

PLAYBOY

JANUARY 50 cents

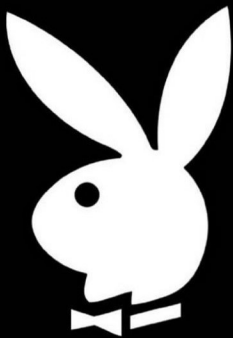
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN



HOLIDAY ISSUE



**FIVE PAGE
PLAYMATE PORTFOLIO**



PLAYBOY

PLAYBILL

Elsewhere in this issue, you will find a bunch of celebrated guys making New Year resolutions for other people, but up front here in the editors' gum-bating department we're going to be old-fashioned enough to make one for PLAYBOY.

We here highly resolve to give our readers even better fiction, cartoons, articles, photo features, humor, coverage of jazz, fashion, food and drink, better *everything* in 1957. To make sure we stick to this resolution, we've gone out and enlisted the aid of some highly cognizant citizens. Ken Purdy—illustrious ex-skipper of *True* and *Argosy*, free-lance fictioneer of note and sapient sports car buff—has joined us as Eastern editor. Coming in as PLAYBOY's jazz editor is Leonard Feather, author of *The Encyclopedia of Jazz*, regular contributor to *Doves Beat* and *Metronome*, and composer of more than 200 jazz pieces recorded by Eckstine, BG, The Duke, et al. "Here's one cat," says Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, "that really knows what's going on"; generally recognized as the outstanding jazz writer in the U.S., ex-*Englishman* Feather will give direction to PLAYBOY's increasing interest in all the schools of jazz music. Then there's Nathan Mandelbaum, who's handled happenings in the apparel arts for a number of *Street and Smith*, *Cosmos*, *Condé Nast* and *Hearst* magazines, boning in as our fashion director. And the post of picture editor—a most important niche here at PLAYBOY—is now filled by Vincent T. Tajiri, who recently was editorial director of no less than three thriving photographic publications—simultaneously. We hope you paying customers will join us in welcoming these new members to the staff.

Starting the New Year right, this January issue brings together two major talents in another one of those typical PLAYBOY publishing coups. (You know about our famous publishing coups, don't you? Such as being the first magazine in the world to print in full color the non-Erosian calendar nude of Marilyn Monroe, and the figure studies of Anita Ekberg for the Ekberg Bronze, and that sort of thing?) Well this time we've combined the talents of Ray Bradbury and Pablo Picasso. Ray's story, *In a Season of Calm Weather*, is about a

guy who digs Picasso the most, see, so we thought the artist to illustrate the story should be—who else? You guessed right: Mr. double-P himself. So, in conjunction with the Bradbury opus (a most delicately wrought bit of writing), you'll find some piquant Picassos never before reproduced in an American publication.

John Collier furnishes fiction, too, with *The Monk and the Maiden*, a tale of unrequited love, an undressed lady, and a disastrous Freudian slip. The lead yarn is by a young writer whose name won't mean as much to you as either Bradbury or Collier, but we have a hunch you'll get some nice jolts from *The Healer* by Walter S. Tevis. Incidentally, to bring the best in masculine fiction to its readers, PLAYBOY pays considerably more for stories than any other magazine in the men's field. In addition, come January, the editors award a \$1000 bonus to the author of the past year's best story. This year the bonus-copping yarn is *The Right Kind of Pride* by Herbert Gold, which appeared in October, 1956.

Pictorially, you'll enjoy *The Playmate Review* in this issue, wherein each and every Playmate of the previous dozen issues returns to courtesy. Also, certain professional ladies who ply their trade in an area of the United Kingdom called Shepherd Market get looked at by PLAYBOY's camera and PLAYBOY's London reporter.

That late, lamented baron of hip, Charlie Parker, is recalled in an evaluative, appreciative essay titled *Bird* which Richard Gehman and Robert George Reinsner have done for us. Gehman has six books to his credit, the latest being *Eddie Condon's Treasury of Jazz*; Reinsner is curator of New York's Institute of Jazz Studies. Our experts in the food, fashion and travel departments have delved into the mysteries of sand-wiches, formal duds and Old Mexico, respectively, and such stalwart staples as the Party Jokes, the Ribald Classic and PLAYBOY's peerless cartoons are all present and accounted for. In addition, there are those resolutions we mentioned earlier, by John Crosby, H. Allen Smith, George Jessel, Jimmy Durante, Fred Astaire and Phil Silvers. And these gentlemen join us in wishing you a prosperous, pleasure-filled New Year!

PICASSO



BRADBURY



TEVIS



COLLIER



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

SEPPY'S SCULPTURES

I thoroughly enjoyed your picture story on the nude statue of Anita Ekberg by Sepy Dobronyi (*The Ekberg Bronze*, August). Now I understand from a newspaper story that it is the first of a set contemplated by the Cuban sculptor that will include nudes of Ava Gardner, Kim Novak, Jayne Mansfield, Marilyn Monroe, Cyd Charisse, Esther Williams, Elizabeth Taylor, Dorothy Dandridge and Sally Forrest. I certainly hope PLAYBOY plans on stories on each of Sepy's future sculptures.

Arthur Robinson
New York, New York

Any future figure studies of the stars by sculptor Dobronyi will be featured in PLAYBOY.

VERY SHOE

I think that the rooms in the men's dormitory here at Montana State College should be labeled "very shoe." Well over 50 per cent of them are very tastefully decorated with one or more of PLAYBOY's Playmates.

Ellis D. Simon
Montana State College
Bozeman, Montana

JUNE BLAIR

As an amateur artist and photographer, I can appreciate the professional excellence of your monthly Playmates. Misses June, August, September and October, in particular, are photographic masterpieces—the color and detail surpasses anything I've ever seen in another magazine. I would like to suggest a girl I have seen for a future Playmate. Her name is June Blair. She is 36"-22"-36", weighs 116 pounds, stands 5'5" and has beautiful red hair. I am sure she would like to pose for a future Playmate.

James V. Wade
Detroit, Michigan

She would, indeed: she's Miss January.

TRUMP

I purchased *Time* and read the article they ran about you and also the

statement which inferred that *Mad* was defunct ("a short-lived satire pulp magazine") and that you had hired the entire staff. I was shocked, and to the least, by the unethical, underhanded method you used to try and give the impression to the public that *Mad* was defunct. My friends feel the same way about the matter. I was so annoyed that I have decided to take the following action:

1. I will no longer buy *Time*, as I have come to the conclusion that they print articles which have not been cleared and verified.

2. I will no longer buy PLAYBOY, though till now I would never have thought of missing an issue.

3. With the money I save from *Time* and PLAYBOY, I intend to extend my subscription to *Mad* because I do not believe it will become defunct.

In all fairness to Al Feketein, the new editor of *Mad*, I would like to say that I read his last two issues and enjoyed them very much—just as much as the earlier issues not edited by him.

Jerry Helfgott
Brooklyn, New York

The error was Time's, not ours: they mistakenly assumed that because PLAYBOY hired the magazine's editorial staff, Mad was defunct. We've long been fans of Mad, too—that's why we wanted its editors (Harvey Kurtzman, Harry Chester) and artists (Bill Elder, Jack Davis, Wally Wood) to help create our new humor magazine: TRUMP.

Having been in the Mediterranean area for most of this year and thus somewhat out of touch with what's going on, I was naturally quite surprised, as well as pleased, to see a cartoon by Jack Davis in one of the rare issues of PLAYBOY I have been able to obtain of late. I am, however, in somewhat of a quandary as to the status of Mr. Davis. The last I knew, Jack was working for another magazine well known. I'm sure, to most PLAYBOY readers, I haven't seen that magazine for many



LANVIN

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months now, so I'm unsure whether Mr. Davis is free-lancing or working for PLAYBOY on a full-time basis. In any case, I'm sure I speak for a large majority of readers, when I suggest that now that you have Mr. D. you hold him. I would also certainly like to see you publish the work of some of his very funny compatriots: Bill Elder, Wally Wood and particularly a very brilliant young comic named Harvey Kurtzman who used to write all the material for the old group and has been an itinerant in the field for a number of years. PLAYBOY could certainly give him a well deserved break, which I am sure would be profitable to both parties.

William H. Murphy, PMS, USN
U.S.S. Rankin

c/o FPO, New York, New York

We're not certain who is giving the break to whom, but Harvey Kurtzman, Bill Elder and Jack Davis are all working for us full time, with Wally Wood on a free-lance basis, and all are busy, busy, busy on TRUMP.

AIRBORNE PLAYBOY

The PLAYBOY rabbit has become airborne. He now adorns the fuselage of an F-86D all weather Sabre Jet belonging to the 39th Fighter Interceptor Squadron of Komaki Air Base, Nagoya, Japan. Being the playboy that he is makes his love of the blue yonder quite understandable and even after a high Mach dive, his ears remain unruined as ever, as you can see. On most of his



flights, he is accompanied by his pilot, the undersigned, who would like to tell you how much he enjoys your publication and wish you continued success.

1/Lt. C. A. Binyon
39th F.I.S., Japan

JANET AT DARTMOUTH

Your article on Janet Pilgrim at Dartmouth College in the October issue was a real masterpiece. Both the description of the weekend and the photography were superb. Miss Pilgrim is certainly one of the most beautiful Playmates you have ever photographed. All of us here at Temple University are quite envious of Leonard Clark and his Ivy weekend.

Robert Winston Montgomery
Temple University
Philadelphia, Pa.

I guess this may be somewhat of a

realistic view, but Janet Pilgrim really isn't very pretty, is she?

Ty Tyler
Richland, Michigan

For my dough, Janet Pilgrim out Felicity Anita, out Russell's Jane, and for good measure, you can throw in Gina, Sophia, Marilyn and Jayne. However, would it be possible, if she is ever to be featured as a Playmate again, to get a slightly different pose? Her appearances as Miss July, Miss December and Miss October were all quite similar.

R. G. Miller
N. Canton, Ohio

For another view of Janet, see The Playmate Review in this issue.

PRIDE

Fraternities could not exist if their shenanigans approached, in cruelty, that pictured in Herbert Gold's *The Right Kind of Pride*. I joined a national fraternity in 1948 and have known hundreds of fraternity men from a number of colleges. I've yet to hear of a trick nearly as obnoxious as that imagined by Mr. Gold.

If Mr. Gold was never a fraternity member, I challenge him to a duel—gavels at two paces. Otherwise, I won't go into the lurid details, but (like Dan Shaper in the story) I, too, was forced to dance in the nude. Well, almost in the nude, as my fraternity brothers allowed me to deploy six band-aids in the most useful manner I could devise (which, naturally, left little room for ingenuity). The upshot of the incident was that I found myself, with the futile band-aids desperately taped in place, thrust into the midst of a dance that was taking place in the recreation room of the fraternity house.

Burton Boyd
U.S.S. Storvies

c/o FPO, New York, New York

In response, Herbert Gold writes: "I claim the writer's privilege of keeping the personal sources of his fiction in the privacy of his heart. The pertinent question is not, did it happen to a particular person, but rather, does it ring true to our general experience? As a former freshman, former pledge and former Army enlisted man, I have seen pressures to conform to a group's demands take an intensely exotic form. During the war, for example, I was humiliated by a lieutenant for neglecting to salute him. 'Attention, soldier! Stand up! Straighten your tie! Don't you know I can get you confined to quarters?' Etcetera, for a good ten minutes. The entire reason for this performance was that I was with a girl and he was not. His sexual frustration spilled over into sodomy.

"When sex loses its primary sense—as part of the relation between two people—and becomes another sort of energy, as it does in the sadistic drill sergeant, the rampaging barman and the power-happy fraternity official, a perverse use of passions is, unhappily for our world, very common. Authority frequently gives institutional support for the weak and sick man. Fascism is a prime example.

"The Right Kind of Pride represents an optimistic view about Americans: the fraternity boy who is the hero finally has

the moral strength to stand up against the pressures toward conformity which bedevil him.

"When you say that you have never heard of 'a trick nearly as obnoxious' as that which occurs in my story, does this mean that you know of some which are slightly less obnoxious? On the train to Vienna, I met a Russian soldier who had never heard of slave labor camps. As we talked, it turned out, however, that he knew a good deal about 'work rehabilitation camps.'

"Rather than a duel, Mr. Boyd, how about thinking over our memories of life in the old frat mansion? I'm sure that you know some fine guesstimate tales of snobbery, hazing and mock trials. Having been convicted, either as student or teacher, with five different universities, I have quite a collection of my own."

I received quite a shock when I read the October lead-off story, *The Right Kind of Pride*, by Herbert Gold—not because of the honest-to-goodness literary merit of the piece, which I respect from Gold—but because of the startling similarity to an incident that actually befell me during a fraternity hazing. I won't go into the lurid details, but (like Dan Shaper in the story) I, too, was forced to dance in the nude. Well, almost in the nude, as my fraternity brothers allowed me to deploy six band-aids in the most useful manner I could devise (which, naturally, left little room for ingenuity). The upshot of the incident was that I found myself, with the futile band-aids desperately taped in place, thrust into the midst of a dance that was taking place in the recreation room of the fraternity house. The screams, with mine among them, could be heard as far as Dallas, while the pert and proper coeds tried to make up their minds whether to cover their eyes or administer first aid. Anyway, in spite of the spectacle I presented (or perhaps because of it), I married one of the girls who was present, and the pain and humiliation I experienced on that nightmarish occasion have long since dissolved in the laughter of reminiscence.

I would also like to add, in a more objective vein, that I think Gold is one of the most talented writers in your generally excellent magazine. When I pick up a PLAYBOY with one of his stories in it, I usually save the Gold opus for last, as I used to do with the Sunday funnies. I predict that 200 years from now some other PLAYBOY (or maybe the same one) will still be printing his stories—as Ribald Classics.

Bert Ellwood
Houston, Texas

JAZZ POLL REPORT

MORE THAN 20,000 ballots and 400,000 individual votes have been cast in the first ANNUAL PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL—the largest popularity poll ever conducted in the field of jazz. Readers are choosing the 18 sidemen for the 1957 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND, an outstanding jazz leader to head up the band, top male and female vocalists, and the most popular jazz vocal group and instrumental combo. Along with the ballots, now being tabulated by IBM, came thousands of letters from readers:

Considering all the great ideas that your magazine has introduced, I think the 1957 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND is the greatest. Can you give any information on where this jazz spectacular will be held?

Bruce Althoff
Eric, Pennsylvania

It isn't possible to work out the details of the performance until the poll winners are known, but jazz impresario Norman Grant, famous for his "Jazz at the Philharmonic" series, will supervise the concert and a PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ LP, with the contacts necessary to solve conflicting recording and other contractual obligations of the winning artists.

I was indeed happy to hear of my nomination for the PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL. Thank you very, very much and good luck and best wishes for a huge response.

Benny Goodman
New York, New York

Your magazine is the most, but as a musician, I want to tell you you can never receive enough acclaim for your promotion of good jazz. So many of the musicians I work with feel indebted to you and I am speaking for them.

Ken London
Boston, Mass.

Why only one choice for piano, with four for trumpet? This unevenness of choice was evident in other categories as well and left me completely at odds with myself. Why should I be able to choose two or more people in one group and then find myself restricted to one in another?

William G. Beer
USS Hazelwood
c/o FPO, New York, New York

Readers are voting for a complete band, including four trumpets, three trombones, two alto, two tenor and one baritone sax, clarinet, piano, guitar, bass, drums and miscellaneous instrument.

Kenny Dorham's Jazz Prophets were mistakenly listed as both a vocal group and an instrumental combo. They don't do vocals.

Rudy Tutich
Detroit, Michigan

Man, this jazz poll is too much! I have about 100 LPs by most of the artists listed and talk about racking your brain! I am really looking forward to the final results—can't you release them before the February issue?

L. (jr) R. H. Barchus
New Orleans, Louisiana

Many thanks for your previous first rate articles on jazz and for this chance to express my own feelings in your readers' poll. I have two regrets: (1.) that you only ask for one instrumental group for, while I think that George Shearing and Gerry Mulligan are the most, I have to pick Dave Brubeck on just sheer consistency, and (2.) that you only ask for one drummer—a tough decision for me between Chico Hamilton and Shelly Manne. I am writing in Elmer Bernstein on the basis of his *Golden Arm* LP: never have I been so taken back by a single record. For vocalist, nobody tells a story like Sinatra. Irving Cotron
Los Angeles, California

Who is the greatest painter, Da Vinci or Picasso? Next year, please conduct your poll in two distinct categories—traditional and modern.

Ed Kooperman
Chicago, Illinois

As an avid PLAYBOY reader and jazz enthusiast, I particularly enjoyed the October issue. But though I think the jazz poll is a fine idea, I feel there is one unharmonious aspect to it. I am a follower of both modern and traditional jazz and though each has its respective merits, the two do not mix. Now, because my sympathies lie more with the old jazz than with the new, I am forced to select Turk Murphy, Jack Teagarden and Trummy Young for the trombone section even though I feel J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding are as accomplished in their field as are my three choices in theirs. Also, picture if you will a trumpet section with Louis Armstrong and Bob Scobey blowing hot, while Shorty Rogers and Chet Baker are blowing cool. The resulting sound might be a bit confusing, even to the musicians.

In the future, why not set up two separate polls—one for traditional jazz and one for modern?

Clp Philip D. Skinner
Kelvin, Iceland

There's no denying these are problems in the mixing of various schools of jazz, but if we begin breaking the poll into categories, why stop at simply "traditional" and "modern"? We might offer divisions for disjunct, swing, bop, progressive, cool and whatever school proves popular the day after tomorrow. But if we did, then winning first place in the trumpet section would have a lot less meaning than it does now. The horns may go to Louis Armstrong or Chet Baker or Shorty Rogers, but whoever wins, he will be the most popular man blowing horn in all jazzdom.

You can let Nat Cole sing, along with June Christy, Chris Connor, Billie Holiday, Carmen McRae, Jeri Southern, Sarah Vaughan, Dinah Washington and Lee Wiley. What a dilemma—trying to make a choice!

Stuart Rosen
Flushing, New York

I was surprised and shocked to find your lineup of candidates for female vocalist for the PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND included such shoddy, second rate cat-women as Christy, Gonnies and Jeri Southern (this is jazz) and neglected the finest, most smoothly polished instrument in the business today, the voice of Kay Starr. Miss Starr does not sing jazz as often as in days of yore, but she can swing and scat head-and-shoulders about the rest: indeed, flying higher than Ella, Sarah or Anita. Let those who doubt these words listen to her renditions on the Modern Hollywood LP, *Singin' Kay Starr-Singin' Errol Garner* or some of her earlier recordings on Capitol.

Chick Heim
Chicago, Illinois

YOUR PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND should be great. I believe if you pick my selections that you will have the greatest jazz band in history. I'm looking forward to that LP and I hope most of my choices will be on it.

Jim Meagle
Arcata, California

The winners in the first annual PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL will be announced next month.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

WHEN to be in Ireland if not on the feast day of the good St. Patrick himself? And what to do if not ride to hounds with famed Irish packs lighting out after stag, fox and hare? Or you can try it about following beagles over rain-fresh fields under scudding clouds. Eight days of gentlemanly hunting on a 10-day luxury air tour from New York costs \$799 complete (O'Scannlain & English, 62 West 46th, New York 36). Stop when you reach Shannon Airport for some fantastic shopping bargains, and don't forget to down a mug or two of Irish coffee laced with a slug of the old fire. Break away in Dublin for at least one hefty meal at Jammac's, celebrated by James Joyce and still a roaring spot (Irish Tourist Information Bureau, 33 East 50th, New York 22).

Some of the most awesome canyon scenery in the entire Southwest will be available this spring—to venturesome drivers, anyway—with the grading of Utah's route 128 along the upper reaches of the Colorado River between Moab and Cisco. Road crawls along narrow sandstone ledges between the river and 1500-foot blood-red canyon walls (Utah Tourist Information, State Capitol Bldg., Salt Lake City). If you'd rather park the Porsche, you can cruise the Colorado into completely roadless territory. From Mexican Hat near Monument Valley, a seven-day, all-expense run down the river costs \$200 to Lee's Ferry. A \$900 affair carries you on through Grand Canyon into Lake Moab during an additional 18 days, and you end up just a dollar's throw from Las Vegas. (J. Frank Wright, Mexican Hat Expeditions, Box 427, Blanding, Utah.)

A lot of the very best skiing in Europe is found in Italy, and the March-April season is actually finest of all, slope-wise and party-wise. Try Cortina d'Ampezzo or fashionable Sestriere for a gay old time, but our personal pets are Breuil-Cervinia and Courmayeur in spectacular Valle d'Aosta on the Italian side of Mont Blanc (Italian State Tourist Office, 21 East 51st, New York 22).

Negro spirituals at their best and old-time melodrama at its most heart-clutching are March treats in the azalea-height South: you can relish the former at the Natchez Pilgrimage (where crinolined Southern belles sishy about as hostesses) and boo the villain at the latter on board the stern-wheeler Sprague parked in the Mississippi at Vicksburg (Miss. Agricultural and Industrial Board, Jackson).

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



dining drinking

We have it on unimpeachable authority that this New Year's Eve is to be the biggest, lawdiest, busiest, most boisterous ever — everywhere. Since New York City is the undisputed Mecca of night life — where everyone and anything goes — we've unleashed our vigorous, dedicated staff of pub crawlers to scour the wonderful town for the last-minute low-down on high jinks come midnight, December 31.

First reports indicate the Bronx is still up and the Battery remains down; a thumping majority of the people continue to ride in a hole in the ground. We're also told that most of Gotham's forthcoming festivities — and this came as no shock — will be centered in its restaurants and night clubs, the latter liberally seasoned with liting synecopation and deliciously configured show girls, who are in turn lightly sprinkled with raiment. Because man is a many-mooded creature, we present herewith six prototypical joints, each an outstanding example of its kind, so you can wisely choose among the wide variety of Manhattan playpens. But don't go by last-minute whim: even the most whimsical on-the-towner needs advance reservations to get into all but the sleeziest saloons the night before Hangover Day.

Rugged merry-makers out for a wild old time will do well to point their rabbits toward the Copacabana (10 East 60th, PL 8-0900), that brash and brassy South American resort complete with overhanging, gently-swaying palm trees. Jimmy Durante will be in charge of the hysterics abetted by the swivel-bottomed Copa girls, unabashedly undraped as usual. Music of varying genres is to

emanate from the amiable aggregations of Michael Durso and Frank Marti; tariffs for the entire vacation should run you \$15 to \$25 per person (depending on location and your proclivity for strong waters), including a full-course filet mignon spread.

White tie and chic date are *de rigueur* at El Morocco (154 East 54th St., EL 5-8769), a "very, very, very" type of boite: very exclusive, very fashionable, very expensive (\$35 per). There's not a speck of entertainment, other than a rumba crew and an American band, and no cuties either, save the one you tote. Make sure she's dressed — formally, we mean.

Hotel dining and winging on New Year's Eve can be a memorable sport, too. The Cotillion Room at the Pierre (Fifth Ave. at 61st, TE 8-8000) has on the docket nothing less than "the biggest brawl of all," resplendent with whacky witticisms rolling off the tongues of the *freres* Dornan and the multilingual Galena casting a musical spell gently over the mellowed patrons. For dancing, the orchestras of Stanley Melba and Alan Logan switch with each other till dawn. A full feed leg with champagne runs \$25 per thrubbing head.

The supper-dubbish Blue Angel (132 East 53th, PL 3-5998) is on its mark for an all-night nightcap to help ring in the new. Martha Davis and hubby Cal Ponder will do right by the ivories while adding clever, not-at-all-angelic, lyrics of their own; the Jimmy Lyons trio will moan and wail far into the blinking hours of morn. Maitre de "Arturo" holds forth in the Gray Room where tufted walls sport a fun-house full of mirrors which let you see yourself as others see you (this is good on New Year's Eve?). \$15 a moggin nets you French or Italian cuisine, too.

Those tremulous tonsils of Louis Armstrong are set to brighten the night at Basin Street (Broadway at 51st, PL

7-3728), a watering hole far-famed for its music on the frantic fringe. A gigantic bash is planned (to be administered, of course, by the Satchelmouth himself) and it promises to be more than a drop in the gut-bucket. You'll have to shell out \$2.75 per moldy fig to get in, and another five spot for chow.

If you favor fine food instead of torrid tootlings, bee-line to a restaurant like Chambord (803 Third Ave., EL 5-7180), where *baste cuisine* and the vintage year are celebrated. Just big enough for small talk, and small enough for a big (but intimate) night, Chambord will offer its *recherche* menu (everything's a la carte) at no boost in prices, although its regular prices are staggering enough. No balloons or favors will be provided, but Maitre de "Reno" has promised that midnight kisses across the table will be tolerated just so long as they are consummated with the doll you brought. Reno insists his wines and liquors are heady enough without such carryings-on.



films

As Sakini say: "We show you Olinawan get-up-and-go, boss." The movie, of course, is *Tenhouse of the August Moon*, and the get-up-and-go is supplied in this minor masterpiece by an excellent script, first-rate production, whimsical acting and understanding direction. The simple story that ran for 91 weeks on Broadway remains the same: a misfit occupation officer, Captain Fishy, is entrusted with the mission of instilling Occidental-type democracy on a very Oriental community. Together with Sakini, his redoubtable native interpreter, Fishy does his open-hearted best, but it's

scotch mist



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this
side of leather

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no accident that he Bops (in Perogon eyes, anyway). What he does achieve is a flourishing economy based on "7-star batata" (week-old potato brandy) that's definitely worth saving. It is saved by a convenient *deus ex machina* ending that is corsey as can be, but satisfying and up-best. A talented cast trots through the wispy plot with an uncommon and gratifying zest: Marlon Brando's Sakini reveals a nicely-defined sense of comedy; Glenn Ford's hesitations and mumbblings are properly farcical for the bumbling Fishy; Machiko Kyo is an exquisitely-turned porcelain figure of a geisha; and Eddie Albert gives a grand performance as the over- and later under-civilized psychiatrist. The remainder of the large cast, predominantly Japanese, is equally adept. To mold these factors, Daniel Mann has provided warm, intimate and spirited direction.

Anastasia renews the twice-told tale (once in French by Marcel Maurette, again for Broadway by Guy Bolton) that when the Bolshevik assassinated Tsar Nicholas II and family, his youngest daughter was saved by a friendly guard who allowed her to flee. The film is undisguised, unashamed melodrama. Set in Berlin in the 1920s, it tells of three White Russian rogues (led by Yul Brynner) who are knocking themselves out to find a royal survivor to lay hands on the \$10,000,000 which the Tsar had deposited in various world banks before his untimely dispatch. They happen upon a destitute amnesia victim (Ingrid Bergman) about to fling herself into a Berlin canal and, wonder of wonders, she claims she is the real Princess Anastasia. Whether she is or not, the three convince most of the people who once lived at the Russian court that she very well could be. The conclusive test is with Anastasia's majestic grandmother, the Dowager Empress (Helen Hayes). This is the film's only genuinely moving scene, and it is played and received with tear ducts wide open.

