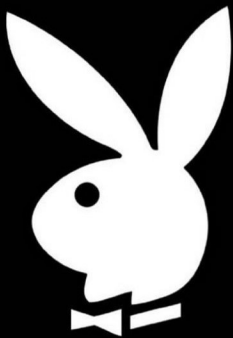


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S

SACK



**FIRM BELIEVERS** in the idea that travel is broadening and endorers of the notion that the true sophisticate must, of necessity, be a cosmopolitan, the editors of PLAYBOY hereby call, "Hoist anchor," "All aboard" and "Fasten your seat belts," by way of getting into our International Issue.

An impressive line-up of foreign and domestic correspondents has been assembled for this excursion. Monkeyshines in Monaco are attended to in *Little Land of the Big Wheel* by peripatetic John Sack, author of the very funny best-seller, *From Here to Shinjuku*, and John will be visiting other lands for PLAYBOY in the near future. Cartoonist Shel Silverstein is off on a world-wandering bit for the magazine, with the promise of humorously sketched impressions all along the way, beginning—in this issue—with Tokyo. An Indian gentleman, Prakash C. Jain, describes a posh tiger hunt in exotic Cooch Behar. English caddyist Peaches Page enlists

JAIN



the aid of the British Post Office in her strip-teasing. William Iversen, that droll advocate of Positive Thinking, insists that *The French They Are a Funny Race* and also insists, since he is fast becoming a PLAYBOY regular, that we publish his vital statistics: 33-17-39, "which," Bill explains, "represent sleeve length, neck-size and age, in that order." Rounding out the "round-the-world" aspect of this issue, Travel Editor Patrick Chase gives us an expanded *International Datebook*, Fashion Editor Blake Rutherford supplies the word on travel duds and how to pack them, and a friendly native guide named Al Capp leads our safari, by way of Broadway, into the primitive wastelands of darkest Dogpatch—where the female aborigines are passing fair.

Al Morgan, ex-TV exec, wrote a novel titled *The Great Man*, in which he beautifully bayoneted certain aspects of the television industry. He then went to Hollywood to work with José Ferrer on

SILVERSTEIN



## PLAYBILL

the film version of the book (you'll find him on this page standing with two other, more comely members of the *Man cast*). While on the West Coast, he picked up considerable research data on the movie colony and, as he puts it with a sly smile, "I've already shut the door on any future for me in television; now I'm shutting the door on any future in movies. How are things in the magazine business?" Morgan's *Master of the Reich* is about Hollywood, and it is the lead story in this May issue. But just because Al has swung his guns away from television doesn't mean the nabobs of the cathode world can rest easy: crackling critic John Crosby has a lot to say this month about TV's paralytic attitude toward sex.

Then there's a story of seduction by Herbert Gold, a toothsome Ribald Classic by Soranadeva, a gambol on the green with Miss May, . . . plenty of things to help you pack up your troubles in your old kit bag. *Bon voyage!*

CAPP

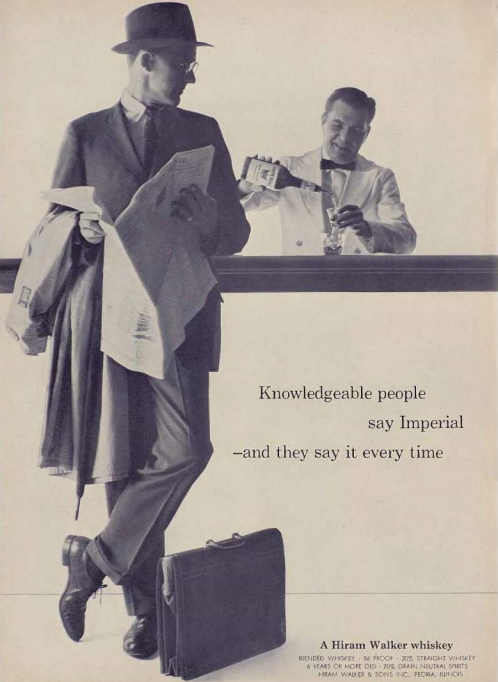


MORGAN, JULIE LONDON, JOANNE GILBERT



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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### GRASS, ALAS

After my boyfrend saw your pictorial feature on Jayne Mansfield in the February PLAYBOY, he has me eating grass three times a day. But am still not looking like Mansfield, am just mooooing.

Jane Reznick  
Formosa Beach, Calif.

### SCHULBERG

For some time I have held your magazine to be the tops in its class. After reading *A Second Father* by Budd Schulberg I must revise this opinion. PLAYBOY is in a class by itself. Schulberg's piece of fiction is the best I have read anywhere. Congratulations on your taste and keep up the good work.

Jay Baetz  
Albuquerque, N. M.

I have been a faithful reader of your fine magazine for three years. This is my first letter to you and I would like an answer to a question. Has Budd Schulberg been writing Mother Goose stories very long? Let's have some mainly fiction instead of this "Once upon a time" jazz, huh?

Bob Sanders  
Lubbock, Texas

I have never written to any magazine before, either to congratulate or condemn. But the story, *A Second Father*, by Budd Schulberg, is truly great, I think, and I felt I had to write and tell you so.

Paul R. McKercher  
Harrisburg, Pa.

There are no green salamanders in the Sierras, only in Mr. Schulberg's mind.

Keith Walker  
Moscow, Idaho

### MP DIGS SALLY

Subject: Todd, Sally, exaltation of, Re: PLAYBOY issue of February. *Specification 1*: In that Todd, Sally, did appear in your excellent publication as Playboy of the Mouth, and by doing so did

squelch all arguments on "Why American Women Are Best." *Specification 2*: In that Todd, Sally, is by far the most charming and beautiful female of all to adorn the place of honor in your outstanding publication. *Specification 3*: In that Todd, Sally, does now, and will continue to, enlighten the inner sanctum of my walllocker, into which I spirit myself when troubled by trivial matters such as Battalion inspections, Commanding General's inspections, and the like. *Conclusion*: In that Todd, Sally, has been chosen by this boy as "The Girl I'd Let Talk Me Out Of Issuing A Traffic Citation To," and I am a veritable pillar of integrity (and all that stuff that makes ex-Boy Scouts good MPs), she *must* have something on the ball or else I'd never let her do it, I'll tell the world.

Pfc. J. P. McDafe  
Military Police Battalion  
Marine Corps Base  
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

### JAZZ POLL

Congratulations on your 1957 Jazz Poll. Even though not quite all my selections were picked, I was very impressed with the outcome of the voting. I am glad to see the modern and progressive schools are becoming more popular every day; this style of music has waited too long to receive full credit. My special congratulations to Stan Kenton, who is the most talented musician to ever walk on a stage; also Misty Miss Christy, who ran a close second to the greatest. I am looking forward to your LP which will be a recording without equal.

Ed O'Neill  
Providence, R. I.

Honey! Hurrah! Hooah! And Hooanna in the Highest! It is wonderful to hear how well we have done in your recent jazz poll. Needless to say, Paul Desmond and I are overjoyed with the news.

Dave Brubeck  
Oakland, Calif.

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Congratulations on the success of your 1957 Jazz Poll! The added bit of humor that you sprinkled among the winners had my friends and myself rolling on the floor. What a blast! Imagine Benny Goodman being picked over someone like Jimmy Giuffrè. Ha-ha, that was good. And then after a good choice in Shelly Manne, I turned the page. Ha-ha, this was too much! By this time we were crying and gasping for breath. Louis Armstrong over Clet Baker or Shotty Rogers? Seriously, I believe that your would-be enthusiasts have inter-mixed two entirely different types of musicians. Can you imagine Louis Armstrong and Gerry Mulligan blowing on a side-together? Or Goodman and J. J. Johnson? Most of your selections were in the modern or contemporary field. Why the outsiders? Next year let's specify what we want and pick a perfect group instead of an almost perfect one. Let's not let the ignorance of some people destroy this field of music as Elvis did the field of rhythm and blues that used to be enjoyable a few years back. It was the same type of people. Nothing against them. *They just don't know.*

Chick Dewese  
Cincinnati, Ohio

SINCEREST THANKS TO YOU AND TO YOUR READERS FOR THE FIRST ANNUAL JAZZ POLL HONORS AND FOR THE NICE THINGS YOU SAID ABOUT ME. I THINK THE KIND OF PUBLIC INTEREST AND ENTHUSIASM REFLECTED IN THE PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL KEEPS ALL OF US WORKING HARDER. BEST WISHES FOR YOUR CONTINUED SUCCESS.

FRANK MINYER  
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

### LOVE IN THE DARK

Now you've done it! I am going to join the howling protests which I am certain will arise regarding Pamela Moore's article, *Love in the Dark*, in the February issue of PLAYBOY. Perhaps Miss Moore can answer this question regarding the source of her information. Did she come to this conclusion while making her rounds in London's Shepherd Market? I couldn't help but notice that she was attired in the streetwalker's uniform of a trench coat!

Hadley Babiarz  
Hollbrook, Arizona

Pamela Moore mentioned a man who she felt should see a psychiatrist. If you ask me, she is the one who should be looking for the leather couch!

R. A. Sidell, RD3  
FPO, San Francisco

I quite agree with Miss Moore in point that the American male, by and large, may be ashamed of sex. As to the why and wherefore, however, I quite disagree. The women blame the men and the men blame the women. I feel that when the average American female

can learn to be her husband's mistress, a few lights will be lit.

Marc Michles  
Ft. Banks, Mass.

Every PLAYBOY reader who knows which end is up also knows what Pamela Moore needs. I advise her to get it as soon as possible.

Henry J. Baum  
Hollywood, Calif.

PLAYBOY has always been to me light, frivolous reading in which I never expected to find published an article of such clear insight and maturity as the one by Miss Moore. *Love in the Dark* echoed my long-suppressed feelings and opinions perfectly.

Marianne S. Gordon  
New York, N. Y.

Said a saucy young maid from the East,  
"The American male is a beast.

They make love in the shade  
In the ninth and tenth grade,  
And they should use a flashlight at least."  
Dennis Taylor  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

I don't know why you bothered to print the unconvincing and incorrect article by a swelled-headed, adolescent female who obviously is not speaking from experience. After looking at Miss Moore's picture in your *Playbill*, I believe that shutting off the light might solve the problem after all.

Bob Robinson  
Oakland, Calif.

Viva Pamela!

J. K. Moegan  
Bremerton, Wash.

My heartiest congratulations to 19-year-old Pamela Moore for putting into print so many of the ideas and thoughts that I have been trying to convey to my friends for the past five or six of my 19 years!

Norman W. Vanaman, Jr.  
New Brunswick, N. J.

I must give credit to Miss-informed Moore for discussing a subject which needs it. But I can't agree with her opinion of the American male.

W. R. Pannell  
University of Calif.  
Berkeley, California

Human eyes will not focus accurately at distances of less than six inches. To keep one's eyes open while enjoying the grand passion would undoubtedly bring about the disorder which a layman might choose to call "cross-eyedness."

John M. Pendergast, SN, USN  
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

Speaking as a woman and ardent reader of my husband's favorite magazine, I make this plea. Please confine

your articles on sex to those by male authors, since they usually write objectively about this much abused subject, and are without the frustrations of father complexes.

Mrs. Eleanor H. Bloom  
Williamsport, Pa.

It's enlightening to find a top man's magazine with guts enough to print a feminine viewpoint like Miss Moore's article. And it's even better to find a young female writer who is capable of the understanding and skill necessary to put teeth into this engrossing and comprehensive study.

Lawrence Seifner  
Topeka, Kansas

What Pamela Moore says regarding love in the dark is absolutely correct, but a survey will prove that the arm which almost invariably reaches to turn off the light is by no means the hairy one.

Bob Calderon  
Pearl Harbor, Hawaii

In defense of the American male, may I respectfully call the attention of Miss Moore to the following quote from Kinsey, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, 1948, page 581: "In general, more men prefer to have (sexual) intercourse in the light and more women prefer it in the dark."

A. Stephen Casimir  
Providence, R. I.

*Love in the Dark* should have been titled *Written in the Dark*.

Thomas M. Livingston  
Cambridge, Mass.

I'm always willing to try anything new, so the other day I tried kissing my wife of 15 years with my eyes open. I was so unnerved that I haven't gotten up the courage to try anything further with the lights on.

Preston B. Rand  
Bangor, Maine

Bravo! Bravo! To Pamela Moore! I thought no one would ever understand me. I have tried for years now to popularize the custom of staring at one's partner while kissing, and even carrying on light conversation (this comes with much practice). But no one ever listens to me. At last I have a champion! And what a nature, experienced one she is! I would love to hear her theories when she's older. I bet she'll really have a few good ones then.

Dan Duker  
San Francisco, Calif.

It is regrettable that there aren't more broad-minded women in the world like Pamela Moore.

Victor E. Traver  
Arlington, Virginia

As another 19-year-old girl, I feel particularly well-equipped to reply to Miss Moore's recent article. I am, furthermore, an English girl fortunate enough to be married to an American! Whilst I have found the American charming, subtle and romantic in his approach to sex, the Italian, Frenchman, Dane and German appear animal-like in comparison.

Celia E. Graffin  
APO 800, N. Y.  
U. S. Forces in Germany

Miss Moore tells us she bathed in the nude and was unknowingly observed, while in said state, by two Italians who applauded her *joie de vivre*. She makes unkind references to what would have happened if the two observers had been Americans. What she neglected to emphasize was that the two men had wives and families back on the beach and their enjoyment of the situation could hardly be anything but vicarious under the circumstances!

Robert F. Heap  
University of Georgia  
Athens, Georgia

Let me know when Miss Moore is going swimming again. I speak very fluent Italian.

Rino A. Caprari  
White Plains, N. Y.

Hooray for Pamela Moore! If she hasn't hit the nail squarely on the head, no one ever has. How Miss Moore knows what she knows is beside the point. The important thing is that she knows it and has the courage to say it where millions of American men can read it—in *PLAYBOY*. The sooner the American male wakes up to the fact that he is a sexual failure the better off everyone will be.

Richard Toney  
Medford, Oregon

As the author of *The Sexual Responsibility of Woman*, I would like to say something in rebuttal to Pamela Moore. For one thing, she argues on a whole lot of demonstrably false premises, including the one she makes a title. Men do not like to make love in the dark, but women do—and not just American women. For instance, my Far Eastern authority assures me that also holds for the Chinese and Japanese! Also—if either of my boys had watched a pretty girl take off her bathing suit and go porpoising in the water, and then had joined Papa and Mama for a nap on the sand, I'd have rushed them to a doctor, to see if they needed vitamins, or hormones or something.

Maxine Davis  
New York, N. Y.



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## PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



WE'VE BEEN SLEEPLESS OF LATE OVERT the verbal juggling of bodily parts indulged in by those closely allied to the world of fashion, both men's and women's. It was only a while back that Carmel Snow, of *Harper's Bazaar* fame, made the heady statement that "This year a woman's legs are her crowning glory." We let it pass with a shrug. Carmel, we reasoned, certainly knows what's what, and maybe a set of pins can turn into a crowning glory. But we recalled the other day at the cruminy copy currently used in the ads of Corbin, Ltd., a notoriously manufacturer of men's pants, which heralded "Natural shoulder trousers and walking shorts." What a Daliesque picture that evokes!

The Police Department Censor Bureau in the fair city of Detroit reared up recently and slapped a ban on John O'Hara's 1956 National Book Award Winner, *Ten North Frederick* (PLAYBOY, Feb. '56). The charge: "obscene passages." According to the *Detroit Times*, the "actual reader of the book, on whose recommendation the ban was based, was Detective John Horian . . . Horian has a tenth grade education." When apprized of the deed, Mr. O'Hara coolly remarked: "From what I have heard about the conditions in Detroit, I am surprised that the Detroit Police Department can spare a single patrolman for literary duty."

The other evening, while hoisting a couple in our favorite, late-hours drinkery, a small stranger wandered in out of the urban darkness and introduced us to a unique, to say the least, way of gaining space at the bar. Confronted with a veritable log jam of sophisticates between himself and the refreshments, the small stranger produced a tiny tin whistle

from his breast pocket, quieted the smart talk in the room with a mighty blast, and then announced: "All right, everybody in street shoes—off the gym floor." A wedge opened in the crowd, and the stranger sipped up to the bar.

Two late bulletins from the animal world, or rather that Eden zone where the realms of theatredom and zoology meet. First concerns Dave Garroway who has a project afoot to teach a pet parakeet to say, simply and quite distinctly, "Birds can't talk." Second flash brings news of George S. Kaufman's tomcat, Adam. As boy cats will, when they mature, Adam got a little too frisky for human comfort and peace of mind, and was whisked off to the vet's where the source of his masculine mischievousness was spayed away. On his return home, the newly docile beastie was re-christened Had'n.

### RECORDS

**A Drum Is a Woman**, the most ambitious Duke Ellington effort to date, has been admirably produced by Irving Townsend (Columbia CL 951). A sort of off-beat oratorio, it features the Duke's swinging band plus a chorus, one operatic-type soprano, one calypso-type male singer and one swinging girl singer. Duke himself narrates the yarn, which purports to parallel the history of the origins of jazz as symbolized by a joker called Madam Zaji. Clever, no? Joya Sherrill, the swinging girl, is a joy to hear on *Hey Buddy Bolden* and *Rhumboop*; Clark Terry, et al., produce fine instrumental moments. As to the narration, well, maybe a drum is a woman, but we're not so sure a cymbal can pass as a symbol. Better you should sample two other Ellington discs: *In A Mellotone* (Victor 1561),

which spotlights the Duke's great band of the early Forties, and *Duke Ellington Presents . . .* (Bethlehem BCP-6005), the equally polished post-Newport group. Both are magnificently mellow.

Frankie's agonized, golden-arm expression on the cover of *Close to You* (Capitol W789) is a fair portent of what's inside. It's a ballad LP on which the Hollywood String Quartet provides what is supposed to be a gossamer background cushion, but manages instead to mire Sinatra in a sink-hole of rhythmless, druggy fiddling. We could take it for one or two bands, maybe, but so much cat gut stretched over an entire LP makes for dull listening. Frank remains the top male vocalist in the land, but this disc just isn't up to his own lofty standards . . . *Lady Sings the Blues* is the title tune and best item in Billie Holiday's latest (Clef 721). In it, you'll hear Lady Day, for some inexplicable reason, singing the melody of *He's Funny That Way* to the lyrics of *I Must Have That Man*. In any case, we feel Billie should stop re-recording tunes she cut at her peak a decade or two ago; they come through as only occasionally magical today.

One need be neither monarchist nor theist to derive thick slabs of enjoyment from *Sacred Mass for the Kings of France* (Concord 4001). This dazzling display of liturgical fireworks, grandly and gaudily scored for trumpets, organs and voices, is great fun to spin, and there's a fascinating story behind it, to boot. As part of the 2000th anniversary of Paris in 1951, a 57-year-old musically cleric, the Reverend Father Emile Martin, created interest by announcing that he would conduct a rediscovered Coronation Mass by an obscure 17th Century composer, Etienne Molesliné. It was an immediate hit: the all-stops-out Mass was

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repeated five times on five other occasions and subsequently was broadcast to the rest of Europe and to America. But a wet blanket named Felix Rangel soon came forward to denounce the Mass as a hoax. Though a deft cumulation of the ecclesiastical music of Moulinié's day and a remarkable composition in its own right, certain minor discrepancies had tipped musicologist Rangel to the fact that it was a modern work being palmed off as a classic one. Father Martin was called on the carpet, and the truth came out; yes, *Sacred Mass for the Kings of France* was his own. Though anachronistically written in a style three centuries old, the Mass is spine-tingling sound on this platter, flashily conducted by the good Father himself and richly recorded by this crackjack new company.

Cool school's keeping this month, so sidown and listen here: *Jazz at Cal-Tech* (Pacific Jazz 1219) is recorded from a gone concert at that emporium of higher learning, features the Bud Shank Quartet with an able assist by Bob Cooper on tenor sax and oboe, packs the solid Pacific excitement that makes you want to clap and holler with the undergrad eggheads, and reminds us—in its infectious background noises—of one of the few years-old 10-inches we still play regularly, the Brubeck Quartet's *Jazz at Oberlin* . . . *Jazz—San Francisco Style* (Liberty 6010) gives the Virgil Gonsalves group a chance to show its stuff and by us this is the stuff of dreams: modern swinging dreams, controlled, inventive, drivey. Skip the first band (which, like so many LP openers, is pyrotechnical exhibitionism) and get with the rest of the record, especially entries like *Iava Zapata* (which combines a bagpipe's drone with Latin American rhythm), and *Bugs' Groove* (for its classic coolness with a cannon-balling beat) . . .

**Whoooooe** (Storyville 914) displays the clean and precise talents of the Brookmeyer-Sims Quintet playing hot jazz in the modern mode, plus decently and honestly handled ballads with no fancy trimmings—in other words, the way they were meant to be heard.

### FILMS

**12 Angry Men** hangs a tale on a hung jury. The dozen good men and true battle it out over the fate of a teen-age hoodlum who has allegedly switch-bladed his old man. In reviewing the case in the jury room (where almost the entire action occurs) the evidence seems pretty convincing: eavesdropping neighbors heard violent conversations; another buttinski has seen the boy leave the

house and one noisy insomniac claims actually to have seen the father-and-son blood banquet. The poor kid seems sure to be volleyed for the voltage. In fact, all the jury, save one doubting Thomas, give him the thumbs down treatment. This rugged individualist, as played by Henry Fonda, wants "to talk about" the case—and does. Performances are at top level with Henry Fonda as the quiet questioner who knocks out the belligerence of Lee J. Cobb, the chilling logic of E. G. Marshall, the biased illogic of Ed Begley, and the cocksure forecaines of Jack Warden, as leaders of the opposition. Blown up from a television play by its original author, Reginald Rose, the story moves from the smaller screen to the giant-size with no growing pains.

Prepared by the master chef, Vittorio de Sica, *The Gold of Naples* is an Italian feast in four courses. The first, *The Rocketeer*, stars Totò as a rail street mountebank who has had his casa commandeered by an overbearing gangster, who moved in when his wife passed out. How the mouse outs the monster makes an appetizing antipasto. In the second, *Pizzas for Sale*, Sophia Loren fills the role and her low-necked blouse to perfection as a pizza pusher's wife who puts out tastier merchandise than her spouse's pies. When the cuckolded clerk discovers that she has lost the family jewel, an emerald ring, the two of them canvass all customers who have bought their wares. They find the ring, but the husband also discovers he's sharing his *signora* with *madri signori*. The third is *The Gambler*, in which de Sica himself plays a no-count nobleman, whose lira-pinching wife will no longer provide the ante for his daily gambles, and who is forced to cut the cards with his doorman's child. Although a reluctant opponent, the neppet manages to deal one more dishonor on the poor count's battered ego. The wind-up is *Theresa* in which Silvana Mangano is a prostitute whom a guilt-ridden man marries to punish himself for the suicide of a rejected girlfriend. All are rich slices of life highly seasoned with spice and pungent characterizations.

