ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1967 • 75 CENTS

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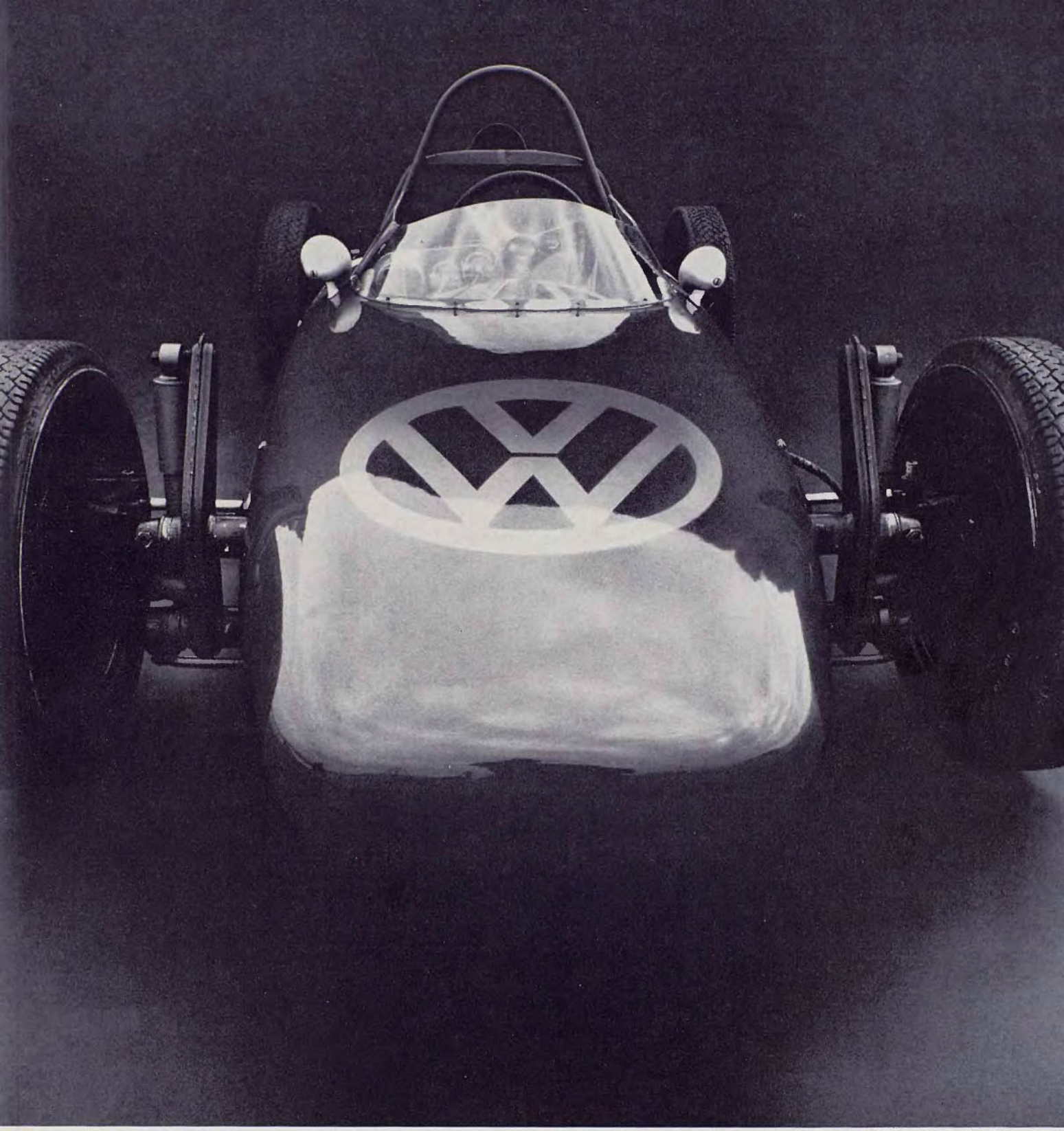

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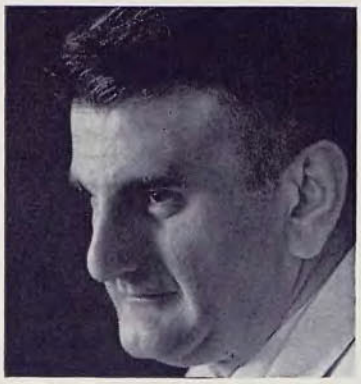
PETRAKIS

PLAYBILL

AMONG the distinctions of the issue at hand—one especially notable, we think, for its fictional and pictorial delights—is its demonstration, in *The Tate Gallery: Pictures by Polanski*, of the special talents of Roman Polanski, cameraman behind PLAYBOY's photographic essay on the cinemattractive Miss Sharon Tate. Polanski—the brilliant Polish film author and director (*Knife in the Water*, *Repulsion*) laureled in last October's *On the Scene*—directed Miss Tate in his just-completed horror spoof, *The Vampire Killers*. Not long ago he was chosen to be a guest director at London's Old Vic, and he is currently at work on a fifth film—making capital use of his long-term loan to the West.

Ray Russell's Faustian *Comet Wine*, which leads off this month's fiction, numbers among its characters such real-life figures as Rimsky-Korsakov, Moussorgsky and Balakirev, and reintroduces PLAYBOY readers to a couple of old acquaintances, Lord Henry Stanton and Sir Robert Cargrave, those elegant cronies of Russell's *Sardonicus* (PLAYBOY, January 1961). From Beverly Hills, Ray reports that he has finished his 14th filmwriting assignment and is now deep into a new novel.

The old man in Harry Mark Petrakis' *The Witness* attracted the burly Chicago writer "because nearly everyone faces the problem of the aging parent and because the emotions the situation involves are completely universal." Petrakis' search for universal themes found full expression most recently in *A Dream of Kings*, part of which appeared as a short story in PLAYBOY last September under the title *The Gold of Troy*. Subsequently, David McKay published the novel to enthusiastic reviews and heavy sales.

In this issue, PLAYBOY concludes its four-part serialization of *An Expensive Place to Die*, Len Deighton's new novel of international intrigue and perverse sex. The prepublication appearance here of Deighton's fifth novel coincides with the opening in theaters around the country of the film version of his third, *Funeral in Berlin*, reviewed by PLAYBOY this month. No details of Deighton's current fiction projects have been forthcoming from his supersecret lairs—a Georgian house in London's East End and a villa in Portugal—but we do know the 37-year-old master chef and storyteller is continuing his researches for a factual world history of warfare. Putnam publishes *An Expensive Place to Die* in book form later this spring.

Calvin Tomkins also combines the skills of an in-depth researcher with the talent of a storyteller: Elements of the New York pop-art scene in Tomkins' wryly horrific story, *Virginia*, were picked up during his researches on the artists themselves, for a number of articles and for *The Bride and the Bachelors*, published by Viking in 1965.

March articles by noted educator-author (*Growing Up Absurd*, *Compulsory Mis-Education*, *Five Years*) Paul Goodman and popular sociologist Vance Packard present twin faces of American life today. Packard's *Executive Salaries* lays it on the line about who gets the top dollar—and why—in the middle and upper echelons of the country's corporate structure. Accompanying it are two unique PLAYBOY charts, on one of which you can pinpoint your present progress and future prospects; the second shows you where you should stand on the wage-age scale. Packard, of course, is the writer whose book titles (*The Status Seekers*, *The Waste Makers*) have become parts of the English language. Packard's article (his fourth for PLAYBOY) dovetails yet contrasts with *The New Aristocrats*, an account by Goodman—whose September 1964 PLAYBOY piece, *The Deadly Halls of Ivy*, took our colleges to task—of the radically different values of a large proportion of the sons and daughters of the organization man.

"Despite the downward trend of the market in recent months, my Red portfolio has remained steady, proving the basic soundness of my ideas." So says Marvin Kitman, author of *The First National Fiduciary Imperialist Trust Syndicate Cartel Pool Combine*, a tongue-in-cheekily unorthodox scheme for the capture of the still-very-much-alive market in czarist Russian securities. Kitman's ideas, while not always noted for their soundness, are wont to be original: As news-managing editor of *Monocle* magazine, he ran for President in 1964 on the 1864 Republican platform and was the author last year of *The Number One Best Seller*.

Our *Playboy Interview* with Orson Welles was conducted by London critic Kenneth Tynan, who not long ago told one reporter that he once regarded Welles as a father figure when he, like Welles before him, was an intellectual boy wonder. Also herein to increase the pleasures of the year's gustiest month is an extravagant supply of March hares—led by the hutch honeys of the two (count 'em, *two*) Playboy Clubs in the Show-Me State (*The Bunnies of Missouri*)—as well as a host of welcome PLAYBOY features, including a voluptuous Vargas girl and a Midwesterner's exotically sumptuous *Playboy Pad*. Come on in.

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vol. 14, no. 3—march, 1967

PLAYBOY

Sharon Tate P. 70

Aristocrats P. 110

Missouri Bunnies P. 112

Pad P. 80

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. CREDITS: COVER: MODEL NANCY CHAMBERLAIN, PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: DON BRONSTEIN, P. 3; MARIO CASILLI, P. 125; ALAN CLIFTON, P. 53; LARRY GORDON, P. 113-115, 118, 119; MARVIN KONER, P. 3; STAN MALINOWSKI, P. 114, 116-121 (8); TERRY O'NEILL, P. 125; J. BARRY O'ROURKE, P. 3, 104-107, 124; HERB SPENCER, P. 114, 121; ALEXAS URBA, P. 112, 113 (2), 115-117 (4), 120; HERB WEITMAN, P. 113, 117, 120; MIKE WILLETT, P. 121; JERRY YULSMAN, P. 3 (3).

PLAYBOY, MARCH, 1967, VOL. 14, NO. 3. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILL., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., $8 FOR ONE YEAR.

Photo by Ardean R. Miller III

One suggested daytime activity on Rose Island.

Is this any way for a grown man to spend a vacation in the Bahamas?

Yes. But not the only way. Not when you can see Paradise Island from water skis or Nassau from a motor scooter. Not when you can explore the ocean floor scuba diving. Or fish where world records are broken each year. Why, island-hopping alone could be worth all your time. And Bahama weather is sailing weather twelve months of the year.

At night you might indulge in some adult games. Go "over the hill" after hours to a native club. Fall into a limbo line. Dance to goombay drums. Empty a mug of rum punch as you watch a barefooted dance on hot coals. Warning: you may not get home until morning. But you can sleep late. Or make it back to the beach to finish that tan.

Why wait for a vacation like this? The Bahamas are 2½ air hours from New York. Passports? Visas? Who needs them? Not U.S. citizens. Just some proof of citizenship. Your Travel Agent knows. Mail us the coupon and we'll send you a booklet full of grown-up ideas for a Bahama vacation.

BY SEA: *From New York*—S.S. Oceanic sails Sats. 7-day cruises from $210. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York. N.Y. *From Miami*—S.S. Bahama Star sails Mon. and Fri. 3-day weekend cruises from $59. 4-day cruises from $74. Eastern Steamship Lines, Miami, Fla.

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Bahama Islands

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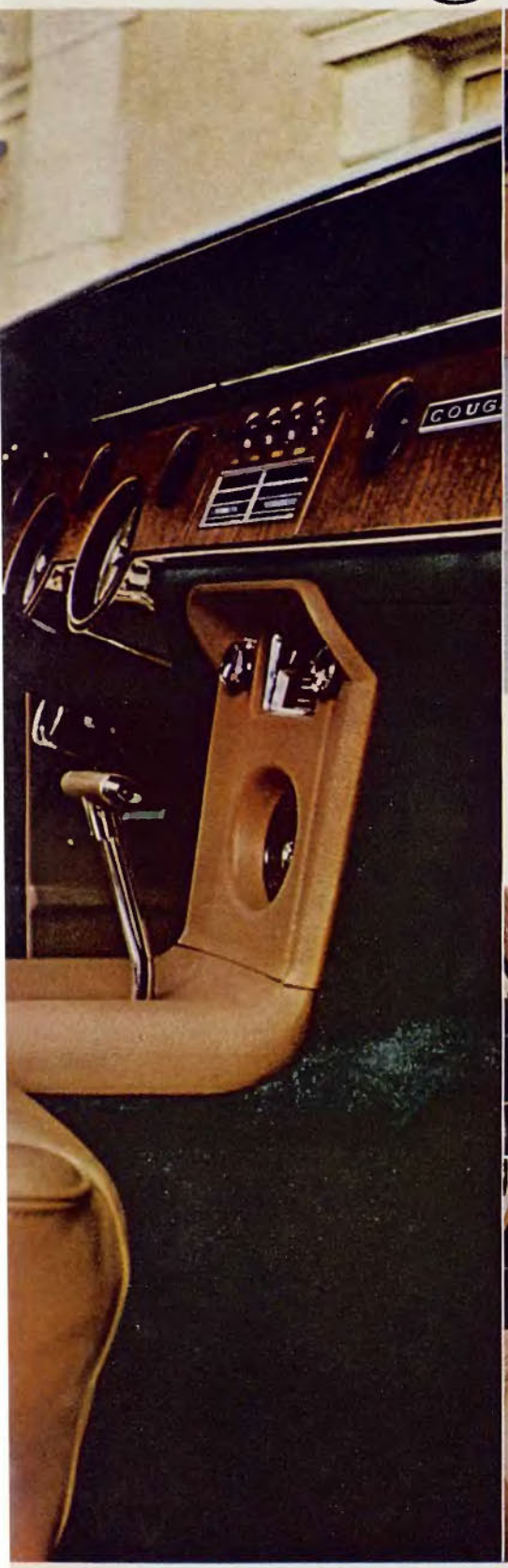

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CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Your Christmas issue was out of sight. Keep it up.

George V. Courtney II
Indiana State University
Terre Haute, Indiana

Because of a certain restricted Boston-baked-bean's-eye view of the world, I had always dismissed PLAYBOY as an absurd potpourri of booze, broads and ballyhoo, thrown together for a fast buck. Imagine my surprise and pleasure to find you as alive in the library as in the bedroom! In your Christmas issue, I especially liked the Baldwin-Schulberg dialog, the Sammy Davis interview and the letter from Barry Goldwater (and your answer) in the *Dear Playboy* column. Barry's honesty about enjoying PLAYBOY appeals to me as much as PLAYBOY's honesty in setting the record straight on Barry.

Clyde Martin
Chelmsford, Massachusetts

GOLDEN WORDS

Harry Golden's *God Bless the Gentile* (December) was one of the best articles PLAYBOY has ever published. It said more than I ever expected to see printed in a "gentile" society. I certainly admire PLAYBOY's courage in continuing to publish controversial material.

Anthony Marks
La Grande, Oregon

Thank you very much for Harry Golden's *God Bless the Gentile*. The article was blunt and honest and a great service to both Jew and gentile.

I have only one criticism: Anti-Semitism—both ancient and modern—has specific roots in the educational materials generally available to the reading public. That there is a Jewish history from 70 A.D. to the present is barely conceded by most histories of Western civilization; this despite the labors of several outstanding Jewish historians. Even Arnold Toynbee was unable to overcome what seems to be a built-in academic resistance to Jewish history. From this flows Golden's observation that Jews are "marginal." My point is that Jews are marginal only theoretically; in reality, they have always participated in the life of whatever country in which they happened to be living.

Jonathan P. Siegel
Department of Near Eastern and Judaic Studies
Brandeis University
Waltham, Massachusetts

BALDWIN-SCHULBERG DIALOG

James Baldwin and Budd Schulberg's *Dialog in Black and White* (December) was the best discussion of civil rights that PLAYBOY has ever published.

Robert Ahlstrom
Tempe, Arizona

As long as our economy continues to grow as rapidly as it has, the American Negro has little hope of gaining his just rights as a citizen. He is today, as he was originally, a source of cheap, unskilled labor. As Baldwin said, the situation is not only a social dilemma but one of vast economic implications.

John Merrill
San Francisco, California

The December dialog between James Baldwin and Budd Schulberg was one of the finest PLAYBOY pieces of 1966. I have only one criticism: Baldwin stated that the Jewish people were the only immigrants to preserve their old heritage in their new surroundings. It seems to me that Baldwin has considered Judaism as a race rather than as a religion. Judaism, as defined by Webster, is the Jewish religion. While most immigrant groups did not retain their original racial customs, many did keep their religions.

Bob Goldman
Culver, Indiana

The entire Baldwin-Schulberg dialog was a muddle of dialectic nonsense. I was impressed that so little could be stretched out to fill eight pages.

Chris Vidnjevich, Captain
American Nazi Party
Chicago, Illinois

I have just finished reading *Dialog in Black and White*. It sums up in an eloquent manner the basic issues dividing all Americans today. The further I read the article, the more convinced I became

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that this was "must" reading for my students in introductory sociology here at Stephens College.

Dr. Larry M. Perkins
Department of Social Science
Stephens College
Columbia, Missouri

FERRARI FAN

Stirling Moss' detailed and colorful description of Henri Baigent's model car (*The Incredible Shrinking Ferrari*, PLAYBOY, December) was very impressive. Even knowing nothing about auto mechanics, one couldn't help but admire Baigent's talent. His only mistake was in charging $12,600 for the model. That was much too cheap.

Stephen Smith
Tempe, Arizona

BUCKING THE MACHINE

Brooks Atkinson's *The IBM and I* (December) has struck a responsive note —at least among Atkinson's human communicants. Atkinson may appreciate a custom my husband and I inaugurated a few years back. When an IBM card commands: "Do not write in this space," we always add—in the designated space —the gentle reminder, "please."

Mrs. Donna Martin
Williamsport, Pennsylvania

I have just finished folding, stapling, spindling and mutilating the phony IBM card that accompanied Brooks Atkinson's fine article. It was wonderful therapy.

Mrs. Donald Gatzke
Aberdeen, South Dakota

POLYNESIAN PLAUDITS

Your pictorial essay *The Girls of Tahiti* (December) reinforced the memories of perhaps the finest time of my life. I was lucky enough to spend three passionate weeks in Tahiti—and the surrounding isles—during the summer of 1964. No photographs (not even yours!) could do justice to the wild, natural beauties of this South Sea paradise. Everything is refreshingly delicious about the archipelago —from the Hinano beer and parsley-buttered *tournedos* to the seductively curved honey-brown flesh of the Polynesian women. Your article justly emphasized the casual and honest attitudes toward sex that permeate French Polynesia. Alas, the Sexual Freedom League is 4100 miles behind the times.

Paul F. Perret
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois

The article on *The Girls of Tahiti* was a bit of the greatest—a thousand times better than I ever thought someone who had not lived here for several years could do. How in hell your writer did it I'll never know. I had been under the impression that you had to live with the *vahines* to figure them out—dodging flying scissors every morning and taking K. O. punches at parties every Friday night. PLAYBOY has published what I consider a classic article on the girls here. Congratulations.

E. Buzz Miller, Editor
Echoes of Polynesia
Papeete, Tahiti

LYRICAL PRAISE

I have taken the rhyme pattern of Shel Silverstein's *Jaded* to express my response to *Silverstein's Songbook* in your December issue:

I love magazines and read them all
Some are deadly and some just pall
But "Silverstein's Songbook" is always a ball
He may be hirsute but he's sure not Jaded!

My thanks and my high hopes for all that is PLAYBOY!

Sammy Cahn
Beverly Hills, California

Lyricist Cahn is the co-author (with Jimmy Van Heusen) of such Academy Award—winning songs as "All the Way" (1957), "High Hopes" (1959) and "Call Me Irresponsible" (1963).

FANNY FANS

We've just finished laughing our way through the December *Little Annie Fanny*, and we've got to admit that she's now our favorite cartoon character. However, we think you should not publish her during final exams. After all, if there's a choice to be made between studying the history of architecture and reading Annie's satirical shenanigans, she wins hands down.

Dale Leichsenring
Mike Meier
Iowa State University
Ames, Iowa

SUPREME COURT VERDICT

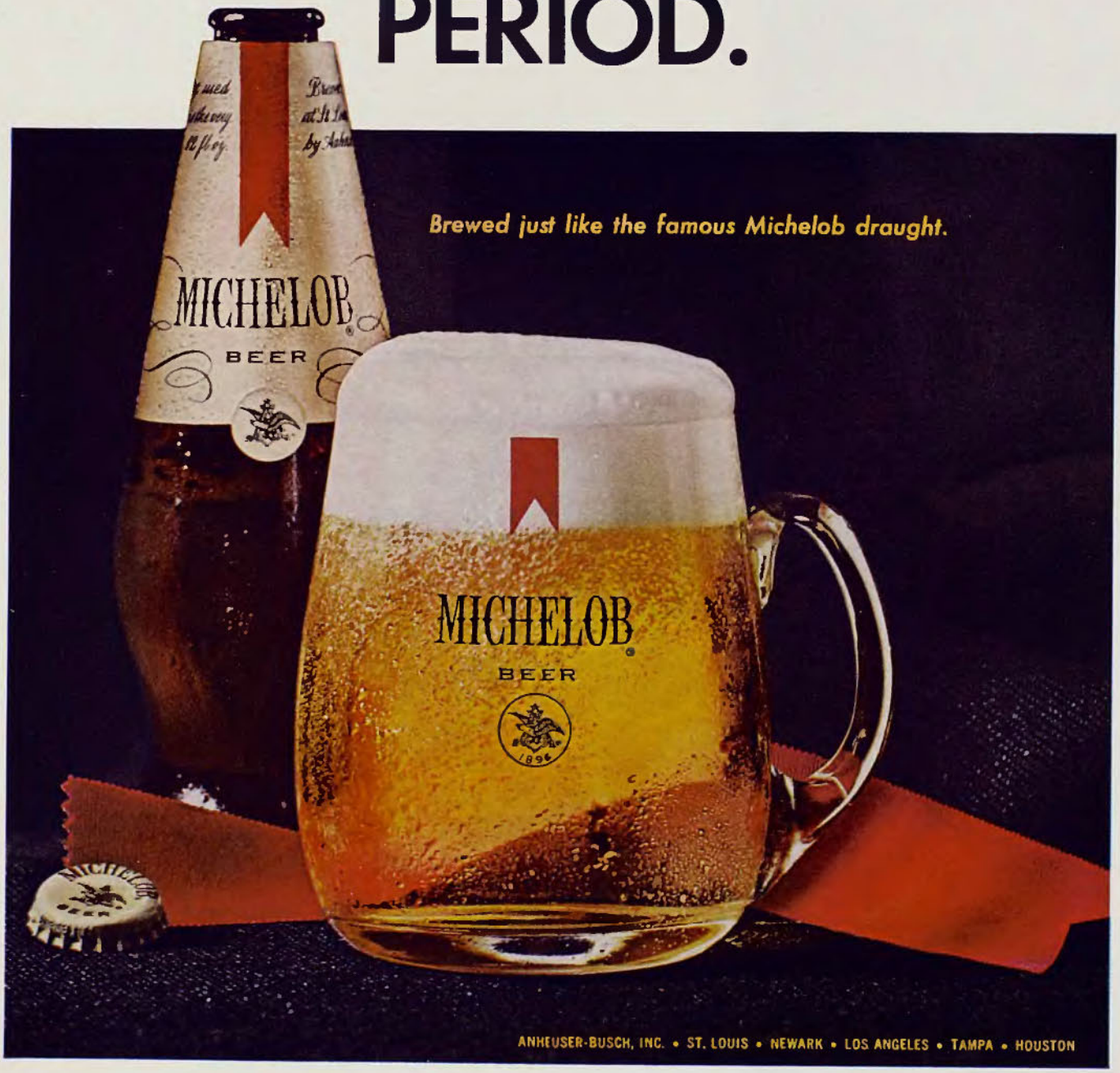
While Nat Hentoff's article (*The Supreme Court*, PLAYBOY, November) concerned the decisions of the Warren Court, it wisely related them to the stream of American constitutional development. There is a myth that we have a judgment of laws and not of men. But any tyro law student knows that law fashioned by a Holmes or a Brandeis is quite different from law fashioned by a McReynolds or a Sutherland.

Hentoff's article should be required reading for those who are not afraid to live in a free society.

Morris Ploscowe
New York, New York

Former judge Ploscowe, currently Adjunct Associate Professor of Law at New York University, and the author of numerous legal texts, has been quoted frequently in "The Playboy Philosophy."

IN BEER, GOING FIRST CLASS IS MICHELOB. PERIOD.



I received a copy of the issue of PLAYBOY containing your article about the Supreme Court, which I read with interest.

Justice Hugo L. Black
Supreme Court of the United States
Washington, D. C.

Nat Hentoff is to be commended for his probing article on the Supreme Court. Never have I read a piece on the Warren Court that went into such depth and that gave such clear explanations. By the time I finished reading it, I felt as if I knew each of the Justices personally.

Richard Tate, Jr.
Memphis, Tennessee

FAVORITE SLEUTHS

I have read in your December issue the article *My Favorite Sleuths*, by Kingsley Amis. Who is Kingsley Amis?

Manfred B. Lee
Roxbury, Connecticut

For readers wondering, "Who is Manfred B. Lee?": He is half of the Ellery Queen collaboration. As those of you who haven't read the December article may have guessed, Ellery Queen wasn't one of the "Favorite Sleuths" to whom Kingsley ("The James Bond Dossier") Amis devoted most of his space.

Kingsley Amis tells us Dashiell Hammett ladled out low-budget TV dialog. Is this the same Hammett whom André Gide praised in his journals, saying Hemingway and Faulkner would be hard put to write better dialog than was contained in *Red Harvest*, *The Thin Man* and *The Maltese Falcon*? Is this the same Hammett who prompted Raymond Chandler to enthuse: "He did what every first-rate novelist tries to do: He wrote scenes that seemed never to have been written before"?

Poor Hammett. Few writers could string words together as well as he could.

M. J. Gregory
Los Angeles, California

PEARL BUCK AS ANGEL

Many thanks for the interesting articles and stories published in your splendid December issue—especially *Women as Angels*, by Pearl Buck, to whom I raise my glass in appreciation of her courageous and humorous presentation of the truth.

Fred W. Hemsley
Long Beach, California

God bless Pearl Buck—she solved a problem for me. I was going to get a divorce because I could not please my husband, no matter how hard I tried; and believe me, I tried. I thought every man needed an angel, a subhuman creature to cater to his every whim, instantly and completely. This, in my mind, was what made the perfect marriage—and that was all I wanted. Pearl Buck's *Women as Angels* showed me that while a man may be able to handle an angel, he can't live with her. A blood-and-guts woman, yes, but not an angel. To live with an angel, man would have to become God—and much as I dig them, I don't think they're ready for that.

You should see my husband now that I've become *me*. He can't understand it, but he loves it.

Muriel Price
Albuquerque, New Mexico

MUGGERIDGE MUGGED

I sincerely believe that almost no one reads Muggeridge (December). Otherwise, how could he perpetrate such provocative, early–18th Century euphemisms in print and get away with it? Blithely tossing off nonenlightening self-illuminations, he curmudgeonly hobbles his lonely way down the up escalator.

The "explosion" that Muggeridge senses but can't quite pinpoint is simply a shattering of the myths that have kept the human mind locked in fear for so long. Man now realizes that there is no purpose, no grand design and utterly no reason for being. He is now totally aware of the fact that life—at best—must be described as a crude and cruel hoax. The best we can do is to put off the pain for as long as possible.

Miss Toni Holmstock
New York, New York

WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS

Thank you for using Herbert Davidson's illustration of Don Tomás with Robert Ruark's fine December story, *Accidentally Good*. Never have I seen a picture that so completely and graphically captures man in his constant search for identity, for freedom and for peace.

Jon Todd
Gainesville, Florida

WHAT SORT OF MAN?

You might be interested in learning just how widely read PLAYBOY is: While on "Operation Thayer" in the central highlands of South Vietnam, a platoon from A Company, 2nd Battalion, 5th Cavalry, 1st Cavalry Division (airmobile) was going through and destroying some Viet Cong bunkers. What do you think they found? That's right—a September PLAYBOY. And this was before most of us Yanks had received our copies. I guess you should add a picture of "Charlie" to your ads about what sort of man reads PLAYBOY.

William C. Eddins
FPO San Francisco, California

What a catch!
Martini & Rossi Imported Vermouth
for cocktails that purr.
Sweet for captivating Manhattans.
Extra Dry for prize Martinis.
Try it in your own cage.

Happy afterthought: Martini & Rossi is great straight on the rocks.

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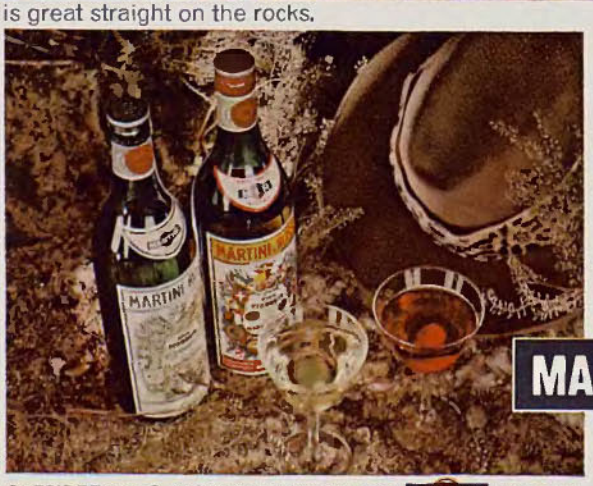
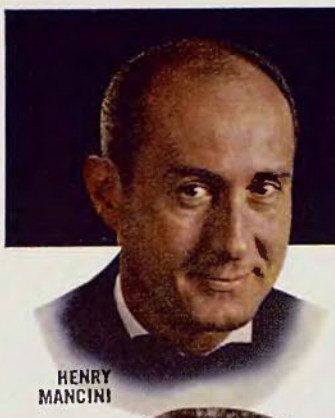
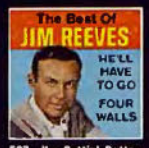


MARTINI & ROSSI

OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED MARTINI VERMOUTH



981, 981A. 31 winners. Moon River, Gigi, Secret Love, others. Counts as 2.



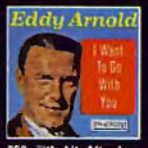
527. I'm Gettin' Better, Guilty, Am I Losing You?, Blue Boy, Mama, others.

875. Title song, The Word Before Goodbye, A Kind Of Loving, Hello, others.

793. Try To Find Another Man, My Tears Will Go Away, Night Owl, etc.

460. His biggest all-time hits. Put Your Head On My Shoulder, etc.

674. Bring It On Home To Me, Having A Party, Only Sixteen, Sad Mood, etc.



858. Title hit, After Loving You, Somebody Loves You, others.

Now RCA Victor Record Club... offers you top-star albums of the

532. Julie Andrews and the original movie sound track.

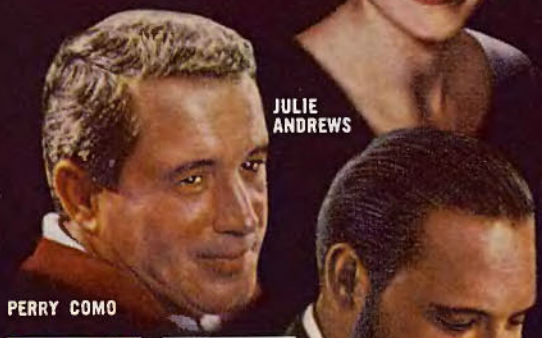
807. Chances Are, Come To Me, All The Time, 9 more.

897. Title song, Five Minutes More, Memories Of Madrid, etc.

790. Hot folk-rock group with smash hits, Hey Girl, etc.

796. Hello Young Lovers, September Song, more.

894. Yesterday, We Can Work It Out, Day Tripper, others.

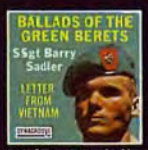


792. I Don't Hurt Anymore, A Fool Such As I, Miller's Cave, etc.

145. American Patrol, Tuxedo Junction, Pennsylvania 6-5000, more.

563. "Most completely satisfying Beethoven" (High Fidelity).

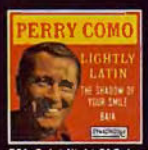
773. Sensational pair sings Unchained Melody, 500 Miles, etc.



781. Album sensation! Inspiring Vietcam ballads. Badge Of Courage, etc.

874. Jambalaya, Sweet Nothin's, I'm Sorry, Fool #1, As Usual, more.

876. Try To Remember, Quiet Room, Our Time For Loving, Raindrops, etc.



791. Quiet Night Of Quiet Stars, How Insensitive, Yesterday, others.

884. Southside Blues, Tobacco Road, Stormy Monday, and 9 others.

862. Title smash, Mexican Shuffle, Forgive Me, Ooo Hoo, more.

420. Fourteen highlights fromTchaikovsky's charming fairy-tale ballet.

797. Tijuana Taxi, Third Man Theme, Zorba the Greek, Spanish Flea, etc.

356. Sparkling display of keyboard mastery. Polonaise in A-Flat, etc.

530. The glorious soundtrack with Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke.

4. Soundtrack score. Bali Ha'i, Happy Talk, Some Enchanted Evening, etc.

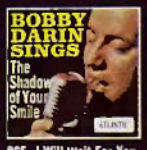
882. Bouquet Of Roses, Candy Kisses, I Can't Help It, 9 more by Dino.

888. The Shadow Of Your Smile, Yesterday, I Will Wait, 9 others.

885. House Of The Rising Sun, It's My Life, Boom Boom, Roberta, others.

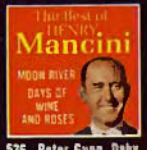
883. Whipped Cream, A Taste Of Honey, Peanuts, Lemon Tree, others.

872. New original cast recording starring Ethel Merman.



865. I Will Wait For You, The Sweetheart Tree, Liza, Rainin', others.

896. Angela Lansbury, original cast in N's Today, many more.



536. Peter Gunn, Baby Elephant Walk, Charade, Mr. Lucky, Lujon, etc.

877. Title hit plus Let It Rock, Oh Yeah, Dark Side, Boom Boom, others.

750. Hits by great country star. Blue Moon Of Kentucky, Always, more.

879. Maria Elena, Making Believe, Vaya Con Dios, A Stranger To Me, etc.

786. Near You, Canadian Sunset, Exodus, Fly Me To The Moon, etc.

673. Gifted British star sings I'm A Loser, Paris Bells, others.

887. England Swings, Do Wacka Do, Kansas City Star, and others.

764. Inspirational songs. Were You There?, title song, and others.

776. Great trumpet, silken strings. I'll Be Seeing You, You'll Never Know, etc.

771. Night And Day, Autumn Leaves, Deep Purple, As Time Goes By, etc.

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LONDON 865. Misty, Love Me With All Of Your Heart, Cara Mia, others.

DECCA 586. Password, Old Records, B.J. the D.J., etc.

548. Sugar Lips, Stranger in Paradise, 10 zesty others.

Records marked Ⓔ are electronically reprocessed for stereo.

867. Title hit, I Missed Me, Is It Really Over, Losing Your Love, etc.

768. 12 melodies of romance. Fly Me To The Moon, I'll Get By, etc.

744. Lonely Corner, Only The Young, Since I Don't Have You, more.

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870. Smash hit Good Lovin', plus Like A Rolling Stone, Slow Down, etc.

873. Country Gentleman, Tennessee Waltz, Faded Love, Adios Amigo, more.

600. Wine, Woman And Song, Loose Talk, This Haunted House, etc.

313. Vintage Heifetz. Fritz Reiner conducts. Silvery sound.

777. Country music Queen sings Am I Losing You?, Billy Bayou, etc.

124. Prisoner of Love, Till The End Of Time, Temptation, Wanted, etc. Ⓔ

432. Next Door To An Angel, Oh Carol, Little Devil, and others.

868. Portrait Of My Love, Ain't It True, Invisible Tears, Michelle, others.

950, 950A. Matilda, Day O, Jamaica Farewell, others. Counts as 2.

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You Choose Every THIRD Record FREE!

As an active member, you continually get FREE RECORDS—one *free* for every two you buy after fulfilling trial membership. *Plus* a FREE SUBSCRIPTION to the *Music Guide*, the Club's fascinating monthly magazine *for members only! Plus* a big *extra* benefit: the opportunity to order best-selling "GUEST STAR" ALBUMS . . . featuring headline artists of *other* record clubs, *other* record labels. These great albums are yours, if you wish, *for as little as $2.39* with a regular Club purchase. *Plus* exciting special sales and extra bargains throughout the year!

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214. Her best-selling album! Thou Swell, The Lady Is A Tramp, etc.

588. From A Jack To A King, Happiness, Restless, and others.

603. My Gal Sal, Alabamy Bound, You Made Me Love You, etc. Ⓔ

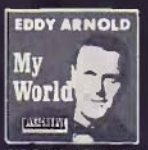
869. Title song, Would You Hold It Against Me, Fair Weather Lover, etc.

798. Country star sings Empty Arms, Love Is No Excuse, others.

718. A brilliant interpretation by Leopold Stokowski. Vibrant sound!

860. Top collection of soul songs, sung by six of the greatest.

767. Hot star sings 1-2-3, You Baby, Will You Love Me Tomorrow?, etc.



765. Too Many Rivers, I'm Letting You Go, What's He Doing In My World, etc.

770. Best of the best! Blue Tango, Warsaw Concerto, Mack The Knife, etc.

582. Java, San Antonio Rose, Satan's Doll, Unchained Melody, etc.

516. Carol Channing, Broadway cast sing Hello Dolly, all the hits.

899. Rhapsody In Blue, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1, España Rapsodie, etc.

756. Classical gems for casual listening. Moonlight Sonata, etc.

515. Henry Mancini's marvelous music for the film. Title tune, etc.

627. Mountain Greenery, Secret Love, Night and Day, Mood Indigo, etc.

RCA VICTOR Record Club

...top stars...top hits ...top labels!

The new MGB/GT looks and handles like a $6,000 machine. At $4,000 it would be a real buy.

At $3,095 it's practically licensed stealing.

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But make no mistake. This British-bred GT is more than just a showpiece. Its dual-carb 1798 cc. engine can deliver smooth power to keep you cruising all day at 70 (plus enough reserve to top 105 if need be).

With competition-proved suspension, rack-and-pinion steering, and self-adjusting disc brakes to help you handle any situation as if you were part professional driver.

And, to top it off, the new MGB/GT acts as though "luxury" and "standard" were synonymous. Standard bits include leather-upholstered bucket seats (plus occasional rear seats). Full instrumentation including tachometer. Padded, no-glare dash with map reading light. Electric windshield wipers. Windshield washer. 60 spoke wire wheels. Enough carpeted luggage space for a year's supply of champagne for you and your favorite lady. And soundproofing so you can practically hear her heart flutter.

So, if you want to turn heads in general (or one in particular), the new MGB/GT is for you. Get MG magic in this exciting new shape at your nearest MG/Austin-Healey dealer.

And don't tell any of your friends it cost you just $3,095.*
They'll never guess.

*EAST COAST P.O.E. FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP./HAMBRO, INC., DEPT. B-16, 734 GRAND AVENUE, RIDGEFIELD, NEW JERSEY

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Other journals have commented on today's pervasive paranoia, the widespread suspiciousness that conspiracies—local, national and international—are all about us, and that no action, however simple-seeming or straightforward in its announced or apparent intent, may be taken at face value. Partly a reflection of general anxiety, partly the cynicism of the frightened and ignorant, who explain the world to themselves in terms of dark plots, this paranoid posture leads to some quite ingenious mythmaking, such as the now-famous Birchite assertion that Dwight Eisenhower, as President, was a conscious tool of international communism.

For those who may be feeling abnormally normal; i.e., left out of things by dint of *not* being able to subscribe to most of the conspiracy myths in current circulation, we offer the solace of a new game, which is to make up myths all one's own, not in terms of credibility (we hear there's a gap in that department anyway) but as illustrative examples of that special brand of ingeniousness that fits the paranoid pattern. As a starter, here are ten:

1. Freedom marches are not just one aspect of the civil rights movement, nor are they part of the Communist conspiracy (that's not an original myth, so it's disallowed by the rules of the game). They are the nefarious work of the Shoe Manufacturers' Association plotting to increase shoe sales to the underprivileged. That's why they hired some rednecks to shoot Mrs. Liuzzo—she was *driving*.

2. The same group, through its Washington lobby, is trying to legislate sit-ins out of existence.

3. Ralph Nader has no interest whatever in auto safety; he was subsidized by a vicious cabal of automobile manufacturers, oil companies and tire manufacturers to write a book ostensibly against them, which would distract the public's attention from the fact that this group is responsible for airports' being so far away from major cities in the United States.

4. The candle and kerosene interests, in their desperate and losing battle with the electric power cartel, foisted daylight-saving time on an unsuspecting public, under the secret slogan "By God, if we go under, we'll take the electric companies with us by depriving them daily, all summer long, of the profits from one zillion kilowatt hours of electric light usage."

5. They also worked behind the scenes with the previously named automotive conspirators to subvert municipal officials into dispensing with electric trolley cars in favor of buses, unaware of the public backlash that finds its expression in the turning on of electric lights when the bus-produced smog gets thick.

6. Credit cards were invented by the International Association of Bill Collectors.

7. As is well known, all big-city newspapers feature lurid crime news not just to build circulation, but to stimulate budding criminals to "go thou and do likewise," so as to keep the raw materials for circulation-building crime news flowing.

8. The movie industry *apparat* annually bribes TV networks to broadcast such atrocious programs that old movies will be the best fare offered and the price for them will go up accordingly.

9. William F. Buckley, Jr., is secretly paid vast sums of tax-free cash by the Democratic National Committee to continue with his TV show and thus prevent other intellectuals from supporting conservative candidates.

10. Finally: Our reason for printing the foregoing is that we've been bribed by the National Association of Psychiatrists to keep paranoia alive.

•

Kinky classified ad from a Suffolk, England, newspaper: "Wanted: desk for typist measuring 42-25-28½."

•

New York's junior Senator may lose the state's entire hippie vote if he doesn't learn the difference between pot and acid. Commenting on a New York *World Journal Tribune* article concerning "R. F. K.'s Take-over of New York," Senator Kennedy remarked, "Someone must have been smoking LSD."

•

Sign of the times spotted outside San Francisco's Christian Yoga Church and Himalayan Academy reads: CHARGE-A-TITHE—YOUR BANKAMERICA CARD WELCOME HERE.

•

Gourmet treat from Binghamton, New York's *Evening Press*, recommended for mornings when your head is larger than your appetite: "Using back of a large spoon, press spaghetti into cup; break a fresh egg into the indention; sprinkle with grated oven until egg is done as desired and cheese slightly melted. Serve not."

•

The Village Voice reports that SNCC is distributing bumper stickers throughout the Cotton State that contain a double ring of truth: THE GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA IS A MOTHER.

•

According to *Appliance Manufacturers*, a Chicago trade journal, the sales department of a local housewares company "had great qualms about filling a special order that came from New Guinea for a dozen 'man-sized rotisseries.'"

•

Shocking news: Infidelity is curable, according to two British psychiatrists who tried out an electrifying new kind of therapy on an unfaithful husband and published their findings in *Pulse*, a British medical journal. The husband was shown alternating pictures of his wife and his mistress, 30 minutes a day for six days. Each time the picture of his mistress appeared, he was zapped with a 70-volt electric shock, and each time his wife's picture appeared, he was advised via tape recorder of the harm his illicit affair was doing the poor woman. Six

months later, the psychiatrists found that the man was "completely indifferent" to the woman who had been his mistress.

•

Confirming our deepest suspicions about going-out-of-business sales, a Times Square store placed in its window a sign reading: OUR GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE WILL RESUME AFTER VACATION.

•

Ask a Silly Question Department: In his reply to a probation officer's demand for a written explanation of his delinquency, a precocious Seattle teenager wrote, "In any given set of circumstances, our actual behavior is represented by the diagonal of a parallelogram of forces having our more elemental emotions as a base and, as its upright, our ethical or moral ideals. When I was arrested for car prowling, the ethical upright was so short that the angle between the long base and the diagonal of manifested behavior was of only a very few degrees."

•

One of the selections on a jukebox in a Hibbing, Minnesota, restaurant a few months ago, claims a local informant, was *Love Position Number Nine.*

•

Plum job offer from the classified pages of the *Chicago Tribune*: "SYPHILIS ERADICATION PROGRAM. We need people who want immediate job involvement, unique and difficult assignments. . . . This is *not* a desk job."

•

A University of Miami student was recently reclassified 1-A by his local draft board with the explanation that "to keep your deferment, you must be ranked in the top two thirds of your class, and you are only in the top one fourth."

MOVIES

A Man for All Seasons was a fine play. It is, if anything, a better movie. For producer-director Fred Zinnemann has fleshed out the Tudor setting but has let Robert Bolt's play, adapted by the playwright, survive. In the part of Sir Thomas More, "A man of angel's wit and singular learning . . . a man of marvelous mirth and pastimes, and sometimes of as sad gravity—a man for all seasons," is that magical wedding of actor and role that won Paul Scofield so many plaudits on the boards. His performance is a dramatic event of the first magnitude—but when enhanced by Wendy Hiller as his wife, by Susannah York as his daughter, by Robert Shaw as Henry VIII, by Leo McKern as Thomas Cromwell and, most notably, by Orson Welles in his brief and brilliant appearance as Cardinal Wolsey —when all the principals jell so well into

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2673. Also: On A Clear Day, All Or Nothing At All, etc.

2595. Also: Do You Wanna Dance, Spanish Harlem, etc.

2398. Also: Melodie D'Amour, Jamaica Farewell, etc.

2217. Glittering performances of these two charming works

2225. Also: Jane, Jane; The Rising of The Moon; etc.

2077. Also: Willow Weep For Me, Frenesi, Try To Remember, etc.

2407. Where Am I Going, C'est Se Bon, Yesterdays, etc.

2417. Also: Yesterday, Unchained Melody, 12 in all

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

3449. Plus: A Taste Of Honey, Unchained Melody, Mame, etc.

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

2471. "It is a brilliant composition." —St. Louis Globe

2435. Also: Since I Fell For You, Spartacus, etc.

2695. Also: The Shadow Of Your Smile, 12 in all

1530. Greater than ever... winner of 8 Academy Awards

2676. A truly unique listening experience awaits you.

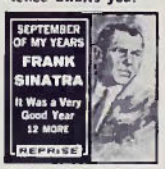
2639. "The best musical score of '65." —Am. Record Guide

2159. Also: The Night We Called It A Day, etc.

2276. Also: Kansas City Star, In The Summertime, etc.

3432. Also: Come Running Back, Any Time, 7 more

2405. "Exciting, sensuous romanticism." —N. Y. Times



2346. Also: Once Upon a Time, Don't Wait Too Long, etc.

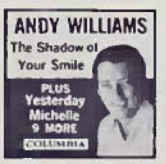
3559. Also: A Corner In The Sun, Homeward Bound, 8 more

2462. Also: We can Work It Out, Dance With Me, 8 more

2661. Also: Slow Walk, Jabo, Hooks, Fat Bag, 5 more

2485. Also: Walkin' My Baby Back Home, Unforgettable, etc.

2267. "Stunning, with staggering articulation." —High Fidelity



2460. Also: Try To Remember, A Taste Of Honey, etc.

2404. Also: Never Too Late, The Pawnbroker, Smile, etc.

2672. "The best musical of the season." —CBS News

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08

the quiet precision of the total work, it is impossible to know whom to credit most. Unless, perhaps, it be Sir Thomas More himself, who has been the perplexing subject of historians, philosophers and theologians for more than four centuries. More's dispute with Henry involved no clash of swords, no martial music. Henry was determined to divorce Catherine of Aragon, his first wife, to marry Anne Boleyn. Not only lust but dynasty was at issue, and if the Pope would not divorce him, Henry was resolved to create an English Church to do it. More, Lord Chancellor of England, could not accept this device. And although far from a willing martyr, he could not be swayed from his silent opposition—not by the pressure of the king nor by the loss of temporal wealth and power nor by the pleadings of those who loved him. The dialog is as abstruse and quicksilverish as More could make it, and Zinnemann was hard put to accommodate such cerebral stuff to the camera's demands. He is not always successful. A speech delivered into pelting rain against a background of storm-tossed trees is not a better speech for its agitated setting. What were they all doing outside on a night like that anyway? But such lapses are rare, noticeable only because they contrast so sharply with the success of the whole. The regal quality of the photography is enough to turn General De Gaulle into an Anglophile. There is a progress of royal barges, at first seen only as reflections in the water, a dance of golden lights and diamond points in the ripples of the Thames, which expresses in one stroke the full extent of the earthly pomp More was willing to forgo for the sake of the private conscience. In all the solemn considerations, however, More never pulled a long face. Approaching the scaffold, he asked for help climbing up the rickety stairs, but assured his escort that he would look out for himself on the way down.

•

Funeral in Berlin, a sequel to *The Ipcress File*, actually improves upon the first spy-go-round lifted from a Len Deighton thriller (Deighton's latest suspense novel, *An Expensive Place to Die*, concludes in this issue). Armed with his considerable histrionic gifts—and the assurance natural to any actor with a half-dozen hits playing the circuits (see the following review)—Michael Caine returns as unflappable Harry Palmer of British Intelligence. Caine, looking vaguely like a store dummy, somehow manages to suggest through the gleam in his horn-rimmed blinkers that he doesn't really turn on until all the shades are drawn and he has sent his crumpled scruples out to be pressed. Winging to East Berlin to set up the defection of a Russian Intelligence bigwig (Oscar Homolka) who is in charge of The Wall and supposedly yearns to get

over it. Caine risks security with an Israeli agent (Eva Renzi) on the prowl for a Nazi war criminal. The script, for a wonder, digs hardest into the hides of West German fascists, then and now. It's our lad and the Russians having all the fun (a trend?), particularly when they nip at the crispy dialog provided by scenarist Evan Jones. "I know everything about you from the size of your refrigerator to the cubic capacity of your mistress," says Caine to Homolka. The pace is slick, and the camera subtly wedges in a sardonic comment on the contrast between the dull gray masonry of East Berlin and its better half in the West, all glittery and gay (yes, in every sense) and corrupt. Though it lacks the hard logic of classics in the genre, this *Berlin* looks like a fun city for any escapist, particularly on a cold and rainy night.

•

The gambit of ***Gambit*** is the theft of a priceless Oriental sculpture from the richest man in the world—but don't start counting the crinkles in this plot before it's hatched just because nine movies in ten start these days with exactly the same premise. In this version, we have one tale twice told: In the first telling, we see the heist faultlessly executed, the way it usually happens in the movies; in the second, something new is added—something called the human element—and Charles Mastersnatch of the first version turns out to be Joe Zilch in reality. Michael Caine (again), the fumbler in question, has a "foolproof plan." Herbert Lom, oil-rich magnate and effective potentate of some mythical Levantine sheikdom, owns a 2300-year-old head, which bears an astonishing resemblance to the features of a taxi dancer in the Cherry Bar in Hong Kong, who happens to be Shirley MacLaine. As a further coincidence, MacLaine and the head are both dead ringers for Lom's late wife. Caine figures to fly into Lom's home town with MacLaine all gussied up in a succession of glittering *cheong sams*. Word gets to Lom; he invites them over to his place and is so entranced by MacLaine that he doesn't notice Caine casing the joint. Caine effortlessly steals the head, and all get home free. In this version, Lom is befezzed, bemonacled and befuddled, MacLaine is as exotic as Madame Nhu and Caine is the flinty-eyed antihero of modern fiction. The second, or applied, version of the gambit is, of course, a major disaster. From the moment little Shirley opens her lovely mouth, she is death to devious deeds and deals, too dumb and honest, too uncomfortable in a *cheong sam*, to simulate a femme fatale—but in every lifted eyelid and reedy exclamation, she's the best comedienne in American movies since Judy Holliday was *Born Yesterday*.

•

"Now to baste the pig," Per Oscarsson says to the thinner of two whores at one

point in ***My Sister, My Love,*** and proceeds to dribble wine on the gross, oblivious third party in the bed. But he does so with his teeth clenched, for it is his sister's wedding night, and the love in the title of this brilliant Swedish film is more than brotherly. The subject is incest, the setting 18th Century Sweden and the social level a cut below the king. From these elements, author-director Vilgot Sjöman has forged a Bergmanesque morality play—and one of the most graphically erotic films ever made for public showing. Oscarsson returns from a Continental education to the discovery that he and his sister (Bibi Andersson, whose liquid beauty is familiar to Ingmar Bergman fans) are "alive" only with each other. Yet he's speechless with fear when she proposes fleeing Sweden with him. Rebuffed, the sister proceeds with the marriage (to *Dear John*'s Jarl Kulle) to which she had acquiesced before her brother's return, leaving the siblings frustrated in a swarm of Sjöman symbols for their transgression. Integrity—in script, directorial technique and performances—works multiple wonders: Sjöman's period costumes, for example, go virtually unnoticed—the viewer almost forgets that they are costumes—and the fact that the anatomies of the brother and his whores are shown more frankly than in any legitimate film in memory only reinforces the sense of truly classical, objective lucidity that pervades *My Sister, My Love.*

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John Frankenheimer, who loves auto racing enough to own his own Ferrari and to mount an $8,000,000 production celebrating ***Grand Prix*** Formula I racing, has made an incredibly boring movie about that which he loves so well. For anyone who has aspired to be the hood ornament on a racing car, there are rich doses of Cinerama hysteria in store—Frankenheimer cannot resist skidding the viewer's nose about three inches off the tarmac at 125 mph, and a lot of that goes a long way fast. The racing footage is terrific, a technical marvel that required imagination, resourcefulness and physical daring. And for *aficionados* who revel in the whine of powerful engines, the sheen of steel tubing and the texture of tires, there is a lot of authenticity to indulge in. But if you're in the market for a story to hang it all on, or a strong performance or two, look elsewhere. There are not more than 20 regulars on the Grand Prix circuit, and after some races, fewer than that. They are a strange, driven, maybe even sick lot, and they are very colorful people. But Robert Alan Aurthur's script has nowhere captured the atmosphere in which they live, and James Garner is hardly the actor to manage it on his own. Yves Montand and Brian Bedford, both sturdy professionals, carry such dramatic burdens as they can, but the parts are for puppets and they are both unstrung. Toshiro Mifune, in his first English-language film, is a one-man disaster. Frankenheimer could have taken this three hours of footage and cut it down to an hour's fine documentary that would grab the track fans where they live and leave the rest of the public alone. Instead, there's not enough vroom-vroom for some, two vrooms too many for others.

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There are two stories going on at once in ***The Deadly Affair.*** That they are of equal interest and strength, though one is a private tragedy and the other a spy thriller, is one measure of the screenwriter's art. The screenwriter is Paul Dehn, who first translated John Le Carré into film with *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold.* His dialog in that chilly, ascetic story was unimpeachable. Now, with Le Carré's *Call for the Dead,* Dehn has, if anything, improved his grasp of the novelist's world of colorless international intrigue and futile private passion. The entwining of these two terrible tales is played out by a superb cast—James Mason, Simone Signoret, Maximilian Schell, Harriet Andersson, Harry Andrews and Lynn Redgrave—under the consummate direction of Sidney Lumet. Mason is at the top of his form as a British Secret Service functionary stymied in his work and paralyzed emotionally by a loving wife (Andersson) who happens also to be a helpless nymphomaniac. She tells him he is too forgiving. "I always thought," he replies, in the throes of an understandable quandary, "that being aggressive was the way to keep my job, and being gentle was the way to keep you. Well, I've lost my job, haven't I?" Working largely on location, in the sterile London suburbs and out along lonely dockside roads, Lumet gives a grubby, convincing air to the proceedings. Diversions are provided along the way by the Royal Shakespeare Company. David (*Morgan!*) Warner, being pressed to death on stage in a performance of Marlowe's *Edward II,* lends his Elizabethan screams to a contemporary murder being effected silently in the stalls section of the Aldwych Theater. It's a cunning, diabolical trick, and it exposes, in a blood-thumping climax, the identity of the villain of the piece. Like all that has led up to this crescendo and the brief, sad resolution that follows it, it's terrific.

•

The star of ***Murderers' Row*** is a big fat hovercraft. It inflates, it whines, it shimmies itself over land and sea with talent and enthusiasm—and thus bears no resemblance at all to Dean Martin or anybody else in this second film installment of the adventures of Matt Helm, lascivious leg-art photographer and invincible secret agent. This Matt Helm *shtick* is a

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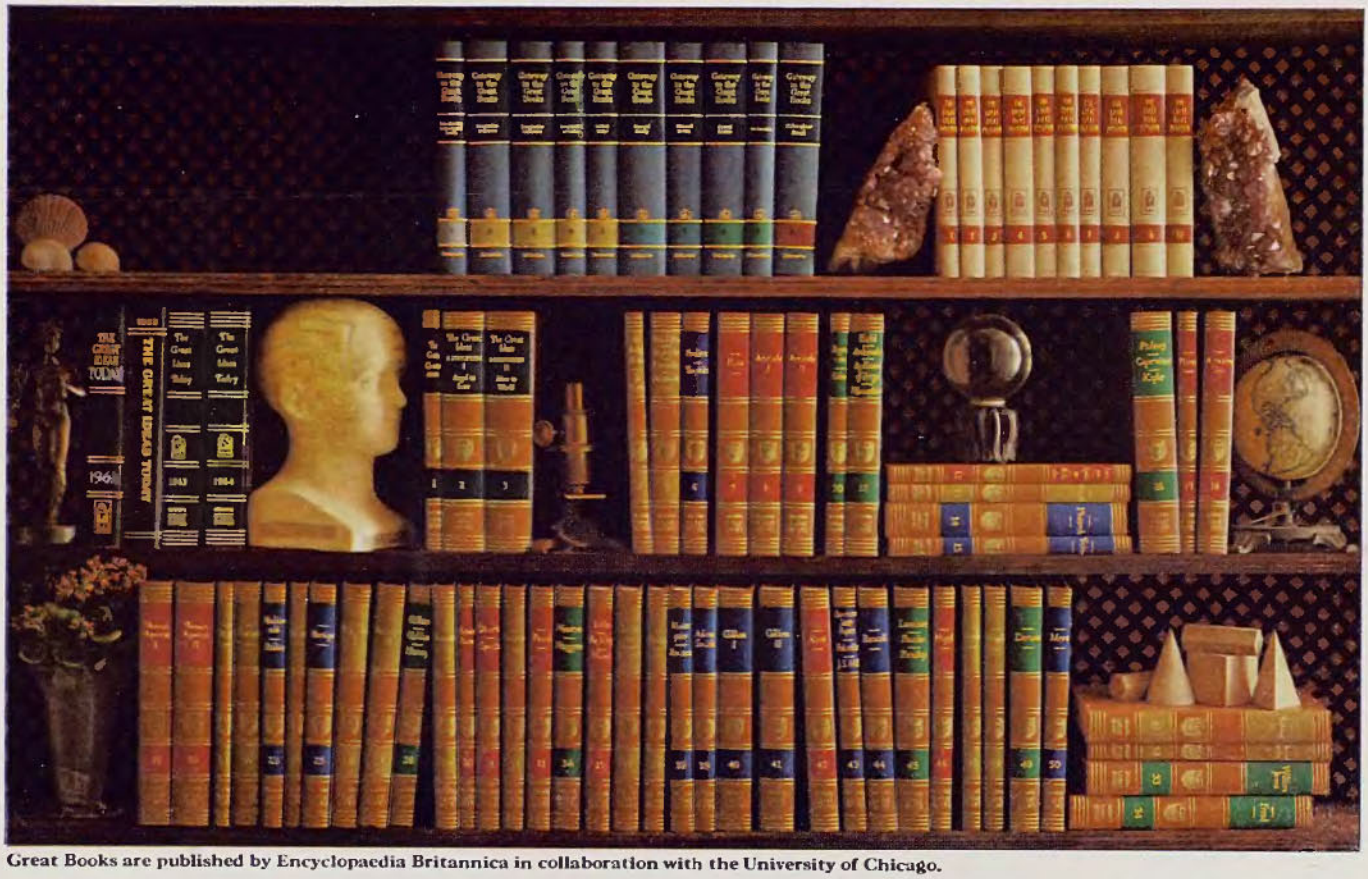

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priceless property for Dino, all part of overblown, often tasteless productions in which nobody is really trying to do anything well. Some audiences like that sort of casual contempt: They are delighted to accept any inadvertent blink or burp or drunken lurch as the funniest take since Punch sapped Judy with a bladder. But from all appearances, Martin will need a face lift and a 12-month course with Vic Tanny to keep it up into the next installment, which is already readying ominously on the back lot and is to be called *The Ambushers*. Not that the role is arduous; Martin seems to get tired just from standing there. The physical energy in the present film is provided by Ann-Margret, whose job is to provide incessant exertions as a frug and monkey enthusiast in residence on the French Riviera. Martin's job is to put the kibosh on a leering, sneering, archetypal arch-villain (played by Karl Malden), who intends to scorch Washington, D. C., to the ground with some sort of solar beam invented by Ann-Margret's father, whom Malden has captured and put to electronic tortures in order to extract "the formula" from him. We're getting drowsy just thinking about it.

•

Don't stay away from Antonioni's ***Blow-Up*** because you're afraid it's going to be another moody meander. It's a masterful movie, full of social and sexual satire, humor and suspense—and when you leave the theater disappointed, you'll know it's no accident, but because Michelangelo Antonioni *wants* you to be disappointed. He uses all the conventions of cinematic storytelling better than you've ever seen them used—and then he drops the whole matter for a resolution that has little to do with any of the working plots, yet is a more profound comment than any of the other stuff might have been. Thomas (David Hemmings) is an ultrasuccessful London fashion photographer of the David Bailey genre. He has a bruised, petulant sort of face, tousled golden locks about his ear lobes and a Rolls-Royce convertible. He photographs half-naked women in incredible clothes. But he is bored, bored, bored. Life intrudes on his ennui one day in the park, where he stalks a pair of lovers to get lyrical shots for a book he's doing. The girl (Vanessa Redgrave) spies him spying, pursues him to his studio and readily climbs out of her clothes to trade her all for the negatives. The deal is never consummated, perhaps because she always keeps her elbows in front of her nipples; but Thomas gives her a phony roll of film and she goes away happy. Then he develops the take and, with a series of blow-ups, discovers that—well, suffice it to say that murder has been done. Thomas' lackadaisical efforts to thrust this disturbing news on somebody, anybody, is what the movie is about, sort of. With all the diversions in the way of purposeful action, however, it's no wonder he has trouble getting through. Giggling girls are always dropping by to get naked with him for three-way wrestling (elbows akimbo); he stops in for a drink with the couple across the alley and they're balling on the living-room floor; he goes to a party and everybody's smoking pot and practically flying through the windows. So with all this happening, asks Antonioni, who cares about one stone-cold stiff in the park?

THEATER

Walking Happy is a musical version of *Hobson's Choice*, the old Harold Brighouse play (and Charles Laughton movie) about a shoemaker's spinstery daughter who chooses her father's lowliest apprentice and lifts him by his own bootstraps. She marries him and they beat her father in business, to boot. The time is 1880, the place an industrial town in England. Set designer Robert Randolph has created an ingenious storybook construction that swings apart, shifts swiftly from neighborhood pub to narrow, hilly streets. The actors are in keeping with the surroundings: Louise Troy as the pushy daughter; George Rose, padded to Laughtonish girth, as the autocratic father; and, particularly, Norman Wisdom as the put-upon cobbler. An English music-hall comedian in his American stage debut, Wisdom is woefully ugly, with a badly whittled face, a bag-of-bones body, knobby knees and big feet. He acts with his feet—shuffling, tripping, colliding, sliding. Forced by bullies to dance on a barrelhead, he watches fearfully as his feet assume a life of their own. Tapping and clogging, singing and clowning, Wisdom walks away with the show, but his load is heavy—about one hour and six songs too heavy. Adapters Roger O. Hirson and Ketti Frings have retained solid chunks of *Hobson's Choice*, which are colorful enough to make one want to see the whole play, but pop tunesmiths Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen have spliced the scenes together with a spiritless score. Steadfastly un-English and unwitty ("You're always bacchanalian/You make Nero seem Episcopalian"), their songs quite literally stop the show—dead in its tracks. At the Lunt-Fontanne, 205 West 46th Street.