Around the World in 80 Days, showman Mike Todd's razzle-dazzle answer to Rand McNally, is a mammoth masterpiece of traveltage that includes a jam-packed anthology of hilarious parodies to boot — on bullfighting, Spanish dancing, exotic Far East melodramas, Mack Sennett chases, Westerns, and most every other entertainment staple imaginable. Jules Verne's classic hero, Phileas Fogg, wages £120,000 with his London club cronies that he can circle the earth by any available means of transportation in 80 days, an unthinkable feat for the year 1872. Sometimes lost, often stranded, never daunted, Fogg and his manservant Passepartout zip along by taxi, bicycle, train, balloon, schooner, rail, elephant,

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large, ostrich, rickshaw, sailmobile and paddleboat to win his bet in the nick of time. It's quite a romp, full of pictorial beauty, thrills, and wonderfully cast bit-parts played by 40 international stars. David Niven does Fogg as a candid caricature of the starched, impeccably-mannered Britisher and Cantinflas, an inspired baggy-pants clown by Chaplin out of Mexico, makes the gentleman's gentleman a very funny fellow. This is Todd's first cinema venture, and he's off to a flying start.

Cecil B. DeMille's *The Ten Commandments* may not be Old Testament, but it is Old Cecil in his time-honored run-of-DeMille tradition. C. B.'s high-praticed hokum has always been strong on spectacle and weak on everything else; not much has changed in this four-hour colossal (intermission included). The first half of *Commandments* finds Moses (Charlton Heston) playing footsie with the Egyptian dish, Nefretiti (Anne Baxter), in lengthy scenes of tedious romantic hogwash that have little bearing on the action to come. Heston makes the young Moses a pretty dull boy, and Baxter's come-with-me-to-the-orgy routine is just plain silly. The film starts to pick up as soon as Moses gets religion, grabs the leadership of the Egyptian-enslaved Israelites and makes plans for the big push to the promised land, whereupon DeMille wisely decided to leave things up to his second-unit directors and special effects department. Then things really get hopping. The burning bush, water transformed to blood, the rod turned into a serpent, and the rain of fire are eye-popping cinematic feats. The plague which Moses calls down upon Pharaoh (Yul Brynner) is a leprous green mist that snakes through the streets of Alexandria like a well-aimed stink bomb, a fascinating example of cinematic license. The creation of the *Commandments* is a humdinger of an electrical storm with lightning bolts blasting doodles onto a stone tablet. Best of all these prodigies is the flight across the Red Sea, which conveniently parts itself down the middle to serve as an eight-lane freeway for the Israelites and then closes together again to swallow Pharaoh's pursuing chariotiers. Good clean fun, but it would have been a lot more legitimate if there were less decolletage in the Decalogue.



books

On April 28, 1766, a young man-about-town wrote to a cousin about a servant girl who had captured his heart, etc.; he called her "angelic," "enchanting," "perfectly well made," with "the prettiest

foot and ankle." "She is better than any lady I know . . . I think I could pass my whole life agreeably with her . . ." Only 19 days later, he was writing to the same friend: "My love for the handsome chambermaid is already like a dream that is past." Such was the fickleness of James Boswell, bon vivant and biographer, as limned by his own words in *Boswell in Search of a Wife* (McGraw-Hill, \$6), sixth in the series of previously unpublished Boswell papers being bestowed upon the world through the kindness of Yale University. Boswell is almost killed with this kindness, however, because the learned gentleman entrusted with the papers have so enshrouded them in scholarly footnotes, introductions, appendices, maps, genealogical tables and the general mustiness of pedantry that the effervescence is somewhat dissipated. But Boswell emerges victorious; in life, this vigorous man was not one to defer to his inferiors, nor is he now. This newest volume charts his adventures with heiresses and gardeners' daughters from Ann to Zelide—nine in all, who came under the Boswell scrutiny between the years 1766 and 1769. There is much good reading here, but perhaps no single episode can equal the uproarious encounter with Luisa and "Signor Gomorrhoea" in the series' first volume, *Boswell's London Journal*, now in paperback (Signet, 50¢).

Is jazz immoral, Communist-inspired and decadent? Or is it, as a lot of jazz bulls claim, irrefragable holy music that has evolved into "the only true American art form" ever amounting to a hill of beans? It is neither, claims musicologist Marshall Stearns, associate professor of medieval literature at Hunter College and executive director of the Institute of Jazz Studies, in his *Story of Jazz* (Oxford, \$5.75). Whatever it is, says the scholarly Stearns, it is worthy of scrutiny because of its "quantity alone . . . its all pervasiveness." Mr. Stearns spends little time probing civilized society's attitudes (pro or con) towards jazz, but offers instead a thoroughly detailed, thoroughly thoughtful account of jazz from its primitive beginnings in Senegalese jungle clearings, up through the field-holler and cry, in and out of the New Orleans cathouses, and its later, lofty dissemination to such far-flung hotbeds as Newport and Laguna. The book is sophisticated. We know the book is sophisticated because Stearns quotes such egghheaded jazz critics as André Hodeir and Hugues Panassié in the original French. There is also an exhausting bibliography, pounds of chapter notes and a staggering index for you to chomp on. Mr. Stearns, for those who may have forgotten, is that fellow who recently explained jazz to our near-and-mid-eastern friends (while Dizzy Gillespie's band wailed it out) under the

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Much Ado About Me (Little, Brown, \$5) is a posthumous compilation of reminiscences spanning the humbling bells of Fred Allen's early professional life in Boston, his hectic rounds of Amateur Nights as a monologist, and his pre-radio world tours as Freddy James. "The World's Worst Juggler." Writing, of course, has always been right up Allen's alley (he did all his own routines, ghosted many other performers' material), and his prose in *Much Ado* is peppy stuff. It's at its best, though, when he stops extolling the questionable glories of vaudeville days and reverts to his fine old sardonic style.

Guide books purporting to cut a swath through the high-fidelity jungle have been dumped on the public of late with the frequency of raindrops in a squall. Each of these books, of course, is written in "layman's language" so that a woolf gink who doesn't know the difference between a cathode follower and a camp follower can nevertheless crack his plaster walls and wow his friends at next Saturday's cocktail party. Well and good. The hi-fi rig — like the sports car, the narrow lapel and the ski weekend — is a much-desired and worthwhile social bannister of our times, and no gentleman worth his selenium rectifier should be without one. All hail, then, Charles Fowler's volume *High Fidelity, A Practical Guide* (McGraw-Hill, \$1.95), a full-of-facts guide book that really is written in layman's language, or something pretty damn near. You don't have to be a Marconi to dig what Mr. Fowler (publisher of *High Fidelity* magazine) is yowling about, although it does help if you have a healthy bent toward the science of sound and sound reproduction. Much of the argle-bargle surrounding the selection of loudspeakers, enclosures, amplifiers, pickups, changers and turntables, etc., is cleared away with only an occasional formula to push your level of pain over the brink. Mr. Fowler's book differs from others in yet another way: he recommends no specific components by brand name; rather, he attempts to educate the reader so that he may make his own evaluations and choices when purchase time rolls around.

"Humour," says Malcolm Muggeridge, hard-punching editor of *Punch* since 1955, "has to have an astringent flavour — like Shakespeare's fools, who usually hurt in order to amuse, or vice versa . . . It is the gargyle grinning beneath the steeple; it is Thersites mocking at pomposity, pretentiousness, self-importance and all the other occupational diseases

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of the mighty." Flaying away at the mighty (and not-so-mighty) in *The Pick of Punch* (Dutton, \$3.95) are such super-astute statisticians as Ronald Searle, Anton, Claud Cockburn, Alex Atkinson and Gwyn Thomas, among others, in this magnificent pot of annual, unbridled insanity in which nothing (British, American, African or Inter-planetary) is either safe or sacred. Here are collected some of the most cheerful, cheering words and pictures we've seen since the last Pick.

The first story contained in William Saroyan's *The Whole Foyeld* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.75) finds a teacher of ancient history instructing her class to turn to page 192 in the text for the first lesson. A dark-eyed young man pipes up that he feels page one might be more appropriate. "Just shut up, Mr. William Saroyan," she snaps. Many of his critics have been similarly snapping ever since—but William Saroyan has not shut up. His latest offering is a collection of stories, vignettes, reminiscences and monologues set mostly in the author's beloved Fresno and San Francisco. From an assortment of titles ranging from *William Saroyan at Longfellow High* (shades of the Rover Boys?) to *Paris and Philadelphia*, a skillful study of a clash between calculating youth and self-deluding middle-age, Saroyanites are enguiled by a variety of characters and themes which may irritate them at times, but which are, happily, never dull long enough to have an enduring effect. Indeed, some of the sketches are so slight as to be almost pointless, but then along comes *A Visitor in the Piano Warehouse*, a charmingly comic story with a springtime flavor, and Saroyan at his whimsical best. If you dig Saroyan, you'll cheer his latest.

Eldridge takes over; Flip Phillips' tenor sax rides in, then; and now Doc comes on to blow the house down; Illinois Jacquet's tenor follows; last comes Lionel Hampton's vibraharp—and throughout the solid, riding rhythm is provided by Peterson's piano, Ray Brown on bass and Buddy Rich on drums. The space we've allotted to this recording is a measure of our esteem.

Ella and Louis (Verve 4003), who could be none other than Fitzgerald and Armstrong, mingle pipes and passivity in a packet of pretty standards that includes the likes of *Foggy Day*, *Moonlight in Vermont* and *Stars Fell on Alabama*. Joyfully, Ella bears most of the vocal brunt, while Louie clears his throat from time to time and interjects some noodling trumpet counterpoint in the background (aided by simpatico cats Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown and Herb Ellis). Out of it all glides some deliciously romantic, jazz-flavored stuff for toast-warm freude moments. Miss Fitzgerald—as ever—dotes out her lyrics with a palms-up purity that is the wonder of our age; it is impossible for the effortless Ella to err. . . . You'd be wise to follow up the Ella-Louis effort on the tentable with the George Shearing Quintet's *When Lights Are Low* (MGM E3264). You know the style—piano, guitar and vibes blowing in quiet unison—and you know how evocative it can be in the right surroundings. This is a round-up platter of the Quintet's best work over the past several years; it's not new but it's nifty.

Good songs and bad, good Sinatra and bad; these are the mixed ingredients of *That Old Feeling* (Columbia CL 902), an LP of re-issued singles most of which were cut during Frankie's nose-dive period. The Voice's voice sounded pretty punk then, even on such top tunes as *Autumn in New York* and *The Nearness of You*. He just didn't come across as casually crisp as he does today (on the Capitol label, with Nelson Riddle's fiddles); his phrasing was jerky and unsteady, his pipes sounded scratchy, his breath control seemed shot. Add to these singer-faults a couple of arias as abysmally wretched as *That Lucky Old Sun* and you may understand why we can't call this a heel-clicking disc, even though it has its moments.

Composer Gioacchino Rossini had a reputation for facility ("Give me a laundry list: I'll set it to music"), flexibility (pressed for an overture to a new comic opera, he re-used that of an earlier tragic opera and it fit perfectly) and laziness (he retired at 37 to live in blissful idleness for 40 more years). Despite the long vacation, he cranked out, along with other stuff, 35 operas (one of which, *The Barber of Seville*, is maybe the best musi-

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records

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cal comedy ever written). He is, today, known to even the lowest of brows and shortest of hairs: everybody's heard that "Figaro, Figaro!" bit from the Barber and the Lone Ranger's theme music (otherwise known as *Hi-yo, Silver* or, more rarely, the overture to *William Tell*). Less well-known are Rossini's *Sonatas for Strings*, the first four of which are now done up gleamingly by the 13 members of the Solisti di Zagreb, under Antonio Janigro (Vanguard 488). These are sweet, lively, melodic neo-Mozart, but Mozart sprinkled with Parmesan cheese, for they are nothing if not Italian: warm, sunny and "vocal." Rossini said he wrote these charming chamberworks when he was 12, but you know Gioacchino—anything for a gag: he was probably all of 15.

The Blues (Pacific Jazz 502) is a worthy, full-flowering sampling of the Pacific manner. It's not only a fine example of that genre, but the eight well-known star combos that each play one number (including the Gerry Mulligan Quartet, the Bud Shank Quintet, the Russ Freeman Quartet) stay happily unexperimental throughout. Incidentally, if you have a secret acquaintance with anyone who doesn't dig modern jazz, it's our bet you can wear him in 6:07 flat with the Bill Perkins-John Lewis Quintet's rendition of 2 *Degrees East—3 Degrees West*, the kind of indigo that haunts you in the stilly night.

Those of you who enjoyed Gordon Jenkins' heartsting-plucking pacaen to New York City, *Manhattan Town*, when it first appeared in 1946, should break out in goose bumps over the fact that Jenkins has pressed it afresh. But don't. It stinks—for a couple of reasons: the new version (Capitol T766) is three times longer than the original, and the added ditties, characters, scenes and interludes have turned the *Town* into an embarrassing bore of crashing dimensions. In addition, the new twist finds Julie (the girl) giving a firm brush to Steven (the boy), a ridiculous boob who wants to get hitched. Even the Dignity of Man is forsaken. Happily, one unforgettable tune to come out of it all still sparkles 11 years later: *New York's My Home*.

Even before the birth of jazz, New Orleans could boast a fountain of musical Americana in the person of Louis Moreau Gottschalk, a French-American piano virtuoso who wrote glittering keyboard pieces filled with the flavor of his adopted country. An American piano virtuoso of our own day, youngish Eugene List, has resurrected a dozen all-but-forgotten Gottschalk numbers and plays them enthusiastically on a quaint, colorful collector's item platter called *The Banjo, and Other Creole Ballads, Cuban Dances, Negro Songs and Caprices* (Vanguard 485). The title piece, *The*

Banjo, emulates that instrument and crisps a chunk of *Campfire Rites* to good effect; a hint of a slowed-down *Ship to My Love* runs hauntingly through the gentle *La Soirée*; Old World gavottes dance cheek-to-cheek with New World take-walks throughout; and if you keep your ears open, you may even catch an occasional shy, fleeing forecast of ragtime. Tremolo-embroidered corn like *The Dying Poet* (a favorite of fair, be-busbed 19th Century piano students) inevitably calls to mind the silent screen's most poignant moments, for which Gottschalk's lazier creations provided eternal accompaniment. A disarming, highly listenable disc.



theatre

The Reluctant Debutante (at the Henry Miller, 124 W. 45th) is a powder-puff of a British comedy about nothing very important, but author William Douglas Home creates a lot of fun en route to nowhere, and his cast backs him up with style and high humor. It all takes place in Mayfair in the Spring, when debutantes are "coming out" and all good men are taking to the hills as London dowagers cut each other dead in competition for well-heeled sons-in-law. Anna Massey is cast as the uncooperative heroine who prefers horses to men—particularly after Adrienne Allen, as her indefatigable mother, dragoons a bumptious young officer from the Guards into being her escort. Fortunately, mother rectifies this mistake by accident. She gets hold of a wrong telephone number and unwittingly invites David Hoyle-Johnston (John Merivale) home to dinner. David, handsome young man-about-town, has the reputation of being an incorrigible rake, but we know better. He's a good guy and it's love at first sight and farewell to the horses; and after a good deal more chat-chat over the telephone and a tender love scene that resolves into a romping, old-fashioned farce, the author calls a halt for his happy ending.

Director Cyril Ritchard's cast is half the battle: Miss Allen is an expert telephoner who can turn an innocent telephone into a monster of confusion. John Merivale (the son of the late Philip Merivale) and Miss Massey make a charming pair of innocents in love. But it is Wilfrid Hyde White, as a benign, embattled paterfamilias, who remains the vastly amusing mainstay of the very British flummery. Hyde White is a grand man with a bright line of dialogue, and Home gives him plenty to work with.

Separate Tables (at the Music Box, 239 W. 45th) is another London hit that

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transplants like hardly perennial. It's author, Terence Rattigan (remember *O Mistress Mine*, *The Winslow Boy*, *The Browning Version*), is a highly popular British playwright who has had only indifferent luck on these shores. This time he has converted his critics by coming up with a sharp, sensitively written theatre piece that happens to be two short plays in one. Their common bond is a number of the same characters and the same two sets—the lounge and dining-room of a seaside hotel in Bournemouth.

If the two plays do nothing else (and they do, believe us) they supply something like an actor's field day for Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton, whose performances will rate with the best when the season's final tally is in for the awards. In *Table by the Window* (the first half of the bill) these two are cast as a divorced couple who know that they cannot get along together but are desperately aware that they need each other enough to try once again. In *Table Number Seven* (by far the more touching half) the co-stars are cast in a totally different brace of roles. This time Portman, in a nice switch from the rugged, hard-drinking misanthrope of the curtain raiser, plays a lonesome, insecure fraud who passes himself off as a Colonel Blimpish war hero and manages to get himself arrested for molesting women in a local cinema palace. Miss Leighton, who was soignée and strikingly handsome in the first set-up does a remarkable job of looking and slouching like the near-sighted, frustrated victim of an overpowering mother. Again two of Rattigan's lonely people have a need for each other, and it is a credit to actor and author that this off-beat sketch is both credible and emotionally rewarding.

Auntie Mame is Broadway's first made-in-America, box-office-in-bound smash of the season. Probably any dramatization of Patrick Dennis' bohemian best-seller would have been successful because Auntie Mame is definitely a dame to take to bed with you (between hook covers, of course). However, with Rosalind Russell playing the title role, the play was bound to break all existing records for advance sales.

Just to keep the record straight, it's a good thing that the Jerome Lawrence-Robert E. Lee adaptation has Roz to rely on. Whenever you are able to notice a consecutive plot, it concerns Mame's zany doings and none of it is important. What is important is the soaring spirit of la Russell's Auntie Mame as she waves a foot-long cigarette holder like a baton and models Travis Banton's extravagant gowns as if they didn't have to stay on under happier circumstances. There is always just the right tiny touch of immensio in Miss

Russell's performance. Here is an obvious lady who can relish low comedy without being patronizing, who can sight a gag a mile off, measure it for size, and give it just the right pause before pulling the trigger. The whole show is a very special joke between you and Roz. At the Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th.

It was Eugene O'Neill's wish, for obvious family reasons, that his autobiographical *Long Day's Journey Into Night* (at the Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th) should not be produced until 25 years after his death. But shortly before he died in 1953, O'Neill relented. The people depicted in the play were now beyond humiliation and hurt.

Even so, there is an element of shock in the fact that the playwright, in revealing one shameful day in the lives of the Tyrone family in the summer of 1912, was really writing about the O'Neills and himself. This is the playwright's early life in dead earnest, and he had to get it off his chest. James Tyrone, the penny-pinching, bull-headed patriarch, is a retired actor so intent on hoarding his wealth that he is oblivious to the destruction he visits on his family. His wife, Mary, was given prolonged morphine treatment by a quack after her son Edmund was born (Tyrone was too miserly to call in a good doctor) and she became a hopeless drug addict, beyond caring. Edmund (the young O'Neill), variously a poet, a reporter and a merchant seaman, is home again, seriously ill of tuberculosis and seeing his disintegrating family in an objective light for the first time. His older brother, Jamie, is an alcoholic by choice, an articulate shell of a man, and the unromantic nemesis of the younger brother whom he loves and betrays at the same time. For three acts, director Jose Quintero allows the Tyrone's infinite time for their interminable bickerings and remorse, for accusations and confession, and for the sometimes windy reminiscences that build for the climax to come. And when the climax does come in the shattering fourth act, it explodes with an impact that leaves the audience limp with the same feeling of completion and sarcasm that O'Neill must have felt when he rid himself of these pathetic spectres from his past. Of hope there is none (unless you remember who this tortured young man grew up to be). But in the end the Tyrone's salvage from their spiritual blood-bath the saving grace of pity and understanding. If this play that begins early and runs for four hours sounds repellent to the escapist, the loss is theirs. Here is high tragedy that makes most of Broadway's current writing sound like the daily exercises of a bright child in a progressive school.



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PLAYBOY



COLOR WOODCUT BY RICHARD TYLER

THE HUSTLER

fiction BY WALTER S. TEVIS

all games are dangerous when the stakes are high

THEY TOOK SAM OUT of the office, through the long passageway, and up to the big metal doors. The doors opened, slowly, and they stepped out.

The sunlight was exquisite; warm on Sam's face. The air was clear and still. A few birds were circling in the sky. There was a gravel path, a road, and then, grass. Sam drew a deep breath. He could see as far as the horizon.

A guard drove up in a gray station wagon. He opened the door and Sam

got in, whistling softly to himself. They drove off, down the gravel path. Sam did not turn around to look at the prison walls; he kept his eyes on the grass that stretched ahead of them, and on the road through the grass.

When the guard stopped to let him off in Richmond he said, "A word of advice, Willis."

"Advice?" Sam smiled at the guard.

"That's right. You got a habit of getting in trouble, Willis. That's why they

didn't parole you, made you serve full time, because of that habit."

"That's what the man told me," Sam said. "So?"

"So stay out of pool rooms. You're smart. You can earn a living."

Sam started climbing out of the station wagon. "Sure," he said. He got out, slammed the door, and the guard drove away.

It was still early and the town was nearly empty. Sam walked around, up and down different streets, for about an hour, looking at houses and stores, smiling at the people he saw, whistling or humming little tunes to himself.

In his right hand he was carrying his little round tubular leather case, carrying it by the brass handle on the side. It was about 50 inches long, the case, and about as big around as a man's forearm.

At ten o'clock he went to the bank and drew out the 600 dollars he had deposited there under the name of George Graves. Only it was 680; it had gathered that much interest.



Then he went to a clothing store and bought a sporty tan coat, a pair of brown slacks, brown suede shoes and a bright green sport shirt. In the store's dressing room he put the new outfit on, leaving the prison-issued suit and shoes on the floor. Then he bought two extra sets of underwear and socks, paid, and left.

About a block up the street there was a clean-looking beauty parlor. He walked in and told the lady who seemed to be in charge, "I'm an actor. I have to play a part in Chicago tonight that requires red hair." He smiled at her. "Can you fix me up?"

The lady was all efficiency. "Certainly," she said. "If you'll just step back to a booth we'll pick out a shade."

A half hour later he was a redhead. In two hours he was on board a plane for Chicago, with a little less than 600 dollars in his pocket and one piece of luggage. He still had the underwear and socks in a paper sack.

In Chicago he took a 14 dollar a night room in the best hotel he could find.

The room was big, and pleasant. It looked and smelled clean.

He sat down on the side of the bed and opened his little leather case at the top. The two piece billiard cue inside was intact. He took it out and screwed the brass joint together, pleased that it still fit perfectly. Then he checked the butt for tightness. The weight was still firm and solid. The tip was good, its shape had held up; and the cue's balance and stroke seemed easy, familiar; almost as though he still played with it every day.

He checked himself in the mirror. They had done a perfect job on his hair; and its brightness against the green and brown of his new clothes gave him the sporty, racetrack sort of look he had always avoided before. His once ruddy complexion was very pale. Not a pool player in town should be able to recognize him: he could hardly recognize himself.

If all went well he would be out of Chicago for good in a few days; and no one would know for a long time that

Big Sam Willis had even played there. Six years on a manslaughter charge could have its advantages.

In the morning he had to walk around town for a while before he found a pool room of the kind he wanted. It was a few blocks off the Loop, small; and from the outside it seemed to be fairly clean and quiet.

Inside, there was a short order and beer counter up front. In back there were four tables; Sam could see them through the door in the partition that separated the lunch room from the pool room proper. There was no one in the place except for the tall, blond boy behind the counter.

Sam asked the boy if he could practice.

"Sure." The boy's voice was friendly. "But it'll cost you a dollar an hour."

"Fair enough." He gave the boy a five dollar bill. "Let me know when this is used up."

The boy raised his eyebrows and took the money.

In the back room Sam selected the

best 20-ounce cue he could find in the wall rack, one with an ivory point and a tight butt, chalked the tip, and broke the rack of balls on what seemed to be the best of the four tables.

He tried to break safe, a straight pool break, where you drive the two bottom corner balls to the cushions and back into the stack where they came from, making the cue ball go two rails and return to the top of the table, killing itself on the cushion. The break didn't work, however; the rack of balls spread wide, five of them came out into the table, and the cue ball stopped in the middle. It would have left an opponent wide open for a big run. Sam shrugged.

He pocketed the 15 balls, missing only once—a long shot that had to be cut thin into a far corner—and he felt better, making balls. He had little confidence on the hard ones, he was awkward; but he still knew the game, he knew how to break up little clusters of balls on one shot so that he could pocket them on the next. He knew how to play position with very little English on the cue, by shooting "natural" shots, and letting the speed of the cue ball do the work. He could still figure the spread, plan out his shots in advance from the positions of the balls on the table, and he knew what to shoot at first.

He kept shooting for about three hours. Several times other players came in and played for a while, but none of them paid any attention to him, and none of them stayed long.

The place was empty again and Sam was practicing cutting balls down the rail, working on his cue ball and on his speed, when he looked up and saw the boy who ran the place coming back. He was carrying a plate with a hamburger in one hand and two bottles of beer in the other.

"Hungry?" He set the sandwich down on the arm of a chair. "Or thirsty, maybe?"

Sam looked at his watch. It was 1:50. "Come to think of it," he said, "I am." He went to the chair, picked up the hamburger, and sat down.

"Have a beer," the boy said affably. Sam took it and drank from the bottle. It tasted delicious.

"What do I owe you?" he said, and took a bite out of the hamburger.

"The burger's 30 cents," the boy said. "The beer's on the house."

"Thanks," Sam said, chewing. "How do I rate?"

"You're a good customer," the boy said. "Easy on the equipment, cash in advance, and I don't even have to rack the balls for you."

"Thanks," Sam was silent for a minute, eating.

The boy was drinking the other beer. Abruptly, he set the bottle down. "You

on the hustle?" he said.

"Do I look like a hustler?"

"You practice like one."

Sam sipped his beer quietly for a minute, looking over the top of the bottle, once, at the boy. Then he said, "I might be looking around." He set the empty bottle down on the wooden chair arm. "I'll be back tomorrow; we can talk about it then. There might be something in it for you, if you help me out."

"Sure, mister," the boy said. "You pretty good?"

"I think so," Sam said. Then when the boy got up to leave he added, "Don't try to finger me for anybody. It won't do you any good."

"I won't." The boy went back up front.

Sam practiced, working mainly on his stroke and his position, for three more hours. When he finished his arm was sore and his feet were tired; but he felt better. His stroke was beginning to work for him, he was getting smooth, making balls regularly, playing good position. Once, when he was running balls continuously, racking 14 and 1, he ran 47 without missing.

The next morning, after a long night's rest, he was even better. He ran more than 90 balls one time, missing, finally, on a difficult rail shot.

The boy came back at 1:00 o'clock, bringing a ham sandwich this time and two beers. "Here you go," he said. "Time to make a break."

Sam thanked him, laid his cue stick on the table, and sat down.

"My name's Barney," the boy said.

"George Graves," Sam held out his hand, and the boy shook it. "Just," he smiled inwardly at the thought, "call me Red."

"You are good," Barney said. "I watched you a couple of times."

"I know." Sam took a drink from the beer bottle. "I'm looking for a straight pool game."

"I figured that, Mister Graves. You won't find one here, though. Up at Bennington's they play straight pool."

Sam had heard of Bennington's. They said it was a hustler's room, a big money place.

"You know who plays pool there, Barney?" he said.

