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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SPECIAL JAZZ & HI-FI ISSUE

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SHARKEY

BLOOM

FRANK

PLAYBILL NEVER ONE to give short shrift to chronologically short-changed February, PLAYBOY has pleasure-packed the month marked by the natal days of Washington, Lincoln and (appropriately enough in this leap year) Susan B. Anthony. The woman suffragist would be proud, indeed, of cover girl (her third appearance) Cynthia Maddox. Our Assistant Cartoon Editor, now in her fifth year here at PLAYBOY, has garnered many a ballot from readers as the girl they would most like to be alone with in a voting booth. The PLAYBOY puppet blowing sweet nothings into Miss Maddox' ear imaginatively indicates that this month's editorial horn of plenty has a musical lilt to it. Along with the results of our eighth annual Jazz Poll (accompanied by an over-the-shoulder look at the past year's jazz activities by eminent musicologist Nat Hentoff), we offer a *Playboy Panel* on *Jazz — Today and Tomorrow*, incisively moderated by critic Hentoff, that should dispel once and for all the baseless put-down that jazz musicians can articulate only with their music. The better to hear their music, we also present *Sounds of '64*, a handsome get-together of the latest in hi-fi gear custom tailored to the size of your pad. Here, too, is *The Playboy LP Library*, a listing of 300 of our favorite recordings soundly suited to any mood.

Going from the sublime to the ridiculous, James Ransom in *Joe Meets Sam* delivers a noteworthy parody of the jazz-LP liner-note *meshugaas* in which the prime concern is to fill up the area backing the front cover with verbiage of quasi-informational, pseudo-hip, surface-deep insights. Author Ransom, who holds a Ph.D. in English philology, spent ten years as an editor of books on medical and surgical subjects. His scalpeling of liner-note jazz jargon should leave the reader in stitches. One of the most recent additions to the PLAYBOY staff, Assistant Editor Jack Sharkey, who has contributed to our pages in the past, has as his first offering since making our masthead, a punny Valentine, *Lady Luck and the Lyricist*. In it, spare-time composer-lyricist Sharkey (he's writing a Broadway musical, only Broadway doesn't know about it yet) describes how famous songsmiths stumbled across their best lines.

February's fictive bonanza includes an old friend, one of Blighty's blithest spirits, P. G. Wodehouse. He's back with us, inimitably unraveling Part I of a raffish new two-part novel of comic desperation born of a struggle over an inheritance, *Biffen's Millions*. Comedy in a different vein suffuses Jack Raphael Guss' *Where Does It Say in Freud that a Shrink Has to Be Polite?*; his antic verbal duel between a Negro patient and his white psychiatrist is etched in an acid bath of racial undercurrents. Author Guss, a toiler in Hollywood's TV purlieus, is associate producer and principal scripter of *Channing*, a campus-based television series. There are no laughs, however, in *The Nightmare*, by famed novelist Pat Frank. A hair-whitening vision of an impending international holocaust, *The Nightmare* has been penned by a man well versed in such matters. Author of *Mr. Adam*, *Alas, Babylon* and the non-fiction *How to Survive the H-Bomb — and Why*, Pat Frank is a consultant to the Defense Department. No less eminent in his own field, Murray Teigh Bloom, founder of the Society of Magazine Writers, has contributed to almost every leading publication in the U. S. and considers himself one of the world's leading "collectors" of imaginative criminals, a covey of whom form the theme for his initial PLAYBOY endeavor, *The Money-grabbers*.

Eye-grabbing pictorials, past, present, at home and abroad, are sparklingly sprinkled throughout this issue: *In Bed with Becket*, a rollicking between-the-scenes and between-the-sheets boudoir romp with Richard Burton, Peter O'Toole and a sensational Gallic *gamine*, Veronique Vendell; *Playmates Revisited — 1954*, a richly rewarding reprise of gatefold girls from PLAYBOY's first year; and *Mamie*, in which the famed frame of Mamie Van Doren is displayed on-stage, *en repos* and unaccoutered.

Meanwhile, back at the magazine, our own Shel Silverstein continues his cartoonic tour, *Silverstein's History of Playboy*. Continuing, too, are the life and times of the comedic world's contentious conscience, Lenny Bruce, in his *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*. Also on hand is a further installment of Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner's *Playboy Philosophy*.

Filling out February's luminous editorial line-up: Nancy Jo Hooper, a Playmate for all seasons, Don Addis' droll *Symbolic Sex*, and a pair of fresh-idea'd clothing features, *The Hippest of Squares* (the new look in pocket handkerchiefs) and *The Hide of Fashion*, on leather-accented garb for the guy about town. Withal, a magnum-sized aggregate for a pint-sized month.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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VIZ. VISIONS

The three articles on hallucinogenic drugs in the November issue are the most perceptive and sober considerations of the pros and cons of these controversial substances in the popular magazines that have come to my attention. Other similar articles, for the most part, have been sensationalized and distorted. PLAYBOY is to be congratulated.

Walter H. Clark
Professor of Psychology of Religion
Andover Newton Theological School
Newton Centre, Massachusetts

Allow me to congratulate you on one of the most keenly perceptive LSD studies that I have seen. The accomplishments of Alpert and Leary have been underestimated. I think something more could be said about the promise of hallucinogens with respect to frigidity. In over 200 experimental cases last year, students given LSD had intercourse and reported, in almost every instance, a "heightened sense of unity." The only trouble was that afterward, alarmingly, many of these young men and women — about 35 percent, almost all of whom were men — came out with feelings of reversed sexuality.

Most of the men were soon returned to normalcy by a hot shower and several showings of *Guadalcanal Diary*. The several women involved were given *The Second Sex* to read.

K. Kenniston
Boston, Massachusetts

Congratulations on your three-article coverage of LSD and the general issue of experiential education and internal freedom. Recently, ten national magazines have carried stories on the "magic of LSD." PLAYBOY's interpretation was the most thorough and accurate. Indeed, yours was the only attempt to make an objective appraisal of this new and complex form of neurological energy. All of the other magazine pieces (*Time* excepted) were written by staff writers or unknown journeymen assigned to turn out a "danger" yarn. Only PLAYBOY used articles by well-known and successful authors (Aldous Huxley, Dan Wakefield, Alan Harrington) whose secure reputations allowed them to write what they believed.

Congratulations, too, for *Playboy's Philosophy*. These days it seems that yours is almost the only attempt to speak out for such basic human strivings as spontaneous fun, individual freedom, and the more tender and direct forms of human communication. While millions of dollars are spent each year to increase technological efficiency, external comfort and other-directed conformity, it is increasingly difficult to find a voice defending the ancient values of direct experience and intimacy.

IFIF was organized a year ago by scientists from Harvard and neighboring universities to encourage research in such taboo areas as voluntary expansion of consciousness, production of ecstatic and religious states, development of the playful aspects of experience. In these gloomy times when "danger" and "fear" seem to be the politically popular mottos, we consider PLAYBOY a most happy and appropriate title. We applaud your effective program to lighten and enlighten the human situation.

Richard Alpert, Ph.D.
Timothy Leary, Ph.D.
Ralph Metzner, Ph.D.
International Federation for Internal Freedom
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Three cheers for PLAYBOY for your intelligent and perceptive pieces on hallucinogenic drugs in your November issue! After having read and heard so much dull-witted and bigoted tripe on hallucinogenic drugs and Messrs. Alpert and Leary, it was indeed refreshing to read your open-minded, sane articles.

I have had the opportunity to expand my self-knowledge via morning-glory seeds and I am interested in the fact that an organization exists whose members have had similar revelations. Could you give me the address of the International Federation for Internal Freedom?

Jean-Pierre Perini
Garden Grove, California

IFIF is headquartered at 14 Story Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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LABOR DISPUTE

PLAYBOY's November interview was quite a letdown from some of the excellent ones of the past. It revealed more of the interviewer than Hoffa. With his premises showing, your man displayed an antilabor bias that was both crude and surprising for a magazine which has taken such a hip stand in the field of men's apparel, drink mixing, naked women, applied sex, etc. His viewpoint — to apply two of the most horrible epithets in PLAYBOY's lexicon — was Victorian, and extremely square. He sounded like an investigator for some Congressional "curb labor" committee who had a job to do. Perhaps he did, indirectly? Point: swizzle-stick journalism and labor don't mix.

John Starks
Brooklyn, New York

I hope Mr. Hoffa is not naïve enough to think the general public swallowed that.

Robert H. Kutz
Meadville, Pennsylvania

I think the PLAYBOY interviewer has more than shown his ability to obtain a clear picture of an individual through his own words. In response to PLAYBOY's rather pointed questions, Jimmy Hoffa showed his unwillingness to clarify many of the more questionable aspects of his union leadership, notably, the accusations of criminal affiliations and mismanagement of the union. It seems to this PLAYBOY reader that the Justice Department's recent intensification of interest in Mr. Hoffa's affairs was long overdue. I am sure that Bobby Kennedy bought copies of this issue for all the Teamsters who, if they get past the November Playmate, will be interested in what their leader had to say, or rather, what he had not to say.

Henri L. Barré
New York State School of Industrial and Labor Relations
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

GO NORTH, YOUNG MEN

You've done it again. Three eager "bravos" for November's *The Girls of Canada*. Leave it to the PLAYBOY staff to capture the beauty of the opposite sex! The delightful pics were enough to make any male quit his job, run to his travel agency, and book passage north.

Vince Cordano
Madison, Wisconsin

It was with great satisfaction that I noted your discovery of the world's finest collection of women, Canadians! We in Canada sometimes feel that you Americans are not fully aware of Canada's existence. *The Girls of Canada* certainly proclaims our existence. May I also add that it is quite often a very pleasant existence. After all, what do you think we really do on those long winter nights?

Trev. W. J. Percy
Winnipeg, Manitoba

FAUST FIGHT

I have just finished reading *Bernie the Faust* by William Tenn in your November issue; and I could not wait to give you my opinion: Trash!

James E. Hannigan
Cincinnati, Ohio

William Tenn's story, *Bernie the Faust*, is a real gasser. It's the most enjoyable and the most up-to-date — in fact, ahead-of-date — extrapolation of the Faustus story I've ever read. It's a theme most writers have tackled one way or another at one time or another, but Tenn's triple-twist treatment, with one gimmick topping another and then itself being topped, tops anything since Marlowe. Come to think of it, tops Marlowe, too. Bravo. Kit was a boy who's hard to top.

Fredric Brown
Tucson, Arizona

BRUCE-OPHILES

After reading Parts I and II of Lenny Bruce's autobiography, I hereby recommend that Lenny give up performing and take up serious writing as a career. This boy can write half the alleged professional writers under the table. He has great, great talent and PLAYBOY is to be congratulated for printing his stuff.

Joe Brody
New York, New York

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR LENNY BRUCE SERIES. IT IS THE BEST THING ANY MAGAZINE HAS DONE IN YEARS.

TERRY SOUTHERN
NEW CANAAN, CONNECTICUT

Our and the author's thanks to bright young writer Southern.

What a crime not to get this kind of Bruce more often. All the chicken-fat philosophy of a Harry Golden, the pornographic poignance of Henry Miller, and the descriptive genius of Durrell rolled into one, with humor yet!

I frankly was hung on his every word. I memorized several passages for retelling (professionally, of course) and I went back in memory and retrospect to my childhood where I encountered such a parallel in upbringing, character relatives and clichéd events that it was frightening!

Being a champion of Lenny B., as he will readily admit, it's oft difficult to explain to the average lay *bistro*-goer why his brilliance onstage is taken up with observations on the vestigial functions of

PURE GENIUS

Devoid of vibrato, spartan in its simplicity, his playing is an artist's eloquent statement about the world in which he lives. One critic called it "deathly in its purity." Another described it as having "the virginal clarity of a Sistine choirboy." Miles himself said: "Don't write about the music. It speaks for itself."

It does. You can hear it in his new album, Quiet Nights. Listen to the textured Brazilian rhythms of "Corcovado." Or the sweet, pure sound of his horn on "Wait Till You See Her" and "Once Upon a Summertime." It is pure art.

MILES DAVIS ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

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DON HUNSTEIN

the testes, various orgasmic outcries from nuns, and Sophie Tucker's blatant affairs with Puerto Rican busboys.

But such is the Brucian way and so must he go. Lenny deals in honest shock, free form and improvisational therapy, but ofttimes his ramblings back him into a comedic trap, and he sums up or escapes inarticulately. That's why his writings are pure delight. His recall and humor are incisive and his form is brilliant. Without the staring urgency of that ugly demanding animal, "the audience," which Lenny truly abhors, he has time to ponder, think again and lay down pure written gold!

Jack Carter
Los Angeles, California

Kudos from fellow comic Carter is certainly most welcome.

HUFF OVER HUBBY

I've just finished reading William Iversen's article in the September issue, *Love, Death and the Hubby Image.* While I agree with about 75 percent of his conclusions and loved his marvelous writing, I think his viewpoint is slightly distorted. Since I was a midteen wife and mother, I have been self-supporting, and I have dozens of friends like me. Though my income is jointly earned with my husband, he has all the say on how it will be spent, and how much. For instance, our one car is eight years old, and whenever I timidly suggest that it is falling apart, he grumpily replies, "It still runs, doesn't it?" Well, barely. If I write a check for an unexplained 20 clams, there is a "session." He is not extraordinary; he is quite average. I haven't a friend whose husband is not the boss of the ménage, and to ask those "boys" to run a lawnmower or sweep out a garage or dig a weed is the utmost blasphemy, and dare not be repeated. (They're very handy at yelling at the help, though, I've noticed, and getting the help to quit right in the midst of a "crisis.") And when you lovingly buy them a gift at Christmas and birthdays, there is urgent searching of papers to see how much you spent on them. And most of the women I know carry insurance on their own lives — big chunks — paid for by themselves and in favor of that poor Hubby Mr. Iversen weeps over. (One bastard I know, in receipt of his work-worn wife's life insurance — 200,000 clams for which she paid out of money her mother left her — rushed out and spent the whole damn business in one year on a dirty little floozy, and then, in exhaustion, reclined on his children for his support.)

Taylor Caldwell
Buffalo, New York

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

We applaud the progressive position on traffic safety taken by the American Automobile Association, which recently hailed the rising hemlines of women's skirts and called for more of the same. "Auto headlights," explained a spokesman, "readily pick up the stockings or bare legs of women pedestrians at night. Naturally, the more stocking or leg exposed the easier it is for motorists to spot them and thus prevent an accident." With this bit of intelligence in mind, we pulled out our slide rule and came up with the following computations: If in one year in a given area there are X number of nocturnal accidents involving women pedestrians wearing knee-length dresses, then the new thigh-high skirts, exposing, say, two more inches of leg (or three percent of the average woman's total epidermis), should proportionately reduce the number of traffic accidents during the same period. To carry our computations further: If all women in the same area wore shorts (exposing ten percent more skin), the accident total would be proportionately reduced to an unprecedented low. The obvious conclusion does not require additional computation: one hundred percent bare flesh equals perfect safety records — all of which would seem to substantiate the well-known assertion that you can prove *anything* with statistics.

•

Bargain hunters in search of serviceable second-hand merchandise are referred to the following notice in the *Lake Worth* (Florida) *Herald*: "FOR SALE: The ladies of the First Presbyterian Church have discarded clothing of all kinds. They may be seen in the church basement any day after six o'clock."

•

The Philadelphia Bar Association's journal reports a prudish premarital directive on a sign spotted in the city's Marriage License Bureau. It reads: DO NOT LAY ANYTHING ON THE DESK.

•

Members of the National Sign Watchers Society may also be interested in the following sightings which were reported to us recently. Spotted above a well-used street door in the downtown Chicago complex of Loyola University: EMERGENCY AND FIRE ENTRANCE ONLY; on a fire door at Harvard University: NOT AN ACCREDITED EGRESS; and on a fence on Washington Island, Wisconsin: TRESPASSERS WILL BE VIOLATED.

•

Women's fashion note: Cole of California has just unveiled an ultraform-fitting one-piece bathing suit designed with derriere décolletage and a zipper up the front. "If a girl hasn't caught her man when vacation is drawing to a close," the manufacturer suggested in an interview with the fashion editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "she can gradually lower the zipper a little bit more each day."

•

We can't help wondering how many applicants responded to the following "Help Wanted" ad in a recent issue of the usually staid *New York Times*: "SECY to Pres. Advertising Agency. Must put-out for busy exec. $125."

•

A friend of ours got two Government communiqués the other day and dropped by to show them to us. One was from the Post Office; it urged him to use ZIP numbers in addressing his mail. The other was from the Internal Revenue Service's District Director; it urged him to pay a tax bill that was due, but failed to provide a ZIP number — or even a good old-fashioned zone number — in noting the address to which his remittance should be sent (Form 17, in case there are any Feds around who would like to check). We suggested to our buddy that he send the unzipped tax boyos the P.O. notice and the Post Office guys the unpaid tax notice. He conceded the idea made some sort of poetic good sense, promptly left our office with high purpose and a properly subversive gleam in his eye.

•

How Times Have Changed Department, Literary Division: Afternoon Men, a 1931 novel by Britain's Anthony Powell, published in this country for the first time a few months ago, contains this vintage piece of erotic prose, which we pass on for the possible interest of those gentle readers for whom the carnal candor of contemporary fiction may have begun to pall: "Slowly, but very deliberately, the brooding edifice of seduction, creaking and incongruous, came into being, a vast Heath Robinson mechanism, dually controlled by them and lumbering down vistas of triteness. With a sort of heavy-fisted dexterity, the mutually adapted emotions of each of them became synchronized, until the unavoidable anticlimax was at hand. Later they dined at a restaurant quite near the flat."

•

Add to our list of Unlikely Couples: Marie and Woodrow Wilson, Lori and Admiral Nelson, Fifi and Quai d'Orsay, Lena and Flügel Horn, Julia Ward and James Wong Howe, Dean and Holland Rusk, Nelson and Mary Baker Eddy, Molly and Arthur Goldberg, and that torrid team, Elizabeth and Zachary Taylor.

•

Reassuring anatomical intelligence from the Ohio Department of Agriculture's weekly summary of news on the

pork market: "Butts showed the only advance and bellies held steady."

THEATER

The Private Ear and ***The Public Eye*** are a pair of short stories done up in dialog, a crisp package from Peter Shaffer, British author of *Five Finger Exercise*. *The Private Ear* is a sentimental kitchen fable about a shy clerk (Brian Bedford) who is devoted to music, his dashing buddy (Barry Foster) who is devoted to women, and the girl (Geraldine McEwan) whom the clerk brings home to supper (cooked by his friend, the wolf). The situation is old-fashioned, but Shaffer works some newfangled variations, and the actors are delightful. *The Public Eye* is a screwball cartoon about an outrageously unprivate detective named Cristoforou, who favors tan shoes, broad-stripe suit, yellow tie, trench coat, raisins, nuts and yogurt. "This is one of the few jobs where being nondescript is an advantage," he says sincerely. A stodgy accountant has hired this grotesque, sight unseen, to shadow his young wife whom he suspects of high-jinkery with other men. Up to then she has been guilty only of an abnormal interest in horror movies, but now finds herself irresistibly drawn to the gumshoe — and no wonder, for as played with devilish hilarity by Barry Foster, Cristoforou is a mad, sad clown who is forced to live his private life in the public eye. At the Morosco, 217 West 45th Street.

•

Chips with Everything begins like an English *No Time for Sergeants*. The draftees droop into the barracks. The corporal barks. The wise guys make jokes. But gradually the play begins to curdle, until it is every bit as bitter as Brecht. In it, Arnold Wesker is taking a hard swipe at Britain's rigid social structure. It is a protest play — didactical, but theatrical. Wesker's Britain-in-miniature is the peacetime Royal Air Force. Pip (Gary Bond), the son of a general, is trying to climb down from the upper class and mix with the masses. But the masses mock him, his accent and his airs, while his superiors — the R. A. F. officers — indulge him. They know that, given enough time, and rope, Pip will rise to the proper level. As for Pip, he scorns the officers and tries to save the soldiers, but he doesn't quite know how to go about it. "All you do is breed babies and eat chips [potatoes] with everything," he tells his bunkmates mockingly. In the end, of course, Pip will be made an officer and a gentleman in spite of himself. The last irony is *God Save the Queen*. The troops pass

smartly in review, stiffly saluting their smug superiors. But Wesker is a long way from waving the flag. He is thumbing his nose at those in command and giving a sad cheer for those who never can be. At the Plymouth, 236 West 45th Street.

•

In ***Luther,*** John Osborne has tackled a profoundly religious theme on an epic scale; the story sweeps boldly across Europe and through pre-Protestant history in a pageant of scenes — but its spirit is modern. Osborne's Luther is not so much a religious heretic as a king-size revolutionist raging against injustice — in this case, the corruption of the secularized Church in the 16th Century. He is obsessed, but isn't always sure what he is obsessed by: his desire to be his own man on his own terms, his cramped digestive system or his overwhelming belief in God, in the Bible as the Word of God and in the Church hierarchy as God's misrepresentatives on earth. Soon it is clear that, for the author, Luther's physical and psychological disorders are symbols of the great man's religious torments, apt symbols, considering his earthy mien and manner. Albert Finney, making his Broadway debut, powerfully personifies this new Luther. A small hulk of an actor, he climbs to the pulpit to scourge the scurrilous Pope Leo X, then sinks to the ground and writhes and groans his innermost agonies. By focusing on Martin the man, Osborne may have missed Martin the saint, but the figure is moving, and as interpreted by Finney, it is a towering figure on any stage. At the St. James, 246 West 44th Street.

MOVIES

It's happened: An American has made a fine, fine film — one that may eventually rank with world standouts. It's ***Dr. Strangelove: or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb.*** Stanley Kubrick, who made the graphic *Paths of Glory* and the oft-brilliant *Lolita,* has hit a stride here that puts him big-leagues ahead of the overblown Hollywood "greats" (Stevens, Wyler, Hawks) as well as the far-out-and-they-should-stay-there arty cinemadmen. Kubrick also collaborated in scripting this scorching satire with Terry Southern and Peter George from George's novel *Red Alert.* It's related to the *Fail-Safe* idea (which it preceded): a U. S. nuclear-bomber attack gets unleashed on Russia, and *then* what? It starts when a fanatic general decides to obliterate the Commies — and, after barricading his airfield, commits suicide without revealing the recall code for his planes; and it takes place while the planes are en route to Russia. All but one are shot down by the Reds — with apologetic American help — but the one that gets through brings about, shall we say, the conclusion. The action takes place mostly in the general's office (he's aptly named Jack D. Ripper); in the key bomber; in the Pentagon war room. Peter Sellers plays three roles riotously: an R.A.F. type attached to Ripper's staff; the President of the U. S. (called Merkin Muffley, apparently as a ribald private joke between the scriptwriters and anyone in the audience who may appreciate erudite erotica); and Dr. Strangelove, a pseudonymous German who is the brains of our nuclear program — a weirdo with a false arm that gets away from him and keeps flying up in Hitler *Heils.* Sterling Hayden is the fanatic, George C. Scott is tops as a top Air Force general, and Keenan Wynn is fittingly yclept in the role of Colonel "Bat" Guano. Kubrick keeps the film straight and fierce and savage, searing through the sacred cows — and bull — of deterrents, missile gap, big-think, and nuclear survival, until he shows how the whole world has, figuratively, locked itself inside a runaway bomber. It's not enough to praise Kubrick for his courage in making this film, because there's so much in it of film wizardry. A lot of it is also very funny, but who's laughing?

•

Akira Kurosawa, one of the best directors going, has made a detective film that *goes.* ***High and Low,*** set in Yokohama, is a fast-moving 2 hours and 23 minutes about a kidnap caper. A shoe-company executive, in the middle of a power fight in his company, has put himself heavily in hock to buy stock. Just when he's about to make his move, his chauffeur's son is kidnaped and held for ransom; the exec feels responsible, because the criminal thought it was *his* son. Anyway, it's a child's life; so he pays the ransom, loses the stock and his job, and puts himself in debt to get the kid back. Then the Yokohama hawkshaws make their move — and the film becomes a contest between hunters and hunted. Toshiro Mifune, the samurai in *Yojimbo* and *Sanjuro,* is doughty and dynamic as the exec. Tatsuya Nakadai, whom Mifune killed in his last two pictures, is a plenty hip detective. But the star of the show (and always billed as such in Japan) is Kurosawa himself, a director whose eye is ideal and whose dramatic sense is sensational. The film leaves us wondering why a man who can do so much (*Ikiru, Rashomon, The Seven Samurai*) is content to do so little (a script adapted from an American thriller by Ed McBain). Still, when Kurosawa plays cops and robbers, it's bound to be arresting.

•

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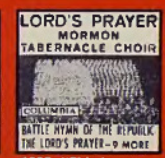
1052. Also: Lookin' for Love, The Girl Can't Help It, etc.



1090. "This is an extraordinary chorus." New York Times

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1036. Also: Smile, Some Like It Hot, Magnificent 7, etc.

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

1039. Mr. Lonely, I Can't Help It, True Love, Crying, 8 more

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

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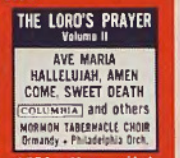

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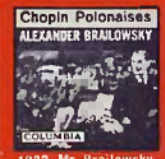

1092. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano."—N. Y. Times

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

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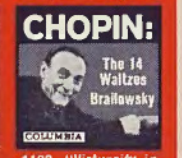
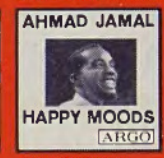


1109. "Virtuosity in the grand style!"—Montreal Gazette

1021. The Moon Was Yellow, You Stepped Out of a Dream, etc.

1180. Also: Swingin' School, etc. (Not available in stereo)



1119. "Delightful . . . pliable wit, superb timing."—Esquire

1060. Born to Lose, Four Walls, I Walk the Line, 12 in all

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1045. Also: Empty Arms, A Tear Fell, You Send Me, etc.

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

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

1031. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein bit *

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

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

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

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

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

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

the War, and the few pictures that have slipped in here from under the Iron Curtain have shown cinema sense, if not originality. Their State Film School has been grinding out graduates like Polish sausage. Now one of the graduates, Roman Polanski, has his first film on view here. ***Knife in the Water*** is highly derivative; it's covered with thumbprints of French and Italian directors. And it could easily be condensed. But — a very big but — it is a wonderfully well-made film on a subtle subject: a middle-aged husband's fear of sexual competition. A fortyish man and his young wife, driving to a lake for a weekend on their sailboat, give a good-looking youth a lift. The husband resents, implicitly, the youth's youth, and he senses the challenge to his marriage. Out of pique, because he is a good sailor, he invites the hitchhiker aboard for the weekend to show him up. Nicely devised drama proves the lubber a lover; the husband gets cuckolded without knowing it. With only three actors, and almost all the action on the relatively small boat, Polanski keeps the eye intrigued and (most of the time) the male ego engaged. With his first feature, this Pole vaults to the head of the class.

DINING-DRINKING

Appropriately enough, one of the biggest and most lavish *bistros* to open its doors in Windy City, U. S. A., since the old Chez Paree was shuttered (and taken over for much-needed office space by the expanding PLAYBOY operation) is the *new* ***Chez Paree*** (400 N. Wabash Avenue). For nostalgic night-life buffs, the new Chez will happily recall much of its predecessor's elegance, ebullience and reputation as a showcase for high-priced, high-class talent. Done in striking blue, white and gold, mirrored and panoplied, the main room is a super-size watering spa, holding up to 400 patrons. Upstairs, the Chez "400" Lounge is furbished in a rich red motif; the Chez Paree Adorables, a corps of sparingly furbished waitresses, tend tables which seat over 300. For its initial offering, the Chez had the Lively One, Vic Damone, giving his all and then some to make the premiere a gala event. Choosing from a menu limited in scope to nine of the more popular main courses, we preceded Vic's dinner-show stint with a sirloin that was both succulent and heroically proportioned; our companion found her *filet mignon* butter soft and savory; they were accompanied by an excellent chef's salad and specially prepared baked potato. After our dinner-topping coffee, we were in a properly receptive mood for Damone (although his performance would have brought around even the most dyspeptic visitor), who was backed impressively by Joe Parnello and his orchestra. Henry Brandon's orchestra plays for dancing. In the "400" Lounge (Tommy Kelly's in charge), there's continuous entertainment till 4 A.M. The main room has two shows nightly Sunday through Thursday ($2.50 entertainment charge) and three shows Friday and Saturday ($3.50). The Chez plans to expand to 1100 seats this spring, at which time Robert Goulet and Harry Belafonte will be on the entertainment agenda. A familiar figure from the old Chez' Fairbanks Court days, maître de Peter Largus is the congenial keeper of the velvet rope.

RECORDINGS

Vinyl reminiscences are with us in abundance. Biggest packet is the three-LP ***Glenn Miller on the Air*** (Victor), made up of previously unreleased "band remotes" from the Glen Island Casino, Meadowbrook, Café Rouge, and Paradise Restaurant — 40 tunes in all, some terribly dated, some terribly dull, but many sparked with the Miller magic. ***Frank Sinatra Sings the Select Johnny Mercer*** (Capitol) gathers together a flock of past Sinatra performances of Mercer-lyricked melodies. The best of the lot — *Laura, When the World Was Young, Blues in the Night, Too Marvelous for Words* and *I Thought About You* — rate well up on any all-time favorites list. ***Miles Davis/Birth of the Cool*** (Capitol), a reissuing of an LP landmark, proves that in the eight years since its release, time has dealt kindly with the Davis group's pioneer sorties into the school of the cool. *Move, Jeru, Godchild* and *Boplicity*, arranged by Davis, Gerry Mulligan, John Lewis and Gil Evans, are still masterful examples of the jazz art. More loosely inclined are the groups to be found on ***Timeless: Gerry Mulligan/Chet Baker*** (Pacific Jazz). The Mulligan quartet circa 1952, with trumpeter Baker, was nonpareil; their collaborative efforts which make up side one of the LP are near perfect. Side two, made up of 1953–1956 Baker-led groups, is a shade less impressive, but the LP's cumulative impact is exceptional. ***Charlie Parker/The "Bird" Returns*** (Savoy) is a gleaning from mysterious sources of well-known Parker efforts, *Ko Ko, Scrapple from the Apple* and *Barbados*, among them. Although personnel, along with many other things, is not identified, it seemed to these ears that Gillespie, Norvo and Hawkins were among those present. The recordings are technically abominable, but we'll take what we can get of Parker.

•

A pair of recent arrivals in vocaldom's more rarefied regions show their star-studded credentials on ***Let There Be Love, Let There Be Swing, Let There Be Marian Montgomery*** (Capitol) and ***Teri Thornton Sings "Open Highway"*** (Columbia). Miss Montgomery is of the old-fashioned gutsy school: she grabs a ballad in both hands and doesn't let go until she has shaken the last drop of excitement from it. Miss Thornton, a thrush of greater subtlety, does it with superb phrasing and large quantities of heart. Take your pick or take both; you can't lose.

•

Stan Kenton/Adventures in Blues (Capitol) is the latest and quite possibly the best in his "creative world" series. A tribute to the genius of Gene Roland, who wrote and orchestrated all nine numbers, it displays the Kenton ensemble sound as a thing of beauty and allows soloists such as trumpeter Marv Stamm and trombonist Bob Fitzpatrick, and Roland's own soprano sax, to add to the excitement.

•

Trios/Rubinstein, Heifetz, Feuermann (Victor) brings together, for the first time in one album, the recordings made by that illustrious but short-lived chamber group (cellist Feuermann died in 1942, only eight months after these recordings were made). Performed here are the Beethoven *Trio in B-flat, Op. 97*; the Brahms *Trio in B, Op. 8*, and Schubert's *Trio in B-flat, Op. 99*. Although Heifetz and Rubinstein were later to form a much-celebrated trio with cellist Gregor Piatigorsky, their efforts here hold high rank among chamber music achievements — it was an inspired liaison.

•

Further evidence of the prodigious talents of a pianist too little known in this country is provided by ***Martial Solal at Newport '63*** (Victor). With Bill Evans' rhythm section providing support, Solal shows himself to be an adroit technician and an immensely imaginative improviser. The session encompasses such disparate divertisements as Django Reinhardt's *Clouds* and the Kahn-Kaper *All God's Chillun Got Rhythm*.

BOOKS

Its title taken from the sorrowful statement of a Grand Prix driver whose car had just run off the road and killed a man, Robert Daley's ***The Cruel Sport*** (Prentice-Hall, $10) is an understanding but realistic appraisal of Grand Prix automobile racing, perhaps the most dangerous, demanding and exciting of all games men play. Based in Paris, Daley covers European sports for *The New York Times*. His book is the distillate, in ample text and 165 photographs, of four years of reportage on the big European events, and it goes a long way toward

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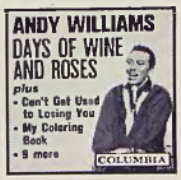

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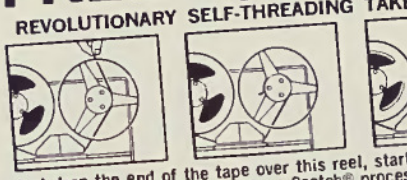

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demonstrating the compelling fascination that pulls men toward road-circuit auto racing, though the game kills and hurts so many of them. The photographs are superlative, almost all of them revelatory and dramatic, and many of *salon* quality.

•

England's class barriers are down far enough for her writers to do now what writers did here in the Thirties. After four books of fiction in three years, including *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* and *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, Alan Sillitoe gives us a collection of short stories called ***The Ragman's Daughter*** (Knopf, $3.95). In it he re-creates with skill the sights and smells, the voices and faces of England's slums. His dominant theme is still a working-class boy with good instincts finding that the world will not tolerate them. The boy ends up bitterly resigned or else sullen and restless, determined to resist but with cunning rather than open violence. Though the pieces contain accurate vignettes, many seem pointless, unless one is willing to settle for some fatuous clichés glorifying the working stiff. These stories hold but do not grip. Lacking the power of imagination and language, they too often have merely the grayness of the life they depict.

•

Nat Hentoff began his writing career as a jazz critic, and, as PLAYBOY readers have ample cause to know, has developed into one of our most versatile commentators on the current scene. His latest book, ***Peace Agitator*** (Macmillan, $5.95), proves again that his pen probes politics and ideology as sharply as it does the jazz life. The subject of Hentoff's first biography — "America's Number One Pacifist," almost-octogenarian A. J. Muste — is as active today climbing over barbed-wire fences at missile sites as he was 50 years ago leading striking textile workers in the bloody labor feuds of Lawrence, Mass. This lively account of Muste's career explodes any illusions that a pacifist's life is a peaceful one. The Netherlands-born peace worker has repeatedly been beaten up and jailed for his active practice of nonviolent action. A convert to Muste's brand of "nuclear pacifism" that has sparked recent ban-the-bomb campaigns, Hentoff writes sympathetically of his subject but never naïvely, and charts the inconsistencies and contradictions of Muste's deeds and creeds as well as the man's achievements. Nor have Hentoff's radiant hopes for an unradiated future clouded his view of the real world: "As for myself," writes the author in an epilog, "I have enormous doubts whether Muste and others like him will ever reach enough people so that the primitiveness of the way men rule and are ruled is finally ended."

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I was a virgin at marriage and my wife was not. Since my discovery of her several former relationships, I have endured periodic fits of depression. I don't consider my wife as chattel, and we have a sound intellectual and physical relationship. But still, I worry. Can you help? — J. B., Chicago, Illinois.

We can only help by reaffirming our belief that when you scratch a jealous lover you uncover an angry proprietor. You obviously do consider your wife as chattel; if you didn't, you'd have no worries. The desire to possess your wife's past (which had nothing to do with you and is no business of yours now) is possessiveness to the nth degree. Having married a virgin, your wife has more cause for worry than you do, and if she's satisfied, you certainly should be.

How old must I be to get away with wearing a Homburg? — J. L., Boston, Massachusetts.

Age is not a consideration. The prerequisites are a long and narrow face, and the habit of consistently conservative dress. If you meet these requirements you may wear a Homburg on any reasonably formal occasion; it is especially appropriate topping for dinner clothes and a Chesterfield.

I've talked with several different friends about this problem and have heard different opinions. I'm a sales trainee and my desk is arranged so as to keep anyone I'm talking with from getting within four feet of me. Often I feel that this distance sets up a physical barrier which is actually harmful to sales. Is there any proper distance which should separate two men in a business discussion? — A. L., Hartford, Connecticut.

The proper distance is the one most comfortable for you. Rearrange your office so you can get closer to your customers, but leave them room for retreat. Most English-speaking businessmen seem to prefer conversation over the impersonal expanse of a desk top, while Spanish speakers will generally climb all over such barricades to achieve a closer discussion.

Could you explain the custom on tipping the croupiers at a roulette table? — A. M., Cairo, Egypt.

There is no particular custom governing the tipping of croupiers at a roulette table. It's entirely up to you whether or not you tip; how much largess you dispense depends on your winnings and on whether you're superstitious enough to think that the croupier brought you luck.

A close friend of mine is getting married in Canada and has asked me to be best man. This creates a problem because I am low on funds at present and unable to afford the trip. The groom has offered to pay my fare, reasoning that he should compensate me for my loss of working time. But since he is just starting out, would it be rude of me to accept his generosity? — W. D., Sparks, Nevada.

Not at all. Your friend obviously wants you to be his best man despite the additional expense. Saving him from altar-falter is far more important than saving a few dollars. Go to the wedding and have a good time.

My firm is sending me to Paris for a conference and at its conclusion I'll have ten days on my own. I'd like to see as much of Europe as I can in the shortest possible time. Can you give me a general run-down on commercial airline facilities throughout Europe? — H. S., Brooklyn, New York.

Airline service connecting European cities is comparable (and in many instances superior) to that offered here in the States. Since every major European country has its own airline serving local cities and most other countries as well, flights are frequent. The doughty DC-3 has largely been replaced by swifter short-haul craft, and helicopters are common on runs under 100 miles. Rates are higher than in the U. S. (Incidentally, if you want your grand tour to take in more than just blurred landscape, we recommend that you don't try to see all of Europe in ten days.)

I've been dating a coed from Atlanta who claims I'm a damn Yankee because I hail from Baltimore. I insist that Baltimore is below the Mason-Dixon line, and that I have every right to whistle "Dixie" just as loudly as she does. Who's right? — D. B., Baltimore, Maryland.

You both are. Baltimore is below the Mason-Dixon line, but it's not in Dixie. The Mason-Dixon line is the Pennsylvania-Maryland border, first surveyed by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon. Baltimore is certainly below it. But the word "Dixie" derives not from the line, but from a bank note — the old-time ten-dollar bill, widely distributed in Louisiana, which prominently displayed the French word "dix," meaning "ten." The "dixie" was a common bill, and its circulation area, Dixieland, was immortalized in song. But very few of the bills ever got as far as Baltimore.

I've heard that only *plain* brass buttons may be worn with a winterweight blazer. Is this true? — F. B., Chicago, Illinois.

Brass or gold blazer buttons may be decorated with your school, club or fraternity crest. Some blazer fans dig old English regimental buttons, which can be found at button shops in most cities. It is in bad taste, however, to wear the crest of a group to which you don't belong, if it's still functioning.

A few years back a reader asked you what he could do to help the widow he was dating give up the ghost of her previous husband. You advised time and patience. I wasn't the questioner, but I might have been. The fiancé of the girl I'm now dating was killed in a racing mishap six years ago. She still thinks about him frequently, and when we're on a date any number of little incidents serve to remind her of "poor Carl." I've established a fine physical rapport with this girl, and have considered asking her to marry me. But first, I'd like to chase off the specter of "poor Carl" and wonder if you have any suggestions. — D. C., Palo Alto, California.

If after six years this girl is still hooked on a dead beau, we would advise you to drop her gingerly and cross back over to the land of the living. However, you should first be sure you're not exaggerating the situation. It's natural enough for a woman to remember a dead loved one affectionately, especially when she's placed in circumstances which stir the coals of memory.

In a good restaurant, is a nod the proper way of acknowledging acceptance of a wine steward's offering? Also, if the wine is poor, is it permissible to reject it? — H. K., Flushing, New York.

Good wine deserves more than a nod; a verbal rating of "fine" or "excellent" will stand in much better stead than a mere bending of the neck. Poor wine should never be accepted.

In recent months I've been dating three girls whose first names all begin with J. Though in vertical moments I have no difficulty remembering the right name, the intoxication of love-making often implants a mix-up in my sweet nothings. This is far from a frivolous question, as the problem has ruined more than one evening for me and still persists. Can you help? — A. R., Cleveland, Ohio.

Select an endearing euphemism applicable to all, along the lines of "Angel" or "Kitten." Use this constantly for all hands and you never need fear miss misnomers.

Recently, through a windfall, I came into some money and purchased a fancy new sports car — with bucket seats. The girls think the car is great, but those damned seats are driving me crazy. Is there any way you can score with that console in the way? — C. J., Pineville, Louisiana.

We prefer to use our car for saving time rather than making it. If, as we imagine, you don't have your own pad, you should have examined your automotive motives more closely before you went the sporty route. You can either get your own pad, or trade in the dreammobile for a more functional model.

I'm anticipating a career in journalism, and would like to learn the origin of the term "fourth estate." — P. V., Memphis, Tennessee.

The phrase originated in a famous remark of Edmund Burke in the British Parliament. After paying his respects to the three governing estates of the realm (the lords spiritual, the lords temporal and the Commons), Burke pointed to the press gallery, adding: "Yonder, there sat a Fourth Estate, more important far than they all."

Being a young, single male, gainfully employed, with no physical deformities, I am what is known in social circles as a highly eligible bachelor. In this regard, I am invited to an endless procession of dinner parties, cocktail parties, after-theater parties, and purposeless parties — almost all of which are thrown by hostesses, gracious and otherwise. Up till now, I've considered it sufficient acknowledgment of my hostess' labors to thank her profusely for the grand time and/or the wonderful dinner as I was departing. I've now been told by people whose judgment I usually respect, that I've been a boorish guest for not offering a more formal acknowledgment of my having been entertained — by either a follow-up phone call, a letter or flowers. I can't believe that, in this day and age, such Victorian protocol still exists. Does it? — F. S., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

It does. The time and effort involved if you phone, or write a note, is minimal, as is the expense if you send flowers. Give it a try; you'll see that it won't hurt a bit.

Is there a general aversion to green racing cars in America? — R. B., Atlanta, Georgia.

There is a superstition among Indy racers that the color green is unlucky. The British don't seem to think so; green is their racing color and has proven far from detrimental to Lotus, B.R.M., Cooper, Stirling Moss, Graham Hill and Jim Clark.

Say you meet a good-looking girl you'd like to ask out. You call her Monday and ask for the following Saturday night. She says she's sorry, she has another date. Is it square to ask immediately for the following Saturday? — H. R., Providence, Rhode Island.

Yes. It's also square to confine your dating to Saturday nights. Unless you have a specific event in mind, a better approach is: "I'd like to get together with you this weekend — how about Friday or Sunday?" This gives her a choice, and if she's such a swinger that all her evenings are booked, there's nothing wrong with matinees.

On the menu of a small Parisian restaurant I recently spied an item called *escargots en pot de chambre*. Does this dish mean what it appears to? (I ordered *coq au vin*, so I'm still curious.) — W. W., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The "pot de chambre" is not literally a chamber pot, but a snail-sized earthenware crock in which les escargots are served. Snails must be removed from their shells for proper broiling, and some chefs feel it is illogical to shove them back in afterward.

Against my wishes and entreaties, a girl I've been dating flew up from Texas a few weekends ago to visit me. Her college got wind of this unauthorized trip and expelled her, and to lessen the impact on her parents she said the excursion was at my behest. Now her father is screaming for blood, even threatening legal action against me. The girl has endured enough already, and I somehow feel it wouldn't be very noble for me to apprise her father of the true facts in the case. What's my move? — B. M., Jr., Princeton, New Jersey.

Any girl who demeans the good name of a friend to save her own skin deserves what this one has received. We suggest you sit tight and wait for the father to act. If the storm blows over, you can taste the pious pleasure of having helped someone who didn't deserve it. But if the father ever questions you directly, you must emulate Lincoln, who said that "truth is generally the best defense against slander."

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

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JACKIE GLEASON

5-09. JACKIE GLEASON. MUSIC, MARTINIS AND MEMORIES. 12 love themes. *I Remember You, Once In A While,* etc.

15-74 NAT KING COLE. THE TOUCH OF YOUR LIPS. Dreamy musical memories: *Not So Long Ago, Illusion, I Remember You, Funny,* 7 more.

16-76. FRANK SINATRA. POINT OF NO RETURN. Bittersweet memories of *When the World Was Young, These Foolish Things,* 10 others.

17-55. GEORGE SHEARING. CONCERTO FOR MY LOVE. Tributes to *l'amour,* with orchestra: *Love Letters, Love Child, In Love in Vain,* 9 others.

16-58. THE KINGSTON TRIO. COLLEGE CONCERT. Live at U.C.L.A. *Little Light, Laredo?, M.T.A., 500 Miles, Oh Miss Mary, Chilly Winds,* others.

NAT KING COLE

17-93. NAT KING COLE. RAMBLIN' ROSE. Warm country music: *The Good Times, Skip to My Lou,* 10 more.

18-45. JUNE CHRISTY. BIG BAND SPECIALS. June and an all-star band interpret jazz themes: *Skyliner, Goodbye, Frenesi, Night in Tunisia,* more.

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

16-49. DAKOTA STATON AT STORYVILLE. Her first "on stage" album! *Mean & Evil Blues, Easy to Love, The Show Must Go On,* 9 more greats.

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

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

16-93. THE BEST OF JUNE CHRISTY. Misty One's big hits: *Midnight Sun, Willow Weep for Me, Something Cool, How High the Moon,* 8 more.

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

18-13. GEORGE CHAKIRIS. MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THESE. 12 love ballads by that "West Side Story" guy. PLUS 5 photo-portraits perfect for framing!

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

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

17-11. THE LETTERMEN. ONCE UPON A TIME. 12 vocal love stories in a "fine album for adults and teenagers."—*Billboard.*

16-82. THE FOUR FRESHMEN: STARS IN OUR EYES. Salutes to great vocal groups of the past. *Apple Blossom Time, Opus #1 Shangri-La,* 9 more.

14-13. BOBBY HACKETT. EASY BEAT. Bobby's horn blows easy listening. *Take The "A" Train, Embraceable You, 'Tis Autumn, Mr. Wonderful,* 8 more.

18-53. THE BEST OF PEE WEE HUNT. Dixieland longer than life on *Charleston, Sheik of Araby, 12th St. Rag, Minnie the Mermaid,* others.

16-59. DEAN MARTIN. DINO. Long-awaited album of Italian love songs: *Non Dimenticar, Pardon, Arrivederci Roma, Just Say I Love Her,* 8 more.

PEGGY LEE

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

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

10-69. FRANK SINATRA. COME DANCE WITH ME. 1960 winner of 3 awards: Album of Year, Best Male Vocalist Performance, Best Arrangements!

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

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

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

14-72. GEORGE SHEARING. THE SHEARING TOUCH. Superb stylings of *Nola, Misty, Bewitched, Honeysuckle Rose,* 7 more. With Billy May strings.

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

7-34. JUDY GARLAND. JUDY. Prize collection of her biggest hits. *Come Rain or Come Shine, April Showers, Lucky Day,* 8 more (Monaural only).

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

8-24. NAT KING COLE. LOVE IS THE THING. 12 silk-smooth love songs. *It's All In the Game, At Last, Love Letters,* more of your favorites.

18-90. THE BEACH BOYS. SURFIN' U.S.A. Surf dance to No. 1 surfin' group in America: *Stoked, Lonely Sea, Surf Jam, Nab'e Surfer,* 8 more high risers.

17-72. PEGGY LEE. SUGAR 'N' SPICE. *Ain't That Love, I Believe in You, See See Rider, Embrasse Moi, The Best is Yet to Come,* 7 more.

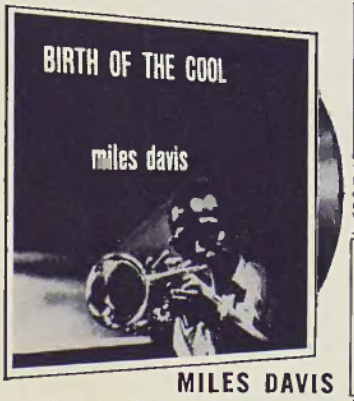
10-05. TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD. NEARER THE CROSS. Inspiring hymns—Now *The Day Is Over, Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me,* ten other favorites.

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

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

14-42. DEAN MARTIN. THIS TIME I'M SWINGIN'. Dino rocks with *Imagination, Mean to Me, Just in Time, True Love, Someday,* and other fingersnappers.

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

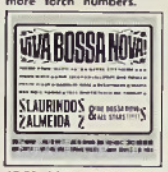


MILES DAVIS

19-74. MILES DAVIS. BIRTH OF THE COOL. Also *Kai Winding, J. J. Johnson,* others on 11 "cool" tunes. Monaural only.

18-52. JOHN GRAY. THE NEW WAVE. A discovery on jazz guitar ignites *Cherokee, Caravan, Witchcraft, Memphis in June,* 8 more.

16-32. HANK THOMPSON AT THE GOLDEN NUGGET. Recorded "live" at Las Vegas! *Honky Tonk Girl, John Henry, Nine-Pound Hammer,* 9 more.



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

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

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

03-49. KYU SAKAMOTO. SUKIYAKI. Japan's singing rage takes "an effervescent tour of the Nipponese hit parade, fine release." —*High Fidelity.*

16-69. THE LETTERMEN. A SONG FOR YOUNG LOVE. *I'll Be Seeing You, In The Still Of The Night, Dreamer, Volley High,* 8 more romantic ballads.

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

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15-69A & 15-69B. JUDY AT CARNEGIE HALL. "Garland at her greatest." *Hi-Fi/Stereo Review.* 28 exciting songs from the greatest evening in showbusiness history: *Man That Got Away, Trolley Song, Chicago, San Francisco,* 24 more encores, recorded *live.*

(2-Record set counts as two separate selections.)

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

SHEARING/WILSON

15-24. GEORGE SHEARING/NANCY WILSON. THE SWINGIN'S MUTUAL. *Blue Lou, Inspiration,* 10 more swingers.

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

3-52. JACKIE GLEASON. MUSIC FOR LOVERS ONLY. Relax, let romance take over: *Body and Soul, Some Day, Little Girl, Alone Together,* 8 others.

85-56. SALLI TERRI. I KNOW MY LOVE. *He's Gone Away, The Cuckoo,* 12 other folk songs with guitar, lute, recorders, piano or accordion.

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

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

18-44. STAN KENTON. ADVENTURES IN TIME. 23 men blaze new jazz trails into the fourth dimension — time. "Jazz leader of the year!" —*Playboy.*

19-12. COUNTRY HITS BY COUNTRY STARS. Feast of hits by Ferlin Husky, Louvin Bros., Rose Maddox, Buck Owens, Hank Thompson, lots more!

18-61. JUDY GARLAND. I COULD GO ON SINGING. Original movie sound track. New songs in an "intense performance." —*HiFi/Stereo Rev.*

18-67. DAVE GARDNER. IT DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE. Dixie's brilliant comic in a nothing-sacred routine. "Favorite comedy recording." —*Billboard.*

THE KINGSTON TRIO

17-05. THE BEST OF THE KINGSTON TRIO. *Tom Dooley, Tijuana Jail, Everglades,* 9 other all-time best sellers!

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

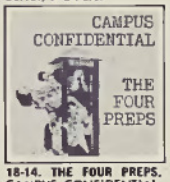
17-83. RAY ANTHONY. I ALMOST LOST MY MIND. Ray reveals the soul of big city rhythm and blues: *The Erid, Troubled Mind, Blue Velvet,* others.

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

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

18-40. JOE BUCCI. WILD ABOUT BASIE! Big-band organ salutes "The Count" in *Jumpin' at the Woodside, Taps Miller, Topsy,* many more.

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



18-14. THE FOUR PREPS. CAMPUS CONFIDENTIAL. Recorded "live" at U.C.L.A. "Rousing!"—*Billboard. Lazy River, College Cannonball,* etc.

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

8-41. TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD. FORD FAVORITES. *One Suit, That's All, 16 Tons, First Born, Watermelon Song, Give Me Your Word,* 4 more bigones.

18-33. ROMANTIC THEMES FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA. Lou Busch, Joe Bushkin and others set the scene for love with *Laura, I'll Take Romance,* more.

18-24. LOU RAWLS. BLACK AND BLUE. A blues-singing "find"! *St. James Infirmary, Strange Fruit, Kansas City, Trouble in Mind,* 8 others.

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

16-65. RED NICHOLS. DIXIELAND SUPPER CLUB. Red's 5 Pennies in 13 dancers' delights: *Blue, Always, Sentimental Journey,* 10 more.

18-17. NELSON RIDDLE. LOVE IS A GAME OF POKER. New sounds on 12 brilliant arrangements. *Finesse, Witchcraft, Penny Ante, Indiscreet,* others.

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

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

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

15-96. WANDA JACKSON. RIGHT OR WRONG. Six songs on the sentimental side, six on the "rockin'" side. 12 sugar 'n spice performances!

18-05. CARMEN DRAGON. AN EVENING WITH COLE PORTER. *Hollywood Bowl Pops Orchestra plays Begin the Beguine, Night and Day,* 8 more.

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

16-86. BIG BEAT HAMMOND. JACKIE DAVIS! Jazz rocks the organ with *Honeysuckle Rose, Stompin' at the Savoy, The Song Is You,* others.

16-64. TRAVIS! Songs written, sung and played by the great Merle Travis: *Cincinnati Lou, Divorce Me C.O.D., Fat Gal,* 9 more of his best.

18-68. THE MAD MAD MAD GATEWAY TRIO. They sing and clown through *Sigmund Freud, My Mary, All Night,* 9 more. "Happy, spinning affair."-*Variety.*

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

ONE OF THE least-known international playgrounds is at the very roof of the world: the Himalayas, though they are inaccessible from mid-November to the end of March. The season opens April 1st, when the winter snows are melting; and to the intrepid they offer 28,000-foot mountains, big-game hunting, trout fishing, archaeological sites, primitive tribesmen, health-giving waters, unusual wines and rugged scenery until the onset of the cold weather.

This area, bordered by Pakistan and India, among others, is serviced by Pakistan International Airlines with regular flights. Hundreds of square miles of soaring, snow-clad mountaintops surround the few oases of civilization. One of these, the Hunza district, whose people are descendants of the Greek followers of Alexander, is a must on your itinerary. The mir of Hunza entertains visiting Americans royally — in the literal sense — with a stay in resthouses adjoining the mir's palace, attendance by the mir's servants, and all meals with the mir and his queen, the rani. The big-game hunter will find here the Marco Polo, a rare species of mountain sheep three times the size of the normal specimen, plus the markhor and ibex, sure-footed goats often encountered at heights up to 13,000 feet. Travelers overimbibing the heady local wines can recover nicely with Hunza's gold-and-mica-impregnated mineral waters.

If the seaside is your desire in April, you'll find that the Caribbean is at its balmiest and least crowded then. From Sapphire Bay on St. Thomas in the Virgins, you can hop the big launch — leaving behind the booming rhythm of steel-drum bands and the clangor of carnivaltime — to the green-forested mountains of St. John, a sun-warmed island of limpid coves and jungle-lined beaches, where the water is so clear you can barely see it at beaches' edge. Swim out a few feet into the bath-warm bay of indigo and emerald, and you're looking down five fathoms to softly trailing anemones, in canyons and outcroppings of bright coral dappled with the sparkling flash of gliding sea life; or dive into a burst of color, through bright-gold specks that are schools of yellowtails, through pinks and blues and deep reds of innumerable tropical fish, all darting and drifting through pale sea-green shafts of sunshine slanting down to the ocean's sandy floor.

If you're still seeking winter skiing, the season is just beginning in April down under, where the sport — in the high snow fields of New South Wales and Victoria in Australia, plus the mountainous islands of New Zealand — is second only to cricket in popularity. Easily reached from the warm beaches of Sydney are Thredbo and Smiggin Holes on the slopes of Mount Kosciusko, or from Melbourne you can drive easily to Mounts Buller or Hotham. Accommodations are scarce, however, at all these spots, save the chalets of Thredbo, and should be booked well in advance. The same is true for New Zealand resorts, with the notable exception of Queenstown, where, from the Hermitage Hotel in the Southern Alps, ski planes fly you to the head of the gigantic Tasman Glacier to start one of the longest, most scenic downhill runs in the world — a glistening, challenging 16 miles.

You'll find plenty of snow in Colorado during April, too, and a wide choice of good lodges close to Denver on the slopes of the Arapahoe Ski Basin. There's a young, bright crowd at such resorts as Aspen, Steamboat Springs, Vail Village, Winter Park, Squaw Pass and 18 other major ski areas. Whether you're a novice or a pro, you'll find conditions and slopes to suit every taste. North across the border into Canada are the mile-wide slopes and hot-spring pools at Banff and Jasper in the Rockies, with two-mile downhill runs, chair lifts that rise 7000 feet in ten minutes and floodlights for the nocturnal hill gliders. Lavish summer resort hotels are still closed in April, but simpler accommodations are available at $4 to $12 a day. Another good spot that's still going in April — in fact, at any time of year, since it boasts Sno-cats that haul enthusiasts clear up to the skiable snows at the peak — is Timberline Lodge in Oregon, with a year-round swimming pool to boot.

Those of you whose motto is "If springtime comes, leave winter far behind," will find April a specially fine time to cruise the Aegean. For as little as $20 a day, you can rent a Greek-rigged caïque with auxiliary engine, taking your pick of sweeping bays and sunlit coves as you scud among the islands. If you prefer more deluxe modes of sailing, schooners may be chartered, or — for $100 to $400 per day, depending upon size — you can rent a yacht, with crew; and if you should see a Mercourilike creature singing a siren song on a fishing wharf, there is no obligation to lash yourself to the mast and sail on.

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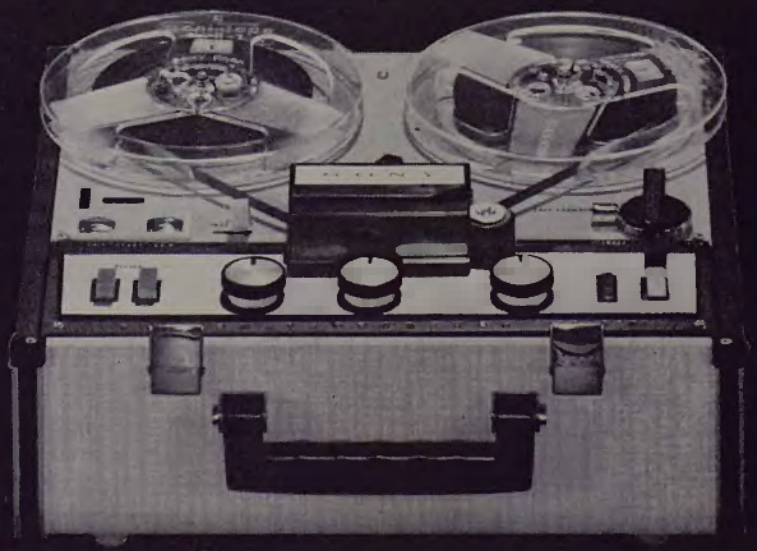

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discussion

THE PLAYBOY PANEL: JAZZ—TODAY AND TOMORROW

one of a series of provocative conversations about subjects of interest on the contemporary scene

PANELISTS

JULIAN "CANNONBALL" ADDERLEY is an urbane alto saxophonist and leader who has achieved sizable popular success during the past five years. He is also a recording director and has helped many musicians get their first chance at national exposure. Adderley has termed his music "modern traditional," indicating his knowledge and respect for the jazz past as well as his interest in continuing to add to the music. Through his lucid, witty introductions at concerts, festivals and night clubs, Adderley has become a model of how to make an audience feel closer to the jazz experience.

DAVE BRUBECK, the rugged, candid pianist, leader and composer, has won an unusually large audience to the extent of even having had a number of hit single records. Instead of coasting in a familiar groove, however, he has continued to experiment; in recent years he has turned to time signatures comparatively new to jazz. Although Brubeck is characteristically friendly and guileless, he is a fierce defender of his musical position and does not suffer critics casually.

JOHN "DIZZY" GILLESPIE is now recognized throughout the world as the most prodigious trumpet player in modern jazz. He is also the leading humorist in jazz and he has demonstrated that a jazz musician can be a brilliant entertainer without sacrificing any of his musical integrity. He is now leading one of the most stimulating groups of his career, and is also engaged in several ambitious recording projects.

RALPH J. GLEASON, one of the few jazz critics widely respected by musicians, is a syndicated columnist who is based at the *San Francisco Chronicle* (in our October issue, we erroneously placed him on the *Examiner* staff). He has edited the book *Jam Session;* has contributed to a wide variety of periodicals, in America and abroad; and is in charge of *Jazz Casual,* an unprecedentedly superior series of jazz television shows, distributed by the National Educational Television Network. As a critic, Gleason is clear, sometimes blunt, and passionately involved with the music.

STAN KENTON is a leader of extraordinary stamina and determination. He has created a distinctive orchestral style and, in the process, has given many composers and arrangers an opportunity to experiment with ideas and devices which very few other band leaders would have permitted. The list of Kenton alumni is long and distinguished. In a period during which the band business has been erratic at best, Kenton is proving again that a forceful personality and unmistakably individual sound and style can draw enthusiastic audiences.

CHARLES MINGUS, a virtuoso bassist, is one of the most original and emotionally compelling composers in jazz history. His groups create a surging excitement in producing some of the most startling experiences jazz has to offer. He is also an author, and has completed a long, explosive autobiography, *Beneath the Underdog.* An uncommonly open man, Mingus invariably says what he feels and continuously looks for, but seldom finds, equal honesty in the society around him.

GERRY MULLIGAN has proved to be one of the most durable figures in modern jazz. In addition to his supple playing of the baritone saxophone, he has led a series of intriguingly inventive quartets and sextets as well as a large orchestra which is one of the most refreshing and resourceful units in contemporary jazz. Mulligan also has acted in films and is now writing a Broadway musical. He has a quality of natural leadership which is manifested not only in the way all of his groups clearly reflect his musical personality, but also in the fact that whenever jam sessions begin at jazz festivals, Mulligan is usually in charge.

GEORGE RUSSELL has emerged during the past decade as a jazz composer of exceptional imagination and originality. He has recorded a series of albums with his own group, and these represent one of the most impressive bodies of work in modern jazz. He is also a teacher, and among his students in New York are a number of renowned jazzmen. A pipe-smoking, soft-voiced inhabitant of Greenwich Village, Russell is not one of the more prosperous jazzmen, despite his stature among musicians, but he refuses to compromise his music in any way.

GUNTHER SCHULLER is a major force in contemporary music — both classical and jazz. He is one of the most frequently performed American composers, has been awarded many commissions here and abroad (his most recent honor, a Guggenheim fellowship), and is also an accomplished conductor. For ten years, Schuller was first French horn with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, but now

KENTON: *So much of today's jazz is full of negative emotions and ugly feelings. People just don't want to subject themselves to these terrible experiences.*

ADDERLEY: *Too many of the new players are interested in just being different. I don't think it's necessary to be different so much as to be right — to be felt.*

GLEASON: *Crow Jim describes the feeling of some fans who will pay attention only to Negro jazz musicians and won't listen to white musicians.*

BRUBECK: *Early in my career, I realized I could reach my audience with one thing only, and that was "music." This is something most groups have forgotten.*

GILLESPIE: *Improvisation is the meat of jazz. Rhythm is the bone. The jazz composer's ideas have always come from the instrumentalist.*

RUSSELL: *The last refuge of the untalented is the avant-garde. But as the standards of the new jazz become clearer these people will be weeded out.*

SCHULLER: *One thing concerns me about our sending jazz overseas. The countries where most musicians have been sent have been hipper than our State Department.*

MINGUS: *Aren't you white people asking too much when you ask me to stop saying this is my music? Especially when you don't give me anything else.*

MULLIGAN: *I don't give a damn if a man is green or blue. If he can blow, let him blow. If he can't blow, let him do something else.*

devotes his full time to composing, conducting and writing about music. He has had extensive experience in jazz and is largely responsible for the concept of "third-stream music." He is currently working on an analytical musical history of jazz for Oxford University Press. A man of seemingly limitless energy, Schuller is expert in many areas of music as well as in literature and several of the other arts.

PLAYBOY: There appears to be a paradox in the current jazz situation. The international stature of the music has never been higher, and jazz is receiving more and more attention in print. Yet musicians are complaining that work is becoming harder and harder to find. Is jazz declining economically, and if it is, how do you reconcile that decline with all the publicity it is receiving?

BRUBECK: I don't think there's much of a connection between how much is written in newspapers and magazines about jazz and the growth of its audience. After all, if this were important, classical music would have a much larger audience than pop music. Yet you can't compare the record sales of even the most popular classical artists, such as Leonard Bernstein with those of Johnny Mathis. Now let's carry this over to jazz: certainly there's more being written today about jazz musicians, but I don't think it will affect the popularity of the jazz musician much, or his record sales, or the amount of work he gets.

As for work being harder and harder to find, I think this is true. Not true for the accepted jazz musicians, the ones who have been around for a while. I'd say the pianists I feel are my contemporaries — Erroll Garner, George Shearing, Oscar Peterson — are certainly working as much as they want to work. I am, too. You couldn't say we're complaining. But a young pianist coming up today might have a harder time than we did.

GLEASON: While it is true that several night clubs have gone out of business — night clubs that have been associated with jazz over the years — I don't think jazz is in any economic decline. The sales of jazz records and the presence of jazz singles on the hit parade indicate it isn't. The box-office grosses of the Newport Jazz Festival and the Monterey Jazz Festival indicate it isn't. The proven drawing ability of groups like those led by Miles Davis, Count Basie, John Coltrane — and from this panel, Brubeck, Dizzy and Cannonball Adderley — show that there is a very substantial market for jazz in this country.

But there is *not* a market for second-rate jazz, and at certain times in the past, we have had an economy that has supported second-rate jazz as well as first-rate jazz. I think that those fringe groups are now finding work difficult to get. On the other hand, all the jazz night clubs complain consistently that it's hard to find top-caliber acts to fill out a 52-weeks-a-year schedule. Jazz is, of course, receiving a great deal of publicity these days, in PLAYBOY as well as elsewhere, but I don't think this fact is related to anything at all except the growing awareness on the part of the American public that jazz is something worthy of its interest.

MULLIGAN: I think this all has to be seen in perspective. During the big upsurge of jazz in the early 1950s, we saw a tremendous increase in the number of clubs. Now we start wailing the blues and we say, look how terrible times are when these clubs start to close. But we forget that what has happened is that the business has settled back to normal. I'd imagine that there are probably more jazz clubs today than there were in the 1930s. I think you'd find that there were many fewer units in the Thirties and probably none of them was making the money that even some relatively unknown groups are making today.

RUSSELL: I can't agree with the optimism that has been expressed so far. I think economic conditions are bad for all but the established groups, and the reason goes to the basic structure of American life. During the swing era, anti-Negro prejudice was at a vicious level. So the young Negro rebels, intellectuals and gang members alike, shared a reverence for jazz because it expressed the feelings of revolt that they needed. It seemed that they had to feel that at least something in their culture was a dynamic, growing thing. The creative jazz musician was one of the most respected members of the Negro community. Then bop came along and was generally accepted by the culturally unbiased dissidents and rejected by those committed to status goals — in either case, irrespective of race.

Another conflict was added to jazz which also transcended race — between the innovator who creates the art (seeking what he can give to it), and the imitator who dilutes and who is mostly interested in what art can give to him.

There is, to be sure, a revolution going on in America. People want an equal chance to compete for status goals that compromise rather than enhance a meaningful life. What I would like to see is a renaissance. Shouldn't a social revolution be armed with a violent drive not only to elevate the individual, but to elevate and enrich the culture as well? If we continue to cater to the tyranny of the majority, we shall all be clapping our hands to *Dixie* on one and three.

MINGUS: You have to go further than that. No matter how many places jazz is written up, the fact is that the musicians themselves don't have any power. Tastes are *created* by the business interests. How else can you explain the popularity of an Al Hirt? But it's the musicians' fault for having allowed the booking agents to get this power. It's the musicians' fault

for having allowed themselves to be discriminated against.

SCHULLER: I'll go along with George and Charles that there are serious economic problems in jazz today, but the basic answer is very simple. It's not a comforting answer economically, but I believe that jazz in its most advanced stages has now arrived precisely at the point where classical European music arrived between 1915 and 1920. At that time, classical music moved into an area of what we can roughly call total freedom, which is marked by such things as atonality, or free rhythm, or new forms, new kinds of continuity, all these things. So the audience was suddenly left without a tradition, without specific style, without, in other words, the specifics of a language which they thought they knew very well. By also moving into this area — and I believe the move was inevitable — jazz has removed itself from its audience.

ADDERLEY: I don't know about that. There is an audience out there now, a sizable audience. But you have to play *for* it. When we go to work, we play for that audience because the audience is the reason we're able to be there. Of course, we play what we want to and in the way we want to, but the music is directed at the audience. We don't play for ourselves and ignore the people. I don't think that's the proper approach, and I've discovered that most of the guys who are making a buck play for audiences. One way or another.

PLAYBOY: Can you be more specific?

ADDERLEY: Well, I think the audience feels quite detached from most jazz groups. And it works the other way around, too. Jazz musicians have a tendency to keep themselves detached from the audience. But *I* speak to the audience. I don't see that it's harmful to advise an audience that you're going to play such and such a thing and tell them something about it. Nor is it harmful to tell something about the man you're going to feature and something about why his sound is different. Or, if somebody requests a song we've recorded with some measure of success, we'll program it.

GILLESPIE: Yes, I think some jazz artists are forgetting that jazz is entertainment, too. If you don't take your audience into consideration and put on some kind of a show, they'd just as soon sit at home and listen to your records instead of coming to see you in person.

PLAYBOY: A number of musicians — Erroll Garner, the Modern Jazz Quartet and Dave Brubeck here, among them — have either stopped playing night clubs entirely or are curtailing their night-club engagements drastically. Do you think the future of jazz lies largely in the concert field rather than in night clubs? And, trends aside, do you prefer to play the clubs or at a concert?

KENTON: For big bands, there does seem to be a trend away from the clubs, because so many of the clubs have had such problems trying to keep alive. We might finally be left with only concert halls — where you can book spotty dates. But personally, I really don't see a lot of difference between clubs and concerts so long as you can play jazz for listening. I don't think most of us mind whether people are drinking while they listen or whether they're just sitting in a concert hall. I'd just as soon play in either context.

GLEASON: I don't think the future of jazz lies largely in the concert field. I think that it lies *partially* in the concert field and *partially* in the night clubs. The fact that Brubeck and Erroll Garner and the Modern Jazz Quartet have all reached a level of economic independence where they can function outside the night club most of the time is an indication of their success, not necessarily an indication of the future of jazz.

All the jazz groups I've ever heard have something different to offer when they're in night clubs than they do when they're on the concert stage. I recently heard the Brubeck quartet, for instance, play the first night-club engagement on the West Coast that it's played in probably six or seven years. I came to that night-club engagement after having heard them in two concert appearances, and the thing that happened in the night club was much more interesting and much more exciting than it was in the concert hall. And all four musicians commented on how great they felt and how well the group played in the night-club appearance.

MINGUS: I wish I'd *never* have to play in night clubs again. I don't mind the drinking, but the night-club environment is such that it doesn't call for a musician to even care whether he's communicating. Most customers, by the time the musicians reach the second set, are to some extent inebriated. They don't care what you play anyway. So the environment in a night club is not conducive to good creation. It's conducive to *re*-creation, to the playing of what they're used to. In a club, you could never elevate to free form as well as the way you could, say, in a concert hall.

BRUBECK: I can understand that feeling. The reason we got away from night clubs has nothing to do with the people who go to night clubs, or night clubs themselves, or night-club operators. It has to do with the way people *behave* in night clubs. The same person who will be very attentive at a concert will often not be so attentive in a night club. But I must also say that there are some types of jazz I've played in groups which would not come across well in a concert-stage atmosphere. And to tell you the truth, I'm usually happiest playing jazz in a dance hall, because there I don't feel I'm imposing my music and myself on my audience. They can stand up close to the bandstand and listen to us, or they can dance, or they can be way in the back of the hall holding a conversation.

GILLESPIE: Maybe so, but for myself, the atmosphere in a night club lends itself to more creativity on the part of the audience as well as the musician. One reason is that the musician has closer contact with the people and, therefore, can build better rapport. On the other hand, I also like the idea of concerts, because, for one thing: the kids who aren't allowed into night clubs can hear you at concerts and can then buy your records. But to return to the advantages of clubs, when you're on the road a lot, the club — at least one where you can stay a comparatively long period of time, — does give you a kind of simulated home atmosphere. There's a place for both clubs and concerts.

ADDERLEY: Yes, I like to play them both, too. And I like festivals. I like television shows — any kind of way we get a chance to play consistently. I like to *do*. But unlike Charles, a joint has my favorite atmosphere. It's true that some people can get noisy, but that's part of it. It seems to me that I feel a little better when people seem to be having a good time before you even begin. And it gives me something to play on. In a concert, sometimes, we don't have enough time to warm up and if the first number is a little bit below our standards, we never quite recover. At least in a club you have sets, and if one set doesn't go well, you have a chance to review what you've done and approach it another way the second time around.

My own preferences aside, however, I think that the night-club business in general is on an unfortunate decline. In a short while, the night club will be a relic, because night clubs are too expensive for most people to really support in the way they should be supported. Just recently, I was talking to a guy who has a club in Columbus, Ohio. Several years ago, he played Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, Horace Silver, Miles Davis, Kai Winding, the Oscar Peterson Trio, and my band. He said he didn't pay over $2200 a week for anybody. But now groups that used to cost him $1250 cost $2500, and the same way up the line. But he has no more seats than he had before, and the people are unwilling to pay double for drinks even though the bands cost the owner double. Yet, at the same time, the musicians' cost of living has also gone up. It's a rough circle to break.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying then, that the future of jazz is going to be largely in the concert hall?

ADDERLEY: Not particularly. I think there'll be other things. There'll be theaters. I think festivals are going to

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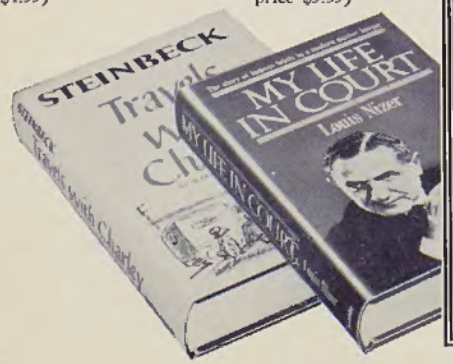

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come back in a different way. The George Wein type of festival of today stands a good chance. In the purest sense, his are not jazz festivals the way Newport was in the beginning. But if Wein presents somebody like Gloria Lynne at a festival today, whether or not she is a jazz singer isn't the point. The fact is she is going to draw a certain number of people. So Wein, thereby, can also present Roland Kirk and he can call it a jazz festival. Most people are not going to quibble over whether Gloria Lynne is a jazz singer; they'll come to hear her at a jazz festival.

MULLIGAN: Well, I want to try whatever outlets for playing we have. I don't want to do the same thing all the time. As for clubs, at any given time, there are maybe only three to five clubs in the country that I really enjoy playing. And when you figure two to three weeks in each of five clubs, about 15 weeks of the year are already taken care of. Fortunately, in New York, there is more than one club in which we can work, so that we can stay there longer. We need that time, because otherwise we'd never get any new material.

There are advantages and disadvantages on both sides. I find clubs very wearying in a way in which concerts aren't. The hours themselves — working from nine to two or nine to four, whatever it is. It plays hell with your days. I know guys who are able to get work done in the daytime when they're playing clubs. Maybe they're better disciplined than I am, but I find I'm drained by clubs. So that's what concerts can mean to me — a chance to work during the day. But I also need clubs because we need that kind of atmosphere for the band — an atmosphere in which you just play and play and play. The hard work of it — playing hour after hour, night after night, in the same circumstances — is good for a band. Concerts, however, are also good for the big band, because they allow me to do a greater variety of things. And economically, there are very few clubs into which I can take the big band — because of transportation costs and the problems of working out some kind of consecutive tour. So, I have to think in terms of both concerts and clubs. So far as I'm concerned, I don't see my future as exclusively in one or the other direction.

MINGUS: I'll tell you where I'd like more of *my* future work to be. I'd like some Governmental agency to let me take my band out in the streets during the summer so that I could play in the parks or on the backs of trucks for kids, old people, anyone. In delinquent neighborhoods in the North. All through the South. Anywhere. I'd like to see the Government pay me and other bands who'd like to play for the people. I'm not concerned with the promoters who want to make money for themselves out of jazz. I'd much rather play for kids.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps more important than the question of where jazz is going to be played is that of *what* will be played. We seem to be in a period similar to the early 1940s — when Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk and others began to change the jazz language. In other words, a new generation of young musicians is insisting on greater freedom — melodically, harmonically and rhythmically. Do you think that it is indeed time for another expansion of the jazz language? Has the music of the established players become too predictable, too "safe"?

SCHULLER: It's not entirely accurate to relate what's happening now to what took place in the 1940s. The language of "bop" at that time remained largely tonal, and even a comparative novice could connect it with what had gone before in jazz. This is no longer true. The music of the jazz avant-garde has gone across that borderline which is the same borderline which the music of Schoenberg passed in 1908 and 1909. At that time, it was the most radical step in some 700 years of classical music. In jazz, nothing so radical as what has been going on during the past five years took place in the previous 40 or 50 years of jazz history. Everything previously, even the bop "revolution," was more of a step-by-step evolution. What's happening now is a giant step, a radical step. Because of the radical nature of the advance, there is a much greater gap between player and audience now than there was in the 1940s.

KENTON: I agree about the gap, but I also feel that a lot of the modern experimenters are taking jazz too fast. Sometimes they're doing things just to gain attention — being different for the sake of being different. They're also running the risk of losing their audience entirely. After all, if a music doesn't communicate to the public, I don't care how sophisticated a listener may be, eventually he'll lose interest and walk off if there's no communication. The listener might kid himself for a while if he thinks there's something new and different in the music, but if there's no validity to the music, I'm afraid the jazz artist might lose the listener entirely.

GLEASON: First of all, I don't think that the jazz of the established players has become too predictable or too safe. What's predictable or safe about the way Miles Davis or Dizzy Gillespie play, or John Coltrane? Secondly, jazz musicians are by nature experimental. Every new generation of jazz musicians will try to do something new. And in trying to do something new, they may do a lot of foolish things and a lot of dull things. They may do a lot of things that will have no interest for other musicians, now or in the future. But this won't stop them from experimenting.

