

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

PLAYBOY

OCTOBER 50 cents



PROS
OF
PARIS



*Portfolio
on
Wine*
★★★★
YOUR 1959
JAZZ POLL
BALLOT

IN THIS
ISSUE



2
PLAYMATES





RUSSELL.



BEAUMONT AND FRIEND

PLAYBILL

THREE POPULAR PLAYBOY PERENNIALS take care of the fiction this month, and two of them break a long-term type-casting thereby. Contributing Editor Ken Purdy, onetime wazir of *True* and *Argosy*, has become known to diggers of this journal as an automotive authority and writer of sapient articles on the Rolls-Royce, the Corvette, the complete sports car stable and the late Marquis de Portago. In this issue, he takes his first PLAYBOY bow as a storyteller with an impelling lead yarn of revenge and counter-revenge, *The 51 Tones of Green*.

Executive Editor Ray Russell was the third member of our now hundred-plus organization, joined up in early '54 when the magazine was still being edited from our publisher's apartment. He has odd qualifications for a PLAYBOY editor: jazz bores him, as do all sports, he prefers traditional decor over contemporary, doesn't dress Ivy, doesn't drive a car, doesn't smoke and (as you can see) doesn't shave. On the plus side, he drinks copiously, eats omnivorously, molests women, passionately loves films and theatre, has chosen and edited most of PLAYBOY's highly popular fiction and has written surgical satires of American mass culture that have caused Paddy Chayefsky to call him "a talented writer," Abe Burrows to call him "a very fresh mind" and other PLAYBOY readers to call him "rare wine," "a real jewel" and even "America's greatest living satirist." Going AWOL from his satire post this month, Ray has sculpted a work of straight, if sardonic, fiction about a film director faced with disgrace and death: *Montage*.

Charles Beaumont completes the trio of perennials. Though his past contributions to PLAYBOY number an even 10, he has been absent from our pages for a while, due to (1) a just-completed novel on a controversial theme, which will be published early next year; (2) the script for a film, *Queen of Outer Space*, which stars Zsa Zsa Gabor and which he did, with Ben Hecht, for a lark; (3) a collection of his more macabre stories, entitled *Yonder*, which *The Los Angeles Times*

called "a perfect introduction to one of the best short-story writers in America today"; (4) a racing anthology, out soon, called *Omnibus of Speed*; and (5) a trip to Europe. With these projects now out of the way, Chuck is busy writing more stories for PLAYBOY. The first of these is the eerie *Perchance to Dream*, herein.

This October issue is graced by the unique presence of two Playmates, Mara Corday and Pat Sheehan, contrasting beauties who seductively symbolize the qualities of red and white wine. The enjoyment of wine is gone into more literally, too, in *The Verities of Vino*, an indispensable guide to the grape.

The Pros of Paris explores prohibited prostitution in the City of Light a dozen years after it was outlawed: the author is Sam Boal, who may be remembered for having penned our piece on sex-for-sale-in-London, *The Girls of Shepherd Market* (PLAYBOY, January 1957). A new Las Vegas pleasure palace has imported the entire Lido show of Parisian fame and PLAYBOY's photographers were on hand to record the event for this Gallic-flavored issue.

Power tactician John Howard Sims lays down the ground rules for corporate conniving in his article, *Executive Chess*. Sims is Co-Director of the Workshop, Program for Federal Administration, University College, University of Chicago; is on the faculty of the U of C's Industrial Relations Center; has written for the *Harvard Business Review* with Dr. Norman H. Martin, with whom he is also readying a book on power tactics for Harper and Brothers. As a sideline, Sims has coached corporation execs and Congressional candidates in public speaking, making use of a handy knowledge of stage technique garnered during "a misspent youth in which I barnstormed in summer stock."

This being October, you'll also find herein your own personal Jazz Poll Ballot, to be checked, clipped and mailed with your choices for the sidemen, singers and skipper for the Playboy All-Star Jazz Band of 1959.



SIMS



PURDY

DEAR PLAYBOY

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

THE GREATEST

Occasionally an issue of PLAYBOY comes out that is, to me, a total dud. Usually such issues abound in "angry-young-man" and "ivy-league-style" articles, which leave me completely cold. But your July issue was the hi-fi, ultra-sonic, 24-karat, 99-and-44/100%-pure GREATEST! From the varied assortment of cheesecake, Playmate Ahlstrand included, through the side-splitting humor of quipster Berman and the rib-tickling philosophies and foibles of the cactus-pussed fraternity, to the really gripping fiction, cover to cover July's PLAYBOY gets my vote for the most entertaining to date.

Stephen E. Thomas
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Had to write to congratulate you on the best PLAYBOY this year. Steve Barr's *The Devil to Pay* was tremendous, Phil Smith's *The Sweet Sadness* was great, Linné Ahlstrand was fabulous, the pictorial on Agnès Laurent was the most and . . . oh hell, the whole thing was with it, man.

Bob Mauceli
Phi Mu Delta Fraternity
Troy, New York

KURNITZ

The Little World of Harry Kurnitz: great, just great! Especially loved the "25 puffs in a five-puff zone" gag.

Mike LeBern
Hartford, Connecticut

In your sketch of Harry Kurnitz, it is stated that he wrote the film *The Happy Road*. Far from it! He did only a "polish." The original story and screenplay were written by Joseph Morhaim and Arthur Julian. The script was sold by them to Desilu Productions, who, in turn, sold it to Gene Kelly. It was then that Mr. Kurnitz was employed for the aforesaid "polish."

Vicky Ketrich
Beverly Hills, California

Harry Kurnitz, I take it, owns most of the available PLAYBOY stock, else why so much space for him?

James H. Kleckner
Brooklyn, New York

SUPER SATIRE

Just finished reading your July issue. I enjoyed every bit of it, but most of all the satire *New Garb for the New Leisure* by M. Ramus and *Age of the Chest* by Richard Armour. This last one was downright hilarious. Methinks if more of this earth's inhabitants would sit down with PLAYBOY and read it, the whole darned world would be filled with a lot of happier individuals.

Mrs. Charlotte Wilkenhen
Burbank, California

Enjoyed thoroughly Mr. Armour's satire, *Age of the Chest*. Perhaps the essay was personally agreeable because I am a member of that post-Pilt-down breed of men possessing a pectoris majoris that's minor and less chest foliage than decrabgrassed Suburbia. More Armour!

Barry N. Fink
Washington, D.C.

SKINDIVERS

Read with gripping interest T. K. Brown's *The Skindiver and the Lady* in your July issue. Being a skindiver myself, I was naturally concerned with those "compression" problems. But the story ripped off at such a good pace, I dismissed those minor technical matters. Intend to see that all my skindiving friends read this issue.

William E. Elder
Los Angeles, California

I believe the author is mistaken about there being sufficient drift at 30 feet to disturb the lady's swim suit but he is quite right about the fins.

Jean Lindow
Aguas Buenas, Puerto Rico

STEREO

I have been a hi-fi fan for quite a few years, but am considering chucking the whole business and putting in a stereo system. Where can I get information on the subject?

Robert Rygg
White Bear Lake, Minnesota
See page 20, Bob.

NO LEERING ALLOWED

PLAYBOY, I've noticed (and I've analyzed the magazine in my English classes

MY SIN

... a most

provocative perfume!



LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

PLAYBOY, OCTOBER, 1956, VOL. 5, NO. 10. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HNH PUBLISHING CO., INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILL. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AUGUST 5, 1955 AT THE POST OFFICE AT CHICAGO, ILL., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. PRINTED IN U.S.A. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1956 BY HNH PUBLISHING CO., INC. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, \$14 FOR THREE YEARS, \$11 FOR TWO YEARS, \$6 FOR ONE YEAR, ELSEWHERE ADD \$3 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: MAIN ADVERTISING OFFICE, HOWARD LEDERER, EASTERN MANAGER, 720 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y., CI 5-2420; WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILL., ME 2-1000; LOS ANGELES REPRESENTATIVE, FRED E. CRAWFORD, 812 S. SERRANO AVE., LOS ANGELES, CAL., DU 4-7352; SAN FRANCISCO REPRESENTATIVE, A. S. BABCOCK, 605 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., YU 2-3954.

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quite a bit), has some pretty good — and even important — fiction: Herbert Gold, et al. Playmates aside, I think **PLAYBOY** does a good job of stimulating young imaginations and providing sophisticated material for boredom-prone people. And, as I've said, **PLAYBOY** can even be discussed intelligently in a college classroom, once it's made clear that the object is to learn, not to leer.

Samuel I. Bellman
California State Polytechnic
San Luis Obispo, California

LAZY LINNÉ

Congratulations on your excellent taste in using Linné Nanette Ahlstrand as the July Playmate. She is the loveliest yet.
George W. McCormick, Jr.
Baltimore, Maryland

I challenge Miss Ahlstrand to a game of strip chess. Is she game? My first move is P-K4.

Richard Pell
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I have been a reader of your magazine for one year and I think your lazy Playmate is the best yet.

Walter Roach
Norwalk, California

Linné Ahlstrand is fascinating — could she and May Britt of *The Young Lions* be one and the same?

Ed Purvis
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

No, Ed, but we agree there is a definite resemblance.

How do you pronounce Linné?

Jim Eckel
Madison, Wisconsin
Rhymes with matinee.

BERMAN

Let's have much more of Shelley Berman. He's a riot.

Bernie J. Crowell
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

The pictures and layout were great, the editing discreet. Even *I* laughed. I do, however, object strenuously to pages 35 through 39. Any performer will tell you that Linné is one heck of an act to follow. She's probably the loveliest Playmate I've ever seen in **PLAYBOY**. Ask yourself — after Linné, why should anyone want to look at Berman?

Shelley Berman
Hollywood, California

SWEET & SOUR SADNESS

Philip Lee Smith's *The Sweet Sadness* was labeled "fiction" but could have passed for fact. He just about wrote word for word what happened when I and three friends were in Havana last Christmas. It was fabulous.

George Orlove
Washington, D.C.



Photo from *Hi-Fi Music at Home* (March, 1958)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG IN HIS DEN, EDITING TAPE

(Note his AR-2 loudspeaker at the left)

Where natural, musical quality is required, without pseudo-hi-fi exaggerations, AR-2 speaker systems are a logical choice. They are used in recording studios, in broadcast stations, and in the homes of leading figures of the musical world—including Louis Armstrong above, and John Hammond, director of the Newport Jazz Festival.

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AR-2

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I say, how much Xavier de Montepin can you become? Or, in your own language, how corny can you get?

Arturo Martinez Caceres
Tlalpan, Mexico

Suggested retitling for *The Sweet Sadness* — *Puberty and the Projected Daydream*.

Barrie Jackson
Dash Point, Washington

Philip Lee Smith's *The Sweet Sadness* is pure tripe, reminding me of nothing so much as the nonsense perpetrated by the late O. O. McIntyre. *PLAYBOY*'s appeal has lain in its sophistication, but a few more phonies like this Smith lad can easily make it back-of-the-barn stuff, with neither realism nor humor to redeem it.

F. R. Paxton
New York, New York

OUR OBSERVANT READERS

In reference to Gahan Wilson's cartoon in your July issue: if the caption is uttered by the electronic brain, the cartoon is typically funny Gahan Wilson. If, however, the caption is uttered by



Gahan Wilson
"Anything else, boss?"

the scientist, the cartoon takes on an entirely different (and frightening) meaning. My question is: who is the speaker?

Mark Richman
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The one with the open mouth. Turn in your rabbit cuff links, Richman!

THE TENDERIZED TRAP

Re: *The Not So Tender Trap*. The very thought of considering *men* the victims in cases of illegitimate birth is outrageous! Your statistics showing a paternity suit for every third illegitimate birth would indicate that one-third of our unwed mothers can't make Papa own up. Really, *someone* must have fathered these babies! It *does* take two! Nine times out of 10, it's the lusty he-man who initiates the action. However, should conception occur, the gentleman is no longer lusty — now he's pure as the driven snow, and

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accents the male look

realizes upon thinking it over that it was actually *she* who seduced *him*. Nor is he manly — he's scared stiff and will evade his responsibility at all costs. Thus he self-righteously produces hordes of witnesses to testify that the girl in question is promiscuous, if not an out-and-out prostitute. These witnesses are, of course, friends of his, who may or may not have even met the girl, nobly coming to the defense of their innocent, wronged companion. I think it's so inspiring the way you men cling together in times of need! True, the wrong man might get tagged once in a while — but this would not be so if unwed mothers weren't regularly left holding the bag. Most women and girls know this, and we accept it as one of the facts of life. But I, for one, can't take it when you start raving about the plight of the poor, defenseless male!

Margaret Aslund
Los Angeles, California

Stop shouting and get back to your Ladies' Home Journal.

THE FLY

Just saw the film version of your exciting and unusual novelette, *The Fly*. The selection of this story to be reproduced as a movie not only commends its author, but even more, it confirms my opinion that the outstanding stories in your magazine deserve wide recognition.

Stu Zimmerman
Ladue, Missouri

THAT BLONDE

Who is the cute little blonde that keeps showing up in your *What Sort of Man Reads Playboy?* advertisements? She



has appeared so often that I suspect she is a staff member.

W. C. Clopton
Newington, Connecticut

Her name is Mary Ann LaJoie and she used to work for the magazine; now she is one of Chicago's top models and appears in all of the PLAYBOY reader ads.



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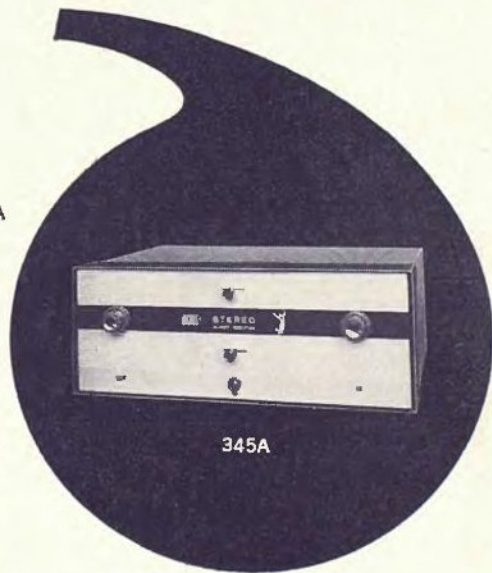
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Because it is now a collector's item, we hereby reprint a want ad from the July 14th issue of the *Minneapolis Morning Tribune*:

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YOUR FUTURE IS OUR BUSINESS

From time to time the staid *Antiquarian Bookman* allows itself a dry quip at some remove from olde tomes. Current samples: "Difference between a depression and a recession — Back in the Thirties we were asked to buy apples; now it's automobiles . . . We didn't mind the slogan 'You auto buy now' but, fair warning, the shoe industry is preparing a campaign, 'You shoe'd buy now.'"

Overheard at the bar of the Oak Room at the Plaza, one adman to another: "So after lunch we figured what the hell, we're up against an all-day problem — let's Milton it this afternoon and work on it tomorrow."

A Jewish show business friend of ours cooks up musical revues for the Catskill borscht circuit, and though we usually avoid humor related to any particular nationality or religious group, we think *PLAYBOY* readers will enjoy his latest cogitations and accept them in the spirit

of good fun in which they are intended: seems our pal plans on tailoring certain existing shows for his special audiences, like *Knish Me, Kate; Separate Bagels; The Goy Friend; Matzo Do About Nothing; Back to Meshugganah*; and, of course, *The Student Blintz*; with such beloved songs as *New York, New York, It's a Halavah Town; With a Little Bit of Lox; Rock-a-bye Your Baby with a Shixih Melody* and others.

In a rage to fill up some of its still-empty office space, Gotham's newish Seagram House has decided to chuck its booze-branded handle and call itself simply 375 Park Avenue. We don't know whether this will serve to attract a rash of teetotaling tenants, but we do know that most of the employees will continue to call those small shimmering pools out front "Chasers."

We'd long admired the Karman Ghia, that neat Italian body on a Volks chassis which looks so smart and handy for the city, and we stopped at our local Volks showroom the other day to view it.

US (to salesman): Very pretty — but being a bit over six feet, is it roomy enough?

SALESMAN: Yep.

US: OK to climb in?

SALESMAN: Nope.

US: Not to drive, just to sit in it, try it on for size.

SALESMAN: Nope.

US: You mean nobody's allowed to sit in it? Even a prospective buyer?

SALESMAN: That's right.

US: Look here — most dealers offer demonstration drives. How do you expect to sell a car if people can't even try the seats?

SALESMAN: I don't sell cars, I take orders. You want to order one, I'll take your name. Eight-month wait. Up to you.

Incidentally, no trade-ins; don't want them and don't need them. Anything else?

As we left the premises, it occurred to us that we'd witnessed the *reductio ad absurdum* of the soft sell.

Gendarmes of Cook County (which includes Chicago and suburbs) are having trouble getting convictions for strippers who undo their stuff more than the law permits. Whenever the troopers pinch the girls for dancing naked in Cicero or Calumet City, the ecdysiasts simply tell the judge their G-strings broke just before the cops walked in. It gets acquittals, too.

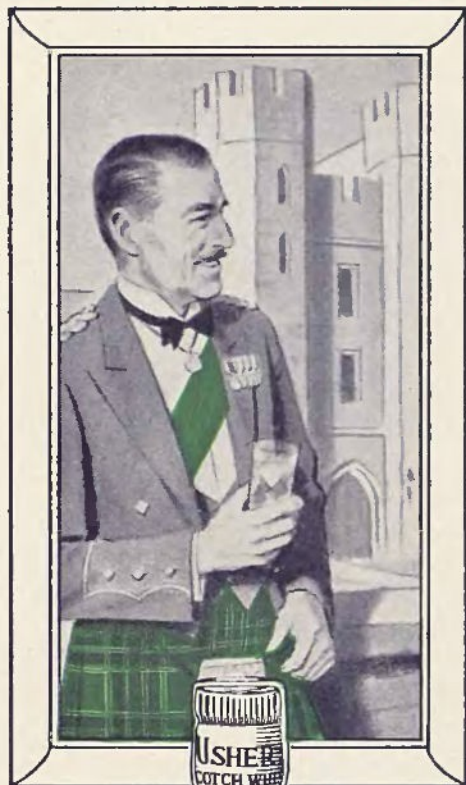
This month, we applaud the imagination and ingenuity which keep us constantly amazed by Hollywood. Reason: Los Angeles' station KFWB, which announces itself as having earned that city's biggest radio audience with **COLOR RADIO** (caps are theirs). They don't say what it is, but who cares; we're looking forward to the first station that goes a step further and offers **INVISIBLE TELEVISION** (caps are ours).

BOOKS

A lot of the cats who dug *On the Road* the most are likely to be bugged by Jack Kerouac's latest, *The Dharma Bums* (Viking, \$3.95). For Mr. K. has discovered Zen Buddhism, and his book is a kind of hipster hosanna to the quest for nirvana. Ray Smith, the I-figure, after bumming around the country, is delighted to discover on Frisco's North Beach the self-styled "Dharma Bums" or "Zen Lunatics," whose Path to Enlightenment is conveniently strewn with wild

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parties and a nude ritual dubbed "yabyun," which would have made Buddha glad he had all those arms. He teams up with nympholeptic (go look it up) Japhy Ryder, their leader, an outdoor-indoor type who climbs mountains like a goat, and women likewise. Though Ray has rejected sex ("Pretty girls make graves," was my saying"), he senses in Japhy a genuine thirst for higher truth, and during long treks into the Sierras they bat around concepts of *dharma* and *karma*, *sutra* and *satori*, interlarded with hip-talk, until at last, he takes a fire-watcher's job on Desolation Peak, like Japhy before him — and there finds God. ("I have fallen in love with you, God. Take care of us all. . .") Well, this is quite a switch for the Beat Generation's major mouthpiece and somehow it doesn't quite ring true. Kerouac's genuine talent gives it moments of conviction but mostly it has the incongruity of, say, a jam session in a lamasery. It could happen but you doubt it.

The Most of Perelman (Simon & Schuster, \$5.95) is, as you might have expected, a rib-tickling potpourri of well over 100 pieces by the master, including all of *Westward Ha!* and a couple of chapters from *The Swiss Family Perelman*. If you think there's no fun left in a visit to the dentist, read S. J.'s *Nothing But the Tooth* and the description of his cuspid's last stand. In speedy succession, he lampoons Hollywood, Russian novels, Broadway, foreign travel, *Spicy Detective Stories* and the smuggling of tourists into film studios — with all the acerbic wit you'd expect from the maharaja of the *mot*.

Charles Mergendahl's new novel, *The Bramble Bush* (Putnam, \$3.95), is a prime example of what might be called *Peyton Placer*-mining: sifting the gold out of them thar swills. Again we have the tight-knit New England community (on Cape Cod this time) seemingly living in rock-ribbed righteousness — until our author cracks the veneer and reveals the venery. Whereupon we discover that there's more incest, perversion, and plain and fancy adultery among these outwardly upright citizens than you can shake Grace Metalious at. Hardly anyone is untainted, from the editor, enjoying his peculiar pleasure in the attic, to the attorney who can't get over his adolescent fixation on his sister. Between times, we get the sad, sad story of the local medico, who loves his best friend's wife, gets her with child, knocks hubby off with an overdose of morphine (he was dying anyhow), stands trial, is acquitted, and marries the gal — only to find that she, too, is moribund. Ah well, you can't blame a guy for trying. Nor can you blame Mr. Mergendahl for trying to cash in on what seems like a ready-

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made market. But he lacks Mrs. Metalious' fun-loving zest for this sluice-of-life stuff, and while it may be curl-up bait for the peephole set, others may find they can't put it down — fast enough.

That indefatigable and perennial anthropologist, our own A. C. Spector, has a new fat, handsome tome coming out this month—*The College Years* (Hawthorn, \$7.95). The title is a rather literal one: the best writings available in English today—and dating back some centuries—were culled for stories, anecdotes, philosophizing, essays and descriptions concerning every facet of collegiate life (undergrad, postgrad, extracurricular, faculty and like that) with a view to presenting a rounded and entertaining portrait of those formative, critical, happy (and sometimes very sad) years on campus. Emphasis is on American schools, but there's such variegated foreign material as ancient and bawdy drinking songs, straight-faced admonitions to students about fornication and gambling, town-and-gown riots at ancient Oxford, and other goodies. Lots of pix, too, including a John Held, Junior, section on the Twenties. *PLAYBOY* readers will find our own Herb Gold represented by his fine, sensitive story of fraternity life, *The Right Kind of Pride*, reprinted from these pages. All in all, a nifty gift for grads—past, present and future.

FILMS

Don't let the title scare you off: *The Fiend Who Walked the West* is neither a routine sagebrusher nor a horror quickie but a taut Western resetting of that classic crime chiller of the late Forties, *Kiss of Death*, which introduced Richard Widmark to the screen as a giggling, psychopathic murderer. In the present version, ophic Robert Evans plays the Widmark role. Serving a short term in an Army prison for pouring booze into an Indian girl whom he later attacked and gaily tortured to death, Evans becomes chummy with cellmate Hugh O'Brian, an upstanding type, who was apprehended in a nice clean bank robbery (his part of the loot was to pay for medical aid for his ailing, pregnant wife, see?). When Evans insinuates that Mrs. O'Brian may be shacking up with a sugar daddy while her spouse is doing time, Mr. O'Brian thrashes him soundly. The pummeled psycho, who has a loathing for being touched, swears a vendetta and upon his release from prison forces O'Brian's bedridden wife into a miscarriage, picks up the stashed-away funds, does in an elderly, avaricious woman with an arrow and dispatches her con-



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niving son with a shot in the back — all with loving care and a great deal of gusto. At this point, O'Brian — as the nearest acquaintance of the unbalanced assassin — is given a provisional release to collect evidence that will convict Evans and send him to the gallows. The cat-and-mouse affair that follows is played for every bit of tension director Gordon Douglas could muster. He's mustered a heap.

Indiscreet is Norman Krasna's careful reworking of his play *Kind Sir*, laid in London's Mayfair instead of New York — which for some reason makes the practically weightless vehicle psychologically more acceptable. It is the story of how an American banker-diplomat (Cary Grant) falls in love with an English actress (Ingrid Bergman) but stoutly maintains he can't ever wed her because he is already irrevocably hitched. Presumably they live in sin (one never can be sure about these subjective surmises), but anyway they have good times going to the ballet, the Royal Naval College's Painted Hall and the Garrick Club, giving one another expensive presents (she gives him a left-hand violin, he buys her a Duke's yacht so she can go sailing), and acting sometimes like a pair of happy adolescents. When she discovers he's *not* married she's thoroughly peeved and some very funny antics ensue. Grant and Miss Bergman complement one another superbly and get strong support from Phyllis Calvert and Cecil Parker as the actress' sister and brother-in-law. Direction by Stanley Donen (who also produced) keeps things moving in a cheery, sprightly way, which is exactly what Krasna wanted.

What comes close to saving the film version of Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* from being a run-of-the-kill Let's Go Get Us Some Japs opera is Aldo Ray's unilinear, uncompromisingly evil performance as Sergeant Croft, one of the foulest, most fascinating rats in modern fiction. Aldo's platoon does get plenty of Japs, hurling hand grenades four or five hundred yards and not protesting very vehemently when their sadistic Sarge murders prisoners in cold blood, later collecting their gold teeth. A bit of political philosophy is inserted by Raymond Massey as a jackass general who argues with his aide (Cliff Robertson) about the virtues of absolute power and who sends Robertson on a mission with Aldo's boys to get him knocked off for his insolence. The screenplay, by Denis and Terry Sanders, is pretty hack, considering the gutsy material they were working from, and Raoul Walsh's direction is imaginative enough when the platoon is in action but somehow stifled at other times. Robert Gist is fine as a

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













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


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cynical, tobacco-spitting GI, nightclub comic Joey Bishop is effective as religion-sensitive Private Roth and the kiddies will enjoy seeing all those Japs blown up. Lili St. Cyr and Barbara Nichols are dragged in briefly by their left heels—for the newspaper ads, apparently, because they sure don't propel the action.

Director Vincente Minnelli sets a peppy pace in the uproarious *The Reluctant Debutante*, which takes place in London during the coming-out season. This is the painful time when society's well-to-do thrust their callow daughters at panting young men at myriad balls and parties but worry like hell after midnight lest the misses' hot young blue blood plus all this proximity will get them into trouble. Besides, for the papas there are weeks on end of daily hangovers and no sleep. Rex Harrison plays bewildered, helpless Lord Jimmy Broadbent whose daughter (Sandra Dee), just arrived from America, must undergo this ordeal. Pert, resourceful Kay Kendall is his wife and Sandra's stepmother. They plan to marry the kid off to someone classy like Guardsman David Fenner (Peter Myers), but Sandra, bored by cotillions and creeps, likes American drummer David Parkson (John Saxon). The duplication of Davids causes an enormous mixup, with the near-hysterical lord and lady finally acting as voyeurs in their own home to protect their chee-yild from the assault of the drummer. The aforementioned people and Angela Lansbury (as a pushy mother) are all pretty funny, but Harrison and Myers are simply superb; the script, adapted by William Douglas Home from his Broadway play, affords these gifted performers one fat opportunity after another; and the result is a very funny picture.

O Lordy, what a beating those two boys take trying to escape the Georgia sheriff, his posse and their ravening hounds in Stanley Kramer's stark, blunt, tense *The Defiant Ones*. One is black, one white. Tony Curtis, nose-puttied and ear-thickened to play John "Joker" Jackson, a tough, bitter Southerner, is shackled by four feet of chain (the caprice of a warden with a sense of humor) to Sidney Poitier as Noah Cullen, a tough, resentful colored man, but with a nobility of character Curtis can't dig. Escaping in the rain from a crashed prison truck, the pair of felons gallop in tandem through the wilderness, buffet across a fierce river, claw out of a slimy pit, nearly get lynched, slog through swamps, sprint heartbreakingly after a train. Even though their desperate teamwork has an inspirational quality, both wear their hostility—toward society and toward the opposite color—so close to the

even Pan never piped like this!

