

PLAYBOY

JULY 50 cents

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN



THE GIRL IN THE PEEK-A-BOO PANTS



CHEKHOV



DENHAM



WEIN



MORAVIA

SPECTORSKY



PLAYBILL

MORE THAN A MILLION copies of PLAYBOY are now being printed every month. We mention this just in case you missed our modest announcement of the fact on last month's cover. It's a big, round, fat, healthy hunk of number, that million, and we're proud of it. Pardonably so, we think, because we've only been publishing PLAYBOY a bit over 21½ years and it is now the largest selling quality priced (50c or over) men's magazine in America.

PLAYBOY's popularity is personally gratifying and proves, we feel, that we were right in pinning our faith and our efforts on the sophisticated, metropolitan male who wanted a magazine of entertainment all his own. We've recently raised our editorial rates, making them the highest in the field, to assure you even better fiction, articles, cartoons, photographs and features every month. In addition, we're increasing our staff, to make PLAYBOY even *better* than just better: A. C. Spector, author of the best-seller, *The Exurbanites*, and Senior Editor with NBC-TV, has joined PLAYBOY as Assistant to the Publisher; Spector has previously served as Editor-in-Chief of *Park East* magazine, Managing Editor of *Living for Young Homemakers*, Director of Editorial and Advertising Promotion of *Charm*, Associate Eastern Story Editor of Twentieth Century-Fox and Literary Editor of the *Chicago Sun*. And Norman S. Weiser, former publisher of *Down Beat*, will add impetus and authority to our coverage of all aspects of the jazz world.

With such goings on, you may be assured that the issues ahead will be most entertaining. Meanwhile, the copy you hold in your hands will give you more than a little PLAYBOY pleasure.

Ending forever the bit about Beauty vs. Brains, a dish named Alice Denham proves that the two qualities are by no means incompatible: her distinctive work of fiction, *The Deal*, leads off the issue, and the writer herself occupies the famous triple-page fold-out spot as a pillow-fighting Miss July.

Top novelist Alberto (*A Woman of*

Rome) Moravia is on hand with a new tale, *The Truckdriver*; sly satirist Robert (*Zip-Gun Boys*) Turner is back with *The Catcher in the Wry*, a devastating take-off on J. D. Salinger; famed fantasist Anthony Boucher (he's also editor of the elephantine publication, *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science-Fiction*) tells a story, *Nellthu* by name, that is both short and sweet.

Lithe, raven-haired Marla English, the seductive gun-moll of *White Nightmare* (a shoot-'em-up which should be hitting the silver screen right about now), has posed in the almost-altogether for the very last time, and our cameraman was there to record the historic event in full color for this issue. Another lissome brunette is that French *pièce de non-résistance*, cartoon coquette Clementine, who goes on vacation this month, and *her* exploits also receive the full color treatment.

If you're a jazz addict, you're probably familiar with The Newport Jazz Festival, but you may have wondered how this annual musicale became *the most* for cool cats and moldy figs alike, and George Wein (the fellow who started it all) is here to tell you all about it.

Whether you spell it Chekhov, Chehov, Tchekhov or Tchehov (our Research Department insists they're all correct), you wind up with a name that sounds like a half-stifled sneeze and a writer who was one of the real giants of literature. Famed for his moody stories and moodier plays, the giant in question was also the author of some little known comic tales, many of which he wrote in his carefree youth under yet a fifth name, Antosha Chekhonte. One of these bits of pseudonymed jollity, *The Woman in the Case*, appeared in a Russian magazine called *Oskolki* back in 1886, but has never been translated into English until quite recently. PLAYBOY is pleased to be the first magazine to publish, as its Ribald Classic for July, the only existing English translation of *The Woman in the Case* by Anton Pavlovich Chekhov-Chehov - Tchekhov - Tchehov - Chekhonte (gesundheit).

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 11 E. SUPERIOR ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

APRIL COVER

Frankly, at times I think you carry your humor a little too far. On your contents page for the April issue, under the credits section, you say that the cover was photographed by Arthur-James, modeled by Dolores Taylor. Now, I'll admit that I had read and put into practice Thomas Mario's fine article on various wines shortly before assimilating the true import of your cover, but I still insist this girl looks mighty like a rabbit.

Stephen Paris

New York, New York

The April cover design was changed just before press time and too late to alter the credits on the contents page. The PLAYBOY rabbit, who manages to put in some sort of an appearance on every cover, received close-up attention in April; Dolores Taylor appeared on the cover of the May issue.

JAZZY JAZZ JACKETS

I loved your pictorially beautiful feature, *Jazz Record Jackets Go Jazzy*. However, you missed the most beautiful album of them all, inside as well as out: *A Musical Offering by Don Elliott* on ABC Paramount. Please continue your excellent jazz coverage. Jazz is my first love, the beautiful Playmates my second.

Gordon Katz

Boston, Massachusetts

Your articles on music, the entertainment business and its artists are excellent and greatly appreciated. However, your pictorial piece, *Jazz Record Jackets Go Jazzy*, in the May issue, seems incomplete to me. You've overlooked two recording companies that are doing an outstanding job on their jacket designs, Mercury (*Emotions*, MG20130) and Liberty (*Julie is her Name*, LRP 3006).

Jim Bunch

Radio KEED

Springfield, Oregon

RIO DE JANEIRO

In the article on Rio de Janeiro in your April issue, your author left out a couple of places that really hit the spot when I was there. One of them is the Bolero, right on Copacabana Beach. Good food, good booze and wonderful companionship. There's a balcony on the seaward side of the place that gives an excellent view of the beach and everything there is moderately priced.

If you should happen to be the type who likes something different, the Metro is the place to go. It's on a side street off the beach, on the basement level. A very good choice if you like it dark and

noisy. Prices are a little lower than at the Bolero, but the choice of drinkables and other things is pretty good. Besides that, you don't have to worry about getting rolled or anything else that would be disastrous. I can't vouch for the food because I didn't try it.

Lt. jg. D. S. Kruger, USN

U. S. S. Cambria

%FPO, New York, N. Y.

SILVERSTEIN

It has been almost a year now since I returned from a particularly dismal sixteen months in the Far East with the armed forces. While I was there one thing stood between me and insanity: that was the wonderful cartoons that appeared in the *Pacific Stars and Stripes* drawn by a fellow soldier named Silverstein. I prize his drawings above those by Arno and Addams in my collection. Many thanks for enabling me to renew my acquaintanceship with an old friend and keep the Silversteins coming.

Ray M. Johnson, Jr.

Chicago, Illinois

I spent a year-and-a-half with the army in the Far East while your new cartoonist, Silverstein, was working for *Stars and Stripes* in the same theatre. The guy showed a great sense of humor in a place where that was hard to find: Korea with the army. He was immensely appreciated by all who read him and understood just a little of the workings of the old army game. His cartoons were conversation pieces that lasted for days. He was undoubtedly the best thing *S and S* had. With all the talent Silverstein has to offer, I wondered how he'd make it as a civilian. He picked the best reading magazine going and *PLAYBOY* picked up what I consider to be one of the finest cartoonists in business. Congratulations to both of you.

Sam Salmon

University of California
San Francisco, Calif.

All of this shouting was prompted by one small cartoon in the back of the May issue. Readers who haven't just returned from a tour of duty in the Far East will have an opportunity to become better acquainted with Silverstein in the next issue, which includes a special four-page insert featuring the best of this new cartoonist's work. Silverstein will be appearing regularly in PLAYBOY.

SOUTHERN CAL COEDS

As male students at nearby Santa Barbara College, we feel that the letter sent to you by Miss Barbara Frank regarding the caliber of Southern Cali-

fornia coeds is a gross exaggeration. Having visited the Southern California campus many times, we have come to the conclusion that the only thing their coeds have that will suitably fill a sweater is a large bankroll. We cast a huge vote for chorus girls and models as Playmates.

Sheldon Manaster, Roy Askins,

George Plasch, Dale Pennington

and Richard Barnes

Santa Barbara College

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DD IN 3D

Man, oh man! All the men's mags are featuring Dors, but leave it to *PLAYBOY* to give us the pics in 3D. However, somebody goofed. If you follow the printed instructions, you get the background in the foreground, and Diana dips where she should swell.

I had some fun with Letter Golf in your March issue and wonder if you knew that Lewis Carroll invented the game. He called it "Doublets," and only went through one change, though he often used longer words. Some early Doublets: "Drive pig into sty," "Make wheat into bread," "Prove grass to be green." Yes, Carroll gave us more than *Alice in Wonderland*. Try his "Symbolic Logic" sometime.

E. Nelson Bridwell

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

It is my considered opinion that you have sold all playboys out to the glass industry. Since your April issue hit the stands, my room-o and I have breathed the back off every mirror in the house in a vain attempt to see Diana Dors in 3D. As one side melts, the other side fogs and we have yet to see anything more than the normal two dimensions.

If, in any following issues, you should decide to include more mirror trick pictures, please send a heat-resistant mirror with each copy.

Joe McBryde

University of Oklahoma

Norman, Oklahoma

You went to an awful lot of trouble to give your readers some 3D photos that frankly don't work worth a darn. All you have to do is reverse a set of stereo pictures; that is, put the left one on the right and the right one on the left and tell your readers to look at them cross-eyed. A perfect 3D image will appear between the two pictures. Or, if you want to make it hard, print them as taken and tell your readers to cut them out, reverse them and look at them cross-eyed. Of course, you are likely to

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produce a lot of cross-eyed readers and might have to print your entire magazine so they could read it, but I think most people can take their cross-eyed looking or leave it alone.

David Grey
Palo Alto, Calif.

I am happy to report that the method described for "three-dimensionalizing" Diana Dors worked extremely well. It worked so well, in fact, that it was possible for me to reach into one of the pictures and remove the stuffed leopard that was obstructing the view.

Bill Arthur
Norwalk, Connecticut

I feel so sorry for all the playboys with crossed eyes from trying to see *DD in 3D*. I suggest that your "excellent authority" be boiled in lens cleaner. If your eyes are still in operating condition, I advise you to look at the picture with your right eye and into the mirror with your left eye. That is, reverse the instructions for the placement of the mirror. Or then again, you could just exchange eyeballs. Oh, well, what's the difference.

Don Mikell
Birmingham-Southern College
Birmingham, Alabama

Need a scientific editor? The 3D pictures of Diana Dors in the April issue have probably sent your readers to their optometrists. Your directions were wrong or your pictures were interchanged. To see them in 3D, the mirror should be placed so that your left eye looks in the mirror. For a while, I thought I was going blind.

George Constantine
Bergen, New York

It is possible to see the photographs in 3D with either the right or left eye, with the mirror placed facing in the proper direction; this method of three dimensional viewing obviously doesn't work for everyone.

A WASTE IN WAISTS

The article, *The Shirts on your Back*, in the April *PLAYBOY* is wordily enthusiastic, but passes over one subject. Size. But no matter. I know, without being told, that every goddam one of them has a 44-inch waist. And how, you ask, do I know this with such certainty? Simple. Every shirt manufactured since 1775 has had the same waist measurements.

The notion started, or at least jelled, at that time because only the more worthy burghers could afford store-boughten shirts and, to be perfectly frank, by the time a burgher got to be worthy, he was carrying a fair sized pot. Through the years, the American male just hasn't had the (I almost said "guts," but that's the wrong word) intestinal fortitude to stand up on his hind legs and demand that the waist measurement

of his shirt be in some remote way related to his belly size. So, 44 inches she's writ, and 44 inches she stands.

To the cynic, there is only one reason why so few shirt manufacturers use male models in photographic advertisements. Ergo, and to wit, no self-respecting male will hold still long enough to be pulled, draped, folded, tucked and pinned into shape so that the gadwaulful tent that envelopes his torso looks at least halfway presentable. Better for the adman that he hire a starving artist (with a 28-inch waist) to delineate a conjugal household scene in which wifey is hanging one on hubby, whose skin-tight upper garment wrinkles not in the ardent caress, or that he drape ye garment on a wire frame (à la *PLAYBOY*) overlooking the fact that the waist measurement is obviously more than the shoulder size.

I don't really give a damn. My shirts are tailormade out of a reasonably good grade of linen—white, that is. No silk, no dacron, no boots-and-saddles, but they fit bigod, and I envy no man with a 44-inch gut or wrinkles at the waist.

Wally LaSalle
Richmond, Virginia

WINE

As one of the few quality wine producers of the United States producing district wines, I want to compliment you on the interesting article, *Wine is Like a Woman* by Thomas Mario. The article and the full color photograph illustrating it were interesting and attractive.

At the same time, however, I feel that a bit of constructive criticism, or at least a comment, is in order. The article deals almost entirely with imported wines when it gets into the recommendations. The import wine business enjoys less than 5% of the total volume sold here in the United States and I think that any article on wines should include a very generous reference to the quality wines of this country.

Henry O. Sonneman,
Managing Director
Meier's Wine Cellars
Silverton, Ohio

Mario had some nice things to say about domestic champagnes in his article, The Bachelor Dinner, in June.

SPORTS CAR RACING

Being a sports car fan, I think Jack Olsen's article, *The Sport of Sports Car Racing*, in the April issue was nothing less than terrific. I do, however, disagree with Mr. Olsen's insinuations that the U. S. is even attempting to build a sports car comparable to the foreign jobs as far as speed and handling are concerned. Let's face it, the American production line sports car is built for the person who wants something more practical than a foreign sports car and yet more racy than the American passenger car. Personally, I'm all sold on the foreign sports car, but I do think that U. S. automobile manufacturers could, and would,

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All in all, I thought the article was swell and well deserved a place in your great magazine.

John Borden
Cal Poly College
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

As a sports car enthusiast from way back, may I say that Jack Olsen's story, *The Sport of Sports Car Racing*, was one of the best written and finely illustrated of its type it has been my pleasure to read. The analogy made between a sports car and a mistress contains more truth than some people may realize.

The story of the Elkhart Lake races was a masterpiece of descriptive writing! How about similar coverage of other national races occasionally?

Fred Forsyth
Illinois Inst. of Technology
Chicago, Illinois

April issue — page 17 — motorcycle policemen on the New Jersey Turnpike!!! That midwest S.C.C. official must be from the Windy City. The N. J. Turnpike police used Fords and quit when they couldn't catch the fast ones. Then they got an assortment of Detroit V-8s. There was a simple weeding out period and they have decided that those "thundering Chryslers" are hard to beat. That man must have been a Tall Story Club member!! And they are not cops, or police, but *troopers*.

H. J. Holmes
Gillette, N. J.

I, and thousands of other sports car fans, greatly enjoyed your splendid coverage of the sport. Your Elkhart Lake report was great.

Wouldn't a real snappy story on sports car fashions be a good idea? The clothes people wear to the meets are becoming more colorful all the time.

Stanley R. March
Carnegie Inst. of Technology
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

PHOTO SATIRE

If I am able to restrain my hysterics long enough to operate this typewriter, I will break a life-long tradition of refusing to make written comments to magazines and extend my congratulations on Marshall King's masterpiece, *Photography Can Be Fun*, in the March issue. Any "four-month" professional that doesn't flip from just observing the pictures of this wonderful satire either has a warped sense of humor or has already read the article 68 times and is too sore to stand the strain on the ribs.

J. Eddie Keller
Atlanta, Georgia

Being an amateur photographer, I was very much impressed by your highly informative article in the March issue of PLAYBOY on photography. I have in my possession a picture of a man being eaten alive by a lion. The picture shows him just before the lion bit his head off and, needless to say, the expres-

sion on his countenance is quite hideous. I took the picture with a K8 Rolleillex using an f2.8 Xenor Tessor lens (hollow ground) with a 3X telescopic attachment. I also used a green/yellow filter, speed was set at 1/400, distance at 12 feet and shutter opening at 3.5. I would have sent a copy of the picture, but, unfortunately, it didn't come out.

Bob Smith
New York, N. Y.

MISS APRIL IN BLUE JEANS

Throughout our tour at Thule, which is 12 months long, we of the 74th Fighter Interceptor Squadron have enjoyed PLAYBOY immensely, and particularly your Playmates.

Your March Playmate and all past Playmates were tops, great. What happened to April? Miss April would be a complete flop if it wasn't for the sexy claw hammer in her hip pocket. Somebody must be hurting for ideas in the planning department. The fellows up here really look forward to an "alive," amorously-attired Playmate. What are we going to get next month? Winston Churchill in Bermuda shorts?

Somebody dropped the ball back there in April.

S/Sgt. R. Adams
74th Fighter Interceptor Squadron
Thule, Greenland

I am pleased to see that Miss April wears nothing but Levi's.

Dick Day
Levi Representative
Houston, Texas

In the April, 1956 issue, Pfc Ed Lerner writes that he is "dismayed" to find that established models such as Bettie Page, Eve Meyer and others have been former Playmates. He urges that "fresh" beauties of the Janet Pilgrim-Barbara Cameron type be used exclusively.

While I certainly share in the general admiration for Miss Pilgrim and your other new models, I can't go along at all with Lerner's dismay. The test of a Playmate should not necessarily be "freshness" — but rather the ability to rivet the reader's attention — not once, but many times — and (as Pfc Lerner so aptly put it) "to play havoc with any male's hormones." The very success of models such as Miss Page subscribe to their effectiveness. Surely the roll call of Playmates would be inadequate if such superlative representatives of female beauty were omitted purely on the basis that their pictures had adorned other publications.

Mort Goodfriend
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Your Playmates continue in a playful mood and I agree with some of your letter writers. Case the amateur types we see around us every day.

I suggest you invite readers to submit some of their photographic ideas and then we might, indeed, see some fun.

Lt. Colonel Well
Fort Sam Houston, Texas



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



books

"Listen, Jack, I've got a book for you — the kind of a book you've always dreamed about. It doesn't verge on the obscene — it is obscenity incarnate." Jack Kahane, a wily Britisher, grabbed the fealthy theeng, published it under the imprimatur of his Obelisk Press in Paris, sat back and watched the eyeballs pop.

Thus were the birth pangs of Henry Miller's thumpingly sensual, nakedly libidinous *Tropic of Cancer*, the first full-length effort of one of this century's most controversial authors. Shortly after publication, several copies of the book drifted to America and Britain, where it was promptly and unequivocally banned (and still is). Starchy souls blanched at the mention of his name (and still do). French critics roared his genius, New York and London critics alternately tsksked and smiled.

We picked up a copy of *Cancer* several years ago in Paris, zipped through it with mild interest, and wondered what sort of gentleman Miller must be. *Cancer*, as well as the succeeding *Tropic of Capricorn*, is admittedly sluiced with a lot of autobiographical detail, but not enough to sketch the author vividly. Now, we have *My Friend, Henry Miller* (John Day, \$4), a wildly eulogistic portrait of the artist penned by a long-time Miller drinking crony, Alfred Perlès, and a beguilingly colorful bio it is.

Bulging with every derelict, boozier, hop-head, talker, genius, whore and bitch who ever sopped up brandy at The Dôme, the Parisian world of the Thirties, as Perlès-Miller lived it, contained a whole cageful of those magnificent "thinkers" who tinkered away their existence with a fetching sort of purposeful purposelessness. Clearly, Miller was several cuts above the run-of-the-gin-

mill Left Bank bum, had a knack for cocking a sharp, critical eye at life. Writing tons of lyrical, crackling prose came as easily to him as sipping Pomard or fondling a leggy blonde. You can't purchase the more "controversial" Miller books (unless you know a guy who knows a guy), but you can enjoy Perlès' fast, disjointed account of the life he led — a whiz-bang revolution against "a world grown paralyzed with introspection and constipated by delicate mental meals."

Chick Swallow's debut into the rites of love resulted in several anxious days of suspected pregnancy. When he discovered it was a false alarm, he was so relieved he married the girl. Later on in life, the handsome wife of a traveling man invited him in to glim an album of hobbyist hubby's arty photos — including nude shots of herself. This led to a nodding acquaintance with adultery, which in turn led to his being photographed by aforesaid husband in bed with aforesaid wife. On the side, a pair of juvenile delinquents got hold of some innocent letters from Chick to the same lady, pepped them up by judicious editing, suggested a little friendly blackmail. Then Chick's wife threatened to sue the lady to the tune of \$65 for alienation of affections, and Chick himself was soon in court accused of "willfully and irresponsibly practicing hypnosis" upon a certain "small sumptuosity" named Sherry Budd. Little wonder, then, that the title of Peter De Vries' new novel has been cribbed from the Song of Solomon: "Stay me with flagons, Comfort Me With Apples (Little, Brown, \$3.50), for I am sick of love." The pounds of plot are peppered with the puns and aphorisms which — ever since his first novel, *The Tunnel of Love* — readers have come to expect from verbal virtuoso De Vries.

Some months ago, before we took to reviewing books, a volume of non-fiction called *The Exurbanites* (Lippincott, \$3.95) was published. We wouldn't men-

tion it at this late date, but for the fact that its author, A. C. Spector, has joined up on the staff, and how can we ignore, even retroactively, the work of a colleague? This book, then, is a guided tour — with jokes — through the mazes of the rat race of the communications biz, especially as the race is run by commuters from the smarter outlands surrounding New York City. Maybe we should have said misguided tour; every peril and perplexity of Ulcer Gulch is brutally exposed. One sleepless night spent reading it now may save you many sleepless nights in later life, when you're trapped and it's too late. If we may tamper with T. S. Eliot, we'd say the theme of the book is: This is the way the world ends, not with a bang, but a mortgage.

And while we're tooting our own sousaphone, we may as well point out the laurels reaped by another colleague, Ray Russell, for his science-fiction story, *The Pleasure Was Ours*; and by Robert Sheckley for his *Spy Story* (PLAYBOY, Sept., 1955). Both yarns are considered "too good to be ignored" by Judith Merrill, editor of *S-F: The Year's Greatest Science-Fiction and Fantasy* (Dell First Edition, 35c), in which volume they receive Honorable Mention.

Anyone for Oh Hell? Or Beggar Your Neighbor, Wild Widow, or maybe Schnipp - Schnapp - Schnurr - Burr - Basilorum? Games all, you'll find them in *The New Complete Hoyle* (Garden City, \$3.95), edited by three light-fingered experts not including Mr. Hoyle (who kicked off in 1796, a good 50 years before the coming of poker). It's a fat (700 page), fun-filled volume containing reams of information on more than 500 games of chance, and bursting with rules, tactics and even an odds-against chart for drawing to that inside straight.

The Golden Ham (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95) makes mincemeat out of television's prince of pratfalls, Jackie Gleason.

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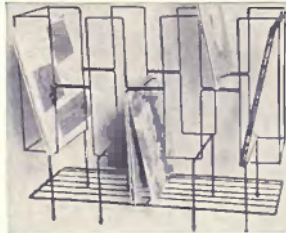
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son. This is a "candid biography" of the great Brooklyn-born hambock, and author Jim Bishop gleefully peels back layer after layer of the corpulent Mr. Gleason: glutton, lush, gasbag, egomaniac, emotional boob, and sometime clever comic. "Am I supposed to indignantly shout 'libel-fable' in offense, or meekly murmur 'circumstance-adversity' in defense?" asks Jackie on the dust jacket. The question is purely rhetorical. It's a dan-dan-dandy book.

If you can imagine writing the biography of a complex character on the basis of telephonic acquaintance, you can imagine the problem that faced French jazzman André Hodeir when he undertook to write a critical history of American jazz on the basis of listening to records. From Hodeir's point of view, that aspect of it was a breeze; in his preface to *Jazz, Its Evolution and Essence* (Grove, \$3.50) he says, "The judgments . . . in this book are based on recordings, which have reached a stage of technical perfection that makes such an approach valid." Could be.

The book itself is a vigorous, lucid, rather long-in-the-locks take-out on all phases of jazz, from New Orleans to immediately after the death of Charlie (Yardbird) Parker, one of Hodeir's heroes, in March of 1955. Hodeir is acute, opinionated, courageous in attacking such nebulous aspects of the art as "collective creation" and "the cool sonority," and humility is not his handmaiden. One reason is that he has solid musical authority despite his geographical distance from the American jazz scene: he has been editor of the magazine *Jazz Hot*, before that won first prizes at the Paris Conservatory in harmony, fugue, and musical history, and has appeared as a performer with some of the top French combos, jazz and classical. A comprehensive job, studded with musicological hipnitude.