•

Robert Preston is an actor of infinite vitality, a big, booming stage presence. He never runs out of fuel. Mary Martin is an actress of infinite vivacity; she is virtue resplendent. They are an unbeatable combination; all they need is a stage and some musicians and the show is in business. Witness ***I Do! I Do!***, their new vehicle, which they ride for all it is worth—and then some. It's based on Jan de Hartog's two-character play *The*

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Fourposter, and author-lyricist Tom Jones and composer Harvey Schmidt have had the novel notion of keeping it to two characters. *I Do!* eschews the stageful of choruses, subplots, production numbers, leaves the action to just Agnes and Michael, and 50 years of their married life, sliced into an attenuated series of sentimental black-outs: wedding night, first fight, first birth, etc. She wants that tacky pillow titled "God Is Love" to stay on the bed. The situations are, to be kind, trite; but blame that mostly on the source. Jones and Schmidt's songs never impede the action or distort the characters. Still, there is a limit to the number of love ditties one can take straight, without a shot of wry. What saves the show from being lovesick are its stars. Singing singly and in duet, dancing barefoot around the marital bed, quick-changing costumes (from nightshirt to tie and tails), shifting the scenery and playing the violin, saxophone and ukulele, *they* are the production. Director Gower Champion keeps things fluid yet not too busy. The truth is, however, that without the dynamic duo, *I Do! I Do!* would merely be much ado. At the 46th Street, 226 West 46th Street.

BOOKS

As a leaf falls into a river, its reflection rises to meet it. Vladimir Nabokov's revised autobiography, ***Speak, Memory*** (Putnam), captures this "delicate union," the "magic precision" with which memory meets life. The stuff of these memoirs consists of tutors and governesses, youthful poems and love affairs, chess and butterflies, pet dogs and family walks—the 20 years of warm security in his aristocratic Russian family, the 20 years of cold exile in Western Europe before coming to America in 1940. But he holds the lamp of art to "life's foolscap," and his true subjects are the shadows it casts: the prison of time, the key of consciousness, the escape into the timelessness of imagination, the loss of childhood, the instability of reality and the transformation of nostalgia into art. As a child he pursues a butterfly—and captures it, 40 years later, in Colorado. As an artist he pursues beauty—and captures it, surmounting time, in words. This book is marred by the familiar Nabokov posturing: the peevish invective, the haughty disdain, the occasionally pedantic vocabulary graying his otherwise lustrous prose. Having lived through two of the greatest upheavals of the 20th Century—the Bolshevik Revolution and the rise of Nazism—he seems to regard them as merely vulgar interruptions of his delicate preoccupations. Yet this is the most tender and radiant of his books. After staring fervently at the incandescent light of his childhood, he is suddenly plunged into darkness—and the afterimage glows

luminously in his inner eye. With the precision of an artist, the passion of a scientist, he evokes "wisps of iridescence" with dazzling exactness, with loving delight.

•

When the talk gets around to the new morality in our society, we automatically think of students frugging to the beat of the Animals or marching for peace or taking LSD trips—but there is another cadre that has to be considered, and it is a hearse of a different color. Thanks to Hunter S. Thompson's ***Hell's Angels*** (Random House), the world of the outlaw motorcyclist comes into terrifying focus. What a world it is: a roaring pit of gang-bangs, stompings and catatonic dreams fed by beer and bennies, Seconal and marijuana, and a searing hatred for a society in which they are sure losers. Thompson, who lived with the Oakland Hell's Angels for over a year until he was literally stomped out of the club, starts by correcting the press' vision of the Hell's Angels as savage rapists and destroyers of property. Exaggerated, he says. But the truth, as Thompson captures it, is not much milder: The Hell's Angels are "tough, mean and potentially dangerous as packs of wild boars." The telling is far from boring. There are vivid vignettes of individual Angels: "Buzzard, a porcupine among men, with his quills always flared. . . . If he won a new car with a raffle ticket bought in his name by some momentary girlfriend, he would recognize it at once as a trick to con him out of a license fee. He would denounce the girl as a hired slut, beat up the raffle sponsor and trade off the car for 500 Seconals and a gold-handled cattle prod." Who are the Angels? Thompson reports that they come from good old pioneer stock—sons and grandsons of Okies, Arkies and hillbillies who "made the long trek to the Golden State and found it was just another hard dollar." For a while they are wooed by the New Left. Members of the Oakland Angels make the pot and LSD parties presided over by the medicine men of the movement, novelist Ken Kesey and poet Allen Ginsberg. But it can't last, because the Angels are essentially fascistic, their swastikas not mere embroidery. They break up a couple of peace marches and, suddenly, in the right-wing press, they are no longer rapists but "misunderstood patriots." It is all too much for the author, whose final vision in this otherwise revealing book is that the Hell's Angels are only "the first wave of a future that nothing in our history has prepared us to cope with." We've coped with worse.

•

The hero of Elia Kazan's novel ***The Arrangement*** (Stein and Day) is a 45-year-old Greek-American boy named Eddie Anderson, an advertising-agency account executive and magazine writer who is

adept at making deals. His deal with his WASP wife, for example, is that he flits about as much as he likes as long as he finally flies back to their Beverly Hills nest. But after he delves deeply into the facts of life with a pneumatic researcher at assorted motels and hotels and even on public beaches in broad daylight, he finds he just can't go home again. So he heads his car into an onrushing truck. Unfortunately, he survives the accident, and the burden of this book revolves around his repeated attempts not to resolve the problem of wife *vs.* mistress. He flies a Cessna dangerously, gets himself beat up a few times, sets fire to his father's house, urinates on a billboard, suffers a nervous breakdown and continues to couple in various states with the researcher, who turns out to be an ex-hooker with—you guessed it—a heart of 24-kt. gold. And only when his father, a patriarchal rug dealer, dies, does he become man enough to decide that his girlfriend is, after all, a girl for all seasons, and that—somehow tangentially—writing, *real* writing, is his true calling. The question is whether writing is Elia Kazan's true calling. This narrative, encased in thick layers of artificially rendered advertising and magazine backgrounds, shows few signs of promise.

•

A migratory worker and longshoreman for most of his life, Eric Hoffer is an autodidact who writes essays more insightfully than many pundits festooned with graduate degrees. His newest collection, ***The Temper of Our Time*** (Harper & Row), is concerned primarily with aspects of change. Hoffer begins by supplying historical illustrations of the "family likeness between adolescents and people who migrate from one country to another, or are converted from one faith to another, or pass from one way of life to another—as when peasants are turned into industrial workers, serfs into free men, civilians into soldiers, and people in undeveloped countries are subject to rapid modernization." Our era of unprecedented, world-wide social change, he maintains, is "A Time of Juveniles." Looking ahead in "Automation, Leisure and the Masses," Hoffer sees cybernation leaving millions unemployed in the current sense of the term "work," and he proposes that society become a school. The alternative might be catastrophe, for "there is nothing more explosive than a skilled population condemned to inaction." In "The Negro Revolution," Hoffer focuses on that segment of the present population that is now showing signs of exploding. His basic conclusions are similar to those of Black Power advocates: Negroes should organize themselves into genuine communities "with organs for cooperation and self-help," because "only when the Negro community as a whole performs something that will win

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for it the admiration of the world will the Negro individual be completely himself." Hoffer notes, however, that so far the Black Power spokesmen are still only talking: "There is still a shying away from quiet, patient organization and a penchant for showy, quick results, and for tame enemies and tame battlegrounds." His final essay, "Some Thoughts on the Present," is generally optimistic about what lies ahead, for reasons that have to be taken on faith, even though Hoffer insists he is a rationalist. He is not always consistent—but he is consistently stimulating.

RECORDINGS

England's premier balladeer is in fine vocal fettle on ***Matt Monroe / Here's to My Lady*** (Capitol). The Monroe musical doctrine is devoid of frills and fancy stuff as he straightforwardly gets to the heart of matters such as *When Sunny Gets Blue*, *Nina Never Knew* and *When Joanna Loved Me*.

•

"Gingerbread Men" / Clark Terry–Bob Brookmeyer Quintet (Mainstream) is another generous and joyous helping of one of the finest fivesomes extant. Terry on Flügelhorn and trumpet *and* vocals, Brookmeyer on trombone and Hank Jones on piano, assisted by bassist Bob Cranshaw and drummer Dave Bailey, cook piquantly throughout a session replete with revivified standards and ear-catching originals.

•

Sammy Davis Jr. Sings / Laurindo Almeida Plays (Reprise) is absolutely the best thing we've ever heard Sammy do. Guitarist Almeida provides the perfect counterpoint to the Davis songstering and the recording includes a whole slew of our favorite tunes—*Speak Low*; *The Folks Who Live on the Hill*; *Joey, Joey, Joey*; *Where Is Love*—all top-drawer material made more so by Sammy and Laurindo.

•

Lock, the Fox / Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis (Victor) presents the big sound of the longtime tenor man fronting a small group whose sole purpose is to provide a showcase for his musical thoughts on such diverse subjects as *On Green Dolphin Street* and *Days of Wine and Roses*. Throughout, "Jaws" is superb.

•

It's been many years since she sang in front of the Ellington orchestra, but Maria Cole, Nat's widow, impressively demonstrates on ***Love Is a Special Feeling*** (Capitol) that she's lost none of her vocal expertise. Backed by one of Nat's favorite arrangers, Gordon Jenkins, Maria is softly persuasive as she delineates such splendid items as *A Blues Serenade*,

Matt Dennis' ageless *Violets for Your Furs* and *On a Clear Day*. Welcome back, Maria.

•

Sonny Stitt, who has, of late, taken to the electronic alto, is heard to excellent advantage on his plain, old-fashioned, unamplified instrument on ***Pow!*** (Prestige). Stitt's quintet includes the exemplary bone man Benny Green, who works hand in glove with Sonny on the familiar *I Want to Be Happy* and a half-dozen new jazz items.

•

We strongly recommend a beautiful pairing of two of Bela Bartók's major compositions—the ***Concerto for Orchestra,*** performed by the Bamberg Symphony under Heinrich Hollreiser, and the ***Concerto No. 3 for Piano and Orchestra*** (Turnabout), featuring Gyorgy Sandor as soloist with the Pro Musica Orchestra of Vienna conducted by Michael Gielen. Hungarian Sandor's close association with Bartók as both student and interpreter makes him ideally suited for the piano concerto, a work he performed, with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy, at its world premiere. The *Concerto for Orchestra* is filled with Hungarian themes stamped indelibly with the genius of Bartók.

•

Jack Jones Sings (Kapp) should be all the invitation necessary to get one to hear this LP. But there's more to it than that. The songs covered by Mr. Jones are, in almost all instances, first-rank. *A Day in the Life of a Fool* (an Anglicized version of *Manha de Carnival*) and the grand oldie *Street of Dreams*, a song rarely reprised these days, are a couple of the highlights.

•

Ahmad Jamal / Heat Wave (Cadet) is an amalgam of evergreens, jazz originals and off-the-beaten-track tone poems. With bassist Jamil Nasser and drummer Frank Gant providing able assistance, pianist Jamal communicates his special musical message admirably on the title ditty, the Duke-Harburg classic *April in Paris* and a varied assortment of tasteful goodies. It is, in all respects, easy listening.

•

Frank Sinatra's effervescent, hard-rocking run-through of the title tune on ***That's Life*** (Reprise) just about takes it off the market for any other singer. By and large, the rest of the Ernie Freeman–conducted and –charted session is up to the standards set by the opener—especially the swinging *Winchester Cathedral* and the haunting *The Impossible Dream* from *Man of La Mancha*—but it was a mistake to take *Somewhere My Love* (Lara's theme from *Dr. Zhivago*) at a bouncy tempo. Outside of that, no complaints.

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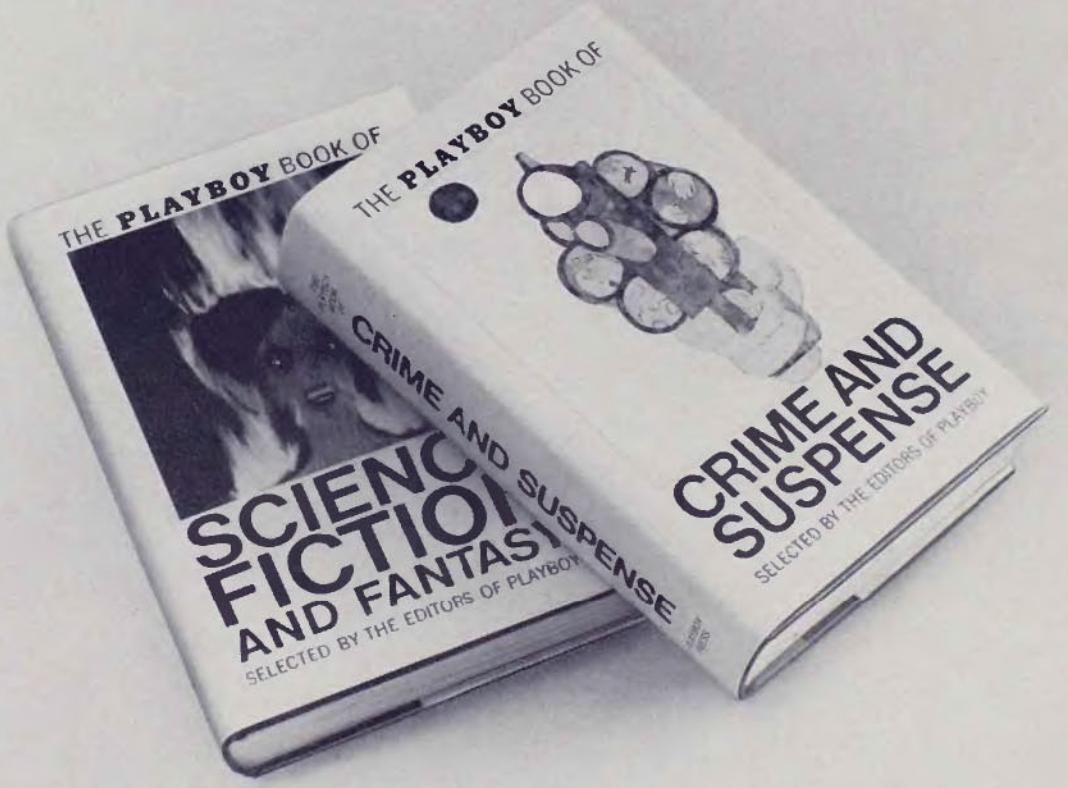

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

During the summer, I am able to see my fiancée on two or three weekends only. I am faithful to her but puzzled by the fact that during the long drives to her town, I am constantly distracted by the girls I see—so much so that I've come close to picking up some of them. I forget all about this when I'm with my fiancée and back home (during the school year we're at neighboring colleges). Do you think my feelings en route mean the relationship is shallow? —J. W., Flushing, New York.

It seems natural to us that your general girl-consciousness should be heightened after a few weeks without female companionship. Don't start worrying about your depth of feeling for the girl until the same impulses hit you on the way home.

Has anyone ever attempted to compute how many different cocktails can be mixed from all the standard ingredients used for that purpose? My bet is that it's in the millions.—C. L., Tacoma, Washington.

The late H. L. Mencken was intrigued by the same question. He wrote: "A friend and I once employed a mathematician to figure out how many cocktails could be fashioned of the materia bibulica *ordinarily available at a first-class bar. He reported that the number was 17,864,392,788. We tried 273 at random and found them all good, though some, of course, were better than others."*

I have a lovely wife who, though raised by sternly Victorian parents, seemed to have no sex hang-ups during the early months of our marriage. However, she gave birth to a girl a year ago and she now reveals that she "hates sex." She states that she has felt this way since our daughter was born and that she dreads going to bed at night. My main problem is this: My wife knows that the way she feels about sex is making me unhappy, but she also feels that it has gone past the stage where we can work this problem out together. I have suggested to her that we see a marriage counselor or a doctor, but she doesn't seem to be willing. She says that she would rather not get a divorce, because of the hardships that would be placed on our daughter. To be quite truthful, it would hurt like hell if I were to lose both my wife and my daughter; and yet we can't go on like this.—M. L., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

You may have become trapped in a situation well known in psychiatric literature. Certain women who were reared in puritanical environments, and who seem at first to make a successful adjustment to marriage, suddenly revert to antisexual feelings after giving birth; other women from such backgrounds sink into profound depressions after childbirth, and may even become suicidal. In such cases, according to psychiatric authorities, the unconscious mind, conditioned in childhood to associate sex with guilt, regards the birth of a baby as public evidence that the "sin" of intercourse has been committed. Obviously, your wife needs professional help and you should do your best to convince her of that fact. Without it, she is unfit for marriage or for motherhood.

I wish to call your attention to a mistake in the January 1967 *Advisor* column. A letter from C. R., Chicago, Illinois, stated that the maximum amount that's insured by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation is $10,000. In answering his question as to whether or not more than one account in the same bank is covered separately or only in total, you confirmed the $10,000 figure. This amount is wrong. The FDIC now insures accounts up to $15,000.—D. W., New York, New York.

The amount insured by the FDIC—$10,000—was raised to $15,000 after our January issue had gone to press.

At 57, I'm very active, enjoy music, dancing, conversation and, in fact, life in general. I'm hopelessly in love with a lovely neighbor of mine, a single lady of 49 who's a successful career gal and not interested in marriage. We enjoy each other very much and have a great time marred by only one thing. Although we see each other steadily, she refuses to give up a long-standing Saturday-night date with another man she's known for some 25 years. Since we do have an intimate relationship, do you think this is fair? I've told her my Saturday nights are just hell. I can't help being jealous and hitting the bottle every time she goes out. Aren't I within my rights to insist that she stop this practice if she really cares about me, which she says she does?—P. B., Akron, Ohio.

In the situation you describe, your Saturday nights must, indeed, be hell; but if you insist on your so-called "rights," you may force the lady to make a decision that will cause all your evenings to be hell. We suggest that you give up your ill-advised attempts at emotional blackmail via the bottle. Instead, spend your Saturday nights dating others; this will not only lighten your weekend load of

loneliness but it might help persuade her that she is taking your attentions for granted. Given time—and less pressure—she may decide that her relationship with you is important enough to become a one-and-only affair.

I have often wondered how I could find out the history of my family name. Can you give me the address of someone who does this type of work?—A. B., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

There are many individuals who specialize in tracing family names. For a complete list, write to The National Genealogical Society, 1921 Sunderland Place N.W., Washington, D. C.

Several bachelor friends and myself will shortly be flying down to the Bahamas for two weeks of fun in the sun. What do you suggest we take in the way of clothing?—T. S., Louisville, Kentucky.

You'll want to pack light; air baggage allowances are 66 pounds in first class, 44 pounds in tourist. Depending on your itinerary, include: one dark tropical worsted suit (wear it on the plane), two sports coats (a madras and a blazer), two wash-and-wear business shirts, two pairs of slacks color-coordinated with your jackets, a black-to-brown reversible belt, an ample supply of wash-and-wear underwear, handkerchiefs, four short-sleeved sport shirts in polo and button-up styles, two pairs of Bermuda shorts, two or three pairs of shoes (include a pair of sneakers), six pairs of socks, two bathing suits and a lightweight sweater. Skip the tropical dinner clothes unless formal functions are on your agenda. The Bahamas are, of course, a crown colony; therefore, you can pick up excellent British wearables—not to mention a select assortment of other English exports—at below Stateside prices. (If additions to your wardrobe put you over the baggage limit, simply mail your used clothes home.)

Some time ago my husband asked me how much it would bother me if he occasionally went to bed with someone else. He said he loved me and our children and wouldn't want to hurt me but was sometimes attracted to other women in a purely sexual way. He said he still found me stimulating but that he wanted some variety. So far, nothing has happened. I told him I understood the difference between sex and love, and asked him to tell me if he went to bed with anyone. But I said I had to have the same privilege. The thought of my infidelity hurts him, so although he flirts with other women at parties, he never goes any further. I could forgive him if he does have an adventure. But how might this affect our marriage?—Mrs. M. I., Buffalo, New York.

You've virtually answered your own question: If the thought of your infidelity hurts him—and vice versa—then the effect on your marriage could only be negative. You didn't ask us, but if you spent less effort trying to understand the "difference between sex and love" and more effort toward combining the two, your marital relationship would be immeasurably enhanced.

I met a girl on a blind date some months ago and have been seeing her regularly ever since. I think she's great and have broached the subject of a serious relationship, with the possibility of eventually getting married. I feel the matter deserves consideration, since we've been seeing so much of each other. Here's the trouble: She's a teacher and has two months off in the summer. She has made plans for a vacation trip. I'm in the process of changing jobs and won't be getting any time off. I'm not happy about her being away that long and I've told her so, but she insists she's going. She says she wants to "live and do things." Since that's her attitude, do you think I should keep seeing her till she goes away or just cool it right now?—B. L., San Francisco, California.

Her plans for a summer interlude don't sound unsound to us. She obviously enjoys your company but just as obviously is not as ready as you are for a permanent one-to-one relationship. Let her go with no reproaches and utilize the time to play the field while you give your feelings about the marriage a thoughtful appraisal. You'll both be a lot more certain about the big decision when she returns in the fall.

I am thinking of buying some very expensive stationery with my name and address on it. My problem is that a friend said the word "Mr." should precede my name on the stationery and I don't agree. He also said that only white paper is acceptable for men, while I feel that a light tan with darker wording on the letterhead is perfectly OK. What's your opinion?—W. M., Hewett, New York.

Your friend is wrong on both counts. Including "Mr." on letterhead stationery went out with quill pens and sleeve garters. Stick to your name. Tan is fine for the paper's color, as is white, cream, gray or dark blue. The engraving or printing should be dark: black, blue or gray.

On the first or second date with a girl, I'm always very self-conscious about kissing her good night. Is there any way to make sure a girl won't think you're attacking her when you go for that first kiss?—R. S., Shaker Heights, Ohio.

Rather than leave all physical contact to a goodnight kiss, you should take the opportunity during the course of the evening to familiarize her with your touch—by helping her on with her coat, taking her arm as you're going up or down steps, crossing streets, getting into a car, etc. By the time you're ready to say good night, you won't seem like such physical strangers to each other and a kiss will be a perfectly appropriate close to the evening.

In the course of my work, I do a great deal of business-oriented wining and dining on expense account. I use credit cards—including my Playboy Club key card—extensively. When I'm presented the bill to sign, I feel like a fool sitting there figuring out the amount of tip to write in—and wondering whether to round it off to the nearest dollar or calculate the exact percentage. The result is that I often think I overtip or undertip, or that I'm being petty about pennies. And I'm not a whiz at mental arithmetic, which means I take too long over what should be a simple matter. Have you a suggestion?—B. P., Hartford, Connecticut.

Sure. In a restaurant, at lunchtime, simply write on the check, "Add tip 15 percent"; at a night club or tony dinner spot, make it, "Add tip 20 percent." Then let the cashier do the arithmetic.

A girl I like fairly well and have been seeing dates one other guy—a 27-year-old English instructor we both had last semester. I'm not emotionally involved with her (yet) and she claims that she considers both of us enjoyable dates but no more than that. She and I are junior English majors and the school is small, so I'm sure each of us will take more courses from my "rival." It seems to me that there are obvious dangers in her relationship with the instructor. Do you think I should try to explain them to her?—R. E., Boston, Massachusetts.

Our guess is that a lecture from you on the uses and abuses of power in campus relationships won't do much to swing the girl to your side; in fact, if you convince her that she's involved in something "dangerous," you may only succeed in adding to the appeal of the other relationship.

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, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

TIRED OF RESORTS? Try a private cruise. You and a few convivial companions can charter a luxurious yacht—complete with captain and crew—for less money than you might imagine. There's an unusual variety to choose from: Chinese junks are available in Hong Kong for short excursions; schooners can be rented in South Sea ports; sleek sloops offer the opportunity to island-hop in the Caribbean; and, if you so choose, a luxurious motor yacht will whisk you and your friends from one Greek island to another. Costs per day per person start at $3.50 for the Chinese junk and continue up to $110 for the 147-foot Greece-based motor yacht Daska. It comes with a uniformed crew of nine who will arrange everything from buffet lunches complete with taped music and chilled wine on secluded beaches to candlelit dinners while the boat is anchored close by the resort town of your choice.

For $828 per person (including air fare from New York) for a party of six (three double cabins), your group can charter the 70-foot motor yacht Trollungen for a 15-day cruise out of Cannes along the French and Italian Rivieras. On the trip you'll anchor overnight at Monte Carlo and Alassio, then head south to Portofino, Viareggio and the islands of Elba, Corsica and Sardinia before returning to Cannes by way of St.-Tropez. If you'd rather do your cruising closer to home, the 56-foot schooner Te Hongi takes a 15-day run from Martinique through the Caribbean's idyllic Windward Islands. The cost per person for a party of five (two twin-berth cabins and a single) is $777. Ports of call may include St. Lucia, Pigeon Island, St. Vincent, Bequia, the Tobago cays, Prune and Union islands in the Lesser Grenadines, Chatham, Carriacou and Grenada; but each party can arrange its own itinerary.

May is the perfect time to try skindiving near Cartagena in Colombia, South America, which is still uncrowded and easily accessible (fly Avianca from Miami). You'll not only see plenty of unusual fish but you may also discover an ancient souvenir or two on the ocean bottom: This area was once a convoy mustering point for 16th Century Spanish galleons bound for home across the Atlantic with the loot of the conquistadors. It is rich in wrecks—especially among the Rosario Islands. An outfit called Sub-Aqua at the Club de Pesca in Cartagena is fully equipped with guides, boats, scuba equipment, etc., to help you explore reefs near Grande and Pirate islands, as well as to hunt for booty off Treasure Island and Coin Beach. Underwater photography excursions can also be arranged—many of the galleons lie in clear, warm waters at depths of only 30 or 40 feet. If you stay in Cartagena, plan to stop at the Hotel del Caribe or the Hotel Americano-Casino. Both offer a chance for you to try your luck at the gaming tables. All rooms in the Del Caribe overlook the ocean and, for a relaxing break from your skindiving adventures, you can sun and soak in the flower-framed swimming pool.

We suggest a trip to Montreal's Expo '67, the biggest world's fair since Brussels. But while you're there, don't overlook Montreal itself—now a city that attracts a bright young crowd of swingers. The attractions of Montreal include an experimental theater group, *discothèques*, op and pop art galleries, jazz joints and outstanding restaurants.

Montreal also boasts a dozen permanent drama companies that stage a variety of plays. At the Théâtre de la Place, for example, original one-act dramas are put on daily at noon. Also walk through the old section of the city. Around the Bon Secours Market, ancient homes are being turned into smart *boutiques* and luxurious little bars and restaurants such as Le Fournil and Les Filles du Rey. The French-Canadian specialties they serve include the caribou, a potent potable composed of red wine and white whiskey. For the best French food in town, try Au Pierret Gourmet, Café Martin, Castel du Rey or Chez Stien. Chez Pauzé is tops for seafood.

For late-hour nights on the town, be sure to make the scene at Pasquale's, a spot that starts jumping shortly after midnight. Professional jazz musicians working in Montreal hang out here and, almost invariably, there'll be an impromptu jam session. On Sundays, the sounds begin at three P.M.

If you want to get away from the sights and sounds of Montreal for a few days, take a drive into the nearby Laurentian Mountains. At St. Hippolyte you'll find a tiny lakeside lodge named La Chaumine. There you can relax in cozy comfort. The meals and wine cellar may well justify the boast that here is a "corner of France." Farther on into the Laurentians is the resort La Sapinière, which offers fine French cuisine at reasonable rates. The basement bistro, aptly named La Cave, is perfect for a nightcap or two.

For further information, write to Playboy Reader Service, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

PLAYBOY IN 1985

There is no publication today offering more courageous or needed wisdom in the service of human liberty than PLAYBOY. Obviously, it is published for men, but it would be most fortunate if the millions of unmarried women in this country could be informed of its philosophy. Why not carry on an intensive campaign to have all men who read it refer their wives and girlfriends to its contents each month? The more women who become aware of its contents, the wider your circulation will grow and the greater your influence will be among those who will soon be the opinion makers in this nation. By 1970, over half the population will be under 30, and by 1985, these people will be in the "driver's seat" of Government and business as well as the clergy.

Elizabeth and Leonard Hizer
Chamblee, Georgia

OMBUDSMAN

I am intrigued by the idea of an Ombudsman—a public official who represents the rights of the citizen against the government (*The Playboy Forum*, December). Perhaps there should be an Ombudsman for every large city, for every state and one for the entire nation.

I would be interested to know more about how the system actually works and about how people feel toward their Ombudsman. Are there PLAYBOY readers in the countries that have an Ombudsman who have had personal experience with him? Are there some who have been dissatisfied with their contacts with him? Do they really feel that he stands up for their problems, or, because he is paid by the government, is he likely to become part of that same bureaucracy?

Freda Wallis
Fort Bragg, California

DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR

I now subscribe to PLAYBOY, as do some parishioners in the church. I do not agree with all of your *Philosophy*, but I pray that I can honestly say, as did Voltaire, that ". . . I will defend to the death your right to say it."

The following is from a recent sermon I gave:

> The censor is saying, "I am morally perfect, you are not; therefore I will tell you what you may read, and see, and say, and what you may not." Of such is the basis for almost all movements to destroy freedom.
>
> Give these self-appointed gods and goddesses a chance and there is no stopping them. Much better to say, never censor. Not anywhere, or in any way. My faith is in freedom and in this nation, which was born with the quest of freedom in its breast and faith in God, who created man. One cannot believe in free man and believe also in censorship.
>
> Even more than man's political life and his economic life, his personal life must be free, and with it his taste in art, literature and sexual expression. For those whom we may call sick there is psychiatry that can cure. But the censor only adds to the illness and reflects the cesspools of his own mind. People were often motivated in the slaying of heretics by the fact that the heretic expressed ideas that had been repressed in the minds of those doing the killing. Need one really say any more about the censor? I ask, "What delusion of grandeur is there in the mind of he who would allow himself to be the censor for another?" Such admission of believed omnipotence escapes description.

The Rev. Vance E. Frank
First Universalist Church
Lyons, Ohio

THE GINZBURG CASE

I was amused to read in *Censorship* (a quarterly journal reporting on "censorship of ideas and the arts" around the world) that even a Justice Department lawyer was dismayed by the *Ginzburg* decision. I refer to page six of the Summer 1966 issue, where the unnamed Government attorney is quoted as saying, "I was aghast at the importance given something that really was not covered by the case, argued by the lawyers or charged in the indictment." He refers to the "pandering in advertising" gimmick, which the Warren Court pulled out of their hat at the last minute to justify Ginzburg's sentence. The Justice Department man is quite right. This issue was not argued by the lawyers or charged in the indictment. Justice Black said of this gimmick, remember: "The fact is that Ginzburg . . . is now finally and authoritatively condemned to serve

five years in prison for distributing matter about sex which neither Ginzburg nor anyone else could possibly have known to be criminal."

Jim Smith
Los Angeles, California

A VOYEUR'S STORY

I am a voyeur. A Peeping Tom, if you will. I do not understand the compulsion that draws me to a lighted bedroom window. Perhaps once, long ago, it was no more than childish curiosity concerning the mysteries of sex. I suppose I should seek psychiatric help, but I have no wish to expose my shameful behavior to a stranger who may not really be able to help me at all.

On four occasions I have been arrested for window-peeping in this country. After three arrests I went to Latin America. Throughout six years in Mexico and Panama, not once did I feel an urge to peep. Hard-core pornography was readily available in the form of movies, books and photos. My voyeuristic tendencies were satisfied and my sex life became normal and well adjusted. Shortly after my return home, I was arrested for the fourth time. A voyeur will find an outlet. Pornography is extremely difficult to obtain in America. Daily we are tormented by sexual implication in the advertising field through all communications media. At the same time, we are denied access to any "sight" fulfillment to this tremendous volume of implied sexuality.

Contrary to censorial opinion, voyeurism is not a result of pornography. The mind of the voyeur is already maladjusted. On the other hand, pornography is an adequate substitute for the bedroom window for various reasons: (1) No waiting is involved; (2) There is no risk; (3) There is no possibility of disappointment; (4) Shame is greatly reduced, allowing for better social adjustment.

Laws cannot change the basic nature of the voyeur. He realizes he is abnormal. Pornography can contain his sexual deviation. His desire for pornography is in no way harmful to other people. On the contrary, they no longer have to worry about him. A Peeping Tom with a pornographic outlet ceases to be a Peeping Tom. The censor should stop kidding himself that prohibition is a cure.

(Name withheld by request)
Columbia, South Carolina

ANTHROPOLOGIST'S VIEW

Dr. M. F. Ashley Montagu—one of the most respected anthropologists in the world—has recently endorsed the healthiness and goodness of premarital sex. I quote Dr. Montagu's own words from the December 1966 issue of *Sexology*:

> The "facts" about the bees, the birds and the beasts may be very interesting, as may those about human beings, but they are practically of no value in helping anyone to learn the skills and techniques of sex, in the only way in which such techniques and skills can be learned.
>
> In Scandinavia, and particularly in Sweden, this has long been recognized and young people are encouraged to acquire the practical experience of sex in a gratifyingly healthy manner. Promiscuity is strongly discouraged, but sex between steady friends, who may take off together for the weekend or longer with the blessings of their parents, has long been customary, without causing either the collapse of these societies or having anything but the most beneficial effects upon everyone concerned . . .
>
> It would, I am convinced, greatly contribute to the mental health and stability of our society were adolescents permitted the self-development and self-discipline of premarital sex. *Not* the encouragement of licentiousness or promiscuity, but the encouragement in the growth and development of a mature and healthy personality. A growth and development in which the experience of sex as the beautiful and greatly humanizing event it can be plays its necessary and proper role . . .

One remembers, with some pain, that this opinion was expressed by Dr. Leo Koch a few years ago, and all hell broke loose. Driven out of his job at the University of Illinois, Dr. Koch was reduced to poverty for a few years, at one point supporting himself and his family as a gardener, and he only made a comeback when he founded his own school in Stony Brook, New York. If less fire-and-brimstone descends on Dr. Montagu, it will be, in my opinion, only partly due to his world-wide scientific reputation. Part of the credit will have to go to the new climate of tolerance created by Hugh Hefner and *The Playboy Philosophy*.

Ben Schwartz
New York, New York

E PLURIBUS EUNUCH

Thomas Carter, the FBI clerk who was fired for having a girl in his apartment overnight (*The Playboy Forum*, August), has lost the first round of his battle for reinstatement. You might find this *Washington Post* account of his hearing rather amusing, in an ironic sort of way:

> A lawyer in District Court ripped into the FBI yesterday for firing a fingerprint clerk because he spent two nights with his fiancée "doing a little premarital necking."
>
> Thomas H. Carter "lost his job for doing what 90 percent of the population does," argued attorney Richard M. Millman, citing the Kinsey Report in an impassioned but unsuccessful plea before Judge Alexander Holtzoff to reinstate Carter.
>
> Holtzoff dismissed the Carter complaint in its entirety. Millman said he would appeal.
>
> Government attorney Joseph M. Hannon rose to the FBI's defense:
>
> "When the mothers of America read that Mr. Millman and Dr. Kinsey believe it's all right for their daughters to spend two nights in the same bed with a man, I'm afraid all the doors throughout the nation are going to be locked."
>
> The exchange stemmed from Carter's written admission to the FBI that his fiancée from Texas had spent two nights in his Oxon Hill apartment last summer. He denied having sexual relations with her.
>
> The FBI first learned of the incident when it received an anonymous letter accusing Carter, 28, of "sleeping with girls and carrying on at his apartment," Hanon said . . .
>
> "I don't know whether it was immoral," observed Judge Holtzoff, "but it was highly indiscreet. . . . Two people were sleeping in a room. They were apparently observed by someone who was scandalized by it" and wrote the anonymous letter.

Where does this leave us? McCarthy chased out the homosexuals; now, it seems, the heterosexuals are next to go. Who does that leave to maintain the helm of our gallant ship of state? The eunuchs?

(Name withheld by request)
Washington, D. C.

PRIMATE "PROSTITUTION"

In considering the question of prostitution, it is essential that we grasp the significance of its origins. To do this, we must dig far deeper than Babylonian orgies or ancient fertility rites. Prostitution (the offering of sexual favors in return for material benefits) exists in the animal world among the Primates. Since man is a Primate, we must therefore recognize that prostitution is a part of our over-all inheritance from our furry ancestors. As such, it can never be discarded as long as our species survives, no matter how much wishful thinking we indulge in.

When a modern girl marries for wealth and/or status, malicious tongues are apt to say that she is prostituting herself, probably unaware how near the truth they are. For, let's not kid ourselves, that is exactly what she is doing and there is nothing unnatural or surprising about it. She is simply obeying a powerful female instinct shared by our cousins the gibbons and monkeys and baboons for many millions of years. We


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can no more suppress prostitution than we can any of our other inherited instincts.

G. N. Cleaver
Paris, France

Although the monkey business you describe is confirmed by specialists in Primate behavior, it is incorrect to declare that the human prostitute is "obeying a powerful female instinct" that is "part of our over-all inheritance from our furry ancestors." An instinct is a native or hereditary factor in behavior. Among the Primates, including humans, the raw sex drive itself is instinctive, but the trading of sex for favors is an acquired, not a hereditary, form of conduct. Dr. John Carpenter, of the Primate Laboratory and Research Center at the University of Wisconsin, explained to us that it is standard practice to consider any kind of animal behavior instinctive only if it cannot be explained in any other way. In the behavior described here, according to Dr. Carpenter, there are so many obvious rewards to be gained by the female—better food, escape from punishment, etc.—by offering herself to the male at appropriate times that there is every reason to believe that the behavior is learned.

Homosexuality has also been observed among the apes, but we can hardly reason from this that human homosexuals are obeying an ancient Primate instinct. Such an explanation would not account for nonhomosexual humans (and nonhomosexual apes). The same objection arises against your theory of prostitution. The form that the inherited sex drive takes depends on learning experience, and since man has the largest forebrain among the Primates, the role of learning is correspondingly that much greater in determining his sexual behavior.

We do agree, however, that prostitution will always exist among humans—but for reasons not related to genetics. As Benjamin and Masters point out in their authoritative "Prostitution and Morality," No punishment—not even torture or death—has ever banished the whore from human society. Most men, some of the time, and some men, most of the time, will find other sexual outlets unavailable or unsatisfactory and will seek prostitutes. And there will always be women, who from need or from greed, will answer the demand.

GOD IS DEAD

I am in substantial disagreement with the school of theologians who espouse the "death-of-God" theology and Christian atheism, but I was glad to see William Hamilton's article in the pages of PLAYBOY (August), because I believe it will prompt discussion among a broader spectrum than might be reached through Church publications or the more esoteric magazines. It should get people to talk about God and Hamilton's ideas, which I think is a good thing, no matter what side readers emerge on!

The Rev. Walter D. Dennis
The Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine
Cathedral Heights, New York

If those who think the "death-of-God" theology is a threat to religion would read Hamilton's article, they might find the movement to be a call for the renewal of religion rather than for its destruction.

To Unitarians there is nothing new about a sense of the sacred in life without God, nor of a focus of inspiration in the ethical teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. But for most Christian theologians this is new. I hope they can exercise the influence for good that is inherent in their position. However, the general popular reaction to Hamilton, Altizer and the rest inclines me to an uncharacteristic pessimism about their effect on Christianity.

Robert C. Palmer, Minister
First Unitarian Church
Nashville, Tennessee

I have trouble understanding the argument of the so-called "death-of-God" theologians, because I am not sure that we mean the same thing by "God." This semantic difficulty is perhaps at the root of much of the misunderstanding. Bishop John Robinson, in his book *Honest to God*, has urged that we drop the use of the word "God" for a few generations in order to rediscover its meaning. I heartily agree.

Charles B. Gompertz, Vicar
The Church in Ignacio
Novato, California

GOD IS DRUNK

I was pleased to see the Reverend William Hamilton's article on the death of God, but I am almost embarrassed to have to inform the good Reverend and all other unenlightened individuals that "death of God" is now a very "out" thing. I personally have conversed with the Deity and found out to my surprise that He is not dead at all: He is drunk. After this personal revelation, I felt sufficiently inspired to spread the truth in the form of a new religion called Inebredeism.

This new faith is not to be confused with Inebreism, another fervent religious group. It is not necessary to be an alcoholic to be an Inebredeist; it is, however, extremely helpful.

Unlike other faiths, Inebredeism is based on logic and concrete evidence. An Inebredeist is never asked to take anything on faith. Well, almost never. Proof is presented in the *Timov*, our holy book. "Observe the pimple! Is that the work of a sober deity? Contemplate the dandruff! Is that the result of a clearheaded Jehovah?"

John Parker
Gainesville, Florida

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE FETUS?

You keep giving abortion advocates like Patricia Maginnis space in your *Playboy Forum* (January), but I see little printed on the other side. I was the sole picket yesterday in La Jolla, California, when Miss Maginnis held one of her "do-it-yourself abortion classes" in the Quakers' meeting hall.

Although many representatives of the news media covered the affair and had announced it in advance, Miss Maginnis was not arrested. Advocating abortion is a felony, according to the California Penal Code. She admitted she was looking forward to a test case. To me, the penal code is in violation of our constitutional guarantee of free speech, but this is not what I was protesting. One of my picket signs read: I DEFEND TO THE DEATH: (1) YOUR RIGHT TO SPEAK; (2) THE EMBRYO'S RIGHT TO LIVE.

Other signs I carried read: EMBRYOS OF THE WORLD—HANG ON FOR DEAR LIFE—HERE COMES PAT MAGINNIS; also: PAT MAGINNIS: SUPPOSE YOUR MOTHER HAD BELIEVED IN ABORTION?

During the "class," one of these "liberals" defensively shouted: "A fetus is not a human being." At that instant, a small infant in its mother's arms let out a loud "Ahhhh!" That baby typifies my view, which is "*Who speaks for the fetus?*" Who consults it, asks its permission to intrude on its life? These abortion lovers continually avoid the basic issue. They believe life does not begin at conception; or if they concede that it does, they still judge that life to be worth removing! They have long explanations of how they want to solve all that embryo's problems in this "miserable" world before those problems have a chance to get started. How noble! Rather than act on the basis of overwhelming evidence, the way reasonable people act, they want to act on the basis of their belief and judgment. They are certain they have the right to assume the greatest responsibility in this world (one that many theologians will argue is not ours)—to create or to destroy life.

Miss Maginnis and her pals constantly dwell on the imperfect methods of illegal abortions and harp on nice, neat ways of doing the job. This reminds me of advocating "clean" H-bombs. What remarkable rationalizations and defense mechanisms these people will go through to avoid responsibility and to condone destruction. These irresponsible creeps are duplicating our *national* policy—intervention and violence. I'll fight them all the way, in the name of every embryo torn out of this world. In 1927, my mother rejected an abortion; so I'm here

(continued on page 144)

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ORSON WELLES

a candid conversation with the protean actor-writer-producer-director and falstaffian bon vivant

Our interviewer is England's eminent drama critic Kenneth Tynan, whom readers will remember as the author of previous PLAYBOY *interviews with Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole, as well as several trenchant* PLAYBOY *articles. Of this month's larger-than-life subject, Tynan writes:*

"The performing arts have now enjoyed the professional services of George Orson Welles for 35 years—ever since 1931, when he arrived at the Gate Theater in Dublin, passed himself off as a well-known actor from the New York Theater Guild and began playing leads at the age of 16. The previous year, just before graduating from a progressive boys' school in Woodstock, Illinois, he had put an ad in an American trade paper. It read, in part: 'ORSON WELLES—Stock, Characters, Heavies, Juveniles or as cast. . . . Lots of pep, experience and ability.' Already George Welles had begun to behave as if he were Orson Welles.

"He was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, in 1915. Both his parents were then approaching middle age. Through his mother—an aesthete, a beauty and a talented musician—he met Ravel and Stravinsky. Through his father—a globe-trotting gambler who loved star quality—he met numerous actors, magicians and circus performers. The milestones of Welles' career are dotted all over the landscape of show business in the middle decades of the 20th Century.

"He had only to train his sights on an art for it to capitulate. Theater fell first. Just 30 years ago, he directed a famous all-Negro 'Macbeth' in Harlem. Moving downtown, he launched the Mercury Theater with his modern-dress production of 'Julius Caesar,' in which Caesar was a bald-pated replica of Mussolini. Almost in passing, he conquered radio: Blood froze all over America when he celebrated Halloween in 1938 with a broadcast version of H. G. Wells' 'War of the Worlds.' The movie industry was the next to surrender. A quarter of a century has passed since the premiere of 'Citizen Kane,' Welles' first film; but Hollywood seismographs still record the tremors left by its impact. It gave the American cinema an adult vocabulary, and in a recent poll of international critics, it was voted the finest film ever made. 'The Magnificent Ambersons,' which followed in 1942, confirmed the arrival of a revolutionary virtuoso. In every art he touched, Welles started at the top. That was his triumph, and also his problem. Whenever his name appeared on anything less than a masterpiece, people instantly said he was slipping.

"During the past 20 years, living mainly in Europe, Welles has been a rogue elephant at large in most of the performing media. He may turn up in Morocco, filming 'Othello' on a frayed shoestring; in London, directing his own brilliant stage adaptation of 'Moby Dick'; in Paris, shooting Kafka's 'The Trial' in a derelict railway station; in Spain, making a still-unfinished movie of 'Don Quixote'; in Yugoslavia or Italy, hamming away for money in other people's bad epics; and even in Hollywood, where in 1958 he made a startling and underrated thriller called 'Touch of Evil.' You can never tell how or where he will manifest himself next. In the course of his career—apart from writing and directing films and plays, and acting in both—he has been a novelist, a painter, a ballet scenarist, a conjurer, a columnist, a television pundit and an amateur bullfighter. There's symbolic if not literal truth in the story about how he once addressed a thinly attended meeting of admirers with the words: 'Isn't it a shame that there are so many of me and so few of you?'

"He has grown fat spreading himself thin. A passive figure sculpted in foam rubber, he is preceded wherever he goes by his belly and an oversized cigar; and his presence is immediately signaled, even to the blind, by the Bacchic earthquake of his laughter. His first European base was a villa near Rome, but nowadays he lives with his Italian wife and their daughter Beatrice in an expensive suburb of Madrid. 'I used to be an American émigré in Italy,' he says. 'Now I'm an Italian émigré in Spain.' At 51, he has long since joined the select group of international celebrities whose fame is self-sustaining, no matter how widely opinions of their work may vary, and no matter how much the work itself may fluctuate in quality. (Other members of the club in recent times have been Chaplin, Ellington, Cocteau, Picasso and Hemingway.)

"My interview with him took place last spring in London. Welles was appearing with Peter Sellers and David

"The theater, like ballet and grand opera, is an anachronism. It still gives us joy and stimulation, but it isn't an institution that belongs to our times, and it cannot expect a long future."

"A lot of vices are secret, but not gluttony—it shows. It certainly shows on me. But I feel that it must be less deadly than the other sins. At least it celebrates some of the good things of life."

"It takes a big effort for me to persuade myself that anything bad I read about myself isn't true. I have a primitive respect for the printed word as it applies to me, especially if it's negative."

Niven in 'Casino Royale' [see last month's PLAYBOY*], the James Bond film that has everything but Sean Connery. Characteristically, Welles had insisted on living in a furnished apartment directly over the Mirabelle, one of the most expensive and arguably the best restaurant in London. Thus, he could be sure of gourmet room service. Empty caviar pots adorned every table. Imposingly swathed in the robes of a Buddhist priest, he sipped Dom Pérignon champagne and talked far into the night.*

"Shortly afterward, Welles took his Falstaff film, 'Chimes at Midnight' [released in the U. S. as "Falstaff"], to the Cannes Festival. Not all the critics were ecstatic; one said that Welles was the only actor who ever had to slim down to play Falstaff. But the jury reacted warmly; and so did the audience at the prize-giving ceremony, which began with the announcement of a special award to 'M. Orson Welles, for his contribution to world cinema.' Jeers and whistles greeted many of the other prizes; but for this one, everybody rose—avant-garde critics and commercial producers alike—and clapped with their hands held over their heads. The ovation lasted for minutes. Welles beamed and sweated on the stage of the Festival Palace, looking like a melting iceberg and occasionally tilting forward in something that approximated a bow.

"Later, at his hotel, he talked with me about his next production—'Treasure Island,' in which he would play Long John Silver. Then he would complete 'Don Quixote' and make a film of 'King Lear.' After that, there were plenty of other projects in hand. 'The bee,' he said happily, 'is always making honey.'"

PLAYBOY: You've been a celebrity now for 30 years. In all that time, what's the most accurate description anyone has given of you?

WELLES: I don't want *any* description of me to be accurate; I want it to be flattering. I don't think people who have to sing for their supper ever like to be described truthfully—not in print, anyway. We need to sell tickets, so we need good reviews.

PLAYBOY: In private conversation, what's the pleasantest thing you ever heard about yourself?

WELLES: Roosevelt saying that I would have been a great politician. Barrymore saying that Chaplin and myself were the two finest living actors. I don't mean that I *believe* those things, but you used the word "pleasant." What I really enjoy is flattery in the suburbs of my work—about things I'm not mainly or even professionally occupied with. When an old bullfighter tells me I'm one of the few people who understand the bulls, or when a magician says I'm a good magician, that tickles the ego without having anything to do with the box office.

PLAYBOY: Of all the comments, written or spoken, that have been made about you, which has displeased you the most?

WELLES: Nothing spoken. It's only written things I mind—for example, everything Walter Kerr ever wrote about me. It takes a big effort for me to persuade myself that anything bad I read about myself isn't true. I have a primitive respect for the printed word as it applies to me, especially if it's negative. I can remember being described in Denver, when I was playing Marchbanks in *Candida* at the age of 18, as "a sea cow whining in a basso profundo." That was more than 30 years ago, and I can still quote the review verbatim. I can never remember the good ones. Probably the bad ones hurt so much and so morbidly because I've run the store so long. I've been an actor-manager in radio, films and the theater; and in a very immediate way, I've been economically dependent on what's written about me, so that I worry about how much it's going to affect the gross. Or maybe that's just a justification for hypersensitivity.

PLAYBOY: Talking about critics, you once complained: "They don't review my work, they review *me*." Do you feel that's still true?

WELLES: Yes—but I suppose I shouldn't kick about it. I earn a good living and get a lot of work because of this ridiculous myth about me. But the price of it is that when I try to do something serious, something I care about, a great many critics don't review that particular work, but me in general. They write their standard Welles piece. It's either the good piece or the bad piece, but they're both fairly standard.

PLAYBOY: In an era of increasing specialization, you've expressed yourself in almost every artistic medium. Have you never wanted to specialize?

WELLES: No. I can't imagine limiting myself. It's a great shame that we live in an age of specialists, and I think we give them too much respect. I've known four or five great doctors in my life, and they have always told me that medicine is still in a primitive state and that they know hardly anything about it. I've known only one great cameraman—Gregg Toland, who photographed *Citizen Kane*. He said he could teach me everything about the camera in four hours—and he did. I don't believe the specialist is all that our epoch cracks him up to be.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible nowadays to be a Renaissance man—someone who's equally at home in the arts and the sciences?

WELLES: It's possible and it's also necessary, because the big problem ahead of us today is synthesis. We have to get all these scattered things together and make sense of them. The wildest kind of lunacy is to go wandering up some single street. It's better not only for the individual but for society that our personal horizons should be as wide as possible. What a normally intelligent person can't learn—if he's genuinely alive and honestly curious—isn't really worth learning. For instance, besides knowing something about Elizabethan drama, I think I could also make a stab at explaining the basic principles of nuclear fission—a fair enough stab to be living in the world today. I don't just say: "That's a mystery that ought to be left to the scientists." Of course, I don't mean that I'm ready to accept a key post in national defense.

PLAYBOY: Since World War Two, you've lived and worked mostly outside the United States. Would you call yourself an expatriate?

WELLES: I don't like that word. Since childhood, I've always regarded myself as an American who happens to live all over the place. "Expatriate" is a dated word that relates to a particular 1920ish generation and to a romantic attitude about living abroad. I'm prejudiced against the word rather than the fact. I might very well cease to be an American citizen someday, but simply because, if you're forming a production company in Europe, it's economically helpful to be a European. I'm not young enough to bear arms for my country, so why shouldn't I live where I like and where I get the most work? After all, London is full of Hungarians and Germans and Frenchmen, and America is full of *everybody*—and *they* aren't called expatriates.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it true that you chose to live in Europe because the U. S. Government refused to allow you tax deductions on the losses you suffered in your 1946 Broadway production of *Around the World in Eighty Days*?

WELLES: My tax problems began at that time, but that wasn't why I went to Europe. I spent many of these years in Europe paying the Government back all that money I lost, which they wouldn't let me write off as a loss because of some bad bookkeeping. I like living in Europe; I'm not a refugee.

PLAYBOY: You aren't a Catholic, yet you decided to live in two intensely Catholic countries—first Italy and now Spain. Why?

WELLES: This has nothing to do with religion. The Mediterranean culture is more generous, less guilt-ridden. Any society that exists without natural gaiety, without some sense of ease in the presence of death, is one in which I am not immensely comfortable. I don't condemn that very northern, very Protestant world of artists like Ingmar Bergman; it's just not where I live. The Sweden I like to visit is a lot of fun. But Bergman's Sweden always reminds me of something Henry James said about Ibsen's Norway—that it was full of "the odor of spiritual paraffin." How I sympathize with that!

PLAYBOY: If you could have picked any country and period in which to be born, would you have chosen America in 1915?

WELLES: It wouldn't have been all that low on my list, but anyone in their senses

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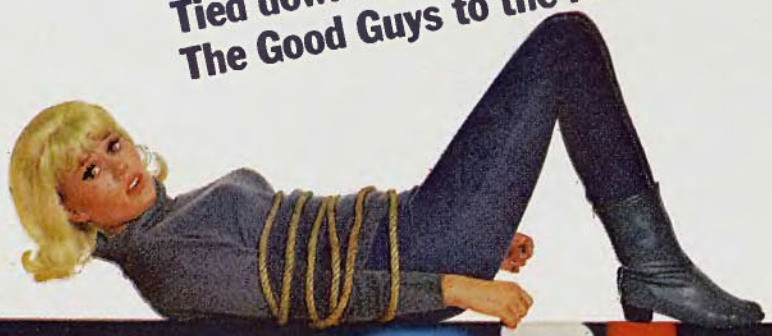

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would have wanted to live in the golden age of Greece, in 15th Century Italy or Elizabethan England. And there were other golden ages. Persia had one and China had four or five. Ours is an extraordinary age, but it doesn't even look very silver to me. I think I might have been happier and more fulfilled in other periods and places—including America at about the time when we started putting up roofs instead of tents.

PLAYBOY: Are there any figures in American history you identify with?

WELLES: Like most Americans, I wish I had some Lincoln in me; but I don't. I can't imagine myself being capable of any such goodness or compassion. I guess the only great American whose role I might conceivably have occupied is Tom Paine. He was a radical, a true independent—not in the comfortable, present-day liberal sense, but in the good, tough sense that he was prepared to go to jail for it. It's been my luck, good or bad, not to have been faced with that choice.

PLAYBOY: Your parents separated when you were six, but you traveled widely with your mother, who died two years later. You then went around the world with your father, who died when you were fifteen. What places do you remember most vividly from this early globe-trotting period?

WELLES: Berlin had about three good years, from 1926 onward, and so did Chicago about the same time. But the best cities were certainly Budapest and Peking. They had the best talk and the most action right up to the end. But I can't forget a party I attended somewhere in the Tyrol some time in the mid-Twenties. I was on a walking tour with several other little boys, and our tutor took us to eat at a big open-air beer garden. We sat at a long table with a lot of Nazis, who were then a little-known bunch of cranks, and I was placed next to a small man with a very dim personality. He made no impression on me at the time, but later, when I saw his pictures, I realized that I had lunched with Adolf Hitler.

PLAYBOY: In many of the films you've written and directed, the hero has no father. We know nothing about Citizen Kane's father; and George, in *The Magnificent Ambersons*, ruins the life of his widowed mother by forbidding her to remarry. In your latest film, *Falstaff*, the hero is Prince Hal, whose legitimate father, Henry IV of England, is a murderous usurper; but his spiritual father, whom you play yourself——

WELLES: Is Falstaff.

PLAYBOY: Right. Does this attitude toward fathers reflect anything in your own life?

WELLES: I don't think so. I had a father whom I remember as enormously likable and attractive. He was a gambler, and a playboy who may have been getting a bit old for it when I knew him, but he was a marvelous fellow, and it was a great sorrow to me when he died. No, a story interests me on its own merits, not because it's autobiographical. The Falstaff story is the best in Shakespeare—not the best play, but the best story. The richness of the triangle between the father and Falstaff and the son is without parallel; it's a complete Shakespearean creation. The other plays are good stories borrowed from other sources and made great because of what Shakespeare breathed into them. But there's nothing in the medieval chronicles that even hints at the Falstaff-Hal-King story. That's Shakespeare's story, and Falstaff is entirely his creation. He's the only great character in dramatic literature who is also good.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with W. H. Auden, who once likened him to a Christ figure?

WELLES: I won't argue with that, although my flesh always creeps when people use the word "Christ." I think Falstaff is like a Christmas tree decorated with vices. The tree itself is total innocence and love. By contrast, the king is decorated only with kingliness. He's a pure Machiavellian. And there's something beady-eyed and self-regarding about his son—even when he reaches his apotheosis as Henry V.

PLAYBOY: Do you think *Falstaff* is likely to outrage Shakespeare lovers?

WELLES: Well, I've always edited Shakespeare, and my other Shakespearean films have suffered critically for just that reason. God knows what will happen with this one. In the case of *Macbeth* or *Othello*, I tried to make a single play into a filmscript. In *Falstaff*, I've taken five plays—*Richard II*, the two parts of *Henry IV*, *Henry V* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—and turned them into an entertainment lasting less than two hours. Naturally, I'm going to offend the kind of Shakespeare lover whose main concern is the sacredness of the text. But with people who are willing to concede that movies are a separate art form, I have some hopes of success. After all, when Verdi wrote *Falstaff* and *Otello*, nobody criticized *him* for radically changing Shakespeare. Larry Olivier has made fine Shakespearean movies that are essentially filmed Shakespearean plays; I use Shakespeare's words and characters to make motion pictures. They are variations on his themes. In *Falstaff*, I've gone much further than ever before, but not willfully, not for the fun of chopping and dabbling. If you see the history plays night after night in the theater, you discover a continuing story about a delinquent prince who turns into a great military captain, a usurping king, and Falstaff, the prince's spiritual father, who is a kind of secular saint. It finally culminates in the rejection of Falstaff by the prince. My film is entirely true to that story, although it sacrifices great parts of the plays from which the story is mined.

PLAYBOY: Does the film have a "message"?

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WELLES: It laments the death of chivalry and the rejection of merry England. Even in Shakespeare's day, the old England of the greenwood and Maytime was already a myth, but a very real one. The rejection of Falstaff by the prince means the rejection of that England by a new kind of England that Shakespeare deplored—an England that ended up as the British Empire. The main change is no excuse for the betrayal of a friendship. It's the liberation of that story that justifies my surgical approach to the text.

PLAYBOY: May we check on a few of the popular rumors about you? It's been said that your pictures always go over the budget. True or false?

WELLES: False. I'm not an overspender, though I've sometimes been a delayed earner. *Citizen Kane*, for instance, cost about $850,000. I've no idea how much profit it's made by now, but it must be plenty. That profit took time, and it didn't go to me. All the pictures I've directed have been made within their budgets. The only exception was a documentary about South America that I started in 1942, just after I finished shooting *The Magnificent Ambersons*. I was asked to do it by the Government for no salary but with $1,000,000 to spend. But it was the studio's money, not the Government's, and the studio fired me when I'd spent $600,000, on the basis that I was throwing money away. This is when the legend started. The studio spent a lot of dough and a lot of manpower putting it into circulation.

PLAYBOY: Another prevalent rumor is that you have the power of clairvoyance. Is that true?

WELLES: Well, if it exists, I sure as hell have it; if it doesn't exist, I have the thing that's mistaken for it. I've told people their futures in a terrifying way sometimes—and please understand that I hate fortunetelling. It's meddlesome, dangerous and a mockery of free will—the most important doctrine man has invented. But I was a fortuneteller once in Kansas City, when I was playing a week's stand there in the theater. As a part-time magician, I'd met a lot of semimagician racketeers and learned the tricks of the professional seers. I took an apartment in a cheap district and put up a sign—$2 READINGS—and every day I went there, put on a turban and told fortunes. At first I used what are called "cold readings"; that's a technical term for things you say to people that are bound to impress them and put them off their guard, so that they start telling you things about themselves. A typical cold reading is to say that you have a scar on your knee. Everybody has a scar on their knee, because everybody fell down as a child. Another one is to say that a big change took place in your attitude toward life between the ages of 12 and 14. But in the last two or three days, I stopped doing the tricks and just talked. A woman came in wearing a bright dress. As soon as she sat down, I said, "You've just lost your husband"; and she burst into tears. I believe that I saw and deduced things that my conscious mind did not record. But consciously, I just said the first thing that came into my head, and it was true. So I was well on the way to contracting the fortuneteller's occupational disease, which is to start believing in yourself; to become what they call a "shut-eye." And that's dangerous.

PLAYBOY: A third charge often leveled against you is that you dissipate too much energy in talk. The English critic Cyril Connolly once said that conversation, for an artist, was "a ceremony of self-wastage." Does that phrase give you a pang?

WELLES: No, but it reminds me of Thornton Wilder and his theory of "capsule conversations." He used to say to me: "You must stop wasting your energy, Orson. You must do what I do—have capsule conversations." Just as a comic can do three minutes of his mother-in-law, Thornton could do three minutes on Gertrude Stein or Lope de Vega. That's how he saved his energy. But I don't believe that you have more energy if you save it. It isn't a priceless juice that has to be kept in a secret bottle. We're social animals, and good conversation—not just parroting slogans and vogue words—is an essential part of good living. It doesn't behoove any artist to regard what he has to offer as something so valuable that not a second of it should be frittered away in talking to his chums.

PLAYBOY: It's also been said that you spend too much time in the company of ski bums and pretenders to Middle European thrones. Do you agree?

WELLES: I don't know many people in either of those categories. Those that I do know are all right, but they're certainly not my constant companions. However, I have nothing against being known as a friend of *any* sort of person.

PLAYBOY: A good deal of space and veneration is lavished on you in such avant-garde movie magazines as *Cahiers du Cinéma*. What do you think of the New Wave French directors so admired by these journals?

WELLES: I'm longing to see their work! I've missed most of it because I'm afraid it might inhibit my own. When I make a picture, I don't like it to refer to other pictures; I like to think I'm inventing everything for the first time. I talk to *Cahiers du Cinéma* about movies in general because I'm so pleased that they like mine. When they want long highbrow interviews, I haven't the heart to refuse them. But it's a complete act. I'm a fraud: I even talk about "the art of the cinema." I wouldn't talk to my friends about the art of the cinema—I'd rather be caught without my pants in the middle of Times Square.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the films of Antonioni?

WELLES: According to a young American critic, one of the great discoveries of our age is the value of boredom as an artistic subject. If that is so, Antonioni deserves to be counted as a pioneer and founding father. His movies are perfect backgrounds for fashion models. Maybe there aren't backgrounds that good in *Vogue*, but there ought to be. They ought to get Antonioni to design them.

PLAYBOY: And what about Fellini?

WELLES: He's as gifted as anyone making pictures today. His limitation—which is also the source of his charm—is that he's fundamentally very provincial. His films are a small-town boy's dream of the big city. His sophistication works because it's the creation of someone who doesn't have it. But he shows dangerous signs of being a superlative artist with little to say.

PLAYBOY: Ingmar Bergman?