*We Are All Murderers* is grimly compelling, a fiercely partisan polemic in pictures which utilizes superb acting, direction and photography to build a damning denunciation of capital punishment. You may recall the work of this film's writer-director, André Cayatte, from his filmic exploration of the jury system in *Justice Is Done*. If so, you'll recognize his penchant for the slow build, the intricate assembling of seemingly disconnected episodes—each in itself a small masterpiece—until,

gradually, form and meaning and direction emerge as the film's elements are blended into a whole which is more than the sum of its parts. So it is with this picture: it starts out like a well-turned thriller, but by its conclusion it has become a major social document.

Overshadowing the dozens of characters, plots and sub-plots is the story of René Le Guen, brilliantly played by Marcel Mouloudji. René is a slum product, a violent and dim-witted hood whose homicidal proclivities make him something of a Resistance hero. But the death he metes out in war becomes murder in peacetime and he's condemned to die. He shares a death cell with three other killers and we share his agony and theirs as they are led off, one by one, to be executed. Yet the theme behind the stories—that capital punishment is criminal and that society as a whole must bear responsibility for the breeding of crime—dominates the entire film, just as the prison sequences, with their relentless portrayal of feralish crutches (intentional and unwitting) dominate the action. *Murders* is hardly entertainment; it is important cinema, suspenseful, powerful, thought provoking. Shun it on a gloomy day.

## BOOKS

Latest recruit to the ranks of his run sociologists who come to the U.S. for a visit and then fire a blistering broadside from the safety of home, is Eric John Dingwall, a Britisher, who takes on as his formidable target none other than *The American Woman* (Rinehart, \$4.50). No gentleman, he. The denigration is total. Wylie's blast at Mom was a love pat by comparison. Furthermore, this withering portrait in depth is documented to a devastating nicety; Dingwall supports all his conclusions by quoting American sources—books, pamphlets, learned journals, the daily press and magazines. Main focus of the book is the upper and middle income woman. Main thesis: the American woman of today is a victim of the old Puritan theocracy, which has left her a special legacy of sexual frustration, "a bitter and poisonous fruit," in the author's unimaxed words. Our women, he says, having gained the dominant role in present-day society, are nevertheless "profoundly dissatisfied, frustrated, resentful and neurotic." The conflict within their souls is "primarily sexual." For that matter, the author says all of us, women and men alike, are sex obsessed. Well, so is he, come to think of it—that's what makes his book so much fun to read on such subjects as dating, petting, courtship, perfumes, breasts,

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bottoms, sex as a profession, the female orgasm and all like that there. And who do you think will be the biggest audience for this blast? American women, naturally. Maybe, among their other sexual aberrations is enjoyment of a thorough touncing.

If nothing else, *The Short Reign of Pippin IV* (Viking, \$5) provides a showcase for John Steinbeck in a new role: scintillating and satirical, using his literary scalpel on the intricate absurdities of the French political system. He has evolved a present-day French Revolution in reverse in which a distant descendant of Charlemagne, now a middle-aged astronomer, reluctantly assumes the role of King when French politics reach an impasse. During a short-lived prosperity, the unhappy aristocrat finds himself a figurehead surrounded by self-seeking hangers-on. Known as Pippin IV, the mild-mannered King yearns for the good old days when he could find peace by communing with the stars. He is continually prodded into his regal duties by his uncle, a shrewdly fraudulent art-dealer, who uses his relationship to palm off some worthless paintings. Pippin eventually quits the deal by taking his job as King seriously, by instituting a series of reforms which horrify the politicians and result in his being run out of Paris sans crown. "You've been deposed," the uncle announces tearfully, "and the government's squabbling again just like in the old days." So it is back to his home and beloved telescope for Pippin, comforted by the knowledge that France had already forgotten her King. The French might not like such a jaundiced view of their political scene, but we think the novel will find an eager audience here. It is shrewdly attuned to the times.

Eric C. Hiscock and his wife, Susan, are among that small and intrepid breed whose idea of kicks is to cross oceans in cockleshells. In their case, there's an added motive; this is how they earn their daily bread—and nice work if you can get it and if you can take it. They sail, they photograph, they write and illustrate books and articles about their voyages, and from the revenue they stake themselves to another trip. *Around the World in Wanderer III* (Oxford, \$6) tells how they did the circumnavigation bit in somewhat less style but with a lot more fun than Magellan. *Wanderer* is a husky 30-foot sloop (or so the author says; she looks more like a cutter to us) and the doughty couple, with no additional crew, took her from the Isle of Wight to the Isle of Wight the hard way in just under three years. The chronicle of the cruise isn't too exciting—British understatement makes tea ashore and a hurricane off Fiji about equally

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thrilling—but it has great charm and plenty allure for the shore-bound or occasional sailor who likes to read his daydreams ready made.

## DINING-DRINKING

You may have to crib a few directions to find Frankie Bradley's cookshop in Philadelphia (1329 Chancellor St.), but it's well worth the trek through a maze of midtown sidestreets to his door. Frankie's hideaway is microscopic, but his drinks and show are served up in man-sized portions. It's an intimate eatery, with an autographed collection of photos covering the tan leather walls—honest leather and honest autographs—and a favorite hangout for show people and other convivial folk playing in town. If the talk is good, Frankie may close the doors and make a party of it—the drinks then being on him—all through the night. A stimulating sample of his cookery is his own Pot Roast Brisket of Beef, made like so: dump the beef in a big pot, add half-a-glass of water and turn the fire to about 150 degrees. Allow fat around meat to brown slowly; add half clove of garlic, two large carrots, two outside pieces of celery, two big onions, a couple of bay leaves and a fistful of dill. Let simmer one hour, then toss in one Number 2½ can of red pack tomatoes. Keep pot covered with just a wisp of air space at one side, allow to cook one hour more, or until a fork pulls the meat away from the brisket. Attack with several bottles of Bass Ale. Frankie opens shop at noon (Sundays at three P.M.) until three the following morning.

## THEATRE

*The Tunnel of Love*, a popular victory at the Royale, 242 W. 45th, is a fine, light inspection of suburban sex life in the fashionable village of Westport, Conn. But all too soon it dwindles into a one-track joke at the expense of Tom Ewell and Nancy Olson, a happily married couple whose pregnant problem is getting Nancy pregnant. When her temperature is up, his energy is down, and the waiting lists at adoption services stretch out endlessly before them. Spurred on by a philandering neighbor, Ewell takes a firing with the investigator of one of the better baby bazaars (why is it better? Because it's located "right between Smith and Yale") and our boy becomes a papa. A final wringing of the plot finds Ewell adopting his own illegitimate offspring and waiting ner-

vously for his wife to discover that Baby has Daddy's deep brown eyes. It all works out happily, though, with billions of laughs and untold variations on the mating habits of *Westporticus Americanus*, or horny bed-hoppers. Swiftly paced with smile-a-minute dialogue, *Tunnel*, based on Peter DeVries' witty best-seller, would nevertheless be just another hole in the ground without Tom Ewell, the wry-faced, collapsible comedian who saves sex from a fate worse than boredom.

The new show at the Winter Garden, 1634 Broadway, came in with an advance sale of over \$500,000 and the promise of a good run, but better forget that it is labeled *Ziegfeld Follies*. Take away the Great Zieggy's signature and call the revue what it is: an expensive, good-looking misch-mash that stars Beatrice Lillie and has trouble passing the time when she is changing costumes. At times like this Billy De Wolfe, Harold Lang, Helen Wood and assorted youngsters take over agreeably enough, considering the sad state of their material. This *Follies* fails to conjure up a really clever sketch or a sock song number worthy of its great tradition. Even the girls (and there seem to be a hundred of them) would have trouble matching the late Ziegfeld's meticulous standards. However, they will do in a pinch, as the saying goes, and Bea Lillie is still the funniest woman alive today.

Playwright Arnold Schulman comes up with flashes of good reportorial writing and an occasional whiff of genuine pathos in *A Hole In The Head*, at the Plymouth, 256 W. 45th. Otherwise, the play is stuck with one of those lovable, irresponsible lummoxes who so often can be boring to friends and audiences alike. Fortunately for the author and for director Garson Kanin, they have Paul Douglas to play the bankrupt owner of a small Miami Beach hotel. Douglas is blessed with a precocious young son, a resident girlfriend, a deskful of unpaid bills, and a brother and sister-in-law who fly down from New York to rescue their nephew from his incorrigible father. Douglas manages to rescue this character from blithering foolishness by giving another of his roughneck, good-guy impersonations, and Lee Grant is of great help as a pathetic widow in search of companionship. Bulwarks of the production, however, are David Burns and Kay Medford, whose comedy is as low and fond as a vaudeville classic; when they walk on stage, you know the theatre is in the hands of professionals.



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**D**ELIGHTFUL DILEMMA: where to spend the vacation. Our advice: whatever you plan, plan ahead. Be it a round-the-world cruise or hopping about the domestic heath in your car, get your reservations in advance. All sources are predicting the biggest travel season yet, come this summer and early fall, so prepare to face disappointment if you're thinking of just tooling around and lighting down as whim dictates. This applies not only to the advance reserving of foreign and domestic transportation and car rental, but especially to nailing down your nesting place at the better hostels both here and abroad. Thus warned, sample the ensuing vacations and take your pick.

If you're torn between the cozy fun of a posh resort and the glamorous hubbub of a trip abroad, why not settle for both—all for the cost of an ocean voyage? These packaged, double-deck vacation values come in assorted shapes and sizes, from two days to 100 or more, at prices that level off to around \$20 per day, excluding the dough you drop at ports of call.

Best of all are the round-the-world floating fiestas of American President Lines. In 100 days, at \$2880 up, you'll cruise the Caribbean, through the Panama Canal to the West Coast, across the Pacific to Hawaii, Japan, Hong Kong and India, then home through the Red Sea and Mediterranean, with time for fun ashore at 18 ports. Of course, you can go around the world from the West Coast via Australia and England for as little as \$882 on the Orient Line, but with fewer calls.

Pacific cruises less painful for the pocket include the Matson round trip to Hawaii in 10 days, glorious with orchid leis, hula lessons, and ship-style luaus, at \$260; and there's also a 42-day Matson run from the West Coast to Australia and New Zealand and back with calls at off-trail Papeete, Suva and Samoa, for \$1035 up. Or do the American President Pacific round trip—42 days from the West Coast to Honolulu, Yokohama, Manila, Hong Kong and back, \$1147. Most fashionable of all, with a limited passenger list, is a 48-day yacht cruise via Harvey Line to the South Seas from Los Angeles for \$2495.

Best Mediterranean cruises are the nine-port runs of American Export, or Italian Lines if you want foreign flavor from the start; 36- and 45-day round trips from New York at \$620 and \$960 up, with time between ports for swim-

ming, dancing and elbow bending, and stopovers at crazy joints like Barcelona, Beirut, Alexandria, Piraeus and Venice to show to the blonde in Cabin 134.

Simplest and nearest to home of all foreign-flavored cruises are the overnight runs from Miami to Havana, at \$38 up including dinner, breakfast and state-room round-trip. But there's no limit really to your choices in the Caribbean. We particularly like the six- and eight-day cruises of Intra Nassau Line from New York to Nassau and Havana at around \$150, and the \$290 United Fruit Co. run out of New York to Cuba, Guatemala and Honduras in 12 days.

Best of all Caribbean cruises, by far, is the freighter run via Aloca from Montreal: a five-to-six-week round trip at \$395, with calls at up to 15 of the lovely, less-known little islands like St. Kitts or Grenada. Stop over on this one at Trinidad for two weeks and catch an Aloca ore ship for \$125 and head up twisting rivers in the Dutch Guiana jungles echoing to the sound of Djaka drums. Or, if you're lucky, you might catch a Booth Line ship at Trinidad for a \$100 cruise up the Amazon, 1000 miles into the jungle-dark, underexplored hinterlands of Brazil.

Mind you, there's no need to go traipsing off to Brazil for sunning on the afterdeck and snoozing on the boat deck under brilliant marine skies. For foreign flavor close to home, there's the six-day, \$139.50 St. Lawrence River cruise from Montreal to Quebec and up the high-bluffed Saguenay on Canada S.S. Lines. Other cruises in domestic waters: seven days on the Great Lakes, from Detroit and elsewhere at \$149.50 up; five-day shanty-boat cruises in the alligator-infested, bird-haunted Everglades at \$86; six-day sailing-ship cruises for leisurely swimming, lobstering and fun in blue-jeaned ease along the Maine coast at \$80 to \$90.

Best of the coastwise cruises close to home are the six-day, \$120 Pan Atlantic runs from Baltimore to Miami or Tampa, then on to New Orleans on the Waterman Line.

There are approximately 12,763 wonderful ship runs and cruises we have not been able to mention here. But this is a fair start. So up anchor, wheel to starboard, engines full ahead.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

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PLAYBOY



# MASTER of the REVELS

*he schooled his starlets in the arts of love*

OTTO FREUND came to Hollywood in 1938.

The hard way.

He crossed the German border at night carrying one suitcase.

It contained two woolen suits that an English tailor made for him in 1936, five silk shirts, three silk ties, a half-dozen pairs of socks, two pairs of English shoes, his father's straight razor and two rolled-up Cezannes.

He left behind him one wife, one great Dane and the prints of 10 motion pictures that had made him a reputation and a fortune.

In 1938, Otto Freund's trip across the German border was inevitable. He had been one of the Giants of the German motion picture industry. At UFA he had been a little tin god, a Teutonic Cecil B. de Mille. His grandfather, unfortunately, had had the bad taste to fall in love with a chubby frankin in Leipzig in 1867 who had just the slightest trace of Jewish blood in her veins. In Hitler's Germany in 1938 those few drops of 1867 non-Aryan blood were enough to send Otto Freund across the German border with one suitcase.

The Cezannes went for a good price in Paris and supported him through the summer of '38. The market value of German geniuses was very low in France that year no matter how much non-Aryan blood flowed through the veins of how many ancestors. Otto Freund spent the last of the Cezanne money in London. He had two suits made for him by a Bond Street tailor. Three pairs of boots and a dozen silk shirts left him with enough for a first-class ticket on the Queen Mary and enough for a taxi ride to the Plaza. He had no doubt that something would turn up in New York. In the past when he'd been in New York he'd been lionized by the intellectuals and had turned down offer after offer to direct Broadway plays. He had been unavailable because of film commitments. Now he was making himself available.

There were no takers.

A former colleague of his at UFA who was now in the Advertising Department of General Motors picked up his hotel bill and staked him to a coach ticket to the coast, for old time's sake.

Hollywood was unsuspecting. Otto Freund was just another unemployed fugitive from Adolf Hitler. For a while he existed by allowing



ILLUSTRATION BY DONALD SCHWEIKERT

Many years before he'd picked her out of an extra call to share his bed in Berlin. He'd made her a star in a heavy-handed, filmed-through-chesecloth epic about Frederick the Great and had her snatched away from him by Hollywood. He remembered that it had been with a certain sense of relief. She may have been the world's most glamorous woman on the screen but in his bed she was becoming something of a bore.

"You look wonderful, Lili. Wonderful."

"And you, Meister. You too. Wonderful."

"Fifteen years," he said.

"Sixteen. Come," she said, "we will talk. Come home with me."

He made a couple of feeble excuses but found himself sharing the back seat of a Cadillac with her. They drove down the Sunset Strip and turned north on Rodeo Drive. The car pulled up to a Moorish castle with iron gates. It was impeccably white stucco. It wasn't peeling. He followed her into the house, she mixed them two drinks from the bar in the corner of the pale gray living room and disappeared into the kitchen.

"First I get us something to nibble on. Then I make lunch and then we have a nice long talk."

"You make lunch, Lili?"

"I make lunch. Didn't I cook for you, Otto, in Berlin? Didn't I cook?"

"Who had time to eat, Lili?"

Lili came out of the kitchen with a tray of hors d'oeuvres. She put them on the oversized coffee table in front of the oversized couch.

"These are left over from the party I had last night, Meister. Such a party. Two hundred people. Some of them I even knew."

"It is so good to see you again, Lili."

"And you. Now tell me. Sit, eat and tell me. What are you doing in Hollywood and why didn't you call me?"

"I am in Hollywood," said Otto, "because Mr. Hitler is in Berlin."

"That pig."

"I am in Hollywood because the only thing I know how to do is to make moving pictures. I am looking for a job, Lili."

"And Anna?"

"I had to leave her. I had to leave suddenly. I was told that the Gestapo was to pick me up and I had to leave. With one suitcase I had to leave. At night."

"Terrible."

"Terrible. With one suitcase. And so . . . Lili . . . here we are, 16 years later."

He took her hand and held it gently. With the other, he continued eating.

"You have grown thin, Meister."

"It is not a time to be fat, Lili. And you have grown lovelier. I have seen

you in the pictures. You are beautiful and successful, Lili. My little Lili. My little Berlin Lili."

"Pictures! Drek! I am ashamed, Meister, you should have seen me in such drök."

"Drek has made you a very famous woman. A star."

"You made me a star."

"It was a good picture, Lili. Remember the opening in Berlin? Remember the crowds? The interviews? You were a Queen and I was your Prince Consort."

"A puppet and you were the Meister."

He put down the piece of smoked salmon on the slice of toast and put his arm around her.

"Lili," he said, "My Berlin Lili."

He kissed her.

When he'd finished he picked up the piece of smoked salmon and resumed his meal.

"You could always cry, Lili," he said. He reached for his handkerchief and stopped. He remembered how dirty it was. Instead he handed her one of the cocktail napkins on the tray. Lili wiped her eyes and brushed away the streak of mascara that had run in one corner of her face.

"You could always cry, Lili."

"Cry I could always do. And eat you could always do."

"They're very good," he said, reaching for a slab of sturgeon on Ry-Krisp.

Lili went into the kitchen and came back with a coffee beaker and two cups. She poured.

"Now we eat and we sit and look at each other and say nothing. Later we talk. Tonight you stay for dinner. I will make for you, Otto, sauerbraten like you have not had since Berlin."

"Berlin," he said, "Berlin."

"Meister," she said and took his hand. The non-eating one. "Meister. Tonight it will be like it was. Sauerbraten."

That night it was like it was, Sauerbraten. Memories. Tears. And the odor halfway between perspiration and perfume. Oddly enough it made Otto Freund homesick for his fat Anna and his great Dane. They talked far into the night, huddled together in the outside bed with the silk monogrammed sheets.

The next morning Lili sent the chauffeur to the rooming house with the peeling white stucco walls to pick up his one suitcase. For six months they worked together at night on a script that slowly but surely became the same script about the same Frederick the Great that had been their first great triumph together.

"This picture will be my monument," said Otto. "I was foolish. I never saved any of the money. I never bought any annuities. This picture will be my an-

nity."

Lili overrode her agent's objections, mortgaged the house and formed an independent company to produce the picture.

Otto was lionized all over again. He was invited to the best parties, Lili let him have a Jaguar and he was allowed to sign tabs at Romanoffs.

But right from the beginning the picture went badly. Otto didn't know about the forced democracy of the labor unions in Hollywood. He treated the grips and the juicers the way he had always treated them, as employees instead of like brothers, and by the third day he was cordially hated. "High-hatted bastard," was the kindest word anyone on the sound stage had for him. By the fifth day, Lili was no longer talking to him. He still slept in the spare bedroom over the garage in her Rodeo Drive house but his meals were prepared by the Irish cook instead of Lili. They finished the picture four weeks behind schedule and Lili locked him out of the projection room while she cut the picture herself.

They held the sneak preview in Westwood on a rainy Tuesday night. It was a disaster. The audience whooped with laughter and 15 minutes after the picture started they were shouting wisecracks back at the screen. Otto left before it was over, packed his suitcase and left the Rodeo Drive house. He still had a couple of hundred dollars of Lili's spending money in his pocket. He also kept the Jaguar.

He moved into a rooming house near Vine Street and hung out his shingle: DR. OTTO FREUND SCHOOL OF DRAMA. He invested capital in business cards which he left in bars, drugstores and supermarkets in the Hollywood Boulevard area. To the world that exists west of the Strip he disappeared as completely and as surely as if he'd been sent to the salt mines of Siberia. But he survived the war years and even managed to start a small savings account. He called it his annuity fund.

Otto Freund was never happier in his life. His pupils respected and admired him and there were always one or two who were flattered that they could give "The Meister" something tangible in return for his understanding and inspiration. The Meister, in these specific cases, added another course to his curriculum. It was like the early days with Lili in Berlin before success and glamor spoiled it all. That, at least, is the way Otto thought of the Berlin days now. He forgot the boredom and remembered only the *gemütlichkeit* and passion.

With the end of the war, Otto Freund suddenly found himself out of business.

(continued on page 36)



# The Postal Peel of Peaches Page

pictorial BY GRAHAM FISHER

*british burlycue enjoys an assist from the mailman*

ONE REASON *Edittie* England is so meretricious is that the English have considerable respect for one another's personal lives and don't meddle much in the affairs of their friends and neighbors. This admirable attitude even penetrates the country's government offices, including, incredibly enough, her post office department. Unlike our own, which views itself as a sort of keeper of the public morals and critic of art and literature, the English postal department is apparently content with seeing to it that the mail is properly delivered through rain, sleet and all those other

natural phenomena that try to stay its couriers from the swift completion of their rounds. As a result of this daringly debonair *laissez-faire* laxity, a certain burgeoning Briton named Peaches Page (a stripper at London's famed Windmill) is using the mails to titillate the males — via a sort of remote-control, mail-order striptease which she employs to promote interest in her act. Thus, if you were an Englishman, you might receive a missive from Miss Peaches (saying, "I haven't seen much of you lately — have you seen much of me?") in an envelope decorated with a photo of the

lass decorously clothed. If you were moved to answer it, her next letter would bear on its envelope a rather bawrier photo of Miss P. Another postal give-and-take would discover her still more décolleté — and by the fourth epistolary exchange she'd be as bare as a skinned banana. The Englishmen involved seem to enjoy the missives. Peaches promotes her act and the British Post Office couldn't care less. We hope nobody will think we are merely punning when we say they strike us as being remarkably broad-minded.

A  
Letter  
from  
Peaches  
Page



What Britisher worth his pint of bitter wouldn't welcome a letter from such a charming miss?

A  
Letter  
from  
Peaches  
Page



Graham Fisher Esq.,  
52, Clarence Road,  
Lynnhurst,  
Norfolk.



And wouldn't he answer it—wouldn't you—to see what a further missive from Peaches might reveal?

A  
Letter  
from  
Peaches  
Page



Graham Fisher Esq.,  
52, Clarence Road,  
Lynnhurst,  
Norfolk.



Communiqué Number Three finds Peaches' natural good looks only slightly obscured by some drapery.

A  
Letter  
from  
Peaches  
Page



Graham Fisher Esq.,  
52, Clarence Road,  
Lynnhurst,  
Norfolk.



On the final envelope, Peaches seems ready for a game of cricket, though somewhat out of uniform.



*"Well, you might at least turn off your meter."*

SOME 10 YEARS AGO, when television was still just a gleam in David Sarnoff's eye, I predicted that there would one day be a program called *See It Now*. On my imaginary show, a girl would slither out in front of the cameras and, with raudacious deliberation, remove one glove. "Tune in again next week," the announcer would cry, "and watch her take off the other one." Thirty-nine weeks later, after the most tantalizing striptease in history, the girl would be down to panty and bra and the show would have a rating of 112. (The extra 12 would come from people who turned on two sets.) "Well, that's all for this season, folks," the announcer would scream. "Tune in again next fall when we return for Pepto-Visco."

