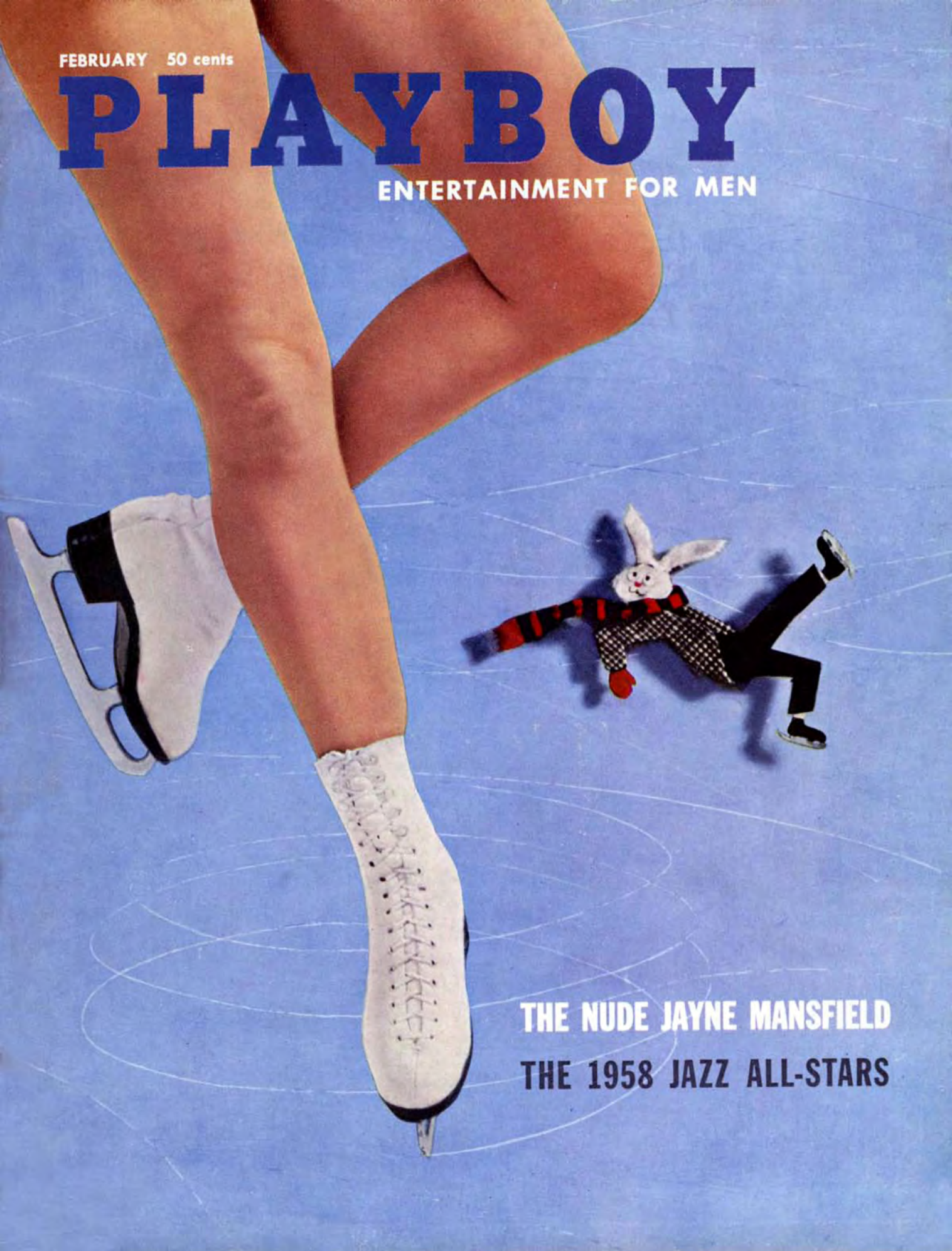


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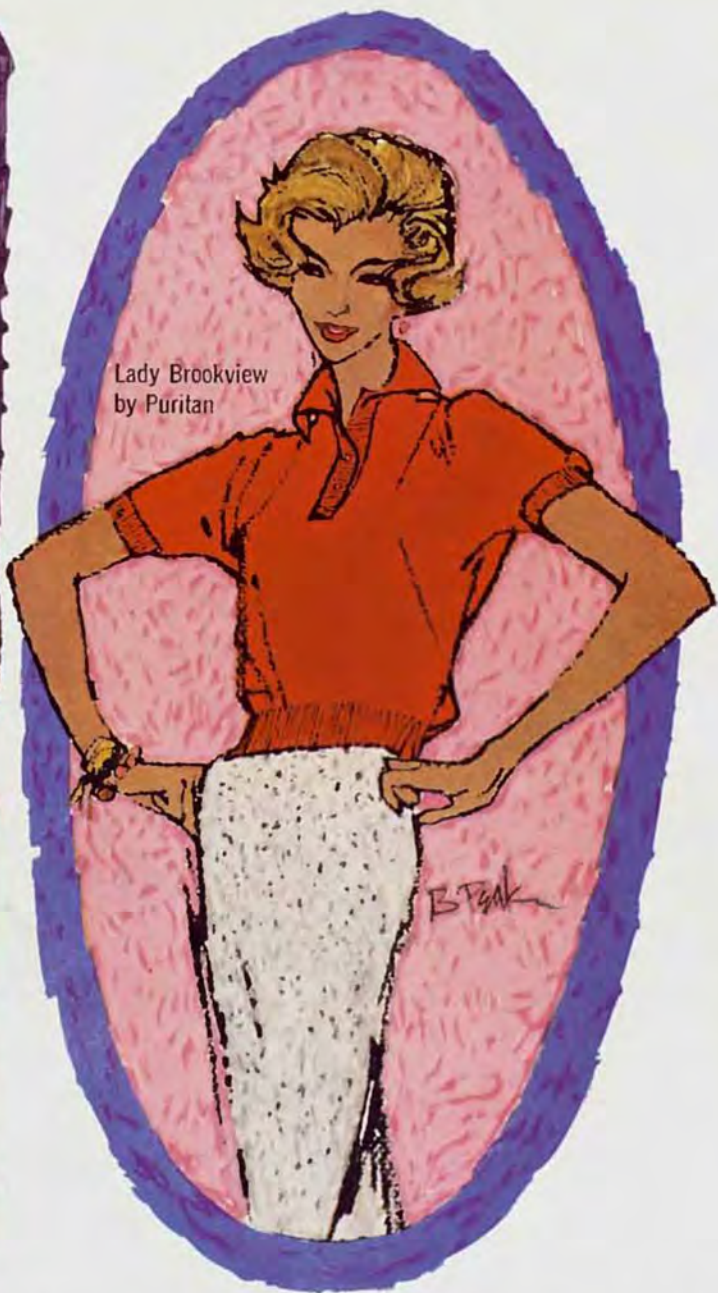
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PLAYBILL

WHEN PLAYBOY FIRST opened its pages to a popularity poll in jazz, the editors of this magazine were a bit uneasy about the possible outcome. No one was suggesting that the way to pick the best jazz musicians of the year was to pass out ballots to the million readers of a popular men's magazine (the primary purpose of the poll is to create a greater interest in jazz within the publication and it is an entertaining way of reporting on the current jazz scene), but the general level of the PLAYBOY poll winners would obviously reflect upon the magazine.

There were some strange sounds masquerading as music on the national hit parade; rock 'n' rollers, with more beat than talent, were the current craze; an incredibly insipid dance band had the most popular musical show on television. What reason did we have for believing that our readers had taste superior to a majority of Americans who seemed so enthralled with the musically mediocre?

O we of little faith! From the first few hundred ballots in the first poll, it was obvious that the PLAYBOY reader is a very special guy — hip, aware, sophisticated, discriminating, in the know. With plenty of room for personal preference, the overall results showed readers to be as sharp in matters of jazz as we already knew them to be in sports cars, food and drink, attire, and women. We want you to know what a very real pleasure it is putting together a magazine for readers who cast more votes in a jazz poll for J. J. Johnson and Gerry Mulligan than for any other musicians. You'll find the results of the second annual poll, along with a look at the year in jazz with Jazz Editor Leonard Feather, on page 35 of this February issue.

On the way to it, we wager your eye will linger over this month's leading feature, *The Beat Mystique*, in which writ-

SAFIRE



ers Herbert Gold, Sam Boal and Noel Clad dip into the deep-freeze of coolsville and come up with a penetrating and peppy triple-decker report on the off beat generation.

The Nude Jayne Mansfield presents the famous movie queen posed more revealingly than you've ever seen her before, in an exclusive portfolio of figure studies that may leave the eyes all but hanging from their sockets. No rest with *Periscope Up for a Pin-Up*, either — a special report on a pin-up contest link-



SLESAR

FONTAINE



ing an exciting new submarine movie with PLAYBOY's popular Playmate; while this month's petite and piquant triple-pager is ski-lovely Cheryl Kubert.

Fiction for February is, by turns, ironic (Arthur C. Clarke's *Let There Be Light*), heart-warming (Bill Safire's *Thank You, Anna*) and heart-chilling (Henry Slesar's *Examination Day*). Versatile Slesar has previously appeared in PLAYBOY with *The Secret Formula* and the anthologized "best short-short story," *Victory Parade*.

Crack craftsmen have been assembled to provide entertaining and informative articles: Robert Fontaine, lauded author of the Broadway hit, *The Happy Time*, tells us *How to Win Games and Alienate People*; Thomas Mario instructs us in the fine art of preparing that bit of golden gourmandise, *The Elegant Omelet*; Blake Rutherford has some tips on attire and accessories in *Jachetry for Spring* and *Linksmanship Illustrated*; and John Sack, in *Sic Semper Sikkim*, weaves yet another enchanting impression of a fascinating field afar. Altogether quite a treat for this month of valentines.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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PIOUS PORNOGRAPHERS

Bravo! *The Pious Pornographers* is long overdue and warmly welcome. Williams' table-turning in the verbal lesson on male anatomy will undoubtedly draw heavy fire from many of the Janus-faced females who blandly quote the *Ladies' Home Journal* as gospel.

Stephen E. Thomas
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Well, really!" I said to myself as I began *The Pious Pornographers*—but the sober expression changed to a grin, then a giggle, and finally the loudest guffaws my ladylike frame allows. Roses to Mr. Williams for his penetrating examination of the "sacred ground," for his courage (a forcible commentary to say the least) and particularly for a thoroughly enjoyable and remarkably witty bit of reading!

Mrs. Kay Brown
Park Forest, Illinois

Ivor Williams is a genius!
Marjorie Bosworth
Los Angeles, California

Many thanks to your magazine for having the guts to print Ivor Williams' article, *The Pious Pornographers*. I'm certain that I'm not the only female who is disgusted with the "ladies' home jungle." When I get an opportunity to read I far prefer PLAYBOY to any women's magazine because I want *entertainment*, not morbid old wives' tales.