BRUBECK: We are certainly in a period during which musicians are starting to branch out into very individualistic directions, and that's very healthy. It's also healthy because we're not codified. It doesn't all have to be bop or swing or New Orleans or Chicago style. We can all be working at the same time in our own individual ways. We are now in the healthiest period in the history of jazz. As for the new generation of young musicians insisting on greater freedom — melodically, harmonically and rhythmically — they certainly should. This is their role — to expand, to create new things. But it's also their role to build on the old, on the past: and when you have all these new, wild things going on, there are some of the wild experimenters who aren't qualified yet. They haven't the roots to shoot out the new branches. They will die.

GILLESPIE: That's right. You have to know what's gone before. And another thing, I don't agree that the established players have become too "safe." It takes you 20 to 25 years to find out what *not* to play, to find out what's in bad taste. Taste is something — like wine — that requires aging. But I'd also agree that jazz, like any art form, is constantly evolving. It has to if it's a dynamic art. And unfortunately, many artists do not evolve and thus remain static. As for me, I'm stimulated by experimentation and unpredictability. Jazz shouldn't be boxed in. If it were, it would become decadent.

MINGUS: Any musician who comes up and tries changing the *whole* pattern is taking too much in his hands if he thinks he can cut Charlie Parker, Louis Armstrong, King Oliver and Dizzy all in one "new thing." You see, there's a danger of those experimenters getting boxed in themselves in their own devices. As for now, I don't hear any great change in jazz. Twenty years ago, I was playing simple music that was involved with a lot of things these musicians are doing now. And I'm still playing the same simple music. I haven't even begun to play what I call way-out music. I have some music that will make these cats sound like babies, but this is not the time to play that kind of music.

ADDERLEY: I'd agree with what the question implies — we've had a certain amount of lethargy in recent years. Everybody knew how to do the same thing. So, I'd like to say thank God for Ornette Coleman and such players because, whether or not you're an Ornette Coleman fan, his stimulus has done much for all of us. I know it caused me to develop. It caused Coltrane to develop even further, because he felt he had exhausted chord patterns and so forth. However, there has also been a focusing on another area — one Dizzy

mentioned. I heard a new record by Illinois Jacquet the other day and it made me realize again that as certain guys get older, they develop a tendency to get more out of less. Illinois gets more out of his sound, more out of a little vibrato in the right place than he used to. Therefore, don't discount the maturity that has come with experience and discipline. As I say, many of us have been stimulated by what's going on, but we're also aware that often emotion is missing in all this emphasis on freedom. Too many of the newer players are interested in just being different. I don't think it's necessary to be different so much as to be right. To be felt. To be beautiful.

MULLIGAN: Yes, the concept of freedom has been overworked a great deal. In the course of "freeing" themselves, as Mingus said, a lot of the guys have become even more rigidly entrenched in a stylized approach.

PLAYBOY: In regard to the casting off of old jazz forms, what is your reaction to the concept of "third stream" music — a music which will draw from both jazz and classical heritages but which is intended to have an identity of its own?

GLEASON: My reaction? Hooray! Let's have third-stream music and fourth-stream music and fifth-stream music and sixth stream and whatever. Let's just have more music. There's nothing inherently good or bad in the idea of a new kind of music which will draw from various musical heritages. This may turn out to be a very good thing. Some of it has already turned out to be quite interesting.

KENTON: I'd agree that music is music, but as for "third stream," I think it's just a kind of merchandising idea. I've been interested in the development, but I don't think there's anything new there.

ADDERLEY: Well, I'm the last person to discourage anyone's interest in trying to do something different. However, as much as I respect and admire the willingness of the third-stream people to work hard, their music misses me most of the time. I listen to a lot of classical music, and it seems to me that most of what they're doing with the "third stream" has already been developed further by the more venturesome classical composers. Besides, Duke Ellington has shown us how to develop jazz from *within* to do practically anything. On the other hand, we know how ridiculous Stravinsky's *Ebony Concerto* is.

MULLIGAN: As Dizzy said, we already use certain devices that can be traced to some kind of classical influence. But this idea of an autonomous music — separate from both jazz and classical music — I don't see any need for it. That's not to say I wouldn't like to write things for, or play with, a symphony, but whether a "third stream" should come along and have its own niche is something else. It seems to me it's going to have to be absorbed into one or the other main stream.

RUSSELL: A third stream isn't necessary. In fact, jazz itself may be the main stream of music to come. I mean that, to me, jazz is an evolving classical music. In my own work, I don't draw that heavily on traditional classical standards. I have been influenced by composers like Bartók, Stravinsky and Berg, but if those influences go into my music, it's unconscious. A *conscious* attempt to combine the two is not my way of doing things. You see, I think jazz itself is the classical music of America, and eventually it will transcend even that role and become, in every profound musical sense, an international classical music.

BRUBECK: When *wasn't* jazz what you describe as third-stream music? Melodically, from the beginning, jazz has been mostly European. Harmonically, it's been mostly European. The forms used have been mostly European. In fact, the first written jazz form was the rag and that was a copy of the European march. I think it's time we realize that we couldn't have had jazz without the merging of the African culture with the European culture. But in the beginning it was primarily a European music transformed to fulfill the expression of the American Negro. Once having acknowledged that, we ought to forget about who did what and when and we ought to forget whether jazz is African or European. Jazz now is an *American* art form and it's being played all over the world.

PLAYBOY: To get back to the idea of the "third stream," Gunther, as the man most closely identified with the concept, do you still think it is a viable approach?

SCHULLER: Absolutely, and this is confirmed for me almost every day of my life — especially this past summer at Tanglewood, where I was very much in touch with what you could call a cross section of the young American musical generation. Tanglewood draws its 200 students from all over the country; and even in this citadel of nonjazz music, at least 30 to 40 percent of the young musicians there were in some sense involved with jazz or could play it. And some of them played it extremely well. Now, these musicians epitomized what I feel about third-stream music, and that is the elimination of a radical barrier or difference between jazz and classical music. To the kids, there is no such big difference. It's all either good or not-so-good music. And the question of jazz style or nonjazz style is not a fundamental issue with them. They deal with much more fundamental musical criteria — is a piece, in whatever style, good or bad? This means that the third-stream movement, whether the critics or certain musicians happen to like it or not, is developing by itself — without any special efforts on anybody's part.

ADDERLEY: My feeling, though, is that when you deal with something like third stream, which mixes jazz with classical music, you're going to weaken the basic identity of jazz.

SCHULLER: It's true that many people worry about the guts being taken out of jazz as it evolves. They worry about it becoming "whitened." However, jazz has indeed basically changed into something different from what it started as. It started as folk music, as a very earthy, almost plainly social expression of a downtrodden people. It then became a dance music, an entertainment music — still with roots in the very essence and heart of life. It was not an art music. Now, as it becomes an art music — and there's no question that it already has in the hands of certain people — it will change its character. The process is inevitable.

PLAYBOY: In some of your statements so far, the term "art music" has been used in connection with jazz. The French critic André Hodeir would agree that jazz is becoming more and more of an art music. He also says, however, that jazz was never really a popular music anyway — although jazz-influenced bands did draw large audiences in the 1930s. In any case, he claims that now, as jazz is inevitably evolving into an art music, its audiences are going to be small and select — similar, in a way, to the audiences for chamber music and poetry. Do you agree?

KENTON: Yes. Jazz, to start with, is not a popular music at all. It's true that a lot of the bands in the Golden Era of bands were kind of jazz oriented and did quite well playing dance music and swing, but real jazz has no greater following throughout the world today than has classical music. I think we might as well make up our minds that that's the way it's going to be.

GLEASON: I don't agree that jazz audiences are going to become smaller and more select. If Count Basie's band and Duke Ellington's band weren't jazz bands, and aren't jazz bands, then I don't know what are. Woody Herman's also. And these bands at various times have had very large audiences. Benny Goodman's biggest successes were scored with bands that were really jazz bands, not just jazz-influenced bands.

BRUBECK: That's right. In the late 1930s and the beginning of the 1940s, I saw some tremendous jazz bands with some very large audiences in the interior of California, a place called Stockton, where I was going to college. It's pretty much off the beaten path, so if you could draw large audiences there at that time, you could draw large audiences anyplace in the United States. Duke Ellington was there for a week

and he had a full house every night. Jimmie Lunceford was there. Stan Kenton came through. Woody Herman. Count Basie. Now, I wouldn't call those bands jazz influenced. They were *influencing* jazz. I think Hodeir is referring to some other bands that may have been more popular, but I hardly think they were that much more popular. The bands then were set up to be more entertaining than we are today — but they were also playing great music. I do agree with Hodeir that jazz is becoming much more of an art music. In other words, we aren't putting on a show and good jazz at the same time. We're each of us putting on our own individual brand of jazz, and it's not meant to be entertaining in the sense that it's a show. But it's entertaining in the sense that it's good music, sincere music that we hope reaches an audience. Maybe this absence of a "show" does put jazz into the art-music category, but I for one wouldn't mind seeing jazz go back to the days of the 1930s when you had more entertaining bands, such as Ellington's. And don't forget that Ellington, while he was entertaining, was also able to create a *Black, Brown and Beige*.

SCHULLER: But jazz is not going to go back to the 1930s. And I maintain that, to the extent that jazz ever has been a really popular music, it has been the result of a certain commercialization of jazz elements. Even with the best of the jazz bands, like Fletcher Henderson's, their style wasn't popular. What became popular was a certain simplification of that style as it was used by Benny Goodman.

ADDERLEY: I don't agree with Hodeir. I don't think jazz ever will cease to be important to the layman, simply because the layman has always looked to jazz for some kind of escape from the crap in popular culture. Anybody who ever heard the original form of *Stardust* can hardly believe what has happened to it through the efforts primarily of jazz musicians. Listen to the music on television. Even guys who think in terms of Delius and Ravel and orchestrate for television shows draw from jazz. The jazz audience has always existed, and it always will.

RUSSELL: I think there'll be a schism in the forms of jazz. There definitely will be an art jazz and a popular jazz. As a matter of fact, that situation exists today.

GILLESPIE: I'm optimistic. Yes, the audience will become select, but it won't be small. Let me put it another way: The audience will become larger but it will be more selective in what it likes.

SCHULLER: I don't see how. The people who are going to become involved with jazz, as it's developing now, are going to become *very much* involved. You just can't take it passively as you could, for instance, the dance music of the bands in the 1930s. You could be comparatively passive about them. But if you're going to be involved with Ornette Coleman at all, you've got to be involved very deeply, or else it goes right past you.

We must expect a smaller audience from now on, and there's nothing wrong in that. A sensitive audience is a good audience. Because of what's happened to the music, we can no longer expect the kind of mass appeal that certain very simplified traditions of jazz were able to garner for a while.

MINGUS: None of you has dealt with another aspect of this. This talk of small, select audiences will just continue the brainwashing of jazz musicians. I think of Cecil Taylor, who is a great musician. He told me one time, "Charlie, I don't want to make any money. I don't expect to. I'm an artist." Who told people that artists aren't supposed to feed their families beans and greens? I mean, just because somebody didn't make money hundreds of years ago because he was an artist doesn't mean that a musician should not be able to make money today and still be an artist. Sure, when you sell yourself as a whore in your music you can make a lot of money. But there are some honest ears left out there. If musicians could get some economic power, they could make money and be artists at the same time.

PLAYBOY: Let's discuss the changing jazz horizons even further. You, Dizzy, Miles Davis and John Coltrane, among others, have been studying folk cultures of other parts of the world — North Africa, India, Spain, etc. — and have been incorporating some of these idioms into jazz. Is there any limitation to the variety of materials which can be included in jazz without jazz losing its own identity?

ADDERLEY: No, I don't think so. I think that you can play practically anything so long as your concept is one of bringing it *into* jazz. We have some Japanese folk music in our repertory which Yusef Lateef has reorganized, and we're working on a suite of Japanese folk themes.

GLEASON: There's no limitation to the variety of materials which can be included in jazz without jazz losing its own identity — provided the player is a good jazz musician. We've already had the example of all sorts of Latin and African rhythms brought into jazz. We have bossa nova, which is an amalgam of jazz and Afro-Brazilian music, and we will have others. In fact, I think that the bringing into jazz music of elements of the musical heritage of other cultures is a very good thing, and something that should be encouraged.

MINGUS: It's not that easy. Sure, you can pick up on the gimmick things. But I don't think they can take the true essence of the folk music they borrow from, add to it, and then say it's sincere. I'm skeptical, because what they probably borrow are the simple things they hear on top. Like the first thing a guy will borrow from Max Roach is a particular rhythmic device, but that's not what Max Roach is *saying* from his heart. His heart plays another pulse. What I'm trying to say is that you can bring in all these folk elements, but I think it's going to sound affected.

BRUBECK: I don't agree that it necessarily has to sound that way. This is something that has concerned me for a long time. About 15 years ago, I wrote an article for *Down Beat* — the first article I ever did — and I said jazz was like a sponge. It would absorb the music of the world. And I've been working in this area. In 1958, I did an album, *Jazz Impressions of Eurasia*, in which I used Indian music, Middle Eastern music, and music influenced by certain countries in Europe. I certainly think jazz will become a universal musical language. It's the only music that has that capability, because it is so close to the folk music of the world — the folk music of any country.

RUSSELL: I still have my doubts about this approach. When I say I think jazz can become a universal kind of music, I mean it in the sense of pure classical music. I don't mean by consciously melting the music of one culture with another. I mean that jazz through its own kind of melodic and harmonic and rhythmic growth will become a universal music. Furthermore, I find that American folk music in itself is rich enough to be utilized in terms of this new way of thinking. But as for going into Indian or Near Eastern cultures, it's not necessary for me. Oh, I can see its value as a hypnotic device — you know, inducing a sort of hypnotic effect upon an audience. But many times that doesn't really measure up musically. It doesn't produce a music of lasting universal value. And I think jazz is capable of producing a music that *is* as universal and as artistic as Bach's.

GILLESPIE: I'm with Ralph Gleason on this. So long as you have a creative jazz musician doing the incorporating of other cultures, it can work. Jazz is so robust and has such boundless energy that it can completely absorb many different cultures, and what will come out will be jazz.

PLAYBOY: We're beginning to hear the language of jazz spoken in many tongues; more and more jazzmen of ability are making themselves heard all over the world — Russia, Japan, Thailand, almost everywhere. John Lewis of the Modern Jazz Quartet claims that it will soon no longer be the rule that all important jazz innovations — and innovators — start in America. Instead, the most influential jazz player of the next decade may suddenly arise in Hong Kong. Do you think this prediction is accurate,

or will a jazzman still need seasoning in America before he has the capacity to contribute importantly to the music?

GILLESPIE: The prediction may be true, but as of now, jazz is still inherently American. It comes out of an American experience. It's possible that jazzmen of other cultures can use jazz through a vicarious knowledge of its roots here or maybe they can improvise their native themes and their own emotional experiences in the context of jazz. It's also possible that one day American jazz will become really, fundamentally, international. In fact, I think that the cultural integration of all national art forms is inevitable for the future. And when that happens, a new type of jazz will emerge. But it hasn't happened yet.

KENTON: I think it's altogether possible. And it would be very good for the American ego if an outstanding player did come from left field somewhere.

ADDERLEY: I don't think there ever will be an important, serious jazz musician from anywhere but the United States, if only because jazz musicians themselves are not going to allow jazz to escape from where it was developed. I'm talking about real jazz.

SCHULLER: No, I don't agree. It's not at all inconceivable that in the next five or ten years, an innovator could come from Europe. Of course, it depends on where you choose to draw your limitations as to what jazz is. If you mean Cannonball's kind of jazz, which is certainly in the main stream of jazz development, then I'd agree with you. But jazz can no longer be defined in only that way. Jazz has grown in such a way as to include what even ten years ago would have been considered outside of jazz or very much on its periphery. The music has grown to such an extent that these things are now part of the world of jazz; and as jazz reaches out and expands and goes farther into these outer areas, jazz will of necessity include players who do not have this main stream kind of orientation. So that, in this larger sense — and I know this is the sense in which John Lewis' statement is to be taken — it's entirely possible to have important innovations come from outside this country. A genius can crop up anywhere.

RUSSELL: Perhaps, but there has not been a precedent yet for any major contributor coming from any but our country, or more specifically, from any other city but New York. I mean, he's had to have worked in New York at one time or another. I suppose the reason for the importance of New York is the interchange that goes on among musicians in this city, even when they're not in contact. Also, there's a feeling of panic and urgency in New York which provides the trial by fire that seems to make it happen. In New York, you always get a nucleus of people who haven't settled into a formula, who haven't yet sold out for comfort or for other reasons. The nucleus of that kind of musician seems to gather here, and they inspire one another.

MULLIGAN: There's a catch in the question. When you say "important innovation," that implies something different from talking about a great player who will be influential on his instrument. After all, guys have already come out of other countries who have influenced people here. Django Reinhardt is a perfect example. As Gunther says, there's no telling where genius is going to come from. But whether any major innovations in jazz are going to come from abroad — something which will radically change what went before — George is probably right, though I don't know about the New York part of what he says. What seems important to me — and I've noticed this often — is that the biggest problem jazz musicians from other countries have is that they have grown up in an entirely different kind of musical background. Most of us in this country are raised with not only jazz, but all the popular music of whatever particular time we're growing up in. But foreign players don't have that kind of ingrown background. Yet, it's also a little more complicated than that. The reason I wouldn't be surprised to see great players coming out of other countries, and conceivably creating something different on their instruments, is that fellows who don't speak English wind up phrasing differently. Many times, I hear players who speak Swedish or French imitate the phrasing of an American jazz player, but it's not quite right, because the very phrasing of an American jazz player reflects his mode of speech, the accent of his language, even his regional accents. Perhaps, when foreign horn men begin reflecting *their* natural phrasing, we will get significantly different approaches.

KENTON: What we have to remember is that while it's true that a foreign player has to be exposed to American jazz before he can grasp the dimension and the character of the music, that doesn't mean he can't eventually contribute without even visiting the States. American jazz musicians now are traveling so much around the world that foreign players can stay at home and be exposed to enough American jazz so that they can become part of the music.

MINGUS: I don't see it that way. Not the way the world and this country is now. Jazz is still an ethnic music, fundamentally. Duke Ellington used to explain that this was a Negro music. He told that to me and Max Roach, as a matter of fact, and we felt good. When the society is straight, when people really are integrated, when they *feel* integrated, maybe you can have innovations coming from someplace else. But as of now, jazz is still our music, and we're still the ones who make the major changes in it.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe there is any political gain in the flow of jazz "ambassadors" overseas, or are we conning ourselves when we think the enthusiastic acceptance of a jazz unit in a foreign country is a political advantage for us?

GILLESPIE: Well, mine was the first band that the State Department sent in an ambassadorial role, and I have no doubts that jazz can be an enormous political plus. When a jazz group goes abroad to entertain, it represents a culture and creates an atmosphere for pleasure, asking nothing in return but attentiveness, appreciation and acceptance — with no strings attached. Obviously, this has to be a political advantage.

GLEASON: I'm in favor of sending more jazz musicians overseas everywhere. Now, whether this turns out to be a political gain or not, I don't know. I do think it's a humanitarian and an artistic gain. I don't think we are totally conning ourselves as the United States of America when we consider the enthusiastic reception of a jazz unit in a foreign country to be a political plus. As Tony Lopes, the president of the Hong Kong Jazz Club, remarked recently, "You can't be anti-American and like jazz." But I don't think that any amount of jazz exported to Portugal, for instance, will ever make the attitude of the American Government toward the government of Portugal accepted by the Portuguese people as a good thing. Same thing for Spain and the rest of the world. But no one has yet seen a sign: AMERICAN JAZZMAN, GO HOME!

ADDERLEY: Sure, I think having a jazz musician travel under the auspices of the State Department is a good thing. It can signify to the audience for which it is intended that the United States Government thinks that jazz is our thing, we're happy with it, and we want you to hear some of it because we think it's beautiful.

RUSSELL: But there's an element of hypocrisy there. The very people who send jazz overseas are not really fans of jazz, and the country in whose name jazz is traveling as an "ambassador" completely ignores its own art form at home. It's not going to hurt the musician who goes, however, because music traditionally is known for its ability to unite at least some of the people. At least, the people in power do recognize the capacity jazz has to unite people.

ADDERLEY: Yes, it can unite people, but politically, I don't think jazz does a damn thing. I don't think it influences anybody that way. I think the Benny Goodman tour had nothing to do with helping create a democratic attitude in a Communist country.

BRUBECK: There are other kinds of political effects. I certainly think that when the Moiseyev Dancers were here, there was kind of a friendship toward Russia which was communicated through almost every TV set tuned to those people. The effect was like saying, "Well, the Russians can't be too bad if they've got great, happy people like these dancers, singers and entertainers. They must be very much like us. In fact, they might be better dancers." And communication from jazz groups going overseas is the same thing in reverse. After all, when we were in India during the Little Rock crisis, it made the headlines in the Indian newspapers seem maybe not quite so believable to an Indian audience that had just seen us. Our group was integrated, and the headlines were making it sound as if integration was impossible in the United States. But right before their eyes, they saw four Americans who seemed to have no problems on that score. And I think there *are* other assets as well.

SCHULLER: I was able to get an idea of the impact of jazz in Poland and Yugoslavia a few months ago. It's hard for anyone who hasn't been there to realize the extent to which people abroad, especially in Iron Curtain countries now, admire jazz and what it stands for. I mean the freedom and individuality it represents. However, in many cases, they don't even think of it as a particularly American product. They regard it simply as the music of the young or the music of freedom.

One thing that does concern me about sending jazz overseas is the occasional lack of care in selecting the musicians who go. The countries where many of these musicians have been sent have been much more hip than our State Department.

MINGUS: I wish the Government was more hip at home. They send jazz all over the world as an art, but why doesn't the Government give us employment here? Why don't they subsidize jazz the way Russia has subsidized its native arts? As I said before, rather than go on a State Department tour overseas, I'd prefer to play for people here. The working people. The kids.

PLAYBOY: Whether abroad or at home, has the scope of jazz widened to the point at which the term "jazz" itself is too confining?

KENTON: I feel the same way about the word jazz as some other musicians do. The word has been abused. I think it was Duke Ellington who said a couple of years ago that we should do away with the word completely, but if you do, another word will take its place. I don't think the situation would be changed at all.

BRUBECK: Yes, Duke has spoken of dropping the word jazz. I agree with him. Just call it contemporary American music, and I'd be very happy. But if you keep calling it jazz, it doesn't make me unhappy.

ADDERLEY: The word doesn't bug me in the least. In fact, I'm very happy to associate myself with the term, because I think it has a very definite meaning to most people. It means something different, something unique. Furthermore, I like to be identified with all that "jazz" represents. All the evil and all the good. All the drinking, loose women, the narcotics, everything they like to drop on us. Why? Because when I get before people, I talk to them and they get to know how I feel about life and they can ascertain that there is some warmth or maybe some morality in the music that they never knew existed.

RUSSELL: The term isn't at all burdensome to me. I like to accept the challenge of what "jazz" means in terms of the language we inherited and in terms of trying to broaden it. The word and what it connotes play a part in my musical thinking. It forces me sometimes to restrict an idea so that it will come out with more rhythmic vitality. In other words, occasionally I'll sacrifice tonal beauty for rhythmic vitality.

GLEASON: Once again, I'm not sure what the question means. In one sense, jazz covers the whole spectrum of popular music in the country. There are aspects of jazz in rhythm and blues, rock 'n' roll, Van Alexander's dance band, the Three Suns. So I don't know whether it can expand too far or not. Everybody means what *he* means when he says jazz. He doesn't always mean what you or I mean. And I don't think there's any reason to sit around looking for a new word, because we're not going to *invent* a new word. When the time comes — if it ever does — for a new word, it will arrive. *Down Beat* conducted a rather silly contest some years ago to select a new word for jazz, and came up with "crewcut." That word had a vogue which lasted for precisely one issue of *Down Beat*.

MINGUS: Well, the word jazz bothers *me*. It bothers me because, as long as I've been publicly identified with it, I've made less money and had more trouble than when I wasn't. Years ago, I had a very good job in California writing for Dinah Washington and several blues singers, and I also had a lot of record dates. Then by some chance I got a write-up in a "jazz" magazine, and my name got into one of those "jazz" books. As I started watching my "jazz" reputation grow, my pocketbook got emptier. I got more write-ups and came to New York to stay. So I was really in "jazz," and I found it carries you anywhere from a nut house to poverty. And the people think you're making it because you get write-ups. And you sit and starve and try to be independent of the crooked managers and agencies. You try to make it by yourself. No, I don't get any good feeling from the word jazz.

PLAYBOY: Some critics have remarked on the scarcity of significant jazz singers in recent years. Is this a correct assumption, or have the critics too narrowly defined what they consider "authentic" jazz singing? Do you feel there will be an important place for singing in the jazz of the future, and what changes are we likely to have in the concept of jazz singing?

KENTON: Well, I don't know as we've ever had a great raft of jazz singers. There have been singers who border on jazz and whose styles have a jazz flavor, but there haven't been many out-and-out jazz singers. I mean somebody like Billie Holiday who was 100 percent jazz. You could even hear it in her speaking voice. No, I don't think we're any shorter of *that* kind of jazz singer than we were 20 years ago.

GLEASON: Agreed. There has always been a scarcity of significant jazz singers. And there will always be an important place for singing in jazz. I don't see any changes, however, that we're likely to have in the concept of jazz singing. The things that were done by Ran Blake and Jeanne Lee seem to me to have almost nothing to do with the possibilities of expanding the scope of jazz singing. Carmen McRae is the best jazz singer alive today and what she's doing is really simple, in one sense. And because of that simplicity, it's exquisitely difficult.

ADDERLEY: The question is a hard one for me, because I don't know just what a jazz singer is. What does the term mean? We've had our Billie Holidays, Ella Fitzgeralds, and Mildred Baileys and Sarah Vaughans, but they've been largely jazz *oriented* and jazz *associated*. Any real creative jazz innovation has been done by an instrumentalist. In other words, to me jazz is instrumental music, so that, although I'll go along with a term like jazz oriented, I don't recognize a jazz singer as such.

MULLIGAN: I agree with that. I've always thought of jazz as instrumental music. To be sure, there have been singers who were influenced by the horn players — and a lot of them wound up being excellent singers who learned things about phrasing that they would never have learned otherwise. But fundamentally, the whole thing of improvising with a rhythm on a song, or improvising on a progression, is instrumental. It always bugs me when I hear singers trying to do the *same* things the horns do. The voice is so much more flexible than the horn, it seems unnecessary for a singer to try to restrict himself and make himself as rigid in his motion as a horn. To an-

(continued on page 56)

Playboy Club News

VOL. II, NO. 43 | ©1964, PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES | SPECIAL EDITION | YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS | FEBRUARY 1964

DETROIT CLUB SETS NIGHT-LIFE PACE

WESTERN KEYHOLDERS BENEFIT FROM OPENING OF EIGHTH CLUB IN KEY CHAIN

DETROIT (Special)—With the opening of the Detroit Playboy Club at 1014 E. Jefferson, night life in the Motor City shifts into high gear. Keyholders—from the West Coast to Texas—who travel in the Midwest will now have a third Club to visit besides Chicago and St. Louis. You can be among the first to enjoy this new Club by applying for your key today. (Your *one key* admits you to *all* Playboy Clubs, including the year-old Phoenix Club and the Clubs to open in San Francisco and L.A.)

If you enjoy PLAYBOY, you'll find delight in The Playboy Club, for many of the features which have made this publication the world's leading entertainment magazine for men come to life for you when you

Door Bunny checks member's key.

possess the coveted silver Playboy Club key.

From the lively variety shows in the lavish Penthouse, to the bounteous Living Room Buffet, to the convivial cheer in the Playmate Bar, you'll move through a world designed with your personal pleasure in mind.

Beautiful Bunnies: The sparkling greeting of the Door Bunny (if she looks familiar, it may be because you've seen her as a Playmate of the Month), the cheery hospitality of your Bunny in the showroom are delightful reminders that dozens of Playboy lovelies are at your service in every clubroom of every Club.

Gourmet dining: For the same price as a drink, you'll enjoy succulent charcoal-broiled *filet mignon* at lunch or dinner in the Penthouse, or the man-satisfying ham-and-eggs breakfast after midnight, or one of ten different dishes served each week from the luncheon buffet.

Finest liquors: An unlimited stock of the best brands is at your call. Every Playboy bartender is a craftsman, deft at mixing ounce-and-a-half-plus drinks to perfection.

Outstanding entertainment: The lively Penthouse showroom features four shows nightly, offering you the best in comedy, vocals and variety. (Many Playboy Clubs feature a second showroom, the Playroom.) Stars who have played at the Playboy include Dick Gregory, Jerry Van Dyke, The Kirby Stone Four, Henny Youngman, Don Cherry, Don Adams, Larry Storch and Johnny Janis.

VIP: Your own Playboy Club magazine will be mailed to you monthly. For members only, VIP is a colorful package of Club news, candid photos of your favorite Bunnies, service articles, and fact and fiction by world-famous authors.

Playboy Club keys for the Detroit Club—honored in *every* Playboy Club throughout the world—are still available at the special $25 charter rate. Eventually, the key will be $50 (as it is now in Chicago and Florida). Apply now to save $25. Mail the coupon today.

BUNNIES WELCOME VACATIONING MEMBERS

Playboy Club keyholders who follow the sun this winter are never far from the pleasures of America's most distinguished key club. Beautiful Bunnies, long drinks and swinging entertainers make vacation days and evenings lively.

After a day combing the beach in Miami, discovering the charms of New Orleans' French Quarter or playing golf under Phoenix' desert sun, keyholders retreat to the hare-conditioned atmosphere of The Playboy Club. There, surrounded by Bunnies, they savor refreshments and steak dinners as they enjoy a top-notch Playboy show.

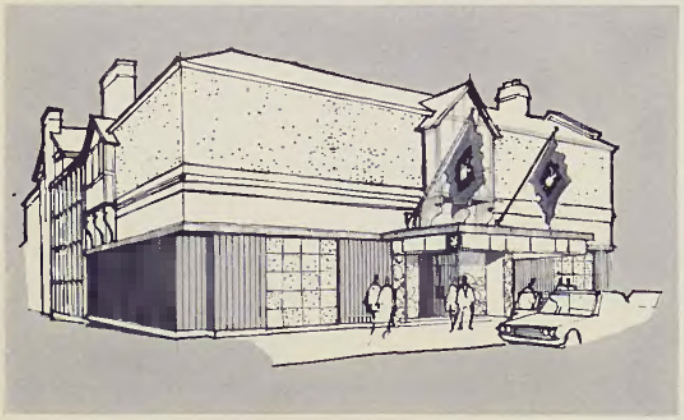
The key to fun in the sun can be yours by mailing the coupon today.

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

Clubs Open—New York at 5 E. 59th St.; Chicago at 116 E. Walton St.; Detroit at 1014 E. Jefferson; St. Louis at 3914 Lindell Blvd.; New Orleans at 727 Rue Iberville; Phoenix at 3033 N. Central; Miami at 7701 Biscayne Blvd.; Manila, Philippines, atop the Katigbak Building.

Locations Set—Los Angeles at 8580 Sunset Blvd.; Baltimore at 28 Light St., San Francisco at 736 Montgomery St.; Cincinnati atop the Executive Building, 35 W. 7th St.; Atlanta in Dinkler Hotel; Kansas City atop the Hotel Continental.

Next in Line—Washington, Boston, Dallas, Camden, N.J.



Artist's view of Detroit Playboy Club, eighth in lengthening chain.

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SHE TAKES YOUR HEART AWAY...

(and leaves you breathless)

A voice like Ethel Ennis' doesn't happen very often. The moment you hear her sing, you sense greatness. She goes straight to the heart of a song. Delivers it with special finesse, warm confidence and a beguiling freedom. Everything she sings is a fresh breath of spring. Just lend an ear to the likes of "Who Will Buy?" You'll lose your heart.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

MORAL REVOLUTION

The Playboy Philosophy is the start of a Moral Revolution. If you can't wear a bikini don't try to pass a law so your husband won't see anyone else wearing one. Rejoice, for our children will have a chance to be normal and enjoy life as it was intended. The wicked influence in this country today is not PLAYBOY and the Bunnies, but the "Christian-Minded Mothers."

Mrs. John Hamilton
Arlington, Virginia

A CRAZY ATTITUDE

As a psychiatrist and sociologist, may I add my voice to the chorus of approval meeting each new chapter of *The Playboy Philosophy*. I think what you have to say, especially about the matter of sexual mores, is incisive, correct and completely to the point. In my own sphere, which includes writing and teaching, I have been expressing the same thing for some years. What Mr. Hefner is saying over and over, and very well and very sensibly, I think, is that we have in our Judaeo-Christian heritage a pretty crazy attitude toward sex and the human body.

George R. Andrews, M.D.
Wausau, Wisconsin

BIRTH CONTROL IN CONNECTICUT

Many educators, including myself, wish to thank you for the great service you are doing for this country by publishing *The Playboy Philosophy*. Your name is becoming synonymous on the nation's campuses with intellectual creativity and freedom.

I think you may find interesting this excerpt from an article in *America*, the Catholic magazine, dated October 15, 1960:

". . . Also before the [Supreme Court] will be the much-controverted Connecticut statute making it illegal for doctors to give patients contraceptive advice. Connecticut defends its statute as a valid exercise of the state's power to protect public morals. But a New Haven doctor contends that since the life of one of his female patients would be endangered by another pregnancy, it is unreasonable of the law to deprive her of contraceptive advice. The constitutional question is whether this "unreasonableness" constitutes a denial of the due process of law guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment.

"The Connecticut Supreme Court of Errors held last December that the law was not unreasonable, because means of avoiding pregnancy other than contraceptives were available. (Unfortunately a growing number of Americans look upon contraception as their inalienable right.) If the Federal Supreme Court overrules the state court, it will in effect declare that, so far as public-morals laws are concerned, unconstitutional means unreasonable, which in turn means whatever is not supported by the prevailing climate of opinion. Such a decision would have far-reaching implications."

Would it be possible to publish PLAYBOY in a deluxe edition, along the lines of *American Heritage* and *Eros*? There are many people who would subscribe to the deluxe edition, I am sure.

(Name withheld on request)
The University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona

This editorial statement from America magazine is a remarkable example of the extent to which a number of well-educated, literate Americans do not comprehend the significance of the separation of church and state guaranteed by our Constitution, and a right most certainly violated by the state statute that prohibits a physician in Connecticut from disseminating information on birth control to his patients, even when they request it. U.S. laws are supposed to exist for the protection, health and welfare of all of the citizens, and not to perpetuate any one religious dogma over the rest. This state statute clearly fails to meet that standard.

The U.S. Supreme Court decision in this case avoided any finding on the merits: the high Court refused to reverse the Connecticut Court of Errors on the technical ground that the birth-control statute was not being actively enforced in the state and so no real controversy existed (the case was one of several brought at about the same time by members of the faculty of the Yale Law School who wanted to test the constitutionality of the law). The technical grounds upon which the U.S. Supreme Court failed to reach a decision in the case are unfortunate, in our opinion, for as Editor-Publisher Hefner points out in a discussion of U.S. sex statutes in this month's installment of "The Playboy Philosophy," laws can be

a coercive force in society even when they are not actively enforced and their very existence tends to generate a disrespect for all laws and law enforcement among the common citizenry.

The America editorial is a remarkable example of the extent to which some religious zealots believe our entire society should be forced to live by their own personal religious-moral convictions. There is nothing unfortunate about the fact that "a growing number of Americans look upon contraception as their inalienable right." What is unfortunate is that any American minority has so little respect for their fellow citizens that they would wish to deny them this right. Christian Scientists, whose religion forbids the use of modern medical science for the treatment of a variety of physical ills, make no attempt to withhold these services from others; Catholics, whose religion forbids the use of modern birth-control techniques, should similarly not attempt to withhold the use of these techniques from the rest of the general public.

WIFE SWAPPING

You are not hip — you're *hyp!* That's short for hypocrite. After swallowing most of your lengthy lines in *The Playboy Philosophy*, I turned to the *Advisor* section in the August issue and had quite a laugh reading your comment to the fellow who had a wife-swapping arrangement in the breeze. Your answer to him was in the best Ann Landers prudery tradition.

SFC Donald L. Jackson
FPO, San Francisco, California

In *The Playboy Philosophy*, Mr. Hefner seems to condone extramarital sexual relations, although he has only skirted the subject and never put it down in black and white. My concern here is not that this idea is contrary to my own (it should be left to the individual), but that this is a part of your "guiding principles and editorial credo." In the August issue, however, you advised a reader in Galveston, Texas, that his desire for extramarital relations shows only an inadequacy in the marriage or in one of the partners. Unless I have misunderstood the *Philosophy*, it seems you have turned into the worst of all hypocrites — one who chides others for their hypocrisies yet fails to see the proverbial "splinter" in your own eye. Just how do you account for this discrepancy?

Frederick P. Clark
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Massachusetts

There is no hypocrisy involved and no contradiction between the views expressed in "The Playboy Philosophy" and the August "Playboy Advisor." Hefner has never endorsed adultery, he has simply stated that society has tended to place too much negative emphasis on sex and that, whether inside or outside of marriage, personal sexual morality should remain a private affair. The Texas reader asked our opinion on whether or not the wife-swapping arrangement he contemplated might improve an already happy and successful marriage and we told him, quite frankly, we did not believe that it would.

THE IMPORTANT POINT

Your series *The Playboy Philosophy* is a most praiseworthy result of having accepted the position of much-needed spokesman for a way of life widely misunderstood. And I find I can no longer remain in the impersonal, passively receptive dark, murmuring assent and thinking of Conrad's phrase, "one of us." In this schizoid society of ours, your continuing emphasis on the concept of the integration of man's seemingly diverse activities, and your gearing of the content of the magazine to this concept, is the most important point in your exposition of an attitude toward life. The attribute involved is simply that of an acute and constant awareness and appreciation of life, derived from intellect, education, taste, experience—and that very particular combination of them which determines the elusive characteristic — sophistication. And it engenders an attitude consistent and common to all of man's endeavors, be they physical, intellectual or spiritual, because in reality these areas are all interrelated in the experiences of life. Only a concentrated, negative effort can force a divergence among them.

Chip Atwood
Charleston, West Virginia

THE MIND AND THE BODY

I wish to thank Mr. Hefner most wholeheartedly for his statement in *The Playboy Philosophy* in the July issue concerning healthy attitudes toward sex; views which, I'm sure, many of us may possess, but are afraid to admit.

It will be interesting to watch the reaction to the *Philosophy* from your readers. A few will undoubtedly write screaming letters, protesting, "What has happened to our morals and responsibilities?" To this I would say, "Read the *Philosophy* again; this time, very slowly and with an open mind."

Why is it that the human mind which can conceive such wonderful scientific advances, after all these thousands of years, still isn't able to accept its own human body? I think that the advocates of individual freedom, linked with moral responsibility, still have a long struggle against our Puritan antisex. I salute PLAYBOY for a step forward toward modern, realistic thinking and expression.

Mrs. G. R. Clarke III
Burbank, California

SPURIOUS REALITY

The Neo-Epicurean format of your magazine is strikingly consistent with the current (since the Fall) infatuation with Original Sin. The opportunity for unexpurgated and nicely arranged speculation about man and woman, and the something in between, has never been greater — thanks to the famous and infamous thinkers of bygone eras, when censorship was axiomatic and free expression merited a distasteful inversion of one's physical features. But in our enlightened times, a national publication can celebrate the unimpeachably superfluous diversions of imaginary sophisticates and their well-read and, presumably, well-informed friends.

This freedom also allows the tender-minded to charge you with systematically maintaining an image of the American woman that is puerile, distorted, and somewhat akin to the process of distilling flesh and blood into a mechanical surrogate for mind and body (a soft robot).

Such a charge does not call for serious consideration, because of the unequal distribution of human intelligence: some of your readers are being deceived; some know they are being deceived and like it; and some know that others know they are being deceived, and read out of congenital perversity. There are always those who conceive of your magazine as a kind of "postal onanism" and proceed to compile a list of the fallacies behind your slick operation.

While I choose to abstain from this truly interminable debate, I must express my contempt for men who go through varied intellectual motions and fail to emerge with any original insights into the unknown aspects of love and sex, work and leisure, erotic delight and Apollonian discipline. Under the guise of being entertaining and provocative, you present antiquated verbal aphrodisiacs, banal and supercilious prose masquerading as serious fiction, and an endless assortment of pictorial candy, easily accepted, but curiously unwholesome.

There is nothing wrong with a nude young woman — in the flesh or on paper; there is, indeed, an unequivocal rightness about such a revelation. The difficulty in my consciousness begins when I feel that I am getting something for nothing, e.g., a look at the most intensely exciting parts of a beautiful body. What have I done to deserve this? I have plunked down 75¢ and presto! I get lots of urbane commentary, some refurbished *Esquire* jokes, and tangible evidence that a Sexual Revolution has not occurred.

No one can now (as opposed to Calvinistic then) maintain that creature comforts (such as PLAYBOY portrays them) are inherently immoral or even potentially harmful. The deficiency

seems to be caused by the implications of your magazine's philosophy: the total apotheosis of the American Bachelor (married men are only handicapped bachelors) through the unreflecting reproduction of his own ideals — a grotesque, freakish barbarian undergoes a metamorphosis by the careful elimination of those defects of character one discerns in ordinary men, and emerges triumphant over a kingdom of self-made fantasies and patronizing subjects who riot in his imagination and offer worship to the picture he would have of himself — rather than the true man, that is pushed down into the limbo of neutrality, the desensitized realm of a cultural rubbish heap of the mind.

Human nature is so constituted that it does not recover from the initial disaster of the civilizing process — thus, the world view that affirms man's instinctual needs must effect a reconciliation with the particular view of reality offered by a given culture. Traditionally, the world's most imaginative thinkers have gone beyond instinctual needs and have assumed that cognition is the servant of the imagination, and that an awareness of a nonmaterial reality is an absolutely essential step before the discovery of "the forms of things unknown" — the great ideas that advance man's knowledge of himself by showing him the forms of understanding that evolution and genetic pattern have developed. Direct experience is but the raw material of life — the outward phenomena that man invests with meaning with his symbolic configurations, his artificial tools for grappling with the interplay of spirit and matter.

Kant provides the orientation: "Instead of human knowledge being shaped to reality, it is our human judgment which determines whatever is to have the character of being reality for us."

In my opinion the view of reality offered by your magazine is a spurious reality, calculated to suit the palates of immature men who are still in the process of discovering themselves (and who isn't?) and allegedly mature males who tolerate your approach because of the psychological consequences of Not Being Open-Minded About These Things.

I think, too, that the validity of your verbal defenses is undermined by the excessive dependence upon obvious facts. The obvious significance of the five senses and their encounter with mind requires only the most rudimentary talent for the initial exposition; the test comes when the sense of the numinous collides with direct sensory experience. And it is here that you falter.

There is no room in your philosophy for the evolving ethic, the successful integration of basic religious truths and biological realities.

In short, I say that the farthest abysses of being remain untouched in the willful expression of your world view, and I say that the denomination of "an entertainment medium" does not create a new epistemological distinction: you are dealing with ideas and images. Each idea stimulated by a verbal or pictorial symbol in your magazine is a representative of the image you hold of man. Does a new myth send man into the "nightmare of history" or does PLAYBOY hold the gnarled truth in its jaded heart?

John Downey
Shenandoah, Pennsylvania

The vague verbiage of your letter tends to disguise the even vaguer reasoning. You criticize PLAYBOY *for offering readers what you deem to be an unreflective and unreal image of their own ideals, then render the point nigh pointless with a quote from Kant observing that man has always been inclined to shape reality to his own subjective judgment rather than basing it on objective knowledge and experience.*

You describe it as "a spurious reality, calculated to suit the palates of immature men who are still in the process of discovering themselves" — then neutralize this negative view of PLAYBOY*'s appeal with the query "and who isn't?"*

PLAYBOY*'s philosophy includes some subjective value judgments, to be sure: we are inclined to take an optimistic and quite positive view of man; to favor man's quest for truth and beauty. We believe that man is a rational being, that reality is knowable and that society should be based upon reason, rather than irrational faith or mysticism. We believe that the purpose of life is to be found in living itself; that man's primary goal should be individual happiness; and that man should be free to explore the whole of reality — in the world and in himself — to strive, to achieve, to progress.*

You avoid challenging any of these premises and resort, instead, to extended vagaries that attempt to equate PLAYBOY *with the very aspects of society that we oppose. In thus slaying a paper tiger of your own conception, you create the impression of having done battle with* PLAYBOY *and its philosophy without ever having entered the arena of ideas or ideals. And what view of man would you prefer we hold: negative, pessimistic, irrational, ugly, superstitious, mystical, masochistic, sacrificial and impotent?*

What "farthest abysses of being" (a peculiarly negative phrase) would you have us probe? You state that "The Playboy Philosophy" is "undermined by the excessive dependence upon obvious facts," which would seem the equivalent of criticizing it for having made its point too clearly and too well.

You brush aside, as requiring only "rudimentary talent," all logic and exposition based upon "the five senses and their encounter with mind," thus dismissing in a phrase all rational inquiry and objective reasoning. The true test of man's intellection comes, you suggest, "when the sense of the numinous collides with direct sensory experience" — thereby confusing faith with reason and subjective feeling with objective knowledge, equating "divine revelation" with intellectual inquiry and rational insight.

You suggest that our view of man and woman is unreal, but by emphasizing an ethic and morality based upon reason, we favor a world more closely aligned with reality.

You state: "There is no room in your philosophy for the evolving ethic," but our philosophy is based upon a belief in an evolving ethic and opposed to the view that man is not rational, reality not knowable and that morality should not be based upon reason.

We are, of course, "dealing with ideas and images," but the ideas are reasoned and the image projected is a positive and optimistic one, in which society is seen as the servant of man rather than his master, and the emphasis is placed upon the individual and his happiness, achieved through the application of rational, objective thought.

WHAT ABOUT THE BABIES?

May a female reader put in a word? I agree completely with *The Playboy Philosophy*, but anxiously await the article telling us what to do with the babies.

Mrs. Virginia M. Dingman
Lawrence, Kansas

Have them when you want them, and only then. Raise them with generous proportions of love and logic.

SEX AND RELIGION

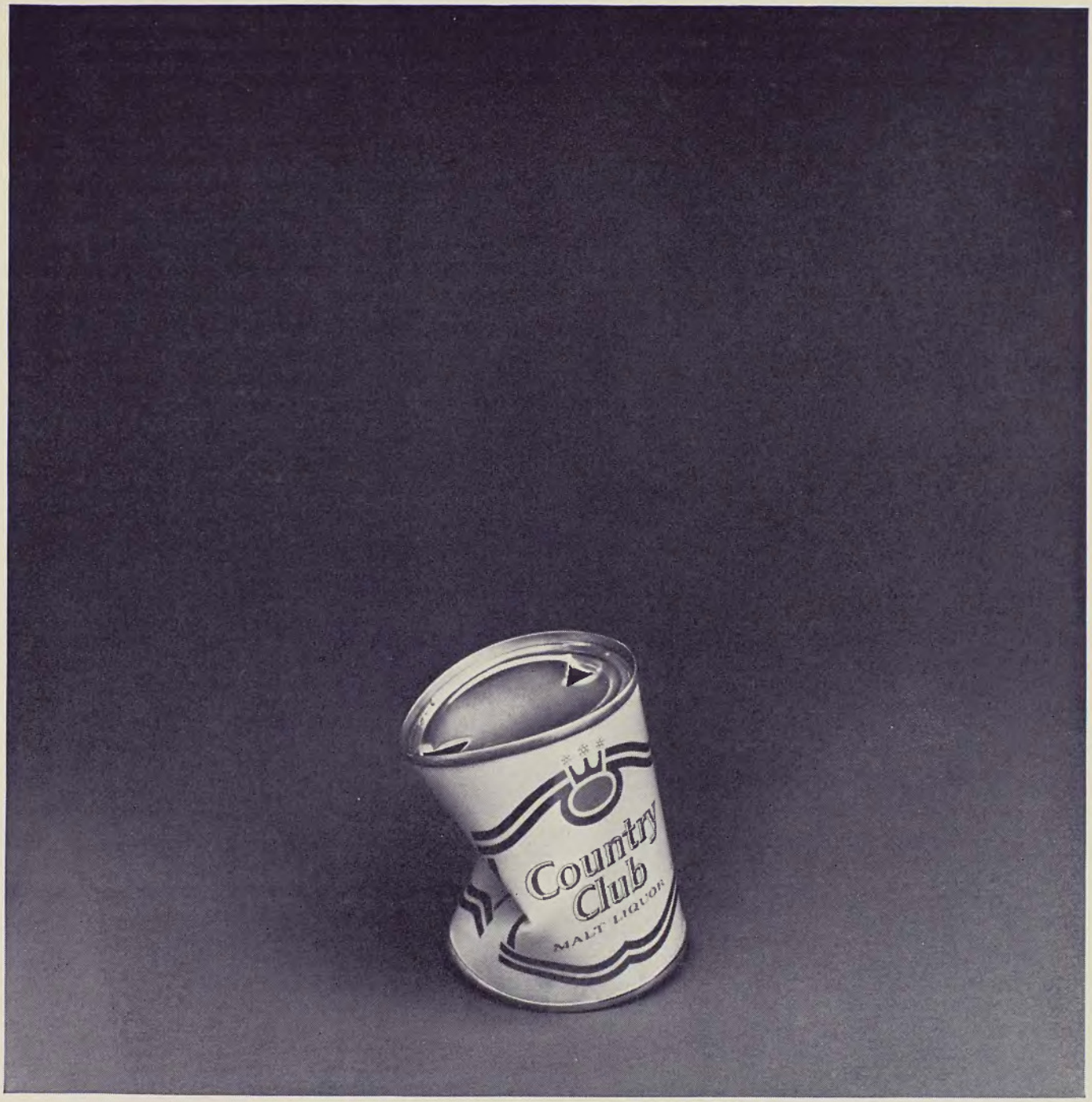
I agree with *The Playboy Philosophy* insofar as narrow-mindedness and censorship are concerned. I believe that each family has the right to censor its own reading material and I believe that each adult is capable of filtering out his own dirt. *But!!* I don't go for this crusade for free love. That is not open-mindedness — it is no-mindedness!

The human animal was created with a mind to put him above the lower animals. He has a will and he has the power to distinguish between right and wrong. Free love is wonderful and it would be fine if we didn't have a conscience.

You advocate sex as you would any other sport. Just enjoy yourself and to hell with the consequences. If everyone went at it with gay abandon the world would be full of little bastards. If you think that we have a population explosion now, you ain't seen nothin' yet!

On the other hand, if everyone took the necessary precautions, and they prob-

(continued on page 149)



Strong men have decided preferences

Let's get one thing straight. Country Club is not a beer or an ale. It's malt liquor—a masculine cousin of the other brews. In an age when so much about us is bland and blah, it figured that decisive men would prefer this new kind of brew. It has character. Country Club's special fermenting agent gives it a lively quality that, frankly, appeals mostly to men. You'll find it smooth and mellow, though, because it's aged a good long time. You'll also like its light carbonation—notice what a short head it has—so it sits light throughout an evening's pleasure. Makes a welcome change of pace from its cousins on the one side and the hard stuff on the other—a drink you can enjoy any time the spirit moves you. There are only eight ounces in this little can, but eight ounces of Country Club make enough for a mighty good drink. Just one reminder: not all malt liquor is Country Club. Only the best. So specify Country Club Malt Liquor. You'll get the message.

Country Club
MALT LIQUOR

THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

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

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

DURING THE DARK AGES, the medieval Church dominated almost every level of European society. Many of the Church leaders were negatively obsessed with sex, to a degree unknown in early Christianity, and this antisexuality was perpetuated by both ecclesiastical and Church-influenced secular law.

It might be expected that the Reformation would have produced a freer society — one less inclined to sexual suppression and less controlled by an alliance between church and state — but as we have indicated in earlier installments of *The Playboy Philosophy*, it had no such effect.

Many of the original settlers in America left the Old World to escape religious persecution, so it might be supposed that here, finally, man would seek the personal moral and religious freedom that had been so long denied him. Indeed, our own founding fathers took seriously the lesson to be learned from the centuries of religious tyranny in Europe and gave us a Constitution and a Bill of Rights that guaranteed the separation of church and state (that they might both be free); and Thomas Jefferson wrote, in the Declaration of Independence, of each individual's unalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

But how successful have we been in protecting these ideals for both ourselves and our fellow citizens? Just how personally free is each one of us in modern America? The dream of individual freedom persists, but are we actually allowed to live our own lives, rejoice in our liberty, and pursue our personal concepts of happiness — limited only by the extent that we infringe upon the like rights of others?

Incredible as it should seem, and despite all Constitutional guarantees to the contrary, we do not enjoy a true separation of church and state in the U. S. today. Each citizen in our democracy has a right to expect that the laws of his Government have been established and will be enforced in a rational manner consistent with the aims and protections of the Constitution. But many of our laws are not based on any such premise; they are evolved, instead, from old ecclesiastical laws, from religious beliefs and dogma, to which some of our citizens subscribe, and many others do not.

Liberal religious leaders are among the most outspoken opponents of this church-state alliance, but much of the organized religion in America still includes a distinct element of antisexualism — a carry-over from the teachings of the medieval Church and the Protestant Puritanism that followed it. And it is, therefore, in our laws related to sex that we find the greatest church-state intrusion upon our personal freedom.

SEX AND THE LAW

Today, in the U. S., we have religiously oriented statutes limiting freedom of speech and press, statutes regulating personal sex behavior, marriage, divorce, birth control, abortion and prostitution, that are based not upon a concern for the health, happiness and welfare of the individual, but upon various concepts of religious morality. Thus sin and crime become intermixed and confused — and the religious views of a portion of society are forced upon the rest of it — through Government coercion — whether they are consistent with the personal convictions of the individual or not.

We will consider, in this issue, some of the specific statutes regulating private sexual behavior and the extent to which these laws are at odds with the sex practices of a sizable portion of the population — making us a nation of criminals. Some consideration will be given, too, to the wide disparity in the sex laws of the various states — making it possible, quite literally, for a couple to indulge in intimacies within the privacy of their home that are perfectly legal, while another couple engaging in the same activity in a house a block away (but in the jurisdiction of an adjoining state) is guilty of a crime that carries a ten-year prison sentence. We will also discuss the wholly arbitrary manner in which these various laws are enforced, or not enforced, and the effect such capricious law enforcement has upon the entire fabric of law and order, in addition to the injustices thus perpetrated.

In our examination of U. S. sex law, it should not be assumed that we necessarily approve of all of the behavior thus brought under legislative control of the state. We will establish, in a later installment of this editorial series, what we personally consider to be a healthy sexual morality for a rational society. The point to be made here is not that we find this sex behavior either moral or immoral, but that the moral questions involved — when they relate to private sex between consenting adults — are the business of the individual and his personally chosen religion, and not the business of our Government.

It must be mentioned, too, that this view of the matter is shared by a number of our most highly respected religious leaders and with a majority of the leading legal minds who constitute the American Law Institute, which authorized the publication of a Model Penal Code in 1955 recommending that all consensual relations between adults in private should be excluded from the criminal law. The logic underlying this recommendation was that "no harm to the secular interests of the community is involved in atypical sex practice in private between consenting adult partners" (and, as we shall see, much of the behavior legislated against is anything but atypical); and, further, that "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 to govern sexual behavior was published nearly nine years ago, no state has yet reshaped its laws along the lines recommended by the Law Institute — despite the fact that one of the primary purposes of this illustrious judicial body is the drafting of such model codes as a guide to making more uniform and reasonable the statutes in all 50 of the United States.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

Sin and crime are not synonymous. As Morris Ploscowe, a former judge of the

Magistrates' Court of the City of New York and presently Adjunct Associate Professor of Law at New York University, points out in the preface to his book *Sex and the Law*: "The fact that certain behavior is sinful should not necessarily make it criminal. The policeman, prosecutor and jailer cannot replace the priest, minister or rabbi in the control of sex behavior." Not attending church, temple or synagogue, eating meat on certain days, or eating certain kinds of meat at any time, are sins to some members of our society, but they are not crimes. In the final analysis, personal morality (sexual or otherwise), when it does not infringe upon the rights of others, should be left to the determination of the individual.

No one can reasonably question the powerful role that sex plays in all our lives. It is a dominant force in society. It can be a force for either good or evil, but sex in itself is neither.

Some believe that the sole, or primary, purpose of sex is procreation, but there is a great deal more to sex than that. It is the single greatest civilizing force on earth. Without this attraction between the sexes, the world would be a very strange, barbaric place. Our society, its culture, its interests and desires, and many of our major motivations are based upon sex.

Because of its power, man early learned to fear sex, and in pre-Christian societies, many worshiped it. Christianity changed the fear into aversion and sex became associated with guilt and shame. To cope with this force within them that they did not understand, early Christians established complex laws to control sex. These religious laws have been handed down through the centuries to the present day, and form the basis for our own social and legal controls over sex.

Ploscowe comments, "Our legal and social attitudes toward sex bear the unmistakable imprint of early doctrines of ascetic Christianity. Sex was evil to the early Christians, while the absence of sexual activity, virginity, and chastity were great goods. All forms of sexual relations between unmarried persons were mortal sins. Even sexual thoughts unaccompanied by external acts were sinful. Sex activity was permissible only in marriage, whose necessity was grudgingly recognized by the early Christians."

Marriage thus became the answer developed by society to satisfy the sex drives of men and women. But what about the two thirds of our society who are biologically adult, but unmarried? For them our society has supplied a simple, if unrealistic, answer: abstinence.

Marriage thus becomes a church-state license to practice sex. Without this religious-governmental approval, sex is forbidden. Thus, in a supposedly free society, our most personal actions are regulated by the state.

Sex is so vital to marriage that a marriage may be annulled where one of the members of the union proves incapable of performing coitus. Moreover, prolonged sexual intimacy between two unwed individuals may actually create a state of marriage (common-law) in the eyes of the state.

The precise legal nature of marriage in our society is not easily understood. It is a good deal more than a civil contract. As Ploscowe points out, "If the parties to a commercial agreement are not satisfied with its terms, they may without consulting any public authority rescind or modify them. What they do with a contract is their own concern."

No such freedom exists in marriage. A husband and wife cannot, of their own volition, agree to dissolve a marriage contract. A divorce or annulment must be granted by the government, and it must be for *legally sufficient reasons*, and not simply because the two parties involved desire it. What is more, the *legal* reasons for granting a divorce rarely have anything to do with the *real* reasons the two parties have for requesting it.

Ploscowe states, "[Our] conception of marriage stems from the Roman law. But the lawyers of imperial Rome could call a marriage a civil contract with much more justice than American lawyers, for Roman law permitted men and women to dissolve their marriages at their own will and pleasure, without the intervention of any public authority. Our law has never given married people this authority."

Control over marriage gives the government control over sex. This need not be true, but is the case in our society, because sex is limited by law to the married.

Control over sex is not the only reason that society is interested in the institution of marriage, however. Marriage and the family are considered an essential part of our social structure and, as expressed by the court, in a New York divorce decision (Fearon *vs.* Treanor): "Marriage . . . is more than a personal relation between a man and a woman. It is a status founded on contract and established by law. It constitutes an institution involving the highest interests of society. It is regulated and controlled by law based on principles of public policy affecting the welfare of the people of the state. . . . From time immemorial the state has exercised the fullest control over the marriage relation, justly believing that happy, successful marriages constitute the fundamental basis of the general welfare of the people."

But if marriage is truly to be an institution which serves the general welfare of the people, a great many laws and administrative procedures require serious re-evaluation. Whose welfare is served by divorce laws totally unrelated to the actual causes for the dissolution of a marriage? How can a court even begin to come to grips with the problems it faces in a suit for divorce, if the statutes regulating the court's decision stipulate only synthetic, legally acceptable conditions that must be "met" in order for a husband and wife to end an unwanted marriage?

Each of the 50 states has its own particular set of divorce statutes — some lenient, some strict. The stricter the statutes, the more artificial, and unrelated to the actual causes of divorce, they are apt to be. Nor are the stricter divorce laws any serious deterrent to the breakup of an unsuccessful marriage.

A couple desiring a divorce simply goes to a more lenient state to secure it or, more frequently, they tailor their divorce complaint to suit their own state's requirements. In other words, with the able assistance of their attorneys, they perjure themselves. And here we have the first example, with a great many more to follow, of how unrealistic sex statutes turn ordinary citizens into criminals.

"The fewer the grounds for divorce," states Ploscowe, "the greater the incentive to commit perjury."

New York is an excellent example of a state with a strict divorce law: the only ground for divorce in New York is adultery. That is the requirement that must be met in New York, if a couple wishes a divorce — *adultery*. The Bible says, "Thou shalt not commit adultery"; but the State of New York says, "If you want a divorce, you *must!*"

Despite what may appear to be a state sanction of sin, a majority of New Yorkers seeking an end to an unhappy marriage seem to prefer some manner of legal subterfuge to extramarital sex. Thus we were recently privileged to witness the wife of the Governor of New York journeying to another state to secure a divorce on grounds that were not legally acceptable in her own state.

More often, however, New Yorkers get their divorces at home — and if an adulterous affair is not to their liking, the state simplifies matters by making subterfuge and perjury easy: The law does not require actual proof of sexual intercourse to grant a divorce on the ground of adultery: it is sufficient if there was an opportunity to commit adultery and what the statute refers to as an "adulterous disposition." Thus, a husband need only register at a hotel with a woman who is not his wife, followed shortly thereafter by a prearranged raiding party that conveniently discovers the pair in a state of partial undress or in a "compromising position." This is enough to justify the granting of a divorce.

As a result, a thriving business has sprung up that caters to this need for prearranged "adultery." In 1948 a group of such "divorce mill" specialists was exposed and indicted in New York. They offered two kinds of service to husbands and wives who were seeking divorces: (1) *the set-up job*, similar to the hotel-room raid described above, complete with an "unknown woman" (or man, as the case might require); and (2) *the testimony job*, which was simply perjured testimony about such a raid, concocted in the corridors of the courthouse. Hundreds of divorces were secured by this ring, whose nefarious doings were discovered when one of their professional "unknown women," a Mrs. Sara Ellis, became upset over the small fees she had been receiving (eight to ten dollars a case).

How does any of this serve the general welfare of the people? Obviously, it does not. Our divorce statutes are based, for the most part, not on reason or any real concern for public welfare, but on religious convictions that are unrelated to the social problems that both cause divorce and are the result of it.

The current irrational state of affairs in divorce legislation can be corrected, and the general welfare of the people best served, by (a) *establishing uniform divorce laws in the 50 separate states;* and (b) *relating those laws to the actual causes of divorce.*

As we shall see, the problem of uniformity is a serious one that appears throughout all of our U. S. sex legislation. It is responsible for what is termed *migratory divorce* — a discriminatory situation which permits those able to afford it to seek divorce in a state other than their own where the legislation is more lenient by setting up temporary residence there. This is not only unfair to citizens of lesser financial means, it can also produce cases like the following that occurred in Wisconsin in 1948: A man and woman were married in that state. They separated, the wife moving to Minnesota. The husband then obtained a divorce in Wisconsin; under Wisconsin law, the divorce was not final for one year. During the year, the woman remarried in Iowa. Under Iowa law this second marriage was valid — the Wisconsin one-year waiting period notwithstanding. The newly married couple returned to Wisconsin and set up house. They were both convicted of adultery, because under Wisconsin law the wife was still married to another man (State *vs.* Grengs).

Divorce laws should not only be uniform in all the states, they should be based on the actual reasons for seeking an end to a marriage, even when the reason is no more complicated than the fact that a couple no longer cares for each other. It is to the best interests of the husband and wife, as well as to the best interests of the court and society as a whole, to permit the couple contemplating divorce to seek it on honest grounds. By thus encouraging a frank and open discussion of the marital problems that produced the proceeding, the court is in the best possible position to deal with the problems and possibly save the marriage.

Where children are involved, a special attempt should be made to salvage the relationship, through the introduction of professional counseling and a period of readjustment. Failing in this, however, the divorce should be granted on the simple and quite honest basis that the couple no longer wishes to remain husband and wife. Society does not benefit from the forced perpetuation of a marriage that is no longer desired by the couple involved. More harm is done to children raised in a family torn by disunity, tension and personal dissatisfaction than results from a broken home.

Permitting divorce to be granted on the basis of mutual consent, instead of requiring a couple to meet arbitrary and often artificial legal requirements, would maximize the court's chances of saving the marriage by eliminating the significant element of subterfuge in present divorce hearings. Despite this fact, Ploscowe observes ironically, in *Sex and the Law*: "Divorce by consent may have been good enough for the heathen Romans of imperial Rome under the dictum that 'if marriages are made by mutual affection it is only right that when the affection no longer exists it should be dissoluble by mutual consent.' It may have appeared attractive to the mountaineers of the Swiss cantons. It may have appeared desirable during periods of revolution and disorder like the French and Russian Revolutions, when all institutions of society tend to break down. Divorce by consent may even have been urged by great men such as John Milton, Sir Thomas More, Jeremy Bentham, and John Stuart Mill. However, divorce by consent has never been recognized by English or American law."

It is feared that more realistic and, therefore, more seemingly liberal laws would appreciably increase the rate of divorce, but even if the perpetuation of unwanted marriages could be rationalized as beneficial to society, it is doubtful that the present statutory hodgepodge achieves that end. Despite the seeming strictness of our present statutes, divorce itself is commonplace and can be secured with relative ease by any couple so inclined. At the turn of the century, there was approximately one divorce for every twelve marriages; by 1930, the ratio had jumped to one out of every six; today, approximately one marriage in four winds up in the divorce courts.

Whatever else they may prove, these statistics make one fact abundantly clear: For a sizable section of our society, "trial marriage" is not just an interesting social theory — it is a way of life. If a person becomes dissatisfied with his or her choice of mate, one can always obtain a divorce and try again. We may pretend to live in a monogamous society, but a great many of us are practicing what has been called *sequential polygamy*.

The polygamous nature of our society — all pretense to the contrary — prompts a side observation on marriage and religious freedom, unrelated to the problem of divorce: The Mormon Church historically countenances polygyny, in which one husband is permitted to take several wives — all of whom dwell in a single household, with their assorted offspring. Despite the question of religious freedom clearly involved, the Government prosecutes as bigamists any followers of the faith who take their religion seriously in this regard; the Biblical injunction to "be fruitful and multiply" has U. S. Government approval only so long as it is done with one spouse at a time.

Though the majority of us undoubtedly prefer our mates in sequence — and, indeed, most husbands find the problems presented by a single wife quite sufficient — it is difficult to see how the welfare of society is served, when a man wishes to take a new mate, by forcing him to desert his original family.

Returning to the problem of divorce, it seems doubtful that stricter laws would help matters any — they would simply intensify courtroom subterfuge and render the courts even less effective in dealing with the actual causes of marital mishap. Divorce should also be recognized as a symptom of social disease, rather than the disease itself; attempts at cure should logically be directed more at the disease — marital unhappiness — than at the symptoms, especially since the request for a divorce represents one of the last stages of an unstable marriage, when the chances of cure are appreciably less than they might previously have been.

It should also be recognized that the substantial increase in the divorce rate over the last half century does not necessarily represent a comparable increase in marital disharmony. It is reasonable to assume that the greater number of divorces is more the result of a lessening of society's taboos in that area and our increased emphasis on the importance of individual happiness in present-day society; unhappy marriages were probably just as common in 1900 as they are today, but contemporary men and women are more inclined to do something to solve their unhappiness.

If society is sincerely interested in happy, successful marriages as being in the best interests of the public welfare,

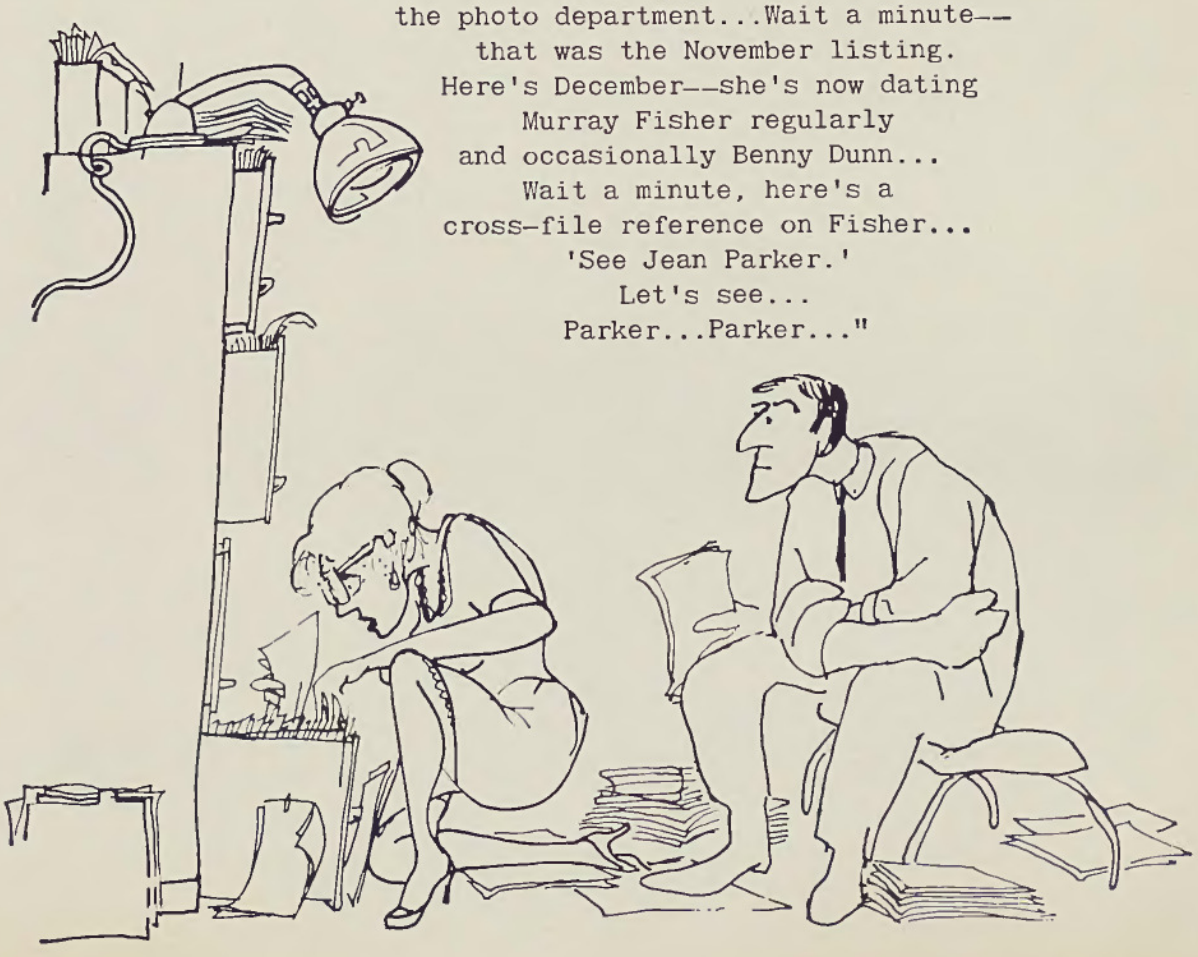
(continued on page 143)

Silverstein's HISTORY OF PLAYBOY

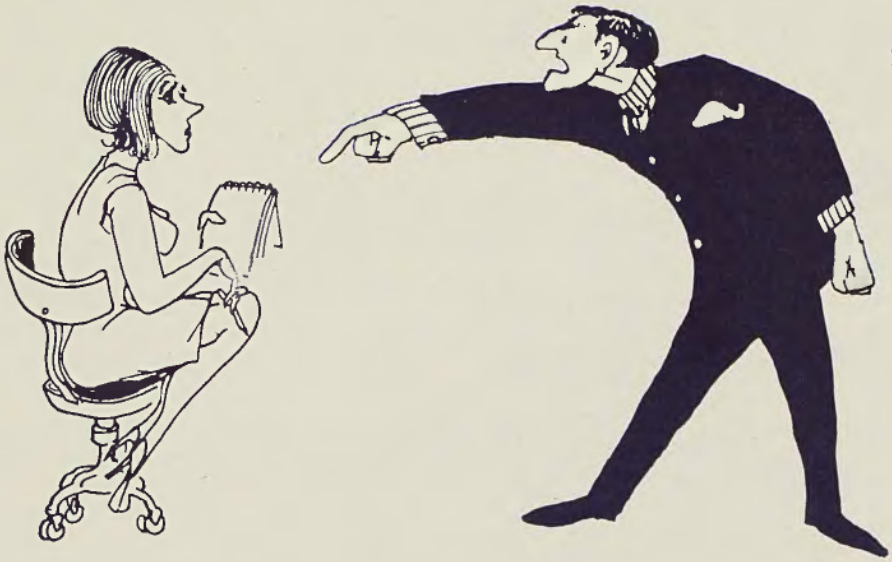
humor By SHEL SILVERSTEIN *part two of our bearded bard's personal chronicle of the first ten years in the life of this publication*

THE MIDDLE YEARS By the end of 1956 the prospering PLAYBOY had outgrown its small offices on Superior Street and moved to the present Playboy Building on Chicago's Near North Side. As PLAYBOY grew, office procedure became increasingly complicated and involved.

"Let's see now...Ann Droysen?...
Ann Droysen--switchboard...yes, here it is...
She's dating Don Bronstein of
the photo department...Wait a minute--
that was the November listing.
Here's December--she's now dating
Murray Fisher regularly
and occasionally Benny Dunn...
Wait a minute, here's a
cross-file reference on Fisher...
'See Jean Parker.'
Let's see...
Parker...Parker..."



PLAYBOY's circulation was approaching a million copies a month and the magazine's executives became increasingly aware of fulfilling the image that they had created.



"I don't care if you call me Mr. Lownes when we're alone, but when there are other people around, you're supposed to call me baby!"

The new Playboy Building created considerable interest and daily guided tours were conducted through the offices.

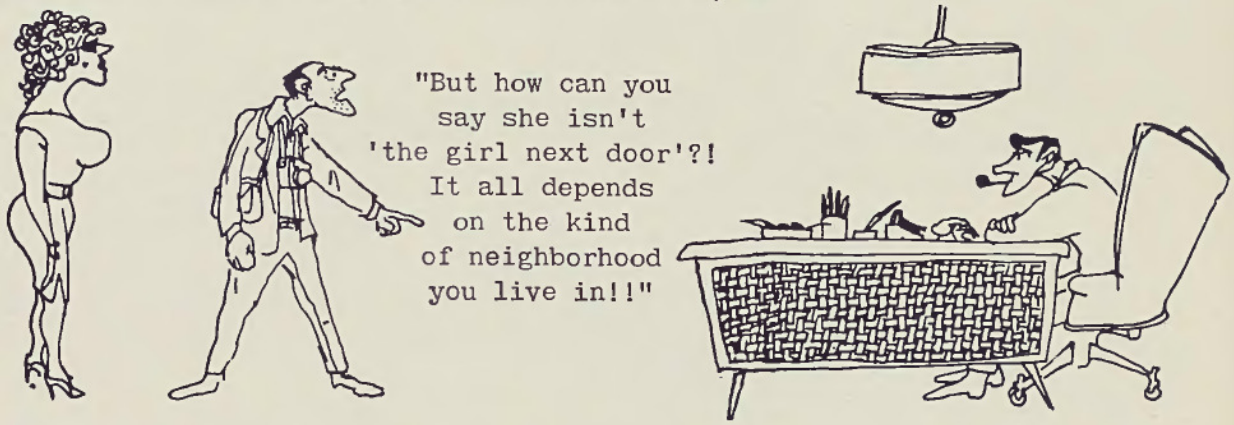
"Office party? What office party?! We're just taking our afternoon coffee break!!"

Above, left: Art Director Arthur Poul, Editor-Publisher Hefner, Monoging Editor Jock Kessie ond Associote Publisher A. C. Spectorsky get the feel of their first PLAYBOY conference toble in the new Ployboy Building – the old offices didn't hove one. Center: Hefner and Eloine Reynolds (he's the one on the right) during Ploymote shooting in Playboy Studio. Right: Ploymotes moke frequent promotionol oppeoronces, os ot 1958 clothing convention – left to right, Ploymotes Lindo Vorgos (December 1957), Jonet Pilgrim (December 1955), Liso Winters (December 1956).

Although PLAYBOY is primarily concerned with urban interests and what might be termed indoor sports, the broadening editorial concept of the magazine prompted Editor-Publisher Hefner to introduce features for the outdoor sportsman, too — like *Playboy's Pigskin Preview.*

"Smokey, we've been getting a lot of letters from readers requesting more articles on outdoor sports, so I've decided to run an annual feature on football. We'll play it up big, with plenty of full-color illustrations! I want it to be the best football feature ever published in a magazine... complete, detailed, exhaustive...! We'll photograph some naked girls wearing football helmets and..."

PLAYBOY had created a new concept in nude photography with its centerfold Playmate of the Month. Hefner wanted girls who were not only beautiful, sexy and exciting, but also fresh, demure and wholesome — qualities embodied in what came to be known as the look of "the girl next door." But finding all of these attributes in a single girl each month was no easy task.



"But how can you say she isn't 'the girl next door'?! It all depends on the kind of neighborhood you live in!!"

Above, left: M.C. Mort Sohl and Hefner are center stage at Chicago Stadium during 1959 Playboy Jazz Festival. Center: Stan Kenton and band swing out at magazine's giant jazz spectacular. (Sahl passed along frequently posed question, "Where is jazz going?" to Kenton, who observed, "Well, from here we go to Cleveland . . ."} Right: I make the supreme sacrifice by giving up pleasures of PLAYBOY world in Chicago to circle globe for magazine, having to make do with comely Russian chicks such as these during my extended cartooning junket.

In addition to its Playmates, PLAYBOY published exclusive picture stories on some of the most beautiful women of show business. Some were famous stars—like Anita Ekberg, Kim Novak and Sophia Loren, others were unknown, but their appearance in PLAYBOY lifted them to fame and fortune—like the remarkably endowed English actress, June Wilkinson, upon whom PLAYBOY's editors bestowed the title "The Bosom."

