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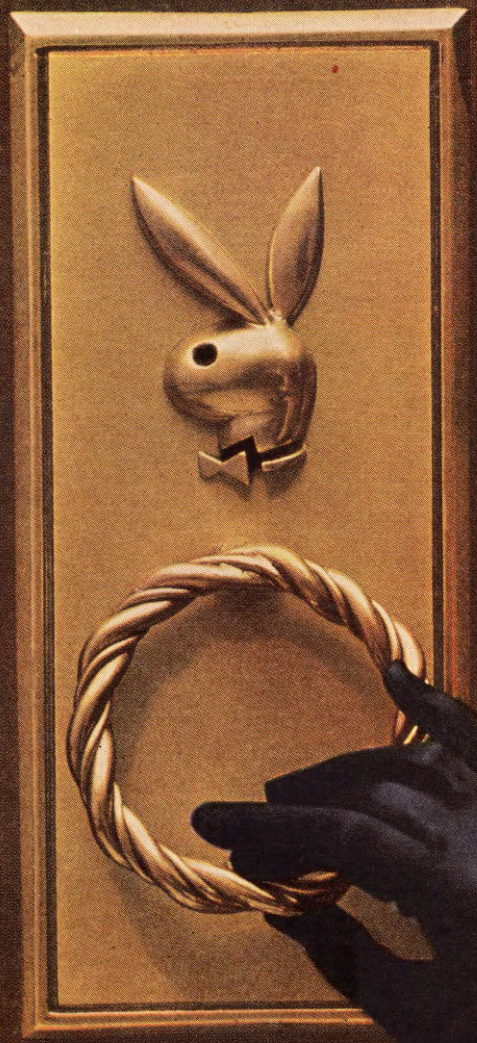
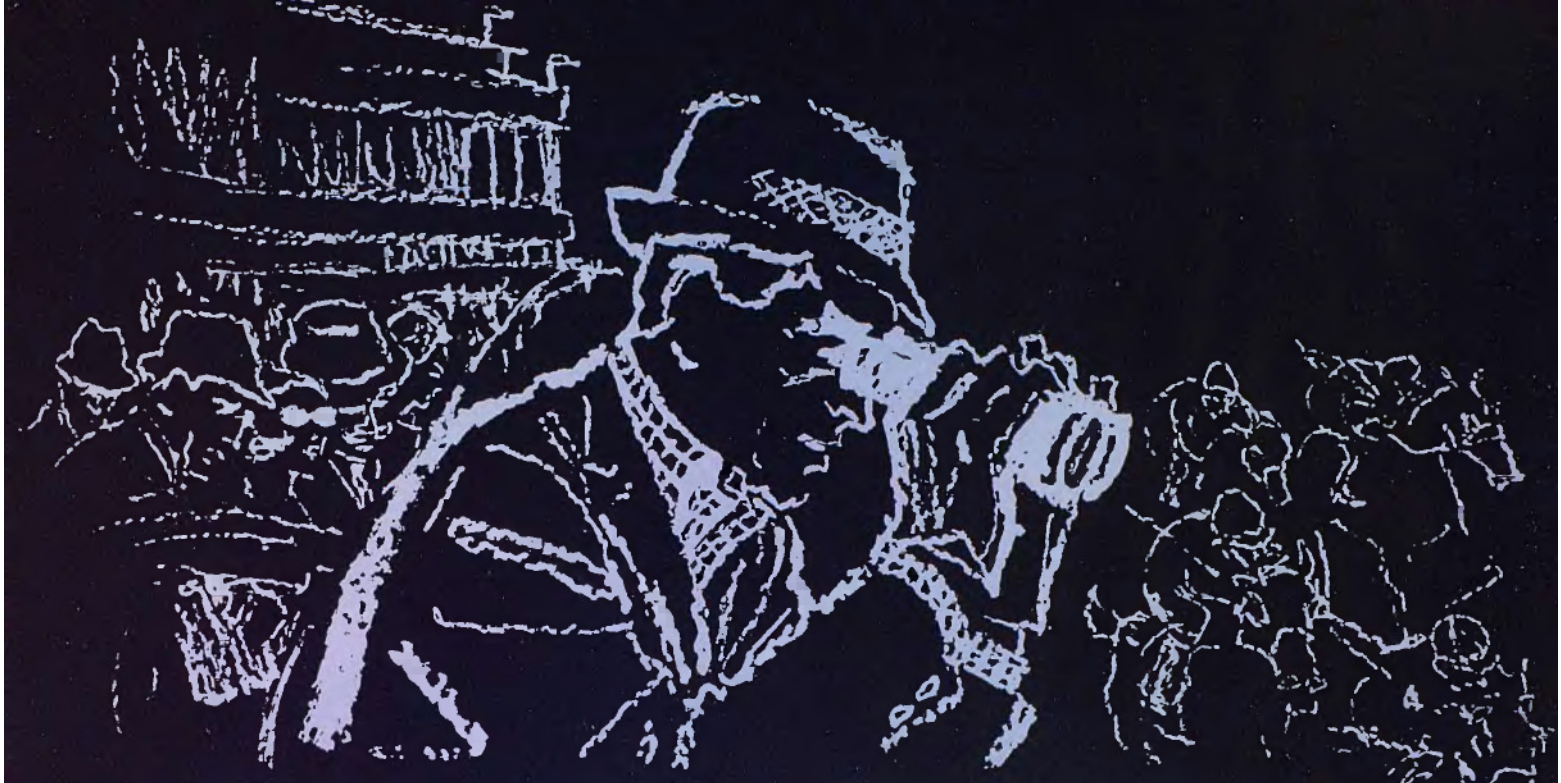
PLAYBOY

*THE PLAYBOY TOWN HOUSE **
WHAT MAKES AN EXECUTIVE? BY J. PAUL GETTY *
** FRANÇOISE SAGAN * KEN W. PURDY * * BEN HECHT*VARGAS





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Mr. College himself—Les Elgart—adds new turns to the Twist with a dance album that really makes the grade.

RECORDS

CHOOSE SPECTACULAR STEREO OR MATCHLESS MONAURAL

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PLAYBILL THE EVENING-GLOVED CALLER at our rabbit-escutcheoned portal on this month's cover has but to knock and it shall be opened to her. Both she and you are invited to explore the great indoors of the posh new *Playboy Town House*, our modishly swinging manse for the male of independent ways and means. Blending the convenience of the metropolitan milieu with the expansiveness of an exurban retreat, this opulent four-story abode affords its owner all the appurtenances of modern living in an atmosphere of unhurried serenity and traditionally accented contemporary decor. Join us on our nine-page housewarming tour from carport to sun deck — rendered with elegance by architectural illustrator Humen Tan from the original designs of Chicago architect R. Donald Jaye, who has previously blueprinted both the Playboy Office Building and *The Kitchenless Kitchen* (PLAYBOY, October 1959). Then turn to the climactic conclusion of *The Wonderful Clouds*, a condensation of the new novel by Françoise Sagan, France's consummate chronicler of ennui and eroticism among the international set, as she resolves the subtle torment of a young couple seeking self-knowledge and a rediscovered union. Ken W. Purdy tops our short-story lineup with *For the Rich They Sing — Sometimes*, a hauntingly ironic tale of love at second sight. J. Paul Getty, our Consulting Editor on Business and Finance, reveals *What Makes an Executive?* with a sapient delineation of the criteria by which an aspiring captain of industry may gauge his chances for advancement. And Ben Hecht continues his PLAYBOY memoirs of an early career as a Chicago reporter with *Queen Dido*,

KLAW

JAYE AND TAN

DENISON

SHOEMAKER

PETRAKIS

the vividly etched portrait of a dream-driven night-club singer whose vision of fulfillment turns to dark despair beneath a hangman's noose. Debuting in this issue: *Fortune* regular Spencer Klaw with an eye-opening exposition of *The Master Swindlers*, a hall of ill-famed bunko artists in the hundred-grand manner; science-fictionaut William Sambrot with *Control Somnambule*, a suspenseful spaceflight-of-fancy revolving around interplanetary abduction and detection; and novelist Harry Mark Petrakis with *The Miracle*, a touching evocation of empathy between a death-wishing priest and a dying reprobate. Manifesting his accustomed sicker-than-thou attitude, PLAYBOY cartoonist Howard Shoemaker proves we've nursed a viper to our breast with a snakepit full of facetious serpents. With *The Bonapartes Are Phffft!* join satirist Larry Siegel on a tongue-in-cheek tour through history as reported by a gaggle of gossip columnists. Thrill to *The Villain Still Pursues Her*, our latest chapter in the saga of Hartog Shirts' girl-garnished ad campaign, as a bevy of distressed damsels plug the product *en déshabillé*. Climb aboard for Fashion Director Robert L. Green's *Ship to Shore* logging of maritimely cruisewear, trimly limned by Ben Denison. Then lamp a *Valentine Revisited* by popular mandate: champagne-tressed Cynthia Maddox, the fetching February cover girl who adorns our Chicago offices as receptionist-secretary. And finally survey the shipshape rigging of Marya Carter, who gives the sun season a splashy send-off as our water-spritely Miss May.

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PLAYBOY

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WIN YOUR LETTERS IN STYLE!
CRACK PAR IN AN AIRWEIGHT H·I·S

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No traps, no mental hazards to bug you when you wear a lightweight suit by H·I·S. The 3-button jacket feels like a breeze on your shoulders. The narrow Post-Grad trousers are smack down the fairway. You look like the money and you are—except the whole deal only costs you peanuts.

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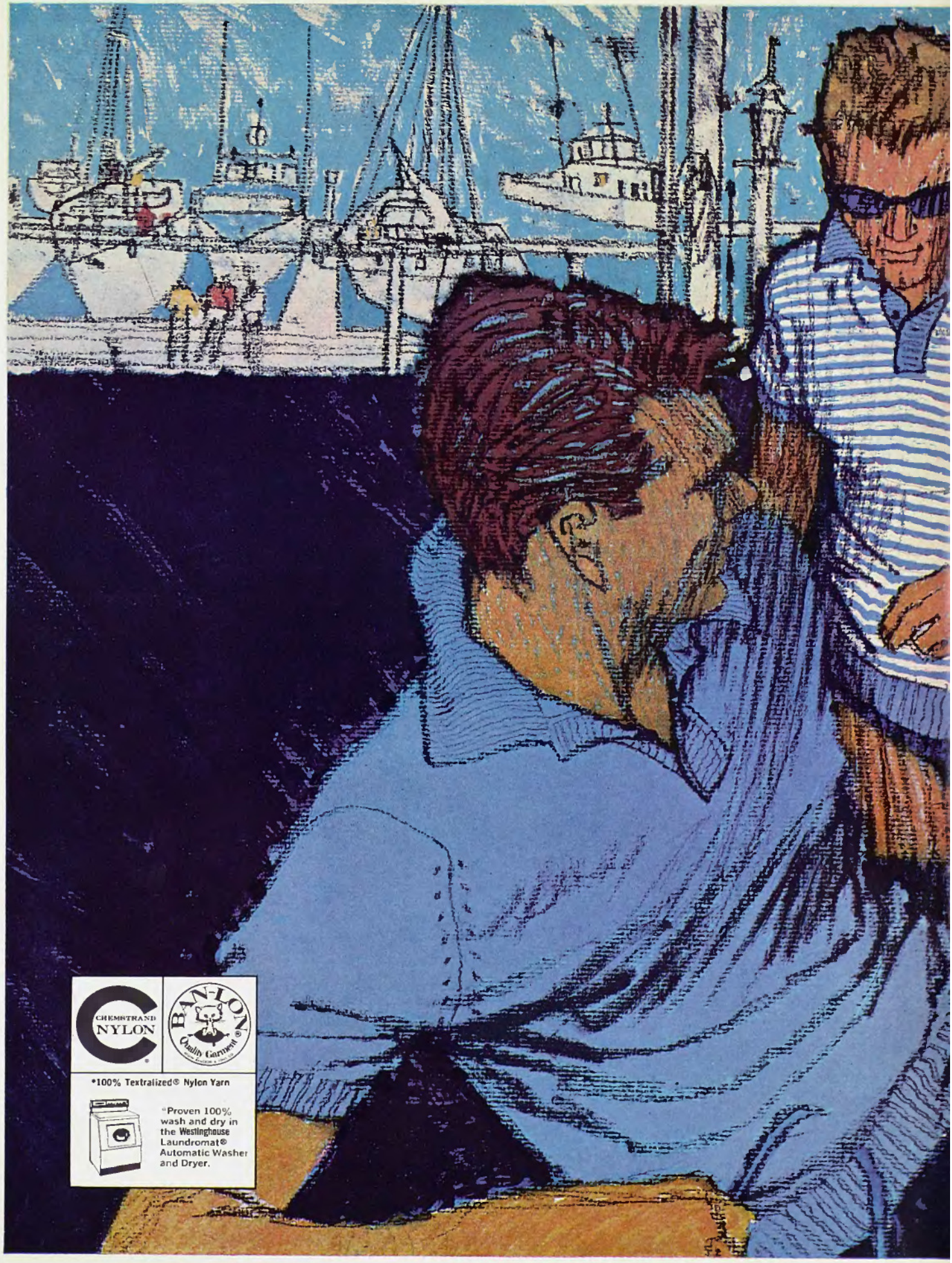
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

VOX POPULI

I must say I was delighted to be included in the 1962 Playboy Jazz All-Stars. My thanks to everyone concerned.

Frank Sinatra
Los Angeles, California

Thanks to the many musicians who voted for me. Being chosen one of the top three trumpet men by the All-Stars was one of the biggest thrills in my life. This will inspire me to try harder.

Clark Terry
Clark Terry–Archie Moore
Musical Enterprises
Corona, New York

I was slightly sickened by your Jazz Poll. I wholeheartedly agree with your All-Stars' All-Star poll, and believe it to be the most accurate poll you have ever published, but the readers' poll only reflected the wide range of your readers, most of whom are evidently pop-music fans.

Bruce S. Campbell
Virginia Beach, Virginia

Most of your readers probably think that Charlie Parker made pens.

Garrison H. Brown
Los Angeles, California

I handle several jazz shows for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation out of Montreal. It is on these myriad versions of *Jazz at Its Best* that I regularly program items from your *Playboy All-Star* LPs. Your jazz albums rank as just about the most significant and concise collections available. To get legitimate and understanding coverage from a large circulation magazine such as PLAYBOY is a great help to jazz as a whole. Your Jazz Polls are very important, too, because so many people take the time to enter and thus bring added attention to the music and the jazz performers who play it. I'll keep sending in my ballot every time there is a poll.

Henry F. Whiston, Producer
CBC-Radio
Montreal, Quebec

ON BEHALF OF THE ORCHESTRA I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO THANK PLAYBOY AND ITS READERS FOR THEIR SUSTAINED INTEREST IN OUR CREATIVE AND MUSICAL ACTIVITIES. WE SINCERELY APPRECIATE THE PLAYBOY 1962 JAZZ POLL AWARD.

STAN KENTON
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

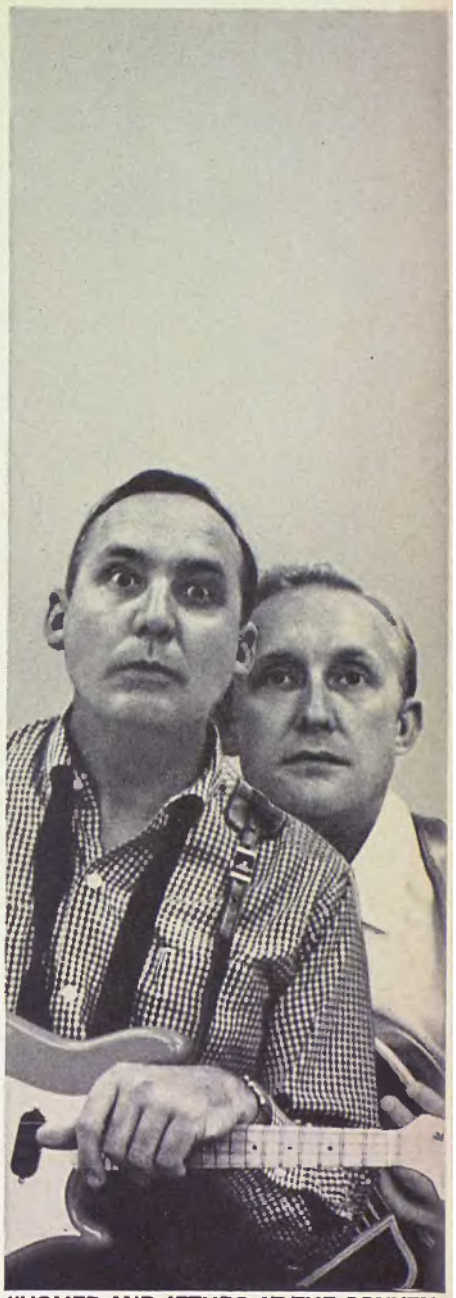
Now that Basin Street East's party for the winners (Eastern Seaboard Division, that is) of the 1962 Playboy Jazz Poll is swinging history (the accompanying photo is a memento of that happy evening) I'd like to thank your Editor-Publisher, Hugh Hefner, for coming to our bash, but most of all, I want to thank PLAYBOY for its continuous efforts in behalf of jazz. When we read the results of the 1962 Jazz Poll in your February issue and discovered that Ella, who was appearing at our club, had won again, nothing seemed more natural than for us to throw a party for Miss Fitz and invite all the other award winners who were in New York and could make the scene. We did and they did. Besides Ella, and Benny Goodman who graciously served as m.c. and passed out the silver Jazz Medals to the honored guests, there were Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck, Cannonball Adderley, Maynard Ferguson, Gerry Mulligan, Paul Desmond, Milt Jackson, Kai Winding, Stan Getz and Philly Joe Jones. The celebs turned out in droves. Sy Oliver had his big band play a special tribute to Ella that he'd composed especially for the occasion and Joe Wil-

The King and the Duke flank PLAYBOY cover girl Cynthia Maddox and Publisher Hefner.

PLAYBOY, MAY, 1962, VOL. 9, NO. 5. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA: $14 FOR THREE YEARS, $11 FOR TWO YEARS, $6 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE ADD $3 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR, JULES KASE, EASTERN ADVERTISING MANAGER, 720 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK, CI 5-2620; BRANCH OFFICES: CHICAGO, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., MI 2-1000, JOE FALL, MIDWESTERN ADVERTISING MANAGER; LOS ANGELES, 8721 BEVERLY BLVD., OL 2-8790, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER; SAN FRANCISCO, 111 SUTTER ST., YU 2-7994, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER; DETROIT, 705 STEPHENSON BUILDING, 6560 CASS AVE., TR 5-7250; SOUTHEASTERN, FLORIDA AND CARIBBEAN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE & BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT RD., N.E., ATLANTA 5, GA., 233-6729.

DUANE EDDY "Twistin' 'N' Twangin'." The King of the Big-Beat Guitar, in his first time out on RCA Victor, takes the Twist and gives it a few extra turns of his own! Twelve great numbers throb, pulse, set your spine a-tingle as Duane drives his twistin' assistants, "The Rebels," to new peaks of musical ardor. So great, you'll have to play it in reverse to "un-twist!"

FRANKIE CARLE "Honky-Tonk Hits by the Dozen." Charged with the happy touch of Frankie Carle, twenty-five high-spirited favorites get the honky-tonk treatment amid lush orchestral background. Carle captures the happy sound of their origins, with such as "Maple Leaf Rag," "My Baby Just Cares for Me," "Honeysuckle Rose," "Sail Along, Silv'ry Moon," "Kalamazoo."



"HOMER AND JETHRO AT THE CONVENTION." Far from the big city streets, far from the harsh glare of reality, in fact, just about as far out as you can go . . . you'll find these two uninhibited song stylists having a ball. Here, with a Nashville combo, they toss out highly-spiced anecdotes, wild humor, inventive songs and one of the trickiest medleys extant!

EDDY ARNOLD "One More Time." A warmly welcome event for old fans of Eddy's . . . and those who will meet him for the first time. These songs are old favorites now (by request) in Living Stereo and Monaural Hi-Fi for the first time. His fine voice and sweet guitar lament "I'm Throwing Rice (At the Girl I Love)," "What a Fool I Was," 10 more!

SONNY ROLLINS "The Bridge." After a two-year hiatus, Sonny Rollins makes his eagerly awaited return to the entertainment world . . . and his saxophone has never been more pure, more poetic. Title theme is a profound statement, both musically and philosophically. Selections like "God Bless the Child," "Where Are You," "John S.," are marvels of mood and color!

GREAT NEW SOUNDS ON RCA VICTOR

RCA The most trusted name in sound

AVAILABLE IN LIVING STEREO AND MONAURAL HI-FI.

liams sang a portion of it. Then Ella got up and repaid the compliment as only she can. It was, in short, a gas. Thanks again, PLAYBOY, for contributing to the festivities and for furthering the cause of jazz.

Ralph Watkins, President
Basin Street East
New York, New York

STOCK TAKING

Three hurrahs for February's *The Investor* by Bruce Jay Friedman. Being a newlywed, and having my own Playmate, I had dropped PLAYBOY about eight months ago. After *The Investor*, I'm hooked again. I've learned a lesson from the story. I'm selling all my stock holdings and putting my money in a savings account where I can draw a steady four percent.

Steven Harwin
Brooklyn, New York

The Investor is as different and interesting a story as I have ever read.

Joe Howard
St. Louis, Missouri

HEMINGWAY, PART III

In respect to Leicester Hemingway's account of Ernest's program for sinking a German submarine, the story is accurate, although it did take some doing to get Ernest the bazooka, machine gun and hand grenades. All of this endeavor by Ernest resulted from a splendid intelligence job he did for the Embassy in investigating the Spanish Falangists and pro-Nazis in Cuba.

Spruille Braden
New York, New York

Mr. Braden, wartime Latin American Ambassador and ex–Assistant Secretary of State, is currently a member of the National Council of the John Birch Society.

Why not confine your reading matter to one-shot articles of zesty interest? The serials are strictly for the dames who evidently love the stuff.

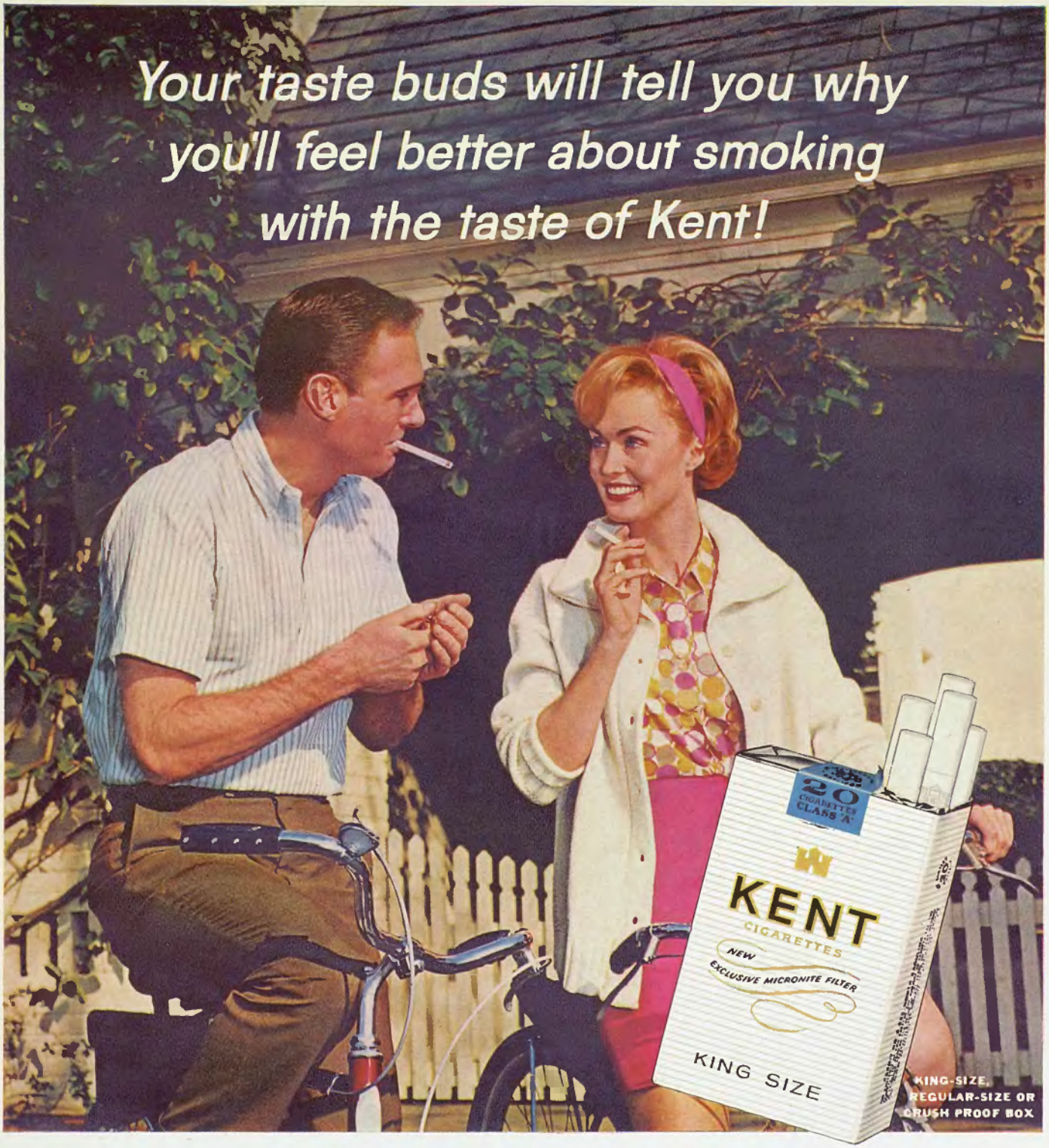
Walter M. Levy
Flushing, New York

Your recent articles have shown to the world something of Ernest Hemingway, the man; his political feelings, his personal tastes, his outlook toward life. By publishing this material, you have given us something unique, and you have elevated the quality of your magazine to a new high.

Robert Freeman
Beverly Hills, California

ZOO'S WHO

Mr. Silverstein's extraordinary feature has embraced a flood of human psychology, dripping with satire. He has not missed the delicate brilliancy of the French, nor the sauce of Swift's mor-



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KENT with the MICRONITE filter refines away harsh flavor... refines away hot taste...makes the taste of a cigarette mild and kind!

IMPORTANT

Get your taste buds back to normal. Try a carton of Kent without switching and see how Kent is kind-tasting to your taste buds, kind-tasting to your throat. Enjoy the wonderful taste of the world's finest quality tobaccos. Then try your old brand! What a difference in taste! You'll feel better about smoking with the taste of Kent.

A PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY—FIRST WITH THE FINEST CIGARETTES—THROUGH LORILLARD RESEARCH

dancy. I shall look forward to his next Zoo as I would a trip to Mecca.

Royal Dixon
Houston, Texas

Poet-naturalist Dixon conducted Houston TV shows "The Children's Hour" and "Wonders of Nature," is an expert on Feezi and Flatchims.

Re the Sline
Of Silverstein:
Gneiss poem,
But where's Gnome?

Kenn Jacobs
Chicago, Illinois

Imagine mating Silverstein's Zath, Ginnit, Crawfee, Flatchim, Feezus and Sline with Dr. Seuss' Obsk, Thwerll, Busset, Gherkin, Gootch and It-kutch.

Bernard Singer
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Silverstein needs help badly. Is he some kind of nut from the Village?

R. S. Freeman
Bangor, Maine

May I say I was titillated, disgusted, complimented, shocked, tearful and shaken by Shel's cartoon of the Underslung Zath. I have always cherished iconoclast Shel's bits of distorted drollery — but to be depicted as a shapeless blob was a low blow to my male ego.

Luis D. Zath
Cleveland, Ohio

AFTER HOURS

I was fascinated by your February *Playboy After Hours* item having fun with the standard communication techniques of American advertising and promotion used in connection with fallout shelters. Who's surprised? They're used to sell everything else from two-ply tires to transparent umbrellas. Like many things, when you get them home, the jazzy promotion is forgotten and the article may be of some use if it's well constructed for the purpose for which it was designed — not to fill an imaginary use thought up by a promotion expert who seldom sees or speaks to the designer. James Reston's uncalled-for sneer at producing a product which will be bought only by those who want it, with the intention of saving their lives, is a trite, dull satire on how Madison Avenue would handle a campaign for fallout shelters. It contrasts interestingly with the ads which *have* been used; his is the old newspaper technique of creating false and imaginary situations and then being cleverly sarcastic about how silly it is, *it* being the creation of the criticizer in the first place. The whole piece tends to make fun of, derogate and obscure the vital importance of shelters. Having fun with fallout shelters is about as much fun to me as cute jokes about fire ex-

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SPINNAKER STRIPE launches brilliance in knit combo of *navy/red and brown/yellow. Cotton blazer $8.95 over Hawaiian trunks $7.95. Cotton and rubber square rig knit trunks $6.95.

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Brighten the shoreline scene in brilliant swimwear created in the great American tradition... guaranteed to command raves from your admiring crew!

TRANSPACIFIC sets sail in bold color and stripes. Fleece lined pullover $5.95 atop knit trader length deck pants $7.95. *Yellow or red combinations of seaworthy 100% cotton.

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MALOLO® MIDSHIPMAN, banded with bold trim. In *white, natural, pewter, or navy. Windworthy jacket of cotton gab $7.95. Hawaiian length Lastex cord trunks of acetate, cotton and rubber $6.95.

*featured color

Catalina, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif., Another Fine KR Kayser-Roth Product.

tinguishers, life preservers and antibiotics; and these are minor compared to the potential of fallout shelters which could save not only 40 to 60 million lives but the very existence of this country. I don't think I've lost my sense of humor. In fact, I'm laughing right now at you boys who are laughing it up, or more seriously, injecting fantasy, lies, unreality, fear and irrelevant and untrue emotional issues into the picture to the extent that the shelter program is probably now effectively doomed by public confusion. I'm laughing, but my kids aren't.

Dave Garroway
New York, New York

JANUARY ADDENDA

Being Henry Miller's Danish publisher, I of course enjoyed reading his challenge to the Boston authorities—it serves them right.

Hans Reitzel
Hans Reitzel Publishers
Copenhagen, Denmark

How well the tunes harmonize in your January issue—a living cry for freedom from Henry Miller, so much like the pitiful cry of D. H. Lawrence.

John F. Neal
Beaverton, Oregon

My congratulations to Henry Miller! His caustic attack on the Massachusetts Obscene Literature Control Commission will unquestionably boost his sales and consequently enlighten a few more sheltered beings to the fact that the earth really is made of dirt.

Thomas Henry Krohn
Groton, Connecticut

KENNING KEN

I have read Ken Purdy's delightful February article, *Bugatti*, and it reminded me of the happy moments I spent with Ettore Bugatti and Emile Mathis at Montlhery many years ago. Even at the track, Bugatti always wore butter-colored gloves and an Epsom gray bowler. This man had breeding, as K.P. says, and the grand manner. We got along splendidly, as we both hated phony design heartily. Bugatti was the Picasso of the automotive world. His 1922 and 1923 uglies remind me of some of Picasso's hacked-to-pieces, one-eyed portraits of female monstrosities. In spite of such canvases, very few connoisseurs question Picasso's genius. The same applies to Ettore Bugatti, a mixture of Picasso and Frank Lloyd Wright, with a touch of Ordoñez.

Raymond Loewy
New York, New York

A famed industrial designer, Mr. Loewy was responsible for the design of the 1953 Studebaker coupe, regarded by many as an automotive classic.

The Bugatti article was one of the finest ever written about *Le Patron*; Purdy certainly outdid himself.

James Bruce Weber
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

The recent article about Bugatti is one more example of the adulation which has grown around the car. While Bugatti himself might have been quite a character, it does not really follow that the automobile itself was endowed with the same endearing characteristics, or indeed, any characteristics at all. Most of the raving about the Bugatti seems to be a method of compensating for its obvious faults. Pity the poor mechanic who must remove the valves by first removing the crankshaft and pistons because *Le Patron* disliked head gaskets and so cast the head and cylinders as a unit. And what effrontery for Bugatti to declare he built his cars to go rather than stop, thus excusing his inadequate braking. If the Bugatti fanatic belongs to a cult, then he has his own rationale, but it is not the rationale of beauty or utility, for the average Bug is neither beautiful nor utile.

Pat Braden, Vintage Chairman
Alfa-Romeo Owners' Club
Ann Arbor, Michigan

I have noticed a number of letters in PLAYBOY about Ken Purdy's short stories in recent months. Most of them cited the technical excellence of his work, and I certainly agree. Rereading some of his stories, as I have just done, shows an ingenious and painstaking, stone-on-stone construction and great final polish. He must rewrite a great deal. But no one has commented on what I think is the philosophy governing his work. As I see it, his central belief is that the human animal is will-less, without hope of ordering his existence, a grain of wheat being tossed around in a flour mill. In his last story, *Tell Me the Reason, Do* [January 1962], a man dies to discover that there is utterly no reason for his dying. In *Speak to Me of Immortality* [May 1961], a man's wish to be remembered is mocked, even the manner of his dying is forever forgotten, and his very bones are used for rubble. In *The Book of Tony* [October 1960], a man exacts a terrible revenge on a faithless friend, but it's futile because only his friend's photograph sees it. In *The 51 Tones of Green* [October 1958], which I think may be a truly great story, two talented and useful people casually destroy each other. Is he a nihilist? Or is he writing aliterature, the anti-novel, or, in his case, the anti-short story? Or, am I oversimplifying Mr. Purdy?

Raymond J. Carpenter
Los Angeles, California

No, he isn't. No, he isn't. Yes, you are.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

With its motley assortment of gallons, inches, rods, drams, pecks and gills, America's system of weights and measures is so complex that few of us can claim to fathom it fully. We found ourself reflecting recently on the tortuous mental gymnastics to which its intricate illogic must subject our European friends — accustomed to the pristine simplicity of the metric system — in their efforts to master the subtleties of a language steeped in everyday references to nonmetric measurements. The following essay is offered to our Continental readers as an aid not only in maturing their judgment of our way of life but in comprehending the metric meaning of our statistically sprinkled lingo. Many Americans wear Texan 37.853-liter hats, don 33.81-kilometer boots, put their best .305 meter forward, then walk 1.6093 kilometers for a Camel. Others wouldn't touch one with a 3.048-meter pole, however, believing that 28.35 grams of prevention are worth 453.59 grams of cure. Catching their offspring smoking, permissive parents spare the 5.029 meters and spoil the child — turning him into a veritable 8.809 liters' Bad Boy with a predilection for girls measuring a perfect 91.44–55.88–91.44 centimeters and an insatiable appetite for such suggestive literature as *God's Little 4047 of a Hectare*. Give them 2.54 centimeters, we always say, and they'll take 160,934.4 centimeters.

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The latest immortal whose wisdom has been added to that of Pliny, Tolstoy, St. Augustine, et al. in the newest edition of John Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*: Sophie Tucker.

•

Our eye was attracted the other day by this appealing — and refreshingly candid — sales pitch among the real estate listings in the Portland *Oregonian*: "RUSTIC LOG CABIN . . . nestled in the bend of a year-round creek, surrounded by hills and mountains . . . massive fireplace, hand-hewn rafters . . . fine for tired businessman, sportsman or mature lover."

•

Casting a fine eye on the enduring quality of stardom, Miami Beach — a city founded on sand — has been rapidly renaming its thoroughfares after popular celebrities of the day. First came Arthur Godfrey Road, a busy shopping street; then Ed Sullivan Drive, the approach to a hospital; and on to Jayne Mansfield Boulevard, an alley behind a fire station. Now, we learn, a palm-fringed driveway leading to the door of the flamboyant Fontainebleau Hotel has been christened Abbe Lane. Lest this peculiar path to fame peter out here, we offer additional nominations: Marilynmon Row, Sidney Green Street, Barbara Peyton Place and Rue de Vallee. Starlets who deem themselves roadworthy will be pleased to know they have already been honored collectively by one of the avenues connecting nearby Bay Harbor Island with the Miami mainland. Its name: Broad Causeway.

•

We applaud the Menckenesque imagery, if not the tact, of a music critic for the Greenville, South Carolina, *Piedmont* in his review of a recent concert by portly Metropolitan Opera soprano Frances Yeend: "Finally Miss Yeend sank another Verdi aria, this time from *La Forza del Destino*.

•

From Hollywood, a city where most of the happy endings take place on the screen, comes the story of a much-beloved $250-a-night daughter of joy who, after four years in the pursuit of her livelihood, has finally earned enough to trade her innerspring for a 65-foot yacht in which she plans to cruise around the world and do nothing but sit on her "Golden Hind" — the name of her craft.

•

Our overseas correspondent reports that Britain's battle of the sexes has taken a new turn: instead of ignoring the Ten Commandments, a Northampton student chose recently to revise one of them in a quiz: "Thou shalt not admit adultery."

•

Traffic-stopping billboard seen recently on the Fort Worth Freeway: CALL US AND WE WILL REMOVE YOUR SHORTS. In small print below, the name of the advertiser: a Texas electrical firm.

•

From a personality profile in *The New York Times*: "Mr. Cullman is married to the former Susan Lehman, a grandpiece of the former Governor of New York, Herbert Lehman . . ."

•

With the homogeneity of TV's vast wasteland driving droves of intellectually undernourished viewers to seek food for thought beyond the borders of the 21-inch screen, we note with pleasure a burgeoning renaissance of variety in the still-green creative pastures of literature, as evidenced by this culling from *Books in Print*, the publishers' official index of current volumes: *The ABC of Avalanche Safety*; *Adventures in Artificial Respiration*; *Let's Take a Trip to a Cement Plant*; *Basket Work Ornamentation Among the Dayaks*; *Address to the Venezuelan Congress*; *Your Dog's Horoscope*; *How to Know the Freshwater Algae*; *Ah Fu, A Chinese River Boy*;

The American Tomato Yearbook; *Biscuit and Cracker Production*; *Acanthocephala, Aschelminthes, and Entoprocta*; *Ambulance Anecdotes* and, as a bedside companion for that hard-to-please reader, the poignant *My Bunny Feels Soft*.

RECORDINGS

A new Billie Holiday tribute, perhaps the best of the lot — ***Lover Man*** (Columbia) — features Carmen McRae giving Lady Day her full due. Her backing is first-rate, with Mundell Lowe, Nat Adderley and Eddie Davis contributing sparkling support. Carmen, who has attained top-rank status as a jazz vocalist, is superb as she gets to the core of *Miss Brown to You*, *Trav'lin' Light*, the title tune, and other Billie-based ballads. Anita O'Day, whose Billie Holiday reprise was reviewed in January 1962, has an equally fine follow-up: ***All the Sad Young Men*** (Verve) is twice-blessed by the presence of the Gary McFarland Orchestra. McFarland's fresh and fanciful charts — a major asset to the outing — encompass several McFarland originals and an assortment of hip hoedowns ranging from Horace Silver's *Señor Blues* to a ballad-tempoed *You Came a Long Way from St. Louis*. Julie London, whose voice is a blatant invitation to unexpurgated flights of fancy, continues to project the image on ***Sophisticated Lady*** (Liberty). In addition to the title tune, Julie drifts dulcetly through *You're Blasé*, *Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most*, and *When the World Was Young*, among others. Carol Lawrence, a multitalented young lady, exhibits on ***This Heart of Mine*** (Choreo), a newly polished vocal facet, having made the transition from the more declamatory requisites of the stage to the intimate approach of the recording studio in splendid fashion. The tunes tendered are, with few exceptions, standards uncursed by overexposure. They include two lovely Wolf-Landesman efforts, *Tell Me Lies* and *The Year Turns 'Round*.

•

In the current wave of musical violence — when space-age jazzmen assault the eardrums with atonal cacophony — we count as blessings those LPs which make listening a pleasure rather than a chore. ***Blue Hodge*** (Verve) features Ellington-elder Johnny Hodges — with organist Wild Bill Davis; Les Spann, guitar and flute; Sam Jones, bass; and Louis Hayes, drums — in a relaxed, sometimes sweet, sometimes swinging (*sotto voce*) session. Hodges' performance throughout is crystalline; in fact, we have never

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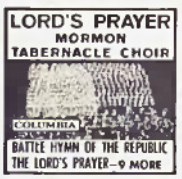

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PSP-3

heard him better than on the title tune. ***Stan Getz/Bob Brookmeyer*** (Verve) is a low-key delight. Getz' tenor, a thing of limpid fluidity, is perfectly balanced by Brookmeyer's impishly at-ease valve trombone. The two, backed by an unobtrusive rhythm section, display togetherness in its most admirable form, whether on the lyrical *A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square* or the effusively upbeat *Nice Work if You Can Get It*. ***Time Further Out*** (Columbia), subtitled *A Blues Suite*, was promulgated by the spectacular success of the Dave Brubeck Quartet's best-selling *Time Out*. A complex of time signatures, the tunes are variations on a standard 12-bar blues structure; they roam as far afield as *Unsquare Dance* in 7/4 time and *Blue Shadows in the Street* in 9/8 time. Brubeck, Desmond, et al., acquit themselves admirably. The multifaceted majordomo of the MJQ, John Lewis, shows almost all of his sides on ***The Wonderful World of Jazz*** (Atlantic). The LP, divided among Lewis with only rhythm, a Lewis sextet, and a nine-piece band that includes Gunther Schuller on French horn, spotlights a splendid and passionate tenor solo by Paul Gonsalves on *Body and Soul*, some incandescent trumpet work by Herb Pomeroy, adroit guitar by Jim Hall throughout, and a surprisingly unrigid atmosphere not usually associated with Lewis. ***Clark Terry Color Changes*** (Candid) finds Terry, an exceptional trumpeter, in charge of an octet chock full of exemplary jazzmen — including Yusef Lateef on tenor, flute, English horn and oboe; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Julius Watkins, French horn; and Tommy Flanagan, piano. Clark's accomplishments on trumpet and Flügelhorn are awe-inspiring, although what Watkins can do with the stubbornly recalcitrant French horn never ceases to amaze. The tunes in the set are almost all originals, which befits an LP that sparkles with originality.

•

Johnny Mathis continues to turn out hit LPs in conveyer-belt quantities. His latest, ***Live It Up*** (Columbia), should prove no exception. It is a typical Mathis grab bag of varitempoed goodies delivered in the highly stylized Mathis manner. A fine, full-throated baritone is very much in evidence on ***Leon Bibb Sings*** (Columbia). The LP, a compendium of folk ballads and show tunes with a folk flavor, is a splendid showcase for Bibb's considerable vocal expertise. Included is the title song from Kurt Weill's *Lost in the Stars*, in which Bibb starred when it was revived several years ago.