Beverly Farmer
Van Nuys, California

Here in Fort Wayne, we were unable to obtain Ivor Williams' study of *The Pious Pornographers* except by subscription or by scouting the newsstands of Chicago and Huntington, Indiana. Fort Wayne's Prosecuting Attorney has set himself up as a *censor liberum*, ruling that any publication that treats human sexuality with the wit it deserves shall be sold only through such subterfuge. If we in Fort Wayne desire communiqués on

the war of the sexes, and reports on the even more interesting armistices, we must be satisfied with either those gynecologic transcripts furnished by the women's magazines (so well abstracted by Mr. Williams), or we must content ourselves with magazines of the sin-suffer-and-repent school.

Allen K. Lang
Fort Wayne, Indiana

I would like to pat Ivor Williams on the back for his article *The Pious Pornographers*. I laughed myself silly, but every word of it was the truth.

Mrs. Charles Strudwick
Dillon, Montana

My loathsome case of acute interrogatory anteflexion was transformed into erotic exclamatory gratification upon reading Ivor Williams' *The Pious Pornographers*.

M. H. Stonham, Jr.
Los Angeles, California

Bravo! Hooray for Ivor Williams! I have never read anything which said what I've always wanted to say, so much better than I could ever say it.

Dan DeBuff
Ithaca, New York

AIRBORNE RABBIT

The men of Carrier Airborne Early Warning Squadron Eleven Detachment



India, are presently aboard the U.S.S. Hancock in the Far East. Throughout these many months at sea your magazine has served as a mainstay of morale. VAW-11 Det. "I" has come to feel a close association with your magazine; so much so, that they have chosen to me-

it's his world

After Six



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After Six
BY RUDDFKE

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AFTER SIX FORMALS • PHILA. 3, PA.

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SACK

Whatever happened to John Sack? Walt Blomquist Lakeland, Florida
When last heard from, he was in Sikim — and his report on that fascinating place appears in this issue, Walt.

FICTION DEPARTMENT

As a writer-director-producer of more than 20 years in the unglamorized field of industrial, documentary, educational and public relations film production, I was more than pleased to see our humble profession finally spotlighted in Stewart Pierce Brown's amusing story, *The Buttondown Boys in the Frozen North*. The guy has obviously been around our kind of picture business to a considerable degree, and in analyzing some of his characters, I wouldn't be surprised to learn that I have worked with some of the same people.

Lion Miller
Lemoyne, Pennsylvania

Charles Beaumont's story, *The Deadly Will to Win*, is the greatest. Hope we see more of him in the future.

Bruce E. Malch
Oceanside, California

I have just finished rereading Robert Bloch's story, *The Cure*, and sincerely think it is the best you have come up with yet!

Ted Steiner
Culver City, California

MARLENE

Miss November is, in my opinion, the most outstanding Playmate ever offered by your tremendous magazine. I have been a faithful reader of PLAYBOY over the past four years and to me she best exemplifies "the girl next door."

1st Sgt. W. B. Hayden
Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

Miss November was tremendous — the best thing in a long, long time, and certainly the best this year. I would enthusiastically recommend that you bring her back for another appearance very shortly.

Gene Adams
Golden, Colorado

I'm in love with Marlene — or could be, I'm sure, if I knew her better. She certainly is a refreshing change from the over-stuffed Playmates of the past.

Tommy Clinton
New York, New York

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8. Gershwin Hits—Percy Faith
9. Sinatra—Adventures of the Heart
10. Ambassador Satch
11. Firebird; Romeo and Juliet
12. Day By Day—Doris Day
13. Johann Strauss—Waltzes
14. Lure of the Tropics—Kostelanetz
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16. Oklahoma!
17. Levant Plays Gershwin
18. The Elgart Touch
19. The Great Melodies of Tchaikovsky
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"If you're
invisible, Merlin
—how come we
know you're here?"

"I thought I *was* invisible, Lancelot," said Merlin. "And get your hands off Guinevere, before Arthur gets an anonymous letter."

"Let's say we *sensed* your presence, Merlin," said Lancelot. "I'll make a deal with you. If I show you how to make sure nobody knows you're around, will you promise to keep quiet? One blabbermouthed magician around King Arthur could louse up things for me and Guinevere, Platonic though our relationship is."

"Here's the secret, Merlin—in this magic green squeeze bottle.* A squish or two here and there before you put on your invisibility-robe, and you'll never give yourself away."

"Thanks, Lancelot," said Merlin. "Now I'm safe. You two can go back to your philosophy."

**the magic green bottle, of course, was Mennen Spray Deodorant. Ends body odor. Checks perspiration. Real he-man aroma. Wizards use it —why not you?*



MENNEN

spray deodorant for men
the deodorant more men use than any other

Marlene appears under the wrong heading. She should have appeared in the section on gourmet dishes: no fancy sauces or dressing to be added—just serve as is! Delicious!

S. B. Kramer
Sunnyvale, California

Might as well put your photographers out to pasture. They hit their peak with Miss November.

Fritz Schmidt
Wheeling, West Virginia

LOREN VS. MANSFIELD

In your entertaining feature on the feud between Jayne Mansfield and Sophia Loren, you report on the Romanoff party given for Sophia at which Jayne unexpectedly "inhaled herself"



out of her dress. You mention that news photographers were present, but that photos of the mammiterous moment were killed. Not all of them—see attached. Is this photo worth a Lifetime Subscription to PLAYBOY?

D. Krueger
West Allis, Wisconsin

It is. And for a still more revealing look at the remarkable Mansfield anatomy, readers may turn to the full-color feature in this issue.

T. S. ELIOT AND PLAYBOY

Almost all of us here at Utah State U. read PLAYBOY—students and faculty. The dorms boast quite a large collection of Playmates. I myself have found occasional references to some of the cartoons and articles helpful as illustrations in my lectures; it's the best way I know to inject a little life into a study of Shelley or T. S. Eliot. The "digressions" usually turn out to be superior to the lectures, but the students are happy, so we digress right along. I have often regretted that some of the ancient and crusty professors

I studied under in the Forties were unable (or unwilling) to use similar illustrative material.

John M. Patrick
Logan, Utah

CORRIDA

I will go along with the assertion that Barnaby Conrad is "prolific," but I'm danned if he is authoritative. It would be pleasant to pick up a magazine without one of his tiresome eulogies to some broken-down bullfighter. Outside of the San Francisco gossip columns, Conrad has no reputation as a matador, although a walk through his bar in San Francisco would give you the idea that he ranks next to Joselito. Bullfighting is a sport all right, regardless of what Conrad writes, and the sport is all on the matador's side. Bullfighters fight for a buck, just exactly like Ray Robinson does; never mind all that crap about "tragic dance of death." Do matadors have bad days? Not according to Conrad. They are always majestic, tragic, magnificent. Maybe so, but I've seen some of his favorite boys turn away from the bulls and run like hell.

Ralph H. Baxter, Jr.
San Francisco, California

The picture of that poor bleeding dumb creature on page 54 is just too much. I've had it! Subscribe? Are you kidding?

Mel Kling
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I have faithfully read PLAYBOY since its advent, and your November issue reached a new high in my estimation. Of particular interest was Barnaby Conrad's article. I found his descriptions worthy of the greatest in the history of this storied sport. The very best thing about the feature, however, was Mike Shea's remarkable photography of that afternoon when the wounded El Callao was awarded both ears and tail by the presidente.

Mike Jabaley
Baltimore, Maryland

The item I enjoyed most in your November issue was *Corrida*, by Barnaby Conrad. It was exceedingly well written. I had the privilege of seeing El Callao perform in the bull ring in Mexico City while I was vacationing there in 1955. After reading Conrad's story of his current exploits, I only wish I could see him perform *now*. I hope to see more articles on tauromachy in your fine magazine.

John F. Herrera
San Francisco, California



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By **ALBERT DORNE**
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Do you like to draw or paint? If you do — America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We'd like to help you find out if you have talent worth developing.

Here's why we make this offer. About ten years ago, my colleagues and I realized that too many people were missing wonderful careers in art . . . either because they hesitated to think they had talent . . . or because they couldn't get top-notch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

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Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art — even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency — and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Helps Design New Cars

Halfway through our training, Don Golemba of Detroit landed a job in the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Soon after she began our training, she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office.

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk when he began studying with us. Recently, a huge syndicate signed him to do a daily comic strip.

Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson of Minneapolis was a clerk when he enrolled with us. Now, he heads an advertising art studio business and earns seven times his former salary.

Having taken our training, busy New York mother, Elizabeth Merriss, now adds to her family's income by designing greeting cards and illustrating children's books.

Cowboy Starts Art Business

Donald Kern — a Montana cowboy — studied with us. Now he paints portraits, sells them for \$250 each. And he gets all the business he can handle.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

Free Art Talent Test

How about you? Wouldn't you like to find out if you have talent worth training for a full-time or part-time art career? Simply send for our revealing 12-page talent test. Thousands paid \$1 for this test, but we'll send it to you free. If you show promise, you'll be eligible for at-home training under the program we direct. No obligation. Mail the coupon today.



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there's a Marlboro

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The Marlboro Filter. Cellulose acetate is the modern effective filter material for cigarettes. This unretouched photo shows the cellulose acetate in just one Marlboro exclusive Selectrate Filter.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



From a recent issue of *Punch*, we note a handy-dandy bit of scientific compression under the heading *Spaceupplement: The Busy Man's Guide to Everywhere Else*, and hereby pass on some highlights to Busy Men who may have missed it:

"What Is Space? Space is what everything else is in. It is all over the place. If it were not, there would be nowhere to put things. More simply, if Space did not exist everything would be all jammed up together in a great big lump. History. Space is very old. It is either shrinking or expanding, according to how you look at it, and either coming or going by the same token . . . Its famous battles have been described by Wells, Verne, etc.—but not, so far, by Churchill. Is Space Necessary? Yes. Geography. It is in effect a large body of room entirely surrounded by itself, and containing worlds. Principal exports are meteorites, radio waves, manna, and It. Apart from the occasional expedition by monkeys, dogs and mice, little serious exploration has been done, and several people on Earth have said they wouldn't go there . . . Geographically speaking, Space is different from practically anywhere else you can think of. Flora and Fauna. These occur mostly on Earth, a football-shaped place somewhere near the bottom left-hand corner of Space, and include women and mushrooms . . . There are no women on Mars—and precious few on Neptune, where the atmosphere is full of methane and ammonia. On Saturn there are 11 people shaped like bats. Their heads light up. Nobody knows their names. They pick their teeth. Conclusion. So much, then, for Space."

We let ourselves out of the office and into Chicago's Gaslight Club the other night to preview that keyclub's new Speakeasy Room, entrance to which is obtained through a bona fide telephone booth. We gave the password ("Joe sent

us") and were admitted to a Gatsby world of hidden beer-drawing equipment, bespangled waitresses and runky-chunk jazz being laddled out by a long-necked banjo, a medium-necked clarinetist and a short-necked piano player who stood up while ragging. We were told that the place was raided every hour on the hour, and it was. Our Scotch came in white crockery cups and we lit our filter tips with book matches labeled "North Rush Street Tax Payers Protective League." Then we patted a waitress on the bottom, said this was really the bee's knees and walked back out through the phone booth.