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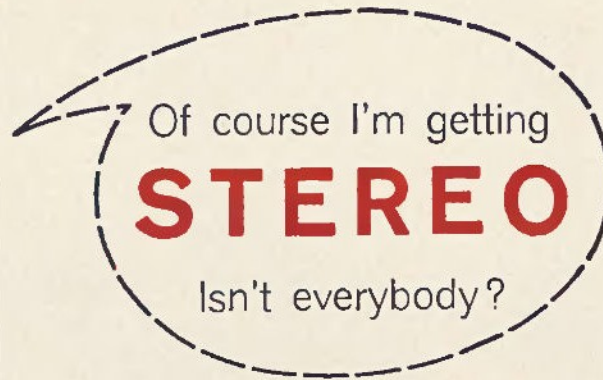
surface that they mutually hate while they help. Respite from flight is offered by a widowed farm woman who gives them tools to bang off the bracelets and dallies briefly with the fevered Curtis. Then, chained by respect rather than links, they go to their inevitable end. A gripping chase story that is somewhat allegorical but decently free of overt preachments.

THEATRE

The rush for seats is in full swing for the 1958-59 Broadway season, and we suggest you scramble for your ducats right now. Which shows? Well, we've spent several salubrious hours peering into our crystal martini pitcher and have come up with these hardy specimens that should be worth your attention:

By way of musicals, keep an eye out for Harold J. Rome's melodious retake of *Destry Rides Again*, with Andy Griffith and Gwen Verdon in the saddle; Rodgers and Hammerstein's *The Flower Drum Song*, their adaptation of C. Y. Lee's novel on San Francisco's Chinatown; drama critic Walter Kerr's *Goldilocks*, for which he is writing the book and lyrics along with his frau, Jean Kerr; Arthur Laurent's adaptation of the work of another Lee—*Gypsy, A Memoir*—set to star Ethel Merman; a song-and-dance version of the old S. N. Behrman play, *Serena*; the Sean O'Casey classic, *Juno and the Paycock*, wired for sound by Marc Blitzstein for Shirley Booth and Melvyn Douglas. Also, watch for Abe Burrows' musical adaptation of *Pride and Prejudice*, which might be starring Sydney Chaplin and *The Spirit Is Willing*, which could see Greer Garson and Van Johnson poltergeisting about in this musical version of the Robert Sherwood movie, *The Ghost Goes West*. Vicki Baum's *Grand Hotel* is off to a musical remake, *At the Grand*, with Paul Muni, but a West Coast try-out indicates it needs a major overhaul. Similarly, although Audrey Hepburn is the Oxford enchantress in a musical to-do based on Max Beerbohm's *Zuleika Dobson* fantasy, last year's London run was small shakes, and the show still needs more than a star to make it twinkle.

The straight plays come by the gross, and this is an attempt to spot the spectaculars: who could miss with Eugene O'Neill's *A Touch of the Poet*, with a cast headed by Eric Portman and Helen Hayes? *The Old Friends* is Irwin Shaw's adaptation of a Marcel Achard Paris hit, *Patate*, with Tom Ewell donning a French accent; Howard Teichman's *The Girls in 509* sounds like a romp because it will return Imogene Coca and Dorothy Gish to the boards; and *Drink to Me Only* is recommended only because George Abbott is directing. *The Pleasure of His Com-*



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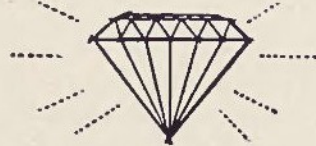
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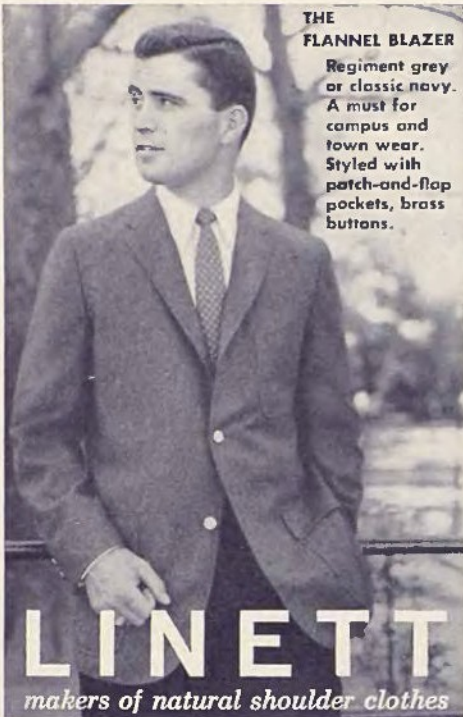
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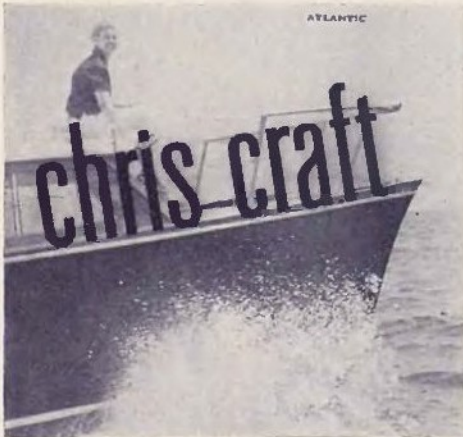
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ATLANTIC RECORDS

pany, written by Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Otis Skinner, will include the latter in the cast with Charles Ruggles and Walter Abel, under Cyril Ritchard's direction. *The Man in the Dog Suit*, with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy, is a weird package the pair have already proven in summer stock. And consider these: *The Disenchanted*, Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit's dramatization of the fading years of F. Scott Fitzgerald's short life; an as-yet-untitled play by Arthur Miller, which may star his wife; *Anatomy of a Murder*, a courtroom nail-biter taken from the best-selling novel; and Paddy Chayefsky's fantasy *The Dybuk from Woodhaven*.

A half dozen more plays may stem from the native heath, and come as an unexpected pleasure. But some of the best will come from over the waves: the Old Vic in a Bard repertoire which will include *Hamlet*, *Twelfth Night* and *Henry V*. There will also be *La Plume de Ma Tante*, a French review which hit mightily in London; Benn Levy's *The Rape of the Belt*, the reprise of a Greek legend starring Constance Cummings; and *Duel of the Angels*, Christopher Fry's iambic version of another ravishment, Giraudoux's *The Rape of Lucrece*.

With such a fat and sassy set of imports, plus some of the most pungent and provocative American writing around, the coming season might well be a rouser.

DINING-DRINKING

Chicago's jumping jazz cellar, *The Cloister* (900 N. Rush), has undergone a real gone face-lift, including more than the handsome new pine-paneled decor. There's been a change in the entertainment policy, too: in addition to the swinging small combo sounds (and *The Cloister* boasts two of the swingiest in the Ramsey Lewis and Eddie Higgins trios), the club has added jazz-oriented vocalists and comedians, the likes of Lurlean Hunter and Lenny Bruce. Lurlean sings with a refreshingly clean and vital pair of pipes and Lenny offers a far-out, sick-sick-sick style of humor that we personally can enjoy many times over, and have. *The Cloister* remains a friendly place where show and club people gather (including the girls) when earlier Near North Side spots are shuttered. Skip and Shelly, two of the youngest and nicest hosts in Windycityville, are on hand to welcome as before, and it is a scene you will not want to miss. The new *Cloister* promises to be one of the most exciting spots in town. Open till four in the A.M., five on Saturdays; shows at 10, 12 and 2; no food to get in the way of the drinks.

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RECORDINGS

Dakota Staton is the singer they're all gabbing about in the East, and in an increasing number of points West. On an LP called *In the Night* (Capitol T1003) she sings on six of a dozen tracks by George Shearing's Quintet. The gal has a fabulously flexible voice that can be deep and decisive (*Blues in My Heart*), rock-'n'-roll raucous (*Confessin' the Blues*) or boudoir-tender (*The Thrill Is Gone*). Her intonation isn't perfect, and there's none of the suave Chris Connor brand of hipness here, but we recommend a listen. The instrumental numbers show off some of the best Shearing in years; and on his own tune *Easy*, George sounds downright funky, in contrast to his customary smooth approach to jazz.

Don't Take Your Love from Me (Capitol T1002) features a nice, open, schmaltzy trumpet and is unabashedly calculated for low-lights, late-hour listening. The horn belongs to Bobby Hackett but the tunes and treatments belong to the ages: fiddles flay, saxes sway, and a background chorus huffs Oooooooooos and Ahhhhhhhhs off in the distance. Over it all sail Bobby's voluptuous tones. The tunes—pretty things such as *Moonlight Serenade*, *Street of Dreams*, *A Handful of Stars*—are "magically spun into a shimmering musical web," like it says on the liner notes, and who are we to give them the lie?

If you dig classical piano played with verve and precision, Andor Foldes is your man; his talents are beautifully displayed on Mozart's *Piano Concerto No. 21 in C Major*, *Piano Concerto No. 17 in G Major* (Decca DL 9973) which he performs with the Berlin Philharmonic under Fritz Lehmann. The first concerto is richly symphonic, the second is gracefully happy; their pairing in an unusually sonorous recording makes high good listening sense.

Little Jimmy Rushing and the Big Brass (Columbia CL 1152) spotlights such old-fashioned virtues as a solid, steady beat and consistent tonality underlining the brassy blues bawling of the ex-Basie vocal vet. Coleman Hawkins, Buck Clayton, Nat Pierce and other soloists spell Mr. Five by Five in a dozen old favorites, including a new version of his early hit *Harvard Blues*. These sides never stop swinging.

The hip regulars at Chicago's Cloister Inn have had pretty much of a lock on the music of the Ramsey Lewis Trio which headquarters there; now the rest of the world can hear what all the raving has been about: Volume II of *Ramsey Lewis and His Gentle-Men* (Argo 627) gives

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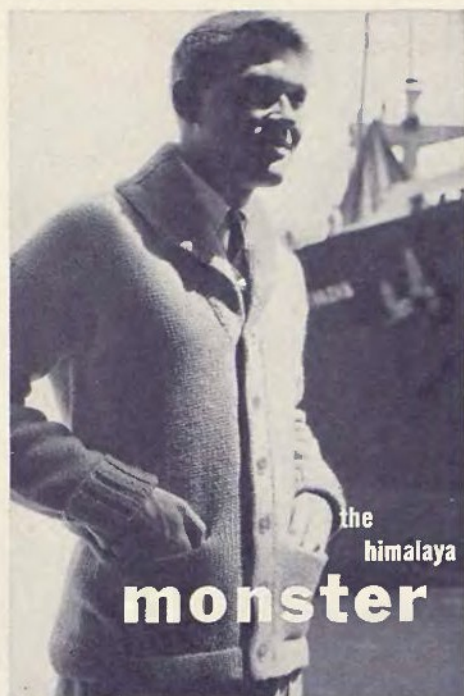




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us a generous sampling of the work of these young and talented musicians who play with controlled fire and an infectious way of building pace throughout a number. Best bets, by us, are *I Get a Kick Out of You*, which features drummer Red Holt carressing the skins with his finger tips, *It Ain't Necessarily So*, starring bassist Eldee Young, and especially *Seven Valleys*, a five-and-a-half-minute hunk of evocative music composed for the trio by Fred Katz.

The two men who started all the show-tunes-in-jazz potter two years ago with their *My Fair Lady* collaboration, André Previn and Shelly Manne, are reunited as André's trio (with bassist Red Mitchell as a powerful third) tackles the score of *Gigi* (Contemporary C 3548). André recently said: "I do so much writing for large orchestras at the MGM studios that it is a great relief for me to be able to think in terms of a free-wheeling small group. Besides, what Shelly does on drums is equivalent to 12 men." Amen on both counts. Highlight is the frenetically swinging treatment of *It's a Bore* and never did a performance fail more dramatically to live up to its title.

Earworthy as all get-out is a fantastic platter called *Sing a Song of Basie* (ABC-Paramount 223), by Dave Lambert and His Singers. These are vocal versions of 10 of the Count's best records (*Ev'ry Day*, *Down for the Count*, *Fiesta in Blue*, etc.) in which not just the band parts, but the entire original records have been fitted with words, down to the last note of the last ad-lib solo. It's an ingenious job, and all the more amazing in that the dozen or more voices you hear actually belong to but three people doing a marathon multi-track job. One of them is Jon Hendricks, who sat up all year writing the lyrics; a second is Annie Ross; and Lambert is the third. All right, so we'll stick our neck out: this is as wild and wonderful a set of sounds as we've heard thus far this year.

Four records, now, for one elegant evening of variegated listening, each disc a minor classic of its kind, all quite different in mood and style, all unreservedly recommended: *West Coast Waiters* (Atlantic 1268) features Conte Candoli and Lou Levy; *Nothing But the Blues* (Verve 8252) lets Herb Ellis freewheel against a starring quartet background (Roy Eldridge, Stan Getz, Ray Brown, Stan Levey); *Red Plays the Blues* (RCA-Victor 1729) features the Red One known as Norvo, of course; *Burnished Brass* (Capitol 1038) is rich, lush, dreamy stuff played by George Shearing with a brass choir behind him.

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berg, culled from his late-lamented radio series, are offered in the two-platter album *The Best of the Stan Freberg Shows* (Capitol WBO 1035). We liked the interviews with The Abominable Snowman and fortune cookie writer Albert T. Wong, the hi-fi lectures by Herman Horne, and the decontaminated-for-radio version of a famed song, *Elderly Man River*, among others. There are too many takeoffs on commercials (ominously presaging Freberg's subsequent defection to the enemy camp of advertising) and some arid stretches (notably an overweight Vegas satire called *Incident at Los Voraces*), but you don't catch us carping. Just laughing.

We've already commented on the mysterious ways of the recording industry, on how—having evolved a brilliant technological improvement (stereo)—they launched it by feeding us demonstration samplers, pop organ packages, and noisy agglomerations of sound effects. Apparently, most of the industry was convinced that stereophiles were unmusical electronics addicts—to us, a dubious assumption. It took tapes months to get off this kick; stereo records (despite some laggard labels) seem to have profited from tape experience—as the following indicate.

In the jazz department you can now hear on stereo disc (varying in stereo effectiveness from so-so to brilliant) these records previously recommended here in monaural versions: *Chet Baker & Crew* (World Pacific 1004), *Juanita Hall Sings the Blues* (Counterpoint 556), *The Gerry Mulligan Songbook Volume I* (World Pacific 1001) . . . And in the classics, an absolute honey of a find for Vivaldi revivalists: *Four Bassoon Concertos* (Vox ST-PL 10.740) with Virginio Bianchi bassooning away beautifully, abetted by Gli Accademici di Milano, a pretty sensational combo, comparable to the now familiar I Solisti di Zagreb. Vivaldi wrote 38 concerti for bassoon—an instrument previously employed largely for comic effects; if these four are any guide, we hope soon to hear the other 34.

In our estimation, tapes on the whole still edge out discs for stereo fidelity; two worth your attention and your hard-earned scratch: *Sabicas Plays Flamenco* (Elektra 2015 C), *W. A. Mozart: Two Concertos for French Horn and Orchestra* (Boston 7-5 BN), lucidly and brilliantly performed by James Stagliano backed by the Zimmler Sinfonietta. If you have a separate "loudness," "presence" or "contour" control, you might want to use it to attenuate the middles a bit to bring that fine French horn into closer consonance with the hard-working sidemen.



STEREO

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IRVING KOLODIN
Saturday Review
June 28, 1958

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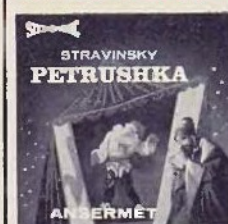


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THE STEREO SCENE

what's what with the two-tracks—tapes and discs

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN got two ears, in consequence of which, they all want stereophonic records and record playing equipment—with justification. The first stereo discs came out midsummer last, and, while most were rather tame (and not really very stereophonic), others were quite breath-takingly good. Why, Kirsten Flagstad and her sister Valkyries plotted against old one-eyed Wotan and, by George, there they stood, real as the Rhine, on a rock ledge across the end of the living room. And, when they had gone: lo, the Dukes of Dixieland, their funny hats almost visible. Then, Donald Byrd's exospheric noodlings on the trumpet hit you right between the ears.

Despite all the excitement and expectancy, however, at the time of this writing the cagey attitude of the aware stereophile is one of (to coin a couple of phrases) watchful waiting and careful listening. To cite just one reason: last June the first good magnetic stereo pickup cartridge (Fairchild) came on the market at \$80. A month later it was priced at \$50. By the time you read this, it may be down to \$30, and will probably perform better than it did at \$80.

On the other hand, you don't *have* to wait to tool up for stereo; in fact, some canny heads think it's foolish to do so, since improvements in the art will be forthcoming for years. Two courses are open to you: either consider your new stereo gear a "limited-life" investment (like anything else you buy and use up), or get the best that's available now and trade it in when something new you can't resist comes on the market. We recommend the second course; most competent component dealers have regular trade-in departments which will give you a fair shake on your outmoded or inadequate stuff toward the purchase of the latest. It's much like the sensible practice of turning in the old car.

We would like to caution you about one important matter, however, especially if you're smitten with the thought of adding stereo *disc* to the rest of your electronic music sources. Buy the best you can get of components which have mechanical roles to fulfill—changer, turntable, stylus, pickup cartridge, pickup arm, etc. Inadequate preamp or speakers can yield inferior music, but it's the moving parts that can ruin your valuable records. In this connection, be sure to invest the meager stipend required to buy a stylus pressure gauge

or scale—and check the stylus force fairly often, not only to protect records but to get stereo fidelity, for which correct force is critical.

A few things are clear. Stereo discs are now competitive in quality with tapes, and their prices have settled at the \$5/\$6 level, a good bit lower than most tapes. That quality, however, varies almost wildly, and even the best stereo discs will still get scratchy after a few dozen spinings, even though you use the top tone arm and cartridge available. Record makers have been duplicating their efforts on stereo master tapes for nearly three years now. By Christmas, they will have at least a thousand stereo discs on dealers' shelves, some of them newly pressed and spectacularly successful (we've heard some beauties from Capitol, Angel, Cook, Audio Fidelity, Vanguard and London), some of them early, experimental and downright raucous. Moral: don't plunk down cash for anything you can't listen to first, or that is not well reviewed by a critic you trust.

Stereo playback equipment also began tumbling forth last summer, and no matter what you read in the ads, you still need these basic components to get stereo sounds out of your stereo discs: (1) a turntable, or record changer, with a stereo tone arm and cartridge; (2) two power amplifiers, on the same chassis or separate; (3) a double preamplifier with controls for balancing the two separate recording grooves on your stereo discs; (4) two separate speaker systems and enclosures. The variations and combinations of this gear are almost infinite, and a lot of the equipment you've seen before (maybe even own) now comes all dressed up in a new set of semantics. Stereophony, for instance, demands nothing much new in the way of power amplifiers. If you're a purist, you'll want nothing less than two separate Marantz 30-watt amps with a Fisher 400 stereo preamp control unit. If you're a little more down to earth, and don't own a rig yet, you'll probably want to get one of the several combination amplifier-pre-amplifier sets (two separate amplifiers and a complete stereo preamp on one chassis). Among the best and most versatile of these is the Bell 3030, trim, compact, lightweight, good looking and moderately priced. You can use it in a variety of ways: (1) as a complete stereo power source incorporating two separate 15-watt amplifiers for all your stereo

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Cartridges.

needs, both tape and disc: (2) as a complete 30-watt monaural amplifier that will feed juice into single or stereo speaker systems; (3) as a 30-watt monaural amplifier with complete stereo preamplifier arranged to convert an existing amplifier to stereo. Right up on a level with the Bell are the new H. H. Scott 229 combination 40-watt, the Newcomb 3D12 combination 25-watt model, the Harman-Kardon A224 combination 24-watt and the Bogen DB212 combination 24-watt. Other worthy manufacturers, Fisher, Altec-Lansing, Heath, Dynaco, Sherwood, Pilot, Gronomes, have for you now a variety of amplifiers which should help fill your needs, whether you want to start from scratch or build from what you already own. Your power requirements for the second channel of your stereo, by the way, are not quite so exigent as they were for your monophonic rig. Stereo sound, nobody knows why, seems louder and fuller at lower volume levels than its monophonic equivalent. So when you buy, remember that low distortion becomes more important than high wattage.

Where the greatest confusion reigns is in the area of the preamplifier or control unit, and this is not the maker's fault at all. Magnetic pickups, whether monaural or stereophonic, need preamps. Crystal or ceramic pickups don't. In the monophonic hi-fi era just past, magnetics dominated the scene. In the stereo era, the ceramic seems to be making a comeback. For example, the CBS-Columbia cartridge competes very well, thank you, with any of the stereo magnetics at this writing, and the Electro-Voice is almost as good. And Mr. Paul Weathers, the perfectionist protagonist of the "weightless" cartridge in monophonic days, has come out with a ceramic that is a veritable (\$17.50) dream that tracks at two grams, though he expects to surpass it with his Weathers FM stereo cartridge that tracks at *one* gram. But there's no doubt that wide-range piezoelectric ceramics have one big drawback: they're fragile, which is why General Electric, Pickering, Electro-Sonic, Fairchild and other makers of magnetic pickups are proceeding into the market with some show of confidence. Of course, both magnetics and ceramics will play either monaural or stereo discs without damage. It's probably safe for you to buy either variety, with our nod still going to the magnetics. Ceramics are a little cheaper and less durable, but if you're that concerned about cash, perhaps you shouldn't be plunging into stereo yet.

At the time of this survey, approximately a dozen stereo preamp control units (to be used with two separate, controlless amps) had appeared on shop counters. Best among the batch are the fine Fisher 400 (16 input jacks, complete equalization and loudness contour con-

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trols, one-knob channel volume-balance control), the Lafayette LT-30 stereo preamp, Altec-Lansing's 445A stereo preamp, Pilot's SP-210 stereo preamp, Madison Fielding's Master Control Console and Eico's HF85 stereo preamp. Some of these have special features, like switches to transpose the left and right channels from speaker to speaker, which will remain a useful facility for about a year, until recording procedures are standardized. One feature more vital than uniform, by the way, is ganged volume controls, which can govern your twin speakers up and down in unison.

Not forgotten either is the gentleman listener who now owns a fine monaural rig and wants to convert it to both stereo records and tapes. You still have to go out and buy your second amp and speaker, plus a tape machine (sorry, there's no way of escaping that), and then you go out and get either H. H. Scott's Stereo-Daptor, Altec-Lansing's S40 Master Stereo Control, Marantz' Model 6 Stereo Adaptor or Bogen's STA Stereo Adaptor. These little inexpensive jobs (from \$12 to \$25) control your two separate amplifiers and preamplifiers from one central point; the master volume control adjusts the volume levels of both channels simultaneously; and a special switching arrangement lets you play straight stereo, reversed-speakers stereo, or channels your monaural material through both amplifiers and speakers at the same time. Nice gadget. Harman-Kardon has come up with a practical idea (the AX20) for the guy who wants to convert: dual stereo preamps with one 20-watt amplifier that you plug into your existing amplifier and, *voilà*, all is made ready for stereo, with your controls on one handy chassis.

The onset of stereo discs has gladdened the manufacturers of precision turntables and—in general—saddened the folks in the record changer business, who had spent years translating all their lateral motor vibration into vertical vibration, which the new stereo pickups reproduce fully and faithfully as a brain-rattling roar. However, at least five makers (Glaser-Steers, Collaro, Webcor, Garrard and Miracord) had remodeled their changers as early as July, and others are quickly following suit. Your old record changer, incidentally, is in most cases too rough for stereo pickup cartridges, whose styli have to be compliant (unreinforced) vertically as well as laterally: they can't take much drop impact. Since you'll probably have to purchase a new machine, why not make it the best there is: a Rek-O-Kut turntable coupled with a Shure Brothers stereo arm and cartridge. If you still want a changer, be sure that it's one of the new ready-for-stereo models.

With loudspeakers, the story is almost exactly the same as with power ampli-

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fiers: if you already own a monaural rig, it is simply a question of adding a unit that is sonically compatible with what you have already. If you don't own a monaural rig, and want to start in with stereo afresh, then why don't you start at the top and get the James B. Lansing Ranger-Paragon stereo speaker arrangement. It's somewhat of a behemoth (106" wide) and it is not inexpensive (\$1830) but it is James B. dandy soundwise. J. B. Lansing offers other sweet and more compact setups, as do such reputable speaker manufacturers as Wharfedale, Altec-Lansing, Jensen, Acoustic Research, Electro-Voice, University, Bozak, Stephens and JansZen. The way to choose your speakers, not surprisingly, is by ear (your own), and the place to do it is in your own living room. If you're starting from scratch, there is a wealth of stuff from which to choose, and most of it these days, to be brief and charitable, works gratifyingly well. One of the more ingenious gimmicks is a Jensen combination wherein the paired treble and mid-range speakers are on swivels, so that you may change your angle of stereo-directional separation according to what record you are playing and where you happen to be sitting in the room. Stereo has heightened the popularity of small speaker units and Acoustic Research's AR-1 and AR-2 are in urgent demand everywhere (for good reasons).

As stereo discs and tapes go out in increasing numbers to radio stations, there will be, naturally, more and more stereo broadcasts — one channel on FM, the other on AM. Nearly all the new tuners show cognizance of this. To wit, you can tune the AM and FM bands separately and play them, through your dual amplifiers and speakers, together. The watchword is: don't buy a tuner with only one tuning knob if you're stereo-minded. It's obsolete. Among the better independently tunable AM-FM receivers now available are Bogen's ST662, Madison Fielding's 330, Harman-Kardon's T-224, H. H. Scott's 330-C.

Plush and pretty packaged sets, which you merely have to plug in to play stereo discs and tapes (plus monaural fare as well, of course), are being seen more frequently, and we've heard several top-notchers. Quite naturally, those of you who now own a monaural rig made up of component parts will go out and buy the additional components needed to complete your stereo arrangement. But those of you who own no sound system now, and are real anxious to get the dual sounds in your digs in one swell foop, might well give the package sets a close listen. The best of the bunch that we've heard are made by Columbia and RCA (they come in a wide price range, up to \$2500) and — no surprise this — the more loot you're willing to drop, the

better the set will sound. One cautionary word on the package: make sure that it includes two *separate* speaker cabinets. One of the most expensive outfits we've heard sports two speaker systems that are permanently mounted on both sides of the equipment cabinet, and cannot be judiciously placed in your living room where they might deliver optimal sounds.

Some component manufacturers (Electro-Voice, Heath and Pilot, among others) have gone in for offering "package" rigs in handsome hardwood enclosures that feature whatever components the manufacturer makes and rounding out the set with other brands. Thus, an Electro-Voice "package" contains E-V speakers, amplifiers and FM tuner, a Rek-O-Kut turntable and arm, plus a Pentron tape deck. The sounds it gives off are generally fine and a cut or two above most non-component packages.

Tape, despite the seven-league steps taken by stereo discs, still maintains its position as the purist's sound medium. To our ears, the best 7½-inch-per-second stereo tapes still sound better than discs — but they cost a lot more. Four-track 3¾-i.p.s. tape (on playback, tracks one and three run past the tape heads, then you reverse the reel and tracks two and four do their job; no need to rewind, either) is coming on the market and its advantages are obvious: exactly four times as much music can be recorded and no time is lost in rewinding; but as of this writing, it seems lower in fi than either 7½-i.p.s. tape or stereo discs. Its price (\$4.95 for 22 minutes, on up to \$9.95 for 60 solid minutes) makes it almost competitive with discs, and it will definitely have a future once the sound bugs are gotten out, as they certainly will be. RCA has marketed the 3¾-i.p.s. tapes in a handy plastic magazine cartridge that contains two spools, the tape, permanent threading and slots in the cover to show you the position of the tape. Thus far, only RCA has marketed tape machines that will take the cartridges (these machines will take *only* cartridges, not conventional reels), but it seems likely that the industry will adopt the RCA plan (RCA has furnished all the equipment companies with complete electrical and mechanical design data on their four-track tapes and cartridges royalty free). Whatever you do, make sure that any tape machine you buy today has facilities for both 7½; and 3¾-i.p.s. playback speeds (shades of the 33⅓-45 r.p.m. war of the LPs!). The newest Ampex models, of course, provide for this, as do the handsome, husky Bell and Pentron machines. With the Bell and the Ampex, you can even *record* stereophonically, and what disc machine can make that statement?