•

The Chicago-based Fine Arts Quartet, which has rapidly acquired renown via world tours and TV appearances, plays

the equivalent of several chamber-music recitals on the following four LPs: ***Beethoven's Quartet in C Sharp Minor, Op. 131; Schubert's Quartet in D Minor ("Death and the Maiden"); Haydn's Quartet in D, Op. 20, No. 4*** and ***Quartet in D Minor, Op. 76, No. 2; Mendelssohn's Quartet in E Flat, Op. 12*** and ***Quartet in E Minor, Op. 44, No. 2*** (Concert-Disc). It gives, in the process, a superb account of the great Op. 131 of Beethoven — the composer's own favorite, and, taking one thing with another, possibly the greatest of all quartets. Is this *the* recording? Maybe not for the 78-bug with his treasured Leners and Busches and Pro Artes; otherwise, for the rest of us this excellently played and impeccably engineered performance should safely come through the test of constant repetition. Schubert's *Death and the Maiden* is given an equally creditable reading. If there is a tendency to scamper in the last movement, the liner notes have already told us disarmingly that it is very hard to play. The two familiar Haydn works also show the players at their best — excellent ensemble, well-poised rhythm for the most part, the leader happily engrossed in his mellifluous doodlings during the slow movements. Curiously enough, it is in the two very undemanding (by contrast) Mendelssohn quartets that doubts emerge. What would Mendelssohn, with his mania for strict tempo, have said of the disconcertingly persistent tendency to equate crescendo with accelerando, amounting at times to downright unsteadiness? The basic tempi of the quick movements seemed generally overfast. On the other hand, the amount of tender-loving-care lavished on those slow movements is surely a shade more than they can carry: sentimental interpretation magnifies their weaknesses. Nevertheless, it is a welcome recording and a word of praise should go out, too, for the exceptionally literate liner notes by Michael Steinberg.

•

Although the aural voltage generated by ***An Electrifying Evening with the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet*** (Verve) is considerably higher than that flowing through the Miles Davis Sextet's ***Someday My Prince Will Come*** (Columbia), Davis' subtle understatements more than balance the frenetic output of the Gillespie clan. This outing, Miles' chameleon contingent has in its ranks John Coltrane and Hank Mobley complementing the Kelly-Chambers-Cobb rhythm section. Their efforts seem inconsequential, however, in the presence of Davis, who says more with less than any jazz musician extant. Gillespie, on the other hand, is more submerged in the group effort in this session recorded during a Museum of Modern Art concert; the alto sax and flute of Leo Wright, and the piano of Lalo Shifrin

are very much in force. The only deficiencies apparent are Chuck Lampkin's overexuberant drum work and a tendency to warm up too many of Gillespie's old bop chestnuts.

BOOKS

"This book is for Ricky Nelson, Gary Crosby and Jack Kennedy — three kids who really made it on their own." So reads the dedication to ***The Happy Sadist*** (Doubleday, $3.50), the alleged autobiography of one Boswell Spavins, written by one Robert Newton Peck, a below-peak Max Shulman. The humor is as broad as the backside of Ecstacy Proneville, Boswell's first love: "From the rear, her tight skirt gave the illusion of two melons fighting in a burlap bag." Boswell, dressed in a suit of armor, takes Ecstacy to a costume ball and woos her with quotes from *Ivanhoe*, only to lose, at the crucial moment, the wrench he needs to unbolt himself: "If it was mislaid," he tells us, "then so was I." He embarks on a career as Assistant Mail Boy at the ad agency of Pearl & Swine, where he soon advances to Junior Account Executive on Leaky Septic Tank. Newly affluent, he rents a Rolls-Royce and goes home to impress the folks back in Weedville. After a hot session in the front seat of the car with Cashmere Holstein, they "lay back, panting, until finally we were still. The only noise that could be heard was a ticking on the dashboard. 'The Rolls-Royce people really ought to do something about that damn clock,' Cashmere said." And so it goes, with more sophomorism than subtlety (Boswell becomes editor of *The Saturday Post-Nasal Drip*) about the Mad Ave scene. There's a lot of wild swinging here and few home runs, but now and then Peck connects — for a solid *double-entendre* play, anyway.

•

Nestled about Washington Square, haunted at one end by the Ghost of the Village Past, on the other by the Specter of the Village Future, lies the fabled village of Greenwich. What is the spirit of the Village Present? A glimpse may be found in ***The Village Voice Reader*** (Doubleday, $4.95; paperback, $2.50), edited by Edwin Fancher and Daniel Wolf, who started this unique newspaper six years ago. It has never paid for a contribution; it speaks today to 20,000 readers, many of them far from Mecca, and among the dozens of Village and non-Village voices raised in this collection are those of Kenneth Tynan, Nat Hentoff, Steve Allen, Katherine Anne Porter, Robert Lindner, Allen Ginsberg, Jean Shepherd and Norman Mailer. Subjects include the beat life and the gay life; jazz and movies;

Cotton dress by Sue Brett. Soft tailored suit from the House of Worsted-Tex.

Good thinking, lady!

Show him the new hat when he's enjoying a cigar.

If you want to catch a man in a good humor, wait until he lights up a cigar. A cigar turns the worried soul into the soul of contentment. Nothing fazes him, not even a mad hatter's fantasy with a fancy price tag. ***The man who enjoys cigars enjoys life*** and it's only natural for him to feel that everyone is entitled to their little pleasures. A nice arrangement (ask any perceptive woman!) Cigar Institute of America, Inc.

Village Causes (The *Voice* was in the vanguard of the successful fight to save Washington Square), Village Legends (Romany Marie, den mother to the greats of bygone days; Joe Gould; Max Bodenheim), and Village girls ("Tell her: 'Only very complex people have the simplicity to act as directly as you do, Mabel. Did you learn that from your doctor? He must be very brilliant.' "). There is Allen on TV critic Jack O'Brian, Hentoff on O'Brian, Ginsberg on Kerouac, Tynan on Mailer, Mailer on any subject that struck his fancy until he found the *Voice* too square to bear and withdrew his regular column. If the spirit of the Village as represented here is not quite as original, as jarring, as satiric or as funny as one might expect from America's traditional seat of Divine Discontent, there are enough bright moments for this experiment in offbeat journalism to be judged a success. Indeed, the venture could be justified solely by the fact that it was in this newspaper a few short years ago that our own Jules Feiffer was introduced to the nation, when, believe it or not, he still needed an introduction.

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For as candid a piece of self-portraiture as you're likely to come across in many a year, we commend ***The Prodigal Rake*** (Dutton, $6.50), the memoirs of William Hickey, Esq., as edited by Peter Quennell. Hickey, who lived out his lively life in the demimonde of Georgian London and the *haut monde* of Madras, Calcutta and Canton, combined a rare knack for taletelling with an amused eye for his own moral misdemeanors. He kicked off his career by hocking pater's books for spending money and went on to find fame and infamy, poverty and final prosperity in the brothels, clubs and drawing rooms of England and points east. He dined with discrimination, made love without it and suffered herculean hangovers. Although he was an unabashed amorist, Hickey was also a man of feeling and a man of taste — a Boswell-*cum*-Casanova. His highly diverting diary is an authentic period piece of the 18th Century, a minor classic about a prodigal who made good.

THEATER

The fact that Art Carney is a good acting bet across the board is happily demonstrated in ***Take Her, She's Mine***. It's a life-with-fatherish little comedy about a California businessman who ships his doted-on daughter off to a New England college, only to suffer Freudian fantasies of her succumbing to wolf calls from the hungry Harvard, Yale and Dartmouth packs in the surrounding woods. That Father's worst fears have some basis in

biology is speedily revealed as director George Abbott shuttles the action between home and Hawthorne College for Women. There the intellectual freshman is neglecting her studies to fend off callow collegians on the make and taking up various causes, including an overripe professor of poetry. Mother (Phyllis Thaxter) knows best (don't they always in plays of this sort?), suggests just the right therapy, which is lucky for the audience, because it gets Carney to practicing his rumba with a chair balanced on his head, and daubing paint on canvas à la Mondrian, with the kitchen linoleum as his inspiration. Authors Phoebe and Henry Ephron have kept the dialog perky and the action plausible. As Daughter, Elizabeth Ashley manages to be unaffectedly lovely even when she comes home for Christmas got up as a femme fatale who would send Marlene Dietrich to the showers. Nonetheless, *Take Her, She's Mine* would long since have been taken away without artful Carney as anchor man. At the Biltmore, 261 West 47th Street.

•

A Man for All Seasons, Robert Bolt's probing dissection of a dramatic chapter of British history, makes an impressive addition to this Broadway season. This story of Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, who lost his head on the block because he denied Henry VIII's right to divorce Catherine of Aragon, illuminates the spiritual ordeal of a great humanist, statesman and scholar who could not bend his conscience to a kingly whim. Paul Scofield, the most touted and talented of England's younger actors, makes his New York debut with a subtly surcharged portrayal of a saint who was human enough to fear death and man enough to face it. Like most plays of ideas, *A Man for All Seasons* requires extensive wordage to establish its case. But the words have clarity and conviction and the performance, under Noel Willman's perceptive direction, is of matching excellence. The play is all Scofield's, and it could not be in more intelligent hands, but the actor draws worthy support from Leo McKern as Thomas Cromwell, Albert Dekker as the Duke of Norfolk, Keith Baxter as Henry, and George Rose in an assortment of minor roles all under the billing of The Common Man. Common men in the audience will leave the theater aware that they have shared the soul-searching experience of a triumphantly uncommon man. At the ANTA, 245 West 52nd Street.

MOVIES

Low-budget independent production gets a big boost from ***The Intruder,*** Charles

Beaumont's story of a racist on the rise who comes into a Southern town and tries to tag onto the school-integration issue. It was shot on location with an accuracy of detail and facial type that is downright scary. (The crew and cast nearly got beaten up at one point for arousing Southern discomfort.) Despite a touch of patness in the windup, this agonizing tale of race hatred and exploited ignorance is a courageous work which reminds us that, in our own country, today, a man can get his skull cracked open for obeying the law. The ugly epithets in the dialog have aroused some objections; it may be too bad that such language is used in life, but its use here is essential. William Shatner does his best acting job to date as the Kasper-type menace. Photogenic author Beaumont, a long-time PLAYBOY favorite, puts in an appearance as a gentle high school principal. Roger Corman's direction is well integrated, and Herman Stein has supplied a taut, topnotch score.

•

No, Virginia, ***Sergeants 3*** is not a sequel to *Butterfield 8*. It's the Rat Pack reprise of *Gunga Din*, transposed from the Queen's Own in Inja to the American West, with the U.S. Cavalry riding to a great many rescues. And away we go with Fisty Frank Sinatra, Dashing Dean Martin, Pistol Pete Lawford — and Sammy Davis, Jr., tailing along via white mule (the real thing, not the firewater). The plot needn't bother us because it sure doesn't bother *them*. But if you want to see Joey Bishop — we should all live so long — as a Cavalry sergeant major, then this is your cup of hoked-up mocha. There are barroom and barracks brawls, Indian fights and cliff-hangers (literal) — everything you'd expect in a film that's being billed as a horselaugh on horse opera. The question is, which came first — the movie or the ad angle? Anyway, the Technicolor is sensational (filmed in Utah), and there's a good, gaggy poker game between Dino and old burleycue comic Hank Henry. Loyal Clan fans will doubtless get a boot out of the boys doing the boots-and-saddles bit.

•

Nelson Algren's ***Walk on the Wild Side*** was a frank, sometimes lyrical look at a man's mixed-up feelings about a morally mixed-up girl. Charles K. Feldman's *Walk* is on the mild side, a soupy saga of a sweet tart who works in a New Orleans bagnio and is rescued from a life of shame by a mentally barefoot country boy. Some of the Algren motions are there, none of the moxie. Capucine, the heroine, is not a good enough actress to call herself by one name; we advise her to stop monkeying with movies — Expresso! Laurence Harvey, the country

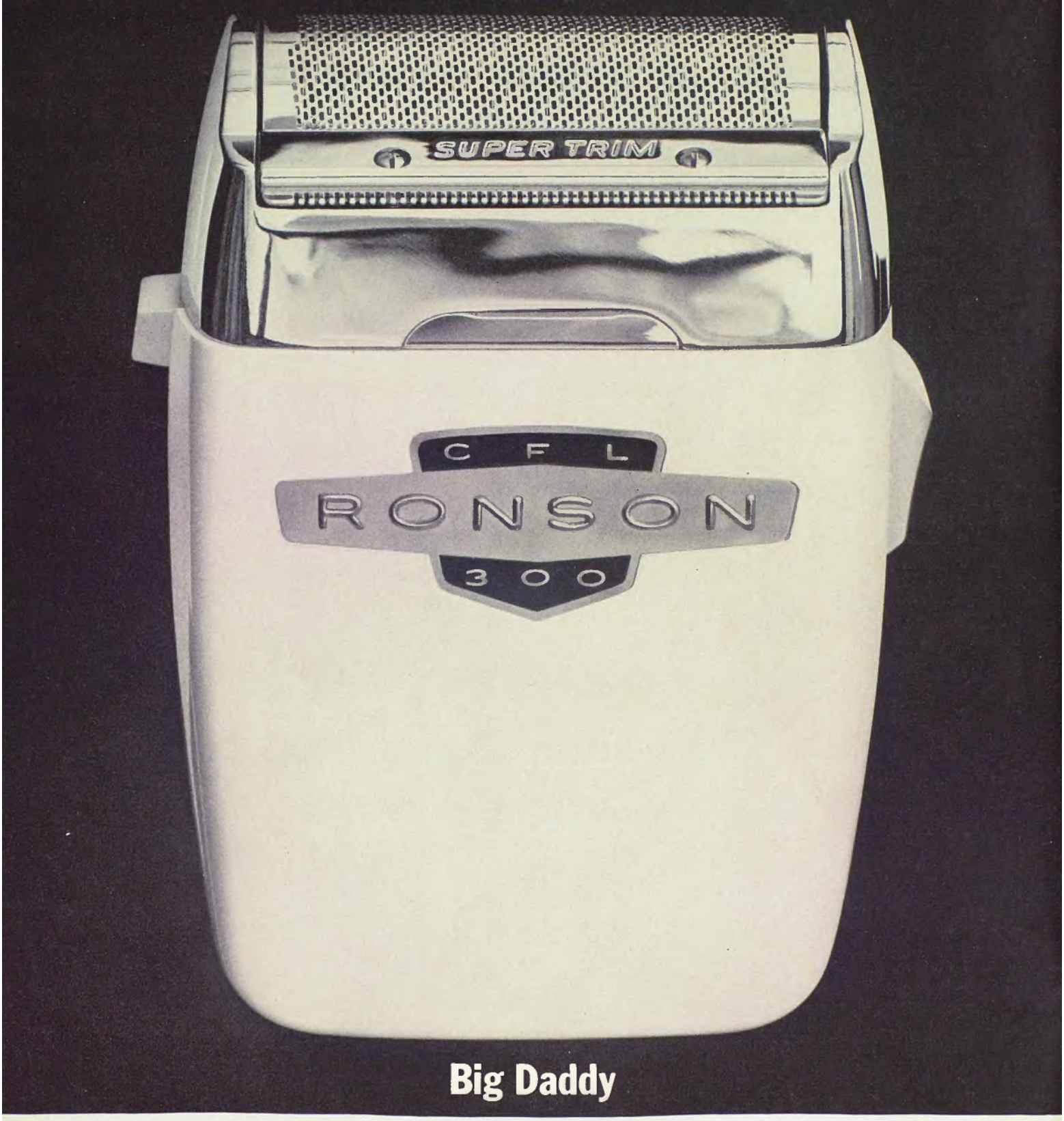
boy, is almost good for a while but soon settles down to being the humbug Harvey we've all come to expect. Barbara Stanwyck, as a Lesbian madam, seems made of chromium, and steels our heart. The only real rouser in the cast is Jane Fonda, as a tight-pants tootsie out to make it in the big town. This talented miss saves the picture from being all painful — but it's still a half-Nelson.

•

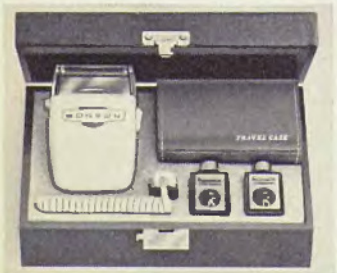
Real-life heroes often have a lot of trouble in real life, which was the case with Ira Hayes, the Pima Indian who helped raise the flag on Iwo Jima in 1945. Ten years after he hit the Iwo beach he was dead from hitting the bottle. Hayes' story raises some big questions about the man and his society; unfortunately, his screen bio, ***The Outsider,*** lets them hang. The script tries several different handles, none of which quite fits: anti-Indian prejudice; a sense of responsibility for his buddy's death; a sense of guilt at being called a hero. But none of it is convincing. The writers simply didn't know the real reasons and were filling in with flapdoodle, or if they did know, they were masking with malarkey. Either way, this erratic epic muffs the chance to tell some truth about the postwar life of war heroes and about the way modern Indians are made to bite the dust. All that holds it together is Tony Curtis as Hayes, who stands bravely in the middle of a foggy script, battling hard to grab hold of a solid character.

•

Bored with hearing about the Good Old Days of silent movies? Then go see ***Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy,*** 94 minutes of celluloid sequences that will leave you sold on Lloyd. This antic anthology, selected by the bespectacled comedian of the silents and early talkies, is knitted with commentary and laced up with music. With the speed of a runaway flivver, we zoom back to the wide-open world of mute merriment where the logic is crazy but airtight and the reactions are never restrained. These chips sparkle with the spirits of a generation of film makers discovering a new medium, feeling their oats and kicking their heels. From the opening shot of Harold apparently painting a picture to the long closing sequence high up on a skyscraper — where the gags pyramid to sharper and sharper zeniths — this collection is colossal. Only one complaint: why a collection? Why not reissue Harold's old films complete — with music and sound effects? Then we'd get *all* the comedy, as well as a clearer reminder of the character he created — the sweet, shy, basically gutsy All-American Boy. Come on, men, get the Lloyd out!



Big Daddy



THIS IS WHERE BIG DADDY LIVES. IN THIS HANDSOME GIFT BOX (DOUBLES AS JEWELRY CASE). COMPLETE WITH TRIM TRAVEL CASE, RONSON PRE-SHAVE, AFTER-SHAVE LOTION, AND COIL CORD THAT STRETCHES 69 INCHES.

Big Daddy is brand new. Big Daddy eats beards before breakfast. Big Daddy is strong. Big Daddy is fast (many a man will shave in 2 minutes). Big Daddy is tender. Big Daddy is smooth (women like what Big Daddy does). Big Daddy talks; crackles when he's cutting, hums when he's done. Big Daddy is what other shavers may some day grow up to be. Big Daddy is the end.

The Ronson CFL 300 is Big Daddy to all electric shavers. It has a 36-blade Miracle cutter. The thinnest shaving screen. The biggest shaving area. And the closest, fastest, lightest touch of all. Super-Trim for long hairs and sideburns. Suggested retail price. $29.50. Also available in Canada. Ronson Corp., Woodbridge, N. J.

RONSON

THIS IS HOW BIG DADDY STAYS IN SHAPE ONCE A YEAR, SNAP IN A NEW MULTI-BLADE CUTTER AND SHAVING SCREEN (THE QUICK-CHANGE KIT HOLDS BOTH). IN 10 SECONDS AT HOME, BIG DADDY IS BRAND NEW AGAIN.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girl and I are having fairly frequent flare-ups about dating others. I agree with her completely that if I do, she should be allowed to also. I agree with her intellectually, but not emotionally. My feelings are, bluntly, that I don't like it a bit. She says this is unfair and I say, "How right you are. I'm selfish and illogical. But I don't feel guilty when I'm dating other girls and I do feel unhappy when you're out with other guys, and you've told me you want me to be totally honest in our relationship." Et cetera. Then she cries or rants and I clam up and the evening is ruined. Last time it happened, I got mad enough to say, calmly and controlledly (or, as she puts it, coldly) that she could take it or leave it, we weren't married and had no obligations to keep seeing each other. My point was — and is — if I can't have the relationship on my terms, I'd rather do without it, though I'd far prefer to sustain it. Her point was — and is — that any third party would see things her way. As a third party, do you think she is right? — A. B., New York, New York.

No.

Can you give me a few pointers on the proper way to serve beer? —D. K., Memphis, Tennessee.

Herewith a few tippler's tips on the fine art of sudsmanship: true brew fanciers should first take care that their beer is not overchilled—exposure to the too-frigid rigors of a freezer usually leads to a loss in head, flavor and aroma, and can cause the telltale haze that spells protein breakdown. Best bet is to cool it in your refrigerator's beverage rack, where the temp is a salubrious 40 to 45 degrees. (If the situation demands quick chilling, give the bottles or cans champagne treatment in a bucket of chopped ice.) To serve yourself right, make sure your glasses come as clean as you can make them — a dab of grease, soap film, or your lady's lipstick will tend to deflate the frothy head almost on contact. The correct procedure for tender laving care should include washing the glasses to a sparkling state with a detergent, rinsing them well, and then draining them dry; never use a towel. It's a good idea to splash the inside of each glass with cold water just prior to pouring in order to remove any trace of extraneous odors and to help establish a handsome creamy collar. Whether one pours with a hearty plop-plop, or slips the brew silently down the side of the glass doesn't matter a whit, as long as the result is an eye-pleasing balance between body and head. The shape of the glass, too, is purely a matter of esthetics, and not nearly as salient a matter as size: for the maximum in chug-a-lug enjoyment, your suds receptacle should be scaled to the amount you can comfortably quaff before the beer begins to warm and lose its liveliness. Don't sip as you drink; unlike wine, beer is best savored in good, robust swigs. And steer clear of downing your brew directly from the can — in so doing, you sacrifice both aroma and the pleasurable visual stimulus afforded by the foaming glass. Forearmed with this info, you need be at loggerheads with no man over stylish lager-head imbibing.

I am fouled up in the sock department. I don't like to wear garters, can't stand stretch socks because they feel like they're keeping all the blood from my feet, and don't want to wear anklets because I think it looks pretty square to have your calves showing when you sit down. Is there any solution to my problem? — A. U., Washington, D.C.

You have no problem, A. U. Not while there are three-quarter-length hose as close at hand (or foot) as the nearest men's store. These come up high enough on the calf to keep you well covered, they don't require garters and won't make your feet feel bloodless.

As a recent convert to the pleasures of smoking a pipe, I'd appreciate your counsel on the proper thickness of the coating that forms inside the bowl. — N. H., Denver, Colorado.

The coating of carbon inside your pipe's bowl should be 1/16 of an inch thick — roughly the thickness of a penny.

The cross I have to bear may not seem burdensome to anyone else, but to me it's always presented one especially galling annoyance: I'm very well off financially, and I have never been able to discover whether girls are drawn to me or my money. At the moment, for example, I'm seeing quite a bit of a miss whose endowments are purely personal — she's as poor as the proverbial church mouse. For no other reason than my own self-esteem, I would like to know which rates higher in her regard: my face or my Caddy, the pleasure of my company or the company stock I own. Is there a way? — A. S., Palm Beach, Florida.

It shouldn't be hard if you are reasonably observant. Has she got the gimmies, does she seem curious about your wealth or its source, does she demand expensive entertainment in invariable preference to simple pleasures, is she angling for marriage, does she put on airs, does she

inquire about your heirs? Any or all of these may be signs of acquisitiveness beyond the call of beauty. Of course, she may pass all tests and scrutiny and still be conning you, but in that case she's bound to reveal herself sooner or later as a girl frequently lacking in spontaneity. Since you can't seem to judge her by her behavior toward you, be aware of her manner with others: for the acute, this is a fairly sure cue. It's likely that in her own sessions of silent thought even your girl doesn't know which she prefers — you or what's yours: she associates you with affluence and prestige, and probably couldn't imagine you under any other circumstances than those you enjoy. If she strikes you as being fair of mind as well as body, stop torturing yourself with unsolvable riddles. Just be grateful you have the wherewithal to do your romancing in style.

In your recent feature on pocket watches (*Timely Revival*, February 1962), I note that one of the fine timepieces illustrated therein has its hands set at 18 minutes past eight. I have wondered why this particular time is so often seen in watch advertisements. Is there any logical explanation? — G. H., Boston, Massachusetts.

A popular and time-honored legend holds that this placement of the hands commemorates the precise minute of Lincoln's death (or, in another version, the moment he was shot). That such a notion is false is proved not only by the actual times involved (Lincoln was wounded shortly after 10 in the evening, and died about 7:30 the following morning), but by the simple fact that clocks and watches indicating 8:18 were a familiar sight in jewelers' windows for many years before Booth indulged in his historic gunplay. A similar fanciful belief persists in England, where many maintain that this hour marks the time that Guy Fawkes and his explosive crew planned to detonate the Houses of Parliament (and with them, King James I). The real reason is purely one of sensible symmetry: at 8:18 the hands are equidistant from the six and the 12, and leave an unobstructed view of the upper portion of the dial where the brand name customarily appears.

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

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE CANADA

Things the bartender does while you're making up your mind

Lights your cigarette. Quickly checks availability of peanuts.

★ Wonders if you're a man who'll order a cocktail or a highball.

Studies your firm chin-line. Pegs you as a man of action.

★ Decides you will call for the imported whisky that's the lightest in the world.

Looks at your suit. From the cut of your lapel, figures you for a broker.

★ Tells himself you're the type that stays with your favorite brand all evening long.

Gets set to discuss a burning but not inflammatory issue.

★ Surmises you'll ask for the whisky famous for having the world's most distinctive flavor.

Watches your eyes examine bottles on back bar. Sees eyes light up.

★ Hears your voice ring out as you firmly order "The Best In The House."

Already pouring from the only bottle that fits description, Canadian Club.

CANADIAN CLUB IS 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN CANADA. IMPORTED BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS, INC., DETROIT, MICH.

fiction By FRANÇOISE SAGAN

THE WONDERFUL CLOUDS

france's best-selling chronicler of the young international set brilliantly depicts the marriage of a tormented couple whose lives are a fugue of flight and pursuit as they seek their inner selves—and each other—in contemporary paris PART II

In the preceding installment of Mlle. Sagan's new novel, Alan, a neurotic young American of inherited wealth, and Josée, his equally neurotic French wife, were seen in the act of tormenting each other – Alan by his unremitting, compulsively jealous probing of Josée's bohemian past; Josée by her relentless reaction of infidelity and small, intimate cruelties. Driven by desperation, Josée, hotly pursued by Alan, fled back to France. Now, as the novel's conclusion opens, Alan has persuaded her to see him; their sexual struggle resumes.

It was a fine, cold and windy morning. Leaving her hotel, Josée bitterly regretted having promised to see Alan: she would have liked to sit outside the Deux Magots or the Flore, meet old friends again, talk nonsense and drink tomato juice, as she used to. To see Alan at the Ritz seemed as artificial as an American film script, to have nothing to do with the air she breathed or her gentle pace as she ambled down the Boulevard Saint-Germain, quiet, peaceful, obedient to the traffic lights. She walked to the Place Vendôme, asked for Alan's room and regained consciousness of herself, of Alan, of them both, only when she opened the door.

He was in bed, shoulders bare, an old red scarf around his neck. The breakfast tray lay at the foot of the bed and she thought with some annoyance that he might at least have looked as though he expected her.

For she had left him of her own free will, and she was seeing him again to talk about a divorce. To be so scantily dressed seemed inappropriate to a discussion of this nature.

"You're looking wonderfully well," he said. "Sit down."

There was an uncomfortable armchair that offered her the choice of either perching stiffly on the edge of the seat or sprawling. She sat down and perched.

"It's a good thing you aren't wearing a hat or carrying a handbag," he remarked mockingly, "or I'd take you for a social worker who's come to beg for my leftovers for the poor."

"I've come to ask for a divorce," she said dryly.

He burst out laughing.

"Don't look so fierce, anyway. You're like . . . like a child. As a matter of fact, you've never left your childhood behind; it walks at your side, quiet, modest, demure, much like a double life."

She sighed. Talking would be useless. There was nothing to do but leave the hotel. However,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARDY KAZAROSIAN

Alan's flippancy, his smile worried her vaguely.

"Leave that armchair and come here," he said. "Are you afraid?"

"Afraid of what?"

She sat down on the bed. They were close to each other, and she could see his features soften very gradually, his eyes grow hazy. He stretched out his hand, took hers, laid it flat on a fold in the sheet.

"I want you," he said. "You know I do."

"That's not the point, Alan."

The red scarf touched her face; he pulled her down closer and all she could see was the whiteness of the sheet and his sunburned neck marked by a very definite crease.

"I want you," he repeated.

"But listen, I'm all dressed, all made up. I can scarcely breathe. Your enthusiasm is very flattering, but I've got to talk to you."

Nevertheless, she found herself instinctively making a familiar caress, and he panted a little as he lay close to her, fidgeting impatiently with her skirt. She gave in, at last, wondering if she were trying to get some sleep after a bad night or if she wanted the contact of a man's body close to hers again. Very soon, they were naked on the bed, hurried, exhausted, prey to the physical imagination that love can sometimes be, wondering with tears in their eyes what could have parted them so long, listening to, echoing, the body's pulsation — a pulsation so passionate and yet so inadequate — changing the Place Vendôme's quiet brightness into a syncopated series of lights and shadows and the carved wooden bed into a raft.

Afterward they lay quiet for a moment, tenderly wiping the perspiration from each other's bodies. Already, she left everything to him.

"Tomorrow I'll look for an apartment for us," he said finally.

She made no objection.

• • •

He had thrown his glass on the floor in one of his rare fits of childishness, and the new housemaid had declared that if this sort of thing went on all the time she wouldn't be with them long, etc. In the end, their apartment was very pleasant, although the rooms had sloping ceilings of a type that suggested bohemian life as seen by Hollywood rather than an old part of Paris. Josée had provided three comfortable and relatively fine pieces of furniture, a piano and a gigantic radio-phonograph. They spent their first morning agreeably enough in a room that was empty except for a bed, lamp and ashtray, listening to a magnificent recording of Bach that sent them back to sleep. The following day found them at antique dealers and the flea market. They also went to a few parties to which Josée took Alan much as a cat lugs her kitten, delicately holding it between her teeth by the scruff of its neck, ready to clear out at the slightest sign of danger. Or at least, that was how her old friend Bernard described it. "Only, cats behave like that out of love, not like you out of deference to public opinion," he added unkindly: "for fear he might get tight or be disagreeable or make a scene." But contrary to Bernard's expectation, Alan acted the part of a naive, dazzled young American husband so ostentatiously that Josée was torn between rage and amusement.

"I'm so glad to have you as a guide, you know," said Alan to the delighted Séverin, another friend from her past. "In America we're so far away from Europe, particularly from France, where things are so delicately refined, so subtle. I feel like an oaf among you, and I'm afraid of embarrassing Josée."

This modest little speech, coupled with his good looks, won him every heart. People almost resented the fact that Josée did not make him feel more at ease. For her, hearing Alan pulling them all to pieces with cold ferocity each evening, it all became sad and funny at the same time, like a miscarriage of justice. However, not only Bernard but several of her friends had sometimes caught Alan laughing, had overheard his comments and regarded him with a mixture of distrust and liking that on the whole came fairly close to the less moderate feelings that divided Josée's heart — and this vaguely reassured her.

They had agreed, during the long and halting discussion that had followed the morning at the Ritz, a morning that neither felt strong enough to call anything but a reconciliation — they had agreed to begin again on a new basis, an expression meant to sanction Josée's departure, their separation and their reunion. Not that either of them believed much in such terms, but since they were weary of their own vagaries, it was a sort of act of contrition jointly made to current social conventions and the behavior in their set. Yet another sentiment mingled with this weariness. They would not admit,

either of them, in their heart of hearts, that Josée's departure — painful for them both — the two rather distracted weeks spent apart — no, they would not admit that all this did not correspond to a decision. In fact, for Alan, it amounted to: "You admit that I should share the whole of your life," and for Josée: "You admit that you aren't the whole of life." But they did not say that, but simply: "We're free, we're mixing with people, we're trying to mix with them as a couple."

The drawback was that things lost their savor. Alan's eyes followed her wherever she went, judging whomever she talked to. She thought that she could hear a little machine working inside him, unceasingly busy with cross-checks, hypotheses, calculations, of which she would only be given a faint echo in the evening — as he feared she might run away again — but of which she was ever conscious, to such a degree that she would turn around suddenly to catch him in the act of spying on her, as he almost always was. Apart from this, there was bed and lovemaking, and she wondered that it could still exist and survive her weariness. At night together they recaptured their former emotion, the haste and breathlessness of love, but it turned into mutual distrust as soon as they wakened in the morning. No doubt it was not for physical love alone that she remained with him, but would she have stayed without it?

• • •

"I've been looking for you," said Alan. "Just imagine, I've met a fellow I used to study painting with at college. He lives here. I've a good mind to take it up again with him."

"So you paint?" She was dumbfounded.

"I liked it immensely, when I was 18. And then, it's an occupation, isn't it? The apartment is fitted up and furnished and I don't see how else I'll occupy my time, as I'm not very practical-minded."

There was more enthusiasm than irony in his voice.

"Don't worry," he said, taking her by the shoulders and clasping her tightly to him, "I won't ask you to mix colors for me; you can wander around with those old friends of yours or, better still, alone . . ."

"Have you talent?"

"Maybe this will save me," she thought, "maybe he'll become interested in something that isn't us two." At the same time, she felt annoyed with herself for thinking so selfishly.

"I don't really think so, but I can draw pretty well. I'll begin tomorrow. The empty room at the back of the apartment will do."

"It's dark; you won't see a thing there."

"I don't even know how to paint what I see," he said, and burst out laughing. "I'll send my first picture to my mother and she'll show it to the family psychiatrist — he'll certainly be amused."

She looked at him hesitantly. He let go of her.

"Aren't you pleased? I thought you'd like me to do something on my own."

"I'm very pleased," she answered. "It will do you a world of good."

At times, Alan projected onto her the reactions of his mother. And, in point of fact, Josée really came very near to having a few of them.

• • •

"How are you getting on?"

She opened the door, thrust her head into the room. Alan wore an elegant dark blue suit even to paint in and had greeted with horror Séverin's suggestion that artists should wear sweaters and corduroy trousers. As a matter of fact, the back room did not have much of the atmosphere of a studio. Simply an easel a little way from the window, a table covered with a neat array of tubes, a few blank canvases on a shelf, and, in the middle of the room, seated on a comfortable armchair, a well-dressed young man, casually smoking. He looked as if he were waiting for inspiration. Nevertheless, he had spent every afternoon there for the past two weeks, leaving his work without a trace of fatigue, in excellent spirits and spotlessly clean. Josée felt perplexed, but whether all this was a game or not, she had four hours to herself every day and that was a great thing.

"I'm getting on all right. What have you been doing?"

"Nothing. I've been strolling about."

"Where did you go?"

"Nowhere special. A cup of tea in a little square near the Porte d'Orléans."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

He smiled. She looked closely at him. He gave a little laugh.

"I suppose you don't believe me?"

"Oh, yes, I do."

She almost asked: "Why?" but refrained. But she was astonished by his apparent lack of curiosity. She got up.

CLOUDS *(continued)*

"I'm very glad that you believe me, I mean."

She spoke tenderly. He blushed and his voice rose.

"You're glad that my morbid jealousy is better. You're glad that my little mind is no longer so one-track. You're glad that I have an occupation at last, like any man worthy of the name, even if it amounts to smearing paint on canvas, aren't you?"

She dropped into an armchair without answering. A scene was about to begin.

" 'My husband has turned into a real husband at last; he gives me four hours of peace a day.' That's what you think to yourself. 'He messes up canvases that some poor guy with twice the talent probably can't afford to buy, but who cares so long as he leaves me alone?' Isn't that it?"

"I'm glad you're developing a social conscience at last. Anyway, you aren't the only one to daub, if that's all you're capable of doing."

"I don't just daub. I do a bit better than that. It's as good an occupation as sitting for hours in a car, staring at a square."

"I'm not criticizing you," she said, then stopped. "How do you know that I . . . that . . . my square . . . ?"

"I have you followed," he replied. "What do you think?"

She looked at him, thunderstruck. What she felt was not anger but a dreadful calm, for nothing had changed. Life went on as usual.

"You have me followed? All the afternoon? Do you really paint?"

She burst out laughing. He had become quite pale. Seizing her by the arm, he dragged her, still spluttering with laughter, into the back room. "That poor detective," she said, "how bored he must be!"

"Here's my first picture."

He turned a canvas face up. Although Josée knew very little about painting, this one struck her as not at all bad, and she stopped laughing.

"It's good, you know."

He flung the picture back against the wall and eyed it dubiously for a moment.

"What do you think about when you sit alone in the car for hours? Who do you think about? Do tell me, *please*."

He clasped her tightly in his arms. She was filled with both disgust and pity.

"Why do you have me followed? Don't you know that it's simply not done any more and it's very bad manners? That poor man must hate my square."

She felt herself about to laugh again, and bit her lip.

"Tell me what you think about."

"I think about . . . I don't know. Honestly, I don't know what I think about. About you, about people, about summer . . ."

"But just what do you think exactly . . .?"

She freed herself brusquely; she no longer had the slightest desire to laugh.

"Let me go. You look — I don't know how to express it — you look obscene when you cross-question me like that. I don't think about anything, do you hear? Not a single thing!"

She slammed the door and ran out of the house. When she returned an hour later in a calmer frame of mind she found him dead drunk.

• • •

They were all three in the little drawing room, at last provided with a sofa and a couple of armchairs. Josée lay on the sofa, the two men looking down at her as they talked. It was late afternoon.

"So you see," said Bernard, "she's madly in love with you, my dear Alan."

"That's rather a good thing," said Josée carelessly, "she's been nasty enough to a few people in her time."

"I can't place her," said Alan, looking appalled.

"Laura Dort? She was at dinner at Séverin's about 10 days ago. She's 50 or thereabouts, used to be very beautiful, still isn't bad now. She often has people in on Thursday."

"Fifty? That's a bit of an exaggeration, Josée. She can't be more than 40 and she's all right, very much so."

"Well anyway, I've no time for her," said Alan. "I don't suppose you'd be jealous about that, would you?"

"Well . . ." said Josée, smiling. "You never can tell! In any case, it would be a change."

Bernard burst out laughing. In the vain hope of diminishing Alan's jealousy, they had adopted the habit of joking about it, as though it were simply eccentricity. Alan always laughed, too, though his attitude was really quite unchanged, which the other two found rather disconcerting.

"Now will you go and see her after dinner or not? I must run along right away."

"We'll think it over," said Alan. "Oh, we'll go and see a horror film first and then join you afterward."

When Bernard left, they discussed Laura Dort for a moment. Josée knew her very well. She had an accommodating husband in business and a morbid passion for the same kind of society as Séverin. She had had two or three well-connected lovers without causing too much scandal, and had tormented several others with little regard for their feelings. She was the kind of woman who always seems to be on the alert, and Josée usually became silent in her presence. But if only to see what would happen, she spoke rather charitably about her to Alan. Furthermore, she was intelligent, often entertaining, and Josée had a certain respect for her.

They reached her house at midnight, in a good humor after an atrocious film, and Laura Dort gave them an effusive reception. She was tall, redheaded, with generous curves and a catlike face. Josée was surprised to find that she felt vaguely apprehensive. After the introductions had been performed in the style of "You all remember Josée?" and "This is Alan Ash," Alan started at once playing the dazzled American and was immediately pounced upon. Josée, seeing that Bernard was talking to someone, joined a friend she had known "before." Bernard came up to her a little later.

"It seems to be going off very well."

"What?"

"Laura and Alan. Look."

They were standing at the other end of the drawing room, Laura staring at Alan with a curious expression on her face as he smilingly told her about the film he and Josée had just seen. Josée whistled to herself.

"Did you see her expression?"

"That's called passion. Passion as expressed by Laura Dort. Love at first sight, darling."

"Poor thing . . ." said Josée.

"Don't look so confident, it gets on my nerves. And if you want my advice, act jealous, it will give you a breathing space. Or really be jealous; one never knows."

She smiled. It was difficult to feel relieved at the idea of abandoning Alan to Laura's somewhat tarnished embrace. She would have preferred him to concentrate on painting. She could visualize leaving him even less than continuing to stay with him. Since her return to Paris, she felt as though she were walking on a tightrope, living in a sort of armed neutrality as far removed from happiness as from the despair she had experienced at Key Largo.

"A pretty half-baked solution," she murmured to herself.

"They're often the best," said Bernard, before adding hesitantly: "If I haven't misunderstood things, you still want to get rid of him? Without making a drama of it. Am I right?"

"I think so," she replied. "I'm no longer very sure what I want, other than peace."

"You mean, somebody else. But you'll never find anyone else as long as he's around. You realize that, don't you?"

• • •

"Congratulations, *monsieur*. There's something new about your painting, a . . ."

The stranger swept his arm in a wide curve, groping for the word he had in mind, found it:

"A science. That's it, a fresh science of art. Most impressive."

Alan smiled, bowed. He seemed very moved, the exhibition was a great success. Conducted in a masterly fashion by Laura, the publicity had been striking. The newspapers talked about strength, invention, depth. The women looked at Alan. People were surprised not to have heard before of the young American who had come to Paris in search of inspiration. It was whispered that he had arrived on a freighter as a stoker. All this would have amused Josée vastly if, during the three weeks preceding the show, Alan had not seemed so upset. They had spent them without leaving their apartment, Alan groaning with apprehension, getting up at night to look at his pictures and making her get up, too, talking about his paintbrushes as though his life depended on them, frightening even Laura by his heart searchings and wrestlings with his conscience, forcing Josée to be constantly with him either as mother, mistress, or critic. But she felt happy. He was interested in something other than himself, he talked about his work with respect and passion. He had created something. Suddenly their life together became possible once more, a life in which he needed her, of course, but as a man needs a woman. He had something else now. And so Josée serenely watched Laura Dort play the muse and Alan gradually straighten up mentally, relax and become slightly superior . . .

She was alone with him now. The gallery was empty. Laura motioned to them from her car. Alan took Josée by the arm and stood her before one of his pictures.

"See that? It's completely worthless. It's not painting. It's a little obsession carried out in color. The astute critics weren't taken in, let me tell you. It's a bad painting."

"What makes you say that?"

"Because it's true. I've known all along. What do you suppose? That I've been taken in by my own make-believe? Don't you know me better?"

"Why?"

She was horror-stricken.

"To amuse myself. And to keep you busy, darling. However, I'm sorry it isn't true. You were wonderful as the painter's wife, especially the last few weeks. Reassuring . . . not wildly enthusiastic about my work, no. But concealing your feelings wonderfully. It was something to keep me occupied, that was the main thing, wasn't it?"