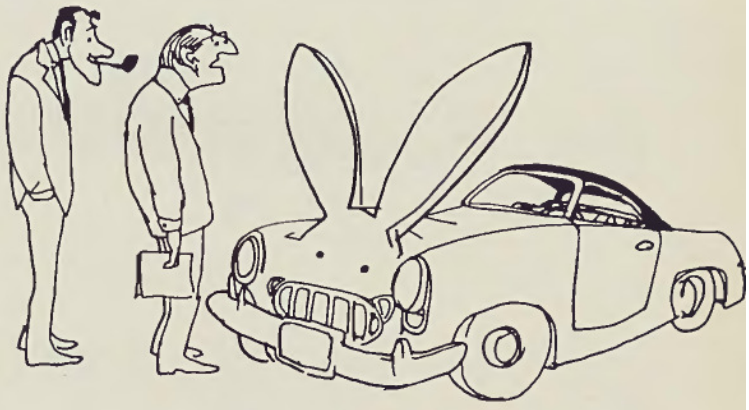
"But I do want to sign the Playboy photo release—really I do. It's just that when you hold it over there, I can't reach it... and when it's over here, I can't see it!"

PLAYBOY used its famous Playmates in a variety of promotional ways. For example, the magazine offered its readers a Lifetime Subscription for $150, and if a Lifetime Sub was given as a Christmas gift, the first issue was delivered to the lucky recipient, in person, by a Playmate of the Month.

"Mr. Johnson? I'm Herman Winters... Lisa Winters' father. She's the December Playmate of the Month. She was supposed to deliver the first issue of your Lifetime Subscription to Playboy, but she caught a bad cold yesterday and...I figured—what the hell—I work right around the corner from you, so I might as well drop it off and save her the trip and..."

The sophisticated rabbit that Hefner had chosen as PLAYBOY's symbol became so popular that a Playboy Products department was created to produce merchandise bearing the by-then-famous trade-mark.

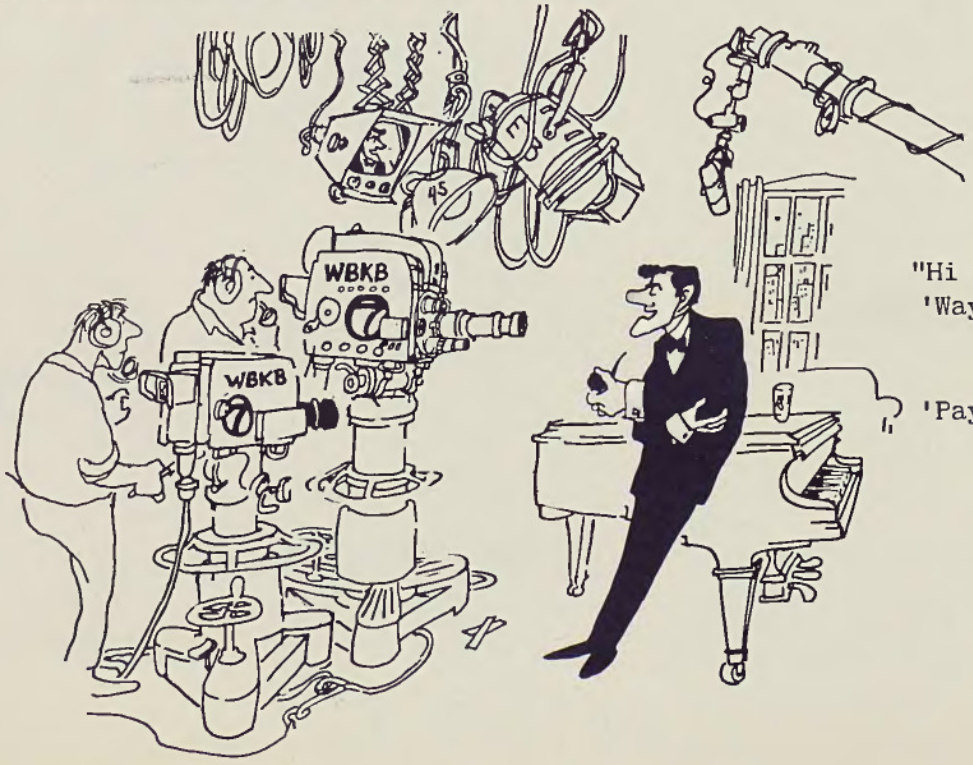
"Sure, sure, they buy the Playboy cuff links, and the Playboy ties, and the Playboy cigarette lighters and Playboy key chains, but I don't know..."



One of PLAYBOY's major editorial interests has always been jazz. In the summer of 1959, the publication produced the greatest jazz festival ever held anywhere in the world. All the giants of jazz were there — Basie, Ellington, Kenton, Brubeck, Miles, Diz, Ella, Satchmo, Cannonball, J. J. and Kai . . .

"This cat offers me $500 to come out here
and blow for the opening night
of the Playboy Jazz Festival,
so I say, 'Look, man, I'm a musician.
I don't care about the bread...
all that matters to me is my music!
I got music on my mind...
music in my heart...
music in my blood!
I eat, sleep and breathe jazz!
...And if you think you're
going to get a guy
like that for a lousy $500,
you're crazy!!'"

In the fall of '59, PLAYBOY launched its own nationally syndicated television show, *Playboy's Penthouse*. The show had the swinging atmosphere of a late-evening party and featured performers like Tony Bennett, Lenny Bruce, Ray Charles and Sammy Davis Jr. The host and m.c. was Hugh M. Hefner, who displayed a natural flair and talent for show business.



"Hi there and welcome to
'Wayboy's Penthouse'...
er...
welcome to
'Payboy's Wenthouse'...
uh...
welcome to
'Heyboy's...'"

Everyone connected with the publication is devoted to Hefner and PLAYBOY, and there isn't anything any one of us wouldn't do for Hef if he asked. I, myself, made one of the greatest sacrifices for the magazine when I agreed to leave the glamor and excitement of Chicago for a series of tiring and tedious trips to various out-of-the-way, godforsaken parts of the world

"I talked to Hef this morning on the phone...I said, 'Look,' I said, 'I went all the way to Africa to sketch a safari... I spent a month in Spain drawing the bullfights...then to Monaco for the gambling and the Grand Prix... I drive up here to Paris to sketch the café scene...and now you tell me that when I'm done, you want me to fly down to the Riviera for the film festival to draw Brigitte Bardot and all the European starlets in their bikinis. I'm tired of getting pushed around!'"

PLAYBOY has won many art awards over the years and one of the most talented artists contributing regularly to its pages is LeRoy Neiman, who did many of the early PLAYBOY story illustrations, created the "Man at His Leisure" series and is responsible for the delightful, pixylike Femlins who brighten the *Party Jokes* page.

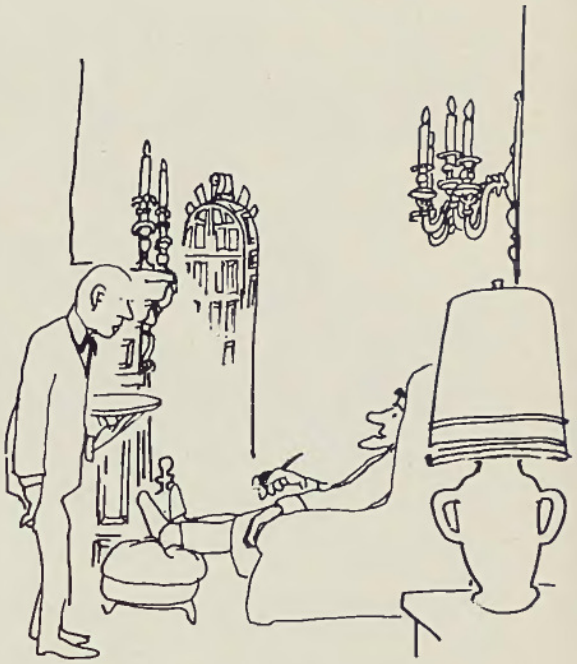
"I'm sorry, LeRoy, but we can't publish drawings of a girl wearing nothing but black stockings and shoes on our jokes page—it's too risqué, too suggestive, too sexy. Better put some gloves on her."

Above, left: Host Hefner runs through the details of a scene for his syndicated television show, *Playboy's Penthouse*, with the program's floor manager. Center: Comedian Lenny Bruce kibitzes with a pair of beautiful playmates, Eleonor Bradley (February 1959) and Joyce Nizzari (December 1959), between takes on the *Playboy's Penthouse* set. Right: Aided by a well-placed pair of champagne glasses, Junoesque June Wilkinson graphically justifies her PLAYBOY title "The Bosom" while taking on off-camera brother during *Playboy's Penthouse* appearance.

In December of 1959, to fulfill his increasing social obligations, Hefner left the small bedroom apartment behind his office and moved to a sumptuous 40-room mansion near the lake on Chicago's Near North Side. Despite its size, the Playboy Mansion still reflected an aura of warmth and intimacy.

"Mr. Hefner?
Yes, ma'am,
he's expecting you.
I'll take
your coat...
then you just
walk down this
hallway and through
the second archway
on your right...
then you walk
through the
sitting room--
it has a white
fur rug, so you'd
better take your
shoes off
before you go
through there...
then go down the stairs
and around the pool--
the floor is a
little rough there,
so you'd better take
your stockings off before
you walk around the pool...
then you go through the
first doorway on your left,
which takes you through
the sun and steam rooms--
it's pretty warm there,
so you'd better take your dress off
before you go through there...
then through the second door
on your right and down the
fireman's pole into the Underwater Bar...then..."

Hefner was now in a position to *live* the life his magazine editorialized about. With its oak-paneled walls, lush carpeting and furnishings, elaborate lighting and hi-fi, and an endless supply of exotic foods and fine liquors, the Playboy Mansion created an atmosphere certain to melt the coldest of female hearts.



"Jodie, did you tell the
chef I wanted a candlelight
dinner for two...?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did you mix the martinis...
very dry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you check the water
temperature in the pool
and turn on the waterfall?"

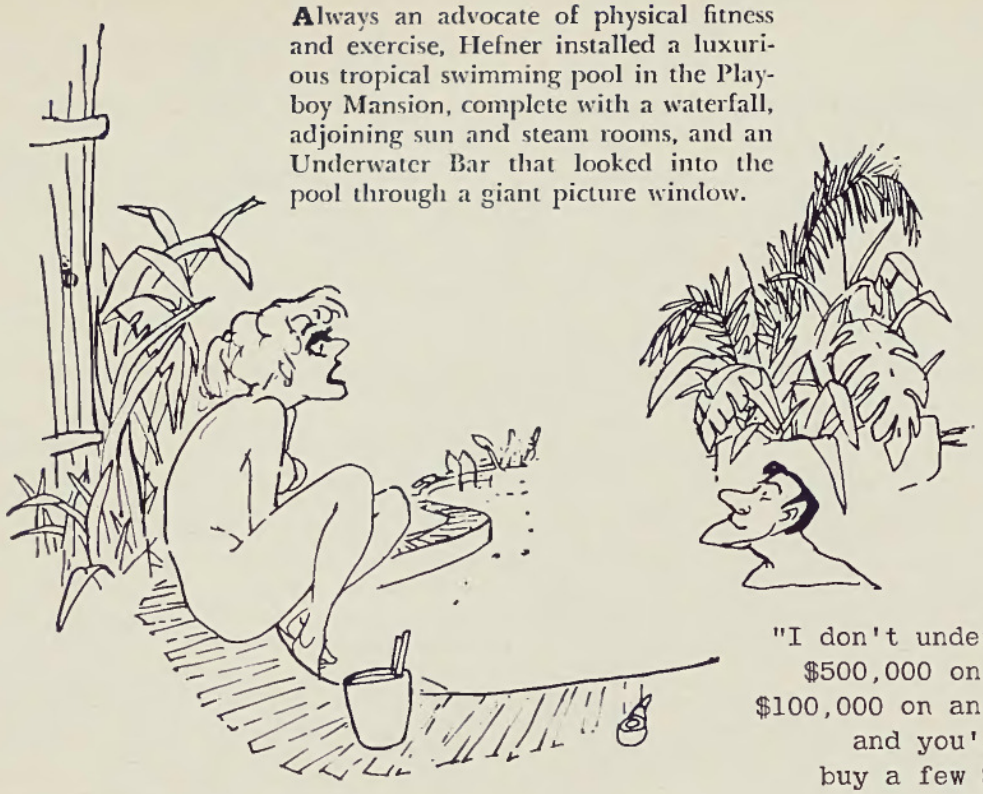
"Yes, sir."

"Did you dim the lights
in the Underwater Bar
and put the mood music
on the stereo hi-fi?"

"Yes, sir...everything is ready.
And may I ask what
time we are to expect
the young lady?"

"Good God! I knew
I forgot something!!"

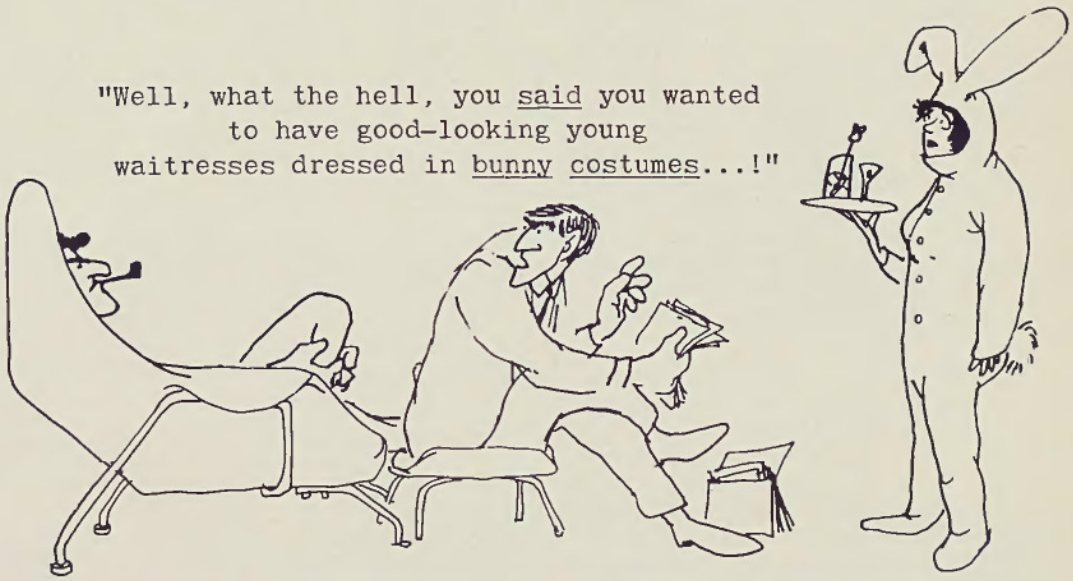
Always an advocate of physical fitness and exercise, Hefner installed a luxurious tropical swimming pool in the Playboy Mansion, complete with a waterfall, adjoining sun and steam rooms, and an Underwater Bar that looked into the pool through a giant picture window.



"I don't understand you--you spend $500,000 on a house, you spend $100,000 on an indoor swimming pool, and you're too cheap to buy a few $10 bathing suits."

With the magazine well established, Hefner was forced to turn elsewhere for new challenge and excitement. And so, early in 1960, PLAYBOY introduced the first of a chain of sophisticated key clubs – taking their personality from the publication and featuring the now-famous Playboy Bunnies.

"Well, what the hell, you said you wanted to have good-looking young waitresses dressed in bunny costumes...!"



Above, left: The Playboy Mansion, o snug 40-room pad on Chicago's Neor North Side, offers PLAYBOY execs a chonce to fulfill pressing social obligations. Center: Playmates frolic in front of waterfoll in the Ployboy Mansion's indoor pool. Right: Late-night parties ot the Mansion are a constant port of PLAYBOY scene; host Hefner thoughtfully escorts bikinied guests in the general direction of pool, or Underwater Bar, or steam bath. . . . Frankly, I don't know where the hell he's going. **NEXT MONTH: "THE CURRENT YEARS"**

PLAYBOY PANEL *(continued from page 38)*

swer the question, I'd say singers do have a function in jazz, but as Cannonball says, it's more accurate to refer to them as jazz-*oriented* singers.

RUSSELL: I agree that superior jazz singers are rare, but I think it's possible — as in the case of Sheila Jordan — for a good vocal improviser to give you the same experience you get from listening to instrumental jazz. I mean a singer who is musical enough to take a song and make his or her own composition out of it.

SCHULLER: It's a difficult subject — jazz singing. I don't think there ever were any criteria for jazz singing. If you look at the few great jazz singers, you'll find they made their own criteria, but those criteria couldn't be valid for anybody else, because they were too individual. What Louis Armstrong and Bessie Smith and Billie Holiday and Sarah Vaughan — especially the early Sarah Vaughan — did was so individual it couldn't be used by anyone else.

There's another problem here, too. A matter of economics. Singers with jazz capacity are usually drawn toward the big-money market that exists on the periphery of jazz. Often it's simply a matter of survival, because it's economically very difficult for a singer to survive in jazz. So they move to the periphery and their work becomes diluted. I've said this before, and I can't say it often enough, that so many people are worried about the possible dilution of jazz through third-stream music, but no one seems to be concerned about the constant, daily, minute-by-minute dilution of jazz by the commercial elements in our music industry.

PLAYBOY: As jazz composition, which is making the singer's role more difficult, becomes more and more important, is there also a possibility — as composer Bill Russo once suggested — that a time may come when all jazz is notated with no room left for the improviser? Or do you expect improvisation to remain at the core of jazz performance, whether traditional or avant-garde?

GILLESPIE: Improvisation is the meat of jazz. Rhythm is the bone. The jazz composer's ideas have always come from the instrumentalist. And a lot of the things the composer hears the instrumentalist play cannot be notated. I don't think there'll ever be a situation in which all of jazz will be written down with no room for the individual improviser.

GLEASON: If Bill Russo has suggested that a time may come when all jazz is notated with no room left for the improviser, I think he's out of his mind. This is not foreseeable. There will always be guys playing jazz who can't read music. There will always be guys playing jazz who just want to improvise, and don't want to read and yet who can read. And there may be a great deal of jazz composed in the future that will be played and well played, and good jazz. But it will not be exclusively compositional jazz. Improvisation, and the quality and feeling of improvisation — or the implication of improvisation — seem to me to be characteristic of good jazz, and I think always will be.

KENTON: Both composition and improvisation will continue to be important to jazz. The problem today is that good improvisers are so rare. There are many people who can make sense out of their improvisations, but very few people are really *saying* anything.

SCHULLER: I do think it's possible to have jazz which is totally notated, but I would deplore the possibility of eventually eliminating improvisation from jazz. Improvisation is the fundamental and vital element which makes jazz different from other music. Taking improvisation away from jazz is almost inconceivable.

RUSSELL: I don't think the question takes into account what is really happening in terms of jazz composition. Notation in the old sense is becoming less important. I think the jazz composer's role will not necessarily be that of notating the music, but of designing situations, blueprinting them — and then leaving it to the improviser to make the blueprints come alive. But this won't be happening in terms of actual musical notation as we've known it. As Dizzy says, some ideas just can't be notated. I know that Ornette Coleman thinks the music of the future is going to be entirely improvised. I don't think that's necessarily true either, but I think there is a middle ground.

PLAYBOY: With avant-garde jazz becoming more musically complex, and with jazz used increasingly as social protest, has the music become too somber? Has the fun gone out of jazz? Is there no place left for the happy sound?

GLEASON: The fun hasn't gone out of jazz for me, baby. And when it does, you won't find me sitting around in night clubs or concerts listening to jazz musicians. And I don't think the fun has gone out of jazz for Miles Davis, no matter how much he may complain, nor for Dizzy Gillespie, nor for anybody else who is really playing anything worth listening to. The fun certainly hasn't gone out of jazz for Duke Ellington or even Louis Armstrong.

And what do you mean "the happy sound"? The happy sound is still here. Listen to Basie. Listen to Miles Davis playing *Stella by Starlight* or *Walkin'*. Happy sound? John Coltrane's *My Favorite Things* is a happy record, a beautiful record. The happy sound is never going to go out of jazz. Jazz expresses a variety of emotions, all kinds of moods, and not exclusively one emotion any more than exclusively one style or one rhythm section, or one anything else. I don't think jazz has become too solemn. I think some of it has become boring, but I don't think all of it has.

KENTON: Yes, but so much of the jazz heard today is full of negative emotions and ugly feelings. I, for one, wish the happy sound would return. Its absence is one of the things that have killed jazz commercially. People don't want to subject themselves to these terrible experiences. After all, jazz shouldn't be an education. It's a thing you should enjoy. If you have to fight it, I don't think the music's any good.

BRUBECK: I think we ought to look at this historically. To some extent, jazz was a music of protest when it began. It expressed the feeling of Negroes that they must achieve freedom. And at other times in the history of jazz, the music has again been used as a form of protest. That's the way it's being used by some today. But jazz isn't only a music of protest. It was and is also a music of great joy. Let's bring the joy back into jazz. Jazz should express all the emotions of all men.

GILLESPIE: It seems to me that the answer is simple. Today's jazz, yesterday's jazz, tomorrow's jazz — they all are based on all of the component parts of human experience. An artist can be comic and satirical and still be just as serious about his music as an artist who is always somber or tragic. In any case, the members of an audience seek out those artists who fill their particular needs — whether beauty, hilarious comedy, irony or pathos. It's always been that way. Furthermore, moods change from day to day, so that a listener may find one of his needs being met by a particular artist one night and a quite different need being fulfilled by a quite different artist the next night.

RUSSELL: As Dizzy says, a satirist can be very serious about his music. And I find a good deal of wit and satire in what's called the "new thing" in jazz. It all depends on what level your own wit is. Some people who think the fun has gone out of jazz simply don't have the capacity to appreciate a more profound level of humor. Now, if jazz is becoming an art music, you have to expect it to search for deeper emotions and meanings in all categories. To me, jazz has never been more expressive on every level than it is getting to be now, and it certainly doesn't lack wit.

MINGUS: Now look, when the world is happy and there's something to be happy about, I'll cut everybody playing happy. But as it is now, I'll play what's happening. And anybody who wants to es-

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cape what's really going on and wants to play happy, Uncle Tom music, is not being honest. I'll tell you something else. The old-timers didn't think jazz was just a happy music. I was discussing this with Henry "Red" Allen recently, and he told me he doesn't play happiness. He plays what he feels. So do I. And I'm not all that happy.

SCHULLER: How can anyone expect this music to be happy, or any music to be entirely happy, in these ridiculously unhappy times in which we live. I mean, one has to manufacture one's own happiness, almost, in order to survive. And the music cannot help but reflect the time in which we live. Besides, as jazz changes from an entertainment music to an art music, it will lose a lot of that superficially happy quality it used to have, because if you're entertaining, your job is to make people happy. Sometimes I'm sorry about this change, but you just can't turn back the clock. I like to listen to happy jazz. Sometimes, I hear good Dixieland and I think, "It's true. That was a happy music. It was fun and there weren't all these psychological overtones and undertones." But what can you do about it? Many of the musicians in jazz today do not live in this kind of happy-go-lucky situation. They don't live that way and they don't feel that way.

MULLIGAN: Nonetheless, I do think those who lament the passing of the "happy sound" do have a legitimate complaint. Playing music is fun. That's not to say that everything is necessarily humorous. But humor is not the only thing that's lacking these days. There are a lot of guys who appear to take themselves too seriously. They're too deadly serious about their music. It's one thing to be deeply involved in what you're doing, but it's not necessary to have that terrible striving feeling about art — with capital letters. I find this very disheartening when it happens. It's as a result of self-consciousness that a lot of the fun goes out of jazz.

PLAYBOY: Aside from whether jazz is becoming too serious, is there also a tendency toward Dadaism in some experimental jazz? When Don Ellis, for example, appeared on an educational television program last year, each of his musicians took a card at random from a deck before the performance started and that card helped determine the shape of the music to come. Is the introduction of "the music of chance" into jazz — and even some John Cage-like uses of silence — indicative of the music becoming so anarchic as to be noncommunicable? Have some jazz musicians reached the point where they have no desire to communicate?

RUSSELL: Well, the last refuge of the untalented is the avant-garde. Yes, there certainly are musicians who jump on the band wagon — like a few critics. There are musicians who say, "Since there's freedom, we can do anything and make a buck at it, too." But as the standards of the new jazz become clearer and more substantial, these people will be weeded out. They can't possibly survive.

GILLESPIE: It all depends on who's doing it. If a man really has something to say, the devices themselves aren't important. It's what comes out.

MINGUS: Yes, anything can be used honestly and anything can be used dishonestly. Like, if a man is writing or playing, he's entitled to put a couple of cuspidors in there if that's the sound he hears. But this isn't new. Duke Ellington has used playing cards to rip across the piano strings. He's used clothespins and he's had his trombonists use toilet plungers.

GLEASON: When you have experimentally minded musicians, you're going to have experimental music of all kinds. And I don't see anything being done in jazz today that I've heard in person or on records that can be described as Dada in a pejorative sense. I don't think that jazz musicians have reached the point where they have no desire to communicate. I don't think any artist that I've ever heard of has reached that point. It may be that the terms they select in which to communicate, the vehicles that they use, and the devices that they use, and the language, may, by definition, limit the potential auditors for their communications. But they still *want* to communicate.

KENTON: I don't know whether they don't have any desire to communicate or whether they're just desperate for ideas to such an extent that they're going to try any sort of thing in order to gain attention. I do think that if this stuff is allowed to go on too long, it's going to ruin the interest in jazz altogether.

SCHULLER: My concern with the sort of thing you describe is that it takes away and makes unnecessary most of the fundamental artistic disciplines. I don't even mean specific musical disciplines. I'm putting it on a broader, more fundamental level than that. I mean the old challenge of a seemingly insurmountable object which makes you rise above your normal situation to overcome. In the music of John Cage and some of Stockhausen — and Don Ellis, in so far as he uses a similar approach — this critical element which has been at the base of art for centuries is eliminated. In fact, some of them want to eliminate the personality of the player. They want to make music in which the Beethoven concept of the creative individual is totally eliminated and the music is *instigated* by someone, but not *created* by him. They talk about finding pure chance — which is really a mathematical abstraction which cannot be found by habit-prone human beings — and they try to involve as much chance as is possible in a given situation so as to eliminate this question of the individual personality. This to me is a radically new way of looking at art. It completely overthrows any previous conceptions of what art is, or has been, and at this point, I stop short.

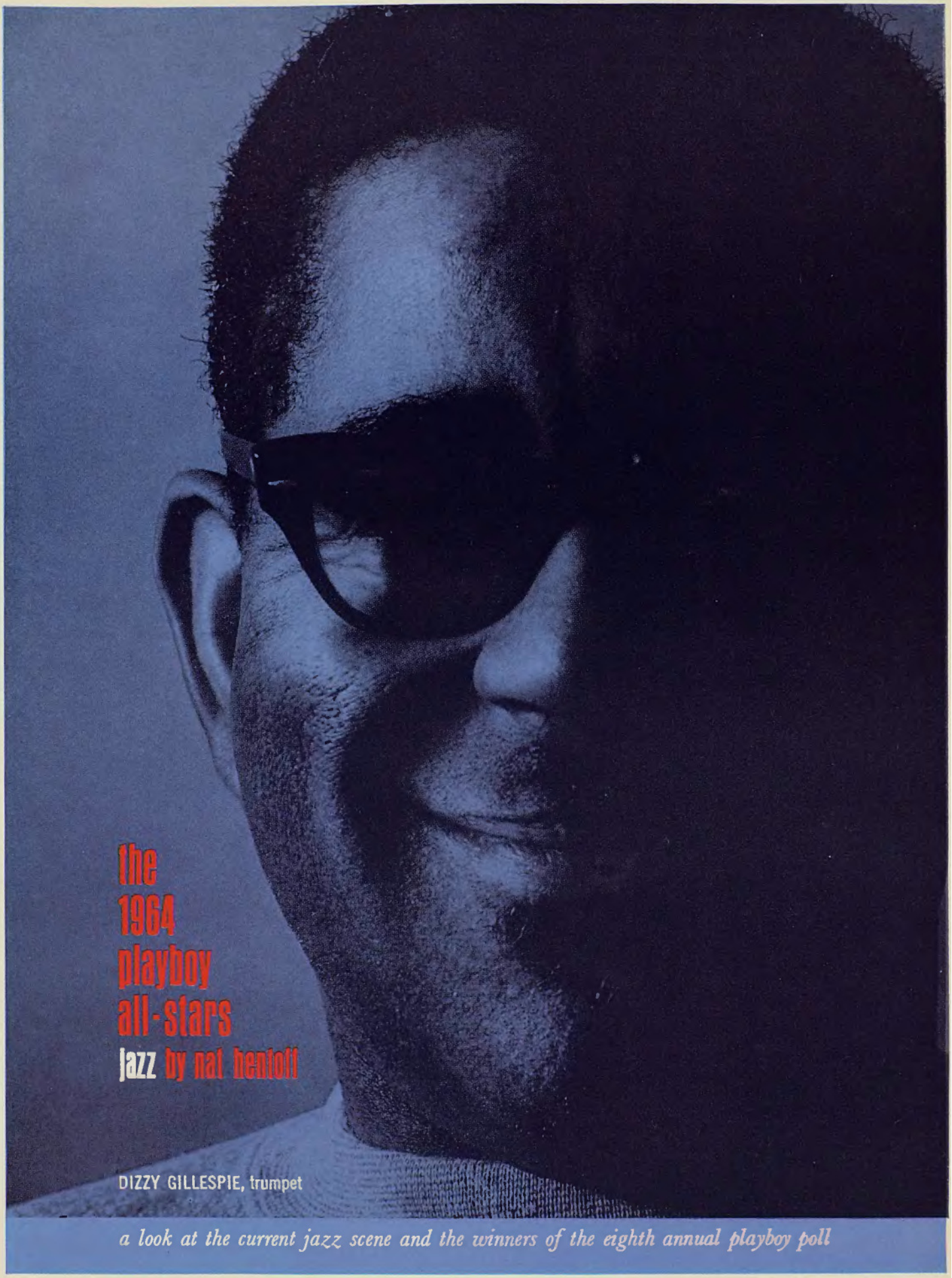
PLAYBOY: The experimentalists have attracted attention in one way. It has often seemed, too, that for a jazz figure to make it in a big way, he has had to have a singularly prominent personality trait — droll like Dizzy, aggressively distant like Miles, aggressive like Mingus, comical like Louis, etc. To what extent has the "cult of personality" had too great an influence on jazz?

BRUBECK: Well, early in my career, I realized that I could reach the audience with one thing only, and that was music. This is something it seems most groups have forgotten — that the primary reason they are there is to reach the audience through the music. And I was so aware that I could reach an audience that way I made it almost a rule to never speak over the microphone. This lasted for years. We didn't dress in any way that was beyond the average business suit, and we didn't wear funny hats or goatees or beards or berets. In other words, we just let the music do what the music should do — and that is get to an audience.

Years later, I decided it would be permissible to announce a few tunes and, as the years go by, I can even be funny once in a while and it doesn't bother me. Who knows? I may show up sometime with a beard. But I think that the main thing for any jazz group to remember is that if you'll stick to music, you don't have to get up and dance around or think a great chorus without playing it. Just get in there and play, have something to say and say it, and forget all those other things.

GLEASON: I don't think the cult of personality holds too great a sway over the world of jazz. Dave has made it big in jazz, for instance, and aside from what he's already said, if you apply the cult of personality to Dave, you've got a guy who doesn't drink or smoke, who has been married to one woman for over 23 or 24 years, and has a houseful of children, likes horses, and wants to stay home in the country. I don't think Dizzy is droll, by the way. I think he is wildly hilarious. And I don't think Miles is aggressively distant, either. And I don't think Mingus is aggressive. And I don't find Louis comical, any more than I find Miles aggressively distant. I think if you look at Louis and have a comic image in your mind, you're doing the man a great injustice. And

(continued on page 139)



the 1964 playboy all-stars

jazz by nat hentoff

DIZZY GILLESPIE, trumpet

a look at the current jazz scene and the winners of the eighth annual playboy poll

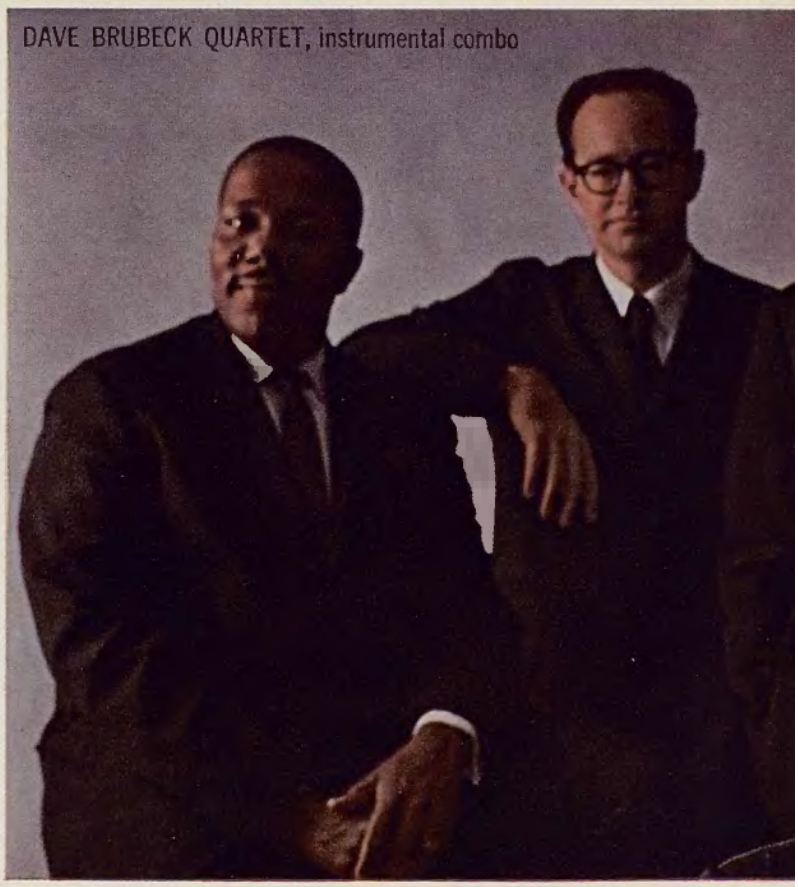

DUKE ELLINGTON, leader


GERRY MULLIGAN, baritone sax


RAY BROWN, bass


J. J. JOHNSON, trombone

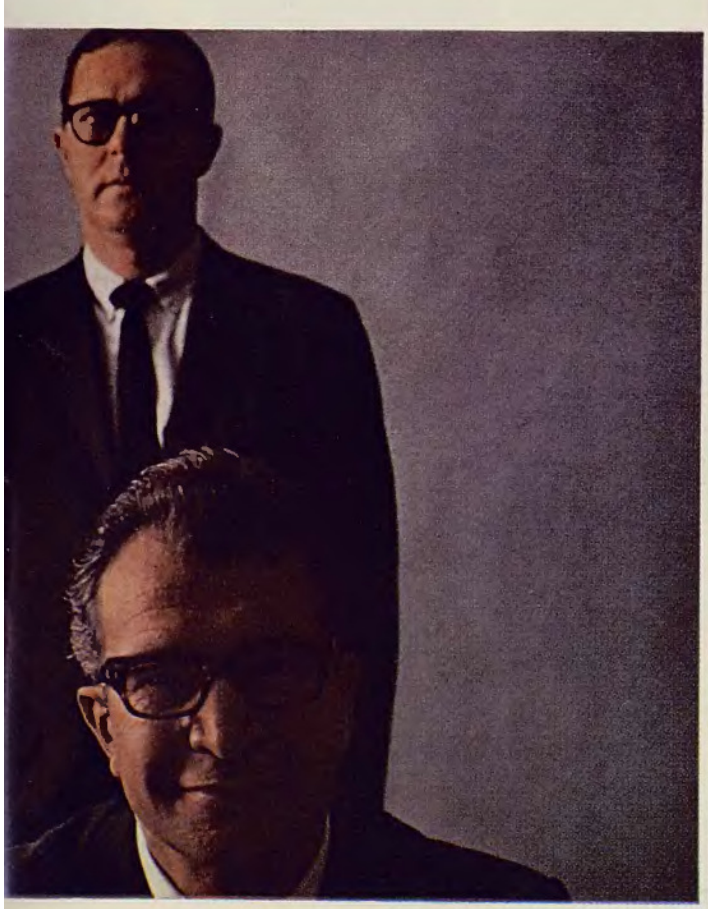

ELLA FITZGERALD, female vocalist

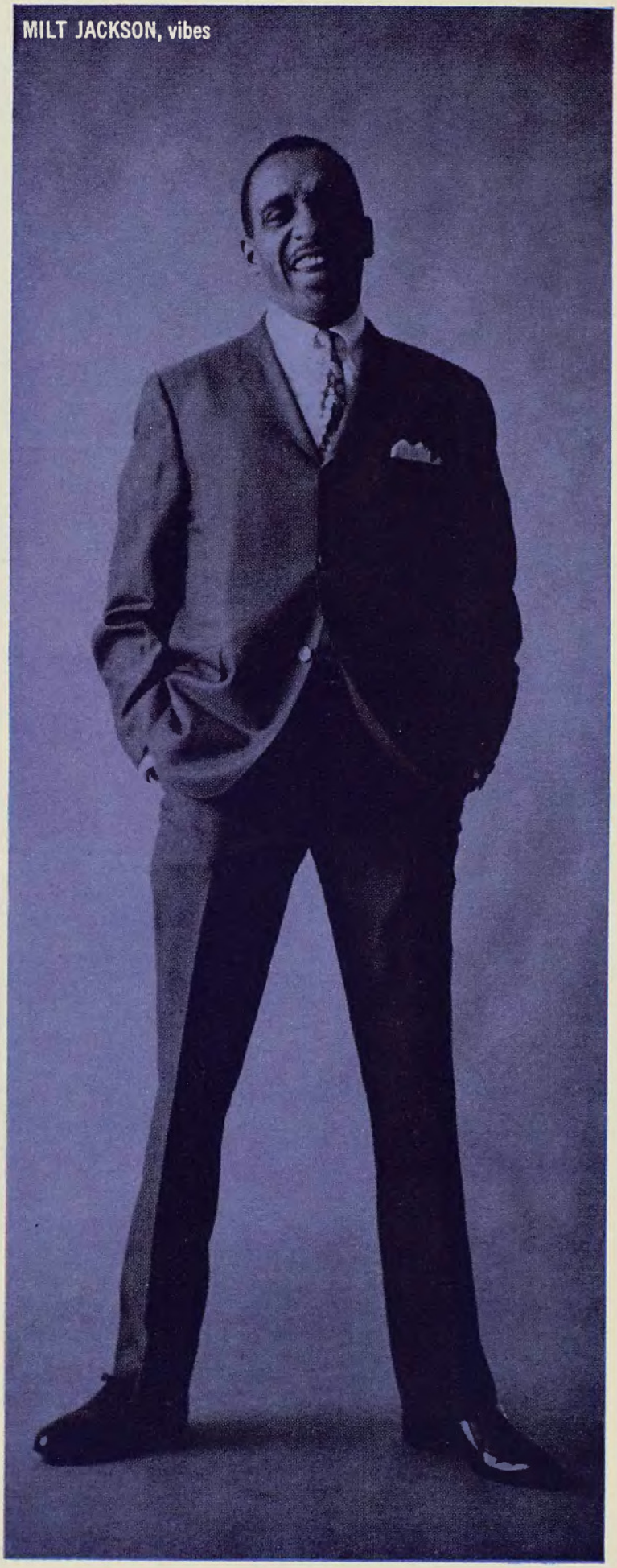

DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET, instrumental combo

ALTHOUGH THERE WAS A PROFUSION of new faces in the 1963 jazz panorama, the pre-eminent figure during the past year was the resplendently resilient Duke Ellington. While maintaining an arduous traveling schedule with his band, Ellington also had an unusually full composing agenda. In addition to writing originals for his orchestra, Ellington composed and staged one of his most ambitious works, *My People*, a history of the Negro in America during the past hundred years (first performed in Chicago in August). Earlier in the summer, Ellington's score for *Timon of Athens* had been premiered during a performance of that play at the Stratford (Ontario) Shakespearean Festival. Almost completed by the end of the year was a new Ellington musical, *Sugar City*, based obliquely on *The Blue Angel*.

Ellington also recorded prolifically under a new contract with Reprise which gave him complete freedom in choice and direction of material. While in Europe, for example, Duke recorded several of his larger works with the Hamburg Symphony, the Paris Opera Orchestra, the Stockholm Symphony and the La Scala Symphony. In this country, moreover, Elling-

THE 1964 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS



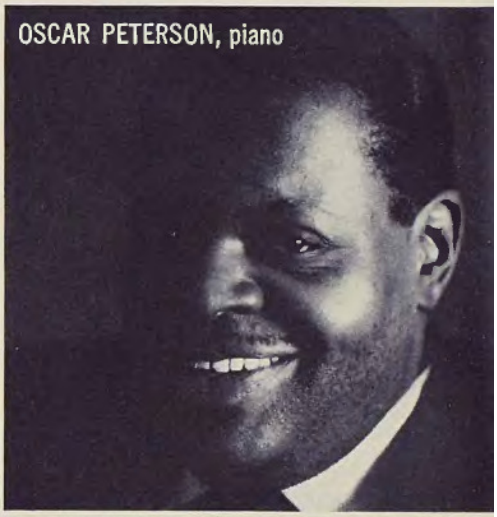


MILT JACKSON, vibes


FRANK SINATRA, male vocalist


STAN GETZ, tenor sax


WES MONTGOMERY, guitar


OSCAR PETERSON, piano


FOUR FRESHMEN, vocal group


BUDDY DeFRANCO, clarinet

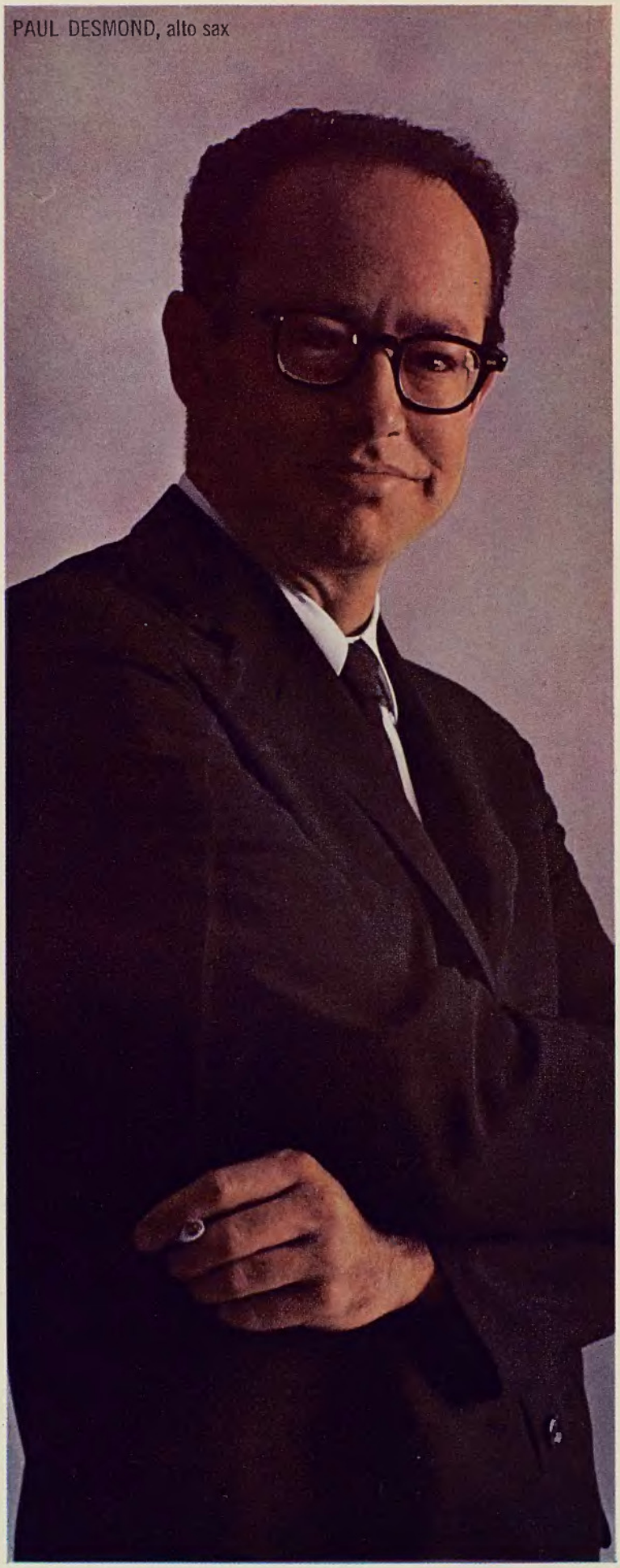
ton proved, during a brief burst of free-lance recording, that he could more than hold his own with the younger jazz innovators as he made one album with John Coltrane and another with Charles Mingus and Max Roach.

Finishing the year in a surge of grueling activity, Ellington led his orchestra in September on a 14-week tour of the Near, Middle and Far East. His was the only jazz unit to participate in a State Department odyssey for the 1963–64 diplomatic season. As was befitting a visitor of Ellington's stature, he had been given an audience with Prime Minister Nehru after conducting an amalgam of the India Symphony Orchestra and his own band.

Ellington was also part of the civil rights ferment which increasingly activated the jazz world during the past year. At the Newport Festival, Ellington introduced and declaimed a new transmutation of *Joshua Fit de Battle of Jericho*. It began: "King fit the battle of Alabam." Among the verses were: "When the dog saw the baby wasn't afraid/He turned to his Uncle Bull and said/'The baby looks like her don't give a damn/You sure we still in Alabam?' " The first *(continued on page 90)*

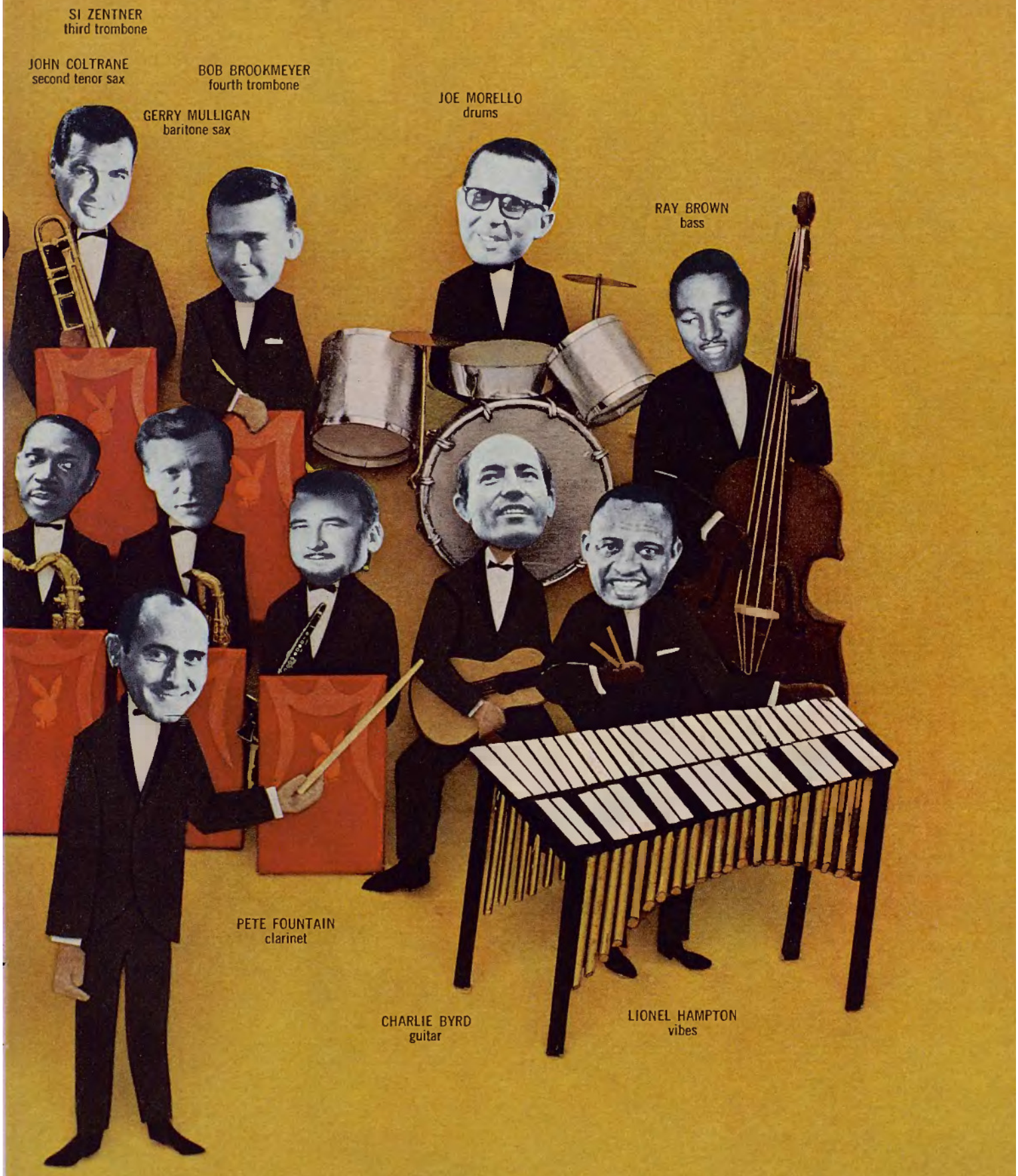
THE 1964 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

PHILLY JOE JONES, drums



PAUL DESMOND, alto sax

COLLAGE BY BEATRICE PAUL



THE 1964 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND

THE PLAYBOY LP LIBRARY

THE COMPLEAT city squire will, of course, want to own a collection of LP etchings as diverse as the moods he feels and the life he leads. The haunting, wailing power of Billie Holiday provides the right lusty note for an elbow-bending gathering of a stag clan, while the artful strains of the Modern Jazz Quartet are perfect for an evening of unruffled solitude. The sensuous background sounds of Jackie Gleason's orchestra or the hip stylings of Frank Sinatra suggest the enchanted moods of amour, and the spirited strummings of Leadbelly or Joan Baez will quicken the pace of any soiree. The classic symmetry of Vivaldi offers the unhurried order of a bygone era for those moments when the hurly-burly of today is too much with us, while the fiery romanticism of Brahms adds another dimension to those evenings when the gentle sex is very much with us. The Editors of PLAYBOY offer no "ratings" for the LP albums listed below (100 each of jazz, classical, and pop/folk music). We selected them simply because we like them; we think you will, too.

POP/FOLK

DAVID ALLEN, *Sings the Music of Jerome Kern.* World Pacific M

ERNESTINE ANDERSON, *Hot Cargo.* Mercury M

JOAN BAEZ, *In Concert.* Vanguard M-S

MILDRED BAILEY, *Her Greatest Performances.* Columbia M, 3 LPs

HARRY BELAFONTE, *At Carnegie Hall.* Victor M-S, 2 LPs
Swing Dat Hammer. Victor M-S

TONY BENNETT, *At Carnegie Hall.* Columbia M-S, 2 LPs
I Wanna Be Around. Columbia M-S
I Left My Heart in San Francisco. Columbia M-S

BIG BILL BROONZY, *Last Session.* Verve M, 3 LPs

OSCAR BROWN, JR., *Tells It Like It Is!* Columbia M-S

CAROUSEL, Orig. cast. Decca M-S

RAY CHARLES, *The Genius Sings the Blues.* Atlantic M
Rock & Roll Forever. Atlantic M
What'd I Say. Atlantic M

JUNE CHRISTY, *The Best of June Christy.* Capitol M-S
Something Cool. Capitol M-S

NAT KING COLE, *Ballads of the Day.* Capitol M-S
Wild Is Love. Capitol M-S
Love Is the Thing. Capitol M-S

CHRIS CONNOR, *He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not.* Atlantic M-S

VIC DAMONE, *On the Swingin' Side.* Columbia M-S
Linger Awhile. Capitol M-S

SAMMY DAVIS JR., *At the Cocoanut Grove.* Reprise M-S
What Kind of Fool Am I. Reprise M-S

BILLY ECKSTINE, *Golden Hits.* Mercury M-S

ELLA FITZGERALD, *Harold Arlen Song Book.* Verve M-S, 2 LPs
Cole Porter Song Book. Verve M, 2 LPs
Verve M, 2 LPs
Ella Swings Lightly. Verve M-S
Like Someone in Love. Verve M-S
Rodgers & Hart Song Book. Verve M-S, 2 LPs
Gershwin Song Book. Verve M-S, 5 LPs

FOUR FRESHMEN, *The Best of the Four Freshmen.* Capitol M-S

FUNNY FACE, Sound track. Verve M

JUDY GARLAND, *At Carnegie Hall.* Capitol M-S, 2 LPs

ERROLL GARNER, *Other Voices.* Columbia M

GIGI, Sound track. MGM M-S

JOÃO GILBERTO, *Brazil's Brilliant João Gilberto.* Capitol M-S

JACKIE GLEASON, *Presents Music for the Love Hours.* Capitol M-S
Presents Music, Martinis, Memories. Capitol M-S

EYDIE GORMÉ, *Eydie in Love.* ABC Paramount M-S

BUDDY GRECO, *Buddy and Soul.* Epic M-S

HI-LO'S, *Love Nest.* Columbia S

BILLIE HOLIDAY, *Essential Billie Holiday.* Verve M
The Golden Years. Columbia M, 3 LPs
The Lady Sings. Decca M

LENA HORNE, *Lena at the Sands.* Victor M-S
Lena on the Blue Side. Victor M-S

HOUSE OF FLOWERS, Original cast. Columbia M

MAHALIA JACKSON, *Great Gettin' Up Morning.* Columbia M-S
Newport, 1958. Columbia M-S

JOHNNY JANIS, *Playboy Presents Johnny Janis.* (to be released) M-S

KINGSTON TRIO, *Best of the Kingston Trio.* Capitol M-S

LAMBERT, HENDRICKS & ROSS, *Sing a Song of Basie.* ABC Paramount M

STEVE LAWRENCE, *People Will Say We're in Love.* United Artists M-S

HUDDIE LEDBETTER, *Leadbelly.* Capitol M

PEGGY LEE, *Black Coffee.* Decca M
Pretty Eyes. Capitol M-S

MICHEL LEGRAND, *Castles in Spain.* Columbia M

JULIE LONDON, *Around Midnight.* Liberty M-S

JOHNNY MATHIS, *Johnny's Greatest Hits.* Columbia M-S
More Johnny's Greatest Hits. Columbia M-S
Warm. Columbia M-S

CARMEN McRAE, *Lover Man.* Columbia M-S

MABEL MERCER, *Sings Cole Porter.* Atlantic M

GLENN MILLER, *Glenn Miller* (ltd. edition). Victor M, 5 LPs

MY FAIR LADY, Original cast. Columbia M-S

ANITA O'DAY, *Anita Sings the Most.* Verve M
Trav'lin' Light. Verve M-S

PAL JOEY, Vivienne Segal, Harold Lang. Columbia M

PETER, PAUL & MARY, *In the Wind.* Warner Bros. M-S

ANDRÉ PREVIN, *Like Love.* Columbia M-S

JIMMY RUSHING, *5 Feet of Soul.* Colpix M-S

JUAN SERRANO, *Olé, la Mano.* Elektra M-S

RAVI SHANKAR, *In Concert.* World Pacific M-S

NINA SIMONE, *Forbidden Fruit.* Colpix M-S
Nina at Town Hall. Colpix M-S

FRANK SINATRA, *In the Wee Small Hours.* Capitol M
The Great Years. Capitol M-S, 3 LPs
Swing Along with Me. Reprise M-S
Swing Easy! Capitol M
Songs for Swingin' Lovers. Capitol M

BESSIE SMITH, *The Bessie Smith Story.* Columbia M, 4 LPs

KEELY SMITH, *I Wish You Love.* Capitol M-S

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THESAURUS OF CLASSIC JAZZ, Columbia M, 4 LPs

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CLASSICAL

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES, soprano, *Spanish Song of the Renaissance.* Ars Musicae Ensemble, José M. Lamana, cond. Angel M-S

BACH, *Brandenburg Concertos* (complete). New York Sinfonietta, Max Goberman, cond. Library of Recorded Masterpieces, 3 LPs
Goldberg Variations. Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia M
St. Matthew Passion. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (s), Christa Ludwig (ms), Peter Pears (t), Nicolai Gedda (t), Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (b), Walter Berry (bs); Philharmonia Choir and Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel M-S, 5 LPs
Ein musikalisches Opfer. Yehudi Menuhin; members of the Bath Festival Orchestra. Angel M-S
Sonatas for Flute and Harpsichord; Sonatas for Flute and Continuo; Sonatas for Unaccompanied Flute. Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord; Jean Juchot, cello. Epic M-S, 2 LPs
Sonatas and Partitas for Unaccompanied Violin. Joseph Szigeti, violin. Vanguard M, 3 LPs

BARTÓK, *Concerto for Orchestra; Dance Suite.* Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Bernard Haitink, cond. Epic M-S
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1 and **PROKOFIEV,** *Concerto for Piano (Left Hand) and Orchestra, No. 4,* Op. 53. Rudolf Serkin, piano; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, George Szell, cond. (in the Bartók); Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. (in the Prokofiev). Columbia M-S
Divertimento for Strings; Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion. Richard Burgin, violin; Boston Chamber Orchestra, Harold Farberman, cond. (in the *Divertimento*). Ralph Votapek, Luise Vosgerchian, pianos; Everett Firth, Arthur Press, percussion (in the *Sonata*). Cambridge M-S
Quartets for Strings (complete). Juilliard Quartet. Columbia M, 3 LPs

BEETHOVEN, *Concertos for Piano and Orchestra (complete).* Artur Schnabel, piano; London Symphony Orchestra, Sir Malcolm Sargent, cond. (in No. 1); Philharmonia Orchestra, Issay Dobrowen, cond. (in Nos. 2, 3, and 4). Alceo Galliera, cond. (in No. 5). Angel M, 5 LPs
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D, Op. 61. Zino Francescatti, violin; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, cond. Columbia M-S
Quartets for Strings: Op. 127, 130, 131, 132, 135; *Grosse Fugue.* Budapest Quartet. Columbia M-S, 5 LPs
Symphonies 1–9 (complete). Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. Deutsche Grammophon M-S, 8 LPs

BERG, *Lyric Suite* and **WEBERN,** *Five Movements,* Op. 5; *Six Bagatelles,* Op. 9. Juilliard Quartet. Victor M-S

BERLIOZ, *Roméo et Juliette,* Op. 17 (complete). Rosalind Elias (ms), Cesare Valletti (t), Giorgio Tozzi (bs); Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch, cond. Victor M-S, 2 LPs

BOISMORTIER, *Concerto for Five Flutes,* Op. 15: No. 1, in G; No. 2, in A minor; No. 3, in D and **CORRETTE,** *Concerto comiques,* Op. 8: No. 3, in C minor; No. 4, in A; No. 6, in G. Jean-Pierre Rampal, Samuel Baron, Harold Bennett, Lois Schaefer, Paul Robison, flutes; Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord; David Soyer, cello. Connoisseur Society S, 12-in. 45-rpm

BRAHMS, *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra,* in D, Op. 77. David Oistrakh, violin; French National Radio Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel M-S
Sonata for Violin and Piano, No. 1, in G, Op. 78 and **BEETHOVEN,** *Sonata for Violin and Piano,* No. 8, in G, Op. 30, No. 3. Henryk Szeryng, violin; Artur Rubinstein, piano. Victor M-S
Sonatas for Violin and Piano: No. 2, in A, Op. 100; No. 3, in D minor, Op. 108. Henryk Szeryng, violin; Artur Rubinstein, piano. Victor M-S

JULIAN BREAM CONSORT, *An Evening of Elizabethan Music.* Byrd, Dowland, Allison, Campian, Morley, Phillips. Victor M-S

BRITTEN, *Noye's Fludde.* Soloists; Children's Chorus and An East Suffolk Children's Orchestra, Norman del Mar, cond. London M-S
War Requiem, Op. 66. Galina Vishnevskaya (s), Peter Pears (t), Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (b); Highgate School Choir; Bach Choir; London Symphony Orchestra Chorus; Melos Ensemble; London Symphony Orchestra, Benjamin Britten, cond. London M-S, 2 LPs

MARIA CALLAS, soprano, *Maria Callas Sings French Opera Arias.* Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française, Georges Prêtre, cond. Angel M-S

CANTELOUBE, *Chants d'Auvergne.* Netania Davrath, soprano; Orchestra, Pierre de la Roche, cond. Vanguard M-S

CARTER, *Double Concerto for Harpsichord and Piano with Two Chamber Orchestras* and **KIRCHNER,** *Concerto for Violin, Cello, Ten Winds, and Percussion.* Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord; Charles Rosen, piano; chamber orchestras, Gustav Meier, cond. (in the Carter). Tossy Spivakovsky, violin; Aldo Parisot, cello; instrumental group, Leon Kirchner, cond. (in the Kirchner). Epic M-S

PABLO CASALS, cello. *A Concert at the White House.* With Alexander Schneider, violin; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. Columbia M

CHERUBINI, *Medea.* Maria Callas, soprano, et al. La Scala Chorus and Orchestra, Tullio Serafin, cond. Mercury M-S

CHOPIN, *Mazurkas.* Witold Malcuzynski, piano. Angel M-S

COWELL, *Piano Music.* Henry Cowell, piano. Folkways M

DEBUSSY, *Etudes.* Charles Rosen, piano. Epic M-S
La Mer. Philharmonia Orchestra, Carlo Maria Giulini, cond. Angel M-S
Preludes, Books I and II. Walter Giesecking, piano. Columbia M, 2 LPs

(concluded on page 184)

"OK, send in the stunt man!"

BIFFEN'S MILLIONS the problem was simple: all jerry had to do was keep biff out of jail for a week, just long enough to inherit his godfather's fortune

PART I of a new novel By P. G. WODEHOUSE

THE SERGEANT OF POLICE who sat at his desk in the dingy little Paris police station was calm, stolid and ponderous, giving the impression of being constructed of some form of suet. He was what Roget in his *Thesaurus* would have called "not easily stirred or moved mentally," in which respect he differed sharply from the large young man standing facing him, whose deportment resembled rather closely that of a pea on a hot shovel. Jumpy was the word a stylist would have used to describe Jerry Shoesmith at this moment, and a casual observer might have supposed that he was a suspect undergoing the French equivalent of the third degree.

This, however, was not the case. The reason for his agitation was a more prosaic one. He had come on this last night of his Paris holiday to notify the authorities that he had lost the wallet containing the keys to the apartment lent to him for the duration of his visit. And what was exercising him was the problem of where, should the thing remain unfound, he was going to sleep.

So far, though he had been in the sergeant's presence for more than a minute, he had made no progress in the direction of informing him of his dilemma. The sergeant, who on his entry had been stamping official documents in the rhythmical manner of a man operating the trap drums, was still stamping official documents, appearing to have no outside interests. It seemed a shame to interrupt him, but Jerry felt it had to be done.

"Excuse me," he said, or, rather, "*Pardon, monsieur*," for he was speaking the language of France as far as he could manage it.

The sergeant looked up. If he was surprised to hear a human voice when he had supposed himself to be alone with his stamping, he gave no sign of it. His was a face not equipped to register emotion.

"Sir?"

"It's about my wallet. I've lost my wallet."

"Next door. Office of the *commissaire*'s secretary."

"But I've just been there, and he told me to come here."

"Quite in order. You notify him, and then you notify me."

"So if I notify him again, he will notify me to notify you?"

"Precisely."

"You mean I go to him ——"

"Just so."

"And he sends me to you?"

"Exactly."

"And then you send me to him?"

"It is the official procedure in the case of lost property."

Jerry gulped, and what the sergeant would have called a *frisson*, not that he ever had them himself, passed through him. His spirits sank to an even lower low. He perceived that he was up against French red tape, compared to which that of Great Britain and America is only pinkish.

"What happens after you've sent me to him? Does he send me to Brigitte Bardot?"

The sergeant explained — patiently, for he was a patient man — that Mademoiselle Bardot had no connection with police work. Jerry thanked him.

"Well, anyway," he said, "now that I have your ear for a moment, may I repeat that I have lost my wallet. It had my money and my keys in it. Fortunately I was carrying my passport and return ticket in the breast pocket of my coat, or I should have lost those, too. And I've got to be back in London tomorrow."

"You are English?"

"I am."

"You speak French not so badly."

"I picked it up here and there. I read a lot of French."

"I see. Your accent leaves much to be desired, but you make yourself understood. Proceed, if you please. Tell me of this wallet."

"Well, it's a sort of combination wallet and key case. It has compartments for money on one side and clips to attach keys to on the other. Very convenient. Unless, of course, you lose the damn thing."

"If you lose it, you lose everything."

"You do."

"Puts you in an awkward position."

"You never spoke truer words. That is exactly what it puts you in."

The sergeant stamped some more papers, but absently, as if his thoughts were elsewhere.

Finally, he spoke. "What was it made of, this wallet?"

"Leather."

"What kind of leather?"

"Crocodile."

"What color?"

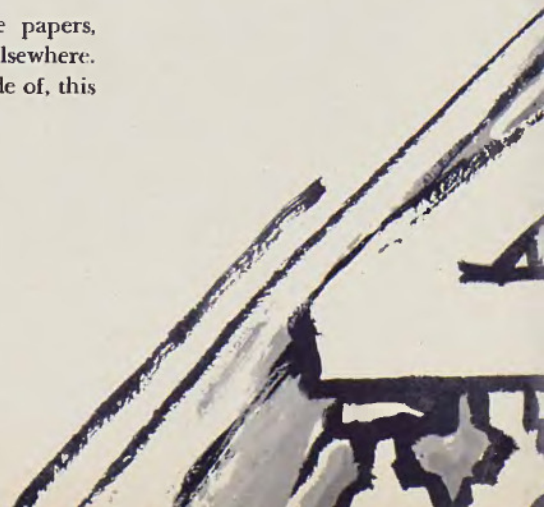
"Maroon."

"How big?"

"About six inches long."

"Had it initials?"

"Are you going in to see the sergeant?" Jerry asked hoarsely. "Don't do it. That way madness lies."




Chamatz

"G. S. in gold letters."

"It contained your keys?"

Jerry reminded him that that was the whole point of these proceedings, and the sergeant nodded understandingly.

"How many keys?"

"Two."

"To what?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Of what doors were they the keys?"

"Oh, I see what you mean. The outer and inner doors of my apartment."

"You own an apartment in Paris?"

"I'm sorry. I used the word 'my' loosely. It was lent me by my uncle. He keeps this apartment and runs over for weekends."

The sergeant so far forgot himself as to whistle.

"Must be rich."

"He is. He's a solicitor, and these legal sharks always have plenty."

The sergeant stamped some more papers. He had a wristy follow-through which at any other moment Jerry would have admired.

"What size were these keys?"

"One was big, one was small."

"One big, one small." The sergeant pursed his lips. "That's a bit vague, isn't it? Could you describe them?"

"The little one was flat, and the big one was round."

"Round?"

"Well, sort of round. Like any other key."

"Like any other key . . . That's not much help, is it? Was the key bit of the smaller key grooved?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I asked you, was the key bit of the smaller key grooved? That's clear enough, isn't it?"

"No."

"It is not grooved?"

"I don't know."

The sergeant raised his eyebrows.

"Really, sir! I asked you was it grooved, and you said no. Now you say you don't know. We shall not get much further at this rate."

"I didn't mean No, it's not grooved. I meant No, it wasn't clear enough."

"I could scarcely have made it clearer," said the sergeant stiffly. "A key bit is either grooved or it is not grooved."

"But I don't know what a key bit is."

The sergeant drew his breath in sharply. He seemed incredulous.

"You don't know what a key bit is?" He took a bunch of keys from his pocket. "Look, see? That's the key bit, the part of the key which you insert in the keyhole. Now can you tell me if yours is grooved?"

"No."

As far as his features would allow him to, the sergeant registered satisfaction.

"Aha!" he said. "Now we are getting somewhere. It is *not* grooved?"

"I don't know. You asked me if I could tell you if my key bit is grooved, and I'm telling you that I can't tell you. For all I know, it may have been grooved from birth. Look here," said Jerry desperately, "is all this necessary?"

The sergeant frowned. He was an equable man, but he could not help feeling that his visitor was being a little difficult.

"These things have to be done in an orderly manner. We must have system. But if you wish, we will leave the matter of the keys for the moment. Now about the money. How much was there in the wallet?"

"I remember there was a *mille* note and some odd change, call it two hundred francs."

"So we'll say twelve hundred francs and two keys, one large, the other smaller, the latter with its key bit possibly grooved, possibly not. Does that satisfy you as a description of the contents?"

"Yes."

"And the wallet was made of leather?"

"Yes."

"Crocodile leather?"

"Yes."

"Maroon in color?"

"Yes."

"In length six inches?"

"Yes."

"With the initials G. S. in gold letters?"

"Yes."

"I have it here," said the sergeant, opening a drawer. "I was thinking all along that this might be it. The key bit *is* grooved," he went on cutting short Jerry's cry of rapture. He emptied the wallet of its contents, and counted the money. "Twelve hundred and twenty francs, not twelve hundred as stated." He measured the wallet with a ruler, and shook his head. "It's not six inches in length, it's five and a half. Still, I'm not the man to be finicky. I'll draw up a report for you to sign," he said, taking three sheets of paper, interleaving them between carbons and starting to write with great care, rather like an obese child working at its copybook. "Your name?"

"Gerald Shoesmith."

"Gerald . . . that is your surname?"

"No, my Christian name."

"In that case you should say Zoosmeet, Gerald."

"Can't I have my wallet and go? It's late. I want to get to bed."

"All in good time, sir. Your home address?"

"Why not?"

"Impossible. Suppose you made a complaint that the sum was missing when the property was returned to you?"

"I wouldn't dream of doing such a thing."

"I have no means of knowing that. We must be orderly."

"And leisurely."

"Sir?"

"Nothing. I was just thinking it's nice to feel we're not in any hurry."

"I shall be here all night."

"So shall I, apparently." A long, shuddering groan escaped Jerry.

"I know what," he said finally. "It's just occurred to me. Lend me twenty francs."

"Out of my pocket?" cried the sergeant, aghast.

"You'll get it back with interest—substantial interest, I may say. I'll write you a receipt for two hundred francs, and you can take that out of the wallet. As a matter of fact, I'd be quite willing to make it a *mille* . . ."

His voice died away. The sergeant's look had become stony.

"So you're trying to bribe me, are you?"

"No, no, of course not. Just showing my gratitude to you for doing me a service."

"When I'm on duty," said the sergeant austerely, "I don't do services. I'm in the service of the law."

Silence fell once more, a wounded silence on both sides of the desk. Pique was rife, as was dudgeon, and the *entente cordiale* found itself at its lowest ebb. The sergeant began stamping papers again in a marked manner, and Jerry, raising his head, lit a sullen cigarette. Then suddenly he uttered a cry which caused the sergeant to hit his thumb instead of the document.

"I've got it! Why didn't we think of that before? Look! Follow me closely here, because I believe I've found a formula acceptable to all parties. You require twenty francs for the receipt stamps for the written statement of the loss. Correct? There are twelve hundred and twenty francs in the wallet. Agreed? Well, then, here's what you do. Change the statement, making the amount of money in that blasted wallet twelve hundred, extract twenty francs, deposit them in the national treasury, and everybody's happy. How's that for constructive thinking?"

The sergeant sucked his thumb, which seemed to be paining him. The umbrage he had taken had subsided, but he was plainly dubious.

"Change the statement? But it is already written, initialed and signed."

"Write a new one."

"I have used up all my carbon paper."

"Get some more."

"But would what you suggest be in order?"

"Take a chance. Remember what the fellow said—*De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace.*"

For some moments the sergeant continued to waver. Then he rose.

"I'll have to cover myself, first. I couldn't do anything like that without

(continued on page 82)

MES/50001

STEREO

PHOTO BY STAN MALINOWSKI

JOE CHUTNEY AND **SAM SIGNORELLI** PLAY BLUES FOR OOGIE AND HAROLD / YANKEE-DOODLE WE INSIST ON FREEDOM RIGHT NOW POSITIVELY / EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK TAKE THE A TRAIN / TAKE THE B TRAIN AND TRANSFER AT TIMES SQUARE / KOOLABOOBOO / AAAARGH! KONJY-SQUIMPFY / THEME MUSIC FROM FOX-MOVIETONE NEWS

When I told Isdrees Johnson, dynamic A & R man for Round Records, I was thinking of getting Joe Chutney and Sam Signorelli together in the studio to "blow a few," he said, "Watch out they don't blow a *fuse!*" We were at Slob's 857 Club on East Third Street at the time, and Joe and Fred and Al and Wild George and the rest of the trio were gigging for kicks around an original of Al's he swore he composed in a dream on the diatonic scale.

I first met Joe when he was working with Artie and eating regularly for the first time "since Mama's left one went dry." Even then he had that forthright, chuffy tone that has since become his trade-mark, a sort of gargling-your-guts-out quality that starts when it's ready and stops when it's had enough. Later he went with Woody and then Benny, and even did a "stretch," as he calls it, with Johnny and Pretty Boy and Baby Face and Machine Gun. "I learned a lot from those ge'mmun," he says, "but my main influence was Lou Gehrig."

Sam Signorelli, for all his youthful appearance, has been around the jazz beats for more years than a Garland arpeggio has diminished sevenths. He started out as a band boy with Cutes Hollander and His 87 Gentlemen of Jazz at the old Alpine Village in Cleveland, scene of such musical firsts as the saxophone and the bass flute.

In preparing for the session I spent a lot of time with these men just talking to them about their work. The most striking thing I discovered was one I had suspected for some time, that in spite of many basic similarities in technique and execution, they are remarkably alike. "Whenever I blow," Joe explains, "I am basically and fundamentally trying to make e *sound.*" Similarly Sam: "What comes out of a horn is fundamentally and basically some *noise.*" This reverence for the "noise and sound" of music is what makes these two artists so intensely "on the pot" with the listener and with each other.

What was less surprising were the many evidences I found of these men's high regard for each other's work. When I told Sam I wanted him to cut a set with Joe, he said, "You want *me* to play with *him?*" He just couldn't get over it. When I told Joe I wanted him to cut a set with Sam, he said, "Sam who?" He just couldn't believe it could be Sam Signorelli.

With the exception of *A Train* (Track Five), the selections are by the artists themselves, and most of them are originals. *Blues for Oogie and Harold,* an updated version of a tune Wild George Smith wrote in 1927 for a *Downbeat* songwriting contest, showcases the melodic delineations and whimsical codas, the unique left-hand signature of "double-stops" with the "freight-train" right-hand attack, the polyrhythms and *élan,* the crackling profundity and ingratiating blah-de-blah in the lower register eround the A and E strings, the four-bar exchanges and chordal building process, the explorative two-part counterpoint and block-pattern stentorian statements, the dissonant fills and fugal riffs, the light chording and occasional melodic counterfigures filling the chinks with enfiring subordinate second lines, the marvelously oblique, lazy-seeming warmth and lyricism of the big, full, singing tone and lyric drive, end the assertive masculine message of Wild George at his swingin' best.

"Crabs" Collier and "Crotch" Hoopoe hammer out gorgeous metals of sound in *Konjy-Squimpfy,* a fine old stomp from the pre-K.C. era. "Slam" Farlow and "Christ!" Mitchell reach back into authentic folk sources for *Yankee-Doodle,* which also features the so-fine three-quarter bolero sousaphone "doodlings" and ritornello *passacaglia* of Fats "Fingers" Fingers and John "Nance" Garner who doubles on lyre.

Dig, too, the funky tags, full of the old poetry, which wear like Harris tweed, not facilely extrovertish, but with a warm ensemble sound that literally falters to a conclusion.

Between takes, one of the technicians was asked what he thought of the proceedings out there on the studio floor. His reply: "When I throw a switch and gesture with my right hand—like this—I expect those guys out there to start playing all at the same time!"

I guess that's how we all feel about this great aggregation of fine musicians.

—James Ransom

ROUND RECORDS

This Round record is the result of the most modern recording techniques in the industry. It was recorded monaurally, stereophonically and haphazardly in the boiler room of the Brill Building, on wax obtained from beehives whose drones are tuned uniformly to honeyed tones. Best results may be obtained by playing this recording at room temperature, after making certain that the tone arm is equipped with some sort of needle. Listening pleasure may be increased by ascertaining beforehand that the plug of your player is connected to an electrical power source, and that the switch of the volume knob is in the "On" position. To ensure perfect performance, the record should be kept free of dust and finger marks; this can best be accomplished by keeping the sealed polyethylene envelope unopened.

IF IT'S ROUND...IT'S A RECORD

MES/50001

"Look natural . . . !"

In Bed With Becket

between scenes as king and courtier, peter o'toole and richard burton frolic with a beguiling french gamine

TAKE PETER O'TOOLE, fresh from his smash success in *Lawrence of Arabia*, and Richard Burton, fresh from his smash success with Liz Taylor. Now put them on the bedroom set of *Becket* with a fun-loving French actress named Veronique Vendell during a between-scenes break from both filming and Peter Glenville's direction, and you get some of the wildest tomfoolery a candid photographer ever snapped for PLAYBOY. Unable to leave wild enough alone, we were prompted by the results to supply our own captions to the carryings-on, with the results you see here. Paramount's production of *Becket* is in the multimillion-dollar class, but like most movies of today, with big budget or small (see *The Nudest Jayne Mansfield* in our June 1963 issue, if you can still get one), it's not above actress-on-a-mattress theatrics.