A buddy of ours, a grizzly fellow bathed in *tristesse* over the deterioration of world events, has decided to get out his own LP titled *Music for World War III*. Two of the tunes are firmed up as of this writing: *I Remember New York* and *Where Were You When the Fall-Out Fell?*

Funny marquee combinations will be with us as long as the double feature endures. Some recent, and choice, couplings: *Love in the Afternoon* and *An Affair to Remember*; *The Golden Virgin* and *Something of Value*; *This Could Be the Night* and *Friendly Persuasion*; *It Happened in the Park* and *Oh Men! Oh Women!*

BOOKS

Our five-foot shelf of jazz tomes sprouted four more inches this month: *The Jazz Makers* (Rinehart, \$4.95) comprises 21 lengthy portraits of catalytic jazz giants ranging from Jelly Roll Morton and Baby Dodds to Dizzy Gillespie and Benny Goodman. Co-editors Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff share in

the writing, as do the knowledgeable likes of Orrin Keepnews, John S. Wilson, Charles Edward Smith and our own Leonard Feather. (The Feather piece on Duke Ellington is an expansion of a feature that appeared in the November '57 PLAYBOY.) In the cases of men about whom almost everything has already been documented, one feels that the writers had to strain to find a new approach, but several of the chapters, notably Hentoff's study of Lester Young and the sensitive Keepnews tributes to Tatum and Bird, come off just fine . . . Leonard Feather has the field to himself in *The Book of Jazz* (Horizon, \$3.95), a text entirely different in approach from his *Encyclopedia* and *Yearbook*. After a series of interviews with some of jazz's venerables (in which he proves that jazz was *not* born in New Orleans), and a unique chapter that details the history of Jim Crow in jazz, Feather serves up a round of chapters titled *The Piano*, *The Trumpet*, *The Tenor Saxophone*, etc., which deal succinctly with each instrument's big men and major developments. For many, though, the most intriguing chapter will be *The Anatomy of Improvisation*, which puts 15 jazzmen under the microscope for the first time, printing the notes of solos and analyzing in detail just what makes Benny run—and Lester, and Teddy, and a dozen more—and why they hit us in our emotional solar plexus. The final chapter, *Jazz in 1984*, has 10 men (Duke, Satchmo, John Lewis, Giuffrè, Gillespie, Woody Herman, etc.) gazing into 10 crystal balls.

The hip, hilarious series of Shepherd Mead essays on succeeding with women without really trying, which first saw the light of day in PLAYBOY, have been attractively gathered together in book form (*How to Succeed with Women Without Really Trying*, Ballantine, \$2.95), together

NEWPORT ON RECORD



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 MG V-8245 Gospel Singing at Newport with The Back Home Choir and The Drinkard Singers

with the knowing illustrations by Claude which were also first published in these pages. PLAYBOY readers will remember such chapters as "How to Select the First Wife," "How to Select the Second Wife," "The Dream House and How to Avoid It," "Conceiving Can Be Fun," etc. The book is a slick job of rendering permanent for the male's private library this dastard's guide to the birds and bees.

"Freedom from fashion is equaled by freedom in sex; the pregnant girl could claim that Zeus had seduced her on a mountainside when her partner might have been a youthful shepherd—and what would have been a bastard in other circumstances became the son of a god in ancient Greece. Naked boys and girls run races and take part in outdoor sports together; and the healthy physique and well-developed limbs of the Greek girls, as well as their exiguous garments, bear a striking resemblance to those of the girls of the 20th Century." So says Madge Garland, by way of opening her book, *The Changing Face of Beauty* (Barrows, \$10), a posh panorama of fickle fashions in feminine fetchingness that boasts more than 400 pix, spans 4000 years—from the bare-breasted belles of ancient Minoa to our own occasionally bare-breasted Ekberg and Monroe. A handsome, comprehensive, entertaining, good-for-browsing book on an ever-fascinating subject. Paradoxically, it is a comely behind, not a face, that is most prominent on *Face's* dust jacket.

The idea for John Brooks' *The Man Who Broke Things* (Harper, \$3.95) just might have been suggested by the fairly recent Wollson vs. Montgomery Ward proxy war, and there are few themes more fascinating than the behind-the-scenes skulduggery, back-knifing and stock manipulations capable of making or unmaking fabulous fortunes overnight. The "Man" in the novel's title is a well-heeled heel, a Wall Street overlord whose hobby is picking up ailing companies at bargain prices, syphoning off the cash in the treasury in the form of unwarranted dividends, then dumping the near-to-death firms like empty wine bottles. A bitter proxy battle for the control of an old-line mail order chain is carried to a triumphant finish by the robber baron, but in the swirl of ticker tape and Bromo Seltzers he loses his daughter, his mistress and the respect of a bright young guy he has betrayed. The writing is fresh and incisive, though the story continuity is disrupted occasionally by an annoying series of flashbacks. And the moral is far from new. What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Well, for one thing, he doesn't have to face that



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RECORDS

The pic on the liner of *The Poll Winners* (Contemporary 3535) shows Ray Brown, Barney Kessel and Shelly Manne grinning their heads off. Reason: the three were winners in the 1956-57 *PLAYBOY*, *Down Beat* and *Metronome* polls. (Elsewhere in this issue, you'll see they did it again this time around as far as *PLAYBOY*'s readers are concerned.) Pyrotechnics are gratifyingly absent in this disc; the guitar, bass and drums make delightful and intricate music (intricate but not that overdone musical embroidery which is too often supposed to be the hallmark of modern jazz) and great charm and good taste characterize the playing on every band. Listen to Kessel's *Minor Mood* as this trio renders it, or Ellington's *Satin Doll*, and you'll realize you're in the presence of maestri who love their work.

Like the film, the sound track of *Pal Joey* (Capitol W912) is the sole property of Frank Sinatra, even though the celluloid voices of Kim Novak and Rita Hayworth wail wobbly now and then. (Actually, though Rita has been prominent in movie musical comedy for some years, she has sung with her own voice in only one picture—a vintage bullfight epic with Ty Power titled *Blood and Sand*. On that occasion it was discovered that Miss Hayworth cannot carry a tune in a bucket and her vocal assignments have been dubbed in by another ever since. We don't know whether Kim's chords were used on *Joey* or not—the record label cleverly avoids the issue by crediting the vocal chores to the personalities in the play [Joey, Vera, Linda] instead of to the singers.) Frank has rarely sounded better than he does on the tunes added to the movie from other Rodgers and Hart shows (*There's a Small Hotel* from *On Your Toes*, *The Lady Is a Tramp* from *Babes in Arms*, *I Didn't Know What Time It Was* from *Too Many Girls*). The censors snipped some of the most charming lines from *Bewitched*, sung once by Frank and again by "Rita" ("Couldn't sleep, and wouldn't sleep, until I could sleep where I shouldn't sleep"), but they missed one blue bit in the song ("He's a laugh, but I love it, because the laugh's on me"), probably because they didn't understand it. One of the dandiest ditties of the Broadway show, *Den of Iniquity*, was lopped entirely from the screen score, and even though Nelson Riddle's movie orchestrations are honey-sweet on the



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ballads, they fail to capture much of the happy, honky spirit that made numbers like *That Terrific Rainbow* and *What Do I Care for a Dame?* so much fun on the boards . . . Skyrocketing Johnny Mathis has delivered his third LP, cozily titled *Warm* (Columbia CI 1078). We miss the up-tempo tidbits that added such excitement to Johnny's first two albums, but this one more than makes up for that with a very even dozen beautiful ballads, beautifully executed by the most exciting new voice to enter on the pop scene in the past decade.

Last year's *Newport Jazz Festival* has been released on 14, count 'em, LPs—a heady nine-odd hours of generally impressive listening. The styles range all the way from early New Orleans (George Lewis) to the modernisms of Cecil Taylor, Eddie Costa, et al. One disc puts Ella Fitzgerald back to back with Billie Holiday, hardly a kind trick to pull on the present-day Lady Day. Our preference is for the sets by Oscar Peterson, the Gillespie and Basie bands (Verve 8232 through 8245).

If you go for the galloping brilliance of a good Baroque trumpet, then we heartily advise you to trot right out and pick up *Music for Trumpet and Orchestra* (Unicorn 1054), a near-flawless interpretation of the Haydn trumpet concerto, a Vivaldi concerto for two trumpets, and assorted airs, voluntaries and sonatas by Purcell. Soloist Roger Voisin, who tootles everything from an ancient E-flat clarino trumpet to an antique English Coronation trumpet, percolates joyously through some of the peppiest, most splendidly sustained music ever to tickle our ears.

Three LPs right tight in the hard bop groove are worthy of your particular attention, not only as exemplars of that genre, but for the fine sounds they deliver. *Dixie Gillespie and Stuff Smith* (Verve 8214) is a boisterous, swinging gaggle of tunes played in a way which should silence for all time those doubters who claim the fiddle has fizzed as a legit jazz instrument. (You might play the first two minutes of the Gillespie-Smith *Purple Sounds* for a babe or a buddy who's never heard Stuff, and ask just what the instrument duetting with Diz seems to be: you'll get some odd answers for sure.) A strong rhythm section helps Diz and Stuff along in such tunes as *It's Only a Paper Moon*, *Russian Lullaby* (a waker-upper in this version) and *Oh, Lady Be Good* . . . *Chamber Music of the New Jazz* (Argo 602) features the fresh and impressive piano of 25-year-old Ahmad Jamal, working with Israel Crosby's bass and Ray Crawford's guitar. Hard, clear, clean and happy music they make, de-

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ceptively simple sounding, worthy of repeated listening sessions. Of the nine numbers. *All of You* is the showpiece. (Our review disc had gross distortion — you might check out the one you buy with a quick listen at the store.) . . . Brilliant and dirty blowing, funky and hard, emerges from the paired horns of *The Brothers Candoli* (Dot 3062). Originals and standards — 11 of them, all arranged by Brother Pete — give him and Conti all the room they need to blast off. This is their first effort with their own combo and if it's a fair sample, the future looks great. Jimmy Rowles' piano, Joe Mondragon's bass, and Alvin Stoller's drums are right in there pitching, too.

A pagan suckled in a creed outmoded but far from outworn is contemporary German composer Carl Orff: he writes good, sound, uncomplicated music in the style of another day. *Carmina Burana* (Vanguard 1007) is a kind of cantata based on medieval Bavarian student songs in praise of life and love, Lady Luck, springtime and strong waters, sung with open throats in low Latin and lower German by the Hartford Symphony Chorale, against a backdrop of biting brass and thumping drums. "All that Venus bids me do, Do I with erection," the man says in *Estuans interius* (*Boiling in My Spirit's Veins*), one of the restless, rousing tavern songs in the group. In 1935, Orff (then 40) destroyed all the music he had written up to that time and devoted himself to music like *Carmina Burana*, music written for the stage, and, hence, for immediate and unabashed effect. The effect is stunning in this powerful performance — full of spasmodic outbursts — conducted by Fritz Mahler.

THEATRE

In addition to starring in *Nude with Violin*, Noel Coward is also the author and director of this flimsy little comedy. If that sounds pretty much like a one-man show, then you've got the idea: *Nude* without Noel wouldn't last a week. Back on Broadway after a 20-year absence, Coward plays the part of a blackmailing valet who is aware that his late and celebrated employer was a crashing artistic fraud. From time to time the phony inhabitants of the world of Art catch some exacerbating jabs in the familiar Coward manner, but for the most part the play is a precarious extension of a single, wan joke. At the Belasco, 111 W. 44th, NYC.