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PLAYBOY

YOU REMEMBER when Epstein's *Adam* was shown a few years ago," Palmer said. "People who had never been in a gallery before mobbed the place to see it. And when the Whitney had that Larry Rivers portrait of a man and his wife, nude in front of a crumpled bed — I've forgotten who they were, I knew at the time — the same thing happened. The place was crawling with art-lovers who didn't know the difference between a Peterdi etching and a Picasso oil, wandering through the rooms trying to look interested and wondering where it was. You remember?"

"I wasn't going to galleries then," Buccieri said. "And what is the difference between a Peterdi and a Picasso, in your view?"

"You look at a Peterdi print and you realize you couldn't do anything like that in 10 years of trying," Palmer said. "But you see some Picassos and you wonder if you couldn't do better with five dollars' worth of paint and some shirt cardboards. That's the way it is with me, anyway, shoot me in the morning for it, I don't care. But anyway, I have to tell you that Tascha's will be mobbed today, a fire-sale crowd. I'm sorry you couldn't have come with me to the opening and seen it in peace and quiet."

"I don't mind," Buccieri said. "I want to see it anyway, because I know Hellbourne."

"Sure," Palmer said. "Did you hear what Dorothy Kilgallen said yesterday? She said that the current definition of an East Side square is somebody who doesn't know who Ruth Mornay had in mind when she painted *Portrait Lighted from Below*."

They turned off Park Avenue onto 57th, moving in the sweet warmth of the kind of day New York knows once or twice in a good year. The clock over the sidewalk in front of the IBM building was reaching for three.

They came to Tascha's and went in. Bunched up against the walls in thick clusters were the viewers — serious, intent, their faces carefully masked in the uniform attitudes of detachment of people afraid that either enthusiasm or distaste will betray them.

"This whole show is Walter Bareiss'," Palmer said. "It's one of the best collections of contemporaries. I could show you some things, but there's no point with this mob milling around. We might as well go right upstairs."

They moved through, leaving a wake of soft "Excuse mes" and "Sorrays" behind them. They came to the big street-front room on the second floor and stood in the doorway and there it was. There were 50 people in the room, most of them staring silently. You could hear the muffled sibillance of their breathing, the rustling of their clothes, and now and again someone would speak, and the words would rise in the air like bubbles and pop softly: "Astounding." "My God, how she must have hated him." "No, I *don't* like it. It's awful, it's a horror."

They stood in the doorway. The painting was a big one; it had been hung fairly

fiction By KEN PURDY

the 51 tones of Green

*daddy-o giveth and daddy-o taketh away:
accursed be the name of daddy-o*



high, and they could see it clearly. The dominant color was green: someone had counted 51 tones of green on the canvas. There was much gray, too. It was a portrait of a man seated at a desk in an office — nothing more, at first glance. But this was no common man, no common desk or office, and minute by minute as they looked they began to feel their skins crawl and squirm. The face was as old as a mummy's but bright with the rosiness of youth on the surface, and green in the pendulous folds of flesh. And it was *all* pendulous. His ear lobes dangled loosely, his lips hung like a Ubangi matron's might if someone wrenched out her expanding wooden plug. The desk at which he sat was old, old weather-beaten wood, worm-holed, gray-surfaced, but, again, green in the little sinuous valleys in the eroded grain. Its top was a witches'-cupboard of shapeless objects that slowly assumed form as they stared: a stack of paper-thin human bodies, flattened as in a steel mill, weighted with neat piles of gold and silver coins; pencils capped with tiny ivory skulls in place of erasers; a deep-framed painting, lying flat, was the ashtray, and a wet-ended cigar lay in it, hot ash burning into the pigment. A brass desk clock, corroded green, faced outward on the desk. It had no hands. The young-old face of the fat man behind the desk smiled, a smile of infinite guile and infinite satiety. The intent of the artist was clear as gin: this was an octogenarian who brought to the implacable pursuit of evil the drive and the strength of a 20-year-old.

Behind him the wall was covered with paintings, frame to frame. They were all hung upside down, and draped across them was a string of paper-doll cutouts, hand joining hand, perhaps alternate men and women, but it was hard to tell, since they, like the miniatures on the desk, had been steam-roller-flattened. In the foreground was the figure that had brought the crowds: a nude girl crouched in the kneehole of the desk, and one of the man's feet, bunion-bulging in an impossibly shiny shoe, dug negligently into her at the waist.

"Aside from the detail, the imagination, the palette," Palmer said softly, "you must look at the composition. Look anywhere on the canvas and you'll find a line that leads you straight to his face, and it will take your eye across one separate detail, only one. Start anywhere on the canvas, you'll see this will happen every time. Everything leads to his face, and yet every single object in the painting stands out with almost equal force. If it's like anything, it's like an Albright, but she makes most Albrights look like something by Rosa Bonheur."

"It's unbelievable," Buccieri said. "It's an assassination."

Palmer shrugged. "She didn't like him," he said. "She really did not like the man."

"I've had enough," Buccieri said. "I'll come back, but for now I've had it all."

They came to the street again, and Buccieri blinked in the bright sunlight. "Thanks for suggesting we come over," he told Palmer. "It'll give me nightmares, but I wouldn't have missed it. You know, I hope I don't see Hellbourne soon. I think I might go pale. I might gag."

They walked across town to the Plaza and sat in a window overlooking the park.

"I'm glad you didn't tell me before, at lunch," Buccieri said, "but now that I've seen the painting . . ."

"Oh, you had to see the painting first," Palmer said. He called a waiter. "Scotch and water?" he asked Buccieri. "Sure."

"The way it began," Palmer said, "Ruth Mornay started painting when she was about 18. She's about 30 now, so that would be 12, 13 years ago, when she was in school. She had money, and she painted only for kicks. I met her when she was about 21, a strange, wispy kind of girl, not beautiful but sometimes strangely pretty, so that you almost thought she was beautiful. She did have a nice body, very nice, clear, paper-white skin, black hair, blue-black. She was shy as hell, moody, neurotic to the bone. She might not say anything for hours, and then she'd get on such a talking jag you wanted to shine a light in her eye and see if she'd been taking something in the arm. A virginal air, Ruth had, and yet if you bored her long enough, or offended her persistently enough, she might turn to you and say softly, 'Look, Mother, why don't you run over to the zoo and stuff yourself . . .' — you know. The girl had a rich, varied imagination.

"She ran around for a couple of years after college and then, out of boredom, I suppose, she got a job in an ad agency art department — Boswell and Perkins, they were big at the time. She stuck it out there a couple of years, and during that time she didn't paint at all. She was having an affair with one of the v.p.s and one night the fellow took her to a party at the Metropolitan, and that was the night it happened. That was the night she met Hellbourne.

"She told me the whole story herself. I was very fond of Ruth then — I still am — we used to go out together every couple of weeks and oftener than that I'd drop in to see her for a drink or whatever. She said she first noticed the old goat when he was all the way across the room. He was staring; you've probably seen him do it, it's his patent. He lays his eyes on a girl as if they were arms 12 feet long, and he'll do it for an

hour if he feels like it. Somebody comes over to talk to him, he'll reach out and move them aside so as not to lose sight of the girl. You've seen him do it, everybody has.

"So he was giving Ruthie the treatment, and she thought it was pretty funny at first, but after a while she began to sweat a little; and about then some character took her arm and led her over to the old s.o.b. and introduced them. One of his macs, of course — Hellbourne wouldn't walk to the elevator without a pimp in attendance.

"She'd about decided to spit in his eye, but when she heard his name of course she folded up halfway, and then he apologized for staring at her, told her he couldn't help himself. 'My dear,' he said, 'when you're as old as I am, and you think you've seen all the beauty the world holds, and then something utterly lovely presents itself to you — you stare. Out of surprise, you see, out of sheer wonder and surprise. I know, I know. You're thinking that I'm a fossilized old liar, that you're *not* beautiful. And you're right. You're not, in the common way. There are a dozen women in this room prettier than you are, but they look like magazine covers in a row on a newsstand, and you, you look like a Watteau portrait seen through a wisp of fog. Yours is the infinite beauty that is half hidden. Tell me instantly, who are you, and what do you do?'

"I'm nobody," Ruth told him, 'and I do very little.'

"I see," Hellbourne said, 'and what did you used to do?'

"I used to paint," Ruth said.

"Ah, now everything is explained," Hellbourne said. "You're an artist, and *that's* what I saw. You know, my dear, I've lived and worked with artists for 50 years, and I can *sense* the aura that is true beauty, the beauty that derives only from the creation of beauty. Where are your paintings? Where are they at this moment?'

"Ruth wanted to believe that he was parroting the time-tested line of an old, crinkled-face roué, but my God, why should he be throwing her a curve? To her he looked 117 years old if he was a minute, his prostate not even a memory any more; too, she knew who he was, and what: a thing that might be said to be by Berenson out of Duveen, a colossus standing over the whole world of art, and she was intrigued. So she said she kept the few things she had saved at her apartment, and next thing she knew one of his stooges was whistling up the Rolls-Royce and away they went.

"Ruth had an enchanting little apartment in the East 60s; she gave the old beast some coffee and showed him her paintings. He seemed to be enthusiastic. Perhaps he really was. I had

(continued on page 81)



"I'm perfectly willing to play for those stakes, old boy, but hadn't you better ask your wife first?"



THE PROS OF PARIS

article By SAM BOAL

love for sale in the city of light

A ROUND DOZEN years ago, France, a country whose interest in sex — and whose tolerance of its various aspects — can only be described as titanic, gravely decided, after appropriate public discussion, to do away with two areas of sexual activity. First was the French house of prostitution, which throughout the years had become so enwreathed with story and song that it had become an institution. Second was the licensing of prostitutes. Laws were duly passed and some people cheered and some wept; others shrugged their shoulders and wondered whether *c'est, indeed, la vie*.

But for our purposes, it will be helpful to explore briefly the conditions, both economic and moral, which induced the traditionally tolerant and worldly French to abruptly try to prohibit something.

The French houses of prostitution, particularly those of Paris, gained world-wide fame because they provided considerably more than girls, just as French restaurants provide considerably more than calories. The houses of, say, Berlin or Hong Kong or Istanbul were factories; the French houses were studios. The large ones had dance bands (the famous Sphinx in Paris had two), pleasant bars, intimate little theatres for showing intimate little movies and, in general, all the relaxed atmosphere of a swank club rather than a business establishment. A gentleman could walk into the Sphinx, for instance, and be greeted by a handsome hostess. The man could sit down at a marble-



Stunning Jacqueline Renaud is a top-priced Paris courtesan who looks like a high fashion model. She has her hair done at the best *coiffeurs*, purchases her hats at the most exclusive *chapellerie*, bought her sleek Mercedes 190SL (left) all by herself. She also maintains her own frilly apartment (but rarely uses it for business) and dotes on her parakeet Fou-Fou (above and right), who likes to perch on Jacqueline's pretty head while she arranges her evening "date." It's likely to cost the customer as much as \$100 plus dinner at a posh Paris restaurant (below), then a visit to the theatre before retiring to his hotel for the night.



Below, 22-year-old Adrienne has been a Paris pro for a year, dislikes working the streets, prefers to make her contacts in one of the little bars along the Rue Caumartin. She is a warm, well-bred girl who wants to save enough money to open a little shop of her own, get married and raise a family. She charges \$20 per client and will either accompany him to his hotel (for an hour or so) or guide him to one of the transient hotels nearby. Adrienne, like the other girls, has a steady clientele and usually takes care of from two to four men in an evening. She likes American men because they are heavy tippers.



Below, blonde, ponytailed Simone also chooses to work from a bar, frankly faces up to the fact that she can earn more selling her favors than in any other occupation. Her dream is to latch on to a wealthy sugar-daddy.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS
FOR PLAYBOY BY HERMAN LEONARD

topped table and be served by a waiter or he could belly up to the 50-foot bar. The prices would be only slightly higher than in his corner bistro. There would be an accordionist strolling up and down the bar, pumping out the tunes—*Madelon, Valentina, Boum!*—which have almost magically become the very theme songs of Paris' wondrous heart. The girls would mingle easily with the prospective clients, but there was no aggressiveness, no salesmanship. The costumes they wore were somewhat startling: all the girls were nude from the waist up, although some of them wore shorty jackets made of some gossamer fabric. Some of the girls wore flowing, Grecian-style skirts; some wore short, Apache-like skirts slit up the side, and some wore slacks, as tight on their behinds as a second skin.

A girl would ask a man to buy her a drink but he was under no obligation to do so. Or she might ask him to dance; and if he had eyes for her they would go to the dance hall, which was furnished with dazzling appointments: liquid music, scarlet drapes and the velvety girls.

Of course it was a business and of course it was a tease and of course the girls were the merchandise, but these things were obscured by the general nonsordid air of the place. The French house was *(continued overleaf)*

Babette (left) looks more like a college coed than a pro, prefers to customer-hunt along the leafy lanes of the Bois de Boulogne or among the bookstalls of the Seine with a friend (right). She is from a northern province, tells her parents she is now a nurse, which gives her a handy excuse (sitting up with a sick friend) whenever they visit. At night (below), Babette takes on a sophisticated look.



Like all Paris tapins and cocottes, Babette takes her men to one of the small hotels that line the side streets, where a room can be readily had sans baggage, registering or a side glance from the worldly concierge (who must be slipped \$2 in advance by the customer). Inside the room, Babette adjusts a curl (below, left) while she slips out of her clothes, then requests her *petit cadeau* (3000 francs, or \$7) from the gentleman before getting down to the business at hand.



famous because it was fun.

The French attitude toward these establishments, as indicated above, was one of easy tolerance. They were as much a part of the Paris panorama as the Seine or the Eiffel Tower. But this attitude changed and a principal agent of this change — and this is one of the most incredible aspects of the whole picture — was the Communist party.

After the Second World War, the Communists were extremely powerful in France and they seized on the open, legal houses of prostitution as a political issue. The Communists contended that legal houses placed the French government in the position of holding a certain amount of women in degrading bondage. They cried for equality of the sexes and for freedom for the girls. The fact that this position completely baffled the girls themselves didn't matter.

The issue was raised again and again in the Chamber of Deputies and when put this way it was very difficult for a deputy, no matter how sophisticated he might be, to resist the pressure. An American congressman could hardly be expected to put up a fiery resistance to Mother's Day. The law was passed.

The closings were somewhat sentimental. (In late March of this year, just before the Japanese houses of prostitution were "officially" closed, the Japanese police, similarly sentimental, took films of the houses and the red-light districts in Japan to preserve them for posterity.) Farewell parties were held, tears were shed and it took nearly two years to get the houses shut down; since the closings were delayed so frequently it was something like the final grand tour of an opera star. However, they were finally closed. It was expected officially that the girls, now liberated from their vile slavery, would eagerly seek jobs as clerks or models or waitresses.

Anyone past the age of 10 could have anticipated what would happen. The girls did not take jobs as waitresses. They simply took to the streets, like the girls of any other metropolis. But the Paris girls — being individualistic, as the French notably are — did it a little differently. They went to various areas, largely according to the price they charged. After a time these areas broke down into four principal districts.

The lowest-priced girls — \$5 and under — filtered down into a small area around the Boulevard de Sébastopol. The next group — \$7-\$10 — took to the streets around the Opera and the Madeleine. The highest-priced — \$15-\$20 and up — strolled the famous Champs-Élysées and its side streets. The fourth group, which had no price range, was made up of the semi-professionals who gravitated onto Paris' Left Bank. This latter group had no fixed fee because the price could be anything from a dinner to a vacation at

Cannes. They were generally young and frolicsome, accepting money more as a gift than as a payment.

Thus, a dozen years after the law clamped down, the world's oldest profession continues in the City of Light. The entire machinery of French law has not succeeded, as joyfully anticipated, in driving the prostitute to a virtuous life hoeing a garden outside Bordeaux. They are still there, the pretty Giselles, the Michelles, the Gabrielles, the Georgettes. And where does one find these girls?

It isn't hard. It isn't hard and it's kind of fun. Let us examine the region around the Place de l'Opéra, one of the favorite haunts of the chicks.

The girls here — the \$7-or-so girls — may, in pleasant weather, stroll the streets, in which case they will talk to you. But mostly they hang around in bars. In Paris, bars — though not restaurants — are often unnamed. You will refer to Antoine's or Pierre's or Marie's, but there will be no sign on the outside to tell you what the name of the place is. This is of no importance. Almost any of the streets around the Opera, or the Madeleine, has these little bars. The Rue Halevy, the Chaussée d'Antin, the Rue Bordreau, the Boulevard des Capucines, the Rue Danielle Casanova — the latter name seems theatrically appropriate.

The bars are small. They are dark. They are cozily intimate. You pick your bar and walk in, order a drink. The bartender — it may be a woman — will start a conversation with you, perhaps about the weather, and you will say that you are a foreigner and you will offer to buy a drink for the cute little trick three bar stools away from you and the bartender will say, "Ah, Georgette! Ah, oui, monsieur. Georgette, elle est très mignonne, très," and presently Georgette will be sitting beside you.

She will probably have a rough command of English, at least enough to keep a conversation moving. She will be in no hurry. She will be impressed because you are an American. Propaganda to the contrary, most of this world is impressed by Americans. She will consume her drink — it will be an *apéritif* and will cost you about 50¢. You will suggest a second drink, which she will take, not particularly because she wants the drink but because the little bar, which she uses without charge as a place of assignation, expects her to order the drink.

She will then suggest a little walk, you will ask her price and she will name it. If you were a Frenchman you would argue about it; but since you are not, you will agree — only a few dollars are involved, anyway. So you will walk away with Georgette.

The procedure is much the same on the Champs-Élysées, except that while the bars around the Opera are small and

dark, the bars on the Champs-Élysées tend to be somewhat more chromium and mirror. If they didn't have sidewalk cafés, some of them could be almost Hollywood. Except that the bars of Hollywood lack one thing, and that is the girls of the Champs-Élysées.

The Champs-Élysées, though only a couple of miles long, from the Place de la Concorde to the Place de l'Étoile, is very probably the prettiest street in the world. It seems proper that inhabiting it are very probably the prettiest girls in the world. They don't have the healthy, orange-juice look of American girls and they don't have the horsy elegance of the British beauties and they don't have the pouting, almost sullen attractiveness of the girls in Rome. They have their own typical Champs-Élysées sheen.

These girls will — like the girls of the Opera — sometimes pace the streets, but mostly they will sit in the cafés of the streets off the Champs-Élysées. There is the Rue Pierre Charron, the Rue Marbeuf, the Rue de Colisée and the celebrated Rue de Berri, well known to Americans because it is here, at number 21, that the *New York Herald Tribune* publishes its Paris edition.

The procedure is absurdly simple. You see your girl, you ask the waiter if mademoiselle would like a drink and she would, *mais certainement, monsieur*, and she has it, either at your table or hers, and she will act the immemorial part of the French *cocotte* — probably a little more adroitly than the less expensive girls of the Opera — and then you will have your girl. If you meet her early in the evening, it is possible that she will have dinner with you — it will be in a comparatively flossy place and it will cost about \$15 — and then you will go to her hotel, or she will come to yours.

Since the girls of the Champs-Élysées are the most charmingly conspicuous, it might be interesting to examine a few of them. There is, for instance, Janine, an extremely mobile girl who bears the nickname *La Croix Rouge* — The Red Cross. The nickname is inevitable, one supposes, since she plies her trade, in and around the Champs-Élysées, in an ambulance. She declines to use the hotel rooms the other girls use: she drives her own hotel. She finds her man, drives him to a side street, tumbles into the back with him and that's that. The Red Cross is extremely popular: she is pretty and moreover with her the man can save the cost of the hotel room. Furthermore, she is immune from police action. There is a Paris law which makes it illegal to use a residence for "immoral" purposes; but the city fathers did not anticipate Janine, and thus it is not illegal to use a vehicle for similar high jinks.

Then there is Michelle. Michelle pa-
(continued on page 38)



fiction By CHARLES BEAUMONT

*ghosts and demons do exist
—if you think about them
long and hard enough*

PERCHANCE TO DREAM

"PLEASE SIT DOWN," the psychiatrist said, indicating a somewhat worn leather couch.

Automatically, Hall sat down. Instinctively, he leaned back. Dizziness flooded through him, his eyelids fell like sash weights, the blackness came . . .

He jumped up quickly and slapped his right cheek, then he slapped his left cheek, hard. "I'm sorry, doctor," he said.

The psychiatrist, who was tall and young and not in the least Viennese, nodded. "You prefer to stand?" he asked, gently.

"Prefer?" Hall threw his head back and laughed. "That's good," he said. "Prefer!"

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

"Neither do I, doctor." He pinched the flesh of his left hand until it hurt. "No, no; that isn't true. I do understand. That's the whole trouble. I do."

"You — want to tell me about it?"

"Yes. No." It's silly, he thought. You

(continued on page 87)

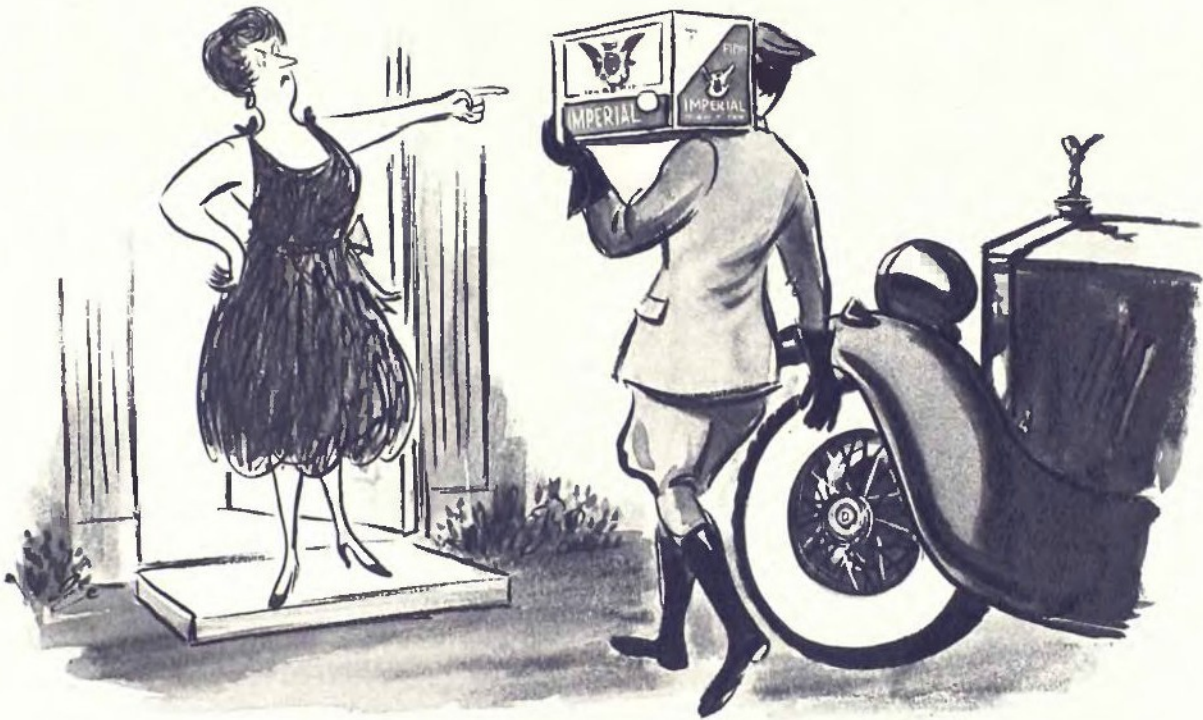
THE WORLD of the magazine cartoonist includes more than its share of clichés — the missionary in the cannibal's pot, the young man proposing in the parlor on one knee, the secretary taking dictation on the boss' lap, the castaway on an island no bigger than a pitcher's mound — these have been asked to produce not one, but many hundreds of smiles from readers through the years. The late Sam Cobean of *The New Yorker* particularly enjoyed reworking such tired situations and finding in them still another chuckle no one else guessed was there. Many of Cobean's funniest cartoons were actually spoofs of the clichés themselves. His most famous involved characters mentally undressing one another, but he also had some fun with the unfeeling father who turns a disgraced daughter away from his door on a stormy night. He even drew up a series of panels depicting daughter, suitably disgraced in the spring, waiting patiently through the summer and fall for just the right cold winter's night before bundling up junior for the doorstep scene. PLAYBOY cartoonist Phil Interlandi picks up matters where Cobean left them, drawing still more humorous situations from the same old doorstep, dad and daughter, and even getting mom and the chauffeur into the act for good measure.



Never Darken My Door Again



*cartoonist interlandi
finds fresh humor
in a cartoon cliché*



*"Where to
next, mother?"*

Interlandi

PROS OF PARIS *(continued from page 34)*

trols the Champs-Élysées not in an ambulance but in a gleaming white Citroën. Michelle, who is now 22, came to Paris when she was 16 from a farm in northern France. She promptly realized she could never own a white Citroën slaving away as a shop girl, so she fell into her present livelihood. At \$10 or \$15 a client, Michelle makes about \$250 a week—a staggering fortune in France.

Then there is Françoise, who is 24. She was born in the south of France and five years ago she took her vacation on the nearby Riviera. There she met a man from Paris to whom she gave her noticeably pretty self. In return he gave her his card and promised to help her if she ever came to Paris. Françoise waited a proper two weeks and then appeared on his doorstep. She lived with him, but Françoise knows her men, and before he could toss her over for another girl, she walked out on him and added herself to the girls of the Champs-Élysées. Outwardly, Françoise appears frivolous, capricious, almost foolish. But she's about as foolish as a tiger. She presumably has the first franc she ever earned. (She earns about 20,000 of them a night, or about \$45.) She wants to get married, but not to one of the men who comprise her clientele. She wants to marry a farmer in her native Provence, buy a farm and settle down to raising a family. She figures that \$20,000 will buy a satisfactory farm; she has already saved \$8000.

Another streamlined girl is Gabrielle Dupont, a blonde with a ponytail. She works the bars in the Rue Caumartin, just off the Champs-Élysées. She, unlike most of the other girls, was born in Paris. Gabrielle carries herself with some hauteur, an attitude arising out of the fact that one time she got \$75. When asked why she got so much, her reply was made with a charming lack of modesty.

"Just try me, monsieur," she said. "Just try me."

But probably more typical of the girls is Giselle Monteil. Giselle is an impish little brunette of 23. She came to Paris from a city in central France and got a job as a secretary for \$18 a week. That isn't much, even in Paris; and when she met a man and fell in love with him three years ago she promptly and gratefully moved in with him. At this point, a technicality of French law seized Giselle, as it has seized thousands of French girls.

Under French law, a man may use a contraceptive because it is regarded as a disease prevention device. But a woman in France may not legally buy or possess a contraceptive. And though the French are lax in their enforcement

of many laws, they are rigid on this one. A Frenchwoman who travels can, of course, get one in Belgium or England, but working girls such as Giselle don't travel. So the old, old story happened again: Giselle got pregnant. She couldn't afford an abortion so she had the baby and then the second chapter of the old, old story happened: her boyfriend left her. Now Giselle had two mouths to feed and who would take care of the baby if she had to work? So she farmed the baby out and hastened to the Champs-Élysées. This is not a sob story nor does Giselle regard it as such.

"I am a girl," she says, with Gallic realism, "and girls have babies."

Because of her looks and her pixie charm, which completely liquefies men, Giselle was an instant success. She made more in a week than she could have made in four months at her old job. She has a pleasant apartment with a nurse to watch the baby when she is out. She has clothes, she can take a vacation in the country and she can go to the movies whenever she wishes, a luxury most French girls, all of whom are movie-mad, could never afford.

Giselle, like most of the other girls, doesn't work hours; she works dates. She starts out about seven and tries to have four of them (she calls each one a "rendezvous") before midnight. Sometimes, if the weather is bad, she won't get them, but mostly she will, and at \$12 and up per rendezvous, she nets something more than \$300 a week.