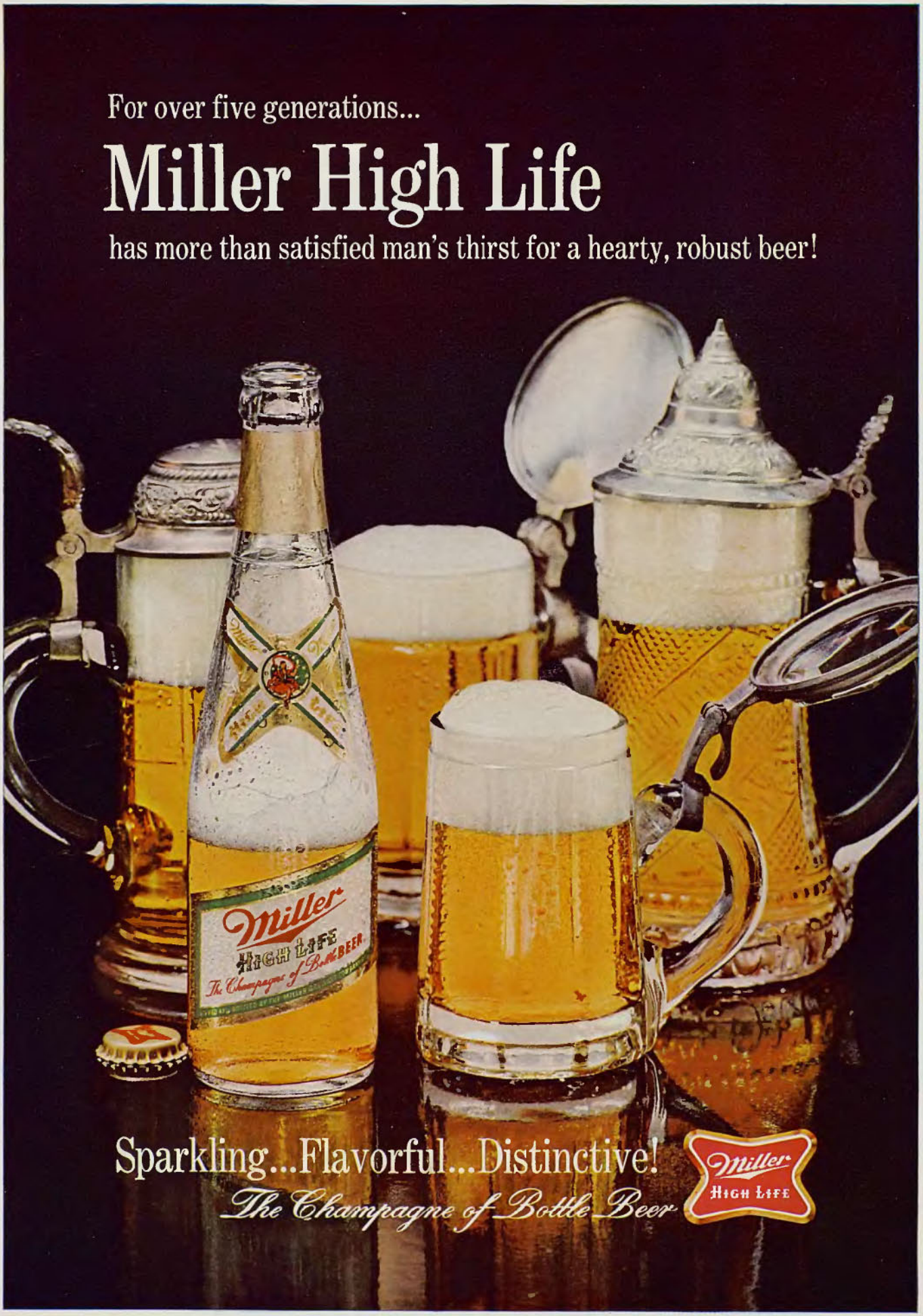
WELLES: As I suggested a while ago, I share neither his interests nor his obsessions. He's far more foreign to me than the Japanese.

PLAYBOY: How about contemporary American directors?

WELLES: Stanley Kubrick and Richard Lester are the only ones that appeal to me—except for the old masters. By which I mean John Ford, John Ford and John Ford. I don't regard Alfred Hitchcock as an American director, though he's worked in Hollywood for all these years. He seems to me tremendously English in the best Edgar Wallace tradition, and no more. There's always something anecdotal about his work; his contrivances remain contrivances, no matter how marvelously they're conceived and executed. I don't honestly believe that Hitchcock is a director whose pictures will be of any interest a hundred years from now. With Ford at his best, you feel that the movie has lived and breathed in a real world, even though it may have been written by Mother Machree. With Hitchcock, it's a world of spooks.

PLAYBOY: When you first went to Hollywood in 1940, the big studios were still omnipotent. Do you think you'd have fared better if you'd arrived 20 years later, in the era of independent productions?

WELLES: The very opposite. Hollywood died on me as soon as I got there. I wish to God I'd gone there sooner. It was the rise of the independents that was my ruin as a director. The old studio bosses—Jack Warner, Sam Goldwyn, Darryl Zanuck, Harry Cohn—were all friends, or friendly enemies I knew how to deal with. They all offered me work. Louis B. Mayer even wanted me to be the production chief of his studio—the job Dore Schary took. I was in great shape with those boys. The minute the independents got in, I never directed another American picture except by accident. If I'd gone to Hollywood in the last five



years, virgin and unknown, I could have written my own ticket. But I'm not a virgin; I drag my myth around with me, and I've had much more trouble with the independents than I ever had with the big studios. I was a maverick, but the studios understood what that meant, and if there was a fight, we both enjoyed it. With an annual output of 40 pictures per studio, there would probably be room for one Orson Welles picture. But an independent is a fellow whose work is centered around his own particular gifts. In that setup, there's no place for me.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible to learn how to direct movies?

WELLES: Oh, the various technical jobs can be taught, just as you can teach the principles of grammar and rhetoric. But you can't teach writing, and directing a picture is very much like writing, except that it involves 300 people and a great many more skills. A director has to function like a commander in the field in time of battle. You need the same ability to inspire, terrify, encourage, reinforce and generally dominate. So it's partly a question of personality, which isn't so easy to acquire as a skill.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it would help if there were a Federally subsidized film school in the United States?

WELLES: If they *made* movies instead of *talking* about making movies, and if all classes on theory were rigorously forbidden, I could imagine a film school being very valuable, indeed.

PLAYBOY: Do you think movie production ought to be aided by public money, as it is in many European countries?

WELLES: If it is true—and I believe it is—that the theater and opera and music should be subsidized by the state, then it's equally true of the cinema, only more so. Films are more potent socially and have more to do with this particular moment in world history. The biggest money should go to the cinema. It needs more and has more to say.

PLAYBOY: What do you see as the next development in the cinema?

WELLES: I hope it *does* develop, that's all. There hasn't been any major revolution in films in more than 20 years, and without a revolution, stagnation sets in and decay is just around the corner. I hope some brand-new kind of moviemaking will arise. But before that happens, some form of making films more cheaply and showing them more cheaply will have to be evolved. Otherwise, the big revolution won't take place and the film artist will never be free.

PLAYBOY: Given world-wide distribution, do you think any film could change the course of history?

WELLES: Yes. And it might be a very bad film.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn to the theater. Five years ago you said, "London is the actor's city, Paris is the playwright's city and New York is the director's city." Do you still agree with that judgment?

WELLES: Today, I'd say that New York is David Merrick's city. Paris has ceased to be interesting at all as far as theater is concerned. London is still the great place for actors—but not for actresses. The English theater is a man's world. "London is a man's town, there's power in the air; And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair." I don't know who wrote that terrible old poem, but it continues to be true. Nobody in England writes great parts for women.

PLAYBOY: Have you any unfulfilled theatrical ambitions?

WELLES: I'd like to run a theater school, but not—and it makes me very sad to say this—not in America. Especially not in New York. Two generations of American actors have been so besotted by the Method that they have a built-in resistance to any other approach to theater. I don't want to drive the Method out of New York, but I wish it would move over and leave room for a few other ideas about acting. The last time I tried to work in New York, I found no one who wasn't touched by it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think American actors are equipped to play the classics?

WELLES: They should be, but they're less able to than they were when we were running the Mercury Theater around a quarter of a century ago. Part of the reason is that New York was a much more cosmopolitan city in those days. We were still within speaking distance of the age when it was called the melting pot. People were still first- and second-generation Europeans, and there was a genuine internationalism that did not come from the mass media. It just came from Uncle Joe having been born in a Warsaw suburb, and there were foreign-language theaters and I don't know how many foreign-language newspapers. All this gave a fertilizing richness to the earth that has now gone. New York has become much more standardized. Nowadays it's a sort of premixed manhattan cocktail, with a jigger of Irishness, Jewishness, WASP, and so forth. And that's your modern New Yorker, no matter where his grandfather came from. He may be just as nice a guy, but he isn't as various.

PLAYBOY: Have you any predictions about the future of the theater in general?

WELLES: I believe that the theater, like ballet and grand opera, is already an anachronism. It still gives us joy and stimulation; it still offers the artist a chance to do important work—qualitatively, perhaps, work as good as has ever been done. But it isn't an institution that belongs to our times, and it cannot expect a long future. It's not true that we've always had the theater. That's a dream. We've had it for only a few periods of history, no matter what its partisans say to the contrary. And the theater as we know it is now in its last stages.

PLAYBOY: Looking back on your career in

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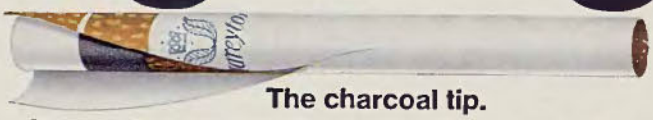

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the performing arts, do you ever regret that you didn't go into politics?

WELLES: Sometimes very bitterly. There was a time when I considered running as a junior Senator from Wisconsin; my opponent would have been a fellow called Joe McCarthy. If you feel that you might have been useful and effective in public office, you can't help being disappointed in yourself for never having tried it. And I flatter myself that I might have been. I think I am—at least potentially—a better public speaker than an actor, and I might have been able to reach people, to move and convince them. Oratory today is an almost nonexistent art, but if we lived in a society where rhetoric was seriously considered as an art—as it has been at many periods in world history—then I would have been an orator.

PLAYBOY: What are your politics—and have they changed in the last 25 years?

WELLES: Everyone's politics have changed in the last 25 years. You can't have a political opinion in a vacuum; it has to be a reaction to a situation. I've always been an independent radical, but with wide streaks of emotional and cultural old-fashionedness. I have enormous respect for many human institutions that are now in serious decay and likely never to be revived. Although I'm what is called a progressive, it isn't out of dislike for the past. I don't reject our yesterdays. I wish that parts of our dead past were more alive. If I'm capable of originality, it's not because I want to knock down idols or be ahead of the times. If there's anything rigid about me, it's a distaste for being in vogue. I would much rather be thought old-fashioned than "with it." But in general, I still belong to the liberal leftist world as it exists in the West. I vote that way and stand with those people. We may disagree on one issue or another, but that is where I belong.

PLAYBOY: Where do you stand on the Vietnam war?

WELLES: There's a newspaper in front of me right now that says that, according to a poll, popular support for Johnson's Vietnam program is going down. By the time this appears in print, anything I say will probably be shared by many more people. America doesn't have a history of losing wars and it has only a few bad wars on its conscience; this is one of them.

PLAYBOY: You've met many of the great men and women of your time. Is there any living person you'd still like to meet?

WELLES: Mrs. Sukarno, for obvious reasons, and Chou En-lai, mostly out of curiosity—I don't know if he'd be as interesting now as I always heard he used to be. He might be old and stiff and sad. I wish I'd known George Marshall, Winston Churchill and Wilson Mizner [an early–20th Century American playwright] better than I did. I never knew Pope John and that's a real regret. And although it may sound a little demagogic, I'd love to talk to an old lady named Elizabeth Allen; she's English, she's been living in a tin hut in a forest for about 80 years and she makes the most beautiful pictures you ever saw out of rags. She's just had her first exhibition in London and she is superlative. But above everybody else, I'd like to meet Robert Graves. Not only because I think he's the greatest living poet, but because he has given me through the years the kind of pleasure that you get from close friends. I'd like to have some more of that stuff, only firsthand.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone, living or dead, with whom you'd like to change places?

WELLES: If you've had as much luck as I have, it would be a sort of treachery to want to be anyone but yourself.

PLAYBOY: What is your major vice?

WELLES: *Accidia*—the medieval Latin word for melancholy, and sloth. I don't give way to it for long, but it still comes lurching at me out of the shadows. I have most of the accepted sins—envy, perhaps, the least of all. And pride. I'm not sure that is a sin; it's the only place where I quarrel with the Christian list. If it's a virtue, I don't recognize much of it in myself; the same is true if it's a vice.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider gluttony a bad vice?

WELLES: All vice is bad. A lot of vices are secret, but not gluttony—it shows. It certainly shows on me. But I feel that gluttony must be a good deal less deadly than some of the other sins. Because it's affirmative, isn't it? At least it celebrates some of the good things of life. Gluttony may be a sin, but an awful lot of fun goes into committing it. On the other hand, it's wrong for a man to make a mess of himself. I'm fat, and people shouldn't be fat.

PLAYBOY: What is your attitude toward pornography and the literary use of four-letter words?

WELLES: Four-letter words are useful tools, but when they cease to be more or less forbidden, they lose their cutting edge. When we wish to shock, we must have something left in our verbal quiver that will actually do the job. As for pornography, I don't agree with the present permissiveness in publishing it. By this I don't mean *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—the sort of book about physical love that used to be banned. I mean hard-core pornography—the blue novel and the blue movie. The difference is quite clear; it becomes blurred only when you have to testify in a court. We all know perfectly well what we mean by what the French call *cochon*. It's not only piggish but lonely. Hard-core pornography may begin as a fairly benign sexual stimulant, but it ends up pretty vicious and sick. Then it isn't a harmless release for that which is sick in us; it excites and encourages the sickness, particularly in young people who have yet to learn about sex in terms of love and shared joy. The sexual habits of consenting adults are their own business. It's the secondhandedness of the printed thing that I don't like; not the fact that people *do* it, but that other people sit alone and read about it.

PLAYBOY: If the decision were yours, would you censor anything in films or the theater?

WELLES: I am so opposed to censorship that I must answer no—nothing. But if there were no censorship, I have a little list of the things I would prefer not to have shown. Not too often, anyway. Heavy spice isn't good for the palate; and in the theater and films, when there's too much license, what is merely raw tends to crowd out almost everything else, and our dramatic vocabulary is impoverished. If you show the act of copulation every time you do a love scene, both the producers and the public get to feel that no other kind of love scene is worth doing, and that the only variations on the theme are variations of physical position. No, artists should not be censored, but I do think they should restrain themselves, in order not to weaken the language of their art. Take the old Roman comedies: Once you bring out those great leather phalluses, you get so there isn't any other sort of joke you can do. It's the same with violence, or any theatrical extreme. If it's pushed too far, it tends to erode the middle register of human feeling. However, propaganda against any kind of loving human relationship is despicable and probably ought to be censored.

PLAYBOY: But how do you reconcile that with——

WELLES: For 30 years people have been asking me how I reconcile X with Y! The truthful answer is that I don't. Everything about me is a contradiction, and so is everything about everybody I know. We are made out of oppositions; we live between two poles. There's a Philistine and an aesthete in all of us, and a murderer and a saint. You don't reconcile the poles. You just recognize them.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a religious upbringing?

WELLES: Quite the contrary. My mother was born a Catholic but then became a student of Oriental religions, in which she later lost interest. She taught me to read the Bible as a wonderful piece of literature. My father was a total agnostic, and Dr. Bernstein—the guardian who looked after me when my parents died—always made fun of the Bible stories. That shocked me as a child. I have a natural sense of veneration for what man has aspired to beyond himself, in East or West. It comes easily and instinctively to me to feel reverence rather than a gleeful skepticism. I read the mystics, though I'm not a mystic myself.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in God?

WELLES: My feelings on that subject are a constant interior dialog that I haven't sufficiently resolved to be sure that I

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have anything worth communicating to people I don't know. I may not be a believer, but I'm certainly religious. In a strange way, I even accept the divinity of Christ. The accumulation of faith creates its own veracity. It does this in a sort of Jungian sense, because it's been made true in a way that's almost as real as life. If you ask me whether the rabbi who was crucified was God, the answer is no. But the great, irresistible thing about the Judaeo-Christian idea is that man—no matter what his ancestry, no matter how close he is to any murderous ape—really is unique. If we are capable of unselfishly loving one another, we are absolutely alone, as a species, on this planet. There isn't another animal that remotely resembles us. The notion of Christ's divinity is a way of saying that. That's why the myth is true. In the highest tragic sense, it dramatizes the idea that man is divine.

PLAYBOY: Does your idealization of man apply equally to woman? Are there any limitations on what a woman can achieve?

WELLES: No. There's a limitation on what she is *likely* to do, but not on what she *can* do. Women have managed to do everything; but the likelihood that they're going to do it often is statistically small. It's improbable that they will ever be as numerous as men in the arts. I believe that if there had never been men, there would never have been art—but if there had never been women, men would never have made art.

PLAYBOY: Whom would you choose as a model of the way men ought to behave toward women?

WELLES: Robert Graves. In other words, total adoration. Mine is less total than it ought to be. I'm crazy about the girls, but I do like to sit around the port with the boys. I recognize in myself that old-fashioned Edwardian tendency—shared by many other societies in other epochs—to let the ladies leave us for a while after dinner, so the men can talk. We'll join them later. I've talked endlessly to women for sexual purposes—years of my life have been given up to it. But women usually depress or dominate a conversation to its detriment—though, of course, there are brilliant and unnerving exceptions. In a sense, every woman is an exception. It's the generality that makes a male chauvinist like me.

PLAYBOY: In the opinion of some, the frontiers of art—and reality—may soon be pushed back by the use of hallucinogenic drugs. What do you think about these so-called aids to perception?

WELLES: The use of drugs is a perverse expression of individualism, antisocial and life-denying. It's all part of a great reaction—especially in the West—against the inevitably collective nature of society in the future. Let me put it discursively. European women are painting their eyelids to look Chinese. Japanese women are having operations to look American; white people are getting sun-tanned and Negroes are having their hair dekinked. We are trying to become as much like one another as possible. And with this great mass movement—which is both good and bad, both a denial of cultural heritage and an affirmation of human solidarity—there goes a retreat from the crowd into one's lonely self. And that's what this drug business is all about. It isn't an assertion of individuality; it's a substitute for it. It's not an attempt to be different when everyone else is becoming more alike; it's a way of copping out. And that's the worst thing you can do. I much prefer people who rock the boat to people who jump out.

PLAYBOY: If art is an expression of protest, as some philosophers have felt, do you think it's possible that in an automated world of abundance, devoid of frustrations and pressures, nobody would feel compelled to create art?

WELLES: I don't believe that, even in a perfect oyster shell, there will never be another grain of sand, and therefore never another pearl. And I don't accept that art is necessarily based on unhappiness. It's often serene and joyous and a kind of celebration. That isn't to deny the vast body of work that has been created in conditions of spiritual and economic wretchedness and even torment, but I see no reason to think that culture will be poorer because people are happier.

PLAYBOY: Some critics assert that modern art can be produced by accident—as in action painting, aleatory music and theatrical Happenings. Do you think it's possible to create a work of art without intending to?

WELLES: Categorically no. You may create something that will give some of the pleasures and emotions that a work of art may give, just as a microscopic study of a snowflake or a tapeworm or a cancer cell may be a beautiful object. But a work of art is a conscious human effort that has to do with communication. It is that or it is nothing. When an accident is applauded as a work of art, when a cult grows up around the deliciousness of inadvertent beauty, we are in the presence of the greatest decadence the West has known in its history.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those modern artists who say: "I don't care what happens to my work tomorrow—it's only meant for today"?

WELLES: No, because an artist shouldn't care what happens today, either. To care about today to the exclusion of any other time, to be self-consciously contemporary, is to be absurdly parochial. That's what is wrong about the artist's association with the huckster. Today has been canonized, beatified. But today is just one day in the history of our planet. It's the be-all and the end-all only for somebody who is selling something.

PLAYBOY: What effect do you feel the advertising industry is having on artists—on writers as well as painters and designers?

WELLES: The advertisers are having a disastrous effect on every art they touch. They are not only seducing the artist, they are drafting him. They are not only drawing on him, they are sucking the soul out of him. And the artist has gone over to the advertiser far more than he ever did to the merchant. The classic enemy of art has always been the market place. There you find the merchant and the charlatan—the man with goods to sell and the man with the snake oil. In the old days you had merchant princes, ex-pushcart peddlers turned into Hollywood moguls, but by and large honest salesmen, trying to give the public what they believed was good—even if it wasn't—and not seriously invading the artist's life unless the artist was willing to make that concession. But now we're in the hands of the snake-oil boys. Among the advertisers, you find artists who have betrayed their kind and are busy getting their brethren hooked on the same drug. The advertising profession is largely made up of unfrocked poets, disappointed novelists, frustrated actors and unsuccessful producers with split-level homes. They've somehow managed to pervade the whole universe of art, so that the artist himself now thinks and functions as an advertising man. He makes expendable objects, deals in the immediate gut kick, revels in the lack of true content. He paints a soup can and calls it art. A can of soup, well enough designed, could be a work of art; but a painting of it, never.

PLAYBOY: Have you any theories about what will happen to you after death?

WELLES: I don't know about my soul, but my body will be sent to the White House. American passports ask you to state the name and address of the person to whom your remains should be delivered in the event of your death. I discovered many years ago that there is no law against putting down the name and address of the President. This has a powerful effect on the borders of many countries and acts as a sort of diplomatic visa. During the long Eisenhower years, I would almost have been willing to die, in order to have my coffin turn up some evening in front of his television set.

PLAYBOY: How would you like the world to remember you?

WELLES: I've set myself against being concerned with any more worldly success than I need to function with. That's an honest statement and not a piece of attitudinizing. Up to a point, I have to be successful in order to operate. But I think it's corrupting to care about success; and nothing could be more vulgar than to worry about posterity.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A seeker of contemporary ideas and information, the PLAYBOY reader understands the pleasure in both fiction and fact. And his enjoyment of good books is surpassed only by his appreciation of feminine good looks. Facts: PLAYBOY readers purchased nearly 2,000,000 hardcover books within the last month—23,000,000 within the last year. Want to broaden your sales scope? Use *his* magazine—PLAYBOY. It carries the best authors of the day. Advertisers, too. (Source: *1966 Starch.*)

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ILLUSTRATION BY JOE ISOM

fiction By RAY RUSSELL

I'M A BLOODHOUND. Ask anyone who knows me and they'll tell you I'm a meticulous researcher, an untiring zealot, a ruthless bloodhound when pursuing facts. I'm not a professional musician, granted; not even a gifted amateur; but my fondness for music can't be disputed and my personal fund of musical and musicological knowledge happens to be huge. All the more remarkable (wouldn't you say?) that no catalog, no concert program, no newspaper file, no encyclopedia, no dictionary, no memoir, no interview, no history of music, no grave marker has rewarded my efforts by surrendering the name V. I. Cholodenko.

Such a person, it would seem, never existed. Or, if he did exist, became an Orwellian unperson

COMET WINE

did the heavenly wanderer for which it was named imbue it with astral powers?

who was whisked from this world as completely as were Ambrose Bierce, Judge Crater, or the passengers and crew of the Marie Celeste. I'm well aware of the transliteration problems regarding Russian names, and I've doggedly searched under the spellings Tcholodenko, Tscholodenko, Shcholodenko and even Zholodenko, but to no avail. True, I haven't had access to archives within the Soviet Union (my letters to Shostakovich and Khachaturian appear to have gone astray), but I've queried Russian musicians on tour in the United States, and to none of them is it a familiar name.

Its exclusive appearance is in a ribbon-tied bunch of old letters, crisp and desiccated, purchased last year by me, along with items of furniture and art, at a private auction of the effects of the late Beverly Hills attorney Francis Cargrave. They had belonged to his grandfather, Sir Robert Cargrave, an eminent London physician, to whom they are addressed, and all were written, in elegant if somewhat epicene prose, by Lord Henry Stanton, a fashionable beau and minor poet of the period.

The curiosity, the enigma, lies in the fact that all the people mentioned in the three pertinent letters are real people, who lived, whose names and achievements are well-known—all, that is, but the name and achievements of Cholodenko. Even the briefly mentioned Colonel Spalding existed, as will be noted later. Down to the most insignificant details—such as the color of his

famous host's eyeglasses—Lord Stanton's letters can be substantiated (the only exceptions, again, being the references to the elusive Cholodenko).

Is the man a fabrication? Was Stanton the perpetrator of an elaborate hoax? If so, I can't in all honesty understand why. The letters were written to his closest friend, a presumably sober pillar of the medical profession and knight of the British Empire. Both men were no longer youngsters, and undergraduate pranks strike me as uncharacteristic of them.

But if it was not a prank, how can we explain the way Cholodenko has been ripped from history, his music not even a fading echo but a silence, a vacuum, completely forgotten, as totally unknown as the song the Sirens sang?

I don't presume to solve the mystery. I merely present the three letters "for what they're worth," and invite other bloodhounds to make what they will of them. Such bloodhounds will sniff out, as I did, a glaring discrepancy, for the very survival of these letters seems to discredit Lord Henry's colorful insinuations—but he would probably counter our incredulity, if he were here, by urbanely pointing out that if God proverbially moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform, might not His Adversary do the same? For reasons of scholarship and accuracy, I haven't condensed or edited the letters in any way (except to eliminate the redundant addresses in all but the first), preferring to let even irrelevant or trivial observations stand, in the hope that they may contain clues that eluded me. I've also kept Stanton's not always standard, though phonetically accurate, transliterations. In a few places, I've inserted short bracketed notes of my own, in italics. The letters bear month and dates, but no year. Stanton being English, I assume these dates conform to the Gregorian calendar familiar to us, rather than to the old Julian calendar, which was still in use in Russia at the time. On the basis of internal evidence, such as the first performance of *Eugene Onegin*, I believe the letters to have been written in 1879.

• • •

5 April

Sir Robert Cargrave
Harley Street
London, England

My dear Bobbie,

No, do not scold me! I know full well that I have been a renegade and most delinquent comrade. If I seem to have avoided your home these many months; if I have neglected you, your dear Maude and your brood of cherubim—one of whom, young Jamey, must be quite ripe for Oxford by now!—then ascribe it, I pray you, not to a cooling of our friendship's fires nor to a bachelor's disdain for the familial hearthstone, but, rather, to my persistent vice, travel.

I have set foot on divers shores since last I sipped your sherry, old cohort, and I write to you from St. Petersburg. Yes, I am cosily hugged by "the rugged Russian bear," a cryptic creature, I assure you, warm and greathearted, quick to laugh, and just as quick to plunge into pits of black *toská*—a word that haughtily defies translation, hovering mystically, as it does, somewhere between melancholy and despair. Neither melancholy nor despair, however, have dogged my steps here in this strange land. I have been most cheerful. There are wondrous sights to bend one's gaze upon; exotic food and drink to quicken and quench the appetite; fascinating people with whom to talk. To your sly and silent question, my reply is Yes!—there are indeed ladies here, lovely ones, with flared bright eyes and sable voices; lambent ladies, recondite and rare. There are amusing soirees, as well (I will tell you of one in a moment), and there are evenings of brilliance at the ballet and the opera.

The opera here would particularly captivate both you and your Maude, I am certain, for I know of your deep love of the form. How enviously, then, will you receive the news that just last month, in Moscow, I attended the premiere of a dazzling new *opus theatricum* by the composer Pyotr Chaikovsky. It was a work of lapidary excellence, entitled *Yevgeny Onyégin* (I transliterate as best I can from the spiky Cyrillic original), derived from a poem of that name by a certain Pushkin, a prosodist now dead for decades, who—my friend, Colonel Spalding, tells me—enjoys a classical reputation here, but of whom I had not hitherto heard, since his works have not been translated into English, an error the colonel is now busy putting right. [*Lieutenant Colonel Henry Spalding's English translation, transliterated as "Eugene Onéguine," was published in London in 1881.*] The opera is a shimmering tapestry of sound, brocaded with waltzes and polonaises.

But St. Petersburg, I find, is richer in cultural life than even Moscow: I have been awed by the art treasures of The Hermitage, humbled by the baroque majesty of the Aleksandr Nevsky Cathedral, chastened by the mighty gloom of the Peter Paul fortress and properly impressed by the Smolny monastery and the Winter Palace. Apropos of winter, I have also been chilled to the marrow by the fiercest cold I have ever known. "Winter in April?" I can hear you say. Yes, the severe season stretches from November to April in this place, and the River Neva, which I can see, moonlit, from my window as I write, is frozen over, and has been thus, I am told, for the past six months! It is a great gleaming broadsword of ice, cleaving the city in two.

As for music: Just last night, thanks to a letter of introduction from Spalding, I was received at a famous apartment in the Zagoredny Prospekt—nothing ostentatious, a small drawing room, a few chairs, a grand piano, a table in the dining room loaded with the simplest food and drink . . . but what exceptional people were crowded, shoulder to shoulder, in that place. It was the apartment of Rimsky-Korsakov, who, I was pleased to discover, is not only a gifted and amiable gentleman but speaks excellent English—an accomplishment not shared by many of his compatriots, whose social conversations are customarily couched in (or, at least, liberally laced with) French. The guests, myself excluded, were, to a man, composers and performers, some (I later learned) being members of a *koochka*, or clan, of musicians of which Rimsky-Korsakov is the nucleus.

You will laugh when I tell you that, not five minutes after being welcomed into the *salon*, I committed a *faux pas*. Wishing to take part in the musical discussion, I minutely described and lavishly praised the Chaikovsky opera I had enjoyed so recently at the Moscow Conservatorium. My tall host's gentle eyes grew cold behind his blue-tinted spectacles (which he wears because of ailing sight) and I felt a distinct frost. The awkward moment soon passed, however, and a dark young man took me aside to dryly inform me that "Our esteemed Nikolai Andreyvich considers Chaikovsky's music to be in abominable taste."

"Do you share that opinion?" I asked.

"Not precisely, but I do feel Chaikovsky is not a truly Russian composer. He has let himself be influenced by bad French models—Massenet, Bizet, Gounod, and so on."

We were joined by a bloated, wild-haired, red-nosed, bleary-eyed but very courteous fellow who, after addressing me most deferentially, asked eagerly about the Chaikovsky work: "It is good, then, you think? Ah! Splendid! An excellent subject, *Onyégin*. I once thought of setting it myself, but it's not my sort of thing—Pyotr Ilyich is the man for it, there's no doubt. Don't you agree, Vassily Ivanovich?" he added, turning to my companion.

That intense young man shrugged. "I suppose so—but to tell the truth, I am growing weary of these operatic obeisances to Pushkin. One cannot blame a composer of the old school, such as Glinka, for setting *Ruslan and Lyudmila*, but what are we to think when Dargomizhsky sets not one but three Pushkin subjects—*Russalka*, *The Triumph of Bacchus* and *The Stone Guest*; when you joined the cortege five years ago with your own opera; and when Chaikovsky now follows the pattern with *Onyégin*?" He threw up his hands. "May that be the last!" he sighed.

(continued on page 128)

"All I could get out of him was his name, rank, serial number, and an ingenious American invention called a 'quickie'!"

fledgling film beauty sharon tate is caught by the still camera of her director on the set of their horror-movie spoof, "the vampire killers"

This is the year Sharon Tate happens. A screen newcomer with three films to be released in 1967, Sharon shows best in Roman Polanski's *The Vampire Killers*, a slap-sick unreeling of macabre carryings-on. Says director Polanski, who last year shocked moviegoers with *Repulsion*, "What kind of film is *The Vampire Killers*? It's funny!" A man of many talents, Polanski, who co-stars in his new movie, personally photographed Sharon for the pages of PLAYBOY. Depicted here is her sudsy tête-à-Tate with a frightening film ghoul who, like us, finds Sharon a tasty dish, indeed.

The Tate Gallery:

PICTURES BY POLANSKI

"The Vampire Killers" displays Sharon's formidable form in two tub-thumping scenes. Signed by Martin Ransohoff to a Filmways contract four years ago, she received a half-million-dollar Hollywood non-buildup: continuous courses in everything from diction to dancing to dress—even bodybuilding. Says Miss Tate, "Mr. Ransohoff didn't want the audience to see me till I was ready." As Polanski's photos reveal, Sharon's ready now.

Cast as an innkeeper's daughter, Sharon proves too tempting a bathing beauty for vampire Count Krolock (Ferdy Mayne) to bypass. The no-'count villain quickly turns Sharon into a fellow vamp, and together, the gruesome twosome terrorize the citizenry of—where else?—Transylvania.

"You're a disgrace to the uniform!"

WITH THE MARKET for executives churning these days, onlookers and managers alike are understandably curious about who is getting the top dollar and why.

The demand for good men is high not only because of the explosive growth of businesses to be managed but because of the shortage of qualified men in the 35–44 age group, ordinarily the reservoir from which top men are selected. (During the Depression, people just weren't having many babies.) One result is that businesses increasingly are reaching down into the younger 25-to-34 age group to locate and earmark men of promise, and then groom and guide them. These are the men who will gradually move into positions from which they can have a clear shot at the top.

The demand for good men is such that, although three years ago a newly minted master of business administration would be offered $7500 to $8000, today the M. B. A. will have little difficulty getting $9500 to start and, if he looks really hot, $11,500. And, to move up a bit, the seasoned man who is on the threshold of achievement as a full-fledged manager can usually command $20,000 to $25,000.

Management has become quite age-conscious in assessing men, especially young ones. They examine the man's age-position relationship. If a 30-year-old and a 35-year-old are being considered for the same managerial job, then if other things are reasonably equal, the 30-year-old will get the nod. He offers more continuity and growth potential. One leading executive recruiter, John Handy, says: "If you have a man of 40 making only $18,000, you wonder if he has started going sideways."

By the age of 30, a man of promise headed toward top management (where the true executive jobs lie) should be making at least $10,000 And by the age of 40, he should be making around $25,000. This span of the man's 30s, according to management consultant Robert Sibson, is the greatest period for leaps in pay. A really good man in his 30s will be increasing his compensation by at least 15 percent a year.

Some executive recruiters talk of the importance of a man's "age-to-earnings ratio" in assessing his growth potential. On the basis of information supplied by one leading recruiting firm, I find that the age-to-earnings ratio for "top-drawer" men would look something like this:

Age 27–30	$10,500–$14,000
Age 30–35	$14,000–$20,500
Age 35–40	$20,000–$28,750
Age 40–45	$23,000–$35,000
Age 45–50	$26,500–$40,000
Over 50	$32,500–$57,500

By the late 30s, if a manager has growth potential, he will certainly have established a foothold in middle management. The American Management Association has identified 69 varieties of middle manager, including such jobs as chief engineer, plant manager, traffic manager, and so on. It has released data indicating the following, for example, as probable maximums for typical middle-management jobs:

General accounting executive of a company with assets of $20,000,000 to $50,000,000	$15,000
Regional sales director supervising sales of $10,000,000 to $20,000,000	$21,500
Plant manager with production of $10,000,000 to $20,000,000	$22,100
Research and development executive with a budget of between $500,000 and $900,000	$25,000

It might be added, however, that in most companies, research and development is not considered one of the more promising routes to the top—or to the really big pay checks.

Considering management ranks as a whole—and not just middle management—the best-paying functional area, Sibson and Co. reports, after making an extensive survey, clearly is marketing. This is followed in descending order by finance, manufacturing and research.

Scanning down from the top of a company, you will usually find a clear hierarchal pattern in the way that money is allotted to the top ten men. Thus, if you know the pay of any one of the top ten men, you can make an enlightened guess about the pay of any of his nine colleagues. If it is known, for example, that the chief executive officer is making a modest $100,000, then his nine closest subordinates will probably be earning:

2nd highest	$70,000
3rd highest	$60,000
4th highest	$55,000
5th highest	$50,000
6th highest	$42,000
7th highest	$38,000
8th highest	$35,000
9th highest	$32,000
10th highest	$30,000

An A. M. A. official who reported a roughly comparable descending scale indicated that the jobs in a hypothetical company might, in descending order, be: president, executive vice-president, marketing vice-president, financial vice-president, manufacturing vice-president, treasurer, controller, industrial-relations or personnel director.

Then, lower down—and with increasingly smaller differences in salaries—there might be the purchasing agent, chief engineering executive, research and development director and public relations director. The latter might be making $25,000 if the president is at $100,000.

Up through middle management, a man can be reasonably sure that his pay will be *(text continued on page 86)*

who gets top dollar
—and why—
in today's corporate complexes

March 1967

PAY TO THE ORDER OF **EXECUTIVE SALARIES**

_____ DOLLARS

MAMMOTH GIANT
INTERNATIONAL STATUS COMPANY
Inc. and Ltd.

article by Vance Packard

KEY EXECUTIVES AND WHAT THEY EARN

Certain executive functions are essentially the same no matter what the industry. Here, seven such representative functions—general management, staff management, financial, engineering, manufacturing, marketing, creative—are compared. Each of these major functions is subdivided into two

FUNCTIONS		FIRST-LEVEL EXECUTIVE USUALLY REPORTS OR ASPIRES TO→	
		RESPONSIBILITY	SALARY
GENERAL MANAGEMENT	PRESIDENT	COMPANY SALES UNDER $2,000,000	$25,000
	DIVISION MANAGER	DIVISION SALES, $5,000,000 200 TO 300 EMPLOYEES	$32,000
STAFF MANAGEMENT	PERSONNEL	PLANT PERSONNEL MANAGER 1000 EMPLOYEES	$12,000
	COUNSEL	PATENT ATTORNEY COMPANY SALES, $75,000,000	$17,000
FINANCIAL	CONTROLLER	PLANT CONTROLLER COMPANY ASSETS, $1,500,000	$11,000
	ACCOUNTING	CHIEF COST ACCOUNTANT PRODUCTION VOLUME, $75,000,000 SUPERVISES 15 EMPLOYEES	$13,000
ENGINEERING	MANAGEMENT	SECTION MANAGER SUPERVISES 5 OR 6 ENGINEERS	$15,000
	PROFESSIONAL	MECHANICAL- OR ELECTRICAL-ENGINEERING GRADUATE 3 TO 5 YEARS' EXPERIENCE	$11,000
MANUFACTURING	PRODUCTION	PLANT SUPERINTENDENT PRODUCTION VOLUME, $40,000,000 1000 EMPLOYEES	$16,000
	STAFF	MANAGER OF PRODUCTION CONTROL PRODUCTION VOLUME, $20,000,000	$13,000
MARKETING	SALES MANAGER	DISTRICT SALES MANAGER SALES VOLUME, $1,000,000	$11,000
	STAFF	SALES-PROMOTION MANAGER SALES VOLUME, $30,000,000	$14,000
	ADVERTISING	MEDIA BUYER AGENCY BILLING, $1,000,000 TO $5,000,000	$ 6,200
CREATIVE	NEWSPAPER	PICTURE EDITOR MAJOR CITY NEWSPAPER	$10,000
	MAGAZINE	CORRESPONDENT NATIONAL NEWS MAGAZINE	$11,000
	TELEVISION	PRODUCER OF PROGRAMS MEDIUM-SIZED-CITY STATION	$ 9,300
PROFESSIONAL	MEDICINE	RESIDENT MAJOR CITY HOSPITAL	$ 6,500
	LAW	LAW-FIRM EXPERIENCE 1 TO 3 YEARS	$ 7,000
	EDUCATION	COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR	$ 6,000

HOW INDUSTRIES PAY THEIR KEY EXECUTIVES

HIGH
Advertising
Aerospace
Business Machinery
Publishing
Radio
Television
Tobacco
Tools and Hardware

HIGH—AVERAGE
Automobile
Electronic
Leather
Pharmaceutical
Textile

or more narrower specialties or levels (presidents and division managers for general management; personnel and counsel for staff management, etc.). The chart shows, from left to right, three levels of responsibility for each specialty, giving typical job titles and salaries. Only a limited number of jobs could be listed within the available space, but these are representative. The salaries listed here are for average industries. Three professional categories have been added at the bottom of the chart as a basis for comparison.

MIDDLE MANAGER SUPERVISES SEVERAL FIRST-LEVEL EXECUTIVES REPORTS OR ASPIRES TO→		TOP MANAGEMENT	
RESPONSIBILITY	SALARY	RESPONSIBILITY	SALARY
COMPANY SALES, $50,000,000	$75,000	COMPANY SALES, $200,000,000	$120,000
DIVISION SALES, $25,000,000 1200 EMPLOYEES	$43,000	DIVISION SALES, $100,000,000 3500 EMPLOYEES	$ 65,000
DIVISION PERSONNEL MANAGER 1500 EMPLOYEES	$19,000	CORPORATE DIRECTOR OF PERSONNEL 12,000 EMPLOYEES	$ 30,000
GENERAL COUNSEL COMPANY SALES, $100,000,000	$33,000	V.P. AND GENERAL COUNSEL COMPANY SALES, $500,000,000	$ 64,000
DIVISION CONTROLLER COMPANY ASSETS, $32,000,000 SALES, $50,000,000	$21,000	V.P. AND CORPORATE CONTROLLER COMPANY ASSETS, $60,000,000 SALES, $100,000,000	$ 31,000
BUDGET MANAGER COMPANY SALES, $200,000,000	$14,500	GENERAL ACCOUNTING MANAGER COMPANY ASSETS, $30D,000,000 SALES, $500,000,000	$ 17,000
DEPARTMENT MANAGER SUPERVISES 30 ENGINEERS SALES, $25,000,000	$20,000	V.P.—ENGINEERING SALES, $50,000,000	$ 32,000
Ph.O. SCIENTIST NO EXPERIENCE	$13,000	MECHANICAL- OR ELECTRICAL- ENGINEERING GRAOUATE 9 TO 15 YEARS' EXPERIENCE	$ 16,000
PLANT MANAGER PROOUCTION VOLUME, $25,000,000 800 EMPLOYEES	$20,000	V.P.—MANUFACTURING COMPANY ASSETS, $55,000,000 SALES, $100,000,000	$ 48,000
MANAGER OF QUALITY CONTROL PROOUCTION VOLUME, $30,000,000	$14,000	PURCHASING DIRECTOR SALES, $150,000,000	$ 30,000
REGIONAL SALES MANAGER SALES VOLUME, $4,000,000	$16,000	V.P.—SALES SALES VOLUME, $200,000,000	$ 42,000
AOVERTISING MANAGER AOV. BUOGET, $1,000,000	$16,000	MANAGER—MARKET RESEARCH SALES, $150,000,000	$ 18,000
ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE AGENCY BILLING, $20,000,000	$17,000	ACCOUNT SUPERVISOR AGENCY BILLING, $20,000,000 TO $40,000,000	$ 29,500
CITY EDITOR MAJOR CITY NEWSPAPER	$15,000	EDITOR IN CHIEF MAJOR CITY NEWSPAPER	$ 75,000
SENIOR EDITOR OR ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR NATIONAL MAGAZINE	$30,000	EDITORIAL DIRECTOR OR MANAGING EDITOR NATIONAL MAGAZINE	$ 90,000
MANAGER LARGE LOCAL NETWORK AFFILIATE	$40,000	NETWORK MANAGER	$200,000
GENERAL PRACTITIONER 10 YEARS' PRACTICE	$28,500	NEUROSURGEON 20 YEARS' PRACTICE	$ 80,000
LAW PARTNER 5 TO 7 YEARS' EXPERIENCE	$15,000	PRIVATE PRACTICE 15 YEARS' EXPERIENCE	$ 24,000
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR MEDIUM-SIZEO UNIVERSITY 6 TO 8 YEARS' EXPERIENCE	$ 9,000	FULL PROFESSOR UNIVERSITY	$ 13,000

AVERAGE		LOW—AVERAGE		LOW	
Banking	Building Supplies	Chemicals	Machinery	Casualty Insurance	Hospitals
Beverages	Furniture	Food	Rubber	Government	Utilities
			Transportation		Wholesale and Retail

"Believe me, the State will take your cooperation into consideration, Miss Hollingsworth . . ."

when his father talked about the old days at the mill, the son listened—and heard the echo of his future self

THE WITNESS

fiction **By Harry Mark Petrakis**

THAT WINTER seemed to last forever. At the end of March the ground was still frozen. Walking home from a night shift at the mill, I huddled my head into the collar of my jacket to shelter my cheeks and ears from the biting cold.

By the time I reached home the first traces of daylight had broken the rim of the dark sky. I went in the back door and found Pa in his bathrobe in the kitchen with a pot of fresh coffee brewing on the stove.

In the past weeks he had been having trouble sleeping. Even after taking the pills the doctor had given him, he lay awake through most of the night. Just before dawn he would come quietly downstairs. He would light the oven to warm the kitchen and put on a pot of coffee and wait for me.

I came in cold and tired with the dust of the mill on my cheeks. I wanted only to wash, peek in on my sleeping son and then climb into bed beside my wife, between the sheets that would be warm with her body. But Pa waited for me with a pot of coffee and I had to sit with him for a while.

"Didn't you get any sleep again, Pa?"

He pulled the cord of his robe tighter and turned his face slightly away, because he was no good at deception.

"Better than I have slept in weeks," he said. "Maybe those damn pills are beginning to work."

He poured me a cup of steaming coffee and the sharp aroma pulled at my weariness. "Pa, you made it too strong again," I said, sitting down. "I can tell by the look of it." I was sorry the moment the words were out of my mouth.

"I only put in six scoops," he said. "You told me six scoops was just right."

"Sure, Pa," I said. "Six scoops is right. I just remembered Ethel saying she was going to switch to another brand. Maybe she got one that is stronger."

He walked to the pantry and brought down the canister of coffee. He raised the lid and stared intently at the beans.

"Don't worry about it, Pa," I said. "Sit down and have a cup yourself."

He came to sit down at the table. He dropped two slices of bread into the toaster. Then he raised the pot and poured himself a cup of coffee. His hand trembled slightly because he was old and not well. But his hand still looked

JIM McMULLAN

big and strong, with the large powerful fingers I remembered as a child. I would get out of school in the afternoon and run to wait for him at the north gate. He would come across the bridge with his crew from the plate mill at the end of the turn. He would see me waiting outside the fence and holler and wave.

He would swing me to his shoulder and the men would laugh and slap my legs. I would ride home high on his back, his hands holding me securely, proud of his strength and his love.

"How did it go last night?" Pa asked as I sipped slowly at the coffee.

"We beat the other two turns by eleven ton," I said.

"No fooling!" His face flushed with pleasure for me. "Who was rolling?"

"The Dutchman," I said. "On all three furnaces."

"He must have been going like hell!" Pa laughed and his pale and tight-fleshed face seemed to flood suddenly with color. Whenever we spoke of the mills he seemed to feel the heat of the furnaces, the glowing slabs bobbing on the rolls.

"You boys still can't touch our record," he said. "I'll never forget that night. Bungo on the furnaces shooting the slabs out like shells from a cannon. Montana on the crane over the hookers. Fuller thinking we were nuts when we gave him the tonnage at four."

He sat up straight in his chair with excitement flashing in his eyes. The doctor did not want him excited, because of his heart and, besides, I had heard the story of that night a hundred times. The stocker with a smashed hand who cried when they took him to the hospital because he didn't want to leave the crew. The way old steel men who had been there swore the crane was a bird snatching up the slabs like a crust of bread. And Pa up and down the length of the mill hustling his crew in a voice that could be heard above the thunder of the roughers and the shrill whistles and bells of the cranes.

". . . And that fool, Barney," Pa was saying, "getting his hand pulped and refusing to go to the hospital. Even taking a poke with the other hand at one of the plant cops who tried to force him off the line."

"Pa, listen," I said. "We both enjoy talking about the mills, but this morning I'm really beat. I run myself crazy trying to keep up with the records set by my old man." I laughed as I stood up and gave his shoulder a slight punch. "Every few days a damn foreman asks me when you're coming back, so they can start breaking tonnage records again."

He smiled up at me then and I saw the thin clean line of scalp under his thick gray hair. "You're a damn good millman," he said. "Better than I ever was, bigger, and *(continued on page 160)*

The domed roofs of Don Devine's retreat rise beside Illinois' Fox river. The front of the house (left) has guest parking area by the garage. The rear (below) faces the river and a private boat landing.

A PLAYBOY PAD: EXOTICA IN EXURBIA

a young midwest exec creates his own tropical paradise in Illinois

Racing buff Devine stands by his Ferrari 275/GTB. The Scarab on the right had been severely damaged and was completely rebuilt by Devine. Parked in the garage is a Honda Super Hawk motorcycle.

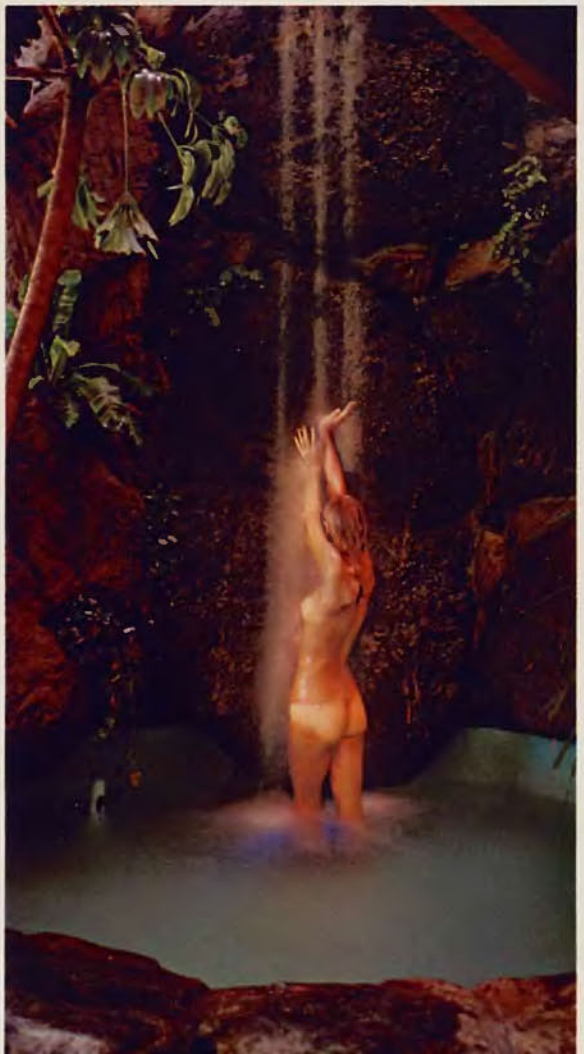
FOR DON DEVINE, a 26-year-old Illinois bachelor, the tropics are but an hour's drive from Chicago. Here, on the banks of the placid Fox river, Don has decreed and erected a multidomed paradisiacal pleasure palace complete with an abundance of flowing water—two interior cascading waterfalls plus a swimming pool, plus a fine view of the river.

A land developer with an avocational bent toward sports-car designing and racing, Devine has two favorite places in the world —the Middle West and Jamaica. In order to bring together the best of both worlds, the young business entrepreneur has come up with a house that is architecturally unique and totally suited to him. He has the convenience of living near one of the largest cities in the world and the relaxed holiday atmosphere of a tropical home.

The house wraps itself around a gently graded hillock and was designed to Devine's specifications by architect Dennis Stevens. It is basically three cedar-shingle-sheathed domes that are supported by large curved laminated beams and are capped with transparent plastic bubbles.

The interior of the house, which has an open plan with one area flowing into another, is on three levels, and is extravagantly paneled with natural cedar. Many of the interior materials were imported from Hawaii, Tahiti, Haiti and Jamaica. The extralarge boulders used in the waterfall construction were trucked in from New Mexico lava beds. Furnishings are simple but colorful and enhance the tropical mood. Thanks to a special air-conditioning system, a lush planting of tropical flora flourishes luxuriously year round inside the house.

Certainly not a budget or a quickie job, the house cost approximately $150,000 and took a year to construct. Happy owner Don Devine thinks his posh pad by the Fox river is well worth every penny and minute of it. And why not? He has the best of all worlds.



The entrance to the house (above) is reached by steppingstones set in a free-form pool. One of the lushly planted waterfalls (right) starts in the living room and pours into a shallow pool on the floor below. The bridge on which owner Devine leans connects the entrance hall with the living room and has lacquered bamboo rails.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY GORDON

The living room (above), with its sooring domed ceiling, is completely carpeted with a cotton shag rug. The majority of the furnishings, including the metal-framed Von Keppel–Green furniture, are from John Strauss Showroom. The pedestal-based packaged stereo system is by KLH. The leather-covered stools at the bar are often used by guests for informal dining. Yellow predominates in the sunny master bedroom (below), which has a balcony overlooking the river. The international aspects of the house are reflected in a Spanish bedcover ond Oriental chair and lamp. A narrow band of clerestory windows with regularly spaced vertical frosted-glass lights runs around the tops af all the walls in the house. Pompered guests luxuriate in the souna and resting room that is conveniently located on the lower level of the house.

The lagoonlike swimming pool has one of the domed structures all to itself and is immediately adjacent to and a few steps down from the living room. Thickly planted with tropical vegetation, the pool has a boulder-studded waterfall at one end and a fireplace and seating area at the other. The temperature in the pool room is kept at a higher level than the rest of the house for the benefit of both bathers and plants. The kitchen (below) is open to the living room and has a serving and dining bar that facilitates easy entertaining. Functional and decorative features include a wrought-iron pot rack hung with copper vessels, a professional chopping block and a floor of teak laid in a herringbone pattern.

Behind the swimming-pool waterfall is a secret cave with stone bar and bar stools. Host Devine broils steaks in the fireplace of the swimming-pool room to the delectation of his guests, who recline on a fur-covered banquette. Other furs are draped over boulders and scattered on the floor.

EXECUTIVE SALARIES *(continued from page 75)*

commensurate with his responsibilities, regardless of the size of the company or the industry he is in. At least this is an A. M. A. finding.

But as a man moves up into general management responsibilities—and he should by his early 40s if he is going to make it—he starts finding important differences in compensation, depending on what company he is with. This becomes increasingly true the higher he goes.

For example, look at some of the eye-popping compensation packages handed out in the automobile-making industry. Motorcar officials may fret from time to time about their tribulations, but they do not customarily fret about their pay, and for good reason. Take the case of Edward D. Rollert, who in 1965 was seventh vice-president, on the basis of pay, at General Motors. His compensation package came to approximately $525,000.

This seventh vice-president at GM received more remuneration in 1965 than any tycoon in a publicly held corporation outside the motorcar industry. This included presidents and chairmen. His pay, for example, was almost twice that of Roger M. Blough, the chairman of United States Steel Corporation.

General Motors had at least nine executives in 1965 who made more than a half million dollars. It had six who made more than $600,000. Its chairman, Frederic G. Donner, made more than $800,000.

At Ford Motor Company, three men also were awarded more than a half million dollars, including a vice-president. The 12 highest-paid men in America's thousands of publicly owned corporations were all in these two motorcar companies.

It is only when we drop down to the $440,000 level that we come to our first nonmotorcar man. He was Lammot du P. Copeland, president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. But again there is a perplexity. His chemical company was about on a par in sales during 1965 with Swift & Company, the meat packer, and yet the top man at Swift was paid or credited with considerably less than half as much ($156,000) as Du Pont's top man. Or note another seeming anomaly. A. T. & T. has nearly five times the assets of General Motors and 60,000 more employees. Yet the head of A. T. & T., Frederick Kappel, received only a little more than a third of the pay of GM's Frederic Donner.

Why? Is there any pattern to account for such seemingly large discrepancies in the pay that is awarded to the higher executives of U. S. enterprise? What is it, ambitious young men may properly wonder, that establishes the price a corporation is willing to pay the man who rises above the general run of managers? How is a top manager's contribution measured? And does the pay match the contribution?

There are, indeed, some yardsticks used by the world of business for measuring what rewards a particular job should command. Normally, it should be noted, the chief executive officer is awarded the largest compensation package, whatever his title. Today in large corporations, this is usually the chairman. A few years ago it was the president.

Incomes of many leaders in the business world can be found by examining official proxies that publicly owned companies are required by law to file each year with the Securities and Exchange Commission. These must detail the compensation of certain top officers. I have scrutinized a few dozen of these. Most are, I assume, deliberately prepared by experts in obscurantism. To add to the confusion, an executive's "compensation package" often involves several components.

Salaries alone usually count for only a part—and often a small part—of a man's annual compensation. There may also be incentive payments in the form of bonuses, deferred-compensation awards (to be spread over several years to ease the tax burden) and contingent awards of stock. There is a great search to find ways "to inject more motivation into the executive payroll dollar," to use one consultant's phrase. At Zenith Radio Corporation, for example, president Joseph Wright's salary is listed at a mere $60,000. But in 1965, when his company had a fine year, thanks in part to the booming market for color TV, he also received $308,000 in additional forms of compensation, to bring his total reward to a very respectable $368,000.

As for deciding a man's total compensation package—whatever the components—in a quite general way, sheer size of the company as revealed in total sales or revenues is one widely used yardstick. There is a tendency—but only a tendency—for bigger companies to pay more than those somewhat smaller.

Among the really big companies, the average top pay is likely to be above $200,000. By my computations, the average total compensation of the first 50 chief executives listed in *Business Week*'s survey of executive compensation was approximately $235,000 in 1965.

Smaller companies, as measured by their annual sales, move down from this level in a more or less regular way, according to Arch Patton of McKinsey and Company, management consultants. A couple of years ago, he listed the average compensation of chief executives of companies in 21 industries where sales were at three levels:

At $400,000,000 a year sales, the chief-executive salaries ranged from $106,000 to $183,000, depending on the industry.

At $100,000,000 a year sales, the chief-executive salaries ranged from $68,000 to $120,000.

At $30,000,000 a year sales, the chief-executive salaries ranged from $46,000 to $84,000.

Mr. Patton has contended, in *Harvard Business Review*, that there has been a deterioration in top-executive pay during the last decade or so. He noted that the pay for the chief executives of 420 companies he had studied rose only 25 percent, while the size of the companies, as measured by sales, rose 76 percent (and by profits, 102 percent).

Another and more frequently used yardstick for determining the pay of a top business executive is the amount of profit the company makes while he is in command. That, after all, is primarily what interests the board of directors. Today at most large companies, a man near the top receives some part of his annual earnings in the form of a bonus that is somewhat linked to the company's profits during the year.

Several of Ford's top men got pay increases of more than $100,000 in 1965, almost all of the increases in the form of "supplemental compensation." During the year, Ford's net profits had jumped nearly $200,000,000. At smaller Martin Marietta, on the other hand, profits dropped by $7,000,000 from 1964 to 1965 and the compensation of its president dropped by $50,000.

The top executives who are at the helm when their companies enjoy a sensational growth in sales, accompanied by good profits, are even more likely to be rewarded bountifully. Thus, Joseph C. Wilson, president of the relatively tiny Xerox Corporation, outdrew chairman Albert L. Nickerson of Socony Mobil (now Mobil Oil Co.) with a compensation package of $263,000, even though his company's profits were only one sixth those of Socony Mobil. Corporate growth is a major explanation. Xerox in 1963 was 294th on *Fortune*'s list of the nation's 500 leading industrial corporations, while Mobil was fifth. In two years, Mr. Wilson's company, thanks in part to the boom in photocopying, leapfrogged over 122 other companies to become 171st on the list. Meanwhile, Mobil had dropped back one spot to sixth.

There appear to be a host of factors in addition to the yardsticks of sales volume and profits that influence the setting of top compensation in business. To mention a few:

The degree to which bureaucratic thinking has come to dominate the company. The extent to which the top officers can feather their nests without undue worry about protests from "outside" directors and shareholders. The degree to which the company wishes to keep its leaders contented and securely anchored to the company. The extent of family domination in the company's

(continued on page 165)

THE FIRST NATIONAL FIDUCIARY IMPERIALIST TRUST SYNDICATE CARTEL POOL COMBINE

GRASHOW

a wizard capitalist plot to corner the market in iron-curtain red-chip securities

humor **By MARVIN KITMAN**

THE AVERAGE PERSON who owns a share of American business—Wall Street jargon for "playing the market"—is either a bull or a bear. He buys and sells haphazardly for the short or long run, depending on the way the market looks. But the really smart investors are in a third group of ultraconservatives called chickens. We never make a move in the market unless we are covered for every contingency. I had the opportunity to explain this theory to a customers' man at Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith who had been calling me for a year, asking to handle my brokerage account. "Do you have any special investment problems I can help you solve?" he finally asked on the phone one day. "No," I explained, "I'm just afraid of being wiped out by peace." "Your fears are premature," he said confidently. "You haven't bought any stocks yet."

Account executives are not supposed to talk politics with their customers. So I assumed this was his nonpolitical way of attacking the sincerity of President Johnson's peace offensive, then roaring full blast. The White House had just announced it was resuming the bombing of North Vietnam and considering sending 25,000 fresh troops to South *(continued on page 90)*

THE NEW EDWARDIAN

the pierre cardin look in an elegant ensemble for well-dressed occasions

attire **BY ROBERT L. GREEN**

IT WAS just six years ago that Pierre Cardin introduced his first collection of clothes for men, in Paris. Since then, the Cardin look has grown in world-wide acceptance and importance, so that today, here at home, it poses a very real threat to the supremacy of the ubiquitous Ivy look.

What is the Cardin look? First of all, it is not Mod. In suits, it can probably be best described as an up-to-date version of clothes worn by Edwardian dandies. This does not mean that it is necessarily English, foppish or formidably formal. It does owe a great deal to the tradition of Savile Row fine tailoring, but it has a flair that makes it very much a part of the present day. The suit comes in either a high-buttoned single-breasted or double-breasted model. The arm is cut rather high on the chest and the jacket falls naturally from this high cut over the body. The trousers are narrow, with a slight bell at the ankle. The suit is more fitted than suits have been in a long time, and it is, finally, robustly elegant.

The total Cardin look includes shirts with longer collar points, wide, wide ties and shoes of soft kid leather that buckle.

The collor of the Cardin suit hos sharply notched lapels and closes to show only part of the shirt collor. Other distinctive features of the Cardin look include stroight-cut flaps on all pockets, including o watch pocket, six buttons on the double-breasted model and deep side vents on the jacket. The Cardin shoe shown below is made of soft black French kid with an off-center metol buckle. Made in France for Florsheim, it sells for about $25 a pair. Prices on the Cardin suit begin at $200, depending on the fabric.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY GORDON

THE FIRST NATIONAL *(continued from page 87)*

Vietnam. But I knew this was only a smoke screen for the President's peace effort.

My customers' man assured me it was always smart to own a share of American business. I asked if he had heard Pope Paul's depressing speech at the UN. "The Pontiff predicted, 'War no more; war never again.' Can Merrill Lynch give me any assurances that peace won't be hell?" He explained that the research department felt there was absolutely no chance there would be peace in our time. Apparently it was Merrill Lynch's view that as an investor I had nothing to fear but fear itself. I had heard from other usually reliably informed sources, however, that the Pope was infallible.

President Johnson's peace objective was for capitalism to triumph all over the world, thus creating a great society of peacefully competing rival capitalist economies, a kind of big ranch system in the sky. It finally occurred to me that I could have a hedge against peace, while supporting the President's program, by becoming the first person on my block in Leonia, New Jersey, to own a share of Russian business.

J. Paul Getty once said the only way to make money in the market is to buy when everybody else is selling. Everybody had been selling czarist securities since 1917 for a sound reason. Investors' loss of confidence, I read in Sylvia Porter's influential syndicated column, had been caused by a decree issued by the All-Union Central Executive Committee in 1918 and later ratified by the Council of People's Commissars in 1920: "Absolutely, and without exception, all foreign loans are annulled."

But every American schoolboy knew you couldn't trust anything the Russians ever said, especially now that they seemed to be losing some of that old revolutionary spirit. An obscure Russian economics professor, I read in the newspapers, had just discovered the profit motive. The Supreme Soviet at its last session ratified the law of supply and demand. It was only a short dialectical leap forward to project which further contradictions in Marxist-Leninist doctrine already might be in the works:

1968. Annulment of foreign loans unannulled. According to Sylvia Porter, Marshal Tito in 1957 resumed partial debt payments on the Yugoslavian Royal Family's bonds, in default 27 years, to smooth the way for U. S. aid. A similar *rapprochement* might take place when the U. S. resumed lend-lease shipments to Moscow for use in its coming war with China.

1969. Foreign bondholders invited back to Russia to help current management squeeze a little extra profit out of workers.

1970. Leningrad Stock Exchange reopens. State Exchange Commission grants franchise to Merrill Lynch to open branch customers' rooms in factories and communes.

1971. Hero of Soviet Union medal goes to first American investor. *The Wall Street Journal* wins the Lenin Prize for business literature.

1972. Chamber of Deputies votes to change name to Chamber of Commerce.

1973. Communism itself withers away.

I began my crash program by going to a bank to raise the necessary working capital. An officer of the high-prestige Morgan Guaranty Trust Company's Fifth Avenue branch listened to a few of my anti-Roosevelt remarks designed to soften him up. "This isn't a retail bank that lends money to anybody who walks in off the street," the investment-banking-house executive finally said. "But we do make exceptions. What is your occupation?"

"I guess you would call me an industrialist."

"Do you work for anybody?"

I explained that I had just quit my job as a writer to play the market full time. "That's what I need the money for. I'm taking a little flier in a real growth situation—the Russian bond market." He looked a little concerned, so I assured him I wasn't expecting to make a quick killing on czarist bonds; they were strictly a long-term investment, or "red chips." "As a conservative investor," I added, "I'm going to limit my purchases to only those czarist issues recommended by a reputable banker."

He asked for an example. Fortunately, I had found an old brochure in my grandmother's house urging Americans to buy Russian war bonds in 1916. The Imperial Russian Government Short-Term War Loan 5½ percent of 1916 had been highly touted by both J. P. Morgan and Company and the Guaranty Trust Company; before they merged, the two banking houses were the czar's fiscal agents in the U. S. The banker coldly studied the glowing praise his predecessors had heaped on the war bonds. "Do you mind telling me what kind of collateral you're planning to use?" he asked.