"Sure, Bill Peyton, he plays there. And Shufala Kid, Louisville Fats, Johnny Vargas, Henry Keller, a little guy they call 'The Policeman'..."

Henry Keller was the only familiar name; Sam had played him once, in Atlantic City, maybe 14 years ago. But that had been even before the big days of Sam's reputation, before he had got so good that he had to trick hustlers into playing him. That was a long time ago. And then there was the red hair; he

ought to be able to get by.

"Which one's got money," he asked, "and plays straight pool?"

"Well," Barney looked doubtful, "I think Louisville Fats carries a big roll. He's one of the old Prohibition boys; they say he keeps an arm of hoods working for him. He plays straights. But he's good. And he doesn't like being hustled."

It looked good; but dangerous. Hustlers didn't take it very well to find out a man was using a phony name so he could get a game. Sam remembered the time someone had told Bernie James who he had been playing and Bernie had got pretty rough about it. But this time it was different; he had been out of circulation six years, and he had never played in Chicago before.

"This Fats. Does he let big?"

"Yep, he bets big. Big as you want," Barney smiled. "But I tell you he's mighty good."

"Rack the balls," Sam said, and smiled back. "I'll show you something."

Barney racked. Sam broke them wide open and started running. He went through the rack, then another, another, and another. Barney was counting the balls, racking them for him each time. When he got to 80 Sam said, "Now I'll bank a few." He banked 7, knocking them off the rails, across, and into the pockets. When he missed the 8 he said, "What do you think?"

"You'll do," Barney said. He laughed. "Fats is good; but you might take him."

"I'll take him," Sam said. "You lead me to him. Tomorrow night you get somebody to work for you. We're going up to Bennington's."

"Fair enough, Mister Graves," Barney said. He was grinning. "We'll have a beer on that."

At Bennington's you took an elevator to the floor you wanted; billiards on the first, pocket pool on the second, snooker and private games on the third. It was an old-fashioned set-up, high ceilings, big, shaded incandescent lights, overstuffed leather chairs.

Sam spent the morning on the second floor, trying to get the feel of the tables. They were different from Barney's, with softer cushions and tighter cloths, and it was a little hard to get used to them; but after about two hours he felt as though he had them pretty well, and he left. No one had paid any attention to him.

After lunch he inspected his hair in the restaurant's bathroom mirror; it was still as red as ever and hadn't yet begun to grow out. He felt good. Just a little nervous, but good.

Barney was waiting for him at the little pool room. They took a cab up to Bennington's.

(continued on page 30)

SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL, or at least since Mr. Gregorian shook up the calendar, well-meaning mortals have chosen the New Year as the occasion to enumerate their failings on paper and solemnly pledge to sin no more in the coming twelve-month. These pledges have become known as New Year resolutions, and the only trouble with them is that the resolvers are seldom resolute enough. Their hearts, proverbially, are in the right places, but the flesh, no less proverbially, is weak and they begin to backslide, usually somewhere around the second or third of January.

PLAYBOY, after intensive study and soul-searching, believes it has found the answer to this vexing, age-old problem. By simply applying New Year resolutions to *others*, rather than to ourselves, it is our belief that the resolutions will be rendered painless and the backsliding less humiliating (for those who do the resolving, anyway, if not for those who try to follow through). Braced and bolstered by this leaky logic, we recruited a panel of top men from various fields of endeavor and asked them to contribute one resolution each—for the rest of humanity to heed. They responded with alacrity. If your response is equally alacritous, we may, from time to time, ask other well-known citizens to contribute resolutions for, say, Ground Hog Day, Bastille Day, The Anniversary of the Birth of Millard Fillmore, etc. Meanwhile, see what you can do to make the following worthies happy in 1957.

JOHN CROSBY

I here highly resolve that our ingenious engineers should let us have some leisure. To elucidate, I'll have to take you back to the early Thirties when they'd just introduced the 40-hour, five-day work week, causing my friend Jim Mainwaring the sage of Starsdale, to proclaim darkly: "It'll destroy the country—this New Leisure. Just like ancient Rome. The populace will spend all that spare

time drinking and wenching and watching people being thrown to the lions in Madison Square Garden."

"They don't throw people to the lions in Madison Square Garden," I replied.

"They will! They will! The moral fabric of the country will disintegrate with all that spare time on its hands. They'll have sex orgies at Ebbets Field—anything to occupy the empty hours. Mankind can withstand wars, epidemics,

BY: JOHN CROSBY,
H. ALLEN SMITH,
GEORGE JESSEL,
FRED ASTAIRE,
PHIL SILVERS,
JIMMY DURANTE



floods, even psychiatry. But not leisure. Leisure has wrecked every civilization that stumbled on it and it'll wreck this one." Whereupon he finished his drink and loped off to the 5:23 which bears him every evening to his home in Westchester where his wisdom is well thought of by everyone but his wife. It was a disturbing thought. Leisure, I've always felt, was very good for me but very bad for everyone else. My own moral disintegration—the drinking, the wenching, maybe even that lion bit—I could contemplate with resignation and possibly futuristic anticipation. But the moral disintegration of the whole country (I mean, the rest of you guys getting in on all this) was a terrible thought. Well, 20 years have passed and the moral fabric, while possibly a little more frayed at the edges, has held out against the New Leisure pretty well and I think I know why. The last time I visited the Mainwaring's in Scarsdale, Jim spent the whole weekend fixing the dishwasher. By Sunday night, he had it back in order again. His wife Sally spent ten minutes rinsing the dishes, another ten arranging them in this labor-saving device, 50 minutes watching the water and steam swirl around the window. With one thing and another, it was time to go to bed when it was all over. There's nothing like these new labor saving gadgets for keeping a body out of mischief. For instance, I watched Sally Mainwaring with her new vacuum cleaner which has one gadget for corners, another for carpets, another for drapes, another for radiators. Just screwing these things on and taking them off occupied the afternoon, preserving Sally from all sorts of unmentionable vices. (My mother just used to wheel the vacuum cleaner out of the closet, leaving all sorts of spare time on her hands to get into trouble. But not any more.) We have abolished the sweat shop. No longer do young girls spend 14 hours ruining their eyesight in cramped positions making buttonholes. Now, father spends 14 hours bent over the power mower, trying to get delicate screws back in place, while mother is in the basement doing battle with the automatic dryer. (My mother used to hang the wash on a line. Took about five minutes.) Now there's talk of the 30-hour week and again our moral fabric is in danger. But never fear. Also ahead of us is automation where the machines run the machines. It's already in the factories and eventually it'll be in the homes. You'll go to the office at 10:00 and quit at 3:00—and from 5:00 to 7:00 you'll be in the basement adjusting the Westinghouse Electronic Homemaker so it doesn't put the records in the washing machine and the dishes on the hi-fi set. Therefore, in 1957, let's get the engineers to stop protecting us from the horrors of leisure!

H. ALLEN SMITH

I here highly resolve that, early in 1957, some brave fellow should hire a good lawyer, like Morris Ernst or Emile Zola Berman, and proceed with the crusade to obliterate forever one of modern mankind's most imbecilic superstitions—the belief that in order to eat a meal properly it is necessary for a man to tie a strip of colored rag around his neck. I'm not against neckties. I wear them on most occasions away from home. But there are times, especially in the summer, when a necktie becomes more foolish than usual and on those times I'm inclined to go naked at the neck. The crusade will begin with the aforesaid fellow's appearance at the entrance to one of Manhattan's fanciest restaurants. He'll have on slacks, a sports jacket and a spous shirt buttoned awfully at the collar. That cold, imperious man at the gate will take one look and say, "You can't come in here withouten you got on no necktie." Our boy will reply, "The hell I can't," and he'll start to shove past his oppressor. He'll be restrained, of course, and there'll be a scene. The doorman may temporize and offer him the use of a graystained old cravat which, in his view, will make the crusader look respectable and worthy of eating in the joint. He will be advised to take his necktie and shove it up the dumb waiter. In the end, you may be sure, our man won't be admitted. Now our lawyer files suit for half a million dollars. The thing of the suit, the preliminary maneuvering and the eventual trial will be sensational. Ed Murrow will probably do a documentary on the case. The question will be argued up and down the land: does a rag around the neck constitute the difference between a gentleman and a bum? The restaurant owner will contend that he has a right to set the standards under which customers may enter his establishment. Our lawyer will argue that the defendant is operating under a franchise granted to him by the people and that he has no right to turn a man away from his door unless that man is breaching the peace through some overt act of disorderly conduct. If the right lawyer is chosen, the summation will probably be so eloquent that the judge will suddenly rise from the bench, rip off his black robe, fling it to the floor and exclaim, "I never did understand why I have to wear this fool thing! Verdict for the plaintiff . . . with full damages!"

GEORGE JESSEL

I here highly resolve that somebody should do something about a certain young man I shall call Epis, who rocked and rolled in the year 1956 A.D.T.V. Phonograph records about a skinny dog are given preference over hot dogs and all day suckers! All this came about when he was seen on the television screens of

the nation. Since then, there is more squealing heard from Young America during one song than has ever been heard from the combined stockyards of Swift and Armour in a decade. The reason for all this, I think, is because never before have young people been given the complete opportunity to let loose of their inhibitions in such abandon. Squealing was always stopped in the home, and the schoolroom, and public places. But while the television is going on, you can do anything! Think how many people get a great kick out of watching actors and actresses in silk hats, overcoats and minks perform, while audiences at home can watch them and be completely naked, if they so choose. America has found something that has stopped it from thinking. And most of us seem to be delighted. The highest officials in the government don't make a move without an advertising agency's supervision. People seated in the highest chairs of the nation have their faces made up and their speaking voices approved for each public appearance. And the question is not "What is he going to say?" but "How is he going to look and how is he going to sound?" I wonder how Abe Lincoln would have fared in this day? I can hear the television admen saying: "Get that beard off—see if you can cover that mole—try to get that voice down a few tones . . ." And it's all because of Epis who, the theatrical papers say, is the biggest thing in show business. Well, long may he rock and roll! I don't envy the great success he has made in just a few weeks! Like every good thinking person, I hope his success continues—for a few weeks longer!

FRED ASTAIRE

I here highly resolve that the people of the U.S.A. should elect me dictator for a day. My first act would be to give Elvis Presley extra special credit for being such a hell of a big sensational smash hit and to scold those who try to condemn rock and roll. Some of it is good. It is a fad now and fads are always overdone. Give it time and it will pass by and remain at a less conspicuous level where it has been for some years past. I then would appoint Kim Novak and Anita Ekberg members of my Cabinet! I would shake a finger at the style merchants of men's clothes who try to belittle the double-breasted suit. I decree the double-breasted dinner jacket much smarter than the single-breasted always and also more practical. I would administer a severe reprimand to and fine anyone who dislikes Thunderbirds! I would pass a law making it impossible for anyone to be out or "busy" when I call on the telephone. I would abolish the following: Some of the small talk by contestants on television's major quiz shows, and some of the big talk and

(concluded on page 77)



THE GIRLS OF SHEPHERD MARKET

article By SAM BOAL

they reap a tidy livelihood—sans taxes, sans reproach

THERE IS AN ANTIQUE YARD concerning the racy, fascinating and very naughty section of London known as Shepherd Market, an area which leads its gaudy life within a stone's throw of Piccadilly, a London street familiar to hundreds of thousands of GI's as the profitable hunting ground of the "Piccadilly Commandos," or girls who, for a fee, would make themselves totally available to girl-less soldiers.

The story tells of an American tourist who approached one of the girls who was slouched against a wall in the rain-

coat that in Shepherd Market is almost the badge of her trade. The girl smiled invitingly at the American, who looked her over appreciatively.

"Sister," he said, "I've just got to spend the night with you. I'll give you \$10,000."

The sum was staggering, but the girl had enough presence of mind to reply.

"Oh, yes," she said, nimbly.

"Sister," the American said, "I've changed my mind. I'll give you \$2."

The girl gave him a look of frozen disdain. "How dare you!" she cried an-

grily. "What do you think I am? A prostitute?"

A generally accepted definition of a prostitute is a person—generally a woman—who sells herself for money. The unique aspect of the girls of Shepherd Market is that they airily decline to accept this definition. The girls parading the Champs Elysées in Paris, being realists, maintain no illusions as to their calling. (Not so long ago it was printed on their identity cards.) And girls in San Diego or New Orleans or Chicago display little coyness as to their means of



Cynthia Williams, aged 19 and until recently a respectable lass in her native Manchester, is picked up by Sam Baul, author of this article. He knew she was a professional, or at least a semi-pro, because of the locale where she was loitering and because of her raincoat, almost a uniform in fair weather or foul for the girls of Shepherd Market. After the usual preliminary conversation, pictured here, he escorted her to her flat where they could enjoy greater privacy and where she entertains the men who provide her livelihood. Cynthia was not aware that the pictures on this page were being taken. Later, she was persuaded to let the photographer join her and the author in her room where she posed for the picture on the facing page. Cynthia was unembarrassed and much intrigued by being in an American magazine.



livelihood.

But the girls in Shepherd Market are spectacularly different. They reflect the general British reticence of manner, the tendency of conservatism, the mild compulsion to call a spade a lot of things — a shovel, perhaps, or a hoe — but hardly ever a spade.

The peculiar status of the Shepherd Market girls springs, in part, out of the just noted British temperament, but it also springs out of several startling oddities of the British system in its relation to prostitution. Unlike the statutes of other countries, British law does not consider prostitution a crime nor a prostitute a criminal. The British, as every schoolboy knows, have what amounts to a wild passion for civil liberties and personal freedom. Regarding prostitution, British law — and British public opinion — maintains that it is difficult to

establish what a prostitute is. In the United States, for instance, a plain-clothes cop goes to a girl's room, gives her some dough, she reaches for her bra strap and Mr. Badge buys the heavy hand on her.

The British believe that this system is an eight-lane super highway to corruption and that municipal corruption, virtually unknown in England, generally begins with, and is maintained by, police liaison with prostitutes, or the men who control them. A cop can easily railroad a girl into jail, since his word, though unsupported, will be taken and hers will not. The crooked cop doesn't want the girl in jail. Far from it. He wants her working, paying him off, not resting in a nice, quiet, manless cell. But he can use the threat of jail to squeeze money out of her, and it is this that the British find bad.

It is not that the British police do not know which girls are business girls. They do, but they cannot arrest them. If they did, the girls would say, very simply: "What this man says is true. I met him in a bar and I liked him. He was perfectly charming, judge. I did go to bed with him and, as he says, he did give me some money. He said he found me charming, too, judge. He told me to buy myself a box of candy." End of discussion. The girl swirls her raincoat around her and is back on the job in 15 minutes.

One top official in London's police force who, with characteristic British modesty refused to be quoted by name, was asked to comment on the subject.

"What is prostitution?" he said, in an accent so British it sounded as if it were coming from a super-market deep-freeze. "Suppose, old boy, you take a girl out to dinner tonight. You then go to a

theatre, perhaps have a dance or two at some night spot and then go to her apartment where the two of you polish off a bottle of champagne. You find yourself, perhaps not to your complete astonishment, in bed with this delightful girl, and before you leave, you give her — she says 'borrow' — some money because she has announced, in her delightful way, that she needs it to pay the milkman in the morning. Should we march in and arrest her? Yet she has fulfilled the function of a prostitute, hasn't she, and even taken the money, which some believe is the crux of the situation.

"Others have a different notion. They believe that a girl who doesn't take men to her bed often is not a prostitute. But this won't work, either, because how often is 'often'? Seven men a week? Or fourteen, counting afternoons?" The British policeman smiled.

British law does not regard the whole of prostitution quite so casually, however. Though there are probably more street walkers in London than in any other city in the world, there isn't a brothel in the entire town.

This anomaly results from the curious fact that though prostitution is not a crime, it is a crime to use an apartment — or a house, or any premises — for what British law calls "immoral purposes," but only if more than two girls are involved. Two sisters can set up shop and will be perfectly free from arrest, but once they invite their younger sister — or any other girl — to share the fun, the British police can crack down. And they will, which accounts for the lack of organized houses in London.

Thus, in Shepherd Market, the customer often finds two girls sharing a flat, often a luxurious one, but he will never find three girls doing so, and if he wants three girls simultaneously, he had better call on his amateur friends to oblige him. An interesting sidelight on this point is the case of twin sisters, two very pretty Shepherd Market girls named Daphne and Pamela, names about as English as roast beef, fog or warm beer. The twins, who regard money with the same naïveté as, say, J. P. Morgan, Sr., charge five dollars each. But if a client with either a somewhat bizarre whim or a somewhat formidable appetite wants both girls at once, the price is not, as one might suppose, a mere \$10. It is \$12.50. The girls know that a man devoted to having two girls at once will gladly pay extra. The girls are identical twins, so it might be assumed that when they get their clothes off a customer might be confused as to which girl was which, but Daphne and Pamela have solved that one, too. It was quite simple. They needed only one

aid: a razor. Either way, they are very pretty and highly successful.

Despite various shrill cries to the contrary, England is still a highly class-conscious nation as compared to, say, the United States or France. A Duke is still a Duke and a coal miner is still a coal miner. And this class consciousness has extended into the sinful purlieus of Shepherd Market, which is surprising, since one might assume that a certain easy democracy would obtain amongst a group of business women who have basically the same commodity to sell.



Nevertheless, Shepherd Market is as rigidly caste-bound as the Duchess of What's Her Name's annual ball. The caste system is based partly on money, but partly on tenure, just as it is in other, less flamboyant, societies.

Girls drift into Shepherd Market from all over England, just as girls drift into prostitution in New York or Chicago from all over America. There is, as in the United States, very little prostitution in rural areas in England. The big city is the playground of the naughty girl, and Shepherd Market is London's naughtiest playground, so a girl bent on using what she has to earn what she wants would naturally head her high heels straight for there.

Let us consider one, a girl called Cynthia Williams, a dark, pretty 19-year-old who comes from Manchester, in Britain's industrial North, and as we see how she

starts, we can understand how the girls' social system works.

Cynthia — or any girl like her — first tries to get an apartment in Shepherd Market, which is difficult because the area — less than half a square mile — is full to the eaves with tenants. Perhaps Cynthia can share an apartment with a girl friend who possibly has written her to quit her office job, where everybody from the boss to the elevator man has been making passes at her, for free, and settle down to earn some money for her old age.

The new kid is, in the beginning, at the very bottom of the Shepherd Market social scheme. She has youth, an asset which should be helpful in her new calling. But she has several liabilities, too. She hasn't any customers and she hasn't much proficiency in getting them. The other girls, despite the myth to the contrary, do not spit at her (as they do in Paris) or hit her with their umbrellas. Cynthia has a right to try to make her way. The established girls will try to steal her customers, but this is a hard world, dearie, and business is business. If the new girl manages to steal a customer from an old timer, she is unlikely to get a dozen roses from her competitor, but by and large Shepherd Market is not a jungle. If it were, it might be unable to survive.

If the new girl proves she has something that men want, she is gradually

accepted into the strange social life—which is quite apart from the professional life—of the Market, and after a while she can look down on the next new Cynthia, the pretty little 18- or 19-year-old from Derbyshire or Liverpool or Glasgow.

If the girls in Shepherd Market were organized by men, as they are in other cities, the new girl's comparative innocence could understandably call for a higher fee. The boss would call up a customer and proudly announce his latest acquisition. And at a special price. But it doesn't work this way in Shepherd Market. Unless the novice has very special beauty or heretofore hidden bedroom talents, she will get at the start only about \$3. It is a characteristic of the British male not to like anything new. An American likes a new car; an Englishman likes an old one. He likes things he knows about, and until a girl is known about, she will be comparatively idle. She will probably have two customers an evening, because she has yet to establish a roster of satisfied—and thus repeating—customers. This works out to about \$45 a week, which is a fortune, since the average wage for a secretary in England is only \$18, and that for a shop girl about \$14. And she is only starting.

Of this \$45, she will pay about \$15 a week in rent, sharing an apartment. Food is cheap in England, so she won't spend more than \$15 on that. Since she is not a fashionable *coquette*—or at least not yet—she will spend little on clothes, and since her favorite entertainment, the movies (which she calls "the flicks"), cost her only 35¢ a go, she still has what, by her standards, is a lot left over.

Furthermore—and this is most important—all of the Shepherd Market girl's earnings are her own. Income tax in England, even for wage earners in the lower brackets, is so heavy as to be almost crippling. But not to the Shepherd Market girls. Some unknown genius among them cunningly devised a way to beat it.

British law may be somewhat lax in its attitude toward prostitution, but it is not at all lax about income tax violators. It is a serious offense in England to falsify an income tax return, or to try to avoid paying a tax. They don't kid about that.

One day somebody in the income tax office had a bright idea. He decided to crack down on the pleasure girls in Shepherd Market, feeling they were a fine, untapped source of tax dough. Assessors swooped down on several of them, the most visibly prosperous ones. The tax men pointed out that the girls' apartments were sumptuous, even blatantly so. They counted the 40 pairs of

shoes in the closets and the 60 dresses and the 20 nighties and they observed the high rent, which was always paid, and they asked the obvious question: where does this income originate, and why isn't a tax being paid on it?

At first the girls made vague claims, declaring it came from mysterious sources, such as nameless rich old men, or from poker games at which the girls seemed invariably to win. But the investigators weren't satisfied. It was income, and in the simple cosmos of an income tax collector, income must pay a tax. Never mind the morals involved; get it up, girls. The battle seemed lost. Part of their treasured freedom seemed to be about to be wrenched away from the ladies.

But one girl started using her brain, rather than her body, and when the tax collector demanded that she fill out a return she agreed with disarming availability. She wrote her name in the space provided and she wrote her address in the space provided. When she came to the space marked "Occupation" she stepped dead in its tracks the entire tax collecting mechanism of the British Isles by writing one word there. She wrote "prostitute." She may have gone against the Shepherd Market code by admitting she was a prostitute, but a crisis was at hand and this girl resolved it with what can only be described as brilliance.

By writing the word "prostitute" in the space which the tax people had so kindly provided, she presented the British government with a problem it simply could not solve. A high moral issue was at stake. If the British government collected a tax on the wages of admitted sin, on the earnings of an admitted prostitute, wouldn't it inescapably be sharing in the profits of vice? It would be like putting a head tax on opium smokers, or charging a convicted murderer a fee, and then letting him go. But it would be even worse, since the cry would be raised across the country—a country which has always edged itself, whether accurately or not, in a white valentine of lacy moral virtue—that the government was in part supporting itself on the libidinous labors of vicious girls in notorious Shepherd Market. Obscure bishops would raise their sonorous Oxonian accents in horror and the Stoke-On-Trent Ladies Benevolent Society, which regards Shepherd Market much as other people regard double pneumonia, would thunder out alarms warning the British middle class not to move an inch from normality, lest evil take over the land. The British middle class would indeed not move an inch, since it is an almost immovable mass of human beings, but the scandal would be catastrophic.

The fact is that no income tax blank marked "prostitute" has yet been collected, nor even accepted, by the British government and not one voice has been heard in the House of Commons even inquiring about the matter. Needless to say, not even a whisper has issued from the House of Lords, whose members still spend their time complaining that modern highways sometimes interfere with fox hunting, that the way to rid England of an overpopulation of rabbits is to make rabbit stew popular, or that pin-ups of girls should be banned from the barracks occupied by British soldiers, and kindred vivacious subjects.

So there the issue rests. All the girls now use the new trick and the Shepherd Market girl is again triumphant. Her position is unassailable. Fox police purposes she is not a prostitute; for tax purposes she is.

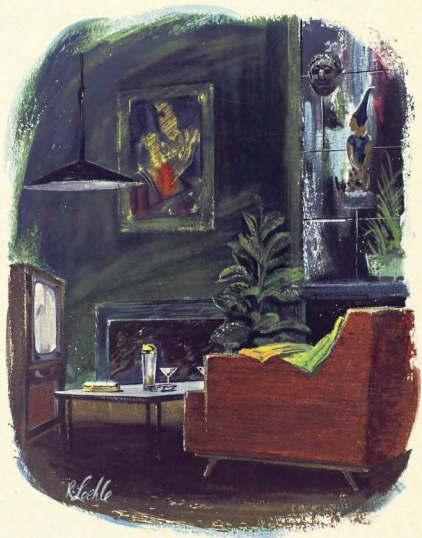
So little Cynthia, as she progresses up the Shepherd Market social ladder, can keep her entire income. If she can work up some steady clients, she can get a better apartment and, perhaps, a maid. She can buy better clothes and go to better beauty shops for redder fingernails and blonder hair. She can associate with girls of her own standing and she begins to snub the naive little girl from the country who is just starting in.

She will have the traditional British tea with girls of her own level and will give little luncheon parties in her apartment, if it is elegant enough. If not, she will take her girl friends to some chi-chi restaurant, where she will be treated with every courtesy money can buy. If any of her customers recognize her, they will be far too discreet to greet her, and she of course would never speak to them. This is part of the code, too.

Cynthia's social life is rather restricted because of her hours. She starts work about four in the afternoon; by midnight her day is over. But by now, she is making about \$100 a week so if she wishes she can take a night off every now and then. Her price has gone up a little bit, to \$4 or \$5.

Like most British street walkers, our new girl will have strong Lesbian tendencies, so her emotional outlet will tend toward women rather than toward men. She will have frequent "crushes" on the other girls and will, in general, display a rather cynical attitude toward men. She will have a man or two around, merely to take her to parties or to the theatre, where a girl without a man would appear conspicuous, but unlike her sister in Paris, she will certainly not have a procurer, nor a man whom she loves and to whom she gives money. The Shepherd Market girl does

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*"What a wonderful way to welcome in the New Year,
Mr. Hooper. And in another hour, it will be midnight
in Chicago, and then Denver, and then San Francisco..."*

IN A SEASON OF CALM WEATHER

*how much
was picasso,
how much
george smith
with wild
picasso eyes?*

fiction BY RAY BRADBURY

GEORGE AND ALICE SMITH detained at Biarritz one summer noon and in an hour had run through their hotel onto the beach, into the ocean, and back out to bake upon the sand.

To see George Smith sprawled burning there, you'd think him only a tourist blown fresh as iced lettuce to Europe and soon to be trans-shipped home. But here was a man who loved art more than life itself.

"There . . ." George Smith sighed. Another ounce of perspiration trickled down his chest. Boil out the Ohio tap-water, he thought, then drink down the best Bordeaux. Silt your blood with rich French sediment so you'll see with native eyes!

Why? Why eat, breathe, drink everything French? So that, given time, he might really begin to understand the genius of one man.

His mouth moved, forming a name. "George?" His wife loomed over him. "I know what you've been thinking. I can read your lips."

He lay perfectly still, waiting.

"And?"

"Picasso," she said.

He winced. Someday she would learn to pronounce that name.

"Please," she said. "Relax. I know, you heard the rumor this morning, but

you should see your eyes—your tic is back. All right, Picasso's here, down the coast a few miles away, visiting friends in some small fishing town. But you must forget it or our vacation's ruined."

"I wish I'd never heard the rumor," he said honestly.

"If only," she said, "you liked other painters."

