'll collect a lot of dogs and send them on in front."

"They run after the fox?"

"That's right."

"But how do they know which way to go?"

"The scent guides them. You see, the fox isn't aware of it, for his best friends won't tell him, but he suffers from B.O. You can smell him a mile off. The dogs get one whiff and they're after him like bats out of hell, with us after them."

"Thomas," said William Draper, taking fire, "I believe you've got something."

And so fox hunting started in England.

. . .

It was slow going at first. Nobody is more conservative than your Englishman, (concluded on page 198)





# THE DEATH OF BOXING?

*a knowledgeable ringsider offers an unsentimental eulogy to a moribund sport*

*article* **By BUDD SCHULBERG** WAS THERE REALLY a *second* Sonny Liston—Floyd Patterson fight? In the rear of my station wagon lies a poster, already curling and fading with age, heralding that event or fiasco or nightmare miasma for the 22nd of July, 1963, in the sacred city of Las Vegas, mecca for thousands of religious fanatics who come to worship their ritual numbers, that first sweet 7, bountiful 11 and magical 21 and to exorcise the devils, snake-eye 2, crap-out 7 and there-you-go-again 22.

You heard me, pal. Vegas. Where else but in that razzle-dazzle capital of Suckerland could you fill a large hall for a rematch of the felling of an apprehensive, thoroughly rehabilitated delinquent by a very tough prison-hardened man? With my faded poster five months out of date, I'm no longer sure if I really made the pilgrimage from my home in Mexico City to see that phantom fight. Vaguely I recall buying a seat on a plane destined for Las Vegas, but in retrospect no such geographical complex exists. I do not expect to find it again in the rolling sagebrush desert of the Southwest, but if your friendly gasoline station has added a handy road map of Dante's *Inferno*, you might come upon it suddenly on one of the lower levels. In that blistering July had I been a victim of a Sodom-and-Gomorrah dream as I wandered between the bizarre training camps over which an angry, glowering Liston presided at the Thunderbird Hotel while the pensive, introspective Patterson showed his talent for speed of hand and melancholy interviews at the Dunes? Like the Sands, the Sahara, the Riviera and the other sunless pleasure domes spread garishly along the Strip, the gladiators' headquarters were giant, nonstop gambling casinos that join hipster and square in a fevered fraternity devoted to sex-substitute games of chance played with round-the-clock patience and sublimated desperation.

As had been my avocation and *afición* for decades, I had come early to the fight grounds to study the contending champions as they prepared themselves for the impending conflict that was to decide the fist-fighting championship of the world. I had watched the mighty Brown Bomber in poker-faced training at primitive resort camps, the rugged Marciano in his humble farmhouse isolated from the exhausting rounds of recreational activities at Grossinger's, the silky moves of Ezzard Charles in pastel sweat suit at Kutscher's luxurious *Gemütlichkeit* in the Catskills . . . I thought I had seen the ultimate in exotic grooming for combat when Ingemar Johansson, the Swedish glass-jawed krone pincher, took over a superplush ranch house at Grossinger's and feasted on sumptuous smorgasbord and inept light-heavyweight imports from Stockholm.

But the training for the brief encounter perpetrated in Syndicateville, U. S. A., last summer—well, in the spirit of the wheel, the hold card and the hard eight I'll risk a lowly dollar chip to a hundred-dollar blue that Vegas in July housed the goddamnedest training a fight buff ever or rather never (continued on page 172)



John Dempsey

"Cute couple."

# ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN

*the great writer's previously unpublished observations on some of the ground rules of life and literature*

By ERNEST HEMINGWAY

YOUNG MEN (and women) come to me for advice about their writing problems and their love affairs. I try to be generous and kindhearted about my advice.

GOOD ADVICE sometimes comes too late.

WE DO NOT FIND the deep truths of life: they find us.

## ON THE ART OF WRITING

WRITING PLAIN ENGLISH is hard work.

NO ONE EVER LEARNED LITERATURE from a textbook.

I HAVE NEVER TAKEN a course in writing. I learned to write naturally and on my own.

I DID NOT SUCCEED by accident; I succeeded by patient hard work.

VERBAL DEXTERITY does not make a good book.

TOO MANY AUTHORS are more concerned with the style of their writing than with the characters they are writing about.

THERE ARE TOO MANY WRITERS whose styles are often marred by verbosity and self-importance.

FEW GREAT AUTHORS have a brilliant command of language.

THE INDISPENSABLE CHARACTERISTIC of a good writer is a style marked by lucidity.

A GOOD WRITER is wise in his choice of subjects, and exhaustive in his accumulation of materials.

THE FIRST THING a good writer does is overcome his self-conscious writing.

A GOOD WRITER must have an irrepressible confidence in himself and in his ideas.

WRITING MUST BE a labor of love or it is not writing.

GOOD WRITERS know how to excavate significant facts from masses of information.

THE TOUGHEST THING for a writer is to maintain the vigor and fertility of his imagination.

A GOOD WRITER is a conscientious craftsman who goes to infinite trouble and great risk in a search for his material.

I WILL WAGE WARFARE against any writer whose work appears to me careless.

MOST WRITERS FAIL simply because they lack the indispensable qualifications of the genuine writer. They are intensely prejudiced. Their horizon, in spite of their education, is a narrow one.

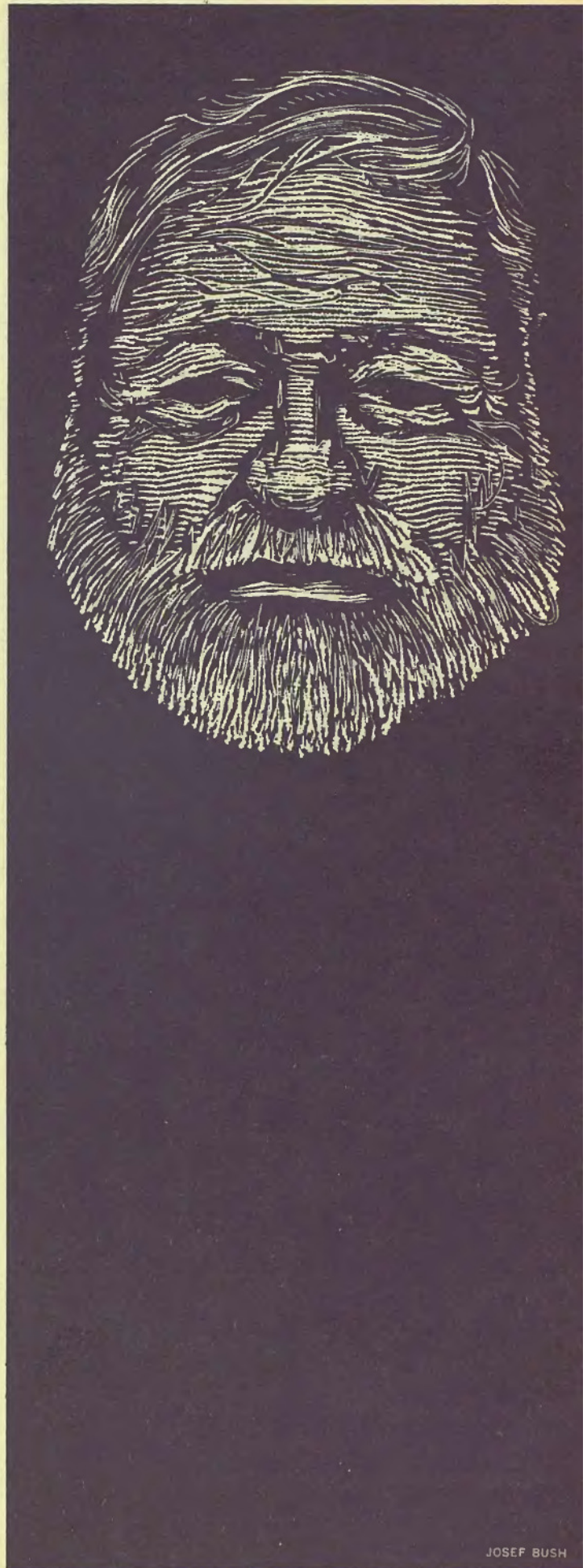
THERE CAN BE no great literature in America until her writers have learned to trust her implicitly and love her devotedly.

WRITERS NOWADAYS spend too much energy on the subsidiary activities of talking and making money, which leaves them too little time for serious writing.

TODAY THE COUNTRY is flooded with cheap, trashy fiction, the general tendency of which is not only not educational, but is positively destructive. The desire to read this stuff is as demoralizing as the narcotics habit.

THE NOVEL is a kind of battlefield on which a writer fights his eternal struggle between good and evil.

A NOVELIST MUST POSSESS the art of *(continued on page 225)*



JOSEF BUSH



TYLER

# THE HOMECOMING

By Frederick Morton

BY FREDERICK MORTON

THE HOMECOMING

# THE HOMECOMING

there he sat, this childlike carver of christ—alone and betrayed—among the faceless wooden figures

fiction **BY FREDERIC MORTON**

ACTUALLY IT WAS just another day. I kept at it through the morning and the afternoon but packed up at five. That's when the light gets sentimental at Taormina. I had just gotten divorced. I was off sentimentality. I told myself I painted and lived better that way.

By 5:30 I was washed and shaved and went down for tea at the Mocambo. All the tourists do, but that never bothered me. It's fun to watch Viscount Charlie park, talking to his Porsche as if it were a recalcitrant Doberman. I enjoy the procession of nonobjective shirts, wrap-around sunglasses, rinsed ponytails and custom-made sandals. I don't even mind the Mocambo orchestra heaping their everlasting Sigmund Romberg into the blue-gold air. I admire the cracked ancient steeple of Santo Agostino for enduring all this so well, and I like great Etna and the fuzzy Calabrian sea, between which the Taorminian mirage is suspended on a crazy cliff-borne trapeze. It's pleasant to see the grandeurs and the absurdities mingle with such nonchalance in the evening sun. It is a method of relaxation.

Sammy and Lilo turned up at the Mocambo that day, which was something of a surprise. The Mocambo terrace has a better view, more gapers and therefore less chic than the adjoining Anglo-American Tea Room. The choice between Mocambo and Anglo-American separates the transients from the residents. Sammy and Lilo are intensely resident. Sammy, of course, was born in Taormina, but the fact that no one calls him Salvatore anymore shows that he has ceased to be a native. The tennis pro of the town, he is, in a sense, also a bull-fighter. Sammy's medium is ladies but the reverence and ruthlessness of his art would bring any Spanish arena to its feet. He is small, with black urgent African eyes, wavy hair and a Greek profile, and he moves with a matador's careless grace. In the past season he dispatched a newly widowed *comtesse*, a 17-year-old Belgian traveling with her journalist father, and a Milanese on a weekend visit to her invalid aunt. I think that what draws Sammy to women is their difficulties instead of their attractions. He loves to conquer the great world that comes down monthly to conquer Taormina. He is a man of gestures, not of satisfactions. A cigarette poses perennially (continued on page 158)



satire By ROBERT CAROLA **WORD PLAY**

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

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JAPPHN

EMPTA

TIVT

degrees

CROQNET

PSYCHO  ANALYSIS

IMBER

THREEE

dic'tion·ar'y

P

**DIET**

TRAM OLINE

LOWLY



*"Mm-mm-mmm — Santa's been up there a mighty long time finding out what Mandy and Christine want for Christmas . . . !"*

## HOME COMING (continued from page 155)

between his middle and index fingers but seldom touches his lips. He wears the finest crimson kerchief round his throat, and he insists on paying his father, a taxi driver, the full fare.

As for Lilo, his real name is Leland. (It is the custom of The Set here to Anglicize Italian names and Latinize Anglo-Saxon ones.) He is a thin elderly boy who's pushing 40 and tries to earn his large income with his perceptiveness—at the first of each month he mails a diary airmail registered to his solicitor in London. He mitigates his adenoids with wit. He loves being near Sammy as the landlubber loves the boardwalk. In fact, he cleans up after him: takes Sammy's discards to dinner; brings them news of Sammy's "indispositions"; sees them to the station, or maps out for them the best route to Naples. Being harmless to women, he is soothing to them; and being post-Sammy, their psyches are in states his diary can be perceptive about. It all works out well.

When I joined them that particular evening, they were sitting with Helga. Danish Helga, some butter king's daughter, was at the stage where Sammy still had his hand on the back of her chair, while Lilo already squeezed lemon into her tea. As we sipped and leaned, I realized why Sammy had picked the Mocambo. He was telling Helga about the scenic drive to Syracuse, but the real weight of his glances rested on the table to our immediate right.

Quite a girl occupied it. Her black bangs fringed the flat, simple, beautiful face frequent among our upper-class daughters. She must have been around 25 and her tight dungarees, crossed high, showed long, strictly made-in-America legs. A big blond young man in leather shorts sat by her side. At first he seemed part of our village-wide costume party, but it didn't take me long to recognize the real thing. He was a bona fide Alpine peasant. His hand, instead of grasping the cup by the handle, hugged it whole-hog. He lifted it when the girl raised hers; set it down the moment after she did. She broke off a bit of cake and he brushed away from her the crumbs scattered over her part of the table. She laughed. He didn't smile back, curiously enough. She fondled his elbow. He achieved a slow smile, but at the same time touched his pomaded hair, wiped off the grease against his shorts. She finished the cake. He removed the plate. She rapped him playfully across the knuckles, so playfully that she upset her mocha cup. That was it. Sammy tore the crimson kerchief off his neck and dammed the black flow.

"Thank you!" cried the girl.

"Nothing, absolutely," said Sammy,

and preferably polysyllabic.

"A waiter should do that!"

"Ah," Sammy said, "you are new in Taormina."

"How did you know?"

"To rely on waiters here," Lilo said, "is to go on a reducing diet."

The girl laughed. There were introductions; the tables were moved closer. She was Doris. And that—she ran her hand over her companion's arm—that was Ferdinand. I suppose it was her eyebrows that kept her face from a mask-like perfection. They were vivid and black, barely tamed by tweezers. Perhaps gross, if they hadn't always budged with little preemptory motions. The whole girl was preemptory, full of an innocent, exuberant, dainty suddenness which her eyebrows punctuated. Up they flew as she called, "*Garçon!*" And in defiance of tradition Giacomo came running to wipe the table. Up went the brows as she stopped her Ferdinand's hand: "There you go with the plates. The bus boy will do that—foolish Ferdyl!"

She turned to us. "Will you please forgive Ferdinand?" She stroked his arm. "He isn't used to cafés yet. He's a carver of Christs, do you know? Wayside shrines? Beautiful things!"

On she went. Had we heard of Brittlug—Brittlug, the Tyrol? That's where she had found Ferdinand. That's where she had broken her ankle slaloming this winter. A lovely place, Brittlug, but not even on the map. Practically a secret! *Please* never breathe a word of it to anyone? Keep it unspoiled, like Ferdinand? She patted him on the neck. But the Brittlug people! Her eyebrows plummeted slightly into a frown. Dreadful characters. They'd been such beasts about Ferdyl going away with her. But why shouldn't he? He'd been a sweet when she'd been down—her own night-and-day nurse. And every morning he'd taken her broken-ankle shoe and brought back a slipperful of mountain flowers. So afterward she just had to scoop him into her Midgy. (Her chin gave a little toss at the MG sunning itself in front of the Mocambo.) Imagine, he'd never been in Cortina. Just across the border, two hours from Brittlug, and never been there. Not to speak of Venice or Rome which had just bowled him over—hadn't they? She gently pulled a hair on his wrist. He nodded. His fingers felt again for the alien pomade. "Bowled over both of us!" she said. "Taormina, too."

"You have the intention to stay long, we hope?" Sammy asked. His hand had slipped off Helga's chair to flick an ash.

"We have to wait for the permicion," Ferdinand enunciated unexpectedly in very careful English.

"Ah, the permicion," Sammy said. It is part of Sammy's personality to shun

questions. If he doesn't understand, he leans back and repeats.

"The permicion to get married, from the American Government." The phrase seemed quite familiar to Ferdinand.

Doris took Ferdinand's head between her hands. "*Sh! Sh! Not c!*" she said, shaking his head fondly. "It's permishion!" She turned to us, leaving an arm around his neck. "Don't Austrians talk nicely? I once had a dentist in Kitzbühel. All he wore in his office was the tiniest leather shorts and all he could say was 'I lover your toot.'"

"Permishion," Ferdinand said low, for her.

"He learns everything," Doris said. "He's so big he couldn't even get into my Midgy. But he learned how to collapse himself!"

"Excuse me," Sammy said. He had sprinkled Doris while wringing the coffee out of his kerchief. With a whisk of a napkin he wiped the drop off the smoothness of her upper arm. "Your car," Sammy said, "it has the possibility of going on top of Monte Tauro. The singular spot in Italy where you can see two volcanoes."

"I can't resist volcanoes!" Doris exclaimed.

"Etna and Stromboli," Sammy said.

Helga remarked that Sammy had never told her about that.

"You have a Mercedes," Sammy put his arm back on Helga's chair. "The Mercedes is too big for the Two Volcano Road."

I got up at that point. I said I had a date that night, which was perfectly true, and went off to search for my check. But when I had finished my business with Giacomo, Lilo hailed me on my way out.

"Emergency!" Lilo called. "Tell him in German. Tell him it's all right to yank that off." He pointed at the plumed knight's helmet hanging from the flagpole above the table to advertise the "Orlando" puppet show.

"Just the plume, not the helmet!" Doris begged, and her fist was a small soft hammer against Ferdinand's arm. "Tell Ferdyl I'll pay for it. Sometimes we have such language trouble. It's so beautiful!"

Her eyebrows yearned toward me from the perfect sun-flushed oval of her face. Even her shoulders rose under the pastel polo shirt to back her appeal. She was the prettiest thing I had seen in months. I became quite angry.

"I wanted to ask you," I said, "since when does the Government give Americans permission to marry?"

"The consul has to get one, doesn't he, if he's going to marry us?" she said, mildly astonished. "Please!" Her head fell against Ferdinand's shoulder, sigh-

*(continued on page 219)*



*a portfolio of the past delightful dozen*



CHRISTINE WILLIAMS: MISS OCTOBER

## PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

NOW IS THE TIME for all good men to review 1963's delightful dozen gatefold girls and nominate their favorites for Playmate of the Year. By Homeric standards PLAYBOY could have launched 12,000 ships this past 12 months, for the legendary beauty of Helen would have been hard tested by any one of these Playmates. Surely Ilium would have dedicated one of its topless towers to Christine Williams, six feet of classic architecture, whose loveliness graces the opening page of this portfolio. Last month we published an *Editors' Choice* of 10 top Playmates from our first 10 years and announced that next December, we will offer a similar pictorial featuring the *Readers' Choice*. To help you recall your own personal favorites, we'll reprint one year of Playmate pulchritude in each of the upcoming Tenth Anniversary issues; let us know, by card or letter, which 10 from PLAYBOY's first decade you most preferred.



VICTORIA VALENTINO: MISS SEPTEMBER

Left: Hiking enthusiast Victoria Valentino, who also paints, sings, dances and plays guitar — all with enviable talent and proficiency — somehow manages to set aside time for appearances in hospital shows, summer stock and little theater in the Los Angeles area. Add to this her penchant for reading Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, not to mention attending Eugene O'Neill dramas, and you have a Playmate who personifies everything meant by the term "well-rounded." Right: Adrienne Moreau, between sessions of wheeling around Manhattan on a motor scooter (causing innumerable male pedestrians to do a bit of wheeling around themselves) and water-skiing her way through the swimsuit season, enjoys designing homes ("Generally architectural impossibilities") and her own clothes, all of which were luckily at the laundry during this pose, certainly apropos for a self-proclaimed designing woman.



ADRIENNE MOREAU: MISS MARCH

Right: At 19, Carrie Enwright (39-24-36), none of whose vital statistics have been visibly impaired by her avowed predilection for candy, lasagna, cheeseburgers and hot-fudge sundaes, finds herself enviably employed as a Hollywood model these days, her sole fling with the movie business being her onetime job as cashier at the movie capital's Paramount Theater. Care-free Carrie declares herself willing to live in either a mansion or a tree house as long as the man she marries is just fun to be with.

CARRIE ENWRIGHT: MISS JULY





DONNA MICHELLE: MISS DECEMBER

Right: One of the brainiest beauties it has been our joy to behold, vivacious Donna Michelle is currently coeducating herself at UCLA, where — if the instructors mark on the curve — she is certain to achieve an unbeatable scholastic record. A piano prodigy in grade school and later the nicest thing that ever happened to the New York City Ballet tutu, Donna seems to be the embodiment of a sound mind in a sound body; higher education never had it so good. Left: Surely our favorite ship shape is Sandra Settani, whose seashore-loving proclivity is currently indulged between her modeling assignments in New York City. After sunset, Sandra's yen is for a romantic spot with good music, preferably with a well-read, self-made type of man. A lover of travel to exotic places, she hopes eventually to settle in Hawaii, which island state merits the rueful envy of the continental 49.

SANDRA SETTANI: MISS APRIL



Left: The wee slip of a girl warming the bench here is Judi Monterey, who, when not relaxing in a fragrant bubble bath, her one near-avocational luxury, revels in top-down auto rides through the California countryside, plus such varied amusements as window shopping, movies, dining out and frequently indulging herself with banana ice cream. Just 20 years old this month, Judi's chief hobby is stamp collecting, but she also enjoys dancing, skating, and the kind of man who reads PLAYBOY.

JUDI MONTEREY: MISS JANUARY





SHARON CINTRON: MISS MAY

Right: The hapless student of yoga who tries achieving any serenity of mind in the same class as shapely Sharon Cintron will be hard put to get beyond the simple chin-on-fist posture. When not dabbling in the mysteries of the East, Hollywood dweller Sharon — who has embarked on a successful career as a hair stylist — divides her spare time among horseback riding, swimming and listening to classical Spanish music on her hi-fi, and digs Japanese food the most, preferring sukiyaki and sake to a porterhouse and burgundy.



PHYLLIS SHERWOOD: MISS AUGUST

Right: Phyllis Sherwood, who claims to have every superstition in the book, has enough charms to combat her worries. A girl whose 5'1" height is apportioned into 34-22-35 dimensions should have nothing but good luck in store. Her high-school ambition to become an archaeologist in Egypt is currently sublimated through vicarious travels by book, from the zany world of H. Allen Smith to the bygone eras of Frank Yerby. Left: Terre Tucker is seen here in a brief respite from compulsive gin-rummy playing, a hobby she alternates with strumming folk tunes on a guitar. Talented Terre, whose activities have ranged from lifeguarding in Phoenix to brightening the passengers' vista as a Transcontinental Airlines stewardess, is still a happy bachelor girl, living in New York, where the citizenry gets to look at yet another structural marvel.



TERRE TUCKER: MISS NOVEMBER



CONNIE MASON: MISS JUNE

Left: Connie Mason, besides being one of the loveliest models working for Oleg Cassini, fashion designer for the First Lady, is also a jazz buff who owns over 600 records. *Haute couture* in New York City has never — happily — been the same since her advent there; in a business where most models resemble pole lamps in slip covers, Connie has added a new dimension, in nothing flat. Her ambition is to be successful enough to be able to settle down amid “sunshine and palm trees and water and eligible bachelors.”

Right: Spectacular (38-22-36) Toni Ann Thomas, once an instructress at Vic Tanny's, obviously knows all there is to know about keeping in good shape. A devotee of light comedies and whodunits at the movies, her interests also include rooting for Southern Cal at grid-iron games, and heartily devouring all the Mexican and Italian food she can prevail upon her many escorts to supply. Also an ardent shutterbug, Toni enjoys a rare ambivalence, taking a good picture on whichever side of the lens she happens to be functioning.

TONI ANN THOMAS: MISS FEBRUARY







*"Don't you find that some New Years are harder to bring in than others?"*

# The Most Remarkable Dream

a folk tale from the lore of Abyssinia

ONCE THERE WERE three young men on the highway to Mecca on pilgrimage. One was a merchant, one a student and the third, called Ali, was the son of a farmer. His companions considered him inferior, for he couldn't read or write and mathematical computation was beyond his ken. They welcomed his company, however, for he was tall and broad of back and would surely discourage not only the importunings of beggars but even the attacks of highway marauders.

A week and a day after they had left their village, they met a dealer who had for sale a slave girl so desirably assembled and so affectionate of smiles that they could not resist her charms. They pooled their resources, therefore, and bought her, leaving the slave dealer in delight and themselves in a quandary. How were they to share the charms of this prize and in what sort of order? It was a problem of magnitude so the student and the merchant put their heads together and eventually evolved a plan by which they hoped to defraud their simple companion.

"Let us leave the damsel untouched, then," said the student, "and let him who dreams the most remarkable dream become her sole possessor when daylight comes."

"It seems an excellent idea to me," said the merchant, who, like the student, felt certain that they could outwit the farmer's son and, once rid of this claim, dispose of him to boot.

Ali was uncertain. He did not trust his companions and he was indeed afraid that they might outwit him. Still, the problem of the disposal of the damsel had to be settled, and at length he agreed. They sent the girl into the tent and all three stretched out by the fire and prepared to pass a night of waiting and perhaps of dreaming.

The camp grew quiet. The fire died. An hour later the student cried out as though in ecstasy and tossed upon his blanket like a man possessed. A little later the merchant groaned and moaned as a man will who is tortured by a terrible nightmare.

When dawn came the three young men arose, kindled the fire and began to prepare breakfast. When they had finished, the student said: "I dreamed that an angel flew down from on high, took me by the hand and conducted me to the Throne of Light where I conversed with Allah. This is surely a most remarkable dream."

The merchant, taking his cue from his friend, spoke as follows: "Indeed it is, my friend, but I dreamed that a black genie came, struck the earth with his wand so that it opened, and conducted me to the Throne of Darkness where I conversed with Satan. I propose that this is a yet more remarkable dream."

Both then turned to face Ali. "What did you dream?" they asked the illiterate bumpkin.

"I dreamed not a thing," he replied quietly.

The student and the merchant exchanged glances. "In that case the damsel belongs to us."

"Wait," said Ali solemnly. "I slept soundly save for the two times you awakened me with cries and groans. When I heard the angel take the student off to heaven, I never expected to see him again. And when the genie clove the earth and conducted the merchant to the Throne of Darkness, I concluded that he, too, would not return."

"And that was all?" asked the student and the merchant, concealing supercilious smiles.

"Stay," replied Ali. "When you had departed, leaving me here alone with the damsel, it seemed a pity to allow such a lovely creature to spend the night alone, so I arose in the darkness, went into the tent and partook of her charms, which were a remarkable dream in themselves."

Before the sun had fully risen the student and the merchant slunk from the camp and went their way, somewhat chagrined at having been bested by the loutish son of a farmer. And Ali struck his tent and turned homeward with what had, at the outset, been their mutual purchase.

—Retold by J. A. Gato



# GIDGET GOES TEEVEE JEEBIES



*"Tarzan — Cheetah and I have something to tell you..."*



*"You mean to say I've just given him a quart of tomato juice?!"*



*"OK, I admit it — I speak with a forked tongue . . . !"*



*"Let me see the quarter first."*



*"You're right, there is a speck in your eye."*



*"I had the same problem until my wife switched to Tide, with activated sudsing action."*

*a fresh supply of do-it-yourself subtitles for tv's late-night reruns*



*"Well, it may be faster on the side, but it looks a lot sexier this way."*



*"There, there, Miss Peterson — everyone enters into group activities here at Camp Whatapopoli ...!"*



*"They say these May-December marriages never work, Betty — but I'm willing to give it a try if you are."*



*"Damn it, Larry, can't you ever look me in the eye when I'm talking to you?"*



*"Well, if she can't 'choo-choo' any better than that, make her the caboose!"*



*"My God, Helen — you and my best friend in the middle of the living-room floor! And dinner isn't even ready yet!!"*

## DEATH OF BOXING? (continued from page 151)

hoped to see.

The ring has had its icon smashers, so gifted they were able to flout the physical demands of the sport, sharpening their reflexes and honing their muscles not in rigid training camps but in bistro and brothel. One of the great bare-knuckle fighters of the early 19th Century London prize ring, Jewish lightweight Dutch Sam, boasted that he trained on gin. His son and worthy heir, Young Dutch Sam, scourge of the little 'uns, ran with the dandies, to an early grave. In our fathers' day there was Harry Greb, the illustrious noncelibate who defied the taboos against *la dolce vita* on the eve of battle. The gin mills and the boudoirs were the Human Windmill's gymnasiums. Proximity as well as nature seemed to shape "Two-Ton" Tony Galento until any resemblance to a beer barrel was not coincidental.

Despite these playboys of the Western ring, there remains a traditional preparation for fisticuffing, a rigorous program of self-denial. The ground rules of this strenuous game have demanded over the centuries that the contenders retire to rustic retreats to devote themselves to the hard labor of running and bending and sparring and thinking. During this period of the hair shirt and the liniment rub, the pugilist was not only denied the joy of entering woman, he was rarely even permitted the preliminary joy of girl watching. The true practitioner was a fastidious ascetic whose physical energies were turned inward, flowing back into himself, like a mighty river that reverses its current and pours upward into its headwaters. Thus, according to the mythology of this ancient, noble sport, the pugilist does not dissipate his energies. He conditions his muscles, he builds his stamina, and from his self-imposed isolation he draws concentration and pent-up emotion ready to explode at the opening bell. The sex act is sublimated, its art and energies re-routed. The man intact, this reservoir of bone and flesh and nerve and blood, is ready to release full-force its dammed-up excitations.

Old wives' tale or physiological truth, the school of the abstemious has ruled the prize ring. Trainers of Primo Carnera used to laugh at their practical practical joke of tying a string around the giant Carnera's while he slept so that an erotic dream would tighten the string, painfully, awakening him before a wasteful release of dammed-up energy. In poor Primo's case it was a futile precaution. Primo was as ponderous and helpless as a dinosaur. He came into the ring as Samson shorn. He was the champion who sprang full and overgrown from the fertile mind of the mob. The mob giveth and there

stood in all his bogus glory, the innocent champion Carnera. The mob taketh away, and there lay the broken body of the hapless giant. Today Primo is to be found in the happy hunting ground of wrestling, where they need to tie no strings around human appendages, since it is merely a marionette show for slaphappy sadists, with hidden strings and invisible wires operating life-sized muscle dolls.

But glove fighting had its dignity, at least in its finest hours, before descending into the decadence that now threatens to engulf it. One of its many attractions for me, in this impure world, was the monastic dedication. There is much about boxing that is ugly and abhorrent: the exploitation, the finagling and conniving, the shabby grifters ever ready to leech it. But the training period always had something immaculate about it, a tradition of physical discipline that conjured up Sparta and the Greek games. To watch Rocky Marciano rise at dawn brimming with good sleep and vigor, pumping his short, powerful legs over the Upper New York countryside was an aesthetic pleasure. Similarly, in Vegas we left the crowded casino at four in the morning to drive out into the silent, night-enshrouded desert where Floyd Patterson was idyllically bedded down. The lights of the incredible gambling palaces flickered, but out at Hidden Well Ranch all was oasis serenity.

The sun was still just a promise of morning on the horizon, when the gentle, unassuming Floyd strolled from his hideaway cottage, accompanied only by two strapping shepherd dogs. He tossed a red rubber ball down the dirt lane connecting the complex of ranch houses to a deserted desert road and moved with a fighter's practiced grace after it into the open desert country. He ran on and on, occasionally throwing the ball ahead of him to break the monotony of the long lonely run. Now the sun rose full but not yet hot on the desert-clean horizon and our man was silhouetted against it, jogging on with his black dog and his white dog unconsciously composing themselves into an artist's conception of how an aesthete of the prize ring should appear one week before a crucial contest. Driving alongside, slothful in a station wagon, I thought of *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*. In that film, like the live drama we were watching, the preparation for the showdown was purity and grace and artfully lonely, and building to a climax that was agony and frustration, neurotic and perverse. To follow Floyd as he ran on into the rolling desert dunes in the softlit purple morning was to catch him in his proudest moment, when he was all concentrated, dedicated

grace and energy. How confidently, it seemed, he paused for 30 seconds of piston-fast shadowboxing, ran backward a dozen yards and then forward again, into rising hills where our car could no longer follow, a lone figure of rare health and determination, with the big black dog and the big white dog panting with the joy of the effort and beginning to seem more tired than their poker-faced master.

Poker-faced but not a gambler, Floyd secreted himself at Hidden Well except for the training sessions staged with Vegas hoopla at the Dunes where a thousand people a day paid their buck to applaud the quiet, modest monk working with humorless conscience to avenge the one-round humiliation he had suffered nine months earlier in Chicago. His body expressed confidence, but his mind seemed cobwebbed with complexities that should not foul the forward gear, the clear, simple thrust a pugilist — perhaps any artist or prime doer — needs to carry out his plan of action. When we asked him, for instance, if he thought Liston would knock him out again, Patterson stared at the floor and launched into a tortured paragraph replete with dependent clauses. He certainly hoped he would not be knocked out again; he would try not to enter the ring expecting to be knocked out again; however, no one can estimate in advance the effect of an opponent's blow on the brain, and it is always possible that the body wishes to react in one way while the mind, temporarily stunned or confused, reacts in another.

Before he was halfway through this convoluted oratory we were all staring at the floor in embarrassment, feeling uncomfortably sorry for this bad boy gone good. In this modern world of contradiction and compromise you want your prize fighters strong and direct. You want a Floyd Patterson to say, "Hell no, he won't knock me out again. I come to fight. I'll beat his ass off." When they asked Joe Louis if he thought Billy Conn's speed and boxing skill would confuse and outwit him, he said, nicely, "He c'n run but he can't hide." When we asked Sonny Liston if he thought Patterson would last longer the second time, he growled, "This time — shorter." Sonny was four seconds off the target, but they breed humanitarians in Nevada and there is a compulsory eight-second count of protection, even if the fallen fighter scrambles up to his feet before "Eight," as Floyd did, in his amateur eagerness to precipitate his own slaughter. From John L. Sullivan to Sonny Liston, 81 years and 22 champions, there never has been one so plagued with doubts and fears, the tentative tangle, as twice-disgraced Floyd Patterson. It is like asking Picasso if he thinks he is going to create any more immortal

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canvases and hearing him say, "Well, I'd like to, but when one puts his brush to canvas how does he really know whether or not the mind may misdirect it?" Or asking President Kennedy if he thinks the free world will fall and hearing him say, "Well of course we *hope* not, but who can foresee the gulf between desire and achievement?" There is an appealing integrity to self-deprecation, but it doesn't win ball games or civilizations.

Hemingway, to the point of being obnoxious, insisted on his pre-eminence as *numero uno*. He wasn't, always, but the thinking colored the doing. Patterson approached his Liston ordeal with a false-beard psychology. A man who hides from defeat behind a false beard has fallen, for all his virtues, into a sad state of torpor and confusion. The beard is a symbol of disguise, of trying to be something you are not, and Patterson may be boxing's first beatnik, a millionaire beatnik who makes a cult of defeatism. In his dressing room after he had again offered himself up with the resigned passivity of a human sacrifice, he sorrowfully announced that he would *not* retire, although he did not even feel worthy to challenge the loquacious upstart Cassius Marcellus Clay. Patterson should retire and cultivate his garden and his neuroses. He is fortunate that he had an honest manager, Cus D'Amato, whom he despises and whom he cut dead at Vegas. Cus did not job him out of his purses; he overprotected him like an indulgent father. As a result, Floyd is weaker and richer.

While Floyd was consulting his psyche in his desert retreat, Sonny Liston went through his violent calisthenics and cuffed his sparring partners around as if he was back schlocking recalcitrant Negro cab drivers for his old boss of the St. Louis Teamsters, John Vitale. After his workout, he would blow off a little more steam verbally abusing members of his entourage. He is an inarticulate, primitive, non-card-carrying Muslim, with a fearful suspicion of the white world and a prison-sharp "What's-in-it-for-Sonny?" philosophy. On the eve of the Vegas massacre, waiting for his call to the ring—a dressing-room companion told me later—he relaxed in contemptuous silence sullenly clipping his nails. When it was time to move out into the aisle, he rose, stretched and muttered, "Well, let's go down and cross the railroad tracks and stop in at the pay station."

Evening after evening, when all good fighters should be tucked into their quiet beds, Sonny would be at the crap or blackjack tables. Often Joe Louis, tragically reduced to a camp follower, would be at Sonny's side, playing for fairly large stakes with Sonny's bread. For those of us reared on the aesthetic

of the ascetic, Sonny's social pattern was obscene. He is not just a naysayer but a f-u man. Shortly after training he could be seen around the Thunderbird pool ogling the Vegas bikini set. A few hours before the fight he was in the crowded restaurant of the Thunderbird casually dining with his wife. Mrs. Liston and certain small children seem genuinely fond of him, but he is the meanest and most hated man to hold the heavyweight title since Jack Johnson. He is keen-minded, illiterate and socially scarred. The combination is apt to produce an authority-hating s.o.b. He is the only man I remember meeting who scares you with a look. There is a Father Murphy who flutters around him and is supposed to be rehabilitating him, but I think Sonny is forever trapped in his own resentment. I doubt if a million dollars will make him more lovable.

I've seen a championship provide a liberal education in social adjustment for antisocial personalities—acceptance, comfort, fame, they do work a difference. But it is sadly possible that it's too late for Sonny Liston to achieve anything more than the sodden satisfaction of clubbing men insensible with his abnormal-sized fists. In this day when the march of civil rights is raising the sights of Negro and white, Sonny is a throwback. It's not accidental that he has no connection with Birmingham and doesn't lock arms with Jackie Robinson and Belafonte and Floyd Patterson in the new civil war. Sonny marches and punches heads to his own drummer. He seems to pull his hatred around him like the towed robe under which he flexes his massive muscles as he waits for the bell that sends him out to perform mayhem.

If Sonny Liston is the ex-con, hated, hating, the third point to the morality triangle is gaseous Cassius Clay, who talks better than he fights, a 21-year-old Olympic champion who is everything that Floyd Patterson is not, brash, self-confident, flamboyant, the high-pressure supersalesman. While Sonny is the throwback, Cassius is the throw-forward. There is a great deal of talk about how much Cassius Marcellus Clay is contributing to "the game," selling out the Garden and doing for fistic glamor what poor butterfly Marilyn Monroe did for sex. The decadence that hung over the Liston-Patterson thing in Vegas pursues Cassius, our new clown prince, in another way. Cassius is tall and handsome and boyish and as articulate as a precocious college debater. He is a phrase-maker and a poetizer. In Chicago last fall he introduced himself to me as the coming champion of the world and pressed a poem into my hand predicting in eighth-grade verse his knockout triumph over Archie Moore "who will fall in four." The old Mongoose obliged and in this day of Madison Avenue

plays a flashy near amateur became the ranking contender for Liston's title. Cassius is as welcome to the fight game as is whipped cream to strawberry shortcake—he dresses and sweetens it up, but you know what happens when you eat too much whipped cream.

Cassius Clay is, I'm afraid, the fighter who most clearly reflects the flaws of the middle Sixties. He is earning a fortune before he has mastered his trade. He may be the first fighter consciously to employ big-time advertising techniques. He is the perpetrator of both the big laugh and the big lie. Last spring in the Garden solid citizen Doug Jones exposed him as a rangy boy fast with his hands but totally ignorant of infighting and highly susceptible to a punch on the jaw. Even Patterson could beat him, and to put him in with Liston too soon may stigmatize the promoters as accessories to legalized murder.

But the big sell is on. In the days of boxing decadence Liston-Clay, with all these fancy ancillary rights, looms as the greatest spectacle since Elizabeth Taylor's entrance into Rome. Clay should prove himself against Patterson, or Eddie Machen, who went 12 against Liston with little pain. But boxing isn't that kind of a sport. The fact that Machen was the logical contender catapulted him not to fame but to oblivion. Clay, green and vulnerable, is where the money is. Show business with blood demands his appearance in the arena.

In Vegas Cassius Marcellus lay in luxury-hotel splendor at the Dunes, silk-pajamaed, attended by his brother-sparing partner Rudolf Valentino Clay. He ordered from room service like the new king of the new glamor sport of theater television he is. "How many eggs?—just get a great big platter and cover it. Bacon?—we'll take all you got down there, honey." He stretched. He laughed. It tickled him to think how quickly all this royal living had come to a poor kid from the back streets of Louisville. He called Liston a big ugly bear. He was laughing, but more about the money in his future than the fight. At ringside of the Vegas charade he climbed up to the apron and grimaced at Liston, then retreated in histrionic fear as Liston glared at him. There was a day when the heavyweight challenger carried himself with dignity. There was some sense of finality, or seriousness to the affair. But sports-writers at Vegas were offended. The Louisville Lip, the self-propelled headline grabber, was making a mockery of an event that once was fought in earnest. This hamming at ringside was what the wrestlers tricked up. Next week's contestants glare and growl and maybe even take an openhanded poke at each other. Boy oh boy oh boy, the announcer licks his chops, these two brutes really hate each other. Fur is really going to



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fly, not to mention blood 'n' gore when these two get a chance to settle their feud a week from tonight . . . That's what Cassius Clay, who couldn't really lick Doug Jones and almost got knocked out by England's "Slow-Motion" Henry Cooper, is bringing to boxing. He may be selling a lot of tickets, but Elvis Presley brings a lot of money into the movie theaters and he acts about as well as Cassius Clay fights. Which is not to say that Cassius is a bad fighter. He is simply a promising, inexperienced boy, speedy of hand and foot, blasted off to stardom in an era when propaganda takes precedence over performance. Because boxing is basic and strips man down to his essentials, it has been a simple but effective measuring stick of social progress and retrogression. It has been a barometer of racial status. The Irish, the Jews, the Negroes, the Latin minorities have all dominated the sport in their upward struggle toward social acceptance. Now Cassius Clay beats his big drums and rolls his clever snares, singing songs not his mother but Mad Ave and the sellout wrestling prima donnas taught him. It may be telltale and ironic that the biggest pay night in the history of boxing looms in the same year that sees a mob-shadowed brute pitted against a salesman-boxer who is helping to transform the old game into the sappy circus for cheap-thrill seekers that wrestling has become.

As I returned last summer from that desert nether world where Sonny Liston defied the old-fashioned rules of asceticism, and ascetic Floyd Patterson crapped out again, I wondered if boxing, in the hands of incompetents like the Nilons or opportunists like Roy Cohn, could survive. By coincidence my brother Stuart was producing-directing an hour TV special for David Brinkley on this very subject and our paths crossed at Vegas. He had interviewed Governor Brown of California who thought boxing should be abolished, and Norman Mailer, who thought boxing should go back to bare-knuckle to-a-finish brutality as an outlet for man's pent-up hostility, and Jersey Joe Walcott who saw boxing as an answer to the hungers of the underprivileged. I agreed and disagreed with all of them, and told my brother:

I've been a boxing fan for 40 years. I find in no other sport the human drama, the intense interplay of individual skill, courage and, yes, intelligence. A good boxing match — this may sound extreme — is not so different from a game of chess, only fists are moved instead of chess pieces, and in lieu of a board the game is played out on the human face, the human body. Man, shucked down to his basic materials, plays this dangerous game in the prize ring for million-dollar stakes.

But for all the great fighters who have

earned millions, or attracted millions of dollars to the box office, how many retired millionaires do we find? Gene Tunney. Maybe with luck Floyd Patterson. A precious, favored few. From the other end of the pugilistic telescope we find thousands of boxing's forgotten men. Some were champions like Beau Jack, a Horatio Alger hero in reverse — from 18-year-old shoeshine boy to 43-year-old shoeshine boy. Beyond the crown and the glory and the headlines and the all-time box-office record for Madison Square Garden, boxing's Metropolitan Opera House, lay humiliation and poverty. If Beau Jack were an isolated case, you might say Tough Luck — but this is much more than tough luck. For thousands of fighters, good fighters, winners — in the ring — wind up losers in life. Beau Jack, Johnny Saxton, Billy Fox, Johnny Bratton — no use to call the whole sad roll. They are meaningless ciphers to those who don't care for fights — and they are just as meaningless to those who know their names all too well but never gave a damn for their welfare or their future. Look at Benny Paret, the brave illiterate who Emile Griffith killed in the ring for the welterweight championship. You can make a case for that death as a terrible accident. But try to make a case for the fortune that was stolen from Paret while he was shedding his blood for public amusement. Purses totaling a hundred thousand dollars should have been coming to Benny during his 25th and last year on this earth. He should have amassed a small fortune. Like Beau Jack's millions, where did it go? Beau Jack, back at a shoeshine stand, where he started, would like to know. Mrs. Paret, living in a Harlem tenement with her small sons, is penniless, bitter, bewildered. The Sonny Listons playing the big chips at the Vegas tables, and the Cassius Clays in their fire-engine-red Cadillacs, reach out eager hands for all our materialistic goodies. But for every Liston there's an overmatched corpse like the late Ernie Knox, and for every Clay who flexes lovely muscles for his mirror and chortles in animal confidence. "I'm beeeootiful," there's a basket case like the once-beautiful Lavorante, packed home to live out his vegetable years in Mendoza, Argentina, which, oddly, was the home I had chosen for my fictional, ruined giant, Toro Molina, in *The Harder They Fall*.

My 40 years as a fight fan have been clouded with doubts and questions. When I published that boxing novel the fight world — not all, but a vociferous and probably guilty minority — attacked me for what they thought was my effort to knock the fight game out of the box. The abolitionists thought they had an ally in me. But my real interest was to point up the plight of the neglected

fighter — champion or club fighter — squeezed dry and then tossed on the dump heap, human refuse, expendable. The Beau Jacks, the champions shuffling out their lives as janitors, the basket cases like the unfortunate Lavorante, are a measure of boxing's dismal, unforgivable, perhaps fatal failure to provide for its own. It has been a gutter sport, a jungle sport, in which not the devil but degrading poverty takes the hindmost. There shouldn't be, there needn't be any hindmost for a boxer whose skill and guts and willingness to entertain have earned him hundreds of thousands, even millions of dollars in the ring.

