

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

★ ★ PLAYBOY

JULY 1964 • 75 CENTS



SUMMER FUN ISSUE

HOW TO THROW A
BEACH BASH • HOW NOT TO
BUILD A POOL • PLUS
"BB: THE SEX KITTEN GROWS
UP" BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS •
HELEN GURLEY BROWN ON
"SEX AND THE OFFICE" •
PLUS SAROYAN AND DALI



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PLAYBILL

EMULATING VIRGIL, PLAYBOY's July issue has steeped itself "in a bowl of summertime." Our Summer Fun Issue is crammed from cover to cover with warm-weather attractions that are lighthearted and multitudinous. Starting at the front, Cynthia Maddox adorns our cover for the fourth time and gives us a Rabbit's-eye view of a great American navel engagement. One of the prettiest staffers ever to grace a magazine's masthead, Cynthia, in her past cover-girl stints, has always set PLAYBOY's mailbags abulging, and this month's should prove no exception. With so much fan mail, it's clear that Miss Maddox is easily the world's most popular—as well as most beautiful—Assistant Cartoon Editor. Echoing our bikini-bedecked cover, a surfside hoedown in all its happy aspects—food and drink, fun and games—is handsomely covered at length in *Beach Ball*.

André Maurois, the distinguished author of *BB: The Sex Kitten Grows Up*, is famed for his biographies—of Shelley, Disraeli, Byron, George Sand, the Dumas family, Proust and the Marquis de Lafayette—which have made him one of France's most renowned men of letters. His perceptive and sympathetic analysis of Brigitte Bardot—fact and fantasy—displays superbly the gift for solving the human equations that has brought him fame. Accompanying Maurois' text are photos of the beauteous Bardot which lend visual enhancement to the author's words.

Indoor sport on a year-round basis is the subject of *Sex and the Office* by best-selling authoress Helen (Sex and the Single Girl) Gurley Brown. The outspoken Mrs. Brown (*Playboy Interview*, April 1963) here comments disarmingly and descriptively on dalliance among the Desk Set, an aspect of business which she has researched for over 20 years and through 19 office jobs. *Sex and the Office* will form part of a predictably best-selling same-name book soon to be published by Bernard Geis Associates.

One of Hollywood's superstatus symbols, the swimming pool, and the problems attendant upon acquiring one, form the hilariously heart-rending theme of Bernard Wolfe's *Swimming in Red Ink*. The epic struggle of Bernie vs. the pool builders is a soggy saga of how an innocent Hollywood writer was inveigled into becoming the proud but pauperized owner of a back-yard Sargasso Sea choked with contracting bills and construction con men. What with a new spate of film-scripting chores, Bernie has found precious little time to use it. Status of another sort is described in Dan Greenburg's rambunctiously freewheeling satire *Snobs' Guide to Status Cars*. Dan, who toils in the Mad Ave vineyards as a copy writer, knows firsthand how one makes an image fit a product and vice versa. Onetime managing editor of *Eros*, Greenburg has gone full round from sex to chicken soup with his book *How to Be a Jewish Mother*, scheduled for fall publication.

One of America's most uniquely beloved authors and playwrights, William Saroyan enhances our pages this month with *A New Chapter in the Human Comedy*. It brings back, as an adult, an old fictive friend—Homer Macauley—the teenaged hero of Saroyan's most widely hailed novel. This October, a Saroyan short-story collection titled *After Thirty Years: The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze* will be published.

Additional fiction for a balmy day includes Walt Grove's flip fantasy *John Grant's Little Angel*. Those who recall the academe of Grove in *The Tie that Binds* (PLAYBOY, May 1963) will be pleased to know that he is ivy-deep in a novel on campus life. Augmenting our fanciful summer stock is Robert Cenedella's curare-tipped, extravagantly funny portrait of a Tin-Pan Alley "immortal," *A Tribute to Al Zack*. Cenedella, whose novel, *A Little to the East*, was much praised this past



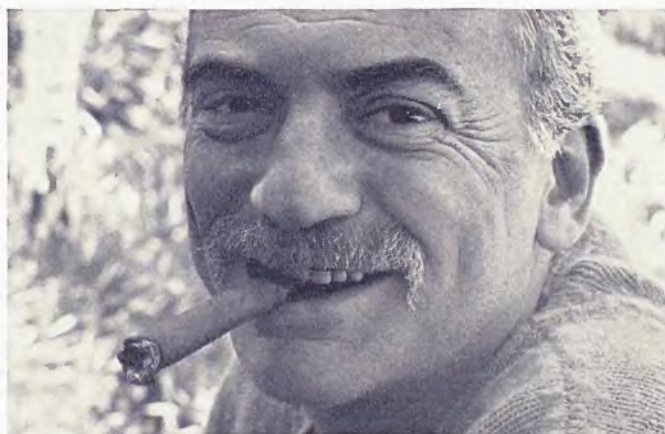
SAROYAN



BROWN



MAUROIS



WOLFE

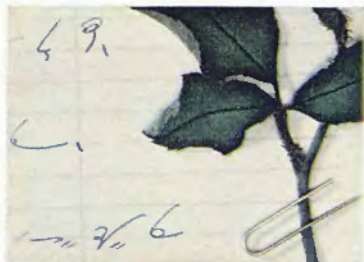
fall, is hard at work on his next. Our *Playboy Interview* with Salvador Dali is, as the reader will soon note, unlike any we've published before. The methodically manic statements that pour forth from the pioneer and prime exponent of surrealism are sometimes outrageous, often incredible, but always fascinating.

In the continuation of his *Playboy Philosophy*, Editor-Publisher Hefner has some summer fun of his own with *Plain Facts for Old and Young*, an 1879 sex text by Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, whose Puritan pronouncements are both laughable in retrospect and tragic in that so many Americans took them seriously. Supplying further July fireworks are: *High Spirits*, a paean to summer potables by Thomas Mario; *New Under the Sun*, Fashion Director Robert L. Green's appraisal of swimming- and loungingwear; *Playmates Revisited—1959*, reviewing a vintage year of gatefold girls; Shel Silverstein's *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad Teevee Jeebies*; and another installment in the miss-adventures of *Little Annie Fanny*. All in all, an issue brim full of the spirit of summer—warm, carefree and exciting. Come along and join the fun.

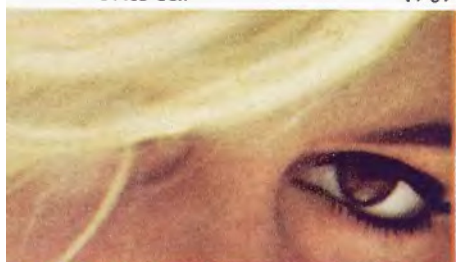
PLAYBOY



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

JEAN GENET

Re your April interview with Jean Genet, a "self-proclaimed homosexual, coward, thief and traitor": How strange it is that such an individual could command enough respect that you would single him out to interview. I am sure the youths who read this will be profoundly impressed with this man's inspiring words on the subject of sleeping with young boys, etc.

Armand Reid
Shreveport, Louisiana

I was much impressed with your interview of Jean Genet. His writing reminds us that there is suffering, and loss of meaning and identity in the human race.

Ulvís Alberts
Mercer Island, Washington

Having exhibited liberal open-mindedness in considering the numerous and perplexing implications of your interview with Jean Genet, I can only reach the one conclusion that maybe it would serve the interests of all concerned if some benevolent soul would put the old boy out of his misery.

Mike Marsano
Port Washington, New York

Many congratulations on the *Playboy Interviews*; the ones with Rand and Genet were particularly outstanding. Both very difficult people; both very illuminatingly handled.

Gahan Wilson
New York, New York

BOND STAND

It strikes me as particularly incongruous that Ian Fleming's James Bond novel *You Only Live Twice* should appear in your magazine. I submit that the character of Bond epitomizes the sophomoric image of the virile male such as might appeal to the readers of so-called men's adventure magazines. Bond is the soldier of fortune, shorn of compassion and philosophy, who cavorts on a phony stage of cloaks and daggers with cardboard adversaries. In short, Bond is pure entertainment in the worst sense of the word; i.e., entertainment for the deprived preadolescent. Moreover, the

Bond series is filled with strong overtones of a Kiplingesque "White Man's Burden" without any of Kipling's virtues. This alone ought to be sufficient to eliminate Bondlike stories, since I perceive that *PLAYBOY* does not appear to indulge itself in mysticisms of race. I suggest that the fees necessary to procure Fleming's drivel can be used to obtain writers of genuine merit.

David B. Nielsen
Pasadena, California

So far, Ian Fleming's *You Only Live Twice* has me twice as appreciative of his talents as I've ever been—and I've been a Fleming fan since long before word got out that the late J.F.K. shared my fandom. What's so great, of course, is that the whole of Fleming's work has just enough self-kidding to keep it poised, suspensefully, between out-and-out derring-do and witty, even waspish, satire on the whole genre. Like a modern, metropolitan, cosmopolitan Paul Bunyan, James Bond is larger than life, just as his adventures—and his adversaries—are more than merely human. The cliff-hanging film *From Russia with Love* comes close to capturing this combination of cliff-hanging suspense, bolide action, and audience participation in laughing along with Bond. What a relief from the brutishness of Spillane and the straight-faced improbability of the average rental-library thriller. I hope that subsequent installments of your newest Bond book disprove the title: It would be sad indeed if 007 only lived twice. Doesn't Fleming know that folk heroes are supposed to live forever?

Carol Falk
Cambridge, Massachusetts
M says not to worry.

PETER THE GREAT

The Peter Sellers parody in the April issue was superb. I never realized he could be so hilarious without ever saying a word. In my book, he is the clown prince of comedy.

Steven Ramm
Trenton, New Jersey

As a friend and admirer of Peter Sellers, I am delighted with the way in

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anything...
but give her

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José Ferrer

New York, New York

SUCKER BETS

PLAYBOY fans, who have carefully read April's *Sucker Bets*, should pay author Margolis for future services rendered. His "sucker bets" are elementary but refined ways to beat out wisenheimers for coffee-and-cake money or for drinks when you are down to a small amount of cash and payday is not close. You don't have to think faster than the next guy to operate with Mr. Margolis' propositions, unless the chump you're hustling has also read *Sucker Bets*.

Henry "Chip" Chafetz
New York, New York

Our and the author's thanks to "Chip" Chafetz, author of "Play the Devil," a history of gambling in the U. S.

I believe there is an error in the article *Sucker Bets* by Howard Margolis, that appears in the April 1964 issue of PLAYBOY. I am referring to the reference to an "ineligible receiver" on page 162. The article states that under NCAA Rule 7, Section 3, Article 3 (b), any player in position to take a direct handoff from the center is ineligible as a pass receiver, thus ruling out the T-formation quarterback. This would also rule out the I-formation quarterback, who also takes a direct handoff from the center.

I think the NCAA rules were changed before the start of the 1963 college football season, making the quarterback eligible to receive a forward pass after originating the play by taking a direct handoff from the center. Can you please clear up this discrepancy? Isn't the quarterback now eligible in all formations?

Louis S. Wall

Silver Springs, Maryland

Yes. Author Margolis was caught with his rule changes down.

In the April 1964 issue, there was an article by Howard Margolis entitled *Sucker Bets*. On page 104 the author gives combinations for winning a little game called Last Match, in which the object is to remove matches and force your opponent to take the last one.

Please advise your readers not to gamble too much on winning, because if the sucker happens to go first and takes the whole fourth row it is practically impossible to win, as I found out while using my wife as the sucker.

Joel H. Lederman

Hollywood, California

In the event that your patsy removes all seven matches from the fourth row, the winning three-row combinations then apply: You should have countered by taking three matches from the third row, leaving the winning combination 1-3-2 (the winning combinations listed in the article are good no matter in what

order the rows appear). Incidentally, the instructions for Last Match are misleading on one point: "It makes no difference which player goes first," if you are playing with someone unfamiliar with the game; against a more aware opponent, allow him to go first. If played correctly, it is impossible for the second man to lose the game, since he is able to set up the first of his winning combinations on his very first move.

RAND REVISITED

I read your Ayn Rand interview in the March PLAYBOY with ravenous interest. Admittedly, Miss Rand and her writing have left a decided impression on me. I am basically a proponent of her "rational self-interest" theory, and, after reading *Atlas Shrugged*, I found myself awed by Miss Rand's ability and courage. It must take great ability to expand a paragraph's worth of philosophy into a novel of which the repetitions just about equal the number of pages. It takes courage to do all this without the slightest regard for reality or literary style.

Nonetheless, I am intrigued with the fact that there are but two kinds of people in the world. On one hand there are the miserable, bloated, slobbering, whining, parasitic people with names like Otis Slop or Wesley Mouch. Conversely, there are the handsome, straight, blue-eyed, square-jawed intelligent people who do everything expertly and have names like Hank Rearden or John Galt. There is no doubt in my mind but that I fit into the latter group. Whenever Miss Rand wishes, I am ready to join her in a strike of "men of the mind" and go off with her into some secluded cavern. If and when Miss Rand and I decide to disappear from the face of the earth, there's just one thing I wonder about: would anybody give a damn?

Craig M. Brown
Chicago, Illinois

I should like to congratulate you on the truly excellent interview with Ayn Rand published in the March issue of PLAYBOY. I have watched, with a kind of weary contempt, the stream of falsifications and distortions of Ayn Rand's position which many of the mass media have poured forth in recent years, and have come, as a result, to form the appropriate conclusions about a good many of our contemporary periodicals. Your coverage is a distinguished exception to this trend. You are to be commended for its accuracy and fairness.

I have been an admirer of Ayn Rand's work since I first discovered it, and am in agreement with her analysis of the present state of our culture and of the philosophic doctrines that have given rise to it. Having taught philosophy for a number of years in the East, and recently here in Denver, I have been in a position to observe the increasing enthusiasm of the present generation of



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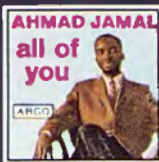
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1362. Also: Exodus, Irma La Douce, The Apartment, etc.



1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life



1254. You Go to My Head, You're Blasé, Angel Eyes, 7 in all



1303. Waltz Limp, Castilian Blues, Fast Life, 11 in all



1299. Basin Street Blues; Joshua; So Near, So Far; etc.



1327. Also: Sticks and Stones, One Mint Julep, etc.



1361. North Country Blues, With God on Our Side, 6 more

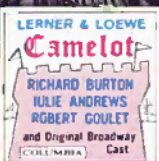


1006. Lemon Tree, If I Had A Hammer, This Train, 12 in all

Broadway and Hollywood Hits



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



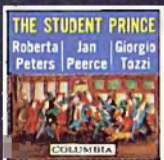
1035. "Most lavish, beautiful musical; a triumph!"—Kilgallen



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



1031. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *



1085. The many joys of the loveliest operetta of them all



1181. "Happy, zesty...most captivating."—N.Y. News



1356. Also: Se Fine, Sukiya, Walk Right In, Runaway, etc.



1390. Hitchhike, The Bird, Mama Didn't Know, 12 in all



1339. Golden Ribbons, No Surfin' Today, New Town, Millie, 8 more



1360. Also: I Getta Drive, Drag Strip Girl, 12 in all



1411. Also: Gravy, Do The Bird, etc. (Not available in stereo)



1102. Also: Let's Twist Again. (Not available in stereo)



1330. When I Fall in Love, That Lucky Old Sun, Trouble, 9 more



1009. Also: Party in Laguna, Barefoot Venture, etc.



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



1413. Drag City, The Queen, Little Deuce Coupe, Gone, 8 more



1187. Teens top drum plays for your dancing pleasure



1410. Also: Someday My Prince Will Come, Hurdy-Gurdy Man, etc.

Folk-Sing



1317. Also: Carolyn Hester, Leon Bibb, Orriell Smith, etc.



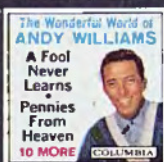
1163. Puff, The Magic Dragon; This Land Is Your Land; 10 more



1335. Eleven bits of "splendid satire."—Newsweek



1300. Green Grow The Lilacs, The Ides of Texas, 12 others



1351. Also: Dream, This Is All I Ask, Noelle, 12 in all



1164. Also: Just Let Me Cry, I Understand, Misty, Cry, etc.



1375. Lucky Star, I'll Make Believe, Be True to Me, 9 more



The Music of Love



1255. Also: Autumn in Rome, True Blue, etc.



1015. Also: Go Away Little Girl, Up on the Roof, etc.



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



1108. Also: I Wanna Be Loved, You Are The Only One, etc.



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



1001. Tonight, Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, 9 more



1337. My Reverie, Full Moon and Empty Arms, 12 in all



1220. Also: Alone Together, Goodnight Sweetheart, etc.



1302. Also: The High and The Mighty, I Get Rhythm, etc.



1257. Also: Return to Paradise, Beyond The Reef, etc.



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



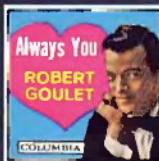
1108. Also: I Wanna Be Loved, You Are The Only One, etc.



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



1400. Also: Anna, The Breeze and I, Amapeia, etc.



1310. Full Moon and Empty Arms, It's All in the Game, 10 more



1414. Also: Will You Love Me Tomorrow, Who Am I, etc.

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

You may accept the monthly selection for the field of music in which you are mainly interested, or take any of the wide variety of other records offered, or take ND record in any particular month.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase six additional records from the more than 1000 to be offered in the Club Magazine during the coming 12 months... and you may discontinue membership at any time thereafter. If you continue, you need buy only four records a year to remain a member in good standing.

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1407. Hear the words of our late President, John F. Kennedy
2 RECORD SET—
COUNTS AS ONE SELECTION



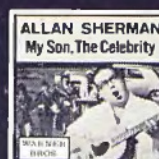
1301. Also: I Stayed Too Long at the Fair, Getta Move, etc.



1012. Also: What Do I Care, Forty Shades of Green, etc.



1376. Also: You Send Me, The Beginning of Love, 12 in all



1394. Allan Sherman scores again!... 12 riotous numbers



1352. Oh Happy Days; Sweet, Sweet Baby; Film Flam; 9 more



1359. Staudamian, Rubberneck, Tootsie Roll, 9 in all



1409. Until Then, Don't Go, Now Tell Me, 12 in all



1029. Also: Sweet Georgia Brown, Philo-sophizin', etc.



1353. Also: Laura, The Second Time Around, etc.



1409. Also: Daddy, Come On-A My House, Blue Moon, etc.



1374. Also: Bert's Tuna, Mexican Market Day, Take Me, etc.



1256. Also: Johnny Fedave, Dusty Winds, Ahileno Rose, etc.



1115. Ebb Tide, Yoo Breeze and I, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all



1409. Also: Daddy, Come On-A My House, Blue Moon, etc.



1081. Also: A Taste of Honey, My Honey's Loving Arms, etc.



1051. Featured on the Beverly Hillbillies television show!



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



1154. Also: Pride, Are You Sure, Let Me Talk to You, etc.



1026. Also: Great Pretender, Ecchantod, Magic Touch, etc.



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



1349. Also: Gigi; Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo; Secret Love; etc.



1307. A unique jazz treatment of Johann Sebastian Bach



1026. Also: Great Pretender, Ecchantod, Magic Touch, etc.



1262. You Oughta Be In Pictures, Louise, Noartachos, 9 more



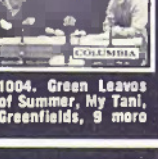
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1262. You Oughta Be In Pictures, Louise, Noartachos, 9 more



1349. Also: Gigi; Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo; Secret Love; etc.



1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." — N.Y. World-Telegram



1263. "Magnificent performance!" — High Fidelity



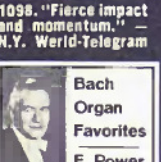
1102. "A treat, a delight all over again." — N.Y. Journal-Am.



1300. Greenslooves, Numerosquo, Clair de Lune, 12 in all



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



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



1329. Humoresque, Nocturno, Romance, Mazurka, 9 others



1102. "A treat, a delight all over again." — N.Y. Journal-Am.



1300. Greenslooves, Numerosquo, Clair de Lune, 12 in all



1325. "Wonderfully convincing." — High Fidelity



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college students for the Objectivist philosophy; I regard this as one of the most encouraging signs for the future of this country. This enthusiasm manifests itself in the fact that, among other things, one or another of Ayn Rand's works is studied in courses on social and political philosophy offered at both of our leading universities here in Colorado—the U. of Colorado and the U. of Denver.

Leonard Peikoff
Assistant Professor of Philosophy
University of Denver
Denver, Colorado

SILENCE TREATMENT

I assumed that, in addition to wearing Playboy cuff links, all of your staff would be required to memorize Mr. Hefner's monthly philosophical-commercial ramblings. Apparently not so your movie critic who referred to "Ester's onanism" in his April review of *The Silence* in spite of his editor-publisher's January exposé of the "twisted Scriptures" regarding poor Onan.

Priscilla Terry
Chicago, Illinois

Although "onanism" entered the language through a misinterpretation of the Biblical reference to Onan, as explained in the August 1963 installment of "The Playboy Philosophy," it is still correct to use the word as a synonym for masturbation.

LIVING WITH LABOR

I was very interested in the March article, *Living with Labor*, by J. Paul Getty. I am favorably impressed with his point that an honest and factual approach to management-labor problems can produce mutually satisfactory results. Mr. Getty, however, has minimized the importance of his position and authority. If a group of management representatives presented the same facts as Mr. Getty did, it would not have the same authenticity as occurs when the top man presents his facts. We have had a number of nationwide strikes that required action on the part of the President of the United States. If someone in a lesser position than the President presented the same facts it would not carry the same weight and, therefore, disagreement would continue.

Stan M. Sargent
Senior Vice-President
Daniel Starch and Staff
Mamaroneck, New York

I really enjoyed Mr. Getty's article on labor and management. I think if we had more people in companies today who think more like Mr. Getty, things would be better for everyone. But unfortunately we have people who would rather deny others the right to decent wages, decent working conditions and respect. People who think that labor is nothing more than something out of which to squeeze a day's work are only

kidding themselves, because, as Mr. Getty so aptly put it, "A man always does better if he figures he's actually part of the operation, not just a hired hand working on the job . . ."

Gary G. Kiss, Shop Steward
Local 687, International
Chemical Workers
Rocky Hill, New Jersey

FANNYTASTIC

Just had to write to thank you for April's *Little Annie Fanny*. Chief Gold-luau is absolutely the pinnacle of satirical humor that has appeared in *PLAYBOY's* pages, such gassers as Bruce and Wodehouse notwithstanding.

Vinton G. Cerf
Palo Alto, California

BRUCE FOOTNOTES

In addition to commending you for your publication of Lenny Bruce's valuable and interesting social document, I would like to elaborate briefly on the section of his autobiography describing my testimony during his trial for narcotic addiction [*PLAYBOY*, March 1964]. Firstly, as the transcript indicates, in response to his counsel's questions I stated I was a lecturer (not director) in the School of Criminology, University of California, Berkeley, and director of the Center on Alcoholism in Oakland, California. I brought out in my testimony the criteria that should be used in making a diagnosis of drug addiction which would include both the detailed history of drug use by a particular individual and physical signs of such use. Mr. Bruce at the time of my examination and during the weeks immediately prior to his trial, showed no such evidence of being an addict, and in fact had numerous negative tests for the presence of narcotics in his body. The doctors certifying him as an addict had had little experience with narcotic addiction and seemed to use as their main criterion the fact that he had been arrested for possession of heroin, which should not be a crucial factor in reaching a medical diagnosis. In these addiction proceedings, as in his numerous obscenity charges, Mr. Bruce was and is bearing the brunt of unjust and irrational reaction to his outspoken criticism of a society pervaded by hypocrisy and deceit. If such dissent is successfully shut off by various official and unofficial policing bodies, freedom of speech will have suffered a further crippling blow and robotization of our society will have moved one step closer.

Joel Fort, M.D.
Lecturer, School of Criminology
University of California
Berkeley, California

LEOPARD CHANGES SPOTS

While casually glancing intently at your April Playmate, Miss Ashlyn Martin, I noticed a glaring error on your

part. On page 97 she was described as being "leopard-skin-clad" when in reality she was jaguar-skin-clad.

Skip Welfeld
N. H. Rosenthal Furs
Chicago, Illinois

Thanks for spotting the difference, Skip.

ITALIAN LINES

It is quite erroneous to flatly state (*The Italian Line*, *PLAYBOY*, March 1964) that *haute carrosserie* has always emanated from Italy. England, France and the U. S. A. have often equaled, and for sizable periods surpassed, Italy in automotive art. In the post-World War II period, England has been in an aesthetic fog, automotively speaking. France has lost out through socialism and a lack of any important quality chassis. The United States has just admitted aesthetic automotive bankruptcy by proclaiming Italy the capital, lying back and looking straight up like a dead fish, with no fight left to overcome its difficulties.

Peter Stengel
Stengel, Carrossier
Hollywood, California

I read with interest Ken W. Purdy's article on *The Italian Line* in the March issue of *PLAYBOY*. I found it a most informative piece that filled in the gaps for me on specialized car design.

Graham Hill
Mill Hill, England

RINGS A BELL

Since Mort Gerberg's cartoon—the one that had a secretary saying, "Pu-lease, Mr. Moore! Let your fingers do their walking someplace else!"—appeared in the March issue of *PLAYBOY* [page 155], I have been made aware of the extent of your circulation. I have received a large number of clippings and reproductions from friends all over the country in and out of other Bell Companies.

In my office I have 258 female employees (clerks and supervisors) and you can believe me this has gotten to be rather embarrassing. I am thankful I have a pretty good reputation among my employees and that I am Irish and have a sense of humor; I have in most cases been able to turn it off as a good joke. But I am wondering if someone on your staff could have supplied my name, or was it a figment of the imagination of your cartoonist? It almost seems impossible that it was purely coincidence when you realize that every official in charge of directory operations of all Bell Companies is well aware that Mr. Moore is directory manager in Texas.

F. X. Moore, Directory Manager
Southwestern Bell Telephone
Dallas, Texas

Coincidence, Mr. Moore, pure coincidence.



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FOYT GOES 200⁴ ON GOODYEAR TIRES

Last October, A. J. Foyt—'63 USAC National Champion and '61 Indianapolis winner—hailed his Sheraton-Thompson Special to Goodyear's San Angelo, Texas high-speed test track for a day of tire testing.

First run on Goodyear's experimental tires yielded 191 mph. Second run: 192 mph. But run number three around the 5-mile circle got real brisk...200.4 mph! A new unofficial world record for closed courses. All timings bettered the previous record of 186.329 mph set just two weeks earlier.

Goodyear built these high performance tires for speed. They got it. And top speed came equipped with an unexpected plus: Exceptional wear.

One secret is Tufsyn.

Goodyear tires with Tufsyn rubber give more traction and speed than conventional tires. Yet—thanks to Tufsyn properties—they run longer with less heat build-up.

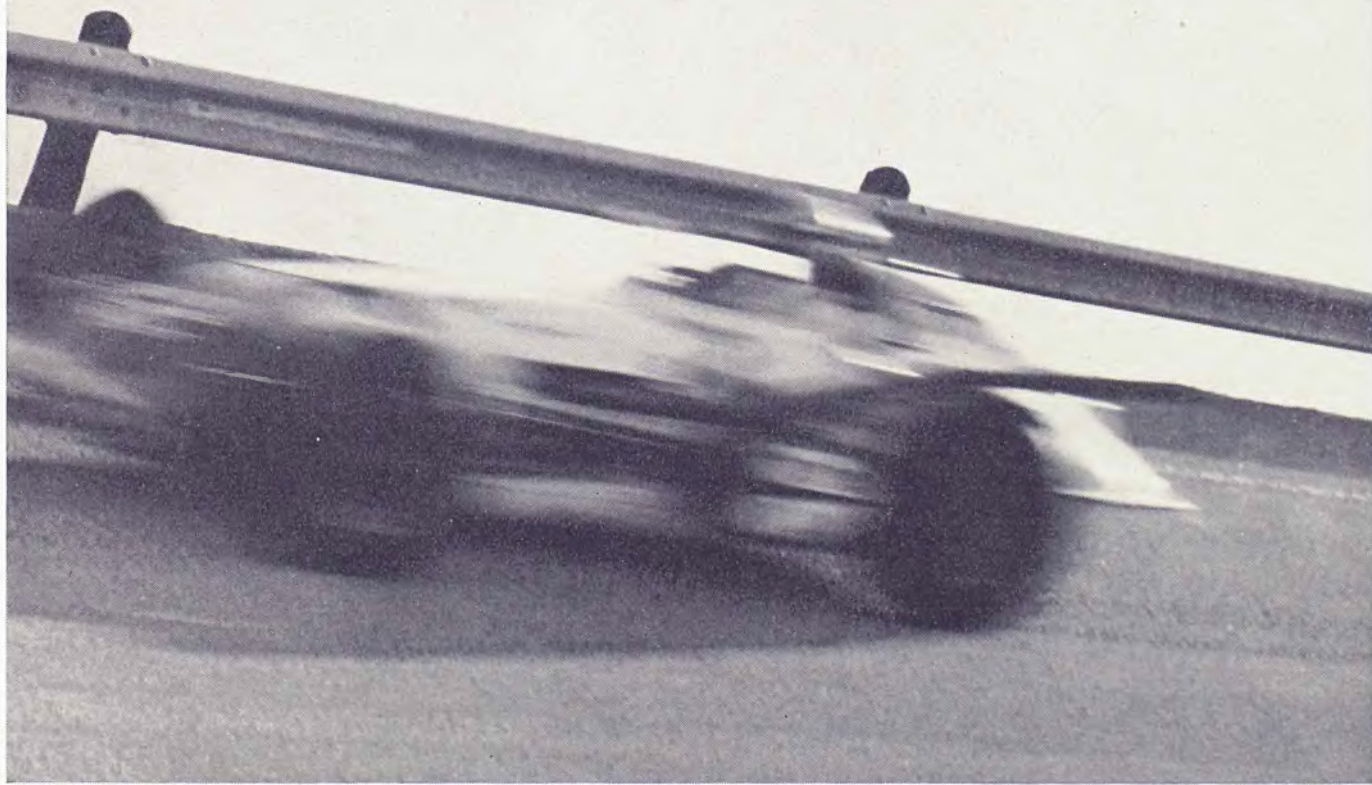
It's a winning combination.

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GOOD YEAR

More People Ride On Goodyear Tires Than On Any Other Kind



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



As the race for the Republican Presidential nomination draws to a climax in San Francisco this month, we note with regret that not one editorial page in this country has embraced the candidacy of our favorite dark horse—Marvin Kitman, whom political insiders will recognize instantly as the writer who renounced his craft (“I’d rather be President than write”) to enter the hustings. Our preference for Kitman is predicated upon his having injected into politics a quality so rare as to have become virtually nonexistent: humor. Though his candidacy is frankly tongue in cheek—he’s collecting material for a series in the satirical magazine *Monocle*—725 New Hampshire voters took him seriously enough to cast ballots for him after he had made a whirlwind weekend tour of that state during its spring primary. While he fell lamentably short of Ambassador Lodge’s winning tally of 33,007 votes, he outpolled William Scranton (86 votes) and George Romney (72), and finished only 560 behind Harold Stassen, whose campaign humor was anything but intentional.

Kitman’s appeal is elemental. Describing himself as the “only true reactionary in the race,” he labels Rockefeller “a Roosevelt Republican,” Goldwater “a McKinley Republican”—and himself “a Lincoln Republican.” “As such,” he explains, “my brand of conservatism goes back one hundred years.” Adopting the 1864 party platform *in toto*, Kitman pledges that “if elected, my first official act will be to order the Secretary of Defense to reinforce Fort Sumter.” True to his facetious intent, Kitman has sworn to avoid injecting controversy into his campaign—except for the religious issue. “I’m twice as Jewish as Goldwater,” he has boasted.

Following his loss in New Hampshire, Kitman realized he had erred in campaigning actively and has since become, as Lodge was during the primary, an

avowed noncandidate. Accordingly, we considered it a journalistic coup of the first magnitude when we persuaded Kitman to grant us a non-press conference, and we herewith present a comprehensive transcript of his nonviews.

Q. What are your plans for Cuba?

A. I plan to blame the Democrats for losing Cuba. Franklin Pierce’s administration could have bought the island for \$6,000,000 in 1854, but they didn’t, because of a false economy drive. However, if elected, I expect to flood the world with saccharine tablets, thus depriving Cuba of her sugar market.

Q. Will you work for a summit conference?

A. I have already invited Mao and Khrushchev to meet me in my home in Leonia, New Jersey. Beyond that, I plan to offer Khrushchev the keys to Disneyland as a good-will gesture.

Q. Aren’t you concerned that any agreement you make might be frustrated by General de Gaulle?

A. I understand De Gaulle better than most. He is still bitter about the Louisiana Purchase and is anxious to renegotiate it. I’m fully confident I can talk him out of that by threatening him with my two-France policy—which is similar to his two-China policy. I would recognize the Fourth French Republic, then find one of France’s former premiers—there are plenty around—and set up a competing government on a French offshore island, such as the Ile de la Cité, which is off Paris’ shores in the middle of the Seine River.

Q. As a reactionary candidate, how strongly do you oppose the Welfare State?

A. I don’t oppose it. I agree with Lincoln, who said, “Malice toward none, charity for all.” Like Lincoln, I favor charity for all.

Q. Then, would you go along with President Johnson’s War on Poverty?

A. Not at all. I see no reason why we

should go to war with poor people.

Q. What’s your position on the Panama Canal?

A. I’m in favor of returning the Canal to Panama. However, I would order our Navy to shut the water off.

Q. We would like to know your thoughts regarding several controversial personalities on the political scene. What do you think of Malcolm X?

A. I do not know him. However, I like his name and have been thinking of calling myself Marvin X. Think of the wide write-in appeal I’d have if voters merely had to mark their ballots “X.”

Q. What do you think of your fellow candidate Margaret Chase Smith?

A. Mrs. Smith has a psychological problem. She wants to be a father figure.

Q. And Richard Nixon?

A. My record stands for itself on Nixon. At the outset of my campaign I sent him a letter stating, “Allow me to be the first of the candidates to announce privately that I really believe you are not now and never have been a candidate. It would be an honor for me to publicly state my belief in your noncandidacy. In exchange, would you be willing to support my candidacy?” He did not reply. Since then, having myself become a non-candidate, I have offered Mr. Nixon a job as my New York lawyer.

Q. Do you favor recognizing Red China?

A. I would be, except that, just as I’m hungry two hours after eating a Chinese meal, I forget the names of Red Chinese individuals two hours after meeting them.

Q. Finally, what do you think of Wallace’s candidacy?

A. Wallace? I didn’t know Henry was running again.

Q. Thank you, Mr. Noncandidate.

We applaud the progressive advertising policy of Baron’s, a swinging de-

partment store in Madison, Wisconsin, which placed an ad in the *Wisconsin State Journal* showing a model in one of their spring outfits above a copy block reading, "This Arnel Triacetate blazer ensemble by Beverly Paige becomes a wardrobe to mix and match. Doff the jacket and the blouse and the skirt and you're ready to go."

America the Beautiful Department, Hoo-Ha Division: Voyagers to our shores will be happy to learn that the Statue of Liberty has been pre-empted as the first U.S. landmark visible to ships inbound from Europe, by a brand-new sentinel to the sea which stands nearly twice as tall: a 303-foot-high rotating plastic bagel at Coney Island.

We admire the candor of the coeds who advertised in the want-ads column of the *Michigan State News* for a "summer sublease: an apartment for four girls with reduced rates."

Of possible interest to the House Committee on Un-American Activities is the following newly developed technique for detecting Communists. In a recent letter to the American Communist Party, declaring that Arizona law prohibits Communists from running for office in that state, the Arizona Assistant Attorney General added: "The subversive nature of your organization is even more clearly designated by the fact that you do not even include your zip code on your letter."

Ominous note spotted on the bulletin board of a Lansing, Michigan, laundromat: "Lost. Small wire-haired terror. Call AN 3-5962."

Eye-Grabber of the Month, from the Personals column of the Bennington, Vermont, *Banner*: "Mrs. B of E. Dorset lost 2" from her diaphragm measurement with 6 visits to Stay Trim Studio. 442-4771."

Our man in Britain happened upon the following want ad, more appealing as a bid for sympathy than for lodgings, among the real-estate listings in London's *Observer*: "Something cheap, nasty and suburban for impoverished lecturer who has been imprudent enough to reproduce on under £2000 a year."

Incidental Intelligence, Art Division: The entire collection of "abstract and primitive" canvases by a promising young Midwestern painter sold for an unprecedented \$5000 at a one-woman show in a fashionable Manhattan gallery not long ago. She does most of her work in an airy studio provided by her pa-

tron, the director of the Cincinnati Zoo. The artist is a chimpanzee.

Having always felt that one's personal life, however unconventional, is his own private business, we took grave exception to *Time* magazine's tactless revelation, in a recent story on perfumer Hélène Rochas, that "She designs her own sportswear (though she plays no sport but gin rummy) but lets Guy Laroche run up her dresses."

BOOKS

You name it and Gore Vidal can write it: play, movie, novel, short story, review, essay, political speech. It is rumored that he knocks off mysteries under a pseudonym when he can't get to sleep nights. The latest product of his prolific pen, *Julian* (Little, Brown, \$6.95), shows him in still another medium: the groaningly long historical novel that is juicily ripe to be transformed into a groaningly long Cinerama spectacle. Vidal has entered this field through the life and times of Julian the Apostate, the Roman emperor who spurned Christianity just when it was becoming fashionable and returned to the good old gods of Rome. Except for being a religious maverick, however, Vidal's Julian sounds much the same as the Roman emperors we usually meet on the screen. Like the rest of them, he suffers from a strange compulsion to lead untold numbers of armor-laden men through the hostile deserts of Persia, where they are set upon by other hordes of men, and all proceed to bang one another to bits. Vidal tells his hero's tale by the device of a first-person "journal" kept by Julian, loaded down with such Gore-y details as "comments on the text" by two philosophers of the time, Priscus and Libanius. Though Julian was supposed to have been a neophyte philosopher in his youth, his "journal" bears a depressing resemblance to such prosaic political reminiscences as those of Harry Truman and Richard Nixon. If only Vidal had lent Julian a bit of his own wit, it would have made for a far more readable book. But in Technicolor, it won't matter anyway.

If the qualities you admire in a political journalist include knowledge, humor, style and a low tolerance for claptrap, then Robert Bendiner is the man for you. His new book, *Obstacle Course on Capitol Hill* (McGraw-Hill, \$4.95), is a no-nonsense report on the considerable nonsense that pervades our legislative precincts. The thesis of this prize-winning Washington-New York correspondent is a basic one: "A United States Congressman has two principal func-

tions: to make laws and to keep laws from being made. The first of these he and his colleagues perform only with sweat, patience and a remarkable skill in the handling of creaking machinery; but the second they perform daily, with ease and infinite variety." Using the long, turbulent, slightly incredible, almost entirely unsuccessful effort to get Federal dollars for the nation's elementary and secondary schools as his chisel, Bendiner pries open the Congressional establishment so that we may all admire its ability to kill, frustrate, stave off and disembowel desirable legislation. *Obstacle* delivers a resounding, amply deserved boot to our fat seat of Government.

Brendan Behan dead? It was hard to believe when the news came, and it's less credible now after reading his last book; whatever his faults, the hard-drinking, free-talking Irishman was alive. His novel *The Scarperer* (Doubleday, \$3.95) flows like a story that must be told before the pub closes—a clever tale about underworld life in Dublin and Paris, that combines Behan's boyo boisterousness with razor-edged Simenon ploys. To scarper, in Dublin, is to break jail, and the title character is a gang chief who masterminds a scarper by an English criminal because he looks like a French criminal who is paying for the job for his own reasons. The surface is infectiously genial and have-another-glass, while murder and mayhem slither beneath. Behan was no stranger to Dublin's prisons. His ear for the Eire argot is a delight and although some of the slang requires a double take, it comes clear in context. ("I know who gave you the bend, but if he can shop me, I can double-shop him." Which, of course, means: "I know who tipped you off, but if he ratted on me, I can fink on him.") There's a good surprise ending, but the real surprise is that this burly, untidy man could have tailored such a crisp tale. The only thing to regret about it is that it's his last.

Waiting for the End (Stein & Day, \$5.95) is Leslie Fiedler's latest dissection of American culture. Fiedler knows all about the Twenties and Thirties, and so forth; about the dead old men (Faulkner and Hemingway), the undead young ones (Baldwin and Roth), and those in the middle (Bellow, Mailer and Salinger); about Negroes who want to be white, and Jews who want to be Indians or Negroes or both; about everything under the sun of these lonely United States. As PLAYBOY readers have had occasion to note, Fiedler's insights are as sharp as his style. America, he reports, has gone from a whiskey culture to a drug culture, but Fiedler himself is rugged enough to have belonged in the more robust era. He tells us that the attitude of the contemporary Ameri-

can writer to his audience is sentimental, whereas that of the audience to the writer is judicial. The writer says *I love you* and the reader, like a cold whore, says *All right, I'll read your book, but I won't enjoy it*. Fiedler himself is judicial—but with gusto. Even when he goes off half-cocked, as he is wont to do, it's hard to dislike him. No matter how many times you take this book and throw it across the room, shouting the profanity of your choice, you are soon back reading it, wondering what that brilliant clown prince of criticism will say next.

William Saroyan's sketch for a novel, *One Day in the Afternoon of the World* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.95), is, as usual, largely about William Saroyan. Here he is Yep Muscat, 47 years old in the fall of 1955 when the nonaction takes place. (Saroyan was also 47 that year.) Muscat is a writer of fading reputation with a sizable tax obligation from more lustrous years. He has come from California to New York to discuss a new play and try to make sales of his other work. ("All I want to do is pay my debts so I can be poor.") Muscat, it is made superabundantly clear, is a writer of unyielding integrity. No matter how broke, he will sell no fragment of his self-respect. Of more potential interest than Muscat-Saroyan's virtue and literary deals (most of which fall through) is the writer's intense attachment to his two children who are in New York with their childlike actress of a mother, Muscat's divorced wife. An intersecting theme of intimacy is Muscat's renewal of friendship with a boyhood comrade who is now about to be rich but is even more acutely lonely than Muscat. There are moments of vintage Saroyan charm—several of Muscat's childhood reminiscences, a conversation in a Chinese restaurant with the daughter of a great, dead, Jewish writer. For the most part, however, the novel is a homily on love. Without love, Saroyan assures us ritualistically, one begins to die. It is one thing, however, to write of the primacy of love and quite another to transmute a truism into a novel. So we are left with only the homily—and that is sad. Sad in the pervasive twilight atmosphere of defeat in which the book is steeped.

About Bradwell Tolliver whirls *Flood* (Random House, \$5.95), Robert Penn Warren's "Romance of Our Time." A novelist turned scriptwriter, Tolliver returns to Fiddlersburg, Tennessee, his home town, to work on a movie that will memorialize the town after it has been flooded by the Federal Government to make way for a dam. Behind the dam downstream the waters are already rising, and behind Bradwell Tolliver, the waters of the past also rise. Warren is a thorough professional who can create



Gordon's holds the patent on the smoothest, clearest vodka made!

Every drop of Gordon's Vodka is screened 15 times by an exclusive U.S. patented process, using an agent that is actually cleaner than the air you breathe. The Gordon's process produces the smoothest, clearest, most mixable vodka you can buy. Try it soon in your favorite vodka drink. **\$3.99** And look at the price for Gordon's quality. N. Y. and Calif. price 4/5 Qt.

Prices may vary according to local taxes.

scene, character and action, but despite his discipline he is, without any pejorative connotation, a sentimental novelist. He is at his best when the past (*Night Rider*), or an actual person (the fictionalized Huey Long in *All the King's Men*) serves as a strong antagonist to his sentiments, holding them back. In this novel, the flooding of Fiddlersburg, the destinies of film director Yasha Jones, Tolliver's sister, Maggie, and the town's natives never quite take over from Bradwell Tolliver himself. And Tolliver is simply not big enough for the burden of an entire novel. One wants to get him and his "angry lonesomeness" out of the way long enough to see the others. This is not Robert Penn Warren's best book, but the prose is literate, the manner is intelligent, and the sentiments are valid. Warren is so good, one is impatient he is not better.

Money Talks (Random House, \$4.95) is a book of monologs by 11 obscure, but bona fide, millionaires, all self-made. As recorded and edited by Charles Sopkin, these essays have a certain voyeuristic appeal (See a millionaire in actual meditation!), but one's curiosity is soon quashed by a profusion of puffs and pieties. "And what is success?" asks J. H. Mascuch, an inventor. "It's the satisfaction of doing things for mankind." All the millionaires in this book work seven days a week and take full credit for their success; nearly all complain that young people today cling too stubbornly to fringe benefits. "This anxiety over security," says aviation notable William P. Lear, Sr., "is the basic thing undermining our American way of life." Occasionally, however, a fresher thought intrudes, such as the wry observation of William G. Riley, who heads a management corporation in Chicago, that "The man who discovered fire was probably burned at the stake for his trouble." There is also Carole Stupell's remarkable credo: "I firmly believe that the proper table setting can help eliminate juvenile delinquency." How did Miss Stupell make her millions? By selling table settings—some for as much as \$10,000—in her Manhattan gift shop on 57th Street.

Georges Simenon has often been remarked for the clinical dispassion with which he approaches his subjects. In his new novel, *The Bells of Biccêtre* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.95), the setting is a hospital, and if the combination sounds a trifle formidable, fear not. The adjective applies only to Simenon's literary achievement. Briefly, the nonplot focuses on Rene Maugras, publisher of an influential Paris journal, who has a stroke while at lunch at his club and spends several weeks in the hospital. At first paralyzed and unable to speak, he slowly recovers and resumes his normal life. This has every promise of being

grim—but the bells ring in *Biccêtre*. In the sudden silence, in the near certainty that he is going to die, there stir within Maugras feelings that have rarely touched him in his wealthy world. Another world comes alive for him. Each detail of hospital existence, drawn brilliantly by Simenon, assumes vast importance—the old men in the courtyard below, the discovery of a closet, the ringing of the bells. Finally, when life lays its claim on Maugras again, the recently discovered details grow dimmer and dimmer, and we are left with a profound sadness for the bells that ring unheard all about us.

THEATER

"You think beautiful girls are going to stay in style forever?" asks Barbra Streisand, who is waiting for her type to have its turn. Her type? Eyes like marbles, an outsize nose, an even bigger mouth, a haystack of hair, and a slouchy frame—in short, a *Funny Girl*. She is too ugly to be in the chorus, so she's a star. She can act, dance, clown, and sing with a voice that cries like Judy's, swings like Billie's and amuses like Bea Lillie's. When Barbra plays Fanny Brice in *Funny Girl*, it is not so much an imitation as an incarnation. This is Fanny's story, but it might as well be Barbra's: a paean to push, a toast to talent. In a happily disrespectful first act, Fanny girl climbs mouth first, followed by knees and elbows, to the top. But then librettist Isobel Lennart is stuck for a topper. Act two belongs to Nicky Arnstein, backstage husband. Sharpie Arnstein (Sydney Chaplin) has been cleaned up into a department-store dummy who gets innocently involved in a swindle and slapped in jail. When he is freed, Fanny wants to forgive him. He wants her to forget him. So they vow to forget each other. Forget it! Think about the rest of the show, which is fast, fresh and very Fanny. The score by Jule Styne and Robert Merrill is as diverse as its leading lady. The dances, sets and costumes fit fine in the period (World War Oneish), and supporting players Kay Medford, as Fanny's dutiful mother, and Danny Meehan, as Fanny's faithful gentleman in waiting, steal what small part of the show hasn't been swiped by Streisand, which, come to think of it, is very, very small. At the Winter Garden, Broadway and 50th Street.

The anticipation! The excitement! The photographers! New York has never seen anything like it—well, not since *Cleopatra*. And beneath all the hoopla, not a spectacular eyesore, but a *Hamlet* in which Richard Burton is magnificent. His portrayal is strong, passionate, almost demonic. This is a Dane who

knows what's going on and is aware of what he's doing. Although the audience waits pantingly for the soliloquies as if they were showstoppers in *Hello, Dolly!*, Burton sweeps aside the tired phrases, breathes fresh fire into them. Sadly, John Gielgud's production fights the fire. It is staged as a final run-through in rehearsal clothes (Hamlet in a black jersey, Claudius in blue blazer) and on a spare stage (a mound of stairs, one door, a table, chairs). The austere production does cut the garnish, as Gielgud hoped it would, but it also militates against involvement—not so much the audience with the actors, as the actors with themselves. Without the trappings, some of the cast seems curiously uncomfortable; a few of its members probably would be shaky in a full production of the play. Alfred Drake is unimaginative as Claudius, and Linda Marsh is simply incompetent as Ophelia. On the other hand, Hume Cronyn's Polonius is a brilliantly original creation. By playing down the buffoonery, he makes the old man less foolish, but even less wise. And First Gravedigger George Rose puts on a neat display of verbal fencing. With Rose and Cronyn, with Eileen Herlie (Gertrude), or by himself, Burton is superb. With the others, he is something along the order of splendid. At the Lunt-Fontanne, 205 West 46th Street.

MOVIES

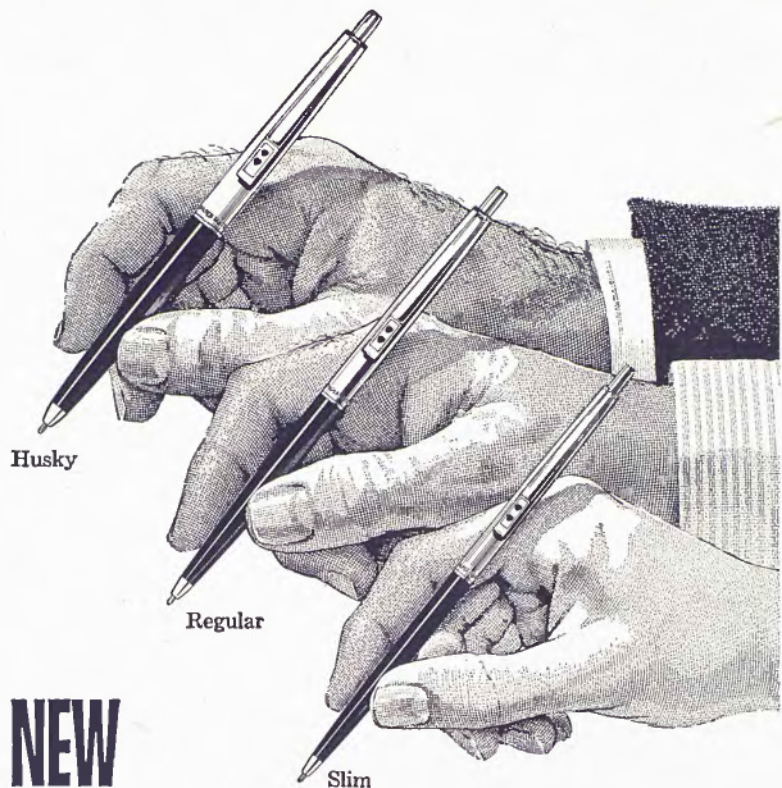
Marcello Mastroianni's latest pow performance is in *The Organizer*, a period piece set in Turin around 1900—a labor-vs.-capital saga about a group of mill hands struggling to get one hour a day knocked off their 14-hours-a-day-6-days-a-week schedule. Marcello is a ragged ex-professor who blows into town on a freight train (with the cops after him) to help organize a strike—a ridiculous but obviously dedicated figure. We also meet a warm-blooded young worker and a girl who loves him but clouts him when he comes too close; an old worker's daughter who took the Easiest Way and takes pity on the professor; a lonely young soldier in the nearby barracks who falls for one of the working girls—all the theatrical plays reminiscent of the proletarian Thirties. Mastroianni is masterly, Folco Lulli is fine as a lovable bruiser, Gabriella Giorgelli is embraceable as his earthy daughter. And director Mario Monicelli re-creates the era unerringly.

From the moment you see the title, you keep thinking that *What a Way to Go!* ought to be funny. But it's not. Not very. The script by Betty Comden and Adolph Green deals with a girl (Shirley MacLaine) who brings both money and the mortician to a succession of hus-

bands, when all she wants is love and a quiet life. Dick Van Dyke is a lazy country storekeeper whom she marries (instead of Dean Martin, a rich storekeeper); Dick shifts into high, hits the jackpot, dies of a heart attack. Paul Newman, an artist, is a struggling Yank on the Left Bank until she marries him and he finds an action-painting pot of gold that pots him good. Robert Mitchum is a Howard Hughes type who ignores his interests for Shirl, but his money only mounts. Gene Kelly is a broken-down hooper, and willy-nilly, she makes him a dilly. Each of these episodes has at least one dream-movie sequence—such as a silent-flick take-off with Van Dyke—which doubtless would have tickled granddad but is now as gray as he. It's all in cloying color and colossal Cinemascope, with errrazy costumes out of Edith Head's head. The picture has plenty of comic ingredients, but the risibility rarely rises.

Lady in a Cage is an effort to make much of little, and it shows the effort every inch of the way. Producer-writer Luther Davis began with a promising gimmick: the actual case of a wealthy woman trapped in a private elevator in her home. It stalls between floors just after everyone else has left for a long holiday weekend, and when it happens our flesh is goosed. But Davis then unlooses such a collection of cliché characters who break into the house—such obvious personifications of Elements in Contemporary Society—that we are conscious of nothing but manufacture and message. There is a wino (Jeff Corey) who misses no trite trick; there is a prostitute named Sade (Ann Sothern); there is a trio of J. D.s led by a cut-rate Brando (James Caan) with his bargain-basement Bardot (Jennifer Billingsley). The downward slide of the caged lady from civilization to savagery is dreadfully predictable. Any chance for power in the role is demolished by Olivia de Havilland's elocution-school performance. The dialog is so doughy that at times it sounds like satire. Walter Grauman, TV director, makes his film debut with a set of hackneyed stark effects: close-ups of a run-over dog, eyes that have been gouged out, and other evidence that he has confused tastelessness with truth.

Peter Sellers' latest is called *The World of Henry Orient*, and the humor is no accident. Henry O. is a concert pianist in N.Y.C., more interested in broads than Brahms, a wolf in creep's clothing. While he is trying to make—instead of keep—time, two 14-year-old schoolgirls trail him around, waiting outside restaurants to catch a glimpse, mooning across the street from his door. Henry, harried by fears of his lady-friends' husbands, becomes nearly neurotic when he sees these kids *everywhere*—convinced that they are teenage detectives. The girls' dialog and daffy adven-



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tures are hilarious, and the performances by newcomers Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth (especially the former) have nutty charm. Sellers is superb in his Brooklyn accent thinly coated with a Continental veneer, and director George Roy Hill—with cameramen Boris Kaufman and Arthur Ornitz—has painted a color ode to Manhattan. But it all goes on too long and the home-life hoo-ha of the girls' parents is marred with marginality. If the script were as pointed about the parents as it is about the precocious pair and the amorous pianist, this would be a top-rung production.

The Carpetbaggers is the child of two IBM computers named Harold Robbins and Joseph E. Levine. The former provided the original novel, the latter produced the film. All the best-seller bits have been programed: a rich man's rise to fame and infamy (with suggestions of a real-life person); lots of bustle and busts; a smattering of daring decisions; and a romantic wound buried in the great man's heart that is uncovered and cauterized for the final clinch. This (as if millions didn't know already) is the tale and tails of Jonas Cord, Jr., a youth who makes millions in chemicals and airlines, then takes on movies. While he's wheeling and dealing, the ladies are reeling. One of them is his sprightly stepma Carroll Baker, who tries to boil but is just no sexpot. Another is Elizabeth Ashley (a smash in Broadway smash *Barefoot in the Park*) making a welcome screen debut as the girl he marries, forgets and then remembers. Another is Martha Hyer as a girl for hire. Bob Cummings, as an actors' agent, makes slick use of that greasy kidding stuff; Archie Moore, the boxer, is a butler; Alan Ladd gives his last performance as the hero's older friend and, later, enemy; and sure-shot Martin Balsam again bull's-eyes as a producer. Jonas is well played by George Peppard who wastes a lot of talent on a tawdry role. It's a big pile of Panavision.

The Fall of the Roman Empire is another one of those three-and-a-half-hour historical epics in which a lot of actors make a spectacle of themselves. Samuel Bronston, the producer who brought you (unless you were careful) *King of Kings* and *El Cid*, is responsible for this interminable item—in Technicolor and stereo sound, natch. The story (ha!) goes from the last days of Marcus Aurelius through the death of his son and heir, Commodus—from one of history's greatest rulers to one of its worst. Some of the background is striking, like the subtly tinted snow scenes on the northern frontiers; and the Forum has been rebuilt with more than Roman lavishness. But the drama is nil and the dialog is null. Stephen Boyd plays a top general and proves that they shouldn't

have sent a Boyd to do a man's job. Sophia Loren, Marcus' daughter, gives one of her epic performances—as against the fine jobs she often does in nonepics. Christopher Plummer is Commodus, the orgy-porgie who kisses the girls and makes them die, and James Mason slaps on the Masonry as an old brick of a philosopher. Only Alec Guinness, as dying Marcus, is alive. The real stars of this Bronston brew are designers Veniero Colasanti and John Moore, who provided sensational sets and furnishings. If only they'd kept the words and actors out!