As I say, that prediction was made 10 years ago and like a lot of predictions about television it proved hopelessly wrong. *See It Now* came along, all right, but it dealt with other matters—the farm problem, the Vice Presidency, Senator McCarthy—and not with girls and emphatically not with sex. Let's face it: sex, one of the greatest selling forces in every other phase of show business, has hardly made any dent at all in television. The first big star of television was Milton Berle (sex appeal). Another big star in those early days was Ollie Dragon, a puppet, and still another was Gorgeous George who did a comedy act billed as wrestling.

The big names since then have included Jackie Gleason, Phil Silvers and George Gobel, and it's safe to say that hardly any teenagers go to bed with their pictures under their pillows. Among the females, the biggest smash has been Martha Raye, who boasts little under-the-pillow appeal herself.

It may come as a great shock to the man on the street to hear that sex appeal, a highly marketable commodity on the screen, the stage, the burlesque houses, has made so little inroad in television that it looks almost like deliberate suppression.

The big female stars in radio were girls like Joan Davis and Judy Canova, who had about as much sex appeal as a Mack Sennett cop. The big male stars were people like Jack Benny, Fred Allen and Charlie McCarthy, who made the girls laugh, not pant. But then of course, radio was just a voice and the absence of sex appeal had some plausibility. But in television you can see the girls. And the boys, too. Why hasn't television produced any Cary Grants for the girls and Marilyn Monroes for the boys? Because it hasn't.

If you're still dubious about this proposition, just rifle through *TV Guide* any week and try to find an entertainer or a program which will arouse either sexual or romantic yearnings in your breast, no matter which sex you belong to. In the mornings, you'll find Garry Moore, a

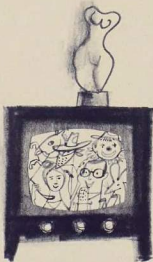
crewcutterd, perennially youthful veteran who with his gang dispenses jokes and parodies and slapstick (some of it very good). Dave Garroway, who exudes weather and philosophy and a sort of boneless charm, and Arthur Godfrey, who defies explanation.

Later in the day, you'll encounter Arlene Francis and her staff, who will teach you how to cook, how to plant a garden, how to plan a vacation in the Rockies, how to do everything *except* how to make love. Great hunks of daytime air are given over to programs which are a combination of grief and greed. In these programs—*Queen for a Day* is the most notable example—bedraggled housewives are swept to the stage where they recount their terrible troubles. The one with the most terrible troubles is loaded down with loot.

If you can't stand grief or Godfrey, you have your choice of shows like *Nancy's Kitchen*, *Art Linkletter's House Party* (a sort of stunt show), or *Bob Crosby* (variety). Of programs frankly selling either romance or sex appeal (except for soap opera, which I'll deal with later), you'll find nothing at all except old movies. Of course, there you'll be up to your necks in sex, but then we are not here concerned with the sweepings from other media but with what television does on its own.

Now as to nighttime TV, you have  
(continued on page 66)

it's like  
this  
with TV



murder and mirth  
are solid staples,  
but sex got  
the hex from the  
start

LITTLE LAND OF THE BIG WHEEL





article BY JOHN SACK

## *made in monaco: gambling, grace and the grimaldis*

NOBODY SEEMS to have mentioned that His Most Serene Highness Rainier III, the Prince of Monaco, Duke of Valentinois, Marquis of Baux, Sire of Matignon, Count of Thann, Baron of Buis, Seigneur of Saint-Rémy, etc., etc., and, of course, the husband of Miss Grace Patricia Kelly of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is the only absolute monarch in the western world. In this respect, he is comparable to the King of Saudi Arabia, the Imam of Yemen, the Kabaka of Buganda, the Dalai Lama of Tibet and, historically, to the Pharaoh of Egypt, the Tyrant of Athens, the Mikado of Japan, Ivan the Terrible, Neto and Nebuchadnezzar—an important consideration, I think, for any young lady of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, who is married to the fellow, but a consideration the newspapers, at any rate, have curiously let by.

Rainier III, as Prince of Monaco, has the unqualified power of life and death in his principality, and if, some drowsy afternoon, he steps outside of his gray-

and-pink, parapeted palace and slices the heads off 10 or a dozen bystanders, it couldn't be questioned that he acted within his rights, although, I suspect, a good deal of grousing would be heard afterwards. In fact, Rainier may lawfully decapitate not only the 21,000 Monegasques, his subjects, but, if they rile him sufficiently, his wife and daughter too, be they Monegasque, American or what-you-will. This disturbing fact was also overlooked by the newspapers and, until recently, by Rainier himself; then, in 1954, it was recalled to him by Father Francis Tucker of Wilmington, Delaware, the court chaplain, who seems to consider it very funny. "Hm," said Rainier, according to Father Tucker, and disappeared with a faraway look in his eyes, and shortly afterwards he married Miss Kelly. His feelings at the time, I assume, were nothing but the highest; yet a marriage to an absolute monarch is not to be entered upon lightly, and Miss Kelly, I would hope, certainly has bethought herself of the

possibilities during this past year.

For a century at least, the absolute monarchs of Monaco have not been happily married. The parents, grandparents and great-grandparents of Prince Rainier were divorced, one of them, Great-grandmother Mary, after being tortured by Great grandfather Albert I who, of course, was acting unquestionably within his rights. Great-grandmother Mary escaped to Italy, however, and, as she did so, kidnapped her son, Prince Louis II, and seeing how Rainier was kidnapped by his father, Prince Pierre, it ought to be recognized, I think, that many terrible things can happen in marriages to absolute monarchs which, by and large, do not happen among the peasantry. The sort of pitfall to be encountered in such unions was exemplified in 1757, when Miss Marie Catherine de Brignole-Sala was married to Honoré III, the then monarch. The marriage was solemnized by proxy; then Miss di Brignole-Sala sailed into Monaco to meet her prince, exactly as Miss Kelly, 200 years

later, on the S.S. Constitution sailed into Monaco to marry *hers*. Prince Honoré III in 1757, being an absolute monarch, stood in Monaco and waited for Miss di Brignole-Sala, but Miss di Brignole-Sala, being, as she explained, a niece of the Doge of Genoa who also was pretty absolute, stood on the ship and waited for Honoré; so there they stood, husband and wife, he on the shore, she on the ship, as twilight came to the quiet Mediterranean. In 1956, as the S.S. Constitution laid by, Rainier, too, stood on a yacht and awaited Miss Kelly. She, fortunately, isn't the niece of the Doge of Genoa but of Mr. Walter Kelly, "The Virginia Judge," a vaudeville comic; nothing so absolute in that, of course, and Miss Kelly hurried from the S.S. Constitution into the arms of Prince Rainier as tens of thousands cheered.

They attempted to kiss. I remember reading in the newspapers, but Oliver, her poodle, got in the way. Later, as the bappy couple left on their honeymoon, Oliver, the poodle, got in the way again, and Prince Rainier said, according to the newspapers, "Give the dog to the captain," and Miss Kelly did. Thus, another pitfall of the marriage. Oliver, was narrowly averted—but is it the last, especially? What if Miss Kelly, for example, has married an absolute monarch only to discover that he's an absolute nincompoop, too? Then, what? In 1660, Miss Charlotte Catherine de Gramont ran against this very predicament, and what she did, finally, was flee to another monarch, Louis XIV—a recourse which, of course, is no longer available to Miss Kelly. By all reports, including her own, Charlotte Catherine de Gramont had been the Grace Patricia Kelly of her century: "My teeth are dazzling," she said, "and my lips are crimson. There is something very captivating in my smile." By way of contrast, her husband, Prince Louis I of Monaco, was fat, clumsy and dreadfully obtuse; his nose was like "a trumpet," his lips were like "blubber" and he walked "like a porter, his legs far apart." On their wedding night, Louis, walking like a porter and wearing a nightcap, went to the royal bedchamber with Miss de Gramont, her maid-in-waiting, his valet, two pages, and, burgeoning in the pages' arms, a portable sarcophagus of relics, rosaries, images, crucets and cough drops. Having put the sarcophagus on the night-table and having sent the domestics off, he clambered into bed with Miss de Gramont. She, certainly no virgin, was beginning to have second thoughts about the whole marriage, but, coyly hoping to make the best of it, she blew the candles out. "Madame!" said Louis. "What does that mean?"

"I don't know, monsieur."

"Shall I call somebody to light them again?" Good grief, how stupid can a fellow be?

"That is not necessary, monsieur."

Here, however, I shall break off, despite the precedent of our historical novels and visit the newlyweds at seven the next morning, when we discover Louis in bed, asleep, and Miss de Gramont in the adjoining room, the maid's room, weeping hysterically. Anot, she returned to the bridal chamber and waited for Prince Louis to wake up. "Corbleu!" he said when he did, "so, madame, now you're my wife; and make no mistake, it's a great honor for you." Really, that was too much, and Miss de Gramont gave Louis a piece of her mind—a reckless thing, for Louis, as absolute monarch of Monaco, had an unquestionable right to decapitate her. Amiably, he didn't, but Miss de Gramont was foresighted enough to hurry to Versailles, the court of Louis XIV. "How I've laughed, and many others with me," she wrote, "the king amongst them!"—for Miss de Gramont did a book about it, which is how I found out. Prince Louis, she reminisces, got a list of her boy-friends and hanged them in effigy, which, too, was unquestionably within his rights, and "half of the men here, at court, are decorating the highways of Monaco. Oh, how I've laughed!" At present, Miss Kelly has not yet written about her sexual life, but her mother, Mrs. Margaret Kelly, *has*— "My daughter Grace, Her Life and Romances," it was called and was serialized in many dozens of newspapers. It was an inauspicious idea, Mrs. Kelly, and I certainly hope that none of your daughter's friends are hanged, in effigy or otherwise.

Miss Kelly and Prince Rainier III had not been married yet, when I was visiting Monaco, nor, indeed, had he popped the question. His Most Serene Highness was sowing his wild oats, I learned, principally at a hideaway on Cap Ferrat and, an adamant bachelor, was doing it with married women who, he knew, wouldn't be trying to marry him. Nevertheless, the names of Marilyn Monroe, Gisele Pascal, Princess Margaret, Princess Alexandra and a certain Miss Jo Ann Stork of Champaign, Illinois had been advanced, and Miss Kelly herself was being advocated by Father Tucker, Art Buchwald and other influential parties. I, contemplating a break in the situation just at hand, prudently tried to discover just what sort of an absolute monarch this Rainier was and, accordingly, what sort of an existence his theretofore undetermined wife was in for. What I learned was heartening, indeed. Rainier, for one, had never decapitated anybody, nor had he tortured, kidnapped or hanged anybody in the

flesh—or in effigy; at worst, he had fired his secretary of state and exiled his sister, Princess Antoinette, but both were enjoying the best of health. Furthermore, he certainly wasn't a nincompoop, having been educated at Summerfields and Stowe, in England; at Rosey, in Switzerland; and at Montpellier and Paris, in France. He knew English, French, Italian and Spanish; he made a tidy \$200,000 a year; he possessed a very presentable, gray-and-pink palace in Monaco, a hideaway on Cap Ferrat, an apartment in Paris, a squadron of royal yachts—Deo Juvante II, Physalie IV and Raiatea—and no fewer than four automobiles, with license plates *me 1, me 2, me 3 and me 4*—factors, I decided, that are surely conducive to a happy marriage. Then, having learned all this about Rainier the monarch and wishing to learn about Rainier the man, I went, naturally, to the General Commissariat of Tourism and Information. There, M. Gabriele Olivier, the commissary, after greeting me affectionately, went to his filing cabinet and withdrew a big manila envelope inscribed "prince" and, having given this to his secretary and having told her to acquaint me with its contents, he himself withdrew. She, the secretary, began to translate the insides of the manila envelope. "Hees Highness, ze Prince Rainier III, Prince of Monaco," she began, as I scribbled furiously, "ees 75 kilos een gravity and measures a meter 75. He es robust and . . . ooh, de belle prestance." She threw out her arms expansively.

"Good-looking?" I said.

"Oui, de belle prestance. Everybody who has approached Hees Highness says, 'He es charming.' He es un bon camarade."

"A good fellow."

"A good fellow," said the secretary. "He es passionaté for ze books nautical, for ze premitives, and for ze moose, for ze horizons vast, ze silence, and for ze solitude of ze deepness. Ze soul of Hees Most Serene Highness has expressed eerself een delicate and captivating poems. Hees body vigorous has found a relaxation eendispensable een sport, of weech he encourages ze manifestations. He practices ze tennis, ze golf, ze yachting, ze swimming, ze ski, ze nautical ski, and ze sub-marine."

"The skin-diving," I said.

"Oui, ze sub-marine. Ze most profound depth to weech Hees Most Serene Highness has plunged ees 45 meters. He recalls heemself, een Soomerfields, zat he was champion of ze boxing of ze category. Ze Prince Rainier of Monaco es exempt of egoism; on ze contrary, he has ze altruism and he heemself has helped ze humans of whom suffering ees ze lot. Ze prince es presi-

(continued on page 58)

## cartoonist silverstein takes a sentimental journey

**S**CHICKLESS SHEL SILVERSTEIN, the brilliant, bearded cartoonist whose work appears regularly in *PLAYBOY*, served most of a two year army hitch with the staff of the *Pacific Stars and Stripes*, bringing a bit of satirical sunlight into the dark days of the Korean occupation. The indigestion that followed the GI's bouts with army chow was alleviated to some extent when they'd open the pages of *S&S* and see a Silverstein mess sergeant admonishing his underlings with, "OK, who's been sneaking meat into the hamburger?" And every joe who ever received a dressing-

down from the military police could chuckle sardonically over the drawing in which one surly MP whispered to another, "Pat . . . Merry Christmas!" Shel has confessed that the enthusiastic reception given his cartoons by fellow GIs was the second nicest experience of his life. The first was being stationed in Japan.

Sitting in front of his drawing board in our offices, Shel has often leaned back in his chair and reminisced about the Land of the Rising Sun. "In Japan, it's different," he has said on more than one occasion, never bothering to define

it. "You're treated like a very special fellow in Japan—especially by the women. The country really looks like those old Japanese prints. I love the place. I love everything about it—the people, the culture, the way it looks, the way it sounds, the way it smells. I'm going to go back some day."

Shel Silverstein has done just that, as the first stop in a trip around the world for *PLAYBOY*. He took his sketchbook with him, at our suggestion, and we received these impressions of a revisited Tokyo just a few days before this issue went to press.

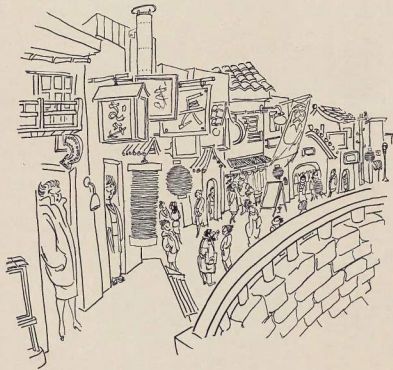


## RETURN TO TOKYO

"By God, the Orient!"



SILVERSTEIN *continued*





"Look at yourself...out of uniform...no shave...no tie...no pass...no..."

"American girls don't understand me..."



"But, Martha, where would we put it?"



SILVERSTEIN *continued*



"Tell me, Mr. Silverstein—is it true what they say about American women?"



"Contrary to popular Western beliefs, the Geisha girl confines her entertainment to singing, dancing, playing a musical instrument..."



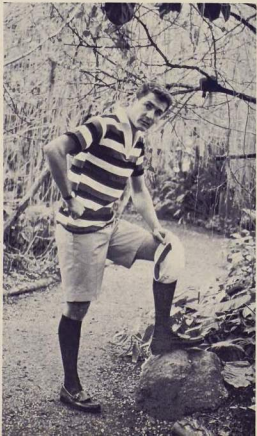


PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD LITWIN

**THE BIG GETAWAY** *what to take for summer take-offs*



At left: the glen plaid for going — a suit that gets you there looking just as crisp and fresh as when you left. The jacket alone, coupled with a pair of dark slacks, fills in as an extra sports outfit. The suit is by Gordon of Philadelphia, in wrinkle-free dacron and cotton, about \$45. The coat by London Fog, about \$30. The hat by Lee. Below: early starters, a natural combination for a great day in the morning — easy-going work shorts with a rugged knit pull-over that can take you anywhere on your enchanted isle. The dacron and cotton work shorts are by Corbin, about \$13.50. The brazen striped shirt by Dee Sportswear. The white cap by Elis. The moccasins by Taylor-Made. Right: plenty of local color — a three-button blazer jacket that's weightless for warmer climes, in good form anywhere. The jacket, by Palm Beach, about \$35. The slacks, likewise lightweight, by Corbin, about \$15. Both are done up in travelwise dacron and cotton.



FACE IT, MAN, you've had it. How long has it been since you had a few days off? Not just one of those overnight jumps or weekend flings, but a real honest-to-spa vacation, the full treatment — travel agents doing nip-ups, airlines hopping, railroads humping, liners leaping, new clothes, new luggage, new landscapes and new liaisons looming beyond the horizon.

Don't fake it, you need a change. Everybody does around this time of year when every joke is stale, every drink flat, every crack a cliché and every job a treadmill. Don't just stand there, do something. Hock your soul, sell the family jewels, mortgage the old homestead, con your grandmother, do anything short of embezzlement, but get with it. If this sounds like the Mephistopheles bit from *Fant*, that's exactly its intention. Perhaps you don't need any more prompting than a chance glance at a travel poster or quick look at a timetable to set you off. Regardless of what it takes, you've got to go.

If, as they say, getting there is half the fun, then what you wear counts for a large portion of the total kicks, too. And it doesn't matter where your ticket takes you: certain basics are right regardless of geography. A gentleman wouldn't make a move without at least one full-fledged suit. We recommend a patterned one. A glen plaid, for instance, or a small check, or hairline stripe to travel



Above: for nonporeil night excursions — the single-breasted dark suit that noticeably shortens the distance between a gentleman and the best-looking miss in the room. The suit is a pin-striped midnight blue woven of dacron and wool, shape-retaining no matter how warm the going gets, by Norman Hilton, about \$85.

in and for general wear when you get there. These should be in colors that take well to travel: medium grays, dark naturals, khaki tones are all recommended. If you have room, two suits might go along, one of which should definitely be dark. An extra pair of slacks, preferably solid color to couple with the suit jacket and with a separate sports jacket, adds up to maximum mileage from a minimum of pieces. For vacations we feel that jackets can live it up a little, especially in color. Indian madras looks good with its bright but off-register, off-beat colors, and the solid-

colored liners, such as bright navy blue or dark green, have an easy elegance. A silk jacket is a fine idea; it's practically a year-round item and there's lots of news in the nubby weaves and bright colors. However, notwithstanding the wide spectrum, the darker-colored naturals still look best. Well-cut walking shorts should also be included, except, of course, if you're planning a jaunt to either pole. You might even want to consider an extra pair in one of the deep-toned stripes, say in dark blue and wine. Mate these with a couple of distinguished sports shirts; one, a

knitted pull-over and the other a long-sleeved cotton, silk or mixture to take care of the pre-prandial hours. For later on in the day we submit the dark suit, and nominate blue as the color that mows down competition and sweeps the cream of the quail into your camp. Brown is also a good color to stack up with a sun tan, particularly the tones that take their cue from tobacco. Slightly less formal than black, these browns are the perfect choice for, say, a luncheon date or for all afternoon engagements from a bullfight to a bistro.

Two pairs of shoes are minimum: regulation dress and moccasins or loafers. Hats are optional, but no man is really well-dressed for semi-formal occasions without one, no matter how warm the weather. Small-brimmed caps in cotton are excellent for sport or casual wear. Additional gear you tote can be guided by your luggage space, your packing skills and your itinerary. These along with underwear, socks, ties, sleeping fare and toilet articles should turn you out nicely for any social function less elaborate than a Hunt Ball, which is pretty rare at most retreats.

Anywhere or any way you go, it's much better to go light. Naturally the region that you choose to bless with your presence dictates the plot for packing, and if there's any doubt how to get the stuff into the carpetbag, check page 50 of this issue. And if you're wondering where to wander (see International Datebook, p. 14), you have only to indicate the slightest interest in any place from Hobe Sound to Hong Kong and the wheels of tourism start to roll. Every country has a travel bureau, every chamber of commerce has plans for you and every travel agent is a walkie-talkie Rand McNally.

One final word of cautionary advice from us—seasoned travelers that we are. It has to do with the fact that just as there are regional differences in idiom and scenery in various parts of the vacation world, so there are distinct modes of dress. The man who shows up in a tuxedo at Saturday night dinner in a hotel where it's the custom to dine informally, feels as conspicuously misfit as the guy who commits the opposite fox pass by not dressing at some continental joint where evening wear at dinner is *de rigueur*. There aren't many of those left—none in this country that we know of—but there are for sure local customs in costume. And local stores that know it. So save space in your luggage for talking home vacation-time purchases and take your cue on what to buy from the smart repeat customers you spot on your first day in the new locale. Oh, yes—one more adjuration: have fun!



*"Where the hell were you when I was down here skindiving?"*

## Master of the Revels (continued from page 18)

There was no sudden or dramatic reason for it particularly, except, perhaps that new methods, new techniques, new standards suddenly made him seem old-fashioned, schmalzy and slightly ridiculous. Whatever the reason Otto suddenly found himself down to one pupil, and a non-paying pupil, at that—meaning that even though she had no money, she paid her way, after a fashion. Her name was Helen Bradcliff. She was the daughter of a Pennsylvania mill hand. She had entered her first beauty contest at 16. By the fall of 1947 she had become a necessity to him, and he grew frantic when he noticed signs of restlessness. One night over a dinner of sauerbraten (Lili's recipe) and beer (domestic and cheap) they had their first and last argument.

"Meister," she said.

"Yes, my dear?"

"I want to go out dancing. To Ciro's or the Mocambo. I want to see some of the famous people you're always talking about."

"In time, my dear."

"That's what you always say."

"Helen, my dear. I have explained it all to you."

"Explain it again."

Otto put down the glass of beer and talked in his most gentle, persuasive voice.

"You are not ready to be shown to Hollywood, my dear. We have worked very hard but our masterpiece is not yet ready to be unveiled. It is as if Cezanne were to hang an unfinished canvas at the Louvre. We will work harder and when we both feel you are ready you will explode on Hollywood like a . . ."

"Bomb. That's what I'll be. A bomb."

"You will be an *aurora borealis*."

"A great big fat bomb, I'm sick of the smell of sauerbraten and cabbage. I'm sick of your always promising me I'm going to be a star. When, for god's sake? I'm sick of your always talking to me about the famous people you know and are going to introduce me to. When, for god's sake? All I ever meet is the fat old slob of a landlady. All I ever do is lie on my back while you paw me and tell me how great I'm going to be. When, for god's sake? Meister! Meister, my ass!"

There was silence in the room. Otto got up slowly and poured himself another glass of beer. When he returned to the table Helen didn't look at him. He drank his beer slowly.

"You want to go dancing?" he asked.