Of all our athletes the boxer is the most exposed, the least protected. I'm not speaking now of an extra rope to the ring or more padding in their gloves. I'm speaking of more padding in their lives. Long-range protection. A ballplayer enjoys a retirement pension. A motion-picture veteran can turn to the Motion Picture Relief Fund, the M.P. Home. For half a century the fight game has cried out for these simple humanitarian needs. Think what just one percent of the gross of all the fights over the years could contribute to the welfare, the survival of men who have given their youth, their health, sometimes their lives to boxing. A fund from which they could borrow in the difficult period of adjustment after retirement. A home for the mentally affected, the physically disabled. A pension to cushion old age. For years these reforms have gone crying into the wind. Too often in the hands of greedy men who treat fighters as chattel, in the hands of racketeers — or those contaminated by the American sickness of *what's in it for me?* — the fight game, despite the Floyd Pattersons, the Rocky Marcianos, and other happy examples of security, has been the slum of the sports world, and the boxers all too often are the athlete orphans of the Western world.

Boxing doesn't need politicians like Governor Brown to abolish it. It will abolish itself if it persists in its program of anarchy, chaos and criminal neglect of the thousands who turn to it for escape from the dark corner of discrimination and want in which they find themselves trapped. I hope, for selfish reasons, because I enjoy it, that boxing is not abolished. I'd miss it, the brave, classic encounters. But I would rather miss it, see it abolished, than have it continue down the downward path to Beau Jack's shoeshine stand or the asylum where Billy Fox sleeps his troubled empty dreams. Boxing is at the crossroads — either it lifts itself or is lifted to some standard of conscience and regard for the boys on whom it feeds, or it will be nine, ten and out, having lost through apathy and inhumanity its right to survive.





*"You merely defrost two hours at penthouse temperature."*



## how to talk dirty (continued from page 82)

public place because you're relating a conversation between yourself and your agent? This excuses the use of that term?

A. What excuses the use of that term, Mr. Wollenberg, in my opinion, is its unexpectedness in the fantastic world that is the frame of reference, the world which includes many grotesqueries that Mr. Bruce is able to establish. Then when you get a phonographic reproduction of a snatch of a conversation, I find that this has comic effect very frequently.

Q. Do you mean "phonographic" or "photographic"?

A. "Phonographic." I mean reproducing the actual speech verbatim with the same intonation and same attitudes and everything else that would be characteristic of, let's say, a talent agent of some kind.

Q. I see. In other words, the changing of the words to more — well, we might use genteel — terms, would take everything away from that, is that right?

A. It wouldn't be phonographically accurate. It would lose its real feel; there would be almost no point.

Q. . . . And taking out that word and putting in the word "homosexual" or "fairy," that would take away completely in your opinion from this story and make it just completely another one?

A. I must say it would.

Similarly, Mr. Wollenberg cross-examined Dr. Don Geiger, associate professor and chairman of the department of speech at the University of California in Berkeley; also author of a few books, including *Sound, Sense and Performance of Literature*, as well as several scholarly articles in professional periodicals.

Q. And what does the expression "I won't appear there because it's overrun with [vernacular for fellators]" infer to you?

A. "I won't go there because it's filled with homosexuals."

Q. I see. And does the word "[vernacular for fellator]" denote any beauty as distinguished from the word homosexual?

A. I couldn't possibly answer that, I think. That is, you would have to provide a context for it, and then one could answer that. I would say this about it, and I would like to: that "homosexual" is a kind of neutral, scientific term which might in a given context itself have a freight of significance or beauty or artistic merit. But it's less likely to than the word "[vernacular for fellator]," which is closer to colloquial, idiomatic expression.

Later, Kenneth Brown, a high-school English teacher, testified as to his reaction to the "to come" part of my performance:

THE WITNESS: The impression is, he was

trying to get over a point about society, the inability to love, the inability to perform sexual love in a creative way. The routine then would enter a dialog between a man and a woman and they were having their sexual difficulties at orgasm in bed; at least, one of them was. And one said, "Why can't you come?" And, "Is it because you don't love me? Is it because you can't love me?" And the other one said, "Why, you know me, this is where I'm hung up. I have problems here." And that was enough to give me the impression that — with the other things in context that were going on before and after — that he was talking, dissecting our problems of relating to each other, man and woman. Great comics throughout literature have always disguised by comedy, through laughter, through jokes, an underlying theme which is very serious, and perhaps needs laughter because it is also painful . . .

MR. BENDICH: May I ask you this question, Mr. Brown: On the basis of your professional training and experience, do you think that the work of Mr. Bruce as you know it, and in particular the content of Mr. Bruce's performance on the night of October fourth, for which he was arrested, for which he is presently here in this courtroom on trial, bears a relation to the themes and the fashion in which those themes are developed in the works which we have listed here [*Lysistrata* by Aristophanes; *Gargantua and Pantagruel* by Rabelais; *Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift]?

A. I see a definite relationship, certainly.

Q. Would you state, please, what relationship you see and how you see it?

MR. WOLLENBERG: I think he hasn't qualified as an expert on this, your Honor.

THE COURT: Well, he may state what the relationship is that he sees.

THE WITNESS: These works use often repulsive techniques and vocabulary to make — to insist — that people will look at the whole of things and not just one side. These artists wish not to divide the world in half and say one is good and one is bad and avoid the bad and accept the good, but you must, to be a real and whole person, you must see all of life and see it in a balanced, honest way. I would include Mr. Bruce, certainly, in his intent, and he has success in doing this, as did Rabelais and Swift.

At one point, a couple of 19-year-old college students were admonished by the judge; they had been distributing the following leaflet outside the courtroom:

### WELCOME TO THE FARCE!

Lenny Bruce, one of America's foremost comedians and social critics, is at this moment playing an unwilling part as a straight man in a social

comedy put on by the City and County of San Francisco.

Incongruously, in our urbane city, this is a poor provincial farce, insensitively played by some of the city's most shallow actors.

Bruce may be imaginative, but the dull-witted, prudish lines of the police department are not, neither are the old-maidish lyrics of section 311.6 of the California Penal Code, which in genteel, puritan prose condemns the users of ————— and ————— and other common expressions to play a part in the dreary melodrama of "San Francisco Law Enforcement."

Really, we are grown up now. With overpopulation, human misery and the threat of war increasing, we need rather more adult performances from society.

You know, and I know, all about the hero's impure thoughts. We've probably had them ourselves. Making such a fuss isn't convincing at all — it lacks psychological realism — as do most attempts to find a scapegoat for sexual guilt feelings.

Forgive Lenny's language. Most of us use it at times; most of us even use the things and perform the acts considered unprintable and unspeakable by the authors of [Section 311.6 of the Penal Code of the State of California], though most of us are not nearly frank enough to say so.

Lenny has better things to do than play in this farce: the taxpayers have better uses for their money; and the little old ladies of both sexes who produce it should have better amusements.

With a nostalgic sigh, let's pull down the curtain on *People vs. Bruce* and its genre; and present a far more interesting and fruitful play called *Freedom of Speech*. It would do our jaded ears good.

The writer and distributor of the leaflet were properly chastised.

And so the trial continued.

One of the witnesses for the defense was Clarence Knight, who had been an assistant district attorney for a couple of years in Tulare County, California, and was deputy district attorney for four to four-and-a-half years in San Mateo, where he evaluated all pornography cases that were referred to the district attorney's office. He had passed on "probably between 200 and 250 separate items of material in regard to the pornographic or nonpornographic content thereof."

As with the others, his prurient interests were not aroused by my performance at the Jazz Workshop. In fact, he said, while being cross-examined about the "[vernacular for fellator]" reference: "In my opinion, Mr. Wollenberg, it was the

funniest thing Mr. Bruce said that night."

Finally, I was called as a witness in my own behalf. I took the stand, and Mr. Bendich examined me.

Q. Mr. Bruce, Mr. Wollenberg yesterday said [to Dr. Gottlieb] specifically that you had said, "Eat it." Did you say that?

A. No, I never said that.

Q. What did you say, Mr. Bruce?

A. What did I say when?

Q. On the night of October fourth.

MR. WOLLENBERG: There's no testimony that Mr. Wollenberg said that Mr. Bruce said, "Eat it," the night of October fourth, if your Honor please.

THE COURT: The question is: What did he say?

THE WITNESS: I don't mean to be facetious. Mr. Wollenberg said, "Eat it." I said, "Kiss it."

MR. BENDICH: Do you apprehend there is a significant difference between the two phrases, Mr. Bruce?

A. "Kissing it" and "eating it," yes, sir. Kissing my mother goodbye and eating my mother goodbye, there is a quantity of difference.

Q. Mr. Wollenberg also quoted you as saying, "I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming." Did you say that?

A. I never said that.

MR. BENDICH: . . . Mr. Bruce, do you recall using the term "[vernacular for fellator]"?

A. Yes.

Q. Can you recall accurately now how you used that term?

A. You mean accuracy right on the head — total recall?

Q. Yes, Mr. Bruce.

A. If a "the" and an "an" are changed around, no. I don't have that exact, on-the-head recall. That's impossible; it's impossible. I defy anyone to do it. That's impossible.

Q. Mr. Bruce, if a "the" and an "an" were turned around, as you have put it, would that imply a significant difference in the characterization of what was said that evening?

A. Yes, yes.

Q. Are you saying, Mr. Bruce, that unless your words can be given in exact, accurate, verbatim reproduction, that your meaning cannot be made clear?

THE WITNESS: Yes, that is true. I would like to explain that. The "I am coming, I am coming" reference, which I never said — if we change —

THE COURT: Wait a minute, wait a minute. If you never said it, there's nothing to explain.

THE WITNESS: Whether that is a coming in the second coming or a different coming —

THE COURT: Well, you wait until your counsel's next question, now.

MR. BENDICH: Mr. Bruce, in giving your performance on the night of Octo-

ber fourth in the Jazz Workshop, as a consequence of which you suffered an arrest and as a result of which you are presently on trial on the charge of obscenity, did you intend to arouse anybody's prurient interest?

A. No.

There had been a tape recording made of that particular show. I listened to it, and when I came to the first word that San Francisco felt was taboo or a derogatory phrase. I stopped; then I went back about 10 minutes before I even started to relate to that word, letting it resolve itself; I did this with the three specific things I was charged with, put them together and the resulting tape was played in court . . . this tape I made to question a father's concept of God who made the child's body but qualified the creativity by stopping it above the kneecaps and resuming it above the Adam's apple, thereby giving lewd connotations to mother's breast that fed us and father's groin that bred us.

Before the tape was played, Mr. Bendich pointed out to the judge that "there are portions of this tape which are going to evoke laughter in the audience."

THE COURT: I anticipated you; I was going to give that admonition.

MR. BENDICH: Well, what I was going to ask, your Honor, is whether the audience might not be allowed to respond naturally, given the circumstances that this is an accurate reproduction of a performance which is given at a night club; it's going to evoke comic response, and I believe that it would be asking more than is humanly possible of the persons in this courtroom not to respond humanly, which is to say, by way of laughter.

THE COURT: Well, as I previously remarked, this is not a theater and it is not a show, and I am not going to allow any such thing. I anticipated you this morning, and I was going to, and I am now going to admonish the spectators that you are not to treat this as a performance. This is not for your entertainment. There's a very serious question involved here, the right of the People and the right of the defendant. And I admonish you that you are to control yourselves with regard to any emotions that you may feel during the hearing this morning or by the taping and reproduction of this tape. All right, you may proceed.

And the tape was played:

. . . The hungry i. The hungry i has a Gray Line Tour and American Legion convention. They took all the bricks out and put in Saran Wrap. That's it. And Ferlinghetti is going to the Fairmont.

You know, this was a little snobby for me to work. I just wanted to go back to Ann's. You don't know about that, do you? Do you share that recall with me? It's the first gig I ever worked up here, a place called Ann's 440, which was across the street. And I got a call, and I was working a burlesque gig with Paul Moore in the Valley. That's the cat on the piano here, which is really strange, seeing him after all these years, and working together.

And the guy says, "There's a place in San Francisco but they've changed the policy."

"Well, what's the policy?"

"Well, I'm not there anymore, that's the main thing."

"Well, what kind of a show is it, man?"

"A bunch of [vernacular for fellators], that's all. A damned fag show."

"Oh. Well, that is a pretty bizarre show. I don't know what I can do in that kind of a show."

"Well, no. It's — we want you to change all that."

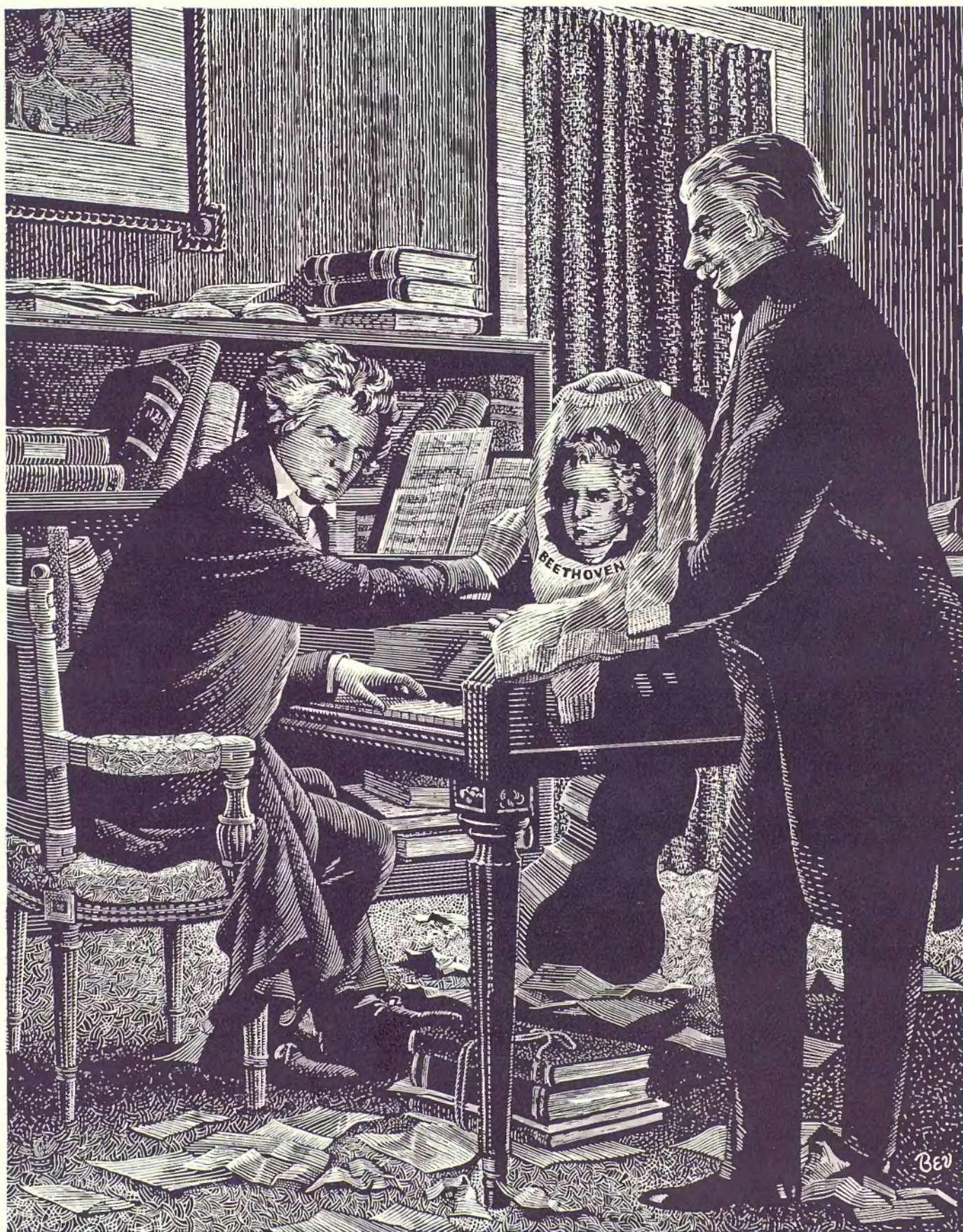
"Well — I don't — that's a big gig. I can't just tell them to stop doing it."

Oh, I like you, and if sometimes I take poetic license with you and you are offended — now this is just with semantics, dirty words. Believe me, I'm not profound, this is something that I assume someone must have laid on me, because I do not have an original thought. I am screwed — I speak English — that's it. I was not born in a vacuum. Every thought I have belongs to somebody else. Then I must just take ding-ding-ding somewhere.

So I am not placating you by making the following statement. I want to help you if you have a dirty-word problem. There are none, and I'll spell it out logically to you.

Here is a toilet. Specifically — that's all we're concerned with, specifics — if I can tell you a dirty toilet joke, we must have a dirty toilet. That's what we're talking about, a toilet. If we take this toilet and boil it and it's clean, I can never tell you specifically a dirty toilet joke about this toilet. I can tell you a dirty toilet joke in the Milner Hotel, or something like that, but this toilet is a clean toilet now. Obscenity is a human manifestation. This toilet has no central nervous system, no level of consciousness. It is not aware; it is a dumb toilet; it cannot be obscene; it's impossible. If it could be obscene, it could be cranky, it could be a Communist toilet, a traitorous toilet. It can do none of these things. This is a dirty toilet here.

So nobody can ever offend you by



*"I don't know about your symphonies, Ludwig, but if these things catch on, you'll be immortal!"*

telling you a dirty toilet story. They can offend you in the area that it is trite; you have heard it many, many times.

Now, all of us have had a bad early toilet training—that's why we are hung up with it. All of us at the same time got two zingers—one for the police department and one for the toilet.

"All right, he made a kahkah, call a policeman. All right, OK, all right. Are you going to do that any more? OK, tell the policeman he doesn't have to come up now."

All right, now we all got "Police-man, policeman, policeman," and we had a few psychotic parents who took it and rubbed it in our face, and those people for the most, if you search it out, are censors. Oh, true, they hate toilets with a passion, man. Do you realize if you got that wrapped around with a toilet, you'd hate it, and anyone who refers to it? It is dirty and uncomfortable to you.

Now, if the bedroom is dirty to you, then you are a true atheist, because if you have any of the mores, superstitions, if anyone in this audience believes that God made his body, and your body is dirty, the fault lies with the manufacturer. It's that cold, Jim, yeah.

You can do anything with the body that God made, and then you want to get definitive and tell me of the parts He made; I don't see that anywhere in any reference to any Bible. Yeah. He made it all; it's all clean or all dirty.

But the ambivalence comes from the religious leaders, who are celibates. The religious leaders are "what *should* be." They say they do not involve themselves with the physical. If we are good, we will be like our rabbi, or our nun, or our priest, and absolve, and finally put down the carnal and stop the race.

Now, dig, this is stranger. Everybody today in the hotel was bugged with Knight and Nixon. Let me tell you the truth. The truth is "what *is*." If "what is" is, you have to sleep eight, ten hours a day, that is the truth. A lie will be: People need no sleep at all. Truth is "what is." If every politician from the beginning is crooked, there is no crooked. But if you are concerned with a lie, "what should be"—and "what should be" is a fantasy, a terrible, terrible lie that someone gave the people long ago: This is what *should* be—and no one ever saw what should be, that you don't need any sleep and you can go seven years without sleep, so that all the people were made to measure up to that dirty lie. You know there's no

crooked politician. There's never a lie because there is never a truth.

. . .

I sent the Burnside Agency a letter—they are bonded and you know what that means: anybody who is bonded never steals from you, nor could Earl Long. Ha! If the governor can, then the bond is really—yeah, that's some bond.

Very good. Write the letter. Blah, blah, blah, I want this, blah, blah, blah, ticket taker.

Get a letter back, get an answer back, Macon, Georgia:

"Dear Mr. Bruce: Received your letter, blah, blah, blah. We have ticket sellers, bonded. We charge two-and-a-half dollars per ticket seller, per hour. We would have to have some more details, blah, blah, blah. Sincerely yours, Dean R. Moxie."

Dean R. Moxie . . . Dean R. Moxie . . . Moxie, buddy. Dean R. Moxie, from the Florida criminal correctional institution for the criminally insane, and beat up a spade-fed junkie before he was thrown off the police force, and then was arrested for *schtupping* his stepdaughter. Dean R. Moxie. Hmmm.

All right, now, because I have a sense of the ludicrous, I sent him back an answer, Mr. Moxie. Dig, because I mean this is some of the really goodies I had in the letter, you know. He wants to know details.

"Dear Mr. Moxie: It would be useless to go into the definitive, a breakdown of what the duties will be, unless I can be sure that the incidents that have happened in the past will not be reiterated, such as ticket takers I have hired, who claimed they were harassed by customers who wanted their money back, such as the fop in San Jose who is suing me for being stabbed. Claims he was stabbed by an irate customer, and it was a lie—it was just a manicure scissors, and you couldn't see it because it was below the eyebrow, and when his eye was open, you couldn't see it anyway. (So I tell him a lot of problems like that.) And—oh yes, oh yeah—my father has been in three mental institutions, and detests the fact that I am in the industry, and really abhors the fact that I have been successful economically and has harassed some ticket sellers, like in Sacramento he stood in line posing as a customer and, lightning flash, grabbed a handful of human feces and crammed it in the ticket taker's face. And once in Detroit he posed as a customer and he leaned against the booth so the ticket seller could not see him, and he was exposing

himself, and had a sign hanging from it, saying: 'WHEN WE HIT \$1500. THE GUY INSIDE THE BOOTH IS GOING TO KISS IT.'"

Now, you'd assume Dean R. Moxie, reading the letter, would just reject that and have enough validity to grab it in again.

"Dear Mr. Moxie: You know, of course, that if these facts were to fall into the hands of some yellow journalists, this would prove a deterrent to my career. So I'm giving you, you know, my confessor, you know, blah, blah, blah. Also, this is not a requisite of a ticket seller, but I was wondering if I could have a ticket seller who could be more than a ticket seller—a companion."

Really light now. This is really subtle.

"A companion, someone who I could have coffee with, someone who is not narrow-minded like the—I had a stunning Danish seaman type in Oregon, who misinterpreted me and stole my watch."

Ha! Ha, is that heavy?

"Stole my watch. Am hoping to hear from you, blah, blah, blah, Lenny Bruce."

OK. Now I send him a booster letter.

"Dear Mr. Moxie: My attorney said I was mad for ever confessing what has happened to me, you know, so I know that I can trust you, and I have sent you some cologne."

Ha!

"Sent you some cologne, and I don't know what's happened—"

Isn't this beautiful?

"And I don't know what's happened to that naughty postman, naughtiest—"

Get this phraseology. I hadn't heard, you know. Now I get an answer from him:

"We cannot insure the incidents that have happened in the past will not reoccur. A ticket seller that would socialize is out of the question."

I think this is beautiful.

"And I did not receive any cologne nor do we care for any. Dean R. Moxie."

. . .

(With drum and cymbal accompaniment.)

To is a preposition.

To is a preposition.

Come is a verb.

To is a preposition.

Come is a verb.

To is a preposition.

Come is a verb, the verb intransitive.

To come.

To come.

(continued on page 186)



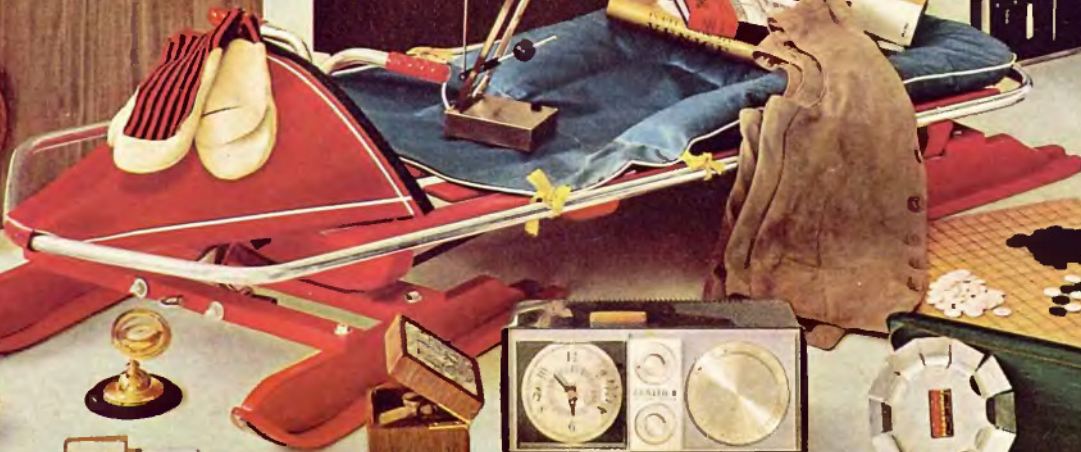
# THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

*last-minute yule largesse priced*

*from minuscule to munificent*



Under \$10 — clockwise from noon: Playboy liquor caddy, by Playboy Products, \$7.50. Button-down shirt, by Van Heusen, \$5. Snap-tab shirt, by Manhattan, \$5. Ice tongs, \$6.50, and bottle opener, \$5.50, both from Alfred Dunhill. Stein, by Hoffritz, \$9.95. Waterproof lantern, by Protect-O-Lite, \$8.95. Gift certificate for hat, from Champ, \$9.95. Wool muffler, by Handcraft, \$5. Corkscrew-opener, by Hugo Bosca, \$3.50. Belt, by Canterbury, \$4. Cigarette box/lighter, by S.M.R. of California, \$5. Silver-dollar decision maker, by Jolle, \$6. Foreign-language dictionary set, from Dunhill, \$9.95. Lined gloves, by Fownes, \$9. Carving knife, by Bosca, \$6. Pipe lighter, by Kaywoodie, \$9.95. Magnifying glass, from Dunhill, \$4.50. Pocket square, by Handcraft, \$5. Investment ledger, from Dunhill, \$9. Chess set, from Dunhill, \$9.95. Jigger, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$9. Shaker, from Dunhill, \$9. Socks, by Esquire, \$1.50. Jigger-tongs combination, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$7.50. Walnut ashtray, from Dunhill, \$6. Cotton-knit pajamas, by Weldon, \$5. Clothesbrush, by Rigaud, \$5. Wine goblets, by Riekes-Crisa, 6 for \$4.80. Clos de Vougeot 1955, \$7.95. Montrachet 1961, \$8.95. Record holder for wall mounting, by Record Tree, \$9.95.



\$10 to \$100 — clockwise from one: 5-cup electric blender, by Oster, \$54.95. Executair 880 Trav-L-Bar, by Ever-Wear, \$19.95. Pencil sharpener in fishing-reel design, walnut base, by Apsco, \$20. Game of Go, by Takashimaya, \$19.95. Putting set, by 3-I-Co., \$19.95. Clock radio with alarm, by Zenith, \$49.95. Wireless FM microphone, transmits up to 200 feet to any FM receiver, by Kinematix, \$49.95. Tobacco humidior with brass fittings, by Rigaud, \$45. Electric desk fan, by Braun, \$19.95. Behind it: Brass-and-leather gyroscope clock, by Rigaud, \$85. Sake Thermos set with 6 cups, by Mar Cal, \$10.25. Oak barometer, from Brooks Brothers, \$75. Walnut bar, Formica top, by Raymor, \$60. Stainless-steel bar tools, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$49.95. In bar: Soda King syphon, by Kidde, \$20. Center: Bob-O-Link 2-man bobsled, waterproof cushion, by Withington, \$35. On sled, from front: Wool-and-horsehide hunting mittens, trigger-finger opening, by Woolrich, \$10. Adjustable lamp, by Stiffel, \$45. Suede vest, by Mighty Mac, \$29.95. *Invitation to Venice*, Trident Press, \$19.95. *The Cruel Sport*, by Robert Daley, Prentice-Hall, \$10. *My Life and Loves*, by Frank Harris, Grove Press, \$12.50.



\$100 and up — clackwise from ane: Floor lamp, hand-carved walnut, by America House, \$100. Model 200 4-track stereo tape recorder, by Sony, \$239.50. Lighter, 14-kt. gold, by Dunhill, \$190. Matched set of 3 pipes, with case, by Dunhill, \$123. Ship-wheel barometer, walnut and brass, by Salem, \$100. Stainless-steel watch, waterproof, 17-jewel movement with sweep second hand, alligator band, by Lucien Piccard, \$120. Model 515 citizens'-band transceiver, 5 watts, 5 channels, by Cadre, \$199.95. On it: Hand-held transceiver, 1½ watts, 2 channels, by Cadre, \$109.95. Chrome-plated duck press, from Bazar Francais, \$125. Leather swivel chair, mahogany arms, stainless-steel pedestal base, by Stuart John Gilbert, \$495. Lamb's-wool coat, double breasted, nutria lined, with detachable beaver collar, by Baker, \$800. Five-shot rifle, .222 magnum, stock of French walnut and rosewood, from Firearms International, \$195.75. On safe: Model 400 stereo multiplex AM-FM radio, with AFC, motorized tuning, and remote-control unit (also on safe), by Saba, \$419.95. On radio: Autolaad 8mm movie camera, by Bell & Howell, \$250. Center: Serving/carving set, stainless steel, bone handles, with case, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$235.

## how to talk dirty *(continued from page 182)*

I've heard these two words my whole adult life, and as a kid when I thought I was sleeping.

To come.

To come.

It's been like a big drum solo.

Did you come?

Did you come?

Good.

Did you come good?

Did you come good?

Did you come good?

Did you come good?

Did you come good?

Did you come good?

I come better with you, sweetheart, than anyone in the whole goddamned world.

I really came so good.

I really came so good 'cause I love you.

I really came so good.

I come better with you, sweetheart, than anyone in the whole world.

I really came so good, so good.

But don't come in me.

Don't come in me.

Don't come in me, me, me, me, me.

Don't come in me, me, me, me.

Don't come in me.

Don't come in me, me, me.

Don't come in me, me, me.

I can't come.

'Cause you don't love me, that's why you can't come.

I love you, I just can't come; that's my hang-up. I can't come when I'm loaded, all right?

'Cause you don't love me. Just what the hell is the matter with you?

What has that got to do with loving? I just can't come.

Now, if anyone in this room or the world finds those two words decadent, obscene, immoral, amoral, asexual, the words "to come" really make you feel uncomfortable, if you think I'm rank for saying it to you, you the beholder think it's rank for listening to it, you probably can't come. And then you're of no use, because that's the purpose of life, to re-create it.

• • •

Mr. Wollenberg called me to the witness stand for cross-examination:

Q. Mr. Bruce, had you a written script when you gave this performance?

A. No.

MR. BENDICH: Objected to as irrelevant, your Honor.

THE COURT: The answer is "No"; it may stand.

MR. WOLLENBERG: I have no further questions.

THE COURT: All right, you may step down.

THE WITNESS: Thank you.

MR. BENDICH: The defense rests, your Honor.

• • •

The time had come for the judge to instruct the jury:

"The defendant is charged with violating Section 311.6 of the Penal Code of the State of California, which provides:

" 'Every person who knowingly sings or speaks any obscene song, ballad, or other words in any public place is guilty of a misdemeanor.' "

" 'Obscene' means to the average person, applying contemporary standards, the predominant appeal of the matter, taken as a whole, is to prurient interest; that is, a shameful or morbid interest in nudity, sex or excretion which goes substantially beyond the customary limits of candor in description or representation of such matters and is matter which is utterly without redeeming social importance.

"The words 'average person' mean the average adult person and have no relation to minors. This is not a question of what you would or would not have children see, hear or read, because that is beyond the scope of the law in this case and is not to be discussed or considered by you.

" 'Sex' and 'obscenity' are not synonymous. In order to make the portrayal of sex obscene, it is necessary that such portrayal come within the definition given to you, and the betrayal must be such that its dominant tendency is to deprave or corrupt the average adult by tending to create a clear and present danger of antisocial behavior.

"The law does not prohibit the realistic portrayal by an artist of his subject matter, and the law may not require the author to put refined language into the mouths of primitive people. The speech of the performer must be considered in relation to its setting and the theme or themes of his production. The use of blasphemy, foul or coarse language, and vulgar behavior does not in and of itself constitute obscenity, although the use of such words may be considered in arriving at a decision concerning the whole of the production.

"To determine whether the performance of the defendant falls within the condemnation of the statute, an evaluation must be made as to whether the performance as a whole had as its dominant theme an appeal to prurient interest. Various factors should be borne in mind when applying this yardstick. These factors include the theme or themes of the performance, the degree

of sincerity of purpose evident in it, whether it has artistic merit. If the performance is merely disgusting or revolting, it cannot be obscene, because obscenity contemplates the arousal of sexual desires.

"A performance cannot be considered utterly without redeeming social importance if it has literary, artistic or aesthetic merit, or if it contains ideas, regardless of whether they are unorthodox, controversial, or hateful, of redeeming social importance.

"In the case of certain crimes, it is necessary that in addition to the intended act which characterizes the offense, the act must be accompanied by a specific or particular intent without which such a crime may not be committed. Thus, in the crime charged here, a necessary element is the existence in the mind of the defendant of knowing that the material used in his production on October 4, 1961, was obscene, and that, knowing it to be obscene, he presented such material in a public place.

"The intent with which an act is done is manifested by the circumstances attending the act, the manner in which it is done, the means used, and the discretion of the defendant. In determining whether the defendant had such knowledge, you may consider reviews of his work which were available to him, stating that his performance had artistic merit and contained socially important ideas, or, on the contrary, that his performance did not have any artistic merit and did not contain socially important ideas."

• • •

The court clerk read the verdict:

"In the Municipal Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California: the People of the State of California, Plaintiff, *vs.* Lenny Bruce, Defendant: Verdict —"

I really started to sweat it out there.

"We, the jury in the above-entitled cause, find the defendant not guilty of the offense charged, misdemeanor, to wit: violating Section 311.6 of the Penal Code of the State of California. . . .

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, is this your verdict?"

THE JURY: Yes.

THE COURT: All right. Do you desire the jury polled?

MR. WOLLENBERG: No, your Honor.

THE COURT: Would you ask the jury once again if that is their verdict?

THE CLERK: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, is this your verdict?

THE JURY: Yes.

Isn't that weird! It's like saying, "Are you *sure?*"

• • •

The most impressive letter I've ever received came from the vicar of St.

Clement's Church in New York:

January 13, 1963

Dear Mr. Bruce:

I came to see you the other night because I had read about you and was curious to see if you were really as penetrating a critic of our common hypocrisies as I had heard. I found that you are an honest man, sometimes a shockingly honest man, and I wrote you a note to say so. It is never popular to be so scathingly honest, whether it is from a nightclub stage or from a pulpit, and I was not surprised to hear you were having some "trouble." This letter is written to express my personal concern and to say what I saw and heard on Thursday night.

First, I emphatically do *not* believe your act is obscene in intent. The method you use has a lot in common with most serious critics (the prophet or the artist, not the professor) of society. Pages of Jonathan Swift and Martin Luther are quite unprintable even now because they were forced to shatter the easy, lying language of the day into the basic, earthy, vulgar idiom of ordinary people in order to show up the emptiness and insanity of their time. (It has been said, humorously but with some truth, that a great deal of the Bible is not fit to be read in church for the same reason.)

Clearly your intent is not to excite sexual feelings or to demean but to shock us awake to the realities of racial hatred and invested absurdities about sex and birth and death . . . to move toward sanity and compassion. It is clear that you are intensely angry at our hypocrisies (yours as well as mine) and at the highly subsidized mealy-mouthism that passes as wisdom. But so should be any self-respecting man. Your comments are aimed at adults and reveal to me a man who cares deeply about dishonesty and injustice and all the accepted psychoses of our time. They are aimed at adults and adults don't need, or shouldn't have, anyone to protect them from hearing truth in whatever form it appears no matter how noble the motive for suppression. . . .

May God bless you,  
The Rev. Sidney Lanier

Reverend Lanier says that my comments "are aimed at adults." Often I am billed at night clubs with a sign saying "FOR ADULTS ONLY." I am very interested in the motivation for such billing. I must assume that "for adults only" means that my point of view, or perhaps the semantics involved with my point of view, would be a deterrent to the de-

velopment of a well-adjusted member of the community.

The argument is that a child will ape the actions of an actor. What he sees now in his formative years, he may do as an adult, so we must be very careful what we let the child see.

So, then, I would rather my child see a stag film than *The Ten Commandments* or *King of Kings* — because I don't want my kids to kill Christ when He comes back. That's what they see in those films — that violence.

Well, let me just take your kids to a dirty movie:

"All right, kids, sit down now, this picture's gonna start. It's not like *Psycho*, with a lot of four-letter words, like 'kill' and 'maim' and 'hurt' — but you're gonna see this film now and what you see will probably impress you for the rest of your lives, so we have to be very careful what we show you. . . . Oh, it's a dirty movie. A couple is coming in now. I don't know if it's gonna be as good as *Psycho* where we have the stabbing in the shower and the blood down the drain. . . . Oh, the guy's picking up the pillow. Now, he'll probably smother her with it, and that'll be a good opening. Ah, the degenerate, he's putting it under her ass. Jesus, ts k ts k. I hate to show this crap to you kids. All right, now he's lifting up his hand, and he'll probably strike her. No, he's caressing her, and kissing her — ah, this is disgusting! All right, he's kissing her some more, and she's saying something. She'll probably scream at him. 'Get out of here!' No, she's saying, 'I love you. I'm coming.' Kids, I'm sorry I showed you anything like this. God knows this will be on my conscience the rest of my life — there's a chance that you may do this

when you grow up. Well, just try to forget what you've seen. Just remember, what this couple did belongs written on the walls of a men's room. And, in fact, if you ever want to do it, do it in the men's room."

I never did see one stag film where anybody got killed in the end. Or even slapped in the mouth. Or where it had any Communist propaganda.

But *doing it* is pretty rank. I understand *intellectually* that a woman who sleeps with a different guy every night is more of a Christian than a nun, because she has that capacity for love — but *emotionally* I'm only the 365th guy . . . because I learned my lesson early . . . and you can't unlearn it.

I know *intellectually* there's nothing wrong with going to the toilet, but I can't go to the toilet in front of you. The worst sound in the world is when the toilet-flush noise finishes before I do.

If I'm at your house, I can never say to you, "Excuse me, where's the toilet?" I have to get hung up with that corrupt façade of "Excuse me, where's the little boys' room?"

"Oh, you mean the tinkle-dinkle ha-ha room, where they have sachets and cough drops and pastels?"

"That's right. I wanna crap."

Incidentally, I use that word in context. It's not obscene as far as narcotics is concerned — that's the Supreme Court ruling on the picture *The Connection*. In other words, if you do it in your pants and smoke it, you're cool.

*This is the fourth of six installments of "How to Talk Dirty and Influence People," the autobiography of Lenny Bruce. Part V will appear next month.*



"... PSST! Kind, help, please. Am held plisoner in Japanese tape machine factory . . ."

In a controversial report, an English group called The Religious Society of Friends attacked the onus attached to "a great increase in adolescent sexual intimacy" and premarital affairs. "It is fairly common in both young men and women with high standards of conduct and integrity to have one or two love affairs, involving intercourse, before they find the person they will ultimately marry." This, the report concluded, is not such a sin. "Where there is genuine tenderness, an openness to responsibility and the seed of commitment, God is surely not shut out."

The same month, Associated Press carried a story, date-lined London, which reported that a pastor of the Church of England challenged religious taboos against extramarital sex: "In a sermon delivered from the pulpit of Southwark Cathedral in London, Canon D. A. Rhymes declared the traditional moral code implied that sex is unavoidably tainted. 'Yet there is no trace of this teaching in the attitude of Christ,' he said. 'He does not exalt virginity over marriage, or marriage over virginity — He merely says in one place that some have chosen virginity to leave them free for the work of the kingdom.

"Nor does Christ ever suggest that sexuality, as such, is undesirable or that marriage is the only possible occasion of any expression of physical relationship."

"... Canon Rhymes said the moral code of today is being ignored because it is outdated. 'We need to replace the traditional morality based upon a code with a morality which is related to the person and the needs of the person. . .'" The pastor concluded that if we want to live full and healthful lives, "we must emphasize love," not an inflexible, impersonal and unfeeling morality.

#### MORALITY AND THE STATE

There is obviously much theological disagreement regarding sex in America today and there is most certainly no single sexual ethic to which even the most pious individuals in contemporary society would subscribe. In truth, each individual is apt to view the piety and morality of his fellows in terms of how closely they conform to *his*, not their own, religious ideals.

But even if all of the religious leaders of the nation were of a single mind on the subject, it is clear that in this free democracy, they would have no right to force a universal code of sexual conduct upon the rest of society. Our religious leaders, of every faith, can loudly proclaim their moral views to one and all, and attempt to persuade us as to the correctness of their beliefs — they have this right and, indeed, it is expected of them.

They have no right, however, to attempt in any way to force their beliefs upon others through coercion. And most especially, they have no right to use the power of the Government to implement such coercion. Any such action would be undemocratic in the extreme — it would contradict our most fundamental concepts of religious freedom and the separation of church and state. It would frustrate the intent of our founding fathers and their dream that all Americans should be forever free of the tyranny and suppression that, historically, have accompanied all church-state rule. It would oppose the guarantees of the U. S. Constitution.

Since no such common agreement exists among the clergy of modern America, it is all the more incredible — if no more monstrous — to consider the extent to which religious dogma and superstition have, all democratic ideals and Constitutional guarantees to the contrary, found their way into our civil law. And nowhere is this unholy alliance between church and state more obvious than in matters of sex. In our most personal behavior, *no citizen of the United States is truly free.*

Moreover, many of the statutes dealing with sexual behavior in all of the 50 states reflect the extreme antisexuality of the medieval Church and Calvinist Puritanism, with which an increasing number of the clergy of most religions are no longer in agreement. The most common kinds of sexual behavior, engaged in by the great majority of our adult society, are illegal. Almost every aspect of sex, outside of marriage, is prohibited by laws on fornication, adultery, cohabitation, sodomy, prostitution, association with a prostitute, incest, delinquency, contributing to delinquency, rape, statutory rape, assault and battery, public indecency or disorderly conduct. And though few realize it, every state but one (and that one, we are personally pleased to report, is Illinois) has statutes limiting the kind of sexual activity that can be legally engaged in *within* marriage as well, between a husband and his wife. The pre-coital love play endorsed by most modern marriage manuals and family counselors on sex is prohibited by law in 49 states.

Marriage itself is regulated through religiously inspired laws on divorce and bigamy (although the Mormon religion endorses polygamy, it is outlawed by legislation passed by more powerful religious factions). Abortion remains illegal in all the states of the Union, although it is undergone by hundreds of thousands of American women annually, under circumstances that seriously endanger not only their health and welfare, but their very lives.

Modern birth control devices and

drugs are nowhere publicly advertised and a number of states have laws curtailing or prohibiting their sales. In a recent article for *Look* on the importance of the separation of church and state, the Reverend H. B. Sissel, Secretary for National Affairs, of the United Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., wrote: "Seventeen states prohibit the sale or distribution of contraceptives except through doctors or pharmacists; five states ban all public sale of such devices. Although these statutes were enacted in the 19th Century under Protestant pressure, times and attitudes have changed for many Protestants. Today, they believe that Catholics have no right to keep such laws in operation. Some Catholic spokesmen have agreed that their church is not officially interested in trying to make the private behavior of non-Catholics conform to Roman Catholic canon law. Meanwhile, the laws stay on the books, though they are being tested in the courts."

Church-state legislation has made common criminals of us all. Dr. Alfred Kinsey has estimated that if the sex laws of the United States were conscientiously and successfully enforced, over 90 percent of the adult population would be in prison.

A free society, through its government, passes and enforces laws for the protection and welfare of its individual members. Thus the state may sometimes quite properly prohibit certain actions — murder and theft, for example — that are also condemned as immoral or sinful by religion. This overlap of secular and clerical law is not, in itself, any indication of the improper interinvolvement of church and state. But secular law should be based upon a rational concern for the happiness and well-being of man; whereas clerical law is based upon theology or faith. It is only when secular law is predicated on religious faith, rather than reason, that it is improper.

The Ten Commandments provide the basic moral laws for both the Christian and the Jewish religions, and while the Commandments "Thou shalt not kill" and "Thou shalt not steal" have their logical counterparts in our secular law, protecting the individual citizen's life and property, few would seriously suggest that these ten Biblical pronouncements be turned, *in toto*, into legal statutes. The devout may accept "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," may consider it a sin to "take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain," and may sincerely believe that we should "remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy," but only the smallest handful would want these religious laws turned into governmental ones; and only the most tyrannical parent would wish "Honour thy father and thy mother" turned into a legal edict.

From whence, then, comes the logic of turning the Sixth Commandment (or

the Seventh, depending on your religious affiliation), "Thou shalt not commit adultery," into a criminal offense? Only if one adheres to the ancient concept of the wife being the property of the husband, rather than an individual human being, can one justify such a law; and it is from this idea of the female being a possession of the male, as we have previously noted, that the prohibition regarding adultery originally sprang. This is re-emphasized by the last Commandment(s), in which a number of specific possessions are mentioned, with the admonition, "Thou shalt not covet," presumably listed in the order of their importance: "thy neighbour's house . . . thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's." In a rational society that views all human beings as free individuals, how do we justify turning the religious Commandment "Thou shalt not commit adultery" into a secular law? And how do we broaden its original Biblical implication to include, not only wives, but husbands as well? In the time of the Old Testament, it was accepted that the wealthy male should have many wives and mistresses. We have shown that the broader antisexual implications were supplied by the medieval Church and that it was in that time that they found their way from the clerical into the secular law. But how did they find their way into our own law—with all of our righteous proclamations about religious freedom and the separation of our church and state in America?

And what of fornication? There is nothing in the Old Testament, or in the teachings of Christ, that specifically prohibits all sex outside of wedlock. This too is derived, not from the Bible, but from the extreme antisexualism of the Middle Ages. Nevertheless, in 1963, in an era of supposed enlightenment, in a society supposedly free, premarital sex is prohibited by law by most of the 50 United States.

But it is not our place to point out the non-Biblical origins of these religious laws—for modern theological dogma can be drawn from any source, or from no source at all. Neither is it our intent to proclaim the moral desirability of either adultery or fornication. It is simply our purpose, at this moment, to point out the utter lack of justification in the state making unlawful these private acts performed between two consenting adults. Organized religions may preach against them if they wish—and there may well be some logic in their doing so, since extreme sexual permissiveness is not without its negative aspects—but there can be no possible justification for religion using the state to coercively control the sexual conduct of the members of a free society.