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What he'd do,
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Would put him through!
Up the trellis
And climb the wall,
Over the roof
To have a ball!
Through the window,
Across the floor,
He was so tired
He'd start—to snore!
Poor Don Juan,
His aching back!
He worked so hard
To hit the sack!
Too much trellis
And too many walls,
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That slammed on his feet
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tobiographical novel about his troubled youth in Asheville, N. C. Now, dramatized by Ketti Frings more than 19 years after Wolfe's death, *Look Homeward, Angel* is the first important and thoroughly satisfying American drama of the season. Not the least of the adaptor's chores was to condense a sprawling novel into a three-act play without sacrificing the enormous gusto of the original. Miss Frings has accomplished this, although she draws on only that chunk of the book in which the brooding, rebellious 17-year-old Eugene Gant, who was Wolfe himself, comes of age in his mother's seedy boarding house. Here, in the brief span of three weeks, is shown the fever chart of Gant's growing pains: his utter desolation at the death of his beloved brother Ben (Arthur Hill), his flashes of impatience with his domineering mother (Jo Van Fleet), his affection for his roistering father (Hugh Griffith), his first bittersweet love affair with an "older woman" of 23 (Frances Hyland). As the restless Eugene, Anthony Perkins is remarkably sensitive, and it is difficult to play favorites with any of the performers. When opportunity offers, each is as strikingly effective as the other. The script and acting, along with George Roy Hill's direction and Jo Mielziner's sets, make *Look Homeward, Angel* a brilliant theatrical collaboration. At the Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th, NYC.

A smash hit in Paris and London, Jean Anouilh's *Time Remembered* is currently repeating its successes on our shores. Essentially a romantic comedy, this Gallic fable inhabits a topsy-turvy world in which nothing is ever quite what it seems but in which everything makes enchanting sense long before curtain fall, not unlike *Alice in Wonderland*. The hero (Richard Burton) is a pale young prince who has been moping over the death of a beautiful ballerina who had accidentally strangled herself, à la Isadora Duncan, after he had known her for only three days. As an act of desperate kindness his slightly dotty aunt (Helen Hayes) hires a pretty young milliner (Susan Strasberg) to take her nephew's mind off his melancholia. There are times, as the milliner munches orchids and the prince tries vainly to recall what the ballerina looked like, when the tissue-paper plot threatens to tear. But director Albert Marre is able to keep his facts and his fantasies shrewdly in balance, and his stars respond with a trio of gallant performances. At the Morosco, 217 W. 45th, NYC.

FILMS

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crafty movie houses, foreign film distributors are making a play for the big cash from the U.S. mass audience, and to reach this audience, they are resorting more and more to the detestable dodge of dubbing. Their reasoning seems to be that the majority of moviegoers will have no truck with printed subtitles on the screen, so they are hiring disembodied American voices to spikka da English on the sound tracks. Dubbing in voices for foreign films is not new, but hitherto it has been restricted to Hollywoodesque trash like *Anna*, *Fabiola* and *OK Nero*; and occasionally a fine film like the French *Devil in the Flesh* would be released first with subtitles for the art houses, then with dubbed voices for the illiterate. The latest dubbed flick we've suffered through, however, is the third in the charming series which included the undubbed *Bread, Love and Dreams* and *Frisky*, and like them, it stars the irresistible Vittorio de Sica. *Scandal in Sorrento* is admittedly not as good as its predecessors in the series, but it is rendered well-nigh worthless by dubbing. It depends, for what worth it may have, on the high comedic gifts of De Sica. These gifts are roughly one-half vocal. When deprived of his own voice, De Sica seems, for the first time, hollow and hammy: the hack actor who has been hired to mouth the English words cannot "fill" De Sica's stylish, extravagant, Italian gestures and mannerisms. The effect is weird: it is akin to watching this refreshing artist trying to perform through a heavy veil. And — unlike subtitles, to which we adjust with no strain about two seconds after a foreign film starts — the dubbing is a constant irritation that persists throughout the film, leaving us with the distinct feeling of having been cheated. And it's not bad dubbing as dubbing goes: it's just that there is no such thing as "good" dubbing. Despite the attractive presence of Sophia Loren, we urge avoidance of *Sorrento* on principle. All together now: down with dubbing!

"An arrow in the conscience of the world," is the way Christopher Morley described Humphrey Cobb's novel, *Paths of Glory*, when it first appeared many years ago. Written in the white heat of anger, it was based on several true incidents that occurred in the trenches during World War I, where innocent soldiers were summarily executed for "cowardice under fire" to cover up military blunders of the French High Command. As a film, with Kirk Douglas in command of the beleaguered outfit, *Glory* is still a shocking revelation that pulls no punches till the end, when it goes suddenly soft and winds up in a burst of treacherous sentiment. But no matter: by that time the statement about the sinister politics of war has been made. Douglas, as an erstwhile lawyer defending his men, gnashes his

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teeth in his usual style and tears the passion to tatters. "There are times," he declares to a court martial determined to convict his men, "when I am ashamed to be a member of the human race. This is one such occasion." But it avails him nothing: the men are shot, including one unconscious soldier tied to a stretcher standing upright and lashed to the execution pole. Under Stanley Kubrick's two-fisted direction, it's not a pretty picture, but a courageous one that will rivet your attention.

The Bridge on the River Kwai is set — one war later — in the steaming Siamese jungle in 1943. The film agonizingly documents the saga of a captive British officer and his men as they endure next-to-impossible hardships while building the infamous Japanese "death railway." To cross the muddy Kwai, a bridge must be built, and the colonel (superbly played by Alec Guinness) demands that it be done *his way*, under the Geneva Convention. His quaint conceit is that the bridge must be perfect, as a tribute to British engineering. Meanwhile, a commando unit headed by a British major (Jack Hawkins) and led by an escaped American (William Holden) is advancing on the strategic span to blow it up. The end is a debacle, a horrendous holocaust that points up the utter futility of war. David Lean has directed the proceedings trenchantly, glamorizing only the stiff-upper-lip Englishmen, but even this he makes credible, and the film is a real nail-biter.

After the agonies posed in *Glory* and *Kwai*, those of *Sayonara* seem trivial indeed: the headaches encountered by the Yanks in fraternizing with, and frequently marrying, Japanese dolls. And yet, for the men involved, they were not trivial at all. The main story line follows Major Marlon Brando who, on leave from Korea, finds himself involved in a love affair with a graceful Japanese entertainer, Miiko Taka. The romance is at first a tenuous one, buffeted by the paternal opposition of the brass, a Japanese theatrical troupe that cloisters its actresses like nuns, and the presence of a let's-be-sensible American girl and her overbearing parents. To top it all, a similar romantic liaison, involving Red Buttons and another local girl, ends more tragically than *Madame Butterfly*. Despite, or probably because of, these deterrents, the relationship solidifies and the bittersweet outcome becomes inevitable. Brando, who can do no wrong as an actor, is up to his customary snuff, and the story (by James Michener, with screenplay by Paul Osborn), though blatantly sentimental, is not overly slushy. If you don't choose to take it too seriously, you can sit back and enjoy the

sights of Japan, especially the stunning sequences of Kabuki-type theatre and the all-girl review at the Matsubayashi.

The merit of a mystery lies in its ingenuity, and *Witness for the Prosecution*, adapted loosely from the Agatha Christie stage hit, is pretty ingenious. Charles Laughton plays the irascible English barrister at the mercy of a fussy nurse-attendant (his real-life wife, Elsa Lanchester), and though he is awarded all the best lines, this gifted amateur (his wife's off-screen description) mugs rather than acts. He takes a case defending a younger man (Tyronne Power) accused of doing-in a rich elderly lady; Marlene Dietrich, still remarkably spry, plays the wench in the works. The role of the nurse-attendant, not in the Broadway version, was inserted to provide Laughton with a foil, since the accent of the play has been shifted from melodrama to comedy. The yoks (from the pens of Billy Wilder, who also directed, and Harry Kurnitz) plus the Christie-bred plot provide a sporty couple of hours.

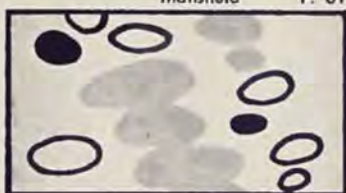
DINING-DRINKING

A great welter of sentimental souls throughout Chicagoland took pause recently to face east (toward 610 Fairbanks Ct.) and lift a stirrup cup to the *Chez Paree*, currently whooping up its 25th anniversary as the nation's oldest and most durable theatre restaurant. The club got its start in the winter of 1932 when Sophie Tucker cracked a quart of champagne against the *Chez's* nameplate, pranced inside to start the first show and summarily declared, "Revelry is now in order." Down-the-hatch score to date: 210,000 bottles of Scotch; 261,000 jugs of bourbon; and 56,000 quarts of champagne polished off by more than 6,250,000 beaming patrons. What's helped make the *Chez* a midnight mecca for Windy Cityites and Visiting Firemen alike has been the club's continuous policy of big-name entertainment, plus a high-kicking, good-looking chorus line called the Adorables. Such show biz luminaries as Joe E. Lewis, Lillian Roth, Harry Richman, Helen Morgan, Benny Fields, Red Skelton, Danny Thomas, Betty Hutton, Danny Kaye, Tony Martin, Jerry Lewis, Pearl Bailey, Sammy Davis, Jr., Nat Cole and Ella Fitzgerald have done their stuff in the past, and the future line-up looks just as great. Food and fine wines accompany the festivities every night of the week, and it's always smart to phone for a reservation. How do we know all this? The *PLAYBOY* Building is just around the corner.

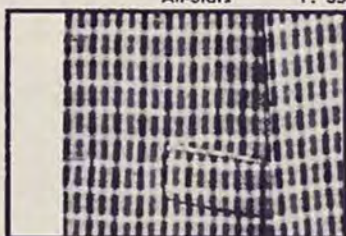




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PLAYBOY

THE BEAT MYSTIQUE

aspects of the new nihilism—frozen faced, far out, devoid of normal meanings

The term Beat Generation is an apt coinage to characterize the angry, roving youngsters whom writers like Kerouac have caught in print. But beat is a national phenomenon which knows no barriers of age—or economic or social status. From the dope-addicted frigid cat to the baby-faced imitator wistfully wishing he were vicious, the beat attitude infiltrates all levels of our society. It is examined here by three writers: Herbert Gold analyzes it; Sam Boal takes us to an upper-class beat party in New York; Noel Clad shows us the spiritual glaciation of San Francisco's beatville, a rarefied region of nothing going nowhere, coolly.



what it is — whence it came

BY HERBERT GOLD

IN GREENWICH VILLAGE a dreamy young beggar in a tattered Ivy League summer suit and a buttondown collar with both buttons missing turns on an uptown couple to ask, "Gimme a quarter for a Cadillac, hey?"

In New Orleans a pretty little department store model approaches a man at a party, takes off her sweater, then her bra, and says, "Let's ball, dig," — by which she means, "Let's try a new far-out sound on the hi-fi. If he reaches out to touch anything but the tone arm, she will say, "You're through, frantic boy. You are sawed off." He disappears from future guest lists.