"Well, I have an unpublished manuscript on how to make money in the market."

There was an embarrassing silence. I guessed he had seen some of my work as a writer and didn't like my style. "I'll pass your application on to the board," he said. "I'm sure they'll give it the full consideration it deserves."

As a hedge, I also approached another leading investment banking house. "I bring you fraternal greetings from the capitalists of Leonia, New Jersey," I wrote to the small-loan manager of the State Bank of the U. S. S. R. in Moscow. After listing my financial requirements, I explained that the money would be used for the purchase of government bonds, not to feed my polo ponies. "As for references, our FBI has a complete dossier on all Americans who may someday do business with your government. I suggest one of your agents check my file on his regular weekly visit to FBI headquarters in Washington. My credit can also be established at the Russian Tea Room in New York City, where I have a charge account."

I quietly moved into the market by opening an account with the Merrill Lynch customers' man who had first given me the tip to buy Russian bonds. "I'll start off with railroads," I said, remembering all the time I had spent on troop trains in the peacetime Army.

"I'm glad you realize defense spending is bound to continue," the account executive said optimistically in the crowded Wall Street board room. "American railroads are always a sound investment."

"You don't understand. I want to buy Grand Russian Railroad Company three percent of 1869."

I had been tipped off about the Grand Russian while reading Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*. The novel ends with the heroine throwing herself in front of one of the Grand Russian's crack trains. But I wasn't buying into the company because of the romance of Russian railroading. While thumbing through a book in the public library on the world's great railroads, I discovered Grand Russian Railroad still had 103 years remaining on its franchise to operate the Nicholas Line (now the October Line), the main trunk between Moscow and Leningrad. But the issue didn't seem to be my account executive's glass of vodka.

"Stay away from Grand Russian threes," he was shouting. I promptly assured him I was going to diversify my portfolio with other stocks. "Buy East-Ural Railroad Company four and a half percent of 1912 and Trans-Caspian Railway three and a half percent of 1879." My broker's face turned borscht red. He obviously hadn't done his homework here, either. The three railroads were key links in the Trans-Siberian network. East-Ural held the franchise for the Berdyaush-Lysva section; Trans-Caspian owned the right of way farther down the line, between Tashkent and Samarkand. Steppe by steppe, I planned to buy into all the *ad hoc* corporations the czar established by ukase to build and operate the world's largest railway.

"The way you said you were worried about the market," he was yelling, "I thought you were a cautious investor. Everybody on the Street knows that stuff is the worst junk."

"Wall Street has been wrong before," I said, proving that I had done my economic homework by giving him the first

(continued on page 168)

"Pity your husband doesn't play cards, Mrs. Cartwright . . . !"

STARS IN HER EYES

Generously configured Fran Gerard is a girl for the stars. She works with them—as an astrologer's assistant in sunny Southern Cal—and lives by them. Born under the sign of Aries, Fran should be warm, outgoing, charming and strong-willed—and she is. And, living as she does under her planet, Mars, she has been instilled with "a great deal of natural courage, a love of pioneering, testing, experimenting, investigating"—at least, according to her sign. "I guess that's why I've always liked the science," says the pretty assistant stargazer who tends the office for a Hollywood astrology teacher. "We're forever searching the cosmos for new meanings." Our plenipotent Playmate is as versant with combos as with cosmos: "Charlie Parker's *Ornithology* was the greatest single ever made," says Fran, "and I think *E.S.P.* by Miles Davis is the best LP." Sinatra is her favorite singer ("especially on *Cottage for Sale*"). "Actually," she says, "I have lots of favorites, like artists Marc Chagall and Salvador Dali. They capture so much of the glory of the universe in their work, but don't think I'm being stuffy; I like *Batman*, too." Fran credits another favorite, a book, with being the source of all this happiness and satisfaction. "It's *The Magic of Believing* by C. M. Bristol. It helps you to think positively." The positively smashing Miss Gerard's idea of a perfect man? Clark Gable. "Remember him as Rhett Butler in *Gone with the Wind*? He was too much," says Fran appreciatively. In an athletic mood, she is apt to try her hand at skiing or swimming. "I think you have to keep fit," she says. Our agile astrologer tends to put mind over matter, even though in this case the latter (39-24-36) must be described as heavenly: "I like to think the stars are right about me," says Fran, gesturing toward the mystic chart. "It tells me here, for instance, 'Much of your beauty is centered in your natural poise, in the way you hold your head, sometimes tossing it high in defiance, at other times bringing your piercing gaze to bear on the speaker. You are a natural-born leader, work well with other people and always know how to achieve group ends.' I hope I don't sound too immodest if I say I think that's true."

we predict a sparkling future for our heavenly bodied miss march

At top, Fran hosts fellow stargazers in her mountaintop home in Southern California. In touch by mail with many like-minded persons, Fran awaits the mailman (left). Planning her first trip to ski country, Miss March peruses the local newspaper for her horoscope and the latest reports on ski conditions (middle right), then tries on snow glasses. "Be prepared, I always say," smiles Fran.

MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

California girls like the outdoors and Fran is no exception. "I think I had tried everything *but* skiing when the man at the Viking Ski Shop offered to teach me to ski. Well, everything but football and boxing maybe. Anyway, it turned out to be a lot of fun," says our pretty Playmate who is delightfully girlish despite her Rubensesque figure. "The 'slope' turned out to be a big piece of canvas," she added. "I'm really looking forward to trying the real thing. It must be an incredibly thrilling feeling to sweep down a snowy mountainside, air whistling in your ears: You must feel like the wind. And, later, at night, it must be wonderful to be that close to the stars."

Dorothy Parker may have had something when she wrote "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses," but she certainly never had a glimpse of Miss March. "Actually," smiles Fran, "I don't believe it's true. Most men I know don't seem to care. Even if they did, though, I'm just not a person who would rather be blind as a bat than be seen with glasses on. It just isn't worth it," affirms our lovely Playmate, less than convincing as she says she guesses she'll "just have to go through life looking like a schoolmarm."

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY BY GENE TRINDL

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The prof was telling his eight-A.M. class, "I've found that the best way to start the day is to exercise for five minutes, take a deep breath of air and then finish with a cold shower. Then I feel rosy all over."

A sleepy voice from the back of the room responded: "Tell us more about Rosy."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Lesbians* as bosom buddies.

Shortly after his spaceship landed on the moon, the astronaut debarked and began exploring the strange new terrain. He had walked for only 15 minutes when he came upon a lovely young moon girl, who was busily stirring an empty pot with a stick.

"Hi," he said, introducing himself. "I'm an astronaut here to discover things about the moon."

The moon girl stopped stirring long enough to throw him quite a pleasant smile. "How nice it is that you are formed just like our moon men," she observed. Throwing off her clothes, she asked, "And am I structured as are earth women?"

"Yes, you are," answered the now-excited astronaut. "But tell me, why do you stir that pot?"

"I'm making a baby," she said. And sure enough, a few minutes later, a baby appeared in the pot.

"Now would you like to see how we make babies on earth?" asked the astronaut. The girl agreed and the astronaut proceeded with his passionate demonstration.

"That was enjoyable," she said afterward, "but where is the baby?"

"Oh, that takes nine months," explained the astronaut.

"Nine months?" she asked. "Then why did you stop stirring?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *orgy* as a screw ball.

Two young Atlanta engineers were reminiscing about their college days when one of them remarked, "I sure wish I could have gone to Georgia Tech."

Said his friend, "Oh, hell, you wouldn't have liked Tech too much. The only graduates they have are football players and whores."

"It just so happens that my wife graduated from Georgia Tech," the first man snapped.

"Oh, really?" answered the friend, realizing his *faux pas*. "Tell me, what position did she play?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *alimony* as a splitting headache.

At his Sunday sermon, the local preacher lectured his congregation on the evils of sex and now planned to dramatically demonstrate the laxness of their morals. "Brothers and sisters," he exhorted, "upon pain of providential wrath, I want you all to consider your sinfulness. If there be any female virgins among this gathering, let them stand up now, so that we may honor them."

At first, not a single female arose, but then a young woman, holding her small child, stood up in the back row.

"*You?*" shouted the incredulous cleric. "Isn't it true that you're an unwed mother?"

"Right, preacher," the young woman replied. "But did you expect my six-month-old daughter to stand up all by *herself?*"

It was late afternoon in a small Nevada town and Joe, the owner of the local beer parlor, was lazily polishing glassware when his friend Mike, obviously agitated, came running in.

"Joe, baby," he shouted, "get over to your house quick. I just stopped off to see if you were home and I heard a stranger's voice in your bedroom. So I looked in the window and there—well, I hate to tell you, but your wife is in bed with another man."

"Is that so?" Joe replied calmly. "What does this guy look like?"

"Oh, I don't know—he's tall and completely bald."

"And did he have a thick red mustache?" asked Joe.

"Right, right!" Mike yelled.

"And did you notice if he had a gold front tooth?"

"Damnit, man, you're right!"

Pouring his friend a beer, Joe remarked philosophically, "Must be that jackass Cal Thompson—he'll make love to *anything*!"

A lovely young thing decided to confide in her roommate. "The strangest thing has been happening to me," she said. "Every time I sneeze, I'm overtaken by an unbelievable sensation of wild passion."

"I've never heard of such a strange illness," her friend answered. "What do you take for it?"

Came the smiling reply: "Black pepper!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn $50 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.*


Sokoh

AN EXPENSIVE PLACE TO DIE

he would have to make his final moves in the perilous game of nuclear intrigue aboard that pirate radio ship squatting ominously in the fog

Conclusion of a new novel

By LEN DEIGHTON

SYNOPSIS: It began on one of those bright spring days in Paris. London had a job for me, the Embassy courier explained, and it involved two things. First, I had to do a little inquiring into the affairs of a certain Monsieur Datt, who operated a fashionable psychiatric clinic in the Avenue Foch. Second, I was to make sure that some highly secret documents on nuclear fallout got stolen from me. So, there were two moves—but I didn't know the rules of the game or even the names of the other players.

I began to find out. As soon as I started to ask questions about Datt, a number of people developed an interest in me. There was Sûreté Chief Inspector Loiseau, who gave me a stiff hands-off warning; there was Maria Chauvet, the girl with the green eye shadow, who took me to a party at the clinic. There was Datt himself, who trapped me, then had me drugged and interrogated—a disaster retrieved only when Maria purposely mistranslated my answers. There was Jean-Paul, the painter, who stole the secret papers I'd planted; there was Annie Couzins, the model who stumbled out of the clinic nude and bleeding one day to die in the street from a score of stab wounds. Finally, there was my English friend Byrd, who, according to the police, was her murderer.

The complex game seemed to be heading for one sort of climax when the police dug a tunnel from the street into the cellars of Datt's clinic—with me, unwillingly, leading the way in. The place was deserted—but we did come across the murder weapon, an Iron Maiden, the kind you read about in stories of medieval torture chambers.

When I met Inspector Loiseau again, he told me that his main objective was to get hold of a collection of film. For a long time, Datt had been secretly photographing the sexual activities in the clinic's private rooms. It was a perfect blackmail weapon against some highly important people. But my immediate interest was in getting Byrd cleared of the murder charge—a job made no easier because the police weren't telling where they'd put him.

And then there was Hudson: according to the newspapers, an American tourist who had suddenly vanished in Paris—but he was far more than that. He was a top American nuclear scientist. I met him through Monique, one of the clinic girls, and I found him sitting in a sidewalk café. What he told me began to shed some light on the bigger strategy and the stakes of the game. American testing in the Pacific had shown an unexpectedly high level of fallout—it was a far dirtier bomb than ever reported by the AEC, whose understated public reports had given satisfaction to the belligerent wing of the Chinese Communist leadership. As they saw it, China could start a nuclear war, survive and win. Thus, the fallout documents with their gruesome facts had to be leaked to Peking.

I arranged to keep Hudson under cover; I got Maria to promise to bring him quietly to Datt's country house for a meeting with the Chinese scientist Kuang-t'ien. I went on ahead by myself.

When I inquired in the dusty little village for the whereabouts of Datt's house, I got only a surly silence at first—but when I found it, Datt was waiting for me. Jean-Paul, driving an ambulance, arrived shortly thereafter. I got down to business by asking for Kuang and, when Datt produced him, I phoned Maria to bring Hudson round. In the meantime, Datt entertained me with a long discussion of his motives and his philosophy—all of the films and recordings he'd made at the clinic were part of an attempt to analyze human psychology through sexual behavior.

After Maria arrived, Hudson went off for a private talk with Kuang. The rest of us sat down to a fairly elaborate dinner. The food was good, but the conversation turned ugly—Maria announced that she'd definitely fallen out of love with Jean-Paul. He turned on Datt and began to threaten him. There were, he said, a few things about Datt and Annie Couzins' murder that hadn't been told yet. "You need me," Jean-Paul said. But he was exactly what Datt didn't need.

One of Datt's handymen took Jean-Paul into the kitchen. They shot him there, after the fish course and before the meat. When he was hit, Jean-Paul pulled his white shirt from his trousers and began to stuff it into his mouth. It looked like a magician's trick: how to swallow a white shirt; how to swallow a pink-dotted shirt; how to swallow a dark-red shirt. But he never finished the trick.

I had to leave. I had to get Hudson and Kuang out of France.

FROM THE GARAGE we took the camionette—a tiny gray corrugated-metal van—because the roads of France are full of them. I had to change gear constantly for the small motor, and the tiny headlights did no more than probe the hedgerows. It was a cold night and I envied the warm grim-faced occupants of the big Mercs and Citroëns that roared past us with just a tiny peep of the horn to tell us they had done so.

Kuang seemed perfectly content to rely upon my skill to get him out of France. He leaned well back in the hard upright seat, folded his arms and closed his eyes, as though performing some Oriental contemplative ritual. Now and again he spoke. Usually it was a request for a cigarette.

The frontier was little more than a formality. The Paris office had done us proud: three good British passports—although the photo of Hudson was a bit dodgy—over £25 in small notes (Belgian and French), and some bills and receipts to correspond to each passport. I breathed more easily after we were through. I'd made a deal with Loiseau, so he'd guaranteed no trouble, but I still breathed more easily after we'd gone through.

Hudson lay flat upon some old blankets in the rear. Soon he began to snore. Kuang spoke:

"Are we going to a hotel or are you going to blow one of your agents to shelter me?"

"This is Belgium," I said. "Going to a

hotel is like going to a police station."

"What will happen to him?"

"The agent?" I hesitated. "He'll be pensioned off. It's bad luck, but he was the next due to be blown."

"Age?"

"Yes," I said.

"And you have someone better in the area?"

"You know we can't talk about that," I said.

"I'm not interested professionally," said Kuang. "I'm a scientist. What the British do in France or Belgium is nothing to do with me, but if we are blowing this man, I owe him his job."

"You owe him nothing," I said. "What the hell do you think this is? He'll be blown because it's his job, just as I'm conducting you because that's my job. I'm not doing it as a favor. You owe no one anything, so forget it. As far as I'm concerned, you are a parcel."

Kuang inhaled deeply on his cigarette, then removed it from his mouth with his long, delicate fingers and stubbed it into the ashtray. I imagined him killing Annie Couzins. Passion or politics? He rubbed the tobacco shreds from his fingertips like a pianist practicing trills.

As we passed through the tightly shuttered villages, the rough *pavé* hammered the suspension and bright-eyed cats glared into our lights and fled. One a little slower than the others had been squashed as flat as an ink blot. Each successive set of wheels contributed a new pattern to the little tragedy that morning would reveal.

I had the camionette going at its top speed. The needles were still and the loud noise of the motor held a constant note. Everything was unchanging except a brief fusillade of loose gravel or the sudden smell of tar or the beep of a faster car.

"We are near Ypres," said Kuang.

"This was the Ypres salient," I said.

Hudson asked for a cigarette. He must have been awake for some time. "Ypres," said Hudson as he lit the cigarette. "Was that the site of a World War One battle?"

"One of the biggest," I said. "There's scarcely an Englishman that didn't have a relative die here. Perhaps a piece of Britain died here, too."

Hudson looked out of the rear windows of the van. "It's quite a place to die," he said.

• • •

Across the Ypres salient the dawn sky was black and getting lower and blacker, like a Bulldog Drummond ceiling. It's a grim region, like a vast ill-lit military depot that goes on for miles. Across country go the roads; narrow slabs of concrete not much wider than a garden path, and you have the feeling that to go off the edge is to go into bottomless mud. It's easy to go around in circles and even easier to imagine that you are. Every few yards there are the beady-eyed green-and-white notices that point the way to military cemeteries where regiments of blanco-white headstones parade. Death pervades the topsoil, but untidy little farms go on operating, planting their cabbages right up to PRIVATE OF THE WEST RIDING—KNOWN ONLY TO GOD. The living cows and dead soldiers share the land and there are no quarrels. Now in the hedges evergreen plants were laden with tiny red berries, as though the ground were sweating blood. I stopped the car. Ahead was Paschendaele, a gentle upward slope.

"Which way were your soldiers facing?" Kuang said.

"Up the slope," I said. "They advanced up the slope, sixty pounds on their backs and machine guns down their throats."

Kuang opened the window and threw his cigarette butt onto the road. There was an icy gust of wind.

"It's cold," said Kuang. "When the wind drops, it will rain."

Hudson leaned close to the window again. "Oh, boy," he said, "trench warfare here," and shook his head when no word came. "For them it must have seemed like forever."

"For a lot of them it *was* forever," I said. "They are still here."

"In Hiroshima even more died," said Kuang.

"I don't measure death by numbers," I said.

"Then it's a pity you were so careful not to use your atom bomb on the Germans or Italians," said Kuang.

I started the motor again to get some heat in the car, but Kuang got out and stamped around on the concrete roadway. He did not seem to mind the cold wind. He picked up a chunk of the shiny, clay-heavy soil peculiar to this region, studied it and then broke it up and threw it aimlessly across the field of cabbages.

"Are we expecting to rendezvous with another car?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"You must have been very confident that I would come with you."

"Yes," I said. "I was. It was logical."

Kuang nodded. "Can I have another cigarette?" I gave him one.

"We're early," complained Hudson. "That's a sure way to attract attention."

"Hudson fancies his chances as a secret agent," I said to Kuang.

"I don't take to your sarcasm," said Hudson.

"Well, that's real old-fashioned bad luck, Hudson," I said, "because you are stuck with it."

Gray clouds rushed across the salient. Here and there old windmills—static in spite of the wind—stood across the skyline, like crosses waiting for someone to be nailed upon them. Over the hill came a car with its headlights on.

They were 30 minutes late. Two men in a Renault 16, a man and his son. They didn't introduce themselves; in fact, they didn't seem keen to show their faces at all. The older man got out of the car and came across to me. He spat upon the road and cleared his throat.

"You two get into the other car. The American stays in this one. Don't speak to the boy." He smiled and gave a short, croaky, mirthless laugh. "In fact, don't speak to me, even. There's a large-scale map in the dashboard. Make sure that's what you want." He gripped my arm as he said it. "The boy will take the camionette and dump it somewhere near the Dutch border. The American stays in this car. Someone will meet them at the other end. It's all arranged."

Hudson said to me, "Going with you is one thing, but taking off into the blue with this kid is another. I think I can find my own way . . ."

"Don't think about it," I told him. "We just follow the directions on the label. Hold your nose and swallow." Hudson nodded.

We got out of the car and the boy came across, slowly detouring around us as though his father had told him to keep his face averted. The Renault was nice and warm inside. I felt in the glove compartment and found not only a map but a pistol.

"No prints," I called to the Fleming. "Make sure there's nothing else, no sweet wrappers or handkerchiefs."

"Yes," said the man. "And none of those special cigarettes that are made specially for me in one of those exclusive shops in Jermyn Street." He smiled sarcastically. "He knows all that." His accent was so thick as to be almost unintelligible. I guessed that normally he spoke Flemish and the French was not natural to him. The man spat again in the roadway before climbing into the driver's seat alongside us. "He's a good boy," the man said. "He knows what to do." By the time he got the Renault started, the camionette was out of sight.

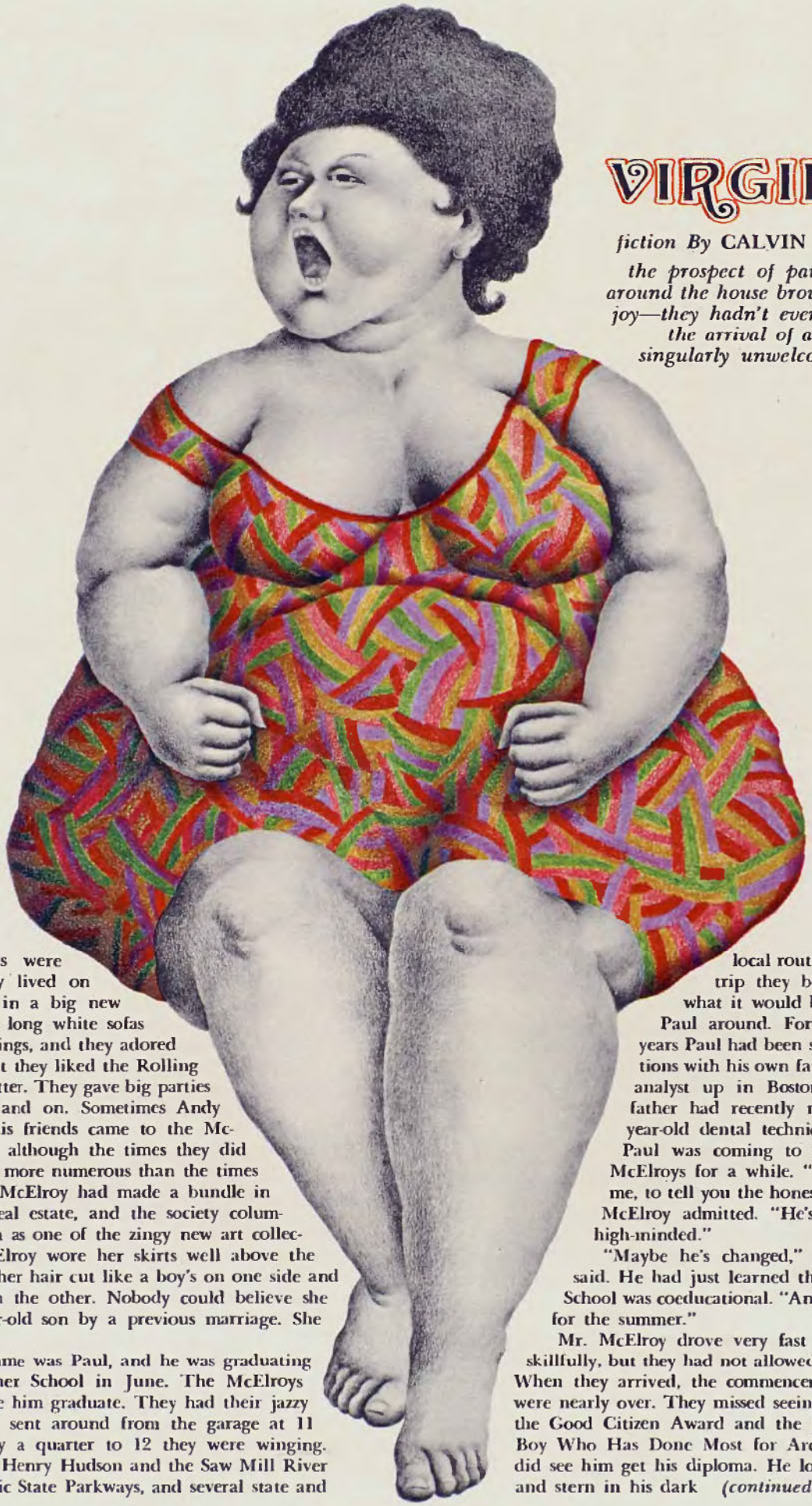
I'd reached the worrying stage of the journey. "Did you take notes?" I asked Kuang suddenly. He looked at me without answering. "Be sensible," I said. "I must know if you are carrying anything that would need to be destroyed. I know there's the box of stuff Hudson gave you." I drummed upon it. "Is there anything else?"

"A small notebook taped to my leg. It's a thin book. I could be searched and they would not find it."

I nodded. It was something more to worry about.

The car moved at high speed over the narrow concrete lanes. Soon we turned onto the wider main road that led north

(continued on page 108)



VIRGINIA

fiction By CALVIN TOMKINS

the prospect of paul hanging around the house brought them no joy—they hadn't even considered the arrival of another singularly unwelcome guest

THE MC ELROYS were swingers. They lived on Fifth Avenue in a big new duplex full of long white sofas and pop paintings, and they adored the Beatles, but they liked the Rolling Stones even better. They gave big parties that went on and on. Sometimes Andy Warhol and his friends came to the McElroys' parties, although the times they did not come were more numerous than the times they did. Mr. McElroy had made a bundle in Long Island real estate, and the society columnists knew him as one of the zingy new art collectors. Mrs. McElroy wore her skirts well above the knee and had her hair cut like a boy's on one side and like a girl's on the other. Nobody could believe she had an 18-year-old son by a previous marriage. She did, though.

Her son's name was Paul, and he was graduating from the Archer School in June. The McElroys drove up to see him graduate. They had their jazzy dark-green Jag sent around from the garage at 11 o'clock, and by a quarter to 12 they were winging. They took the Henry Hudson and the Saw Mill River and the Taconic State Parkways, and several state and local routes. During the trip they both wondered what it would be like having Paul around. For the last five years Paul had been spending vacations with his own father, a psychoanalyst up in Boston, but Paul's father had recently married a 22-year-old dental technician and now Paul was coming to live with the McElroys for a while. "The kid bugs me, to tell you the honest truth," Mrs. McElroy admitted. "He's so goddamn high-minded."

"Maybe he's changed," Mr. McElroy said. He had just learned that the Archer School was coeducational. "Anyway, it's only for the summer."

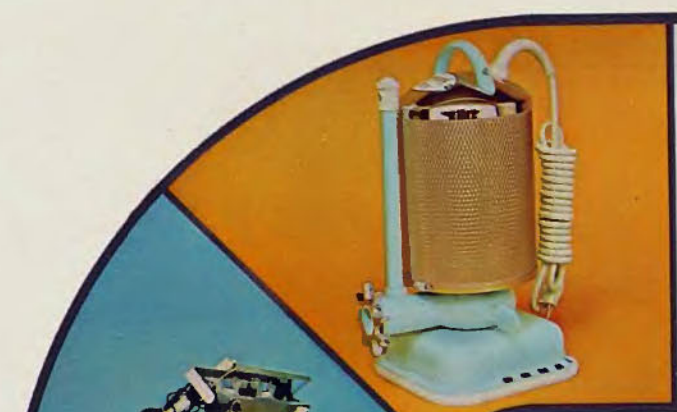
Mr. McElroy drove very fast and cornered skillfully, but they had not allowed enough time. When they arrived, the commencement exercises were nearly over. They missed seeing Paul receive the Good Citizen Award and the prize for The Boy Who Has Done Most for Archer, but they did see him get his diploma. He looked very tall and stern in his dark *(continued on page 139)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT LOSTUTTER

THE GROOMING GAME

HOW TO MAKE THE RIGHT MOVES IN KEEPING UP APPURTENANCES

Around the board, from stort to finish: Top to bottom: Chin-up bar fits most door frames, by Healthways, $8.95. Tensolator provides bodybuilding isotonic tension, by Thoylo, $24.50. Five-spring chest pull, $6.50, and lightweight rowing apparatus, $4.25, give your morning exercises an added boost, both by Healthways. Verve unit reduces measurements of woist, hips, abdomen and thighs without loss of weight, improves muscle tone while you rest, by Relax-a-cizor, $307. Sauna-King portable steam bath on wheels may be used in any room, requires no additional plumbing or special electrical wiring, temperature can be regulated from 150 to 400 degrees, seat is adjustable, by Master Distributors, $299.



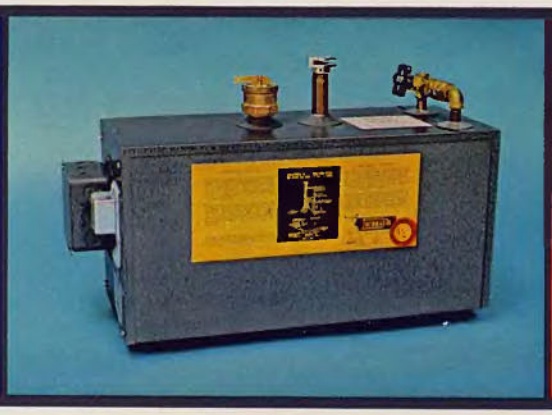
Sorry, but your steam generator is still

Below left, clockwise from 12: Lighted mirror, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $27.50. Classic shaver features four giant shaving heads, by Shavex, $19.95. Triple-header Speedshaver can be used world-wide, by Norelco, under $35. 300 Selectro shaver with diol-controlled heads, by Remington, $32.95. Clockwise from one: Badger-bristle shaving brush, $30, and shaving mug with lemon-lime soap, $10, both from Abercrombie & Fitch. Live-Blade razor eliminates short and diagonal strokes, by Stahly, $24.50. Techmatic razor, by Gillette, $2.95. Travel shaving brush of badger bristles comes with base and case, from Hoffritz, $8.50. Hot-lather dispenser comes with three-months' supply of cream lather, by Shane, $24.95.

You've now completed the opening stretch of the game; full steam ahead.

Below right: Three grooming brushes (backs up) of boar bristle include bath brush, skin-toner face brush and combination nail and hand-scrubber brush, all by Mohawk, $10 the set. Additional nail brush of bristle and Duroton, $7.50, and animalhair, Duroton and bristle bath brush, $20.75, both by Kent of London. Automatic steam generator transforms bathroom or shower stall into steam bath in 20 minutes, has time and temperature control, by Thermasol, $395. Portable whirlpool bath fits in tub, relaxes and gently soothes, by Jacuzzi Research, $285. Neptune oscillating sun lamp with dual-element quartz ultraviolet lamp includes separate Nichrome lamp for infrared heat baths, comes with built-in timer, legs fold for easy storage, goggles included, by Engelhard Hanovia, $149.95.

turned on. Lose one turn while you cool it.



Below, clockwise from one: Deluxe cordless electric shaver has dual-volt charging stand, pistol grip and micro-thin stainless-steel shaving screen, by Ronson, $44.95. Cordless Shavemaster 888 with six precision-honed surgical-steel blades has built-in power supply or can be used on house current, by Sunbeam, $41.95. Super 3-speed model 233 shaver allows shaving depth to be adjusted to eight different positions, by Schick, $29.95. Accumen battery shaver features "LumiRing" that spotlights area to be shaved, four stainless-steel cutters adapt to face contour, recharges directly from wall socket, from Haverhill's, $24.95. Portable Sun Roy lamp weighs only 2¼ lbs., costs both ultraviolet and infrared rays, comes with detachable cord and protective glasses, by Braun Electric America, $50.

There's nothing like a dame—on this page, anyway. Flip over for a preview peek at what you can win. (No fair skipping squares; you're not even dressed yet.)

EVEN IF THE THOUGHT OF IT MAKES YOU BRISTLE, A GOOD BRUSHING NOW CAN SAVE YOU FROM A BRUSH-OFF LATER.

Bottom left, left to right: Persian Leother soap set, by Caswell-Massey, $4.75. Brut after-shave balm, 4¼ ozs., by Fabergé, $5. Allercreme shampoo for men, 4 ozs., by Texas Pharmacal Company, $1.50. Braggi Face Branzer gives outdoor look, 3 ozs., by Charles Revson, $5. Jaguar deodorant stick, $2, and Jaguar All-Purpose Powder, 2¾ ozs., $2.50, bath by Yardley. Clockwise from nine: Dark tanning oil, 4 ozs., by Sea & Ski, $1.49. Canoe deodorant stick, by Dana, $2. Onyx after-shave and cologne set, 2½ ozs. each, by Lentheric, $5. By Georgel hair contral, 4 ozs., by Caryl Richards, $2. Old Spice lime talc, 2½ ozs., by Shulton, $1.50. T-Lak teeth-whitening toothpaste, a French expart, by Laboratoires Caze, $2. High Sierra after-shave ice, 2½ ozs., by Mennen, $1. Clockwise

The sweet smell of success beckons. Don't bankrupt yourself by going around town without a scent.

Ah, the home stretch. But who's staying home? Move ahead to claim your trophy in the winner's circle.

YOU'RE LOOKING TRIM, BUT DON'T LET IT MERELY GO TO YOUR HEAD. NOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN DRESSED DOWN, DRESS UP

from ten: English Leather lime after-shave, 4 ozs., by Mem, $2.50. British Sterling cologne and after-shave travel kit, 3 ozs. each, by Speidel, $7.50. Raffio lime cologne imported from the Virgin Islands, 8 ozs., by Huntley, Ltd., $7.50. Grooming kit includes nail file, comb, military brush, by Kent of London, $14.50. ZP 11 anti-dandruff hairdressing, 3½ ozs., by Revlon, $2. Infrared Vibra-Massage also emits heat, by Oster, under $13. Club brush, $11, pair of military brushes, $25, all by Kent of London. Left to right: Roto-Stroke electric hairbrush and scalp massager, by Ronson, $26.95. Multi-use electric dryer, by Braun Electric America, $25. Handy Comb 'n Go electric hair comb, by Owen Franks, $5.95.

Top right: Water Pik for dental hygiene, by Aqua Tec, about $30. Top to bottom: Manicure set, from Saks, $16. Mini-Shaver, with blade supply, by Roller Mini-Shaver, $6.95. Mani-Groom helps remove cuticles, by Revlon, $1.50. Diplomat shoe polisher, by Dremel, $29.95. Shoe polisher Model SP-1 plus attachments and storage chest, by General Electric, $26.98. Electric footwear dryer, from Max Schling Seedsmen, $7.98. Clockwise from ten: Nylon clothes brush, by Mohawk, $5. Rechargeable electric clothes brush, by General Electric, $14.98. Cordless electric brush, by Empire, $4. Bristle and Duroton brush, by Kent of London, $8.50. Steam and press valet, by Westinghouse, $19.95.

EXPENSIVE PLACE TO DIE *(continued from page 102)*

to Ostend. We had left the overfertilized salient behind us. The fearful names—Tyne Cot, St. Julien, Poelcapelle, Westerhoek and Pilckem—faded behind us as they had faded from memory, for 50 years had passed and the women who had wept for the countless dead were also dead. Time and TV, frozen food and transistor radios had healed the wounds and filled the places that once seemed unfillable.

"What's happening?" I said to the driver. He was the sort of man who had to be questioned or else he would offer no information.

"His people," he jerked his head toward Kuang, "want him in Ostend. Twenty-three hundred hours tonight at the harbor. I'll show you on the city plan."

"Harbor? What's happening? Is he going aboard a boat tonight?"

"They don't tell me things like that," said the man. "I'm just conducting you to my place to see your case officer, then on to Ostend to see his case officer. It's all so bloody boring. My wife thinks I get paid because it's dangerous, but I'm always telling her: I get paid because it's so bloody boring. Tired?" I nodded. "We'll make good time, that's one advantage; there's not much traffic about at this time of morning. There's not much commercial traffic if you avoid the intercity routes."

"It's quiet," I said. Now and again small flocks of birds darted across the sky, their eyes seeking food in the hard morning light, their bodies weakened by the cold night air.

"Very few police," said the man. "The cars keep to the main roads. It will rain soon and the cyclists don't move much when it's raining. It'll be the first rain for two weeks."

"Stop worrying," I said. "Your boy will be all right."

"He knows what to do," the man agreed.

• • •

The Fleming owned a hotel not far from Ostend. The car turned into a covered alley that led to a cobbled courtyard. A couple of hens squawked as we parked, and a dog howled. "It's difficult," said the man, "to do anything clandestine around here."

He was a small, broad man with sallow skin that would always look dirty, no matter what he did to it. The bridge of his nose was large and formed a straight line with his forehead, like the nose metal of a medieval helmet. His mouth was small and he held his lips tight to conceal his bad teeth. Around his mouth were scars of the sort that you get when thrown through a windscreen. He smiled to show me it was a joke rather than an apology, and the scars made a pattern around his mouth like a tightened hair net.

The door from the side entrance of the hotel opened and a woman in a black dress and white apron stared at us.

"They have come," said the man.

"So I see," she said. "No luggage?"

"No luggage," said the man. She seemed to need some explanation, as though we were a man and a girl trying to book a double room.

"They need to rest, *ma jolie môme*," said the man. She was no one's pretty child, but the compliment appeased her for a moment.

"Room four," she said.

"The police have been?"

"Yes," she said.

"They won't be back until night," said the man to us. "Perhaps not then, even. They check the book. It's for the taxes more than to find criminals."

"Don't use all the hot water," said the woman. We followed her through the yellow peeling side door into the hotel entrance hall. There was a counter made of carelessly painted hardboard and a rack with eight keys hanging from it. The lino had the large square pattern that's supposed to look like inlaid marble; it curled at the edges and something hot had indented a perfect circle near the door.

"Name?" said the woman grimly, as though she were about to enter us in the register.

"Don't ask," said the man. "And they won't ask our name." He smiled as though he had made a joke and looked anxiously at his wife, hoping that she would join in. She shrugged and reached behind her for the key. She put it down on the counter very gently, so she could not be accused of anger.

"They'll need two keys, Sybil." She scowled at him. "They'll pay for the rooms," he said.

"We'll pay," I said. Outside, the rain began. It bombarded the window and rattled the door as though anxious to get in.

She slammed the second key down upon the counter. "*You* should have taken it and dumped it," said the woman angrily. "Rik could have driven these two back here."

"This is the important stage," said the man.

"You lazy pig," said the woman. "If the alarm is out for the car and Rik gets stopped driving it, then we'll see which is the important stage."

The man didn't answer, nor did he look at me. He picked up the keys and led the way up the creaky staircase. "Mind the handrail," he said. "It's not fixed properly yet."

"Nothing is," called the woman after us. "The whole place is only half built."

He showed us into our rooms. They were cramped and rather sad, shining with yellow plastic and smelling of quick-drying paint. Through the wall I heard Kuang swish back the curtain, put his jacket on a hanger and hang it up. There was the sudden chug-chug of the water pipe as he filled the washbasin. The man was still behind me, hanging on as if waiting for something. I put my finger to my eye and then pointed toward Kuang's room; the man nodded. "I'll have the car ready by twenty-two hundred hours. Ostend isn't far from here."

"Good," I said. I hoped he would go, but he stayed there.

"We used to live in Ostend," he said. "My wife would like to go back there. There was life there. The country is too quiet for her." He fiddled with the broken bolt on the door. It had been painted over but not repaired. He held the pieces together, then let them swing apart.

I stared out of the window; it faced southwest, the way we had come. The rain continued and there were puddles in the roadway and the fields were muddy and windswept. Sudden gusts had knocked over the pots of flowers under the crucifix and the water running down the gutters was bright red with the soil it had carried from somewhere out of sight.

"I couldn't let the boy bring you," the man said. "I'm conducting you. I couldn't let someone else do that, not even family." He rubbed his face hard, as if he hoped to stimulate his thought. "The other was less important to the success of the job. This part is vital." He looked out of the window. "We needed this rain," he said, anxious to have my agreement.

"You did right," I said.

He nodded obsequiously, as if I'd given him a ten-pound tip, then smiled and backed toward the door. "I know I did," he said.

• • •

My case officer arrived about 11 A.M.; there were cooking smells. A large black Humber pulled into the courtyard and stopped. Byrd got out. "Wait," he said to the driver. Byrd was wearing a short Harris-tweed overcoat and a matching cap. His boots were muddy and his trouser bottoms tucked up to avoid being soiled. He clumped upstairs to my room, dismissing the Fleming with only a grunt.

"You're my case officer?"

(continued on page 173)

Food by Thomas Mario

The Language of Gallic Gourmandise

a concise guide to menu french for those who speak nought but english

INTERNATIONAL GASTRONOMISTS have unanimously crowned French cooking the king of cuisines; for no matter where peripatetic food fanciers dine—be it Lisbon, London or New York—outstanding menus in the language of the land are interlaced with Gallic culinary terminology. Why French and not Flemish or Finnish or Fiji? Simply because France has contributed more to cooking in the past hundred years than any other country; therefore, many Gallic creations have no translatable equivalent in any other language. And great dishes deserve their native tongue. *Chateaubriand* by any other name would sound silly.

When first pondering a massive *carte du jour* set before you in a French restaurant, don't panic. Immediately you'll recognize a few old friends, including hors d'oeuvre, consommé, croquette, soufflé, meringue, parfait and demitasse. Nor do you need a crash course in Romance languages to know that *abricot* is apricot, *saumon* is salmon, *côtelette* is cutlet and *boeuf* is beef. But language hopping can take you only so far. For example, *vol-au-vent* translates as "flown with the wind." It sounds like an airy dessert that literally melts in your mouth. Actually, it's a sumptuous pastry shell, light, to be sure, that may be filled with chunks of lobster or chicken in a smooth sherried sauce. French menuese, in other words, is a special department of the French tongue. Every professional chef worth his *toque blanche* keeps a French culinary dictionary in his kitchen desk. Every contemporary epicure should have access to an abbreviated one.

By common agreement, epicureans divide fine cooking into three main types. First is *la haute cuisine* (in other words, "super cooking"), a category that contains those outstanding culinary creations served up in *très bons* restaurants around the globe. The superb dishes in this division all have French names, regardless of their country of origin. For example, *boeuf Stroganoff*, a dish that obviously involves Russia, is known the world over—even in its homeland—by the French nomenclature. With few exceptions, there are no acceptable translations for the comestibles included in this category. Some of the outstanding fare that qualifies as *haute cuisine* contains the name of a specific individual (always capitalized) to whom the dish has been dedicated. Marguery, for example, was the owner of a turn-of-the-century Paris bistro. He was famed for a fish dish that now proudly bears his name—*filets de soles Marguery*. If you tried to replace *Marguery* with English, you'd have to say, "fillet of sole poached in a combination of fish stock, mussel stock and white wine, covered with a sauce made from the same stocks, plus egg yolks, grated cheese and hollandaise sauce [another French term], garnished with mussels and shrimp, and glazed under the broiler until brown." Settle for the laconic *Marguery*—a single word for an exceptionally succulent serving. (Sometimes the gastronomic immortalization comes from the gourmet and sometimes it comes from the chef; either way, you're guaranteed excellent eating.)

The second category is *la cuisine régionale*. It contains those creations that bear the names of the French districts in which they originated. Here, the title is usually retained in the original tongue (such as *filets de sole Normande*) or, if that proves exceptionally awkward, it's translated into the language of the country in which the dish is being served. Madras curry in France, for example, would be *le curry de Madras*; but if you see it spelled this way while dining in America, beware! The proprietor may be attempting to pass off *cuisine régionale* at *haute cuisine* prices.

When regional cooking for which nought but the full French name will suffice is served, the place of origin is used as either an adjective or a noun and is connected to the phrase *à la mode*. Therefore, pheasant cooked in the Alsacian manner (with sauerkraut) would be either *le faisan à l'alsacienne* or simply *le faisan alsacien*. When *à la mode* stands alone, it means "according to the manner" of the country you are in. *(continued on page 124)*

opinion By PAUL GOODMAN PREDICTIONS about the future of America during the next generation are likely to be in one of two sharply contrasting moods. On the one hand, the orthodox liberals foresee a Great Society in which all will live in suburban comfort or the equivalent; given a Head Start and Job Training, Negroes will go to college like everyone else, will be splendidly employed and live in integrated neighborhoods; billboards will be 200 yards off new highways, and the arts will flourish in many Lincoln Centers. On the other hand, gloomy social critics, and orthodox conservatives, see that we are headed straight for 1984, when everyone's life will be regimented from the cradle to the grave by the dictator in Washington; administrative

today's college students—disenchanted with a world they never made and more activist than ever before—are America's emergent power elite

double talk and Newspeak will be the only language; Negroes will be kept at bay by the police (according to the social critics) or will be the pampered shock troops of demagogs (according to the conservatives); we will all be serial numbers; civil liberties and independent enterprise will be no more.

Yet these predictions have much in common. They assume the continuation of the same trends and attitudes that are now in full sway. There will be increasing centralization in decision making, increasing mass education as we now know it, a stepped-up rate of technical growth and a growing Gross National Product, and more use of a technological style—of "planning" or "social engineering," depending *(continued on page 152)*

THE BUNNIES OF MISSOURI

a words-and-pictures paean to the hutch honeys of the show-me state

MISSOURI may evoke images of Harry Truman to the historian, Stan Musial to the baseball fan, Mark Twain to the bibliophile, Charlie Parker to the jazz buff and even the Gateway Arch to the tourist; but to connoisseurs of female pulchritude, the Show-Me State has recently shown just one thing—beautiful Bunnies. The Playboy Club in St. Louis had been entertaining keyholders for almost two years when the opening of the Kansas City Club conferred on Missouri the distinction of being the first state in the Union with two links in the ever-expanding Playboy key chain. Two Playboy Clubs means two hutchfuls of cottontails, a fact of which swivel-necked Missouri males, from St. Louis' Gaslight Square to K. C.'s Baltimore Street, are joyfully and frequently aware.

The Bunnies of Missouri are uniquely a product of the Show-Me State. In both background and outlook, they reflect the unique style of informal urbanity that characterizes the Missouri Playboy Clubs. A large proportion of the Bunnies are local girls: 75 percent of the Kansas City Bunnies and 85 percent of the St. Louis cottontails grew up hardly a hop from the local hutch. Their familiarity with the manners and mores of the Midwest makes them right at home with indigenous keyholders and provides a locally colored slice of real Missouri for visitors from out of state. From the four corners of Missouri—from the boot-heel flatland of Cape Girardeau and the Huckleberry Finn country of Hannibal; from places whose very names smack of American Gothic—West Plains, Sedalia, Independence and even (so help us!) Tightwad; in fact, from all over Mid-America, good-looking, brainy and talented young women have been drawn to Kansas City and St. Louis by the excitement of cosmopolitan life and the glamor that Playboy's satin ears bestow.

Statistically, the Bunnies of Missouri are slightly more symmetrical than the international Bunny average (36-23-35): Kansas City's finest measure a Rubensesque 950-622-950—which distills to a shapely 35-23-35

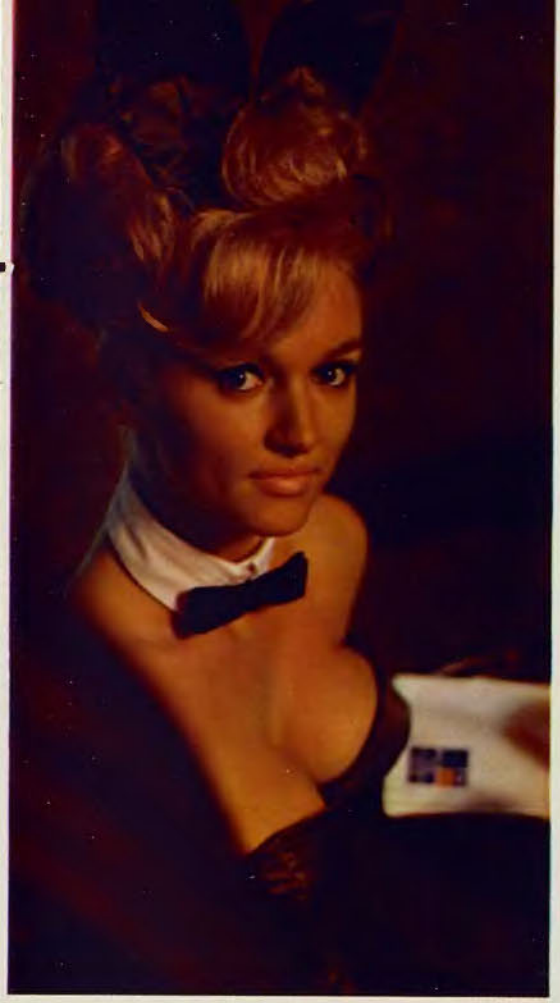
(text continued on page 146)

Like many Missouri cottontails, blonde Brigitte Keating—shown relaxing at home and table-hopping at the K. C. Playboy Club—boasts academic credentials to match her physical endowments. A 38-24-36 Fräuleinwunder who came to America from Kirn, Germany, Brigitte graduated from the University of Oklahoma with an A-minus average. She speaks four languages fluently, plans further study in London. Starr Scott, who hails from Harry Truman's home town of Independence, acts in K. C. Shakespeare productions and has big doe eyes for a drama career. Over in St. Louis, redhead Brenda DauBrava is a part-time acrobat and a prospective gym teacher.

The mirror on the Bunny Room wall reveals Mary John as one of Kansas City's fairest. Mary pens poetry in her spare time, owns a pet iguana. Among her hutchmates, demi-clad Bobbi Thompson was once a telephone operator, while luscious Gina Lathrope, gracious greeter of K. C. keyholders, is a homebody who hates sunlight, loves to cook.

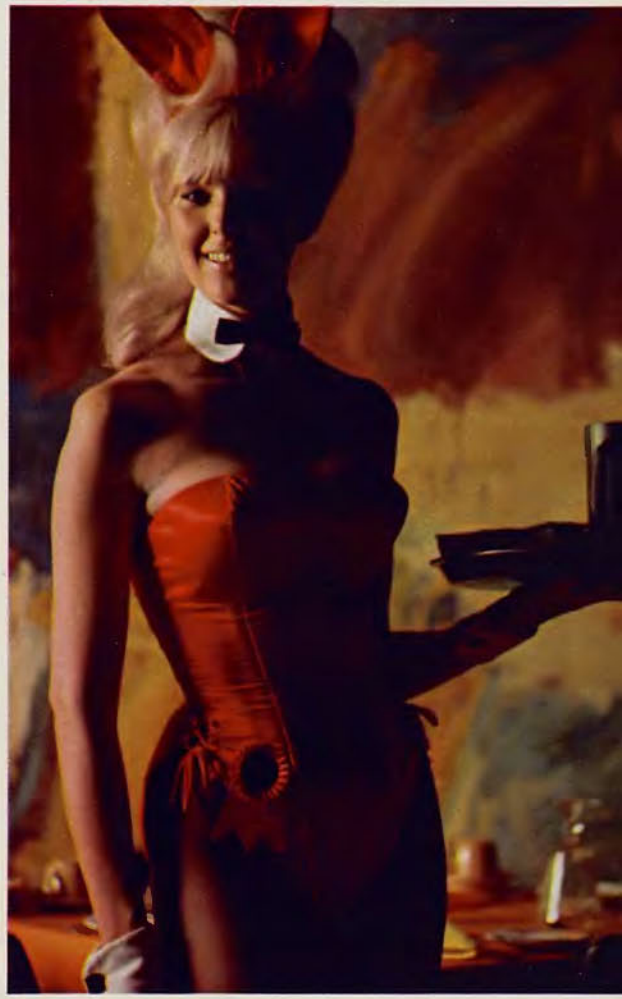
Dallas-born Glenna Burch relaxes after an evening's frugging at the K.C. Club. One of the most talented terpsicharines in the key chain, Glenna came to Playboy after go-go dancing in New Orleans and Kansas City. A self-proclaimed night person, she digs Mad clothes, new dances and poodles, dreams of owning her own dance studio. She often shares Kansas City Penthouse duties with Nancy Stephens, a drama graduate from the University of Kansas. Multilingual Nancy's background includes both acting and directing; she hopes to run a children's theater next summer.

Shutterbug Anne Wilson brings a camera-perfect 36-18-36 form to her duties as Photo Bunny at the Kansas City Club. She first took up photography at college. Eloine Bergman's hobby—private flying—is aptly symbolized by St. Louis' soaring Gateway Arch. When not grocing the local Club (facing page, top left), Eloine is likely to be winging cross-country—often at the controls—in her father's plane.

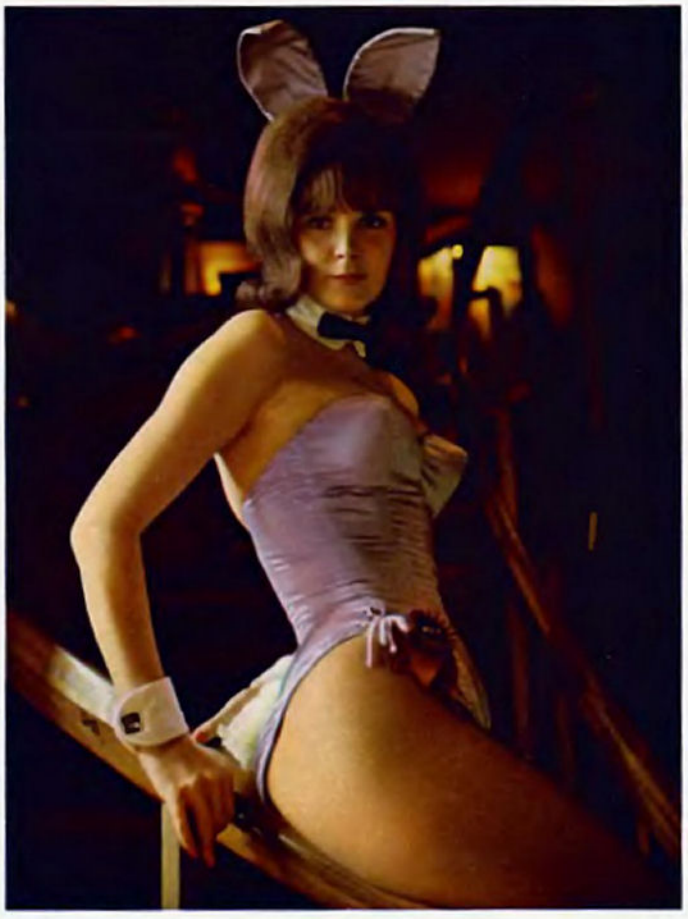


Kansas City keyholders rate German-born Gigi McMillen (top right) one of Missouri's natural wonders. She was K. C.'s Best Bunny for 1964, boasts a 40-23-35 figure and a large following of rabbitués. Paisley-shirted Nancy Gaines, another of Kansas City's finest, digs sports cars and kookie clothes. Over in St. Louis, art buff Rita Lockette rates herself "a very serious person," spends afternoons browsing at local galleries.

When she's not on the telephone, K. C. Bunny Martie Roberts, a 40-24-37 product of West Plains, Missouri, practices gourmet cooking. Blonde Bev Ringel, another K. C. cottontail, is an avid bowler who once broke 200. Hutchmate Terri Schmidt, a skillful and buoyant water skier, spends vacations hunting in Canada.



Kay Clark (above left) is another Kansas City cattantail from Independence. A quiet, soft-spoken girl, Kay enjoys folk singing and modern dance, says she loves life, but "sometimes from a detached point of view—as a spectator, as well as a participant." Whether spectator or participant, blonde Bev Masek is a rabid and outgoing spartnik. She's a fine softball player, a loyal fan of the baseball Cardinals, even has her own box seat behind the first-base dugout in St. Louis' new Memorial Stadium. Back in Kansas City, artistically inclined Babette Scheideman, another folk-music buff, spends her free time doing charcoal sketches, water colors and a bit of sculpting—in clay, bronze and stainless steel.



"I'm the shortest Bunny anywhere," says pint-sized Lucy Martin (top left). Lucy is 4'9", keeps trim swimming and water-skiing, sometimes with another St. Louis aquanette, André Johnson, a former surfer who frequently writes home to faraway Honolulu. Outdoor girl June Handy is one of the most proficient pool players in the Playboy chain; her St. Louis hutchmate, Nila Rain, an indoor type, digs classical music and Jane Austen novels.

Joyce Chadwick (left), proclaimed by columnist Earl Wilson as "a great undiscovered American beauty," won a trip to France when she was recently voted St. Louis' Best Bunny. Over in Kansas City, Jane Schroeder breeds quarter horses as a hobby, has won prizes in a bone-rattling rodeo event called "the cowgirl's barrel race." She spends free afternoons cantering (or just relaxing) in the woods. Raven-haired Brandi Christ, another K. C. animal lover, is half Cherokee, owns a padful of pets and hopes to use her Bunny lettuce to open a pet shop.


"It's very simple, darling.
The bloody mary's
ready in case you're
hung over, and
I'm ready in case you're not."
Vargas

Ribald Classic **the lady's tale** from a 16th Century French fable

SOME 50 YEARS after our dear master Rabelais passed from this earth, there lived in his town of Chinon the lady Diane de Montrouge, who had a secret that would have charmed him.

Traveler, do you know Chinon? It is a pretty town in the province of Touraine and it lies on the river Vienne. Atop its hill rears the great castle of Henry II, where Joan the Maid, of blessed memory, first met the ugly Dauphin Charles and exposed his trick. Exactly beneath the hill runs a narrow cobbled street of shops and inns and houses where the dying Richard Coeur de Lion, legend says, was brought from the siege with a fatal crossbow bolt in his shoulder. But none of these wonders is as astonishing as the story of the lady Diane.

She came as a stranger—her family demesne, it was said, was someplace in the wild Dordogne. Only God knows how the Sieur de Montrouge met, wooed and married her. He was a stern, laconic, short-tempered man. For 20 years he had been a soldier and his hair was the ashy color of one of the burned-out Huguenot castle keeps to which he had put the torch. He was very rich and, besides the lands of Montrouge, he owned a splendid hotel, or city mansion, in the street where the wounded Lionheart was borne long ago.

The lady Diane was as lovely as the first bright April day; her hair was the color of harvest wheat: her form was supple. On Sundays all the young men jostled one another to get a glimpse of her at Mass. But, within a few months, her smile was gone. When she appeared in the street, which was seldom, people always had the impression that she had just dried her tears. Even De Montrouge servants talk—a little. On the second bottle at the inn, one of them might forget his trepidations just enough to mumble something about how his master had put the lady Diane in the old wing of the hotel, where now she lived apart—or he might let drop a hint of screams they had heard at night behind closed doors, how his master had cursed and said "Devil!" more than once. But De Montrouge servants do not talk much. It is not very gratifying to go about the world with only one ear.

It happened that Michel de Sancerre fell in love with the lady. He was a young man of good family and he could have had for himself any one of the young ladies, fat and pink as so many pastries, who would have brought him a fine dowry. Instead, he moped near the gate of the De Montrouge hotel, followed the lady Diane whenever she walked, and attended Mass frequently enough to save his soul—if his thoughts had really been on heaven. Or, at least, what God-fearing folk like you and me mean by it. Michel attained near to his own kind of heaven one day—who knows behind what hedge, in what shady outskirt of Chinon? We can imagine that he spoke, that the lady answered, that eyes spoke again, that hands touched.

Now, the Sieur de Montrouge owned a seldom-used hunting lodge in the forest some five leagues from Chinon. One day the king, who was lying at Amboise, sent for him. That morning my lord of Montrouge could be seen riding through one gate in his usual proud and scornful way; that evening my lady of Montrouge could be seen, muffled and veiled, slipping through the other, with only her maid to accompany her.

It was dark when Michel reached the lodge. He found Diane prepared with cold roast fowl and a bottle of wine, and they supped together for the first time. But there were even finer delicacies—as he found when Diane blew out the candles; it was lovemaking such as he had never imagined. In the morning when he awoke, the lady Diane was gone.

The second night passed in the same way. On the third morning, he awoke and found her still beside him. With a smile of pleasure, he turned to look at all those delightful things he had felt but never seen. They were as smooth and shapely as he had been led to expect—but suddenly, in horror, he realized that there was something additional he had not expected. She had rolled on her right side. Just at the end of her spine, Michel saw a supple tail. It was about a yard long, slender, and covered with a soft down. It must have slipped out from beneath the extra sheet she had used to conceal it. Jesus save me! thought Michel, I have slept with the Devil's daughter! And he lunged for his clothes.

The lady Diane awoke and instantly saw that he had seen. She burst into tears. "Now you will hate me," she said, "but it isn't my fault! I'm not a devil or a monster, but a poor, unlucky girl. Oh, Michel!" Michel was too busy crossing himself with one hand and trying to dress with the other to give her an answer. At that instant there came the sound of horses' hoofs outside and a heavy blow on the door.

In the voice that had launched a thousand horsemen into the charge, the Sieur de Montrouge shouted, "Devil, I know not who is with you, but both of you shall burn!" There was a crackling sound outside and a little smoke came through around the door. Michel ran to the windows, but they were shuttered and barred from the outside. The fire grew fiercer; Michel grew frantic. He dropped to his knees and began to pray.

But the lady Diane arose from the bed, still in all her naked beauty and with the tail gently swaying as she walked. She went to Michel and took his dagger from his belt. At last! he thought, and prepared to die bravely. But she went quickly to the window on the far side of the lodge, and with the dagger she made a small hole in the shutter. As Michel watched in amazement, she extended her tail through that hole and lifted the outside bar. In a few moments they had got through and into the forest.

They rode all day into Brittany. At first they were silent, Michel still shaken by what had happened. But, as he looked at her face, at her beauty and into her tearful eyes, he could not help falling in love again. "It is really not so bad, my love," she said. "You will get used to it. And, besides, it has certain advantages you cannot even guess."

He discovered them that night at the inn. Never before in his life had he imagined such caresses, such novelties or such refinements of lovemaking. And it does not behoove us sober, pious folk to try to imagine them for ourselves.

The Sieur de Montrouge died in some forgotten battle. In time, Michel and his lady came back to live in Chinon. They had, in the course of things, four fine sons and four fine daughters. Their great-grandchildren live on in Chinon to this day.

Perhaps you have wondered why it is that the young men of Chinon have such a great curiosity to lift the skirts of a pretty girl. And now you know.

—Retold by Roderick Cameron

Gallic Gourmandise

(continued from page 109)

Now, a few general tips. When ordering a bird such as duck (*canard*), remember that *le canard* means you are ordering the whole duck, cooked in the manner indicated; but the omission of *le* coupled with an adjective means that you'll get fowl served in some other form, such as in a casserole. (This rule has its exceptions; egg dishes and most fish dishes have an article before them only when they are *haute cuisine*.)

The French word *au* can convert a noun to an adjective, as in *oeufs au plat* (eggs broken onto a plate for cooking), or it can stand alone as an abbreviation for the phrases *au parfum de* or *au saveur de* ("with the flavor of"). Thus, *croûte au Madère* is a cake flavored with madeira.

On all menus, in every language, you can expect a certain amount of hanky-panky. In this respect, the French are like all other chefs. If you see *le coq au Chambertin* listed on a menu, the proper translation would be "whole chicken cooked with the burgundy wine Chambertin"—one of the greatest and most expensive red wines in the world. In all probability, what you'll actually get is the traditional *coq au vin* made with a good dry California red. French chefs aren't above taking foreign foods and dubbing them with French terminology when they can get away with it. Thus, American wild rice appears in some Parisian restaurants as *riz sauvage*; and the Italian dessert zabaglione, made of egg yolks, sugar and marsala wine, is corrupted into the French *sabayon*. But no Gallic chef would dream of listing spaghetti or ravioli by any other names. Also, French eateries have never taken spelling too seriously. You'll see rice on one menu spelled *pilaf*. On others it's *pilau* or *pilaw*. *N'importe!* The proof of the dish is in the eating.