The Cool World really swings. Shirley (The Connection) Clarke converted Warren Miller's novel into a film with the zing of a zip gun. Shot on location in Harlem, it deals with a teenage Negro lad named Duke and the gang of boppers that he comes to lead. But this is more than just another riff of J.D. jive. The city that made Duke what he is, and is now after him because he is that way; the grim, grimy Harlem background; the unforced drama and the boy's predictable finish—all these are skillfully welded by Miss Clarke, with love for the people concerned and hate for an unconcerned society. Carl Lee, Negro actor who co-authored the screenplay with Miss Clarke, plays a grown-up thug whom Duke adores. Gloria Foster, gifted New York actress, is the boy's mother, and Clarence Williams, as a dope addict, is scarily addled. The gang and their shack-up girl are all newcomers, all fine. Hampton Clanton is Duke—stubbish, lonely, brave, scared and brave again. Yolanda Rodriguez, as the 15-year-old floozy, is poignant because she doesn't try to be. Baird Bryant's photography is as pitiless as the facts, but it is Miss Clarke's devoted direction that makes *The Cool World* not only a considerable triumph for truth, but another trail blazer for American low-budget films.

RECORDINGS

Nippon Soul/Cannonball Adderley (Riverside), the result of an Adderley Sextet concert in Tokyo's Sankei Hall, reflects the ebullient reception that the group was given in Japan. Especially evocative is the work of Yusef Lateef on flute, oboe and tenor; his effect on the Cannonball contingent cannot be overestimated. Although the session includes the title tune, there are no concessions to the Oriental—funk and soul still reign supreme.

Time Changes/The Dave Brubeck Quartet (Columbia) is another in the group's successful explorations of time signatures not ordinarily used in jazz. On side two the quartet merges with a full orchestra conducted by Rayburn Wright to play

the Brubeck-penned *Elementals*. Particularly fascinating, however, are the a cappella quartet pieces, especially *Unisphere* and *World's Fair*, where Brubeck & Co. truly shine.

A bag of mixed blessings is to be found in current LPs by a pair of top vocalists. *Julie London* (Liberty) and *Sammy Davis Jr. Salutes the Stars of the London Palladium* (Reprise) suffer from startlingly uneven material. Julie London's outing is an almost total loss, reprieved only by the presence of *Charade* and *Fools Rush In*. Davis, unfortunately, is hampered by the record's gimmick: in saluting Johnnie Ray (*Brokenhearted*), Frankie Laine (*Jalousie*) and Frankie Vaughan (*Give Me the Moonlight*) he is tilling barren soil. And three lemons out of eleven songs is, for Sammy, a horrendous average.

This Is My Lucky Day/David Allen (Everest) is a much happier affair. Allen, a long-time song purveyor with nowhere near the following he deserves, serves up a tasteful dozen items that include such vocal finery as *Penthouse Serenade*, *A Swing for Joey*, *Sweet and Lovely* and *Skylark*, all right up Allen's alley.

A study in contrasts is *Laurindo Almeida/Guitar Music from the Romantic Era* (Capitol) and *Juan Serrano* (Victor). The former is a sensitively woven pastiche of works by Beethoven, Schumann, Grieg, Chopin and Debussy, transcribed for the guitar; the latter offers a fiery virtuoso display of technical genius and flamencan passion. Both are worth-while additions to the library of any collector who has more than a passing interest in the guitar.

From the cast recording of *Funny Girl* (Capitol) one can easily see why the musical's success is bound up inextricably with Barbra Streisand. Miss Streisand, as Fanny Brice, is heard on a dozen of the LP's 18 numbers, and it's her inimitable selling of such as *I'm the Greatest Star*, *People, Don't Rain on My Parade*, *Sadie, Sadie* and *Rat-Tat-Tat-Tat* that makes something very special of the Jule Styne-Robert Merrill songs. On the record, *Funny Girl* is an impressive triumph for Miss Streisand.

The Paul Winter Sextet/Jazz Meets the Folk Song (Columbia) is the latest LP in the growing jazz assault on the folkniks, and proves one of the most successful. Such hoary ballads as *Scarlet Ribbons*, *Waltzing Matilda* and *John Henry* are revived by the group, whose exemplary work throughout is highlighted by Winter's soprano sax and the fluting of Jeremy Steig.

A labor of love—albeit masochistic love—is *Di Quella Pira* (TAP), surely the

most painful platter pressed since the dawn of the LP. It consists of a single minute-and-a-half aria from Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, belted out by a total of 40 separate and distinct tenors, laid end to end, each essaying two curdling high Cs which, incidentally, Verdi never wrote. Caruso, Gigli, Bjoerling, Kiepusa, Martinelli, Slezak (Walter's father) and 34 other heavyweight champs and contenders come out of their corners to do battle with the murderous throat smasher, and quite a few go down for the count. The winnah and still champ (who else?): Caruso, whose 1905 recording was suppressed until now because his clear, full, pure high C was considered in somewhat questionable taste: He holds it for 14 scintillating seconds, or about $\frac{1}{8}$ the length of the entire bout.

Those gentlemen songsters The Four Freshmen are very much up to par on *Funny How Time Slips Away* (Capitol); their material is first-rate; their harmonics unique. The program is made up in part of such song stalwarts as *Graduation Day*, *Hold Me*, *Charade* and *Wake the Town and Tell the People*.

Jazz pianists of every persuasion and of almost every era are with us on vinyl this month. *Teddy Wilson 1964* (Cameo) is the epitome of taste. There are neither wasted notes nor gaudy displays of technique nor avant-garde effects done for their shock value alone. The numbers are almost all familiar as is Wilson's style—familiar, that is, but not boring. *Bud Powell in Paris* (Reprise) offers aural evidence that the expatriate pianist, one of the prime movers of the bop milieu, is playing well, that he has lost little of his pioneering spirit, and that the American jazz scene has been poorer for his absence. A new pianistic voice is showcased on *Duke Ellington Presents the Dollar Brand Trio* (Reprise). Brand, a South African, injects his country's influences into the jazz mainstream; the result is a style both intricate and primitive, derivative and singular. His treatment of six songs on the LP are an auspicious beginning, indeed. *Monk/Big Band and Quartet in Concert* (Columbia) is alive with the wonders of Thelonious. The Philharmonic Hall session, performed primarily by the ten-piece band (made up of the quartet nucleus plus such stellar jazzmen as Steve Lacy, Thad Jones and Phil Woods), swings exhilaratingly. The charts by Hall Overton echo Monk's musical thoughts, and the solo work, especially of Jones, Woods and, of course, the irrepressible Monk, is exceptional. An unusually uptempoed Bill Evans is featured on *How My Heart Sings!/Bill Evans Trio* (Riverside). With bassist Chuck Israels and drummer Paul Motian, Evans continues gathering credentials to lay claim to the number-one jazz-pianist title. On display here are the

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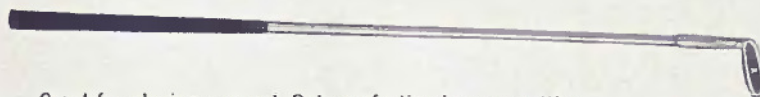
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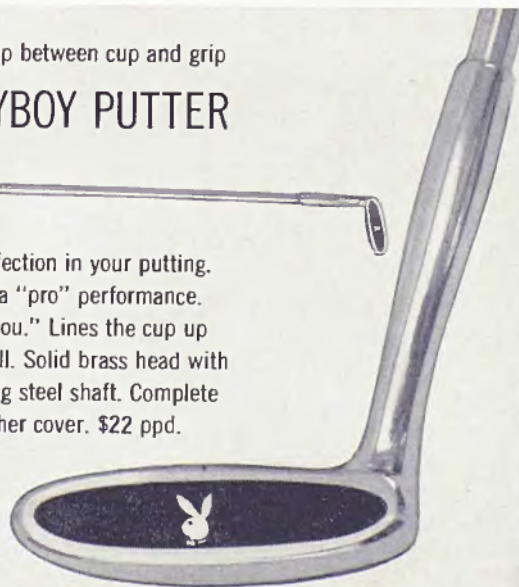


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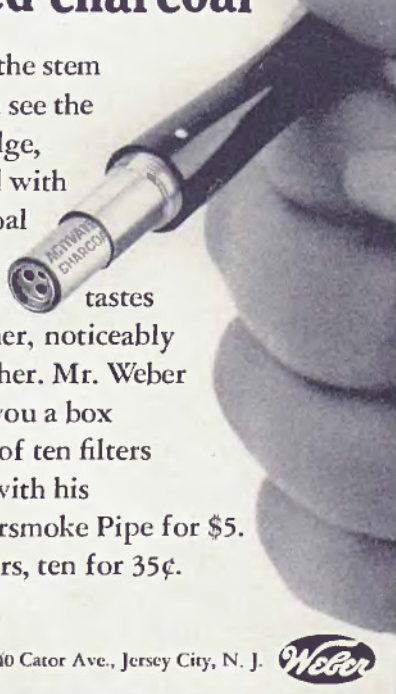
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standards *I Should Care*, *Summertime* and *Ev'rything I Love*, Dave Brubeck's *In Your Own Sweet Way* (an absolute delight), three Evans originals and the title melody, an intriguing waltz-tempo composition by Earl Zindars. **Hampton Hawes/The Green Leaves of Summer** (Contemporary) finds the West Coast pianist in fine fettle. Abetted by Montgomery brother Monk on bass and drummer Steve Ellington, Hawes turns a fresh eye to a batch of standards and several jazz classics, and caps the proceedings with an improvised closer, *G. K. Blues*.

The Remarkable J's with Jamie (Columbia) is a remarkable encore LP for this fresh-sounding new vocal group. The J's are three chaps who provide the perfect balance for songstress Jamie. Brightening the session are a couple of Meredith Willson melodies from *Here's Love* (the title song and *Love Come Take Me Again*), *Like Someone in Love*, *Bewitched* and *Little Boy Blue*, all tasty fodder for the foursome.

Animal Dance (Atlantic), combining the skills of MJQ mastermind John Lewis and German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff, is a sparkling showcase for the seldom-heard Mangelsdorff. Playing the title tune, *Autumn Leaves*, Lewis' *Monday in Milan* and *The Sheriff*, and Gary McFarland's *Why Are You Blue*, he displays a fine tone coupled with an innate jazz sense. Filling out the LP is *Ornaments*, a longish piece by The Zagreb Jazz Quartet, which reveals little that is original.

We've heard Buddy Greco use his pipes to better advantage than on *My Last Night in Rome* (Epic), a pasta-soggy collection of pop Italian (or Italy-inclined) arias. The air is redolent with parmesan and chianti, and if that's what you're interested in, then these Greco Roman offerings are your cup of espresso.

Baroque Music in Salzburg (The Bach Guild), recorded by the Concentus Musicus (a group performing on Renaissance and baroque instruments), offers the works of 17th Century composers Heinrich Biber and Georg Muffat. Included in the instrumentation are the viola da gamba, the violone and the orgelpositiv, a small chamber organ of that period. The Viennese ensemble breathes life into the secular and liturgical compositions, infusing their delicate structures with the color of their age.

An interesting new folk singer is to be heard on *The Soul of a City Boy/Jesse Colin Young* (Capitol). Composer, guitarist, folk balladeer Young has a voice of raw power and an imagination that suffuses his own compositions (there are six of them in this session) with the ring, if not the stamp, of authenticity.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Do you think it is a good idea to indulge in sexual intercourse with your fiancée in order to insure compatibility and sexual happiness later in married life?—W. G., Owensboro, Kentucky.

There's no guaranteed policy to insure "sexual happiness later in married life"—if there were, we'd certainly prescribe it. Since the stakes are so great and the pitfalls so numerous, we feel that every marriage should have as much going for it as possible, and the more two people know about each other before they marry the better. As for the ethics of the question, we agree with professor Leo Koch, who said: "With modern contraceptives and medical advice readily available at the nearest drugstore, or at least a family physician, there is no valid reason why sexual intercourse should not be condoned among those sufficiently mature to engage in it without social consequences and without violating their own codes of morality and ethics."

At the completion of betting, three players remained in our seven-card, high-low stud game. Player A declared high; player B declared high and low (allowed under our house rules); and player C also declared high and low. Player A had a straight to the ace; player B had a heart flush, nine high; and player C had an identical flush in spades. Who wins what?—J. G., Montreal, Quebec.

The three split the pot. Players B and C were tied for high, a situation about which "Hoyle" says: "If a player claims both high and low, and is tied or beaten on either, he loses any title to the pot." Though B and C have lost their claim to the pot, their hands are still in the game. Each of their flushes beats A, who declared high, so he can't win either. Regarding this unusual situation, "Hoyle" says: "If no one wins in full accordance with his declaration, all declarations are disregarded, and the active players divide the pot equally."

What is the world's most expensive wine?—F. O., Boston, Massachusetts.

Probably Château Lafite-Rothschild 1806, a great Bordeaux red from the Rothschild vineyards, which, when available, sells for over \$100 a bottle.

A leading conservative men's shop here in town has been featuring shirts in pink and yellow. Are these acceptable for daytime wear?—J. R., Jr., New York, New York.

Yes. Pink goes well with a gray-flannel suit and black knit tie; yellow is best worn with grays and browns.

Several years ago, when I was just out of the Army and sorely in need of work, I hoked up a résumé and invented an impressive past in order to secure a job for which my real credentials wouldn't qualify me. As it turned out, I was hired, and since then I've been quite successful in my work—so much so that another firm is considering me for a much better position. The problem is this: In my years here I've had to maintain the false past which landed me my job in the first place. This fabrication has become more and more annoying as I've advanced on my own real merits. I'd like to be rid of it once and for all.

In a few weeks I'm scheduled for a thorough interview for a responsible executive position with an important manufacturing company. Do you think I should reveal the truth about my background—which includes the fact that I only completed three years of college?—K. H., St. Louis, Missouri.

By all means. Proven ability of the sort you've evidenced in your current job is far more important than your biographical background. If you continue living a lie, the chances are that sooner or later you'll be exposed—and a history of falsifying employment information would be much more harmful to your career than the mere lack of a college diploma. Tell your new employer the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

I've been going almost steadily with a girl who is an artists' model and who poses nude four nights a week for student groups in different parts of the city. Though I know it's unreasonable, I can't bring myself to accept the idea of all those guys drooling over her body. She says she thinks the world of me, but refuses to listen to my demands that she get other work. She says she likes posing—the hours are short, and the pay is good. Also, she says that none of the students have made so much as a pass at her. But even if they were a choir of angels, I wouldn't want them staring at this chick every night. What's my move?—S. K., Brooklyn, New York.

We agree that your taking umbrage at her modeling is unreasonable; in addition, since the girl was presumably a model when you first met her, you have even less justification in asking her to give up her chosen means of earning a livelihood. You have two alternatives: Either accept the situation gracefully, or find a new girl who shares your sense of prudery.



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I have a little money put aside for investment, but since the 1962 stock-market crash, I've been afraid to buy stock. I've heard a good many references to "futures" trading, but I must admit I don't really know what it's all about. Can you tell me what futures are, and whether they're safer than common stocks?—A. T., New Brunswick, New Jersey.

"Crash" is a rather harsh word to use to describe the May 1962 market decline. And in the stock market, what goes down almost invariably comes back up—as a glance at the recent string of records the averages have chalked up should prove. Trading in futures you could lose your shirt in a hurry—or make a quick fortune. "Futures" is a term generally applied to agricultural staples (wheat, cotton and soybeans, to name a few) which are harvested during only a few months but are consumed at a relatively steady pace throughout the year. The cost of these goods is usually lower at harvesttime than in the off season, but notorious variables such as the weather, the economy, and government agricultural policy join forces with relatively unregulated sales conditions and low margin requirements to make the futures market a volatile one. Consequently, trading in futures is nowhere near as safe as investing in well-chosen common stocks. When you trade in futures, you agree to sell a stated quantity of goods on a certain date at a fixed price. If, at the time you must deliver, you can buy these goods at a price lower than the price at which you agreed to sell, you can make a hefty profit. But if the market price is higher at that time, you'll learn the hard way that futures trading is a risky business.

My search for a cigarette substitute has led me far and wide. One thing I haven't tried is snuff, possibly because I know absolutely nothing about it. Is snuff taking acceptable today? Do you dip or sniff?—J. A., Dayton, Ohio.

We don't do either, frankly. But most of those who do, dip—which means they take a pinch of snuff in the mouth, between cheek and gum, and unobtrusively let the tobacco juices permeate their system. It's estimated that there are 6,000,000 snuff users in America today—including at least a few U. S. Senators, for whom two ornate snuffboxes on the Senate floor are refilled daily. There are two types of snuff: moist and dry. As the name implies, moist snuff is humid, sticky stuff, made from finely cut tobaccos that have been aged and processed (usually for three years), to which flavoring and essence have been added. Dry snuff, also known as Scotch, is the only kind suitable for sniffing, if you care to indulge. It's made from powder-fine blends of aged tobacco which are either plain-cured or flavored. Snuff said.

The girl I've been going with recently confessed to me that while she was in college she had several sexual experiences with another girl. Do you think this should make me reappraise our relationship?—M. M., Los Altos, California.

Assuming that she's kicked the habit, we think you've little cause for concern. Homosexual contacts among women are more common than is generally acknowledged; Kinsey's studies showed that almost 20 percent of all single, 25-year-old women had had some homosexual contact, and the rate increased with education level. One problem with such experiences is the psychological scars they can leave. The fact that your girl is willing to reveal openly her past experiences would seem to indicate that they've had little or no effect on her present outlook—and this being the case, they shouldn't affect yours either.

This is a small question, but it has annoyed me increasingly over the last several years. I have a fine library, of which I'm justly proud. From my shelves I'm sure I've lent dozens of books to friends—and in many instances the friends keep coming back but I never again see the books. I'm seriously considering an ironclad "no lending" policy, but I think many of my friends (who borrow books in good faith and simply lose or forget them) might not understand. Should I do it anyway?—D. R., Albany, New York.

If it's necessary to protect your library, then by all means go ahead. Presumably there are no more than a handful of offenders, and you'll only have to refuse each of them once. The fact that they might not understand your reasoning (which they should, if you simply point to the diminishing stock on your bookshelves) shouldn't deter you from action.

Recently a casual girlfriend and I double-dated with another couple I know only vaguely, using his car. When we reached the club where we were to dine, my date decided to leave her coat in the car, which we didn't bother to lock. When we returned, the coat (brand new) had been stolen. It turned out to be a \$600 item, uninsured, and my date said she thought we guys were pikers since we didn't offer to help pay for it. Were we right?—W. A., Gulfport, Mississippi.

Yes. Though it's unfortunate you didn't lock the car, even that would not have guaranteed the coat's safety. Possession of a valuable article carries responsibilities in which your date was negligent. She was remiss in not having the coat insured; and certainly she could have taken it with her and checked it at your club. The fault was hers, not yours, and the fact that it was his car does not affect the matter.

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So in deference to right-thinking we publish this enlarged version of the remarkable little formula for mixing Daiquiris in *batches*! It is a masterpiece of clarity: (1) read down for the number of Daiquiris,

(2) read across for the ingredients, (3) muster a Bacardi Daiquiri Party. Incredibly simple.

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I'm an avid swimmer, and prefer brief-brief swim trunks to the conventional boxer variety. Some of my friends have criticized me for "exhibitionism." What's your opinion?—S. B., Lindenhurst, New York.

We disapprove of undernourished swimwear for all except attractive girls. The one exception (assuming you've got the build for it) is if you're swimming on the French Riviera, where such scanty male swim attire is commonplace. Of course, if you're swimming in your own pool, what you wear, if anything, is your own business.

Can cloth watchbands be worn with a business suit?—H. H., Hartford, Connecticut.

A plain cloth or suede band is just as appropriate for business wristwear as rep or challis bands are for sportswear.

I know you don't usually receive questions from girls, but I have a problem that I don't want to take to Ann or Abby. I'm 22, single, a college graduate with a good secretarial job, and I date a lot. That's my problem. Lately I've begun to suspect that the guys I date are interested in my body but not in me. I must confess that my figure is far, far above run of the mill, and I'm quite proud of it. I'm not averse to good times, but I think I have a lot to offer mentally as well as physically, and I wonder if there's any way I can be assured that the guys I date are really interested in me.—J. B., New York, New York.

Since your body accompanies you wherever you go, and since you can't conceal it or make it go away, it's unrealistic for you to ask your dates to ignore it. And, judging from your letter, we suspect your pride would be hurt if ever they did. A person of your attributes should have no trouble finding men who generously appreciate both your body and your mind, or a combination of the two, as circumstances warrant. And since you choose your own companions, the type of person you go out with reflects your own taste. If all your boyfriends come on like P. T. Barnum—"Every act an animal act"—it's as much your fault as theirs.

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



PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

EUROPE HAS A SPECIAL appeal in September, after the summer tourist tide has ebbed and before the first frost sets in. It's an excellent time to relax and enjoy the cool and colorful countryside, and there's no better way than from the vantage point of a Swiss chalet. Offering majestic mountain views from your living room—where a glowing wood fire crackles through the night—and easy access to friendly villages down winding mountain roads, chalets are a great travel bargain in the fall: Typically, the Chalet Alexandre, 3300 feet up in the Bernese Alps at the Swiss resort of Hohfluh Hasliberg, rents for \$625 a month and is large enough to accommodate a congenial group of fellow vacationers. If you're traveling solo or *à deux*, and don't need all that room, a comfortable apartment on the shores of Lake Geneva—at Cully near Lausanne—can be had for about \$60 a month.

In England, a fine fall attraction is the brisk atmosphere of a classic horse race, one of the best being the St. Leger at Doncaster (near Sheffield), running one mile, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ furlongs, for both fillies and colts. Other meetings at the end of September alternate between Ascot Heath and Newmarket (called the horsiest town in England). Located near Newmarket are some 30 of the country's most famous stud farms.

A September must for British motor fans, the Manx Grand Prix Motorcycle Race around the abrupt roads of the hilly Isle of Man, is well worth the air trip from London or the ferry ride across the choppy Irish Sea from Liverpool. Apart from the race, this little Celtic isle boasts enough attractions to merit a two- or three-day visit. In addition to the night life of its casino, it offers pleasant little cove beaches like Port Erin, where serpentine lanes meander around a green fishing harbor into blue-tinged moors.


Oceans away, but equally attractive in September, are the Hawaiian Islands. A completely enjoyable vacation can be spent solely within the confines of one of the newer tropical hotels—Hanalei Plantation (on Kauai), Paul Fagan's Hana-Maui (on Maui), the Naniloa in Hilo, Waiaka Lodge and Kona Inn in Kona (on Hawaii Island)—or just lolling on the beach at Waikiki; but it's a good idea to allow at least one day for a "flight-seeing" tour of Oahu, Kauai and Niihau islands. This includes a landing on Kauai for a short launch trip through forest waterways to a fern-fronded cave, then a flight back over Molokai and Maui, followed by a brief stop on

Hawaii for a motor tour. The scenery-hugging flight, in a comfortable six-seater cabin plane, then continues over volcanic Kona, Kahoolawe and the plantations of Lanai. Total tab: \$75.

There's sun close by in Mexico, too, and it's comfortable, as the blistering summer months fade out. While not as off-the-beaten-path as it was, a spot worth adding to a Mexican itinerary is Puerto Vallarta which, although brought to public attention by the Burtons, still manages to retain much of the atmosphere of a "lost" hideaway. Noted for its rocky coves and its evocation of Tahitian atmosphere, the little village on Banderas Bay is just now developing a number of small hotels with first-rate facilities. Newest is the 164-room Posada Vallarta, although many visitors prefer the Old World charm of the Posada de la Selva, whose 30 cottage-type rooms with small terraces run \$16 and up a day with meals. While fishing and skindiving are the major daytime activities, one can also canoe up inland waterways for puma and wild boar hunting, or go horseback riding into the hills just inland. The less adventurous generally have a ball eating the exquisite seafood at places like Hotel Oceano and Los Comales.

This side of the border, September's sunny and uncrowded. It's the best possible time for resort stays: Rates are considerably reduced all over, and in many parts of the country, the fall foliage and the early morning nip in the hazy air add special zest to your jaunts. Weekend lures all over the country include post-summer golfing at Pinehurst and Southern Pines, North Carolina, with splendid lodgings available at the Mid-Pines Club.

Farther north, in Tidewater country, Maryland stages a crab-racing derby over the Labor Day weekend at Crisfield on the shores of Chesapeake Bay. There are also workboat races held off Deal Island during this holiday weekend, with the bugeyes and skipjacks of the Chesapeake Bay fishing fleet participating. (This is the last American commercial fleet still operating almost wholly under sail.) A good place to base yourself for these events, as well as for Ocean City's annual open marlin tournament, is the Great Oak Resort and Yacht Club near Chestertown. It's a luxurious resort whose facilities run the gamut from 18 holes of golf through riding, skeet and trap shooting, to hunting and fishing.

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

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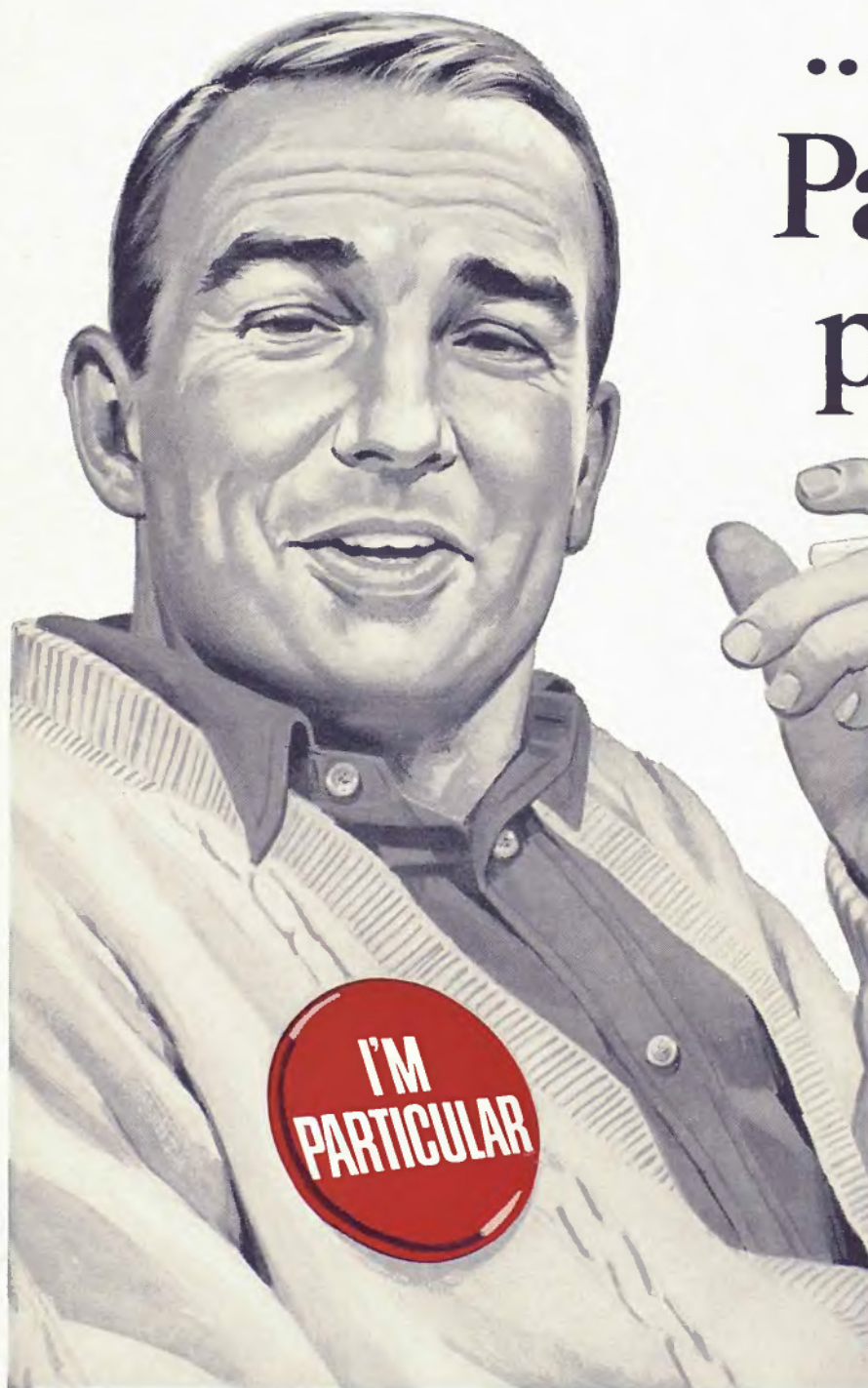
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THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

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

ONE OF THE MOST pleasant aspects in the writing of this series of editorials on the social and sexual ills of society has been the response it has elicited from readers. Several hundred letters on *The Playboy Philosophy* come in each month from every part of the United States, and a number of foreign countries as well. We try to personally read just as much of this correspondence as possible, and the most interesting comments are published regularly in *The Playboy Forum*.

Whatever else they have to say, most of the correspondents are enthusiastic about the existence of these articles and the fact that a great many problems previously treated only superficially in the popular press are here, at last, being given full and open consideration.

Many who write us enclose books, articles and clippings on subjects related to those we have been discussing, and we would like to take this opportunity to thank them for this, for much of it has been quite useful as an additional source of research—giving us new facts and sometimes suggesting new areas that deserve attention.

A few weeks ago we received a volume in this way that is of such pertinence and interest that we've decided to devote this installment to a consideration of its contents. The book was sent to us by James Brooks of Homestead, Florida, who states that he found it in the hayloft of a barn. The binding is broken and worn, but it was obviously an impressive volume when first published, with a cloth cover and more than 500 pages.

The book is titled *Plain Facts for Old and Young*. It was written by J. H. Kellogg, M.D., and originally published by Segner and Condit of Burlington, Iowa, in 1879. It is a guide to sane sex life, as it was viewed in the United States in that period of extreme puritanism at the end of the last century. No amount of editorial comment by us can establish the excessive antisexuality that is our American heritage nearly so well as the statements to be found in this manual of love and marriage.

In the last two installments of the *Philosophy* (February and April), we dis-

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

cussed the irrational and suppressive sex laws of the United States, and a great many readers found it difficult to understand how such preposterous legislation could ever have been established in this supposedly free society. This book supplies the answer, for it documents the sexual sickness from which we suffered less than a century ago—many symptoms of which are still to be found in the supposedly enlightened society of today.

Before exploring the book, a few words about its author. John Harvey Kellogg, M.D., LL.D., F.A.C.S., was no hysterical, moralistic screwball, of the sort to be found in every age, but a highly respected, internationally renowned man of science, and the opinions on sex expressed in *Plain Facts* are representative of those held by a significant portion of responsible society in the Puritan epoch during the latter part of the 19th and the beginning of the 20th Centuries.

Dr. Kellogg resided in Battle Creek, Michigan. He was a member of the Michigan State Board of Health from 1878 to 1890 and from 1912 to 1916. He was a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, American College of Surgeons, Royal Society of Medicine in England, and the National Geographic Society. He was a member of the American Public Health Association, the superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and the founder and president emeritus of Battle Creek College. On his death in December 1943, at the age of 91, he received tributes from Herbert Hoover, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Senator Vandenberg and Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy.

Dr. Kellogg was a prolific writer, producing more than 50 books in his lifetime, two of which had a circulation of over a million copies each; *Plain Facts* is listed in his obituary as one of his more important works. He wrote physiology texts that were used in public schools and founded and edited *Good Health* magazine. The good doctor was a health evangelist and a vegetarian, who was strongly opposed to the use of tobacco and alcohol. As we

shall see, he was also strongly opposed to the use of sex.

With Dr. Kellogg's avowed avoidance of so many earthly pleasures, even if he had not lived for nearly a century, it probably would have *seemed* that long. In abstaining from meat, tobacco, whiskey and women, the doctor must have had a lot of spare time on his hands and he apparently spent it in research. He is credited with the invention of corn flakes and peanut butter.

In a preface to *Plain Facts for Old and Young*, the author indicates that the purpose of the book is "to dispel the gross ignorance which almost universally prevails" regarding sex. Which, after a perusal of the volume's contents, might seem intended as a bit of wry humor. In simple fact, the entire book would be outrageously funny if we gave no thought to the countless thousands who, in their search for some thoughtful, authoritative, helpful and humane word on the problems of sex, turned to this tome of ignorant gobbledygook and, believing what they read, suffered for a lifetime from the misunderstanding, guilt and shame of their own natural sexuality.

The copy of the book in our possession is not the first edition, and the author comments in the preface on the "warm reception" it had already received from both public and press: "The cordial reception which the work has met from the press everywhere has undoubtedly contributed in great measure to its popularity. The demand for the work has exhausted several editions in rapid succession, and has seemed to require its preparation in the greatly enlarged and in every way improved form in which it now appears. The addition of two whole chapters for the purpose of bringing the subject directly before the minds of boys and girls in a proper manner, adds greatly to the interest and value of the work, as there seemed to be a slight deficiency in this particular in the former editions."

INDEX TO SEXUAL ENLIGHTENMENT

Having been reassured in the introduction that the slight deficiency in former editions had been corrected in

this one, we turned to the index. For a book devoted to the development of a happier, healthier sex life, authored by an eminent man of science, the subject headings are something less than reassuring. They include: *Abortion* . . . *After-birth* . . . *Amaurosis* . . . *Amenorrhea* . . . *Antediluvian wickedness* . . . *Bad books* . . . *Bad company* . . . *Bad language* . . . *Balls, demoralizing influence of* . . . *Beer, evil effects of* . . . *Birth, changes at* . . . *Bladder, irritation of* . . . *Boarding-schools, danger of* . . . *Brain, male and female* . . . *Breasts, atrophy of the* . . . *Breath, causes of foul* . . . *Castration* . . . *Cider, evil effects of* . . . *Clitoris* . . . *Coitus* . . . *Colds, how to prevent* . . . *Conjugal onanism* . . . *Constipation* . . . *Consumption* . . . *Continence* . . . *Copulation* . . . *Courtship* . . . *Criminality, hereditary* . . . *Dancing* . . . *Day-dreams* . . . *Diet, influence on chastity* . . . *Divorce, loose laws of* . . . *Dozing, danger of* . . . *Dreams, how to control* . . . *Dress and sensuality* . . . *Dress reform* . . . *Drinks, stimulating* . . . *Drugs* . . . *Dwarfs* . . . *Dyspepsia* . . . *Egypt a hot-bed of vice* . . . *Electricity* . . . *Epilepsy* . . . *Eyes, weakness of* . . . *Female organs* . . . *Fetus, respiration of* . . . *Filthy dreams* . . . *Filthy talkers* . . . *Flirtation, evils of* . . . *Flowers, polygamous* . . . *Foods, stimulating* . . . *Girls, how ruined* . . . *Gluttony* . . . *Heart disease* . . . *Hermaphroditism* . . . *Hymen* . . . *Hysteria* . . . *Idiocy, cause of* . . . *Idleness* . . . *Ignorance* . . . *Imbecility* . . . *Impotence* . . . *Infanticide* . . . *Insanity* . . . *Internal emissions* . . . *Intestinal worms* . . . *Labia, the* . . . *Labor* . . . *Libidinous blood* . . . *Licentiousness, results of* . . . *Literature, poisonous* . . . *Male organs* . . . *Mammary glands* . . . *Marital excesses* . . . *Marriage* . . . *Marriage, of cousins, of criminals, of paupers* . . . *Masturbation, prevention of, effects in females, effects on offspring* . . . *Menopause, the* . . . *Menstruation* . . . *Moderation* . . . *Modesty* . . . *Monsters* . . . *Mormonism* . . . *Navel, the* . . . *Nervous diseases* . . . *Nocturnal emissions* . . . *Novel-reading* . . . *Nursing* . . . *Nymphomania* . . . *Obscene books* . . . *Obscenity* . . . *Ovary* . . . *Ovum* . . . *Paralysis* . . . *Passion, inherited* . . . *Penis, the* . . . *Pernicious books, influence of* . . . *Pictures, vile* . . . *Piles* . . . *Pimples* . . . *Poisonous literature* . . . *Polyandry* . . . *Polygamy* . . . *Precocity, sexual* . . . *Pregnancy* . . . *Prostate gland* . . . *Prostitution* . . . *Puberty* . . . *Quacks* . . . *Race degeneration, cause of* . . . *Religion, help of* . . . *Religious novels* . . . *Reproduction* . . . *Reproduction in the honey bee* . . . *Satyriasis* . . . *Scrotum, the* . . . *Secret Vice, evidences of, prevalence of, terrible effects of* . . . *Self-abuse, causes of, effects of, the signs of, results of, treatment of* . . . *Self-pollution* . . . *Seminal fluid, the* . . . *Senility* . . . *Sentimental literature, influence of*

. . . *Sentimental young women* . . . *Sexual activity, the limit of* . . . *Social lepers, evil of, causes of, cure of* . . . *Solitary vice, alarming prevalence of, unsuspected cause of* . . . *Sterility* . . . *Suicide, cause of* . . . *Tea and coffee* . . . *Testicles* . . . *Thoughts, evil* . . . *Throat disease, cause of* . . . *Tobacco* . . . *Twins* . . . *Urinary diseases* . . . *Vagina, the* . . . *Vision, dimness of* . . . *Waltz, the, its sensuality* . . . *Weak backs* . . . *Wine, evil effects of* . . . *Woman, servitude of* . . . and, concluding the index on an upbeat note, *Womb, cancer of the*.

THE PREVENTION OF PUBERTY

In the very first chapter of his book, Dr. Kellogg establishes that he knew a good deal more about corn flakes than sex. After a brief description of the sex lives of plants and animals, with disappointingly little moralizing on the promiscuous behavior of the bees and flowers, he concludes that people are really grown-up plants: "In short, men and women are blossoms in a strictly scientific sense." (Though he offers no explanation as to why some of us turn out to be snapdragons and others pansies.) There follows a scientifically accurate description of the structure and function of the human reproductive organs, and an explanation of fecundation, gestation and parturition, with the natural pain of childbirth caused, according to this eminent physician, by Original Sin in the Garden of Eden and the degeneracy of modern civilization: "Although the curse pronounced upon the feminine part of the race, in consequence of the sin of Eve, implies suffering in the parturient act, yet there is no doubt that the greater share of the daughters of Eve are, through the perverting and degenerating influences of wrong habits and especially of modern civilization, compelled to suffer many times more than their maternal ancestor."

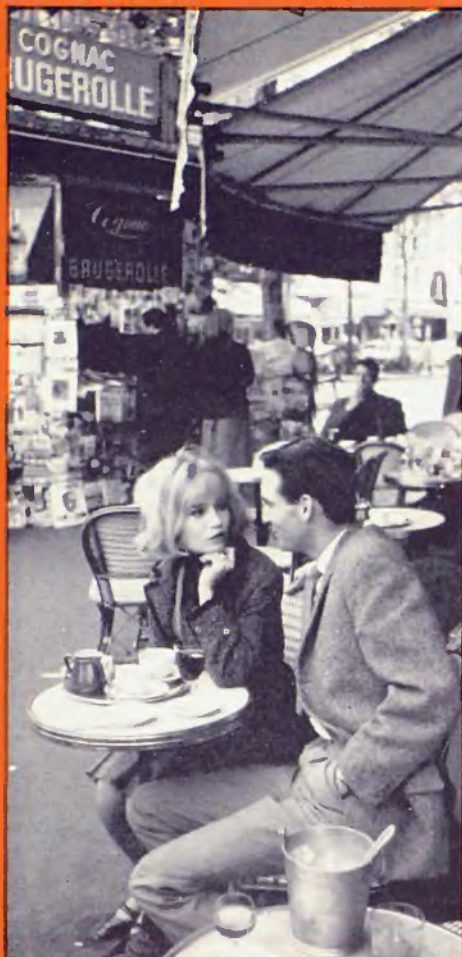
The arrival of puberty is viewed with something other than pleasure by Dr. Kellogg and he advises avoiding it as long as possible: "Habits of vigorous physical exercise tend to delay the access of puberty. For this reason, together with others, country boys and girls generally mature later than those living in the city by several months, and even a year or two. Anything that tends to excite the emotions hastens puberty. The excitements of city life, parties, balls, theaters, even the competition of students in school, and the various causes of excitement to the nervous system which occur in city life, have a tendency to hasten the occurrence of the change which awakens the sexual activities of the system into life. Hence, these influences cannot but be considered prejudicial to the best interests of the individual, mentally,

morally, and physically, since it is in every way desirable that a change which arouses the passions and gives to them greater intensity should be delayed rather than hastened." (We must grudgingly admit that that is the most original argument we've ever heard for keeping 'em down on the farm.) In addition to getting the hell out of the city, Dr. Kellogg indicates that diet can play an important part in delaying puberty and he advises against "stimulating food, such as pepper, vinegar, mustard, spices, and the condiments generally, together with tea and coffee, and an excess of animal food [meat]."

The doctor states that "in girls the occurrence of puberty is earlier in brunettes than in blondes"—a fact that the Clairol people have obviously failed to take into account, with their presumptuous advertising claim that blondes have more fun. The doctor adds: "In Jews, the change is commonly a year or two in advance of other nationalities in this country. It also occurs somewhat sooner in Negroes and Creoles than in white persons . . ."

Dr. Kellogg dramatizes the importance of putting off puberty just as long as possible with this topper: "A fact which is of too great importance to allow to pass unnoticed is that whatever occasions early or premature sexual development also occasions premature decay. Females in whom puberty occurs at the age of ten or twelve, by the time their age is doubled, are shriveled and wrinkled with age. At the time when they should be in their prime of health and beauty, they are prematurely old and broken. Those women who mature late retain their beauty and their strength many years after their precocious sisters have become old, decrepit and broken down." How's that for a shocker to scare the bejesus out of a youngster just entering into adolescence—a little item to make any boy or girl fear the arrival of the first signs of sexual maturity?!

And just where did kindly Doc Kellogg get this fascinating hypothesis, that he offers to "old and young" as a statement of undisputed fact? Why, he made it up, of course. In actual fact, whatever correlation there may be between sexual precocity and the aging process operates just the reverse of what Kellogg suggests. And in its extensive study of the sexual patterns of American males and females, the Institute for Sex Research of Indiana University found that those who are sexually precocious are also more inclined than the average to remain sexually active in the later years of life. There is a considerable difference in the innate sex drives of various individuals, and it is the person with the weakest drive who is apt to reach sexual maturity latest and become sexually impotent earliest, as well as being less inclined to over-all physical










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vigor and, therefore, more likely to succumb to the ravages of old age and senility.

Dr. Kellogg says, regarding sexual interests prior to puberty: "If raised strictly in accordance with natural law, children would have no sexual notions or feelings before the occurrence of puberty. No prurient speculation about sexual matters would enter their heads. Until that period, the reproductive system would lie dormant in its undeveloped state. No other feeling should be exhibited between the sexes than that brotherly and sisterly affection which is so admirable and becoming." When sexual interests were observed in the young, Kellogg explained them as unnatural perversions caused by improper upbringing.

At the very same time that the doctor of Battle Creek, Michigan, was expounding these views, another doctor in Vienna named Sigmund Freud was beginning his study of human behavior that established the existence of natural sexuality in the youngest infants.

CHASTITY AND CONTINENCE

Dr. Kellogg devotes a chapter apiece to chastity and continence and makes clear his conviction that all manner of ills will befall those of either sex who surrender to the desires of the flesh, or who even *think* about surrendering.

"Mental unchastity" is, according to Kellogg, as serious as the act itself: "Though [a man] may never have committed an overt act of unchastity, if he cannot pass a handsome female in the street without, in imagination, approaching the secrets of her person, he is but one grade above the open libertine, and is as truly unchaste as the veriest debauchee.

"Man may not see these mental adulteries, he may not perceive these filthy imaginings; but One sees and notes them. They leave their hideous scars upon the soul. They soil and mar the mind; and as the record of each day of life is photographed upon the books in Heaven, they each appear in bold relief, in all their innate hideousness.

"O purity! how rare a virtue! How rare to find a face which shows no trace of sensuality!

"Foul thoughts, once allowed to enter the mind, stick like the leprosy. They corrode, contaminate, and infect like the pestilence; naught but Almighty power can deliver from the bondage of concupiscence a soul once infected by this foul blight, this moral contagium."

Kellogg warns his readers of the outcome of improper daydreams: "Those lascivious daydreams and amorous reveries, in which young people—and especially the voluptuous, and the sedentary and the nervous—are exceedingly apt to indulge, are often the sources of general debility, effeminacy, disordered func-

tions, premature disease, and even premature death, without the actual exercise of the genital organs!"

The author discusses, in some detail, the causes of unchastity in modern civilization, which include:

Hereditary Predisposition—"A child conceived in lust can no more be chaste by nature than a Negro can be a Caucasian."

Improper Upbringing—"The sexes should be carefully separated from each other at least as early as four or five years of age, under all circumstances which could afford opportunity for observing the physical differences of the sexes, or in any way serve to excite those passions which at this tender age should be wholly dormant."

Improper Diet—"Flesh, condiments, eggs, tea, coffee, chocolate, and all stimulants, have a powerful influence directly upon the reproductive organs. They increase the local supply of blood, and through nervous sympathy with the brain, the passions are aroused. Overeating, eating between meals, hasty eating, eating indigestible articles of food, late suppers, react upon the sexual organs with the utmost certainty."

Clerical Impropriety—"Our most profound disgust is justly excited when we hear of laxity of morals in a clergyman. . . . But when we consider how these ministers are fed, we cannot suppress a momentary disposition to excuse, in some degree, their fault. When the minister goes out to tea, he is served with the richest cake, the choicest jellies, the most pungent sauces, and the finest of fine-flour bread-stuffs. Little does the indulgent hostess dream that she is ministering to the inflammation of passions which may peril the virtue of her daughter, or even her own. Salacity once aroused, even in a minister, allows no room for reason or for conscience."

Tobacco—"Few are aware of the influence upon morals exerted by that filthy habit, tobacco-using. When acquired early, it excites the underdeveloped organs, arouses the passions, and in a few years converts the once chaste and pure youth into a veritable volcano of lust, belching out from its inner fires of passion torrents of obscenity and the sulphurous fumes of lasciviousness. If long-continued, the final effect of tobacco is emasculation; but this is only the necessary consequence of previous super-excitation."

Bad Books—"Another potent enemy of virtue is the obscene literature which has flooded the land for many years. Circulated by secret agencies, these books have found their way into the most secluded districts. Nearly every large school contains one of these emissaries of evil men and their Satanic master. . . . Largely through the influence of Mr. [Anthony] Comstock, laws have been enacted which promise to do much to-

ward checking this extensive evil, or at least causing it to make itself less prominent. . . . It is a painful fact, however, that the total annihilation of every foul book which the law can reach will not effect the cure of this evil, for our modern literature is full of the same virus. It is necessarily presented in less grossly revolting forms, half concealed by beautiful imagery, or embellished by wit; but yet, there it is, and no law can reach it. The works of our standard authors in literature abound in lubricity. Popular novels have doubtless done more to arouse a prurient curiosity in the young, and to excite and foster passion and immorality, than even the obscene literature for the suppression of which such active measures have recently been taken. The more exquisitely painted the scenes of vice, the more dangerously enticing. Novel-reading has led thousands to lives of dissoluteness."

Idleness—"To maintain purity, the mind must be occupied. If left without occupation, the vacuity is quickly filled with unchaste thoughts."

Fashion—"The fashionable dress of the women of the day leads to unchastity in two ways, according to Dr. Kellogg: "1. By its extravagance; 2. By its abuse of the body." The latter, he notes, may "produce permanent local congestions, with ovarian and uterine derangements. These affections have long been recognized as the chief pathological condition in hysteria, and especially in that peculiar form of disease known as *nymphomania*, under the excitement of which a young woman, naturally chaste and modest, may be impelled to the commission of the most wanton acts. The pernicious influence of fashionable dress in occasioning this disorder cannot be doubted."

Dancing—"In addition to the associated dissipation, late hours, fashionable dressing, midnight feasting, exposures through excessive exertions and improper dress, etc., it can be shown most clearly that dancing has a direct influence in stimulating the passions and provoking unchaste desires, which too often lead to unchaste acts, and are in themselves violations of the requirements of strict morality, and productive of injury to both mind and body."

Modern Modes of Life—"Superheated rooms, sedentary employments, the development of the mental and nervous organizations at the expense of the muscular, the cramming system in schools, too long confinement of school children in a sitting position, the allowance of too great freedom between the sexes in the young, the demoralizing influence of most varieties of public amusement, balls, church fairs, and other like influences too numerous to mention, all tend to lead in one direction, that of abnormal excitation and precocious development of the sexual functions."

Constipation—"In males, one of the most general physical causes of sexual excitement is constipation. . . . When this condition is chronic, as in habitual constipation, the unnatural excitement often leads to most serious results. One of these is the production of a horrible disease, *satyriasis* [the male equivalent of nymphomania]. . . . Constipation in females has the same tendency, though the dangers are not quite so great. The irritation is sufficient, however, to lead to excitement of the passions."

Intestinal Worms—"often produce the same result in children."

The author lists, as Helps to Continence: *The Will, Diet, Exercise, Cold Baths and Religion*. Since he advises against early marriage, young men and women of normal sexual inclination are apt to need all of these, and then some, to remain as chaste in thought and deed as Kellogg asserts they should.

COURTSHIP AND FLIRTATION

Dr. Kellogg is hesitant about openly endorsing any of the social customs of foreign countries over those of America, lest this be taken as un-American by the 19th Century equivalent of the John Birch Society, but he suggests that the "distinctly American custom" of courting can be a dangerous thing, leading to all manner of sexual excesses, and that perhaps the Old World tradition of keeping the sexes apart until they are ready for marriage is not such a bad idea.

He abhors the acceptance of flirtation, on the part of both sexes: "We cannot find language sufficiently emphatic to express proper condemnation of one of the most popular forms of amusement indulged in at the present day in this country, under the guise of innocent association of the sexes. . . . We have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing flirtation as pernicious in the extreme. It exerts a malign influence alike upon the mental, the moral, and the physical constitution of those who indulge it. The young lady who has become infatuated with a passion for flirting, courting the society of young men simply for the pleasure derived from their attentions, is educating herself in a school which will totally unfit her for the enjoyment of domestic peace and happiness. . . . More than this, she is very likely laying the foundation for lifelong disease by the dissipation, late hours, late suppers, evening exposures, fashionable dressing, etc., the almost certain accompaniments of the vice we are considering. . . .

"It may be true, and undoubtedly is the case, that the greater share of the guilt of flirtation lies at the door of the female sex; but there do exist such detestable creatures as male flirts. In general, the male flirt is a much less worthy character than the young lady who makes a pastime of flirtation. He is

something more than a flirt. In nine cases out of ten, he is a rake as well. His object in flirting is to gratify a mean propensity at the expense of those who are pure and unsophisticated. He is skilled in the arts of fascination and intrigue. Slowly he winds his coils about his victim, and before she is aware of his real character, she has lost her own.

"Such wretches ought to be punished in a purgatory by themselves, made seven times hotter than for ordinary criminals. Society is full of these lecherous villains. They insinuate themselves into the drawing-rooms of the most respectable families; they are always on hand at social gatherings of every sort. They haunt the ballroom, the theater, and the church, when they can forward their infamous plans by seeming to be pious. . . . They are the sharks of society, and often seize in their voracious maws the fairest and brightest ornaments of a community. The male flirt is a monster. Every man ought to despise him; and every woman ought to spurn him as a loathsome social leper."

ILLCIT SEX

Kellogg condemns all forms of sex outside of marriage, and says of it: "A vice that has become so great an evil, even in these enlightened times, as to defy the most skillful legislation, which openly displays its gaudy filthiness and mocks at virtue with a lecherous stare, must have its origin in causes too powerful to be ignored."

Chief among these causes are: *Libidinous Blood* ("In no other direction are the effects of heredity to be more distinctly traced than in the transmission of sensual propensities. The children of libertines are almost certain to be rakes and prostitutes."); *Gluttony* ("It is an observed fact that 'all libertines are great eaters or famous gastronomists.'"); *Precocious Sexuality* (any interest in sex whatever, prior to puberty); *Fashion*; *Lack of Early Training and Sentimental Literature* ("City and school libraries, circulating libraries, and even Sunday-school libraries, are full of books which, though they may contain good moral teaching, contain, as well, an element as incompatible with purity of morals as is light with midnight darkness. Writers for children and youth seem to think a tale of 'courtship, love, and matrimony' entirely indispensable as a medium of conveying their moral instruction. Some of these 'religious novels' are actually more pernicious than the fictions of well-known novelists who make no pretense to having religious instruction a particular object in view. . . .").

The doctor indicates that anyone who takes the trouble to examine the books of such a library will be able to select the most pernicious ones by their external appearance: "The covers will be well

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worn and the edges begrimed with dirt from much handling. Children soon tire of the shallow sameness which characterizes the 'moral' parts of most of these books, and skim lightly over them, selecting and devouring with eagerness those portions which relate the silly narrative of some love adventure. This kind of literature arouses in children premature fancies and queries, and fosters a sentimentalism which too often occasions most unhappy results. Through their influence, young girls are often led to begin a life of shame long before their parents are aware that a thought of evil has ever entered their minds."

Our friendly physician finds a direct correlation between "ignorance," by which he apparently means lack of either intellect or knowledge, and *sensuality*. "As a general rule," he says, "as the intellect is developed, the animal passions are brought into subjection." He notes that "prostitutes come almost entirely from the more ignorant classes," but fails to point out that the motivations of the prostitute are usually monetary rather than sexual.

The doctor offers this example of "ignorance" and sensuality from his personal experience: ". . . An idiot was brought before our medical class in a clinic at Bellevue Hospital, New York [where Dr. Kellogg received his medical degree]. The patient had been an idiot from birth, and presented the most revolting appearance, seemingly possessing scarcely the intelligence of the average dog; but his animal propensities were so great as to be almost uncontrollable. Indeed, he showed evidences of having been a gross debauchee, having contracted venereal disease of the worst form. The general prevalence of extravagant sexual excitement among the insane is a well-known fact."

The results of licentiousness are, according to Dr. Kellogg, almost too horrible to relate, but he relates them—in glowing detail—just the same. The most fearsome result of sexual transgression is, of course, venereal disease—*gonorrhea*, *chancroid* and *syphilis*—which the doctor seems to view as a penalty properly befitting the crime of immorality: "Apparently as a safeguard to virtue, nature has appended to the sin of illicit sexual indulgence, as penalties, the most loathsome, deadly, and incurable diseases known to man." It must have shook the doctor up a bit when modern medical science removed this "safeguard to virtue" by discovering simple cures for these diseases. The needless spread of venereal disease is now clearly caused by lack of public sex education, and those of Dr. Kellogg's moral persuasion will have to search out other loathsome "penalties" to keep the sexual nature of man in check.

Apparently as naïve on the subject of sex in animals as in humans, Kellogg er-

roneously reports: "Man is the only animal that abuses his sexual organization by making it subservient to other ends than reproduction; hence he is the only sufferer from this foul disease, which is one of the penalties of such abuse."

Nonprocreative sex play of every sort, heterosexual and homosexual, is common among the higher forms of infra-human animal life; it is only the lower animals in whom sexual desire coincides with ovulation in the female. A fact which prompted Dr. N. Papania to observe, in a letter in last month's *Playboy Forum*: "One must therefore conclude that *having* sexual relations for reproduction alone is bestial, not vice versa."

Kellogg's second conclusion—that venereal disease is somehow related to man's subverting sex to ends other than reproduction—is an example of deductive reasoning that completely escapes us. For these diseases are transmitted equally, whether the sex act is engaged in for purposes of reproduction or solely for pleasure. The tiny microorganisms involved display, in truth, a distressing lack of interest in the moral intent of the individuals engaged in sexual congress.

Dr. Kellogg seems determined to compound his scientific error on this subject, for he next discusses the "*Origin of the Foul Disease*," wherein he makes the most incredible medical misstatement of all: "Where or when the disease originated is a mystery. It is said to have been introduced into France from Naples by French soldiers. That it originated *spontaneously* [emphasis ours] at some time can scarcely be doubted, and that it might originate under circumstances of excessive violation of the laws of chastity is rendered probable by the fact that gonorrhea, or an infectious disease exactly resembling it, is often caused by excessive indulgence, from which cause it not infrequently occurs in the newly married, giving rise to unjust suspicion of infidelity on both sides."

In Kellogg's simple view of sensuality, "Prevention is the Only Cure." He writes, "Those who have once entered upon a career of sensuality are generally so completely lost to all sense of purity and right that there is little chance of reforming them. They have no principle to which to appeal. The gratification of lust so degrades the soul and benumbs the higher sensibilities that a votary of voluptuousness is a most unpromising subject for reformatory efforts."

In this, the doctor is essentially correct, though his explanation as to *why* it is so reveals more personal prejudice than scientific objectivity. What he is really saying, beneath the intemperate tirade, is that most individuals who engage in sex prior to marriage do not, as has often been assumed, regret the experience. He's right, they like it; and, in the majority of cases, if they had it to

do over again, they would do the same as before—probably quicker.