Some sexual behavior is the proper concern of the state. In protecting its citizens, the state has the right to prohibit unwelcome acts of sexual violence or aggression; it also has the right to protect the individual from sexual exploitation and fraud. Before a certain age, individuals lack the maturity necessary for full participation in a free society and so it is logical to have special legislation for the protection of minors—although in matters of sex, our society is woefully unrealistic about both the nature and needs of its youth and is, itself, largely responsible for perpetuating sexual immaturity and irresponsibility in our young. Society also has the right to prohibit, solely on the grounds of taste, public sexual activity or immodesty that may be unwelcome to other members of the community—though in this regard, we should mention that sexual anxiety, repression, guilt and shame traditionally accompany a society that possesses a false, or overdeveloped, sense of modesty and no similar psychological disturbances appear to accompany a social order that is, by our standards, relatively immodest.

All other sexual activity—specifically, all private sex between consenting adults—is the personal business of the individuals involved and in a free society the state has no right to interfere.

This is not the radical viewpoint that some readers may assume. It is shared by a great number of the religious leaders of America and represents the general trend in religious thinking regarding sex in our contemporary society. This position was expressed recently by Father James Jones, a priest of the Episcopal Church, in a television debate on changing sexual morality: Father Jones pointed out that when private morality is legislated against by government, it goes underground, and it thus becomes more difficult for religion to reach and influence.

As we have previously noted, England is presently undergoing a Sexual Revolution quite similar to our own; their similar Puritan heritage produced a like set of unrealistically suppressive sex laws also. On this matter, the Moral Welfare Council of the Church of England recently stated: "It is not the function of the state and the law to constitute themselves guardians of *private* morality, and thus to deal with *sin as such*, which belongs to the province of the church. On the other hand, it is the duty of the state to punish crimes, and it may properly take cognizance of, and define as criminal, those sins which also constitute offenses against *public* morality."

The now famous Wolfenden Report was presented to the British Parliament in the fall of 1957 by a committee drawn from the clergy, medicine, sociology,

psychiatry, and the law, under the chairmanship of Sir John Wolfenden, C. B. E. The Wolfenden committee not only included members of the clergy, it sought advice and guidance from others in both the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches. Thus, seven Catholic clergymen and laymen appointed by the late Bernard Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, submitted a report to the committee that stated:

"It is not the business of the state to intervene in the purely private sphere but to act solely as the defender of the common good. Morally evil things so far as they do not affect the common good are not the concern of the human legislator.

"Sin as such is not the concern of the state, but affects the relations between the soul and God. Attempts by the state to enlarge its authority and invade the individual conscience, however high-minded, always fail and frequently do positive harm."

The official Wolfenden Report to Parliament reflected these same views. As yet no significant British legislation has resulted.

A similar trend in thinking exists in legal circles here in the United States. The draft of a Model Penal Code published early in 1955 by the American Law Institute contained a recommendation that all consensual relations between adults in private should be excluded from the criminal law. The philosophy underlying this recommendation was stated to be that "no harm to the secular interests of the community is involved in atypical sex practice in private between consenting adult partners" and "there is the fundamental question of the protection to which every individual is entitled against state interference in his personal affairs when he is not hurting others."

Although this Model Penal Code was published nearly nine years ago, no state has yet reshaped its statutes on sex along the lines recommended by the Law Institute.

In the next installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, we will consider, in some detail, the sexual activity currently prohibited by law in the 50 states and contrast the statutes with actual sex behavior in contemporary society.

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See "The Playboy Forum" in this issue for readers' comments—pro and con—on subjects raised in previous installments of the "Philosophy."

Two booklet reprints—the first including installments one through seven of "The Playboy Philosophy," and the second, installments eight through twelve—are available at \$1 per booklet. Send check or money order to PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Illinois 60611.



*mm remembered* (continued from page 106)

hilarious confirmation of her credentials as a gifted comedienne.

Still tormented by a crippling sense of personal insecurity and professional inadequacy, however, she was unable to mitigate her worsening reputation as a slow "study" and fluffer of lines. Her legendary tardiness, meanwhile, aggravated by insomnia and psychosomatic illness, was growing to monumental proportions along with the budgets of the pictures she was helpless to avoid delaying.

Finally, in the wake of two miscarriages, several hospitalizations for nervous disorders, a rumored romance with Yves Montand, and her subsequent split-up with Miller, came the fateful production of *Something's Got to Give* in April of 1962. Desolated by her divorce, haunted by groundless fears of fading beauty and waning stardom, Marilyn managed to show up on the set only 12 times during the 32 days of production. It was then that studio executives—wary of costs which had climbed to \$2,000,000 for just seven-and-a-half minutes of finished film (including her famous nude bathing sequence)—made the decision which tolled the knell for her 14-year career in Hollywood: Marilyn was fired from the picture. Despondent, she withdrew to the seclusion of her home in Brentwood and to the company of a few close friends. A few weeks later, on the morning of August 5th, came the shocking news of her death from a self-administered overdose of Nembutal and chloral hydrate—precipitating a world-wide wave of grief, guilt and righteous outrage.

Her friends, her doctors, her childhood life, her stardom, America's Puritanical heritage, the affluent society, even civilization itself were variously held accountable for the tragedy. But Hollywood itself bore the brunt of the blame in a veritable orgy of self-recrimination. From Tokyo to Tehran, meanwhile, the unique mystique which had made her a living legend survived her death to become the elixir of a cult dedicated to her enshrinement. Necrophilic scavengers rent the wreaths laid at her grave in search of funeral souvenirs; the rate of sleeping-pill suicides rose alarmingly in the week following her death; ardent elegies were penned for poetry magazines and intoned in coffeehouses; eerie posthumous portraits, depicting Marilyn as a garish product of the billboards, appeared at street stalls in Paris and New York; two biographies were prepared for television; a movie profile of clips from her films was distributed nationally as a full-length feature; LP albums of her breathy singing voice, transcribed from the sound tracks of her musicals, were released by two record companies; and a play in Rome re-

created her final hours.

But Marilyn's memory, as we see it, is best served by recalling her not as she was when she died but when she *lived*. For she wished to be remembered by the last memento she left behind; when *Something's Got to Give* was abandoned in mid-production, and it seemed that her nude swimming sequence might never be seen by the public, Marilyn authorized photographers Lawrence Schiller and William Read Woodfield—who shot all the scene stills from the unfinished film—to release the color photographs of her celebrated skinny dip. "I want the world to see my body," she told a friend. Published in *Life* and elsewhere shortly thereafter, the pictures more than justified her pride: At 36, her figure was smooth and svelte, her face slender, suffused with a kind of ethereal beauty; she had never looked lovelier.

But the most revealing shots from the scene, including the only nudes, were withheld by Marilyn for publication exclusively in *PLAYBOY*, which purchased them from the photographers for \$25,000—possibly the highest price ever paid for a single pictorial feature. We had planned to run it in our December 1962 issue with Marilyn on the cover in a provocative seminude pose for which she had agreed to do a special sitting. But on Thursday of the week before the shooting, Editor-Publisher Hefner received a personal call from her private secretary informing him without explanation that Marilyn had changed her mind about the cover. That Sunday she was found dead in her Brentwood home.

In a strange postscript, photographers Schiller and Woodfield returned to their Hollywood studio after lunch the following day to find that an unmarked, unstamped envelope had been pushed under the door in their absence. In it were a series of additional nudes—Marilyn's favorites—which she had promised to turn over to them for inclusion in our scheduled feature. Because of her death, of course, we postponed our plans indefinitely.

But 16 months have softened the memory of the tragedy, and we are proud to present the photos now, in fitting commemoration of the 10 years of publication which Marilyn inaugurated as our first Playmate, as part of this fond tribute to her enduring beauty.

We add one final, affectionate remembrance to this evocative picture gallery: a composite word portrait of Marilyn assembled from her own views about herself, and from the observations of those who knew her during the years of her reign. Though this biographical mosaic does not attempt to capture the essence of her incomparable incandes-

cence, we feel it does afford touching insight into the lonely, lovely woman behind the voluptuous façade.

Leon Shamroy, the 20th Century-Fox cinematographer who shot the screen test which led to her first studio contract: "I got a cold chill. This girl had something I hadn't seen since silent pictures. She had a kind of fantastic beauty like Gloria Swanson, and she radiated sex like Jean Harlow. She didn't need a sound track to tell her story."

June Haver, who starred in *Love Nest*, a 1951 romantic comedy in which Marilyn played a memorable bit part: "I remember one scene where she was supposed to be sunning in the back yard of this apartment house. Well, when she walked onto the set in her bathing suit and over to the beach chair, the whole crew gasped, gaped, and seemed to turn to stone. She was always nervous and shy, but with the warmth of the crew's reaction, she suddenly seemed to be another person. She became completely uninhibited in her movements—graceful and seductive at the same time. Mind you, movie crews are quite used to seeing starlets in brief costumes. In all my years at the studio, I'd never seen that happen before. She had that electric something."

An anonymous Hollywood press agent: "She does two things beautifully: She walks, and she stands still. She's the only actress who makes her greatest entrances when she exits."

Henry Hathaway, who directed Marilyn in *Niagara*: "She can make any move, any gesture, almost insufferably suggestive."

Roy Craft, her onetime press agent: "She had such magnetism that if 15 men were in a room with her, each man would be convinced he was the one she'd be waiting for after the others left."

Jean Negulesco, who directed her in *How to Marry a Millionaire*: "She represents to man something we all want in our unfulfilled dreams. She's the girl you'd like to double-cross your wife with. A man, he's got to be dead not to be excited by her."

Authoress Diana Trilling, writing in *Redbook*: "Hollywood, Broadway, the night clubs all produce their quota of sex queens, but the public takes them or leaves them; the world is not as enslaved by them as it was by Marilyn Monroe, because none but she could suggest such a purity of sexual delight. The boldness with which she could parade herself and yet never be gross, her sexual flamboyance and bravado which yet breathed an air of mystery and even reticence, her voice which carried such ripe overtones of erotic excitement and yet was the voice of a shy child—these anomalies were integral to her gift. And they described a young woman trapped in a never-never land of unawareness. Even while she symbolized an extreme of



sexual knowingness, she took each new circumstance of life like a newborn babe. And this is what made her luminous. The glow was not rubbed off by the ugliness of life because finally, in some vital depth, she had been untouched by it."

Sir Laurence Olivier: "Miss Monroe has an extraordinary gift of being able to suggest one moment that she is the naughtiest little thing and the next that she's perfectly innocent. The audience leaves the theater gently titillated into a state of excitement by not knowing which she is and thoroughly enjoying it."

Allen Snyder, Marilyn's make-up man since 1947: "This is a little kid who wants to be with the other little kids sucking lollipops and watching the roller coaster, but she can't because they won't let her. She's frightened to death of that public which thinks she is so sexy. My God, if they only knew."

Photographer Philippe Halsman: "Marilyn was history's most phenomenal love goddess. Why? Most people think the reason was self-evident, especially when she wore a snug evening gown. But there are other girls who have outstanding figures. Paradoxically, Marilyn's very weakness was her great strength. Her inferiority complex, her pathetic, almost childlike need for security are the very things that made her irresistible."

Marilyn said of her early years as a contract player for 20th Century-Fox: "I knew then what I had known when I was 13 and walked along the sea edge in a bathing suit for the first time. I knew I belonged to the public and to the world—not because I was talented, or even beautiful, but because I had never belonged to anyone else. The public was the only family, the only Prince Charming, the only home I had ever dreamed about. I didn't go into the movies to make money. I wanted to become famous so that everyone would like me and I'd be surrounded by love and affection."

Evelyn Moriarty, Marilyn's stand-in: "Any little thing I did for her, she was so appreciative. She treated me more like a friend than a studio associate. Before I would go into a scene to stand in for her, she would come over and fix my hair and my clothes and she'd give me the motivation for the scene, so I would know what I was doing. She was my Paula Strasberg."

Poet Carl Sandburg: "She was not the usual movie idol. There was something democratic about her. She was the type who would join in and wash up the supper dishes even if you didn't ask her. She was a good talker. There were realms of science, politics and economics in which she wasn't at home, but she spoke well on the national scene, the Hollywood scene, and on people who are good to know and people who ain't. We agreed on a number of things. She sometimes threw her arms around me,

like people do who like each other very much. Too bad I was 48 years older—I couldn't play her leading man."

Peter Lawford: "She liked being a star. But she never put on airs or snobbish pretenses with us. She was a marvelous, warm human being, wonderful to be around. She was the friendliest kind of person, always looking for a party, a good time. You know what she liked to do best? Laugh. Marilyn had a natural kind of humor, fresh and quick, the sort that just bubbles up out of nowhere. If she had fits of depression, they were behind closed doors. Sure, she was sometimes unhappy about her work. Every actor who is serious about his art gets that way occasionally. She had an intense desire to be better than she was."

Nunnally Johnson, her writer-producer in *How to Marry a Millionaire*: "Marilyn

made me lose all sympathy for actresses. In most of her takes she was either fluffing lines or freezing. She didn't bother to learn her lines. I don't think she could act her way out of a paper script. She has no charm, delicacy or taste. She's just an arrogant little tail switcher who's learned how to throw sex in your face."

Billy Wilder, who directed Marilyn in *The Seven Year Itch* and *Some Like It Hot*: "She's basically a good girl, but what's happened to her is enough to drive almost anybody slightly daffy, even someone whose background has armored her with poise and calmness. But you take a girl like Marilyn, who's never really had a chance to learn, who's never really had a chance to live, and you suddenly confront her with a Frankenstein's monster of herself built of fame and publicity and notoriety, and naturally she's a little mixed up



*"Why resolve to be good this coming year when everything's stacked against you?!"*

and made giddy by it all."

A friend of Marilyn's, speaking about the efficacy of psychotherapy as a cure for her tardiness: "It didn't help. She always walked in when the hour was almost over. Then, too, when she was late she felt guilty, and since she always felt guilty, she felt comfortable that way. It was easier for Marilyn to take guilt than responsibility."

Wilder, recalling Marilyn's attendance during the filming of *The Seven Year Itch*: "You can figure a Monroe picture is going to run an extra few hundred thousand dollars because she's coming late. Of course, I have an Aunt Ida in Vienna who is *always* on time to the second, but *her* I wouldn't put in a movie. Anyway, I don't think Marilyn is late on purpose, and it's not because she oversleeps. It's because she has to force herself to come to the studio. She's scared and unsure of herself. I found myself wishing that I were

a psychoanalyst and she were my patient. It might be that I couldn't have helped her, but she would have looked lovely on a couch."

Admitted Marilyn: "It makes something in me happy to be late. People are waiting for me. People are eager to see me. I remember all the years I was unwanted, all the hundreds of times nobody wanted to see the little servant girl, Norma Jean — not even her mother. And I feel a queer satisfaction in punishing the people who are wanting me now. But it's not them I'm really punishing. It's the long-ago people who didn't want Norma Jean. The later I am, the happier she grows. To me, it's remarkable that I get there at all."

Sir Laurence Olivier: "It can be no news to anyone to say that she was difficult to work with. Her work frightened her, and although she had undoubted talent, I think she had a subconscious resistance to the exercise of being an

actress. But she was intrigued by its mystique and happy as a child when being photographed; she managed all the business of stardom with uncanny, clever, apparent ease."

She said, however: "I feel as though it's all happening to someone right next to me. I'm close. I can feel it, I can hear it, but it isn't really me."

Maurice Zolotow, in his 1960 biography of Marilyn: "A great force of nature, she was becoming a victim of the propaganda machine, of her own struggle to build herself up. About her swirled a hurricane, and she was its eye. She longed for privacy, but she had murdered privacy, as Macbeth had murdered sleep. Her time was not hers. And her personality was not hers."

Said Marilyn: "I don't want to play sex roles anymore. I'm tired of being known as the girl with the shape. Millions of people live their entire lives without finding themselves, but it is something I must do. The best way to find myself as a person is to prove to myself that I'm an actress."

Lee Strasberg, creator-director of the Actors Studio, who took Marilyn under his personal wing: "I saw that what she looked like was not what she really was, and what was going on inside her was not what was going on outside, and that always means there may be something there to work with. In Marilyn's case, the reactions were phenomenal. She can call up emotionally whatever is required for a scene. Her range is infinite. She is more nervous than any other actress I have ever known, but nervousness, for an actress, is not a handicap. It is a sign of sensitivity. Marilyn had to learn how to channel her nervousness, this wild flow of energy, into her work. For too long she had been living for the newspapers, for that publicity. She had to live for herself and her work."

Wilder: "She's built herself a career on overstating something, and she's made up her mind to understate. It's like herring alamode. Put the chocolate ice cream on the herring and you spoil the ice cream, and the herring is no damn good either. They're trying to elevate her to a level where she can't exist. The lines the public really wants from her are not written in English."

Joshua Logan, another of Marilyn's mentor-friends, and the director of *Bus Stop*, her first Studio-period picture: "It is a disease of our profession that we believe a woman with physical appeal has no talent. Marilyn is as near a genius as any actress I ever knew. She is an artist beyond artistry. She is the most completely realized and authentic film actress since Garbo. She has that same unfathomable mysteriousness. She is pure cinema."

A Hollywood friend: "There were



"Oh, dear! We haven't got enough hangers!"

moments when she thought her acting was good. But for the most part she was terribly critical of her work. She wanted everything to be so perfect."

Evelyn Moriarty: "She would always try to do something above and beyond what others might do. But people didn't realize how nervous she really was. People on the set didn't know it, but if she ate breakfast, she'd have to go to the rest room and throw up, she was so nervous."

Bill Travilla, Marilyn's dress designer: "On the surface, she was still a happy girl. But those who criticized her never saw her as I did, crying like a baby because she often felt herself so inadequate. Sometimes she suffered terrific depressions, and would even talk about death. Occasionally, when she had one of these spells at home, she'd telephone me in the middle of the night, and I'd talk her out of it; or when I couldn't and was afraid she'd do what she finally did, I'd get dressed, drive to her place and talk to her. She had this great fear of becoming mentally unbalanced like her mother. I'd tell her that just because of her family history it didn't mean she'd ever suffer the same fate, that she was beautiful, hale, hearty and successful. But she said to me one night, 'Promise me one thing, Billy; if it ever happens to me, you come over and get me and don't let people see me; just hide me somewhere.' I had to promise."

On her release in March of 1961 from Manhattan's Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic, where she had been under treatment for severe depression since shortly after her divorce decree from Miller became final in January, Marilyn said flippantly to reporters: "Just before I left, I told all those doctors they should have their heads examined."

A Fox executive, after the cancellation of *Something's Got to Give*: "She's sick, but it's not a physical sickness. It's something she can't control. I don't think she will ever work again."

The Associated Press, August 6, 1962: "HOLLYWOOD—Blonde and beautiful Marilyn Monroe, a glamorous symbol of the gay, exciting life of Hollywood, died tragically Sunday. Her body was found nude in bed, a probable suicide. She was 36. The long-troubled star clutched a telephone in one hand. An empty bottle of sleeping pills was nearby."

Arthur Miller: "It had to happen. I didn't know when or how, but it was inevitable."

Following an earlier suicide attempt, Marilyn had confided to a friend: "The full reason for my trying to kill myself was simply that I didn't want to live. There was too much pain in living. When they restored me to life after my second suicide attempt, I felt very angry.

I thought people had no right to make you live when you didn't want to."

Jean Cocteau: "This atrocious death will be a terrible lesson for those whose principal occupation consists in spying on and tormenting the film stars."

An official of the Hearst newspaper syndicate, exulting over record seasonal circulation in the week following her death: "I'm just as sorry as the next fellow about Marilyn Monroe. But as long as she had to do it, what a break that she did it in August."

Sir Laurence Olivier: "She was the complete victim of ballyhoo and sensation. Popular opinion and all that goes to promote it is a horrible, unsteady conveyance for life, and she was exploited beyond anyone's means."

Russia's *Izvestia*: "Marilyn Monroe was a victim of Hollywood. It gave birth to her, and it killed her."

Hedda Hopper: "I suppose all the sob sisters in the world will now start to go to work. In a way, we're all guilty. We built her up to the skies, we loved her, but we left her lonely and afraid when she needed us most."

Ben Hecht: "The legend is that Marilyn Monroe was a movie star 'wrecked' by Hollywood, driven to despair by the obliterating glare of fame, and by fear that this glare was vanishing; and who was further stricken by the failure of her last two marriages. It wasn't that way. Marilyn had been wrecked by the circumstances of her life since the age of five. The truth about Marilyn Monroe is that she was *saved* by Hollywood. Fame saved her. The spotlight beating on her 24 hours a day made the world seem livable to her. She lived in the midst of her fame as if she were more a poster than a woman, but the unreality never hurt her. It was the only world in which she could thrive. The real world held only hobgoblins for her, terrors that harried her nights. The movies did not destroy Marilyn; they gave her a long and joyous reprieve from the devils which hounded her in earlier years, and which came back to hound her in the end."

Novelist Ayn Rand: "If there was ever a victim of society, Marilyn Monroe was that victim—of a society that professes dedication to the relief of the suffering but kills the joyous. The evil of a cultural atmosphere is made by all those who share it. Anyone who has ever felt resentment against the good for being the good, and has given voice to it, is the murderer of Marilyn Monroe."

Diana Trilling: "She was not primarily a victim of Hollywood commercialism, nor of exploitation, nor of the inhumanity of the press. She was not even primarily a victim of the narcissistic inflation that so regularly attends the grim business of being a

great screen personality. Primarily, she was a victim of her gift, a biological victim, a victim of life itself, a tragedy of civilization."

*Time* magazine: "Marilyn Monroe's unique charisma was the force that caused distant men to think that if only a well-intentioned, understanding person like me could have known her, she would have been all right. In death, it has caused women who before resented her frolicsome sexuality to join in the unspoken plea she leaves behind—the simple, noble wish to be taken seriously."

Lee Strasberg, in his eulogy at her funeral: "In her own lifetime she created a myth of what a poor girl from a deprived background could attain. For the entire world she became a symbol of the eternal feminine. But I have no words to describe the myth and the legend. I did not know this Marilyn Monroe. For us, Marilyn was a devoted and loyal friend, a colleague constantly reaching for perfection. She was a member of our family. We shared her pain and difficulties and some of her joys. It is difficult to accept the fact that her zest for life has been ended by this dreadful accident. I am truly sorry that the public who loved her did not have the opportunity to see her as we did, in many of the roles that foreshadowed what she would have become. Without doubt, she would have been one of the really great actresses of the stage. Despite the heights and brilliance she had attained on the screen, she was planning for the future. In her eyes and in mine, her career was just beginning. Now it is all at an end. I hope that her death will stir sympathy and understanding for a sensitive artist and woman who brought joy and pleasure to the world."

Diana Trilling: "She was alive in a way not granted the rest of us. She communicated such a charge of vitality as altered our imagination of life, which is the job and wonder of art."

In a touching *Life* magazine interview published the week before her death, Marilyn said: "I used to get the feeling, and sometimes I still get it, that I was fooling somebody—I don't know who or what—maybe myself. I have feelings some days when there are scenes with a lot of responsibility, and I'll wish, gee, if only I would have been a cleaning woman. Fame to me is only a temporary and partial happiness; that's not what fulfills me. It warms you a bit, but the warming is temporary. It might be kind of a relief to be finished. It's sort of like you don't know what kind of a yard dash you're running, and then you're at the finish line and you sort of sigh—you've made it. But fame will go by—and so long, I've had you, fame, I've always known it was fickle."



## VARGAS GIRL (continued from page 140)

one better, his paint and brush combined the actuality of a woman with the dream of the artist, "creating" on his canvas a composite of the two, loveliness seen through the eyes of a perfectionist: The Vargas Girl.

The outbreak of the First World War cut short his European idyl, and he was forced to set sail for home. No ship being immediately available for South America, Vargas went to New York, intending to travel to Lima from there. But once he had seen the American girls, with their bright dresses, and brighter faces, and the sunlight dancing in their hair, he stayed on, over his family's protests. Cut off from the world and the people he knew, barely speaking the language of his adopted land, he began to paint, taking any job—however menial or void of glamor—that would allow him to ply his talents. It was while he held such a job that an acquaintance of Ziegfeld saw him—attired in beret and smock in a shopwindow, painting the portrait of a girl in a Spanish shawl to promote a Corona typewriters—and brought his work to the fabulous showman's attention. Of this relationship, Vargas says:

"Though Ziegfeld was at the height of his extraordinarily brilliant career, and I but in the formative—the embryonic—stage of my own, he quickly became my friend and mentor. Soon—though I did not know it at the time—his uncanny sense of beauty and art, his sensitive approach to nudity on the stage or on canvas, his never-ending struggle for perfection in everything he undertook were to launch me on an upward-climbing path in my own work from which I would never deviate."

Thus began the longest and most dazzling parade of the most beautiful girls the world has ever seen—through the door of his studio. To name them all here would be impossible. To state who, in our opinion, was the *most* beautiful would make Paris take his golden apple and fly to shelter in the hidden caves of Olympus. Yet to pass them by without mention would be unforgivable; some idea of our difficulty in choosing the loveliest of all may be discovered by observing the girls pictured on these pages.

From Vargas' notations on these various portraits, we compiled, in the artist's own words, the following information about these beauties of a bygone era.

"*Ruth Fallows—1925.* Ruth, a dancer, most typified the 'long pink-and-ivory line' of the Ziegfeld chorus. Her striking face and figure, her animation and

appealing personality inspired several paintings I made of her for the nabob of show business. This one, too, was originally intended for Ziegfeld, but after it was completed, I changed my mind and selfishly but happily used it to decorate my pad, instead.

"*'Blue Chair'—1920.* This tall, graceful fashion model, whose name unfortunately, has fled my memory, had aspirations of joining the *Follies* ranks. However, had I shown this picture to Ziggy, such was the prudery of the Twenties that she and I would have both landed in the clink, so I prudently left it in my collection.

"*Anna Mae Clift—1920.* I followed this girl down Broadway one day in 1919, having appointed myself unofficial talent scout for Ziegfeld, and tracked her to the Shubert Theater where John Murray Anderson held sway over his *Greenwich Village Follies*. She cooperated willingly to sit for this painting, and at its completion I rushed it to Ziegfeld to show him the kind of showgirl he ought to have in his productions. He agreed with me wholeheartedly, and asked me to send her over for an interview. To my surprise, she refused, nor could all my cajoling and pleading make her 'walk the gangplank to the New Amsterdam.' She would, however, pose for me whenever I asked her, without accepting a fee, to help the struggling artist. She became my favorite model and my constant inspiration, and on June 9, 1930, she became the present Mrs. Vargas.

"*'Composite'—1925.* In an effort to keep a record of the beauty of the times, I painted this for my own satisfaction, utilizing the best features of each of the models then available to me. The mask, of course, does not represent anybody's portrait; it is there simply to convey the state of my own feelings as I viewed the remainder of the painting: 'Ummm!'

"*Shirley Vernon—1927.* A dancer in the chorus, she was most willing to pose for hours at a time if need be. After painting her for Ziggy, I did this one as the first in what I hoped would be a series of cigarette ads I could peddle to Madison Avenue. More than the sight of real silk stockings and the disarray in the chemise was behind the failure of my plan. The eyebrow-raising feature of the painting that defeated my scheme was the fact that it was considered scandalous in those days for women to smoke.

"*'Fleurs du Mal'—1920.* *Follies* girls normally received \$50 an hour for posing, but by agreement with Ziegfeld I could paint them without paying the fee. Though this was originally slated for my private collection, it was eventually purchased by Paramount Pictures to adver-

tise a Marlene Dietrich movie, but not as you now see it. In order to avoid scandalizing the moviegoing public, I had to do a bashful Nellie cover-up job and render the girl 'presentable.'

"*Helen Henderson—1926.* On and off the boards of the New Amsterdam, this Ziegfeld showgirl was one of the most uninhibited and absolutely delightful girls I've met, and possessed of that nearly perfect symmetrical figure that artists always seek and seldom find. As intelligent as she was beautiful, she would discuss art and anatomy at the drop of a chemise. This portrait she herself commissioned, to hang in her bedroom. Despite my arrangement with Ziegfeld, she insisted on paying me, in cash, for doing what I would have been willing to pay *her* to do. From that day on, I believed in Santa Claus.

"*Marie Prevost—1921.* This—made for my own collection—is the result of a chance meeting in a New York office while discussing a series of illustrations for a forthcoming Mack Sennett production. Something about this girl made me think of Scheherazade, that exotic creature of *The Arabian Nights*, and I asked her if she would pose for me in that guise. She was, as you can see, only too happy to oblige.

"*Gladys Loftus—1923.* This very intellectual and feminine showgirl, after posing 'dressed' for the portrait I was doing for Ziegfeld, a glamorous full-length illustration, nevertheless remained at my studio, unencumbered by her complex *Follies* costume, to give her invaluable assistance in the creation of this portrait.

"*Olive Thomas—1920.* She was one of the most beautiful brunettes that Ziegfeld ever glorified. Luckily—as was my habit—I made this for my own collection after doing two or three others of her for the master. She went to Hollywood shortly thereafter—a natural move in the days when Ziegfeld's reputation as a connoisseur of feminine pulchritude was world-wide—and there met and married Jack Pickford. I say 'luckily' I made this portrait because there was to be no opportunity to do so ever again, for me or any other artist. She journeyed to Paris with her husband and—tragically—died there a short time later."

Vargas' years with Ziegfeld, however, were not always a carefree Islamic paradise:

"With regard to my work, I thought I had nothing to hide. If a girl sitting for me chose to bring along a boyfriend, I never objected. There was no reason why I should have. And so, the evening a gorgeous blonde *Follies* creature was posing seminude for her portrait, I simply followed my policy never to ask questions of a personal nature and

proceeded with my work in silence. Suddenly—audible at my studio's seven-story distance from the street—there came a horrendous pounding at the downstairs door and a simultaneous prolonged ringing of my bell. Instinctively I knew the predicament I was in: there would be no use arguing with a drunken suitor bent on my destruction.

"Quickly, in frantic counterpoint to the sounds of the hefty janitor struggling with dwindling success with the interloper outside my door, I shoved the girl into my closet, in which was crammed all my equipment, clothing, materials, props and everything I owned in the world. I rearranged, prodded, contorted and finally disguised the trembling girl with these objects until the addition of so much as a thumbtack to the cubicle would have been impossible, then slammed the door and hurried to open the hall door before it was demolished. In lurched Sir Galahad, raving and ranting and chasing me around my easel, taking ferocious swings at me, all of which failed to connect because he could not see straight; also, I was sober and more familiar with the topography. Tiring at last of the chase, he proceeded to look under every piece of furniture, making a shambles of my domain in the process, and then he opened the door of the closet. One look at the solid wall of contents and even he—in his condition—decided that nothing human could possibly exist in there, and left the premises, still sorer than a bull elephant with hay fever."

He soon learned, however, that life held greater peril than mere slug fests:

"On another occasion, I was sketching a brunette tidbit from the chorus, and she mentioned that her boyfriend would be dropping around to pick her up. I said this would be OK, not much considering the fact that while a number of the men who followed the *Follies* dealt in stocks and bonds, there was another sort of boyfriend in that era who dealt in gunstocks and bonded alky. When, much later, he had still not shown up, she said goodbye and left to meet him instead at his place. The next day, the headlines screamed the reason for his failure to arrive. He had been found with so much lead in his body that it took four men to lift him onto the stretcher. His executioners had followed him about the city the day before, finally cornering him and completing their assignment. The nagging question in my throbbing mind was—what if he'd made it to my place before they made it to him? As an eyewitness to his demise, my career of pushing pencils and crayons might have suddenly terminated in pushing up daisies.

"Ziegfeld himself approached my problems with a serene disregard that in

a less charming personality would have been intolerable. In spite of the glorious life I was living amidst the sexiest, most beautiful, most coveted girls in creation, a life that one might imagine was spent overeating caviar and swimming in champagne, it was like uprooting tree stumps to attempt to pry a modicum of my salary from this fabulous man. In the whirl of creating and organizing his spectacular productions, he had an absent-minded penchant for forgetting small debts. In his office one day, discussing the selection of the 12 beauties to adorn the theater lobby, I reminded him that he still owed me for work already done. Looking almost baffled by my apparent urgency, he asked what I needed money for. To my reply, 'To eat, pay my rent and satisfy the odd demand of countless merchants that my purchases bring them some form of recompense,' he countered with the remedy that all I need do was establish credit, by the simple means of showing credentials proving I worked for the great Ziegfeld. I was forced to paint him a vivid word picture of an imaginary encounter with my butcher, cleaver in hand, who—after selecting, cutting, weighing and wrapping my purchase—is told to 'charge it, because I hobnob with the most illustrious names in the land,' and responds by inspiring me to break the world's marathon record in a race down the street, inches ahead of his flashing blade. Whether my sincere desperation or extravagant imagery tickled his funny bone, I will never know. But he laughed—the first time I'd ever seen him do it—and paid me my money."

Year upon year, an unending flow of beauties joined the ranks of the *Follies*. The artistic soul of the great impresario saw to it that only the very best of the best in American beauty graced his shows. Little by little, Vargas acquired a knowledge of what made the girls tick, both physically and spiritually; but most important to him, pictorially, Vargas was irresistibly—and unresistingly—drawn into the American stream of thinking and feeling, and his basic shyness evaporated rapidly, along with his European- and South American-influenced inhibitions and outlooks: "I found that I was beginning to develop my own style. My friends began to kid me about my 'obsession' in wanting to paint only girls and more girls. I responded to their amicable teasing that I would be only too glad to go into another line of business the moment they could find me a substitute for a beautiful girl. I assume that they saw the light, for—from that moment on—they began to hit the trail to my studio to worship at the same altar: where the girls were. But I would never let them in."



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## FESTIVE FONDUE (continued from page 113)

garnishes. If regular dinner plates are used, sauces can be dispensed in small soufflé dishes or individual copper sauce pots. Besides fondue forks for dunking and cooking, there should be regular dinner forks for removing and eating the hot spiked meat.

A fondue party should never be planned for hurry-up preheater or pregame dinners. It's the kind of pleasure enjoyed to the fullest only when it's leisurely paced. It calls for a mellow, easy-going wine: Switzerland produces a noted red wine, the dole from the delightful Sion area, so soft that it almost purrs as you swallow it. There are soft California and French wines, but the dole seems to have come into the world especially for the fondues that follow. Each recipe serves six.

### FONDUE BOURGUIGNONNE

- 4 lbs. *filet mignon*, trimmed weight
- Salt, pepper, cayenne
- 1 Bermuda onion
- 2 tablespoons horseradish
- ¼ lb. sweet butter
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 teaspoon tarragon vinegar
- 2 teaspoons minced parsley
- 1 teaspoon beef extract
- 2 cups salad oil
- 1 jar pickled walnuts, ice cold

Prepare potatoes *roesti*. Be sure all fat and outer membrane of *filet* are removed. Cut meat into ¾-in. cubes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Mince onion very fine and combine with horseradish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Set aside this onion relish. Heat butter in saucepan until melted, but not brown. Put egg yolks in blender. Run blender at low speed, slowly adding butter in a very thin stream. When butter is all used, remove sauce from blender and fold in tarragon vinegar, parsley and beef extract. Keep sauce in warm place until served, but do not put over fire, or sauce will curdle. Heat oil in saucepan until it shows first sign of smoke. Pour into fondue dish. Let stand over trivet flame 5 minutes before serving dinner. Divide meat, pickled walnuts and onion relish among plates. Sauce may be served on plates or passed separately. Guests spear one piece of meat at a time and brown in fat about 20 to 30 seconds, or until meat reaches desired doneness. Pass potatoes.

### POTATOES ROESTI

- 6 medium-to-large-size potatoes
  - 1 small onion
  - Salt, pepper
  - 2 tablespoons salad oil
  - 2 tablespoons butter
- Peel potatoes. Cut each in half crosswise. Boil in salted water until just tender, about 25 minutes. Don't over-

cook. Drain well. When potatoes are cool enough to handle, cut into hash-size pieces. Grate onion into potatoes. Season generously with salt and pepper. Heat salad oil and butter in a 10-in. cast-iron or heavy aluminum skillet. Add potatoes. Pat top of potatoes down and move them slightly away from rim of skillet. Sauté about 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown on bottom. Lift potatoes slightly with spatula to check color. Hold platter, round if possible, in left hand. Place rim of skillet against plate, and quickly flip skillet so that potatoes are brown side up on plate. Cut into wedges at table.

### CHICKEN FONDUE

- 4 large whole breasts of chicken
- 1 lb. bacon
- 1 lb. fresh mushrooms
- 1 small green pepper
- 3 tablespoon butter
- 3 egg yolks
- ¼ lb. sweet butter
- Juice of ¼ lemon
- 1 whole canned pimiento, minced fine
- Salt, pepper, cayenne
- 2 cups salad oil
- 1 bottle sauce Diable, ice cold

Prepare brown noodle platter. Have butcher remove bones from chicken. Remove *filet*, the long underpiece which is detachable, from each breast. Cut *filet* into 1-in. pieces. Cut remainder of breast crosswise into ½-in.-thick slices. Cut bacon slices crosswise into 3 pieces. Wash mushrooms and cut into ½-in.-thick slices. Cut green pepper into eighths, discarding stem and seeds. Sauté mushrooms and green pepper in 3 tablespoons butter until tender. Separate green pepper from mushrooms, and mince green pepper. Set aside for later use. Keep mushrooms warm until serving time. Put egg yolks in well of blender. Heat ¼ lb. butter in saucepan until melted, but not brown. Run blender at low speed, slowly adding butter in a very thin stream. When butter is all used, add lemon juice, minced green pepper and pimiento. Add salt, pepper and cayenne to taste. Heat oil in saucepan until it shows first sign of smoke. Pour into fondue dish. Let stand over trivet flame 5 minutes before serving dinner. Divide chicken, bacon and mushrooms among plates. Serve hot sauce and sauce Diable at table. Chicken and bacon may be speared together for dipping into hot oil. Pass noodles.

### BROWN NOODLES

- ½ lb. fine-size egg noodles
  - Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
  - 4 tablespoons butter
- Boil noodles in salted water until tender. Drain and wash well, using a

colander, under running water. Drain thoroughly. Season with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate to taste. Heat butter in a 10-in. cast-iron skillet or heavy aluminum pan. Add noodles. Pat down. Move noodles about ½ in. from rim of skillet. Cook over a moderate flame until golden brown on bottom. Lift noodles slightly with spatula to check color. Hold platter in left hand. Place rim of skillet against platter, and quickly flip skillet so that noodles are brown side up on platter.

### SHRIMP FONDUE

- 3 lbs. jumbo shrimps
- ¼ lb. sweet butter
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1½ teaspoons curry powder
- Salt, pepper, cayenne
- ⅓ cup chili sauce
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 cups salad oil
- 1 bottle Major Grey's Chutney, ice cold

Prepare saffron rice, recipe below. Peel and devein shrimp. Wash and dry well with paper toweling. Heat butter in saucepan until melted, but not brown. Put egg yolks in blender. Run blender at low speed. Very slowly add butter in a very thin stream. When butter is all used, add lemon juice and curry powder. Season to taste with salt, pepper and cayenne. (Some curry powders, while strong, require added pepper.) Keep sauce in a warm spot until serving time, but do not place over heat. Mix chili sauce and sour cream. Heat oil in saucepan until it shows first sign of smoke. Pour into fondue dish. Let stand over trivet flame 5 minutes before serving shrimps. Divide shrimps among plates. Serve curry sauce, sour-cream sauce and chutney at table. Pass saffron rice.

### SAFFRON RICE

- 2 cups converted rice
- 4 cups water
- 2 teaspoons salad oil
- ¼ teaspoon saffron
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ½ cup yellow raisins

Bring water to a boil. Add salad oil, saffron, salt and rice. Stir well. When water comes to a second boil, turn flame as low as possible. Keep rice covered. Cook without stirring until rice is tender — about 20 minutes. Add raisins, fluffing rice with fork.

The fondue offers togetherness of the most felicitous sort. It is almost impossible to be stuffy, stiff or starchy when you and your guests are closely and informally gathered round the fondue dish. So relax and dip in.



## ROMANTIC LOVE *(continued from page 143)*

tively cold day, yet I cannot acknowledge your act to be a proof of love. You are merely appealing to my sympathy. You calculate I will take you to bed to make you warm again." And she walked on in a huff.

The gentleman turned and caught up with her. He shivered violently, but she was too hurt to speak. Then just as the lovers passed a quarry the gentleman said to her: "You cannot think I intend you to take my broken bones to bed." And turning back dauntlessly, he cast himself into the pit.

The lady waited patiently at the quarry's edge for him to return. She observed how painfully he dragged himself over the flinty stones, tearing his clothes to ribbons and cutting himself in many places; nevertheless, with consummate reason she said: "It is hardly a proof of love to attempt to take your life. It is clear that you can't abide living with me." Dashing a pearl-like tear from her eye, she walked on, leaving him to recover and follow her should he still have a mind for country walks.

When he reached her again he noticed that just beyond them grew a vast tangle of thistles and nettles. Desperately loverlike, he gathered his dwindling strength together and hurled himself forward, crying: "I will live with you yet, though it is agony as this I feel now." And he threw himself without a backward look into the bed of nettles.

As he lay there contorted with pain, for his cold and his scratches now made themselves felt against the hot stings which covered him, he dimly heard the lady say: "If I give you no joy I cannot be so cruel as to bind you still to myself. You may leave me and I will finish my walk alone or in some other less embarrassing company."

It was some while before the gentleman could drag himself forward to follow her again, yet such was his ardor that eventually he reached within shouting distance of her. He called to her, meanwhile reaching out for the sharp blade of a plowshare that was at hand. "Let me then, if I must lose you, cut off these arms that they may never enfold another." And with dignity he rose to his feet and, swinging the blade, cut through his arm just above the elbow.

The lady turned to witness this, and after a short silence in which he turned stony eyes of pain toward her, she said: "Ah, vain boasting man that you are. Vain and foolish, for how can you cut off both arms? You will be unfaithful to me yet, I know. How silly we are

when we give ourselves into the capricious arms of a man." With profound sorrow upon her beautiful face, she turned and walked on.

Yet even now the gentleman was determined to prove his love, and he called to her. "Stay a moment more and you shall see. I will follow no other woman. No other woman." And with his remaining arm he systematically hacked at his feet.

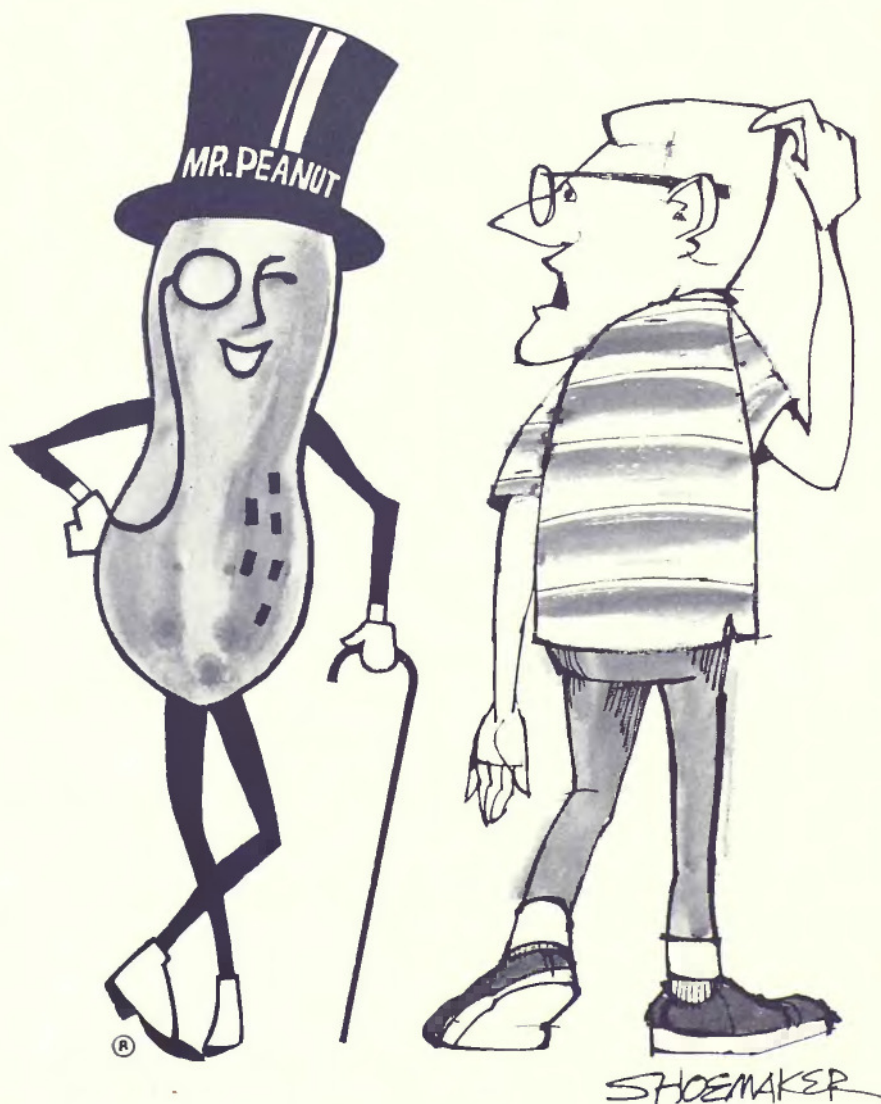
At this the lady came running toward him, tears coursing down her cheeks: "What have you done?" she cried. "Look what you have done. You can never walk again upon those fine legs; forever you must crawl, crippled, and how can my love survive so pitiful a sight? Alas, I can never love you now, for you have torn the dignity from everything in you which I did love." And she wept as if her heart were near to breaking, taking care nevertheless to prevent her skirts becoming soiled from

the gore which covered the ground about them.