In Denver a gaggle of young lads, not knowing what to do on a warm spring evening, steal a car each, drive them to the other side of town, park, steal a few more, drive back to the starting point, park, and then settle down to giggle about the confusion of the owners and

the police. Silence. Return of boredom. Yawn. Finally one says softly, "Pops, why didn't we think of picking up on some chicks?"

In St. Louis a girl and her friend, who used to be a drummer with a well-known quintet, both of them suffering withdrawal symptoms — he has been working to support their habits by pimping for the girl — beg an old pal to put them up with bed and fridge for a few days. While the friend is away at work, they telephone a friend in San Francisco, give him the bit, and after gassing awhile, suggest that they both just keep the connection and leave the telephones off the hook. Their friend won't get the bill until they are gone, far gone. Why do this to him? "He's square, so square, man."

In Detroit a hi-fi engineer clucks sympathetically at the plight of a young couple (continued on page 84)



cool swinging in new york

BY SAM BOAL

THE SWINGING IS SET for seven o'clock but since to be on time — for anything — is definitely not cool, no one will arrive until about eight; but then they will come, these cats. The chicks will arrive mostly in pairs. Once in a while a man will bring a chick but mostly the chicks bring themselves and so do the men.

You are entering New York cooldom, you are attending a New York cool swinging, a cool party in the upper economic echelons of beat. These are not the dirty-neck beat cats, nor the Kerouac cats nor the cats who are on "horse." The real beat cats spend their money for H; the Kerouac cats don't have any. But the cats that are cool, and the chicks that are cool, have money. They have education. They wear good clothes. They all have good jobs. These are the cool cats of New York (in their view the only real cool cats are in New York) and here they are, assembled in someone's pad ready to make the scene.

Some cat will turn on the hi-fi and in the very beginning it will be reasonably low, but someone complains:

"Man, I can't make that. Give it some head, pops."

The hi-fi will then be turned up. Its volume will be thunderous, titanic, bone-breaking. It comes at the cats and chicks not like music but like pounding shock waves. The cats can feel the music as a pressure, as a throb. The hi-fi, the highest hi-fi possible; a hi-fi that's high to the point of being agony is straight coolness. It doesn't matter too much what's being played, but chances are it's either the iciest, most tunelessly embroidered modern jazz, or something like *(continued on page 26)*



a frigid frolic in frisco

BY NOEL CLAD

THE PARTY WAS SWINGING by nine, not an early start by Coast standards; by 10 most of the people had arrived except a few stragglers, white collars who'd had tickets to the Civic Center Opera and had gone there either because they still bore a few of the fading earmarks of squares, or because they were so far out that opera gave them some snide, snickering kicks. The place was a ground-floor-through apartment on Green Street near Montgomery, in one of those unidentical, typical San Francisco row houses that stand shoulder to frame shoulder, tilting up the incline of the steep streets like a squad of drunken soldiers at attention on a ramp. Identical bay windows looked out, glazed by the street lights as though they were still afraid of the earthquake of 1906.

This was the heart of the North Beach area, some 16 blocks centering on the junction of Columbus and Vallejo, the Coast capital of Beat and spoken of — landlocked in the center of a city as it is — as "going down to the beach."

Inside, the apartment was bare, almost barren, as their places so often are, partly as a matter of economics, partly from ascetic choice. The five huge old rooms were 11 feet high so that even the crowd that filled the place from wall to wall gave it somehow an air of aloof decay and cerebral serenity. It fit that party like a glove.

The old fashioned high narrow windows looked down on people standing or sitting on the floor, for there was little of anything else for them to sit on. A bed in one of the rooms stood alone, on four bricks. There were some cushions and a number of boxes in the living room. Beyond that, a kitchen table set up near the door and loaded with a clutter of Marca Petri and various Napa Valley wines and a few bottles of Regal Pale beer, was all the furniture there was. People were drinking out of coffee mugs and jelly glasses and half-a-dozen maple syrup pitchers stamped White Log Cabin on the side. *(continued on next page)*

The walls were covered with canvases — the host was a painter — all of them large. A few pictures were reminiscent of Clyfford Still, with surrealist titles like "Angina and the Elders" and "Ode to an Ancestral Eye." One rectangular painting, about four feet by seven, appeared to be painted entirely in one shade of red. On looking closer it *was* painted entirely in one shade of red. "It represents the inability of man to affect his universe," a guest condescendingly explained.

Almost all the people were in their early thirties. There was a scattering of college girls from Berkeley across the Bay in their skirts and sweaters. And there were the few tough old professional bohemians in their sixties that you saw at every party, still talking up the literature of the Twenties or the socialism of 10 years later, but now affecting the beat pose of chilled detachment. Not too much detachment, though — that might suggest a cover-up for caring. Most of the people, however, were thirtyish.

Of these, about half were tricked out as bohemians, the pure stuff, complete with sandals, paint-stained suntans, work shirt, beard and clutched roll of manuscript paper. They lived in furnished rooms, usually doubled up with a girl, changing the room and the girl every couple of months. Most of them had *The Novel*, unpublished except for sections in the little magazines. Since the end of World War II, they'd lived on the G.I. Bill, 52-20, state unemployment, on-the-job training and a 200-dollar advance from Random House. Some of them were going to work now, in mattress factories and as color matchers, still unregenerated by the echoes of Madison Avenue. America still stank for most of them. Only in France — or Mexico — was the artist understood.

"I saw Dingo last week," one of them said. He was bald and 40 and serious, and always discovering what everybody else had already discovered. "He left the Trappist monastery. He's in uniform now. He's playing traps for the Salvation Army. He's still finding himself."

The other half of the people were the young householders, shaved, suited and pressed, with jobs in the publicity department of Bank of America and kids and mortgages in Burlingame and wives in L. Magnin clothes. They had edited college quarterlies and had had one story in *Atlantic*. But they had gotten tired somewhere along the line and sold out. The beat attitude comforted them somewhat — in a sense it's square to be ostentatiously different, or unsuccessful — yet there was a lean and hungry eunuch look in most of the men. Their wives, for the most part, were squares: they just thought the Beach party was fun.

The thing was, this party and all the rest like it had really started 10 years ago.

Half the people had gone on the pre-beat circuit, through Montparnasse to Rapallo, then to Guadalajara and home. (Half the people had gotten married and never left.) But they all kept up the connection. The talk was the college talk of 10 years ago, but so cooled down by now, so refined through experiment and adaptation and boredom that it was farther out than Betelgeuse.

"Miller was right," they said. "America is an air-conditioned nightmare."

At one end of the big gaunt room, a combo was playing pure harmonics. There were five musicians: guitar, bass, trumpet, piano and drums. Four of them were in operation now, backing up a heavy-set man with a beard who was reading poetry from a sheaf of yellow paper in his hand, his eyes shut most of the time. The spasmodic, cool talk died down a little while he went on, but no one paid overt attention. It was something about the carborundum of industry and the stainless soul of man. The bass and guitar chorded quietly, and now and then there was fretwork from the piano, or a blast from the trumpet to emphasize a line. "I have measured out my life in coffee spoons." A couple of people looked up and the reader's expression became apologetic. The drummer sat still. The sticks were in his hands but he did not move. His close-cropped black head drooped forward on his chest; his eyes were closed. He sat like that, for maybe half an hour at a time, at intervals all during the first half of the party.

At first, nobody danced. In front of the pianist, a cute blonde in her middle twenties had drawn her chair up so close to the piano she was almost sitting in his lap. She did not move her eyes from his face. He did not look at her. It was impossible to tell from her expression whether she was bored to death or ecstatic. She was a Beach girl.

Our host, the painter, was a tall, gaunt, emaciated-looking man, the same age as most of the guests. Among other things he had formerly edited a literary magazine and translated Genesis into Speed-writing and had helped produce a surrealist movie that was mostly blank film. He was a Dadaist, 30 years too late. He worked now giving lessons in Portuguese. He came toward us. A small Brazilian monkey — a souvenir of an exchange instructorship in Rio — sat on his back.

"They want tea," the host said. He gestured behind him at a bright-eyed, eager girl — a novice to beat — in whipcord tight pants and an expensive-looking white silk blouse, with Capezio's and a pony tail. She was with a very earnest-looking young man in a seersucker suit. "Another tourist," the host said. There was no timbre in his voice but there was a faint emanation of disgust. "I don't even know where to find it anymore." His brow wrinkled infinitesimally.

"They used to smoke tea or take peyote and mescaline out here. And dexedrine in the punch and all that jazz. But now?" He shrugged, infinitesimally. "No romance." He went out to try to locate his marijuana. The door slammed, shaking the old house.

We stood for a moment by a group that was talking about the problems of the anarchists. "Rexroth is right," a thin sandy North Beacher said. He clasped his hands together. His voice squeaked a little in very earnestness and the others looked at him, pained. "The anarchists must organize." For a moment he seemed to see he was getting enthusiastic and he drew himself down sharply. His eyes went dull. "It's all organization now." His voice was acceptably expressionless. The rest of the group looked more at ease.

"Anarchists organize?" a girl in a peasant blouse and dirndl skirt with Indian hair and enormous eyes, said. Her full lips hardly opened. Her eyes stayed flat. "Non sequitur. Even for the country's leading anarchist." She turned her head. "Your turn," she said, glancing at her watch. She got up off the orange crate she'd been sitting on and sat down on the floor. The young man she was talking to sat down on it emotionlessly.

"... was a faint kick," somebody was saying, faintly, evidently recounting an anecdote. He looked into the middle distance. (Nearly all those who did the talking were bohemians; the suburbanites did the listening, at least in the early stages. They concentrated on looking tired. Around the speaker were six or eight people. Nobody moved. All of them kept their faces slack.) "Up there with gin and benny pills. Some joy." The speaker looked particularly joyless. "Somebody said, let's make sandwiches. We made. Western Union messenger came. Asked him did he want a hamburger. Said yes. Somebody said, put ground glass in it. Did. Gave it to him. Joy." For an instant his eyes kindled the faintest light. "Western Union," he added.

"Who needs it?" somebody else said. There was a silence and then the man who'd explained the paintings said, "Where'd you get the ground glass there?"

"He had it there," the speaker said. "His brother was a picture framer. They use a lot of glass in the picture frame dodge."

"That's funny," the other said. "Having ground glass right there. I mean, having it right there."

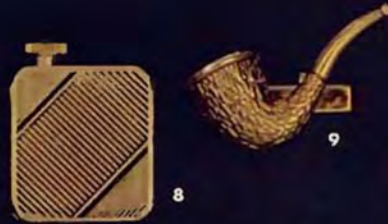
As the party went on, the tonal key went lower, its climate got colder. The combo became more disharmonic, lighter and lighter and more Mozartian-complicated until it almost faded but under the spurts of cool talk. The poet read again,

(continued on page 74)



"Poor Charles hasn't sold a thing in months, but I get an average of 20 offers a week."

LINKSMANSHIP ILLUSTRATED

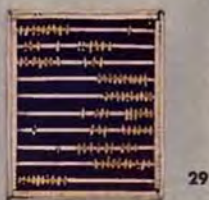


accessories

*the latest in jewelry
on the cuff*

THE CAREFULLY DRESSED MALE appreciates the neat elegance of French cuff shirts and dons them for out-of-the-ordinary engagements, be they business or after-dark pleasure. Knowledgeably, he eschews gargantuan cuff accoutrements, adding to his collection only those of conventional size and imaginative design, expressing his individuality (and announcing his hobby) by his choices. The links around us, shown actual size, illustrate what we mean.