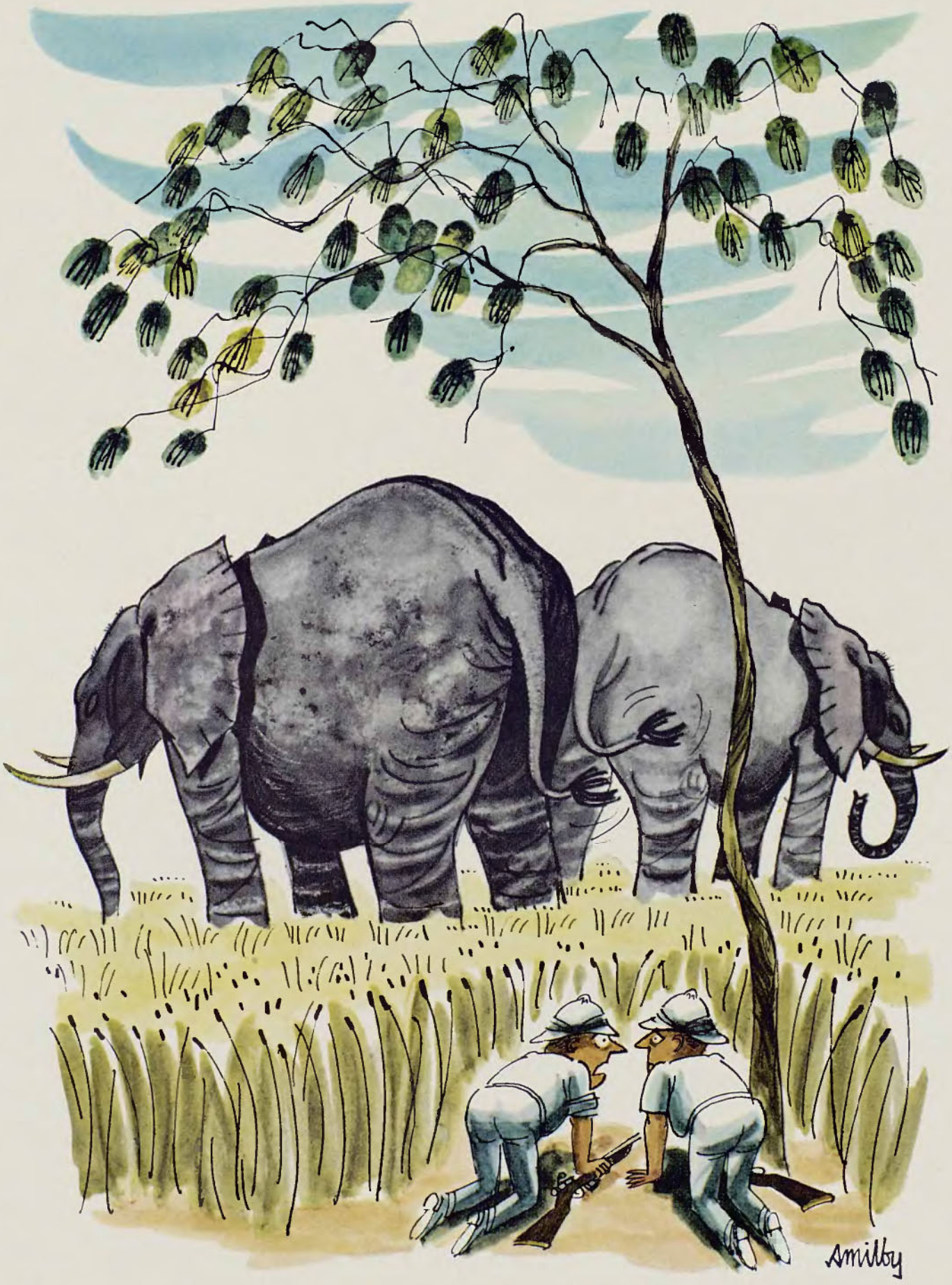
If *le*, *la* or *les* appears in front of most dishes and *à la mode* keeps popping up the way truffles should in a truffle omelet, chances are the proprietor is unnecessarily padding his bill of fare (also, perhaps, his table checks) in hopes of attracting linguistically uninformed customers who judge French cuisine by word count, not by how it tastes. Unless you know the food to be first-rate, pass the restaurant by.

The following Gallic glossary is composed of basic foods (*huitre* is oyster, *veau* is veal) as well as the styles in which the ingredients appear (the *à las*, garnishes, sauces, proper names, etc.). *Florentine*, for example, tells you that the dish contains spinach. *Consommé Florentine* is a consommé with light spinach dumplings. *Oeufs à la florentine* are poached eggs on a bed of spinach, covered with a light cheese sauce and browned in a hot oven. However, no glossary of French menu terms could possibly include the hundreds of sauces and countless garnishes that have been served up at French—or French-styled—restaurants everywhere. Occasionally you'll come across a dish that isn't listed in this or any other glossary. When you do, act like a native Frenchman on vacation. Whether dining in Tokyo, London or New York, he'll never hesitate to signal the headwaiter and ask for a brief explanation of such menuisms as *Perdreau à la Souvarof* (partridge with goose liver and truffles).

Armed with this brief glossary of major foods, major sauces and major methods of preparation, you should be able to wend your way through a French menu with little trouble—and not feel like a square or a hick for asking the precise meaning of words and phrases on the menu that baffle you.

MAJOR FOODS

Ballottine—Boned, stuffed, rolled poultry or meat, often lamb
Baron—Loin and leg of lamb or mutton, sometimes double loin of beef
Bavarois—Dessert of custard, gelatin, whipped cream
Beignet—Fritter of cooked batter with apples, bananas, etc.
Bisque—Purée shellfish soup
Blanquette—White stew usually of veal and mushrooms
Boeuf—Beef
Bouillabaisse—Fish stew of shellfish, garlic, parsley, saffron
Canard or *Caneton*—Duck
Carbonades—Beer-flavored beef stew
Cassoulet de Castelnaudary—Stew of goose, mutton, pork, beans
Cerise—Cherry
Champignon—Mushroom
Chapon—Capon
Chateaubriand—Double- or triple-thick tenderloin steak
Chou—Cabbage. *Choux de Bruxelles*—Brussels sprouts. *Chou-fleur*—Cauliflower. *Chou rouge*—Red cabbage. *Chou vert*—Green cabbage. *Chou farci*—Stuffed cabbage
Choucroute—Sauerkraut
Citron—Lemon
Civet—Game stew with onions, mushrooms, red wine
Contre-filet—Sirloin
Coq au vin—Chicken stewed in wine
Crêpe—Thin pancake, often filled and rolled
Cresson—Watercress
Crevette—Shrimp
Croustade—Fried hollowed bread or pastry filled with food in sauce
Daube—Meat braised in one piece, or large cubes, with wine
Dinde, dindon, dindonneau—Turkey
Écrevisse—Crayfish
Émincé—Thinly sliced small pieces of cooked meat or poultry in sauce
Entrecôte—Thick sirloin (sometimes rib) steak
Épinards—Spinach
Escargot—Snail
Faisan—Pheasant
Farce—Stuffing of ground meat, poultry, fish, bread, etc.
Filet—Narrow tender part of boneless meat, poultry or fish (latter skinless)
Foie—Liver. *Foie gras*—Goose liver. *Foie de veau*—Calf's liver
Fraise—Strawberry
Framboise—Raspberry
Fromage—Cheese
Fruits de Mer—Mixed seafood
Galantine—Chicken and/or meats, some ground, in sausagelike roll, truffles
Gâteau—Cake
Glace—Ice cream or sherbet
Grenouilles—Frogs' legs
Haricots Verts—String beans
Homard—Lobster
Huitres—Oysters
Jambon—Ham
Jus—Meat drippings with meat stock, gravy
Lait—Milk
Langouste—Spiny lobster or rock lobster
Lapin—Rabbit
Légumes—Vegetables
Loup de Mer—Sea bass
Macédoine—Medley of fruits or vegetables, often diced
Madrilène—Tomato-flavored consommé
Marrons—Chestnuts. *Marrons glacés*—Chestnuts in vanilla syrup
Médaillon—Round or oval-shaped piece of meat, poultry or *foie gras*
Moules—Mussels
Mousse—Rich, cold, molded dish containing cream
Moutarde—Mustard
Mouton—Mutton
Oeufs—Eggs. *A la coque*—Soft-boiled. *Brouillés*—Scrambled. *Durs*—Hard-boiled. *Frits*—Fried or deep-fried. *Mollets*—Medium-boiled. *Pochés*—Poached. *Sur le plat*—Shirred
Oie—Goose
Palourde—Clam
Pamplemousse—Grapefruit
Pâté—Smooth mixture of meat, poultry or seafood, ground, baked
Paupiettes—Thin slices of meat, stuffed, rolled, braised
Pêche—Peach
Perdreau—Partridge
Persillade—Chopped parsley
Petite marmite—Consommé in earthenware pot, lean beef, chicken, vegetables, marrow, bread croutons with cheese
Petits fours—Small fancy cakes



"If their tails are wagging, does it mean they're cross or happy?"

Petits pois—Peas
Pilaf, pilau, pilaw—Rice, onions, often with meat, poultry, seafood
Pipérade—Egg dish with tomatoes, pimientos, ham
Plats froids—Cold buffet or cold summer dishes
Poisson—Fish
Poitrine—Brisket
Pomme—Apple
Pommes de terre—Potatoes. *Anna*—Raw slices in mold, baked brown. *Au four*—Baked. *Duchesse*—Mashed with egg, mounds, baked. *Frites*—French fried. *Lyonnaise*—Sliced, fried, onions. *Macaire*—Pulp, baked potatoes, buttered, browned. *Minute*—Thin strips, deep fried. *Purée*—Mashed. *Sautées*—Boiled, sliced, fried in butter. *Soufflé*—Raw slices fried twice until puffed
Potage—Soup
Pot-au-feu—Meat, poultry and vegetables cooked in one pot
Poularde—Roasting chicken or fat hen
Poulet—Spring chicken
Profiteroles—Small pastry balls; Also soup croutons
Quenelle—Dumpling of egg, cream, ground meat, poultry or seafood
Quiche—Warm hors d'oeuvre custard tart with cheese, ham or shellfish
Ris—Sweetbread
Rissole—Meat turnover, fried or baked
Riz—Rice
Rognon—Kidney
Roulade—Rolled boned meat usually stuffed
Salmis—Game or poultry stew from previously roasted birds
Saucisse, Saucisson—Sausage
Saumon—Salmon
Savarin—Rum-soaked ring cake with fruit or cream filling
Sorbet—Sherbet
Suprême—Breast of chicken
Tétras—Grouse
Tortue—Turtle
Tournedos—Small tenderloin steaks
Truffes—Truffles
Truite—Trout
Veau—Veal
Vinaigrette—Salad dressing of oil, vinegar, chopped herbs, seasoning
Volaille—Chicken
Vol-au-vent—Light pastry case filled with meat, poultry or seafood in sauce

MAJOR SAUCES

Allemande—White sauce of chicken, veal or fish stock and egg yolks
Aurore—Sauce of white stock, tomato purée
Béarnaise—Sauce of egg yolks, butter, shallots, tarragon, meat extract
Bercy—Brown sauce or white fish sauce of shallots, white wine, parsley
Bigarade—Brown sauce of orange juice and peel, orange liqueur
Bordelaise—Brown sauce of red wine, beef marrow
Bourguignonne—Brown sauce of red wine, salt pork, mushrooms, small onions
Colbert—Butter sauce of parsley, lemon juice, meat glaze, tarragon
Demi-deuil—White sauce of chicken stock, truffles
Diable—Brown sauce of wine, vinegar, peppercorns, shallots
Grand Veneur—Brown sauce of blood of game, red wine
Gribiche—Cold sauce of egg yolks, oil, vinegar, mustard, capers, herbs
Hollandaise—Sauce of egg yolks, lemon and butter
Marinière—White sauce with mussel stock
Meunière—Brown butter sauce with lemon juice, parsley
Mornay—White sauce of cheese, egg yolks
Mousseline—Hollandaise sauce with whipped cream; Also, mold of seafood, poultry, etc., with cream, poached
Piquante—Brown sauce with wine vinegar
Poivrade—Brown sauce with red wine, crushed peppercorns
Poulette—White sauce of egg yolks, parsley, mushrooms, lemon juice
Ravigote—Cold sauce of oil, vinegar, capers, herbs; Also, white sauce of wine, vinegar, shallots, pepper
Réforme—Brown sauce of truffles, mushrooms, carrots, tongue
Robert—Brown sauce of vinegar, mustard, wine, onions
Talleyrand—White sauce of chicken stock, cream, madeira, truffles, tongue
Tartare—Cold sauce with mayonnaise, chopped pickles, chives; Also, an uncooked chopped beefsteak with raw egg yolk, capers, seasonings
Velouté—White sauce of chicken, veal or fish stock
Veronique—White sauce of fish stock, white grapes, white wine

METHODS OF PREPARATION

Alsacienne—With braised cabbage or sauerkraut
Américaine—With tomato sauce, fish stock, brandy, white wine, shallots
Anglaise—Dipped in egg and bread crumbs before frying
Au bleu—Stewed in wine or vinegar and water
Bonne femme—With mushrooms, white sauce
Bretonne—With beans
Cardinal—With diced shrimp, lobster, mushrooms, sometimes au gratin
Chantilly—With whipped cream
Chasseur—With mushrooms, shallots, white wine
Chiffonnade—With thin strips of lettuce, sorrel, etc., in soups, salads
Crécy—With carrots
Dubarry—With white sauce, cheese
Duxelles—With chopped mushrooms, shallots, and sometimes ham
Fines herbes, aux—With chopped parsley, chervil, tarragon, chives, etc.
Florentine—With spinach
Française—With shredded lettuce and small onions
Impératrice—With glazed fruit and kirsch
Italienne—With finely diced mushrooms; or pasta with cheese and butter
Ivoire—With chicken dumplings, mushrooms, white sauce, chicken stock
Jardinière—With glazed carrots, turnips, peas or beans
Jubilée—Flamed with brandy or liqueurs
Milanaise—With tomatoes, tongue, ham, mushrooms
Mirabeau—With anchovies, olives, tarragon
Mode—Beef, marinated in wine, pot-roasted, often cold in jellied gravy
Montmorency—With cherries
Nantua—With white sauce, crayfish, butter, brandy
Niçoise—With tomatoes and garlic, sometimes with olives, anchovies
Normande—With oysters, mussels, shrimps, crayfish, mushrooms
Papillote, en—Meat or fish baked in heart-shaped paper casing
Parisienne—With artichokes, pan gravy, white wine; potatoes cut into small balls
Parmentière—With potatoes
Paysanne—With carrots, turnips, onions, celery, small potatoes
Périgourdine—With truffles and *foie gras*
Polonaise—With chopped egg, parsley, bread crumbs
Printanière—With carrots, turnips, peas, beans
Provençale—With tomatoes, garlic; Often with onion, parsley, white wine
Reine—With chicken or chicken sauce
Rémoulade—Mayonnaise with gherkins, capers, onions, herbs
Richelieu—With stuffed tomatoes, braised lettuce, potatoes
Royale—With unsweetened custard
Timbale—Cooked in cylinder-shaped mold (with or without crust) of meat, poultry, seafood or vegetables
Valenciennes—With rice, pan gravy, white wine
Vert-pré—With julienne potatoes, watercress, parsley butter
Vichy—Cooked with as little water as possible, usually with carrots

"Whene'er I hear French spoken as I approve," penned the poet Owen Meredith, "I feel myself quietly falling in love." Speak the preceding culinary key to Gallic menuese as you approve and a sumptuous French bill of fare will become an Open sesame! to fine fare round the globe.

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COMET WINE *(continued from page 68)*

"There is still *The Queen of Spades*," said the unkempt man, mischievously. "Perhaps you will undertake that one yourself?"

"Thank you, no," snapped the other (rather irritably, I thought). "I leave that to you."

"I may just do it," was the smiling reply, "unless Chaikovsky is too quick for me!" [*He was: Tchaikovsky's setting of "The Queen of Spades" or "Pique-Dame" was presented in 1890. And, later, Rimsky-Korsakov drew upon Pushkin for his operas "Le Coq d'Or" and "Mozart and Salieri"; and Rachmaninoff also turned to Pushkin for his "Aleko."*] Elaborately excusing himself, the wild-haired man left us and began chatting with another group.

"Talented," my young friend said in appraisal of him after he left, "but he lacks technique. His scores are crude, grotesque, his instrumentation a disgrace. Of course, he isn't well. An epileptic. And, as you may have noted, he drinks heavily. Still, somehow, he goes on writing music. There is a tavern in Morskaia Street, called Maly Yaroslavets —any night you will see him there, drinking vodka, scribbling music on napkins, menus, the margins of newspapers, feverishly, almost as if——" He broke off.

"As if possessed?" I said.

"A somewhat lurid allusion, don't you think? No, I was about to say, 'almost as if his life depended on it'—as I suppose it does, for his interest in music is probably the only thing keeping him alive. To look at him now, Lord Henry, would you ever guess he was *once* an impeccably groomed Guards officer, of refined breeding, a wit, a ladies' man?" He shook his head dolorously. "Poor Mussorgsky," he sighed.

Looking slowly about the *salon*, he then said, "The *koochka* is not what it was, sir. Do you see that pathetic creature sitting in the corner?" The gentleman indicated was indeed pathetic, a wraith who looked with glazed eye upon all who passed before him, responding feebly and mechanically to greetings, like an old man (although he was not old), then sinking back into motionless apathy. "That is, or was, the *koochka*'s vital force, its spine, its heart, its tingling blood. It was in *his* apartment we were wont to meet, he who held the group together, his hands that firmly gripped the reins, his whip that goaded us to frenzied effort. No man was more steeped in the classical scores, no memory was so vast as his. Now look at him. A coffin. His mind blighted by a mysterious malady. There he sits. His *Tamara* languishes unfinished. Music has ceased to interest him, he who breathed exotic harmonies every minute of the day."

We had been walking toward this pitiful wreckage, and now my guide leaned close and spoke to him: "Mily Alekseyevich! How is it with you?" The man looked up and blinked vapidly; it was quite obvious he did not recognize the speaker. "It is I, Vassily Ivanovich," he was forced to add.

"Vas . . . sily . . . 'Van . . . ovich . . ." A small, crooked smile of recognition twisted the poor man's face for a moment, although the eyes did not kindle.

"Allow me to present an honored guest from England, Lord Henry Stanton. Lord Henry, Mily Balakirev."

The wretched fellow offered me a limp, dead hand, which I briefly shook; and then we left him, staring vacantly into empty air again. "Tragic," my Virgil murmured; "and the final offense is that poor Mily, who once was the most vociferous of scoffers, now mumbles prayers and bends his knee to icons."

"I hope you are not an unbeliever," I said lightly.

"I believe," he said—a reply that would have satisfied me, had it not been for its dark color, which seemed to imply meanings beyond the simple words.

"Surely," I asked him, "such ruination of body or mind is not typical of your group?"

"Mussorgsky and Balakirev are possibly extreme examples," he agreed. "But there, at the table, stuffing himself with *zakuski*," he said, indicating a man in the uniform of a lieutenant general of engineers, "is Cui, who suffers from the worst disease of all: poverty of talent. And Rimsky, whose soul is corroded by his envy of Chaikovsky."

The music of Chaikovsky's *Yevgeny Onyégin* still rang in my memory and I was therefore reminded of the poet on whose work the opera was founded. "You spoke of Pushkin some moments ago," I said. "I have been told he was an extraordinary poet. Why do you hold him in low esteem?"

"I do not," he replied. "Pushkin was a genius. But suppose your English musicians persisted in setting only the plays and verses of Shakespeare, ignoring today's English writers? This preoccupation with the past is stagnating most of Russian culture, and the music itself is as dated as its subject matter. Even Mussorgsky, whose crudeness is sometimes redeemed by flashes of daring, is being obtunded and made 'inoffensive' by Rimsky—a pedant who gets sick to the stomach at the sound of a consecutive fifth!"

Does it strike you, Bobbie, that this chap was annoyingly critical of his illustrious colleagues? It so struck me, and a little later in the evening I had an opportunity to challenge him—but at this precise moment in our conversation, we were joined by our host.

My initial "offense" regarding the music of Chaikovsky was now, happily, forgotten, and Rimsky's eyes were warm behind the blue lenses. "Ah, Lord Hen-

"Judith tells me you write. I read."

ry," he said, "I see you have met our young firebrand. Has he been telling you what old fogies we are, the slaves of tradition, and so on? Dear boy, for shame: Our English visitor will carry away a bad impression of us."

"No, no," I said, "his views are refreshing."

"He is our gadfly," Rimsky said, with a diplomatic smile. "But we must all suspend our conversations—refreshing though they may be—and turn our attention to some music a few of our friends have consented to play for us."

We all found chairs, and a feast of sound was served. Mussorgsky provided accompaniment for a song sung by a basso they called Fyodr [*Not Chaliapin, of course, who was only six years old at the time; but possibly Fyodr Stravinsky, the singer-father of Igor*]; after which a chemist named Borodin played pungent excerpts from an uncompleted opera ("He's been at it for fifteen years," whispered my young companion. "Keeps interrupting it to work on symphonies. A chaotic man, disorganized. Bastard son of a prince."). Next, Rimsky-Korsakov himself played a lyrical piece I found charming, but which my self-appointed commentator deprecated as "conventional, unadventurous."

I had, by this time, had a surfeit of his vicious carping. Taking advantage of a lull in the musical offerings, I now turned to him and, with as much courtesy as I could summon and in a voice distinct enough to be heard by all, said, "Surely a man of such austere judgment will condescend to provide an example of his ideal? Will *you* not take your place at the keyboard, sir, so that others may play at critic?"

He proffered me a strange look and an ambiguous smile. A profound hush fell upon the room. Our host cleared his throat nervously. My heart sank as I realized that somehow, in a way quite unknown to me, I had committed another and possibly more enormous *faux pas*!

But I see the dawn has begun to tint the sky, and I have not yet been to bed. I will dispatch these pages to you at once, Bobbie, and resume my little chronicle at the very next opportunity.

Your peripatetic friend,
Harry

• • •

8 April

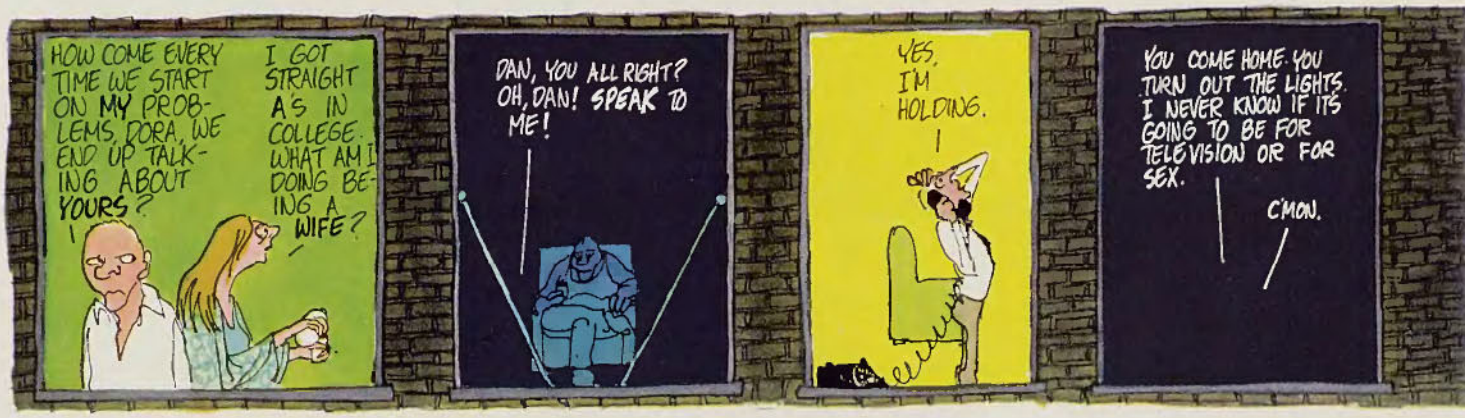
My dear Bobbie,

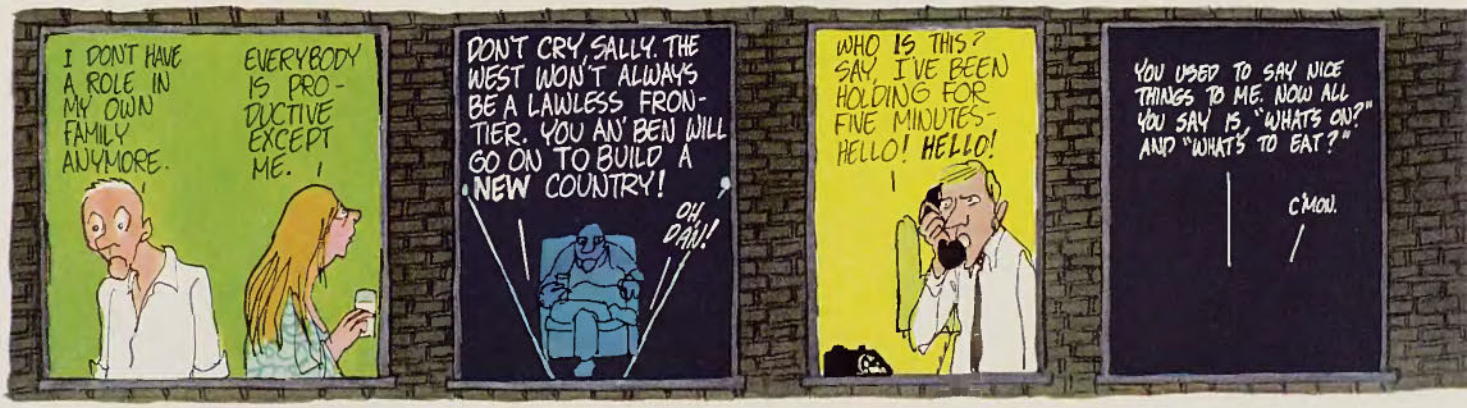
I left off, if I remember rightly, at that moment in Rimsky-Korsakov's apartment when I committed some manner of gauche blunder merely by suggesting that a rather unpleasant young man, who had been so superciliously critical of his colleagues, play something of his own composition for the assembled

(continued on page 131)

ROOMS

By JULES FEIFFER





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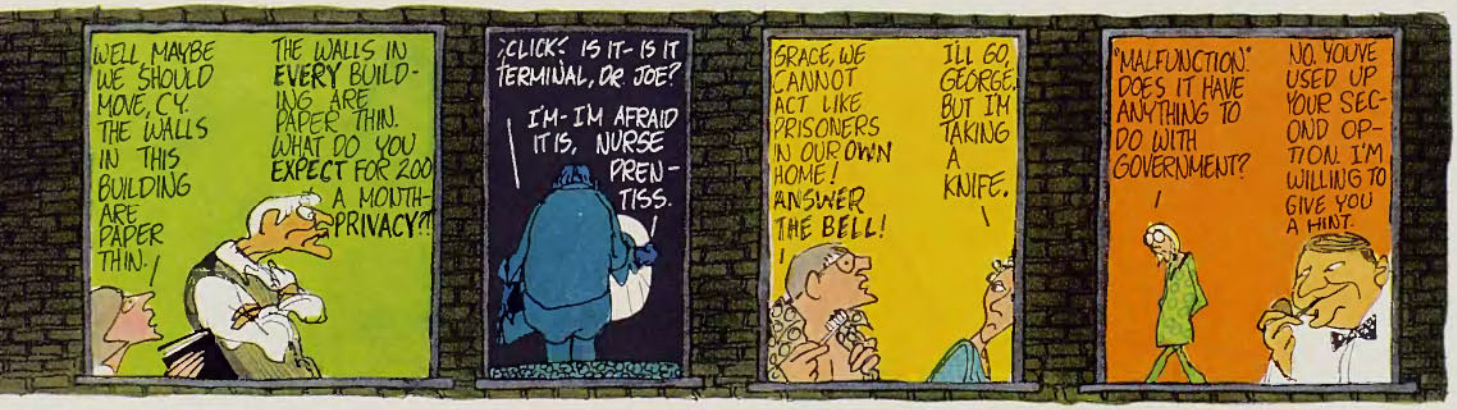
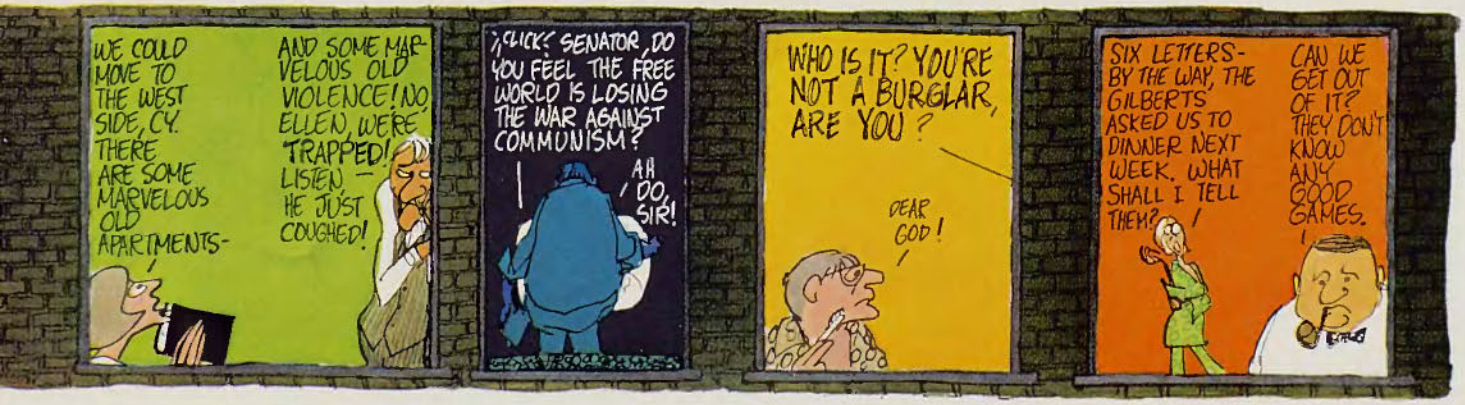
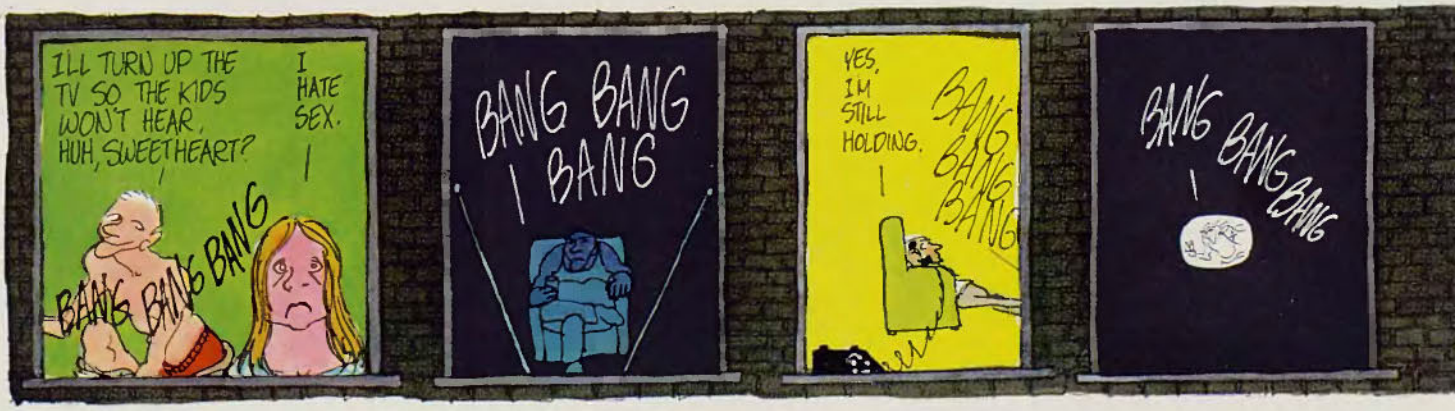





YOU DON'T GIVE ME ANY SUPPORT, DORA. YOU NEVER HAVE.
I HATE HUSBANDS WHO AREN'T AS BRIGHT AS THEIR WIVES.
CLANTON! I'VE STRAPPED ON MY GUNS! COME ON OUT, CLANTON! I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!
WELL, NO, I DON'T WANT TO HOLD ON- I'VE BEEN HOLDING -HELLO - HELLO-
TALK ME INTO IT, CHARLIE! FLATTER ME! TALK TO ME!
C'MON.


I LOVE YOU, DORA. YOU'RE ALL I HAVE LEFT.
I HATE OVERLY DEPENDENT HUSBANDS.
WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM FOR A SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN. A BOEING 727 JET WITH 94 ABOARD HAS CRASHED ON TAKE-OFF FROM KENNEDY FIELD
HELLO! HELLO! I'D LIKE TO LEAVE A MESSAGE FOR- HELLO! HELLO!
IT'S EITHER ME OR THE LATE SHOW, CHARLIE. YOU DON'T OPEN UP, I DON'T OPEN UP.
C'MON.


YOU LOVE ME, TOO, DON'T YOU, DORA? JUST A LITTLE BIT, HUH, DORA?
I HATE OVERLY MASCULINE HUSBANDS.
WE NOW RETURN YOU TO THE PROGRAM IN PROGRESS.
BANG!
YES, I'M STILL HOLDING.
CLICK
WHAT'S IT GONNA BE, CHARLIE? TALKING OR TELEVISION?
CHOK-


I'LL TURN UP THE TV SO THE KIDS WON'T HEAR, HUH, SWEETHEART?
I HATE SEX.
BANG BANG BANG
BANG BANG BANG
YES, I'M STILL HOLDING.
BANG BANG BANG
BANG BANG BANG


WHAT SHALL WE DO, CY? MOVE TO THE SUBURBS?
TO NOTHINGLAND? I'D RATHER DIE HERE - FIGHTING! LISTEN! HE'S IN THE BATHROOM!
M-MOVE MY BED CLOSER TO THE WINDOW, NURSE PRENTISS - IT'S GETTING SO DARK AND I CAN'T SEE THE FLOWERS -
WILL YOU PLEASE STAND CLOSER TO THE PEEP HOLE SO I CAN SEE YOU!
GRACE, YOU'RE DRIVING ME - SLOWLY INSANE.
"MALFUNCTION." IS IT QUANTITATIVE OR QUALITATIVE?
NEITHER - YOU'VE USED UP YOUR FOURTH OPTION.
TRY NOT TO LISTEN, CY. I HARDLY HEAR ANYTHING ANYMORE -
BE QUIET, ELLEN - DON'T INTERRUPT OUR NEIGHBOR! HE'S WASHING HIS HANDS!
WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM FOR A LATE BULLETIN. A BOEING 727 IS REPORTED TO HAVE CRASHED ON TAKE-OFF FROM KENNEDY FIELD.
I STILL CAN'T SEE YOU VERY CLEARLY! WOULD YOU LIGHT A MATCH UNDER YOUR FACE!
GRACE!
"MALFUNCTION" -
IT'S SO EASY!
PLEASE, CY! PLEASE QUIET DOWN -
TRY NOT TO LISTEN, ELLEN - I'M GOING TO SUPPLY OUR - NEIGHBOR WITH STEREO!
BANG!
;CLICK; WE NOW RETURN YOU TO THE PROGRAM IN PROGRESS.
BANG
STOP BLOCKING THE DOOR, GRACE!
DON'T, GEORGE! FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T!
GOOD LORD - IT JUST DAWNED ON ME! DO YOU KNOW WHAT - TODAY IS? OUR ANNIVERSARY!
BY GOLLY, SO IT IS. ISN'T THAT FUNNY -
CY - CY - CY -
BANG BANG - BANG
BANG BANG BANG
MMLP
MMLP
"MALFUNCTION." IS IT REGULAR OR IRREGULAR?
NEITHER YOU'VE USED UP YOUR LAST OPTION.

COMET WINE *(continued from page 129)*

guests. The embarrassed silence that fell upon the room thoroughly discomfited me. What had I said? In what way was my suggestion awkward or indelicate? Was the young man bitterly hated by our famous host? Unlikely, for he was a guest. Did the poor fellow have no hands? Not so; for, even now, he held wineglass and biscuit in long, slender fingers. I was bemused; I may have blushed. Only a moment passed, but it seemed an hour. Finally, the young man, still wearing the smirk with which he had greeted my challenge, replied, "Thank you, Lord Henry. I *shall* play something of my own, if our host gives me leave?" He cocked an eyebrow toward Rimsky.

Recovering his aplomb, Rimsky said hurriedly, "My dear fellow, of course. The keyboard is yours." And so, raking the room's occupants with an arrogant look, the young man swaggered to the piano and was seated.

He studied the keyboard for a moment, then looked up at us. "I am in the midst of composing an opera," he said. "Its source, you may be surprised to learn, is not a poem by the indispensable Pushkin or an old Slavonic tale. It is a modern novel, a book still in the writing, a work of revolutionary brilliance. It rips the mask of pretense and hypocrisy from our decadent society, and will cause an uproar when it is published. I was privileged to see it in manuscript—the author resides here in St. Petersburg. It is called *The Brothers Karamazov*. And this," he concluded, flexing his spidery fingers, "is the prelude to the first act of my operatic setting."

His hands fell upon the keys and a dissonant chord impaled our ears. Rimsky-Korsakov winced. Mussorgsky's bleared eyes went suddenly wide. Borodin's jaws, with a caviar savory half masticated, stopped chewing. The chord hung in the air, its life prolonged by the pedal, then, as the long fingers moved among the keys, the dissonance was resolved, an arresting modulation took place, a theme of great power was stated in octaves, and then that theme was developed, with a wealth of architectural ingenuity. The theme took wing, climbed, soared, was burnished with rich harmony, took on a glittering texture, yet not effete but with an underlying firmness and strength. The *koochka* and the other guests were transfixed, myself among them; Balakirev alone seemed unthrilled. Cascades of bracing sound poured from the piano. When the prelude reached its magnificent conclusion and the last breath-taking chord thundered into eternity, there was an instant of profound silence—followed by a din of applause and congratulatory cries.

The composer was immediately engulfed by his colleagues, who shook his hand, slapped his shoulders, plied him with questions about the opera. If I were pressed to find one word to best describe the general feeling exuded by these men, the word would be *surprise*. It was plain to me that they were stunned not only by the vigor and beauty of the music but by its source, the young gadfly. I wondered why.

My unvoiced question must have been written on my face, for at that moment Rimsky-Korsakov drew me aside and said, "You appear to be puzzled, Lord Henry. Permit me to enlighten you—although, I confess, I am extremely puzzled myself. The fact is, you see, that this is the very first time young Cholodenko has shown even the dimmest glimmer of musical talent!"

"What? But that prelude——"

"Astonishing, I agree. Daring, original, moving, soundly constructed. A little too dissonant for my taste, perhaps, but I have no hesitation in calling it a work of genius."

"Then how . . ." Incredulous, more baffled than ever, I stammered out my disbelief: "That is to say, a man does not become a genius overnight! His gifts must ripen and grow, his masterworks must be foreshadowed by smaller but promising efforts . . ."

Rimsky nodded. "Exactly. That is why we are all so surprised. That is why I am so puzzled. And that, you see, is why we were so uncomfortable when you asked Cholodenko to play. Hitherto, his attempts have been painfully inept, devoid of any creative spark, colorless, derivative, drab. And his piano playing! The awkward thumpings of an ape!"

"You exaggerate, surely."

"Only a little. The poor boy himself was aware of his shortcomings—shamefully aware. We tried to be polite, we tried to encourage him, we searched for compliments to pay him, but he saw through us and declined to play at these soirees."

"Yet he attends them."

"Yes, although his very presence has been a discomfort to himself and the rest of us. Music has a kind of insidious attraction for him; he is goaded by it as by a demon; he behaves almost as if . . ." He searched for words.

"As if possessed?" I said, for the second time that evening.

"As if it were food and drink to him. And yet, for some time now, he has been merely an observer."

"And a critic!"

"A caustic critic. He has been an embarrassment, an annoyance, but we tolerated him, we pitied him . . ."

"And now, suddenly . . ."

"Yes," said Rimsky. "Suddenly." The eyes narrowed behind their cool blue panes as he gazed across the room at the triumphant Cholodenko. "Suddenly he is a keyboard virtuoso and the creator of a masterpiece. There is a mystery here, Lord Henry."

And, at that, I burst out laughing!

Rimsky said, "You are amused?"

"Amused and appreciative," I replied. "It is a very good joke—you have my admiration, sir."

"Joke?"

"You had me completely gulled. An absolutely inspired hoax!"

Rimsky's brow now creased in an Olympian frown. "I do not waste time with hoaxes," he said with dignity, and walked stiffly away.

Determined not to be daunted by this, I pushed my way through to Cholodenko and shook his hand. "I am only a profane listener," I said, "and have no real knowledge of music, but my congratulations are sincere."

"Thank you, Lord Henry. You are most kind." His demeanor had undergone a subtle change: Victory and praise had softened the prickly edges of his character. How wrong, Bobbie, is the axiom of our mutual friend, Acton [*Obviously, John Emerich Edward Dalberg-Acton, Eighth Baronet and First Baron, 1834–1902*]. "Power corrupts," he says; "absolute power corrupts absolutely." This is bosh, and I've often told him so: It would be much truer to say "Lack of power corrupts; absolute lack of power corrupts absolutely."

The soiree was nearing its end. As the guests began to leave, my curiosity impelled me to seek out Cholodenko and accompany him into the street.

The cold hit me like a cannon ball. Nevertheless, I strolled at Cholodenko's side, along the banks of the frozen Neva (the embankments, of Finnish gray and pink marble, were iridescent under the moon). Both of us were buried in enormous greatcoats of fur, but I was still cold.

"Be patient but a few more days," said my companion, "and you will see spring split open the land. Our Russian spring is sudden, like a beautiful explosion."

"I shall try to live that long," I said, shivering.

"You need a fire and some wine," he laughed. "Come—my apartment is only a few more steps . . ."

I was eager to learn more about this man, although custom urged me to make a token demur: "No, no, it is late—I should be returning to my quarters."

"Please," he said. "I am wide awake from this evening's triumph—I should not like to celebrate it alone."

"But I am a stranger. Surely your friends——"

Cholodenko snarled bitterly, "Those vultures? They condescended to me when they felt me their inferior; soon they will hate me for being their superior. Here is my door—I entreat you——"

My face felt brittle as glass from the cold. With chattering teeth, I replied,

The Pacer costs about 9 beers, maybe 10.

Figure at 50¢ a beer, that's a fin.

Of course, if you drink at one of those a-buck-for-a-bottle-of-beer joints, it's a few brews less.

Either way, it's really not that much to give up.

Now we're not saying The Pacer is going to do anything for your throat, but they'll make your feet a lot happier.

Most guys buy them to knock round in. They look nice, like the old penny loafer. But they're a lot more comfortable.

The Pacer's heels and soles are made of soft springy Air-Flite™ cushions to take the jars and jolts out of walking.

(And for the guys who can't restrain themselves, there's 13 other Jiffies styles and colors.)

But, here's our plan.

One night this week, don't go down to the corner "for a few." Stick around the house. Keep the five bucks in your wallet.

Next day, buy a pair of Pacers.

That way, we won't have to cry in our beer, and the next time you stop off at the corner your feet will feel a lot better on the bar rail.

The Pacer® by JIFFIES®

LEISURE FOOTWEAR FOR MEN. ALSO IN BOYS' SIZES.
ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER-ROTH.

"It's easy enough getting in to see him—it's the getting out that's difficult!"

"Very well, for a little while." We went inside.

His apartment was small. Dominating it was a grand piano of concert size. Scores and manuscript paper were piled everywhere. Cholodenko built a fire. "And now," he said, producing a dust-filmed bottle, "we will warm ourselves with comet wine."

His strong thumbs deftly pushed out the cork and the frothing elixir spewed out into the goblets in a curving scintillant jet, a white arc that brought to mind, indeed, a comet's tail.

"Comet wine?" I repeated.

He nodded. "A famed and heady vintage from the year of the comet, 1811. This is a very rare bottle, one of the last in the world. Your health, Lord Henry."

We drank. The wine was unlike any I have ever tasted—akin to champagne, but somehow spicy, richer; dry, yet with a honeyed aftertaste. I drained the goblet and he poured again.

"A potent potation," I said with a smile.

"It makes the mind luminous," he averred.

I said, "That heavenly wanderer, for which it is named, imbued it with astral powers, perhaps?"

"Perhaps. Drink, sir. And then I will tell you a little story, a flight of fancy of which I would value your opinion. If you find it strange, so much the better! For, surely, one must not tell mundane stories between draughts of comet wine?"

Of that story, and of its effect on me, I will write soon.

Your friend,
Harry

• • •

12 April

My dear Bobbie,

Forgive the palsied look of my handwriting—I scribble this missive on the train that carries me from St. Petersburg, and the jiggling motion of the conveyance is to blame. Yes, I take my leave of this vast country, will spend some time in Budapest, and will return to London in time to celebrate your birthday. Meanwhile, I have a narrative to conclude—if this confounded train will let me!

The scene, you may recall, was the St. Petersburg apartment of Vassily Ivanovich Cholodenko. The characters, that enigmatic young man and your faithful correspondent. My head was light and bright with comet wine, my perceptions sharpened, as my host lifted a thick mass of music manuscript from the piano and weighed it in his hands. "The score of *The Brothers Karamazov*," he said. "It needs but the final ensemble. When it is finished, Lord Henry, all the impresarios in the country, in the world, will beg me for the privilege of presenting it on their stages!"

"I can well believe it," I rejoined.

"After that, other operas, symphonies, concerti . . ." His voice glowed with enthusiasm. "There is a book that created a scandal when it was published three years ago—*Anna Karenyina*—what an opera I will make of it!"

"My dear Vassily," I said, only half in jest, "I see a receptacle for discarded paper there in the corner. May I not take away with me one of those abandoned scraps? In a few short years, an authentic Cholodenko holograph may be priceless!"

He laughed. "I can do better than wastepaper," he said, handing me a double sheet of music manuscript from a stack on the piano. It was sprinkled with black showers of notes in his bold calligraphy. "This is Alyosha's aria from the second act of *Karamazov*. I have since transposed it to a more singable key—this is the old copy—I have no further use of it."

I thanked him, then said, "This story you wish to tell . . . what is it?"

"No more than a notion, really. Something I may one day fashion into a libretto—it would lend itself to music, I think. I would like your thoughts, as a man of letters, a poet."

"A very minor poet, I fear, but I will gladly listen."

He poured more wine, saying, "I have in mind a Faustian theme. The Faust, in this case, would possibly be a painter. But it would be patently clear to the audience from the opening moments of the first act—for his canvases would be visibly deployed about his studio—that he is a painter without gift, a maker of wretched daubs. In a poignant aria—baritone, I think—he pours out his misery and his yearnings. He aspires to greatness, but a cruel Deity has let him be born bereft of greatness. He rails, curses God, the aria ends in a crashing blasphemy. Effective, yes?"

"Please go on," I said, my curiosity quickened.

"Enter Lucifer. And here I would smash tradition and make him not the usual booming basso but a lyric tenor with a seductive voice of refined gold—the Fallen Angel, you see, a tragic figure. A bargain is reached. The Adversary will grant the painter the gift of genius—for seven years, let us say, or five, or ten—and then will claim both his body and his immortal soul. The painter agrees, the curtain falls, and when it rises on the next scene, we are immediately aware of a startling transformation—the canvases in the painter's studio are stunning, masterful! A theatrical stroke, don't you agree?"

I nodded, and drank avidly from my goblet, for my throat was unaccountably dry. I felt somewhat dizzy—was it only the heady wine?—and my heart was beating faster. "Most theatrical," I replied. "What follows?"

Cholodenko sighed. "That is my dilemma. I do not know what follows. I had hoped you could offer something . . ."

My brain was crowded with questions, fears, wild conjectures. I told myself that a composer was merely seeking my aid in devising an opera libretto—nothing more. I said, "It is a fascinating premise, but of course it cannot end there. It needs complication, development, reversal. Possibly, a young lady? . . . No, that's banal . . ."

Suddenly, a face was in my mind. The remembrance of it, and the new implications it now carried, I found disturbing. The eyes in this face were dead, as blank as the brain behind them; the smile was vacuous and vapid: It was the face of that living corpse, Balakirev. My thoughts were racing, my head swam. I set down my goblet with a hand that, I now saw, was trembling.

Cholodenko's solicitous voice reached me as if through a mist: "Are you well, Lord Henry?"

"What? . . ."

"You are so very pale! As if you had seen——"

I looked up at him. I peered deep into the eyes of this man. *They* were not dead, those eyes! They were dark, yes, the darkest eyes I have ever seen, and deep-set in the gaunt face, but they were alive, they burned with fanatic fire. At length, I found my voice. "I am quite all right. A drop too much, I fear . . ."

"Comet wine is unpredictable. Are you sure——"

"Yes, yes. Don't concern yourself." I inhaled deeply. "Now then, this opera story of yours . . ."

"You must not feel obligated to——"

"Suppose," I said guardedly, "that you invent another character. A fellow painter—but a man immensely gifted and acclaimed. You introduce him in Act One, prior to the appearance of Lucifer . . ."

"Yes?" said Cholodenko quickly.

"As the opera progresses, we watch an uncanny transferal . . . we see the gifts of this great painter dim, in direct proportion to the rate with which your Faustian painter is infused with talent, until the great artist is an empty shell and his opposite number is a man of refulgent genius."

Cholodenko smiled sardonically. "The Devil robs Peter to pay Paul, is that it?"

"That is precisely it. What do you think of the idea?"

"It is arousing," he said, his dark eyes watching my face intently. "It is very clever." Then, waxing casual again, he asked, "But is it enough?"

"No, of course not," I said, rising and pacing. His eyes followed me, flickering from left to right and back again. "There must be the obligatory finale, wherein Lucifer returns after the stipulated time, and drags the condemned painter to fiery perdition. Quite a scene, that! Think what you could make of it."

"It's trite," he snapped. "The weary

bourgeois idea of retribution. I detest it."

I stared at him, mouth agape. "My dear boy, you needn't bite my head off. It's merely an opera . . . isn't it?"

He mumbled, "I apologize. But that scene has been done before—Mozart, Gounod, Dargomizhsky . . ."

I shrugged. "Then we will change it."

"Yes, yes," he said, almost desperately. "We *must* . . . change it."

"What would you suggest? That your Faust be spared?"

"Why may he not be spared? Must he be punished because he wished to bring the world great art? . . ."

"No," I said slowly, "not for that."

"Then for what? Why must he be damned for all eternity? *Why*, Lord Henry?"

We were facing each other across the piano. He was leaning forward, his hands gripping the instrument's lid, his nails digging into the very wood. When I answered him, my voice was even and low:

"Because," I said, "of the man who was drained of his God-given genius to satisfy the cravings of your Faust. The man who was sucked dry and thrown aside. For that, someone must pay. For that, your Faust must burn in Hell."

"*No!*"

The syllable was torn from his depths. It rang in the room. "Why must he burn for that? He had no way of knowing whence that talent came! Even if, later, he began to suspect the truth, if he saw the great master wane as his own star ascended, there was nothing he could do, no way he could stop it, the pact had been sealed! The Fiend had tricked him! Comprehend, if you can, the horror he would feel, the guilt, the shame, as he watched that blazing talent become cold ashes, sacrificed on the altar of his own ambition! He would hate and disgust himself, he would loathe himself far more than one would loathe a vampire—for a vampire drains only the blood of his victim, whereas *he* . . ."

Cholodenko's voice stopped, throttled by emotion. His face was a mask of anguish. Then he took a shuddering breath, straightened, and summoned the shadow of a laugh. "But what a very good story this must be, indeed, to sting us to such passion. I fear we are taking it too seriously."

"Are we?"

"Of course we are! Come, hand me your glass . . ."

"I have had enough, thank you. Perhaps we both have."

"You may be right. It has made us irritable. I'm sorry I burdened you with my problems."

"Not at all. It is stimulating to collaborate with a fellow artist. But it is really very late, and I must go."

I reached for my greatcoat, but he gripped my arm. "No, please, Lord Henry. Stay. I beseech you. Do not leave me here . . . alone."

I smiled courteously, and gently extricated my arm from his grasp. I put on my coat. At the door, I turned and spoke. "That final scene," I said. "You wish something different from the usual plunge to Hell. Here is something that might prove piquant, and is certainly theatrical . . ."

Although he did not respond, I continued:

"Lucifer drags your Faust down to The Pit, but the opera does not end, not quite. There is a little epilog. In it, those lustrous paintings fade before the audience's eyes and become empty canvases—I suppose that might be done chemically, or by a trick of lighting? And the poor chap whose gifts were stolen is restored to his former glory. As for your Faust—it is as if he never lived; even the memory of him is swallowed in Hell. How does that strike you?"

I do not know if he heard me. He was staring into the fire. I waited for a reply, but he said nothing and did not look at me. After a moment, I left.

Please pass on to Maude the enclosure you will find herein. It is the piece of music Cholodenko gave me—Alyosha's aria from *Karamazov*. Bid her play it (I am sure it is beautiful) and you will be the envy of London: the first of your circle to be granted a foretaste of a bold new opera that is certain to be greeted as a masterpiece.

Your friend,
Harry

• • •

Lord Henry Stanton's account of his Russian sojourn ends there. The other letters of his in the packet purchased at the Beverly Hills auction are interesting enough to possibly justify future publication, but all the material bearing upon what I may call The Great Cholodenko Mystery is contained in the three letters you have just read. To them, I can add nothing about Cholodenko, although I can supply some peripheral data available to any researcher willing to spend a little time digging into the history of Russian music:

In the years following Lord Henry's visit to Russia, Mily Balakirev enjoyed a miraculous recovery. He returned to his abandoned *Tamara*, completed it, and in 1882 saw it produced to acclaim so tremendous that it secured for him, in the following year, a coveted appointment as Director of the Court Chapel. He again became an active host, filling his home with musicians and others eager for his friendship and guidance. He composed his second symphony and worked on a piano concerto. He conducted. He organized festivals in homage to Chopin and Glinka. He personally prepared a new edition of Glinka's works. He energetically composed and edited music even into his retirement years, and outlived the other members of the *koochka* (with the single exception of Cui), dying in 1910 at the age of 73.

A final curiosity: A yellowing sheet of music paper, presumably the one Lord Henry mentioned, the page he said contained Alyosha's aria from *The Brothers Karamazov* in Cholodenko's own hand, actually is folded into his April 12th letter—but, except for the printer's mark and the orderly rows of staves, it is blank.

". . . And behind every man who's a failure there's a woman, too!"

VIRGINIA

(continued from page 103)

suit. "Is that Paul?" Mrs. McElroy whispered.

"Sure," Mr. McElroy whispered back.

Following the commencement exercises, refreshments were served in the garden of the headmaster's house. Mr. and Mrs. McElroy introduced themselves to the headmaster, Mr. Cudlipp, who complimented Mrs. McElroy for having a son whose outstanding moral qualities more than compensated for his C-plus average. "We expect great things of Paul," Mr. Cudlipp said. The McElroys thanked him and moved on. Mrs. McElroy accepted a glass of fruit punch from a small student but refused a cupcake. They could see Paul across the garden, chatting with his father and the technician. After a while Paul made his way over to their side, pulling behind him a big, moist girl in a white graduation gown.

"Glad you could make it," Paul said, using his free hand to grind one of Mr. McElroy's. "I want you to meet Virginia," he added. Virginia was an unusually big girl with skin blemishes and a tragic smile. Beads of perspiration glistened on her upper lip and in the deep trough of her bosom, and fat tears brimmed in her eyes. Another girl ran up and threw her arms around Virginia, causing them both to weep aloud. Paul drew the McElroys aside. "Look," he said, "I've invited Virginia to come and stay with us for a few days. She's got a big problem at home and, well, to be frank about it, she sort of needs me. You don't mind, I hope?"

"Why, no, not at all," Mrs. McElroy said. "Do you mind, Phil?"

"Fine with me," Mr. McElroy said.

"Great," said Paul.

• • •

Andy Warhol and his friends did not come to the McElroys' party on the Sunday following Paul and Virginia's graduation. It was a swinging party all the same. By the time Paul and Virginia got back from seeing *The Sound of Music*, the Rolling Stones were going full blast on the record player and people were frugging all over the place. Paul and Virginia sat down at one end of a long sofa and discussed *The Sound of Music*. Mrs. McElroy tried once to get them to dance, but Paul said he thought that kind of dancing was infantile. Virginia giggled and caught Mrs. McElroy's eye. Mrs. McElroy decided she liked Virginia after all. Pretty soon Paul went to bed. Virginia stayed up until all hours and danced the jerk and the swim with a stamina that was quite surprising for someone her size. At about a quarter to one, Mrs. McElroy got the hiccups. She went to the kitchen for a glass of water and, hearing voices in the maid's room off the kitchen, peeked in and saw Mr. McElroy and Virginia sitting on the bed examining Mr. McElroy's left hand. "Virginia reads palms," Mr. McElroy explained when he heard his wife hiccuping behind him. "She says my life is going to undergo a change." Mrs. McElroy went back to the living room with the glass of water. As the party was breaking up, one of the guests discovered that she had lost her gold clip. The McElroys promised to look for it in the morning.

The next morning, Mrs. McElroy and the cleaning woman looked under all the sofas and turned up all the cushions. They found $1.65 in change, a Zippo lighter, two highball glasses, a key, a lady's handkerchief, a ballpoint pen, nine shrimp and a nail file, but no gold clip. Later in the day, though, when Mrs. McElroy happened to pass through Virginia's room, she glanced into the partially open top drawer of the dresser and saw a gold clip sitting on a pile of extra-large bras. Right next to it was the sapphire pin that Mrs. McElroy had bought at Tiffany's in February, as her anniversary present from Mr. McElroy. She mentioned this to her husband when he came home from the office that

evening. "Are you sure?" he asked.

"Of course I'm sure. I checked, and mine's gone."

"Good Lord," Mr. McElroy said.

When Paul and Virginia came back from visiting the United Nations, the McElroys waited until Virginia had gone to her room and then spoke to Paul about it. "I'm afraid that is one of her symptoms," Paul said gravely. "All the kids at school were just great about it, but the trouble is, her mother gets so terrifically up*set*, and that makes it about a hundred percent worse."

"What a shame," Mrs. McElroy said. "Well, but at least now we know where the things are, so perhaps you'd better suggest that she give them back."

"God, don't you people understand anything?" Paul said sternly. "That would be about the worst thing to do."

"Paul, pet, I'm very sorry, but——"

"Look, just leave it to me, can't you?" Paul said. "Virginia and I are working on the whole problem."

Mr. and Mrs. McElroy agreed to leave it to Paul. He did seem to know a lot about Virginia's problem, and anyway, they had tickets to hear The Supremes that evening at Carnegie Hall. Two days passed. Paul said he was making good progress with Virginia's problem, but the gold clip and the sapphire pin remained in Virginia's top dresser drawer. They were joined on the third day by Mrs. McElroy's diamond wrist watch. This was too much for Mrs. McElroy. She made Mr. McElroy have a talk with Virginia in her room that evening, before Paul returned from leading a boy-scout hike. Virginia screamed. When Mrs. McElroy looked in to see what was wrong, she saw Virginia standing on the bed without a stitch of clothes on, screaming her head off. Mr. McElroy was very pale. Luckily, Paul came home just then. "Now you've done it," Paul said. He sent Mr. and Mrs. McElroy out of Virginia's room, but Virginia kept on screaming. After a while Paul opened the door and called for Mrs. McElroy. "We've got to feed her," he shouted over the screams. "Something sweet—a dessert or something. It's the only way." Mrs. McElroy nodded and went to the kitchen. She found half a chocolate-cream pie and a quart of coffee ice cream in the icebox. When she returned with these, Paul took them from her and closed the door. Gradually Virginia's screams died down, and by two A.M. the apartment was quiet.

Things were unsettled after that. Paul said the incident had undone all his work on Virginia's problem and that he would have to fall back temporarily on oral gratification. Virginia stayed in her room and ate quantities of sweet desserts. Whenever she saw Mr. McElroy, she started to scream. Mrs. McElroy ordered a big supply of frozen pastries and cream pies and ice cream, to keep on hand in the freezer, but Virginia got up in the middle of the night and finished them all off, not even bothering to thaw the pastries; so from then on, Mrs. McElroy had to get in a fresh supply every day. As long as Virginia had something sweet in her mouth, she did not scream at Mr. McElroy and she did not steal things. Mr. McElroy was all for sending Virginia home to Cincinnati, but Paul explained that this was out of the question. Virginia kept insisting that Mr. McElroy had tried to rape her, Paul said, and there was no telling *what* would happen if she left the apartment in this state of mind. The McElroys' friends all thought it was a very kicky scene. Some of them started bringing expensive desserts and pastries for Virginia when they came to parties at the McElroys' apartment, and this cheered Virginia up no end. Virginia could hardly wait to see what the guests were going to bring her next. Paul said they were undoing all his work. He was very depressed because his applications to Harvard, Columbia and Dartmouth had all been turned down, and he did not want to go to Tufts.

In July Mr. and Mrs. McElroy moved out to Southampton for the summer, and Paul went to the Moral Re-Armament congress on Mackinac Island, Michigan. Virginia stayed in the apartment. Mrs. McElroy had tried very hard to persuade her to go home. She had even tried to telephone Virginia's mother in Cincinnati, but Virginia's mother, a prominent divorcée, was attending a birth-control conference in Chandigarh, and the answering service did not know when she would be back. Anyway, Virginia still maintained that Mr. McElroy had tried to rape her and, as Paul pointed out, this rather complicated matters.

Virginia ate steadily all summer. When the McElroys returned to the city after Labor Day, she weighed close to 300 pounds and could barely get out of bed. Mrs. McElroy said, "Really, Virginia, this has got to stop." Virginia gave a particularly piercing scream. Mr. McElroy ran down to the pastry shop and brought back a dozen mocha éclairs. It seemed to be the only way.

Paul came home for two days in September. Instead of going to college, he had decided to join the Peace Corps. He was being sent to a training camp in Arizona, after which he hoped to go to an extreme hardship post on the upper Amazon. On his last night home, Mrs. McElroy put it to him straight. "Goddamnit," she said, "you brought her here, now it's up to you to get her the hell out."

"It might just possibly surprise you to know," Paul said, "that there are more important things in the world for me to do than attend to your personal problems."

"*My* personal problems! Listen, you high-minded fink——"

"This sort of discussion is futile," Paul said. "No wonder the world's in a mess. Why don't you people grow up?" Paul went upstairs to his room. The McElroys went out to a Beatles movie, which they enjoyed even more than the last time.

In time, Mr. and Mrs. McElroy grew accustomed to having Virginia around. Before each party they propped her up on one of the long white sofas in the living room, where she could receive the sugared offerings of the guests and watch the dancing, in which she was by now too immense to take part. She looked nice on the sofa, in one of the long, tent-like muslin garments that she had taken to wearing, putting down desserts and smiling her tragic smile. Andy Warhol made a movie of Virginia sitting on the sofa eating a lemon-chiffon pie—he used the same close-up shot repeated over and over for three and a half hours. People also discovered Virginia's clairvoyance. In addition to her being able to read palms, she could sense emanations from people. Just by sensing the emanations, Virginia could tell someone what he would be doing several hours later and, sure enough, when the time came around, he would find himself doing it. Once she told Dr. Strauss-Huppe, who lived downstairs in the same building and came to all the McElroy parties, that he was going to bed with Mrs. McElroy. Mr. McElroy had a lot to drink that night and he never did find out whether Virginia's prediction came true, but he was bothered all the same.

Soon Virginia began to receive visitors even when the McElroys were not having a party. The number of her visitors grew larger and larger. They came at all hours of the day or night and they always brought something delicious for Virginia to eat. Virginia enjoyed her new life. She seldom screamed anymore, and when she did, it was usually just in fun. But Virginia's new life was putting more and more of a strain on Mr. and Mrs. McElroy, who had to take care of Virginia and get her in and out of bed and dressed and undressed, and so forth, because they could no longer keep any servants in the house, not even a cleaning woman. Mr. and Mrs. McElroy found that they were spending all their time taking care of Virginia. Some mornings Mr. McElroy could not even get to his office. They hardly ever went out to a Beatles movie, or to other people's parties, or used their jazzy dark-green Jag,

or even listened to the Rolling Stones on the radio—Virginia had decided the Rolling Stones were a drag. One night, after they had put Virginia to bed, Mr. and Mrs. McElroy sat up for a long while talking. "We can't go on like this," Mrs. McElroy said. They decided to run away that very night. Each of them packed a suitcase, and very quietly they tiptoed to the front door and rang for the elevator. Just as they were getting into the elevator with their suitcases, Virginia started to scream. Luckily, the elevator was self-service. Mr. McElroy pushed the DOOR-CLOSE button and they went down, with Virginia's screams getting fainter and fainter in their ears.