1. VERONIQUE: *As long as my wardrobe hasn't arrived, why don't we shoot the European version first?*

4. O'TOOLE: *Even so, do we have to film the American version first?*

5. O'TOOLE: *Somehow, I can't seem to get into the proper mood.*

VERONIQUE: *Neither can I. After all, this movie's not about an undercover agent!*

8. O'TOOLE: *What, no retakes?*

DIRECTOR: *We're behind schedule now! Let's move on to the scene where Burton finds the two of you together. Do you remember your lines?*

VERONIQUE: *I haven't had a chance to show mine yet!*

9. BURTON: *Will you two stop horsing around?! If we work the orchestra after five o'clock they get time-and-a-half!*

O'TOOLE: *OK, OK! Wait'll I gargle and get tuned up . . .*

2. DIRECTOR: *Well, your make-up seems to be all right . . . Hold on, what's this?*

3. DIRECTOR: *You sly little minx— you've been sitting on your wardrobe!*

VERONIQUE: *Oh well, you can't blame a girl for trying.*

6. DIRECTOR: *All right, already, we'll try the European version first!*

7. DIRECTOR: *. . . OK, you two, that was fine. Cut! . . . I said, CUT! . . . Aw, come on, O'Toole . . . CUT!!!*

10. DIRECTOR: *Places now, everybody. Do you have your notes?*

11. BURTON: *Oooooo . . .*

VERONIQUE: *Mmmmmm . . .*

O'TOOLE: *Aaaaah . . .*

DIRECTOR: *Perfect! All right, roll 'em! This is a take!*

12. BURTON: *"East side . . ."*

13. O'TOOLE: *"West side . . ."*

16. O'TOOLE: *Mister Burton just fell down!*

17. DIRECTOR: *Never mind, get on with your big love scene!*

O'TOOLE: *Without a rehearsal?*

VERONIQUE: *So ad-lib a little!*

20. DIRECTOR: *We're running out of film! Cut!!*

21. O'TOOLE: *Mmmmrphg!*

BURTON: *Wait, I think I see what the trouble is! I'll just pry them apart with my dagger . . .*

14. BURTON: *"All around the town . . . !"*

15. BURTON AND O'TOOLE: *"Ring-around-a-rosy . . ."*

18. DIRECTOR: *Fine performance . . . Cut!*

19. DIRECTOR: *Oh no, not again! Cut!!*

22. O'TOOLE: *Thanks, old man! I nearly suffocated!*

23. O'TOOLE: *And as for you, get rid of that bubble gum!*

THE FRENCH PENCHANT for twinitialed cineminxes (Brigitte Bardot, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, et al.) is beautifully personified in Veronique Vendell, the young lady so strikingly pictured on these and the preceding pages. According to a Paramount news release, "[she] will have no lines" in the bedroom scene of *Becket*; we infer they mean *spoken* lines; if not, their release writer may need the services of an optometrist. Selected for the part by the film's producer, Hal Wallis, Veronique, daughter of a French biologist and his chemist wife, has obviously come by her body chemistry naturally. A holder of two degrees in philosophy from a Paris university, she played the Julie Newmar role in the French version of *The Marriage-Go-Round*, a role which called for her appearance onstage swathed in only a towel. In *Becket*, her wardrobe is somewhat less. A creature of appealing paradox, she wishes to someday be a famous actress, enjoys dating robust men and is fond of swimming, yet on the other hand she states that she dislikes being photographed too much, indulging in gymnastics, and overly hot weather. Who's going to break the news to Hollywood?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

BIFFEN'S MILLIONS *(continued from page 72)*

official sanction. Excuse me," he said, and passed ponderously through the door that led to the office of the secretary of the *commissaire*.

• • •

The secretary was a fussy little man with glasses and a drooping mustache. He looked up irritably as the door opened, his petulance caused, no doubt, by resentment at being interrupted while talking to a girl as pretty as the one seated before his desk. She had come in a moment ago, a small, trim, alert girl whose tiptilted nose, bright hazel eyes and brisk manner had made an immediate appeal to him.

They made an immediate appeal to the sergeant also, and the thought passed through what may loosely be called his mind that some people have all the luck. Here was the secretary enjoying a cozy chat with a delightful member of the other sex, while all he, the sergeant, drew was jumpy young men who were unsound, if not definitely shaky, on key bits. But remembering that he was here on official business, he fought down his self-pity.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," he said, "but in the absence of the *commissaire* I would like your ruling on an important point that has come up. The gentleman you sent to me just now, the one who had lost his wallet."

"Ah yes, the English newspaper man Gerald Zoosmeet."

"Zoosmeet, Gerald," said the sergeant, scoring a point.

The girl, who had been attending to her face, lowered the lipstick, interested.

"Zoosmeet? Did I hear you say Zoosmeet?"

"Yes, *mademoiselle*."

"It can't be. There isn't such a name."

"Pardon me, *mademoiselle*, I have it written down here. The gentleman gave it to me in person. He spelled it for me."

The girl looked at the paper he held out to her, and squeaked excitedly.

"Oh, *Shoesmith*."

"Precisely, *mademoiselle*. As I said."

"And Gerald at that. Well, I'll be darned. I know a Jerry Shoesmith. Is this one large? Solid bone structure? Lots of firm flesh?"

"Yes, *mademoiselle*, he is substantial."

"Reddish hair? Greenish eyes?"

"Yes, *mademoiselle*."

"And rather a lamb?"

The sergeant weighed this, as if not sure that he was justified in bestowing the honorable title of lamb on one who knew practically nothing about key bits. However, he stretched a point.

"The gentleman is careless in his speech and apt to become excitable, but otherwise he appears to be of a sufficiently amiable disposition."

"And you say he's a newspaperman. It must be the same. I met him on the boat coming over from New York two years ago. It turned out that he was a great friend of my brother's, so of course we fraternized. He was feeling a bit sorry for himself at the time, because he had been a New York correspondent on one of the papers and they had fired him. Did he say what he was doing now?"

"He describes himself as an editor."

The secretary intervened, speaking rather frostily. He was feeling that this get-together was becoming too chatty, too much like an Old World *salon*, and that there was far too great a tendency on the part of the speakers to leave him out of the conversation.

"You were about to ask my advice, sergeant," he said, and the sergeant got the message. He did not blush, for his cheeks were already ruddier than the cherry, but he quivered a little like a suet pudding in a high wind.

"Yes, sir. A problem has arisen. Do you think that in the case of the loss of an object containing money the cost of the receipt stamps could be met from the contents of the object itself?"

"Mr. Zoosmeet has no money in his possession?"

"None, sir. The object—a wallet (one), crocodile leather, color maroon, five and a half inches in length—contains all his assets."

"In that case, certainly."

"May I change the sum in the written statement so as to avoid any possible future recriminations?"

"I see no objection."

"And can you lend me two sheets of carbon paper?"

"With pleasure."

"Thank you."

"Hey, sarge," said the girl, calling after him as he started for the door, "try to keep Zoosmeet there till I'm through with this gentleman. I want a word with him."

"I will endeavor to do so, *mademoiselle*."

The sergeant lumbered off, and the secretary turned to his visitor.

"Now, *mademoiselle*, might I have your name?"

"Kay Christopher."

"Christopher, K. The K stands for?"

"Well, I suppose, if you delved into it, you'd find it was short for Katherine, but I've always been called Kay. K-a-y. It's quite a usual name in America."

"You are American?"

"Yes."

"You have some form of employment in Paris?"

"I work on the *New York Herald Tribune*."

"A most respectable paper. I read it myself to improve my English. And what have you lost?"

"My brother."

The secretary blinked. He had been thinking more in terms of miniature poodles.

"He's been missing for two days. He and I share an apartment, and two days ago I noticed that he was not among those present, so after waiting awhile and not hearing a word from him I thought I'd better come to the police."

"Have you made inquiries at the hospitals?"

"Every one of them. They haven't seen him."

The secretary was just about to mention the morgue, but changed his mind.

"Two days, you say?"

"Nearly that. I leave for work early and he sleeps late, so he may have been in his room when I pulled out the day before yesterday, but he certainly wasn't there that night and he wasn't around next morning. That's when I felt I ought to take steps of some kind. I'm not really panic-stricken, mind you, because he's been away from the nest before and always returned, but . . . well, you know how it is, one gets a little anxious when it comes to two days and not a yip out of him."

"Quite understandable. Anxiety is inevitable. Well, I can assure you that the police will do all that is within their power. What is your brother's name?"

"Edmund Biffen Christopher. Sorry. Christopher, Edmund Biffen."

"Bee-fawn. An odd name. I do not think I have heard it before."

"He was called that after a godfather."

"I see."

"Fortunately everyone calls him Biff."

"I see. And what is his age?"

"Twenty-nine. Thirty in a week or so. Old enough to start behaving himself, wouldn't you say?"

"And his profession?"

"He used to be a reporter in New York until one day he suddenly decided to come to Paris. He's writing a novel, only he hasn't got far with it. He doesn't seem able to satisfy his artistic self. He keeps clutching his brow and muttering 'This damned thing needs dirtying up.' You know how it is when you're writing a novel these days. If it isn't the sort of stuff small boys scribble on fences, nobody will look at it."

"Shall we say profession: novelist?"

"If you don't mind stretching the facts a little."

"Could you give me some idea of his personal appearance?"

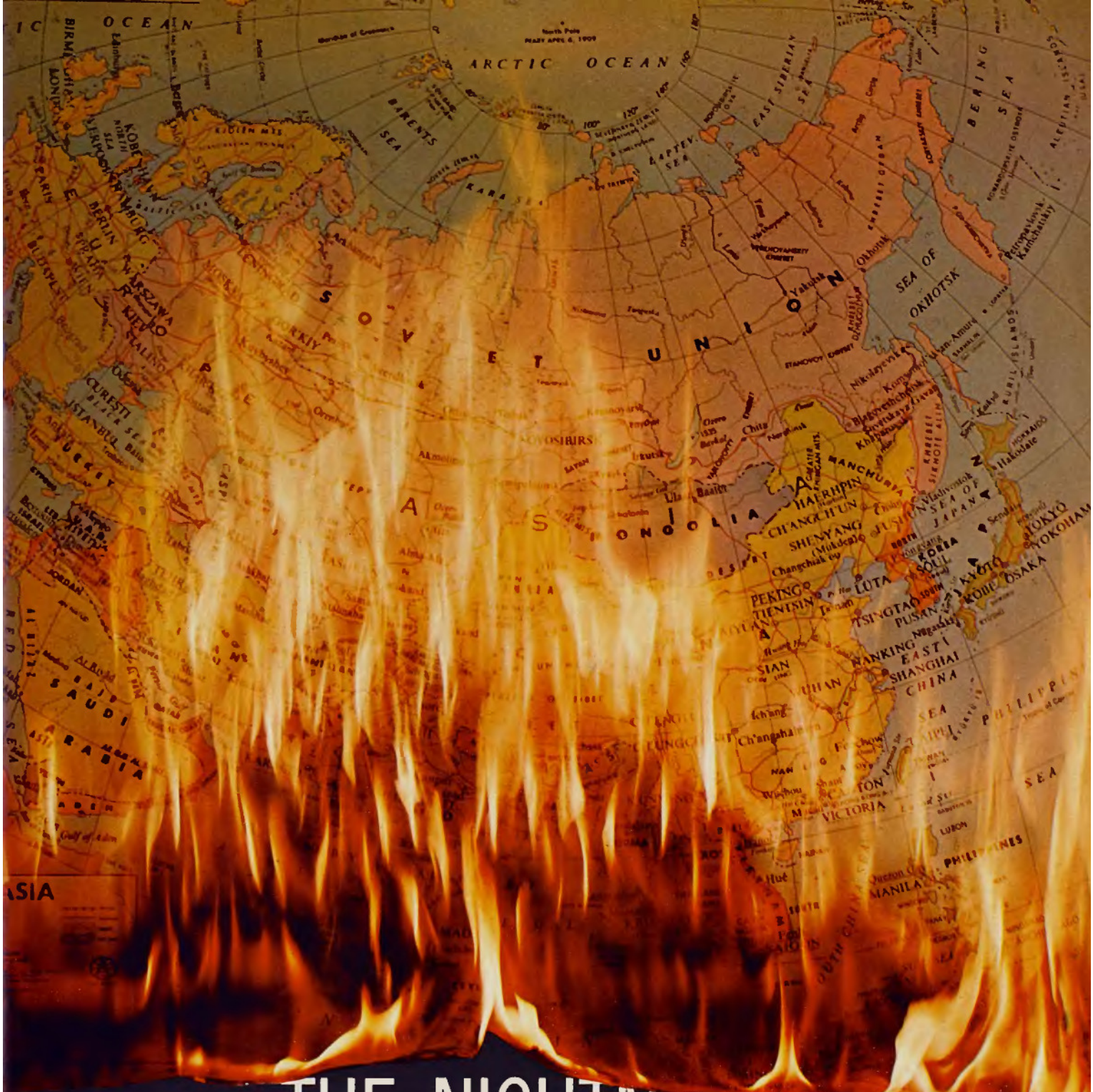
Kay laughed. She had a very musical laugh, the secretary thought.

"Oh, sure," she said. "That's easy. He looks like a dachshund."

"Pardon?"

"Well, he does. Sharp, pointed features. Animated manner, brown eyes,

(continued on page 151)



THE NIGHTMARE

fiction **By PAT FRANK**

for two years the enemy had been operating uranium mines in sinkiang; now, he learned, they were ready to strike

FOR THE THIRD CONSECUTIVE NIGHT Judy Quale was awakened by her husband's nightmare. He whimpered, twitched, and rattled bits of sentences in Chinese, or maybe Korean. Suddenly his left hand lashed out, striking her thigh, and she wriggled to safer territory. He switched to English and phrases tumbled over one another in senseless bursts. "Time factor critical . . . nucs in Shanghai . . . they'll never get enough stuff out of Sinkiang . . . crazy for us but not the way the Han thinks . . . only a trigger in the Gobi . . . if Melanie comes through . . . Melanie, Melanie, just one more time, Melanie . . . for them six is enough . . . adds up . . . Q. E. D."

His body arched as if straining against bonds. Frightened, she shook his shoulder and he began to come out of it, as he had on the two previous nights. He sat up, chest heaving, sweat shining on his forehead. He

blinked, took one deep breath, relaxed, and said, Must've had another nightmare."

"A beaut. You whacked me on the leg."

"I'm sorry, darling." He said, "It's almost five. I might as well get up."

"Don't be silly. You need your sleep. Four hours a night isn't enough and that's been your par for the past week."

"Have to be at the shop early to process the night's input and prevent any increment of my second-priority backlog. I'm briefing at Old State at ten."

"Cal, I wish you'd stop talking Government jargon and relearn English. You spoke good English once. Remember? I wish we were back in California and you were a person again. I wish you weren't a spook."

Calvin Quale, Ph.D., was Chief of the Special Branch, China Division, Central Intelligence Agency, a most sensitive and responsible post for which he was uniquely qualified. But in Washington, and elsewhere, all CIA employees, from directors to stenographers, are known as "spooks," if known at all. He inquired plaintively, "Can't a spook be a person?"

"I'm not sure. For weeks you haven't acted like a person, or anyway a husband, at all. You've treated me like a meal-cooking robot that also cleans house."

"I know you've had hell for a while, but it'll all be over soon, one way or another. Look. I'll serve you breakfast in bed. Orange juice, fried eggs and bacon, toast and coffee. How's that?"

"That's nice, but all I want is coffee."

When he brought coffee, she tasted it and, voice casual, said, "Tell me, dear, who is Melanie?"

His hand jumped and coffee lapped from cup's rim to saucer.

"Don't spill. Just let me have the truth. Such a pretty name, Melanie."

He was suddenly aware of her tenseness, anger, and real concern. It was always a question how much a man in his position could tell a wife. "In this case," Cal said, "Melanie is the code name of a project. And you have no right to know it." This was the truth, but not the whole truth.

"Tell me, Cal, isn't a nuc a bomb?"

"A nuc is any kind of nuclear weapon, A or H. It can be a bomb, a missile war head, mine, torpedo, depth charge, even a bazooka shell. Why?"

"What about those nucs in Shanghai?"

"Judy, you're impossible!"

He recalled the advice of a graying G2 colonel in Seoul: "If you are captured, tell 'em enough so you won't be tortured, because if the bastards torture you you're liable to spill everything no matter how strong you think you are. Never talk about future plans or operations, or anything that might cost a life. Tell 'em what they already know or can guess, and that's all."

"I guess I was dreaming about the first Chinese nuclear test," he said.

"I read that the Chinese were developing a bomb, but I hadn't heard about any test."

"They haven't announced it, and neither have we, but they did have one. Five months ago, in the middle of the Gobi Desert. An air burst. At first we thought the Russians were pulling a sneak test of an antiaircraft weapon at their missile site near the Aral Sea. Then we discovered it was Chinese. Satisfied?"

"Satisfied."

"Keep it within these four walls." He was glad she hadn't pressed him on Shanghai.

• • •

Under a shower was a good place to think. In a shower you could even talk to yourself safely. He thought about Melanie, which was not her name but the code word used by Special Branch for her operation. Her name was Mai Sin-ling, and her profession was known to only five living Americans. Her dossier was contained in two files, one in a vault under the new CIA headquarters in Virginia, the other in a similar vault in a shelter cavern hollowed out of a Colorado mountain. The Melanie file could be examined only by Calvin Quale or his deputy, Al Boggs, and in the presence of a security officer. Project Melanie was a state secret, and of course any leak would mean death for Mai Sin-ling. With one exception, she was the most valuable secret agent the United States possessed.

He had seen her once. She was not exactly beautiful, only arresting, with a body that moved like a leopard's. He had been 18 at the time, and she 25 or so. His father, then attached to the wartime embassy in Chungking, had pointed her out in the dining room of the diplomatic hostel and said, "See that girl? She's the most brilliant female in China — and that includes Madame. She'll be famous someday, if she isn't killed first. Daughter of a White Russian *émigré* and a Chinese war lord turned Communist back in 1929. Three years at Vassar, another at the Sorbonne, and a year in Moscow. Married to one of Chiang's ministers, but —"

"But what, Dad?" Cal had said.

"As you see, she isn't with him."

It was only then that Cal noticed she was dining with an American officer, for when you beheld Mai Sin-ling it was difficult to see anyone else.

Many years later Cal learned that it was during this period that Mai Sin-ling volunteered to become a sleeper agent. "China," the dossier quoted her as saying, "is going to have a convulsion, and after that a dreadful disease, and will be isolated from the West. It is necessary that China keep some friends in America, and that America have some friends in China." Until September 1950, nothing was heard from her. Then she communicated one single item of news — the Chinese Communists planned to enter the Korean War. She listed armies, corps and divisions, named the generals, described the equipment, and gave the date the first troops would be committed across the Yalu River. In Washington and Tokyo her information was regarded as incredible, and disregarded. Her information was never disregarded again. It was often startling and always accurate.

Until 18 months ago her reports had come in shipments of hog bristles, via Hong Kong, or jade via Bangkok, a slow procedure. Then Cal had arranged a radio relay from Peking to Formosa especially for Project Melanie. Mai Sin-ling paid a small net of subagents, and she had a trusted cutout, an exporter whose skill in accumulating dollars and pounds gave him special value to the regime. If the radio net was blown she would not be involved, unless a subordinate or the exporter talked, but the use of radio was always dangerous. It was also necessary. When a rocket can travel from continent to continent in 24 minutes, vital intelligence must travel at the speed of light.

He often wondered about her motives. Resentment of the system that had despoiled, exiled, and ruined her mother? Hatred of her opportunistic father? Love and respect for an American officer long dead? Money? No, not money. Perhaps she was an excitement-and-intrigue addict. He had known a few. Perhaps she craved power, either for herself or her present lover. Maybe she was simply a spirited, intelligent woman who had seen much of the world, good and bad, understood the difference, recognized the alternatives in her own land, and at heart was an idealist. This last theory was possible. His best agents rarely worked for money, power or thrills, but for ideals. The best spies were patriots. Cal never doubted her reliability, the excellence of her sources, or her absolute courage. Mai Sin-ling was now the mistress of a personage in the Peking regime, an official once the favorite and confidant of Mao, and still influential in the Central Committee.

• • •

It was almost seven when he left the four-room, second-floor flat in Georgetown. He drove his compact across the Arlington Memorial Bridge and then north on the highway to the stone-and-grass monolith which everyone called "the shop." When he reached his office he called the Communications Center and a Marine guard, pistol bouncing at his hip, brought a thin metal case, locked, with the night's priority dispatches for Special Branch, China.

The first decoded message was signed "Melanie," the answer to his urgent

(continued overleaf)

"I'm a very busy man, Miss Miller! Are you going to rush into an affair with me or aren't you?"

queries. He flipped through five pages of pink flimsy. Mai Sin-ling was taking a chance, entrusting so long a message to the monitored air. The Peking counter-espionage organization would certainly zero in on the CIA transmitter if this sort of thing continued. He began to read, and saw at once that she was justified. She had taken a desperate risk to meet a desperate situation. He read it through once, and then again more carefully, memorizing the key phrases exactly, for of course the letter itself could not leave the building. His analysis of Chinese intentions had been correct, and details of their operational plan were here spread out before him in astonishing and nightmarish minutiae. That he was right didn't make him feel less ill.

He wished he had not hoarded his suspicions while awaiting word from Mai Sin-ling, for time was running out. He should have been bold and unafraid of ridicule. Impulsively he reached for the phone and then withdrew his hand. His superiors would be in shortly and as a matter of course would see copies of the Melanie dispatch as soon as they arrived. To be certain of this, Cal called Communications, and to be doubly certain he typed a memo and hand-carried one copy to the director's suite, another to the deputy director's, and dropped the third with the duty officer. Cal remembered Pearl Harbor, and the fantastic communications foul-ups that had cost eight battleships sunk or crippled, half the aircraft in the Pacific theater, and lives by the thousands.

When he returned to the office, Miss Meade, his new secretary, one year out of Bennington, was at her desk. "Traffic's frightful today," she said. "Do you want China in your map case?"

"They have maps in Old State," Cal said. He told himself that Miss Meade was very young, and for some reason frightened of him and he shouldn't be so brusque with her. One day he would explain that for months he had been under great strain, concentrating on the solution of an elusive and terrifying problem 8000 miles away.

"Oh! The Interdepartmental Committee called. They've changed rooms on you. You're to brief in General Caudle's office instead of Mr. Thompson's. Does that mean anything?"

"Means I'd better not be late and if the traffic's bad I'd better get going. Goodbye, Miss Meade. Maybe I'll be back this afternoon, maybe not." It meant more. Usually, he gave his situation summary on China in the office of Hal Thompson, who was special assistant for Asian affairs. General Caudle was the President's personal military advisor, so the subject of his presentation, "China's Nuclear Capability," had aroused interest in higher circles. In five minutes he nosed his car into traffic crawling like a thick lethargic snake, without visible head or tail, toward Washington.

Whenever there was time, Cal stopped for a moment to contemplate Old State, a blowsy, sooty dowager of mixed architectural ancestry, part fake French baroque and part genuine Victorian ugly, chaperoning the graceful and elegant White House just across narrow West Executive Avenue. He had special reasons. Once Old State had been State, War and Navy. After World War I it was given over to the State Department alone. State moved to far-larger quarters and Old State now housed agencies of the executive office of the President. In this building Cal's father and grandfather had begun their diplomatic careers. Neither had achieved ambassadorial rank, for both had bogged down in China. It required a lifetime to learn China, and men who learned were too scarce to be rotated elsewhere. Cal had been born in the embassy compound in Peking, and he was traveling the same path.

He entered Old State. The high ceilings, cool corridors and white, shuttered outer doors of the comfortable office suites gave him a warm, familiar feeling, like returning to a family homestead, and whenever he briefed his seniors here, its atmosphere laid upon his shoulders a mantle of confidence. He went directly to the third-floor conference room of General Caudle. He was early by four minutes, and yet seven of the ten chairs around the table's ellipse were already filled, which was most unusual.

Caudle, a tightly knit, trim-waisted man smoking a thin cigar in a dark-briar holder, lounged at one end. He wore a checked Madras sports jacket. He didn't look his 60-odd years and he didn't look like the commander of an armored corps that had split the Nazi armies in France and driven on to the Rhine. He looked as relaxed and unmilitary as a baseball fan in his box at the stadium, watching infield practice before a game. "Morning, Dr. Quale," the general said. "Hear you've got something hot. Your boss just called. He's on the way over. Are these maps OK?"

There were two big maps on the board, one of China, the other the world. The word gets around, Cal thought. He said, "I'll need some markers."

"We've got them in all colors, in that little box under the board." Two more men entered, the general looked at his watch and said, "We might as well begin."

No amenities, no introductions. Never any time for courtesies, not in these days. Nor were they necessary, Cal thought. He had met only three or four of the men around the table, but they all knew his job and background, and he knew theirs. This was not precisely the top level of Government, but it was the next rung under, and the most impressive group he had ever faced. The Undersecretary of State was present, and the Deputy Secretary of Defense, along with the Secretaries of Air Force and Army, the Chief of Naval Operations, a member of the Atomic Energy Commission, Thompson, the Far East expert, and Senator Clive, a thoughtful member of the Foreign Relations Committee who could be trusted with secrets.

He stepped to the map wall and said, "I was originally going to talk on China's nuclear capability. I'm adding to the topic. I'm including China's war plan. It is called the One-Two-Three Plan. It can be in effect at any moment. I believe it is now under way."

He wanted their undivided attention at once. Looking down on the oval of unsmiling faces and widened eyes, he saw he had it. "This war will be triggered by nucs, so I have to go into their nuclear capability first. For two years the Chinese have been operating uranium mines in Sinkiang Province." He touched the spot with his finger. "Just here. Low-grade ore. They've found better deposits in Tibet, but they haven't been able to move machinery into Tibet or get the stuff out, so they've been using the Sinkiang ore entirely. It goes by truck to the railhead at Urumchi — here — and then to Lanchow. In the Yellow River Gorge near Lanchow they have built the biggest hydroelectric plant in Asia. To refine uranium, convert it to plutonium, and construct bombs you must have ample water and almost unlimited power supply, and here they have both. That's how we sniffed out the plants in the first place. Four months ago they conducted their first — and last — test explosion. In the Gobi, here."

Senator Clive stirred. "How do we know this?"

"We were lucky. One of our people just happened to see it. Until we got his report we and the AEC believed the Russians had sneaked one off high in the atmosphere near the Aral Sea. Identical upper-air wind stream, you see."

"Right," said the AEC Commissioner.

"Why did it take so long to get this report?" the Senator asked.

Cal smiled. "Our man was traveling by camel at the time, and even after he reached his destination his communications weren't of the best." The agent was a Kazak, hardy and brave, member of a nomad people who wander the Asian wastelands, crossing borders at will. In addition to being a Kazak he was a naturalized American, a graduate of a Los Angeles high school and, like Cal, a veteran of the Korean War. After Korea it became apparent that Kazak-Americans could be extraordinarily useful, if they could be found. Giant machines in the Pentagon, culling millions of personnel records, had found a few. Indeed the

(continued on page 175)

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN THE REALISTIC NEEDS imposed, curiously enough, by such strange bedfellows as austerity and affluence have played fundamental roles in the emergence of leathers and suedes as important design factors in today's fashions for men. The ubiquitous, hard-wearing leather elbow patch first appeared as an economic measure to prolong the lives of the threadbare sports jackets that many undergraduates had to make do with during the equally threadbare Thirties. Of functional origin, too, is the currently distinctive suede or leather shoulder patch, a clever and decorative bit of upholstery that once protected many a gentleman hunter's delicate deltoids from painful pummeling at the hands of his Purdey shotgun or his Weatherby magnum rifle. Today's sartorial arrow also flies through the air onto the hat, sports coat and sweater with the greatest of elegant ease. It's on target, as well, because leather and suede score bull's-eyes as both color accents and practical, wear-resistant trims on a man-sized variety of handsome knits, woven woolens and corduroy, as shown on these pages.

THE HIDE OF FASHION

rich and rugged leather trim for the well-tanned look

The fashion arrow hits the mark: a jaunty houndstooth wool hat, sueded leather band, stitched brim, by Mr. Casual, $8.50. For whooping it up, mohair-wool cardigan with sueded leather lapels, braid trim throughout, by Alps, $25.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE

On the left, the brave's new world of good taste finds him outfitted in a camel-colored brushed mohair-and-wool high-crew-neck cardigan. Down under the suede-trimmed, zippered top pocket are matching New Zealand suede elbow patches, by Himaloya, $25. Casting a fond look upon a becurved and bewampumed Indian maid, our center brave covers his beating heart with a striking black alpaca five-button cardigan sweater emblazoned with braided red and black leather front panels, by Gino Paoli, $100. Nonchalantly trying to corral Pocahontas, the cowboy on the right catches her eye in his taupe-colored, tapered cotton corduroy shirt with sueded leather elbow patches and buttondown collar, by McGregor, $8. His natural-color wool whipcord trousers with extension waistband, brown-leather-piped side and back pockets, by Rudd, $31.50, complete the picture.

Annie Oakley's six-shooter tokes amicable aim and scores a direct hit on the nose of the discerning gentleman on the left who wears a blue-and-tan checked wool three-button jacket with tan sueded leather elbow patches, flap pockets and deep center vent, by Stanley Blacker, $60. The smiling guy in the middle is nattily and naturally at ease in his tan Spanish cotton suede short jacket decoratively trimmed with brown leather patch pockets, and featuring leather-piped brown knit collar, inverted back pleat, button side vents, quilted rayon lining and wooden buttons, by Cortefiel, $35. The amused chap on the right is confident that he too will be held up for Annie's approval in his four-button-front, brown wool herringbone jacket with brown suede shoulder yoke, belt and elbow patches, flap patch pockets and elegantly warm alpaca pile lining, by Robert Lewis, $40.

1964 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS

(continued from page 63)

Negro ever employed in the dancing chorus for a major television series was hired in September for the Jackie Gleason show on CBS. She was 24-year-old Mercedes Ellington, granddaughter of the Duke.

In another small but symbolic breakthrough, the first Negro marching band in a quarter of a century participated in the climactic Mardi-gras parade in New Orleans. Individual Negro jazzmen had marched in the past, but in 1963 the Eureka Brass Band *collectively* cracked the color line. Throughout the year, jazz musicians — along with other performers such as Dick Gregory, Sammy Davis Jr., and Frank Sinatra — helped raise money for civil rights groups. Twice during the year, the ample lawn of Jackie Robinson's Stamford, Connecticut, home was the site of particularly prestigious jazz sessions for civil rights which included Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck, Cannonball Adderley, Gerry Mulligan, Quincy Jones, and many more. In Los Angeles, the NAACP used Sunday jam sessions in the spring to help recruit members. Civil rights concerts were held in San Francisco and Los Angeles, among other cities; and in August, jazz musicians were heavily involved in a concert at Harlem's Apollo Theater to support the March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom.

Some members of the jazz community became directly involved in breaking down barriers. In April, during the height of the demonstrations in Birmingham, Al Hibbler flew to that city and helped lead a demonstration. In Chicago, Dizzy Gillespie, in alliance with the Human Rights Commission, showed one barbershop the way to equality in public accommodations. For his efforts, Dizzy received an apology — and a haircut. The same John Birks Gillespie appeared during the summer on ABC-TV's *Youth Wants to Know*, and as a further sign of the jazz times, the student panel asked him about civil rights as well as jazz.

Earlier in the year, Dizzy, beguiled by Mexico, had planned to become an expatriate and to open a school of jazz in that country. By year's end, he had changed his mind. "Not now," he explained, "not after Birmingham. We're on the march now, and before we're through, we might change the color of the White House."

There was even a minor ground swell in 1963 for the candidacy of Mr. Gillespie himself. Dizzy Gillespie sweat shirts and *Dizzy Gillespie for President* buttons began to appear, and *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist Ralph J. Gleason led the vanguard of the campaign. Mr. Gleason, who could become press secretary in a Gillespie administration, reluctantly conceded during the year that he wasn't sure how many votes Dizzy could muster; but he added accurately that such a campaign would be wittily illuminating, since Mr. Gillespie is expert at poking serious fun at the world.

Musically as well as politically, 1963 was a spirited year for Gillespie. Now almost universally acknowledged as the most prodigiously resourceful trumpeter in jazz, Dizzy also headed one of the best small units of his career, aided considerably by the renascence of his principal colleague, tenor saxophonist and flutist James Moody.

This was also a brilliantly satisfying 12 months for Woody Herman, who accelerated the formidable pace he had started with his new big band in 1962. By the fall of 1963, the young, charging Herman herd was already booked through September of 1964 and even had 12 weeks set for 1965. Herman, however, had no illusions that his own big-band success indicated a trend. Said the pragmatic Mr. Herman to *The New York Times*: "This is not something that's happening with the band business. It's just happening with us. This band has a pulse and vibration that are so strong that I see people walk in to hear us in a perfectly normal state and in thirty minutes they're out of their heads." Herman has also emphasized that he has no patience with the "ghost" bands (the wraiths of the Dorsey and Glenn Miller orchestras). "We're not selling nostalgia," Herman informed Ralph Gleason. "We're selling excitement. We're alive now and I don't want to live in the past."

Stan Kenton, never one to live in the past, also fielded a young band in 1963, and the reaction to his music on the road indicated that Kenton still had a charismatic appeal for many listeners. However debatable Kenton's "innovations" had been to critics and musicians, the man himself remained a persistent proselytizing force for jazz as he envisioned it. There has always been a cult of personality in jazz, and Kenton continued to be one of the most irrepressible exemplars of that cult. As for the other titan of big-band jazz, Count Basie rolled through the year like a precision machine. Low on distinctive soloists, the Basie band nonetheless continued to project more concentrated power than any of its rivals.

One of the relatively new names which became more strikingly familiar to the American jazz public in 1963 was that of Martial Solal. The 36-year-old, Algerian-born, French pianist made his American debut in May at New York's Hickory House to a remarkably widespread accompaniment of newspaper and magazine publicity. Solal lived up to his laudatory notices at the Newport Festival and in an RCA-Victor album. The Frenchman was one of the most technically proficient and inventive pianists in all of jazz.

One of the unmistakable high points of the Newport Jazz Festival in July was the series of demonstrations of the art of jazz tap dancing. It is a skill which has become increasingly rare, but it is still capable of an improvisatory freshness and subtlety comparable rhythmically with the best of jazz instrumental playing. Among the dancing educators were Honi Coles, Pete Nugent, Charlie Atkins, Chuck Green, Charles Cook and Ernest Brown. The nonpareil Baby Laurence distilled the pleasures and surprises of jazz tap dancing in an evening performance with Duke Ellington's orchestra.

Jazz festivals were fewer in 1963 than the year before. The three major events began with Newport in July. Financially, the Newport tourney was a success, attracting more than 30,000; but significantly, 11,000 more people attended the three-day Newport Folk Festival held at the end of the month. George Wein, who promoted both, then decided to include an afternoon folk concert in another of his projects, August's Ohio Valley Jazz Festival in Cincinnati. The stratagem didn't work that afternoon, partly because of bad weather, but Wein was correct in his basic assumption that in terms of box office, folk music in 1963 was, on the whole, more economically viable than jazz. The second annual Ohio Valley Jazz Festival did well enough (attendance: a little over 20,000) to insure its continuance this year. The final key festival — Monterey, California, in September, broke several attendance records with a total audience for all concerts of 29,600.

The reaction to the three festivals from musicians and critics was mixed. All three were orderly and were professionally staged. Attempts were made to provide somewhat unconventional juxtapositions of performers (as in the case of Pee Wee Russell joining Thelonious Monk at Newport). Yet there was a sizable feeling that at none of the three festivals had the programing been sufficiently venturesome.

Aside from the narrowing jazz-festival circuit, there were many more complaints than hosannas about work opportunities in night clubs during the past year. The established units had no economic problems. Some, in fact — the Modern Jazz Quartet, Dave Brubeck and Erroll Garner — either abandoned the clubs entirely or returned only to a select number very infrequently. Others who remained largely in clubs — Dizzy

(continued on page 120)

fiction By JACK RAPHAEL GUSS

Where does it say in Freud that a Shrink has to be Polite?

"you're making me feel better every minute and the better I feel the closer you are to recovery," the doctor said

BOOTH ADAMS, who looked nothing like Harry Belafonte but thought he bore a striking resemblance to Whizzer White, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, crept into the room stealthily with a black scowl on his face. He wore a dazzlingly white T shirt that had been washed in the institution laundry with Fab, and his bare purplish forearms radiated strength and oftentimes joy. Wound around his neck was a long colored scarf, the kind worn by students at All Souls College on a foggy day. The scarf hung down below the drawstring on his gray sweat pants.

"Good afternoon," Booth Adams said to the man who was shaving in front of an oval basin with a shaver equipped with floating heads. The accent was Oxfordian which Booth had cultivated carefully, but to this he had added his own sensual drawl, which he considered faintly Jamaican. The man who was shaving did not answer him. "Good afternoon," Booth Adams repeated. The man still did not reply. "Didn't you hear me?" Adams said.

The man who was now trying to snip off a long hair on the rim of his ear finally said, "I heard you." His name was Dr. Alonzo Shreck.

"You could be polite enough to answer," Adams said.

"Where does it say in Freud that a psychiatrist has to be polite?" Shreck, other than this statement, made no gesture acknowledging Adams' presence.

"At least you can stop shaving when I come in. You can make believe you're in the presence of a human being — even if it kills you."

"Let's not forget who we are," said Shreck irritably. "Remember you're a charity case here."

"I know why I'm here. And I know why I'm a charity case. Even if I'm a charity case you can be polite."

Shreck turned off the motor. "Don't you realize where we are, Adams? This institution is in the Deep South. Half the patients here are bigots and the other half are trying to be. Can't you understand my position? You're a Negro. You ought to know what's going on. If the South can't depend on Negroes to know what's going on, who the hell can they depend on?" He said all this in wearied patience.

"You still could have said hello." *(continued on page 100)*

On the town for a day, white-gloved Nancy Jo and sister Doris gambol in the park before a candlelight shrimp feast at Savannah's Pirate's House restaurant. Besides seafood, Nancy Jo also enjoys Italian food and is justly proud of her striking resemblance to Sophia Loren.

Georgia Peach

a belle with a southern accent is our february playmate

FROM THE HEART of the old Confederacy we recently received a pair of candid snapshots and a few hopeful words, enticing enough for us to send a staffer to Savannah to meet Nancy Jo Hooper, the walnut-haired 20-year-old who was to become this February's Playmate. Hazel-eyed Nancy Jo has lived all her life with her parents and younger sister in the same Georgia town, so small that she asked us not to name it, because if six visitors arrived at once they'd cause a traffic jam. Now a telephone-company employee, this Southern bell ringer previously clerked in a drugstore, there heard PLAYBOY purchasers tell her she was Playmate material herself. Discarding daydreams of discovery, she took the initiative by sending us snapshots of herself, because, as she explained in a caramel drawl, "It occurred to me that no one from PLAYBOY would ever find me here on his own." Nancy Jo's flight to Chicago for test shots marked her first airplane trip, and her first visit to any city besides Savannah. Soft-mannered, soft-spoken and shy ("I really enjoy walking alone in the park"), well-read Nancy Jo offers the sort of attractions that could once more set armies marching through Georgia. She so enjoyed her Chicago trip that this erstwhile country lass announced she'd someday like to settle here, perhaps when she finds the man in her life, who will be "understanding and sophisticated — but possibly with a small-town background." For a striking sample of rural electrification, see gatefold.

British cannon, used in the American Revolution and captured from Cornwallis at Yarktown, gets a military inspection from Nancy Jo and Doris. At right our shipshape Playmate tolls all hands on deck with an ancient mariner's bell which hangs in The Pirate's House restouront.


MISS FEBRUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

A compulsive telephoner, Nancy Jo finds it difficult passing a phone booth without making a call. "Perhaps becouse I'm rather shy, I feel I moke o better impression over the telephone," she explains. Maybe so, but she's olso quite impressive in the flesh.

Nancy Jo rests ofter a stroll down Sovannah Beach, where she is wont to toke long, barefoot wolks in the sond. Though not o devoted sportswoman, Miss February says her recreotional preferences are all oquotic: swimming, boating, water skiing, fishing.

PLAYMATE PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PLAYBOY STUDIO, OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS BY POMPEO POSAR

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *acute alcoholic* as an attractive drunk.

Then there was the young man who saved for years to buy his mother a house, only to find that the police department wouldn't let her run it.

A new shop opened in the heart of the little town, with no sign of any sort on its awning, door or window, the nearest thing to identification being the large clock in the window. A gentleman whose watch had stopped happened to be passing by, and he went inside and asked if they would repair it.

"I'm sorry," said the clerk, "but this is not a watch-repair shop. This is a branch of the hospital in the next block. All we do here is perform hemorrhoid operations."

The man begged the clerk's pardon and started to leave, then turned with a puzzled frown. "Then what's the significance of the clock in the window?" he asked.

"Well," said the clerk, "what else *could* we put in the window?!"

Sometimes when two's company, three's the result.

The shy young man, wed three months, met his doctor on the street and very unhappily reported that — due to similar shyness on his bride's part — theirs was still a marriage in name only. "Your mistake," the doctor advised after hearing the gloomy details of repeated ineptitudes, "is in waiting until bedtime to make advances. The thought of the approaching moment creates tensions and impairs any chance of success. What you must do is take advantage of the very next time you both are in the mood." The young man thanked the doctor and hurried home to tell his bride of the heartening advice he'd received.

A week later, the doctor happened to meet the man again, and noticed that he was now smilingly self-possessed. "My advice worked, I take it?" he inquired.

The young man grinned. "Perfectly. The other night, we were having supper, and as I reached for the salt — so did she! Our hands touched . . . It was as if an electric current ran through us. I leaped to my feet, swept the dishes from the table, threw her down upon it, and there and then consummated our marriage!"

"That's wonderful. I'm pleased to hear things worked out so well," said the doctor, about to go on his way. The young man laid a hand upon his arm.

"There's just one hitch, though, doctor," he said, uncomfortably.

"What's that?" asked the medical man, puzzled by the other's sudden uneasiness.

"Well —" said the young man, "we can never go back to The Four Seasons again . . ."

The pretty young thing came slamming into her apartment after a blind date and announced to her roommate, "Boy, what a character! I had to slap his face three times this evening!"

The roommate inquired eagerly, "What did he do?!"

"Nothing," muttered the girl. "I slapped him to see if he was awake!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *stoic* as de boid what brings de babies.

His last will and testament completed, the old man in the oxygen tent fondly told his son that all his wealth, stocks, bonds, bank account and real estate would be his after the end finally came.

"Dad, Dad," whispered the weeping son, his voice emotion-choked, "I can't tell you how grateful I am . . . how unworthy I am . . . Is there . . . is there anything I can do for *you*? Anything at all?"

"Well, Son," came the feeble reply, "I'd appreciate it very much if you took your foot off the oxygen hose."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a post card 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.*

"There, now — do you see why we ask the public not to touch the paintings?"

Where does it say in Freud *(continued from page 91)*

"Do you want me to lose face? If I lose face, how can I help anybody? You want me to help you, don't you?"

"I don't need help," Booth Adams said.

"If you don't need help, why did half the student body at the university try to destroy your manhood?" Dr. Shreck began to wind his shaving cord.

"Because they were jealous of it."

"You keep saying that," Shreck said. "I have no proof. How can you expect me to treat you as a psychotic when I have no proof? I'm a scientist, not a witch doctor. You want voodoo, go back to your people."

"I don't know why I stay here and take your insults. I could cut out. Think your fence could hold me?"

"So why don't you go?"

"Don't provoke me, buddy."

"You want me to tell you why you don't go?"

"I'm warning you, Shreck!"

"You've got it in your mind to rape somebody. That's it, isn't it?"

Booth Adams laughed. "So why don't you put me in solitary?"

"What do you think this is — a lousy penitentiary?"

"But you know it's going to happen. I'm going to commit a crime."

"A lunatic doesn't commit a crime," Shreck said, emptying the bristles from the shaver into the basin. "How can a man who doesn't know the difference between right and wrong commit a crime? A crime is a criminal act. Once you've been committed you cannot commit, don't you understand that?" He leaned against the oval washbasin. "The crime rate in this institution is absolute zero. I could get a commendation from J. Edgar Hoover. Of all major crimes committed in this country not one can be traced to this institution. I run a clean place." Shreck leveled a finger at Adams who shrank back a little. "And if you think I'm going to let some idiot deface this record because he thinks he's normal, you're out of your mind."

Adams sniggered. "You want me to tell you why you won't confine me?" he said. "Because you think you know who it's going to be."

Dr. Shreck turned on the tap and began to wash the black bristles down the drain. "I know who it's going to be," he said confidently. "Goddamnit, I'm a psychiatrist. I know every twist and turn of your diseased mind."

"But you're not sure, are you?" Adams taunted.

"Granted. We live in a world of uncertainty. But mine is a calculated guess."

"But you're still guessing, aren't you, Shreck?" Adams said, wiping the moisture from his palms on his scarf.

"When I guess, I do it with the help of the scientific method."

"Would you like to know who it is, Shreck?" Booth Adams baited.

Shreck shrugged his shoulders. "I'm as curious as the next man," he said, trying to conceal his interest.

Adams planted his feet apart in the center of the room and with both fists on his T shirt gathered up two imaginary lapels in the manner of a parliamentary debater. "Who *am* I going to rape, Doctor? The folk singer? The actress? One of the nurses? Your wife?"

Shreck's eyes lit up. "You mean you are seriously considering Selma?"

"I didn't say, Shreck."

"You know, my boy, Selma would not be a bad choice. She's still a very attractive woman, and she has absolutely no prejudices in bed. Now mind you, I'm not suggesting that you choose my wife, but if it has to be anyone, she'd be the last person in the world to consider it an atrocity. Now, if you're serious, I could easily arrange to be away at a conference . . ."

"A minute ago you told me you knew who it was. Now you're talking like you're not sure."

"Don't play games with me, Adams," Shreck said angrily. "I know who it is, but you won't worm it out of me."

Adams chuckled brutishly. He even bared his white even teeth. He often did this on purpose. He felt that it gave Dr. Shreck a feeling of security. "What the hell, Shreck," he said. "I know who it is. If you tell me who you think it is, I'll tell you if you're right."

Shreck glanced at him suspiciously. "You think I trust you? As soon as I told you, you'd double-cross me. You'd go ahead and rape somebody else."

"Now would I go and do a thing like that?"

"You're damned right you would. You'd do anything to discredit me."

"How much you got riding on it?" Booth Adams asked casually.

Shreck stiffened. "What are you talking about?" he said guardedly.

"Listen, I know that you and the staff organized a pool."

Shreck was outraged. "Omar told you that, didn't he? I never did trust a male nurse. He thought that by telling you that, you'd change victims. He'll do anything to win."

"How much did you bet?" Adams pursued.

Shreck put on his surgeon's smock. He turned the pockets inside out and began combing through them with his fingers for lint. "It's a small wager," he said matter-of-factly. "I did it just to keep it interesting." He glanced up at Adams. "So what's the harm? My God, you were going to do it anyway, weren't you? So we had a small gentlemanly pool. Who gets hurt?"

"I just hate to be used like that," Adams said righteously.

Shreck drew himself up. He shook his smock under Booth Adams' nose. "No one accuses Alonzo J. Shreck of exploiting his patients!"

Adams lowered his woolly head. "I'm always being used," he said morosely.

Dr. Shreck lay down on the couch and covered himself with the smock. He closed his eyes. waited awhile and then snapped, "Tell me why half the student body at Ole Swanee tried to castrate you?"

Adams sat down at Shreck's desk. He began paring his nails with a letter opener. "Because they thought I didn't want to marry their sisters," he said calmly.

"No," said Shreck.

"Because I hated watermelon."

"Wrong."

"Because I got an A in differential calculus." Shreck shook his head. "Give me a hint," said Adams.

"Because they believe in capital punishment," said Shreck.

"But I believe in capital punishment, too," Adams said.

"But I believe in capital punishment, for whites, and they believe in capital punishment for the advancement of colored peoples," Shreck said, caressing the long silken hairs on his chest.

"But it's a small difference," Adams objected. "We could have discussed it. I was willing to join their bull sessions and debate the issue like a college man. I was willing to be persuaded. I was ready to see their point of view. I had an open mind on the subject." He buried his face on the desk blotter.

"How can you debate castration?" Shreck said kindly. "In the whole history of controversy have you ever read of a debate on the issue? Did Bruno debate castration? Did Socrates? How about Galileo? They only wanted to debate the heliocentric theory of the universe by not looking through his telescope." Shreck shifted his position on the couch.

"I can debate anything," Adams roared. "I can even defend the white man's position."

"That's easy," Shreck retorted. "Can you defend the Negro's position?"

"I never tried."

"Why haven't you tried? Everyone else has."

Adams arose from the desk and began walking around the room. "The Negro needs no defense. He is God's experiment. He is the litmus paper of the human race. He is God's ink blot on the *tabula rasa*. He is the only evidence of God's imperfection. The Negro is the white man's thumb suck. It gives him security against the sovereign tyranny of the father figure."

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THE MONEYGRABBERS

a world-wide quintet of gentlemen who tapped the till yet eluded the law

article **By MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM**

TIRING OF THINGS, I began collecting people. Mirror-image scoundrels, for example — men who seemed to have had almost identical criminal careers in different centuries, like Gaston B. Means in the 20th and Sam Felker in the 19th. From them it was only a small hop to my present specialty — the successful, i.e., uncaught criminals.

The trouble with the really successful crook is that we don't hear about him. He remains uncaught, untried, his tale untold. For all his vibrant ego, no successful criminal is likely to rush into print with a candid autobiography. Even Hollywood cannot make it worth his while. "Crime," says the Motion Picture Production Code, "shall never be presented in such a way as to throw sympathy with the crime as against the law and justice, or to inspire others with a desire for imitation."

As a result, Sinatra and his Rover Boys in *Ocean's 11* complete their great Las Vegas caper, get the gambling-house money safely and then have to see it burn on the garbage heap outside town. The Code, of course. And poor Alec Guinness after working out the marvelously detailed plot that brings him and the rest of the Lavender Hill Mob ten million in gold bars in London is allowed to get away with it only briefly until a square type comes to the tropical paradise to bring him back to some damp English gaol. That funny Code, again.

We enjoy such films, psychologists say, because we secretly identify with the clever criminal. Even the most righteous of us get an inner joy, an atavistic pleasure when the criminal outwits the law without employing violence. Here is our secret inner vengeance for the unmerited traffic tickets, the officiousness of court attendants, the momentary panic when Internal Revenue Service letters come out of season. In one measure or another we are all lawbreakers and there is a universal secret bond of sympathy for the criminals who dare outrageously. Let the moralists proclaim "Crime Doesn't Pay." Some of us know better. And if we didn't, the professional criminologists would tell us.

"Most of us," I was told by Donald E. J. Macnamara, Dean of the New York Institute of Criminology, "would concede that crime *does* pay." Virgil W. Peterson, Operating Director of our oldest anticrime group, the Chicago Crime Commission, is even blunter: "There exists a substantial army of professional criminals who ply their trade with regularity and get away with it. . . . It may be reassuring to repeat that crime does not pay, but there is simple evidence to show that it pays far too well for far too many people."

This isn't a new idea, only recently accepted by our more sophisticated age. Back

in 1877, penologist Richard Dugdale was warning that crime "does pay the experts who commit crimes which are difficult to detect or who can buy themselves off."

For my collection, I did not want any known racketeers, any Tony Accardos, whose immunity to arrest is not the result of ingenuity but simply stems from a sordid alliance between politics and crime. Nor did I want the routine burglar whose seeming immunity is only statistical. Most police chiefs operate on the assumption that when they've nabbed a professional burglar he's previously pulled about 16 successful jobs. Thus, the more hauls, the more certain apprehension becomes. Customs investigators believe that when they pick up a professional smuggler he's previously pulled off five or six undetected jobs.

The men I searched for, through my years of free-lance writing on almost every subject for almost every top magazine, were those who operated outside the tight little society of the underworld, beyond the leveling of statistical norms; and men who worked without the aid of any weapons except their finely honed wits. In short, true originals.

The five specimens I've chosen had lower- or middle-class origins and not one had the equivalent of a formal college education. (Does college inhibit true criminal originality?) They include a master smuggler, a blackmailer, a pair of counterfeiters, and an embezzler. In the lot are an Irish-American who operated in New York and now lives in Florida; a Yugoslav who worked in Milan and now lives in Vienna; a naturalized American born in England who worked all over; an Argentine who lives in Switzerland, and a Londoner who never left England. Their net gains range from a modest total of $94,000 to $2,000,000 a year, which is the current net take of the Argentine.

• • •

The first item for my collection came from an old police friend, John A. Lyons, who had once been an inspector in New York City's police department. At the time he gave me the lead on this extraordinary criminal, Lyons was New York State's Commissioner of Correction.

"He was," Lyons said, "a consummate rogue and a real nervy son of a bitch." Lyons described him as having a small lithe figure, sharp black eyes, a well-tended mustache and the large nose of a whoremaster. "He reminded me," Lyons said, "of the busy little man with black silk socks you used to see on those French post cards."

I refrain from mentioning his true name for quixotic reasons. There are no legal restraints on libeling the dead, but after he retired as the most successful American blackmailer of the century, my man worked out a life of small good works and neighborliness in the community in which he settled in 1939. It is an upper-middle-class suburb not too far from where I live on the north shore of Long Island.

I shall call him Smith, because his real name was a simple Anglo-Saxon one, too. Smith attended a lesser British public school and served in World War I. He stayed on in France to commence his incredible career as a blackmailer in 1921. Until he retired in 1939 he grossed more than $2,000,000, which comes to about $71,000 a year. Operating expenses were heavy, but he managed to live in the grand style in Palm Beach, Cannes, Paris, London and Biarritz. During those 18 affluent years he was never arrested, put inside a jail or even subjected to the minor indignity of getting his name on a police blotter. The police knew who he was, what he was up to and how he worked, but they could never put a finger on him. He bribed no police, kept no shysters on retainer, was no contributor to political campaigns. He was easily one of the most frustrating experiences ever endured by law enforcement agencies.

His greatest coup took place in 1930. It never reached the papers, the courts or the district attorney. The New York police knew just enough about the details to force them to sit by helplessly while a prominent New York banker and patron of the arts was mulcted of $250,000 by Smith.

Like all of Smith's jobs, this one was painstakingly researched, prepared and rehearsed. Smith employed only a single accomplice, a new one for each venture. Invariably, she was a pretty 16-year-old orphan with a valid birth certificate. Smith made modest annual contributions to several asylums. He would then invest an even larger sum in the intensive one-year finishing-school education. At the same time she would get an extensive wardrobe and skillful make-up so that she would look older — say 21 or 22. He had seduced the girl, of course. Long before the orphan's education was completed, Smith had a complete dossier on his victim-to-be — the extent of his wealth, his previous involvements with women, a good insight into his character and a detailed knowledge of his vacation plans. Smith favored shipboard romances. They progressed faster.

In this case, the banker became friendly with the young woman aboard an ocean liner. By the time the pair returned to New York at the end of the summer, she was the older man's mistress. In September, the girl tearfully told him her fiancé had learned of the affair and threatened to break off their engagement. The sophisticated banker immediately suspected a frame. His lawyer talked to the girl and investigated her background. Smith had created her new identity with great care, and the lawyer could find nothing incriminating. The girl suggested that $50,000 would bring her fiancé around to taking a broader view. The girl got her $50,000. Then a month later came the demand for another $100,000.

The victim and his lawyer went to the police who quickly learned that Smith was involved. Smith, always a step ahead, played his best card.

One morning, the maid in the girl's apartment and the desk clerk in her hotel visited the banker at his office. They told him they had signed affidavits to the effect that the affair had begun, so far as they knew, on a certain date that year. The date, according to a copy of the girl's birth certificate which the banker had received that morning, made it clear to him that his casual liaison was now, in the eyes of the law, quite a different matter. The girl had been under 18 when the affair began which meant, according to New York law, that he had committed a felony — a second-degree rape. As he visualized the headlines if the case came to trial, he knew he was beaten. He called his lawyer, asked him to pay whatever the blackmailers wanted and asked the police to forget the case. Eventually he paid $250,000. The girl got $20,000 from Smith. "Enough for a dowry," he used to say.

When he retired in 1939, Smith bought a comfortable house in a suburb, did considerable riding, cultivated roses and was a generous contributor to community causes. He lived with a housekeeper and a "niece." I could not find out if the niece had been one of the girls he had used in any of his blackmailing schemes. He died a few years ago and the obituary in the local weekly was unintentionally funny: it described Smith as a man who had operated several private schools abroad. In a sense, he had, of course.

• • •

My next specimen is José Beraha Zdravko — you couldn't invent such a name. He is now 56. He is worth about $2,000,000, lives in a grand apartment in Vienna and is the controlling partner of the leading earth-moving-equipment importers of Austria. He is a good husband, a loving father and bitterly resents the appellation of "criminal." Indeed, he is called that only in the British Commonwealth.

Beraha's crime was an enormous one: he went into competition with the British government by putting out a finer gold sovereign.

In 1946, Beraha was a smalltime Milanese trader, exporting milling machines and aluminumware to South

(continued overleaf)

"Ever get the feeling . . .

. . . that someone's staring at you?"

America. Behind him lay several escapes from the Nazis who had overrun his native Yugoslavia.

Currencies fluctuated wildly on the black markets, the only ones that mattered then. Setting out to master the intricacies of foreign exchange, Beraha came upon a curious fact: valued even more than the hard American dollar was a supposedly obsolete gold coin—the British gold sovereign. Inflation-ridden middle classes in Italy and elsewhere wanted gold coins and most of them wanted the British gold sovereign above all. This coin, a little smaller than a U. S. quarter, was last officially issued by the British in 1917 when it was worth a pound, $4.86, and contained about a fourth of an ounce of gold. So that even at the official world market price of $35 an ounce, the gold sovereign was really worth $8.75. But unofficially it was selling for anywhere between $14 and $28 in local currencies.

When England went off the gold standard in 1931 it became illegal to use the sovereign in Great Britain. The coin was no longer legal tender. To Beraha's mind that meant anyone could issue it.

He organized the business quickly. Gold itself was no problem. Italy put no hindrance on the import of gold or its internal sale. Beraha had master dies of the George V sovereign made by a Milanese for $100. He leased a one-story building on the Via Andrea Doria for his mint and hired a young engineer to run it.

The British mint got 136½ sovereigns out of every kilo of gold (2.2 lbs.) but Beraha decided to do *worse*. "No, I wanted mine to be a better product and distinctively different in one way: my coins would have more gold in them."

Even after putting a pinch more gold into each of his sovereigns, Beraha was able to make a profit of $700 on every kilo, a little more than $5 on each coin. Selling them was no problem. Inflation-ridden Europe, India, North Africa and Arabia were crying for gold sovereigns.

Beraha set up a system of agents to distribute the coins. To get them into lands which barred the import of gold, he worked out a friendly arrangement with several diplomatic couriers.

Early in 1951 Beraha decided to retire. He wasn't greedy: he had earned about $2,000,000 and he was attracting much competition. But worse, the premium on gold sovereigns was going down steadily. And the British were becoming too interested in his little mint.

He moved his family to Lugano in Switzerland in the spring of 1951. Five months later, the British caught up with him. It came in the form of a request for extradition by the accommodating Italians who had raided Beraha's mint. The charge: counterfeiting.

Under the Swiss penal code, Beraha could not be bailed out while he was held for "investigation." He spent seven months inside. "The Swiss," says Beraha admiringly, "are very correct and quite unbribable. I almost didn't even think of trying."

The case came up before the Swiss Federal Tribunal in the summer of 1952. A unanimous decision was handed down by the five judges. In effect they said:

"The only question before us is whether or not the British sovereign is still legal tender. . . . From all the evidence we have been shown, it is obvious that the gold sovereign is not legal tender in England."

Accordingly, the court ruled that Beraha be released. "An insult to the prestige of the sovereign," stormed the *Financial Times* of London. "Now anyone is free to manufacture sovereigns and circulate them anywhere!"

But Beraha had long tired of the game. He made his pile and turned the mint over to his associates in Milan. The Berahas moved to Vienna in 1953 and have lived there ever since. He has invested wisely in several most respectable businesses and lives a life of ease. Only to the British is he still a dangerous counterfeiter who ruined the prestige of the gold sovereign.

• • •

The crime of John Burns, as we'll call him, was a dismally ordinary one: embezzlement. And the fact that Mr. Burns was not prosecuted even after he was found out is also a commonplace. Insurance companies estimate that about a billion dollars a year is stolen by trusted employees who have access to company money. Professor Jerome Hall of Indiana University believes that 98 percent of all *detected* U. S. embezzlement cases are handled without public prosecution. The victimized companies are primarily interested in getting back as much of the stolen money as possible rather than jailing the crook.

I added Burns to my collection because he was not a particularly trusted employee and officially had nothing to do with his employer's money. For most of his adult life, Burns worked for a large department store. Yet I must be coy here, because the store's conduct afterward was hard by the ominous legal shadowland known as "compounding a felony."

Burns stole $181,000. He was never tried, arrested or even mentioned in the newspapers. He did it by making himself a silent partner of the big store. There were then about 3500 employees and some 6000 stockholders, but our Burns was the only *partner*, an enviable relationship for an obscure maintenance man making $62 a week.

He had a small cubicle where he kept maintenance supplies for his floor in the store. One day, while repairing a hole in the ceiling of his little room, he found that the hole made it possible for him to reach a pneumatic tube. He knew this tube led from several sales departments to a central change office. Salesclerks would put the payment plus the sales slip in a pneumatic cartridge, put it into the tube and wait for the change to be returned with the slip.

Burns got the same idea some of you just did as I tell this. Locking the door of the supply room, he built a little stovepipe extension onto the pneumatic tube so that the cartridges would pop out with a whoosh right on the little table in the supply room. Then he made some rubber stamps to match those used in the central change office. For an hour every day he would lock himself in the room and intercept the cartridges. If the sales slip indicated that an $18 dress had been purchased and a $20 bill was enclosed, he would simply take $2 out of his change tray, stamp the sales slip and put it back in the pneumatic tube for return to the salesclerk.

The shortstopping went on undetected for seven fat years, during which Burns bought himself a $65,000 home, a good-sized power cruiser, a fine car and invested successfully in the long bull market. The big store's auditors knew there was a great cash leak somewhere in the system, but their tightest investigation couldn't disclose the thief. (Dozens of other thieving employees were uncovered, but not the one they wanted. In the retail field alone, internal thefts are equal to half the total profits.)

Then Burns decided to take his family on a long-planned visit to the Ould Sod. While he was away, a janitor from another floor wandered into the Burns supply room looking for a bottle of window cleaner. He saw the added tube and the change desk and called the store's security department.

When the silent partner returned from Ireland he was confronted. He admitted nothing. His home, cruiser, investments? Just lucky track winnings plus an Irish Sweepstakes windfall—on which, he pointed out, he had carefully paid his income tax. The store's surety company persuaded him to make a deal. They knew it would be a particularly tough case to prosecute, since he was never caught in the act of shortstopping. He paid back some $71,000 and was allowed to keep his house and the $32,000 which he was able to prove he made in the stock market. Part of the agreement was that there was to be no publicity. There wasn't.

(There are some righteous prosecutors who think that such deals are dangerously close to compounding a felony. They are convinced that this nonprosecution encourages embezzlers.)

(continued on page 171)

modern living

SOUNDS OF '64

the latest in hi-fi kits, components and consoles for small rooms to ball rooms

THIS YEAR, as we focus in on the high-fidelity panorama, we will be paying particular heed to stereo apparatus in its natural habitat — to the rigs in their digs. Budgetary considerations aside, the size and shape of a man's listening quarters are likely to be the prime factors in his choice of equipment. A pair of outsize, horn-loaded speaker systems is going to look absurd and sound cramped in the low-ceilinged confines of an efficiency apartment (though it'd be great for knocking a hole in an otherwise ironclad lease). And a miniaturized, all-in-one tape player will seem decidedly muted within a loftily baronial chamber. To cut a proper sonic swath, equipment should be in tune with its surround-

For studio apartments, clockwise from noon: Secretaire console with stereo tuner, three speaker systems, record changer, by Motorola, $904. Speaker system featuring radial dispersion, by Murray-Carson, $39.95. Caprice speaker system, by ADC, $49.50. "88" Stereo Compact tape recorder with preamplifiers, by Viking, $339.95. Transistorized AM and FM stereo receiver with 40-watt amplifier, preamplifier, by Heath, $195 (kit only). Stereo tape system features automatically rewinding cartridges, by Revere, $399. Turntable with automatic intermix, by Garrard, $54.50. Coffee Table Console, with stereo tuner, amplifier, speaker system, record changer, by Magnavox, $259.50. FM stereo receiver with 36-watt amplifier, preamplifier, by Eico, $209.95 (wired), $154.95 (kit). Speaker system, by Jensen, $29.75. Center, left to right: Stereo phono system includes amplifier, speakers, changer, by KLH, $259. FM stereo receiver with 70-watt amplifier, preamplifier, by Scott, $399.95.

ings. Fortunately, the manufacturers of high-fidelity gear have tailored their wares for a wide variety of space availabilities, and there's now a profusion of choice for just about every listening situation.

We'll begin with the man in smallish quarters. His range of selection these days is appetizingly wide. Time was when the small-apartment dweller had to settle for low fi unless he was willing to turn over most of his lebensraum to a multiplicity of electronic gear. Today the combination of low ceilings and minimal footage need cause no consternation. The makers of both component and console outfits have trained their sights on the problem of limited space, and a number of admirable solutions are at hand.

A packaged system may seem particularly appropriate for such locations. One of the best we've seen is purveyed by a firm whose main line of endeavor is actually in the component field: the KLH Research and Development Corporation, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Their Model 15 stereo system ($259) comprises three units — two small speaker enclosures (8″ high by 14″ wide) and a compact control center housing a Garrard AT-6 automatic turntable and a solid-state 15-watt amplifier. The latter is specifically mated to the speakers, in that it introduces electronic compensations to offset the natural limitations of small-cone transducers. KLH calls this technique "frequency contouring," and it works surprisingly well. This outfit is just the thing for compact bookshelf installation. Alternatively, if the decor can accommodate an extra furniture unit, we'd like to draw attention to two useful consoles that serve extramusical functions. Magnavox' "Coffee Table Console" ($259.50, in walnut finish) is a complete music system — including stereo FM-AM radio — that doubles as a coffee table. Its four speakers radiate sound from both sides of the cabinet, thus accentuating the enveloping effect of stereo reproduction. Motorola's Model DD40-T ($904, oiled walnut finish) comes from this company's Drexel Decorator series and does extra duty as a bookcase. Stereo FM-AM forms part of the basic package, and a 19″ TV receiver can be had as an optional extra.

Tape buffs in the market for an all-in-one playback-record unit should look into Revere's Stereo Tape Cartridge System ($399), now being sold coast to coast after a year of regional test marketing. The Revere plays palm-size tape cartridges at a speed of 1⅞ inches per second — roughly 45 minutes of music per cartridge. The operation is fully automatic, and since up to 20 cartridges can be stacked in the changer mechanism, 15 hours of attention-free entertainment are theoretically at your command. A modest assortment of recorded cartridges is available (drawn from the Columbia, Command and United Artists catalogs), and blank tape cartridges can also be purchased for home recording — either off the air or from mikes supplied with the equipment. Among integrated reel-to-reel outfits there's a *(text continued on page 110)*

For moderate-size quarters, clockwise from noon: Marquis 3-speaker system in oiled walnut with dual-level controls has frequency range that reaches as low as 40 cps and as high as 18,000 cps, by Electro-Voice, $196. All-transistor FM stereo tuner, has "hideaway" door to cover infrequently used controls, $299.95; matching transistor-integrated 70-watt stereo control amplifier employs computer-grade silicon output transformers, also features hideaway door, $369.95, both by Harman-Kardon. Trendsetter walnut-finish stereo secretary has 4-speed automatic record changer, scratch-guard tone arm, AM/FM stereo tuner with automatic signal when stereo broadcast is received, separate calibrated controls, separate switch for automatic frequency control, by Philco, $450. F-44 tape recorder plays and records 4-track stereo and mono, ½-track and full-track mono, at two speeds (7½ ips

and 3¾ ips); features separate erase, record and playback heads, by Ampex, $595. Dual automatic turntable comes with dynamically balanced tone arm that tracks and tips at less than ½ gram, by United Audio, $94.75. Olympus speaker system in oiled walnut features S-7 Linear Efficiency system, $645; shown above it, all-transistorized energizer has powerful 35 watts per channel, can be matched to fit any JBL speaker system, $216, both by James B. Lansing. Low-silhouette turntable in oiled walnut with universal tone arm and low dynamic mass pickup, by Weathers, $129.50. KN-4000 tape transport records and plays back at two speeds (7½ ips and 3¾ ips), has sound-on-sound feature that allows recording of original with prerecorded sound; positive braking prevents tape damage, $129.95; to be used with stereo record/playback preamplifier, in front of it, $79.95, both by Knight. Transistorized receiver featuring 100-watt amplifier, stereo tuner that automatically switches from mono to stereo when station broadcasts stereo, front-panel outlet for stereo headphones, by Bogen, $549.95. Stereo power amplifier (35 watts each channel), factory wired and tested, $129.95; matching stereo preamplifier, $109.95 (wired), both by Dynaco. Contemporary walnut console with 4-speed automatic record changer, dual-channel transistorized stereo amplifier, unique "record saver" that allows you to remove records from jackets without making damaging finger marks, AM and FM stereo tuner, by General Electric, $449.95. FM multiplex tuner, with 11 tubes plus rectifier, interchannel hush, stereo indicator light, flywheel tuning, by Sherwood, $165.

For baronial pads, clockwise from noon: 800 Series silicon solid-state tape recorder records and plays back on 4-track stereo, has 6-channel control center, 3-speed equalization, fully regulated dual positive and negative power supply, changeable head assemblies with matched plug-in equalization, by Crown, $1175. FM stereo tuner with illuminated tuning meter, front-panel recorder output jack, precision vernier tuning control, auto-sensor circuitry for fully automatic operation, mode control with FM mono, FM stereo and FM stereo automatic positions, by Scott, $279.95. Symphony No. 1 speaker system, in walnut finish, consisting of two 12-inch woofers, one midrange speaker and four dual-range tweeters in vertical array connected through crossover network; wide frequency response is 35 to 20,000 cps, by Bozak, $495. Carmel 2-way bass reflex speaker system in walnut finish has guaranteed frequency response of 30 to 22,000 cps, contains two new high-compliance bass speakers, sectoral horn driven by high-frequency driver and 800-cycle dividing network, by Altec Lansing, $324. "600" tape recorder operates vertically or horizontally, records and plays back 4-track stereo and mono; sound-on-sound triple head allows multiple sound-track recording; also features hysteresis-synchronous drive motor, pause control, by Sony, $450. Stereo power amplifier with full 35 watts per channel, $264; matching preamplifier, self-powered, $264, both by Marantz. Three-speed turntable in satin chrome with walnut base includes playback arm, by Empire, $185. Royale II all-transistor stereo amplifier/preamplifier, with keyboard controls, 35 watts per channel,

by Altec Lansing, $366. Power stereo amplifier (bottom) delivers 40 watts per channel with maximum harmonic distortion of 0.6 percent from 13 to 30,000 cps, $319.50; matching solid-state preamplifier offers phono and tape equalization, $319.50, both by Hadley Laboratories. Combined turntable and record changer plays records individually yet changes them automatically, has 4 speeds plus variable-pitch tuning, built-in electric strobe, by Thorens, $250. FM stereo tuner in walnut cabinet features remote-control transmitter; tuning can be accomplished manually on the tuner's panel or via wireless remote-control unit, by Fisher, $513.95. Professional tape recorder with accessory motors that allow mounting of two extra reels, giving you up to 10½" reel capacity for long continuous playback or recording; also plays and records simultaneously, by Bell, $495. Cornwall speaker system in oiled walnut has frequency range of 30 to 17,000 cps, by Klipsch, $408. Short-wave receiver with 5-band frequency coverage has main tuning, separate electrical band spread with logging scale controls, band selector, 4" PM speaker, loop-stick antenna for low frequency and broadcast band, by Hallicrafters, $99.95. Danish modern lowboy console with solid-state amplifier, "vari-gram" tone arm, professional record changer; also solid-state AM and FM stereo tuner, push-button function controls, by Admiral, $799.95. Sibelius oiled-walnut console features all-transistor solid-state amplifier, AM and FM stereo tuner, pivotal louvers at front ends of cabinet, custom record changer with 2-gram tone arm and "free-floating" cartridge, by Zenith, $800.

wide choice. We've pictured the new Viking 88 Stereo Compact ($339.95), a self-contained suitcase unit that boasts an abundance of handy features, including independent playback preamp circuits that allow you to monitor from tape while recording. Other compact reel-to-reel machines well worth consideration are the Sony Sterecorder 200 ($239.50), the Tandberg Model 74 ($474, with carrying case), and the Concord transistorized Model 880 ($399). It's worth noting, incidentally, that the catalog of recorded four-track tapes has now assumed impressive proportions.

Components also figure prominently in the space-saving picture. Here the focus of attention is the integrated FM stereo receiver, which combines tuner and control amplifier on one chassis. The Scott 340-B ($399.95) is a nifty-looking example of the genre, with its prepossessing array of control knobs and indicators; its innards — including silver-plated RF circuitry, an "Auto-Sensor" for automatic switching to stereo multiplex, and a 70-watt amplifier — are equally splendid in operation. Also shown in our photo is the Eico 2536 ($209.95 wired, $154.95 in kit form), a 36-watt FM stereo receiver which sports a handsomely handy rotary tuning dial; and an all-transistor FM-AM 40-watt stereo receiver by Heath (the AR-13, $195, in kit form only) for its build-it-yourself clientele. Other integrated receivers are purveyed by the Messrs. Fisher, Bell, and Altec Lansing.

To round out the compact component setup, a record player and a pair of smallish speakers are needed. For LP handling in the bare minimum of space you can't go wrong with Garrard's AT-6 ($54.50, plus base), an automatic turntable of British manufacture that has proved remarkably trouble-free since its introduction a couple of years ago. Both Pickering and Shure provide plug-in cartridges for the AT-6, and needless to say they're carefully engineered to track your microgrooves at the recommended 2-gram force. The choice of speakers poses a thornier problem, since each system has its own individual tonal characteristics, and there's no accounting for tastes. The only way to determine whether a speaker really suits *you* is to listen to it — preferably in your own quarters. The three compact units shown in our photo spread may not provide the precise answer to your needs, but they'll at least give an indication of the range of equipment available. Murray-Carson's "Cavity Generator Spherical Sound System" ($39.95) is a diminutive but resonantly full-sounding reproducer that propagates sound in all directions and can therefore be placed just about anywhere in the listening room. Jensen's X-11 ($29.75) is an ultra-thin loud-speaker system of the open-back doublet type, incorporating its own auxiliary volume control. ADC's "Caprice" ($49.50) is the smallest in this company's new 300 Series of speakers, a new line that utilizes so-called "infrasonic-resonance" techniques to attain optimum efficiency and damping. Though the Caprice takes up more space than the others, it's still smaller than most bookshelf speakers.

Before moving out of the diminutive digs, we had better add a word about headphones, since they're likely to be needed here in the wee hours of the morning. Actually, headphone listening is great fun strictly on its own terms, and you'll find that most new equipment incorporates front-panel phone jacks for ease of plugging in. Bearing in mind the criterion of compactness, we'd go for the Freeman SEP-100 Stereophones ($24.95), which pack a lot of performance into a small, lightweight set. If your carefully coifed female companion also wants to get into the headphone act, it is worth while to know that the SEP-100 can be worn under the chin as well as over the head.

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Let's move on now to larger lodgings. Space isn't exactly to burn here, but there's room for more diversified and heftier apparatus — and consequently for an over-all upgrading of performance.

The electronics, for example, no longer need be centralized on one chassis. Instead, we can begin to consider the more highly rated separate FM tuners and control amplifiers. Harman-Kardon has recently introduced an extremely attractive matched pair — the F-1000T tuner ($299.95), the A-1000T amplifier ($369.95) — and since they both embody solid-state circuitry throughout, this is an appropriate place for us to deal with the tube-versus-transistor question. To contend that one is Out and the other In would be foolishly premature. According to most experts, tubes and transistors each have their particular strengths and limitations, and we have yet to hear convincing arguments as to either's inherent superiority. Some manufacturers are still working exclusively with vacuum tubes, though most seem to be straddling the audio fence and producing both types of equipment. The general feeling in the industry would seem to be that good sound is good sound, no matter how it's derived.

To return to the Harman-Kardon pair, their relatively uncluttered appearance is deceptive. Each has a useful array of controls neatly hidden away behind a hinged flip-type panel. The tuner features a D'Arsonval signal-strength tuning meter and a circuit that automatically switches over to multiplex stereo; the amplifier boasts electrically self-defeating tone controls and a transformerless output of 35 watts per channel. Comparable control capabilities and performance ratings are provided by such tube equipment as Sherwood's Model S-3000 FM stereo tuner ($165), Dynaco's PAS-3/A preamp ($109.95) and Stereo 70/A power amplifier ($129.95), the latter two also available in kit form at lower cost. However, there are a multitude of other models just as deserving of inclusion on your stereo shopping list. The truth is that the electronic stages of the high fidelity chain pose blessedly few problems these days.

The same can be said of the current turntables, whether of the manual or automatic variety. In our display of delectables, we've featured the Weathers K-66 Integrated Playback System ($129.50) and the Dual 1009 Auto/Professional ($94.75) as particularly appropriate for the medium-size rig. The svelte proportions of the Weathers derive from a low-mass platter and a miniature motor of the type originally developed for timing devices — an intriguing departure from the "battleship" construction ordinarily favored for record-playing gear. The AR 2-Speed Turntable ($68) follows similar design lines and has the added advantage of a 45-rpm speed. United Audio's Dual 1009 comes from Germany and is the latest in a proliferating breed of automatic turntables — devices that combine the precision engineering of manual turntables with the convenience of automatic change. This one has a host of valuable features, including an arm that tracks effortlessly at ½ gram and a four-speed motor with adjustment for variable control of pitch through a six-percent range. Altogether a splendid piece of equipment to set beside the previously available Miracord and Garrard A automatic turntables. In choosing a cartridge for any of these playback systems, attention should be paid to a small but significant detail: vertical tracking angle. There is reason to believe that considerable amounts of distortion can be caused by a disparity between the angle used to cut stereo records and the angle of the stylus used to play them. A strong move is now afoot to standardize both angles at 15 degrees, and you might as well get on the band wagon at the outset, for example with the new Shure Series M44 15-degree Dynetic Cartridge ($44.50 with .7-mil stylus, $49.50 with .5-mil stylus).

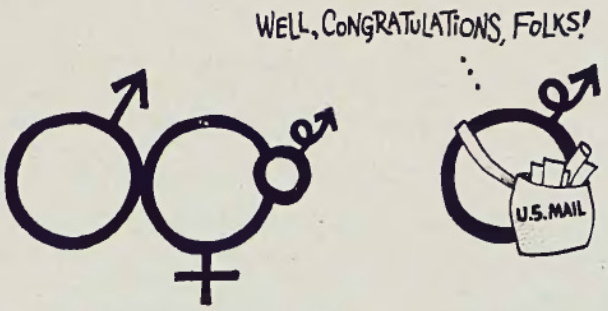
For tape playback and recording, we've given the nod to Ampex' sleekly styled F-44 ($595), a versatile and ruggedly constructed deck that stands midway between this company's former consumer models and its much-vaunted professional equipment. Like the latter, it employs a hysteresis-synchronous motor, utilizes three heads for erase-record-play, and allows for sound-on-sound transfer from Track A to Track B or vice versa.