Others? Yes, there were others. He could breakfast most congenially on Caravaggio still-lives of autumn pears and midnight plums. For lunch: those fire-squirting, thick-wormed Van Gogh sunflowers, those blooms a blind man might read with one rush of scorched fingers down fiery canvas. But the great feast? The paintings he saved his palate for? There, filling the horizon, like Neptune risen, crowned with limewood, alabaster, coral, paintbrushes clenched like tridents in horn-nailed fists, and with fish-tail vast enough to fluke summer showers out over all Gibraltar—who else but the creator of *Girl Before a Mirror* and *Guernica*?

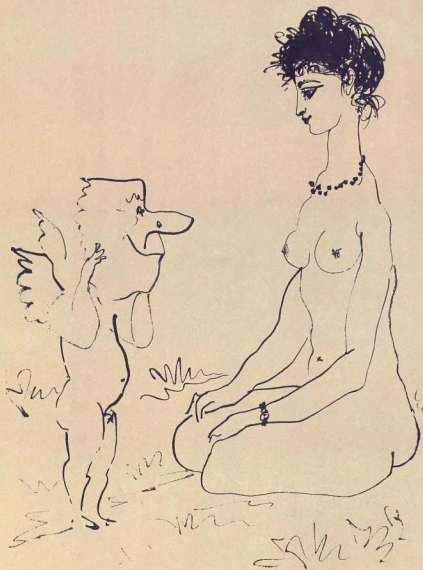
"Alice," he said, patiently. "How can I explain? Coming down on the train I thought, Good Lord, it's all Picasso country!"

But was it really, he wondered. The sky, the land, the people, the flushed pink bricks here, scrooled electric blue



ILLUSTRATED BY PICASSO





ironwork balconies there, a mandolin ripe as a fruit in some man's thousand-fingerprinting hands, billboard tatters blowing like confetti in night winds—how much was Picasso, how much George Smith staring round the world with wild Picasso eyes? He despaired of answering. That old man had distilled turpentine and linseed oils so thoroughly through George Smith that they shaped his being all Blue Period at twilight, all Rose Period at dawn.

"I keep thinking," he said aloud, "if we saved our money..."

"We'll never have 5,000 dollars."

"I know," he said quietly. "But it's nice thinking we might bring it off some day. Wouldn't it be great to just step up to him, say 'Pablo, here's 5,000! Give us the sea, the sand, that sky, or any old thing you want, we'll be happy..."

After a moment, his wife touched his arm.

"I think you'd better go in the water now," she said.

"Yes," he said. "I'd better do just that."

White fire showered up where he cut the waves.

During the afternoon George Smith came out and went into the ocean with the vast spilling motions of now warm, now cool people who at last, with the sun's decline, their bodies all lobster colors and colors of broiled squab and guinea hen, trudged for their wedding-cake hotels.

The beach lay deserted for endless mile on mile, save for two people. One was George Smith, towel over shoulder, out for a last devotional.

Far along the shore another, shorter, square-cut man walked alone in the tranquil weather. He was deeply tanned, his close-shaven head dyed almost mahogany by the sun, and his eyes were clear and bright as water in his face.

So the shoreline stage was set, and in a few minutes the two men would meet. And once again Fate fixed the scales for shocks and surprises, arrivals and departures. And all the while these two solitary strollers did not for a moment think on coincidence, that urasum stream which lingers at man's elbow with every crowd in every town. Nor did they ponder the fact that if man dares dip into that stream he grabs a wonder in each hand. Like most they shrugged at such folly, and stayed well up the bank lest Fate should shove them in.

The stranger stood alone. Glancing about, he saw his aloneness, saw the waters of the lovely bay, saw the sun sliding down the late colors of the day, and then half-turning spied a small wooden object on the sand. It was no more than the slender stick from a luscious ice-cream delicacy long since melted away. Smiling, he picked the stick up.



With another glance around to re-insure his solitude, the man stooped again and holding the stick gently with light sweeps of his hand began to do the one thing in all the world he knew best how to do.

He began to draw incredible figures along the sand.

He sketched one figure and then moved over and still looking down, completely focussed on his work now, drew a second and a third figure and after that a fourth and a fifth and a sixth...

George Smith, printing the shoreline with his feet, gazed here, gazed there, and then saw the man ahead. George Smith, drawing nearer, saw that the man, deeply tanned, was bending down.

Nearer yet, and it was obvious what the man was up to. George Smith chuckled. Of course, of course... alone on the beach this man, how old? 65? 70? was scribbling and doodling away. How the sand flew! How the wild portraits flung themselves out there on the shore! How...

George Smith took one more step and stopped, very still.

The stranger was drawing and drawing and did not seem to sense that anyone stood immediately behind him and the world of his drawings in the sand. By now he was so deeply enchanted with his solitudinous creation that depth-bombs, set off in the bay, might

(concluded on page 71)

HUSTLER

(continued from page 18)

Louisville Fats must have weighed 300 pounds. His face seemed to be bloated around the eyes like the face of an Eskimo, so that he was always squinting. His arms, hanging from the short sleeves of his white silk shirt, were pink and dough-like. Sam noticed his hands; they were soft looking, white and delicate. He wore three rings, one with a diamond. He had on dark green, wide suspenders.

When Barney introduced him, Fats said, "How are you, George?" but didn't offer his hand. Sam noticed that his eyes, almost buried beneath the face, seemed to shift from side to side, so that he seemed not really to be looking at anything.

"I'm fine," Sam said. Then, after a pause, "I've heard a lot about you."
"I got a reputation?" Fats' voice was flat, disinterested. "Then I must be pretty good maybe?"

"I suppose so," Sam said, trying to watch the eyes.

"You a good pool player, George?" The eyes flickered, scanning Sam's face.

"Fair. I like playing. Straight pool."

"Oh," Fats grinned, abruptly, coldly. "That's my game too, George." He slapped Barney on the back. The boy pulled away, slightly, from him. "You pick good, Barney. He plays my game. You can finger for me, sometime, if you want."

"Sure," Barney said. He looked nervous.

"One thing," Fats was still grinning. "You play for money, George? I mean, you gamble?"

"When the bet's right."

"What you think is a right bet, George?"

"50 dollars."

Fats grinned even more broadly; but his eyes still kept shifting. "Now that's close, George," he said. "You play for a hundred and we play a few."

"Fair enough," Sam said, as calmly as he could.

"Let's go upstairs. It's quieter."

"Fine. I'll take my boy if you don't mind. He can rack the balls."

Fats looked at Barney. "You level with that rack, Barney? I mean, you rack the balls tight for Fats?"

"Sure," Barney said, "I wouldn't try to cross you up."

"You know better than that, Barney. OK."

They walked up the back stairs to the third floor. There was a small, bare-walled room, well lighted, with chairs lined up against the walls. The chairs were high ones, the type used for watching pool games. There was no one else in the room.

They uncovered the table, and Bar-

ney racked the balls. Sam lost the toes and broke, making it safe, but not too safe. He undershot, purposely, and left the cue ball almost a foot away from the end rail.

They played around, shooting safe, for a while. Then Fats pulled a hard one off the edge of the rack, ran 35, and played him safe. Sam jockeyed with him, figuring to lose for a while, only wanting the money to hold out until he had the table down pat, until he had the other man's game figured, until he was ready to raise the bet.

He lost three in a row before he won one. He wasn't playing his best game; but that meant little, since Fats was probably pulling his punches too, trying to take him for as much as possible. After he won his first game he let himself go a little and made a few tricky ones. Once he knifed a ball into the side pocket and went two cushions for a break up; but Fats didn't even seem to notice.

Neither of them tried to run more than 40 at a turn. It would have looked like a game between only fair players, except that neither of them missed very often. In a tight spot they didn't try anything fancy, just shot a safe and let the other man figure it out. Sam played safe on some shots that he was sure he could make; he didn't want to show his hand. Not yet. They kept playing and, after a while, Sam started winning more often.

After about three hours he was five games ahead, and shooting better all the time. Then, when he won still another game, Sam said, "You're losing money, Fats. Maybe we should quit." He looked at Barney and winked. Barney gave him a puzzled, worried look.

"Quit? You think we should quit?" Fats took a big silk handkerchief from his side pocket and wiped his face. "How much money you won, George?" he said.

"That last makes 600." He felt, suddenly, a little tense. It was coming. The big push.

"Suppose we play for 600, George." He put the handkerchief back in his pocket. "Then we see who quits."

"Fine." He felt really nervous now, but he knew he would get over it. Nervousness didn't count. At 600 a game he would be in clover and in San Francisco in two days. If he didn't lose.

Barney racked the balls and Sam broke. He took the break slowly, putting to use his practice of three days, and his experience of 27 years. The balls broke perfectly, racking the original triangle, and the cue ball skidded to a stop right on the end cushion.

"You shoot pretty good," Fats said,

looking at the safe table that Sam had left him. But he played safe, barely tipping the cue ball off one of the balls down at the foot of the table; and returning back to the end rail.

Sam tried to return the safe by repeating the same thing; but the cue ball caught the object ball too thick and he brought out a shot, a long one, for Fats. Fats stepped up, shot the ball in, played position, and ran out the rest of the rack. Then he ran out another rack and Sam sat down to watch; there was nothing he could do now. Fats ran 78 points and then, seeing a difficult shot, played him safe.

He had been afraid that something like that might happen. He tried to fight his way out of the game, but couldn't seem to get into the clear long enough for a good run. Fats beat him badly—125 to 30—and he had to give back the 600 dollars from his pocket. It hurt.

What hurt even worse was that he knew he had less than 600 left of his own money.

"Now we see who quits." Fats stuffed the money in his hip pocket. "You want to play for another 600?"

"I'm still holding my stick," Sam said. He tried not to think about that "army of hoochs" that Barney had told him about.

He stepped up to the table and broke. His hand shook a little; but the break was a perfect one.

In the middle of the game Fats missed an easy shot, leaving Sam a dead set-up. Sam ran 53 and out. He won. It was as easy as that. He was 600 ahead again, and feeling better.

Then something unlucky happened. Downstairs they must have closed up because six men came up during the next game and sat around the table. Five of them Sam had never seen, but one of them was Henry Keller. Henry was drunk now, evidently, and he didn't seem to be paying much attention to what was going on; but Sam didn't like it. He didn't like Keller, and he didn't like having a man who knew who he was around him. That was too much like that other time. That time in Richmond when Bernie James had come after him with a bottle. That fight had cost him six years. He didn't like it. It was getting time to wind things up here, time to be cutting out. If he could win two more games quick, he would have enough to set him up hustling on the West Coast. And on the West Coast there weren't any Henry Kellers who knew that Big Sam Willis was once the best straight pool shot in the game.

After Sam had won the game by a close score Fats looked at his fingernails and said, "George, you're a hustler. You

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*the sandwich is a
noble meal in casual attire*

MAGNIFICENT MUNCHING

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO doesn't necessarily live after them.

Consider John Montagu. He was the 18th Century English ne'er-do-well who kept both his wife and mistress at the British Admiralty, sired four illegitimate children by his mistress before she was murdered, brought one of his closest friends to trial on phony charges and led the British navy to its lowest depths of inefficiency and corruption. An appalling record, and yet people everywhere have forgotten his unsavory side and are quite willing to remember only two things: (1.) on August 6, 1762, about 5:00 o'clock in the morning, at a busy gaming table, he ordered a piece of roast beef between two slices of bread; and (2.) his title was the fourth Earl of Sandwich.

As a matter of plain, unvarnished fact, however, and despite the 30 million Americans who daily celebrate his name by devouring hamburgers, hot dogs, double deckers, triple deckers, and other bread-surrounded goodies infinite in variety, Sandwich didn't invent the sandwich at all. The Romans did, a few thousand years before the odious Earl, only they called their creation *ofula*, meaning (freely translated) a snack.

A snack it still is, but a noble one, not to be snubbed because of its casual attire. The common practice of treating the sandwich as a borderline food, a hurry-up half meal to be tossed off between poker deals or during a ten-minute coffee break, is one of the most un-



BY THOMAS MARIO

Playboy's food & drink editor

civilized habits of modern civilization. Any man who voluntarily eats the soggy amalgam of celery, mayonnaise and canned tuna fish that he finds at most lunch counters is not engaged in the art of eating. He's catering to his bodily needs just as he does in taking milk of magnesia or in showering. Like the sonnet or the stolen kiss, a sandwich may be short, but it should never be merely mechanical.

A fine sandwich is the kind of unstringing pleasure that's both familiar and startling. You can plan on a hot roast beef sandwich and know pretty well what to expect. And yet if it's a superb sandwich, it's not merely a slab of meat and bread and brown sauce. It's a thin slice of rosy rare meat cut from the small end of roast prime ribs of beef, tenderly laid on firm bread and then blanketed with natural pan gravy, as hot and brown as the charred rib bones themselves. The gravy flows over the meat and laps and seeps into every pore of the bread. Another time you may see fried oyster sandwich on the menu. There's nothing original about it at all. And yet when you eat the first plump oyster, soft and tangy inside, breaded and brown outside, bathed in thick catsup, and you reach for the beaded glass of cold beer, you feel that you're actually making a dazzling gastronomic discovery. Or think of a gargantuan kosher corned beef sandwich on rye with half-sour dill pickles; or a thick club sandwich with tender white chicken, hickory smoked bacon and sliced tomatoes. These are old flames that flicker anew each time we meet them.

Amateur chefs are, of course, privileged to bust completely loose when they go into the art of sandwich building. The 172 sandwiches served in Oskar Davidsen's restaurant in Copenhagen are only a modest fraction of the number of inventions and variants anybody can create when he moves toward the vicinity of the bread box and the refrigerator. Are there some tiny whitebait to be fried and a jar of ice cold tartar sauce? Have you found some eggs that might be scrambled, light and fluffy, and a small can of anchovies glistening in oil? Will the carcass of the cold roast goose left over from New Year's yield five or six succulent slices from the breast? Did you discover the cold roast pork loin and some biting hot chowchow? What about the ripe Gouda cheese and the crusty round loaf of Italian bread? All of these and other foods can be used individually or in fantastically endless combinations to make sandwiches—open-faced, closed, squares, triangles, rectangles, rolls or ribbons.

The standard sandwich formula is bread, butter and a filler. In choosing these three ingredients the sandwichman, like the saladmaker, must be a

monomaniac in the matter of using only the finest viands obtainable. The butter must be the best 93 score to be had, preferably sweet butter. If prepared meat like fresh ham or corned beef is used, it must be tender, moist and out of the pot only a few hours. If it's seafood, it must have the salty fragrance of the sea itself still clinging to it. The kind of bread a sandwich chef selects shows, perhaps more than anything else, his skill and authority. That Americans continue to eat packaged soft sliced white bread is certainly the very worst blot on American eating habits. This rubbery rubbish feels and tastes exactly like the waxed paper it's wrapped in. It bends and flops like an old rag doll. When you chew it, it instantly turns to dough. It's enriched and vitaminized to make up for the natural richness and vitamins that were destroyed when the flour was bleached white. It's completely, utterly revolting.

The immense growth in recent years of the sale of French bread and Italian bread, the large use of sour rye rather than sweet rye, and the reappearance of the firm old-fashioned white bread patterned after the type of bread women formerly baked in their homes—these are all good omens for bread and sandwich eating.

If you're expecting a minor mob at your apartment, and you plan to serve cold sandwiches, you should prepare them before the arrival of the first platoon. A sandwich may be eaten quickly, but sandwiches in quantity take considerable time for preparation. When making a large number of sandwiches, be sure your work surface is cleared of all extraneous objects. Arrange the bread in parallel slices for quick spreading and placing of meats. Once they're assembled, cut the sandwiches and place them on a large platter. Cover all tightly with waxed paper or a clean towel dipped in cold water and then wrung dry. This will keep the sandwiches fresh and moist and will prevent the bread from curling. Prepared sandwiches should be stashed away in the refrigerator until serving time.

When buying cooked sliced meats such as tongue, ham or corned beef, ask the clerk to slice the meats very thin. The No. 2 thickness on the slicing machine is a good size. Six thin slices of tongue are always more palatable in a sandwich than three thick slices. Hot meat for sandwiches such as roast beef or steak should naturally be much thicker. Any cold meat or poultry that is sliced beforehand should be tightly wrapped and kept in the refrigerator so that it won't lose its flavor and moisture.

Salad fillings for sandwiches like chicken salad or lobster salad should be made up an hour or two before they

are placed in the sandwich. If they are too liquid, the bread will become soggy. Throw off excess liquid, if necessary, or add more chopped solid food if available.

Butter for sandwiches should be kept at room temperature until it is soft enough to spread, but should not be melting. Or, it may be treated with a heavy knife or spatula in a bowl until it is sufficiently plastic to spread without ripping the bread. Spread butter evenly, without peaks or valleys, to the very end of the crust.

When you cut sandwiches, use a heavy, razor-sharp French knife, or the cutting will be ragged. The crust of square white bread may be cut off, or the bread may be left untrimmed. Naturally, if it's a really prize loaf of bread, the crust is irresistibly good, and should be left on. The crust of rye bread is never cut off.

Don't be ashamed to be a fusspot when presenting your sandwiches. If you're cutting the sandwiches into triangles, rectangles or squares, place the cut side outward on the serving plate. Be sure no filling hangs from the edge of the sandwich. All cut sandwiches should be placed inside the border of the plate.

Don't stint on the garnishes with your sandwiches. If you're serving plain black or green olives, buy the biggest size available, and be sure they're icy cold when served. Small odd garnishes like tiny pickled green tomatoes or olives stuffed with anchovies or spiced honey-dew melon rind are nice epicurean conceits. For meat sandwiches you should offer the usual prepared mustard like Golden's or French's as well as a hot specimen like English mustard made from Coleman's dry mustard or Bahamian mustard or the delightful "Mister Mustard." Be sure the inside of the neck of the mustard jar as well as the outside are wiped clean with a paper towel or napkin.

All the sandwich recipes coming up are designed for a hungry wolf and wolves with winter appetites:

SUB SANDWICH A LA PLAYBOY

Nobody can dispute the fact that in recent years the submarine sandwich—known in some localities as the sub, the hero, the hoagy, the torpedo or the poor boy—now occupies the very top branch of the sandwich tree. All of the sliced ingredients below should be cut as thin as humanly possible.

- 1 medium size sliced tomato
- 1 sliced hard-boiled egg
- 2 ounces sliced Genoa salami
- 2 ounces sliced Provolone cheese
- 2 ounces sliced smoked ham
- 8 slices cucumber
- 4 slices Spanish onion

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"Alms for the love of Ella?"



The ice breaking to our left will soon get under way thanks to a new peaked-lapel dinner jacket with satin cuffs added as conversational gambits; the cummerbund and tie are in heart-warming tartan stripes. All part of the "After Six" line by Rudolfer. The shirt by Lew Magram; the shoes by Johnston and Murphy. Right: worn welcome for a cotton India madras jacket in a new weave and a new color—russet with an overweave of black. Southern hospitality assured, too, for new light-on-the-feet, woven moccasins. The jacket and trousers by Rudolfer; the shoes by Hanon.

attire

BY BLAKE RUTHERFORD

A COUPLE OF SEASONS AGO, knowledgeable guys who crawled into dinner jackets or tailcoats did so with the realization that all that uniform black-and-whiteness might strip them of their individuality. Hell, who but Richard E. Byrd can tell one penguin from another? This season, a gent can be as colorful as a matador, but we hope he won't.

While the photostatic approach is entirely correct for the night beat, it's still a big drag in the stag-line. Putting your dough on a sure thing can be about as cheering as getting back two-and-a-quarter on a two buck bet at Hialeah. In the cold light of day, a man can call up a wide choice of duds to show what a really rare sort he is: tweeds for the rough-external heart-of-gold type; gray flannel for the bleeding poet hobbled by commercialism; blue worsted or a quiet sharkskin to suggest an unpadded shoulder to lean on. But once the curlew tolls and leaves the world to supper-clubbing, the basic insecurities



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD LITVIN

the hot news, the cold facts

FORMAL FASHIONS NORTH AND SOUTH



The guy razzing the girl gives all the credit to his Bengali cotton madras dinner jacket in eye-arresting red, black and white plaid; feather-weight coat and trousers are by Palm Beach. Below: cold shoulder about to be overcome by warm velvet-collared, single-breasted Chesterfield by Duncan Reed, Ltd. The black felt hat is by Knox; muffer by Hutton-Case.



wind slowly o'er the psyche. Playing it safe, lad, does nothing more than reveal your doubts. And don't get the idea that a tattersall cummerbund is enough to establish you as an integrated personality. It won't, but at least it indicates you haven't come to the party just to watch the young folks stop up Martinis.

Choosing a dinner jacket should be a carefully taken step. Many influences are evident: some good, some lousy, some not worth a second look. Authorities whose knowledge of the Italian peninsula was formerly limited to a pizza on Saturday night have suddenly discovered Rome and the Riviera; consequently all fashion becomes Italian-inspired. Naturally, this influence can't be denied. Italy's gifts to the world from Leonardo to Loren are many, but more Yanks will dress in the pattern of Princeton than ever heard of the Pincio.

Color is big news south of Mason-Dixon. It has to be seen to be believed and it has to be handled discriminately. The blatant pinks, blinding golds and hysterical reds are to be avoided except in very small portions. In larger doses we prefer quieter colors, or brighter ones filtered down with black for dinner jackets. Trousers remain slender black lines on which to build flights of fancier colors. Cummerbunds and ties can flaunt convention with happier result: the India madras ones look particularly good; foulard prints and regimental stripes, while not revolutionary, show a knowing eye. For the man who is a rube in the world of color, it's wise to confine the bright hues to small areas. Then, if he doesn't find the experiment too traumatic, he can graduate to a colored dinner jacket.

Up North the news is more subtle. Like a lot of changes in men's clothing, they are the kind that take a Sherlock Holmes to notice: the flapping of a pocket, the cuffing of a sleeve or the peaking of a lapel. Satin trimming is

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Chilly dimes call for waffle-front nylon-tricot shirt by Hutton-Case; patent leather pumps by Johnston and Murphy; felt hat by Knox;houndstooth cummerbund and tie by Royal Blastic; evering watch by Lucien Piccard; wallet by Sũko; money clip by D'Barry; Moustache men's cologne by Marcel Rochas.

Tropic accompaniments: polka dot shirt by Arrow; signal flag cummerbund and tie by Royal Blastic; straw sailor by Knox; cuff slip-on shoes by British Walkers; studs by D'Barry; silk wallet by Sũko; Tang cologne by Hutton-Case.



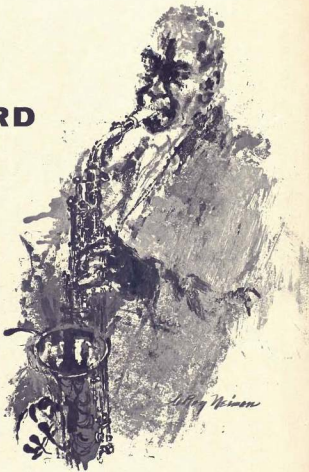
jazz

BY RICHARD GEHMAN and
ROBERT GEORGE REISNER

BIRD

WHEN CHARLIE PARKER WAS blowing, the music spilled and tumbled out of him — abstract, brush-stroked joys and hates translated by some mysterious process into the mathematical sense of tangible, recordable sound. His phrases always came in a bewildering succession, confounding sometimes even his friend Dizzy, who had the wit and taste to write some of them down immediately, lest they be lost, as many of Bix's were; and they came in such fertility and profusion that even first-class musicians, invited to sit in where he was blowing, refused to spring the clips of their cases or sat paralyzed into silence. "Who wants to go up against this cat?" they said.

One night, before anybody realized exactly what Charlie Parker was, tenor man Ben Webster wandered into Minton's, a musicians' hangout up in Harlem, and heard him blowing tenor. Webster did not know that also was his real instrument; he rushed up, grabbed the tenor away, protesting, "That horn ain't supposed to sound like that!" But he was profoundly disturbed, and Billy



he gave his name to birdland and his heart to bop

Eckstine later told of how Ben went on to other joints telling about the cat he'd heard wailing in Minton's. That was the way he affected many old-timers: he stirred them up. Some of them were so shocked and puzzled they could only retreat into anger; Louis, with the dignity of a deposed monarch, tried and still tries to ridicule the pretender. Eddie Condon compared the whole bop school to the noisies waiters make when they drop plates. Even the great Goodman sensed that he could not beat them; he therefore tried joining them for a while, and then went back to molesting the fish on his Connecticut property. Meanwhile Bird went on wailing, becoming as he wailed the prince and prophet of what for a time was called bop but is now called simply jazz (except, of course, by the likes of Eddie and Louis).

Some say he was a martyr to the music. Some say that the people who heard him, and grasped something of what he was trying to do, were the only ones who were satisfied, that he himself never was; and some say he died because he never could hit what he saw, soaring far out of his reach, in the sights of that blindly instinctive yet appallingly sophisticated talent. Nonsense. He had the security of the genuine artist, and when he was at his best he knew nobody could touch him. He was a perfectionist. But he did not die because of some hard-wrangling desire to do what was beyond him. He died because he had been engaged since his early teens in a methodical yet fantastic process of self-extirpation, as unwitting yet as artfully conceived as any solo he ever played through the marijuana clouds of an after-hours session. He made a fakir's bed of his vices and hurled himself upon it night after night, until finally the sum of the myriad wounds infected him and did him in.

When he did die, innumerable nameless people went around chalking *Bird Lives* on walls and subway kiosks in New York. "Bird" came from "Yardbird," which was what he was called until his fame — if not his virtuosity — made the shorter nickname imperative. One of his friends found a line from John Keats: "Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!" Some of the hipsters took a very, ironic satisfaction in quoting it after it was learned that Bird's body had been lying unclaimed in a city morgue for at least two days. Others taped his solos off records and strung them together so that they could listen to Bird unmenaced by the ideas of others for an hour at a time. Thus the legend began . . . but it had been in the making long before he died the night of March 12, 1955.

Bird was quite a man. When he was

deep in debt and someone gave him a job that paid well, he sometimes threw the money away on a party for his friends. He was always in need of money; he always borrowed and never repaid; one of his friends said, "To know Bird, you have to pay your dues." He experimented with marijuana, heroin and opium, and was an addict for varying periods from the time he was about 14, but he would stoutly deny that addiction had ever improved his or anybody else's playing. Half the time, when someone offered him a job, he would have to borrow money to get his horn out of the hockshop (he hocked everything; once a friendly manager started buying him a Cadillac on the installment plan; two weeks later, Bird hocked it). He was continually starting life anew: resting, eating good nourishing food, getting plenty of sleep — and then, in an instant, throwing up the whole thing to return to his pattern of personal destruction. More than that, he was one of those people whose every word, gesture or act somehow becomes anecdotal. He was a character capable of sharp satire, effervescent wit and curious idiosyncrasy. As S. N. Behrman once said of Oscar Levant, "If he wasn't real, you couldn't imagine him."

At the mention of his name, people will sit and tell Bird stories by the hour. They tell, for example, of his fondness for queer costumes. He loved to dress up. One night he would arrive for a job in Bermuda shorts and knee socks; the next night he would come in wearing overalls, canvas gaiters and a straw hat. He once wore a cowboy costume to Birdland, the jazz club named after him because it was dedicated to his kind of music. Another time he hired a horse at a Central Park riding academy, cantered downtown to Charlie's Tavern, a musicians' gathering place, and tried to ride inside.