"It is well," muttered the gentleman through his broken lips. "For, to speak the truth, I have no longer so strong a conviction myself, and to be practical, I can hardly in my present condition sustain the loss of blood so intense a conversation demands."

"But stay a moment," said the lady, drying her eyes. "There is a certain nobility in your suffering; something—I know not what—stirs in me again. What can it be?"

"Ah, Gods!" groaned the gentleman, the words coming slowly through his thickened breath. "I see that this love is my destiny, for although I cannot accommodate it, I am unable to run away from it either." And he breathed harder, hoping to expire, while the lady, kneeling, wept copiously with the painful joy of reawakened love.



"What are you, some kind of nut?"

## FOX HUNTING (continued from page 150)

and the general public looked askance at the new sport. Hawking was good enough for their grandfathers, they said, and it was good enough for them. All Thomas Boothby and William Draper got out of it for quite a time was the mocking laugh and the raucous catcall as they went by preceded by their motley collection of mongrels. The only derogatory thing passers-by were unable to shout was "Get a horse," for Thomas and William already had one apiece. "Loony" was the universal verdict. Thomas, they felt, was as nutty as a fruitcake, and so was William.

But gradually disciples began to take up the thing, and after a while you would often see quite a gathering at what Thomas Boothby and William Draper called the "meet." These meets took place at the houses of the various members of the hunt, each member in turn supplying sandwiches and wine. The hunters assembled on their horses and stoked up, and when the news got around that you could get free drinks by hopping on a horse and trotting over to Tom Boothby's and Bill Draper's, a marked change came over the public's attitude. Nobody had ever thought of offering a hawker a drop of something to keep the damp out, and the idea of hoisting a few for the tonsils at somebody else's expense had a powerful appeal. A stream of converts began to turn up at the meets, and it was quite a sight to see them in groups of four with their arms around each other's necks, rendering *Sweet Adeline* in close harmony. There was no talk now of Thomas Boothby and William Draper being crackers. The feeling began to grow that they were on the right lines and that this newfangled fox hunting was a good thing that ought to be pushed along.

The turning point came when somebody suggested that it would be cute if they all wore pink coats, and somebody else thought it would brighten things up if they had a little music, which led to the introduction of the hunting horn; and somebody else said it was rather dreary just riding along in silence, so why shouldn't they have something on the order of college yells?

"Such as?"

"Well, Yoicks, for instance."

"Why Yoicks?"

"Why *not* Yoicks?"

"I see what you mean."

So they all started shouting "Yoicks" and "Tallyho" and "Tantivy" and "Hark for'ard" and things like that, and it was not long before the countryside was one pink flush and what with the horn and the Yoickses and the Tantivys you could hardly hear yourself speak. Everybody was chasing the fox now, and falconry had gone right out of fashion.

As somebody put it rather neatly while downing a sherris-sack at the meet, "Hunt and the world hunts with you. Hawk and you hawk alone."

Little by little the thing grew. Bigger and better dogs were introduced, and you were not allowed to call them dogs, you had to refer to them as hounds. Snobbery crept in. Fox hunting became a status symbol. If you hunted, you automatically ranked among the top people, and if you didn't, you were just a bally outsider. "What pack do you hunt with?" you would be asked, and if you had to confess that you did not hunt with any pack, you got the glassy stare, the raised eyebrow and the cold "Most extraordinary, what!" and were crossed off the speaker's visiting list.

And now, as I say, fox hunting is virtually a thing of the past. Here and there throughout the British Isles you will catch an occasional glimpse of a pink coat and hear a halfhearted Yoicks or two, but the zip has gone out of the thing and it is no longer the widespread disease it was. Thomas Boothby and William Draper would never know the old place now.

A variety of causes led to the sport's extinction. There have always been those who objected to it on humanitarian grounds, refusing to believe that the fox enjoyed the chase as much as anyone and feeling that with 60 hounds and a couple of hundred men with scarlet faces and women who looked like horses after it, it was not given a square deal. But it was not these anti-blood-sport boys who killed the pastime. What did it was the high cost of living and the bulging of the income tax. Maintaining a pack of hounds costs money, for these animals cannot give of their best unless they have square meals under their belts, and after two world wars money was just what the hunting community was short of. It was difficult enough to keep the home fires burning without going out of one's way to support a whole mob of canine pensioners.

Then again, hunting had always been the sport of the aristocracy, and the post-World War II aristocracy does not care for it. If anyone hunts nowadays, it is the lower classes—dukes, earls, baronets and the like. The riffraff, you might say. You would never find a shop steward or a public-relations man bouncing about the place on a horse and trying to keep his top hat from coming off, and the same thing applies to pop singers, gossip columnists and trade-union secretaries. There are better ways, they feel, to spend their leisure than galloping after a smelly animal with a bushy tail.

More and more, people are beginning to realize that fox hunting is a foolish pastime and that just the same thrills

can be had from swatting flies, which satisfies the prime need for killing something and also, which fox hunting never did, serves a useful end. I myself am a fly-swatting *aficionado*, and many is the stirring run our hunt has had at my little place at Steeple Bumpstead, Glos.

Some fly swatters hold that the best time for a meet is after lunch, but I have always felt that after breakfast is the ideal moment. It seems to me that a fly that has just risen from its bed and taken an invigorating cold plunge in the milk jug is in far better fettle for a sporting run than one that has spent the morning buzzing about and tiring itself out until all it wants is a quiet nap on the ceiling.

So we always meet directly after breakfast, and a jovial gathering it is. Tough old Admiral Bludry has his rolled-up copy of *The Home Beautiful*, while young Reggie Bootle carries the lighter and more easily wielded *Daily Express*. There is a good deal of genial chaff and laughter because some youngster who is new to the game has armed himself with a steel-wire swatter, for it is contrary to all the etiquette of the chase to use these things. Your true sportsman would as soon shoot a sitting bird.

Meanwhile Sigsbee, my butler, specially engaged for his round and shiny head, which few flies can resist, has opened the window. There is a hush of anticipation, and the talk and laughter are stilled. Presently you hear a little gasp of excitement from some newly joined member, who has not been at the sport long enough to acquire the iron self-control on which we older men pride ourselves. A fine fly is peering in.

This is the crucial moment. Will he be lured by Sigsbee's bald head, or will he pursue his original intention of going down to the potting shed to breakfast on the dead rat? Another moment and he has made his decision. He hurries in and seats himself on the butler's glistening cupola. Instantaneously, Francis, the footman, slams the window. The fly rockets to the ceiling, and with a crashing "Yoicks" and "Tallyho" the hunt is up.

Ah me, how many wonderful runs that old library of mine has seen. Fox hunting—who needs it? Give me a cracking two-hour run with a fly, with plenty of jumps to take, including a grand piano and a few stiff gate-leg tables. That is the life.

I am hoping with a little persuasion to convert Mrs. Kennedy to this rousing sport. Once she has been out after the wily fly with her rolled-up, heavy-gauge copy of *Town and Country*, I am sure she will never want to look at another fox.





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## PROPERTY OF A LADY (continued from page 92)

even anger. Now the smile of welcome showed disinterest. Bond registered that this was going to be some kind of a routine job, a bore, and he adjusted his entrance through that fateful door accordingly.

There was a visitor — a stranger. He sat on M's left. He only briefly glanced up as Bond came in and took his usual place across the red-leather-topped desk.

M said, stiffly, "Dr. Fanshawe, I don't think you've met Commander Bond of my Research Department."

Bond was used to these euphemisms.

He got up and held out his hand. Dr. Fanshawe rose, briefly touched Bond's hand and sat quickly down as if he had touched paws with a Gila monster.

If he looked at Bond, inspected him and took him in as anything more than an anatomical silhouette, Bond thought that Dr. Fanshawe's eyes must be fitted with a thousandth-of-a-second shutter. So this was obviously some kind of an expert — a man whose interests lay in facts, things, theories — not in human beings. Bond wished that M had given him some kind of a brief, hadn't got this puckish, rather childishly malign desire to surprise — to spring the jack-in-the-box on his staff. But Bond, remembering his own boredom of 10 minutes ago, and putting himself in M's place, had the intuition to realize that M himself might have been subject to the same June heat, the same oppressive vacuum in his duties, and, faced by the unexpected relief of an emergency, a small one perhaps, had decided to extract the maximum effect, the maximum drama, out of it to relieve his own tedium.

The stranger was middle-aged, rosy, well-fed, and clothed rather foppishly in the neo-Edwardian fashion — turned-up cuffs to his dark-blue, four-buttoned coat, a pearl pin in a heavy silk cravat, spotless wing collar, cuff links formed of what appeared to be antique coins, pince-nez on a thick black ribbon. Bond summed him up as something literary, a critic perhaps, a bachelor — possibly with homosexual tendencies.

M said, "Dr. Fanshawe is a noted authority on antique jewelry. He is also, though this is confidential, advisor to H. M. Customs and to the Criminal Investigation Department on such things. He has in fact been referred to me by our friends at M.I.5. It is in connection with our Miss Freudenstein."

Bond raised his eyebrows. Maria Freudenstein was a secret agent working for the Soviet K.G.B. in the heart of the Secret Service. She was in the Communications Department, but in a watertight compartment of it that had been created especially for her, and her duties

were confined to operating the Purple Cipher — a cipher that had also been created especially for her. Six times a day she was responsible for encoding and dispatching lengthy SITREPs in this cipher to the CIA in Washington. These messages were the output of Section 100, which was responsible for running double agents. They were an ingenious mixture of true fact, harmless disclosures and an occasional nugget of the grossest misinformation. Maria Freudenstein, who had been known to be a Soviet agent when she was taken into the Service, had been allowed to steal the key to the Purple Cipher with the intention that the Russians should have complete access to these SITREPs — be able to intercept and decipher them — and thus, when appropriate, be fed false information. It was a highly secret operation which needed to be handled with extreme delicacy, but it had now been running smoothly for three years and, if Maria Freudenstein also picked up a certain amount of canteen gossip at Headquarters, that was a necessary risk, and she was not attractive enough to form liaisons which could be a security risk.

M turned to Dr. Fanshawe. "Perhaps, Doctor, you would care to tell Commander Bond what it is all about."

"Certainly, certainly." Dr. Fanshawe looked quickly at Bond and then away again. He addressed his boots. "You see, it's like this, er, Commander. You've heard of a man called Fabergé, no doubt. Famous Russian jeweler."

"Made fabulous Easter eggs for the Czar and Czarina before the revolution."

"That was indeed one of his specialties. He made many other exquisite pieces of what we may broadly describe as objects of *virtu*. Today, in the sale rooms, the best examples fetch truly fabulous prices — fifty thousand pounds and more. And recently there entered this country the most amazing specimen of all — the so-called Emerald Sphere, a work of supreme art hitherto known only from a sketch by the great man himself. This treasure arrived by registered post from Paris and it was addressed to this woman of whom you know, Miss Maria Freudenstein."

"Nice little present. Might I ask how you learned of it, Doctor?"

"I am, as your Chief has told you, an advisor to H. M. Customs and Excise in matters concerning antique jewelry and similar works of art. The declared value of the package was one hundred thousand pounds. This was unusual. There are methods of opening such packages clandestinely. The package was opened — under a Home Office Warrant, of course — and I was called in to examine the contents and give a valuation. I

immediately recognized the Emerald Sphere from the account and sketch of it given in Mr. Kenneth Snowman's definitive work on Fabergé. I said that the declared price might well be on the low side. But what I found of particular interest was the accompanying document which gave, in Russian and French, the provenance of this priceless object." Dr. Fanshawe gestured toward a photostat of what appeared to be a brief family tree that lay on the desk in front of M. "That is a copy I had made. Briefly, it states that the Sphere was commissioned by Miss Freudenstein's grandfather directly from Fabergé in 1917 — no doubt as a means of turning some of his roubles into something portable and of great value. On his death in 1918 it passed to his brother and thence, in 1950, to Miss Freudenstein's mother. She, it appears, left Russia as a child and lived in White Russian *émigré* circles in Paris. She never married, but gave birth to this girl, Maria, illegitimately. It seems that she died last year and that some friend or executor, the paper is not signed, has now forwarded the Sphere to its rightful owner, Miss Maria Freudenstein. I had no reason to question this girl, although as you can imagine my interest was most lively, until last month Sotheby's announced that they would auction the piece, described as 'the property of a lady,' in a week from today. On behalf of the British Museum and, er, other interested parties, I then made discreet inquiries and met the lady, who, with perfect composure, confirmed the rather unlikely story contained in the provenance. It was then that I learned that she worked for the Ministry of Defense and it crossed my rather suspicious mind that it was, to say the least of it, odd that a junior clerk, engaged presumably on sensitive duties, should suddenly receive a gift to the value of one hundred thousand pounds or more from abroad. I spoke to a senior official in M.I.5 with whom I have some contact through my work for H. M. Customs and I was in due course referred to this, er, department." Dr. Fanshawe spread his hands and gave Bond a brief glance. "And that, Commander, is all I have to tell you."

M broke in, "Thank you, Doctor. Just one or two final questions and I won't detain you any further. You have examined this emerald ball thing and you pronounce it genuine?"

Dr. Fanshawe ceased gazing at his boots. He looked up and spoke to a point somewhere above M's left shoulder. "Certainly. So does Mr. Snowman of Wartski's, the greatest Fabergé experts and dealers in the world. It is undoubtedly the missing masterpiece of which hitherto Carl Fabergé's sketch was the only record."

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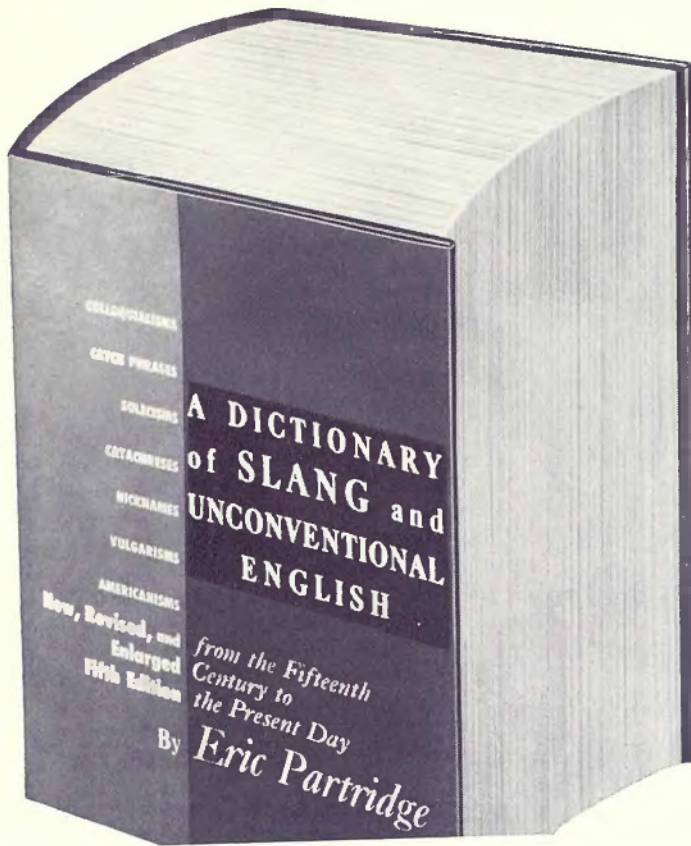


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"What about the provenance? What do the experts say about that?"

"It stands up adequately. The greatest Fabergé pieces were nearly always privately commissioned. Miss Freudenstein says that her grandfather was a vastly rich man before the revolution — a porcelain manufacturer. Ninety-nine percent of all Fabergé's output has found its way abroad. There are only a few pieces left in the Kremlin — described simply as 'prerevolutionary examples of Russian jewelry.' The official Soviet view has always been that they are merely capitalist baubles. Officially they despise them as they officially despise their superb collection of French Impressionists."

"So the Soviet still retain some examples of the work of this man Fabergé. Is it possible that this emerald affair could have lain secreted somewhere in the Kremlin through all these years?"

"Certainly. The Kremlin treasure is vast. No one knows what they keep hidden. They have only recently put on display what they have wanted to put on display."

M drew on his pipe. His eyes through the smoke were bland, scarcely interested. "So that, in theory, there is no reason why this emerald ball should not have been unearthed from the Kremlin, furnished with a faked history to establish ownership, and transferred abroad as a reward to some friend of Russia for services rendered?"

"None at all. It would be an ingenious method of greatly rewarding the beneficiary without the danger of paying large sums into his, or her, bank account."

"But the final monetary reward would of course depend on the amount realized by the sale of the object — the auction price, for instance?"

"Exactly."

"And what do you expect this object to fetch at Sotheby's?"

"Impossible to say. Wartski's will certainly bid very high. But of course they wouldn't be prepared to tell anyone just how high — either on their own account for stock, so to speak, or acting on behalf of a customer. Much would depend on how high they are forced up by an underbidder. Anyway, not less than one hundred thousand pounds I'd say."

"Hmm." M's mouth turned down at the corners. "Expensive hunk of jewelry."

Dr. Fanshawe was aghast at this barefaced revelation of M's philistinism. He actually looked M straight in the face. "My dear sir," he expostulated, "do you consider the stolen Goya, sold at Sotheby's for one hundred and forty thousand pounds, that went to the National Gallery, just an expensive hunk, as you put it, of canvas and paint?"

M said placatingly. "Forgive me, Dr. Fanshawe. I expressed myself clumsily. I have never had the leisure to interest myself in works of art nor, on a naval officer's pay, the money to acquire any. I was just registering my dismay at the runaway prices being fetched at auction these days."

"You are entitled to your views, sir," said Dr. Fanshawe stuffily.

Bond thought it was time to rescue M. He also wanted to get Dr. Fanshawe out of the room so that they could get down to the professional aspects of this odd business. He got to his feet. He said to M, "Well, sir, I don't think there is anything else I need to know. No doubt this will turn out to be perfectly straightforward (like hell it would!) and just a matter of one of your staff turning out to be a very lucky woman. But it's very kind of Dr. Fanshawe to have gone to so much trouble." He turned to Dr. Fanshawe. "Would you care to have a staff car to take you wherever you're going?"

"No thank you, thank you very much. It will be pleasant to walk across the park."

Hands were shaken, goodbyes said and Bond showed the doctor out. Bond came back into the room. M had taken a bulky file, stamped with the top-secret red star, out of a drawer and was already immersed in it. Bond took his seat again and waited. The room was silent save for the ruffling of paper. This also stopped as M extracted a foolscap sheet of blue cardboard used for Confidential Staff Records and carefully read through the forest of close type on both sides.

Finally he slipped it back in the file and looked up. "Yes," he said and the blue eyes were bright with interest. "It fits, all right. The girl was born in Paris in 1935. Mother very active in the Resistance during the War. Helped run the Tulip Escape Route and got away with it. After the war, the girl went to the Sorbonne and then got a job in the Embassy, in the Naval Attaché's office, as an interpreter. You know the rest. She was compromised — some unattractive sexual business — by some of her mother's old Resistance friends who by then were working for the N.K.V.D., and from then on she has been working under Control. She applied, no doubt on instruction, for British citizenship. Her clearance from the Embassy and her mother's Resistance record helped her to get that by 1959, and she was then recommended to us by the Foreign Office. But it was there that she made her big mistake. She asked for a year's leave before coming to us and was next reported by the Hutchinson network in the Leningrad espionage school. There she presumably received the usual training and we had to decide what to

do about her. Section 100 thought up the Purple Cipher operation and you know the rest. She's been working for three years inside headquarters for the K.G.B. and now she's getting her reward — this emerald ball thing worth a hundred thousand pounds. And that's interesting on two counts. First it means that the K.G.B. is totally hooked on the Purple Cipher or they wouldn't be making this fantastic payment. That's good news. It means that we can hot up the material we're passing over — put across some Grade Three deception material and perhaps even move up to Grade Two. Secondly, it explains something we've never been able to understand — that this girl hasn't hitherto received a single payment for her services. We were worried by that. She had an account at Glyn, Mills, that only registered her monthly pay check of around fifty pounds. And she's consistently lived within it. Now she's getting her pay-off in one large lump sum via this bauble we've been learning about. All very satisfactory."

M reached for the ashtray made out of a 12-inch-shell base and rapped out his pipe with the air of a man who has done a good afternoon's work.

Bond shifted in his chair. He badly needed a cigarette, but he wouldn't have dreamed of lighting one. He wanted one to help him focus his thoughts. He felt that there were some ragged edges to this problem — one particularly. He said, mildly, "Have we ever caught up with her local Control, sir? How does she get her instructions?"

"Doesn't need to," said M impatiently, busying himself with his pipe. "Once she'd got hold of the Purple Cipher all she needed to do was hold down her job. Damn it man, she's pouring the stuff into their lap six times a day. What sort of instructions would they need to give her? I doubt if the K.G.B. men in London even know of her existence — perhaps the Resident Director does, but as you know we don't even know who he is. Give my eyes to find out."

Bond suddenly had a flash of intuition. It was as if a camera had started grinding in his skull, grinding out a length of clear film. He said quietly, "It might be that this business at Sotheby's could show him to us — show us who he is."

"What the devil are you talking about, 007? Explain yourself."

"Well sir," Bond's voice was calm with certainty, "you remember what this Dr. Fanshawe said about an underbidder — someone to make these Wartski merchants go to their very top price. If the Russians don't seem to know or care very much about Fabergé, as Dr. Fanshawe says, they may have no very clear idea what this thing's really worth. The K.G.B. wouldn't be likely to know about such things anyway. They may

imagine it's only worth its breakup value—say ten or twenty thousand pounds for the emerald. That sort of sum would make more sense than the small fortune the girl's going to get if Dr. Fanshawe's right. Well, if the Resident Director is the only man who knows about this girl, he will be the only man who knows she's been paid. So he'll be the underbidder. He'll be sent to Sotheby's and told to push the sale through the roof. I'm certain of it. So we'll be able to identify him and we'll have enough on him to have him sent home. He just won't know what's hit him. Nor will the K.G.B. If I can go to the sale and bowl him out and we've got the place covered with cameras, and the auction records, we can get the Foreign Office to declare him *persona non grata* inside a week. And Resident Directors don't grow on trees. It may be months before the K.G.B. can appoint a replacement."

M said, thoughtfully, "Perhaps you've got something there." He swiveled his chair round and gazed out of the big window toward the jagged skyline of London. Finally he said, over his shoulder, "All right, 007. Go and see the Chief of Staff and set up the machinery. I'll square things with Five. It's their territory, but it's our bird. There won't be any trouble. But don't go and get carried away and bid for this bit of rubbish yourself. I haven't got the money to spare."

Bond said, "No sir." He got to his feet and went quickly out of the room. He thought he had been very clever and he wanted to see if he had. He didn't want M to change his mind.

Wartski has a modest, ultramodern frontage at 138 Regent Street. The window, with a restrained show of modern and antique jewelry, gave no hint that these were the greatest Fabergé dealers in the world. The interior—gray carpet, walls paneled in sycamore, a few unpretentious vitrines—held none of the excitement of Cartier's, Boucheron or Van Cleef, but the group of framed Royal Warrants from Queen Mary, the Queen Mother, the Queen, King Paul of Greece and the unlikely King Frederick IX of Denmark, suggested that this was no ordinary jeweler.

James Bond asked for Mr. Kenneth Snowman. A good-looking, very well-dressed man of about 40 rose from a group of men sitting with their heads together at the back of the room and came forward.

Bond said quietly, "I'm from the C.I.D. Can we have a talk? Perhaps you'd like to check my credentials first. My name's James Bond. But you'll have to go direct to Sir Ronald Vallance or his Personal Assistant. I'm not directly on the strength at Scotland Yard. Sort

of liaison job."

The intelligent, observant eyes didn't appear even to look him over. The man smiled. "Come on downstairs. Just having a talk with some American friends—sort of correspondents, really. From 'Old Russia' on Fifth Avenue."

"I know the place," said Bond. "Full of rich-looking icons, and so on. Not far from the Pierre."

"That's right." Mr. Snowman seemed even more assured. He led the way down a narrow, thickly carpeted stairway into a large and glittering show-room which was obviously the real treasure house of the shop. Gold and diamonds and cut stones winked from lit cases round the walls.

"Have a seat. Cigarette?"

Bond took one of his own. "It's about this Fabergé piece that's coming up at Sotheby's tomorrow—this Emerald Sphere."

"Ah, yes." Mr. Snowman's clear brow furrowed anxiously. "No trouble about it, I hope?"

"Not from your point of view. But we're very interested in the actual sale. We know about the owner, Miss Freudenstein. We think there may be an attempt to raise the bidding artificially. We're interested in the underbidder—assuming, that is, that your firm will be leading the field, so to speak."

"Well, er, yes," said Mr. Snowman with rather careful candor. "We're certainly going to go after it. But it'll sell for a huge price. Between you and me, we believe the Victoria and Albert are going to bid, and probably the Metropolitan. But is it some crook you're after? If so, you needn't worry. This is out of their class."

Bond said, "No. We're not looking for a crook." He wondered how far to go with this man. Because people are very careful with the secrets of their own business doesn't mean that they'll be careful with the secrets of yours. Bond picked up a wood-and-ivory plaque that lay on the table. It said:

*It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer;*

*But when he is gone his way, then he boasteth.*

PROVERBS XX, 14

Bond was amused. He said so. "You can read the whole history of the bazaar, of the dealer and the customer, behind that quotation," he said. He looked Mr. Snowman straight in the eyes. "I need that sort of nose, that sort of intuition in this case. Will you give me a hand?"

"Certainly. If you'll tell me how I can help." He waved a hand. "If it's secrets you're worried about, please don't worry. Jewelers are used to them. Scotland Yard will probably give my firm a clean bill in that respect. Heaven knows, we've had enough to do with



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them over the years."

"And if I told you that I'm from the Ministry of Defense?"

"Same thing," said Mr. Snowman. "You can naturally rely absolutely on my discretion!"

Bond made up his mind. "All right. Well, all this comes under the Official Secrets Act, of course. We suspect that the underbidder, presumably to you, will be a Soviet agent. My job is to establish his identity. Can't tell you any more, I'm afraid. And you don't actually need to know any more. All I want is to go with you to Sotheby's tomorrow night and for you to help me spot the man. No medals, I'm afraid, but we'd be extremely grateful."

Mr. Kenneth Snowman's eyes glinted with enthusiasm. "Of course. Delighted to help in any way. But," he looked doubtful, "you know it's not necessarily going to be all that easy. Peter Wilson, the head of Sotheby's, who'll be taking the sale, would be the only person who could tell us for sure—that is, if the bidder wants to stay secret. There are dozens of ways of bidding without making any movement at all. But if the bidder fixes his method, his code so to speak, with Peter Wilson before the sale, Peter wouldn't think of letting anyone in on the code. It would give the bidder's game away to reveal his limit. And that's a close secret, as you can imagine, in the rooms. And a thousand times not if you come with me. I shall probably be setting the pace. I already know how far I'm going to go—for a client, by the way—but it would make my job vastly easier if I could tell how far the underbidder's going to go. As it is, what you've told me has been a great help. I shall warn my man to put his sights even higher. If this chap of yours has got a strong nerve, he may push me very hard indeed. And there will be others in the field, of course. It sounds as if this is going to be quite a night. They're putting it on television and asking all the millionaires and dukes and duchesses for the sort of gala performance Sotheby's do rather well. Wonderful publicity, of course. By jove, if they knew there was cloak-and-dagger stuff mixed up with the sale, there'd be a riot! Now then, is there anything else to go into? Just spot this man and that's all?"

"That's all. How much do you think this thing will go for?"

Mr. Snowman tapped his teeth with a gold pencil. "Well now, you see that's where I have to keep quiet. I know how high I'm going to go, but that's my client's secret." He paused and looked thoughtful. "Let's say that if it goes for less than one hundred thousand pounds we'll be surprised."

"I see," said Bond. "Now then, how do I get into the sale?"

Mr. Snowman produced an elegant

alligator-skin notecase and extracted two engraved bits of pasteboard. He handed one over. "That's my wife's. I'll get her one somewhere else in the rooms. B.5—well placed in the center front. I'm B.6."

Bond took the ticket. It said:

Sotheby & Co  
Sale of  
A Casket of Magnificent Jewels  
and

A Unique Object of *Vertu*  
by Carl Fabergé

The Property of a Lady  
Admit one to the Main Sale Room  
Tuesday, 20 June, at 9:30 P.M. precisely  
ENTRANCE IN ST. GEORGE STREET

"It's not the old Georgian entrance in Bond Street," commented Mr. Snowman. "They have an awning and red carpet out from their back door now that Bond Street's one way. Now," he got up from his chair, "would you care to see some Fabergé? We've got some pieces here my father bought from the Kremlin around 1927. It'll give you some idea what all the fuss is about, though of course the Emerald Sphere's incomparably finer than anything I can show you by Fabergé apart from the Imperial Easter eggs."

Later, dazzled by the diamonds, the multicolored gold, the silken sheen of translucent enamels, James Bond walked up and out of the Aladdin's Cave under Regent Street and went off to spend the rest of the day in drab offices around Whitehall planning drearily minute arrangements for the identification and photographing of a man in a crowded room who did not yet possess a face or an identity but who was certainly the top Soviet spy in London.

Through the next day, Bond's excitement mounted. He found an excuse to go into the Communications Section and wander into the little room where Miss Maria Freudenstein and two assistants were working the cipher machines that handled the Purple Cipher dispatches. He picked up the *en clair* file—he had freedom of access to most material at headquarters—and ran his eye down the carefully edited paragraphs that, in half an hour or so, would be spiked, unread, by some junior CIA clerk in Washington and, in Moscow, be handed, with reverence, to a top-ranking officer of the K.G.B. He joked with the two junior girls, but Maria Freudenstein only looked up from her machine to give him a polite smile and Bond's skin crawled minutely at this proximity to treachery and at the black and deadly secret locked up beneath the frilly white blouse. She was an unattractive girl with a pale, rather pimply skin, black hair and a vaguely unwashed appearance. Such a girl would be unloved, make few

friends, have chips on her shoulder—more particularly in view of her illegitimacy—and a grouse against society. Perhaps her only pleasure in life was the triumphant secret she harbored in that flattish bosom—the knowledge that she was cleverer than all those around her, that she was, every day, hitting back against the world—the world that despised, or just ignored her, because of her plainness—with all her might. One day they'd be sorry! It was a common neurotic pattern—the revenge of the ugly duckling on society.

Bond wandered off down the corridor to his own office. By tonight that girl would have made a fortune, been paid her 30 pieces of silver a thousandfold. Perhaps the money would change her character, bring her happiness. She would be able to afford the best beauty specialists, the best clothes, a pretty flat. But M had said he was now going to hot up the Purple Cipher Operation, try a more dangerous level of deception. This would be dicey work. One false step, one incautious lie, an ascertainable falsehood in a message, and the K.G.B. would smell a rat. One more, and they would know they were being hoaxed and probably had been ignominiously hoaxed for three years. Such a shameful revelation would bring quick revenge. It would be assumed that Maria Freudenstein had been acting as a double agent, working for the British as well as the Russians. She would inevitably and quickly be liquidated—perhaps with the cyanide pistol Bond had been reading about only the day before.

James Bond, looking out of the window across the trees in Regent's Park, shrugged. Thank God it was none of his business. The girl's fate wasn't in his hands. She was caught in the grimy machine of espionage and she would be lucky if she lived to spend a tenth of the fortune she was going to gain in a few hours in the auction rooms.

There was a line of cars and taxis blocking George Street behind Sotheby's. Bond paid off his taxi and joined the crowd filtering under the awning and up the steps. He was handed a catalog by the uniformed commissionaire who inspected his ticket, and went up the broad stairs with the fashionable, excited crowd and along a gallery and into the main auction room that was already thronged. He found his seat next to Mr. Snowman, who was writing figures on a pad on his knee, and looked round him.

The lofty room was perhaps as large as a tennis court. It had the look and the smell of age, and the two large chandeliers, to fit in with the period, blazed warmly in contrast to the strip lighting along the vaulted ceiling whose glass roof was partly obscured by a blind,

still half drawn against the sun that would have been blazing down on the afternoon's sale. Miscellaneous pictures and tapestries hung on the olive-green walls and batteries of television and other cameras (amongst them the M.I.5 cameraman with a press pass from *The Sunday Times*) were clustered with their handlers on a platform built out from the middle of a giant tapestried hunting scene. There were perhaps a hundred dealers and spectators sitting attentively on small gilt chairs. All eyes were focused on the slim, good-looking auctioneer talking quietly from the raised wooden pulpit. He was dressed in an immaculate dinner jacket with a red carnation in the buttonhole. He spoke unemphatically and without gestures.

"Fifteen thousand pounds. And sixteen," a pause. A glance at someone in the front row. "Against you, sir." The flick of a catalog being raised. "Seventeen thousand pounds I am bid. Eighteen. Nineteen. I am bid twenty thousand pounds." And so the quiet voice went, calmly, unhurriedly on while down among the audience the equally impassive bidders signaled their responses to the litany.

"What is he selling?" asked Bond opening his catalog.

"Lot forty," said Mr. Snowman. "That diamond *rivière* the porter's holding on the black-velvet tray. It'll probably go for about twenty-five. An Italian is bidding against a couple of Frenchmen. Otherwise they'd have got it for twenty. I only went to fifteen. Liked to have got it. Wonderful stones. But there it is."

Sure enough, the price stuck at twenty-five thousand and the hammer, held by its head and not by its handle, came down with soft authority. "Yours, sir," said Mr. Peter Wilson and a sales clerk hurried down the aisle to confirm the identity of the bidder.

"I'm disappointed," said Bond.

Mr. Snowman looked up from his catalog. "Why is that?"

"I've never been to an auction before and I always thought the auctioneer banged his gavel three times and said going, going, gone, so as to give the bidders a last chance."

Mr. Snowman laughed. "You might still find that operating in the Shires or in Ireland, but it hasn't been the fashion at London sale rooms since I've been attending them."

"Pity. It adds to the drama."

"You'll get plenty of that in a minute. This is the last lot before the curtain goes up."

One of the porters had reverently uncoiled a glittering mass of rubies and diamonds on his black-velvet tray. Bond looked at the catalog. It said "Lot 41," which the luscious prose described as:

A PAIR OF FINE AND IMPORTANT RUBY AND DIAMOND BRACELETS, the front



"This is the thanks I get?"

of each in the form of an elliptical cluster composed of one larger and two smaller rubies within a border of cushion-shaped diamonds, the sides and back formed of simpler clusters alternating with diamond openwork scroll motifs springing from single-stone ruby centers *millegrieffe*-set in gold, running between chains of rubies and diamonds linked alternately, the clasp also in the form of an elliptical cluster.

\*\*According to family tradition, this lot was formerly the property of Mrs. Fitzherbert (1756-1837) whose marriage to the Prince of Wales afterward Geo. IV was definitely established when in 1905 a sealed packet deposited at Coutts Bank in 1833 and opened by Royal permission disclosed the marriage certificate and other conclusive proofs. These bracelets were probably given by Mrs. Fitzherbert to her niece, who was described by the Duke of Orleans as "the prettiest girl in England."

While the bidding progressed, Bond slipped out of his seat and went down the aisle to the back of the room where the overflow audience spread out into the New Gallery and the Entrance Hall to watch the sale on closed-circuit tele-

vision. He casually inspected the crowd, seeking any face he could recognize from the 200 members of the Soviet Embassy staff whose photographs, clandestinely obtained, he had been studying during the past days. But amidst an audience that defied classification—a mixture of dealers, amateur collectors and what could be broadly classified as rich pleasure seekers—was not a feature, let alone a face, that he could recognize except from the gossip columns. One or two sallow faces might have been Russian, but equally they might have belonged to half a dozen European races. There was a scattering of dark glasses, but dark glasses are no longer a disguise. Bond went back to his seat. Presumably the man would have to divulge himself when the bidding began.

"Fourteen thousand I am bid. And fifteen. Fifteen thousand." The hammer came down. "Yours, sir."

There was a hum of excitement and a fluttering of catalogs. Mr. Snowman wiped his forehead with a white silk handkerchief. He turned to Bond. "Now I'm afraid you are more or less on your own. I've got to pay attention to the bidding and, anyway, for some unknown reason it's considered bad form to look over one's shoulder to see who's bidding against you—if you're in the trade that's to say—so I'll be able to spot him if he's somewhere up front here, and I'm afraid that's unlikely. Pretty well all dealers, 205

but you can stare around as much as you like. What you've got to do is to watch Peter Wilson's eyes and then try and see who he's looking at, or who's looking at him. If you can spot the man, which may be quite difficult, note any movement he makes, even the very smallest. Whatever the man does — scratching his head, pulling at the lobe of his ear or whatever, will be a code he's arranged with Peter Wilson. I'm afraid he won't do anything obvious like raising his catalog. Do you get me? And don't forget that he may make absolutely no movement at all until right at the end when he's pushed me as far as he thinks I'll go, then he'll want to sign off. Mark you," Mr. Snowman smiled, "when we get to the last lap I'll put plenty of heat on him and try and make him show his hand. That's assuming, of course, that we are the only two bidders left in." He looked enigmatic. "And I think you can take it that we shall be."

From the man's certainty, James Bond felt pretty sure that Mr. Snowman had been given instructions to get the Emerald Sphere at any cost.

A sudden hush fell as a tall pedestal draped in black velvet was brought in with ceremony and positioned in front of the auctioneer's rostrum. Then a handsome oval case of what looked like white velvet was placed on top of the pedestal and, with reverence, an elderly porter in gray uniform with wine-red sleeves, collar and back belt, unlocked it and lifted out Lot 42, placed it on the black velvet and removed the case. The cricket ball of polished emerald on its exquisite base glowed with a supernatural green fire and the jewels on its surface and on the opalescent meridian winked their various colors. There was a gasp of admiration from the audience and even the clerks and experts behind the rostrum and sitting at the tall counting-house desk beside the auctioneer, accustomed to the crown jewels of Europe parading before their eyes, leaned forward to get a better look.

James Bond turned to his catalog. There it was, in heavy type and in prose as stickily luscious as a butterscotch sundae:

#### THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE

Designed in 1917 by Carl Fabergé  
for a Russian Gentleman and  
Now the Property of His  
Granddaughter

42. A VERY IMPORTANT FABERGÉ TERRESTRIAL GLOBE. A sphere carved from an extraordinarily large piece of Siberian emerald matrix weighing approximately one thousand three hundred carats and of a superb color and vivid translucence, represents a terrestrial globe supported upon an elaborate *rocaille* scroll mount finely chased in *quatre-*

*couleur* gold and set with a profusion of rose diamonds and small emeralds of intense color, to form a table clock.

Around this mount six gold *putti* disport themselves among cloud forms which are naturalistically rendered in carved-rock-crystal-finished matte and veined with fine lines of tiny rose diamonds.

The globe itself, the surface of which is meticulously engraved with a map of the world with the principal cities indicated by brilliant diamonds embedded within gold collets, rotates mechanically on an axis controlled by a small clock movement, by G. Moser, signed, which is concealed in the base, and is girdled by a fixed gold-belt-enameled opalescent oyster along a reserved path in *champlevé* technique over a *moiré guilloché* with painted Roman numerals in pale sepia enamel serving as the dial of the clock, and a single triangular pigeon-blood Burma ruby of about five carats set into the surface of the orb, pointing the hour. Height: 7½ in. Workmaster: *Henrik Wigström*. In the original double-opening, white-velvet, satin-lined, oviform case with the gold key fitted in the base.

\*\*The theme of this magnificent sphere is one that had inspired Fabergé some 15 years earlier, as evidenced in the miniature terrestrial globe which forms part of the Royal Collection at Sandringham. (See plate 280 in *The Art of Carl Fabergé*, by A. Kenneth Snowman.)

After a brief and searching glance round the room, Mr. Wilson banged his hammer softly. "Lot 42 — an object of *vertu* by Carl Fabergé." A pause. "Twenty thousand pounds I am bid."

Mr. Snowman whispered to Bond, "That means he's probably got a bid of at least fifty. This is simply to get things moving."

Catalogs fluttered. "And thirty, forty, fifty thousand pounds I am bid. And sixty, seventy, and eighty thousand pounds. And ninety." A pause and then: "One hundred thousand pounds I am bid."

There was a rattle of applause round the room. The cameras had swiveled to a youngish man, one of three on a raised platform to the left of the auctioneer who were speaking softly into telephones. Mr. Snowman commented, "That's one of Sotheby's young men. He'll be on an open line to America. I should think that's the Metropolitan bidding, but it might be anybody. Now it's time for me to get to work." Mr. Snowman flicked up his rolled catalog.

"And ten," said the auctioneer. The man spoke into his telephone and nodded. "And twenty."

Again a flick from Mr. Snowman. "And thirty."

The man on the telephone seemed to be speaking rather more words than before into his mouthpiece — perhaps giving his estimate of how much further the price was likely to go. He gave a slight shake of his head in the direction of the auctioneer and Peter Wilson looked away from him and round the room.

"One hundred and thirty thousand pounds I am bid," he repeated quietly.

Mr. Snowman said, softly, to Bond, "Now you'd better watch out. America seems to have signed off. It's time for your man to start pushing me."

James Bond slid out of his place and went and stood amongst a group of reporters in a corner to the left of the rostrum. Peter Wilson's eyes were directed toward the far right-hand corner of the room. Bond could detect no movement, but the auctioneer announced, "And forty thousand pounds." He looked down at Mr. Snowman. After a long pause Mr. Snowman raised five fingers. Bond guessed that this was part of his process of putting the heat on. He was showing reluctance, hinting that he was near the end of his tether.

"One hundred and forty-five thousand." Again the piercing glance toward the back of the room. Again no movement. But again some signal had been exchanged. "One hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

There was a buzz of comment and some desultory clapping. This time Mr. Snowman's reaction was even slower and the auctioneer twice repeated the last bid. Finally he looked directly at Mr. Snowman. "Against you, sir." At last Mr. Snowman raised five fingers.

"One hundred and fifty-five thousand pounds."

James Bond was beginning to sweat. He had got absolutely nowhere and the bidding must surely be coming to an end. The auctioneer repeated the bid.

And now there was the tiniest movement. At the back of the room, a chunky-looking man in a dark suit reached up and unobtrusively took off his dark glasses. It was a smooth, nondescript face — the sort of face that might belong to a bank manager, a member of Lloyd's, or a doctor. This must have been the prearranged code with the auctioneer. So long as the man wore his dark glasses he would raise in tens of thousands. When he took them off, he had quit.

Bond shot a quick glance toward the bank of cameramen. Yes, the M.I.5 photographer was on his toes. He had also seen the movement. He lifted his camera deliberately and there was the quick glare of a flash. Bond got back to



his seat and whispered to Snowman, "Got him. Be in touch with you tomorrow. Thanks a lot." Mr. Snowman only nodded. His eyes remained glued on the auctioneer.

Bond slipped out of his place and walked swiftly down the aisle as the auctioneer said for the third time, "One hundred and fifty-five thousand pounds I am bid," and then softly brought down his hammer. "Yours, sir."

Bond got to the back of the room before the audience had risen, applauding, to its feet. His quarry was hemmed in amongst the gilt chairs. He had now put on his dark glasses again and Bond put on a pair of his own. He contrived to slip into the crowd and get behind the man as the chattering crowd streamed down the stairs. The hair grew low down on the back of the man's rather squat neck and the lobes of his ears were pinched in close to his head. He had a slight hump, perhaps only a bone deformation, high up on his back. Bond suddenly remembered. This was Piotr Malinowski, with the official title on the Embassy staff of Agricultural Attaché. So!

Outside, the man began walking swiftly toward Conduit Street. James Bond got unhurriedly into a taxi with its engine running and its flag down. He said to the driver, "That's him. Take it easy."

"Yes, sir," said the M.I.5 driver, pulling away from the curb.

The man picked up a taxi in Bond Street. The tail in the mixed evening traffic was easy. Bond's satisfaction mounted as the Russian's taxi turned up north of the park and along Bayswater. It was just a question whether he would turn down the private entrance into Kensington Palace Gardens, where the first mansion on the left is the massive building of the Soviet Embassy. If he did, that would clinch matters. The two patrolling policemen, the usual Embassy guards, had been specially picked that night. It was their job to confirm that the occupant of the leading taxi actually entered the Soviet Embassy.

Then, with the Secret Service evidence and the evidence of Bond and of the M.I.5 cameraman, there would be enough for the Foreign Office to declare Comrade Piotr Malinowski *persona non grata* on the grounds of espionage activity and send him packing. In the grim chess game that is secret service work, the Russians would have lost a queen. It would have been a very satisfactory visit to the auction rooms.

The leading taxi *did* turn in through the big iron gates.

Bond smiled with grim satisfaction. He leaned forward. "Thanks, driver. Headquarters, please."



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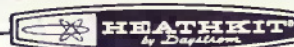
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## MANAGERIAL MISFIT (continued from page 130)

site sex.

Presumably, only an applicant for a secretarial job or for mail clerk would score higher by choosing number one.

In the assessing of potential executives, another phase of the scrutiny is the examination of the man's background for clues. The assessors cannot get together on what kind of early background is ideal for an executive, but still each assessor is likely to have his own pet ideas; and most of their ideas would result in my being downgraded.

One theorist contends that the real executive can be spotted in kindergarten. He is the lad whose hand shoots up when the teacher asks for volunteers to distribute milk. I never volunteered for anything. Others argue that the leader is the lad who is always a peer-group leader through his school years.

I was generally regarded by my classmates—as my high-school yearbook would reveal—as an amusing oddball. When I practiced the half mile in track I wore a red skullcap with a ribbon attached and drew comment from my exhibitionism in trying to run fast enough to keep the ribbon fluttering horizontally. A future executive would never do that.

Another of the widely held notions about the right background for a would-be executive is that he must reveal in his comments and test results and case history that he has broken any apron-string ties to his mother but that he has had a warm relationship with his father—or at least with father substitutes—

as a young man. Some assessors, in fact, consider this crucial. It indicates that the man as a corporate team player will readily prove an admiring, dutiful son to father figures in the corporation (i.e., his superiors). I had a father who took the stern view that a son needed fairly regular thrashings if he was ever successfully to negotiate the difficult passage over what he called Fool's Hill. It was only after I passed the age of consent that he and I started developing the warm father-son relationship so esteemed by the corporation.