1 14k gold martini with emerald alive, \$66; 2 Striped agate link, gold filled or sterling, \$12.50; 3 La Battega hourglass (takes 5 seconds) in 14k gold, \$60; 4 Renaissance evil eye symbol, gold plate on sterling, \$11; 5 Black onyx link, sterling or gold filled, \$10; 6 Watch works, gold plate, \$8; 7 Satin finish gold plated ball, \$8; 8 Gold plated music box (tinkles Stardust), \$14; 9 Calabash pipe, sterling or gold plate, \$8; 10 Playing card suits, sterling or gold plate, \$8; 11 Simulated gold twig, \$7; 12 Sterling or gold plated telephone dial with your number, \$10; 13 Gold plated spirals, \$10; 14 Bronzini brawn or blue eye in 18k gold with platinum teardrop, \$165; 15 Moss agate, sterling or gold filled, \$12.50; 16 Herman Garfield 14k locked gears, \$85; 17 Italian mosaic design, \$7; 18 Hickok chicken wire on gunmetal oval, \$3.50; 19 14k stock market bear and bull (not shown), \$90; 20 Destino wheel of fortune, silver plate, \$5; 21 Cartier 18k gold batons, \$125; 22 Sterling silver oil well, \$8; 23 Garfield 14k gold pinch design, \$74; 24 Cartier 18k link links with sapphires, \$170; 25 Authentic Roman coin, antique gold finish, \$8; 26 Jeweled Swiss watch, gold finish, \$14.95; 27 Striped agate links, gold filled, \$12.50; 28 Hickok rhodium plate triangular shape, \$3.50; 29 Michaud sterling abacus with gilt counters, \$25; 30 Sterling 35mm camera, \$8; 31 Jade amulet in silver, \$25; 32 Pioneer gold plated Jaguar, \$2.50; 33 Sterling or gold plated pirate's pistol, \$8; 34 Michaud hand-engraved silver pillbox for your Miltown, \$35; 35 Sterling or gold plated stock broker's ticker, \$8.



BEAT/new york (continued from page 21)

The Poet and Peasant Overture or some other hunk of corn, which is too banal to be exciting (excitement is for squares) and so square that playing it proves how "out" the people are who think they're "in" because they profess not to like it.

"Man," someone says, "don't think I couldn't dig a drink," and thus the swinging begins, the cats and the chicks begin to play. That's what they call themselves: players.

The host—or hostess—has provided the raw ingredients for the food, and may well have begun to prepare it. Cats seldom eat in restaurants; they're too public. There will be wine, sometimes good wine but more often comparatively firing-squad California wine, always red and always served cold, even if it is burgundy or bordeaux, California type. Red wines, the books say, should be served at room temperature, so the wine has got to be chilled, man.

Drinks, aside from the wine, will be offered but most cats don't drink much, or at least not on a cool party. (They drink when they go out with squares in restaurants and kill themselves later with laughter over the amount of money the Elks spent.) Some cats will drink beer and some, cider; some will simply drink water. Occasionally, they will smoke a little tea but not very often. To express a desire, or a need, for tea is simply not cool, man. To express a desire or a need for anything is not cool. Coolness is relaxation, aloofness, indifference, languor. This is the governing atmosphere of the cool party. This is the beat kick distilled to one of its essences, shucked free of the raging dynamism of Ginsberg and his poem, *Howl*.

The players mostly know each other from previous cool parties and they will talk among themselves. If there is a new player—cat or chick—everybody will make it a point to talk to the stranger, not necessarily out of friendliness but out of a desire to investigate. A chick will walk up to the new man.

"Man, what's your kick?" she says.

"Don't think I haven't got eyes for everything. I dig everything, man."

"Clue me, man," she says.

"Well, take you, for instance. I make you. You're strictly from crazy, but real strictly," he says.

"Too much," she says.

"Maybe we could dig each other the ape," he says. (Ape = apex.)

"Play it cool, man," she says, and strolls off.

The new player will thus have established an interest in the chick and she will, playing it cool (as she advised him to do), cut out on him. It is an elaborate courtship, or beginning-courtship, and it bears some resemblance to the instinctual mating dance of some kinds of birds.

Sometimes they use puns and word play. A cat will be talking to a girl.

"Don't think I haven't got eyes for that red blouse you're showing, man," he says. "Where'd you dig that?"

"At Yale, Daddy-o," she says.

"At Yale?" he says.

"Who said Yale? I said Yule," she says.

"Who needs jokes like that, man? Get off it."

"Never was on it, man," she says.

"Get off it, anyway, or you're neverwas, man," he says.

"Who said I everwas neverwas?" she says. "Who needs neverwas, man?"

The other players are similarly conversing, and though there may be plenty of chairs in the room, they will generally be sitting on the floor. It's easier to relax, to be cool. Chairs are for squares.

The host will not pass drinks nor in any way act as a traditional host. Coolness is total democracy. Everybody is equal. So if a player wants a drink or a beer, he goes to the refrigerator or the bar and gets his own. He will not necessarily bring a drink back for a chick. She gets her own. No emotion, no "please get me . . ." or "thanks a lot . . ." They have nothing but coolness. With sex tossed in. The chicks go to bed, though they'd never dream of calling it that. "Man," they'd say, "don't think you're not cool enough to make it with me." And they often go to bed in couples, or even three couples. There are no endearments, just animalism. And this seems to satisfy the cool cats.

They don't even have names. They have nicknames which they call "sick-names." The girls are called Space Machine, Spinner, The Spy. The origin of some of these nicknames is obscure but others are easier to understand. One girl is called The Paint Girl because she works in a paint store. Dale Dolly is a Greenwich water colorist. A beautiful Japanese girl student at Columbia University could hardly escape Geisha nor could a tiny, five-foot-one chick wind up as anything but Mighty Mo.

The men, too, have nicknames. A wholesale paper salesman is Cardboard Lover, a man named Blakeman is known as The Brakeman, and one older man, who let it be known (uncoolly) that he once was a cowboy, is called William S. Hart. Not Bill Hart but the full name, William S. Hart.

There are also inflexible conventions about the use of the nicknames. If one cat is referring to another the prefix "the" is always used. Thus one cat asks another, "Man, clue me about the Geisha." But in speaking directly to the Geisha you must drop the article: "Geisha, you're the almost."

The sentence structure of the cool

ones' talk is very often negative. The phrase "to have eyes for" means "to like," "to admire," "to want," in either a sexual or merely material sense. But the chick who has eyes for some cat would be uncool if she told him so directly. She would never say, "Man, I got eyes for you." It would always be, "Man, don't think I ain't got eyes for you." Similarly, if a chick didn't like a man she would never inform him directly by saying, "Man, I got no eyes for you." She would invariably say, "Man, don't think I got eyes for you 'cause that's nowhere."

This beat-cum-cool idiom is not easy to learn and it can result in sentences which torture the language. "To put down" means, in general, to depress. But no chick would discourage a cat by being specific and direct in her language. She would say, "Man, maybe you got the idea you don't put me down, but man, that's neverwas."

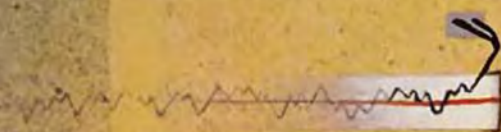
The cats' vocabulary is not new: the word "cat" is at least as old as early Louis Armstrong and the word "swing" is as stolidly respectable as Benny Goodman. But the coolest beat cats have somewhat altered the meaning of the old words and one of the methods they have used is the extension of meanings in a way which frequently and perversely makes communication vague. A chick may say, "Man, don't think I couldn't swing with you." What does she mean? She means she might be interested in bed, food, the movies, a drink, some tea, being alone, moving along to another swinging.

The phrase "come on" means, roughly, present oneself. But it is not cool to come on too strong because this is aggressiveness, the very antithesis of coolness. Nobody ever "does" anything. You "make a scene." Thus, a chick saying "I made this scene in this cat's pad," can mean "I met this young gentleman in his apartment." The old phrase "Did you make her?" has been changed, because "making her" is personal, intimate, warm. The cool cats say, "Man, don't think I didn't make it with her." The insertion of the word "it" cools it, depersonalizes it—and coolness is all. Or, as one chick said in describing admiringly a cat she had just met: "Man, he's so cool he doesn't even move."

Take that chick, Mighty Mo. Who is she? Why did she fly over here to this pad? How far out is she? Does she go?

Mighty Mo is 24, a graduate of Sarah Lawrence. She works as a secretary to an important TV executive. She is extraordinarily pretty (all the chicks are) with a Niagara of tumbling brown hair, soft brown eyes, a crimson slash of a mouth and a body that could be justly described as beautiful. She is a bright girl and a witty one, and she is glacially cool. (She once described herself: "Man, when I

(concluded on page 50)



Examination Day

you go into a room, said dickie's father, where there's a sort of machine . . .

THE JORDANS never spoke of the exam, not until their son, Dickie, was 12 years old. It was on his birthday that Mrs. Jordan first mentioned the subject in his presence, and the anxious manner of her speech caused her husband to answer sharply.

"Forget about it," he said. "He'll do all right."

They were at the breakfast table, and the boy looked up from his plate curi-

ously. He was an alert-eyed youngster, with flat blond hair and a quick, nervous manner. He didn't understand what the sudden tension was about, but he did know that today was his birthday, and he wanted harmony above all. Somewhere in the little apartment there were wrapped, beribboned packages waiting to be opened, and in the tiny wall-kitchen, something warm and sweet was

(concluded on page 30)

fiction By HENRY SLESAR



When the submarine Nerka moves into battle, the pin-up is patted . . .



At flick's end, exec officer Burt Lancaster is persuaded to pat the lady for luck, too.

Periscope Up for a Pin-Up

*the search is on
for a morsel to match
the mysterious miss in a movie*

A ROUND-BOTTOMED PIN-UP, typical of the cheeky cheesecake that cheered the servicemen of World War II, plays an important part in a new submarine swashbuckler starring Burt Lancaster and Clark Gable, and a contest being sponsored by the film's producers links her to the most popular pin-up of today, the *PLAYBOY* Playmate.

Run Silent, Run Deep is a story of submarine combat action based on the best-selling novel by Commander Edward L. Beach; the Hecht-Hill-Lancaster production is a kind of up-to-date *Moby Dick* in which Lancaster plays Starbuck to the Ahab of Gable. A prominent, if inanimate, member of the cast is a pictorial pretty posted on the bulkhead of the submarine Nerka and affectionately patted on the stern for luck by members of the crew whenever they are moving

into combat. "Don't go wasting it," one crewman chides another for patting the pin-up's posterior indiscriminately. "Her luck's reserved for battles, friend. She almost got worn out on the last patrol."

To help publicize the movie, the producers are sponsoring a contest to find the real-life girl of 1958 who most resembles the Nerka's World War II-type pin-up—most resembles her in figure, that is, for the girl in the pin-up is masked. Any girl in the U.S. is eligible and you are invited to submit photographs of local lovelies whom you feel qualify. Photographs should be good and clear and a pose similar to that of the pin-up is, of course, preferable.