Despite his own liking for eccentric dress, Bird disapproved of the beets, goatees and thick-rimmed glasses that Dizzy and other boppers wore. He said it was part of an effort to commercialize the music. Yet he himself could be as commercial as a tight-fisted agent. For a time he was playing in Sunday night jam sessions at The Open Door, a Greenwich Village spot on West Third Street, a few doors down from Eddie Condon's. "Bird was terrible about money," the promoter of those sessions recalls. "He always thought he was being cheated. One night I was counting the receipts and paying him off and he was yelling 'You son of a bitch, you lousy no-good bastard,' etc., etc., and just then some woman patron came into the office by accident. Bird changed instantly. He became courtly. 'If you will excuse us,' he said, 'we are conducting

a little business. I'll be with you in a moment,' he said. I flipped . . ."

At times his moneymaking schemes struck friends as diabolical. He hired two hill-billy musicians to sing during intermissions at The Open Door. Their voices would have made Elvis Presley's sound almost bearable. The manager protested that they were driving customers away.

"That's the idea, man," Bird said. "We're full up now. Those guys will drive out some of the customers and let some new spenders in."

Duke Ellington once offered to take him on his band. Parker said he wanted \$350 a week, about twice what Ellington's other musicians were getting. "I'd work for you, Bird, if you paid me that kind of money," Ellington said.

Yet there were times when thoughts of money or remuneration of any kind were far from his mind. He was capable of making magnificent gestures to help others. Alan Morrison, the jazz critic, recalls a time he went to see Bird in a run down hotel to ask him to play a benefit for an interracial veterans' organization. "Bird was wild to do it," Morrison says, "and looking forward to playing with Dizzy, Bud Powell and Max Roach. But while I was telling him about the benefit, the sweat was running off him. His temperature was well over 100 degrees. The man had pneumonia." Still, he was determined to make the gig. "I'll go, I'll go — take me in an ambulance," he pleaded.

Morrison finally persuaded him to stay in bed. When he left, Bird was still protesting that he would go.

Music was everything to him. He was as much at home in a concert hall as he was in a Harlem cellar hearing a fat woman wail about what her man had done to her. Jimmy Raney, the guitarist, recalls how he and Bird would sit for hours listening to Bartok records and sipping gin. Bird reversed the modern classical composers, but when he spoke of highbrow music he used the vernacular of his own kind. "That Heifetz," he said, "that cat really screams." Another time, describing the string section which he used on an LP record made for Norman Grantz, he said, "They're mostly cats off Koussevitzky's band."

When Bird was feeling good, he had a powerfully magnetic charm. He was suave, urbane, warm and mannerly; sometimes, to delight his friends, he would affect an English accent. As a master of ceremonies, he could be witty. Introducing a mediocre pick-up band hired to play during his breaks, he would say, "And now, at tremendous expense, the management brings you . . ." And the management would beam,

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BIRTHDAY GIRL

june blair celebrates by becoming a playmate

THERE ARE MANY WAYS ONE may signalize a birthday, but most of the time-tested cake-and-candle capers are singularly dull. June Blair, an aspiring actress who made her first entrance 23 years ago, decided to mark the anniversary of her natal day by returning to a costume reminiscent of her birthday suit and becoming PLAYBOY'S Miss January. Her Playmate pose, accordingly, was photographed on the birthday of this five-foot-five, flame-tressed, smouldering-eyed young lynx. One of the wiser moves of her 23 years, think we, since a certain amount of fame and fortune seem to accrue to the young beauties thus posed in PLAYBOY. It may be remembered that Jayne Mansfield received the nod, first from Hollywood and then Broadway, following her appearance as Playmate of the Month. We wish June real Jayne-type luck in her theatrical career. We also wish her a happy birthday.

The skies were threatening on June's birthday: a newspaper helped keep her dry.









SS JANUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





MISS JANUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





The PLAYBOY photographer first posed June against an Oriental motif. Here, she regards him quizzically, as if to say, "Do you really think I'm the type?" He rejected the notion.

A languorous odalisque on a divan seemed a more appropriate personality for June. Between takes, she tucked her legs under her, smoked and silently surveyed the photog.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAL ADAMS



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

One by one, the vice presidents of a large corporation were called into the boss' office. Then the junior executives were individually summoned. Finally the office boy was brought in.

"I want the truth, Charles," the boss bellowed. "Have you been playing around with my secretary?"

"No, sir," the office boy stammered, "I'd never do anything like that, sir."

"All right, all right," said the boss, "then you fire her."



The aging playboy should find some satisfaction in the knowledge that though he's not as good as he once was, he's as good once as he once was.

"A man is responsible for the good name of his family," said the lecturer grandly. "Is there a man among us who would let his wife be slandered and not rise to her defense?"

One meek little fellow in the back of the room stood up.

"What's this?" exclaimed the speaker. "You, sir—would you permit your wife to be slandered and not protest?"

"Oh," apologized the little fellow, resuming his seat. "I thought you said 'slandered.'"



The four men at the card table were being bothered by an irritating kibitzer. When the troublesome talker stepped into the next room to mix a drink, one of the players suggested, "This next hand let's make up a game nobody ever heard of—he won't know what the hell we're playing and maybe that will shut him up."

When the kibitzer returned, the dealer tore the top two cards in half and gave them to the man on his right; he tore the corners off the next three cards and placed them before the next player, face

up; he tore the next five cards in quarters, gave fifteen pieces to the third man, four to himself and put the last piece in the center of the table.

Looking intently at four small pieces of card in his hand, the dealer said, "I have a mingle, so I think I'll bet a dollar."

The second man stared at the pasteboards scattered before him. "I have a snazze," he announced, "so I'll raise you a dollar."

The third man folded without betting and the fourth, after due deliberation, said, "I've a farlie, so I'll just raise you two dollars."

The kibitzer shook his head slowly from side to side. "You're crazy," he said, "you're never going to beat a mingle and a snazze with a lousy farlie."

We know a modern Cinderella who, at the stroke of midnight, turns into a motel.



A cool friend informs us that the best way to cut off a cat's tail is to repossess his Jaguar.

The king was waving to his loyal subjects from the steps of the palace when he spotted a beggar in the crowd who looked, beneath the dirt and rags, amazingly like his royal self. He had a guard bring the beggar to him and the crowd was likewise struck by the remarkable resemblance. The king was amused, for he knew that the king before him had a well deserved reputation as a ladies man, as did he himself.

"Tell me, my good fellow," said the king, smiling, "was your mother perhaps a servant in the royal palace?"

"No, your highness," said the beggar, "but my father was."

Send your good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio 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.



*"Please excuse me. I promised George Kennedy
I'd kiss him at midnight."*

BIRD (continued from page 38)

unaware of his ridicule. Other times, when the cats in the audience became vociferous, whistling and shrieking, Bird would step to the microphone and say, "Just a mild round of applause will suffice . . ."

But at other times he could change his mood as rapidly as the keys changed in his solos; he could be rude, crude and cruel, even toward musicians, whom he respected above all others. Willie Jones, when he was a beginner on the drums, once showed up for a job where Bird was working and calling the tunes. Willie hoped the first would not be too fast; he had not yet perfected his ability to make the up-tempo he now makes with ease. Perversely, Bird called for *Fifty-Second Street Theme*, a very fast tune. Willie scuffled through, playing on instinct, afraid to stop. At the end he said to Bird that he was sorry he had dragged. Bird said, sarcastically, "I called that one to help you."

Bird's range of behavior with women encompassed both aspects of his nature. The saxophone was never instrument enough for the outpouring of his feelings. He went with wealthy, titled women (died in the apartment of one, in fact) and he went with two-bit tramps. Parker was the wonder of his friends, some of whom he occasionally would call in to witness or photograph his actions. He was not merely a satyr; he may have had the most advanced case of satyriasis ever known, and this is a rarity in a person addicted to drugs.

"Bird had to have two or three [women] at a time," a friend recalls. "And he never gave them any rest. All night long he would take one, then the other, then the first one again, and sometimes he would go out looking for a third and a fourth. He didn't have to look far; women of all kinds were looking for him . . . One followed him from state to state. One of the best-known singers in the business never got enough of him. She would drop everybody else to go with him."

Curiously enough, in the waning years he was a one-woman man. He was married four times, perhaps even five. No one knows much about the first two marriages, except that the second did not last long and the first produced a son, Leon, who was in the Army when Bird passed on. The third marriage was to a former hatcheck girl named Doris Snyder. His fourth (or fifth) wife was Chan Richardson, a beautiful girl who bore him two children, Baird, a boy, and a daughter named Prec. The little girl died of pneumonia when she was three and some say that Bird returned to dope after her death. He was inconsolable for months. The little boy, now living with his mother in New Hope,

Pennsylvania, is the image of his father.

Bird left Chan from time to time, but always went back and attempted to become a normal family man. "She was the only woman who ever really meant anything to him," an acquaintance says, "except for his mother." Another suggests that Chan may well have been the mother-image he was seeking all his life; she was always patient, always understanding, always willing to take him back.

But restlessness still held him when he was trying his hardest to be a husband and father. Usually, when he could no longer hold out against it, he turned to junk. One pop, and the genius became a wild man. He called the habit "the rage," and when rational would talk lucidly against it, but he could not seem to talk himself out of falling victim to it. He would call the pushers "the lowest scum," but when the rage was on him, he would give them whatever he had in his pocket whether it was eight or eight hundred dollars.

Bird's mind was so keen, one friend says, that everything he did, he did in a new way—even taking dope. "He was highly inventive about drugs," this man says. "He would sniff little pellets through a straw into his nostrils, or if he didn't have a straw he would use a crisp dollar bill, rolled up." To some people who knew Bird well, it was amazing that he managed to retain a shred of sanity and conscience while under the influence, but he did.

Bird was hooked, he said himself, at 14. Some older musicians gave it to him in a washroom in Kansas City, solemnly assuring him that it would improve his playing. All it improved was the road he traveled toward his doom—but when he found that out, it was too late. Yet something enabled him to overpower the junk—for periods—and this something was what made his friends forgive his derelictions.

One friend said of him, "You had to forgive Bird everything, even the things he did to himself, simply because he brought so much beauty into the world."

Bird seemed to have found the new music the way a poet stumbles upon his inner gifts. In the late Thirties and early Forties Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk and Kenny (Klook) Clarke, tired of the traditional sounds and ideas, began writing down some experimental things, largely—at first—for the purpose of keeping the squares out of the sessions at Minton's, which some day may be marked by a brass plaque as the birthplace of bop. The boys were carried away by what they were doing, and began to experiment more and more. Others fell into the new line: Charlie Christian, a small, bespectacled guitar-

ist out of Oklahoma who had been with Goodman in the latter's small groups; Lester Young, of the Basic band; and Milton Hinton, a bassist who played with Calloway and other groups. The strange new music had a hard time getting itself recognized; it was unpopular even among some of those who had been enthusiastic exponents of the big-band jazz commonly called swing. Cab Calloway was so irritated by Dizzy's outlandish solos he ultimately fired him off the band. The founders of bop went on their way, staying with it, ignoring the criticism and the outright protests. And that they had something was proved by others, in other sections of the country: bopsters began to appear mysteriously, and Bird was one of these strange ones. As Pablo Picasso first painted in a way that pleased the academicians, grew bored and began to scatter his faces and bodies and colors in wild swaths and cubes and amorphous forms all over the canvas, so Bird first went through a period in which he learned to swing in the old way.

Bird was born in Kansas City—that much is known. He used to give the date as August 29, 1920, but he may have been born earlier than that. "He was no 34 when he died," trumpeter man Harold Baker says. "I was born in 1913 and Bird was older than me. I remember him playing with Jap Allen's band around Kansas City in 1931. Now, he was no 34." Friends account for the discrepancy by saying that Bird was always close-mouthed about his family and background; perhaps, one says, he felt guilty about recalling the days when he had been relatively innocent (in Leonard Feather's *Inside Be-Bop* there is a picture of him taken when he was six; the caption reads, "I was a clean little bird; lots of things I didn't know . . . wish I'd never found them out."). Other friends say that talking about his childhood bored Bird. He went to public schools, spent three years in high school and, as he later told Feather, "wound up a freshman." He played baritone horn in the school band and began on alto when his mother bought him one. That, as nearly as it can be ascertained, was in 1935. Perhaps because he thought it ludicrous, he liked to say that his first influence on the alto was, of all people, Rudy Vallee. When he was 15 he was taken on the Lawrence (88) Keys' band, which played gigs around the Kansas City area.

Whenever he got the chance, Bird would go out jamming. Jo Jones has said of Kansas City, in the days of Bird's growing up there, "It was a very strange thing at those sessions . . . Nobody ever got in anybody's way. Nobody ever had to point a finger and say, 'You take it now . . . Any place . . . where there was

(continued on page 52)

fiction By JOHN COLLIER

THE MASK AND THE MAIDEN

*what is lust
but love
deprived of its object?*



Naked, burning with love, Elinor threw open the door.

JUST YOU EXPLAIN to me how any respectable girl could—possibly think of doing such a thing.

You mean to say that nutty dame really thought the guy was going to marry her?

Had she ever acted out a psycho-neurotic impulse of this description before?

I am glad you have asked these questions, gentlemen. Each of them hinges on motive, and this, if I may say so, is the attitude of maturity. I feared at first you wanted the coarse and comic story which has already been told over and over again, with people laughing till the tears rolled down their cheeks, throughout the length and breadth of Viridian Springs, and probably as far afield as Tucson and Phoenix by this time. But as we mature we be-

come a little allergic to the pratfall, and often we find something, even in the most ludicrous of human mischances, which can bring on symptoms like those of other allergies: a constriction of the throat, for example, a stifling irritability of the nasal passages and a smarting and watering of the eyes. The tears, indeed, might roll down without the accompaniment of the laughter, as happened with the unfortunate young woman herself. And, speaking of tears, you will be interested to know that not only did Elinor Baker cry herself to sleep every night after her incredible blunder, but she had done so, almost as bitterly and almost as often, for months and years before it.

You don't say. But tell us why . . .

Elinor had reached the age of 30 without ever having been loved. Certain

joys are the absolute birthright of every girl, and they should be hers when she is of an age and inclination for them, or else a cruel and shameful deprivation has been inflicted upon her, and, as the poet says, "else a great prince in prison lies." The joys in question include but are not limited to kisses, embraces, whisperings, quarrels, forgiveness, bearlike hugs, the intimate and permissible use of improper expressions, wild outcries in the dark, maternity, the security of the heart, smacks on the behind and being pulled back by a strong arm when stepping in front of a bus. No greater prince than Elinor Baker's immense capacity to give and receive such joys; no crueller prison than the accident of the flesh that denied them to her! Elinor's face was extremely unattractive to men.

(continued on page 62)



MEXICO CITY today is a combination of Vienna in the Nineties and Paris in the Twenties — just a few hours by air from most major cities of the U.S. OK, the tourists *do* get underfoot, and parts of it may take on the cornball flavor of an amusement park. But it's got a thoroughly civilized, vibrantly alive, magnificently artistic culture, and we like to sample it two or three times a year. The merry-go-round starts almost as soon as we get there. No Mexican ever greets anyone at the airport at a decibel less than a full bellow, and our friend is no exception. "¡Hola, viejo," comes the roar, "¿que tal?" And he'll rush forward, grab our hand and pound us on the back, all the while chattering a fast stream of details about all the things he's lined up for us during the next few days. We've a choice of a dozen plays, a couple of concerts by the National Symphony, eight or nine gallery showings of young Mexican artists, three or four charity balls, up to a dozen sporting events, at least five cocktail parties; then there's the mammoth fiesta at Remedios, complete with fireworks, firewater and masked dancers. In a few minutes, we're in and through the brightly modern airport terminal, our luggage consigned to our hotel, and we're off in a brisk stream of strangely silent traffic (horn tooting is outlawed). Still in traveling clothes, we zip through smart suburbs and land at our friend's 12-room "studio," tastefully furnished in brilliant colors and a lot of Miller furniture, to be introduced to a wonderful, noisy crowd. The odds are strongly against a visitor being allowed to recover quietly from the trip and the cocktails on the plane, but there are additional pleasant pitfalls which the partying new arrival must face.

(continued on page 68)

¡QUE VIVA MEXICO!

juices and joys south of the border

BY PATRICK CHASE *playboy's travel editor*

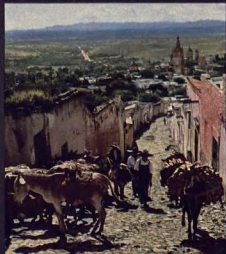




AVENIDA JUÁREZ, MEXICO CITY



FIESTA AT TARCO



THE VILLAGE OF SAN MIGUEL



AN ANGRY TORO, PLAZA MEXICO

THE CUCKOLD AND THE CAKES Ribald Classic

A new telling of a tale from *The Panchatantra* of ancient India



She made the offering to the goddess.

THERE WAS A MAN, in the old days, whose comely young wife was continually baking succulent cakes of sugar and butter. But did she allow him to eat any of them? No, she did not. Nary a cake would she give him, though his mouth watered at the smell of them. "Hands off, husband!" she would cry. "These cakes are not for mortal mouths. I am taking them to the shrine by the river, there to offer them to the goddess."

"Surely the goddess," said the man, "can spare one of these small cakes? Or perhaps two? She is fatter than I."

"Hands off, I said!" "It is not fitting that a man's wife should squander his entire store of butter and sugar and other savories on cakes for a goddess and let the man who pays for these things go hungry."

"Silence, wretch!" said his wife. "Your words will invoke the anger of the goddess."

"Your cakes invoke the hunger of your husband. To whom do you owe your first duty?"

"To the goddess," she snapped. "We women must look out for each other, or you men would crush us under heel!"

"The way you starve me," he rejoined. "I have not the strength to crush a roach under heel."

"I cannot bandy idle words with such a blabberer as you," said his wife. "I must take my cakes to the river-shrine while they are fresh from the oven."

"My compliments to the goddess," said the husband. "I hope she chokes on them."

As his wife left, the rich, sweet smell of the cakes wafted back to him, putting an even keener edge on his appetite. "Curse her for a lying jade!" he growled to himself. "I will wager she goes off and gluts herself on the cakes all alone!" With this suspicion nibbling at his mind, he crept out and followed her.

But she went directly to the shrine by the river. There she took off her clothes and took the ceremonial bath. At the sight of her smooth, strong body, the man realized that his hunger for cakes was not the only hunger his wife had not been assuaging of late. He hid behind a convenient nearby tree while his wife performed the rest of the intricate ritual, the anointing, the burning of incense, and so on. Then he saw her take from

her basket precisely one cake and lay it on the altar.

"Great goddess," she said. "I give you one of the cakes I have baked for my beloved . . ."

"For me?" marveled her hidden husband. "She has not given me one!"

" . . . It is all I can do to keep them from my husband," the wife went on. "And yet if I do not bring cakes to my lover, he will sulk and fret and think I no longer love him. But this is not my greatest trouble. Every day I grow more fearful that my husband will discover my infidelity. These many weeks I have not once lain in his couch. I fear he begins to suspect. Goddess, tell me, how may I make him blind, so that I may ascertain my lover, and my husband not be the wiser?"

At this, the husband could scarcely contain his ire. He had a strong urge to leap out and strangle his perfidious wife. But instead, he crept behind the statue, elevated his voice to a feminine falsetto, and said, in eerie tones:

"Little housewife, how long has it been since your husband has eaten such tasty cakes as these?"

"Great goddess," replied the wife, "for all I know, he may never have eaten such. I have never wasted my time and provender in making delicacies for him."

"Ah," replied the husband in his disguised voice, "then hear me: it is a secret of the ancients that a man unaccustomed to a rich diet will, if suddenly surfeited with dainties, sicken and grow blind. It is written that sugar, and also butter, are particularly efficacious! I have spoken."

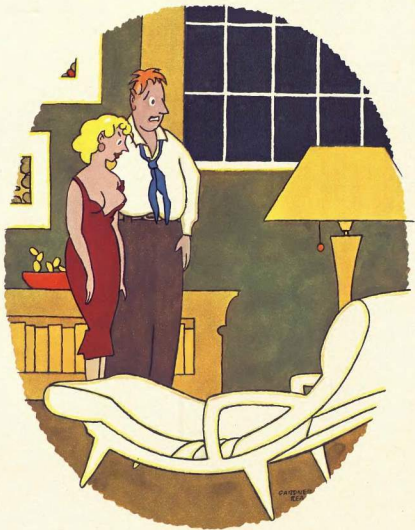
"Oh, goddess!" cried the wife in gratitude. "It is good of you to help me thus in my adventure!"

"Little one," came back the answer, "we women must look out for each other, or our men would crush us under heel. Begone now and may fortune speed your steps."

The husband then hurried home and, by means of a short-cut he knew of, arrived there before his wife. When she came in, he said, "Well, did the goddess gorge herself on my butter and sugar?"

"Only one cake did she accept," replied his wife. "The rest, she insisted, rightfully should be eaten by you."

"The goddess said that? She is a wise (concluded on page 74)



"I guess it just can't be done."

BIRD (continued from page 46)

a session the guys would just get up on the bandstand, and spiritually they knew when to come in." Soon after Bird learned to play, he would go and hang around the joints and listen to the sessions; they wouldn't let him inside because of his age. One friend says, "When he wasn't allowed in, he would stand outside in the alley with his ear to the wall, fingering his alto and playing — and that's how he got his name, they always found him in an alley or a yard and they called him Yardbird." (Parker's own version was different: he said people called him first "Charlie," then "Charl," then "Yarl," then "Yard," and finally "Yardbird.") The first place he was permitted in a session was a club called the High Hat at Twenty-Second and Vine.

"I knew a little of *Lazy River* and *Honeysuckle Rose*," he recalled, "and played what I could . . . I was doing all right until I tried doing double tempo on *Body and Soul*. Everybody fell out laughing. I went home and cried and didn't play again for three months."

Bird played with various bands, among them Harlan Leonard's Rockets. Then he cut out. As soon as he did, the legend began to take shape. Billy Eckstine recalls the first time he heard Bird: it was in a spot called the 65 Club in Chicago, where a group led by a trumpet player named King Kolfax featured an altoist named Goon Gardner. One night, Eckstine says, a ragged kid, fresh off a freight train, came in and asked if he could sit in on alto. Gardner handed him his horn.

"... and this cat gets up there," Eckstine later said, "and I'm telling you he blew the bell off that thing. It was Charlie Parker, just come in from Kansas City on a freight . . ."

Goon Gardner lent Bird a clarinet and got him a few dates around town. One day Bird disappeared. He went back to Kansas City and jammed around until he joined the Jay McShann band. By then the cats were lining up to hear him in the sessions, although he was still playing the more or less traditional Kansas City style. In 1939 he arrived in New York, again without a horn, and worked as a dishwasher until he saved enough to get one. Then he began gigging around town. And then it happened. Later he told about it; Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff reproduced what he said in their fine book, *Hear Me Talkin' To Yo*:

"I remember one night," Bird said, "... I was jamming in a chili house on Seventh Avenue between 130th and 140th. It was December, 1939. Now I'd been getting bored with the stereotyped changes that were being used all the time at the time, and I kept thinking

there's bound to be something else. I could hear it sometimes but I couldn't play it. Well, that night, I was working over *Cherokee* and, as I did, I found that by using the higher intervals of a chord as a melody line and backing them with appropriately related changes, I could play the thing I'd been hearing."

Biddy Fleet, who was playing guitar behind him, sensed what he was doing and went along. From then on, he started to work on it, but always by himself, as though it were some guilty secret. He didn't attract attention with it until he began working in Monroe's, an after-hours spot. Kenny Clarke says, "Bird came into there about 1940 . . . They began to talk about Bird because he played like Pres on alto. People became concerned about what he was doing. We thought that was something phenomenal because Lester Young was the style setter, the pace setter, at that time. We went to listen to Bird at Monroe's for no other reason except that he sounded like Pres. That is, until we found out that he had something of his own to offer . . . also had something new. He used to play things we'd never heard before — rhythmically and harmonically. It aroused Dizzy's interest because he was working along the same lines and Monk was of the same opinion as Dizzy."

Once the music began to catch hold, says the pianist George Wallington, it affected its disciples like junk. "In the years between '42 and '48 the fellows lived only to play," Wallington recalls. "We were obsessed by the new music. There was such pleasure in the faces of the guys. We would play our regular jobs until 3:00 A.M., then go to an after-hours place until around 7:00, then wait around a few hours until the Nola or some other rehearsal studios opened at 9:00, then rent a studio and practice some more."

Bird returned to Kansas City and rejoined McShann, with whom he went back to New York in 1942. The musicians already knew what he could do, and now the trade press woke up; he was given favorable notice in *Metro*, *Down Beat*. The McShann band moved on to Detroit. Bird evidently didn't like it there; he was back in New York within a week. He played for a while with Noble Sissle, then joined the Earl Hines band in 1943. The alto chairs were full, so Bird went in on tenor. He did not especially like the instrument, but he impressed Hines, who later said Bird had the unique ability of learning any arrangement by going through it one time.

Hines endured a good deal from Bird, who missed nearly as many theatre

shows as he made, for one reason or another. Even fines did not keep him from missing. Presently the band members, who were annoyed because his absence made their music sound incomplete, ganged up on him and insisted that he must not miss another show. "We shamed him into promising that he wouldn't miss again," one says. Bird said he would make every last show the next day; he would stay in the theatre all night to make certain he would be on time; but the next day, as usual, he was nowhere to be found. The band played the show without him, and afterward discovered that he had slept all the way through it, under the bandstand.

Hines eventually added a group of strings; that was too much for Bird, who left shortly thereafter in company with Dizzy. He went briefly with Andy Kirk, Cootie Williams and a band that Eckstine formed when he left Hines to strike out on his own. With Hines and with Billy, his friendship with Dizzy solidified. Eckstine later said, "Bird was responsible for the actual playing of it [hop] but for putting it down, Dizzy was responsible."

The Eckstine band was not commercially successful; the public apparently was not ready for its advanced sound. And Bird had long since decided that he did not feel at home in a large organization. He left, and for the rest of his life he played mainly in small groups. In 1946, he and Dizzy went to California; at that time, the coast was not yet hip. "Nobody understood our kind of music," Bird later told Leonard Feather. "They hated it, Leonard. I can't begin to tell you how I yearned for New York." And the rage got him again; he fell so low he had no place to stay until someone put him up in a converted garage. Ross Russell, of Dial Records, arranged to record him, but although he showed up, that was about all he did. At the session, everybody knew he was ready to crack up. The following day he was in Camarillo State Hospital, where he remained for seven months.

In 1947 he was out, back in New York, and apparently in good health again. He had gained 40 pounds. He worked around with small groups and took one to Paris and Scandinavia in 1949. In Europe he could get all the heroin and hashish he wanted, which did not improve his behavior. Europeans have always been enormously receptive to jazz, and reporters flocked to interview him. Most of them were shocked by his deportment; during one interview he kept reading aloud from *The Rubaiyat* and refused to answer questions.

The rest of his life was a series of
(concluded on page 76)

The Handling of Women in Business

the last word on how to succeed with women without really trying

DURING THE PAST YEAR of pleasant instruction, we have touched upon every situation in which a clean-living, up-standing young man will find himself in contact with a woman. Now, assuming you have absorbed these teachings and made them part of your very fibre, we are ready for The Last Word on this fascinating subject—the handling of women (no pun intended) in the world of business.