Modern sex research confirms this fact: Dr. Alfred Kinsey and his associates report that relatively few of those persons, of either sex, who have premarital intercourse express any unhappiness about the experience afterward.

A person's chastity may seem quite important until the decision is made to give it up; after which, it seems like much ado about nothing.

WHEN TO WED

The overly optimistic reader of *Plain Facts* might have anticipated an end to all this sexual negation with the taking of a spouse. Not a bit of it! Dr. J. H. Kellogg's approach to sex is just as severe and joyless within the bonds of matrimony as without. And this general truth about Puritan antisexualism is something the casual observer of American sex mores fails to realize: that the restrictive sexual attitudes that persist in our present-day society have their origins in a puritanical period of a few decades ago in which *all* sexual interests and desires were considered depravity inspired by the Devil.

Kellogg counsels against early marriage—not for the sound social or psychological reasons that might be advanced for such an idea—but as another means of putting off the ugly business of sex just as long as possible.

Since he precludes the possibility of premarital sex in the morally upright, the postponement of marriage means the postponement of sex, and he underscores this point by offering a fascinating physiological explanation of why women should never contemplate marriage before the age of 20, and men before the age of 24. "Physiology," he says, "fixes with accuracy the earliest period at which marriage is admissible. This period is that at which the body attains complete development, which is not before 20 in the female, and 24 in the male. Even though the growth may be completed before these ages, ossification of the bones is not fully effected, so that development is incomplete."

This prominent American medical authority then proceeds to explain why it is hazardous and foolhardy to contemplate marriage before your bones are fully ossified. Under the heading "*Application of the Law of Heredity*," the doctor states, "A moment's consideration of the physiology of heredity will disclose a sufficient reason why marriage should be deferred until the development of the body is wholly complete. The matrimonial relation implies reproduction. . . . The perfection of the new being [offspring], then, must be largely dependent on the integrity and perfection of the sexual elements [of the parents]. If the body [of either parent] is still incomplete, the reproductive ele-



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ments must also be incomplete; and, in consequence, the progeny must be equally immature."

Since Dr. Kellogg devotes several pages elsewhere in this guide to sexual happiness to describing in some detail the assorted monsters, cretins, dwarfs and Mongolian idiots that are sometimes sired by seemingly normal parents, the reader is not forced to depend upon his own meager imaginings in contemplating what the immature, incomplete, or not fully developed child of too-young parents might be like.

Premature sex is equally harmful to the participating couple, the doctor goes on to explain, and he enumerates:

"1. During the development of the body, all its energies are required in perfecting the various tissues and organs. There is no material to be spared for any foreign purpose. [And it must be clear by now that for Dr. J. H. Kellogg, nothing is so "foreign" as sex.]

"2. The reproductive act is the most exhaustive of all vital acts. Its effect upon an undeveloped person is to retard growth, weaken the constitution, and dwarf the intellect.

"3. The effects upon the female are even worse than those upon the male; for, in addition to the exhaustion of nervous energy, she is compelled to endure the burdens and pains of child-bearing when utterly unprepared for such a task, to say nothing of her unfitness for the other duties of a mother. With so many girl-mothers in the land, is it any wonder that there are so many thousands of unfortunate individuals who never seem to get beyond childhood in their development? Many a man at 40 years is as childish in mind, and as immature in judgment, as a well-developed lad of 18 would be. They are like withered fruit plucked before it was ripe; they can never become like the mellow and luscious fruit allowed to mature properly. They are unalterably molded; and the saddest fact of all is that they will give to their children the same imperfections; and the children will transmit them to another generation, and so the evil will go on increasing, unless checked by extinction."

At this point the thoroughly shaken young man and maid, yet contemplating matrimony in granddad's day, might have set aside their copies of *Plain Facts* and wondered, half aloud (to themselves, of course, for one would never have considered reading a book on such a subject in the presence of the opposite sex), whether the early 20s was really long enough to delay—perhaps it would be wiser to wait, well, with the picture Dr. Kellogg has been painting, perhaps indefinitely . . .

Kellogg offers no reassuring word to offset such fears in the innocent. The best he can manage additionally on the subject of premature marriage is: "It is

probable that even the ages of 20 and 24 are too early for those persons whose development is uncommonly slow." After digesting this book, the development of a great many was probably slowed appreciably. It takes far less than this to instill in the impressionable the seeds that will one day produce the bitter fruits of impotence and frigidity.

MARITAL EXCESSES

The chapter devoted to wedded bliss is entitled, in Kellogg's customary upbeat fashion, "*Marital Excesses*." The author commences this section with the declaration: "It seems to be a generally prevalent opinion that the marriage ceremony removes all restraint from the exercise of the sexual functions." He devotes the rest of the chapter to tearing this supposition to shreds.

Dr. Kellogg gives us this cheery appraisal of humankind: "Man, in whatever condition we find him, is more or less depraved. This is true as well of the most cultivated and refined ladies and gentlemen of the great centers of civilization, as of the misshapen denizens of African jungles, or the scarcely human natives of Australia and Tierra del Fuego. His appetites, his tastes, his habits, even his bodily functions are perverted." In many respects, the doctor concludes, civilized man is the most perverted of all.

Man demonstrates his depravity, according to the author, whenever he engages in sex for anything but reproduction. Reproduction is normally possible at only one time of the month—in the middle of the female menstrual cycle—and *that*, proclaims Dr. J. H. Kellogg, M. D., L. L. D., F. A. C. S., is the only time in which sexual intercourse between husband and wife is proper, natural and moral.

He then proceeds to "prove" this statement—not, he assures us, on the basis of morality or "theory," but by relying solely on "established physiological facts by quotations from standard medical authors . . ." To do this, he incorrectly presupposes that what is natural in the lower animals must also be natural in man, relying upon "standard medical authors" as misinformed on animal behavior as he; or, as in the example below, basing erroneous conclusions on accurate data.

Kellogg quotes John C. Dalton, whom he describes as "one of the most distinguished and reliable of modern physiologists," adding, "the facts which he states being confirmed by all other physiologists." Dalton says: "It is a remarkable fact that the female of these animals will allow the approaches of the male only during and immediately after the oestral period; that is, just when the egg is recently discharged, and ready for impregnation. At other times, when sexual intercourse would be necessarily

fruitless, the instinct of the animal leads her to avoid it; and the concourse of the sexes is accordingly made to correspond in time with the maturity of the egg and its aptitude for fecundation."

What Dalton states is true; what Kellogg concludes from the statement is entirely false. The phenomenon described by Dalton is true only in the lower forms of animal life, where the sex act is dependent almost entirely upon instinct. It is not true of any of the Primates, including man. But Kellogg proceeds as though it were.

He is thus able to reach the following faulty conclusions:

"1. The fact that in all animals but the human species the act can be performed only when reproduction is possible, proves that in the animal kingdom in general the sole object of the function is reproduction.

"2. The fact that the males of other animals besides man in which the sexual organs are in a state of constant development do not exercise those organs except for the purpose of reproduction is proof of the position that the constant development in man is not a warrant for their constant use.

"3. The general law that the reproductive act is performed only when desired by the female is sufficient ground for supposing that such should be the case with the human species also."

And having concluded that it is the woman alone who properly establishes the time for coitus, Kellogg adds to this comedy of errors the statement: "The desire for sexual congress naturally exists in the female only at or immediately after the time of periodical development."

Kellogg knew full well that a great many women desire sex at other times besides the middle of their menstrual cycle, when impregnation is most likely to occur (on or about the 14th day, in an average 28-day cycle, beginning from the first day of menstruation). But he was careful to insert the word "naturally" in his statement, and any examples of feminine sexual appetite at other times of the month were damned as unnatural, immoral, and a further evidence of human depravity.

Sex is for procreation, not for pleasure, concludes the doctor, evidencing a most unpleasant bedside manner; and modesty and chastity are just as important within the marriage bower as elsewhere. It becomes clear in this chapter that Dr. Kellogg actually considers *all* sex evil; marital sex, rigidly restrained, is a necessary evil for the reproduction of the race, but an evil nevertheless.

He quotes approvingly another writer, whom he does not name, who states: "It is a common belief that a man and woman, because they are legally united in marriage, are privileged to the unbri-

dled exercises of amateness. This is wrong. Nature, in the exercise of her laws, recognizes no human enactments, and is as prompt to punish any infringement of her laws in those who are legally married, as in those out of the bonds. Excessive indulgence between the married produces as great and lasting evil effects as in the single man or woman, and is nothing more or less than legalized prostitution."

RESULTS OF EXCESS ON HUSBANDS

Kellogg next sets down some of the hair-raising results of "marital excess" (too frequent sexual intercourse)—upon husbands, wives, and their unborn children.

He observes that "the principal blame in this matter properly falls upon the husband; but it cannot be said that he is the greatest sufferer; however, his punishment is severe enough to clearly indicate the enormity of the transgression, and to warn him to a reformation of his habits."

The author then quotes "an eminent medical authority," whom he also fails to identify. (Though the reference to "life-giving fluid" in the quotation brought to mind a character in the film *Dr. Strangelove*, we dismissed the association as meaningless.) The anonymous authority states: "'Any warning against sexual dangers would be very incomplete if it did not extend to the excesses so often committed by married persons in ignorance of their ill effects. Too frequent emissions of the life-giving fluid, and too frequent excitement of the nervous system are, in themselves, most destructive. The result is the same within the marriage bond as without it. The married man who thinks that because he is a married man he can commit no excess, however often the act of sexual congress is repeated, will suffer as certainly and as seriously as the unmarried debauchee who acts on the same principles in his indulgences. . . .

"The shock on the system each time connection is indulged in is very powerful," according to this "eminent medical authority," and "'the expenditure of seminal fluid must be particularly injurious . . .'" He credits these as the causes of "'premature old age, many forms of indigestion, general ill health, hypochondriasis, etc., so often met with in adults . . .'"

Kellogg quotes Dr. William Acton, a Victorian antisex crusader and prominent English surgeon, whose statements appear frequently throughout the book. Dr. Acton adds to the already dismal domestic scene, as follows: "'It is not the body alone which suffers from excesses committed in married life. Experience every day convinces me that much of the languor of mind, confusion of ideas, and inability to control the thoughts, of

which some married men complain, arise from this cause.'"

Kellogg has already established, as we have noted, that undue sensuality may cause spontaneous venereal disease in husband and wife; sexual abuse in marriage is also "a very potent cause of throat disease," says the doctor; and a major cause of consumption—"this fatal disease finds a large share of its victims among those addicted to sexual excesses . . ."

Dr. Kellogg adds this postscript from his personal medical experience: "A case came under our observation in which the patient, a man, confessed to having indulged every night for 20 years. We did not wonder that at 40 he was a complete physical wreck."

RESULTS OF EXCESS ON WIVES

The doctor's descriptions of depraved domesticity become more extravagant as he expounds on the evil effects of sexual excess upon wives, and he here seems to be truly warming to his subject: "If husbands are great sufferers, as we have seen, wives suffer still more terribly, being of feebler constitution, and hence less able to bear the frequent shock which is suffered by the nervous system."

Dr. Kellogg describes a female patient who came to him for treatment suffering from "the serious effects of the evil named." In the author's words, "She presented a great variety of nervous symptoms, prominent among which were those of mild hysteria and nervous exhaustion, together with impaired digestion and violent palpitation of the heart."

Under the heading "*Legalized Murder*," Kellogg relates the following story, "the counterpart of which," he says, "almost anyone can recall having occurred within the circle of his acquaintance; perhaps numerous cases will be recalled by one who has been especially observing."

Dr. Kellogg then tells this tale: "A man of great vital force is united to a woman of evenly-balanced organization. The husband, in exercise of what he is pleased to term his 'marital rights,' places his wife, in a short time, on the nervous, delicate, sickly list. In the blindness and ignorance of his animal nature, he requires prompt obedience to his desires; and, ignorant of the law of right in this direction, thinking that it is her duty to accede to his wishes, she allows him passively, never lovingly, to exercise daily and weekly, month in and month out, the low and beastly habit of his nature, and eventually, slowly but surely, to kill her. And this man, who has as surely committed murder as has the convicted assassin, lures to his net and takes unto him another wife, to repeat the same program of legalized prostitution on his part, and sickness and

premature death on her part."

Having shed a tear or two for the victims in this sexual soap opera, while privately admiring the prowess of the husband, we attempted to recall a counterpart of the incident within our own circle of acquaintances, as Dr. Kellogg suggested, but without success; the wives of our friends are apparently made of sterner stuff. We must confess, in fact, that when we really concentrated on the matter, we couldn't even come up with a similar occurrence from *outside* our circle of acquaintances. In simple truth, we were hard put to name a single female of our acquaintance who couldn't take on any male of our acquaintance, if she had a mind to, and turn him into a hospital case in less than a year.

A certain amount of the pain and suffering that the author attributes to "sexual excesses" was probably real enough, for in such a Puritan period, with so much guilt and shame associated with the normal sexual appetite and the act of sex itself, we would expect to find numerous cases of impotence and frigidity, and the emotional hysteria and hypochondria that can produce all the symptoms of a variety of physical disorders. The symptoms were caused by sexual repression, however, and not by sexual excess.

RESULTS OF EXCESS ON OFFSPRING

Scientific insight disappears almost completely when Dr. Kellogg describes the effects of marital licentiousness upon the hereditary make-up of offspring. The doctor states, "That those guilty of the transgression should suffer, seems only just; but that an innocent being who had no part in the sin—no voice in the time or manner of its advent into the world—that such a one should suffer equally, if not more bitterly, with the transgressors themselves, seems anything but just. But such is nature's inexorable law, that the inequities of the parents shall be visited upon the children; and this fact should be a most powerful influence to prevent parental transgression, especially in this direction, in which the dire consequences fall so heavily and so immediately upon an innocent being."

Too frequent indulgence in sexual intercourse results in an inferior grade of egg and sperm, according to Kellogg, which in turn produces an inferior offspring when impregnation occurs. The doctor writes, "Breeders of stock who wish to secure sound progeny will not allow the most robust stallion to associate with mares as many times during the whole season as some of these salacious human males perform a similar act within a month. One reason why the offspring suffer is that the seminal fluid deteriorates very rapidly by repeated indulgence. The spermatozoa do not have

time to become maturely developed. Progeny resulting from such immature elements will possess the same deficiency. Hence the hosts of deformed, scrofulous, weazened and idiotic children which curse the race, and testify to the sensuality of their progenitors. Another reason is the physical and nervous exhaustion which the parents bring upon themselves, and which totally unfits them to beget sound, healthy offspring."

The doctor also does his best to discourage a couple from taking any pleasure in the act, since a child conceived in lust is certain to have an abnormally sensual nature—"its lower passions will as certainly be abnormally developed as peas will produce peas, or potatoes produce potatoes. If the child does not become a rake or a prostitute, it will be because of uncommonly fortunate surroundings, or a miracle of divine grace."

A single immoral thought on the part of either parent "at the critical moment when life is imparted, may fix for eternity a foul blot upon a character yet unformed."

SEX DURING PREGNANCY

Sexual intercourse during pregnancy is especially dangerous, the doctor insists. "Transgressions of this sort are followed by the worst results of any form of marital excess. The mother suffers doubly, because laden with the burden of supporting two lives instead of one. But the results upon the child are especially disastrous. During the time when it is receiving its stock of vitality, while its plastic form is being molded, and its various organs acquiring that integrity of structure which makes up what is called constitutional vigor—during this most critical of all periods in the life of the new being, its resources are exhausted and its structure depraved—and thus constitutional tendencies to disease produced—by the unnatural demands made upon the mother."

Sex during pregnancy also results in an abnormally sex-inclined infant: "One of the most certain effects of sexual indulgence at this time is to develop abnormally the sexual instinct of the child. Here is the key to the origin of much of the sexual precocity and depravity which curse humanity. Sensuality is born in the souls of a large share of the rising generation. What wonder that prostitution flourishes in spite of Christianity and civil law?"

For good measure, Kellogg adds this quote from Dr. J. R. Black: "'Coition during pregnancy is one of the ways in which the predisposition is laid for that terrible disease in children, epilepsy.'"

SEX DURING MENSTRUATION

Sex during menstruation is, for the author, unthinkably loathsome, and a "heinous violation of nature's laws." He states, "Reason and experience both

show that sexual relations at the menstrual period are very dangerous to both man and woman, and perhaps also for the offspring, should there chance to be conception. The woman suffers from the congestion and nervous excitement which occur at the most inopportune moment possible. Man may suffer physical injury, though," Kellogg adds reassuringly, "there are no grounds for the assertions of Pliny that the menstrual blood is so potent for evil that it will, by mere touch, rust iron, render a tree sterile, make dogs mad, etc., or that of Paracelsus that 'of it the Devil makes spiders, fleas, caterpillars, and all the other insects that people the air.'"

SENILE SEXUALITY

Sexual intercourse is as unnatural in the old as in the young, according to Kellogg; he writes, "As with childhood, old age is a period in which the reproductive functions are quiescent unless unnaturally stimulated. Sexual life begins with puberty, and in the female, ends at about the age of 45 years, the period known as the *menopause*, or *turn of life*. At this period, according to the plainest indications of nature, all functional activity should cease. If this law is disregarded, disease, premature decay, possibly local degenerations, will be sure to result. Nature cannot be abused with impunity."

"The proper limit of man's functional activity" is, according to Kellogg, 50; and it is exceedingly dangerous for a man to extend his sex life longer, for it may result in early senility and death. In addition, states the author, "When the passions have been indulged, and their diminishing vigor stimulated, a horrid disease, *satyriasis*, not infrequently seizes upon the imprudent individual, and drives him to the perpetration of the most loathsome crimes and excesses. Passions cultivated and encouraged by gratification through life will thus sometimes assert a total supremacy in old age."

ABNORMAL SEX, BIRTH CONTROL & ABORTION

All forms of nonprocreative sex play are considered, by the doctor, to be heinous crimes against nature, too abominable to deserve space in his book. He states, "We have at our disposition numerous facts which rigorously prove the disastrous influence of abnormal coitus to the woman, but we think it useless to publish them. All practitioners have more or less observed them, and it will only be necessary for them to call upon their memories to supply what our silence leaves."

The doctor observes, however, that the use of various popular pharmaceutical and mechanical methods of birth control are as much a crime against nature as any act of sexual perversion. He states, "We hear a good deal about cer-

tain crimes against nature, such as pederasty and sodomy, and they meet with the indignant condemnation of all right-minded persons. The statutes are especially severe on offenders of this class, the penalty being imprisonment between one and ten years, whereas fornication is punished by imprisonment for not more than 60 days and a fine of less than \$100. But the query very pertinently arises just here as to whether the use of the condom and defertilizing injections is not equally a crime against nature, and quite as worthy of our detestation and contempt."

Dr. Kellogg considers the use of such contraceptive measures as a form of abortion and deems all abortion to be murder. He is most emotionally emphatic on this point, stating: "Is it immoral to take a human life? Is it a sin to kill a child? Is it a crime to strangle an infant at birth? Is it a murderous act to destroy a half-formed human being in its mother's womb? Who will dare to answer 'No' to one of these questions? Then who can refuse assent to the plain truth that it is equally a murder to deprive of life the most recent product of the generative act?"

Thus does Dr. Kellogg complete his full-rounded picture of sexual abstinence in marriage. The chaste are pure, for the sexual inclinations of man are surely the inspiration of Satan himself, introduced on this earth to tempt the weak and the unwary, and leading to an indescribable assortment of diseases and deaths in this world, and to eternal damnation in the next.

We know nothing of the life of Mrs. J. H. Kellogg, but it cannot have been a very satisfying physical union. We can only hope that she developed a taste for the peanut butter sandwiches that were the inspiration of one of her husband's more inventive moments, since he displays such an aversion to assuaging any other sort of bodily appetite. If this personal aside seems unjustly snide, please consider the countless thousands of young couples whose chances for marital happiness were diminished or actually destroyed, because one or both of them read and believed Dr. Kellogg's book of Puritan perversion. What naïve maid could consider the act of love with anything but repugnance and fear after digesting the contents of this volume; how many wives found frigidity in its pages, and how many husbands derived a lifetime of sexual guilt and even impotence there? The number is incalculable. And since this book is but a single, all too typical example of the antisexual thinking of the time, it is only to be wondered that our present society is not more severely sexually suppressed than it is.

THE SOLITARY VICE

It will come as no surprise to the stu-

dent of psychosexual pathology that Dr. J. H. Kellogg saves for his last and most damning condemnation, the act of masturbation. As we have already discussed in previous installments of this editorial series, the sexually disturbed individual first fixes his fears and guilt on his own earliest sexual inclinations. Taboos against masturbation invariably play an important part in the moral dogma of the person or the society that is suffering from serious sexual repression.

We commented upon the disproportionate emphasis given to masturbation in the restrictive "penitential books" of the medieval Church (*The Playboy Philosophy*, August 1963). Dr. Kellogg devotes almost half his *Plain Facts for Old and Young* to the subject. The chapter entitled "Solitary Vice" is the longest in the book.

The doctor states: "If illicit commerce of the sexes is a heinous sin, self-pollution, or masturbation, is a crime doubly abominable. As a sin against nature, it has no parallel except in sodomy (see *Genesis 19:5, Judges 19:22*)."

Both of these Biblical references are to sodomy and not, as might be assumed by the reader, to masturbation. The Bible contains no prohibition regarding masturbation; although, as we have previously discussed, the story of Onan (*Genesis 38:9*) has frequently been misinterpreted as a condemnation of this act, adding to our language the word onanism, as a synonym for masturbation. The story of Onan actually concerns the breaking of an ancient Judaic law of property, that required a man to impregnate the widow of a deceased brother, so that there would be an heir, and the property of the family would remain within the family; according to the story related in *Genesis*, Onan failed to do this, so the Lord slew him. The medieval Church misinterpreted this and several other portions of the Scriptures, including Adam and Eve's expulsion from the Garden of Eden, to support the antisexual attitude of the Church in the Middle Ages.

"This vice is the most dangerous of all sexual abuses," Dr. Kellogg observes, "because it is the most extensively practiced. The vice consists in any excitement of the genital organs produced otherwise than in the natural way [by which the doctor means, of course, sexual intercourse for the purpose of reproduction]. It is known by the terms self-pollution, self-abuse, masturbation, onanism, masturbatory, voluntary pollution, solitary or secret vice, and other names sufficiently explanatory."

The doctor is convinced that any person performing the act senses, without ever having been told, that it is immoral. He states, "Even though no warning may have been given, the transgressor seems to know, instinctively, that he is committing a great wrong, for he care-

fully hides his practice from observation. In solitude he pollutes himself, and with his own hand blights all his prospects for both this world and the next. Even after being solemnly warned, he will often continue this worse than beastly practice, deliberately forfeiting his right to health and happiness for a moment's mad sensuality."

Actually, the association of sex with guilt and shame begins for the infant when he is first chastised by his parent for the natural exploration and manipulation of his genitals, which he early discovers to be a source of physical pleasure; this negative association then spreads, with his later development, to other areas of sex and pleasure. There is, of course, no harm in masturbation whatsoever—physical, mental, or emotional, and it is practiced by almost everyone, at one time or another; the harm lies in associating the act with ideas of perversion or sin.

Dr. Kellogg offers a helpful guide to those interested in recognizing the evil in others. Under the heading "Suspicious Signs," he states, "The following symptoms, occurring in the mental and physical character and habits of a child or young person, may well give rise to grave suspicions of evil, and should cause parents or guardians to be on the alert to root it out if possible: *General debility*, coming upon a previously healthy child, marked by emaciation, weakness, an unnatural paleness, colorless lips and gums, and the general symptoms of exhaustion . . . ; *Early symptoms of consumption*; *Premature and defective development*; *Sudden change in disposition*; *Lassitude*; *Sleeplessness*; *Failure of mental capacity*; *Fickleness*; *Untrustworthiness*; *Love of solitude*; *Bashfulness*; *Unnatural boldness*; *Mock piety*; *Easily frightened*; *Confusion of ideas*; *Round shoulders*; *Weak backs*, *pains in the limbs*, and *stiffness of the joints*; *Paralysis*; *Lack of development of the breasts in females after puberty* . . . ; *Capricious appetite*; *Eating clay, slate-pencils, plaster, chalk*, and other indigestible articles is a practice to which girls who abuse themselves are especially addicted; *The use of tobacco*; *Acne or pimples*; *Biting the fingernails*; *Lack of luster and natural brilliancy in the eyes*; *Habitually moist, cold hands*; *Palpitation of the heart*; *Hysteria*; *Epileptic fits*; *Wetting the bed*; [and] *Unchastity of speech* . . ."

Having done his best, in the previous chapter, to destroy the loving relationship between husband and wife, Dr. Kellogg now sets about tearing down the mutual respect, trust and admiration that should exist between parent and child. Here is the doctor's warmhearted plan for parental detection of self-abuse in their children: "If a child is noticed to seek a certain secluded spot with considerable regularity, he should be care-

fully followed and secretly watched, for several days in succession if need be. Many children pursue the practice at night after retiring. If the suspected one is observed to become very quickly quiet after retiring, and when looked at appears to be asleep, the bedclothes should be quickly thrown off under some pretense. If, in the case of a boy, the penis is found in a state of erection, with the hands near the genitals, he may certainly be treated as a masturbator without any error. If he is found in a state of excitement, in connection with the other evidences, with a quickened circulation as indicated by the pulse, or in a state of perspiration, his guilt is certain, even though he may pretend to be asleep; no doubt he has been addicted to the vice for a considerable time to have acquired so much cunning. If the same course is pursued with girls, under the same circumstances, the clitoris will be found congested, with the other genital organs moist from increased secretion."

For the parent or guardian turned inquisitorial investigator, the author offers another clue: "Stains upon the night-shirt or sheets, occurring before puberty, are certain evidences of the vice in boys . . ."

The doctor adds, "If any attempt is made to watch the child, he should be so carefully surrounded by vigilance that he cannot possibly transgress without detection. If he is only partially watched, he soon learns to elude observation, and thus the effect is only to make him cunning in his vice."

The habit may be cured in children "by admonishing them of its sinfulness, and portraying in vivid colors its terrible results . . ." In addition, "he should not be left alone at any time, lest he yield to temptation. Work is an excellent remedy; work that will really make him very tired, so that when he goes to bed he will have no disposition to defile himself. It is best to place such a child under the care of a faithful person of older years, whose special duty it shall be to watch him night and day until the habit is thoroughly overcome."

In younger children, with whom moral considerations will have no particular weight, Kellogg suggests "tying the hands," or "bandaging the parts," or "covering the organs with a cage." He also suggests circumcision, as "a remedy that is almost always successful in small boys. . . . The operation should be performed by a surgeon without administering an anesthetic, as the brief pain attending the operation will have a salutary effect upon the mind, especially if it be connected with the idea of punishment . . ."

In adults, or youths, a different plan must be pursued, according to the doctor. "In these cases, moral considerations, and the inevitable consequences to

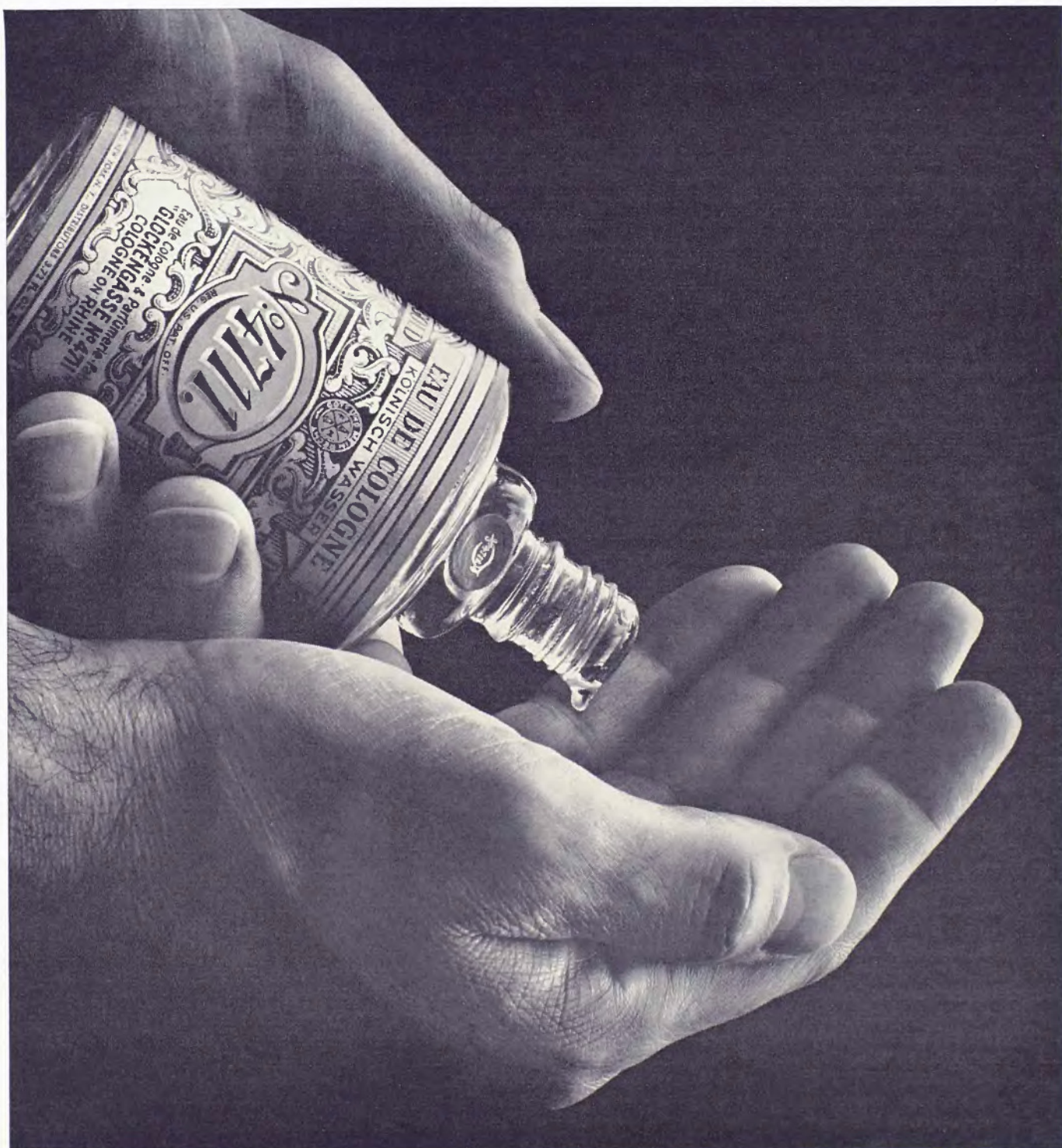
(continued on page 111)

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SALVADOR DALI

a candid conversation with the flamboyantly eccentric grand vizier of surrealism

To art buff and art historian alike, Salvador Felipe y Jacinto Dali is one of the most compelling and paradoxical figures of our time. As the most famous living exponent of surrealism, he has been hailed by one critic as "chief cartographer of the mind's hidden country, and perhaps its chief custodian." His seemingly inexhaustible flood of netherworldly images—drawn, he says, from dreams, nightmares and paranoiac visions—has left its mark, for good or ill, on almost every field of the contemporary graphic arts. He has been a fountainhead of avant-garde designs for jewelry, stage sets, automobiles, ballet costumes, restaurants, store windows, magazine covers, prototypal pop-art sculpture and experimental films. In 1929, with fellow Spaniard Luis Buñuel, he filmed "Le Chien Andalou," a surrealist classic that still startles art-film audiences with a gory sequence in which an eyeball is slit open with a straight razor. Though his grotesque and hallucinatory subject matter—ranging from limp watches and fur-lined bathtubs to

rhinoceros horns and flaming giraffes—has been denounced as "diseased and disgusting," his technical brilliance as a painter has been compared by some to that of the Flemish masters, with whose works many of his own hang in museums around the world.

Dali's most conspicuous claim to fame, however, is a bizarre and highly publicized private life, played at stage center for most of his 60 years, which has annoyed his detractors almost as much as it has amused the public. The flamboyant trademarks of his carefully cultivated public personality—brocade vest, silver-headed cane, scimitar mustaches and outrageous exhibitionism—have inspired such epithets as "sensation-seeking charlatan," "the noisiest artist of our generation" and "a great talent corrupted and devoured by a sickness that forces him to impersonate a clown." Dali remains impervious to such slings and arrows—and unswervable in his sense of "divine destiny." In his autobiography, "The Secret Life of Salvador Dali," he declares that at the age of seven "I want-

ed to be Napoleon. And my ambition has been growing steadily ever since."

The son of a notary, Dali was born in Figueras in the Spanish province of Upper Catalonia, a land whose people have been known since medieval times for their fierce spirit of independence. True to this heritage, he wasted no time in alienating his elders—and presaging his future: He was expelled from elementary school for incorrigibility, and after five stormy years as an art student, was thrown out of college (Madrid's prestigious Escuela Nacional de Bellas Artes de San Fernando) for militant nonconformity. Drawn to Paris in search of artistic succor and self-determination, Dali took root and grew swiftly. His first one-man show there was a sensation—news of which preceded his first visit to America in 1934. By the time of his return in 1940, both he and his limp watches had become fashionable fixtures in the elegant salons and drawing rooms of Manhattan, where he has remained ever since, parlaying eccentricity and egocentrism into world-wide fame and con-



"A psychiatrist worked seven years to determine if Dali is crazy or not. He decided my brain contains the characteristics of paranoiac delusion; but paranoiac delusion is the best kind of crazy."



"Pop art is part of the healthy trend away from abstract expressionism—which has become a caricature—back to the maximum of visual reality. The finest art is always the most photographic."



"I love money. The origin of this joy of money is my Spanish mysticism. In the Middle Ages the alchemists wanted everything they touched to turn to gold. This is the best kind of spiritualization."

siderable fortune. Still stylish, still surrealistic and still enormously successful, he was on hand when one of his more recent canvases, "The Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus," was added to the permanent collection at Huntington Hartford's newly opened Gallery of Modern Art, and another (jawbreakingly entitled "Galacidalacide-oxyribonucleic acid") was placed on display in the Spanish Pavilion at the New York World's Fair.

When we approached the artist late this spring with our request for an exclusive interview, Dali was busy preparing to leave his baroque apartment in Manhattan's St. Regis Hotel for his home in Port-Lligat, a fishing village on the northeast coast of Spain, where he and his wife spend the summer and autumn months each year. Nevertheless, confessing an inability "to resist the opportunity to talk about myself," he readily consented to take time out for a few hours with PLAYBOY.

For our first meeting, he suggested the King Cole Bar at the St. Regis, where the appointed hour of four found us seated with our tape recorder among the decorous afternoon cocktail crowd which was beginning to convene. Promptly at five, the murmuring and clinking of glasses suddenly hushed and all eyes riveted on the famous mustache and cane as our subject appeared in the doorway, paused theatrically for a long moment, and then strode briskly to our table. Shaking our hand with courtly formality, he took a chair, snapped his fingers for the waiter and immediately instructed him to plug the cord of our tape recorder into the nearest outlet. Ignoring our request to repair to the relative solitude of his suite, he announced: "No, no. This is perfect, perfect. We do the interview here. The more confusion the better." Everything set, we placed the microphone before our subject and turned on the machine. A thin gray vapor curled out from the vent and wafted over the bar, blanketing the nearby patrons with an acrid pall that smelled faintly of burning plastic toothbrushes. Dali was visibly delighted. A belated inquiry informed us that the King Cole Bar, in keeping with its air of Old World charm, was wired for direct current only. So our first session passed unrecorded; but it served as a peculiarly fitting introduction, we thought, in the best style of the surrealist master himself.

A few days later we tried again—this time with more success—in the comparative seclusion of the St. Regis library, which is amply equipped with A.C. outlets. Erectly seated on a Louis XVI armchair, Dali leaned forward with feet together and both hands on his silver-headed cane, widened his piercing eyes, and invited us to begin. We did so. It was

not long, however, before it became apparent that any intention we may have had of maintaining our accustomed role of objective interrogator in a conventional question-and-answer session would have to be abandoned; for Dali's conversation—laced with psychiatric and technological terminology, and spoken at roller-coaster speed in a peculiar brand of English almost undecipherably accented with Spanish pronunciations and French inflections—proved to be a surrealistic stream of consciousness, and subconsciousness, as unpredictable and unclassifiable as his own inimitable art. We think you'll find the experience as refreshing as we did.

PLAYBOY: In your autobiography, *The Secret Life of Salvador Dali*, you begin the account of your life by stating that your first recollections are of the womb. Would you restate them for us?

DALI: Mostly it was like fried eggs but with no frying pan. In my prenatal vision, the yellow part of these eggs, the yolk, is almost normal—but with plenty of viscosity and reflections—while the whites are completely divine because they are full of iridescent colors. Everything is soft, everything is dark; it isn't necessary to be troubled about reality. It is the best thing we ever know. In the moment when we are born, we lose paradise. Suddenly there is too much light and everything becomes too dry. It is violence—the trauma of being. Almost everyone has these prenatal influences, but not in the way of Dali.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of prenatal influences, do you feel that there may be some connection between your own intra-uterine vision of fried eggs and the recurrent image of limp watches in your paintings?

DALI: In a way, yes. The symbol of the limp watches, like all of my symbols, has many meanings—though I never know what they mean when I first use them. Only after years appears an explanation—sometimes three or four explanations. In the beginning, when I first made the limp watches in Paris, I believed they were only an illustration of the anguish of time and space. I had just finished eating a slice of camembert cheese one evening and I became obsessed with its softness, with the nature of softness itself; so I added the soft watches to a landscape of Port-Lligat in Spain that I had already begun. I never believed the painting was so important. But now I am sure that this painting is also an exact prophecy of the discovery of DNA, deoxyribonucleic acid, the hereditary code of life found in the nucleus of the cell, which was described by the scientists Watson and Crick in 1953—the most important scientific event of our time, 30 years after Dali's painting. This is really fantastic, because this is the painting that everybody believes is the

craziest, the most irrational and the most incomprehensible of Dali.

PLAYBOY: That is fantastic. But you said that the limp watches have many meanings. What else do they represent?

DALI: The limp watches are also a prefiguration of Christ, because they resemble the soft cheese that obsessed me, and Dali has discovered that the body of Jesus is the same as cheese. This is not only Dali; the first man who talked about this was Saint Augustine, who once compared the body of Christ to mountains of cheese. So Dali has merely reintroduced the concept of cheese back into the body of Christ. In the communion, there have always been the bread and the wine for the body and blood. In the same way, the soft watches, like soft cheese, are the presence of the body of Christ in my painting.

PLAYBOY: Of course. Crutches are another prominent prop in many of your paintings. Is their symbolism equally complex?

DALI: When I was very small, I discovered a pair of crutches in an attic store-room. They became for me the symbol of death and resurrection. But contrarily, they are also related to an impotence complex—something to hold something up. In my early life, you see, I believed that I was impotent. Since then, of course, I learn that this is not true. But I continue to use the crutches in my painting, only now it is sublimation.

PLAYBOY: What does the rhinoceros—another familiar subject—represent to you?

DALI: It is for me the symbol of cosmic goose flesh. Its skin has plenty of granulations. I like this. Already I have received as gifts two living rhinoceroses. But Madame Dali did not accept them, because they are too much trouble to keep in my New York apartment.

PLAYBOY: The unicorn horn is another of your favorite symbols. Isn't it phallic?

DALI: The horn of the unicorn is at once phallic and a symbol of chastity, as in the most paradoxical of my paintings, *Young Virgin Auto-sodomized by Her Own Chastity*. I'm sorry to say that I have not yet received as gift a living unicorn. Perhaps one of your readers would offer one as a token of esteem for Dali.

PLAYBOY: Madame Dali might raise the same objection she did to the rhinoceroses.

DALI: I withdraw the request.

PLAYBOY: To return to your symbolism—in another of your most famous, and to many, most perplexing, paintings, *A Giraffe Aflame*, is the figure of a woman bristling with what appear to be dresser drawers emerging from her body. What did you intend to convey with this image?

DALI: The same as in an earlier painting of the *Venus de Milo*, which I made the same size as the Greek original in



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the Louvre, but with the improvement of many drawers. In the Greek civilization, you see, there exists no introspection, no Freud, no Christianity. With the addition of drawers it is possible to look inside the body of the *Venus de Milo* to the soul: Thus Dali creates a Freudian and Christian appearance in the Greek civilization.

PLAYBOY: How does the inspiration for these symbolic images actually come to you?

DALI: Dali every morning wakes at six o'clock to make pee pee, and in this pee-pee moment I understand everything with tremendous lucidity. This is the most divine moment for knowing everything most clearly. One morning while I make pee pee I am absolutely sure that Dali's machine for thinking—a rocking chair from which hang on strings many little goblets filled with hot milk—foreshadows the invention of cybernetics. The next day I check and discover that Norbert Wiener's manifesto on cybernetics was written fifteen years after Dali constructed his thinking machine. But my machine is never manufactured because I am not at all concerned with electronics, and it is only a crazy idea.

PLAYBOY: The word crazy has occasionally been used by others to describe you as well as your ideas. Are you really as eccentric as your paintings and public personality have led many to believe—or, as some suspect, have you merely employed eccentricity as a calculated device of self-advertisement?

DALI: I am not actually crazy. A psychiatrist in Paris worked for seven years to determine whether Dali is crazy or not. After many conversations he decided that Dali possesses one of the best organized brains he had ever encountered. He said that my brain contains the characteristics of paranoid delusion structure; but paranoid delusion, of course, is absolutely creative, the best kind of crazy. The whole difference between a crazy man and Dali is that Dali is not pathological. But even in true pathologic paranoid delirium there exists some contact with reality. For instance, a good example of pathologic delirium: A man feels that his family is against him and that they want to poison his food. He begins to look around very closely at his family and discovers many things about them that are absolutely true. His fundamental assumption, of course, is wrong: Nobody wants to kill him. This is delirium and is crazy. But from this obsessional idea comes a marvelous quantity of perceptions of truth. He discovers many real things, thousands of insights and relationships that are unavailable to the average person, that usual people never perceive. Because I have this power of discernment, I discover things that other people could not possibly suspect exist.

PLAYBOY: For example?

DALI: Look at the mouth of the girl in

that painting on the wall, and at this lamp on the table, and at your hand on the recording machine. Most people see no connection between these things. But Dali, on the contrary, establishes immediately a complete system of interpretation relating these objects. The difference between Dali's paranoid delusion and the other kinds of craziness is his ability to communicate his visions of delirium to other people. This is the ability to see clearly, which is at the basis of every artist. The clearest such vision was that of Leonardo da Vinci, who could create, for example, an entire battle scene just by looking at random water spots on a damp wall—sometimes for an hour or more. This is the true paranoid phenomenon, because if you can see something in this way, it is possible for you to tell other people "This is the nose of a man," for example—and they will see it exactly the same as you. In the other kind of crazy it is the contrary: You may have a vision or a dream, but after it passes, you cannot communicate it to other people, because it is not systematic or organized. The most important thing in my life is this ability to organize systematically the most complex elements of my environment; to create a cosmos.

PLAYBOY: Lucid visions such as you describe—even to the creation of a private cosmos—have been reported by many of those who have experimented with such hallucinogenic drugs as mescaline and LSD 25. Have you ever tried them?

DALI: No, no, no, because I am not courageous at all—and I don't need drugs to make the visions. There are many other methods to stimulate the vision. I now work with Dr. Jayle of Marseilles on contact lenses to create the dream in Technicolor.

PLAYBOY: In Technicolor?

DALI: Exactly. The eye never experiences total darkness. There are always little patterns. These patterns are the origin of the images you see before you go to sleep. You are completely awake, but you close your eyes and you see many extraordinary vivid images and abstract shapes, which are called hypnagogic images. They are the product of residual retinal patterns. In the dream state they become concrete patterns. Dr. Jayle is making contact lenses to irritate these images, to make more of these patterns and more vivid ones. And here is my all-time crazy idea which I tell Dr. Jayle for the quick approach to create hypnagogic images: Between two lenses you place living flies. And on the back of every fly is one drop of phosphorus. You put on the lenses and close your eyes and watch the flies jumping and romping in every direction: an abstract movie inside your eyelids, much better than mescaline or LSD 25.

PLAYBOY: What was Dr. Jayle's reaction to the idea?

DALI: Dr. Jayle says this is genius. But, of course, it is not practical to put flies in your eyes every day. He says instead it is very easy to put a liquid directly in the eyes to activate electrically more of the patterns. And now I learn that science has developed a fantastic monocle called Electrocular, based on this lens idea by Dali. But the monocle is placed on the outside of the eye. And on it are projected images from closed-circuit television, so instead of seeing through this monocle you see images projected onto it. But I have an even better idea: closed-circuit contact lenses, so that you receive images while you sleep; this is the more compatible thing. Dr. Jayle comes to see me about this idea of Dali two or three times and says everything is cooking very well. It is still in an experimental state, but when he finishes the lenses, it will be possible to put them on the market. Imagine—contact glasses for dreaming in glorious Technicolor.

PLAYBOY: Some critics feel that your artistic gifts have been eclipsed by your devotion to such fanciful notions as this, and by your predilection for bizarre acts of exhibitionism. To recall only a few: Dressed in a gold space suit, you once arrived by ship in New York in a transparent plastic egg symbolic of your intrauterine "paradise." In Paris you pulled up to the Sorbonne in a white Rolls-Royce filled with a thousand white cauliflowers—to deliver a lecture on "Vermeer and the Rhinoceros." And just last year in New York you held up traffic by appearing in the window of a Fifth Avenue bookshop in a hospital bed, wearing a golden leather dressing gown while your pulse was being recorded for public view on an electrocardiograph. Can you tell us what compels you to—

DALI: You didn't mention my most triumphant appearance. Just after I arrived in New York many years ago from Europe, Bonwit Teller's store on Fifth Avenue asked me to design something for two of their windows. I am to do whatever comes into my head. One of the windows I call "Day," and the other "Night." I use very old wax mannequins covered with dust. In the "Day" window a mannequin is stepping into a bathtub completely lined with fur and full of water. There are also mirrors and many flowers—narcissus—growing from the floor. In the "Night" window, a mannequin rests on a bed made of a buffalo. The canopy is the head of the buffalo, the feet of the bed are buffalo feet. The model's head rests on a pillow of live coals. And there are many jewels, symbols of desire and dreams. The next day I went to see the window, and they have changed everything without telling me. The mannequins are gone, the buffalo bed is gone. I demand that they remove my name from the windows and change the display completely. But they refuse.

So I go into the window, where it is my idea to empty the tub with the water and thus force them to change the display. A great crowd has gathered outside the window on Fifth Avenue to watch this extraordinary apparition of Dali lifting the bathtub. But the bathtub slips from my hands and crashes through the window, breaking it into many little pieces and flooding the sidewalk with water. I step through the window to see what has happened and I am arrested by a detective and taken to jail. But the judge acquits me, and this causes a great sensation in the newspapers.

PLAYBOY: Why do you do these things?

DALI: Dr. Rumaguere of Paris, whom I told you about—the one who proved Dali is not crazy—explains this need for everybody to pay attention to Dali. He says Dali possesses a sublime complex, a Dioscuri complex: Castor and Pollux. In Greek mythology Zeus was transformed into a swan and he made love with Leda. From this lovemaking Leda produced two eggs, one divine and the other an ordinary egg. In the divine egg are twins, Pollux and Helen. This doctor discovered that Pollux and Helen are Dali and Madame Dali. In the other egg are two usual, mortal people, Clytemnestra and Castor. Castor, the mortal brother of Pollux, is the mortal effigy of Dali, actually my brother, who died of meningitis at the age of seven, three years before Dali was born. His name was also Salvador, and the family called me, the next child, Salvador, too. For me this is the trauma, the greatest tragedy of my life, but also the greatest good. After I was born my family told me every day, every moment about the other Salvador. They never talked about me, but about him. It became a tremendous obsession. I believed that my flesh and my soul were a part of the dead brother, the mortal Salvador. And this was the beginning of the eccentricities of my life, the source of my exhibitionism. It is necessary for Dali constantly to prove to everybody that the real Salvador is not the other, the dead brother. I must put bread on my head, grow a mustache, everything to create a hyperexhibitionism, to make everybody pay attention to Dali, to prove that I am alive. From this exhibitionism I become, like Pollux, immortal, while the other Salvador becomes dead, finished. This is why the egg is so important as a symbol in my life. In my house in Spain there is a room in the shape of an egg.

PLAYBOY: You say you need public attention. But do you genuinely enjoy making a spectacle of yourself?

DALI: Very much. At this moment when you catch me with the tape recorder I like very much; this is very good. But the most fantastically happy day in my life was when two photographers from *Paris Match* came to see me in

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London. They want one complete day of Dali, every detail. The next day we begin. Even while I eat in a restaurant they take the pictures. I lift a little piece of camembert to my mouth and "pop" with the camera. Every single moment is absolutely extraordinary. But the next day is a thousand times better. When I receive the contact prints I look again all day long and I relive exactly every little moment of this day. It is like Proust writing his autobiography. My life is like millions of people watching me on television, every moment, every second. This is the most divine thing.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you consider the world's greatest living artist?

DALI: In all the arts today, the only good is Dali—but for conception, not for realization. There is no time to realize good paintings. I am afraid to create something good, a masterpiece, because if I do the next year I will be dead—creatively, at least. For everybody it is the same. Raphael after painting something marvelous and Vermeer after painting his *View of Delft* found it impossible to do more. The same is true for Mozart. For Leonardo every painting was a disaster, but he kept painting, because he felt that perhaps next year he would achieve something marvelous. I feel so, too.

PLAYBOY: Most art historians regard Picasso rather than Dali as the greatest living artist. Do you rank him second?

DALI: He is a genius, but he is destructive, anarchistic. He works in an ugly way, in caricature. He destroys beauty. For me the most important thing is the classic beauty of Raphael, Velázquez, Goya and Vermeer. This classical ideal, with its exacting disciplines of technique, is the most essential thing for a painter to study; but the painter cannot learn it today, and this is a most tragic thing. The best abstract painters today commit suicide because they do not have a classical background. Now the figure is again returning to art, but for most artists this is impossible because they have no knowledge of drawing. And so they involve themselves with extrapictorial ideas such as pop art, which is concerned with the common object—the soup can, the comic strips. The actual painting of these objects is less important than the idea of the utilization of these objects.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't many of your own early surrealist works, which were assembled from the same kind of throwaway items—old shoes, bottles, pieces of furniture—be called forerunners of contemporary pop art?

DALI: Yes, yes. I wish to tell everyone of the Dalinian antecedents of pop art. Most important were the symbolic mechanisms which I created with Alberto Giacometti. In 1936 I constructed a surrealist object using an old slipper of Madame Dali's, which contained a

glass of warm milk. Above this was suspended one lump of sugar which disintegrates in the milk. There is also in this assemblage a little piece of excrement and an extra lump of sugar containing several of my pubic hairs, which float around in the milk when the sugar dissolves. At this same time I created another fantastic object from a chair given to me by a friend. The leather place where you sit down I replaced with one of chocolate that turns white with age. Under one leg of the chair I placed a doorknob, and another leg I plunged into a big glass of beer. All of which creates a very unstable equilibrium and causes the chair to lean far over and topple easily. I call this antecedent of pop art Dali's *Atmospheric Chair*.

PLAYBOY: That's very interesting, but—

DALI: Let me tell you also about my *Hypnagogic Clock*. This is beautiful. It is formed by one enormous piece of French bread set on a pedestal. I made holes in the bread into which I put one dozen bottles of ink, each holding a pen. On the bottom of this bread were sixty little strings from which I suspended little cards with sixty little water-color pictures of the ink bottles and pens. And once I exhibited a mannequin with a very long loaf of bread on her head; on her face were many ants. But Picasso, destroyer of beauty, destroyed this, too—his dog jumped up and ate the bread. You can see that I am preoccupied with the symbolism of bread. In Paris I had the idea for a Dalinian secret society to create a new movement of spiritual value in every nation. The idea was to bake a loaf of bread fifty feet long—it is necessary, of course, to build a special oven long enough to bake it in—which would be placed one night in the gardens of the Palais Royal. It would have a highly demoralizing effect on its discoverers. The bread would be examined for explosives and poisons. It would become the subject of conversation and newspapers. Who had done it? Why? And then another loaf of bread sixty-five feet long would suddenly appear in the courtyard at Versailles. And on the same day loaves of bread one hundred feet long would appear in all the capitals of Europe, in America, in Shanghai, everywhere. Everyone would think this is the work of a dangerous international conspiracy.

PLAYBOY: You're probably right, but—

DALI: I must tell also about the truly fantastic siphon which I create for a soda-dispenser bottle. It has a plunger twenty-five feet long. Everything else is normal. It was exhibited in the Julien Levy Gallery in New York, one of my first exhibits in this country. But nobody notices it at all. The people came and looked at this object and nobody paid any attention because it creates an insuperable problem: out of reality to create a completely irrational object. Nobody cared. But now with pop art

everybody makes a tremendous reputation with these things.

PLAYBOY: Why, in your opinion?

DALI: Because pop art is part of the healthy trend away from abstract expressionism—which has become a caricature—back to the maximum of visual reality with no modifications, back to painting everything exactly as it appears with no changes. Such objective copying is not new. Vermeer, in the 17th Century, was more pop art than the best-known modern pop artists, like Lichtenstein. Lichtenstein is subjective, a romantic. He paints an ice-cream soda in a kind of old-fashioned glass that no longer exists in the drugstore. He does this because he remembers an ice-cream soda as a nostalgic memory of a happy childhood, a Proustian kind of art, a remembrance of things past. But Vermeer, no: Vermeer is not sentimental or romantic at all. He is completely objective, completely classical. When he painted his *View of Delft*, he changed absolutely nothing. No optical instrument could give a clearer, truer picture. The great masters of art never changed the visual appearance, they did not distort. Even with the Greeks, such as Praxiteles, this was true. The finest art is always the most photographic.

PLAYBOY: Objectivity and subjectivity aside, are you saying that the current vogue of pop art presages a revival of classicism comparable to that of Vermeer and Praxiteles?

DALI: Would that it did. But I have no such hope. After pop art has passed, however, there *will* be coming a period of very objective painting in the style of Meissonier [a French academic painter of the late 19th Century, popular for his photographic, highly detailed style]. This will not be sentimental, but classical painting. Of course, the Meissonier of tomorrow will not express the same reality as the Meissonier of yesterday. With the knowledge of our times he will create a new cosmology. Using the scientific knowledge and experience gained through such developments as the electron microscope, he will have new insight to paint the macrocosmos, the universe of the human face—and that which lies behind it.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that your belief in the central role of science in shaping the art of the future is shared by other contemporary artists?

DALI: Some painters of today are concerned about the developments of science. But most work in a perfectly intuitional manner, reflecting the cosmology of today with no real scientific knowledge of it. But this is not important. Sensible people know that it is not necessary to learn from books, but from sensitivity and intuition. In the case of Dali, of course, painting is but one single small mode of expressing his own original cosmology, which enables him, through his genius and his paranoia, to



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create a synthesis of nature impossible even for the scientist, because the scientist is too much involved in his specialization. The important thing for Dali is everything: the painting, the pop art, the lenses, the French bread—a complete cosmology, a single Dalinian continuity in every field—in morals, in philosophy, in religion, in science.

PLAYBOY: How does the Dalinian cosmology reconcile the traditional incompatibility between science and religion?

DALI: Dali reached religion because of his study of science. In the beginning of my life, I was very atheistic, because my father was a freethinker, very much influenced by the anticlericalism, the rationalism of the French Revolution. He would not let me go to Christian schools when I was a child. The real start of my interest in religion were the days beginning with my interest in nuclear physics—the discoveries in quantum physics of the nature of energy, that matter becomes energy, a state of dematerialization. I realized that science is moving toward a spiritual state. It is absolutely astonishing the mystical approach of the most eminent scientists: the declarations of Max Planck and the views of Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, the great Jesuit scientist: that man in his constant evolution is coming closer and closer to a oneness with God. And now the announcement of Watson and Crick about DNA. This is for me the real proof of the existence of God. All of my knowledge, of both science and religion, I incorporate into the classical tradition of my painting.

PLAYBOY: With all of your extrapictorial interests, how much time do you have left to devote to your painting?

DALI: About six months a year, which is the time I spend at my home in Port-Lligat. I awake with the sun and work until it sets.

PLAYBOY: How do you spend the six months a year in New York?

DALI: In New York I sleep mostly.

PLAYBOY: For six months?

DALI: Yes, yes, yes. I sleep all the time. When the hour came for this interview I was in bed.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you chose New York as your second home?

DALI: That, and other reasons. Also I like New York because there are more ideas here than anywhere else—a fantastic quantity of ideas. But more importantly, after Madame Dali, I most love money. In New York it is possible to catch a tremendous quantity of money all the time. The origin of this joy of money is my Spanish mysticism. In the Middle Ages the alchemists wanted everything they touched to turn to gold. This transmutation of material things is the best kind of spiritualization.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned your love for Madame Dali. In contrast to many fa-

mous figures in the arts, you have maintained a quiet and continuous history of married life with the same woman.