Sometimes Giselle will walk the streets looking for clients, but often she will simply work the sidewalk cafés. She comes in, sits alone at a table and orders a coffee—she doesn't drink much, even on a rendezvous, because Giselle sincerely regards herself as *bien élevée*—well brought up—and in France well-brought-up girls don't drink. Then she waits, her soft, beautiful brown eyes surveying the scene. Often a man will send a drink to her, which she accepts with a smile. Then he joins her. Sometimes, if she sees a likely prospect, she will go up to him and ask for a light. This is hardly a novel approach, but it works.

Giselle is particularly partial to Americans, not solely because they pay more (they do) but because she likes to talk about America and especially about American film stars. She was shrewd enough to learn fairly fluent English, which she speaks with a piquant accent, precisely that of Fifi, the French maid in the bedroom farce. She enchants her American clients, always carrying a small English-French and French-English dictionary, and flies into gales of laughter when she translates something awkwardly.

Giselle, like many Europeans, thinks that all Americans are on intimate personal terms with film stars. Her current flip is William Holden and she invariably asks her Americans about him.

"Beel 'Olden," she will say. "You know beem?" Astonishingly enough, a lot of the Americans say they do, under the impression that this will impress her. They are right—it does, and it of course serves to strengthen her conviction that all Americans have lunch with Monroe, cocktails with "Gairy Coopair" and dinner with Dietrich.

After talking with her client for a while—10 minutes perhaps—and establishing a price, Giselle will walk her "rendezvous" to a nearby hotel which will cost the man an additional \$3 or \$4. They will not register. The room will be small and clean. After about half an hour, if the rendezvous shows no signs of terminating, there will be a discreet tap on the door and Giselle will answer. The voice will say, "*Je m'excuse, mademoiselle. On vous appelle*"—"Excuse me, miss. Someone is calling you." Unless the client is willing to pay an additional \$5 or so, Giselle considers the romance at an end. Giselle, since she is a polite and well-brought-up girl, will apologize for this untimely interruption but she will also explain that business is business. And because she is polite, Giselle will ask her client would he please leave a little something—50¢ or a dollar—for the maid. Giselle will shake her client's hand outside the hotel, smile her gay smile and, if he is an American who knows William Holden, she will say, "Say hello to Beel 'Olden for Giselle, yes?" and then she will walk back to the Champs-Élysées and she will order another coffee, and she will again wait, her soft, beautiful brown eyes again surveying the scene.

The languid luxury of the Champs-Élysées is one thing; the atmosphere surrounding the Sébastopol area is quite different. The Champs-Élysées girls are out of a ballet; Sébastopol girls are out of an old-time Apache dance. For the most part, they don't bother with bars. They stand in the doorways of the streets, their lips crimson with lipstick and their dresses as tight as their skin. They are noisily competitive and physical, often grabbing potential clients by the arms. And if one girl succeeds in nailing a customer, the nearby girls set up a fierce clamor, pointing out that the successful one is racked with disease, burdened by extreme old age and absolutely unskilled in bedroom arts.

The Sébastopol girls aren't as pretty as the uptown girls nor do they have the Dior clothes and the white Citroëns, but they have one thing that their customers seem to like, and that is vivacity. They chatter in their doorways like sparrows

(continued overleaf)



PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE WALL STREET OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT, BACHE & CO.

WE'VE ALL SEEN IT: a group of well-dressed people suddenly become aware of the entrance of a man on whom attention immediately focuses. He is not only well-dressed, he has an air of distinction, of poise and commanding presence. He is obviously a man of affairs, in all the best senses of the phrase. Chances are, he's wearing a suit like the one shown here, tailored specifically for the fellow who's arrived, who is dressed right for those occasions which call for a touch of formal elegance. It is a ready-made suit with custom touches (by Cardinal, around \$120). The jacket needs but two buttons,

and tapers away in a trim cut at the bottom. It's a shade shorter than jackets have been, too, but a bit of shaping at the waist retains the very easy, relaxed line; it tactfully avoids the too-tight, buttoned-to-the-teeth impression left by extreme Ivy. Shoulders are a smidgen wider, sleeves taper and there is no breast pocket or buttonhole. Lapels are slim and pointed; trousers are slender, cuffless and pleatless, without that belt in the back. Atop the noggin? The very British, very classic black bowler (don't say derby), slated for a sure comeback this fall. By Dobbs; \$15.

MAN OF AFFAIRS

attire By **FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM**

for going places, he plays his strong suit and tops it with a bowler

PROS OF PARIS *(continued from page 38)*

in a tree. They make comments on every man who passes — and if he doesn't stop, the comments get rather gamy.

There are those who sometimes get damply sentimental over prostitutes — the old wheeze about the heart of gold beating under the tough exterior — and in the case of the Sébastopol girls, it is sometimes true. Lots of them are sentimental, just as sentimental as a candy-box cover, and lots of them do have hearts of gold. One shop in the Sébastopol area does a brisk trade in hand-colored, Valentine-like postcards which the girls mail to each other and which they hang up in profusion in their rooms. These are the girls whose amatory tragedies are so consistently celebrated in the torchy songs of such singers as Edith Piaf and Juliette Greco.

Across the river, the winding Seine, in the little bistros and downstairs *boîtes* — literally, boxes — of St. Germaine, frolic another class of Paris girls, the semi-pros. These are girls in their teens or early twenties who are out for kicks, and sex is one of their kicks. They may wind up on the Champs-Élysées as full-time girls or they may wind up in a Paris suburb as prim housewives and mothers, but in the meantime they're having a ball.

They hang around the jazz joints — all of them within a stone's throw of the famed café Les Deux Magots — and they belong to a rather self-consciously arty group. The girls often wear their hair long, they often wear slacks and men's shirts — a horror in France — and they are, or think they are, infinitely more sophisticated than any other girls.

Some of them even have daytime jobs, but mostly they drift. They move from one boyfriend to another almost aimlessly, reserving the right, of course, to have other boyfriends — or customers — in the process. They invariably live with some man — or men — but part of their free-living arrangement is that they are at liberty to do what they want where they want when they want. A man in Paris can, almost without trying, seek out one of these girls in a dark, smoky *boîte* and take her home with him. She may stay a long time or she may run off the next day. She may stay overnight for nothing or she may demand some money, but if she does, it won't be much. Sex to her is part of self-expression.

Oddly enough, these gamines are fervently pro-American, and not for financial reasons. Frenchmen are everywhere; the American boyfriend is a prestige item. He is foreign, exotic, groovy. He will typically have more money, of course, but these girls are not in the business for money. If they were, they'd move uptown. They like the Americans because they're not Frenchmen. The

Frenchman smiles; the American laughs. The Frenchmen are old; all Americans are young.

It is for this reason that an American can probably have more fun with these girls than with the others. They are more American in spirit than the other girls. They are the girls of the Françoise Sagan novels. They are experimenting, not only with sex but with life, and experimentation demands diversification. These chicks may well have a French boyfriend; they may well want an American one as well.

These *boîtes*, with their amateur girls, all sprang from the original one, La Rose Rouge, which is still in existence. They are all below street level, all smoky with the acrid smell of French cigarettes (and sometimes marijuana), all seem to be lit with red lights, which may or may not have significance, and all have some sort of jazz combo blasting through the smoke.

The girls here are not as crisply businesslike as the girls on the Champs-Élysées. They often come in pairs, sit at tables and wait to be picked up — or at least get spoken to and maybe offered a drink. If they like your looks they will sometimes come to your table, but typically you go to theirs. You can be absolutely certain that if a girl is sitting alone, or with a girlfriend, she is amenable to casual conversation and — if she likes you — to conversation somewhat less casual.

You don't discuss money with them; if they want money they'll say so. They might take money from one man and absolutely refuse it from another. This is principally their social life, not their economic one. They would certainly prefer a weekend somewhere outside Paris to an outright cash payment and a weekend with one of these girls — who will know her way around — can be something unforgettable. These are the girls with the ponytails, the girls who scorn bras or panties, the girls with the sweaters and skirts, the girls with the canvas sneakers. Lorraine, of the smoky *boîte*, is not only free living. She can be free.

As indicated above, the French were unable by law to put the prostitutes out of business. They appeared, at first, to have put the house of prostitution out of business; but in the past few years that, too, has reappeared, though it must be admitted, not on so widespread a scale as 12 years ago. The houses are new and each customer is carefully screened before he is admitted — if he is admitted at all. The girls working in them are rather part-time girls, part-time pros.

The French do not have the same opinion on sex as other Western European countries and their attitude is re-

flected in the attitude of the new girls in the new houses. They do not regard taking money for sexual favors as immoral, any more than they regard posing nude in the Folies-Bergère as immoral. These things are part of life.

The new girls are models, actresses, artists. Some are married. They work in the new houses to supplement their income. And they supplement it handsomely. They can get \$50, or even more, and they appear to be worth the price. They are all professional beauties. They are trained charmers. They are well spoken, calm, even languid, in the best tradition of the French courtesan.

They ply their part-time trade in apartments off the Champs-Élysées, apartments always furnished in satiny French luxury. No ponytails here, or canvas sneakers. And no *vin ordinaire*. The guest is served champagne, if that's what he wants, or whiskey. Some of the new places, the modern ones, cater to wealthy men on their way home from the offices or banks or publishing houses, even serve pre-dinner hors d'oeuvres, wheeled in by a maid. A phonograph will be playing, and a customer may, if he wishes, have a pre-boudoir dance.

There won't be many girls working in these new houses; perhaps a half dozen — which is nothing of course to the 50 or so who used to work in the big, old houses. There will be no naughty movies — the famed *cinéma bleu* — of the old houses, nor will there be any sex circuses, as there used to be. And though their business is being undressed, the girls will be highly dressed — by Lanvin, Balenciaga, some in London tweeds, which to certain Frenchwomen are the very apex of chic.

Like their sisters in the *boîtes*, these girls are not here primarily for money, although that is certainly a consideration. They are here for kicks and they are also here to find a rich man with whom they can make an arrangement, perhaps even a marital one. A customer who falls for one of these glossy chicks might very well keep her; he might even marry her. Or he might finance a play for her, or make arrangements with a well-connected film producer for a screen test. In this sense these new places are well-organized, decorous casting couches. The phonograph plays, the champagne bubbles, the girls smile and love is made.

The street or café girls or the girls of the *boîtes* are of course not hidden, the houses are, more or less. But for a reasonably presentable man there is no problem. A thousand francs or so — less than \$3 — pressed into the hand of your hotel doorman will produce precise addresses, plus a phone call to the house identifying you before your arrival.

So there it is: the girls of Paris 12
(concluded on page 58)



"I'll tell you why I hate this island—I'm a leg man."

a guide to the pleasures and protocol of the grape

SOME MONTHS AGO, we told you all you needed to know about spirits and distillates in order to set up and enjoy a complete gentleman's bar. Here and now, we propose to do the same for wine, its selection, its storage and its service.

When we say "all you need to know" we mean just that; there is a wealth of wonderful lore surrounding wine, there

are huge and handsome tomes on its history and origins, there are poems and pictures celebrating its delights. Anyone who delved into vinology would find a lifetime of charming and fascinating reading before him, to say nothing of happy hours of tasting and sipping, collecting and savoring—and more hours of arcane talk with his fellow experts,

much of it designed for vinous One-upmanship. Pleasurable as all this may be, however, it's not essential to the graceful and happy enjoyment of wine as a regular part of your well-rounded life. What follows *is*—though it won't go far toward turning you into a wine snob, than which there's nothing much more objectionable. (Note: later on in these



Correct service by the thoughtful host requires the stemmed glassware shown here. Left to right: goblet for the deep reds, such as burgundy or chianti; the hollow-stem champagne (though the champagne flute is considered equally good); the small glass for port; its companion for sherry; the slender-stemmed, medium-bowled glass for hock or riesling; for rosé and the lighter reds a smaller version of the red-wine glass; the tall and graceful glass for the whites.

THE VERITIES OF VINO



Four hollow-stem champagnes, stacked, one bottle of champagne and a steady hand form a festive fountain for four, with each glass brim full of bubbly and nary a drop spilled.



**The vinophile's
accessories**

for storage

for service

pages, we'll take up the matter of domestic versus imported wines. As a preliminary concession to the adherents of the foreign product, and for greater clarity, we'll capitalize the initial letters of the imports — thus: Chablis — and not generic types or domestic equivalents or counterparts — thus: California chablis.)

There are four principal classifications of wines: table wines (chianti, rosé, riesling, rhine, etc.), sparkling wines (champagne, sparkling burgundy), apéritif and dessert wines (sherry, port, etc.), aromatized wines (sweet and dry vermouth, etc.).

What makes wines red or white? Contrary to popular belief, the color of the grape has nothing to do with it. White is made by pressing the grapes and drawing off the juice. Red is made by pressing the grapes and allowing the juice to ferment for a while in contact with the skins. Rosé is, as you'd expect, an in-between process: contact of juice and pressed skins is limited.

Sparkling wines are those which undergo a second fermentation in the bottle. Fortified wines have their alcoholic content upped by the addition of grape brandy, which also makes them sweeter.

Your wine drinking should pretty much follow the standard procedures; that is, chilled white with fish, seafood, and the lighter meats and poultry; red wines at room temperature with red meat and strongly flavored foods; sweet wines and champagne with desserts (though champagne may be served with most any food, as may rosé), and port, sherry, etc., to be drunk alone, either before or after the collation. Room temperature, by the way, does *not* mean the thermometer reading in Death Valley at high noon — 70-odd degrees is about right. By the same token, chilled doesn't mean so cold there's no taste, though champagne should be very well iced.

It's our belief that the average young guy can go quietly nuts trying to figure out (or learn) what's what in wine nomenclature. The multitude of chateaux and the meaning of chateau bottling, estate bottling, monopoles, etc., the confusion arising from such facts as that Chateau Margaux Claret, which comes from Medoc, is a Bordeaux, all tend to discourage the man who has even a few other (continued on page 91)

The storage story calls for closet- and cupboard-sized racks to which one may add as occasion requires. From the top down: a wood and metal job holds 15 bottles; \$4.95. A wheeled rack in brass, ideal for a champagne party, for instance; \$19.75. Twenty-bottle rack of metal comes knocked down and assembles easily; \$4.95. The traditional honeycomb-pattern rack in galvanized sheet metal; \$17.95. The wicker caddy is \$2.50; in front of it is a chrome do-it-all decapper; \$4.95. Left foreground: the doo-hickey stuck in the cork is a champagne tap that penetrates the cork to form a spigot which can be closed to retain sparkle; \$4.95. To its right, a no-break-'um corkscrew; \$5.95. The three handsome decanters are handmade by Erickson, are yours, left to right, for \$11.50, \$10, \$12.



LE ROUGE ET LE BLANC

pictorial

with women and wine, it's simply a matter of taste





CONNOISSEURS OF THE GRAPE tend to be somewhat fickle in their attachments — on one occasion, they may be susceptible to the rich headiness of the red wines; at another time, they may scorn these and turn to the graceful translucency of the whites. Deep-purple port or the blondest of blonde chablis — the choice of one over another is dependent upon the time, the mood, the circumstances.

And so it is with women. One occasion may cry for the companionship of a flaxen-tressed damozel who sparkles and bubbles like fine champagne; another may demand the presence of a darker beauty with auburn locks, a lady as sultry and seething as a rich mulled burgundy. *Chacun, as they say, à son goût.*

The varied virtues of the vine are

covered elsewhere in this issue. Uncovered in this month's center section, and providing a provocative parallel to le rouge et le blanc of your wine cellar, are West Coast beauties Mara Corday and Pat Sheehan. They share a distinctive honor, unprecedented in **PLAYBOY** history. They have become the first two Playmates ever to occupy the same issue of the magazine. We don't know about you, but we can't remember the last time we've seen a lovelier pair of ladies back-to-back. Some fellows of rather narrow tastes may favor one to the exclusion of the other. But the true playboy, a connoisseur of both wine *and* women, will want to savor the unique qualities of both.



MISS OCTOBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







MISS OCTOBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Delightful dilemma: which shall it be—the deep rich "rouge" warmth of Mara Corday (above) or the light, bright "blanc" beauty of Pat Sheehan (below)?



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two sexy young starlets were sipping stingers at Chasen's, in Hollywood.

"You remember that backless, frontless, sideless evening gown I wore to the sneak preview last week?" asked the first.

"Sure," said her friend, "it was a sensation."

"I just found out it's a belt."



"May I be of help, sir?" asked the impeccably attired, haughty salesman in the foreign car showroom.

"Yep," said the casually dressed and obviously self-made man of means. "My girlfriend isn't feeling well. Wha'cha got in the way of a get-well car?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gold digger* as a human gimme pig.

"I have seven children and I've just found out my husband has never really loved me," said the distraught woman to her lawyer.

"There, there, my dear," said the attorney. "Just imagine the fix you'd be in today if he *had*."



The good doctor had been an inspiration to the jungle natives. He had cured their sick and taught them the religious and moral values of his own England. He was loved and respected by every native in the village, but on this particular afternoon the chief was obviously troubled as he entered the doctor's hut.

"You live among my people long time now," said the chief. "You tell us not right for man and girl to be close together before marriage and we believe what you say. This morning white child born to woman in village. You only

white man in jungle. What I tell my people?"

The doctor smiled and led the chief to a window. "My son," he said, "I won't attempt to give you a full scientific explanation for the phenomenon known as an albino. But look at the flock of sheep upon that hill. Every one is snow white except one. The white baby born to the woman in your village means nothing more or less than that one black sheep in the white flock. It is simply one of nature's mysterious accidents."

The black chief became embarrassed and looked at his feet. "OK, doc," he said. "You no tell - I no tell."

We just heard about an unhappy musician who worked hard on a new arrangement, and then his wife decided not to leave town after all.



Psychoanalysis is a lot of bunk," one imbiber said to his bar companion.

"Why do you say that?"

"I've been undergoing analysis for six months and today my analyst tells me I'm in love with my umbrella! Have you ever heard anything so ridiculous?"

"That's pretty crazy," agreed the friend.

"I would say that we certainly hold a sincere affection for each other. But *love*? Ridiculous!"

A none-too-likable, middle-aged office gal of our acquaintance has announced that she much prefers the business world to marriage. "In my younger days," she boasts, "I could have married any man I pleased."

"Obviously," observes a waggish friend of ours, "she never pleased anyone."

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy \$25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.



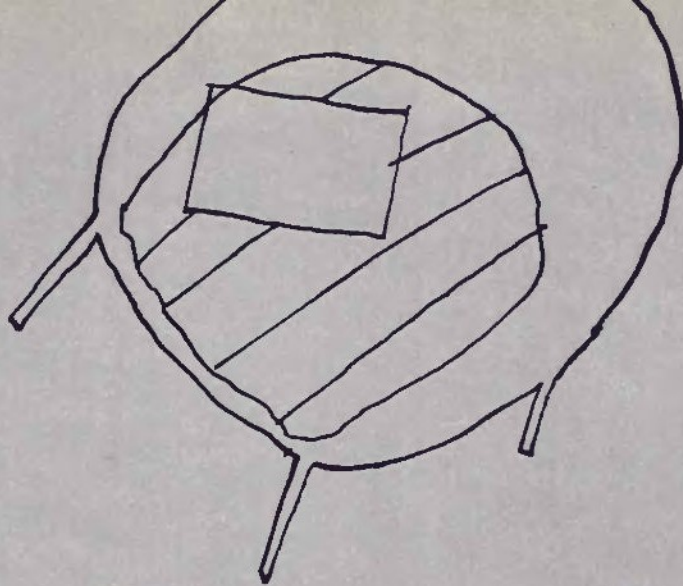
"Really, Alice Mae, don't you think you're making just a little too much out of this whole thing?"

MANY A WELL-DRESSED MAN clobbers the good impression he makes in his office by departing therefrom with important papers crammed in a crumpled manila envelope or poking out of his jacket. Many a well-turned-out young executive totes his blueprints or presentations (or even a flask of 15-year-old Scotch) in an antique contrivance which resembles a cross between doc's black satchel and a carpetbag. And otherwise good guys we know have the bad habit of lugging age-wrinkled brief cases all gucked

up with straps and buckles, like a spy's trench coat in a B movie. Wrong, all wrong. And pointless. For today's properly accoutred man of business has available a wide and wonderful variety of correct, trim, tasteful brief and attaché cases—the very slender ones that are legal-brief size, the fitted ones, the accordion-sided expandables that double as overnighters—in a king's choice of leathers and linings. There's no excuse for not dumping your ancient model, and picking up a new one. We rest our case.



NINE CASES IN POINT



CREASMAN

From conference table's left, the open and shut cases include Rexbilt's 17" top-grain cowhide attache job, slim and sleek; \$20. Finnigon, Ltd.'s London-made combination attache with accordion file case on the side, top-grain cowhide with richly pebbled finish and red morocco lining; \$95. Heinrich, Hermann & Weiss' luxurious, lightweight black cowhide attache case with red morocco file folders inside; \$50. Rexbilt's 16" professional portfolio in suntan cowhide finished extra soft and pliable; inside fittings accommodate pens and popers in leather compartments; \$30. Dopp's dandy top-grain cowhide attache case with removable accordion file tucked inside; also a divider board that doubles as a desk; \$47.50. Rexbilt's Yugoslavian-crafted 16" zippered pigskin soft-sided brief with outside file case; \$35. Rexbilt's sumptuous genuine alligator brief case with three divided sections inside and a new stay-open frame; \$300. Norris' English-made coach hide attache case with red skiver lining and separate file case inside; \$75. Rexbilt's sturdily stitched cowhide brief case, with two partitions inside and a removable brief case with indexed partitions that fits in an outside zippered pocket; \$45. All cases are lockable, sport brass hardware.

PROS OF PARIS *(continued from page 40)*

years after they were supposed to have vanished.

What is the official French government view of this situation?

Any government, municipal or national, when concerned with the problem of the prostitute, falls into a state of utter confusion. The Tokyo police, as noted above, bans the houses and then itself makes films of them. Agitated middle-class voices arise constantly in England protesting against the streetwalkers in Piccadilly, who are sometimes so thick that it takes a Sherman tank to get through them, but the matter never arises in the House of Commons. In New York the callgirl, regarded by ladies' clubs as a terrifying threat to the Republic, is virtually immune from police action.

In Paris there is the same confusion, but it is a gentle confusion. The French passed a law they hoped would banish the prostitute when it banished the houses. After a year or so they discovered they had not banished her at all; they had merely placed her beyond their control. In the houses, the girls were available for medical examination and certification. Now they weren't. The statistics on venereal disease shot up.

The police then set up a kind of medical inspection system, with vaguely defined powers—vague in the sense that no one seems to know just what authority the police have over the girls. Under this system, a known prostitute—a term which is vague in itself—is obliged to submit herself every week (although sometimes it is every month) to a medical examination. If she doesn't, she can be arrested (although sometimes she can't) and forced to submit to examination. If it is discovered she is ill, she can be forced (but not always) to remain in a hospital until she is cured.

The French government thus finds itself in a curious situation: with one hand it takes measures designed to wipe out the prostitute and with the other hand it takes measures designed to cure her so she can continue to operate in a business it is pledged to exterminate. It is like a man standing in a cloudburst saying, "It's not raining but I'll use this umbrella to keep dry."

The principal medical inspection center is Saint Lazare, a former, and highly historical, Paris prison. There each day the girls arrive, some in Jaguars, some in taxis, some on foot. Anyone can watch them enter the prison. If they pass inspection, their health cards are signed and they are free. The officials at Saint Lazare claim their service is highly efficient. They claim that of the 2000-odd girls who are registered there, less than 1% have any venereal disease. They claim that with unregistered girls the

proportion is from 10% to 11%. This may well be true—it could also well be true that there is a Santa Claus. No one knows for sure.

No one, apparently, can even tell how many girls there are in Paris. One Paris paper, in a series of stories of a rather sensational nature not long ago, put the figure at 25,000. But early last winter the Paris paper *Le Monde*, which is about as frivolous as *The New York Times*, in a series of six front-page articles on the subject, put the number at 5000, although *Le Monde* was careful to hedge by admitting it was a guess.

It might be somehow possible to count the girls on the Right Bank, but it is absolutely impossible to count the girls on the Left Bank, those semi-professionals who haunt the intellectual cafés. In French slang they are called the "short nails" as opposed to their more elegant counterparts on the Champs-Élysées, the "long nails."

The situation is a muddled one. The police have almost nothing to say. Yet when *Le Nef*, a highly sober monthly magazine, recently ran a lengthy story of the girls of Paris, it accompanied the article with a series of questions addressed to M. Genebrier, Paris' Chief of Police. It was an astonishing feat of journalism, exactly as if an American magazine were to ask a series of questions of New York City's Police Commissioner about the girls of New York.

What is even more astonishing is that Monsieur Genebrier answered the questions. His answers appear to be fair, and he takes a pretty pessimistic view of the situation. The Chief put the number of girls in Paris in 1957 at 5460 as against 4600 12 years ago, though he did not explain how he came to such a precise figure as 5460. The Chief thought there might be as many as 6000 *clandestins*, or semi-pros.

This reporter talked, off the record, to one police official who is in charge of the regulation—loose as it is—of the girls.

"Monsieur," he said, "it is very difficult. For the French to legislate against love and for them then to ask me, a Frenchman, to enforce an anti-love law—" He paused. "I will explain."

He leaned back in his chair, his handsome and highly un-coplike face wearing the barest of smiles. He was obviously pleased to explain to a foreigner what he perhaps couldn't ever have explained to a Frenchman.

"Monsieur," he went on, "you will understand that there is no law in France which prevents a man from being with a woman. There is, furthermore, no law which restrains a woman from taking a gift—either a dinner, or a week's rent, or, for that matter, a new Cadillac—

from a man.

"If you meet a pretty girl on the Champs-Élysées after you leave me and take her to your hotel, am I to follow you and burst in on you and arrest the girl? She would laugh at me and say, 'Monsieur cop, please drop dead. It is true that I met this man at a café and it is true that I came back to his hotel and it is true that I am in bed with him, as you can see, with nothing on. But, monsieur, cop, I love this American gentleman and he loves me and he is taking me back with him to Chicago as his wife.' And she would look at you and she would say, 'Isn't that true, little cabbage?' and probably you would say 'Yes'; but even if you said 'No,' she could insist that you promised to marry her. I would then leave you two, since you were busy, and come back to this office and feel a fool, which I would have been."

When asked about the plight of girls like Giselle he sighed.

"Ah, monsieur," he said. "You are a sentimental man, but you are sentimental about the wrong things. You think your Giselle is unhappy with her lot, but I assure you most sincerely she is not. You are a stranger to me, monsieur, but I shall nevertheless be frank. If you think your little Giselle would be happier working in a factory, making shirts, rather than in the streets off the Champs-Élysées, making love, you are in error.

"The issue, monsieur, is not one of law; it is one of life. There will always be men and thus there will always be our little Giselles, our little *poules*"—one of the French slang words for the girls which means chick. "We French do not regard our girls as some kind of monsters. We rather like having them around. There is, since the girls took to the streets, a new word for them. It is *tapin* and it comes from the tap, tap, tap of their heels on the sidewalks. It is a fine word for them."

I rose to go and the official shook my hand.

"By the way," he said, as I opened the door, "if you decide to see your little Giselle again and go to her hotel, don't forget to register. Not to register, ah, that is against the law."