Is it true, as so many say, that woman's place is in the home? The answer is a clear "No!"

A woman's place is in her place, and this is true both at home (as we have seen) and in the office.

Friction has been caused recently only because women in business have on occasion stepped out of their places. This has caused untold confusion and mental

anguish.

Modern American business is anchored firmly to this principle: *it is the man who does the thinking and the woman who does the work.*

Indeed, from the very day this principle was discovered, from the day man learned that all the heavy work in a business office could be performed by women at a fraction of the cost, American business zoomed upward. Men, with their hands idle, were free to perform their true function, that of planning and making decisions.

From that time onward, the sky has been the limit. The world has marveled to see this man-woman team, striding ahead together, raising American business to unheard-of peaks.

And it is this team that can—if it will—go on to even greater triumphs

in the years to come.

Why is it then that men in business are troubled, worried, beset by ulcers and countless psychosomatic ills?

Because, basically, women began to think.

Once this happened, the whole tenor of American business changed, and the firm foundation on which it was built began to totter.

Thinking women were able to draw on their own crafty, feline powers, so foreign to men, and so dangerous to them. And, unspeakable but true, they actually began using their biological appeal as a weapon in business.

Out of these beginnings grew the woman executive, and it is with her that the male in business must learn to cope—or perish.

A woman executive is any woman who

No one but a man thinks like a man.



ILLUSTRATED BY Clark

can wear her hat in the office. This is a symbol that she has broken out of her place in the system so wisely drawn up to protect you.

She need no longer work with her hands—and no one needs to be told how dangerous a woman is when her hands are not occupied. She gives orders and competes with men on their own ground. In some cases she even gives orders to men, something that has to be experienced to be appreciated.

It is your duty while in the office to make life as pleasant and as harmonious as possible for the office force, which is to say the bare-headed or non-executive women.

However, when it comes to the woman executive, your mission is just as clear. The woman executive must not be allowed to spring up—and, once having sprung up, must be suppressed as quickly as possible.

There are two main types of woman executive, each demanding separate treatment: (1) the siren, and (2) the battle-ax.

The Siren.

The siren-executive is a woman who combines a certain superficial cleverness with calculated sex. She is not to be confused with the simple, or bareheaded siren, who may be just as appealing, but who uses her appeal in a wholesome way, which is to say for its own sake.

The siren-executive, or potential siren-executive, uses sex the way you would use a meeting or a memo, purely for self-advancement. The really unscrupulous woman can, in fact, do things with sex that you could never do with the very best memo. The shrewd girl chooses her victims expertly and can often rise rapidly in an organization.

The counter-siren is the best defense against her. Find a good, simple or bare-headed siren and install her close to the office of the siren-executive's intended victim. This is known as fighting fire with fire.

It is good to have a girl of your own handy for such purposes.

"Say, J. B., while Miss La Tour is out of the office for a day or two, you can have my secretary —"

"Well, ah, Strong —"

"She's the reddish-haired girl in the sweater."

(Be quick to establish identity.)

"Oh, that one. Well, I do need some help, Strong —"

"Don't say I told you. J. B., but she's been admiring you for months."

If your girl is handy to throw into the breach, you can deal with emergencies quickly. Between emergencies it will be up to you to keep her occupied.

The Battle-Ax.

This ruthless and power-hungry type depends not upon charm or appeal but

upon feline scheming. It will sometimes be said of her that "she thinks like a man." This will not be the case. No one but a man thinks like a man.

The battle-ax is not only dangerous. She can, if given the power to hire and fire, change the entire complexion of an office group. Suspicious of sex, she may bring in a different type of woman—and not the kind you would select yourself! Before you know it, the office may become a drab and unfriendly place, one where you will find no solace and little comfort.

Once again you must fight fire with fire, but remember that her fire is of a different type.

"Oh, Miss Axel, I understand I don't need to bother you with the legal reports any more."

"Bother me, Mr. Strong? Why, I've been handling them for years!"

(Be sure you choose a sphere of influence that she has been trying to absorb for most of her career.)

"Oh, then it isn't true! Thought I heard little Miss Brested speaking to Mr. Biggley about that. Could have been mistaken."

(Miss Axel will deal swiftly with little Miss Brested. However, if you have selected a protégé of top management, one of the two may have to leave, and it may not be Miss Brested.)

BASIC WEAKNESS OF THE WOMAN EXECUTIVE

There are several weaknesses common to all woman executives. They should be highly exploited.

Mutual Suspicion.

All woman executives are suspicious of all other woman executives. This is because only a woman knows how dangerous another woman can be.

They will never stick together for mutual protection. Instead, they will attack each other viciously if properly encouraged. Encourage them. For example, find an over-lapping of responsibility.

"Uh, J.B., I've decided where we can put the Invoices Returnable."

"Where, Strong?"

"Too much for either Miss La Tour or Miss Axel separately. Thought we'd just let them work together on it."

"Aren't you afraid that —"

"No problem! Regular team, those girls!"

Give them six or eight weeks and you will soon find which one is the stronger.

Lack of Maleness.

For some reason, woman executives—in fact, all women—lack the fine manly qualities of men. Use this against them. No matter what you are talking about with other males, try to create the impression that the woman executive is

always breaking into the middle of a dirty story.

For example, if you see her approaching your group:

"Reminds me of that terrific story of yours, J.B.—the salesman, the monkey, and the window shade!" *(Leugh wildly. As she comes into earshot, pull your face suddenly into a mask, nudge everyone elaborately, and say:)*

"Now about that financial statement, uh —"

After a while, if she doesn't start to crack up, give her the coup de grâce:

"Now the client wouldn't want me to repeat this, J.B., but he's a man's man, and —"

"What did he say, Strong?"

"Well, fact is he can't speak his mind with women around."

Keep this up and soon the office will be a nicer, pleasanter place in which to work.

BE CONSIDERATE

Once you have taken care of the woman executives, you will be left comfortably with the bare-headed women of the office force, women trained to be the hand-maidens of the modern business man.

Select them carefully and treat them well and your business life will be both rich and happy.

Always be considerate. Never demand too much.

"My, 5:00 o'clock already! Well, no need to type all those memos tonight, Miss Brested."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Strong."

"Any time at all, at your convenience. Just be sure you're on my desk at 8:30 sharp tomorrow." She'll appreciate your thoughtfulness. Keep up morale at all times. Remember, a happy office is an efficient office!

CHIN UP

And now, as we leave these lessons and turn once more to living and to life, let us hope that our moments together during these many months have made us wiser, broader, and deeper.

Those of you who read these words are now enlisted in our small but growing band of Enlightened Males, spreading our message of hope throughout the world.

If there is one word you can carry with you it is *Love* and if there is one phrase it is *Think of Others*—and especially, *Think of Women*.

Some men think of women from morning to night—and they are happy men indeed.

Our debt to womankind is greater than we will ever know—and if we can but repay one small fraction of it we shall not have lived in vain.



CHARLES WARNER...

HUSTLER (continued from page 30)

shoot better straights than anybody in Chicago shoots. Except me."

This was the time, the time to make it quick and neat, the time to push as hard as he could. He caught his breath, held steady, and said, "You've got it wrong, Fats. I'm better than you are. I'll play you for all of it. The whole 1200."

It was very quiet in the room. Then Fats said, "George, I like that kind of talk." He started chalking his cue. "We play 1200."

Barney racked the balls and Fats broke them. They both played safe, very safe, back and forth, keeping the cue ball on the rail, not leaving a shot for the other man. It was nerve-wracking. Over and over.

Then he missed. Missed the edge of the rack, coming at it from an outside angle. His cue ball bounced off the rail and into the rack of balls, spreading them wide, leaving Fats at least five shots. Sam didn't sit down. He just stood and watched Fats come up and start his run. He ran the balls, broke on the 15th, and ran another rack. 28 points. And he was just getting started. He had his rack break set up perfectly for the next shot.

Then, as Fats began chalking up, preparing to shoot, Henry Keller stood up from his seat and pointed his finger at Sam.

He was drunk; but he spoke clearly, and loudly. "You're Big Sam Willis," he said. "You're the World's Champion." He sat back in his chair, heavily. "You got red hair, but you're Big Sam." He sat silent, half slumped in the big chair, for a moment, his eyes glassy, and red at the corners. Then he closed his eyes and said, "There's nobody beats Big Sam, Fats. Nobody *never*."

The room was quiet for what seemed to be a very long while. Sam noticed how thick the tobacco smoke had become in the air; motionless, it was like a heavy brown mist, and over the table it was like a cloud. The faces of the men in the chairs were impassive; all of them, except Henry, watching him.

Fats turned to him. For once his eyes were not shifting from side to side. He looked Sam in the face and said, in a voice that was flat and almost a whisper, "You Big Sam Willis, George?"

"That's right, Fats."

"You must be pretty smart, Sam," Fats said, "to play a trick like that. To make a sucker out of me."

"Maybe." His chest and stomach felt very tight. It was like when Bernie James had caught him at the same game, except without the red hair. Bernie hadn't said anything, though; he had just picked up a bottle.

But, then, Bernie James was dead

now. Sam wondered, momentarily, if Fats had ever heard about that.

Suddenly Fats split the silence, laughing. The sound of his laughing filled the room, he threw his head back and laughed; and the men in the chairs looked at him, astonished, hearing the laughter. "Big Sam," he said, "you're a hustler. You put on a great act; and fool me good. A great act." He slapped Sam on the back. "I think the joke's on me."

It was hard to believe. But Fats could afford the money, and Sam knew that Fats knew who would be the best if it came to muscle. And there was no certainty whose side the other men were on.

Fats shot, ran a few more balls, and then missed.

When Sam stepped up to shoot he said, "Go ahead, Big Sam, and shoot your best. You don't have to act now. I'm quitting you anyway after this one."

The funny thing was that Sam had been shooting his best for the past five or six games—or thought he had—but when he stepped up to the table this time he was different. Maybe it was Fats or Keller, something made him feel as he hadn't felt for a long time. It was like being the old Big Sam, back before he had quit playing the tournaments and exhibitions, the Big Sam who could run 125 when he was hot and the money was up. His stroke was smooth, steady, accurate, like a balanced, precision instrument moving on well-oiled bearings. He shot easily, calmly, clicking the shots off in his mind and then pocketing them on the table, watching everything on the green, forgetting himself, forgetting even the money, just dropping the balls into the pockets, one after another.

He did it. He ran the game. 125 points, 125 shots without missing. When he finished Fats took 1200 from his still-big rail and counted it out, slowly, to him. He said, "You're the best I've ever seen, Big Sam." Then he covered the table with the oilcloth cover.

After Sam had dropped Barney off he had the cab take him by his hotel and let him off at a little all-night lunch room. He ordered bacon and eggs, over light, and talked with the waitress while she fried them. The place seemed strange, gay almost; his nerves felt electric, and there was a pleasant fuzziness in his head, a dim, insistent ringing sound coming from far off. He tried to think for a moment; tried to think whether he should go to the airport now without even going back to the hotel, now that he had made out so well, had made out better, even, than he had planned to be able to do in a week. But there was the waitress and

then the food; and when he put a quarter in the juke box he couldn't hear the ringing in his ears any more. This was no time for plane trips; it was a time for talk and music, time for the sense of triumph, the sense of being alive and having money again, and then time for sleep. He was in a chromium and plastic booth in the lunch room and he leaned back against the padded plastic backrest and felt an abrupt, deep, gratifying sense of fatigue, loosening his muscles and killing, finally, the tension that had ridden him like a fury for the past three days. There would be plane flights enough tomorrow. Now, he needed rest. It was a long way to San Francisco.

The bed at his hotel was impeccably made; the pale blue spread seemed dust-tight, but soft and round at the edges and corners. He didn't even take off his shoes.

When he awoke, he awoke suddenly. The skin at the back of his neck was itching, sticky with sweat from where the collar of his shirt had been pressed, tight, against it. His mouth was dry and his feet felt swollen, stuffed, in his shoes. The room was as quiet as death. Outside the window a car's tires groaned gently, rounding a corner, then were still.

He pulled the chain on the lamp by the bed and the light came on. Squinting, he stood up, and realized that his legs were aching. The room seemed too big, too bright. He stumbled into the bathroom and threw handfuls of cold water on his face and neck. Then he dried off with a towel and looked in the mirror. Startled, he let go the towel momentarily; the red hair had caught him off guard; and with the eyes now swollen, the lips pale, it was not his face at all. He finished drying quickly, ran his comb through his hair, straightened out his shirt and slacks hurriedly. The startling strangeness of his own face had crystallized the dim, half-conscious feeling that had awakened him, the feeling that something was wrong. The hotel room, himself, Chicago; they were all wrong. He should not be here, not now; he should be on the West Coast, in San Francisco.

He looked at his watch. 4:00 o'clock. He had slept three hours. He did not feel tired, not now, although his bones ached and there was sand under his eyelids. He could sleep, if he had to, on the plane. But the important thing, now, was getting on the plane, clearing out, moving West. He had slept with his cue, in its case, on the bed. He took it and left the room.

The lobby, too, seemed too bright and too empty. But when he had paid his bill and gone out to the street the rela-

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PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a portfolio of the past delightful dozen



ALICE DENHAM: a phi beta kappa writer was a pillow-fighting miss july

THIS LAST 12 MONTHS a dozen different girls from across the U.S. have graced PLAYBOY's Playmate pages and thus brightened the lives of countless American men. One was an import from Denmark, two came from Texas, one from the Bronx; one is a writer, another a telephone operator, one works for our magazine. All 12 have one thing in common: they are beautiful in both face and figure. We've asked them all back again, as is our custom, for a year-end curtain call. Which one, would you say, deserves the title: Playmate of the Year?

MARGUERITE EMPEY: godfrey toasted port miss february and her breakfast toast





MARIAN STAFFORD: miss march was a tv actress and playboy's very first triple-page fold-out playmate



MARION SCOTT: the ice-man cometh and the ice melteth for our gay miss may



GLORIA WALKER: a telephone operator from the bronx played a game of chess in sultry june

LISA WINTERS: a balmy yule in a swimming pool was enjoyed by miss december

BETTY BLUE: an office manager, she managed to make a nifty miss november



LYNN TURNER: miss january wore silver nail-polish to play backgammon



JONNIE NICELY: a grade-a miss august had a quart of milk delivered



ELSA SORENSEN: miss september received roses with a smile so sweet that crooner guy mitchell up and married her not long after





RUSTY FISHER:
miss april proved blue
jeans can be enchanting

JANET PILGRIM:
this subscription super-
vising miss october made
all our circulations rise



MASK AND THE MAIDEN

(continued from page 47)

However, she was not a freak. Her face, though uninviting to kiss, was quite agreeable to contemplate. It radiated the honest warmth and friendliness of her nature. Her other features were by no means hideous or grotesque, but collectively they gave an impression of sexlessness which was nonetheless forbidding for being entirely false. In moments of emotional stress this impression was altogether beyond the power of any such merely negative term to convey; her face screwed itself into a frowning, staring, lip-twisting earnestness which rendered her most utterly unlikable in the very moments she most desperately hoped to be kissed.

It's quite obvious this was some sort of inhibition, the result of some trauma suffered in infancy.

We all have our little inhibitions, which, if we struggle bravely, will afford us the pleasure of overcoming them, or the even greater delight of having them overcome by the person most agreeable to us. Elinor had, of course, been an ugly little girl . . .

Now look, pal, you don't have to give us the dame's whole back history, for the love of Mike! Can I fill 'em up for you?

Very well. We will not contemplate the miseries of ugly little girls. We will have another drink instead. I wished only to establish that Elinor was no more inhibited than most of us: she knew the facts of life and she had no sort of objection to them whatsoever. As deputy librarian at Viridian Springs she had free access to a wide range of books on sex and psychology, and she studied them in the hope that each next page would reveal some tremendous secret to her. They told her very little that she did not know already, although in some instances she had not been aware that she knew it. They did not tell her how to behave on the few occasions she went out with a young man; nor could she have profited by it had they done so. She had no clear awareness of the element in her shyness which made it repellent instead of seductive, or of the element in her rare and quaking boldness which gave them all the blood-chilling ugliness of unrestrained desperation. She was not in the least a prude; her conversation was as free as is right and moderately improper for a young woman in the present year. When in company of her most intimate friends, especially a certain Joan, who was said to be "quite a gal," and a certain Betty, who had the affair with the married dentist in Tucson, she would permit herself the use of a four-letter word; not, perhaps, the one you are thinking of, but another.

Lay it on the line, Mister; you got me interested. Which one? What other?

She would use that which is chalked on the fence behind Guervara Street, but not that which is pencilled on the wall of the men's room at the back here. There are those who use both and those who use neither; the essential point is that Elinor, in her speech as in her behaviour, allowed herself certain freedoms but respected certain taboos.

Well, if she was as normal as you describe her, why did she fail to adjust instead of crying herself to sleep for months and years at a stretch?

I'd like to know what this baby was like from the neck down. Because I got a theory that if a dame's well-stocked . . .

In replying to the second question I can also answer the first. It should be clear that Elinor's body was in no way deficient; otherwise she would never have conceived the fatal and fantastic notion of entering stark naked into the presence of Mr. Henry McBride.

As a matter of fact her body was extremely beautiful; so beautiful, indeed, that if I refrain from the use of words like goddess or Greek statue, it is mainly because these words suggest a certain remoteness in the one case, and something cold and lifeless in the other. Elinor's body was extremely near and warm and alive.

It was nearest of all, naturally, to Elinor herself, who was destined to be consumed by its warmth. She would sometimes find herself standing in front of the mirror, her poor face, uglier than ever with its look of earnestness and wretchedness and apprehension, looking back at her from above that Venus body, that body which she had let down by having so unfortunate a face. In the end this aggrieved and raging body caused her to cry out that very word which is written in pencil on the wall of your men's room, on the right-hand side as you go in. And this word, as I said before, was one which in normal circumstances she would on no account have uttered. Afterwards, she cried herself to sleep. Sometimes, she only snivelled; at others she sobbed in a manner altogether too painful to contemplate.

That's an exaggerated reaction, and therefore neurotic in itself.

In my opinion it's a plain and simple case of low-down, despicable lust.

Low-down if you will, for so it needs must be, but as for lust being despicable, there I can hardly go all the way with you. I find those qualities despicable which tend to diminish a person; smallness of soul, for example, or lack of understanding or of charity. Lust is an addition distorted by mischance. What is it, after all, but love defeated of its

object, lost, crippled, blind, tormented and raging?

You said it, Mister! I been in the navy. But answer me this one: if she had bust, waist and hips like you were saying, why the hell didn't she get hold of one of these Bikini bathing suits, and maybe a big floppy hat, and go to some beach or pool or somewhere, and give some fella an eyejolt?

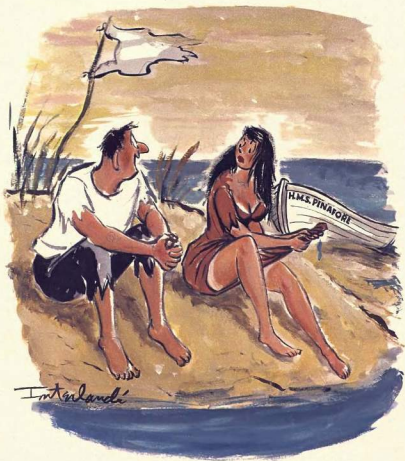
You must remember that the nearest ocean beaches are those of Southern California, where the hotels are not of the cheapest, and where what begins with a two-piece bathing suit, and may end with less, must pass through an intermediate stage in which one or two attractive dresses are indispensable. Elinor considered \$500 to be the minimum sum on which she could finance a vacation on the coast, and her take-home pay amounted to only \$67.50 a week. Nevertheless, by the third week of last May she had attained this objective, and it was her intention to spend her three-week summer holiday at Laguna Beach. She had considered Malibu and Santa Monica, but feared competition from film aspirants, whereas Laguna has the reputation of attracting people of artistic leanings. One must admire the vigilance and sapience of the sexual instinct, which, even in this confused and unworlly girl, had somehow, at some time, on heaven knows what passing contact, made a certain observation on the appearance of the wives of artists, and now brought it forth to guide her in her choice. I think you spoke also of swimming pools, which certainly would have been cheaper, but when it comes to swimming pools, I can only invite you to consider the peculiar social structure of Viridian Springs.

Apart from this dirty scandal, I'd say Viridian Springs is just as normal a community as you'd find anywhere. I'd like to know what you mean by that word "peculiar."

In New England it would be the most ordinary town imaginable, but where else in the Southwestern deserts can you find a township of 5000 or so, in which at least 20 families of considerable wealth have remained and ramified to the second and third generation? As a result, we now have, with these 20 families as a nucleus, a well established and definitely separated upper class.

The springs themselves, remember, do not rise here in our thriving business district, but around the hill half a mile to the west, in the section now called Vallambrosa. There are the springs; there are the trees and the enormous gardens; there are the old houses of the original mine owners and citrus growers. There too is Mrs. Durlop's Frank Lloyd Wright house, and the Neutra and the

(continued overleaf)



"What, never?"

MASK AND THE MAIDEN

(continued from page 62)

Schindler and the Gregory Ain of the younger generation. There is our claim to consider ourselves the Santa Barbara of South Arizona, and there, gentlemen, are the swimming pools, all of them, or all but one.

Elinor, though she was on Christian name terms with many of her contemporaries in this privileged district, especially those whose parents had democratically sent them for a year or two to the grade school here, was not one of them, and was not asked to swim. The gulf in her case was not immensely wide; had she been outstandingly pretty, or played a first-class game of tennis, someone or other would have invited her sooner or later; as it was, she remained outside. There is only one other place where there is a swimming pool, and that is the Country Club.

Elinor, like many others, frequently looked and longed upon the Country Club. It is sad that the only people invited to join are those who have, or could afford to have, swimming pools of their own. We are here in an arid and a burning land; I sometimes wonder why the entire middle class of Viridian Springs does not issue forth on hands and knees and crawl up towards the Country Club like desert wanderers in thirsty pursuit of a mirage.

You got me crawling along, Mister, with my tongue hanging out, waiting to hear what happened.

The happenings began in the third week of May this year, when Elinor suffered a shattering experience. Elinor, unoccupied at her desk one morning, fell into one of those reveries to which all of us here are subject when the wind, laden with dust and dreams and uneasiness, blows up from Mexico. She was recalled to her senses by the swing of the library door, and almost bereft of them when she saw, doled by her finger tip on the dusty margin of her desk, the word she cried out with such shameful intensity in the hours that she dared not remember.

Really, Elinor! said old Mrs. Dunlop at that moment. Don't you hear me? Whatever's the matter? My dear girl, you look as if you'd seen a ghost.

Elinor covered the horrible scribble with her hand. Oh, I don't know, Mrs. Dunlop; I'm not feeling too good, I guess.

Of course not. You work too hard. The library stays open too late.

But, Mrs. Dunlop, I get off every other evening at six. I think maybe the heat is too much for me.

Now, Elinor, you know as well as I do we have the best and healthiest climate of anywhere. A little heat sometimes, but no humidity. A girl like you

should make use of our advantages. You should swim, you should play tennis. Exercise and fun! Barbecues and things! Dances too! I'm an old crock now, but when I was a girl I never missed a dance. Some said I was fast. I told them to go to a certain place I won't mention.

Elinor, covering the dreadful word with her hand, replied that these pleasures were not easily come by in Viridian Springs.

But, my dear, dear girl, you are talking, well, not quite as sensibly as you usually do. What about the Country Club?

Now, just a moment! Since you seem to be putting up a bit of special pleading on behalf of this young woman, just tell us how you happen to know every word that was said on this particular occasion.

I was there, my dear sir, I was there. You know, Elinor, we have everything at the Country Club, tennis and dancing and swimming, only the pool is under repair because of a leak. And where else in the town will you find a Drama Group and Sunday Painters and a garden club and flower arrangement classes and talks and musical things—only I've no ear—and everything as modern and up-to-date as you can possibly imagine? We are not in the least "small town" you know; we always pride ourselves on keeping abreast of the times. And you know we've never had to raise our entrance fee; it's still only \$500.

Now Elinor was very fond of Mrs. Dunlop, as a cat may be fond of a queen, and Mrs. Dunlop was fond of Elinor, as a queen may be fond of a cat. Queens, of course, have many distractions, but when they suddenly find time for their pent-up fondnesses they are in a position to express them. Seeing Elinor shake her head with a rather shattered smile, Mrs. Dunlop bent over and lowered her voice. And, my dear, if that's a difficulty, just leave it to me. I have my own secret ways of getting people in without their paying at all.

I expect you have. I think I can guess what they are. It's so generous, and I do appreciate it, Mrs. Dunlop, more than I can say. But it isn't the money. I can't join unless they ask me, and they haven't, and they never will.

Elinor Baker, you're as crazy as a bed bug. I'm asking you myself at this very moment, and so is Mr. McBride. Mr. McBride, come over here and ask Elinor to join the Country Club.

Why, yes, Mrs. Dunlop. Miss Baker, you must join at once. Mrs. Dunlop insists on it; she is very dominating, and we all have to do what she says.

Note the alibi, carefully inserted for

quotation in the event of reproaches on the part of other members, who might, he thought, consider Elinor socially unacceptable.

Make her join, Mr. McBride. She's just about my favorite girl in all Viridian Springs. If an old woman can't persuade her, then a young man must. I wish you would, he said.

Simple words, but accompanied by a smile. A smile has the advantage of not being quotable. This was the McBride smile at its most winning, and it won. Elinor's hand still covered the dreadful word, obliterated by this time, if such a word can ever be obliterated, which of course it both can and cannot be, but under the extraordinary warmth and friendliness—I believe "sincerity" is the term used in the trade—of Mr. McBride's smiling eyes, she felt its ugliness quicken with something like beauty.

Why, yes, Mrs. Dunlop, I'd love to.

So, with a word and a vote and the payment of her \$500, Elinor became a member of the Country Club. If you think she encountered snubs and snobbery, you are as much mistaken as was Mr. McBride on this point. Clubs and aristocracies, when well-established and secure, have this in common with the swimming pools we have been speaking of: once you are in, you are in.

And, oh, the kindness of Mr. Henry McBride! He, when he saw Elinor so well received, forgot all his doubts about sponsoring her, and, perhaps a little exaggerating the depth and constancy of Mrs. Dunlop's interest in "just about her favorite girl," made it his business—I use the word with intention—to be quite tenderly attentive, even when the good old lady was not, as rarely she was, except when artistic activities were in process, present at the Club. I believe, though I have no direct evidence in support of this particular, that he thought Elinor might report his kindness to her patroness, and for this reason he laid it on thick and heavy.