DALI: For thirty years, or something like that. A very remarkable marriage in every way—from the very beginning, when we were married with only a civil rite, not a religious ceremony, because the first husband of Madame Dali is Paul Eluard, the poet. It is not possible in Catholic countries to remarry in a church. But after Eluard is dead, in that moment we perform a Catholic marriage in a little church with an archbishop. And I love so tremendously the organ, the trumpet, the bishop, all the ceremony, that I wanted to be married again immediately. I would like all of my life to become a ritual. But there is only one archbishop in Port-Lligat, so we can't be married again. But the archbishop tells me it is possible to marry the lady again in a Coptic ceremony, the most beautiful of all. It doesn't improve anything, but it also doesn't take away anything. So we had three ceremonies: civil, Catholic and Coptic. I absolutely love this idea. Dali is the contrary of everybody because everybody makes divorce over and over, while I marry my wife again and again. Also another curious thing: I never make love except with Madame Dali.

PLAYBOY: Not even during your student days in Madrid?

DALI: In my whole life never before I met my wife, because I was fantastically afraid about sex, even though there were tremendous opportunities. I was afraid that I was impotent, because I read an erotic book in Spain which discussed in the very brutal Spanish manner how to make love—not in the front but only in the back—and it says the girl produces a noise as if you had broken a watermelon. I felt that for me to cause such a noise was impossible, and this created a complex of impotence. But later, as I told you before, I discover that I am not impotent.

PLAYBOY: Do you plan on having any children?

DALI: I don't like the child. I don't like the dog, the cat, nothing small. Only the flounder—and only in my dreams, where the flounder is living in the carpet and not in the sea. But I am nevertheless tremendously interested in everything erotic. Everything in my painting and everything in religion is very erotic. There is a religious book proving that all the great Spanish mystics, Saint Theresa and Saint John of the Cross, were completely chaste but they had erotic ecstasies like orgasms when they saw angels and most beautiful things. Erotic ecstasies and religious ecstasies are very close: One is mechanical, the other is spiritual. But my voice disappears. Madame Dali says I use my voice too much.

PLAYBOY: One final question, then. Would you tell us about any plans you

may have for the future?

DALI: Yes, yes—but first I have thought of a tremendous idea for you, for a most beautiful pop-art cover for **PLAYBOY**: photograph of Dali's fantastic *Aphrodisiac Jacket*. It consists of one regular smoking jacket—but with plenty of little jigger glasses fastened onto the front. All of the glasses are filled with crème de menthe, and in every glass is a dead fly in the bottom. Very luxurious, very brilliant object. Only two days ago Dali discovers the real mathematical significance of this creation in the *Scientific American* magazine, about the smell of peppermint: It shows every kind of smell arranged mathematically, according to the constitutional geometry of its molecules, including the molecular arrangement of the smell of peppermint. So one of my greatest pop-art objects is now becoming completely scientific. Add to this creation plenty of straws, each in the middle of the green crème de menthe. Then put inside the jacket a nude model, showing the legs and the beginning of the bosoms; her sex is not showing, but almost, almost. It is possible instead of a coat hanger to show the girl's face—but not the whole face, just up to the mouth. But you decide. Perhaps it is best to use a smoking jacket of moiré silk pattern. Some people tell me that in a shop for theatrical supplies you can get a "twist" jacket, which is more fancy and extraordinary than the usual ones—the kind twist boys like the Beatles would wear. Since the sexes of the Beatles is so ambiguous—nobody knows if it is boy or girl with the hair so long—the quintessence of ambiguity is this smoking jacket of Dalinian pop art. I propose that this is the most beautiful, the most fantastic cover for **PLAYBOY**.

PLAYBOY: Thanks for the suggestion. We'll take it under advisement. Now will you tell us about your plans for the future?

DALI: Yes. In two years, I plan a tremendous agony: to cut off my mustache. I will do this because my hair collapse on top, and I wish to wear a wig. But it is not possible to have both a mustache and a wig—this is too much. So I must cut off my mustache. The ceremony will take place in Venice, and there will be television and everybody will come—a completely liturgical scene. I will then have not one but two wigs made—one gray for the daytime, one black for night; and with this gesture, the monarchy will arrive back in Europe. General Franco will decide to re-establish the monarchy in Spain, and in this moment of the return of the monarchy, everybody will wear wigs again, and there will be a renaissance of ornamentation and plumes and tremendous quantities of little cakes and candies. Art and painting will flourish. And so will Dali.





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JOHN GRANT'S LITTLE ANGEL

*he was true to his
wife in his fashion, but
he cried for madder
music and stronger wine*

fiction By WALT GROVE

WHEN GRANT got off the 10:05 from Stamford, at Grand Central, he walked out the Lexington exit, but instead of going to his office, he went to a bar on Third Avenue. He had a bad hangover and felt guilty as hell. All the way in town, on the train, he had kept thinking, What in God's name am I going to do? The night before, in one impetuous, passionate moment, he had thrown away

his entire future.

"Black and White, and soda," he said to the bartender, and his fingers trembled as he took out his wallet. He drank down the Scotch and said, "Make it a double this time, in a tall glass with lots of ice."

"Yes, sir."

Grant picked up a dime from the change lying on the bar and walked back to the telephone booth. He



called his office and asked for his secretary. "Ruby, don't let on who this is, don't say my name, but has Fred been in yet this morning?"

"Yes, sir," Ruby said. She was quite a bit older than the other girls and, possibly because of that, intensely loyal to Grant. "He's out now, though, with a client. Then he's got a lunch date. He'll be back around three."

Grant licked his dry lips. "Well, has Jack Regal called me this morning?"

"No, sir."

"Well, has he called Fred? This is very important to me, dear. I've got to know if Jack Regal has tried to get in touch with Fred, in any way, this morning."

"I don't know."

Grant was sweating, and it wasn't

only because he was in a phone booth. "Listen, try to find out. But be discreet. I don't want Fred, or anyone, to know I'm trying to find out. And, Ruby, would you mind sticking around until I come in? You can go out to lunch at one o'clock or so."

"Oh, of course."

Grant went back to the bar. Fred would never have done anything so foolish, he was thinking; Fred would

never do what I did with a prospective client's wife. He told himself he would not be surprised if Fred wanted to dissolve the partnership. They owned, jointly, what Grant called "the world's smallest advertising agency." It was really not that small, but if the agency did not survive and prosper, there would be only two mourners at the deathbed: Fred and himself—and, of course, their wives and children. And if they didn't survive, Grant knew it would be his fault.

For six months he had been trying to get the account of Regal Frocks. They created, manufactured and distributed clothing for girls ten years old and younger. ("A Regal Frock *belongs* on your little princess.") The corporation was run by Jack Regal, a young, muscular, aggressive man who was rapidly growing bald. The Regal account was a big account, a national account, and Grant and Fred had nothing like it. For six months Grant had slaved to get it, and then the night before had thrown it all away.

Jack Regal and his wife Jackie—her name was Judith, but everyone called her Jackie—had invited Grant and his wife Edith to dinner at their home in the Riverdale section of the Bronx. It was on nearly an acre of ground, a big, comfortable house. As soon as Grant and Edith had arrived, Jack had taken them down to the playroom where he had his electric trains. There was a bar, comfortable chairs and sofas, and everything was monogrammed J & J. Jack made martinis in a pitcher only slightly smaller than an umbrella stand and they had several before Jackie, who had been with the children, came down.

When Grant looked at her he experienced a sudden burst of sexual feeling, of a sort he couldn't remember having had since college days. He was surprised, because she was not unusual in appearance: too short to be beautiful, too rounded to be chic. But when they were introduced, and Grant took her hand, he felt her fingers tremble in his. For a second she looked into his eyes, and he saw the same desire that he was feeling.

Grant had not had an affair since he had been married; when he'd had chances he hadn't wanted to take time from work. He hadn't cared that much. If someone had asked his opinion about it, he would have said casually, "Oh, I imagine it's the rare couple who spend their adult lives together without something of that sort happening." But when he looked at Jackie Regal, what he felt was far from casual.

If it hadn't been for the damn martinis. Three times the maid came downstairs to ask if she should serve. And each time Jack had said no, they'd have a couple more. And they all four had got drunk.

Grant remembered getting up, with

the honest intention of finding a bathroom. He could not remember if Jackie had left the playroom before he had or not. But he did remember encountering her in a butler's pantry, a small room with swinging doors. He had held out his arms, and she had come into them, and they had glued themselves together. Then the door behind him had swung open, and someone had said, "Oh, sorry," and the door had closed.

Jackie had jumped away, but too late. "I don't think he saw," she said huskily, looking at him and licking her lips as if he would be delicious to eat. "You go wash your face."

But Grant had known that only a blind man would not have seen. And, standing in the butler's pantry, he had known, too, that he had lost what he had worked for so hard. "All right, I'll wash my face," he had said mournfully, and he had.

When Grant returned to the playroom he saw the stiffness, felt the silence, of the three of them sitting there. Jack had seen and, obviously, had told Edith. Grant's memory of dinner was of drinking as much wine as he could, to blot out horror. He could not remember saying good night, nor driving back to Stamford. Edith had driven in to New York to meet him; perhaps she had driven them home. She had been asleep when he left that morning, but she would certainly be awake when he got home that night.

Oh, God, Grant thought, what am I going to do?

"Don't worry," someone said in a soft voice. "Things will work out much better than you imagine."

Grant turned. A girl was sitting on a bar stool next to him; he hadn't seen her come in, he'd been so sunk in himself. She could not be older than 21, he knew, and she was wearing the feminine version of the classic Chesterfield and carrying an ebony stick with a plain ivory head. Grant had never seen so young a girl carry a stick, and he thought for a moment she had a disability, perhaps a twisted ankle from a skiing weekend, but no, her legs appeared to be in excellent condition. She wore no hat and her hair was golden, not blonde, but a gold that glowed in the darkness of the bar.

What she said had startled Grant—and then angered him; he felt it an invasion of privacy for someone to read his mind. "I beg your pardon?" he said, sounding cool.

"I said, the first one of the day," the girl said, smiling. "There's nothing like the first drink of the day." Without taking off her glove she lifted her glass.

"Are you *sure* that's what you said?" Grant asked.

"Of course," she said. "What did you think?"

Grant shook his head. If he was hav-

ing auditory hallucinations he wasn't going to talk about it in bars, he was going to a doctor.

"Well, happy days," the girl said, and she drank, then sighed with pleasure. Quite abruptly, she blushed. "Oh, I don't ordinarily drink at this time of day, but, you see, for me it's really five o'clock." She pushed back the right sleeve of her coat and glanced at a large, practical-looking wrist watch. "Eight minutes past, to be exact."

Grant stared at her. "You don't wear two wrist watches, do you?"

"Why, how did you know?" she said. "Yes, one on my left wrist, with local time"—she showed him. "And this other one, with—"

"Greenwich mean time," Grant finished for her.

She hesitated. "Well, no. It has the time where I came from. But the idea is the same. How did you know?"

"I knew a pilot," Grant said. "He made that long flight to Australia and back. He got in the habit of wearing two watches. You aren't a pilot?"

"Well, I fly."

"But, I mean, not a transport pilot."

"No, they don't let me transport groups of people," she said, and she sounded rather sad.

"Well, that's not unusual," Grant said. "I'd be very surprised if an airline did hire you."

"Oh, you say that only because I'm female," she said, her lovely little chin rising. "If you had read history, you'd know that both males *and* females were involved in transporting people by air—frequently *large* groups of people—from the earliest days."

It seemed to Grant he had read a newspaper item about a woman back in the Twenties who'd flown copilot for a New England airline. "You're involved with flying, then?"

"Oh, yes. I fly all over the world, all the time. But I fly alone."

"You mean you pilot a plane—"

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "I simply meant I fly alone, by myself. But someday," she added softly, "someday I'm going to transport groups of people. Someday they'll let me."

"The people you work for? How do you know?"

"The higher-ups," she said, nodding and looking into the distance. "Oh, I know they will. You see, that's what I was *made* for, really."

Grant couldn't picture her daintiness at the controls of a Mach Three jet transport. It was impossible. "Well, a lot of us feel we have talents we don't possess. It's only when we test our desires in reality—"

"I tell you, I was made for it," the girl said. "It's *the* thing I was made for. But I've got to convince the higher-ups now."

(continued overleaf)



"I'd like to help, miss, but my wife just came in, too."

"Show them you can, you mean?"

"Oh, they know I can," she said. "No, I have to prove I'm worthy. You see, when I was younger, I got into trouble. I got drunk in Chicago."

Grant smiled. "Most kids get tight sometime."

"But I was drunk from the night before Thanksgiving until two days after New Year's Eve," she said. "Does that shock you?"

"It surprises me," Grant said.

"I was just a baby then," she said, explaining. "I was so new. I got drunk and lived in expensive hotels and bought marvelous clothes and went on the town every night and spent all the gold they'd given me and charged things and ran up enormous bills. And twice I picked pockets."

"Really," Grant said.

She leaned close to him and whispered, "It's not hard. Want me to show you?"

"No," Grant said. "I don't think so."

"Well, here's your wallet, anyway," she said, handing him his wallet; it had been in his jacket pocket.

"No wonder you got in trouble," Grant said. "Drinking that way and spending company money and stealing." He looked at her closely. "There was a man involved, too, wasn't there? A handsome, no-good, worthless—"

She blushed a pretty, rosy pink. "That is none of your concern," she said stiffly. "And you are no one to lecture me, John Grant. You drink that way, too, sometimes. And you have been involved with women."

"Oh, that's a cute trick," Grant said. "But I'll tell you how you did it. My name's in my wallet. And you know I've been drunk because that's only human. And, as for women, well, you're guessing."

She giggled. "Oh, that's the easiest of all. You're a man. It's bound to happen."

Grant smiled. "Your headquarters in New York?"

"No, they're elsewhere. But I come here often. I like it. There's so much life, so many people." She hesitated. "You'll probably think I'm crazy, but you know what I do when I'm here? I go down to the Bowery, and if I find someone who's really down and out, and sick, I buy him a drink, and get him a meal and a place to sleep. I always do. You probably think I'm crazy."

"No, that's a kind thing to do," Grant said seriously. "I think that's a real act of kindness."

"Oh, do you really?" she said, looking at him with her eyes shining. "I'm so glad you told me that. You see, I'm not very good at defining things."

"It's an act of kindness," Grant said stoutly.

"Well, I'd like to tell you something else," she said, and she leaned closer to him. "I'm not a nut or anything, I don't

want you to think that, but I meditate."

"You meditate?" he said.

She nodded. "Yes, I do. Now and then. Pretty frequently, actually. And I'd like to tell you about it."

"All right," Grant said.

"Some people think you have to go to a chapel or temple, some place that's got a sign that says OPEN DAILY FOR REST, MEDITATION AND PRAYER. But you don't. I find sacred places. I mean, I could sit down in *that* booth and meditate, but it's better in a sacred place."

"A sacred place?" he said.

"You find them when you're closest to nature. Perhaps at the shore, at night, with phosphorescence coming in with the waves. Or alone in the stillness of a pine forest. I recommend those places to you. It's an experience that will be beneficial and rewarding for you."

"Well, I like nature," Grant said.

She glanced at her watch, the large one on her right wrist. "Oh, I must fly. But I'll buy you one quick drink," she said, signaling the bartender.

"No, I'll buy you."

"Oh, no," she said. "I have to." She lifted the fresh glass and smiled at him. "Happy days."

"Amen to that," Grant said.

She put her gloved hand on his shoulder, then lightly against his cheek. "Bless you," she said.

"What?" Grant said.

"I said goodbye to you. Tell me, do you have some problem with your hearing?"

"Oh, no. No," Grant said firmly.

She walked to the door, then suddenly turned back. She was carrying the ebony stick in her right hand and she lifted it, gesturing at him. "Oh, there was one other thing. You're to take very good care of your women." Then she laughed, winked at him and walked out.

Oh, hell, I forgot to ask her name, Grant thought. He went to the door, glanced down the street, then across the block. She was gone. She had probably got right into a cab. Grant walked back to the bar, smiling. What a charming girl, he was thinking. A real little angel. His hangover seemed to be cured.

. . .

Grant left the bar and walked uptown. He did not want to go to his office. At 51st Street he turned and walked east to the river. He leaned against a railing, staring at the water, standing so still a sea gull circled twice over his head before deciding Grant was not edible, or would not make a firm perch. It had been years since he had stood there. When he had first worked in New York he had gone there almost every day. He had stared at the water and planned what he would accomplish. Sometimes he had told Frances. She was his girl then. A Greenwich Village girl with a copy of something by Sartre under her arm, talking to people instead of

going to her classes at the New School. They had lived in one room with an electric hot plate and no refrigerator, and they had washed dishes in the bathroom. Sundays she got up before he did, walked to Sutter's and bought pastry for breakfast. When she returned, it would still be warm.

The sea gull alighted on the railing.

"I'll tell you something, bird," Grant said. "It's a long way from an electric hot plate to Stamford, Connecticut. And I don't plan on losing any of it. Not one lousy dandelion, not one miserable crabgrass seed. Understand?"

The sea gull screamed in horror and flew off.

Grant stared into his palm, as if his life rested there. Two full acres of Fairfield County with an authentic 19th Century house and an authentic 20th Century swimming pool; a full-time maid who slept in, and a part-time gardener; a Buick station wagon, a Porsche, an old Morgan he tinkered with on weekends; soon he would buy a boat—his son was seven, old enough to learn to sail; the children went to the proper schools in winter, and in summer to proper camps; a full-time wife, Edith, who also slept in; she was always doing something for the League of Women Voters or something; she had got him to adopt the Greek girl—oh, you didn't really adopt them, you only sent money and wrote letters; and he had his partnership with Fred.

Grant closed his hand, as if he had seen the future. My God, it's only *one* account, he thought. If I've lost it, I've lost it. There are other accounts. And Edith will have to understand that I was tight, that's all. She *knows* that.

Grant walked back across town. He saw a cigar store and went inside and telephoned Jack Regal. The secretary asked him to hold, please.

In seconds Regal was on the line. "Grant? Jesus, buddy, you still *alive* today?"

"Well, I spent the morning curing a hangover," Grant said. "Do you know, I don't even remember leaving your house? I don't remember driving to Stamford."

"Listen, I don't remember *dinner*," Jack said. "The last I remember was sitting, laughing and drinking it up in the playroom. Then, *boom!* it's nine o'clock this morning and Jackie's giving me hell for getting us stinking. Listen, did we ever *have* dinner?"

My God, he doesn't remember, Grant thought. He doesn't remember me with his wife; he was too drunk! "I'll put it this way, Jack. From what I remember the wine was excellent. But, why I called. Could I buy you a lunch?"

"Not today, buddy. I got long-distance calls hanging on right this minute. Let's make it lunch tomorrow and I'll pick

(continued on page 140)



BEACH BALL

*how to set up a swinging summer beachhead —
a baedeker on alfresco fun and games, food and drink*

COME SUMMER AND THE MAJORITY of Americans toss off winter's traces and head unerringly for the cool and casual attractions of ocean, lake or pool.

The summer outing is a delightful ritual that has held sway here since turn-of-the-century swains, decked out in boaters, ice-cream pants, nature-defying celluloid collars, and mandolins, went down to the sea in style with their Gibson girls.

The season and the place have remained the same but, happily, modern mores and technology have turned the waterside wingding into a combination unfettered bash, casual banquet and mecca for the sports-minded (and especially the surfing set, that rapidly burgeoning legion of hardy seafarers who dig the kicks to be found on the crest of a breaker). The range of food and drink, fun and games at the beck of aquanauts and their mermaids is well-nigh limitless. Most of the activities and all of the provender set forth in the following apply whether you're beachbound or

Below: Once an attractive stretch of beach has been surveyed and found perfect for the day's at-ease activities, our trio of aquanettes lets the boys handle the logistics of setting up Operation Beach Ball while they head duneward for a hasty change into something more comfortable.



Above left: The dune isn't quite high enough for our quick-change artists to stay out of eyeshot, so discretion becomes the better part of bikini donning. As soon as the girls are suitably swimsuited, they rejoin the guys, who welcome the chance to race their dates into the briny.



headed for some woody inland picnic site.

Given any form of transport, from a station wagon to a roof-racked sports car, Neptune's sons and daughters can become swingingly self-sustaining for a day-and-night seaside revel. From surfboards to nautical gocarts, from King Kong-sized chess sets to completely portable hi-fi rigs, from geodesic-domed tents to banquet-sized thermo chests, the accouterments and accessories currently available to set up a temporary kingdom by the sea are spectacular in their variety.

Granted the casual aspects of boy-girl beach parties are what give them much of their charm—a spontaneous game of water tag, or the breaking out of sandwiches and beer when the inner man demands, can be a ball—still there is much to be said for organizing your outing.

There are the logistics of who brings what, the planning of menus that are bracing, bountiful and interesting, the judicious providing of amusement—physical, mental and aesthetic—that will keep matters lively from the initial establishment of your beachhead right on through to the dying out of the last campfire ember.

We offer here a variegated and antic assortment of games active and cerebral, food plentiful and savory, drinks cooling and quenching—all of them designed to keep the fun unflagging and the company convivial.

FUN & GAMES

The fun of a day in the sun—particularly if the celebrants form a sizable coterie—can be delightfully enhanced if there's just the right kind and amount of organized play to release high spirits, generate happy and intimate informality, provide "something to do" (to ward off aimlessness), and make everyone feel on equally companionable terms with everyone else. Once the games are under way, reticence vanishes, vivacity rules and the day's splendidly launched.

Although the games collected here have sea and sand as their playing field, many are adaptable to poolside, riverbank or meadow.

DRAGONS: The group is divided into two equal teams, guys and girls alternating, forming a conga line, with

Below: Seo horseplay precludes high-fashion hoirdos for the mermaids; here one of them is unceremoniously deep-sixed by two stolworts.



Center: A hord and hilariously fought game of water knights finds the losers, above, paying chugolug penalty. Winners do the some.



Above: Game of catch has delightful catch to it as player outleaps bikini.

each teammate gripping the waist of the person in front of him. A girl brings up the rear of each line and has a handkerchief "tail" dangling from her waist (a girl with a two-piece suit should be given this assignment, since the handkerchief has to be tucked in place; if it's tied, she runs the risk of having her suit ripped off—conceivably, this ploy might be saved as a capper for the last round). Object of dragons is for the "head" guy in each line to try snatching the hanky from the "tail" of the other line, each team doing its wriggling best to keep its rear out of range of the other team's "head," while simultaneously attempting to maneuver its own "head" into tail-grabbing position for the opposite team's handkerchief. It doesn't matter which side wins this contest. The usual reward of playing is utter collapse into exhausted hilarity.

WATER KNIGHTS: Out in the surf, the girls clamber aboard the guys' shoulders and everybody meets in free-for-all combat. Object is to unseat other riders without drowning one's own steed in the process. Eliminated riders are supposed to give in gracefully and go ashore, but the odds are that they'll clamber aboard again and spur their mounts right back into the fray. Game is over when all the knights are spent.

WATER RELAY: Two teams line up, the leader of each line holding a broad dish or other container (hubcaps will do in a pinch) brim full of

Below left: A welcome break in the day's occupation as chowhounds light into a lunch—highlighted by roast filet of beef on French bread—a happy switch on usual hot dog/burger fare.



Above: Wise diners have sagely set up a windscreen to keep the food and drink sand-free. While one chop plays host and expertly handles the carving, his date follows through with some imaginative sandwichcraft. The rest of the beach band seem to have the fine art of brewmastery well in hand.



Geared for fun in the sun, clockwise from noon: Pocket raft, 38"x26"x5", of nylon mesh molded into plastic-foam walls, by Poloron, \$7.95. Mini-Cruiser, is propelled by harmless underwater jet in as little as six inches of water, has unsinkable polystyrene pontoons, 2½-hp motor, by Formex, \$179.50. Ronger barbecue, by Hasty-Bake, \$45. Portable electric refrigerator, runs on 12-volt car or boat systems or regular 110-volt A.C., by Monitor Equipment, \$59.95. Charko-bob CB-60 grill, has removable legs, by Burr-Southern, \$39.95. Surf 'n Ski, combines aquaplaning and water skiing, by Chips, \$68.98. Tiki Bachi earthenware bowl, by Tiki Torch Co., \$9.95. Sport 80 motorcycle, has waterproof brakes, by Suzuki Motor Corp., \$345. Six-foot torches, brass-finished aluminum, burn 30 hours with insect-repellent fuel, by Tiki Torch Co., \$5 each. Ice chest, holds 50 bottles (12-oz.), 85 lbs. ice, with food tray, drain, by Thermos, \$29.95. Phono, battery operated, plays all records, weighs 4¾ lbs., by Mercury, \$39.95. English tether-tennis set, has three-piece joined ten-foot pole, from General Sportcraft, \$13.20. Hydro-Kort XD-100 Challenger, with V hull, McCulloch MC45 engine, from Dolphin, \$599.45. Center, clockwise from noon: Portable radio, FM/AM/Marine, by Sony, \$99.95. Playboy king-size terrycloth towel, 66" x 36", by Playboy Products, \$6. Picnic hamper, of willow reed, with stainless-steel knives, forks, spoons, plastic plates and cups, metal food boxes and Thermos space, service for two, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$35. Double lap robe, all-wool tartan, 50" x 60", fits into water-repellent bag with storage pocket, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$18.50. Concord 330 portable tape recorder, battery-operated, self-threading, starts automatically as sound starts, stops when it ceases, with five-inch three-hour reel, by Concord, \$200. Traveling cocktail set, in ton leather, with martini mixer, two jiggers, four cups, mixing spoon, corkscrew, plus room for two bottles, from Mark Cross, \$120.



Clockwise from noon: Pop-Tent, sleeps four, sets up on sand without stakes, by Thermos, \$129.95. Picnic jug, two-gallon, by Thermos, \$9.29. Therm-A-Chest, aluminum, fiberglass-insulated, 54-quart capacity, by Knapp Monorch, \$29.95. Surfboard, of fiberglass, polystyrene foam, wood core, by Olympic Surfboard, \$125. Badminton set, from General Sportcraft, \$17. Taffel Swedish camping utility kit, water carrier, washbasin, two Thermos bottles, four plates, cups, food compartments fit into one container, by Gloy's, \$22.50. All-weather lantern, 100-watt incandescence, burns seven hours on one Insta-Lite Fuel refill, by Knapp Monarch, \$12.95. Below lantern, Seabeam spotlight, unsinkable, waterproof, 40,000 candle power, with pistol grip, by Guest Products, \$16.95. Portable TV, transistorized, 4 1/2" screen, runs on standard A.C., car lighter or rechargeable battery, by Delmonico, \$149.95. Giant checker set, from Hommocher Schlemmer, \$24.95. Portable radio, FM/AM, by Admiral, \$99.95. Alcohol pressure stove, from Gloy's, \$44.95. Atop stove, 14-cup coffee maker and server, stainless steel with copper bottom, by Revere Ware, \$19.95. "7 in 1" stove for wood, coal, charcoal briquettes, by Raemco, \$24.50. Cotton terry robe, by Diplomot, \$7. Beneath robe, Bubble Buggy, unsinkable, powered by 2 1/4-hp motor, operates in shallow water, glass-fiber reinforced polyester pontoons support up to 500 lbs., weighs 175 lbs., by Bubble Buggy, \$595. Center, from left to right: Takrow game, with rattan bats, plastic ball, from General Sportcraft, \$4.80. Executoir 880 Trav-L-Bor, by Ever-Weor, \$19.95. Attached to diving tank, Watercom underwater electronic megaphone, carries voice for 100 yards without special receiving equipment, by Bendix, \$239; battery, \$12.95. Thermo-Coat diving tank, with custom D-Pok, Dart single hose regulator and tank boot, by Docor, \$138.95. Outdoor grill, 28" diameter, with steel base, converts to 35" table with brass-aluminum cover, by Hi-Croft, \$49.95.

water. At a signal, each container is passed backward, overhead, from person to person until it reaches the last member in each line, who then runs to the front of the line and starts the container back again, the idea being to keep from spilling any water while racking up the greatest number of completed passes. The process continues until one side's container is empty, or one side is three passes ahead of the other. As a reward, the winning team's container is filled with beer for a group chugalug. Ditto for the losing side—it's the spirit that counts in this game.

SURFBALLING: The group divides into equal teams, one forming an outer ring and the other an inner huddle, at least waist deep in the water, to impede leg-work. A floating beach ball is then used by the outer team to hurl at the inner one. Anyone struck must join the outer circle. The object is to see who can longest avoid being tagged by the ball. Hiding under the water is fair although generally futile.

CHAMELEON CROSS-TAG: In the usual game of cross-tag, the person who is selected to be *IT* announces the name of the person he first intends to chase. Once the chase starts, however, any other person running between *IT* and the chatee *becomes* the chatee, and *IT* must go after *that* person. In the chameleon version, *IT* must not only pursue the guy or girl crossing *IT*'s path, but must pursue him while duplicating his method of locomotion. In other words, if the person crossing is hopping on one foot, *IT* must pursue him or her while hopping on one foot; the crosser, however, must continue in the same fashion until someone else crosses between him and *IT*. Should he,

Below: Outsized checker game is a jumping affair as board battle reaches crucial point.



Below: Gang engages in a bit of upbeat isometrics entitled "Twist Until You Drop." Portable hi-fi supplies the sound while sole survivors of the twistathan keep in the swing of things.



Above left: Enthusiasm reigns supreme in a mixed singles tether-tennis match. Above right: After the match, they play a different kind of love set at water's edge à la *Fram Here to Eternity*.



in the instance given, let his other foot touch the ground, then he becomes IT, and the game continues. Depending on the agility of the players, the variations on this game are endless, as the crosser somersaults, duck-walks, cartwheels, or even—a dirty trick on IT—runs *backward* between IT and the former chasée. The water, of course, is on limits. (For more games, turn to page 126.)

FOOD & DRINK

Among the happy pleasures of an outdoor party, the joys of hearty alfresco meals rank high. Their appetites whetted by fresh air and active play, the celebrants will fall to with gusto in a spirit of uninhibited informality. If it's a beach party, the heady salt tang from the sparkling sea and the brief attire that's suited to sun, sand and surf will add an extra ingredient of exciting anticipation to the feasty festivities.

The one great American gastronomic adventure that no foreign fare ever attempts to challenge is the New England clambake. Years ago, an authentic clambake called for an excavation engineer rather than an amateur chef. In long trenches dug hours before the party, stones were heated white hot. In time, seaweed was added, together with lobster, corn on the cob and sacks of steamer clams. Many hunger pangs later the clambake was ready. Nowadays you send for a mail-order clambake, one of the few 20th Century discoveries that—from the epicurean standpoint—equals the invention of the wheel.

To keep your beach crew from duplication of effort, and to make logistical matters both con-



Top left: After "hord" day of surfing, swimming and sunning, hungry horde eagerly prepares dinner. Top right: Close-up of main course. Above: Digging into corn, lobster, shoestring potatoes and beer.





Top left: Aquaphiles get in one last swim at sundown. Top right: Dressing room—cum—bonfire behind dune lets ladies dry off, warm up before getting back in traveling clothes. Above: Nightfall brings beachniks together around fire for marshmallow roast, quiet conversation, even quieter tête-à-têtes.

venient and a fun-filled challenge, have the troops (those who have not been assigned or have volunteered to tote the games, cooking gear and sundry beach paraphernalia) pick the food and drink they would like to prepare and/or bring from a master check-off list. Tableware, napery and utensils, in the main, should be either disposable or unbreakable. (Plastic flatware, plastic-coated paper dishes and insulated plastic tumblers will fill almost every food-and-drink bill, the exceptions being those occasions calling for a carving set and grill utensils.)

To make your picnic list useful, it's important to throw light on the four departments of any good beach blowout—the prepared food as well as all ingredients that go into food to be cooked; the cooking gear—French knife, spatula, tongs, etc.; the tableware; and, finally, the potables and drinkingware. It's wise to first go through a mental dress rehearsal of the steps necessary to get the food or drink from the raw state to the mouth. A good amateur bartender, for instance, concentrating on tom collins in his sober mind's eye, will reach for ice, lemon juice, sugar, spoon, soda, gin, mixing glass and shaker, and drinking glass. Elsewhere in this issue (page 94), the reader will find *High Spirits* by Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario which combines hip how-tos on the preparation of cooling mixed drinks in quantity before your merry band departs for its festive destination, with a series of temptingly imaginative and highly serviceable recipes that will add variety to the potable carte and make the bartender-designate's on-the-scene duties a breeze.

Modern beach menus will be most successful if you keep the food and drinks as simple as possible. We will take it for granted that such surfside staples as weiners, burgers, spare ribs, cold fried chicken, marshmallows for roasting, the omnipresent beer barrel for draught-brew fanciers, and the cooling confection of ice cream will be part and parcel of the beachnik's *equipe* as either supplemental fare to the more elaborate picnic menus we offer in this text, or as substitute nutriment for those who insist that their fare be completely casual. It should be pointed out, though, to picnicking primitivists, that the beach funfest doesn't necessarily become complicated because it calls for *filet mignon* rather than fried chicken or for champagne rather than beer. In the latter case, each must be iced. There are some foods that are buoyed more happily by beer than by champagne. A rare roast *filet* of beef is actually easier to carve than the usual standing rib roast. Our seaside moral is clear: Make your collations as luxurious as you please and sufficiently bountiful to satisfy outdoor appetites, but keep them uncluttered.

The 1964 models of insulated picnic bags, wide- and narrow-mouthed vacuum bottles, completely fitted wicker baskets and traveling bar cases are sufficiently varied to suit every need. A special word should be put in for the synthetic foam coolers and ice buckets. They weigh next to nothing and, while they have a limited life, their insulating ability is as good as the best of the heavy-duty equipment.

Foods prepared beforehand in casseroles that are then blanketed with several thicknesses of paper will usually keep warm for two or three hours. Be sure that all cold fresh foods are nestled right alongside the ice or are buried in it. Frozen foods like chops and steaks may be removed from the freezer and permitted to thaw en route in time for cooking. If you're going to eat lobster or joints of chicken right out of the hand, moist towels wrapped in foil are a very civilized adjunct.

Herewith are four menus designed to assuage the hungriest outdoorsman and win the approbations of the most particular gourmet.

Menu I

Lobster and Clam Bake
Corn on the Cob
Julienne Potatoes
Salt-Stick Rolls
Iced Beer
Beefsteak Tomatoes, Chive Sour-Cream Dressing
Green Apple Pie
Coffee

The Maine seafood dinner ordered by mail is an iced container of lobster and clams nestling in seaweed. The container becomes the cooking pot. Although live arrival is usually guaranteed for 2000 miles, be warned that the succulent quarry may come a day late. As a sensible precaution, order it for arrival the day before your beach binge. Store in a cool, dark place, and replace some of the ice if it's an unusually sultry day. Cooking instructions will arrive by mail before the seafood itself is delivered. Just before taking off on your beach journey, lift the metal can out of the outer wooden keg. With a heavy screwdriver or pliers, lift off the lid of the metal can and fill it with the surrounding ice. Remove seaweed if you plan to serve the clam broth, otherwise let it remain. Be sure to carry a can opener to punch the metal top for an opening when the dinner is steamed. The printed instructions will tell you to pour a quart of salted water into the pot before cooking. At the beach, instead of water use $1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts of ice surrounding the seafood.

Corn on the cob should be placed on a grill rack above the hot coals. Leave husks on corn, but remove silk. Dip in cold water, and place over flames. Turn corn from time to time until it is medium charred on all sides.

Wrap prepared julienne (shoestring)

potatoes in several thicknesses of aluminum foil. Place over fire to warm. Cut rolls in half lengthwise and butter before departing for beach. If salt sticks are unavailable, buttered finger rolls are a fine understudy. To make sour-cream dressing for four picnickers, combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 teaspoons minced chives and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon seasoned salt. Keep well iced. Put generous dollops on sliced tomatoes.

Menu II

Shrimp Diable
Cold Roast Filet of Beef
Tossed Green Salad, Roquefort Dressing
French Bread
Champagne Cup
Peaches in Grand Marnier
Coffee

SHRIMP DIABLE

(Four appetizer portions)

1 lb. fresh shrimps
1 tablespoon butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup tomato juice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup bread crumbs
1 teaspoon Pickapeppa sauce
1 teaspoon concentrated beef extract
1 teaspoon Chinese oyster sauce
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper

Worcestershire sauce may replace Pickapeppa sauce, and soy sauce may be used in place of oyster sauce, if these two ingredients aren't in your bailiwick. Cook shrimps in 2 cups lightly salted boiling water 5 minutes. Save $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups cooking liquid. Peel and devein shrimps. Combine reserved cooking liquid with butter, tomato juice, bread crumbs, Pickapeppa sauce, beef extract, oyster sauce, monosodium glutamate and pepper. Stir well. Bring to a boil and simmer 3 minutes. Add shrimps to sauce. Keep hot in casserole or widemouthed vacuum jug until serving time. Both Shrimp Diable and roast *filet* should be prepared at home.

A whole roast *filet* of beef will provide from 6 to 8 portions. Have butcher remove outer fat, leaving only enough to keep roast juicy, and tie thin end of *filet* under, for uniform roasting. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roast 30 to 40 minutes in preheated oven at 425°. Carve at beach encampment. Carry salad and dressing separately; mix just before serving. Cut French bread diagonally in large enough slices to hold beef slice.

CHAMPAGNE CUP

(Ten six-oz. glasses)

2 26-oz. bottles iced dry champagne
4 thin slices seedless orange
4 thin slices lemon
1 pint strawberries, stems removed
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
1 oz. triple sec
Cut orange and lemon slices in half.

(concluded on page 127)

A NEW CHAPTER IN THE HUMAN COMEDY

homer accused gertrude of picturing him surrounded by cleopatras in every city and town he hit

fiction By WILLIAM SAROYAN

WHENEVER HOMER MACAULEY left a hotel room just before checking out, he did two things, as if an important personal ritual would be belittled if he didn't.

He looked for the Bible, opened it at random, and read a sentence or two. If he felt he ought to get to the bottom of the whole story that had been started in the one or two sentences, he put the Bible in his suitcase, so he could finish reading the story later at his leisure. If he didn't, he put the Bible back.

The other thing he did was study the room, wall by wall, floor and ceiling, windows, doors, furniture, lamps, pictures and space—especially space, the living area that for two or three nights had been around him.

And then he said, sometimes aloud and sometimes only inside, "I've got to leave you now, all of you, whoever you are, whoever you were, wherever you are, and whatever you have become. I don't expect to be coming back, ever, but I don't see how I can ever leave entirely, either, just as you have never been able to leave entirely. We've been here, we've been in old 702, haven't we?

I thank you for your company, and I hope you haven't minded mine. Dance on, then, and so long."

He was 33, married, still in love with his wife Gertrude after four years, and with his young son named Joseph after her father, because, as he had said at the time of the naming, "Ladies first. We'll name the next one after my father, and let's not forget we've both got two grandfathers whose names deserve to be used up in this manner, also."

"Two?" his wife had asked. "Isn't it one each?"

"That's why I love you," he'd said and had refused to explain.

His work took him from their vineyard home in Ithaca almost daily by car to nearby towns, in which case he drove home every night, even if his arrival would be after midnight, sometimes long after. Every ten or eleven days he was obliged to drive to larger cities where his work kept him away from home for two or three days. Three or four times a year he flew to New York, Boston, Chicago or Philadelphia, and so, since his marriage, he had been to a great many hotels all

over the country and had occupied a great many rooms.

He was not a lonely man by nature and Gertrude had never urged him to telephone, which was another thing he cherished about her, so that he was never really away from her, or from Joseph, or from home, and he gathered that both his wife and his son also had this feeling of nonseparation from within themselves, or had somehow gotten it from him, and were quite happy to have it.

Whenever he left home he said to both of them, "Two or three days," or, "Seven or eight days."

As for Gertrude, she just didn't seem to know there was, or could be, such a thing as boredom or fear.

"Have your mother over," he said now and then, to which she invariably replied, "For tea, maybe."

But when he was home, Homer himself had everybody over: his relations and hers, his friends and hers, and anybody they happened to want to bring along for one reason or another, and he enjoyed

(continued on page 80)





SNOBS' GUIDE TO STATUS CARS

humor By DAN GREENBURG

IN A MOMENT, our text. But first a few words about status cars:

1. All cars are status cars.
2. The people who manufacture cars pay large advertising agencies lots and lots of money to create distinct images for them.
3. When you buy a car, you also buy an image. Others will soon begin to behave toward you in accordance with this image and will expect you to behave toward them in the same manner. *You must not fail these people.*

This article has been prepared to aid you in sustaining your new image.

Our selection of cars (or, rather, the people who own and drive them) on which to comment may seem arbitrary and limited. There is a good reason for this, however: It is both limited and arbitrary—but there's also method in our seemingly random sampling. Lots of cars, status or non, are fairly interchangeable (not necessarily as cars, but in terms of their owner-drivers). Thus, their status rating (the cars, not the people) may be high, low or mixed, yet almost anybody with the purchase pelf might be found in any of them. For our purposes, such cars and people fall outside the purview of this survey. If your status car is not to be found among the following, you may wish to exchange it for one that is.

HOW TO OWN A VOLKSWAGEN

Name your children after characters in *Winnie-the-Pooh*. If you're not married, take women who are college graduates to little theater or terribly smart cocktail parties or to a picnic in the country, but don't do anything with them until you're married and then, when you're married, make a slat bench

and have at least three children and name them after characters in *Winnie-the-Pooh*. Take out your contact lenses before making love. Use a lot of Freudian terminology in your speech unless you have been through psychoanalysis. Go through psychoanalysis. Own the complete works of Copeland or Vivaldi. Read *The New Yorker* and check off all the movies in the front of the magazine after you have seen them. Read *Time* but hate it. Spend a lot of time on your modest hi-fi and leave the components exposed. Enjoy Joan Baez. Tell people you voted for Stevenson the first time he ran but not the second. If you are Jewish and somebody should ask you what kind of car you drive, say: "A VW, and I know, but it's a helluva solid little piece of machinery." Go to any Ingmar Bergman movie and correctly identify Max von Sydow and at least three other actors, telling what roles they played in *Wild Strawberries* and *Smiles of a Summer Night*. (If your Volkswagen is a Karmann-Ghia, you should have been able to interpret *The Seventh Seal* on at least three levels.) It is all right to take a Volkswagen to a concert, to an indoor art exhibit, or to a university extension class. It is not all right to take a Volkswagen to a Great Books discussion or to a meeting of the Birch Society. If you have a small sticker on your back window that reads MADE IN DER BLACK FOREST BY DER ELVES, you should be driving a Metropolitan.

HOW TO OWN A VW MICROBUS

Offer lifts to friends wearing suits, making sure your front seat contains a load of lumber, a bag of cement, oiled saws wrapped in newspapers and a Coleman lantern. Call food "grub," sleep "raw," wear blue- (continued overleaf)



by their transport
ye shall know them



Interlandi

*"Would it be too much trouble to tell me exactly
what you're listening for?"*

denim shirts to the opera, and have sex in a sleeping bag. Grow a bushy mustache. Get haircuts that don't look like you went to a barbershop, even if you did. Enjoy all natural body smells, especially your own. Take things apart and leave them all over the floor. Eat lots of Mexican food. Sculpt. Reshingle the roof. Lay in a new oak floor. Belch. It is all right to take a Microbus to a surplus store or on a Peace March. It is *not* all right to take a Microbus to Bloomingdale's or El Morocco.

HOW TO OWN AN AUSTIN-HEALEY 3000

Go to big parties and find a nice girl to dance with and dance very close and breathe in her ear and kiss her on the mouth and then lead her into a spare bedroom and lie down with her on the bed and crush all the hats and coats. Enjoy Dave Brubeck. See Lenny Bruce in person. Look like George Maharis. Wear Bermudas and sweat shirts with the sleeves torn out. Get a crewcut. Get freckles. Do push-ups and chin-ups and deep knee bends if there are at least four people present. Go to places where they play Dixieland and order beer by the pitcher. Visit a night club at least twice a month and order a screwdriver or a gimlet or a bullshot or any other fad drink that is no longer quite in vogue. If you have any comments to make at the theater, speak loud enough for the people on both sides of you to hear. Take girls with short blonde hair and canvas shoes to drive-in movies. Try to pick up every waitress who serves you. Make sure there's a little lipstick on your collar whenever you come back from a date. Carry Clorets in your glove compartment. Say things like "drift" and "four-speed box" and call tires "shoes." Say you would have voted for Kennedy if you had been old enough, but plan to vote Republican when you are. You should take an Austin-Healey on a picnic, to any kind of outdoor dance or to play tennis. You should *not* take it to Cape Kennedy or to a convent.

HOW TO OWN A RAMBLER AMERICAN

Insist your wife be active in the League of Women Voters. If you are not married, you have no business driving an American. Be sure one of the children has a nightmare and runs into your bedroom every time you try to make love to your wife. Subscribe to *Life* and buy *Living for Young Homemakers* at the supermarket. If your American is a 440, order a dry Beekeeper martini with a twist when out with a client. Never go to more than one movie a month and then see a Disney live comedy thing with Fred MacMurray, saying the kids have outvoted you, but actually talking them into it. Avoid *Reader's Digest* condensed books and say they're too long. Plan to take up golf just as soon as the

back-yard fence is made high enough to contain the dog, and the front door is planed down far enough to close in damp weather. After a hard day at the office, go to your favorite barbershop and demand that the barber cut your hair the way *you* want it cut for a change and then turn it into a big joke when he begins to give you a hard time. Be very nervous about making excessive sexual demands on your wife, who works hard all day long, has a headache and is entitled to a *little* rest. It is all right to take a Rambler to a P.T.A. meeting or to a suburban railway station. It is *not* all right to take a Rambler to a political rally, to a polo match or to a brothel.

HOW TO OWN A CADILLAC

Be either a Certified Public Accountant with tiny feet and hardly any hair, or else be a very wealthy woman of at least 40 and do not go to bed with anybody who does not smoke a cigar. If you are a man, walk and talk kind of old and stodgy even if you're 31, wear a big gold ring with a stone and white-on-white shirts, have your nails manicured, carry Sen-Sen in your glove compartment, sit with your legs crossed at the knees and be shorter than your wife. If you are a woman, wear a Japanese kimono and curlers to bed. If you are not faithful to your husband or wife, try to make it appear as though you are. If you are, try to make it appear as though you're not. Be on the board of directors of at least one national charity. Buy a poodle or rent one for special occasions. Join Book-of-the-Month. Try to get to Miami at least twice a year. Know somebody in Big Government. Speak absolutely naturally to your own or anybody else's servants. Laugh at dumb jokes. It is all right to take a Cadillac to a country club, to a bridge club or to an outdoor exhibit of paintings. It is *not* all right to take a Cadillac to a Big Ten university, to a boy-scout jamboree or to a major-league baseball game.

HOW TO OWN A THUNDERBIRD MORE THAN SEVEN YEARS OLD

If you drive a Thunderbird that was manufactured before 1958 and you are more than 21 years of age, cultivate a taste for Knoll pedestal tables, sailing, surfing, anything in teak or hopsack, foreign movies, exotic beers, private beaches and tennis. Have a ski rack on your car even in summer. Be, in short, a sort of sun-tanned Volkswagen owner. Until the age of 21, it is permissible to follow generally the rules for the Austin-Healey 3000. But if you call your car a "T-Bird," you would do well to trade it for an MGA.

HOW TO OWN A LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

Be older and hipper and have more finely chiseled bones than the Cadillac

owner. When someone comes to visit you in the suburbs and you know he will be getting off the train in a suit, pick him up wearing shorts and sneakers, drive him directly to your tennis club and keep telling him to *relax*, for God's sake, you're in the *country* now.

HOW TO OWN A MORGAN PLUS-FOUR DROPHEAD COUPE

Eat organically grown foods on the sly. Smoke pot and take LSD in public and don't call attention to it. Call sex "making the beast with two backs." Say you used to like Ezra Pound, Bartók, Motherwell, Evtushenko. Play mainly Carter Family or Leadbelly or John Cage or Alfred Deller. Chuckle over certain passages in Hindemith if friends are visiting. Subscribe to *Punch* and *Private Eye* and the *Manchester Guardian*. Be very keen on a comedian nobody has ever heard of. Be familiar with all the Erich von Stroheim movies. Never see a film without sighing that it was not quite on the level of *Potemkin*. Say that you never drink Liebfraumilch anymore, that you voted for Norman Thomas, that psychoanalysis is a lot of rot but you used to be on rather friendly terms with Jung. Spend at least two months a year in Mexico, laughing at things. Smoke hideous brown Turkish cigarettes but hate them. Mooch Gauloises. Ask people for detailed opinions on books, exhibits or plays: smile tolerantly without actually laughing as they speak. Avoid circulation of the knowledge that your wife smokes mentholated cigarettes. Call her Olga at parties and insist she remain silent. Go to social gatherings with a woman who has something to do with theater and who does not use a comb because it injures the scalp. Say whatever comes into your mind. Have sex with the lights on, standing up and with a dog watching. A Morgan may be taken practically anywhere.

HOW TO OWN A TRIUMPH ROADSTER


Be an engineer or a space technologist or a professor of physics or work for Rand Corporation. Wear a little cloth cap and tolerate everybody.

HOW TO OWN AN MG

TC: Wear tweedy coats, play the banjo, smoke a pipe with a dull finish, overhaul the car yourself, and keep the cloth top down all year, even when it snows.

TD: Make this the first sports car you buy after trading in your Plymouth convertible with automatic transmission. Go directly to a little automotive accessories shop and buy racing goggles and an MG windbreaker. Don't ever learn how to downshift. If you are a coed, be on a large allowance from home and talk dirty.

TF: Don't be good at games. Be a
(concluded on page 135)



Herewith a number of fashion-right reasons to deep-six old swimming and lounging gear in favor of fresh garb. Above: Our mermaid-admiring pool sharp plays it on the cool side in Lastex faille trunks with button waistband and coin pocket, by Jantzen, \$5; sports multistriped cotton terry-lined robe jacket with tie belt, giant patch pockets and elbow-length sleeves, by McGregor, \$16; and feels foot-loose in moccasin-type cotton slip-ons, with madras lining and foam soles, by Burlington-Gold Cup Casuals, \$5. His fellow aquanaut is the compleat natator in Hawaiian-length madras-pattern Lastex swim trunks, by Catalina, \$7; topped by hooded nylon pullover with drawstring, zip front and pocket, by Catalina, \$8.

NEW UNDER THE SUN

LOUNGING AND SWIMMING APPAREL ADMIRABLY SUITED TO THE SEASON

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN FASHIONS IN THE CURRENT sartorial swim have come a long way from the bundled-up "hospital-patient" look of long robes and the now square cabana sets that compromised the atmosphere of American beaches with their gaudily overdecorated motifs. Today's trend toward mixing and mating swimming and lounging garb has sent the garish cabana set the way of the great auk.

Now you can express your individuality by creating your own casual combinations. Start in either direction—from the top down or from the bottom up. For example, if you have a favorite turtle-neck or sport shirt, match it with a pair of swim trunks; or start at the bottom and cap your favorite swim trunks (text concluded on page 133)



Facing page, counterclockwise from noon: Railbird relaxes in melon-and-charcoal-striped cotton knit regatta shirt with three-button placket, black piping, short sleeves, by Lion of Troy, \$4; white Dacron-and-worsted trousers with extension waistband, top pockets, button side tabs, by Cracker Barrel, \$25. At-ease aquaphile is shipshape in machine-wash-and-wear, blue-denim Vycron-and-cotton boating parka with zipper-placket front, drawstring hood and bottom, kangaroo pocket, by Robert Lewis, \$15; hand-woven Indian cotton madras trunks with self belt, brass anchor buckle, change pocket, by H.I.S., \$8. Water sport boasts black Orlon knit cardigan with short sleeves, round crew neck, metal buttons, by Puritan, \$13; white Lastex trunks with multistripe front belt, brass buckle, by Van Heusen, \$6. Swim-scene surveyor sports blue-denim waterproof wash-and-wear Dacron-and-cotton chambray jacket with zipper front, buttondown yoke flap, large buttoned flap pockets, by Peter's Sportswear, \$11; red-and-blue horizontal striped cotton knit trunks, by Catalina, \$6. Below, left to right: Chap admiring scenery wears striped cotton knit Rugby shirt with white cotton drill collar, three-button placket, by Herbert Aronson, Ltd., \$9. Fellow girl watcher wears black Spanish alpaca sweater-jacket with wool herringbone front, panel collar, by Cortefiel, \$40; white machine-wash-and-wear Dacron-and-cotton sailcloth slacks with side pockets, by YMM, \$11.



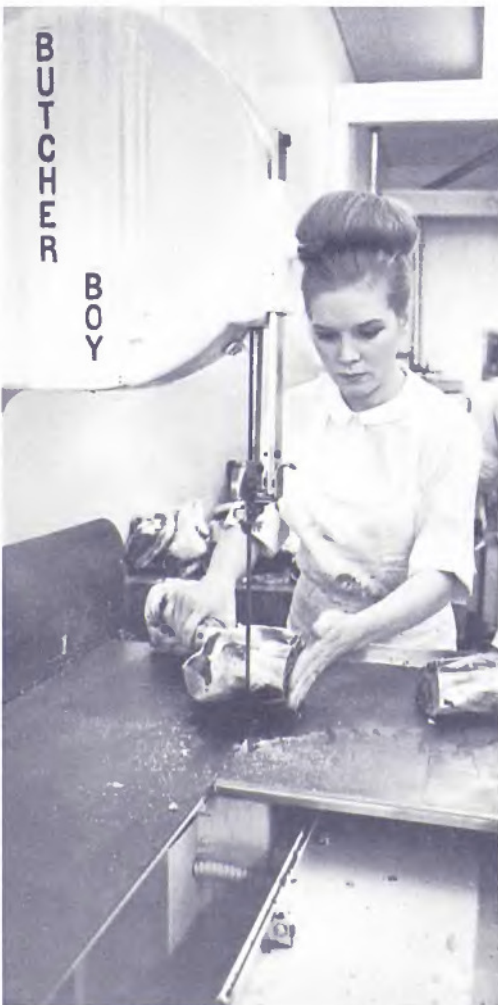
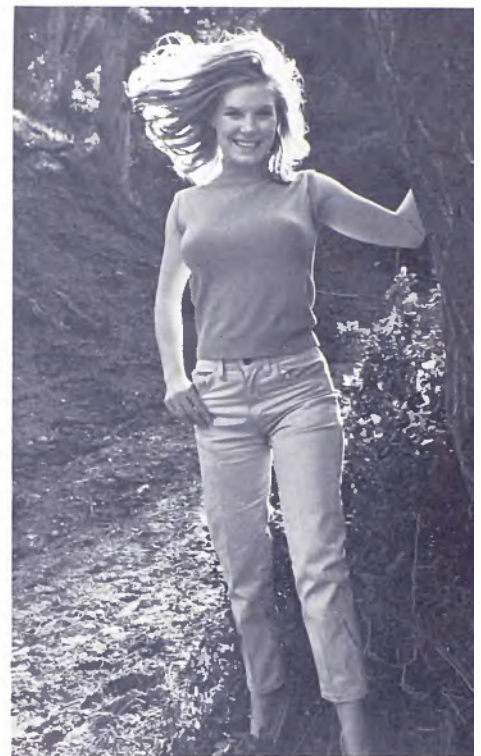


A TOAST TO MELBA

*our versatile july playmate
is an improbable amalgam
of mannequin and meatcutter*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

WHEN WE WERE FIRST TOLD that we could find a potential Playmate working as a meatcutter behind the counter of a butcher shop, we were skeptical; and when we learned that the girl's name was Melba Ogle, and that besides being a meatcutter she was a part-time fashion model, we were downright incredulous—and remained so, until we met Melba herself. It was then we discovered that she's not only a meatcutter and a mannequin (her *What's My Line?* vocation and her name, which is Swedish, are both for real), but also a delightfully feminine charmer who—in a world where equality of the sexes is becoming more and more a reality—has not lost sight of the fact that though there are times when a girl should be equal, there are also times when she should be different. Born in Cheyenne, Wyoming, our 21-year-old Playmate moved to the West Coast as a youngster, and for the past three years has worked for Stockyard Meats in El Monte, California, graduating from assistant's assistant to part-time manager, despite the fact that she's away from the shop several hours each day, modeling high fashions for the luncheon set at Merridy's, a restaurant in nearby San Gabriel. "I like to be different," Melba says. "A few years ago I dated a butcher, and he got me interested in the meat business. I found the thought of working in a meatshop a challenge and I answered a want ad offering a job as a counterhop, which is as menial as you can get. Much to my surprise, I got the job—and before a year had passed, I was a meatcutter. The work, of course, is quite strenuous. That's why I'm glad to take off a few hours at lunchtime each day to do a fashion



An outdoor girl, our ebullient Melbo radiates good health on a Sunday romp in the woods. She says: "I was born in Wyoming, and I know I've got the wide-open spaces in my blood. I'm an avid hiker; nothing exhilarates me so much as a good, long trek in the country—unless it's a good, long bicycle ride. I'm also wild about boating and swimming, and, on dates, there's nothing nicer than a romantic walk in the moonlight." Below: Butcher girl meets Butcher Boy as Melba deftly slices a lamb leg, and shores a joke with coworkers as she selects a double handful of chops to wrap and set out for customers. Melbo hurries through her morning duties, because at 11 she must swap her butcher's apron for fashion finery.