We will be very disappointed if an enterprising film producer doesn't marshal Jack Hawkins, Stanley Holloway and Alistair Sim to play, respectively, the roles of Prince, Bunt and Captain Overton in a screen version of Aubrey Menen's *The Abode of Love* (Scribner's, \$3.50). It's a factual story, told with all the flavor and fun of fabrication. Byron's tired old bromide about truth being stranger than fiction seems tailor-made for this witty account of "The Conception, Financing and Daily Routine of an English Harem in the Middle of the 19th Century, Described in the Form of a Novel" (to quote the topheavy subtitle).

A Short Trot with a Cultured Mind (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95) isn't as cultured as all that, so don't be scared away by the title. It's a brace of funny pieces by Britain's Patrick Campbell, and if the humor of that sceptred isle is your dish of tea (we must confess we're partial to the stuff every now and then), you'll enjoy many a grin and a few guffaws with the collection . . . Less rewarding, though by no means a total loss, is the autobiog-

raphy P. G. Wodehouse chooses to call *America, I Like You* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50). The wonderful Wodehouse wackiness flares up only intermittently in this series of digressions, but it's pleasant perusing if you follow P. G.'s advice and read the book only when "flushed with heady wines and smoking a good cigar." We did just that, and came away smiling.



records

Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Cole Porter Song Book (Verve 4001-2) is probably her most ambitious waxing effort to date and, happily, it turns out to be a real gas. Ella has welded together a package of 32 Porter pretties into a two-disc album; the different moods are wonderfully expressed, backed by everything from a single 88 to a 35 piece orchestra complete with singing strings and syrupy horns. The fact that jazz impresario Norman Granz chose Ella for this rather major undertaking (instead of Ethel — e-e-e-y-a-a-agh — Merman, for whom most of the tunes were written) is one more evidence of his good judgement. Here's proof, too, that when it comes to the singing dodge, there's no canary who can fly with Miss Music, be it jazz or pop.

Dizzy Gillespie, that electrical, eclectic research engineer over there in the Trumpet Department, uncorks a bellful of stratospheric peeps on *Diz and Getz* (Norgran MG N-1050). As you guessed, his fellow scientist is tenorman Stan Getz, who isn't content to just sit back and listen. Together they propel more cool breeze than an air conditioner. Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, Herb Ellis and Max Roach get in their licks, too.

The president of the tenor saxophone, Lester Young, huffs and puffs a beautiful windstorm of wheaty, high-strung notes on *The President Plays* (Norgran MG N-1054), and promptly wins our vote for another term in office. In the background is the Oscar Peterson trio: blithe, self-supporting spirits if ever we heard any. The collaboration is particularly fruitful on *Ad Lib Blues* and the Gershwin-Vernon Duke oldie *I Can't Get Started* . . . *The Oscar Peterson Quartet* (Clef MG C-688) adds to the basic group a set of tubs belonging to Alvin Stoller, who mingles thought processes easily with Ray Brown, bass; Barney Kessel, guitar; and, natch, Mr. Peterson, the ivory hunter without peer.

Music of the Baroque era has been described by a joker named Bukofzer as "multisectional structure with regard to form, extensive variation with regard to melodic procedure, and polarity between bass and upper voices with regard to texture." Despite which, we're suckers for Baroque music, especially when played on the harpsichord. Sheer pedantry compels us to point out that the big

difference between this elegant instrument and its descendant, the piano, is that in the former (pay attention, now) the strings are plucked by quills rather than clobbered by hammers. This makes for an incisive, needle-sharp quality that isolates each tone from its brother and etches it neatly into your eardrums. Sylvia Marlowe invites you to enjoy her etchings on *Music of Frescobaldi and Domenico Scarlatti* (Capitol P8336), two of the biggest barons of the Baroque. This stuff is as dry and potent as an in-out Martini, so take it in small samples if unaccustomed.

We've heard a whole swad of vocal platters this month, most of them top caliber. *Anita O'Day Sings Jazz* (Norgran MG N-1049) and *Anita* (Verve MG V-2000) are two fine sounding boards for Miss O'Day's slam-bang pipes. Listen closely to *No Soap, No Hope Blues* on the Norgran LP ("Got a soap dish, but no soap; got a hope chest, but no hope") and Anita's jazzed up version of *You're the Top* on the Verve ("You're the bop, you're like Yardbird swingin'")... Easily the best of the recent round of Holiday excursions is *Recital by Billie Holiday* (Clef MG C-686), marred only by an unfortunate organ background here and there, but certainly first-rate Lady Day... Charter member of the pain and fancy school, Jeri Southern tells of love's labor lost on *You Better Go Now* (Decca DL 8214): the delivery is breathless and slightly flat, but we enjoy her.

Eddie Constantine (Kapp KL-1018), a bomb in his native America, is currently setting the French back on their Gallic heels. The tunes are all in his adopted lingo, and there's one about a gaucho whom the devil grabs by his feet, his hands, his nose and his Yopie... Yopie... Yopie... *Bobby Short* (Atlantic 1230), a youngish supper club sage, takes great, upbeat pleasure in poking fun at unoriginal sin. One clever little madrigal is *Down with Love*, about which Mr. Short has this to say: "Give it back to the birds and bees... and don't forget the Viennese." Other goodies include *At the Moving Picture Ball and Hottentot Potentate*... You can almost hear the silverware clinking in the background on *Matt Dennis* (Kapp KL-1024), recorded in the deep blue confines of the Tally-Ho Club in Hollywood. Mr. Dennis' forte is, of course, writing some engaging tunes (*Violets for Your Furs, Angel Eyes*, etc.), many of which he sings here in a tremulous tenor. Between renditions, Mr. Dennis keeps mumbling something about "T 31—take 1" and it's very annoying.

Duke Ellington, we're sure, must have popped into this world fully clothed in white tie and tails; he remains, we feel, one of the classiest band leaders in the business. A lot of his big band jazz sounds as if it were ushering in the floor show at the Copacabana; at other times his sidemen speak a soft, eerie kind of poetry (clarinet and voice lowing against a mournful bass); still other times they sock out some real down-home swing.

Whichever slice of Ellington tones up your system, you're bound to find it somewhere on three of his latest platters: *Here's the Duke* (Columbia CL 2562), *Ellington Showcase* (Capitol T679) and *Ellingtonia '56* (Norgran MG N-1055), the last of which struggles along without the Duke's golden presence, but manages to include a few of his estimable alumni, Lawrence Brown, Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney. Billy Strayhorn, another laureled graduate of Ellington University, subs for Duke on piano, and you can't tell one from the other.

The Sound of Glenn Miller (Victor LPM 1189), which was, of course, a reedy raft of saxophones kissed periodically by an "ooh-wah" brass choir, is set free in a misty-eyed packet of reissued memories including *My Buddy* and *Sleepy Lagoon*... *More Harry James in Hi-Fi* (Capitol W712) unfurls an old-school tie done up in several shades of blue (*Autumn Serenade, September Song*) as well as some peppier hues (*Strictly Instrumental, The Mole*).

Bobby Hackett, who used to blow a tender cornet with small dixieland combos and the big Glenn Miller band, has recently been heard on naught but mawkish, fiddle-faddle discs. Bobby has yet to kick this particular monkey off his back, but at least he's grinding out other LPs as well, and for this we're grateful. *Coast Concert* (Capitol T692) is a case in point: a clutch of well-tempered sidemen (Teagarden, Matlock, Fatool, Nappy Lamare, etc.) respond nimbly to Bobby's Bix-like browsings and rarely peddle a raucous note or an addeleated chorus. The muskrats ramble through *Big Butter and Egg Man, Struttin' With Some Barbecue*, and many, many more.

The score for *My Fair Lady* (Columbia OL 5090) is as witty, rich and rowdy a hunk of musical comedy as anyone could hope for. Pick it up just as fast as your little feet can carry you to ye olde record shoppe.



dining
drinking

Because dancing has no place there, patrons pay no 20% cabaret tax at The Embers in New York (161 E. 54th). But who needs pedal exercise in the presence of Teddy Wilson, the latest luminary in a glittering gallery of jazz-masters who have played the Embers? The unobtrusive decor, in Recreation Room Knotty Pine, lulls the sense of sight so the sense of hearing gets full play. Trudy Baer fools around with show tunes at the piano from 6 P.M., giving way to the virtuoso about 8:45. Meanwhile, you've eaten heartily of Chef Manuel Diego's small but choice menu: roast beef, steaks and barbecued ribs. For your dossier of offbeat drinks, bartender Dick Donohue submits the Derby cocktail, viz.: 1 oz. 86

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YO, HEAVE HO,
WITH HIS MORTINI ON HIS KNEES



... To lay aloft in a howling gale
May tickle a landsman's taste;
But the happiest hour a sailor sees
Is when he's down
In an inland town
With a Mortini on his knees.
THE MIKADO

We're sure that Messrs. Gilbert & Sullivan would have insisted on this slight lyrical variation were the fabulous Mortini extant circa 1880.

Alas, the world had to wait for Morton C. Morton, Morton's Restaurant, and the Mortini, and the operatic stage was denied one of its most dramatic moments.

The Mortini, of course, is the cocktail—two fifths of gin with one ounce of vermouth. Add one peeled Bermuda onion. Conceived, and served only at...

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proof bourbon, ¼ oz. Benedictine, the juice of ½ lemon and ¼ spoonful sugar; shake well with ice, strain into cocktail glass. The fans file in and flip every night till 4 A.M.

Jack Fields, who has tooted trumpet with a lot of name bands, provides a proper sort of setting in Philadelphia for the cool, impeccable school of modern musical machinations. His Blue Note (1502 Ridge) is a one-room spa in which the crisp, ordered pursuit of notes takes place every night of the week from 9 until the wee, small hours. For six years now, a goateed coterie has assembled in a hushed, respectful atmosphere far removed from the raucousness of most gin-and-jazz mills. No one speaks except maybe to mumble a brand name to a scurrying waitress. The night we stopped in, Hampton Hawes was bobbing his satanic beard over the keyboard and searching out brave, new chords while carrot-topped Red Mitchell (bass) and volcanic Chuck Thompson (drums) scouted his explorations—all very precise, fastidious and, we thought, of particular appeal to knowing jazzophiles.

New Orleans jazz—played almost the way it sounded before all the cats trudged up river to Chicago—is ladled out in great steaming portions at the Famous Door (339 Bourbon). A fabled grogshop and landmark in its own right, the Door swings nightly to the home-made ancestral jazz of Santo Pecora ("Mr. Tailgate") and his Five Rhythm Kings, to say nothing of the happy skirlings of "Smiling Joe" and his Rhythm and Blue Boys. The two bands alternately wail out a river of jazz every night from 8:30 to 3:30 next morning with nary a pause. Go ahead and request your favorite tune, but it better be dixieland, one of the oldies belted across from the elevated bandstand behind the bar for nigh onto 23 years. The jazzmen play as they feel, and generally they feel a little bit better than great.



films

When Eugene O'Neill transplanted the ancient Greeks' Oresteian bit to New England and called it *Mourning Becomes Electra*, he started a fad that shows no signs of fading. Bizet's Spain, Chekhov's Russia and Verdi's Egypt (three presumably clashing climes and cultures) took on the drawl-&-y'all of Deepest Southland in stuff called *Carmen Jones*, *The Wisteria Trees* and *My Darlin' Aida* (honest: it ran for 89 performances at the Winter Garden back in '52); and Hollywood recently returned to the Greeks again in something called the *The Second Greatest Sex*, which was nothing more (and a good deal less) than Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* in the Wild and Woolly West. This transplanting is a harmless pastime, we guess, and some of the re-

sultant shows have been pretty good: *Carmen Jones* seemed to us an invigorating evening of theatre (though a *mischmasch* of a movie) and *Mourning Becomes Electra* is still highly regarded by O'Neill cultists. More often, however, the original material is disastrously diluted and would have been much better left alone. Which brings us to this season's entry: a weirdie by Philip (*Anna Lucasta*) Yordan, an interesting but pointless film experiment called *Joe Macbeth*, believe it or not.

Turning Shakespeare's warrior chieftain into an underworld killer and his lady into a shrewish gun-moll isn't a bad idea, basically, and Yordan parallels the original story with considerable accuracy, adding some sensible character-telescoping of his own (the three witches become one broken-down old actress-turned-fortune-teller; Macduff, Fleance and Lennox merge into a single avenger, Lennie). King Duncan, the clay pigeon of the original, turns up as Duca, kingpin of the syndicate, murdered by "Mac" (Paul Douglas) after much nagging by Lily Macbeth (Ruth Roman). The inadequate acting of the two principals is a weak link, but not the weakest. The weakest link is the absence of Shakespeare's poetry, without which the story—no matter how slavishly followed—is not a tragedy but only a routine thriller. "This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses" is not replaceable by "I like this house; the air off the lake gives it a sweet smell."

They say *The Revolt of Mamie Stover* is based on the novel of the same name by William Bradford Huie, but they must be mistaken: the Mamie of the book was "the Henry Ford of Harlotry," a hard-working, assembly line inmate of a Honolulu whorehouse; whereas Jane Russell's Mamie is a taxi-dancer in a beaded-curtain joint where (you are asked to believe) snorting servicemen line up three deep and plunk down currency for the privileges of dancing and/or playing gin rummy with satin-swathed sirens. In the shift from book to film, something seems to have gotten lost, such as the point. "WHY DID MAMIE STOVER HAVE TO LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO?" the posters demand. We saw the picture and we still don't know: that's another little thing that got lost.

The Last Ten Days delivers the wallop of a Tiger tank. It's a searing account of *der schöne* Adolf's final hours holed up in a bunker beneath Berlin. Fellow-Austrian Alvin Skoda plays Hitler to the hilt as he maneuvers his paper armies, damns the German people, wails at the perfidy of his generals, clings to his astrologer's portent of good things to come. One frenzied sequence depicts a battered *Wehrmacht* veteran bound in an arm brace and prancing awkwardly to the accompanying wobble of a drunken nurse after the liquor supplies have been looted. She is yanked away but he stomps on and on in his frightful dance. Much of *Days* is captured in sharp, frenzied scenes such as this, and the

viewer has the feeling he is witnessing another Donnybrook debacle.

The Harder They Fall contains chunks of tooth-rattling fisticuffs, but the script (from Budd Schulberg's same-name novel) rarely gets off the canvas. If you're real knocked out by Budd, Boxing or Bogart, however, chances are you'll fall for *Fall* . . . Gene Kelly's latest is *Invitation to the Dance*, a series of three light-fantastic sketches filmed in Paris: ballet (Youskevitch), modern (Martha Graham), heel-toe-away-we-go (Kelly). It's a nice change from dialogue-laden flicks, providing you can take all that terpsichore . . . Unless you're too terribly upset by the prospect of James Stewart and Doris Day acting their heads off. *The Man Who Knew Too Much* may give you a few pleasantly anxious moments. It's a suspense-opera, directed by TV m.c. Alfred Hitchcock, who, in his salad days, had a reputation for making truly exceptional films of this sort. That, of course, was a while back.



theatre

Frank (*Guys and Dolls*) Loesser is said to have worked five years turning Sidney Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted* into a musical called *The Most Happy Fella*. Mr. Loesser apparently didn't quite know what he wanted, for *Fella* has too much of too many things. There are 33 songs, including a pastoral choral hymn to the summer night that sounds akin to the scythe song in *Cavalleria Rusticana*, plus some snappy items like *Standing on the Corner*. But why look for unity of conception and purpose? For Broadway, *Fella* is exceptionally fine and it has plenty for everybody. A trio of comic Italian waiters are brilliant in the tenor range of *Abbondanza*. The dance action scores on exuberance if not on originality, especially the *Sposalizio* production, a wedding feast which subsides at last with one couple on the floor in the initial attitude of cohabitation.

The plot you may recall: Fiftyish Italo-Californian grape farmer lures pretty mail-order bride by sending her snapshot of his young foreman. At first bitter when she finds out, bride indulges in a one-night stand with foreman Joey, but gradually comes to love old Tony. Complication is that she's pregnant by Joey, but all ends happily.

Of the principals, Robert Weede, as Tony, has warmth and a good voice, but the role's Italian accent cramps his vocal style somewhat. Bride Jo Sullivan is fine of face and figure, but her voice isn't always up to Loesser's operatic demands. Jo Mielziner's sets suggest the Napa Valley as we've always imagined it, and the audience applauded the Third Act set of a rail and bus depot. (At the Imperial: 45th, W. of B'way, N. Y. C.)





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PLAYBOY

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"Perhaps is the loveliest word in the language," she said.

ALF SAID, "I'll give you five hundred bucks, kid."

Linda wasn't listening. She had stopped sketching Alf the Albino to watch the gaudy faces and glassy eyes, all tensely casual, jammed against the green felt crap island and the red-and-black roulette world of the luxury hotel, in luxury-ridden neon-glutted Las Vegas. The gamblers were ecstatic compared to the desperate wanters in the bar, old powdered jowled tan slacks ignoring old pulled up breasts under strapless hoists and, along with the few young men, watching young bouncy ones in anything and almost young wiser ones in something lower. They watched Linda very much, in her plain gray skirt and gray cashmere and saddle shoes, thinking she probably would because of the loose sure body and the eyes with thick folded lids. In spite of their movie-sex shape, they were also watcher's eyes, astute in their own way as the dealers and the boxmen and Alf's nimble fingers.

"I said," Alf placed the tips of the hairless old diamonded fingers on the table. "Are you listening?" His shirt had diamond buttons.

Linda stared through him, still seeing dissonant color patterns, glittering facades of faces, one painting after another in the crowd, wishing she could get it all down *now* while she had it, make hundreds of sketches, fast paintings, chuck the job and forget about the rent and the divorce.

"Hey!" Alf snapped his fingers.

Linda refocused his face. The quin-

tessence of blond decay, she called him. Of blond evil, she'd once told him, smiling, and he'd smoothed the yellow toupee like an ancient juvenile delinquent.

"Jesus. I said I'll give you five hundred bucks for the night." Alf's wet bead eyes were placidly baby blue, as if he'd offered ten bucks for the sketch or bet on a sure hand.

For once Linda opened her eyes wide. Then, remembering where she was, her mouth curled for the punch line.

"Listen, kid," Alf leaned forward.

"Oh God!" Linda coughed, laughed and with Alf patting her on the back started to roar. But she stopped, seeing the yellow toupee and the smooth poreless skin like thin dough about to tear, the same sick blue underneath, an old baby with a withered turkey neck and chin. "Are you serious?" she said. Sometimes his face looked naked and unborn as a monkey's.

"I got more cash than any jerk in this dump," Alf said and he probably had. His protective Swedish coloring—the Albino was only honorary—had helped him to more loot than any Sicilian could ever hope for operating alone.

A puffy Mafia type tapped him on the shoulder. Alf stood up and they mumbled together. People turned, not because of Alf's white fringed leather jacket and striped frontier pants, but because Alf the Albino was the greatest poker shark in the West, the badman hero of the movies' barroom legend of

(continued on page 42)

fiction BY ALICE DENHAM

THE DEAL

a thousand dollars for a single night





fiction BY ALBERTO MORAVIA

I AM LEAN AND NERVOUS, with thin arms and long legs, and my belly is so flat that my trousers keep slipping down: in fact, I am exactly the opposite of what is required to make a good truckdriver. Have you ever looked at truckdrivers? They're all big fellows with broad shoulders, brawny arms, strong backs and bellies. For a truckdriver depends especially on his arms, his back and his belly: on his arms, for turning the steering-wheel, which has a diameter very nearly as long as an arm, and which sometimes, on the bends of a mountain road, has to be turned full circle; on his back, to stand up to the fatigue of sitting still for hours and hours, always in the same position, without beginning to ache or grow stiff; and finally on his belly, to keep him planted solidly in his

seat, like a rock embedded in the earth. So much for the physical aspect. From the moral point of view I am even less suitable. The truckdriver should have no nerves, no caprices, no homesickness, nor any other delicate feelings: driving is exasperating and fatiguing enough to kill an ox. And with regard to women, the truckdriver, like the sailor, should think very little about them: otherwise, with that continuous coming and going, he would go completely crazy. But I myself am full of thoughts and preoccupations; I am melancholy by nature and I like women.

However, in spite of its not being the right job for me, I wanted to be a truckdriver and managed to get myself taken on by a transport company. As mate they gave me a fellow called Palombi,

there are women for every occasion, and italia was one for the road

THE TRUCKDRIVER



who was, it must be admitted, a real lout. He was, indeed, the perfect truck-driver—not that truckdrivers are not often intelligent; but *he* had the good fortune to be stupid, so that he formed one single piece with his truck. In spite of the fact that he was a man of over thirty, there was still something of the overgrown boy about him; he had a heavy face and rounded cheeks, small eyes beneath a low forehead, and a slit of a mouth like the opening in a money-box. He spoke little, in fact hardly at all, and preferably by means of grunts. His intelligence brightened only when there was a question of something to eat. I remember one occasion when, tired and hungry, we went into an inn at Itri, on the road to Naples. There was nothing to eat except beans cooked with bacon rind, and I scarcely touched them because they don't agree with me. Palombi devoured two bowls full; then, pulling himself back in his chair, he gazed at me solemnly for a moment, as though he were about to tell me something of importance. Finally, passing his hand across his stomach, he declared: "I could have eaten another four platefuls." This was the great thought that had taken so long to find expression.

With this companion, who might have been made of wood, I don't need to tell you how pleased I was the first time we came across Italia. At that time we were doing the Rome-Naples route, carrying all kinds of different loads—bricks, scrap-iron, rolls of newsprint, timber, fruit, and even, occasionally, small flocks of sheep that were being taken from one pasture to another. Italia stopped us at Terracina and asked for a lift to Rome. Our orders were not to give lifts to anybody, but, after we had taken a look at her, we decided that, for this once, the rule didn't hold good. We beckoned to her to get in and she hopped up, as brisk as could be, saying: "Three cheers for the truckdrivers! They're always so kind."

Italia was a provoking girl: there is no other word for it. She had an incredibly long, narrow waist, and above it, a bust that stood out sharply—positively venomous, it was—under the tight jumpers she usually wore, which came down to her hips. She had a long neck, too, and a small, brown head and two large green eyes. In contrast to her very long body, her legs were short and rather crooked, so that she gave the impression of walking with her knees bent. She was not beautiful, in fact, but she had something better than beauty; and I had proof of this during that first trip, for, when we had got as far as Cisterna, and Palombi was driving, she slipped her hand into mine and squeezed it hard, and never let go of it till Velletri, when I took over from Palombi. It was summer, and about four o'clock in the afternoon, which is the hottest time, and our two hands were all slippery with sweat; but every now and then she threw me a glance out of those green, gypsy eyes of hers and it seemed to me that life, after being for such a long time nothing more than a ribbon of asphalt, was beginning to smile upon me once more. I had

found what I had been looking for—a woman to think about. Between Cisterna and Velletri, Palombi stopped and got out in order to "go and look at the wheels," and I took advantage of this to give her a kiss. At Velletri I willingly changed places with Palombi: a clasp of the hand and a kiss were enough for me, for that day.

From then onwards, regularly once or even twice a week, Italia got us to take her from Rome to Terracina and back. She would wait for us in the morning, always with some sort of parcel or suitcase, near the walls; and then, if Palombi was driving, she would hold my hand all the way to Terracina. On our return from Naples, she would be waiting for us at Terracina; she would get in, and the hand-clasps would begin again and also—even when she was unwilling—the secret kisses at moments when Palombi could not see us. In short, I fell seriously in love, partly because it was such a long time since I had been fond of any woman and I had lost the habit. And to such a point that all she had to do now was to look at me in a certain way and immediately I was moved, like a child, even to tears. They were tears of tenderness; but to me they appeared a weakness unworthy of a man and I made great efforts, unsuccessfully, to check them. While I was driving we would talk in low voices, taking advantage of Palombi being asleep. I do not remember anything of what we said—which shows it was mere trifles and jokes and lovers' talk. I do remember, however, that the time passed quickly: even the asphalt ribbon from Terracina, which usually seems to go on forever, fell away as if by magic. I used to slow down to twenty or fifteen miles an hour, allowing everything to pass me—even the farm carts, almost: in time, however, we would reach the end of the journey and Italia would get out. At night it was even better: the truck seemed to go forward almost by itself, while I drove with one hand on the wheel and the other round Italia's waist. When, in the distant darkness, the headlights of other cars went on and off, I felt like answering their signals by flashing out with my own lights some word that should let everyone know how happy I was. Something like "I love Italia and Italia loves me."