"You want to go to night clubs? You want to meet famous people?"

"Is that so terrible?"

"No," he said. "No. It is not so ter-

rible. But it is not enough. You sell yourself too cheaply. I ask only a little patience, a little faith, a little belief in me and I will make you a star. A great star. A star that can act. Not the belly-tossers and the behind-wigglers they call stars now but a great star. Like Lili."

"Lili. She doesn't toss her belly or wiggle her behind, I suppose?"

"Now she does. In the *ereh* they call pictures now she does. In my picture, *Frederick the Great*, she was a star. A real star. You should see that picture. *Mis Whole Milk*. You should go to the Museum of Modern Art in New York City and see that picture and learn what motion pictures can be. You should be humble and grateful that you have been chosen for the opportunity I offer you."

"Opportunity for what? To let you paw me and tell me how it was in Berlin? What the hell do I care about Berlin? Or you? Or your lousy sauerbraten and your beer? You're too tight. I'm selling myself cheap, for sauerbraten and beer and acting lessons. Acting lessons, for god's sake . . ."

He touched her arm with his hand and talked quietly.

"Helen, my dear. Helen, Liebchen, listen to me."

She pulled her arm away.

"Listen to you? You phony. You teach acting like nobody ever invented talkies. 'Show sadness . . . show tragedy . . . feel pathetic.' Good god! You think I stick around because you're so good in the acting department? Or any other department? I stuck around because you were a meal ticket and I didn't know any better. Now I know better. You disgusting fat, old man. You don't know how I used to laugh at you behind your back. God, you should know!"

"Get out."

That was all he said.

"Thanks for the invitation. Thanks a lot. Thanks a whole, fat lot. You bet I'll get out. You bet I will. You big, fat has-been."

She slammed the door behind her and Otto sat at the table fingering his glass of beer.

He buried his head in his hands on the table.

"Hansi," he cried. "Hansi. Hansi."

Hansi was the name of the great Dane.

. . .

In the months that followed, Otto Freund continued to exist on the fringe of starvation. There was a succession of Helen Bradcliffs. They started as pupils, became mistresses and eventually went off into the larger, wider world of night clubs, dancing and famous people. Before they left him, Otto

Freund put his stamp and his mark on them. They had come to him eager adolescents prepared to batter down the gates of Hollywood with their bodies. Otto taught them self-restraint, gave them a veneer of sophistication, a smattering of culture and for the small price he demanded turned them loose better equipped to market their basic commodity. Otto, in short, was a great teacher . . . of everything but acting.

One afternoon in the summer of 1948 he was sitting in his room preparing his lunch. It was to consist of a can of vegetable soup, a knockwurst and a bottle of beer. There was a knock on his door. Otto looked at his watch. His next pupil wasn't due for an hour and a half. Puzzled, he opened the door. Standing on the threshold was Reed Herald. He was smoking a cigarette held in a long holder and it was poised in the corner of his mouth, jauntily pointed upward. He was wearing a short-rimmed homburg and carrying a topcoat over his arm.

"May I come in?" he asked, in the tone of voice that someone had once described as bedroom-diplomatic.

"Of course," said Otto. "Of course. Come in, Reed."

Reed came in. He put the topcoat and the homburg on the table, carefully skirting the breakfast coffee cup and the wet stain on the oilcloth.

"Haven't seen you in quite a while, Otto. Quite a while. How long has it been?"

"Ten years. Last time at Lili's house."

"That long ago? Of course, I have had many indirect contacts with you since then."

"Indirect contacts?"

"Indirect. Personal but indirect."

Reed then named 12 girls who had formerly been pupils of Otto's.

"You knew them?" Otto asked.

"All of them. Briefly but intimately. You know my reputation, Otto?"

"As an actor?"

"No. Not as an actor. In the rather unlikely event that you are not an avid reader of the more lurid publications, I'll give you a short briefing. Four wives. Three paternity trials. Two indictments for statutory rape. I am the butt of every dirty smoking-car story told by every pot-bellied traveling salesman in the country. In short, Otto, to my fellow Americans of all ages and sexes, I am Mr. Hot Pants himself."

"You have a gift for self-analysis," said Otto, wondering why he was being offered the personal history of Reed Herald.

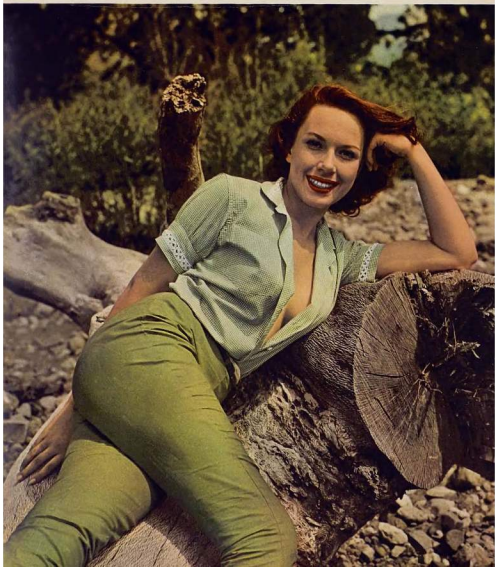
"Why not face up to it, old fellow?" said Reed. "It's the truth, you know. Mr. Hot Pants. I make no apologies for it. That's the way it is. To tell you the truth I rather enjoy my reputation.

(continued on page 46)

# COMES THE DAWN

*the spring, clad all in gladness, doth laugh at winter's sadness*

PICTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SUTTON AND EDWARD DELONG



DON'T SELL SHORT the month of May. Just because Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald got so sticky about it with all that Springtime-Lovetime-Maytime corn is no reason to dismiss the whole bit. Things usually get cornball only because there's something good about them to begin with . . . and May has much to recommend it. It's the time when even indoor men feel the tug of the wide open spaces and hearken to the call of the wild. There's nothing gauche in packing a basket full of tasty viands, filling a thermos jug to the brim with Martinis, collaring a bright-eyed and obliging damozel, hopping into the heap and setting your sights on some sylvan glade. "Now is the month of maying," ran the old madrigal, "when merry lads are playing; each with his bonny lass, a-dancing on the grass." It's a great idea, we think — especially if the bonny lass is Dawn Richard, this month's Playmate.





**MISS MAY** PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH











MISS MAY  
KAROL'S FAVORITE OF THE MONTH











Maytime Playmate Dawn Richard peers at a jar of tadpoles she has caught in spring stream.



## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

One of the executive secretaries had just returned from her honeymoon and was discussing it with the girls at the office.

"How did your husband register at the hotel?" one little co-worker wanted to know.

"Fine," the secretary said, beaming. "Just fine!"



An attractive young thing met her maiden aunt downtown for lunch one afternoon and during the meal, the older woman asked her niece to deposit a pay-check for her at the bank where the girl worked. On her way back from lunch, the girl was accosted by a purse snatcher.

"Help, help," she screamed at a passing cop. "That man has taken my aunt's pay — he's taken my aunt's pay!"

"OK, lady," said the cop. "Cut out the pig latin and tell me exactly what happened."

"My mother," said the sweet young steno, "says there are some things a girl should not do before 20."

"Your mother is right," said the junior exc. "I don't like a large audience either."



The angry woman's voice made the hotel manager wince. "I'm up here in room 1510," she ranted over the phone, "and I want you to know there is a man walking around in his room across the way with not one stitch of clothes on and his shades are up and it's a shocking way to run a hotel."

"I'll send the house detective up right away, madam," the manager assured her, and motioned for his minion of the law

to scoot upstairs and see what the hassle was about.

The detective entered the woman's room, peered across the way, and said, "You're right, madam, the gentleman hasn't any clothes on, but his window sill covers him from the waist down no matter where he is in his room."

"Indeed?" yelped the lady. "Stand on the bed! Stand on the bed!"

Friend Bob Willoughby finally took his long-dreamed-of trip to la belle France. When he returned, after a two months' visit, we asked him about it.

"Wonderful," he sighed, "especially Paris. My only regret is that I couldn't have made the trip 20 years ago."

"When Paris was really Paris, eh?" we said.

"No," said Bob, a little sadly. "When Willoughby was really Willoughby."



Verily, a man never knows whether he likes bathing beauties until he has bathed one.

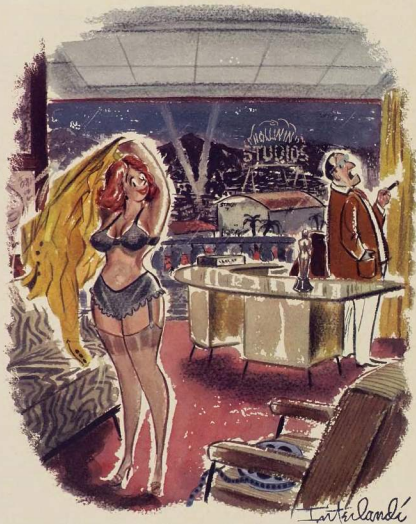
We've just received this tidbit from a usually reliable source concerning a certain senator who, it seems, had to visit Chicago recently for a Committee Hearing and wanted to take a female acquaintance along.

"I have senatorial immunity," he assured her, "so you needn't be afraid of the Mann Act."

"Afraid of it?" she giggled. "Why, Senator, I just adore it!"

A songwriter friend of ours, the same nifty word merchant who comes up with all those jukebox hits, has turned out another catchy one: *I Used To Kiss Her on the Lips, but It's All Over Now.*

Heard any 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.



*"Take it or lea... Let me finish, will you!"*

## Master of the Revels (continued from page 36)

It puts a man on his mettle, I might add, living up to a reputation like mine."

"I can imagine that is true."

"My friend Otto, let me try to explain myself to you."

"Why should you want to do that? Why should any man feel the necessity of explaining himself to another man, particularly in this case, when we are so slightly acquainted?"

"You'll see why. May I explain?"

"Please."

Reed Herald put the cigarette holder on the edge of the table. The smoke from the cigarette itself curled upward and made Otto's eyes water. He was afraid to move out of its path without embarrassing Reed, who was grasping his arm in a tight grip.

"In every man," said Reed, looking straight into Otto's watering eyes, "there is some overpowering drive. In some it is ambition. Some men go on safari to kill an elephant. Some spend their lifetimes in cold garrets smearing paints on canvases. Some build bridges or work out an intricate formula that turns into a bomb. Some search for God or a meaning to life. I chase girls. Twenty minutes after an exceptionally beautiful girl steps off a plane or a train in Hollywood I know about it. My salivary glands react. The scent of the hunt is in my nostrils. I'm off. Can you understand that?"

"I think so."

"Good. Because if you can't there is no use my going on with this rather fascinating self-analysis. The truth is, Otto, that everything else is secondary to that. My career as an actor is just a means to an end . . . a beautiful, rounded, well-shaped end. It provides me with the money, the time and the reputation to pursue my . . . what would you call it . . . hobby, avocation . . . consuming interest? When I was 16, Otto, I suddenly realized a great truth. I realized that by the mere process of staying alive for 16 years and allowing certain inevitable chemical changes to take place in my body, I had come into a great inheritance. All the girls in the world were mine for the taking. Not some of them, Otto. Not my fair share of them. All of them. That's the carrot that has been in front of my nose all these years. All of them. And the world is full of girls. All kinds. I became something of a specialist. I realized early that a life span being what it is, it would be physically impossible for me to make love to every woman in the world. It was a wonderful thought, but too ambitious, so I became a specialist. I would have only the most beautiful, only the most spectacular. Does that make any sense to you, Otto?"

"You have done very well, Reed. Or so I have heard."

Reed picked up the cigarette holder, flicked the ash into the coffee cup and put it back in his mouth.

"Yes, I have," he said. "I have done very well. But it has not been without its obstacles and its disappointments. Its hazards. That's why I'm here, Otto."

"I do not understand, Reed."

"I find I waste a great deal of my time, Otto, molding the girls, changing them, battling their midwestern middle-class morality, their waitresses' manners. In short, polishing the diamond in the rough. I am interested, my dear Otto, only in the polished gem. The process of refining, modifying, polishing bores me. Frequently I am even forced to admit defeat."

"Defeat?"

"Yes, defeat. Me. Defeat. A little over a year ago, I met a very attractive young lady at a party. She delighted me. She had poise, manners, beauty and when we finally got down to what is, in reality, the basic relationship between a man and a woman, I discovered rare refinement, a certain taste, a certain high gloss and finish that I found irresistible. I discovered that she had been a pupil of yours. Pupil is, I think, the right word?"

"Yes," said Otto. "Pupil is the right word."

"Then," continued Reed Herald, "I met another young lady who had been a pupil of yours. And another. And another. In each case I was amazed and gratified. They were all, like the first one, ladies of rare quality. You became a kind of hallmark, Otto. If a young lady told me that she had been a pupil of yours I could relax and court her with none of the normal apprehension of ultimate failure, disgust or disappointment. You began to interest me. We had met only casually in the past but I had you investigated."

"Investigated?"

The word sent an odd, remembered chill down Otto Freund's back.

"Investigated?" he repeated.

"I discovered . . . you'll forgive me, Otto . . . but I discovered you were always on the brink of starvation."

"I was never able to get enough money together for an annuity."

"You were barely able to supply yourself with canned soup, sauerbraten, knockwurst and beer. I discovered, in short, a genius starving in an attic, ignored by the world, completely unappreciated by the rabble. I felt it was a great injustice, so I am here to do something about it."

"Do something about it?"

"Precisely. Artists have had patrons back through recorded history. I, my

dear Otto, am about to become your patron. You will continue as you have, with some minor but rather important differences. First of all, we'll move you out of here."

"Move me out of here?"

Otto found himself repeating things Herald said to him and putting a question mark at the end of the sentence.

"This isn't quite the setting we want for our school. I think a nice stucco building on the Strip or on the edge of Beverly Hills would be more appropriate."

"I can't afford anything like that, Reed. You said you . . . investigated me. You know I don't have any money for anything like that. As a matter of fact, I'm a month in arrears on my rent here."

"You let me worry about that, Otto. Don't people who are loaded give money to their Alma Mater? I'm always reading about some stockbroker handing over a couple of hundred thousand to Yale or Harvard. And what do they get? A lousy gymnasium named after them. In my case my reward will be much more tangible. Just consider your new location part of the Reed Herald Endowment Fund. You will also find a sharp upturn in registration. You will be flooded with new pupils. I will, of course, pay their tuition."

Reed got up and walked over to the closet in the hall. Hanging in it were the two English suits.

"This your only closet?"

"Yes."

"Your only suits?"

"My only extra suits."

"I will also open a charge account for you at several of the better men's shops on the Miracle Mile. I think I can trust your discretion to use a certain restraint in your purchases. The Jaguar is yours?"

"Lili gave it to me," said Otto, stretching the truth a little.

"Fine. Its vintage gives you a certain flair that will be necessary in your relationship with the wider community of Hollywood. I will get you credit cards for gas and oil and they will be charged to me. I will also underwrite you at Chase's Scandia, La Rue and Romanoffs. Well?"

"What can I say? I'm overwhelmed," said Otto.

"You needn't be, old fellow. It's all tax deductible, you know. It shall cost me very little, actually, and it will probably turn out to be the best investment I ever made."

"Please," said Otto. "I am a German. I have an orderly, Teutonic mind. Let me see if I understand it all properly."

"Of course," said Reed. "Of course. Clarify it in your own mind, by all means."

(continued on page 52)

# THE NOT NICE GUY

*fiction* BY HERBERT GOLD

HE FOUND that it was no longer necessary to be a nice guy.

He had always been sweet, a soft speaker, a considerer of the feelings of others. He discovered the value of mild brutality quite by accident after a strong session with Saralee Sanders, a garment-center model with exceptionally primitive tastes—Dylan Thomas, Choral No. 5, early Sibelius and revivals of *King Kong*. Besides these curious addictions, Saralee was rich in flesh, as most models are not; her after-dinner vitamin pill went down without

making a visible traveling lump in her gullet; but of course she modeled for out-of-town blouse buyers, not photographers. She had the sort of pert and uplifted face (soap and water, very little make-up), neat and unstrapped body (healthy muscles, no foam rubber), that could sadden a man when it did nothing but discuss the early poetry of the late Dylan Thomas. Bud Streeter was well saddened. He found the strength in his sadness for a final effort.

"Yes, yes, that would be lovely," she said to the invitation for a drink in his

newly air-conditioned apartment.

"You *would*?"

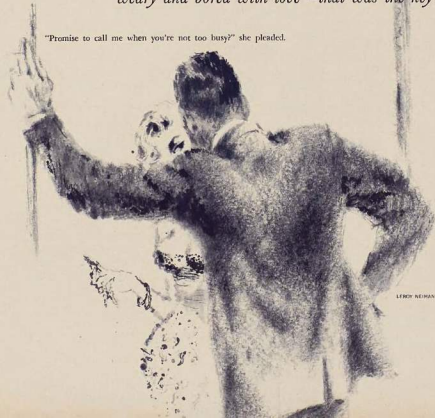
"I'd love it," she cried. "To see what kind of prints you have on your wall. Your record collection. Your clothes hanging in the closet. These things are so expressive of personality, don't you think? To really know a man. To understand."

It was so easy that he breathed like a heavily deliberating springtime bear in the taxicab.

"I want to try one of your vitamin pills," she added. "You have such nice

*weary and bored with love—that was the key*

"Promise to call me when you're not too busy?" she pleaded.



LEON NEUMAN

pink cheeks all at once. How come? I enjoy keeping my health, too—it's a girl's fortune—that and her mind. But I mean intelligence is so much in demand these days. You know this modern world of today, don't you? What was it T. S. Eliot said in that off-Broadway *Boop*? I prefer vitamin combinations with minerals and trace elements added, don't you?"

He didn't even have to persuade her. Gaily she took his hand as they rode up the elevator. She was as excited as if they were going to a double feature at the Museum of Modern Art, a Lon Chaney and a Bela Lugosi. Her damp little mouth came open with delight at the apartment, so artistic and tasteful—just what a girl respects deep down inside, especially if she's a girl with education and ideals before she started modeling for those terrible lewd cigar-smoking men down in the garment district.

"You poor sweet child," Bud said with all the sympathy of his willing heart. "Scotch or bourbon?"

"Scotch, no mix," she replied. "Of course, I do dearly love the smell of cigar smoke. It's so male. What I mean, masculine."

Nice Bud Streeter went to the liquor cabinet with that strange male sense of inner pear built on wobbly inner turmoil: Will it Won't it? I will! I will! He promised himself Saralee Sanders, the piece that passeth understanding, as Dylan Thomas might well have put it. He filled the glasses above the ice. He put on enough 19th Century romantic music to ruin four average girls, and Saralee did not seem to be average. She seemed well above the average in all the delightful ways. Her sweeter and her conversation, both highly active, seemed to be saying, *I like things, I do! Yes, for real.*

"No, no, but I mean no," she said on his couch to what followed.

Mussed and disconcerted, he gently tried again. He was still, after all, a nice guy who would never frighten a girl.

"Not" she said.

"No what?" he asked, as if he were really curious. Men say all sorts of stupid things. More than an hour had passed. Harold was still in Italy (that's a tone poem). Bud was flushed and hoping, Saralee was firm and ready-to-run, perched with strongly arched back on the edge of the couch. You know how little things will bother a chap at a time like that? Well, Bud didn't really like Berlioz, only it is said to be the sort of music that makes a girl want to let a man run barefoot over her; but if he was not going to remove his shoes and drop his socks, he would rather have played Bach.

"Just stop it now! You're too nice to do that, Bud Streeter!" she cried.

"Just try, you'll like it, too," he said mildly.

"Maybe I would," said Saralee, "but if you don't stop I'll give you a kick where you wouldn't like to receive it."

Bud fell into a pensive mood. He straightened his shirt and tightened his tie. "You're right, I wouldn't like to be kicked there. We men are a little sensitive."

And so he put another stack of records on the hi-fi and some fresh ice in their glasses and sat beside her on the couch—beside this highbrowed, highgazing, highwilled, highteasing young lady—and they talked about poetry and politics. Poor Bud! He played Bach. He diluted their drinks with soda, why not? And all they did about the Republican Party and Dylan Thomas was hold hands. That isn't very much for Lincoln, Hoover and *A Child's Christmas in Wales*.

It often turned out that said and conversational way for Bud Streeter. People found him exceptionally likable, very nice, even girls among these people. They enjoyed his company. Pretty girls, clever girls, staked girls. Some of them fell mildly in love with him and one had almost married him once. He was so sweet. He had money, talents, charm, a friendly mug. He was such a nice guy. Instead, the girl had found herself a flight instructor who did not drink or smoke but liked to stay quietly at home in his slippers, making anonymous telephone calls to women whose babies had been kidnapped. Not really very nice at all, and he also had varicose veins, but then that girl was really more peculiar than most.

For Bud, on the other hand, whose circulatory system was excellent, who didn't squeeze cats until their eyes popped out, who never even once shot B.B. pellets through old ladies' windows just for laughs, who was ever kind, considerate and giving to the Community Chest, girls' chests did not bear nor their eyes pop out nor their hearts beat, beat, beat with the throbbing rhythm of *Chloe*. He usually went home humming some mournful tune, *Liebestraume*, the *False Triste*, or *Open Up the Doghouse Mama a Cat Is Coming In*. Something always turned wrong. Poor nice Bud got thrown for a loss, financial, biological and psychological, just like with Saralee at the beginning of that evening.

She looked at him with her huge brilliant eyes gleaming. "You're so intelligent," she said. "You know so much about everything. Do tell me. Oh life is full of mysteries, books I never read. So tell me, Bud."

For some men this might have seemed

a promising beginning, but Bud suspected his fate. She felt like talking, she wanted to talk, she hoped to hear Bud's opinion about things—not just a hal-laloo of sighs, groans and repetitious kissings by a likable fellow. Why not improve a girl's education instead? After all, the animal in a girl—well, who knows if it really exists?

There was the whole sad problem. That was the black doubt in his soul. *Po!ù* the sneaky hothot which life had put in his shoe. Nice Bud Streeter could not convince a girl that there really is an animal in her, too—a purring, coiling, arching, shivering, grateful beast. He was so sweet. At most, he was merely a nice man to contemplate being in love with, and that is never enough.

It was this lack in Bud that enabled women to take him over so easily. He needed a dash of caddishness, a soupçon of bestiality, a pinch and squiggle of common ordinary infernecy. Naturally, being a healthy, high-spirited lad, he had tried, but girls sensed the dishonesty in his efforts to be a boulder, and all he usually got was slapped for his trouble. It isn't easy. You can't fake a thing like that: it's character, deep down character, that old genuine meanness that a fellow has to have. Bud understood it himself, and as he talked with Saralee he somberly judged his fate. "Tragical Dylan Thomas, he shouldn't have drunk those last 2000 straight shots," he was saying, but he was thinking: *Dizzy*. That's it, *dizzy*. She likes me, but I don't make her *dizzy*. Even poor fat Dylan, nothing but a poet, and a poet with dandruff, and a dead poet besides—he makes her *dizzy*.

And man, Bud was discouraged.

"What's the matter, Buddy-boy?" Saralee tenderly inquired.

"Nothing, nothing," he said. "I'm a little tired, I guess. Bushed. I better take you home."

"But it's so early!" she protested. "I do so much enjoy talking with you."