• • •

Laura's apartment in the Rue de Longchamp was too large, too solemn, one piece of Boulle following another with the result that no one — at least when the party began — knew where to put down his glass. Josée charged

CLOUDS *(continued)*

through the apartment and locked herself into a bathroom. Staring at herself in a mirror, she thought her haggard, feverish expression most becoming and gradually lengthened the curve of her eyelids, the oval of her face, filling out the line of her lower lip, and finished up by smiling back at the features of an older, dangerous-looking stranger that she had superimposed on her own. She felt herself growing more feverish, but not unpleasantly so, and there rose inside her a desire to destroy, to shock, that she had not felt since Key Largo. "They're getting on my nerves," she murmured, "they're really beginning to get on my nerves," and "they" stood for an ill-defined and hypocritical multitude. She left the bathroom in high spirits, or rather, filled with a gentle rage she could no longer control. In the drawing room, Laura and Alan leaned against a wall, holding forth gaily. A few stragglers from the exhibition had already arrived. Deliberately ignoring them Josée helped herself to a stiff whiskey from a tray. Alan called out to her.

"I thought you hadn't been drinking anything but water for the last two months!"

"I'm thirsty," she answered, and grinned in a way that puzzled him. "I'm drinking to your success," she continued, raising her glass, "and to Laura's, since it's thanks to her that everything went off so well."

Laura smiled back at her absently and plucked at Alan's arm to attract his attention. He hesitated a second and continued staring at Josée, who gave him a big wink and turned her back on him. She glanced around the drawing room in search of prey: any good-looking, placid man would do so long as he took an interest in her. But the room was still almost empty.

"I must be a bit tight," she thought as she walked away, "tight on two sips of whiskey; it's incredible." Someone caught her by the arm; it was Séverin.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to have a good time, my dear Séverin. I'm bored by the role of nurse, Boy Scout and sinner all rolled into one. I'm going to have a good time. And right here, which isn't going to be any too easy. I feel so well that my wrists ache."

"You must be careful," said Séverin, "don't get worked up about . . ."

But he stopped short. A man had just entered the room, smiling, affable, and Josée turned as she noticed Séverin's expression.

"This can only be one of Laura's bright ideas," he said.

"It's dear old Marc," said Josée quietly, and went up to him.

He had not changed: the same slightly too regular features, rather irritatingly easy manner and unfailing social good humor. He put on a theatrical expression of alarm on seeing Josée, then clasped her in his arms.

"A ghost! . . . Do you still want to ruin my life? Hello, Séverin."

"Where have you sprung from?" asked the latter gloomily.

"From Ceylon. I was there a month and a half for my paper. Before that I spent two months in New York and six weeks in London. And who do I see on my return? Josée. God bless old Laura for inviting me. What have you been doing for the last two years, my darling?"

"I got married. And in case you don't know it, this party is being given to celebrate my husband's debut as a painter."

"Married! You're crazy! Now let's see, if I've got it right" — he drew a card from his pocket — "you're called Mrs. Ash?"

"Exactly."

She laughed. He had not changed. In the old days he used to spend his time playing the cynical, harassed reporter and his nights telling her about the masterpiece he intended to put on the stage later.

"Mrs. Ash . . . You've become even prettier. Let's have a drink together. Drop your painter and marry me."

"I'll leave you to yourselves," said Séverin, "you won't need me with all your memories."

They spent the next hour asking: "Do you remember the day . . . ?" and: "Tell me, what's become of . . . ?" etc. Josée never thought that that period of her life could have left so many memories or, above all, that she would recall them with such pleasure. She had forgotten Alan. He went past them, threw her a "Having a good time?" and a suspiciously blank glance at Marc.

"Is that your husband?" he asked. "He's not bad looking. And gifted, too."

"And loaded with money," said Josée, laughing.

"And he has you! It's too much," declared Marc. "Are you happy?"

She smiled without answering. Fortunately, Marc never dwelt on a question. His vitality was such that he continually glided from one subject to another, from one attitude to another, and this had gradually turned him into the most inconsistent and most agreeable young man in Paris. Josée remembered how sick she was of him at the end of their brief liaison and almost wondered why she felt so happy now to be with him.

"Josée," called Laura, "come here a moment."

She got up, felt the floor give slightly under her feet, and smiled. Laura held Alan by one arm and a stranger by the other.

"I hate to tear you away from Marc," she said, "but Jean Perdet, the critic, wants so much to meet you."

She found herself exchanging a few commonplaces about painting with Perdet, who clearly wanted to meet but not to talk to her. Finally, she got rid of him and Alan joined her at once.

"So that's Marc?"

He was mumbling and must have been drinking a great deal. His eyelids twitched. She stared at him and felt like laughing in his face.

"Yes, that's Marc."

"He looks like a tailor's dummy."

"He always did."

"You were reminiscing?"

"Of course. You know what, don't you?"

"I'm delighted to think you're celebrating my success in this way."

"Come, come! You remember what you told me?"

Thanks to the flattery and the drinks, he had probably rather forgotten about it. And in the end, the chances were that he would go on painting. She turned her back on him. The party was becoming unreal. "He can do as he likes, as far as I'm concerned," she thought, "smear paint on canvas without believing in it, drive Laura to suicide." And she went off to put some powder on.

The bathroom was occupied and she decided to use Laura's, which was a little farther away. She crossed a room hung with blue satin, where a couple of Pekingese were sleeping on the bed, and entered the tiny blue-and-gold bathroom. It was there that Laura probably tried to refurbish her looks in order to fascinate Alan. The idea made her smile. In the mirror, her eyes seemed dilated and lighter than usual. She leaned her brow against the glass for a moment.

"Thinking?"

Marc's voice made her start. He was leaning in the doorway in the casual attitude sometimes taken by models in men's fashion magazines. She turned, and they smiled at each other. A single step brought him close to her. He kissed her, she struggled faintly, and he released her.

"That was to remind you of the good old days," he said a little hoarsely.

"I want him," she thought, "he's a little ridiculous, he talks like a cheap novelette and I want him." He locked the door silently and took her into his arms again. They struggled for a moment to undress one another and slipped awkwardly to the floor. He knocked himself against the tub and swore. A tap had been left running, and Josée vaguely thought of getting up to turn it off, but he had already taken her

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CLOUDS *(continued)*

hand and pressed it against his body and she remembered how proud he had always been of his virility. Nevertheless, he made love as hastily as ever, and not for an instant did Josée forget the sound of water running into the basin. Afterward he lay prostrate on her, breathing heavily, and the cramped surroundings, the risk, the murmur of voices from the drawing room, in retrospect, conjured up a good deal more emotion in Josée's memory than the embrace itself.

"Get up," she said. "They'll be looking for us. If Laura . . ." He rose, held out his hand and helped her to her feet. Her legs shook and she wondered if it were not from fright. They tidied their hair in silence.

"Can I call you up?" he asked.

"Of course."

They looked at each other in the mirror. He seemed delighted with himself. She gave a little laugh, kissed his cheek and went out first. She knew that behind her he would be lighting a cigarette, giving his hair a final pat and would walk out at last looking so thoroughly unconcerned that the least attentive observer would have become suspicious. But who would imagine that on the very day of her young and handsome husband's exhibition, Josée Ash would make love half dressed in a bathroom five yards square with an old friend whom she was not in love with? Whom she had never loved? Even Alan would not think of it.

She returned to the drawing room, drank some fruit juice and yawned discreetly. She felt sleepy, as she always did. As she always did when love was reduced to a physical act bereft of any poetry. Laura fluttered from group to group, weaving a magic circle round Alan who, gloomy and disheveled, stood facing the gaily chattering Jean Perdet. Josée moved toward Alan, but Laura reached him first.

"The hero of the party is in a fine state! My dear Alan, you look like a thug."

She straightened his tie, and he allowed her to do it without looking at her. Josée then realized that he was dead drunk. Laura raised her hand to smooth back his ruffled hair, and suddenly Alan tore himself away from her.

"No! You've pawed me enough for today."

There was a terrible silence. Laura stood rooted to the spot, thunderstruck, and attempted to give a little laugh that stopped short. Alan looked down sullenly. Josée could feel herself move up to him.

"I think it's time we went home."

The humor of her remark only struck her in the taxi. Alan had opened the window; the wind blew her hair about and at the same time revived her.

"You didn't behave very nicely," she said.

"It's no reason because I've flirted with her once or twice for her to . . ."

The rest of the sentence died away incoherently.

Josée turned to him incredulously.

"You've flirted with her? When?"

"In the studio. The woman worked herself up to such a pitch that it finally got me going."

"One never really knows anything about anyone," thought Josée. "So Alan has been moved by Laura, has sometimes fondled her out of nervous irritation or out of cruelty — does even he know which?" She asked him.

"Both," he answered. "She would close her eyes, sigh, and I'd stop immediately, apologize, talk about you, about her husband, about her great soul and about me, the great painter. Josée, when will we extricate ourselves from all these lies? I'm stifling. When shall we leave for Key Largo?"

"You're responsible for the lies," she said. "You and you alone. You're too fond of them."

She spoke sadly, gently. The taxi tore through the gray streets; the trees shone under the lights.

"What about that Marc?"

"Nothing."

She answered curtly, and for once he was not insistent.

• • •

Marc telephoned the next morning at 11 sharp, at a lucky moment when Alan was having a shower. So Josée was able to make an appointment for that afternoon, at a time when she knew that Alan would be busy with the manager of the picture gallery and several photographers. She felt no pleasure whatever in arranging their meeting, but simply a desire to sink into something, to destroy an idea of herself that she had harbored too long. After which Alan came out of the bathroom and called up Laura. He calmly informed her that his outburst of the evening before had been inevitable and that he imagined that she must have understood it perfectly. There was an astounded silence at the other end of the line, and Josée, who was dressing, paused, motionless.

"Josée suspects that our relations have gone beyond the limits of mere friendship," continued Alan, smiling at his wife. "She's adorable, of course, but morbidly jealous. I wanted to reassure her by reversing our roles and leading her to believe that it was you who . . . well, who had a weakness for me."

Seated on the edge of the bed, wrapped in a red bathrobe, he never took his eyes off her. She stood before him, bewildered. He handed her the receiver and she took it mechanically.

"I suspected it," replied Laura's voice — faltering but infinitely relieved. "Alan, my dear, no one must know of our mutual affinity. We haven't the right to make others suffer, and . . ."

Josée tossed the receiver onto the bed. She felt ashamed, and with a sort of horror watched Alan as he continued talking in the same tender, considerate tone. After persuading Laura to meet him at the gallery during the afternoon, he hung up.

"Well played!" he cried. "Did you see how I turned the tables?"

"I really don't see where all this is getting you," observed Josée, controlling her voice.

"Nowhere. Why should you want it to get me anywhere? That's the great difference between us, darling. When you marry, it's to have children, when you talk to a man, it's to go to bed with him. I make love to a woman I don't want and paint without believing in my work. That's all."

He ceased joking suddenly and came closer to her.

"In this gigantic farce that is the sum of human life, I don't see why I shouldn't have my own little jokes. What are you going to do while I'm discussing painting with my girlfriend?"

"Make love with Marc," she replied gaily.

"You'd better be careful, I'm still having you followed," he said, and laughed, too.

There was a strange ache in her heart as she remembered their first walk together in Central Park, how painstakingly she had attempted to understand him, what an immense wealth of tenderness, interest and sweetness she had advanced, like everybody else who begins to love someone.

They lunched on oysters and various cheeses in a sumptuous bistro — Alan could not bear anything but white tablecloths — and parted at 2:30. "I'm being followed," thought Josée, and walked slowly to avoid tiring the private eye. Maybe he was old and shabby and sick of his profession, maybe he even entertained a vague affection for her after three months . . . Did such things ever happen? In any case, she was leading him straight to the café where Marc was waiting for her. He greeted her with shrieks of joy and she looked at him in amazement. What mental aberration could have made her think him amusing the evening before? He held forth, he smelled of lavender, he said hello to everyone. But a single reason had brought her there — or rather, a single unreason, for, even on that score, she preferred Alan a thousand times over. She smiled significantly at him once or twice and he got up, immediately.

"Do you want to . . . ?"

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

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CLOUDS *(continued)*

She nodded. Yes, she wanted to. But wanted what? A little amusement, put Alan in the right, vaguely destroy herself? He took her away with him at once. They climbed into a small backfiring car, of the kind reporters love, and to frighten her, he took two or three pretty sharp turns. In spite of his fatuousness, he seemed a trifle perplexed.

Things took place just as they had the evening before, although more comfortably, thanks to a conspicuously large bed that took up a great deal of room in Marc's studio. Afterward, he lit a cigarette, handed it to her and began his questions:

"Tell me about your husband? You don't love him? Or isn't he very skillful? They say that Americans . . ."

"Don't pry," said Josée dryly.

"I really can't believe you're in love with me, can I?"

"No," she replied. "Not at all. I'm destroying things at the moment. I'm even destroying something that used to mean a lot to me. It comes to this: it's either that or me."

"Will he find out about it?"

"He pays a man who is waiting for me downstairs. A private detective."

"Not really?"

The idea delighted him. He bounded to the window, saw no one and put on a fierce expression to amuse her, then looked panicky and suddenly took her in his arms when she began to laugh.

"I adore it when you laugh."

"Did I laugh much, before?"

"Before what?"

She almost answered "before Alan" but refrained.

"Before I went to New York."

"Yes, very often. You were very gay."

"I was 22, when I first knew you, wasn't I?"

"Just about. Why?"

"I'm 27 now. That alters things. I don't laugh so much these days. And then I used to drink to get closer to people, and now I drink to forget them. Funny, isn't it?"

"It doesn't sound it," he muttered.

She ran her hand over Marc's cheek. He lived his little life, between his reporting and his studio and his easy feminine conquests. He was kind and talkative, he was a pleasant specimen of humanity. He was straightforward, boring and a bit smug. She sighed.

"I must go home."

"If you're really being followed, what's going to happen?"

He smiled as he said this, and she frowned.

"You don't believe me?"

"No. You always had the wildest stories to tell. I adored it. Everybody adored it. Especially because you obviously didn't believe in them yourself."

"I suppose in those days," she said, "I was gay and rather crazy."

"You still are," he began, then stopped.

They looked at each other, and for the first time Marc wondered if some of the implications of the situation had escaped him. This put him in a bad temper and he drove her home at top speed. At her door, he hesitated.

"Tomorrow?"

"I'll call you at your office."

She walked slowly up the stairs. It was seven o'clock. By this time, Alan would know that she had gone into a house on the Rue des Petits-Champs with a dark young man at 3:30 and had only left the place several hours later. Her hands trembled as she looked for her key, but she knew that she must go in, that it was the only solution.

He was there, sure enough, lying on the sofa, holding an evening paper. He smiled and stretched out his hand toward her. She sat down by him.

"Did you see Laura?"

She was desperately enjoying these last moments of peace when she could still talk to him as a friend, even if he was shaking with rage inside.

"Of course I saw Laura. She's behaving like a conspirator."

He seemed very gay. She hesitated for a second.

"And you've had your report?"

"My report?"

"From the private detective who follows me around."

He burst out laughing.

"The idea! That didn't last two weeks. If you had the least inclination for anyone, our good friends would have informed me of it."

All of a sudden, she sank down and stretched out beside him, her head on his shoulder. A feeling of great gentleness came over her. She still had the choice, but knew that it had already been taken, that the tears she had shed in New York on Bernard's shoulder, in an air-conditioned bar, as she thought of Alan, of herself, of their joint failure, corresponded to a deep truth. Deeper than the habit she had of the tranquil body next to her and of the shielding arm on which her head was resting. Their story had died that day on the very instant when she realized that she could not tell it as a true one to Bernard, or even to herself. The truth about her marriage was both too subtle and too passionate; it resided in moments of tenderness, of pleasure and of cruelty. It was neither a dialog nor a partnership. She sighed. Alan's hand stroked her hair tenderly.

Her eyes wandered over the dark beams, the light walls, the few pictures in the room. "How long have I lived here? Five months, six?" She closed her eyes. "And with this man breathing so quietly by my side, two years and a half, three? What shall I do, where shall I go and who with?" All these questions seemed urgent to her, yet absurd; each one of them depended on the little sentence that she must first say, and that her whole body, every muscle in her face refused to utter. "I must wait," she thought, "wait and talk of something else, take a deep breath and then I'll be able to say it easily, at one go."

"Tell me something about Marc," said Alan's mocking voice as he took his hand from Josée's hair.

"I spent the afternoon with him at his apartment."

"I'm not joking," he said.

"Neither am I."

There was a short silence. Then Josée began to speak. She told him everything in the greatest detail; what the apartment was like, how he had undressed her, their positions, their caresses, what he had said when he took her, a particular demand of his afterward. She used the most precise terms, made a real effort to remember everything. Alan remained motionless. When she had finished, he gave a strange sigh.

"Why are you telling me all this?"

"So that you don't have to ask me."

"You'll do it again?"

"Yes."

It was true, and he must have realized it. She turned her head toward him. He did not seem to be suffering: he looked disappointed and this confirmed what Josée had thought.

"Have I left anything out?"

"No," he replied slowly. "I think you've said everything, everything of interest to me. Everything I might have imagined," he shouted abruptly. He sat up and, for the first time, looked at her with hatred.

She looked at him steadily, and he went down suddenly on his knees, his head against her, shaken with dry sobs.

"What have I done?" he whispered. "What have I done to you? — what have we done?"

She neither moved nor answered. She listened to a great emptiness settling within her.

"I wanted all of you," he went on. "I wanted the worst."

"I couldn't keep it up," she said simply, and he raised his head.

He made a last attempt:

"It was a mistake."

But he did not mean her afternoon with Marc, he meant her description and she knew it.

"It would always be like that," she said gently, "the game is over."

For a long time they remained as they were, close to each other like two wrestlers, exhausted.

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SOMEONE SAID OF ONE of the great merchant barons, many times a millionaire before he was 30, "He had the cunning of the very rich, who are hunted all their lives," and so had Miles Flynn. Miles had native cunning (not to be confused with intelligence) and the cunning aforesaid (even less to be confused with intelligence) and in addition he'd been conditioned: he was married, the first time, five days after his 18th birthday. One Charles Courtney Batt, chief of the legal hierarchy that managed the Flynn estate, had had the marriage annulled, which was easy, but first Miles had to be convinced, and that was hard. He was stubborn. Even after they'd shown him the girl's record he wanted to keep her. The marriage lasted five

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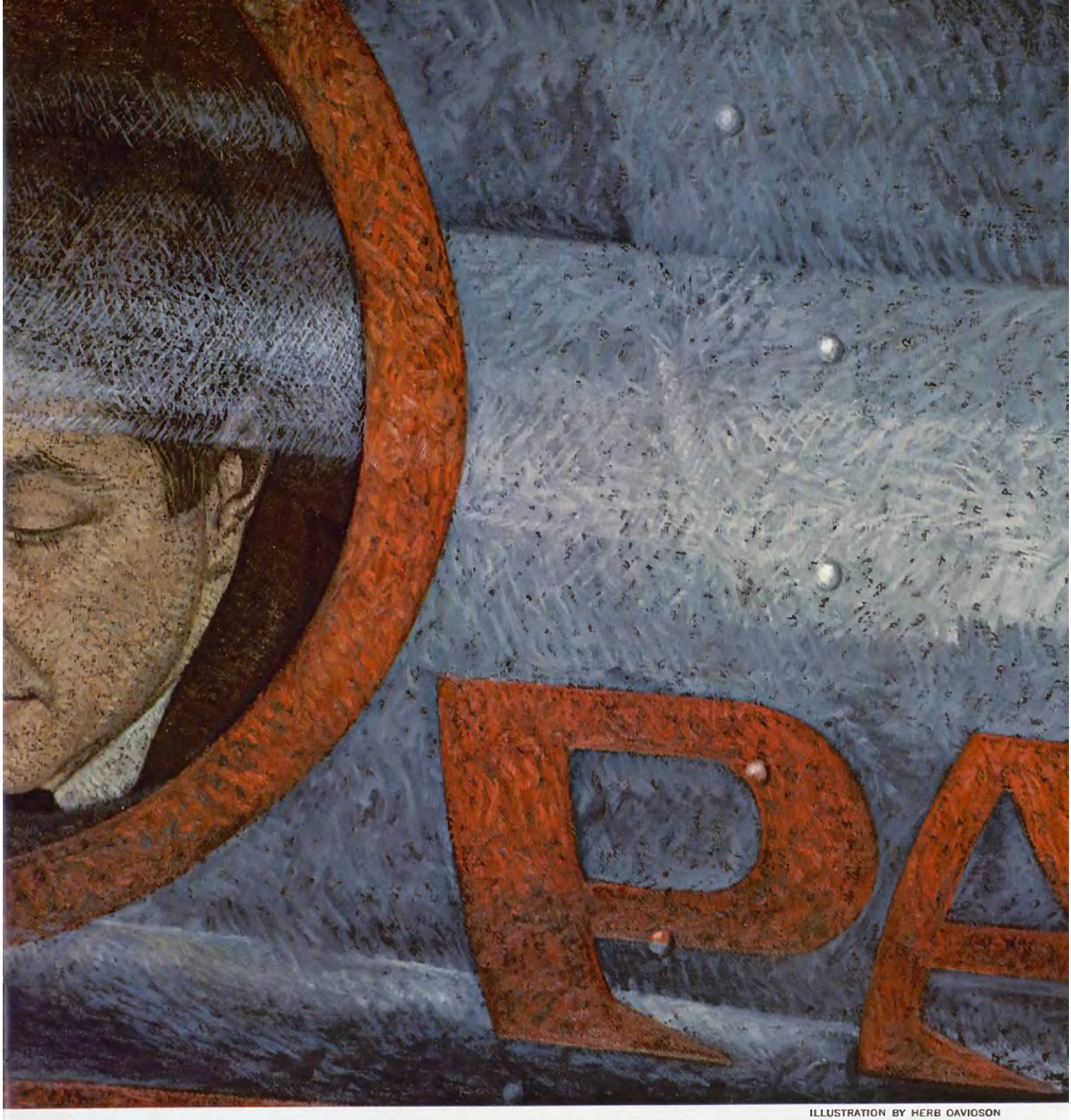

ILLUSTRATION BY HERB DAVIDSON

months and 16 days. His second wife was Terra Louise Traut. She was pedigreed, beautiful, certified by the best American and Swiss schools, loved by one and all. Miles was 23 when he and Terra were married and 19 months older when she divorced him. Terra hadn't been able to stand the sight of him, ever, an aberration which rather distinctly set her apart from the herd. She had been in there for the sole purpose of looting the vaults and that she did very well: the settlement for her, and the baby, had been over half a million in cash, and the alimony agreement stipulated no cutoff in case of remarriage — it went on forever. Her lawyers felt that she was a brave girl and deserved all of it. To get the pictures of Miles

as those things go, he believed for a while that his third marriage was an extraordinary success **fiction By KEN W. PURDY**

knocking her down, for example, she had had to make him fighting drunk—he was not a big drinker—and bring him to the climax of weeks of goading. He might very well have hurt her, or even have killed her. As it was, he loosened two lower teeth when he hit her, but that was an advantage; her dentist was her most effective witness.

Miles Flynn was elusive for a couple of years after Terra Louise. He said he felt like the mechanical rabbit at a dog track. It was probably true that every woman in the country over the age of 16 had at one time or another allowed herself a fantasy that included marrying Miles Flynn. His picture had been in the papers so much that everyone knew what he looked like, and then there was the money. Coming into the 1950s the estate had been worth around $50,000,000, and even if the executors had been idiots it would have doubled by 1960. Miles had a kind of Lady Mary Docker attitude toward money: he wasn't ashamed of it, and he never allowed the possibility of attendant publicity to influence a decision about spending. He lived it up, but the first thing a girl got on the second date was his heartfelt assurance that he would never marry her, not under any circumstances, conceivable or inconceivable.

"I wouldn't for the world offend you, dear heart," he'd say. "It's just that I want you to know how it is with me. It's like the stuff they print on plane tickets: the conditions of the contract, and so on. If you don't like the ticket you don't have to get on the airplane."

Most of them got on anyway.

Miles met Mary Kennedy on a real airplane. She was a stewardess on a Pan-Am 707 he took from Paris one day in May. She was pretty, what else? and she had a pretty figure, what else? She was a Standard Stewardess Type 89-T, for Tall. Her eyes were blue and hadn't missed by a great deal being violet. She was First Girl on the airplane and she should have been. She wasn't diffident and she wasn't forward; she had authority and firmness and she was sweet and comforting and all woman. None of this would have got her a look from Miles Flynn, but she had something else.

Three hours out of New York she leaned over Miles' seat, giving him a drink, looked out his window and said, "It's miserable out there, isn't it. But the sun will be shining in New York."

"The captain was on the horn a couple of minutes ago, didn't you hear him?" Miles said. "He said it would be pouring rain when we land."

Miss Kennedy smiled. "I have better information than *he* can get," she said, and she went away and didn't come back.

When they started letting down for Idlewild the weather looked like New York November, wet, thick, cold and horrid; they broke out into a light rain at about 7500 feet, the stuff was moving off under a driving wind when they landed, and just as the plane hauled up to the ramp the sun came out bright and hot.

Miss Kennedy had the door and when Miles Flynn came by she smiled and inclined her head charmingly and said, "You see, I told you."

• • •

A month later he decided to go to Stockholm to see the raising of the Vasa, and he drew Mary Kennedy again. He remembered her. "Tell me," he said, "how's it going to be in Paris six hours from now?"

"I don't know," she said. "I haven't thought about it. My view is, it's always nice in Paris."

Halfway over she brought him a radiogram. It was short. SORRY CANNOT MEET YOU. LISE.

Miles was annoyed. It hadn't been any last-minute date; he'd phoned the girl three days in advance. He didn't like it that the message gave no reason and cited no alternative. He wadded it and stuffed it into the ashtray on the seat arm. Miss Kennedy came down the aisle. From his point of view, her legs looked longer than they could be, and the rest of her, up to her breasts, looked flat and iron-hard. She smiled at him.

"Of course I will," she said.

For a second he thought of playing it dumb, but he was basically an honest man. He didn't say anything.

"You *were* going to ask me to have dinner with you, weren't you?" she said.

He nodded.

"Are you still?" she said.

He nodded again. "That's some little radar you've got there, or whatever," he said.

She laughed. She had a big, merry laugh. She was a big, merry, generous girl. She had a two-day layover in Paris and he canceled his Stockholm flight.

• • •

When he came back to New York he intended phoning her and he would have, within a week or so, but as it turned out there was no need. He had dined with a playbroker one night; he left the man at the restaurant door and for no reason he could remember, afterward, he decided to walk to his flat instead of taking a cab. He met Mary Kennedy at Park and 56th Street. She was walking aimlessly and slowly, looking into the Mercedes-Benz showroom.

"I thought you'd never get here," she said softly. "What delayed you?"

He felt distinctly spooked. He had intended to be home by 11 because he had half promised to catch a television show; he and his friend had had a lot of laughs during dinner and he'd quite forgotten about it. There was no way for her to know this.

"What are you doing, wandering around in the middle of the night?" he said. "Where are you going?"

"I was waiting for you," she said. "And I'm going wherever you want me to, I hope."

He didn't ask her anything more. She had been enchanting in Paris; in New York he really couldn't bear to go to sleep. There was no *magic* about it: she made him believe that he mattered and that nothing else did. When she screamed he somehow felt she was not giving vent to her own ecstasy but crying her pride in him. When she was in possession of herself she held him lightly in her arms and her hands moved questingly over him, searching out every reaction. In the dawn he sent her across the room to open a curtain, so that he could watch her as she walked. She moved like a queen, but she bent to his crooked finger.

They left the bed at noon and had champagne for orange juice. They had a shower, and more champagne, a careful amount, and went to a Hungarian place in the 80s for a big lunch.

"Now tell me," Miles said, "how *did* you know I was going to come along Park Avenue last night?"

"I don't know how I knew," she said. "It was the same as it had been the first two times: when I knew it was going to be sunny in New York and that you were going to ask me to dinner."

"You're not the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter?" Miles said.

"I'm not even Irish," she said. "If I were I could give you a windy tale, hut as it is I have to say that I seem to come by things oddly every once in a while, and that it's no doubt some kind of extrasensory perception. All I know is that there's a certain amount of emotion involved. It hasn't happened often."

She didn't tell him more, and he began to think she didn't know more. He kept on seeing her. He went to some pains to convince himself that bed was all of it, and he waited, apprehensively, for passion's inevitable decline. He could detect no sign, and the weeks wore merrily on. If anything, the canvas on which she painted seemed to enlarge. She did not indulge him in anything so mundane as a fuller repertory. She was not expert. She was selfless. When he understood this he began to be moved.

When the very rich are moved, they think of gift-giving. Rather, when the rich are very moved, they think of gift-giving. Miles Flynn was sufficiently moved to buy a small golden brooch for

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". . . And supposing you do repress it, Leonardo? Somebody else is certain to come across it again in a few years."

FOR THE RICH THEY SING *(continued from page 48)*

Mary Kennedy, and he was sufficiently sentimental to choose one in the shape of an airplane. It was not junk: the running lights were represented by a diamond and a ruby, small but fine. It was by his standards a modest if not trifling gift at $265 plus tax. Mary wouldn't take it.

"I don't want anything from you that has anything to do with money," she said. "It's too corny. You've given little presents like this to more girls than you could lay end to end from here to Central Park. I don't want anything from you that has anything to do with money. If you didn't insist on eating in places like this I wouldn't even let you buy me a lunch. It's just too dreary, you and money." She put the top on the box and pushed it across the tablecloth. "But it was dear of you to think of it."

A little red flare of anger burned brightly in Miles, but only briefly, briefly. He'd seen this gambit before, and he knew the counter: a 20-carat zircon set in white gold in a Cartier box. He had once had even that refused, but the girl had lost on the next move: a phony deed to a cooperative flat on Sutton Place.

"If you're thinking, and you are," Mary said, "that I'm turning this little iron bird down so that you'll raise the ante, you can just stop. Because you couldn't give me a prefab Taj Mahal or a first mortgage on Monaco or anything else that costs money."

"OK," he said.

"I, on the other hand, can give you some small material token of my affection, of value up to say half a week's salary, because money and me are on a wholly different basis. You can understand that, can't you?"

"OK," Miles said. "I can understand, but don't do it."

"Are you hungry?" she said.

"You know I'm not," he said. "Let's get out of here."

The concept of heterosexual romantic love was repugnant to Miles Flynn; he didn't like even the word, love, but he began to wonder what other term to use in thinking about Mary Kennedy. When he admitted this to himself he was frightened. This was the fatheaded emotion that had led him to pledge formal lifelong free access to his soul, body and worldly goods to, first, a dedicated blackmailer, and second a hatchet-hearted bitch who should have been put into a bucket of warm water at birth. And both had been most dear to him, early on.

Every 30 days Miles was reminded of these lapses in judgment when he met with Charles Courtney Batt. Batt was thin, gray, all Brooks and 18 inches wide. He had made his own money, and a lot of it, by pure intellectual effort.

"I am told, Miles," he said, "that you have not been much in the gossip columns of late. Have you turned to celibacy in your, uh, middle years?" He lined up the edges of the July financial folders, his eyes cast down.

Miles smiled broadly to show that he knew a joke when he heard it.

"Oh, no," he said. "Not that." And, hating himself for it, he began to tell Batt about Mary Kennedy, emphasizing what was easiest to emphasize: her apparent prescience.

"Dear me," Charles Courtney Batt said, "a most enterprising young lady. Rather dangerously so, I should think. Of course you saw through to her *modus operandi*, I'm sure. In the first instance, she merely gambled: knowing that a weather front was going through New York, she bet it would have cleared Idlewild when you got in. If she'd lost, it wouldn't have mattered, but winning, she won a lot: she impressed you. On the trip to Paris, naturally she read the radio message from Lise Givenchy. If the radio operator had sealed it before he gave it to her, she persuaded him to let her read it and give her another envelope. Knowing that you would be angry at Miss Givenchy, she knew, if she picked the right moment to walk provocatively toward you, that you would contemplate her seduction, in anger at Miss Givenchy, and that, being a gentleman, you would naturally preface seduction with dinner. Nothing could be simpler than that."

"Perhaps," Miles said. "But what about the time on Park Avenue?"

Batt smiled. "Nothing extraordinary. She made an arrangement with someone in your apartment. Or, more likely, she happened to see you go into the restaurant and simply waited for you."

"You make it seem very simple," Miles said.

"No," Batt said. "It *is* very simple."

"I'm not sure," Miles said. "There are so many times when she seems to know absolutely what I'm thinking."

"You are in love," Batt said.

"That's no answer," Miles said.

"Yes, it is. You are in love, and it's affecting your judgment."

"Oh, balls!" Miles said. "Don't talk nonsense. There *is* such a thing as prescience. Telepathy has been demonstrated. Extrasensory perception of all kinds has been demonstrated."

"Not to me," Batt said.

The room was almost perfectly quiet: the barest sibilance from the air-conditioning duct was the only sound. Charles Batt affected a Sheraton game table as a desk; he was not one to allow papers to pile up, and the mahogany of it glinted warm and red in the sunlight. They were on the 39th floor and Miles could see the Battery below, and the harbor beyond it.

"Maybe it should be demonstrated to you," Miles said.

Batt smiled. "By all means," he said. "I am willing."

"For a small side bet," Miles said.

"I never gamble, as I think you know," Batt said. "However, this is not gambling, since the outcome is not really in doubt. We'll arrange some little test, and if Miss Kennedy passes it, I'll buy you a rather nicer birthday present than usual—say a new boat?"

"All right," Miles said. "A new boat. Let's say a 20-foot jet."

"I think the test can be simple," Charles Batt said. "If, as you say, Miss Kennedy is perceptive in an extrasensory fashion, she should be able to determine one number of two digits without seeing it. Anything simpler than that would hardly be fair, I think. And since these people always claim, as you have said Miss Kennedy claims, that their ability is emotionally linked, let us take a number with which you are intimately connected. I have one in mind. I'll put it on a piece of paper, fold it, you can initial it here, we'll seal it up in this envelope and have my secretary put it in the safe. Satisfactory?"

"Great," Miles said. "I'll bring Miss Kennedy around sometime soon."

"Splendid," Batt said. "Good-day, Miles."

• • •

"You son of a bitch," Mary said. "In some ways you're the dearest man in the world, but I'm going to write you out of my life as if you'd never been near me. You have just died. You are a nonexistent creep."

"Steady," Miles said. "If you're not careful you'll say something mean."

"In the first place," Mary said, "I'm not a witch; I can't see through a cement wall on command. And I'm not a trained seal, and nobody, by God, is going to win anything betting how many times I can jump through a hoop. And in the third place or the fourth place or whatever the hell it is, why do you have to prove anything to this damned lawyer? What business is it of his, if I know who's going to win the world series in 1982? What do you care? Does he have to certify everybody you sleep with? Well, does he?"

"Naturally not," Miles said. "And for Christ's sake, what are you so sore about? I just made a little bet, trying to take Batt down a peg. I don't see any mortal insult to you in that."

"Well, I do," Mary said. "Because as

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VALENTINE REVISITED

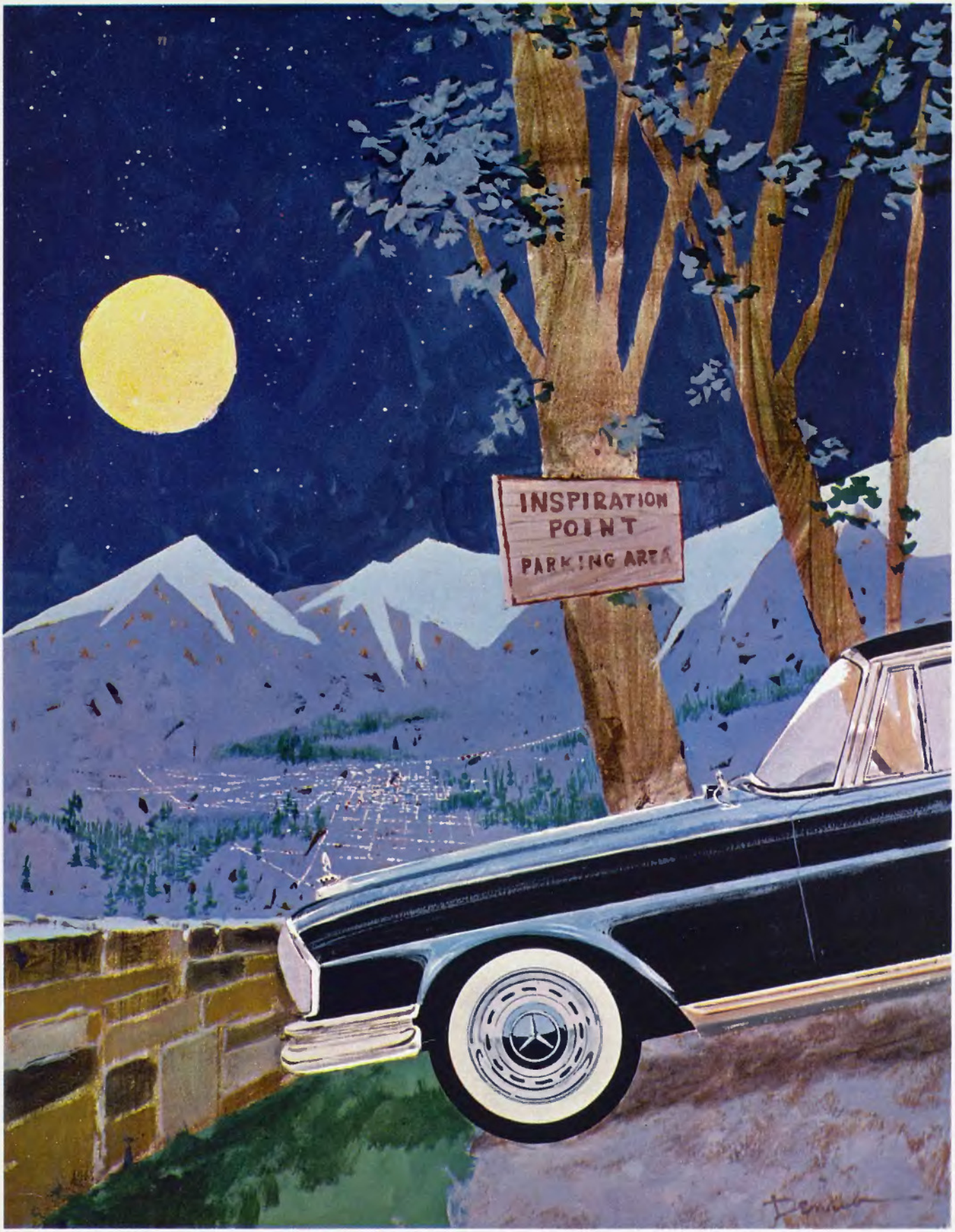
lovely cynthia maddox—who adorned our February cover—also adorns our offices twelve months a year

SOME OF OUR READERS, we are informed, have been circulating the story that PLAYBOY's Chicago offices are garnished with girls at least as ravishing as those who populate our pages. We propose to quash this rumor here and now with a categorical affirmation. As proof positive, behold 21-year-old Cynthia Maddox, the voluptuous valentine who figured prominently on our February cover. During her three years as a PLAYBOY receptionist-secretary, this beauteous blonde has also modeled for Playboy Products, journeyed widely as a good-will emissary, conducted PLAYBOY visitors on spectacularly scenic (38-22-36) office tours. Despite vocational versatility, she nurtures no wanderlust, has emerald eyes instead for strolling her city's lakefront — as admirable an adornment for its skyline as for our fortunate staff.

Shedding workaday cares and clothes, Cynthia wears big smile and small bikini beside the palm-lined Playboy Mansion pool.

Above: the sight of Cynthia, bounteously bloused at the beach or tastefully tailored at the typewriter, ranks as one of PLAYBOY's fancier fringe benefits for male staff members. Below: elegantly ensconced in a corner of the Playboy Mansion's baronial living room, our champagne-tressed confection rests between round-and-rounds of pneumatic Twisting on the dance floor.

MERCEDES-BENZ 220SE COUPE



"My goodness, Mr. Bigelow, you are inspired!"

QUEEN DIDO

in which a young reporter learns that heartbreak can cancel a coronation

memoir By BEN HECHT

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FEMALE I knew in my youth was a Negro girl named Dido De Long; the most beautiful and the most loving. I never witnessed nor read of a devotion more unremitting than Dido had for her man. He called himself Prince Ephraim. But he was hanged in Chicago's Cook County jail as Howard Givin, a Negro dentist who had murdered two mounted policemen. Dido's love survived the breaking of her Prince's neck. For how long, I don't know. But my guess is forever.

I met Dido, as I met most people in those days, through the machinations of my city editor, Mr. Eddie Mahoney. It was an idle June morning in the *Chicago Journal*'s local room.

"See if there is anything to this foolish and inconsequential rumor," said Mr. Mahoney, handing me a letter. The letter stated that Mrs. Emaline Busse, widow of Chicago's Mayor Fred Busse, was in danger of starving to death on the wages she received as a lowly employee of an ungrateful municipality. The letter writer considered the matter "an outrage."

I knew that during his buccaneer reign as Mayor of Chicago, the obese Mr. Busse had put the city's nose out of joint by marrying a young Negro girl and proclaiming her Chicago's First Lady. I tracked down the widow Busse. I had seen her often without knowing who she was. She ran one of the elevators in the Criminal Court Building.

A gaunt, dark-skinned Mrs. Busse, now in her 60s, begged me not to put anything in the paper about her. If I did, she was sure that "Mayor Busse's Widow" would lose her job.

"Ours was not a popular marriage," she smiled, "and there are many reformers who would also feel it their duty to stamp out the last of the Fred Busse regime — which is me running an elevator."

The dark eyes had a mirth in them that won me over. As a reward for my promised silence, the widow Busse gave me a tip on another story.

"There's a Negro movement in Chicago," she said, "that you may find worthy of publication. My niece can give you the full information. I don't know her address, but you can meet her at the Sunset No. 1 Café. She's a singer there. Her name is Dido De Long."

• • •

The Sunset was a Negro café in the heart of the city's brothel and Turkish bath sector on the Near South Side. The district was known to the town journalists as the "lava beds."

PASCHKE

The Sunset was unlike most of the other Negro cafés in that it tried to discourage white customers.

"Have you a reservation?" the dark heavyweight at the door asked me.

I showed him a note signed by Mrs. Fred Busse. He led me to a table on the edge of the dance floor which was hardly larger than a pool-table top. The music had stopped. Dancers were wedging their way back to their seats. In the purple light and veils of tobacco smoke the café was almost invisible. The near darkness was full of noise and agitation, as if a revel or a battle were hatching in it.