As for Palombi, either he noticed nothing or he pretended not to notice. In point of fact he never protested, even once, against these very frequent journeys of Italia's. When she got in he would give her a grunt by way of greeting, then move aside to let her sit down. She always sat in the middle, because I had to keep an eye on the road and inform Palombi, when it was a question of overtaking another vehicle, whether the road was free. Palombi did not protest even when I, in my infatuation, wanted to write something that should refer to Italia on the glass of the wind-screen. I thought it over and then wrote, in white letters: "Viva l'Italia." But Palombi was so stupid that he never noticed the double meaning of the

words, until some other truckdrivers jokingly asked us why in the world we had turned so patriotic. Only then, looking at me open-mouthed, a smile slowly dawning on his face, did he say: "They think it's Italy and it's really the girl . . . You're a clever one, that was a bright idea of yours."

All this went on for a couple of months or perhaps even longer. Then one day, after we had left Italia, as usual, at Terracina, and had gone on to Naples, we received orders to unload and go back to Rome, instead of staying the night in Naples. I was annoyed, because we had an appointment with Italia for the next morning; but those were the orders. I took the wheel and Palombi immediately began to snore. All went well as far as Itri, because the road is full of bends and at night, when a truck-driver is beginning to get tired, bends make him keep his eyes open and are his best friend. But after Itri, going through the orangegroves at Fondi, I began to grow sleepy, and, in order to keep awake, I set myself to think about Italia. However, as I thought about her, it seemed to me that my thoughts were forming a thicker and thicker tangle in my mind, like the branches in a wood that becomes steadily denser and in the end quite dark. I remember saying to myself, all of a sudden: "It's lucky for me that I have the thought of her to keep me awake . . . otherwise I'd be asleep by now."

Of course I *was* asleep, and I formed this thought in my mind not while awake but in my sleep, and it was a thought sent to me in my sleep to make me sleep better and with more complete abandonment. At the same moment I felt the truck leave the road and plunge into the ditch; and I heard, behind me, the crash and jolt of the trailer turning over. We were going slowly and therefore were not hurt; but, once we had managed to get out, we saw that the trailer was upside down with its wheels in the air and that the entire load, consisting of tanned hides, was lying in heaps in the ditch. It was dark, there was no moon, but the sky was full of stars. As luck would have it, we were almost at Terracina: there was the steep hill on our right and, on our left, beyond the vineyards, the quiet, black sea.

Palombi merely said: "Now you've done it"; and then, adding that we must get help from Terracina, started off on foot. It was a very short distance, but, seeing that we were just outside Terracina, Palombi, who was always thinking about eating, said he was hungry and that, as it would be some hours before the tow-truck arrived, we might as well go to an inn. So we went into the town and started looking for one. But it was after midnight, and in that round piazza, full of gaps from the bombings it had suffered, there was only one café, and that, moreover, was just closing. We turned down a small street that appeared to lead towards the sea and, a little way along it, saw a lamp and a sign above the door. We hastened our steps, our hopes rising, and it was indeed an

(concluded on page 69)



"The D.A. had my phone tapped now he's up here every night."

THE NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL

notes from the gent who started it all



Rocking 'round the Newport clock: Jimmy Rushing and Lester Young; Dinah Washington; Wild Bill Davidson, Bud Freeman and Pee Wee Russell.



I WAS RELISHING a tumblerful of fine old Kentucky sour mash at a Boston house party one evening in February, 1954. Present at the gathering were a number of charming couples, among them Louis and Elaine Lorillard of Newport, Rhode Island.

The conversation bounded from subject to subject, as it is wont to do at affable gatherings, and finally alighted on music. I heard that the Lorillards had been instrumental in bringing the New York Philharmonic to Newport the previous year in what had been a questionable artistic triumph and an unquestionable financial flop. I learned, too, that the Lorillards were still in the market for musical grief, this time in the form of a jazz concert. Nevertheless, it was a jolly evening: the whiskey was hearty, the music good, the guests con-



Left to right: Louis and Elaine Lorillard chat with jazz impresario George Wein.



Above: four members of the jazz panel ponder the performance of one of the groups, attempt a later analysis of what they heard. Lower left: questions and discussions are encouraged among serious-minded jazz fans attending a packed panel session in the afternoon. Lower right: the Duke of Ellington grinningly greets Paul Desmond and Dave Brubeck.





vivial and the conversation rosy and rich in wondrous imagination.

As the evening drew to a close, I mustered my courage, cleared my throat and told Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard that I thought their idea of a jazz concert in Newport was a fine one, and if they wished to phone me the following day, I should be happy to explore the possibilities further.

Frankly, I never expected to hear from them again. I didn't know then of Elaine's amazing tenacity when she grabs hold of an idea. As I expected, however, there was no call the following day, but about a week later the phone jingled and I heard the pleasant voice of Elaine Lorillard asking if I had a few moments of time to spare.

So started the planning for the first Newport Jazz Festival in 1954, the ultimate results of which are well known to jazz aficionados. What is not so well known is how close I came to throwing in the towel and giving up the whole project. Nobody knows — not even the Lorillards — the misgivings, the doubts, the fears that plagued me before I finally accepted the responsibilities for that first Festival.

For one thing, there was the little problem of transportation. There are no trains into Newport, and no planes. And here I was, planning on bringing in thousands of people. Then there was the monstrous responsibility of spending, *carte blanche*, up to \$20,000 of Lorillard's good, green money while
(concluded overleaf)

Top: the great Basie Band breaks up the people to the accompaniment of clicking camera shutters. Lower left: Trummy Young and Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong apply their brass to some dixieland; and lower right: cool schoolers Gerry Mulligan and Paul Desmond bleep out the strains of a more modern medley.



Above: Clifford Brown, Woody Herman and Herd, and Chet Baker. Below: smartly dressed spectators goze fixedly at bandstand during one of the evening concerts.



he and Elaine vacationed in the sunshine of Capri. Was I the man for this job? Could I handle it? There was no book to go by: this had to be played strictly by ear.

If it had not been for the insistence of my parents, and also of Terri Turner and Charles Bourgeois (both staff members of my Boston night club, Storyville), then I am afraid I would have passed. Even now, I'm a little awed at the enormity of the undertaking.

We had made tentative plans, in case of rain, to hold the 1954 Festival in the Naval Gymnasium rather than out-of-doors at the Casino. At 6 P. M., the second day of the Festival, raindrops big as lemons started to fall: it was too late to shuttle the crowds over to the alternate site. As I walked dismally through the streets of Newport, at least several gross of wet jazz fans asked me what we were going to do. "It's not going to rain," I yelled back, and followed it up with a feeble smile. Everyone thought I was wor in the head: it was pouring. Louis Lorillard got so excited he ordered me to refund all the money, which would have meant a personal loss to him of \$20,000. I told him, "These people have come to hear jazz and they'll hear it rain or shine." Sure enough, the paid-up people stormed into the Casino as if it were a twinkling, moonlit night and I will never forget that ocean of umbrellas as I gazed out at the crowd from the band shell. At 8:30, as if the Muses had willed it, the heavens cleared. I still shudder when I recall that Mr. Lorillard's first thought was to give back all the money.

Another incident from that first Festival vivid in my memory involves Dizzy Gillespie. I have always had the greatest respect for Dizzy as one of the most important trumpet men in the entire history of jazz, but for some reason Dizzy's comic antics on the bandstand had always irritated me. In my most snobbish manner I decided to ask Dizzy to cut the clowning and just concentrate on his music. Seeing his goateed jaw drop several inches, once I had made my suggestion, was one of the most painful experiences of my life. I really hit him below the belt and I think it wrecked the entire Festival for him. Dizzy hardly spoke to me for over a year. I didn't realize at the time that his clowning was as much a part of his personality as his trumpet playing. Not only that: Dizzy probably has as great a sense of comedy timing as most professional funny men in the business. The incident taught me *never* to interfere with the performance of an artist I have hired. If I do not like the way an artist performs, I have the privilege of not engaging him.

Exactly one week before the opening of last year's Newport Jazz Festival, the telephone rang in my Boston apartment at 4 o'clock in the morning. It was Louis Lorillard. Terri Turner had been in a serious automobile accident and was in the Newport Hospital. Groggy as I was, I could not fully realize the impact of Louis' words. I remember mumbling something about getting down to New-

port first thing in the morning, then flopping back in bed. Ten minutes later I sat bolt upright: had I dreamed that Terri was in an accident or was it really true? I was as close to panic then as I have ever been in my life. What condition was Terri in? Would she live? Would she be maimed for life? What would happen to the Festival? Terri controlled the inner workings completely: ticket sales, reservations, employment, public relations in Newport, contacts with local merchants, concessions, selling of boxes, rooms for artists and guests of the Festival, and one hundred other not-so-minute details. This wasn't like a Broadway show; we had no understudy ready to step in. Everyone involved, including Terri from her hospital bed (drugged as she was to help kill the pain), worked ten times harder. My partner, Cecil Steen, took the entire week off from his business and did his level best to organize the state of utter confusion that reigned. Louis Lorillard left his travel business; Elaine, I believe, did not sleep for an entire week. Strangely, the public never knew of this backstage drama that went right along with the glamor and excitement of the second Newport Jazz Festival. Fortunately, Miss Turner, although slightly patched up, is again operating at top efficiency.

The dates for this year's Festival are July 5th, 6th and 7th. For the first time, I will use the services of an active board of advisors to help me choose the talent to appear. I hope to follow their suggestions as closely as possible since the board consists of just about every important jazz critic in the business; Leonard Feather, John Hammond, Nat Hentoff, Allen Morrison (Editor of *Ebony*), Bill Coss, Barry Ulanov, George Simon and Marshall Stearns.

One of the faults of the past Festivals can be attributed to several of the musicians themselves who have not fully grasped the significance of Newport and have treated it as they would any one-nighter. As a result, they have merely played the same routines used in night clubs and concerts all during the previous year (this by no means applies to all musicians who have appeared at Newport; only a few have been guilty). We hope to correct this fault with the complete cooperation of the musicians. As a case in point, this year will mark the first Festival appearance of Sarah Vaughan. Rather than have her do her regular act, we hope to exploit her talents as one of the greatest singers in modern jazz by building a background group including Miles Davis, Sonny Stitt and/or Zoot Simms. I am sure this will whet the appetite of any true jazzophile.

There will be more of an international flavor this year than ever before: the brilliant young Japanese pianist Toshiko will appear in full formal dress; Jutta Hipp and Bernard Peiffer, two magnificent German pianists, will be there. The West Coast isn't exactly out of this country, but it's still 3,000 miles from Newport, which is, to say the least, "pretty far out." It will be represented by

Chico Hamilton's wonderful quartet, among others. Dave Brubeck's quartet and Gerry Mulligan's new sextet featuring Bobby Brookmeyer will be present. The big bands of Stan Kenton, Count Basie, Duke Ellington and Dizzy Gillespie will be in imposing evidence. Displaying their individual talents will be Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, Kay and Jay, Anita O'Day, Roy Eldridge, Ben Webster, Charlie Mingus, Art Tatum, Buck Clayton, Jimmy Rushing . . . even the new classical sensation, Frederick Gulda. Satchmo will be back, along with Muggsy Spanier, Eddie Condon and his All-Stars, and many, many others from every school of jazz.

What has given the Festival a unique validity, what has separated it from the sundry all-star jazz concerts that tour the country each year, is its academic aspects, its serious analysis of jazz music. In the past, Professor Marshall Stearns, Director of the Institute of Jazz Studies and Professor of English at Hunter College, has organized jazz panels and discussions that were presented in the afternoons preceding concerts. The audiences at these free forums were not only large, but enthusiastic as well. Last year, live music was added to these panel discussions; plans this year call for further enlargement of this workshop-seminar idea.

What has happened in the past and what will happen in 1956 is only a tiny part of the original dream of the Lorillards and myself. Eventually, we hope to establish a true festival atmosphere: a full six-week period during which students, musicians and teachers can gather in a relaxed atmosphere for a healthy interchange of ideas. This, in turn, could lead to a permanent summer school for the serious jazz student: during the week there could be small concerts for those most interested; at the end of each week, there could be huge, all-star concerts designed for the general public.

Of course, all this dreaming demands money, and lots of it. So far, the Festival has managed to sustain itself with only a minor deficit (contrary to public opinion, the Festival is currently in debt to Louis Lorillard to the tune of \$8,000). In order to make the dream come true, outside money will be necessary and at present we are approaching various foundations in the hope that they will be interested in helping. There is little doubt that once organized, a Festival of this sort could be self sustaining. The problem is the initial outlay of funds.

The stationery of the Newport Jazz Festival bears a motto: "To encourage America's enjoyment of Jazz, and to sponsor the study of Jazz, a true American Art Form." The enormous impact of the Festival and the realms of publicity accorded it by the press, has done much to help us attain the first half of the goal. With still more active interest by all concerned with jazz, and with a good long run of luck, perhaps the Newport Jazz Festival can fulfill its objectives completely. I hope so.





*"It's not that I wouldn't like to stay longer, Miss Frisby.
It's just that, as the only house dick on the premises, I'm
kept on the jump."*

attire

GOOD SPORTS!

*playing the game
with color and verve*

THE WEEK-END ADMIRAL to starboard (deserting his ship!) definitely has his Sea-Legs: a cagey copywriter's name for three-quarter length pants that fit trim and tight, belted with a husky hunk of rope threaded through metal loops, and neatly notched just below the knees for fast action on deck. We first spotted the sailor pants in fishing villages around the Mediterranean area, but this season they're held in frisky favor from New England waters to the boat clubs of the Great Lakes, straight on down to the Gulf Coast. Practical, too: tailored of rugged sailcloth, heavy denim or Huck-abuck cloth that carries the look of homespun fabric. The shirt's just as Continental, taken from French Riviera models in bold red-and-white stripings with a wide-vented collar. It's a breezy slipover that can also be worn flapping outside the Sea-Legs, comes equipped with two big patch pockets down front for stowing extra gear. Both the Antibe shirt and the Sea-Legs are part of a boat load of special sailing duds styled by White Stag. Nautical, but nice!





Par for the sartorial course at the city or suburban golf club: a slacks-and-shirt combination that takes a gent from his apartment to the green and back again without a change of wardrobe. Since they offer more freedom of movement, gently pleated slacks find high favor with low-score golfers, and the Khyber cloth slacks (cotton gabardine) on the score-keeper are cut with reversible belt that matches either the slacks or the paisley pattern of his shirt (a dip-'n'-dry cotton). Even the jacket on his hands-in-pocket companion caters to loose-elbow needs at the 18th (or 19th) hole: a full cut sleeve with additional fullness in the back. Tailored by White Stag.



Many a love set starts while waiting for a court to clear or after an hour of diplomatic volleying. Assuming the young lady is wise enough not to win the match (on the court), there's plenty of time for you to make a set point on the terrace of the club, where the traditional white tennis sweater steps into play. Our guy wears a classic white cableknit in hand-framed lamb's wool with red, blue and black stripes at the neckline, cuffs and bottom. from Jaeger.



John Dempsey

SOME GUYS GET IT



article
by
HARLAN DRAPER

some guys don't and here's why

THERE ARE TWO DISTINCT kinds of men: those who get it often and easily, and those who don't.

What is it that makes some men more successful with the opposite sex than others? It isn't good looks; male pulchritude may help, but some of the handsomest guys never seem to get any, while we are all familiar with the spectacular spectacle of the plain joe who, if he isn't exactly fighting off the girls, seems to have his pick of the better grades of the delectables. It isn't energy, either. There are men who expend ergs, watts, and amperes all over the place—and money, too—and where do they get? Home in bed, alone. An equal number of lazy bums, who husband their energies (the way they never seem to husband the girls they conquer) have only to stir themselves to beckon, and the damsels hurry over, all acquiescence and smiles.

What is the secret, then? Let's look at some case histories, from both sides of the lace-panty curtain, for our clues. An office party will be the site of our first exploration, for here we find in microcosm the world at large, *i.e.*, people of both sexes in each other's company, all wanting to have a good time. It is 6:30 of a lovely evening, and the party's been in progress since a little after five. There's not much ice left and the paper cups are getting limp, but there's still enough booze for several more rounds. Stone sober and notebook in hand, we take up our observation post behind a screen. But before we do, we have to flush out that presumptuous young mail-room clerk who is wrestling a completely-willing beautiful secretary. Now, how the hell did he, of all people, get her?

The answer is simple: he asked.

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COPENHAGEN: NIMB'S RESTAURANT IN THE TIVOLI

SKOAL to SCANDINAVIA

making hay while the midnight sun shines

BY PATRICK CHASE *playboy's travel editor*

COPENHAGEN HAS BEEN CALLED the city of four B's: beer, blondes, breasts and bicycles. And for quiet enjoyment, what's to match half an hour at a terrace restaurant with one cold B in hand, watching the other three B's wheel by?

You may even notice under the swirling skirts that Danish girls have wonderful legs. And we should add that a refreshing number of these Nordic naiads have a wonderful way of saying "yes." These girls—grim statistics on premarital pregnancies notwithstanding—are as choosy about sex as girls anywhere. But they're also their own mistresses in a grand land where there's genuine equality between the genders. So they can be a little more forthright. By the same token, don't feel too encouraged if you go to the beach and she decides to use a square of empty sand

as a changing booth. Before you jump to conclusions, look around: she's probably not the only one. It just doesn't mean all that much here, but it's certainly one of the charms of Denmark—indeed, of all Scandinavia.

The first thing we pack for the trip is a can of bicarb. This is no reflection on the cooking, mind you; rather it reveals our weakness. We just never seem to stop eating, which begins the minute the Danish ferry pulls away from the German dock at Grossenbrode. Lunch—laughingly called a cold table—is \$1.50 for all you can stack away. So most passengers start in early. After all, the crossing's only three hours.

The spread consists of chops and steaks and roasts of beef and veal and pork; cold meats by the score, smoked or salted or neat; fowl and game birds,

hot and cold, in sauces and pies and aspics; vegetables in limitless combinations, hot or in salads; shellfish and swimming fish and crawling fish, fried or pickled or jellied or drenched in sour cream or mayonnaise; cheeses of a dozen kinds; a whole range of salads; eels in every disguise; pastries; fruit concentrates; custards . . .

Trembling with gluttony, we find our plate impossibly loaded before we get half way 'round the buffet. So we lug it back to a table, where a waiter is ready with sparkling chilled Carlsberg and Tuborg beer. Also on hand is aquavit—a heady liqueur that tastes like caraway seeds and which custom demands must be gulped, *never sipped*.

Somewhere around the fifth aquavit, a Danish damsel with at least two of the four B's in stunning evidence will dis-

STOCKHOLM



cover we're American, which is the best excuse she's had all day for an opening. Not that Danish girls really need an excuse; they just prefer to have one. A foreigner, like us, is a pearl among excuses, because that enables her to refer to the country's remarkable "lifeseeing tours," which concentrate on the everyday life of typical Danes rather than on "the sights," and to the grand system of private hospitality for foreign visitors set up by the Danish National Travel Office (and by comparable groups in other Scandinavian lands).

All of which ends up with our new friend inviting us to join her next day in Copenhagen. Joining a Dane, of course, takes place at a restaurant. We usually suggest breakfast on Frascati's sunny terrace by broad Town Hall Square. Breakfast in Denmark normally ends with pastry. But not what we'd call Danish pastry: that's scorned here as "Vienna bread." Danish pastries . . . well, take *lagkage*: butter-rich pastry layers filled with custard and cream and preserves and candied fruit, topped with whipped cream and crumbled macaroon.

We stuff away under the accusing stare of 16 beggar pigeons and a pair of statues who are popularly said to sound their stony horns any time a virgin passes. They've been silent for centuries.

If we're up to anything after that breakfast, it's a digestive stroll past green trees and age-greened copper roofs, through crooked, narrow streets linking fashionable city squares (on one of which is our Hotel d'Angleterre), to little wharfs lined by sailing ships and along canal-side markets.

Further down at the fish market, by the famous statue of a fishwife, stocky older women (sometimes in national costume, almost always wearing bonnets of folded newspaper) ply wicked disemboweling knives while chattering busily with neighbors and customers.

Many's the morning we've spent browsing the canal banks and letting Copenhagen seep into us. Or taking the Langelinie motor boat through the harbor and past the famous Mermaid statue for a stroll in the wooded grounds of the old Citadel.

Sometimes, we amble to a vantage point for the noon parade of the King's Guards. You know it's coming long before you hear the brass band: the true tip-off is the growing sidewalk density of messenger boys with their delivery bikes. They never tire of the daily sight as the Guards pass in quick precision to relieve the sentries at the royal palace of Amalienburg. And it is quite a sight — specially on days when they're in scarlet dress uniforms and black bear-skin helmets.

Any time after noon is already late-for-lunch for any self-respecting Dane. And lunch in Copenhagen means David-son's on Aboulevarden, the place with the six-foot menu where the *smørrebrød* one-slice sandwich is a high and reverent Art. The place features 172 varieties. Our favorite — we guess — is a slice of dark *rugbrød* decked out with raw scraped beef, caviar, oysters and shrimp.

Or for variety, one that pyramids no less than 200 (count 'em) tiny, delicately flavored shrimp on a single slice of rye, home-made mayonnaise on the side. And there's Hans Christian Andersen's alleged favorite: rye topped with tomato, bacon, truffled goose-liver *pâté*, wine-flavored beef aspic and shredded fresh horseradish.

This sort of thing is not to be confused with the cold-table *smørrebrød* (or *smörgåsbord* in Sweden). The biggest spread of this sort in Copenhagen is laid out at Glacis in Østerbrogade. Another more typical spot we're fond of is the restaurant of the National Museum, all done up in 18th Century style with waiters and waitresses ditto.

Once we've downed our final Cherry Heering — final, that is, for this meal — there are a good many things beside "the sights" that we enjoy doing in Copenhagen of an afternoon. Everything is available, from tuna fishing in the Sound, through golf and yachting and horse-racing, to swimming at Bellevue or Charlottenlund beaches.

We try to get back in time for a swig of Tafelakvavit at Hvids Vinstue on Kongens Nytorv or a plain, friendly Gibson (of imported gin, to be sure, not the yellowish local distillate) at the excellent bar of our own hotel. We want to be fresh and rested for an evening that has to begin at the Tivoli.

Don't make the mistake of thinking of this as "just another" amusement park, although it does have Coney Island-type amusements, for sure (and a few Coney hasn't got, like the place where you can smash dishes and save a \$25 psychoanalyst's fee).

The place has no less than 21 restaurants, for one thing. Among them the enormous Wivex, the glass-walled Belle Terrasse and Nimb, probably the best of them all, especially if you hanker for a little goose-blood soup and then perhaps a poached fillet of English sole, followed by grouse fattened on wild hazel.

After dinner, we like to stroll past the dazzling carnival lights, to quieter lakes where colored fountains play. We'll listen to a symphony concert or watch open-air ballet or vaudeville, we'll go dancing, but the one thing we will not miss is the pantomime theatre. It is not just a beautiful combination of ballet and wordless theatre; it's also something we can understand. Which is more than we can say for the rest of Denmark's theatres.

The trouble is that although most all Danes speak flawless English (with a Texas slur, to boot) the actors insist on speaking their lines in Danish. And Danish, to quote Napoleon, is not a language but a sore throat. (You just try ordering a fried fish sandwich — "A small *stegt Frederikshaunerrødsparaffet med citron*, please." We'll go to Davidsen's and call for Number 21.)

Everyone in Copenhagen seems to stick around the Tivoli until midnight — preferably ending up across the street at Holberg Haven in the National Scala there, whose stage show would put *Hellzapoppin'* to shame. After that, it's nightclubs. Of these, the smartest — at

least they insist on a black tie, the noble youth likes it, and it has a cover charge (28 cents!) — is Ambassadeur. But at 7-9 Allegeade, there's quite a choice: the 7-9, where you must be a member (and a U. S. passport is a dandy membership card); Landsbyen, a boisterous beer-gardenish place; and Drachman's Kro, which goes in for lute-playing minstrels and such.

For rougher sport as the evening wears thin, there's Prater, specializing in bare torsos, and spots like Cafe Texas along Nyhavn, where Swedish seamen come to get rolled (you can expect the same courtesy extended to American tourists). Best stick here to Det Gyldne Lam, which also happens to be an excellent restaurant. And, come to think of it, it's just about time for another *smørrebrød*. Maybe two to keep us going till breakfast. Get it at a beer joint called Tokanten by the Court House, little frequented by tourists. A hang-out for local artists and their models, it's not unusual for one of the girls to go into a spontaneous strip to the juke box music, or for two of them to get into a detailed whose-figure-is-best competition, illustrated, as it were, from life.