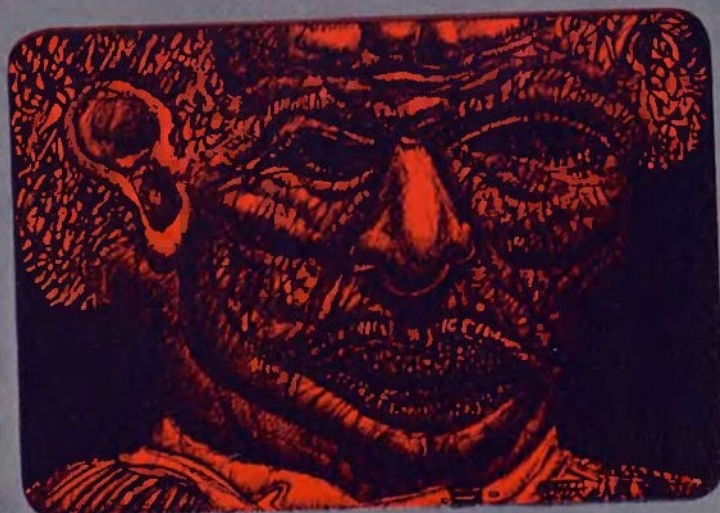
I saw Giselle just before I left Paris and I told her I was flying to America.

"America," she said warmly. She turned her soft, beautiful brown eyes on me. "Perhaps, later, someday I come to America." She smiled in her gay way. "Monsieur, you see Beel 'Olden when you 'ome?"

"Of course," I said.

"Oh, monsieur," she cried. "You say 'ello to 'im from Giselle, *oui*?"

"Sure," I said. "Sure, Giselle."



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN JURGENS

THAT DEFINITIVE AND WEIGHTY WORK, *Collectivist Cinema*, by S. L. Polichev, Hero of Culture, is going into a new revised edition. The revision will consist of a deletion. The deletion will be the name, and all mention, of a certain *persona* now decidedly *non grata*.

The sudden decision to publish a new edition was made after the recent premiere of *Robespierre* at the People's Cinema. But perhaps that is not the best place to start. Perhaps the best place to start is the cluttered apartment of an Honored Artist and three-time recipient of the Vashilov Award, one week before the premiere.

It is nine of a crisp morning. A powdering of snow is in the air. The Honored Artist can see it through his window as he sips his breakfast tea. Though the apartment is chilly (there is not much left to the heat by the time it reaches the fourth floor) there is a coziness to it, the ingenuous charm of disorganization. The riot of photographs and drawings on the walls, the file cabinets piled high with old magazines, the books lying open on tables, on chairs,

(continued on page 66)

MONTAGE

to die with meaning, that was the trick—but an enemy stood in the way

fiction By RAY RUSSELL



LES GIRLS, LES GIRLS, LES GIRLS

THE LIDO (rhymes with *libido*) has been "le plus beau spectacle de cabaret du monde" ever since 1929 when impresario Léon Volterra bought himself an outsize underground room smack in the middle of Paris' Champs-Élysées, and duked it up with a swimming pool, a Turkish bath and the Frenchiest of Frenchy floorshows. In the mid-Forties, a couple of other fellows made the place over to look like a Venetian banquet hall, added an ice rink and a panoramic

stage with a rising floor, and entrusted the managership of the gigantic joint (seats 1000 popeyed customers) to shrewd, inventive Pierre Louis-Guérin, who co-produces the lavish Lido extravaganzas with René Fraday. Tourists, who have been flocking to the place for nigh onto three decades, have declared it absolutely the most fabulous girl show in all the world, though one American laconically likened it to "Radio City Music Hall — with booze and bosoms."

Now Louis-Guérin and Fraday have packed up their "beau spectacle" and moved it to Nevada, U.S.A., to become the dazzling drawing card for the opening of the new Stardust Hotel in Las Vegas. The show, a faithful replica of the Paris production, boasts a cast of 60, a five-part stage bigger than a basketball court, a swimming tank, fireworks and (most important) girls, girls, girls, beautiful and bare, who — in the words of *Variety* — "make cleavage obsolete."

lovely ladies of the lido, unveiled in vegas

pictorial



Below, French filly Reuby Bruce, billed as "Mademoiselle Lido," exercises both torso and tonsils in an introductory song. Appreciative American audiences like to follow her charming lines closely.



Original Paris production (opposite) drew raves from usually blasé French, was brought over intact to the U.S., where it is currently an S.R.O. smash at Las Vegas' 1065-room Stardust Hotel, newest resort palace on the Strip. Above, show gets off to a stunning start as *les beautés du Lido*, now right at home at the desert spa, cavort onstage with their gentlemen admirateurs.

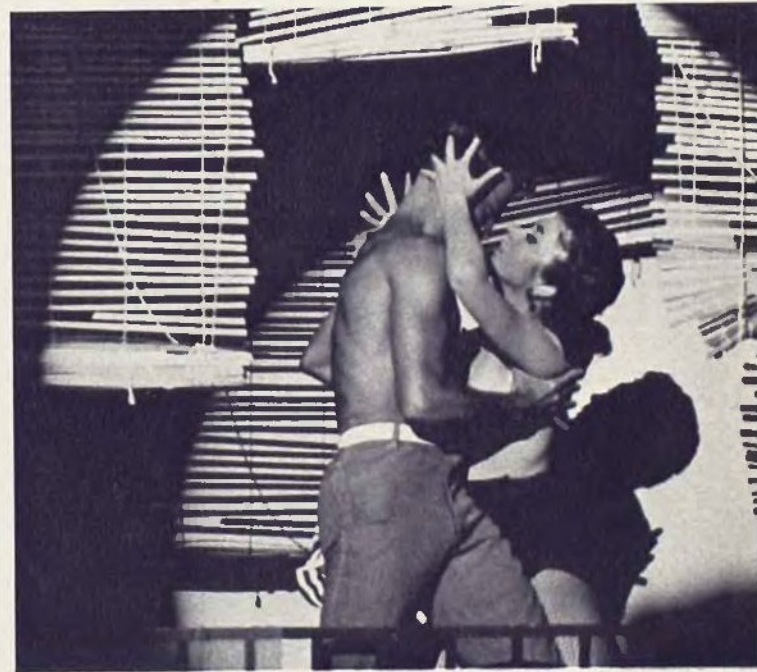


Feathers, fireworks, spangles, nets, mirrors, sequins, rain, snow, stereophonic sound, six movable stage sections, a convertible ice rink and a swimming pool combine with a winsome assortment of unfettered femininity to dazzle the eye.



The Lido de Paris troupe is made up of 60 European performers, including singers, dancers, manikins and the famed Bluebell Girls. The young ladies hail from England, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Denmark and Sweden as well as France.





In the sequence entitled *The Street of Desire*, Lido luminary Reuby Bruce portrays a lady of the evening who plies her age-old trade in front of a conveniently open window. Her impatient, impassioned consort is enacted by dancer Buddy Bryan. Outside the love nest, sailors and girls take in the technique of the pleasure-preoccupied pair.



Sexy skit, *The Antique Bath* (above), spotlights near-nude maiden and her equally unclothed admirer in a stylized dance. Mixing of lightly clad members of both sexes, no novelty to Europeans, is an innovation in U.S. Right, burgeoning babes and bursting rockets signal *fini* to an exciting evening.



MONTAGE (continued from page 59)

on the floor — it all adds up to a pleasant little nook from which to watch the fat snowflakes wander sluggishly to the ground. I must do something beautiful with snow sometime, he tells himself. But when? By this time next week I will be in disgrace. I may even be dead.

He sighs. On the floor near him is an old copy of the *Cultural Review*. He picks it up and flips the thin pages of closely printed criticism until he comes upon an article signed by Mikhail Borisov, recipient of the Tchevkin Medal. His eyes skim several paragraphs, then stop upon his own name:

"... Alexei Gorodin, on the other hand, continues to follow the dictates of his own caprice. This might be laudable if his caprice were in any way considerate of the people's welfare. Your reviewer begs leave to ask, Is it? His latest film, *Heliogabalus*, seemed (to your reviewer at least) to portray that Roman emperor as the sole cause of the Empire's partial disintegration under his reign. If this interpretation was not stated in so many words, it was strongly implied by the emphasis on this profligate's personal life. Was there in this film a single hint that the Roman Empire was the victim not of one man but of its own decadent structure? Was there any feeling at all of social consciousness? Was there, in short, anything in this film but a useless introspective portrait of a degenerate mind?"

Gorodin skips a good deal of the article — because he has read it many times before, because it is pompous and stupid, because the print is small and his eyes are old — and concentrates on the last lethal paragraph:

"We expect such overly personal films from the capitalist directors. We have a right to expect from our own directors a greater sense of collective realism. There was a time when Gorodin made films of meaning to the people: films depicting the achievements of such notables as Vasilyev, the great builder of roads; Murochenko, the biophysicologist; Churovkin, the inventor of the incandescent lamp. And only ingrates will ever forget his brilliant version of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, wherein he threw new light on that royalist 'hero' who smuggled justly-condemned aristocrats out of revolutionary France: Gorodin made him stand unveiled, in full relief, as an obstructor of the people's justice, a villainous counter-revolutionary cynic. But of recent years, Gorodin's art becomes more and more removed from our interests and our problems, more and more formalistic — and, hence, less and less constructive, less and less a contribution to the ideological vitality of our society. Far be it from your reviewer to accuse Honored Artist Alexei

Gorodin of counter-revolutionary tendencies, but surely the time has come when we can at least ask the question, Is there a need for such a worker in our society? Your reviewer begs leave to doubt it."

Mikhail, Mikhail, drones Gorodin to himself, what are you doing? Do you know what you are doing? His eyes turn upward: the photographs of old friends, old colleagues, old students look down upon him from the wall. One of the faces — dark-eyed, tight of mouth — is that of a young student of directing who had once been a pupil of Gorodin's and who had displayed a certain amount of talent. Talent enough to make a couple of rather interesting, if derivative, films. *To the master*, the photograph's inscription reads, *with reverence and esteem. Your pupil, Mikhail Borisov.*

Mikhail, says Gorodin, you do know what you're doing, don't you? You cannot bear to work in my shadow, to be thought of as a minor talent, an echo of your master. That is why you sulk and seethe; that is why you scratch away with a pen, making words when you should be making film. Oh Mikhail, why should you hate me? I am an old man, with maybe one more film left in me, if that. Let nature take its inexorable course and before long I will not be here to cast that shadow.

Gorodin, of later years, had begun talking aloud to himself when alone — talking in a strangled mumble and throwing his arms about in sudden emphatic gestures. Now, he slides into this without quite knowing it. "Mikhail," he says to the picture, "you are a terrible fellow. You know you marked me for extinction in this article!" Gorodin waves the magazine under the photographic Mikhail's nose. "In your next one, you intend to finish off the job, eh? Why, Mikhail, if a harmless biography like *Heliogabalus* could inspire you to write such a relentless condemnation of your old teacher, how will you receive my new film when it is premiered for you journalists at the People's Cinema next week?" Gorodin smiles sardonically (we must remember he has been an actor in his time): "You know, Mikhail, there are sequences in *Robespierre* — well, one at least — wherein the title character is depicted as anything but the savior of the French people." Gorodin chuckles. "What will you have to say about that, eh? You will howl for my blood. And those who otherwise would not have seen anything dangerous in the film will look upon it with new eyes. Your eyes, dear boy. Then what? Arrest. Interrogation. Public confession. Ignominious death, perhaps. At any rate, a name stricken from the memory of man. That is your plan, is it not?"

Gorodin rises and walks slowly to the window. He no longer sees the snow — only the ghostly reflection of his own face. The face of compromise, he tells himself: am I any better than Mikhail, really? Mikhail is an invidious party mouthpiece . . .

". . . And what am I? A sitter on fences; a maker of equivocal films that are neither flesh nor fowl; a frightened old man hanging on to life by suffocating his work in a blanket of 'collective realism.' Another kind of mouthpiece, no more . . ." He presses his forehead to the cool glass. ". . . And a fool, in the bargain. A fool not to have created my masterpiece before this. A fool not to have made one grand, denouncing film before my death."

His dream of a film on Galileo molders in his files — thick folders, bulging with notes, sketches, even dialog for the great project. What a film it could be! And what a part for Mischa (his eyes travel to a portrait of a heroically hewn actor), what opportunities for Nikki (he looks with affection at his favorite cameraman's self-portrait). Then he sees once more the photograph between these — *To the master* — and his eyes cloud. Because of Mikhail Borisov, he has been afraid to attempt the Galileo film, afraid the powers, prodded by Borisov, would see beneath its thin anti-clerical veneer and find a story all too familiar to them — the story of a man forced under threat of torture to deny his beliefs, a story centuries old that was being repeated every day in the sealed chambers of the secret police. Such a film would be something to set the minds of the audience working . . .

"Something to die for. Not *Robespierre*. There is nothing truly incendiary in *Robespierre*. Only a bloodhound like Mikhail is capable of sniffing out the few kernels of truth in that mass of pap. To die because of *Robespierre* — that would be a useless death. But to die for a film that could stir sluggish minds . . ."

Gorodin passes his hand over his face. To die for the Galileo. That would have meaning. "But I will die for *Robespierre* and my death will be as hollow a mockery as my life."

He looks again at the portrait of Borisov. How easy things would be, Mikhail, without your interference. Not only would *Robespierre* go unsuspected, but perhaps even the Galileo would have enough showings to do some good before it was found out. But there will be no Galileo. And all because of you.

"It is either you or I, Mikhail," says Gorodin sadly. "It comes to that."

To enter the projection booth at the People's Cinema is forbidden to all but the projectionist, the theatre manager,

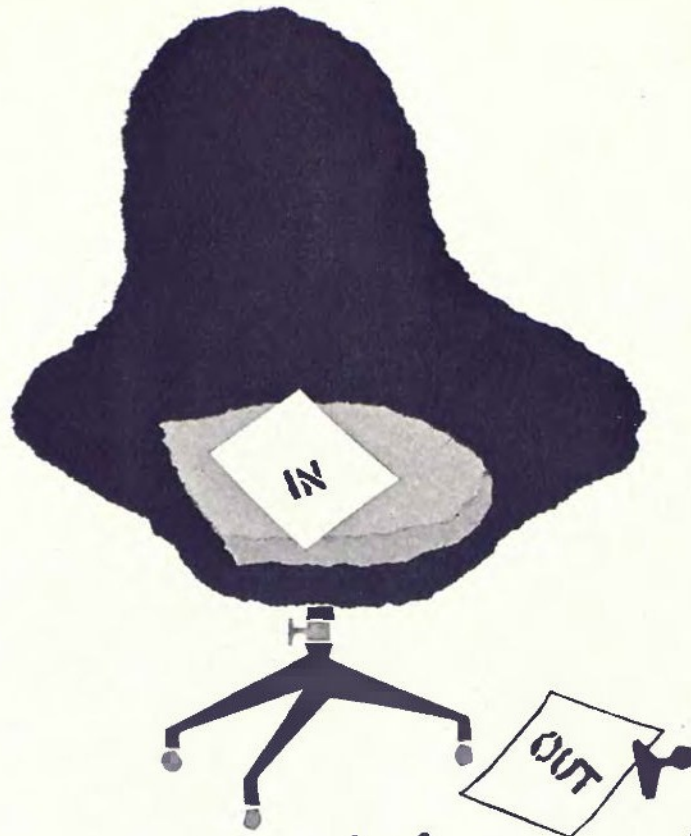
(continued on page 79)



"Thank you, miss. Will that be all?"



article By JOHN HOWARD SIMS



executive chess

TWO YOUNG MEN sit sipping their pre-luncheon cocktails. They are about of an age, they are dressed much alike. The meals they order won't vary much one from the other. At the office they sit in adjoining cubbyholes, they share a secretary, they call each other by their first names — and yet they are tacit enemies in almost mortal combat. Ten years from now, they both know, one of them will have the private corner office, the five-figure income, the duplex town house or the home in the suburbs, the wife warm and socially secure in mink. One of them will live in confidence and self-respect, the other one will go to bed to lie silent and awake, prey to the gnawings of fear and failure. One will lose, and one will win.

If it all sounds like something from contemporary fiction — books, movies, TV — that's because the last few years have seen the creation of a new image of the American executive — a schemer, a politician, a manipulator of men, a Machiavelli in a J. Press suit. The board room has become his court of intrigue, the conference table his battlefield. Here he wages the war of personality, jockeys for status, strives for upward mobility, may devote more time to the techniques of interoffice guerilla warfare than to the business which pays his salary.

Such a portrait reflects one of the prime concerns of modern corporate leaders: the state of human, or inhuman, relations within the executive hier-

archies. For the giant corporations want to put an end to the growing rate of mental breakdown and conniving among its elite. "If we allow ourselves to cut our own throats," warns one company president, "if we don't channel our ambitions, develop loyal managerial talent and firmly control interoffice conflict, we'll sap our own strength.

"Which," he adds in an aside, "we sorely need to kick hell out of our competitors."

So, at the annual expense of millions, armies of human relations experts are swarming over guinea-pig executives, both junior and senior — examining, analyzing, correlating — all with the express purpose of understanding and controlling the executive. The means, discovered after the smoke from the IBM machines had cleared away, is contained in one ringing word: cooperation. What is needed, say the experts, is the unflinching employment of democratic techniques of leadership, inevitably involving group participation, possibly followed by a game of patty-cake. Management must be democratized, an atmosphere of middle- and upper-echelon Togetherness should benignly prevail wherein superior and subordinate meet as equals, lock arms and whistle while they work jointly for the common good.

To the chagrin of the human relations experts who came up with this solution, the canny executives have gratefully grabbed the advice and accepted the

*power plays and potent
plays for upward strivers
on the business scene*

suggested techniques as a strikingly subtle method of gaining power and manipulating men. The brighter execs have remembered a quote from George Orwell's satire *Animal Farm*: "All animals are created equal, but some animals are created more equal than others." Chuckling, the big-business Bonapartes proceed to swallow more and more territory and trample over more and more men — by playing the game as directed, with just a few extra flourishes.

The contribution of the pseudo-panacea by the "experts" was predictable. It is a symptom of the day. We live in an era of group-worship and the melonheads on all sides continue to interpret democracy as nothing more than equalitarianism. Because leadership — forthright, imaginative — implies superiority, it is automatically suspect as being antidemocratic. As psychiatrist Harry Stack Sullivan wrote, we live in an age of disparagement, the motto of which is, "If I am a molehill, then, by God, there shall be no mountains."

It is just this attitude that has allowed a lot of Americans to delude themselves into denying that differences in power exist at all. In such a cloistered climate, the refusal to consider the exercise of power and the struggle for it as natural, legitimate functions of the business executive (or the school principal, or the state senator, or the scientist) is no surprise. After all, the diverse and intricate structure of modern business (or the school system, or the government, or the laboratory) demands organization and direction of its parts. Ergo, it demands organizers and directors.

And they must be of a special breed. The exec on the way up the ladder must, of course, not only exercise control over the physical means of production — but over men. The important implications of this were explored by the author with Dr. Norman H. Martin in the *Harvard Business Review*: "Knowledge, reason and technical know-how will not suffice as methods of control, but give way to the arts of persuasion and inducement, of tactics and maneuver, of all that is involved in interpersonal relationships. Power cannot be given: it must be won. And the techniques and skills of winning it are, at the same time, the methods of employing it as a medium of control. This represents the political function of the power-holder."

With the acceptance of these corporate facts of life, it's about time Business stopped wringing its hands and feeling shocked and guilty over the strivings of executives to get, exercise and increase power. It should rather first concern itself with *how* it is done — the techniques and tactics, the maneuvers employed to gain and exercise power — and secondly with the "bad" or "good" ends for which

such practices may be used, ends which have their source not in the techniques themselves, but in the men who use them.

Cagey execs who have been around know full well that getting power is not simply a matter of the inevitable rise of the "best qualified." Nor is it, as the envious would insist, a matter of dumb luck, except possibly in the case of the boss' son succeeding to the office with the Bigelow on the floor. The seasoned exec is aware that his job is a brutal one: it requires dedication, imagination and skill, almost around the clock. He also knows the headaches involved in maintaining a position of power once it has been achieved.

Though the intrigues and techniques of the executive are endlessly subtle and intricate, a look at the six basic executive ploys common to effectiveness in all areas of activity will provide us an index of action in the game of Executive Chess:

THE CREATION OF ALLIANCES. Like the man says, "It's not what you know, but who you know." A business organization — any business organization — is made up of a series of sponsor-protégé relationships. The fellow on the way up — the mobile protégé — digs the fact that his rate of advancement depends heavily on these relationships. The sponsoring exec — the one who already owns a key to the private washroom — reaps benefits too: he's got a loyal and protective subordinate who serves as a communication system through which the exec can sense the political pulse of the organization.

In the establishing of such mutually beneficial alliances, the psychological process of upward identification is involved. The successful protégé is one who takes his superior as a model. He grows closer to him in tastes, interests, values, philosophy. In a sense he strives to become like him, to become one with him. In this way he prepares himself for upward mobility, he is Ready When Called. At the same time, he has escaped intellectual commitment to, and emotional involvement in, that level of society he wishes to leave.

The sophisticated protégé is aware that what he is *socially* will partially determine his "promotability." His preference for golf or bowling, bridge or canasta, Vivaldi or Rachmaninoff, all help his superiors judge whether he "fits," if he is "one of them" — considerations at least as important as his ability to do the actual work.

Increasingly, the company wants to know the young executive's wife, it wants to observe the couple together over cocktails at the club or dinner in the home; for in such situations the intangible of "class" is most clearly marked. The small behaviors and atti-

tudes by which the promising executive is located in the hierarchy that is social class cannot be simulated, but emanate from his *being* a member of the class. And it is through identification with his superiors, with the class to which they belong, that the aspirant executive becomes a member of that class, and thus eligible for promotion.

The ambitious young executive may concentrate hardest on alliances with his superiors, but he does not confine himself to them. He may have fruitful alliances on his own level, and on levels beneath him. For example, two or more young men may band together for common protection and advancement, splitting apart only when they have gone so high that they are forced into conflict with each other. They may demonstrate remarkable loyalty to each other for a long time. Until one of them died a few years ago, two of the country's leading book-publishing executives were comparatively young men who had allied themselves in their first \$45-a-week jobs. Each served as an extension of the other, in information-gathering, in alliance-making, in working; and the reaction of each of them to attack on the other was instant and brutal. One was an upward-striver, specializing in alliances with his superiors; the other, whose work-performance was more striking, concentrated on alliances on his own level and below. Object: information. It was rare that a top policy decision, however secret, was longer than 24 hours in coming to them, from one area or the other. Thus their own plans were always in stream with the organization's, and their progress was commensurately rapid.

The dog-eat-dog *motif* of business life today may appear to have been over-emphasized in some popular treatments, but any young executive will know a good deal of the seamy side of things long before he moves into the corner office with the liquor cabinet in the wall. The seduction of the boss' secretary has opened many a gate for ambition. The risks are great, but so are the rewards. Many a competitor has been taken out of play by the judicious use of carbon paper: memoranda of mild rebuke, inquiry or surprise at a task undone are addressed to the victim but he never receives them because only the carbons are sent to his superiors and the originals are destroyed as soon as typed. The boss soon begins to wonder if he has not, perhaps, overestimated someone. Satirist Shepherd Mead wrought wry humor out of this and related ploys in *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, and he did it without exaggerating overmuch — without really trying, one might say. A refusal to produce corroborative information in conference is also common and wickedly

(continued overleaf)

ALL NEW

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

1959
PLAYBOY
PLAYMATE
CALENDAR



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effective: Executive Jones, woefully watching his brain child take a beating from his superiors in conclave assembled, turns to Smith, who had privately promised to support him. Says Smith: "Seems a kind of oddball idea to me. I don't think I like it."

FLEXIBILITY. The clever executive strives to maintain his flexibility. Decisiveness in action is balanced by caution in future commitment. He has minimum and maximum goals, and alternative courses of action ready to carry him toward those goals. And if forces beyond his control block him, he is able to retreat without loss of face.

An oil company executive, just before the recession and war threats assumed full stature, urged an elaborate program of expansion in the Near East. He appeared to have staked his professional future on it, and when economic and political conditions made it not only inadvisable but impossible, his rivals in management sat back happily and waited for him to squirm. He came up immediately with a fully worked-out program for new-product research, ideal for a battened-down economy. He'd had it in reserve all the time.

The same flexibility shows itself in the executive's interpersonal relationships. His alliances with those above him are marked by *limited* loyalty and attachment. He does not want his career to depend entirely on one man, for no one is indispensable, not even the boss. For the same reasons, he provides himself with interindustry connections, so that he will be able to move elsewhere should it become advisable or necessary.

THE TECHNIQUE OF DELAYED TIMING. No matter how powerful an executive, there are times when he is urged to do things he doesn't want to do. The will of his colleagues and subordinates, the demands of his superiors, the political pressures of his enemies may set up a total of forces which the executive dare not ignore. If he yields, he relinquishes his authority; if he refuses, he risks offering dangerous offense. The clever executive masters such situations by delayed timing. He takes the matter under advisement, he studies it in detail, he plans for it, he discovers difficulties that must be overcome and possible consequences that must be taken into account; he is always in the process of doing something but he never quite does it. He cannot be accused of negligence, but the undesirable program dies on the vine.

When it's possible, the really masterful executive takes full charge of a scheme to which he is in opposition, if it shows any likelihood of succeeding in spite of him. An advertising director

found his company taken over by the young son of the founder, and the boy's first idea was that the major product of the house should be radically reoriented to appeal exclusively to women. It had two major drawbacks from the adman's viewpoint: it was a lousy idea; perhaps more importantly, it emanated from a threatening source—but there was no simple arguing against it, for that very reason. So the ad director simply took it over, not enthusiastically, but willingly, for "investigation and implementation." He hired a leading—and very expensive—firm of market analysts to make surveys. He engaged researchers to look into similar policy-switches in the past. He kept the thing going for nearly nine months. By that time the unimplemented proposal had consumed a depressing amount of money and time—as the adman had hinted it might. The boy president discovered he had other irons in the fire, and was willing to listen to reason.

THE GRAPEVINE. The trend among "experts" in industrial relations is to urge that the channels of communication be opened wide. The theory is that subordinates should be aware of what is going on in management—and vice versa. If everyone knows everything, the argument goes, destructive scuttlebutt will be killed. The skillful executive, however, realizes that knowledge is indeed power, and as such he is not eager to relinquish it. He finds it to his advantage to withhold information, temporarily or permanently. He determines who gets to know what, and when.

This often involves using the grapevine, the informal communication system built into every office, like its electrical system. For example, a vice-president may be concerned by the increasing tardiness of his executive staff. The starting hour of the work day has been progressively pushed back from 9:30 to 10 o'clock. The freedom accorded executive status has been abused. The vice-president must pull his men into the office earlier, but he must do it in such a fashion that they will not lose face. It's easy: he tells his secretary that he is thinking of setting up a spot-check on morning arrival times. He can be sure that she will gab it to the other secretaries before three hours have passed, and they in turn will loyally tell their bosses, the tardy executives. They will be more prompt in the future, and they will still have retained their conviction that they are self-regulating.

The grapevine is a two-way street. A good secretary can produce incredible amounts of information once she has been trained. Two things are necessary: she has to be taught to tell her employer

everything she hears, without attempting to evaluate it, and she has to be made completely loyal. The loyalty is easy. All it takes is kindness, consideration (don't dictate any letters at 4:30 in the afternoon, don't ask her to do your shopping on her noon hour, etc.) and on top of that, a mild course of straight courting—but omitting the last step, no matter what the temptation.

THE EXECUTIVE AS GROUP LEADER. The successful executive uses the group to further his own ends, but he does not allow it to use him. He never relinquishes his authority, and he concentrates on resisting the powerful psychological phenomenon of group pull, wherein the group takes on a life of its own, becoming more important than any of its individual members, including the leader. The successful executive does not "go along with the gang." For example, he will take advice, but only when he asks for it, and he will not allow it to be forced upon him. And he is wary as to how he asks for it. He does not innocently ask, "Well, what do you think ought to be done?" He knows that men are likely to interpret such an approach as a delegation of power, and to answer it with decision rather than counsel.

THE EXECUTIVE AS PERFORMER. Some executives can walk into a staff meeting and dominate it from the start. They are at ease, they speak well, they win the arguments. Others, equally or even more capable, are less fluent and consequently lose themselves and their ideas in self-conscious mumbling and throat-clearing.