After some minutes, the café became visible — its peeling walls, broken fixtures and total lack of ornamentation, except for a six-foot flag on one of the walls. I couldn't make out its colors. A dark, wide stripe was across its middle.

I noted only a few white skins in the place. They belonged to the line crossers — the white men and white women with Negro sweethearts. My few fellow whites looked washed-out and ineffectual in these premises.

The Negroes jammed around the tables flared with vigor and delight. The men seemed a convention of black athletes. Many of them were, including the pugilist Jack Johnson — still a world champion. A white girl sat clinging to Champion Jack — the blonde Lucille Cameron whom he was to marry soon.

I found myself looking more at the men than at their women companions. The women were in brightly hued silk gowns, bulging like seductive rainbows with half-out bosoms offering a harvest of dark fruits. They glittered under shiny coiffures like locomotives of sex, achug with laughter.

Yet the men held my eyes more. These muscled drinkers and diamond-flashing dudes had a look on their faces I had not seen in Negroes before — the look of pride. They sat in silence like dignitaries who were being served. They smiled on their women like black Santa Clauses loaded with gifts.

A spotlight cut through the café fog and threw a noose of light on the vacant dance floor. In the sudden silence, a young spotlighted Negro announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, for your pleasure and delight the management offers

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frozen

FOOD BY THOMAS MARIO **THAWED FOR TODAY: A COLD MINE OF FREEZER GOURMANDISE** IT WASN'T TOO MANY YEARS AGO THAT A MAN HAD TO PAY AN EXORBITANT PRICE TO WHIP UP A BEEF STEW OR CHICKEN CACCIATORE. NOT IN DOLLARS AND CENTS, MIND YOU, BUT IN A FAR MORE PRECIOUS COMMODITY: TIME. WHETHER THE TIME PUT IN WAS DEBITED AS TOIL OR CREDITED AS FUN, IT WAS STILL MEASURED IN HOURS, NOT MINUTES. FOR THE BUSY BACHELOR, THE MAN-HOURS CONSUMED IN CONCOCTING A BOUILLABAISSE, FOR INSTANCE, PUT ITS GOURMANDIAL DELIGHTS BEYOND HIS REACH. LONG BEFORE THE ACTUAL COOKING

assets

BEGAN, THERE JUST WEREN'T ENOUGH HOURS IN THE DAY TO FORAGE FOR THE DOZEN OR SO DIFFERENT KINDS OF FISH AND SEAFOOD DESTINED FOR THE POT. AND IT'S PRECISELY IN THIS DOMAIN OF FINE EATING—AMONG THE RICH, CLASSIC PEASANT CASSEROLES AS WELL AS THE INTRICATE HORS D'OEUVRES AND OPULENT DESSERTS—THAT THE LATEST FROZEN LUXURIES OFFER SUCH AN EFFORTLESS MODUS OPERANDI FOR THE MALE HOST TODAY. THE SUPPOSED INFERIORITY OF THINGS FROZEN HAS BEEN PRONOUNCED SO OFTEN AND FOR SO LONG THAT MANY OTHERWISE HIP HOSTS STILL CLING TO SOME ICE-AGE MISCONCEPTIONS

about freezer-fostered *haute cuisine*. Everybody remembers when thick shell steaks, prime filets mignons, squabs, pheasant and calves' sweetbreads were the hot monopolies of a few exclusive bistros and supper clubs. Now with no more expenditure of time and energy than it takes to slip into a gourmet shop and reach into its frozen vaults, cosmopolite cliff dwellers have at their fingertips the whole field of epicurean eating. The almost endless ice floe, both raw and cooked, starts with frozen hors d'oeuvres and builds up through potages, seafood, meat, game, legumes, soufflés, garlic bread, croissants and even crepes suzette. Although gourmets for some time have been writing their own ticket for the best prime beef east or west of the Chicago stockyards by simply sending a postcard to any of a long list of frozen gourmet meat centers, it is equally true that until recently few frozen provisions stood on a plane of social equality with their fresh counterparts. It was an undeserved status in many instances, because some of the frozen provender always outranked the fresh. Patty shells, baked from frozen dough, have invariably taken the honors away from patty shells baked from the same dough while fresh. From the standpoint of tenderness, frozen beef has always been several cuts above the fresh, unless the latter is aged six weeks — a prerequisite that puts most beef out of the running. In other cases, the frozen-versus-fresh debate has been purely academic, because the fresh versions simply aren't around at any price. For years the entire Long Island duckling crop has been frozen. Rock Cornish game hens (the original birds bred in Connecticut — not the numerous impostors now on the market) have always been processed frozen. And, incidentally, where are tons of Rock Cornish game hens shipped to every year? To the Continent, where gastronomes rail against the deviltries of the deep freeze on the one hand, and consume the succulent birds from America by the tens of thousands, on the other.

To thaw or not to thaw is a question that often perplexes frozen-food chefs. Usually meat which is cooked while still frozen hard isn't likely to suffer drip loss. But thick frozen steaks or chops flung immediately on a fierce fire may become scorched beyond recognition while their centers remain raw. To avoid this carnivoral contretemps, defrost your steaks or thick chops beforehand. A one-inch frozen steak takes about three and a half hours at normal room temperature to thaw. Have your fire hot but not a holocaust. The steaks should be put on a few moments before the three-and-a-half-hour deadline has elapsed. Thinner meats like frozen calves' liver, hamburgers and single rib chops may be cooked unthawed and will retain all their lush natural flavor.

Standing ribs may be put on the fire thawed or unthawed. If they're thawed, you allow the normal 18 to 20 minutes per pound roasting time. Unthawed ribs take an extravagant 45 minutes per pound, and, of course, you can't insert a meat thermometer until the hard center of the meat becomes reasonably soft. If you're working with frozen raw meat for stews, ragouts, pot roasts and the like, you can go right ahead and thaw the meat without a worry, since all of the juices which are resolved into a dew beforehand go right into the pot with the meat's natural gravy.

If your galley enjoys the streamlined blessing of a freezer, be sure the temperature is kept at zero degrees Fahrenheit or lower. Above zero, the quality of some foods is set back a notch or two. A word of caution: frozen stores do *not* keep indefinitely.

Frozen-food packagers are sometimes guilty of one misdemeanor. Their conception of a portion — that is, enough of a serving to satisfy the inner man — usually errs on the side of too little. For instance, you'll need three seven-oz. portions of a well-known chicken cacciatore to satisfy two gentlemen of normal appetite. Guide your buying accordingly.

Many of the precooked frozen dishes are enhanced by the simple gesture of adding the seasoning or herb which identifies the dish. A little dry red wine added to the *coq au vin*, a dash of dry sherry mixed in with the lobster newburg, a dollop of sour cream stirred into the beef Stroganoff at the last moment, all make meaningful contributions.

In the final analysis, any type of precooked frozen gourmandise will taste neither better nor worse than what went into it. The implication here is plain. Brands, like faces, are necessarily different from one another. Often it's fun to score the differences between them.

There will always be chefs who will argue that cooking is a personal art, an individual expression, and that precooked frozen viands abandon this art to the assembly line. The answer is that the topflight frozen foods, like *coquille St. Jacques* and beef Stroganoff, aren't mass produced, and if they distress a few purists, it's only because these delicacies are somebody else's art. It's like the sculptor who won't walk into a museum because of what he will surely have to grudgingly admire. Actually, the sheer number of newer raw frozen foods now available builds up rather than diminishes the amateur chef's opportunities for creative cookery.

Here, then, hot off the ice, are this month's exhibits from our own frozen gallery.

PLANKED FILET MIGNON

(Serves four)

Oval hardwood planks, once the sturdy ornaments of fine steak- and chophouses, where they were used for the actual cooking, are employed these days as platters for transporting broiled meat from the fire to the dining table. They are still put into the oven or under the broiler for browning the rich potato border that surrounds other foods which are not cooked on the plank. Constructed with grooves for gathering the meat's juices, they are usually obtainable in shops specializing in gourmet utensils. New planks should be brushed with oil and heated for about a half hour in a hot oven before using. Eventually they become richly charred.

- 4 frozen filets mignons, 8 ozs. each, thawed
- 2 3⅛-oz. pkgs. frozen whipped potatoes
- 6 egg yolks, well beaten
- 5-oz. pkg. frozen mushrooms or fresh mushrooms
- 9-oz. pkg. frozen artichoke hearts
- 10-oz. pkg. frozen mixed vegetables
- 4-oz. pkg. frozen French fried onions
- Salt, pepper
- Butter

Cook potatoes, following directions on package, but using only 1 cup boiling water per package instead of the usual 1½ cups. Blend egg yolks into potatoes, mixing well so that there are no dry "pockets." Using a large pastry bag and tube, form a border of potatoes around the edge of each of four planks. Cook mushrooms, artichoke hearts, mixed vegetables and onions, following directions on packages. Broil or panbroil filets until brown on each side. Filets must be rare. Season with salt and pepper. Preheat oven to 450°. Place planks with potato border in oven until tops of potatoes are lightly browned. Brush filets with butter and place them, topped with mushrooms, on each plank and return to oven for about a minute for final heating. Remove planks from oven. Arrange vegetables in small mounds around filets, filling planks completely. Place planks on large plates or platters and carry to table.

ROAST SQUAB, APPLE STUFFING

(Serves four)

- 4 frozen squabs, thawed
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 medium-size Rome Beauty apple, peeled and cored
- ¼ cup butter
- ¼ cup minced onion
- ¼ cup minced celery, including leaves
- 3 slices stale white bread
- ½ teaspoon powdered sage
- Salt, pepper
- Salad oil

(concluded on page 104)

THE BONAPARTES ARE *PHFFFT!*

ROMPING THROUGH HISTORY WITH AMERICA'S EVER POPULAR COLUMNISTS

SATIRE By LARRY SIEGEL

WALTER WINCHELL . . . ***The Bonapartes are phffft!*** **His latest is Austrian looker Marie Louise, an Archducky (dot's nize) . . . Lover-boy ivory-tickler Frank Liszt and the Comtesse d'Agoult, an eye-filling hunk of Swiss cheesecake, are closerthanthis . . . Don't invite Aaron Burr and Al Hamilton to the same shindig . . . White House insiders are tsk-tsking the carryings-on of Dollicious Madison, the Prez' frau.**

Celebeauts Around the Globe: Freddie Chopin, the tuberculossal pianist, and George Sand (alias Mme. Dudevant) making sweet music at a Parisqué night spot . . . Fyodor Dostoievsky, the Moscowling penman, applauding a passing funeral . . . The veddy veddy British sea skipper Willie Bligh whip-shopping at a posh London leathery . . . Honoré de Balzac off to the debtor's pokey again (Honoroyvay!).

Sounds in the World: **At the Lincoln cabin in Hardin County, Kentucky: "I'm tired of doing nothing but stare at these three walls all day" . . . At the Bastille: "We found a sure cure for Louis' chronic headaches" . . . At Balaklava, in the Crimea: "After that charge, let's call them the Even Lighter Brigade."**

Orchids: Lou Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, a melodelight . . . Chuck Darwin's peachy-species theory . . . Bob Fulton's waterrific steamboat . . . Tom Paine's pamphlet (Common Sensational!) . . . Harmy Rembrandt's way with a canvas (easel on the eyes) . . . Frank Scott Key's rousing new chune, *The Star-Spangled Banner* (O say-okay!) . . . Joe Goethe's clappealing must-read, *Faust* (Mephistokay!) . . . Bill Seward's Alaska purchase (Juneaukay!).

LEONARD LYONS . . . ***The King:*** **Recently I attended a meeting at the Virginia House of Burgesses with my good friend Patrick Henry. We were discussing the Stamp Act imposed on the Colonies by my old friend King George III, and the subsequent Declaration of Rights by nine of the colonies. "If this be treason," I asked Henry, "what do you suggest we make of it?" "If this be treason," he said to me, "make the most of it."**

PAT HENRY

The Congress: Last week I attended a session of the First Continental Congress, in Philadelphia, with my good friend Sam Adams. "I realize that you want liberty," I said to Adams. "But in the event that you can't have it, would you say that you have an alternate choice?" "Give me liberty or give me death!" Adams told me.

The Anecdote: **The other day I dined with my good friend General Washington at the Blue Boar Inn. He told me that the "liberty or death" anecdote I credited to Sam Adams should have been credited to Patrick Henry. I told him that I had owed Sam Adams' press representative a favor, but I had promised Henry I'd make it up to him in another anecdote.**

The Spy: Before being hanged as a spy by the British recently, my good friend Patrick Henry said to me, "I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

The Document: **Last night Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, John Hancock, a few of my other very good friends, and I were discussing the Declaration of Independence. I said to Franklin, "Would you say that we should all hang together? And if we don't all indeed hang together, how would you say we shall assuredly all hang?" After he told me, we left for his home, where he entertained me, my wife, Sylvia, and my four sons by inventing the stove.**

DOROTHY KILGALLEN . . . DID YOU DIG THAT CHINTZY DRESS THAT Marie Antoinette wore at her execution the other day? . . . The Sebastopol smart set is yakking it up over the dowdy hair style of nurse Florence Nightingale . . . What well-known U.S. political figure (not Tom Jefferson) has a mouthful of wooden choppers? . . . Current big fads among the off-beatniks in New York's nothing-to-do set: purple wig powder and slave-running.

MEMO TO THE WORLD'S PUBLICISTS: Stop inventing phony sickness and accident items to get your clients' names in print. I'm not falling for them anymore . . . Leo Tolstoi almost missed the press party for his new tome, *War and Peace*. He's been bedded down with a severe case of poison oak . . . Soprano Jenny Lind, who makes her U.S. concert debut at Castle Garden next week, narrowly escaped serious injury when an elephant ran loose in P. T. Barnum's apartment yesterday . . . Painter James Whistler's latest canvas is being delayed because his mom is ailing. She overdid the horseback riding bit yesterday and is off her rocker.

LATEST FADS AMONG THE BORED FRENCH ARMY SET: monogrammed snuff boxes and sending innocent officers to Devil's Island . . . What high-ranking Union officer (not Bill Sherman) has his friends worried over his tippling? . . . My sources in France say that there is no truth to the rumors about the Paul Gauguins splitting (he's the well-known banker). They couldn't be happier, I'm told . . . Have you seen *(concluded on page 114)*


SHOEMAKER

shoemaker's snakes in his own weird eden, the wit is sharper than a serpent's tooth

"Oh, for Pete's sake, Helen — not Polynesian food again tonight!"

CONTROL SOMNAMBULE

fiction BY WILLIAM SAMBROT *the astronaut was "it" in a perilous game of tag*

TO: General James Kearny, Directorate, A.F.I.
FROM: Amos P. Fineman, M.D.
SUBJECT: Statements made while under deep hypnosis by Captain Paul Davenport, *Project Apollo* astronaut, and an evaluation thereof.
CLASSIFIED: For your eyes only.

Dear Jim:

Herewith, as I promised you, a summary of the events that occurred during and after "Operation Moonshot," and my verbatim report of the strange statements made under deep hypnosis by Captain Paul Davenport, the astronaut who made our first successful circumlunar orbit and return last week.

Before I go into it, I do want to remind you of the trust and confidence Air Force Intelligence has shown in me in the past, by way of preparing you for some conclusions, later . . .

After your urgent summons, I was briefed at Patrick AFB by Colonel Friend, project coordinator. He told me that the shot was made in total secrecy. Even Captain Davenport didn't know that he'd been selected to ride the bird until two hours before final countdown. When he was told, he was understandably elated; competition among the astronauts was keen to be the first to make the deep-space flight around the moon and back.

Vehicle, as you know, was the Saturn C-1, with high-energy propellant second stage and steerable Centaur last stage. The capsule, a modified three-man re-entry vehicle command module, with the extra space taken up by an oversize stop-and-start solid-fuel rocket engine. All checked out perfectly during the 48-hour countdown. During the final countdown, when Davenport was being strapped into the contour chair in the capsule, he showed no symptoms of undue strain. He completed his checkoff list with calm precision.

Launching went according to schedule and the Saturn lifted off smoothly. The shot was programed to make a high-speed run to the moon — something under 34 hours. Synergic ascent was to the southeast, out through the so-called "Capetown anomaly," the known gap in the Van Allen radiation belt. As the capsule approached the moon at high speed, it would reverse itself, retro-rockets fired to slow it enough to enable it to slip into a tight orbit about the moon. As it began its transit of the far side, it would release a brilliant sodium-vapor flare, visible on earth. Transit of far side to take about 51 minutes. As it again came into earth's view, it was to release a second flare, after which full thrust would be applied by the solid-fuel engine and the capsule would begin its 60-hour journey back to earth and re-entry.

All stages functioned as *(continued on page 66)*

JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO *the cherub grows up*

ATOP A PEDESTAL in a small Parisian park stands the statue of a chubby cherub which may yet become a shrine for the downbeat generation of mid-century France. Its unlikely model, posing for his sculptor father at the age of two, was yam-nosed, satchel-mouthed Jean-Paul Belmondo, today a 29-year-old ex-pug ugly who has become, with his ferally masculine portrayal of the icy killer in *Breathless*, the overnight antihero of the *nouvelle vague* in Gallic moviemaking, and the unwilling demigod of an aborning cult: *le belmondisme*. Dubbed variously as the French Bogart, the skinny Brando and the second Gerard Philipe for his explosive mixture of cynicism and sensuality, Belmondo distresses his disciples by neglecting to embody his iconoclastic public image: he lives a quietly civilized life off screen as the happily married father of two. But the handsomely homely actor hopes to confound his *Breathless* followers further with an oncoming flood of vastly varied roles. Among them: an alcoholic writer, a visionary peasant, an ill-fated factory worker, a comic nobleman and an amorous priest. Withal, he confides, "I want to do Shakespeare, the big roles. But first I'd like to do a movie in the States . . . a Western."

ON THE SCENE

the man of parts **ALBERT FINNEY**

IN *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, Britain's lavishly praised man-bites-dogma story of a young rake's progress at sabotaging society's large-bore canons, the protagonist is played with elemental eloquence by Albert Finney, the brass-bold, porridge-plain son of a Lancashire bookie. Improbably enough, *Saturday*'s hero has also been acclaimed as the finest new Shakespearean actor since the debut of Sir Laurence Olivier. A versatile veteran of two seasons with the prestigious repertory theater at Stratford-on-Avon, 25-year-old Finney is a man of many parts indeed: master of a Methodically naturalistic acting style and a range of diction from Cockney to King's English. Unequivocal on the subject of success, he relishes the bread but not the baloney of matinee idolatry, shuns night life, owns little more than the wardrobe on his back. A rebel with but one cause, the solitary actor is committed to his craft with missionary zeal, will soon doff the sackcloth of Martin Luther (in John Osborne's latest London play) for the velvet of *Tom Jones*, a color filming of Fielding's ribald classic. Then back to the Bard for another season on the boards. "When I'm old," he says, "I want to be sorry for what I've done, not for what I haven't done."

MARCELLO MASTROIANNI
the bittersweet smell of sexcess

LONG BEFORE his kook's tour of *La Dolce Vita*'s wilted garden of Hedon earned him the symbolic status of a male MM (a capital distinction previously reserved for Marilyn Monroe), the sweet smell of sexcess had begun to pall on Italy's Marcello Mastroianni. *Vita*, as the onetime Roman roustabout and Shakespearean player is quick to point out, was his 45th flick in 10 years of self-admitted service as a passive, world-weary seducer. Despite such prima-facie evidence as his finely dissipated good looks and can't-miss bedside manner, Mastroianni firmly insists that this stereotyping is undeserved. He is a stranger to the Via Veneto, Rome's sexual supermarket, has been married for the past 12 of his 36 years and, while making *A Very Private Affair* with Brigitte Bardot, refused to oblige Rome's wolf-pack press with a public sequel. Intelligent but not intellectual, Mastroianni relies heavily on his directors for characterization —a shrewd dependence that will soon lead him once again down the primrose path to box-office heaven as star of *The Labyrinth*, Federico Fellini's extension of *La Dolce Vita*. But the role that pleases Marcello most is that of a sweaty, mustachioed Sicilian in Pietro Germi's forthcoming brute farce, *Divorce, Italian Style*. "The public certainly doesn't think of me that way," says celluloid's sated stud, "and that is what makes it interesting."

SOMNAMBULE *(continued from page 63)*

planned; signals came in loud and clear, including those checking the vital life-support system of the capsule. Every tracking station on earth followed it; the powerful radio-telescope at Sugar Grove locked on the capsule's special signal which would only cease for the 51 minutes during which the capsule would be on the far side of the moon.

Exactly as programed, 34 hours, 14 minutes after all-burnt, the brilliant flare was seen on earth, and Davenport's calm voice, delayed two seconds by distance, announced he was beginning transit of the far side of the moon, relaying technical information about TV cameras, electronic image storers, etc. His voice faded, and was silent for 49 minutes, 20 seconds, and then he came on again, still calm, loud and clear: "I have earth in sight. Firing flare." And the brilliant pinpoint of light was clearly visible in all telescopes.

"Full thrust," his voice came, across cislunar space. "Hello, you blue beautiful old —— " And at that instant, his voice cut off. Simultaneously, all life-support system telemetering data ceased sending. His signal vanished from both the powerful Sugar Grove telescope and the Jodrell Bank receiver, in England. Every device aboard the big capsule which had been sending smoothly, efficiently, stopped abruptly.

Every effort to contact the capsule failed. Various emergency devices were triggered, including additional powerful flares stored in the capsule's skin. No results. The thought of the million-to-one accident — meteor collision — was uppermost in all minds. It would take a total and instantaneous disintegration of the capsule to destroy every emergency sender built into the capsule.

All tracking stations were kept on the alert. Until the 60 hours planned for the return journey were over, there was no thought of giving up.

And suddenly, five hours, 54 minutes after the capsule's disappearance, it began sending loud and clear; its pip once again picked up by the Sugar Grove telescope — and Davenport's voice finished the sentence which had abruptly been cut off nearly six hours before: "Hello, you blue beautiful old earth, here I come."

The tapes clicked over smoothly, efficiently — the instruments recording perfectly — every one of them taking up where they'd left off five hours, 54 minutes earlier.

Questions were immediately put to Davenport — and it was then that the puzzle deepened. He insisted there'd been no interruption whatsoever — that the return flight was exactly on schedule. He expressed astonishment when told he'd disappeared completely for nearly six hours. He could not explain the disappearance of the capsule from all tracking stations, nor what had occurred during those lost six hours when his own voice had been silent.

Approaching earth 60 hours later, Davenport quietly announced he was making the delicately precise maneuvers for slipping into the "re-entry corridor," and exactly as programed, the big capsule was seen drifting down well within the impact area in the south Atlantic.

Davenport and the capsule were snatched from the ocean by copter, deposited aboard a carrier, from which they were flown by special jet to Patrick AFB.

Again Davenport insisted that at no time had he ceased sending — nor had he missed any contact from earth. He had slept for some hours — but long after the mysterious disappearance had been reported. The instruments and tapes aboard the capsule corroborated Davenport's firm denial that anything had gone wrong — they all showed uninterrupted identical data: speeds, times, orientation in space, a continuous functioning of the UHF tracking signal — no break whatsoever in any of the life-support systems.

A capsule, moving at speed, does not suddenly cease sending, and disappear from every tracking station on earth, and just as suddenly reappear — *all unknown to its occupant* — without good and sound reason. A persistent and patient survey of all the telemetered data finally disclosed that the capsule had undergone an intense "storm" of highly charged subatomic particles — of what sort, unknown. A storm of this magnitude must have existed as a long band, stretching between the moon and earth.

Furthermore, the capsule had, apparently, drifted within this enormous ribbon of high-intensity magnetic force for the exact length of time the capsule had disappeared from the tracking scopes, dropping out of it six hours later.

It was thought that radar beams and radio signals must have simply been "bent" around this field, and instead of bouncing back to disclose a blip, would have, instead, gone on, uninterrupted, thereby causing the observers to believe that the capsule was not there.

A field of this intensity would also, of course, cause instantaneous stoppage of all electrical instruments — including that most sensitive electrical instrument of all — Davenport's brain.

This somewhat tenuous theory is now the officially accepted explanation of the dramatic disappearance and reappearance of America's first successful manned orbit of the moon.

However, it was an alert film technician, Harry Wyckoff, who discovered the curious discrepancy which led to my being called into the case. As you know, within the manned capsule, and focused so as to cover the entire capsule interior, there is a spring-operated high-speed microminiature camera, geared to take films at certain intervals in order to record the various body positions the astronaut might assume under zero gravity conditions.

In developing this film, Wyckoff noted what appeared to be a discontinuity in the series of tracks which were placed on the edges of the film as correlating data to be used in conjunction with other instrument readings. These tracks, instead of continuing in even series, terminated with one set of coordinates and abruptly started with another, much later, series.

He ran the tiny film through a magnifier and immediately discovered that there had been a break in the film, a break which had been spliced so expertly as to be unnoticeable to the casual inspection.

Wyckoff ran the film at an exceedingly slow speed and discovered four of the tiny frames showed — not the bulky figure of Davenport floating in space, but, rather — an empty capsule interior. Four frames, just before the splice, which seemed to indicate that for at least a short time, Davenport had been absent from the space capsule.

Obviously, this was impossible. A man, encased in a bulky space suit, dependent for his very life on the umbilical cords tying him to his life-support system — such a man does not disengage those cords, breach his sealed hatch and crawl out of a capsule moving through a hard vacuum at speeds of many thousands of miles an hour. And then, after all that, crawling back in — resealing his hatch — a job which must be done by techs from *outside* — and surviving. No, no.

The only solution appeared to be the obvious one — there'd been a mix-up. A double exposure, either during camera-loading or after the camera had been off-loaded. But both jobs had been done by Wyckoff. That film had been whole and unspliced prior to blast-off. It looked very much as if someone had edited that film and missed those last four frames. But who? And — why? He shrugged it off; the whole shot had been a weirdy. Nevertheless, he did mention it to Colonel Friend, project coordinator — a deeply worried man at the moment.

Colonel Friend viewed the film in slow motion, stopping the camera on the four views of the empty capsule interior. Several of the "umbilical cords," wires that led to Davenport's body, were plainly visible, hanging loose.

It was then the colonel requested that Davenport be questioned under hypnosis, in an attempt to discover what

(continued on page 128)

THE MIRACLE

By HARRY MARK PETRAKIS

old barbaroulis had tumbled a thousand women; how was the priest to absolve him?

HE WAS WEARY OF TEARS AND LAUGHTER. He felt perhaps he had been a priest too long. His despair had grown until it seemed, suddenly, bewilderingly, he was an entity, separate and alone. His days had become a burden. The weddings and baptisms which once provided him with pleasure had become a diversion, one of the myriad knots upon the rope of his faith. A rope he was unable to unravel because for too long he had told himself that in God rested the final and reconciling truth of the mystery that was human life. In the middle of the night the ring of the doorbell roused him from restless sleep. His housekeeper, old Mrs. Calchas, answered. Word was carried by a son or a daughter or a friend that an old man or an old woman was dying and the priest was needed for the last communion. He dressed wearily and took his bag and his book, a conductor on the train of death who no longer esteemed himself as a puncher of tickets. He spent much time pondering what might have gone wrong. He thought it must be that he had been a

priest too long. Words of solace and consolation spoken too often became tea bags returned to the pot too many times. Yet he still believed that love, all forms of love, represented the only real union with other human beings. Only in this way, in loving and being loved, could the enigmas be transcended and suffering be made bearable. When he entered the priesthood 40 years before, he drew upon the springs of love he had known. The warmth of his mother who embodied for him the home from which he came, bountiful nature and the earth. The stature of his father as the one who taught him, who showed him the road to the world. Even the fragmented recollection of the sensual love of a girl he had known as a boy helped to strengthen the bonds of his resolve. He would never have accepted his ordainment if he did not feel that loving God and God's love for all mankind could not be separated. If he could not explain all the manifestations of this love, he could at least render its testaments in compassionate clarity. But with increasing anguish his image seemed to have become disembodied from the source. He felt himself suddenly of little value to those who suffered. Because he knew this meant he was failing God in some *(continued on page 111)*

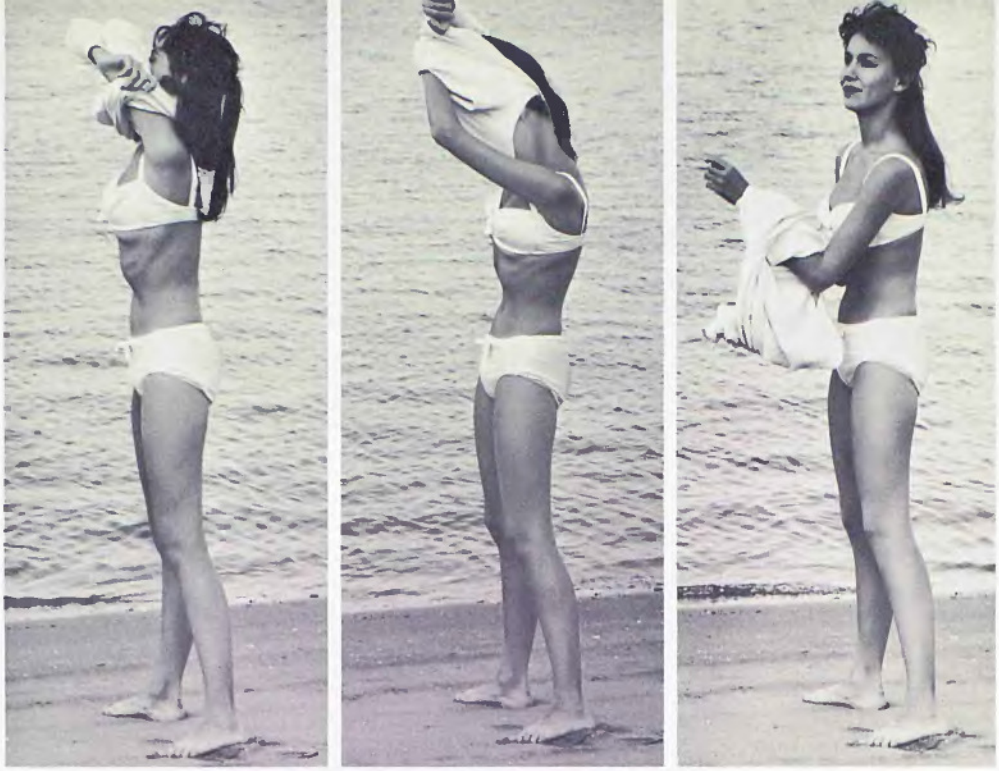
WATER SPRITE

a nifty dipster makes a maytime splash

IF OUR JUDGMENT runs true to form, the most disconcerting hazard to navigation on the California coast this spring will prove to be willowy Marya Carter, a lass who is both a budding actress and our mermaiding Miss May. Like many another angelic Angelino, this bouncy beachnik goes near the water as often as she can for a liquid diet of scuba diving, water skiing and attendant surfside rompings. Endowed with flowing brown tresses and an eminently suitable fuselage (37-23-36), she has high hopes of eventually making a big splash in showbiz, preferably in dramatic roles. While awaiting the tide in her affairs that will lead on to starry heights, our 20-year-old Playmate works hard at thesping studies, relaxes with the many boat-swains who find her a shipshape date to remember (though quick to put the damper on overly opinionated guys who talk at length, she gets along swimmingly with more considerate types). For an exclusive showing of our featured aquatic attraction we invite you to join us in welcoming marvelous Marya.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL MORTON SMITH


MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



May Playmate Marya Carter undergoes a sea change on the shores of Newport Harbor, California, prettily demonstrating that she possesses the Pacific's most fetching coast lines.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

We just got the word about the legal secretary who told her amorous boyfriend, "Stop and/or I'll slap your face."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sugar daddy* as a man who can afford to raise cain.

A gravedigger, thoroughly absorbed in his work, dug a pit so deep one afternoon that he couldn't climb out when he had finished. Come nightfall and evening's chill, his predicament became more uncomfortable. He shouted for help and at last attracted the attention of a drunk staggering by.

"Get me out of here," the digger pleaded. "*I'm cold!*"

The inebriated one peered into the open grave and finally spotted the shivering digger in the darkness.

"Well, no wonder you're cold, buddy," said the drunk, kicking some of the loose sod into the hole. "You haven't got any dirt on you."

We know a girl who thinks she's a robot just because she was made by a scientist.

Obsessed with the idea of pleasing all manner of customers with girls of the very highest order, an enterprising madam set up a three-story house of sport. She had ex-secretaries, selected for their efficiency, on the first floor; ex-models, selected for their beauty, on the second; and ex-schoolteachers, selected for their intelligence, on the third. As time went on, the madam noticed that almost all the play went to floor number three. She asked why, and the answer to the puzzle finally came from one of the steady customers:

"Well," said the sporting gentleman, "you know how those schoolteachers are — they make you do it over and over, until you get it right."

A man is old when his dreams about girls are reruns.

The TV quiz show m.c. was interviewing a pair of newlyweds, and his usual forced smile had grown so wide that the lower part of his head seemed completely surrounded by teeth.

"So you've only been married six days?" he cried.

"That's right," the pretty bride replied hastily, "but it seems like six months!"

"How is that?" the m.c. boomed jovially.

"Well," the girl answered thoughtfully, "I guess it's because we've done so much in such a short time."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *alimony* as bounty on the mutiny.

The psychiatrist leaned back and placed the tips of his fingers together while he soothed the deeply troubled man who stood before him.

"Calm yourself, my good fellow," he gently urged. "I have helped a great many others with fixations far more serious than yours. Now let me see if I understand the problem correctly. You indicate that in moments of great emotional stress, you believe that you are a dog. A fox terrier, is that not so?"

"Yes, sir," mumbled the patient. "A small fox terrier with black and brown spots. Oh, please tell me you can help me, doctor. If this keeps up much longer, I don't know what I'll do . . ."

The doctor gestured toward his couch. "Now, now," he soothed, "the first thing to do is lie down here and we'll see if we can't get to the root of your delusion."

"Oh, I couldn't do that, doctor," said the patient. "I'm not allowed up on the furniture."

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

"Well, if she doesn't work, we'd damn sure better get the net ready!"

SHIP TO

attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN** *see-worthy cruisewear for maritime and landed gentry*

FROM BALBOA TO BAR HARBOR, some 39,000,000 pleasure craftsmen will be cruising the country's waterways this summer. Bedecked in the trim new lines of boating attire, this record show of hands will be functionally garbed for high-sea wear and suavely suited for the social whirl ashore. These two wardrobes share a versatility tailor-made for the limited storage space available on even the stateroomiest yacht. What's more, neither wind nor rain nor chill of night will stay these styles from their appointed rounds; cut with clean-limbed simplicity in shades both offbeat and upbeat, most are compounded of featherlight cottons and squall-proofed wash-and-wear synthetics that ignore inclemency, warm weightlessly, resist wrinkles and keep their crease in models equally appropriate for cockpit libations or on-deck action.

On the fashion scene afloat, the bulky look and feel of past styles have been deep-sixed in favor of action-keyed functionalism and extra-casual comfort. The new wave of *(concluded on page 141)*

SHORE

BEN DENISON

Opposite, l to r: suave sociable climber shows his colors in striped cotton cardigan jacket with ocean peorl buttons, patch pockets, cutaway front, ventless back, $9; ankle-length cotton gab deck pants with quarter-cut pockets, leg vents, $7, both by Fredwin Creations; canvas boating shoes with ribbed soles, by Randy, $7. Skipper mans ship-to-shore phone in striped cotton poplin windbreaker with drop shoulders, slash pockets, back tabs, full lining, knit collar and cuffs, by Mighty Mac, $17; stitched buckskin boating gloves with suede palms, wrist buckles, open back, cutaway fingertips, by Commodore-Nautical, $7.50; nylon-cotton sailing shorts with padded chamois seat patch, leg pocket, belt loops, by Alcort, $13. Bosun grabs grog in cotton madras parka with hood, zip front, zip-slash pockets, drawstring bottom, knit cuffs, by R.F.D., $20. Above, l to r: yacht-clubber goes to blazers in linen-Terylene jacket with brass buttons, flap pockets, center vent; belt-loop trousers, by Fashion Park, $90. Girl has aye-eyes for guy in double-breasted wool blazer with brass buttons, patch pockets, by Alfred of New York, $40; Orlon-cotton flannel belt-loop slacks, by Corbin Ltd., $16.50. Third mariner stokes up in Arnel-rayon double-breasted sports coat with peak lapels, ocean pearl buttons, center vent, $40; side-tab slacks, $14, both by R.F.D.

QUEEN DIDO *(continued from page 55)*

you the best there is — Miss Dido De Long."

Applause muffled the 10-piece orchestra that started playing. Dido De Long appeared.

It is a tricky business, describing a beauty seen long ago. I have my diary entries of the time to help, and some outbursts of poetry dedicated "To Dido." I quote from them: "When Dido entered the spotlight, the smoky, shabby-walled café seemed to become suddenly full of riches. All who beheld her sat in silent surprise as if a treasure had been cast up at their feet." I was not yet 19 and a stranger to literary caution. I quote again, of this first sighting of Dido: "Her skin was a gleam of darkness. Out of a curving frame of copper hair that hung to her shoulders, Dido's ink-black eyes glowed like large sequins. When she smiled it was as if the moon came out."

But I don't need the fevered jottings of that young diarist who lived in a cubbyhole overlooking the river. Dido still looks at me, unmisted by time. Her dark face was beautiful because it seemed as much her soul as her features. She looked like happiness in a Negroid mask.

As for Dido's body, I've kept it alive in my head by attributing it through the years to a number of my fictional heroines. But the original was always better because of the coloring.

Dido was tall, and her silver slippers raised her another three inches. Her long legs in silver opera hose, her torso in clinging silver net, her naked back and shoulders were a single symmetrical statement of sex. Dido's arms were as alluring as the swell of her breasts. Her flanks were as evocative as her abdomen, whose breathing was like a call to battle. There was no preferred segment to Dido.

I quote again: "When Dido sang, the pink lining of her mouth was an almost frightening glimpse of a secret body with red streaming arteries and milk-white bones."

While Dido sang I wrote a number of couplets. Two of them were:

"Her face bewildered me as if some queen
Smiled in splendor from a throne unseen."

And:

"Around her spread a crude and smoky room,
But where she stood a kingdom seemed to bloom."

I remember the song Dido sang that night: "Tonight will never come again for you and me, never will we hear again that same sweet melody." Her voice was true and melodious. It filled the crowded room without the aid of any microphone.

If Dido was amazing, so was her audience. Its men and women alike looked on the black-and-silver Venus in the spotlight as if she were a work of art. This most voluptuous-looking of girls seemed to stir no lechery in her lusty onlookers.

• • •

I talked to Dido in the manager's office, which was also her dressing room. The conversation began with my reading aloud the couplets I had written — always a favored opening for a writer.

Vivid and half nude, and sitting in a chair facing me, Dido was a magnet that pulled at eyes, heart and hands. But I remained faithful to my couplets.

When I had finished, Dido said, "Thank you. I'm glad you know about me." I said nothing. "About my being a queen," she added.

I felt depressed that anyone so beautiful should be a touch deranged. Dido frowned at my silence.

"But you must know about me," she said, "you wrote about it. About my being a queen in a kingdom. Mrs. Busse must have told you."

"Nobody told me," I said, "it was just the way you made me feel. I put my reaction into rhyme."

"You must think I'm crazy," Dido said.

She looked at me with a smile that was like a lasso. But an instinct, and an open office door, held me motionless. I knew, somehow, from the ache of emotion Dido gave me that she was not a girl for grabbing.

"I'll tell you about it," she said, "while I change. Pardon me, please."

Dido stepped behind a small screen. She talked as she removed her silver costume. I sat staring at the screen like a Peeping Tom in blinders.

Dido told me of a Negro Knights of Africa movement that had been started a year ago by a man she called Ephraim. Her voice caressed the name. The objective of Ephraim's movement was to induce 5000 of the ablest American Negroes to "return" to Africa and set up a Negro kingdom in Liberia, with Ephraim as its first king, and Dido its first queen.

It was a startling fantasy that Dido recited, of black warriors with modern weapons and a flag — the black-striped one I had seen on the café wall — 5000, then 100,000, then 1,000,000 and 5,000,000 — abandoning the land that despised them and finding pride and power in Africa.

But I knew as I listened that Dido's story was of no use to me as a reporter. In that day, Negro aspirations were not considered newsworthy. The white world was implacably locked against Negroes of all shades and degrees of culture. Even its cafés were Negroless. There was only one colored band playing in a white joint in Chicago, Peyton and Swetman's Dixie Group in Ray Jones' South Side café, and the city's guardians were a little fretful over the innovation — colored men playing music for white women to dance to.

As a young reporter, I had looked on Negroes with the eyes of my elders — as slum captives, as tenement huddlers on the outskirts of white civilization. When we whites "went on the town," we avoided the Negro spots. They were hostile and touchy. There was danger in any barroom discussion, danger and defeat. For Negroes fought more desperately than whites. There was more rage in them, and they fought like men who have little to lose by dying.

All these matters were part of my ensuing friendship with Dido. They were interlaced in her moods and words. However friendly she felt toward me, it was always a Negro woman who spoke or laughed. She looked out of her dark skin as out of a prison. Her loveliness opened no cell door for her.

I remember our months of talks as if they were a single conversation. In a way they were. We talked always about the same things, in the same place — the manager's office from one A.M. to two A.M. It was Dido's only idle hour.

During the day, Dido worked as an assistant in Dr. Givin's dental office. Dr. Givin was Ephraim. She also typed out the speeches he wrote in pencil, and arranged for their printing as pamphlets. At seven she dined with Ephraim and a dozen of his adjutants. After dining, Ephraim went forth to spread his message of an African kingdom. He made speeches in meeting halls and on street corners under naphtha lights. Dido came nightly to the Sunset to sing for $50 a week. Her dollars went mostly into propaganda work for the kingdom.

From my first visit to my last, Dido came out from behind the screen in a street dress that never varied. She wore an ivory-white, accordion-pleated skirt and a long-sleeved white blouse. Her slim shoes and provocative stockings were gray. She was more alluring in her street dress than in her performer's costume. No work of art sat in the office, but a soft and intimate human figure: a face that belonged in a museum beside the sculpture of Nefertiti, and a husky, dreamy voice.

There are quotes of a dozen talks in my diary. I run them together as a picture of Dido's soul in the last days of its happiness.

"Why do you want to go back to Africa, Dido?"

"To become a human being."