With an unusual exasperation and weariness, Bud insisted, "I'm tired, I'm going to take you home. I'll call you again."

Saralee's eyes widened in blue amazement. There were acres of suspicious summer sky color in her lovely blue eyes, surrounded by yards of jealous white and fluttering fringes of wondering lashes. "But it's so early. But it's so early, it's not even a little bit late. But do you have...?"

Another girl to see tonight? she was thinking. She did not dare say the thought aloud.

"But, but, but," said Bud. "But please forgive me, Saralee, I have an important client coming in tomorrow. He

(continued on page 70)



*"Would you care to collect data on owls and nightingales  
some evening, Miss Wilson?"*

# THE KNACK OF PACKING

*what to put where and how to get it there in first-class shape*

## TWO-SUITER



**STEP 1:** remove hangers, place trousers in alternate directions with legs projecting over edge of two-suiter. Lay in jackets on hangers, smooth out carefully; then put in divider board.



**STEP 2:** fold trousers carefully over divider board, then fold jackets over trousers. Pack shoes, bottled refreshments and other heavy gear near hinges. Place shirts at the top of the bag; fill center space with toilet kit, socks, T-shirts, undershorts, rolled neckties and belts, handkerchiefs and other necessary paraphernalia.

**O**N VACATION, you can practically keep yourself in Martinis by packing correctly. The pay-off is what you save in pressing bills. Nobody but hopeless dobs and compulsive putter-offers wait until moments before train or plane (time to throw their clothes into a bag and make a dash for it. And it isn't a big deal either. It's merely a matter of what to put where, and folding it properly.

First, lay out your clothes, being sure that everything is free from wrinkles. If they are full of creases when you put them in that's exactly the way they'll come out. As miraculous as modern

luggage is, it doesn't have built-in steam presses. Put in the heavier items, like shoes, first. Place the soles against the back of the case where the hinges are. Here they'll always be on the bottom and won't slide or shift. It's also a good idea to encase them in shoe socks, those knitted bags with drawstring closings. Jackets and trousers go in next. Remove the hangers from the case and place two pairs of trousers in alternate directions with the front creases toward the bag's hinges. In this position the trouser legs hang over the edges of the case in opposite directions. Then with the jackets on the hangers place them on top of the

trousers and smooth out carefully. Tissue paper can be used to cushion the folds. Trousers are then folded over the jackets and the jackets are folded over trousers, locking the garments together in a firm solid mass that allows for little slipping or sliding. Last, put shirts, toilet kit (Scotch Tape all bottle tops to prevent leakage), underwear, handkerchiefs, socks, etc. on top of the pile. Ties can be hung on elastic ribbon or tape that is usually part of the standard interior equipment. If no hanging equipment is provided, the ties can be rolled.

Even if most vacation clothes weigh only ounces, they still put on the pounds

## PULLMAN CASE

**STEP 1:** (to the right) insert shoes and all weightier items next to the hinges of the pullman bag to prevent slipping; shirts, socks, toilet kit, slippers, rolled neckties and belts are to be placed in the positions indicated.



**STEP 2:** lay trousers and jackets over these items following same procedure as in the two-suitier. Because no hangers or dividing board are used, be sure to cushion folds with tissue paper. Put pajamas, undershorts, T-shirts, etc., in pocket of lid.



**STEP 3:** fold trousers over jackets, then jackets over trousers, employing tissue paper wherever it is needed.

and it's wise to keep your luggage in the featherweight class. Some of the newest is made of magnesium, a practically weightless metal that has the stamina to withstand the punishment inflicted by terminal porters and baggage handlers. Streamlined and neatly styled, the new luggage carries its load well and makes a smart appearance doing it.

### PACKING CHECK LIST

Here's the run-down of everything you'll need for a two-week or slightly longer vacation including what you wear and what you pack. For shorter trips, the pullman case works out just fine; for longer treks, the two-suitier does

yeoman duty. We've designed the check list for a two-suitier that gets in under the 40-pound limit for air travel within the United States and well below the 66-pound limit for first-class overseas flights. The surplus poundage you'll want to take up with loot gathered en route.

- 1 coat (all-purpose or rain)
- 1 hat
- 2 suits
- 1 sports jacket
- 1 pair of slacks
- 1 belt
- 6 cotton shirts, or 3 cotton and 2 dacron

- 2 pairs of shoes
- 6 cotton or 2 nylon T shirts
- 6 cotton or 2 nylon shorts
- 6 ties
- 12 handkerchiefs
- 6 pairs of socks
- 1 pair of garters
- 2 pairs of pajamas
- 1 robe and slippers
- 1 pair of sports shorts
- bathing trunks
- 2 knit sports shirts or pull-overs
- shaving kit
- waterproof utility kit

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RALPH CHILDRAN





## Master of the Revels (continued from page 46)

"You are going to do all those things for me. In return, I do what?"

"Continue with your school, just as you always have. Teach your pupils what you have always taught them. Really, Otto, the debt is on my side. You will be taking a terrible burden off my shoulders. You understand my needs, my requirements, my standards. When you consider that one of your pupils is ready for me, we arrange a quiet little lunch somewhere and I take it from there. I take it from there, secure in the knowledge that I have my diamond, polished, refined and ready to be worn. I know that the young lady will not embarrass me with some social blunder and will be ready to take her temporary but proper place in my life. It really reduces my risk considerably. You will weed out the rejects. You will be my laboratory, my testing grounds, my finishing school. You will be my talent scout too, Otto. There may be one or two young ladies who might escape even my watchful eye. I shall expect a little dividend from you every once in a while in the form of a find of your own. I think that makes the whole situation very clear, doesn't it?"

"I'm to be your pimp," said Otto.

"I beg your pardon."

"Pimp is the word, isn't it?"

Reed Herald smiled. He tilted the cigarette holder up and for a moment his well-publicized eyelashes were in danger. He blew a huge cloud of smoke in Otto Freund's face. It was something he'd learned in one of his most successful pictures, the one in which he scornfully refused to wear the blindfold and contemptuously blew a cloud of smoke in the face of the leader of the firing squad.

"Pimp," said Reed, rolling the word around in his mouth like good brandy.

"Pimp. Procurer. *Maqueveau*. Take your pick, Otto. Or would you prefer Teacher? Or Herr Professor? Or Meister?"

"It's a strange proposition, Reed. Isn't it a strange proposition?"

"This is a strange tone. I'm a strange man. Does the word pimp really bother you, Otto?"

"A little. Yes. It bothers me a little."

"Listen. What do they call that guy at the rodeo who takes the broncos that are wild and snorting around pawing up dirt, who takes them and tames them and makes them docile and gentle?"

"I don't know."

"Wrangler. That's it. Wrangler. You'll be my wrangler, Otto. Is that a better word?"

"A word is a word. It is a better one. It is the same thing but it is a better word."

"Good. If it still bothers you I'll get

my writers to come up with some others. Come on, Otto. Put down the knock-wurst. Kiss this depressing pad goodbye. Get back to the butterfly steaks, the Cherries Jubilee and the kirsch."

"You would not interfere with my school? I could teach acting the way I am teaching it now?"

"Sure. I don't care what you teach them. Teach them bead-stringing and crossword puzzles if you want to. I'll tell you what else I'll do for you, Otto. I'm a man with a one-track mind. If, god forbid, one of them should turn out to be a Sarah Bernhardt or a Louise Fazenda, she's all yours. You can be her manager, agent or anything else you want to be. I told you, this is a tax deduction for me. God forbid I should make any money on it."

"One more condition, Reed."

"What?"

"You are never to set foot inside the school."

"Afraid I'll turn it into a cat house? Agreed. I shall never set one English-grain moccasin inside the school."

"And nobody knows about our arrangements. Nobody knows about the charge accounts and the paychecks."

"I'll have my lawyer set up a drawing account for you . . . a trust fund that he will administer to pay the bills. My name won't appear on anything except my tax return."

Otto stood looking at Reed. He was letting the proposition and his reaction to it run around his head. He kept feeling there must be a catch to it somewhere. There must be some other assurance he should ask for.

"How do I know," he asked, "that you won't get bored with the whole thing in a couple of weeks? Where would I be then?"

"Otto," said Reed quietly. "That's the chance you take. Just don't confuse my two careers. I may walk out on a picture, disappear on location or turn up on a set four hours late but if there's one thing I'm consistent about, it's women."

They shook hands solemnly and became partners.

The next few weeks were busy ones for Otto Freund. Within three days after Reed's luncheon visit, the papers were signed and the charge accounts validated. No bride shopping for a trousseau was as particular about purchases as Otto Freund. He felt material, argued price and mother-benched alterations. He spent one whole afternoon in a haberdashery shop. He continued cooking his own lunches out of cans and didn't open any of the boxes that were delivered to the rooming house off Vine Street. They were part of his

new life and he put them in a kind of mental storage until he moved into his new studio. That was the easiest part of the transition. Reed Herald owned several buildings just off the Strip and he personally drove Otto Freund over to inspect several of them. They found one building that was just right, in Otto's mind, anyway. It had a stability and a permanence that appealed to him. The day after they decided on the last-tardied Tudor building, the carpenters moved in to tear it apart and rebuild it. Two weeks after they shook hands in Otto Freund's kitchen, a gold-lettered sign reading: DR. OTTO FREUND SCHOOL OF DRAMA was fastened to the front of the building.

The school was an immediate success. Reed Herald kept the registration rolls filled. The first year, two of the pupils got studio contracts and Otto, as their agent, collected 10% of their salary checks. Non-Hollywood students enrolled.

But Otto still felt insecure. He lived with the constant thought that sooner or later Reed Herald would tire of the arrangement. But, pushing the insecurity into the back of his head, he enjoyed himself.

He went to the fights every Thursday and Saturday night at the Olympic and the Legion. He was the host at a regular Friday evening pinochle session and was in his box at the Hollywood Bowl every time the program included Wagner, Brahms or Beethoven. As an agent, he had 22 working clients. He was never seen in public twice with the same tie or woman. He had deals with some of the other Hot Bloods of Hollywood. Girls not quite up to the Reed Herald standard were marketable elsewhere. The money was rolling in.

The Jaguar got a Cadillac for company in the garage.

The swimming pool in the back of his new house on Palm Drive got a heating unit. But with all the money, all the commissions, the steady supply of girls seeking fame and fortune that made Otto's career self-perpetuating, he felt that, somehow, he should have been able to hold onto more of it. "I should put something aside in an annuity," he said.

He went out to see Reed Herald on the set of his picture.

"Please understand me," he said. "I'm German. I have an orderly mind. I like to know where I stand. I want a contract with you. I need that feeling of security."

Reed smiled and said, "That would be the worst thing that could happen to either of us. It's the very uncertainty of your position that makes you most anxious to please me. You enjoy the good meals and the regular income but

(continued from page 72)

**W**HEN I WAS A KID, the great American beauties were the Gibson Girls on the printed page and the Ziegfeld Girls in the flesh. We adored them both but we never, in our wildest dreams, hoped for either. The chance of any ordinary red-blooded American male meeting, getting to know, etc., a living Ziegfeld Girl was as laughably remote as his chance of meeting a mythical Gibson Girl. That's because the American ideal of beauty in the early nineteen hundreds was an incredible, haughty, totally unattainable creature. Our fathers were content to give hopeless homage to queens, but today we want our girl drawers to draw girls as attainable as the girl at the drugstore where we buy our

magazine. And today it is possible to meet the beauty you've just admired in a musical at a hamburger stand after the show if you have the price of the hamburger. And if you haven't, she may buy you one.

The girls I draw for *Lil Abner* and the girls Mel Frank, Norman Panama and Michael Kidd selected to bring there to life in the musical, *Lil Abner*, have the same basic necessities the Gibson Girls and Ziegfeld Girls had, plus something else, something new—a sense of humor.

I have never drawn a truly haughty beauty for *Lil Abner*. Mine are a little too haughty and they know they are and so, somewhere in them (indicated by a

half smile, or a curl of a toe, or the flip of a hip), you know they are giggling at themselves and at anybody who thinks they are really haughty. The breathing, bouncing beauties picked for the *Lil Abner* musical are, I think, the prettiest girls ever gathered for any Broadway show, but unlike the Ziegfeld Girl, there is nothing hopelessly unrealizable about them. They look a lot like the cute, merry girl you brought to the show, except that the cuteness and merriment have been multiplied several dozen times. The new, wonderful, breathless quality about today's pretty girl in the never-never lands of stage or comic page is that she could be and, if you look around you, really is!

*they're Broadway's most beautiful and the most fun, too*

## **LI'L ABNER'S GALS**

*pictorial* **BY AL CAPP**





## DAISY MAE

The fairest flower of Dogpatch, played by Edith Adams in ever-lovin' polka-dot blouse and saw-bottomed skirt, chases L'il Abner (Peter Palmer) throughout the show and finally lands him in wild Sadie Hawkins Day climax. In addition to this local yokel boy-girl business, government brass, looking for the most miserable hunk of real estate in the country for A-Bomb tests, naturally decides on Dogpatch and orders the turnip chompin' citizens to pack up. Abner skedaddles to Washington and bumbles his way through red tape, red dresses, nefarious schemes by General Bull-moose ("What's good for General Bull-moose is good for the country"), before saving the day. Drawings of L'il Abner's most appetizing gals were done especially for PLAYBOY by cartoonist Capp.





## MOONBEAM McSWINE

Curvilinear Moonbeam, played with appropriate messy hair and smudgy thighs by Carmen Alvarez, talks mostly to hogs. But on Sadie Hawkins Day, she drops her pork friends and joins the rest of Lil Abner's gals in a fast and furious ballet that is the high point of the fun. Arrows, clubs, bear-traps, whammies, mummies and shotguns enable each delectable Dogpatch damsel to bring home another sort of bacon — namely, a man.





## APPASSIONATA VAN CLIMAX

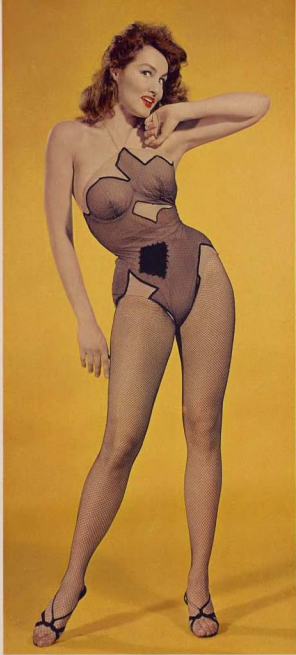
Played bright-eyed and brassy by Tina Louise, Miss van Climax does her bulging, big city best to beguile Abner. Typical six-foot-three, red-blooded, one hundred percent American boy that he is, Li'l Abner is having none of it and he turns unflinchingly toward the task of rescuing his beloved Dogpatch.





### STUPEFYIN' JONES

Joy-jointed Julie Newmar, whose damp, devilish lips utter not one word of dialogue during the show, plays the booby trap who struts, wriggles and, with the flick of a hip, actually stupefies any male.



## BIG WHEEL (continued from page 26)

dent of *Le Cross-Red Monégasque* and he *ecce vixit, seuple, gay and amiable.*"  
"Amiable."  
"Oui."

Thus reassured, I closed my investigation into Prince Rainier and, after several more days in his principality, I continued eastward, and I was in Puntal, a kind of principality in the Hiesabayas, when I learned that he and Miss Grace Patricia Kelly of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, had been married. One thousand six hundred journalists were at the affair, and, as I was at Puntal, I didn't have anything particularly to add, except my very best wishes, in which the Rah of Puntal, an absolute monarch himself, joined me. According to the *New York Times*, Miss Kelly, at the wedding ceremony looked at the prince "distranghtly," and considering the fortunes of such of her predecessors as Miss Charlotte Catherine de Gramont, Miss Marie Catherine di Brignole-Sala and Miss Mary Victoria Douglas Hamilton — her Great-grandmother-in-law Mary — I think we can understand why. However, I also think an absolute monarch of Rainier's kidney can, insofar as any absolute monarch can, provide a happy home for his covenanted wife. The Rah of Puntal has no fewer than four of them, who, he assured me, are happiness itself.

It was early December, the off season, when I visited the Principality of Monaco, but the temperature was in the sixties and there wasn't a cloud in the blue, omnipresent sky. Monaco, of course, is located on the Riviera; its average temperature for summer and winter is 62, its rainfall is only two and one-third inches a month, its sun is shining nine hours and 12 minutes a day. Under this bountiful sun, palm trees grow, and the houses of Monaco slimmer on the mountainside in pink, yellow and tan pastels; below, the harbor was full of yachts, a giant canebreak of wood, wires and ropes, silhouetted against the sky.

The principality is half a square mile in area, which is very small, indeed — so small, I'm afraid, that several of its fine hotels, the Ritz, for example, and many of its celebrated international attractions — the Monte Carlo Country Club, the Monte Carlo Golf Club and Monte Carlo Beach — are really in another country, France, and not in Monaco at all. Monaco, as Saint-Simon explained, a bit indelicately I think, "is a rock, from whose center its sovereign can, so to speak, spit over his own boundaries." The boundary is never farther from the water than 750 yards, and generally it's half of that; irre-

possibly, irrepressibly, it scampers over the side streets of Monte Carlo, sundering a store here, a house there; at one place, on the Boulevard de France, a block from the plaza, it totters like a drunken sailor from sidewalk to sidewalk, so that any pedestrian but a drunken sailor will successively find himself in Monaco, France, Monaco, France, Monaco and France. A situation like this is something I worry about, so, one morning, I paid a visit to the Boulevard de France to learn how the pedestrians were getting on. They — a very arche-typical professor with a sack of oranges; a number of fat, middle-aged women in dirty raincoats, berets and ponderous shoes; a bearded type; children — were getting on splendidly. As there weren't any customs officers or officials, or, indeed, any signs at any of the international boundaries, the Monégasques were gadding from Monaco to France, from France to Monaco, with utter impassivity. They didn't show the slightest grief to be leaving their fatherland, nor, a minute later, the slightest joy to be returning, and eventually, when I saw that nobody else was worrying about the situation, I said the hell with it, deciding, however, that Monégasques just haven't any sense of national pride — alas, the truth as I later learned.

Monaco, I'm told, was founded in 1600 a.c. by Hercules himself, who, having captured the man-eating mares of Diomedes and being about to capture the red cattle of Geryon, hove into Monaco's harbor and modestly christened it "Port Hercules." Anyway, it was certainly known as that originally, and more recently, at the time of the French Revolution, was known as *Fort Hercules* — more of this in a moment — while the present name, "Monaco," is just another name for Hercules. Monaco has belonged to Rainier's family, the Grimaldis — one of whom, incidentally, was named Hercules I — for 600 years, and, however one feels about absolute monarchs, one must admit the Grimaldis have a reasonable claim to it, having been given the principality in 972, having conquered it again in 1297 and, finally, having bought it from a certain Mr. Spinola in 1559, at Genoa's market place, for 1800 florins. The Grimaldis have reigned in Monaco with a single interruption, the French Revolution. Then, Monaco proclaimed "the perpetual downfall of the House of Grimaldi," which had fled; proclaimed, also, the Republic of Monaco; and negotiated a treaty with the neighboring republic, France, as follows:

## Treaty

Article I. Peace and allegiance will prevail between the French Republic

and the Republic of Monaco.

Article II. The French Republic is delighted to make the acquaintance of the Republic of Monaco.

Which covered the situation nicely. A month later, the Monégasque Republic was abolished and Monaco became, at its own request, *Fort Hercules, France*, but these shenanigans were ended in 1814, when Talleyrand, a friend of the Grimaldis, wrote on the Treaty of Paris' margin, "and the Prince of Monaco will be restored to his state."

What ensued in the next half-century is typical of just how absolute, if he goes about it spiritedly, the Prince of Monaco can be. Honoré V, the prince, returned to Monaco in his coach-and-four (encountering, as he traveled south, Napoleon, that escapee from Elba, who according to one historian said, "Hullo, Monaco, where are you going?"). There, in Monaco, Honoré set an oppressive tax on bread, meat, vermicelli, playing cards, straw hats, garbage, birth, death — in all, \$64,000 a year, to be spent on his indulgences in Paris, where, among other things, he published a book, *Pauperism, and the Best Means to Destroy It*. Soon, people were leaving the country, so Honoré taxed that, raising considerable havoc on the Boulevard de France, I suspect. Also, he cut the trees down, marketing them for pocket money; the roads, meanwhile, were allowed to crumble; the village clock had stopped; the Monégasques were starving; "and," said a delegation, "we cannot forget that formerly it wasn't so."

"I shall not listen," said Honoré. "I came to govern you. I don't need any counsel."

Eventually, of course, the prince himself was pauperized. He, Charles III, was living in four threadbare rooms of the gray-and-pink palace and dining on olives, anchovies and red herrings, but, unlike his predecessor, he was open to counsel and, when it was volunteered by a friend in 1851, he listened attentively: "Set up gambling. You already ruined your own people, so, ruin other people, too." Such was the start of Monte Carlo Casino and, subsequently, of the Summer Casino, the International Sporting Club (a casino), the Café de Paris (a casino), the Monte Carlo Country Club, Monte Carlo Golf Club, Monte Carlo Opera House, Monte Carlo Theatre, Theatre of Light, Theatre of Fine Arts, Museum of Fine Arts, Museum of Oceanography, Museum of Prehistoric Anthropology, Prehistoric Grotto, Exotic Garden, and Center of Zoologic Acclimatization; and, for the further diversification of the gamblers and others, the Monte Carlo Rally, Grand Prix of Monaco, Concours d'Elegance, Battle of Flowers, International Championships

(continued on page 68)

# THE FRENCH THEY ARE A FUNNY RACE

humor BY WILLIAM IVERSEN

YOU MIGHT NOT THINK IT TO look at me, but I've never been to France. Up until recently, I had been saving la belle France as a sort of Disneyland for my declining years, on the theory that she had the power to make old men young. But now I'm not so sure. The reason for my uncertainty is a small paperbound volume called *Manuel de Conversation du Touriste en France, or French for the Traveler*, that I picked up second-hand at a bookstall.

In all fairness to its author, Captain J. S. Keyworth, I must confess that it was not his purpose to frighten potential tourists. As he explains in the Introduction, "During the course of the War the author published for the use of the troops a few small Conversation Books which met with so favourable a reception that he conceived the idea of a set of more comprehensive Handbooks, thoroughly up-to-date as regards the life of the present day, and thus suitable for those whom business or pleasure may take abroad . . ."

The book contains no date, but on the basis of the text, I have finally pinned down "the War" as having occurred sometime after Charlemagne and a little before Versailles. Though story and character were probably furthest from Keyworth's mind, his book contains enough of both to pass as travel-horror fiction. Skipping the French subtitles, get a load of the way he manages to capture the excitement of a ship's arrival in the opening scene:

"Here are the outer harbour piers, and the lighthouse."

"We are alongside. People are landing."

"Porter, will you take this luggage?"

"Where do we pass the customs?"

"In the luggage hall, sir."

"Have you your luggage ticket?"

"Yes, but I am going on to Paris."

"In that case your trunks (heavy luggage) will be examined when you get to Paris."

"Here your hand-luggage, your bags, will be examined."