A good after-breakfast activity is a visit to the local breweries, where you can sample the stuff. Actually it's ale, spelled by the Danes *øl* and pronounced "oil" as nearly as we can make out. But if the evening before was wild we find a good recuperative measure is an electric train ride out to Klampenborg deer park and a swim at the nearby beach. And if it was a really jolly night, our remorse has even torn us away from Copenhagen long enough for the half-hour ride to medieval monasteries and castles on Zealand island, among them Kronborg where Hamlet agonized (though Shakespeare called it Elsinore) and actors from all over agonize today in arty stagings.

If we've dwelt at this length on Denmark, it's not just because we love the place. Fact is, you usually get there first, and much of what it's got, Norway, Sweden and Finland also have. But these three have some things Denmark can't match: the Far North country, a place of huge, treeless solitudes, of great cliffs looming through rolling mist, a craggy land whose short summers force a brief, vivid burst of color from lichen and other blossoms clinging to bare rock. This is the land of the Midnight Sun — a night-glowing red orb turning blue lakes to molten gold, blackening pine shadows on lonely roads. This is the land where Grieg's music takes on new meaning and the Sagas roll as they never could in your quiet library back home.

Now there's another thing to be said for Norway: they let you get away with pint-size *smørrebrøds*, called *snitter*. Which is probably just as well, since breakfast here — at least at one resort hotel we know — offers a choice that runs from cereals through salmon and herring and sausages in various forms, to chicken salad, pickled cucumber, ham and beef, not to mention goat's cheese

(continued on page 67)



"I told you if we were late we'd miss all the fun."

PLAYBOY AT THE SALAD BOWL

BY THOMAS MARIO *playboy's food & drink editor*

NEVER ASK A WOMAN to come up and see your salad bowl. If you do, don't let her go near it. There are some things a woman can toss around fairly well, but a salad isn't one of them.

Consider, for instance, such forms of feminine bunny food as Frozen Tomato Salad in Cucumber Boats, Jellied Ginger Ale and Grape Salad, Fire-cracker Salad and salads in the shape of flower pots, hyacinths and lilies of the valley—all of the savorless fabrications originating in the minds of congenital spinsters, Home Economics teachers and amateur food demonstrators. A woman, in fact, who may be an otherwise skillful cook and an unaffected creature invariably becomes coquettish when she makes a salad. When your back is turned, she'll come up with Prunes and Cottage Cheese, or Pea and Walnut Salad or an elaborate bowl of mixed greens tasting exactly like a bale of wet hay. You may intimate to the young lady that you like radishes. Will she let you bite into a plain hard radish? Will she put simple crisp radish slices in the salad? Oh, no. You'll have to wait until she surprises you with her "radish roses." For centuries now the petals of these damned radish roses have been getting into men's mustaches, falling into their vests and killing the enjoyment of an ancient, honest garden vegetable.

If you absent-mindedly happen to praise her radish roses, you're really down for the long count. She'll pout for a moment or two, then scurry into the kitchen, and while you sit helplessly marking time at the table, she'll present you with a succession of cheese roses, tomato roses, orange roses, grapefruit roses and apple roses—all designed to make flimflam out of good natural food.

Professional cooks are sometimes guilty of the same offense in their elaborate *chaud froid* dishes and aspic salads, made solely for show-off purposes on buffet tables. But in the privacy of their own homes, they wouldn't think of eating such nonsense.

When a man's tired and hungry at the end of a broiling summer day, he yearns for a nice cold lobster salad as fresh and keen as the cold Maine water itself. He wants the very first taste of tangy mayonnaise to send him into a shiver of lasciv-

ious delight. When a bowl of romaine is brought to his table, he wants the dark leaves to glisten with real olive oil and wine vinegar, like droplets clinging to the cold limbs of a swimmer. He wants the beefsteak tomatoes to be so sweet that they taste as though someone had sprinkled them with sugar. He wants the French dressing to bite and yield at the same time.

Actually a good salad maker must have many of the traits and skills that we sometimes think of as feminine—meticulousness, patience, cleanliness and a very alert sense of touch and taste. But, after all, these are not exclusively feminine virtues, and for some reason it takes a man to master the really fine art of the salad bowl. One of the most noted salad makers of all time was Henri d'Albignac, a French nobleman who fled the revolution and went to live in London. Unlike modern *émigrés* who become doormen and dishwashers, the Frenchman took up the art of salad making. He became known as the Salad King, and fabulous sums were paid to him to prepare the "sallets" for prominent dinners held in Grosvenor Square. In America at about the same time—when salads were relatively unknown—two famous Frenchmen, Brillat-Savarin, the noted food philosopher, and Collete, a Parisian chef, were teaching New Yorkers the subtleties of French dressing and Sauce Vinaigrette.

The kind of bowl that you use will affect the salad that finally comes forth. Several decades ago there was a rage for wooden salad bowls that's only now subsiding. The wooden bowls were peasantish, informal and bohemian. You were told that if you used the bowl often enough, the garlic, pepper and other seasonings would become impregnated into the wood. In time these flavors would be transferred to any salad mixed in the bowl. You were told not to wash the bowl but merely wipe it clean after each use.

Wood is porous and therefore absorbent. When you rub it with garlic often enough, it may eventually acquire a built-up garlic odor. But it also absorbs the oil of the salad dressing. Oil in time turns rancid. No legerdemain will remove the unclean, off-flavor of many of these wooden bowls. At the present time

you can buy a number of wooden salad bowls made of extremely handsome hard wood, less absorbent than the old fashioned wooden chopping bowl.

The part the bowl plays, however, is negative. It should give *no* flavor whatever to the salad. If you want to give a garlic scent to your salad, it's very easily done by merely rubbing the bowl with a cut clove of garlic, or using a garlic press, or placing in the salad a piece of French bread previously rubbed with garlic. Then there are a number of salads in which you don't want a garlic flavor to predominate. For instance, if you're making a crabmeat salad, garlic has no place whatever in the scheme of things. Finally, the bacteria that collect in the unwashed wooden bowl make for unsanitary food handling.

Obviously, the best type of salad bowl is one made of glass, china or pottery. Bright crystal glass is especially nice for showing the sorcery of the saladman.

The old Spanish saying that to be a good salad maker you must be a miser with vinegar, a spendthrift with oil and a madman in mixing is cute—but not entirely true. The advice about oil and vinegar is sound as far as it goes. You should use four parts of oil to each part of vinegar in making a salad. But you must take especial care that the total amount of dressing should only be enough to coat the greens with a thin film of dressing. You shouldn't be such a spendthrift that the salad is drowned in dressing, leaving a lazy pool of liquid on the bottom of the salad bowl. When you mix the salad, you should do it thoroughly but with a light hand all the time. A madman will beat the tender leaves until they droop with despair. It takes a sage—not a madman—to mix a salad.

Much of the skill in conjuring up a slick salad is merely choosing the right raw material. If you buy the plump beefsteak tomatoes adorning the summer vegetable stalls, your salad will automatically be better than one made with dull winter hot house tomatoes. If the avocado is soft, ripe and oily, it will seem almost a different fruit than an avocado that is hard, astringent and tasteless. When you make French dressing with imported (and expensive) olive oil, it will have a richness, body and



cool, crisp, crunchy summer eating

superb olive flavor that you can't possibly create with domestic cotton-seed oil or corn oil.

A good saladmaker must be a tyrant in insisting that fresh things be really fresh. He refuses to go to work if lettuce leaves are tired, tomatoes are wrinkled with age and cucumbers are shriveled. Perhaps the most fanatical people in this respect are the Danes. In Danish restaurants when a customer orders salad, the waitress brings a tray of watercress still growing in the soil. The customer watches as the waitress carefully cuts off the small leaves into the salad bowl.

People eat salad with their eyes. The mere sight of white cabbage and shredded green peppers dropped into a big bowl for cole slaw will set the taste currents buzzing. This doesn't mean you must have screaming reds contrasting with loud greens just to create eye appeal. Even a salad of all greens—provided the greens are fresh and crisp—will set up a whole range of subtle but distinct notes on the green theme: the deep sea green of the watercress, the pale taffeta green of the lettuce, the sturdy burgher's green of the romaine and the fresh girlish green of the parsley. Let these delightful hues remain in the bowl *au naturel*. Don't pretty them up with carrot curly-cues, celery canes or spiraled beets.

Salads, like other cold summer dishes, must be ice cold and not served at tepid room temperature. Even the bowl, the mixing spoon and fork, and the plates on which the salad are served should be cold.

Everything in a salad must be as clean as a new spoon. A tiny grain of sand will spoil an otherwise delightful salad. Some greens which are grown in sandy soil—like spinach and certain kinds of lettuce—may have to be washed in six clear cold waters before all sand is removed. All salad greens must be thoroughly drained and dried before going into the bowl. After washing the greens, place them between clean cloth towels or paper towels, and press gently to blot out all trace of water. Excess water will not only dilute the dressing but keep it from clinging to the greens.

If you're making a meat, poultry or seafood salad with a thick dressing of the mayonnaise type, the dressing should be added several hours before serving so that the dressing can actually penetrate into, and blend with, the chunks of cold food. Russian dressing must not merely pet the shrimp but marry it. If you're making a green salad, however, the light French dressing should be added just before serving, or the salad leaves will soon be played out and dragging.

Since most salads include lettuce, savants of the salad bowl know that there are two principal kinds of lettuce—iceberg and Boston. Iceberg is crisp, solid and heavy for its size. Boston lettuce is light, soft and tender. Of the two types Boston has the more delicate flavor. French dressing will cling more readily to the Boston than to the iceberg.

Iceberg lettuce is the more plentiful of the two, and in the winter time Boston lettuce is only obtainable in fancy fruit stores. Iceberg lettuce has always appealed to gourmets who eat with their jaws rather than with their taste buds. No matter what lettuce you use, be sure to remove any rust, slime or discolored pieces. To separate lettuce leaves from the head, cut a cone-shaped piece about one-inch deep out of the core. Hold the lettuce under cold running water to wash. Press the head of lettuce and it will separate easily into leaves.

PLAYBOY would like to puncture one more old wives' tale before presenting its repertory of hot weather salads. This is the theory that salad greens should never be cut with a knife but should only be torn with the fingers. According to old cook books, the rusty color of the knife would stain the tender greens and spoil their natural appearance. The answer to this dictum is not to use a rusty knife. Whether you cut or tear such greens as chicory, escarole or romaine won't make much difference. They will be informal and natural looking either way. If you do tear them, you must be careful to tear them into fairly uniform sizes. You don't want pieces of lettuce big enough to choke a cow alongside other pieces that can only be seen with a magnifying glass. Then, there are some salad materials such as chives, parsley and green peppers which can only be cut with good sharp steel.

HAM SALAD A LA PLAYBOY (Serves 4)

The partnership of ham and salad greens is a light but satisfying main course. Deliver a big basket of French bread or Italian bread to the table with this salad. A generous wedge of fresh blueberry pie topped with vanilla ice cream and a tall glass of iced coffee should satisfy the hungriest noontime warrior. Be sure the spinach is free of all root ends and sand. Use only the smallest spinach leaves.

- 2 cups spinach leaves
- 2 cups Boston lettuce
- ¾ lb. sliced boiled ham
- 4 tablespoons salad oil
- 1 tablespoon white wine vinegar
- 2 teaspoons French Dijon mustard
- 2 teaspoons chopped chives or scallions
- 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
- 4 hard-boiled eggs

Cut the eggs lengthwise into quarters. Cut the ham into small pieces about ½-inch wide and 1-inch long. Cut or tear the lettuce into small pieces. In the salad bowl put the mustard, oil, vinegar, chives and Parmesan cheese. Stir well until blended. Add the spinach, lettuce and ham. Toss thoroughly. Add salt and pepper to taste. Add more vinegar or oil if desired. Turn salad onto 4 cold dinner plates. Place hard egg wedges around salad.

FRENCH DRESSING

This dressing, after it has been stored in the refrigerator a day or two, will look something like mayonnaise. Many

French dressings made with olive oil are not stored in the refrigerator. But since egg is included in this recipe, the dressing should be refrigerated. When this dressing is mixed with a tossed salad, it will melt and yet cling to the leaves. Use imported French or Italian olive oil. If a garlic flavor is desired, smash two or three large cloves of garlic and add to vinegar. Let the garlic remain in the vinegar overnight. Strain the vinegar before adding it to the other ingredients.

- 1 pint olive oil
- ½ cup red or white wine vinegar
- 1 teaspoon powdered mustard
- 1 teaspoon prepared French Dijon mustard
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- ¼ teaspoon white pepper
- 1 egg, slightly beaten

In a deep mixing bowl combine the powdered mustard, French mustard, salt, sugar, pepper and beaten egg. Mix well. Very slowly add the oil. Pour by half teaspoons at first, beating with a wire whip or electric mixer so that all ingredients cohere. Continue to add oil in a very slow stream. Add vinegar. Store in a covered wide-mouth jar in the refrigerator until used. To make ROQUEFORT DRESSING, add ½ cup crumbled Roquefort cheese to above basic recipe. To make ANCHOVY DRESSING, add 3 tablespoons anchovy paste to above basic recipe.

TOSSED GREEN SALAD (Serves 4)

This is the great all-purpose salad which may be used as the prologue or epilogue to the dinner. PLAYBOY lists one combination of greens, but obviously you can make hundreds of variations to suit your own taste. Remember to cut or tear the salad greens into small uniform pieces.

- 2 cups Boston lettuce
- 1 cup chicory
- ½ cup watercress
- ¼ cup sliced scallion
- 1 cup sliced cucumber
- 1 cup romaine

6 to 8 tablespoons French dressing
Combine all ingredients, adding dressing to taste. Toss lightly but thoroughly. Season with salt and pepper to taste.

BEEF AND TOMATO SALAD (Serves 4)

This classical Parisian salad must be prepared the day before it is eaten so that all ingredients can marinate thoroughly. The beef must be cold boiled beef or potted beef—roast beef is not suitable.

- 2 cups boiled beef cut into ¼-inch cubes
- 2 medium size boiled potatoes
- 2 medium size tomatoes
- 2 tablespoons minced parsley
- ½ cup dill pickle, thinly sliced
- ½ cup French dressing
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 2 teaspoons grated onion
- Lettuce leaves

Peel the potatoes. Cut the potatoes
(concluded on page 72)

MISS JULY IS A WRITER

*an m.a., a phi beta kappa,
and a pretty playmate, too*

WHEN PHOTOGRAPHS of this month's contributors were being gathered for the Playbill, the editors discovered that the author of *The Deal*, the lead fiction story for July, is a very attractive woman. It seemed a shame to limit her likeness to the Playbill page.

Alice Denham is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate from the University of North Carolina, with an M.A. degree in English from the University of Rochester. She lives in New York, where she is writing a novel she describes as "an exploration of the female mind," and working as a part-time model to pay the grocer.

When Alice mentioned that she once lived in Las Vegas, we asked her whether *The Deal* was, in any way, autobiographical (she is very much like the story's Linda). She said that she strongly identified herself with the girl in the story, but that the story itself was fiction. We believe her, because Alice is unusually frank and if the story were true, we think she would have said so.

The Deal expresses some potent opinions on sex and we asked her if she considered it an anti-sex story.

"Not at all," she insisted. "It's anti-commercialized-sex, but it's pro-sex."

Right about there we asked her if she'd be interested in putting aside her Phi Beta Kappa key and other incidentals to pose as Playmate of the Month in the same issue with her story. She thought it was a charming idea.





MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Alice Denham discusses her story and **PLAYBOY** with editor-publisher Hugh M. Hefner.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The doctor had just finished giving the young man a thorough physical examination.

"The best thing for you to do," the M.D. said, "is give up drinking and smoking, get to bed early and stay away from women."

"Doc, I don't deserve the best," said the patient. "What's next best?"



A spinster school teacher took her fifth grade charges on a field trip to a county fair. There was a race track on the grounds and she asked them whether they would enjoy seeing the horses. The children enthusiastically exclaimed they would, but as soon as she got them inside the gate, they all requested to be taken to the lavatory. She accompanied the little girls, but sent the boys to the men's room alone. They trooped out almost immediately and announced that the facilities were too high for them to reach.

The situation was an awkward one, but after looking about to make sure she was unobserved, the teacher ushered the boys back in. She lined them up before the plumbing and moved methodically down the line. After lifting several, she came to one who was unusually heavy.

"Goodness," she exclaimed, "are you in the fifth?"

"Hell no, lady," came the startled reply. "I'm riding Blue Grass in the third."



"Get this," the husband chuckled. "That ridiculous janitor of ours claims he's made love to every woman in the building except one."

"Hmmm," said his wife, assuming a thoughtful faraway expression, "must be that stuck-up Mrs. Frobisher on the fourth floor."

The beautiful young lady strolled through the zoo, and finally stopped in front of the monkey island. Mystified as to the whereabouts of the animals,

she queried the keeper, "Where are all the monkeys today?"

"They're back in the cave, Miss, it's the mating season."

"Will they come out if I throw them some peanuts?"

The keeper scratched his head, "I don't know, Miss. Would you?"

A fellow we know is so jaded, he has dropped all the subtle preliminaries usually expected by a girl in favor of the direct approach and we recently overheard the following dialogue with a young lady he had just met at a cocktail party.

"I'm a man of few words. Will you or won't you?"

"Your apartment or mine?" the sophisticated miss responded.

"Well," he said in an exasperated tone, "if there's going to be such a lot of discussion about it, let's forget the whole damn thing."



A friend of ours gave his favorite playmate a diamond wrist watch and the following night, he reports, he gave her the works.

The visiting American was quite upset by his sudden drop in popularity. During his first two weeks in England, he had been invited everywhere, feted, and entertained. Now, quite suddenly, his phone no longer jingled and no invitations crowded his mail box. Perplexed, he called his friend, Reginald.

"Reggie, you can speak frankly with me, what's happened? I'm being virtually ostracized."

"Well, old boy," Reggie replied, "you'll remember that fox hunt you went on last weekend? Here in England it's customary to cry 'Tally ho!' when you sight the fox—not, I'm afraid, 'There goes the little son of a bitch!'"

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy five dollars for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Ordinarily I never chase after a man, Babs, but this one was getting away."

THE DEAL (continued from page 13)

the Old West, to which the lost vagrants of town attached themselves.

Linda pushed the schoolgirl loose hair out of her eyes and sipped her vodka and orange, inspecting the sketch. Her hair was plain brown, a rare color in Las Vegas. It wasn't the first time she'd been offered money in this town. But it was the most. But then it was common knowledge that Alf never played poker at less than a hundred dollars a chip. She slung an arm over the back of her chair and her hand was taken by a jet base seated at the next table. He whispered something about her being the only natural looking girl in the place and she winked and wiggled her hand free. If she had been in New York instead where it was smarter to dress fashionable, she'd have dressed sexy. The one way she'd never dress was arty with the gypsy bangles in dirty pierced ears and the dirty red toenails in thong sandals. She watched the jet pilot, quietly finding out, and he gave her a broad beefy leer. She decided she liked the jet pilot at the bar better because she couldn't see him so well and he was talking to another girl. She lifted her shoulders slightly as she turned back to Alf.

His man left and Alf said, "Now."

"Eee-yo-leven," the nearest dealer yodelled.

"I love that," Linda grinned.

Alf's rubbery lips stretched in annoyance. "Well? How 'bout it, kid?"

"Only five hundred?" Linda assumed an attitude. "What do you think I am?" But he wasn't playing. One hundred was standard but five hundred wasn't unusual in a town where people gambled away many times that, mainly because it wasn't a sure thing. The cocktail waitress who lived in the one-room hovel next to Linda's had lost her job by refusing five hundred from an important customer. And only last week a well known hustler had made two thousand off a doting easterner for gambling and smiling with him in this very bar, without ever leaving it. There were all kinds of sex and money legends. "No thanks, Alf."

The skin above his eyes stretched up to scanty brows. "Why not?"

Linda looked into fifty-sixty years of accelerated decay that couldn't be renovated by barbers and masseurs or hidden in fancy western duds and dim bars. "Everything's not for sale, Alf. Why don't you buy the sketch? For fifty bucks." She usually asked ten but it sounded like peanuts now.

"I never seen anything yet I couldn't buy." He reared back, lips rolling up from the perfect store teeth, "Once I hit the right price."

"Youth," she said.

"Every day of the week," he grinned.

She shrugged because of his age and wondered why Alf and all the other hobbling creaking roués didn't want an older woman who might like them as well as their money. But then Alf was his money. And he was also old.

"Come on, kid. Why not? I ain't asking you to marry me."

"I don't want to, that's all." If the jet pilot at the bar, who wouldn't and couldn't, offered her five hundred, she'd race him to the door. She probably would anyway before the night was over. The elaborate showgirl he was talking to had a cold cash mouth. She pointed at the girl. "Why don't you try her?"

"Fifty a throw," he said. "I can tell you the price of everything in this room. Hey! You like the guy?"

She smiled. "Not bad." He wasn't a salivating leer like the pilot behind her. He looked like he might like it without having to think of himself as triumphant or naughty or animal or spiritual, like he accepted his virility along with the sun's warmth and the endlessness of the mind.

"And whaddya think the knight in blue can do for you?"

She knew what she thought but she said, "Nothing, probably." And probably that was so, a fairly pleasant one-night stand and a week later she'd be thinking it had been a long time then remember and be surprised it had only been a week. But a week was a long time to be unloved. Then she'd miss Ed. They had been separated six months, after a marriage that lasted hardly longer, and she was discovering the kind of man she'd spend more than one night with was hard to find. Usually she held off till she got starved. And she was almost always starved, a gnawing craving that left her alone hardly more often than the other hunger. Then she'd get tight and someone would look good to her. Afterward she didn't want to see him again; he'd served his purpose. There had been only one since she'd come out for the divorce that she wanted to see again, a private at the bomb project who had been an opera tenor. They had reached each other so easily, only admitting they needed each other, something she and Ed had not been able to do. Ed, the noble confused solitary, would've considered that a weakness. But then in three weeks the army sent him to Japan. She couldn't see the jet pilot up close and hadn't tried to hear him yet and so she thought perhaps.

"Perhaps is the loveliest word in the language," she said. "At the moment." And began moving her shoulders, humming *Quizas Quizas Quizas*, trying for the pilot's eye.

"Next to yes," said Alf. "Five hundred for a throw."

Linda frowned.

"One time."

"Oh. That's what I thought you meant anyway. Hey," she remembered, "what about your blonde? She's a beautiful little girl. Younger than I am too," she teased, the heavy roll of her eyelids typing her forever in the movie-sex minds of the wanting drinkers.

"Man can't take blondes twenty-four hours a day."

Linda wondered if the baby-blue

Cadillac was in her name. People said he'd even given her an apartment building. He kept her luxuriously, a display case for his wealth that dimmed the glossy foyers of the Strip hotels with the radiance of a young virgin queen.

"I'll raise you," the blue eyes were lighter harder beads. "A thousand bucks for a throw." Alf took out his money clip and counted off a thousand dollars in hundred dollar bills, holding the clip at table level. There was a lot left after he reached a thousand.

Linda's eyes grabbed at the money then released it and, fascinated, tried not to watch. She had never seen a hundred dollar bill. It was preposterously much for one piece of paper and there were enough to look like toys. A thousand dollars was cheap green bait to him, not even enough to get in a game. To her, it equalled ten solid months of painting, here or in a little hole in the wall in New Mexico or the Village, meant a chance to record the bawdy greedy sterility and expensive starvation of the Las Vegas dying, a chance to find out if she would be a painter.

"How 'bout it, kid?" Alf watched her.

Linda didn't answer. Just for fun she was figuring, like when she was a kid she used to figure what she'd do with a million bucks. It would come to ten months easy. She lived on about a hundred a month now, saving for the divorce. She could even stretch it to twenty months with a part-time typing job. Twenty months of time that was gold that was time. Her eyes snatched the money and ran to the foyer where she spotted Alf's bodyguard.

"Why don't you just give me the money?" she said in a cold clenched voice. "I need it and you can spare it. If you lost it at the crap table, you wouldn't even know it."

While she talked Alf snickered, his mouth rolling delightedly around the false teeth. "For nothin'? You believe in fairy tales, little girl?"

"Get me another drink," Linda said, hating him for the fun he was having, idly dangling the bait because he had nothing better to do, not caring whether the fish hooked or not. He already had the prize catch on display.