"Do you have to be a queen and sit

(continued on page 134)

THE MASTER $WINDLER$

those consummate con men endowed with a gift of grab in the grand manner

article **By SPENCER KLAW** SINCE THE START of the 20th Century, Americans have been preyed on by more swindlers, and have supported them in better style, than any people in history. Billions of dollars have been stolen, in varied and ingenious ways, by men skilled at inducing in their victims what Samuel Taylor Coleridge called the willing suspension of disbelief. (Coleridge was describing the effects of poetry, but the phrase applies equally to the swindler's art.) Investors have been persuaded to put money into enterprises that turned out to be wholly imaginary. Real corporations have been taken over by swindlers and stripped of their assets while the stockholders were looking the other way. Thousands of bankers and businessmen have been trimmed, sometimes without even realizing it, in bogus brokerage offices operated by confidence men and known in the trade as "stores." Worthless and near-worthless securities have been sold to the public, in unprecedented volume and with an efficiency unknown to stock-jobbers of earlier times, through retail outlets called boiler rooms, where securities are hawked by batteries of telephone salesmen known as loaders or dynamiters.

The invention of the joint-stock company was a priceless boon to swindlers, and swindling has flourished wherever capitalism has. For one thing, capitalism has made people wealthy enough so that they can afford to be swindled. For another, business affairs have become so complicated that even the directors of a corporation

Above, top to bottom: Alexander Guterma plundered companies he controlled; F. Donald Coster milked drug concern of millions; Joseph "Yellow Kid" Weil reigned as natty king of con men. Right, top to bottom: Leo Koretz parlayed phony Panamanian timber into fortune; Lowell Birrell, safe in Brazil, ingeniously manipulated stock; Ivar Kreuger, Swedish match king, peddled billion dollars in worthless securities; George Graham Rice was one of '20s' slickest stock promoters.

may only dimly comprehend what the president is up to. More importantly, it is in the nature of stock markets that one can legitimately aspire to get something for nothing — or, at any rate, to get a great deal for very little. All that is necessary is to invest in the right common stock and count the money as it rolls in. If the prospective investor has any qualms about getting rich with such immoral ease, he can comfort himself with the thought that by taking a flyer in the market he is putting his money to work creatively, and that he is thereby serving not only himself but his fellow citizens and the economy as a whole.

These aspects of life in a capitalist society are, of course, particularly prominent in the United States, and it is not to be wondered at that swindlers have found it a land of such enormous opportunity. In no other country have so many people been so rich, or so bent on entrusting their money to others in the hope of becoming richer still. "You Swedes are blockheads," the great Swedish swindler, Ivar Kreuger, once remarked to a friend. "You haggle about giving me money, but when I get off the boat in New York I find men on the pier begging me to take money off their hands."

Kreuger was speaking of the 1920s, a time when it was so easy to market phony securities that one Wall Street promoter impudently sold stock in a company bearing the name — quite accurately, as it turned out — of Phantom Oil. But the demand for merchandise of this sort, at least when sold under more plausible labels, was not simply a period fad, like mah-jongg or the Charleston. As far back as 1911, the *Financial World* of New York listed the names of 240 fake companies, with a combined capitalization (on paper) of more than a billion dollars, whose stock had recently been sold to the public. More significantly, for all the disenchantment with Wall Street that set in after 1929, and despite the establishment a few years later of a federal agency, the Securities and Exchange Commission, charged with curbing (among other things) the sale of watery and worthless stock, there were signs by the mid-1950s that more of the stuff was being sold than ever before. The national propensity to be swindled has proved remarkably durable.

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Of all the stratagems by which Americans have been swindled, the most pleasing, from an esthetic standpoint, is the confidence game. Like heroes of tragedy, its victims are brought low by a fatal flaw in their own characters. The flaw is dishonesty: what chiefly sets the confidence game apart from other varieties of fraud is the fact that the victim, or "mark," is fleeced while he is trying to make money dishonestly. This not only makes the victim reluctant to squawk when he finds he has been swindled, but absolves the confidence man, at least in his own mind, of responsibility for his victim's plight. He may, indeed, look on himself as a species of satirist, one who uses psychological rather than literary means to demonstrate the folly and depravity of man. "My domain was the human mind," Joseph Weil, a confidence man known professionally as the Yellow Kid, once told novelist Saul Bellow. "I entered the lives of my dupes . . . I *(continued on page 82)*

"I'm glad you asked me about that, Herb . . ."

MASTER $WINDLER$ *(continued from page 80)*

only showed them their own purpose."

Before his retirement in the 1940s, Weil was one of the most gifted and versatile confidence men in the business. A small, elegant man, who worked out of Chicago, Weil posed variously as a doctor, a professor, an agent for a Wall Street syndicate, a mining engineer, and a representative of German capital. Sometimes he impersonated real people, such as Dr. Henry Reuel, a well-known mining expert. His credentials were always excellent. They included, for example, copies of books by the real Dr. Reuel in which the Kid had substituted his own photograph for that of the author.

One of Weil's favorite confidence games featured an imaginary copper mine. It was a swindle he often worked on bankers, whom he hated. "They are almost always shady," he once wrote. "Their activities are usually only just within the law."

After cultivating the acquaintance of a likely looking banker, Weil would open the game by remarking that he had picked up some interesting information about an Arizona mining company called Verde Grande Copper. The Morgan interests, he would confide, were quietly trying to take it over. As evidence, the Kid would produce a letter supposedly written by J. P. Morgan himself, and richly ornamented with references to other noted men of affairs. ("Today Mr. Elihu Root paid me the compliment of his august presence, and urged that we merge our interests . . .") The burden of the letter would be that Morgan was so eager to get control of Verde Grande Copper that he was prepared to pay two dollars a share for as much of its stock as he could lay his hands on.

Weil would mention offhandedly that he knew of a retired farmer who owned some Verde Grande stock, and who might be induced to sell it for much less than two dollars a share, inasmuch as he probably knew nothing of Morgan's offer. Inviting the banker to go along, Weil would call on the "farmer" — a confederate of Weil's, needless to say — and talk him into selling his stock, 12,500 shares in all, for 10 cents a share. With the banker still in tow, Weil would take the stock to a nearby city. There, another confederate, posing as a broker authorized to act on Morgan's behalf, would buy it for two dollars a share, handing over $25,000 for stock that had cost Weil only $1250. After this demonstration, known as the "convincer," the banker was almost certain to ask Weil to cut him in on any future deals of this kind, and Weil would generously promise to do so.

The banker would not have long to wait. Weil would locate another Verde Grande stockholder — this one, say, a rich grain merchant owning 250,000 shares and willing to part with it for a dollar a share. The banker, his pulses pounding at the prospect of a quick 100 percent profit, would remind Weil of his promise, and Weil would agree to let him buy 50,000 shares on his own account. At the grain merchant's insistence, the two men would pay for the stock in cash, the banker putting up $50,000, and Weil $200,000. (To conserve working capital, Weil would make his contribution in the form of "boodle" — currency made up in bundles with $100 bills on the outside and one-dollar bills inside.) With the 250,000 shares in hand, they would set out for the office of the broker where the banker had earlier been given the convincer. Somewhere en route, Weil would slip away, leaving the banker to search in vain for his benefactor, for the accommodating broker, and for his missing $50,000.

Weil was also noted for his virtuosity at the classic stock swindle called the Rag. In this con game, as it was played between 1910 and 1930, the swindler posed as an agent of a syndicate of Wall Street brokers that from time to time manipulated stock prices, and that notified him of its plans by coded telegram. The swindler would offer to share the contents of the telegrams with the victim — usually a businessman on an out-of-town trip — and would take him to a brokerage office. There, some modest speculative gains would encourage him to try for a big killing. When he did so, however, he would find that he had somehow misunderstood the swindler's instructions: he had bought stock on margin, it would appear, when he should have sold it short. The price of the stock would plummet, and the mark would go home broke.

Sometimes a victim would not suspect for years that there had been anything odd about the establishment where he had made his costly mistake. The brokerage office used in the Rag was, of course, simply a "store." The clerks, the manager, the office boy chalking up quotations, the speculators calling for their profits in $10,000 bills — all were part of an ensemble made up of shills or "sticks" and known collectively as a "boost." In New York, so many stores were in operation at one period that a daily shape-up for shills was held at a saloon run by a man called Dan the Dude. "You could get any kind of stick you needed in Dan's scatter," an old confidence man once told an investigator. "Many of them made up like millionaires and some wore morning clothes and top hats. Old Man Eaton always wore a silk hat on the boost. He had a beautiful set of whiskers like Justice Hughes of the Supreme Court and was always in demand."

• • •

The con man is distinguished not only by the dishonesty of his victims, but by the fact that he stalks them in stealth and cheats them one at a time. This contrasts sharply with the methods of swindlers who openly invite the world to entrust them with its money, and who fleece their victims in batches instead of individually.

One way of doing this is to invent an imaginary enterprise, and to get people to invest in it by paying dividends out of the capital that the investors themselves contribute. This system, which has much in common with the chain letter — the earliest investors may make out fine — is often associated with the name of Charles Ponzi, who promised some 40 years ago to make Bostonians rich if they would let him use their money to finance something called International Postal Reply Coupons.

This particular variety of fraud may be better illustrated, however, by the work of a Chicago stockbroker named Leo Koretz. His schemes were not only more beautifully embellished than Ponzi's, but he was, on moral as well as esthetic grounds, a more engaging figure. Ponzi, like most swindlers who offer their wares on the open market, didn't care whom he cheated. Koretz tried hard to bilk only the rich. Once, it is true, he let his secretary invest $3000 in one of his enterprises — but he apparently took her money only to keep from hurting her feelings.

Koretz launched his soak-the-rich program in 1916. He began by telling people casually that he had taken a little flyer in Panamanian timber. Soon afterward, according to W. A. Swanberg's admirably detailed account of his career, his style of living underwent a spectacular change. He moved into a 21-room mansion in suburban Evanston, and began arriving at his office in the Loop in a maroon Rolls-Royce brougham driven by a chauffeur in plum-colored livery. Koretz confided to a few friends that he owed all this to Panamanian mahogany, which he said grew like hay along the Bayano River, where his holdings happily were situated. After some coaxing, he agreed to share his good fortune. He organized a company called the Bayano Timber Syndicate, and within a year let himself be talked into selling his friends, and their friends, half a million dollars' worth of its stock.

But the money did not keep coming in fast enough to suit Koretz. His business expenses, to be sure, were minimal. They consisted mainly of paying the stockholders a five-percent dividend every six months (out of capital, of course, not

(continued on page 119)

THE PLAYBOY TOWN HOUSE

modern living POSH PLANS FOR EXCITING URBAN LIVING

DESIGNED BY R. DONALD JAYE • RENDERINGS BY HUMEN TAN

THE DISCERNING CITY-DWELLER of individual ways and comfortable means is turning more and more to the superb outlets for decorative and architectural self-expression inherent in the town house. He is beguiled by its intrinsic advantages of privacy and spaciousness coupled with a metropolitan location just a shift of the gears away from myriad urban attractions. Recognizing this, PLAYBOY has taken a city lot in a typical brownstone neighborhood and transformed it from street to stern into a modishly swinging manor for the modern man. The requisites we set for architect-designer R. Donald Jaye in laying out the Playboy Town House were many; the limitations (except for those imposed by the necessarily constricting 25-foot width of the normal city lot) were few. Our urban home was to offer

the expansive, nonconfining elbowroom, legroom and luxurious living room usually identified with an exurban retreat, and have the relatively carefree conveniences that an on-the-go bachelor could maintain with a minimum number of servants beating about the preserve.

Our specific requirements were: a two-car garage in front; a full-size indoor swimming pool with adjacent recreation area; an integrated dining-kitchen-and-bar area; a spacious living room with fireplace and all the appurtenances (automatically controlled) of gracious living; a combination office-study; a large guest bedroom with its own bath and dressing room; a generously proportioned master bedroom featuring a further refinement of the Playboy Bed (November 1959), a fireplace, oversize bath and dressing room; and a roof sun deck for summer simmering.

Having used the above as a yardstick for our digs and allowing ourself a budget liberal enough to fill our needs, we've created a tastefully lavish urban approach to the fine art of leisurely living suitable for the most demanding gentleman.

The house has been divided approximately into thirds; the 40-foot-long front area of the house consists of the ground-level garage, the first-floor rec area, the second-floor living room, and the third-floor master bedroom. The 25-foot-long middle portion is taken up by the pool with an unbroken area overhead rising three floors to the sliding skylight. The 40-foot back section is made up of the ground-level servants' quarters, the first-floor dining room, bar and kitchen, the second-floor study, and the third-floor guest bedroom. The upper floors have been planned to provide maximum privacy, with locks on stairways, passageways and elevator doors to keep the study and both bedrooms traffic-free when desired. Like the Roman atrium villa built around a central court, our

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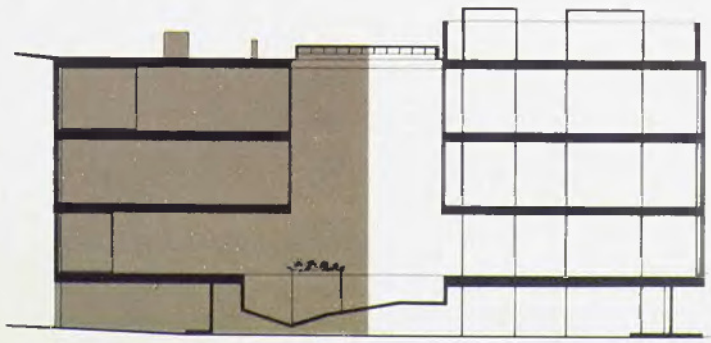
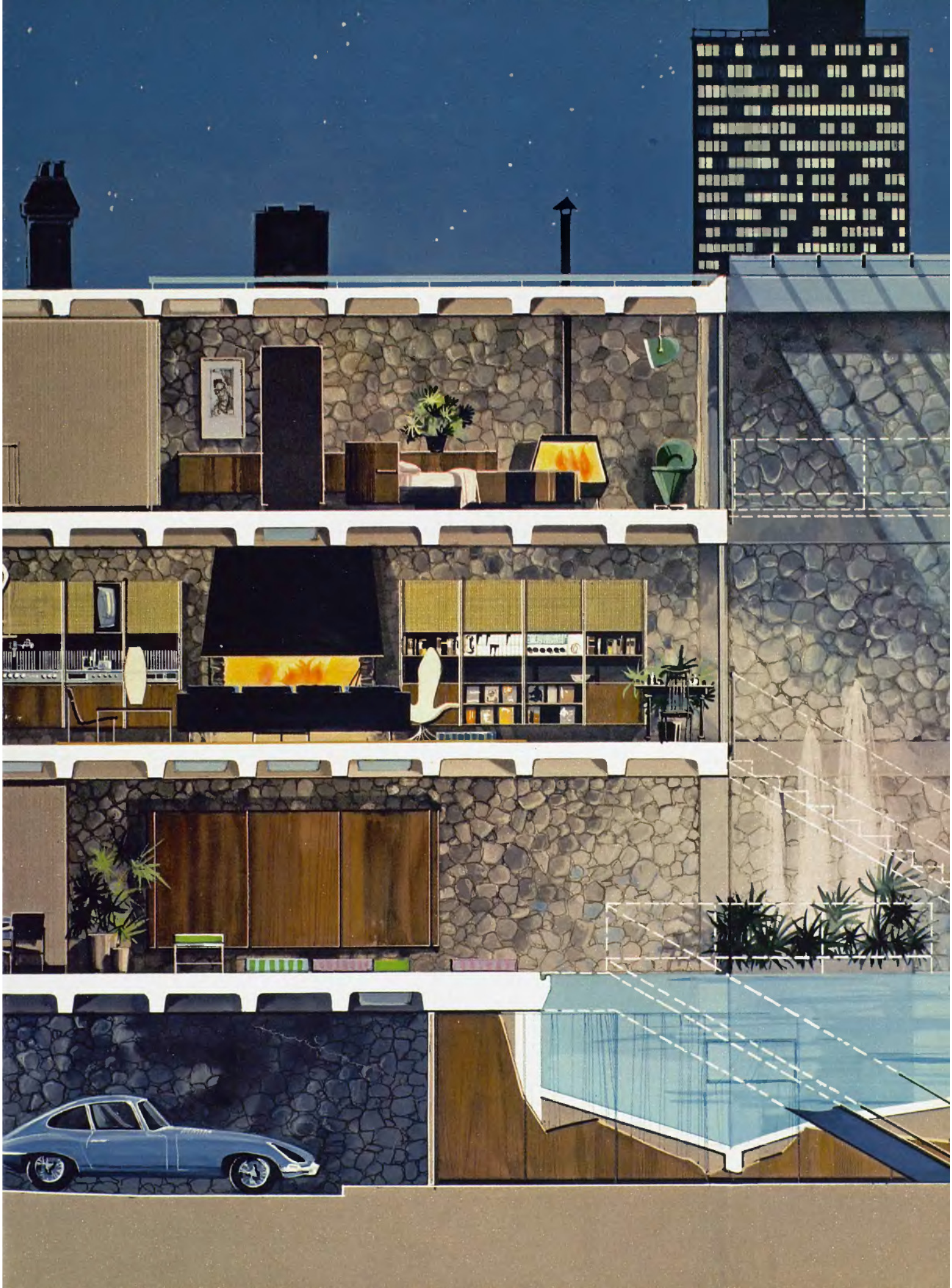
Cutaway view of the front half of the Playboy Town House—an ultra-urban island of individuality in a sea of look-alike multiple dwellings. The rabbit-emblemed door at the back of the open, radiant-heated ground-level garage leads to a teak-lined hallway running back to the elevator. Facing the stairs leading to the rec area and pool, a large picture window—one of the most popular features of the Playboy Mansion (*Playmate Holiday House Party*, December 1961)—gives a scuba-eye view of underwater activities. One floor up, the spacious, festively tile-floored rec area is one of the house's focal points of informality. Above it, the living room's activities center about the prodigious eight-foot fireplace and an entertainment wall (stretching almost the length of the room) that includes hidden color-TV, AM-FM-Multiplex four-speaker stereo, an LP-tape library that can be chosen automatically by push-button, and an electronic master control panel containing intercom, heat and air-conditioning regulators, and remote controls for the drapes, sliding doors and windows. An open circular staircase leads to the master bedroom and the Playboy Rotating Bed.





contemporary dwelling centers about the pool, with access—via balconies—to a view from sliding skylight above to pool below. Now let's take a tour of the finished product.

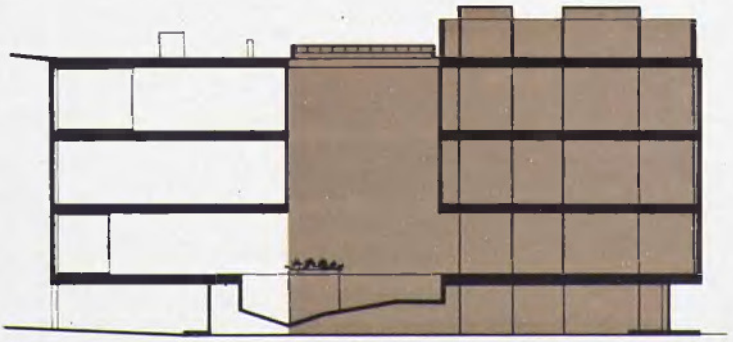
As we turn our high-performance *gran turismo* coupe into the driveway, we point out to our comely companion the Playboy Town House's striking exterior. All floor-to-ceiling glass and masonry, the Town House stands in glamorous contrast to, yet in curiously pleasing harmony with, the post-Victorian brownstones that surround it. As the fading rays of the late-afternoon sun still provide sufficient exterior illumination, the spotlights fixed beneath the roof's overhang have not yet been turned on.

We swing into the open two-carport, brightly illumined by recessed overhead lighting, and step out into a garage that is kept warm all year round by radiant heat from the concrete floor; heat is also supplied as an additional function of the overhead lights.

Guiding our guest to the right rear of the carport, we unlock the rabbit-escutcheoned teak door (guests arriving later may be screened via closed-circuit TV and intercom before being admitted) and lead the way down a richly grained teak-walled passageway. Passing an open-work stairway on our right which leads to the first floor, we pause momentarily for a look through an outsized picture window on the left which affords a dolphin's-eye view into the deepest part of the pool (the subsurface pool window and several other ingenious ideas for the leisurely life were projections of the Playboy Mansion, *Playmate Holiday House Party*, December 1961). Unoccupied now, the pool is one of the recreational focal points of the house.

Continuing on our way, we enter, at the end of the corridor, a handsomely finished, electronically controlled elevator that will whisk us in silent swiftness to the first-floor level. The elevator *(text continued on page 92)*

Cutaway of rear half of the Playboy Town House shows continuation of fieldstone wall. Elevator at end of teak-paneled ground-level hallway has floor-lock arrangement to ensure privacy in the study or guest bedroom. The first-level dining area can be panoramic in its vistas when the drapes are pulled back, engagingly *intime* when they're drawn. The kitchen area, with the latest in automatic cooking gear completely built into the teak cabinetry, is designed to function efficiently with a minimum of help. Houseman's master control board (from which he can handle any mechanical operation in any part of the house, including screening visitors with closed-circuit TV and intercom) is just to the right of the built-in wall ovens. Projection in rear of kitchen contains wine cellar and frozen-food locker. The study, on the floor above, the master's retreat-within-a-retreat, is fitted out to take a man through an all-night session of executive decisions or avocational midnight oil burning. The guest bedroom above it has table and chairs for conversation, cards or snacks, overlooking pool. The elevator takes you to roof sun deck.



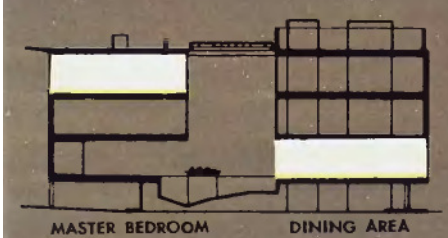
As we stand at the end of the dining-area bar we get an elbow-bender's view of almost the entire length of the house — past the pedestal dining group, past the image-reflecting pool, and on into most of the rec area, with the half-drawn drapes of the living room showing above it. The waffle-iron recessed lighting overhead is used throughout the house, can be turned on in sections; its dial-controlled intensity ranges from romantically dim to gala bright.

SAARINEN CHAIR BY KNOLL, APPROX. $165.

PLASTIC-BACK BAR STOOL BY LAVERNE, $360.

BEDROOM FIREPLACE BY UNI-BILT, $119.

CONE CHAIR BY GEORGE TANIER, $199.



Master Bedroom: the rotating bed, a refinement of the Playboy Bed (November 1959), has been electronically turned on its 360-degree base to take full advantage of a ramantic fire. The drapes, glass door and skylight have been drawn back so that the star-flecked sky is almost our ceiling. The carrousel-striped coverlet has been turned down. We've poured a brandy nightcap from the bar concealed in the rotating headboard, prapped up our pillow, and push-buttoned several hours of balladry to add the proper final notes.

TULIP CHAIR BY LAVERNE ORIGINALS, $240.

SOFA BY DUNBAR, APPROX. $1450.

WALNUT, MARBLE TABLES BY KNOLL, $65, $97.

THREE-LEGGED CHAIR BY LAVERNE, $425.

The 40x25 living room is luxurious and masculine. In the foreground, carved ivory chessmen with period table and chairs, and an antique Spanish chest-cum-bar set against the teak wall paneling offer dramatically effective Old World contrast to the contemporary feeling that distinguishes the room. The tulip chair, the two side chairs, the large sofa, and the brilliantly striped cushions are placed on the vibrant tangerine rug to derive full benefit from the room-dominating entertainment wall and the giant hooded-and-raised fireplace on the right. In the background, a lounge chair and ottoman are at windowside for at-ease observation of the city's glowing skyline. The circular staircase leads to the master bedroom.

features a phone for last-minute, can't-wait calls. As we step out, we're facing the front of the house.

On our right is an impressive three-story pool area panoplied by a skylight that in warm weather can be opened by remote control. On the opposite wall, a fountain's misty spray softens the rugged stone wall that extends from skylight to poolside. Equally striking is the three-story-high wall of teak on our left. Once more, we encounter the stairway coming up from ground level and continuing on up to the living room.

Forsaking this for the moment, we head into the poolside rec area. The floor is set with richly hued mosaic tiles regally reminiscent of a Roman *lavacrum*. Against the fieldstone wall are teak cabinets to hold street clothes, bathing gear and terry beach towels. Occupying the area between the cabinets and front windows is a tiled steam-and-shower room for pre- and post-natant care, and a dressing room. Casually strewn about the spacious rec area is a colorful plenitude of oversized foam-filled cushions to facilitate poolside lazing. With music piped in from the living-room sound system, it can be turned into a poshly informal dance palace. Windowward are a table and chairs, for less vigorous games of chance and skill. In another corner, a standing plant is one of many islands of greenery.

Heading back past the pool to check on dinner preparations, we see that the handsomely modern dining table has already been set with candelabra and rich linen for dinner *à deux*. The Knoll Pedestal dining set lends itself to formal dining when the automatically controlled sliding drapes shut off the pool and rec area; it assumes an alfresco air when the broad vistas of the pool remain in full view during casual snacking.

We guide our one-girl tour back into the kitchen, passing on our right a 12-foot-long upholstered bar that's gleamingly sentineled by a set of Laverne clear-plastic-backed, stainless-steel bar stools and adorned with a martini-filled, frostily chilled pitcher awaiting our pleasure. The ceiling overhead (and throughout the house) resembles a panoramic glass waffle; its square recesses discreetly house lighting which can be automatically rheostated down to a romantically chiaroscuro dimness or turned up to a gala brightness.

As we enter the kitchen we pass on our left a long counter that serves both as a buffet and room divider. The counter forms an ell with a center island of cabinets containing an ultramodern built-in electric range and grille. Suspended dramatically over the range is a sparkling stainless-steel stove hood. Centered in the left-side wall between off-the-floor cabinets are both a conventional oven-broiler and a look-ma-no-heat radar oven. All the sundry electric appliances designed to allow the cook to devote all his energies to pleasuring a gourmet's palate are out-of-sight built-ins.

Toward the rear of the left-side wall is the houseman's desk located below a central control panel (identical panels are found in the living room and master bedroom; smaller versions are in all the other rooms) which is the omnipresent electronic brain of the house. From this one multibuttoned, many-dialed source, the houseman can open and close the sliding drapes and glass doors, the pool's skylight, control the lighting throughout the house, and precisely regulate the heating and air conditioning.

The air-conditioning system, we point out, is unique — combining the best features of circulating warm air and radiant heating. The design dates back to the Romans — warm or cool air is circulated through metal forms imbedded in the floor, wall registers release the air into the desired areas. The electronically filtered air in the house is crystal clear of dust, smoke and odors, cutting maintenance to a minimum.

The panel board also houses an AM-FM tuner and telephone-type dial for selecting records and tapes, housed in the living room, for broadcast to any part of the house. Either side of over 500 records can be chosen by this device. The tapes are played in the same fashion. Amplifying controls are also right at hand. Here, too, are the intercom and closed-circuit TV to save footsteps.

To the rear of the bar are two doors; one leads to the rear service stairs and the servants' quarters, the other opens into the pantry which houses a sommelier's dream of a wine cellar and a cornucopic deep-freeze.

Before taking the elevator up to the study (the only entrance other than the service stairway), we pause at the bar for a sampling of the pre-prandial potables and some quiet conversation, and continue on with lightened gait.

We step out of the elevator into the sitting area, where an eight-foot Thayer-Coggin couch and twin Herman Miller pull-up chairs surrounding a coffee table are backdropped by a blaze of abstract-expressionist art strikingly hung on the fieldstone wall.

Farther back is the study area, our sanctum sanctorum. An informal table-type desk forms a promontory off the custom-built wall cabinetry that houses an electric typewriter, dictaphone, and all the paraphernalia pertinent to maintaining an office away from the office.

Here, too, are the tools of less vocational pursuits — shelves lined with books, a standing globe, and a smaller version of the master control panel to pipe in sound suitable for the occasion, and control the drapes and glass panels — and a compact but complete bar for a something-stronger-than-coffee break. Deskside, our executive seat is an Albano swivel chair. A bathroom to the rear rounds out our world-within-a-world retreat.

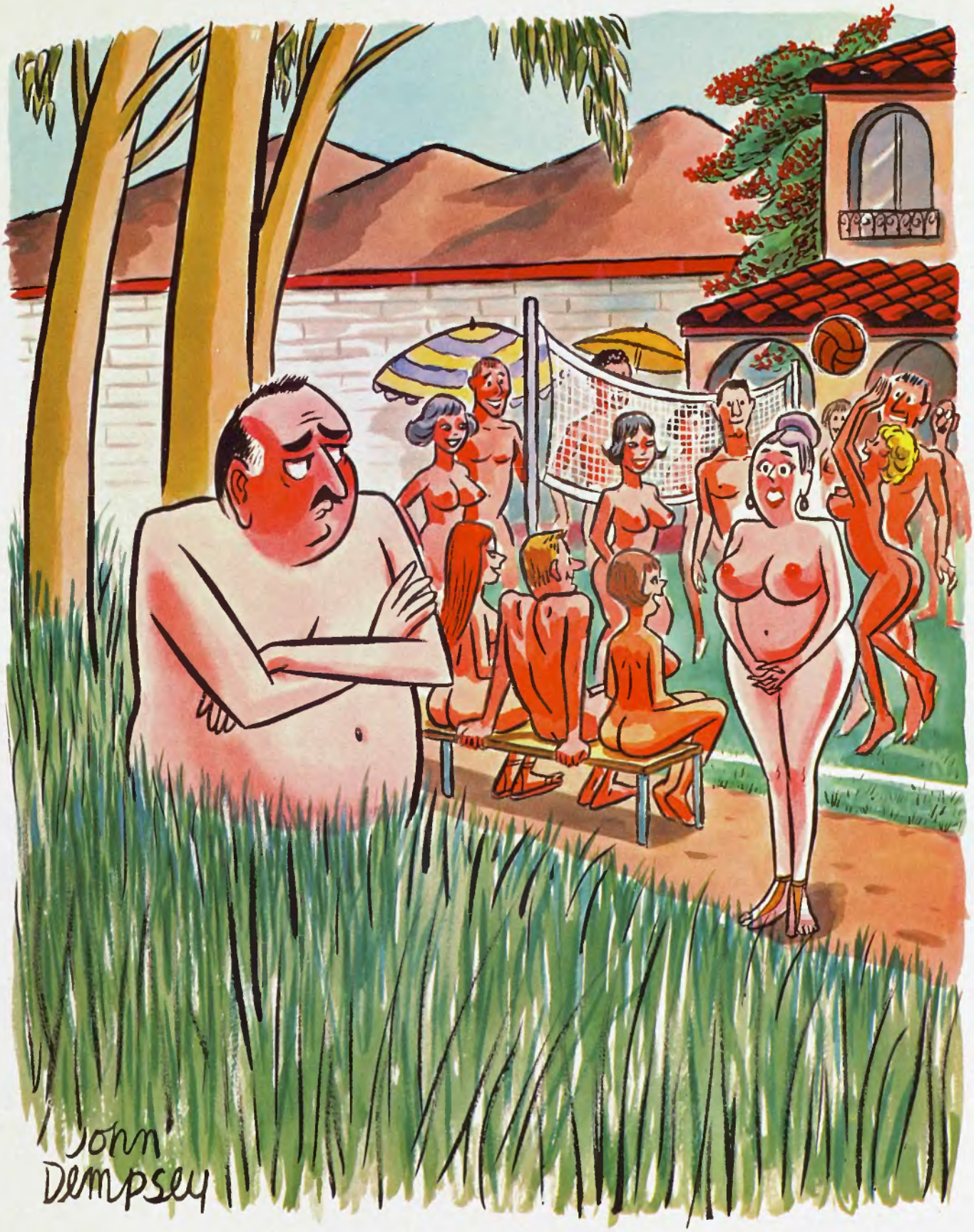
Summoning the elevator, we continue the tour to the guest bedroom on the floor above. Underfoot, thick wall-to-wall carpeting stretches from the Herman Miller table and chairs, commanding a view of the pool and the front of the house, to the full-length rear window. Past the Hollywood bed with its headboard replete with built-in reading lights, storage space and well-stocked bookshelves, beyond a Herman Miller coconut lounge chair, a room-dividing wardrobe sets off the dressing area where a compelling piece of abstract sculpture atop a Herman Miller vanity provides dramatic contrast to a large baroque-framed mirror. Backing the mirrored wall is a luxuriously ceramic-tiled bathroom.

Leaving the guest room, we head across the four-foot-wide catwalk over the pool area toward the master bedroom. We linger awhile to let our vis-à-vis dig the vasty view created by the open center third of the house. Overhead we can see the last deep-red rays of the sun through the broad skylight; ahead of us are the balconies for the living room and master bedroom; as our guest looks back over her shoulder, she can see, past the shimmering reflections of the pool, the balconies of the study, the guest room rising over the dining area, and to their right, the elevator which connects all floors, from the ground level to the roof sun deck.

We enter the master bedroom through the sliding glass door. Here, dominating the room, is without question the Town House's single most dramatic piece of furniture. Set in circular splendor midst the deep pile of our wall-to-wall handcrafted Afghanistan carpeting reigns the Playboy Rotating Bed. The bed is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. The touch of a button can start the bed and headboard turning and stop them at any point of a full circle. The headboard is fully outfitted to fill any needs of its bedded owner; the necessary accouterments for reading, late-hour supping or sipping, listening or viewing are to be found at one's fingertips. A pair of the headboard's panels swing out and reverse to form upholstered back rests. Between the two panels, there's a third that folds out as a bed-top table to hold our counterpane diversions. Bar and refrigerator are also built in; here, too, is another master control panel, containing, in addition to a full set of automatic controls for the entire house, a remote-control unit for the color-TV suspended overhead 'twixt the bed and the poolside window.

If we wish we can turn the bed so that we face the *gemütlich* warmth of the

(concluded on page 105)



"Yoo-hoo, Mr. Donovan! You can't spend all your time in the high grass."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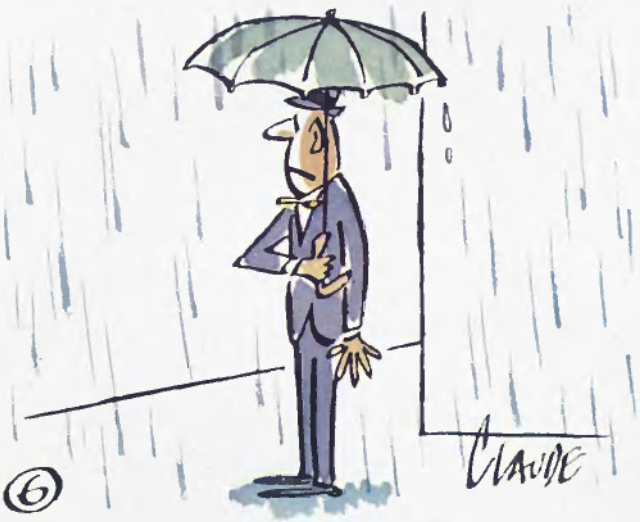

6
CLAUDE

WHAT MAKES AN EXECUTIVE?

those criteria by which the young man ready to mount the ladder of corporate leadership may evaluate his chances for success

article **BY J. PAUL GETTY**

Not long ago, as part of a university survey designed to gauge their understanding of business theories and practices, several hundred entering freshmen were asked this question:

"Assuming that you owned a large business firm, what is the principal quality, trait or qualification you would want your executives to possess?"

Among the answers were these random — but fairly typical — examples:

"I'd want my executives to dress well and have good personalities."

"They would have to know how to entertain important customers."

"I'd only hire executives who could keep prices up and wages down."

"I'd insist on getting executives who were able to make people work harder and faster."

Now, naive as these replies may sound, one cannot blame freshmen for being somewhat hazy about what goes on in the business world. Unfortunately, their ignorance is shared by far too many who are much older and should be much wiser.

The principles of management personnel selection are often misunderstood, even by some who have long been active in the management of businesses large and small. I have encountered more than a few supposedly experienced businessmen whose concepts of the qualities and qualifications they or other management personnel should possess are nearly as muddled as those of the students.

Take, for example, the pompous — and obviously job-seeking — executive who cornered me recently at a cocktail party. He complained bitterly that he had been passed over for promotion twice by the well-known firm for which he worked.

"I'm a victim of company politics," he declared, obviously believing it. "There's no other explanation. I've always performed my duties exactly as an executive should!"

"And how is that?" I inquired, my curiosity to hear what weird theories he'd propound getting the better of my good judgment.

"I keep a tight rein on the people in my department. I never let them put anything over on me or the company. If they try, I fire them on the spot!" the man replied with smug pride. "I don't question my orders and always carry them out to the letter, regardless of the consequences."

At this point, I suddenly pretended that I'd just recognized a long-lost relative across the room, disengaged myself and beat a rapid retreat. I'd heard all I cared to hear — or could stomach.

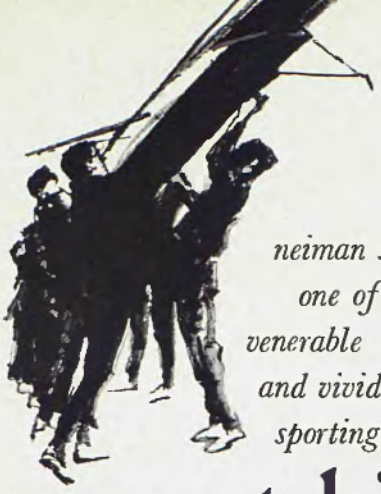
I can readily understand why this so-called executive hadn't been promoted. What I can't understand is why he hadn't been given the sack long before. Certainly, he wouldn't remain on my payroll for five minutes. He personifies the two worst qualities anyone holding down a responsible managerial job in a modern business firm could possibly possess.

His attitude toward his subordinates is clearly that of a slave-driving martinet. His attitude toward his superiors — at least to their faces — is just as clearly that of a complete bootlicker utterly devoid of imagination or common sense.

Let's look at it this way. Business management may be broadly defined as the art of directing human activities so as to carry out a business firm's policies and achieve its goals.

Whether it be general or specialized management — such as personnel, purchasing, production or sales — the key to all business management lies in the words: *directing human activities.*

No one possessing the attitudes of the disgruntled executive I *(continued on page 106)*



neiman sketches one of england's venerable and vivid sporting events

man at his leisure

THE OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE RACE, a waterborne ceremonial rite, has been practiced yearly with few interruptions since 1829. When the fragile nine-man shells are set down on the Thames at Putney in the still-chill early English spring, and the iron-muscled young university men bend to their oars while the coxswains adjust their megaphones, the air is electric with the tension built up over months of tedious, rigorous practice. Old Blue alumni of both persuasions crowd the launches hovering behind the shells at the starting line (the less fortunate fringe the shores) to root their chosen shell home all the way down the winding, four-and-a-half-mile course. After the winning shell, its crew still adrenally erect, has swept across the line at Mortlake, and the losers, slumped over with exhaustion and frustration, have drifted by, the renowned British reserve turns into an old wives' tale as near hysteria breaks loose among old grads and undergrads alike. PLAYBOY artist LeRoy Neiman passed up an observation post midway at Chiswick ("One of the best vantage points ashore, because the crew that's in the lead this far along generally manages to stay there") for deckside sketching aboard a converted barge anchored in the Thames ("There's generally a genial host aboard who has laid in bountiful rations of Scotch, cocktails, tea and hors d'oeuvres to add fuel to the fire of victory or dilute the despair of defeat"). In less than 20 minutes, the long preparation and anticipation is climaxed (of the over-100 meetings of the two schools, only the 1877 race ended in a dead heat). But whatever the outcome, The Boat Race (an Englishman requires no further identification), though resolutely British, is riotously exciting.

Below, left to right: bumbershooted Old Blues watch practicing Oxford take to a rain-spattered Thames. Later, the crew, in unison, lift the shell from the water and march it back to the boathouse.


LeRoy Neiman

"My psychiatrist says I have a serious emotional problem . . .
Darling, what's a nymphomaniac . . . ?"

a translation from the persian *bakhtiar-nameh*

Ribald Classic

THE LANGUAGE OF THE BIRDS

THERE LIVED IN BAGHDAD a powerful caliph with a daughter as fair as the dawn. He showered her with blessings and even allowed her to wander through the city and in the gardens beside the river. His only proviso was that on each excursion she travel with a different trusted servant, lest habitual propinquity lead to temptation. On this sole precaution he based his peace of mind.

This caliph had a servant named Ali, a lad who awaited with anticipation the day when he would be selected to accompany the princess on a stroll through the gardens. When the day arrived, he took one of the princess' necklaces and hid it at the foot of a tree. Under a stone he placed a purse filled with small coins. And, most important of all, he placed an old crow with clipped wings on the branch of a flowering jasmine. Then he called for the princess.

As they stopped to inhale the fragrance of jasmine, the old crow cawed and cackled.

"What a hideous bird!" exclaimed the princess. "Throw a stone at it, Ali."

"That would be ungrateful, lady," replied Ali. "This crow has just told me something helpful. If we look at the foot of yonder tree, we will find something valuable."

The lady looked, and found the necklace.

Just then the crow cawed again.

"What does he say this time?" asked the princess, half convinced.

Ali listened attentively and replied: "He says the purse you lost this morning is under a stone at the other side of the gardens." And when they looked, there the purse was.

The crow cawed for the third time, and the princess clapped her hands and commanded Ali to translate again, and Ali hung his head and said: "I do not dare to tell you, lady, what the crow has said."

"You defy me?" cried the caliph's daughter in a rage. "Tell me, Ali, or by the Holy Book . . ."

"To hear is to obey," said the young man. "The crow says that if you will play the game of love with your servant, Ali, you will discover a joy you did not dream existed."

"He was right about the purse and the necklace," mused the princess.

Therefore, she retired with Ali into a secret part of the gardens and followed to the letter the message conveyed by the wisest of crows.

The next day the caliph summoned his majordomo and spoke with him earnestly.

"Women will never cease to amaze me," he said. "My daughter has sold her favorite parrot — the one from Ethiopia — and has placed in its golden cage a crow of foul and hideous aspect. Its ugly cawing awakened me at dawn. What is the reason, do you suppose?"