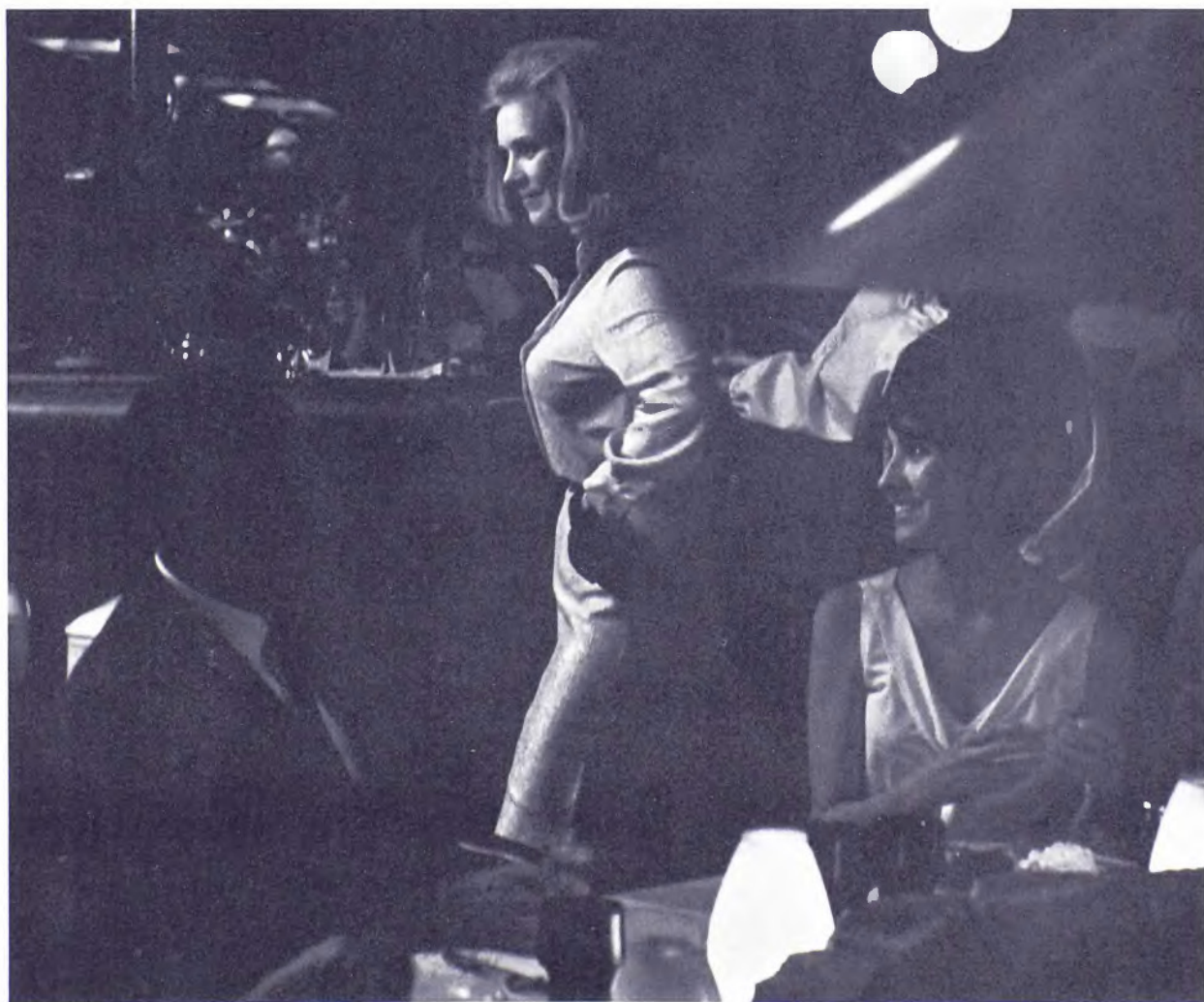


MISS JULY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

show—and wear dresses and gowns that I would never think of buying on my own. I began modeling two years ago. Five of my seven stepsisters work in *haute couture*, and they're all over five feet, seven inches. I'm just a shorty at five feet, two inches, and was beginning to get that ugly duckling feeling. So I went out looking for a fashion job, mainly to soothe my own ego. Fortunately, the job I found also pays well." So well, in fact, that Melba recently purchased her own one-bedroom bungalow in Whittier, the home town of another enterprising Californian, Richard M. Nixon. "I bought a house," Melba explains, "because I loathe paying rent. And though I enjoy people, I don't care for the lack of privacy that goes with apartment living. Also, there's Chewie-Caterpillar, my pet and companion—like any respectable Scotty, he deserves a back yard to romp in." Melba's penchant for suburban privacy doesn't extend to her social life, however. She admits a weakness for tall men ("The strong, silent type really sends me"), big-city night life, and leisurely picnics *à deux* in the woods. In her preference in men, friendships, dress and aspirations, Melba above all respects (and reflects) sincerity. "I get along best," she says, "with people who like me not for my face or my figure, but for *myself*. And this is how I try to base my appreciation of others." For an appreciation of Melba, albeit confined to face and figure, see the gatefold.



Above: Melbo gets a lost-minute touch-up before a fashion show. Good looks—which some beauties find a handicap—have never hindered Melba. She says: "Being attractive has helped me appreciate other people more. I've found that many people never look beyond my face or figure, and when you think about it, this really isn't very flattering. I try to avoid this kind of surface judgment—and in doing so I've learned that every person is attractive in some way." Below: Melbo displays latest modes at luncheon fashion show.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

There's a new jewelry store in Hollywood whose business has suddenly leaped ahead of all the competition. It rents wedding rings.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *historical novel* as one with a shapely wench on the jacket, and no jacket on the shapely wench.

John Harrison was despondent. He'd been married for ten years and had nothing to show for it but twelve children; he and his wife were obviously compatible, but that was not enough. He found it impossible to get by on a single job, so he'd taken two; now the long hours were beginning to affect his health. Slowly he trudged down the basement steps.

"I can't support my family," he said to himself, though he'd said the same thing many times to his wife as well. "I'm no good to them and no good to myself." He picked up a piece of clothesline, made a noose, and placed it around his neck. "They'd be better off if I were dead," he said. He climbed up on a box, tossed the loose end of the rope over a pipe, and tied it securely to the top of the washing machine. "If I were dead, they'd at least have the insurance," he said. "My sweet wife has given me everything, and I've had nothing to give her in return—nothing but twelve children to feed, and wash for, and clean up after, and worry over . . ."

He tightened the rope about his throat, shut his eyes, and then his sweet wife dashed downstairs, crying out, "John! Don't do it. You're hanging an innocent man!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bar belle* as something to be picked up.

Gentlemen of the jury," said the defense attorney, now beginning to warm to his summation, "the real question here before you is, shall this beautiful young woman be forced to languish away her loveliest years in a dark prison cell? Or shall she be set free to return to her cozy little apartment at 4134 Seaside Street—there to spend her lonely, loveless hours in her boudoir, lying beside her little Princess phone, 555-7873?"

The Martian landed his saucer in Manhattan, and immediately upon emerging was approached by a panhandler. "Mister," said the man, "can I have a dime?"

The Martian asked, "What's a dime?"

The panhandler thought a minute, then said, "You're right! Can I have a quarter?"

There's a wonderful new French airline that is almost completely automated. You push a button and out comes your seat belt. You push a button on the seat belt and out comes your pillow. You push a button on your pillow and out comes the hostess. You push a button on the hostess and out come your teeth.

Girls are like pianos. When they're not upright, they're grand.



Completing his examination of the uncommonly well-built, beautiful blonde, the doctor said solemnly, "You are a very sick young lady. I don't want you returning to work this afternoon. Go home, get undressed, and get into bed. Drink about a third of this bottle of medicine I'm preparing for you . . . it will make you drowsy. I don't want you to answer your phone or let anybody into your apartment until you hear three short knocks . . ."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Peeping Tom* as a window fan.

The popularity of TV Westerns is even influencing milady's dainty underthings: There's a new brassiere on the market that is patterned after television's *Rawhide*—it rounds 'em up and heads 'em out.

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn \$25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Uh . . . sweetheart, are you in any sort of trouble?"

HUMAN COMEDY (continued from page 65)

noticing how much fun this was for her and for Joseph, how deeply, like himself, they loved people. When he first began to travel, Homer imagined that during his absence Gertrude had the people over, but it was soon impossible not to know that she didn't, and so of course he asked why, to which she had been unable to make a reply, impelling him to say, "Don't you get lonely?"

"How? How could I get lonely?"

"The way everybody else does, I guess."

"Do you get lonely?"

"No, but I'm a nut."

"I am, too."

"I mean, I don't ever really leave you and Joseph."

"Neither do Joseph and I leave you."

"Do you want to know what I want to tell you?" Homer said. "Do you *really* want to know what I want to tell you? You're *working* at this whole thing, that's what I want to tell you. You're working *hard* at it. And sooner or later this has got to make trouble."

"It isn't work, and sooner or later it *hasn't* got to make any trouble at all." And then, after perhaps only five seconds, but now and then after five minutes, and once after five hours, she said, "What do you *mean*, trouble?"

"Women are women is what I mean. That is, members of the female branch of the human family. And before we were married if ever a woman was a woman, *you* were a woman. So what's all this hard work all about?"

"Before we were married," Gertrude said, "a lot of things were a lot of things."

"And men are men," he said, and then deadpan, in the same quiet, earnest tone of voice, "especially out here in the West," but she didn't even suspect the possibility of comedy in the remark. "And when men are men and women are women, whenever one man has one woman who also has one man, that is, himself, and herself, the woman, this particular woman, whenever this man has to go away, she says to herself, 'I bet he looks at other women. After all, I'm not exactly Cleopatra, and the women in these faraway cities where he goes to, they *are* Cleopatra, every one of them, and I'll bet he not only looks at them, I'll bet he *speaks* to them. I'll bet he talks to them the same way he talks to me, all alone out there now, all alone and nowhere, I'll bet he tells them by the way he talks to them that he likes them, likes them a lot, likes them more than he likes his wife, and I'll bet they *like* him to like them, and who does he think he is to do that?' That's what I mean."

"You mean no such thing," Gertrude said.

"You don't want to ask me about Cleopatra?"

"There is no Cleopatra."

"OK, if you say so, but six or seven banks have put about sixty million dollars into the proposition that there *is*, and a whole great big moving-picture company has gone to a lot of terrible trouble to prove it, but OK, if you say so."

"It's not on television yet, but I saw her on the big signboard, if that's who you mean."

"It is indeed."

"And I think she's very—well, pretty, or *unmarried*—for a girl on a signboard, I mean, and for on the Nile long ago, but not really anybody, not even the lady who plays the part. What are you talking about?"

"Life," Homer said. "People. Male and female." He picked up one of the six or seven Bibles he had brought home from his travels, opened it and said, "Sex. It's all written down right in here somewhere. You may very well be the woman of Ithaca who worked very hard about the whole hopeless problem of marriage, only suddenly to be overwhelmed and forever lost. You're in here, you know. Under another name. The name Gertrude is in here, too, somewhere, but that's not who you are in here. They've written about you, the woman of Ithaca who worked very hard to help found a family, and lost. Read this book, this is a good copy. It'll help you solve the awful problem."

"What problem?"

"Sin. We're sinners, every one of us. And doomed. *That* problem."

"You're not doomed."

"Oh, yes I am."

"Funny, maybe," Gertrude said.

"Oh, being doomed is very funny. At the same time, it is totally without humor."

"Do you mean me?"

"You're *very* doomed."

"About being totally without humor, I mean?"

"If you didn't have just about the best sense of humor I have ever seen in any woman, do you think I could have asked you to be my wife? That's the one thing that's liable to postpone the inevitable marriage, I mean."

"Oh, go and look at Joseph, the way you always do when he's asleep."

Going, Homer said, "And just try to bear in mind how it happened that there is a Joseph. Just try to bear *that* in mind."

Quiet chats of this kind happened every time Homer got home late at night, the chats starting anywhere, stopping anywhere, and being forgotten, or *almost* forgotten immediately, except for the meaning, which was always a mean-

ing of love, that happened during the chats, while he opened his suitcase and brought out the stuff in it, and glanced at the various papers, and sorted them, and Gertrude worked at getting him a simple supper, with tea.

After having a look at Joseph, he came back and sat and ate and smiled and nodded and sang old songs he liked instead of talking any more—about anything.

Now, Homer was ready to leave room 1015 at the Royalton Hotel on 44th Street in New York, at 4:30 in the afternoon by special permission of the desk, instead of at two, which was the regular check-out hour. He had been at the Royalton for six July days, a brand-new hotel for him, in a room he especially liked because it was rather big, and had a hall and a refrigerator.

He drew open the drawer of the night table and brought out the gray book with stamped gold lettering: HOLY BIBLE. At the bottom of the cover he saw a gold circle framing a gold jug, beneath which were the words: "Placed by the Gideons." When he opened the cover he saw an enlargement of the jug and saw that it was actually a lamp with a flame rising out of it.

On the first page inside the cover he saw: Help in Time of Need, and subdivisions of the various kinds of popular need: The Way of Salvation, Comfort in Time of Sorrow, Relief in Time of Suffering, Guidance in Time of Decision, Protection in Time of Danger, Courage in Time of Fear, Peace in Time of Turmoil, Rest in Time of Weariness, Strength in Time of Temptation, Warning in Time of Indifference, Forgiveness in Time of Conviction.

"I don't believe I can use any of that just now. Perhaps another time."

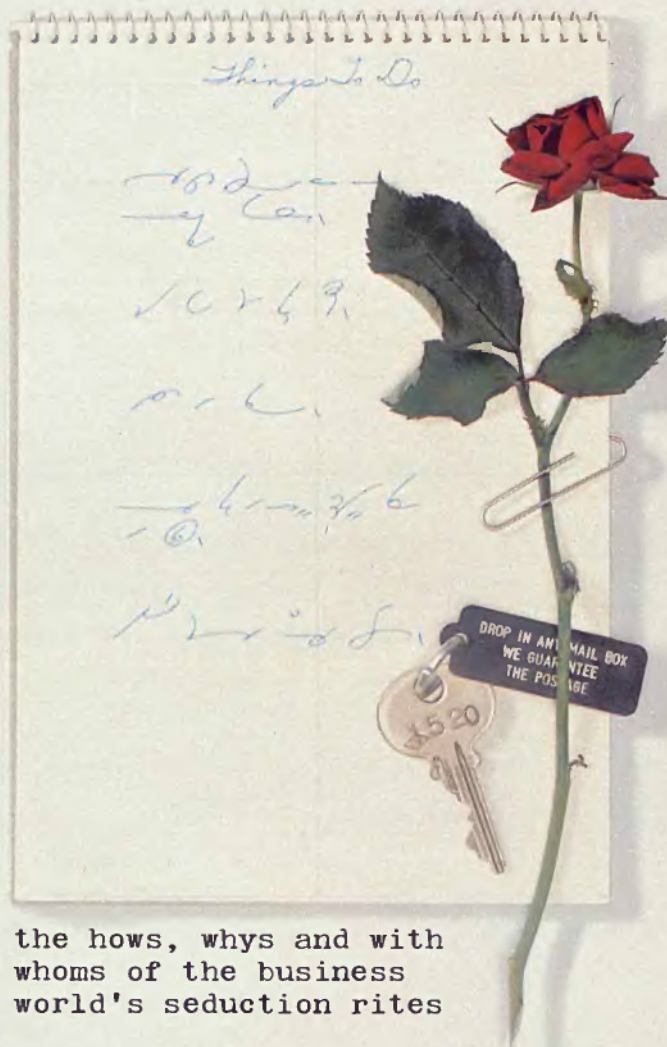
He turned a few more of the front pages and came to a piece of information he had never before found in any hotel Bible: "There is a verse in the Bible that has been translated into over 1100 languages. It tells of One Who Loved us with an everlasting love. The verse is here recorded in 22 of the important languages that are understood by three quarters of the earth's population. The verse is *John 3:16*."

And then he looked at each name of the 22 languages, and at *John 3:16* in each of the languages: Arabic, Bengali, Chinese, Danish, Dutch, English—"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—French, German, Greek, Hebrew, Hindi, Irish, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Malay, Norwegian, Polish, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish, Swedish.

Well, of course he had known the
(continued on page 136)

SEX AND THE OFFICE

article By HELEN GURLEY BROWN



the hows, whys and with
whoms of the business
world's seduction rites

MANY OTHERWISE perfectly hip people, it seems to me, don't take the subject of office affairs very seriously. They think of office romance as mere purple puppy passion among some junior clerks and attribute carnal lust only to a few walrusy-faced tycoons who chase their secretaries around the desk.

Based on my own observations and experiences in 19 different offices, I'm convinced that offices are sexier than Turkish harems, fraternity-house weekends, or Hollywood swimming parties--and more action takes place in them than in a nymphet's daydreams.

Who says office romance isn't serious? Dynasties are toppled, new beneficiaries named in wills, stock issues plunge, new corporation heads are elected--not to mention girls getting pregnant, sexually defunct men getting funct and married ladies who thought

they had it made finding it's all unmade just because some man goes ape over some girl in an office!

We've got to keep in mind who's saying these things, of course. You know how one person will attend a party and say it was the greatest little party he ever went to in his life and some other guy who attended the same party will say it was a thumping bore. Well, this is my view of the party and I honestly believe these things to be true:

1. No office anywhere on earth is so puritanical, impeccable, elegant, sterile or incorruptible as not to contain the yeast for at least one affair, probably more. You can say it couldn't happen *here*, but just let a yeast raiser into the place and first thing you know—bread!

2. Practically every man in an office has had, is having, or is capable of having an affair at some time in his life. No matter how fine his character, how much he loves his wife or how happy he is at home, under the right—or wrong, depending on your viewpoint—set of circumstances, any adult male is a candidate. The circumstances would, of course, include being acted upon by a certain person. If *she* never happened to him, maybe *it* never would either. But there are any number of "shes" around in every man's lifetime.

3. Single girls are equally good candidates. In the life of almost every single girl in an office I think you will find a current affair, past affair or contemplated affair. Never overestimate the resistance of Miss Mousey typing away at her desk. You think she'd thrash out like an octopus if a man tried anything funny? Of course she would—if he walked right up to her desk and blurted out an indecent proposal. After sufficient wooing and flattery, however—people have *time* in offices, they work there every day—she's apt to be in a more receptive mood.

With the exception of engaged girls, very young girls, deeply religious or frightened *femmes* of any age who have hermetically sealed themselves off from men (I know one who calls her 68-year-old mother every afternoon from work and says, "Is din-din on the table, dearest?"), I think most girls in offices *are* seeing or *will* see combat, if only with the man they ultimately marry.

4. Far from being minor, transient, pippy-poo associations, romances and affairs starting at work can be some of the most cliff-hanging, satisfying, memorable episodes in any two persons' lives. Even when things end sadly, a participant rarely says (nor, I believe, even thinks) he would have given his right arm for the affair not to have happened.

5. Most husbands, except utter nut-burgers, don't cheat in the first few years of marriage. About 94 percent do after that. (This is the Gurley Brown Survey, you must remember, not scientifically documented, but a product of visceral re-

search. I was willing to turn all this information over to Kinsey, Pomeroy and Martin, but nobody asked me.)

6. The girl a married man "succumbs" to is 49 times out of 50—again by my "inside" information—a girl he has met through his work, although she may not work in his own office. She seldom comes to him from his country club, church group, social milieu or alumni organization. She isn't even his wife's best friend.

7. Married *women* who work and become involved in an affair often draw their partners from some place other than the office. And they don't get involved nearly so often.

8. The blame—or responsibility, depending on the viewpoint—for affairs rests about equally with men and with girls. Though men usually initiate the office affair, girls second the motion enthusiastically—while pretending with all their insincere little hearts they were talked into something. No girl, in my opinion, is ever the categorically put-upon innocent victim of a predatory married or unmarried man.

9. At least once in an important man's career he makes a decision affecting hundreds or even thousands of people—to say nothing of sales, earnings and profits—based purely on whether something is good for his romance. He moves the convention from Salt Lake City to San Francisco because she lives in San Francisco. He says, "We'll be open the day after Thanksgiving," because that way she'll be in the office. On a minor level, things are done every minute in the office not for the apparent business reasons, but because somebody's personal need requires them. One man I know left his neatly typed speech on his girlfriend's dresser and flew to New York without it. His office just had time to teletype the whole thing from a carbon to New York before he spoke.

10. Companies are not destroyed by sex at the office. Except when kings or board chairmen abdicate for the women they love, most sex at the office concerns only the people it concerns. Other people *make* it their business, though.

An office affair doesn't necessarily undermine office morale, either, except for the person who had his eye on one of the participants for himself, or in cases where the head of the organization falls into the hands of a ruthless, power-mad girl barracuda. That's bad, of course, but usually they both get fired pretty soon and things settle down.

11. There is no more sex in the office now than there was 25 years ago. It's just come up from underground.

12. Some of the people who cluck-cluck the loudest about office affairs are ex-participants who played and knocked off—or didn't knock off, got their divorces and married each other—and are peculiarly hard put, in their dotage, to remember that this sort of thing hap-

pens to perfectly nice, normal people.

Those are my personal primary conclusions about sex at the office. Now here are my secondary conclusions:

1. It's impossible to chart what kind of people will get involved with each other. Girls you know to be as wholesome as peanut-butter sandwiches will walk willingly straight into the arms of a lecher. The chandelier-swinging office party girl who plans to marry a millionaire can get hooked by the office janitor.

2. Timing is everything in office affairs. It depends on who's looking and who's there to be looked into. For the first 12 years of a man's marriage he is immune to Sophia Loren bringing in his breakfast coffee. The next year he goes off his rocker for a file girl with a receding chin, crowded teeth and a 24-inch measurement—around each kneecap.

3. When a married man has an affair, it's probably less likely that a particular girl got to him and marcelled his Samson curls than it is that he was ready to be happened to. His affair is a symptom of a troubled marriage rather than an irresistible urge to merge with a lovely new girl.

4. Office affairs are not the hurry-up, gobble-down, hit-and-run things people on the outside think they are. Only a Don Juan, and maybe an occasional conventiongoer, would gobble. The grand passions that cause the stock-market dips and new marriages to form often develop after the two people have known each other for several years. (One friend of mine began her affair with an office crony after they had tried 22 tax cases together. Another saw her now-husband rise from stock-room boy to display manager to president of the store to head of the chain before their liaison began. Very patient girl!)

5. Office affairs don't often go on *in* offices—behind locked doors, on top of desks, in cloakrooms and that sort of thing—as the uninitiated think. They *root* at the office but blossom at tennis, in seaside villas when two people are on the same business trip, in penthouse apartments, Chrysler 300s, or wherever. One man and woman I know—he is married to somebody else—have managed to rendezvous with each other in practically every major city on two continents since their affair began in 1951.

6. The office affair usually has more going for it than just sex. People who think it consists of clanny little half-hour episodes—people sneaking off to a motel and that sort of thing—are fuzzy observers. Many an affair is grounded in friendship and mutual respect and has deep emotional and intellectual rapport going for it. That's why office affairs aren't so easy to bash in the head. Marriage may be the only legal male-female relationship, but it is far from the only meaningful one.

(continued on page 130)



"Why can't you just ask what day it is?"



flesh and fantasy—an intimate appraisal of the gallic love goddess

BB:

THE SEX KITTEN GROWS UP



personality By ANDRÉ MAUROIS

MEN—FOR SUCH IS THEIR WEAKNESS—have forever felt the need to incarnate their desires in the form of imaginary women. To the ancient Greek, these mistresses of the mind were his goddesses, whose statues he admired, whose adventures he read in the epics of Homer. Today, the movie star has replaced the goddess on Olympus, and just as the Greek loved Venus or Minerva, so countless moviegoers have worshiped Greta Garbo, Marilyn Monroe, Gina Lollobrigida or Brigitte Bardot.

What drives men to such imaginary loves in a world of women—*real* women—asking nothing but their love? What makes them run to stare at fugitive nudity on a movie screen when any beach offers a far more tangible vista of unadorned bodies?

For one thing, in spite of the liberality of modern mores, not every man is able to gratify his desires. There are still plenty of frustrated individuals: the young and timid; others returned to timidity because of age; and others yet, bound to women who lack beauty and dreaming of impossible

Left: The mere mention of Brigitte Bardot suggests images of a near-perfect and seldom-concealed body. But her face has also contributed considerably to her fortune. Confirming this, Italian film director Federico Fellini has asserted that Bardot's facial expression is the most striking thing about her. Above: French workmen beautify the Paris billboard scene with a likeness of BB that, like the actress' reputation, is much larger than life. Below: An exuberant Brigitte poses for the title-credit sequence of *And God Created Woman*, the much publicized film that helped create the Bardot myth.





compensations. The lovely stranger, mysterious by definition, inspires temptations far greater than the woman a man comes home to every night. To be sure, a great, exclusive love may blind him to the charms of others, but such loves are exceptional by their very rarity.

Then, too, there are fashions in desire as in all else. In the 1930s, the desirable woman was either sentimental and romantic, à la Garbo, or a sensual vamp of the Marlene Dietrich type.

Then, in 1956, a French film called *And God Created Woman* unveiled a brand-new style in sex: Brigitte Bardot.

Her success was rapid and perhaps even greater in America than in Europe. When I was in New York in 1960, two theaters near my hotel were playing Bardot pictures, and the lines outside them stretched clear around the block. Statisticians have accorded Brigitte a more important place on the list of French exports to the U. S. than Renault and Citroën combined. Yet, she could hardly have been more different from those regular-featured beauties under whose giant breasts the American male had for so long sought refuge. Bardot was a petite, sulky, tousled beast of the jungle. No vamp nor woman of elegance, she wore neither gold-lamé gowns, jewels nor furs. By preference, she lived in the nude, but if she had to put something on, she chose blue jeans, a sailor's sweater, or a plain cotton dress. And still—she pleased.

Why? Who was she?

She came from a family of wealthy manufacturers inhabiting the more luxurious quarters of Paris. It is important to bear this origin in mind, for it explains certain of her attitudes. *Mademoiselle* Bardot was a spoiled child: her disdainful pout, her haughty, sullen air are products of a moneyed, protected childhood. By the time she began earning money herself, she knew how to invest it with intelligence. At the start of her career she was much more at home playing young ladies of the *bourgeoisie* than daughters of the people. Now she has learned her trade and can play any sort of role, having already turned in two excellent tragic performances (in *Love Is My Profession* and *The Truth*), and one producer has thought of casting her someday as Fantine in *Les Misérables* or *La Torpille* in Balzac's *A Harlot's Progress*, either of which she would no doubt portray extremely well.

In her first films, playing bit parts in Anatole Litvak's *Act of Love*, René Clair's *The Grand Maneuver* and Sacha Guitry's *Versailles*, she passed quite unnoticed. Once she even went to the Cannes Festival without a single producer or director paying her the slightest attention. But when she returned the following year, a photographer from the illustrated weekly, *Paris Match*, on the lookout for an unknown starlet to



Left: In *A Very Private Affair*, BB's face reflects apprehension as she attends a film premiere. Her role—a cinema queen intimidated by her adoring public—closely paralleled her own life. Above: Brigitte, raised in an upper-middle-class milieu, was encouraged to study piano, the instrument of gentility, but, reflecting the mood and spirit of her generation, she prefers the casual simplicity of the guitar.



launch, asked one of the Festival's directors: "Who's ready to be discovered?"

To which the director replied: "Why not give little Bardot a try? She wants it so badly . . ."

The photographer hesitated. "You really think so? She looks like a peking-ese."

But he took the advice, and two days later he announced triumphantly that *Match* was publishing her picture.

It was a first step, but Brigitte still hadn't found her real niche. It was to take an extremely intelligent director, Roger Vadim, to perceive the immense force inherent in this creature at once graceful and untamed. What could one make of Brigitte? A vamp? No, men just returned from five years of war were no longer disposed to be taken in by the obvious wiles of a social climber, a gold digger, or a female spy. A young virgin? That would imply a purity ill-suited to her nature and hardly likely to be appreciated by the men of the 1960s. A lascivious child, perhaps? A nymphet, a Lolita? But that wasn't Brigitte at all: she was a true woman. Very young, yes. Perverse? Wicked? Not exactly. Rather, audacious, immodest, but with the innocence of a young animal. There lay the secret of reaching the most blasé spectator: so much sheer naturalness simply couldn't be ignored.

So Vadim created Woman, or rather, a woman—the Brigitte Bardot of the legend—and this time, Pygmalion modeled his statue in the living flesh. First he had to bring out the enormously seductive contrast between the perfection of her figure—one of the world's most beautiful—and a face whose attraction is more difficult to explain. Brigitte's features are charming, but hardly regular. At times her eyes will light up with a marvelous smile, but her habitual expression inclines rather to the disdainful, the uneasy or the pathetic. Vadim realized that the trick would be to capitalize on her natural wildness. He began with her hair style—imitated later by millions of young girls, but bold at the time: that artfully disheveled coiffure with its saucy fringe escaping the blonde mane to cover her brow like the stray lock of a romantic poet. Sometimes he even undid it completely, letting it envelop her in knowing disarray, veiling her throat, her shoulders, her bare breasts.

He invented postures for her equally reminiscent of the jungle: Brigitte, crouched on hands and knees, creeping forward like a young lioness. He stripped her more completely than anyone had ever dared before on the screen. It was not so great a shock as it might have been, for she retained, nude, that same vaguely scornful dignity which is her own. "BB is a natural phenomenon," Vadim has said. "She doesn't act: she is."

It was already a masterly touch, calling

IN BED WITH BARDOT Almost all of BB's films are identified by three trademarks: the bed, the real-life boyfriend and Brigitte en buff. Left, top: In *And God Created Woman*, she embraces leading man Jean-Louis Trintignant (who, as her then-current amour, was familiar with the terrain), while director Roger Vadim, her former husband and the man behind the myth, nonchalantly protects her from overexposure with a bed sheet. Left, center: In *The Truth*, Brigitte affects one of her potentated moves; her ability to project childlike petulance gave plausibility to her nickname, *Bébé* (baby), which is the French pronunciation of her initials. Left, bottom: In *A Very Private Affair*, Brigitte and Marcello Mastroianni, a sex symbol in his own right, made a steamy team. Unlike most of *Bébé's* leading men, however, the Italian film idol did not fall in love with her. "I have other things on my mind," was his cool description of their relationship. Right: In *Contempt*, scheduled for American release this year, Brigitte shows anything but contempt for screen lover Jack Palance, who is about to plant a kiss. Below: In the same film, she explains to screen husband Michel Piccoli that their marriage is deficient in "soul." He appears to be more than willing to settle for just the body.





her "BB." The doubled initial not only imposes itself on the memory; it evokes an image of childhood—*Baby*. [This evocation is even stronger in French, where the word for baby (*bébé*) is pronounced exactly the same as two Bs.] And to this physical image, Vadim added a social one. All the newspapers carefully emphasized Brigitte's hatred of society, its hypocrisy, pretensions and constraints. She was depicted as totally capricious, obeying only her instincts. She had, we were told, a horror of publicity and a fear of crowds so great that she refused to appear at the gala premiere of one of her own films. In short, the mythical Bardot combined the unpredictable fantasy and naïveté of a child with the natural, unconscious power of a voluptuous woman. It proved an irresistible combination.

To complete the myth in a manner entirely satisfying to the male animal, it was important to reassure his vanity. Men, in fact, are often dominated and all but enslaved by young women, but they don't appreciate having to acknowledge it. A man wants not only to be desired by a woman, but that she be a little pitiable as well, terrified of life and in need of a protector (preferably solid and mature, in the opinion of the 40- and 50-year-olds who form no small part of the moviegoing public). Brigitte distraught, seeking aid and support from a competent, rocklike Jean Gabin: that was the image to pleasantly excite masculine pride—especially if the protectee happens to be simultaneously stunningly beautiful and nearly naked.

The Brigitte conceived by Vadim and served up by him to the public is not immoral. She is amoral; for her, "good" and "bad" have lost all meaning. If she appears in the nude, it is because nothing could seem

Left: Brigitte assumes an introspective attitude during a scene from *Contempt*. Given a meaty role with genuine dramatic conflict in this, her newest film (based on an Alberto Moravia novel and directed by Nouvelle Vagueist Jean-Luc Godard), *Bébé*, in the opinion of French critics, has matured into a first-rate actress. Below: Brigitte looks appropriately sex-kittenish during the filming of *A Very Private Affair*, in which she played an international movie star, like herself, who seeks privacy in vain. Right: Chatting between takes of the same film with her camera crew, Brigitte is apparently oblivious of—or, more likely, indifferent to—the camera behind her.





more natural to her. She feels no shame for her desires, sexual or otherwise. In one scene in *And God Created Woman* she leaves her wedding feast to join her husband in bed. Later, hungry, she reappears in the banquet hall, casually draped in a bathrobe, and without a word to her stupefied guests, piles high a tray with chicken, lobster, dessert and champagne; then, with a superb disdain, marches out with her booty. In any other age this total disrespect for conventional behavior would have displeased a large part of the public, but in ours many youngsters—and adults as well—pride themselves precisely on their scorn for all conventions. Writers like André Gide have extolled such “gratuitous acts”; i.e., acts, completely unjustified, which one commits purely out of a desire to do so.

In a stable society, such as the one before the two World Wars, a man would have hesitated to compromise his future by acts of imprudence. In those days a career, a life, was conducted skillfully, in accordance with a carefully considered plan. But how is a generation born under the German occupation and nursed by the rain of bombs, which grew up under the menace of atomic holocaust, to calmly prepare for a distant future? It lives in the present, precisely in order to avoid considering the future. For this generation, Brigitte is the idol par excellence. In her films—as in her life—BB lives from day to day, loves, ceases to love, marries, divorces, capable of every folly and accomplishing them all with a calm both frank and disarming. Instead of playing the piano, as did the young women of an earlier age, she chooses the guitar, an uncomplicated instrument upon which she casually plucks out tones as she plucks her days.

This disdainful ease which has won her the adoration of some has aroused the hatred of others. Many proper women who could have endured seeing their men vamped by a femme fatale of the traditional sort, obvious and artificial, find it harder to accept defeat at the hands of a young, indolent beauty whose principal effort to achieve her conquest has been to appear undraped. There are certain men, too, Don Juans of the classical school, who would have been delighted to engage her in the familiar comedy of courting and conquest. Derailed by her direct simplicity, they cannot forgive her for depriving them of their accustomed play. So, after her first striking successes, she was confronted by enemies who spared no effort in their savage attacks on her popularity.

But why attack her? Because her curves were charming and she displayed them willingly? Because she was as beautiful unkempt and uncared-for as other women after hours in the beauty parlor, made up with knowing skill? Because

she followed her instincts without trying to control them? Because to please, she only needed to appear? Because she could be elegant in the plainest clothes, in a man's sweater? Because of her instability and her kaleidoscopic loves? But there were plenty of others equally unstable. No, in point of fact she was attacked because she was envied, out of jealousy. Not only was she earning vast sums of money, enriching her producers and filling theaters, she was doing it with such ease, simply by being herself. That was unforgivable, and in the press the imperious young girl soon attracted enemies determined to destroy her.

They failed completely. She triumphed opposite Jean Gabin in Claude Autant-Lara's *Love Is My Profession*. In the U.S. her fame skyrocketed. Did the Americans, perhaps, understand her better than the French? Simone de Beauvoir believed so and tried to explain it. Resorting to the vocabulary of philosopher Jean Paul Sartre, she pointed out that in the Latin countries men prefer the woman as *object*, an inert being to be manipulated according to their wills, not as *subject* with the power of independent thought. The Latin takes pleasure in showering the “object” of his love with jewels, perfume and sumptuous gowns; but in exchange he demands her absolute submission, at least in matters of the heart. Brigitte Bardot, disdaining jewels and gowns, slipping into a pull-over, more often disheveled than not, confounds the Latin male. By scorning all traditional feminine artifice, she earns the right to be man's equal. The American accepts the Bardot myth. He has for women, ever since the days when, on a new continent, they were conspicuous by their rarity, a chivalrous respect; equality with a pretty girl, gay and relaxed, never for a moment assuming the fearful aspect of the “Mom”—this pleases him. He adores the *subject* woman. Such is the theme of Simone de Beauvoir.

It contains, to be sure, a part of the truth, but it is necessary to add that Brigitte also pleases the French. It was in France, after all, that she achieved her first success. The European moviemakers were searching for a new type of star to arouse Continental desires. The generous mammary proportions of a Jayne Mansfield or a Marilyn Monroe weren't seducing *all* the Latins—far from it. The European is less attracted than the American by such symbols of maternity. In the words of French critic François Nourissier:

“Rita Hayworth, Marilyn Monroe—certainly the Europeans like them, but rather in the way they like those beautiful, massive, inordinately expensive American cars. These women are proportioned to a continent.”

Michèle Morgan enchanted movie-

goers with the delicacy of her beauty, but she appealed more to sentiment than to desire. Some producers tried their luck with petite, doll-like stars such as Cécile Aubry in *Manon*, but their success was short-lived. Jeanne Moreau triumphed in *The Lovers* by her brazen nudity and expressions of obvious carnal delight, but in the long run she proved too intellectual for a large part of the public.

Where to find the eternal woman?—that was the question. Ingrid Bergman was certainly a great actress, plentifully satisfying to heart and mind alike, but there was an air of virility about her, a certain sense of strength, that intimidated many Frenchmen. Marlene Dietrich was the German version of the vamp, beautiful, but a little too romantic. There remained the Italians. They had, and have still, enthusiastic admirers. Gina Lollobrigida is not only a beautiful statue; in certain of her peasant roles she has displayed an earthy naturalness reminiscent of Bardot's. Sophia Loren, too, evokes Brigitte's “jungle” aspect, albeit in a more savage vein. But the Frenchwoman who answered most perfectly to the average Frenchman's needs was precisely Brigitte Bardot.

That she was a bourgeoisie from a wealthy family detracted from the Bardot myth not in the slightest. On the contrary, the French, *anno* 1958—and all the more so *anno* 1964—were all becoming bourgeois. To be sure, the class struggle is still referred to, and it still exists, but nowadays the farmer and the factory worker have their cars, their television sets and their refrigerators. Everyone gets his month-long paid vacation and spends it by the seashore. There, stretched out beside them on the sand, they see beautiful girls who arouse their desires; of these same bathing beauties, Brigitte is the cinematic incarnation, permitting each spectator to become—at least in his imagination—her lover. A beauty too overwhelming, such as Elizabeth Taylor's, seems inaccessible to the average man, but Brigitte Bardot reminds him of all the young girls he knows himself, their hair fringed and tousled just like hers, wearing the same sailor's sweater. If any further proof be needed of her undiminished appeal, it is to be found in the fact that the producers still fight for her.

Recently, a French magazine interviewed 16 motion-picture directors, asking each of them: “In what role would you like to direct BB?” They all responded, and they all expressed a desire to work with her. The Italian Michelangelo Antonioni (*L'Avventura*, *La Notte*) replied:

“Looking at a picture of her, I can't decide whether it's more like the photograph of a movie star or a portrait by a

(continued on page 134)

NOWADAYS, life in Hollywood is presided over by the telephone. You sit and wait for the crisp secretarial bulletin that you are about to be levitated from the Limbo of "availability" to the Beulah Land of "firm assignment."

I sat. I waited. These un strenuous activities took place in an ingratiatingly seedy hostelry called the Montecito, an Alhambra-ized lean-to in which transient theatrical and literary New Yorkers polish their sunglasses and eye the phone.

I asked not for whom the bell tolled: it was never for me. Then, at just about the time the Montecito manager was beginning to make pointed remarks about East Coast dead beats who plague West Coast hotels—the phone rang! For me!

Seemed Universal-International had had five scripts done for a movie to be called *Peter and Catherine*. They were not happy with the results and wanted somebody to get up a sixth script. I had been recommended to them as a fellow who knew the Russian scene backward and forward, and they were intrigued, intrigued.

So was I. Why had I been talked up as a fellow who knew the Russian scene? Well, I had written a novel about the assassination of Leon Trotsky. But that assassination had occurred in *Mexico*. True, yes, granted, but the man assassinated had been a *Russian*, I couldn't deny *that*. Dead right—but, if I was permitted to ask, *why* did I have to be a Russian expert to write *Peter and Catherine*? My agent was not sure, but it seemed to him he had heard somewhere that this Peter and Catherine had been Russians of some sort. I was to get over to U-I and tell them colorful inside stuff about Peter and Catherine. It would do things for me to get myself established as an authority on these two, who had been Russians of some sort.

I did have the impression that some people named Peter and Catherine had figured importantly in the checkered sequence of czars and czarinas. The scholarly thing to do was to pin down which century, exactly, they had operated in. I made tracks for the nearest public library. In the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* I found a rich account of these colorful people, complete with dates. I went to U-I and discussed Peter and Catherine at some length with various production officers. I did not amateurishly parade my learning, but I made it clear

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humor By **BERNARD WOLFE** *how to pool your resources and liquidate your assets*

SWIMMING IN RED INK

high spirits

a frosty plenitude of king-sized potables
to tastefully temper the summer sun

drink By THOMAS MARIO

YOU CAN LEAD A MAN to liquor very easily in the torrid days ahead, provided the drinks are cold, tall and spirited. A sip of an ice-cold Liebfraumilch (alcohol, ten percent) spritzer will rally a fellow out of his summer torpor with lightninglike rapidity, while its low alcoholic content will permit a considerable intake with no fear of dulling the senses. The thirst-slaking spritzer, one of the most delightfully cool escape hatches from summer doldrums that we know, is variously known as hock and soda or Rhine wine and seltzer. The well-known Alpine pleasure may, in fact, be made from either Rhine wine in the brown bottle or Moselle in the green. Both German wines are famous for their young, fruity, racy flavors. If they're older than ten years, their briskness is lost. Wines with labels marked *spätlese*, made from late-gathered grapes, have a trace of sweetness and just enough of a bacchanalian flavor to keep the drink frisky until the last drop. When making a spritzer, make sure the

RUM PINEAPPLE FIZZ

GRENADINE CUP

SHERRIED GIN FIX



CUCUMBER CHAMPAGNE

ENGLISH MULE



hock, the glass and the soda are pre-cooled as cold as the ice itself. A single large ice cube is placed in an eight- or ten-ounce highball glass. While equal parts of hock and soda are the common ratio, we prefer about twice as much wine as sparkling water, with just enough of the latter to give the drink an added buoyancy. Conventionally, a bottle of siphon water is placed on the table for spritzers. It's convenient, but most well-known bottled carbonated waters are more full of play than siphons; and their fizz, after the bottle is opened, will last for hours, and even longer if you use a snap-on cap.

In the parade of great thirst quenchers, past and present, the gin rickey and the collins seem to roll on everlastingly from one drinking generation to the next. Originally the rickey was made with whiskey, but now it's automatically pegged with gin. Imaginative bibbers don't hesitate to make a collins with whiskey, vodka, rum or brandy. The gin daisy, a concoction of raspberry syrup, lemon juice, gin and crushed ice, keeps popping up from time to time, and can be dated from the last century when the word "daisy" meant something first-rate.

A number of tall concoctions proudly bear testimony to their national birthrights. Spanish thirsts are assuaged by tall tumblers filled with ice and extremely dry Spanish sherry. As long as there are palm trees in the Caribbean there will be rum-scented planter's punches. In Mexico and recently in the States, the tequila collins, made with lime juice and served in a salt-rimmed glass, is a delightful off-beat summer potation. Wherever the British lion still roars or wherever the echo of his roar is still heard, you'll find silver mugs filled with ice-cold Pimm's cups. The volume of tonic drinking in the world is in inverse ratio to the dissolution of the British Empire. The more it dissolves, the more people drink gin and tonic, rum and tonic, vodka and tonic and whiskey and tonic.

If you're hosting a party (see our *Beach Ball*, page 55) that's far removed from the permanent potables redoubt in your digs, the vacuum jug can save the bartending day. Like the punch bowl, the vacuum jug rests on a sensible principle: Everybody indulges in the same cup of cheer, no questions asked. The jug becomes the center of attention from which all fun radiates. Again, like the punch bowl, the jug must be big enough for long, lazy quaffing, freeing the host from making refills. In shops specializing in summer living you can now find whopping two-gallon stainless-steel vacuum jugs, fitted with spigots for easy serving.

The technique of preparing long drinks for vacuum jugs is simple. Mix the ingredients and chill with ice beforehand but omit sparkling water if it's

called for in the recipe. Remove the ice from the chilled mixture and pour it into the jug, which should be prechilled with ice water. Carry ice separately in an ice bucket fitted with a handle, and have plenty of sparkling water. Each bibber then adds his ice (and soda if required) on the spot. In estimating how many rounds a one- or two-gallon jug will hold, remember that a drink stirred or shaken with ice usually increases about one fourth above its original volume. A gallon vacuum jug holds 128 ounces (4 quarts), so your pre-iced mixture should be measured to add up to 96 ounces (3 quarts), allowing the balance of the space for melted ice. That goes double for a two-gallon jug, natch. Needless to say, mathematics of this high order are best computed before, rather than after, the wet goods have been blended for your party.

It's a wise host, however, who realizes that drink proclivities are a highly personal matter. So if you intend to go into volume production on one or several of the drink recipes below, be sure to provide for dissidents in the crowd, having on hand the standard spirits—vodka, gin, Scotch, bourbon and rum (and wine for the spritzers)—along with splits of soda and tonic, and copious quantities of ice.

It was once the custom for julep makers to wear heavy mittens while muddling their drinks for fear the warmth of their hands would cause the ice to dilute unnecessarily. That awkward approach is avoided nowadays by furnishing guests with double-walled insulated glasses which are fast becoming S.O.P. for outdoor feasts.

Summer bartenders would do well to remember the wisdom in *Ecclesiastes* 2: 24: "There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink." One of the obvious virtues of tall mixed potables is that they never seem to get in the way of food, or vice versa. The creamy screwdriver (below), for instance, can be served before, during or after an outdoor summer brunch. Coolers can supplant the cocktail and the wine course.

Each of the liquid formulas that follow is designed for a single drink.

CREAMY SCREWDRIIVER

6 ozs. orange juice
Yolk of 1 small egg
2 ozs. vodka
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup coarsely cracked ice
1 teaspoon sugar

Put orange juice, egg yolk, vodka, ice and sugar into well of electric blender. Blend about 20 seconds. Pour over three ice cubes in 16-oz. collins glass. Add more ice cubes if necessary to fill glass.

SHERRED GIN FIX

2 ozs. gin
1 oz. very dry sherry
1 oz. lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. orgeat
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. green Chartreuse

Either a 12-oz. collins glass or a 12-oz. brandy snifter may be used for this drink. Fill glass with finely cracked (not shaved) ice. Pour gin, sherry, lemon juice and orgeat into glass. Stir well until all ingredients are well blended and glass is frosted. Add more ice if necessary to fill glass. Float Chartreuse on top. Serve with straw.

ST. CROIX COOLER

2 ozs. dry light Virgin Islands rum
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dark Jamaica rum
1 oz. brandy
1 tablespoon brown sugar
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. orange juice
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. lemon juice
Dash orange-flower water
Carbonated water
Peel of whole orange

For each drink the entire peel of a small orange should be used. Peel should be cut from stem end of orange in a continuous unbroken spiral. Put both kinds of rum, brandy, brown sugar, orange juice, lemon juice and orange-flower water into well of electric blender. Spin 20 seconds. Put three large ice cubes into 16-oz. collins glass. Place orange strip in glass, permitting one end to overhang rim. Pour drink into glass. Add carbonated water. Stir slightly.

RUM PINEAPPLE FIZZ

2 ozs. golden rum
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. 151-proof rum
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup fresh pineapple, small dice
White of 1 small egg
1 teaspoon sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lime juice
1 thin slice lime
Carbonated water

When trimming fresh pineapple, be sure all sharp skin pieces and hard core are removed. Don't use canned pineapple; the flavor of the fresh is more lively. Put pineapple, both kinds of rum, egg white, sugar, lemon juice and lime juice into well of electric blender. Blend about $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. Place three ice cubes into 16-oz. collins glass. Pour drink into glass and fill with carbonated water. Stir slightly. Make a slit halfway across lime slice, and fasten onto rim of glass. Place straw in glass.

CUCUMBER CHAMPAGNE

8 ozs. iced dry champagne
1 oz. benedictine
Cucumber peel
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lemon juice

Wash cucumber, rubbing with vegetable brush or towel if necessary to remove waxy coating. Cut a long strip of peel, about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, the entire length of cucumber. Place in prechilled 10-oz. pilsener glass. Pour benedictine and lemon juice into glass. Slowly add champagne. Stir very slightly. Let drink set a few minutes for flavors to ripen.

(concluded on page 138)



"Well — what's for barbecue . . . ?"

SWIMMING (continued from page 93)

that I knew Peter and Catherine had done colorful things in and around Russia and that, furthermore, I knew which century they had done them in. My tone was quietly authoritative. The following week I went to work at \$1000 a week.

I got a second job, at \$1250. A third, a fourth—I was being hiked past the \$1750 mark. By this time I was living in a three-room apartment, with private patio, maid service, pool, and neighbors who played Bartók on their custom-built stereos. I had acquired a maroon TR-3, some spare shirts (Egyptian long-staple Pima; I could afford a laundry).

Time passed. I acquired a business manager. He began to harangue me on the price people pay for a vagrant-transient mentality: My rent was high, and it was money down the drain. Wouldn't it make sense to acquire a house and make payments against the mortgage, thus creating an incremental equity in a viable property? Wasn't it about time I became a man of some substance solidier and more negotiable than a by-line? It was all very well to get my name on a lot of objects you could read—didn't I finally want it engraved on a thing you could sleep and talk to yourself in? Couldn't I resign myself to being solvent and living accordingly? Did I mean to remain a bum all my life, me, a college graduate?

He was an eloquent man. In time he had me thinking that it was a crime ranking in gravity somewhere between treason and incest to live out one's days in a series of mail drops. A house was not a hobble. You could acquire a proprietary deed without giving up your walking papers. Installed properly, the door of a homestead opened from the inside as well as the outside. You could always sell or lease if and when the Ibiza disaffiliated sirens hummed high and got you harking. A college grad sooner or later has to go into escrow.

I bought a house. I moved in with my four shirts and six pairs of assorted hose.

Then I noticed something about the house. It had no pool.

. . .

Swimming pools, we have learned from students of social symbology, are invested with cabalistic significations.

To begin with, they dramatize how, in our money-powered culture, we both worship and despise Dollar the Dove. In so far as they are tokens of pecuniary arrival, hints as to the awesome amounts of capital deposited in their owners' names, pools suggest a veneration of the crinkly. But they are also barometers of the conspicuity of upper-crust consumptive patterns, splashy demonstrations that their owners have graduated from oatmeal subsistence to caviar flings; and they become true status markers, ensigns

of eliteness, to the degree that they establish not only the presence of a lot of the folding green, but also an impish readiness to build big happy bonfires of same. More: We are now informed that pools are sublimatory toys in the building and display of which strong-arm energies are rerouted into harmless play; backdrops for marital psychodramas; settings to facilitate the free exploration of interpersonal relations (an exploration that becomes freest, according to the most advanced Hollywood theorists, among nude bathers with an ample supply of LSD 25 sugar cubes); and, let it not be forgotten, athleticist disguises for a cleansing compulsion, a washing mania, which some trace to the fomenting guilts inherent in strong anal-regressors.

But—this is sometimes overlooked by motivational researchers—a pool is also a portion of wetness to swim in.

I had gotten used to swimming every day. In Southern California the regular flailing insertion of the body into some tiled container filled with chlorinated liquid is considered the one sure way to maintain the tonus needed to keep anatomies ambulatory: The Los Angeles Basin is pockmarked with upwards of 50,000 private pools, and on an average sunny weekend something like 300,000 Los Angelenos swan-dive into them. At the Montecito, swimming had been my one exercise. To stay in condition, to keep my eye clear, step firm and mind alertly focused, I needed to do 15 bracing laps before work and the same number when I knocked off.

Some writers chin, some surf, some scuba, some get massages, some lift weights, some lift elbows—I had my pool regimen. It was an aesthetic as well as calisthenic necessity. While pursuing my new marine life in Hollywood I had written another novel and it interested me to note that, as my Australian crawl grew puissant and easy, so did my prose take on more sure chop, more rhythmic undulance, more liquidity; I did not want to lose that.

To maintain bright tone in both muscle and rhetoric, I had to build a pool. My business manager, dazzled as always by Percenta, the wampum-crowned Muse of Equity, did not object: It was his judgment that every \$2000 invested in the improvement of a property added at least \$3000 to the resale value of that property. But how much to spend on *this* improvement? I began to study the exclamatory Sunday ads of the dozen or so pool builders in the Los Angeles area. It quickly emerged that ordinary pools can be bought for something between \$1700 and \$2600, depending on size, shape, and style details.

But an ordinary pool would not do, because this was not an ordinary house.

The structure had been laid out in 1949 by the gifted architect Richard Neutra along tricky lines, to fit into the tricky contours of a long wedge-shaped plot on an irregularly humped hillside. It would be an aesthetic violation to tack a standard, "ready-made" pool onto a house so cunningly conceived and pleasingly integrated into its natural setting. Even a "customized" job—a standard pool with "individualized" trimmings and extras—would not do. This pool had to be as one of a kind as the house it would adjoin, designed from scratch in every least detail. That meant going a bit beyond the usual price range, maybe to something like \$3000. My equity-haunted business manager still did not object. A \$3000 pool might increase the value of the property by as much as \$4500.

But if you want to design a pool from skimmer to filter, from coping to decking, you need somebody to draw up the plans—not a pool company's consultant, but a full-fledged architect. Who was he to be? Not, I suspected, a man in the Neutra tradition, no matter how talented. The house, with its cubist planes of redwood and long sweeps of floor-to-ceiling glass, was a delight, a mellow living machine designed to bring the outdoors indoors minus its usual complement of mildew and mosquito. But Neutra, in the lean-lined, clean-lined tradition of the Bauhaus, which inspired the more adventurous architects of his generation, built on the module plan, stringing boxes alongside boxes, piling boxes on boxes, elaborating boxes *within* boxes. The house was all right angles. It had a geometric rigidity about it. Any additions ought to be so designed as to break up and complicate and soften its far-from-sterile but certainly somewhat austere cubiformity. What this house needed was a sprinkling of jaunty *acute* angles and tonically unstressful curves.

I began to scour the area for architects who might be partial to the variable angle and the curve. I found two of them: space-sniggling John Lautner, Frank Lloyd Wright's long-time protégé and now perhaps his foremost one, a wingless aeronaut with an understandably preoccupied air (he is engaged in a struggle to the death with the force of gravity, and there's an outside chance he will win), and his younger Swiss-born associate, Guy Zebert, who dreams of airborne anti-G peppermint-stick cities as he sits on his ranch in the San Gabriel desert.

I presented my problem to Messrs. Lautner and Zebert. They would be pleased to install a quantity of water on my land in a vessel of many wild juts and incurvatures. Just how much water did I have in mind, and what degree of geometric wildness did I care to specify? To what extent, precisely, would I allow

(continued overleaf)



WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN—THE QUESTION IS: WHERE? PLAYING THE FIELDS

QUIZ BY NORMAN LOBSENZ THE JET-STREAM EASE of modern travel has played havoc with the voyager who would impress by the classic gambit of geographical name-dropping. Gone are the days when one could incite envy among one's friends by casual mention of Paris, Tokyo or Bombay; try it today and—comes the yawn. Familiarity has bred, if not contempt, at least a modicum of ennui.

Happily, the practitioners of travel one-upmanship have recently devised a new ploy: the delightful discovery that airport names are much more exotic than the mildewed monikers of city and burg. To help you test your own knowledge of far-flung airfields, we offer the following quiz. If you can match name and location of at least 15 of the 25 listed, give yourself an A for Aerodromology. Eight to 14 correct; you need more field research. Less than eight: turn in your flight bag to the agent at the ticket counter.

AIRPORTS

1. KASTRUP
2. BARAJAS
3. LOVE FIELD
4. LOD
5. O'HARE
6. HARRY S. TRUMAN
7. FRIENDSHIP
8. WILLOW RUN
9. DUM DUM
10. SANTOS DUMONT
11. LEONARDO DA VINCI
12. YESILKOY
13. SCHWECHAT
14. SCHIPHOL
15. MOISANT
16. VNUKOVO
17. HEATHROW
18. ORLY
19. KAI TAK
20. KINDLEY
21. COINTRIN
22. RHEIN-MAIN
23. TEMPELHOF
24. PALISADOES
25. LOGAN

CITIES

- A. PARIS
- B. BALTIMORE
- C. FRANKFURT
- AM. MAIN
- D. BOSTON
- E. WEST BERLIN
- F. COPENHAGEN
- G. RIO DE JANEIRO
- H. LONDON
- I. NEW ORLEANS
- J. MADRID
- K. HONG KONG
- L. VIENNA
- M. TEL AVIV
- N. CHICAGO
- O. CHARLOTTE
- AMALIE (VIRGIN ISLANDS)
- P. DETROIT
- Q. CALCUTTA
- R. BERMUDA
- S. DALLAS
- T. ISTANBUL
- U. KINGSTON, JAMAICA
- V. ROME
- W. MOSCOW
- X. GENEVA
- Y. AMSTERDAM

them to disrupt the just-so boxiness of my abode?