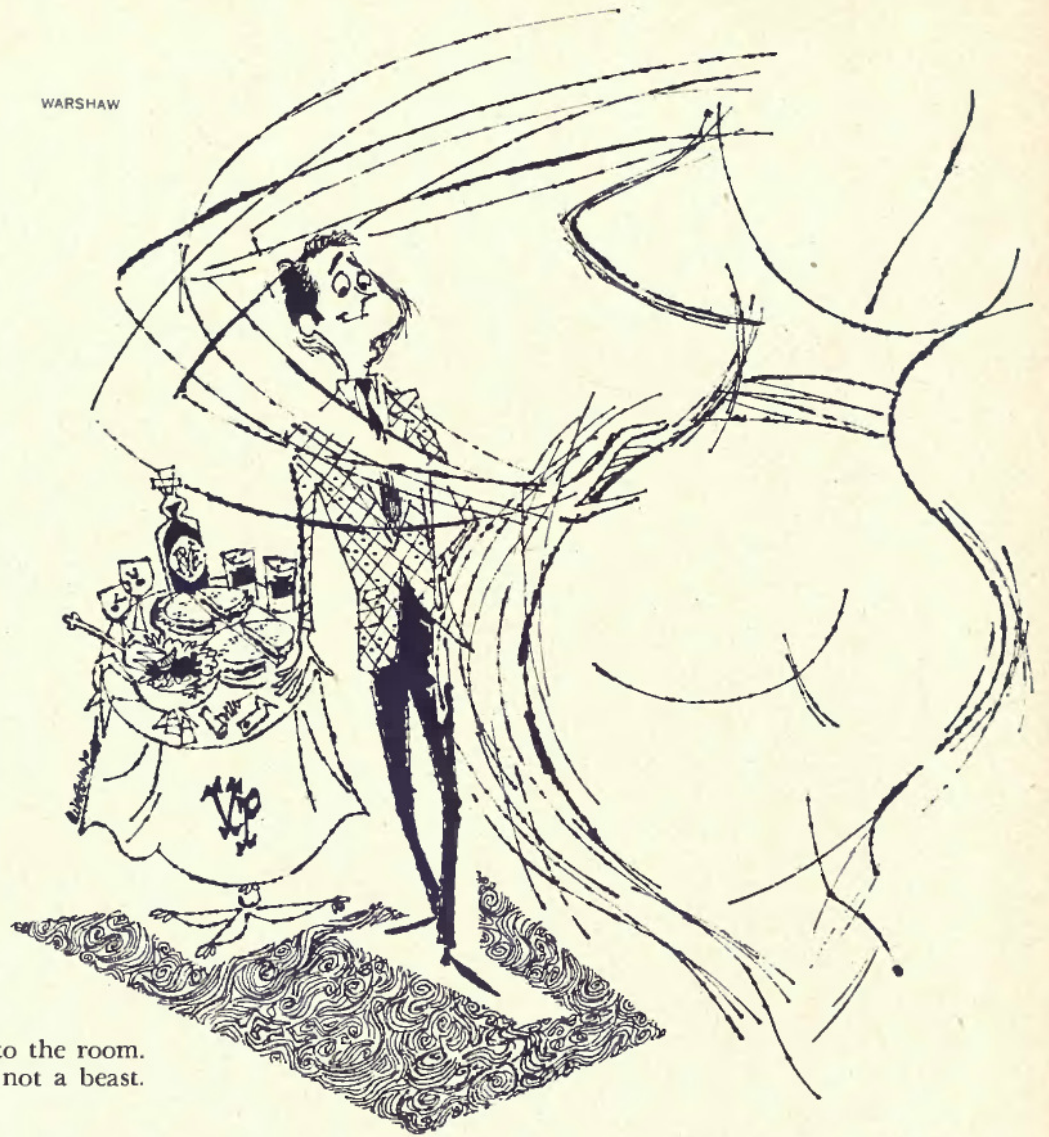
Alf flashed two diamonded fingers at the cocktail waitress.

Linda saw the turkey neck swallow, saw the gray dough face smile easy and avid at her. He might've had a fresh girlish bloom when he was young since he'd never had to shave. She glanced at his wrists. There was no hair on them either. She turned toward the gamblers, hopelessly hopeful, trying to get something for nothing as the cowboy's wink on the "Howdy Pardner" signs all over town implied that you, endowed with your luck, could do.

The drinks came. "Here's to it," Alf said and raised his glass to hers. She clinked his glass and Alf smiled more and leaned back in his chair and took a big deal closing gulp of Scotch.

Linda drank her drink watching the
(continued on page 65)

WARSHAW



Mabel hip-rolled into the room.
She was slightly not a beast.

the catcher in the wry

through j. d. salinger with gun and camera

satire BY ROBERT TURNER

THE PUTRID WAY I really am, if you've got to know, is slightly maraschino. That's what my kid brother, Otto, calls it. He's a real gone brat, Otto; I mean, he really is. Slightly precocious for four-and-a-half, going on five, but then, who isn't? Like the time he was watching me slick up for a date and puts his arms akimbo (I like that word; I really do) and cocks his corny little pointed head and sneers:

"Oh, boy, big deal! Going to a dance at the youth center! Rowdy-dow! Watch those mad kissing games like Spin The Bottle or something! What gives, Lo-

thario, you never hear of borrowin' a pettin' buggy and takin' a dame to a passion pit? Some day I got to have a little talk with you, son."

Four-and-a-half years old. I mean, what are you going to do? Kids are just hip these days.

And like the time my old man catches Otto perusing the big, leather-bound volume of *Fanny Hill*. Otto, that wacky child, he says: "Not bad, Pops; a little slow in spots but not bad at all. You understand, I couldn't wait for them to bring out the quarter edition."

He sends me, that Otto; he really

does. But this isn't all about my boy-brother, of course. I just got a bad habit of rambling. I mean, the main drag in this bit is the slightly juvenile condition I mention in the first sentence and which, after shocking hell out of you right off, shall from here in be nameless, as I am aware it is a fairly degrading situation to be in, for a lad my age and background. So, when even my kid brother, Otto, twitted me about it, I got pretty depressed.

I was standing in front of the mirror, squeezing pimples like a madman and looking at myself and thinking about it. I got a bad habit of thinking about things like this at times like this at times like that, if you know what I mean. Sometimes I even talk to myself: I really do. Like:

"Look, Wally, you little slob," I say. I really do. I get all puked-up about it. "Something's got to be done. You want to get all frustrated and neurotic and repressed? You want to wind up a *fruit* or something?" I bore down on it and it was real depressing and all but it did some good. It really did.

That same day I raised the weekly allowance check my old man gives me, three or four figures, I forget which; I'm really lousy at math. I must admit that was a pretty frumpy trick to do of course and the old boy no doubt would flip and take away my charge account at De Pinna's but what the hell, you're only young and — well, the corny way I was — once.

So, anyhow, I took this loot and hopped the five-fifteen to New York and hired a suite at the Vinoy-Plaza. That's the high-type stash, if you really must know, where movie stars and maharajahs stay. Of course, I put on the dog right off. I mean I didn't let their big, fat gold-braided doorman stare me down or anything, like he does most people. What I really felt like doing, if you've got to know, was slipping that old boy a real fast goose. I didn't, of course, because that kind of crap is kid stuff.

Anyhow, I called Room Service right away and had them send up a double chocolate almond frosted float, like it wasn't anything at all. I really did.

When the bellhop brought it up I saw right away that he was just an arrogant looking little goop, only slightly older than me and this encouraged me to get right to the business at hand, so to speak.

Digging into the pile of goo they sent up, just as though I did this every day in the week, without looking at the bellhop, I said:

"Uh, what does a guy do in a stash like this all by himself on a lonesome night? I mean, I don't dig this solitaire bit, y'know? You got any suggestions?" I came right out with it, real worldly and all. I even surprised myself.

I got all set to tee off on him, of course, in case he laughed or tried any of his patronizing crap but he didn't. You could have knocked me over with a nasal spray if he didn't turn out to be a real right guy, real round.

"Well, sir," he said, deferentially. I'm not trying to show off my vocabulary or

anything, understand; that's really the only way I can describe how he said it. "Well, sir, if you'd care for some feminine companionship, it might could be arranged. For a smidgeon of cash, of course."

"Yeah, yeah," I said, gulping like a juvenile delink on his first mugging. I have the crazy habit of gulping like a goldfish when I'm emotionally involved, like they say. "Some feminine companionship is just what I would care for." I buffed my nails on my lapel. So I get chocolate goo on it, what the hell?

To cut a lot of boring crap short, he calls this number and there's a conversation like it's in code or something, which I don't dig and then the bellhop says: "It's all set, sir. She'll be here in about twenty minutes."

"Gee, thanks," I said. My hands started sweating. They do that pretty often. Ol' Sweaty-Hands-Wally, my kid brother, Otto, calls me. But I'll grow out of it, my dermatologist says.

"Of course, sir," the bellhop went on. "This is a high class du — I mean, hotel and all, and these ladies aren't mere creatures of the evening, as the saying goes. A thing like this should be done right and all. I mean, a man always courts a lady fair much better when both of them have a full stomach — you should pardon the expression — and a few lightly intoxicating beverages under the belt, dontcha know?"

That's exactly the way he said it; I wouldn't give you any crap. I figured right away he was no ordinary bellhop but some future ambulance chaser or State Department employee working his way through grade school or something with this job.

I couldn't let him think I didn't know how to handle things like this, of course. I mean, I hate to have people think I'm ignorant or something. I said:

"Certainly, my good man." I hate people who pull that my-good-man-routine with their lessers, but I was a little excited. "You may order dinner. Let's have some baked brisket of pheasant under glass, some horse derves, some of that flaming Armenian crap, — what do they call it, Shish-Ker-Plop or something? — and top it all off with some Baked Florida. You know? And, oh, yes. For the before dinner drinks, jig up a couple of pussy cafes and afterward, some Grand Mariner or something and —"

He held up a hand. "One moment, sir, if you'll be so kindly. I — ah — hate to bring it up, but these things run a little high. I wouldn't want you embarrassed just in case you are presently a trifle low on the wherewithal. You dig?"

"You mean money?" I felt like a clod, coming right out with it. It sounded very depressing and all but I've got a habit of not beating around the shrubbery, things like that. "Hell, I'm loaded with loot. I got a little over a grand. You don't have to worry."

He blanched. That's the only way you can describe it, archaic as it sounds. He really did. "A — a — a grand? You mean only *one*?" He looked like he was going to puke on the rug or something. No kidding. Then he choked out: "Excuse

me, young sir, but it's a good thing I asked. You see, the young lady I called, her fee is five hundred. This suite here is three fifty and the food —"

He stopped and I guess he saw that I was fixing to go off to some lonely place and shoot my poverty-stricken self or something for being a real stupid little slob.

His tone became gentle. "There, there," he said. "Don't let a little thing like this here, now, shortness of funds, which I'm sure is only temporary, bother you. We'll merely shave the expenses a mite."

With that, he hikes to the phone, gets Room Service and says: "Hey, Joe, send up two orders of the number ten chow, a pint of bar rye and some beer chasers."

Then he hangs up and dials an outside number. "Hi, Sugar," he says, real cool and all. "Me again. Slight change of order. Slight mistake in the amount of oneymay the umpchay can afford. Send Mabel, not Gwendolyn."

The truth is, there's no sense in boring you with any more dialogue between me and this corny bellhop type. The fact is, he sent up the liquor and all and a couple of cornbeef on rye with some cheesy looking salad on the side and then my feminine companion arrived.

Wow.

That's all I could think of when this creature, Mabel, hip-rolled into the room. I mean, she was slightly not a beast. I felt my eyes bugging and the long hairs crawling at the nape of my duckcut, as they say in the corny paperbacks. I mean she was stacked. Like silver dollars in a Vegas joint. My God, the way she looked at me and all, like she was starving and I was a creamed-chicken-on-toast, it would melt the whatchamacallits off a brass monkey or something.

"Hello, dolling," she said, real theatrical and I almost swooned. I have this habit of almost swooning when a woman looks at me like that.

She came toward me and I backed up to the wall. I wasn't really scared; that knocking that sounded like my knees was really a percussion artist practicing in the next room. Then she chucked me under the chin and said:

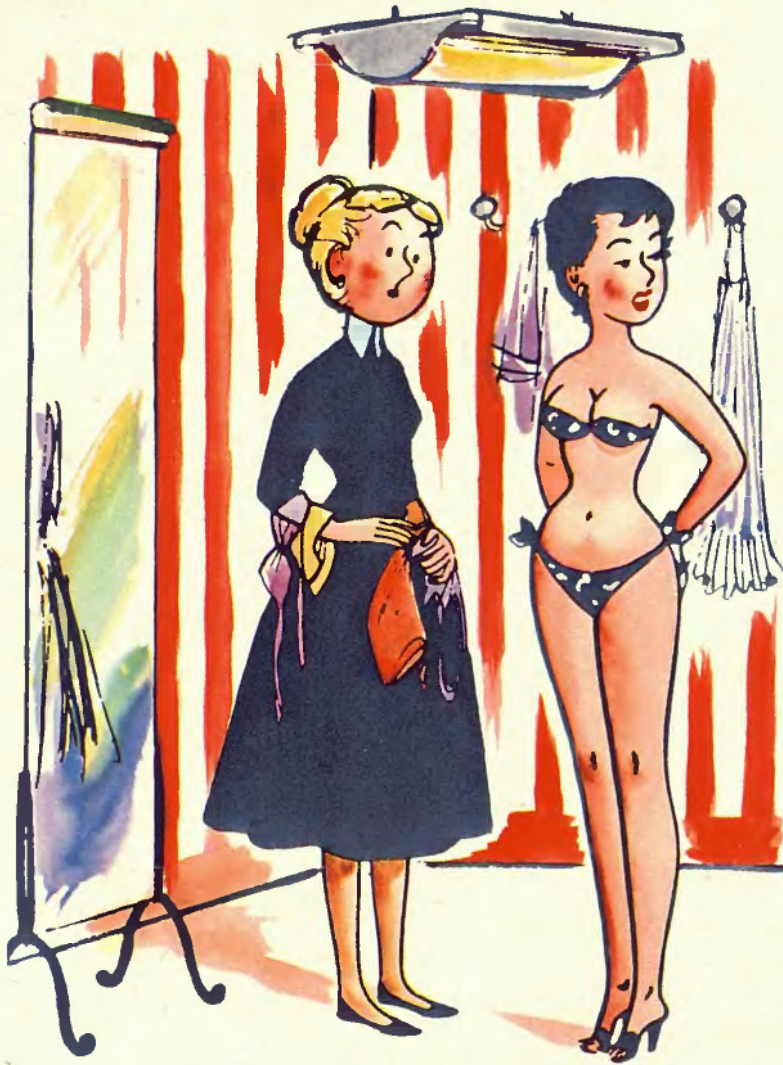
"Well, we're a little — shall we say — young? Aren't we? Your — ah — initial performance, shall we say, dolling?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said without thinking. Then I could have kicked myself. "I mean, no, ma'am," I said. "I'm an old roué from Roanoke. Har-de-har-har. I mean, really, I am."

The musky scent of her wretched about me, like they say. She must've been drenched in this Schlemiel #5 or something. I know this sounds real corny and all that I should be so affected but that's the lousy way I am with perfume.

Anyhow, one thing led to another, we had a shot of liquor, we ate the corned-beefs and took a couple of Tums and first thing you know I'm sitting next to

(continued on page 71)



"You think maybe black and white is too conservative for me?"

CLEMENTINE ON VACATION

THAT PERT PARISIENNE, Clementine, whom you met in our April issue, has trotted off to the Bikinied beaches of her native France, with mother and father in tow, of course. Cartoonist Jean Bellus is on hand, too, to record all the mischievous goings on during this jolly July vacation. Something like 120 of his Clementine drawings have been put together in one hard cover volume by the Grayson Publishing Corporation and are available at your local book dealer's for \$2.95.



"Do you accept traveler's checks?"



"In some ways your father is still a little boy."



"A big girl like you ought to change in the bath house."



"You're not the first to take me for Clementine's sister!"

CLEMENTINE *continued*



"Why don't you two come out of that stuffy place and have some fun?"



"George! You're so romantic!"



"Vacation's over, Clementine."

SOME GUYS GET IT (continued from page 27)

How did that come about? In this instance, as follows: The beautiful secretary, a lushly exotic brunette with all the right things in the right places, had been cornered at the party by a handsome junior executive of great charm. He had plied her with drinks and had dazzled her with stories in which he was the hero. In his own mind, he was warming her up for the "I-know-a-wonderful-little-French-restaurant" bit, which would be followed by the "Let's-go-to-my-apartment-for-a-nightcap" tactic. Beatrice, for that was the lady's name, was drinking it all in, the booze and the banana oil. She was ready. But John, the hero of his own autobiography, was so intent on verbal conquest, that he let the moment go by.

Not so Wilbur, the mailroom clerk. John had the edge on Wilbur any way you look at it: prestige, manners, appearance, pelf, smooth talk. But Wilbur had the operative advantage in one thing. Unlike John's, Wilbur's negligent upbringing had not included the building in of the notion that women don't like sex as much as men do, and that every seduction has to be accomplished by indirection. Wilbur knew from the first day when Beatrice came to work, from her walk and by the way she dressed and sat at her desk, that she lived in an aura of consciousness of her own sexuality and desirability. Wilbur couldn't have put this into words—he can barely talk intelligibly—but he knew it just the same. John could have put it into words—he's a great talker—but he didn't know it. He proceeded on the false assumption that the greater a girl's appeal, the harder she is to promote, which is not only nonsense, but contrary to Nature's laws.

John went to get more ice—the gallant hero. Wilbur moved in swiftly and asked Beatrice if she'd come behind the screen, he had something to show her. When a girl who is over 21 agrees to step behind a screen with a man to see some unidentified sight or object, the man—if he has Wilbur's pragmatic attitude—can be fairly certain she has some notion of what's expected. Wilbur did not waste words, and who knows what might have happened then and there if we hadn't come along to disturb them? We don't, but we do know what happened afterwards. Instead of asking Beatrice to dinner in an atmospheric restaurant, Wilbur (the penny pincher) asked her if she had any eggs at home and, if so, would she rustle them up a western and coffee. She had and she did. Etcetera. Score: one up for Wilbur, one dry run for John.

Before we leave the party for our next port of call, it may be of interest to amateur social-anthropologists to learn why fourteen other assorted male guests were unable to fulfill their yearnings for new adventure. Six were married commuters and dutifully left for home before 5:30. (Parenthetically, all six quarreled with their wives for one reason or another before bedtime, four of them so seriously that they slept on the

couch in the livingroom.) Three other married men called their wives with sufficiently convincing excuses, and then repaired to a local bar for some stag drinking. Before they got around to the point where the upper inhibitory centers were relaxed enough for them to feel the Need, and admit it to each other, it was too late: the party was over and suddenly there didn't seem to be an unattached female in the whole damn city.

The one man in the office whom all the girls considered most attractive was also unsuccessful in consummating his desire for intimate feminine companionship. The reason was that he is among that familiar minority who passively wait for the ladies to make the first approach. This frequently works, thanks to the fact that there are more women than men in the world, but seldom at an office party where there are enough normally aggressive men around to keep the girls too busy to attend to the man who poses as hard to get. However much the girls may rue it later, they never seem to learn.

That accounts for ten no-hit players. The other four are quickly disposed of. Three tried so hard to get the girls they were working on drunk, that they themselves got too sozzled to continue their attentions.

The fourteenth man? He simply didn't want to bed any of the ladies present, or anybody else that night, believe it or not.

And now we're off, notebook still clutched firmly in hand, to a summer beach resort. Once more, we've shown discrimination in our choice of locale, for here are both sexes gathered in one place for fun and frolic.

Our first specimen is Steve. He's an average-looking fellow, very amiable, generally liked by men and women. But there's a feeling of baffled envy toward him among many of the men. The reason is that Steve is a compulsive and successful flesh presser. This seems to have no particular connection with his amatory successes and failures, but it's a sufficiently interesting phenomenon—and a common enough one—to merit our attention. Steve seems to lead a charmed life. He always has his arm around some girl's waist. There isn't a waitress in the place whose posterior hasn't felt his caress as she passed his table. You never saw meetings and farewells like Steve's: it's a hello kiss and a goodbye kiss each time, whether the women are married or not. Some badly hurt feelings and at least one black eye bear testimony to the fact that other men about the place observed Steve's flesh pressing and attempted to emulate him.

What's the secret of Steve's charmed existence? How come every time you go to the beach you see him asleep with his head in some girl's lap? Why is it that when a group gets into a car to go to the village, Steve never drives, but is always in the back seat with a girl on either side and a third perched on his knees? The reason is in his approach and attitude. Steve is only normally

sexy, but he is profoundly physical. He is a tactile tactician, a sensualist. Women sense this and it flatters them without frightening them. He just loves to touch and squeeze and stroke and kiss and handle things that look good, feel good, smell good, taste good. Make no mistake: his is not the affectionate-puppy attitude, which gets a man nowhere fast. As a matter of fact, Steve's flesh pressing is unimpeded by feminine resistance precisely because he doesn't demand or even desire affection along with it. Sometimes, of course, his sexual feelings are aroused in the process. Sometimes his undemanding physical attentions arouse sexual feelings in the women he so casually paws. Some women are piqued and thereby moved to dalliance by the very fact of his relaxed behavior. In such cases, Nature takes her course to the extent that custom and convenience permit. But the net of what we may glean from observing Steve is that it is not sexiness which wins him the right to fondle the ladies. Nor does this right entitle him to, or earn him, more than the normal amount of access to sexual pleasures.

Steve is a success with women, and as such is an instructive specimen. Now let's see what we can learn, more briefly, from some observable failures.

Dan is a nettled and unhappy guy. He knows he's attractive, he knows women like him, but they never let him so much as touch them. How come? The answer lies in his approach to his quarry. He'll never learn. It's always the same. One fine morning at the resort's eating-place, he sees an attractive girl at breakfast. She's alone, having arrived just the night before. Dan's not shy: he smiles his most winning smile and introduces himself. Within an hour, he and the new girl are at the beach. Observed from a distance, things seem to be going fine. They are talking happily together, and there's the rub. Dan's conversation inevitably leads to intimate friendship, of the kind girls feel toward each other. Dan doesn't know it, but he's up against one of the firmest dicta in the book: *it's hard to seduce a pal*. The only time a girl ever let Dan hold her hand was on the occasion of her telling him she was in love with another guy—and her feelings were hurt when he didn't cheer.

Two other foredoomed, perennial failures warrant our attention, both because they are typical of large groups of unhappy males, and because we can discern underlying causes.

Ted is a calculator. He boasts about it. "You don't catch me getting involved with the first girl that comes along. No siree. I case the joint, find the prettiest, learn what I can about her—and then, brother, I move right in on her."

Only he doesn't move right in on her because, by the time he's ready, she's busy. What's behind Ted's failure? The answer is, he's afraid. Behind that facade of The Knowing Rake there is a little man who is afraid of women. He can't admit it to himself, so he uncon-

(concluded on page 70)



"Don't kill me, I beseech you!" said the Princess.

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE

The first English translation of an amusing tale by Anton Chekhov

SMYCHKOV, A MUSICIAN, was walking from town to Prince Bibulov's country villa where, to celebrate an engagement, there was to be an evening of music and dancing. On his back lay an enormous double-bass in a leather case. Smychkov was walking along the bank of a river, the cool water of which was running if not majestically, at least extremely romantically.

Shall I have a bathe? he thought.

Without further ado he undressed and plunged his body in the cool current. It was a gorgeous evening. Smychkov's romantic soul was beginning to harmonize with its surroundings. But what a blissful feeling seized his heart when, after swimming along about a hundred

paces, he saw a beautiful girl sitting on the steep bank fishing. He held his breath, overwhelmed by a welter of mixed feelings: reminiscences of childhood, nostalgia for the past, awakening love . . . Good heavens, and he had thought that he could no longer love! After he had lost faith in humanity (his wife, whom he had loved passionately, had run away with his friend Sobakin, the bassoon-player), his heart had been filled with a feeling of emptiness, and he had become a misanthrope.

What is life? He had asked himself the question more than once. What do we live for? Life is a myth, a dream . . . ventriloquy . . .

But standing before the sleeping

beauty (it was not difficult to observe that she was asleep), suddenly, regardless of his will, he felt in his breast something resembling love. He stood before her for a long time, devouring her with his eyes.