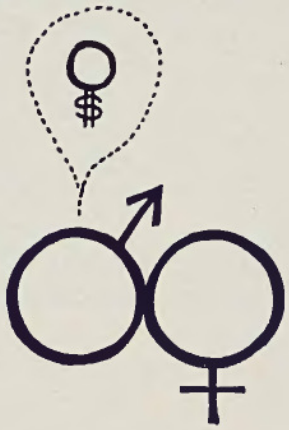
(concluded overleaf)

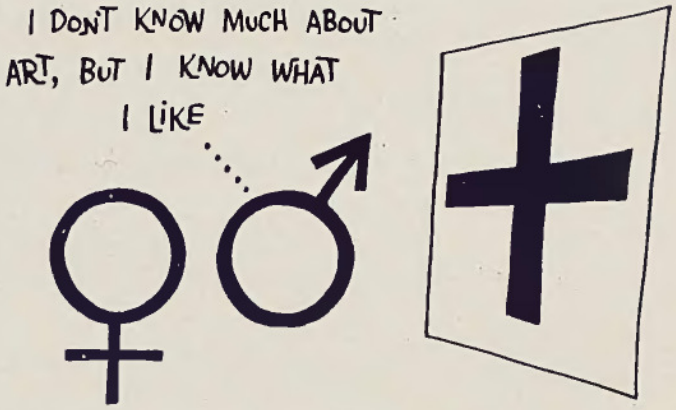
SYMBOLIC SEX

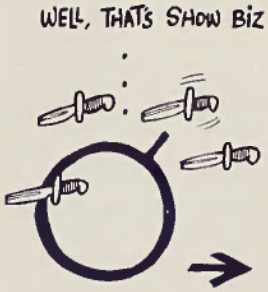
more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times

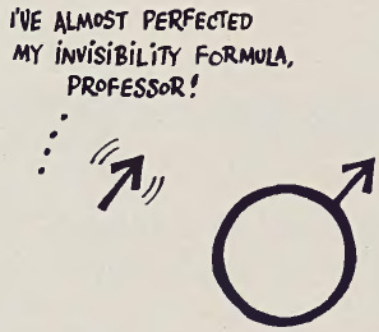
humor By DON ADDIS

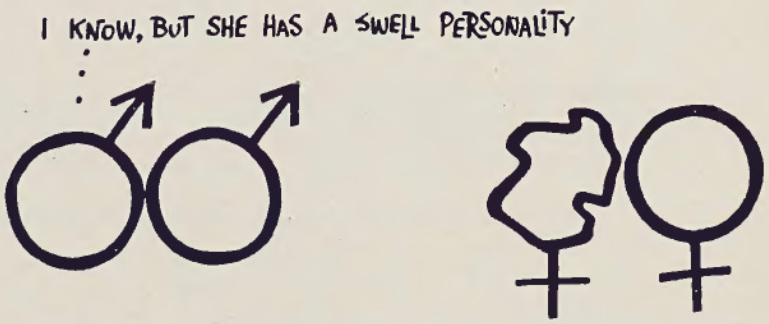


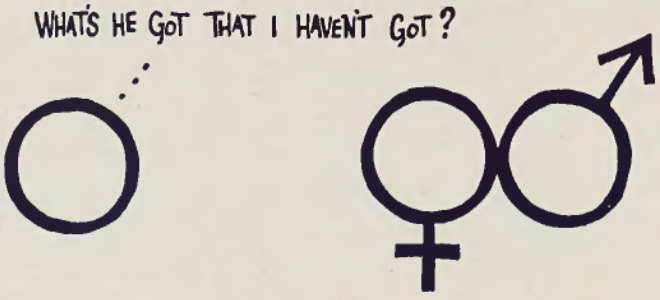


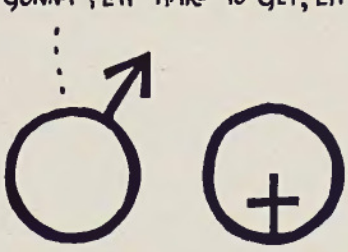












Also on display is the Knight KN-4000 tape transport ($129.95), which mates with the KN-4002 record/play preamp ($79.95) to provide a four-track deck of low cost and high performance. The Benjamin Truvox PD-100 ($399.50) and Ferrograph 424A ($595), both of British manufacture, also merit close attention.

So far we've kept a fairly wary eye on space, but in choosing speaker systems for the roomier residence our profligate instincts have gotten the upper hand. There's a distinct trend these days back to large enclosures, and we've taken advantage of that fact to show the Electro-Voice Marquis 300 ($196) and the JBL Olympus S-7 ($645). The Marquis is representative of a new breed of speaker systems — heftier than the popular bookshelf models but well shy of really monstrous dimensions. Other examples are the Fisher XP-10 ($249.50), the EMI 711-A ($249) and the Wharfedale W-90 ($259.50). JBL's Olympus hovers somewhere between the "middle range" and "monster" categories, and — like all this company's speaker systems — can be powered by the Model SE402 Energizer ($216), a solid-state amplifier specifically mated to the loud-speaker-enclosure combination. Lest we get too far out on our large-speaker kick, we had better emphasize that the acoustic-suspension bookshelf systems are far from passé. Indeed, the AR-3 ($225) and KLH Model Four ($231) remain the preferred monitoring speakers at recording sessions, and either one will adorn any listening room.

In the matter of adornment there's a good deal to be said, too, for several of the intermediate-size consoles. We were particularly taken with General Electric's "Contemporary" ($449.95) — a low-slung piece of cabinetry that will blend dazzlingly with contemporary Danish decor. Its innards include a stereo FM-AM tuner and a solid-state amplifier. If you belong to the music-while-you-work persuasion, take a look at Philco's "Secretary" ($450), which packages the full stereo regalia in a drop-leaf secretary.

• • •

Our grand finale is reserved for the man in a mansion. We're assuming that his listening room is a reasonable facsimile of Carnegie Hall and that he has the wherewithal to fill it with whatever he pleases. In short, spatial and financial inhibitions are herewith discarded.

Unless he happens to go for the Ampex Signature V ($30,000), a huge console which incorporates the new VR-1500 Closed Circuit Videotape Recorder for taping TV programs off the air, our baronial plutocrat will probably stick to component gear for the central *salon*, reserving consoles for ancillary use elsewhere. For example, he'd undoubtedly consider the Zenith "Sibelius" ($800) or Admiral "Kingshaven" ($799.95), shown on pages 108-109 ideal for den, bedroom, or other private sanctum. Both models feature stereo FM-AM transistorized amplification and turntable-quality changers — perfect for providing suave backdrops for serious nocturnal activity.

In amassing the constellation of components for our space-unlimited layout, we've stressed maximum flexibility and optimum performance. This is all *ne plus ultra* stuff. You don't really need it any more than you need a Bentley Continental. But given the requisite space and bank account, why settle for less? In the tape category, for example, we've shown the Crown 800 ($1175) — a strictly professional product that can be switched from 7½ to 1⅞ ips with no detectable change in quality. The transistorized control center makes use of gold-plated circuitry and employs plug-in epoxy panels for fully modularized efficiency. Alternatively, consideration might go to the Bell RT-360 tape recorder equipped with DK-1 accessory motors ($495). This outfit can be used to copy tapes — a particularly welcome function for the collector who likes to swap rare taped performances with other *aficionados*. Should portability be a determining factor, we'd vote for the Sony Sterecorder 600 ($450), a precision-made Japanese machine which also boasts the convenience of modular circuitry.

Our disc playback equipment is on the same top level. The Empire 498 ($185) has been engineered to withstand any reasonable number of jars or bumps during playback, thanks to an extremely effective vibration-absorbing suspension system, and its hysteresis-synchronous motor propels the turntable at the three standard speeds. For automatic play, we've chosen the Thorens TD-224 Masterpiece ($250), which introduces a new approach to changer design. Here the records are stacked to the left of the turntable and transferred back and forth individually by a moving arm, eliminating the problems caused by stacking discs on a revolving platter. Other Thorens features include an illuminated strobe, variable pitch control and built-in record-cleaning brush.

In the FM tuner category, we've pictured the Scott 310E ($279.95) and Fisher MF 320 ($513.95) — top-of-the-line units embodying outstanding sensitivity and channel-separation ratings. The Fisher comes with a wireless remote-control selector that effectuates automatic tuning action and volume-level setting from an easy chair by the mere flick of a wrist. Both models employ vacuum-tube circuitry. If you hanker after solid state, be advised that comparable performers based on transistor design will soon be available from these maufacturers — Scott's Model 4312 transistorized FM tuner at a $365 price tag, and Fisher's Model TF-300 at $379.50. For AM reception, FAA long-wave weather casts, and the international short-wave bands, we've chosen the skillfully styled Hallicrafters S-118 ($99.95). It ranges from 185 kilocycles to 31 megacycles and offers electrical band spread and slide-rule logging. The rear-panel audio output jack facilitates plugging into a high fidelity setup.

The tube-versus-transistor option is present again in the amplification stage. Altec's Royale II stereo preamp-amplifier ($366) is solid-state throughout. It develops 35 watts per channel and features a set of nine keyboard switches on the front panel for controlling channel reverse, scratch filter, and the like. At Marantz, tube circuitry is still in the ascendant — as evidenced by this company's Model 7 preamp ($264) and Model 8B power amplifier (also $264), the latter delivering 35 watts per channel in normal operation or 18 ultraclean watts in the optional triode operation. The designers at Hadley Laboratories in California believe they have secured the best of both worlds by offering solid-state engineering in the preamplifier and vacuum-tube engineering in the power amplifier. Hadley's Model 621 preamp ($319.50) has a rated frequency response of 5 to 100,000 cycles, while the Model 601 amplifier (also $319.50) puts out 40 watts per channel from 13 to 30,000 cycles with maximum harmonic distortion of .6 percent. We'd hate to have to pass a blindfold comparison test on any of the above equipment; it's all so diligently designed and crafted as to make differences virtually indistinguishable.

Bearing in mind the ample floor plan of a regal residence, we've put emphasis on performance rather than size in selecting speaker systems for illustration. The Bozak B-4000 ($495) is a three-way infinite baffle unit employing two 16-ohm woofers, one midranger, and a minor galaxy of broad-dispersion treble speakers. Altec's Carmel ($324) features a pair of this company's 414A bass speakers, a type much favored in cinematic installations, working in conjunction with an 804A high-frequency driver. The Klipsch Cornwall ($408) is a direct radiator with rear-loaded port and utilizes a magnificently solid-sounding 15-inch woofer. In the supersystem range, consideration should also be given to the Electro-Voice Patrician ($875), the JBL Metregon 201 ($1140) and the KLH Model Nine electrostatics ($1140 the pair). As mentioned earlier, however, choice of speaker systems is very much an individual matter.

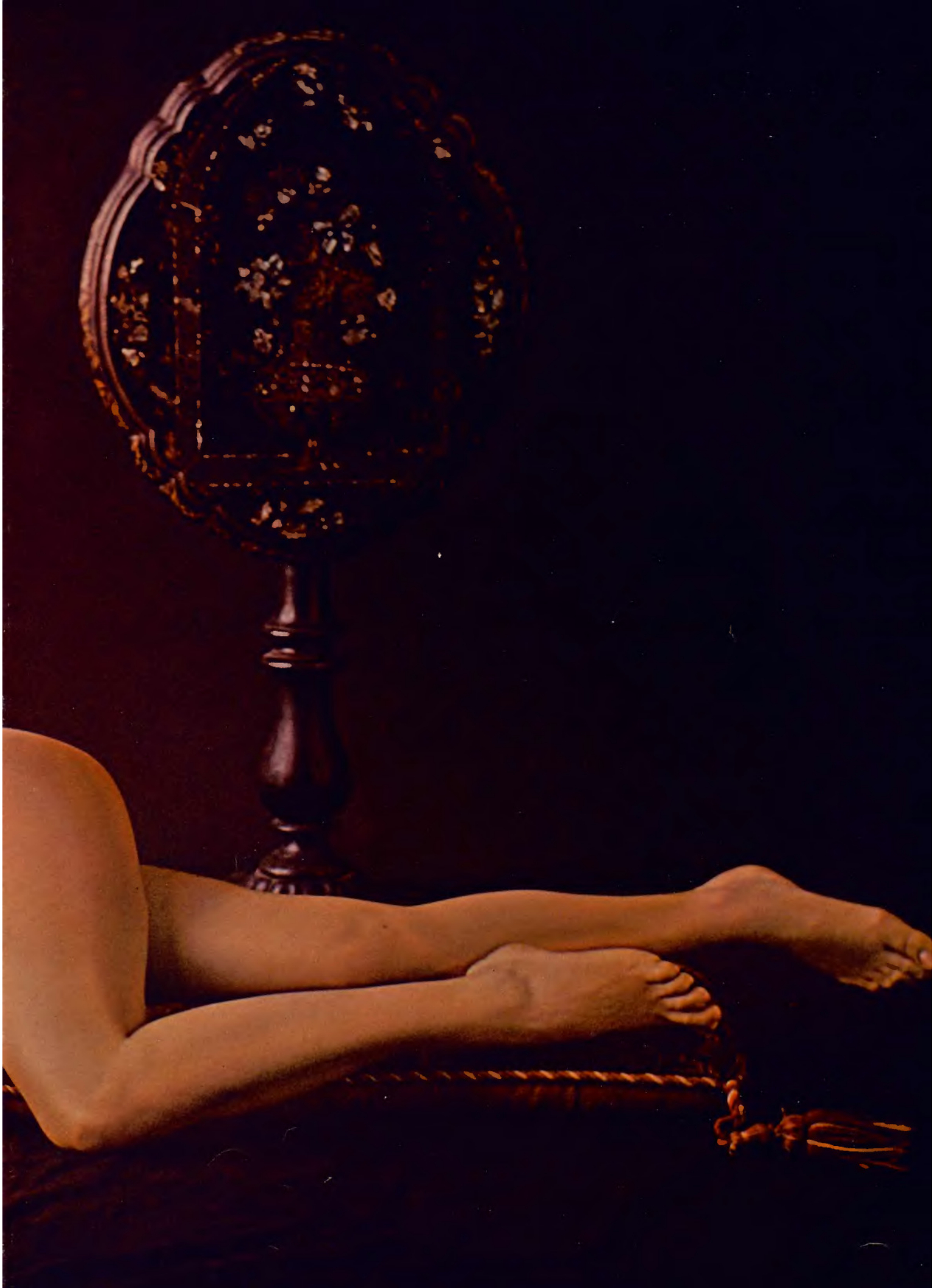
Blanket recommendations, as a matter of fact, are to be avoided in any portion of the high-fidelity picture. We've come to realize that it's as hazardous to predict hi-fi listening tastes as it is to predict the outcome of a blind date. But this is all part of the game — and the fun.

MAMIE

van doren unadorned in a special playboy pictorial

Mamie Van Doren is one of the many Hollywood stars who find the footlights a more satisfactory setting in which to sparkle. These photos of her before and during her new night-club act, plus four shots for which she posed exclusively for PLAYBOY, herald the onset of a renewed career for a girl whose life had seemed to be leveling off at an unsatisfactory plateau. Mamie Van Doren of the movies was a strikingly stunning lass who had been married to, and divorced from, band leader Ray Anthony while her career slogged along through such inauspicious roles as a waitress in *All-American*, a harem girl in *Yankee Pasha* and that nadir of prominence: a part in one of the many *Francis* films, where all acting plays second fiddle to the antics of a talking mule. Despite this lethal limbo in which she existed, Mamie was outstanding enough to be noticed and known by name to the moviegoing public, though — typical of the fate of many a bosomy blonde starlet — she was inevitably compared with Jayne Mansfield or Marilyn Monroe, then dismissed from film producers' minds as just another good-looking chick. In an industry constantly seeking new faces, her already established looks had become a liability.

In her lushly furnished dressing room, a lusciously unfurnished Mamie takes her eye-filling ease. A well-known baseball fan, Miss Van Doren bats a thousand in our league.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK BEZ

Mamie was far from satisfied with a renown based strictly on physical assets. She decided to make herself vulnerable and perform in a medium where retakes are impossible: night clubs. In front of a live audience, she knew, only talent counts; a beautiful body and lovely face are secondary considerations. As these photos illustrate, Miss Van Doren does not quite believe in entirely hiding her attributes, though. Her act, neatly blending philharmonics with physiognomy, is easily the best of all possible whirls Mamie could take at live show business. Of the rehearsals, she says, "There were songs to learn, dance steps to learn, costumes to be designed . . . !" Nevertheless, she did accomplish all, and soon sang and danced her way through songs like *Let's Do It, I Cain't Say No* and a rousing rendition of *Making Whoopee* for her finale. Mamie admits to "a strong Swedish descent," has platinum-blonde hair and dark-brown eyes, and her well-distributed 110 pounds stand at five feet, four inches. "The more a girl displays her physical charms," says Mamie, "the less trouble it is to keep a husband." In these photos, Miss Van Doren seems to be singularly untroubled by anything at all.

1964 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS

(continued from page 90)

Gillespie, Miles Davis, Cannonball Adderley, Gerry Mulligan, Horace Silver, Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, Art Blakey and a few more of the renowned — were able to work about as often as they liked. With the Playboy Clubs a bright exception, it became more difficult for jazzmen on the way up to find night-club employment. For some even well-known jazzmen, layoffs became more frequent than engagements.

One apparent reason for this decline in club work was the preference of many *aficionados* for spending their money on records and listening to the growing number of jazz radio programs rather than searching out live jazz. Club owners complained, furthermore, that there were not enough sure-fire draws among jazz combos to sustain the clubs through less prosperous weeks when they might have taken a chance on less popular combos. Nor, a number of owners added, could they afford the rising prices of even some of those better known combos who attract appreciable audiences. Accordingly, there were clubs that operated fewer nights or that changed from an all-jazz policy. A few closed. Among those that expired during the year was Nick's, a Dixieland bastion in Greenwich Village for more than 27 years.

With little chance for work in regular jazz rooms, the avant-garde players, particularly in New York, turned to coffeehouses for intermittent employment and also arranged concerts in lofts. A similar development took shape in Hollywood with the growth of "after-hours theater jazz" — early-morning concerts directed and promoted by musicians.

The college concert wheel remained open largely to only the more popular groups. There were, however, small initial indications that there might be some room for jazz concerts in the cultural centers proliferating around the country. New York's Lincoln Center, which may influence the programing of other cultural enclaves, set aside three evenings of jazz in August. Veterans Ben Webster and Budd Johnson shared the first; modern main streamers Benny Golson and Oliver Nelson were heard in the second; and the final event was devoted to the experimental jazz of George Russell and Jimmy Giuffre. Earlier in the year, Gunther Schuller devoted the last of six enthusiastically received concerts of *20th Century Innovations* at New York's Carnegie Recital Hall to a program of *Recent Developments in Jazz*.

During the summer, incidentally, Schuller was associate head of the composition department at Tanglewood in the Berkshires, and he was responsible for the first jazz concert to be held at the Tanglewood Festival. As more of the younger classical musicians with backgrounds and continuing interest in jazz achieved power in the classical world, it was also likely that places would be found for jazz musicians at summer classical music festivals and even among the faculties in the major music schools.

Among the more ambitious intercollegiate jazz festivals during the year were those held at Villanova in February and at the University of Notre Dame in March. At the latter school, the Bob Pozar trio from the University of Michigan defeated 11 other combos to win the award as the outstanding small unit at the festival. The same trio was also judged "The Finest Jazz Group" at the event. And when Pozar's first album was released this year on Mercury (*Bold Conceptions*), its critical acclaim throughout the country attested to the quality of the talent which is emerging from this heightened jazz activity in the colleges. (Paul Winter, who now records for Columbia and who was an exceptionally effective musical ambassador for the State Department in Latin America in 1962, had won the Georgetown Intercollegiate Jazz Festival in 1961.)

As jazz became increasingly accepted in schools, its relationship to the church also grew closer. At a convention of the Illinois Synod Lutheran Church in America, Reverend Ralph W. Lowe of Buffalo predicted that a significant percentage of future church music in America could be based on jazz. "We are guilty," he said, "of trying to keep God only in certain particular forms." Interestingly, at the Second Vatican (Ecumenical) Council, an initial consensus among Church Fathers was that contemporary and folk art forms could legitimately be integrated into Roman Catholic ceremonial so long as they were not irreverent, undignified or mediocre. Father Norman O'Connor, director of radio-TV communications for the Paulist Fathers in New York, added that he saw nothing irreligious in commissioning a jazz composer to write a jazz Mass.

During the year, jazz functioned in the church at, among other places, the Yale Divinity School chapel (*A Musical Offering to God* by composer–divinity student Thomas W. Vaughn) and at the Advent Lutheran Church in New York whose pastor, John Gensel, included jazz night clubs as part of his ministry. In Buffalo, the Reverend Paul Smith, once the drummer with the Three Sounds, explained his use of jazz in the church as an aid in helping him communicate with youngsters. As a whole, however, the middle-class Negro church was reluctant to utilize jazz in its services. Said Reverend Smith, whose congregation was integrated, "The Negro church thinks jazz is something bad. They don't know God is just as much represented in jazz as in the classics."

Back on the secular trail, there were no striking break-throughs in the use of jazz on network television. A few jazzmen made individual guest appearances on variety shows, but there was still no prime-time series concerned entirely with jazz. *Jazz Scene U.S.A.*, however, a half-hour series of taped shows with Oscar Brown, Jr., as master of ceremonies, did achieve some sales success in individual markets through syndication and was also sold to a wide range of foreign outlets — from France to Nigeria to New Zealand. By year's end, *Jazz Scene U.S.A.*, with the approval of the State Department, was being offered for sale in Russia, Hungary, Poland and Yugoslavia, thereby becoming the first jazz television series to have been made available within the Soviet hegemony.

Another 30-minute jazz television series, *Jazz Casual*, continued to set new standards for spontaneity and freedom from television gimmickery. The noncommercial project, produced and hosted by critic Ralph Gleason, started a second round of programs in the fall and was carried by the full National Educational Television Network of some 75 stations in the United States and Puerto Rico. Typical guests were Gerry Mulligan, Earl Hines and Jimmy Rushing. Gleason, in full control of each show, allowed musical autonomy to the guest of the week. Indications were that Gleason would be doing at least eight jazz programs a year for the National Educational Television Network for some time to come.

Slowly, during the year, jazz composers were being considered for stage and film productions which were not concerned with jazz subjects. John Lewis wrote the incidental music for William Inge's *Natural Affection*, which had a short run on Broadway during the 1962–63 season. Mal Waldron was responsible for the score — featuring Dizzy Gillespie — of the film version of *The Cool World*. (As an improvising off-screen voice, Gillespie proved to be a major asset to the Academy Award–winning animated short subject, *The Hole*, produced by John and Faith Hubley.) Erroll Garner created the music for another movie, *A New Kind of Love*; and toward the end of the year, it was announced that Miles Davis and Gil Evans had collaborated on the score of a new play, *The Time of the Barracudas*, starring Laurence Harvey.

Overseas, jazz continued to expand. In August, Max Frankel reported from Moscow in *The New York Times*: "Jazz — good, bad and atrocious — is everywhere now in the Soviet capital and has

(continued on page 177)

LADY LUCK and the LYRICIST

humor By JACK SHARKEY

a collection of tongue-in-cheek clef-hangers on courting the musical muse

WHILE I USUALLY WRITE for the general public, today I would like to address myself, instead, to that small group of starry-eyed young hopefuls who are would-be songwriters, and explain to them why they should throw away their metronomes and go home (if that's where they work, they should leave home): Talent has nothing to do with writing successful music.

To write a song is easy. To write a hit song, however, is next to impossible — unless you are properly inspired to think of exactly the right lyrics. This can only be done through dumb luck.

I know you won't believe this on my say-so alone, so I will have to reveal the basis for my thesis: the true story of how America's best-loved songs came to be composed in the first place. And once you realize the odds against your ever becoming similarly inspired, you will destroy your piano, shoot your music teacher, tear up your rhyming dictionary and take up a new vocation with more of a future, such as selling spats.

• • •

One day, when Cole Porter was wandering aimlessly through the Upstate New York farmlands, he came upon a roadside enclosure in which were housed what seemed to be young female deer; however, they were all fluffy with heavy woolen coats. Bemused, he walked up the path to the farmhouse nearby and inquired of the owner what sort of animals they might be.

"Oh, they're deer, all right, Mr. Porter," the man explained, leading Cole down into the enclosure for a closer inspection. "Through selective breeding, I've been able to bring out the wool-bearing propensities of the animals."

"Are there only does?" asked Porter. "I don't see any bucks."

"Oh, they're out back. Got to keep them apart, or the males fight over the females. But I wouldn't exactly call these does; too much like sheep to be called anything but ewes."

"Yet they're not really sheep, but actual deer, huh?" said Porter. The farmer's answer was interrupted by the unexpected pettishness of a nearby female who butted Cole up against a pile of granite. He sat up, dazed, shooting lights flaring in his *(concluded on page 182)*


"If there's anything I love
as much as wearing toreador
pants, it's hearing them."
Vargas

ANGELIQUE'S DELIGHTFUL DECEPTION

Ribald Classic from the memoirs of Casanova

IF THERE WAS ANYONE in all of Italy as beautiful as my mistress, Cecelia, it was her young cousin, Angelique, who was engaged to marry Don Francisco of Tivoli. Yet, although I treated this magnificent child with more than the usual amount of courtesy one bestows upon the relatives of one's mistresses, she responded with what must be considered less than polite cordiality.

When it was decided that the prospective bride and bridegroom would spend a week at his estate in Tivoli, and Cecelia and I were named chaperones, I told the girl how delighted I would be to spend a few days of the happy season with them.

"I assure you," she replied, "that after I have become the lady of the house, you will be the first person excluded. Consider yourself as having received fair warning."

"I am most obliged for the timeliness of your notice, *signorina*," I replied.

"Then act accordingly," she said coldy, terminating the conversation.

When I related this unkindness to Cecelia, she attempted to comfort me. "Do not mind her, Giovanni," she said. "She is a virgin, and as such has not acquired the sweetness of disposition that comes from having known love."

My feelings thus assuaged, I consented to go with them as chaperone, if for no other reason than that I felt the week in the country would give Cecelia and me an opportunity to demonstrate our mutual ardor in different surroundings. As it was, however, I was quite surprised to find that the arrangement at Don Francisco's estate was not at all conducive to such a demonstration.

Cecelia was to sleep with Angelique, and I was to share an adjoining room with Don Francisco.

"It would seem that if they planned to have this sort of chaperone, they might have selected two older and less warm-blooded people," I told Cecelia. "Sharing a room with Don Francisco is not my idea of an enjoyable way to pass a week."

"We shall find a way," she replied. "Be patient."

The following day she informed me that she had found Angelique to be a very heavy sleeper, and that it would be simple for us to arrange a rendezvous. All we need do, she explained, was wait for the girl to fall asleep. Then Cecelia would signal me by rapping lightly on the door that separated our rooms. I could then proceed to the room the two girls shared, take my pleasures with Cecelia, and return at leisure to my own room.

That night fortune smiled on me in the form of Don Francisco, who, no sooner than he lay down, immediately fell into a deep sleep, as if under sedation. While he snored loudly, I crept out of bed and went to the door, through the keyhole of which I observed the two girls completing their nighttime preparations. Happily, in that warm climate, these preparations consisted of removing their clothing and going to bed in the same costume which our first mother, Eve, wore: namely, the costume in which she was born.

Cecelia, knowing that I was waiting, instructed Angelique to take the side of the bed near the window. The virgin cousin, unaware that she was exposing her secret beauties to my eager eyes, crossed the room in complete nakedness and lay down as she had been told. Then Cecelia doused the lamp and the room was in silence. Moments later she called Angelique by name, and when there was no response, she signaled me that our time had come.

The visions that had tantalized me through the keyhole, to say nothing of the prolonged abstinence of the days before, had left me in a most eager state. I cannot describe the ecstasies of love that engulfed me, the delicious raptures that followed one another, until the sweetest fatigue made us surrender the vigorous battle we had been waging.

However, no sooner had the fulfillment of our efforts been reached than Angelique ignited a candle, and asked us what we were doing.

"Fear not, my sweet cousin," replied Cecelia. "We are only performing the ritual that acknowledges one's acceptance of the rules of love."

"Then, I, too, would like to admit to such rules," Angelique replied. "If you refuse me, I shall be forced to tell your parents what you have done."

"We are not ashamed," said Cecelia. "However, we will not deny you, simply because we believe it is just and good and that you should enjoy it as we have. Therefore, go, awake your fiancé and we shall spend the rest of the night here."

"My fiancé would not understand," said Angelique. "He would think unkindly of me. Since you consider it such a noble activity, I'm sure you wouldn't mind if I shared Giovanni."

Cecelia began to protest, but I pointed out that a discussion of the matter would only serve to call Don Francisco's attention to our indiscretion. Therefore, it would be best that we grant Angelique her wish.

When Cecelia consented, I proceeded to perform the dance of love with the beautiful Angelique, and I must confess that I felt the rapture of a beginner as my ardor leaped with Angelique's ecstasy as she, for the first time, sampled the joys of amorous combat.

After we had completed our romp, I returned to Don Francisco's room and slept the sound sleep of the truly exhausted. But thereafter, for the duration of the week, the nightly rendezvous continued, and I found my strong appetites doubly satisfied.

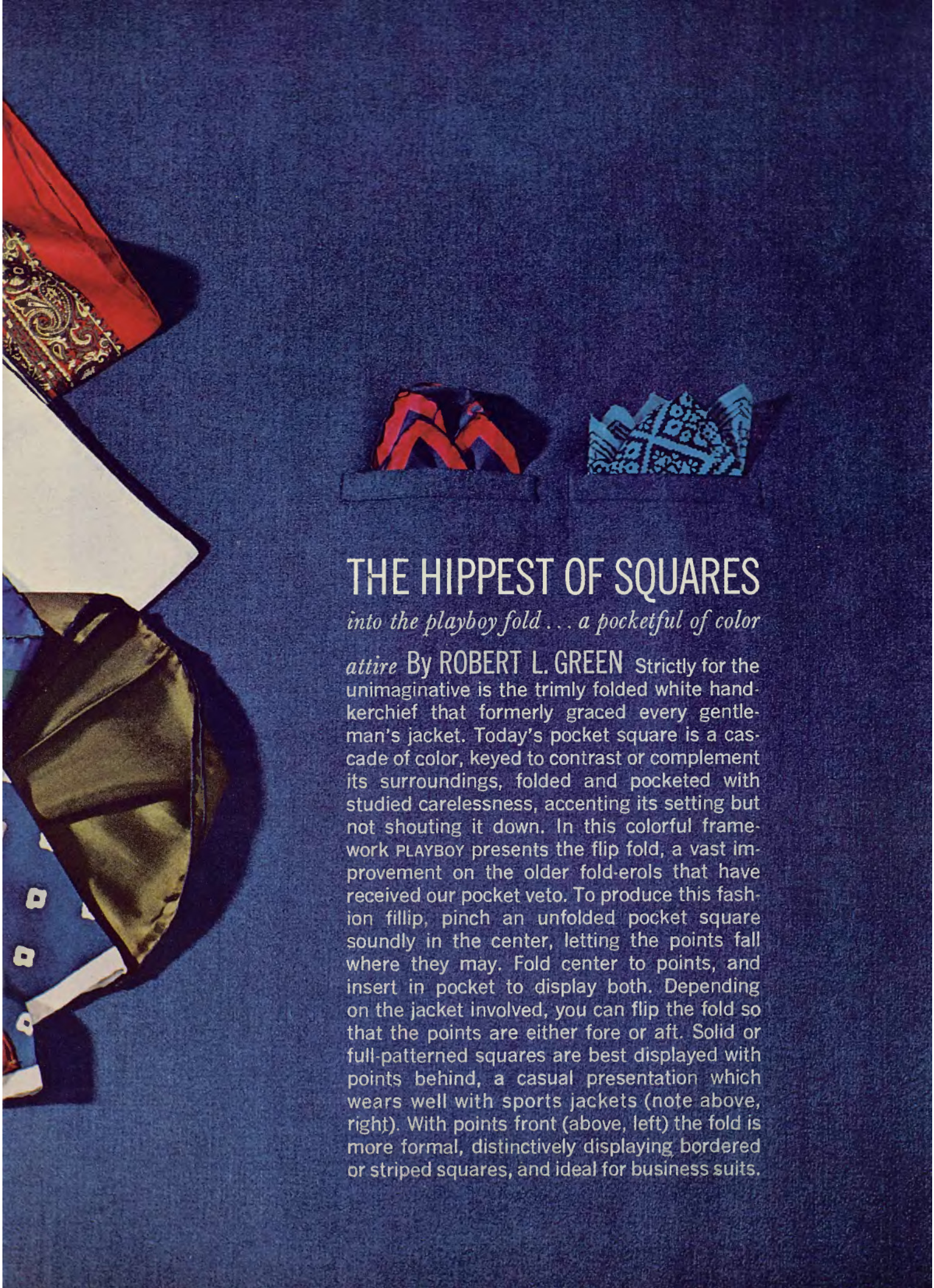
It was not until the day of departure that I saw fit to question Angelique.

"Do you now hate me less than you once did?" I asked her.

"I have never hated you, Giovanni. But, when one wishes others to cooperate in one's plans, certain pretensions are often necessary. I hope you'll forgive my earlier indiscretions, and realize that my dislike of you was purely a fiction."

Forgive her I did, and thereafter, for many years, enjoyed the fruits of my patience. The earlier fiction, to be sure, was followed by a series of highly enjoyable facts.

—Adapted by Paul J. Gillette

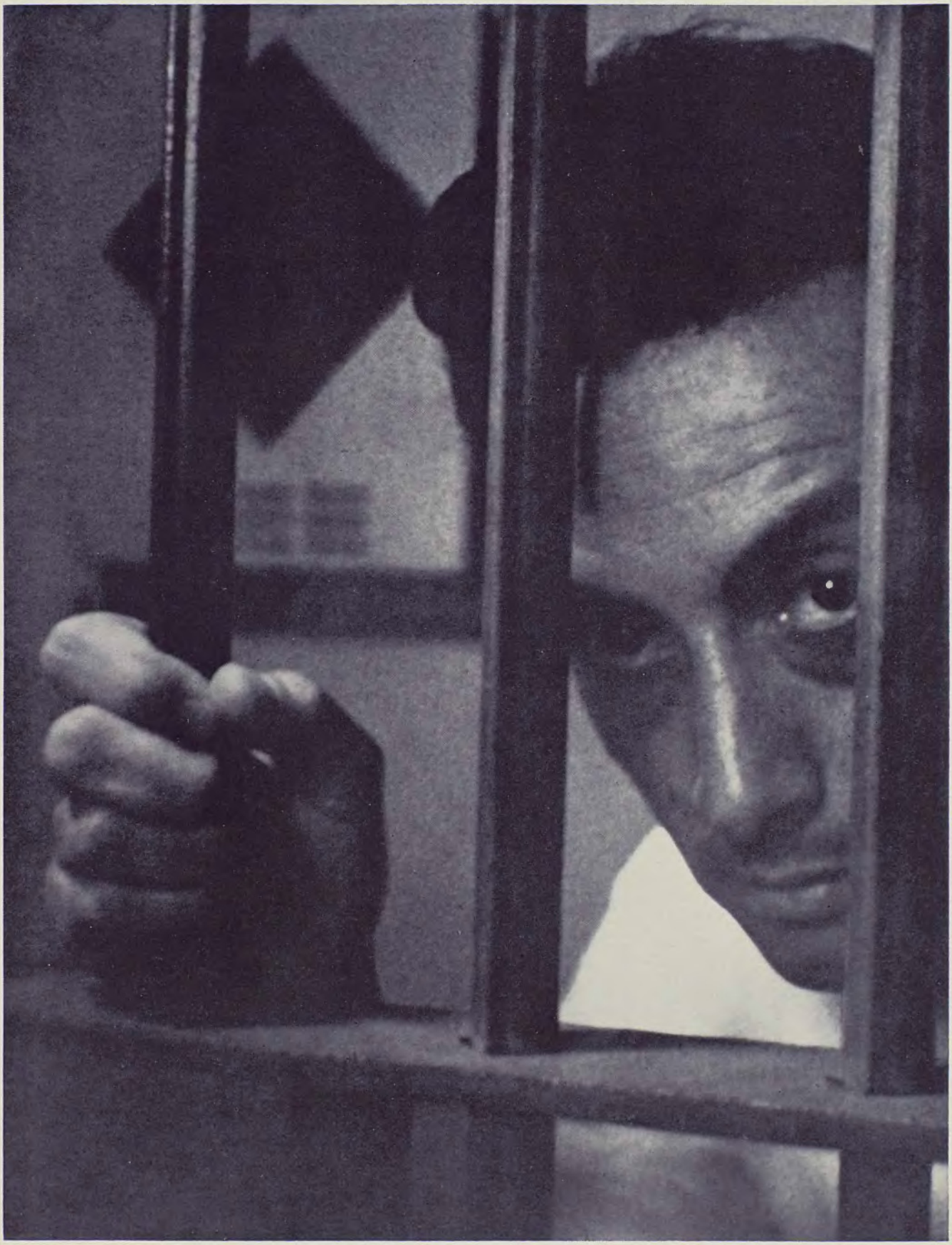


THE HIPPEST OF SQUARES

into the playboy fold . . . a pocketful of color

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN Strictly for the unimaginative is the trimly folded white handkerchief that formerly graced every gentleman's jacket. Today's pocket square is a cascade of color, keyed to contrast or complement its surroundings, folded and pocketed with studied carelessness, accenting its setting but not shouting it down. In this colorful framework PLAYBOY presents the flip fold, a vast improvement on the older fold-erols that have received our pocket veto. To produce this fashion fillip, pinch an unfolded pocket square soundly in the center, letting the points fall where they may. Fold center to points, and insert in pocket to display both. Depending on the jacket involved, you can flip the fold so that the points are either fore or aft. Solid or full-patterned squares are best displayed with points behind, a casual presentation which wears well with sports jackets (note above, right). With points front (above, left) the fold is more formal, distinctively displaying bordered or striped squares, and ideal for business suits.

how to talk dirty and influence people



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

synopsis: *In Part IV of his autobiography, last month, Lenny Bruce told the story of his first obscenity arrest, in San Francisco, and the subsequent trial in which he was found not guilty. He quoted from the trial transcript to show the manner in which the state set about arresting him for standing at a microphone and talking to a night-club audience of adults, while down the street other clubs were featuring female impersonators and amateur strippers whose actions apparently did not speak as loudly as Lenny's. He also quoted from some of the routines he had used — routines developed over the years to express the observations and impressions formed from the childhood incidents and later adventures described in the first chapters of his story. More than any comparable performer today, Lenny had built an act which was not a series of gag routines but a consistent reflection of an honest, clamorous point of view on the less-than-perfect aspects of the world. But no sooner had he matured as a voice with an enthusiastic and growing audience than those same qualities began to attract persistent attention from the "guardians of public morality." Beginning Part V, Lenny describes the effect on him of an unfolding pattern of hostile treatment, and the introduction of a different arrest charge — illegal possession of narcotics.*

SAN FRANCISCO hadn't been my first arrest as a performer. It was just typical of the way the whole world was going for me. All of a sudden, I couldn't turn around without being Dirty Lenny — in the newspapers, in saloon conversations, in courtrooms from coast to coast and, for all I know, out of the mouths of babes.

Where it had really started closing in on me was in Philadelphia, which we all know is the Cradle of Liberty. The first time I ever played there, in 1960, the hostess at the club was arrested for having been at a party in a home where a safe disappeared, leaving only four holes in the floor where it had been bolted down. The safe had contained either $240 or half-a-million dollars, depending on whether you were listening to the head of the household or to the son who had thrown the party and subsequently called the police. None of this had anything to do with me, except I must have missed a swinging party, but now I sometimes wonder whether God wasn't just tuning up Philadelphia for the surrealistic ironies that were lying in wait for me.

That was one hint. Then, the second time I played Philadelphia, it was uneventful. An uneventful Philadelphia is so trite I should have known something was up.

The third and fourth times, I wasn't in Philadelphia — I was in Pennsauken, across the Delaware River in New Jersey. But in show business you never play Pennsauken, you play Philadelphia, just like playing Newark is playing New York.

I was being plagued by spells of lethargy that third time. Some of the spells could be described as attacks.

An introspective moment: Isn't it about time I weaned myself from the bottle?

Writing this historic opus, I thought it appropriate to wear a period costume.

Here I am, living up to my public image. A true professional never disappoints his public.

"Whaddaya mean, that's aspirin on your dresser," the fuzz said. What's the needle for? I can't stand the taste of the stuff.

This lethargy was more than a drowsiness. I would find myself dictating and sleeping, and since I speak in a stream-of-conscious, unrelated pattern, secretaries would be typing into eight–ten minutes of mumbling and abstraction, such as one might expect from a half-awake, half-asleep reporter.

Once, while driving a disc-jockey friend of mine into town about one in the afternoon, I fell asleep at the wheel. I woke up in a rut.

The name of a good doctor was suggested to me. He asked me if I had any history of narcolepsy — that's a sleeping sickness. I said no. And he prescribed an amphetamine, which I believe is the generic term for Dexedrine, Benzedrine, Byphetamine, and the base for all diet pills, mood elevators, pep pills, thrill pills — depending on how far you went in school and what your religious background was.

The religious factor enters (as opposed to the scientific) because the scientists ask for prima-facie evidence and the religionists ask for circumstantial evidence. The argument that medicine is not an exact science and is therefore circumstantial, is merely a wish posed by those who know that "When all else fails, prayer will be answered."

Query: "Doctor, I'm sorry to wake you in the middle of the night like this, but I have a serious question about opinion versus fact. In your opinion, can my wife and I use the same hypodermic syringe to inject insulin for our diabetic conditions? Because I'm almost in shock. Oooops, here I go. Take it, Sadie."

"Hello, Doctor, this is Tim's wife. Listen, it's serious. Should we share the syringe? I've got Staphylococcus septicemia, he's got infectious hepatitis. You do remember me, don't you? You told me it was all right to marry my first husband, the one who died of syphilis. I never regretted it. We have a lovely son who, incidentally, would like your address — he wants to send you some things he's making at The Lighthouse, a broom and a pot holder."

• • •

Actually, I sympathize with doctors, because they perform a devilish job, and I certainly admire anyone with the stick-to-itiveness to spend that much time in school. They are actually underpaid in relation to the amount of time invested in training, no matter how much they make. A specialist may have nearly 20 years of no income at all to make up for. But people evaluate *their* time with *his*, and they figure his fees are exorbitant.

That's why they have no moral compunction about hanging the doctor up with his bills while they'll pay the TV repairman right off. Besides, they rationalize the doctor is in it because of his desire to serve humanity.

But they also say: "If you haven't got your health, money isn't worth anything." Oh, yeah? If you're deathly ill, money means a hell of a lot. Especially to the doctor. One illness I had, started out with a rash on my face. I received all the sage advice of my friends:

"Don't pick it."

"That's the worst thing you can do, is pick it."

"If you pick it, it will take twice as long to heal."

I heeded them. I didn't pick it — and there were times I could have. Times when I was alone and had the door locked. I could have just picked it to my heart's content. And I even schemed that if anyone were to ask me later, "Have you been picking your face?" I would look very hurt and say, "Do I look like a moron? What am I, deaf or something? I'm not going to do the worst thing in the world!"

I didn't pick it, though, and it got worse.

Finally I decided to see a skin specialist. He laid me down on a cold leather couch and the first thing he did was pick it.

He didn't even use tweezers. He *picked* it — with his fingers.

That's the secret. The doctors are the ones who start the "Don't pick it" campaigns, because they want to have exclusive pickings.

"What is it?" I asked, as he washed his hands and smeared gook on my face.

"It's going around," he said, intently.

"What do you mean, 'It's going around'?" I demanded. "*You* haven't got it."

"It'll go away," he assured me.

Those are the two things all doctors must learn, just before they graduate. After they've spent years and years learning all the scientific knowledge accumulated by the medical profession, just as they are handed their diplomas, the Chief Surgeon General whispers in their ears: "It's going around, and it'll go away."

It did go away. Just the way colds "go away" and headaches "go away." Did you ever wonder where all the colds and headaches and rashes *go* when they go away? Back to some central clearing area, I suppose, to wait their turn to "go around" again.

• • •

Anyway, my third time in Philadelphia I was working in Pennsauken, at the Red Hill Inn, a 600-seater at five dollars per person, cover, minimum. It was Thursday and I had a terrible seizure of uncontrollable, teeth-chattering chills. When I have the chills, I always like to talk while my teeth clack together and go, "Ja-ja-ja-ja-ja-Jeezus, I'm freezing ma-ma-ma-ma-ma-myassoff."

My doctor came and said not to get out of bed. I had a fever of 102 degrees. Next day it was 103 degrees. He came to my hotel twice that day.

Friday night was six hours away. That's the one correct thing about show business. The nighttime is specifically defined. "I'll see you tonight" means 9:30. Although, actually, that's evening. Night is 10:30.

In six hours I would be on the stage or the boss would be guaranteed a loss of $6000. Now, what would you do if you had a 103-degree fever, knowing that if you didn't get on the stage, you wouldn't be paid the $1800 that was yours from that gross? Having a conscience and realizing that $1800 is a lot of friggin' money — the show must go on; a trouper to the end — I worked, and came home with a fever of 105 degrees.

My doctor called in a consultant. The consultant called a nurse to try to bring my fever down. The fever subsided and the Staph bug lay dormant — it woke up six months later nice and strong, and almost killed me for a month and a half; for six days I was on the critical list at Mount Sinai, in Miami Beach.

A year later, in September 1961, while playing Philadelphia — again, Pennsauken, to be exact — I was staying at the John Bartram Hotel in Philadelphia, across the street from Evans Pharmacy, six blocks away from my doctor's office, and several miles away from the Red Hill Inn.

I started to get chills and, fearing a recurrence of Staph, I telephoned my doctor. He was away for the weekend. But his consultant put me into Haverford Hospital. I was there four days and then back to the hotel; at ten minutes after twelve noon on September 29th I heard a knock on my door at the hotel. Which was indeed disturbing, because I had left an adamant request that I not be disturbed.

"It's the manager." Bam! Bam! Bam!

"Can you manage to refrain from knocking at my door?"

"It's the manager." Bam! Bam! Bam! "You better open up — it's for your own good."

"Hello, desk? There's some kind of nut outside my door who says he's the manager. I'd like the police."

Crunch! Crack! Plaster fell, and the door walked in wearing size-12 shoes.

"It's the police."

"Christ, what service. I just called for you guys."

"Never mind the shit, where's the shit?"

Now is that weird — these guys say "Where's the shit?" knowing that I'll do a bit. If I copped out to it — that is, if there *were* any shit — "The shit, sir, if you're referring to the products of Parke Davis, is scattered on my dresser. And if you will kindly remove that DO NOT DISTURB sign from my arm . . . I cannot do

(continued on page 132)

Playmates Revisited · 1954

MARILYN WALTZ, *April 1954*

MARGIE HARRISON, *January & June, 1954*

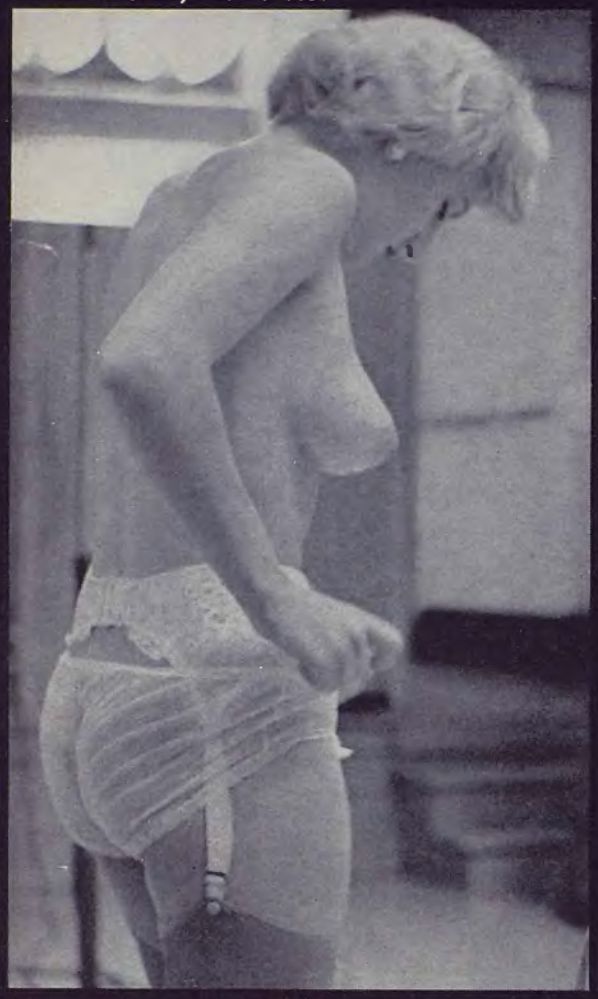
ARLINE HUNTER, *August 1954*

MARGARET SCOTT, *February 1954*

playboy encores its first year's gatefold girls

DURING THIS, our Tenth Anniversary Year, PLAYBOY will be conducting a refreshing refresher course in Playmates past. Each issue will reprise, for our readers' delectation, a twelvemonth's worth of tempting females, culminating next December in a *Readers' Choice* pictorial. Our year-end issue will display the ten lovelies chosen by PLAYBOY readers as their favorite dolls of the decade. PLAYBOY's initial year of publication was highlighted by the magnificent Marilyn Monroe, whose famed face and figure graced the very first Playmate pages in our very first issue. Playmate Margie Harrison put in a pair of Playmate appearances, in January and June, 1954. (In PLAYBOY's early years, we occasionally had a repeat performance by one of our leading ladies.) Knowing our readers' firm convictions in such matters of nubile nostalgia, PLAYBOY welcomes your own all-time top-ten list as soon as you feel certain of your personal preference in hit misses. No need to wait until this retrospective Playmate parade has been completed. Send your ten choice choices to PLAYBOY and we will publish the most popular Playmates of the decade in a special ten-page portfolio in December.

TERRY RYAN, *December 1954*



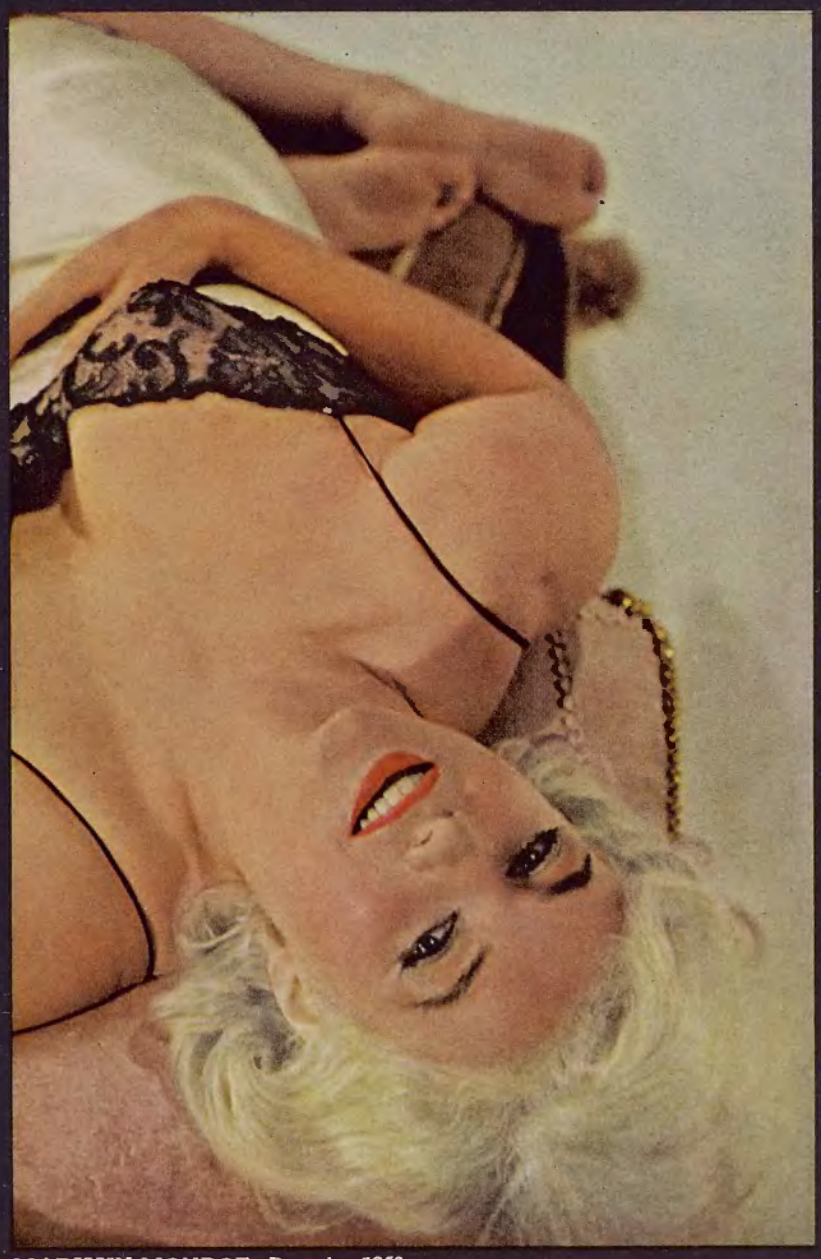
JOANNE ARNOLD, *May 1954*

JACKIE RAINBOW, *September 1954*

DIANE HUNTER, *November 1954*

NEVA GILBERT, *July 1954*

DOLORES DEL MONTE, *March 1954*



MADELINE CASTLE, *October 1954*

MARILYN MONROE, *December 1953*

how to talk dirty

(continued from page 128)

so with your handcuffs restraining me."

• • •

Officer Perry of the Philadelphia Narcotics Unit testified the next day: "Armed with a search and seizure warrant signed by Magistrate Keiser, we went to the John Bartram Hotel, room 616. Upon gaining entrance to the room, we did conduct a search of the defendant's room and found in a bureau drawer the following paraphernalia: one green box containing thirty-six ampules labeled Methedrine, and also one plastic vial containing eleven white tablets, not labeled, one glass bottle containing——"

And the court interposed in the person of Der Keiser himself (the magistrate who had issued the warrant and was now passing on the validity of his procedures): "Identified then as what?"

"We don't know, sir. It hasn't been analyzed yet."

The District Attorney: "Does it contain liquids, or powder, or pills?"

"I stated eleven tablets in plastic vial, not labeled; one plastic bottle containing a clear liquid with George Evans Pharmacy label, narcotic No. 4102, No. 98-351; one plastic vial containing six orange capsules, labeled George Evans Pharmacy; one plastic vial containing thirteen white tablets, labeled antihistamine; five glass syringes; twenty plastic syringes; four needles.

"We interrogated the defendant pertaining to the paraphernalia, sir. The defendant stated to me, in company with the other officers, that he had gotten these legitimately.

"I then told the defendant to dress himself, he would come down to Narcotics Headquarters.

"The defendant stated he was too ill to be moved. The procedure was to call the police surgeon. . . . Lenny Bruce refused to let this doctor examine him."

I had said, "He's your doctor, *schmuck*. I want my doctor."

The transcript, by the way, is incorrectly punctuated on this point. It comes out reading, "He's your Doctor Schmuck . . ."

• • •

My doctor's consultant's name was on my prescription, and the officer contacted him because, as he explained to the court, he had wanted to check with the doctor to see whether I could be moved. The consultant supposedly told him I could be.

I was just out of the hospital and he gave this diagnosis over the phone!

The officer continued his testimony: "At that time Lenny still refused to be moved. I called for a police wagon and a stretcher. The defendant was taken out of the John Bartram Hotel on a stretcher——"

And where do you think they sent me, boys and girls? Where would you send anyone who is on your stretcher? Why, to police headquarters, of course.

They got me on the stretcher, and everybody was sullen and quiet, including "Dr. Schmuck," until we got to the elevator. Now, stretchers are made for *hospital* elevators. They are seven feet long, and most elevators fall several feet short of that. The dialog ran as follows:

STRETCHER-BEARER NUMBER ONE: "How the hell are we gonna get this thing in the elevator? [*To patient*] Hey, Bruce, why don't you cooperate and get out of this thing till we get to the street, and then you can get back in it."

"I'd like to oblige you, Mr. Ayres, but as noble as your intentions are, some old *cum laude* district attorney will pervert your words on cross-examination: 'So he said he was too ill to be moved, but he got out of the stretcher before getting into the elevator . . .'"

How they resolved the problem was to put the stretcher in the way it fit: up and down. Feet up, head down.

Because I didn't cooperate, a slant-board position was my reward. People getting into the elevator — "Hello, Mr. Bruce." I was looking up everybody's bloomers.

• • •

Yes, I got the whole police treatment which, I go on record to state before any committee, is like being dealt with by the monitors that we used to have in school. Police brutality is a myth, no doubt propagated by felons ashamed of having finked out eagerly at their first sight of bars. Anticipating continual sly references by mother and older brother, they will grasp for a method of self-serving. All of which gives rise to the following ironic fantasy:

Oh, how they beat me
Rubber hosed and Sam Levened me
And Brian Donlevy'd me
In their back rooms.
"Give us names, Bruce,
Give us the names and you
Can walk out a free man.
Give us the names of a
Few of your friends."
But I, Spartan-sired,
Would do ten years in prison
Before I would give
The name of one friend —
Or is that a little bullshit?
I would give names upon names
Of those yet unborn
Rather than do a 50th birthday
In some maximum security.
The halls of justice.
The only place
You see the justice,
Is in the halls.

"The rotten D.A., how about that son of a bitch wantinta send those two poor babies to the gas chamber, two poor kids barely out of their teens, who just shot and killed their way across the country — 18 gas-station attendants who just missed supper and their lives. And the kids only got 18 cents and a couple of packs of cigarettes and a blown-out tire. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the District Attorney wants to send those two poor kids to the gas chamber for a pack of smokes and 18 cents and a no-good tire."

The halls of justice.
The only place
You see the justice,
Is in the halls
Where the felon hears
A judge at recess talking
To that guy from the Capitol:
"You sure it's all right?"
"Would I tell you it was
All right if it wasn't
All right? You just tell her
You're a friend of the judge's."
Call Crestview 4, Franklin 7,
Michigan 8, Circle 5, Republic 3,
They're all her answering services,
Those unseen pimps who
Work for Madam Bell.

"I'm sorry, but Miss Kim Pat doesn't answer her telephone. And I *did* try one ring and hang up, then three rings."

"Well, operator, I'll be truthful with you, I wanna get laid, and if she's busy, how about you? I'm blind, you see, no one will ever know unless you should identify me at some line-up that you might be participating in."

Police brutality. Think about it. Think about the time it happened to you. If your frame of reference is the South, that's not police brutality, it's Southern revolution. That's a separate *country* down there.

"They beat the crap out of me, but I proved I was a man. They kept beating me, but I didn't give them no names."

"What names, *schmuck*? You were arrested for exposing yourself."

• • •

As I look at the transcript of my Philadelphia hearing, I see a crystallization of the argument that the Judicial and the Executive are one, lessening the check and balance effect that was intended by Ben Franklin and those other revolutionaries who got together in Philadelphia.

Cross-examination by my attorney, Malcolm Berkowitz, elicited the following from the cop who made the pinch:

Q. Do you have your search and seizure warrant?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. May we see it?

A. Positively. *(Search and seizure warrant is examined by Mr. Berkowitz.)*

THE COURT: I'll attest to the fact it's

Flavor that goes with fun...

Pure white, modern filter ▶ ◀ Filter-Blend up front

Changing to a filter cigarette? Change to America's favorite.
Join the big swing to Winston...the largest-selling filter cigarette!

Winston tastes good...like a cigarette should!


SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL

my signature thereon.

Q. Now, in this search and seizure warrant the signature of the person requesting the warrant is Policeman Albert T. Perry, a member of the Narcotics Unit. Person to be searched, Lenny Bruce, white male, John Bartram Hotel, Broad and Locust, room 616. Property to be seized: opium, heroin, Demerol, morphine, codeine, Dilaudid, cocaine, marijuana, and any and all other tablets, powders or liquids. Now of those articles to be seized, Officer Perry, did you seize any opium?

A. No, sir.

Q. Did you seize any heroin?

A. No, sir.

Q. Did you seize any Demerol?

A. No, sir.

Q. Did you seize any morphine?

A. No, sir.

Q. Did you seize any cocaine?

A. No, sir.

THE COURT (*Interposing*): Wait; are you saying no to generalize?

A. Your Honor, they are derivatives, sir, of opium. It contains the opium base.

THE COURT: You can't say no.

MR. BERKOWITZ: I object to this conversation, for the record.

THE COURT: I asked the question of the police officer to be more alert as to his answer in relationship to this situation when ——

DISTRICT ATTORNEY HARRIS (*Interposing*): He was being truthful, sir. He said he did not confiscate heroin, or morphine, or opium. They haven't been mentioned in the warrant.

MR. BERKOWITZ: Of five of the things to be seized in this search and seizure warrant, he said he took none of them. (*Addressing witness*) Now, Dilaudid, do you know if you confiscated any Dilaudid?

A. I do not know.

Q. Codeine?

A. I do not know.

Q. Marijuana?

A. I know there's no marijuana there.

Q. In other words, you found nothing in this man's apartment that's listed on this search and seizure warrant, did you?

MR. HARRIS: Objection, sir. That's not true. The warrant calls for any other tablets, powders or liquids.

THE COURT: Sustain your objection.

MR. BERKOWITZ: Your Honor, the question I've asked — if you have sustained the objection, he can't answer — but the question I've asked is a question relating to a material matter of fact in this case. I asked the officer who made an affidavit that he was going there to seize those listed articles and others of like kind whether he had found any marijuana, as was on that list, or anything like it, and his answer to that question should be made. There's nothing improper about that question. It is material.

THE COURT: You're asking this man, this police officer, to make a statement on certain things that were found in that room that have not been analyzed as of yet.

MR. BERKOWITZ: Your Honor, he made an affidavit that he was going there to pick up things of that nature.

THE COURT: He eventually will be able to prove or disprove that.

MR. HARRIS: I think Mr. Berkowitz is overlooking the entire section — the line "Any other tablets, powders or liquids" — and they were confiscated.

MR. BERKOWITZ: Your Honor, if he had aspirin in his apartment or any other powders or liquids of that type, there would be no violation of the law involved. It's only if he possesses something which he has no right to possession under any of our laws that this man could be guilty of crime, and Detective Perry, who made the affidavit and who signed an oath that he was going to this man's apartment to find those things named in that warrant, that search and seizure warrant ——

THE COURT (*Interposing*): That's what he expected to find.

MR. BERKOWITZ: But I have to ask him, because he's the one placing the charge and we have a hearing this morning. Did he find any of them? And I have a right to an answer of that question.

THE COURT: He did answer those questions.

MR. BERKOWITZ: He said "No."

THE COURT: Where he was specifically certain — for instance, in marijuana, sir, he found no marijuana. There are certain prescriptions here, certain bottles and vials that have not been analyzed as yet.

MR. BERKOWITZ: Your Honor, he went further than that. He said: "No, I found no opium." "No, I found no heroin . . ."

THE COURT (*Interposing*): Right.

MR. BERKOWITZ (*Continuing*): "No, I found no Demerol." "No, I found no morphine." "No, I found no codeine." "No, I found no Dilaudid." "No, I found no cocaine." "No, I found no marijuana."

DISTRICT ATTORNEY HARRIS: As far as he knows.

MR. BERKOWITZ: Well, who else knows if he doesn't?

MR. HARRIS: The police chemist.

MR. BERKOWITZ: Where is the police chemist?

MR. HARRIS: He's home sleeping. You know that, Mr. Berkowitz.

MR. BERKOWITZ: Didn't he know he had a hearing this morning?

THE COURT: The hearing would not make any difference. He has not had the opportunity of analyzing it. If you're raising a request for analysis, I'll have to give a further hearing for that analysis, if you're pressing for the analysis.

MR. BERKOWITZ: I'm pressing for an analysis. I want an analysis now, this morning of our hearing. What are the police doing making arrests without being interested in finding out if they have a case; and take a man never arrested before and stand him up before the bar of the court and hold him in custody. If they have evidence, let them produce it. Give us a hearing this afternoon. Let them tell us if there is anything ——

THE COURT (*Interposing*): This court, nor the District Attorney's office, nor the police department, are they in control of the city chemist to force him to give an immediate analysis at the convenience of the defendant.

MR. BERKOWITZ: I'm not asking for convenience.

THE COURT: That's what you're asking for. You're asking for an analysis. I'll be glad to order an analysis and hold this defendant in proper or appropriate bail pending that analysis.

MR. BERKOWITZ: On what charge, your Honor?

THE COURT: On the charge of violation of the narcotics laws and the illegal use of drugs as so stipulated as of this warrant.

MR. BERKOWITZ: Where is there any evidence to entitle you to hold him on a further hearing on any charge?

THE COURT: We will produce it . . .

MR. BERKOWITZ (*Continuing cross-examination*): Now, let me ask you this: Was the city chemist off duty between the time you confiscated it in that apartment at ten minutes after noon yesterday and the end of the normal business day yesterday?

A. No, sir.

THE COURT: I don't think the witness has to answer this, because he described earlier that this defendant was the one who probably deprived the police department of getting this to a chemist at an appropriate time by his own actions and refusal to be apprehended, to be checked, to be examined, and to have this sent to the city chemist in sufficient time to have an analysis for this day.

MR. BERKOWITZ: How many officers went with you to the hotel room where Lenny Bruce was staying?

A. Three; Officers Miller and Zawackis.

Q. How many of you had to carry him on the stretcher, or did you carry him on the stretcher?

A. We called a wagon.

Q. You didn't carry him?

A. I helped carry him, yes, sir.

Q. Did the other two officers with you help carry him?

A. I think Officer Zawackis assisted the other policemen at that time.

Q. How many officers carried him down on the stretcher?

A. Four.

(They carried me to the police station and set me down none too gently.)

Q. How many officers were present?

A. Five.

Q. Now, who had control of the various things that are displayed before his Honor?

A. I had that in my custody.

Q. What prevented you from taking it to the city chemist that afternoon for analysis?

THE COURT (*Interposing*): Let me answer for the police officer. The police officer could not get anything there to the chemist until he had been apprehended properly and an arrest report made, and these reports that must accompany this to the city chemist.

MR. BERKOWITZ: Is that your answer, Officer Perry, under oath?

A. That's my answer. That's the correct answer . . .

Q. Because you were the one who didn't go to the chemist?

A. My answer is by the time we got done with the defendant — he wanted to be looked at by a medical doctor, and we made a call to the surgeon, and by the time I contacted the doctor to see if he could be moved, it was late. I got into my office and prepared the paper work and it was too late to deliver to the chemist. The chemist is closed at five o'clock . . .

Q. What made you go look up Lenny Bruce, other than the fact he was a big-name headliner?

MR. HARRIS: Objection, sir. They don't have to reveal the source of their information.

THE COURT: I sustain the objection.

MR. BERKOWITZ: You ever see him use any drugs yourself?

A. No, sir.

Q. Did you ever see him buying anything that he shouldn't have bought?

A. I didn't even know the defendant, sir.

Q. You never heard of him, either?

A. Never heard of him.

Q. Never knew he was a headliner?

A. Never heard of him. And he's supposed to be top notch? I never heard of him.

Q. How about Mort Sahl, do you know who he is?

A. Yes, he reads a book or something.

• • •

Since I was scheduled to open in San Francisco the next week — where, you recall, I was to be arrested for obscenity — I was let go on $1500 bail. In the end, the Philadelphia grand jury refused to accept the bill, and they stamped across it: BILL IGNORED.

For self-protection, I now carry with me at all times a small bound booklet consisting of photostats of statements made by physicians and prescriptions and bottle labels. For example, there is a letter written by Dr. Norman Rotenberg of Beverly Hills, dated December 29, 1961.

To Whom It May Concern:

Mr. Lenny Bruce has been under my professional care for the past two years for various minor orthopedic conditions. In addition, Mr. Bruce suffers from episodes of severe depression and lethargy.

His response to oral amphetamine has not been particularly satisfactory, so he has been instructed in the proper use of intravenous injections of Methedrine (methamphetamine hydrochloride). This has given a satisfactory response.

Methedrine in ampules of 10c (20mg), together with disposable syringes, has been prescribed for intravenous use as needed.

Mr. Bruce has asked that I write this letter in order that any peace officer observing fresh needle marks on Mr. Bruce's arm may be assured that they are the result of Methedrine injections for therapeutic reasons.

Norman P. Rotenberg, M.D.

I might add that historically there was quite a problem in England where the king's men were stopping people on the street to see if they were fit for burning — i.e., if they had rejected the Anglican church. So these malcontents, later known as the Pilgrim Fathers, cowards that they were, fled to escape persecution.

Upon arriving here, they entered into their illegal beliefs, these Protestants, and formed their sinister doctrine that is at this late date still interfering with law-enforcement agencies, still obstructing justice throughout our land, because of technicalities such as the 13th Amendment to the Constitution, which guarantees that persons will be safe in their houses against unreasonable searches and seizures.

• • •

Meanwhile, I guess what happens is, you get arrested in town A (Philadelphia); then town B (San Francisco); then town C (Chicago); and when you get to town D they *have* to arrest you or what kind of outhouse town are *they* running?

It's a pattern of unintentional harassment.

I wasn't arrested in England, but I certainly was rejected. In 1963, that is. The previous year — the first time I went to England — I did very well there, I got good reviews, and I had a lot of fun.

Although I didn't get laid once. I had heard that, gee, in England you really get a lot of girls, but I was there a month and I never got laid.

The one time I *almost* scored was in this hotel. The chick came up to my room after she fell for what I call my innocuous come-on: "Hey, I gotta go upstairs for a minute, why don't you come up. I've gotta ——" And the rest is said on the car-door slam, and mumbled into the carpeting on the stairs.

"What'd you say?" is answered by, "We'll just be a minute," leaving the door open, keeping your topcoat on, and dashing for a bureau drawer as if to get something, throwing open the closet and grabbing a briefcase, rumbling through it while muttering, "Siddown, I'll be just a second."

All this is done very rapidly, with a feeling of urgency.

"Christ, where the hell did I put that?

Make yourself a drink. What time is it? We gotta get the hell outa here. Now where the hell did I put that damn — remind me to get a new maid. Hey, are you warm? Christ, it's hot in here . . ."

Well, I didn't even get to the second paragraph, when a knock came at the door, synchronized with the key turning in the lock.

"Mr. Bruce, I'm afraid we don't have any of that here."

(What a temptation to finish the joke: "And I'm not, either.")

To my amazement, the manager smirked knowingly as the girl looked up apprehensively, and I sat down gingerly as his thin lip curled snarlingly.

"Out, the both of you — out!"

Ask anyone who has been to England. They do not allow persons who come into hotels to bring members of the opposite sex with them, because they know what it's liable to lead to. It's a wonder the *maids* ever get into the rooms. That's a thought, though. Maybe it's the maids who instituted that action. God, what if all the maids in England were whores?

• • •

I think that the Profumo scandal was a beautiful commentary on the British image of an asexual people, puritanically moral.

The reason most men could indict those people when they themselves were probably guilty of the same crime which is not a crime, is that most men won't admit that *they* have ever been with whores. Not for the morality of it; the reason they don't cop out is because of the *ego* aspect. "What kind of guy has to give up *money* for it, man? I get it for nothing — the girls give *me* money!"

• • •

It was right before the Profumo scandal that they wouldn't permit me even to *enter* England for what was to be my second engagement at The Establishment. I actually flew to London and was rejected without anyone thinking any more about it than if I were to fly from Los Angeles to San Francisco.

When I got back to Idlewild — and for the first time in my life, after coming in and out of this country maybe 20 times — my luggage was thoroughly searched. I was taken into a private room where I was stripped and internally searched — and, goddamn, that is humiliating.

It sure bugs you to stand naked in front of five guys with suits and shoelaces and pens in their pockets.

What if you got an erection?

"All right, take your shoes off now and — what the hell's the matter with you?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Why don't you put that away?"

"In my shoes, sir?"

"I mean make it go down. A damn weirdo — getting an erection at Customs. All right, put your clothes on."

"I'd like to, sir, but I don't know if you noticed my pants — they're rather tight. I'll have to wait till this goes away."

"Come on, now, cut the silliness and get your pants on and get the hell out of here."

"I'll try, sir, but . . . it's never done this before. I guess it's nerves."

"Well, try to pee."

"Where, sir?"

"Out there in the hall in the men's room."

"But I can't get my whatchamacallit, my oh-my, into my pants. Do you know anyone who could make it go away? Or could you gentlemen go out while *I* make it go away, up and down . . . Oh, here, I know what I'll do, I'll put it in the wine basket and I'll carry it."

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Back to town C. Chicago. In December 1962, I was working at the Gate of Horn. During one of my performances, I was arrested for obscenity. I was released on bail and continued working there, but meanwhile one of Chicago's finest had made his point with the owner; if I ever used a four-letter word in there again, or "spoke against religion," the club and everybody in it were going to get pinched, he said. And there was going to be somebody in there watching every performance, and the club's license was in danger, and was that clear?

True, I had used a couple of routines in which I wondered what Christ would think if He came back and took a tour around the various organizations that used His name. I had been taking advantage of a thing we used to be famous for; it's called the right to worship as you please — and criticize as you please.

Of course, there'll always be Communists who will try to take that right away from you. And bureaucracy, where they tell you, "This is the way it is, don't question it, don't criticize it."

I wonder if there's one good religious man who will protect me from all the Christians — Christians who are in God's image acting as Christians — Christians who may vent their hostilities against me to do me in, not openly, but nevertheless to do me in.

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I finally got fed up with the "dirty word" thing — people think, Christ, I'm *obsessed* with that — but I just *have* to defend myself because people think it's unnatural. They don't know how much I'm attacked on that. Every new time I go on the road, the papers are filled with it.

Sometimes I'll do a bit, and people don't know whether to laugh or not — they seem so brazen and there's just silence until they know I'm kidding, and then they'll break through — like I'll

say "a Jew," and just the word *Jew* sounds like a curse word.

In the dictionary, a Jew is one who is descended from the ancient tribe of Judea, but — I'll say to an audience — you and I know what a Jew is: one who killed our Lord. Now there's dead silence there after that.

When I did this in England, I said, "I don't know if you know that over here, but it got a lot of press in the States." Now the laughs start to break through. "We did it about two thousand years ago, and there should be a statute of limitations with that crime." Now they know — the laughter's all there — but I'm *not* kidding, because there *should* be a statute of limitations for that crime, and those who pose as Christians — paraphrasing Shakespeare — neither having the gait of Christians nor the actions of Christians — still make the Jews pay their dues.

I go from a pedantry (Shakespeare) to the hip argot (pay their dues) for another deuce.

Then I ask, why should Jews pay these dues? Granted that we killed Him and He was a nice guy; and there was even some talk that we didn't kill Christ, we killed Gesmas, the one on the left. (There were, you recall, three who got done in that day.) But I confess that we killed Him, despite those who said that Roman soldiers did it.

Yes, we did it. I did it. I found a note in my basement: "We killed Him — signed, Morty."

"Why did you kill Christ, Jew?"

"We killed him because he didn't want to become a doctor, that's why."

Now sometimes I'll get sort of philosophical with it and maybe a little maudlin: "We killed Him at His own request, because He was sad — He knew that people would use Him."

Or sometimes I will tag it with, "Not only did we kill Him, but we're gonna kill Him when He comes back."

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I suppose that if *I* were Christlike, I would turn the other cheek and keep letting you punch me out and even kill me, because what the hell, I'm God's son, and it's not so bad dying when you know you've got a pass to come back definitely. All right, so you have to take a little crap when you come home . . .

"Oh, you started again, you can't get along. Who was it this time? The Jews, eh? Why can't you stop preaching? Look, this is the last time I'm telling you, the next time you get killed, you're *staying* there. I've had enough aggravation with your mother."

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So I went to trial, in Chicago. At one point the trial was adjourned, and with the judge's knowledge I left for a booking in Los Angeles. My intention was to return to Chicago and bring the case to a stunning close. But not long after I landed in Los Angeles (hereafter called town D), I was arrested on a narcotics charge. It was my fifth arrest in that city, bringing the international grand total to fifteen. At this writing.

(Incidentally, shortly after I left Chicago, the Gate of Horn lost its liquor license and the owner had to sell out.)

While on bail in Los Angeles, I received the following communication from Celes Bail Bond, the local company which was standing my surety:

> Sir: It has come to our attention through news media that you are to be in court in Chicago today. May I suggest to you that you are not to violate the conditions of your bail. You are not to leave the jurisdiction of Los Angeles County, considering all the other court appearances that you are to make here in Los Angeles.

So, if I left California, I would be arrested for jumping bond. I remained there. And in Chicago I was found guilty of obscenity — *in absentia* — and sentenced by Judge Ryan to the maximum penalty of one year in the county jail and a fine of $1000.

The case is on appeal.

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If I am paranoiac, then I have reached the acute point of stress in my life. It's this bad:

Recently, while walking to the On Broadway, a night club in San Francisco, I observed a young couple in front of me. They were walking several feet ahead of me. They turned the corner that I was going to turn. And just before I got to the club, they turned into a hotel and went up the stairs.

My fear: I was afraid that they were afraid that I was following them.

This is the fifth installment of "How to Talk Dirty and Influence People," the autobiography of Lenny Bruce. Part VI will appear next month.

I also think you're indicating something about yourself. The cult of the personality doesn't seem to me to have anything to do with jazz musicians at all, and if it exists, it only has something to do with the jazz audience.

ADDERLEY: It depends on what you mean by personality. Some people — Yusef Lateef, Mingus, Dizzy — have strong personalities which they are able to project. They play *at* people. Yusef, for instance, plays through the horn, not just into the horn. People who don't have this, who cannot project, will never be successful even if they play beautifully. For example, as a group, the Benny Golson — Art Farmer Jazztet lacked a strong enough personality, and it failed. The Modern Jazz Quartet has several strong personalities. They even go in different directions. Everybody in that group is strong, and the group's collective identity is also strong. Dave Brubeck has a strong personality in the sense that he has a definite identity. It's not a wishy-washy kind of thing.

MULLIGAN: Any public performer has to have a strong personality to be unusually successful. There are more things possible for somebody who is accepted as a personality, aside from being a musician, than there are for the straight musician who doesn't project.

SCHULLER: Yet I would suspect that those who didn't make it to the top in the sense of a fairly broad acceptance must have had something missing beyond just the matter of personality.

MULLIGAN: Yes, if a man can blow, it doesn't matter if he's old, if he's blue, or if he's got a personality. As long as people like him. If he can blow.