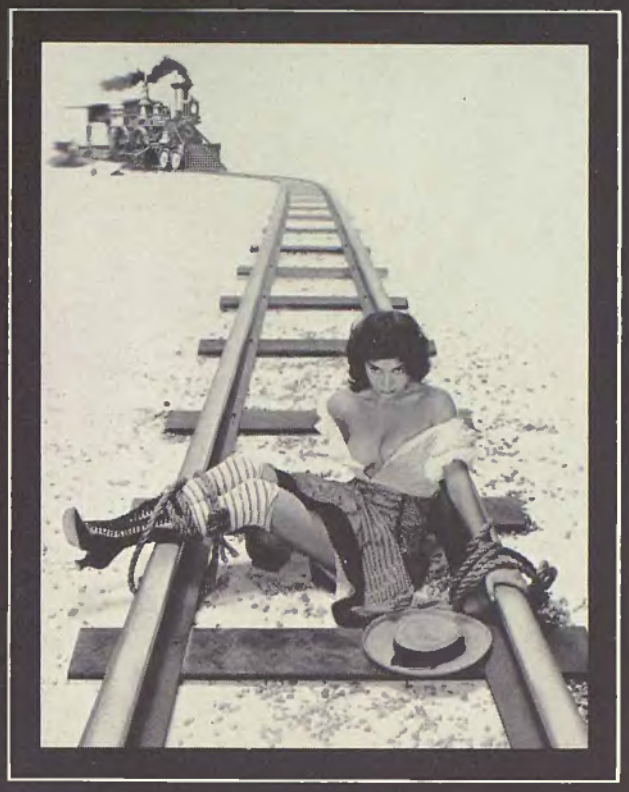
"Who knows the mind of women?" sighed the majordomo.

And Ali and the princess, who were wiser than caliphs and majordomos, knew that one ugly crow, whose caws are heeded, is worth a hundred gaudy, senseless parrots whose words are clear but empty. Each day thereafter they heeded the old crow's advice. May Allah prolong their felicity!

— Retold by J. A. Gato

THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUES HER

hartog shirt sellodramas menace bare maidens with cliff-hanging predicaments of yore



Lovers of vintage melodrama should be as delighted as we to learn that the fine art of cliff-hanging is not yet dead: diabolical filmflammery is enjoying a lively revival in a monthly series of Hartog shirt ads now peppering the pages of the trade publication "Men's Wear." The real hero of these epidermal episodes is the Carson-Roberts ad agency, which is continuing its nine-year-old tradition of serving up a spicy admixture of pretty chicks keeping their shirts off for Hartog (a soft sell we first reported in our fourth—March 1954—issue). Playing the mustachioed heavy who seeks to wreak foul mayhem on his fair prey is agency copy supervisor Ken Sullet; the nifty serial numbers are shot by Hal Adams, who has also lensed a goodly number of our Playmates.

Hartog heroines are menaced by many old saws.

Condemned to overexposure by a cold and cruel tyrant.

Doomed to white slavery.

Bound for a grizzly fate.

THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUES HER

Smiling through it all; hapless prey to a hairy ape.

A sad case of poetic injustice.

Pluckily facing rack and ruin.

A Hartog honey struts her stuff as evil Black Bart prepares to jettison cargo.

frozen assets

(continued from page 58)

Remove livers from squabs. Sauté livers in 2 tablespoons butter until brown. Chop livers coarsely. Cut apple into small dice. Melt ¼ cup butter in saucepan. Add apple, onion and celery and sauté slowly until vegetables are tender, not brown. Cut bread into small cubes. Make bread crumbs by blending about ¼ cup bread cubes at a time in the well of an electric blender. Combine livers, apple mixture and bread crumbs, mixing well. Add sage, and salt and pepper to taste. Stuff each squab with bread-crumb mixture. Fasten vent of each squab with toothpicks or poultry pins. Brush squabs with oil and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Preheat oven to 450°. Roast squabs 20 minutes. Reduce heat to 350°, and roast about 40 minutes longer or until birds are brown and tender. Serve with blackberry jelly or wild blueberry jam.

PATTY OF CURRIED CRAB MEAT
(Serves four)

The procedure below follows the native Indian practice of using whole spices freshly ground whenever possible instead of the prepared curry powder.

- 2 6-oz. pkgs. frozen King crab meat, thawed
- 4 unbaked frozen patty shells
- 1 teaspoon whole black pepper
- 1 teaspoon cardamom seeds
- ½ teaspoon caraway seeds
- ½ teaspoon ground coriander
- 4 whole cloves
- 1 teaspoon turmeric
- ½ teaspoon ground cumin
- ¼ teaspoon chili powder
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons minced onion
- ½ teaspoon finely minced garlic
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup milk, scalded
- 1 cup light cream, scalded
- 2 tablespoons dry sherry
- ¼ cup applesauce
- Salt

Bake patty shells, following directions on package. Be sure to remove centers of patty shells about five minutes before baking is completed and return them with the shells to the oven to complete baking. Cardamom seeds must be removed from pods by hand, after which they should be measured. Put whole pepper, cardamom seeds, caraway seeds, coriander, cloves, turmeric, cumin and chili powder in the well of an electric blender, and blend until whole spices are finely chopped. Melt butter in saucepan and add onion and garlic, sautéing until onion is yellow. Stir in flour, blending well. Gradually add milk and cream, stirring constantly. Add ground spices. Slowly bring to a boil. Simmer, over a very low flame, about five minutes. Avoid scorching. Add crab meat and liquid from thaw. Simmer five minutes. Add sherry, applesauce and salt to taste. Spoon crab-meat mixture into and around patty shells. Place center of patty shell on top.

BREADED FROGS' LEGS, FRIED PARSLEY
(Serves four)

There's no better example of the frozen millennium now upon us than frogs' legs. Formerly, they were around only in the late spring and summer. Now, frozen, their sweet, succulent meat provides an eatfest all year long. Shun the big—four pairs to the pound—Caribbean bullfrogs' legs, which are tough and rubbery.

- 1 lb. small frozen frogs' legs
- 1 cup dry white wine
- 1 medium-size onion, sliced
- 1 piece celery, sliced
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 cup light cream
- 1 egg, beaten
- Salt, pepper, cayenne pepper
- Flour
- Bread crumbs
- 4-oz. bunch parsley
- 1 tablespoon butter at room temperature
- Salad oil for deep frying

Put the frozen frogs' legs in a shallow pan with the wine, onion, celery and bay leaf. Let them marinate at room temperature until they are thawed. Add 2 tablespoons cream to the egg, and beat well. Remove frogs' legs from liquid, reserving the latter for the sauce. Cut legs in half at the joint and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dip in flour. Shake off excess flour. Dip in egg. Dip in bread crumbs, coating legs thoroughly. Remove parsley sprigs from stems. Discard stems. Wash sprigs under cold water. Wipe dry with paper toweling, and set them aside. Put the wine and sliced vegetables into a saucepan. Simmer until wine is reduced to ½ cup. Strain liquid. Again bring to a boil. Mix the butter with 1 tablespoon flour until a smooth paste is formed. Slowly drop the butter into the simmering wine, stirring with a wire whip until thickened. Add balance of cream to wine. Simmer slowly (don't boil) about three minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste and a dash of cayenne. Preheat oil to 370°. Fry frogs' legs until medium brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Fry parsley in deep fat. It will collapse slightly in the fat, and will require only about a half minute or so for frying. Pour sauce on serving plates. Place frogs' legs on sauce. Garnish with fried parsley.

The freezerfest delineated above offers only a small, savory inkling of the cold cache that awaits your year-round culinary pleasure. Frozen assets can be among your most valuable.

PLAYBOY TOWN HOUSE *(continued from page 92)*

Uni-bilt fireplace set against the stone wall. Next to the fireplace is a George Tanier cone chair. The draperies, here and throughout the house, are of natural, unbleached linen unaffected by heat or sunlight; their neutral shade provides an unobtrusive backdrop for the house's many dramatic highlights.

Our clothes are compartmentalized in teak cabinets lining the stone wall and in a wardrobe that ells out from the cabinets setting off a dressing area that leads into the master bathroom — an enclosure of Olympian proportions. Its focal point is a tiled tub whose size is akin to a miniature swimming pool, three feet deep and six feet square; its thermostatic controls keep the water in the tub at a constant temperature. Counterbalancing the tub is a ceramic-tiled vanity with twin lavatories and a wide mirror. A nearby cabinet contains bath gear, robes, pajamas and other apparel.

We now conduct our companion down the circular staircase to the tour's last stop — the living room, and she is immediately impressed by the subtle and felicitous blend of the classic with the contemporary. To our right, overlooking the pool, a chess table of hand-inlaid teak is flanked by a pair of period Dixon Powdermaker high-back chairs. Across the room and dominating it, a huge, eight-foot-wide hooded fireplace casts a warm glow into all corners.

Stretching out from either side of the fireplace are darkly handsome teak cabinets which form an elegant entertainment wall. The right-hand cabinets house, in addition to two of the speakers, book and magazine shelves, storage space, the intercom-master control panel, and AM-FM tuner and amplifier. To the left of the fireplace, an electronically operated stereo tape-and-LP center runs the length of the cabinet. By pressing the appropriate keys we can effortlessly program music suitable to our mood to last through the evening. Above the console, between the other two speakers, a 21-inch color-TV screen is discreetly tucked behind the paneling when not in use.

The fireplace area presents the perfect meeting ground for warm, gracious, casual living. Facing the flames is a sumptuously upholstered Dunbar sofa set off on one side by a pair of leather-and-stainless-steel Laverne chairs and on the other by a Laverne tulip chair.

A Howard Miller bubble lamp on the sofa's end table may be used to create a cozy pool of light when the recessed overhead lighting is dimmed or extinguished. Scattered over the deep-piled, brilliantly hued tangerine rug are more oversized, brightly striped cushions, invitingly handy for fireside reading, listening or just plain lights-low relaxing.

On the opposite teak-paneled wall Willem de Kooning's slashingly stroked *Duck Pond* casts its own abstract-expressionist incandescence over the room. Beneath it, an antique Spanish cabinet has been converted into a bar. Its top's center portion folds back, raising a work shelf containing all essential accouterments. Flanking the cabinet-bar are a pair of Laverne three-legged stainless-and-leather chairs.

When the drapes are drawn back, the floor-to-ceiling view through the front window is strikingly panoramic. Before it, on call to ease our quiet contemplation of the city's skyline, is a Herman Miller leather-and-wood lounge chair and ottoman.

Our tour completed, we settle down in front of the fire to await the arrival of the other guests. In showing our companion about, we've reaffirmed our belief that the Town House represents the best of all possible worlds for the unattached, affluent young man happily wedded to the infinite advantages of urbia. In our estimation, the Playboy Town House is the ultimate in in-town enclaves. We believe, too, that it incorporates ideas which may be adapted to other urban settings for the man with an urbane outlook, a mind of his own, and a tasteful appreciation of the life of elegant ease.

EXECUTIVE *(continued from page 95)*

met at the cocktail party could possibly *direct* human beings in any activity. His type can only drive or bully those unfortunate enough to work under him. It is hardly necessary to point out that these are not methods to which employees will respond favorably or by which they can be prevailed upon to work productively.

But our horrible example's managerial failings do not end there. His straight-faced avowal that he doesn't question his orders and always carries them out "to the letter, regardless of the consequences," brands him a toady. It also proves him to be an extremely stupid person who has no concept of the responsibilities every executive owes to his superiors and the company for which he works.

True, an executive should conscientiously and loyally carry out the instructions he receives from those above him. But this does not mean he should carry them out blindly, like some mindless automaton. If he is a good executive, it follows that he will give much consideration to "the consequences."

However exalted his position, no man is infallible. Even board chairmen are human, and thus liable to make mistakes. An alert junior executive who recognizes errors, fallacies or weaknesses in the orders he receives from his superiors and fails to call their attention to them is not being conscientious or loyal. He is simply shirking his responsibility.

Any seasoned top-level executive would much rather have his mistakes pointed out to him early by a subordinate than have those mistakes make themselves painfully apparent later in the company's profit and loss statement.

A few years ago, I had to make some far-reaching decisions regarding the operations of one of my American companies. I was in Europe at the time and had received what I thought were all the needed facts in the form of letters, memoranda and reports from the company's management personnel. I didn't know, however, that a last-minute vitally important statistical report — which drastically amended all such reports previously sent from the U.S. — had been lost in the mails. The report did not reach me, and thus, I unwittingly based my planning on incomplete information.

Arriving at what I considered were the correct decisions, I sent an instruction letter to the company's offices in the United States. A few days later, I received an urgent transatlantic telephone call from one of the firm's executives. He politely but firmly pointed out that I'd apparently failed to take certain important facts into consideration, and that if the program I'd outlined were implemented, the company would suffer heavy losses.

After talking at what seemed to be cross-purposes for several minutes, we both realized I had based some key calculations on outdated statistical information. A copy of the missing report was airmailed to me immediately and I revised my calculations, decisions and instructions accordingly.

The program I finally outlined eventually proved successful and profitable — thanks to the alertness of this company-management executive. I hate to think what the results would have been if all the firm's executives were the kind who never questioned their orders and carried them out "to the letter, regardless of the consequences!"

Naturally, I — like everyone else who owns and controls corporations — have a great interest in management personnel selection. I believe there are certain universally applicable criteria by which a business executive's potential value to a company may be weighed.

I don't pretend that my personal yardsticks are infallible, but they are very similar to those used by a great many other successful businessmen, and they have proved fairly accurate through the years. Much of my own business success is due to my executives' loyalty and efficiency; thus I think it reasonable to assume that the criteria by which they were chosen and promoted are reliable.

How do I judge whether or not a man is — or would be — a good executive? I hold that the first acid test of an executive is his ability to think and act for himself. He should have the intelligence and ability to originate ideas, develop plans, implement programs, solve problems and meet situations without running constantly to his superiors for advice. In my opinion, a man who cannot do these things is not an executive. He is a glorified office boy.

Years ago, when I asked a leading American industrialist how he visualized the perfect management team, he conjured up the following picture of a businessman's nirvana:

"My executives would be men I could call into my office at nine A.M. on January first and tell them: 'Look, boys, the company has been making sausage skins for years. Last year, our profit was a million dollars. This year, I've decided that we stop making sausage skins and start turning out nuts and bolts.'

"At that, all the executives would smile, nod and file out of my office. I wouldn't see them again until five P.M. on December 31st. Then, they'd come back into my office to tell me we were producing the world's finest nuts and bolts, underselling our competitors by 50 percent — and had tripled our profits over the previous year!"

Of course, the industrialist's happy pipe dream was just that — a pipe dream. But it serves to illustrate the point I'm trying to make. A good executive is a man who can think and act independently and needs only the barest minimum of instruction to carry out his job.

Now, an executive's principal duty is to direct the activities — the work — of those under him. Direction being nothing less than another word, leadership, it follows that the good executive must, perforce, think and act as a leader.

Unfortunately, very few men are natural-born leaders. There is only one Churchill to a generation. But most intelligent, willing men can acquire or develop traits and qualities of leadership adequate to most situations they are likely to encounter in their careers.

As for the men who become business executives, some learn their lessons in leadership at college, others on their jobs, yet others in company-operated management-training courses. There are, of course, some who never learn — but they are very much in the minority and seldom climb very high on any business-management ladder.

Wherever it may be that an individual obtains his lessons in leadership, he learns certain basic rules which apply with equal validity in a business firm or on a battlefield. If followed, they go a very long way toward qualifying any man for a position of leadership. Among them are these five which I, personally, consider especially important:

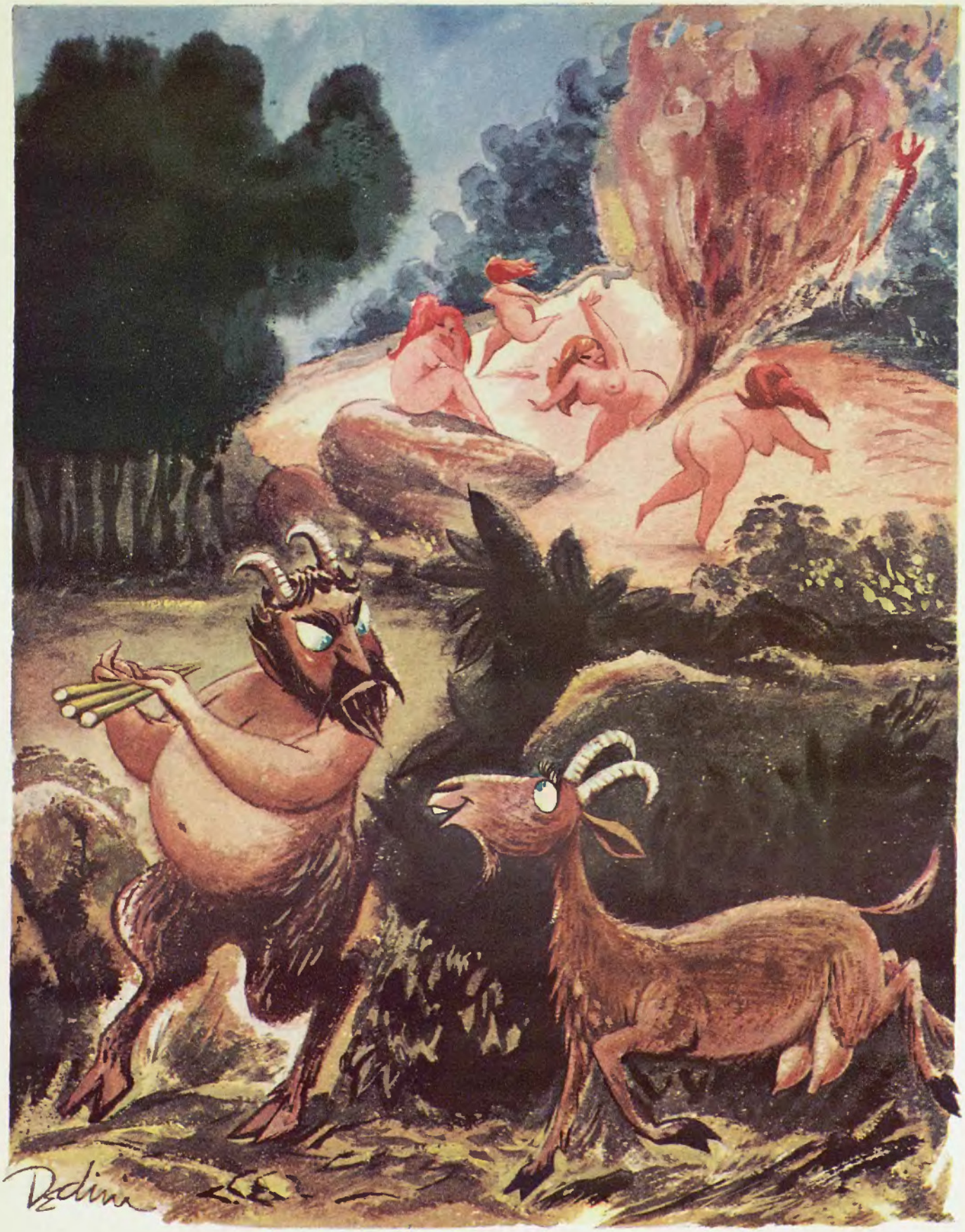
1. Example is the best means whereby one individual may instruct or inspire others. The man who shows them as well as tells them is the one who gets the most from his subordinates.

2. A good executive accepts full responsibility for the actions of the people under him. If called before his superiors because something has gone wrong in his department or office, he accepts full personal blame, for the fault is his for having exercised poor supervision.

3. The best leader is one who never asks anyone under him to do anything he is unable — or unwilling—to do himself.

4. The man in charge must be fair but firm with his subordinates, showing concern for their needs and doing all he can to meet their reasonable requests. He treats his juniors with patience, understanding and respect and backs them to the hilt. On the other hand, he does not pamper them, and always bears in mind that familiarity breeds contempt.

5. There is one seemingly small — but actually very important — point that all executives should remember. Praise should always be given in public, criticism should always be delivered in private. Employees who have done a good job should be told so in front of their fellows; this raises morale all around. Employees who have done something wrong should be told so in private: oth-



"G'wan, scram!"

erwise, they will be humiliated and morale will drop.

I learned my own lessons in leadership many years ago in the tough, no-nonsense school provided by the Oklahoma oil fields. Virtually all the wildcatting operators — including me — knew the jobs of every man in our prospecting and drilling crews. We never asked a man to do anything we would not — or could not — do ourselves. Wherever possible, we showed our men what we wanted done and how we wanted them to do it.

"The best boss is one who knows the business better than I do, but trusts me — even though he never lets me forget that he's the boss," an old-time rigger once told me. "That's the kind of man I'll really work my tail off for . . ."

I think that basically every employee feels much the same way. Although few of today's executives are out in the field, sweating alongside their work crews, the old, tried-and-proved rules still hold. I believe that the most successful executives are those who follow them implicitly.

Yet another quality I seek in management personnel is the ability to communicate. Time is money in business; misunderstandings in the interpretation of requests, reports or instructions can prove very costly. Thus, the good executive is one who can explain things and tell people what needs to be done quickly and clearly.

Interest and enthusiasm are two more qualities a good executive must possess. No man can properly do a job in which he is not interested. An executive's interest must go far beyond the limits of his own particular department or office.

It is essential that he know what goes on in other departments and that he be completely conversant with the company's policies and overall activities. Only thus can he evaluate the role and relative efficiency of his department and relate its operations as a functioning part of a functioning whole to the other parts and to the whole itself.

Then, his interest should go even further: to embrace the entire field or industry in which his company operates. Only if he knows the field can he understand his company's strengths, weaknesses and problems.

But interest alone is not enough. There must also be a strong element of enthusiasm in his attitude. I hardly mean any hip, hip, hooray! variety of enthusiasm. I've never gone along with the school of thought that calls for sales meetings to open with rousing company songs.

What I do mean is that an executive should thoroughly like his work. He should — starting with the operations of his own department — actively seek ways whereby his firm's efficiency, production, sales and profits may be increased.

Loyalty — another important quality in executives — can only be recognized and judged after it has been demonstrated. The executive's loyalty should not be to any individual — but to the stockholders, employees, his associates, superiors and the company as a whole.

These, then, are the characteristics which I believe are the most important for business executives to possess. Doubtless, some readers will be surprised by the fact that I've left out such things as personality, education and technical knowledge. But, on closer analysis, it should become clear that these are not really as basic or important as those qualities I have mentioned.

I'll agree that an individual with a completely negative personality can hardly expect to achieve success in any position which calls for him to work with people. On the other hand, an executive's job is to run his department, not to run in a popularity contest.

As for education, it depends largely on how one is using the term. I've found there are many top-quality business executives whose formal education stopped at high school or even grade school. What they know, they taught themselves.

There is much knowledge a good executive should possess, but he does not necessarily have to obtain it at a college or university. Although a good, solid formal education is usually a great help to a man who wants to be a good executive, I don't believe that it is essential.

Technical knowledge? I'll admit that in this day of complex industrial and business technology, every executive needs a greater degree of technical knowledge. But the kind and amount depends largely on what he is doing and where he is doing it. I can sum up my views on the subject by saying that I'd rather try to make a good technician out of a good executive who has no technical knowledge than try to make a good executive out of a good technician who has no executive ability.

Among other traits I imagine most laymen would list as being desirable in executives are such things as honesty, industry and imagination. I have purposely omitted these and several others because I consider them to be self-evident and think it is superfluous to mention them. Certainly, no businessman in his right mind would ever hire an executive if he had the least suspicion that the man was dishonest, lazy or unimaginative.

There's really no magic or secret to being a good executive. I think any man who has the qualities I've listed, sincerely wants a business career and will work and apply himself can become a good executive. Such a man would most certainly fit most successful businessmen's requirements for management personnel. He would most certainly fit into almost any firm in almost any industry. In my opinion, his career would be assured. He would, in short, have it made in the business world.

THE CLEAN WHITE SOCK

He not only wears the clean white sock; he is "clean white sock." It's a kind of confidence that comes from knowing the right thing to do; even if he decides not to do it. His clean white socks are by Adler. His girl is by his side, every bit as "clean white sock" as he is. Naturally they don't always wear white socks, they just act like they do. People who really swing are wearing the Adler SC shrink controlled wool sock. $1.00.

ADLER THE ADLER COMPANY, CINCINNATI 14, OHIO IN CANADA: WINDSOR HOSIERY MILLS, MONTREAL

"But, sir! I just got through making the bed."

MIRACLE *(continued from page 67)*

improvident way, a wounding shame was added to his weariness.

Sometimes in the evening he stopped by the coffeehouse of Little Macedonia. There the shadows were cool and restful and the sharp aroma of brandies and virulent cigars exorcised melancholy for a little while. He sat with his old friend of many years, Barbaroulis, and they talked of life and death.

Barbaroulis was a grizzled and growling veteran of three wars and a thousand tumbled women. An unrepentant rake who counted his years of war and lechery well spent. An old man in the twilight of his life with all the fabled serenity of a saint.

"Hurry, old noose-collar," Barbaroulis said. "I am half a bottle of masticha ahead."

"I long ago gave up hope of matching you in that category," the priest said.

Barbaroulis filled both their glasses with a flourish. "Tell me of birth and marriage and death," he said.

"I have baptized one, married two, and buried three this last week," the priest said.

Barbaroulis laughed mockingly. "What a delightful profession," he said. "A bookkeeper in the employ of God."

"And whose employ are you in?" the priest asked.

"I thought you knew," the old man said. "Can you not smell sulfur and brimstone in my presence?"

"An excuse for not bathing more often," the priest said.

"You are insolent," the old man growled. He called out in his harsh loud voice and a waiter exploded out of the shadows with another bottle of masticha. Barbaroulis drew the cork and smelled the fragrance with a moan of pleasure. "The smell of masticha and the smell of a lovely woman have much in common," he said. "And a full bottle is like a lovely woman before love."

"Your head and a sponge have much in common, too," the priest said. "Wine and women are ornaments and not pillars of life."

"Drink up, noose-collar," Barbaroulis said. "Save your sermons for Sunday."

The priest raised the glass to his lips and slowly sipped the strong tart liquid. It soothed his tongue and for a brief illusive moment eased his spirit. "The doctor has warned you about drinking," he said to Barbaroulis. "Yet you seem to be swilling more than ever before."

"When life must be reduced to an apothecaries' measure," Barbaroulis snorted, "it is time to get out. I am not interested in remaining alive with somber kidneys and a placid liver. Let the graduate undertakers who get me marvel at my liver scarred like the surface of a withered peach and at my heart seared by a thousand loves like a hunk of meat in incredible heat."

"You are mad, old roué," the priest said. "But sometimes I see strange order in your madness."

"Even a madman would renounce this world," Barbaroulis said with contempt. "Why should anyone hesitate giving up the culture of the bomb and the electric chair? We are a boil on the rump of the universe and all our vaunted songs are mute wind-breakings in the darkness of eternity."

"You assemble the boil and the flatus," the priest said, "from the condition of your liver and your heart."

"When will you admit, noose-collar," Barbaroulis laughed, "that the limousine of faith has a broken axle?"

"When you admit," the priest said, "that the hungry may eat fish without understanding the dark meaning in its eye." He finished his drink and rose regretfully to go.

"Leaving already?" Barbaroulis said. "You come and go like a robin after crumbs."

"There is a world outside these shadows," the priest said.

"Renounce it!" Barbaroulis said. "Forsake it! Join me here and we will both float to death on exultant kidneys."

"You are a saint," the priest said. "Saint Barbaroulis of the Holy Order of Masticha. Your penance is to drink alone."

"What is your penance?"

The priest stood for a moment in the shadows and yearned to stay awhile longer. The taste of the masticha was warm on his tongue and his weariness was eased in the fragrant dark. "Birth and marriage and death," he said and waved the old man goodbye.

• • •

On Sunday mornings he rose before dawn and washed and dressed. He sat for a little while in his room and reviewed his sermon for the day. Then he walked the deserted streets to the church.

There was a serenity about the city at daybreak on Sunday, a quiet and restful calm before the turmoil of the new week. Only a prowling tomcat, fierce as Barbaroulis, paused to mark the sound of his steps in the silence. At the edge of the dark sky the first light glittered and suspended the earth between darkness and day.

The church was damp from the night and thick with shadows. In a few moments old Janco shuffled about lighting the big candles. The flames fingered flickers of light across the icons of the white bearded saints.

He prepared for the service. He broke the bread and poured the wine for the communion. Afterward he dressed slowly in his vestments and bound the layers and cords of cloth together. He passed behind the iconostasis and through a gap in the partition saw that the first parishioners were already in church awaiting the beginning of the service. First, the very old and infirm regarding the ornaments of God somberly and without joy. They would follow every word and gesture of the liturgy grimly. Their restless and uneasy fingers reflected the questions burning in their minds. Would the balance sheet of their lives permit them entry into the city of God? Was it ever too late to take solace in piety and assurance in sobriety?

After them the middle-aged entered. Men and women who had lived more than half their lives and whose grown children had little need for them anymore. Strange aches and pains assailed them and they were unable to dispel the dark awareness of time as enemy instead of friend.

Then the young married couples with babies squirming in their arms, babies whose shrill voices cried out like flutes on scattered islands. In the intervals when they were not soothing the infants, the young parents would proffer their devotions a little impatiently while making plans for the things to be done after church.

Finally the very young girls and boys, distraught and inattentive, secured to the benches by the eyelocks of stern parents. They had the arrogance of youth, the courage of innocence, and the security of good health.

When the service was over they all mingled together for a milling moment and then formed lines to pass before him for bread. Old Janco began snuffing out the candles in the warm and drowsy church. The shadows returned garnished by incense. The church emptied slowly and the last voices echoed a mumble like the swell of a receding wave. In the end only he remained and with him the men and women standing in the rear of the darkened church waiting to see him alone.

"Father, my daughter is unmarried and pregnant. A boy in our neighborhood is guilty. I swear I will kill him if he does not marry her."

"Father, my husband drinks. For 10 years he has promised to give it up. Sometimes there isn't money enough to buy food for the children's supper."

"Father, all day I look after my mother in her wheelchair. I cannot sleep at night because I dream of wishing her dead."

"Father, my child is losing his sight. The doctors say there is nothing that can be done."

"Father, ask God to have mercy on

me. I have sinned with my brother's wife."

"Father, pray for me."

Until the last poor tormented soul was gone, and he stood alone in the dark and empty church. For a terrible instant he yearned for the restful sleep of death. In the sky outside a bird passed trailing its winged and throaty cry. He knelt and prayed. He asked to be forgiven his sins of weariness and despair and to be strengthened against faltering and withdrawal.

• • •

There was a night that summer when the doorbell rang long after midnight. He woke from a strange and disordered sleep to the somber voice of Mrs. Calchas. Barbaroulis was dying.

He dressed with trembling hands and went into the night. His friend lived in a rooming house a few blocks away and the landlady, a grim-faced Circe, let the priest in. She told him the doctor had come and gone. There was nothing more to be done.

Barbaroulis lay in an old iron-postered bed, a decayed giant on a quilt-and-cotton throne. When he turned his head at the sound of the door, the priest saw that dying had refashioned the flesh of his face, making the cheeks dark and tight and the eyes webbed and burning.

"I was expecting Death, the carrion crow," Barbaroulis said. "You enter much too softly."

"Did you wake me for nothing?" the priest said. "Is your ticket perhaps for some later train?"

Barbaroulis grinned, a twisting of flesh around his mouth, and the husks of his teeth glittered in the dim light. "I sent for you to get it," he said.

"Get what?"

"The bottle of masticha," Barbaroulis said. "My mouth is parched for some masticha."

"The custom is for communion," the priest said.

"Save it," Barbaroulis said. "There is a flask of masticha in the corner behind the books. I have hidden it from that dragon who waits like a banshee for my wake."

The priest brought him the flask. The great nostrils of Barbaroulis twitched as he smelled the sharp aroma. He made a mighty effort to raise his head and the priest helped him. The touch of the old man's expiring flesh swept the priest with a mutilating grief. A little liquid dribbled down the old man's chin. Breathing harshly, he rested his head back against the pillow. "A shame to waste any," he said.

"Tomorrow I will bring a full bottle," the priest said, "and serve it to you out of the communion chalice. We might

get away with it."

"Drink it yourself in my memory," Barbaroulis said. "I will not be here."

"Where is your courage?" the priest asked gruffly to cover emotion. "I have seen men sicker by far rise to dance in a week."

"No more dancing for Barbaroulis," the old man said slowly and the mocking rise and fall of his voice echoed from the hidden corners of the room. "The ball is over, the bottles empty, the strumpets asleep. Pack me a small bag for a short trip. Only the lightest of apparel."

"A suit of asbestos," the priest said.

"I have no regrets," Barbaroulis twisted his mouth in a weird grin. "I have burned the earth as I found it. And if word could be carried far and fast enough a thousand women would mourn for me and rip their petticoats in despair."

"Are you confessing?" the priest asked.

"Just remembering," Barbaroulis said and managed a sly wink. "When I see your God," he said, "shall I give him a message from you?"

"You won't have time," the priest said. "The layover between trains will be brief."

The old man's dark parched lips stirred against each other in silent laughter. "Old noose-collar," he said, "a comfort to the end."

"Saint Barbaroulis," the priest said. "The Holy Order of Masticha."

"What a time we could have had," Barbaroulis said. "The two of us wenching and fighting and drinking. What a roisterer I could have made of you."

"What about you in church?" the priest said. "You might have become a trustee and passed the collection plate on Sunday. Who would have dared drop a slug before your fierce and vigilant eye? Gregory of Nazianzus would have been a minor saint beside you."

Barbaroulis laughed again with a grating sound as if bone were being rubbed against bone. Then the laughter faltered and a long shudder swept his body. His fingers, stiff as claws, curled in frenzy upon the sheet.

The priest watched his terrible struggle and there was nothing he could do but grip the old man's hand tightly in his own.

Barbaroulis made a sign with his raging eyes and the priest moved closer quickly. A single moment had transformed the old man's face into a dark and teeming battleground of death. His lips stirred for a moment without sound and then he spoke in a low hoarse whisper and each word came bitten slowly from between his teeth.

"I have known a thousand men and women well." he drew a long fierce rasp of breath."I have loved only one." His voice trailed away and the priest moved closer to his lips that trembled fiercely to finish. "A priest who reflects the face of his God."

Then his mouth opened wider and his teeth gleamed in a jagged line. For a moment he seemed to be screaming in silence and then a short violent rush of air burst from his body.

The priest sat there for a long time. In death the old man seemed to have suddenly become half man, half statue, something between flesh and stone. Finally the priest rose and closed his eyes and bent and kissed his cheek.

He left the room. The street was black but the roofs of houses were white in the glow of the waning moon. A wind stirred the leaves of a solitary tree and then subsided.

His friend had been a man of strife and a man of contention. But into the darkness the old man had borne the priest's grief and his sorrow. In his final moment Barbaroulis had fed his loneliness and appeased his despair. And as he walked, he cried, and the great bursting tears of Lazarus ran like wild rivers down his cheeks.

BONAPARTES *(continued from page 59)*

the horrid color combination on the new flag? (Oh, come on now, Betsy, for heaven's sake!) . . . Texas fashion circles tittering over the unchic shoes worn by Capt. Dickinson's wife (she's yesterday's Alamo survivor).

CUSTER AND 7TH CAV LAY AN EGG AT LITTLE BIG HORN SESH

VARIETY . . . Lt. Col. George A. Custer and his 7th Cavalry closed a limp one-day stand this week (24) at Little Big Horn, Mont. The colonel, a long-time fave of Civil War days, headlined a sluggish stanza and bombed badly before an unreceptive aud made up of Crazy Horse, his Sioux org, and a group of indie Indians.

Custer, with a long list of smash hits to his credit — he was hotsy at the Chickahominy River; boffo when teamed with the Michigan Cavalry at Gettysburg; a wow during his Wilderness and Shenandoah stints; socko at Cedar Creek; hep at Waynesboro; and wham when he met the Cheyenne Indians at Washita River — gave a shoddy performance. His format needed tightening and his timing was poor.

Good-looking and personable (called "Yellow-Hair" by redskin juves), the 37-year-old vet's intro was fine and he kept the gig lively for a while, but the competish was a bit too strong. He worked in some of his w.k. routines, *e.g.*, fancy riding, classy charging and hip shooting, but in spite of it all, he and his 226-man act died.

Performance was a comeback of sorts for Custer, who had been in retirement for five years, during which he penned his autobiog, *My Life on the Plains*. Book was nixed by big-city crix but hit hix in stix like a ton of brix.

At the conclusion of the colonel's disastrous Little Big Horn preem, U.S. prexy Grant, who handled the booking, commented, "No more stand-up routines for him." *Pap.*

NICK KENNY . . . Little Siggy Freud will be Bar-Mitzvahed next Saturday at the Vienna Jewish Center. This Old Sailor will be on hand to recite 136 of my best confirmation poems . . . Flash from aboard the Bonhomme Richard: During a break in the fighting with the Serapis, the ship's cook was heard singing this Old Sailor's inspirational sea chanty, *I Found God's Clothes in Davy Jones' Locker*. If any of my readers would like copies, I still have 25,478 left. They're going fast.

Dip your pen in sunshine and write to these shut-ins: Vincent Van Gogh, Eye and Ear Hospital, Arles, France . . . Friedrich Nietzsche, State Mental Hospital, Weimar, Germany . . . Edgar A. Poe, Alcoholics Ward, Bronx Hospital, Bronx, N.Y. . . . William "Boss" Tweed, Ludlow St. Jail, New York City . . . Dr. David Livingstone, c/o General Delivery, Africa . . .

Today is the birthday of the Duke of Wellington, Charles Baudelaire, Alexander Graham Bell, Hector Berlioz, Otto Bismarck, Seymour Feigen, Emily Brontë, Jefferson Davis, Sun Yat-sen, Geronimo, Myron Rosenzweig, Franz Haydn, Elias Howe, Benito Juárez, Marquis de Lafayette, Saul Greenberg, and the wedding anniversary of George and Martha Washington, Napoleon & Josephine Bonaparte, Abraham and Mary Lincoln and Morris and Zipporah Goldfarb.

"Thank heavens we've found you at last, Sister Perkins."

MRS. O'LEARY'S COW
By Nick Kenny

Bless you, bless you, gentle cow,
Though people curse your name.
Your animal heart is good although
You set a city aflame.

You're just a kind and friendly cow,
You didn't mean folks harm.
How could you know that what you'd do
Would make Chicago warm?

When the Master Bovine calls you
To Pastures in the blue,
Noble beasts up in Cow Heaven
Will welcome your cheery "Moo."

But should the Master Bovine
Send you "down" and not Above,
Kick over the lantern of hate
And set Cow Hell aflame with love!

HY GARDNER . . . *The Tip-off:* Diminutive French painter Toulouse-Lautrec is really the precocious five-year-old son of a Bordeaux wine merchant. They say that he'll be barred from Le Moulin Rouge for at least 13 years now.

The Check-up: I immediately wrote the painter in Paris to confirm the rumor and received this reply: "Dear Hy: It is marvelous hearing from you again. I trust all is well with you and your family. I am indeed sorry to inform you that you have come up with another rock. I am truly 35 years of age and, if anything, am shorter than you would imagine. Vanity has been compelling me to stand on my toes of late. Since you are so close to show business, my friend, perhaps you can tell me where I can purchase a pair of stilts. My astrologer tells me that I will live a very long life, become a motion picture actor, and some day I will star in a film called *The José Ferrer Story*. My best, Touly."

The Tip-off: American abolitionist John Brown is really German composer Johannes Brahms. Brahms has anglicized his name and is in this country in disguise as part of a P.R. stunt in conjunction with his Concerto in D minor.

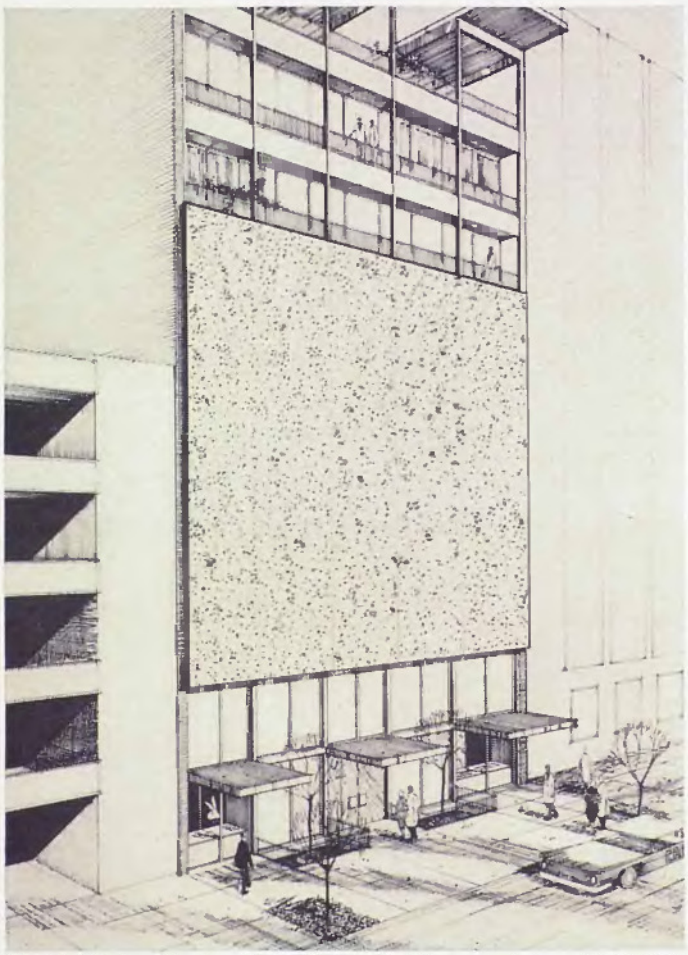
The Check-up: A letter to Herr Brahms in Germany brought this response: "Dear Hy: I cannot tell you how wonderful it is hearing from you once more. As one of my dearest friends, you are on my mind constantly. Tell me, how are Sylvia and your four fine boys? Regarding your latest rumor, wowie! Latrinesville! But in view of the similarity between the names Johannes Brahms and John Brown, it was wise of you to check it out. Do not feel too badly about it, since even at this late date *I* still confuse myself with you-know-who. Affectionately, Johann Bach."

Playboy Club News

VOL. II, NO. 22 ©PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES SPECIAL EDITION YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY UNLOCKS ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS MAY, 1962

MILLION DOLLAR PLAYBOY CLUB TO DAZZLE WASHINGTON KEYHOLDERS

Lavish Seven-Level Structure to Be Ultimate in Architectural Design



The Washington Playboy Club will be styled in accordance with PLAYBOY standards, calling for comfort and ease mid impressive surroundings.

WASHINGTON (Special)—Construction will soon begin on Washington's million dollar Playboy Club, at 1705 De Sales N.W. near the Mayflower Hotel.

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

Clubs Open—Chicago at 116 E. Walton St.; Miami at 7701 Biscayne Blvd.; New Orleans at 727 Rue Iberville.

Locations Set—New York at 5 East 59th St.; Los Angeles at 8580 Sunset Blvd.; Detroit at 1014 E. Jefferson Ave.; St. Louis at 3914 Lindell Blvd.; San Francisco at 736 Montgomery St.

Next in Line—Pittsburgh, Boston, Dallas, Washington, D.C., Puerto Rico, Baltimore.