But that's enough, he thought, letting out a deep sigh. Farewell, lovely vision! It's time I went to His Highness's ball.

He looked once more at the beauty, and was just about to swim back, when an idea flashed through his mind.

I must leave her something to remember me by! he thought. I'll hitch something on to her line. It'll be a surprise from "person unknown."

Smychkov swam quietly to the bank,
(continued on page 58)

Ribald Classic

A

BEST FOOT FORWARD

five steps in the right direction

attire BY FRANK CARIOTI

PLINY THE ELDER once muttered something to the effect that shoemakers should give no opinions beyond the shoes. We hope he didn't have anything against non-shoemakers sounding off on footwear: though no cobblers, we, there are a few pithy points about shoes we'd like to unload right here, Pliny or no Pliny.

Until recently, toes everywhere were

kept snarling under a hood of leather that had, with few exceptions, about as much comfort and good looks as a cast iron boiler. For some reason, no one told the shoe fellows that a revolution was fomenting in all other departments of a man's wardrobe; shoes just hadn't heard about the remodeling job going on in the upper regions (except maybe for a feeble tassel here and a meager

hunk of nylon mesh there).

But now the bootsmiths are getting the message: they're tossing in some of the practical, tasty chunks of fine fashion *plus* gentle comfort that turn a pair of shoes into something that's easy on the feet as well as the eye. The results make a guy think twice before slipping into that plain toe blucher that has always
(concluded overleaf)

FLORSHEIM SHOES COURTESY OF BASKIN'S, CHICAGO

FREEMAN, BALLY AND WRIGHT SHOES COURTESY OF MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO

**B**

C



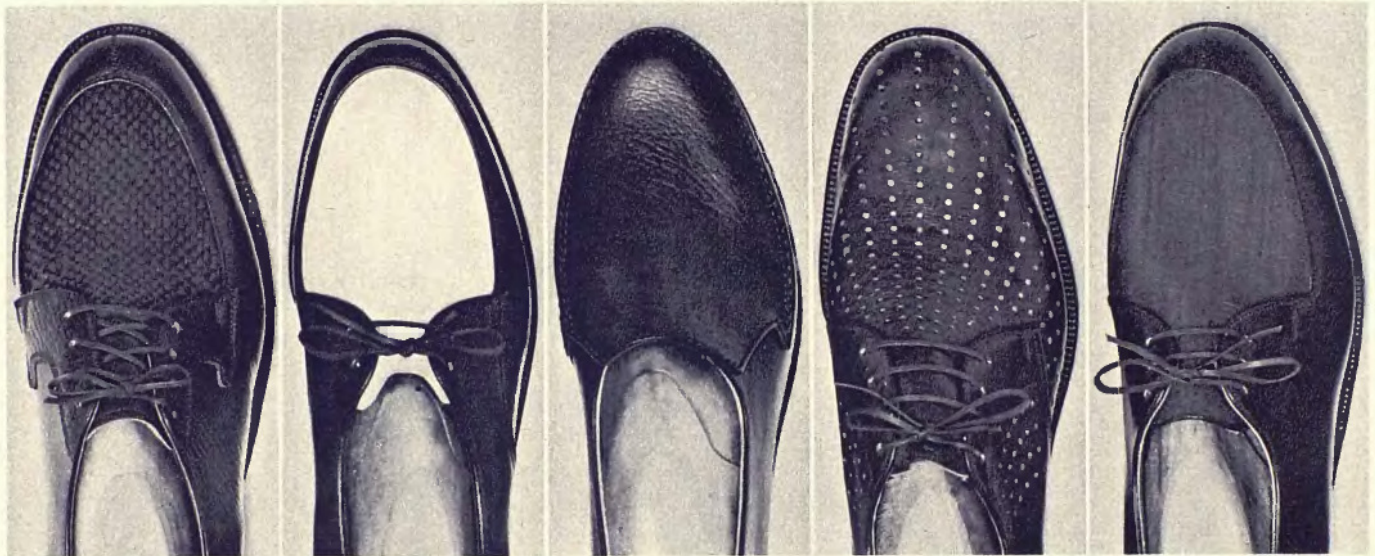
D



E



An eagle's-eye view of the vamp (not Theda Bara, but the part that covers your toes and instep).



A

B

C

D

E

been a "safe bet," albeit a little "warm," for summer. It also means that, even in the foot department, every gazebo on the boulevard doesn't have to look like every other gazebo. And you can still stay on the proper side of the sartorial fence.

The five shoes set up in the color panels have one thing in common: each is a summer model for business or comparatively dressed-up leisure, trimmed in bulk of sole and heel, and richly shaped in light-weight body leather. Each carries a bit of the traditional, but also at least one feature that sets it apart from the ordinary. There isn't a wing tip or plain toe in the whole boodle.

A: The Algonquin four-tie oxford done up in something called "llama calf" which refers to the grain-treatment

of the leather, subtle and rich looking, even finer than the Scotch grain you already know. We're told the designers paced the floor at night dreaming up a way to weave leather strips in one direction and a wooly fiber in another for a tweed-and-leather look. Goes admirably with light tan summer suitings, costs around \$19, from Freeman.

B: No longer exclusively a sports shoe, the classic black-and-white steps out in a distinctive Norwegian toe model. Seen not only at the office, but also at the summer evening outdoor concert, the theatre, the patio party; costs around \$19, from Florsheim.

C: Reflecting authentic continental intrigue, this debonair slip-on comes in llama calf with smart chain stitching and high rise tongue that hugs the instep.

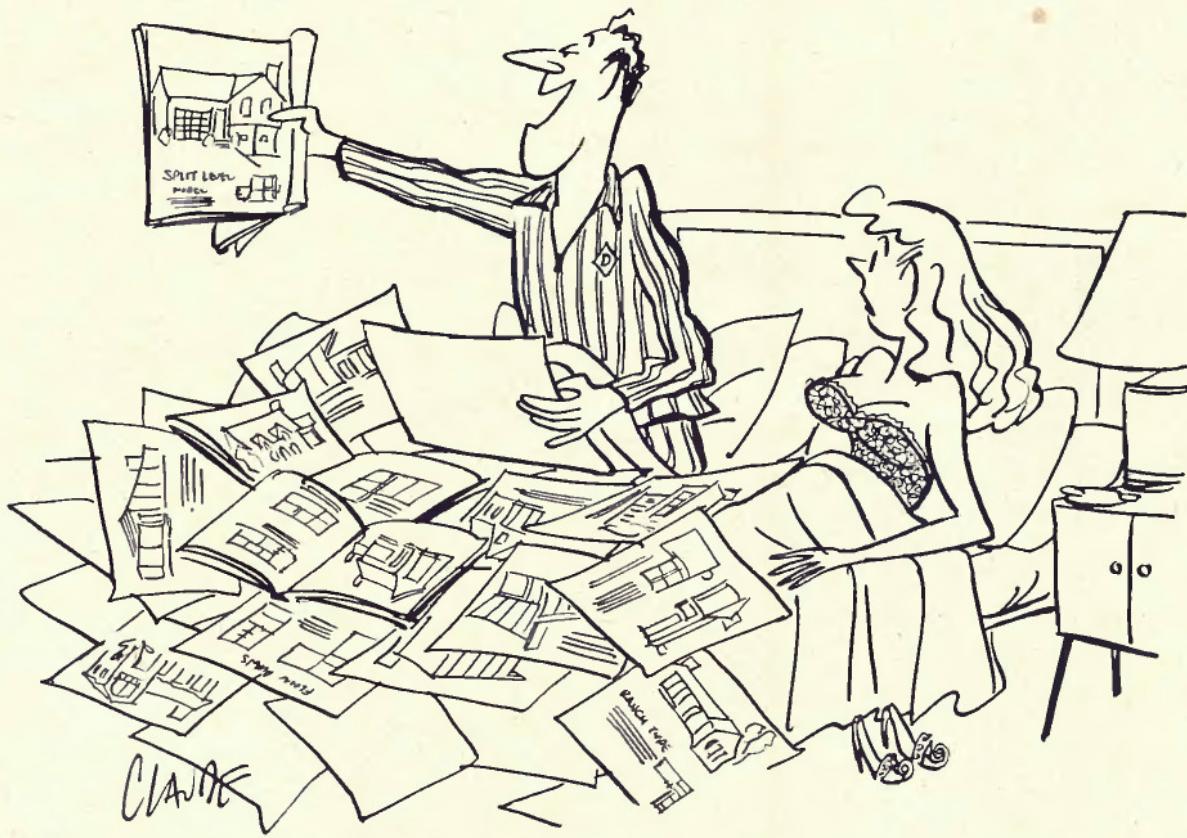
An exceptionally wise companion for walk shorts, yet neat enough to take you to the plushiest supper club in town. Also available in nut-brown; about \$25, from Bally of Switzerland.

D: Honest-to-john air conditioning in a French calf punched full of wind-swept perforations; even the lining is left out. Shoes don't come much lighter, and the built up arch construction keeps you from limping around; about \$25, from Wright Arch Preserver.

E: A three-eyelet oxford with a top panel of Dupioni silk over smooth calf. Other models feature the nubby silk in a lighter shade contrasted with darker leathers, in plain and tasselled slip-ons and laced oxfords, about \$20, from Florsheim.



THE DREAM HOUSE and HOW TO AVOID IT



still more pointers on succeeding with women without really trying

satire **BY SHEPHERD MEAD**

EVERY MARRIAGE *must* have a home. A marriage without walls around it is a flimsy thing indeed. You will need a cozy nook for just you two. More specifically, this should include a kitchen, bathroom, and at least one room for living and sleeping.

Choose a good, well-kept apartment building and you will find they have all these rooms and as many others as you need or can afford.

Some say that it takes a heap of living to make an apartment a home. This is true. However, it takes a heap less than if you are driven into a free-standing house, surrounded on all sides by con-

stantly growing vegetation, with its own furnace, hot water heater, plumbing, storm windows, cess-pool, roofing, chimney, paint, calking, wiring, and snow-covered sidewalks.

You will discover, however, that every woman wants a house of her own. From the very moment you move into your apartment she will make it clear that she thinks of it only as a temporary expedient—until you find your dream house.

Your first reaction will be blind resistance. You will have visions of being torn away, miles farther from your work and your cronies, and from the protec-

tive wing of the building superintendent and handy man.

You will have nightmares about leaking pipes, bursting boilers, rotting shingles, growing weeds, and icy driveways. You may fear you will have little energy left to carve out your career, small chance to conserve your strength.

And of course all these fears are completely justifiable.

"SHOULD I RESIST OPENLY?"

You must not, however, stand in her way. You will be putting yourself in a bad light, you will win small love or affection and—most important—you will get nowhere.

It is like telling a bird it cannot feather its nest. You are fighting a basic instinct.

Don't resist. Take the opposite approach. Be eager. It is far more becoming, will create better feelings around the house, and is infinitely more effective.

Open the Discussion

The really expert husband makes it seem that he is taking the initiative. Time your opening gun carefully. When she begins looking through the real estate section, prepare yourself. The first time she *clips something out*, but before she actually *says* anything, fire the first shot.

"Oh, I love you, Phoebe, but sometimes I wonder if we're really suited to each other . . ."

"Why, Davie, I —"

"You seem so well adjusted to this easy apartment living, but I — well, I feel *fenced in*. I want to get out — *'way out!*'"

Daring as this may sound, it will put you in a good tactical position for the difficult maneuvering that will follow.

THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING PHASE

Your wife will now begin to read the real estate advertisements more openly — and soon will even begin to read them aloud.

At first you will have little difficulty in simply countering the advertisement itself.

"Listen to this one, David. 'Artist's dream house —'"

(*All houses in the classified section were built for artists, though you will never actually catch an artist living in one.*)

"Oh?"

"Hand hewn timbers, paneled living room, mansard roof."

"Hmmm. Pity."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. For a minute I thought you said 'mansard roof.'"

"I did."

"Oh, well, then."

"What's *wrong* with a mansard roof?"

"Phoebe, do you know what a mansard roof is?"

"Well, no, not exactly."

(*If she does, you will have to play the ball into some other court.*)

"Just as I thought. Well, you know what a *thatched* roof is, don't you?"

"Oh, David, not a *thatched* roof!

"Almost as bad. Imagine *living* under a mansard roof!"

Easiest of all is to *attack the location*.

"And it's only nineteen thousand, Davie!"

"Where is it again?"

"Frampton."

"*East Frampton or West Frampton?*"

"It doesn't say."

"Well, then! If it's *West Frampton* they always say so. *Nobody* lives in *East Frampton*. Blighted. Has been for years."

THE TELEPHONE PHASE

The advertisement phase may continue for months, or even years, depending upon your skill. Eventually, though, your wife will embark on the next or telephoning phase. She will begin to call up the numbers in the ads — unless you act quickly.

"Let me call, Phoebe. I want to check on the tax and mortgage situation."

"Oh, all right, David."

While talking to the party throw in an occasional "Oh, that's too bad!" or "I suppose you *do* get used to it, don't you?"

"Well, what did he say, David?"

"Sounds pretty good, pet."

"What did you mean, 'You get used to it?'"

"Oh, nothing, really. He was just telling me about the kitchen. Tricky arrangement—in the basement, kind of. Dry basement, though, he says, water only comes through in the rainy season. Beautiful apple trees. Sounds fine!"

This technique may stave off the actual expedition for many months.

THE EXPEDITIONARY PHASE

Eventually you will be forced into the field, at first perhaps alone and later accompanied by a real estate dealer.

You will be in grave danger. Keep your mind alert, and remember these simple rules.

1. Be Enthusiastic.

A dour attitude will spoil the fun. Praise everything extravagantly, but find some simple fault.

"Say, I *do* like this! Seems to have everything, doesn't it, Phoebe?"

"It is nice!"

(*The real estate man will begin to take on a greedy expression.*)

"Pity we can't just turn it around, isn't it?"

"Turn it around, Davie?"

"We certainly wouldn't want a house facing north, would we, Phoebe? Spoils everything. Some day we'll spot it, though!"

2. Set Up a Yardstick.

It is always good to have a standard for comparison. If it is a real one, so much the better.

"It is grand, isn't it! You know, Phoebe, it's almost as nice as Joe's place."

(NOTE: "*place*," never "*house*.")

"You must take me there, Davie."

"This tone work isn't quite up to Joe's, but—how much is this one, Mr. Frammis?"

"They're asking fifty-two, but I think they may take forty-nine."

"Honestly? Phoebe, you know what Joe paid? Twenty-two, *with the pool.*"

3. Have a Vague Yearning.

Any real estate man is at your mercy if you have a vague, nameless yearning.

"Yes, it does have everything."

"Everything you asked for, Mr. Strong."

"It's all there—and yet—I can't explain it. It just doesn't seem to *call out to me*. Do you know what I mean, Phoebe?"

"Well, Davie, I —"

"Somehow I just don't feel at *home* here."

As long as you don't pin it down to anything specific, he is helpless and he knows it.

4. Know Your Architecture.

If you know a great deal about architecture, so much the better. It is equally effective, however, to have strong preferences, especially if they are a trifle unusual.

Always start with a strong prejudice against colonial, since it will eliminate more than half the market. Both Norman and Tudor are good. No use overdoing it. Specify Moorish, Byzantine, or East Indian and you may be suspected of lack of cooperation.

Best of all, though, is *modern*. Demand nothing but modern and you will seem to be reasonable, yet you can be sure you will never be satisfied.

All real estate dealers have at least one "modern" house they show to everyone who specifies modern architecture. It looks like an ice box, is generally white and square, has lots of glass bricks and corner windows, and has been on the market for years.

All other modern houses were designed for the original owners. Buying a used one is exciting, but it is like buying somebody else's custom made suit.

"It is unusual, Davie!"

"Very ingenious on the inside, too, Phoebe. All built around a photographic dark room. You can make the whole house pitch dark!" Or, perhaps:

"Damn'd tricky, Phoebe. Only one bathroom, but hot and cold running water in the window boxes. You can grow orchids in every room!"

Remember, looking at contemporary houses is always a fascinating adventure, and one that involves small risk.

5. Be Baronial.

It is also effective to imply to the real estate man that you are used to better things, that everything he shows you is rather shabby, but that you are too polite to let on.

"Well, Phoebe, I suppose we *could* double up here.

(*This is effective if the place is too large.*)

"You want a *bigger* place, Mr.

(concluded on page 60)



pictorial

THE GIRL IN THE PEEK-A-BOO PANTS

marla english

won't be wearing

them anymore

LOOK YOUR LAST, boys. Scrutinize each interesting inch of the transparently-clad Marla English you see here, and commit it all to memory. The English epidermis will no longer be thus exposed, for Marla's star has risen in the Hollywood heavens and her advisers are now advising her to keep her shirt on, and her skirt, too, whenever a camera comes into range. *(continued next page)*





Marla has always enjoyed lolling about in next to nothing, whether a man with photographic equipment was present or not, but this sort of thing simply isn't done once you've achieved a certain cinematic stature. Marla has achieved that stature now, it seems: Paramount put her into small parts in *Rear Window*, *Red Garters* and *About Mrs. Leslie*; and she has had leads in three independently produced films.

The fun is over. From now on it's the glamor of great scripts, challenging roles, critical acclaim and someday, who knows, perhaps an Oscar on the mantle. The onionskin snuggies? The wispy negligee and resultant undraped umbilicus? They, alas, are gone forever.

A sad story, but we're able to provide the happiest ending possible under the circumstances. For the ubiquitous PLAYBOY photographer — sensing the impending tragedy — was able to snap several shapely shots just before Marla crossed such cheesecake off her menu.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER GOWLAND

IN THE CASE (continued from page 49)

picked a large bunch of field and water flowers and, tying it up with a bit of pigweed, he hitched it on to the hook.

The bouquet fell to the bottom, and took the pretty float down with it.

Prudence, the laws of nature, and my hero's social position demand that the romance end at this precise point, but — alas! an author's fate is inexorable: owing to circumstances beyond the author's control the romance did not end with a bouquet. In spite of common sense and the nature of things, the poor and humble double-bass player was to play an important part in the life of the rich and noble beauty.

When he swam to the bank, Smychkov was thunderstruck: he could not see his clothes. They had been stolen. While he had been admiring the beauty, some unknown rascals had carried off everything except the double-bass and his top hat.

"Damnation," exclaimed Smychkov. "Oh men, you generation of vipers! I don't so much resent being deprived of my clothes — for clothes decay — as the thought that I shall have to go stark naked and thus violate social morality."

He sat down on the double-bass case and tried to find a way out of his awful predicament.

I can't go to Prince Bibulov's with nothing on! he thought. There'll be ladies there! And besides, with my trousers the thieves have taken the rosin which was in them!

He thought for a long time, painfully, till his head ached.

Oh! he remembered at last. Not far from the bank, in the bushes, there's a little bridge. I can sit under the bridge until it gets dark, and when night falls I'll creep to the nearest cottage . . .

Dwelling on this thought, Smychkov put on his top hat, hoisted the double-bass on his back, and trudged along to the bushes. Naked, with the musical instrument on his back, he was reminiscent of some ancient, mythical demi-god.

Now, reader, while my hero is sitting under the bridge and giving himself up to sorrow, let us leave him for a time and turn our attention to the girl who was fishing. What happened to her? When the beauty woke up and did not see the float on the water, she hastened to give her rod a jerk. The rod strained, but the hook and float did not appear from under the water. Evidently Smychkov's bouquet had become sodden in the water, had swollen and grown heavy.

Either there's a big fish caught on it, thought the girl, or else the hook has got entangled.

After jerking the rod a bit more, the girl decided that the hook had got entangled.

What a pity! she thought. And they bite so well in the evening. What shall I do?

And without further ado the eccentric girl threw off her diaphanous clothes and plunged her lovely body in the current right up to her marble shoulders. It was not easy to unhook the bouquet,

which had become entangled with the line, but patience and labor won the day. After about a quarter of an hour the beauty came out of the water, radiant and happy, holding the hook in her hand.

But she was in the hands of cruel fortune. The scoundrels who had taken Smychkov's clothes had abducted her dress too, leaving her nothing but a jar full of worms.

What shall I do now? she wept. Must I really go about like this? No, never! Death would be better! I'll wait until it gets dark; then, in the darkness I'll get as far as Agafia's and send her home for a dress. . . And while I'm waiting I'll hide under the bridge.

Choosing a way where the grass was longest and bending down, my heroine ran to the bridge. When she crawled under the bridge she saw there a naked man with a musical mane and a hairy chest; she gave a cry and fainted.

Smychkov was frightened too. At first he took the girl for a naiad.

Is this a river siren, come to lure me? he thought, and he found this conjecture tempting, for he had always had a very high opinion of his personal appearance. And if she's not a siren, but a human being, how can this strange transformation be explained? Why is she here, under the bridge? And what is the matter with her?

While he was deciding these questions, the beauty came to.

"Don't kill me!" she whispered. "I am Princess Bibulova. I beseech you! You'll be given a lot of money! I was in the water just now disentangling my hook, and some thieves stole my new dress, shoes and everything!"

"Madam," said Smychkov in an imploring voice, "they stole my clothes too. And what's more, together with my trousers they carried off my rosin which was in them!"

Usually no double-bass and trombone players have any presence of mind; Smychkov, however, was a pleasant exception.

"Madam," he said, after a moment, "I see that you are embarrassed by my appearance. But, you will agree, I cannot leave this place for the same reasons as yourself. I've got an idea: would you care to lie down in my double-bass case and cover yourself with the lid? That would hide me from you . . ."

Having said this, Smychkov pulled the double-bass out of its case. For a moment it seemed to him that, in handing over the case, he was profaning Sacred Art, but he did not hesitate for long. The beauty lay down in the case and curled herself up in a ball, while he tightened the straps and began to rejoice that Nature had endowed him with such brains.

"Now, madam, you can't see me," he said. "Lie there, and don't worry. When it's dark I'll carry you to your parents' house. I can come back here for the double-bass later."

When darkness fell Smychkov hoisted

the case with the beauty inside it on to his shoulders, and trudged off in the direction of the Bibulov's villa. His plan was as follows: to begin with, he would go as far as the first cottage and acquire some cloths, and then go on . . .

Every cloud has a silver lining, he thought, scattering the dust with his bare feet and bending under his burden; Bibulov will probably reward me handsomely for the warm interest I have taken in the princess's fate.

"Are you comfortable, madam?" he asked, in the tone of a *cavalier galant* inviting a lady to a quadrille. "Please don't stand on ceremony, and do make yourself absolutely at home in my case!"

Suddenly the gallant Smychkov thought he saw two human figures wrapped in darkness walking ahead of him. On looking more closely, he became convinced that this was not an optical illusion: two figures were, in fact, walking along, and were even carrying some sort of bundles in their hands . . .

I wonder if those are the thieves? the thought flashed through his mind. They're carrying something. It's probably our clothes!

Smychkov put the case down on the road, and started in pursuit of the figures.

"Stop!" he cried. "Stop! Stop thief!"

The figures looked around and, seeing they were being pursued, took to their heels . . . For a long time the princess heard rapid footsteps and cries of "Stop!" At last all was silent.

Smychkov was carried away by the chase, and probably the beauty would have had to lie in the field by the road for a good while longer, if it had not been for a happy coincidence. It so happened at that very time and along that very road Smychkov's friends Zhuchkov, the flute-player, and Razmakhaikin, the clarinetist, were walking to the Bibulov's villa. They stumbled over the case, both looked at each other, and raised their hands in amazement.

"Double-bass!" said Zhuchkov. "Why it's our Smychkov's double-bass! But how did it get here?"

"Probably something happened to Smychkov," decided Razmakhaikin. "Either he got drunk, or else he was robbed. In any case, it wouldn't be right to leave the double-bass here. Let's take it with us."

Zhuchkov hoisted the case on his back, and the musicians continued on their way.

"It's the devil of a weight!" the flute-player grumbled all the time. "I would not agree to play a monster like this for anything in the world . . . ugh!"

When they arrived at Prince Bibulov's villa the musicians put the case down in the place reserved for the orchestra, and went to the bar.

The chandeliers and sconces were already lit in the villa. The fiancé, La-keich, a handsome and attractive official of the Ministry of Transport, was standing in the middle of the ballroom and, with his hands in his pockets, was chatting with Count Shkalikov. They were

(concluded on page 72)



"One word of caution, Miss Simmons: Once you've crossed the bridge there's no turning back. Deucedly habit-forming, you know."