There are men who have an innate dramatic talent, of course. But the expert executive is not merely naturally eloquent, he is *artfully* eloquent. He thinks of communication as much more than just a means of conveying ideas; he thinks of it as a tool that can arouse, convince and produce. He knows that communication is an art, and therefore that it requires the substitution of the deliberate, the conscious, the planned, for the spontaneous. He knows the effect he wants to produce, and he determines in advance what he will do to produce this effect. Once his choice is made, he rehearses his presentation so that it will *appear* natural. The advantage is his: he has mapped what to most of his associates is an uncharted piece of ground.

. . .

The practice of maneuver and intrigue in these major areas, the utilization of these principles, demands a certain type of man.

A description of the successful executive must begin by emphasizing his high level of drive. The executive who wants

(concluded on page 81)

SO ONE PART OF ME SAID:
"I HATE THIS JOB!
I HATE IT!
I HATE IT!"



THEN ANOTHER PART OF ME SAID:
"REMEMBER YOUR WIFE -
TWO KIDS TO FEED -
HOME IN THE SUBURBS -"



SO ONE PART OF ME SAID:
"I'M STAGNATING! I ONCE
HAD SOME DREAMS! WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO MY LIFE?"



AND THE OTHER PART OF ME SAID:
"WASHING MACHINE
COLOR TV
REPAIRS IN THE ATTIC -"



SO ONE PART OF ME SAID:
"IT'S WRONG TO SPEND SEVEN
HOURS A DAY AT WHAT I HATE!
IT'S NOT FAIR! IT'S WRONG!"



THEN THE SECOND PART OF ME SAID:
"YOU'RE JUST PENT UP -
GO OUT AND DRINK -
BLOW OFF SOME STEAM -"



BUT I THOUGHT OF YOU HERE
ALONE ALL DAY - TAKING CARE
OF THE KIDS - MAKING DINNER -
WAITING UP FOR ME SO
PATIENTLY.



I KNEW I HAD TO
COME HOME!



AND THAT'S WHY
I SLUGGED YOU.



Jules
FELTER

SOME YEARS AGO, a young soldier named Francois, after serving his term of duty, returned to his native village near Poitiers to live. He promptly fell in love with a girl from one of the best families, which was not at all surprising as Nanette, for so the lass was called, had the sauciest little nose in the world and a figure so shapely that many a young man's heart beat faster at the sight of her. Indeed her large brown eyes could appear so inviting as to make a man dizzy with delight, and Francois was no exception.

Since the soldier was a handsome robust fellow, blessed with a merry disposition and a fine pipe on which he puffed proudly, the lass understandably lost her heart to him in turn. Their decision to marry was soon reached.

But marriage was not always a matter of romantic choice in the small villages near Poitiers, especially if one came from a good family. And so it was with some trepidation that Nanette went to ask the consent of her parents.

"Ah, so it is Francois!" said her father. "I remember him well." That ample-proportioned paterfamilias, a rich wine merchant named Gaspere, leaned back in his comfortable chair and stroked his chin reflectively. "Of course you realize that his family does not have our standing."

"I love him!" cried Nanette.

"Yes, yes," the father agreed hastily.

"You may invite him to dinner tomorrow evening," said the mother, a still attractive and very neat woman, who had been sitting quietly by the window knitting. Her tight-lipped expression was softened by the mildness of her tone and gave some cause for hope.

Francois appeared at the appointed time and was in every way at his best. His clothes were immaculate, his boots glistened, and he was as friendly and mannerly as one can imagine. But alas! Immediately after the dinner he lit his pipe, blowing great clouds of acrid smoke

across the room. It was a fortunate thing that the two young people soon left to attend a village dance or else there is no telling how the evening might have ended.

When Nanette returned home later that night, her parents were waiting up for her.

"Daughter," Gaspere said slowly, "in many respects your Francois has turned out to be a fine young man. But he has also become a veritable chimney!" He coughed in retrospect. "Before I give my consent, he must give up his smoking!"

"And I," the mother added sharply, "am in complete accord with your father."

So there the matter rested.

The following day Nanette unhappily related to her lover what her parents had said. At first Francois seemed apprehensive, but by the time she finished he had relaxed and even begun to chuckle.

"What are we to do?" she cried.

"Do not fear, little pigeon," he smiled, and kissed her lightly. "If that is all they ask, we shall soon be man and wife."

"But what will you do?" she queried, puzzled.

"Naturally I will do as they ask. Who knows"—and his eyes twinkled mischievously—"perhaps one day they will even, of their own volition, restore the privilege of smoking to me!"

And Francois forthwith gave up his beloved pipe.

Several months later the marriage took place. The day after the wedding, the mother visited her daughter to see if all was well.

"How do you feel, daughter?" she asked.

"Miserable!" replied the girl, almost in tears. "Last night he did not even touch me!"

The mother was perturbed but sought to hide her feelings.

"No doubt he was tired," she comforted. "He is a strapping fellow and I

am sure things will go better tonight."

And she returned home.

The next morning the anxious mother went again to see her daughter. She noted with dismay that Nanette's pretty face was drawn and haggard.

"How did it go, my daughter?" she inquired worriedly.

"Oh, Mother! I cannot sleep for despair! Francois still has not touched me." Her voice shook with emotion. "When we retired, he held my hand gently for a moment, looked into my eyes and then . . . then he said, 'Good night, my lovely pigeon,' and went to sleep!" She burst into tears. "He never stirred the whole night and I . . . I could not sleep a wink!"

"Wait! I shall talk with him myself, this stripling!"

And the mother sought out her new son-in-law.

"Wicked rogue!" she cried. "Do you consider my daughter so ugly that you cannot bear to touch her?"

"Most certainly not!" Francois smiled sheepishly. "I love her very much. But since I am no longer permitted to smoke, I have not the strength of a worm and am good for nothing."

The mother returned to her daughter.

"Nanette," she said firmly, "here is a sou. Buy some tobacco for your husband."

Greatly surprised, the lass did as she was bid.

The sun had hardly risen when the mother was at the home of her offspring.

"Well, my little one," she asked eagerly, "how was Francois last night?"

"Oh, Mamal He was wonderful! More wonderful every time!"

"Tiens!" cried the mother. "Here are 10 sous. Go quickly. For five sous buy more tobacco for your husband, and for the other five . . . buy some for your father!"

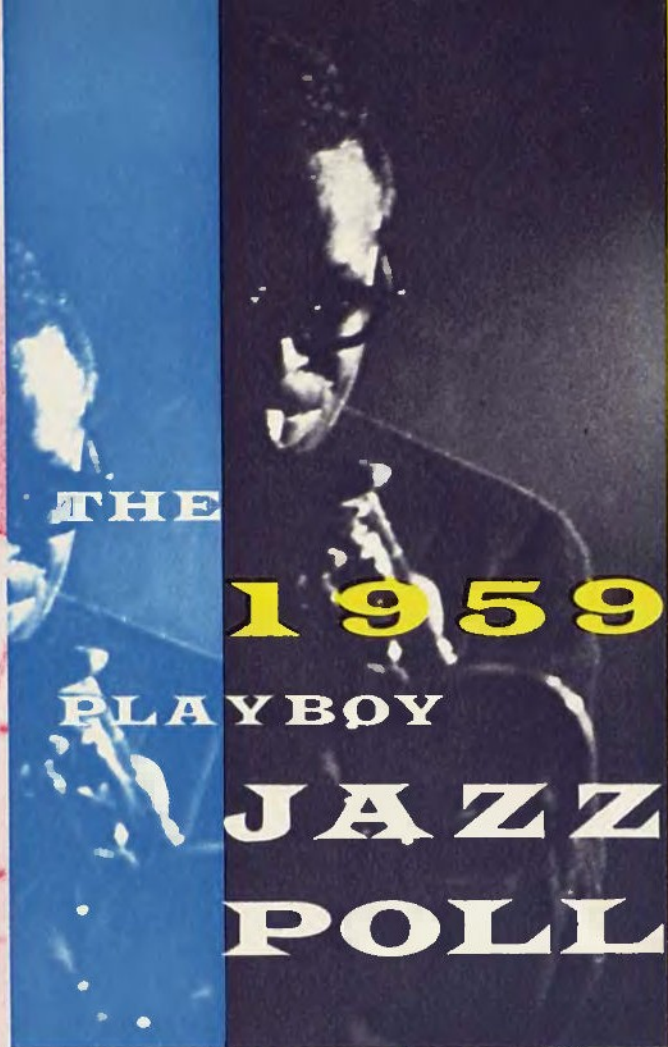
—Translated by William H. Schad



Ribald Classic

A new translation
of an amusing tale from the *Kryptadia*

MY LADY NICOTINE



THE
1959
PLAYBOY
JAZZ
POLL

*vote for your favorites
for the third playboy
all-star jazz band*

YOU'VE BEEN DIGGING the sounds all year through — at the most popular jazz spots, at the festivals, on radio and television, on your own hi-fi rig. Now it's time to pick your favorites for the 1959 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band. This is a way you have of saying thank you to the jazz musicians who pleased and entertained you most during the past 12 months. This is far and away the biggest popularity poll conducted in jazz — the only one outside the music trade — and winning a place among the Playboy All-Stars is considered a major honor by the musicians themselves. The jazzmen who win will be awarded the prized sterling silver Playboy Jazz Medal. They will also appear in the third *Playboy Jazz All-Stars* LP album, a product of intra-industry cooperation among the nation's major recording companies.

To help make this third annual poll the biggest and most successful yet, everyone who votes in it will be given a

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

LEADER
(Please check one.)

- Ray Anthony
- Count Basie
- Les Brown
- Ralph Burns
- Les Elgart
- Duke Ellington
- Gil Evans
- Maynard Ferguson
- Jerry Fielding
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Benny Goodman
- Ted Heath
- Neal Hefti
- Woody Herman
- Harry James
- Quincy Jones
- Stan Kenton
- Elliot Lawrence
- Billy May
- Howard McGhee
- Ray McKinley
- Herb Pomeroy
- Johnny Richards
- Nelson Riddle
- Shorty Rogers
- Pete Rugolo
- _____

TRUMPET
(Please check four.)

- Nat Adderley
- Cat Anderson

- Louis Armstrong
- Chet Baker
- Wilbur Bascomb
- Ruby Braff
- Donald Byrd
- Conte Candoli
- Pete Candoli
- Buddy Childers
- Buck Clayton
- Dick Collins
- Miles Davis
- Wild Bill Davison
- Kenny Dorham
- Harry Edison
- Roy Eldridge
- Don Elliott
- Don Fagerquist
- Art Farmer
- Maynard Ferguson
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Conrad Gozzo
- Bobby Hackett
- Harry James
- Thad Jones
- Howard McGhee
- Lee Morgan
- Joe Newman
- Sam Noto
- Shorty Rogers
- Bob Scobey
- Charlie Shavers
- Jack Sheldon
- Charles Teagarden
- Clark Terry

- Nick Travis
- Stu Williamson
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

TROMBONE
(Please check four.)

- Fred Assunto
- Milt Bernhart
- Eddie Bert
- Bob Brookmeyer
- George Brunis
- Bobby Burgess
- Jimmy Cleveland
- Wilbur De Paris
- Vic Dickenson
- Bob Enevoldsen
- Carl Fontana
- Al Gray
- Benny Green
- Urbie Green
- Herbie Harper
- Bill Harris
- J. J. Johnson
- Jimmy Knepper
- Abe Lincoln
- Turk Murphy
- Kid Ory
- Tommy Pederson
- Benny Powell
- Frank Rosolino
- Jack Teagarden

- Kai Winding
- Britt Woodman
- Trummy Young
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

ALTO SAX
(Please check two.)

- Cannonball Adderley
- Al Belletto
- Earl Bostic
- Benny Carter
- Ornette Coleman
- Paul Desmond
- Lou Donaldson
- Herb Geller
- Gigi Gryce
- Johnny Hodges
- Lee Konitz
- Charlie Mariano
- Hal McKusick
- Jackie McLean
- Lennie Niehaus
- Art Pepper
- Bud Shank
- Zoot Sims
- Willie Smith
- Sonny Stitt
- Phil Woods
- _____
- _____



chance to win a copy of the first *Playboy Jazz All-Stars* album. One hundred readers will be chosen at random from among the jazz ballots and will receive the handsome twin-LP album featuring the winners of the first annual poll. It doesn't matter how you vote — sending in your ballot makes you eligible to win an album. Read the instructions that follow and get your own jazz ballot in the mail today.

1. Your four-page jazz ballot appears below. A Nominating Board composed of winners of last year's poll, jazz editors, promoters and representatives of the major recording companies have nominated the jazz artists they consider to be the most outstanding of the year and this may serve as an aid in your voting. However, you may vote for any living artist in the jazz field.

2. The artists are divided into categories, composing the 1959 *Playboy All-Star Jazz Band*, and in some categories you are allowed to vote for more than one musician (e.g., trumpet, trombone) because a band normally includes more than one of that instrument. Be careful to cast the proper number of votes, as too many in any one category will disqualify all your votes in that category.

3. If you wish to vote for an artist who has been nominated, simply place



CUT ALONG THIS LINE

TENOR SAX

(Please check two.)

- Georgie Auld
- Al Cohn
- George Coleman
- John Coltrane
- Bob Cooper
- Bud Freeman
- Stan Getz
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Paul Gonsalves
- John Griffin
- Coleman Hawkins
- Illinois Jacquet
- Yusef Lateef
- Warne Marsh
- Eddie Miller
- Hank Mobley
- Jack Montrose
- Sandy Mosse
- Vido Musso
- Dave Pell
- Bill Perkins
- Flip Phillips
- Sonny Rollins
- Zoot Sims
- Sonny Stitt
- Sam Taylor
- Lucky Thompson
- Charlie Ventura
- Ben Webster
- Lester Young
- _____
- _____

BARITONE SAX

(Please check one.)

- Pepper Adams
- Danny Bank
- Ernie Caceres
- Harry Carney
- Al Cohn
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Lars Gullin
- Frank Morrelli
- Gerry Mulligan
- Cecil Payne
- Tony Scott
- Bud Shank
- Jack Washington
- _____

CLARINET

(Please check one.)

- Barney Bigard
- Buddy Collette
- Buddy DeFranco
- Pete Fountain
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Benny Goodman
- Edmond Hall
- Jimmy Hamilton
- Woody Herman
- Peanuts Hucko
- Rolf Kuhn
- John LaPorta
- Matty Matlock
- Hal McKusick
- Sam Most

- Art Pepper
- Pee Wee Russell
- Tony Scott
- Mike Simpson
- Bill Smith
- Bob Wilber
- Sol Yaged
- _____

PIANO

(Please check one.)

- Count Basie
- Dave Brubeck
- Barbara Carroll
- Cy Coleman
- Duke Ellington
- Bill Evans
- Russ Freeman
- Red Garland
- Erroll Garner
- Hampton Hawes
- Eddie Heywood
- Earl Hines
- Ahmad Jamal
- Hank Jones
- Billy Kyle
- Lou Levy
- John Lewis
- Dick Marx
- Marian McPartland
- Thelonious Monk
- Phineas Newborn, Jr.
- Bernard Peiffer
- Oscar Peterson

- Bud Powell
- André Previn
- George Shearing
- Horace Silver
- Billy Taylor
- Lennie Tristano
- Claude Williamson
- Teddy Wilson
- _____

GUITAR

(Please check one.)

- Laurindo Almeida
- Irving Ashby
- George Barnes
- Billy Bauer
- Kenny Burrell
- Eddie Condon
- Bo Diddley
- Herb Ellis
- Tal Farlow
- Freddie Green
- Jim Hall
- Barney Kessel
- Mundell Lowe
- Oscar Moore
- Les Paul
- Joe Puma
- Jimmy Raney
- Howard Roberts
- Sal Salvador
- Johnny Smith
- George Van Eps
- _____

an X in the box before his name; if you wish to vote for an artist who has not been nominated, write his name in at the bottom of the category and place an X in the box before it.

4. For leader, choose the man you feel has done the most outstanding job of leading a big jazz band (eight or more pieces) in the past year; in each category, pick the musicians you feel have been the most outstanding in jazz in the past 12 months.

5. Please note that there are *four pages* to the ballot. Vote for your favorites on all four of them, or use a reasonable facsimile. Print your correct name and address on the last page; you are allowed to cast only one complete ballot in the poll and that must carry your correct name and address or your votes will not be counted. These are also necessary if you are to be included in the drawing for the 100 free *Playboy Jazz All-Stars* albums.

6. Cut your four-page ballot along the dotted lines and mail to PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, November 1st, 1958, in order to be counted, so get yours in the mail at once. The winners of the third annual Playboy Jazz Poll will be announced in the February issue.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

BASS

(Please check one.)

- Norman Bates
- Joe Benjamin
- Ray Brown
- Monty Budwig
- Paul Chambers
- Curtis Counce
- Israel Crosby
- George Duvivier
- Johnny Frigo
- Squire Gersh
- Bob Haggart
- John Hawksworth
- Percy Heath
- Mort Herbert
- Milt Hinton
- Chubby Jackson
- Clarence Jones
- Teddy Kotick
- Scotty LaFaro
- Wendell Marshall
- Charlie Mingus
- Red Mitchell
- Joe Mondragon
- Monk Montgomery
- George Morrow
- Oscar Pettiford
- Howard Rumsey
- Eddie Safranski
- Arvell Shaw
- Carson Smith
- Slam Stewart
- Leroy Vinnegar

- Wilbur Ware
- Gene Wright
- _____

DRUMS

(Please check one.)

- Ray Bauduc
- Louis Bellson
- Art Blakey
- Candido
- Kenny Clarke
- Cozy Cole
- Barrett Deems
- Nick Fatool
- Chuck Flores
- Chico Hamilton
- J. C. Heard
- Lex Humphries
- Osie Johnson
- Jo Jones
- Philly Joe Jones
- Gene Krupa
- Don Lamond
- Stan Levey
- Mel Lewis
- Shelly Manne
- Joe Morello
- Sonny Payne
- Charlie Persip
- Buddy Rich
- Max Roach
- Art Taylor
- Sam Woodyard
- _____

MISC. INSTRUMENT

(Please check one.)

- Sidney Bechet, *soprano sax*
- Larry Bunker, *vibes*
- Candido, *bongo*
- Buddy Collette, *flute*
- Bob Cooper, *oboe*
- Don Elliott, *vibes & mellophone*
- Victor Feldman, *vibes*
- Johnny Frigo, *violin*
- Terry Gibbs, *vibes*
- John Graas, *French horn*
- Lionel Hampton, *vibes*
- Paul Horn, *flute*
- Milt Jackson, *vibes*
- Pete Jolly, *accordion*
- Fred Katz, *cello*
- Moe Koffman, *flute*
- Frank Lacy, *soprano sax*
- Yusef Lateef, *flute*
- Herbie Mann, *flute*
- Buddy Montgomery, *vibes*
- Sam Most, *flute*
- Red Norvo, *vibes*
- Tito Puente, *timbales*
- Shorty Rogers, *Flügelhorn*
- Joe Rushton, *bass sax*
- Bud Shank, *flute*
- Jimmy Smith, *organ*
- Stuff Smith, *violin*
- Jean "Toots" Thielemans, *harmonica*
- Cal Tjader, *vibes*

- Cy Touff, *bass trumpet*
- Art Van Damme, *accordion*
- Frank Wess, *flute*
- _____

MALE VOCALIST

(Please check one.)

- David Allen
- Louis Armstrong
- Chet Baker
- Harry Belafonte
- Tony Bennett
- Pat Boone
- Nat "King" Cole
- Perry Como
- Bing Crosby
- Vic Damone
- Sammy Davis, Jr.
- Fats Domino
- Frank D'Rone
- Billy Eckstine
- Buddy Greco
- Clancy Hayes
- Jon Hendricks
- Al Hibbler
- Frankie Laine
- Steve Lawrence
- Johnny Mathis
- Johnnie Ray
- Jimmy Rushing
- Bobby Short
- Frank Sinatra
- Jack Teagarden
- Mel Tormé



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CUT ALONG THIS LINE

- Joe Turner
- Joe Williams
- _____

FEMALE VOCALIST
(Please check one.)

- Ernestine Anderson
- Claire Austin
- Pearl Bailey
- June Christy
- Chris Connor
- Doris Day
- Frances Faye
- Ella Fitzgerald
- Eydie Gormé
- Pat Healy
- Billie Holiday
- Lena Horne
- Lurlean Hunter
- Mahalia Jackson
- Beverly Kelly
- Eartha Kitt
- Peggy Lee
- Abbey Lincoln
- Julie London
- Mary Ann McCall
- Carmen McRae
- Mabel Mercer
- Jaye P. Morgan
- Anita O'Day
- Patti Page
- Lucy Reed
- Ann Richards
- Annie Ross
- Felicia Sanders

- Dinah Shore
- Keely Smith
- Jeri Southern
- Jo Stafford
- Kay Starr
- Dakota Staton
- Pat Suzuki
- Sylvia Syms
- Sarah Vaughan
- Dinah Washington
- Margaret Whiting
- Lee Wiley
- _____

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO
(Please check one.)

- Louis Armstrong All-Stars
- Australian Jazz Quintet
- Chet Baker Quintet
- Dave Brubeck Quartet
- Barbara Carroll Trio
- Cy Coleman Trio
- Buddy Collette Quartet
- Miles Davis Sextet
- Buddy DeFranco Quartet
- Dukes of Dixieland
- Erroll Garner Trio
- Stan Getz Quintet
- Jimmy Giuffre Trio
- Chico Hamilton Quintet
- Eddie Higgins Trio
- Ahmad Jamal Trio
- Jazz Messengers
- J. J. Johnson Quintet
- Gene Krupa Quartet

- Ramsey Lewis Trio
- Lighthouse All-Stars
- Shelly Manne and His Men
- Mastersounds
- Marian McPartland Trio
- Charlie Mingus Quintet
- Mitchell-Ruff Duo
- Modern Jazz Quartet
- Thelonious Monk Quartet
- Gerry Mulligan Quartet
- Red Norvo Quintet
- Oscar Peterson Trio
- Max Roach Quintet
- Shorty Rogers' Giants
- Sal Salvador Quartet
- Bob Scobey's Frisco Band
- Tony Scott Quintet
- Bud Shank Quartet
- George Shearing Quintet
- Horace Silver Quintet
- String Jazz Quartet
- Billy Taylor Trio
- Cal Tjader Quartet
- Art Van Damme Quintet
- Teddy Wilson Sextet
- Kai Winding Septet
- _____

VOCAL GROUP
(Please check one.)

- Andrews Sisters
- Axidentals
- Al Belletto Sextet
- Blue Stars
- Cadillacs
- Jackie Cain & Roy Kral
- Ebon-Knights
- Four Freshmen
- Four Grads
- Four Lads
- Hi-Lo's
- Honey Dreamers
- Mary Kaye Trio
- King Sisters
- Dave Lambert Singers
- McGuire Sisters
- Mellolarks
- Mills Brothers
- Moonglows
- Platters
- Skylarks
- Spellbinders
- The Weavers
- _____

Correct name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 Zone _____ State _____

MONTAGE

(continued from page 66)

the cleaning woman and Alexei Gorodin. Gorodin, make no mistake, is not officially permitted to enter, but there is something about Gorodin most people find difficult to resist. A man, after all, who can calm the tantrum of a beautiful leading actress one minute and coax something resembling a performance from a simple Turkmenian peasant the next minute; such a man has, as they say, a way with him. Gorodin has charm, he has persuasiveness. Gorodin has, too, three Vashilov Awards pinned prominently to his lapel, and these carry much weight with people like projectionists; immeasurably more weight than, say, Tchevkin Medals, which everyone knows are passed out like coasters at a party.

When an Honored Artist like Comrade Gorodin comes up to a girl's projection booth, well, you know, there's something a little special in that. It doesn't happen every day. And when he smiles, and makes a hearty joke that is only slightly seditious, and pinches your cheek, and calls you pretty, and offers you a cigarette which you must decline because of fire regulations, what are you going to do — toss him out on his rump? And when a man like that, who is a great man in his field (they say such men are proud and haughty — this may have been true before the glorious people's revolution, but I do not think it is true these days; it is certainly not true of Comrade Gorodin), when a man like that becomes suddenly very humble and he looks you right in the eye and his voice gets very low and level and soft and he tells you that it is not really the directors, not the actors, not the writers or cameramen or scenic designers or cutters that make films possible for the masses, but, rather, the projectionists, that army of unseen, unsung workers who keep the reels turning and the arcs burning . . . well . . . what harm does it do to let him stay in the booth? It's not as if it were a regular showing — the premiere proper is tomorrow night — tonight is only the press showing, a run-through for that small scattering of critics down there on the main floor, Vuljashvily, Borisov, and so on. The theatre is empty otherwise. Who will know? And it is his film, after all. A good film, too. And it helps one's appreciation of it to have the director who made it right there with one, pointing out little things. Those mob scenes that look so spontaneous — did you know they are planned and rehearsed again and again, choreographed like a ballet at the Bolshoi? And montage — do you know about that? Montage is — what did he call it? — that phenomenon which occurs when previously unrelated shots are joined together. The montage in

this film is flawlessly timed, the transitions knife-like, the relationships meaningful, the contrasts dramatic. That's what he said. This film is called *Robespierre* and there is this wonderful scene where he (Robespierre) is arguing with this heavy-set man named Danton.

Danton says: "So even Camille Desmoulins must go to the guillotine, despot! For what crime? Do you know what I think of you? This!" He spits right into the other man's face and there is a sudden close-up of Robespierre, spittle hanging on his cheek.

"I am the law in France," Robespierre says calmly. "Not you. Not Desmoulins."

"And not the French people?" asks Danton.

Robespierre answers him as the camera stays motionless, studying Danton's rage-rigid face while Robespierre speaks expressionlessly: "The people are ignorant sheep. You ask Desmoulins' crime? He is guilty — that is his crime; guilty of incurring my displeasure. It suits my convenience to say 'He is an enemy of the people and must die.' If you thought to upbraid me, make me repentant, behold me weep for him — then I am sorry to disappoint you. Please go now. I am busy." There is another close-up of Robespierre, wiping the spittle from his face. Fade-out. It's a wonderful scene.

Comrade Gorodin must have thought so, too, because he leaned forward and watched it very closely. He didn't say a word. He seemed to be following every movement of the characters, every syllable they spoke. He seemed very intent upon studying it; almost worried; but when it was over he leaned back and smiled and winked at me and offered me a cigarette and . . . well . . . why should I refuse a man like that and maybe risk offending him? So I take one and we both smoke and it is a very good cigarette.