Five girls will be chosen from their photographs and all five will be sent

to Hollywood with all expenses paid. A panel of judges will select the final winner, and she will receive a screen test and a contract with Hecht-Hill-Lancaster, plus the opportunity to become *PLAYBOY*'s Playmate of the Month. The panel of judges will include producer Harold Hecht, film star Rita Hayworth, columnist Earl Wilson, Fritz Willis, the nationally known artist who created the pin-up girl used in the film, and Hugh M. Hefner, editor-publisher of *PLAYBOY*.

Photos should be submitted on or before March 15, 1958, to Hecht-Hill-Lancaster, "The Girl They Left Behind" Contest, 202 North Canon Drive, Beverly Hills, California. All photographs become the property of Hecht-Hill-Lancaster and none can be returned.



... on her lower deck by the able-bodied crew members ...



... who are careful to conserve her for only the most crucial times.

EXAMINATION DAY *(continued from page 27)*

being prepared in the automatic stove. He wanted the day to be happy, and the moistness of his mother's eyes, the scowl on his father's face, spoiled the mood of fluttering expectation with which he had greeted the morning.

"What exam?" he asked.

His mother looked at the tablecloth. "It's just a sort of Government intelligence test they give children at the age of 12. You'll be getting it next week. It's nothing to worry about."

"You mean a test like in school?"

"Something like that," his father said, getting up from the table. "Go read your comic books, Dickie."

The boy rose and wandered toward that part of the living room which had been "his" corner since infancy. He fingered the topmost comic of the stack, but seemed uninterested in the colorful squares of fast-paced action. He wandered toward the window, and peered gloomily at the veil of mist that shrouded the glass.

"Why did it have to rain today?" he said. "Why couldn't it rain tomorrow?"

His father, now slumped into an armchair with the Government newspaper, rattled the sheets in vexation. "Because it just did, that's all. Rain makes the grass grow."

"Why, Dad?"

"Because it does, that's all."

Dickie puckered his brow. "What makes it green, though? The grass?" "Nobody knows," his father snapped, then immediately regretted his abruptness.

Later in the day, it was birthday time again. His mother beamed as she handed over the gaily-colored packages, and even his father managed a grin and a rumple-of-the-hair. He kissed his mother and shook hands gravely with his father. Then the birthday cake was brought forth, and the ceremonies concluded.

An hour later, seated by the window, he watched the sun force its way between the clouds.

"Dad," he said, "how far away is the sun?"

"5000 miles," his father said.

Dick sat at the breakfast table and again saw moisture in his mother's eyes. He didn't connect her tears with the exam until his father suddenly brought the subject to light again.

"Well, Dickie," he said, with a manly frown, "you've got an appointment today."

"I know, Dad. I hope —"

"Now it's nothing to worry about. Thousands of children take this test every day. The Government wants to know how smart you are, Dickie. That's all there is to it."

"I get good marks in school," he said

hesitantly.

"This is different. This is a — special kind of test. They give you this stuff to drink, you see, and then you go into a room where there's a sort of machine —"

"What stuff to drink?" Dickie said.

"It's nothing. It tastes like peppermint. It's just to make sure you answer the questions truthfully. Not that the Government thinks you won't tell the truth, but this stuff makes sure."

Dickie's face showed puzzlement, and a touch of fright. He looked at his mother, and she composed her face into a misty smile.

"Everything will be all right," she said.

"Of course it will," his father agreed. "You're a good boy, Dickie; you'll make out fine. Then we'll come home and celebrate. All right?"

"Yes, sir," Dickie said.

They entered the Government Educational Building 15 minutes before the appointed hour. They crossed the marble floors of the great pillared lobby, passed beneath an archway and entered an automatic elevator that brought them to the fourth floor.

There was a young man wearing an insignia-less tunic, seated at a polished desk in front of Room 404. He held a clipboard in his hand, and he checked the list down to the Js and permitted the Jordans to enter.

The room was as cold and official as a courtroom, with long benches flanking metal tables. There were several fathers and sons already there, and a thin-lipped woman with cropped black hair was passing out sheets of paper.

Mr. Jordan filled out the form, and returned it to the clerk. Then he told Dickie: "It won't be long now. When they call your name, you just go through the doorway at that end of the room." He indicated the portal with his finger.

A concealed loudspeaker crackled and called off the first name. Dickie saw a boy leave his father's side reluctantly and walk slowly toward the door.

At five minutes of 11, they called the name of Jordan.

"Good luck, son," his father said, without looking at him. "I'll call for you when the test is over."

Dickie walked to the door and turned the knob. The room inside was dim, and he could barely make out the features of the gray-tunicked attendant who greeted him.

"Sit down," the man said softly. He indicated a high stool beside his desk. "Your name's Richard Jordan?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your classification number is 600-115. Drink this, Richard."

He lifted a plastic cup from the desk and handed it to the boy. The liquid inside had the consistency of buttermilk, tasted only vaguely of the promised peppermint. Dickie downed it, and handed the man the empty cup.

He sat in silence, feeling drowsy, while the man wrote busily on a sheet of paper. Then the attendant looked at his watch, and rose to stand only inches from Dickie's face. He unclipped a pen-like object from the pocket of his tunic, and flashed a tiny light into the boy's eyes.

"All right," he said. "Come with me, Richard."

He led Dickie to the end of the room, where a single wooden armchair faced a multi-dialed computing machine. There was a microphone on the left arm of the chair, and when the boy sat down, he found its pinpoint head conveniently at his mouth.

"Now just relax, Richard. You'll be asked some questions, and you think them over carefully. Then give your answers into the microphone. The machine will take care of the rest."

"Yes, sir."

"I'll leave you alone now. Whenever you want to start, just say 'ready' into the microphone."

"Yes, sir."

The man squeezed his shoulder, and left.

Dickie said, "Ready."

Lights appeared on the machine, and a mechanism whirred. A voice said:

"Complete this sequence. One, four, seven, ten . . ."

Mr. and Mrs. Jordan were in the living room, not speaking, not even speculating.

It was almost four o'clock when the telephone rang. The woman tried to reach it first, but her husband was quicker.

"Mr. Jordan?"

The voice was clipped; a brisk, official voice.

"Yes, speaking."

"This is the Government Educational Service. Your son, Richard M. Jordan, Classification 600-115, has completed the Government examination. We regret to inform you that his intelligence quotient has exceeded the Government regulation, according to Rule 84, Section 5, of the New Code."

Across the room, the woman cried out, knowing nothing except the emotion she read on her husband's face.

"You may specify by telephone," the voice droned on, "whether you wish his body interred by the Government or would you prefer a private burial place? The fee for Government burial is 10 dollars."



"Say, I thought there were supposed to be five girls here, Murphy. Murphy! Where the hell is Murphy?"

WHEN NAPOLEON tried to make his first omelet, he messed it up thoroughly and sorrowfully admitted, "I've given myself credit for much greater talents than I actually possess." Queen Victoria of England was much more realistic about the whole business. She attended a cooking school in London in 1873 where she learned something of the omelet before attempting to create one. Other rulers, too, knew when to pay homage to the omelet. When Leopold II of Belgium arrived in Mont St. Michel in France, and demanded that an omelet be brought to him and served right where he stood on the pavement, the nearby restaurant owner, Madame Poulard, quite properly and proudly refused to serve him. "Tell him he must come inside and eat with the others, or he'll get none of my omelets," she said, and the king yielded.

To be really effective, an omelet chef must be something of a show-off. The Poulard omelets owe their magnificent reputation not to any secret formula, but, in a large part, to the theatricality with which they are served. Guests are seated beside granite walls. The eggs are beaten with a fine wire whisk in deep bowls and then are poured into an oven pan with a handle almost five feet long. They are cooked in an open fireplace. Then the plump golden oval is turned onto a large platter and rushed to the table.

This doesn't mean that in order to call attention to your efforts you should try to emulate Blondin, the French acrobat, who once balanced himself on a wire 160 feet above Niagara Falls while he ate an omelet he had previously cooked. But you should make the presentation on the best oval platter or dinner plates you can commandeer, and you should be familiar with some of the supporting cast used to make an omelet colorful—the occasional small ribbon of tomato sauce poured around the omelet, the green sprigs of watercress for a color garnish, the extra

dollop of filling put at an open end of the omelet or the glossy sheen given to an omelet by brushing it with a lump of butter just before serving.

Alexandre Dumas, *père*, novelist and chef, was correct as far as he went when he said, "*Une omelette est à la cuisine ce que le sonnet est à la poésie.*" The omelet is, indeed, as brief and beautiful as a sonnet, but unlike the sonnet it's extremely mortal. You must eat it right away while it's still hot. Once allowed to cool, its magnificent blonde beauty vanishes into deep wrinkles.

An omelet should be light, but it can't be too much like chiffon or it becomes an airy bit of nonsense. The so-called puffy omelet, for example, in which the egg whites are beaten separately and folded into the yolks, is tediously dull and dry. The straight French omelet, on the other hand, in which the eggs are only slightly beaten, is as luscious as a Renoir nude. It's pale gold rather than dark brown on the outside, and semi-soft—almost frothy—inside.

Eggs for an omelet should be large, fresh Grade A, and (extremely important) should *not* be cold. To the expert omelet maker, a cold egg is as distressing as a cold woman. Take the eggs out of the refrigerator and store them at room temperature at least an hour before making the omelet. Use only the best lightly salted butter. You'll find omelet recipes which advise you to add milk or cream to the eggs; snub them. Actual tests show that milk or cream tend to make the omelet tough. A small amount of water, however, added to the eggs makes the omelet more tender than it would be otherwise, since the water retards the coagulation of the egg yolks. Besides salt and pepper you'll get excellent results by using a small amount of monosodium glutamate crystals, known variously by such commercial tags as Accent, M.S.G., etc.

Make your omelet neither too small nor too big. If it's too small, there will

THE ELEGANT OMELET

it is as perfect and as priceless as a sonnet



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DICK BOYER

be an excessive amount of crust. Three omelets of one egg each, for instance, bear only a slight resemblance to a single omelet of three eggs. Don't make your omelet too big or the long cooking period will toughen it and will cause it to crack when it is folded. A three- or four-egg omelet is the ideal size.

Be gentle with your eggs: beat them, yes, but don't beat them to death. Be gentle when it comes to fire, too: there's a knack to knowing just how much heat will firm the eggs without searing them. And have the stage set with the necessary props beforehand—pan, bowl, beater, spatula, butter, eggs and seasoning all within easy reach.

Ideally, your pan will be ripe with experience, a chef's-style pan with wide-flaring sides. It will have had previous affairs with omelets and emerged happy and bright—the type of pan which has never been washed, but merely wiped dry after each use. Most important, the pan must be big enough so that the liquid egg can spread sufficiently. For a three-egg omelet, a normal man's portion, the pan should be about 8½ inches from rim to rim. For a four-egg omelet the pan should be 10 inches from rim to rim. Should you be so underprivileged (or so young) as to have no well-seasoned, "cured" omelet pan, remedy the situation by purchasing the best you can find—at once. Most new pans come coated with a protective film and with manufacturer's directions for its removal and for the proper seasoning of the pan once the coating's been removed—usually a thorough greasing and then baking in a hot oven for a half hour. This seals the pores. Those handsome, provincial baked-enamel pans don't have pores, so merely need a good initial wash and wipe. Whatever your own inclinations, accord your omelet pan monogamous fidelity: never sully its surface by using it for any other purpose.