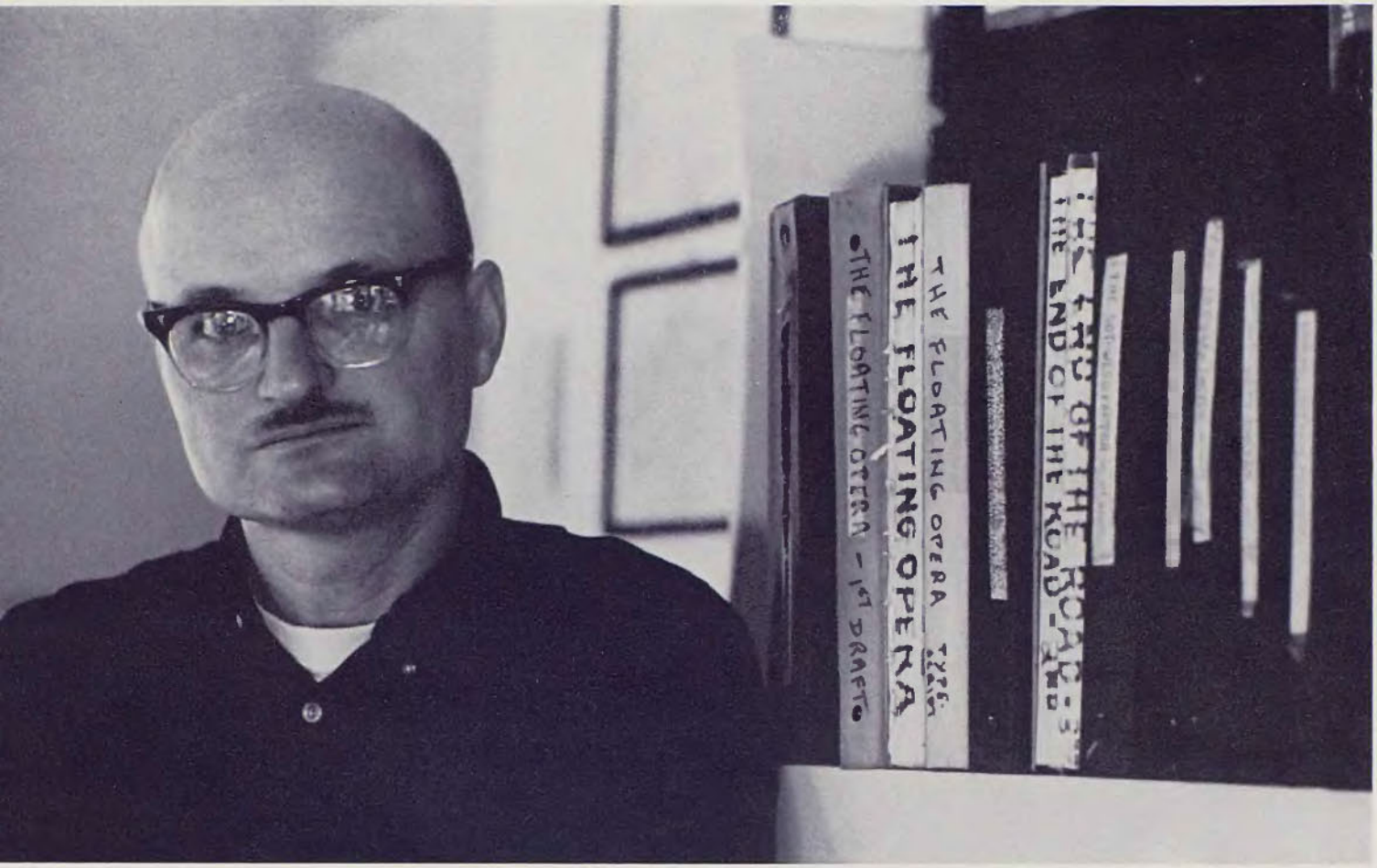
The doorman flagged a taxi for them on Fifth Avenue and they told the driver to take them to the airport. On the way out, they discussed where they would go. Mr. McElroy wanted to go to Miami, but Mrs. McElroy had her heart set on Nassau. They decided to go to Miami first and *then* to Nassau. As luck would have it, there was a midnight flight to Miami. Mr. McElroy bought the tickets, and they were just going down the ramp to the plane when the police moved in. "Mr. Philip McElroy?" the lieutenant asked. Mr. McElroy nodded. "I'm afraid you're needed at home. It's your daughter."

"She's not my—— Oh, God," said Mr. McElroy. He considered making a break for it, but decided it was no use.

They went back to town in the squad car. "Somebody in that kinda condition," the lieutenant said reproachfully, "you just can't go off and leave 'em. It's lucky that doctor got hold of us." The policemen came up in the elevator with them. Dr. Strauss-Huppe from downstairs was waiting in the apartment. He said he had given Virginia a sedative and an éclair and that she was sleeping quietly, and it did not take the McElroys more than a moment to realize that she was sleeping quietly in their own bedroom. The McElroys thanked the policemen and Dr. Strauss-Huppe and saw them to the door.

Mrs. McElroy needed something to calm her nerves. She felt sure Dr. Strauss-Huppe would have something and, to save him another trip upstairs in the middle of the night, she decided to run downstairs to his apartment. As Mr. McElroy stood in the hall wondering what to do with himself, he heard a noise in his former bedroom. It was his former bed groaning as Virginia turned over in it. Mr. McElroy tiptoed to the bedroom door and peeped inside.

"Tomorrow," Virginia called out drowsily, "you're going to hear some *real* screaming."



ON THE SCENE

JOHN BARTH *goat-boy's father*

SEVEN YEARS AGO, John Barth's *The Sot-Weed Factor*, a kind of exuberant American *Candide*, gained a reputation as a "special" book, one of the most original novels to come along for some time. *Giles Goat-Boy*, Barth's latest, is an even more improbable comedy—and a great popular success at the same time. It is the story of a world divided into East Campus and West Campus, both of which possess ultimate weapons in the form of giant computers. The hero is George, or Giles, who thinks he is a goat. In the course of ten years and four books, Barth, now 37 and a professor of English at Buffalo, has risen faster in the scale of literary ranking than any other American fiction writer. *Book Week*'s poll of 200 prominent critics placed him among the 20 best novelists to appear since 1945, and *The New York Times* recently called him "the best writer of fiction we have at present." Barth likes living in Buffalo, because, as he says, "The lake's polluted. The elms are blighted. The weather is gothic. The place is full of the phosphorescence of decay." He is brilliant in the classroom and he enjoys teaching, though he says, "Graduate students and critics unnerve me; they are much more learned than I and they can't believe how much a writer operates by 'hunch' and 'feel.'" One of his constant questions to himself is, "How can I turn literature upon its ear?" As a student, Barth worked in the Classics Library at Johns Hopkins, where he both lost and found himself in the stacks. He describes them as a "splendrous labyrinth" where he could "intoxicate and engorge" himself with story. His favorite among the great "spellbinding liars" was Scheherazade of the *Arabian Nights*, and what he saw in her stories was "dark, rich circumstances, mixing the subtle and the coarse, the comic and the grim, the realistic and the fantastic, the apocalyptic and the hopeful." That could also be a description of his own work.

JACK HANSON *jax for openers*

POSED AFTER HOURS in The Daisy, his private-membership Beverly Hills *discothèque*, among well-modeled examples of the clothes with which he has changed the American girlscape, Jack Hanson is allowed the hint of self-satisfaction in his smile. With little more than a sensible piece of masculine psychology ("If a girl has a cute fanny, she wants to show it off") as principal, the former bush-league ballplayer put models in tight-fitting dresses and in what he soon was calling Jax slacks, in a Beverly Hills shopwindow in 1952. "Nobody was designing clothes for the kind of figure I like —long legs, trim hips and a small waist," Hanson told PLAYBOY. "I couldn't understand why." Teenagers, though, and then celebrities on the order of Audrey Hepburn and Jackie Kennedy understood the Hanson look perfectly, and soon the world at large did, too: A major retail league of eight Jax stores now stretches across the country for the slender fraction of the female population that can afford his few junior sizes of dresses, suits and slacks. With that expansion still in progress, Hanson has built vertically in recent years, creating a West Coast glamor fiefdom capped by the club, which lists George Hamilton, Jane Fonda and Dean Martin on its Hanson-controlled roster. Martin's wife, Jeanne (in white boots), and daughters Claudia and Deana (second and third girls from right), Tina Sinatra (with cue) and three models surround him here, as the Hollywood hierarchy has surrounded him for a decade. Owner also of the small-circulation, quality film mag *Cinema*, Hanson at 47 is soft-spoken, personable and—far from being in awe of his customer-cronies—amused by the seriousness with which they sometimes treat him: "The three most important men in America," ex–Jax salesgirl Nancy Sinatra told one writer recently, "are Hugh Hefner, my father and Jack Hanson."

THE AVENGERS *jolly good show*

IT HAS TAKEN AMERICA six years to discover *The Avengers*. Since 1961, the show's Mod mayhem has delighted a sophisticated British audience with its hip and slightly far-out antics; but after importing the cloak-and-robber series for an abbreviated run last summer, ABC shelved it to unveil its new fall schedule. Now, with the anemia of that schedule firmly demonstrated, *The Avengers* has made a deserved return (in living color), because it is one of the small handful of consistently inventive, offbeat and thoroughly entertaining programs on television. The Avengers themselves are a rather insouciant duo who have a quite undefined but binding mandate to protect the Empire in times of dire peril. They are sly, indomitable and eccentric—and the show is done with an audacious flair and flippancy that make the U. N. C. L. E. crowd look like a bunch of dull coppers. Patrick Macnee as John Steed is a dapper, derbied courtier—veddy British—with no visible means of support and a slight propensity for stumbling at crucial moments. But the star is definitely Diana Rigg, who, as the widowed "Mrs. Emma Peel" (her husband was a test pilot), exudes more sheer sexuality than American TV has previously handled. (She has made British viewers all but forget the show's first female lead, Honor "Pussy Galore" Blackman, who defected to play with the bad guys until James Bond straightened her out in *Goldfinger*.) "Mrs. Peel" is an erotic stylization, rather than a character, in pants suits, miniskirts and an incredibly kinky wardrobe. Her other great attribute is that she is one of the neatest brawlers anywhere: She karate-chops villains by the roomful, barely mussing her leather fighting suit. There are no holds barred for Miss Rigg or for the show's uproarious style. It's all high-wire melodrama, good-humored fetishism and flamboyant self-mockery. We hopefully expect it to be with us for a long while.

PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 48)*

today. Life was no picnic for anybody during Depression years. But I wish some of these selfish jerks would try a little hell and adversity. It might improve their characters.

Helen McKenna,
Self-Appointed Chairman
Fairplay for the Fetus
Committee
San Diego, California

DOCTORS FOR ABORTION

The following clipping from the *San Francisco Chronicle* should be of great interest to your readers.

> More than three fourths of California's obstetricians favor performing therapeutic abortions if there is a "material" risk of abnormal birth, a statewide poll disclosed last week.
>
> The poll also showed that 79 percent of the 748 specialists who answered this questionnaire have performed therapeutic abortions and 33.6 percent believe there should be no abortion law of any kind . . .
>
> The results showed that while the legality of performing the operation because of impairment of the mother's physical or mental health is questionable, 49 percent admitted to having done such operations.
>
> Sixty-four percent admitted they have used risk of significant birth defects as a justification, and 10 percent had allowed forcible rape or incest to be justification.
>
> Only 4 percent admitted to using socioeconomic reasons to justify operations they have performed, although 21 percent said they feel the law should be changed to allow the legality of therapeutic abortion for this reason.
>
> Eighty-three percent said rape or incest should be made valid reasons and 77 percent said risk of a significant birth defect should be a legal reason. On risk to the mother's health, 72 percent said abortion should be allowed . . .
>
> A recent survey by the California poll showed that 9 percent of the public favors abortion unrestricted by any laws, 10 percent is undecided, 56 percent for liberalization and 25 percent for very restricted laws.

In the light of such figures, by what possible justification can our legislators continue to keep our archaic abortion laws on the books? If the public wants such operations, and doctors are willing to perform them, what right does a legislator have to say no?

Jack Laurence
San Francisco, California

ABORTION QUOTA

I am a young wife from an educated upper-middle-class background and, to put the "happy ending" at the beginning, I have an eight-month-old son. But this is now, when the hurt has healed and the old scars are tender only in the bleak retrospective silence that sometimes falls between myself and my husband.

Before we were married, we lived together for almost two years, and I became pregnant. Suddenly, our relationship was enlarged by the mutual joy, wonder and awe that only the conception of a first child can accomplish between two people. Naturally, we thought, we would be immediately married and it would be a case of "happily ever after." Unhappily, this was not the case.

You see, I was carrying twins (fraternal), but spontaneously and inexplicably aborted one while remaining pregnant with the other. Although my body clung stubbornly to the one life within it, I was bleeding frequently and that life, had it survived, would have been a mindless, limbless tragedy.

In the city where we then lived, the doctors associated with any one hospital are allowed to perform a set number of "terminations" per year. Any more than the predetermined number are regarded with great suspicion by the state, and any doctor who requests permission to perform more than he is "allowed" is in danger of losing his hospital privileges. My pregnancy came, unfortunately, at the end of the fiscal year, when the quota had been filled. But, and here's the real kick in the head, my doctor intimated that the quota is usually reserved for the wealthy "society" patients who really "need" a "legal" abortion.

That left us with the alternatives of finding a doctor to perform an illegal operation or giving birth to a dead or

terribly malformed baby. We chose the former. At a "private sanitarium" I was aborted of a fetus that was not only lifeless but that had been "legally" dead *at the time of my last examination.*

I mean this not as an indictment of the medical profession, because I realize that their hands are tied with miles of red tape. It is the law that forces the physician into his inhumanitarian position. It is the law that must be changed in the interests of humanity and human decency.

(Name and address withheld by request)

COERCIVE CONTRACEPTION

In its campaign against any Government effort to uphold Christian principles, PLAYBOY has continually harped on the idea of individual freedom, saying repeatedly that the state has no right to involve itself in the private sexual relations of adults. I would like to know how consistently you stick to your own declared standards.

The Roman Catholic cardinals and bishops of the United States, in their recent meeting at Catholic University in Washington, D.C., pointed out that "Government activities increasingly seek aggressively to persuade and even coerce the underprivileged" to practice contraception. The prelates went on: "No Government social worker or other representative of public power should in any way be permitted to impose his judgment . . . upon the family seeking assistance; neither should he be permitted to initiate suggestions placing, even by implication, public authority behind the recommendation that new life in a family should be prevented."

If you really believe in personal freedom, unhampered by Governmental interference, you should support this statement of the Catholic hierarchy. Somehow, I doubt that you will.

Francis A. Murphy
New York, New York

You are correct: We do not support the hierarchy's statement, for reasons similar to those given by The National Catholic Reporter *in its own dissent from the prelates' declaration. According to* The New York Times*:*

> The National Catholic Reporter *has concluded that the statement of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops on the Government's role in family planning "has to be described as a disaster."*
>
> *The editorial attacked the bishops' statement for offering no evidence to support their charge of tyrannizing over the poor.*
>
> *"We can see no reason why clergymen should be exempt from this requirement of honest political discourse," the newspaper said.*

The Times *further quoted the following procedural criticism made by the Catholic newspaper:*

> *"First, the outgoing administrative board brought the statement to a vote, though supposedly its only remaining function was to conduct the elections.*
>
> *"Second, the bishops had scant time to study and discuss the statement.*
>
> *"Third, the decision was taken by a voice vote, with miniseconds permitted for the 'nays' to register.*
>
> *"Fourth, the vote was first announced—and therefore reported to the world—as unanimous, though in fact, some bishops abstained. (Later 'unanimous' was revised to 'without audible dissent.')*
>
> *"Fifth, it went unreported that after the vote, at least one bishop voiced vigorous protest against the procedure."*

The Catholic magazine Commonweal *made the further criticism:*

> *It was also disingenuous in purporting to be a simple expression of concern for the right of privacy, when the language and arguments made clear enough what the bishops declined to say directly, that they opposed birth-control programs because they oppose birth control itself . . .*

Since Government officials immediately and flatly denied the bishops' accusation, and since the bishops have not brought forth any actual cases to document their charge of coercion, we can only share Commonweal's *skepticism about the real meaning of the statement.*

"Suppose your fellow surgeons found out you lost your nerve at the critical moment?"

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1–7, 8–12, 13–18 and 19–22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

BUNNIES OF MISSOURI

(continued from page 112)

apiece—and their St. Louis sisters tape in at an imperceptibly fuller 35½-24-35. In height, both come up to the average 5'4", and their weight—116 in K.C., 117 in St. Louis—doesn't depart appreciably from the world-wide norm.

The warmth of the Missouri Clubs more than compensates for their not being the largest, the newest or the most exotic in the Playboy chain. As St. Louis Bunny Mother Alex Koch—whose petite frame belies her masculine name—says: "Almost everyone who comes to Missouri tells us the Clubs here are the friendliest they've been to. Take St. Louis. It's a big place, but not huge, and here we don't get as many transients as you'd find in larger cities. The Bunnies really get to know the keyholders, learn their names, what they like to drink, where they like to sit, what they want for lunch. Since many of the keyholders know one another outside the Club as well as inside, the atmosphere is relaxed, friendly and intimate. This is really like a private club, not just a night spot."

Night spot or club, the Playboy operation has certainly "shown" skeptical Missourians. The Kansas City Playboy Club, which opened amid a barrage of somber newspaper warnings of the city's inability to support a topflight night club ("Kansas City is a cheap town for night life"; "Missouri will never stand $1.50 drinks"), has been turning a tidy profit from the outset. The larger St. Louis operation, whose opening was heralded by similar press rumblings, is doing equally well.

One Kansas City entertainment writer put his finger on the key to the Club's success. "Though it may seem unfair to describe it as such," he wrote, "we are inclined to feel that this is the city's first really professionally operated supper club. The operation runs smoothly and on schedule, thanks to the experience gathered in similar Clubs in other cities. All of the employees, from the bus boys to the Bunnies, are thoroughly indoctrinated in the Playboy way of doing things—and this includes even the way ashtrays are emptied. The Bunnies, most famous aspect of the Club, live up to expectations. They're pert, attractive, well endowed—and well versed in ways of taming a wolf without losing a customer."

While the urban credentials of both Missouri Playboy cities are unimpeachable—K.C. has long been recognized as one of the swingingest "small" cities in the U.S., and St. Louis has been a mid-American entertainment mecca for almost a century—much of the remaining Missouri scene is rural. As a consequence, the Bunnies of the Show-Me State exhibit a fine—if somewhat improbable—balance of urbane sophistication and pastoral ingenuousness.

Jacque Burkhart, for instance, a talented K.C. *discothèque* dancer who became a Bunny on a dare and now "wouldn't trade jobs with any girl in Missouri," divides her free time between racing her Sprite (last summer she won a first-place trophy in time trials at nearby Riverside) and raising—you guessed it—rabbits. Her current favorite is a three-legged female who has the run of her pad. "The poor thing reminds me of my first night as a Bunny," Jacque says.

Petite Jackie Rosier grew up on a farm in Chatham, Illinois, and now lives in Shawnee Mission, Missouri. She once won a Betty Crocker Award in home economics, spent two years at Bradley University in Peoria, Illinois, journeyed to Miami as a stewardess for National Airlines and finally found a home in the Kansas City Club.

Over in St. Louis, Bunny Starr Tirre commutes to her hutch from a ten-and-a-half-acre farm, digs skeet shooting and hunting, boasts a small armory of shotguns and rifles. Hutchmate Nancy Almerigi, another outdoor type, who looks like a grown-up Shirley Temple, is a former Michigan soda jerk and was once chosen Miss All-American High School Beauty, in Grand Rapids. A salesgirl at a J. C. Penney store in St. Louis before she hit the Bunny trail, Sue Smith grew up on a hog farm in southern Illinois, boasts that she "can still call hogs—but usually they don't come."

Lynn Murphree, who doesn't care a cowslip that Kansas City law confines her to Door Bunny duties until she reaches a drink-serving 21, hails from rural Sedalia, has been known to spend free weekends in Nebraska midwifing piglets. Husbandry also means more than the future tense of "bachelorhood" to hutchmate Jane Schroeder, an accomplished equestrienne who fills out her free time breeding quarter horses—and racking up ribbons in a bone-jarring rodeo event known as the "cowgirl's barrel race," which she described as "sort of a giant slalom on horseback." After handing us a cigarillo to celebrate her latest stud foal,

"He was nothing to write home about."

Jane told us she's owned horses since she was old enough to walk, rides every chance she gets, finds horse breeding a relaxing (and, needless to say, rewarding) hobby.

Indian reservations and enclaves still adjoin the Kansas City area, and on a busy night keyholders can find as many as three little Indians—part Indians, at any rate, in silk ears rather than eagle feathers—in the Playboy Club atop the Continental Hotel. Brandi Christ's jet-black hair and high cheekbones clearly indicate her Indian ancestry—she's half Cherokee. A former real-estate agent (she's still trying to live down the sale of Manhattan Island), Brandi can't decide whether to use her Bunny money to open a real-estate agency or a pet shop. We suspect that the litter of Siamese cats she owns—and the heifer she's about to buy—will make the decision for her. Another of Kansas City's vanishing Americans—may their tribe increase!—is Candy Akins. Despite blonde hair and blue eyes, Candy is one fourth Cherokee. She spent a year at the University of Missouri, now passes her free time painting impressionistic portraits in water colors and oils. Self-appointed chief of the tribe is popular Judi Bradford, who proudly proclaims that she's "an all-American girl—one fourth Blackfoot Indian, one half American Negro and one fourth miscellaneous." Judi won her B.A. in sociology at Central Missouri State College at Warrensburg, plans to get her master's in Denver, with a thesis on Playboy Club keyholders. "Bunnies have peculiar effects on different men," Judi observed, with scholarly understatement. "I'm collecting data on all this and hope to get a master's thesis out of it." With her master's in hand, Judi wants to go into social work, sincerely hopes to use her growing rabbit's nest egg to start a charitable home for orphans. Everyone who knows her—and her admirers in Kansas City are legion—is certain she'll succeed.

Judi is delightful proof of an observation rabbitués have been making ever since cottontails first greeted keyholders: In Bunnydom, it's what's upstairs—as well as up front—that counts. In Kansas City, for instance, one third of the Bunnies are former or current coeds, and the percentage in St. Louis is only slightly lower. As reporter Rich Meier observed in *The Daily Nebraskan* after a visit to the K.C. Club: "You don't have to have a college education to be a Playboy Bunny, but it helps."

During a typical evening at the K.C. Club, for instance, keyholders are likely to encounter a startling array of brainy beauties. Nancy Stephens, a former "Army brat" as she puts it, is a sparkling nonconformist who wears her hair like Whistler's mother's. She has lived in virtually every state in the Union and every

province in West Germany. Nancy transferred to the University of Kansas from Northwestern and was graduated in dramatics. She came to the Playboy Club not as a Bunny but as a seamstress, but has been table-hopping ever since Club execs noted she could do more for a Bunny costume than mend it. She still has theatrical aspirations, and hopes this summer to snag a part-time job directing a children's theater. Not surprisingly, considering the years she spent in Germany, Nancy speaks fluent German. She can brush up her umlauts with several of the other Bunnies who comprise Kansas City's *Deutscher Verein*.

One of them, Brigitte Keating, came to America from Saxony, and won a B. A. in romance languages at the University of Oklahoma—with an A-minus average. Brigitte speaks fluent French, Spanish and German—and perfect English, with a slight caramel drawl, reflecting the ten years she lived in Tulsa. "I've been reading psychology texts in my spare time," Brigitte revealed. "You'd be surprised at the insights psychology gives you—and as a Bunny, knowledge of people can't hurt you." She hopes soon to transfer to the London Playboy Club, as a part-time cottontail and full-time graduate student.

Bunny Marsha Combs, a slender, black-haired farmer's daughter from Gower, Missouri, won a B. S. from Northwest Missouri State College at Maryville with an unlikely double major in art and business, and taught business administration at a K. C. junior college prior to donning Bunny bunting in K. C. Bunny Jaime John, a 5'8" blue-eyed blonde, has never been able to quell a penchant for travel sufficiently to settle down and finish her degree requirements. She studied language and literature at the University of Missouri, at Colorado and at Kansas. She hopes to finish her studies now that she's found a home in Kansas City. Hutchmate Veta Cushman majored in commercial art at Joplin Junior College—and then became a go-go dancer. She and blue-eyed Glenna Burch were once twin-billed eye-poppers at Marge's Disc-A-Go-Go in Kansas City.

At a half inch over five feet, Bunny Bobbi Bouchier is K. C.'s tiniest cottontail. She spent two years at the University of Kansas, majoring in fine art, and has worked as an ad-layout designer and as a surgical nurse. Bobbi loves to travel, has seen most of Europe and hopes to return soon to the Costa Brava, where she spent a swinging summer several years ago.

Bunny-hopping back to St. Louis, the academically inclined keyholder couldn't fail to be impressed by raven-haired Eunice Baumgartner, an indefatigable full-time Bunny and student, who just graduated from college with a resounding 3.6 academic average (out of a possible 4.0) and has been accepted at medical school. She plans to continue to lead her two rewarding lives as long as classwork permits.

Staffing the Penthouse with Eunice is statuesque Angela Ashton, currently completing her master's degree in English literature at St. Louis' Washington University. Angela was Miss Miami University in 1962, speaks French and Greek and tentatively plans to continue on to a Ph. D. Downstairs in the Living Room there's brown-eyed Bunny André Johnson, a reformed surfnik who grew up in Honolulu, won her degree in dental hygiene from the University of Hawaii, still reads medical texts for kicks. Pacifically oriented André lived in Japan three years, has traveled throughout Asia and plans to use her Bunny money to further assuage her wanderlust.

Petite Brenda DouBrava belies her five-foot size by a king-sized ambition to be a college gym teacher. A bright and vivacious redhead, Brenda put in two years at St. Louis' Harris Teachers College, hopes to return shortly for her degree. She was voted St. Louis' Best Bunny for 1965 and says her two-week prize trip to Puerto Rico was "absolutely the best time of my life." Along with Eunice, Brenda forms the Club's dynamic duo of public speakers: Both spend many a lunchtime over creamed chicken explaining PLAYBOY and its Clubs to local business groups. Brenda's cottontail cohort in the Playmate Bar is often Kim Azzolina, a former stewardess who graduated in liberal arts from Marjorie Webster Junior College in Washington, D. C. Kim still digs travel, spends her free time water-skiing (on southern Missouri's Lake of the Ozarks) and snow-skiing (at faraway Lake Placid), has no qualms about jet-setting to places like Paris, New York or Miami on weekend larks.

Another liberal-arts type is dark-haired Lyn Lanham, who majored in creative writing at Marshall College in her home town of Huntington, West Virginia. "I still write short stories," Lyn says, "but not for publication—at least so far. Maybe someday I'll write the great American Bunny novel." Carol Hatcher, a jet-haired, dimpled beauty from the downstate Missouri town of Cape Girardeau, majored in art at Southeast Missouri State. She paints creditable oil landscapes and stills, regularly attends St. Louis' renowned Municipal Opera, and has big brown eyes for a career in advertising art.

No less impressive than their academic and cultural qualifications are the Missouri Bunnies' charitable endeavors. In St. Louis, many of the Bunnies have been working independently—and until recently, unbeknownst to the Club management—to help a nearby settlement house. Bunny cake bakes, in which real cakes (no mixes allowed) are prepared by the Bunnies and sold at hefty prices to sweet-toothed keyholders, and Bunny

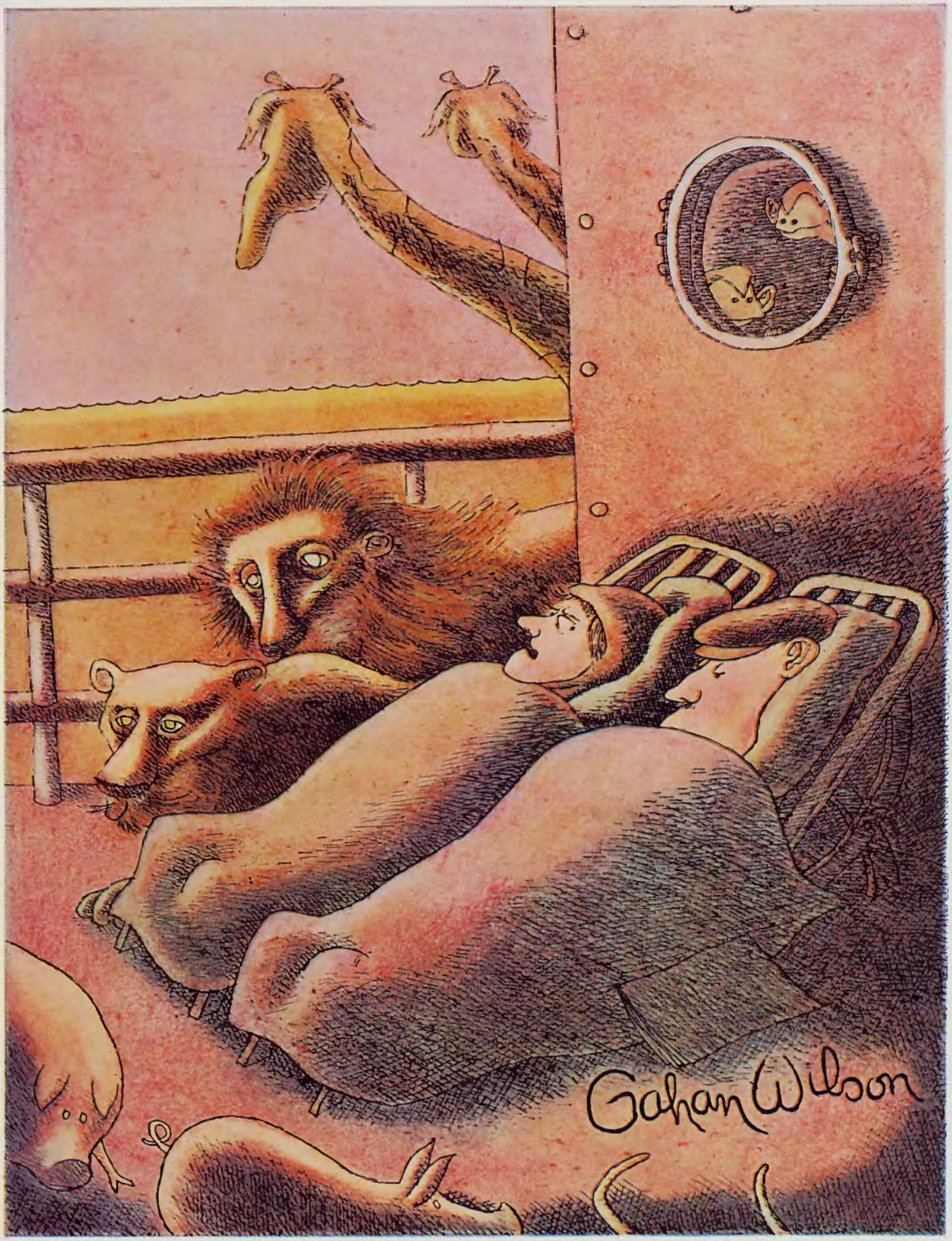
car washes—with costumed Bunnies taking a shine to a keyholder's car—have netted substantial quantities of cash for deserving local charities. In addition, weekly contributions from each Bunny now support six Asian children on the Foster Parents' Plan.

Bunny Mother Alex' favorite story of Bunny charity work concerns a show Frank Sinatra put on a while back to benefit Father Dismas' Halfway House. "It was billed as the 'Sinatra Spectacular,'" Alex told us. "Of course, the whole Clan was there, and Kiel Auditorium was a sellout. Well, fourteen of my girls—pardon the possessive—acted as hostesses, both at the main event and at the celebrity cocktail party beforehand. They did so well, on stage and off, that when Sammy Davis came back in town on a one-nighter a few weeks later, he called us personally, at one in the morning, to set up a cocktail party in the Bunnies' honor."

Over in Kansas City, the girls are equally busy, with many working individually for charities that particularly appeal to them. A Bunny softball team regularly lends its services for charity exhibitions with the Optimist Club; and a group of Bunnies, led by native Kansas Citian Sharron Long, is just now coordinating Bunny services and cash for a local orphanage. Sharron, incidentally, a willowy 5'9" sans rabbit ears, is the tallest girl in the K.C. hutch. A former telephone operator, she still salts away a tidy percentage of her Bunny lettuce in A.T.&T. stock.

The Club in which she works is a penthouse layout atop the 22-story Continental Hotel, at 11th and Baltimore, in the heart of downtown K.C. Passing through the Rabbit-emblazoned elevator door, keyholders find themselves in the Lobby, facing gorgeous Door Bunny Gina Lathrope and—should they look farther—the Gift Shop beyond. Opening on the Lobby to the left is the combined Playmate Bar and Living Room; to the right, the Penthouse, which offers the only supper-club entertainment in Kansas City; and straight ahead, the Playroom—all finished in the stained walnut, trimmed in the black-and-orange motif that has come to characterize Playboy Clubs round the world. The K.C. Club's stairless, horizontal orientation lends it a cozy feeling of intimacy—surprising, indeed, for an establishment that can, and often does, seat 312.

By comparison, the St. Louis Playboy Club, which accommodates half again as many, seems very much larger—but no less intimate. Located at 3914 Lindell—behind a fountain and a Japanese stone garden in which blooms a classic birch tree—the St. Louis Club is a tastefully understated four-story structure whose



"I say, Sir Reginald, have you noticed anything peculiar about this voyage?"

exterior façade of burnt, knotty walnut and glass, set off by soaring white girders, gives a foretaste of the elegance within. Door Bunny Marty Sparks—who gave up a career as a *coiffeuse* when she discovered that Bunnies have more fun—greets keyholders in the Lobby. Marty was recently a local *cause célèbre*, when she and her small cabin cruiser were stranded for 35 hours—without food, water or blankets—on a sand bar in the middle of the Mississippi. A river patrol boat finally rescued her, and after a day's rest she was back greeting keyholders.

The keyholder who focuses beyond Marty's ears will discover the Gift Shop and, down four steps to the left, the Playmate Bar. To the rear, a staircase spirals up to the Living Room, Cartoon Corner and Playpen, which seats a dozen persons in airy suspension over the bumper-pool table in the Playmate Bar. (No, no one has ever fallen out.) Bunny Kim Wilson, who amply serves as daytime Bumper-Pool Bunny, offers another tale of water woe. Kim rates herself "a pretty good sailor," and crewed on a 38-foot schooner in the Caribbean last summer. She says: "We were caught in a bad storm between Bimini and Nassau. After being buffeted for two days, the mainmast broke. We finally made it to Nassau, but all of us—there were eight on board—were pretty frazzled." Not frazzled enough, however, to deter her from planning another sailing venture this summer.

Reluctantly leaving Kim to her bumper pool, the keyholder visiting the St. Louis Club can climb the plushly carpeted stairs up to the Playroom and Penthouse, where—as in all Playboy Clubs—some of the best new acts in America entertain nightly. The visitor to the Penthouse may find himself served by Penthouse Bunny Joyce Chadwick, charming proof that Missouri's Bunnies are as diverting as they are diverse. Breath-taking Joyce, voted St. Louis' Best Bunny for 1963, so impressed syndicated columnist Earl Wilson (who chaperoned Joyce and six other top Bunnies on a tour through cognac country in southwestern France) that he described her as "a 5'9" Suzy Parker or Paula Prentiss look-alike . . . a great undiscovered American beauty." St. Louis keyholders, who had realized this soon after their Club opened, could only nod in agreement.

Wilson also solved an undiscovered American mystery when he surprised Joyce puttering with a comb. As he tells it, tongue-in-cheekly: " 'What am I doing?' she echoed my inquiry. 'I am combing my Bunny tail. In St. Louis we are very proud of always having our Bunny tails neatly combed.'

"I am a deep, profound thinker," Wilson mused, "but if you had asked me the day before yesterday whether a Bunny tail was ever combed, I'd have been stuck for an answer."

Pint-sized Lucy Martin, whose 4'9" makes her Bunnydom's reigning petite laureate, boasts a 35-23-35 form to prove that good things still come in small packages. Though she occasionally dreams of waking up one morning six inches taller, Lucy says her size is often an icebreaker, privately feels one up on the rest of the hutch because of her uniqueness. The only practical disadvantage is her inability to reach tall glasses on the uppermost shelves behind standardized Playboy Club bars. Lucy's Bunny earnings have financed a private Ozark hideaway 200 miles southwest of St. Louis, where she is wont to repair during the summer for weekends of water-skiing (behind her 100-horsepower Mercury) and swimming in the buff (alone).

Margie Scheibel, who was once a part-time spotter for the St. Louis football Cardinals, recently graduated from Bunnyhood to housewifery when she achieved what must be a world-wide Bunny ambition—to marry a Playboy Club owner. (Unlike most links in the Playboy chain, St. Louis is a franchised operation, run by Playboy Clubs International but owned by a group of local businessmen.) Bev Masek, one of the Club's regular Bumper-Pool Bunnies, is a rabid fan of the baseball Cardinals. "I have a season box seat at our fabulous new stadium," Bev told us, "and there's nothing I like better than a night ball game, followed by a drive around downtown in my new, white Mustang—and perhaps some late dancing in Gaslight Square." There she might run into hutchmate Carol DeLay, the Club's most accomplished dancer, who played a bit role in *Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte* and was recently selected Miss Gaslight Square by admiring St. Louisans.

Another St. Louis sportnik, Sheila Jackson, digs water-skiing so much that her commendable form can often be seen gliding across the sienna surface of Ole Man River. "The Mississippi isn't that bad, really. It has a muddy reputation that it doesn't quite deserve," she told us, adding coyly that "it *does* help if you're a good skier."

Three Bunnies, Sandy Link, Iris Stewart and Rosemary Highley, have been with the St. Louis Club since it opened October 16, 1962. Before donning her satin ears, Sandy was an executive secretary in the Air Force—and boasted "top secret" clearance. But she makes no secret of the fact that she was St. Louis' Best Bunny for 1964, winning a swinging trip to Caracas.

The most up-to-date thing in Kansas City is Wanda Cailliau's new invention. Bugged by careless door openers chipping the British-racing-green finish of her new XK-E roadster (bought with her Bunny earnings, of course), Wanda built a curtain-rod device that attaches to the car whenever she has to park in congested areas. Her paint job is now flawless, and several other local E-types have copied the gimmick.

The story behind Kansas City Checkroom Bunny Candy Lobo is unique and touching. Candy was blind from age 4 to 17, when an operation restored her sight. "Being able to see again was quite an experience, of course," Candy says nonchalantly. "My new world was very beautiful but very difficult to adjust to. I had planned a career in teaching blind children—in fact, this is what I was actually doing before I regained my sight. But somehow, I felt that I wasn't as good a teacher after I could see again—and I became a Bunny."

Last but certainly not least in our résumé of the Missouri cottontail contingent is Kansas Citian Gigi McMillen, whose breath-taking 40-23-35 dimensions bring to her Bunny bunting an aura of epic extravagance. Gigi was born in Germany, studied design three years at Mainz, speaks flawless German, good Spanish—and excellent English. She was K. C.'s Best Bunny for 1964, and used her Spanish to good advantage on the prize trip to Venezuela. She's also the only Bunny who's worked at both Missouri Clubs, having opened the St. Louis Club in 1962 and moved to K. C. for the opening there in 1964. As such, she's uniquely qualified to conclude our dissertation on the Bunnies of Missouri, and—in a throaty accent reminiscent of Marlene Dietrich—we'll let her.

"Compare the girls at the two Clubs? Well, the Kansas City Club is well appointed, but the St. Louis Club is even prettier—and attractive surroundings mean attractive Bunnies. But the Kansas City Club is better laid out from the Bunnies' point of view, since there are no stairs to climb, and it's smaller, which means less walking around and more contact with the keyholders. This means the K. C. Bunnies get to show more personality. But then, the St. Louis Club, which is larger, does more business. The St. Louis Club gave me my start; there's a great bunch of girls in St. Louis, and I'll always be attached to them. But now I'm used to K. C., and I like the girls here just as well. I guess you'd have to say I just like the Bunnies at both places." And so, needless to say, do we.

Bunny applications may be obtained by writing Playboy Clubs International, Bunny Department, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

NEW ARISTOCRATS

(continued from page 111)

on one's bias—with heavy use of computers. These same premises are seen by some as enriching and great, and by others as menacing and empty.

Oddly, however, both kinds of prediction describe the play and leave out Hamlet; namely, the next generation itself, the young people who are going to be the heirs to all this greatness or the slaves of this social engineering. I have not seen a single forecast that takes into account that present high school and college students will be of some importance in shaping society 20 years from now. Commencement speakers are eager to pass on the torch and they seem to be sure that there are ready hands to receive it. Yet the evidence is that students are not at all happy with the present trends and attitudes, whether the prediction is gloomy *or* rosy. For instance, in 1956, surveys showed that college students admired and wanted to work in big corporations, but last year (at Harvard) more seniors opted for the Peace Corps than for careers in business. Allow me a small personal example: My book *Growing Up Absurd* sells 1000 copies a week, of which the majority, my publisher guesses, are bought by high school students. This gives one pause; I wouldn't have thought they could read the words. Maybe they can't, but they get the message, that the conditions of our society are too inhuman to grow up in. For collegians that message is dated; they take it for granted.

I do not intend to predict what the future might look like if we take young people into account. I don't know (although I give plenty of advice, which they disregard). What I want to show, however, is that point by point, with remarkable precision, articulate students —and an indeterminate number of others—*live, feel and think in direct opposition to the premises on which both the rosy and the gloomy predictions are based.* It is so in their community life, their ethics and their politics. If only because of sheer numbers, the temper of young people must make a difference for the future. And it is whistling in the dark to think that their opposition is a "generational revolt" that will be absorbed as they grow older and wiser, for it is endemic in our system of things. If the planners continue to treat this temper as if it did not exist, the result will be still deeper alienation and worse ultimate disruption. My experience in Washington, as a Fellow of the Institute of Policy Studies, is that social and educational planners have about as much information of what happens on college campuses as the State Department has about Vietnam.

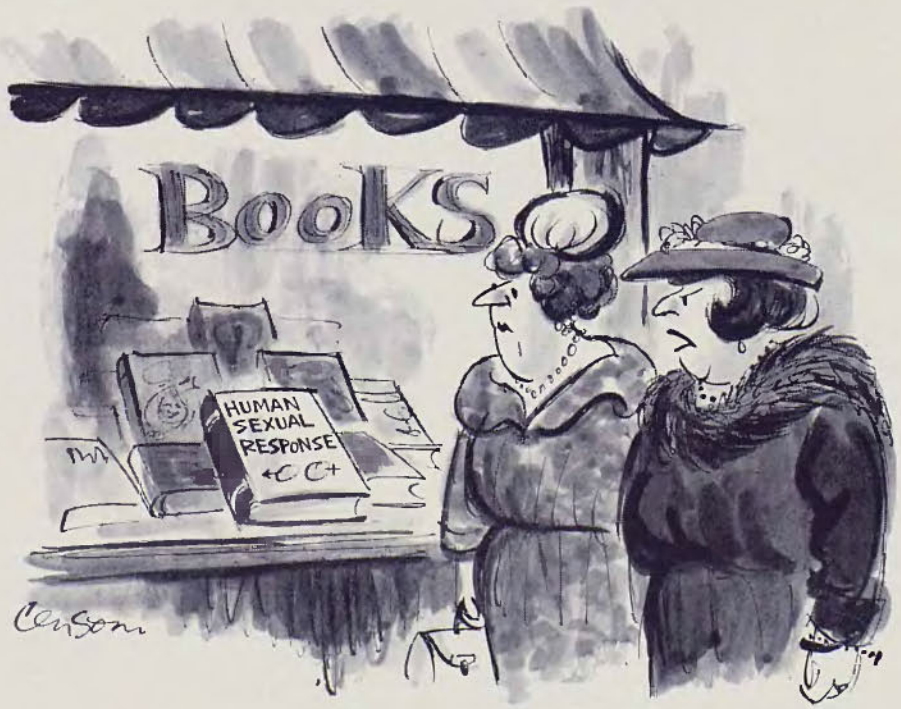
COMMUNITY: About 50 percent of all Americans are now under 26. Of the college-age group, nearly 40 percent go to college—there are 6,000,000 in 2000 institutions. Of the present collegians, it is estimated that five percent are in some activity of the radical youth movement, usually "left" but sometimes "right." This does not seem a big proportion, but it has increased at least tenfold in the last decade, and it and the number of its alumni will certainly increase even more rapidly in the next years. We are thus speaking of several million people.

More important, they are the leaders. Radical collegians are not only middle class but they are also disproportionately the best academically and from the most prestigious schools. Unlike Negro youth, who are now causing such turmoil, collegians are a major economic force, looming large among the indispensable inheritors of the dominant power in society. And although—or perhaps because —they do not share a common ideology but rather a common sentiment and style, in showdown situations like the troubles in Berkeley, they have shown a remarkable solidarity and a common detestation for the liberal center, crossing even the apparent chasm between extreme right and extreme left.

A chief reason for their solidarity and their increase in numbers is mass higher education itself. For most, going to college has little academic value—indeed, one of their shared sentiments is resistance to being academically processed for the goals of the "system." In my opinion, about 15 percent, instead of 40 percent, ought to be in colleges; the rest, including most of the bright, would be better educated in other environments. Nevertheless, *the major colleges and universities are, in fact, many hundreds of physical and social communities of young people, with populations of a few thousand to 25,000, sharing a subculture, propagandizing one another and learning to distrust anybody over 30. Such collections of youth are a phenomenon unique in history.*

Consider some details from San Francisco State College, where I was hired as a teacher by the Associated Students last spring. With 15,000 students, the Associated Students collect $300,000 annually in dues, more than half of which is free and clear and which they use for untraditional purposes. These purposes include organizing a tenants' league, helping delinquents in a reformatory, running a tutorial program for Negro and Mexican children (with 300 collegian tutors), sponsoring a weekly television program on KQED, running an "experimental college" with offbeat courses, and hiring their own professors. They apply on their own for institutional grants from the Ford Foundation and the Poverty Program. In the fall of 1966, the experimental college registered 1600 students!

Or consider the college press, with its fairly captive audience of a couple of million, many of them daily. In a few cases, e.g., Harvard and Columbia, publication has gone off campus and is not under the tutelage of "faculty advisors." Increasingly, college papers subscribe to



"With my Harold, I'd welcome a response of any kind!!"

news services and print (and edit) national and international news; and they also use syndicated material, like Art Buchwald, Jules Feiffer, Russell Baker. Occasionally, the college paper is the chief daily of its town (e.g., the Cornell *Sun*). More important, there is a national student press service that could be a powerfully effective liaison for mobilizing opinion on common issues. Last winter I wrote a fortnightly column on student matters for a tiny college in Vermont, which the enterprising editor at once syndicated to 50 other college papers. On this model there could spring up a system of direct support, and control, of students' "own" authors, just as, of course, they now indirectly support them through magazines whose main circulation is collegiate.

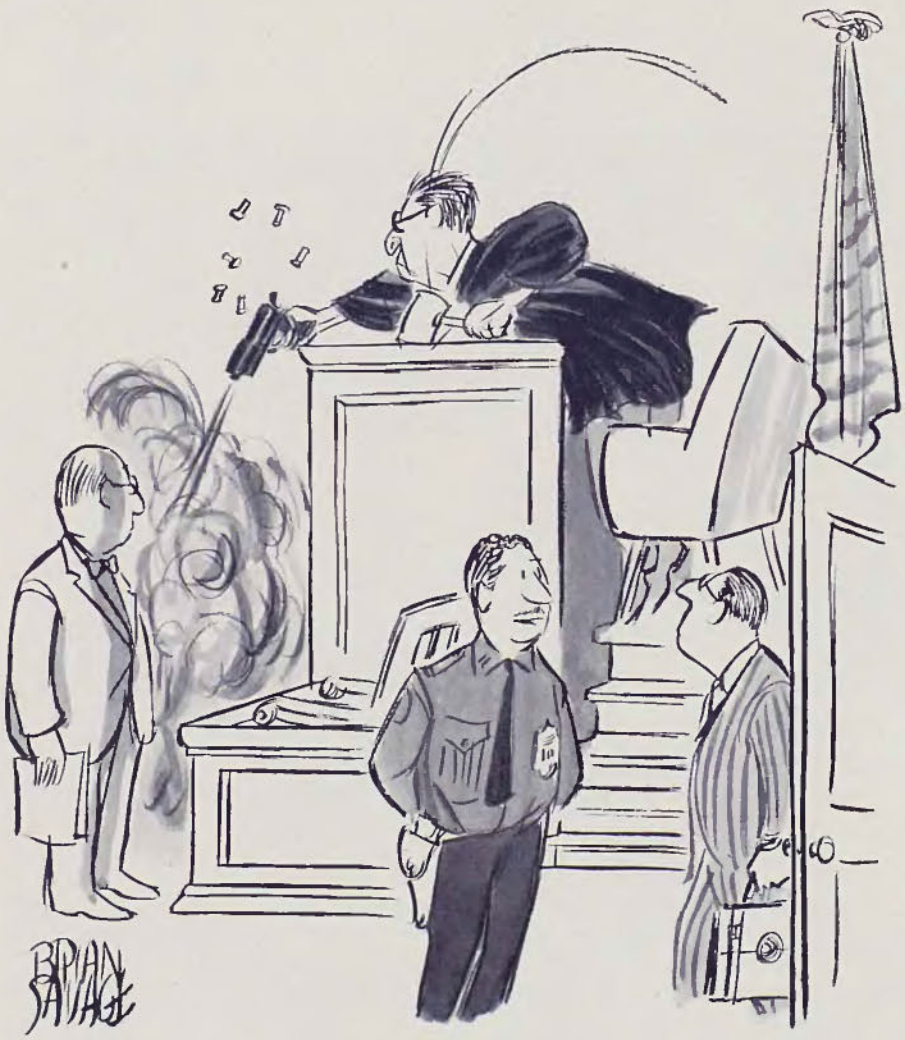
Nor are these young people properly called "youth." The exigencies of the American system have kept them in tutelage, doing lessons, till 23 and 24 years of age, years past when young industrial workers used to walk union picket lines or when farmers carried angry pitchforks, or young men are now drafted into the Army. Thus, another cause of their shared resentment is the foolish attempt to arrest their maturation and regulate their social, sexual and political activity.

More than other middle-class generations, these young live a good deal by "interpersonal relations" and they are unusually careless, in their friendships, about status or getting ahead. I do not mean that they are especially affectionate or compassionate—they are averagely so—but they have been soaked in modern psychology, group therapy, sensitivity training; and as a style they go in for direct confrontation and sometimes brutal frankness. Add to this the lack of embarrassment due to animally uninhibited childhood, for their parents, by and large, were permissive about thumbsucking, toilet training, masturbation, informal dress, etc. They are the post-Freudian generation in this country—their parents were analyzed from 1920 to 1940. The effect of all this psychology—for example, long sessions of mutual analysis or jabber about LSD trips—can be tiresome, at least to me; but it is fatal to suburban squeamishness, race and moral prejudice, and to keeping up appearances. Still another cause of resentment at the colleges is the impersonality and distance of the teachers and the big classes that make dialog impossible. Students are avid for dialog. Sometimes this looks like clamoring for "attention," as our statesmen say about the demonstrators, but it is really insisting on being taken seriously as troubled human beings.

Middle-class privacy also tends to vanish. An innovation of the Beats was the community use of one another's pads, and this spirit of sharing has persisted in off-campus university communities, which are very different from paternalistic dormitories or fraternity row. In

big cities there are rapidly growing bohemian student neighborhoods, usually —if only for the cheaper rent—located in racially mixed sections. Such neighborhoods, with their own coffeehouses and headquarters for student political clubs, cannot be controlled by campus administration. In the famous insurrection of Berkeley, Telegraph Avenue could easily rally 3000 students, ex-students, wives and pals. (The response of the University of California administration has been, characteristically, to try to root up the student neighborhood with Federally financed urban renewal.)

Inevitably, sexual activity and taking drugs loom overlarge in the public picture: for, whereas unkempt hair, odd company and radical politics may be disapproved, sex and drugs rouse middle-class anxiety, a more animal reaction. The statistics seem to show, however, that quantitatively there are not many more sexual goings on than since the Twenties. The difference is that the climate has finally become more honest and unhypocritical. Sexuality is affirmed as a part of life rather than as the Saturday religion of fraternity gang bangs covered by being drunk. Since there is more community altogether, sex tends to revert to the normalcy of back rural areas, with the beautiful difference of middle-class prudence and contraceptives. (Probably, since there is less moralism, there are more homosexual acts, though not, of course, any increase of homosexuality as a trait of character.) In the more earnest meaning of sex, love and marriage, however, the radical young still seem averagely messed up, no better than their parents. There is no remarkable surge of joy or poetry—the chief progress of the sexual revolution, so far, has been the freer treatment of small children that I mentioned above. The conditions of American society do not encourage manly responsibility and moral courage in men, and we simply do not know how to use the tenderness and motherliness of women. The present disposition of the radical young is to treat males and females alike; in my observation, this means that the women become camp followers, the opposite of the suburban situation in which they are tyrannical dolls. I don't know the answer.



"Judge Rollins has yet to have a decision reversed."

Certainly the slogan "Make love, not war"—carried mainly by the girls—is political wisdom, if only because it costs less in taxes.

The community meaning of the widespread use of hallucinogenic drugs is ambiguous. (Few students use addictives; again, they are prudent.) I have heard students hotly defend the drugs as a means of spiritual and political freedom, or hotly condemn them as a quietist opiate of the people, or indifferently dismiss them as a matter of taste. I am myself not a hippie and I am unwilling to judge. It seems clear that the more they take pot, the less they get drunk, but I don't know if this is an advantage or a disadvantage. (I don't get drunk, either.) Certainly there is a difference between the quiet socializing of marijuana and the alcoholic socializing of the fraternities, suburbs and Washington. Also, being illegal and hard to procure, the drugs create conspiracy and a chasm between those who do and those who don't. As usual, the drug laws, like other moral laws, fail to eradicate the vice they intend to eradicate, but they produce disastrous secondary effects.

The LSD cult, especially, must be understood as part of a wave of religiosity in young persons that has included Zen, Christian and Jewish existentialism, a kind of psychoanalytic yoga, and the magic of the Book of Changes. On the campus, a young Protestant chaplain—or even a Catholic—is often the center of radical activity, which may include a forum for psychedelic theory as well as peace and Negro rights. Certainly the calculating rationalism of modern times is losing its self-evidence; and it is not the end of the world to flip. Personally, I don't like it when people flip, it is eerie; I like people to be in touch, and I think the heads are mistaken when they think they are communicating. Also, in our overtechnological society, I am intensely suspicious of Dr. Tim Leary's formula to "turn on, tune in and drop out" by chemical means. Yet by and large, the public repression in this field is grossly disproportionate to the occasional damage that has been proved; and frankly, the burden of proof is the other way: If we do not want young people to live in harmless dreams, we have to provide something better than the settled arithmetical delusions of Mr. McNamara, not to speak of Herman Kahn, author of *On Thermonuclear War*.

The shagginess and chosen poverty of student communities have nuances that might be immensely important for the future. We must remember that these are the young of the affluent society, used to a high standard of living and confident that, if and when they want, they can fit in and make good money. Having suffered little pressure of insecurity, they have little psychological need

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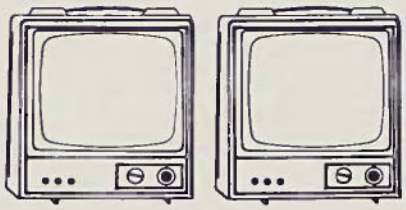
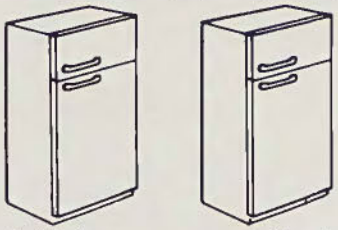
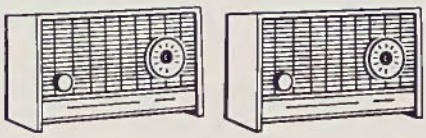


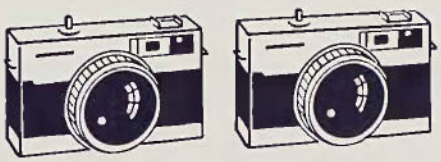
A 12-inch TV set priced at $89.95... **OR** another unit priced at $120.00?



A two-door refrigerator priced at an average of $244.85... **OR** another model priced at an average of $255.58?



An AM table radio priced at $11.98... **OR** another AM table radio priced at $27.95?



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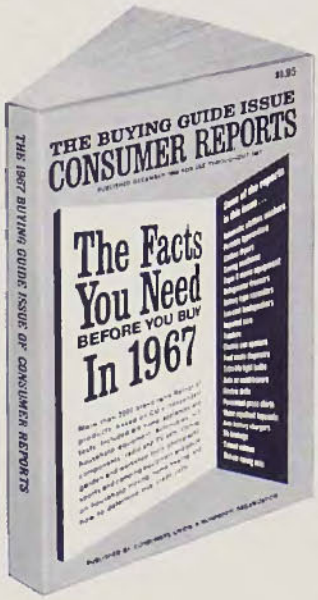

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to climb; just as, coming from respectable homes, they feel no disgrace about sitting a few nights in jail. By confidence they are aristocrats—en masse. This, too, is unique in history. At the same time, the affluent standard of living that they have experienced at home is pretty synthetic and much of it useless and phony; whereas their chosen poverty is not degraded but decent, natural and in many ways more comfortable than their parents' standard, especially if they can always corral obvious goodies such as hi-fi equipment and motorcycles. Typically, they tour Europe on nothing, sleeping under bridges; but if they get really hungry, they can drop in at American Express to pick up their mail. Most of the major satisfactions of life—sex, paperback books, guitars, roaming, conversation, games and activist politics—in fact, cost little.

Thus, this is the first generation in America selective of its standard of living. If this attitude became general, it would be disastrous for the expanding Gross National Product. And there is obvious policy and defiance in their poverty and shagginess. They have been influenced by the voluntary poverty of the beat movement, which signified withdrawal from the trap of the affluent economy. Finally, by acquaintance they experience the harsher tone of the involuntary poverty of the Negroes and Spanish Americans whose neighborhoods they visit and with whom they are friends.

In a recent speech, Robert Hutchins pointed out that business can no longer recruit the bright young. He explained this by the fact that the universities are rich and can offer competitive rewards. But I do not think this is the essence, for we have seen that at Harvard, business cannot compete even with the Peace Corps. The essence is that the old drive to make a *lot* of money has lost its magnetism. Yet this does not seem to mean settling for security, for the young are increasingly risky. The magnet is a way of life that has meaning. This is a luxury of an aristocratic community.

ETHICS: The chief (conscious) drive of the radical young is their morality. As Michael Harrington, author of *The Other America*, has put it, "They drive you crazy with their morality," since for it they disregard prudence and politics, and they mercilessly condemn day-to-day casuistry as if it were all utterly phony. When politically minded student leaders, like the Students for a Democratic Society, try to engage in "tactics" and "the art of the possible," they may temporarily gain in numbers, but they swiftly lose influence and begin to disintegrate. Yet indignation or a point of honor will rally the young in droves.

Partly, the drive to morality is the natural ingenuousness of youth, freed of the role playing and status seeking of our society. As aristocrats, not driven by material or ulterior motives, they will budge for ideals or not at all. Partly their absolutism is a disgusted reaction to cynicism and the prevalent adult conviction that "Nothing can be done. You can't fight city hall. Modern life is too complex." But mostly, I think, it is the self-righteousness of an intelligent and innocent new generation in a world where my own generation has been patently stupid and incompetent. They have been brought up on a literature of devastating criticism that has gone unanswered because there is no answer.

The right comparison to them is the youth of the Reformation, of *Sturm und Drang*, and of Russia of the Seventies and Eighties, who were brought up on their own dissenting theologians, *philosophes* and intelligentsia. Let us remember that those students did, indeed, ultimately lead revolutions.

The philosophical words are "authenticity" and "commitment," from the existentialist vocabulary. And it cannot be denied that our dominant society is unusually inauthentic. Newspeak and double talk are the lingua franca of administrators, politicians, advertisers and the mass media. These official people are not even lying; rather, there is an unbridgeable chasm between the statements made "on the record" for systemic reasons or the image of the corporation, and what is intended and actually performed. I have seen mature graduate students crack up in giggles of anxiety listening to the Secretary of State expound our foreign policy: when I questioned them afterward, some said that he was like a mechanical man, others that he was demented. And most campus blowups have been finally caused by administrators' animal inability to speak plain. The students have faithfully observed due process and manfully stated their case, but the administrators simply cannot talk like human beings. At this point it suddenly becomes clear that they are confronting not a few radical dissenters but a solid mass of the young, maybe a majority.

Two things seem to solidify dissent: administrative double talk and the singling out of "ringleaders" for exemplary punishment. These make young people feel that they are not being taken seriously, and they are not.

In principle, "authenticity" is proved by "commitment." You must not merely talk but organize, collect money, burn your draft card, go South and be shot at, go to jail. And the young eagerly commit themselves. However, a lasting commitment is hard to achieve. There are a certain number of causes that are pretty authentic and warrant engaging in: Give Negroes the vote, desegregate a hotel or a bus, commute Chessman's sentence to the gas chamber, abolish grading and get the CIA out of the university, abolish

HUAC, get out of Vietnam, legalize marijuana and homosexuality, unionize the grapepickers. But it is rarely the case that any particular authentic cause can really occupy the thought and energy of more than a few for more than a while. Students cool off and hop from issue to issue, then some become angry at the backsliders; others foolishly try to prove that civil liberties, for instance, are not so "important" as Negro civil rights, for instance, or that university reform is not so "important" as stopping the bombing of Hanoi. Others, disillusioned, sink into despair of human nature. And committed causes distressingly vanish from view at the June vacation, when the community disperses.

Shrewder psychologists among the young advocate getting involved only in what you "enjoy" and gravitate to—e.g., don't tutor unless you like kids—but this is a weak motive compared with indignation or justice.

The bother is that, except with a few political or religious personalities, the students' commitments do not spring from their own vocations and life ambitions; and they are not related in a coherent program for the reconstruction of society. This is not the fault of the students. Most of the present young have unusually little sense of vocation; perhaps 16 continuous years of doing lessons by compulsion has not been a good way to find one's identity. And there *is* no acceptable program of reconstruction—nobody has spelled it out—only vague criteria. Pathetically, much "definite commitment" is a self-deceptive way of filling the void of sense of vocation and utopian politics. Negroes, who are perforce really committed to their emancipation, notice this and say that their white allies are spiritually exploiting them.

It is a difficult period of history for the young to find vocation and identity. Most of the abiding human vocations and professions, arts and sciences, seem to them, and are (to a degree) corrupt or corrupted: law, business, the physical sciences, social work—these constitute the hated System. And higher education, both curriculum and professors, which ought to be helping them find themselves, also seems bought out by the System. Students know that something is wrong in their schooling and they agitate for university reform; but since they do not know what world they want to make, they do not know what to demand to be taught.

POLITICS: It is not the task of age 18 to 25 to devise a coherent program of social reconstruction: for instance, to rethink our uses of technology, our methods of management, our city planning and international relations. They rightly accuse us of not providing them a program to work for. A small minority—I think increasing—turns to Marxism, as in the Thirties; but the Marxist theorists have also not thought of anything new and relevant to overripe societies. Most radical students, in my observation, listen to Marxist ideological speeches with polite lack of interest—"they are empty, man, empty"—and they are appalled by Marxist political bullying. On the other hand, they are disgusted with official anticommunism. By an inevitable backlash, since they think all American official speech is double talk, they disbelieve that Communist states are worse than our own.

What the American young do know, being themselves pushed around, itemized and processed, is that they have a right to a say in what affects them. They believe in democracy, which they have to call "participatory democracy," to distinguish it from double-talk democracy. Poignantly, in their ignorance of American history, they do not recognize that they are Congregationalists, town-meeting democrats, Jeffersonians, populists. But they know they want the opportunity to be responsible, to initiate and decide, instead of being mere personnel. Returning from their term overseas, the first thousand of the Peace Corps unanimously agreed that exercising responsibility and initiative had been the most worthwhile part of their experience, and they complained that back home they did not have the opportunity.

The primary area for seeking democracy would be, one would imagine, the universities, for that is where the students are and are coerced. And the radical students, who, we have seen, are among the best academically, have campaigned for *Lernfreiheit*—freedom from grading, excessive examination, compulsory attendance at lectures and prescribed subjects—and also for the ancient privilege of a say in designing the curriculum and evaluating the teachers. But unfortunately, as we have also seen, the majority of students do not care about higher education as such and are willing to put up with it as it is. They are in college for a variety of extrinsic reasons, from earning the degree as a union card to evading the draft. There is no mass base for university reform.

So instead of working in their own bailiwick, activist students have mainly sought participatory democracy for poor people, organizing rent strikes, opposing

"Now—who else doesn't understand the annual report?"

bureaucratic welfare procedures, and so forth. But there is an inherent dilemma in this. Negroes claim, perhaps correctly, that middle-class whites cannot understand their problems; if Negroes are going to run their own show, they have to dispense with white helpers. The present policy of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee is that Negroes must solve their own peculiar problems, which are the only ones they care about and know anything about, and let their young white friends attend to changing the majority society. There is something in this. Certainly one would have expected Northern students to get their heads broken in the cafeteria at Tulane or the University of Mississippi, where they could talk with their peers face to face, as well as on the streets of country towns. And white Southern liberals have desperately needed more support than they have gotten.