I toured some of their houses. High above Benedict Canyon I studied a multileveled dwelling in which the windows of the master bedroom literally faced on the pool—not looking *down* on it, looking *into* it—on the other side of the glass was water: You peered through the panes and saw the bodies of swimmers from underneath, an effect I was later to observe in the underwater bar of Hugh M. Hefner's Playboy Mansion. Up on Mulholland Drive I saw one home beetling from a sheer drop of granite, floating in space, its roof an arching hyperbolic paraboloid of preformed concrete, and another which was a hexagonal flying saucer perched on a cylindrical steel pole: This place could be reached only by a cable car that crawled up the precipitous hill. In still another habitation I found one whole wall missing—what kept the bugs out and the heat in was an invisible sheet of air expelled by jet nozzles in the ceiling—here the outdoors was not simply brought indoors, outdoors and indoors were merely different segments of a continuum. In several of these edifices, though I looked hard, I could find no trace of a right angle. I suggested the gentlemen approach their drafting boards with no preconceptions. I knew I was in good hands.

• • •

Pool? It was a miniaturized Lake Como they proposed to install in my back yard, a 40-foot-by-26-foot bit of the wavy waste laid out for me alone.

The site was a terrace cut into the hill behind the house, edged by the jungle hanging garden that dropped to the house's rear patio in lazing steps. Two edges of the pool would be a meandering border following the capricious swells of the hillside, lined with a careless coping of natural rough stone; the other two sides were to be formed by straight-slashing redwood benches abutting a deep redwood decking rigidly angled at one end and sweepingly scalloped at the other. In other words, a programed incongruity, lackadaisical nature encroached upon but not annihilated by the geometer's rectilinear purities, laxity side by side with iron control, the odd mingling designed to echo with a softening nicety the motif of the house itself, that block of unswerving quadrilaterals in a sprawl of unaligned greenery. I was content.

To get this happy hole off the blueprints and into the ground, a pool contractor was needed. I asked two contractors for bids—one thought he could bring the job in for \$3000, the other was quite sure he could manage on \$6000. The disparity between the estimates gave me pause. I know now that it should have given me apoplexy, suggesting as it did that the prices of many pool

builders are determined, not by a reasonable cost-plus formula, but on the basis of a haphazard guess as to how much of a sucker the homeowner is. The qualifying fact is that very, very few people who set out to build a pool have ever built one before. The contractors rejoice in that circumstance. All their giddy arithmetic spirals up from it.

A low bid is no guarantee that you will not be robbed blind. It may only mean that the contractor is of the devious type who will clip you from the rear rather than in front. The company we picked I shall call, for purposes of identification, Wettest Pools, Inc. Its slogan, properly decoded, would read something like this—"Our Pools Are the Wettest in Town"—and it accurately sums up the nature of their operation: If you study the fine print in their contract, as I did not bother to do until much later, you will discover that the sole thing about their pools they are prepared to guarantee without reservation is their wetness.

I signed with W.P.I. I asked when they would start digging. The question was not properly formulated, they said; when did I propose to start digging? Absurd. I smiled—I had no scooping tool on the premises larger than a soup spoon. No, seriously, hadn't I read my contract? Wasn't I aware that the contract stipulated the owner was to arrange for the excavating, which W.P.I., apparently as a courtesy, just to make sure in the most altruistic of spirits that there would ultimately be some place to put the water, was undertaking to *supervise*?

I had seen the words "excavation by owner" in our contract, but I had assumed this referred to the owner of the requisite bulldozers, jackhammers and dump trucks—*somebody* who owned *something*—I had not yet gotten used to thinking of myself as the legally registered possessor of anything beyond my four Pima-cotton shirts and my six pairs of assorted hose. (And, of course, my architects had assumed I knew how to read a contract. They were wrong. My reading had been done in areas far removed from the whereas-y.) It seemed I would have to arrange for the excavation separately, for a sum apart from W.P.I.'s \$3000.

I sent out a call for earth movers. A sinewy, lushly tattooed ex-sailor named Willie Yost appeared. He paced the grounds, frowning. Terrace consisted of a layer of D.G. (decomposed granite) over bedrock, tough to chop up; thick ground covering of ivy, nuisance to uproot; no way to bring bulldozers up the hill without making coleslaw of the precious plantings, excavation would have to be hand-dug; since the many tons of dislodged earth could not be carried down by hand, motor-driven conveyor belts would have to be installed to

run the dirt over the roof of the house to the trucks. Best Willie could do, under the circumstances, was \$1325. Expensive hole, to be sure. But some holes came high.

I wasn't too appalled. This was jacking the cost of the pool up to \$4325 but, according to my business manager's formula, such an investment might increase the resale value of the place by a cozy \$6500.

Yost showed up one Monday with five sinewy, lushly tattooed ex-sailors and two young Mexicans—the latter immediately opened persistent negotiations with me about the price I was asking for my Japanese all-transistorized portable AM-FM radio, which confused me because the instrument was not for sale. The compressed-air hammers began to eat into the D.G. with a thwacking vengeance, while I warded off the tactful but relentless Sony *aficionados* from below the border. I was going deaf, and I was eating impressive quantities of D.G. with my Cocoa Krispies, but a hole was appearing where no hole had been before, a lovely hole, an estimable hole. There was some confusion about elevations: After going down eight and a half feet the digging crew discovered that they would have to build up the lips of the hollow by a full foot to allow for the rock coping and wooden benches, which meant that the pool was going to be a foot deeper all along than planned. This did not bother me, since I have always operated on the theory that if water is good, more water can be nothing but better.

The hole was finished, graded, shaped, trimmed. The Mexicans made one last bargaining lunge for my Sony; when I showed my determination to stand pat, they smiled and invited me to visit their relatives in Tijuana—who lets a few *nada* transistors come between friends?

It was time to consult W.P.I. again. At this stage W.P.I. was for me a hypothetical corporate entity lost in the mists of far-off San Fernando Valley; W.P.I. was a crackling high-executive female voice on the phone named Dee-Dee. The hole was there, I said. When might we expect the plumbing, the concrete, the plaster, the tile, the rock coping, the wooden benches and deck? Dee-Dee was more than ready to arrange for the first items, but wouldn't it be smart to contact a carpenter and a landscaper for some nice coping and decking?

I would find a way to live with W.P.I.'s rocks and redwood, I said.

Sorry, but W.P.I. *had* no rocks and redwood, Dee-Dee said. What was more, W.P.I. was not *required* to supply these articles, not a pebble, not a splinter. Hadn't I read my contract? Didn't I realize that carpentry and rock installations

(continued on page 116)

NO LESS THAN 12 showbiz columns reported last week that the United Broadcasting System was (and I quote all 12 of the columnists) "readying" a special 90-minute *Tribute to Al Zack*. The show will be (and I quote 10 of the 12 columnists) "upcoming" on its subject's 60th birthday. Now that we have had Tributes to Richard Rodgers, Cole Porter, Lerner and Loewe, et al., UBS has got around to the man who is (and I quote Al Zack himself) "Songwriter Laureate for the Little Guy."

I felt there was a story in how a Tribute gets readied to the point where it is definitely upcoming, so I called Al Zack and arranged to see him.

Taxiing across town, I found myself

humming one of what he calls his grand old songs:

*Back in Hackensack there's a little shack
That is just in back of the railroad track,
But it's home sweet home to me—
Where my sweetie true, with her eyes of blue,
Of which she's got two, likes to bill and coo,
And it's there that I would be...*

I was met at the door of Al's apartment by his brand-new lovely blonde 19-year-old wife, Babe, who led me to the songwriter himself. He was in his huge living room, seated at his grand piano.

I discovered immediately that he was to be his own producer; that, in fact, the *Tribute to Al Zack* had been Al's idea.

"I wanted to give Babe a present for my birthday," he said, "because that's the way I am, fella. It's been a lot of work. Just clearing the time with the sponsors of the regular shows was something. Had to talk with beer people, cigarette people, underarm people. But they agreed. Then getting a sponsor. But I got one. Eaglets. The new small Eagle car. They'll pick up the tab."

"Well, you've got to get Marie Trenton first," said Babe.

Marie Trenton? This, I realized, was news indeed. (continued on page 122)

A TRIBUTE TO AL ZACK

fiction By ROBERT CENEDELLA



*"You're really forgetful, darling —
that's the third time this afternoon
you've covered me with suntan lotion."*



Vargas

THE CONQUEST OF A CLEVER CLERK

Ribald Classic from the 15th Century *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*

THERE ONCE LIVED a venerable knight who, weary from many encounters both upon battlefield and bed, ordered his young and innocent bride to wear a coat of mail whenever they took their jousting together. The lady, more blessed with beauty than with intellect, accepted his explanation that she would be harmed in love's jousts without armor. Dutifully, she thus donned a hauberk on their nuptial eve, ne'er dreaming that there might be other manners of adorning oneself in such sport.

The knight soon discovered that his plan to dampen his wife's ardor was not wholly successful, for although the steel abused her somewhat, she took lusty delight in each frolic. Not one night passed without her exhausted husband finding her in bed cheerfully attired in armor and anxious for combat.

Thus, it was with wheezing gratitude that he accepted once again the call to other battle, one he was certain would provide less strain upon his person, and he hurried off to war at the command of his prince, leaving his bedmate in the charge of an old gentleman and several ladies in waiting. The guardians were incapable of preventing the passionate young woman from quenching the fires of desire, however, and her husband had not been gone a fortnight when she had coyly accepted a proposal from a licentious young clerk of the village.

Upon the night assigned to assignation the fellow, muffled and disguised, was smuggled into the castle by the wife's personal handmaid. Proudly he strode into the lady's chamber, anticipating a frolic sublime. Great was his surprise when, expecting to feast his eyes upon beauty, he observed someone awaiting him encased in armor. Believing this was his lady's husband returned, he leaped backward in a state of mortal terror, alighting halfway down the stairs he had recently so happily ascended. Believing for mercy, he tumbled to the bot-

tom, nearly breaking his neck. The beauty, attempting to save him a fall while bedecked in the attire she ordinarily wore only when horizontal, clumsily toppled behind him, landing against him with a shattering clank.

"Of what are you affrighted, my love?" she inquired when the ringing had departed from her ears. "I wear not this hauberk to harm you."

Recognizing her voice, her lover answered in a tone much perplexed. "I beg you, my lady, why wear you such ghastly apparel?"

"Know you well!" she replied, in rigors warm.

"I assure you, my lady, I know not," said the clerk.

Hard put to conceal his amazement, the clerk then heard his lady explain that her husband had taught her that armor was the apparel for love. "My dear, you are quite right," the knave replied. "Knights, being men of steel, encase their women in it. But we clerks have a different custom when treating our ladies to the delights of love." And, removing her hauberk and escorting her to her chamber, he demonstrated the clerk's custom and his own mettle with high vigor and skill.

All went well in the castle of the absent knight as his wife's coat of armor gathered dust while she pursued with delight the custom of the clerks. And when the eventual return home of her husband threatened to curtail their sport, the wily clerk found methods to prolong their bouts in her chamber.

Upon his arrival, the weary knight was gratified to discover that his wife, now wishing to sleep peacefully in her own chamber, no longer desired to don her coat of mail and call him nightly to battle. Thus a knight, while believing his purpose had been achieved by the wearing of mail, was bested by a male wearing nothing at all.

—Retold by John D. Keefauver



Playmates Revisited • 1959

playboy encores its sixth year's gatefold girls

HEREWITH, another retrospective look at a delectable dozen Playmates of the past. These 12 authentic American beauties were picked for their original PLAYBOY appearances from every part of the nation: Virginia Gordon was born and raised in West Virginia and Audrey Daston in Boise, Idaho—though both were living in Hollywood when we first spotted them; Clayre Peters and Nancy Crawford grew up in the East and were submitted by New York photographers. Boston-born Cindy Fuller was discovered in a Miami water pageant; she graced both the May gatefold and *Playboy's House Party*, a picture story in the same issue. Waukegan, Illinois, birthplace of Jack Benny, came up with a second, fairer claim to fame in 1959, with February Playmate Eleanor Bradley; Marilyn Hanold was working in a Las Vegas show with comedian George Gobel when she made her June PLAYBOY debut and Marilyn obviously has an appreciation for the comic, and vice versa: This past season she was a featured regular on the Sid Caesar TV show. Chicago's own Marianne Gaba was Miss Illinois in a Miss Universe contest and made a scrumptious Miss September. October's Elaine Reynolds, a professional swimmer, and December's Ellen Stratton, a legal secretary, came from opposite coasts, but wound up the year as two of the most popular Playmates and later became a pair of The Playboy Club's most beautiful Bunnies. Readers are invited to submit their own ten favorites from among *all* the Playmates of our first ten years—from Miss December 1953 to Miss December 1963. Send us the names of your ten favorites, then enjoy the results in a December pictorial, *Readers' Choice*.



VIRGINIA GORDON, January 1959



MARILYN HANOLD, June 1959

DONNA LYNN, *November 1959*



ELEANOR BRADLEY, *February 1959*



AUDREY DASTON, *March 1959*



ELLEN STRATTON, *December 1959*

NANCY CRAWFORD, *April 1959*



ELAINE REYNOLDS, *October 1959*



CINDY FULLER, *May 1959*

CLAYRE PETERS, *August 1959*



YVETTE VICKERS, *July 1959*



MARIANNE GABA, *September 1959*

Home

WHEN I GOT MY FIRST APARTMENT IT WAS WONDERFUL. I DON'T MEAN THE NEIGHBORHOOD WAS WONDERFUL—FRANKLY, IT WASN'T. BUT THE FACT THAT I HAD AT LAST MADE THE BREAK! THAT WAS WONDERFUL.



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I COULD BE MY OWN MAN! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I DIDN'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN WHERE I HAD BEEN ALL NIGHT. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I COULD CURSE IN MY OWN HOME!



AND THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS THOSE EARLY WEEKS. I DIDN'T DO VERY MUCH. I JUST HUNG AROUND THE ROOM, DRANK WINE, PLAYED THE RADIO—AND, FRANKLY, CURSED. IT WAS—WELL, THE ONLY WORD FOR IT IS WONDERFUL.



AND THEN THIS NEW GUY MOVED IN NEXT DOOR. I NEVER SAW HIM—BUT I SAW THE FURNITURE BEING MOVED IN—AND I HEARD THE PHONE RINGING THROUGH THE WALLS—AND THEN I HEARD THE GIRLS.



EVERY NIGHT I HEARD GIRLS. DIFFERENT GIRLS. LOUD LAUGHERS. GIGGLERS. YELLERS. THE DAMN WALLS WERE MADE OUT OF PAPER!



I GOT TO WONDERING—WHAT MUST THIS GUY THINK OF ME? ALL HE EVER HEARD THROUGH MY WALLS WERE THE HOT AND COLD WATER FAUCETS. HE MUST THINK I'M NOT REGULAR OR SOMETHING.



SO I BEGAN BRINGING GIRLS BACK TO MY PLACE. LOUD LAUGHERS. I'D TELL THEM FUNNY STORIES JUST TO GET THEM GOING. EVERY NIGHT A DIFFERENT GIRL. AND WHEN THE GIRL STOPPED LAUGHING IN MY APARTMENT I COULD ALWAYS HEAR THE GIRL LAUGHING IN HIS.



IT WASN'T TOO MUCH FUN - BUT BEING ALONE HAD BECOME IMPOSSIBLE. SO I WENT TO PARTIES I DIDN'T WANT TO GO TO IN ORDER TO DATE GIRLS I DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE OUT SO THAT I COULD BRING THEM HOME AFTER, WHERE THEY COULD LAUGH.



AND THEN, JUST WHEN I WAS RUNNING OUT OF STORIES, I WOKE UP ONE MORNING AND HEARD THE SOUND OF MOVING FURNITURE! BY THE TIME I GOT DRESSED AND LOOKED NEXT DOOR - THE APARTMENT WAS EMPTY!



FOR A WEEK IT WAS WONDERFUL. LIKE A VACATION. I DIDN'T DO VERY MUCH. DRANK WINE, PLAYED THE RADIO AND VERY FRANKLY, JUST HUNG AROUND.



AND THEN THIS YOUNG COUPLE MOVED IN NEXT DOOR. I NEVER SAW THEM. I HARDLY EVER HEARD THEM. I DON'T THINK THEY EVER TALKED. ALL THEY DID, DAY AND NIGHT, WAS PLAY CHAMBER MUSIC.



YESTERDAY I BROUGHT HOME A BUNCH OF MOZART RECORDS.



JULIE
FEFFER



Since there are 208 different Scotches...how can you be sure this is the world's smoothest?

Smoothness is difficult to define, since everyone has his own idea of just what it is.

Some say smoothness is lightness.

Others say it's a "round" taste: the blending of a number of mature Scotch whiskies to produce a well-rounded body and flavor.

Whatever the definition, this much *is* known: people want smoothness most of all in the Scotch they drink.

And more people enjoy Johnnie Walker Red than any other Scotch.

It is so very smooth, so very satisfying, that it is the largest-selling Scotch whisky in the entire world.



Born 1820
... still
going strong!

Johnnie Walker Red—just smooth, very smooth

health of body and mind, are the chief influences by which a reform is to be effected, if at all. These considerations may be urged with all possible eloquence and earnestness, but *should not be exaggerated.*" [Emphasis ours.] "The truth," says the doctor, "is terrible enough."

"If there are any *special influences* which may be brought to bear upon a particular individual—and there always will be something of this sort owing to peculiarities of temperament or circumstances—these should be promptly employed and applied in such a manner as to secure them their full bearing."

The results of masturbation include, according to Dr. Kellogg, *impotency in the male, sterility in the female, urinary diseases, dyspepsia, throat affections, heart disease, diseases of the nervous system, epilepsy, cancer, idiocy, suicide, insanity and piles.*

What Dr. Kellogg chooses to describe as "the truth" is, as he puts it, "terrible enough"!

NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS

Since every sign of man's sexual nature may become repugnant to one sufficiently perverted and negatively obsessed with his subject, it should come as no surprise to find that this learned man of medicine is even concerned with involuntary nocturnal emissions.

"That an individual may suffer for years an involuntary seminal loss as frequently as once a month without apparently suffering very great injury," says Dr. Kellogg, "seems to be a settled fact with physicians of extensive experience, and is well confirmed by observation; yet there are those who suffer severely from losses no more frequent than this. But when seminal losses occur more frequently than once a month, they will certainly ultimate in great injury, even though immediate ill effects are not noticed . . ."

As Kellogg correctly states, for a change, "The masturbator knows nothing of this disease, so long as he continues his vile practice. But," he adds, "when he resolves to reform, and ceases to defile himself voluntarily, he is astonished and disgusted to find that the same filthy pollutions occur during his sleep without his voluntary participation."

Nocturnal emissions have two primary causes, according to Kellogg, "local irritation and lewd thoughts." Sexual thoughts are just as harmful to a person when he is sleeping as when he is awake, the doctor explains. But, curiously enough, the doctor considers emissions unaccompanied by dreaming as the most serious sort. "At first," he says, "the emissions are always accompanied by dreams, the patient usually awaking immediately afterward; but after a time

they take place without dreams and without awaking him, and are unaccompanied by sensation. This denotes a greatly increased gravity of the complaint."

Students of Freud will be interested in Kellogg's comments under the heading: "*Can Dreams Be Controlled?*". The doctor answers his own query: "Facts prove that they can be, and to a remarkable extent."

Kellogg offers the case history of "an Italian gentleman of great respectability," as an illustration of what can be accomplished in the dream department with "strong resolution." The Italian gentleman had, it seems, "been inconvenienced five years before with frequent emissions, which totally unnerved him. He determined resolutely that the very instant the image of a woman or any libidinous idea presented itself to his imagination, *he would wake*; and to insure his doing so, dwelt in his thoughts on his resolution for a long time before going to sleep. The remedy, applied by a vigorous will, had the most happy results. The idea, the remembrance of its being a *danger*, and the determination to wake, closely united the evening before, were never dissociated even in sleep, and he awoke in time; and this reiterated precaution, repeated during some evenings, absolutely cured of the complaint."

Since Freud has established that dreams actually provide a necessary and healthful "escape-hatch" for many ideas that might otherwise play havoc in our subconscious minds, this little game of dream-control, wholeheartedly recommended by the author, might be expected to produce all manner of possible psychic ills. If the thought, which we do not care to consciously accept, is not permitted to escape—either directly, or in some disguised form—in a dream, it will be repressed. And then the psychopathological fun begins!

Dr. Kellogg offers a number of suggestions for "curing" nocturnal emissions, including the avoidance of stimulating food and drink; sleeping on one's side, rather than on the back or abdomen (as an aid to this, he suggests fastening "a piece of wood upon the back" or "tying one hand to the bedpost"); avoiding soft beds and pillows; and arising immediately upon waking in the morning "if it is after four o'clock."

This concern over nocturnal emissions again reminds us of the penitentials of the Dark Ages, which prescribed the penance for an involuntary nocturnal emission as rising promptly, and reciting seven penitential psalms, with an additional 30 in the morning.

Dr. Kellogg states that the eventual outcome of nocturnal emissions is impotence.

There is a certain pathetic irony in

the fact that the last few pages of his chapter on self-abuse and nocturnal emissions are devoted to a warning against soliciting advice on these subjects from "quacks." Under a section with that title, Dr. Kellogg says, "Never consult a quack. The newspapers abound with lying advertisements of remedies for diseases of this character. Do not waste time and money in corresponding with the ignorant, unprincipled charlatans who make such false pretensions. . . . Consult only some well-known and reliable physician in whom you have confidence. If your physician treats the matter lightly, and advises marriage as a means of cure, you will not judge him harshly if you decide that although he may be thoroughly competent to treat other diseases, he is ignorant of the nature and proper treatment of this. . . . Do not despair of ever recovering from the effects of past transgression, and plunge into greater depths of sin. Persevering, skillful treatment will cure almost every case. . . . Every sufferer from sexual disease must make up his mind to live, during the remainder of his life, as closely in accord with the laws of life and health as circumstances under his control will allow him to do."

A FINAL WORD FOR BOYS & GIRLS

Dr. Kellogg concludes *Plain Facts for Old and Young* with a final "Chapter for Boys" and a "Chapter for Girls." It comes as no surprise to find that these are devoted, almost in their entirety, to additional warnings against the evils of masturbation.

Under the heading "*Self-Murderers*," the author states, "Of all the vices to which human beings are addicted, no other so rapidly undermines the constitution and so certainly makes a complete wreck of an individual as this, especially when the habit is begun at an early age. It wastes the most precious part of the blood, uses up the vital forces, and finally leaves the poor victim a most utterly ruined and loathsome object. If a boy should be deprived of both hands and feet and should lose his eyesight, he would still be infinitely better off than the boy who for years gives himself up to the gratification of lust in secret vice . . ."

The doctor offers an illustrative case history especially written for his younger readers, under the title "*Two Young Wrecks*": "Charles and Oscar B. _____ were the sons of a farmer in a Western State, aged respectively 10 and 12 years. They possessed well-formed heads, and once had beautiful faces, and were as bright and sprightly as any little boys of their age to be found anywhere. Their father was proud of them, and their fond mother took great pleasure in building bright prospects for her darling sons when they should attain maturity

and become competent to fill useful and honorable positions in the world. . . .

"But suddenly certain manifestations appeared which gave rise to grave apprehensions on the part of the parents. It was observed that the elder of the little boys no longer played about with that nimbleness which he had formerly shown, but seemed slow and stiff in his movements. Sometimes, indeed, he would stagger a little when he walked. Soon, also, his speech became affected in some degree; he mumbled his words and could not speak distinctly. In spite of all that could be done, the disease continued, increasing slowly in all its symptoms from week to week. Soon the hands, also, became affected, so that the little boy could not feed himself. The mind now began to fail. The bright eyes became vacant and expressionless. Instead of the merry light which used to shine in them, there was a blank, idiotic stare.

"Imagine the grief and anguish of the poor mother! No one but a mother who has been called to pass through a similar trial could know how to sympathize with such a one. Her darling son she saw daily becoming a prey to a strange, incurable malady, with no power even to stay the progress of the terrible disease.

"But there was still greater grief in store for her. Within a year or two the younger son began to show symptoms of the same character, and in spite of all that was done, rapidly sank into the same helpless state as his brother. As a last resort, the mother took her boys and came a long journey to place her sons under our care. At that time they were both nearly helpless. Neither could walk but a few steps. They reeled and staggered about like drunken men, falling down upon each other and going through the most agonizing contortions in their attempts to work their way from one chair to another and thus about the room. Their heads were no longer erect, but drooped like wilted flowers. On their faces was a blank, imbecile expression, with a few traces of former intelligence still left. The mouths were open, from the drooping of the lower jaws, and the saliva dribbled upon the clothing. Altogether, it was a spectacle which one does not care to meet every day; the impression made was too harrowing to be pleasant even for its interest from a scientific point of view.

"We at once set to work to discover the cause of this dreadful condition, saying to ourselves that such an awful punishment should certainly be the result of some gross violation of nature's laws somewhere. The most careful scrutiny of the history of the parents of the unfortunate lads gave us no clue to anything of an hereditary character, both parents having come of good families, and having been always of sober, temperate hab-

its. The father had used neither liquor nor tobacco in any form. The mother could give no light on the matter, and we were obliged to rest for the time being upon the conviction which fastened itself upon us that the pair were most marked illustrations of the results of self-abuse begun at a very early age. The mother thought it impossible that our suspicions could be correct, saying that she had watched her sons with jealous care from earliest infancy and had seen no indications of any error of the sort. But we had not long to wait for confirmation of our view of the case, as they were soon caught in the act, to which it was found that they were greatly addicted, and the mystery was wholly solved."

Although for Dr. Kellogg, "the mystery was wholly solved," he was unable to follow his remarkable diagnosis with any sort of cure, and the boys eventually returned home with their mother, where they lived out their remaining years thus afflicted, and eventually died.

The author devotes a considerable portion of these last two chapters to similar case histories. A young man, referred to as M. M., was the son of a mechanic, and of humble circumstances. "Good school advantages were given him, and at a proper age he was put to learn a trade. He succeeded fairly, and his parents' hopes of his becoming all that they could desire were great, when he suddenly began to manifest peculiar symptoms. He had attended a religious revival and seemed much affected, professing religion and becoming a member of the church. To the exercises of his mind on the subject of religion his friends attributed his peculiar actions, which soon became so strange as to excite grave fears that his mind was seriously affected. At times he was wild, showing such unmistakable evidences of insanity that even his poor mother, who was loth to believe the sad truth, was forced to admit that he was deranged. . . .

"In this condition was the young man when he came under our care. We felt strongly impressed from our first examination of the case that it was one of sexual abuse [which prompts us to observe that this immediate diagnostic insight seems remarkably like what a psychiatrist might consider as a case of projection, on the part of Dr. Kellogg] but we were assured by his friends in the most emphatic manner that such was an impossibility. It was claimed that the most scrupulous care had been bestowed upon him, and that he had been so closely watched that it was impossible that he should have been guilty of so gross a vice. His friends were disposed to attribute his sad condition to excessive exercise of [his] mind upon religious subjects. [Which prompts us to observe that

the patient's friends display more psychiatric acumen than the sanitarium's chief physician.]

"Not satisfied with this view of the case, we set a close watch upon him, and within a week his nurse reported that he had detected him in the act of self-pollution, when he confessed the truth, not yet being so utterly devoid of sense as to have lost his appreciation of the sinfulness of the act. [Which prompts us to observe that this is one of the most incredible examples of diagnostic technique we have ever read.]

"When discovered in the act of self-abuse, the patient exclaimed, 'I know I have made myself a fool,' which was the exact truth."

Dr. Kellogg wasn't able to do anything to help this patient either, which appears to be something of a recurring theme, where these cases of "excessive sexual abuse" are concerned. The doctor reports, "At our suggestion the young man was removed to an institution devoted to the care of imbeciles and lunatics. The last we heard of the poor fellow, he was still sinking into lower depths of physical and mental degradation—a soul utterly lost and ruined. How many thousands of young men who might have been useful members of society—lawyers, clergymen, statesmen, scientists—have thus sunk into the foul depths of the quagmire of vice, to rise no more forever! Oh, awful fate! The human eye never rests upon a sadder sight than a ruined soul, a mind shattered and debased by vice."

Oh, physician, heal thyself!

A last case history, and we are done with Dr. J. H. Kellogg forevermore. "A case came to our knowledge through a gentleman who brought his daughter to us for treatment for the effects of self-abuse," Kellogg reports, "of a father who adopted a summary method of curing his son of the evil practice. Having discovered that the lad was a victim of the vile habit, and having done all in his power by punishment, threats, and representations of its terrible effects, but without inducing him to reform, the father, in a fit of desperation, seized the sinful boy and with his own hand performed upon him the operation of castration as he would have done upon a colt. The boy recovered from the operation, and was, of course, effectively cured of his vile habit. The remedy was efficient, though scarcely justifiable. Even a father has no right thus to mutilate his own son, though we must confess that the lad's chances for becoming a useful man are fully as good as they would have been had he continued his course of sin."

OUR ANTISEXUAL HERITAGE

We haven't devoted an entire installment of this editorial series to Dr. J. H.

Kellogg and his book simply to describe the twisted antisexuality of a single individual, or a single volume of his writings. We have given the space to this extended consideration of *Plain Facts for Old and Young* because it serves as a classic case study of Puritan America at the end of the last century.

As we stated at the beginning of this article, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg was not an insignificant crackpot, whose irrational sexual rantings can be dismissed as of little consequence. Dr. Kellogg was a highly respected member of the medical profession, who held a number of important positions in his lifetime, who was affiliated with a number of influential medical associations, and whose words on any aspect of medical science carried considerable authority and import.

Under other circumstances, the pathological aversion to sex evidenced throughout the more than 500 pages of *Plain Facts* might be viewed as ample proof of the disturbed psyche of its author. In actual fact, however, the book is an accurate reflection of the guilt-and-shame-infested culture in which it was produced. If there is sickness in this sexual treatise, it is less the sickness of a single individual than a symptom of an entire sick society.

But this book was not written in the Old World during the Dark Ages; it was written here in the United States less than 100 years ago. The antisexual attitudes expressed in this worn volume are typical of that severe puritanical period; the irrational intermixing of science, Scripture and superstition is typical, too.

It may be argued, with validity, that the fact most dramatically demonstrated by the naïve nature of Dr. Kellogg's book is how much we have learned from Darwin, Freud, Kinsey, and others, regarding both the physical and psychological make-up of man, since the 19th Century. But though our scientific insights have increased a thousandfold, our society's mores and laws are still rooted in the sterile soil of puritanism.

¶ We still suffer, in this supposedly enlightened time, from taboos and guilts regarding sexual behavior that are directly derived from the almost total antisexuality of the late 1800s, so enthusiastically depicted in Kellogg's chronicle. It is hardly significant that the taboos have been somewhat tempered and the guilts become less grave, in the four-score years between; the irrational restrictions and repressions still exist, and the difference in his world and ours is only a matter of degree—not reason replacing superstition.

¶ We devoted the two previous installments of *The Playboy Philosophy* to current U. S. sex laws, and can only conclude that these statutes, in all 50 states, are as unreasoned and unreasonable to-

day as when Dr. Kellogg first put pen to paper. The American Law Institute proposed a Model Penal Code for sex offenses almost a decade ago, but no state has yet adopted this recommendation for more lenient legislation; our sex statutes are still based more on puritanism than psychiatry, more on religious morality than scientific insight.

¶ Many Americans do not realize that censorship in this country commenced in the 19th Century—mostly in its last three puritanical decades—and was previously all but unknown here. Thomas Jefferson wrote, in 1814, "I am mortified to be told that, in the United States of America, the sale of a book can become a subject of inquiry, and of criminal inquiry too, as an offense against religion; that a question like this can be carried before the civil magistrate. Is this then our freedom of religion?"

With our Puritan heritage, it is no surprise that when censorship came to our supposedly free society, it centered upon the literature and art that dealt with sex. In a memorable debate in the

U. S. Senate in 1835, Clay, Calhoun and Webster declared that the Government of the United States should never be involved in an act of censorship; and in that same year a visitor from France, Alexis de Tocqueville, reported: "Attempts have been made by some governments to protect the morality of nations by prohibiting licentious books. In the United States no one is punished for this sort of work."

But in 1842 Congress passed a Tariff Act that forbade the importation of "obscene books or pictures into the United States"; and in 1865 another Federal law was passed prohibiting the transmission of objectionable materials through the mails. "But there was one saving grace in these laws," wrote Ernest Sutherland Bates. "It never occurred to anyone apparently that they should be enforced. And then around 1870 the lid was clamped down. Censorship spread over the land like a prairie fire."

Anthony Comstock, the most infamous and influential censor in American history, was at his bluenosed, book-



"How about one in the nude?"

burning peak when Dr. J. H. Kellogg wrote *Plain Facts*, and the doctor commends Comstock for his censorship activities, and quotes him in several places, in his own remarkable volume of anti-sex. Comstock founded the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice in 1873, and that same year secured the passage of the so-called Comstock Laws from the U. S. Congress that made the interstate dissemination of "immoral" art and literature a serious Federal offense; Comstock also managed to get himself appointed as a special, nonsalaried investigator for the post office, and in that position caused the conviction of countless persons, reportedly destroyed 160 tons of allegedly obscene literature and nearly 4,000,000 pictures.

H. L. Mencken, noted American editor, author and social critic, wrote: "The story of the passage of the Act of Congress of March 3, 1873, is a classical tale of Puritan impudence and chicanery. Ostensibly . . . the new laws were designed to put down traffic [in obscenity] which, of course, found no defenders—but Comstock had so drawn them that their actual sweep was vastly wider, and once he was firmly in the saddle, his enterprises scarcely knew limits. . . .

"In carrying on this war of extermination upon all ideas that violated their own private notions of virtue and decorum, Comstock and his followers were

very greatly aided by the vagueness of the law. It prohibited the use of the mails for transporting all matter of 'obscene, lewd, lascivious . . . or filthy' character, but conveniently failed to define these adjectives. As a result . . . it was possible to bring an accusation against practically any publication that aroused the Comstockian blood-lust."

Publisher Bernarr MacFadden wrote, shortly after Comstock's death: "I propose to add to a dictionary that is already too long the word *comstock*; its meaning will be apparent to everyone. If you associate dirt, filth and obscenity with an idea, a picture, a statue, or anything, why—you simply comstock it."

The U. S. censorship laws and their vigorous enforcement, established by Anthony Comstock in that Puritan period, are still very much with us today. And it has only been within the past decade that American literature and art have made any serious attempt to throw off the shackles of censorship placed upon them by Comstock and his followers at the end of the last century.

¶ Puritanism was still so dominant a force in America less than 50 years ago that, from 1919 to 1933, the entire nation suffered under the enforced Prohibition established by Congress with the 18th Amendment; and several states still suffer under various forms of Prohibition today. National Prohibition, known

as the "Noble Experiment," was almost certainly the most corrupting legislation ever established in the United States; it made criminals out of honest men, and drunkards out of sober ones. It stands as a monument to the evil that can result when man attempts to establish by governmental edict what should rightfully be a matter of personal choice.

Abraham Lincoln said prophetically, in a speech before the Illinois House of Representatives, in 1840: "Prohibition will work great injury to the cause of temperance. It is a species of intemperance within itself, for it goes beyond the bounds of reason in that it attempts to control a man's appetite by legislation, and makes a crime out of things that are not crimes. A Prohibition law strikes a blow at the very principles upon which our government was founded."

And H. L. Mencken responded to the "Noble Experiment" with a quotation from the Bible: "There is crying for wine in the streets; all joy is darkened, the mirth of the land is gone."—*Isaiah 24:11*.

¶ In the mid-Twenties, the Puritan concept of theocratic control of the state became a national issue with the famous Scopes "Monkey Trial" in Tennessee. A young biology teacher was put on trial for introducing Darwin's theory of evolution to his classes, because a state law specifically prohibited the teaching of any theory of the origin of man that was not in strict accordance with a literal interpretation of the Bible. The case caused a sensation because Christian fundamentalist William Jennings Bryan went to Dayton, Tennessee, to assist the local prosecutor; and the American Civil Liberties Union persuaded Clarence Darrow, the most famous trial lawyer of his generation, to appear for the defense.

The judge's rulings made it impossible for Darrow to plead the real issues in the case and teacher Scopes was found guilty on a technicality; but Darrow managed to get Bryan on the stand as an expert witness on the Scriptures, and subjected him to a devastating cross-examination on his Puritan beliefs, regarding the conflict between science and the Bible, that made Bryan, and the Tennessee court, the laughingstocks of the nation. It was an experience from which Bryan never recovered; he died of a stroke five days after the trial ended.

If the "Monkey Trial" appears to be little more than a piece of quaint Americana from out of the past, we must inform our readers that there exists—at this very moment in the state of Arizona—a serious Puritan attempt to petition the legislature to pass an antievolution law, just like the one they had in Tennessee in the 1920s.

¶ And how really different are the church-state considerations in the case of biology teacher Scopes in 1925 and those



"It's my table, all right, but you're just not my kind of people."

of biology teacher Koch in 1960? Professor Leo F. Koch (pronounced "Cook") was dismissed from the faculty of the University of Illinois four years ago for responding to an editorial on student sex habits in the *Daily Illini* with a letter in which he stated: "With modern contraceptives and medical advice readily available at the nearest drugstore, or at least from a family physician, there is no valid reason why sexual intercourse should not be condoned among those sufficiently mature to engage in it without social consequences and without violating their own codes of morality and ethics." The campus paper published his letter and the University promptly fired him.

A few months ago another professor at the University of Illinois, Revilo P. Oliver, whose first name is his last name spelled backward because, according to some of his colleagues, "he doesn't know if he's coming or going," gained national attention with an article he authored for *American Opinion*, the magazine of the John Birch Society, in which he referred to the recently assassinated John F. Kennedy as "a valuable agent of the international Communist conspiracy."

The powers that be at the University, which happens to be our own alma mater, simply clucked disapprovingly at Professor Oliver's intemperate and ill-timed remarks, but concluded that his rather extreme political views did not hamper his ability as a teacher. Not so with Professor Koch: he got the boot!

Oliver was accorded his right to free expression, because all he did was call President Kennedy a traitor; Koch lost his right, because he did something far worse—he questioned our Puritan concept of sexual morality. That is obviously the one excess that lies outside the protections given to free expression in our free society.

Professor Koch touched the heart of the matter himself, with an all-too-prophetic passage in his letter that none of the major newspapers or wire services bothered to include in their stories on his dismissal: "The . . . important hazard is that a public discussion of sex will offend the religious feelings of the leaders of our religious institutions. These people feel that youngsters should remain ignorant of sex for fear that knowledge of it will lead to temptation and sin."

And that is precisely what happened. Several churchmen voiced vigorous protests, and biology professor Koch got the old heave ho! He might have fared better at the University of Chicago, where, we understand, the Student Health Service hands out prescriptions for oral contraceptives to undergraduate coeds, married or unmarried, on request—on the not altogether irrational premise that if a girl is sufficiently interested to come in and ask for the prescription, she is

probably going to engage in sex, with or without it.

The Puritan would argue that it is immoral to give such a prescription to a single girl—presumably in the severe and inhumane belief that the girl should be made to pay for her sin with pregnancy. The true moralist, we believe, would take a more considered and considerate view—recognizing that giving the prescriptions to the girls who request them is in the best interests of the girls themselves, and that this, after all, should be the deciding factor.

A Cleveland court decision recently projected the puritanical viewpoint in a similar situation: A mother was found guilty of contributing to the delinquency of a minor for giving her underage daughter instructions in birth control, after the daughter had given birth to three illegitimate children in as many years.

And here we have the crystallization of this moral dilemma—as real, as important, and as controversial today, as it was in the time of Dr. J. H. Kellogg.

The puritanical believe that their concept of sexual morality should be forced upon the rest of society through strict social taboos and governmental legislation. Those of us who believe in a free society—whatever our personal religious and moral convictions—believe that each individual in a democracy has a right to worship God in his own way,

and follow the moral dictates of his own particular religion, or those that lie within his own heart, just as long as they do not encroach upon the personal rights of others.

By offering, in this installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, a dissection of the extreme Puritan antisexuality that has existed in America over the past century, it should be easier to understand whence come the severe sexual restrictions still to be found in the society of the 1960s.

"*The Playboy Forum*" does not appear in this issue, because of the unusual length of this installment of the "*Philosophy*," but "*Forum*" will appear next month, and we continue to welcome readers' comments—pro and con—on all subjects raised in this editorial series.

In upcoming installments of "*The Playboy Philosophy*," Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner will offer suggestions for a more rational set of U.S. sex statutes, and discuss the problems of juvenile sex crime, prostitution, abortion and birth control.

Two booklet reprints of "*The Playboy Philosophy*"—the first including installments one through seven; the second, installments eight through twelve—are available at \$1 per booklet. Send check or money order to PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



"I thought I was supposed to say the first thing that comes to my mind."

SWIMMING (continued from page 100)

were to be, that's right, "by owner"?

Ah. I was *that* owner, too. Nobody had alerted me to the fact that from the moment I signed my contract all mentions in human discourse of an owner were to be taken as references to me—me exclusively. It was beginning to look like W.P.I. had agreed to accept \$3000 for the dubious service of allowing me to build my pool with a number of other people.

I sent out a call for wood persons and rock persons. A sinewy, lushly tattooed ex-sailor named Chad Eccles dropped by and offered to handle all the called-for woodwork for \$1300. A sinewy, lushly tattooed ex-sailor named Jigg Baroda showed up and announced that he could give me some nice casual rocks (green gem-stone richolite from Mexico, P.V. from the Palos Verdes quarries) in a nice casual arrangement for \$1000.

My pool was going to cost \$6625, not too far a cry from the original figure of \$3000, but not its next-door neighbor, either. I remained in a happy, if disconcerted, frame of mind. The resale value of my property was to be hiked by something very close to \$9950. I had not planned to acquire quite that much equity quite that fast, but it was a painless way to make money and get in some swimming, too. This argument about jumping equity through improvements had me thinking, almost, that I was going to be doing my swimming on somebody *else's* money, no matter how much cash I had to sink into the project. I signed the proliferating contracts with a steady, even blithe, hand.

When I made my deal with W.P.I. in mid-June, Dee-Dee gaily assured me I could expect to be swimming early in July. I did not think to ask *which* July.

True, some structural-steel men showed up to weave a cunning mesh-work of reinforcing rods over which concrete could be poured. True, some plumbers installed excellent copper pipes which would carry the water out to the filter and heater and back again; they were nice enough, while they were at it, to lay in a narrower tube through which electrical wires could be run to the underwater light fixture. All this was promising. But an overgrown sieve is not yet a navigable pool. Before a pool can hold water its maze of rods and pipes has to be covered with some leakproof substance. When, I asked, would this solidier stuff be deposited?

The gunite laddies would be delighted to accommodate me, Dee-Dee said—soon as the "electrical bonding" was in. I stiffened a bit. With a certain hesitation I inquired if "electrical bonding"

was supposed to be "by owner"? Not at all—W.P.I. was handling *this* item—hadn't the electrician laddies come? The gunite could be poured immediately after bonding. Bonding, Dee-Dee gave me to understand, would be taken care of by those darn sloppy electrician so-and-sos, nevah feah, suh. Dee-Dee would look into it immeejitly.

Dee-Dee had her own system for "looking into things"—by way of Peking, with investigators recruited from the local Braille institute. Two weeks later the W.P.I. electricians ambled along. Now I learned what the delicate operation called "bonding" was: the hooking of wire connections between the various pipes and steel rods at some six or seven points, to make sure that foot-loose electrical charges would be grounded before they could meander into the water and electrocute all swimmers. It took two unhurried men exactly 20 minutes. I thanked them almost heartily. They said it was nothing. I agreed more than heartily.

Days passed. I called Dee-Dee. The bonding men were long gone—now could I have my pool, please? Disbelieving sighs at the other end. Hadn't those ding-whiskered forgetful rascals showed their faces yet? Blast their devilish eyes. She would sure looky into it, nevah feah, I'd be a-splashin' and a-churnin' in no time a-tall. (Dee-Dee tended to develop an Ole Miss accent in stress situations.)

The lady contacted her Braille people in Peking. They sent out all available investigators. But they were hamstrung, their seeing-eye dogs had been mobilized for the labor communes, they had to grope their way in the People's dark. In two weeks the gunite crew showed up. Through some slip-up which I never could trace to its source, they had brought along their gunite.

Gunite is mankind's most dramatic proof that you *can* get too much of a good thing. This impermeable and durable form of concrete is a winsome material to have *in* the walls of your pool, but the problem is, what to do with the *leftover* gunite, the "mud," as it is known in the trade, that *won't* fit into the pool? As ineluctable as death and Texas is the fact that when you build a pool you're going to have a lot of sloshy mud left over. The stuff has to be piped up to your pool site from compressors stationed in the street: This is done through a fat hose. Now, once enough is blown into your pool to line it a foot deep, the excess guck in the hose has to be blown *out*. The workmen can't eat it. They can't tell it to go away. They have to dump it somewhere, and fast. Left in the hose it would quickly set and the workers would have a solid concrete hose, for which the demand is lim-

ited. To handle the problem of gunite "backfire," excavators dig a trench somewhere near the pool, in which the unwanted stuff can be unobtrusively laid away.

Willie Yost, a man who thinks ahead, had dug a dandy grave for our backfire. (In this case there was a lot of it, because the compressor hose had to run 150 feet up the hill.) It was a gash big enough to bury Sterling Hayden in and have room left over for his schooner, and it gaped there with unmistakable come-on, but W.P.I.'s gunite men somehow did not notice it. They sprayed everywhere else, up the hill, around the edges of the pool, over the hanging gardens, on the trunks of the nearby birches, but they kept on missing the trench. A fair amount of their surplus gunite, I suspect, was cunningly blended in with my Cocoa Krispies, but I was past caring.

I was instructed to hose down the gunite twice a day for several days to make sure the stuff would set properly—then the plasterers and tilers would complete the job. I hosed for two weeks, sunup and sundown; no plasterers, no tilers. Urgent call to Dee-Dee. Summer was hurtling by. At this rate the pool would be ready at about the time the rains came. Much Phelps-Stokes gasping in San Fernando, many Deep Dixie draws of outrage. She'd get right on it, you betcha. She'd damn well better or I'd get on *her*, you betcha.

While I sat hosing—not especially amused by the irony of *man* wetting *pool*—waiting for the rains, wistfully watching the leaves mellow with autumn russets, an elderly gent with a ball pen behind his ear and a clipboard in his hand showed up. Honey of a pool, he ventured. Real showpiece. Feller could get a lot of enjoying out of a trim job like this. What kind of fence was I figuring on?

I hadn't been figuring on a fence. An unabashed claustrophobe, I do not cotton to enclosures of any type. Why, exactly, was he asking?

Well, he could appreciate my feelings—let's face it, even the best fences are eyesores—but the fact is that the City of Los Angeles (Department of Building and Safety, Swimming Pool Ordinance Bulletin #1081, Revised May 21, 1959) requires a pool to be completely closed in before any water can be run to it; it's not a matter of politics, even under communism they got fences, you heard about that Berlin Wall? The man was a city inspector. It was his job to see to it that no pool within city lines got dampened before it was surrounded by a 4'6" fencing of unclimbable mesh (minimum 14 gauge, corrosion-resistant), secured with steel tubes sunk into at least one foot of concrete, equipped with self-

closing gates whose latches were a minimum of 4'6" from the ground, so that the under-five toddler population of our town would not be wiped out through pool drownings. I didn't want to wake up and find the small bodies of neighborhood tots floating in my back yard, did I? I didn't look like that sort of man. Get that mesh in, friend. You got a hate on for fences, learn to live with a dry pool. Maybe you could plant some pretty Dichondraceae in the hole or something.

I called the N-Close Fence people. They came out to look over the property. One thing I did *not* want, they assured me, was a fence that hugged the pool. That would shut off the danger area in compliance with the Building Code, sure enough, and wouldn't cost more than \$200 or so, but, by dad, hell's peck-neck, who wants a lot of wire mesh staring him in the eyeballs when he's sunning and spanking around? Thing to do was fence in the whole one-acre shebang, then the ugly metal would be practically out of sight, especially after the bushes and trees hawked up their greenings all over it. Of course, the extra footage would run me a mite more, but why skimp a few bucks at the expense of a nice view, was what they always said. How much of a mite more? Oh—\$1300, say. I had the chilling impression that \$1300 was what they always said.

I vividly remember that superior movie called *Sunset Boulevard*. The image of William Holden floating face down in Gloria Swanson's pool, past all snorkeling, was haunting enough—I didn't want the same scene enacted in my pool by a towheaded Shirley Temple in blue jeans and red Keds. I signed for a \$1300 fence. Pool would run me \$7925. Resale value of place elevating \$11,900. Clear profit of \$3975, which is not zebra grass.

I know many things about pools that I did not know pre-Dee-Dee. I know that all the people who work on them are ex-sailors—except for an occasional Mexican who is in the business to study the transistorized portable radios of Southern California—and I know why. It is because they may have to leave the country at a moment's notice, with all airports, train depots and bus terminals watched: Their one chance for an unobserved gum boot, clearly, is in the merchant marine, under assumed names. Dee-Dee, to be sure, could not slip through the FBI's alert cordons as an able-bodied seaman bent under a duffel bag. It was my judgment that she had a private plane parked on a well-camouflaged landing strip, fueled and revved up at all times.

Dee-Dee's official title at W.P.I. was that of "coordinator." What she was supposed to coordinate, it is now plain, was her temper and my temper, and it is

my duty to report that she fell down on the job never to rise again. Our most serious problem, I began to realize, was that W.P.I.'s employees were not on speaking terms: The steel-reinforcers had never heard of the electricians, the electricians did not talk to the plumbers, the plumbers had no truck with the guniters, the guniters refused to acknowledge the existence of the plasterers, the plasterers did not take cognizance of the tilers, and on down the tight-lipped line. Dee-Dee did not try to put her many deputations in touch with one another. She had no time for that. She was too busy on the phone with me, discussing the lovable rascals who made up these in-groups.

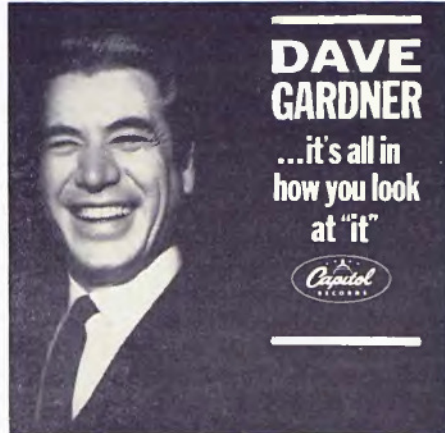
We had a lot to discuss. For example, the equipment men, two sinewy, lushly tattooed ex-sailors, came to install the filter and heater. In pleasantly conversational tones they informed me that the skimmer intake pipe that was supposed to be positioned in the dead center of the skimmer box was actually smack in the corner where it couldn't be reached. (It *had* to be reached, twice a week, when the vacuum hose got attached to it; if your pool doesn't get vacuumed down regularly, you will soon be swimming with a machete to hack your way through carpets of algae.) The plumbers had located this inlet, a key part of the water-circulating system, at one point, then the guniter laddies had ignored it when they blew in the walls for the skimmer box.


This was my own deduction. The guniters only looked puzzled when I mentioned plumbers to them; as for the plumbers, their reaction to my mention of guniters suggested that they wished I would spell the exotic word for them. (The equipment people were more than polite when I made disparaging references to both plumbers and guniters, they were even understanding; but they could not entirely hide their concern for a grown man who was beginning to believe in doublegangers.) In the plumbers' view, the pipe was in impeccably correct position—it was the recess that had unaccountably wandered half a foot off. For the guniters, the recess was beautifully placed—the pipe had somehow taken an unscheduled detour. (The equipment men leaned to the theory that the pipe was off three inches to the left and the recess three inches to the right, and that both displacements were very likely the work of termites.)

Then there were the electricians, several, that's right, sinewy, that's right, lushly tattooed, that's right, ex-sailors. They came to hook up the underwater light. They caught my eye when they all got down on their hands and knees and began to crawl around the terrace like hound-dogs trying to pick up a scent. I inquired if they had lost something. Yes,

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they had—that narrow tube the electric wire was supposed to run through. Had I seen a copper tube poking up from the ground anywhere? The plumbers had been supposed to get this tube in, so the electricians could get their wires in—was I sure I hadn't seen it?

I had noticed just such a tube, back in the Pleistocene period when the plumbers were around. But it was nowhere to be seen now. The electricians, squatting in a semicircular tribal council, evolved a hypothesis: Somehow a lot of backfire gunite had gotten spread around the edges of the pool, and somehow this all-important tube had gotten buried in this gunite. Were the gunite people responsible? The electricians were not prepared to say *who* could have spread all this unfunctional cement—suddenly *they* were hipped on the existence of poltergeists, I was the unbeliever. All they could reasonably affirm, as pragmatists, was that the tube was nowhere in evidence, and the excess gunite was everywhere in evidence, from which it was fair to deduce that the tube was cozily emplaced somewhere *below* the gunite.

Could they break through the gunite and locate the tube? Regretfully, that was quite out of the question: The use of any digging tool would get them involved in serious jurisdictional disputes with 17 unions and might lead to the whole job being picketed. Well, was there any chance of getting the *gunite* people to sledge hammer this bollixing stuff out, since they had put it there in the first place? I saw the electricians' defeatist palms loft skyward. I read the wide, innocent question in their wide, innocent eyes: *What* guniters? They left, assuring me that any time that copper tube showed up they sure would admire to shoot over and get my underwater light wired up chop-chop.

I dialed Dee-Dee. The switchboard lady, hearing my name, asked if she could take the message. I explained that the guniters' mud had obscured the plumbers' tube and therefore the electricians' wires could not go anywhere and therefore I was without a light in my pool, a light which most definitely, by terms of our contract, *was* to be in my pool, and *not* "by owner." The switchboard lady said Dee-Dee would get right back to me. She did not get back to me.

All through this, the sinewy rock landscapers and deck carpenters, under the supervision of Jigg Baroda and Chad Eccles, had been cementing and sawing. Now Jigg Baroda came up with a problem. A drainage gutter had to be run alongside the hill edgings of the pool, under the rock coping, if we did not want the hill to deposit itself in the pool with the first rains. The architects' plans called for such a gutter. On the plans, clear as daylight, it was specified that

this gutter was to be attached to the "existing drainage system." Jigg had the poolside gutter nicely in—now where, if it wasn't too much trouble, was the "existing drainage system"?

I remembered that when Willie Yost's diggers had been around, their jackhammers had chewed up several thick clay pipes under the terrace. So we could assume that the original drainage system was no longer in existence—but it could not have been knocked out entirely. The excavation had not gone clear across the terrace. The diggers had only cut through some feeder lines from the hill above: What about the main conduit they had fed into, where was that? As I recalled, the biggest clay pipe of all had run to within a few feet of the gutter. Jigg was now finishing—Yost had pointed it out to me himself, since he knew we would be wanting to hook into it with our *new* system.

We went to look. No conduit. The whole area was covered with, you guessed it, great slabs of excess gunite, too thick to crack through. Jigg would have to install a *new* main.

I called Dee-Dee to announce that her glad-handed guniters had buried my drainage conduit beyond recovery, and that I expected W.P.I. to fork over the \$200 a replacement would cost. The switchboard lady said Dee-Dee would buzz me back in a jiff. Dee-Dee did not buzz back.

The plasterers and tilers finished their work. They hooked up a hose which they said I was to turn on next day, after the plaster had dried, whereupon I would have a pool with honest-to-Jim swim water in it. Next day I turned the water on. The hose was leaking from seven places: The water cascaded down through the spaced redwood two-by-twos of the benching, which had not yet been given a protective coating of log oil.

Redwood has been aptly named. It is impregnated with dyes of many brilliant sunset hues. I stood there vacantly, watching long, blood-rich stains eat their way down the spic-and-span white plaster sides of the pool.

I called Dee-Dee to let her know my spanking new pool looked like a mortally wounded Brontosaurus had spent the night thrashing about in its hollow, bleeding profusely, and that I expected her to pay for getting the stains off. The switchboard lady said Dee-Dee would get the information pronto, and Dee-Dee would phone me up pronto.

Dee-Dee did not phone me up. Dee-Dee was nevermore to be in when I called. Dee-Dee had faded from my life for good, and I had a sense of bereavement. Dee-Dee had very possibly slipped through the tight police cordons in her camouflaged private plane and was well on her way to Peking. It looked like I

had better get out to San Fernando.