"Here are my keys."  
"You had better attend personally when your bag is opened."  
"Open all bags, please!"  
"Have you anything to declare?"  
"Nothing at all."  
"What have you got in that bag?"  
"No cigars, cigarettes, tobacco? No spirits? No matches?"  
"Only personal effects, underwear and a few books."  
"A few cigars for my personal use."  
"You must pay duty."  
"Very good. How much?"  
"It will be five francs."  
"And in that box, what have you got?"  
"These are samples without any value."  
"And is that bicycle yours?"  
"Yes."  
"You will have to deposit a sum which will be handed back to you when you leave France."  
"But I am a member of the French Touring Club; here are my papers."  
"In that case you may bring in your bicycle free of duty."

So far, so good. Here is a man in whom we can all recognize something of ourselves—a stranger in a strange land, facing the unknown with only his underwear, a few books, and a box of worthless samples. Samples of what, one wonders. Mustache wax? Seaweed hair?

Swatches of floral chintz? Though Keyworth never tells us, how beautifully they serve to symbolize our hero's money-grubbing past, which he now repudiates as being totally without value. That he is a man of means, the reader will soon have no reason to doubt. The mere fact that he is traveling with his own bicycle, and is hip to the old dodge of joining the French Touring Club in order to avoid paying duty, stamps him as a man who is used to having his own things about him, and is well-connected among the cognoscenti. But enough of calling him "our hero." After reading *French for the Traveler* twice, I have come to think of him as Edwin G. Fahnstock, the

(continued on page 76)



what passion, what intrigue, what danger  
is in store for the intrepid innocent abroad



**T**HE PRESENT MAHARAJA of Rewa, a small state in India, has just shot his 90th tiger, including a white one; his father has killed 800, including two white ones.

You need not be a maharaja to shoot tigers. Today, the cost is so low it is within reach of nearly everybody. Recently, an American diplomat stationed in New Delhi bagged one for a mere \$250. This modest sum covered round-trip air fare from New Delhi to Nagpur in central India, services of two *Khansamas* (cooks), a week's rent for a cozy bungalow, good American food, bait, beaters, stalkers, ammunition and even taxidermy. Things are cheap in India because the workmen are accustomed to living on peanuts, unsalted.

European royalty, American business magnates and international playboys, however, prefer to go to Cooch Behar, a small state in the hills of West Bengal, where for about \$2000 per person, they spend 12 days as the guests of the resident maharaja. Here a visitor hunts in the Assam jungles in a typical Kiplingesque atmosphere: cavalcade of caparisoned elephants, bejewelled princes, cognac galore, ceiling punkahs (hand-operated fans), variegated chandeliers, Turkish pillows, red carpets, brocade curtains, liveried attendants who respond to a clap-clap of hands or

a whisper of "*Kois-Hais*" ("Anybody there?") and other trappings of a royal life. The State guarantees at least one tiger or your money back.

Here's how it's done. About 30 trained tuskers form a broad ring around the gully or ravine where the tiger is thought to be lurking, and as they advance, narrowing down the ring, they use their trunks like human arms, mowing down the big-leaved trees and branches covering the line of fire or obstructing the movement of the hunter's howdah (a temporary seat strapped on the elephant). The operation is controlled by mahouts who sit cross-legged astride the great necks of their charges, urging them on with a sharp inkush hook behind the ears.

The boom, the clangor, the squeals and occasionally the drop of a tree on his noggin stir the tiger from a full-paunched sleep and he swirls out of the grass, exploding in a mighty bellow and charging madly around the ring. The mahouts, armed with sticks and stones, pelt him from cover to cover, and meanwhile, the hunter takes aim.

However, sometimes the tiger breaks through the ring. But in such cases, unfortunately for himself, he usually hides in the nearby cover, mistaking invisibility for invincibility. Another ring

is hastily formed and a sharp bullet between the eyes of the exhausted tiger makes a good cat out of him.

But hunting from elephants is going out of vogue. It is hard to get the requisite number. Besides, it is a highly dangerous game. For elephants are rather temperamental beasts, and sometimes, in the face of a ferocious attack, take to mad flight, tumbling the riders down in a heap to the mercy of the tiger. Indeed, I once saw a veteran bull of many a battle get so scared by a wild pig impudently racing under his belly that he sidled back from the ring and bolted, trumpeting his huge trunk up in an S and battering the howdah and its occupants to bits.

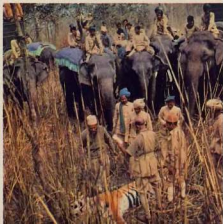
The safest way to hunt tigers is from a *nuchan* (a temporary platform erected in a tree), and these romps will be organized for you by Messrs. Allwyn Cooper Ltd., Nagpur, or Messrs. Shikars and Tours of New Delhi. They charge about \$1000 for a 10-day hunt and also guarantee at least one tiger to show up within shooting distance (under 40 yards) or your money back. With average luck, most hunters bag three tigers during that time.

However, you may enjoy "doing" your own tiger much more than letting a commercial firm present it to you on a

article BY PRAKASH C. JAIN



Above: manned by mahouts, a line of tuskers flays the jungle grass to flush out an Indian tiger. Right: a sharp slug spells *finis*.





## TIGER HUNT IN COOCH BEHAR

*caparisoned elephants, cognac galore and a trophy to grace your den*



This veteran bull lifts the carcass so that ropes for hoisting can be placed beneath it.



Strapped on board a lumbering pachyderm, the dead cat is moved to the skinner's camp, first stop in becoming a rug.

silver platter. A friend of mine who had gone on a hunt with one of these firms confided that he had the feeling of having bought a tiger skin from a fashionable department store. Everything was so well-arranged, so well-timed. A tiger was brought before him at a distance of 20 yards. And as soon as he fired, he heard the sound of another bullet accidentally let go by one of the crack shikaris of the firm. It really was hard to tell whose shot killed the tiger.

To do a tiger by yourself, your first step should be to consult the district forest officer in any of the tiger-infested areas. They are government servants and duty-bound to help you ungrudgingly. And if you employ a little Dale Carnegie charm, they will arrange practically everything for you: your accommodations, food, etc., and also introduce you to the local villagers who are often quite willing to help get rid of a potential man-eater and cattle-lifter.

It is hard to locate a tiger because of his natural camouflage. His yellow striped coat and his habit of hiding himself in nullahs, gullies and tall grass make him look like a heap of rubble, twigs and dry leaves. But his position can be eased by finding his natural kill or his pug marks.

It is possible to find a kill by following blowflies or carrion birds like wheeling vultures. They can be spotted many miles away with powerful glasses. And it is always easy to tell if the kill fell to a tiger. If the animal has been dragged (the surrounding damage to vegetation or marks on the ground will reveal it), it probably fell to a leopard, for tigers never drag their kill, unless it happens to be an extra-heavy carcass. The tiger always eats from the hind quarters; other animals from the stomach or fore quarters. The fang holes and the claw marks also give an indication, for the tiger's are much larger than any other animal's.

If the kill cannot be found, pug marks are of great help: a tiger establishes for himself a definite domain in the jungle, making a regular round of his little territory. He retraces his steps roughly once every 10 days and many hunters, knowing this, put bait (a living animal) on the path where his old or new tracks are found. The tiger, after killing the animal, carries it about half-a-mile to a secluded spot. And after having his bellyful, he hides it some place near-at-hand to return the next evening. Sometimes, he conceals his kill by a mound of leaves and twigs. This is usually an indication that the tiger has moved on a distance and may take some time in returning to the kill.

Some persons tether the bait with a strong rope to the tree so that the tiger cannot carry it away. But it is unwise,

for a tiger is a crafty beast and, suspecting a trick, may never return. It is always better to stake the bait with a long, slender rope.

Domestic cattle such as a small buffalo or a cow is the best temptation; though the tiger's mainstay is venison, he dearly loves his cattle. He finds it easy to kill and the booty can sustain him for one week. It is hard for him to hunt big game. The sambar stag is much too agile and can climb slopes and hop from cliff to cliff in a jiffy; the wild bison may worst him in a tough fight; the deer is hardly more than a morsel and the wild pig not even an appetizer.

The bait, once killed, should always be left undisturbed, for tigers seem to have an uncanny sixth sense: if the kill is moved as much as one foot, he may refuse to touch it any more.

After the discovery of the kill, the next step is to fix your machan in some strategically-placed tree. If all goes well, you bag your first tiger by eight o'clock that night.

The height of the machan will vary in direct proportion to the strength of your nerves. For real fun, however, it should be six to 10 feet off the ground. It is easier to have a broadside or a neck shot from that height. But it might be a risky business: often, at the first shot, the tiger reels, stands on his hind legs, stares at you with his yellow eyes blazing, rushes in a series of bounds, springs in the air double his height, rears a blood-curdling yowl through six-inch teeth, puts his flailing forepaws on your wobbly seat and puffs his fetid breath at your face. You may become too nervous and the hunter himself is soon the hunted; but life offers no greater thrill than giving a close shot in the brain of a raging monster at point-blank range.

However, for the nervous, the machan can be built as high as a mountain top, for the tiger, though belonging to the cat family, cannot climb a tree or steep ascent. But the only shot you can use from that height is one at the spine, and an inexactitude of even a few inches can mar your chances of a rug in your den back home.

Once you are on the machan, you must observe some simple rules. Make no movement or sound. Do not smoke. Do not breathe hard. Don't get upset if both your feet go to sleep. Sit absolutely still even if it means loss of half-a-pint of blood to the jungle mosquitoes. Use extreme caution in raising your rifle when the tiger appears; though the unsuspecting beast does not go looking up in trees, the slightest breeze or rustle is likely to alert him. Sitting still for hours is a hard business; however, use of insect repellents on hands and face can be a lot of help.

If a tiger fails to arrive voluntarily,

he can be forced out of his hiding place and channelled toward you. The local natives, in expectation of a small tip, form themselves in the rough shape of a triangle with your machan as the apex and plow through the jungle, barging on drums and metal pans, yelping and whacking the boles of trees with ax handles. The rising crescendo impels the quarry in your direction. As soon as he comes within range, the beaters immediately climb trees and remain there till definite news of the cat is received.

Occasionally, a beat may not flush a tiger, but it is never disappointing. Instead, you may get some other Indian jungle variety: sambar, deer, blue bull, leopard and, occasionally, bison. However, when planning the beat, care should be taken to flank all the three sides of the triangle, for tigers are expert swimmers and cannot be balked by rivers or streams.

It is imperative to pop a final slug into the tiger before descending the machan, even if it means further damaging the prized skin. In the past, people who have presumed the beast to be dead with just one shot have been surprised on coming down either to see the tiger vanish away or, worse still, spring on them with dishonorable intent.

A couple of years ago, while an American tourist (Mr. Robert C. Ruark) was hunting in the jungles of central India, he aimed a shot, heard a terrific growl, and some 15 minutes later, flipped the light on the dead tiger just in time to see his vanishing tail. Obviously, his bullet had glanced off a bone or had gone through the flesh without meeting any resistance. The shock had only paralyzed the tiger for a few minutes. The American went on his spoor for two days, but the tiger had quit bleeding inside half-a-mile. He never picked up his trail again.

The search for a wounded tiger can become a murderous occupation, as one Delhi sportsman recently learned. It was nighttime and he pushed one bullet into the hide of an old tom, who promptly disappeared in a nearby clump of grass. Next day, the hunter started searching the grass, but soon the place was resounding with the cries of the man and the roar of the tiger. His friends were afraid to shoot because both man and beast seemed to be in a deadly tangle. But at last one took a chance: the tiger was killed and the man was found alive, minus a leg.

This is all for the tiger shoot. However, it may be even greater fun to trap these animals. Once a trapper friend of mine was invited by the Indian railway authorities to deal with a tiger operating around Byree, a small wayside station near Nagpur. The rail-

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*"Whom shall I say is calling?"*



*"Make it one for my baby and one more for the road."*



Furtively, she began to lift the sheet.

Ribald Classic

## THE TALE OF THE TERRIBLE TEETH

A new rendering of a story from the *Katha Sarit Sagara* of Somadeva

A CERTAIN BARBER served a king whose mind dwelt too much on the women of his kingdom. One day as the monarch was strolling down the corridors of the palace, he came upon the barber's quarters and caught sight of the barber's wife. Now this wife was of exceptional beauty and youth, and the barber was deeply and madly in love with her.

The king looked at her and passed on down the corridor, but he did not forget what he had seen. Back in his rooms, he asked his servants, "Who is the beautiful woman I saw today in the barber's quarters?"

"She is his wife," they replied, "and she is held to be as lovely as any woman in your realm."

The king's heart burned with lust and he yearned to possess her. "Her husband is only a barber," he told his steward. "What could he do if I took her?"

"He could do nothing," said the steward who saw that the king had already made up his mind to have the woman. "Nothing at all. Indeed, he should consider himself honored. Shall I conduct her to your Majesty's presence this afternoon while the barber is away?"

The king commanded him to do so, and the steward saw to it. She came with downcast eyes, beautiful as a young doe, aglow with eagerness to please; ripe, beautiful—in short, exactly as the king had hoped she would come. Then he had his will of her, and she was by no means dissatisfied by his performance. In fact, she was delighted and proud, and when her husband returned from work, she told him all about it, failing to understand why his face fell in sorrow.

"It isn't every woman who has the privilege of lying with a king," she told him. "And he will not forget us when the time comes for giving gifts. We shall be as rich as any rajah."

But the barber loved her too much to let him forget. In his own romantic

way he felt cheated of life's most important gift. As a result he sulked, grew lean and pale, and looked so bad that the king noted it.

"What ails you, barber?" he asked one morning. "If some wrong has been done you, tell me of it and I will personally see that reparation is made."

The barber kept his eyes on the floor. "It is something no one can remedy, your Majesty," he said sadly. "My wife is a beautiful woman, but she is also a witch of the worst sort. At night, I can scarcely sleep for fear she will draw out the inwards of my body. This is why I am so thin and pale and why I am disheartened and frightened."

The king shook his head in sympathy and hid a smile. I wonder if this barber thinks I can be taken in by such a tale. A witch indeed! And he resolved to continue having the barber's wife whenever the mood struck him.

After the barber had shaved him from face to foot (as was the custom in those days), the king dismissed him and grew pensive. "Could it be that she really is a witch?" he asked himself. "What if she drew out my inwards? Well she might, if she were a witch, for surely a king's inwards are superior to a barber's. This afternoon it will do no harm to make a test."

Meanwhile the barber had gone to his wife with a face even sadder than the one he had showed the king.

"What is the matter?" she asked him.

"Today I broke another perfectly good razor," he answered. "At this rate we shall be ruined."

"How did you break it?"

He hung his head. "It is a thing too shameful for a man to tell his wife."

"I shall not stop asking until you answer me," she told him.

"Well," said the barber after a pause, "today as I was shaving the king's backside . . ."

"What is shameful about that?" she cried. "Haven't you shaved his whole body all these years from face to foot? How would it look for a king to go

about with hair on his body?"

"It isn't the shaving," said the barber with a long-drawn sigh. "You see, the king has a terrible deformity. He has a strong set of teeth in a place where no human being ought to have them. And when I shave him there, those teeth keep breaking my razors."

"What a tale!" cried his wife. "If I were you, I would not repeat it."

But later when she had had time to think, she said to herself, "It will certainly do no harm to look the next time he sends for me. It will be easy, too, after he has fallen asleep."

During the hour of rest that same afternoon, while the barber was snoring away, the steward came softly and summoned her to the royal bedchamber.

After the monarch had fallen asleep (or so she thought), the barber's wife sat up cautiously. She did not suspect that his Majesty was pretending, for she heard his regular breathing and saw that his eyes were closed. Slowly and carefully she lifted the sheet and with her fingers began to search for the concealed teeth.

Then there was a wild scream of terror. "She is a witch! A witch!" cried the king, as he leaped raked from the bed and scuttled down the long hall that led to his gardens. "She was trying to draw out my inwards!"

The barber's wife thought it best to leave. Since his Majesty never again summoned her, and even though she had valued his love-making above her own husband's, she made the best of things, and ended up by being satisfied with what she had had before her affair with the king.

"Besides," she said, "I much prefer a normal man than one with a set of teeth where teeth should never be."

In this way the barber won his wife away from her royal paramour and taught her to devote herself exclusively to her rightful spouse.

—Translated by J. A. Gato



## it's like this with TV (continued from page 23)

your choice of Groucho Marx or Hiram Holliday (otherwise known as Wally Cox, who can hardly be a big sex thrill for the girls), or fantasy and nature programs like *Disneyland*, or crime like *Dragnet*, or all the comedians. Any frankly sexual allure in any of these shows? You'll also encounter a half-dozen family-type shows like *The Goldbergs*, *Ozzie and Harriet*, *Father Knows Best*, *December Bride*, and, of course, the best known of them all, *I Love Lucy*—all chastely conubial as a Norman Rockwell cover. Sex is allowed only in the case of puppy love which occasionally afflicts the younger members of the families. In fact, if Lucy were ever to give so much as a glance at another man apart from Desi (except in fun or as one of her elaborate plots to break into show business or to conceal the fact she cracked up the family car), the uproar would drown out the Middle East imbroglio. The Senate would probably investigate such a breach of TV decorum as a threat to our internal security.

There have been some very pretty girls on television, but the ones with the staying power—the ones who come back week after week—are the thoroughly scrubbed, wholesome girls like Dinah Shore, Fran Allison, Gale Storm, Barbara Britton and Jinx Falkenburg, any one of whom is likely to remind you of your sister. The Zsa Zsa Gabor appears now and then on dramatic shows and are seen no more.

There are a few frank displays of feminine charms on some shows, but they are largely incidental. Jackie Gleason, for example, has a chorus line of very lovely girls. There are so many of them that the cameras have to back away to the second balcony, and the girls all diminish to one-inch stature. In fact, there are grounds for suspicion that the chorus line was put there for the amusement of Mr. Gleason, who likes a lot of pretty girls around, rather than for the rest of us for whom he is still the feature attraction. On some of the give-aways, the girls who hand out the \$1000 bills or the checks are bare-legged, but they flash on and off screen in a trice, and the emphasis is on the money, not the girls.

Years ago, there was a hubbub about Faye Emerson's necklines, but it was largely synthetic. I ought to know because I started it by referring to Miss Emerson as a "plunging neckline Alexander Woodcott," and she banded it about on her program, largely for the fun of it. In more recent years, Miss Emerson's neckline is on a level with that of Whistler's mother and her fans are mostly middle-aged women. Oh, sure, there have been a few frankly sexual attractions like Elvis Presley—

but then Presley is not a regular TV personality and there is some violent opposition in network circles to having him on even occasionally. About the closest thing to allure ever presented was *The Continental*, a white-tie-aid-tailed curiosity with an odd accent, who stared straight into the camera and intoned: "Don't be afraid. Let eyes only a man's apartment." Instead of getting a tingling in the spine, the girls just roared with laughter and *The Continental* soon disappeared.

Television is studded with dramatic shows ranging from half-an-hour to an hour and a half, and you might think sex would have made some inroads there. But no. Television has not yet produced any love story as sizzling as *Carmen* or as tender as *A Farewell to Arms* or as savagely sexual as *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. Granted those are all rather exceptional examples, but television hasn't even made any stabs in that direction.

The best known love story to come out of TV was *Marty*, the romance of a lonely Bronx butcher. However, it was clearly pointed out that the girl in that tale was not the only girl in the world, but the first one that came along, and not a very pretty one. And Rod Steiger bears hardly any resemblance to John Barrymore. There have, it's true, been some actors on television who have made female hearts beat faster—notably Charlton Heston and, more recently, Anthony Perkins—but they have vanished into the movies. Grace Kelly started in television but disappeared in the general direction of Hollywood, and later Monaco, never to be seen again. Television has yet to produce a single Gregory Peck or Jayne Mansfield who is clearly identifiable with TV.

Even if a big bundle of sex appeal came along, it's doubtful whether the big brass would recognize it or exploit it. Edward R. Murrow appeals to a lot of the ladies, but his function on TV is as a deep thinker. Jerry Lewis is very attractive to some women, but he's there to make you laugh. Personally, I think Audrey Meadows is quite a dish, but they go to enormous pains to conceal it, as if they were ashamed of it.

Once in a while some of the great sexpots of the movies venture before a television camera—mostly to plug their pictures. In this case you can't pretend the sex attraction isn't there. The TV technique here is to make jokes about it. For instance, Anita Ekberg appeared on Perry Como's show swathed in mink to her armpits in order to cover up her charms and provide jokes for Mr. Como. Kim Novak was thoroughly insulated on the Steve Allen show with jokes, a form of entertainment she is so hopelessly

unfamiliar with that she ruined a comedy sketch. Zsa Zsa Gabor has been on comedy shows two or three times—simply as a figure of fun.

In its great thirst for material, television has gobbled up dozens of the great stories, novels and plays from the world's treasure-trove of literature, but it has shown a curious antipathy to the great love stories. Two of the most distinguished offerings in this category have been *Peter Pan*, J. M. Barrie's fable of childhood, and *Gaine Maiting Court Martial*, which hasn't got a woman in it. Of Shakespeare's plays, *Macbeth* was televised on at least a half-dozen occasions, while *Romeo and Juliet* was tried only a couple of times. *Camille* was attempted once and it flopped. Classic love stories that have been successful in all other media have been pretty bad on TV.

Also, television, like radio before it, has yet to produce any real live romances of the caliber of say, Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, or Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier, or any of half-a-dozen other less publicized romances that came out of the film colony. TV stars do marry each other once in a while—Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows, for example—but they do it quietly and, so far, firmly. (There have been no spectacular split-ups either.)

How about *The Other Woman* in soap opera? There are plenty of those, all right, trying to snaffle somebody else's husband. But these femmes fatales do this in curious ways. They'll slander the wife to the husband, trying to separate the pair that way. In a pinch, they may even attempt murder. But outright sex appeal—no. They use every weapon except that. This points up the curious morality not only of television but of radio which preceded it. Murder and mayhem—there are plenty of both—are considered all right. But sex—even ordinary manifestations of it between husband and wife—is avoided like the measles.

Why is sex so conspicuously absent? Doesn't it project on television? Of course it does, the Darryl Zanuck Law notwithstanding. (Early in TV history, Darryl Zanuck, whose pronouncements carry the weight of Supreme Court decisions in Hollywood, declared: "Television can never hurt us because no one can get aroused over an eight-inch Betty Grable." For several years this dictum proved very comforting to the ostriches in Hollywood, until movie theatres started folding all over the country.) People don't like sex in the living room? Now, don't be silly.

There are several theories why sexual magnetism doesn't have any staying power on television, some of them provable, some of them clearly conjecture. One reason is that when a sexpot appears

—like Anthony Perkins—the movies grab him immediately and TV has no way of keeping him. Another school of thought holds that the very nature of the medium defeats any such thing. "It doesn't wear well," runs this line of argument. "After all, TV stars are on once a week—some of them five times a week—and for such constant exposure the audience wants someone it can relax with. Suppose Gina Lollobrigida got Dave Garroway's job. We'd be awfully sick of that flamboyant sex within a couple of weeks."