SCHULLER: What I mean is that the matter of coming on with a fantastic getup or a goatee or other "quirks" of personality are all in the realm of fandom. But the more serious listeners to jazz, after all, are very sensitive to the subtle degrees of projection which a player has or doesn't have. A man can be a very fine musician, but there can be a certain kind of depressing or negative quality in his music that will hold him back in terms of acceptance. It may be that you can't fault his music in any way technically, but it doesn't have this way of going out there into the 20th row. And if that's the case, then I think there's nothing terribly wrong in the fact that such a man does not become the star that, say, Charlie Parker was.

MINGUS: You're underestimating the fact that jazz is still treated by most people as if it were show business. The question has some validity. Take Thelonious Monk. His music is pretty solid most of the time, but because of what's been written about him, he's one of those people who'd get through even if he played the worst piano in the world. Stories go with musicians, and that again is the fault of the critics — and of the jazz audience, too. There are many ways of being successful. Like going to Bellevue. After I went there on my own, and the news got out, I drew more people. In fact, I even used to bounce people out of the clubs to get a little more attention, because I used to think that if you didn't get a write-up, you wouldn't attract as many people as you would with a lot of publicity. But now I see what harm that kind of write-up has done to me, and I'm trying to undo it.

GILLESPIE: I don't know about this cult-of-personality thing. A musician must be who and what he is. If his personality is singular, and if he lets it come through his art naturally, he'll reach an audience. But I don't think you can force it.

PLAYBOY: While we're talking about popularity, is there a meeting ground somewhere for the multimillion-viewer audience required by TV and the more specialized attractions of jazz? Most efforts in the past have been either financial or artistic failures, or both.

GLEASON: As far as I'm concerned, there's a place for jazz on TV, because I'm involved with doing a jazz show on television. It's on educational television, so we aren't hung up with commercials, we aren't hung up with having to play somebody's tune or allowing somebody to sit in with the group. And we aren't hung up with all the restrictions of commercial television as to length and selection of material. We have a multimillion-viewer audience, and the musicians do whatever they want to. In fact, the musical director of each one of the programs on *Jazz Casual* is the leader who's on the program that week. *He* selects the music. Sometimes he lets us know in advance what it will be and sometimes we find out when he plays it.

And I don't think jazz' attraction is specialized. Let's just say all jazz programs in the past have been failures — I'll buy that — with the exception of the one show they did on Miles Davis, and that CBS show, *The Sound of Jazz.*

PLAYBOY: To give credit where it's due, both of those programs were produced by Robert Herridge.

GLEASON: With the exception of those (and *Jazz Casual*), almost everything I've seen on television on jazz has been a failure. And the reason for it is that television has never been willing to accept the music on its own terms, but always wanted to *adapt* the music to television's requirements. Under the assumption that you had to produce a product that was palatable to some guy walking down the streets of Laredo, I guess, I don't know. Jazz will get along on television if they'll leave jazz musicians alone, and let them play naturally.

GILLESPIE: Exactly. TV, of all media, is ideally suited to the uniqueness of jazz, because you can hear and see it while it's being created. I think the big mistake in most of the jazz formats in the past has been their lack of spontaneity. Maybe jazz could be done on TV by means of a candid-camera technique.

KENTON: If you're talking about the major networks, I'd say there's no place on television for jazz at this time at all, because television has to appeal to the masses, and jazz has no part of appealing to the masses. It's not a case of how well it's presented — whether by candid camera or some other device. It's just that jazz is a minority music, it appeals to a minority, and that minority is not large enough to support any part of commercial television.

RUSSELL: I'm almost as pessimistic. It won't happen so long as the tyranny of the majority is working. No producer in his right mind is going to have the courage to buck the majority and come up with something tasteful. Yet, if one of the powers in the industry *did* have enough courage to put on something very tastefully conceived, and if he did it often enough, I think jazz would eventually get through.

ADDERLEY: Well, so far all of you have been talking about jazz as a separate thing on television. I don't really see why jazz has to be shunted off to be a thing alone. I don't see why it's not possible to present Dave Brubeck as Dave Brubeck, jazz musician, on the same program with Della Reese. We in the community of jazz seem to feel that we need our own little corner because we have something different that is superior to anything else that's going. But it's all relative, and there's a kind of pomposity involved in that kind of attitude when you check it. I think that I could very easily be a guest artist on the Ed Sullivan show or the *Tonight* show along with the other people they have. Like Allan Sherman. Let me do my thing, and there's a good chance I might communicate to the same mass audience that he does. The same thing is true of Miles Davis or Dizzy or anyone else. I think there's a place for us on television — once we get admitted to the circle.

MULLIGAN: I still think it would be possible to produce a reasonably popular jazz show, but it would have to start on a small scale. I think a musician — whether it's me or whoever — should be master of ceremonies if the show is going to have the aura of jazz. And this musician would have to be able to produce a musical show with enough variety to be able to sustain itself. If I were doing it, and I'd like nothing better than to try, I'd prefer to do it as a local show which could be taped for possible use on

networks. That way we could keep expenses down while we tried to prove what kind of audience we could attract.

Now, Cannonball talks about being part of the circle of guest attractions on the major shows. Well, our group has been on some of them, and I don't know whether it really does us any good or not. Being on that kind of show does give you a kind of prestige value with people who have no awareness of jazz. But I wonder whether seeing and hearing jazz groups in that sort of surrounding gives TV viewers any increased sensitivity to jazz. I think not. It just makes them think of me — or any of the other jazz musicians who make those shows — as being bigger names, as being bigger stars in relation to stars as they think of them. But it doesn't really help create a larger audience for jazz itself. I'll keep on doing those appearances as long as they're offered to me, but what I'd really like to try is that local show. I think we could build a really good presentation which people would go for. But nobody's made an offer yet.

MINGUS: Let's face it. Television is Jim Crow. Oh, for background scores, the white arrangers steal from the latest jazz records. But as for putting our music on television in our own way and having us play it, no. Not until the whole thing, the whole society changes.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us right into the sensitive area of jazz and race. A significant number of Negro musicians have expressed their conviction that, with a few exceptions, Negro jazzmen are more "authentic" and tend to be more original and creative than their white counterparts. They say this is not a genetically determined condition, but results from environment — the kind of music the Negro child hears and the kind of experiences a Negro in America has. Do you agree with this contention? Also, some have termed this feeling of superiority among some Negroes "Crow Jim." Do you think that term is valid in so far as it connotes a form of reverse prejudice in jazz?

GLEASON: I agree that Negro jazzmen are more authentic and tend to be more original and creative than their white counterparts. I also agree that this is not a genetically determined condition, but results basically from environment.

SCHULLER: I'd agree, too, but I'd add the point that because of this kind of background, a majority of musicians among Negroes will *turn* to jazz while a majority of white musicians — because they don't have as much access to this music in their formative years — will not. But, of course, the picture is changing all the time. And this has never meant that white musicians cannot — by some fluke or some fortuitous set of circumstances — have the kind of background that Negro musicians have.

BRUBECK: I don't agree with anything that says being white, black, purple or green makes you a better jazz musician. I think that your inner core, your philosophy, is the important thing. The depth of your convictions and your ability to get these convictions across is what counts. To me, it's ridiculous to say that a Negro expresses jazz better than a white person, or the other way around. You mention environment. Let me say that if I were going to pick saxophone players, I would not pick them on the basis of what their childhood environment had been, but on the basis of what they say as *adults*. And I would pick *individuals*. There would certainly be a Paul Desmond who can probably express a melodic line better than any other Negro or white player and who has an emotional quality that is individually his own. There would be a Stan Getz. There would be a Gerry Mulligan. There would be a Charlie Parker. There would be a Sonny Rollins. When I think of these men, I'm not going to think about color.

ADDERLEY: Although I pretty much agree that Negro jazz musicians, because of their environment, tend to be more authentic, I think that basically it's a matter of sincerity and of really being in love with the music. Anyone can have a passion for jazz. I think Zoot Sims is just as creative as anyone else. He's passionately involved with the real, pure, unadulterated jazz. So is my pianist, Joe Zawinul, an Austrian. When Joe plays on a record, I defy a layman to determine his race. I've always contended that environment *and* exposure determine the way a guy performs. I'm sure no one could tell whether Al Haig was white or Negro.

Certainly jazz is a synthesis of various Negro forms of music, but recently, it has added colors and developments from European "serious" music (and I'm not implying jazz isn't serious). So today, it is less a Negro music than an American music, because everybody is contributing in his own way. Eventually jazz will be "colorless."

However, as of now, jazz is still quite colored. It's true you can't tell Joe Zawinul's color from listening to a record, but you can certainly tell Stan Getz is white, as contrasted with, say, John Coltrane. You simply can't deny, if you know anything about the medium, that you can tell the color of people by the way they play. As time goes on, though, this will probably be less and less true.

RUSSELL: I would say that, so far, the important innovators have been Negroes, but this doesn't mean that every Negro jazz musician is as good as a lot of white musicians. There are some excellent white musicians around. I'll hire for my band the best people available. Sometimes the band is integrated straight down the middle and other times it may be four-fifths Negro.

PLAYBOY: What about the charge that Crow Jim exists in jazz?

MINGUS: Well, until we start lynching white people, there is no word that can mean the same as Jim Crow means. Until we own Bethlehem Steel and RCA Victor, plus Columbia Records and several other industries, the term Crow Jim has no meaning. And to use that term about those of us who say that this music is essentially Negro is inaccurate and unfeeling. Aren't you white men asking too much when you ask me to stop saying this is my music? Especially when you don't give me anything else?

Sure, we have pride in the music. People who called themselves civilized brought the black man over here and he appeared primitive to them. But think about what we've done. We've picked up your instruments and created a music, and many of us don't even know the notes on the horn yet. This shows me that maybe African civilization was far superior to this civilization. We've sent great white classical trumpet players into the woodshed to practice and try to play some of the things we've created, and they still haven't been able to. If you wrote it down for a classical trumpet player, he'd never even get started.

GILLESPIE: That phrase Crow Jim doesn't make sense. There is and always has been a kind of aristocracy of art. Those who feel what they're capable of and are proud of what they can do. Even haughty. But I refuse to abide by color boundaries. Just name the top jazz artists. Obviously they're not all Negroes. The good white jazz musicians are as well recognized by the Negro jazz musicians as they are by the white musicians.

GLEASON: I don't term the feeling of superiority among Negro jazz musicians as Crow Jim. If there's a definition of Crow Jim, it seems to me, it is when you adopt the position that no white musician can play jazz at all. And no Negro jazz musician of any major status adopts this position, as far as I know. I think you might adopt the term Crow Jim to describe the feeling of some fans who will pay attention only to Negro jazz musicians — who will not listen to any white jazz musician.

But I think that the position of the white jazz musician who feels himself slighted these days, or who feels a draft from the Negro jazz musician, is a very real position. And I think the only road out of this situation is the one that Jon Hendricks describes: "When you enter the house of jazz you should enter it with respect." And I think that white

jazz musicians, many of them in the past, who have tried to do the impossible in their music, which is to cross over the color line in reverse, have made a mistake. I think what they have to do is to bring into it their own feeling and their own originality. As Dizzy Gillespie said at a student press conference, "We aren't the only ones that swing, baby," and then he went on to explain about many musicians in all countries in the world who could swing. But that doesn't change the fact that jazz is a Negro music and was invented and created by Negroes. But it also does not mean that it can't be played by non-Negroes. Now it's simply a fact that at least one jazz night club I know of does not want to book jazz musicians who are not Negroes, because, in the club owner's experience, white jazz groups have not made money in his club for him, and Negro jazz groups have. On the other hand, it's quite obvious that he would book Dave Brubeck if he could.

RUSSELL: Yes, I do think club owners have fallen into this kind of thinking, but they perpetuate it much more than the musicians do. I don't think the true jazz musician can be Crow Jim, because the very nature of the art demands honesty. And I don't see how, if the only player around who is going to do it for you is a white player, you can honestly hire anyone of any other color who is an inferior player. Miles, all the leaders, now have integrated bands. The important people don't think in Crow Jim terms.

ADDERLEY: While I do feel that practically all Negro musicians in jazz feel superior to practically all white musicians in jazz, it can be explained by the fact that this was one thing Negroes have had to grasp for a long time. The feeling is that since we have this, and it is now considered something worth-while, we can take pride in the fact that we know we can play jazz better than anybody else. But I won't accept this on the basis of *ethnic* superiority. We *have* played this music from its beginning and we have been exposed to it more than the whites. But anyone with a passion for the music and with exposure and with artistry and a chance to play it can develop into a good jazz musician. There's another point: If a Negro says he can play better jazz than a white, that gives whites license to say, "Well, you can't play in our symphony orchestras, because we, as whites, can play classical music better than you do." And I think that's ridiculous, too.

MULLIGAN: Questions like this are not important to me. People get themselves all worked up over things like this, but I don't give a damn if a man is green or blue. If he can blow, let him blow. If he can't blow, let him do something else.

KENTON: But you do have to face the facts about color in jazz today. It is much more difficult today for white musicians and colored musicians to play together than it ever was before. I realize that the civil-rights problem had to arise and I think the Government is doing just exactly what it should do and had to do about it. But before the Government started demanding integration, we had many places around America where we could play together. We called them black-and-tan clubs and all sorts of things, where the white and colored musicians met and played together, and white and colored clientele came to the place. But when the Government started pushing integration, this did away with almost every one of those places. And it made the white and colored musicians kind of stand at a distance, even though they were always very close before, because there's the problem of civil rights that's like a barrier between them and that, somehow, is not easily surmountable. The civil-rights issue has to be solved in this country. The barrier now is such that people even forget what has happened in the past. Like, a man recently accosted me and wanted to know why I'd never had any colored musicians in my band, and I finally had to sit down and write out about two dozen names of Negroes who had played in my band for long periods of time. But because of the mere fact that I have no colored musicians in my present band and that I have received some unfavorable publicity regarding this, that man believed I was Jim Crow and that, of course, is impossible.

You ask about Crow Jim. Well, I think that colored audiences started boycotting white jazz as long as ten years back. And there are colored musicians who do feel today that jazz is *their* music and they don't want white musicians infringing on their art. It's only natural that they feel that way, but they're wrong, because the Negro would not have had jazz without the white man. If this weren't true, we'd have jazz going in parts of the world where Africans live. To discount the white man's position in jazz is doing the white jazz musician a great injustice.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there are still elements of Jim Crow in jazz — in bookings, in the general way in which Negro jazz musicians are treated as contrasted with the way white jazzmen are treated?

GILLESPIE: There's no doubt that Jim Crow exists in jazz bookings, as flagrantly as ever. Today, however, it's been developed into refined refusals.

SCHULLER: Dizzy is right; there is still a lot of Jim Crow going on, but it's become more subtle. The businessmen in jazz still apply all kinds of old criteria to the Negro musician. They treat him as an entertainer and as someone below their own level.

ADDERLEY: In practically 200 percent of the cases, Negroes are always treated as Negroes. Even if you're treated as a very special Negro. It's that old paternalism. Whites, all whites, regardless of how liberal, need to have somebody to feel superior to. It makes no difference how big a Negro gets in terms of money, so-called social position, and so forth. As long as the Negro wears the badge, the lowest white man feels, "Well, at least I'm not a Negro." In jazz, it sometimes works in another way. Somebody will say, "Your music is really good. I'd like you to come to my house for dinner. You know, I wouldn't let just anybody come to my house for dinner, but you come to my house for dinner, because you play very well." You understand what I mean? It works the same way all the time. You're always conscious of the fact that you're Negro.

PLAYBOY: But is there specific Jim Crow in the business end of jazz? Some Negro musicians have complained that some of the booking offices consider the Negro jazzman as part of their plantation. And that some club owners also act that way.

ADDERLEY: No, I've never really felt that. I have felt this: We've played clubs where a club owner will very frankly say, "You draw a lot of white business. You know, most Negro groups don't draw a lot of white business. So I can afford to pay you more because you draw Negroes *and* whites." Color consciousness again. But I've never had the feeling that I was entertainment for the white folks.

BRUBECK: I've always figured that the charge of Jim Crow in jazz was a fairy tale, because I played for years during which one Negro soloist would be making more than my entire quartet. Anybody who says that certain Negroes have not been paid as much as certain white musicians doesn't really know the entire story. Think of Nat Cole. He's been well paid, and he deserved to be well paid. Don't tell me Charlie Parker wasn't well paid, because I know he was. I was there. I can't think of any jazz musician who, if he was determined to make it and behave and show up on time, didn't get paid what he was worth. I would say, however, that there have been discriminatory practices in television. But on TV, it's been harder for the man with a mixed group, such as mine, than for the all-Negro or the all-white group. I know that I lost the highest paying job I was ever offered in my life because my group was mixed. An all-Negro group took it. And that was on nationwide television. Within jazz, and within society, the mixed groups will meet with more problems and will solve more problems.

GLEASON: There certainly are Jim Crow elements in jazz, just as there are Jim Crow elements in the rest of this society. I know that there are bookings that Negro jazz musicians do not get because of prejudice. This is considerably less than it was in the past years, but I think it's still true today. The situation has changed a great deal, and it's a great deal better than it was. This does not mean that it's good. And the elimination of Jim Crow is long overdue. There's a residual Jim Crow in a lot of areas. Jazz musicians encounter this, and if they're Negro jazz musicians, they encounter it sometimes very strongly.

Ray Charles, for instance, has had a great deal of this on one-nighter tours in smaller towns, where it's OK for them to play, but they want to get 'em out of town as soon as possible. And Negro jazz musicians are treated like all other Negroes in many parts of the country, where they can't stay in many motels and hotels. But the way in which the major booking agencies function, as far as I can tell from where I stand, is not Jim Crow. All *they're* interested in doing is making money, and they're not interested any more than any other money-making machine is in the color of the person who makes the money for them.

PLAYBOY: Thank you, gentlemen. This conversation has demonstrated that, as in the music they play, compose and write about, there is spirited diversity in the opinions of jazzmen. We have, however, reached a consensus in a number of areas. Jazz, for one thing, is far from a dying form; it is instead in a period of unusual growth and creativity. Jazz is also clearly evolving into an art music, but is retaining its roots in improvisation. While there are elements of prejudice in jazz, as in the rest of society, there is a strong feeling among most musicians that it is a man's passion for the music and his ability — not his color — that determines his worth as a jazzman. And, as all of you have shown, the jazz musician is deeply committed to his music and proud of its traditions. Furthermore, the impact of jazz throughout the world is becoming broader and deeper. It is a remarkable tribute to this music's vitality and capacity for expansion that jazz, which was created in this country from Afro-American folk sources, is now an important international language whose future is challengingly unpredictable — and limitless.

This discussion has also proved, to those for whom such proof is still necessary, that the vintage myth that jazz musicians are inarticulate is hardly true. While jazz is still primarily a music of the emotions, there is a great deal of thought and discipline involved in its conception and execution. The quality of that thought, as you have shown, is both penetrating and persistently independent.

PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

(continued from page 47)

what is needed is stricter marriage laws, not stricter laws on divorce. We will expand, in a later issue, on our belief that too easy and too early marriages are the primary causes of marital unhappiness and failure. But we should recognize here the extent to which society and the state produce early and subsequently unhappy marriages.

By making marriage a church-state license to enjoy the pleasures of sex — by making sex outside of marriage a social and legal taboo — our society supplies a tremendous impetus to early marriage, whether couples are emotionally, psychologically and economically prepared for it or not.

Laws limiting the marriage of children, and the mentally and emotionally incompetent are far too lax. Indeed, if an underage couple elopes and the union has been sexually "consummated," our irrational religious heritage lends strong argument to allowing the marriage to stand, whether or not the couple is mature enough to comprehend and undertake the responsibilities inherent in marriage and the raising of a family.

So-called "shotgun" marriages may even force one member in a relationship into marriage against the person's better judgment, because there has been sexual intimacy or, more often today, because that intimacy has resulted in pregnancy. If a literal shotgun rarely appears as a coercive force to early and unwelcome marriage today, the "shotgun" attitude still persists and society seems more anxious to force the unprepared into wedlock than to properly educate the young in how to avoid unwanted pregnancy or solve, in any rational and humane manner, the problem of undesirable pregnancy (through legal abortion) when it does occur.

If an engagement prior to marriage is seen as a period during which a man and woman are allowed a time of close acquaintanceship that they may better judge if each is best suited to the other, then the entire legal history of breach-of-promise suits is irrational — wherein a person (almost always the male), once having proposed marriage, is penalized (and sometimes heavily) for changing his mind.

The observation has been made that in breach-of-promise actions the average jury, historically generous with other people's money, utilizes two prime considerations in the computation of damages: (1) the plaintiff's beauty; and (2) the ability of the defendant to pay. As a result, verdicts have been generous and appellate courts have sustained damages ranging from $500 to $45,000 against charges that they were excessive. In one New York case, the plaintiff had admitted that she did not love the defendant. She was 29 years of age and the

defendant was 84 and partially palsied. However, his fortune was estimated at $15,000,000. The offer to marry the plaintiff was made only a few days before the breach-of-promise action was taken. Nevertheless, the jury awarded the plaintiff $225,000, which the appellate court reduced to $125,000. In a Michigan case, the jury awarded a woman the sum of $450,000, which was reduced to $150,000 by the court.

Ploscowe comments, "These verdicts, however, present only a partial picture of the social consequences of the breach-of-promise action. Large numbers of breach-of-promise actions are settled outside of court because of the consequences which might flow from publicity which this type of action entails. No man of prominence or social position can afford to have his love life aired in the way that the tabloid press has made familiar. As a result, the adventuress and the gold digger are presented with an unparalleled opportunity for shakedown and blackmail."

Our legislatures and courts have finally come to recognize the undesirable nature of breach-of-promise suits and approximately 17 states, including New York, have now outlawed such actions. Breach-of-promise suits should obviously be abolished in all states.

FORNICATION

No human act between two people is more intimate, more private, more personal than sex, and one would assume that a democratic society that prided itself on freedom of the individual, whose Declaration of Independence proclaimed the right of every citizen to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and whose Constitution guaranteed the separation of church and state, would be deeply concerned with any attempted infringement of liberty in this most private act.

But our society still carries the searing brand of antisexualism inherited from the medieval Church of Europe and the Puritanism of England and so, while America has been traditionally permissive in most areas of human behavior, we have been restrictive in matters of sex.

We have prized virginity and chastity, especially in women, and proclaimed that sex outside of the married state is wrong. We have reinforced this religious viewpoint at every level of secular society and the state has further established this restriction by legislative edict: nonmarital and extramarital sexual intercourse between consenting adults is prohibited under statutes covering fornication, adultery and lewd cohabitation in 48 of the 50 states and the District of Columbia (excluding only California and Tennessee), as well as the Federal Mann Act where interstate activity is involved.

This behavior, publicly condemned throughout most of our society, and forbidden by both state and Federal law, is privately practiced — not by a select minority — but by a considerable majority of our adult population. Nonmarital coitus (fornication) is engaged in by approximately 90 percent of adult males, according to Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey and his research associates at Indiana University (Wardell B. Pomeroy, Clyde E. Martin, Paul H. Gebhard), in their monumental study of U. S. sex behavior, published in two volumes, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*.

Dr. Kinsey and his associates found that sexual activity varies greatly, in both form and incidence, depending upon educational and social background. Among males who go to college, some 67 percent have sexual intercourse prior to marriage; among those who receive some high-school education, but do not go further, approximately 84 percent have premarital intercourse; and among males who do not go beyond a grade-school education, the accumulative incidence figure is 98 percent. Kinsey reports that in some groups among the lower social levels, it is virtually impossible to find a single male who has not had sexual intercourse by the time he reaches his mid-teens. In addition, nearly all men (about 95 percent) who have been initiated into regular coital experience in marriage, continue to engage in sexual intercourse after their marriages have been terminated by the spouse's death, by separation or divorce. They "repudiate the doctrine that intercourse should be restricted to marital relations. Nearly all ignore the legal limitation on intercourse outside of marriage. Only age finally reduces the coital activities of those individuals, and thus demonstrates that biological factors are, in the long run, more effective than man-made regulations in determining the patterns of human behavior."

Kinsey comments on the nature and number of partners that may be involved in premarital intercourse for the male: "There are males, particularly of the upper social level, who may confine their premarital intercourse to a single girl, who is often the fiancée. There are males who have some dozens or scores of partners before they marry. In some cases, lower-level males may have intercourse with several hundred or even a thousand or more girls in premarital relations. There are quite a few individuals, especially of the grade-school and high-school levels, who find more interest in the pursuit and conquest, and in a variety of partners, than they do in developing long-time relations with a single girl."

Although our society places the strongest taboos upon women engaging in sexual intercourse outside of marriage, approximately 50 percent of all females have premarital coitus. Unlike the men, however, the higher educational and social level females tend to have a *higher*, rather than a lower, percentage with nonmarital sex experiences; among women with a college education, approximately 60 percent have premarital intercourse. Postmarital sex for females, who have lost their spouses through death, or separation or divorce, follows the same general pattern as with the men — once a woman has engaged in regular coital experience as a part of marriage, she tends to continue to engage in such experience after the marriage has ended. Significantly, with both men and women, the percentage of total

". . . And now, a word from our sponsor . . ."

sexual outlet through coitus continues to be approximately the same after the conclusion of a marriage as it was within it.

In contrast to U.S. laws forbidding nonmarital sex, Kinsey comments, in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*: "Premarital relations have been more or less openly accepted in most of the other civilizations of the world, in the Orient, in the Ancient World, and among most European groups apart from the Anglo-American stocks." And in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, Kinsey states: "There is no aspect of American sex law which surprises visitors from other countries as much as this legal attempt to penalize premarital activity to which both of the participating parties have consented and in which no force has been involved. . . . There is practically no other culture, anywhere in the world, in which all nonmarital coitus, even between adults, is considered criminal."

In England, which shares with us a common Puritan heritage, there are no specific laws prohibiting fornication or adultery. In the United States, however, 38 states have specific statutes forbidding fornication — a single act of coitus between consenting adults. The penalties for fornication range from a $10 fine in Rhode Island to a $500 fine and five years in prison in South Dakota.

Arizona, Arkansas, California, Delaware, Iowa, Louisiana, Maryland, New Mexico, New York, Oklahoma, Vermont and Washington have no state statutes prohibiting fornication, but Arizona, Arkansas, Louisiana, New Mexico and Washington do have laws prohibiting lewd cohabitation — a habitual relationship or one in which an unmarried couple lives together as man and wife. Alaska law prescribes a maximum fine of $500 or two years' imprisonment for fornication, or both; Connecticut specifies a $100 fine or six months in jail as a maximum penalty; North Carolina law calls for a fine and/or imprisonment, "as the court may direct"; Colorado law imposes a $200 fine or six months' imprisonment as the maximum for the first offense, a doubling of the sentence for the second conviction, and so on.

LEWD COHABITATION

Cohabitation is defined as a habitual sexual relationship or one in which an unmarried couple lives together as man and wife. Fourteen states have specific statutes prohibiting cohabitation. It would seem logical for society to prefer sexual liaisons of a more permanent nature to the more casual, indiscriminate variety, but logic has very little to do with our sex laws and, in general, the penalties for cohabitation are more severe than for random fornication. Arizona, which has no statute prohibiting fornication, does have one against cohabitation, with a maximum sentence of three years' imprisonment; Maine, with a $100 fine and 60-day jail sentence for fornication, has a maximum penalty of $300 and five years for cohabitation; Massachusetts, with $30 or 90 days for fornication, raises the sentence to a maximum of $300 or three years for cohabitation; Arkansas, with no statute prohibiting either fornication or adultery, stipulates a penalty of $20 to $100 for cohabitation on the first conviction, a $100 minimum or one-year maximum for the second conviction, and one to three years' imprisonment for the third.

Some fornication statutes actually read more like cohabitation laws, as in South Carolina, where the statute reads: "Must be habitual or parties must live together. . . . Not less than $100 nor more than $500, or imprisonment for not less than six months nor more than one year, or both fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court."

The Alabama law against fornication also has this cohabitation aspect to it; it is written specifically to discourage a continuing relationship between the same two partners: "Not less than $100 and may be sentenced to the county jail for not more than six months; on second conviction *with the same person*, not less than $300 and may be imprisoned in county jail for not more than 12 months; and on third conviction *with the same person*, shall be imprisoned in penitentiary for two years." (Italics added.)

THE MANN ACT

In addition to the individual state statutes, there is a Federal law, commonly referred to as the Mann Act, that is used to prosecute persons who engage in illicit sexual activity, where interstate travel is involved. Though officially titled the White-slave-traffic Act, and passed by Congress in 1910 for the specific purpose of curbing interstate prostitution, the law states, "Any person who shall knowingly transport or cause to be transported, or aid or assist in obtaining transportation for . . . any woman or girl for the purpose of prostitution or debauchery, or for any other immoral purpose . . . shall be deemed guilty of a felony." The Federal courts have interpreted "any other immoral purpose" to include fornication — sexual intercourse between consenting adults — and the penalty is a maximum fine of $5000 or five years in prison, or both; if the girl involved is under the age of 18, the potential penalty is up to $10,000 and imprisonment for up to ten years.

The first unfortunate fellow to be convicted under the Mann Act was a Californian named Caminetti who took a female friend to Reno with him for a weekend. Alan Holmes commented on this case in an article on the subject in PLAYBOY (*The Mann Act*, PLAYBOY, June 1959): "Clearly, it had not been the intent of Congress to apply the Mann Act to this kind of peccadillo — but in order to revise the law to conform to its original purpose, some brave Congressman would have had to propose an amendment which would surely result in his being tagged throughout the land as an advocate of sin. A Congressman that brave was not to be found at the time, and none has appeared since.

"Appellate courts have consistently ruled, therefore, that premarital intercourse comes under the heading of 'any other immoral purpose,' even though it isn't even illegal in many states — New York for one. Thus, in that state it is not illegal to crawl into the sack with a girl, but it is a serious crime to drive her there from another state with the intention of doing so." Mr. Caminetti's weekend in Reno cost him a $1500 fine and 18 months in prison.

In his article for PLAYBOY, Holmes describes the strange workings of this law: "Let's suppose that you live in New Jersey. One bright morning at the office you spot a new addition to the staff: soft auburn hair, cute face, big wide-set eyes and a lovely pneumatic figure. It turns out that she lives in your town, too; she's 23 and a B.A. from Bennington. You move in and your enterprise is rewarded with a date on the following Friday for dinner and a play in Manhattan. You pick her up on the appointed night and you roll through the Lincoln Tunnel into the glittering world of midtown Gotham after dark. You stuff her with seafood coquille and *tournedos* at Le Chanteclair and get her to the theater just as the curtain rises. So far, so good. But you really have no idea of how far you can get with this girl. Being basically a pessimist, you don't expect much more than a few kisses at her doorway. But as the evening progresses, so do you; the dear little thing proves far friendlier than she looks, and you end the evening in a small suite in a Gramercy Park hotel.

"Next day you discreetly describe the girl's warm and affectionate nature to your best buddy, who promptly decides that he is just as deserving as you are. He makes a date and takes her across the Hudson, too, fully expecting to follow in your fortunate footsteps. Alas, he scores a goose egg; he leaves her at her doorstep with the warm memory of a sincere-type handshake to speed him on his way.

"A serious Federal offense has been committed here. By you? Not at all. By your friend, who could be dragged off to the penitentiary for five years and fined $5000 to boot. He has violated the Mann Act, though he got nothing but a handshake for his pains. You, who enjoyed the fullest pleasure the lady had to offer, could not be booked for so much as jaywalking. You are completely in the clear...

"The 'crime' the Act condemns is not 'immorality.' It is the transportation of a woman with an immoral *intent*. Once you take her across a state line (with the lurking thought that you may score), the crime has been committed, no matter what happens next — or doesn't happen. Your friend broke the law because he had an 'immoral' intent when he took Miss Bennington through the Lincoln Tunnel. You, not even considering the possibility of making out (until after the transportation was over), are in the clear."

Because it is *transportation* for an immoral purpose that the law forbids, a businessman was charged with a violation of the Mann Act when, after a few days' vacation in Florida, he became lonely and wired a girlfriend, with whom he had had previous relations, to join him there. His wire included the cost of air transportation; she caught the next flight to Miami Beach, and they spent the rest of his vacation there together. At vacation's end, they had a quarrel, but being a gentleman he saw to it that she was returned safely home. Subsequently, on her testimony, the man was charged with and convicted of violating the Mann Act.

Because the *intent* to commit an immoral act is all that is required, the man could have been convicted of violating the Mann Act even if the girl had refused to join him in Florida. Even if he had not paid for her transportation, he could have been found guilty, because the law specifies that to "induce" or "entice" is sufficient — thus, theoretically, the mere invitation, with the expectation of sexual intimacy, would have been enough.

Holmes notes, "If you make arrangements with a young lady to spend the night in a hotel room in another state, and you and she travel there in separate cars, at different times, you have nevertheless broken the law if you 'persuaded, induced, enticed, or coerced' her to go. (Money, incidentally, is readily recognized as a powerful 'persuader,' etc.) On the other hand, if the whole thing was her idea in the first place, there is no violation. Nor can a woman be convicted under the Mann Act for transporting *herself* across a state line, though she can be held liable for transporting another woman. There is no section in the Act which makes it a Federal crime for either a man or a woman to transport a *man* across a state line for immoral purposes."

For those unfortunate enough to live in the District of Columbia, matters are worse still. In our nation's capital, you don't even have to cross a state line to violate the Act — all you have to do is transport, with the necessary immoral intent, of course. "If you are taking your girl home in a Washington taxi and the possibility of spending the night with her flits through your mind," observes Holmes, "you have just violated the Mann Act. If you walk her home, however, you're safe — but don't get gallant and carry her into her apartment. (To be really and truly safe, you can do no better than follow the dictum of the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, which recently held that 'about the only place where sexual intercourse can take place without running athwart the local law is in an anchored balloon.')"

The most notorious prosecution under the Mann Act was that of famous comedian Charlie Chaplin, when the Government charged him with a violation for taking a cross-country train trip with a comely young "protégée"; she later proved the wisdom of Congreve's 17th Century adage about the fury of a woman scorned when she became the state's star witness against poor Charlie. He escaped the Mann Act charges, but she nailed him with a paternity suit, even though medical evidence, held inadmissible by the court, proved conclusively that he was not the father of her child.

A popular song of a few years back musically endorsed the pleasures of "love on a Greyhound bus." Enjoyable they may be, but if the bus crosses any state lines, you'll be wise to get out and walk.

ADULTERY

In our society, adultery is generally held to be a worse sin than fornication. This is reflected in our state statutes which tend to treat this behavior as a crime warranting more severe punishment.

Adultery is forbidden in the Ten Commandments, which play an important part in both the Christian and Jewish religions. It doesn't matter that the original Judaic injunction against adultery was primarily concerned with property rights (when a wife was considered her husband's possession); nor that the admonition historically applied only to women (it was not thought improper in olden times for married men to have sexual intercourse with other than their wives). The antisexualism of the Middle Ages imbued adultery with its present sexual significance and broadened its prohibition to include male and female alike (though even today society is more tolerant of the adulterous husband than wife).

Statutes forbidding fornication and adultery have no historical basis in common law — traditionally this behavior has been dealt with by the ecclesiastical court; consistent with its origin as a violation of property, however, common law has permitted the innocent spouse to claim damages through civil action.

Fornication is easily defined as illicit sexual intercourse between two unmarried individuals, but a legal definition of adultery is not quite so simple. What distinguishes adultery from fornication? The married state of one or both of the partners in illicit coitus is the determining factor, but beyond that the definition is variously applied. Suppose a married man and a married woman were to have intercourse with a single woman and a single man; which of the four would be guilty of adultery and which of fornication? Some would hold that all four — married and unmarried — would be adulterous, since one member of each relationship was married; others would consider that three of the four had committed adultery — excluding only the single female who had intercourse with the married man; still others would say that two of the four had committed adultery, though they would not necessarily agree on which two — some suggesting that only the pair who were married were guilty of adultery and some stating that the married woman and her lover were the adulterous ones; and still others would argue that only one of the four had committed adultery — excluding all but the married woman. Here we find a differentiation of definition dependent not only upon the marital state, but also the sex of the participants in illicit coitus — varied viewpoints that have their origin, of course, in the fact that prohibitions of adultery originally applied only to married women.

On this confusion, Ploscowe writes, "The Roman law, which influenced much of our thinking on this question, differentiated between the illicit sexual intercourse of a married man and that of a married woman. A married man might have sexual intercourse with a single woman and not be guilty of adultery or any other crime. A married woman was guilty of adultery whenever she had sexual intercourse with a man who was not her husband, whether that man was married to someone else or was single. In such a case, both the married woman and the paramour were guilty of adultery.

"These Roman-law conceptions may be encountered in common-law views on adultery. While adultery was not generally regarded as a crime at common law, it might still be the subject of a civil suit for damages. . . . If an Englishman wanted a divorce, he had to bring an action first for criminal conversation based on the adultery of his wife. Only a husband could bring such an action. A wife could not sue another woman for damages because the latter had made love to her husband. Adultery was therefore defined at common law as at Roman law; the sexual intercourse with another man's wife was adultery.

"Many of our modern criminal statutes on adultery are interpreted in the same way, making sexual intercourse with another man's wife adultery and sexual intercourse by a married man with a

single woman fornication or no crime at all. The justification for this distinction between married men and married women, with respect to extramarital sexual intercourse, has come down to us from medieval times and is reiterated by modern cases. For example, in the case of State *vs.* Armstrong, the court stated: '. . . the gist of the crime, independently of statutory enactments, is the danger of introducing spurious heirs into a family, whereby a man may be charged with the maintenance of children not his own, and the legitimate offspring be robbed of their lawful inheritance. That an offense which may entail such consequences upon society is much more aggravated in its nature than the simple incontinence of a husband, few can doubt . . .' "

But Ploscowe notes, "If this rationale were adequate, sexual intercourse with a married woman who was unable to bear children should not be adultery. We have been unable to find any judicial decision which makes such an exception to the adultery statute.

"The English ecclesiastical law took an entirely different approach to adultery than the Roman law. . . . Adultery was defined by the ecclesiastical [court] as 'the inconstancy of married persons, a sin arising out of the marriage relation,' which was equally great whether the offender was male or female . . ."

This view of adultery was adopted by the early American courts and has also received statutory sanction in many states. For example, in the Massachusetts case of Commonwealth *vs.* Call, the defendant, a married man, was found guilty of having sexual intercourse with Eliza, a single woman. Call contended that this did not constitute adultery. The Massachusetts Supreme Court decided, however, that this was adultery, stating in its opinion, "Whatever . . . may have been the original meaning of the term adultery, it is very obvious that we have in this Commonwealth adopted the definition given to it by the ecclesiastical courts. . . . We hold the infidelity of the husband as well as that of the wife the highly aggravated offense constituting the crime of adultery."

This religious interpretation of the word is specifically adopted by a number of state statutes; for example, the New York Penal Law reads: "Adultery is the sexual intercourse of two persons, *either* of whom is married to a third person." Under this type of statute, both the man and the woman are guilty of adultery, even if only one of the parties (either one) is married.

There are other states, however, which hold husbands and wives to the same standards of sexual fidelity, but make distinctions between the guilt of the single partner in illicit intercourse and the married one. In these statutes, the single partner is deemed guilty of fornication and the married one is declared guilty of adultery.

"So with the power vested in me, I pronounce us . . ."

Ploscowe adds this postscript, which helps underscore the earlier Roman definition of adultery as a crime involving married women: "At the end of 1961, it is interesting to note, the High Constitutional Court of Italy, the country's highest tribunal, upheld a provision of the penal code enacted 30 years previously, under which a wife faces up to two years in jail if found guilty of adultery. . . . Under the law, however, a husband cannot be punished at all for simple adultery."

But whichever definition we apply to the term, the Kinsey studies of our sexual behavior make abundantly clear that all of the combined church and state prohibitions have been notably unsuccessful in suppressing adultery in America. Kinsey's statistics on extramarital sexual intercourse include only the incidences of extramarital coitus of married adults; the coital experiences of the partners in these relationships, when the partners are themselves single, appear in the studies as part of the premarital and postmarital calculations, even though this behavior is legally termed adultery by a number of the states. If these additional statistics were added to those that follow, the incidences for adultery would be, of course, much closer to those of other nonmarital intercourse.

Kinsey's research indicates that approximately 50 percent of all married males have intercourse with women other than their wives at some time while they are married. Kinsey and his associates found a higher degree of cover-up and reluctance to supply answers on questions related to extramarital sexual experience than was evidenced in any other part of their studies. The 50-percent figure is therefore considered a minimum one and the real figure is probably somewhat higher. Nearly three-quarters (72 percent) of the married males in a study conducted by Terman in 1938 expressed an interest in extramarital relations, and Kinsey's extensive study revealed a "similarly high proportion" who expressed such desires. The gap between the desire for such experience and actual behavior must be viewed as the result of the strong taboos placed upon adultery in our society and on lack of opportunity.

As with premarital sex, educational and social backgrounds play an important role in determining the frequency and form of extramarital sexual activity. Married men of grade- and high-school education tend to have more extramarital coitus in the early years of marriage, but the incidence tapers off sharply with older married men; conversely, males with a college education tend to have fewer extramarital experiences in their first years of marriage, increasing the number of such relations in later years. The increasing incidence of extramarital coitus for married males with a college background can be understood as resulting from a lessening of the greater sexual inhibitions evidenced in early life by upper-level males; Kinsey is unable to offer any similar explanation for the reverse trend in lower-level married males, however.

For most men, at every social level, extramarital intercourse is usually sporadic, occurring on an occasion or two with one female, a few times with the next partner, not happening again for some months or a year or two, but then occurring several times, or every night, for a week or even for a month or more, after which the particular affair is abruptly ended. Kinsey reports, "There are extreme instances of younger males whose

orgasms, achieved in extramarital relations, have averaged as many as 18 per week for periods of as long as five years; but these are unusual cases. Lower-level males are the ones who are most likely to have more regularly distributed experience, often with some variety of females. Among males of the college level, extramarital relations are almost always infrequent, often with not more than one or two or a very few partners in all of their lives, and usually with a single partner over a period of some time — in some cases for a number of years."

In the study of the U.S. female, 26 percent admitted extramarital intercourse; among women with a college education, the incidence is somewhat higher, amounting to 29 percent. Here again, the cover-up evidenced in this portion of the studies suggests that the true percentages are somewhat higher than those reported.

For both the male and female, there are few types of sexual activity which occur more irregularly than extramarital intercourse. This, as Kinsey points out, is primarily because of limited opportunities and the fear of discovery; in addition, many married persons sharply limit their extramarital relations in order to avoid emotional involvements which might seriously endanger their marriages.

It is interesting to note that Kinsey found nearly half of the women who admitted to extramarital intercourse stated that their husbands either knew about it (40 percent) or suspected it (9 percent).

There are a variety of psychological and emotional, as well as some physical causes for extramarital intercourse in both sexes. We will not attempt, at this point, to evaluate the effect that extramarital sex may have upon a marriage relationship, though obviously the effect is far more dependent upon the attitudes of the persons involved than on the sexual activity itself. The only point to be emphasized here is that these problems are personal ones and should remain the private business of the people involved; they are not the proper business of our Government.

Nevertheless, 45 of the 50 states (excluding only Arkansas, California, Louisiana, New Mexico and Tennessee) have specific statutes prohibiting adultery. These laws are, in general, more severe than those for fornication, and range from a $10 fine in Maryland to a maximum penalty of $1000 or five years' imprisonment in Maine; Arizona, Idaho, Iowa, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey and Wisconsin all have statutes with a maximum prison sentence of three years for conviction of adultery; in Michigan it is four years; in Connecticut, Maine, Oklahoma, South Dakota and Vermont, it is five.

Seventeen states have the same penalty for adultery as they do for fornication; Florida has a $300 or 90-day maximum for fornication and a $500 or two-year maximum for adultery, however, and Illinois a $200 and six-month maximum for fornication, with $500 and one year for adultery; in Nebraska the maximum penalty for fornication is $100 and six months, while conviction on a charge of adultery can bring imprisonment of up to a year; in Wisconsin fornication may bring $200 and six months, while adultery may be good for $1000 and three years.

Arizona, Delaware, Iowa, Maryland, New York, Oklahoma, Vermont and Washington have no law against fornication, but do have statutes prohibiting adultery; no state has a law against fornication, but no law for adultery, though several have laws for neither, but prohibit illegal cohabitation (Arkansas, Louisiana, New Mexico); as we commented earlier, only California and Tennessee have no statutes prohibiting any of the three.

Alaska is the only state in which the penalty for fornication (maximum of $500 or two years or both) is greater than for adultery (maximum of $200 or 90 days), presumably because the Alaska fornication law has some of the elements of statutes prohibiting cohabitation. Hawaii is the only state that has different adultery penalties for men and women — $30 to $100 or three to twelve months or both for men; $10 to $30 or one to three months for women. Hawaii is doubly unique among the states in that the greater penalty applies to the male, whereas society is generally more severe with women for such behavior (as exemplified by the two years' imprisonment for women for adultery in Italy, with no comparable penalty for men).

A study of the statutes of the various states affords us only a portion of the true picture of things, of course, since many laws exist that are not actively enforced. These sex statutes are, in fact, among the least enforced and least enforceable of any in existence in these United States. During the fiscal year of July 1959 through June 1960 in New York, for example, 1700 divorces were granted in New York City on grounds of adultery, but an analysis of the Annual Report of the Police Department for the same period fails to disclose a single arrest for the crime, which is punishable in New York with a fine of up to $250 or six months in jail or both. The same evidence of adultery that is legally acceptable for the granting of a divorce is rarely then applied to a criminal prosecution for the activity.

However, *some* arrests and convictions for fornication and adultery do take place. For the year 1960, for example, the following typical municipal arrests for adultery were reported: Baltimore, two (both dismissed); Dallas, ten; Seattle, 31 (adultery and fornication). In 1959, Boston reported that two males and 17 females had been arrested and committed to the city prison for adultery; ten cases of fornication were similarly dealt with. Philadelphia reported the arrest of three adulterers.

The arbitrary and often capricious manner in which these laws are enforced constitutes a serious problem for the nation. By making the sexual behavior of the majority of adults illegal, these laws breed contempt for all law, and the fact of their being so widely unenforced induces disrespect for all law enforcement, in much the same way that Prohibition did in the Twenties. In addition, their existence permits them to be used by the unscrupulous for purposes of intimidation and blackmail.

Dr. Alfred Kinsey states, in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female:* "The current sex laws are unenforced and are unenforceable because they are too completely out of accord with the realities of human behavior, and because they attempt too much in the way of social control. Such a high proportion of the females and males in our population is involved in sexual activities which are prohibited by the law of most of the states of the Union, that it is inconceivable that the present laws could be administered in any fashion that even remotely approached systematic and complete enforcement. . . . The consequently capricious enforcement which these laws now receive offers an opportunity for maladministration, for police and political graft, and for blackmail which is regularly imposed both by underworld groups and by the police themselves . . ."

Finally, these sex statutes stand as mute evidence of the extent to which we have failed to live up to the ideal of a free and separate church and state in America.

In the next installment of "The Playboy Philosophy," Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner will continue his comparison of U.S. sex laws and behavior with a consideration of the statutes on sodomy, or what is termed "the abominable and detestable crimes against nature," covering all the so-called "perversions," which include almost every form of sexual activity other than coitus — for married and unmarried alike.

See "The Playboy Forum" in this issue for readers' comments — pro and con — on subjects raised in previous installments of this editorial series.

Two booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy" — the first including installments one through seven and the second, installments eight through twelve — are available at $1 per booklet. Send check or money order to PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

PLAYBOY FORUM

(continued from page 43)

ably would, that explosion would dwindle to a phfft. There wouldn't be anyone around 150 years from now.

God didn't goof when He put the pleasure in sex. God knew that the human animal wouldn't do anything willingly that he didn't enjoy and if he didn't enjoy sex, we would not have survived the first generation. There are many things in life that are pleasurable, but if we indulged in pleasure indiscriminately, it wouldn't be long before we found out what real suffering is.

Sex is not only enjoyable, it is also beautiful — under the right conditions. It must be entered into without any fear or frustrations. It must not have the taint of guilt or dirt connected with it. Any extramarital sex has the fear of being found out, the fear of possible offspring, the fear of disease. The right kind of sex is beautiful. The wrong kind is dirty.

To follow your lead of pleasure, for pleasure's sake, would lead to a society where everyone spent their time in bed and no one worked. It would end marriage and family life. Free love isn't the name for it. No love is more fitting. You can't go from one bedroom to another and maintain a love for anyone but yourself.

In short, you are asking to be relieved of your moral responsibilities and allowed to gratify your animal instincts. You want to lead a dog's life.

As for me, I am a creation of God. I am above the lower animal and although I have the basic animal instincts, God gave me a mind and a will to use. The Ten Commandments are still the moral law of today — even though mankind has flubbed in passing many of his legal laws.

If you repeal the law "Thou shalt not commit adultery," then how about "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal" and "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife." Yeah, how about that! She's a real looker!! Let's repeal them all. They'll be broken anyway and I mean, hell, man, let's really live it up!

Remember, man got kicked out of the Garden of Eden. Are you trying to start one of your own?

Bob Barrett
Vestal, New York

A society that esteemed reason rather than superstition might well turn out to be a veritable Garden of Eden. At any rate, it would go a long way toward ending the suffering produced by an irrational society that continues to place unnecessary pain and frustration above happiness and fulfillment.

We do not favor "free love" or any blind or irrational pursuit of pleasure — we have never suggested a pattern of behavior based on the premise: Live for the moment and let tomorrow take care of itself. We have proposed a philosophy for living, rather, that places its emphasis on both today and tomorrow.

We do not advocate sex as simply a sport and we do not believe that any human conduct should be removed from its consequences. A more enlightened code of sexual ethics would, of course, produce neither a population explosion nor, with the intelligent use of contraceptives, a dwindling or disappearance of the race.

We agree that sex can be both enjoyable and beautiful, but the suggestion that all sex outside of marriage is ugly and not enjoyable is absurd, and as unreasoned as would be the suggestion that all sex inside of marriage is joyful and beautiful. Not all sex without the married state is filled with fear and guilt and it is the feelings of fear and guilt associated with sex that we oppose — whether in or out of marriage; human morality should be based on something less coercive than that — and it is our contention that it should be based upon reason.

It seems irrational, to us, to reduce the marriage contract to a license to indulge in sex. Marriage should be an intellectual, emotional and moral bond between two individuals and have most often, as one of its satisfactions, the care and raising of children. Marriage, and especially marriage involving children, entails serious responsibilities. But these responsibilities, too, it seems to us, should be reasoned and reasonable.

Underlying the whole of your argument is a moral belief that has come from Judaeo-Christian teaching which, as was pointed out in the August and September installments of "The Playboy Philosophy," is based more upon the antisexualism of the medieval Church and Calvinist puritanism than on the original teachings of either Christianity or Judaism.

But apart from that, in our free society, the Ten Commandments are not the moral law of the land — they are the moral law for that segment of society that freely accepts them as moral law. Such religiously inspired morality is based largely upon faith; our civil law, by contrast, should be based solely upon reason. Few would suggest that profanity be made illegal simply because it breaks one of the Ten Commandments; similarly, theft and murder are against the law, not because they are also included in the Ten Commandments, but because a rational society is interested in protecting the life and property of its citizens.

Our religious beliefs should inspire us to live better, fuller lives, but it would be a sad, stultifying, totalitarian society if religion ceased to be a matter of free

choice for the individual and became an impersonal obligation dictated by the state. Society would no longer be free and the true meaning of religion would be lost and its values subverted.

The United States is a predominantly Christian nation, and we have a right to be proud of the greatest part of our Christian heritage. Christians have no right, however, to force their faith, or their morality, on the rest of society. James Madison observed, in effect, "If you make laws to force people to speak the words of Christianity, it won't be long until the same power will narrow the sole religion to the most powerful sect in it."

COMING OF AGE

Your magazine, while under the guise of a chronicle for the modern-day sophisticate, is still essentially a "girlie" magazine that has been colorfully and smoothly adapted to the more mature taste of our contemporary society. Therefore, your youthful publisher's attempt to out-philosophize some of the greatest philosophers of the past few thousand years (Aquinas, Augustine, Damiani and Bernard, etc.) borders on the ludicrous. You, in effect, are contradicting an earlier objective of lighthearted and spicy humor by wandering in philosophical fields far beyond your realm.

J. Drummey
Arlington, Virginia

One has to be neither dead nor a noted philosopher to have a philosophy. We all have a philosophy or outlook on life — it may be covert or we may be able to express it in glowing rhetoric, but we still possess it. Of course, PLAYBOY *has matured, expanded its horizons and added dimensions — this is all part of a growth process, normal to humans or magazines. Not to grow is to diminish. The contention that a zest for life precludes serious thoughts about it is a result of some one-dimensional thinking on your part. And if you have some serious objection to girls, that's your problem, not ours.*

SPOKESMAN

The Playboy Philosophy puts your magazine on a higher level than ever. If only more of us would have the fortitude to speak up and not slowly simmer in unhappy conformity! I enjoyed the most recent *Philosophy* better than any previous PLAYBOY writing. It served as an example for other Americans who are too frightened to advocate such a common-sense philosophy as you have given us.

Dick Record
Sharon, Pennsylvania

A FOGGY DAY

Thank you for publishing *The Playboy Philosophy*. Perhaps it will help to remove the fog of sham, hypocrisy and self-deception that covers large portions of our country today, to the amusement of much of the rest of the world. Translations of the *Philosophy* into European and Oriental languages, and world-wide distribution, could do much to dispel the prevalent Babbitt image so successfully inculcated by the Neanderthal mentality which occupies such a large acreage of public office.

I believe that the removal of this fog is essential to the achievement of racial harmony. Until much of the white community rids itself of false values, falsely ascribed, it will not be able to understand, nor to communicate with, those whose view of life is not blinded by glittering nonessentials, nor deceived by euphemisms.

Edwin J. Helfand
Forest Hills, New York

Your editorials on the subject of PLAYBOY's philosophy have been more than illuminating — they have given your readers evidence of the spark of intellectual and social freedom that is beginning to shine through a fog of hopeless conformity. America has broken, at last, out of the shell of "moral" (immoral) restrictions and begun to express itself as a mind, body and soul, uninhibited. So, we find motion pictures, novels and a magazine following and critically examining the goals of the New Revolution. As with any struggle of this kind, some of the rebellion is directed at rejecting, even destroying, society. It is clear to me, however, that the leaders in this movement — like yourselves — desire to improve rather than to irrationally reject life.

James Willems
San Diego State College
San Diego, California

"Come, come, J. R. You must have some idea about what went on at the Christmas party!"

"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.*

BIFFEN'S MILLIONS *(continued from page 82)*

brown hair, brown suit, brown shoes. Longish nose and not much chin. Just like a dachshund."

"I see. And his frame of mind. Has he been in good spirits?"

"Excellent."

"Any financial worries?"

"At the moment, rather fewer than usual, as a matter of fact. That godfather I spoke of died recently in New York, leaving millions, and Biff has an idea he may be in line for a small legacy. He says it's the least the man could do after getting him christened Edmund."

The secretary coughed.

"You feel, then," he said delicately, "that we can rule out suicide as a possibility?"

"Good heavens, yes. Biff wouldn't kill himself with a ten-foot pole. Not so long as there was a blonde left in the world."

"He is fond of blondes?"

"They're his lifework. The feat that haunts me is that he may have gone off and married one. I wouldn't put it past him. Still, one must hope for the best."

"Precisely, *mademoiselle*. It is the only way. Well, I do not think there are any further questions that I need to ask. Will you please go now and repeat to the sergeant what you have been telling me?"

"Must I? Couldn't we keep it just between us two?"

"It is the official procedure. No, not through that door. That is reserved for the *commissaire*, the sergeant and myself. You go out and enter through the door leading from the street."

• • •

The sergeant came back to Jerry. His air was that of a diplomat who has solved a problem which has been worrying the chancelleries for weeks.

"All is in order," he said. "I have covered myself."

"Thank heaven for that," said Jerry. "Do you know, I had a feeling you would. There goes a man, I said to myself when you went out, who is going to cover himself."

"The *commissaire*'s secretary assured me that there is no objection to doing what you suggest. There you are," said the sergeant some long minutes later as he slowly finished writing, slowly read through what he had written and slowly passed it across the desk. "Sign, please. Hard, for the carbons. Thank you."

He stamped the paper, put it on top of the pile already stamped, opened the drawer in which he had placed the wallet, took out the wallet, took 20 francs from it, replaced it in the drawer, locked the drawer.

"Now everything is in order," he said. "Here is a copy of your statement. The top copy and one carbon are reserved for the files."

He seemed to consider the affair closed, and Jerry was obliged to point out that there still remained something to be done.

"But you haven't given me my wallet."

A faint smile passed over the sergeant's face. How little, he was feeling, the public knew about official procedure.

"You will call for that in three days' time at the Lost Property Office, 36 Rue des Morillons," he said with the genial air of one imparting good news.

"Three *days!* But I'm leaving for England tomorrow!"

"I remember, yes, you told me, did you not?"

"Then where am I going to sleep tonight?"

"Ah," said the sergeant, seeming to admit that he had a point there.

He began stamping papers again.

• • •

Kay had decided not to see the sergeant. The brief glimpse she had had of him in the secretary's office had left her with the feeling that he was a man from whose conversation little uplift and entertainment were to be derived. She was wrong, of course, for he could have told her some good things about key bits, but she did not know that. She took up her stand in the street outside his door, hoping that he would cut his interview with Jerry reasonably short.

She had pleasant memories of Jerry and the prospect of meeting him again delighted her. Shipboard friendships are not as a rule durable, but theirs had lingered in her mind with an odd tenacity these past two years. It was with bright anticipation that she awaited the coming reunion.

When at length he appeared, he was tottering a little. His eyes were wild, his limbs twitched and he was breathing heavily. A hart panting for cooling streams when heated in the chase, had one happened to come along at the moment, would have shaken his hand and slapped him on the back, recognizing him immediately as a kindred spirit and a member of its lodge.

Kay hailed him with enthusiasm.

"Hello there, Jerry," she cried. "A hearty greeting to you, Zoosmeet."

He raised a hand in a passionate gesture.

"Are you going in to see the sergeant?" he asked hoarsely. "Don't do it. That way madness lies." He broke off, peering at her in the blue light cast from above by the police lamp. "*What* was that you said?" He drew a step closer. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed, allowing his eyes to bulge in the manner popularized by snails.

Until she had spoken, he had seen in her merely a misty, indistinct female figure hovering on the brink of the fate that is worse than death — viz., being closeted with a police sergeant whose conversational methods reduced even strong men to shells of their former selves, and his only thought had been to save her before it was too late. He was able now to perceive that this was no stranger but an old crony with whom he had walked on boat decks in the moonlight and shuffleboarded on sunny afternoons; with whom, side by side on adjoining deck chairs, he had sat and sipped the 11-o'clock soup.

"Good Lord!" he said. "You!"

"A word I never like," said Kay. "People say it when they're stalling for time, trying to remember your name."

"You don't think I've forgotten your name!"

"I don't know why you shouldn't have, considering that it's two years since we met and then, after five days on that boat, we never saw each other again. When we parted at Cherbourg, I remember you said we must keep in touch. But you didn't keep in touch."

"How could I? You were in Paris, and I was tied up with my job in London."

"I'm glad you got a job all right. You were rather worried on the boat about being one of the unemployed. But you could have written."

"I didn't know your address."

"And I didn't know yours."

"What *is* your address?"

"Sixteen Rue Jacob. Look in sometime, why don't you?"

"I've got to be back in London tomorrow."

"Golly, we are ships that pass in the night, aren't we? When do you expect to be in Paris again?"

"Not for another year."

"That's too bad. I was hoping we'd see something of each other. Well, how are you after all these long years, Jerry? Fine and dandy?"

"Yes. At least, no."

"Make up your mind."

"I'm fine and dandy now, but before I saw you I was feeling extremely blue."

"And, oddly enough, you're looking extremely blue. I suppose it's that police lamp. Why don't we go somewhere and split a cup of coffee? No sense in standing in this drafty street."

Jerry sighed. Situated as he was, the cheapest cup was beyond his means.

"There's nothing I'd like better. But I couldn't pay for it."

"Why, didn't you get your wallet back?"

Jerry laughed bitterly. The old wound was throbbing.

"If you knew the sergeant, you wouldn't ask that. You don't get things back when he has got ahold of them. But how did you know I had lost my wallet?"

"I was chatting with the secretary next

door, and the sarge blew in and told all."

"Ah, so you've met the sergeant. I'm glad of that, because if you hadn't, it might have been difficult to make you understand. He's not easy to explain to the lay mind. Yes, he's got the wallet and refuses to give it up. I don't get it till I call at the Lost Property Office three days from now."

"That's the French for you. What was in it?"

"All my money and the keys to the apartment where I was staying."

"Won't the concierge let you in?"

"There isn't a concierge. It's a maisonette. Very snug, too, if you can get past the front door. This, however, I am unfortunately unable to do. So coffee's out, I'm afraid."

"Nonsense. I'll pick up the tab."

The pride of the Shoesmiths had always been high, and in normal circumstances Jerry would never have permitted a member of the other sex to pay for his refreshment, but this was a special case. After half an hour with the sergeant he needed fortifying.

"You will?" he said eagerly, the aroma of coffee seeming to play about his nostrils. "It wouldn't run to a drop of brandy as well, would it?"

"Sure. No stint."

"I'll reimburse you when I get back to civilization."

"Don't give it a thought. This is my treat."

"It's awfully good of you."

"Not at all. Be my guest."

• • •

The *bistro* they found in the next street was of the humble zinc-counter-and-imitation-marble-tables type and rather fuller than he could have wished of taxi drivers and men who looked as if they were taking a coffee break after a spell of work in the sewers, but to Jerry it seemed an abode of luxury, what Kubla Khan would have called a stately pleasure dome. As he seated himself in a chair even harder than the one provided for his clients by the sergeant, a thrill of gratitude to the founder of the feast set him tingling.

"Tell me," he said, when the coffee arrived accompanied by what at first taste seemed to be carbolic acid, but which actually was brandy or something reasonably like it, "you were saying you had been in conference with the secretary. What was the trouble? Had you lost something?"

"Odd stuff, this," said Kay, sipping. "Probably used for taking stains out of serge suits. Still, it certainly has authority. Lost something, did you say? You bet I have. I've lost Biff."

Jerry stared.

"Biff? You mean *Biff?* Your brother Biff?"

"There's only one Biff in my life, and if you're going to say that's plenty, I'm with you a hundred percent. He's disappeared. Vanished into thin air. Gone without a cry and been gone two days."

"Good heavens! You must be worried."

"Not particularly. He'll be back when the spirit moves him. He's probably just off on a toot somewhere," said Kay with sisterly candor, and Jerry, too, felt that this must be the solution of the prodigal's absence. In his New York correspondent days he had seen a great deal of Biff and had come to love him like a brother, but he was not blind to his failings. Irresponsible was the adjective that sprang to the lips when one contemplated Edmund Biffen Christopher.

"Biff was always by way of being the master of the revels."

"He still is."

"Living in Paris hasn't changed him?"

"Did you expect it to?"

"He ought to get married."

"If there exists a woman capable of coping with him. There can't be many of that bulldog breed around. I thought he'd found one a year ago, a girl called Linda Rome. She would have been just right for him — one of those calm, quiet, sensible girls with high standards of behavior and a will of iron. She would have kept him in order. But she broke off the engagement."

"Why was that?"

"Because she was so sensible, I suppose. Much as I love Biff, I wouldn't recommend him as a husband to any girl who hadn't had experience as a prison wardress and wasn't a trainer of performing fleas on the side. He would drive the ordinary young bride crackers. Linda would have taken him in hand and reformed him, and it's a terrible pity she didn't see her way to going through with it. But let's not talk about Biff, let's take a look at your position. I don't see how one can avoid the conclusion that you're in something of a spot. How are you going to get back to London, if you haven't any money?"

"That part's all right. I have my passport and my return ticket."

"But you can't get into your apartment and you can't go to a hotel, so where are you going to sleep tonight? Have you given any thought to that?"

"Quite a good deal. I suppose I shall have to camp out in the Bois or on a bench somewhere."

"Oh, we must try to do better than that. Don't talk for a minute, I want to think."

She became silent, and Jerry watched her over his cup, not with any real hope, for he knew the problem was insoluble, but because watching her seemed to satisfy some deep need in his spiritual make-up. He would have been content to sit watching her forever.

"I've got it," she said.

A wave of emotion poured over Jerry. One of those loud French quarrels had broken out between two of the nearby taxi drivers and the air was vibrant with charges and countercharges, but he hardly heard them. He was stunned by the discovery that in addition to being the loveliest thing that ever played deck tennis or drank 11-o'clock soup she had a brain that even the deepest thinker might envy. He was conscious of an odd sensation similar to the one experienced by the character in the poem who on honeydew had fed and drunk the milk of paradise, and he did not need the heart expert of any of the many London periodicals that went in for heart experts to tell him what this meant. He was in a position to state without fear of contradiction that here beside him sat the girl he had been searching for all his adult life. There was something about her personality — the way she looked, the way her bright hair curled up at the sides of her little hat, the way she drank coffee and the way the mere sound of her voice got inside one and stirred one up as with a swizzle stick — that made the thought of leaving her and pining away with the Channel separating them the most nauseating he had ever experienced. He leaned forward impulsively, spilling a good deal of coffee, and was about to put these sentiments into words, to give her what at Tilbury House, where he worked, they called the over-all picture, when she spoke.

"I know where you can sleep. At Henry's."

"Who's Henry?"

"Henry Blake-Somerset. He's in the British Embassy. He'll put you up. It isn't far from here. If you've finished spilling coffee, let's go."

• • •

If Henry Blake-Somerset, enjoying a weak whiskey and water in his apartment preparatory to going to bed, had been asked by some inquiring reporter what was the last thing he wanted at this late hour, he would almost certainly have specified the intrusion on his privacy by a perfect stranger anxious to be accommodated with lodging for the night. He was tired and ruffled. He had had one of those trying days that come to all minor members of *corps diplomatiques* from time to time, the sort of day when everything goes wrong and the senior members expend their venom on the junior members, who, having no members junior to themselves to whom to pass the buck, are compelled to suffer in silence. His manner, consequently, when he opened the door to Kay's ring, had nothing in it of the jolly innkeeper of old-fashioned comic opera. He looked more like Macbeth seeing a couple of Banquos.

"Hello, Hank," said Kay in her brisk way. "You weren't asleep, were you?"

"I was about to go to bed," said Henry, and his tone was stiff.

"Just what Jerry here wants to do, and I've brought him along to seek shelter. He's in sore straits. Oh, by the way, Mr. Shoesmith, Mr. Blake-Somerset."

"How do you do?" said Jerry effusively.

"How do you do?" said Henry, less effusively.

"Mr. Shoesmith, I should mention," said Kay, "is passing for the moment under the alias of Zoosmeet, but think none the worse of him for that. It's his only way of getting the secret papers through to the Prime Minister. Where was I? Oh yes, sore straits. Tell him the story of your life, Jerry."

Jerry embarked on his narrative, but not with any marked ease of manner, for he seemed to detect in his host's eye a certain imperfect sympathy. Henry Blake-Somerset was a small and slender young man of singular but frosty good looks. He had what Jerry had once seen described in a book as enameled elegance. His hair was light and sleek, his nose aristocratically arched, his lips thin, his eyes a pale and chilly blue. Kay, Jerry recalled, had said that he was attached to the British Embassy, and he could well believe it. Here, obviously, was a rising young diplomat who knew all about protocol and initialing memorandums in triplicate and could put foreign spies in their places with a lifted eyebrow. The thought crossed his mind that if called upon to select a companion for a long walking tour, Henry Blake-Somerset would be his choice only after he had scraped the barrel to its fullest extent. Against this, however, must be set the fact that he had a bed to dispose of, and that made up for everything.

"So you see," said Kay, as he concluded the story of the lost wallet, "he's like the dove they sent out of the ark, which could find no resting place, and if you don't do your boy-scout act of kindness, he'll be in what you embassy guys call a rapidly deteriorating situation. You can put him in your spare room," she said, and Henry, with a notable lack of enthusiasm, said yes, he supposed he could.

"Of course you can," said Kay. "There it is, eating its head off. Well, I'll leave you to fix him up. Goodnight, Hank. Goodnight, Jerry. If I'm to give my employers of my best tomorrow, I must go and get some sleep."

Her departure was followed by a longish silence. Jerry was silent because he was thinking of Kay; Henry was silent because he was thinking of Jerry. A young man of regular habits who held strong views on the subject of Englishmen's homes and castles, he resented having perfect strangers thrust on him like stray dogs. Left to himself, he would have finished his whiskey and water, wound up his watch, brushed his teeth, gargled a little mouthwash and turned in between the sheets, all set for the refreshing slumber which would enable him to be bright and competent at the embassy tomorrow. And now this! He did not actually glare at Jerry, but his manner could not have been more distant if the latter had been a heavily veiled woman, diffusing a strange exotic scent, whom he had found helping herself to top-secret documents out of the embassy safe.

However, he was — though unwillingly — a host.

"Can I offer you a drink, Mr. Shoesmith?" he said gloomily.

"Thanks," said Jerry, and instantly regretted the word. This, he realized, would mean conversation, and he was not feeling in the vein for conversation. Love had come to him this night, and he wanted to be alone with his thoughts, not to have to exchange small talk with a man who was making so obvious his distaste for his interior organs. "I feel awful," he said apologetically, "intruding on you like this."

"Not at all," said Henry, though with the air of one who would have preferred to say "And so you damn well ought to." He took a sip of whiskey and water. "Very glad to be of help," he said, speaking not perhaps actually from between clenched teeth but certainly the next thing to it.

"I was all set to camp out in the Bois, when Miss Christopher had this sudden inspiration of getting you to put me up."

"Indeed?" said Henry, his tone indicating only too clearly what he thought of Kay's sudden inspirations. "Are you an old friend of hers?"

"Hardly that," said Jerry, wishing not for the first time that his host's eyes were a little less pale and icy or, alternatively, that if they had to be pale and icy, their proprietor would not direct them at him with such unpleasant intensity, for the young diplomat was making him feel like an unwanted ant at a picnic. "We were on the same boat coming over from New York two years ago and saw something of each other then. I met her again tonight at the police station."

"What was she doing there?"

"She had gone to ask the police to find her brother. He seems to have disappeared."

If it is possible to drink whiskey and water with a sneer, Henry did so.

"Probably off on a drinking bout."

"That was Miss Christopher's theory."

"The correct one, I imagine."

"I'm very fond of him myself."

"You know him?"

"Oh, very well."

"I understood that you and Miss Christopher were mere acquaintances."

The expression revolted Jerry, but he supposed that — so far — it more or less fitted the facts.

"We are."

"Yet you appear to be closely connected with the family."

"I saw a lot of Biff in New York. He was a reporter on a paper there, and I was the New York correspondent of a London paper. I went around with him all the time."

"With Miss Christopher also?"

"No, I never met her when I was in New York. I think she was out on the Coast. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, no particular reason. I just thought that you and she seemed on excellent terms. I noticed that she called you by your first name."

"Don't most girls drop the Mister fairly soon nowadays?"

"Do they? I could not say."

"They do with me. I suppose they find 'Mister Shoesmith' a bit of a tongue twister. I doubt if you could say it ten times quickly."

Henry Blake-Somerset apparently had no intention of trying. He took an austere sip of whiskey and water and was silent for so long that Jerry wondered if he had gone to sleep.

"So you and Miss Christopher were just shipboard acquaintances," he said, coming abruptly out of his reverie, and once more Jerry found the description distasteful. "I thought it possible that you might have been seeing her since."

"Oh, no."

"You have not happened to meet her during your stay in Paris?"

"No."

"The boat trip took how long?"

"Five days."

"And she calls you by your first name!"

Jerry became a little irritated.

"Well, she calls *you* by your first name."

"That," said Henry, rising, "is no doubt because we are engaged to be married. Will you excuse me now if I turn in. We keep early hours at the embassy."

• • •

His statement that the embassy staff was expected to clock in at an early hour proved next morning to have been strictly accurate. When Jerry woke, he found himself alone. And he was just sitting down to breakfast when the telephone rang.

Kay's voice came over the wire.

"Hank?"

"No, he's gone. This is Jerry."

"Couldn't be better, because you're the one I want to talk to. Have you had breakfast?"

"Just having it."

"Don't spare the marmalade. It's good. Hank has it imported from Scotland. Listen, what I'm calling about: I've had a telegram from Biff."

"You have? Where is he?"

"Over in London, staying at Barribault's Hotel. As if he could afford a place like that, the misguided young cuckoo. Could you find time to go and see him when you get back?"

"Of course."

"Ask him what he thinks he's playing at, going off without a word. Tell him I've been distracted with anxiety and am under sedatives with an ice pack on my head. Talk to him like a Dutch uncle and grind his face in the dust. Goodbye."

"Wait. Don't go."

"I must go. I'm working. Well, I can give you five seconds. What's on your mind?"

Jerry's voice was grim and accusing, the voice of a man who is about to demand an explanation and intends to stand no nonsense.

"You know what's on my mind. Why didn't you tell me you were engaged to this Blake-Somerset disaster?"

"Disaster, did you say?"

"That's what I said."

"You sound as if you hadn't taken to Hank."

"I didn't."

"What's wrong with the poor guy?"

"He's a mess. Totally unfit for human consumption."

"Well, I'm certainly surprised to hear you talk like that about a man who is your host, with whose food you're at this very moment bursting."

"I am not bursting. I am making a light Continental breakfast. But that's not the point."

"What is the point?"

"The point is that you're not going to marry him or anyone else. You're going to marry me."

There was a silence at the other end of the wire. It lasted perhaps a quarter of a minute, though Jerry would have put it at more like a quarter of an hour. Then Kay spoke.

"What did you say?"

"Will you marry me?"

"This is the marmalade speaking, Zoosmeet. It's heady stuff. I ought to have warned you. My good man, you hardly know me."

"Of course I know you."

"Five days on an ocean liner."

"As good as five years ashore. You can't have forgotten those days."

"I've never forgotten you singing at the ship's concert."

"Don't make a joke of it. I'm serious."

"You're crazy."

"About you. Well?"

"Well, what? I suppose you mean you want my views. All right, here they come. You have paid me the greatest compliment a man can pay a woman, or so they all tell me, but I still maintain you're noncompos. You simply can't go talking like this to one whose troth is plighted to another. What would Henry say if he heard you? He'd be terribly annoyed and might not ask you to breakfast again. Goodbye," said Kay, "I must rush."

• • •

Barribault's Hotel, situated in the heart of Mayfair, is probably the best and certainly the most expensive establishment of its kind in London. It caters principally to Indian maharajas and Texas oil millionaires, plutocrats not given to counting the cost, and as these are men of impatient habit who want what they want when they want it and tend to become peevish if they do not get theirs quickly, it sees to it that its room service is prompt and efficient. It was consequently only a few minutes after Edmund Biffen Christopher had placed his order for breakfast on the morning following Jerry's return to London that a waiter wheeled a laden table into his room on the third floor.

This brother of Kay's fully bore out the picture she had sketched for the benefit of the *commissaire*'s secretary. He not only looked like a dachshund, he looked considerably more like a dachshund than most dachshunds do. Seeing him, one got the feeling that nature had toyed with the idea of making a dog of this breed and on second thought had decided to turn out something with the same sort of face but not so horizontal and with no tail. He greeted the waiter with a "Hi!" that was virtually a bark, and the waiter said, "Good morning, sir."

"Your breakfast," he added rather unnecessarily, for the scent of sausages and bacon was floating over the room like a benediction.

Biff, inspecting the table, saw that Barribault's had given of its abundance. The coffee was there, the bacon was there, the sausages were there, and the eye rested in addition on toast, butter, marmalade, sugar, salt, pepper, cream, mustard and orange juice. A full hand, one might have supposed. Nevertheless, he seemed to feel that there was something missing.

"Isn't there any mail?"

"Sir?"

"I was expecting a cable. It must have come by now."

"Should I inquire at the desk?"

"Do just that. Christopher's the name."

The waiter went to the telephone, established communication with the desk and, having replaced the receiver, came back with the good news he had gleaned from the men up top.

"There is a cable, sir. It is being sent up."

Biff was unable to click his tongue censoriously, for he had started on the sausages, but he looked annoyed.

"Why didn't they send it up before, blister their insides? I've been in agonies of suspense."

"Possibly you placed a DO NOT DISTURB sign on your door, sir."

Biff was fair minded. He saw the jus-

tice of this. Barribault's Hotel had not been negligent and must be dismissed without a stain on its character.

"You're perfectly right, I did. It's a long time since I was in London and I roamed around last night to a rather advanced hour, picking up the threads. You live in London?"

"In the suburbs, sir. Down at Valley Fields."

"Nice place?"

"Very nice, sir."

"Got your little bit of garden and all that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good for you. I've been in Paris for the last three years. You know Paris at all?"

"No, sir. An agreeable city, I have been told."

"Well, it's all right in many ways—springtime on the boulevards and so forth, but everyone talks French there. Sheer affectation, it's always seemed to me. Do you know what you'd be if you were in Paris?"

"No, sir."

"A *garçon*, that's what you'd be, and these things would be called *saucissons*, and where you live would be the *banlieue*. That just shows you what you'd be up against if you went and settled there. Too silly for words."

At this point a knock sounded on the door. "*Entrez*," he shouted. "Sorry, damn it, I mean Come in."

A boy entered with an envelope on a salver, was tipped and withdrew. Biff tore open the envelope with fingers that shook a little, scanned its contents and with a gasping cry sank back in his chair, gurgling. The waiter eyed him with concern. Their acquaintanceship had been brief, but like most people who met him, he had rapidly come to look on Biff as a familiar friend, and his demeanor distressed him. He feared for his well-being. His niece, who lived with him, had recently been presented by her employer with a pedigreed boxer, and only yesterday it had behaved in a similar manner when about to give up its all after a surfeit of ice cream, a delicacy of which it was far too fond.

"Are you ill, sir?" he inquired anxiously, and Biff looked up, surprised.

"Who, me? I should say not. Never felt better in my life."

"I was afraid you might have had bad news, sir."

Biff rose and tapped him impressively on his gleaming shirt front. His eyes were glowing with a strange light.

"Waiter," he said, "let me tell you something, as you seem interested. I doubt if anyone has ever had better news. I'm floating on a pink cloud over an ocean of bliss while harps and sackbuts do their stuff and a thousand voices give three rousing cheers. Waiter . . . But why this formality? May I call you George?"

"It is not my name, sir."