But pushed too far, the rift with the middle-class students consigns poor people to a second-class humanity. The young Negroes cannot do without the universities, for there, finally, is where the showdown, the reconstruction of society, will be—although that showdown is not yet. Consider: Some pressing problems are universal; the poor must care about them, e.g., the atom bomb. Many pressing problems are grossly misconceived if looked at short range from a poor man's point of view; only a broad human point of view can save Negroes from agitating for exactly the wrong things, as they have agitated for educational parks, when what is needed in schooling is a small human scale. Also, there is something spurious in Negro separatism, for a poor minority in a highly technological society will not engineer the housing and manufacture the cars that they intend to use. Finally, in fact, the Negroes are, perhaps unfortunately, much more American than Negro. Especially in the North, they are suckers for the whole American package, though it makes even less sense for them than for anybody else. The Negro subculture that is talked up has about the same value as the adolescent subculture; it has vitality and it does not add up to humanity.

As in other periods of moral change, only the young aristocrats and the intellectuals can *afford* to be disillusioned and profoundly radical. And in a high technology, only the students will be able to construct a program.

In their own action organizations, the young are almost fanatically opposed to top-down direction. In several remarkable cases, e.g., Tom Hayden, Bob Moses, Mario Savio, gifted and charismatic leaders have stepped down because their influence had become too strong. By disposition, without benefit of history, they are reinventing anarchist federation and a kind of Rosa Luxemburgian belief in spontaneous insurrection from below. In imitating Gandhian nonviolence, they do not like to submit to rigid discipline, but each one wants to make his own moral decision about getting his head broken. If the Army really gets around to drafting them, it will have its hands full.

All this, in my opinion, probably makes them immune to take-over by centralists like the Marxists. When Trotskyites, for instance, infiltrate an organization and try to control it, the rest go home and activity ceases. When left to their own improvisation, however, the students seem surprisingly able to mount quite massive efforts, using elaborate techniques of communication and expert sociology. By such means they will never get power. But, indeed, they do not want power, they want meaning.

PARALLEL INSTITUTIONS: The operative idea in participatory democracy is decentralizing, to multiply the number who are responsible, initiate and decide. In principle, there are two opposite ways of decentralizing: either by dividing overcentralized organizations where it can be shown that decentral organization is more efficient in economic, social and human costs, or at least not too inefficient; or by creating new small enterprises to fill needs that big organizations neglect or only pretend to fulfill.

Obviously, the first of these, to cut the present structures down to human size, is not in the power of the young. But it happens that it does require a vast amount of empirical research and academic analysis to find if, where and how decentralizing is feasible; and in current American academic style, there is no such research and analysis. So on 150 campuses, I have urged students to work on such problems. They seem fascinated, but I do not know if they are coming across. (To say it wryly, there is a fine organization called Students for a Democratic Society, but it is not enough evident that they are scholars for a democratic society.)

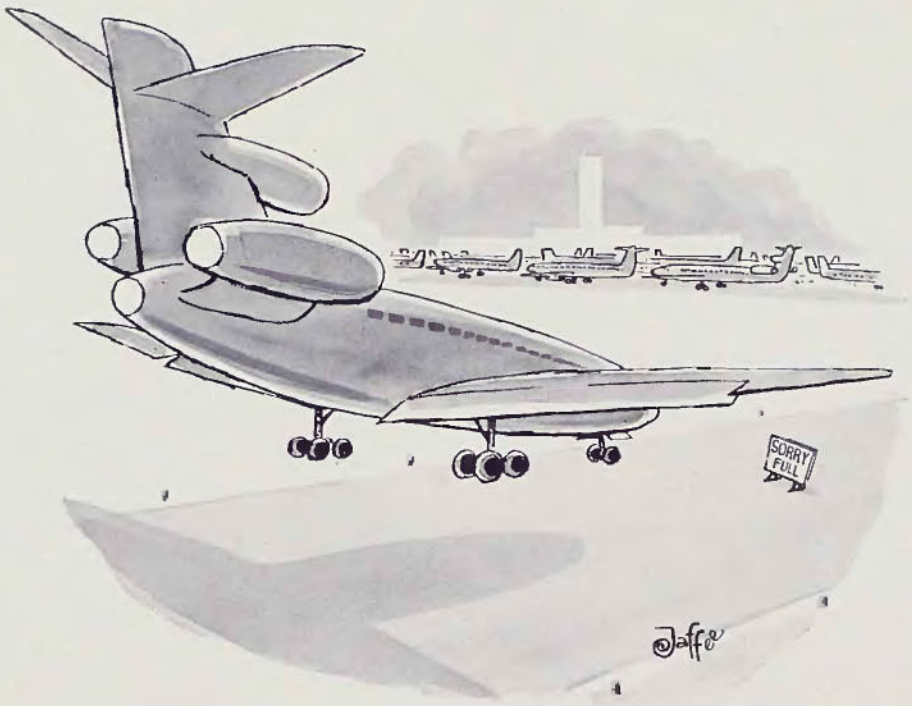
The other way of decentralizing, by creating parallel enterprises, better suits the student zeal for direct action, and they have applied it with energy and inventiveness. They have set up a dozen

"But, Pop, after being trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent, I need the relaxation."

little "free universities" that I know about—probably there are many others—in or next to established institutions, to teach in a more personal way and to deal with contemporary subjects that are not yet standard curriculum, e.g., Castro's Cuba, Psychedelic Experience, Sensitivity Training, Theater of Participation. Some of these courses are action sociology, like organizing labor or community development. In poor neighborhoods, students have established a couple of radio stations, to broadcast local news and propaganda and to give poor people a chance to talk into a microphone. They have set up parallel community projects to combat the welfare bureaucracy and channelize needs and grievances. In the South, they have helped form "freedom" political machines, since the established machines are lily white. They have offered to organize international service projects as an alternative to serving in the Army. (I have not heard of any feasible attempts at productive cooperatives or planned urban communities of their own, and students do not seem at all interested in rural reconstruction, though they should be.)

Regarded coldly, such parallel projects are pitifully insignificant and doomed to pass away like so many little magazines. And, in fact, at present, the most intense discussions among student radicals, causing deep rifts, are on this theme. Some, following older thinkers like Michael Harrington and Bayard Rustin (director of a civil rights and poverty research institute) want to engage in "coalition politics," to become effective by combining with the labor unions and leftish liberals in the Democratic Party, to get control of some of the Federal money and to campaign for A. Philip Randolph's (president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters) 185-billion-dollar budget to eliminate poverty. This involves, of course, soft-pedaling protests for peace, community action and university reform. Recent history, however, has certainly not favored this point of view. Federal money is drying up and radical coalition people who go to work for the Government get fired; nor is it evident that, if it were spent for liberal social engineering, Randolph's budget would make a better world—even if the money were voted.

Others, for example one wing of SDS, say that the use of participatory democracy and parallel institutions is not for themselves but to consolidate people into a political party; it is not to provide models for the reconstruction of society but, as a kind of initiation rite, to get into the big game of numbers and power. This seems to me to give up on the authenticity, meaning and beautiful spontaneous motivation that have, so far, been the real power of the radical young and the



source of what influence they have had. And it presupposes that the young know where they want to go as a party, rather than in what direction they *are* going as a movement. But they don't know; they (and we) will have to find out by conflict.

In my opinion, it is better to regard the parallel institutions as a remarkable revival of a classical American movement, populism, that seemed to have been dead. It is now reviving on the streets and among citizens who storm city hall because they feel they have been pushed around; in such a movement, the young are natural leaders. The principle of populism, as in 1880, is to get out from under the thumb of the barons and do it yourself. And perhaps the important step is the first one, to prove that self-help is possible at all. There may be hope of bringing to life many of our routinized institutions if we surround them with humanly meaningful enterprises. The most telling criticism of an overgrown institution is a simpler one that works better.

This was John Dewey's vision of the young 60 years ago: He thought of an industrial society continually and democratically renewed by its next generation, freely educated and learning by doing. Progressive education, free-spirited but practical, was a typical populist conception. And it is useful to regard the student movement as progressive education at the college and graduate-school level; for at this level, learning by doing begins to be indistinguishable from vocation, profession and politics. It is the opposite of the mandarin establishment that now rules the country, and of the social engineering that is now called education. Maybe this time around, the populist movement will succeed and change what we mean by vocation, profession and politics.

So, describing radical students—and I do not know how many others—we have noticed their solidarity based on community rather than ideology, their style of direct and frank confrontation, their democratic inclusiveness and aristocratic carelessness of status, caste or getting ahead, their selectivity of the affluent standard of living, their effort to be authentic and committed to their causes rather than merely belonging, their determination to have a say and their refusal to be processed as standard items, their extreme distrust of top-down direction, their disposition to anarchist organization and direct action, their disillusion with the system of institutions, and their belief that they can carry on major social functions in improvised parallel enterprises.

Some of these traits, in my opinion, are natural to all unspoiled young people. All of them are certainly in contradiction to the dominant organization of American society. By and large, this is as yet the disposition of a minority, but it is the only articulate disposition that has emerged; and it has continually emerged for the past ten years. It is a response not merely to "issues," such as civil rights or Vietnam, but to deeply rooted defects in our present system, and it will have an influence in the future. It will make for a more decent society than the Great Society and it may well save us from 1984.

WITNESS

(continued from page 79)

a hell of a lot smarter."

"Sure, Pa," I said. "Go tell that to some of the old-timers and they'll lock you up." I arched my shoulders and stretched. "Let's go up," I said. "Maybe you can get a couple of hours' sleep before the kid gets up."

"You go ahead," he said, "and I'll be along in a minute. I'll just rinse the cups and make the kitchen look nice for Ethel when she comes down."

He stopped me when I reached the stairs. "Don't forget the kid's birthday party," he said, and all the love and devotion he felt for Alex was in his warm wink of anticipation. "Tonight is the night."

I stopped for a moment in Alex' room. He was asleep in his crib, looking like some kind of dark-haired angel. He was quick and bright and a joy to be near. I spoiled him a little, but Pa was worse than me. When Ethel cracked Alex across the behind for something he had done wrong, Pa left the room because he could not bear to hear the kid cry.

In the bathroom I stripped and shivered as I washed. I went quickly into the bedroom and slid carefully between the sheets. Ethel stirred beside me and I kissed her soft warm cheek. She moved gently against me, warming my body with her own, until I stopped shivering and fell asleep.

Alex woke me a little before one. His habit was to creep softly into the room and climb up on the bed. If this wasn't enough to wake me, he would bring his mouth to my ear and, like a puppy, begin nibbling at my lobe.

There was a joy in waking to the boy's great brown eyes and clean-child smell. I would hug and tickle him till he shrieked in delight.

Afterward I showered and dressed and went downstairs hungry. I kissed Ethel, standing before the stove, and gently stroked her swollen little belly that pressed up against her apron.

"Potato pancakes again?" I said.

"Don't eat them," she said cheerfully.

"Anything else?"

"Eggs."

"I married a cook," I said.

"We get what we deserve," she said. "My mother used to say, Ethel, marry a rich man and keep off your feet."

"You didn't get that little belly standing up," I said. She took a swipe at me with her dish towel and we both laughed.

Alex came into the kitchen with cookie crumbs around his mouth and wanted another one. Ethel told him no and I winked at him and slipped him a chocolate chip from the jar. He ran out of the kitchen with his prize.

"It's his birthday," I said.

"You spoil him worse than Pa," she shook her head.

"Where is the old man?"

She motioned toward the back yard and the garage. "With Orchowski," she said quietly.

I sat down at the table and she brought me the potato pancakes and several slices of sharp salami.

"They should play in the house," I said. "Find a place somewhere in the house. That small heater doesn't keep the garage nearly warm enough."

She stared at me silently. I ate slowly, without looking up from my plate. We had covered this same ground often before. I kept bringing it up, even when I knew what she would say.

"Mike," she said wearily, "Mike, what's the use of talking?"

"I know, honey," I said. "But he's not well."

She made a helpless gesture with her hands. In that moment I realized how much of her day was spent in the kitchen cooking for us, washing the dishes, ironing the clothes. The potato pancakes stuck in my throat.

"I know, too," she said, and she spoke softly. "I want to do right, but I want to be fair to Alex, too. Why don't they play in Orchowski's house?"

"You know why," I said. "His son-in-law doesn't like his cigars or his beer."

"They don't have a child like we do," she said. "When they play inside here I can't keep Alex out of their room. Pa hasn't got the heart to lock him out. I don't mind Orchowski's cigars, how bad they smell in the house, but I mind the hollering and the cursing. Honest to God, Mike, you've heard them."

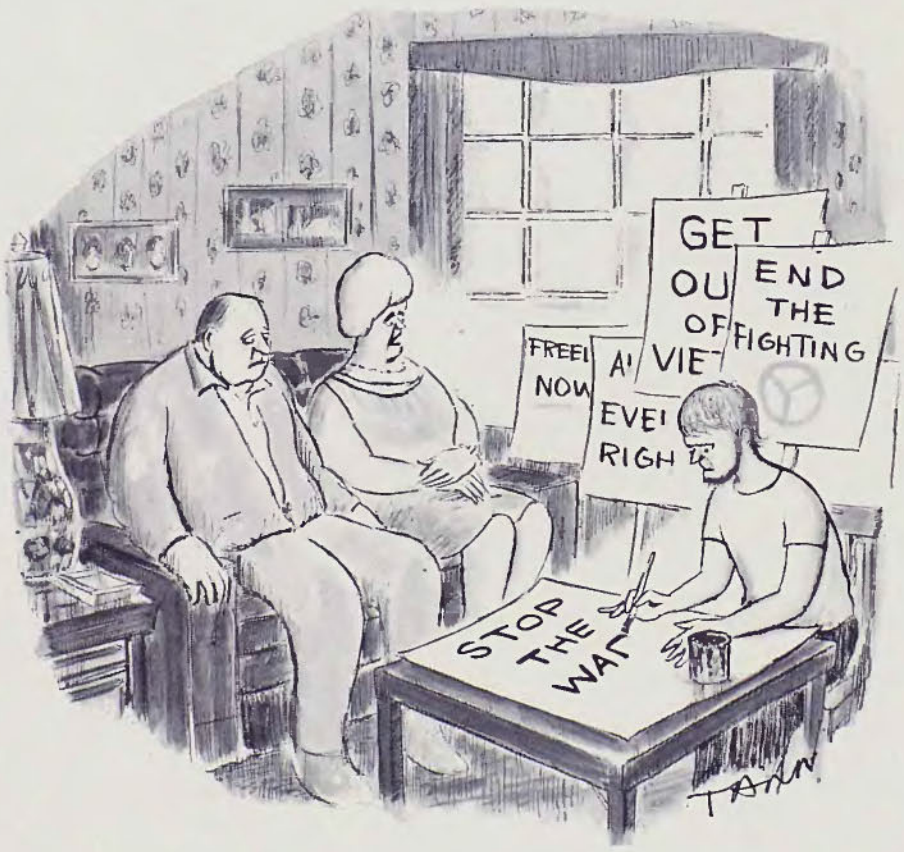
"They're roosters with cut claws now," I said, feeling my cheeks hot. "All they can do is swear and holler."

"I know that," she said patiently. "But curses and hollering are no way to bring up a child." She twisted the dish towel uselessly in her fingers. "This neighborhood is bad enough," she said. "They call it the bush and laugh at the number of bars. When Alex grows older he will need all the strength we can provide him now, all the decency we can give him now."

"All right," I said. "All right, for God's sake, Ethel, let it alone." There was a senseless anger in my throat, because I felt she was right.

She came over and stood for a silent moment beside my chair. I leaned my head against her breast and smelled the flour on her apron.

"Eat," she said gently, and her small soft fingers rubbed my neck in a soothing caress. "Eat your food before it gets cold."



"I remember when the only thing he was against was boiled carrots!"

I ate a little more and left the table. I called Alex and got him ready for a walk. He rolled on the floor while I tried to pull on his leggings. I crouched above him and he pressed his tiny hands against my chest, begging me to crush him. My chest dipped against his body and he squealed with fear and delight. I got up and slipped on my jacket and tied a muffler around his throat.

In the yard the ground felt cold and hard beneath my feet. The dark gabled roofs of the mill loomed at the end of the block, throwing a shadow across the houses built closely side by side. The shrill whistle of a crane rang through the clear cold air.

We walked into the garage and Pa and Orchowski were bent over their checkerboard on a small table. Even though the small oil stove in the corner glowed with a steady flame, Pa wore his coat and had a wool scarf wrapped around his throat. Orchowski was dressed in a sweater and jacket and a pilot's cap with the flaps pulled down over his big shapeless ears.

Alex broke from my hand and made a dash for Pa, tumbling into his lap. Orchowski grabbed the board and held it aloft while Pa wrestled with the kid.

"If it ain't the steel man," Orchowski smirked between his pitted cheeks. He was a bull of an old man, a roller and turn foreman in the old days, and a terror on Saturday nights. "Tell me, steel man," he said. "You still picking up hot slabs with bare hands and swinging on the crane like Tarzan?"

"Leave the boy alone, you bastard," Pa said. "Today they make steel with their heads, not their backs like we used to do."

"I know," Orchowski sneered. "Sure, sure." He scratched his nose. "Play checkers. You're losing and you're trying to turn over the goddamn board."

The kid listened to them intently and I remembered what Ethel had said. I stood there a moment and shivered in the chill of the garage.

"Why don't you guys play inside?" I burst out. "This place is an icebox."

Orchowski and Pa looked at me. Even Alex stopped wiggling between Pa's legs and stared up at me as if he understood I had said something foolish. Orchowski looked at me with that smirk cracking his lips. Then he turned back to the board and waved impatiently to Pa to move.

Pa kept watching me with concern. "This is fine, Mike." He shook his head at me, slowly at first, then faster and beginning to grin. "Teddy and me like it fine out here."

For a moment Orchowski did not look up. Then he seemed to feel the waiting in the silence and raised his head. Something in Pa's cheeks must have stung him.

"To hell with playing inside," he growled. "Out here we can breathe." Then he slapped his leg with his fist. "You gonna play checkers!" he yelled at Pa. "If you don't make a move I'm gonna go get a goddamn beer!"

"Shut up, you bastard!" Pa cried. "You're a poor loser and a scab!"

I took Alex by the hand and we left the garage. We stood outside in the yard and the shifts had changed and the millmen walked past our fence. Some called greetings to us and some walked tired and silent with their heads bent against the cold. After a while Alex told me he was getting cold and I took him into the house.

• • •

After supper that night, while Ethel decorated the cake, I took Alex upstairs and put him into the tub. While I soaped and rinsed him with the spray, Pa sat on the laundry hamper and laughed as he watched him splash. When I lifted him dripping out of the tub, Pa caught him in a big towel and began to rub him gently dry. Then he carried him into the bedroom and they tussled on the bed while Alex screamed.

"I got to dress him, Pa," I said.

"OK," Pa said, and he gave Alex a soft final swat across the fanny. "I'll go down and give Ethel a hand."

I finished dressing Alex and combed his hair. He was a handsome boy with

Ethel's fine features. I looked at him with pride and love, thinking of him as a part of my flesh.

Ethel came upstairs and she smelled from the warm and fragrant kitchen. She gave Alex a kiss and waited until he left the room. When she turned to me there were bright spots in her cheeks and a weariness around her mouth.

"Mike," she said, "Pa wants to decorate the dining room and he's making a mess of it. I told him Blanche was bringing a few Japanese lanterns to put over the lights, but he's found some old faded crepe paper in the basement." She paused a moment, with her cheeks pale, and moved her fingers to tug helplessly at her apron. "I hate myself," she said, and she spoke softly, almost in a whisper. "I hate myself every time I complain. He's got no one but us and I want him to know this is his house, too. But I can't help myself." Her eyes became red and I could see her trying hard not to cry.

"I'll tell him," I said. "I'll tell him I want to fix it a certain way."

She shook her head, sorry suddenly that she had come upstairs, sorry that she had spoken. "Let him alone," she said. "Don't tell him anything. Don't make me feel more ashamed than I am already."

"If he would take a walk," I said, "up to the corner or over to Orchowski's for a half hour, we could finish decorating the way you want." I paused. "Orchowski is coming to the party, isn't he? You told Pa to ask him, didn't you?"

I could see the misery working behind her cheeks. Then it was my turn to feel ashamed, because I was glad she had not invited Orchowski, not for any other reason but that he made Pa seem worse than he was.

We did not speak again. There didn't seem to be anything either of us could say. I started down the stairs and Pa waited for me at the bottom. I muttered something about turning the thermostat higher to warm the house.

"Is Ethel all right?" he asked. I looked away, because he seemed to sense quick when something was wrong.

"She's got a little headache," I said.

He turned away and I looked down on his gray-haired and strong head and the slight slump that rounded his big shoulders.

"If you think Ethel won't be needing me for anything special," he said, "I might take a little walk. Maybe there's something she wants from the store." He had to pass me to reach into the closet for his coat. I looked at him closely, but he only smiled.

"That's OK, Pa," I said. "I'll see if she needs anything." I called up to Ethel and knew that she was standing silently on the landing at the top of the stairs. For a long moment she did not answer, as if she were trying to compose her voice.

"No," she said, "but tell Pa to hurry back. He's sitting next to Alex at the head of the table."

Pa tugged on his coat and walked to the door and closed it behind him.

In about an hour the dozen or so guests for the party had arrived. Ethel's sister, Blanche, had come from the North Side with her husband, who was an insurance executive. He kept walking around sniffing the house. There were a couple of women Ethel had once taught school with and a couple of the turn foremen with their wives. Pa had not come back.

We waited a while longer and Ethel passed around some more cheese and crackers and I opened some more beer. Everybody was getting restless. Alex, becoming impatient, began to whine. I went next door finally, to Max' place, and asked to use their phone. I called the Burley Club, but the bartender hadn't seen Pa. I called Orchowski's brother-in-law's house, but no one answered. On the way back I peered into the garage, but it was dark.

In the house I told Ethel to cut the cake. Alex was crabby and didn't want to blow out the candles. The insurance executive and Blanche had bought him a $22 dump truck and he didn't want to even open the other presents. I was angry and suddenly sick with worry about Pa, thinking something might have happened to him. I went into the kitchen to get another pint of ice cream and when I got back to the dining room everything was strangely quiet.

Pa stood in the front hallway. His hair was mussed, his collar unbuttoned, and his eyes were bright and glistening in his face. Orchowski, an idiot's grin on his pitted cheeks, stood behind him. The stink of whiskey covered them both like a cloud and fell across them into the room.

I looked once at Ethel and her cheeks were the color of chalk. Pa took a step forward and stumbled and then braced himself against the doorway of the room.

He swept his arm up recklessly in a swing that included everybody in the room. He kept staring at all of us and then he fumbled behind him, catching Orchowski by the coat and tugging him forward.

"I brought my goddamn friend home for the party," Pa said, and the words came slurred and thick from his tongue. "My goddamn friend who worked with me at the plate mill for thirty-six years."

"Thirty-seven years," Orchowski said, swaying and grinning beside him.

Alex yelped then for his grandpa and one of the foremen laughed and walked forward to greet them. Ethel moved then and smiled across the pale band of her cheeks. I helped Pa off with his coat and Ethel took Orchowski's jacket, and for a moment in the closet I felt her hand, cold and trembling against my own.

A short while later I got Pa upstairs and helped him undress. He was sobering, his eyes suddenly blurred and melting, and he kept mumbling under his breath. When he was under the covers, I sat down on the edge of the bed near his head. I heard the last of the guests saying good night and the door closed for the last time. Ethel brought the kid upstairs and put him to bed. All the while, the old man lay there with his eyes wide open, staring up at the ceiling.

Ethel came into the room. She stood for just a moment inside the door and then she walked to the bed and leaned down and put her cheek against Pa's cheek.

"It's all right, Pa," she said, and she was crying, the tears running silently down her cheeks. "It's all right and I'm glad you brought Mr. Orchowski."

Pa touched her cheek with his fingers and moved his lips without making any sound. He touched her cheek that was wet with tears, in a kind of caress, and tried to smile to reassure her, and then turned his head helplessly to the wall. I motioned to Ethel to leave the room.

I sat for a while longer beside him. He twisted and threshed beneath the blankets.

"I was drunk," he said. "Honest to God, boy, if I hadn't been loaded I wouldn't have come in like a goddamn fool. I wouldn't have hurt Ethel like that."

"Let it alone, Pa," I said. "What are you making such a big thing of it for? Ethel said it was all right. We were wrong."

But he would not be comforted. He would lie still for a few moments with his eyes closed and I thought he had fallen asleep. Then he seemed to startle awake and his fingers moved in restless tremblings along the spread.

I got scared and left the room and called the doctor. He came and gave Pa a shot. After a while Pa fell asleep, his rough breathing eased and quieted.

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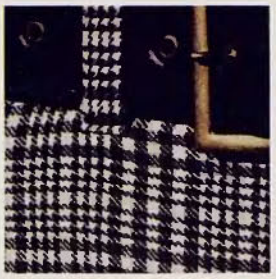
It was not very long after that night, only a couple of months later at the beginning of summer, that the old man died. In May we sowed a bed of columbines and Pa talked of seeing them flower and just a few days after that he was dead.

When he died he had been in the hospital two days with a hard and heavy pain in his chest. The second night a blood clot formed and he died in his sleep. We had seen him early in the afternoon of that day, and when they called us back to the hospital, all I remember noticing was how really thin his wrists had become, how slim and pale his strong fingers were.

We buried him three days later. The old rollers and turn foremen who were still alive came, and a bunch of the men from my turn. It rained a little on our

8½ Days make a great week

Sun Block Blue



Crossfire

Mainliner

Country Squire

7 Come 11

Houndstooth

Durango Mexicali

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What's better than a pair? Two pairs. Etc. Etc. Shown here: the slacks and shorts that'll cinch your fashion leadership. All of the great looks of right now: Mod, Doughboy and Trad. Ditto for fabrics, colors and textures. And every pair is proof of Day's fine quality. The only thing that really doesn't show in this ad: Day's famous fit. It's individual because, frankly, you are. It's a great reason why 8½ Days make a great week. Now, to your retailer, go! (For the one nearest you, please write Day's Sportswear, Tacoma, Washington 98401)

DAY'S

way to the cemetery, the drops glistened on the bankings of flowers around the grave. Ethel cried a lot and she was near enough her time for giving birth that I was scared for her and for the baby.

On the way out of the cemetery I saw Orchowski. He was dressed in a baggy gray suit, a stiff collar around his broad throat. I wanted to talk to him a few moments, there beside the old man's grave, but someone took my arm and I lost him.

We stopped on the way home to pick up Alex from Mrs. Feldman, who had looked after him. The rest of the way, Alex between us in the car, Ethel and I didn't speak. I parked the car and carried the kid into the house because of the puddles that still gleamed in the gutters and made small pools along the side of the walks.

The house was damp and quiet. I turned on some lights and put up the heat. Ethel came in behind me and we stood like that for moments, listening as if there were sounds and noises we expected to hear.

"I'm tired," Ethel said. "I've got a headache. I'll get Alex ready for bed and go to bed myself."

"I'll bring him up in a minute," I said. "Let him play for a while."

She stood in the hall and slipped off her coat and the jacket of her suit. The light fell across her body and I could see the great swell of her belly, the slow labored movement of her arms. She saw me watching her and came over and kissed me on the cheek. I held her close in the circle of my arm.

"We tried," she said, and there was a thin tight edge to her voice, and she looked at me out of her weary and swollen eyes. "We did what we could for him, didn't we, Mike? Didn't we?"

I remembered the night of Alex' birthday and the way she cried against the old man's cheek.

"Sure," I said. "Sure, baby, you did."

I sat for a while in the back room watching Alex play with his toy cars on the floor. Outside, the cars passed in the twilight and from the mill I heard the whistling of the slab-mill crane.

I listened to the kid humming a foolish song as he played. I thought suddenly of Ethel dead, someday, like my ma, and me having to live with the kid and his wife.

I got up and went into the kitchen. Through the window, night had fallen over the back yard. A few fireflies flickered over the garden. The outline of the garage loomed silent and dark against the lighter sky. I moved to the sink, feeling a tightness breaking in my throat.

When I began to cry, the water running so the kid would not hear, I didn't know for a few crazy moments who I was really crying for—the lost old man or myself.

 (continued from page 86)

affairs. Finally, and this often seems of major importance, the nature of the enterprise. If the company's affairs tend to be rather static, relatively unchallenging or subject to outside controls, the pay tends to be low. On the other hand, if a highly competitive, beat-last-year, shoot-the-works-on-advertising, go-for-broke spirit prevails, rewards for good performance tend to be extra generous.

A leading executive recruiter, E. R. Hergenrather of Los Angeles, recently conferred with four top executives in the West and advises that their general impression was that leaders in industries such as cosmetics, where a great share of the selling price is spent in promoting the product, tend to be paid more than executives who work in less promotion-minded industries.

In industries where there is a considerable amount of Government regulation or supervision, pay tends to be depressed. This includes such industries as utilities, railroads, banks and insurance. There is a feeling that many of the really crucial decisions affecting the companies are made outside, by supervisory agencies. This helps explain why the utility that is the giant of all American corporate giants in assets, A. T. & T., pays chairman Frederick Kappel a seemingly modest $304,600. In contrast, International Telephone and Telegraph, which is primarily engaged in manufacturing communications equipment and which operates in many countries, felt free to pay its chairman and president, Harold S. Geneen, $395,600, even though its assets were only one sixteenth of A. T. & T.'s.

Also, the more competitive and volatile the industry, the more likely is a sizable spread between the salary of the man at the top and those of his various vice-presidents. This is especially true of middle-sized companies. If the president of a volatile company receives $100,000 in pay, then his executive vice-president is more likely to earn $65,000 than $70,000 or $75,000.

It is often contended that it is deceptive to cite $100,000 to $800,000 remunerations paid to the princes of free enterprise, because the Federal Government takes most of it away in taxes. That is true to an extent. Some executives have contended that, after a certain point, getting more money is not a prime incentive, because of the taxes. And many of the proxy statements defensively show an estimate of each top executive's pay after taxes.

But despite the shrinkage caused by taxes, executives will still concede that it is important that their money "label" be right. If they are to keep face while consorting with fellow tycoons, they want the proxy statements to show they are wearing the right label, which should be up in the six figures.

The tax bite has never been as severe as executive groaning would make it seem, at least for most of them. During the late Fifties and early Sixties, a vast amount of business ingenuity went into developing "compensation packages" that were designed to protect an executive from having his earnings eroded by taxes. One executive recruiter boasted of having 26 "shelter plans" to choose from for men he placed in high-level jobs. These included a variety of deferred-compensation plans, stock options, etc.

A more important reason the tax burden has become less severe is that the Revenue Act of 1964 greatly eased the tax on higher incomes (considerably more than on low incomes). The much-decried 91-percent tax bracket is no longer with us. The worst that even a high-six-figure automobile tycoon without any shelters whatever could expect on his 1965 income is a tax of somewhere between 65 and 70 percent. Here, for example, is how the Federal income tax for a man with a taxable income of $300,000 has changed between 1963 and 1965 in terms of what he can keep, assuming he is married and files a joint return.

AMOUNT REMAINING AFTER TAX	
1963	$76,360
1964	$104,820
1965	$119,020

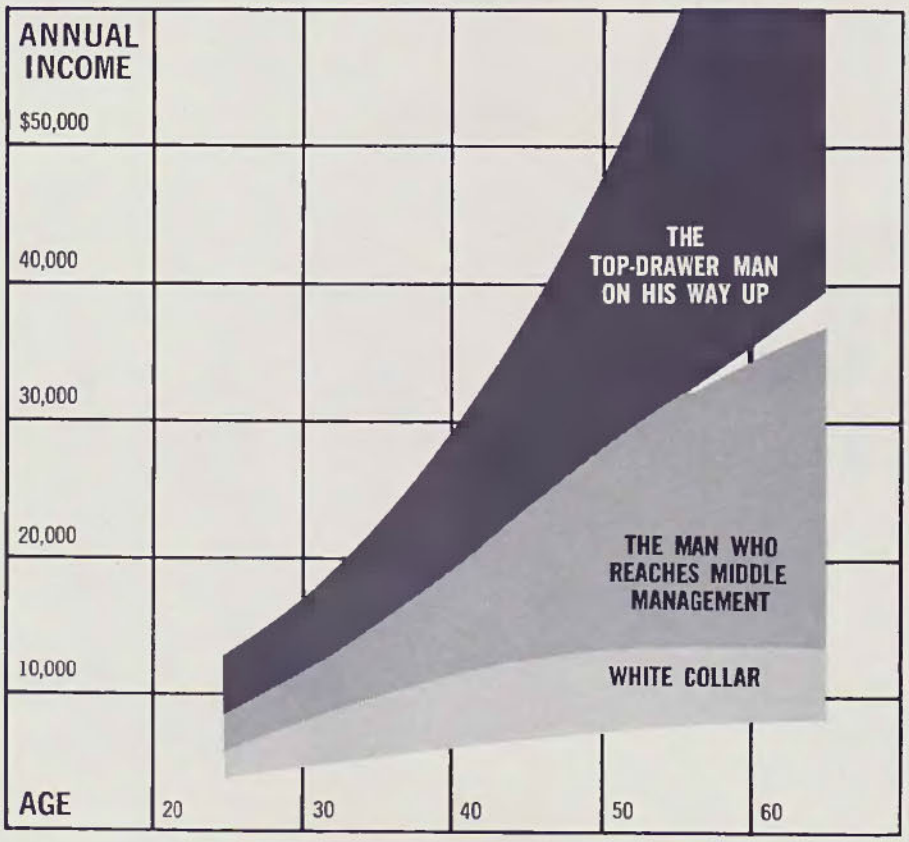
In short, a man with a taxable income of $300,000 can keep nearly $43,000 more of his 1965 income than he could have kept in 1963. And the man with a taxable income of $100,000 can now expect that no more than 45 percent of his earnings will go to pay his Federal income taxes, if he is married.

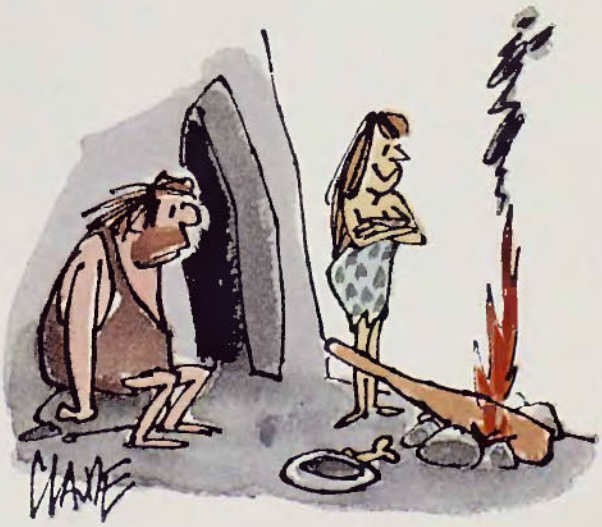
Bachelors who have a substantial income from their jobs still find the Federal tax enormously depleting, even at the $25,000 level. One bachelor with a promising job that was paying $27,000 quit to get off a payroll and establish his own business. The bachelor discovered that about 60 percent of each additional dollar he could earn from a job would go to taxes.

One result of the over-all easing of the tax is that executives are no longer as fascinated with stock options, deferred-compensation plans, etc.; and they now increasingly want to get a larger portion of their compensation package in cash.

This does not mean they have completely lost interest in some of the perquisites of executive life, such as company-paid $100,000 life-insurance policies, generous expense accounts, free trips to a spa for a leisurely medical check-up between daily golfing matches, and arrangements that provide comfort after retirement. (When the new chairman of Gulf Oil Corporation ultimately retires, he will receive an estimated $51,000 a year in annuities and benefits for the rest of his life. The retiring chairman of Schenley was assured in the 1965 proxy statement that he would never be fully

WAGE VS. AGE: HOW THREE ECHELONS FARE




CLARKE

retired unless he desired, since there would always be advisory and consulting services to perform for the company, at $150,000 a year.) One expert estimates that extras beyond cash compensation are likely to add 30 to 50 percent to the value of the average top executive's compensation package.

Though the nonfinancial perquisites of office are becoming of less interest in large companies, the top man still may want his own private dining room with chef, his plane and car with chauffeur, and his sumptuous suite when business calls him to Washington or New York.

Some people may ask whether top U. S. business executives are worth all the six-figure incomes that are awarded to them. What do they do to earn all that money?

The good ones work far longer hours than most of us. The executives in greatest demand today are the rare generalists who enjoy taking charge of very different projects one after another. They are coordinators of far-flung and widely diversified operations and probably have picked up a good deal of insight about operating in the world market. A major factor contributing to the selection of James M. Roche as president of General Motors ($688,000 for a start in 1965) apparently was that he had been overseeing the company's international operations.

The top executive now in most demand is at ease in turbulent situations and has a capacity to generate enthusiasm for, and confidence in, the goals he feels are best for his company. A top man also must often be willing to put his dedication to company above dedication to family, be willing to be a team player and be gifted at it, to live in the expectation that he may not have his six-figure income and leather swivel chair with neck rest for very long.

But are his contributions of a special kind that call for greater rewards than are given to other leaders of large organizations? This is somewhat less than clear. Business executives in Europe rarely are paid the foreign equivalent of six-figure incomes. Arch Patton, an expert on corporate compensation, points out that chief executives abroad tend to be paid about one half the compensation of their U. S. counterparts. These foreign executives, on the other hand, often have more perquisites of office—such as Bentleys, yachts, company-owned homes and company-paid domestic staffs—than executives in the U. S. A.

The puzzle about the worth of an executive's contribution deepens when we look at the compensations paid to executives in Government. In terms of the physical assets and employees they must manage, their responsibilities often would seem to be far greater than those of the business executive, and yet their compensation is usually a fraction of that of a top business executive of a large or even medium-sized company.

When Robert McNamara was persuaded to leave the presidency of Ford to become the U. S. Secretary of Defense, he left a job paying $410,000 a year to take one paying $25,000. And his Federal responsibilities in terms of expenditure may well be nine or ten times as great as they were at Ford. Furthermore, he must still pay taxes. Although he is now in a lower bracket, the income he can keep from his job as Defense Secretary comes to less than $20,000.

Another executive who more recently made the financial sacrifice of moving from private enterprise to Government is John T. Connor. He resigned as president of Merck & Company, where his compensation in 1964 was running at about $250,000, to become U. S. Secretary of Commerce at $25,000. His responsibilities as U. S. Secretary of Commerce involve a concern for the effective operation of all the corporations in the U. S. Or, to give a reverse example, Jack Valenti's salary leaped from $30,000 to at least $125,000 when he left his job as special assistant to President Johnson to become head of the Motion Picture Association of America.

The state governor is another top executive in government who would seem to be underpaid for his responsibilities. The highest paid of the governors of the 50 states in 1965 were those in New York ($50,000), California ($44,100), Massachusetts, New Jersey and Pennsylvania ($35,000). In the state of Michigan—where at least a dozen auto executives each earned more than $500,000 a year—the governor, George Romney, was paid $30,000. Among the lowest-paid governors were those of Arkansas and North Dakota ($10,000). These figures, of course, are their incomes before taxes.

Business consultants rationalize such relatively low pay by suggesting that public servants are more interested in "psychic" rewards. But recruiter Hergenrather offers this explanation:

"Executives in private companies or industries are judged by company stockholders on profits the company makes and by its growth. If things are going well, no one bothers much about executive salaries being high." However, university presidents, Government officials and military officers are running institutions owned by the people, and "it is very difficult for taxpayers to justify salaries considerably higher than their own earnings or earning capabilities." In short, a philosophy of egalitarianism is, apparently, more likely to influence the pay of leaders in situations where the people have an effective vote, with power of protest or veto.

When the profits of large corporations are in good shape, the only realistic limitations on the pay that top executives arrange for themselves, through their boards, are possible squawks from (1) disgruntled stockholders, (2) Government agencies with which the company must cope and (3) company employees who may feel they aren't getting their share of the pie.

Officers of large U. S. corporations can point out—and they often do—that they accumulate from compensation only a fraction of the annual increment in wealth of some of our entrepreneurs in privately held enterprises. A Texas oil digger, a discount-chain operator, a shopping-center builder or an operator of a tanker fleet, if lucky and if he has a rapidly expanding enterprise, can add millions of dollars to his personal worth. And when he sells his holdings, the profits he makes will be subject to the relatively low tax on capital gains.

The top nine officers at General Motors, who have each been making more than $500,000, might also argue that the company got a good bargain in 1965 for the approximately $5,767,000 paid to them for their leadership. Their total remuneration amounted to less than one fourth of one percent of the company's net profits.

What it all comes down to, apparently, is a question of values. In a society where money-making ability is esteemed as much as it is in the United States, and where business leaders remain among our foremost social models, six-figure incomes will presumably continue to be demanded and obtained by the leaders of our large corporations.

Perhaps the picture of compensation presented here raises philosophic questions about whether we have gone too far from an egalitarian ideal. But if there is a serious hazard to our present society in this situation, the hazard is not simply that some leaders make high-six-figure incomes. Rather, the hazard is in the fact that many leaders—in Government, universities and other public or service institutions—make low-five-figure incomes; skilled natural leaders are not available in abundance. If most of the available supply gravitates to the private areas where we offer the greatest material rewards, then the leaders who will help us face the urgent social challenges of the coming years will have to be responsive to nonmonetary motivation including the indubitable appeal of public notice, prestige and power.

Meanwhile, most Americans will continue to be upward strivers in a largely dollar-dominated society. How we fare in various enterprises, at various ages, in various job classifications, may be graphically gauged from the table on page 76 and the chart on page 165. From them you should be able to measure yourself against your peers, foresee your earning potential and—if you are young and mobile enough—select your preferred area of endeavor.

THE FIRST NATIONAL *(continued from page 90)*

figures that came to mind. "Remember 1929?" Then I headed over to the parlor section of the board room to watch my first transactions appear on the Trans-Lux screen.

"A small investor like you," he called after me, "should stick to Government bonds."

"Buy Imperial Russian Government Three-Year Credit six and a half percent of 1916," I ordered from my shopping list. "And now that you're finally recommending things, do you have anything good in a Russian gold-mining stock? As an investor, I like current management's no labor costs in the mines."

"Well, what quantity are we talking about in the Imperial six-and-a-halfs?" he asked. "One-hundred, five-hundred or one-thousand lots?"

Bonds are sold in $1000 (par value) lots, the customers' man explained. He dialed Merrill Lynch's bond trader to order one lot's worth of Imperial 6½s for my account. "I forgot to mention," I added. "I want to buy everything on margin." The account executive patiently explained that a customer had to put up $2000 in cash or securities as a deposit to open a margin account. So I ordered a second thousand of Imperial 6½s to cover the margin requirements. "And while you have the trader on the phone, I want to buy a few other red chips for my portfolio: Lithuanian Match Monopoly 4¾ percent of 1932, City of Greater Prague 6 percent of 1922, Austro-Hungarian Empire Iron Gate Loan 3 percent of 1895, City of Riga 4½ percent Loan of 1914 and Hungarian Cooperative Society Established for Financial Liquidation of Land Reform External Sinking Fund 5½ percent of 1929."

My thinking about owning a share of Lithuanian business, Czechoslovakian business, Latvian business and Hungarian business was also sound. Karl Marx once predicted about the future for capitalists in Russia, "The rich will get richer and the poor will get poorer." But I wasn't so naïve an investor to bank on anything Marx said. The Communist world had already split two for one on what he said about coexistence with the West. By diversifying my portfolio with securities from all the Iron Curtain countries, including Cuba and China, no future ideological conflict would be a total loss to me as an investor.

But my customers' man slammed down the phone receiver on its cradle. "That's it," he hissed like an overheated samovar. "I'm closing your account. It's for your own protection. You're going to lose your shirt."

"Your fears are premature," I said. "You haven't bought anything for me yet. But you did take my orders; commission them. And be sure to check the latest quotes on the Imperial six-and-a-halfs. The price might have gone up." When he insisted it was bad business for Merrill Lynch to get involved in this kind of action, I began to suspect the nation's largest brokerage house had a Trotskyite on its sales force.

I demanded to see one of Merrill Lynch's 91 vice-presidents, preferably one who wasn't soft on communism. He brought the branch manager instead. The comrade told me to take my czarist speculations elsewhere. "Never sell the czar short," I cried, carried away partly by emotion and partly by the Pinkerton the manager had summoned to remove me from the premises.

I followed the manager's advice anyway, by taking my business to another one of Merrill Lynch's 165 branch offices. There, a militantly anti-Communist account executive bought for my account $1000 worth of Imperial 6½s. The price was $30. I immediately registered with the State Department as an imperialist agent.

"Our foreign policy calls for trading with the Communists," I wrote Dean Rusk in Washington. "Since I am now financially backing the 'outs'—the revolutionaries who want to overthrow the existing economic system in the Soviet Union—can I be prosecuted under the Trading with the Enemy act?"

State's Office of the Legal Advisor

answered, "Transactions with either the U. S. S. R. or opponents of the present government are outside the scope of the act." But I was warned not to buy North Vietnam or Chinese securities.

Before increasing my holdings further, as a technical student of the market it was natural that I turn to an investment consultant for some advice. I found a fortuneteller listed in the yellow pages of the phone book. "Many businessmen consult me about their investment problems," Madam Sorina said. "But I'm in a conference now. You'll have to make an appointment."

"I have to see you before the market closes," I said. "Money is no object." She told me to come right over.

The investment counselor was a dark-haired, beautiful career woman in her late 20s. She was sitting in the executive suite of a storefront office on West 30th Street, reading *The Wall Street Journal* by candlelight. "Are you Madam Sorina?" I asked, taking out my list of planned purchases.

"No," she said in a thick Mittel-europa accent. "Madam Sorina had to leave town unexpectedly."

"But I just made an appointment with her to discuss my portfolio."

"I am qualified for this work," she said. "Sorina taught me everything she knows."

"Are you her daughter?"

"No. I bought the business. My name is Madam Marie."

The investment counselor started playing a game that looked like Transylvanian solitaire on her desk, a low tea table next to a couch. "The cards say you are being followed by a mysterious blonde woman," she said, reading three cards. "You are very attractive to women . . ."

"Who told you that?"

"God gave me my psychic powers."

"Look, I didn't come all the way up here from Wall Street to discuss my private life." Since she already had proven her reliability, however, I gave her the big question. "What do you recommend I buy next?"

Her brows knitted in concentration, she played another hand with the cards. It was so quiet in the suite you could hear the market drop. "The cards say," she whispered, "buy Government bonds —a sound investment in today's market."

"Will I become rich in the market?" I asked.

Five minutes later, she answered: "The cards say 'maybe.'" I frowned. "The cards never lie," she added. I offered to pay her a little extra for a more bullish prediction about my financial future. "The cards have finished speaking," she said. "Please. Five dollars."

"How would you like to make some really big money?" I said. "I'll give you a bond from my portfolio. You put it inside a chicken and double or triple my investment. Then we'll split seventy–thirty." That was a financial trick many gypsy fortunetellers claim they can perform with their clients' valuables. But Madam Marie refused to handle my securities, because she didn't have a brokers' license.

Cheered by the prediction that prosperity might be around the corner, I plunged back into the market, this time giving my business to a Wall Street brokerage house specializing in East European securities. Carl Marks and Company doesn't deal directly with the public, but I managed to get inside with an introduction from Friedrich Engels. A sympathetic Marks executive found many of the must-buy issues on my list at the bottom of the worthless-bond vault. At the end of frantic trading that week, my portfolio contained the following new securities:

RAILROADS: Grand Russian, Trans-Caspian and East-Ural; Trans-Caucasian Railroad 3 percent of 1879; Austro-Hungarian Empire Staats-Eisenbahn-Gesellschaft 3½ percent of 1869; and Budapest Subway 4 percent of 1897.

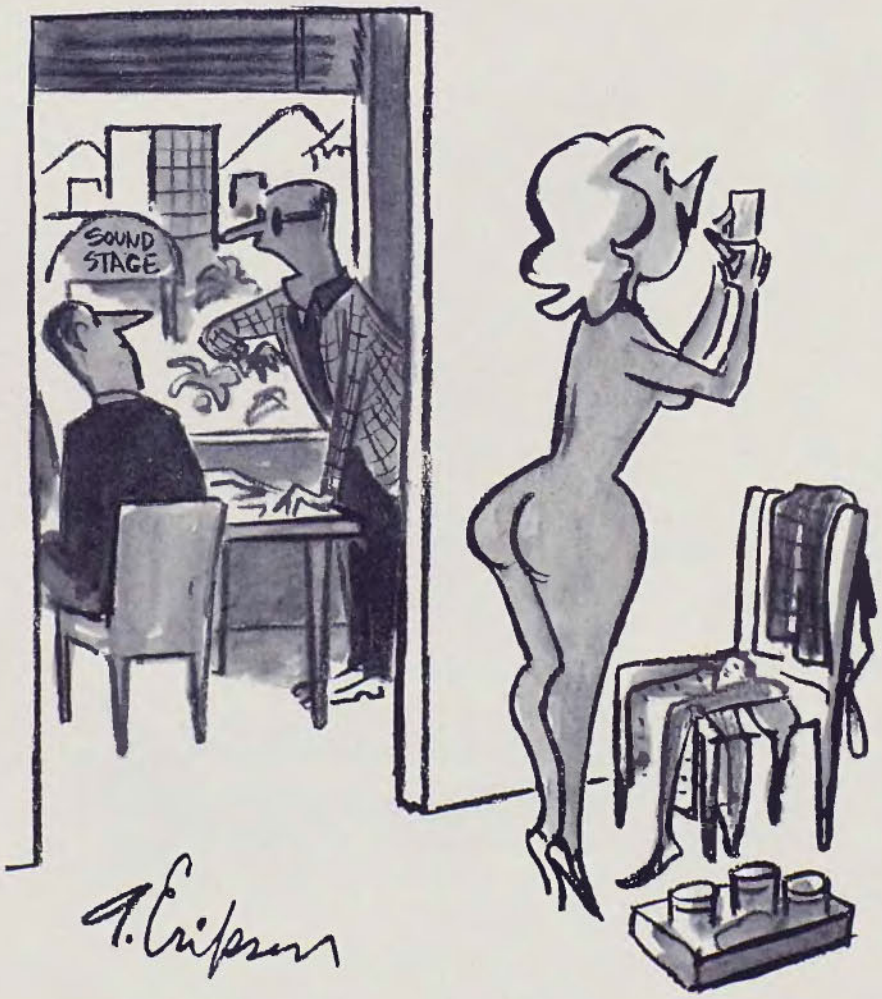
INDUSTRIALS: Wumag Waggon-und Maschinenbau Aktiengesellschaft Görlitz (East Germany); Galicia-Carpathian Oil Company (Poland); Cuban Cane Products Company 20-Year Gold Debentures of 1931; and Guantánamo Sugar Company (common).

GOVERNMENTS: Imperial Russian Government Short-Term War Loan 5½ percent of 1916; Lithuanian Liberty Loan of 1920; and Roumanie Tabac Monopoly 4½ percent of 1937.

MUNICIPALS: City of Odessa Electric Works 4½ percent of 1917; City of Kershon (U. S. S. R.) Sewer Development Authority 4½ percent of 1917; and City of Bucharest 5 percent of 1888.

The prices at which I bought ranged from $1.50 to $3, the most costly issue being Guantánamo Sugar, an especially attractive security for the long haul. If the U. S. planned to destroy the market for Cuban sugar, they would have done it a long time ago by implementing CIA's scheme for bringing Castro to his knees: flooding the world market with surplus synthetic sugar substitutes, thus creating a taste for saccharin.

The next few weeks I was busy managing my portfolio in a businesslike



"Where's that girl with the coffee?"

manner. I sent registered letters to each of my companies, announcing the change in ownership of their bonds and stocks. "The previous owners of bond No. 326901," I reported to the chairman of the board of Galicia-Carpathian Oil Company, "claim they have not been receiving annual statements lately. Everybody in New Jersey knows of Galicianas' reputation for honesty, but I suggest you look into this oversight. It will firm up the market for our company's securities."

I also used what little influence I had in Washington to help solve a small problem at Trans-Siberian. I appealed as a U. S. Army veteran to Defense Secretary McNamara that he omit my railroad as a target in any future plan to escalate the Vietnam peace effort. His job was to protect American businessmen's interests abroad, I explained, not to bomb them. Lest Russia's agents in the Pentagon report me to Moscow as another Lord Russell, I sent a carbon copy of my McNamara letter to the Corporate Relations Department of the Ministry of Railroads, at the same time announcing that I would be a candidate for the Trans-Siberian board of directors in the next free election. "I don't want to seem like I'm telling you how to run the railroad," I added, "but what is current management doing to profit from the increasing rate of alcoholism in the Soviet Union? Couldn't we make a few kopecks by adding bar cars to our commuter trains?"

Just because I was now what economists at the Jay Gould School of Finance in Volgograd called a "millionaire"—a Western capitalist whose holdings added up to a million rubles, zlotys, florins, koruny, pesos, lei and Deutsche marks' worth of securities—I didn't rest on my laurels. I soon found myself trying to increase the value of my portfolio by manipulating the market.

I paid a business call to an agency whose primary function, many of its critics had been saying, is to promote capitalism behind the Iron Curtain. The receptionist at Radio Free Europe headquarters on Park Avenue immediately summoned a staff economist as soon as I showed her some of my bonds. The Hungarian *émigré* studied the pieces in my portfolio for a long while. He mistakenly thought I had come to him for advice. "Sell," he said in broken English.

"But wouldn't it give encouragement to the enslaved peoples behind the Iron Curtain to know that an American industrialist was investing in their future?"

"It would be good news," he said. "The majority of people over there are anti-Communist."

"Well, is there anything in the FCC rules against your plugging some of my securities on one of your big-business shows, preferably during the prime listening time at two A.M.? Once the captive peoples heard that I was long in Galicia-Carpathian Oil, the price would go up on the underground Prague Stock Exchange. And be sure to mention that my company still has offshore drilling rights in the Black Sea."

The dollar-fed, revanchist, right-wing *émigré* didn't seem to understand the principle of plugola. So I clipped a coupon from the Galicia-Carpathian bond and handed it to him, murmuring that it was a little something for his trouble. He thanked me politely. "It's nothing," I said, just as politely.

He finally said, "Ahhh, you are talking about buying a commercial. You want to advertise your stocks and bonds."

I took back the coupon and asked to see Radio Free Europe's rate card. In the struggle for markets behind the Iron Curtain, he explained, both Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola had already inquired about sponsoring programs to promote the products of their bottling plants in Bulgaria and Hungary. As soon as Radio Free Europe's director decided commercials would not affect the station's nonprofit educational status, he would call me.

What I didn't tell the Hungarian, for fear he would steal my idea, is that I already had decided to pyramid my holdings by using them as a nucleus for a mutual fund. It might be a crime against the state for enslaved peoples to own a share of czarist business, but I was sure there was no law against owning a share in my mutual fund, which would be sold under the counter to interested small investors. Basically, everybody is a capitalist. For maximum sales appeal in the lands newly discovering the glories of capitalism, I named the fund "The First National Fiduciary Imperialist Trust Syndicate Cartel Pool Combine."

Following is the long exchange of correspondence relevant to setting up a small business in the Soviet Union, which I have sent along to the Securities and Exchange people for their approval.

• • •

As First Secretary of the fund, my first official act was to send out feelers to prominent executives who might be interested in aiding this high-minded enterprise. "Congratulations," I wrote to Georgi Malenkov, c/o Personnel Office, the Kremlin. "You have been elected to the board of directors of The First National Fiduciary Imperialist Trust Syndicate Cartel Pool Combine. Once your comrades read about your new post in the world's first mutual coexistence fund —a press release has been mailed to the financial editor of your home-town paper, *Pravda*—you may be asked a few questions. Here are some of the sales points:

"Your mutual fund is an unbalanced open-end investment trust, whose shares will be sold to the peasants at a flexible price. Each according to his need, each according to his ability to pay. Shares will be sold door to door. Is a knock at the door in the middle of the night an effective way to get people in your sales territory away from their TV sets? I look forward to discussing the hydroelectric-plant business with you at the next session of the Party congress or, as Marx meant to call it, the bondholders' meeting."

Similar invitations also went out to other men whose current jobs weren't fully utilizing their proven executive talents: Lazar Kaganovich, Vyacheslav M. Molotov, Nikolai Bulganin, Marshal Georgi Zhukov and Mrs. Nina Khrushchev. As a special bonus incentive, all were invited to be my guests at the annual White Russian New Year's Ball at the Hotel Astor in New York.

Not wanting anybody to think these

"We can definitely rule out an inferiority complex . . . !"

Playboy Club News

VOL. II, NO. 80 | ©1967, PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, INC. DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES | SPECIAL EDITION | YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS | MARCH 1967

PLAYBOY CLUB OF MONTREAL SCHEDULED TO DEBUT DURING OPENING DAYS OF EXPO 67!

Apply Now Before Key Fee Doubles

CHICAGO (Special)—Canadian keyholders will soon be using their Playboy Keys in the spectacularly designed Montreal Playboy Club at 2081 Aylmer Street. The five-story hutch, now under construction, is in the heart of the city's entertainment area, within walking distance of all major theaters, hotels, office buildings and the famed Place Bonaventure. Expo 67 is 10 minutes from the Club and McGill University is just across the street.

Many of the 50 lovely Bunnies, as well as the Room Directors, will be bilingual to better serve Montreal playboys and guests. In our first Canadian hutch you will find king-size ounce-and-a-half-plus drinks, sizzling steaks, beefy London broil, heaping platters from the buffet (at the same price as a drink) and the same friendly, informal atmosphere as in Playboy Clubs in the United States, England and Jamaica. And at Playboy everywhere you always see a great show packed with variety and excitement, the best in known and new talent and swinging jazz groups.

Order your Playboy Club Key today and take advantage of the $30 (Canadian) Charter Rate in Montreal before the $60 Resident Key Fee in Canada goes into effect. (See coupon for schedule of key fees in U.S.) Your key admits you to every Playboy Club in the world—there are 16 now, with more on the way. As new Clubs open, your key will provide entree to each.

Your key unlocks a world designed with your pleasure in mind. Beautiful Bunnies greet you and direct you through Playboy's fun-filled clubrooms. When you present your key to the Door Bunny (she may be a Playmate from the pages of PLAYBOY magazine), your personal name plate is placed on the lobby board and closed-circuit TV telecasts your arrival to friends who may be awaiting you.

Open the door to entertainment and excitement now, when a Playboy Club Key is more valuable than ever. Mail the coupon today.

Bunnies Patty and Carrie assist dancer-actress Juliet Prowse and Playboy musician Carmen DeLeon at Cincinnati's cornucopian Living Room Buffet. Man-sized helpings are yours at the same price as a drink.

Fair colleens all, the Bunnies greeted keyholders with tempting Irish brew and all the trimmings on St. Patrick's Day at the Club.

Beauties like Bunny Diane at the New York Club welcome keyholders and guests to all Playboy Clubs.

YOUR ONE KEY ADMITS YOU TO PLAYBOY EVERYWHERE

OPEN — Atlanta • Baltimore Boston • Chicago • Cincinnati • Detroit • Jamaica Kansas City • London • Los Angeles • Miami • New Orleans • New York • Phoenix St. Louis • San Francisco
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PLAYBOY SPECIALS FOR KEYHOLDERS

CHICAGO (Special) — Every day and night is something special at The Playboy Club, but holidays (real and otherwise) are especially happy ones when celebrated at the Club. The Bunnies, chefs and mixologists go all out to see that Playboy keyholders and guests observe the day with all the trimmings.

St. Patrick's Day was feted with Irish whisky, corned beef and cabbage, bagpipes, green Bunny tails and other Irish surprises. London Week was a jolly good show with fish and chips and mod fashion shows, while Jamaica Week found straw-hatted Bunnies offering tropical potions to all guests. On Valentine's Day we concocted a special Playmate Pink drink for playmates and if a keyholder was accompanied by his playmate, his bill for food, drinks and entertainment was cut in half!

If you are a credit keyholder, you've the means to open the world of Playboy to your favorite playmate. You can present her with her very own Playmate Key-Card. She'll be able to lunch, dine or stop in for early-evening cocktails at the Club Monday through Friday from 11:30 A.M. to 7 P.M.

BECOME A KEYHOLDER / CLIP AND MAIL TODAY

TO: PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL
Playboy Building, 919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611

Gentlemen:
I wish to apply for key privileges.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

OCCUPATION

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

U.S. Key Fee is $25 except in Arizona, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri and Mississippi, where keys are $50. **Canadian Key Fee:** $30 (Canadian). Key Fee includes $1 for year's subscription to VIP, the Club magazine. **Applicant for key must be male and over 23.** The Annual Account Maintenance Charge, currently $5 in U.S. and $6 (Canadian) in Canada, is waived for your first year.

☐ Enclosed find $_____ ☐ Bill me for $_____.
☐ I wish only information about The Playboy Club.

280

men were guilty of plotting with the imperialists, I explained everything in a covering letter to the public relations director of the NKVD at his office in Lubianka Prison, corner of Kirov Street and Dzhershinski Square, Moscow. "Since you've already read my letters," I began, calming the NKVD man's suspicions, "you must be curious to know more about me. I am an ordinary legitimate American speculator currently engaged in rigging the foreign-securities market. In this socially useful work, it is necessary to offer jobs and other valuable rewards in exchange for cooperation. But these are the ordinary costs of doing business under the capitalist system, which your country invented. Are you available to become our mutual fund's public relations director? Incidentally, where do the commissars keep their yachts?"

All of the Russians accepted the honor; at least, none of them said *nyet*. By not answering, they indicated they wanted to be silent partners. I next made sure the six Russians would always be the minority faction, or Mensheviks, by inviting seven Americans to act as the majority, or Bolsheviks. The list of potential U. S. directors included a few leading Kremlinologists like Oleg and Igor Cassini, Prince Serge Obolensky, Countess Mara and Prince Radziwill. But it was also heavy with prominent anti-Communist military men. Retired generals traditionally welcome top-management positions, so I'm sure General LeMay, General Wainwright and General Walker will be amenable to a telegram reading: "IF ELECTED, WILL YOU SERVE?" If they don't answer, the fund will draft them.

In identical letters to Aleksei Kosygin, Premier, and Leonid Brezhnev, First Secretary of the Party's Central Committee, the fund appealed for the monopoly concession in the hard-to-sell mutual-fund business. Then I asked for some minor changes in the Soviet Union's political structure. "Is there anything you can do about introducing a more peaceful method of conducting your free elections? The Soviet propensity for violent change causes fluctuations in the market, which tends to frighten American speculators and hurt our mutual fund. I know there is no unemployment in Russia, but when you step down because of ill health, would you be interested in a sedentary position as manager of my future estate in Russia?"

I sent a routine note to the procurator-general (equivalent to the U. S. Attorney General) at the Ministry of Justice, Moscow: "Please send me copies of all the laws dealing with embezzlement, mail fraud and other economic crimes against the state. I fear my competitors will stop at nothing to drive me out of business. The antifraud laws I have read about in the bourgeois Western press are good—as far as they go. But they seem to be used discriminately against Jews. The laws need stiffening. I plan to urge my representative in the Supreme Soviet—incidentally, who represents the American imperialists?—to demand that the laws be amended to restrain all my competition, regardless of race, creed or religion. In your reply, please give me assurances The First National Fiduciary Imperialist Trust Syndicate Cartel Pool Combine will not appear on the procurator-general's subversive list at some future date."

Once the mutual fund got off the ground, it would obviously have to reinvest in the Russian economy to protect its own interests. A Russian scholar at Columbia University recommended that I contact State Planning Commission Director S. Dimshits. I wanted to write to Comrade Dimshits in his native language, but I knew how sensitive the Russians were about ethnic backgrounds. "If the mutual fund's investments would only affect the petty-cash column in the next Gosplan, landsman," I finally wrote in English, "it wouldn't matter. But the fund is already in railroads, electricity and sewers. We also plan to buy into an electronics firm (one of those manufacturing the surveillance devices that are found in every American Government office), a red-tape factory and a printing plant where dialectical matériels are processed. It would enhance your reputation as a sound economic planner if you did not make any major investments in your next five-year plan until you've checked with your coreligionist.

"P. S. I could even triple the fund's investments in the Soviet economy if you would use your influence at the state bank to help me hustle a loan. The bank still hasn't answered my request for a small-businessman's loan of 1,000,000 imperial rubles. Can you ring them up and find out the reason for the delay?"

I'm still waiting for his reply.

Finally, however, on January 26, the Russian government recognized the mutual fund. "In reply to all your letters of 1966," wrote the chief of the consular division, U. S. S. R. Embassy, in Washington, "please be advised that foreign loans, absolutely and without exception, are annulled. So your bonds are completely without value."

Behind the Russians' corporate double talk was the best news investors in Iron Curtain securities had heard in years: Moscow was mouthing the Wall Street line. The future has never looked brighter for The First National Fiduciary Imperialist Trust Syndicate Cartel Pool Combine. Naturally, there are still a few technical difficulties to be ironed out before the fund's strategy will actually inspire confidence. But if you want to get in on the ground floor of a good thing before total peace breaks out, now is the time to buy low.