Considering how much ponderous machinery is needed to build a pool—tractors, steam shovels, bulldozers, trucks, and whatnot—you might expect that a pool company's headquarters would be a rather spacious structure with extensive grounds. Wettest Pools, Inc. turned out to be a cute doll's house of a cottage off Sepulveda Boulevard, sandwiched between a *taco*-and-*enchilada* stand and a senior citizens' canasta club. It had no grounds other than the postage-stamp-sized lawn in front, and most of that was taken up by a sample pool just large enough for an emaciated hippo to dip in. There was nothing distinctive about this wading pond except the undeniable fact that it did not appear to be leaking. It was just enough of a sample to establish that W.P.I.'s product had something to do with water.

There was one person on the premises, the switchboard lady, a middle-aged nail chewer with the preoccupied air of a schizoid introvert who is timing her ulcers as they perforate and feels increasing concern because several of them are off schedule. She could not say where Dee-Dee was. She would not venture an opinion as to when Dee-Dee would be back. Sure, I could wait if I wanted to. Her attitude suggested that she would go on clocking her ulcers if I wanted to throw myself into a cement mixer.

When this unreceptive receptionist became involved in a highly technical phone conversation with someone named Santiago who seemed to be lost in Azusa with 15 tons of gunite which were urgently needed in Panorama City, I slipped into the cubicle to the rear, the only other room in the building. This, apparently, was the heart of the far-flung empire called Wettest Pools, Inc. There was one desk in it. On this desk were several curling blueprints, a collection of cardboard containers half-filled with rust-colored coffee, a piece of blue tile on which someone had scrawled, "Verdugo City getting good results with this Aqua," a length of copper pipe, a broken pool vacuum head to which somebody had scotch-taped a card with the typed query, "Why do these damn things keep cracking, Dee," a plastic bottle labeled NEW IMPROVED CHLORINE CONDITIONER (under which someone had printed in pencil, "Dee for God's sake check up on this, the stuff's already killed 17 pedigreed dogs in Tujunga and we're getting complaints, check Legal for liability, we may be in trouble"), a slab of gunite molded in the shape of a heart and inscribed FOR DEE-DEE, WHO SURE "POOLS" OUR RESOURCES, A GREAT HUNK OF GAL, TO "CEMENT" OUR RELATIONSHIP, HA, HA, LOVE FROM THE GANG AT PERMANO CONCRETE, and an airline reservation for

the Fiji Islands, which alarmed me, though the Fijis are close enough to Peking.

The desk almost filled the room. On the walls to either side were cork bulletin boards loaded with hand-written sheets. I approached the board on the left to read the long list thumbtacked to its center. It was a compilation of telephone numbers for a variety of firms: Digga-Do Excavations, Everlast Steel, Duro-Form Pipes and Fittings, Shine-On Electrical, Permano Concrete, None-Such Plasterers, Stay-Put Tile, Why-Skimp Filters, Less-Gas Heaters, Copious Copings, Save-With Rock Gardens, Veneer-Able Woods, Garden of Allah Landscapers, Step-Lively (flagstones), Hi-Lite Low-Voltage Illumination, Rough & Tumble (rock waterfalls).

Mists clearing! Stab of revelation! Suddenly I understood why Wettest Pools, Inc. could conduct all its multi-phased business out of a pantry: It owned no tools or equipment, it employed nobody! It was not a builder but, at least in allegation, a *coordinator* of builders—it simply contracted to do a job and then subbed out all the specialized operations to other contractors who *did* have tools and workers to man them! Some 50 sinewy ex-sailors, plus a few electronics-minded Mexicans, had labored on my pool, and not one of them, not one, had been on the W.P.I. payroll! There *was* no W.P.I. payroll! W.P.I. was an ad in the home-magazine supplement of the Sunday edition of the *Los Angeles Times*! W.P.I. was a telephone number! W.P.I. was a signature on a contract! W.P.I. was a forwarding address, an answering service, a front, a decoy, a papier-mâché colossus! Plus, it had to be faced, an ominous one-way ticket to the Fiji Islands.

I turned to the second bulletin board. No, Wettest Pools, Inc. was more than a shadow corporation. It had genuine substance, a real-life, three-dimensional personnel. W.P.I. was also *salesmen*.

On this bulletin board were peppy imprecations to the sales staff. The most raucous one read: DIG IN, GUYS! THIS MEANS YOU! WITH OUR FREE-HEATER COME-ON FOR THE FALL SEASON WE CAN DIG 200 POOLS THIS MONTH IF EVERYBODY PITCHES IN! SO GET IN THERE AND DIG! EVERY W.P.I. SALES REPRESENTATIVE WHO SURPASSES HIS QUOTA THIS MONTH GETS A \$150 HART SCHAFFNER & MARX SET OF DUDS ABSOLUTELY FREE AND GRATIS! SO BE THE BEST-DRESSED FRIGGIN' WONDER IN TOWN! LET'S DIG RIGHT TO CHINA, GUYS!

This snappy beseechment was signed DEE-DEE. The reference to China suggested that my intuition about Dee-Dee's travel plans was right, though there might be some question as to the route she intended to take.

Persistent low sound in my ears, rath-

er, a medley of sounds: a clacking, a whirring, a humming.

I looked around—six-foot safe recessed in the wall—I put my ear to its hefty steel doors. Yes, the sound was coming from in there, a rattle, a buzz, a resonant gargle.

More knifings of the Light that illuminates All. Everything was clear now, everything.

I hammered my fists against the doors. I rained blows on those doors.

"Get back to me in a jiff!" Very likely I was shouting. "Buzz me up in two shakes! Give me a ting-a-ling in a fraction of a sliver of a sec! Yah, yah! Where were you going to place the call from, Suva, Vanua Levu? You get out of there, you witch! Show your ugly face and you'll find out how you get all your teeth knocked out—by owner—you hear me, *by owner*! Excavation by owner, huh! Come on out and you'll get your thieving *head* excavated by owner, hand dug, and I'll electrical-bond both your eyeballs, too, free of charge! Get out here, you with your fine-print conniving! I'll break every Aqua-tile bone in your gunite body, you—"

"Know what the penalty is in this state for safecracking, feller?"

It was the switchboard lady. She was standing in the doorway with the air known as disenchanted. Her ulcer count seemed to be completed. All her thoughts were on me, and perforating.

"I know what you've got hidden in there!" I said. Growled, maybe.

"What we've got hidden in there," she said, hefting the huge engraved gunite heart from the desk, "is contracts, petty cash, a ham sandwich and a coffee percolator. And what's behind you on that bulletin board, in that list of phone numbers, is the number of the L.A.P.D., which is what I'm going to dial in a jiff if you don't get your noisy face the hell out of here."

She had the concrete heart raised in the manner called menacing. She was advancing on me in the style variously known as wary and ugly.

"What's making all that racket in there?" I sneered. "The ham sandwich? The petty cash?"

"The timer on the lock needs oiling," she said. "And if you ask me, your head could use denting."

I heard the high hum from within the metal box. It seemed to be murmuring my name. It seemed to be saying, "Nevah feah, you rascal, nevah feah, you sucker, we gone rob you sightless and shirtless and immeejitly and pronto and pronto and immeejitly . . ."

I gave the safe one last farewell kick, of the sort known as vicious.

"You won't get away with it!" I belated. "The Better Business Bureau is going to hear about that one-way ticket to Fiji. I promise you! The FBI will be carefully filled in! The CIA'll be waiting for you at every whistle stop! Wherever there's water on this fair earth, your name will forever be a curse on men's lips, I'll see to that! I'm going



"... Then when Rockefeller and Goldwater have the convention tied up in a knot — we spring Charlie on 'em!"

to subcontract this crusade against Sadelst Pool, Inc., Dirtiest Pools, Inc., with all men of good will everywhere who still respect the noble name of Aquatics which you are trying to defile!"

I darted out the rear door in that lean portion of time known as the nick. The dyspeptic lady's great crashing gunite heart, though I could not evade it entirely, struck my cheek nothing more than a blow of the sort known as glancing.

I have reported the facts as faithfully as I know how. This is the best I can do. Certainly it is a matter of the gravest public concern that Wettest Pools, Inc., of Sepulveda, San Fernando Valley, Los Angeles, was, behind its home-section ads, its switchboard, its corps of friggin' wonders, a jumble of vocalizing tubes and circuits hidden away in a pantry safe and referred to by her underlings, who never saw her and never guessed her real transistorized identity, as Dee-Dee—an electronic efficiency expert who emerged from behind the petty cash and the percolator in the dead of night to draw up mealy-mouthed contracts and scrawl pep talks to her unsuspecting salesmen. People, including the statesmen who are currently trying to shape our destinies, should know that such a creature exists and is at this writing making her way to Peking, probably via Suva or Vanua Levu. No programs for global harmony are going to be very effective unless they take into account this harpy of the wired ganglia called Dee-Dee. Mao should be told about her, as well as other heads of state, so that he can take the necessary precautions. Once Dee-Dee swings into action with her Braille people over there, all is lost. By definition, her Braille operatives will not be able to see her for what she is. She walks, talks, hums and answers the phone like a real live human woman, even one with a certain saucy bayou charm. And she can write contracts like nobody's business. If the People's Republic of China *does* get nuclearized, and if it is fast-talked into subcontracting the Bomb's manufacture and disposition to this Transistorized Madonna, Our Lady of the Bleeg-Bloog, the world may shortly be excavated into the wettest pool around, by the one owner left.

I have tried to awaken people to the danger. More I cannot do.

All that summer, and on into the fall, I kept a diary. The entries are fitful, and run the full gamut of the manic-depressive cycle. It might be useful to give a few samples, to indicate how, under merciless bombardment from the Witch Who Brews Fine Print in the Vault, even a *Hoch-Kultur* mind can falter:

How about slow leak in pump . . .

Is there any way to stain whole pool

with redwood juice? Would be unusual effect, but at least present redwood stains wouldn't show against background of more redwood stains. Consult somebody? Maybe Dee-Dee knows subcontractor who specializes in staining brand-new pools? . . .

Slow leak in pump not so slow. Approaching proportions of tidal wave . . .

1 volt acting through 1 ohm = 1 ampere. 1 ampere under pressure of 1 volt = 1 watt. All this more or less academic unless we can get wire of some sort to underwater light. Further thought: 1 horsepower = 746 watts. 746 watts enough current to light one underwater light? Maybe attach a horse to underwater light? Ask somebody? . . .

If leak in pump continues at present growth rate, will we need waterfall too? . . . (Well-wishers had pointed out to me that a waterfall would be practical as well as pretty, since as it recirculates water from the pool the water is aerated and cleansed. This seemed to be a worth-while device. To be sure, the filter was supposedly there to clean the water, but with the filter pump leaking as it was, and Dee-Dee ignoring the leak as she was, how much filtering could it be counted on to do? On the other hand, if the pump *did* leak this generously, wouldn't it provide all the tumbling and gurgling splendor we had expected from a waterfall? There was a subtle dialectic to be pursued here. I'm not sure I ever grasped it fully.)

Still can't clamp vacuum hose on skimmer inlet pipe. W.P.I. extremely reluctant to move on this matter. I see Dee-Dee's thinking on this. Yesterday she accused me of having sharp tongue. Their strategy is to beat me into submission in re unavailability of skimmer inlet so that finally I'll start cleaning pool with my tongue—which hopefully will improve my telephone manners. Nothing to say but—no pasaran! . . .

Dee-Dee says should buy lots and lots of chlorine and muriatic acid from her if I want my pH in good shape. Don't trust this woman. Remember to ask somebody if I have a pH. If I do, what good is it? Is it worth coddling? . . . (Much later I found out that pH has to do with the number of free H and OH ions in your pool water and the balance between them. You are told repeatedly that if your pH goes off a few points, you may die. Nobody ever calls it to your attention that, if you purchase enough chemicals to keep your pH from wobbling, including Sani-Clor Concentrate, Sani-Clot Dry Conditioner, Al-J-Trol, Al-J-Trol Blue Tile Kleen, Aqua Ammonia, Soda Ash, Celite #545 and Algimycin, you will almost certainly go into quick bankruptcy and shoot yourself.)

Think dirty thoughts . . . (I can't remember whether this line had reference to Dee-Dee or to the screenplay of *Trop-*

ic of Cancer I was writing at the time.)
Extras. Extras. This thing is getting out of hand . . .

A word about these "extras." They are the last-minute items not allowed for in your budget, the "afterthoughts" which you did not count on and which the pool company counted on your not counting on. *Item:* Since there were no natural-gas deposits on my property (I proved this to my satisfaction by holding a lighted match to gopher holes here and there), I had to run a gas line up from the house to operate the heater (\$300). *Item:* To power the filter pump (though it leaked too badly to do much filtering) and to light the underwater light (assuming we ever found a pipe to run the wire through), I had to install an electrical line, which, however, was not possible until we changed the electrical service for the entire house (\$900). *Item:* Waterfall (\$600). *Item:* The hill above the pool had to be tidied up by clearing it of brush and poison oak (\$600). *Item:* Once this hill was cleared it had to be secured before the rains came and washed it away, which meant planting it with trees and a ground cover (\$1000). *Item:* Since we wanted these new trees and ground plantings to grow, we had to put in a sprinkler system to provide the hillside area with water (\$500). *Item:* There was no point to getting this hill so prettied up if you couldn't walk over it, and to walk over it we needed a flagstoned path (\$200). *Item:* Pool brush, pool vacuum, pool vacuum hose (though we never did get the filter inlet pipe rigged up so that this hose could be attached to it), and sundry other pieces of maintenance equipment (\$150). *Item:* Architects, even inspired ones partial to rich juts and incurvatures, do not maintain their offices as a public service; I was more than content to pay Messrs. Lautner and Zebert their very modest fee (\$700), but it was still money.

The cash outlay for my pool, as of this writing, comes to exactly \$12,875. That means, if you're interested in realty projections, that the resale value of my property has been enhanced by exactly \$19,313. To put it another way, my equity in this property is today \$19,313 more than it was before I began to dig that fateful hole. I am indubitably worth more. Years have been shaved from my life, and there is a tremor in my hand that was not there before, and my eyes now have a tendency to glaze over at the sound of running water, but I'm worth more.

I'm all for building up equity. But you can't eat equity. You can't pay the supermarket with equity. You can't drive equity. There's no banker's-gray, narrow-lapelled version of equity that you can wear to a business appointment from which you hope to get a writing assignment which will bring in a bit more

money to pay for a bit more of this equity. I have discovered that a man can so exhaust his capital in building up equity that he may have to sell all his belongings—getting whatever quick cash he can for his equity—to pay his food, car and clothing bills, not to mention his pool-construction bills. The purchaser will not be particularly interested in paying him for the man-hours of insomnia which have not tangibly improved his property, or the tremor in his hand, or the tendency in his eyes to glaze over at the sound of running water. The toll on the nervous system is not reckoned into the final equity tally. No, telling a man he ought to spend his last dime in the enhancement of his equity, that, it seems to me, comes down to the same thing as encouraging somebody to cut off his leg because he'll make a big saving in shoe-repair bills. I can't tell you precisely *why* building a pool is like having a leg cut off, but I *feel* the connection, I feel it in the phantom pains located in the stump of my severed bank account. Pool building and amputation have a great deal in common. They both hurt like hell, and leave you weighing less.

One thought haunts me. I started on this project knowing absolutely nothing about pools—I emerge a true expert. I

am such an expert that if I had it to do over again I am dead certain that I could get it done for something very close to half what it cost me. But there is the question that keeps me awake nights: When the hell *am* I going to do it over again? How many men in their lifetimes build *two* pools, one for practice, the other for real? I come out of this nightmare an authority, a past master—at just the moment when I abandon my field of expertise forever. I have received a brilliant education in that which, at the moment of total mastery, automatically becomes irrelevant.

I now have my princely 40-foot-by-26-foot portion of sky-blue equity nestled against the leafy hill, lined with bold redwood and richolite gem stone in many subtle striations of green, a fern-shadowed waterfall tumbling easy-does-it into its placid (sure: the circulation pump isn't working) waters—stark angularities here, soft natural swells there. As soon as it was finished I began to churn it twice daily, 15 laps before work, 15 after. I've just finished another book under this aquatic regimen and I urge all who follow the progress of American Letters to get it when it reaches the bookstores, to marvel over the puissant chop my prose has developed, the pendular sweep, the lutescent flow.

The fever, too. I might as well report

it, this one really gallops along at a stampede clip, which interferes somewhat with its glissade. This is because all day long, as I sit at my typewriter, the phone keeps ringing. There was a time, back at the Montecito, when I would have given an arm and a leg for my phone to ring. Now it never stops—I'm a peninsula for good. It's the rock man, the decking man, the fence man, the landscaping man, the flagstone man, the waterfall man, the electrician, the plumber—happy that I have my equity to swim in, but eager to get paid for their contributions to it. The arm and leg I was ready to cash in for a telephone call at the Montecito, I am now going to have to turn over to *them*, to get them to *stop* calling.

I *have* to write at a breakneck pace these days—to pay for the richolite-coped, Aqua-bordered, fern-umbrellaed equity I thought I needed to splash in to make my prose bouncy, punchy, liquid—faster, faster—in a mounting sweat that allows for less and less easy undulance. What shall it profit a man if his prose attain perfect liquidity and lose all its pH?

The fact of the matter is that I'm giving up swimming. I don't have the time for it, with a pool to pay for.



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TRIBUTE TO AL ZACK (continued from page 101)

"Featured guest," said Al. "Second billing."

"Eaglet won't firm it until Al gets her," Babe said. "And when he called her agent—"

"I'll get her," said Al. "She's my ex-wife, isn't she?" He turned to me. "Marie'll do a duet with me. Remember *Drugstore Café*?"

He struck a chord and went into the boys' chorus of that grand old song:

*"Oh, when Rhoda and I have a soda
and pie*

*At the drugstore café at noon,
Oh, she pokes with her straw and we
sit there and jaw,
And spoon.*

*Oh, the wise soda jerk, with a wink
and a smirk,
Shirks his work while he hums a
tune,*

*'Cause he knows we make hay at
the drugstore café
At noon.*

*We sit there on our stools,
Whispering three words low,
While our ice cream melts into
pools,
Till we have to go, back to work
and so:*

*From the fountain we climb, but
we're countin' the time,
And it won't be an hour too soon,
When my Rhoda and I have our
soda and pie
Next noon."*

I applauded.

"Then naturally, Marie'll sing the girl's part, and we'll ride out together," said Al.

"But you got to get her first," said Babe.

"Is the mother of my child going to refuse the child's father?" He smiled at me and shook his head. "Babe's a worrier," he said. "Like she worried about would I get my class guest for the show. You gotta have one class guest on a Tribute," he explained, then hesitated for effect. "So," he said, "I got Francine Billington to come out of retirement."

Sir Laurence Olivier could not have thrown the line away with greater nonchalance.

Even the very young must know that Madame Francine Billington is legendary as possibly the greatest coloratura ever presented by the Metropolitan Opera; but only elderly types remember now that her early retirement was due to the scandal that linked her name with Al's.

Al was a struggling young songwriter of 22 or 23 when he met Francine Billington. At 35, she had behind her a childhood and early womanhood filled with breathing exercises, nine-o'clock bedtimes, foreign language lessons, dieting, vocalizing, avoiding drafts, memorizing arias, and little else. Young Al Zack became her first boyfriend.

As he freely admitted later, "It was a break for me that Francine and I fell in love for a while there," because he was able to persuade her to quit the Met for one season and go on the Pantages circuit with him, singing one aria and six of his songs. Gatti-Casazza was very angry, but it is possible that after the tour Madame Francine Billington would have been able to resume her operatic career had it not come to the attention of a gossip columnist—a friend of Al Zack's press agent, as it happened—that on all

overnight stops on the tour's route she and Al were sharing a suite. Those were the years when to be accused of moral turpitude would ruin you if you were already famous—but conversely, if you were an unknown, it brought you fame. By the time the tour was over, Francine had already been told she could not return to the Met, but Al was in such great demand that—as he put it—"I got so busy I kinda neglected Francine, and we drifted apart." While they were thus drifting apart, Al married someone else; and about two months later, every tabloid reader read that Madame Francine Billington, unemployed opera singer, had walked into the old Pink Kitten Club, sweeping majestically past the headwaiter and moving unhurriedly to Al Zack's table, where she picked up Al's drink, threw it in his face, and walked back out of the night club whilst Al's brand-new, lovely 17-year-old brunette wife, Darlene, screamed imprecations after her.

It was Madame Billington's last public appearance.

I asked Al now: "Doesn't she hold a grudge?"

"What for?" he asked. "One, she needs the dough, and two, this is network television, brother." He laughed suddenly. "Know what she thought at first? She thought the Tribute was a Tribute to her. It kinda got me off on the wrong foot. I had to promise she'd sing an aria. And of course, *Soup 'n' Fish*. I wrote *Soup 'n' Fish* for her, remember?"

"How's her voice?"

"I had her do *Soup 'n' Fish* for me on the phone, a *cappella*," he said. "She'll get away with it. Great set of pipes for a broad of seventy-three."

"But the aria?"

"We'll tape it." He hesitated. "Might have to be cut for time," he said. "You know what burns me about *Soup 'n' Fish*? They're always saying Cole Porter wrote it, because it's so sophisticated. Cole's a good songwriter, don't get me wrong, but he always writes the same kinda song. He hasn't got my versatility. Cole couldn't write *Drugstore Café* or that patriotic wartime tune of mine—you remember? *They Used to Call It Here-o-Shima*, but *It's Where-o-Shima Now*. Cole couldn't write a topical number like that. But I can write his kinda tune. Listen . . .

*"Other people like domestic evenings,
Like to sit and yawn and read the news.
Well, let them have their pipes and slippers,
'Cause you and I have different views.*

*When Manhattan's blinking eyes
Salute the darkened skies,*



"When I want your advice I'll beat it out of you!"

Then you and I put on our soup 'n'
fish.

From a cocktail lounge we go
To the town's most brilliant show,
A girl and beau in soup 'n' fish.

Then a cab along the Drive,
A million lights blink as we pass.
In the river they resemble
Champagne bubbles in a glass.

In a nightery at three,
A song for you and me,
Two sweethearts on a spree in soup
'n' fish.

Finally wand'ring on the lawn
In Central Park at dawn,
Holding hands in our best soup 'n'
fish."

I applauded as he finished; but Marie Trenton was still on my mind.

In the competitive field of musicals, Marie Trenton is, of course, easily queen regnant. Everybody loves her simple charm, and when people are not standing in long lines for tickets to her shows, they're reading about her, in fan magazines, news magazines, Sunday drama supplements and tabloid columns. But they never read anywhere that she was once married to Al Zack. Even in the best-selling book, *Singing About Myself*, the autobiography of Marie Trenton as told to Gerold Frank, Al Zack is referred to not by name, but only as "my first husband."

"I've often wondered," I said, "how you and Marie broke up."

"Oh, she misunderstood something that happened when our kid was born," Al said.

He was referring to Teddy, who was probably 11 or 12 by now. The boy—not as a boy, but as a topic—was the despair of interviewers. A feature writer, trying to interview Marie Trenton about her triumph in England or her plans for next season, had to endure hours of talk about her son, Teddy. But she had been married so long and so happily to Dr. Bill Wenzel that I had honestly thought Teddy was Wenzel's son, not Al's.

Al was still talking about the Tribute: "Marie'll come back to do the next-to-closing number with me and my other wives," he said.

"Your other wives?"

"It's an idea I had," said Al. "A Tribute is a kind of a *This Is Your Life* kind of a thing, and so I'll have all my wives there, and we'll do this big sentimental number I wrote especially."

He struck a chord and sang:

"I love you all,
You gorgeous gals,
And though we've reached the point
of no return,
There isn't any call for you to
burn...
Can't we be pals?"



"Then they sing:

"We love you, Al.
All your old gals.
We've had some laughs together
here and there.
Thanks awfully for the memories
we share...
Can't we be pals?"

"There's more. There's a couple lines where Babe invites them to our house any time they want to come. What it is, it's a civilized spot, but with heart."

"But will your former wives do it?" I asked.

"I've got 'em already." He ticked them off on his fingers. "Milly, my third wife. No problem. All she wants is a plug for her roadhouse. She's got this roadhouse outside Philly. Then Darlene, my second." His eyes seemed to mist over. "She was a nice kid, Darlene, just seventeen and sweet when we got married. How did I know she'd take it personally when I had to leave her alone so much? And be jealous, and start drinking alone? Darlene was easy to get. She needs the money. Only thing, I've got to get some network joker to keep her sober for a couple days before the show. Then, of course, Marie Trenton, my fourth."

"You haven't got her yet," said Babe, "and, Al—"

"And Babe here, and that's it."

"Who was your first wife?" I asked.

"Oh, Annie. Kid from my home town. She won't be here. We got married when we were both eighteen, and when I came to New York, she just didn't fit in. It was best all around that she go back to the kind of small-town folks she understood. She didn't realize I was doing the very best thing for her. She could have had a good life, a small-time kind of a good

life after she got back home, but..." He took out his handkerchief, wiped his eyes and blew his nose. "I don't want to talk about Annie," he said.

"I'm sorry."

"Yeah. But anyway, the rest'll be here, and it's going to be quite a number. I call it *The Tolerance Song*. We'll routine it right after Eddie Dennison and I do the alphabet tune."

"Eddie Dennison?"

"Sure. I'd have to have my old song-writing partner on the Tribute, wouldn't I? Especially since now he's the number-one comic on TV. This show has class, keed."

"But I thought there was coolness between you and Eddie."

"Not on my part," Al said.

"But didn't you testify against him?"

"All I did was I told the truth," said Al. "I mean, look: Out to Hollywood comes Representative MacHarty with his Special Committee on the Investigation of Subversives in the Entertainment Industry, and he subpoenas me."

"Eddie says you volunteered to testify."

"Well, sure, because one good way of getting in with the movie people around that time was if your agent could say you'd been a friendly witness. So I volunteered, but I said the deal was off unless they subpoenaed me. So they subpoenaed me, and nobody can say different."

"He's explained it to me," said Babe. "He was just advancing his career, that's all."

"That's right," said Al. "But if I'd'a been a Communist, it would have been easier, because I'd have had names to give them and something to repent about, you know? So I racked my brains and I remembered I did contribute my old rac-

coon coat to Spanish Loyalist Relief during the war, so I told them I did that, and told them I was sorry I'd been involved like that in a conspiracy against my country, but what I was, I told them, I was a dupe. So Representative MacHarty says to me, 'And what agent of the conspiracy against the jugular vein of this land of the free and home of the brave deceived and tricked you into contributing to the forces of subversion?' And I said Eddie Dennison, because it was true. It was Eddie said to me one day, 'Why don't you give that ratty old raccoon coat to Spanish Loyalist Relief?' So I told the truth. I was under oath, wasn't I?"

"I'll have to admit that," I said, "but still, I thought Eddie was sore about it."

"What was there to be sore? Look at it one way, and I made Eddie. Sure, the studios wanted me without him after that, but in the long run it was a good thing for Eddie, because he'd always been a funny man at parties, and so he went into club work as a comic, and look where he is now."

"That's right," said Babe. "I bet he's grateful to Al."

"Was it easy to get him?" I asked.

"Well, he hemmed and hawed maybe, but I told him, 'Let's be realistic,' I said. 'If it got out that you refused to participate in the Tribute to your old pal, why, maybe everybody would remember that investigation,' I said, 'and I don't imagine your sponsor would be very happy.' Well, he had to admit my thinking was very solid, so he's going to be on the Tribute."

"Congratulations."

"He'll do a special comedy routine, but we'll wind up singing together. Our old Alphabet Song."

Al turned to the piano and played and sang it:

"A B C D E F Gee, I love ya.

H I J K L M N Oh, boy!

P Q R you mine?

S T U're divine.

Double you—and you'd be twins.
Oh, joy!

The Xs on the letters that I send ya
Are kisses for each letter in your
name.

Y do I love you?

Z answer is I do—

And that is why I constantly ex-
claim—

A B C D E F Gee, I love ya.

To C your P's is A B C D-vine.

You have so much A B-uty.

You're my M N O P Q-tee.

Zenobia Prodzieniewsky, you're mine

(My alphabet baby)—

Zenobia Prodzieniewsky, you're
mine!"

"Was there ever a better alphabet number?" asked Al.

"It's as good as any alphabet number ever written," I said.

"Well," said Al, "there's your story. *A Tribute to Al Zack*, starring Al Zack himself, with Francine Billington, Marie Trenton, Eddie Denni—"

"You haven't got Marie Trenton," said Babe. "And I hate to mention it, because I know how mad you get, but her agent said she wouldn't appear with you to save her own life."

For a full minute Al Zack drummed on the piano keys without striking them. "All right," he said finally. "I told you and told you, but you gotta be shown, huh? OK, so I'll show you. Got the number of that school?"

"It's on the telephone pad," said Babe.

Al crossed the room, sat on the cobbler's bench, picked up the gold telephone, and dialed.

"Hello?" he said. "I want to speak to young Teddy Zack. Emergency." He winked at us. "Well, this is his father, so you better get him out of class. All right, I'll wait."

He waited for some time. Neither Babe nor I had anything to say, but finally Al spoke.

"Wanted to try something on you," he said. "I gotta thank the sponsors that relinquished their time for the Tribute. I told them, I said, 'Look, it's a hundred thousand bucks you won't have to spend that week, and I'll give you a plug all the same.' In song, I told them. So I've written this song for them. Here... hold this phone, Babe."

Babe took the phone, and Al returned to the piano. He played and sang:

"My thanks to Drake's Light Beer
I croaks

(Makes all my life completer).

My thanks to Elks, the milder
smokes

(Brand X and Y can't beat 'er).

And thank you, Bluebird Spray-On
folks

(My underarms are sweeter).

Thank you, thank you for this time
tonight!"

"Like it?" asked Al Zack.

"I'm sure it's what they want," I said.

"I knew you'd like it."

At the phone, Babe said: "Hello? Teddy Zack? Just a minute, please. I'll connect you."

Al, striding across the room, said to me: "I got a knack for that singing-commercial stuff. I could make a bundle if I wanted to prostitute myself." He took the phone Babe was holding out to him. "Hi, there, Teddy, pal," he said. "No, no, not that daddy. Your real father. Al Zack... That's right... Well, I been busy... It's great to hear your voice... Gosh, it's been how long?... I'll be darned. I'll bet you're six inches taller... See, I was out in Hollywood for a

while there, and since I been back, I been...

"See you? Sure, but I got something better than that. How'd you like to be on TV with me?... No, your mother will let you. She's going to be there, too. Fact is, they're going to give your old man a Tribute on TV. What do you think of that?... No, I really want you. Wouldn't want to go on without my pal Teddy, would I?... Now, look: What present would you like? I'm gonna send a present to you..." He motioned to Babe to take down what present the boy wanted, and as she looked frantically around, I handed her my pencil. "What?" said Al, and then he laughed. "Hey, you really have been growing up there, Teddy. Which Kim? Novak, Stanley, Hunter?... Oh. Oh, I see. A book called *Kim*. OK... All right, look, I'm gonna firm it up with your mother, and I'll see you at the rehearsal. She'll know the time... Yeah... Well, better get back to your class, huh?... I know you do, Teddy. I think of you all the time, too... So long now, fella."

He hung up and said to Babe: "All right. Now, you got Marie's number from Celebrity Service?" When she pointed to the pad beside the phone, he put the receiver to his ear and again started dialing.

The phone was answered immediately, but Al had some trouble with the person on the other end, who wouldn't let Al talk to Marie.

Finally Al said: "Look, you go tell Miss Trenton that I just spoke to our child, Teddy, and if she doesn't want Teddy to cry himself to sleep with disappointment, she better speak to me."

He waited then for some time, then finally said: "Hello, Marie... All right, all right, I know... Well, calm down and I'll tell you what I said to him... Yuh, yuh, I've got to admit that, Marie. I'm sorry about that... I was out on the Coast for a while there, and since I been back, honest, I haven't had a minute... All right, I know how long it's been. I said I'm sorry, didn't I?... Well, here's the pitch. I don't know whether your agent, when he turned down the chance for you to be on my Tribute, whether he ever told you a thing about it, but... Well, I'm surprised, Marie, because I certainly would have thought you'd realize how much it would mean to Teddy... Look, I've just been talking to him. Naturally I wanted him on the Tribute to his own father, and... Well, I'm sorry, Marie, but I didn't think what your agent said came from you. I couldn't believe that, and, frankly, there's no need crying over spilled beans, because now Teddy is really hot to appear on the Tribute, and... So if you want to disappoint him... Yeah... Uh-huh... Well, aside from your own feelings, what?... Ah, that's my baby... I knew you'd

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come through, a trouper like you...
Look, I'll send you the rehearsal sched-
ule, OK? . . . OK. Goodbye. Nice talking
to you, baby."

Al hung up.

"You got her?" asked Babe.

"Sure I got her. You got the name of
that book? Order it."

"All right. And if it's about Kim
Novak, I'll get a copy for myself. Every-
body," Babe said to me, "tells me I look
like Kim Novak."

Al was crossing to the piano.

"For the close, the whole company,"
he said. "Folks. Remember it?"

*"Some like coffee,
Some like tea,
But what I like
Is ev'ry—bod—ee . . .
'Cause I . . . like . . . folks!"*

"All together now," said Al, and Babe
and I joined in:

*"I like folks.
I like their jokes.
They can be blokes
Or even old soaks
Or kids with Cokes
Or tough cowpokes—
Just as long as they're folks
I like 'em—
'Cause I . . . like . . . folks!"*

We sang it loud and enthusiastically.
And that's how the entire company—Al
Zack, Francine Billington, Eddie Denni-
son, Marie Trenton, Milly, Darlene,
Babe and young Teddy—will be singing
it on your television screen on the third
Thursday of next month.

As I was leaving his apartment, Al
Zack said: "Gonna give the show a real
good write-up, keed?"

"Well," I said, "I've certainly got a
lot of notes here."

"I knew you'd give it a rave," said Al.
"We're pals from 'way back, you and me.
Remember in Acapulco that time, that
blonde at the hotel there that you tried
to hide from me?" He laughed merrily.
"And the time riding back from the
benefit in Detroit that you had to make
out your income tax on the train because
it was the last minute? What a hell of a
fiction writer you were that day! And
that time in Frisco—"

"I'll give you a really fine notice, Al,"
I said. "Honest."

"I knew you would," said Al.

A Tribute to Al Zack is going to be a
wonderful show. It has class. It has
comedy. It has heart tugs. It has wonder-
ful music. Al Zack is the greatest song-
writer who ever lived. I can't rave
enough about his show. (That girl in
Acapulco was strictly jailbait.) Al Zack
is not only a great songwriter, he's a
great man. Don't miss his wonderful
show.



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BEACH BALL: FUN (continued from page 62)

BACK TO BACK: Pair off in couples, sit down back to back, link arms at the elbows and then, not unlinking, couples try to stand up. First pair up with arms still linked wins. Penalty for the last couple is this: They lie prone, facing each other, hands behind their backs, and kiss—then try to regain their feet without breaking the kiss, while the rest of the crowd leisurely sings *Sweet Adeline*. On the other hand, this can be a reward for the winners.

CAT AND MOUSE: A blanket is laid on the sand. A male Cat and female Mouse are selected and blindfolded. At opposite ends of the blanket, they crouch down and place one hand on the blanket. At a signal, the Cat starts after the Mouse. Neither may remove the one hand from the blanket, but either may go to the left or right, whichever way they think best for their own benefit. If the Cat catches the Mouse, he may claim a kiss; a new Cat is chosen, and the game goes on. If the Mouse evades the Cat for a certain amount of time (a minute or two), the Mouse wins and has her choice of a new Cat, or may name a new Mouse to take her place.

COUNTDOWN: This is a gag to be played on an unsuspecting member of the party, rather than a game. The leader talks at length about how important a sense of balance is to astronauts. The patsy (preferably a she-patsy), is offered a chance to show her sense of balance, is blindfolded and made to stand on a surfboard, which—she is told—will be lifted aloft while she balances on it. What actually happens is that, once she is a few inches clear of the sand, all the others begin slowly sinking down as they tease her, give her encouraging pats—

first on the head, then moving down her body—warn her of the peril of slipping, and so on, all designed to enhance the illusion of being lifted. Finally, when everybody is flat on the ground (the guys at the two ends of the board are lying prone, with only elbows propped to support the board “aloft”), and the girl is still holding her balance, the leader yells “Look out!”, the girls begin to scream, and the pair holding the board tilts the girl off it. In this instant, before she realizes she’s only been a short distance in the air all along, she may do some screaming herself. Because she’s been such a good sport, a kissing line is then formed and the girl is rewarded by each male.

SURF RELAY: This is played waist deep in the water, the party divided into two teams, each standing in line, one player behind the other, legs apart. At the starting signal, the person at the rear of each line rushes to the front, dives underwater and swims back through his teammates’ legs (he can be pushed through, if necessary), to the rear of the line, then turns and leapfrogs over their backs to the front and remains standing there. The moment he is in place, the player now at the end of the line runs to the front, swims through, and leapfrogs back to the front, then the next person, the next, and so on until the team is once again in its original line-up position. First team to return to its original line-up wins.

TOWER OF SAND: This game is hard to beat for sheer competition. Two teams are selected, and at a signal, each—in a designated area of the beach—attempts to build a tower of sand in a given time period (three to five minutes is

about right). The taller of the two towers at the end of the time limit wins for its builders. Symmetry of form is no criterion: The sand can be stacked any which way, as long as it balances and continues to rise above the beach. It is also fair for the team members to stand on one another’s shoulders to augment the height of their tower. For variety, more than two towers may be constructed, perhaps on a couple-against-couple basis. In any case, the hurling of sand balls or other spur-of-the-moment missiles at a competitor’s edifice is considered foul play.

MAN IN A PINK OVERCOAT: This game is best played at the cocktail hour or around the fire after the last morsel of food’s been gobbled. Seated in a circle, the group listens carefully as the leader says, “I saw a man in a pink overcoat.” The next person says, “I saw a man in a pink overcoat wearing green spats.” The next says, “I saw a man in a pink overcoat wearing green spats carrying a refrigerator.” And so it goes around the circle, each person adding any detail he can think of. In this game, however, the leader does not get off by starting anew when it comes back to him. He must add a *new* detail to the last person’s composite, and keep the growing description moving about the circle. If any person fails to repeat a detail, he or she must chugalug and the next person in line must say the statement correctly—or pay the penalty. There is no limit to the details each player may use in his turn, except that the person making it up will sooner or later have to recall it himself or suffer the consequences.

THE LAST WORD: This, also being a sedentary game, is best played at day’s end. A leader is chosen to go to each person and whisper the name of some item common to the beach (sand, pebble, shell, bather, tide, cabana, umbrella, blanket, water, beach ball, diving platform, etc.). He then selects a second person to start telling a story about a day at the beach. However, as soon as the raconteur says a word that has been whispered to any person present, that person must jump up, take a drink, turn around once, sit down again, and then take up the story where the other left off. If the word “seashore” is mentioned, *all* must stand up, take a drink, turn around, sit down, but the same storyteller continues. The leader has silently assigned himself a word, too, at whose mention *he* must respond as indicated. The big kick here is trying to remember just who has which word, in order to keep that person jumping up and down and drinking. However, no one may say the word of the person from whom he just took over the storytelling. Should he do so inadvertently, he himself must stand, drink, turn, sit, and continue the tale.



“What’s that?”

BEACH BALL FOOD (continued from page 64)

In a bowl combine orange and lemon slices, berries, sugar and triple sec. Let fruit marinate in refrigerator 3 to 4 hours before departure time. At the beach combine the fruit mixture and iced champagne in large pitchers.

Peaches in Grand Marnier are available in quart jars, which provide six portions. Serve icy cold.

Menu III

Antipasto
Saltimbocca
Italian Whole-Wheat Bread
Chilled Orvieto Wine
Fresh Figs
Cold Zabaglione
Espresso

SALTIMBOCCA (Serves six)

2 lbs. Italian-style veal cutlets
Salt, freshly ground pepper
1 teaspoon leaf sage
½ lb. very thin prosciutto ham
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons salad oil
½ cup dry white wine

Saltimbocca may be made either at home or at the beach in a large sauté pan over an outdoor fire. Be sure the veal is the best quality, pinkish-gray slices from the leg, not the shoulder. Have the butcher pound the veal as thin as possible without tearing it. Cut meat into pieces about 1½ in. wide and 2 to 3 in. long. If your sage has been standing on the spice shelf more than six months, buy a fresh bottle. Chop it fine with the heel of a French knife. Sprinkle veal lightly with salt and pepper, turn it and sprinkle other side with sage. On each piece of veal place a piece of prosciutto ham. Prosciutto should be cut so that it just covers meat. Fasten ham to veal with a toothpick in each piece, threading it so that ham is securely fastened. In the sauté pan over low to moderate heat, put butter and oil. When butter has melted, add veal and sauté until light brown turning once to brown on both sides. Add more butter if necessary to complete sautéing. Remove veal from pan. Add wine to pan and cook until reduced to half its original volume. Pour over veal.

Buy the long, thin Italian whole-wheat bread. Place one or two pieces of veal on each slice of bread. A 21-oz. jar of fancy Italian *antipasto* in a piquant sauce is sufficient for six seaside appetites. A bottle of Orvieto, the pale gold wine of Umbria, will provide six glasses. If fresh figs aren't in the local fruit stalls, ripe peaches or pineapple may be used with the cold zabaglione. Cut figs in halves and spoon zabaglione over them.

COLD ZABAGLIONE (Serves six)

6 egg yolks
⅓ cup sugar
½ cup marsala or dark sweet sherry
½ cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons sugar

Put egg yolks and ⅓ cup sugar in the top part of a double boiler. Beat well with a wire whisk. Add wine and beat well. Place in double boiler over simmering water. Top part should not be in contact with water. Beat constantly with whisk until sauce is thick. Scrape bottom and sides of pan frequently. Remove from fire as soon as mixture is thick. Turn into shallow bowl and chill in refrigerator. When mixture is cold, beat cream until thick. Fold 2 tablespoons sugar into cream. Fold whipped cream into egg-yolk mixture. Cover with tight lid and keep ice cold until serving time.

Menu IV

Smoked-Oyster Dip, Celery Hearts
King Crab and Avocado Salad
Fried Noodles
Pimm's Cup No. 1
Whole Fresh Mangoes
Coffee

SMOKED-OYSTER DIP (1½ cups)

1 cup sour cream
3¼-oz. can smoked oysters
2 teaspoons lime juice
1 tablespoon light rum
1 teaspoon grated onion
3 dashes Tabasco sauce
⅛ teaspoon salt

Put all ingredients in well of electric blender. Blend until smooth. If neces-

sary, stop machine and force unblended ingredients into bottom. Keep ice cold.

Use celery hearts or 2-in. celery wedges for scooping smoked-oyster dip. Pieces of fennel or cucumber slices may be used.

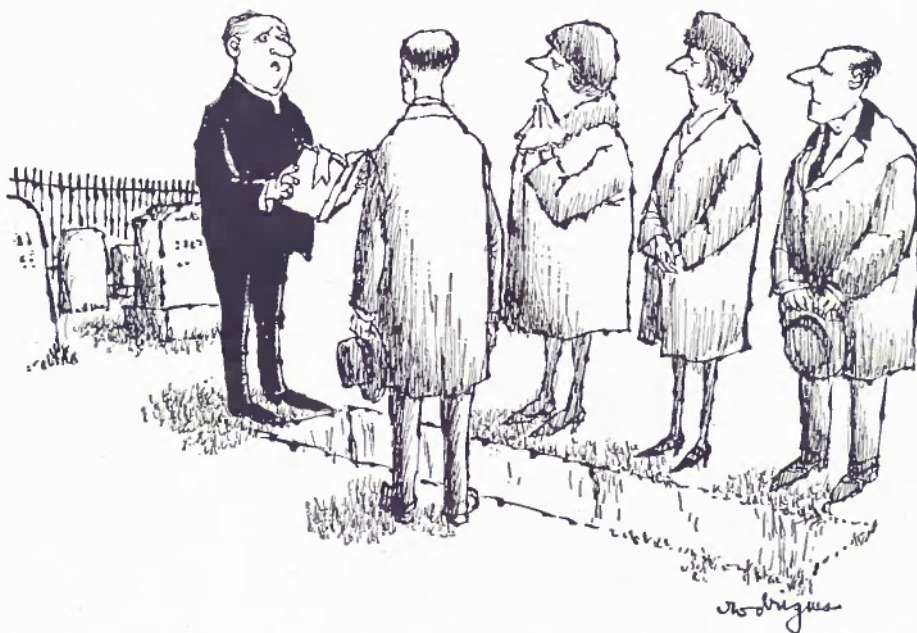
KING CRAB AND AVOCADO SALAD (Serves four)

2 6-oz. packages frozen Alaska King crab meat
1 medium-size ripe avocado
Juice of half lemon
½ cup mayonnaise
1 cup celery, small dice
1 tablespoon finely minced scallions
½ teaspoon soy sauce
2 canned pimientos, small dice
Salt, pepper

Thaw crab meat. Drain. Peel avocado, cut into small dice and sprinkle with lemon juice. In a large mixing bowl, combine crab meat, avocado, mayonnaise, celery, scallions, soy sauce and pimientos. Toss all ingredients, adding salt and pepper to taste. Keep ice cold.

Fried noodles are available in cans or may be bought fresh at Chinese restaurants. The recipe for Pimm's Cup No. 1, the original gin sling, will be found on the back of the bottle. Whole fresh mangoes should be peeled from top to bottom, petal style. Any unripe meat clinging to skin should be left there, since mangoes ripen from the inside out.

The *gemütlich* amalgam of sun and water, games and gourmandise that comprises the beach party will quickly dissolve the stresses and strains of the workaday world. Luring landlubbers down to the sea, it is the happy antithesis of the Lorelei. So what are you waiting for? The beach beckons.



"All right, who said 'Baloney'?"

IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD TEEVEE JEEBIES

satire By SHEL SILVERSTEIN



"Damn it, Son, will you stop mumbling about how much you wanted a T-Bird, and pay attention!"



"But Claude says everybody's wearing ascots this year, Mother . . ."



"So she ain't much—what d'ya expect for \$2.50, Brigitte Bardot?"



"Gee, just because Charlie fell off the cliff doesn't mean we have to cancel the picnic, does it?"



"Outta my way, George . . . George? . . . Hey, wait a minute, you're not George!"



"Now don't get excited, Pop, but have you seen anything of the alligator I brought back from Fort Lauderdale?"

tongue-in-cheek dialog for television's late-night movies



"That's right—a kosher-corn-beef sandwich and a large dill pickle!"



"Look, buster, when I said I'd come across, I just meant in the canoe!"



"So you just keep saving your money, Frank, and maybe someday you'll have enough to buy a horse."



"Trouble with kids is, you always have to keep feeding them..."



"Maybe . . . maybe I should just go to a plastic surgeon . . .!"



"So that's why they made you join the Little League!"

SEX AND THE OFFICE

(continued from page 82)

7. Participants in office affairs are not always dashing, young executives and their beauty-contest-winning young assistants. A magazine publisher of 56 I know has been having an affair for 14 years now with a woman who is motherly and about as chic as apple pandowdy. She is 52, softly sensuous and very kind. Friends of this couple say he'd come apart without her. She makes it possible for him to get through the day.

8. Offices are yeasty because everybody is at his best—clothes, make-up, perfume, brains, jokes and energy. No girl ever sees a man in his scrappy pajamas and scrappy early-morning disposition, and he never sees her wired for sound in her curlers (not early in the game, anyway). The hours spent together in offices are limited, and therefore a little mystery can prevail indefinitely.

9. There are no friendships between virile men and womanly women anywhere, in my opinion, completely devoid of sexual overtones. A man always wonders what a woman is like in bed. She wonders the same thing about him. All this speculating among men and women in offices causes sexy waves.

Nobody worries much about single men and single girls becoming involved with each other except people who don't want *anybody* to have any fun in bed *anywhere*. There are such folks, and I think the whole lot should be put in a

big polyethylene bag and offered to the next cleaners-and-dyers convention for experiments. Everybody seems to worry about married-man-and-single-girl combinations, however.

The popular version of why married men pounce on girls at the office is that they are lecherous, spoiled, licentious, neurotic, treacherous, lascivious, selfish, undisciplined, lustful and immoral.

I think they do it because they *enjoy* it. Some men are all those adjectives, to be sure, but some aren't. There *are* men who, if there isn't anything else around to chase, will chase and eat their own tails like the live lobsters do when they're shipped from Maine to California without enough ice. More often, however, I think married men become involved with girls at the office because men are human. Can any attractive man really go through life attracted to just one woman when waves and waves and waves of lovely girls continue to wash up against him every year at work? We keep pretending he can, but I don't think so.

Some men *do* stay faithful to their wives, but the reason doesn't have much to do with their desiring only that woman—in my opinion. Some men stay more faithful than others because they are not powerfully sexed. The factory was kind of shut down in childhood by too many parental don'ts and mustn'ts and naughty-naughties, and they marry a girl who has also been "undersexed" by the same

influences and live happily, unsexily ever after. I honestly think nobody has any idea how many husbands and wives simply don't go to bed with each other at all and don't go to bed with anybody else either. The "undersexed" man can be shored up, however, if a patient, enthusiastic, possibly predatory woman happens to wiggle-waggle into his life. If it happens, she will usually be somebody he met through work.

Other men abstain from extramarital sex because other things in life are more important to them and they have too much to risk. In the case of the high-placed government official, the desire for girls may just not rank with the fear that an enemy could get something on him. Every so often, however, one of these stable heads of dynasty or state does drop off the vine into the arms of the woman he loves, and hypocritical noises are heard from those who have yet to be found out.

(Some married men do not get mixed up with other women because they prefer boys.)

There are men, however, and I admit it, who never have anything to do with girls at the office because they are genuinely nutty about their wives. These obviously are well-adjusted—emotionally, sexually and every other way—men. Bless them! They, too, can be toppled! It can happen on a business trip with 20 lonely nights ahead, 20 lovely girls in the firm they're visiting, et cetera, et cetera. Yeast is no respecter of persons.

A man who insists he never has a twinge for another woman, never fantasizes about other women, is only horny for his wife—after 20 years of marriage, mind you—is, in my opinion, a phony. Even the *young* husband who ostentatiously loves his wife but shuts out all other women from his friendship, kindness, affection and concern probably doesn't love anybody from the gut—including his bride. He's cold as Kelsey's. (That's a seaweed, not another sex survey.) Either that or he isn't sure of her.

Aside from feeling a natural attraction toward many women in a lifetime, I think men also stray for these reasons:

1. Husbands and wives get to living in different worlds. The girl at his elbow while the P. & L. statement is shaping up nicely may also get to be the girl at his elbow at martini time. (Husbands and wives who share business ventures often stay more closely knit.)

2. A man may live so far away from his office he's too woofed to be a decent mate when he gets home—yet nobody, and especially his wife, will hear of selling Twelve Acres and moving to an apartment closer in. Earlier in the day at lunch or cocktails, before his charm and energy ran out, there were other girls around to be impressed by him.

3. Husbands and wives get used to



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each other. She can finish his sentences. He can start *and* finish hers. They get bored with each other in bed. As for becoming a sexy new her, as the female magazines promise she can, a zebra doesn't change stripes. Even a 29-year-old zebra—I mean wife—is still the same wife in new black lingerie. People are stunned when a man strays from a beautiful, gracious lady to a creature with knobby elbows and no eyelashes at all. But, you see, she's a different zebra.

4. Men stray because they get cut off from sex in marriage. A friend tells me that in the chic New York commuting town he lives in at least 75 percent of his married cronies have been expelled from the conjugal bed. Nothing sudden, just a gradual shutting down of the shop. If he's anywhere near telling the truth, and apparently some of these men compare notes, that town alone could be liberating as many as 50 or 60 deprived males into the havens of advertising, public relations or the law.

5. Wives get older and men prefer younger women. They find the most convenient supply of fresh young beauties in offices—with new shipments every June when colleges let out.

6. A man strays if his marriage is really unhappy; I don't mean the fight-scream-kiss-make-up, standard-marital-spat scene. I mean the man who's had it up to *there*. He meets a girl at the office who really seems to prefer him alive to dead, and the yeast starts rising.

These are the reasons men get involved at the office. What about the girls?

With "everything to lose," why does a single girl fall for a married man with whom she works? Because a lot of single girls decide finally the only thing they have to lose by falling for a married man is their *loneliness*, that's why! Any girl who's been single a few years, or single again after being married, knows how long it is between live ones.

Two attractive friends of mine were discussing this man-shortage thing at my house the other night. "We got out a pencil and paper recently," Polly said, "and decided to chart the men in both our lives since graduating from high school. Jean averaged one good eligible man about every three years and two months—somebody she could marry or fall in love with. Mine were slightly further apart—one big possibility about every four years."

No, these girls were not losers. They were attractive women who liked men but found that big gaps between eligibles is just the way the ginger crystallizes.

In between eligible men there are, of course, the spooks and submen whom single girls do go out with but couldn't marry or have an affair with. Meanwhile, back at the office, during a spook and submen dating period and before



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an "eligible" shows up, girls keep running into adorable, whole, hale, hearty, smart, attentive married men who are supposed to be frightening, bad, revolting, scruffy-moraled, taboo—but who can remember?

As for the built-in "safeguards" that used to keep girls from getting involved with *any* kind of man before marriage (and sometimes after marriage), a lot of them just don't exist anymore. A young friend of mine who works for a women's magazine says, "Modern girls are too informed and too comfortable with men to be as frightened of them as you'd have to be to stay completely physically clear of them. We've danced, fought, studied, played and necked with them since we were teenagers. How in the world are you going to be frightened?"

"Girls know about the pill and diaphragms and how babies get here and all that, too," she adds. "They also know their own anatomy and show off quite a lot of it in a bikini every summer. You just can't pretend your own flesh is some strange foreign substance that doesn't belong to you the way girls did 50 years ago. We can't go back to pretending we're untouchable and marble-coated."

Would girls in offices stay more cold-cream pure if men didn't tempt them? Just watch a girl get rid of a real creep who revolts her. When a girl doesn't say no to a man, it's very likely because she doesn't want to.

The attitudes of girls who are bewildered and shocked by a man's physical interest in them seem to me a little spurious. Girls happen to have a powerful, built-in allure for men. It's there and God gave it to them. To pretend to be outraged and petulant because a man wants them "that way" is like having the Maltese Falcon buried upstairs in a dresser drawer and acting surprised because Sam Spade and a bunch of hoodlums are milling around outside the door.

Whether a girl says yes or no to a man in the office, it's my opinion she's not really insulted by his desire for her. Unless he's a real cyclops with one beady eye in the middle of his forehead or has long green hair all over his back, I think she'll remember her propositioner not unkindly. Somebody wanted her. Somebody flipped.

. . .

Aside from the fact that office affairs come about because men feel needy and girls, while pretending to be mistresses, actually cruise around with all their available lights turned on, what other reasons cause girls to get involved?

1. A dynamic executive reminds a girl of her father—the one she lost or never had. If she works close to him, she finally gets to him and they become a thing.

2. A man has power and money—more aphrodisiac to some girls than the physical endowments of Mr. Universe. These girls have no particular wish (un-

less buried very deep) to be that powerful person, but find a certain thrill in thrilling a tycoon. The "dear friend" of an automotive tycoon—a girl I've known for many years—says, "To have this kind of man excited by you brings out the sexiest, most womanly quality in you. In bed you are the tycoon. Not that he is weak or unattractive or lacks potency, but that suddenly, simply because you're a woman whom he adores going to bed with, you become quite, quite power-laden. In his office, he is king. In your bed, *you* bestow favors; *you* are queenly and in command, even if you are as highly sexed as he and need the lovemaking as much as he. It's delicious!"

3. A barracuda girl may want professional power herself but not have the capacity for it—or her company won't hear of it. She takes on a lover who has the power she wants, gets inside him like a parasite and starts sapping. After she's sapped awhile, he gets skinnier and skinnier, and the business doesn't look so robust either! Nobody can get the guy on the phone. His own lieutenants can't get in to see him, and heads start rolling from the bodies of anybody who threatens his girl advisor. Pretty soon his is one of the heads (management will stand just so much), and usually the girl barracuda's rolls along with his.

4. Sometimes an office affair provides a girl the opportunity of getting *out* of herself. You don't change leopard spots, of course, but you may discover some new spots you didn't know you had just by having your coat brushed a bit.

"I'd always been such a nice girl," Evelyn recalls. (And of course this is a true story; with so many real ones to choose from, I don't need to make any up.) "I'm kind of a Sunbonnet Sue—the one all the mothers trust to take their kids to the circus and even wives don't worry if their husbands have dinner with me when the wives go to Portland to visit their sisters.