The man destined to get to the top of a sizable corporation must not only be nicely oriented to father figures while he is climbing the corporate pyramid, but will need to prove that he himself is a credible father figure once he arrives near the top. This, of course, requires some ability to shift roles. However, this is not too difficult for the real corporate comer. He has spent much of his life shifting roles and proving his flexibility. In my own case I have never managed to be a very impressive authoritarian, even in my own household. My dog looks at me skeptically when I shout "Heel!" during our walks.

Those who assess potential executives—whether they do it by testing or interviewing or running a quiet check on you—are generally worried by evidence of certain characteristics and habits, and favorably impressed by other evidence. Here are some of the things that will worry them:

Evidence that you've had trouble get-

ting along with previous associates (no matter whose fault it was). Many corporations are so frightened by possible troublemakers that they tend to fill their ranks with men who clearly are tame team players.

Evidence that you are more than politely interested in cultural matters. This might suggest a lack of no-nonsense practicality, conventionality and materialism that are more highly esteemed in most corporations.

Evidence that you have in recent years gotten yourself overextended in debt.

Evidence that you—or your wife, if you are married—cannot hold your liquor.

Evidence that you may have a harem problem.

Evidence that you are vague about dates of past employment, which might indicate you were trying to cover up an unfortunate job experience. (My own loss of a couple of early jobs back in the 1930s would take, for example, some careful explaining.)

On the other hand, the assessors tend to be favorably impressed by:

Evidence that you are in robust health. Life at the higher levels of management can be exhausting and brutal.

Evidence that you have a proven ability in an organizational structure to get along well with people both above and below you, and are a good co-operator.

Evidence that you get your main life satisfaction by proving yourself through achievement and by taking on responsibilities.

Evidence that you are an enthusiastic, friendly, optimistic kind of person.

Evidence that you are a self-starter and seem to have a good knack for making things happen.

Evidence that you are vigorous, purposeful and persistent.

Evidence that you are flexible and can accept criticism like a good trooper.

Evidence that you have a capacity to make associates feel challenged.

On such a pro-and-con assessment of habits and characteristics I might get by with a C-minus.

One aspect of the inner world of the top-level executive would be particularly oppressive to me. That is the passion he has developed for orderliness. Quite possibly the corporate environment nurtures this passion.

I like to think I have an underlying orderliness of mind, even if I don't know what day of the month it is and even if I have never mastered the art of keeping a checkbook in balance. I usually do know where things are, though I usually cannot tell anyone else. Interviewers and photographers who have visited my home often have been visibly appalled that my office does not look like the kind even an author is



"Mark my words, Balthazar, we're starting something with these gifts that's going to get way out of hand!"

assumed to have (not to mention an executive). There is no spacious walnut desk, no pipestand, no leather swivel chair, no walls lined with leather-bound books or decorated with photos of famous friends. I have no desk, only piles of research material on a number of tables and on the floor and on shelves, so that I usually must approach my typewriter through a maze. It has been months since I have been to the bottom of my IN basket. As a matter of fact, I keep adding IN baskets.

Another aspect of my inner world that would make me suspect as an executive candidate is that I have no special dread of either illness or failure. Some researchers have concluded that both dreads characterize many highly successful executives. An even more serious handicap is that I have difficulty taking our society seriously. I feel our society is becoming increasingly preposterous in many of its manifestations. And to me much that takes place in the management ranks of corporations is hilariously preposterous, such as the solemn assigning of status symbols (number of windows, kind of bookcase, kind of wall decorations) on the basis of five or more levels of rank. The true executive-to-be is likely to take both himself and his corporate environment quite seriously, if not solemnly, and to maintain fairly constantly, on and off the job, a mien of dignity.

If we turn to the specific skills that are generally regarded as important in potential executives, I suspect I could fare a little better but still would be viewed as a long shot at best. Most of the knowledgeable investigators who draw up lists of the really essential executive abilities stress drive above all others. The real comer, it seems, is restlessly on the go most of the time and is likely to feel unhappy when on a vacation (unless he is striving to outscore someone in golf or bridge). On the job these men are wound up and full of nervous energy pushing them relentlessly toward their goals. This drive conveys a sense of dominance and helps them give push to their projects.

I like to think I have plenty of drive. At least I follow a pretty rigorous schedule of work and travel most of the year. But apparently my drive is not the relentless sort that impresses the executive appraisers. My drive is the floating kind, rather than the anxious, pressing kind.

Presumably I should rate high in another trait that is greatly esteemed in executives, the ability to communicate, since I've spent most of my life trying to communicate verbally or on paper. But as an executive I would get into trouble by my apparently incurable habit of communicating occasional impudent thoughts and by being constitutionally

unable to observe the crisp, stylized form of address that seems to be *de rigueur* in most managerial memo and report writing. One evidence is that I've never in my life been able to dictate a complete letter, even though I once was an editor and had a secretary-assistant. I found myself feeling embarrassingly stuffy whenever I started dictating (even to a tape recorder), and so usually suggested in a few words to the secretary the gist of my thoughts for the letter and left it up to her to handle the details and amenities. More commonly now I write the letters myself, by the thousands. To an executive assessor this would suggest hopeless inefficiency.

A good executive is supposed to be able to be objective (detached) in dealing with old associates and friends in the company and to be able to deal roughly with them if the higher needs of the corporation demand. This would be a real problem because, while I rather relish kicking the shins of institutions that seem to deserve kicking, it distresses me to appear unkind to an individual. This alone would probably disqualify me as executive material.

As for my habitual modes of behavior, I would be fairly constantly in trouble because of loose observance of the rules of the corporate game. I do not enjoy team playing of any kind. My record in serving on committees reveals all too clearly a pattern in which I became in rapid succession bewildered, demoralized, bored and delinquent. Even in literary collaboration my only effort at team playing proved to be exasperating to me and completely fruitless. In short, I do not qualify as the creative conformist who, a survey conducted by *Nation's Business* revealed, is viewed as the number-one candidate for being a good manager in today's world of corporate giants.

Another problem is that I am not predictable in my behavior, and a good executive is expected to be predictable. He is like the giggers that the Bryn Mawr girls speak of in discussing their dates. Their world of men is said to be divided into giggers and goons. The giggers can be counted upon to do the expected. The goons cannot. In one survey of executive attitudes two thirds of all high-level executives questioned agreed with the statement that "even during most relaxed and social occasions they should avoid deviating from generally accepted behavior." It is not generally accepted behavior to go off and take a nap or stroll around the neighborhood during parties, but I do this fairly frequently.

Certainly I would fail when it came to the inspection of my home life, and most large companies give more than passing thought to this when hiring a man for, or promoting a man into, an

important position.

First there is the probable inspection of the wife, either in a disguised interview at the office or in a visit to the home or in an invitation to a dinner with a few superiors and their wives. My wife, I fear, would not pass as the nice help-mate most companies look for.

One major executive-recruiting firm checks the wife out on talking. Its operatives would get an earful in talking with my wife. She talks too bluntly to be an executive's wife, and often chats at length on subjects that may be of no interest to anyone but herself, such as Japanese *sumi* painting.

Then there is the question of whether my wife and I could qualify as good corporate citizens in our community. First of all—and this alone would set a limit on my promotability at many companies—there is the known fact that both of us are Democrats. At many companies the furthest left a man dare be politically is an Independent, and in the upper ranks of some giant companies even this is not considered tolerable. Furthermore, we do not now plunge into community affairs as a good hustling executive and his wife should. Such activity is considered necessary to help the corporation maintain a public-spirited image. And it also helps the ambitious man attain more visibility before the eyes of his superiors.

Years ago my wife served her term as P. T. A. president, and I served on a town committee and a school-evaluation committee. But we both found ourselves so surrounded by hoards of young executive hustlers and their wives straining to gain visibility in and for their companies (or by retired executives) that we are more likely to espouse causes that do not appeal to, or are overlooked by, aspiring executives.

Finally, if there were even a shred of hope that I might be considered executive material, that shred would be eliminated by the fact that I am 48 years old. I still naively think of myself as a young man; but to the corporation I'm about as attractive, agewise, as a 40-year-old pugilist would be to a fight promoter. Corporations generally are wary of taking on managers beyond the age of 45 unless they already have a proven and attractive record in *general* management somewhere else.

So there you are. The corporate way of life is an increasingly exacting one. Many of those who have succeeded in getting near the top of a pyramid seem to enjoy the life they lead. They like the power and the perks and the prestige and even the pressures. But frankly, I've reconciled myself without too much grief to the knowledge that as far as corporate eligibility is concerned, I had better stick to my typewriter.



## BOYALIES

(continued from page 111)

and won the undying gratitude of General Joffre. After that we won the Battle of the Marne, with the aid of the noble British. Whereupon we joined our dear friend Grand Duke Nicholas and his Cossacks, winning a stunning victory at —"

"Enough, enough," said Marshal Foch, smiling broadly. "Then I take it you have found the war to be highly satisfactory thus far?"

"We couldn't ask for a better conflict, sir," said Mal simply.

"It has exceeded our wildest dreams," added Lester.

"Good," said Marshal Foch. "Because I now have a vitally important mission for you. As you know, since Russia has withdrawn from the struggle, we are vulnerable in the East. At all cost we must prevent Germany from breaking its peace pact with Russia and overrunning that nation and then perhaps China and all of Asia as well. There is only one way to make up for our loss of the Russian army. I am assigning you two lads to protect the entire eastern front. Mal, you shall defend all the land from Pinsk north to the Baltic Sea. And you, Lester, shall defend all the land from Pinsk south to the Black Sea."

"All by ourselves, sir?" asked Mal.

"I am afraid so," was the reply. "I haven't a man to spare, and that is a true fact. And now off with you. Good luck and Godspeed."

Both lads saluted smartly and left the tent.

"Are you as upset as I am over what the field marshal has said?" Lester asked his chum.

"Indeed I am," replied Mal. "His grammar is slovenly. 'True fact' is an inexcusable redundancy."

"According to intelligence," said Mal, as the lads pored over maps outside a farmhouse near Pinsk, "we shall be up against eight crack German divisions under the command of General von Heinke, with whom we have come face to face on many occasions in the past."

"General von Heinke is a fine field general with a rather bizarre civilian background," Lester recalled. "A former café entertainer and mimic, he is also a master of fifteen tongues."

"One less than the number we have mastered," said Mal.

"Yes," said Lester, "he has still to learn Hindustani. At any rate, I am certain that we shall have our work cut out for us."

The two lads loaded their pistols, attached their swords to their sides, then mounted their steeds. "Let us go over our battle plans once more," said Lester. "You will protect the northern front

and I shall protect the southern front. Each of us will face approximately four German divisions, with artillery and aircraft supporting them. You know, of course, what our strategy is?"

"Certainly," said Mal. "We attack."

Bidding each other good luck, the chums galloped off in opposite directions.

• • •

Forty-five miles north of Pinsk Mal found himself face to face with the enemy. "Ho there, you Boche!" shouted Mal. "Be prepared to receive hot lead and cold steel from one who has vowed to make the world safe for democracy!"

With that he charged headlong into the mass of Germans. "Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!" barked his pistol. And as many Huns fell.

Mal continued firing until his pistol was empty. Then he unsheathed his sword and ran through two dozen enemy soldiers. When the blade of his sword had snapped, he leaped off his horse and put on a dazzling display in the manly art of self-defense, punching a full 57 men into unconsciousness.

Stunned, the bulk of the enemy forces retreated to bury their dead.

"You may be members of a race whose philosophy is alien to that of ours," said Mal, disposing of 41 more Germans who had foolishly remained behind, "but your duty is nevertheless clear and you have fought hard and well."

• • •

Meanwhile in the south, Lester was also having quite a go of it, beset by several thousand Boche. "Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!" spoke the lad's pistol. And as many Huns fell.

Throwing his empty pistol into the faces of the enemy, Lester then engaged in hand-to-hand combat with the foe.

"The road to victory may be strewn with insurmountable obstacles at times," shouted Lester, running through a six-and-a-half-foot German trooper with his sword, "but I am loath to believe that the forces of right cannot ultimately triumph in the end."

"Himmel!" shouted a German. "You are nothing but a mere boy!"

"That is quite true!" said Lester, stabbing him clean through the heart, "but more than once I have accomplished man's work."

At last the Germans fell back, leaving several hundred dead and wounded on the field. But Lester had paid dearly for his victory. His right sleeve was severely torn, his helmet strap was shredded, and the heel on his right boot was missing three nails.

With the southern front quiet again, Lester galloped back toward Pinsk. On

the outskirts of the city, in a forest some 50 yards from the road, a voice cried, "Lester!"

"Hark, who is that?" asked Lester, bringing his horse to a halt.

"It is I, your chum, Mal Kane," said the voice.

It is indeed Mal's voice, mused Lester.

"Lester," he said. "I am wounded unto death. But I have a message of incalculable importance. The enemy is preparing a trap for you at the extreme southern flank by the Black Sea. You must attack their center. Utilizing that course of action, you will catch them off guard and emerge victorious."

"Thank you for the message, old man," shouted Lester. "Now I shall come into the forest to assist you in this, your darkest hour."

"It is too late," was the reply. "I fear that I am done for."

Immediately Lester put his spurs to his mount. But instead of attacking in the center as Mal had ordered, he galloped south to the Black Sea. From there he made his way west for several miles and then went north again. Three days later he emerged on a plain and found, as he had planned, that he had sneaked behind the eight German divisions, all of which were at that moment locked in mortal combat with Mal.

Brandishing a pistol that he had picked up from a fallen foe, Lester shouted to the Germans, "All of you, throw down your arms! I have the drop on you! You are now surrounded by my chum, Mal, and me!"

The surprised Germans, turning around and seeing Lester covering them in the rear with his pistol, and realizing that they were indeed surrounded, surrendered to a man.

• • •

"But...but...how did you know?" asked General von Heinke.

Lester and Mal were interrogating him, as the eight captured German divisions were already en route for internment on the western front.

"How did I know that that wasn't Mal who was wounded in the forest?" asked Lester. "Very simple. At first I did indeed believe that it was he, for the voice was so like his. But you, General von Heinke, former café entertainer and mimic, you gave yourself away with your impersonation."

"But I had thought that my impression of your chum was flawless," said the general. "And I thought that I had indeed duped you and would lead you into a trap."

"You made one vital error," said the lad. "Pretending you were Mal, you made the statement 'I am done for.'"

"How dare you make a statement like that under *my* name!" shouted Mal, seizing the general by the throat. "Even

if the expression were *not* a colloquialism, I would never end a sentence with a preposition. Not even if I *were* near death!"

"There, there, old man," said Lester, pulling his enraged chum away from the badly shaken German officer. "While you have every moral right to attack him, the international rules of warfare forbid the assaulting of a captured prisoner of war."

"You are right, of course," said Mal, walking away to temper his ire.

"Ach!" mused General von Heinke, massaging his throat, "no wonder we are having so much trouble disposing of these confounded Americans."

"Good work, lads," said Marshal Foch in his tent the following day. "You have saved the eastern front. And now I have both good and bad news for you. The good news first. You shall both be promoted to full generals during your fifteenth birthday party at Château-Thierry next month. As for the bad news, well... I hope you can take it."

"What is it, sir?" asked Mal. "Give it to us straight."

"Yes, sir," said Lester. "Do not spare us."

"Boys," said Marshal Foch, "I wish there were an easy way to say this, but... but... well, I'm afraid the war is over."

"What!" cried Lester stumbling backward and grasping a tent pole for support.

"Are you... are you absolutely certain, sir?" asked the crestfallen Mal.

"Yes, it is true," said Marshal Foch, not daring to look the lads in the eye. "It is all over."

"Oh, how dreadful!" said Lester. "It has been such a grand conflict, and we have had so much fun. What is to become of us now?"

"It's back to junior high school for you shortly, I'm afraid," said Marshal Foch.

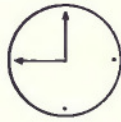
"But sir," said Mal. "There are so many things we have left unfinished. We have yet to fight with the Montenegrin army. We have yet to capture Kaiser Wilhelm. Isn't there any way at all of prolonging the struggle for a year or two? For *our* sakes?"

Field Marshal Foch shook his head gravely and went back to his papers, signifying that the interview was at an end.

And so, on this rather sad note we shall take leave of our two young friends for a while. But all is not as hopeless as it may seem. I am certain that my readers will want to read the next exciting book in this series, *The Boy Allies at the League of Nations*, or *Sowing the Seeds of World War II*.



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## SHORT HISTORY OF TOASTS (continued from page 89)

Their communal toasting goblets were usually of prodigious size, and were the ancient prototypes of the large trophy cups awarded to winners of modern yacht races and other sporting events. "Nothing in Nature's sober found," the poet Anacreon sang, in expressing the Athenian world view, circa 500 B.C., "but an eternal Health goes round."

To the old Greek ritual of drinking to every god in the Parthenon, Roman revellers added a rousing "three times three" in honor of the Graces and Muses, and pledged their loyalty to Caesar by downing a cup for each letter in the emperor's name—a stupefying custom which was also employed in toasting one another's mistresses. As Martial described it, "Six cups to Naevia's health go quickly round," and fair Justina must be honored with an additional seven.

One English historian maintains that it was the Roman conquerors who taught ancient Britons "to drink healths to the Emperor, and to toast the reigning belles with brimming bumpers." Actually, though, the Romans had very little to teach the booze-thirsty barbarians of the North, who had been belting down liquid tributes to gods, chieftains, kinsmen and chums since the prehistoric discovery that the fermentation of honeycombs in water would produce a kind of beer called "mead." The Norse Valhalla, for instance, was hardly more than a heavenly beer hall where the spirits of deserving heroes quaffed healths through all eternity, and one of the most ancient of all toasting terms—"skol," or *skål*—survives from the grisly and forgotten age when Norse warriors drank victorious toasts from the *skalle*, or "skull," of a slain enemy. In like manner, the English word "health" stems from the Old Norse greeting *Heill!* which also gave us "hail," "heal," "hale" and "whole." From the Norsemen's *Ves heill!* or "Be thou well!" came the Anglo-Saxon toast, *Wes hāl!* which the hale-and-hardy English eventually slurred into "wassail."

The festive custom of wassailing antedates Christmas by many centuries, however, and is believed to have evolved from the Northerners' midwinter fertility rites, in which bands of boozey celebrants trooped through the forests and made libations of ale, mead or hard cider to restore the dormant fertility of fruit trees. This quaint old pagan practice is said to be still observed in some tradition-rich rural areas of Britain, and was fetchingly described by *The Gentleman's Magazine* as part of the Twelfth-night ceremonies in Devonshire, in 1791:

"On the Eve of the Epiphany, the farmer, attended by his workmen, with a large pitcher of cyder, goes to the

orchard, and there, encircling one of the best-bearing trees, they drink a toast there several times."

Whether held on Twelfth-night, New Year's or Christmas Eve, the chief feature of the feast was the bowl of wassail, in which the ancient fruit-and-livestock theme was further evidenced by the addition of roasted crab apples to the brew, and the fact that the warm and comforting concoction was affectionately known as "lamb's wool." In a rhymed recipe for this traditional yuletide treat, the poet Herrick directed 17th Century wassailmen to "crown the bowl full with gentle lamb's wool,"

*Adde sugar, nutmeg and ginger,  
With store of ale too;  
And thus ye must doe,  
To make the wassaile a swinger.*

Long before Herrick hipped to the ginger-and-apples bit, the pagan toasts of the North Europeans had been adapted to Christian devotions, and healths which were once drunk to mythical nature gods were now addressed to the Savior and all the saints and angels. Gallic healths to the Pope were drunk "to the good Father," or *au bon Père*, which the English called drinking "a bumper," and the old wassailing songs set a joyous precedent for the first Christmas carols—the earliest of which often imposed the obligation to drink or be damned.

Since no true Christian could refuse to drink to the saints, or the "Christ Mass" which was Christmas, toasting and wassailing soon made drunkenness as obligatory as it had ever been in the heathen days of yore and gore. As early as the Fourth Century, St. Augustine denounced the "filthy and unhappy custom of drinking healths," which was "but a ceremony and relic of Pagans." But the best vineyards and breweries in all Christendom flourished behind monastery walls, and many of the clergy were so habitually and publicly imbued with the blessings of fermentation, that in the Eighth Century St. Boniface felt compelled to bring the matter to the attention of Archbishop Cuthbert: "In your dioceses certain Bishops not only do not hinder drunkenness, but they themselves indulge in excess of drink, and force others to drink till they are intoxicated," Boniface complained. "This is most certainly a great crime for a servant of God to do or to have done..."

Distasteful as the idea of tipsy monks and fuddled bishops may be to modern churchgoers, it should be recognized that the convivial health-drinking of the clergy brought a touch of civilizing ceremony to the secular drinking bouts of the Dark Ages. Prior to the Christian conversion of Scandinavia, for

example, Viking freebooters had the nasty habit of inviting Britons to drink, only in order to cut their throats when they tossed back their heads to drain the proffered beaker—a savage bit of *skål*-duggery that led to the old English practice of "pledging the health" of a kinsman or friend, and standing guard while he drank. Bloody and murderous, too, were the quarrels that broke out among drinkers when one was accused of swigging more than his share from the communal bowl or cup. Under the influence of the clergy, drinkers were organized into fraternal guilds, where brotherhood and mutual aid were pledged from a large "loving cup" in which the portions were measured off by a set of metal pegs.

Though brawling and bloodshed decreased, it soon became apparent that the new societies merely ensured that members all had an equal chance to get thoroughly stoned, while the practice of "drinking to pegs" resulted in brotherly contests to see who could guzzle the most portions in honor of the patron saint, and take his fellows "down a peg" by quaffing a measure more. For this reason, toasting "between pegs" was condemned by the Council of Westminster in 1101, and again at the Lateran Council of Innocent III. But despite all decrees and injunctions, monks, monarchs and lusher of lowly station continued to invoke the names of saints, and do honor to things sacred, in order to guarantee that no toast would be refused. At the court of good King Wenceslaus, the toastmaster commanded all to drink "in the name of the blessed archangel St. Michael," and more than a century later, no less a protesting monk than Martin Luther cherished a pet drinking mug, "around which were three rings. The first," he said, "represented the Ten Commandments, the second the Apostles' Creed, and the third the Lord's Prayer." Luther, we are told, "was highly amused that he was able to drain the glass of wine through the Lord's Prayer, whereas his friend Agricola could not get beyond the Ten Commandments."

In France, the chugalugging churchmen of the 16th Century were ribaldly satirized by Rabelais, whose own literary toasts were robustly secular and brief: "Luck to you, comrade!" "Drink up, friends: your health, there!" "Hail to all tospots! Pity the thirsty!"

England's good Queen Bess was no teetotaler, but the continual drinking of courtly toasts often left her counselors too befuddled to be entrusted with affairs of state, and prompted her to declare that she never fared worse than when her health was drunk.

Considering the intemperance of the period, literary skoolers may be moved to speculate whether Ben Jonson's

classic toast *To Celia* owed its inspiration to the Muse of poetry or the morning-after shakes and megrims:

*Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup  
And I'll not look for wine . . .*

If one can take the word of the English Puritans, neither Jonson's *Celia* nor any other city belle was likely to be satisfied with an exchange of intoxicating looks and saucy glances, however. In 17th Century London there was reputed to be a "multitude" of "sottish women," who would "quaff with the most riotous, and give pledge for pledge." Even more deplorable was the fact that in some parts of England young maidens became so depraved by the unbridled license of Maypole festivities as to "drink healths upon their knees." Kneeling toasts were "vile in men but abominable in women," the puritanical author of *Funebria Florae* fumed—and, in this respect at least, his sentiments were seconded by that hard-drinking advocate of the eyeball highball, Ben Jonson himself.

Among university scholars, a fad for toasting women in "some nauseous decoction" paralleled our latter-day panty raids and goldfish swallowing. In describing the drinking custom of 17th Century Oxford, one disapproving clergyman tells of a student who drank his mistress' health in wine mixed with a large spoonful of soot. "His companion, determined not to be outdone, brought from his closet a phial of ink, which he drank, exclaiming, 'To triumphe and Miss Molly!'" According to the same source, these "crack-brained young men also esteemed it a great privilege to get possession of a great beauty's shoe, in order that they might ladle wine out of a bowl down their throats with it, the while they drank to the 'lady of little worth' or the 'light-heeled mistress' who had been its former wearer."

It is mainly to antitoasting tracts, such as William Prynne's *Health's Sicknesse* and Gascoigne's *Delicate Dyet for Daintie-mouthed Droonkards*, that one must turn for information concerning the conspicuous cupmanship of the early Stuart era. For a detailed account of the manner in which a health was drunk in the days of the first King James, for instance, there is no better report than that of the pamphleteering poet Brathwaite, who bore the ironical nickname of "Drunken Barnabee": "He that be-ginnes the health hath his prescribed orders; first uncovering his head he takes a full cup in his hand, and setting his countenance with grave aspect, he craves an audience; silence being once obtained, he begins to breathe out the name peradventure of some honorable personage . . . and he that pledges must

likewise off with his cap, kisse his fingers, and bow himself in sign of reverent acceptance. When the leader sees his follower thus prepared, he sups up his breath, turnes the bottom of his cup upward, and in ostentation of his dexteritie gives the cup a phillip to make it cry *twange*, and thus the first scene is acted."

Throughout the reigns of King James and his son, Charles I, drinking to the health of a king was a usual formality at tavern meetings between friends and at meals in humble cottages. But for all the toasts drunk to his health, Charles I fared far worse than Elizabeth. When, at last, the elegant Stuart lost his head to the ax of the Puritans, in 1649, the drinking of healths was forbidden by law, and the jolly wassail bowl was outlawed, together with all the other "heathenish" trappings of yuletide.

Though the celebration of Christmas was sanctimoniously avoided in Puritan New England, the "Saints" of Massachusetts displayed a most decided preference for beer over water, and were not above drinking a health whenever it suited their purpose. While excessive drinking was discouraged and punished, New England fanaticism was never as well organized as that of the puritanical Scots of Fife, who, in 1650, established

a special morals squad "to take notice of all disorderly walkers . . . swearers, haunters of alehouses, especially at unreasonable hours and long sitters there and drinkers of healths."

Chief among the "long sitters" of London were those monarchists who had escaped the vindictiveness of Cromwell's Puritan government to gather in royalist taverns and drink subversive toasts to exiled Charles II. Eleven long years went down the hatch before Charles was restored to the throne in 1660, when an outbreak of riotous royalist health drinking caused the merry monarch to issue a troubled "Proclamation Against Prophaneness." Fun was fun, the far-from-prudish Charles acknowledged, but there was "a set of men of whom we have heard much, and are sufficiently ashamed, who spend their time in taverns, tipping houses, and debauches, giving no other evidence of affection for us but in drinking our health, and inveighing against all others who are not of their own dissolute temper."

Round-the-clock toasting and drunkenness, committed in the king's name, had already forced Louis XIV to suspend all "wine courtesies" at the French court. But Charles' proclamation seems to have been addressed solely to lower-class tosspots, for no tavern or tipping



"Well, they'll just have to wait until I'm merry enough!"

house could boast a more dissolute group of health drinkers than the royal court of England. Palace gallants revived the old Roman custom of drinking a cup for each letter in a lady's name, and Charles himself was reported to have drunk a boozy *rapprochement* with his estranged brother, the Duke of York, upon his royal knees. After which, according to Samuel Pepys, the whole party "fell a-crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another, the King the Duke of York, the Duke of York the King, and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were; and so passed the day."

The Stuart pickle was reportedly compounded when Charles stood to respond to a toast in the officers' mess of a Royal Navy vessel, and bumped his head on a low beam with such force that he immediately sank into his seat again—a most painful and mortifying mishap that supposedly started a new tradition for drinking toasts while sitting down. But considering the quantities of ale, beer and wine consumed in drinking 17th Century toasts, sitting and kneeling may well have been more a matter of necessity than of choice or accident. At the wedding reception for Lady Ross, in 1693, "all the guests proceeded to the great hall, where a *great cistern* of sack posset was discovered, and at once began the drinking of healths, by old and young alike, at first in spoons, and afterward in silver cups." And when Charles' brother, the Duke of York, was proclaimed King James II, in 1685, his health was publicly drunk in glasses three feet long—the so-called "yard of ale" which is still served in traditional trumpet-shaped

glasses at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese tavern in London.

James II fared badly, too, despite the healths which were drunk in his name. Deposed after three turbulent years, he fled to France, and the throne fell to the Prince of Orange, who became William III and introduced the English to the potency and economy of Holland gin. In the restless and rowdy period that followed, Jacobites who favored the return of James drank seemingly loyal toasts "to the King" by placing a bowl of water on the table between them to signify that they were secretly drinking to the exiled James, the king "over the water." While England teetered on the brink of civil war, political "mug clubs" were formed where Jacobites and anti-Jacobites could drink their partisan toasts without fear of bloodshed or reprisal. When the parties later evolved into Tory and Whig, the mug clubs became the leading political and social groups in London. Easily the most illustrious was the famed Kit-cat Club, whose membership included such Whiggish wits and worthies as the Duke of Marlborough, Sir Robert Walpole, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Addison and Steele. At meetings of the Kit-cat Club healths were drunk to the reigning beauty, who was elected each year. "The Manner of her Inauguration is much like that of a Doge in Venice . . ." Steele reported in his *Tatler* article on toasts. "When she is regularly chosen, her Name is written with a Diamond on a Drinking-glass. The Hieroglyphick of the Diamond is to shew her that her Value is imaginary; and that of the Glass to acquaint her that her Condition is frail, and depends

on the Hand which holds her." The Kit-cat Club, as one old rhyme alleged, took its name not from any "trim beaux."

*Gray statesmen or green wits  
But from its pell-mell pack of toasts,  
To old Cats and young Kits.*

In the early 18th Century, the loyal toasts of Englishmen, at home and abroad, were offered to the health of middle-aged Queen Anne. It was on the occasion of the queen's birthday in the year 1714 that Samuel Sewall, then justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, was roused from his fireside at the ungodly hour of nine p.m. to quell "the Disorders at the Tavern at the Southend." Arriving at the house in question with a constable and party of three, Sewall found "much Company" who "refus'd to go away." They said they were there "to drink the Queen's Health," he confided to his sympathetic diary, "and they had many other Healths to drink. Call'd for more Drink: drink to me, and I took notice of the Affront . . . Mr. John Netmaker drank the Queen's Health to me. I told him I drank none; upon that he ceas'd. Mr. Brinley put on his Hat to affront me. I made him take it off. I threaten'd to send some of them to prison; that did not move them. . . . Not having Pen and Ink, I went to take their Names with my Pencil, and not knowing how to Spell their Names, they themselves of their own accord writ them. Mr. Netmaker, reproaching the Province, said they had not made one good Law."

Mr. Netmaker and his health-quaffing cronies were sentenced to pay a fine of five shillings each—a mild enough penalty by the older Puritan standards. But Samuel Sewall was still burdened by his self-confessed error in condemning the many innocent victims of the Salem witch trials in 1692. A man of disturbingly human contrasts, he was also the author of the first plea against Negro slavery to be published in the Colonies, and a determined wooer of comely widows. Though he refused to drink the health of Queen Anne, he often drank wine with Mrs. Denison, and exchanged amorous courtesies of the glass with Madam Winthrop: "She drank to me, I to her . . . She had talk'd of Canary, her Kisses were to me better than the best Canary . . ."

Imported Canary wine was too high-line for the purses of most Colonial Americans, who drank their toasts with a variety of homemade brews. There were hard cider and metheglin (made of honey, yeast and water), perry (made from pears) and peachy (made from peaches). Other alcoholic curiosities were made from leaves, bark, berries, beans, roots and cornstalks. In an old sing-along favorite, the courageous Col-



"We're looking for people who like to draw . . ."



onists proudly claimed:

*Oh, we can make liquor to sweeten  
our lips  
Of pumpkins, of parsnips, of wal-  
nut-tree chips.*

Gourds and coconut shells supplemented bowls, beakers and tankards as basic equipment for the drinking of Colonial healths. But "there was no attempt made to give separate drinking cups of any kind to each individual at the table," Alice M. Earle, the author of *Home Life in Colonial Days*, noted at the close of the last century. "Even when tumbler-shaped glasses were seen in many houses . . . they were of communal size—some held a gallon—and all drank from the same glass. The great punch bowl, not a very handy vessel to handle when filled with punch, was passed up and down as freely as though it were a loving cup, and all drank from its brim . . ."

At Harvard and Yale this was the original college bowl game, later immortalized by a Dartmouth man in the *Hanover Winter Song*: "Ho, a song by the fire! (Pass the pipes, fill the bowl!) Ho, a song by the fire! With a Skoal . . ." Sarah Kemble Knight, who was said to be Benjamin Franklin's old school-teacher, watched the communal cup go round a Yankee tavern board, and described the drinkers as "being tyed by the Lipps to a pewter engine." Her star pupil, the Sage of Philadelphia himself, referred to the glass-passing custom in an original *Drinking Song* dedicated to the proposition "That Virtue and Safety in Wine-bibbing's found,"

*While all that drink Water deserve  
to be drown'd.  
So for Safety and Honesty put the  
Glass round.*

A few decades later, the American toast was not "Safety and Honesty" drunk in mellow wine, but "Liberty and property" drunk in the fiery New England rum which was the alcoholic embodiment of the Spirit of '76. As Catherine Drinker Bowen has pointed out in her study of *John Adams and the American Revolution*, "Liberty and property" was the password of the entire American rebellion. "Liberty and property were synonymous. . . . What a man owned was his, as his soul was his. No prince, no king, no parliament could take it from him without his consent . . ."

In virtually every small village the symbolic "liberty pole" was planted outside a tavern which served as headquarters for the Sons of Liberty, whose early toasts were a peculiar mixture of the loyal and the rebellious. When members of the Boston group met at Chase's Distillery in 1769, to celebrate the anniversary of Boston's protest to the Stamp Act, 45 toasts were drunk, commencing with "the King and Queen"



and ending with the threat of "Strong halters, firm blocks and sharp axes to all such as deserve either!"

In the opinion of the majority, the man most deserving of sharp axes was none other than Governor Bernard, the king's representative in the Province of Massachusetts, who was credited with having introduced a toasting song which was a favorite with American Tories:

*Here's a health to all those that  
we love,  
Here's a health to all those that  
love us,  
Here's a health to all those that  
love them that love those  
That love those that love them that  
love us.*

To the modern American drinker this insidious little tongue twister seems sufficient cause for rebellion in itself. In the light of such repeated provocations, we can only marvel at the restraint of those planter patriots who, upon the dissolution of the Virginia House of Burgesses by the crown, retired to the Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg to drink loyal toasts to the king, the royal family, "The Farmer" and a "Speedy and Lasting Union between Great Britain and her Colonies." The bar tab, which came to 32 shillings 9 pence, was picked up by a committeeman who was understandably destined to become "first in the hearts of his countrymen"—George Washington. "It was," according to his biographer, Frances Rufus Bellamy, "his first expenditure for liberty."

In 1777, when the embattled Americans were hoisting their mugs of rum grog with shouts of "Death to the tyrant!" and "Freedom forever!" Richard

Brinsley Sheridan attended the London opening of his brilliant new comedy, *The Rivals*, and heard Sir Harry Bumper sing one of the merriest toasting songs which the wit of an Englishman had ever devised:

*Here's to the maiden of bashful 15;  
Here's to the widow of 50;  
Here's to the flaunting extravagant  
quean,  
And here's to the housewife that's  
thrifty.*

CHORUS: *Let the toast pass—  
Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse  
for the glass.*

*Here's to the charmer whose dim-  
ples we prize;  
Now to the maid who has none, sir;  
Here's to the girl with a pair of  
blue eyes,  
And here's to the nymph with but  
one, sir.*

Whether slim or clumsy, white-bosomed or brown-skinned, any woman could, in short, be toasted with a bumper, and thus provide "an excuse for the glass." But in October 1781, a more momentous excuse was offered by the surrender of the British forces at Yorktown, which brought the American Revolution to a close. General Washington and Rochambeau, commander of the French allies, sat down to dinner with the defeated Lord Cornwallis and his officers. Rochambeau raised his glass "To the United States!" Washington responded with a health "To the King of France!" Cornwallis, with the air of a man playing a verbal trump, pointedly proposed a toast "To the 215

King!" "Of England!" Washington quickly qualified. "Confine him there and I'll drink him a full bumper!"

No event in American history has been celebrated by the drinking of quite so many toasts as the winning of the War for Independence. When Congress demobilized the Continental Army, Washington's triumphal journey into retirement was the occasion for a series of banquets at which the formal toasts numbered a symbolic 13. At Annapolis Washington added a 14th: "Sufficient Powers to Congress for general purposes!"

While Washington was being toasted as "the Man who Unites all Hearts" and "Columbia's Favorite Son," the members of a convivial London health club, called "The Anacreontic Society," were meeting at the Crown and Anchor Tavern where they opened their meetings with raised glasses and the singing of their club song, *To Anacreon in Heaven*. The anthem toasted the memory of the Greek poet who had declared life to be an eternal round of healths. The melody, which every American would immediately recognize as that of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, was adapted to Yankee use as a tribute to *Adams and Liberty*, and was later used as the musical setting for the stirring stanzas written by Francis Scott Key.

Another 18th Century toasting song, *Auld Lang Syne*, was fated to become the midnight anthem of all English-speaking New Year's Eve celebrants.

The melody was supposed to have been borrowed from the music of the Roman Catholic Church, and the words copied down by Robert Burns from the lips of an old Scottish singer. In the land of lively jigs and brimming jiggers, the mood of boozy nostalgia was not confined to one night of the year, however. Clannish quaffers were prepared to share "a cup of kindness" at any season, and have traditionally saluted each other with practical wishes for "Mair sense and mair silver!" "Health, wealth, wit and meal!" — and that most canny of all alcoholic benedictions, "Lang may your lum reek [or "Long may your chimney smoke"] wi' ither folks' coal!" But, in justice to the Scots, a similar emphasis upon material well-being is to be found in other folk toasts, such as the Irish Gaelic *Sheed Arth!* ("May you always wear silk!").

In the opinion of the Reverend Richard Valpy French, Rector of Llanmartin and Wilcrick, who once gave a temperance lecture which was published in 1880 as the first and only history of toasting in the English language, the drinking of healths, "especially in Scotch society, was tyrannically enforced." In the early 1800s persons named in a toast were bound to acknowledge the honor "by placing the right hand on the heart, saying in a very distinct and audible voice, and with a smile of gratification on the countenance, 'Your good health,' then drinking off the glass of wine." At any well-run dinner party, the host

was obliged to "drink the health of every one of the guests, who were obliged to follow suit, so that supposing 10 people to be present, no less than 90 healths would be drunk. The ladies participated in this part of the entertainment, and before they retired they had to take part in another species of drinking diversion, i.e., the *rounds of toasts*. This little game was played thus — each lady present had to name an absent gentleman, and each gentleman an absent lady . . . and the pair being thus matched, were toasted together amidst many jocular allusions to the fitness of the union." Of all such guzzling games, the Reverend French singles out the drinking of "sentiments" as the one which "filled Lord Cockburn with the greatest disgust." This was a kind of round robin in which each person was asked to contribute some pretty little platitude to which all could drink. Among the many "idiotic inanities" calculated to make Lord Cockburn queasy with revulsion were such genteel gems as "May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflections of the morning. . . . May the hand of charity wipe away the tear from the eye of sorrow."

Unlike Lord Cockburn and the abstemious Rector of Wilcrick, most Scots and Englishmen were quite amiably disposed to drink to any sentiment that did not dishonor their country's flag or cast doubt upon their mothers' virtue:

"Oaken ships, and British hands to man them!"

"Merry hearts to village maidens!"

"May the game laws be repealed!"

"May the village 'belle' never be too long in the clapper!"

"May the skin of your bum never cover a drum!"

"Lots of beef, oceans of beer, a pretty girl and a thousand a year!"

The last toast, with its heroic allusion to "oceans of beer," presumably dates from the passage of the Beer Bill of 1832, when legislation was introduced to induce the British workingman to kick the gin habit in favor of milder malt beverages. In the interest of national temperance, 30,000 beer shops were opened within a year, and Britons responded to the challenge by drinking more beer and gin, too. "Everybody is drunk," Sydney Smith reported. "Those who are not singing are sprawling. The sovereign people are in a beastly state."

When young Victoria inherited the throne in 1837, her swacked and sprawling subjects enthusiastically toasted "The Queen, God bless her!" By 1845, a fad for adding shouts of "huzza" to every toast had become standard procedure. "Nine times nine cheers" were given for "Er Royal Majesty" and any deserving 'Arry, 'Erbert or Halbert — a noisy ritual that eventually diminished into a restrained 20th Century murmur of "Cheers."



"I love the atmosphere in here."

With or without huzzas, the practice of toasting had to be abolished, temperance forces were still insisting a generation later. "Would that the archbishops and bishops of the Church of England would cease to submit to these appendages at public breakfasts, luncheons and dinners," the Reverend French exclaimed from his temperance platform in 1880, and cited, by way of example, a newspaper account of an "educational dinner" at which "The Royal Family" was drunk; 'Her Majesty's Ministers' were drunk; 'The Houses of Parliament' were drunk; 'The Universities of Scotland' were drunk; 'Popular Education in its extended sense' was drunk; 'The Clergy of Scotland of all Denominations' were drunk; 'The Parish Schoolmasters' were drunk; other parties not named were drunk; 'The Fine Arts' were drunk; 'The Press' was drunk . . ."

An equally healthful state of affairs had long obtained in democratic America, where, for more than a century, "The President of the United States" was drunk; "The Members of both Houses of Congress" were drunk; "The American Farmer" and "The American Eagle" were drunk; "The Wives and Mothers of all Free Men" were drunk — together with the governors, legislators, citizens and judiciary of all the several sovereign states. "Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum, by gum, with me," expressed the will of a free and thirsty people whose manifest destiny can be traced through the innumerable slogans and rallying cries which have served Americans as an excuse for a glass, a mug or a gallon jug: "Tippecanoe and Tyler too!" "Fifty-four Forty or Fight!" "Remember the Alamo!" "Pike's Peak or Bust!" "The Union Forever!" "The Stars and the Bars!" "Remember the Maine!" "To hell with the Kaiser!" "Happy days are here again!" "Remember Pearl Harbor!" "Keep 'em flying!" "Get America moving again!"

In the days of "wooden ships and iron men," official toasts were in the patriotic vein of naval hero Stephen Decatur's "Our country: in her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be right; but our country, right or wrong!" But in grog shops along the water front, the old bosun's toast was more likely to be:

*Here's to the ships of our Navy,  
And the ladies of our land,  
May the first be ever well rigged,  
And the latter ever well manned!*

While a gentleman of the old South might propose a courtly toast "To the ladies," the Irish immigrant of the North was likely to be knocking back a crock of "blue ruin" with "Here's to the flea that jumped over me and bit the behind of me missus!" While literary and social lights of New York and Boston were toasting the delights of sherry with verses from Omar Khayyám, earthy

Pennsylvania Dutchmen set the scene for a shot of schnapps with:

*So drink ich, so stink ich,  
Drink ich net, so stink ich doch,  
So ist besser gedrinka und gestunka,  
Os net gedrunka, und doch gestunka!*

Which may be translated as: "If I drink, I stink. If I don't drink, I stink anyway. So it's better to drink and stink, than to not drink and stink anyway!" Though the jargon was mostly German, the reasoning was 100-proof American. In the great age of folk toasting that preceded Prohibition, Americans drank to just about every sentiment conceivable, and in a wide range of moods. Some toasts were a strange blend of friendliness and hostility:

*Here's a toast for you and me:  
And may we never disagree;  
But, if we do, then to hell with you.  
So here's to me!*

Some expressed a touching fondness for a few close friends and cherished possessions:

*Hail, good old hat, my companion  
devoted!  
Hail, good old shoes, blest deliverers  
from pain!  
Hail, good old glass, my unfailing  
inspirer!  
Hail, good old friends, ne'er  
appealed to in vain!*

Others were frankly Oedipal:  
*Here's to the happiest days of my  
life,  
Spent in the arms of another man's  
wife  
— My mother!*

Some were dependent rather than devoted, and raised the thorny question, "Is there booze after death?":

*Here's to you and you and you!  
If I should die and go to Heaven,  
and not find you,  
I would turn around and go to hell,  
Just to be with you and you and  
you!*

Others were defiantly fatalistic:  
*Here's to hell! May the stay there  
Be as much fun as the way there!  
There were toasts for tightwads:  
Lift 'em high and drain 'em dry  
To the guy who says, "My turn to  
buy!"*

There were toasts for truculent under-achievers:

*Here's to the men who lose!  
It is the vanquished's praises that I  
sing,  
And this is the toast I choose:  
"A hard-fought failure is a noble  
thing!"*

And there was even a short production number for whimsical nature lovers:

*A wee little dog passed a wee little  
tree.  
Said the wee little tree, "Won't you  
have one on me?"  
"No," said the little dog, no bigger  
than a mouse.*

*"I just had one on the house."*

But the favorite toast was still to a woman. To her face, the smooth-toasting ladies' man of the Eighties and Nineties might raise his glass and murmur, "I have known many, liked a few, loved but one, darling — here's to you!" But in the all-male atmosphere of the corner saloon, the same health-hip Lothario could earn comradely guffaws and envious glances with:

*Here's to you, and here's to me,  
Here's to the girl with the dimpled  
knee.*

*Here's to the boy who fastened her  
garter;*

*It wasn't much — but a darned good  
starter!*

Another swain, either less fortunate or more truthful, might be moved to sadly declare:

*Here's to dear Alice, so sweet and  
good.*

*God made Alice — I wish I could!*

Which, in turn, might inspire a recitation of:

*Here's to the girl who lives on the  
hill.*

*She won't, but her sister will.*

*Here's to her sister!*

In the highly agitated opinion of one temperance poet of the early 20th Century, anybody's sister would, if she were properly plied with passionate toasts. "Oh, lovely maids!" he expostulated:

*Never for all Pactolus' wealth,  
In wine let lover drink your health!  
Beware the traitor who shall dare  
For you the cursed draught  
prepare . . .*

As the tempo of American drinking began to swing from a wine-and-beery waltz time to a jazzy cocktail quickstep, male toasters contributed to the growing emancipation of women by concocting draughts that would liberate even the most fettered female libido, and boy-girl toasts became more outspokenly sexual. Removing the rakish overseas cap which was part of his World War I uniform, the citizen soldier toasted his sweetheart of the week with a peppy switch on a sentiment that had once made Lord Cockburn limp with nausea:

*Here's to the wings of love—  
May they never moult a feather,  
Till my big boots and your little  
shoes*

*Are under the bed together!*

Whether she giggled or silently raised her glass to lips that shaped a smile of promise, the soldier's sweetie might complete her patriotic tour of duty with the cordial cuteness of:

*Here's to the night I met you.*

*If I hadn't met you, I wouldn't have  
let you.*

*Now that I've let you, I'm glad that  
I met you.*

*And I'll let you again, I bet you!*

On leave in Paris, doughboys found 217

that French *mesdemoiselles* had a rhymed health hint to convey the same hospitable idea:

*Je vous baissez, je vous amour.  
Si voulez vous, je vous encore.*

Which few members of the Signal Corps needed to have decoded as, "I kiss you, I love you. If you wish, I'll do it again." The French toast, Yanks soon learned, was not only *A votre santé!* or "To your health!" but *A vos amours!*—"To your loves!"—with a regard for the plural that brought French grammar into complete agreement with the facts of French life. "Here's to the girl who gives and forgives and never sells!" a Gallic grenadier would thunder, with the aid of English subtitles. "Here's to the man who gets and forgets and never tells!" *A nos femmes, à nos chevaux et à ceux qui les montent!* the cavalryman could be heard to reply: "To our women, our horses and the men who ride them!"