I think I told you, sir, that lust is only love deprived of an object. The immense love of which Elinor was capable now found its object in Mr. Henry McBride. At once her body abdicated its tyranny and enrolled itself in the service of this glorious emotion, consenting henceforth to ask no pleasure except in the bestowal of pleasure upon the beloved. Moreover, this newly-tamed body, this eager convert, this raw recruit, disdainful of caution, impatient of niceties, brought all its abounding health and energy and enthusiasm as the cause, and demanded only to unfurl its beauty like a flag, to press forward, to overthrow all barriers and to enshrine in triumph that which is so devoutly believed to

(continued overleaf)



you're right in the middle with fabric belts

THE WAISTLAND

HERE'S A SWITCH in hitching gear: the new way around the waistland is via fabric belt. Pepping up the region north of the pants and south of the shirt from a neutral strip to a point of real interest. Bright colors and textures in foulards, paisleys, plaids and stripes are newcomers to the territory, while firmly entrenched conservatives (blacks or browns) are slowly shuffling out of sight, especially for casual wear. Even the hide-bound (alligator, leather) fellows

are switching to madras, burlap, silk and cotton rope for leisurely living. Then too, that discreet slice of initialed silver or gold is being superseded by brass brass buckles, as well as other unusual closures.

Many fabric belts are sold with matching neckwear, but we feel the belts look better solo. Like twin sets of anything, the belt tie duo indicates a canned, stamped-out approach that belies your high IQ (individuality-quotient).

ABOVE:

Red striped tie silk by Hickok, \$2.50
Burlap and leather by Canterbury, \$1.50
Rope, leather & brass by Canterbury, \$3
Fouled print on challis by Pioneer, \$2.50
Plaid Indian madras by Royal Elastic, \$3

BELOW:

Red balliard cloth by Royal Elastic, \$2
Cotton madras by Canterbury, \$2.50
Striped elastic by Hickok, \$2.50
Small Block Watch tartan by Paris, \$2.50

attire



MASK AND THE MAIDEN

(continued from page 61)

be right.

There is nothing he can ever see in me, but it's enough just to be around and to love him. These were brave words, and like many of their kind they were followed by a sigh. Her body, lifting its magnificent breasts on that same sigh, cried out that he had never really seen her at all. It is true the swimming pool remained out of commission during the first few weeks of Elinor's membership, owing to an obdurate leak caused by a continuing shift of the subsoil. Elinor scarcely regretted the pool; she was aloft in a diviner element, uplifted, cleansed, braced and caressed by the bubbling waters of happiness.

Clubs have been compared to swimming pools, and happiness may be likened to both. An important feature all three have in common is the possession of a deep end and a shallow end. In the deep end you may drown; if you dive into the shallow end you may break your head. The deep end of Elinor's happiness was her love for Mr. McBride; the shallow end of the Viridian Springs Country Club is, I think, the modernity of its cultural activities, so extraordinary for a small Western town, and its atmosphere of sophisticated freedom. You would really think you were in New York. However, you are not.

One evening Elinor was sitting with a few others on the terrace, and happily lapping up one of our justly celebrated Old Fashioneds, which she considered to be the very best Old Fashioned she had ever drunk in her life, and which, since it contained whiskey twice as good as the ordinary, and twice as much of it, probably deserved the distinction. The talk was all of the forthcoming production of the *Lysistrata* on the part of the Drama Group. It was to be staged by Fleming Parrot, who is not only wonderful with grouping and sets, but who is one half, perhaps the better half, of that firm of interior decorators which has had such an effect on the tastes of our younger generation. Mr. Parrot had decreed that the play was to be presented boldly, in modern dress, and yet, classically, in masks. The ladies were to wear tennis dresses, as combining the classical and the modern, and with this costume and the mask in mind, and feeling she would read her lines with more understanding than some others, he had given Elinor quite an effective little part, and thus so replenished her already brimming cup that happiness was quite visibly slopping all around her. People nearby found themselves agreeably splashed by it, as they sat discussing the cast with Fleming Parrot.

Have you asked the S.N.s yet?

Of course. Naturally. We'd be nowhere without the S.N.s.

That was new to Elinor. What does that mean? Who are they, the S.N.s? The S.N.s? Don't say you don't know! Rachel Bickling and Maureen Biedelmeyer, of course.

But what does it mean? Why do you call them that?

Well, there they are, over there. You go and ask them.

Elinor never minded having her leg pulled a little, so she at once donned the remains of her Old Fashioned and walked over to where Rachel Bickling and Maureen Biedelmeyer were sharing a table. Mrs. Bickling is small, dark, with an attractive monkey face and huge, almost black eyes like those in a Roman portrait. She is a product of Park Avenue, and perhaps the most sophisticated person in all the Club. Maureen is the least so; she is so beautiful and blonde and dumb that strangers think she must be from Hollywood.

They told me to ask you why you are called the S.N.s.

My dear, how nice of you not to know! Shall we tell her, Maureen? I think we'd better or it'll look as if we're ashamed. S. is for Seen, dear, and N. for Naked. Which we were, and we shall never forget it, because they won't ever let us. We told only our very best friends, and they told theirs. We thought we were theirs, but it turned out other people were. Anyway it was only our future husbands who saw us, so we got made honest women of. Shall I tell you how it was? Or let Maureen tell you how it was with me, and I'll tell you how it was with her. It may be more lush that way. Go on, Maureen, don't spare my blushes.

Well, she was in this hotel in New York and Peer Bickling was there in the very next suite and they got acquainted, and you know how Peer is, if you ask him gin or vodka he'll be half an hour making up his mind. You see there was some model he was going out with and he just loved talking to Rachel but he liked going out with this model and he couldn't make up his mind. And he was staying in 9 and she was staying in 6. And somehow one of the screws came out of the 6, I mean the rental one on the door, so it slipped around and made a 9. Because if you turn a 6 upside down it makes a 9. So Rachel was getting dressed for the evening and sort of wandering around looking for a cigarette in the living room and in walks Peer Bickling and she hadn't got a stitch on and then he made up his mind right away. Didn't he, Rachel?

He certainly did. Now I'll tell Mau-

reen's. Elinor. It's much more romantic. You know where Maureen's folks used to live, in that little old frame house where the road from Tucson comes down to the Ditch and makes the bad turn; where there's that tremendous great rock beside the road?

Well, that was the summer Jerry Biedelmeyer bought himself a radio station in Tucson, and it was sort of a new toy, so he used to drive in every evening and come back about 1:00 o'clock in the morning. So one day he was driving in and he had a blowout just as he was taking the curve by the rock, and Maureen's old man went out to help him change the wheel and Maureen went along too to hold the nuts and bolts and things, and she and Jerry got talking, and the simple country girl lost her heart to the dark, handsome stranger in the great big, new convertible. Isn't that romantic? And he looked as if he liked her all right, but all of a sudden the wheel was fixed and Jerry got in and off he went to his radio station.

After that Maureen used to see him streak by in the evening, and he'd wave his hand, and that was that. And she'd sometimes sit at the window after midnight and watch for that big cream-colored convertible to slow up at the bend and then speed off into the night. Or else she'd be lying in bed and she'd see the lights of it on the ceiling, and the worst of it was that Cinderella thought if she could only have had a little more talk with Prince Charming—well, he'd have wanted just a little more, and one thing might have led to another.

So, what with the heat and everything, one night Maureen thought she just couldn't live any longer unless she took a swim in the Ditch. To cool off, you know. And she had to creep and creep to get out without waking anyone, and she didn't dare look around for her bathing suit, but practically no one ever comes along that road at night so she didn't worry. She just plain forgot about Jerry Biedelmeyer. Or so she says. Don't you, honey?

Well, she was in the Ditch and she saw the lights of a car in the distance, and she completely lost her head, and instead of ducking under the water she climbed out and tried to reach the shelter of the paternal roof. But of course the car was coming much faster than she thought, and it slowed up at the bend, and in fact it had to stop dead because someone had left her father's hand-truck sticking way out into the road. And there was Maureen, riveted to the spot, in the full glare of the headlights, right up against the face of

(continued on page 78)



*"Fred drank me under the table, and that's where
I met Charlie."*

MEXICO (continued from page 49)

Mexico City sits sunning itself at an altitude of 7500 feet above sea level. At that height, gentle reader, a shakerful of frosty Martinis packs double the wallop it does back home. For another, there are the cocktail "snacks" that are spread out in profusion: chunks of chorizos sausages marmarous with garlic, spicy guacamole avocado dip, mashed frijoles beans topped with tortilla strips. They're so inflated with ginger and chili that a spoonful does nicely if you don't plan to peel the skin from more than half your palate. It takes a day or two of large Mexican lunches between 1:00 and 4:00 in the afternoon before you learn to treat the voluptuous cocktail buffets as just snacks, so as to enjoy dinner.

We had ours that night at the elegantly Napoleonic Jena restaurant, caught the late floor show at El Patio, then headed out in a group for the rough Lagunilla district to chuckle at the women wrestlers at El Golpe; then on to the Cafe Tesaupa, where roving bands of *marachi* guitarists milk the defenseless tourists for a peso a song for each of the five bandmen. Then we strolled Republic of Panama Street, one of the wide-openest red-light districts in the world, whose shrill slatterns include a rare attractive girl. Finally, we sampled the raw *maguey* cactus liquor, *palque*, at one of the garish little *pulquerias* on and around Plaza Garibaldi. "Have a drink" goes the toast among the bibulous students and drifters there. "Have a drink and be somebody."

Most Mexicans are somebody in the best possible way: they're vivid and individualistic. What's more, we're convinced, all Mexicans are tireless and rich, as well. They must be, for no one ever seems to sleep or work—pointless, perhaps, in a land where *conservative* bank stock pays 10 percent and a risk isn't really speculative until it offers a 20 to 25 percent return. Contrary to tourist legend, Mexicans aren't all out to dip the *gringo* either. On an earlier trip, we found ourselves embarrassingly out of cash to the point that we had to wave the airport porter away from our bags because we didn't have enough for a tip. "Que importe, señores?" he smiled when we explained. "What is money between friends?" and he shouldered our duffel. That's true, so help us.

If you're a tourist traveling to Mexico City for the first time, the problem of "what to do" is easily solved by discovering what day of the week it is (this can be accomplished by purchasing a newspaper). Thus, on Friday, you chase over to Toluca for the colorful Indian Market. True, you can find a greater variety of fine handicrafts

at fixed prices in the government-backed National Museum of Popular Arts on Avenida Juárez—but you don't get to haggle there, and it's not as much fun. If you miss the Indian Market, there's always the overflowing Merced Market and the food-fruit-flower market around Calle Dolores.

If it happens to be Sunday when you look at the paper over breakfast at San Benos (or at Vicky's, an odd sort of a Czech spot with oilcloth-covered tables and little choice of food, which opens for breakfast, keeps going with some very fine eating through lunch and closes as soon as it runs out of food, usually right after lunch) then you've a wider choice. You hot-foot it around the corner from Sanborns to the Palace of Fine Arts for the once-a-week display of the great glass curtain showing the volcanoes Popocatepetl and Ixtacihuatl. Other days this huge state-sponsored cultural center is fun, too—thronged with peasants, students and socialites off to plays, operas, concerts, lectures and art showings in the magnificent galleries frescoed by Diego Rivera and Orozco.

If you're not a tourist but you've got one in tow of a Sunday and he won't settle for golf or tennis, then you do as the Mexicans do and head for Xochimilco or Teotihuacan or Chapultepec Park, from where you can spot the real volcanoes Popo and Ixtly, plus scores of candymen, balloon men, street performers and peasant women in full pink skirts under the great *ahuehuell* cypress trees, and riders in silver-decked costume on showoff horses. The horsemen, incidentally, are likely to be on their way to the Rancho del Charro, where we rather like to go ourselves for a Mexican-style rodeo and riding exhibition called *jaripeo*. Or you can move on to San Bartolo Tenayuca's pyramid covered with plumed Aztec serpents or the huge astronomical altars at Teotihuacan, the great stepped pyramids to Sun and Moon that are impressive as all get-out.

Xochimilco is the spot where the water-borne hucksters work the green-summed canals between the so-called "floating gardens." The earth-baden raft-farms that floated on the lake in Aztec days—growing vegetables and flowers for the capital then as now—have long since taken root, so that the "floating gardens," are more correctly the flower-decked, flat-bottomed *lanchas* on which you'll be poled around for 20 pesos an hour (or more if you don't bargain before getting in).

Eventually, you may want to drive out through Texcoco—where Cortez launched his lake fleet to threaten Montezuma's capital—to Coatlincan, where you can hire horses for the short hill

climb to the awesome 200-ton Idol of Teocamate. Then to lunch, driving through the cobbled prettiness of Coyacan, where Cortez headquartered, past the stunning University, to eat at a gardenish sort of place called Rancho del Atista.

At 4:00 P.M. sharp, it's the bullfights and you either like them or you don't—there are no half measures. Your liking depends in part on your understanding of this serious pageantry that pits skill against brawn in the huge arena that can be as hushed as a meadow at one perilous moment, roaring the next to 40,000 voices acclaiming a neat bit of cape work.

We've always enjoyed the top matadors who appear at Plaza Mexico in the December-April season. But the work of the apprentices sweating it out with yearling bulls at other times is often more exciting. The lads take a lot more risks to prove their worth to the talent scouts. Incidentally, stay away from ringside at the Plaza Mexico: take the first or second *terceridos* on the shady side, called *sombra*. Ringsiders are likely to be showered with bottles or flaming newspapers if the crowd disapproves of the matador, seat pads and hats if it approves. Good or bad, you get it all at ringside.

To keep the day thoroughly Latin, dinner should be indicated at the bullfight spot, El Taquino, or restaurants that are tops for straight Mexican food, Cafe Tacuba or Flor de Mexico—after, of course, a session at the *jai alai* fronton, where you need an expert along to keep track of the flying bets and changing odds which are even faster than the world's fastest game.

Or you might want to try Mexican theatre. We're not talking of the rather sawdusty burlesque at the Tivoli or Teatro Margo but of legit theatre, which flourishes for the most part on translations from recent Paris hits acted by a corps of fine Mexican players. There is some semi-professional stuff in English (if your Spanish is more rusty than ours) and of course if there's a movie starring Cantinflas, the Mexican Chaplin, don't miss it.

The day of the week will also help determine some of your other evening activities. Mexican folk dancing, for instance, is well worth seeing, but no one can chase all over the country to catch the various styles. So they're all brought to Mexico City—Fridays at the Rotary Club (as an inexpensive dinner show that has nothing in common with the Rotary, that we could find, except the use of the club quarters) or on Wednesdays at Sala Riveroll, which is still better.

So help us, we always have trouble recommending "just a few" restaurants in Mexico City; so many are so good. But

try, if you will, Spanish fare at Centro Vasco, German at Bellinghausen's, Mexican high priced and very cultural at Hosteria de Santo Domingo or student priced and intelligent at La Bodega.

By contrast, we have very decided opinions when it comes to the surrounding countryside. Within a day's drive or so of Mexico City you'll find lush coastal resorts and tiny Indian villages hidden among picture-postcard mountains, wildly baroque cathedrals of imperial Spain and relics of civilizations dating back perhaps 20,000 years.

Touristed as it may be, we can always take a lot of Taxco, an impossibly picturesque silver-mining town on the slope of a mountainside. Best way to enjoy it is with a pre-lunch *tequila* from the terrace of the Posada de la Mision, overlooking the white walls and red roads of the village. Then stroll its twisting, cobbled lanes to silver workshops whose wonderful craftsmen will turn out anything at the drop of a wallet.

And then—unless we're flying direct from Mexico City—we'll go right on from Taxco next day to Acapulco for a spot of sun and surf, using the magnificent new toll road cutting around and over the mountains. Acapulco is sheer, concentrated, triple-distilled beauty: a place of rock-girt beaches, fine fishing (in the sea and in local cocktail dispensaries) and also the place where the lads dive into churning seas from the high Quebrada cliffs.

Acapulco is smart, cosmopolitan, expensive and lots of fun. It's also the place where you can charter a small seaplane to fly to Zihuatanejo, a tiny fishing village someone—we think it was Robert Louis Stevenson—once described as more like the South Sea Islands than the South Sea Islands themselves. You fly, we should add, because the ride there by car is a vertebra-impacting seven to ten hours over roads that cannot be described. Zihuatanejo is an inexpensive spot of dreamy beauty no one knows much about yet. If you're interested, go talk to Carlo Barnard when you're at Acapulco: he runs the Hotel El Mirador there.

There are other dream spots no one has discovered, or few people anyway. One we're prepared to give away for free here is Jocotepec over toward Guadalajara, known to perhaps half a dozen American artists, about 500 Mexican fishermen who pull flashing silver from Lake Chapala, to the Mexican Government Tourist Commission which has plans to develop it soon and to an American by the name of Allen Lloyd who runs the little Hotel La Quinta there. Look him up and tell him we sent you.

You can live in Mexico City on the

level you choose: from less than \$5 a day to well up over \$30. Acapulco runs a little more, other cities a little less. For more information write the Mexican Government Tourist Commission, Avenida Juarez 89, Mexico City. Or, if you're driving, to Sanborn's, 214 South Broadway, McAllen, Texas; by air, to American Airlines, 100 Park Avenue, New York, or Eastern Airlines, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York; by train, to Mexican Government Railway System, 120 Wall Street, New York.



MAGNIFICENT MUNCHING

(continued from page 32)

¾ cup Italian pepper salad in oil
2 tablespoons minced parsley
Italian crushed (not ground) red pepper
Olive oil
Red wine vinegar
1 loaf long Italian or French bread
(about 18 inches)

Cut the bread lengthwise in half with a very sharp knife. Cut the bread crosswise to make two portions. On the bottom half of the sliced bread arrange the

FEMALES BY COLE: 31



Phony

tomato and egg. Sprinkle generously with salt. Add the salami, cheese, ham, cucumber and onion. Sprinkle with pepper salad and parsley. Sprinkle lightly with crushed red pepper. Sprinkle generously with olive oil. Sprinkle lightly with vinegar. Place the top of the bread over the sandwich filling. Open your jaws wide like a Neapolitan opening a lunch pail. Provide at least a pint of Chianti per person.

HOT BEEF HERO

This is the hot version of the submarine. It consists mainly of sautéed thin beef and green peppers flavored with tomato sauce and oregano.

- 8 ounces top sirloin of beef
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 1 large green pepper
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon minced garlic
- 1 large fresh tomato
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup prepared tomato sauce
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oregano
- 2 long Italian rolls ("torpedoes")

Buy the beef in one piece and then, with a sharp knife, cut it into 1-inch squares about $\frac{1}{8}$ th of an inch thick. Cut the green pepper into 1-inch squares. Remove the stem end of the tomato and cut the tomato into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick dice. Heat the oil in a heavy pan. Add the beef, onion, garlic, green pepper, tomato, salt and pepper. Cook over a moderate flame, stirring frequently, until meat loses red color. Cover the pan with a lid and simmer over a slow flame, stirring frequently, about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Remove lid. If there is any liquid left in pan, continue to cook until the liquid evaporates. Simmer the tomato sauce and the oregano about 3 minutes. Add the Worcestershire sauce to the beef mixture. Stir well. Cut the rolls lengthwise. Fill with the beef mixture. Pour the tomato sauce over the beef. Close

the sandwich. Serve the sandwich with a fork to spear any escaping beef.

LIEDERKRANZ AND HAM ON RYE

Only the name Liederkranz is German. The cheese itself, a famous smoothie among the soft cheeses of the world, is actually an American invention. Combined with ham, it's transformed into magnificent munching.

- 4 thin slices sour rye bread
- Sweet butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ -ounce package Liederkranz cheese
- 1 cup shredded lettuce
- 2 tablespoons mayonnaise
- 1 teaspoon French Dijon mustard
- 4 ounces sliced smoked ham

Combine the lettuce with the mayonnaise and mustard, mixing well. Spread each slice of bread with butter. Divide the lettuce between two slices of bread. Place the ham on top of the lettuce. Spread the Liederkranz cheese on the other two slices of bread. If you like the cheese quite pungent, leave all the rind on. If you prefer a less snappy flavor, remove the end pieces of rind or as much rind as you wish. Place the cheese-spread bread over the ham. Hold the bread firmly and cut each sandwich diagonally into two parts. Pass some crunchy cold dill pickles. Top the proceedings with steins of foamy dark beer.

GRAB IMPERIAL SANDWICH

Lovers of deviled fresh crabmeat will instantly recognize the filling for this open sandwich baked in a hot oven. If fresh cooked crabmeat is not available in your neighborhood, the frozen or canned product may be used instead. Be sure to examine the crabmeat carefully and remove any trace of bones or tendons.

- 4 slices firm white bread
- Butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fresh crabmeat
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper
- 1 canned pimiento, diced

- 3 tablespoons mayonnaise
- 1 teaspoon dry English mustard
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- 1 egg yolk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons bread crumbs
- 2 teaspoons salad oil
- Paprika

Toast the bread on one side only under a broiler flame. Spread the toasted side with butter. Place the toasted side down on a cookie sheet or shallow baking pan. In a mixing bowl combine the crabmeat, green pepper, pimiento, mayonnaise, dry mustard, prepared mustard, salt, pepper and egg yolk. Mix very well. Spread the crabmeat mixture on the untoasted side of the bread. Sprinkle breadcrumbs on the crabmeat mixture. Sprinkle the salad oil on the breadcrumbs. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Bake in a preheated oven at 400 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes or until the top is lightly browned.

STEAK SANDWICH WITH ONIONS

For the most gratifying results use $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick steaks of prime beef, weighing 8 to 10 ounces each. Boneless sirloin, club steaks or Delmonico steaks are all good.

- 1 medium size Spanish onion
- 3 tablespoons butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry red wine
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup strong beef stock or canned beef bouillon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon powdered thyme
- 1 teaspoon cornstarch
- Salt, pepper
- Brown gravy color
- 2 individual steaks
- 4 slices of toast

Cut the onion in half. Then cut crosswise into very thin slices. Melt the butter in a heavy saucepan. Add the onion and sauté slowly, stirring frequently, until the onion is golden brown. Add the wine. Cook until the wine is reduced by half. Add the beef stock. Bring to a boil. Add the thyme. Dilute the cornstarch in about a tablespoon of cold water and add to the sauce. Reduce flame and simmer 5 minutes. Season to taste. Add enough gravy color to make the sauce medium brown. Slash the edges of the steak in several places to prevent curling. Cook the steaks rare on a hot, lightly greased griddle or in a heavy frying pan. Season with salt and pepper. Place each steak on two pieces of toast. Cut each piece of toast is cut into thirds. Pour the hot onions over the steak. Fill the rest of the plate with crisp French fried potatoes. Pass a big bowl of tossed green salad with Roquefort cheese dressing. Discourage conversation for at least a quarter of an hour.



"I'm beginning to believe Barnum was right."

CALM WEATHER

(continued from page 29)

not have stopped his flying hand nor turned him round.

George Smith looked down at the sand. And, after a long while, looking, he began to tremble.

For there on the flat shore were pictures of Grecian lions and Mediterranean goats and maidens with flesh of sand like powdered gold and satyrs piping on hand-carved horns and children dancing, strewing flowers along and along the beach with lambs gamboling after and musicians skipping to their harps and lyres, and unicorns racing youths toward distant meadows, woodlands, ruined temples and volcanoes. Along the shore in a never-broken line, the hand, the wooden stylus of this man bent down in fever and raining perspiration, scribbled, ribboned, looped around over and up, across, in, out, stitched, whispered, stayed, then hurried on as if this traveling baruchal must flourish to its end before the sun was put out by the sea, 20, 30 yards or more the nymphs and droids and summer fountains sprung up in unraveled hieroglyph. And the sand, in the dying light, was the color of molten copper on which was now slashed a message that any man in any time might read and savor down the years. Everything whirled and poised in its own wind and gravity. Now wine was being crushed from under the grape-blooded feet of dancing vintners' daughters, now steaming seas gave birth to coin-sheathed monsters while flowered kites strewed scint on blowing clouds... now... now... now...

The artist stopped.

George Smith drew back and stood away.

The artist glanced up, surprised to find someone so near. Then he simply stood there, looking from George Smith to his own creations flung like idle footprints down the way. He smiled at last and shrugged as if to say, look what I've done; see what a child? you will forgive me, won't you? one day or another we are all fools... you, too, perhaps? so allow an old fool this, eh? Good! Good!

But George Smith could only look at the little man with the sun-dark skin and the clear sharp eyes and say the man's name once, in a whisper, to himself.

They stood thus for perhaps another five seconds. George Smith staring at the sand frieze, and the artist watching George Smith with amused curiosity. George Smith opened his mouth, closed it, put out his hand, took it back. He stepped toward the pictures, stepped away. Then he moved along the line of figures, like a man viewing a precious ruin of marbles cast up from some ancient city on the shore. His eyes did

not blink, his hand wanted to touch but did not dare to touch. He wanted to run but did not run.

He looked suddenly at the hotel. Run, yes! Run! What? Grab a shovel, dig, excavate, save a chunk of this all-too crumbling sand? Find a repairman, race him back here with plaster-of-paris to cast a mould of some small fragile part of these? No, no. Silly, silly. Or...? His eyes flicked to his hotel window. The camera! Run, get it, get back, and hurry along the shore, clicking, changing film, clicking, until...

George Smith whirled to face the sun. It burned faintly on his face, his eyes were two small fires from it. The sun was half underwater and as he watched, it sank the rest of the way in a matter of seconds.

The artist had drawn nearer and now was gazing into George Smith's face with great friendliness as if he were guessing every thought. Now he was nodding his head in a little bow. Now the ice-cream stick had fallen casually from his fingers. Now he was saying good night, good night. Now he was gone, walking back down the beach toward the south.

George Smith stood looking after him. After a full minute, he did the only thing that he could possibly do. He started at the beginning of the fantastic frieze of satyrs and fauns and wine-dipped maidens and prancing unicorns and piping youths and he walked slowly along the shore. He walked a long way, looking down at the free-running bac-

chanal. And when he came to the end of the animals and men he turned around and started back in the other direction, just staring down as if he had lost something and did not quite know where to find it. He kept on doing this until there was no more light in the sky, or on the sand, to see by.

He sat down at the supper-table.

"You're late," said his wife. "I just had to come down alone. I'm ravenous."

"That's all right," he said.

"Anything interesting happen on your walk?" she asked.

"No," he said.

"You look funny. George, you didn't swim out too far, did you, and almost drown? I can tell by your face. You did swim out too far, didn't you?"

"Yes," he said.

"Well," she said, watching him closely. "Don't ever do that again. Now—what'll you have?"

He picked up the menu and started to read it and stopped suddenly.

"What's wrong?" asked his wife.

He turned his head and shut his eyes for a moment.

"Listen."

She listened.

"I don't hear anything," she said.

"Don't you?"

"No. What is it?"

"Just the tide," he said, after awhile, sitting there, his eyes still shut. "Just the tide, coming in."



"I understand he comes from a very good family."



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Tansu, of course, is the Japanese monicker for these two-drawer stacking chests crafted of fire- and moisture-resistant Kiriwood. Each is 16½" x 30" x 29½" high with iron hardware that gives it a rugged look. The chests originated in the Orient circa 719 A.D., are still a steal at \$163 the pair, ppd. *Richard Gump*, Dept. 22, 250 Post St., San Francisco, Calif.



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This durable duck carry-all has 1002 uses: toting books or undersized cords, as an overnight bag or catch-all for picnics, beach parties, panty raids, etc. It's washable and water-repellent, comes in school colors; you can have it for \$2.98 with one gigantic initial (add 25¢ for extras). Send loot to *Dorothy Damar*, 638 Damar Building, Elizabeth, N. J.