My own theory is even more novel and it will be fiercely disputed by a lot of people—especially Mr. Philip Wylie. My theory is that Madison Avenue—far from being obsessed with sex as he claims—doesn't even know what it is. They know what a pretty girl is, true enough, but they don't know what she's for—or at least their idea of what a pretty girl is for and mine are markedly different. A girl's function, according to the Madison Avenue clan, is to make toast—specifically, to make it on the Westrolux Auto-Magnetic Super Triotic Toastmistress, the 1957 model, not last year's. In every toaster ad you ever saw, the girl is a symbol of domesticity. When you're selling Westrolux Auto-Magnetic Super-Triotic Toastmistresses, sex is positively a hindrance. If a man's mind gets running along certain channels, he's not likely to care whether the toast is burned or even whether there is any. So, for heaven's sake, keep his mind away from that sort of thing. The most spectacularly successful salesman, or rather saleswoman, on television is Betty Furness, and Miss Furness deliberately turns off all her sex appeal on television so that it won't distract attention from the refrigerators she's selling.

Well, why, you may well ask, not let sex and romance creep into programs, well insulated from the commercials? One reason is our strong streak of Puritanism. Any hint of sexual impropriety—or even sexual propriety—brings forth a flood of condemnatory letters, and an Elvis Presley brings forth an avalanche. And ad men hate criticism.

But an even more potent reason why television has produced no Clark Gables, no Greta Garbo whom it can claim for its own, is simply force of habit. Both the advertising and network bigshots who call the tarrs grew up in radio, and radio produced no romantic stars; therefore no one has bothered to look for them in television. Some day television is going to produce its own Sophia Loren, a girl whose appeal is so basic that Madison Avenue, conditioned as it is to think that a woman's chief function is to make clothes cleaner than anything, won't even realize what has hit it.

The scene, as I see it, would go something like this: a bunch of agency men

have gathered together to give it the benefit of their best charcoal gray thinking. Their show, *Name Your Poison*, has just jumped from an 11.1 Trendex to 18.7 and the boys are trying to figure out why.

"Let's lay it on the couch and give it a little free association," suggests the account exec. Advertising figures of speech have progressed significantly from the athletic fields ("We're just a short chip shot from the green"), through the Navy ("Let's up periscope and look around"), to the headbrinker's office—showing graphically not only where the boys have been but what torments they've been through.

The charcoal suits spithall awhile, just feather-bedding, and then Osgood, the youngest member of the firm, speaks up. "I'm just thinking off the bottom of my pants, but it seems to me that new girl we have on the show—she has eye appeal. You know—uh—advanced styling. Her skin has that tender, flaky, golden brown look. She looks like a combination of medically proven active ingredients."

What he's trying to say is something quite different, but his mind has been

bent in wrong directions. The secret of the girl's Trendex is just simple enough to elude him entirely. In fact, it eludes the whole agency.

Until one day the account exec's son, age 15 and therefore uncorrupted, will be looking at the show and will turn to his chum and remark: "Daddy-o, she's real here."

"What was that, son?" says his poppa, thinking daddy-o referred to him, which it didn't.

"I mean," says the son, groping for the sort of archaic terminology the old bastard might understand, "she's got—uh—sex appeal."

The next day at the conference, the exec says: "Close ranks, men. The baloon has gone up. I've been looking through the small end of the telescope to get the big picture. To get down to the short strokes, the watchword is *sex appeal*."

From then on, look out. They'll break sex down into cost per thousand, media differentiation, product identification, and all the rest of it. And that, gentle reader, is the time to buy your second television set.

3



"Those foreign U.N. delegates are all alike. You never know what they're asking for until after they get it."



## BIG WHEEL (continued from page 58)

for tennis players, bridge players, water skiers, golfers, riflemen and dogs, International Regattas, Galas, Carnivals, and Balls, Balls, *ad infinitum*. The village clock is working now; and nobody is starving; and none of the citizens is paying tax—but are they citizens, or, I'm afraid, are they only the ushers, underlings and hired hands at the Circus, *née* Principality, of Monaco?

For the visitor, like myself, in the midst of all this gala et cetera, a week in Monaco is something like an awful, systematized house party, in which he constantly is being told to play charades or to pin the tail on the donkey. Nevertheless, as a conscientious tourist, I saw what I was expected to: stalagmites, at the Prehistoric Grotto; *Homo neanderthalensis*, at the Museum of Prehistoric Anthropology; *Euphorbia grandicornis*, from Ethiopia, at the Exotic Garden; live ostriches, at the Center of Zoologic Acclimation; dead whales, at the Museum of Oceanography. Then, at the dose of a wearying day, I sought tranquility at the silent, cool aquariums in the Museum of Oceanography and meditated on the

words of Albert I, an oceanographer himself, when he said, "As beings on the earth, we are renegades who have escaped from the ocean. But are we happier in the brilliant sunshine than we were in the phosphorescences of the deep waters? Perhaps the true happiness dwells in the quiet depths." A brave opinion, that, almost a heresy in sunbiny Monaco and quite contradictory to the General Commissariat of Tourism and Information, but still, I thought, as I browsed about the aquarium, a very sensible opinion, too. In the quiet, phosphorescent tanks, a goldfish blew bubbles; a trigger fish, as indolent as an alley cat, rubbed its parti-colored sides against a coral; a capon, lying like a tired pancake, on the olive, seaweedy floor of a tank, patiently waited for its skin to go away. Truly, here was a happy seascape—until I came to the *poisson-roi*.

The *poisson-roi* wanted out. Blindly, incorrigibly, that poor fish was swimming hither and yon, searching all the corners of its tank, trying, trying, trying, for an untold millionth time, to find the exit, that secret exit, that open-sesame

that still eluded it. Always, its expression was one of jaded perseverance, of desperate hope; precisely the expression that I beheld, the next evening, on more than a hundred poor fishes at the Society for Sea-Baths, generally known as the Monte Carlo Casino.

The Society for Sea-Baths and Foreigners' Club of Monaco, to use its proper name, was founded in 1861 and, exactly a half-century later, when it opened a hydropathic annex, it finally gave somebody a sea-bath. Meanwhile, the society had soaked the very bluest of foreigners—King Edward VII, King Edward VIII, a dozen other kings, queens and emperors, the Aga Khan, the Pasha of Marrakech, Sir Winston Churchill, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., J. Pierpont Morgan and Charlie Chaplin, among others—and had gotten itself a reputation, of course, as the *me plus ultra* of the fashionable world. Now, 1957, the Society for Sea-Baths is still contending that, "from all parts of the globe, aristocrats, artists, literary men and sportsmen rush towards Monte Carlo, the pole of attraction," but alas, the truth is otherwise, as I discovered that evening when, after paying the admission fee, 42 cents, and after bypassing a room of slot machines, I entered the principal gambling hall of Monte Carlo Casino.

The effect was that of a deadly, overheated waiting room. In its ponderous heat, waiting, as it were, for a long-delayed milk train, a hundred men and women milled insipidly; men, surely no aristocrats, with sullen, half-shaven faces; women with landlady faces, heavy, stagnant and fat; a prostitute; a frowzy dissolute, whose hair, like a colony of mud-brown worms, escaped from beneath her hat in every direction. At the gaming tables, they sat like subway riders, insensible, gum, looking at life through the lower halves of their eyeballs and twisting their lips for exercise, up and down. Everywhere, a melancholy silence hung like a damp bedsheet. This was the Monte Carlo Casino, and all the while the roulette wheels turned, as windmills on a torpid, summer afternoon, and the croupiers all watched with looks of exquisite boredom, and the lazy, ivory ball, at last, settled in a compartment, red or black, odd or even, according to the inexorable law of averages—which is to say, totally unpredictably. With pencils, papers and occult arithmetical tables, the poor fishes were trying, trying, trying to predict it.

There was something magnificently mad here, Philosophically, I suppose, it typified man's unending search for meaning in a meaningless world, his pitiful attempts to leave his little aquarium, but it wasn't fun, certainly it wasn't



recreation. To make the casino somewhat happier, less like a funeral parlor, the management, I learned, has tried such desperate innovations as double roulette, a variety that paid, occasionally, \$1200 to one, and mercury, a race-way of little tin airplanes, like Coney Island, but always the gloom continued, until, in 1950, the management went despairingly to Reno, Nevada, and returned to Monte Carlo with a crap table. For a month, the old casino was awakened by that happy hullohaloo. "Four and try, and take it away!" "Five and two, and you're all through!" "Little Joe from Alamo!"; then, the croupiers revolted, and Little Joe, Little Phoebe and their lighthearted friends were supplanted by "sept perdant," "le point est neuf," and other vapid Gallicisms which, the croupiers explained, were more harmonious with Monte Carlo, and the pall returned. While I was there, our happy, American crap game was being patronized by three phlegmatic Englishmen, who, one after another, were shaking the dice rather like Captain Queeg and letting them dribble to the comatose, green table. "Ah," said one of them addressing me, "you shouldn't have come to Monte Carlo. One hour, and you're a gonner."

I assured the fellow that, after one hour at Monte Carlo, it was everything I could do to keep awake. In fact, it was more than I could do and, as he rattled the bones, as they trickled across the table, as the croupier murmured, "Le point est neuf," I toddled home.

The next morning, I ran across Diana and Malcolm Browne, two Americans I had known in Andorra. We had a happy reunion, indeed; at their hotel, Malcolm gave me an Andorran cigarette, a Charlemagne, and Diana, meanwhile, read us a love letter that she had received from Pasco, a bullfighter, whom we had also known in Andorra. Pasco had written:

*En voler de una mujer  
Reside, no en el tener  
Sino en el ser  
Tú eres,*

which is to say, we decided, that Diana's value didn't reside in what she had, which was Malcolm, but what she was, Diana observed that what she was, currently, was bored silly, having been at Monte Carlo Casino a week and having decided, with Malcolm, that the Principality of Monaco couldn't hold a candle to the Valleys of Andorra. For another hour, we sighed for the happier, bygone days of the casino, when guns were fired, when bombs were tossed, when kings, queens and croupiers were playing; when "splendid women," I had read, "with bold eyes and golden hair and marble columns of imperial throats were there to laugh, to sing songs, to tempt"; when

"sometimes, however, a person may be seized with a violent attack of hysterical screaming, in which circumstances it is convenient to have the surgery . . . those at hand"; when Mr. Charles Deville Wells, a cockney, by winning \$200,000, by causing the casino's tables to be draped in black, became, in 1891, the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo; when, in 1892, the bank at Monte Carlo broke Mr. Wells; when a French princess hurled a \$20 chip to the tables, winning \$720 instantaneously; when the place was racy, electric, alive. Then, Diana, Malcolm and I resolved to do something about it.

That evening, the three of us appeared at Monte Carlo Casino with enough scientific paraphernalia to fission the atom. Malcolm carried a Dunlop & Jackson log-log slide rule, a stopwatch and a periodic table of the elements; I, the *American Ephemeris* for 1954; and Diana, a speedometer, a table of natural logarithms and another of trigonometric functions. With all these, and with the most intense, professorial of mien, we seated ourselves at a table, and I started to bet, frequently consulting the logarithms, the trigonometric functions, the *American Ephemeris*, etc., and receiving from Diana and Malcolm such exotic memoranda as:



$$X = \sum_y^m X Y e^{+k \sqrt{V_y}}$$

and

$$f(x) = \frac{n!}{2\pi i} \int_C \frac{f(t)}{t^n (t-x)^{n+1}} dt.$$

From the start, we had extraordinary luck. Betting at random on red, black, odd and even, we won continually, and within 10 minutes we had doubled our capital (\$2.80), at which rate, as Malcolm calculated on the slide rule, we would have realized a handsome 50 to 80 billion dollars by midnight. Then, as Malcolm turned his attentions to the stopwatch, as Diana gave me the scribbled intelligence that:

$$\cos \theta = \cos^n \frac{\theta}{n} \left\{ 1 - \frac{n(n-1)}{1.2} \tan^2 \frac{\theta}{n} + \dots \right\}$$

I peered about, to see what kind of sensation the three of us were causing.

None at all. Nobody was watching Malcolm, nobody was watching Diana, nobody was watching me; nobody was watching the wheel, nobody was watching the ball; everybody, as always, was watching his own, occult, arithmetical tables. So there they sat, in the Monte Carlo Casino, insensible, glum, trying, trying, trying, for an untold millionth time, to find the aquarium's exit.



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## NOT NICE GUY

(continued from page 48)

wants me to do a plan for remodeling a coach house."

For the first time, she sat back on the couch. She curled up with her shoes off, her marvelous slim legs tucked beneath her, her mouth slightly parted, and she breathed huskily. "Oh please tell me all about it, Bud. I just love old coach houses."

"Great. Swell. Another time." Barely knowing what he was doing, without a backward glance at the creature on the couch, he went for her coat.

And then down they went for the taxi, the girl clack-clacking on her heels to keep up with the frowning, abstracted male. At the door to the cab, the first genuine inspiration of his life illuminated Bud Streeter with a flash like a cat caught in the wiring. He short-circuited his way to genius. Sure, in his work as an architect he sometimes had sharp and original ideas, but this was a stroke of divine power. Like most inspirations, it struck without his thinking very much about it. It came all at once, like Einstein's Theory of Relativity. It was the abrupt crystallization of one of those moments that give a man a sense of power—like the first time he blows a bubble with doublebubble gum. He paled under the impact, but Saralee saw nothing. He bore it with a hero's calm.

The formula for Bud Streeter's Natural Field Theory for Playing the Field was expressed by his next casual remark to Saralee: "Say, Saralee honey, do you mind if I just put you in the cab and don't take you home? I really have an awfully busy day tomorrow."

The sky falling in! The earth opening! Ed Sullivan changing expression! Such things had never happened before, and Saralee's mouth came forward in a plump, rich and very sad pout. She gazed at him bravely through the cab window and asked in a rather high-pitched voice, "Will you call me sometime when you're not too busy? Will you really, Bud? Promise?"

Weary and bored with love—that was the key. That's the kind of not-niceness he could manage, because he was almost sincere about it. Plus busy with other things, a man of deep lonely male preoccupations. Work! Important matters! Not nice at all! Heavily he peered at his watch.

"Promise?" Saralee demanded. He shrugged negligently. "Sure, sure thing," he murmured, and began walking before the taxi started up. He felt Saralee watching through the rear window. She probably couldn't see the hairs pricking up on the back of his neck. The back of his neck, although no one on the street noticed, belonged to a conquering jungle beast.

And that was how it happened. It may seem like a little thing, but the first oil well was unimportant, too, just a lot of filthy grease that dirtied the nice pure water until they found a use for the stuff. Someday it would give gas stations something to sell and make Texas a cultural center. Being an intelligent, thoughtful person, Bud Streeter now made use of the uses of not-niceness. He had been raised to think that there is justice in the world, and that if you want someone to be nice to you, you have to be nice to the someone, especially if it's a her-someone. This niceness had become a habit, though generally unwarded, like cuticle biting. Despite all his past, he had been a virgin to one profound emotional experience—he had never before said to a girl, "Here, you go home alone in a cab." He had been wounded in action, he was a Phi Beta Kappa, he had survived a romance with a lady dentist, he was making enough money at 30 to drink himself silly on good liqueur and travel himself air-sick on first-class flights—but he was still that special kind of virgin and unspoiled.

Now he started spoiling himself. He waited a few days and then called Saralee again.

He was his usual sensitive, considerate self over the telephone. Her relief was as palpable as nudity in his hands, and it gave forth the some tremulous quiver. "Oh I'd love to see you," she said. "Dinner at Paul Winter's? Oh that's really wonderful." Not-niceness can detonate that mysterious pitterpat, pitterpat in a girl's abstract heart. It can pitterpat the abstraction right out, and make it a yearning heart. It is a very important ingredient—the black oil of not-niceness distills to a fuel that explodes in any number of fiery, pitter-patting ways. "Bud?" she said. "I'm really really glad you called."

She dressed for dinner cher Winter—long earrings, spectacular silk gown, Italian shoes that were nothing but heel, all the lace et cetera special and new. She loved fancy dining, fancy dressing, and had steady warm feelings for Bud's return to a comfortable thoughtfulness.

When Bud came for her, however, it turned out that he had changed his mind. There was a homey little pizzeria around the corner—just a simple neighborhood place with oilcloth on the tables and paper napkins—but he had a hankering for some spaghetti and a pizza. Nothing special. Greasy silverware. An overloosd jukebox and a surly waiter. Just good honest simple fare. Did Saralee mind too much?

Yes, she did, but somehow she could not find the strength to say it. Instead she murmured, "Well, spaghetti is always edible."

"Aren't you a good kid to share my enthusiasm? You're nice," Bud replied,

a stealthy subotear of a smile opening all the doors within him. "Let's wait. Maybe you better change your shoes."

"At dinner they talked of many things. Saralee spoke of her brother, a steady high-type fellow whom she really admired, a high school teacher. He would be a principal someday. Bud remarked that he thought her brother a creep.

"Creep? My favorite brother? Morton? *Creep?*" she demanded.

"Yeah, walks around without using his legs. Can't see six inches in front of his snout. A fair like ringworm. Of course, I don't want you to get insulted because I notice as how your brother is strictly from nowhere. You're different. You're from somewhere. Saralee."

"Thanks," she said, "but you don't really understand Morton. He's kind. I don't think you appreciate that. Bud." Picking the anchories out of her last slice of pizza, she fell into a drowsy pensiveness which was finally broken by the waiter when he tore her stockings with his broom. He didn't mean it. It was just carelessness.

"Isn't this a wonderful place?" Bud said happily. "So much more genuine. Real life wouldn't happen at Paul Winter's—they get nothing but good food, soft music, comfort, elegance. Very square."

Saralee was still thinking about her brother while she peeled off her stockings in this genuine, real-life restaurant. "Of course," she admitted, "Morton does proceed rather cautiously down life's thorny path. You're right about that. I never looked at it your way before, but yes, he is a bit of a creep."

"From Creepville," said Bud.

"But I wish two things," Saralee added. "I wish you would restrain your criticisms of my family, who I love. Whom. And I wish you would give up this jive language you've picked up someplace—probably from that girl you've been going out with." (She gazed shrewdly into his face to see if she had guessed right.)

"Rect," said Bud. "I'll leave your siblings out of it, baby, because I think you're a cool fox. And I won't talk jive because I really don't dig that nothing beat—except Brubeck, Mingus, Monk, Zoot Sims, the Bird, and Guillaume de Machaut."

"Ghee-yo de who?"

"Machaut. Bill Machaut. Frenchman, pre-Bach. He's really the most, the very end. How about another glass of New York State Chianti?"

"Well, I really don't—"

"Drink it, anyway," he said briskly, pouring for both of them. "What's the matter, you scared of the trout?"

The new, friendly, convinced, smiling and not-nice Bud Streeter failed even to ask Saralee to come back to his apartment for a nightcap and some music. He didn't seem to care. He

wanted his sleep, or was bored, or had other matters on his mind. But this time he took Saralee to her door.

"Uh," she said.

"Uh what? Spit it out, you're chewing on something."

"Bud, please!"

"Please what?"

"Well," she said all in a timid rush, "well, why don't you come upstairs and have a little music and a nightcap? My roommate's out of town. Would you like to dance a little?"

"Probably I'd rather just listen, but OK, why not? I need the exercise."

She put her key in the outside door.

"Bud, are you making fun of me?"

"Why should I do that, baby? No-body here to appreciate the joke if I am. Anyway, I wouldn't do that, because I think . . ." He groped for words. "I think—" He searched for exactly the proper compliment. "I think you're OK, kid. You don't bug me like some broads do."

She smiled with tender gratitude. She studied him as they soared in the self-service elevator. He did not smile, but maybe he twitched a little, she thought. It looked almost like a smile. He must really like her. He was rather rough and crude and inconsiderate, not nice at all the way he had seemed to be, but now there was something basic about him. Basically what? She was not sure. All she knew was that his hand on her arm challenged her, and she was leading him into her apartment with a strange catch in her throat and a hopeful wonderment at what might happen next.

"Oh dear!" she said in a small, very small smothered voice as he took her in his arms. That was what happened next.

"What's the matter?"

"You don't even give me a chance to turn on the lights."

"Is that why you said oh dear?"

She did not reply, but she smiled in the dark. The oh dear which had jumped to her lips was saying something else. It spoke for the fierce perception of desire; and abruptly, with quaking knees and a determined heat, Saralee Sanders had the greatest, most crucial idea of her life. That rough, irrational, moody, untamed man, Bud Streeter—she would please him absolutely and make him nice. He would be nice again sometime. She could do it to him by a fine and subtle technique which she felt taking possession of her delighted body—the method of surrender.

And Bud was thinking as they stumbled toward the couch in the dark: Yes, I'll be nice. Why not? Very soon maybe.

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## Master of the Streets

(continued from page 52)

you're never sure that they will continue. It keeps you on your toes, Otto. It keeps up, shall we say, the quality of the product. I like it that way. I like you to feel that I may get bored with the arrangement and call the whole thing off. I don't like the people on my payroll getting fat and secure."

"I wouldn't do that, Reed. The quality would remain the same. I need that security. I need that kind of an annuity."  
"No dice, my friend. I don't care if you squirm or get frightened or even hate my guts. As long as you're anxious and worried, I know you'll be working your tail off for me."

"Reed, please. I need that feeling of security. I've sweated enough."

"Sweat some more, brother. It'll keep you in shape. Or maybe you want to end the uncertainty and just call the whole thing off now?"

"No," said Otto Freund. "Forget I mentioned it."

"I already have, Otto."

After that interview, Otto Freund made a decision.

One afternoon he had his usual expensive meal at Chasen's. The only thing that was unusual about this particular day was that he dined alone and held a leather attaché case on his lap throughout the meal. He had the doorman hail him a cab and he left his Jaguar in the parking lot. He directed the cab driver to a gin-mill type bar on McDrose. After he had entered the bar it took him several minutes for his eyes to accustom themselves to the dimness. He ordered a bottle of imported German beer from the bartender and carried it with him to a table set in front of a booth in the rear of the room. As he approached the table, a heavy-set man in a pin-stripe suit rose and offered his hand. Otto got right down to business. He placed the attaché case on the table.

"Nobody must ever know we are even acquainted," he said. "That is my first condition."

"Agreed," said the man.  
"My second condition is that you must never, under any circumstances, call me at my home or my school."

"Agreed."  
"Third," continued Otto, "the money is to be paid into my account in cash by a third party. And when we meet, it must be like this . . . in a place like this where neither of us would be recognized. There must be no other contact between us."

"You make this sound like a cloak and dagger movie," said the other man.  
"However, I agree to your terms."

"Fine," said Otto. "Fine."  
He opened the attaché case and handed over an envelope.

The man opened it. It contained 15 typewritten pages and several 8½ x 11 glossy pictures. The man took his time reading the pages while Otto sipped on his beer. When he'd finished reading he held the pictures to the side so that a beam of sunlight hit them.

"That's the best picture of Lili I've ever seen," he said. "And I have not lived my life in vain. I've finally seen Reed Herald in a good picture."

He put the papers and the pictures back in the envelope and put it in his lap.

"Wonderful," he said. "Wonderful, Mr. Freund. I'm sure we shall have a profitable and long association. You will contact me about our next meeting place?"

"In a couple of weeks."

"Good."