"What is your name?"

"William, sir."

"Mind if I address you as Bill?"

"Not at all, sir, though I am usually called Willie."

A slight frown marred the brightness of Biff's face, like a cloud passing over the sun on a fine summer day.

"This 'sir' stuff, I wish you'd cut it out. It's undemocratic. I don't like it. First names between buddies, don't you think? Well, not exactly first names, because that would mean your calling me Edmund, and you probably feel as I do that there are few fouler labels. Make it Biff, Willie."

"Very good, sir."

"Very good *what*?"

"Very good, Biff," said the waiter with a visible effort.

Biff had risen from his chair and was pacing the room in an emotional manner, his sausages temporarily forgotten.

"That's better. Yes, Willie o' man, I was christened Edmund Biffen after a godfather. But don't in your haste start pitying me, because if I hadn't been christened Edmund Biffen, you wouldn't now be chewing the fat with a millionaire. Yes, you heard me. That's what I said, a millionaire. For that's what I am, Willie o' man. This cable tells the story. My godfather, a big wheel named Edmund Biffen Pyke, who recently turned in his dinner pail and went to reside with the morning stars, has left me his entire pile, amounting to more millions than you could shake a stick at in a month of Sundays."

There was a momentary silence, and then the words "Cor lumme!" rang through the room. It was unusual for the waiter to use this exclamation, for as a rule he took pains to avoid the vernacular, and the fact that he did so now showed how deeply the news had stirred him. He was a moth-eaten man in his middle 50s, who looked as if he gardened after hours in his suburban home and on Sundays took around the offertory bag in a suburban church, as was indeed the case. His name was William Albert Pilbeam, and he had a son named Percy, who ran a private inquiry agency, and a niece called Gwendoline, who was secretary to the president of the Mammoth Publishing Company, but this did not show in his appearance. He gaped at Biff, stunned.

"Cor lumme," he said. "It's like winning a pool!"

Biff could not have agreed with him more.

"Exactly like winning a pool," he said, "because the odds against my bringing home the bacon were so astronomical that I can hardly believe it even now. I can't help feeling there's a catch somewhere. The late Pyke was an austere man and he never approved of me, except once, when I saved him from drowning at his Long Island residence. He didn't like me being pinched by New York's finest for getting into fights in bars, as happened from time to time. He always bailed me out, I'll give him credit for that, but you could see he wasn't pleased. He looked askance, Willie o' man, and when I tried to tell him that boys will be boys and you're only young once, there was nothing in his manner to suggest that I was putting the idea across. Do you often get into fights in bars?"

Mr. Pilbeam said that he did not.

"Not even when flushed with wine?"

It appeared that Mr. Pilbeam never became flushed with wine. He was, he explained, a total abstainer.

"Good God!" said Biff, shocked. He had known in a vague sort of way that such characters existed, but he had never expected to meet one of them. "You mean you get by in this disturbed post-War world on lemonade and barley

water? You're certainly doing it the hard way. Still, I suppose you avoid certain inconveniences. It gets boring after a while being thrown into the tank, always with that nervous feeling that this time the old man won't come through with the necessary bail. But you know how it is. I like my little drop of something of an evening, and unfortunately, when I indulge, I seem to lose my calm judgment. That's why I'm in London. I had to skip out of Paris somewhat hurriedly as the result of socking an *agent de police*."

Mr. Pilbeam said, "Good gracious!" adding that strong wine was a mocker, and Biff said he didn't mind it mocking him, but he wished it would stop short of leading him on to swat the constabulary.

"I'd get into an argument with a fellow in a bar and at the height of the proceedings, just as I was about to strike him on the mazard, this *flic* intervened, and his was the mazard I struck. It was a mistake. I can see that now. But his manner was brusque and, as I have indicated, I had been hoisting a few. I managed to escape on winged feet, but I deemed it best to hop on the next plane to London without stopping to pack and make my getaway before the authorities started watching the ports. On arriving in London, I cabled the New York lawyers, asking if by chance there was some small legacy coming my way, and back comes this gram informing me that I cop the lot. As you say, very like winning a pool. The most I was hoping for was a thousand dollars or so, and I wasn't really expecting that." He paused, fixing Mr. Pilbeam with a reproachful eye, for the other was sidling toward the door. "Are you leaving me?"

Mr. Pilbeam explained that he would greatly have preferred to stay and hear more, for he had been held spellbound by even this brief résumé, but duty called him elsewhere. A waiter's time is not his own.

The door closed and Biff resumed his breakfast. And never in the history of sausages and bacon had sausages been so toothsome, bacon so crisp and palatable. The marmalade, too, had a tang which even Henry Blake-Somerset's imported Dundee could not have rivaled. He was covering the final slice of toast with a liberal smearing of it, when the telephone rang.

"Biff?"

"Speaking."

"Oh, hullo, Biff. This is Jerry Shoesmith."

Biff uttered a joyful yelp.

"Well, fry me an oyster! What are you doing in London? I thought you were Our Man in America. Aren't you New York–corresponding any longer?"

"No, I lost that job two years ago. I let the paper in for a libel suit, and they fired me!"

"I'm sorry. That's too bad."

"My fault. Not that that makes it any better."

"What are you doing now?"

"I'm editor of one of Tilbury's papers. Don't ask me which one."

"Of course not. Wouldn't dream of it. Which one?"

"*Society Spice*."

"My God! But that's a loathsome rag. Not your cup of tea at all, I'd have thought."

"It isn't. I hate the foul thing. But I didn't ring you up to talk about my troubles. I want to see you."

"And I want to see *you*, Jerry o' man. Jerry, the most extraordinary thing has happened. This'll make you whistle. My godfather——"

"Tell me about it later. Can you come to my place at about five?"

"Sure. Where is it?"

"Three Halsey Chambers. In Halsey Court. Just round the corner from Barribault's."

"I'll be there. Why can't you talk now?"

"I've got to work."

"Oh, work?" said Biff with a shiver of distaste. It was a nervous habit he himself had always avoided as far as possible.

He hung up the receiver and returned to his toast and marmalade.

• • •

It had been Jerry's intention, when he opened the door of Number Three Halsey Chambers at five o'clock and found Biff on the mat, to start without delay talking to him, as Kay had directed, like one of those Dutch uncles who are so much more formidable than the ordinary run-of-the-mill uncle. In the intervals of assembling next week's *Society Spice* during the afternoon he had thought up several good things to say to him, all calculated to bring the blush of shame to even his hardened cheek, and he was about to give them utterance when Biff raised a restraining hand.

"I know, Jerry o' man, I know. What a long time it is since we saw each other and how well I'm looking and I'm longing to hear all your news and whatever became of old what's-his-name and so on and so forth. But we haven't leisure for all that jazz. Let's take the minutes as read and get down to the agenda. Cast your eye on this," said Biff, thrusting the cable at him.

Jerry took it, read it with widening eyes, drew a deep breath, stared, read it again and drew another deep breath.

"Good Lord!" he said at length.

"Exactly how I felt."

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"Just what I said."

"Who's Pyke, deceased?"

"My godfather."

"Did he leave much?"

"Millions."

"And you get it all?"

"Every cent."

"But that's wonderful."

"I'm not ill pleased, I must confess."

"What does it feel like being a millionaire?"

Biff mused a moment. He had not really analyzed his state of mind, but he was able to give a rough idea of it.

"It's an odd sensation. Much the same as going up in an express elevator and finding at the halfway point that you've left all your insides at the third floor. It's difficult to realize at first that you're one of the higher-bracket boys and that from now on money is no object."

"I can imagine."

"When you do realize it, you feel a sort of yeasty benevolence toward the whole human race rather like what you get on New Year's Eve after the second bottle. You yearn to be a do-gooder. You think of all the poor slobs who aren't millionaires and your heart bleeds for them. You want to start fixing them up with purses of gold — bringing the sunshine into their drab lives, if you get what I mean."

"I get it."

"Take you, for instance. Here you are, working on a rag of a paper no right-thinking man would care to be found dead in a ditch with, and nothing to look forward to except a miserable impecunious old age ending in death in a gutter."

"That's what you read in the tea leaves, is it?"

"That's what. Death in a gutter," said Biff firmly. "And why? Because you're short of capital. You can't get anywhere in the world today without capital. I've noticed the same thing about myself. I've always been full of schemes, but I never had the cash to promote them. Till now, of course. What you need is a purse of gold, Jerry o' man. I'm penciling you in for ten thousand pounds."

"What!"

"Slip of the tongue. I meant twenty."

"Are you offering me twenty thousand pounds?"

"As a starter. More where it came from, if you need it. Just say the word. After all, we're buddies, you can't get away from that."

Jerry shook his head.

"No thanks, Biff. It's awfully good of you, but you'll have to bring the sunshine into somebody else's drab life. I want to be unique."

"How do you mean, unique?"

"I want to be the only member of your circle who doesn't come trotting up to you and offering to sit in your lap and share the wealth. How many friends have you, would you say?"

"Quite a number."

"Well, take it from me, they'll all try to get their cut."

"Except you?"

"Except me."

"Very disappointing," said Biff, and

there was silence for a moment while he seemed to brood on Jerry's eccentric attitude. He himself had never found money anything of a problem. If you had it, fine, you lent it to your pals. If you hadn't, you touched the pals. As simple as that. "You're sure I can't persuade you?"

"Quite sure."

"Nothing doing?"

"Nothing."

"Twenty thousand isn't much."

"It sounds a lot to me. I'll tell you what I will do, Biff, as you're an old friend. When I've died in my gutter, you can pay the funeral expenses."

"Right. That's a gentleman's agreement. But it's going to be hard to get rid of all that money if everyone's as uncooperative as you."

"They won't be," Jerry assured him. "They'll be lining up in a queue with outstretched hands like the staff of a Paris hotel when a guest's leaving. When do you collect?"

"Ah, there you have me. They don't say in the cable. They simply say . . . but you've read it. And here's something I'd like to have your views on, Jerry. Did you notice something sinister in that cable? The bit at the end?"

"You mean about you inheriting the money in accordance with the provisions of the trust? Yes, I saw that. I wonder what it means."

"So do I. What trust? Which trust? I don't like the sound of it. They say 'Letter follows,' so I imagine the explanation will be in that, but it makes me uneasy. Suppose it's one of those freak wills with a clause in the small print saying I've got to dye my hair purple or roll a peanut along Piccadilly with my nose?"

"Was Pyke, deceased, the sort of man to make a freak will?"

"He never gave me that impression. As I was saying to a capital fellow I met at the hotel this morning, he was very much on the austere side. Limey by birth, but converted in the course of the years into the typical American tycoon, all cold gray eye and jutting jaw. Nothing frivolous about Edmund Biffen Pyke when I knew him. But that was three years ago, and I did hear somebody say he'd become a bit on the eccentric side since he retired from business. These big financiers often do, they tell me, when they stop going to the office. They've nothing to occupy their time, and the next thing you know they're going about in a cocked hat with a hand tucked into their waistcoat, saying they're Napoleon. Or cutting out paper dolls or claiming that Queen Elizabeth wrote Shakespeare's plays."

"Very strange."

"Very."

"Well, let's hope you'll be all right."

"Oh, I shall be all right, whatever happens, because if I have to push peanuts with my nose, I'll do it blithely. I don't intend to let a little thing like that stand between me and a bank roll."

"That's the spirit. I wouldn't worry about this trust business. It probably merely means that you don't get the capital cash down but simply collect the interest till you're forty or fifty or whatever it is."

"Which, at even four percent on the Pyke millions, should work out at around two hundred thousand a year. This will be perfectly agreeable to me. I can scrape along on two hundred thousand. The only trouble is that in these legal matters there's always a long stage wait before the balloon goes up. It may be months before I get a cent, and in the meantime funds are running short. It's not cheap living at Barribault's."

"What on earth made you go there?"

"Oh, I thought I would. I'm sorry I did, though, now, because, as I say, my sojourn has made the privy purse look as if it had been going in for one of those diet systems. But all is not lost. I've a picture over in Paris that I won in a raffle and was saving for a rainy day. Do you know anything about pictures?"

"Not a thing."

"Well, this one's a Boudin, and it's quite valuable. I'm going to phone Kay — my sister — did I ever mention her to you? — we share an apartment — to send it to me, and then I'll sell it and be on a sound financial basis again."

"And while you're waiting to sell it, why don't you move in here with me?"

"May I really?"

"If you can stand the squalor."

Halsey Court, though situated in Mayfair, was no luxury spot. It was a dark little cul-de-sac in which cats roamed and banana skins and old newspapers collected on the sidewalks, and the flats in Halsey Chambers were in keeping with the general seediness of the locality. Tilbury House did not believe in paying its minor editors large salaries, and the dinginess of the room in which they were sitting testified to the slenderness of Jerry's means. But Biff had no fault to find with it.

"What squalor?" he said. "I call it snug. You should see my place in Paris after a Saturday-night party. Thanks, Jerry, I'll be with you before yonder sun has set. Very handsome of you."

"A pleasure."

"I'll check out of Barribault's this evening. By the way," said Biff, suddenly remembering a point which had been puzzling him since breakfast time, "there's a mystery you can clear up, if you will be so good. You phoned me at Barribault's this morning. Correct? Well, how on earth did you know I was there?"

"Kay told me."

Biff stared. He could make nothing of this.

"Pull yourself together, Jerry o' man, and if you're just trying to be funny, don't. She can't have told you. She's in Paris."

"So was I in Paris. I got back yesterday."

"Well, I'll be darned. But here's another point. How did you meet Kay? And how did you know it *was* Kay when you did meet her? You had never seen her in your life."

"Yes, I had. We traveled over on the same boat from New York two years ago. We met the night before last at a police station."

This interested Biff, himself an old patron of police stations.

"Got herself jugged, did she? Cops finally closed in on her, eh?"

His words revolted Jerry. Like many another young man in love, he found a brother's attitude toward the loved one jarring.

"Not at all. I was notifying the police that I had lost my wallet, and she was notifying them that she had lost you. She was very worried about you, terribly worried."

No Dutch uncle could have spoken with more reproach, but Biff stoutly declined to show remorse.

"She was, was she? Well, I'm terribly worried about her. I don't suppose she told you, but that child is sticking out her foolish little neck . . . what's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Jerry. He had merely shuddered at hearing Kay's neck so described.

"She's gone and got engaged to a pill of the first water, who can't possibly make her happy. A ghastly limey . . . Sorry, I forgot you were one."

"Don't apologize. Somebody has to be. A ghastly limey, you were saying."

"Fellow in the British Embassy called Blake-Somerset, you wouldn't know him."

"On the contrary. I not only know him, but have slept in his spare bed and eaten his marmalade. I couldn't get into my apartment, so Kay made him put me up for the night. He didn't seem too pleased."

"He wouldn't be. Did you gather the impression that he was a pill?"

"Almost immediately."

"It beats me what she sees in him."

"I wondered that, too."

"Well, there it is. Girls are odd. Linda used to perplex me greatly at times. Have you ever met Tilbury's niece, Linda Rome?"

"No. Kay mentioned her name, but we've never met."

"I was engaged to her once."

"So Kay told me."

"Oh, she told you? Well, what she probably didn't tell you was that Linda's the only girl I ever loved, which, considering that she's a brunette, is rather remarkable. I worshiped her, Jerry o' man, and when she gave me the bum's rush, my heart broke and life became a blank."

"I'd never noticed it."

"No, I wear the mask. But you can take it from me that that's what happened. You see before you, Jerry, a broken man with nothing to live for."

"Except the Pyke millions."

"Oh, those," said Biff, dismissing them with a contemptuous wave of the hand. He fell into a moody silence, but it was not long before he was speaking again, this time in more cheerful vein.

"Jerry, o' man."

"Yes?"

"Shall I tell you something? I've been thinking of Linda, and I've reached a rather interesting conclusion. I believe there's quite a chance that under the present altered conditions the sun may come smiling through again. Now that I've got these millions — added attraction, as you might say — she may turn things over in her mind and reconsider."

"It's possible."

"Have you studied the sex closely?"

"Not very."

"I have, and I know that it often happens that a girl who has handed a man his hat and helped him from her presence with a kick in the pants gets a completely different slant on him when she learns that he owns the majority stock in about fifty-seven blue-chip corporations. I think that when Linda finds out the score, she'll forgive and forget. Am I right or wrong?"

"Right, I should say, unless you did something particularly out of the way to offend her. What made her hand you your hat?"

"Blondes, Jerry o' man. I was rather festooned with blondes at that time, and she objected — I may say she objected strongly. You know what Linda's like."

"No, I don't. I've never seen her."

"Nor you have. I was forgetting. Well, she's one of those calm, quiet girls you'd think nothing would steam up, but she has this in common with a stick of trinitrotoluene, that, given the right conditions, she can explode with a deafening report, strewing ruin and desolation in all directions. She did this when she found me giving supper to a blonde whose name, if I remember correctly, was Mabel. But that was a year ago. A year's a long time, Jerry."

"It is."

"She may have changed her mind."

"Girls have been known to."

"Especially if I make it clear to her that I'm off blondes for life. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to seek her out and see how she feels about things. The trouble is I don't know her address. She used to have an apartment in Chelsea, but she's not there now and I can't find her name in the telephone book. Short of engaging detectives and bloodhounds, I don't know what to do."

"Perfectly simple. You say she's Tilbury's niece. Ask Tilbury."

Biff scratched his chin thoughtfully.

"Between ourselves, o' man, I'm not too eager to meet Tilbury just now."

"Then ask his secretary. She's bound to know."

"My God, Jerry, you're shrewd. I'll do just that little thing. I'll go and see the wench immediately. And meanwhile you might be calling Kay up and telling her the good news. And don't forget about that picture. Impress her that I need it without delay, or I shan't be able to meet current expenses. I'll write down the number for you. You don't think there's any danger that Tilbury will be lurking in his office as late as this?"

"He probably left hours ago. Why don't you want to meet him?"

"I'll tell you. Have you noticed a peculiar thing as you go through life, Jerry? I allude to the fact that whatever you do, you can't please everybody. Take the present case. Edmund Biffen Pyke's testamentary dispositions or whatever you call them have made me all smiles, but I greatly fear they will have administered a nasty jolt to Tilbury. He was the old boy's brother and must have expected to gather in a substantial portion of the kitty, if not the whole works, and I can see him taking the thing a bit hard. If he's had the news, the sight of me might well give him a stroke. Still, he's loaded with the stuff, so this little extra bit ought not really to matter to him. There's always a bright side," said Biff, and on this philosophical note took his departure.

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Left alone, Jerry lost no time in calling the number Biff had given him. The prospect of hearing Kay's voice again was one that appealed to him strongly.

"Kay?" he said some minutes later.

The voice that replied was not Kay's. It was that of Henry Blake-Somerset.

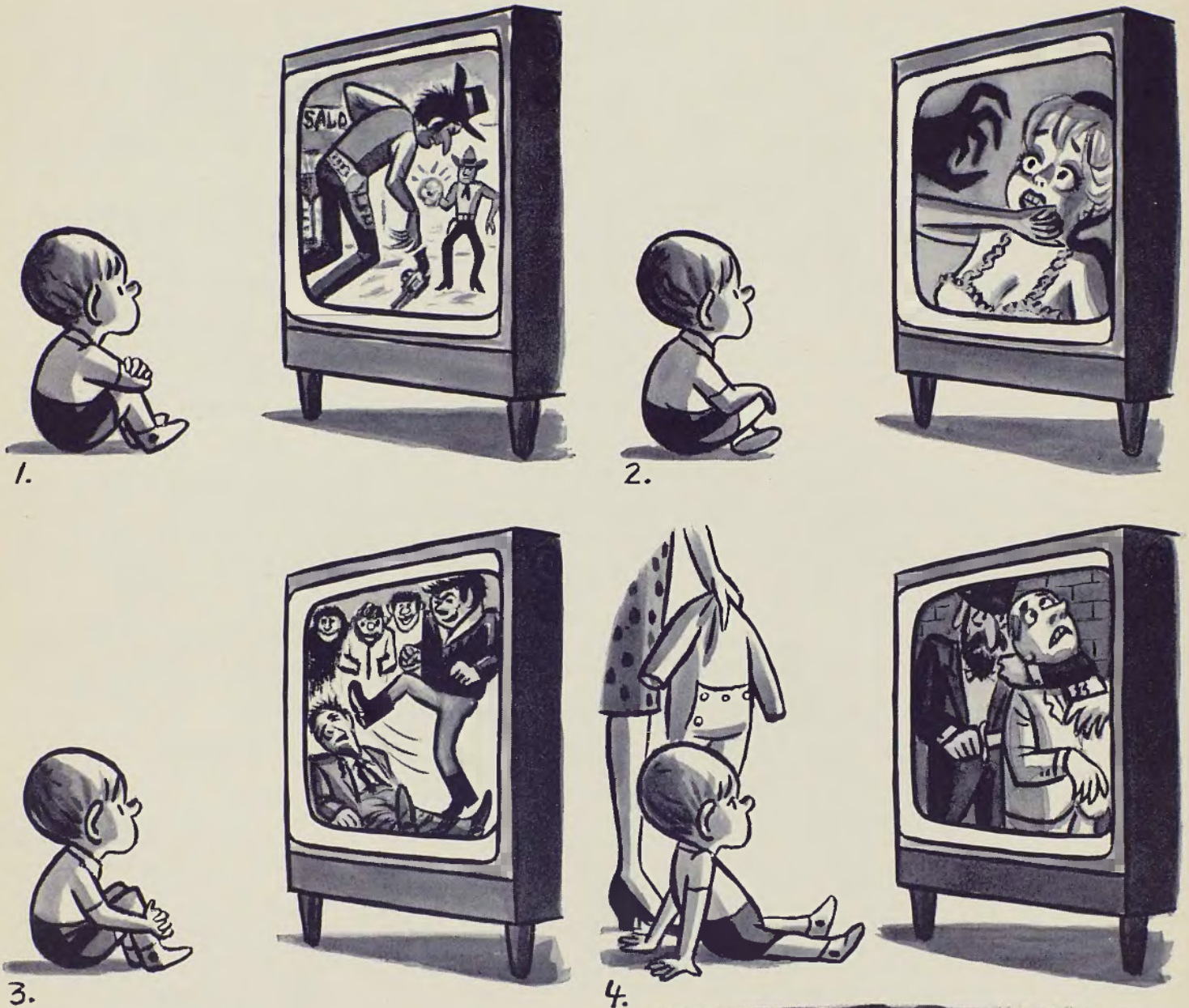
"Who is this?"

"Oh, hullo, Mr. Blake-Somerset. This is Jerry Shoesmith. Can I speak to Miss Christopher?"

"Miss Christopher is not in," said Henry, as frigidly as if he were refusing some doubtful character a visa.

This was not strictly true, for she was in the next room dressing for dinner, but he was in no mood to be fussy about the truth. He was thinking the worst. He had been suspicious about his betrothed's relations with this Shoesmith fellow ever since she and he had appeared at his door on what were obviously excellent terms, and this telephone call — this sinister, secret, surreptitious telephone call — had cemented

THE BAD DREAM



those suspicions. There was a cold gleam in his pale eyes as he banged the receiver back into its place.

Kay came out of the bedroom, all dressed up.

"Who was that on the phone?" she asked.

"Wrong number," said Henry.

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The Tilbury of whom mention has been made from time to time in this chronicle, the employer of Jerry Shoesmith and William Albert Pilbeam's niece Gwendoline Gibbs, should more properly have been alluded to as Lord Tilbury, for it was several years now since a gracious sovereign, as a reward for flooding Great Britain with some of the most repellent daily, weekly and monthly periodicals seen around since the invention of the printing press, had bestowed on him a barony. He was the founder and proprietor of the Mammoth Publishing Company, and at the moment when Jerry and Biff's reunion had taken place he was in his office at Tilbury House dictating letters to Gwendoline Gibbs. And it may be said at once that he was doing it with the love-light in his eyes and in a voice which a poet would have had no hesitation in comparing to that of a turtledove calling to its mate.

Lord Tilbury was short, stout and inclined to come out in spots if he ate lobster, but there is no law prohibiting short, stout press lords, even when spotty, from falling in love with willowy blondes, and there are few blondes more willowy than Gwendoline. He was, moreover, at what is sometimes called the dangerous age, the age of those Pittsburgh millionaires who are so prone to marry into musical-comedy choruses.

He was a widower. In the days when he had been plain George Pyke, long before he had even founded *Society Spice*, the first of his numerous enterprises, he had married a colorless young woman by the name of Lucy Maynard, and when after a year or two of marriage she had drifted colorlessly out of life, it had never occurred to him to look about him for a replacement. His work absorbed him, and he felt no need for feminine companionship other than that of his niece Linda Rome, who kept house for him at his mansion on Wimbledon Common.

And then the agency had sent him Gwendoline Gibbs, and it was as if one of his many employees — who were always saying to one another that what the old son of a bachelor needed was to have a bomb touched off under him — had proceeded from words to action. He looked forward eagerly to the time when, with her at his side, he would take his annual holiday on the yacht which ought at any moment to be in readiness at Cannes. Meanwhile, he dictated letters to her.

The one he was dictating now was to the editor of *Society Spice*, whose work, he considered, lacked zip and ginger. *Society Spice* had once been edited by Mr. Pilbeam's son Percy, and under his guidance had reached a high pitch of excellence with a new scandal featured almost every week. But Percy was shrewd and he saw no reason why he should nose out people's discreditable secrets for a salary from Tilbury House when he would be doing far better for himself nosing them out on his own behalf. He had resigned, borrowed a little capital and started a private investigation agency, and Lord Tilbury had never ceased to regret his loss. None of his successors had had the Pilbeam touch, and this latest man — Shoesmith, his name was — was the least satisfactory of the lot.

He finished dictating the note, its acerbity causing Gwendoline to label it mentally as a stinker, and when the last harsh word had been spoken returned to his melting mood.

"I hope I am not tiring you, Miss Gibbs," he said tenderly.

"Oh, no, Lord Tilbury."

"I am sure you must be tired," his lordship insisted. "It is this muggy weather. You had better go home and lie down."

Gwendoline assured him that his kindness was greatly appreciated, but said that she had a dinner date for that night and would have to wait till her cavalier arrived to pick her up.

"My cousin," she said, and Lord Tilbury, who had writhed in a spasm of jealousy, stopped writhing. He had no objection to cousins.

"I see," he said, relieved. "Then would you mind putting in a New York telephone call for me."

"Yes, Lord Tilbury."

"What would be the time in New York?"

Gwendoline made a rapid calculation, and said that it would be about 12:30.

"Then I ought just to catch Mr. Haskell before he goes to lunch. The call is to Haskell and Green. They are a legal firm. Ask for a person-to-person call to Mr. Leonard Haskell."

"Yes, Lord Tilbury."

"The number is Murray Hill 2-4025. Oh, and, Miss Gibbs, you sent that marconigram to Mr. Llewellyn's boat?"

"Yes, Lord Tilbury."

The door closed, and Lord Tilbury fell into a reverie, thinking of this and that, but principally of Gwendoline Gibbs' profile, which he had been studying with loving care for the past half hour. He was in the process of trying to decide whether she was seen to greater advantage side face or full face, when the door opened and a girl came in. And he was about to ask her how she dared enter the presence without making an appointment and — worse — without knocking, when he saw that it was his niece, Linda Rome.

In comparison with Gwendoline Gibbs, Linda Rome could not have been called beautiful, but she was an attractive girl with clear eyes and a wide and good-humored mouth. Kay had described her to Jerry as sensible, and it was this quality perhaps that stood out most in her appearance. She looked capable and, as Mr. Gish of the Gish Galleries in Bond Street, where she worked, would have testified, she was extremely capable. Soothing, too, was another adjective that could have applied to her, though her advent seemed to have irritated Lord Tilbury. There was suppressed annoyance in his manner as he eyed her.

"Yes?" he said. "Yes, Linda, what is it?"

"Am I interrupting you?"

"Yes," said Lord Tilbury, who did not believe in formal courtesy between uncle and niece. "I am making a telephone call to New York."

"I'm sorry. I only looked in to tell you that I've fixed us up with rooms at Barribault's. With so little time before you'll be off on your yacht trip, it didn't seem worth while engaging a new staff."

There had recently been a volcanic upheaval at The Oaks, Wimbledon Common, with Lord Tilbury in one of his most imperious moods falling foul of and denouncing his domestic helpers and the helpers resigning their portfolios in a body, and Linda in her sensible way had decided that the only thing to do was to move temporarily to a hotel.

"You're on the third floor, I'm on the fourth. We shall be quite comfortable."

"For how long? It may be for weeks."

"No, that's all right. After you left this morning a phone call came from the skipper of the yacht. Apparently whatever was wrong with the poor thing's insides has been put right, and he says you can start your cruise any time you want to."

"Good. I wish I could start tomorrow, but unfortunately Ivor Llewellyn is on his way over from New York and I shall have to be here to give him lunch. It's a great nuisance, but unavoidable."

"Who's Ivor Llewellyn?"

"Motion-picture man. Big advertiser. I can't afford to offend him. And now, if you don't mind, Linda, I am making this important telephone call to New York."

"To Mr. Llewellyn?"

"No, he's on the Queen Mary. This is to Edmund's lawyers."

"Oh, about the will?"

"Precisely."

"I must wait to hear that. I wonder if he's left his money to you."

"I can think of no one else to whom he could leave it. We were never on very close terms, but he was my elder brother."

"How about charities?"

"He did not approve of charities."

"Then you ought to collect. Though why you want any more money beats me. Haven't you enough already?"

"Don't be silly," said Lord Tilbury, who disliked foolish questions. "Ah!"

The telephone had rung. His hand darted at the receiver like a striking snake.

"Mr. Haskell? . . . How do you do? . . . This is Lord Tilbury of the Mammoth Publishing Company. I understand you are handling the estate of my brother Edmund Biffen Pyke . . ."

For some moments his lordship's share in the conversation was confined to greetings and civilities. Then, getting down to it like a good businessman, he asked to be informed of the contents of Edmund Biffen Pyke's will, and for perhaps half a minute sat listening in silence. At the end of that period he broke it abruptly.

"WHAT!!" he roared in a voice that caused his niece to jump at least two inches. When she returned to earth, the interjection still seemed to be echoing through the room, and she was conscious of a mild surprise that plaster had not fallen from the ceiling.

Surprise was followed by alarm. Lord Tilbury's face had taken on a purple tinge and his breathing was stertorous.

"Uncle George!" she cried. "What is it?"

But she was an intelligent girl and did not really need to ask the question. It was plain to her that the news that had been wafted across the Atlantic had not been good news and that it was no inheritor of millions who sat spluttering before her.

"Can I get you a glass of water?"

"Water!" gurgled Lord Tilbury, and you could tell by his manner that he thought poorly of the stuff. "Do you know ——?"

"What?"

"Do you know ——?"

"Yes?"

"Do you know who he's left his money to?" demanded Lord Tilbury, becoming coherent. "That young waster Christopher!"

He had expected the information to astound her, and it did.

"To *Biff?*"

"You heard me."

"But Biff always gave me the idea that he and Uncle Edmund were hardly on speaking terms. What on earth made him do that?"

Lord Tilbury did not answer. He was staring before him in a sandbagged manner that spoke of an overwrought soul, and it seemed to Linda the tactful thing to leave this stricken man to his grief.

She moved to the door, and went out.

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A few minutes later Lord Tilbury, too, took his departure, en route to his club, where he could obtain the stiff drink he so sorely needed. His preoccupation was so great that he passed Gwendoline Gibbs in the outer office without a word or a look. This was very unusual, and it puzzled Gwendoline. She was not a girl who as a rule thought for any length of time about anything except motion pictures and hairdos, but she found herself meditating now on her employer with what for her was a good deal of intensity.

Lord Tilbury's emotional state of mind had not passed unnoticed by her. She had discussed it with her cousin Percy, and he had confirmed her impression that all those tender glances and all that solicitude for her welfare were significant. It would not be the first time, said Percy, that a middle-aged widower had become enamored of his secretary. His father, Mr. Pilbeam senior, had once told him that half the couples who came to Barribault's Hotel were elderly businessmen who had married their secretaries. It was propinquity that did it, he said, the working with them all day and every day in the same office.

Her own reading had convinced her of the truth of this. In her capacity of secretary to the head of Tilbury House she got all the firm's publications free, and in many of these such as *Cupid, Romance Weekly* and the rest of them it was common form for the rich man to marry the poor but beautiful girl. She could think offhand of a dozen such unions which she had come across in the course of her studies.

A dreamy look came into her eyes, and if she was wishing that her employer could have been a little younger and a good deal slimmer and altogether more like Captain Eric Frobisher of the Guards, the one who married the governess, she was also thinking that a girl could do far worse than link her lot with his. She had just written the words "Lady Tilbury" in her notebook, to see how they looked, when the door opened and Biff appeared.

Biff came in with a jaunty stride, as befitted a newly made millionaire, but at the sight of Gwendoline he halted abruptly, rocked back on his heels and stood staring at her, eyes apop.

"Hi!" he said, when able to speak.

"Good evening," said Gwendoline. "Are you looking for someone?"

"Not now that I've found you," said Biff, who prided himself on the swiftness of his work. The odd breathless feeling which had paralyzed his vocal cords had subsided, and he was his old debonair self again. The mission on which he had come, the quest for Linda Rome's address, had passed from his mind.

"If you are," said Gwendoline, ignoring the remark, which she considered in dubious taste and bordering on the fresh, "you've come too late. There isn't anybody here."

"Just as I would have arranged it, if

"I'd like to say you blend nicely into this organization, Parker."

I'd been consulted. Old pie-faced Tilbury not around?"

"If you are alluding to my employ-ah, he left half an hour ago."

Biff nodded understanding.

"That's always the way. Everybody works but Father. I've never known one of these tycoons who wasn't a clock watcher. So he sneaks off, does he, and leaves you at your post? Poor, faithful little soul. You, I take it, are his right-hand woman?"

"I am his secretary."

"That's just your modest way of putting it. I'll bet you really run the show. Without you, the Mammoth Publishing Company would go pop and cease to exist, and what a break that would be for everybody. But it's a shame. You're wasted here. You ought to be in the movies."

Gwendoline's haughtiness fell from her like a garment. This was the way she liked people to talk. Her azure eyes glowed, and for the first time she allowed herself to smile.

"Do you really think so?"

"I do indeed."

"Quite a number of my friends have told me the same thing."

"I'm not surprised."

"There's a big movie man, Mr. Ivor Llewellyn, coming here in a day or two. I'm hoping he'll think so, too."

"I know Ivor Llewellyn. I interviewed him once."

"What's he like?"

"A hippopotamus. You think he may give you a job?"

"I wish he would. I'd love to be in pictures."

"Pix, I believe, is the more correct term. Well, I shall watch your career with considerable interest. In my opinion, you will go far. If I may say so, you have that thing, that certain thing, that makes the birds forget to sing. Arising from which, how do you react to the idea of letting me buy you a few cents' worth of dinner?"

Gwendoline had made a discovery.

"You're American, aren't you?"

"Not only American, but one of the Americans who have made the country great. Well, how about a bite?"

"I'm waiting for Percy."

"That sounds like the title of one of those avant-garde off-Broadway shows. Who's Percy?"

"My cousin. He's taking me to dinner, but he's late. I suppose he's out on a case."

"Out on a what?"

"He runs an investigation agency."

"You mean he's a private eye?" said Biff, intrigued. "Now there's a thing I'd have liked to be. The fifth of bourbon in the desk drawer, the automatic in the holster and the lightly clad secretary on the lap. Yes, I've often wished I were a shamus."

"What are you?"

"Me?" Biff flicked a speck of dust from his coat sleeve. "Oh, I'm a millionaire."

"And I'm the Queen of Sheba."

Biff shook his head.

"The Queen of Sheba was a brunette. You're more the Helen of Troy type. Not that Helen of Troy was in your class. You begin where she left off."

Gwendoline's initial feeling of hostility toward this intruder had now vanished completely.

"No kidding," she said. "Are you really a millionaire?"

"Sure. Ask the waiter on the third floor at Barribault's. Name of Pilbeam."

"Why, that's my uncle."

"This seems to bring us very close together."

"Is your name Christopher?"

"Edmund Biffen Christopher."

"I was lunching with Uncle Willie this morning, and he told me all about you. He said he was there when a cable came saying you had come into millions."

"That's right."

"Coo!"

"What he said, as I recall, was 'Cor lumme!' but I imagine the two expressions mean about the same thing. Yes, your Uncle Willie was giving me breakfast when the story broke, and if he gives me breakfast, it seems only fair that I should give you dinner. Reciprocity, it's called. And another aspect of the matter. Don't overlook the fact that these private eyes have to watch the pennies. This Percy of yours is probably planning to take you to Lyons Popular Café and push meat loaf and cocoa into you. With me, it'll be the Savoy Grill and what you'll get will be caviar to start with and, to follow, whatever you may select from the bill of fare, paying no attention whatsoever to the prices in the right-hand column. The whole washed down with some nourishing wine that foams at the mouth when the waiter takes the cork out. Grab your hat and come along."

Gwendoline, though her eyes glowed at the picture he had conjured up, remained firm.

"We can't go without Percy."

"To hell, if I may use the expression, with Percy. Stand him up."

"Certainly not. I can't hurt his feelings."

"OK," said Biff amiably. It had occurred to him that it might be interesting to meet the head of a private-inquiry agency and learn all that went on in a concern like that. Probably this Percy would prove to have a fund of good stories about dope rings, spy rings, maharaja's rubies and what not. It was odd, though, that stuff about hurting his feelings. He had not known till then that private eyes had any feelings.

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It was with relief that Jerry reached home that night and settled himself in the one comfortable chair Number Three, Halsey Chambers, possessed. He mixed himself a whiskey and soda, far stronger than Henry Blake-Somerset would have approved, and fell to thinking how pleasant it would be if someone were to leave him nine or ten million. He tried not to envy Biff, but he could not help wishing that there were more godfathers like the late E. B. Pyke around. His own had been content to fulfill his obligations with a small silver mug.

His meditations were interrupted by the clicking of a key in the front door, the falling with a crash of something that sounded like the hatstand in the hall and a sharp yelp of agony from, he supposed, Biff, on whose toes the object had apparently descended. The next moment Biff entered, followed by a pimpled young man who was a stranger to Jerry.

"Hi, Jerry," he said.

He spoke so thickly and was weaving so noticeably in his walk that Jerry was able to form an instant diagnosis.

"Biff, you're blotto!"

"And why not?" said Biff warmly. He made a movement to seat himself, missed the chair by some inches and continued his remarks from the floor. "You don't become a millionaire every day, do you? And it's a poor heart that never rejoices, ain't it? You can take it from me, Jerry o' man, that if a fellow raised from rags to riches at the breakfast table isn't tanked to the uvula by nightfall, it simply means he hasn't been trying. Meet my friend Percy Pilbeam."

His friend Percy Pilbeam was a singularly uninviting young man of about Biff's age. His eyes were too small and too close together and he marcelled his hair in a manner distressing to right-thinking people, besides having side whiskers and a small and revolting mustache. He looked to Jerry like something unpleasant out of an early Evelyn Waugh novel, and he took as instant a dislike to him as he had taken to Henry Blake-Somerset.

"He's a private eye," said Biff. "Runs the Argus Inquiry Agency. Makes his living measuring footprints and picking up small objects from the carpet and placing them carefully in envelopes. Get him to tell you sometime how he secured the necessary evidence in the case of Nicholson *vs.* Nicholson, Hibbs, Alsopp, Bunter, Frobisher, Davenport and others. Well, see you later, o' man," he said, rising with some difficulty and weaving into his bedroom. "Got to freshen up a bit."

Percy Pilbeam uttered a brief snigger and gave his mustache a twirl.

"What a night!" he said.

"I can imagine," said Jerry aloofly.

"Glad I managed to get him home all right."

"Can't have been easy."

"It wasn't. He's the sort that gets fractious after he's had a few. He wanted to fight the policeman on the corner. I hauled him away."

"Very good of you."

"Does he often carry on like that?"

"He was rather apt to when I knew him in New York."

"Odd how drink affects people so differently. I know a man — fellow named Murphy — Fleet Street chap — who gets more and more amiable the more he puts away. He can shift the stuff all night and never turn a hair."

"It's a gift."

"I suppose so. Well, I'll be pushing along. Glad to have met you. Goodnight," said Percy Pilbeam.

Jerry went to the door of Biff's room. Biff was at the basin, sponging his face. If ever there was an ideal moment for talking to him like a Dutch uncle, this was it, but Jerry let it pass.

"Ah," he said, relieved. "Going to bed, eh? Quite right. Best place in the world for you. Go to sleep and dream of tomorrow's hang-over."

Biff's dripping face rose from the basin wearing a look of amazement and incredulity.

"Going to bed? Of course I'm not going to bed. Just freshening up. I'm off in a moment to sock a cop."

"To *what?*"

"Sock a cop."

"Oh, come," said Jerry pacifically. "You don't want to sock a cop."

Biff thought this over as he plied the towel.

"It's not so much a question of *wanting* to sock a cop. It's more that I feel my pride demands it. Do you know the cop on the corner with the ginger mustache?"

"I've seen him."

"He's the one I've got to teach a sharp lesson to. As I was entering Halsey Court, he cautioned me. Cautioned me, Jerry o' man. Said I was plastered and cautioned me. We Christophers don't take that sort of thing lying down."

"Were you lying down?"

"Certainly not. Standing as straight as an arrow with my chin up and both feet on the ground. The only possible thing the man could have caviled at was that I was singing. And why shouldn't I sing? This is a free country, isn't it?"

"Oh, go to bed, Biff."

"Can't be done, Jerry o' man. No turning back now. My regiment leaves at dawn."

"What do you think Kay will say if you get jugged?"

"She'll be proud of me."

"Have you reflected that this policeman may have a wife and children?"

"He has a ginger mustache."

"But isn't it possible that he may have a wife and children as well?"

"I guess so, but he should have remembered that earlier," said Biff sternly, and Jerry closed the door and turned away. A few moments later its handle rattled and a stentorian "Hey!" came through the woodwork.

"Now what?" said Jerry.

"I can't get out."

"No, I noticed that."

"You've locked me in!"

"Just the Shoesmith service," said Jerry and made for his own room, feeling that he had done a knightly deed on Kay's behalf. His great love had made him come to look on this deplorable brother of hers as a sacred trust.

• • •

The cubbyhole allotted to Jerry at Tilbury House was two floors down from the head of the firm's palatial office, and many people would have thought it unfit for human habitation. Jerry was one of them. Its ink-stained furniture and evil-smelling stuffiness always lowered his spirits. It was not easy in such surroundings to concentrate on uncongenial work, and when toward noon on the following morning the door handle turned, indicating that someone was about to enter and take his mind off *Society Spice*, he welcomed the interruption. A boy came in, bearing one of those forms which visitors have to fill out before they can approach even the humblest Tilbury House editor. It ran:

> Visitor's Name. . . . E. B. Christopher
> To see. . . . Editor of *Society Spice*
> Business. . . . . Terrifically urgent, Jerry old man. Drop everything and confer with me without a moment's delay.

"Send him in," said Jerry, and a few moments later Biff appeared, and he braced himself for rebukes and recriminations. The haughty spirit of the Christophers would, he knew, have been bound to resent being immured in bedrooms. Before leaving Halsey Chambers he had unlocked Biff's door, but he felt that this would have done little to alleviate his guest's pique.

To his surprise, Biff seemed to be in no hostile mood. His manner was grave, but not unfriendly. He said, "Gosh, what a lousy office," dusted a chair and sat down.

"Jerry o' man," he said, "I would like you, if you will, to throw your mind back to last night. Tell me in a few simple words what happened."

Jerry found no difficulty in recapitulating the facts. They were graven on his memory.

"You were tight."

"Sure, sure. We can take that as read. And what occurred?"

"You staggered in, accompanied by a weird object of the name of Pickford or something like that."

"Pilbeam. Most interesting fellow. Runs a private-inquiry agency and obtains the necessary evidence. What happened then?"

"You expressed a wish to go out again and sock the policeman on the corner."

"And then?"

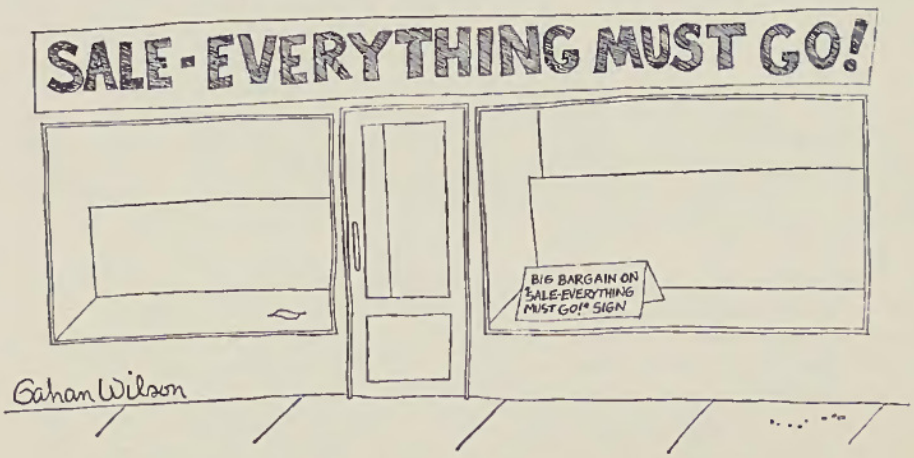
"I locked you in your room."

Biff nodded.

"I thought I had the story sequence correctly. Well, let me tell you, Jerry o' man, that you did me a signal service. I will go further. You saved my life. The United States Marines never put up a smoother job. Do you know what would have been the outcome if you hadn't shown a presence of mind which it is impossible to overpraise? Ruin, desolation and despair, that's what the outcome would have been. That cop would have pinched me."

Jerry agreed that this was what almost certainly would have occurred, but was unable to understand why a seasoned veteran of arrests like Biff should attach such importance to what by this time he might have been expected to have come to regard as mere routine.

"Well, weren't you always getting



pinched in New York?" he said putting this point.

"I was," said Biff, "but the difference between me getting pinched in the old home town three years ago and being thrown into a dungeon below the castle moat in London as of even date is subtle but well marked, Jerry o' man. Three years ago, had I been escorted to the coop, it would have set me back some trivial sum like ten bucks. Today it would be more like ten million."

"I don't follow you."

"You will," said Biff. He took a paper from his pocket. "Do you know what this is?"

"It looks like a letter."

"And it is a letter. From the New York lawyers. I picked it up at Barribault's just now, and do you know what I did when I read it? I reeled."

"Just like last night."

Biff gave him a reproving look that said that this was no time for frivolity. His face was grave.

"Never mind about last night, it's today we've got to concentrate on. Where was I?"

"Reeling."

"Ah yes. And if ever anyone was entitled to reel, it was me. You remember the bit at the end of the cable about me getting old Pyke's money in accordance with the provisions of the trust and letter follows?"

"I remember. This is the letter?"

"Nothing but. They said it would follow and it followed, and you can take it from me that it's dynamite. Shall I tell you about the trust I've got to act in accordance with the provisions of? They call it a spendthrift trust, which is a pretty offensive way of putting it, to start with, and when you've heard what a spendthrift trust is, you'll be astounded that Edmund Biffen Pyke should have countenanced such a thing. As dirty a trick to play on a young fellow trying to get along as I ever heard of. Briefly, the way it works out is that the trustees stick to the money like Scotch tape, and I don't get a smell of it till I'm thirty."

"Well, that's not so long to wait. Aren't you nearly that?"

"Pretty nearly. In about another week."

"Then what are you worrying about?"

"I'll tell you what I'm worrying about. You haven't heard the snapper. The provisions of this spendthrift trust are that if I'm arrested for any misdemeanor before my thirtieth birthday, I don't get a nickel."

The look which he directed at Jerry as he spoke made it plain that he was expecting his words to have a stirring effect, and he was not disappointed. Jerry jumped as if the chair he sat in had suddenly become incandescent. He could not have shown more consternation if it had been his own fortune that had thus been placed in jeopardy.

"Good Lord!" he cried.

"I thought that would make you sit up," said Biff with a certain gloomy satisfaction.

"You're sure you've got your facts right?"

"Sure I'm sure. It's all in the letter. Couched, if that's the word, in legal phraseology, but perfectly clear. Didn't I tell you I was certain there was bound to be a catch somewhere?"

"When did your godfather make this will?"

"Three years ago, just about the time I was leaving for Paris."

"And he never said a word to you about it?"

"Not a word. That's what makes me so sore. Can you imagine a man playing a low-down trick like that, just letting me amble along doing what comes naturally and then springing it on me that if I'd been a better boy, I'd have cleaned up but, as it is, I get nothing. It shatters one's whole faith in mankind."

"Didn't he even drop a hint?"

"If you could call it a hint. I saw him before I left, and he told me to keep out of trouble when I was in Paris, and I said I would, and he said I'd better."

"That was all?"

"That's all there was, there wasn't any more."

"He must have been an odd sort of man."

"He was."

"This is pretty serious, Biff."

"You're telling me!"

"You really lose all the money if you're arrested?"

"No question about it."

"You'd better not get arrested."

"Yes, I thought of that."

A horrible possibility occurred to Jerry.

"Have you been arrested since you went to Paris?"

Biff was able to reassure him there.

"Oddly enough, no. The cops aren't nearly so fussy in Paris as they are in New York. There's much more of the live-and-let-live spirit. But my blood runs cold when I think how near I came to it only a few days ago. There was some unpleasantness in a bar, and I socked an *agent de ville*. That's why I moved to London. To get away from it all, if you follow me."

"But you weren't pinched?"

"No, he hadn't time to pinch me."

"Well, you will be if you start doing that sort of thing here. It's a pity you have this urge to punch policemen."

"It's just a mannerism."

"I'd correct it, if I were you."

"I will. I've learned my lesson. Well, you see now, Jerry o' man, why I'm so grateful to you for what you did last night. But for you, I would now be inside looking out, and a letter would be following to say I could kiss my heritage goodbye. Think back, and you will recall that I used the expression 'You saved my life.' I repeat it. How can I ever repay you?"

"I don't want to be repaid."

"Of course you do. Everybody wants repaying. Jerry o' man, you simply must let me give you that twenty thousand."

"No."

"Well, lend it to you, then."

"No."

Biff frowned at the linoleum.

"I must say I don't like the way you're refusing to enter into the spirit of the thing. Have you nothing to suggest? I know. I'll back your play."

"What play?"

"Haven't you written a play? I thought everyone had."

"Not me. I've been too busy editing this ghastly paper."

"Editing! That word puts me on the right track. How would you like to edit something worth-while?"

"I'd love it."

"Then here's what we're going to do. I'll start a paper and you shall run it."

"It costs a fortune starting a paper from scratch."

"Suppose I bought a going concern."

Jerry gave a little jump. This was opening a new line of thought.

"Do you really mean it, Biff?"

"Of course, I mean it. What do you think I meant? Do you know of any going concerns?"

"Did you ever hear of the *Thursday Review*?"

"Vaguely. A pal of mine in Paris takes it in. It's politics and literature and all that slop, isn't it?"

"That sort of thing. I've had one or two pieces in it."

"Why do you bring it up?"

"Because I heard the other day that the editor was retiring, and I'd give anything to take on his job. It's right in my line. But what's the good of talking about it? The syndicate that owns it would sell, I suppose, if the price was high enough, but it would cost the earth."

"Well, I've got the earth, or shall have in another week, always provided I stay out of the calaboose. And you can take it from me, Jerry o' man, that staying out of calabooses is what from now on I'm going to specialize in."

Jerry drummed on the desk with his fingers.

"I'll tell you something, Biff. Actually, I don't think you'd be risking much. The *Thursday*'s always made money, and I don't believe I'd let you down. And yet . . . I don't know."

Biff would have none of this cat-in-the-adage spirit. He was all enthusiasm.

"I do. Consider it done. I have the utmost confidence in your ability to make the damn thing the talk of the intelligentsia, and don't worry about the syndicate not wanting to sell. I know these syndicates. Once they hear there's somebody ready to put up real cash, they're after him like Percy Pilbeam on the track of the necessary evidence. By the way, did you know that Percy used to edit *Society Spice*?"

"No, I never heard that."

"Fact. He told me last night."

"He looks as if he would have been the ideal editor."

"He was, so he tells me. He spoke very highly of himself. He doesn't think much of you as a successor. He thinks you fall short in dishing the dirt."

"I've an idea my Lord Tilbury feels the same."

"Well, to hell with old Tilbury and to hell with Percy Pilbeam. Harking back to this *Thursday Review* thing, I'll start the negotiations right away, and your trouser seat will be warming the editorial chair before you know where you are."

Jerry sat speechless, looking into the future. It seemed to open before him in a golden vista, and if the thought presented itself that the whole of that future depended on Biff keeping out of the clutches of the law, it was succeeded by the comforting reflection that he had to do so only for another week. Even Biff, he felt, possibly a little too optimistically, could probably do that.

"I don't know what to say," he said. "You've rather taken my breath away. I'd like to try to thank you——"

"Don't give it a thought."

Jerry laughed.

"That expression seems to run in the family. It was what Kay said to me when I thanked her for standing me a cup of coffee. Kay!" he exclaimed. "I was forgetting her. I tried to phone her last night, but she was out and all I got was Henry Blake-Somerset. Do you realize that she doesn't know a thing about what's happened? Unless you told her?"

"Oh, I told her. I called her up last night from one of the bars into which Percy Pilbeam led me, though it is possible, of course, that I was leading him. I explained the whole setup."

"Was she thrilled?"

"I think she would have been, if she had grasped the gist. But she didn't. She kept telling me she couldn't understand a word I was saying and accused me—with some justice, I admit—of being under the influence of the sauce. She then hung up. I was annoyed at the time, but I can see now that my articulation may not have been as clear as I could have wished. I seem to remember slurring my words a little."

"So she doesn't know?"

"Hasn't a notion. Nor is she aware that I've got to have that picture. The need is pressing. All sorts of new expenses have cropped up, and I can't waste time waiting for her to mail me the thing. It'll have to be fetched. Not by me, because I can't go to Paris myself—that trouble with the constabulary I spoke of—so everything points to you. You'll have to pop over there. How are you fixed for cash?"

"I've enough. And I ought to go to Paris anyway to pick up those keys and get my things. My uncle was fussing a good deal about his keys last night. But how can I manage it when I'm tied down here?"

"Won't Tilbury let you off?"

"After I've just had my holiday? No."

"You could ask him."

"No, I couldn't."

"Then we seem to be faced with what you might call a dilemma."

"We are."

There was a knock at the door. A boy entered, bearing a letter. Jerry opened the envelope, and laughed.

"Correction," he said. "Tilbury says he *will* let me off."

"Eh?"

"And I'm not tied down here. This is from the big chief dispensing with my services."

"He's fired you?"

"As of today."

"Well, the old popeyed son of a whatnot," said Biff. "Still, it just shows what I've always said, that there's a solution for every problem."

• • •

The doorbell of 16 Rue Jacob, Paris 6, Arrondissement Luxembourg, rang in the asthmatic way it had, and Kay came out of her bedroom to answer it, conscious of a sudden chill. This, she presumed, was Henry Blake-Somerset come to pick her up and take her to lunch to meet his mother, who was passing through Paris on her way to the Riviera, and some sixth sense told her that she was not going to enjoy the experience. She had seen a photograph of Lady Blake-Somerset in Henry's apartment and had been struck by the closeness of her resemblance to Queen Elizabeth the First of England. It is pretty generally conceded that, whatever her numerous merits, there was that about Good Queen Bess which made it difficult for strangers to feel at their ease with her, and she wished Henry had forgotten all about this luncheon date. An idle wish, for Henry never forgot anything.

But it was not he who stood without. It was a large young man with reddish hair, at the sight of whom her heart gave a leap quite unsuitable in a heart which should have leaped only at the sight of her betrothed.

"Jerry!" she cried. "Well, for heaven's sake! The last person I expected. What are you doing over here?"

"Business trip," said Jerry briefly. He was resolved to bank down the fire within him and to conduct this interview on orderly, unemotional lines. Just seeing her had caused his own heart to skip like the high hills, but he quickly got it under control, though it was like having

"I live in a pretty tough neighborhood."

"I suppose you'll think I've got a hell of a nerve asking, but I wonder if I could use your phone?"

to discourage a large, exuberant, bounding dog. "I came to get those keys at the Lost Property Office and collect the things I'd left in my uncle's apartment. And Biff asked me to come and see you because he wants me to take back a picture of his. He said you would know the one he meant."

"He's got only one. He isn't a collector. Why does he want it?"

"He's running short of money and wants to sell it. May I come in?"

"I wasn't planning to keep you standing on the mat. Come right in and tell me all your news."

"I don't know how much you've heard of it," said Jerry, seating himself. "Biff tells me he talked to you on the phone."

Kay laughed and, as always when she did this, Jerry was aware of a sensation similar to, but more pleasurable than, that experienced by the occupant of the electric chair at Sing Sing when willing hands turn on the juice.

"In a way he did," she said, "but it was more like gargling. He had plainly been looking on the wine when it was red. I couldn't understand more than about one word in twenty, but I seemed to gather that Mr. Pyke had left him something, which was better than I had expected. Did he tell you how much?"

"He's left him everything."

Kay stared.

"What do you mean?"

"Just that."

"But it sounds as if you were saying that Mr. Pyke had left him all his money, which doesn't make sense."

"He did."

"You mean . . . You can't mean that Biff's a millionaire?"

"That's right."

Kay raised a finger and stilled an upper lip which was trembling. Amazement, enlarging her eyes, became her so well that Jerry began to have doubts as to his ability to keep the interview orderly and unemotional.

"Say it again — slowly."

"Biff gets everything."

"Slower than that. I want to savor each syllable."

"He's a millionaire."

"You wouldn't fool me?"

"Certainly not."

"It's really true?"

"Quite true."

"Zowie!" said Kay, not having William Albert Pilbeam's familiarity with the expression "Cor lumme." There was a tender look in her eyes as she thought of this local boy who had made good. The escapades which in the past had so often caused her to talk to him like a Dutch aunt were forgotten. "No wonder he was celebrating. After getting pennies from heaven like that, it wouldn't be humane to expect him not to be pie-eyed. Fancy Biff a millionaire! I can hardly believe it. This'll be good news for his circle of acquaintances."

Jerry nodded.

"That's what I'm afraid of. I warned him that everybody he knew would want their cut."

"His little sister among the first. What that boy is going to buy for me! There's nothing like having a prosperous millionaire for a brother, especially a generous one like Biff. I may have had occasion to state from time to time that Edmund Biffen Christopher is as crazy as a bedbug and ought to be in some sort of a home, but nobody can say he isn't generous."

"Not me, anyway. Do you know what was the first thing he said when we met? He wanted to give me twenty thousand pounds."

"You're kidding."

"No, it was a firm offer. Naturally I couldn't take it."

"Why naturally? I know three hundred and forty-seven men in Paris alone who would have jumped at it. Yours must be a wonderful character."

"I believe Baedeker gives it five stars."

"The trouble is I still can't quite believe it."

"That I spurned his gold?"

"No, that he had the gold for you to spurn. Are you *sure* it's true?"

"I saw the cable from the New York lawyers."

For some moments Kay sat silent. When she spoke, it was to point a moral.

"You know, Jerry, there's a lesson in this for every one of us, and that is that we should always be kind to the very humblest, not that Mr. Pyke was that by a long way, according to the stories I've heard tell. If Biff hadn't saved the old gentleman's life, I don't suppose this would have happened. Did you know he once saved Mr. Pyke's life?"

"No, he never told me that."

"Our modest heroes. It was down at his summer place at Westhampton Beach. Mr. Pyke had gone for a swim in the pool much too soon after a big lunch and got cramps and Biff dived in with all his clothes on and gaffed him. No doubt the memory lingered."

"You think that's the explanation?"

"It must be, because he thoroughly disapproved of Biff's bohemian revels.

He was always having to bail him out after his get-togethers with the police, and it made him as mad as a wet hen. You'd have thought that would have influenced him when he was making his will."

Jerry stirred uncomfortably. It is never pleasant to have to break bad news.

"It did, I'm afraid."

"What do you mean?"

As coherently as he could with her eyes boring into him, Jerry revealed the conditions of the spendthrift trust, and his heart was torn as he watched the dismay grow in those eyes.

"You mean that if he's arrested, he loses everything?"

"I'm afraid so."

"One simple tiddly little pinch for doing practically nothing, and he's out millions of dollars?"

"Apparently."

"But the poor lamb's *always* getting pinched! He can't *help* getting pinched! He'd get pinched somehow if he was alone on a desert island. You ought never to have left him loose in London."

"I had to. I wanted to see you and tell you to go there at once and help me keep an eye on him. With both of us watching him, he can't get into trouble. I'm flying back this evening. Can you make it, too?"

"But I've a job."

"Won't they give you a few days off?" Kay reflected.

"I believe they would if I made a point of it. I'm not an indispensable cog in the machine. But I couldn't go today. It would have to be tomorrow at the earliest."

"Well, that's all right. I think we're safe for the next day or two. It'll take him that long to recover from the shock of that narrow escape he had."

"What narrow escape?"

Jerry related in as few words as he could manage the salient features of what a writer of tales of suspense would no doubt have called *The Case of the Ginger-Mustached Policeman.*

There was an almost worshiping look in Kay's eyes. It was not lost on Jerry. It gave him the idea that if only he could persuade her to join him at lunch, something constructive might result. He had much to say to her in the intimate seclusion of the luncheon table.

"What a mercy you had the presence of mind to lock him in his room. At Barribault's was this?"

"No, he's moved in with me at my flat."

"Thank heaven for that. It makes me shudder to think of him at large in a place like Barribault's. You'll be able to keep an eye on him."

"Watch his every move."

"Well, I don't know how to thank you. I wish there was something I could do for you."

"There is. Come and have lunch."

"I can't. I'd love to, but it's impossible. I'm lunching with Henry. And there he is," said Kay, as an asthmatic tinkle came from the door. "That must be Henry. He was calling here to pick me up and take me to Armenonville or one of those places."

It was Henry. He came in, kissed Kay, said he hoped she was ready, as they would have to hurry, and then, seeing Jerry, started like one who perceives a snake in his path.

"Oh, hullo," he said.

"Hullo," said Jerry.

"You here?" said Henry.

"Just going," said Jerry, and an observer, eying him as he made for the door, would have felt that if he was not grinding his teeth, he, the observer, did not know a ground tooth when he saw one.

It was some hours later, when up in the clouds on his journey back to London, that he suddenly remembered that he had omitted to collect Biff's Boudin.

• • •

Biff was annoyed and in his opinion justifiably annoyed. He was not, he said, an unreasonable man, he did not demand perfection and could make allowances when necessary, but he did feel that when a fellow sent a fellow over to Paris to get a picture for him, the fellow was entitled to expect the fellow to come back with the damned thing. Instead of which, he went about the place leaving it behind. Was that, he asked, the way to win friends and influence people?

Jerry put up the best defense he could.

"I did mention it to Kay. I told her about it directly I arrived. But we got to talking of other things, and then Blake-Somerset came in, and he made me so mad that I just rushed out."

"Forgetting the picture?"

"It never entered my mind."

"Such as it is. Why did he make you mad?"

Jerry did not speak for a moment. He was trying to cope with the rising feeling of nausea which the recollection of that revolting scene in the living room of 16 Rue Jacob never failed to induce. When he did speak, his voice quivered.

"He kissed her!"

This puzzled Biff.

"Very natural, surely? It's the first thing you do when you're engaged to a girl, or even when you aren't, for that matter. Good Lord!" said Biff, as a curious gulping sound proceeded from Jerry's lips. "Are you telling me you've gone and fallen in love with Kay?"

Jerry would have preferred not to be obliged to confide in one whom he knew to be of a ribald turn of mind, but it seemed unavoidable. Curtly he replied that he had, and Biff was surprisingly sympathetic.

"I don't wonder. Even a brother's eye can see that she has what it takes. She's always been very popular. There was an *art nouveau* sculptor in Paris who said he would shoot himself if she didn't marry him. He didn't, which was a pity, because obviously the more *art nouveau* sculptors who shoot themselves, the sweeter a place the world becomes. Well, well, so that's how it is, is it?"

"Yes, it is. Any objections?"

"None whatever. No harm in it at all, as far as I can see. You may be the beneficent influence which will divert her fatheaded little mind from that frozen fish of hers. I think with perseverance you may swing it, for I can't believe she seriously intends to marry that human *bombe surprise*. Shall I tell you something, Jerry? It's just a theory, but I believe the reason Kay teamed up with Henry Blake-Somerset was that he was so different from all the other men she knew. When a girl has been mixing for two years with the sort of blots who made up the personnel of our Parisian circle and somebody comes along who hasn't a beard and dresses well and looks as if he took a bath every morning instead of only at Christmas and on his birthday, something she may easily mistake for love awakes in her heart. But it can't last. Given the will to win, you should be able to cut him out. Have you taken any steps?"

"I told her I loved her."

"What did she say to that?"

"She reminded me that she was engaged to Henry Blake-Somerset."

"And then?"

"That's all."

"You mean you left it at that?"

"What else could I do?"

Biff was concerned. There came into his manner a suggestion of a father rebuking a loved but erring son.

"You'll have to show more spirit than this, Jerry o' man. You seem to have conducted your wooing like a cross between a scared rabbit and a jellyfish. That's not the way to win a girl's heart. You ought to have grabbed her and kissed her and gone on kissing her till she threw in her hand and agreed to play ball."

"We were talking on the telephone."

"Oh? I see. Yes, that would be an obstacle. And I suppose you couldn't have done it when you saw her this last time because Blake-Somerset was present, which would naturally have cramped your style. But bear in mind for your future guidance what I have outlined in the procedure if you want to get anywhere. I've tested it a hundred times. Meanwhile, let me say that I am no longer incensed because you forgot to

bring the picture. It was an outstanding boner, but if it was love that made you pull it, I can readily understand and forgive, because for your private files, Jerry, I, too, love. I told you about Linda Rome, didn't I?"

"You said you were once engaged."

"And we're now engaged again. I've bought the license, notified the registrar, who requires a day's notice, and the wedding will take place shortly."

"Well, that's splendid. Congratulations. How did you find her?"

"Oh, very fit, thanks. A bit aloof for a moment or two, but it soon wore off."

"I mean, when last heard from you were trying to get her address. Did you get it from Tilbury's secretary?"

"Er — no. No, she didn't give it to me. I happened to run into Linda in Bond Street, where the picture galleries are. I'd gone there with the idea of finding out the current prices of Boudins. It seems she now works for one Gish, who peddles paintings for a living, and she was emerging from his joint just as I was going in and we collided on the doorstep."

"Embarrassing?"

"Not after the first moment or two. Everything went like a breeze. I said 'Hello, Linda' and she said 'Well, I'll be damned if it isn't Biff' or words to that effect, and after we'd kidded back and forth for a while I took her off to the Bollinger bar, where we shared a half bot and fixed everything up. Time, the great healer, had done its stuff and we were sweethearts still. She told me the reason I hadn't been able to locate her was that she had given up her apartment and was living with Tilbury out Wimbledon. He has one of those big houses on the Common."

"So I've heard. Didn't the secretary tell you she was living there?"

"No. No, she didn't mention that."

"Odd. She must have known. But she isn't an intelligent girl."

"You know her?"

"Not to speak to. I've seen her around. A strikingly beautiful blonde. I was only going by her appearance when I said she wasn't intelligent. Most blondes aren't."

At an early point in the proceedings Biff had mixed himself a refreshing drink and had been sipping it slowly as they talked. He now drained what was left in his glass with a gulp, and a gravity came into his manner.

"There's something you can do for me, Jerry. There's a little favor I'm asking of you, which will cost you nothing but will be of great help in stabilizing my position with Linda."

"I thought you said it was stabilized."

"To a certain extent, yes, but only to a certain extent."

"So — ?"

"So I should be infinitely obliged if, when you meet Linda as of course you will ere long, you don't bring the conversation around to Gwendoline Gibbs."

"I ought to be able to manage that, seeing that I've never heard of her in my life. Who is Gwendoline Gibbs?"

"Tilbury's secretary."

"Oh, I see. The fellow who pointed her out to me didn't tell me her name. You don't want me to mention her?"

"If you would be so kind. I don't mind telling you that though Linda has consented to go registrar's-officing with me, I'm still, as you might say, on appro. She admits to loving me, but gives the impression that she does it against her better judgment. The least suspicion that I am still the trailing arbutus I used to be, and that registrar will lose a fee. As I think I told you, it was my gentlemanly preference for blondes that led her to sever relations a year ago, and between ourselves, Jerry, in the couple of days before I ran into her on Gish's threshold I was giving Gwendoline a rather impressive rush. So if, when conversing with Linda, you find yourself running short of small talk, speak to her of the weather, the crops and any good books she may have read lately, but don't fall back on Gwendoline Gibbs. On the subject of Gwendoline Gibbs let your lips be sealed."

"I'll see to it."

"That's my boy. It will ease the situation greatly. Extraordinary how complex life has become these days, is it not? What with Gwendoline Gibbses and spendthrift trusts . . . By the way, Tilbury has heard about the will. The New York lawyers, the ones who wrote the letter that followed, told him. Linda happened to be in his office and found him putting in a transatlantic call to them, all agog to get the low-down. She describes him as turning a rich magenta and uttering animal cries when they broke the bad news, and I'm not surprised. One can well imagine that the information would have given him food for thought. The next time she saw him he told her he was going to contest the will on the ground that the late Pyke was cuckoo. You don't think he can swing that, do you?"

"I don't see how. From what you've told me, Mr. Pyke had his eccentricities, but nothing more than that, and after all he was your godfather."

"And he had neither chick nor child, which was a bit of luck for the chicks and children, as I remember him."

"He probably looked on you as a son. Kay tells me you saved his life once, and apparently he wasn't fond of Tilbury, so why shouldn't he leave you his money?"

Biff was silent for a moment.

"There is one thing that worries me a little, Jerry o' man, due, I suppose, to that mellowed feeling of wanting to be a do-gooder which I believe I mentioned to you. We can't deny that I owe my present prosperity entirely to old Tilbury."

"I don't get that."

"Obvious, surely. If he hadn't been such a stinker, Pyke would have left him the whole bundle. By being a stinker he became the founder of my fortunes, and I think he ought to have his cut. I believe I'll slip him a piece of change."

"Very generous."

"Well, I want smiling faces about me. I'll rout out a solicitor and have him draw up an agreement whereby in exchange for waiving all claim to the lettuce Tilbury receives five percent of the gross. Would your uncle do that for me? Then I'll go and see him directly I'm dressed. Lincoln's Inn Fields he hangs out in, I think you told me."

• • •

In supposing that his telephone conversation with Mr. Leonard Haskell of the legal firm of Haskell and Green would have given Lord Tilbury food for thought, Biff had not erred. The letter which he found on his desk two days later gave him more. In the course of their transatlantic exchanges Mr. Haskell had spoken of a letter already on its way to him by air mail. It contained, said Mr. Haskell, full particulars of the late Mr. Pyke's last will and testament and should reach him at any moment now. And here, as promised, it was.

Lord Tilbury's initial emotion on opening it and learning of the spendthrift trust was a heartening feeling that things were looking up. He had consulted his solicitor in the matter of contesting the will on the ground that Mr. Pyke had been incompetent to make one, and his solicitor had not been encouraging, reasoning that it was very unlikely that a man capable of salting away ten or so millions of dollars could have been of weak intellect. But this letter, with its careful exposition of the conditions of the spendthrift trust, put new heart into him and showed him that all was not lost.

He knew Biff and was familiar with his record. Surely, he felt, unless the young wastrel had undergone a complete change of character, it should be a mere matter of days before the arm of the law gripped him on some pretext or other. According to Mr. Haskell's letter, unless he had totally misread it, arrest for even so trivial an offense as being drunk and disorderly would be enough to rule Edmund Biffen Christopher out. And if Edmund Biffen, exhilarated by the thought of his glittering prospects, did not become drunk and disorderly at the earliest opportunity, Lord Tilbury felt that he would lose his faith in human nature.

Only when the chilling reflection came to him that Biff, with so much at stake, probably would have undergone a complete, if temporary, change of character did his optimism wane. Reason told him that at current prices for good behavior even the most irresponsible of young men would keep his feet glued to the straight and narrow path.

Unless — and here optimism returned — he were assisted off it by outside sources. That, he saw, was an avenue that he would do well to explore. Was there not some way by which this promising young disturber of the peace could be induced to get back to normal and start disturbing it again?

Motionless at his desk, ignoring the letters he should have been dictating to Gwendoline Gibbs and ceasing for the moment even to think of Gwendoline Gibbs, Lord Tilbury gave the full force of his powerful intellect to the problem, spurred on by that urge which makes all very rich men eager to add to their riches.

For perhaps 20 minutes nothing stirred, and then suddenly something shook him like an electric shock. The thought of Percy Pilbeam had flashed into his mind, and his reaction was somewhat similar to that of a war horse hearing the sound of a bugle.

Pilbeam! If there was one man in existence capable of employing the conditions of the spendthrift trust to the undoing of Biff, it was Percy Pilbeam. He had always had the deepest respect for his former underling's ingenuity and unscrupulousness, and he knew that if adequately paid no one would be more likely to see to it that the conditions of the spendthrift trust produced practical results. What steps Percy Pilbeam, having pouched his fee, would take he could not say, but there was no doubt in his mind that they would be steps of impressive, if fishy, brilliance.

He decided to seek him out that afternoon as soon as his duties at Tilbury House would permit. The idea of inviting him to dinner at his club he dismissed. He was a man rather acutely alive to class distinctions and he felt that Percy, liberally pimpled and favoring the sort of clothes that made him look like Neapolitan ice cream, would not do him credit at his club. Better to call and see him at his business address.

This was not far from Barribault's Hotel, for the Argus Inquiry Agency, which had started in a modest way in a single room in the Soho neighborhood, had long since moved to Mayfair and had enlarged itself to an anteroom and two inner rooms. One of these, the smaller, was occupied by a couple of stenographers; in the other, in a leather chair which in the early days would have been far beyond his means, Percy Pilbeam sat waiting to receive clients. The anteroom was in the charge of a gentlemanly office boy.

It was to the last named that Lord Tilbury handed his card, and the boy looked properly impressed as he took it in to his employer.

"Someone to see me?" asked Percy Pilbeam, glancing up from the papers which were engaging his attention.

"A *lord* to see you, sir," said the office boy. A polished lad, he loved the aristocracy.

Percy inspected the card, shocked the boy by saying, "Oh, old Tilbury? All right, send him in," and sat back in his leather chair, well pleased. He always enjoyed meeting this former employer of his, for the sight of him brought back the days, now long past, when, like *Ben Bolt*'s Alice, he had wept with delight when he gave him a smile and trembled with fear at his frown. But now to him his erstwhile boss was just another client, and he wondered what he had come about.

It was not immediately that Lord Tilbury put him in possession of the facts, for he seemed oddly reluctant to state his business. He said the weather was fine, which it was. He said these were nice offices, which they were. He said that he had never ceased to regret the day when Percy had severed his connection with Tilbury House, which was true, adding that since Percy's departure he had not been able to find a satisfactory editor for *Society Spice*. It was left for Percy to get down to what are commonly called brass tacks.

"Something you wanted to see me about, Tilbury?"

"Well — er — yes, Pilbeam. The fact is, I find myself in a somewhat delicate position."

"Pilbeam," he proceeded, "I had a brother named Edmund. He died recently."

As far as was possible for a man with pimples, sideburns and a small black mustache to look sympathetic, Percy did so. A few graceful words to the effect that he felt for Lord Tilbury in his bereavement floated into his mind, but he left them unspoken, as he did a rather neat line about all flesh being as grass. He did not want to delay whatever it might be that was coming next.

"He settled in America as a young man," said Lord Tilbury, becoming quite fluent, "and did extraordinarily well. Toward the end of his career he was one of New York's leading financiers, and as the greater part of his fortune was made before the days of high income taxes, he was at the time of his death extremely rich. I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that his estate must amount to at least ten million dollars."

Anything to do with money, particularly money running into the millions, enchained Percy's interest.

"Coo!" he said, and whistled. "Who gets it?"

"That is precisely what I came here to talk to you about, Pilbeam. Naturally, as his only surviving relative except for a niece whom he had never met, I expected to inherit, but I do not."

"What happened? Did he leave it all to charities?"

"No."

"Is there a widow?"

"No."

"Then why don't you collect?"

"Don't ask me!" said Lord Tilbury. "I think he must have been insane. He

"Any chance of my borrowing the car again tonight, Dad?"

made a will leaving everything he possessed to a godson of his. I get nothing."

His hard-luck story did not really fill Percy with pity and terror, for, like Linda Rome, he considered that his visitor was quite rich enough already, but he tried to infuse sympathy into his voice.

"That's tough. But where do I come in? Why did you want to see me?"

Lord Tilbury's initial embarrassment had vanished. He had come to the offices of the Argus Inquiry Agency to seek aid in a scheme which even he could see fell under the heading of dirty work at the crossroads, and for a while he had been reluctant to put it into words. But there was something about Percy Pilbeam, as he sat curling his mustache with a pen, that made it easy to confide the rawest and most dubious propositions to him. You felt that he would understand and sympathize.

"I am hoping that you will be able to help me. Have you ever heard of a spendthrift trust?"

Percy said he had not.

"It is the general term, the New York lawyers tell me, applied to trusts which the beneficiary cannot dispose of in advance. I have never heard of them myself, but apparently they are quite usual in the United States, and in some states, such as New York, all trusts have this characteristic. Yes, yes, I am coming to the point," said Lord Tilbury, for Percy had suggested that he should. "The point is this: Some spendthrift trusts further provide that if the beneficiary shall commit some act or behave in some manner of which the testator does not approve, he forfeits his rights and the money goes to another beneficiary. It was this that my brother specified in his will. If his godson, a young man named Christopher, is arrested for any misdemeanor before his thirtieth birthday, he forfeits everything and the money comes to me as the next of kin. I beg your pardon?"

Percy Pilbeam had not spoken, except to say "Ouch!" His companion's words had caused him to start so abruptly that the pen with which he was curling his mustache had slipped and inflicted a nasty flesh wound on his upper lip.

"Christopher, did you say?"

"Yes."

"Is his name Biff?"

"I believe his friends call him that. He was christened Edmund Biffen after my brother."

"Well, what a coincidence!"

"You know him?"

"I was out with him only the other night. I happened to meet him with a girl I know."

He phrased the remark discreetly. It would have been foreign to his policy to reveal to his visitor that the girl who had won his heart was the cousin of anyone so low in the social scale as a private investigator. Lord Tilbury, he knew, admired his brain and lack of scruple, but that did not mean that he would welcome him as a member of his family. Time enough to tell him after the wedding.