Italian infantrymen toasted and trudged to the tune of *Viva, viva, viva l'amor . . . Viva la compagnia!* British tomies of the Middlesex Regiment drank "Here's to the Middlesex! Here's to the fair sex! Here's to the middle of the fair sex!" Battalions who fought their way through Flanders found the friendly Flemings eager to drink *Dat we het nog lang mogen mogen!*—"That we may still like it for a long time!" And troops who went the whole route into Germany found that *Prosit!* was prosaic compared to the boy-girl *Brüderschaft* toast, in which everlasting "brotherhood" was drunk by linking one's drinking arm through that of a frolicsome *Fraulein* for a face-to-face rendition of:

*Trink, trink, Brüderlein, trink;  
Geh' nicht alleine nach Haus!  
Meide den Kummer und meide den  
Schmerz,  
Dann ist das Leben ein Scherz!*

This was followed by a most unbrotherly kiss, and repeated until both parties were higher than a *Gemütlichkeit*: "Drink, drink, brother dear, drink; do not go home alone! Avoid sorrow and pain, and all your life will be fun."

*Willst du Bier, Komm zu mir!*—"If you want beer, you must come here!"—was not the slogan of the American Anti-Saloon League, however. When American veterans returned home, they barely had time to say "Here's mud in your eye!" before Prohibition was upon them, and American toasting was on its way to becoming a lost art. Raw bootleg booze and the quick-shot speak-easy atmosphere did not lend themselves to the savoring of either sauce or sentiment.

*I'm tired of drinking toasts for each  
little shot of gin,  
Let's toss out all the hooey, and toss  
the alky in!*

Such were the jingled but unpoetic views of most speak-easy patrons, whose

desire for the forbidden delights of booze often exceeded that for the pleasures of the boudoir:

*When I want it, I want it awful  
bad.*

*When I don't get it, it makes me  
awful mad.*

*When I do get it, it makes me, oh,  
so frisky—*

*Don't get me wrong, I mean a shot  
of whiskey!*

Though women were much more available than good Scotch, sex was not entirely overlooked. But the excuse for a fast blast of hooch was less likely to be a woman than it was the act of intercourse itself:

*Here's to it, and to it again!  
If you get to it and don't do it,  
You may never get to it to do it  
again!*

Prohibition was still in full force when a fad for things collegiate put drinkers of all ages into raccoon coats, and hip flaskers who had flunked out of high school lifted their steins and high-ball glasses "to dear old Maine" at the soulfully crooned behest of an Ivy League-type bandleader named Rudy Vallee. The University of Maine became the alcoholic alma mater of the masses and the classes, along with such great toasting institutions as Georgia Tech, whose famous *Rambling Wreck* song gave rah-rah encouragement to thousands of unmatriculated rummies:

*I'd drink to ev'ry fellow who comes  
from far and near;  
I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia  
Tech and a hell of an engineer!*

Then as now, Joe College was also one hell of a drinker, and fraternity brothers made a ritual of singing "Here's to Joe, he's true blue. He's a drunkard, through and through! Drink it down, chugalug, chugalug," until Joe had drained his glass, stein or pitcher. On the eve of the 1929 stock-market crash, affluent frosh were offering humorous healths "To dad—the kin you love to touch!" But with the onset of the Depression, unemployed alumni and undergraduates on short allowances were seldom in the mood for anything more spirited than "Here's how" or "Down the hatch." Repeal of the 18th Amendment brought back legal beer and bonded whiskey, but no event in the past 30 years has managed to inspire a renaissance in American toasting.

A similar decline in toasting is said to have taken place in Japan, where ornate feudal healths have been streamlined down into something that sounds like "Can pay!" and suave sake sippers salute each other with sentiments like "I think you are getting along very well!" and "You seem to have put on weight, haven't you?"

Translated to these shores, such highly provocative healths could only lead to

misunderstandings and hasten a return to Prohibition. In a fluid society, such as our own, the interested health enthusiast would do better to experiment with toasts to blondes, brunettes, red-heads, Republicans, Democrats, repeal of the income-tax laws, planned parenthood for Belgian rabbits—or anything else that strikes his fancy. But it would seem likely that mass enthusiasm for toasting could be aroused most easily by drinking to the joys of drinking itself. Other cultures have long since recognized that booze is, after all, the best excuse for raising a glass that man has ever devised. Hence, the Russians have traditionally promoted peaceful coexistence among themselves with "Drink until greenimps appear!" and the Germans with "Drink until your nose shines red as a carbuncle, that it may be your light in this life's darkness!"

"Hurray for enjoyment, hurray for fun! We're going home drunk!" is a year-round Portuguese toast which most Americans would openly endorse only at yuletide—the one season of the year when we abandon our usual mumbled monosyllables for the exuberant eloquence of "Merry Christmas!" and "Happy New Year!" Though unsuitable for use in August, and inappropriate for weddings and *bar mizvahs*, "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year" are undoubtedly the two jolliest toasts we have, and can hold their own with such exotic seasonal toasts as the French *Joyeux Noel!* the Spanish *¡Feliz Navidad!* and the Italian *Buone Natale!*

Depending on where one spends the holidays, the Christmas toast may be *Gledelig Jul!* (Norwegian), *Vroolijk Kerfeest!* (Dutch), *Weselych Swiat!* (Polish) or *Mele Kalikimaka!* (Hawaiian).

A Welshman may say:

*Oes o lwydd gwir sylweddol—a  
gaffo  
'N deg effaith hanfodol—  
A Gwynfa 'n ei ran, ar ol,  
Yn gu haddef dragwyddol!*

He's just recited a toast to your earthly success, and offering the wish that Paradise may be your everlasting home.

Those who are not conversant in Welsh may make a reasonably appropriate reply by repeating the Albanian for "May you be happy too!"—*Gëzuar gofsh!*

Should he counter with "*Brromp!*" don't put him down for "Swine drunke." It only means that he's challenging you to a friendly drink in your adopted tongue.

Clink your glass against his with a smart *twange*, bow three times, kiss your fingers, and reply with a resonant "*Brromp pach!*"—"I accept your challenge!"



## HOME COMING

(continued from page 158)

ing at the plume. "It'll make such a dreamy hat . . ."

Sammy reached across Helga to way-lay Giacomo. He produced two discreet 1000-lira notes, jerking his thumb upward: "For the puppet man. OK?"

"Now it's all right," Doris said to Ferdinand. "You climbed for the edelweiss at Cortina for me, didn't you? And the edelweiss was much more difficult!"

Ferdinand put his hands round the mocha cup. "It was just for you, in Cortina," he said to the cup.

"The plume's just for me!"

"It was different," Ferdinand said quietly.

"Feardy! You mean we were alone in Cortina? Only because my leg was still bad! We couldn't go out and meet people and so on! Don't be so desperate because I'm more lively now!"

She put her arms round his torso and gave a mock groan to hoist him. "Oohchch!"

It brought him to his feet. The six-foot-three of him was standing, heavy-ribbed gray socks, leather shorts, leather braces and all. He drew his hand across his mouth slowly as I've seen Alpine peasants do when weighing uncertain weather. But I realized now that there was nothing of the yokel in him. His eyes were deep-set, deep brown—unusual in a man of his coloring. He looked at the girl fixedly and, as his hand sank from his face to his side, I suspected that he was appalled, had been appalled, perhaps, for days. His tensed, rigid bulk, his jutting profile and heaped-up hair mass reminded me, for all his youth, of a captive forest patriarch—animalistic, saintly, baffled at the same time. There was about him a trapped uprooted splendor on which the curiosity of the Mocambo fed, a many-antlered magnificence helpless amid the bars and stares of a zoo.

Then he leaped, reached the flagpole with both hands, chinued himself up, came astraddle with a swoop of his legs, slid forward, tore off the string from which the helmet hung, jumped down.

Sammy took the helmet from him and put it on Doris' black hair. He gave her neck a light stroke. "I dub you the knight," he said.

"Thank you!" she cried, and pressed Ferdinand's and Sammy's hands against herself. She really was the prettiest thing in months.

I realized that I was still standing there and went on home.

. . .

But Taormina is a small if high-class hole. You can't lose anybody. Two hours later I was on my way to meet my date's train. A path leads from the village at

the top of the cliff to the station and Mazarro beach at the bottom. I had more than two thirds of the way behind me when I saw them, Doris and Ferdinand, on Mazarro. He knelt before her, removing her sandals; he blew a bit of sand off her instep. They ran. He in old-fashioned-looking striped shorts, she in a golden two-piece. They ran hand in hand till they hit the surf. I lost them quickly in the glitter of the sunset waves. Which was just as well, for I heard the whistle of my train.

My guest that evening was one of a series sent me by a positive New York aunt who wants to restore me to marriage and to usefulness. This particular visitor wasn't bad. She received standard treatment. Dinner at José's, short guided tour along the Corso Umberto, La Taverna. La Taverna constitutes the better part of our night life and provides local color in the form of sleepy waiters in old Sicilian costume. While the band played *Anima e Core* I found out that her fiancé had fallen at Salerno. Afterward, I inferred, she had become hostess-housekeeper to her brother, a bachelor politician in a New England state; he had become an attorney general but nothing had happened to her. I guess her three months' trip to Europe was supposed to make something happen at last.

I must confess that though I remember everything else so well, I have forgotten her name. But still vivid in my mind is how compliantly she danced, and that the Mediterranean sun had darkened and dimpled what was probably a pale jagged face in Vermont, and that she threw her head back carefully when laughing to make her neck stay smooth. And that, throughout the evening, she waited. It might have been quite nice to hold onto her hand a moment longer than necessary after a rumba, and to remark that it was a little ill-considered of her to move on so soon to Messina tomorrow without giving me the chance to show her the Greek amphitheater. But it wasn't in me—I'd had it for a while. In the alcove across the dance floor sat Doris and Ferdinand.

Their company, of course, was Sammy, Lilo and Helga. Since they were in my direct line of vision, I changed seats. I didn't want to stare past my visitor too often. Yet either out of the corner of my eye or while I was on the dance floor, the whole spectacle forced itself on me in trombone-deafened pantomime.

First, during rumbas, Lilo danced with Doris, Sammy with Helga. The knight's plume was pinned to Doris' dress hilariously like a corsage and Ferdinand sat lone and upright on his chair, watching it. Then, during fox trots, Lilo danced with Danish Helga and Sammy with Doris. But Doris ran back to the table and Ferdinand had

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you  
but  
the  
wide  
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to help her take off her shoes so she wouldn't be taller than Sammy. Waltzes came on; with Ferdinand's help she slipped into her shoes to dance with Lilo. Sammy fanned himself behind Doris' back to indicate to Helga that he was hot. Helga tried to giggle with Ferdinand, but only got his lips into some courteous movement. He kept looking for Doris' plume. Tangos began and Doris threw off her shoes to dance with Sammy. Lilo and Helga smoked. Ferdinand sat very upright, staring into the dance floor. I don't believe he could see the plume anymore, for the lights had dimmed. I did, since I was dancing myself with my visitor, who moved well, smiled steadily, had soft compliant tango-thighs not averse to contact.

The plume was no longer pinned to Doris' dress. It must have been an obstacle to the rapt delectation of Sammy's swaying; his one arm curved tight into the small of her back while the other raised her hand to an oblivious height. The plume hung obliquely from Sammy's teeth, bobbing now and then into Doris' armpit. She would give a small tickled scream and try to snatch the plume with her own teeth, in vain. Once she caught me watching and tossed me the headlong smile of a child caught in ardent play—the kind of insidiously lovely girl-child you want to kiss hard and spank hard at the same time. I decided to dance cheek to cheek with my visitor. It was a form of self-defense against the child. It didn't work. I kept on watching.

Intermission: Sammy whispered with the orchestra, Doris stuck her plume into Ferdinand's hair. He removed it. She shrugged, drank, slumped, didn't bother to put on her shoes again. The lights dimmed; barefoot, she receded with Sammy into a thicket of tangos. Helga bent with Lilo over a caricature Lilo was drawing on a napkin.

Ferdinand sat upright. Suddenly he was up. He walked to the wardrobe girl. A moment later he groped onto the dance floor in his leather shorts, a baffled giant wading into a waist-high creek. He threw the lace stole across Doris' shoulders, led her to the door. But there he had to stop, stoop, to put on her shoes. It was enough time for the three others to catch up with them. Sammy offered Lilo's caricature to Doris. Their laughter continued into the outside as the orchestra played *Anima e Core* again.

We left shortly after them. I became aware of a certain scared expectancy in my visitor after our cheek-to-cheek, and decided there was no point in leading her on. I told her that the Greek amphitheater wasn't half as interesting as Messina's Montasoli Fountain. But I suppose it was some sort of an evening for her. I kissed her in the lobby of the San Domenico and on the whole didn't bring it off too badly. Afterward, I

combed the cafés. Nothing. Doris and her friends were nowhere.

. . .

The following day I worked till dinner and for some time after it. Worked fairly well, as a matter of fact. But suddenly, around nine, there sneaked into the house a wicked silence that drove me out. I walked the length of the Corso, past the couples and the café tinkle and the smell of olive oil from the *trattorias* mixed with the women's perfumes, and it was fine. But then I reached the piazza in front of the Mocambo, and it was bad. For this is a piazza only by day. By night it becomes a silly and evil veranda. From it the cliff falls away into the sea in a darkness of granite and groves. The exhalation of oleander and jasmine, the star-far lights of Calabria, the soft echoed bark of dogs, and the twinkle of boats upon the bay—all that, all right. I had become used to it.

But that night there was the additional excess of a rife moon and two violins from the Mocambo swarming in the breeze. A couple stood silhouetted in front of me, and the girl, a short, exquisitely scented creature, reached up slowly along her lanky escort's back and anchored her hand in the hair on his nape. For a moment I tried to recall my ex-visitor's hotel reservation in Messina. She had had those nice tango-thighs. And telegrams are dirt cheap in Italy. But it wasn't in me. It just wasn't in me. Being with a girl in such a place at such a moment is corny, I told myself, though being alone is terrible.

And then I saw Ferdinand. He must have just said goodnight to Lilo and Helga; his back was still curved in the medieval bow that has survived in the courtesy of the Alpine peasant. Lilo walked away, already "cleaning up," for his arm was thrust through Helga's, gesturing. She sent out a thin, premeditated titter. There was another giggle in the dark square, perhaps at Ferdinand. He stood alone now, an oversize, strangely dressed apparition. He drew his hand across his mouth, blinking up at Etna. He stood so damned much alone that I went to him and wished him good evening.

Etna was useful because we could look at it and I could bring up last year's eruption. But after a while that exhausted itself. Not even the fact that we talked German helped. He just stood there, drawing his hand across his mouth. I felt stuck, and tried to manufacture some more companionship. I asked him if he had brought any of his carvings to Italy.

"Some," he said.

"May I see them?"

He looked at me. He nodded. We walked through the alleys and up the stone steps to the Timeo, their hotel. Just before we reached it, he said hastily,

as if to get the matter out of the way, "She is being shown the two volcanoes from the mountaintop," and I nodded as one does to acknowledge a minor clarification.

They had an airy double room with poplars below the window. We both avoided the three white suitcases from which pink things trailed. I almost hated her more for this incidental indiscretion.

He went to his bed, pulled out from under it an ancient traveling chest with iron hinges. To this day I don't know how he'd stuffed it into her tiny MG. He opened it. Inside were two white shirts like the one he was wearing and, wrapped in a heavy, gray-loden jacket, four unfinished crucifixes. They were crib-length and that, together with the fresh white birch which was their flesh and the tender, tentative way he laid them side by side upon the bed, made me think of babies. I asked him if his art was in his family.

"Yes," he said, "my father and my grandfather." And suddenly: "They didn't talk to me, any of them. I went away with her and they all had their windows open. They just looked at me. And then they closed them again." His hand stroked across the figures, pulled at the coverlet to make it a more comfortable thing to rest on.

"There are no faces," he said.

It was true. Some of the figures were still shapeless bundles; in others the agony of a shoulder was already defined, or the nail through the foot. But what they all had in common was the blankness above the neck.

"That's interesting," I said. I felt I ought to say something. "So you always do the faces last?"

"I finish each one complete—I used to," he said. He turned away a little. "I can't do the faces anymore since I left the valley."

He had his carving knife out now, but merely grazed the toe of the third figure with the point of the blade. The knife handle ended in a ram's head whose woolly mane had been worn smooth. Like the chest, the knife had probably been handed down through generations. So were the features of the Savior. I remembered how almost every valley in the Tyrol has its own Christ. And I thought how strange it was, this black-haired girl skiing into his village from across the ocean, ripping him lightly out of his world, roaring away with him in her MG, dropping him off at another planet, next to a volcano, into an indirectly lit double room with bath, with view, and leaving him there, sitting on an empty double bed with four faceless figures, alone.

"I told them we would be back after getting the marriage permission," he said. "I told them I would do the spring ones meanwhile. But they closed the

windows on me."

"Oh," I said briskly. "You make about four at this time of the year?"

He nodded. "I can't do the faces," he said. His knife had begun to hiss against the toe of the third figure. He steadied the figure with his left hand, but at the same time held it away from him as though afraid to touch it too intimately. Somehow I felt I shouldn't see this.

"Well," I said. "Well, in a way I'm in a similar profession. We all have our ups and downs. Goodnight."

"Goodnight," he said, standing up and giving his little medieval bow. He had put down the figure on the bed. But walking away, outside in the corridor, I could hear the low lost hiss of the knife again.

. . .

Next morning I drove to Palermo. It was my regular Palermo day to lay in supplies for the month and maybe smell a little city dust and visit reality. But as I've said, you can't lose anybody. Just as I was about to turn into the highway, I nearly ran him down. Though he walked along the shoulder of the road, though his leather-shorted leviathan shadow was hard to overlook, he had that blind somnambulist stride I always associate with disaster in a pedestrian. The moment he looked up at the screech of the brakes, I realized he had changed.

"Ferdinand! Where're you going?"

He didn't salute me in any way. He pointed to the station: "The train to Palermo."

"This is the car to Palermo," I said. "Hop in!"

I suppose I was always so breezy with him out of some sort of discomfort. He came into the car quickly and wordlessly, with an efficient curling of his endless body. His cheek glinted blond, which meant he hadn't shaved; his hair was no longer plastered against his temples but marched in long waves over his ears. He looked as if he had come out of his valley yesterday. But that wasn't the real change either.

"Where can I let you off in Palermo?" It was the best I could come up with after casting about for a revelatory but safe question.

"The American Consulate, please."

"Can I help you? I know one of the vice-consuls —"

"The permission is necessary," he said, "or the permission is not necessary. It is easy to find out."

For a moment I considered mentioning how time dulls all things and how a year from now all this, et cetera, et cetera. But I realized I'd only make it worse. So, temporizing, I elaborately cursed a Lambretta that overtook me and at the next curve was saved by a little boy with his thumb in the air.

He went to Palermo, too, this little boy, and he had a baby goat in his arms which turned out to be wonderfully energetic. It jumped from front seat to back until it had to be tied down. Even immobilized, it licked everything within reach and, out of sheer exuberance, made a small mess on the seat cover. This caused such prolonged stern Sicilian wrath in the boy that I had to pacify him with *gelati* at a roadside stand and let him wash off the damage long after it was no longer there. The goatlet, in short, furnished a whole potpourri of exigencies during which Ferdinand could sit straight and silent in the back seat without seeming ignored. It was all so easy that after I had let the boy off at Quattro Canti in Palermo, I felt suddenly rather remiss.

"Are you going back to Taormina tomorrow?"

"I think so," he said.

"Let me pick you up again. Where will you stay?"

"I don't know," he said.

"I'm staying at the Palme. I can reserve you a room."

He shook his head.

"There is the Jolly Hotel. Very nice and inexpensive."

"Thank you." He looked at my hand on the door handle, for we had reached the Consulate. It was a "Thank you" from which everything said to him glanced off.

"Look," I said, "why don't we have a drink tonight? Say at the Palme bar — between nine and ten? We can talk."

"Thank you," he said, looking at the door handle. I had to let him go.

He didn't appear at the bar, though I waited till 11. The Jolly didn't know of him. Next morning I found the Consulate closed. Saturday — of course. Though I am not sure how I would have inquired about *his* inquiries if it had been open. I asked myself what I was making all the fuss about and drove back, via the scenic route along the coast, the radio turned on full.

. . .

But there is this about coming toward Taormina from the north: the green lemon groves on one side and the clean saffron beach on the other assume a drastic brightness. As you come nearer, Etna's peak fevers up silver and the wild geraniums effervesce on the hills. All the world begins to heave. The panorama breathes like an infinite animal made of



“. . . Now that's what I call welcoming in the New Year!!"



*"Ask not what Santa can do for you, Miss Keyes—  
ask what you can do for Santa!"*

fine stained glass and goaded by the sun into an ancient, insidious glitter.

I squinted, shut off Radio Napoli. Suddenly I was afraid. There was a train from Palermo scheduled to arrive at least half an hour ago. I was already on my way up to the village, but U-turned, made for the beach of Isola Bella. Lilo's house is built so close to the shore there that an image of its mosquelike pale-blue dome always skitters in the water. Sammy lives in a room on the ground floor and the gravel path that leads to it has known the crunching of many a high heel. On that path Lilo stood now in the pale-blue shorts that matched his dome. I knew from his canter toward the car that Ferdinand had been here. I had never seen Lilo canter before.

"He knocked over the foyer vase." Lilo's head loomed into my car window like a bespectacled balloon. "He frightened the maid so she's still locked in her room."

"Where did he go?" I asked.

"Up to town." Lilo was all adenoid and no wit. "But I called them. I told

them to get away from the Timeo. He found their swimming things from last night. He took them." And through the starting motor I heard it again: "He knocked over the foyer vase!"

I parked the car at Mazarro Beach and ran up the spiral path. I knew he must have taken the footpath. I had no idea what to say to him but I ran up as fast as the dusty old steps would let me. I came to the fork; both branches led up to the town-top of the cliff. I ran up the left. Past the eucalyptus copse I had a view of the curves ahead: no one. I ran back to the fork. I panted, coughed hot dust. The sun slammed into my brain. I would never catch him by foot. I ran back to the car. The tires yammered around the curves. I couldn't get my wind back all through the drive. I was still panting when I spotted them at the cliffside terrace of the Mocambo. Sammy slouched back easy in the wire chair; the red kerchief was loose around his neck because of the heat; his olive elbow lay haphazardly on her arm.

"You look hot, do you know," she

said, sweet and snow-white in a playsuit. Her eyebrows rose at my wheezing. "You need some iced tea!"

And I saw him. Still far down at the Corso Umberto, partly obscured by a fat woman with a parasol. I didn't move. Not because Sammy's hand held me down — he wanted this to be all *his* gesture. I suppose. I didn't move because the face behind the parasol compelled me. It was so direct, straight, simple. My mind, as if to cover the next few seconds' idleness, displayed Ferdinand to me: walking away from Lilo's vase; mounting the spiral path, past the pink outbursts of almond trees and the flower-inflamed cactus; Ferdinand, holding in his hand a golden two-piece and Sammy's trunk triangle, crimson as his kerchief, both relics of the swimming party of the night before. Ferdinand walking through bougainvillea and tuberose, his heavy Alpine boots beating down, frightening small lizards into a slither and, perhaps, delaying for a half second or so the happy girl in Riviera shorts who ran forever down the footpath to Mazarro Beach. Ferdinand walking, hand clamped over gold-and-crimson burden; Ferdinand climbing under the stoic Sicilian sun — and, in my mind's eye at that moment, he looked small among the rocks.

Yet he was upon us, huge in the piazza.

"Ferdy," Doris said, "where in the world have you —" and broke off. He had dropped the swim clothes. (I remember them — crimson crumpled over gold on the pavement like a big, broken butterfly.) Sammy leaped to forestall him, but was tapped away, lay stunned against the curbstone.

Ferdinand hugged her to him, hugged her high. In her white playsuit she hovered above the railing that guards the cliff. She moaned surprised. A drop of sweat ran down his cheek. But only for a second did his mouth crook into a grimace of exertion. Then it relaxed. He put her away from him. He let her go. She didn't scream until she had fallen out of sight.

He turned away from the gasp, the rush, all around him. He ran, but happy and free, like a man heading for supper, and perhaps that was another reason why they didn't stop him. He ran toward the Timeo.

I found him there, ahead of anyone else, in what used to be their room. One of the crucifixes lay cradled in his arms. He was carving the loving and the suffering into the Savior's face. A small breeze ran through the poplars outside the window. A church bell tolled four. His knife whispered, whispered to the wood. I closed the door gently on him. They didn't have to hurry so, down in the street. He was at rest. He was quit of her. I guess he was back in the valley.



## FUN and GAMES (continued from page 146)

**TRUTH** — Guests are seated in a circle. Game begins when one of the guests asks a personal question, on any subject. Person to his left *must answer* the question truthfully, or say, "I have to go home now," and leave the party. Each guest in turn must answer the initial question until it has involved the entire circle, including — finally — the person who made up the question. Then the person on the starter's left asks a new question, or one in further pursuit of details not evoked by the first question, and once again each person in the circle must respond truthfully or go home. In this game, it is not considered sporting to claim the Fifth Amendment.

**HEARSAY** — One guest is asked to write down a short true story about himself or about another guest (or about both of them) and then read it in a whisper to the guest on his left, who whispers it to the next guest, and so on. (No repetitions are allowed, so guests must listen carefully to get it right the first time.) By the time the story reaches the last guest, it likely will not bear the vaguest resemblance to its original form. After the last guest has told it aloud, each guest in turn, going backward, must tell the version *he* heard, until the initiator reads the accurate account.

**FUMBLE** — The men gather at one end of the room, the women at the other. After the host douses the lights, the object is to find one's date in the dark. No talking is allowed, so identification must be by braille. A penalty may be imposed on the last couple to get together. In a variation, the guests are blindfolded and the lights left on. Once a man finds his date, they may then remove their blindfolds and enjoy the others' gropings.

**MIX & MATCH** — The girls leave the room and each deposits an article of clothing in a basket. All girls must deposit the same article; early in the party it may be as innocuous as a shoe. The girls then return with the basket. At a signal, the men rush to it, each grabs one piece of clothing, then goes from girl to girl in an effort to find the owner and to put the article back on. The result is not only considerable contact, but a chance for male guests to meet, informally, women other than their dates. As the game progresses, the article of clothing can become more intimate — with increasingly rewarding results.

**BUZZ** — Guests sit in a circle and begin counting off clockwise, but every number divisible by seven, or with a seven in it, must be called "buzz," at which point the counting reverses direction. A missed turn or a mistake means that the player must down his drink. Of course, those who miss once or twice will be more

likely to miss again. The object of the game is to get to 50, but things get very tricky around 27 and 28, both of which are "buzz" numbers, which means a double reversal of direction, and often much confusion. Strip Buzz is played in some circles: players who goof remove an article of clothing instead of drinking.

**PING PONG** — This tougher version of Buzz involves greater confusion and therefore much more drinking. On numbers with three in them, or divisible by three, the player says "Ping"; on numbers with five in them, or divisible by five, the player says "Pong." The catch is that the direction is changed every time the word is "Pong." Both Buzz and Ping Pong should be played at a relatively fast pace, too long a hesitation on a guest's part counts as a miss.

**CROSSED & UNCROSSED** — For best results, two or three people should know the secret before the game starts. Then, play begins as a pair of scissors is passed around the seated circle of guests, the passer saying, "I pass them crossed [or uncrossed]," and the recipient saying, "I receive them crossed [or uncrossed]." Anyone who says crossed when he should say uncrossed, or vice versa, must take a healthy swig of his drink; those already in the know will tell him if he's right or wrong, because actually crossed and uncrossed refer not to the scissors but to the legs of passer and receiver.

**CATEGORIES** — Players in the circle set a rhythm for this game by clapping their hands in unison. The first player, on the third handclap, names a category — for instance, cigarettes. Everyone claps twice more, then the next player in the circle must name a brand within the category; and so it goes, around the circle, until someone misses. Brands can't be repeated, and when the player can't think of one in the time allotted by the clapping rhythm, he has missed. He must chugalug his drink, after which he starts the clapping again and names a new category. Categories must be broad enough (automobiles, movie titles, mammals, jazz musicians, etc.) to go around the circle at least once.

**FEATHER-FUN** — Your guests, in a circle, kneel while holding a bed sheet by its edges. A single feather is placed in the center of the sheet, and all begin to blow at it. The idea is to avoid being touched by the feather by exerting enough lung power to keep it away. Anyone touched must down his drink, and the game begins again. One of the simplest of games, this is also one of the most fun.

**TILLIE WILLIAMS** — Another game for poolside. Several men (or all) are paired off with girls holding Seltzer bottles.

Then the host asks each man in turn questions like "Do you like yellow?" "Do you like red?" "Do you like horses?" and "Do you like kangaroos?" But the girls have been told in secret that, unless each man questioned likes something with a *double letter* in it (yellow, kangaroos, or even Tillie Williams), he gets squirted with the Seltzer, or, for increased chagrin, *all* men get squirted when *any* man misses. Game continues until the last man has caught the code — or the cold! Then comes sweet revenge: The guys get the bottles, and the girls get squirted unless they say they like something that has four legs (dog, table, chair, twin boys). That pretty well evens the score. (Note: The solution in the latter code becomes more difficult if, after one girl says she likes a table and is therefore not squirted, the next girl is asked, with careless stress on the wrong part of the question, "Do *you* like tables?"; she will probably say yes, and — plural tables having more than four legs — she gets the Seltzer.)

The final category of games is called Alone in the Dark. These are one-time-only games with the same group, because in each game there is a "catch." The person who is uninformed (that is, alone in the dark) is best selected from the newcomers to your circle of friends, unless one of the regulars has been unlucky enough to miss a party at which any of the following games were played. Also, if one of the party poopers remains (even after a round of Truth), elect him *it* for the first game in this section, and if he doesn't flee your premises shortly afterward, then he is possessed of either steel nerves or a bone head.

**PSYCHOANALYSIS** — One of the group is selected to be *it*. The unfortunate who is *it* is told to leave the room and is informed that while he is out of the room the others will make up a story of some sort, at which point it will be *it*'s task to return and try to discover what the story is about by asking everyone in turn whatever questions occur to him, though the others will be restricted in their answers to yes, no or maybe. Once *it* is out of the room, the others will make up no story whatsoever. They will use up a little time by freshening their drinks, telling a joke or two at *it*'s expense and reminding any squares who don't know how the game is played (if, indeed, there is still a square present) of the real rules, which are: When *it* returns, any question asked that ends with a consonant is answered with a no; any question asked that ends with a vowel is answered with a yes; a question ending with a "y" permits the answer maybe. The point of the game is that *it* makes up his own story, and in the process discloses to the amateur psycho-

analysts present, by his free association, his unconscious fantasies.

Here, briefly, are three actual stories as invented by unfortunate *IT*s for the delectation of their friends:

1. A girl midget, whose mother is also a midget, marries a boy midget. Goaded on by her mother, the girl midget on her wedding night has sexual intercourse with an elephant, and dies.

2. A sister shoots and kills her brother when she discovers him in her barn, using her milking machine for the purpose of masturbation.

3. A circus train is wrecked and spews forth freaks who rape all the women living in houses beside the railroad tracks.

Stories like these could never be contrived by a group of people sitting around a room. They can only develop in the course of this malevolent parlor game. One hapless chap invented the following story in the following way:

*IT*: Is it a story about people?

ANSWER: Yes.

*IT*: Is it about animals?

ANSWER: No.

*IT*: Then every character is a person?

ANSWER: No.

*IT*: No? Well . . . supernatural characters?

ANSWER: No.

*IT*: Is there a monster in the story?

ANSWER: Maybe.

*IT*: Well, let's see — does a woman give birth to a monstrosity?

ANSWER: Maybe.

*IT*: Well, does she?

ANSWER: Yes.

*IT*: Maybe? and Yes? Oh, it's two?

ANSWER: Yes.

*IT*: Siamese twins! Is there a crime?

ANSWER: Yes.

And so it went. The story unfolded as of a woman who destroyed the Siamese twins she had borne out of wedlock by ripping them to pieces with her bare hands. When *IT* was told this was his own story, he reacted in the usual way, with hot denials. It was patiently explained to him, as it has been to every *IT* to date, that the completely mechanical and arbitrary method of answering gave him a free choice at every turn, and that, for example, he might have started out by asking questions about time, locale, historical period, motivation, anything. Additionally, it was explained that the question as to whether the story was about people, to which an affirmative answer was given, might have satisfied anyone willing to think about people as distinct from non-people, but that *IT* insisted on having other creatures in his story, even after learning there were no animals.

The game can be ended when *IT* is told that he has wormed out the entire story as contrived by the group. Then he is asked his opinion of the person or

persons who would make up such a story. The pigeon may not be certain what to say to this, but after ascertaining that no one's feelings will be hurt if he is brutally frank in his critique, he will undoubtedly castigate the mentality and morality of the unknown culprit or culprits. Then tell him who made up the story.

**IDENTITY** — This one is not nearly as sadistic as Psychoanalysis. The patsy is simply told that while he is out of the room, a person will be chosen by the guests, and *IT* must guess who the person is. He can ask questions of each guest in turn about the person's appearance, his activities, or his personal life. Matter of fact, personal questions are encouraged. When *IT* leaves the room, each guest learns that the person he is to describe is the one sitting on his right, and that he must answer the most personal questions honestly and to the best of his knowledge. The person who is *IT* can direct only one question at a time to each guest in turn, who must answer "Yes," "No" or "I don't know." The game ends when *IT* guesses that the person he's after is "The Person on Everyone's Right."

**CHEEKSY-WEEKSY** — While the sucker is out of the room, explain the game to the other guests. When your man returns to the circle (which should be, and probably is, boy, girl, boy, girl, etc.), the host begins the game by pinching the cheek of the girl next to him and saying as he does so, "Cheeksy-Weeksy." This bit of foolish flirtation continues around the circle. It will certainly seem silly and rather pointless to the unwary mark, and he will become increasingly baffled as to why everyone else is having such a fine time. What he doesn't know, however, is that the girl tweaking *him* has lipstick on her fingers, freshly applied from a tube held behind her back. If, by the time his face begins to look like a carnival mask (since, each time around, it changes to Chinsy-Winsy, and Nosey-Wosey, and other puerile variations), he still hasn't been able to figure out the reason for all the chuckling, a finale of Mirrorsy-Wirrorsy with a girl's pocket mirror will do the trick.

**JUST WHISTLE** — Guests form a circle around *IT*, who is blindfolded, and all silently shake hands with *IT* or clap him on the shoulder as a distraction to allow the host to pin a small plastic whistle on a two-foot string to *IT*'s back. Then *IT* is told that someone in the circle is going to blow a whistle and that he (*IT*) is supposed to try to grab the whistle blower. But since the first whistler is behind him, whenever he turns, the little whistle will be propelled to the other side of the circle where someone else blows it. And so on until *IT* realizes that he has the whistle himself.

**UNDER THE SHEET** — A guest is seated on the floor in the center of the circle and a bed sheet placed over him. He is told that he has to guess what the group wants him to take off and then remove it. He must continue to take things off under the sheet (while the things he *has* removed and handed out are put out of his reach) until he realizes that the "something" to be removed is actually the sheet itself. By this time, he may be in no condition to do so.

**MOVIE DIRECTOR** — In this final game, *everyone* is *IT*, but no one will realize this until it is much too late. To begin, the host asks everyone to retire to another room. He then sets the stage for the game by placing a bright lamp close to a couch, and a straight-back chair in front of the couch. Then he calls out *two men* and *one woman*. The woman and one man are designated "stars" and are told to sit on the couch. The other man is designated as "director" and is told to pose the couple on the couch in any way he pleases. Trick is that, when he has posed them as fiendishly as he can, he is told that *he* is now the "star," and must take the place of the man on the couch *in exactly the pose he has set up!* Now a girl is called in from the other room and she is made director and told to pose the couple on the couch. Then *she* is told to take the place of the gal on the couch. And so on, and on, until all the guests have been the goat. (Important note: Just standing idly about in the other room will make the waiting line restless: if it does not boast a bar, a dartboard or some form of diversion for the directors-to-be, the best thing to do is reserve a group game, such as Feather-Fun or Buzz, to be played by the waiting guests at this time. By the time the remaining players are too few for continued play, they will not have long to wait before their turns.)

A good host will keep in mind that he is the Master of Revels, not the umpire, and his role is to see that the guests are entertained, not held to a rigid schedule of play. If they are having a fine time with just one game, all evening long, don't worry about time limits, prizes, or even rules if they begin to introduce their own variations. To be remembered as the fellow who knows all those wonderful party games, be flexible about your planned diversions; if you see a game is falling flat, of course, be ready with another. But if everyone is having a swinging time, just remember that your aim is simply to create an atmosphere in which your guests may enjoy themselves to the fullest, and then to relax and join the fun. After all, it's your party.



## ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN *(continued from page 153)*

stimulating expectation.

LUSTY, ROBUST, FULL-BLOODED NOVELS, crowded with the vitality of incident and detail are hardest to write.

THE DEEPEST APPEAL is not made to logic but to imagination, not to intellect but to heart.

WRITING A PLAY is easier than writing a novel. It is the easiest literary medium there is, but there may be weeks and months of thinking it out beforehand.

MODERN POETS are doomed to wander in a barren region, amid those millions who care nothing for true poetry.

I WISH I COULD forever silence those materialistic people who contend that writers have no mission among men.

THE BEST BOOKS are simple, direct and nonintellectual.

A CREATIVE PERSON can never be happy earning his living in the business world while trying to create in his private world.

### ON CRITICS AND CRITICISM

THE HUMAN MIND has many bad habits. Among the most pernicious habits of the mind, worry, pessimism, dishonesty, selfishness, and the spirit of unjust thinking, take the lead. Of these, habitual criticism is perhaps the most destructive, contagious, and least restrained of any.

THE CHRONIC CRITIC is a self-appointed court, judge, jury, verdict, jail, and electric chair all in one. He is a crystalized faultfinder among his brothers, an anarchist in the realm of individual rights. He feels he is raised up to manage personally his fellows, and his text of procedure is, "The end justifies the means." He tears down where he should upbuild, inspires doubt and self-distrust where courage and hope should rule victorious.

ELOQUENT CRITICS are sometimes the poorest judges.

A FOOL CAN CRITICIZE anything and everybody, but a man must be wise in experience to approve intelligently and understand.

THE FAULTS of no American author have been so paraded before the public as those of mine.

SOME OF THE PROFOUNDEST literary critics of the century have assailed me. But I seem to be impregnable.

I HAVE WHAT SEEMS out of place in a critic, a kindly heart.

### ON LOVE AND WOMEN

LOVE is the greatest adventure in people's lives.

THE HEART is the noblest part of human nature. And the affections are the noblest ingredient in human nature.

ONCE WHILE HEARING a young lady

highly praised for her beauty, I asked: What kind of beauty do you mean? Merely that of the body, or also that of the mind? Many a pretty girl is like a flower which is admired for its beautiful appearance, but despised for its unpleasant odor. It is far better to acquire beauty than to be born with it.

NO WISE PERSON will marry for beauty mainly. It may exercise a powerful attraction in the first place, but it is found to be of comparatively little consequence afterward. To marry a handsome figure without character, fine features unbeautified by sentiment or good nature, is the most deplorable of mistakes. As even the finest landscape, seen daily, becomes monotonous, so does the most beautiful face, unless a beautiful nature shines through it. The beauty of today becomes commonplace tomorrow. Whereas goodness, displayed through the most ordinary features, is perennially lovely. This kind of beauty improves with age, and time ripens rather than destroys it.

A MAN SHOULD NEVER be too precisely analytical of a woman.

WOMEN are sensitive instruments through which men blow their emotions.

SILENCE is often the best ornament of a woman.

## ON EDUCATION

I CONSIDER IGNORANCE the primary enemy of mankind.

THE HUMAN MIND is not only self-destructive but naturally stupid. Self-ignorance is its normal condition.

THE WORST FOOL in the world is the man who will admit nothing that he cannot see or feel or taste, who has no place for imagination or vision or faith.

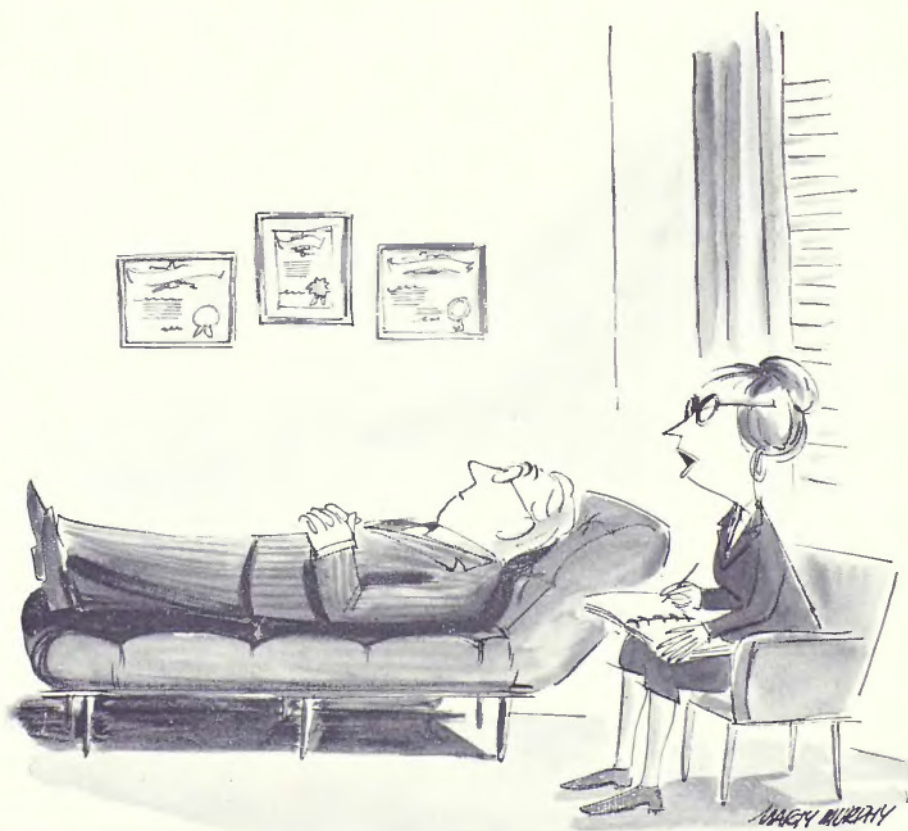
THE SECRET OF LIFE, even from a physical basis, is to learn the laws of the world and submit to them willingly and cheerfully. To make the best of them is the way to make the most of them.

GOOD SENSE, disciplined by experience and inspired by goodness, results in practical wisdom. Indeed, goodness in a measure implies wisdom — the highest wisdom.

MAN IS CAPABLE of various kinds of education. He is possessed of physical, social, religious, intellectual, and moral capabilities. Each requires education. The education of all makes him complete: the education of part only leaves him deficient.

THE EDUCATED MAN is the man who can do something, and the quality of his work marks the degree of his education.

THE BEST INVESTMENT a young man can make is in good books, the study of which broadens the mind, and the facts



"Oh, you men . . . ! You're all alike!"

of which equip him the better for his life calling. But books are not valuable only because of the available information they give—when they do not instruct, they elevate and refine.

A GOOD BOOK is often the best urn of a life, enshrining the best thoughts of which that life was capable. For the world of a man's life is, for the most part, the world of his thoughts. The best books are treasuries of good words and golden thoughts, which, remembered and cherished, become our companions and comforters.

CONTACT WITH OTHERS is requisite to enable a man to know himself. It is only by mixing freely in the world that one can form a proper estimate of his own capacity.

THERE IS NO COMPANY so bad out of which a man may not learn something to make himself better.

I REGARD THE HOME as the most influential school of civilization.

HOME IS THE FIRST and most important school of character. It is there that every civilized being receives his best moral training, or his worst.

LAW ITSELF is but the reflex of homes. The tiniest bits of opinion sown into the minds of children in private life afterward go forth into the world, and become its public opinion. Nations are gathered out of nurseries, and they who hold the leading strings of children may even exercise a greater power than those who wield the reins of government.