BISCUIT BAEDEKER

No more disorder in the record racks, thanks to Hi-Fide. Each handy little storage bin holds 15 platters in their liners and sports an index card for quick cataloging. Natural cowhide front panel (personalized with initials in gold) gives a bookish look. 12 inches cost \$6.95, 10 inches \$6.50, ppd., from *Wales Luggage*, Dept. P-11, 510 Madison, N. Y. 22, N. Y.

CUCKOLD AND THE CAKES

(continued from page 50)

and just deity!" And, so saying, he uncovered the basket and began to devour the delicious cakes. Then, leaning back and uttering a long sigh of satisfaction, he said, "I do not know when I have eaten such fine fare. I grow sleepy, wife, and Iain would be down. My dreams will be sweet, composed of sugar and of butter!"

The next morning, upon awakening, he called to his wife: "Why do you not open the shutters, woman?"

"They are open," she replied.

"Then why is it so dark? Has the sun failed to rise? Is it not morning?"

"Indeed it is," said the wife, scarcely able to contain her joy, "and the sunlight is streaming in the house. Can you not see it?"

"Alack, no, although I feel its warmth. Oh, wife, I fear I have been stricken blind!"

His wife made a great show of concern and commiserated with his lamentable condition. "I will bake some more cakes," she said. "Perhaps the eating of them will restore your sight. And while they are in the oven, I will go at once to the goddess and ask her advice."

After putting the batter in the oven, the wife left—going straight to her lover, an indolent fellow who thought it great sport to glut himself on another man's cakes and another man's wife. When he heard the good news of her husband's blindness, he said, "What a fine joke it would be to take our pleasure before his

darkened eyes! Come, let us return to your house."

They hurried there, and the wife took the cakes from the oven. "Eat heartily, my poor blinded husband," she said. "The goddess told me that the eating of cakes such as these would assuredly restore your eyes to health!" While he made a substantial breakfast of the cakes, his wife and her lover took themselves to his couch. The husband watched them, eating the cakes the while, and let no sign of rage escape his mouth even though the licentious sights he beheld would have driven any husband into fits. He ate, moaned the loss of his sight, praised the flavor of his wife's cakes, and then, just at the very moment of the plotting pair's highest pleasure, he laid hands upon the lover, tore him away from the couch, and rained blow after blow upon him with a club.

"Villain!" the husband cried. "Unsurprised! Spoiler of wives! Wrecker of homes! Eater of cakes! Take that and that and that!"

Bruised and bleeding, his bones shattered, the lover crawled away from the house and, a few days later, died of his wounds. In accordance with ancient law, the ties of marriage were dissolved, and the ex-wife suffered the loss of her nose by judicial decree.

Her erstwhile husband married again, and spent the rest of his days enjoying the charms—and the cakes—of his lovely second wife.

SHEPHERD MARKET

(continued from page 24)

her own procuring and she keeps her own money.

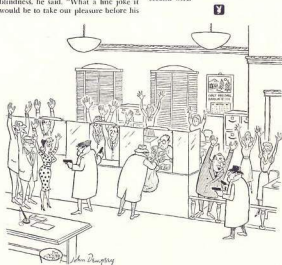
She saves it, for like most middle or lower class Europeans, she wants to buy a business. This will, she is sure, support her when slipping off her panties won't. She typically wants to buy a small store, perhaps back in her home town, or she might want to buy a bar and grill. But these are expensive—at least to her—and she will never make it on \$100 a week.

The highest earning girls in Shepherd Market are the girls who, instead of sleeping with men, do not sleep with them. They cater to rich gentlemen who enjoy the sexual antics most people associate with Paris. These gentlemen often like to watch, so the top level girls are happy to oblige, either with other girls or with hired men. This costs about \$30, but it can run much higher. Some gentlemen like to watch pornographic movies, in the company of Shepherd Market girls, and this can be easily arranged. This costs about \$50, but often more than one man will share expenses.

The reigning queen of these bizarre frolics is a woman of about 45 known simply as Billie. She lives with a girl friend in the most expensive dwelling in Shepherd Market. The house has a massive iron gate, a fireplace straight out of the era of Henry the Eighth, and a bed which is exactly three times as wide as a standard double bed. (A customer of Billie's, a textile manufacturer from Leeds, has his factory weave the sheets especially for her; they are black.)

Billie is a ribald, amusing, Rabelaisian character who took to Shepherd Market, according to the time-honored tradition, when a love affair she had with a boy friend some 20-odd years before left her pregnant but not married. She has supported herself—and her daughter—ever since, and she runs her Shepherd Market home as a princess might run a castle. It is the very essence of purring luxury.

Billie's secret is simple. Rich gentlemen like to do odd things with her and Billie doesn't mind. One man apparently gets a kick out of wrapping Billie up in a huge rubber bag. That's all. Billie charges him \$150 for this refinement of the elixir of love. Another likes to drive Billie into the country, and have fun and games in the front seat of his open sports car, and this is \$150, too. There is hardly an imaginable thing Billie won't do, for a price, and a good price. But this is not the whole point. Lots of the Shepherd Market girls will do anything, but they don't do it with Billie's flair. She tells jokes, she laughs,



"Would you mind locking me in the vault with that young lady in the polka dot dress?"

and she is endlessly gay. There are other girls who are almost on a level with Billie—but not quite.

And thus it is appropriate that Billie is the hostess at the one glittering night in the Shepherd Market year: Billie's Christmas Eve party.

In certain circles in London it is considered a distinct social privilege to be invited to Billie's on Christmas Eve. Not everyone can come; merely being a customer doesn't help at all. Billie chooses her guests with extreme precision. And of course for one of the girls to be invited means she has made the grade.

These parties take place on an almost phantasmagoric level. The 1955-1956 party was reportedly one of the best, partly because Billie's daughter, Joan, was back from school for the Christmas holidays and for the first time was allowed to attend.

Guests could hardly squeeze in the door because of the cases of champagne piled outside. All the gentlemen wore dinner jackets and the ladies glistened in their new Paris dresses. Waiters passed around caviar, of course, and in a corner a string trio saved decorously away at Mozart.

As long as Joan remained at the party, it was as mild as an old maid's dream, since all the guests and all the girls knew that Billie, for all these years, has somehow managed to shield Joan—principally by keeping her away at school—from the knowledge of how her mother earns a living. Voices were hushed, people toasted each other murmuringly and not a wicked joke was told.

Promptly at nine-thirty, Joan put on a coat, bade everyone goodnight, got into her car and drove off. Then, according to reports, the lid blew off. The murmurs ceased and the yells began. The string trio went home, the phonograph was turned on and everyone proceeded to get just as plastered as possible just as immediately as possible. Dinner jackets—and some Paris gowns—hit the floor. The party lasted until noon the next day, arrangements having been made for Joan to remain with a girl friend, and it seems sad that it had to end even then. But human stamina, presumably, can take just so much.

For the Shepherd Market girls who got invited, it was the pinnacle of the year and when they got back to standing on the street corners in their rain coats, or prowling the short, narrow streets of their hailwick, they must have felt proud.

So there they stand now, Cynthia among them. They are a lot of things, one the Shepherd Market girls, but if there's one thing they're not, it's prostitutes.

Ask them.



HUSTLER

(continued from page 56)

tive darkness seemed worse. He began to walk down the street hastily, looking for a cab stand. His own footsteps echoed around him as he walked. There seemed to be no cabs anywhere on the street. He began walking faster. The back of his neck was sweating again. It was a very hot night; the air felt heavy against his skin. There were no cabs.

And then, when he heard the slow, dense hum of a heavy car moving down the street in his direction, heard it from several blocks away and turned his head to see it and to see that there was no cablight on it, he knew—abruptly and lucidly, as some men at some certain times know these things—what was happening.

He began to run; but he did not know where to run. He turned a corner while he was still two blocks ahead of the car and when he could feel its lights, palpably, on the back of his neck, and tried to hide in a doorway, flattening himself out against the door. Then, when he saw the lights of the car as it began its turn around the corner he

realized that the doorway was too shallow, that the lights would pick him out. Something in him wanted to scream. He pushed himself from his place, stumbled down the street, visualizing in his mind a place, some sort of a place between buildings where he could hide completely and where the car could never follow him. But the buildings were all together, with no space at all between them; and when he saw that this was so he also saw at the same instant that the carlights were flooding him. And then he heard the car stop. There was nothing more to do. He turned around and looked at the car, blinking.

Two men had got out of the back seat; there were two more in front. He could see none of their faces; but was relieved that he could not, could not see the one face that would be bloated like an Eskimo's and with eyes like slits.

The men were holding the door open for him.

"Well," he said, "Hello, boys," and climbed into the back seat. His little leather case was still in his right hand. He gripped it tightly. It was all he had.



CORCA

"I heard about that double cross you pulled on J.B., Tom. Frankly, we need a man like you in our organization."

BIRD

(continued from page 52)

bouts with dope, recoveries, bouts with liquor, recovery from stomach ulcers, departures from and reconciliations with Chan. He tried to get off the bop, but couldn't. "I think," says Bird fan Lon Flanigan, Jr., "he had resigned himself to it. He spoke of developing a sound mind in a sound body, of playing jazz just a few more years and then going to Europe to study composition, and of settling down. But there was something about the way he spoke that made me think he knew damned well it was all a dream. He just wasn't the self-denying type, and he knew it."

Norrsan Granz helped him get on his feet for a time. Granz conceived the idea of putting him in front of a string group; he made some records and toured with it, but it was not too successful. The purist Bird fans disliked his working with the strings; others thought some of his most beautiful solos were done in this period. They rank *Just Friends* as one of the best of his records. That was recorded in 1950, the year in which he really began to fall apart. "The Bird has begun to moul't," one cat said. In 1953, after Bird's little daughter died, he seemed to have lost all hope. Now managers of clubs and ballrooms were hostile; previously they had tolerated his eccentricities, and even when he had failed to show for gigs they had been willing to book him later. But they had had enough.

Bird had caused so many scenes at Birdland that at times he was not permitted inside. Once he even had to buy a ticket to get in; the managers were feeling especially benevolent that night. In September, 1954, the club decided they could not ignore the public clamor any longer. Although Bird was not playing as well as formerly, his fans still were loyal. The managers took him back with the string group. On opening day, he left his house early and went to the barber, and friends reported seeing him looking fine in the afternoon. But somewhere he must have met a pusher. That night, in the club, before the packed house, he went to pieces on the stand. The strings began with *East of the Sun* and he came in playing *Dancing in the Dark*. He screamed angrily over the microphone, using four-letter words. He fell; he fired the musicians off the stand. That night he swallowed iodine and they hauled him to Bellevue.

When Bird got out, he went back to Chan, and they started over one more time in New Hope, Pennsylvania. "He came into town to play a Town Hall concert," Leonard Feather says. "He looked healthy, played magnificently, and told me he was commuting daily between New Hope and Bellevue, where he was undergoing psychiatric treat-

ment. He had dropped 20 pounds of fat and seemed like a new man."

A month later Feather saw him again in a bar near Birdland. The bloot was back; the sad eyes were glazed; he could scarcely speak.

There was only one more public scene. Birdland reluctantly gave him a chance to work off some of his obligations in a two-night engagement with Bud Powell, Kenny Dorham, Art Blakey and Charlie Mingus. But again he cussed a scene, walked off the stand, refused to go back on, publicly humiliated Bud Powell and was finally located out in the street with tears streaming down his face. In February, 1955, he started out on tour but returned to New York within a few days. He was separated from Chan and living in the Village with one of his Mohammedan friends. On the night of March 9 he started off for a job in Boston but stopped off at the Fifth Avenue apartment of Baroness Nica Rothschild de Koenigswarder. The Baroness was a great jazz fan.

In the Baroness' pad, Bird complained of difficulty in breathing. He fainted. The Baroness called a doctor, who recommended that Bird be removed to a hospital immediately. Bird refused to go. He remained in the apartment with the Baroness looking after him until Saturday night. Watching the Dorsey Brothers Show on TV, he suddenly began to cough. Then he died. Later, when they opened him up, they found that he had been suffering from pneumonia, ulcers and cirrhosis.

They took his body to Bellevue, where it lay unclaimed for 48 hours. Chan didn't know he was there; nobody knew, evidently, except the Baroness. Nor did she make any attempt to get in touch with any of his friends. When the body finally was discovered to be that of Charlie Parker, Mrs. Doris Snyder Parker flew in from Chicago to claim it. Chan, too, tried to claim it.

To many of Bird's friends, the funeral—held in the Abyssinian Baptist Church on 138th Street—was a sorry shambles. Lennie Tristano had wanted to play the organ; he wanted to play Bird's tunes. Instead, there was *The Lost Chord*. The minister said to those of Bird's friends who were present—Tristano, Dizy, Charlie Shavers, Louis Bellson and others—that Bird had been put in the world to make people happy, and that if he had been alive he would have told his friends to be up and doing because life was not an empty dream. The musicians nearly became sick, but they knew the man was trying to say something nice and they appreciated the effort. Then, as a climax, or nadir, the body was sent back to Kansas City—the last place, Bird had said, where he wanted to be buried.

"I sat there myself at that funeral," one friend said later, "tears coming out of my eyes, feeling holy, thinking of the last time I was with him. He was down in a pad on Tenth Street, stripped naked, playing the saxophone so hot but he had been skinned; he would have been happy. He didn't know how sick he was—but he was so far gone I thought he would drop dead. I thought of times I'd played the violin for him and times when he was on the stand in his prime, with Max Roach wailing behind him on drums. And I thought of how many bills I'd had to pay in hotels for quilts and blankets and rugs that burned because he'd fallen asleep with a cigarette in his hand. I thought of the near escapes with the police and how he'd had the nerve to toss me a syringe and tell me to get rid of it. I thought of all the IOUs he had given me, enough to paper my house with. I thought of all these things and I thought if he were alive I'd work with him again if he asked me."

That could serve as Bird's epitaph.



FORMAL FASHIONS

(continued from page 36)

last stuff this year; a season or two ago, faille was king.

Shirts have really changed, and not been gone from plain to fancy. In fact, too fancy. This applies particularly to those lace-loaded jobs. The more rugged textures, horizontal tucks, and all over miniature dots are just about as jazzy as we care to see a dress shirt get.

Hats are seen on the best-dressed noggins under the moon, indeed are almost a must for late-hour gadding. In warmer climes, the straw boater (or "katy") is making a return bid for headlines. It takes a certain amount of dash to wear it, but even those endowed with somewhat less *savoir faire* than Chevalier can frequently bring it off. In the cooler regions, the soft black felt built along casual lines looks new and neat. A narrower brim and a squarer crown make a man and his lid look like they're not complete strangers. A hard, hard bomburg is an unfriendly evening companion for most of us.

Your billfold for evening wear should be slim, sleek and light in weight, depending, of course, on how much loot you load into it. Jewelry is discreet, with jumbo cuff links seen less and less. Shoes are of a duller finish—with calfskin taking over much of the ground formerly held by shiny patent leather.

In all, whatever direction a guy takes after dark—north or south—there's a new course charted. The formal duds are interesting, the scenery's good and most of the natives are friendly.



Resolution

(continued from page 20)

build-up in introductions by M.C.s when presenting guest stars on variety shows. These factories are very conducive to napping, when the viewer really wishes to stay awake and see the show. I would make it a penitentiary offense to manufacture three-tone point job automobile bodies. I would command Jackie Gleason to perform "Reginald Van Gleason III" and say to some lady his famous line "M-m-m, but you're fat," at least twice a week indefinitely! I would order the invention of some kind of Maxim Silencer for small dogs that bark at the wrong time. I would put a clamp on the term "teenager." Self-conscious "teenagers" become more so when they see that in print and actually begin to consider it a cue for a gang-up attitude, or some sort of an issue, when in reality they are probably just very nice youngsters. I would order that certain large American automobiles not be allowed to stick out so far in the back. Trusting I make myself clear. If not — so overthrow me!

JIMMY DURANTE

I here highly resolve that everybody should give big cities their due in 1957. But to understand this let me tell you how come I got such strong ideas about big cities. I was born in New York City more than 60 years ago. I was raised on the lower East Side. My dad owned a barbershop and he had a lotta pals. I guess I was pretty young when I realized how much it meant to have friends — not just passing acquaintances. I was in my teens when I went to work. I began playing piano in some of the little clubs in and around the Bowery and Cooney Island. I used to come home late, or early I should say, in the morning. Pretty soon I knew everybody around our neighborhood. Al Smith used to come into my pop's place for a haircut. A lot of famous people did. I soon learned the value of friendship and what loyalty really means. Looking back on my years in show business it seems that most of my jobs kept me up kinda late. That's how I got used to staying up all night. Even today I don't go to sleep until the early hours. There's always something to do in a big city and I can usually find it. I even rehearse late at night in my home. You might ask what I can do in the city that you can't do in the country. That's easy. If I want to see a late show I can always go to a club or to a late restaurant for something to eat. There's always a spot open. In a big city it's easy to be with a gang of your pals at any hour. I like to be hopping around and there's a big variety in the big city. A choice of shows, clubs, food and even shopping. And since I'm talking about big cities, my favorite is New York. I got the biggest thrill of my life last spring when I returned to the Copa

there. There was a standing ovation that actually brought a lump to my throat. It's my town. For years the late Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson and I played on Broadway. It's a wonderful town and it holds many great memories for me. And what memories! The taxis honking, the people shouting, people hurrying someplace, the gang at Lindy's or Toots Shors. The snow on the streets in winter, the first days of spring and even the hot summer months. Going to the fights at the Garden, the ball games and the races, the beach on Sunday and looking at the big buildings, the subway trains — to me it's all wonderful and in 1957 I'd like to hear a little less about the greatness of the country and more about the city.

PHIL SILVER

I here highly resolve that all bachelors shall remain so in 1957. Have you ever seen an unhappy bachelor? Never! He's a foot-loose, kancee-free fellow who has nobody to share the troubles he'd have if he were married. Any member of this superior breed of man has only one problem. Women — they're the opposition sex — have a strange belief that the words happy and bachelor just don't go together. There's the inevitable question, "How come you're a bachelor?" Believe me, she doesn't want a reason. She wants an excuse. Mine was very simple: I was born that way. If women are ever in doubt about a man's marital status, the best way to find out is to watch him open his wallet. If he turns his back, he's married. Companionship is a great selling point for marriage which somehow eludes me. The idea, I understand, is to "do things together." You teach her to drive so she can relieve you on long trips and all of a sudden you need two cars in the family. Give her a chance at the golf clubs and her first score makes you realize how much you like bowling. But the greatest example of companionship is when you run into a fellow who, after being married six months, says with a big grin: "My wife isn't talking to me!" On the other hand, being single is great. In the first place, the one thing a bachelor can do that a married man can't is just as he pleases. And his physical condition? Healthy, my boy, because there's no wedding ring to stop his circulation. Then there's the money. It's all his; and this alone is proof that a bachelor knows what he's doing. A tip to my fellow men who might be on the brink of disaster: when the little doll says she'll live on your income, she means it all right. But just be sure to get another one for yourself. Closing thought #1: women profess to hate confirmed bachelors, yet have you noticed how they always wind up marrying one? Closing thought #2: I'm glad someone else will have to keep this resolution. I can't. I got hooked last October.



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MASK AND THE MAIDEN (continued from page 66)

that enormous rock where there's not as much as a bush or a blade of grass even for cover. Of course she was terribly upset, and I must say for Jerry that he was very chivalrous and instead of driving off hell for leather as perhaps some men would have done, he got out and consoled her to the best of his ability.

You may imagine that these stories burst upon Elinor with all the brightness of Jerry Biedelmeyer's headlights snaking clear the road she was to follow, but if you do you will be very wrong. She felt and showed the natural degree of amusement, but once she had rejoined the other group the incidents themselves faded from her mind, or sank into it, leaving only a bright residue, like panned-out gold, to add to the excitement and admiration she felt for a life that was so free and cheerful and worked out so well in the end.

You mean to say she didn't get the idea from what these other dames told her?

So much to the contrary that, had she remembered these stories in detail, I think she would not have done what she did, because then an element of calculation would have entered in, such as would have been entirely incompatible with the love that irradiated her whole being. Her mind and her body were now unanimous in telling her that this love was beautiful and right. It is one of the lovely dangers of unfulfilled love, or lust, as you, my dear sir, like to call it, that when the body and mind are in complete harmony it is because the latter has made all the necessary concessions. And it is one of the lovely dangers of stories we have heard and forgotten that they sometimes re-appear appraised in all the glory and Eternity of absolute originality, which accounts, by the way, for the incredible number of lawsuits that be-devil our entertainment industries.

During the weeks that followed, Elinor, though she tried hard to be sensible, began to be a little less convinced that there was nothing that Henry McBride could ever see in her. This was a serious error, for Henry McBride, like a knight in a legend, was already unshakably dedicated to a damsel he had seen in a vision, of whom he knew neither her name nor her dwelling, nor what wastes he might have to traverse or ogres to overcome in order to find and win her, but only that she combined the face of Maureen Biedelmeyer with the fortune of Rachel Bickling. But although Elinor's error was grave, it was not an entirely presumptuous one. After all, Mr. McBride, though damnably likely to succeed, is only in the

earliest process of doing so. He is a newcomer, a partner so junior in his firm that he is practically an employee. Elinor was able tenderly to regard him as nearer her own status than that of the wealthy young men of Vallambrosa.

His kindnesses continued, and they were marked by an indefinable something that seemed to suggest he would be yet warmer and closer if only he could bring himself to overstep some little barrier that lay between himself and Elinor. The plain truth is that, endeavoring through Elinor to win the heart of Mrs. Dunlop, he economically used up for the purpose what might be described as leftovers from his treatment of the older lady. His manner was at once caressing and respectful, at once familiar and shy. It was exactly right for use on a lady of Mrs. Dunlop's age and wealth and position, where the barrier would be naturally ascribed to a proper diffidence, but to Elinor this manner was deceptive in the extreme. Her body, flushing at a familiar word and throbbing at the remembrance of a caressing smile, poured forth through every gland an intoxicating insistence that the most beautiful interpretation must be the true one, and that all his little advances were the expression of a state of being in love without knowing it, as in the motion pictures, and that his shy retreats before the unsuspecting barrier were due to her unfortunate face.

Elinor and her body now being one, she had come to disown her face. It was this alien and falsifying face that stood in the way of the unspeakable happiness that being in love, and knowing it, might bring to Mr. Henry McBride.

On the night of the triumphant production of the *Lysistrata*, Elinor got rid of her face. The masks, executed by Parrot and Bigelow, were simple, light and airy, and extremely attractive. They were done in somewhat the classical manner, but softened and sweetened as if for a rather good perfume advertisement. In combination with the tennis dresses and sandals the effect was not at all as bad as it sounds, and Fleming Parrot had been careful to arrange a variety of poses for Elinor such as were admirably adapted to bring out the full persuasiveness of her arguments in the cause of peace. Certain of these poses brought her into the most thrilling relationship with Henry McBride himself, who was also playing a small effective part.

Our Drama Group has the advantage of a friendly audience; applause and curtain calls are accorded even to its worst failures. The *Lysistrata*, so Greek, so modern, so sexy, so bawdy, and yet perfectly all right because it's a classic, received a positive ovation. Every performer who had a part with a name to

it had to take an individual bow, and in a spot-light as bright as the headlights of Jerry Biedelmeier's convertible.

The curtain was lowered and champagne, like a condensation of the applause, popped and foamed and bubbled in everyone's hand. Tongues wagged 19 to the dozen. Everyone congratulated everyone else. Elinor, you looked absolutely beautiful. I was watching you from the wings. If you'd had no arms and no clothes I'd have thought you were the Venus di Milo.

Some people went up to change and others stayed on the stage talking. More people went up, and at last no one was left but Henry McBride and Elinor and a couple of others. Henry went up and Elinor shortly followed him. The other two went off to dressing rooms near the swimming pool because there was no room for all the cast in the building behind the stage.

I don't know, gentlemen, if you are familiar with the layout of the Country Club. Behind the big hall where the stage is put up there is an old wooden building, its upper floor approached by an outside staircase. This in the old days contained the changing rooms for our golf and tennis players. The ladies' showers are at one end—the gentlemen's at the other. Next to the ladies' showers was Elinor's cubicle, which was very small, as it had been stolen from the shower room at a time when the pressure on space was increasing and our handsome new changing rooms had not yet been built. Before that, the next cubicle to Elinor's had opened into the showers, and this advantage was repeated in the one she occupied, as if in compensation for its lack of space. Thus she had a door through which she entered, a window opposite, a door on her left to the showers, and a door to her right which led to the next cubicle, which was occupied by Mr. Henry McBride.

On her way up the outside staircase Elinor met a whole stream of those who had retired earlier, changed, and were on their way to the bar. In the corridor above she found an air of coquetry.

This little wooden building is hot at night. Elinor's window was open. Through this window came the heavy scent of a datura blooming in the shrubbery below, and a babble of voices from the nearby bar. But almost at once the voices were submerged under the sound of the radio, tuned up too high, playing *Some Enchanted Evening*.

Elinor, transported by applause and praise, her mask pushed back on to the top of her head, looked into the long glass and pulled her mask into place again. She unbuttoned and shed her tennis tunic and got rid of certain other things she was wearing, resolving

as she did so not to do what she was going to do. She looked into the glass again, and it was beautiful and it was right.

One of those small voices which go on cockily and quietly somewhere deep in our heads even in our most exalted moments suggested: I opened the wrong door; I thought it was the shower. The voice on the radio sang: *You will see a stranger*. And the wordless voice of her body also surged up like music to which she had no difficulty in fitting words of the purest poetry, and so right. He will see me. He will know. He will come towards me. He will take me in his arms . . . Whereupon, simple, deluded, burning with love, lovely in her nakedness and her mask, she threw open the door and stood like an amorous goddess on the threshold of the dressing room of Mr. Henry McBride.

In company with Mr. Henry McBride were seated, a little fatigued, listening to the music, Mrs. Dunlop, Mrs. Carter, old Mr. Fridbee and his grandson Max, just back at home after his first term at Grotton. There were a few seconds, which seemed longer, of absolute petrification on the part of everyone present.


The effects of shock are well known to us all. Lawyers advise that, should we become involved in a car crash, we should say as little as possible for fear of making some damaging admission. Elinor, as honest a girl as ever breathed, stood stunned and forgetful of the excuse about the shower, until, pushing up her mask as if to lay bare the last miserable absurdity of the situation, she allowed the truth to burst up out of this inconvenient honesty of hers:

I thought you were alone, she said.

Mr. McBride's high squeak of repudiation was masterly and convincing. God knows what Elinor thought he might have said, assuming she was capable of thinking at all. God knows what he could have said to save her, even assuming he had wanted to. Nevertheless, I take the liberty of hating his guts for not saying it. He was voluble enough with his assurances and his denials when at last the door slammed behind her.

Next day, of course, Elinor resigned from the Club, as was right, proper and universally expected of her. From the material point of view it seems to have been a little precipitate, for had she waited until her resignation was demanded she would almost certainly have had her entrance fee refunded her. With \$500 she could have gone away and found a new job. As it was, she was unable to.

I hope I have sufficiently answered your questions, gentlemen. It is nearly 2:00 o'clock. I must be getting back to the inquest.



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