DREAM HOUSE (continued from page 54)

Strong?"

"Not exactly *bigger*, no. This almost seems *too big*. It's just that inside the rooms seem so, well, *cramped*. Guess the old halls of Vanderlay Manor spoiled me as a child, eh, Phoeb?"

6. *Be a Financial Expert.*

There will come a time when, in spite of all you can do, you will feel trapped.

"Have to admit it, Phoeb, it has everything we've been looking for, all these years. If only it faced south!"

"But it *does* face south, Mr. Strong!"

Only the mortgage can save you now. It will always be your ace in the hole. Pretend elation, but keep your head cool, your nerves steady.

"Well, at last! Never thought we'd find it! Why don't the two of us go back into your office, Mr. Frammis, and talk over the financial end of it?"

(*Note especially "the two of us." Women cannot be expected to understand this sort of thing.*)

"What a damned shame, Phoeb! You might know it has a second mortgage!"

"Is that bad, Davie?"

"And that's not all! It's in escrow—and there's a strong possibility of eminent domain. The legal battle alone could run for years!"

What a joy this expeditionary phase can be! Weekend after weekend you will spend out in the open air, whisked about the countryside for nothing in the comfortable cars of real estate dealers.

One day, however, it will have to come to an end.

THE BUILDING PHASE

If your wife is driven far enough, she may suggest, "Why don't we just build one ourselves?"

Do not be frightened. In this direction lie your best opportunities. It is true, of course, that sheer disaster faces anyone who actually *builds*, and the fate of those who *rebuild* will not even be discussed in this article.

However, the man who plans his building program carefully can enjoy years of happy, carefree apartment living.

Plan Carefully.

During the long, long planning stage your manner must continue to be one of cheerful cooperation. Do your best to help. Planning the new house can be pleasant and exciting, it costs nothing, and is an ideal way to while away long winter evenings.

In the process you both will be learning. The early, rudimentary plans will be torn up countless times as you discover all the daring possibilities.

"I think we've got it now, Phoeb!

Just look at this latest *House Beautiful!*"

(*Keep bringing home these magazines. They are chock full of ideas.*)

"I thought the plan was nearly all set, Davie."

"So did I—but wait'll you see *this* sketch! Makes our plan look old hat! Gives us a whole new approach."

Be open to *all* ideas, no matter how advanced.

"Close your eyes and picture this one, Phoeb. A solid glass wall, and right outside a reflecting pool that—"

"That would change everything, David."

"Don't change it yet. Just picture it."

A note of caution: do not, at this stage, consult an architect or builder. They will try to rush you into hasty action. Your planning must be done carefully, and with no immediate thought of actual construction.

Join a Co-Op.

Once you have reached the stage at which you can postpone action no longer, join a building cooperative, some closely-knit group which plans to build many homes together.

Your first talks with members of any building co-op will make it clear how much money you can save, how mass buying of land and materials, and centralized group planning can cut your costs almost in half.

This will not be quite true, as you will discover later, but remember your purpose is not pinch-penny economy. You are buying time, you are buying long, lazy years.

Join a young group, one whose ideas are bright, but whose plans are nebulous. Together you will spend stimulating years in eager, animated discussion. After a while, if you tire of the meetings, send your wife. She will be fired with enthusiasm.

"What was the meeting about tonight, Phoeb?"

"We found the most wonderful place to buy nails! Saves two dollars a barrel. Of course there was one faction that opposed it, but we blocked them in a sort of parliamentary double play. Technically I had the floor on a point of information, and I talked for forty-five minutes!"

"I'd have been proud of you, Phoeb! Did you buy the nails?"

"No, but we appointed a committee, and our faction outnumbered theirs three to two on it."

"Gosh, we'll have that house any day now!"

You will be learning, and you will be making friends, too.

If plans become too far advanced, join one of the indignant factions, of which there will be several. They will soon split off and take you with them.

THE TEMPORARY RENTAL

Some time during this process the generous husband gives his wife a chance to enjoy a house temporarily. Try to

find a place which will give you—in a few short months—a cross section of the many interesting problems of home owning.

One way is to rent a place for the summer months. Choose this spot carefully. Some of the little tell-tale signs to look for are: iron pipes, rust stains, a high water mark in the basement, evidences of new concrete strips in the basement floor, screwdriver marks on electrical outlets, bits of friction tape lying about, and ceilings blistered or moist. Each little tell-tale sign will be a promise of interesting adventures to come.

Make the entire summer a time of discovery and joyful experimentation. Let your wife know how eager *you* are, too. If, for example, you notice scum on her ankles:

"Golly, Phoeb, isn't it great having our own little place?"

"David, I want you to have a look at the cellar."

"I love every nook and cranny."

"Davie, this nook and cranny is two feet deep."

"Oh, well, that's a house for you! Take the bitter with the sweet!"

When she complains, as she may, always defend the house.

"But I *like* a little rust in the water, don't you, Phoeb? Puts iron in you."

"It's *cold*, though, Davie!"

"We'll bathe in the sound! Makes you feel like a million!"

Choose a spot that is on an interesting commuting line, one that will be a challenge to you. In the New York area try the Long Island Railroad.

"Davie, you have to get home, the roof is leaking!"

"Get hold of a good bucket, Phoeb. May not see you for a day or so. Third rail's cut altogether."

And make sure the house is out in fine, open country.

"Gotta use the car today, Phoeb."

"You can't, Davie! How will I go shopping?"

"Pick up one of those baskets with the little wheels. Mighty handy gadgets. You'll need one."

"But it's almost two miles!"

"Do you a world of good!"

Every day will have its own little problem and every day you and your wife will find new ways of meeting them. After three or four months both of you will look upon houses with a new and more mature point of view.

One day, of course, after many little ones have arrived, a house may be a real advantage. When this time comes you should have the training and experience to act quickly and decisively.

Once you really want a house, the whole process can easily be accomplished in a single afternoon.

NEXT MONTH:

"HOW TO HANDLE MONEY IN MARRIAGE"



NELLTHU

fiction BY ANTHONY BOUCHER



when making a wish, it's well to choose your words with care

AILSA HAD BEEN easily the homeliest and the least talented girl in the University, if also the most logical and levelheaded. Now, almost 15 years later, she was the most attractive woman Martin had ever seen and, to judge from their surroundings, by some lengths the richest.

"... so lucky running into you again after all these years," she was saying, in that indescribably aphrodisiac voice. "You know about publishers, and you can advise me on this novel. I was getting so tired of the piano..."

Martin had heard her piano recordings and knew they were superb—as the vocal recordings had been before them and the non-representational paintings before *them* and the fashion designs and that astonishing paper on prime numbers. He also knew that the income from all these together could hardly have furnished the Silver Room in which they dined or the Gold Room in which he later read the novel (which was of course superb) or the room whose color he never noticed because he did not sleep alone (and the word *superb* is inadequate).

There was only one answer, and Martin was gratified to observe that the coffee-bringing servant cast no shadow in the morning sun. While Ailsa still slept (superbly), Martin said, "So you're a demon."

"Naturally, sir," the unshadowed servant said, his eyes adoringly upon the sleeper. "Nellthu, at your service."

"But such service! I can imagine

Ailsa—that was working out a good spell and even wishing logically. But I thought you fellows were limited in what you could grant."

"We are, sir. Three wishes."

"But she has wealth, beauty, youth, fame, a remarkable variety of talents—all on three wishes?"

"On one, sir. Oh, I foxed her prettily on the first two." Nellthu smiled reminiscently. "'Beauty'—but she didn't specify, and I made her the most beautiful hundred-year-old woman in the world. '*Wealth beyond the dreams of avarice*'—and of course nothing is beyond such dreams, and nothing she got. Ah, I was in form that day, sir! But the third wish..."

"Don't tell me she tried the old '*For my third wish I want three more wishes!*' I thought that was illegal."

"It is, sir. The paradoxes involved go beyond even our powers. No, sir," said Nellthu, with a sort of rueful admiration, "her third wish was stronger than that. She said: '*I wish that you fall permanently and unselfishly in love with me.*'"

"She was always logical," Martin admitted. "So for your own sake you had to make her beautiful and... adept, and since then you have been compelled to gratify her every—" He broke off and looked from the bed to the demon. "How lucky for me that she included *unselfishly!*'"

"Yes, sir," said Nellthu.





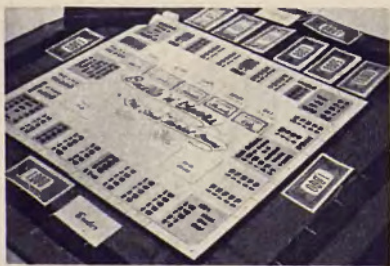


PLAYBOY'S BAZAAR



UPS AND DOWNS

Here's a furniture item called the Expando; assumes the perfect bar height (38"), drops easily to buffet (35"), game table (21"), coffee table (18") or storage (5"). 21" wide by 53" long, in blonde oak, silvertone walnut, charcoal walnut, carnival or mahogany finishes. Shipping weight is 65 lbs., price is \$119, from *Abco Metal Products Co.*, Department CD, 13921 Kornblum Street, Hawthorne, California.



DAS KAPITAL

You can develop a fashionable ulcer playing Bulls 'n' Bears, a new game that poses all the tensions and thrills of Wall Street. You can also wipe out from two to six friends at one sitting, amass a fortune buying and selling stocks. The board is ruggedly constructed and the playing pieces pack neatly into a leatherette box stamped in gold. \$4.95, ppd. *T. T. Products*, Dept. B, 21-20 33rd Ave., Long Island City 6, N. Y.

All orders should be sent to the addresses listed in the descriptive paragraphs and checks or money orders made payable to the individual companies. With the exception of personalized items, all of these products are guaranteed by the companies and you must be entirely satisfied or the complete purchase price will be refunded.



FOR OXYGEN ADDICTS

Today, it's a desolate, sullen patio that cannot boast the lip-smacking goodness of open-air cooking. Splendidly equipped for charcoal sizzling is this Bar-B-Q Kettle that does everything but whistle *Dixie*, comes complete with aluminum utility shelf, rubber-tired wheels and weather-proof black porcelain finish. Deep cover accommodates steaks, roasts, large fowl or entire Gila monster. Diameter 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ ", grill height 29", shipping weight 44 lbs., cost \$46.95, but you foot the postage. *Von Lengerke & Antoine*, Dept. MO, 9 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 2, Ill.



STIR CRAZY

For that next blowout at your apartment, why not a set of these funny old swizzle sticks? The road-stirs come topped with miniature highway safety signs ablaze with those hoary legends you love so well: soft shoulders, dangerous curves, etc. Bright yellow plastic with black sign markings (and ball at bottom end), the set of 12 costs a piddling one buck. Send lucre to *Mr. Paul*, Dept. AN, 339 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.



FOILED AGAIN

No vile villain's going to boost the amount on *your* personal checks, for the Checkmaster automatically spaces and perforates each number and word into the paper with indelible red ink. Has locking selector and self-contained inker that won't spill or smear. Will write any size check up to infinity. Priced at a thrifty \$14.95, ppd. From *Magna Industries*, Dept. JK, 1060 Crenshaw Blvd., Los Angeles 19, Calif.



"Take off your glasses so I can see what you look like."

THE DEAL

(continued from page 42)

knight in blue who could do nothing for her at the bar. He looked at her and she could tell by the way he did that it wasn't the first time. Separately together, they indulged in the world's most speculative intrigue—perhaps. Alf twisted in his chair and she looked back at him, at his smooth skin, like a spoiled gray tomato the moment before the decay reaches the outside.

With card shark timing he took out the money clip and counted off five bills. His experienced fingers hid the money as he pulled it loose, rolled it into a cigarette-size cylinder and reached for Linda's hand. She glanced at the jet pilot who had turned back to the bar. Alf put the roll into her hand which lay awkward as an extra left foot for an exposed moment on the table before she put it in her lap and counted the money. Five hundred.

"The other half afterwards," Alf said.

She put the money in her purse. If someone had offered her a thousand dollars to let them throw a rotten tomato at her, once she was sure they weren't joking, she'd probably do it. Because the only barrier was pride and what did she care about that. She hadn't liked most of them anyway. She had been lonely starved drunk hoping curious bored full remembering. It had been her, not them. And so the degree that she didn't like Alf shouldn't matter. Remembering, mostly. Ed with his touchable tasteable smellable young skin and his proud still clean lost eyes. Suppose he could be here invisible. She was always bringing him someplace invisible. She saw the shock cross his face, smiled pleased at it till it turned to disgust then asked him why the hell not and started explaining. But he looked at her like she was kidding herself. And so she started in on him, for ruining Medea's life, for causing this degrading revenge, a tribute Ed would sneer at. And it was romantic compared to what had happened. Since the breakup she'd lost her protectiveness, both the part that alienates you from people and the part that keeps you hanging together as a person you see and can care about. She glanced at the divorcees at the bar scouting out a man for the night, acting like they thought their husbands had. Those that didn't start caring again sometimes stayed and made good money.

"Got some vodka in the suite," Alf said, blue bead eyes shining with yes, his loveliest word in the language. "Get some orange juice sent up."

She smiled, sad for a thousand reasons, and her watcher's eyes considered Alf, poor Alf with his pretty false hair teeth diamonds and duds and his ugly real withered decayed hairless self. An old baby, like most people still in love with youth, willing to buy steal or fake it, anything to stop the softening stiffening reminder. Poor rich Alf, thought rich poor Linda. And caught the jet pilot's eyes on her again. Hers protec-

tively spread around him and focused in front of him, blurring out his question.

Alf set his drink down, final. "Ready, kid?"

Linda polished off hers and rose with a stiff excess of poise the saddle shoes couldn't carry off. She clipped the sketch of Alf to her board, her loose easy dignified body prim and tight with rage at its fate. She saw unfilled shapes, not faces and bodies, through a gauze she seemed to push away and cover herself with simultaneously. Lights and movement and noise and shape as he indicated for her to walk ahead and she walked through the bar haze to the foyer and the blue elevator uniform and the faces she looked beyond in the elevator and the carpeted hall of buy and sell to the large chrome knob on the plain modern door.

Alf switched on the indirect lighting as they walked in. He put his arms around her and she pushed him away without thinking. The shock of the strong colors made her see they were real chairs couch rug bar stools cocktail table poker table. It was a modern playground, only smaller than downstairs. The bar was upholstered in white leather, branded in the center at knee level with a small fancy diamond "A".

Alf watched Linda. "The real thing, kid. Nothing but class for this baby." Grinning, stretching the inner tube lips, he went into the bedroom and turned on the bedtable lamp.

Linda watched him empty his change on the bedtable and take out the money clip again.

He walked back into the living room counting off five bills. He patted the blond toupee lightly and began, "Look, little girl. This horsing around ain't getting us nowhere. If you want the grand, you know what you do to get it. I raised you," he flipped the bills out, "and I'm calling."

Linda looked into 56 years of decay holding five more solid months of painting and sat down on the couch, leaning back into a toothpasty grimace. "Who, me, mister?"

Alf stared like a good poker player. "Look, Linda. You know what you're gonna do. You ain't changing your cards by stalling."

Her stomach jerked around like a floor of those carnival cars that bump each other. She crossed her arms and pressed her ankles into a tight pretzel. "You're pulling my leg, aren't you, Alf?" She giggled tartly and stopped.

"You got five bills in your purse."

"Oh. Yes."

Nobody spoke.

She looked around at the silent waiting playground. And suddenly heard her hard careless voice say, "Okay, Alf. For one thousand dollars." She bent over the lurching inside, looking at the scuffed toes of her shoes, turned in like a young girl's.

Alf's face didn't change. He counted the five hundred again for her benefit then went in and put it under the ashtray on the bedtable.

Linda looked at the door and at her

purse and sat up. She could get to the door and out of the hotel with the money she already had. And then receive a visit at home from Alf's bodyguard. She slouched back. She could still give the money back and walk out, untouched, released to eight hours a day, five days a week sold to the office typewriter. He wouldn't stop her; he probably wouldn't even argue. She opened her purse and looked in. Alf came back. She closed the purse quickly.

"Now that's settled, name your poison." Alf indulged in a hit-the-right-price grin, rubbing his successful hands together.

"Vodka and orange."

He called room service and ordered orange juice enough for three people, making much of his victory which was all he had since no amount of fifty dollar, thousand dollar, or baby-blue Cadillac girls could show him the unbuilt highway to the fountain of youth.

Linda snorted, remembering the old song about working for the Yankee dollar, unmentionable now. Now, as after any business deal, she was supposed to act like love ran the world. She wondered about the first two cavemen who decided not to kill each other, all at once. She pressed her arms against her stomach to make it quit. Maybe they should've, she thought, smiling dimly at Alf who stood grinning her over like a pleasure craft gotten wholesale.

"Be right up, baby," he winked. "They jump for this boy." He fixed himself Scotch on the rocks.

She thought of the gamblers downstairs who also couldn't beat the game and knew it and still thought they could. You can always refuse to play, go to a deserted island by yourself and do sand drawings. But you couldn't beat it, in Las Vegas or any other outpost of civilization, with a normally developed habit of eating. You pays your money and you takes your choice, she thought—of how you'll get it because you'll damn well have to pay it. But even as she thought it and stared into the bedroom, she halfway expected the knight in blue or Mama or Jesus or something.

She jumped at the knock on the door. In came the orange juice and he did have on blue. She stood up. Like all good bellhops, he looked around her and closed the door and left. But there was something, the orange juice, and she went for like it could stop the flow of life. She poured a glass and gulped it down. "I love orange juice," she explained smiling nervously.

Alf put his arm around her. "Taste better with vodka. Fix you one." He squeezed her waist then took the pitcher to the bar and fixed her drink. He brought it to her. "Now," he said. "Couple of fast ones to relax." He sat on the couch and patted the space beside him.

Linda sat down about a foot from him, very absorbed in her drink.

"Come on, baby. What's this?"

"Huh?" she said innocently.

(continued on next page)

Alf chuckled and pulled her over to him.

"Watch out. You'll spill my drink."

He chuckled again, putting his arm further around till he was touching her breast.

She wiggled away. "Wait a minute. I—Let me tell you something." She frowned. "I've never done anything like this before. With money involved, I mean."

The blue bead eyes were light and wet and through with nonsense. "You don't have to tell *me*. But you ain't no virgin. So stop acting like one."

"Okay." Linda nodded soberly, cold with goose bumps, and polished off her drink. "I'll fix me another." She got up apologetically and went to the bar and fixed one without glancing at him. She came back smiling and sat down. "Sorry I'm so silly." She looked at the spoiled gray tomato skin and turned away.

"Yeah." Then he giggled. "Them goddamn eyes look to me like you spent your life in bed. Hey?"

"Sure," she said.

He put his arm around again and she let him, gulping her drink which was getting hard to swallow.

"Alf, frankly. I'm not much on preliminaries." She stopped to make her voice include him. "Messing around, I mean. I don't need it. I'd—just as soon go ahead."

He shrugged. "Okay by me. Finish your drink."

She did. "Can't we take one with us?"

His mouth rolled around. "Jesus. Want to take the poker table too?"

She laughed. "No, but what's on the radio?" She wanted it to stay funny but he laughed and slapped her fanny and it wasn't any more.

He handed her a new drink. "Ladies first," and indicated the bedroom.

She walked briskly ahead of him, as conscious of him as if she were behind him, feeling his eyes like dirty words scribbled all over her back. The bed was big and soft with a green silk cover turned down. The five hundred dollars was under the ashtray on the bedtable. There was a light on in the dressing room and in the bath beyond. She wiped her hands on her skirt and turned to face Alf.

"You're shaking, kid. You ain't got stage fright over old Alf?" He nudged her breast, and pointed to the dressing room. "There's a bunch of women's nightgowns and stuff in the closet there. Take your pick. I'll undress out here."

She went into the dressing room and shut the door, breathing deep to stop the undulating nausea. It was a chic powder room, brightly unconcerned, slick as a perfume ad. She wondered about the others who had undressed there. She slid back the panel expecting a burlesque assortment and found instead a rack of the finest gowns and negligees she had ever seen. There was a pale lavender one Ed would love. She held it up in front of her at the mirror feeling the softness and the lace. Then she put it back and searched method-

ically for the least sheer. She picked probably the ugliest, a gray one that was mostly ruffles and left something to the imagination. Slowly she took off her clothes and slowly hung them up and finally got into the gown. She wondered if he could. But it didn't matter. He'd try.

Alf knocked on the door. "You fall in?"

The goose bumps came back. "Just a minute." She looked in the mirror expecting now at the last moment to see something, some green horror, some sneaking decadence in her face that would stop her. But she looked only mildly scared: the turned inside out sick nakedness didn't show. Disappointed, she thought of herself as a martyr, a 20th Century martyr to money, and an appropriate look came over her face. Suddenly she peeled it off, disgusted at the anthropomorphic lies she fed herself. She marched to the door concentrating on nothing but ten-twenty months and started to turn the knob. God! she thought, suppose he's naked. She opened the door.

Alf was sitting on the bed, considerably covered by baby-blue silk pajamas, long sleeved, buttoned to the neck, that hid the skinny lack of form underneath. His feet were old and purple.

"Thought I was gonna have to pull you out." He grinned, the gray skin almost working up some color. "Not bad. Not bad at all."

Linda padded, shoulders lifted, arms crossed tight subtly trying to cover her breasts, exposed like in that old dream where she was trapped downtown naked, his prying eyes digging into her skin. She dropped her arms which did no good. "Got a cigarette?"

"Marilyn Monroe ain't got nothin' on you, kid." He moved down on the bed. "Come here."

She walked around the bed to the bedtable, stared at the money and picked a cigarette out of the pack and lit it trembling. She sat on the edge of the bed facing the bedtable, thinking of Ed. Then she felt an old hand on her back and thought she would suffocate. The hand removed both shoulder straps and the gown fell. Still she didn't move. She felt a wet kiss in the small of her back and put the cigarette down. As the hand pulled her over, she stared at the money. Then she closed her eyes.

She tried many things. She tried to keep her eyes closed but each fresh insult opened them to see things that forced them shut only to be shocked open again. She remembered the exact feel of Ed and the curve of his body and placed him there with her. But he wouldn't stay. And all she could see was a look on his face like she was untouchable. She tried other people but they wouldn't stay either. He smelled old. She felt dry heaves inside. She turned and watched the money. Then she tried to be somewhere else, at a blue ocean *blue ocean*. Blue. Ocean. Or in a gray vacuum beyond air up in the sky. She swallowed quickly. She was afraid she'd scream and hit him, break him in two,

those brittle bones. She thought about it, pleurably hearing the bones snap. The nausea got worse. She tried to turn herself off like a light. Years later he moved slightly and it was over.

She got up without looking at him and went into the dressing room and closed the door then into the bathroom and closed that door. She saw a face in the mirror she hadn't seen before. And she started crying. She got into the shower to wash off the contact with age, like it was catching. She tried to hurry for fear he'd come in to joke around and look now that they supposedly knew each other. But she had to wash too hard to hurry. She thought she heard a door lock click and imagined chains dragging and waited for the exorcising crackle of a whip on a floor. She let the water run till she stopped crying. She found some gargle and used it and dabbed perfume all over her body. Then she dressed, still queasy. She looked in the mirror and thought it showed and put on her makeup very carefully.

She opened her change purse. The five hundred looked out of place next to her singles. She took out the five big bills and closed the purse. She checked the mirror again and blotted her lipstick again, feeling like all the neon on the Strip. Then she opened the door and went back into the bedroom. Alf was sunk down in the bed, grinning rumbled triumphantly half dead. As she passed the foot of the bed, she placed the money there and went on out the door to the living room.

Alf snickered. "You're too good a kid. I figured you wouldn't take it."

She stopped in the middle of the living room, turned around and came back. She picked up the bills on the foot of the bed, ignoring the surprised grin, and went around to the bedtable and lifted the other five hundred from under the ashtray. She put all the money in her purse and closed it. Then she looked up and smiled. "Thanks for the reminder."

He shrugged, still the poker player. "It's yours."

"Yes," she said. "I almost made a futile gesture." She turned smiling. "Goodnight, Alf." And picked up her clipboard in the living room and went out the door. She laughed out loud. A pudgy orange sport jacket stopped and said *Baby*. She nodded and went on. It was simply a matter of choice, your way of selling yourself. And this one wasn't suitable for sensualists.