EXPENSIVE PLACE TO DIE *(continued from page 108)*

"That's the ticket." He took off his cap and put it on the bed. His hair stood up in a point. He lit his pipe. "Damned good to see you," he said. His eyes were bright and his mouth firm, like a brush salesman sizing up a prospect.

"You've been making a fool of me," I complained.

"Come, come, trim your yards, old boy. No question of that. No question of that at all. Thought you did well, actually. Loiseau said you put in quite a plea for me." He smiled again briefly, caught sight of himself in the mirror over the washbasin and pushed his disarranged hair into place.

"I told him you didn't kill the girl, if that's what you mean."

"Ah, well," he looked embarrassed. "Damned nice of you." He took the pipe from his mouth and searched around his teeth with his tongue. "Damned nice, but to tell you the truth, old boy, I did."

I must have looked surprised.

"Shocking business, of course, but she'd opened us right up. Every damned one of us. They got to her."

"With money?"

"No, not money; a man." He put the pipe into the ashtray. "She was vulnerable to men. Jean-Paul had her eating out of his hand. That's why they aren't suited to this sort of work, bless them. 'Men were deceivers ever,' eh? Gals get themselves involved, what? Still, who are we to complain about that; wouldn't want them any other way myself."

I didn't speak, so Byrd went on.

"At first the whole plan was to frame Kuang as some sort of Oriental Jack the Ripper. To give us a chance to hold him, talk to him, sentence him if necessary. But the plans changed. Plans often do; that's what gives us so much trouble, eh?"

"Jean-Paul won't give you any more trouble; he's dead."

"So I hear."

"Did you arrange that, too?" I asked.

"Come, come, don't be bitter. Still, I know just how you feel. I muffed it, I'll admit. I intended it to be quick and clean and painless, but it's too late now to be sentimental or bitter."

"Bitter," I said. "If you really killed the girl, how come you got out of prison?"

"Set-up job. French police. Gave me a chance to disappear, talk to the Belgians. Very cooperative. So they should be, with this damned boat these Chinese chappies have got anchored three miles out. Can't touch them legally, you see. Pirate radio station; think what it could do if the balloon went up. Doesn't bear thinking of."

"No. I see. What will happen?"

"Government level now, old chap. Out of the hands of blokes like you and me."

He went to the window and stared across the mud and cabbage stumps. White mist was rolling across the flat ground like a gas attack.

"Look at that light," said Byrd. "Look at it. It's positively ethereal, and yet you could pick it up and rap it. Doesn't it make you ache to pick up a paintbrush?"

"No," I said.

"Well, it does me. First of all, a painter is interested in form; that's all they talk about at first. But everything is the light falling on it—no light and there's no form, as I'm always saying; light's the only thing a painter should worry about. All the great painters knew that: Francesca, El Greco, Van Gogh." He stopped looking at the mist and turned back toward me, glowing with pleasure. "Or Turner. Turner most of all: take Turner any day . . ." He stopped talking, but he didn't stop looking at me. I asked him no question, but he heard it just the same. "Painting is my life," he said. "I'd do anything just to have enough money to go on painting. It consumes me. Perhaps you wouldn't understand what art can do to a person."

"I think I'm just beginning to," I said.

Byrd stared me out. "Glad to hear it, old boy." He took a brown envelope out of his case and put it on the table.

"You want me to take Kuang up to the ship?"

"Yes, stick to the plan. Kuang is here and we'd like him out on the boat. Datt will try to get on the boat; we'd like him here, but that's less important. Get Kuang to Ostend. Rendezvous with his case chappie—Major Chan—hand him over."

"And the girl, Maria?"

"Datt's daughter—illegitimate—divided loyalties. Obsessed about these films of her and Jean-Paul. Do anything to get them back. Datt will use that factor, mark my words. He'll use her to transport the rest of his stuff." He ripped open the brown envelope.

"And you'll try to stop her?"

"Not me, old boy. Not my part of the ship, those dossiers; not yours, either. Kuang to Ostend, forget everything else. Kuang out to the ship, then we'll give you a spot of leave." He counted out some Belgian money and gave me a Belgian press card, a card of identification,

"I'd be careful if I were you, buddy—that's the bartender's wife . . ."

a letter of credit and two phone numbers to ring in case of trouble. "Sign here," he said. I signed the receipts.

"Loiseau's pigeon, those dossiers," he said. "Leave all that to him. Good fellow, Loiseau."

Byrd kept moving like a flyweight in the first round. He picked up the receipts, blew on them and waved them to dry the ink.

"You used me, Byrd," I said. "You sent Hudson to me, complete with prefabricated hard-luck story. You didn't care about blowing a hole in me as long as the over-all plan was OK."

"London decided," Byrd corrected me gently.

"All eight million of 'em?"

"Our department heads," he said patiently. "I personally opposed it."

"All over the world people are personally opposing things they think are bad, but they do them anyway, because a corporate decision can take the blame."

Byrd had half turned toward the window to see the mist.

I said, "The Nuremberg trials were held to decide that whether you work for Coca-Cola, Murder Inc. or the *Wehrmacht* General Staff, you remain responsible for your own actions."

"I must have missed that part of the Nuremberg trials," said Byrd unconcernedly. He put the receipts away in his wallet, picked up his hat and pipe and walked past me toward the door.

"Well, let me jog your memory," I said as he came level, and I grabbed at his chest and tapped him gently with my right. It didn't hurt him, but it spoiled his dignity, and he backed away from me, smoothing his coat and pulling at the knot of his tie, which had disappeared under his shirt collar.

Byrd had killed, perhaps many times. It leaves a blemish in the eyeballs, and Byrd had it. He passed his right hand round the back of his collar. I expected a throwing knife or a cheese wire to come out, but he was merely straightening his shirt.

"You were too cynical," said Byrd. "I should have expected you to crack." He stared at me. "Cynics are disappointed romantics; they keep looking for someone to admire and can never find anyone. You'll grow out of it."

"I don't want to grow out of it," I said.

Byrd smiled grimly. He explored the skin where my hand had struck him. When he spoke, it was through his fingers. "Nor did any of us," he said. He nodded and left.

• • •

I found it difficult to get to sleep after Byrd had gone, and yet I was too comfortable to make a move. I listened to the articulated trucks speeding through the village: a crunch of changing gears as they reached the corner, a hiss of brakes at the crossroads and an ascending note as they saw the road clear and accelerated. Lastly, there was the splash as they hit the puddle near the DRIVE CAREFULLY BECAUSE OF OUR CHILDREN sign. Every few minutes another came down the highway, a sinister alien force that never stopped and seemed not friendly toward the inhabitants. I looked at my watch. Five-thirty. The hotel was still, but the rain hit the window lightly. The wind seemed to have dropped, but the fine rain continued relentlessly, like a long-distance runner just getting his second breath. I stayed awake for a long time thinking about them all. Suddenly I heard a soft footstep in the corridor. There was a pause and then I saw the doorknob revolve silently. "Are you asleep?" Kuang called softly. I wondered if my conversation with Byrd had awakened him, the walls were so thin. He came in.

"I would like a cigarette. I can't sleep. I have been downstairs, but no one is about. There is no machine, either." I gave him a pack of Players. He opened it and lit one. He seemed in no hurry to go. "I can't sleep," he said. He sat down in the plastic-covered easy chair and watched the rain on the window. Across the shiny landscape, nothing moved.

We sat silent a long time, then I said, "How did you first meet Datt?"

He seemed glad to talk. "Vietnam, 1954. Vietnam was a mess in those days. The French colons were still there, but they'd begun to realize the inevitability of losing. No matter how much practice they get, the French are not good at losing. You British are skilled at losing. In India, you showed that you knew a thing or two about the realities of compromise that the French will never learn. They knew they were going and they got more and more vicious, more and more demented. They were determined to leave nothing—not a hospital blanket nor a kind word.

"By the early Fifties, Vietnam was China's Spain. The issues were clear, and for us party members, it was an honor to go there. It meant that the party thought highly of us. I had grown up in Paris. I speak perfect French. I could move about freely. I was working for an old man named De Bois. He was pure Vietnamese. Most party members had acquired Vietnamese names, no matter what their origins, but De Bois couldn't bother with such niceties. That's the sort of man he was. A member since he was a child. Communist Party advisor; purely political, nothing to do with the military. I was his secretary—it was something of an honor; he used me as a messenger boy. I'm a scientist, I haven't got the right sort of mind for soldiering, but it was an honor.

"Datt was living in a small town. I was told to contact him. We wanted to make contact with the Buddhists in that region. They were well organized and we were told at that time that they were sympathetic to us. Later the war became more defined—the Viet Cong versus the Americans' puppets—but then the whole country was a mess of different factions, and we were trying to organize them. The only thing that they had in common was that they were anticolonial—anti–French-colonial, that is: The French had done our work for us. Datt was a sort of soft-minded liberal, but he had influence with the Buddhists—he was something of a Buddhist scholar and they respected him for his learning—and, more important, as far as we were concerned, he wasn't a Catholic.

"So I took my bicycle and cycled sixty kilometers to see Datt, but in the town it was not good to be seen with a rifle; so two miles from the town where Datt was to be found, I stopped in a small village. It was so small, that village, that it had no name. Isn't it extraordinary that a village can be so small as to be without a name? I stopped and deposited my rifle with one of the young men of the village. He was one of us: a Communist, insofar as a man who lives in a village without a name can be a Communist. His sister was with him. A short girl—her skin bronze, almost red—she smiled constantly and hid behind her brother, peering out from behind him to study my features. Han Chinese* faces were uncommon around there then. I gave him the rifle—an old one left over from the Japanese invasion; I never did fire a shot from it. They both waved as I cycled away.

"I found Datt.

"He gave me cheroots and brandy and a long lecture on the history of democratic government. Then we found that we used to live near each other in Paris, and we talked about that for a while. I wanted him to come back and see De Bois. It had been a long journey for me, but I knew Datt had an old car; and that meant that if I could get him to return with me, I'd get a ride back, too. Besides, I was tired of arguing with him. I wanted to let old De Bois have a go; they were more evenly matched. My training had been scientific; I wasn't much good at the sort of arguing that Datt was offering me.

"He came. We put the cycle in the back of his old Packard and drove west. It was a clear moonlit night, and soon we came to the village that was too small even to have a name.

"'I know this village,' said Datt. 'Sometimes I walk out as far as this. There are pheasants.'

"I told him that walking this far from the town was dangerous. He smiled and

**A Chinese description to differentiate pure Chinese from various minority groups in China or even Vietnamese, etc. Ninety-five percent of China's population is Han Chinese.*

"Please, madam—you're disturbing the tourists."

"Happiness is a warm puppy . . ."

said there could be no danger to a man of good will.

"I knew that something was wrong as soon as we stopped, for usually someone will run out and stare, if not smile. There was no sound. There was the usual smell of sour garbage and wood smoke that all the villages have, but no sound. Even the stream was silent, and beyond the village the rice paddy shone in the moonlight like spilled milk. Not a dog, not a hen. Everyone had gone. There were only men from the Sûreté there. The rifle had been found; an informer, an enemy, the chief—who knows who found it? The smiling girl was there, dead, her nude body covered with the tiny burns that a lighted cigarette end can inflict. Two men beckoned Datt. He got out of the car. They didn't worry very much about me; they knocked me about with a pistol, but they kicked Datt. They kicked him and kicked him and kicked him. Then they rested and smoked Gauloises, and then they kicked him some more. They were both French, neither was more than twenty years old; and even then Datt wasn't young, but they kicked him mercilessly. He was screaming. I don't think they thought that either of us was Viet Minh. They'd waited for a few hours for someone to claim that rifle; and when we stopped nearby, they grabbed us. They didn't even want to know whether we'd come for the rifle. They kicked him and then they urinated over him and then they laughed and they lit more cigarettes and got in their Citroën and drove away.

"I wasn't hurt much. I'd lived all my life with the wrong-colored skin. I knew a few things about how to be kicked without getting hurt, but Datt didn't. I got him back in the car—he'd lost a lot of blood and he was a heavy man; even then he was heavy. 'Which way do you want me to drive?' I said. There was a hospital back in the town and I would have taken him to it. Datt said, 'Take me to Comrade De Bois.' I'd said 'comrade' all the time I'd spoken with Datt, but that was perhaps the first time Datt had used the word. A kick in the belly can show a man where his comrades are. Datt was badly hurt."

"He seems to have recovered now," I said, "apart from the limp."

"He's recovered now, apart from the limp," said Kuang. "And apart from the fact that he can have no relationships with women."

Kuang examined me carefully and waited for me to answer.

"It explains a lot," I said.

"Does it?" said Kuang mockingly.

"No," I said. "What right does he have to identify thuggery with capitalism?" Kuang didn't answer. The ash was long on his cigarette and he walked across the room to tap it into the washbasin. I said, "Why should he feel free to probe and pry into the lives of people and put the results at your disposal?"

"You fool," said Kuang. He leaned against the washbasin, smiling at me. "My grandfather was born in 1878. In that year, thirteen million Chinese died in the famine. My second brother was born in 1928. In that year, five million Chinese people died in the famine. We lost twenty million dead in the Sino-Japanese War, and the Long March meant the Nationalists killed two and a half million. But we are well over seven hundred million and increasing at the rate of fourteen or fifteen million a year. We are not a country or a party, we are a whole civilization, unified and moving forward at a speed that has never before been equaled in world history. Compare our industrial growth rate with India's. We are unstoppable." I waited for him to go on, but he didn't.

"So what?" I said.

"So we don't need to set up clinics to study your foolishness and frailty. We are not interested in your minor psychological failings. Datt's amusing pastime is of no interest to my people."

"Then why did you encourage him?"

"We have done no such thing. He financed the whole business himself. We have never aided him or ordered him, nor have we taken from him any of his records. It doesn't interest us. He has been a good friend to us, but no European can be very close to our problems."

"You just used him to make trouble for us."

"That I will admit. We didn't stop him making trouble. Why should we? Perhaps we have used him rather heartlessly, but a revolution must use everyone so." He returned my pack of cigarettes.

"Keep the pack," I said.

"You are very kind," he said. "There are ten left in it."

"They won't go far among seven hundred million of you," I said.

"That's true," he said, and lit another.

• • •

I was awakened at 9:30. It was *la patronne*. "There is time for a bath and a meal," she said. "My husband prefers to leave early, sometimes the policeman calls in for a drink. It would be best if you were not here then."

I suppose she noticed me look toward the other room. "Your colleague is awake," she said. "The bathroom is at the end of the corridor. I have put soap there and there is plenty of hot water at this time of night."

"Thanks," I said. She went out without answering.

We ate most of the meal in silence. There was a plate of smoked ham, trout *meunière* and an open tart filled with rice pudding. The Fleming sat across the table and munched bread and drank a glass of wine to keep us company through the meal.

"I'm conducting tonight."

"Good," I said. Kuang nodded.

"You've no objection?" he asked me. He didn't want to show Kuang that I was senior man, so he put it as though it were a choice between friends.

"It will suit me," I said.

"Me, too," said Kuang.

"I've got a couple of scarves for you, and two heavy woolen sweaters. We are meeting his case officer right on the quayside. You are probably going out by boat."

"Not me," I said. "I'll be coming straight back."

"No," said the man. "Operations were quite clear about that." He rubbed his face in order to remember more clearly. "You will come under his case officer, Major Chan, just as he takes orders from me at this moment."

Kuang stared impassively. The man said, "I suppose they'll need you if they run into a coastguard or fisheries protection vessel or something unexpected. It's just for territorial waters. You'll soon know if their case officer tries something."

"That sounds like going into a refrigerator to check that the light goes out," I said.

"They must have worked something out," said the man. "London must——" He stopped and rubbed his face again.

"It's OK," I said. "He knows we are London."

"London seemed to think it's OK."

"That's really put my mind at rest," I said.

The man chuckled. "Yes," he said, "yes," and rubbed his face until his eye watered. "I suppose I'm blown now," he said.

"I'm afraid so," I agreed. "This will be the last job you'll do for us."

He nodded. "I'll miss the money," he said sadly. "Just when we could most do with it, too."

• • •

Maria kept thinking about Jean-Paul's death. It had thrown her off balance, and now she had to think lopsidedly, like a man carrying a heavy suitcase; she had to compensate constantly for the distress in her head.

"What a terrible waste," she said loudly.

Ever since she was a little girl, Maria had had the habit of speaking to herself. Many times she had been embarrassed by someone coming close to her and hearing her babbling on about her trivial troubles and wishes. Her mother had never minded. It doesn't matter, she had said, if you speak to yourself; it's what you say that matters. She tried to stand back and see herself in the present dilemma. Ridiculous, she pronounced; all her life had been something of a pantomime, but driving a loaded ambulance across northern France was more than she could have bargained for even in her most imaginative moments. An ambulance loaded with 800 dossiers and sex films; it made her want to laugh, almost. Almost.

The road curved and she felt the wheels start to slide and corrected for it, but one of the boxes tumbled and brought another box down with it. She reached behind her and steadied the pile of tins. The metal boxes that were stacked along the neatly made bed jangled gently together, but none of them fell. She enjoyed driving, but there was no fun in thrashing this heavy old blood wagon over the ill-kept back roads of northern France. She must avoid the main roads; she knew—almost instinctively—which ones would be patrolled. She knew the way the road patrols would obey Loiseau's order to intercept Datt, Datt's dossiers, tapes and films, Maria, Kuang or the Englishman, or any permutation of those that they might come across. Her fingers groped along the dashboard for the third time. She switched on the wipers, cursed, switched them off, touched the choke and then the lighter. Somewhere there must be a switch that would extinguish that damned orange light that was reflecting the piled-up cases, boxes and tins in her windscreen. It was dangerous to drive with that reflection in the screen, but she didn't want to stop. She could spare the time easily, but she didn't want to stop. Didn't want to stop until she had completed the whole business. Then she could stop, then she could rest, then perhaps she could be reunited with Loiseau again. She shook her head. She wasn't at all sure she wanted to be reunited with Loiseau again. It was all very well thinking of him now in the abstract like this. Thinking of him surrounded by dirty dishes and with holes in his socks, thinking of him sad and lonely. But if she faced the grim truth, he wasn't sad or lonely; he was self-contained, relentless and distressingly complacent about being alone. It was unnatural; but then, so was being a policeman unnatural.

She remembered the first time she'd met Loiseau. A village in Périgord. She was wearing a terrible pink cotton dress that a friend had sold her. She went back there again years later. You hope that the ghost of him will accompany you there and that some witchcraft will reach out to him and he will come back to you and you will be madly in love, each with the other, as you were once before. But when you get there, you are a stranger; the people, the waitress, the music, the dances, all of them are new and you are unremembered.

Heavy damned car; the suspension and steering were coarse, like a lorry's. It had been ill treated, she imagined, the tires were balding. When she entered the tiny villages, the ambulance slid on the *pavé* stones. The villages were old and gray, with just one or two brightly painted signs advertising beer or *friture*. In one village there were bright flashes of a welding torch as the village smith worked late into the night. Behind her, Maria heard the toot, toot-toot of a fast car. She pulled over to the right and a blue Land Rover roared past, flashing its headlights and tooting imperious thanks. The blue rooftop light flashed spookily over the dark landscape, then disappeared. Maria slowed down; she hadn't expected any police patrols on this road, and she was suddenly aware of the beating of her heart. She reached for a cigarette in the deep, soft pockets of her suede coat, but as she brought the packet up to her face, they spilled across her lap. She rescued one and put it in her mouth. She was going slowly now, and only half her attention was on the road. The lighter flared and trembled, and as

she doused the flame, more flames grew across the horizon. There were six or seven of them, small flaring pots, like something marking an unknown warrior's tomb. The surface of the road was black and shiny like a deep lake; and yet it couldn't be water, for it hadn't rained for a week. She fancied that the water would swallow the ambulance up if she didn't stop. But she didn't stop. Her front wheels splashed. She imagined the black water closing above her, and shivered. It made her feel claustrophobic. She lowered the window and recoiled at the overwhelming smell of *vin rouge*. Beyond the flares there were lamps flashing and a line of headlights. Farther still were men around a small building that had been built across the road. She thought at first that it was a Customs control hut, but then she saw that it wasn't a building at all. It was a huge wine tanker tipped onto its side and askew across the road, the wine gushing from the split seams. The front part of the vehicle hung over the ditch. Lights flashed behind shattered glass as men tried to extricate the driver. She slowed up. A policeman beckoned her to the side of the road, nodding frantically.

"You made good time," the policeman said. "There's four dead and one injured. He's complaining, but I think he's only scratched."

Another policeman hurried over. "Back up against the car and we'll lift him in."

At first Maria was going to drive off, but she managed to calm down a little. She took a drag on the cigarette. "There'll be another ambulance," she said. She wanted to get that in before the real ambulance appeared.

"Why's that?" said the policeman. "How many casualties did they say on the phone?"

"Six," lied Maria.

"No," said the policeman. "Just one injured, four dead. The car driver injured, the four in the tanker died instantly. Two truck drivers and two hitchhikers."

Alongside the road the policemen were placing shoes, a broken radio, maps, clothes and a canvas bag, all in an impeccably straight line.

Maria got out of the car. "Let me see the hitchhikers," she said.

"Dead," said the policeman. "I know a dead 'un, believe me."

"Let me see them," said Maria. She looked up the dark road, fearful that the lights of an ambulance would appear.

The policeman walked over to a heap in the center of the road. There from under a tarpaulin that police patrols carry especially for this purpose stuck three sets of feet. He lifted the edge of the tarpaulin. Maria stared down, ready to see the mangled remains of the Englishman and Kuang, but they were youths in beards and denim. One of them had a fixed grin across his face. She drew on the cigarette fiercely. "I told you," said the policeman. "Dead."

"I'll leave the injured man for the second ambulance," said Maria.

"And have him ride with four stiffs? Not on your life," said the policeman. "You take him." The red wine was still gurgling into the roadway and there was a sound of tearing metal as the hydraulic jacks tore the cab open to release the driver's body.

"Look," said Maria desperately. "It's my early shift. I can get away if I don't have to book a casualty in. The other ambulance won't mind."

"You're a nice little darling," said the policeman. "You don't believe in work at all."

"Please." Maria fluttered her eyelids at him.

"No, I wouldn't, darling, and that's a fact," said the policeman. "You are taking the injured one with you. The stiffs I won't insist upon; and if you say there's another ambulance coming, then I'll wait here. But not with the injured one, I won't." He handed her a little bundle. "His personal effects. His passport's in there; don't lose it, now."

"No, I don't *parle*," said a loud English voice. "And let me down, I can toddle myself, thanks."

The policeman who had tried to carry the boy released him and watched as he climbed carefully through the ambulance rear doors. The other policeman had entered the ambulance before him and cleared the tins off the bed. "Full of junk," said the policeman. He picked up a film tin and looked at it.

"It's hospital records," said Maria. "Patients transferred. Documents on film. I'm taking them to the other hospitals in the morning."

The English tourist—a tall boy in a black woolen shirt and pink-linen trousers—stretched full length on the bed. "That's just the job," he said appreciatively.

The policeman locked the rear doors carefully. Maria heard him say, "We'll leave the stiffs where they are. The other ambulance will find them. We'll get up to the roadblocks. Everything is happening tonight. Accident, roadblocks, contraband search, and the next thing you know, we'll be asked to do a couple of hours' extra duty."

"Let the ambulance get away," said the second policeman. "We don't want her to report us leaving the scene before the second ambulance arrived."

"That lazy bitch," said the first policeman. He slammed his fist against the roof of the ambulance and called loudly, "Right, off you go."

Maria turned around in her seat and looked for the switch for the interior light. She found it and switched off the orange lamp. The policeman leered in through the window. "Don't work too hard," he said.

"Policemen," said Maria. She said it as if it were a dirty word, and the policeman flinched. He was surprised at the depth of her hatred.

He spoke softly and angrily: "The trouble with you people from hospitals," he said, "you think you're the only normal people left alive."

Maria could think of no answer. She drove forward. From behind her, the voice of the Englishman said, "I'm sorry to be causing you all this trouble." He said it in English, hoping that the tone of his voice would convey his meaning.

"It's all right," said Maria.

"You speak English!" said the man. "That's wonderful."

"Is your leg hurting you?" She tried to make it as professional and clinical as she knew how.

"It's nothing. I did it running down the road to find a telephone. It's hilarious, really: those four dead and me unscratched except for a strained knee from running down the road."

"Your car?"

"That's done for. Cheap car, Ford Anglia. Crankcase sticking through the rear axle the last I saw of it. Done for. It wasn't the lorry driver's fault. Poor sod. It wasn't my fault, either, except that I was going too fast. I always drive too fast, everyone tells me that. But I couldn't have avoided this lot. He was right in the center of the road. You do that in a heavy truck on these high camber roads. I don't blame him. I hope he doesn't blame me too much, either."

Maria didn't answer; she hoped he'd go to sleep so she could think about this new situation.

"Can you close the window?" he asked. She rolled it up a little but kept it a trifle open. The tension of her claustrophobia returned and she knocked the window handle with her elbow, hoping to open it a little more without the boy's noticing.

"You were a bit sharp with the policeman," said the boy. Maria grunted an affirmative.

"Why?" asked the boy. "Don't you like policemen?"

"I married one."

"Go on," said the boy. He thought about it. "I never got married. I lived with a girl for a couple of years . . ." He stopped.

"What happened?" said Maria. She didn't care. Her worries were all upon the road ahead. How many roadblocks were out tonight? How thoroughly would they examine papers and cargo?

"She chucked me," said the boy.

"Chucked?"

"Rejected me. What about you?"

"I suppose mine chucked me," said Maria.

"And you became an ambulance

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driver," said the boy with the terrible simplicity of youth.

"Yes," said Maria and laughed aloud.

"You all right?" asked the boy anxiously.

"I'm all right," said Maria. "But the nearest hospital that's any good is across the border, in Belgium. You lie back and groan and behave like an emergency when we get to the frontier. Understand?"

Maria deliberately drove eastward, cutting around the Forêt de St. Michel, through Wasigny and Signy-le-Petit. She'd cross the border at Riez.

"Suppose they are all closed down at the frontier?" asked the boy.

"Leave it with me," said Maria. She cut back through a narrow lane, offering thanks that it hadn't begun to rain. In this part of the world, the mud could be impassable after half an hour's rain.

"You certainly know your way around," said the boy. "Do you live near here?"

"My mother still does."

"Not your father?"

"Yes, he does, too," said Maria. She laughed.

"Are you all right?" the boy asked again.

"You're the casualty," said Maria. "Lie down and sleep."

"I'm sorry to be a bother," said the boy.

Pardon me for breathing, thought Maria; the English were always apologizing.

• • •

Already the brief butterfly summer of the big hotels is almost gone. Some of the shutters are locked and the waiters are scanning the ads for winter-resort jobs. The road snakes past the golf club and military hospital. Huge white dunes, shining in the moonlight like alabaster temples, lean against the gray *Wehrmacht* gun emplacements. Between the points of sand and the cubes of concrete, nightjars swoop openmouthed upon the moths and insects. The red glow of Ostend is nearer now and yellow trams rattle alongside the motor road and over the bridge by the Royal Yacht Club, where white yachts—sails neatly rolled and tied—sleep, bobbing on the gray water like seagulls.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I thought they would be earlier than this."

"A policeman gets used to standing around," Loiseau answered. He moved back across the cobbles and scrubby grass, stepping carefully over the rusty railway lines and around the shapeless debris and abandoned cables. When I was sure he was out of sight, I walked back along the quay. Below me the sea made soft noises like a bathful of serpents, and the joints of four ancient fishing boats creaked.

I walked over to Kuang. "He's late," I said. Kuang said nothing. Behind him, farther along the quay, a freighter was being loaded by a huge traveling crane. Light spilled across the waterfront from the spotlights on the cranes. Could their man have caught sight of Loiseau and been frightened away? It was 15 minutes later than rendezvous. The standard control procedure was to wait only four minutes, then come back 24 hours later; but I hung on. Control procedures were invented by diligent men in clean shirts and warm offices. I stayed. Kuang seemed not to notice the passage of time —or, more accurately, perhaps, he reveled in it. He stood patiently. He hadn't stamped his feet, breathed into his hands or smoked a cigarette. When I neared him, he didn't raise a quizzical eyebrow, remark about the cold or even look at his watch. He stared across the water, glanced at me to be sure I was not about to speak again, and then resumed his pose.

"We'll give him ten more minutes," I said. Kuang looked at me. I walked back down the quayside.

The yellow headlight turned off the main road a trifle too fast and there was a crunch as the edge of an offside wing touched one of the oil drums piled outside the Fina station. The lights kept coming, main beams. Kuang was illuminated as bright as a snowman, and there was only a couple of feet of space between him and the wire fence around the sand heap. Kuang leaped across the path of the car. His coat flapped across the headlight, momentarily eclipsing its beam. There was a scream as the brakes slammed on and the engine stalled. Suddenly it was quiet. The sea splashed greedily against the jetty. Kuang was sucking his thumb as I got down from the oil drum. It was an ambulance that had so nearly run us down.

Out of the ambulance stepped Maria.

"What's going on?" I said.

"I'm Major Chan," said Maria.

"You are?" Kuang said. He obviously didn't believe her.

"You're Major Chan, case officer for Kuang here?" I said.

"For the purposes that we are all interested in, I am," she said.

"What sort of answer is that?" I asked.

"Whatever sort of answer it is," said Maria, "it's going to have to do."

"Very well," I said. "He's all yours."

"I won't go with her," said Kuang. "She tried to run me down. You saw her."

"I know her well enough to know that she could have tried a lot harder," I said.

"You didn't show that sort of confidence a couple of minutes ago," Maria said. "Scrambling out of the way when you thought I was going to run *you* down."

"What's confidence?" I said. "Smiling as you fall off a cliff to prove that you've jumped?"

"That's what it is," said Maria, and she leaned forward and gave me a tiny kiss, but I refused to be placated.

"Where's your contact?" I said.

"This is it," said Maria, playing for time.

I grabbed her arm and clutched it tight. "Don't play for time," I told her. "You said you're the case officer. So take Kuang and start to run him." She looked at me blankly. I shook her.

"They should be here," she said. "A boat." She pointed along the jetty. We stared into the darkness. A small boat moved into the pool of light cast by the loading freighter. It turned toward us.

"They will want to load the boxes from the ambulance."

"Hold it," I told her. "Take your payment first."

"How did you know?"

"It's obvious, isn't it?" I said. "You bring Datt's dossiers as far as this, using your ingenuity, your knowledge of police methods and routes, and if the worst comes to the worst, you use your influence with your ex-husband. For what? In return, Datt will give you your own dossier and film, etc. Am I right?"

"Yes," she said.

"Then let them worry about loading." The motorboat was closer now. It was a high-speed launch; four men in pea jackets stood in the stern. They stared toward us but didn't wave or call. As the boat got to the stone steps, one man jumped ashore. He took the rope and made it fast to a jetty ring. "The boxes," I called to them. "Your papers are here."

"Load first," said the sailor who had jumped ashore.

"Give me the boxes," I said. The sailors looked at me and at Kuang. One of the men in the boat made a motion with his hand and the others took two tin boxes, adorned with red seals, from the bottom of the boat and passed them to the first man, who carried them up the steps to us.

"Help me with the boxes," said Maria to the Chinese sailor.

I still had hold of her arm. "Get back into the ambulance and lock the doors from inside," I said.

"You said I should start——"

I pushed her roughly toward the driver's door.

I didn't take my eyes off Maria, but on the periphery of my vision to the right, I could see a man edging along the side of the ambulance toward me. He kept one hand flat against the side of the vehicle, dabbing at the large scarlet cross as if testing to see if the paint was wet. I let him come to within arm's length and, still without swiveling my head, I flicked out my hand so that my fingertips lashed his face, causing him to blink and pull back. I leaned a few inches toward him while sweeping my hand back the way it had come, slapping him not very hard across the side of the cheek.

"Give over," he shouted in English. "What the hell are you on?"

"Get back in the ambulance," Maria called to him. "He's harmless," she said. "A motor accident on the road. That's how I got through the blocks so easily."

"You said Ostend hospital," said the boy.

"Stay out of this, sonny," I said. "You are in danger even if you keep your mouth shut. Open it and you're dead."

"I'm the case officer," she insisted.

"You are what?" I said. I smiled one of my reassuring smiles, but I see now that to Maria it must have seemed like mockery. "You are a child, Maria; you've no idea of what this is all about. Get into the ambulance," I told her. "Your ex-husband is waiting down the jetty. If you have this carload of documents with you when he arrests you, things might go easier for you."

"Did you hear him?" Maria said to the sailor and Kuang. "Take the documents, and take me with you—he's betrayed us all to the police." Her voice was quiet, but the note of hysteria was only one modulation away.

The sailor remained impassive and Kuang didn't even look toward her.

"Did you hear him?" she said desperately. No one spoke. A rowboat was moving out around the far side of the yacht club. The flutter of dripping blades skidding upon the surface and the gasp of oars biting into the water was a lonely rhythm, like a woman's sobs, each followed by the sharp intake of breath.

I said, "You don't know what it's all about. This man's job is to bring Kuang back to their ship. He's also instructed to take me. As well as that, he'll try to take the documents. But he doesn't change plans because you shout news about Loiseau waiting to arrest you. In fact, that's a good reason for leaving right away, because their big command is to stay out of trouble. This business doesn't work like that."

I signaled Kuang to go down to the motorboat, and the sailor steadied him on the slimy metal ladder. I punched Maria lightly on the arm. "I'll knock you unconscious, Maria, if that's the way you insist I do it." I smiled, but I meant it.

"I can't face Loiseau. Not with that case, I can't face him." She opened the

"My son told me what you said about me."

driver's door and got into the seat. She would rather face Datt than Loiseau. She shivered.

The boy said, "I feel I'm making a lot of trouble for you. I'm sorry."

"Just don't say you're sorry once again," I heard Maria say.

"Get," I called to the sailor. "The police will be here any moment. There's no time to load boxes." He was at the foot of the ladder and I had my heavy shoes on. He shrugged and stepped into the boat. I untied the rope and someone started the motor. There was a bright flurry of water and the boat moved quickly, zigzagging through the water as the helmsman got the feel of the rudder.

At the end of the bridge, there was a flashlight moving. I wondered if the whistles were going. I couldn't hear anything above the sound of the outboard motor. The flashlight was reflected suddenly in the driver's door of the ambulance. The boat lurched violently as we left the harbor and entered the open sea. I looked at the Chinese sailor at the helm. He didn't seem frightened; but then, how would he look if he did? I looked back. The figures on the quay were tiny and indistinct. I looked at my watch: It was 2:10 A.M. The Incredible Count Szell had just killed another canary; they cost only three francs, four at the very most.

• • •

Three miles out from Ostend, the water was still and a layer of mist hugged it; a bleak, bottomless caldron of broth cooling in the cold morning air. Out of the mist appeared M. Datt's ship. It was a scruffy vessel of about 10,000 tons, an old cargo boat, its rear derrick broken. One of the bridge wings had been mangled in some long-forgotten mishap, and the gray hull, scabby and peeling, had long brown rusty stains dribbling from the hawsepipes down the anchor fleets. It had been at anchor a long time out here in the Straits of Dover. The most unusual features of the ship were a mainmast about three times taller than usual and the words RADIO JANINE newly painted in ten-foot-high white letters along the hull.

The engines were silent, the ship still, but the current sucked around the draft figures on the stem and the anchor chain groaned as the ship tugged like a bored child upon its mother's hand. There was no movement on deck, but I saw a flash of glass from the wheelhouse as we came close. Bolted to the hullside there was an ugly metal accommodation ladder, rather like a fire escape. At water level the steps ended in a wide platform complete with stanchion and guest warp, to which we made fast. M. Datt waved us aboard.

As we went up the metal stairs, Datt called to us, "Where are they?" No one answered, no one even looked up at him. "Where are the packets of documents—my work? Where is it?"

"There's just me," I said.

"I told you . . ." Datt shouted to one of the sailors.

"It was not possible," Kuang told him. "The police were right behind us. We were lucky to get away."

"The dossiers were the important thing," said Datt. "Didn't you even wait for the girl?" No one spoke. "Well, didn't you?"

"The police almost certainly got her," Kuang said. "It was a close thing."

"And my documents?" said Datt.

"These things happen," said Kuang, showing little or no concern.

"Poor Maria," said Datt. "My daughter."

"You care only about your dossiers," said Kuang calmly. "You do not care for the girl."

"I care for you all," said Datt. "I care even for the Englishman here. I care for you all."

"You are a fool," said Kuang.

"I will report this when we are in Peking."

"How can you?" asked Kuang. "You will tell them that you gave the documents to the girl and put my safety into her hands because you were not brave enough to perform your duties as conducting officer. You let the girl masquerade as Major Chan while you made a quick getaway, alone and unencumbered. You gave her access to the code greeting and I can only guess what other secrets, and then you have the effrontery to complain that your stupid researches are not delivered safely to you aboard the ship here." Kuang smiled.

Datt turned away from us and walked forward. Inside, the ship was in better condition and well lit. There was the constant hum of the generators, and from some far part of the ship came the sound of a metal door slamming. He kicked a vent and smacked a deck light that miraculously lit. A man leaned over the bridge wing and looked down on us, but Datt waved him back to work. He walked up the lower bridge ladder and I followed him, but Kuang remained at the foot of it. "I am hungry," Kuang said. "I have heard enough. I'm going below to eat."

"Very well," said Datt, without looking back. He opened the door of what had once been the captain's cabin and waved me to precede him. His cabin was warm and comfortable. The small bed was dented where someone had been lying. On the writing table there were a heap of papers, some envelopes, a tall pile of gramophone records and a vacuum flask. Datt opened a cupboard above the desk and reached down two cups. He poured hot coffee from the flask and then two brandies into tulip glasses. I put two heaps of sugar into my coffee and poured the brandy after it; then I downed the hot mixture and felt it doing wonders for my arteries.

Datt offered me his cigarettes. He said, "A mistake. A silly mistake. Do you ever make silly mistakes?"

I said, "It's one of my very few creative activities." I waved away his cigarettes.

"Droll," said Datt. "I felt sure that

Loiseau would not act against me. I had influence and a hold on his wife. I felt sure he wouldn't act against me."

"Was that your sole reason for involving Maria?"

"To tell you the truth, yes."

"Then I'm sorry you guessed wrong. It would have been better to have left Maria out of this."

"My work was almost done. These things don't last forever." He brightened. "But within a year we'll do the same operation again."

I said, "Another psychological investigation with hidden cameras and recorders, and available women for influential Western men? Another large house with all the trimmings in a fashionable part of Paris?"

Datt nodded. "Or a fashionable part of Buenos Aires, or Tokyo, or Washington, or London."

"I don't think you are a true Marxist at all," I said. "You merely relish the downfall of the West. A Marxist at least comforts himself with the idea of the proletariat joining hands across national frontiers; but you Chinese Communists relish aggressive nationalism just at a time when the world is becoming mature enough to reject it."

"I relish nothing. I just record," said Datt. "But it could be said that the things of western Europe that you are most anxious to preserve are better served by supporting the real, uncompromising power of Chinese communism than by allowing the West to splinter into internecine warrior states. France, for example, is traveling very nicely down that path; what will she preserve in the West if her atom bombs are launched? We will conquer, we will preserve. Only we can create a truly world order based upon seven hundred million true believers."

"That's really 1984," I said. "Your whole setup is Orwellian."

"Orwell," said Datt, "was a naïve simpleton. A middle-class weakling terrified by the realities of social revolution. He was a man of little talent and would have remained unknown had the reactionary press not seen in him a powerful weapon of propaganda. They made him a guru, a pundit, a seer. But their efforts will rebound upon them, for Orwell in the long run will be the greatest ally the Communist movement ever had. He warned the *bourgeoisie* to watch for militancy, organization, fanaticism and thought planning, while all the time the seeds of their destruction were being sown by their own inadequacy, apathy, aimless violence and trivial titillation. Their destruction is in good hands: their own. The rebuilding will be ours. My own writings will be the basis of our control of Europe and America. Our control will rest upon the satisfaction of their own basest appetites. Eventually a new sort of European man will evolve."

"History," I said. "That's always the alibi."

"Progress is only possible if we learn from history."

"Don't believe it. Progress is man's indifference to the lessons of history."

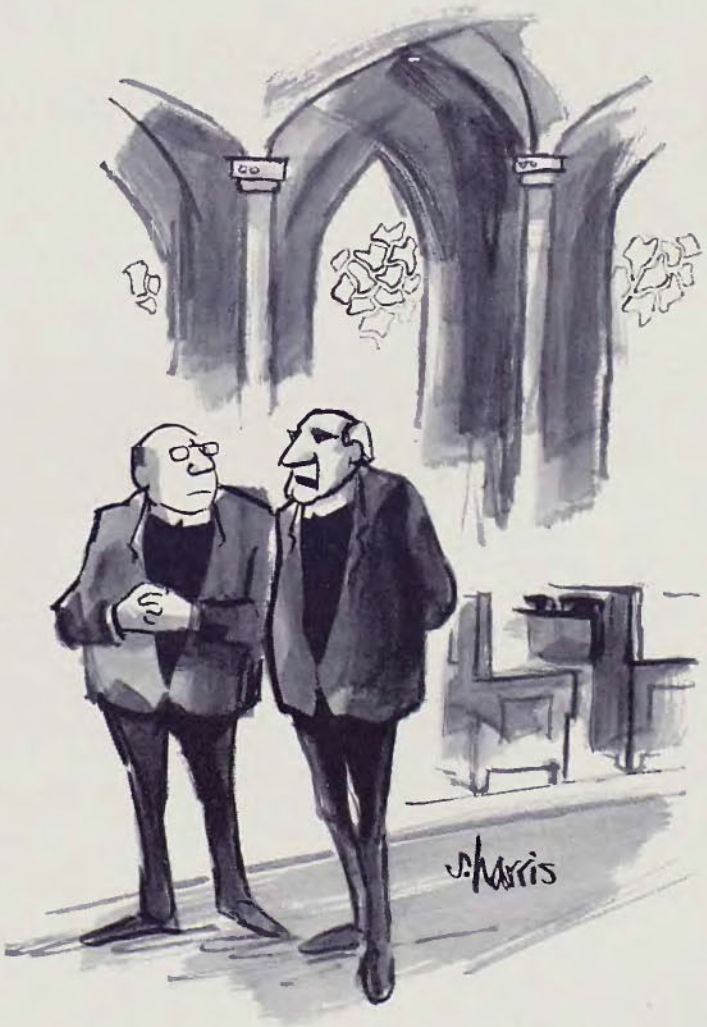
"You are cynical as well as ignorant," said Datt, as though making a discovery. "Get to know yourself, that's my advice. Get to know yourself."

"I know enough awful people already," I said.

"You feel sorry for the people who came to my clinic. That's because you really feel sorry for yourself. But these people do not deserve your sympathy. Rationalization is their destruction. Rationalization is the aspirin of mental health and, as with aspirin, an overdose can be fatal.

"They enslave themselves by dipping deeper and deeper into the tub of taboos. And yet each stage of their journey is described as greater freedom." He laughed grimly. "Permissiveness is slavery. But so has history always been. Your jaded, overfed section of the world is comparable to the ancient city-states of the Middle East. Outside the gates, the hard nomads waited their chance to plunder the rich, decadent city dwellers. And in their turn the nomads would conquer, settle into the newly conquered city and grow soft, and new hard eyes watched from the barren stony desert until their time was ripe. So the hard, strong, ambitious, idealistic peoples of China see the overripe condition of Europe and the U. S. A. They sniff the air and upon it floats the aroma of garbage cans overfilled, idle hands and warped minds seeking diversions bizarre and perverted; they smell violence, stemming not from hunger but from boredom; they smell the corruption of government and the acrid flash of fascism. They sniff, my friend: you!"

I said nothing, and waited while Datt



"What it comes down to is—if we don't put an end to all this 'death-of-God' talk, we'll soon be out looking for jobs."

sipped at his coffee and brandy. He looked up. "Take off your coat."

"I'm not staying."

"Not staying?" He chuckled. "Where are you going?"

"Back to Ostend," I said. "And you are going with me."

"More violence?" He raised his hands in mock surrender.

I shook my head. "You know you've got to go back," I said. "Or are you going to leave all your dossiers back there on the quayside, less than four miles away?"

"You'll give them to me?"

"I'm promising nothing," I told him, "but I know that you have to go back there. There is no alternative."

I poured myself more coffee and gestured to him with the pot. "Yes," he said absent-mindedly. "More."

"You are not the sort of man that leaves a part of himself behind. I know you, Monsieur Datt. You could bear to have your documents on the way to China and yourself in the hands of Loiseau, but the converse you cannot bear."

"You expect me to go back there and give myself up to Loiseau?"

"I know you will," I said. "Or live the rest of your life regretting it. You will recall all your work and records and you will relive this moment a million times. Of course you must return with me. Loiseau is a human being, and human activities are your specialty. You have friends in high places; it will be hard to convict you of any crime on the statute book . . ."

"That is very little protection in France."

"Ostend is in Belgium," I said. "Belgium doesn't recognize Peking; Loiseau operates there only on sufferance. Loiseau, too, will be amenable to any debating skill you can muster. Loiseau fears a political scandal that would involve taking a man forcibly from a foreign country . . ."

"You are glib. Too glib," said Datt. "The risk remains too great."

"Just as you wish," I said. I drank the rest of my coffee and turned away from him.

"I'd be a fool to go back for the documents. Loiseau can't touch me here." He walked across to the barometer and tapped it. "It's going up." I said nothing.

He said, "It was my idea to make my control center a pirate radio boat. We are not open to inspection nor even under the jurisdiction of any government in the world. We are, in effect, a nation unto ourselves on this boat, just as all the other pirate radio ships are."

"That's right," I said. "You're safe here." I stood up. "I should have said nothing," I said. "It is not my concern. My job is done." I buttoned my coat tight and blessed the man from Ostend for providing the thick extra sweater.

"You despise me?" said Datt. There was an angry note in his voice.

I stepped toward him and took his hand in mine. "I don't," I said anxiously. "Your judgment is as valid as mine. Better, for only you are in a position to evaluate your work and your freedom." I gripped his hand tight, in a stereotyped gesture of reassurance.

He said, "My work is of immense value. A breakthrough, you might almost say. Some of the studies seemed to have . . ." Now he was anxious to convince me of the importance of his work.

But I released his hand carefully. I nodded and smiled. "I must go. I have brought Kuang here; my job is done. Perhaps one of your sailors would take me back to Ostend."

Datt nodded. I turned away, tired of my game and wondering whether I really wanted to take this sick old man and deliver him to the mercies of the French Government. They say a man's resolution shows in the set of his shoulders. Perhaps Datt saw my indifference in mine. "Wait," he called. "I will take you."

"Good," I said. "It will give you time to think."

Datt looked around the cabin feverishly. He wet his lips and smoothed his hair with the flat of his hand. He flicked through a bundle of papers, stuffed two of them in his pocket and gathered up a few possessions.

They were strange things that Datt took with him: an engraved paperweight, a half bottle of brandy, a cheap notebook and, finally, an old fountain pen, which he inspected, wiped and carefully capped before pushing it into his waistcoat pocket. "I'll take you back," he said. "Do you think Loiseau will let me just look through my stuff?"

"I can't answer for Loiseau," I said. "But I know he fought for months to get permission to raid your house on the Avenue Foch. He submitted report after report proving beyond all normal need that you were a threat to the security of France. Do you know what answer he got? They told him that you were an X, an *ancien X*. You were a polytechnic man, one of the ruling class, the elite of France. You could tutoyer his Minister, call half the Cabinet *cher camarade*. You were a privileged person, inviolate and arrogant with him and his men. But he persisted, he showed them finally what you were, Monsieur Datt. And now perhaps he'll want them to pay their bill. I'd say Loiseau might see the advantage in letting a little of your poison into their blood stream. He might decide to give them something to remember the next time they are about to obstruct him and lecture him, and ask him for the fiftieth time if he isn't mistaken. Permit you to retain the dossiers and tapes?" I smiled. "He might well insist upon it."

Datt nodded, cranked the handle of an ancient wall phone and spoke some rapid Chinese dialect into it. I noticed his large white fingers, like the roots of some plant that had never been exposed to sunlight.

He said, "You are right, no doubt about it. I must be where my research is. I should never have parted company from it."

He pottered about absent-mindedly. He picked up his Monopoly board. "You must reassure me on one thing," he said. He put the board down again. "The girl. You'll see that the girl's all right?"

"She'll be all right."

"You'll attend to it? I've treated her badly."

"Yes," I said.

"I threatened her, you know. I threatened her about her file. About her pictures. I shouldn't have done that, really, but I cared for my work. It's not a crime, is it, caring about your work?"

"Depends upon the work."

"Mind you," said Datt, "I have given her money. I gave her the car, too."

"It's easy to give away things you don't need," I said. "And rich people who give away money need to be quite sure they're not trying to buy something."

"I've treated her badly," he noted to himself. "And there's the boy, my grandson."

I hurried down the iron steps. I wanted to get away from the boat before Kuang saw what was happening, and yet I doubt if Kuang would have stopped us; with Datt out of the way, the only report going back would be Kuang's.

"You've done me a favor," Datt pronounced as he started up the outboard motor.

"That's right," I said.

• • •

The Englishman had told her to lock the ambulance door. She tried to, but as her finger hovered over the catch, the nausea of fear broke over her. She imagined just for a moment the agony of being imprisoned. She shuddered and pushed the thought aside. She tried again, but it was no use; and while she was still trying to push the lock, the English boy with the injured knee leaned across her and locked the door. She wound the window down, urgently trying to still the claustrophobia. She leaned forward with her eyes closed and pressed her head against the cold windscreen. What had she done? It had seemed so right when Datt had put it to her: If she took the main bulk of the documents and tapes up to the rendezvous for him, then he would be waiting there with her own film and dossier. A fair exchange, he had said. She touched the locks of the case that had come from the boat. She supposed her documents were inside, but suddenly she didn't care. Fine rain beaded the windscreen with little lenses. The motorboat was

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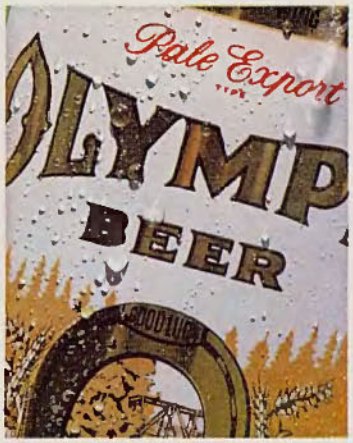

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"What did we do with our Sundays before we hated America?"

repeated a thousand times upside down.

"Are you all right?" the boy asked. "You don't look well."

She didn't answer.

"Look here," he said, "I wish you'd tell me what all this is about. I know I've given you a lot of trouble and all that; you see . . ."

"Stay here in the car," Maria said. "Don't touch anything and don't let anyone else touch anything. Promise?"

"Very well. I promise."

She unlocked the door with a sigh of relief and got out into the cold, salty air. The car was on the very brink of the waterside and she stepped carefully across the worn stones. Along the whole quayside, men were appearing out of doorways and warehouse entrances. Not ordinary men, but men in berets and anklets. They moved quietly and most of them were carrying automatic rifles. A group of them near to her stepped under the wharfside lights, and she saw the glitter of the paratroop badges. Maria was frightened of the men. She stopped near the rear doors of the ambulance and looked back; the boy stared at her across the metal boxes and film tins. He smiled and nodded to reassure her that he wouldn't touch anything. Why did she care whether he touched anything? One man broke away from the group of paratroops near her. He was in civilian clothes, a thigh-length black-leather coat and an old-fashioned trilby hat. He had taken only one step when she recognized Loiseau.

"Maria, is it you?"

"Yes, it's me."

He hurried toward her, but when he was a pace away, he stopped. She had expected him to embrace her. She wanted to hang onto him and feel his hand slapping her awkwardly on the back, which was his inadequate attempt to staunch miseries of various kinds.

"There are a lot of people here," she said. *"Biffe?"*

"Yes, the army," said Loiseau. "A paratroop battalion. The Belgians gave me full cooperation."

Maria resented that. It was his way of saying that she had never given him full cooperation. "Just to take me into custody," she said, "a whole battalion of Belgian paratroops? You must have exaggerated."

"There is a ship out there. There is no telling how many men are aboard. Datt might have decided to take the documents by force."

He was anxious to justify himself, like a little boy seeking an advance on his pocket money. She smiled and repeated, "You must have exaggerated."

"I did," said Loiseau. He did not smile, for distorting truth was nothing to be proud of. But in this case, he was anxious that there should be no mistakes. He would rather look a fool for overpreparation than be found inadequate. They stood there staring at each other for several minutes.

"The documents are in the ambulance?" Loiseau asked.

"Yes," she said. "The film of me is there, too."

"What about the tape of the Englishman? The questioning that you translated when he was drugged?"

"That's there, too: it's a green tin; number B fourteen." She touched his arm. "What will you do with the Englishman's tape?" She could not ask about her own.

"Destroy it," said Loiseau. "Nothing has come of it, and I've no reason to harm him."

"And that's part of your agreement with him," she accused.

Loiseau nodded.

"And my tape?"

"I will destroy that, too."

"Doesn't that go against your principles? Isn't destruction of evidence the cardinal sin for a policeman?"

"There is no rulebook that can be consulted in these matters, whatever the Church and the politicians and the lawyers tell us. Police forces, governments and armies are just groups of men. Each man must do as his conscience dictates. A man doesn't obey without question or he's not a man anymore."

Maria gripped his arm with both hands and pretended just for a moment that she would never have to let go.

"Lieutenant," Loiseau called along the wharf. One of the paratroops slammed to attention and doubled along the waterfront. "I'll have to take you into custody," Loiseau said quietly to Maria.

"My documents are on the front seat of the ambulance," she told him hurriedly before the lieutenant reached them.

"Lieutenant," Loiseau said, "I want you to take the boxes out of the ambulance and bring them along to the shed. By the way, you had better take an inventory of the tins and boxes; mark them with chalk. Keep an armed guard on the whole operation. There might be an attempt to recover them."

The lieutenant saluted Loiseau warmly and gave Maria a passing glance of curiosity.

"Come along, Maria," said Loiseau. He turned and walked toward the shed.

Maria patted her hair and followed him.

• • •

It was a wooden hut that had been put up for the duration of World War Two. A long, badly lit corridor ran the whole length of the hut, and the rest was divided into four small, uncomfortable offices. Maria repaired her make-up for the third time. She decided to do one eye at a time and get them really right.

"How much longer?" she asked. Her voice was distorted as she held her face taut to paint the line over her right eye.

"Another hour," said Loiseau. There was a knock at the door and the paratroop lieutenant came in. He looked briefly at Maria and then saluted Loiseau.

"We're having a little trouble, sir, getting the boxes out of the ambulance."

"Trouble?" said Loiseau.

"There's some madman with an injured leg. He's roaring and raging and punching the soldiers who are trying to unload the vehicle."

"Can't you deal with it?"

"Of course I can deal with it," said the paratroop officer. Loiseau detected a note of irritation in his voice. "It's just that I don't know who the little squirt is."

"I picked him up on the road," said Maria. "He was injured in a road crash. I told him to look after the documents when I got out of the car. I didn't mean . . . he's nothing to do with . . . he's just a casualty."

"Just a casualty," Loiseau repeated to the lieutenant. The lieutenant smiled. "Get him along to the hospital," said Loiseau.

"The hospital," repeated Maria. "Everything in its proper place."

"Very good, sir," said the lieutenant. He saluted with an extra display of energy, to show that he disregarded the sarcasm of the woman. He gave the woman a disapproving look as he turned about and left.

"You have another convert," said Maria. She chuckled as she surveyed her painted eye, twisting her face slightly so that the unpainted eye was not visible in the mirror. She tilted her head high to keep her chin line. She heard the soldiers piling the boxes in the corridor. "I'm hungry," she said after a while.

"I can send out," said Loiseau. "The soldiers have a lorry full of coffee and sausage and some awful fried things."

"Coffee and sausage."

"Go and get two sweet coffees and some sausage sandwiches," Loiseau said to the young sentry.

"The corporal has gone for his coffee," said the soldier.

"That's all right," said Loiseau. "I'll look after the boxes."

"He'll look after the boxes," Maria said flatly to the mirror.

The soldier looked at her, but Loiseau nodded and the soldier turned to get the coffee. "You can leave your gun with me," Loiseau said. "You'll not be able to carry the coffee with that slung round your neck, and I don't want guns left lying around in the corridor."

"I'll manage the coffee and the gun," said the soldier. He said it defiantly, then he slung the strap of the gun around his neck to prove it was possible.

"You're a good soldier," said Loiseau.

"It won't take a moment," said the soldier.

Loiseau swung around in the swivel chair, drummed his fingers on the rickety desk and then swiveled back the other way. He leaned close to the window. The condensation was heavy on it and he wiped a peephole clear so that he could see the waterfront. He had promised the Englishman that he would wait. He wished he hadn't: It spoiled his schedule, and also it gave this awkward time of hanging about here with Maria. He couldn't have her held in the local police station, obviously she had to wait here with him; it was unavoidable, and yet it was a bad situation. He had been in no position to argue with the Englishman. The Englishman had offered him all the documents as well as the Red Chinese conducting officer. What's more, he had said that if Loiseau would wait here, he would bring Datt off the ship and deliver him to the quayside. Loiseau snorted. There was no good reason for Datt to leave the pirate radio ship. He was safe out there beyond the three-mile limit, and he knew it. All the other pirate radio ships were out there and safe. Datt had only to tune in to the other ships to confirm it.

"Have you got a cold?" Maria asked him, still inspecting her painted eye.

"No."

"It sounds like it. Your nose is stuffed up. You know that's always the first sign with those colds you get. It's having the bedroom window open; I've told you about that hundreds of times."

"And I wish you'd stop telling me."

"Just as you like." She scrubbed around in the tin of eye black and spat into it. She had smudged the left eye and now she wiped it clean so that she looked curiously lopsided: one eye dramatically painted and the other white and naked. "I'm sorry," she said. "Really sorry."

"It will be all right," said Loiseau. "Somehow I will find a way."

"I love you," she said.

"Perhaps." His face was gray and his eyes deep-sunk, the way they always were when he had missed a lot of sleep.

They had occupied the same place in her mind, Loiseu and her father, but

now she suddenly saw Loiseau as he really was. He was no superman; he was middle-aged and fallible and unrelaxingly hard upon himself. Maria put the eyeblack tin down and walked across to the window near Loiseau.

"I love you," she said again.

"I know you do," said Loiseau. "And I am a lucky man."

"Please help me," said Maria, and Loiseau was amazed, for he could never have imagined her asking for help; and Maria was amazed, for she could not imagine herself asking for help.

Loiseau put his nose close to the window. It was hard to see through it because of the reflections and condensation. Again he rubbed a clear place to look through.

"I will help you," said Loiseau.

She cleared her own little portion of glass and peered along the waterfront. "He's a damn long time with that coffee," said Loiseau.

"There's the Englishman," said Maria, "and Datt."

"Well, I'm damned," said Loiseau. "He's brought him."

Datt's voice echoed down the corridor as the hut door swung open.

"This is it," he said excitedly. "All my documents. Color seals denote year, index letters, code names." He tapped the boxes proudly. "Where is Loiseau?" he asked the Englishman as he walked slowly down the rank of stacked tins and boxes, stroking them as he read the code letters.

"The second door," said the Englishman, easing his way past the boxes.

Maria knew exactly what she had to do. Jean-Paul said she'd never made one real decision in her life. It was not hysteria nor heightened emotion. Her father stood in the doorway, tins of documents in his arms, nursing them as though they were a newly born child. He smiled the smile she remembered from her childhood. His body was poised like that of a tightrope walker about to step off the platform. This time his powers of persuasion and manipulation were about to be tried to the utmost, but she had no doubt that he would succeed. Not even Loiseau was proof against the smooth, cool method of Datt, her puppetmaster. She knew Datt's mind and could predict the weapons he would use: He would use the fact that he was her father and the grandfather of Loiseau's child. He would use the hold he had over so many important people. He would use everything he had and he would win.

Datt smiled and extended a hand. "Chief Inspector Loiseau," he said. "I think I can be of immeasurable help to you—and to France."

She had her handbag open now. No one looked at her.

Loiseau motioned toward a chair. The Englishman moved aside and glanced quickly around the room. Her hand was around the butt by now, the safety catch slid down noiselessly. She let go of the handbag and it sat upon the gun like a tea cozy.

"The ship's position," said Datt, "is clearly marked upon this chart. It seemed my duty to pretend to help them."

"Just a moment," said Loiseau wearily.

The Englishman saw what was happening. He punched toward the handbag. And then Datt realized, just as the pistol went off. She pulled the trigger again as fast as she could. Loiseau grabbed her by the neck and the Englishman punched her arm. She dropped the bag. Datt was through the door and fumbling with the lock to prevent them chasing him. He couldn't operate the lock and ran down the corridor. There was the sound of the outer door opening. Maria wrenched herself free and ran after Datt, the gun still in her hand. Everyone was shouting. Behind her she heard Loiseau call, "Lieutenant, stop that man."

The soldier with the tray of coffee may have heard Loiseau's shout or he may have seen Maria or the Englishman brandishing a pistol. Whatever it was that prompted him, he threw the tray of coffee aside. He swung the rifle around his neck like a hula hoop. The stock slammed into his hands and a burst of fire echoed across the waterfront almost simultaneously with the sound of the coffee cups smashing. From all over the waterfront, shots were fired; Maria's bullets must have made very little difference.

• • •

You can recognize a head shot by a high-velocity weapon; a cloud of blood particles appeared like vapor in the air above him as Datt and his armful of tapes, film and papers was punched off the waterfront like a golf ball.

"There," called Loiseau. The high-power lamps operated by the soldiers probed the spreading tangle of recording tapes and films that covered the water like a Sargasso Sea. A great bubble of air rose to the surface and a cluster of pornographic photos slid apart and drifted away. Datt was in there among it, and for a moment it looked as though he were still alive as he turned in the water very slowly and laboriously, his stiff arm clawing out through the air like a swimmer doing the crawl. For a moment it seemed as if he stared at us. The tapes caught in his fingers and the soldiers flinched. "He's turning over, that's all," said Loiseau. "Men float face down, women face up. Get the hook under his collar. He's not a ghost man, just a corpse, a criminal corpse."

A soldier tried to reach him with a fixed bayonet, but the lieutenant stopped him. "They'll say we did it if the body is full of bayonet wounds. They'll say we tortured him."

Loiseau turned to me and passed me a small reel of tape in a tin. "This is yours," he said. "Your confession, I believe, although I haven't played it."

"Thanks," I said.

"That was the agreement," said Loiseau.

"Yes," I said, "that was the agreement."

Datt's body floated deeper now, even more entangled in the endless tape and film.

Maria had hidden the gun, or perhaps she'd thrown it away. Loiseau didn't look at her. He was concerned with the body of Datt—too concerned with it, in fact, to be convincing.

I said, "Is that your ambulance, Maria?" She nodded; Loiseau was listening, but he didn't turn round.

"That's a silly place to leave it. It's a terrible obstruction; you'll have to move." I turned to the Belgian para officer. "Let her move it," I said.

Loiseau nodded.

"How far?" said the officer. He had a mind like Loiseau's. Perhaps Loiseau read my thoughts. He grinned.

"It's all right," said Loiseau. "The woman can go."

The lieutenant was relieved to get a direct order. "Yes, sir," he said and saluted Loiseau gravely. He walked toward the ambulance.

Maria touched Loiseau's arm. "I'll go to my mother's. I'll go to the boy," she said. He nodded. Her face looked strange, for only one eye was made up. She smiled and followed the officer.

"Why did you do that?" Loiseau asked.

"I couldn't risk you doing it," I said. "You'd never forgive yourself."

It was light now. The sea had taken on a dawn-fresh sparkle and the birds began to think about food. Along the shore, herring gulls probed for tiny shellfish left by the tide. They carried them high above the dunes and dropped them upon the concrete blockhouses. Some fell to safety in the sand, some hit the ancient gun emplacements and cracked open, some fell onto the concrete but did not crack; these last were retrieved by the herring gulls and then dropped again and again. The tops of the blockhouses were covered with tiny fragments of shell, for eventually each shell cracked. Very high, one bird flew purposefully and alone on a course as straight as a light beam. Farther along the shore, in and out of the dunes, a hedgehog wandered, aimlessly sniffing and scratching at the colorless grass and watching the gulls at their game. The hedgehog would fly higher and stronger than any of the birds, if only he knew how.

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"I'll bet you it isn't <u>his</u> navel he's contemplating."

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