They shook hands and the man got to his feet. Otto sat drinking his imported German beer. There was a smile on his face as he watched the most feared and hated man in Hollywood, the publisher of the most famous and successful scandal magazine, leave the bar.

Otto Freund had, finally, found his annuity.

## TIGER HUNT

(continued from page 62)

way authorities had a real reason to be upset: this cat had a habit of feasting on the signalmen, thus interrupting all traffic. He had already carried off five of them in as many weeks and the rest had scurried panic-stricken back to their villages. My friend built a strong wooden case with a heavy gateway which thudded down by pressing a release some 100 feet away. Train service was canceled for the day and the cage, containing a live cow calf, was put near the signal. The marauder was soon brought to bay and was found to have been seriously bruised in the leg by a wanton shot, enough to turn him into a man-cater.

Ordinarily, a tiger never attacks human beings unless provoked or molested. He resorts to man-eating by accident, for convenience rather than the taste of human flesh.

I once was walking on a narrow jungle path in the Almorah district of Uttar Pradesh. Suddenly I saw about 200 yards away a rippling glory of black and gold. His stride resembled a ponderous river flowing in bright sunlight. I was unarmed, so a prolonged admiration of his charms or an argument about who had the right of way were out of the question. A hasty retreat might have meant a sudden leap, so I quietly crept into the adjoining bushes. The tiger glided by without so much as a glance at me.

On the other hand, there have been instances which show that tigers like to toy with human beings. Sometime back I heard a story which sounds incredible, but is true.

A young newly-married couple was walking through the jungle. Suddenly, the man saw a rare species of bird to which he gave chase for some distance. On his return, he found the girl gone. He looked around and saw the pug marks of a tiger, and also pieces of the girl's clothing on a thorny bush. He decided to track the tiger. It was a long chase through rocks and ravines to a jagged-mouthed crevice. He peered through the opening and there was the tiger playing with the girl like a house tabby with a doll, cavorting and having a high old time. The girl, though still unharmed, was unconscious with fear, and her black hair had turned silvery gray. The man killed the tiger, but the girl lost her mind forever.

A tiger turns man-cater only when the jungle is depleted of fauna, or when he is too old or maimed by an unhealed wound to hunt up his own prey. Poor man, accustomed to the easy ways of an artificial civilization, has hardly any speed, sense of smell, vision or hearing, much less the physi-

(concluded overleaf)



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cal strength to withstand a beast with such enormous power. At any rate, a human being is hardly more than brunch to this majestic glutton who can gobble up to 200 pounds of meat at a couple of sittings.

An incident which nearly always turns a tiger into a man-eater is an encounter with a porcupine. A tiger is no gourmet; when hungry, he does not hesitate to eat a skunk, a mouse, a mustang or a carrion full of maggots, and he dearly loves his porcupine meat. In stalking this delicacy, he flips the slow-moving rodent from behind, receives a full complement of quills for his trouble. Sometimes, as many as 70 quills, each from one inch to 12 inches long, get into his flesh. The tiger does not pull the quills from his flesh, but bites off the portions that stick out. This bruises him badly and he spends the rest of his life in great pain.

It is the hardest thing to kill a man-eater. He does not return to bait, and since he knows no fear of man, he can hardly be frightened by beaters. Some of these brutes kill as many as 150 people before getting the final shot.

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The tiger survives because of his shrewdness. He sneaks up on his target as stealthily as possible. Hidden, crawling at a snail's pace, he skirts round his prey, studying every suitable angle for a leap. If the path is impeded by a dry leaf he cannot avoid stepping on, he crushes it gradually to powder. He may spend hours in these preliminaries but seldom, if ever has an animal once eyed by the tiger escaped for long. It is a tribute to his cunning that he is one of the most feared beasts in the entire world, second only to a man with a gun.

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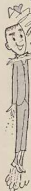
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## THE FRENCH

(continued from page 59)

man whom France destroyed. The moment he steps off the dock, his inner anchor seems to snap, and he is adrift on a sea of confusion and doubt. Consider, for instance, the next chapter, which Keyworth calls *The Train*.

"Porter, is the train alongside?"  
"Yes, sir, I'll take your luggage along."  
"Are they corridor carriages?"  
"I want a first- (second-, third-) class compartment."

"A seat in a dining-car."  
"A berth in a sleeping-car."  
"A smoking (non-smoking) compartment."  
"A compartment for ladies only."  
"Here is the train for Paris, sir."  
"Find me a corner seat if possible."  
"Back to the engine. Facing the engine."  
"Here's a corner seat."

Though he may now be yearning for a third-class sleeping-car where ladies may smoke in their berths, Fahnstock presumably plops himself down. A strange voice coldly murmurs:  
"This seat is bespoken, sir. That's my hat."

The episode is climaxed by a patch of double-spaced silence, during which Fahnstock apparently makes a getaway down the corridor, clutching his two-wheeler in embarrassment. Spotting another vacant seat, he now takes the precaution of inquiring:

"Is this seat free?"  
"Yes, sir." — "Thanks."  
"Porter, hand me up my dressing-bag."  
"My hat box."  
"My stick and umbrella."  
"Does the train start at once, porter?"  
"No, sir; you've got twenty minutes yet: time to look in at the refreshment room."

Vivid as it is, this scene is apt to leave the reader wondering just what in hell is going on. Having found a seat, for example, Fahnstock instructs the porter to hand him up his dressing-bag. What are we to make of this suggestion of altitude on Fahnstock's part? Has he merely used the seat to climb into an upper berth? Or could it be that he has an extremely short porter? The fact that he still has 20 minutes left is a nice realistic touch. This is life as we have all known and lived it, and it is a tribute to Keyworth's insight into character that he has Fahnstock next appear in *Le Buffet*, or *The Refreshment Room*.

"Please let me have a cup of coffee and milk."

"A cup of tea. A cup of chocolate."  
"A bottle of Flemish beer."  
"And a roll, sir."  
"Yes, roll and butter."  
"Give me also a slice of ham."  
"A little cold meat. A hard-boiled egg."  
"A little more coffee and milk, sir?"

"No, thanks."

"Yes, thanks, a little more."

It was at this point that I began to suspect that France was no place for me. If that's what goes on at *Le Buffet*, I'd rather stay home. But the worst was yet to come. Having lost all track of time while downing his cocoa and beer, Fahnstock hastens back to the platform to find that the Paris train has left, taking along his bicycle, hat-box, stick and dressing-bag. Still carrying his box of samples, his bag of underwear, books and personal cigars, he then decides to start from scratch and buy a new ticket. Stepping up to the window, he mumbles distractedly:

"Second (First, Third) to Fontainebleau."  
"Return?"  
"No, single only."  
"A tourist ticket."  
"May I stop on the way?"

"You may break your journey for twenty-four hours, but you must get your ticket stamped."

"Now we must get the luggage checked."

"Porter, here are our tickets."  
"It's a penny for each box. Here is your luggage ticket, sir. Don't lose it; you must show it on your arrival."

"Here is the waiting-room. You have ten minutes yet; the train is late."

"Travelers for the Lyons line!"  
"Take your seats, gentlemen; make haste!"

"I beg your pardon, are you the guard?"

"At what o'clock do we get to Fontainebleau?"

"Is this the Fontainebleau train?"  
"Tickets, please!"

"It's stalling in here. Will you allow me to open the window?"

"By all means, sir."  
"There is a strong draught. May I close the window?"

"Is the door properly closed?"

Anyone who has ever made a weekend jaunt to Westport or Spouck will attest to the authenticity of this chapter. Though Edwin Fahnstock may be high-balling toward Fontainebleau, instead of Connecticut or the Long Island shore, one gets the feeling that it is indeed our world. But is Edwin Fahnstock really en route to Fontainebleau, or has he inadvertently boarded the train for Lyons? Is he traveling alone, or did he meet someone after leaving the refreshment room, as his reference to "our tickets" would seem to suggest? Why the sudden interest in making a 24 hour stopover? Has he abandoned all thought of going to Paris, just because he lost his bicycle? To these and all other questions, the student of Keyworth can give no pat answers. The next we see of Fahnstock, he has already arrived somewhere, and is heard to exclaim:

"Is there no omnibus for the Hotel de

FEstrope?"

"Pester, call me a cab."

"Drive me to the Hotel de l'Esrope."

"Here you are, sir."

"How much do I owe you?"

"It is 2 francs 50 centimes, and the tip, say three francs."

Disregarding the cabby's hint, Fahnstock firmly insists, "The taximeter reading is 2 francs 50 c.," and bolts like mad into the next chapter, *A l'Hotel*.

"Where is the office, please?"

"There you are, sir, to the right (left) of the hall."

"I want a single-bedded room."

"A double room."

"A room with two beds."

"I want a double room, with bed for a child."

"On the first (second) floor."

"What is the price of the room per day? per week?"

"Are those inclusive terms?"

"What are your best terms for full board?"

"How much is breakfast?"

"Lunch? Dinner?"

"Is there a lift?"

Since the desk clerk never has a chance to answer, I'm still in the dark as to whether or not the Hotel de l'Esrope is a walk-up. But one thing appears certain: Fahnstock is not alone. Somewhere along the line he *did* meet someone, and that someone has a child. As a former second-class scout with a merit badge for Personal Health, I prefer to think that his companion is his wife, the former Olympia Grimsbow of Fort Wayne, Indiana, who preceded him to Europe in May, in order to visit the Edinburgh branch of the family with her young son, Muirhead. You're entitled to your own opinion, of course, and may put any construction you like on the following scene, called *Settling Down*.

"Are you the chambermaid?"

"What is your name?"

"Will you show me the bathroom and the closet?"

"Now bring me some hot water."

"I want a foot-bath, a hip-bath."

"Give me some soap."

"Some towels. A chamber."

"A needle and thread. A buttonhook."

"A shoe-horn."

"A candlestick and some matches."

"A candle. A lamp."

"The gas needs a new mantle."

"Light a fire, please."

"I should like an arm-chair."

"Where can I put away my things?"

"In the wardrobe, the chest of drawers."

"There is the dressing table."

"The mirror. The table."

"The washstand. The bell."

"Another pillow, please."

"Give me another blanket."

"Have you not got a hair mattress?"

"I don't like feather beds."

"Have you an ciderdown?"

"Are the sheets well aired?"

"I have my boots cleaned."

"Call me at eight."

I think most readers will agree that for sheer *savoir-faire* this chapter far surpasses anything in recent literature. For all its suavity, however, it loses somewhat in translation, as may be deduced from a perusal of the same scene in French. Even so prosaic a query as "Are the sheets well aired?" takes on deeper meaning when it becomes "*Les draps sont-ils bien secs?*"

Up to this point, the key word seems to be "*secc*." But the chapter doesn't end here. Three all-important lines re-

main, proving beyond a doubt that Olympia has been in the room the whole time.

"I shall have breakfast in my room."

"Very good, madam."

"Good night, madam. I hope you will sleep well."

Regardless of how well Olympia slept, morning finds Fahnstock raring to go. After a night under the ciderdown with his shoes off, he can't wait to see the sights.

"Call me a taxi."

"A carriage with one horse."

"A carriage and pair."

"I shall take a cab by the hour to see

## FEMALES BY COLE: 35



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"the town."  
Having galloped past the church, the town hall, the opera house and the quay, he winds up—even as you and I—in *Le Café*, where he announces:  
"I am thirsty."  
"Waiter, a glass of beer."  
"A bottle of beer."  
"A whiskey and soda."  
"A lemon squash."  
"An appetizer."  
"A cup of coffee. A glass of coffee."  
"Some fresh water. Some ice."  
"Some red-currant syrup. Some almond syrup."

"Some notepaper, envelopes."  
"A pen and ink. Some blotting paper."  
Keeping in mind that *Fresh for the Traveler* is a language manual, and lacks the editing necessary to a well-shopped novel, we can safely assume that Fahnstock did not drink everything he ordered. It is my contention that he didn't drink the ink, for instance, but used it to write a letter to the railroad in an effort to retrieve his hat-box and bicycle. But the fact that Keyworth has felt obliged to instruct the traveler in how to order red-currant syrup and lemon squash in French, gives one pause. Is that how France affects the American thirst? Or are these to be considered emergency requests, to be used only in the event that *le Café* has run out of beer? After two generations of tourists have given their orders according to Keyworth, is it still possible for a newcomer to order a whiskey and soda, with out having the waiter automatically bring along the almond syrup?

If not, I'm afraid I'd never make it to *Le Restaurant*, where Fahnstock is next found in the company of a Mysterious Stranger.

"Here we are!"  
"I hope you have a good appetite."  
"I am very hungry, and I hope the food will be good and well cooked, for I am most particular."

"They tell me that this is the best establishment in the town."

"We're all right, then."  
"Will you wait one moment and I will look for the head waiter."

"He knows me well, so we shall have a table by the window."

Reading this, even my faulty plot-sense tells me that the Mysterious Stranger is in cahoots with the head waiter. In fact, he isn't a Mysterious Stranger at all, but one Hubert Sinclair, an American ne'er-do-well, who has been forced to live by his wits abroad ever since his expulsion from the exclusive Enchre & Lotta Club of Scranton, Pa. Working on a commission basis, he guards Fahnstock into ordering a meal that goes on for a full page and a half in both languages, and includes oysters, anchovies, beefsteak, chicken, omelettes, seven vegetables, four cheeses, fruit, champagne, rum, gin and coffee. As the meal grows to a halt over

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bramly and cigars, the waiter, with all the gentle irony of a true countryman of Voltaire, suggests:

"Perhaps you would care for the full luncheon, gentlemen."

"How much is it?" Fahnstock mumbles, and the scene concludes on a note of brisk flatulence:

"Waiter, bring me the bill, please."

"You have made a slight mistake, I think."

"Where, sir?"—"Here."

"I am very sorry, sir."

"It does not matter."

"This way out, sir."

"Good day, sir, and many thanks."

"Are you ready?"—"Quite!"

"Come on then! Hurry up!"

With Hubert Sinclair, Fahnstock makes a flying visit to the post office, the barbershop and the tobacconist's, where he parts company with the scheming ne'er-do-well, and returns to the Hotel de l'Europe, a full man. Olympia, meanwhile, has been to the *Salon pour Dames*, and has had her hair washed, singed and curled "in the latest style." Unaware that Fahnstock has had his hot meal in the middle of the day, she then decides to go *Marketing*. Her shopping list runs to 140 items, including a leg of mutton, a calf's head, two pounds of bird, one franc 50 worth of cooked tripe, two baked pig's trotters, Jerusalem artichokes, a wild rabbit and a haunch of venison.

How she ever got past the desk clerk with such a load, and how she managed to roast a haunch of venison in her room, are secrets known only to Olympia. For the tragic aftermath, I refer you to the following chapter, *Le Médecin*.

"Will you please send for a doctor."

"I am ill."

"I have telephoned, the doctor will come at once."

"Here he is, sir."

"Good evening, doctor."

"What is the matter with you?"

"Tell me what you feel."

"Do you suffer much?"

"I haven't been well for some days."

"I am suffering from diarrhea."

"I am suffering from palpitation."

"I have a headache."

"I have constant sick headaches."

"I am aching all over."

"I have a toothache."

"My eyes ache."

"I've got a cold."

"It is a cold in the chest."

"I am coughing a great deal."

"I have a bad cold in my head."

"My stomach is out of order."

"I am suffering from stomach-ache."

"My digestion is bad."

"I feel feverish."

"I have shivering fits."

"I am suffering from the bladder."

"I sometimes feel pain in the womb."

"I have pimples on my face."

"I have a blister on my heel."

"My finger is swollen and very pain-

ful."

"I think it is a whitlow."

"I have sprained my wrist."

"My ankle is swollen."

"I fear it is sprained."

"I have a very painful boil."

"Look, There it is."

"I can't sleep."

From the varied nature of the complaints, it doesn't take a diagnostician to figure out that the whole family has been laid low. The doctor, true to all that is highest and best in his profession, takes pulses and offers assurances.

"It's nothing serious."

"You want a few days' rest and a position."

"I will write you out a prescription."

Which of the ill-lated Fahnstocks finally makes it down to the drugstore, we cannot say. But the prescription quoted in *At the Chemist's* pretty much ransacks the shelves. Forty-six separate nostrums are called for, including such old stand-bys as castor oil, magnesia, Epsom salts, Vichy water, flowers of sulphur, hair restorer, and worm powder for a child.

But the doctor must have known what he was doing, for in the next chapter Fahnstock is already up and around. Having negotiated a fresh bundle of francs *At the Bank*, he immediately sets about *Renting a House*—which leads one to suspect that gas-jet barbecues are not permitted at the Hotel de l'Europe. A renting agent shows him "a nice house in the Rue Gambetta, the villa Beausite. Rent 300 frs.," and after requesting that all the ornaments be removed, Fahnstock takes it. Leaving Olympia to hire *The Servant*, he then decides to buy a motorcar to replace his long-lost bicycle. As may be expected, he is soon weaving all over the boulevard, shouting:

"Show me the way to a garage."

"This way. Here. There."

"To the right. To the left."

"Straight on."

"Is it fat? No, quite near."

"Opposite. At the hotel."

"Thank you very much."

"Don't mention it."

"The tyre is punctured."

"I have broken the rim. A spoke."

"The chain. The fork."

"The wheel is bent (buckled)."

Not even a buckled wheel can explain Fahnstock's presence in the chapter that follows, however. To account for it, I have been forced to assume that he must have met the American ne'er-do-well, Hubert Sinclair, while strolling in the public gardens of the *Trottoir l'Oeil*. Surely it must be Sinclair and not Fahnstock who proposes a trip to the three-story suburban establishment that is the scene of *En Visite*.

"Is Madame Dumas at home?"

"Yes, sir, she is."

"I am at home."

"You are at home."

"He is at home."



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NAVARRO BROS.

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"They (misc.) are at home."  
"She is at home."

"They (few), are at home."  
It is, in short, the sort of place where everyone is at home, if you get my meaning. Always the gentleman, Fahnstock nevertheless feels called upon to inquire:

"Does she receive visitors to-day?"  
"If you will have the goodness to give me your card, I will inquire."

"Yes, sir, Madame does receive. Will you come this way, please."

"Good-day, madam."

"Good evening, Miss A."

"How do you do?"

"Very well, thank you, and you?"

With the formalities out of the way, the Madame gives us to understand that despite the scented Moorish hangings and the mute overtures of Miss A., hers is a sporting house in every sense of the word:

"There are some very nice people here, and many of your countrymen."

"If you are fond of sport, you can shoot and fish."

"You can bathe in summer and skate in winter."

"You can drive."

"We play golf and tennis."

Sidestepping the fully-equipped Miss A., Fahnstock adopts a cautious, cultural tone:

"For my part I prefer a more tranquil life."

"I like the theatre, the cinematograph."

"This evening I am going to the opera, to-morrow to a concert."

But no amount of pretence can save him. The hand of Fate intervenes with five ravishing knuckles:

"There is a knock at the door."

"Come in! Oh, it is Marie!"

"May I present my niece Marie?"

"I am delighted to meet you, Miss Mary."

"I am going out to post some letters."

"May I have the pleasure of accompanying you?"

"With great pleasure."

"Are you fond of dancing?"

"Very. I am going to the ball to-night."

"Will you give me a waltz?"

"But you are quite a stranger to me."

"I hope I shall not be so for long."

"Are you fond of music? Singing?"

"Painting? Drawing? Sculpture?"

"Yes, I paint in water colour and oil, also."

"I play the piano a little."

"And you sing?"

"A little also. I have not had many lessons."

"I shall come and hear you, if you will permit me."

"Oh! No! I should be too nervous."

"How well you speak English!"

"I learnt at school."

"There is a good teacher here for French and Italian."

"I must now say good-bye."

"No good-bye. Au revoir."

With a flick of her skirt and a provocative display of firmly molded ankle, Marie goes off to post her letters. Smitten with a darkling passion for this, the most accomplished of all the Madame's many "nieces," Fahnstock apparently decides to stay over a few days. While Keyworth discreetly skips the entertainments of evening, he is almost prodigal in providing us with glimpses of the more wholesome pursuits of day. With the fun-loving Marie, Fahnstock is soon lost in a mad whirl of golf, tennis and auction bridge. She trounces him at billiards. They play chess, and mast in three. Then it's off to the Théâtre Français to see a performance of *Leveillé Ladies*.

"Attention! There go the three knocks."

"That is how the beginning of the play is announced in France."

"The curtain is going up."

"The play is beginning."

"The action takes place in Paris in the seventeenth century."

"Armande and Henriette occupy the stage."

"They come down to the footlights."

"The first act is over."

"The curtain is being lowered."

"There are ten minutes' interval."

"Let us go and see the crush-room."

What or where the crush-room may be, I have no idea. But if I have read my *French for the Traveler* aright, it is the point of no return, the last outpost on the way of all flesh. For, with these words, Fahnstock and Marie leave the stage. Keyworth lowers the curtain. Destiny its boom, and our little drama of one man's fight against France is brought to a hasty close. The tragic epilogue that follows tells its own story of degradation and defeat. Having abandoned family and career for the illusory delights of life in the demi-monde, Fahnstock awakens to find himself faced with the grim realities of *Money, Weights and Measures*. In place of gourmet menus and tourist timetables, he now reads *Public Notice: NO ADMITTANCE . . . NO THOROUGHFARE . . . REGGIES IS NOT ALLOWED IN THIS DEPARTMENT . . . DANGEROUS CORNER . . . DANGEROUS CROSS-ROADS . . . DANGEROUS HILL . . . DO NOT ALIGHT BEFORE THE TRAIN HAS STOPPED . . . SMOKING IS NOT ALLOWED . . . PLEASE Wipe YOUR FEET . . . PUSH . . . PULL . . .*

The book ends in a montage of signs seen in parks, public gardens and art galleries, and closes with a warning that might well apply to a belle France herself: *DO NOT TOUCH*. Personally, I don't intend to—at least not this year. I am suffering from palpitation. I have a blister on my heel. My finger is swollen and very painful. I think it is a whitlow.

# MOST URBAN OF THEM ALL



SINCE ANCIENT TIMES, men have associated true sophistication with cities. Excuse the armchair etymology, but we'd like to point out that our very word "city" stems from the same Latin root as does "civil," a word that has come to mean, among other things, gracious, polite, civilized; and our word "urbane," meaning suave, elegant, polished, refined, is a direct descendant of the Latin *urbans* (belonging to a city). In light of all this, we can't help being a bit

proud of PLAYBOY's unparalleled urbanism — and when we say unparalleled, we mean just that. It's a matter of solid statistics that PLAYBOY is the most urban men's magazine in America. This statement is based on the fact that, according to recent Audit Bureau of Circulation figures, PLAYBOY has the largest percentage of total circulation in cities of 100,000 and over of any men's magazine. Heartwarming news to us, for, like Milton, "Tower'd cities please us" — a view

we share with urbane, urban philosophers all the way from Socrates ("Fields and trees teach me nothing, but the people in a city do") to the perceptive Mr. Dooley ("Everything that's worth havin' goes to th' city; th' country takes mind's left"). If you, too, are of one mind with the urbane Romans, with Milton, with Socrates, Mr. Dooley and PLAYBOY — it might be wise to subscribe now to the magazine for men that is the most urban of them all.



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