"Well, last year my company sent me to Detroit to do a drug survey, and the first day I was there I met the general manager of the drug chain. Usually I have to badger managers to let me talk to their clerks, but this man was extremely interested in the whole thing. He stayed while I asked all my questions and I followed him back to his office still yacking away. I don't know what came over me that day or how I *knew*—I'm not one of those sexy broads who expects action—but it came to me: This man is *asking* to be led astray—and by *me*. I mean, he was so sincere . . . so nice . . . so attractive. . . . Or maybe it was just because I was away from home and found some new courage. Anyway, it was as though I heard voices saying, 'If you don't do something about this man, or at least try, you'll regret it the rest of your life.'

"Look," I said, 'I'll have all my surveying finished by this evening. If you'd like to look it over I could leave it somewhere for you.'

"He took the hint and said, 'Why don't you come back here about seven o'clock? We'll grab a bite ["grab a bite" is what a man says when he doesn't want dinner to sound like a big deal] and I'll look over the stuff.'

"Well, I finished the survey, went back to my hotel and put on the closest thing to a witching dress I own. We had dinner—it wasn't just grabbing a bite; he took me to an elegant restaurant—and we still talked about the drug business, but for practically the first time in my life I felt kind of 'lady of the evening.' I thought I might be having the same effect on him as Sadie Thompson had on that missionary. Where I got the courage I'll never know, but I said, 'Why don't we go back to my hotel for a drink?' and he said, 'Fine.'

"We never even stopped in the lobby; we just got on the elevator without saying a word. I never did turn on the lights when we got to my room. The minute we were inside the door I put my arms around him. I said I'd worn the closest thing to a wicked dress I owned because he was so attractive. I also said I'd worn the least possible amount of underwear because I wanted to be a slinky, sultry minx, which I'd never been before in my life but he inspired me. In other words, I *sort* of told the truth so he'd know I knew I wasn't a sexpot but that it was he who brought this on.

"I wasn't a desperate old maid or anything. I'd had men before, but *they* always made the advances. I just kept murmuring and purring this sexy stuff which I honestly felt toward this nice, middle-aged man. I was enjoying myself utterly because I was seducing *him* instead of getting mauled by some Adonis who was getting around to me simply because I was a girl—but maybe number three thousand and two on his list. I brought it off and it was wonderful."

A woman may also have a fling at the office to prove she isn't getting any older, to prove to herself and observers that she likes men (not girls), to sink into a man so he'll marry her. Married girls in offices have affairs, too, but I think they're more likely to stray for the same reasons men do.

. . .

Married or single, doesn't a girl indulging in an office affair ever consider what she might be doing to a man's wife? Technically the girl isn't damaging the wife if the wife never knows—and many a wife never knows.

A man who cheats flagrantly year in, year out usually doesn't stay married. One affair, however, doesn't necessarily make a divorce. By the time it happens, the marriage, paradoxical as this sounds,

may be a pretty rock-founded institution which a man isn't about to dissolve and thereby disrupt his life. Too awkward. Too expensive.

"I used to think a man couldn't have anything to do with another woman without his wife being dashed to bits," a close friend told me. "It isn't true. I've found that a casual encounter with some bar broad isn't the least bit important to me or my relationship with Tom. I did ask early in our marriage that he never embarrass me by telling me about it."

Another friend says, "You can't help but know, and I've even giggled over the fact. Men think they're so smart at concealing these little peccadilloes and then practically spell it out for you in bed! Every man has pretty standard bed patterns. Well, suddenly something new is introduced or suggested and you know damned well he hasn't been reading any book on sex, so where did he get *that* idea? From some other dame, of course."

If a man and his wife are not conjugally occupied, his office friend may just be doing the man's wife a favor by supplying a commodity he doesn't enjoy at home. Many a girl who wants the man to get a divorce and marry her may not realize that instead of unhinging his marriage, the commodity is what's keeping the marriage glued together.

Rightly or wrongly, some working girls feel that if a man is attracted to them, they're entitled. Husband luring is like landing a job in the Depression. There weren't enough jobs then. There aren't enough eligible men now.

Girls rationalize that if a woman loses her husband she deserves to. The Jezebel may have something there. We all know husbands set adrift among models, starlets and barracudas who do not start affairs. Are they more moral? Probably they are happier at home.

One wife with a faithful husband reveals this technique:

"He thinks I'm a sexpot. Since the day we were married I have pretended to be out of my head about going to bed with him. Perhaps one time out of six I have a good time myself. The rest of the nights I do an Academy Award-winning performance. And this has been going on for thirteen years, Helen," she says. "Sometimes I'm so weary at the end of the day I think I would pay \$100 to turn over and go to sleep, but he never knows. If I can lift my big toe off the bed, I respond. Jack is even a little bit afraid he doesn't supply me with *enough* sex and I've never tried to talk him out of the idea."

Despite everything, I think wives still have the best and biggest piece of the pie. But don't think this report doesn't make me nervous: Remember, I'm a wife!



NEW UNDER THE SUN

(continued from page 69)

with a sweater or nylon parka. The possibilities are limitless and, as with all good fashion ideas, fun follows function. If you're a really avid aquanaut, and like to linger until dark, a bulky mohair pullover will protect you from the sunset chill. Or, if your skin burns easily, a long-sleeved Rugby shirt will cover you handsomely while giving respite from the sun's rays. (To keep your legs from acquiring a boiled-lobster hue on your initial sorties into the sun, white slacks in lightweight fabrics, from Dacron-and-worsted to sailcloth, are good-looking limb-savers.)

On the other hand, no matter how much of a sun worshiper you are, the rituals of taste will require a proper top when you sit down for your poolside lunch. If the sun is blazing, select a covering that is light, comfortable and highly absorbent—such as a featherweight terrycloth pullover or a cotton-and-rayon hand-washable knit shirt. (And don't forget that when it gets warm enough, it's both casual and correct to roll with the heat by rolling up the sleeves.)

The French Riviera has long been a prime showcase for the top as an expression of the mood and personality of the wearer (cashmere and alpaca cardigans are currently in favor). The casual world of California has become an enthusiastic convert to the top as an admirable and utilitarian accent for swimwear, and this year you will see an impressive increase in both the number and variety of shirts, sweaters and jackets at poolsides and sandy strands all over the country. (The Eastern contribution to this look is the buttondown dress shirt with the sleeves rolled up above the elbow, and the open collar housing an ascot.)

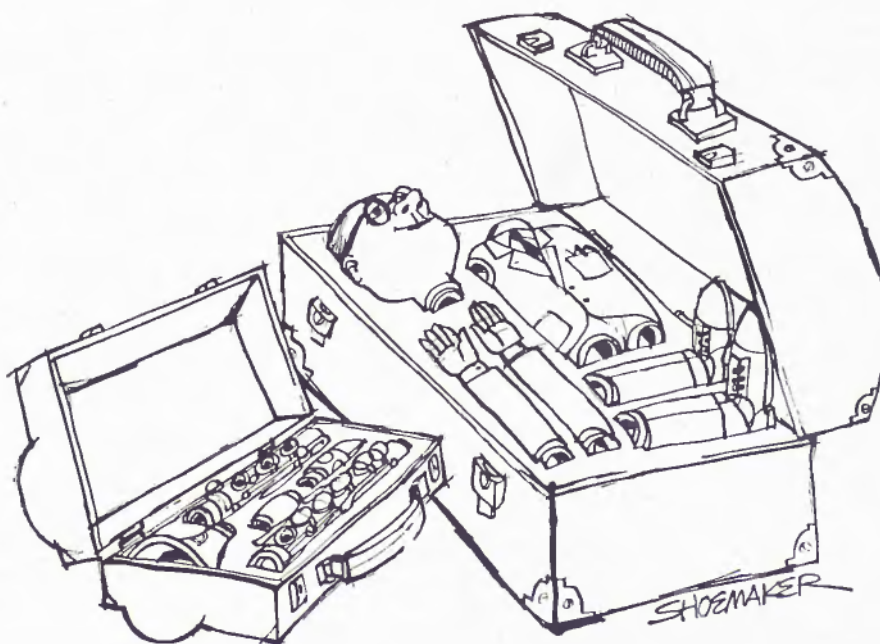
This season, summertime versions of the ski parka will schuss right up to water's edge. Zip-front models come with attached and hidden hoods or, wind-breaker-fashion, with short stand-up military collars. Other versions have crew necks with extended tabs. Drawstrings or side tabs are usually at the bottom, as are the typically "ski" contrasting panels and trims. Another favorite in this group is the pullover parka.

The big news here, however, is in the selection of fabrics and in the way the parka is made to team with surfing and Lastex trunks. Nylon taffeta in unlined versions is bright and popular, and so are vinyl-coated madras, chambray, denim, duck and even seersucker. The color choice is assertive and broad, ranging from stark white to fiery orange. Midsummer is the perfect time to indulge your taste for strong colors, so let yourself glow.

Top tops this summer include any sweater you own—from the lightest alpaca cardigan to your bulkiest mohair pullover—any top from another sport (a football jersey or a classic poplin golf jacket), and any functional piece of work clothing, such as an exercise sweat shirt or the working cowboy's Levi shirt jacket.

When everything topside is shipshape, check to see that you're suitably shod. Casual slip-ons are eminently utile to keep you from accidentally going off the deep end, and can be visually effective as color accents. There is a wide variety of fabrics from which to choose in natural-color knits, bright or subdued madras fabric, seersucker or burlap casuals.

In short, then, *chacun à son goût*. Forget all the restrictive sartorial rules of past summers and let your imagination be your guide.



SEX KITTEN (continued from page 92)

painter of the Renaissance. There's something unreal about her features, something rather poignant. Her face would be perfectly suited to the portrayal of some character from the history of that period."

According to another great Italian, Vittorio De Sica: "She could just as easily be Neapolitan, Sicilian, English, American or German as French. She's purely and simply—*Woman*."

And Federico Fellini: "If she didn't exist, we'd have to invent her. Her figure aside, the most striking thing about her is her range of facial expression. She could play ten different characters in the same film."

As for the Americans, Billy Wilder answered: "What film would I like to direct her in? Any one at all if she speaks English. And if she doesn't, I'd dig one up where she wouldn't have to say any more than a Trappist monk. The important thing about her is the way she glows."

Otto Preminger: "She's extraordinary. I'd be happy to give her the lead in any film I might make, provided only that the character be a woman in love—and in love with life."

Alfred Hitchcock: "If I were to make a film about bluebloods, I'd cast her as a jockey-princess."

In the opinion of the French director Jean Renoir, nature copies the great painters, and Brigitte Bardot could have stepped out of one of his own father's canvases. I must say I rather agree with him: In her disheveled hair and marvelous coloring there is indeed something of the models of Auguste Renoir.

More important to Brigitte herself—for here lies the promise that her success will be a lasting one—is that the New Wave directors, the younger generation of the French cinema, are equally enthusiastic. François Truffaut (*Jules and Jim*, *Shoot the Piano Player*), one of the leaders of this movement, believed with reason that BB should stop playing teenagers and start portraying young wives, mothers and divorcees, in order to maintain a perfect accord among her roles, her physical appearance, her real age and the age in which we live. Jean-Luc Godard, another New Wave director, is currently directing BB in Alberto Moravia's *A Ghost at Noon*. She likes having been adopted by this new generation. She told reporter Claude Brulé:

"C'est formidable! I've joined the New Wave now . . . Godard was really scared, you know. Me, too. He came to see me; we called each other *Monsieur Godard* and *Mademoiselle Bardot*; he watched me walk, serve tea—he said that he had to get to know me as I really am. Later, he wouldn't say anything at all."

Yes, she's happy—and a little surprised—but she is far from walking blindfolded into this new adventure. BB, the young bourgeoisie, calculates her moves with great care. She realizes that right now she is traversing a difficult period in her career. First came the problem of escaping, like a cornered doe, from the pack of reporters and columnists who—in connection with her marriage, the birth of her son, Nicolas, and her second divorce—were doing their best to attach her name to some scandal. She herself developed the idea for a film (*A Very Private Affair*) about the anguish of a movie star who, as a result of her excessive fame, can no longer live a private life.

Then came the task of expanding her repertoire. It was true, and she knew it, that she could not go on forever playing the sensual young creatures she portrayed in her early films with Vadim. She tried one spy story (*Babette Goes to War*) which didn't suit her very well, then turned in a remarkable performance as the tragic heroine of Clouzot's *The Truth*. Her first failure came in *The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful*. She realized that to recapture the freshness of her early successes she must work with the new generation of directors; hence her decision to join the New Wave.

In addition, she likes the Moravia novel Godard has chosen. And indeed, one might almost think that in describing his heroine, Emilia, the author was already thinking of BB:

"Her shoulders, her arms, her throat were the most beautiful I have ever seen: round, shapely, elegant. . . . Her full lips, fresh and laughing . . . seemed always moist and sparkling. . . . In moments of abandon, the sensual expression in her huge eyes took on a lost, weary look. . . . Her thin, supple waist accentuated by contrast the curves of her hips and breasts. . . . Her haughty carriage and the youthful strength of her long legs, at once sturdy, yet slender, gave her that air of unconscious grace which can only come as a gift of nature and which, for that reason, seems all the more mysterious and indefinable . . ."

Such, according to Moravia, is Emilia in *A Ghost at Noon*; it is impossible to imagine a better description of Brigitte Bardot.

But it is interesting to note that Brigitte's success depends very little on the roles she plays. Even when, to oblige a friend or simply because of a mistake in judgment, she makes an inferior film, her faithful public flocks to see her. It is she herself they seek—partially because they hope the goddess will grant them yet another glimpse of her perfect body; rather more out of the desire to spend an evening in the company of this highly original young woman. Ultimately,

the source of a star's success is to be found in her temperament, her personality, her way of speaking, laughing or sulking. Two hours with BB, Claudia Cardinale, Marina Vlady, Melina Mercouri have the natural delight of a dip in a mountain pool. You walk out feeling cleansed of the ugliness and deceit with which life too often surrounds us. This is equally true of certain male stars: No matter what they play, I, myself, always enjoy watching Jean Gabin or Anthony Perkins. Not so much to listen to them or reflect upon what they say; simply to look at them, to revel in their naturalness.

Just as in ancient mythology, these modern cinema myths conjoin, one with another. The gods on Olympus had their mutual adventures. Mars, god of war, was invariably cast as a bold Don Juan, the lame Vulcan as the eternal cuckold—hard working, sympathetic and ridiculous. Venus admired Mars—beautiful women have a taste for heroes, no matter if they are brutes. In the words of the title of a recent Bardot film (*Repos du Guerrier*), woman is the warrior's rest. It is curious how this girl, so passionately free, so disrespectful of all convention, finds in her films the ancient, traditional need for a man of strength. The BB of the myth has less desire for an easygoing, handsome youth, a companion in *la dolce vita*, than for the authoritarian lawyer or severe businessman. It is to Gabin that she runs—Gabin, who could blow her over with a breath. She suits Belmondo, too, whose own legend is built upon hardened cynicism. In the love of Venus for Mars, two forces meet to fulfill the desires of a society deprived of its natural vigor.

It is not absurd to evoke the classical myths in connection with this most modern of young women. For one thing, a beautiful body is eternal; if there are styles in beauty, I still cannot see any great difference between the nudes of Courbet, of Delacroix and the nude Brigitte. I can imagine her very well replacing the stabbed slave girl in Delacroix's famous painting *La Mort de Sardanapale*. She is even more akin to the nudes of the 18th Century, the nymphs and shepherdesses of Boucher and Fragonard. She has exactly their pouting faces. Both her sulks and her smiles would be perfectly at home in a comedy by Marivaux. Someone once remarked: "I'd like to see her at the *Comédie Française*." Why not? She has made immense progress and is becoming an excellent actress. Her problem is no longer to demonstrate her ability to develop; that she already has. It is now to develop further without losing any of the charm of her own personality. So far, she has succeeded completely.

What is her secret? For a secret to last—

ing film stardom there must be, when so many stars last but a handful of years. Brigitte's is that, above and beyond her beauty, she possesses an extraordinary talent. Last New Year's Eve the French television network invited her to perform, completely alone, for a solid hour. It was a perilous undertaking; she ran the risk of boring beyond endurance. In fact, she was delightful, singing, dancing, playing the guitar or merely swinging in a hammock. Unquestionably, a professional dancer would have danced better, an experienced singer would have sung better—but they wouldn't have been Brigitte. None of the thousands of Frenchmen who watched her that night regretted the hour they passed with BB.

In addition to her natural gifts, she has the added merit of being a hard worker. Her apparent ease and nonchalance are part of the myth; the truth is that she expends tremendous efforts on her roles. In all her contracts, she insists on a deadline being specified, by which date she must be given a completed script, with all the dialog, all the direction and all the camera shots indicated, to study and learn well in advance of the first day's shooting. Claude Brulé has called this her "home canning recipe," passed down to her by generations of prudent French bourgeois grandmothers.

But this prudence in no way diminishes the power of the Bardot myth over the moviegoers of the world. And what exactly is the significance of this myth? That is no easy question to answer with precision, for men invent myths specifically in order to express what they cannot in any other way. The myth of Venus, ancient though it is, still lives; it is the myth of desire, of irresistible beauty and the passions it excites. "Oh, Love, cruel Love!" wrote the Latin poet, and Racine: "Venus herself fastened on her prey . . ." For if the goddess is adored, she is feared as well. She has never hesitated to incite war, provoke crime or avenge herself upon those mortals who have dared challenge her power.

The BB myth evokes a less violent love. Hers is the myth of fleeting desire, rapidly aroused, quickly forgotten; of a physical love barely touched by sentiment; of endings without anger which permit her to meet again with pleasure Vadim, her first husband. It is the myth of eroticism uncorrupted, of the glorification of the instincts, of nudity, innocent and integral. It is a myth that has served men well and has been adopted with delight in every land. Nor is it yet complete, for Brigitte is still young, her life on the screen scarcely begun. The goddess will appear in new metamorphoses; but let us hope she does not change too much—her first incarnation was enchanting.



STATUS CARS

(continued from page 68)

fringe member of a group and work very hard at being accepted, and then when you're finally accepted and somebody from the group hails you in the street, look the other way and pretend you didn't see him.

MGA: If you are a male, follow generally the rules for TD and try to avoid Austin-Healey owners. If you are a female, be a secretary in a really smart ad agency or law office in Beverly Hills or San Francisco and go out with every man in the office and be very high-strung and very discreet and sleep with anybody on the first date.

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Wear thin black pigskin racing gloves and say that you *personally* have no interest whatsoever in going any faster than 65 or 70, but my God, if you ever opened her up . . .

HOW TO OWN A CITROËN

If your Citroën is the old, old kind with the wide fenders and the running boards and the squarish black body, wear a trench coat and a wide-brimmed hat pulled down over your eyes, smoke a cigarette by holding it between the tips of your thumb and first finger, squint, make the tires squeal on corners, say *Zut!* and *Alors!* and *Sacrebleu!* and *Il pleut dans ma chambre!* If you have the DS 19 or the ID 19, drive very carefully, make sure the doors are locked, wear a safety belt even when you're not in the car, and really believe that the scroonched-in rear end of your car is well-designed.

HOW TO OWN A PORSCHE

Know how to start a fire with wood shavings. Sit only in straight-back chairs. Say the Mercedes-Benz 190SL is not a true sports car.

HOW TO OWN A MERCEDES-BENZ 190SL

Put a white oval plate with the letter D on your back bumper and say the MGA is not a true sports car.

HOW TO OWN AN ALFA-ROMEO

Talk with your hands, drive crazy, and say the Fiat 1500 is not a true sports car.

HOW TO OWN A MORRIS MINOR

Teach something and have lousy posture.

HOW TO OWN A SUNBEAM ALPINE

Drink a lot of No-Cal and try hard to be fun people.

HOW TO OWN A BENTLEY

Wear hacking jackets with wide lapels, be somewhat untidy, be unbearably "U."

HOW TO OWN A LAGONDA

Nobody owns a Lagonda.



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HUMAN COMEDY (continued from page 80)

message of *John 3:16* most of his life, but now he read the message three times in order to see if it might have a new value for him at the age of 33, instead of three, which had been his age when he had first heard the message and hadn't understood it. Now, he felt, it continued to be at least a little baffling.

For God so loved the world: well, all right. That He gave His only begotten Son: well, all right again. That whosoever believeth in him should not perish: well, all right once more. But have everlasting life: hold it. Have everlasting life when? Now? Or later? Or always? And does the believer know he is having everlasting life? If so, how does he know?

Homer wasn't a disputatious fellow. He was intelligent, open-minded, enthusiastic, but at the same time skeptical, severe about the varieties and possibilities of truth, although never scornful.

"How does it go in Dutch?" he thought, and then read:

"Want alzoo lief heeft God de wereld gehad, dat Hij zijnen eeniggeboren Zoon gegeven heeft, opdat een ieder, die in Hem geloofd, niet verloren ga, doch eeuwig leven hebbe."

"It's perfectly reasonable in Dutch. Maybe the English is a little too ornamental."

He decided to try putting it into ordinary English, or at any rate his idea of ordinary English: Look here, Gertrude, Joseph, and all you others I know and love, the thing we have got to try to understand every day, as long as we live, is that this whole business has come from love, some kind of enormity of love that's almost impossible to explain in so many words, because it is bigger than words and bigger than language, bigger than all of the languages put together

that have ever been spoken and written and understood or completely misunderstood by everybody who ever spoke or wrote them. This love is *in* everything, and it has probably come *from* everything, but it is in One—one kind of everything, or one variation of it—so particularly and effectively that all the rest of us enjoy noticing that that is how it is, because in doing so, in noticing, we ourselves feel the arrival of that love in ourselves, and glad and true and alive. We feel so alive we really can't imagine not having always *been* alive, and not going on being alive that way continuously.

"Too long."

He turned back to *Help in Time of Need*, studied the various categories, and decided to look up *Strength in Time of Temptation: 1 Corinthians 10:13*, to which he turned, on page 1022: "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

"I prefer turning to something accidentally."

So he did: "And of Levi he said, Let thy Thummim and thy Urim be with thy holy one, whom thou didst prove at Massah, and with whom thou didst strive at the waters of Meribah;

"Who said unto his father and to his mother, I have not seen him; neither did he acknowledge his brethren, nor knew his own children: for they have observed thy word, and kept thy covenant."

"More like it, so now I can go in peace."

He picked up his suitcase and his briefcase and left the room, going down the long narrow black-and-white papered hall to the elevator, where he pressed the button, and then said, "What's the matter with me? I didn't say goodbye to the old residents of room 1015."

He walked back to the room, opened the door, went in, looked at the floor, the ceiling, the walls, and all the rest of it, and then in a good clear voice said, "I didn't mean to turn my back and go without so much as a by-your-leave, so I have come back to say how pleasant it has been to spend six days with you in old 1015. Ladies and gentlemen, it has been a privilege not to know you, and yet to know that you have *been* here, and are *still* here, by the hundreds since 1898, one by one, and a very extraordinary group. I am honored to leave six days of my own unworthy self in your distinguished company. Dance on, then, and so long."

Ten hours later, when he drove from the Ithaca Airport to his vineyard house and saw no light, he was not surprised, since the hour was half past one in the morning, but when he let himself into



"You may land when the big hand is on one and the little hand is on two."

the house and switched on a light he had the distinct impression that nobody was home. This was unusual, but then, why shouldn't something or other be unusual now and then? Besides, the distinct impression that nobody was home could very easily be false, but that would be even more unusual than the absence of Gertrude and Joseph: that would mean he was getting panicky in his old age. Or if not panicky, something worse: perhaps unconsciously he *wanted* them not to be home, although he had no patience with that sort of unconsciousness. He not only wanted them to be home, if they actually happened not to be home, he would find out where they were and go and get them—out of bed, if need be, and bring them home. And maybe not be entirely nice about it, either: maybe be a little annoyed.

They weren't home, so he telephoned Gertrude's mother and after the phone had rung 11 times Gertrude's mother finally answered the phone.

"Where's Gertrude?"

"Home. Where are you?"

"I'm home, and where's Joseph?"

"I don't know, but I'm sure Gertrude and Joseph are spending the night with friends somewhere."

"That's not like Gertrude and Joseph. Have you any idea who the friends might be?"

"No, but if you'd send a telegram instead of coming home any old time, I think you'd find them home."

"I've *never* sent a telegram, but I've always found them home, so why aren't they home this time?"

"How long have you been gone?"

"Six days. When did you see Gertrude last?"

"Ten or eleven days ago, with you."

"When did you *speak* to her last?"

"Ten or eleven days ago."

"What did she say?"

"Well, you were there. I don't believe she said anything."

"As little as that?"

"You know perfectly well Gertrude isn't a conversationalist."

"I know perfectly well she *is*. I've been having a very fascinating conversation with her for four years. I want to resume the conversation as quickly as possible, because I've got a few things to say and I can't wait to hear what she's going to say back. I've never asked you this, Mrs. Eliot. Is your daughter by any chance given to keeping things to herself?"

"Well, Gertrude was never a blabber-mouth."

"As a child, how long would she tend to keep something to herself? A week, a month, a year?"

"She may have kept a number of things to herself forever. One or two she kept for only six or seven months. What are you getting at?"

"Mrs. Eliot, I don't know what I'm getting at, because I don't know where Gertrude is, and I'm not even sure Joseph is with her."

"Wherever Gertrude is, Joseph is also there."

"One would hope to think so, at any rate."

"Now, what about yourself? Are you all right? Can you get yourself a cup of tea and some toast?"

"When I come home, Gertrude gets the tea and toast. Otherwise, I'm just fine. It's a beautiful night, but this place is awfully strange without Gertrude standing around being a conversationalist, and Joseph fast asleep thinking about the future. Go back to bed, I'll go mow the lawn."

"Drink a glass of milk, then, and go to bed. They'll be home in the morning, I'm sure."

He went to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. From the things in it he gathered that Gertrude couldn't be far or likely to remain gone for long. Still, this whole situation was rather bad from a certain point of view. He poured milk out of a carton into a glass and began to drink the milk, feeling it was bad from the point of view of disappointment. He was disappointed, that's what he was. On the other hand, it was rather good from the point of view of Gertrude being able to do a thing like that. It took courage to dress Joseph in his traveling clothes and take him somewhere. It took courage, but it also took nerve. If it was nerve rather than courage, or *more* nerve than courage, it wasn't good, it was bad, because having a lot of nerve is the beginning sometimes of a gondola ride down the Nile, and that's bad, especially with Joseph standing aft in his traveling clothes actually knowing little or nothing about Cleopatra. Ginger-snaps with a glass of milk are always nice, but there weren't any, only graham crackers. Gus Graham, most likely, messing around with some kind of impractical batter, the laughingstock of bagel bakers, until he dealt a hand to each of the six bakers, and they knew he had something that was painful to eat, too, but of course not nearly as painful as the bagel, just drier.

He ate a royal flush of them and leaned on the kitchen counter to think. After ten minutes of it, he went to his bed and looked at it. The trouble with it was it was his bed but speechless because Gertrude wasn't around with her brilliant conversation. The trouble with it was it was alone, and a little cold, too.

Standing and looking at the mute, mirthless bed, he had the feeling that he was standing at the same time in all of the hotel rooms of his travels, being with the sleepless hosts that had also gone to sleep and awakened in the rooms, the

living ghosts of the other travelers through the human comedy who had stopped there, as he had, to think it over, and when in doubt to look for guidance in the hotel Bible. These hosts of ghosts were also his family, and he had always been pleased at the end of a day to be among them, to put his head down and sleep, as they had slept, to become a part of the great sleep of that proud and comic crowd of fathers, mothers, sons and daughters.

But now, at home, in his own house in Ithaca, which he himself had had built for Gertrude, for the founding of his own family, for the arrival one by one of his own kids, even the *idea* of putting his head down and sleeping was unwelcome.

He went back to the kitchen, opened the refrigerator and stood looking at the stuff in it as if these things were some kind of book to read late at night: milk, cheese, butter, bacon, eggs, lamb chops, steaks, onions, potatoes, tomatoes, grapes, figs, half a Persian melon and three or four kinds of leftovers in square glass containers with lids.

"Meaning in Time of Delicatessen." But he wasn't interested in eating at all. There was no meaning in the leftover potato salad, or the shank of baked ham. He took an egg from a bowl containing six of them and looked at it, because that had always been one of the important things to do with an egg—just look at it. An egg was always something good to read. He read the egg for a full minute, put it back, shut the refrigerator, and went to the phone in the living room.

This time Mrs. Eliot answered the telephone after only two rings.

"Would you say Gertrude is a surprising girl?"

"No, I'd say she's an unsurprising one."

"I mean, she wouldn't be likely to be a brilliant conversationalist for four years and then suddenly run off with D. H. Lawrence or somebody, would she?"

"Oh, no, D. H. is an awfully nice boy, but Gertrude means every bit of her life, she's not a trifler. She's never worried about you. Is it possible you're worried about her?"

"Women are women, Mrs. Eliot."

"Yes, that's true."

"And they don't *think*."

"I suppose not, although I remember having long ago *thought*."

"Do you happen to remember what it was that you thought?"

"Something about love, but of course I can't remember precisely what it was."

"Can you guess?"

"Well, I really can't, but I can *pretend* to, if you don't mind. I guess I thought love is the best thing there is, although it is terribly confusing, trou-

blesome, illogical, ineffable, stubborn, selfish, laughable, unreasonable and cuddly."

"And *what?*"

"Cuddly."

"Ten or eleven days ago when you spoke to Gertrude, did you gather she was in a family way?"

"Yes, of course, but then, even as a small girl Gertrude gave me the impression she was in a family way—by *nature*, waiting with the patience of a small girl who actually knows nothing at all about such things for the fact. Why?"

"Maybe she's in the hospital."

"No, I think she's spending the night somewhere perfectly sensible, and you'll laugh at yourself in the morning."

"I'm laughing at myself now, what I want to laugh at in the morning is the sun."

"I'm sure you will."

"I mean, I'm so used to having a chat with Gertrude whenever I get home that rather than not have a chat at all I'm having one with you, and that's what's making me laugh at myself. I mean, I've awakened you twice, just because twenty-six years ago you happened to be chosen to be the mother of Gertrude. Did it make you proud?"

"Terribly, and you've awakened me only once."

"You didn't go back to sleep?"

"Oh, no. I enjoy having a ringing bell wake me up in the middle of the night and remind me of time. I wouldn't think of going back to sleep."

"What was the matter with Cleopatra?"

"I think she was mad, but of course it may have been everybody else who had been mad and Cleopatra who hadn't been. What was the matter with Luther?"

"Burbank?"

"No, Martin."

"Fear, I guess. The protester is always angry, but he's also always afraid."

"Of dying?"

"In a manner of speaking. Afraid of *living*, actually. Mrs. Eliot, I've got to hang up now, because a car has just driven up and I think it may be a taxi bringing home Gertrude and Joseph."

"I'll hold on, and let me know, will you?"

"All right, and thanks very much for the chat."

He put the phone down and went to the front door and drew it open just in time to see a big car leaving the driveway and turning onto Mulberry Avenue. And there in the middle of the front lawn was Gertrude bending over and picking small white flowers out of the grass, with Joseph beside her, doing the same thing, but neither of them speaking. He went out to them and bent over and began to pick with them, nobody

saying anything. They picked the small white flowers for at least five minutes, the moon full and the light of it directly upon them. Far away in the hotel rooms of his travels he stood among the hosts and smiled at the idea of such a thing coming to pass sooner or later, and then Joseph stood up and turned to the open door and began to walk to it, followed by Gertrude. After they had both gone inside and had been there at least a full minute, he went in and shut the door and said, "If this next one's a girl, what have you in mind in the way of a name?"

"Well, not Cleopatra."

"Why not?"

"Well, the fact is I took Joseph to see it tonight, and I would rather she had another name. We went with the Ajemians who kept us at their house for music and stuff until just now. That was Vahan who just drove away."

"What kind of music?"

"The new stuff, mainly Varèse. I'll put Joseph down and get you some tea and toast."

"How about Margaret?"

"That's my mother's name."

"Maggie for short, I suppose it would be."

"Well, we've given Joseph my father's name, are you sure we want to give the next one my mother's?"

"How long have we got to talk about it?"

"Well, three months."

"Well, put Joseph down and we'll start talking about it."

Gertrude went off with Joseph, who came back from the hall suddenly and said, "We saw her, Poppa."

He picked up the boy and said, "Who?"

"The lady on the boat on the river."

"What do you think of her, Joseph?"

"She was Momma—*before*."

"Yes, you're quite right."

After tea and an hour of talk Gertrude said, "What's the phone off the receiver for?"

"I'm having a little chat with your mother."

He went to the phone and said, "They went to see Cleopatra, and then to the Ajemians' for music and stuff, and we're seriously thinking of calling the next one, if it's a girl, Margaret."

"That will make me feel very proud, but please *do* think about it very carefully."

"We will."

He hung up and said, "Throw me that hotel Bible over there, will you. I think I'd like to read some of the names in there, for ideas, although if you really want to know the truth, I know *now* that her name ought to be Margaret."

"Why?"

"It goes good with Macauley."

high spirits

(continued from page 96)

GRENADINE CUP

Iced dry white burgundy

Grenadine

Superfine sugar

½ oz. lemon juice

¼ teaspoon vanilla extract

1 oz. vodka

Dip rim of prechilled 12-oz. collins glass into grenadine; then dip into superfine sugar to make frosted pink rim around glass. Pour ½ oz. grenadine, lemon juice, vanilla and vodka into glass. Stir well. Add three ice cubes. Fill glass to rim with burgundy. The amount of wine used will depend upon size of ice cubes. Stir well.

MANHATTAN CUP

2 ozs. blended whiskey

1 oz. dry French vermouth

3 ozs. orange juice

½ oz. lemon juice

½ oz. orgeat

Carbonated water

Maraschino stemmed cherry

Pour whiskey, vermouth, orange juice, lemon juice and orgeat into 14-oz. collins glass with three large ice cubes. Stir until all ingredients are well blended. Fill glass with carbonated water. Stir slightly. Place cherry on top.

RASPBERRY CLARET CUP

4 ozs. dry red wine

1 oz. brandy

1 oz. *Himbeergeist* (dry white raspberry brandy)

¾ oz. raspberry syrup

1 oz. lemon juice

Carbonated water

Fresh or frozen whole raspberries

Be sure wine and brandies are ice cold before mixing drink. Place three ice cubes in 14-oz. collins glass. Pour wine, brandy, *Himbeergeist*, raspberry syrup and lemon juice into glass. Stir until all ingredients are very well blended. Fill glass with carbonated water. Stir slightly. Float two or three raspberries on top.

ENGLISH MULE

3 ozs. ice-cold green ginger wine

1½ ozs. gin

2½ ozs. orange juice

Carbonated water

1 piece preserved ginger in syrup

Place three ice cubes in 14-oz. collins glass. Pour wine, gin and orange juice into glass. Stir well. Fill glass with carbonated water. Stir slightly. Fasten preserved ginger, well drained, onto cocktail spear. Fit spear into straw in glass.

Once past the fixings and the mixings, all that's left is for host and guests alike to be caught up in the coolly inviting spirits of the occasion.



A black and white photograph of a three-tiered wooden rack. On the left, a white rabbit is dressed in a long, vertically striped dress and is holding a small black bag. On the right, a smaller white rabbit is dressed in a tuxedo and is sitting on the floor. The rack holds various items, each labeled with a letter from A to Q. On the top shelf, there is a small black bag (A), a small black bag (B), and a small black bag (C). On the middle shelf, there is a hairbrush (D). On the bottom shelf, there is a small black bag (E), a small black bag (F), a small black bag (G), a small black bag (H), a small black bag (I), a small black bag (J), a small black bag (K), a small black bag (L), a small black bag (M), a small black bag (N), a small black bag (O), a small black bag (P), and a small black bag (Q). The items are arranged in a way that suggests a collection of accessories or gifts.

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LITTLE ANGEL

(continued from page 54)

you up, because we got to discuss details. I decided I want you and Fred to handle my account. I decided you and Fred will devote the time and energy to my account that I want devoted to it."

I got it, Grant thought. I got it, after all! "Jack, that's wonderful," he said. "We appreciate that very much. Both Fred and I appreciate it very much."

"So I got to go now, buddy. Calls waiting."

"Lunch tomorrow," Grant reminded him.

He was still smiling when he walked into his office.

His secretary took off her glasses and pinched the bridge of her nose, something she did when she was nervous. "Mrs. Grant is in your office, Mr. Grant. She wanted to wait for you. She, well, she seemed upset, so—"

"That's all right, Ruby," Grant said. But he thought, Damn it, not here. He couldn't afford a scene in the office; he'd get her into a cab, take her to lunch. He went briskly into his office, said, "Hello, baby," to his wife, and kissed her.

Edith was tall, blonde, and always immaculately groomed. But she looked as if she had just dashed from catastrophe, flinging herself into clothes as she ran. He knew that Jack Regal might not remember seeing, but that Edith remembered hearing, or something.

"Are you as hung over as I am, doll?" he said. "I had a couple, but I'm going to have one more. How about you?"

Edith closed her eyes, as if she couldn't bear to look at life. "I should be in bed, but I had to talk to you. I had to talk to you face to face, not over a phone."

Oh, God, Grant thought. He walked to a small bar in the corner of the room. "I'll make some highballs. And tell you some good news. I got Jack Regal's account."

Edith took a deep drink from her glass. "I don't like some things you have to do to get accounts."

"Mixing business with our social life?" Grant said. "Oh, I'll be able to hire a bright young man to do that now."

"Oh, I don't understand how you can be so calm!" she burst out. "You *know* what happened last night. I don't see how you can stand there and look at me so calmly! Don't you care? Don't you care about anything but the agency?" And she began to weep.

"Let me fix you another drink, baby," Grant said heavily. "And I'll try to explain."

When Edith did weep, which was seldom, she went all out, sobbing, hiccuping, her nose running, strangling for breath. After the second drink she gained some control. "Never in my life have I felt so ashamed and embarrassed, so deeply, deeply ashamed

and embarrassed."

"Well," Grant said, taking a long breath.

"Oh, I would have told you about it," Edith said. "Even if you hadn't walked in and *seen* me with that horrible little man. I would have told you about it."

Grant lifted his glass carefully and drank.

"It was bad enough what I did. Letting him paw me like that. I mean, this morning when I realized I'd *let* him, not even saying no. Oh, my God. Then you walked in and there we were, *sprawled* on that sofa . . ." She began to sob again.

When the hell did that happen, Grant thought. He did not remember anything about that.

"Oh, how can you stand me?" she wept. "I've never done that since we've been married. I feel so ashamed."

"Now cut that out," Grant said, rather automatically. "That's not getting us anywhere."

The phone on his desk buzzed. He had forgot to tell Ruby no calls. "Yes?" he said into the phone.

"There's a woman calling who won't give her last name. I thought it might be a friend, from Stamford or someplace. She said to tell you Jackie."

Grant felt the skin on the back of his neck prickle. Her name brought back her image. He could remember her fingers trembling in his palm, kissing her and the taste of perfume.

"Get the number," he said. "I'll try to call back."

As he put the phone down he thought, Maybe *she* saw Edith with Regal, maybe she's going to make trouble. But how could she cause trouble? Regal ran the corporation. And then another thought occurred to Grant: But perhaps Regal's wife runs him. Oh, Goddamn, Grant thought. Now I'll have to call her back, I'll have to see her.

"I'll go," Edith said. "I'm interrupting."

"No, stay," he said quickly. He smoothed her forehead with his hand and smiled. "Look, you never saw that guy before. You haven't been having an affair with him. You got a little tight at a party, a little affectionate."

"I went pretty far," Edith said soberly.

"Listen, you know when a person gets loaded the censor in his mind relaxes. Last night Regal reminded you of something subconscious. Some old, atavistic thing, connected with your past, perhaps your father—"

"Oh, no! Daddy's a tall man."

"That doesn't matter. As far as you and I are concerned, Jack Regal is a father figure. An authority figure. Because he controls the money, money that I want. And so you are bound to react as if he was—"

Edith shook her head. "No. It's simpler than that, I'm afraid. I didn't want to go to dinner there, I didn't like him or his wife. I was leading him on, really. Just so that, finally, I could say no to him. To put him down, to put him in his place. I was being a bitch."

Grant saw she no longer felt so bad. "Look, do you want another drink? Because I want you to get on a train and go home and sleep. I want dinner in tonight, not out."

"No, not another," Edith said. She kissed him goodbye quickly. "See you later," she said, smiling at him as if she were promising him something.

Grant gave her ten minutes to go downstairs and get a cab for Grand Central. Then he put on his topcoat and went out to his secretary. "Ruby, dear, this isn't my day. Something's come up about the children. Will you stay until Fred gets back? Then take the rest of the day off."

"Oh, I'm sorry you have an emergency. But what about the woman who called?" She handed him a slip of paper.

Grant stared at the telephone number. It was in Manhattan. He memorized it, then tossed the paper into the wastebasket. "It's not important. Some charity thing."

He rode the elevator down to the lobby and telephoned. "Hey, Jackie?—"

"Yes, this is Mrs. Regal. Is that you, Mr. Grant?"

Damn, she is going to cause trouble, Grant thought. "Yes, it is, Mrs. Regal. John Grant."

"Are you in the office, Mr. Grant?"

"No. I'm in a telephone booth."

"Oh," she said, and her voice relaxed and became warm. "I just didn't want a bunch of secretaries listening to our conversation. Listen, why I called. He didn't see a thing. I thought you might worry, so I called as soon as I could."

"Are you certain?" Grant asked.

"Listen, he drinks three martinis and everything's blank. Nobody knows, he looks the same. I asked him this morning, and the last thing he remembers is me coming downstairs. And that was right at first, if you recall."

Grant realized she hadn't seen Edith and Regal, or else she didn't care. You're out of the fire now, boy, he told himself. From now on there was one rule he was going to obey: Leave the clients' wives strictly alone.

"Hey, you there or what?" she said.

Her voice was husky. He could picture her holding the phone, moistening her lips with the tip of her tongue. Oh, Goddamn, he thought, I shouldn't do this. He took a deep breath. "Listen, Jackie. I want to see you very much."

"Well, me, too. It's what I came to Manhattan for. You got a pencil? Take down an address."

It was in the East 70s.

"It's an apartment of a girlfriend of



"OK . . . I'll let you go this time—
but only because it's the Fourth of July . . ."

mine," she said. "Jack doesn't know I know her anymore. He doesn't know who she's married to. Well, they went to South America and left me the key. So I could look in? There's no doorman. The elevator's automatic. You coming now, or what?"

"I'll be right over," Grant said. He decided he would stop by Sherry's and buy some champagne.

The elevator door opened into the apartment, but it could only be opened from the inside. Grant buzzed and saw her face looking through the small window, then she opened the door. "OK. Everybody out of the elevator. Everybody into the apartment."

Grant put his hat and the package from Sherry's on a small table. She had walked into the living room. He went after her and put his arms around her; he tried to turn her around, so she faced him—she struggled away.

"Wait a minute, wait. You got on your topcoat still. I got to talk to you."

"Oh, there's no need for talk," Grant said, kissing her neck and shoulders, and feeling for a zipper.

"Cut that out, you're driving me crazy," she said. "Listen, I got to talk, this is very serious what we're involved in, you and I. I had two girlfriends involved in this very same thing and it ruined their lives. Ida—"

"Oh, don't worry, darling," Grant said, struggling to get a firm grasp on her wrists. "There's nothing to—"

"But let me tell you about Ida Glass! She could never make up her mind, if it was right or not. She never did and she had a breakdown, a complete breakdown!"

"You see?" Grant said, searching for the zipper again. "That's what frustration can do to you."

"But what about Bernice?" she cried. "Bernice *did*. She went wild for this guy. She ran off with this guy, left her kids, everything. Then the guy left *her*. Poor Bernice. She's on her sixth marriage."

Grant forgot that such a thing as a zipper had ever been invented. "Who's talking about anything like that?" he said. "Who's said anything like that?"

"Me, me. It's what I'm talking about," she said distractedly. "I mean, look, I never thought I was sexy. I never did. But last night you made me *feel* so sexy, just looking at you. I got a passion for you, a real passion. Oh, I want to absorb you or something. But that's *all*. I mean, why can't I have it without interfering with my life? Why can't I? So I have to know, what do *you* expect? I mean, for instance, you got a happy home life, or what?"

"Oh, it's delightful," Grant said, and he wrapped his arms around her and they fell together upon the sofa. "This is all I expect. This."

"Oh, I like it," she said in his ear. "I like it."

At four o'clock the city sky outside the windows was darkening. Grant thought she was asleep and he started to get up. She put out her hand and opened her eyes.

"Hey, you leaving me? Where you going?"

"Make a drink. Want one?"

"Uh-uh. Listen, I'm hungry. Make me a sandwich. There's turkey in the fridge. With lots of Russian."

The apartment felt cool to Grant and as he walked into the living room he turned up the heat. He stood staring out the window, standing so that anyone looking in would not see him. It had been the strangest day he had ever spent. That terrible hangover, the feeling he had lost everything. Then he had talked with that charming girl. He smiled. A real little angel.

He realized what his choice of words had been, and he frowned. He had never used that phrase before except to describe a young girl child, and the girl in the bar had not been that young. After all, she'd been drunk in Chicago, she'd spent . . . "And spent all the gold they'd given me," she had said. She had said it; she *had* said gold!

"But you can't spend gold in Chicago!" Grant cried.

"Yeah?" a voice in the bedroom said. "Honey, you take me to Chicago and I'll show you. In the meantime, how about my sandwich? With plenty of Russian."

Grant said, "You want a pickle?"

"No, honey. No pickle."

Of course, Grant thought, as he opened the refrigerator, gold is slang for money, like bread. That must be it. But she was certainly a little angel.

His mind stumbled again over that word. Oh, cut it out, he told himself, or you'll start having auditory hallucinations again . . . But perhaps he hadn't; perhaps she *had* blessed him.

Grant sat on the kitchen stool and stared at the Russian dressing.

She had suddenly *appeared* in the bar. Her hair had glowed, actually glowed. "Well, no. It has the time where I came from." Where had *that* been? "No. I simply meant I fly alone, by myself." Without a *plane*? "I have to prove I'm worthy," she had said, too. So when she came to New York she found someone down and out, and bought him a drink. And I was certainly down and out, emotionally, Grant thought, and she did buy me a drink. Then disappeared. Vanished. And he had walked uptown, gone to the river. What had she said about meditating? Sacred places were found close to nature, or something. That spot by the East River had been a sacred place of his youth. What had she said? "It's an experience that will be beneficial and rewarding for you."

But why *me*? Grant thought. I am no more worthy than anyone else, no more deserving, and certainly no better.

He took the sandwich into the bedroom and Jackie sat up, sitting cross-legged on the bed, to eat it. She stared at him. "You got the funniest look on your face," she said, chewing. "What happened to you?"

"I don't know," John Grant said.

In the days that followed, he decided he had, accidentally or by some plan, seen and talked to an angel. He knew he could not prove it, he could not prove angels existed. But logically he could not prove they did not exist. So he chose to believe he had talked with a little angel. The fact that he had seen her in a bar was explained by her being a fallen angel, but one who had not fallen too far. She had to go into bars, of course, to prove that she was worthy, that she could resist temptation. And she had conducted herself like a perfect lady: two drinks and no more. The hardest question Grant had to answer was the one concerning his own worth: Why had she visited him? The answer, when he thought of it, was quite simple. There are angels going about every day, looking much like people. We see them when we are ready to, or perhaps when we need to—but they are always among us.

In the days that followed, Grant watched for her. He went to that same bar, but she never came in. Once he followed a blonde three blocks up Madison before she paused to glance in Abercrombie's windows, and he saw she was no angel. And more than once he went down to the Bowery.

"Friend of mine comes down here," he would say. "Small girl. Blonde. Wears a black coat. Ever see her?"

The bums were kind to him, because he was obviously squirrely; they accepted his dollars, said they would sure watch for her, they would sure let him know.

In the days that followed, Grant found a sacred spot in the wood lot behind his Fairfield County home. A large stone on which he sat. His meditations, he knew, might be called reflections by others. No great truths were ever revealed to him. He thought of the past, what had happened, and then he thought of the future, what he could do. Then he would rise, with a quiet feeling, and rejoin his family.

And, in the days that passed, John Grant prospered, and so Fred prospered, too. Grant became known, locally around Stamford, for his kindness to children, to small birds and to the elderly. He became a more gentle lover—oh, Jackie Regal could have written books about it; and, when he did have hangovers, which was seldom, they were always mild, and finished and done with by nine o'clock of a morning.

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

IN OUR LAST ADVENTURE, ANNIE AND RALPHIE TOWZER FOUND THEMSELVES BEING READIED FOR SACRIFICE BY SAVAGE NATIVES ... A STEREOTYPE SITUATION THAT RALPHIE COULDN'T ACCEPT. THEY WERE THEN SAVED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF AN ERUPTING VOLCANO. AND RALPHIE COULDN'T ACCEPT THAT EITHER! THEN ALL THE NATIVES WERE KILLED BY THE VOLCANO, AND RALPHIE COULDN'T ACCEPT **THAT!**—NOW THEIR RAFT HAS REACHED A LANDFALL, AND RALPHIE FINDS HIMSELF ALL ALONE ON A DESERT ISLAND WITH ANNIE —







YOU MUSTN'T GRAB THINGS, FELLAHS! WE'VE GOT TO ORGANIZE AN ORDERLY GOVERNMENT HERE. WE'LL HAVE NOMINATIONS ... ELECT A LEADER (MY HAT'S IN THE RING) AND WE'LL RUN THINGS DEMOCRATICALLY WITH DUE PROCESS OF LAW. AFTER ALL ... WE'RE DECENT CIVILIZED MEN ... NOT SAVAGE, SNARLING BRUTES... RIGHT, FELLAHS?

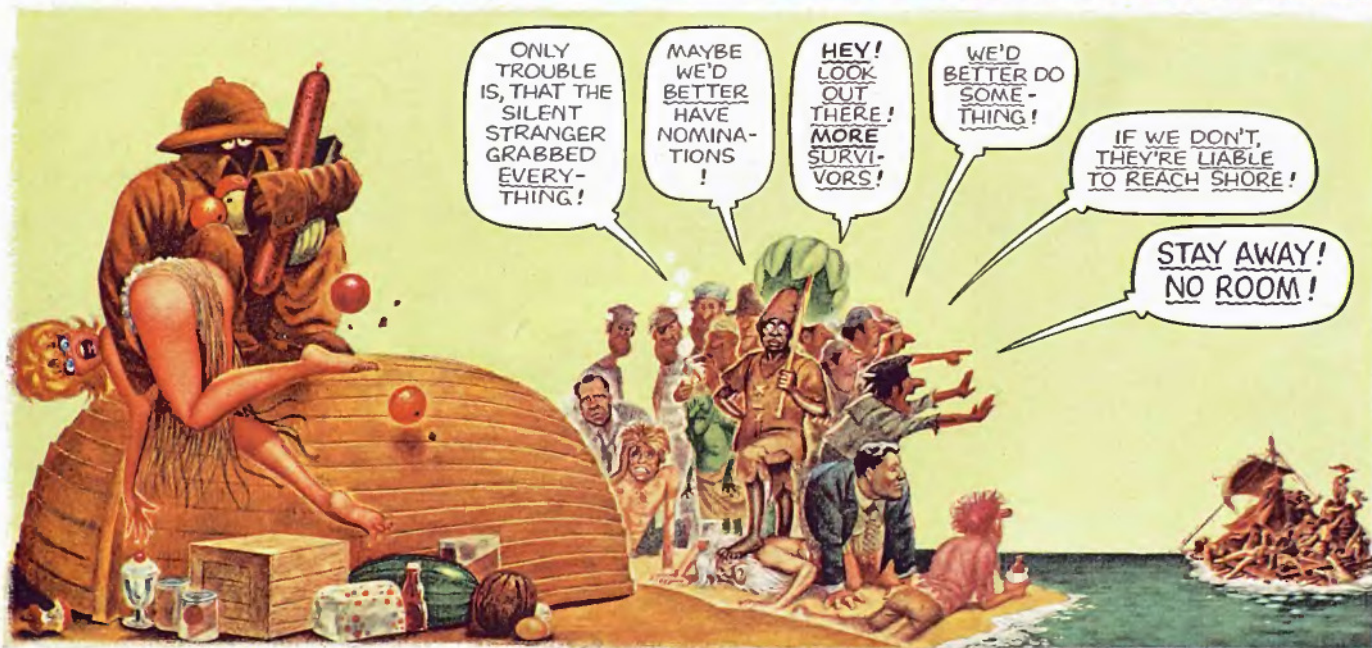


RAAGH!
SNARL!!

THIS IS THE BEST GOVERNMENT!

WHAT THE HEYLL HE TALKIN' ABOUT?

"GRAB-WHAT-YOU-CAN" GOVERNMENT!



ONLY TROUBLE IS, THAT THE SILENT STRANGER GRABBED EVERYTHING!

MAYBE WE'D BETTER HAVE NOMINATIONS!

HEY! LOOK OUT THERE! MORE SURVIVORS!

WE'D BETTER DO SOMETHING!

IF WE DON'T, THEY'RE LIABLE TO REACH SHORE!

STAY AWAY!
NO ROOM!



HEY! THEIR RAFT IS SINKING!

WE'VE GOT TO RESCUE THEM!

GET OFF OF THE BOAT, FELLAH.

RAAGH!

AH, THAT SILENT STRANGER IS SO WISE!

HE KNOWS IT'S THEM OR US!

AND HE KNOWS US IS BETTER THAN THEM!

BUT
WE HAVE
ZERO
COCONUTS
NOW!

HEY, LISTEN! YOU NOMINATE ME! I SET UP GOOD, SOLID, OLD-FASHIONED PROGRAM OF SAVING OUR LIVES AND GETTING US OUTTA HERE! FIRST, I ORGANIZE RAIN DANCE ... AND THEN WE HAVE BIG, HUMAN- SACRIFICE HOOTENANNY -

RIP!

I SHOULD LIKE
TO NOMINATE THE
SILENT STRANGER!

1
SECOND
THE MOTION!
THE SILENT
STRANGER
HAS THE BEST
PLATFORM ...
ALL THE FOOD,
WATER
AND WOMEN
IS ON HIS
PLATFORM!

I
SECOND THE
MOTION
BECAUSE I
WANNA BE
SECOND IN
LINE WHEN
HE GETS TIRED
OF HIS PLAT-
FORM!

1
SECOND
THE MOTION
'CAUSE HE
CAN KNOCK
MY BLOCK
OFF!

NO MORE DANGER
WITH
SILENT STRANGER

IT'S NOT TOO LATE
FOR LONDON!

NO MORE DANGER
SILENT WITH STRANGER

SILENT

RANGER

THE
SILENT
STRANGER
IS A
RUNAWAY
DARK-
HORSE
CANDI-
DATE!

SILENT



STRANGER

SILENT

RANGER

NO MORE DANGER
WITH
SILENT STRANGER

SILENT



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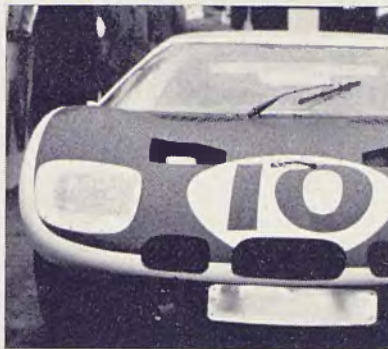
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076

NEXT MONTH:



FORO FLAT OUT



AND I MEAN THAT SINCERELY!



CHICAGO BUNNIES

"REVOLUTION BELOW THE BELT"—A PENETRATING APPRAISAL OF THE BATTLE LINES THAT ARE BEING DRAWN BETWEEN ANXIETY BORN OF SEXUAL GUILT AND THE POTENT LIFE FORCE OF GENUINE SEXUAL LIBERATION—BY **JOHN CLELLON HOLMES**

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"FORD FLAT OUT"—A REPORT ON DEARBORN'S ALL-OUT INVASION OF RACING, FROM ITS INDIANAPOLIS MACHINERY TO THE SLEEK GT SLATED TO TOUR THE EUROPEAN GRAND PRIX CIRCUIT—BY **KEN W. PURDY**

"AND I MEAN THAT SINCERELY!"—A FLIP YARN OF CELLULOID-CITY CHICANERY UNFOLDS AS A WRITER TAKES ON THE JOB OF SCRIPTING FOR THE SCREEN THE DIRTIEST BOOKS OF OUR TIME—BY **RAY RUSSELL**

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"THE HOMOGENIZED MAN"—ON THE PRESERVATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL IN OUR INCREASINGLY PIGEONHOLED SOCIETY—BY **J. PAUL GETTY**

"THE SHINING ONES"—A SCARIFYING STORY SET IN THE NOT-TOO-DISTANT FUTURE, OF A SECRET DEEP-SEA SCIENTIFIC PROJECT OFF CEYLON THAT HAS GONE INEXPLICABLY AWRY—BY **ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

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This is the bird that launched a thousand sips:
More likely a thousand thousand. Probably more. And a
good many of those sippers were illustrious men—Daniel
Webster, Andrew Jackson, O. Henry—Old Crowers, all. Once
you experience Old Crow's character and mellow smooth-
ness you'll understand why it's modern America's favorite
bourbon, too. Pleasure ahoy!

OLD CROW

The greatest name in bourbon





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