Soon the film is over. The critics downstairs leave to write their reviews. I get ready to lock up. But Comrade Gorodin looks worried again and I ask him if anything is wrong. He says that one scene between Robespierre and Danton disturbs him. It is not quite right, he says. Then he sighs. The premiere is tomorrow and there is no time to correct it. And yet, he says, it is a shame because all the scene needs is a little cutting. The equipment he needs is right in the booth. Perhaps . . .? Here, of course, I must be firm. It is time to lock up. I must go home. I have a family. He smiles, and asks me the name of my husband and the names and ages of my children, and he makes a little joke about marital relations that is only slightly naughty, and he offers me another cigarette and he says I should take the whole pack and he says he has almost a full carton of them at his apart-



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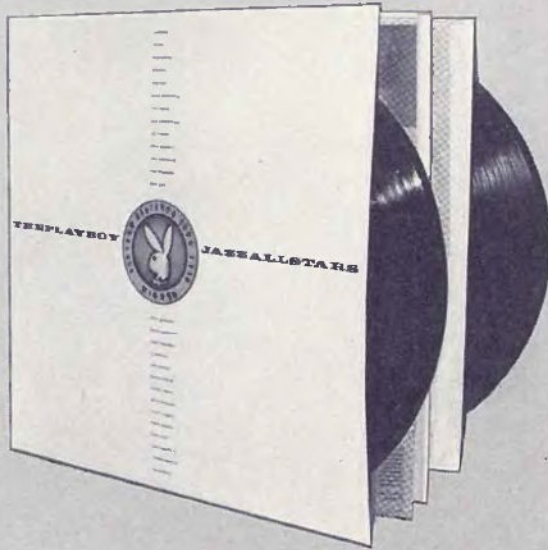
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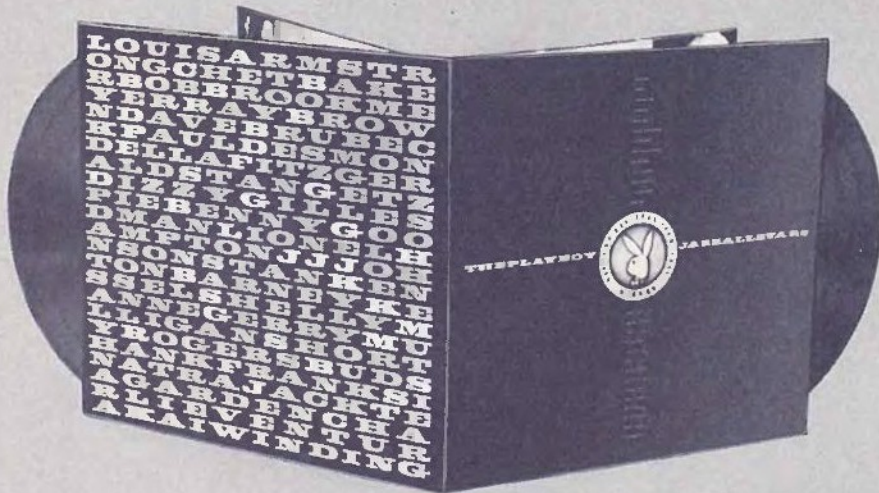
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ment and if I will be so kind as to give him my address he will be happy to send them to me since the doctor has told him to cut down on his smoking and they will only go stale anyway. Well, before you know it, Comrade Gorodin has his coat off and his sleeves rolled up and he is cutting the film.

What are you going to do with a man like that?

"If any doubts have been entertained regarding Alexei Gorodin's beliefs, such doubts may now be replaced with solid certainty. One scene in his new film opening tonight at the People's Cinema is especially shocking. It is a conversation between Robespierre and Danton concerning the impending execution of the counter-revolutionary deputy, Desmoulins. Robespierre's attitude as it is depicted in this scene is atrocious, his motives despicable. The Gorodin interpretation of this personage is a diabolical perversion of his true character . . ."

Gorodin folds the newest issue of the *Cultural Review* and puts it in his pocket. What a fortunate choice of words, Mikhail, he says to himself: fortunate for me — I could not have chosen them better myself. There is a smile on his lips as he ambles into the People's Cinema and watches his film from the back row. In the boxes, the highest powers sit in official uniform. Gorodin waits for the big scene between Robespierre and Danton.

"So even Camille Desmoulins must go to the guillotine," Danton says but does not spit.

"He is guilty. He is an enemy of the people and must die. Behold me weep for him." With his hand, Robespierre wipes away what seems to be a tear.

Gorodin leaves the theatre, goes home and sleeps soundly.

The next morning, after a late breakfast, he picks up his telephone and calls the offices of the *Cultural Review*.

"Comrade Borisov, please."

"Who?" asks the switchboard operator.

"Mikhail Borisov. If he is not there, perhaps you can tell me where I may reach —"

"I am sorry, Comrade. That name is not familiar to me. You must have the wrong number." Immediately, she breaks the connection.

Gorodin hangs up for a moment, then calls another number. Soon he is saying, "Nikki? I wonder if we could get together soon, perhaps this afternoon? I'd like to get started on something. Well, it's a big project and we really should begin mapping it out as soon as possible . . . Fine . . . Yes, but I left early; were you there? It went well, I think . . . No, I never bother to read reviews — what did he have to say this time?"



executive chess

(continued from page 72)

and gets power is literally a powerhouse. He can't afford the luxury of having bad days, but performs constantly at peak level. His energy is not only mobilized, but sharply focused. He has a set of clear-cut goals, and he moves toward them with a singleness of purpose which rejects all extraneous interests as wasteful expenditures of time and energy. This is not to say that he is monomaniacal. The women in his life, children, friends, outside interests all have their legitimate claims. But he takes the phrase "on the job" literally, and he takes another maxim seriously, to: "Out of sight, out of mind." His life is, in a sense, a planned series of rooms, and upon entering one he is careful to close the door to the others behind him.

Perhaps the single most distinguishing characteristic of the successful executive is his ability to look at a man impersonally. He realizes that effective relationships with colleagues and subordinates require sensitivity to their individual needs, and even demand a certain degree of intimacy; but he never becomes emotionally involved to the point of allowing his personal feelings to act either as a basis for or a deterrent to action.

The executive possesses a well-defined self-structure. He knows *who* he is, *where* he's going, and he *believes* in both his personality and his goal. He can control others because he controls himself. He thinks for himself, speaks for himself, and is *for* himself.

This is the personality which can best employ the tactics and maneuvers that make up the game of Executive Chess. The rewards are power, prestige and property. But there is a price to pay for such profits: the necessity to be ever vigilant and on guard, the denial of every impulse to full trust of others. And then there are the severe limitations on the executive's emotional life: his friends cannot be freely chosen. Subordinates must remain subordinate, colleagues remain competitors. Intimacy is always potentially dangerous. And to all this we may add the probability of ulcers.

Whether the rewards of the executive role justify the price is a relative matter: the decision must be a personal one. In the same way, the economic and personal ends to which the executive may employ his power and its accompanying instrumentality of maneuver and technique will depend upon the value system of that individual, limited always by the ideology of the society within which he operates. It is here that references to "good" and "bad" business practices are relevant: the ends to which power is put. But it is a pathetic joke

to object to political practices per se; indeed, their neutrality is proven by the utterly opposed moral ends for which they have been used.

We have suggested that there is a correlation between the ability to employ political maneuvers successfully and a particular personality structure. Does this mean that the successful executive is a "born" executive, a "natural" leader, that he practices these techniques intuitively?

The answer is not simple. Talent, flair, gift—all "natural endowments"—are terms which are applied to abilities which are not quite understood, the supposition being that those who possess them don't quite understand them either, and that they act out of instinct rather than on the basis of knowledge.

To some extent this is undoubtedly true. Executives sometimes speak of feeling their way, and are occasionally surprised by an analysis of what they have unknowingly done. But this is exceptional. The successful executive puts his faith in intelligence and hard work. There are no substitutes for strategies that are a result of deliberate calculation. Business politics is as much a science as it is an art, and consequently the skills of its execution are acquired through application. The politically able executive is very much aware of what he's doing. In the playing of Executive Chess, as in any game which sets one man's wits against another's, the gifted amateur buckles under the conscious control that is the mark of the professional.



the 51 tones

(continued from page 28)

been, when I had first seen Ruthie's things. I think the girl had talent. She was almost totally unschooled, unless you can count a few semesters of 'art' at college, but it didn't matter—she had what we so properly call a gift. That is, she could do things she hadn't been taught to do, things she had no right to know how to do. That is talent, that's the gift, the free gift from God or whatever. I'm not saying that Ruthie's talent was of the first order, it certainly wasn't, but it was real and Hellbourne surely spotted it instantly and cataloged it precisely.

"My dear," he said, "I am going to do great things for you. You will hear from me." He kissed her hand and he left her.

"The next day his chauffeur brought a note. She must come to lunch. Have you ever seen his place? I suppose it's the loveliest town house in New York. There is nothing in it—from the door-knobs, looted out of a doge's palace in Venice, to the English slates on the roof—that is not perfection, and of course there isn't a museum in the world that would not covet the art in that house. The one time I was there I counted three Van Goghs alone. There are two dining rooms, a big one on the second floor and a small one on the floor above, next to Hellbourne's sitting room, which is next to his bedroom. They lunched *à deux* in the smaller room.

"When I saw Ruth that night she was floating three feet in the air. She was, she told me, going to be the best-known



"I'm on jury duty!!!"



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contemporary artist in the world. Matthias Hellbourne had promised her. Notice she didn't say the *best* artist in the world, but the best known. That, I suppose, was the fatal flaw in the girl: fortune she was born with and fame was all she wanted. And I was astounded to find that she wanted it very badly—astounded because she had never showed that particular devil's hunger before. Still, it had been there. She told me that all her life she had desperately wanted to be sought after, to be known, to be famous. That was the word she used, over and over: famous. Nothing so unusual about that, of course, but when I asked her why, then, she hadn't worked with the persistence—the desperation that most people so hungry for recognition usually show—she said she thought it was *because* she so piteously craved to be famous: she associated hard work with the image of years of waiting for reward, and she couldn't bear to think of such postponement, she would dream instead. But now, she said, with the reward not only in sight, but just around the corner, she was going to work, and work hard. Hellbourne had told her that she must paint like mad, she must produce a show, and quickly. She was going to quit her job, drop everything, and paint.

"In a way I was glad for her, because I liked Ruth a great deal really, and I wanted to see good things happen to her. But I thought she ought to have a road map, and I told her a few things about Hellbourne. It was of no use. Nothing I said made any impression. I told her that he was, among artists, the most hated man alive; that he had ruined more talents and broken more hearts and stolen more money than any other dealer in history. She finally had to believe me, as to the facts, but even conviction made no difference to her.

"If I were beautiful, if I were Suzy Parker, or somebody like that," she said, "I might take it all seriously. But Matthias Hellbourne isn't going to do all this for me out of lust for my lily-white body. I'm sure he had hundreds of women, literally hundreds, years ago, when it interested him. You can't tell me that now, when he's 75 or whatever, he's embarking on an elaborate campaign for my seduction. It doesn't make sense. No. I believe what he says: he thinks I have talent and he wants to help me. Why not? What else is there left for him in life? He is famous, he has money, he has everything but the ability to create. To help someone like me, that's a form of creation, and that's his kick, I'm sure it is."

"I'd advise you to plan for the unlikely eventuality anyway," I told her. "Supposing he *does* proposition you, then what?"

"She thought about it for a minute. 'If he doesn't do it too soon . . .' she



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said. 'Look, Pete, I wouldn't say this to anybody but you . . . I think there's at least a possibility that the dear old goat is in love with me.'

"You're absolutely out of your mind," I told her. 'You're gone, you've lost touch with reality.'

"No, I'm serious. It's a possibility. And if he's sincere, if he really does begin to do the things he says he'll do for me, well, I'll go to bed with him if he wants me to. I don't think it would be the greatest experience a girl could have, but I'll do it. Actually there probably wouldn't be much more to it than holding his hand until he went to sleep.'

"Don't bet on that," I told her. 'This is an unusual man.'

"A couple of weeks went by and in that time I had begun to hear things. One or two people told me that Hellbourne had something up his sleeve. There was a line in one of the columns: 'Matthias Hellbourne's intimates hear that the great man has discovered another artist—female, this time, and fabulously talented.'

"I went around to see Ruthie one night. She'd been painting, all right. She was finishing a canvas every two days, she told me. What was the stuff like? Well, it was pretty bad. It couldn't be altogether bad, she had too much talent for that, but it was empty, it was dull, there was no emotion in it. The best of it was merely slick, smooth, technically clever; the worst was awful. She stood there chewing on the end of a brush, watching me. We were in her dining room, she'd ripped the furniture out of it and made a studio, and it looked as if she'd bought Arthur Brown out of paints and canvas, things were piled in mounds. Her smock was stiff with paint, she was wan and tired, and her eyes, they were a greeny color, really did seem to burn in the white skin stretched tight over her cheekbones. She had her hair pulled up tight. She's a tiny little thing, you know. She looked scared, and before I could say anything, she said, 'Pete, don't tell me it's bad or I won't be able to go on, and I've got to go on.'

"What the hell, I thought, let the girl have her ride. I'm not going to play *deus ex machina*, for all I know Hellbourne can sell her on this stuff. So I tried to be detached. Not bad, I told her, not bad, and what I could legitimately praise I praised: a few bright touches, the fact that she had produced so much in such a short time, and so on. She was relieved, she kissed me and made me a drink.

"You can't imagine how hard I'm working. Pete," she said. 'I get up in the morning, I don't even dress, I have some coffee and a piece of toast and I begin to work. *Every day. Sundays.*'

"What does the great man say about these paintings?" I asked.

"I haven't let him see anything yet,"

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Ruth said. 'When I have 15 good pieces finished, then I'll show him.'

"So what else is new with him?" I said. 'We had a little mind-bet going, remember?'

"She clasped her hands together on her chest and shrugged, a sort of dismal, hopeless gesture. 'I lost that bet,' she said. 'A week to the day after I met him, I lost it. I didn't put up any great fight. I told you I wasn't going to put up a fight.'

"So how was it?" I said.

"I lost the second bet, too," she said. 'I should have learned by now not to bet with you. He *didn't* want his hand held, Pete. As you said, an unusual man.'

"More," I said.

"No, no more," Ruth said. 'I wouldn't tell even you, and Lord knows I'd tell you anything. Anyway, it was just that once, and the next time — he took it for granted the next time, of course — I just told him no, and it's been no ever since.'

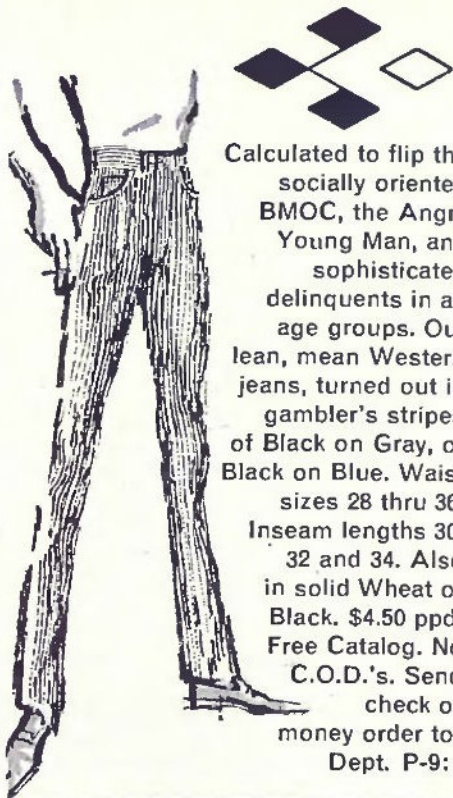
"He takes that?" I said. 'He's still going to make you famous?'

"Nothing has changed in him," she said. 'Absolutely not a thing. The phone calls, the notes, the flowers keep coming; I see him every other day at least, and half the time I'm with him he spends trying to get me in bed again. He brings me clippings — Paris papers, art magazines in London, in Vienna, Berlin, Rome; it's fantastic, the things he can do, I'll show you the clippings. Every important critic in the world is waiting for my show. Oh, and he got me a dealer of my own, Hotchkiss. Hotchkiss I showed these paintings to, and he thinks they're sensational, wonderful. He raved for hours. He says he'll get me fabulous prices. So all I have to do, you see, is work, just work and work and work. Matthias says I must have 40 canvases for the show. It seems like a lot, but it isn't, not the way I'm going.'

"She pushed me out after that. I went away baffled. I walked around town for an hour, trying to make some sense out of it. I gave up, finally. I wondered if I really knew good paintings when I saw them. I must have been wasting my time for the last 20 years, I thought. Maybe I'd lost touch with the trends. What else could I think? If Hellbourne had merely wanted the girl, well, he'd had her, why didn't he drop her? He hadn't dropped her, so either he knew, from Hotchkiss, that Ruthie's stuff was really great — I had assumed that Hotchkiss merely told her what Hellbourne had ordered him to — or else she was right, and he was in love with her. I couldn't buy it. He'd never loved anybody in his life except his mother, and you could get a contrary opinion even on that.

"I spent a couple of months in Japan that winter, and while I have no doubt that the writ of Matthias Hellbourne runs even that far, I was out of touch.

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I can't read even *kata-kana*. I wrote to Ruth a couple of times, but she didn't answer. I put that down to the pressure of her work. When I came back, toward spring, I phoned her first thing, couldn't get an answer. I asked my partner if her show had come off.

"My God," he said, "you've really been away, haven't you?"

"Then he told me. Ruthie had had her show, in an unimportant little gallery on 72nd Street. It had been a disaster. Every first-line critic in town had appeared, but after they saw Ruthie's paintings not many had bothered to write reviews. Of the ranking New York men only Akie Jensen gave her a notice, and what he said was scaring. He was brutal, unforgiving, destructive. Even in the junk Ruthie had ground out for the show he had been able to see her talent, and he called her everything but a charlatan for doing what she had done with it, and to it. And Matthias Hellbourne? He had appeared nowhere on the scene, my partner said, either before or after.

"I kept on Ruthie's phone until I got her, late the next day. Her voice was quiet and flat. She said I could come over, so I picked up a bottle of sherry and jumped into a cab. I was in a hurry. I suppose I expected to find a wreck, the poor girl in despair, drowning in a sea of cigarette butts and coffee cups. Nothing of the kind. She was pale, and thinner than I'd remembered her, but that was all. And the dining-room furniture was back. There wasn't an easel in sight. We opened the sherry and drank without saying much. I was glad to see her.

"I suppose you've had time to catch up with the outstanding events of your absence," she said finally.

"In a way," I said. "I read Akie Jensen."

"At first I did really want to kill him," Ruthie said. "Now I've got my sense of balance back. Akie's all right."

"Where was the great man?" I said. "That's what I don't understand. There's a lot I don't understand. Why an insignificant gallery on 72nd, for instance?"

"Ruthie stretched her legs out in front of her, rocking her feet on her heels to bang her toes together, and dumbly held out her glass for more wine. 'I don't really believe that Matthias did what I know he did,' she said. 'Nobody could be that monsterish. There must be some other explanation.'

"That I doubt," I said.

"The pattern didn't vary a bit right up to three days before the show opened," Ruth said. "That night he came up here with a bottle of champagne in a silver bucket of ice—you know him, he wouldn't put you to the trouble of taking out a couple of trays of ice cubes—and we sat around while he told me how adorable I was, and how talented,

and how desperately he wanted to go to bed with me that very minute. I said no, just as I had been saying no for weeks on end. I was absolutely convinced that it was all a set piece, this yen of his. I admit I'd been surprised when he propositioned me the first time, and surprised again, when I got in bed with him, but I still couldn't believe he meant half what he said every day. And of course I knew, and so did anybody who could read Cholly Knickerbocker, that he was seeing three or four other girls. Can you imagine, that old goat, 77 years old, trying to run a harem?"

"Anyway, I patted him on the head and sent him home. Just before he left, he said, 'I guess you really mean no, don't you, Miss Mornay?' The "Miss" jarred me a little but I made some gag, told him I didn't know if I really meant no or no no at all, and that was that. The next day I picked up a paper and there was his picture, at Idlewild climbing into a plane for Rome.

"I called Hotchkiss. It was a surprise to him, he said. But by the way, he had bad news for me. It would be impossible to open my show at Dreyfus & Dreyfus. Something had come up. However, he had been able to make an arrangement with the Smith Gallery, and he was sure I'd like it almost as well.

"I didn't say anything, or argue with him, Pete. I just hung up. I knew I was dead. Daddy-o had spoken. Daddy-o giveth, and Daddy-o taketh away.

"As for what the critics said about my work, they were right. Akie Jensen in particular was right. Talent and no work. Ruthie Mornay, girl idiot. When I showed Matthias the first 15 paintings, you know, he said they were wonderful. I know now that they were nothing at all, just junk, but how could I know then? How could I deny Matthias Hellbourne, when no one in the world would even question his judgment on a painting? To deny him, I'd have had to know his motives, and only someone with a mind like his could have known his motives, and is there a mind like that in the world?"

"Have you seen him since?" I asked.

"I talked to him. He was back in New York 10 days after my opening. He called me. He was sorry to hear the opening had gone badly, he said. Distressed was the word he used. He said it was particularly unfortunate in that things need not have turned out that way. I knew what he meant. It all came clear then: To say no to him was bad enough, but to go to bed with him once, and then never again—that was the mortal sin.

"It was a short conversation. He just wanted to give me another turn of the knife. I found myself hating him. I told him that I was solacing myself with a new lover who wouldn't let me sleep



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more than three hours a night — it happened to be true — and I said, "I wish I had met you before you became impotent, Matthias." Men who hunt have told me that sometimes you can hear a bullet hit an animal, and I heard that one hit Matthias. We haven't spoken since, naturally.'

"I poured some more sherry. I wasn't surprised. Hellbourne had done worse things. Back in the Thirties he supported Tomas Mobar for two years, kept him sober, and took every painting he did in all that time. Then he cut him loose, sent him back to the bottle and waited for him to die. When he'd been dead a few years Hellbourne pressed the button and began the build-up. He made over \$200,000 on Mobar. So what he did to Ruthie wasn't unusual. For him, it was an easy, short-term project. He really would have made her famous, bad paintings or good, but she didn't have enough sense to go along with him, or not a strong enough stomach, so he smashed her.

"I see you've stopped painting,' I said to Ruthie.

"She shrugged, looking up at me, lost in a big black chair. 'Why not?' she said. 'I couldn't show a painting on a fence in Greenwich Village today. And that isn't all. I know now that I'm no good. I'm no painter. It's as I said to Matthias the night I met him: I'm nobody and I do very little.'

"You're wrong,' I told her. 'You still have what you had when you met him, and that was a lot.'

"Take me to dinner,' she said. 'And let's not talk about it any more.'

"That's the story," Palmer said. "Episode in the early life of Ruthie Mornay."

"How long ago was all this?" Buccieri said.

"Spring of '55," Palmer said.

"Well, obviously she did start painting again."

"She went to France. She used to write to me once in a while, and she said she was painting," Palmer told him, "but I think she worked all that time just on *Portrait Lighted from Below*. Next time you see it, look closely in the bottom right-hand corner and you'll see a Roman numeral VI. The sixth version, I think that means. She did it over five times, in other words. She didn't want to leave anything out."

"So she had the last word after all," Buccieri said. "She turned out a great painting, and the idea for it she got from Hellbourne. Everybody in town's talking about her now. She has it made, hasn't she?"

"Not really," Palmer said. He looked around the dark oak room, filling with the five o'clock crowd. "Most of us are sheep, you know. Everybody in this room is a sheep, I imagine: mostly nice enough people, hustling a little, trying to make a dollar, get a girl to bed, do

a little work. If they don't make out, well, they can have a drink, take a deep breath, forget it. Hellbourne is no sheep. He's a killer. He doesn't forget much. When Ruthie finished the painting she sent it to a little shop in the 80s for framing. Hellbourne found out about it almost immediately, and he managed to buy it. It wasn't for sale, but he bought it. I can guess how, of course, so can you. One little twist of the arm. Anyway, Ruthie's framer told her he thought she *wanted* him to sell it. Hellbourne's stooge, whoever he was, gave him \$1000 for it. The picture disappeared. Ruth was back in New York by that time."

"But it's at Tascha's now," Buccieri said.

"That's right, and Walter Bareiss owns it. One Saturday, just after closing, it showed up in Dreyfus' window. Just *Portrait* and nothing else. It stayed there one full week, with a price tag on it. Unheard of, you know, a price tag in Dreyfus' window. Bareiss bought it on the Monday, but he couldn't have it until the following Saturday. It had to stay in the window for the full week."

"What was the price on it?" Buccieri asked.

"Thirty-seven fifty. Thirty-seven dollars, fifty cents."

"My God!" Buccieri said. "I'd have thought Hellbourne would have burned it."

"Never. Don't be silly, he knew she'd just paint it over again. No, he was establishing the going price for Mornays, that's all."

They stood on the steps of the Plaza. The soft sun, westering, hung over the buildings across the park, indigo-edged in the failing light. A pretty colored girl, her back to the stone wall bordering the far sidewalk, lifted her arms with infinite grace to a boy's shoulders and held him away. At the corner of Fifth Avenue a cop's whistle blew and a tire screeched. A limousine pulled up to the curb. A boy, a man, a something in its twenties popped out, all in black, narrow-cuffed and svelte. He bent to look into the car, he spoke to a woman crouched in the corner like an ancient painted bear. "Sweetheart!" he said. "I'll call you the very first thing in the morning." He romped up the steps, one white hand flickering at his throat.

"I'm going back tomorrow and see it again," Buccieri said.

"You do that," Palmer said.

"I'd like to meet Ruth Mornay sometime," Buccieri said.

A cab pulled in and Palmer started down the steps toward it.

"She'll be away for a while," he said. "Maybe by the fall she'll be well enough." He waved from the cab, and slammed the door.



TO DREAM

(continued from page 35)

can't help me. No one can. I'm alone! "Forget it," he said and started for the door.

The psychiatrist said, "Wait a minute." His voice was friendly, concerned, but not patronizing. "Running away won't do you much good, will it?"

Hall hesitated.

"Forgive the cliché. Actually, running away is often the best answer. But I don't know yet that yours is that sort of problem."

"Did Doctor Jackson tell you about me?"

"No. He said he was sending you over, but he thought you'd do a better job on the details. I only know that your name is Philip Hall, you're 31, and you haven't been able to sleep for a long time."

"Yes. A long time . . ." To be exact, 72 hours, Hall thought, glancing at the clock. Seventy-two horrible hours . . .

The psychiatrist tapped out a cigarette. "Aren't you —" he began.

"Tired? God, yes. I'm the tiredest man on earth! I could sleep forever. But that's just it, you see: I would. I'd never wake up."

"Please," the psychiatrist said.

Hall bit his lip. There wasn't, he supposed, much point to it. But, after all, what *else* was there for him to do? Where would he go? "You mind if I pace?"

"Stand on your head, if you like."

"OK. I'll take one of your cigarettes." He drew the smoke into his lungs and walked over to the window. Fourteen floors below, the toy people and the toy cars moved. He watched them and thought, this guy's all right. Sharp. Intelligent. Nothing like what I expected. Who can say — *maybe* it'll do some good. "I'm not sure where to begin."

"It doesn't matter. The beginning might be easier for you."

Hall shook his head, violently. The beginning, he thought. Was there such a thing?

"Just take it easy."

After a lengthy pause, Hall said: "I first found out about the power of the human mind when I was 10. Close to that time, anyway. There was a tapestry in my bedroom. It was a great big thing, the size of a rug, with fringe on the edges. It showed a group of soldiers — Napoleonic soldiers — on horses. They were at the brink of some kind of cliff, and the first horse was reared up. My mother told me something. She told me that if I stared at the tapestry long enough, the horses would start to move. They'd go right over the cliff, she said. I tried it, but nothing happened. She said, 'You've got to take time. You've got to *think* about it.' So, every night, before I went to bed, I'd sit up and stare

at that damn tapestry. And, finally, it happened. Over they went, all the horses, all the men, over the edge of the cliff . . ." Hall stubbed out the cigarette and began to pace. "Scared hell out of me," he said. "When I looked again, they were all back. It got to be a game with me. Later on, I tried it with pictures in magazines, and pretty soon I was able to move locomotives and send balloons flying and make dogs open their mouths: everything, anything I wanted."

He paused, ran a hand through his hair. "Not too unusual, you're thinking," he said. "Every kid does it. Like standing in a closet and shining a flashlight through your finger, or sewing up

the heel of your palm . . . common stuff?"

The psychiatrist shrugged.