THE MATERIALS OF WISDOM are often before our face, while our foolish eyes look away to the ends of the earth.

TO KNOW AND LOVE NATURE is a simpler and higher thing than to know the geology of the rocks and the chemistry of the trees.

### ON ACHIEVING SUCCESS

WE CANNOT TRAVEL every path. Success must be won along one line. We must make our business the one life purpose to which every other must be subordinate.

I HATE A THING done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.

THE MEN OF HISTORY were not perpetually looking into the mirror to make sure of their own size. Absorbed in their work they did it. They did it so well that the wondering world saw them to be great, and labeled them accordingly.

TO LIVE WITH A HIGH IDEAL is a successful life. It is not what one does, but what one tries to do, that makes a man strong.

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE," it has been said, "is the price of liberty." With equal truth it may be said, "Unceasing effort is the price of success." If we do not work with our might, others will; and they will outstrip us in the race,

and pluck the prize from our grasp.

SUCCESS grows less and less dependent on luck and chance.

SELF-DISTRUST is the cause of most of our failures.

THE GREAT AND INDISPENSABLE HELP to success is character. Character is crystallized habit, the result of training and conviction. Every character is influenced by heredity, environment and education. But these apart, if every man were not to a great extent the architect of his own character, he would be a fatalist, an irresponsible creature of circumstances.

INSTEAD OF SAYING that man is a creature of circumstance, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstance. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstance. Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels. Bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks, until the architect can make them something else.

EARNESTNESS, SERIOUSNESS and conviction—those are the great instruments of persuasion.

THE SECRET OF WISDOM, power and knowledge is humility. The secret of influence is simplicity.

THE TRUE WAY to gain much is never to desire to gain too much.

WISE MEN don't care for what they can't have.

I LIKE THE STORY of Alexander the Great, when upon his deathbed, commanded that when he was carried forth to his grave his hands should not be wrapped, as was usual, in cloths, but should be left outside the coffin, that all men might see them, and might see that they were empty.

### ON HAPPINESS

I HAVE NEVER BEEN basically pessimistic, although I have appeared so to some readers.

I HAVE TAKEN LIFE so seriously as to be disposed to optimism.

PESSIMISM is a waste of force—the penalty of one who doesn't know how to live.

HAPPINESS is in action, and every power is intended for action.

IT IS A GOOD POLICY to strike while the iron is hot. It is better still to make the iron hot by striking.

I HAVE ALWAYS FOUND that it's more painful to do nothing than something.

OF ALL THE VIRTUES, cheerfulness and enthusiasm are the most profitable.

ENTHUSIASM flourishes more often in adversity than it does in prosperity.

CONTENTMENT grows out of an inward superiority to our surroundings.

A GOOD RULE TO LIVE BY: one day at a time.

WE FALL INTO THE MISTAKE of supposing that to look forward must mean to look anxiously forward. It is just as easy to look forward with hope as with sadness.

SINCE FEW LARGE PLEASURES are lent us on a long lease, we ought to cultivate a large undergrowth of small pleasures.

THE SOURCE OF NEARLY ALL the evil and unhappiness of this world is selfishness. We know it: but we still keep on being selfish.

WE ARE SHALLOW JUDGES of the happiness or misery of others, if we estimate it by any marks that distinguish them from ourselves.

FAME WITHOUT HAPPINESS is but a sorry joke at best.

THE UNHAPPY are always wrong.

### ON LIVING WITH HONOR

IT IS DESIRABLE to have a good reputation. The good opinion of our associates and acquaintances is not to be despised. But every man should see to it that the reputation is deserved, otherwise his life is false, and sooner or later he will stand discovered before the world.

THERE IS OFTEN a great distinction between character and reputation. Reputation is what the world believes us for the time; character is what we truly are. Reputation and character may be in harmony, but they frequently are as opposite as light and darkness. Many a scoundrel has had a reputation for nobility, and men of the noblest characters have had reputations that relegated them to the ranks of the depraved.

A MAN'S REAL CHARACTER will always be more visible in his home than anywhere else. And his practical wisdom will be better exhibited by the manner in which he rules there than even in the larger affairs of business or public life. His whole mind may be in his business; but if he would be happy, his whole heart must be in his home. It is there that his genuine qualities display themselves. It is there that he shows his truthfulness, his love, his sympathy, his consideration for others, his uprightness, his manliness—in a word, his character.

THE BEST EQUIPMENT a young man can have for the battle of life is a conscience, common sense and good health.

THERE IS NO FRIEND so good as a good conscience. There is no enemy so dangerous as a bad conscience. It makes us either kings or slaves.

CONSCIENCE is a clock which in one man strikes aloud and gives warning; in another the hand points silently to the figure, but doesn't strike.

WHAT WE CALL COMMON SENSE is, for the most part, the result of common experience wisely improved. Nor is great ability necessary to acquire it so much as patience, accuracy and watchfulness.

GOOD HEALTH is quite as much dependent on mental as on physical habits. Worry, sensitiveness and temper have hastened many an otherwise splendid man to his grave.

IT IS AS UNHEALTHY and demoralizing to live in the company and atmosphere of one's unhealthy, morbid, selfish thoughts, as to live in the presence of depraved people.

THE UNTIRING SEARCH for personal pleasure is selfishness in action. Self-exaggeration, egotism, pride, self-righteousness, self-justification and mock modesty are but branches of the tree of selfishness, whose roots run in all directions, crossing, recrossing and intertwining one another in the clay soil of personal self. Jealousy is the most insane phase of human selfishness. It is born of a selfish fear of loss or of being personally displaced by something or somebody.

ANGER is a short madness. There is in it envy and scorn, fear and sorrow, pride and prejudice, rashness and inconsideration, rejoicing in evil, and a desire to inflict it.

AMBITION destroys the pleasures of the present in ardent aspirations after an imaginative future.

CONTEMPT is an innocent revenge. Violence is the fullest expression of it.

ANXIETY is the poison of human life. It is the parent of many miseries.

AVARICE isolates men from the universe and shuts the soul up in its own dark self.

A STRONG TEMPER is not necessarily a bad temper. But the stronger the temper, the greater is the need of self-discipline and self-control.

WE ARE RICH as we give; we live in proportion to the unselfishness of our love, and we become poor in the ratio that we indulge habits of self-centered interest and personal gain.

A RIGHT ACT strikes a chord that extends through the whole universe.

ONE WHO LOVES RIGHT cannot be indifferent to wrong, or wrongdoing. If he feels warmly, he will speak warmly, out of the fullness of his heart. We have to be on our guard against impatient scorn. The best people are apt to have their impatient side, and often the very temper which makes men earnest, makes them also intolerant. Of all mental gifts, the rarest is intellectual patience; and the last lesson of culture is to believe in difficulties which are invisible to ourselves.

THE ONLY ULTIMATE OBLIGATION upon any man is that of honest and earnest seeking for the truth.

### ON PREJUDICE

PREJUDICE is a despotic, ignorant, mental slaveholder. It prejudices and

pronounces sentences without evidence, judge or jury. We ought to run away from it, for it is a false witness, stupid, dishonest and shortsighted. It separates friends, impedes human progress, befriends bad institutions, obstructs good causes, perpetuates the enslavement of body and mind, and wars against the best interests of mankind.

### ON DEATH

THE SHADOW leaves no track behind it. And of the greatest persons of the world, when they are once dead, then there remains no more than if they had never lived.

WHAT IS IT TO DIE? Is it to drop the body of this death, and to put on an immortality? To pass from darkness to everlasting sunlight? To cease dreaming, and begin a waking existence? Is it to go home to God?

IT WAS A SAYING OF MILTON that, "Who best can suffer, best can do." The work of many of the greatest men, inspired by duty, has been done amidst suffering and trial and difficulty. They have struggled against the tide and reached the shore exhausted, only to grasp the sand and expire. They have done their duty and been content to die. But death has no power over such men; their hallowed memories still survive to soothe us.

### ON FAITH AND THE FUTURE

COURAGE is only another name for faith.

WE WALK BY FAITH oftener than by sight. The major part of daily living is made up of things in action, subdividing itself into what is termed confidence, conviction, trust, optimism, hope and courage. The first movement in mental action is invariably one of faith.

THE VITALITY OF FAITH is unique, and its power beyond human estimate.

AS A WEAK LEG grows stronger by exercise, so will your faith be strengthened by the very effort you make in stretching it out toward things unseen.

WE ARE JUST IN THE DAWN of new things. We can only imagine the revelations that succeeding generations and ages are to enjoy. As the knowledge of our time surpasses that of all preceding times, so will the knowledge of the future ages surpass that of our own.

WE ARE LIVING in the morning of an epoch, and in the fog of the early dawn men walk confused and see strange sights; but the fog will melt under the rays of the very sun which has created it, and the world of truth will be seen to be solid and lovely again.

ALL THE GLORY OF LIFE, all the romance of living, all the deep and true joys of the world, all the splendor and the mystery are within our reach.



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## AN ACTOR'S LIFE (continued from page 86)

edness had always seemed to him the feminine counterpart of his own diligence, but now it pained him to think that when she laughed she was not actually happy. Of course, they did not turn completely from one another; in the middle of the night, they would sometimes reach across the dark bed, and in a dreamy half-sleep, arouse each other's passions. But often it was not until he was on the subway the following morning that Walter remembered that during the previous eight hours he and Juliet had made love, and even then he was not always sure.

One evening at dinner Juliet dropped her fork and stared dully into the candles. "I don't know what the matter is," she said, and put her head in her hands.

Walter thought to move around to her chair and comfort her. But was she any more deprived than he was? "I don't either," he said.

She slammed the table. "What is it! Why do you find me so distasteful!"

"Why do you find me!" he shot back.

She began to cry. "Walter, I didn't mean that. I do know better than that. It's both of us, somehow. Yet we never really fight. You're so thoughtful and solid, you're so good to me — and I'm so dependent on you, whether you know it or not. I think it has to do with our fitting together *too* well."

But that sounded ridiculous to both of them. Juliet blew her nose, Walter helped clear the table, and then each went off as though nothing had happened. At his desk Walter thought to himself, "We should have had a baby a long time ago. The actress business was silly from the start . . ." But then how could he have known that *at* the start?

In five minutes each was back in the living room. "Walter," she said, "do you think we should be divorced?"

"Do you?" he demanded.

"Well — *no*," she said, and hopelessly dropped into a chair.

He dropped into one opposite. "Neither do I," he said.

"Then," asked Juliet, tossing up her arms, "what should we do?"

Walter decided for them: they would separate for a little while. Maybe *that* would do something. Walter telephoned Harvey Landau and asked if he could get away for a few weeks: without even telling Harvey what the trouble was, Walter discovered that Harvey understood. Harvey said, "Do whatever you have to, boy. Just don't run off half-cocked."

"Juliet's going to be alone," said Walter, worried for her.

"We'll have her over for dinner. We'll take care of her." Softly Harvey added, "It happens to everybody."

"Thanks, Harvey." He hung up feeling so relieved that he did not even know

why he was going away in the first place.

That night, in bed, his wife said, "Walter?"

"Yes?"

"I don't care who you sleep with. Just don't tell me about it when we meet again."

She was being so brave, so game. How she needed him! Why was he even leaving her? Was he a boy, expecting what a boy expects, or was he a man? Still, he answered with what seemed to him common sense. "The same for you."

There was a pause. "OK," she whispered, and they lay there back to back in an astonished silence.

Where should he go? South? Though it had been a wet and dreary winter, it didn't seem right for him to be lolling on a beach, spending their savings, while Juliet stayed behind in New York. This wasn't supposed to be a pleasure trip, anyway.

He took a train north, and got off in a small town upstate where he rented an inexpensive room: he had the idea that he would read, and walk, and mostly, think things through. But by the end of the first day he found he hadn't made much headway with his thinking. What was he supposed to think about? There was a broken-down ski lodge only a few miles away, and so after dinner, he hiked up the hill and sat at the bar, and watched the few guests sit around trying to think of folk songs to sing. Within the hour he met a young woman who was on vacation from her job as a secretary in Oneonta. They spent some time talking about where Oneonta was and drawing maps on napkins. He knew he could go to her room with her as soon as they began to talk. What he discovered was that he wanted to. His heart began to beat unnaturally. Never before had he committed adultery, yet he went off with the woman without much of an inner struggle. Juliet had said it was OK, and he had something to find out.

She had a room with a fireplace. Before he got into bed, she asked him to build a fire so that they would have it to look into afterward. The draft was bad, and Walter had to get up every few minutes to smash at the logs with the poker, whose handle kept coming off. But the young woman seemed unable to bear the idea of the fire going out, as she was taking half her summer vacation in the winter.

Walter slept in her bed every night for a week. Where Juliet was long in the thigh, the secretary from Oneonta was short: where Juliet was brunette, she was light. Did these few inconsequentialities make the difference? Were they what made him ravenous with her? No, she was just somebody different, a perfect stranger, though he attended to her

breasts as though she were a dear friend. And the truth was he couldn't stand her.

On Friday he was ready to take the train down. It was not for this that he had come away. But the separation had been so short: he decided to stay on another night.

He awoke Saturday morning in disgust. After lunch, he went on a long walk with the secretary. The sun was shining on the snow, and they held hands. Absurd. He caught the train to New York just after dinner: he had to rush so to make it that he hadn't time to call the young woman, whose name was Sheila Kay, or Kaye, and tell her that he would not be seeing her that evening, as they had planned.

When he met Juliet at Grand Central, where she was waiting at the information booth, he felt himself go red: fortunately she did not see because she did not look directly at him. They walked across to the Commodore to have a drink, addressing each other like youngsters on a blind date. He handed Juliet a package and waited for her to open it. Inside was a lovely white ski sweater; he had written no note, for he did not know what she would want him to say. He did not know what had happened to her.

"I have a surprise for you, too," she said.

"My God," he thought, "she has found somebody!"

But all Juliet had to tell him was that in his absence she had gone off and gotten a job as Leo Kittering's girl Friday. Kittering was a young man of independent means who was forever trying to start a repertory company in New York: Walter remembered having met him once at a party. For his own reasons, he was so relieved to hear the news that for the first time he took her hands in his. Juliet beamed: she was hardly being paid a fortune, she said, but that wasn't the point. She told Walter she was a new person: she hoped she was through with self-pity.

That night they eventually grew tired of talking and had to go off to bed.

"I'm so tense," whispered Juliet, when he moved in beside her. "It's ridiculous, but I am."

"It's not ridiculous," said Walter.

"Tomorrow . . ." said Juliet.

"OK," he said, for he was not without tension himself, despite his success with the secretary from Oneonta, whom he tried with all his heart now not to think of.

When he opened his eyes, it was tomorrow. Walter knew what must be done. They were really as close as people could be — a husband and a wife! So, amidst the white sheets, with the yellow curtains blowing in, and a garbage truck roaring away down on the street, Walter looked unflinchingly into Juliet's eyes, and she into his, and they performed the

act of love. The noise of the truck grew so loud that at one point Walter wanted to get up and pull down the window. But he stayed where he was and did what had to be done — which turned out to be more than having intercourse once again with his mate. They were telling each other that they wanted each other. When it was over and both lay panting in the strong light, Walter was willing to believe that their crisis was behind them, and that they were about to enter a new stage of marriage.

And so they did. That it could not be forever what it had been four years back on Hudson Street, and in Juliet's room before that, Walter had realized the night before the separation; now he accepted it. Nevertheless, he could not put his finger on why and how it had happened to them. Were they resentful of one another? disappointed in one another? too close to one another, whatever that meant? Or was it only time, the diminishing of passion that must one day come to every last husband and every last wife?

Whatever, Walter lowered the expectations of earlier days. He was not 17 years old, or even 21. He was almost 30. Not having to be divorced, he came to tell himself, was going to have to cost a little something. He hoped that was as clear to Juliet as it was to him: she too, he hoped, had lowered expectations that were perhaps unreal to begin with. Or were they? There was really no way to tell.

In June, Harvey Landau flew to London and took Walter with him. Harvey was going to look over some plays that were opening in the West End. Walter was thrilled — surely he was on the rise — and so too was Juliet thrilled for him; yet when her husband suggested that she come along, at his expense, she had to decline. Kittering had said to her that if she went away just now it would be for him like losing an arm, a statement that Juliet rushed home and repeated to Walter with a charming, open sense of her own importance. Walter understood, agreed, but was not happy. Alone in London it would be business followed by loneliness. But he did not know that he had a right to take her from what she clearly did not want to give up. The pleasures of the new job were filling a gap in her life that he was perhaps not responsible for, but with which he seemed to have something to do. Because, in this vague and ill-defined way, he suspected himself, he had not yet suggested that they fill the gap (if such there really was) with a baby, though of course the idea had occurred to him more than once.

He was on his own, then, when he met Tarsila Brown. She was an actress of Sardinian and American parentage, the wife of the playwright Foxie Brown, one of the noisier of the young Englishmen



who had come to be called "angry." Foxie had recently been in two fistfights that had made the papers: the first was with an M.P., who happened to be passing Hyde Park Corner one morning, where Foxie — still in dinner dress from the evening before — had gathered about himself an audience and was imitating the Prime Minister. When the M.P., a man of temper, came charging at Foxie with his umbrella raised, Foxie knocked him cold. The second incident involved Tarsila, also knocked unconscious by Foxie — who had boxed first for his college at Oxford — outside their Hampstead home one afternoon. In the courtroom, Foxie had a gay time of it with the judge, to whom he insisted (or so the papers said) that his dispute with his wife had also been over "political matters" — "whether the woman ought to nationalize herself or be content to stay at home by the fire with me." When Walter met Tarsila, Foxie Brown had just flown off to America.

At a party thrown for Harvey Landau by an English producer, Walter sipped a glass of whiskey and watched Tarsila do the twist. She had been pointed out to him as Foxie's newest estranged wife. When they were introduced she tried to stare him down. When it had obviously for some time been his turn to speak, all he could think to say was, "Your eyes are really black."

She said, "Don't put me on, all right?" "All right," he said, though actually he admired her eyes, and her dancing had excited him.

But was it her eyes, he wondered, back in his hotel room; was it her dancing; was it that she was so much more voluptuous a woman than Juliet; or was it that she was Foxie Brown's wife?

Late the following afternoon, while

deciding what to do with his evening, Walter took a stroll through Soho. Even though he kept his eyes open, and referred from time to time to his guidebook, he knew he was not seeing as much as he would if Juliet were with him. He missed her. He read the little cards posted to the bulletin boards outside the shops. They gave the names and addresses of women advertising themselves as "The Piquant Miss Terry," and "Jessica, a strict disciplinarian," and "Mademoiselle Madeline, authentic French lessons." He passed a simple wooden building with a laundry on the first floor; the Chinaman inside smiled out at him, and pointed upstairs. Walter shook his head, and went to meet Harvey at the hotel.

But after an hour of business, Walter excused himself for a moment. He did not telephone Tarsila because she was married to Foxie Brown; for all of Brown's success as a playwright, Walter would not have traded places with him for the world — the fellow behaved like an ass. Walter was calling Tarsila because he was a man, and she was an exciting-looking woman. But even as he dialed her number, that seemed to him no less shabby a motive than the first.

"Next time," she said, "don't call at the last minute."

He said, "I didn't know I'd be free. Business . . ."

"I just don't want you to think I like men who are offhand. As a matter of fact, I hate them."

Oh yes, thought Walter, and what is Foxie Brown? But he did not see the wisdom in saying anything of a skeptical nature and so, for whatever the reasons, he and Tarsila came together.

He had never before been with anyone like her. Such women he had only fanta-

sied behind locked doors in the delirium of puberty. For the first time in his life, a woman dug her nails into his back. She moaned; she trembled; she cried out, "Oh don't, don't!" and this after they were already under way. "Walter," she whispered, "you're like I am. You're crazy for it, too." When he touched her hair, she said, "It's dark, coarse hair. It's Sardinian hair."

Consequently, he saw her the next night, too. And the night after; and the night after. How could he not? Coming out of restaurants they embraced in the street. What was the difference? Who did he know here? It did not seem as though it was he who was here anyway. *He* had a wife in America; *he* was in London on business; *he* knew about kidding yourself . . .

In the taxi rides to her flat she would sometimes jump the gun.

"The driver," moaned Walter, whereupon Tarsila, mysteriously, excitedly, moaned back, "You." And Walter had to admit that it did not make a damn bit of difference about the taxi driver: he was only the back of a head, or eyes in the rearview mirror. It was just that when Walter and Juliet took a taxi, it was to get somewhere: that was what he had grown used to.

Then one night, when she put her arms around him, Walter said, "I'm just beginning to heal."

"Shh."

"No nails, Tarsila —"

She dropped away from him, and rolled onto her side.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"It's not passion with you," she said. "Your mind's working."

"It's not working."

"It is. You're not thinking about what we're doing. You're thinking about going home to your wife."

"Look," he said, a man laying his cards on the table. "I *am* going back. In two days."

To his surprise — or was it chagrin? — she did not jump up and say, "Then the hell with you!" She didn't dress in a huff

and go storming off, leaving him as he had been before they had met. Rather, she pulled his mouth to hers, and said, "You have such sweet breath."

"You heard me?"

"You're so different, Walter. So solid. So steady. Why go home?"

Afterward, Tarsila said, "Do you know my old man?"

"Pardon?"

"Do you know Foxie?"

"Never met him," said Walter, lighting a cigarette.

"You know what he would say after a night like this? That it took the next day's writing out of him. But you — you're so solid-looking, Walter. You're so there."

She said only these words, and in perfect seriousness, but Walter was overcome with humiliation and shame. What was Tarsila's life, or Foxie Brown's for that matter, but so much theatrics? An act. He had really understood what she was the very first night, when he had had a sensation, momentary (but to the point, he now saw), that beneath him Tarsila was floating in an inflated bag, a swollen invisible membrane, inside of which she carried on her contortions all alone. She told him he was so solid, so there, so this, so that, but how innocent of him to believe that it was he who prompted her passion, and not Tarsila, the fantasist, the pretender, the actress, who really prompted her own. "Oh, you are a king, Walter!" she cried, when they came together again that night, but he did not believe that she meant it.

The next night he saw her again. Why not, if he had seen her every night previously? But what of the night after? He would be home.

Even while he walked down Regent Street, shopping for a present for his wife, he asked himself the question Tarsila had asked, and which he believed he had found entirely sufficient reason to dismiss. Why go home?

At four or five the following morning, he was awakened from sleep with a searing pain down his right side. So intense was it that he believed he was having

some kind of stroke. At thirty! Oh no! Is everything over? *What has there been!* In the midst of his terror, however, he was thankful that he had returned to his hotel instead of staying until morning at Tarsila's. He was thankful for what Juliet would be spared.

He flailed out for the phone. Within minutes he was in an ambulance bound for the hospital, where his appendix nearly burst in the surgeon's hand. He could not help but believe that the attack had something to do with his activities of the past six days. Otherwise there was no explanation, though of course he did not doubt the physician when he assured him there did not have to be.

Tarsila came to see him only a few minutes after he had spoken long-distance to Juliet. When she slipped off the jacket to her yellow dress, he saw on her arm a mark that he must have made with his mouth.

She put her hand to the top of his hospital pajamas. "Chest hair drives me wild," she said. Did it really? How could it?

As Tarsila went out, Harvey Landau came in. They nodded, natural enemies. Though Harvey had seemingly paid no attention to what Walter did with his free hours, Walter had several times been on the edge of saying to him, "Look, you won't let on to Juliet?" However, he was a grown man and had a right to do what he wanted; consequently, he said nothing in defense of himself. He even began to think of the silent Harvey as Stuffy Harvey and Bourgeois Harvey; secretly Harvey wouldn't mind doing the very same thing — Walter was sure — but the man was 20 years too old and 40 pounds too fat and he hadn't the guts . . .

But the older man had only to open his mouth for Walter to see that his boss had nobody's interests at heart but Walter's own. "Do you mind if I give you some advice, big shot?" Harvey said at last.

Walter shook his head. "You don't have to."

"Oh, don't I?"

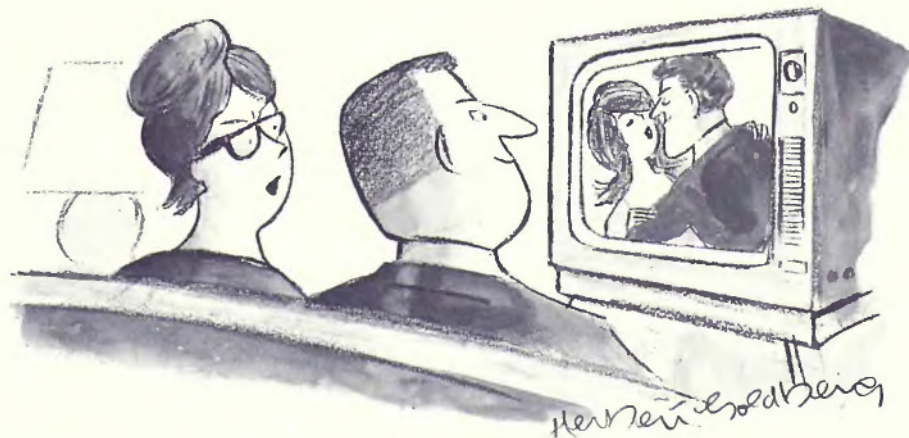
"No. She's a fake, Harv."

"And you're not a schoolkid," said Harvey, and the next day, with the doctor's permission, Walter left the hospital in a wheelchair and flew home. His wife was at the airport to meet him, and together they resumed their life.

• • •

Neither the evening that Walter had seen the man across the courtyard, nor the morning after, did he speak of it to Juliet. Nor did she say anything to him. In a way, that was why he said nothing to her . . .

But the question remained: *had* the man revealed himself intentionally? He might only have been walking back and forth before his window . . . But Walter would not talk himself out of what was



"Now don't spoil this by telling me he's queer."



apparent simply because it was not pleasant. He must only be careful not to assume what was *not* obvious: that Juliet had willingly been a witness. But the curtains had been swaying. And he simply knew it to be so. Of adultery he had never suspected her; yet of this . . .

During the nights that followed, the lights were on across the way and the draperies pulled back, but when Walter stole through his own dark living room and peered between the drawn curtains, he saw nothing of the naked man. Juliet emerged from her study at nine on the second night; on the third, after a nonchalant trip to the kitchen, she returned to spend practically the entire evening behind the closed door. But before she disappeared into the study, she did something unusual: she looked to him as though she were going to explain herself—rather, as though she were going to offer up some lie. And when had he ever demanded an explanation?

"Yes?" he said from the sofa, where he sat pretending to leaf through a magazine.

She shook her head—flushing, he saw—and went into the study. For a moment so astonished was he that he tried to tell himself he was only imagining things. He went quickly into the kitchen, from which Juliet had just emerged, and saw no evidence that she had even had a glass of water.

On Saturday evening, they went to a dinner party, and on Sunday out to visit friends in the country. There were two trains back to the city: one would get them in at seven, the other at midnight. It had been a dull day, full of peppy children and loving dogs, but when their hosts asked them to stay on for dinner and take the late train back, Walter immediately said yes. Juliet, however, grasped her forehead and said she wasn't feeling well, and the result was they took the early train.

"Do you really feel ill?" asked Walter, as soon as they boarded.

"Quiet. They're looking through the window. Wave."

The train began to move. "Juliet, do you feel ill or don't you?"

"Walter, I was so bored."

"Well, of all the damn things."

"Weren't you?"

"I said I wanted to stay for dinner. Didn't you hear me?"

"I thought you were being polite. You weren't bored?" she asked. "The big dog kept licking you more than anybody."

"I wasn't bored, Juliet."

"But you were."

"I was not!"

"Well—how am I supposed to know!" she replied, and though to a stranger it might have looked mundane enough, another marital spat, Walter knew, with a sinking of the stomach, that it was not. They did not speak the rest of the way

back to the city.

At home, Juliet went into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her, and Walter rushed to the curtains, pushed them back an inch—and across the way, no lights.

When Juliet came out of the bathroom, she said, "If you don't *mind*, I'm going to my study."

Walter was stretched out on the sofa. "Fine."

"I happen to be writing something," said Juliet, belligerently.

"Fine." But his smugness faded the instant she disappeared.

At the close of dinner the following night, Walter actually felt a burning sensation in his chest when he saw his wife take her coffee in two gulps. She mumbled something about what she was writing, and went off to her study. "OK," he said to himself. "So she is writing again." Where he was able to give up on some plan proven impossible with a clean and sharp break, Juliet's unrealistic and unrealizable aspirations had to move through a series of filters, until at last they disappeared. "OK, that is the woman. I should have known that when I married her." It was incredible even to him how strenuously he was trying to believe her.

He sat down at his desk to look through his mail. Then he got up, silently opened his door, and moved back down the hallway. Tonight the lights were back on, but there seemed to be nobody at home. Down below in the courtyard, he saw the reflection from Juliet's study window.

The Wednesday night previously he had not been hallucinating: the man had been there, he was sure. But was he hallucinating the rest? Had all this to do with learning that Tarsila was in town? Since Wednesday he had not thought about her at all. What with his new problem at home, the problem of whether he would call her had disappeared. Or had he invented the one so as to be relieved of the other?

Reason upon reason he continued to offer himself so as not to believe what he had known in an instant on that first night. Tarsila's arrival was nothing more than coincidental: he could not use her to explain away his suspicions of Juliet. In the seven months since his return from London, he had hardly even thought of her; and when he had, it was along with half the other people in New York: the occasion of her divorce from Brown had been treated in the tabloids with gusto. At the very end, there had been a slugfest at a house party in Limehouse, during which someone had pushed Foeie through an open window that let out onto the Thames. Tarsila had lost only a tooth, but the newspaper photograph of the poor woman, her hand over her mouth, had only further convinced

Walter of his luck in having been stricken with appendicitis that last night in London. Had he been healthy and able, what foolish, impulsive decision might he have been tempted to make?

He was totally without regret then at having left Tarsila. Yet when the pathetic picture of her had appeared in one of the daily papers, with the caption "Tigress Loses Fang to Britain's Angry Man," Walter's first thought had been: *With that tigress I spent a week.* For about half a block, on the way to lunch, he had had an overpowering urge to mention his exploit to his companion, someone he hardly knew. But at the corner he shot the paper into a wastebasket and, himself again, walked on.

... He was standing at the curtains looking for a man who was not there. Why?

But then he saw what he was looking for. Or part of it. He saw an unshod foot. For nights Walter must have looked at the pale spot on the rug without realizing it was human flesh. But he needed only this, the ocular proof, for the last measure of doubt—of hope—to fade away. The man was there, sitting in a chair, in a corner of his living room, out of Walter's range, but directly in Juliet's. That first night he had been pacing up and down so as to get her attention, or recapture it, or God knows what. He sat now exposed to Juliet's eyes.

And in her study, what was Juliet doing? Pretending to write, and catching sidewise glances? Openly staring? Or was she unclothed too? To this had all her dreaming led her! To this! Looking from between the drapes at that bare foot, he cursed all those damn girls' schools his wife had been to, all the impossible aspirations they had spawned in her. But then, as was proper, he blamed himself. He should have forced her to have a child years ago.

His decision to call Tarsila he made so simply that he knew it must be connected with what was happening in his home each night. To revenge himself on Juliet? Why revenge, when what he felt for her, as the next night passed, and the next, was not anger or jealousy, but only a terrible pity. He felt pity, he did nothing. He could not at first figure out how to reveal what he knew, without precipitating a full-scale crisis. Might she not, after all, be on the edge of a breakdown? On the other hand, the whole affair might come to an end in another night or two. "Perhaps it is only some passing disturbance, some weird quirk," he told himself. "At any rate, don't lose your head."

But what might that man take it into his head to do next? In the early hours of the morning, fear of the consequences would so shake Walter, that he was ready to awaken Juliet then and there

and get the thing out in the open. But when he looked at his sleeping wife, he was not able to disturb her, for he suddenly found himself thinking, "She could be married to anyone, for all that I have made her happy."

As though that were reason to let such insanity continue! As though it were even true! He must *do* something! Yet he did nothing, except to telephone Tarsila.

The instant Tarsila asked "Who is it?" he remembered that first conversation they had ever had, when she had cautioned him not to be offhand. But *she* was the offhand person, the one who did not know about deep attachments, about loyalty and sacrifice and dedication. Foxie was her second husband: he had been, he was sure, her umpteenth lover. He should hang up. She was an inferior person, an unreal person — a fake.

"I want to see you," he said, as calmly as he could.

"Oh?"

"Yes."

"When you left London, you didn't make that too clear."

"No, I suppose I didn't. I would like to see you, however."

"As I remember, you didn't make anything clear. You just left is the way I remember it."

"Well, that's true."

She didn't answer.

"I was in the hospital. Tarsila. Then I was due back in New York."

"Well, I'm glad you arrived safely. Goodbye, squirt."

Walter did not immediately realize that there was no longer anyone at the other end of the line. He hung up and went back to his office.

At 8:30 that evening, Juliet went off to her study. Walter did not know what else to do but go off to his own. But for what? Once again, he came back into the living room, peered momentarily between the curtains, saw the foot, and then sat down in the dark.

Squirt. Or square? He could not remember now which she had said. The two words began to rise and drop inside him, one, then the other, as though they had in fact been addressed to him from one who really mattered.

As though they were *words* that mattered! What was going on? Juliet was his wife — he was her husband! "Enough!" he thought, "*I want Juliet back again,*" following which he thought, "Now there is no chance of having Tarsila on the side," and he was appalled at the kind of people he and his wife seemed to have become, almost overnight. No — only himself overnight. Juliet had really never accepted what she was, what marriage was, what a husband was. At long last he had to admit that his wife was a problem larger than he could handle. It was hard

to believe that all this had come to be.

. . .

The next evening he waited until dinner was over before he told her what, at last, he had decided.

"I want to ask you a question," he said, starting slowly.

"Yes?"

"To say something . . ."

"What?"

"This may seem out of the blue to you. However, it's something I've been thinking about for some time."

"Well, what is it?"

"I want us to go to talk to a psychiatrist about some things."

Juliet sat down. "What's the matter?" she asked.

He did not know whether to look directly at her, to catch her betraying herself, or look at the floor, so that she could save face until she was safely inside the doctor's office. "I thought *you* might think there were some things the matter."

"With you?" she asked.

Patience. She is caught, and she knows it. Poor Juliet, you are quite an actress after all. "With our marriage," said Walter kindly.

"— I don't think anything's the matter." But she had hesitated.

"Perhaps if we talked it out," he said.

"What out?"

He gave no answer.

"Well, what out? You always say all those people in analysis are only kidding themselves. That it's a matter of will power."

"I never said all."

"Well, I don't understand what you're getting at. Well, don't look at me like that. I *don't*."

"Don't you?"

She threw down her napkin. "No!"

"I don't see why you won't come with me, Juliet."

"Because I don't know what you're getting at! You're trying to say there's something wrong with me."

"I'm not talking about you."

"You're talking about me, Walter, and I know it." There were tears in her eyes. "I know why you think I need a psychiatrist."

He dropped his gaze. "OK, Juliet. Why?"

No answer. When he looked back up, she was glaring at him. "You can't stand that I'm trying to write a play, that's why! You can't stand that I work for Leo — you think that's a waste of time, too!"

"I didn't say anything about either. I thought you were writing a story."

"I *told* you a play."

"You didn't, Juliet."

"I did!"

He shook his head. But had she? A play?

"You can't stand it," she was grumbling. "You want me to see a psychiatrist about it."

He felt for a moment as though he had stepped off into nothing. Why was she writing a play? But she wasn't!

"You've never really had any respect for anything I've tried to do," said Juliet.

"That's not true. And it's not what I'm talking about."

"You always think I'm kidding myself."

Wearily, he shook his head.

"Anybody else would have continued acting, do you know that, Walter? How can you tell anything about yourself at twenty-five, if you don't give yourself a chance? But I only quit — you know why? — because I knew you thought I was making a fool of myself!"

"That's not so. You don't remember what happened."

"I remember what happened to *me*! I remember what *I* thought about. How do *you* know what *I* think!"

"Look" — again, he had to shake off her words — "maybe if you talk to someone about this —"

"Oh damn it! You never let me be what I am! You think I'm silly! You think I waste time!" And then, with a sob, she said, "And what if I do! Suppose I fritter away my whole life! What's the difference anyway? It's *my* life. If I don't do what you think, you think I'm kidding myself. Well, I'm not!" she shouted at him. "Or I am — I don't care!" and she raced from the dining room to the study, where she slammed the door and locked it.

He had accomplished nothing. They were due at the psychiatrist's office the next afternoon; he had not told Juliet that he had already made an appointment for her, or, as he would have put it, for them. Now must he drag her? Was it time to pound on the study door and demand to be let in? Why hadn't he made her confess that very first night? She had been making a fool of herself, humiliating herself — taking into her hands all that was her life! — and he had been letting her.

He had let her! She was right now — in spite, in anger, in bewilderment — taking off her clothes, moving to the window. *And he was letting her.*

He stood up and charged into the darkened living room, toward the study, but wound up at the rear window, peeping between the curtains; and all his fury turned suddenly to suspicion of himself. These past nights, had he not been giving himself some secret pleasure by peeping, imagining . . . ?

Then he saw what had happened across the way. The man had changed his seat. He had moved several feet into the room, in view not only of Juliet's window, but of the living-room window as well. He was settled back in a chair, his legs crossed at the ankles, and his head tipped back, showing the length of his pale throat. He was pretending to be watching TV. In the nude. Very slowly and deliberately, in a way that

# The Hanger On

LOOK, LET'S GET BACK TO THE POINT - YOU KEEP OBSCURING THE POINT!



I DON'T WANT TO STAND IN THE WAY. I DON'T WANT TO BE A HANGER ON.

NO ONE SAID YOU WERE A HANGER ON! LET'S GET BACK TO THE POINT - I ONLY SAID THAT SOMETIMES I ENJOY A LITTLE PRIVACY!



YOUR EYES ALWAYS POP WHEN YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN THE WRONG -

I DON'T KNOW HOW WE GOT INTO THIS - ALL I SUGGESTED IS THAT INSTEAD OF THIS SATURDAY I SEE YOU NEXT SATUR-



I KNOW YOU LIKE A BOOK. I BET YOU HAVE A STOMACH ACHE RIGHT NOW. YOU ALWAYS GET A STOMACH ACHE WHEN YOU'RE OVER-EMOTIONAL.

I'M NOT - I'M NOT OVER-EMOTIONAL. I WAS MERELY SAYING -



DON'T TRY TO HIDE IT. YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN THE WRONG. IT'S A DEAD GIVE-AWAY WHEN YOU BEGIN TO STUTTER -

I'M NOT - I'M NOT - I'M NOT - I'M NOT - I'M -



YOUR NOSE IS BEGINNING TO TURN RED. IT ALWAYS DOES WHEN YOU'RE HOSTILE.

THIS SATURDAY THEN - AT SEVEN?



WELL, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO, BERNARD.

JULIUS BERGERT

looked to Walter to be wholly salacious, he was smoking a cigarette.

"Oh God," said Walter, and he found he had tears in his eyes. Was he about to cry for Juliet? For the man across the way? He pulled upon the drawstrings of the curtains and stood in the dark, behind the big window, and looked down upon the strange man. Walter could not turn away from what he saw. "Oh," thought Walter, "I am," and aloud and in exhaustion, like one capitulating, he said, "I am so ordinary."

He pulled off the sweater he was wearing and threw it to the floor. And what did that signify? He began to pull at his clothes. He seemed to himself to be angry. What was he doing? For the moment he did not care to know. His clothing, very shortly, was at his feet. Instantly, he moved back into the room; but once there he only turned on the lamps. Then, drawn by the sight of it, he returned to where the heap of clothing lay and slowly, before the window, he paced off the width of the room, from one side to the other, as though he were awaiting someone's arrival or trying out

a pair of shoes. And he said words to himself. *OK — I am naked! In the light! In the window! I am doing this!* In a dizzying moment — as though all the uncertainties of the preceding weeks had come upon him in a single blow — he spun toward the window and, leaning upon the sill, presented himself there, in his socks and his watch. Down in the courtyard below, as evidence that he actually was doing it, he confronted his own elongated shadow. *Yes, I can do anything. Who are you to be so smug? You're not even a person! I am a person! I am at my window — Juliet is at hers — he is at his —*

What am I doing?

He heard a noise, or thought he did. "Yee!" he cried, and in the next instant, pulled at the drawstrings of the curtains. He raced out from the room, yanking at the chains of the lamps as he flew past. In his study, he hurled himself upon the sofa and, trembling in every limb, he whined into his bundle of clothing. "You drove me to it — you were never satisfied," and this time believed he was addressing his wife, as earlier, with his

shadow, he must have been addressing Tarsila Brown.

Upon awakening the next morning, Walter found that his wife wasn't talking to him. Only silence through breakfast, then coldness on the bus, which they took down to the City Market on First Avenue. On Saturday mornings Juliet liked to shop at the big barn of a market and often Walter accompanied her; it had always been their pleasure to do little domestic things together. Once they had been such an amiable couple — why had she always to dream of the impossible! This was all her fault!

But he tagged along, despite the bad feeling between them, despite the fact that he did not know what to do next with his wife, or for his wife — or himself. Call the psychiatrist and tell him to forget it — or go alone? And if the phone rang — pick it up? Suppose it was the man across the way! If only he could obliterate last night!

It had taken two-and-a-half barbiturates, the largest potion Walter had ever swallowed, to obliterate enough of it for him even to fall asleep. He had taken the pills and, burrowing beneath the blankets of their bed — to which his wife had not yet come — he had waited for unconsciousness, praying all the while that the telephone would not ring. In the morning, he felt like a man who had been piling bricks all night; in sleep his body had been punished, though he could not remember how.

Marriage is strange. *So strange*, thought Walter, for when he and his wife moved into the crowded market, they took hold of one another's hands. It was what they always did, in order not to lose each other in the crowd. So they did it now. How close we are! Husband and wife — isn't that enough?

"Hey —" said Juliet.

"I'm sorry . . ."

"What's the matter with you?" He had squeezed her hand, but surely not too hard. Nevertheless, she shook loose of him.

"I'm sorry . . ." he said.

They moved through the market now, past bulky bins of vegetables, wheels of cheese, vats of pickles, mounds of fish, past all the hubbub and color that had always appealed to the young couple and made them, usually, so tender with one another, as they shopped. Never had they thought of themselves as people insensitive to what was vivid in life, or to life's pleasures. No, they were not narrow . . .

Oh, what next! Juliet, what is happening?

She turned from the cheese counter. "Walter, look, if you don't want to be with me this morning . . ."

"Let's buy some fennel," he said. He did not know what else to say.

"I bought fennel."



"— Seeded Italian bread," he said.

Petulantly, she started away. She had bought seeded Italian bread, too. So what? *So what!* He saw suddenly how much he hated her. Had there ever been a time in their marriage when she had not been a burden to him? Never! She started down the aisle, and he did not care if he never saw her again. What had she done to make *him* happy?

Then by the fish counter, toward which Juliet was moving, he caught sight of a familiar face. For the moment he was unable to place it. He imagined it might be some actor they had known years ago . . . then he knew. Momentarily he had not recognized him, because, of course, in the market he was dressed. Walter looked back into the crowd — and there he was, wearing a Tyrolean hat, a raincoat . . . Heads moved: he was gone. When he came into view again, Walter turned quickly away, so as not to be seen looking. The fellow did not appear now so languid as he did reclining on a chair in his apartment: nor was his gaze focusless, statue-like, as it was from a distance; nor was his skin like enamel, as it looked in that soft light. His complexion was actually somewhat ruddy. In no obvious way did he appear a person less respectable than Walter himself — but it was the man.

He's followed us!

Immediately, Walter began to push forward, to where he saw his wife moving directly up to the fish counter.

He made a grab for her arm.

"Excuse —" She turned, pulling herself free. "Walter!"

"Your fault!" he thought with murder in his heart. He caught hold of her a second time, and began to drag her with him to the exit.

"Look, I *bought* bread. Walter, you're pulling, Walter —" And indeed, with all his strength, he did pull her, while with his free hand he pushed to the side elbows, knees, shopping bags . . .

Toward the exit — but toward the man! In the crowd of shoppers Walter had again lost sight of him — but the crowd shifted, surged, and there was the hat, bobbing along, only yards from where they must pass to make it to the street, to home, and then — God, to where? What had they done! Walter fastened his grip on Juliet and prepared for the push to the street.

"Walter!" Juliet demanded, "*what —*" And at the sound of her voice, questioning him, he seemed all at once — on the very edge of escape — to lose his purpose. Or it changed; or it burst forth. The impulse to drag her away with him became its opposite. It lasted but a second, a desire to cry out, "*Oh, take her!*" Then he heard her sobbing his name and, shoving and butting, dragging her with him, he made it through the exit and into the sunlit street.

She fell against him. "Walter —"

He wanted a cab — but even more, he wanted to shake her and shake her, so that every stupid longing might come clattering out of her head.

"Darling Walter —"

He waved at taxis speeding by. "Home," he said. "We're going home! We're getting out of here —"

"Don't be angry with me —"

He turned on her. "*Wait till we're home!*"

She was sobbing. "I'm so sorry. It's you I'm married to. Not that play."

Oh! Enough! He grabbed her by both shoulders. The truth, at last! "*What play?*"

"It stinks, anyhow," she moaned. "Oh, you're hurting me."

A taxi pulled up. He pushed Juliet into the cab, jumped in himself and pulled the door shut behind them. A crowd had gathered on the sidewalk — Walter took a last look, and saw, with relief, no sign of the Tyrolean hat. And Juliet was sobbing, still.

"OK," he demanded. "*What play?*"

"It's only *one* act. I wasn't competing, really I wasn't. You think —"

"Damn you, Juliet. *What play!*"

"— Wrong, Walter. I didn't mean to. It doesn't have to do with you, really." But she buried her head in his chest, as though she did not even believe herself. And she could not control the sobbing.

"Listen —" he said, lifting her face, "listen to me! *What play!*" But she only sobbed the same poor answers, over and over. He himself repeated his question two or three more times — and then the truth, like a sharp edge, fell upon him at last. It fell like a guillotine, an unexpected horror of a whack, for all that it had been hanging overhead beforehand, gleaming away. "No!" he cried to himself. "No! It's *her!*" But the truth seemed to be that this time it was only himself.