The interior of this luxurious seven-level structure will have as its focal point a "floating" fireplace, suspended from the ceiling near the front of the Living Room. Other special features include three levels of seating in each of the showrooms — Penthouse, Library and Playroom; a mezzanine location for the cozy Cartoon Corner; and a beautiful indoor garden area situated between the lobby and Playmate Bar levels.

Washington residents will want to take advantage of the Playboy Club's $25 charter key offer, for once the club officially opens, the charter roster will close and Playboy Club keys will be $50.

St. Louis Club to Open September 1

ST. LOUIS (Special)—Opening date for the $380,000 St. Louis club, at 3914 Lindell Blvd., has been set for September 1.

A highlight of this striking four-level structure, located in the heart of the city, will be the exciting Playpen — a suspended room. Outdoors will be a formal patio-garden with reflecting pool. A glass front spanning two levels of the club will face the garden.

The St. Louis $25 charter key roster will close after the club officially opens; Playboy Club keys will then cost $50 to all in the St. Louis area.

Beautiful Bunnies will be on hand to greet and serve keyholders at the intimate, warm St. Louis club.

PLAYBOY CLUB TALENT LINEUP

CHICAGO (Through April 24)—Bobbi Baker, Ken Colman, Joe Conti, Paul Lennon, Lewis & Dane, Tom Pasle, Anne Richards, Bruce Stevens, Barbara Streisand. **(Opening April 25)**—Don Alan, Oscar Cartier, Chuck-A-Lucks, Eagle & Man, Ralph George, The Grace Notes, Doris Lee, Bob Weymouth, Wick & Brand.

MIAMI (Through April 24)—Don Alan, David Allen, Fred Barber, Hackett & Raven, Kathy Keegan, The Madcaps, Iris Paul, Jerry Van Dyke. **(Opening April 25)**—Don Brooks III, Joe Conti, The Dauphin Trio, Stan Fisher, John Shirley and Bonnie, Jackie Vernon, The Great Yonely, Donna Lee.

NEW ORLEANS (Through April 24)—Stu Allen, Ronnie Chapman, Prof. Irwin Corey, Pat Morrissey, John Shirley and Bonnie. **(Opening April 25)**—Carazini, The Coronados, Jane Darwin, Dick Lynn, Jerry Van Dyke.

TO: Playboy Clubs International
c/o PLAYBOY Magazine, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

Gentlemen:

Here is my application for Lifetime Key Privileges to the Playboy Club. Enclosed is my check for $_____ (Playboy Club Keys are $50 within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and in the state of Florida. Keys are $25 outside these areas). I understand that if my application is accepted, my key will admit me to Playboy Clubs now in operation and others soon to go into operation in major cities throughout the U.S. and abroad.

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

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ County _____ State _____ DEPT. 222

FOR THE RICH THEY SING

(continued from page 50)

far as the bet's concerned, you don't care if you win it or lose it. What you really want to know is how *did* I know you were going to ask me for dinner, and how did I happen to meet you on Park Avenue that night? Did I have your apartment wired for sound or did I just know you were coming down the street? That's what *you* want to find out, and this big bet nonsense is just a gimmick your suspicious, nasty, cloak-and-dagger-type mind figured out for it. Right? Right."

"No."

"Close enough," Mary said.

"This is a hell of a place to be having a screaming argument," Miles said.

"Don't worry," Mary said. "As soon as I can summon the energy to get up and get dressed the argument will be over, permanently. But just to finish everything up nicely, tell me: is this Batt your friend? Does he want things to be nice for you, does he want you to be happy and all that?"

"What does he know about happy?" Miles said. "He thinks God appointed him chairman of the board, Gurley Flynn Associates."

"Could you fire him?" Mary said.

"I guess so," Miles said. "It wouldn't be easy, but I could."

"This number," Mary said. "Two digits and intimately connected with your life?"

"That's right."

"Do you want me to tell you I see it floating in the air, outlined in purple fire, or do you want me to tell you how I really see it?"

"Without the fireworks," Miles said.

"Batt is a giant brain, you say, and all he really thinks about is money. And the biggest thing in his life is that he's chairman of the board. All right. How old were you when your father died and Batt got to be Mr. Big?"

"I was 14," Miles said.

"Call up Mister Batt," Mary said, "and tell him I told you the number is 41."

"Not 14?" Miles said.

"No, 41, because he's a crook at heart and he'd want a little insurance against my being right."

"I'll call him," Miles said. "But not with you way over there."

"All right."

• • •

Batt was still in his office when Miles did phone. Mary lay looking at the distant ceiling, *dégagée*, and listened indifferently until Miles hung up and turned back to her.

"You were wrong, pet," he said. "It was 22, the number of corporations we control."

Mary looked at him, her eyes slitting down. "Why didn't you say, 'Batt *says*

you're wrong, pet'? Why didn't you say, 'Batt *says* the number was 22 . . .'? Tell me that."

"Because I don't think he'd actually lie about it," Miles said.

"Maybe not," Mary said. "It doesn't matter. He's just less of a crook or more of a crook than I thought, that's all. But it doesn't matter. What matters is that you're mixed up with him, he's important to you, and the reason he's important to you is money again. It's the whole dreary business of you and money."

"Should I burn it?" Miles said.

"You're a dear boy," Mary said, "and anybody who wouldn't rather be in bed with you just doesn't know. But don't call me anymore. I'm going to put in for the Hong Kong run and I'll have to live in San Francisco."

He didn't believe her until he tried, three days later, when she should have been back from Paris, and he didn't see her until late in September. He and Batt were at Idlewild, on their way to London to pick up a few hundred thousand guineas. They'd had seats assigned and they were standing together, looking through the heavy glass at the fat, cylindrical body of the aircraft, when Mary materialized beside them and said hello to Miles. She was in civilian clothes, just in, she said, from Buenos Aires. She said nothing of Hong Kong. Miles introduced her to Batt, who smiled.

"Excuse us, Charles," Miles said. "I'll be right back. Once around the newsstand," he said to Mary.

"The man's a crook," she said, moving beside him and with him and against him.

"Probably," Miles said. "But tell me: where are you living, and what's your phone number and what about dinner next Thursday?"

She was standing, looking backward.

"Miles," she said softly, "don't get on that airplane."

He smiled, more to himself, as the rich mosaic of memories unreeled, like a curtain flying up, but clear for all that, in his mind.

"Got to, pet," he said. "Have to go to London. Big deal. But I'll be back Thursday, five in the afternoon, and —— "

"Not if you get on that airplane, you won't," Mary said. "Not next Thursday or any other Thursday."

He looked at her. She was white, and her eyes had gone the color of ink.

"Don't get on it, Miles," she said. "Please, don't."

He looked at the clock. There were 12 minutes to departure. He left her and walked over to Batt.

"I'm not going, Charles," he said. "I haven't seen Miss Kennedy for so long, and in any case she's had one of her premonitions about this plane. I gather she thinks it's never going to get to London, and I want to humor her, for possibly

evil purposes of my own."

"Oh, come now, Miles," Batt said. "This is ridiculous. You've *got* to come."

"The hell you say, I've got to," Miles said. "You can do it all. I was just going for the ride, really."

"I'll cancel, too, and we'll both go tomorrow," Batt said. "How would that be?" He smiled, electing himself a full partner in a conspiracy against Mary Kennedy's inhibitions, if any.

"I won't feel any more like going in the morning," Miles said, "and besides, you forget Warwick: he's coming from Paris just to have breakfast with you in the morning."

"But I don't *want* to go alone!" Batt said.

"You know, I think you're scared," Miles said. "You don't mean to tell me that little Miss Kennedy has scared you? After all, she was wrong about the number, wasn't she?"

"Don't be absurd," Batt said.

Miles took his elbow and walked him across the little bridge into the airplane. "Nice trip," he said, and he hurried back to Mary.

"You know something?" he said. "He really didn't want to go."

"*You* know something?" she said. "He has good reason not to want to go. That number really *was* 41!"

Miles laughed and grabbed her arm and hustled her out. Forty minutes later he had her on a charter, heading for Maryland. They had been Mr. and Mrs. Miles Flynn for almost three hours when the engineer on Batt's London flight noticed that he had 650° of exhaust-gas temperature in the Nos. 3 and 4 engines: both indicators had jumped out of the yellow band into the red. He hit the Freon/nitrogen button and cut the fuel. If he had noticed the indicators a few seconds sooner, and if both engines hadn't been on one side he might have made out all right, but as it was, he didn't, and everything went.

• • •

For a long time, as those things go, Miles Flynn believed that his third marriage was an extraordinary success. Two things about his wife amazed him: Her indifference to his money remained absolutely constant; except as he changed it, her material life was what it had been when she had met him. And her passion diminished not even minutely, but rather, steadily grew as it fed. At first he was enchanted, but in the course of time — and we live at an accelerated rate these days — he became bored with the one and worn by the other. Still, they lived amicably together, at least he believed they did. Batt's death had made it necessary for Miles to concern himself with business, and he found that things went best if he was in the office every day. Mary always had breakfast with him, during the winter before a cannel-coal fire in the study of the house on 76th Street, and in summer on a terrace overlooking the water at Easthampton. He used a helicopter to go in and out, and they had a standing gag about it.

"No matter how cross you might get at me," he'd say, "even if you're *really* sore, you *will* tell me if that thing's going to throw a blade someday?"

"Of course I'll tell you, darling," she'd say, and she'd smile across the one thin piece of rye toast she gave herself for breakfast. It was possible, Miles thought, that she had the greatest body of its type in the world, and sometimes he wondered that he could now look at it so objectively . . . well, he didn't want to go into that.

"I tell you everything, you know that," Mary said. "For example, I had a dream about you last night. Not a very nice one, either. It distressed me."

"Really?" Miles said.

"You were in bed with this girl," Mary said. "She was small, very small, and pretty, in a way, and very, very blonde. Do you know anyone like that?"

Miles laughed, and he made it sound easy and natural. "Only one," he said. That was the truth, all right. "And what were we doing, as if I didn't know?"

"You weren't doing anything," Mary said. "You were just lying there on your backs. She had a bullet hole between her breasts, and you had one between your eyes."

Miles looked out over the pale blue water. He could just see Connecticut, and he would rather have been there.

"And you?" he said.

"I was just leaving," she said. "And not much caring, either, whether anyone saw me go."

It's getting very late around here, he thought. It's time to go. It's past time.

"Mary," he said, "I've been thinking about you and me, lately. I've been thinking that we should talk things over. Maybe we should think about — "

"No," she said, softly.

"Great Scott, Filstrip — Chicken Little was right!"

MASTER $WINDLER$

(continued from page 82)

profits): sending himself telegrams, ostensibly dispatched by executives of furniture companies, begging for bigger allotments of Bayano mahogany; and renting a suite at Chicago's Drake Hotel where a few of the most important stockholders were privileged to drop in and get the latest news from Koretz himself, who generally gave it to them from behind a huge mahogany desk made — or so a brass plate proclaimed — from the first log ever cut at Bayano.

Koretz' personal expenses, however, were something else again. Besides the house in Evanston, he was now maintaining two Rolls-Royces, a Pierce Arrow, a 60-foot yacht, a night-club hatcheck girl in New York, a manicurist in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and two Chicago girls, one of whom he kept in an apartment handy both to his Loop offices and to the Drake.

In 1920, Koretz decided to stop trying to live on mahogany alone. He jubilantly showed some of the biggest investors in Bayano Timber a cablegram, datelined Panama City, that read in part: FOUR MORE GUSHERS STRUCK AT BAYANO. OUR GEOLOGISTS PREDICT 400,000 BBL DAILY MINIMUM . . . PLEASE RUSH ARRANGEMENTS FOR MORE MEN, TANK CARS, PIPELINE AND EQUIPMENT . . .

A Bayano Oil Syndicate was formed, and Koretz accepted hundreds of thousands of dollars from well-to-do Chicagoans so eager to buy stock in it that they were ready to pay as much as twice the par value of $1000 a share. Koretz continued to use telegrams as his chief sales aids. Once he took a boatload of investors and prospective investors for a cruise on Lake Michigan. A speedboat overtook them, and a messenger came aboard and handed Koretz a telegram. It was, as the guests could see when Koretz handed it around, an offer from Standard Oil to pay $25,000,000 for a controlling interest in Bayano Oil. A guest asked in an awed whisper if Koretz planned to sell. "Not today," Koretz said. "Standard Oil can run their own little party. We'll run ours. How about another drink?"

To keep stock in his Bayano enterprises moving briskly, Koretz raised his dividend rate: first to five percent quarterly, then to five percent monthly. He also formed a new company to raise bananas, cocoa, sugar and coffee on the fertile banks of the Bayano. But in 1923 the economic development of the fabled area halted abruptly. A delegation of stockholders made a trip to Panama to see this wonderful river for themselves, and they were unable to find any oil wells, logging camps or banana trees along its shores — or, indeed, to find anything much except snakes and swamps.

The Illinois authorities were equally

unsuccessful in finding Koretz. In late 1924, however, word reached Chicago of a man going by the name of Lou Keyte who had recently bought a large estate near Halifax, Nova Scotia. He had also bought a yellow Rolls-Royce, two other cars, a yacht, four saddle horses, $8700 worth of liquor, and four suits of custom-made silk pajamas lined with rabbit fur. Keyte described himself as a writer. To prove it, he invited Zane Grey to his house for some literary talk when the latter was in Nova Scotia on a fishing trip. Grey was a little startled when they were joined by a toothsome brunette in a negligee, but Keyte explained that she was his secretary, adding that "Whenever I get an idea, I fire it at her."

This sounded like Koretz, and it was. He was brought back to Chicago, pleaded guilty to embezzlement, and died in prison shortly afterward. The total losses suffered by investors in his Bayano companies were set officially at around $2,000,000. The figure would doubtless have been higher if all of Koretz' victims had owned up to their gullibility.

• • •

Another imaginary enterprise of impressive scope and duration was set in motion in the 1920s by a man calling himself F. Donald Coster, who was president at the time of McKesson & Robbins, then and now an important drug-manufacturing concern.

Coster, whose real name was Philip Musica, brought to the creation of his masterwork nearly a quarter century's experience in the faking of sales orders, cashbooks and other forms of business records. His first swindle involved the use of false bills of lading to cheat the United States Government out of import duties on cheese that Musica and his father were in the business of importing from Italy to New York. Later he devised a scheme for borrowing money from banks on the security of fake invoices. This landed him in prison for three years. Then, after Prohibition had gone into effect, he found another and safer way to make use of phony documents. He set himself up as a manufacturer of shampoos, hair tonics, and liniments, and arranged to have department-store buyers give him large fictitious purchase orders. On the strength of these orders, he would get Government permits allowing him to buy denatured alcohol — which was, not at all by coincidence, a major ingredient of every product he was making. Musica would actually use the alcohol to mix up batches of Dandrofuge, Painophobe and other items in his product line. Then, instead of shipping the stuff to the department stores, he would sell it to bootleggers for conversion into what passed in those days for gin and whiskey.

The profits were good, and Musica, or Coster as he was now known, could soon afford to branch out. In 1926 he paid $1,000,000 to buy McKesson & Robbins. Under his management, the company grew with such phenomenal speed that by 1937 it was reporting sales of $174,000,000 and earnings of $4,000,000.

This remarkable showing was largely due to a series of legitimate, and highly advantageous, mergers put through by Coster. But part of the company's growth could be attributed to its successful speculations in oil of snakeroot, dragon's-blood powder bright, Ketone musk, and other so-called crude drugs traded on the world market. This end of the business was handled personally by Coster, who had given his fellow directors on the board of McKesson & Robbins to believe that he had become an authority on crude drugs while earning an M.D. and a Ph.D., in chemistry, at the University of Heidelberg. The impression was borne out by Coster's stiff, Teutonic manner, and by the fact that the crude-drugs division invariably reported a nice profit.

Actually, the performance was a complete sham. The huge sums on the company's books that supposedly reflected its investment in crude drugs — by 1938, the figure had risen to $21,000,000 — reflected nothing at all. There were no profits from Coster's transactions in crude drugs, for the simple reason that he never really bought or sold any. He only pretended to do so in order to siphon money out of the company's treasury, and into his own pocket, through the payment of commissions on fictitious sales and by similar devices.

To carry out the pretense, Coster made use of seven imaginary business firms. One was a fictitious Montreal bank. Five were Canadian wholesale houses that supposedly bought drugs for McKesson & Robbins' account and stored them in warehouses in Montreal. And one was a firm called W. W. Smith & Co. that was cast in the role of sales agent for the crude-drugs division.

This last firm, whose letterhead listed branches all over the world, did, in a sense, have a physical existence. That is to say, the name W. W. Smith & Co. appeared on the door of a one-room office in Brooklyn. Presiding over this office was a man who called himself George Vernard, but who was really Arthur Musica, a brother of Coster's. His job was to supervise the work of a young lady who filled out, using seven different typewriters, the myriad business forms on which Coster's imaginary transactions were recorded. Vernard also employed two women in Montreal whose only responsibility was to mail letters. From time to time, for example, McKesson & Robbins' auditors, Price, Waterhouse & Co., would write to the fictitious Montreal wholesalers and ask for inventories of the crude drugs they were holding in their warehouses for

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McKesson & Robbins. The queries would be forwarded to Brooklyn, where Vernard would have his girl type up the inventories on the appropriate typewriters (a different one for each warehouse), put them in envelopes addressed to Price, Waterhouse in New York, and send them to Montreal to be dropped in a mailbox there.

These inventories were often more convincing to the auditors than they would have been to a crude-drug expert. Once, for instance, McKesson & Robbins appeared to have on hand a supply of Ketone musk, a substance derived exclusively from the Himalayan musk deer, so enormous that it could have been obtained only by killing every musk deer in Asia. But the Price, Waterhouse men knew nothing about musk or about deer or about Asia, and saw no reason to alter their opinion that the crude-drugs division was the best-run division of the company.

The auditors never did find Coster out. He might have kept up the deception indefinitely if it had not been for the recession of 1937. McKesson & Robbins' board, wanting to get the company into a more liquid financial position, instructed Coster to convert some of his crude-drug inventories into cash. This was a directive Coster could not very well carry out, and when he failed to act, one of the directors grew curious and stumbled on the astounding truth. The company was placed in receivership, and soon afterward, in December 1938, Coster killed himself.

The amount of Coster's thefts was eventually fixed at $3,200,000. Surprisingly, he had been almost broke at the time of his death, and McKesson & Robbins was able to recover very little from his estate. But the company, which was restored to full financial health by 1941, did collect more than $2,000,000 from persons who had abetted Coster, innocently or otherwise. Among them were the partners of Price, Waterhouse, who paid $522,000 as a sort of enforced tribute to what someone described as Coster's "ceaseless experimentation with the limitations of accountancy."

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The form of swindling that has doubtless cost Americans the most money is not the confidence game nor, for that matter, any of the varieties of fraud in which the swindler and his victims meet face to face. It is, rather, the large-scale, impersonal stock fraud in which the swindler functions like a manufacturer, turning out as his product securities that have little or no intrinsic value, but that are designed to command high prices when properly merchandised and sold through boiler rooms.

One of the most notorious swindlers of this school was George Graham Rice. Rice, whose victims are estimated to have lost $100,000,000, most of it in the

1920s, by investing in stocks that he promoted, used to prepare the way for the dynamiters who sold his securities by putting out a daily paper called the *Iconoclast*. Rice got the confidence of his readers by denouncing the perfidy of Wall Street brokers and investment bankers. Now and then, however, the *Iconoclast* would discover and recommend the stock of a company that had escaped the clutches of the Wall Street crowd — and which was invariably controlled, though the *Iconoclast* would neglect to say so, by George Graham Rice.

Rice was particularly good at breathing a spirit of romance into his stock tips. One of his companies, for instance, was named Colombia Emerald; according to the *Iconoclast*, it was the owner of a fabulously rich Inca mine that had just been rediscovered, under the foundations of an old church, by a Catholic priest. Unlike Koretz, Rice thought a company should have real assets, and Colombia Emerald did have a mine of sorts, from which it even managed to extract some emeralds. It later appeared, however, that they had been put there by Rice.

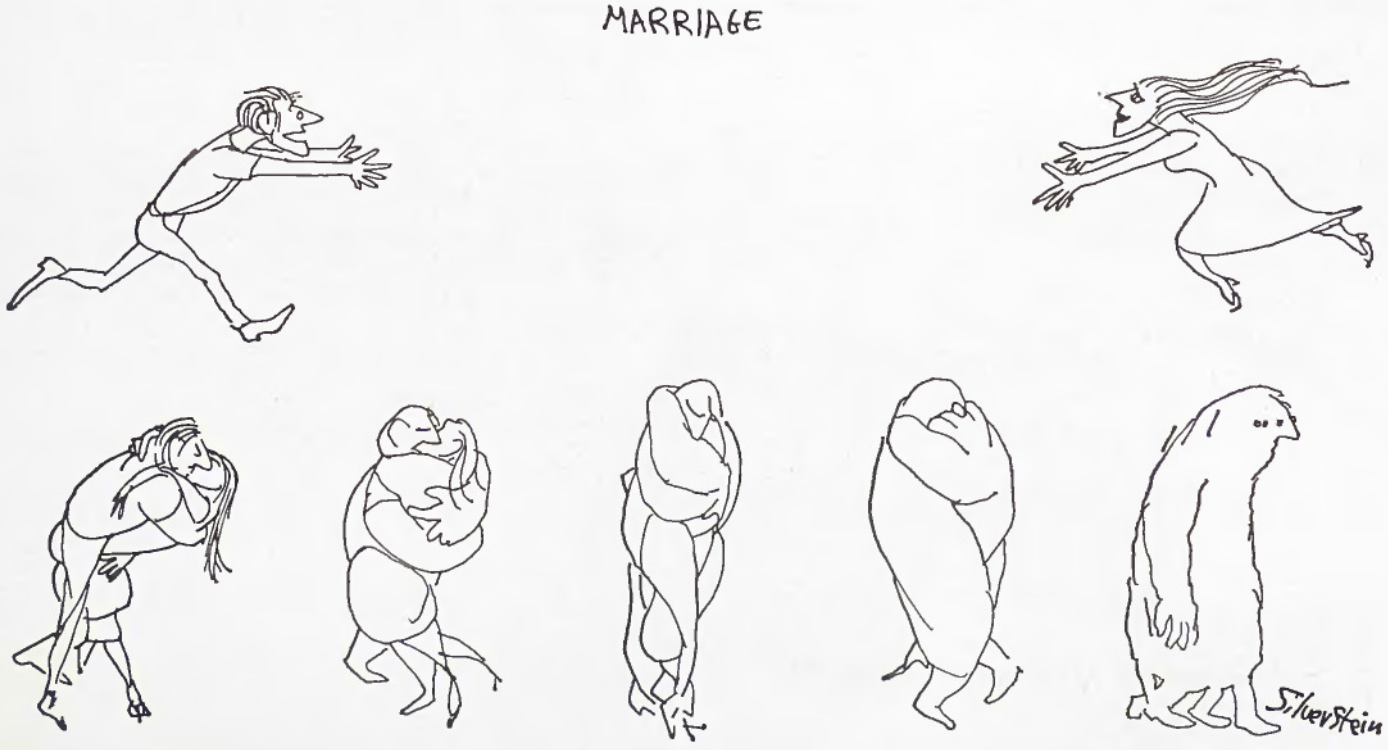
The 1929 crash, and the establishment of the Securities and Exchange Commission, shut down the boiler rooms. But they reopened after the war, and by 1956, when the SEC began a campaign against them that has for the time being thinned their ranks, there were at least 40 operating in New York City alone. Many of their proprietors were men whose only qualifications as stock brokers were distinguished-sounding names. One boiler room, for instance, was run by a man named Cornelis de Vroedt, a former singing waiter who told the SEC he had switched to the brokerage business because his wife objected to his working nights. The proprietor of another establishment was named George F. Rothschild. "This is the house of Rothschild," his salesmen would announce when calling a prospect to offer him some soggy Canadian oil stock.

Among the leading figures in the postwar boiler-room renaissance was Alexander Guterma. Now in his middle 40s, Guterma came to the United States in 1950, claiming to be the son of a Czarist general. He was soon living like a Greek shipping magnate. He owned a Dual-Ghia sports car, two or three Cadillacs, a 90-foot yacht and a Convair plane.

Guterma owed his affluence to a variety of activities for which he is now serving time in the federal penitentiary in Atlanta. Among other things, he stole the assets of companies he controlled, induced a bank officer to make him unauthorized loans, and engaged in market-rigging. Once, when business was a little slow in the United States, he flew to the Dominican Republic and tried his hand at swindling the late General Rafael Trujillo. Guterma had just acquired control of the Mutual Broadcasting System, and he offered its facilities to Trujillo for the dissemination of pro-Dominican propaganda. As a sample of what Trujillo might expect, Guterma arranged for Mutual to carry a couple of special beeper-phone reports from Ciudad Trujillo. He also got Walter Winchell to broadcast the news that Porfirio Rubirosa, the noted Dominican ladies' man and a former son-in-law of Trujillo, was going to produce a movie on location in the Dominican Republic. Guterma assured the dictator that if he were given some money to play around with, he could get stuff like this into millions of American homes on a regular basis. Trujillo obligingly handed over three quarters of a million dollars in cash. Guterma took the money to New York in an attaché case, paid off a number of people who had helped him swing the deal, sold his controlling interest in Mutual, and forgot about Trujillo's public relations problems. This caper eventually got Guterma into legal difficulties — not because he had swindled Trujillo, but because he had neglected to register as an agent of the Dominican government.

Guterma also may well have supplied more watery stock to boiler rooms than anyone else in this line of business during the 1950s. To discourage such activities, the law has provided since 1934 that new stock issues must be registered with the SEC. This means that the company issuing the stock must make public complete and accurate information about itself. Guterma got around this inhibiting requirement by taking advantage of an SEC rule applying to corporate mergers. The rule, which has since been revised, provided that stock issued to effect a merger, rather than for sale directly to the public, did not have to be registered.

Guterma's *modus operandi* may be illustrated by the history of Shawano Development Corporation. Guterma organized Shawano in 1953, with himself as president, for the ostensible purpose of growing a fiber called ramie. But he didn't do much with the company until 1955, when he launched what was advertised as a "dynamic program of carefully planned expansion and diversification." In the course of a few months, Shawano acquired, through mergers, a dairy herd



in Florida, mercury-mining claims in Nevada and Oregon, oil wells in Kansas, uranium deposits in the Poison Basin area of Wyoming, and a Miami resort hotel called the Isle de Capri. In each case, the properties were acquired by giving the sellers big blocks of new Shawano stock, which they then turned over to boiler rooms to be sold. Since the stock had not been registered with the SEC, the public had no chance to find out that the oil wells and other assets picked up by Shawano were mainly junk that had been unloaded on the company, at enormously inflated valuations, by Guterma and his friends.

To help move the stock, Guterma arranged to have it touted by a less-than-independent market letter called *DuVal's Consensus*, which carried on excitedly about ramie ("strong enough for tarpaulin [*sic*], yet sheer enough for a negligee") and about Shawano's "oil 'sleeper' which alone is worth *several dollars on every share*." All told, nearly 18,000,000 shares of Shawano stock were sold by boiler rooms, most of it at from one dollar to two dollars a share. But the oil sleeper remained a sleeper — Guterma, it developed, had overestimated the size of Shawano's oil reserves by about 1000 percent — and by 1957 the price of Shawano stock had sunk to a more realistic level of a few cents a share. At this point, Guterma abandoned Shawano. Soon afterward, it went into bankruptcy, a fate that overtook most of the companies he had anything to do with.

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Boiler-room swindles are closely related, from a technical standpoint, to the kind of financial piracy in which the swindler buys enough of a corporation's stock to put him in control, installs himself as president, and loots its treasury — typically, by means of deals with dummy corporations that he himself owns.

One of the most ingenious looters of recent years was a minister's son named Lowell Birrell. Birrell is now in semiretirement in Rio de Janeiro, a circumstance that arises from his indictment in New York in 1959 on charges of larceny and fraud, and from the fact that there is no extradition treaty in effect between the United States and Brazil. When he was still in this country, and at the peak of his career, Birrell led the sort of life that ministers' sons are traditionally supposed to yearn for. He had a 1200-acre estate in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where he threw parties that went on for days. He drank heavily. He sometimes stayed up carousing all night for two or three nights in a row, refreshing himself now and then by catnapping in a telephone booth or with his head on a nightclub table. He liked to have a pretty and complaisant girl within easy reach at all times.

(Although it may only be that their private affairs more often become public

than those of more orthodox businessmen, swindlers seem to crave an exceptional amount of variety and action in their sex lives. Yellow Kid Weil said that he took up swindling so that he could afford beautiful women, and much of the money that he stole from bankers was spent on showgirls. Serge Rubinstein, on the day before he was strangled in the bedroom of his Manhattan town house, had lunch with one ladyfriend, dined with another, and at two o'clock in the morning was calling for further female companionship. BenJack Cage, a Texan who is now on the lam in Brazil, once listed on a single expense voucher, which he turned in for payment to an insurance company he was looting, the names of five girls on whom he had spent a total of $3100. When he was not on the expense account, Cage is said to have combined business with pleasure by giving friendly young ladies shares of stock in his companies.)

Birrell was so adroit at stealing corporate assets that when the stockholders got around to locking the barn door the whole structure was sometimes on the verge of collapse. One company from which Birrell stole many millions of dollars was Doeskin Products, a leading maker of facial tissues. He began by buying control of the company with its own money: that is, he sold Doeskin certain highly dubious securities — they included debentures of an enterprise called the Beverly Hills Cemetery, located in Peekskill, New York — and used the proceeds to buy out the controlling stockholders. Later, he had Doeskin issue 700,000 shares of its stock, with a value at then-current prices of around $8,000,000, to effect an exchange of assets between Doeskin and another publicly held corporation controlled by Birrell. The exchange never took place, however. Birrell simply assigned the shares to Canadian nominees who arranged, on his behalf, to have them sold to the public by New York brokers.

In 1957, Birrell ostensibly cut his ties with Doeskin. But he managed to go right on looting the company, even after he had left the United States to begin his self-imposed exile. He did this by contriving, before he resigned as Doeskin's chief executive officer, to have the company issue 1,070,000 new shares of stock. The stock was supposedly purchased, for two dollars a share, by a syndicate of Cuban and Venezuelan investors. Records on file at Doeskin's headquarters in New York indicated that $2,140,000 had duly been deposited to Doeskin's account in a Havana bank — and immediately thereafter transferred to the account of a subsidiary of Doeskin's, and then to a subsidiary of the subsidiary, for investment in "Cuban natural resources."

In reality, however, there was no $2,140,000 payment. To make it seem that this sum had been in Doeskin's pos-

session, at least fleetingly, Birrell had organized a check ring: worthless checks drawn on one account were "covered" by the simultaneous deposit of equally worthless checks drawn on another account. The Cuban-Venezuelan syndicate was, of course, Birrell himself.

Through intermediaries, Birrell brashly sold some of the stock he had acquired back to Doeskin. He used the rest to keep a tight grip on the company's affairs, acting through stooges whom he installed as executives and who voted the stolen stock at annual meetings. With their help, he milked the company in a variety of ways. He got Doeskin to hand over $52,000 to one of his bagmen as a commission on the fictitious stock sale to the Cuban-Venezuelan syndicate. He had dummy corporations file phony claims against Doeskin, and arranged for Doeskin to pay them. He organized companies to take over the trucking and packaging of Doeskin's products — on terms considerably more favorable to Birrell than to Doeskin.

After draining off most of the company's liquid assets, Birrell almost succeeded in selling his Doeskin stock. A Virginia paper company, which had no notion it was being offered stolen merchandise, agreed to pay $750,000 for it, and made a $60,000 down payment. The deal fell through when Birrell and his accomplices in the looting of Doeskin were indicted for fraud.

So far as anyone can tell, Birrell is no longer milking Doeskin. But his style of life in Rio de Janeiro, where at last report he had installed an old girlfriend in one of the city's most expensive apartment buildings, does not suggest a man pinched for cash. He has, in fact, become a tourist attraction, pointed out proudly to visitors as he sits in bars along the Copacabana, buying people drinks and talking about the wonderful promise that Brazil holds for a businessman of vision and imagination.

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Successful swindlers are usually regarded by their fellow men — excluding those whom they have victimized — with a tolerance and even with a certain admiration that is seldom accorded other criminals. One reason for this is that a man whose thefts run upward into the millions inevitably inspires awe. Another is that intellectual feats, in crime as in other spheres, tend to command more respect than those that are purely physical, and swindling demands a particularly high order of intelligence. Swindlers have often, in fact, been notably precocious. Birrell, for example, graduated from college at the age of 18, and Rubinstein was running a bank when he was still in his 20s. Furthermore, swindlers are likely to possess in large measure such enviable traits as daring, resourcefulness and imagination. And while effrontery is perhaps not generally accounted a virtue, it is hard not to admire the gall of a man like Koretz, or like Guterma, who once remarked, in the days of his prosperity, that his companies thrived because "they are run by a goddamn genius."

But it is not only intelligence and gall that mark the master swindler off from the general run of criminals. His special status also derives from the nature of his offenses. However deplorable his motives, the swindler's crimes are somewhat mitigated by the fact that as a rule only the greed and gullibility of his biggest victims makes them possible in the first place. The swindler's depredations may, indeed, be read as social comment. Among other things, they demonstrate that the headlong pursuit of material gain often blunts the ethical sensibilities of the pursuer.

This point has never been driven home with more stunning force than it was, a generation ago, by Ivar Kreuger. Before his exposure as a swindler, Kreuger commanded a worldwide admiration and respect that few if any other businessmen have ever enjoyed. In the 1920s, Kreuger bolstered the finances of one European government after another by lending them huge sums of money. In return for the loans, he obtained monopolies for the manufacture and sale of matches that put him eventually in control of three quarters of the world's match business. His integrity was unquestioned, and in public-opinion polls the securities of his companies were often named as the safest in the world.

Yet it became clear after Kreuger committed suicide in 1932 that this "Puritan of finance," as the *New Statesman* of London eulogistically described him, had undoubtedly been the biggest thief in history. To be sure, some of the $650,000,000 that Kreuger had raised through the sale of securities, or by borrowing from banks, had been used for legitimate business purposes. But large amounts had simply been paid out in the form of dividends. And at the same time that Kreuger had been reporting imaginary earnings to justify these dividends, tens of millions of dollars, which supposedly were being spent by his companies to secure match monopolies through secret agreements, or to conclude other deals of a highly confidential kind, were in reality being diverted into Kreuger's own pocket via shadow firms and bogus banks in Zurich, Amsterdam and Liechtenstein.

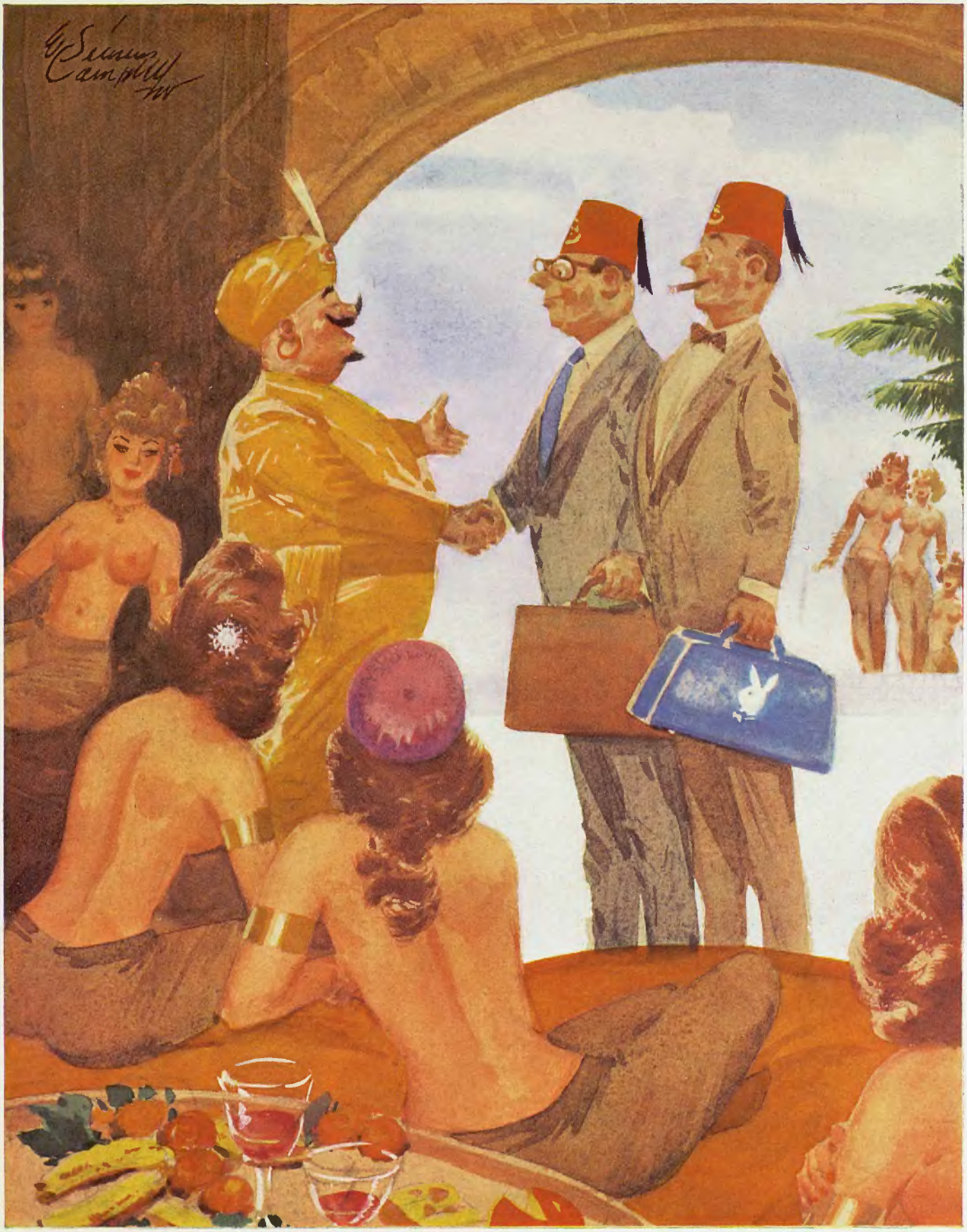
It was never established just what Kreuger did with all this money. He lost millions, shortly before his suicide, frantically trying to make a killing in Wall Street. He was undoubtedly blackmailed for large sums. He also spent a lot of money on his own comfort and pleasure. He had, among other dwelling places, a 23-room duplex apartment in Stockholm, three country places elsewhere in Sweden, an apartment in Paris, a suite at a hotel in London, and a penthouse on Park Avenue in New York where he grew fruit trees and flowers in a seven-foot-thick bed of soil imported from France. He kept mistresses in just about every major city in Europe, and had frequent affairs of a more transitory kind.

Kreuger's stature as a swindler is derived from more than just the amount of money he stole. His record is further distinguished by the caliber of the people he duped. The securities that he sold in America — a quarter of a billion dollars' worth in the 10 years before he died — were not palmed off on the public by cynical dynamiters. They were underwritten by eminent bankers, supposedly shrewd and sophisticated men, who believed in Kreuger quite as strongly as did the people to whom they sold his watery stocks and bonds. In the case of Lee, Higginson & Co., the old Boston banking house that floated most of Kreuger's American issues, this belief is attested to by the fact that partners in the firm, and their families, lost $8,000,000 when the Kreuger bubble burst.

The faith that Kreuger inspired in American financial circles rose in part from his wealth, his somber dress, his polished bearing and his nationality (who could conceive of a Swedish swindler?). Americans were also impressed by Kreuger's European connections. They were undeniably lofty, and Kreuger made them seem loftier still, when his American bankers dropped in at his headquarters in Stockholm, by holding imaginary conversations with leading European statesmen on a bogus telephone that he could ring by pushing a concealed button.

Kreuger's thefts were made easier, moreover, by the atmosphere of the 1920s, a time when almost everybody believed in magic. If Kreuger was extraordinarily secretive about his dealings, and if some of the profits he reported seemed altogether too good to be true — well, why ask rude questions as long as the dividends were coming in?

It is customary, and doubtless accurate, to note that changes in American law and customs would make it impossible for anyone to duplicate Kreuger's feats today. But the exploits of Guterma and Birrell suggest that not all of us are prepared to let institutional or legal reforms interfere with the God-given right to be swindled, and another Kreuger might well succeed merely by using other materials, and following other architectural plans, in the construction of his financial fictions. As Kreuger once remarked, "I've built my enterprise on the firmest ground that can be found — the foolishness of people."



"My pleasure, boys. Always glad to welcome a delegation from the States!"

SOMNAMBULE

(continued from page 66)

really had occurred, 200,000 miles from earth, during those six hours of silence.

Colonel Friend's request was channeled through Rand Corporation, the Air Force's Research and Development facility at Santa Monica, and through Rand (and your good offices, Jim) I was contacted and asked to perform the deep hypnosis and subsequent questioning of Davenport.

At first glance, Captain Paul Davenport didn't appear a promising subject for hypnosis. About five feet, 10 inches tall, with alert green eyes, he moved with the poise of a fine athlete.

He hadn't been told the reason for this hypnosis attempt – only that it was hoped he'd have made some subconscious observations during his six-hour blackout which might reveal themselves under hypnosis. Observations which could be of inestimable value to the astronauts to follow.

I was surprised at the ease with which he slipped into a light trance. It seemed to indicate that he'd undergone prior hypnosis, though I'd been told he never had. A person, once hypnotized, achieves initial trance rather quickly. Davenport lay back on the couch, concentrating intently on the whirling spiral disk I held before him, and within a few minutes he was in the very deepest trance known as "somnambule." In this state, Davenport would actually relive and re-enact any incident in his past at my bidding.

I told Davenport he was back in the space capsule, preparing for final countdown. Immediately he stretched out on the couch in the reclining position he assumed within the capsule. In a conversational tone I then read the long list of items to be checked off by an astronaut about to ride a spaceship into deep space.

And quickly, eyes blank and indrawn, Davenport reached here, there, above him and to the side, making twisting motions, snapping imaginary switches, turning dials, reading instruments off to me, reliving, totally, the last moments prior to launch.

"Fire!"

At the moment of blast-off he sank down into the couch, jaw slack, eyes receding deeper and deeper into his head. He actually flattened under the force of his relived gravity pull of the Saturn's million-and-a-half-pound thrust. He grimaced, groaning slightly, holding his abdomen.

"What is it, Davenport?"

"Pain. Pressure hurts here." He touched his right abdomen.

Finally, the g pull eased, he resumed his normal reclining position, eyes flicking from one imaginary instrument to another, speaking coolly, a look of growing elation on his face. Suddenly a wide

grin split his face. "A-OK," he murmured. "Booster separated on course, on altitude." He listened to an unheard voice, nodding. "It looks good."