"He kept saying he was a millionaire, but I thought he had come into a little money and just *felt* like a millionaire. He took me on a pub crawl. You should have seen him put the stuff away."

"He drank heavily?"

"I'll say he did."

"How very satisfactory," said Lord Tilbury, beaming. "Then you are the man to help me. I knew I was not making a mistake in coming to you, my dear Pilbeam."

"But why me?"

"Because I have such confidence in your brains and ingenuity, Pilbeam. I thought that you might somehow make this young Christopher's acquaintance and — er — well, you see what I had in mind. And now I find that you already know him. Things could not be more satisfactory."

He had no need to enlarge on his point. Percy Pilbeam might wear sideburns and a Neapolitan-ice-cream suit, but he was quick at the uptake.

"I see what you mean. You want me to have another night out with the fellow and get him tight."

"Exactly."

"So that he'll do something to make him get pinched by the police and lose the money according to the terms of the trust and you'll collar the whole ten million."

"You put these things so clearly, Pilbeam. That is just what I want you to do."

"And what," said Percy, "is there in it for me?"

Lord Tilbury, knowing his Pilbeam, had anticipated that this query would be coming, and he had steeled himself to meet it. He never enjoyed paying out money, but he knew that if you do not speculate, you cannot accumulate.

"A hundred pounds."

"Or, rather," said Percy, "a thousand."

Lord Tilbury was seated at the moment, so he did not sway and totter, but his jaw fell and his eyes protruded like Biff's at the sight of a blonde. He gasped.

"A thousand!"

"An insignificant percentage on what you will be getting."

"Two hundred, Pilbeam."

"A thousand."

"Five hundred."

"A thousand was what I said. No, on second thought, make it two thousand."

Lord Tilbury breathed heavily. His face had taken on the purple tinge of which Linda Rome had spoken. He looked like a toad which was not only beneath a harrow but suffering from high blood pressure. But gradually the purple flush faded. The healing thought had come to him that as this conversation was taking place without witnesses present, he could always later on repudiate any promises to which he might bind himself. It was surely unlikely that Pilbeam would do anything so crude as to insist on a written agreement.

"Very well," he said.

"You agree?"

"I do."

"Then we'll just have a little written agreement," said Percy. He took up the pen with which he had fondled his mustache and wrote rapidly on a pad. He rang a bell, and the gentlemanly office boy entered. "Oh, Spenser," he said, "tell Lana and Marlene to come here."

The two stenographers made their appearance, witnessed the document and withdrew. They were both attractive young women, but Lord Tilbury, as he watched them append their signatures, thought he had never seen two more repulsive members of their sex. But it is to be doubted if even Gwendoline Gibbs would have seemed attractive to him, had she been rendering legal a document which was going to reduce his bank balance by two thousand pounds.

"And now," said Percy, "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to get hold of Joe Murphy."

"I beg your pardon?"

"And introduce Christopher to him. Murphy is a man I know in Fleet Street who has the most astonishing capacity for absorbing alcoholic liquor. He's famous for it. Nobody can have an evening with Joe and not feel the effects. And we know what happens to Christopher when he has a few drinks. He wanted to wind up our night out by punching a policeman."

"And you restrained him!"

"Well, how was I to know? But it'll be all right this time. After he's met Murphy he's bound to end up punching someone. I can't guarantee a policeman, of course."

"No, no."

"Still, even a civilian will do the trick."

"Quite."

"So there we are."

"So there we are," echoed Lord Tilbury.

The expression "It's in the bag" was not familiar to him, or he would certainly have used it.

This is the first of two parts of P. G. Wodehouse's new novel, "Biffen's Millions." The conclusion will appear next month.

MONEYGRABBERS *(continued from page 104)*

Burns opened a store in mid-town Manhattan and prospered moderately. Then, a few years ago, he decided to retire and bought a home in southern Florida where he lives now in sunny ease with a comparatively untroubled conscience, solaced by the absolution granted him by the surety company and his former employer. The pneumatic tube system for changemaking at his former employer's has long since disappeared. It was much too simple to emulate the silent-partner gambit.

• • •

The strangest specimen in my collection is nameless, faceless — and much sought after. I have several rival English collectors who are also after him. They have certain advantages: this specimen was English and operated in London.

He took the British government for about $150,000 in the years 1871–1872 when the money was the equivalent of one million untaxed dollars today. When Scotland Yard finally caught on to his crime and his methods the statute of limitations on prosecution had long run out. Not only couldn't they touch him, but they even had to continue his pension as a retired civil servant. It must have been terribly frustrating.

Jones is as good a name for him as any. In 1870 he was 38 years old and an employee of the General Post Office working in the stock-exchange branch on Threadneedle Street, a shilling's throw from the Bank of England. Jones was almost certainly a supervising clerk and his specialty was telegrams. Four thousand telegrams a day were sent from this G.P.O. branch, mainly by stockbrokers — to clients, banks and other brokers.

The procedure was this: After each telegraphic message was written on a blank form, it was handed to a clerk at the counter in the post office — Jones, for example. He would count the words and tell the sender the cost. Most wires were at the minimum rate of a shilling for 20 words. Jones would ask for the shilling and give the sender his telegram and a new shilling postage stamp. The sender would lick the back of the stamp, paste it on his telegraph form and hand it back to Jones. He would then cancel it with a rubber hand stamp and give the message to a telegrapher seated at a key in the center of the room.

If you have just a little clever larceny in your heart you know how Jones handled this; but if all you can think of is the thieving tollbooth agent's cadence "one for the house and one for me," you do Jones a great injustice. He made his own shilling stamps.

The shilling stamps bore a left-profile portrait of a youthful Queen Victoria. Jones' counterfeit wasn't bad. He didn't bother trying to duplicate the watermark on the back, but what ordinary stamp user would try to find out if there was one on the stamp before paying over his shilling?

Hard-working, eager, efficient Jones probably could have handled a thousand telegrams a day. A thousand shillings a day is about $250 a day; six days a week brings it to $1500 a week or $78,000 a year! He was at it about two years, or $156,000 worth. Let us generously allow $6000 for paper, artwork and the hiring of certain technical assistance, which leaves Jones with a thumping $150,000 for his excellent idea and devotion to duty in the stock-exchange post office.

He wasn't greedy. Late in 1872 Jones, now 40, decided to retire — on "grounds of ill health," and he began drawing a small but steady pension. Not for him a suspiciously hasty farewell to his fellow clerks and a trumped-up story about inheriting a fortune from an uncle in Australia.

The post office got a clue to Jones' homemade shilling stamps in 1898 when a young stamp dealer, Charles Nissen, discovered a lack of watermark and several crudities in a batch of shilling stamps on old telegraph forms. But nothing came of that investigation. Then, in 1910, a larger batch of canceled Jones stamps turned up. These, too, had been canceled at the stock-exchange post office. In 1912, R. G. Waldegrave, then Accountant General of the post office, visited Jones, who was 80 and still drawing his pension. What happened at the interview? In January 1938, Waldegrave provided a tempered, discreet account. He used no names, of course. He called Jones "the official who, to put it no higher, would have had the most obvious opportunity of disposing of the forged stamps to the public. He retired in 1872 at the age of 40 on grounds of ill health. He was interviewed — one would like to know his emotional reactions to the news that the interview was to take place — but if he had any secret which he might have revealed, he did not reveal it, either then or during the further years of his life."

Jones, Nissen and Waldegrave are dead now, but the mystery persists. Waldegrave's kin have been questioned many times. Once or twice a year, rather-too-casual inquirers would like to know if they could check on the post-office employees who retired in 1872 on grounds of ill health. The records, alas, are buried in a cellar in Yorkshire and cannot be consulted. The results of the post office's 1898 and 1912 investigations are still secret.

London philatelists I've talked to at The Royal Philatelic Club have nothing but admiration for Jones. To all of them, his work is still the most audacious fraud of its kind ever perpetrated. They don't know where Jones is buried, but they've given him an impressive monument. You will find it in the authoritative *Encyclopedia of Philately* by Robson Lowe:

> 1871. The one-shilling plates, 5 and 6, have been forged and are known as the Stock Exchange forgeries; *they are worth many times the price of the genuine stamp.*

In a very short time, Jones made a great deal of money and retired while he was young enough to enjoy it. But in death he enjoyed an even greater triumph. His homemade stamps, bereft of watermark and filled with many crudities, are great treasures for the collector. His stamps fetch as much as $40 each. The government's own pucka Victoria

shilling stamp of 1871 is worth about 50 cents.

In the strange world of philately the *successful* counterfeits — those actually used for postage — are always worth more than plain, honest originals. Millions of young collectors, whose moral fiber isn't completely warped by this revelation, will be better prepared for an adult world in which, alas, Crime Often Pays Well.

• • •

I dined out one winter in New York largely on the tale of Bernardo's great success. Here was a criminal with an almost foolproof scheme who was now netting $2,000,000 a year and couldn't be arrested. Inevitably, came the stock question: If it was so easy, why weren't others doing it?

Others *were* doing it, I explained. But Bernardo was the most successful, the shrewdest and the most careful. He had experience and some of the most valuable gold contacts in the world. You don't come by those in any cram course. I preface the tale with these cautionary remarks, because in some ways Bernardo's operation sounds almost too easy.

Bernardo is 56 and is an Argentine citizen who now lives in Switzerland. He maintains comfortable apartments in Geneva and Zurich. He is bald, benignly plump and has never handled a gun in his life. He's never been arrested, indicted or even held on suspicion, and so it is necessary to provide him with a false last name or else flirt with libel. Let's say Reis. (Interpol does have an ever-growing dossier on him.)

Bernardo is a "Financial Advisor" on his calling cards, and several Swiss banks, citadels of infinite discretion, are pleased to have him as a client. There is nothing criminal about what Bernardo does in *Switzerland*. Only India considers Bernardo Reis a dangerous criminal.

Reis is the world's most successful master smuggler of gold. In an average year, his agents carry about four tons of gold — around 120,000 ounces — to India, the gold sink of the world. Reis nets nearly $20 an ounce. Two or three times a year his carriers are seized by Indian customs officials and the 50 or 60 pounds of gold each carries — worth $40,000–$50,000 — is confiscated.

Gold is India's national curse. Money that should be used to build factories or purchase needed machinery abroad is, instead, invested in hoarded gold. At harvest, millions of farmers buy gold which is converted into bracelets and rings worn by the farmers' wives — until they need money the following spring for planting. Or the gold is simply buried. The rupees used to pay for the gold are sent abroad, converted into foreign currencies and thus become a debit item in India's balance of trade. Indian authorities believe that in the past decade some 15,000,000 ounces — about 83 tons — of gold have been smuggled into India. Bernardo is probably responsible for nearly half, or 40 tons.

There are lots of amateurs in the business, including airline personnel and foreign diplomats who are caught eventually. Bernardo Reis never gets caught.

His system starts with the personnel department, run by his son who has agents all over Europe looking for likely carriers. They must be ordinary Joes, steady job holders who've never been in trouble. About one of three is tempted by the offer of a fast $1500 plus a free trip to India. Usually they make the trip during their vacation.

Once he's been checked out carefully, the carrier is fitted with a special skin-hugging vest which will hold from 50 to 60 pounds of pure gold. He also gets a custom-made suit, skillfully tailored to conceal the bulges, a cover story of why he is stopping in India although his destination appears to be Australia, Malaya or Japan. He's warned of what will happen to him and his family if he should try a double cross.

Just before he leaves, the carrier has his special vest fitted with the small gold bricks of .996 fineness purchased in a perfectly legal transaction from the Union des Banques Suisses. The carrier gets a round-trip ticket to Tokyo or Singapore and is accompanied by a Reis agent to Milan or Paris for the real beginning of the journey. (Travelers to India coming directly from Switzerland are *always* under suspicion.) En route the carrier is under surveillance by other Reis agents who make sure he doesn't get any ideas. Meanwhile, Reis has sent a coded message to his Bombay agents describing the carrier, the exact amount of gold he has, and his flight number.

Indian officials want to encourage tourists and they do not harass visitors unduly. So they do not use the X-ray inspectoscope indiscriminately. The odds definitely favor the first-time carrier.

Once past Bombay customs, the carrier goes to a designated hotel where the Reis agent relieves him of the gold and weighs it carefully. The carrier is paid his fee — based on the weight of the gold — and is then free to return to Europe. If he's caught, a prominent Indian solicitor will appear with bail to get him out of jail. A few days later the smuggler will leave India, forfeiting his bail. Of course, he can never be a carrier again.

As long as Switzerland keeps a free market in gold and as long as Bernardo Reis keeps out of India, there isn't a chance in the world he will ever be arrested and tried for being the most successful smuggler in the world today.

Are there any smudges on Reis' horizon? Well, he *thinks* that, once or twice, Indian agents have tried to kill him by running him down.

He isn't accepted socially in Geneva, but then, few foreigners are. On the whole, as he once put it with cloying modesty, "It isn't a bad life, you know."

• • •

The seeking of social acceptance is one of the curious strivings these five successful criminals had in common. Probably Jones, the shilling-stamp counterfeiter, got it because his crime wasn't suspected until he was 80. José Beraha has the problem to a certain extent in Vienna. When I first met him, an old friend of his, an engineer, acted as our interpreter. Toward the end he said, "For God's sake, keep me out of the story. It wouldn't help my career to be known as a friend of a counterfeiter." He spoke in English, but somehow Beraha sensed what he had said and smiled sadly. There have been more pointed snubs since then, but Beraha has grown philosophical about them. His wife is somewhat more sensitive about this, though.

In Florida, the silent partner of the big store in New York is visited occasionally by old cronies who mix doses of envy and scorn, as only old friends can. Smith, the blackmailer, left a residue of small doubts in the suburban community he settled in. When I visited it after his death, a neighbor said he never liked Smith. "Just one of those things. He reminded me of a retired pimp. And he laid on that 'niece' routine a little too thickly. He wasn't kidding us."

The need to fit firmly into a comfortable middle-class environment is the great weakness, then, of our successful criminals. Lacking underworld ties which any ordinary self-respecting crook would have, these exemplars invariably seek a gilded respectability after they've made it.

Once, in Munich, I met Eliaza Bazna, better known as "Cicero," the extraordinary valet-spy of World War II who filched secrets from his master, the British Ambassador to Turkey. Idly, I asked Bazna if he had thought of fleeing to Rio de Janeiro after he quit, just as his film portrayer, James Mason, did in *Five Fingers*. Bazna looked puzzled. "Brazil? But I don't *know* anyone there."

I just wanted you to know that even after you've pulled the perfect crime and gotten away with the loot, there are still peculiar little problems society will pose for you.

"The greatest crimes," Aristotle wrote 2300 years ago, "are not committed in order to acquire the necessary, but the superfluous." Middle-class respectability, for example. Maybe the slogan should be changed to "Crime Does Pay — But Who Can Afford It?"

Where does it say in Freud

(continued from page 100)

"Do you believe in God?" Shreck said.

"Only for His sake," Adams said.

"Then you believe in Him as an act of charity."

"Only as a white man. I am not one of His children."

"I asked you a question, and you're evading it. Do you believe in God?"

"Why?"

"Do you believe in God?"

"I don't even believe in spirituals."

"Do you believe in God?"

"As Holy Ghost or fount of wisdom?"

"Do you believe in God?"

"Can I lie on the couch?"

"Do you believe in God?"

"As carpenter, transcendental transvestite or inventor of the meson?"

"Do you believe in God?"

"As comic referee, almighty hipster or categorical imperator?"

"Do you believe in God?"

"If He wants to know, let Him ask me," said Adams angrily.

"You make me sick," said Shreck in disgust. "You make me want to lie down on my own couch. You don't even know what's good for the race."

"How the hell do you know I don't know what's good for the race?"

"OK, you're a smart nigger, tell me what's good for the race."

"Don't call me that!"

"Don't call you what?"

"Don't call me a smart nigger!"

"Why not? Don't I have the same privileges as anyone else?"

"Goddamnit! You're my psychiatrist, ain'tcha?"

"And you're my patient. You've been here four months, and overnight you expect me to lose my prejudices."

"You're supposed to treat me with respect."

"Where is it written that I have to treat you with respect?" Shreck arose from the couch bristling with indignation. "If I treated you with respect, you'd lose confidence in me. Do you think that would be good for my ego? A nigger looking down on someone who studied in Vienna? If there's one thing a psychiatrist doesn't need, it's an insecure psychotic. It's hard enough trying to treat a secure psychotic. Do you think it's a pleasure cruise traveling up your psyche with only a toilet plunger for a divining rod? I tell you it's messy!"

As Shreck talked, Adams threw himself down on the floor and started a series of vigorous push-ups. On the ninth push-up he said, "So is your couch."

"Can I help it? It's crawling with the vermin of dirty dreams," Shreck replied.

"In the brochure it said you had a reupholstered couch," Adams said on the 12th push-up.

"I didn't write the brochure," Shreck

said. "Do you think I believe everything you tell me?"

"We're supposed to lie," Adams said on the 15th push-up. "It's your job to find out the truth."

"Why should it be my job? Every patient thinks he has to lie. That's the trouble with you nuts. You have no sense of honor, no conception of decency. If your own mothers heard what you said about them, they would be outraged. Has it ever occurred to you what it costs for shock treatment? Do you know what my electric bill is every month? Of course you don't. You don't even care. All you care about is rapid transference."

Adams finished doing his exercises. He turned over on his back, intertwined his fingers and rested his head on his hands. His voice became drowsy. "I wish I was back at Ole Swanee. I used to go to Greek IA with two United States marshals. One of 'em got so he could recite the whole Greek alphabet. They were learning more than I was. The first week I was there I got a telegram from the president of Liberia, the prime minister of Sierra Leone and the queen of Greece. I got those all in my scrapbook. A delegation of Georgia housewives supported my courage and integrity. The wife of a famous Tennessee judge offered to meet me in New Orleans for some special orientation exercises. I was the white hope of the colored community. Man, I was on top of the heap! 'Why'n't you go back to Africa where you belong, nigger!' they screamed at me. 'Join the monkeys in the trees, blackboy!' they shouted. 'You ain't gonna stay alive to make it, jigaboo!' they hollered at me. And you know, Shreck, I wanted to scream right alongside of 'em. I wanted to cry, 'Nigger, get back to Mau Mauville. You don't b'long up hyah with the white folks. You got no right bringin' your stink into this Grecian temple of learning. You oughta be up there swingin' from an oak like Spanish moss, like that strange fruit.' Man, the ofays woulda loved it. Booth Adams coulda been the first Nigra in memory to be in favor of white supremacy." He quit talking and turned to Shreck. "Ain't that right, Doctor?"

"You came close to making history, Booth," Shreck said softly.

Adams sighed. "As it turned out I just ended up being a disgrace to my people."

"What people are you talking about?" said Shreck.

"The blacks."

"You weren't a disgrace to the blacks. You were a disgrace to the whites. If the blacks can only be a disgrace to themselves, they can never disgrace anybody. If you're going to take disgrace professionally, you can't draw the color line." Shreck came over to him, got down on his knees and jutted his jaw forward. "Did I shave close enough?" he asked, offering his jowl for inspection.

Adams rubbed his fingers under Dr. Shreck's jaw. "You're as smooth as a baby's bottom," he said.

Shreck got to his feet. "I made a date with one of the female patients tonight. I'm going to hold her hand while she's in thermal therapy," he said gaily.

"Have a ball, Shreck," Adams said.

Although it had become quite dark in the room, Shreck did not turn on the light above the basin when he went to the mirror to look at his face. "Do you think a young twenty-three-year-old folk singer called Elodia Gloralee Hinch could fall in love with a middle-aged shrink?" Dr. Shreck asked his patient.

"Sure, Shreck," Adams said feelingly. "But don't let her plug in that electric geetar while she's in that tub."

"I'm not a bad shrink, am I, Booth?"

"You're the greatest headshrink I ever knew, Alonzo."

"Do you mean that, Booth?"

"I really mean it, Alonzo."

"But do you feel it, Booth?"

"I feel it, I feel it."

"You're not lying to me, Booth?"

"I don't think so."

Shreck's voice lowered conspiratorially. "I'm going to let you in on a secret, Booth, that I haven't shared with anyone else."

"Yeah?" Adams raised himself on one elbow.

"You're on the road to recovery," Shreck said, measuring each word with care.

"Me?"

"Every evidence points to your curability."

"It does?"

"It's unmistakable."

"How can you tell?"

"Because every time we have a session I feel better," Dr. Shreck said, snapping his leg up suddenly to make a cracking sound in his knee.

"But I'm the patient," Adams protested.

"Who's to tell?" said Shreck ruminatively.

"Wasn't I the one who cracked up at Oxford, Mississippi?"

"A trifling fact, Booth. When you cracked up at Oxford, I bled for you. No man is an island, my friend, as Ernest Hemingway said before he cracked up in Spain."

"So when do I get out of here?"

"It depends on how I feel. It depends on my equilibrium, my sense of security. It may even depend on Elodia Gloralee Hinch and her capacity for love." And here Dr. Shreck gave Booth Adams a leering wink.

"You're going to make it, Alonzo. I can feel it!" Booth Adams leaped to his feet and began skipping an imaginary rope.

"You're making me feel better every minute, Booth," Dr. Shreck said joyously. "And the better I feel, the closer you are to recovery, my boy."

And hearing these therapeutic words, Booth Adams hurtled over the confession couch and trotted out of the room, his Oxford scarf waving behind him.

NIGHTMARE

(continued from page 86)

Kazak had been at the right place at the right time, but Cal could not tell the full story. Operations of agents abroad were never revealed, not to anyone.

The CIA director entered the room and took the last chair. He fidgeted like a worried banker, and Cal knew he had read the Melanie message. "Since the test," Cal continued, "the Chinese have been able to assemble six weapons. The yield of the test was fifty kilotons, which is pretty efficient. Our information is that they've rigged the test type with U-238, so each of the six will produce a yield of a half megaton. Somewhere along the line the Chinese physicists must have learned a lot from the Russians. But they've had trouble with their breeder reactor lately, so that six is all they're going to be able to make for a while. But with six they plan to start — and win — a war."

The Air Secretary's head snapped up, a signal to halt. "That's crazy!" Air said. "How do they expect to fight a war with six nucs? They don't even have adequate delivery systems — no ICBMs, no long-range bombers, no missile subs. Hell, Doctor, they can't even reach us!"

"I didn't say fight a war, Mr. Secretary. I said start one — the big one — and win it. All they have to do to win it is start it, you see, or at least that's the way they figure. A number of years ago Chou En-lai said: 'At the end of the next war the population of the United States will be 10,000,000, of Russia, 15,000,000, and of China, 300,000,000 people.' " He looked at Thompson. "I believe I've quoted him accurately."

Thompson said, "That's the guts of it, Cal."

"Chou was foreign minister at the time," Cal continued. "Now he's premier. The figures may have changed a little — China's population has jumped a hundred million since then, and ours has increased a lot and so has Russia's, and the number and power of nuclear weapons has increased, too, and in greater proportion. But Chou's basic idea hasn't changed a bit, except that it is now specific and immediate."

They were all very quiet. Cal held up his hands, six fingers extended. "Six weapons, and here's how they're going to use them:

"One — they blow Amoy, one of their own cities, after starting a new fight over Quemoy and Matsu. They will make motions as if actually preparing to invade Formosa, but they won't invade. They won't have to.

"Two — they lay a nuc on Taipeh and another on Manila. A half-meg weapon will simply obliterate cities that size. They have medium-range jets perfectly adequate for the job."

He turned to the map board, found six red rosettes, and pinned three on the targets he had named. He continued: "Three — nuclear mines in three Soviet cities — Vladivostok and Nikolaevsk, on the Pacific, and Khabarovsk, the biggest military and industrial complex in the Eastern provinces." Rosettes bloomed on the Russian cities.

Cal faced the table again. "That's the One-Two-Three Plan. Beautiful, isn't it?"

"So simple," said General Caudle. "And so diabolical."

All the others, except the director, were staring at him, puzzled, and Cal knew he would have to explain a bit further. "They expect this will touch off war between Russia and the United States and that we will destroy each other. This tactic is nothing new with the Han" — he unconsciously used the term by which the Chinese refer to their own people — "nor is it new in Europe. Remember Metternich and Machiavelli. It is as old as the role of *agent provocateur*. And it will work."

"How?" Senator Clive snapped out the single word.

"It can work in the first stage. The U. S. S. R. has pledged itself to retaliate if China is attacked. The U. S. S. R. may act the instant Amoy goes up."

"Why would the Chinese want to destroy one of their own cities?"

"First, it will eliminate Russian suspicion at the outset. Secondly, one city is a small price to pay for the world. The Han may be resigned to losing two- or three-hundred-million people, and aren't disturbed so long as technical, scientific and political cadres survive.

"Whether or not the Russians strike America in supposed retaliation for Amoy, the bombing of Manila and Taipeh will follow in two hours. When that happens, you can imagine the reaction in this country. We would face an awful decision. Unwarned, we might decide the balloon was up and push the button. Certainly we would have to hit the Chinese air bases with all the stuff we have on Formosa. If the Russians were hesitant after Amoy, they would know for certain China was under attack after Phase Two.

"And if Phases One and Two weren't sufficient catalysts, Phase Three — the disappearance of three major Russian cities — would touch off everything in the U. S. S. R., and that, of course, would spring all our missiles. And SAC would have been in the air ever since Amoy went up. That is it, gentlemen."

The AEC Commissioner winced. "How do you know all this?" he demanded.

"We've tailed those six nucs ever since they left Lanchow. With the help of Navy Intelligence, and a big assist from our cousins, the British, and — well, a

few neutral friends." Cal thought of the Indonesian physicist who had learned his trade at Caltech, but of course didn't mention him.

"One went to Amoy. Believe it or not, they shipped it in a coffin. A fractional-megaton weapon is just about man-size. Two went to Shanghai. At the same time two merchant ships were in dry dock for hull modification — antisubmarine equipment, the rumor was. Actually, mine-laying chutes were installed. Those two ships sailed five days ago, headed north. The weapons are aboard."

The admiral said, "Correct."

"Two more," Cal continued, "are on airfields near Swatow. They're the ones programed for Taipeh and Manila."

The Army Secretary said, "That leaves Khabarovsk. That's inland. How do they do Khabarovsk?"

"I didn't know the answer to that until a few hours ago," Cal said, "although we knew the sixth nuc had been trucked to Haokang. It is now buried under a cargo of hides on a barge floating down the Amur River to Khabarovsk. How soon the One-Two-Three Plan becomes operational depends on how fast the Amur flows, and at this season it flows at four knots. Just as a guess, that barge should tie up in Khabarovsk in forty-eight to seventy-two hours."

The Undersecretary of State let out a great breath, audibly. The Deputy Secretary of Defense rested his elbows on the table and prodded at his brows. The Senator said, "It's terribly disturbing. But isn't it only analysis and deduction? Do we really know?"

"We really know," Cal said quietly.

"How do we know?"

"We have the full details from an absolutely reliable source intimate with the Peking leaders." A nice *double-entendre*, Cal thought.

"Dr. Quale, I think on a matter of this magnitude we must know more than that about your source."

The CIA director rose. He was neither tall nor imposing, and it was necessary to know him for a time to discover that he was very tough, and very wise. He said, "Senator, I think I can tell you more. This same source told us the Chinese were about to enter the Korean War, and when and with what. This source gave us advance notice of the infiltration of Vietnam and the invasion of India. This source provided us with first word of the ideological split between Peking and Moscow. This source must be protected. Does that answer your question, sir?"

"I've been answered," the Senator said.

General Caudle said, "And your recommendation, Dr. Quale?"

"I think that first — and right now — we have to tell the U. S. S. R."

The general turned to the Undersecretary of State. "Will they believe us?"

"I don't know," State said "It's a gamble — unless we, or they, get hard evidence. But I think we must tell them."

The Army Secretary tapped the table. "Just before I left the Pentagon," he said, "we got a message from Taipeh. The Communists are shooting up Quemoy and Matsu again. Two hundred shells in four hours. That's about average for one of their shoots. But it could be the first sound, like distant thunder beyond the horizon."

Then they were all quiet, and Cal knew he had conducted his briefing creditably and that without ever speaking they had reached a conclusion, a meeting of minds. It was a conclusion only, not a decision. They were decisionmakers, but this decision they could not make, even collectively. On the gravest matters of foreign and military policy, action and responsibility must always rest in the hands of the President. So the Constitution decrees.

The CIA director said what they were all thinking: "This is the reason we've got the hot line between the Kremlin and the White House. Well?"

The general looked up at Cal and said, "I guess you'd better walk across the street with me. We've got to see The Man."

• • •

Cal got home at midnight.

The next night he didn't go home at all, and called from the shop to say he was sleeping on his office couch. On the night following, he went home at three, and managed not to wake her.

Then, on the fourth night, he got home for dinner. He flopped into a chair with a highball and looked about him. Everything that was familiar looked strange, and he realized that this was the first night in a long stretch of time that he had really seen his home, his books, his personal and immediate surroundings, and his wife.

Judy had been absorbing the news on television. "Did you hear about those two Chinese ships?" she said. "Torpedoed, or so they claim."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, it is. And of course the Chinese blame us. Did we do it?"

"I hope not. I think somebody else did it." He knew the Russians had done it. First they'd intercepted that barge floating down the Amur, seized the crew and confiscated the nuc. Then they'd torpedoed the two ships bound for Vladivostok and Nikolaevsk, and after that they'd told the Chinese that the explosion of any weapon, anywhere, would be considered an attack by China on the Soviet Union.

"You're being secretive again," Judy said. "I think we must've done it. But if we did it, why did the Russians recall their ambassador from Peking? What's going on, anyway? Is this another crisis?"

"No. If there was a crisis, it's over."

"I hope you're telling me the truth."

"I am. No crisis . . . not this time."

That same night they were listening to the 11-o'clock news and a Hong Kong correspondent quoted a bulletin from Radio Peking: "Mai Sin-ling, a notorious Eurasian prostitute and a paid agent of the American imperialists, killed herself with poison to prevent arrest today. Others in her ring are being hunted."

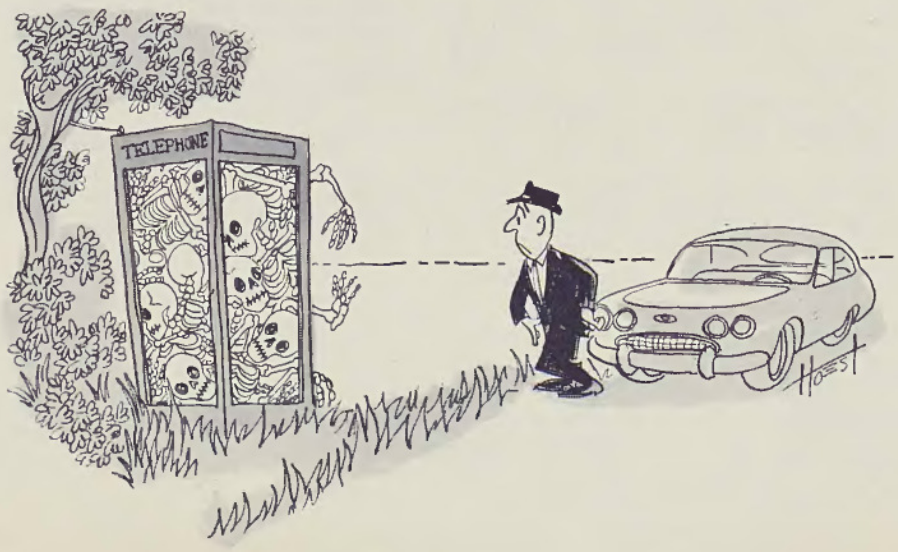
Cal turned his face to the pillow. He would never see her again, or discover why she did it. She could not be replaced, and yet her loss was not unexpected and he had lost agents before. It was the nature of his business.

Judy poked him with her elbow. "What's the matter with you?" she asked.

"Nothing. I'm going to sleep."

"No more nightmares."

"No. Just sleep. Peaceful sleep."



1964 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS

(continued from page 120)

even become bold enough to borrow the themes of staid and venerable Russian folk songs. Music students at the Moscow Conservatory earn extra rubles on weekends by turning up in jazz combos at private clubs. Foreign troupes, like one here now from that citadel of 'revisionism,' Yugoslavia, are expanding the frontiers of jazz music still farther."

At the third Leningrad Jazz Festival, units from Riga, Tallis and Tartu entered the lists as champions of "West Coast style." Russian names began to appear in the *Down Beat* International Critics Poll; and in a further response to the expansion of jazz in the Soviet Union, Radio Liberty this past summer broadcast to the U.S.S.R. a program by eight American jazzmen (co-led by Phil Woods and Bill Crow) of pieces composed by *Russian* jazz musicians.

The sixth annual Polish Jazz Jamboree in Warsaw in late October scheduled a jazz opera — an innovation no American jazz festival has yet contemplated. During the Fourth Jazz Festival at Bled, a Yugoslavian spa, the combos included representatives from Sarajevo, Warsaw, Milan, Munich, Prague, Budapest and Ljubljana (one nighters were evidently not completely obsolete yet.)

In the news of jazz abroad this past year were examples of fascinating cultural blendings. American trumpeter Don Ellis, visiting in Warsaw, reported he had heard a Russian who sounded "like a country blues player who studied with Prokofiev." In Japan, one resourceful group evolved a jazz fantasy based on a Japanese religious theme. And in the most unusual cultural exchange in jazz history, the Albert Mangelsdorff Quintet, one of Germany's leading modern jazz units, was hired by the German government to undertake an officially sponsored tour of Asia. Its concerts were to include jazz versions of indigenous Asian forms — gamelang music of Bali and Java, Indian ragas, koto music of Japan, and some jazz compositions by King Phumiphon Adundet of Thailand.

Meanwhile, as American critics continued to argue about the extent of African survivals in early jazz, more outposts of contemporary jazz were established in West Africa. The Jazz Arts Society opened a branch in Nigeria; and under the aegis of the American Society of African Culture, jazz pianist-composer Randy Weston made a second trip to Nigeria where he lectured at schools and sat in with local musicians. Weston claimed that a previous visit to Africa had deeply affected his own conceptions of jazz and he had a Colpix album (*Music from the New African Nations*) to prove it. Weston proceeded to set up an exchange program of musical information and tapes with Nigerian musicians, predicting that an increasing segment of American jazz would be swayed by African rhythms and melodies.

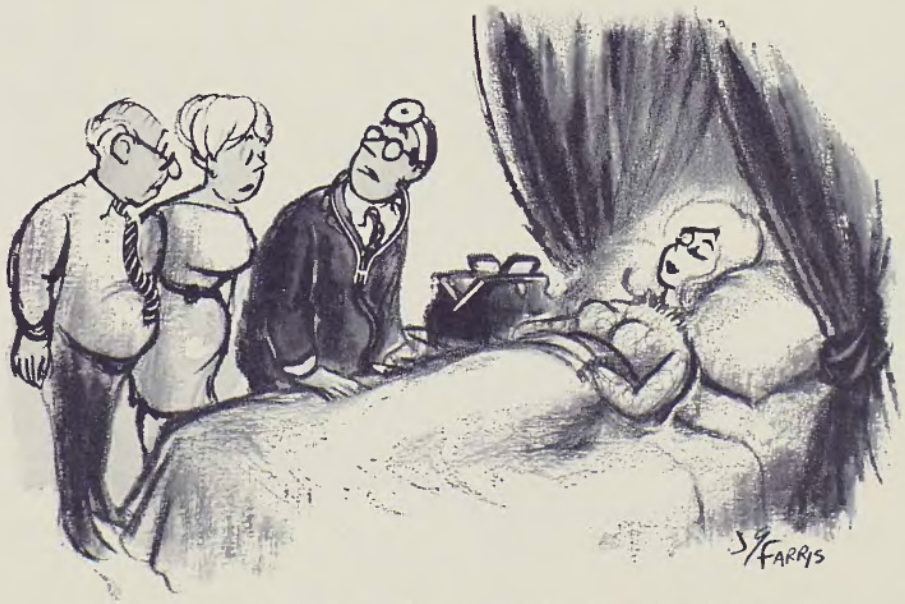
As the ranks of jazzmen multiplied abroad, the 1963 obituary list in this country was unusually long. In New Orleans, it included blues shouter Lizzie Miles and trumpeter John Casimir, longtime leader of the Young Tuxedo Brass Band. Also from the traditional jazz cadre were Eddie Edwards, once of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, and songwriter J. Russell Robinson, who had been one of the pianists for the same unit. Among the others were: Bob Scobey, Gene Sedric, June Clark, Dan Grissom (former Jimmie Lunceford singer), Ike Quebec, Pete Brown, Sonny Clark, Addison Farmer, Curtis Counce, Herbie Nichols, Joe Gordon and Bobby Jaspar. Also dead were two men once important in big-band jazz — Glen Gray and Nat Towles.

There were two nonmusicians on the list. Both had been long-time supporters of the music. One was Jimmy Ryan, whose jazz club had finally left 52nd Street in 1962 after 21 years on that once swinging thoroughfare. The other was Jack Crystal, a fixture for many years at New York's Commodore Music Shop, and since 1949, the producer of weekend jazz concerts at the Central Plaza in Manhattan. Crystal may have been the most assiduous organizer of benefits for musicians and their families in jazz history; and his weekend sessions, moreover, sustained the morale of many older players who otherwise would have had hardly any contact at all with a jazz audience.

On the jazz record scene, the bossa nova became, as Paul Desmond noted, the "bossa antigua" — prematurely superannuated by overexposure. Nothing took its place in terms of markedly expanding the record-buying public for jazz and allied music. (There was a feverish attempt to manufacture pop gospel, spurred mainly by Columbia Records and the Sweet Chariot night club in New York.) Ray Charles was still by far the most popular recording artist with jazz roots; and for the rest, the men high in the jazz album charts continued to include Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, Jimmy Smith and Count Basie.

As for jazzmen on the ascendant, the year's most sudden new arrival was Tony Williams, a 17-year-old drummer, who was graduated from an apprenticeship in Boston to a position with Miles Davis' unit. In big-band drumming, Jake Hanna of Woody Herman's orchestra increased his stature in that challenging specialty during the year. Other jazz musicians on the way up who particularly distinguished themselves were bassists Steve Swallow, Gary Peacock and Ron Carter; pianists Paul Bley, Herbie Hancock and Don Friedman; guitarists Joe Pass and Gabor Szabo; vibists Walt Dickerson and Gary Burton; trumpeter Dupree Bolton; trombonists Phil Wilson and Roswell Rudd; alto saxophonists Jimmy Woods and Sonny Simmons; tenor saxophonists Booker Ervin and Archie Shepp; and flutist Prince Lasha. Two vocalists of unusual expressive capacities began to emerge — Sheila Jordan and Shirley Horn.

Experimentation in jazz continued to increase in intensity and diversity throughout the year. The avant-gardists



"I can't do anything. She needs the kiss of a prince."

had yet to reach enough of an audience to guarantee them anything more than very occasional work, but among themselves they moved farther and farther away from conventional bases for jazz improvisation. Many abandoned the usual chord structures and also insisted that a regular, explicit beat was no longer necessary. On an educational television program and in concerts, Don Ellis introduced the "music of chance" into jazz. (On one occasion, the length of each musician's solo was determined by a card he drew from a deck before the performance began.)

Jimmy Giuffre persevered in getting quarter tones out of the clarinet, and multiple instrumentalist Roland Kirk even made the microphone into a musical instrument. As the volume was turned up one evening, there was resultant microphone feedback (a high, piercing sound), and Kirk incorporated the feedback into his solo. He later repeated his feat. "Most people," Kirk pointed out, "don't realize that the microphone does have notes that can be used." "Man," said a devotee in the audience, "I never saw *anyone* play the microphone before." In that respect, Al Jolson's rallying cry might prove apt for the jazz years ahead: "You ain't heard nothing yet!"

AS THE FINAL CHORUS of 1963 rolled around, jazz performers and jazz buffs were again polled by PLAYBOY to find out their choices of the musicians who they deemed had contributed most to the jazz scene during the prior twelvemonth. As in polls past, the winners of this eighth annual PLAYBOY jazz consensus of our readers become members of the 1964 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band. The 1963 award winners were asked to cast their ballots for their own choices in each category, supplying us with a galaxy of All-Stars' All-Stars. As in years past, readers and musicians had large areas of agreement and several bones of contention. Those musicians who won the famed Playboy Jazz Medals in the 1963 plebiscite, enabling them to vote in their own poll, were: Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Chet Atkins, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Philly Joe Jones, Stan Kenton, Dave Lambert, Wes Montgomery, Joe Morello, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Sonny Rollins, Frank Sinatra, Jack Teagarden and Kai Winding.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR LEADER: The big change in the vote for big-band baton man was Herdsman Woody Herman surging into third place. As usual, the Duke remained king, and the Count his heir apparent. 1. **Duke Ellington;** 2. Count Basie; 3. Woody Herman; 4. Stan Kenton; 5. Maynard Ferguson.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TRUMPET: The first three slots remained unchanged from last year, but the Herculean Al Hirt moved up to take over fourth position. 1. **Dizzy Gillespie;** 2. Miles Davis; 3. Clark Terry; 4. Al Hirt; 5. Freddie Hubbard.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TROMBONE: The bone throne was once again all J. J.'s, with newcomer to the list Urbie Green tying Curtis Fuller for the fourth slot. 1. **J. J. Johnson;** 2. Bob Brookmeyer; 3. Kai Winding; 4. Curtis Fuller, Urbie Green.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ALTO SAX: The smooth sounds of Brubeck man Desmond sidetracked the Adderley Cannonball this year, with the very busy Phil Woods finishing a surprising fourth. 1. **Paul Desmond;** 2. Cannonball Adderley; 3. Sonny Stitt; 4. Phil Woods; 5. Johnny Hodges.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TENOR SAX: The boss of the bossa nova, Stan Getz, was the boss of the All-Star's All-Stars by a comfortable margin with Sonny Rollins, last year's winner, dropping into a tie for third. 1. **Stan Getz;** 2. John Coltrane; 3. Sonny Rollins, Zoot Sims; 5. Coleman Hawkins.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BARITONE SAX: Gerry Mulligan was again all by himself, with the first four places repeating last year's finish. 1. **Gerry Mulligan;** 2. Harry Carney; 3. Pepper Adams; 4. Cecil Payne; 5. Charlie Davis.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR CLARINET: An avant-garde instrumentalist, Jimmy Giuffre, took over third place in a race that saw veteran Goodman come on strong for a close second-place finish behind Buddy DeFranco. 1. **Buddy DeFranco;** 2. Benny Goodman; 3. Jimmy Giuffre; 4. Jimmy Hamilton; 5. Alvin Batiste.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR PIANO: The only changes from last year's results were in the lower echelons, with Dave Brubeck taking over third from Thelonious Monk and Erroll Garner moving into fifth. 1. **Oscar Peterson;** 2. Bill Evans; 3. Dave Brubeck; 4. Thelonious Monk; 5. Erroll Garner.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR GUITAR: Again, the first two finishers remained unchanged from last year; Kenny Burrell moved from fourth to third and Barney Kessel put in a reappearance in fourth. 1. **Wes Montgomery;** 2. Jim Hall; 3. Kenny Burrell; 4. Barney Kessel; 5. Charlie Byrd.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BASS: The redoubtable Ray Brown piled up more votes from his jazz confreres than any other musician. The rest of the finishers had to be satisfied with crumbs. 1. **Ray Brown;** 2. Paul Chambers; 3. Red Mitchell; 4. Gene Wright; 5. Sam Jones.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR DRUMS: For the fourth year in a row, Philly Joe proved a skins winner, with another Jones boy and Joe Morello sharing second place. 1. **Philly Joe Jones;** 2. Elvin Jones, Joe Morello; 4. Art Blakey; 5. Buddy Rich.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT: Last year's order of finish was almost duplicated this go-round with harmonica virtuoso Toots Thielemans breaking into the charts to tie flutist James Moody for fourth slot. 1. **Milt Jackson, *vibes;*** 2. Jimmy Smith, *organ;* 3. John Coltrane, *soprano sax;* 4. James Moody, *flute,* Toots Thielemans, *harmonica.*

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MALE VOCALIST: Sinatra was an easy winner this year over perennial contender Ray Charles. The only "new" name in '64's first five is Tony Bennett's; the omnipresent Tony tied Mr. B. for fourth. 1. **Frank Sinatra;** 2. Ray Charles; 3. Joe Williams; 4. Tony Bennett, Billy Eckstine.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR FEMALE VOCALIST: Although Miss Fitz was a by-now-familiar breeze for the number-one position, the second spot was wrested away from the Divine Sarah by fast-rising Nancy Wilson. 1. **Ella Fitzgerald;** 2. Nancy Wilson; 3. Sarah Vaughan; 4. Peggy Lee; 5. Dinah Washington.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR INSTRUMENTAL COMBO: The Dave Brubeck Quartet made it a clean sweep this year, ousting the Oscar Peterson group as the musicians' favorite aggregation. 1. **Dave Brubeck Quartet;** 2. Oscar Peterson Trio; 3. Cannonball Adderley Sextet; 4. Miles Davis Sextet; 5. Erroll Garner Trio.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VOCAL GROUP: Last year's third-place finishers, the Four Freshmen, happily changed places with '63 winners Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan. Second and fourth positions remained unchanged. 1. **Four Freshmen;** 2. Hi-Lo's; 3. Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan; 4. Double Six of Paris; 5. J's & Jamie, King Sisters.

Our readers' choices in the eighth annual Playboy Jazz Poll, a record crop of ballots, indicated once more their predilections for past winners. There are, however, some stunning surprises.

Foremost among them is the dethroning of Stan Kenton as leader of the Playboy All-Star Jazz Band, after seven straight years at the top. Taking his place, and doing it by a handsome margin, was last year's second-place finisher, Henry Mancini. If Henry proved one thing, it was the power of the mass entertainment media — TV, movies and records — to put a musician in the public spotlight. The Duke and The Count remained in third and fourth positions, while Maynard Ferguson's driving aggregation netted him the fifth slot. The Thundering Herd gave a rejuvenated Woody Herman the impetus to move from fifteenth to seventh in the balloting.

Although the trumpet section has the same personnel as last year, positions have changed slightly. The hirsute Al

Hirt moved from fourth chair to second behind Miles Davis, with Gillespie and Armstrong each dropping down a notch.

The 1964 trombone section accounted for a new face in the Playboy All-Star Jazz Band. Si Zentner, who placed twelfth in the leader category, took over on third tram, behind perennial first-place finisher J. J. Johnson and runner-up, New York Playboy Club Musical Director Kai Winding. Valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer dropped into fourth position, while veteran Jack Teagarden was narrowly edged off the bandstand entirely.

Alto king Cannonball Adderley and second-chair occupant Paul Desmond repeated last year's placings, with the also-rans strung out behind them in much the same order as in 1963.

Places one through six were dittoed from 1963 in the tenor-sax derby, with Stan Getz again holding down first chair and John Coltrane the secondary seat.

Gerry Mulligan each year turns the baritone-sax balloting into a one-man show, and this year he finished stronger than ever, with over 18,000 votes between Gerry and second-place finisher Jimmy Giuffre. The ubiquitous Bud Shank moved into third, just nudging out Detroit jazzman Pepper Adams.

New Orleans clarinetist Pete Fountain widened last year's margin of victory over Swing King Benny Goodman. Acker Bilk, who came from nowhere to finish fifth last year, jumped to third, finishing ahead of Buddy DeFranco and Jimmy Giuffre.

Dave Brubeck, whose group was busy garnering medals by the bushel, improved on last year's win, as Oscar Peterson displaced André Previn in second place. Popular recording artist Peter Nero leapfrogged from seventh to fourth, moving Erroll Garner one rung lower than last year.

In the closest contest of the year, that master of the unamplified guitar, Charlie Byrd, eked out a 12-vote margin over last year's winner Chet Atkins. Barney Kessel, 1963's second-place finisher, wound up fourth, while Wes Montgomery nudged up a slot to third place.

Ray Brown, for the eighth straight year, led the bass balloting in a list that remained unchanged from last year through the first four places. Red Mitchell dropped from fifth to twelfth, his spot being taken over by Art Davis.

Brubeck man Joe Morello once more wrapped up the drums medal in a finish that echoed last year's Morello-Manne-Krupa-Blakey line-up, with elder statesman Cozy Cole usurping Philly Joe Jones' fifth position.

The Hamp again had things very much his own way as the master vibesmith widened the gap over the number-two finisher, who this year was flutist Herbie Mann; Herbie moved up smartly from last year's 22nd-place finish. This go-round, mallet man Milt Jackson had to be satisfied with third position.

Although Frank Sinatra had no near peers among the readers for 1964's male vocalist, there was some shuffling about in the lower echelons. While Ray Charles kept a strong hold on second slot, Harry Belafonte plummeted from third to a sixth-place tie with Oscar Brown, Jr., Johnny Mathis moved up a rung to third, Tony Bennett leaped from twelfth to fourth, and Andy Williams jumped from eleventh to fifth.

Just as rock firm on the distaff side of the vocal department was Ella Fitzgerald, with bright young singer Nancy Wilson gaining new voting strength in repeating her second-place finish. Rocketing onto the vocal scene in an amazing display of popular appeal, dynamic songstress Barbra Streisand, unlisted last year, finished a strong third, while Joan Baez in fourth swapped places with Julie London.

The voting for instrumental combo made this a vintage year for the Dave Brubeck Quartet, adding a readers' medal to their All-Stars' All-Stars accolade; what with Desmond doing the same and Brubeck and Morello winning one medal each, as instrumentalists, they seemed to be developing a hardware monopoly. Although making a strong move upward from seventh to second, the Oscar Peterson Trio was still far behind the Brubeck men in the voting, just besting the Cannonball Adderley Sextet, which moved up from last year's fifth-place finish. The MJQ fell off from second to fourth, while Al Hirt and his troops edged up from sixth to fifth.

Last, but by no means least, there are three new faces as 1964's nonpareil vocal group. Peter, Paul & Mary, who came in a highly respectable third last year, garnered new fans via recordings and concert appearances, to dethrone Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan. L, H & B took over the runner-up spot from the Four Freshmen, with 1963's fifth-place finishers, the Kingston Trio, trading positions with '63's fourth-slot occupants, the Limeliters.

The following is a tabulation of the many thousands of votes cast in this biggest of all jazz polls. The names of the jazzmen who won places on the 1964 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band are in boldface type. In some categories, there are two or more winners in order to make up a full-scale jazz orchestra. Artists polling less than 100 votes are not listed; in categories where two choices were allowed, those receiving less than 200 votes are not listed; in categories where four votes were allowed, no one with under 400 votes is listed.

(continued on next page)

LEADER

1. **Henry Mancini** **6,486**
2. Stan Kenton 4,842
3. Duke Ellington 3,100
4. Count Basie 2,903
5. Maynard Ferguson ... 1,279
6. Quincy Jones 1,114
7. Woody Herman 917
8. Gerry Mulligan 912
9. Gil Evans 901
10. Dizzy Gillespie 725
11. Benny Goodman 698
12. Si Zentner 686
13. Nelson Riddle 491
14. Lionel Hampton 428
15. Gerald Wilson 410
16. Ray Conniff 377
17. Les Elgart 292
18. Les Brown 220
19. Billy May 212
20. Ted Heath 211
21. Pete Rugolo 177
22. Oliver Nelson 158
23. Harry James 149
24. Marty Paich 125
25. Ray McKinley 110
26. Shorty Rogers 104

TRUMPET

1. **Miles Davis** **17,283**
2. **Al Hirt** **13,140**
3. **Dizzy Gillespie** **11,390**
4. **Louis Armstrong** **10,492**
5. Maynard Ferguson ... 8,488
6. Jonah Jones 5,953
7. Nat Adderley 4,944
8. Bobby Hackett 4,262
9. Art Farmer 3,261
10. Billy Butterfield 2,926
11. Harry James 2,506
12. Shorty Rogers 2,390
13. Clark Terry 2,255
14. Doc Severinsen 1,555
15. Pete Candoli 1,311
16. Conte Candoli 1,242
17. Red Nichols 1,173
18. Roy Eldridge 1,149
19. Donald Byrd 1,043
20. Freddie Hubbard 825
21. Lee Morgan 807
22. Blue Mitchell 709
23. Don Cherry 690
24. Charlie Shavers 614
25. Wild Bill Davison ... 610
26. Jack Sheldon 568
27. Joe Newman 555
28. Buck Clayton 545
29. Kenny Dorham 497
30. Carmell Jones 483
31. Muggsy Spanier 452
32. Thad Jones 420
33. Ray Nance 401

TROMBONE

1. **J. J. Johnson** **17,780**
2. **Kai Winding** **13,271**
3. **Si Zentner** **9,605**
4. **Bob Brookmeyer** **9,038**
5. Jack Teagarden 8,522
6. Slide Hampton 4,588
7. Frank Rosolino 2,937
8. Urbie Green 2,824
9. Curtis Fuller 2,726
10. Turk Murphy 2,253
11. Jimmy Cleveland 2,043
12. J. C. Higginbotham .. 1,912
13. Kid Ory 1,825
14. Bennie Green 1,737
15. Dave Baker 1,733
16. Bill Harris 1,507
17. Milt Bernhart 1,462
18. Trummy Young 1,420
19. Carl Fontana 1,334
20. Tyree Glenn 1,285
21. Bob Fitzpatrick 1,284
22. Al Grey 1,249
23. Fred Assunto 1,095
24. Dick Nash 1,061
25. Quentin Jackson 968
26. Wilbur De Paris 906
27. Lawrence Brown 829
28. Wayne Henderson 777
29. Harry Betts 737
30. Benny Powell 728
31. Jimmy Knepper 652
32. Vic Dickenson 591
33. Melba Liston 492
34. Dickie Wells 487
35. Cutty Cutshall 479
36. Lou McGarity 477
37. Georg Brunis 435
37. Tommy Pederson 435

ALTO SAX

1. **Cannonball Adderley** **15,690**
2. **Paul Desmond** **14,300**
3. Earl Bostic 3,523
4. Johnny Hodges 2,305
5. Zoot Sims 1,758
6. Bud Shank 1,518
7. Ornette Coleman 1,362
8. Sonny Stitt 1,284
9. Paul Horn 1,155
10. Ted Nash 987
11. Lee Konitz 857
12. Benny Carter 792
13. Phil Woods 646
14. Jackie McLean 614
15. Hank Crawford 493
16. Eric Dolphy 491
17. James Moody 471
18. Charlie Mariano 440
19. Lennie Niehaus 406
20. Lou Donaldson 405
21. Al Belletto 338
22. Willie Smith 322
23. Herb Geller 308
24. Gabe Baltazar 282
25. Leo Wright 251
26. Jimmy Woods 236
27. Gigi Gryce 223
28. Walt Levinsky 222
29. John Handy 216

TENOR SAX

1. **Stan Getz** **16,287**
2. **John Coltrane** **8,178**
3. Sonny Rollins 4,259
4. Coleman Hawkins 3,740
5. Zoot Sims 1,836
6. "Fathead" Newman .. 1,588
7. Al Cohn 1,095
8. Yusef Lateef 1,023
9. Bud Freeman 956
10. Eddie Davis 852
11. Eddie Harris 849
12. Roland Kirk 848
13. Ben Webster 842
14. Paul Gonsalves 782
15. Georgie Auld 760
16. Dave Pell 733
17. Sonny Stitt 687
18. Sam Donahue 675
19. Illinois Jacquet 674
20. Buddy Tate 610
21. Vido Musso 603
22. Jimmy Heath 597
23. Hank Mobley 530
24. James Moody 486
25. Bob Cooper 481
26. Bill Perkins 392
27. Flip Phillips 388
28. Eddie Miller 385
29. Richie Kamuca 360
30. Stanley Turrentine .. 345
31. Plas Johnson 339
32. Sal Nistico 323
33. Al Klink 307
34. Bill Holman 253
35. Budd Johnson 251
36. Benny Golson 223
37. Teddy Edwards 212

BARITONE SAX

1. **Gerry Mulligan** **19,667**
2. Jimmy Giuffre 1,585
3. Bud Shank 1,093
4. Pepper Adams 1,040
5. Charles Davis 778
6. Harry Carney 762
7. Chuck Gentry 628
8. Sahib Shihab 526
9. Cecil Payne 506
10. Frank Hittner 474
11. Lonnie Shaw 414
12. Jerome Richardson .. 391
13. Bill Hood 341
14. Ernie Caceres 273
15. Stanley Webb 237

CLARINET

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6. Buddy Rich 1,200
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5. Cal Tjader, *vibes* 1,834
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"Had I thought my health stood in jeopardy, Officer, I never would have lit one!"

LYRICIST

(continued from page 121)

consciousness; suddenly, he grinned and snapped his fingers.

"What is it, Mr. Porter?" asked the farmer. "Are you all right?"

"More than all right," said Cole. "I've just thought of the best lyric of my lifetime!"

And he dashed home and began to write: "Strange deer, but true deer . . . When I'm close to ewe-deer, the stars fill the sky . . ."

• • •

Victor Herbert was a man who had a mania for personal cleanliness, as evidenced by his love of sweet-smelling soaps. Unable to buy enough at the stores to suit his needs, he tried making his own at home in the tub, but could never get the fragrance to blend into the mixture of fat and lye with which he'd start. Undaunted, he hired Lizabeth Terry, leading female spinster scientist of the day, to help him in his task.

"The secret," she laughed, standing beside the tub, "is to put the scent in the tub *first*, and *then* add the fat and lye." Smugly, she opened a bag of chocolates she'd brought over.

"Splendid!" he cried, giving her a congratulatory swat on the shoulder blades that sent her reeling into the linen closet, where she vanished amid a swirl of silken pillows.

"Good grief, what have I done?" said the maestro, flinging aside pillows with abandon until he located his victim, huddled in a frightened heap against the closet wall, covered with candy.

"Ah, sweet Miss Terry of lye-fat last, I've found you!" he exclaimed, then gasped and ran for his piano.

• • •

Ira Gershwin, pondering a lyric that just wouldn't germinate, decided to take a break by visiting a friend. The friend, however, was having domestic difficulties.

"My wife is a wonderful woman, Ira," said the man, "but she hates needlework. Right now, she's sitting in the kitchen, a pair of my torn trousers on her lap, and she's dreaming up excuses 50 to the minute, just to avoid stitching."

When Ira expressed disbelief, the friend led him into the kitchen. There sat the wife, her gaze fixed out the window, her chin on her fist, the pants untouched. "Well?" asked her husband.

"I can't concentrate," she said. "The leader of those Untouchables called to say he wanted to come over and question me."

"Honey — !" her husband said warningly.

"And," she persisted, "I ordered a coffeecake from the store, and it'll be delivered any minute."

Just as her husband began to protest, the back doorbell rang. Ira and he exchanged a look, then the man opened the door, while the wife, behind them, said, "See? See? I was telling the truth!" She craned to see who had rung the bell.

The caller turned out to be the milkman, with a half pound of cream cheese and six eggs. The husband took the things, closed the door, and said to his wife, "It ain't Ness or Sara Lee. Sew!"

When they looked for Ira, he'd already left, whistling.

• • •

One day, when Alan Jay Lerner was strolling about the deck of a foundering British liner, he came upon a group of Londoners, a sick look on their faces, standing upon a teetering board set on the rail, the crew about to tilt them overboard.

"What's going on?" he asked the captain.

"Well, sir," said the man, "you see that Wren there? The trim little miss in uniform? Seems she stowed away all the life jackets when her group came on board, and when we began to sink, her cabin was flooded with such icy North Atlantic waters that the shock took her voice away. It means we've got to dump the lot of them overboard here, so they won't be clinging to those passengers who do have jackets, when we all abandon ship about a mile farther along."

"Too bad," said Lerner. "But I have a more pressing problem. I'm stuck for a song theme for this new musical I'm working on, and ——"

"Begging your pardon, sir," said the captain. "My first mate wishes to speak to me. Yes, Thomas?"

"It's about these blokes on this plank, sir," said the mate. "Let's not abandon them here in the sea. There's a way to find their life jackets."

"Which is what?" said the captain, hopefully.

"Well," said the mate, "why cant the English? Teach their chilled Wren how to speak!" The captain thanked the mate; Lerner whipped out his notebook — and musical history was made.

• • •

Sitting in a pleasant country inn, deliberating over a ballad for *Annie Get Your Gun*, Irving Berlin noticed a man, obviously a hobo, stagger into the cocktail lounge. Amid a stream of vulgarisms, the man demanded free whiskey. The bartender paid no attention and was, in fact, about to have the man forcibly ejected, when suddenly the man straightened, took off his ragged cap and said, "Hurray for the Great Emancipator!" Everyone in the lounge cheered, and soon all the guests were standing the man to drinks.

"That's unbelievable," said Irving to his waitress, when she came to clear the table. "A rotten drunk like that says a kind word about Honest Abe, and now he gets all the booze he wants."

The waitress shrugged. "You know the old saying."

"No," said Irving, "I don't. What is it?"

The waitress smiled wearily. "They say that foul Lincoln-lovers wander full."

"That gives me an idea!" exulted Irving.

• • •

While waiting in a small town to change buses, Stephen Sondheim accepted the kind invitation of a young lady whom he'd met on the bus to while away his wait at her home, near the depot. There, settled in her kitchen, he sipped coffee and told her the troubles of modern-day lyricists. "You know," he mused, "rhyme schemes aren't so important anymore. The main thing is for your lyric to tell a story, sometimes without any rhyme at all. Of course, to fit the meter, one sometimes has to rearrange the word order in sentences, so that they are not quite patterned after normal speech."

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than footsteps sounded loudly from the room above, and there was a thunder of feet coming down the stairs to the kitchen. The girl turned pale and shoved a chair-back under the doorknob. "Run!" she cried. "You have to get out of here! That's my brother Avery, and he's a professor of literature, and he has an ungovernable temper, and if he catches you — !"

"But we're only talking," said Stephen, surprised. "*That's* not sinful . . ."

"No," said the girl, waving him out the kitchen door, "but Avery thinks gumming up prose is!"

Stephen did a cart wheel and dashed for his bus, laughing triumphantly.

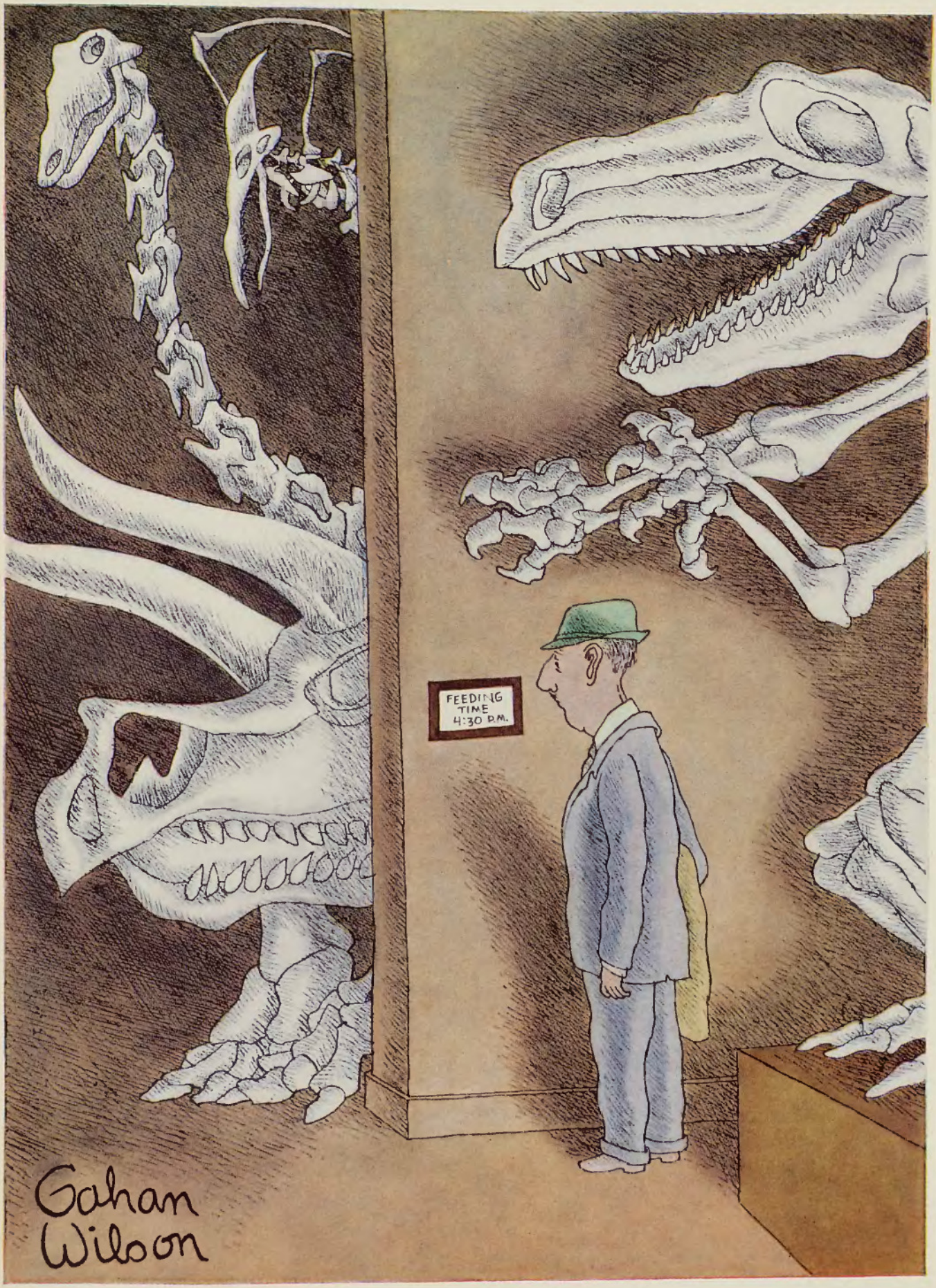
• • •

Stephen Foster, before selling any songs at all, was in a diner one day, trying to think of what might become a hit song lyric. As Foster sat pondering, a mule driver stopped in and said to the counterman, "Gimme a cup o' joe. Yesterday's will do. No cream or sugar."

"Here you are," said the counterman. "Old black joe."

The man thanked him and then opened his illustrated copy of *The Arabian Nights* to read as he drank his coffee. Stephen looked over his shoulder and noted the picture of a genie with light-brown hair, standing over a bed on which slept a lovely girl. "Beautiful dreamer, huh?" remarked the reader.

But Stephen shook his head irritably and said, "Don't bother me, I'm trying to think up song lyrics and ideas." He later gave up and went home.


FEEDING TIME 4:30 P.M.
Gahan Wilson

PLAYBOY LP LIBRARY *(continued from page 68)*

ALFRED DELLER, cond., *Madrigal Masterpieces.* Deller Consort. Vanguard M-S

DONIZETTI, *Lucia di Lammermoor.* Joan Sutherland (s), Renato Cioni (t), Robert Merrill (b), Cesare Siepi (bs), et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of Accademia di Santa Cecilia (Rome), John Pritchard, cond. London M-S, 3 LPs

FALLA, *Concerto for Harpsichord and Orchestra,* in D; *Nights in the Gardens of Spain.* Gonzalo Soriano, harpsichord; Paris Conservatory Orchestra, Frühbeck de Burgos, cond. Angel M-S

GABRIELI, *Gabrieli and His Contemporaries.* Canzonas and Sonatas. Concert Ensemble of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis, August Wenzinger, cond. Archive M-S

GABRIELI, GIOVANNI, *Sonatas and Canzoni* and **GABRIELI, ANDREA,** *Aria della battaglia.* Eastman Wind Ensemble, Frederick Fennell, cond. Mercury M-S

GERSHWIN, *Porgy and Bess.* Lawrence Winters (b), Camilla Williams (s). Columbia M, 3 LPs

Rhapsody in Blue. Leonard Bernstein, piano, Columbia Symphony Orchestra; *American in Paris.* New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia M-S

GESUALDO, *Tributes to His Astonishing Life and Music.* Vocalists, Robert Craft, cond.; E. Power Biggs, organ; Carol Rosenstiel, harpsichord; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia M-S

HANDEL, *Alcina.* Joan Sutherland (s), Graziella Sciutti (s), Teresa Berganza (ms), Luigi Alva (t), Ezio Flagello (b), et al.; London Symphony Chorus and Orchestra, Richard Bonynge, cond. London M-S, 3 LPs

Concertos for Organ and Orchestra: No. 2, in B flat; No. 5, in F; No. 13, in F; No. 16, in F. E. Power Biggs, organ; London Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Adrian Boult, cond. Columbia M-S

Ode for St. Cecilia's Day. Adele Addison (s), John McCollum (t); Rutgers University Choir; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia M-S

HAYDN, *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra,* No. 1 in C and **GIORDANI,** *Concerto for Harpsichord and Orchestra,* in C and **MOZART,** *Divertimentos:* in B flat, K. 137; in F, K. 138. Felix Ayo, violin (in the Haydn); Maria Teresa Garatti, harpsichord (in the Giordani); I Musici. Epic M-S

Mass No. 9, in D minor ("Nelson Mass"). Soloists; King's College Choir, Cambridge; London Symphony Orchestra, David Willcocks, cond. London M-S

Symphonies: Nos. 99–104. Royal Philharmonic, Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. Capitol M-S, 3 LPs

Symphony No. 92, in G ("Oxford") and **SCHUBERT,** *Symphony No. 8,* in B minor ("Unfinished"). Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond. Epic M-S

THE HEIFETZ-PIATIGORSKY CONCERTS, WITH PRIMROSE, PENNARIO, AND GUESTS, Mozart: *Quintet for Strings,* in G minor, K. 516; Mendelssohn: *Octet for Strings,* in E flat, Op. 20; Brahms: *Sextet for Strings,* No. 2, in G, Op. 36; Franck: *Quintet for Piano and Strings,* in F minor; Schubert: *Quintet for Strings,* in C, Op. posth. 163. With Jascha Heifetz, violin; William Primrose, viola; Gregor Piatigorsky, cello; Leonard Pennario, piano; et al. Victor M-S, 3 LPs

HINDEMITH, *Mathis der Maler* (excerpts). Pilar Lorengar (s), Donald Grobe (t), Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (b); Radio Symphony Orchestra (Berlin), Leopold Ludwig, cond. Deutsche Grammophon M-S

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ, piano, *The Horowitz Collection.* Barber, Chopin, Clementi, Czerny, Mendelssohn, Moszkowski, Mozart, Prokofiev, Saint-Saens, Schumann, Scriabin. Victor M, 2 LPs

IVES, *Symphony No. 2.* New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia M-S

LISZT, *Sonata for Piano,* in B minor; *Funérailles* and **SCHUMANN:** *Arabesque,* Op. 18; *Fantasiestücke,* Op. 12; *Traumeswirren: Presto passionato,* Op. 22; *Toccata,* Op. 7. Vladimir Horowitz, piano. Angel M

MAHLER, *Symphony No. 9,* in D. Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, cond. Columbia M-S, 2 LPs

MOZART, *Concertos for Piano and Orchestra:* No. 22, in E flat, K. 482; No. 6, in B flat, K. 238. Géza Anda, piano; Camerata Academica of the Salzburg Mozarteum, Géza Anda, cond. Deutsche Grammophon M-S

Concertos for Wind Instruments: for Bassoon and Orchestra in B flat, K. 191; for Clarinet and Orchestra, in A, K. 622; for Flute, No. 1, in G, K. 313; for Oboe, in C, K. 314. Soloists of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. Columbia M-S, 2 LPs

Così fan tutte. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (s), Christa Ludwig (ms), Hanny Steffek (s), Alfredo Kraus (t), Giuseppe Taddei (b), Walter Berry (bs); Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra, Karl Böhm, cond. Angel M-S, 4 LPs

Serenade for Wind Instruments, No. 10, in B flat, K. 361. Members of the Bavarian Symphony Orchestra, Eugen Jochum, cond. Deutsche Grammophon M-S

Sonatas for Piano: in G flat, K. 333; in D, K. 311; in E flat, K. 282; in G, K. 283; *Rondo,* in A minor, K. 511; *Contretanze,* K. 606 (arr. Landowska). Wanda Landowska, piano. Victor M, 2 LPs

Symphonies: Nos. 35, 36, 38, 39, 40, 41. Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, cond. Columbia M-S, 3 LPs

MUSSORGSKY, *Boris Godounov* (arr. Rimsky-Korsakoff). Evelyn Lear (s), John Lanigan (t), Boris Christoff (b), et al.; Chorus of the National Opera of Sofia; Orchestre de la Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, André Cluytens, cond. Angel M-S, 4 LPs

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA, *Instrumental Music from the Courts of Queen Elizabeth and King James.* Noah Greenberg, cond. Decca M-S

PERGOLESI, *Concertini:* No. 1, in G; No. 5, in E flat; No. 6, in B flat. *Concerto for Flute and Strings,* in G. André Jaunet, flute; Zurich Chamber Orchestra, Edmond de Stoutz, cond. Vanguard M-S

POULENC, *Concerto for Organ, Strings, and Timpani,* in G minor. Maurice Duruflé, organ; French National Radio Orchestra, Georges Prêtre, cond. Angel M-S

PROKOFIEV, *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra,* No. 3, in C, Op. 26 and **RACHMANINOFF,** *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra,* No. 1, in F sharp minor, Op. 1. Byron Janis, piano; Moscow Philharmonic, Kiril Kondrashin, cond. Mercury M-S

Sonatas for Piano: No. 6, in A, Op. 82; No. 8, in B flat, Op. 84; *Sonatine Pastorale,* in C, Op. 59, No. 3; *Paysage,* Op. 59, No. 2; *Pensée* No. 3, Op. 62. *Cinderella Ballet: Gavotte* and **RACHMANINOFF,** *Preludes,* Op. 23: No. 4, in D; No. 5, in G minor. Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Columbia M-S, 2 LPs

Sonatas for Violin and Piano: No. 1, in F minor, Op. 80; No. 2, in D, Op. 94a. Joseph Szigeti, violin; Artur Balsam, piano. Mercury M-S

PRO MUSICA ANTIQUA, Brussels, *Music at the Burgundian Court.* Safford Cape, cond. Vanguard M

PUCCINI, *Madama Butterfly.* Leontyne Price (s), Richard Tucker (t), RCA Italian Opera Orchestra and Chorus, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. Victor M-S, 3 LPs

PURCELL, *Come ye Sons of Art; Rejoice in the Lord Alway; My Beloved Spake.* Soloists of the Deller Consort; Oriana Concert Choir and Orchestra, Alfred Deller, cond. Vanguard M-S

Dido and Aeneas. Janet Baker (c), Patricia Clark (s), Raimund Herincx (bs), et al.; St. Anthony Singers; English Chamber Orchestra, Anthony Lewis, cond. Oiseau Lyre M-S

RAVEL, *Works for Orchestra* (complete). Paris Conservatory Orchestra, Andre Cluytens, cond. Angel M-S, 4 LPs

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV, *Scheherazade* and **BORODIN,** *Prince Igor.* Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond. London M-S

ROSSINI, *La Cambiale di matrimonio.* Renata Scotto (s), Nicola Monti (t), Rolando Panerai (b), Renato Capecchi (b), et al.; Virtuosi di Roma, Renato Fasano, cond. Mercury M-S, 2 LPs

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN, piano, *Rubinstein at Carnegie Hall: Highlights from the Historic Ten Recitals of 1961.* Debussy, Prokofiev, Szymanowski, Villa-Lobos. Victor M-S

SCARLATTI, DOMENICO, *Sonatas for Harpsichord.* Fernando Valenti, harpsichord. Music Guild M-S

SCHOENBERG, *The Music of Arnold Schoenberg,* Vols. 1 and 2. Soloists; choruses, ensembles, symphonies, Robert Craft, cond. Columbia M-S, 3 LPs

SCHUBERT, *Octet for Strings and Winds,* in F, Op. 166. Harold Siegel, double bass; Fine Arts String Quartet; members of the New York Woodwind Quartet. Concert Disc M-S

Songs. Elisabeth Schumann, soprano; Gerald Moore, et al. Angel M, 2 LPs

Symphony No. 9, in C ("The Great"). Philadelphia Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, cond. Victor M

SCHUMANN, *Carnaval,* Op. 9; *Fantasiestücke,* Op. 12. Artur Rubinstein, piano. Victor M-S

SHOSTAKOVICH, *Concerto for Cello and Orchestra,* in E flat, Op. 107. Mstislav Rostropovich, cello; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. Columbia M-S

STRAUSS, JOHANN, *Die Fledermaus.* Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (s), Nicolai Gedda (t), Philadelphia Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. Angel M, 2 LPs

STRAUSS, RICHARD, *Also Sprach Zarathustra.* Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, cond. Victor M-S

Salome. Birgit Nilsson (s), Gerhard Stolze (t), Eberhard Wächter (b), et al.; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Georg Solti, cond. London M-S

STRAVINSKY, *Eight Easy Pieces for Piano, Four Hands; Sonata for Two Pianos; Concerto for Two Solo Pianos.* Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, duo pianists. Columbia M-S

Oedipus Rex. John Westbrook, narrator; Shirley Verret (ms), George Shirley (t), et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the Opera Society of Washington, Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia M-S

Pétrouchka; The Rite of Spring. Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia M-S, 3 LPs

JOAN SUTHERLAND, soprano, *Art of the Prima Donna.* Chorus and Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, cond. London M-S, 2 LPs

TARTINI, *Concertos for Violin and Strings:* in D, Capri 79; in F, C. 63. *Concerto grosso,* in A minor, C. 76. Franco Gulli, violin; Angelicum Orchestra of Milan, Claudio Abbado, cond. Music Guild M-S

TCHAIKOVSKY, *Symphony No. 6* ("Pathétique"). Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch, cond. Victor M-S

TORROBA, *Nocturno; Sonatina; Suite Castellana* and **PONCE,** *Valse; Preludes* (12); *Theme varie et Finale,* in D minor. John Williams, guitar. Westminster M-S

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis; Fantasia on "Greensleeves"* and **ELGAR,** *Introduction and Allegro,* Op. 47; *Serenade for Strings,* in E minor, Op. 20. Allegri String Quartet; Strings of the Sinfonia of London, Sir John Barbirolli, cond. Angel M-S

VERDI, *Falstaff.* Herva Nelli (s), Giuseppe Valdengo (b), et al.; NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, cond. Victor M, 3 LPs

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The Four Seasons, Op. 8, Nos. 1-4. Jan Tomasow, violin; Solisti di Zagreb, Antonio Janigro, cond. Bach Guild M-S

WAGNER, *Das Rheingold.* Kirsten Flagstad (s), Set Svanholm (t), Gustav Neidlinger (bs); Vienna Philharmonic Chorus and Orchestra, Georg Solti, cond. London M-S, 3 LPs

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