. . .

She would never know; no one would.

He called Kittering and told him that Juliet was ill. It gave him pleasure — if such was possible on so awful a day — to say to Kittering, "She'll have to resign." He called Harvey next to say he must have two weeks' vacation: Juliet was not well, and they had to get away. If Harvey said no, then Walter would quit and take the two weeks on his own. He was not going to stop short now of obliterating the night before, and the nights prior to that as well. A moment before dialing, he thought he might be being too extreme — until he reflected upon the extremity of what he had done. So he dialed: Harvey was a friend as well as a boss, and said yes. Then Walter telephoned a travel agency; after that, a real-estate agency uptown. He said he would need an apartment within a few weeks, and described what he was after. In the meantime he saw to it that all the drapes

in the apartment were pulled shut: when the phone rang, he did not answer. He hovered over it, to be sure that Juliet did not answer either. But she wanted only to lie on their bed and tearfully confess to him, when he appeared in the doorway, that he had been right and she had been wrong and in her wretchedness, she said she was sorry; he was reminded of the day on Hudson Street, years ago, when she had given up acting . . . and the next evening they were in the Bahamas.

Only when the plane touched down at the airport did Walter at last begin to feel safe. "My God, am I lucky." So he addressed himself as they took a taxi to the hotel; as they had dinner that evening; as they danced later to the music on the terrace; and later still when, at his suggestion, they went like lovers down by the bay, took off their shoes and walked along the water's edge, holding hands. It did not matter that whatever Juliet did she did obligingly; nor did it matter that she was unable to laugh, or even smile, with any conviction: at least it didn't matter to him yet. "I am lucky," he thought, "very lucky."

They walked along the beach. The air was soft and blue. The man across the courtyard was over a thousand miles away. Walter found he could be very clearheaded about him at last. The crisis had passed, and he could think. Who had the man been? What had he been up to? What had he wanted?

Did he just like to sit around naked watching television? Then why didn't he pull the drapes!

Walter managed to do nothing to reveal his astonishment. In fact, he spoke some words to Juliet about the stars overhead. But he began to feel so foolish . . . Had they fled to the Bahamas for no good reason; were they moving for no good reason . . . ?

Not so. He had to flee. He could not have remained in the apartment to be eaten up by worry, to die every time the phone rang or the downstairs buzzer went off. Innocent as the man across the way might actually have been — and what proof was there of that, really? — there was his own performance to keep in mind. He would have to remember it, even while forgetting it.

So then, what he had been chanting all day was true: he was a lucky man. "And I am going to stay lucky," he told himself, and they turned and headed back to their room where, upon the bed, he took what he believed to be the next necessary step in his marriage. To assert once again what he was, what his wife was — at any rate, what they must be — he mounted Juliet, who had appeared all day to be so chastened, and while she held her breath, he proceeded to reproduce himself.

PABLO PICASSO *(continued from page 98)*

artist's painting approaches genius, the fewer customers he obtains.

Too many artists today paint at extraordinary speed and with astonishing facility, but without insight into character. Their aim is purely material.

An amiable disposition, or the appearance thereof, is an important factor in an artist's career which contributes to material success. I am often unamiable, outspoken, difficult, and liable to fits of bad temper.

\* \* \*

The struggle for fulfillment is the theme of all my best work.

Although I have become an admired master living in the snug security of success and fame, I am by no means a genius. I consider myself only moderately talented and much inferior to the great painters of the world. Luckily, I have never been regarded as a serious rival to anyone.

My versatility, boldness and realism as a painter have been highly praised. But to my eyes my work often seems coarse rather than realistic, and superficial rather than bold.

For many years I worried about dying forgotten and being buried at the public expense in a pauper's grave.

I am fundamentally an original artist in tune with the cultural discontents and attitudes of our age, but I often show a decided tendency to break away from the approved mold of modern society.

I stand aside in all the theoretical battles waged by artists. I am anxious to realize my work rather than create a school.

I am never interested whether the jury's verdict about my work is favorable or unfavorable. My enthusiasm for my work is all that I need.

I never pass harsh judgment on another's work. If I am not impressed, I try to avoid falsehood in my opinion on the work of the artist by preserving an absolute silence.

I have a curiously restless quality that does not reflect the self-doubt of an insecure mind but the creative spirit of a man sure of himself.

A man's downfall begins when he starts to be jealous of his contemporaries.

While many young painters imitate me, only a few understand me.

My work contains the whole soul of a man who has known the depths of life's mysteries, who has sought them as a lover, with joy, and reverence, and fear.

I often record life with profound compassion and exalt the greatness and anguish of the human situation with analytical realism.

Blame me if you wish, like or dislike me, but for pity's sake don't indict me for my grimly realistic work.

Stylistically I owe nothing to anyone, nor can my mentality be compared with that of any other artist.

I have always considered most of my work highly individual, stylistically unique, and purely Spanish in temper — neither mystical nor ecstatic.

I have often been told by other artists that the painter can write one sentence in one picture but no more. He can record only one expression. It is for this reason that I have always paid great attention to the decorative design of my portraits.

Oddly enough, as I grow older my style grows brighter and my colors more glowing.

I think my style is more lively, elaborate and dramatic than many of the older masters because I pay greater attention to perspective, color, and the vanity of movement in my figures.

I have always sought to give new life to the picturesque tradition of art.

The style of my portraits is often softly sentimental because I have a special tenderness for pretty, hazel-eyed, exotic faces.

The human face is the subject of my deepest passion.

The dramatic and emotional features of my pictures are often dictated not by ideas but by direct observation.

When I work my life is a private domain, a separate existence, a world of my own, and I am its master.

My hunger for work is never appeased. I drain everything that surrounds me and rapidly overcome every obstacle about any subject I tackle.

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to let your energies stagnate.

Intellectual preoccupation plays little part in my work. Feeling is more important. I subordinate everything to visual impression.

My sense of rhythm has enabled me to express my emotions in my work independently of my subject matter.

Sometimes my paintings are eminently restful and my attitude permits a readjustment of values.

My finest paintings are done when I work with buoyant unrestraint.

Sometimes my mind works too fast for my hand and this annoys me.

The more I elaborate my portraits, the less I describe the physical features and the more I transform them into vehicles of expression.

Have you ever thought of it? The memory of an eye is the most deathless of memories, because there, if anywhere, you catch a glimpse of the visible soul as it sits by the window.

I often make dead men seem real in my paintings — and often surprisingly likable.

Great paintings are often remarkable for their terrifying psychological insights. A good painting with a faintly erotic overtone often has the greatest charm and tenderness.

I have an unquestioning faith in the expressive power of the human body, and an untiring devotion to the glories of the nude.

I have loved to paint women because I glorify woman, and treat woman's natural beauty with great enthusiasm, and I portray her sinister and evil aspects with understanding. For me, woman is not merely a favorite subject — she is an essential content of life. I have always loved to portray the eternal beauty of youth in all its diversity and magnificence.

Among my friends I am a cultured humorist who can always amuse and add to the joy of life. I am humorously charming from start to finish.

My work is whimsical, tender, biting, garrulous — because I often look at the world with the eyes of a satirist; I wear no rose-colored spectacles, and it is often a disillusioned picture that I draw.

I am one of the few artists in history who can use the weapon of satire without labored clumsiness.

Some of my pictures may have been weak, but my work has never been effeminate.

You may like my painting or you may not like it, but if you don't like the way I paint it there is something the matter with your eyes.

I always hope that I can achieve the fullest expression of my talent in the works of my old age.

I will go on working intensively until the last day of my life.

There has nearly always been a good woman behind every great man, and there is a good deal of truth in the saying that a man can be no greater than the woman he loves will let him be.

The man who truly loves, loves humbly and does not fear that another may be preferred, but that another may be worthier of preference than himself.

Desires are the pulses of the soul. As physicians judge by appetite, so may we by desires.

Glances are the first billets-doux of love.

We glorify the supremacy of a first love as though the heart did not require a training as varied as the intellect.

I am not one of those who do not believe in love at first sight, but I believe in taking a second look.

The modern Cupid is no longer blind, but clear-sighted, calculating and practical.

There are different kinds of love, but they all have the same aim: possession.

In love, she who gives her portrait promises the original.

My life has been a most extraordinary and vigorous adventure because I have been passionately fond of the pageantry of beautiful and romantic women, and have retained the fire of illusion.

I have always said it, nature meant to make woman as its masterpiece.

Beauty is worse than wine: it intoxicates both the holder and the beholder.

My taste forever refines in the study of woman.

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest call of duty.

I always advise my friends to be circum-

spect in their liaisons with women. It is better to be seen at the theater with this woman than to be seen at Mass with that woman.

A man who has not some woman, somewhere, who believes in him, trusts him and loves him, has reached a point where self-respect is gone.

Men like women to reflect them, but the woman who can only reflect a man and is nothing in herself, will never be of much service to him.

A woman can be held by no stronger tie than the knowledge that she is loved.

Women see through each other; and often we most admire her whom they most scorn.

Rejected lovers should never despair. There are 24 hours in a day, and not a moment in the 24 in which a woman may not change her mind.

If men knew all that women think, they would be 20 times more audacious.

Rascal! That word on the lips of a woman, addressed to a too-daring man, often means angel.

Woman is more constant in hatred than in love.

To glorify the common things of life, that is the grandest part of woman's work in this world.

Women are never stronger than when they arm themselves with their weakness.

Men always say more evil of a woman than there really is; and there is always more than is known.

I have never understood why women see chiefly the defects of a man of talent and the merits of a fool.

If women were humbler men would be honester.

Woman is an overgrown child that one amuses with toys, intoxicates with flattery, and seduces with promises.

It is vanity that renders the youth of women culpable, and their old age ridiculous.

When a man says he has a wife, it means that a wife has him.

Before marriage, woman is a queen; after marriage, a subject.

True modesty protects a woman better than her clothes.

Women who don't have good teeth laugh only with their eyes.

The resistance of a woman is not always a proof of her virtue, but more frequently of her experience.

There are no women to whom virtue comes easier than those who possess no attractions.



*"That's funny—I didn't know it was Sally Humplemeyer right away."*

Women enjoy more the pleasure they give than the pleasure they feel.

To be womanly is the greatest charm of woman.

A woman dies twice: the day she quits life and the day that she ceases to please.

We should go into the world with small expectations and infinite patience.

I do not have so great a struggle with my vices, great and numerous as they are, as I have with my impatience. My efforts are not absolutely useless; yet I have never been able to conquer this ferocious wild beast.

I have acquired the habit of looking for the silver lining of the cloud, and when I have found it continue to look at it, rather than at the gray in the middle. It has helped me over many hard places.

Unless a man has trained himself for his chance, the chance will only make him ridiculous.

Many do with opportunities as children do at the seashore: they fill their little hands with sand, and then let the grains fall through, one by one, till all are gone.

I think it is wise advice to those who desire to go hopefully and cheerfully through their work in this life that they should take short views, not plan too far ahead, take the present blessing and be thankful for it.

Good and bad fortunes are equally necessary to develop the powers of the soul.

I like to compare faith to gold; but faith is much more noble than gold. As gold is the more precious metal in mortal things, so faith excels the most in spiritual things.

I bear every trial with courage and good humor and possess an amazing zest for life. I have never been a repressed person.

I am probably the most aggressively modest man of the century.

It is curious to think how often our needless fears, which cause so much unnecessary anxiety and misery, are the result of pure miscalculation; and this miscalculation not made in a hurry, but deliberately.

The coin most current among mankind is flattery, the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may learn what we ought to be.

abuse themselves are in reality angling for approbation.

I often hear people praised for good feelings. They say that so-and-so is a man who has good feelings. Now, let me tell you that there are people in this world who get a good name simply on account of their feelings. You can't tell one generous action they ever performed in their lives; but they can look and talk most benevolently. I know a man whom you would call a rough and unamiable man, and yet he has done more acts of kindness than all of those good-feeling people put together. You may judge people's actions by their feelings; but I judge people's feelings by their actions.

All my life I have tried to be as active as possible, near to everyone and everything, and eager to see and possess. I feel much more than curiosity and interest in others.

True friendship can only be made between true men. Hearts are the soul of honor. There can be no lasting friendship between bad men. Bad men may pretend to love each other, but their friendship is a rope of sand, which can be broken at any convenient time.

For me, nature is a human theme, a source of reverie, which reduces the infinite complexity of the world to an intellectual unity.

I see nature as something passionate, stormy, uneasy and dramatic, like my own soul.

It is not unusual for captains, in time of war, to start on a voyage under sealed orders, not to be opened till they reach a certain place. So we all sail under sealed orders, not knowing our destination till the last port is made, and heaven or hell is gained.

I am not an intellectual skeptic, and I am not a mystic whose philosophy is fatalism. I am a philosopher who seeks escape from the misunderstanding of the world in the life of an artist.

There was an ancient custom of putting an hourglass into the coffin of the dead to signify that their time had run out — a useless notification to them. I would like to put an hourglass into the hand of every living man, and show him the grains gliding steadily out.

A man's happiness and success in life will depend not so much upon what he has, or upon what position he occupies, as upon what he is, and the heart he carries into his position.

If we only knew how little some enjoy the great things they possess, there would

not be much envy in the world.

Recently I showed a priest my fine house, gardens, statues, pictures, and so on. And the priest said to me, "Ah, Picasso, these are the things which make a death-bed terrible!"

Youth is not like a new garment which we can keep fresh and fair by wearing sparingly. Youth, while we have it, we must wear daily, for it will wear away fast.

Old age is a courtier. He knocks again and again at the window and at the door, and makes us everywhere conscious of his presence. Woe to the man who becomes old without becoming wise. There is not a more repulsive spectacle than an old man who will not forsake the world, which has already forsaken him.

This disordered universe is the picture of your own mind. We make a wilderness by encouraging artificial wants, by creating sensitive and selfish feelings; then we project everything stamped with the impress of our own feelings, and we gather the whole of creation into our pained being.

If happiness were an attainment of the mind, to be acquired, as a science or an art is learned from the teacher, no place could contain the crowds that would flock to the school. But there is no such school. Each must learn the lesson by himself.

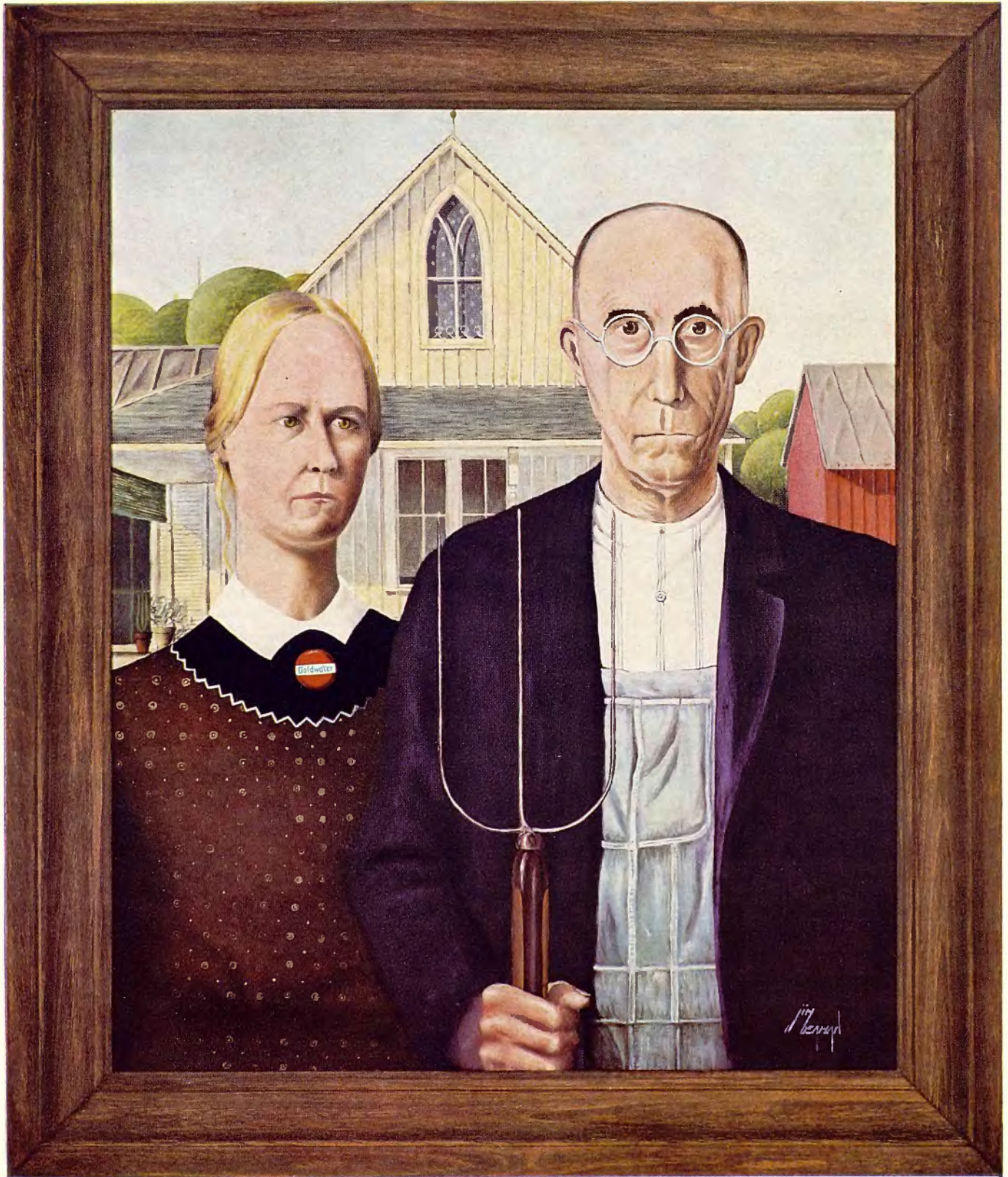
The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation that happiness is one large and beautiful precious stone — a single gem, so rare that all search after it is vain, all effort for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a mosaic composed of many smaller stones. Each, taken apart and viewed singly, may be of little value; but when all are grouped together, and carefully combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole — a costly jewel.

I often remind myself of the Romans who painted Honor in the Temple of Apollo as representing the form of a man, with a rose in his right hand, a lily in his left, above him a marigold, and under him wood, with the inscription, *Levate* — consider. The rose denotes that man flourishes as a flower, but at length is withered and cast away. The lily denotes the favor of man, which is easily lost, and is soon of no account. The marigold shows fickleness of prosperity. The wood signifies that all the delights of the world are sweet in execution but bitter in retribution. *Levate* — consider what lesson of earthly vanity is here!





# THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY



AMERICAN GOTHIC *By Jim Beaman*

pened to America, since America, unlike any other Western power, had its slaves on the mainland. They were here. We had our slaves at a time, unluckily for us, when slavery was going out of fashion. And after the Bill of Rights. Therefore, it would seem to me that the presence of this black mass here as opposed to all the things we said we believed in and also at a time when the whole doctrine of white supremacy had never even been questioned is one of the most crucial facts of our history. It would be nightmarish now to read the handbooks of colonialists a hundred years ago; even ten years ago, for that matter. But in those days, it was not

even a question of black people being inferior to white people. The American found himself in a very peculiar position because he knew that black people were people. Frenchmen could avoid knowing it—they never met a black man. Englishmen could avoid knowing it. But Americans could not avoid knowing it because, after all, here he was and he was, no matter how it was denied, a man, just like everybody else. And the attempt to avoid this, to avoid this fact, I consider one of the keys to what we can call loosely the American psychology. For one thing, it created in Americans a kind of perpetual, hidden, festering and entirely unadmitted guilt. Guilt is a very

peculiar emotion. As long as you are guilty about something, no matter what it is, you are not compelled to change it. Guilt is like a warm bath or, to be rude, it is like masturbation—you can get used to it, you can prefer it, you may get to a place where you cannot live without it, because in order to live without it, in order to get past this guilt, you must act. And in order to act, you must be conscious and take great chances and be responsible for the consequences. Therefore, liberals, and people who are not even liberals, much prefer to discuss the Negro problem than to try to deal with what this figure of the Negro really means personally to them. They still prefer to read statistics, charts, Gallup polls, rather than deal with the reality. They still tell me, to console me, how many Negroes bought Cadillacs, Cutty Sark, Coca-Cola, Schweppes last year; how many more will buy Cadillacs, Cutty Sark, Coca-Cola and Schweppes next year. To prove to me that things are getting better. Now, of course, I think it is a very sad matter if you suppose that you or I have bled and suffered and died in this country in order to achieve Cadillacs, Cutty Sark, Schweppes and Coca-Cola. It seems to me if one accepts this speculation about the luxury of guilt that the second reason must be related to the first. That has to do with the ways in which we manage to project onto the Negro face, because it is so visible, all of our guilts and aggressions and desires. And if you doubt this, think of the legends that surround the Negro to this day. Think, when you think of these legends, that they were not invented by Negroes, but they were invented by the white republic. Ask yourself if Aunt Jemima or Uncle Tom ever existed anywhere and why it was necessary to invent them. Ask yourself why Negroes until today are, in the popular imagination, at once the most depraved people under heaven and the most saintly. Ask yourself what William Faulkner really was trying to say in *Requiem for a Nun*, which is about a nigger, whore, dope addict, saint. Faulkner wrote it. I never met Nancy, the nun he was writing about. He never met her either, but the question is, why was it necessary for him and for us to hold onto this image? We needn't go so far afield. Ask yourself why liberals are so delighted with the movie *The Defiant Ones*. It ends, if you remember, when Sidney Poitier, the black man, having been chained interminably to Tony Curtis, the white man, finally breaks the chain, is on the train, is getting away, but no, he doesn't go, doesn't leave poor Tony Curtis down there on the chain gang. Not at all. He jumps off the train and they go buddy-buddy back together to the same old Jim Crow chain gang.



"Looks like you've been letting yourself go these last few weeks, Dr. Jekyll."

Now this is a fable. Why? Who is trying to prove what to whom? I'll tell you something. I saw that movie twice. I saw it downtown with all my liberal friends who were delighted when Sidney jumped off the train. I saw it uptown with my less liberal friends, who were furious. When Sidney jumped off that train they called him all kinds of unmentionable things. Well, their reaction was at least more honest and more direct. Why is it necessary at this late date, one screams at the world, to prove that the Negro doesn't really hate you, he's forgiven and forgotten all of it. Maybe he has. That's not the problem. *You* haven't. And that is the problem:

*I love you, baby,  
But can't stand your dirty ways.*

There's one more thing I ought to add to this. The final turn of the screw that created this peculiar purgatory which we call America is that aspect of our history that is most triumphant. We really did conquer a continent, we have made a lot of money, we're better off materially than anybody else in the world. How easy it is as a person or as a nation to suppose that one's well-being is proof of one's virtue; in fact, a great many people are saying just that right now. You know, we're the best nation in the world because we're the richest nation in the world. The American way of life has proven itself, according to these curious people, and that's why we're so rich. This is called Yankee virtue and it comes from Calvin, but my point is that I think this has again something to do with the American failure to face reality. Since we have all these things, we can't be so bad and, since we have all these things, we are robbed, in a way, of the incentive to walk away from the TV set, the Cadillac, and go into the chaos out of which and only out of which we can create ourselves into human beings.

To talk about these things in this country today is extremely difficult. Even the words mean nothing anymore. I think, for example, what we call the religious revival in America means that more and more people periodically get more and more frightened and go to church in order to make sure they don't lose their investments. This is the only reason that I can find for the popularity of men who have nothing to do with religion at all, like Norman Vincent Peale, for example — only for example; there're lots of others just like him. I think this is very sad. I think it's very frightening. But Ray Charles, who is a great tragic artist, makes of a genuinely religious confession something triumphant and liberating. He tells us that he cried so loud he gave the blues to his neighbor next door.

How can I put it? Let us talk about a person who is no longer very young, who somehow managed to get to, let us say, the age of 40, and a great many of us do, without ever having been touched, broken, disturbed, frightened — 40-year-old virgin, male or female. There is a sense of the grotesque about a person who has spent his or her life in a kind of cotton batting. There is something monstrous about never having been hurt, never having been made to bleed, never having lost anything, never having gained anything because life is beautiful, and in order to keep it beautiful you're going to stay just the way you are and you're not going to test your theory against all the possibilities outside. America is something like that. The failure on our part to accept the reality of pain, of anguish, of ambiguity, of death has turned us into a very peculiar and sometimes monstrous people. It means, for one thing, and it's very serious, that people who have had no experience have no compassion. People who have had no experience suppose that if a man is a thief, he is a thief; but, in fact, that isn't the most important thing about him. The most important thing about him is that he is a man and, furthermore, that if he's a thief or a murderer or whatever he is, *you* could also be and you would know this, anyone would know this who had really dared to live. Miles Davis once gave poor Billie Holiday \$100 and somebody said, "Man, don't you know she's going to go out and spend it on dope?" and Miles said, "Baby, have you ever been sick?"

Now, you don't know that by reading, by looking. You don't know what the river is like or what the ocean is like by standing on the shore. You can't know anything about life and suppose you can get through it clean. The most monstrous people are those who think they are going to. I think this shows in everything we see and do, in everything we read about these peculiar private lives, so peculiar that it is almost impossible to write about them, because what a man *says* he's doing has nothing to do with what he's *really* doing. If you read such popular novelists as John O'Hara, you can't imagine what country he's talking about. If you read *Life* magazine, it's like reading about the moon. Nobody lives in that country. That country does not exist and, what is worse, everybody knows it. But everyone pretends that it does. Now this is panic. And this is terribly dangerous, because it means that when the trouble comes, and trouble always comes, you won't survive it. It means that if your son dies, you may go to pieces or find the nearest psychiatrist or the nearest church, but you won't survive it on your own. If you don't survive your trouble out of your own resources, you have not really survived it;

you have merely closed yourself against it. The blues are rooted in the slave songs; the slaves discovered something genuinely terrible, terrible because it sums up the universal challenge, the universal hope, the universal fear:

*The very time I thought I was lost  
My dungeon shook and my chains  
fell off.*

Well, that is almost all I am trying to say. I say it out of great concern. And out of a certain kind of hope. If you can live in the full knowledge that you are going to die, that you are not going to live forever, that if you live with the reality of death, you can live. This is not mystical talk, it is a fact. It is a principal fact of life. If you can't do it, if you spend your entire life in flight from death, you are also in flight from life. For example, right now you find the most unexpected people building bomb shelters, which is very close to being a crime. It is a private panic which creates a public delusion that some of us will be saved by bomb shelters. If we had, as human beings, on a personal and private level, our personal authority, we would know better; but because we are so uncertain of all these things, some of us, apparently, are willing to spend the rest of our lives underground in concrete. Perhaps, if we had a more working relationship with ourselves and with one another, we might be able to turn the tide and eliminate the propaganda for building bomb shelters. People who in some sense know who they are can't change the world always, but they can do something to make it a little more, to make life a little more human. Human in the best sense. Human in terms of joy, freedom which is always private, respect, respect for one another, even such things as manners. All these things are very important, all these old-fashioned things. People who don't know who they are privately, accept as we have accepted for nearly 15 years, the fantastic disaster which we call American politics and which we call American foreign policy, and the incoherence of the one is an exact reflection of the incoherence of the other. Now, the only way to change all this is to begin to ask ourselves very difficult questions.

I will stop now. But I want to quote two things. A very great American writer, Henry James, writing to a friend of his who had just lost her husband, said, "Sorrow wears and uses us but we wear and use it too, and it is blind. Whereas we, after a manner, see." And Bessie said:

*Good mornin' blues.  
Blues, how do you do?  
I'm doin' all right.  
Good mornin'.  
How are you?*



# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

**A**S WITH MOST OF US TODAY, ANNIE FINDS HERSELF CAUGHT UP IN THE PROBLEMS OF SOUTH AMERICA, AND AGAIN AS WITH MOST ... CONCERNED AS WE ARE WITH LATIN-AMERICAN EVENTS, SHE FACES UP TO THE NAGGING QUESTION THAT WILL ULTIMATELY HAVE TO BE ANSWERED: "WILL THE BOSSA NOVA REPLACE THE TWIST?"—



LISTEN, EVERYBODY! DADDY BIGBUCKS HAS A FANTASTIC IDEA. HE WANTS TO MOVE THE PARTY OVER TO HIS LITTLE TOWN HOUSE —

WE'RE SWINGING PRETTY GOOD RIGHT HERE, ANNIE — WHAT'S SO "FANTASTIC" ABOUT MOVING THE PARTY TO HIS LITTLE TOWN HOUSE ?

SILLY! IT'S IN A SOUTH AMERICAN TOWN.





GOSH, JUST THINK! WE'RE THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM THE U.S.A.!

PASS ME THE ICE CUBES, PLEASE.

-THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM CIVILIZATION!

SOMEBODY TURN DOWN THAT AIR CONDITIONER!

OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!

... TAKE THAT TWIST OFF OF THE STEREO AND PUT ON A LIMBO!

I LOVE TWISTING!

BOP!

BOP, BOP, BOP!

IT'S ONE THING TO TWIST FROM DUSK TO DAWN - TO TWIST FROM BASEMENT TO ROOFTOP - BUT TO TWIST FROM NORTH TO SOUTH AMERICA -

I'VE SEEN ANNIE THIS WAY BEFORE. ONCE SHE STARTS TWISTING, SHE CAN'T STOP.

TWIST TWIST TWIST



SHE'S IN A TRAUMATIC STATE.

RUTHIE WILL TAKE CARE OF HER!

RUTH IS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE ANNIE, PSYCHOLOGICALLY.

COME WITH ME, HONEY!

BOP, BOP, BOP-

SHE'S IN A TRANCE BORDERING ON CATASTROPHIA!

SHE'LL REACH HER SUBCONSCIOUS!

TWIST TWIST



BOP, BOP, BOPITTY ... BOP!

TWIST TWIST TWIST



SHE DID IT!

HOW DID YOU DO IT, RUTHIE? WHAT DID YOU USE?

WHAT I USED WAS THE ULTIMATE FREUDIAN TECHNIQUE... A GOOD SMACK IN THE MOUTH!

HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION? PSYCHOTHERAPY? TRANQUILIZERS?

WHAT THERAPEUTIC TECHNIQUE?



... NOW I WANT YOU TO MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE. WHATEVER YOU WANT ... A SWIM ... A BITE ... A NAP ... MY BOYS WILL TAKE CARE OF ANY COMFORT YOU MIGHT DESIRE! ... CONTRARY TO STATESIDE OPINION, SOUTH AMERICA IS NOT POPULATED BY ILLITERATE, SPANISH-SPEAKING INDIANS. MY HOUSE, IN FACT, IS STAFFED BY EXPERTS WHO HAVE COME FROM THE MOST SOPHISTICATED CENTERS OF CULTURE IN EUROPE.



RAUS MIT!

ACHTUNG! SPITFEIR!!

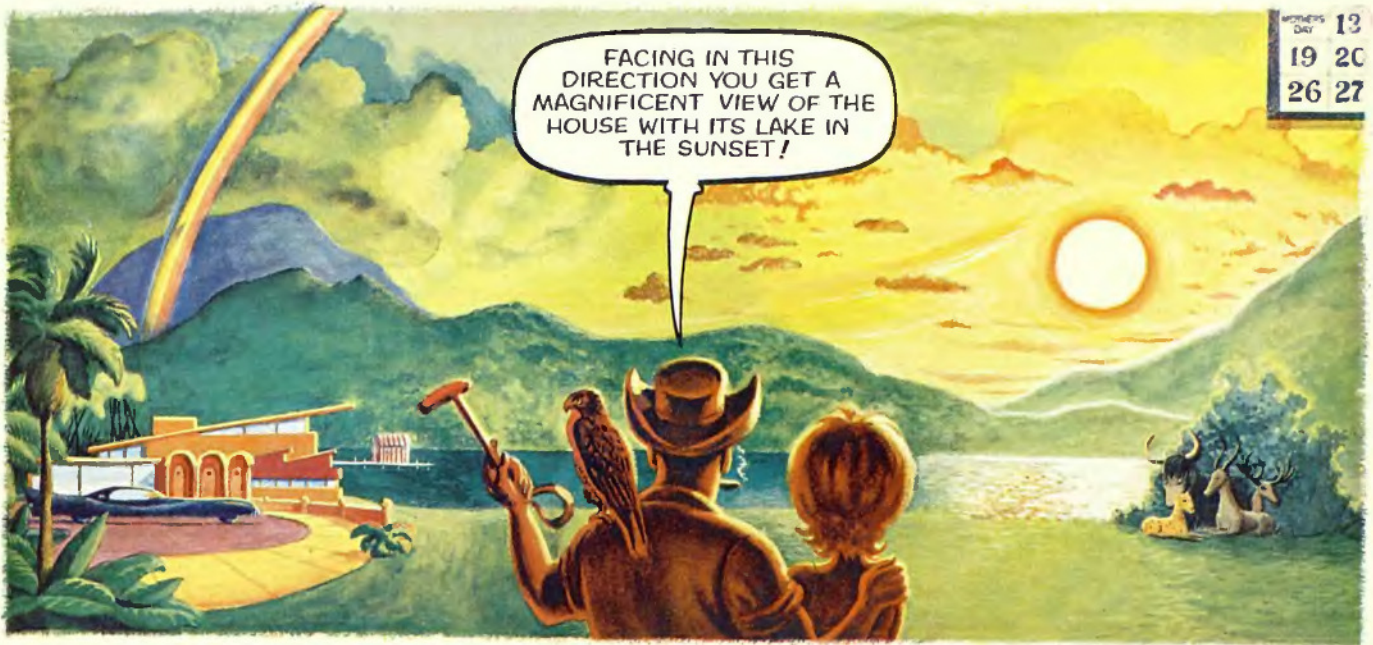
THEY CAME RATHER HASTILY! ...

OH, DADDY, YOU'RE SO - SO CIVILIZED!

AH ... COME, ANNIE, LET ME SHOW YOU THE GROUNDS.

JAWOHL, HERR OBERLEUTNANT!

MACHEN SIE SCHNELL!



FACING IN THIS DIRECTION YOU GET A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF THE HOUSE WITH ITS LAKE IN THE SUNSET!



THE ONLY TROUBLE IS YOU MUSTN'T FACE IN THE OTHER DIRECTION.

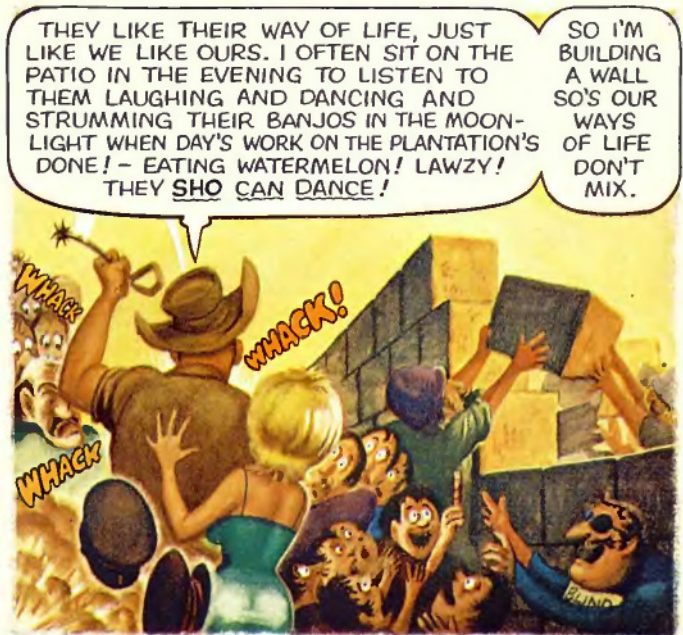


GOSH, IT'S AS PICTURESQUE AS A MOVING PICTURE - JUST LIKE "VIVA ZAPATA!"

YES, MY RETREAT BORDERS ON THIS COLORFUL LITTLE TOWN. I LOVE THE SIMPLE NATIVES IN THEIR TRADITIONAL RAGGEDY COSTUMES-

OUT OF THE WAY, THERE!

GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU!



THEY LIKE THEIR WAY OF LIFE, JUST LIKE WE LIKE OURS. I OFTEN SIT ON THE PATIO IN THE EVENING TO LISTEN TO THEM LAUGHING AND DANCING AND STRUMMING THEIR BANJOS IN THE MOONLIGHT WHEN DAY'S WORK ON THE PLANTATION'S DONE! - EATING WATERMELON! LAWZY! THEY SHO CAN DANCE!

SO I'M BUILDING A WALL SO'S OUR WAYS OF LIFE DON'T MIX.

WHAT WITH NO RAIN, FAILING CROPS, AND INHERENT POVERTY, THE WILY DEVILS ARE ALWAYS STEALING SOMETHING! TROUBLE IS, THE RICH, LAND-OWNING, SOUTH AMERICAN ARISTOCRATS DON'T WANT TO GIVE AWAY ANYTHING! - AND WHO WINDS UP PAYING? - THE U.S.A.! - US!!



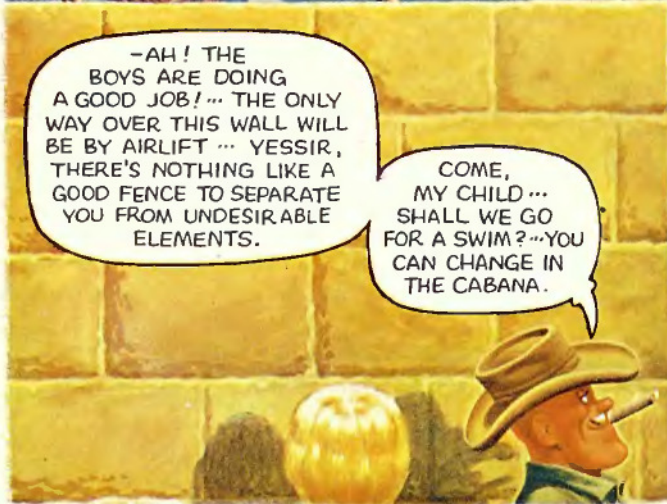
IF ONLY THOSE PEOPLE WOULD SHARE WHAT THEY HAVE WITH THE PEASANTS.

OH, DADDY... YOU SHOULD BE PRESIDENT OF THE WORLD!



-AH! THE BOYS ARE DOING A GOOD JOB!... THE ONLY WAY OVER THIS WALL WILL BE BY AIRLIFT... YESSIR, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD FENCE TO SEPARATE YOU FROM UNDESIRABLE ELEMENTS.

COME, MY CHILD... SHALL WE GO FOR A SWIM?... YOU CAN CHANGE IN THE CABANA.



I HAVE A NEW BIKINI AND I CAN'T WAIT TO TAKE A DIP!

NEITHER CAN I, MY DEAR!



- WAIT FOR YOU TO TAKE THE DIP, THAT IS! I DON'T SWIM MUCH. YOU'LL HAVE THE WHOLE BEACH TO YOURSELF. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR OF THE "BUNCH"!

OH, GOODIE! I'M SO SELF-CONSCIOUS ON A CROWDED BEACH WHEN I WEAR A BIKINI.



A BIKINI MAKES YOU SUDDENLY FEEL THE WHOLE WORLD IS STARING AT YOU--

WHAT MAKES YOU FEEL THAT, LITTLE ANNIE FANNY?





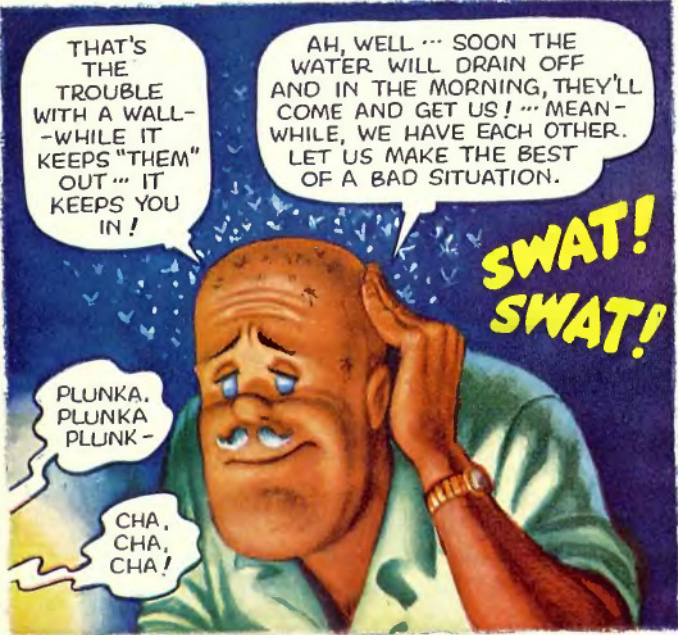




DADDY BIGBUCKS!  
THE OTHER SIDE OF  
THE WALL IS DRY!  
... AND LOOK WHAT  
FUN!

- SO IT IS. THE WALL IS HOLDING  
THE RISEN LAKE LIKE A SOUP  
BOWL! THE NATIVES ARE HAVING  
A FIESTA TO CELEBRATE THE  
END OF THE DROUGHT.

THE UNDESIRABLE  
ELEMENTS I  
BUILT THE WALL  
TO KEEP OUT  
ARE NOW NOT  
SO UNDESIRABLE.



THAT'S  
THE  
TROUBLE  
WITH A WALL-  
WHILE IT  
KEEPS "THEM"  
OUT ... IT  
KEEPS YOU  
IN!

AH, WELL ... SOON THE  
WATER WILL DRAIN OFF  
AND IN THE MORNING, THEY'LL  
COME AND GET US! ... MEAN-  
WHILE, WE HAVE EACH OTHER.  
LET US MAKE THE BEST  
OF A BAD SITUATION.

**SWAT!  
SWAT!**

PLUNKA.  
PLUNKA  
PLUNK-

CHA,  
CHA,  
CHA!



COME,  
MY CHILD!  
LIE DOWN  
AND LISTEN  
TO THE MUSIC  
... HERE ... CLOSE  
BY MY SIDE,  
AND-  
ANNIE?

ANNIE?

ANNIE!

OH,  
GROAN!  
SHE'S  
TWIST-  
ING!

BOP,  
BOP,  
BOP-

**TWIST  
TWIST  
TWIST**

END

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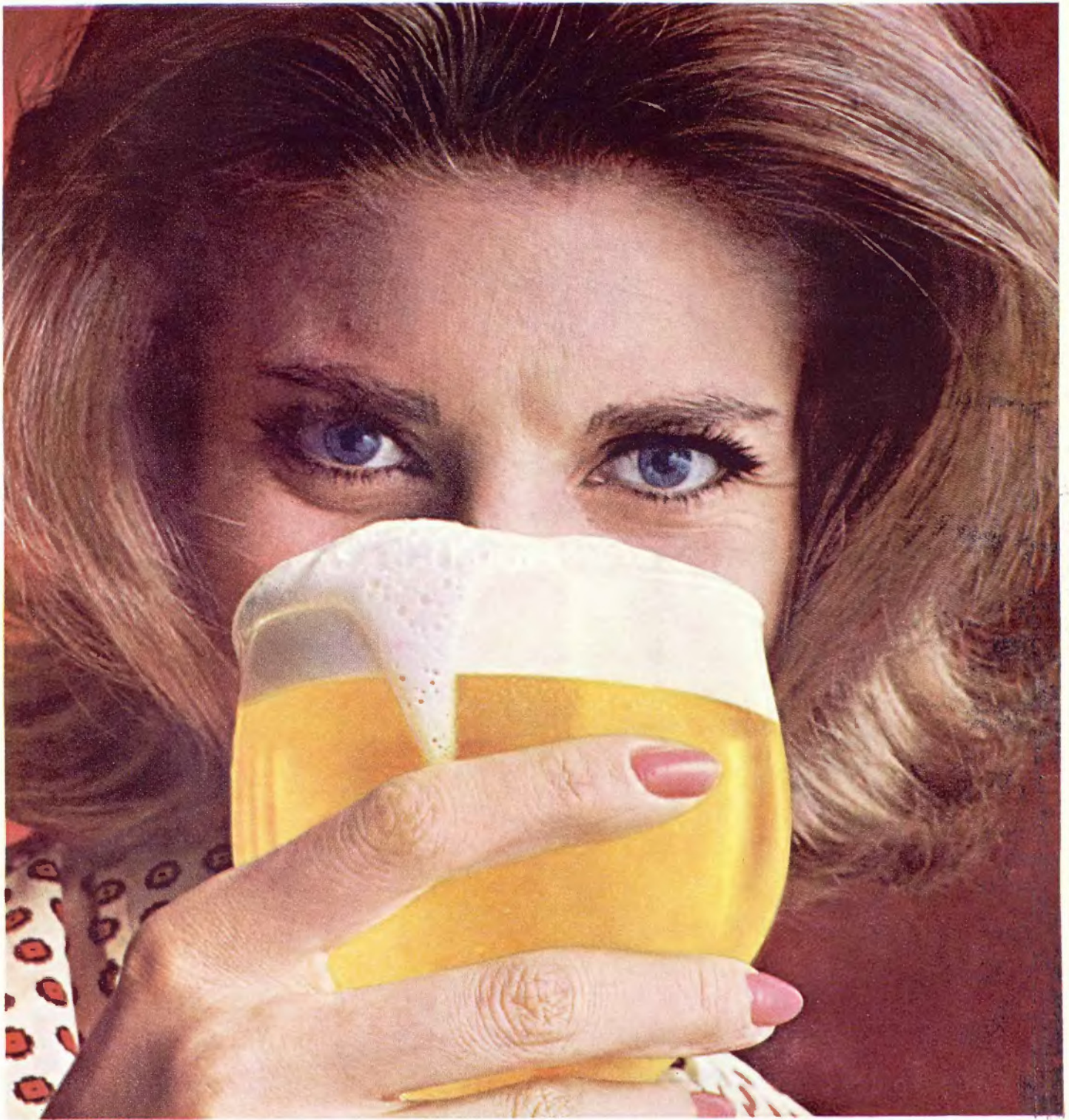
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