She walked to the elevator obstinately humming *Quizas Quizas Quizas*, went downstairs and back into the bar to get rid of the hangover of a bad touch. When she saw him, she knew she had never been so aware of the infinite worth of a man. She sat down next to him at the bar.

He turned smiling. "I was hoping you'd come back."

She smiled shyly, dazzled by youth and touchableness. "I was afraid you'd be gone."

"Look," he said. "I don't have any

money. Except for drinks."

She looked at him. There was no accusation, no leer. There was nothing in his face except the hope that that was all right.

"That's good," she said gratefully. Then she laughed, relaxed. "God! Have you ever thought that just because you can't find any reason *not* to do something doesn't mean you have to do it?"

He grinned the way only some people seem to, from inside without barriers, with affinity.

And she thought, as usual, perhaps.



SCANDINAVIA

(continued from page 30)

(which is nothing very special) and, of course, eggs, bread and coffee.

When it comes to drinks, however, the licensing laws are frankly beyond us. But if you go into a bar and order something jolting, don't be surprised if they throw a sandwich at you — and for God's sake don't attempt to eat it; the poor tired thing is doing its work over and over again by satisfying licensing inspectors.

Our "musts" on a trip through Oslo include a ferry ride from Pipervika wharf back of the Town Hall across the fjord to the Bigdoyen Peninsula, to see Ninth Century Viking ships — amazingly small and shallow when you think of the months-long voyages of these early people across the mountainous billows of the North Atlantic. And we'll drive just outside town for grouse or whale steak (try it — it's pretty good) at Frognerøeteren Hovedrestaurant, decorated in old Norwegian style, with a really magnificent view over hilltop farm houses with grass-grown roofs in the foreground sloping down to the city and the shipbusy fjord beyond. Another meal at Skansen's and we're set for the railroad trip to Bergen — one of the most scenic runs in the world. The trip to the Atlantic coast starts through gentle forest land dotted with glassy blue lakes. Then there's an abrupt change as we cross the tree line into the highlands. The cottages and the pines have fallen away behind: here is barren rock, jagged, with roaring snow-fed rivers, mountain lakes still floating mid-summer ice, tremendous chasms and foaming waterfalls.

From Bergen, we like to sail up Sognefjord — between great towering canyon walls, high and rocky and green in summer — a salt water river perhaps 5,000 feet deep of black and icy green mountain-shadowed water that turns sometimes to a glacier-fed milky white on its 100-mile journey inland. Get off if you can at the Jostedal Glacier that chewed this waterway out of primeval rock — move back through time to the wild, bare, terrifying Ice Age as you climb up this broad, motionless white river, look down into ice-green crevasses that never show bottom.

Also from Bergen there are coastal

cruises, north — to Hammerfest, the northernmost city, on a latitude that just hits the top edge of Alaska, and on around hulking North Cape to Kirkenes on the Soviet border. From Bergen, too, there are cruises to the Lofoten islands of fishing villages and cliffside nesting places for ocean birds that never do come inland, and beyond to the great barren sweeping hills of Spitzbergen — and even beyond that, by cruise ship or hunting ketch, to the edge of the polar packed ice where the seals and arctic foxes and polar bears play.

We prefer the coastal run around to Hammerfest because there's no back tracking. We can go on over the mountains to cross into Finland. Crossing the Tenjoki River between the villages of Karasjok and Kaamanen leads into the immense Arctic flatlands of Lappland. past colorfully kilted Lapp reindeer

herders in their tents of animal skins.

This whole area is still pretty off-beat as world travel goes. Indeed, it's good for at least half an hour's spellbound silence at any dinner party back home, which is more than can be said for most places today.

Yet in that desolate immensity, creature comforts are not ignored. The tourist inn at Ivalo, for example, has two restaurants to serve the 50 people it can house in simple but modern and eye-appealing comfort. They tend to serve mostly smoked reindeer tongue, marinated reindeer steak, braised saddle of reindeer, reindeer pot roast and probably reindeer crunchies (they snap, crackle and jingle).

Ivalo was also the place where we first underwent a peculiar Finnish form of torture, the *sauna* . . . a rural-type
(concluded on next page)



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Turkish bath so hot it turns you purple. At this point, when steam off the nearly molten rock is so thick you can't see your aggressor, someone flays you with leafy birch twigs to "stimulate circulation." Then they drag you screaming or inanimate out into the cold air and dump the corpse into the icy waters of the nearest lake. It's all meant to promote *sisu*—which is something more than guts.

Frankly, just writing about it would tire us out but for the fact that there's probably no greater joy than a fast aquavit from still quivering hands once it's all over. We embarked on it originally not because it's the fastest route to sobriety, nor because our host implied that any other course would reflect on our manhood, but because we'd heard it involved mixed bathing, stark. We guess that's just a fable fostered by *sauna* addicts to get new victims. The mixed business applies at private, family *saunas*, not public ones.

Helsinki is so close to Russia that we drink vodka there, with a craven eye over our left shoulder. Then on to dinner at Kalastajatorppa in a beautiful setting just outside town. We'd recommend salmon or, in season, crayfish, known as *krapu*. This is a sort of minor-league lobster that's a national addiction among Finns. Among its other virtues is that consumed together with *snapps*—and the two go hand in hand, or foot in mouth later in the evening—it is said to leave you clear-headed next day.

Another great spot—preferably for lunch—is Valhalla in an 18th Century fort on one of the Suomenlinna islands, 20 minutes away by ferry. We find its ancient vaulted interior rather sobering, though brightly costumed waitresses do add a touch of local color. We prefer to go for lunch because it's in the charming archipelago around Helsinki that's our favorite boat tour. Generally, as sights go, we're more inclined to this "lifeseeing" business. So that in Helsinki we tend to pass up park-dotted modern architecture for an amble through the primitive waterfront produce market swarming with shawled women, potato boats lining the quay.

From Helsinki, you can fly or sail overnight (which is how we do it) to Stockholm. Now, Sweden has magnificent countryside—but it can't compare with Norway's craggy fjords or Finland's forested lakes. Sweden has fine food and a first-rate city life in Stockholm: clean modern buildings shining in reedy city lakes; gnarled medieval buildings wavering in narrow, age-green canals; shops and restaurants and hotels with a true "big city" feel.

It's got sightseeing galore—for those who want it—and white tourist ships and water taxis to take them around in comfort. But Stockholm has two things that warm our browsing heart. There's the Old City Between the Bridges, on little midtown islands where the Middle Ages step forward to welcome you with outstretched arms in the mellow aftertone of St. Gertrud's chimes . . . along narrow, twisting streets lined by artists'

studios and antique shops, old taverns and old homes—including the Royal Palace. We can and do spend a lot of time there, notably in the cellars of the Golden Peace Inn—for dinner in the 300-year-old catacombs where the ballads of the 18th Century are sung now to the lute for a jet-age audience.

The other thing that's special for us in Stockholm's summer is the open-air life. We've never seen such fresh-air fiends. It starts with breakfast—along with half the town's citizenry—at outdoor cafes in a dozen parks. It goes on at all the island beaches of Skaergården—where swimsuits are used if at all for sunning, but hardly ever for swimming. The suits might get wet! So most everybody wets only unshrinkable skin. And it continues until late at night—with concerts, for instance, in Kungsträdsgården or under the arcades of City Hall at the willow-shadowed edge of Lake Malären. Municipal theatre performances in an open city square off Junotäppan with 17th Century buildings for a lacy backdrop.

Part of this life is waterborne, of course. Perhaps an evening cruise out to Djurgården—whose great villas are redolent of present wealth and 18th Century grace—and a drive in a horse-drawn carriage that ends with dinner at Djurgårdsbrunnns Wårdhus, a lovely old country inn where tradition garnishes every meal with special savor. Afterwards, we'll stroll up to the Skansen plateau for another concert under the midnight-blue sky or perhaps for folk dancing at the Skansen museum.

There's one other unusual "must" in the entertainment line in Stockholm: the "period" performances of classical opera and ballet at the charming Court Theatre at Drottningholm Palace, preserved intact since 1765. You reach the Palace—one of the King's summer residences—by boat in 45 minutes, and there's an excellent restaurant at the wharf.

Two other special things we try to allow time for in Sweden are the transit of the Göta Canal to Gothenburg, a wonderful slow excursion across the breadth of the land. And a trip to Visby, just an hour by plane from Stockholm, an ancient walled town that seems to be drowning in roses creeping up crumbling gray walls.

For the roving gourmet with a craggy taste in countrysides and a keen yen for "lifeseeing" in less spoiled corners of the world—there's no region to beat Scandinavia.

You get there by Scandinavian Airlines System (138 Queens Boulevard, Jamaica 35, N. Y.) for \$438 first class, New York-Copenhagen, and by Swedish-America Line (636 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.) ships for \$325 first class on the same run. For more information, write the above and the Danish, Finnish, Norwegian and Swedish National Travel Offices, respectively at 588 Fifth Avenue, 41 East 50th Street, 290 Madison Avenue and 630 Fifth Avenue, in New York.



TRUCKDRIVER

(continued from page 16)

inn; but the roller-blind was half down, as though it were on the point of closing. It had glass doors, and the roller-blind left a strip of the glass uncovered, so that we were able to peep in. "You can see it's closed," said Palombi, stooping down to have a look. I stooped down too.

We could see a big room, like that of a country inn, with a few tables and a counter. The chairs were all placed upside down on the tables; and there was Italia, armed with a broom, bustling about doing the cleaning, a big duster tied round her hips. And behind the counter, right at the back of the room, stood a hunchback. I have seen hunchbacks before, but never so perfect a one as this. His face framed between his hands, his hump higher than his head, he was staring at Italia with ugly, black, bilious eyes. She was nimbly sweeping the floor, then the hunchback said something or other to her, without moving, and she went over to him, leant the broom against the counter, placed her arm round his neck and gave him a long, warm kiss. Then she took up her broom again and went twirling about the room as though she were dancing. The hunchback came down from the counter into the middle of the room; and we could now see that he was a kind of seafaring hunchback, with sandals and fisherman's trousers of blue cloth, turned up at the bottom, and an open-necked shirt *à la Robespierre*. He came over to the door, and we both of us drew back, as though with the same thought. The hunchback opened the glass door and pulled down the blind from inside.

"Who would ever have thought it?" I said, to hide my agitation; and Palombi answered: "Yes," with a bitterness that surprised me. We went to the garage, and then spent the night getting the truck back on to the road and loading up all those hides. But at dawn, as we were coming down towards Rome, Palombi began talking—for the first time, one might say, since I had known him. "You saw," he said, "what that bitch Italia has done to me?"

"What d'you mean?" I replied in astonishment.

"After all the things she'd said to me," he went on, in his slow, dull manner, "after she'd held my hand all the time while we were going up and down and I'd told her I wanted to marry her and in fact we were more or less engaged—well, you saw? A hunchback!"

His words took my breath away and I did not say anything. Palombi went on: "I'd given her such a lot of nice presents—a coral necklace, a silk scarf, a pair of patent-leather shoes . . . I'm telling you the truth, I was really fond of her, and besides, she was just the right girl for me . . . She's an ungrateful, heartless bitch, that's what she is . . ."

He went on like this for some time, speaking slowly and as though to himself, in that pale dawn light, as we rat-

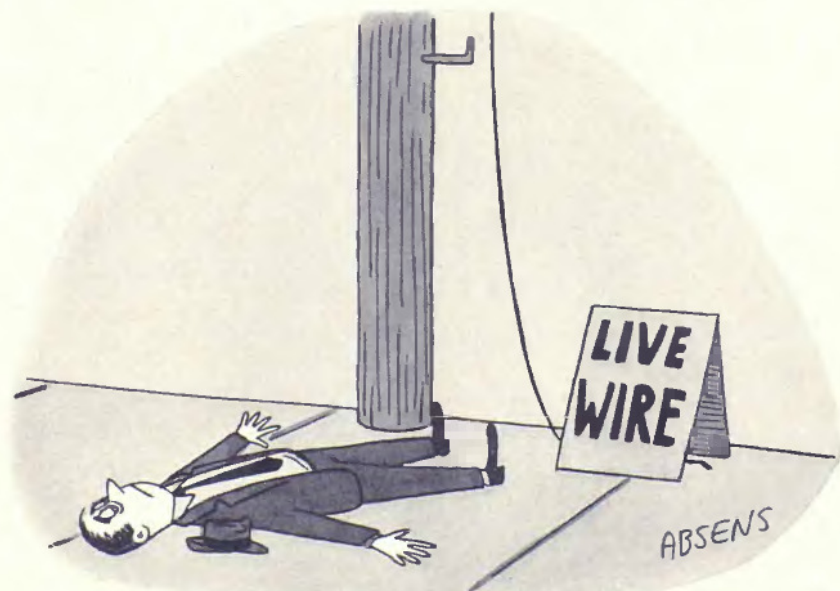
led along towards Rome. And so—I couldn't help thinking—Italia had fooled both of us just in order to save railway tickets. It irritated me to hear Palombi speaking, because he was saying the same things that I myself might have said, and also because in *his* mouth, seeing that he was almost incapable of speech, these things sounded ridiculous. So much so, that, all of a sudden, I said to him brutally: "For God's sake stop talking to me about that bag of bones . . . I want to go to sleep." He, poor chap, answered: "Some things hurt, all the same, you know"; and then he was silent all the way to Rome.

For several months, after that, he was sad all the time; and for me the road had gone back to what it had been be-

fore—a road without beginning or end, just a cheerless ribbon of asphalt that had to be swallowed and spewed out again twice a day. What finally persuaded me to change my job, however, was that Italia opened a wineshop right on the Naples road, calling it The Truck-drivers' Resort. A fine resort indeed, worth going hundreds of miles to visit! Naturally we never stopped there, but, all the same, seeing Italia behind the counter and the hunchback passing glasses and bottles of beer to her was painful to me. I took myself off.

The truck with "Viva l'Italia" on the windscreen and Palombi at the wheel, is still on the road.

—Translated by Angus Davidson.





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SOME GUYS GET IT

(continued from page 48)

sciously pre-plans his own undoing.

Our last specimen is Jeff. His is a traffic problem. He's a very attractive lad and he knows it. The girls know he knows it, and a lot of them find this too enticing a challenge to refuse. They go into battle determined to humble the conceited fellow by winning his love. Everybody in the fray is the loser, however, because Jeff hasn't any love in him, except the narcissistic kind which thrives on the fact that he's the object of a contest among the women. Nobody wins, and Jeff's a lonely man, stuck with his mirror for companionship.

And now that we've sampled some case histories, let's see if we can formulate some rules for the male who would make his way with the uproariously named gentler sex:

1. Work fast from the start.

Remember, the pace you set at the beginning of a courtship is hard to accelerate. On the other hand, you can always slow down if it's too fast for the object of your attentions.

2. Don't be afraid of a negative answer.

A girl has a right to at least one "no" before she yields, and the sooner you get that over with, the further you'll get.

3. Don't be a friend.

It is confusing and embarrassing to a girl when a man who has treated her as if sex doesn't exist, suddenly shifts to a boy-girl framework for their association. She will say you nay for sure.

4. Don't talk yourself out of it.

Many's the time that a man gets so fascinated by his own prose that the girl who has to listen gets bored, or cools off. Many girls who will do your bidding will never verbally agree to it, and if you try to talk them into it you'll lose out.

5. Don't wait to get started.

"Someday, I'm going to make a play for that girl," is a phrase which has often found the speaker, when he gets around to trying, superseded by another guy. If you wait until you're powerfully attracted, you lay yourself open to being powerfully disappointed. On the other hand, you can always stop after starting, in case you lose interest or something better comes along.

6. Don't do the other fellow's work.

Sadly, it frequently happens that prior commitments or unavoidable circumstances will require your leaving a girl's company while the evening, or the weekend, is still young. In such cases, plying her with edibles, potables and make-talk, with no opportunity to follow through, will just warm her up for some other man.

You, of course, know all this. But you might pass on the information to a buddy who hasn't had it lately.



catcher in the wry

(continued from page 44)

her on a love seat.

There is a big silence until she blurts: "My, gawd, kid, so what are you trembling?"

"I—I—I have this habit, if you really want to know," I told her, "of getting cold at times like this. Not really cold, lady, you understand. Just shaky. An old complaint left over from my cub scout days; those chilly pup tents and the malaria, you know."

"You poor dolling!" She gets up and approaches the rye and beer on the dresser. "I know what'll fix that up. You ever drink a Depth Bomb?"

"Oh, sure," I said, wondering what kind of crap she was talking about and all. "They serve 'em all the time at the Gay Blades roller rink."

"Ho-ho-hoo-ha!" she laughs. I mean she broke up, but actually, even though it wasn't that funny, believe me.

I watched her pour a shot of rye and then, honest to God, this is what she did: she dropped the *whole thing, shot glass and all*, into the glass of beer.

"Here, honey," she crooned. "Drink this. Drink it nice and fast and I'll fix you another. It'll make you feel real good."

She was wrong, though. It didn't. It tasted like—well, you got an imagination. Anyhow, I felt nothing. But I took the second one, like she said. And then we sat there, her looking at me and me pushing back my cuticles, which is a lousy habit I have when I got nothing else to do. It was pretty depressing and all, because the point is, I figured any minute I was supposed to get real goaty or something and the truth is, all I wanted to do was get out of there and run like hell to watch the pigeons feeding in Times Square, which always calms me no end when I'm feeling restive, if you've got to have it spelled out for you.

But I didn't do that, of course. All of a sudden somebody dropped an atom bomb or something and the whole room took a fast swing around my head. I mean, I didn't move or anything, the puking room did. It was pretty awful.

The next thing I knew, like mad I was practising what I'd read in that mail-order book I'd sent away for, *What Every Young Man Should Know About the Art of Love and Courtship and All*. I mean, I had this Mabel chick by one arm and I was chewing my way up the other like crazy, after kissing her hand and all. Looking back on it, now, I guess it was all pretty slobbery, but there I was, anyhow.

Then I'm trying to do what they call burrowing your mouth in the swanlike column of her pulsing slim throat and that kind of corny bit. Finally, I've got a half nelson on her and all and I'm a little confused because I think maybe I'm only ten again and wrassling with the girl next door, because suddenly she yanked away screaming:

"Down, Rover, down!"

I heard somebody huffing and puffing

like a calliope, only now I know that was me, of course, registering my corny torrid feelings and she was backing off from me, a look of pure horrified alarm on her pretty face with the lipstick on it all crooked, now. Then I lurched—or was it lunged?—at her and that was when she kicked the stupid ottoman in front of me and I went over it and landed on my conk and that was all she wrote.

Well, the way it winds up, if you've really got to know the sordid facts, I come to and Mabel is gone and so is the pint of rye and my wallet with the loot in four figures. And one thing I but definitely learn is what a hangover is, on account of I had one, the biggest friggin' one there is, if you want to be technical about it.

Of course, I call the management and

register a corny complaint and what do you think he said? I know that's a crappy thing to ask because you couldn't possibly have any idea what he said, but in a story like this, you've got to keep the corny suspense right up to the end. Anyhow, he said:

"Look, Buster, leave me clue you into a few things. This *ain't* the Vinoy-Plaza, as you seem to think. It so happens you're residing for the night in the Bowery Arms, where a two bit dame and a kid in a fancy monkey suit checked you in, drunk as hoot owl. And if this is a pitch leading up to the fact you can't pay your tab, why why—"

I hung up. Who has to take that kind of crap? Who did he think he was, anyhow? I saw, of course, looking around me, now, what I'd overlooked in my
(concluded on next page)

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hungover confusion—that I was in a different place.

Well, the upshot is, I finally call my old man and have him come down and bail me out. It was a fairly degrading situation, of course, but the old spook took it pretty fair. He was slightly p.o.'d, of course, about me raising the check and losing all that loot but he finally simmered down. He said most kids my age got over Fool's Hill, wherever that is, some time or another and what the hell, the reform schools are full enough without getting excited over a little frolic.

The thing I have to hand him, though, he never did tell the humiliating part to my little brother, Otto, that crazy kid. So, naturally, the child doesn't dig that his great big brother is still—well—the putrid way I slightly am, if you must be nosy.



SALAD BOWL

(continued from page 34)

and tomatoes into the same size as the beef cubes. Mix all ingredients except the lettuce leaves. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Let the salad remain in the refrigerator one day. Serve on cold dinner plates lined with lettuce leaves.

CAESAR SALAD (Serves 4)

Caesar salad from California has become a national institution. The original version included coddled egg, a tasteless affectation that can be omitted.

- 2 cloves of garlic
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar
- 2 small-to-medium size heads of romaine
- 3 slices of white bread, toasted
- 1/3 cup olive oil
- 1/4 cup crumbled blue cheese
- 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese

Combine the lemon juice and vinegar in a small glass. Smash the garlic and add to the lemon juice mixture. Let the garlic remain in the liquid at least two hours. Remove garlic from liquids. Rub the salad bowl with the garlic. Cut or tear the romaine into 1-inch pieces. Cut the toast into 1/2-inch squares. Put all ingredients into a large salad bowl. Toss thoroughly. Season with salt and pepper.

SHRIMP SALAD, AVOCADO DRESSING (Serves 4)

The delicate flavor of both the shrimp and avocado are here combined without losing the identity of either flavor. To mash avocado, force it through a fine wire strainer.

- 2 pounds cooked shrimp
- 2/3 cup mayonnaise
- 2/3 cup mashed ripe avocado
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 teaspoon grated onion
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 2 medium size tomatoes
- 12 large ripe olives

Lettuce leaves
Cut the tomatoes into quarters or sixths. Remove shells and veins from shrimp. Combine mashed avocado, mayonnaise, celery, grated onion and lemon juice. Mix well. Add shrimp. Season with salt and pepper. Line four cold dinner plates with lettuce leaves. Turn salad onto plates. Surround it with tomato wedges and ripe olives.



IN THE CASE

(continued from page 58)

talking about music.
"You know, Count," said Lakeich, "in Naples I was personally acquainted with a violinist who really performed miracles. You wouldn't believe it! On the double-bass. On an ordinary double-bass he produced such devilish trills that it was simply amazing! He played Strauss waltzes!"

"Come now, that's impossible," said the count, skeptically.

"I assure you! He even performed a Liszt rhapsody! I was living in the same hotel as he was, and as I had nothing better to do he taught me how to play a Liszt rhapsody on the double-bass."

"A Liszt rhapsody! Mmm—you're joking . . ."

"You don't believe me?" laughed Lakeich. "Then I'll prove it to you now! Let's go to the orchestra!"

The fiancé and the count went off to the orchestra. They went up to the double-bass, and began quickly to undo the straps . . . and—oh, horror!

But there, while the reader, giving his imagination free rein, pictures the outcome of the musical argument, let us turn to Smychkov . . . The unfortunate musician did not catch up with the thieves, and when he returned to the place where he had left the case he did not find his valuable burden. Lost in conjecture, he walked up and down the road several times and, not seeing the case, decided that he must be on the wrong road . . .

This is awful! he thought, tearing his hair, and his blood running cold. She'll suffocate in the case! I'm a murderer!

He walked the roads and searched for the case till midnight, but finally, dead beat, he went back under the bridge.

I'll have another look at dawn, he decided.

His search at dawn yielded the same result, and Smychkov decided to wait for night under the bridge.

"I'll find her!" he muttered, taking off his top hat and tearing his hair. "I'll find her, if I have to search for a year!"

And still, so the peasants living in those parts say, at night near the bridge a nude man may be seen, overgrown with hair and wearing a top hat. Now and again, from under the bridge, can be heard the rumble of a double-bass.

—Translated by April FitzLyon and Kyril Zinovieff.



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EVERY MONTH, the editors of PLAYBOY beat their brains out dreaming up some kind of interest-hooking gimmick to make you read this subscription message. We've run thumbnail biographies of great gazeboes like Izaak Walton, Ben Franklin, Moliere, Bach and Thomas Bowdler; we've reprinted, with cunning new twists, familiar PLAYBOY cartoons and illustrations by Vip, Jack Cole, Arthur Paul and other gifted guys; we've written iambic pentameter and parodied a famous advertising campaign; we've dug into Mr. Bettmann's obliging archive for quaint old etchings and into research libraries for fascinating dope on the first men's magazine; we've knocked ourselves out seducing you into cutting, tearing or chewing the order blank away from this page, clipping it to a check or money order, and mailing it in to us. A gratifyingly large number of you have yielded to these clever pleas. But a handful of stubborn old Tories out there are still playing hard to get. Come on, fellows. Why fight it? This thing is bigger than both of us. **SUBSCRIBE, already!**

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