"Captain Davenport — Paul," I said quietly, "what's happening?"

Instantly the elation dropped from his voice and in the flat tones of the submerged personality he said, "In synergic ascent above the tip of Africa and heading for the hole. Altitude — — "

I snapped my fingers softly, and he ceased speaking. "This is 35 hours later," I told him. "You have transited the far side of the moon; have released the second flare. The earth is coming into view again. What's happening now?"

Again he assumed the alert position, checking his nonexistent instruments. "Full thrust," he said crisply. He peered ahead, and grinned. "Hello, you blue beautiful old — —" He froze, staring into space ahead of him, a surprised look on his face.

"What's happening?" I said quickly.

"Gravity," he murmured. "I — I'm feeling gravity — and there's been an interruption from Sunnyvale monitoring station — — " He stared before him, blinked hard, a look of utter disbelief on his face. "No," he said. "No."

"What do you see, Davenport?" I snapped.

"It's a — a ship. Dead ahead. As though I'm tailing it. And now — — " He punched savagely at something in front of him.

"Engine," he gasped. "Burping."

He waited, a look of helplessness on his face. "It's cut out," he muttered, still staring ahead, as though through the capsule window. "The engine's not firing. I'm moving up on it." His eyes bulged. "There's a hatch opening — and — I'm going into it. The spaceship — *I'm inside it.*"

He waited, rigid, then slowly his head swiveled to one side. "Don't open that hatch!" He was trying to roar, but it came out a faint breathless shout. He watched in horror as something — the hatch, apparently, was dropped out of the capsule. He closed his eyes, then snapped them open again. He suddenly lashed out, slowly, awkwardly, as though retarded by a clumsy space suit. "Stay away — My oxygen!"

He stiffened for a moment, as though having difficulty breathing, then slowly, he took a tentative breath, then another. Surprised, he breathed deeply. "Air," he said. "There's air on this."

"Where are you, Davenport?" I asked softly.

"Big spaceship," he said. "Like a small hangar. Empty? No — those are people?" This last, questioningly.

"Describe them," I said sharply.

He shook his head. Squinting his eyes as though peering beyond a brilliant light. He put a hand up to shade his eyes. "Can't see a thing. Blurred." Sud-

denly he lifted both elbows, as though fighting something off. He flailed ineffectively.

I snapped my fingers and abruptly he was quiet. "What's happening, Captain?"

"Taking me out of the capsule —— " He stopped, staring, amazement on his face. "We're moving up on *another* ship —— " His voice dropped, became awestruck. "My God! This is a spaceship?" His head moved slowly from side to side, as though surveying a great bulk. "This thing is bigger by far than the Forrestal. It's like a mountain of metal. We're going into it. It's immense. Immense. What sort of power do they use? Why doesn't it register on our trackers? A thing this size, no matter how distant — *stop!*" He lashed out, slowly, dreamily, like a man moving underwater.

He closed his eyes, shuddering slightly. "God! Don't touch me. Don't." He shrank away, then he lashed out, swinging his big fists violently. Gradually, he relaxed, arms down.

"What's happening, Paul?"

"They're talking to me. Soothingly. Quietly. One of them ——" his face wrinkled in disgust. "He's patting me on the head — like I'm a scared dog, or something. An infant."

"*He's* patting you? Then you can see them? Describe them."

He shook his head, his limbs moving slowly. Walking motions. "I can't see them," he mumbled.

"Try, Davenport. Look at them, closely. Closely. You can see them perfectly, can't you?"

"No," he whispered, after a moment's intense straining. "No. I can see everything else — this wall. Metal. Warm. And this room — low table. Bright lights. Like a lab, maybe? Wall with a big chart, or graph on it. But — not them. I can't see them." He squinted painfully. "Blur. Just a blur."

He thrashed about again, making those same slow-motion fighting actions. He grunted, sweat pouring off his face.

"What's happening, Paul?"

"Taking off my suit. My clothes. Tape. Naked." The perspiration vanished and suddenly he shivered, teeth clicking. "Man, it's colder than hell, now. Naked. Standing alongside ——" A puzzled frown on his face, and then the clearance of sudden recognition. "Like a police lineup," he muttered, scowling. "There's a chart or outline hanging on the wall. I'm standing next to it. Light coming through it. Smell of electricity — ozone." He remained rigid, arms at his sides. Then, reluctantly, his arms spread out, his fingers apart. He opened his legs. He scowled. "Some sort of fluoroscopy. They're measuring me, taking pictures of my insides."

"Who are *they?*" I snapped my fingers. "Paul. Listen. I want you to see them. Look right at them. *Look at them.*"

He half sat up, peering, as though through blinding lights. "Nothing," he said softly. "Can't see them. Just a blur."

"All right. You're up against a screen. You feel that it's a fluoroscope of some sort — an X-ray machine. Go on."

He shivered again, goose flesh popping out all over his arms. "Counting my ribs," he said. "Toes, fingers — teeth. What is this — hey!"

He went on, describing in great detail what appeared to be a very thorough physical examination. Nothing external, apparently, was left unnoticed. He described the feeling of a viscous slimy substance which hardened over him. At this point his body assumed a slowly stiffening position.

"What do you feel now, Captain?"

His voice was choking — panicky. "It's like a tight pressure suit," he gasped. "Tight. Tighter. I can't breathe." He went rigid, arms down at his sides, fingers extended, toes stretched out, chin back. He remained that way for long seconds, and then he relaxed, took a deep breath.

"Paul? What's happening?"

"Ah, feels good. Thought I'd had it —— " He winced slightly. "Peeling it off. I'll be —— " He got up on an elbow and stared. "It's me — a mold of me. Split in half. It looks like — a mummy case. Soft material, a little like foam rubber. A mold of my body." His muscles bulged again and he made frantic flailing motions.

"What is it?"

"It's an operating room," he said, and his voice was flat, dead, filled with suppressed terror. "They're putting me on a table. *No!*" He half rose, mouth wide open in a scream.

I snapped my finger and he subsided, looking up at the ceiling, eyes wide, staring.

"Tell me, Paul. What's happening now?"

"Something —— They're putting something on my temples. Wires. Electricity again."

I watched him intently. Suddenly on each side of his head, the hairs stood straight out; the skin over the temples became completely white, bloodless.

He went limp and his arms lay at his sides, unresisting, palms out, fingers curled slightly. He was apparently in a deep, electrically induced coma. He breathed slowly, evenly. I took his pulse. It had dropped to nearly a quarter of normal. His temperature was also way down. He remained, unmoving, looking at the ceiling, but I noticed a curious horripilation, a spasmodic shudder of his stomach muscles, and on impulse, I opened his shirt.

I stared. A fine red line ran from his breastbone down to his lower abdomen. Even as I watched, the vivid red streak faded until it became a thin white scar line that might have been only a creased imprint from the couch. And in a moment, even that vanished; nothing remained but matted hair.

Gradually, his pulse and heartbeat returned to normal. He began breathing heavily again. Eventually, he opened his eyes and I saw the pupils expand, then begin a slow circling movement, exactly as they'd done when I'd been putting him in trance.

"Davenport," I said sharply. "Quick! What's happening?"

"They are telling me ——" his voice seemed dragged from deep within. "When I return to flight, I will not remember. I — will — not — remember ——" He nodded agreement.

I snapped my fingers. He relaxed. "What's going on now?"

He came up on one elbow, then swung off the couch, a look of pleased

"You certainly have a one-track mind, Mr. Bree!"

surprise on his face. "My space suit. My clothes. They're trying to dress me. OK, OK — —" He made irritable brushing motions. "I can get the damned things on."

He put his hands up over his head and made careful wriggling movements, as though slipping into a tight-fitting suit. He "adjusted" various clips and snaps, and finally, reached up and guided something down over his head and onto his shoulders, obviously his helmet. "Careful," he murmured. He glanced to the right and left, checking, and he nodded again. "That's good. That does it."

"Paul?" I said questioningly.

"They're taking me back. There's the capsule."

"Where are you now?"

He craned his head around, slowly, awkwardly, as though fully encased in space gear. "Looks like the hangar deck of an aircraft carrier," he murmured, "if there could be a carrier this big, that is. Gad! It looks like the runway at Patrick. Miles long." He made curious twisting contortions.

"What's going on now, Paul?"

"Back in the capsule," he said, his voice straining, as he grunted and adjusted himself. He glanced around. "One thing, they know the manual as well as anyone."

He sucked in a breath and sank down onto the couch, seeming to flatten as he did so. He remained that way for a long moment, his cheeks sunken, eyes receded, and slowly, slowly, his features began to fill out again, his breathing became regular and he opened his eyes. Instantly a grin came on his face and he said, "Hello, you blue beautiful old earth."

"Paul," I said, "where are you?"

He looked at me, then quickly glanced beyond, as though still staring at a far-distant – but rapidly approaching – earth. "In the can – heading for home," he said matter-of-factly. "Sixty hours to re-entry."

"How about the big spaceship?" I said. "The operating room?"

He flicked switches and examined dials. "I don't follow you at all, friend," he said impatiently.

Obviously, the experience, and it was a valid one, was over. He'd been put into flight once again and all memory of the past six hours obliterated at the conscious level. I snapped my fingers. "When I count three, Captain Davenport," I said slowly and distinctly, "you will come back, with no memory of anything you have said here. One, two, three — —"

He sat perfectly still, then he said, "All over?" I nodded and he said, "Funny, I don't remember any of it — —"

"There's nothing to remember, Captain," I told him.

Afterward, I compared notes with Colonel Friend. I asked him if Daven-

port had undergone a fluoroscopic examination after the space flight. Friend shook his head.

"I'd like a complete gastrointestinal series," I said. "As soon as possible."

"But — why the GI series?" he asked. "Has Davenport complained of anything?"

"No, he hasn't," I said. "And that's just the point — he should have."

The series was made. Davenport was given the usual dosage of chemicals which are used to make the internal organs visible to X rays. Under the fluoroscope two very strange things were noted: From breastbone to lower abdomen, a long thin line glowed noticeably. Also, in the cecum — the first portion of the large intestine located in the lower right part of the abdomen, the entire area glowed with the same pulsant light.

Davenport's medical records show that he has never had an appendectomy — or surgery of any kind, in fact.

Close interrogation elicited the admission from Davenport that just after his having been selected to take the "big ride" (as he puts the moon shot) he had felt some nasty pains and a slight rigidity in the right lower quadrant of his abdomen. In other words, he'd been exhibiting definite symptoms of appendicitis. He attributed the pains, however, to nervous excitement.

He admitted that the pain was quite bad directly after the rocket lifted; the strain of the heavy g pull pressing down on his abdomen undoubtedly would have aggravated this condition. But he says that after he'd orbited the moon and come in sight of the earth again — the pain vanished.

An exploratory operation was performed on Davenport in order to ascertain the source of the strange glow within his body cavity, and it was then we discovered that Davenport's appendix had been expertly removed — and apparently quite recently. Fresh pink tissue covered the incised area.

But odder still — there was a long row of regular geometrical figures or designs, triangles, loops, dots and dashes, outlined in pale blue on the cecum, just above where the appendix had been. I would say it is a tattoo, in inert, ineradicable ink.

The source of the glow has been unidentified to date, but I feel certain it is the residual effect of some radioactive process used to regenerate tissues — to heal incisions instantaneously.

Some very faint scar tissue did remain inside, however, enough to show beyond doubt that Davenport's abdomen had been opened, at one time . . .

My conclusions are these: Davenport actually underwent the traumatic experience he so vividly relived for me.

By some beings — species unknown (attracted by the flares?), the space cap-

sule was snagged in mid-flight and taken aboard a huge spaceship of some kind, obviously equipped with radar-deflection devices, as well as the powerful subatomic force-fields which completely stopped all instruments (but not the spring-operated camera — as they discovered, necessitating editing the film).

This ship, doubtless a scout, then transferred Davenport to an immensely greater "mother" ship, and there Davenport was subjected to a thorough physiological examination — complete to having a mold made of his body.

In the course of internal examination (the opening undoubtedly made with an instrument operating on the principle of the electron scalpel which makes a microscopically thin incision), Davenport's diseased appendix was discovered and removed — and the queer "tattoo" placed on the conveniently broad cecum.

He was then closed up and the incision treated by some process which virtually instantaneously regenerated the tissues. Davenport was revived, put into a deep trance, given a posthypnotic command to forget everything that had occurred since his capture, then placed back into the capsule and put into flight at the precise spot his schedule called for.

His inability to describe his captors seems to have been due to some brilliant emanations that came from them, making it impossible for him to look directly at them without a blurring of his vision. When I ordered him to look at them, he peered painfully, as into some intolerably dazzling light . . .

One last conclusion I offer gratuitously:

Zoologists, and other interested individuals concerned with the study of many types of wildlife, follow the practice of capturing a selected few of whatever particular animal is under study, attaching small harmless identifying tags to them, and then releasing them.

These tags, along with specific coded information, usually contain a request to whomsoever might later capture the tagged animal, to return the tag, along with pertinent data such as date of capture, location, size and weight of the animal, etc.

In this way, growth patterns, migratory habits, longevity and other technical data are gradually amassed concerning the particular species under study. Such tagged animals are known as "controls."

Do you follow me? It would appear, from Davenport's queer "tattoo," that he was seized in flight, swiftly and expertly examined — inside and out — *tagged*, and then released.

By whom — and for what purpose — remains to be seen.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Amos Fineman, M.D.

QUEEN DIDO *(continued from page 78)*

on a throne in order to become a human being?"

"No. I have to be where there aren't any white people." (A smile) "I hate white people."

"All of them?"

"Yes."

"Me, too?"

"Not yet."

"Why am I temporarily exempt, Dido?"

"You don't look at me as if I were a freak or a sexual novelty—not yet."

"If I said I loved you, I'd be saying it only to a beautiful girl. So help me."

"You mustn't ever say it."

"Why not, Dido?"

"Because I'm in love. Deeply and forever."

"With Africa?"

"With Ephraim."

"That's the dentist you work for."

"Yes, I work for him. I live for him."

"Do you live together?"

"You mean, do I sleep with him? No, I don't. We're engaged. We'll be married in Africa." (A sigh) "I'll come to his bed then, with rejoicing."

"It's odd, if you love him so much, that you don't go to bed with him now."

"You can't imagine a nigger girl being a virgin, can you?"

"I don't think of you as a nigger girl."

"You must. Because that's all I am here. Poems don't change me. I'm different—different from you."

"If there's a difference, Dido, it's not in my favor."

"I won't lie to you, white boy. I'm not a virgin."

"Don't call me white boy, please."

"Would you care to hear how I lost my virginity?"

"If you want to tell me."

"I was born in Mississippi and lived there on a farm. I never spoke to any white men till I was 13. I spoke to them for the first time when two white men grabbed me while I was walking in the road, going home from work. I begged and screamed. They raped me, both of them. My brother found me at night. He thought I was dead. I came alive in the morning. That day five other white men came to our farmhouse. They ordered us to move away, because they didn't want any troublemakers or nigger whores in their peaceful neighborhood. I was the nigger whore. They had evidence that I solicited men on the road. That's how I came to Chicago. It was six years ago that I spoke to my first white men."

"That was an accident, Dido, like being run over. It's wrong to think of all white men as part of that accident."

"They are." (A shiver) "They keep on all the time, taking something from me. More than virginity. They rob my soul out of me. They leave me hiding away—a coon, dinge, nigger, boogie, shine. They disfigure me."

"They are only words, Dido. I'm a Jew, and Jews hear mean words now and then."

"You can answer them, Mister Jew. They can spit on you, but they can't spit on your answers, because they come out of a white skin. They're white-man answers. White people kill each other, but they can't silence each other, not even Jews. Jesus Christ was a Jew and they killed Him. And look how His friends answered back. If Jesus had been a black man on that cross nobody would have spoken up for Him, or written a book about Him. He would have stayed in His grave with silence for His tombstone. And it would have been a great setback for God." (A smile) "Ephraim wrote that. I'll give you the pamphlet if you want it."

"I'd like to read it. Does Ephraim hate white people as you do?"

"No. Ephraim only loves his own people. He says the hands of black people are like music notes. And that there is a light of dawn always in their dark faces. He says their hearts are made of prayer and laughter." (Her eyes glowed.) "Tomorrow will be saved by the black people. They shall lead it back to humanity under the 10,000 banners of joy." (A smile again) "No, Ephraim hasn't any hate in him. Only love for the Negro soul."

"Especially yours."

"Yes, especially mine!"

"Does Ephraim love you as much as you love him?"

"He loves me with all his heart, forever."

"It's hard to understand his not being your real lover."

"You mean his not cohabiting with me?" (I nod.) "Does sex make love real?"

"It helps."

"There's a kind of love that doesn't need any help—spiritual love that bathes your heart with light and keeps you living in a dream."

"And afraid to wake up."

"Wake up to what?"

"Truth, life, the real wonders of human relationship."

"You mean hands grabbing you. A mouth trying to eat you. Eyes rolled up and somebody else stamping inside you." (A shiver) "I hate sex."

"That's like the sun saying it hates flowers."

"Not flowers, weeds." (A smile) "That's what cohabitation is when it's not blessed by love. The human body degenerates without love, and its beauty becomes the rubbish of pleasure."

"Is that some more of Ephraim's writings?"

"Yes. Would you care to meet Ephraim? I've told him all about you."

"No, thanks. I see quite enough of Ephraim when I look at you."

"I know. He's part of me. He breathes inside me. His eyes are my eyes. I love him. Oh, I love him with my blood and my soul!" (A smile) "Do you know why I talk to you like this? Because it makes me happy to see a white man jealous of Ephraim." (A sigh) "That's mean of me, isn't it? I'm very sorry. You've written such sweet poems about me. I read them to Ephraim—between tooth pullings."

"I'm flattered."

"Have you always been a nonconformist?"

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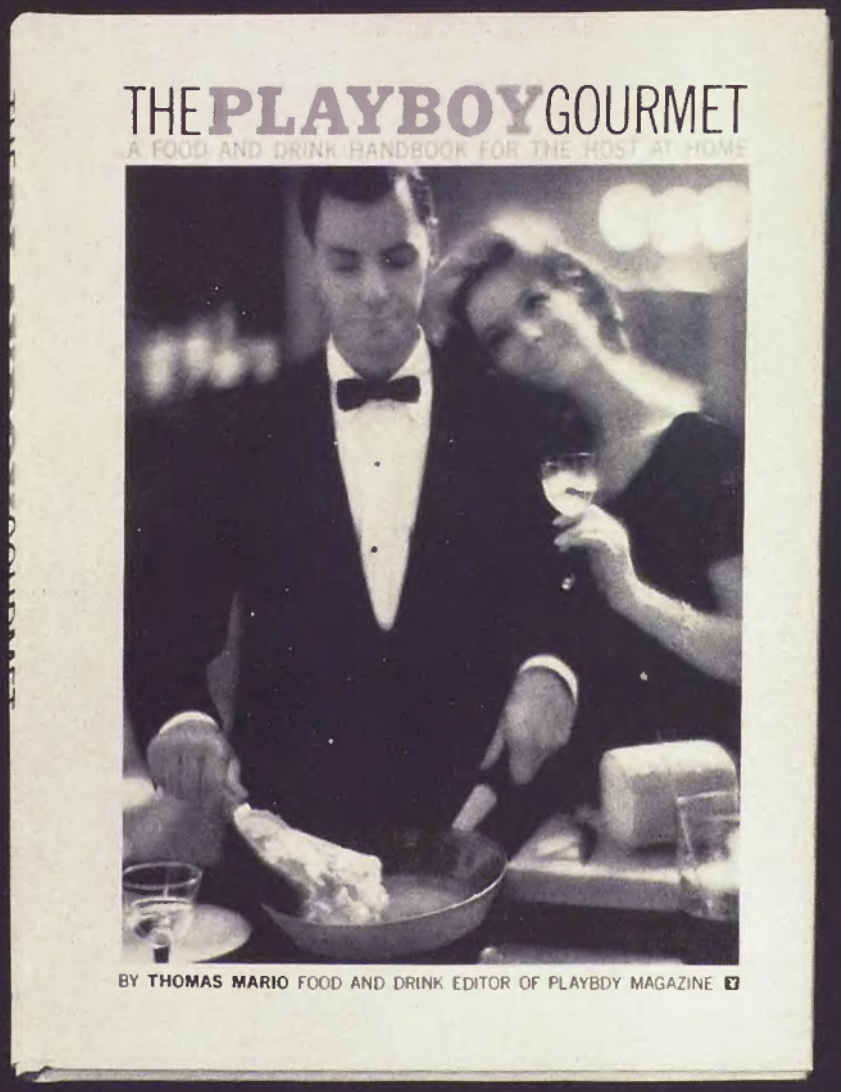

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"Please don't be sore at me. Ephraim understands you. He says you have a sensitive mind. He says you are in love with me like a troubadour of olden times."

"Who expired of love for a lady who gave him only her hair ribbon. You haven't even given me that."

"I don't wear one." (A laugh)

"Does Ephraim kiss you after you read him my inspiring poems?"

"No."

"Doesn't he ever embrace you when you're alone together in his office?"

"No."

"He's a hell of a lover, is all I can say."

"You're a strange boy. All you think of is sex. Yet you're always polite and poetic toward me, as if I were a black nun. I am, too. The kissing will come later — in Africa. When Ephraim and I become human beings with full human rights."

"I may be strange," I said, "but you are completely nuts. You and your fairy tale about a kingdom. And your life of virtue! Do you know why I'm polite to you? Because I feel your craziness. I know that if I put my arms around you, you'd start screaming like you did six years ago on that Mississippi road. That's not being spiritual. It's being crazy."

Dido laughed. "I'll be quite sane in Africa," she said, "and if you come to visit us, I'll find a bride for you — who looks like me."

"There's no such woman," I said.

"I'll see you tomorrow night," Dido smiled.

"No you won't," I said. "You won't see me for quite a while. I'm going on my vacation tomorrow. I'm going to see my folks in Wisconsin. I think I'll stay there for some time. It all depends."

I was referring aloofly to the ache and cry for Dido in me. Dido stood looking at me with gentle eyes.

"Do you want to kiss me goodbye?" she asked.

Her lips were cushion-soft and blood-warm. Her face against mine was dark and aromatic. The press of her body was like a thousand doors flying open, to nowhere. I touched her cheek and neck. The flowerlike skin made my fingers tremble.

"Why do you close your eyes?" I asked.

"You know why, white man," Dido whispered.

So much beauty, love, rapture — all of it like useless fineries packed away in a dream; all of it useless to me.

• • •

I stayed in Wisconsin for five weeks, three of them without pay. Mr. Mahoney had assured me over the long-distance phone that he and his staff would be able to keep the *Journal* going without my help for another three weeks. I stayed away the extra time for two reasons. One was the sailboat I still owned in Racine. The other was Dido. At 19, frustration is a nasty business that darkens the day and disrupts the night. Three weeks more of sailing a wind-lashed Lake Michigan in my boyhood's friend, the Sea Bird, quieted the clamor in me for my black-and-silver Venus who despised sex and was, to boot, daft with love for another man.

Mr. Mahoney greeted me with feigned relief. The *Journal*, he said, was beginning to feel the strain of my absence. I grinned at Mr. Mahoney's sarcasm. It was a quality I seemed to inspire in those who liked me.

"If you feel sufficiently rested," Mr. Mahoney said, "you can hop over to Mr. Jacobi's jail and talk to the colored gentleman there who's waiting to be hanged shortly. We've carried a few items about him, but nothing with your Dostoievsky insight. Here are some clips on this black cuckoo."

Mr. Mahoney handed me a dozen clippings. They headlined the crime, trial and conviction of Dr. Howard Givin, a prominent Negro dentist. I read them without any telltale outcries for Mr. Mahoney's ears.

I read that on a Sunday morning five weeks ago, Dr. Givin had led a parade of 300 colored citizens who called themselves the Negro Knights of African Freedom. The paraders were on foot. Dr. Givin was mounted on a black horse. He carried a large blue flag with a black stripe across its middle, its pole resting in a stirrup. He was dressed in a blue military uniform, as were a number of the marchers. But Dr. Givin was the only knight with a sword dangling at his side and a holstered gun on his hip.

A 20-piece band, behind him, was lustily playing a Sousa march. As the music ended, six mounted white policemen came trotting toward the head of the parade.

The newspaper clipping related, "Sergeant Purcell called upon Dr. Givin to halt. 'This parade is illegal,' the sergeant explained. 'You have no city permit. Disperse your men and clear this street!'

"In reply to Sergeant Purcell's request, Dr. Givin shouted the single word, 'Charge!' Drawing his gun as his horse dashed forward, the Negro dentist started firing at the surprised police. His first two shots killed Sergeant Neill Purcell and Officer Bernard Feeney.

"The remaining four mounted policemen opened fire in self-defense, killing four Negroes and wounding five others. Dr. Givin, whose murderous rage had launched the Battle of Archer Avenue, surrendered meekly. He was sitting slumped on his horse and weeping when police reinforcements arrested him."

The reports of Dr. Givin's trial were brief and carried in the back pages. They identified Howard Givin as a fanatic who called himself Prince Ephraim and who had long devoted himself to the fomenting of race riots in Chicago. The trial had lasted only four days. The jury had returned its verdict in 20 minutes — hanging.

Thus, I finally met Ephraim — in the death cell of the Cook County jail. Jacobi insisted on two guards' watching over me as I interviewed the doomed man.

"He's nutty as hell," Jacobi explained, "and dangerous every minute."

Inside the cell, Ephraim held his hand out to me.

"I'm happy to see you at last," he said. "Please be seated."

I sat on a stool and stared at a tall, thin, small-shouldered man with a bony, black-satin face and deep-socketed eyes. The eyes smiled as he spoke:

"You can be of great help to me, as I know you will from everything Miss De Long has told me. I'm negotiating with the Cunard Steamship Line for the transport of 1000 Negroes to Dakar. Our pioneer contingent. Men of high heart and strong hands. I have been unable to get in touch with Mr. Laurence Anderson, the Cunard representative in Chicago. Will you be good enough to tell Mr. Anderson that I shall have all the visas cleared in a few weeks — by September 21, the latest?"

September 21 was the day set for his hanging.

Apparently, Dr. Givin hadn't heard of that disturbing event. Nor was he even aware that he sat in a prison cell. A thin, coal-eyed Negro, entirely divorced from reality, talked to me for an hour about the kingdom he was rearing. As I listened I remembered the basic law of our land — an insane man must not be hanged. I wondered how the State of Illinois could flout this law and hang anyone so obviously demented as Ephraim. But remembering that he was a Negro and that he had killed two white policemen, I knew he would hang on September 21 despite any law to the contrary.

As I was leaving, skinny Jacobi and his soiled batwing face stood in the doorway of his office.

"There's a lady inside wishes to talk to you," he said, and winked archly.

Dido sat on the battered black-leather couch in the warden's office. But it wasn't the Dido I had known. An erotic caricature of that Dido held out a lace-gloved hand to me as she spoke my name in a coy, throaty voice. Her cheeks were brightened with carnelian tints, her lips heavily reddened, her eyes mascaraed. She wore a tight coral dress that competed with her skin. Glistening black stockings made her legs look like exclamation marks.

Sitting beside Dido was a lawyer I

"Not tonight, darling. Seymour is in one of his moods!"

knew, Jacob Joslyn. Attorney Joslyn was a heavyset dandy with curly gray, perfume-reeking hair. His thick fingers held Dido's bare arm in a full-ownership grip.

Joslyn was one of the most expensive legal silver-tongues of the town. His talents were available only to criminals with sturdy bank accounts. A sick feeling told me he was being well rewarded as Dr. Givin's new counsel. His bloodshot face beaming at Dido looked like an opened bedroom door.

Dido said to me as I sat dumbly beside her, "I've picked out the best of Ephraim's pamphlets. I would appreciate it if you could get some of them quoted in your newspaper. Mr. Joslyn thinks it would be a big help—don't you, Jacob?"

"I intend to leave no stone unturned, sir," lawyer Joslyn said. "Have them printed in your newspaper, by all means."

Dido removed a dozen small pamphlets from a new handbag.

"I'll try," I said, pocketing Ephraim's oratory, "and when can I see you?"

"After I come back," Dido said. Her shadowed eyes smiled at the cloud of perfume beside her. "I'm going to Springfield with Mr. Joslyn to get a pardon for Ephraim from Governor Deneen."

"Wouldn't it be better," I asked, "to get a commission of alienists appointed to examine Ephraim and prove that he's insane? I just talked to him and—"

Dido interrupted with a loud cry. Tears ran from her eyes as she wailed, "No! No! Ephraim isn't crazy! He's sane! He's sane! Oh, God, I thought you were my friend." Her gloved hands seized my cheeks. "Look at me," she said in the voice I remembered, "look at Dido. Be her friend."

"I am," I said.

Her gloved fingers clung to my face as the tears dripped from her cheeks.

"Then remember," Dido said, "remember that Ephraim is a great man. With a great dream. Don't rob him."

"There, there," lawyer Joslyn put a nicely tailored arm around her and squeezed hard, "no need to weep, Dido. Just put your faith in my hands, my dear child, and I'll carry your dream to victory."

I watched the gloating, gray-haired dandy guide Dido out of the office as if she were a prize captured on the high seas.

• • •

Mr. Mahoney would have none of the pamphlets. Nor of the copy I handed him, detailing the obvious insanity of the doomed dentist.

"I wish you would bear in mind," said Mr. Mahoney, "that you are being paid to be a reporter, not a crusader. And the possible lunacy of Prince Ephraim is zero in news."

I visited Ephraim once a week and took him paper and pencils for his cell labors. He was writing out, elaborately, the legal, military and judicial structure of his new Negro kingdom in Africa.

"It's coming along fine," the deep-socketed eyes smiled at me. "Miss De Long will see to having the work printed as soon as I've completed it." He looked lovingly at his pile of copy. "The first Negro constitution since Carthage," he said.

I marveled at how a man as mentally alive as Ephraim could so persistently ignore the fact that he was going to be hanged soon, ignore even the fact that he was a prisoner in a jail cell. Obviously, craziness was a world of its own. It supplied its own decor as well as preferred events.

And I tried not to think of Dido. Her name made my heart feel desperate. Mr. Mahoney asked me one afternoon, "Has your friend, Prince Ephraim, made any comment on his royal fiancée — a certain Miss Dido De Long? Our Springfield man tells me she's staging a one-woman sexual assault on the capitol. Yes, sir," Mr. Mahoney enjoyed the tale, "hopping from bed to bed in quest of a governor's pardon."

I almost hated Mr. Mahoney.

I had never before known anything wrong in the world of myself. Crime, murder, suicide, swindle and perversion were my daily pickings. But they were outside my world, a storm that blew and rattled wildly beyond its snug windows. Now the storm was inside the windows, the wrong was around me. I had discovered a new fact — that injustice existed, and that everybody I knew was somehow a part of it, was somehow involved in the destruction of Dido and Ephraim.

• • •

There were only a few of us on the benches in the hanging chamber. The City Press, our local news service, had a man on the story. The other papers weren't covering it, not even the *Journal*. I was there on my own.

I sat staring at the small steel door that opened on the balcony leading to the scaffold. Jacobi had given me a "scoop" a half hour ago. He was going to let the doomed man's girlfriend watch the hanging from the balcony doorway. He added, with a leer, "She bought a ticket from me last night." The scoop never saw print, but it remained a leech on my memory.

Dr. Howard Givin led the death march onto the gallows platform. He was in his best suit and his shoes were freshly shined. He looked spruced up, as if for some social event, except that his collar and tie were missing, and his long neck was bare. The small steel balcony door remained slightly opened behind him.

In the dim gallows light it was hard to make out the expression on the

doomed man's satin-black face. The head was lifted, the body straight in its well-pressed suit. No more could be noted, until the guards started strapping his arms to his sides. Then I saw that Dr. Givin was holding a pile of copy paper in his hand. It was his manuscript of the laws for his Negro kingdom. The guards left it in his hand. It disappeared under the white robe they put on him.

Warden Jacobi adjusted the rope noose around the long black neck. This done, he removed a white hood from his pocket. The moment of hush had come.

Warden Jacobi asked his routine question, "Howard Givin, have you anything you want to say?"

"Not at this time," Prince Ephraim answered . . .

I closed my eyes when the trap banged down.

• • •

In my attic room above the river, I wrote stories about Dido De Long and tore them up. Winter came. Great snowfalls stood outside my high window. I dreamed of my iceboat in Racine. The days were lively with new and raucous doings. I scurried after tragedies and disasters, won a few by-lines, and capered with cronies through carnival nights. Many things came and went in the sieve of youth. But Dido remained, like a sly pain.

One spring afternoon, snooping for some data in the coroner's office, I found a new clerk in charge of the files — Mrs. Fred Busse. My heart bounced and my voice shook as I asked her, "Is Dido De Long in town?"

Mrs. Busse gave me an address.

In the spring evening I walked up a flight of back stairs to a broken door in a two-storied shanty close to the railroad tracks. Dido was inside the door. I saw the room first — small, bare-floored, broken-walled and empty, except for a cot.

Dido was sitting on the cot. She wore a gray dress with narrow white collaring. Her face was thinner, but the rest was Dido — the one I had known. I sat on the cot beside her and listened to the husky, dreamy voice tell me of her new work. She was associated with the revivalist Reverend Henry Thompson. She sang in his choir at all his tabernacle rallies. His tabernacle was a tent.

In this cell of a room, Dido was as beautiful as I remembered her. She became silent and looked at me with glowing eyes. A longing for something wonderful ached in me, for something that was flesh, and soul and dream.

I put my arms around her and tried to kiss her. Dido's white teeth smiled at me as she moved out of my embrace.

"Not at this time," said Dido, in a kindly voice.

SHIP TO SHORE *(continued from page 76)*

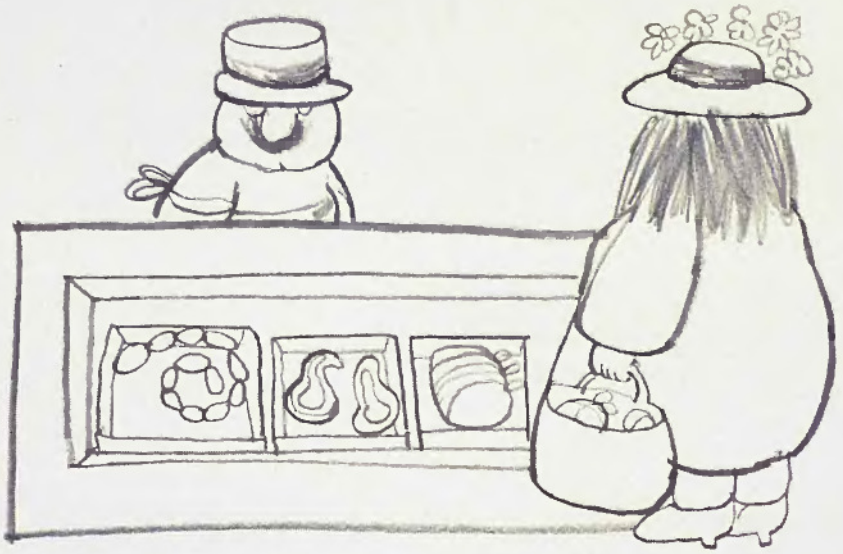
windbreakers, surcoats and warm-weather parkas — detailed variously with hoods, knit collars and cuffs, zipper fronts and drawstring bottoms — will be plotting a salty new course in wide-weave cotton and denim blends of solid sunburst hues, high-key stripes, and boldly block-patterned signal-flag designs. Also welcomed aboard: a hardy crew of foul-weather friends — water-repellent zippered pullover jackets and hooded slicker-coats in bantamweight man-made fibers, some lined with neutral-toned terrycloth, others with warm but weightless laminates, all in beacon-bright shades of electric yellow, red, blue and orange. The summer sweater shipment will be on board with deep-V, turtleneck and cardigan styles (some sans collars) in lightweight, heavy-duty mixtures of Orlon and cotton which not only insulate or ventilate as needed, but weather storms and salt spray virtually unscathed.

On the shirtwear horizon, keep a lookout for three significant silhouettes; the monochrome duck pullover in sand brown, denim blue, sea green and classic white; the dressed-up cotton T-shirt, both V- and crew-necked, in solid shades and striped variations on the navy-and-white theme; and the traditional boating shirt in full-cut button-front and pullover styles, usually of porous knit fibers and emblazoned on the breast pocket with a maritime emblem. A pair of eminently practical trouser styles will be enjoying the run of the ship from transom to bowsprit: white duck slacks, a returning classic from the Twenties; and tapered, ankle-length deck pants (most with inseam ankle vents for freedom of action) in unimpeachable black and shades of blue, tan, off-white and olive. Hitting the deck smartly will be a colorful array of surefooted yachting shoes in canvas, duck and in elegantly functional weatherproofed natural elk with standard rubber soles.

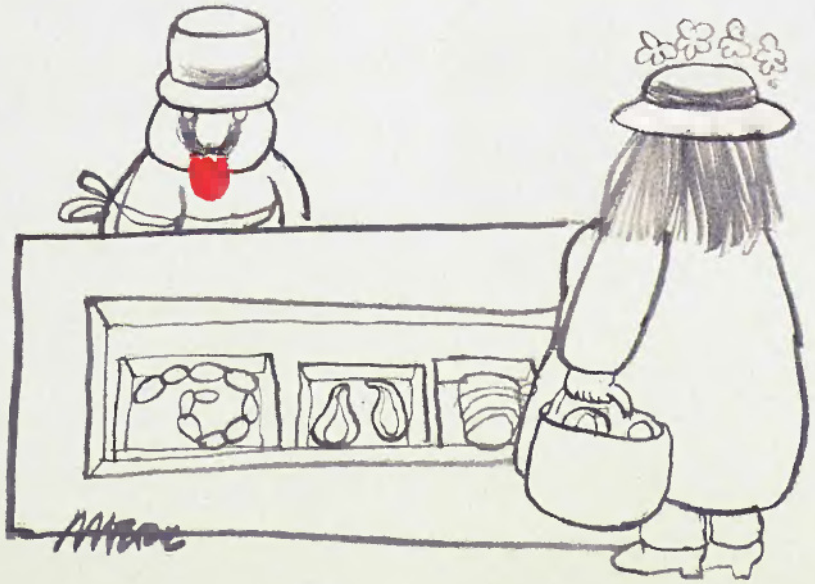
For his trips ashore, the knowing yachtsman will garb himself thus: during the day, of course, almost any boating outfit — deck pants with knitted pullover, walk shorts with sport shirt — is considered correct, even at clubs and marinas known for their sartorial propriety after dusk. The new waist-length sport shirt, in air-conditioned blends of tropic-toned cotton and Dacron, has a well-groomed but comfortably casual look which promises to dominate the daytime shorewear scene; worn outside coordinated slacks or shorts, it's available as a straight-bottomed pullover with side vents and in coat-front styles with elasticized waistband or side adjustments — both with a variety of Continental and regulation stay collars. From the cocktail hour onward, slacks rather than shorts are called for, in combination with open shirt, ascot and lightweight cardigan or pullover sweater for handsome protection from unseasonably cool evening breezes.

In the more urbane environs of such watering places as Newport and Coronado, etiquette requires a degree of decorum which offers the waterborne visitor a matchless opportunity to accouter himself with studied informality in the classic uniform of the international yachtsman. The trimly tailored new line of blazers will be cutting a figure of impeccable correctness on beach and boardwalk in both single- and double-breasted models of linen, silk, tropicals and lightweight wool, with cool solid shades of Mediterranean blue, green, red and yellow vying with old-guard navy for fashion favor.

Tradition continues to prevail in evenings-ashore shirting preferences: low-keyed to counterpoint the beach-umbrella hues of blazerwear, standard button-front styles with simple medium-spread or convertible collars will remain firmly in charge. As always, the tastefully figured silk ascot will be the indispensable, indisputably appropriate accessory; or if the occasion demands, a solid knit or striped cotton tie of suitably subdued cast. Rich fabrics and outlandish patterns have no place in the nautical tie wardrobe. Slacks for land wear will be more tailored than their seafaring counterparts: reed-slim and Ivy-oriented with conventional side pockets, cuffed legs and pleatless fronts. Belted and beltless models (side-tabbed or elasticized) will share equal billing in light gabs and flannels of compound cotton mixtures closely coordinated with the weaves and tones of the bright new blazer jackets. Finally, make a footnote to pack a pair of leather-soled loafers or Continentally styled slip-ons for candlelit dinners and moonlit dancing ashore.



"May I see your tongue?"



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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

INTERNATIONAL VOYAGERS are well aware that the U.S. is not the only country to treat itself to national and local celebrations in July: the globe is liberally sprinkled with fêteful events that offer balm to the vacation-minded man. In view of which, we feel you'll be well advised to declare your own independence with an expatriate tour of these inviting worldly revels.

A likely destination awaits you at Vila Franca de Xira in Portugal where, on July 14, the Fair of the Red Waistcoat is celebrated by carousing local bull buffs. Between bull sessions you can make the rounds of restaurant and cabaret to sate yourself on haunting *fado* songs and enormous meals of Tagus shad, whole sides of beef, and flowing red Ribatejo wine. One eatery boasts its own private bullring, in which you may work up an appetite for your Lucullan $1.25 dinner by *torero* capers against a young quarterweight (300 pounds) bull with padded horns. The best lodgings here are found in Estalagem da Lezíria. July 14 is also, of course, Bastille Day in France, where in almost every city and town you'll encounter uninhibited Gallic gaiety in the form of fireworks and dancing in the *rues*. For those who can stay on the Continent a mite longer, we suggest a swinging visit to the early August jazz festival staged in the Belgian village of Comblain-la-Tour, an ancient hamlet of slate-roofed stone farmhouses set in a verdant rural scene. It's a hip to-do that draws top instrumentalists and singers from all over Europe.

Travelers who desire Far Eastern orientation would do well to indulge themselves in a tasty junket to Japan for a look at restless natives paying homage to the dead in joyful Bon dances and lantern festivals on July 13-15. Perhaps the most dramatic Nipponese spectacle of all is offered at Haramachi, some 170 miles out of Tokyo, where the Festival of the Wild Horse Chase is held. Refreshed by a stay at a local inn, you'll be treated to the memorable sight of 1000 riders clad in authentic Samurai armor galloping across the Hibarigahara Plain in an epic struggle for the shrine flags that have been shot high into the air.

If you choose to remain in the U.S., you'll find a first-rate trek meet at the foot of Colorado's Pikes Peak. The Manitou Inclined Railway eases you up a neighboring peak to a comfortable lodge for the night. Next day, burros tote you to the top of Pikes Peak Railway from whence, after savoring the view and assorted potables, you are trained back—assuredly a kingly capper to a wanderful month.

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

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