"There was a difference," Hall said. "One day it got out of control. I was looking at a coloring book. One of the pictures showed a knight and a dragon fighting. For fun I decided to make the knight drop his lance. He did. The dragon started after him, breathing fire. In another second the dragon's mouth was open and he was getting ready to eat the knight. I blinked and shook my head, like always, only — nothing happened. I mean, the picture didn't 'go back.' Not even when I closed the book and opened it again. But I didn't think

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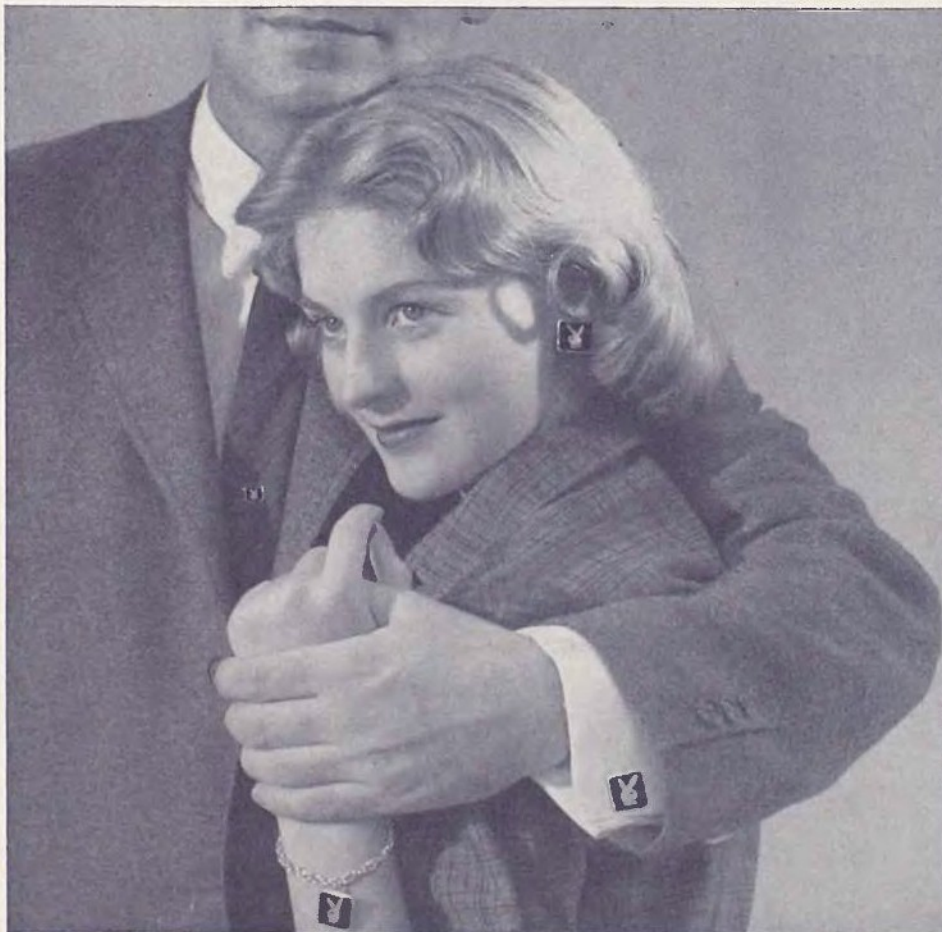
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too much about it, even then."

He walked to the desk and took another cigarette. It slipped from his hands.

"You've been on dexedrine," the psychiatrist said, watching as Hall tried to pick up the cigarette.

"Yes."

"How many grains a day?"

"Thirty, 35, I don't know."

"Potent. Knocks out your coordination. I suppose Dr. Jackson warned you."

"Yes, he warned me."

"Well, let's get along. What happened then?"

"Nothing." Hall allowed the psychiatrist to light his cigarette. "For a while, I forgot about the 'game' almost completely. Then, when I turned 13, I got sick. Rheumatic heart —"

The psychiatrist leaned forward and frowned. "And Jackson let you have 35 —"

"Don't interrupt!" He decided not to mention that he had gotten the drug from his aunt, that Doctor Jackson knew nothing about it. "I had to stay in bed a lot. No activity; might kill me. So I read books and listened to the radio. One night I heard a ghost story. *Hermit's Cave* it was called. All about a man who gets drowned and comes back to haunt his wife. My parents were gone, at a movie. I was alone. And I kept thinking about that story, imagining the ghost. Maybe, I thought to myself, he's in that closet. I knew he wasn't; I knew there wasn't any such thing as a ghost, really. But there was a little part of my mind that kept saying, 'Look at the closet. Watch the door. He's in there, Philip, and he's going to come out.' I picked up a book and tried to read, but I couldn't help glancing at the closet door. It was open a crack. Everything dark behind it. Everything dark and quiet."

"And the door moved."

"That's right."

"You understand that there's nothing terribly unusual in anything you've said so far?"

"I know," Hall said. "It was my imagination. It was, and I realized it even then. But — I got just as scared. Just as scared as if a ghost actually had opened that door! And that's the whole point. The mind, doctor. It's everything. If you think you have a pain in your arm and there's no physical reason for it, you don't hurt any less . . . My mother died because she thought she had a fatal disease. The autopsy showed malnutrition, nothing else. But she died just the same!"

"I won't dispute the point."

"All right. I just don't want you to tell me it's all in my mind. I know it is."

"Go on."

"They told me I'd never really get well, I'd have to take it easy the rest of

my life. Because of the heart. No strenuous exercise, no stairs, no long walks. No shocks. Shock produces excessive adrenaline, they said. Bad. So that's the way it was. When I got out of school, I grabbed a soft desk job. Unexciting: numbers, adding numbers, that's all. Things went OK for a few years. Then it started again. I read about where some woman got into her car at night and happened to check for something in the back seat and found a man hidden there. Waiting. It stuck with me; I started dreaming about it. So every night, when I got into my car, I automatically patted the rear seat and floorboards. It satisfied me for a while, until I started thinking, 'What if I forgot to check?' Or, 'What if there's something back there that isn't human?' I had to drive across Laurel Canyon to get home, and you know how twisty that stretch is; 30-, 50-foot drops, straight down. I'd get this feeling half-way across. 'There's someone . . . something . . . in the back of the car!' Hidden, in darkness. Fat and shiny. I'll look in the rear-view mirror and I'll see his hands ready to circle my throat . . . Again, doctor: understand me. *I knew it was my imagination.* I had no doubt at all that the back seat was empty—hell, I kept the car locked and I double-checked! But, I told myself, you keep thinking this way, Hall, and you'll see those hands. It'll be a reflection, or somebody's headlights, or nothing at all—but you'll see them! Finally, one night, I did see them! The car lurched a couple of times and went down the embankment."

The psychiatrist said, "Wait a minute," rose, and switched the tape on a small machine.

"I knew how powerful the mind was, then," Hall continued. "I knew that ghosts and demons did exist, they did, if you only thought about them long enough and hard enough. After all, one of them almost killed me!" He pressed the lighted end of the cigarette against his flesh; the fog lifted instantly. "Doctor Jackson told me afterward that one more serious shock like that would finish me. And then's when I started having the dream."

There was a silence in the room, compounded of distant automobile horns, the ticking of the ship's-wheel clock, the insectival tapping of the receptionist's typewriter, Hall's own tortured breathing.

"They say dreams last only a couple of seconds," he said. "I don't know whether that's true or not. It doesn't matter. They *seem* to last longer. Sometimes I've dreamed a whole lifetime; sometimes generations have passed. Once in a while, time stops completely; it's a frozen moment, lasting forever. When I was a kid I saw the Flash Gordon serials, you remember? I loved them, and when the last episode was over, I went home

and started dreaming more. Each night, another episode. They were vivid, too, and I remembered them when I woke up. I even wrote them down, to make sure I wouldn't forget. Crazy?"

"No," said the psychiatrist. "I did, anyway. The same thing happened with the Oz books and the Burroughs books. I'd keep them going. But after the age of 15, or so, I didn't dream much. Only once in a while. Then, a week ago—" Hall stopped talking. He asked the location of the bathroom and went there and splashed cold water on his face. Then he returned and stood by the window.

"A week ago?" the psychiatrist said, flipping the tape machine back on.

"I went to bed around 11:30. I wasn't too tired, but I needed the rest, on account of my heart. Right away the dream started. I was walking along Venice Pier. It was close to midnight. The place was crowded, people everywhere; you know the kind they used to get there. Sailors, dumpy-looking dames, kids in leather jackets. The pitchmen were going through their routines. You could hear the roller coasters thundering along the tracks, the people inside the roller coasters, screaming; you could hear the bells and the guns cracking and the crazy songs they play on calliopes. And, far away, the ocean, moving. Everything was bright and gaudy and cheap. I walked for a while, stepping on gum and candy apples, wondering why I was there." Hall's eyes were closed. He opened them quickly and rubbed them. "Halfway to the end, passing the penny arcade, I saw a girl. She was about 22 or 23. White dress, very thin and tight, and a funny little white hat. Her legs were bare, nicely muscled and tan. She was alone. I stopped and watched her and I remember thinking, 'She *must* have a boyfriend. He *must* be here somewhere.' But she didn't seem to be waiting for anyone, or looking. Unconsciously, I began to follow her. At a distance.

"She walked past a couple of concessions, then she stopped at one called The Whip and strolled in and went for a ride. The air was hot. It caught her dress as she went around and sent it whirling. It didn't bother her at all. She just held onto the bar and closed her eyes, and—I don't know, a kind of ecstasy seemed to come over her. She began to laugh. A high-pitched, musical sound. I stood by the fence and watched her, wondering why such a beautiful girl should be laughing in a cheap carnival ride, in the middle of the night, all by herself. Then my hands froze on the fence, because suddenly I saw that she was looking at me. Every time the car would whip around, she'd be looking. And there was something in her eyes, something that said, Don't go away, don't leave, don't move . . . The ride

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stopped and she got out and walked over to me. As naturally as if we'd known each other for years, she put her arm in mine, and said, 'We've been expecting you, Mr. Hall.' Her voice was deep and soft, and her face, close up, was even more beautiful than it had seemed. Full, rich lips, a little wet; dark, flashing eyes; a warm gleam to her flesh. I didn't answer. She laughed again and tugged at my sleeve. 'Come on, darling,' she said. 'We haven't much time.' And we walked, almost running, to The Silver Flash—a roller coaster, the highest on the pier. I knew I shouldn't go on it because of my heart condition, but she wouldn't listen. She said I had to, for her. So we bought our tickets and got into the first seat of the car . . ."

Hall held his breath for a moment, then let it out, slowly. As he relived the episode, he found that it was easier to stay awake. Much easier.

"That," he said, "was the end of the first dream. I woke up sweating and trembling, and thought about it most of the day, wondering where it had all come from. I'd only been to Venice Pier once in my life, with my mother. Years ago. But that night, just as it'd happened with the serials, the dream picked up exactly where it had left off. We were settling into the seat. Rough leather, cracked and peeling, I recall. The grab-bar iron, painted black, the paint rubbed away in the center.

"I tried to get out, thinking, 'Now's the time to do it; do it now or you'll be too late!' But the girl held me, and whispered to me. We'd be together, she said. Close together. If I'd do this one thing for her, she'd belong to me. 'Please! Please!' she begged. Then the car started. A little jerk; the kids beginning to yell and scream; the clack-clack of the chain pulling up; and up, slowly, too late now, too late for anything, up the steep wooden hill . . ."

"A third of the way to the top, with her holding me, pressing herself against me, I woke up again. Next night, we went up a little farther. Next night, a little farther. Foot by foot, slowly, up the hill. At the halfway point, the girl began kissing me. And laughing. 'Look down!' she told me. 'Look down, Philip!' And I did and saw little people and little cars and everything tiny and unreal.

"Finally we were within a few feet of the crest. The night was black and the wind was fast and cold now, and I was so scared, so scared that I couldn't move. The girl laughed louder than ever, and a strange expression came into her eyes. I remembered then how no one else had noticed her. How the ticket-taker had taken the two stubs and looked around questioningly.

"Who are you?" I screamed. And she said, 'Don't you know?' And she stood up and pulled the grab-bar out of my



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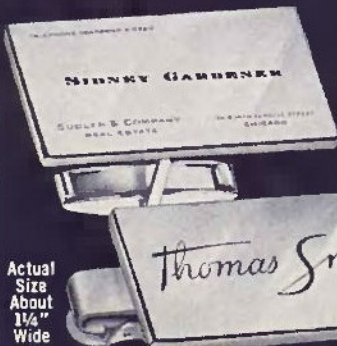
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hands. I leaned forward to get it.

"Then we reached the top. And I saw her face and I knew what she was going to do, instantly: I knew. I tried to get back into the seat, but I felt her hands on me then and I heard her voice, laughing, high, laughing and shrieking with delight, and —"

Hall smashed his fist against the wall, stopped and waited for calm to return.

When it did, he said, "That's the whole thing, doctor. Now you know why I don't dare to go to sleep. When I do — and I'll have to, eventually; I realize that! — the dream will go on. And my heart won't take it!"

The psychiatrist pressed a button on his desk.

"Whoever she is," Hall went on, "she'll push me. And I'll fall. Hundreds of feet. I'll see the cement rushing up in a blur to meet me and I'll feel the first horrible pain of contact —"

There was a click.

The office door opened.

A girl walked in.

"Miss Thomas," the psychiatrist began, "I'd like you to —"

Philip Hall screamed. He stared at the girl in the white nurse's uniform and took a step backward. "Oh, Christ! No!"

"Mr. Hall, this is my receptionist, Miss Thomas."

"No," Hall cried. "It's her. It is! And I know who she is now, God save me! I know who she is!"

The girl in the white uniform took a tentative step into the room.

Hall screamed again, threw his hands over his face, turned and tried to run.

A voice called, "Stop him!"

Hall felt the sharp pain of the sill against his knee, realized in one hideous moment what was happening. Blindly he reached out, grasping. But it was too late. As if drawn by a giant force, he tumbled through the open window, out into the cold clear air.

"Hall!"

All the way down, all the long and endless way down past the 13 floors to the gray, unyielding, hard concrete, his mind worked; and his eyes never closed . . .

"I'm afraid he's dead," the psychiatrist said, removing his fingers from Hall's wrist.

The girl in the white uniform made a little gasping sound. "But," she said, "only a minute ago, I saw him, and he was —"

"I know. It's funny; when he came in, I told him to sit down. He did. And in less than two seconds he was asleep. Then he gave that yell you heard and . . ."

"Heart attack?"

"Yes." The psychiatrist rubbed his cheek thoughtfully. "Well," he said. "I guess there are worse ways to go. At least he died peacefully."



VERITIES OF VINO

(continued from page 44)

interests to occupy his mind. The whole matter of vintages, too, can cause frustrated annoyance—if it doesn't bore one into turning away at once. It's far easier—and perfectly adequate—to remember merely this: the best French reds and whites are deemed by most connoisseurs to be the best in the world; German whites from the Rhine and Moselle districts have a unique, fruity fragrance; Italian wines tend to be hearty and earthy; Spain is famed for its sherry, and Portugal for its port. Any wine merchant worthy of the name—and most liquor stores—can provide you with a vintage chart showing the gradings of a variety of wines by vintages, the years in which the grapes were picked and the wines laid down. Most of them, too, have handy leaflets which are capsule guides to the major wines of Europe and America, and their various uses. But reading—here or elsewhere—can't substitute for tasting.

Best bet—if you're a novice or have only a small and random collection of wines at home—is to start right out now with the laying down of a basic wine cellar. This will equip you to serve yourself and your guests adequately and will provide enough variety so that you can determine by experience which wines and which brands please you most. You can then expand on your basic cellar to build it into something about which you can feel a modest pride. Then you can go the further step and really lay in a gourmet's selection. Suggestions for all three cellars, prepared for PLAYBOY by Mr. Julius Wile, Chairman of the Table Wine Committee of the National Association of Alcoholic Beverage Importers, Inc., follow shortly. You will see that the minimum cellar can be yours for less than \$50, the modest one for about \$100, and the munificent collection for less than \$400.

But before we get to these, let's settle the domestic-versus-imported question—thereby earning the undying enmity of zealots and partisans on either side.

The purist among adherents of the imports denies flatly that domestics are comparable. He says, in effect, "Drink a California or a New York white wine if you wish, but for the love of Bacchus, don't call it Sauterne or Chablis: it's not."

The patriotic American wine lover says, "Climate, soil, vines and all other elements which go into the making of wine are as good here, or better, and domestic wines excell over imports not only in price but in quality, too. Sure, there are some fine imports, many of them. But they can't top the best domestic product."

We know one chap who made a sort of rule for himself in this matter: for daily consumption, he bought the best

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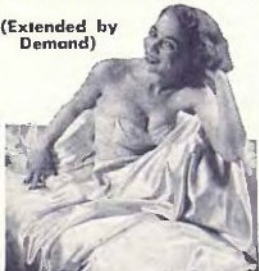
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domestics; for special occasions, the finest imports. He was virtually exiled by friends on opposite sides of the controversy, since his compromise pleased neither, but only succeeded in outraging both; yet in our estimation his notion's not a bad one.

We, ourself, formed our opinion from a consideration of all claims, tempered somewhat by the results of a national blindfold-type test conducted recently: In this tasting test, with all identification of sources concealed, experts and laymen gave a slight edge to domestic clarets, sherries, burgundies, sauternes and champagnes. The European Rosé, Rhine and Chablis rated a bit ahead of the domestic. But far be it from us to go with the herd, or to dismiss the psychological importance of the foreign label and appellation, and the knowledge that what one is drinking has tradition and prestige going for it. If price is no object (domestics average very roughly less than half the cost of imports) and if you are sure the wine you're getting is the best of its kind (there are plenty of lousy imported wines around in handsome and impressive bottles), you may safely gratify your impulse toward prestige by going for the foreign labels. Later, when you have become a connoisseur, when you can detect subtleties of flavor and aroma and color, you won't be buying by country of origin anyway, but by your own highly developed discrimination.

Apropos the imports: some of the best foreign wines (perhaps the very ones that thrilled you on your European trip) don't travel well; and age alone is no criterion in the selection of wines. Some wines — especially champagne — cease to improve with age after a certain point and give way to senility. Champagne, which takes up to a half-dozen years to qualify for connoisseur consumption, seldom survives its 15th birthday.

And a further word on the purchase and enjoyment of domestic wines. The California climate is so regular that it would be silly to establish vintage years. The designation "premium" on any California wine is your guide to its excellence.

The best way to buy your domestic wines is by area. The best areas in the United States are: the nine counties surrounding San Francisco, Los Angeles County, the Cucamonga-Ontario District and the San Diego District, all in California; the Finger Lakes region of New York State; and the Ohio islands of Lake Erie. The nine California counties are Marin, Sonoma, Napa, Solano, Contra Costa, Alameda, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz and San Mateo. Look on the label for these names and you'll be doing all right on the grapes.

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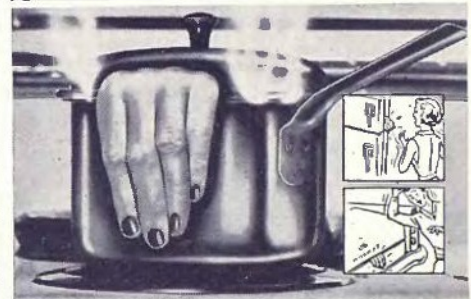
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All of which is interesting and important to know, but since we want to get you started with your wine cellar so that you can sip your way to *expertise*, we'll postpone further pointers to give you the three groupings mentioned. The sooner you get launched, the better.

Remember, these are *suggestions*; especially in the matter of domestic versus imports, you can allow variations within types, provided you have the advice of a reliable dealer. Prices are approximate.

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3	White Bordeaux (Graves or Sauternes)	8.25
3	White Burgundy (Chablis or Pouilly Fuisse)	9.00
3	White (Alsatian, Rhine or Moselle)	8.25
3	Rosé (French, Italian or Portuguese)	6.00
3	California Red	3.75
3	California White	4.50
3	New York White	4.50
1	Sherry (Spanish — Dry)	3.00
1	Sherry (Spanish — Medium or Sweet)	4.00
1	Port	3.00

THE MUNIFICENT CELLAR (112 bottles, under \$400)

6	Champagne (French)	\$42.00
6	Champagne (American)	24.00
4	Sparkling Red Burgundy	20.00
4	Sparkling White (German or Italian)	20.00
6	Red Bordeaux — Regional	15.00
6	Red Bordeaux — Chateau bottled	24.00
6	Red Burgundy — Beaujolais	14.00
6	Red Burgundy — Estate bottled	30.00

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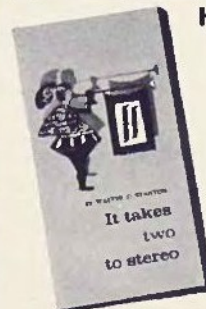
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barbary banter

ARE YOU A "NIGHT PEOPLE"?

We are, that's why we stay open until six in the morning. Some people don't really begin to swing until the wee small hours, and they're people we wouldn't miss knowing. Over there in the toreadors are three hostesses from The Gaslight Club—Jerry, Pat and Gladys. And that fellow talking to them, that's Owen Trayner, he's a night people. (There's a camaraderie among night people that makes talk easy—even among strangers.) The handsome dark-haired fellow who's doing so much table hopping? That's Herb Lyon—all columnists are night people. Herb wrote about us just after we opened, "... Barbary Room is an overnight click. The celebs have already made it their ayem oasis." It's true, we guess, but they're really not celebrities in the later hours—they're just our wonderful night people, like that little brunette joking with the two out-of-towners at the next table. Night people dig late hours, good food and good talk. Are you a night people?

barbary room

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CHICAGO



4 Red Italian	8.00
4 White Bordeaux — Graves	11.00
4 White Bordeaux — Sauternes	16.00
4 White Burgundy (Chablis or Pouilly Fuisse)	12.00
4 White Burgundy — Estate bottled	16.00
4 White Alsatian (Riesling or Gewurz-Traminer)	16.00
4 White Moselle	11.00
4 White Rhine	11.00
4 White Italian	8.00
6 California Red	7.50
6 California White	9.00
6 California Rosé	7.50
6 New York White	9.00
2 Sherry (Spanish — Dry)	6.00
2 Sherry (Spanish — Medium or Sweet)	8.00
2 Port	6.00
2 Madeira	7.00

Use will determine the rate and kind of your replacements. For further guidance: a bottle of wine (24 ounces) serves three to four; a half bottle serves two. If you average one dinner party a week, two large parties a month, and drink wine with meals, your annual needs should be well covered by 10 cases.

In the matter of storage: it's unlikely you live in a manor house with its own wine vaults providing ideal conditions for the maturation and keeping of wine, but you should do the best you can to approximate these conditions. Avoid sunlight, strive for evenness of temperature (perhaps of greater importance, even, than coolness—which is highly desirable) and pick a closet or cupboard where the wine can rest; that is, away from slamming doors and from other stored gear to which there must be daily access. Place white wines (which are most delicate) in the coolest spot (probably closest to the floor), burgundies above the whites, bordeaux on top. Never store bottles standing; as soon as you get them home, lay them on their sides so that the entire cork stays wet, which will prevent its crumbling and keep the seal airtight.

Before we get to the serving of wine, a word about your glassware is in order. On pages 42-43 you'll see pictured seven "basic" wine glasses. We put that word *basic* in quotes because, though it may strike some as heretical, we say you don't *have* to have that much variety: two sizes of stemware, one somewhat smaller than the other, plus champagne glasses and identical small stemware for port and sherry, will do the trick. If you doubt us, bear in mind that the great international authority, André L. Simon (author of a gorgeous and fascinating tome called *The Noble Grapes and the Great Wines of France*), designed one *all-purpose* wine glass for the august Wine and Food Society. But two or more sizes are a bit less spartan and add to the pleasure of wine drinking. Wine glasses,

the scotch mist

...merriest moor
this
side of leather

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4. Offer not valid in states where prohibited.

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CARMENCITA TORRES BROWNIE MCGHEE
ED MCCURDY SHELLY BERMAN FREDDY
HELLERMAN GINA GLAZER PEGGY SEEGER
GUY CARAWAN RAY BOGUSLAV ROBIN
ROBERTS SONNY TERRY LUC PORET MYRA
OJENIN WIN STRACKE ELLY STONE RICHARD
PICK PACO AMAYA DAVE SEAR KATIE LEE

THE GATE OF HORN
CHICAGO & DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO

of course, come in a bewildering variety of sizes, shapes and decorations. Our advice: shun the fancy, seek delicacy, good line, and above all, clarity; you want to see your wine as well as savor it. For the same reason, avoid colors. *Never* serve wine in a glass with a flared lip, which dissipates its aroma; as a matter of fact, a slight incurving is desirable. You can go for broke on glassware and crystal; you can also get excellent handmade domestic glassware very reasonably.

Serving of wine comes next. This is, too often, the realm of the rampant pinkie finger and it shouldn't be. A few simple rules will suffice to assure that your serving is elegant and thoughtful, rather than gaudy and fancy, and that your wine will be given its best opportunity to please.

The day of the 14-course dinner, each "progress" with its special wine, is over. The usual practice calls for one or two wines with each meal. If it's one, it makes good sense to observe the old rule concerning red or white (with the main course determining the choice) for the simple reason that a hearty roast beef, for example, would clobber the delicate flavor of sauterne, whereas a burgundy would survive, and complement the meat. Conversely, the burgundy would overwhelm a delicate pompano. If you are serving more than one wine, it's a good notion to progress from dry to sweet, from light to heavy, from young to old. Not because that's a rule, but because experience suggests this is the road to greater enjoyment.

You may serve from the bottle or from a decanter. Some authorities frown on decanting, some favor it. (We know one connoisseur who not only decants his vintage reds but filters them, too; claims this is the surest way to clarify them and aerate them at the same time.) The sediment in imports is their pedigree, but it tastes like hell, so if you don't decant, then pour with care and stop the moment you suspect the sediment's roiled the clear wine. And try not to disturb wines en route from cellar to table and while drawing the cork.

In serving, pour a bit of wine into your own glass first, sample it, then if you're satisfied with it, fill the glasses of your guests (half to two-thirds full) and then your own. Pour slowly, to avoid backwash, and stop at the first sign of sediment.

Chill your whites and rosés a few hours before serving. Bring your reds to the serving room an hour or so before they're to be used, draw the cork, let them get to the temperature of the room gradually — unless it's a hot room; too-warm red wine is as unpalatable as too-cold.

"Wine," says Christopher Morley, "opens the heart, warms the shy poet hidden in the cage of the ribs."



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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

ADVENTURESOME SCHUSSERS anxious to glim and test firsthand the features of the 49th state are in for a treat. Aside from the sadly overlooked ski regions of Alaska, which are great, you'll discover that Alaska in winter is a romantically knocked-out place: where else can you watch the northern lights flaming and crackling over a moon-blued snow field, or partake of the dog-sled taxi that delivers you from the airport to Fort Yukon after a low-level hop there in a ski-equipped bush plane? And Arctic Valley, near Anchorage, is now thoroughly cosmopolitan, much patronized by, among others, Scandinavian and French airline crews on layovers from transpolar flights. Which makes us think of blazing fires, hot tom and jerries and those luscious stewardesses looking for things to do. Round trip from Seattle sets you back \$165 by air.

For sopping up the sunshine sans snow, one of our favorite romping spots is Jamaica's Tower Isle Hotel at Ocho Rios. Sitting in the sun on the fashionable north coast, Tower Isle is consistently crisscrossed by crisp trade winds, is perched elegantly on the shore of the dazzlingly blue Caribbean and offers what is probably the grandest grub on the island (including breakfast on your private patio). Other amenities abound, too: skindiving, sailing, tennis, golf nearby, three bars, pool and cabanas, free-port shopping, deep-sea fishing, etc. Tell manager Don Bardowell that you're a pal of the magazine, and he'll see you're given a special nod. KLM Royal Dutch Airlines flies you royally to King-

ston town (from either Miami or New York) and we recommend you motor up to the hotel, a two-hour drive through lush and lovely mountain greenery.

At home, the formal fox-hunting season kicks off at Thanksgiving in Southern Pines, Tryon and Sedgefield, in North Carolina. Fear not—you needn't be a member of the hunt clubs to join the sport; visitors are welcome to follow the baying hounds—across green fields and into the autumn-tinted woods—with a gallant field of riders coursing over fences and sunken stream beds. It's brisk, colorful sport, and you can take it all in as an automobile-borne "hilltopper" without adding to the \$12 to \$24 per day cost of luxury hotel accommodations (American plan); if you ride to hounds, \$15 to \$20 will cover the cost of cap fee and horse hire for a day's sport. There's superb golf at all three of the resorts, too, and the hunt country is ideal for leisurely hacking as well as for vigorous pursuit of the fox. Or, if your own freezer's low on game, grab the gun case and make for Currituck Sound and Matamuskeet Lake and the Outer Banks in North Carolina, for wild duck and Canada geese taking their ease on these coastal marshlands on their tedious flight south. Lodges such as River Forest Manor offer room and three squares, plus guides, pooches and blinds, for \$19 a day.

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



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