Stuffed omelets are fine for any time of day from the noonday session in the conference room to the impromptu after-opera supper. Light Bordeaux wines or a rosé, crisp French or garlic bread and crumbly aristocratic cheeses of the blue family like stilton, gorgonzola or roquefort are old friends of the omelet.

Here now is PLAYBOY's how-to for the basic French omelet and variations.

FRENCH OMELET

Into a deep mixing bowl open three eggs. Add 1 tablespoon cold water, ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon monosodium glutamate crystals and a dash of ground white pepper. Beat with a fork at medium speed for 30 seconds. Put a tablespoon of butter in the omelet pan. Turn on a slow-to-medium flame, heating the butter until it just melts but

has not turned brown. Tilt the pan so that the bottom and sides become covered with butter. Quickly beat the eggs a few more strokes, and then pour them into the pan just as the butter begins to sputter. Reduce the flame slightly. Wait about ten seconds. A thin solid layer of egg will have formed on the pan bottom. With your fork or spatula, lift the bottom layer slightly upward and tilt the pan, permitting the liquid egg to flow beneath. Repeat this step several times until the egg on top does not flow to the bottom. There will still be a slight residue of liquid egg on top. Spread this with a fork so that there is no pool collected on one spot. Continue to cook until the top is merely moist and frothy. The heat of the omelet will complete the cooking after the omelet is folded. You can, if you wish, lift the omelet slightly to peer beneath and see whether it is turning the proper golden hue. If necessary, step up the heat or lower it. (Restaurant chefs sometimes place the omelet under a broiler flame to complete the top cooking. If you do this—and it isn't particularly recommended—your broiler must be preheated and you must take the greatest care not to overcook the omelet, which will make it dry and tough.)

If a filling is to be used in the omelet, add the filling down the center and fold the omelet. Slide the omelet to the edge of the pan, and with your spatula, fold the outer edges inward, just as you would fold a letter for mailing. The omelet may resist folding. Simply hold your spatula in place until the omelet submits.

Even if the omelet is not to be filled, it should be folded as described. Then, holding the serving plate in the left hand, place the rim of the omelet pan so that the edge rests on the plate. Quickly invert the pan so that the omelet rests bottom side up on the plate. Tuck in the bottom of the omelet on each side to make it as plump as possible. Use paper toweling if it's uncomfortable to handle. Brush the top with a lump of butter. Add more filling at an open end.

If, after a certain number of tries, you still find it awkward to turn the omelet from the pan onto the plate, you can simply lift it with a spatula onto the plate and turn it bottom side up with your hands, using the paper toweling.

Once mastered, the omelet can be an almost unlimited source of inventive pleasure. It can vary all the way from the hearty Western omelet with ham and onions to the classic French omelet Celestina (actually an omelet within an omelet), the flat Genoese *frittata* packed with greens and herbs, the Burmese pork-filled omelet and the Chinese egg foo yung studded with almost any meat, fish or seafood in the world. The omelet

trainee should be warned when inventing omelet recipes not to use any old tired scraps of food. For these, use the nearest disposal unit, not the noble omelet.

Consider the cheese theme for omelet diversification. The simplest cheese omelet is one in which grated parmesan cheese is added to the eggs before pouring them into the pan. If you want a slightly sharper flavor, you might add grated romano cheese and a dash of cayenne pepper. If you prefer a more subtle blend of flavors, you could combine grated parmesan cheese with shredded Swiss cheese. If a more sturdy flavor appeals to you, you will use diced sharp old cheddar cheese scattered into the pan right after the liquid has set on the bottom. If you like cheese and bacon, cheese and ham, cheese and pimientos, cheese and asparagus or cheese and crabmeat, any of these embellishments can be most delicious. In the same manner, any other food of your choice can be developed into omelet fillings.

Foods in sauce, like seafood newburgh or creamed chicken hash or kidney stew, are spooned onto the omelet just before it is folded. Foods without sauce, cut into small pieces, such as diced ham, chopped peppers, diced potatoes, etc., are merely scattered into the pan after the eggs have set on the bottom but are uncooked on top.


Straight from its own omelet pan, PLAYBOY now cites five offerings toward which it is particularly partial. The fillings are designed for two omelets of three eggs each.

OMELETS WITH CURRIED CHICKEN LIVERS

Wash 2 oz. fresh chicken livers and cut into slices about ½-inch thick. Cover with cold water. Bring to a boil. Drain off the water and set the livers aside. Chop 1 small onion and 1 medium-size clove of garlic extremely fine. In a small saucepan melt 1 tablespoon butter. Add the onion and garlic. Sauté until the onion just turns yellow. Add 1 tablespoon curry powder and ¼ teaspoon chopped dried basil. Mix well. Open an 8-oz. can tomatoes and strain the juice into the saucepan. Chop the tomato meat coarsely and add it to the pan. Cook slowly until the mixture reduces to a thick sauce. Add the livers and cook two minutes more. Season to taste. Prepare two omelets in the usual way, adding a few tablespoons chicken liver filling before the omelets are folded. Spoon additional liver filling onto the plates.

APPLE RUM OMELET

Peel, core and cut into eighths 2 small sweet red apples. Slice the apple sections crosswise into pieces about ¼-inch
(concluded on page 70)



LIONEL HAMPTON, vibes

THE

1958

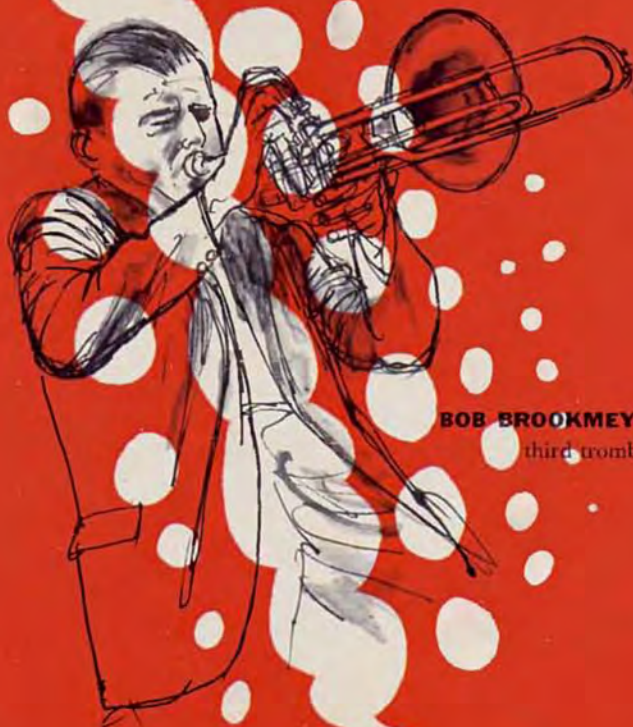
PLAYBOY
ALL-STARS

a look at the current jazz scene and the winners of the second annual playboy poll

by Leonard Feather

MORE THAN 25,000 PLAYBOY readers made the scene, picking their favorites in the second annual *Jazz Poll* for a place with the 1958 *Playboy All-Stars*. In selecting the top stars of jazzdom for this dream aggregation, readers proved themselves hip indeed; and comparing the winners with the results of last year's poll confirmed that the champions wear their crowns snugly and it takes a mighty effort to upset them.

The year between polls has been a big one for jazz — for hot and cool and all the schools between, for the very young as well as the very old: W. C. (St. Louis Blues) Handy was honored on his 84th birthday in a memorable, celebrity-packed banquet



BOB BROOKMEYER,
third trombone



CHET BAKER, first trumpet



SHORTY ROGERS, fourth trumpet



STAN KENTON, leader



GERRY MULLIGAN, baritone sax

at New York's Waldorf-Astoria, while a group of youngsters some 70 years his junior were blowing up a storm in the Farmingdale High School Band at the Newport Jazz Festival.

Trends? You could spot them by the dozen, because there was room, in this wonderfully expanded jazz cosmos, for styles to shoot off in every direction at once. Sure there was calypso, sure rhythm and blues kept rocking and rolling; but, too, there was the jazz-with-poetry kick that was shaking up the San Francisco set; the experimentation with new time values (jazz waltzes yet); the first presentation of a series of concerts featuring both classical and jazz musicians (at Town Hall and Cooper Union in New York); and

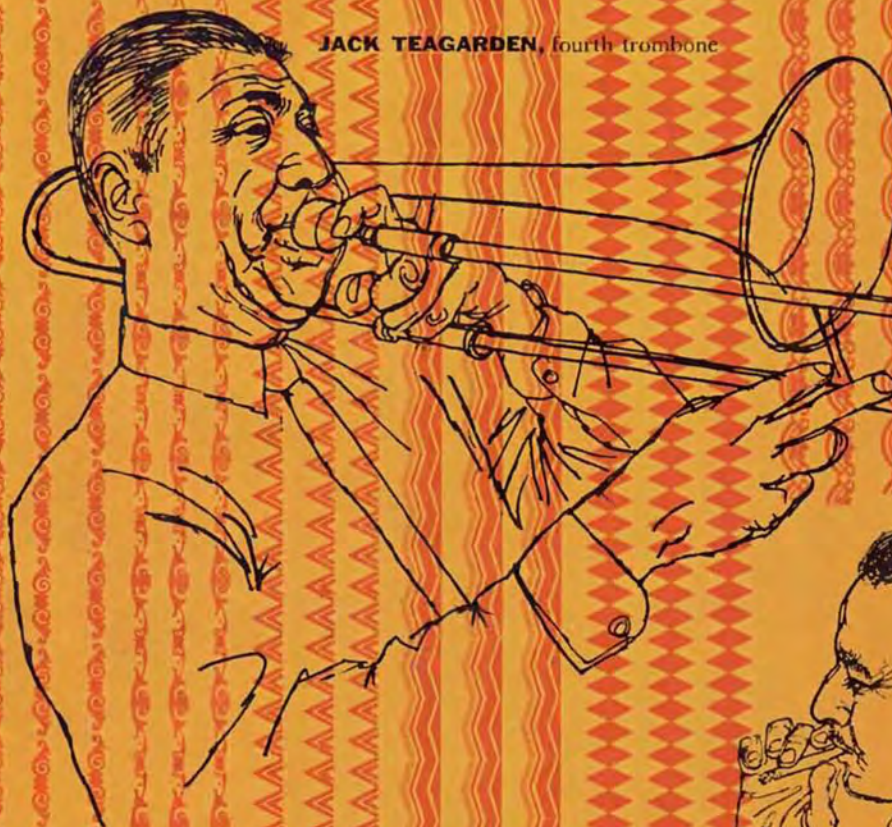


DIZZY GILLESPIE, third trumpet



J. J. JOHNSON, first trombone

JACK TEAGARDEN, fourth trombone



KAI WINDING,
second trombone



BENNY GOODMAN, clarinet



LOUIS ARMSTRONG, second trumpet



DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET, instrumental combo





ERROLL GARNER, piano



FRANK SINATRA, male vocalist



RAY BROWN, bass



BUD SHANK, second alto sax



BARNEY KESSEL, guitar

the growing open-air trend, reflected in such new ventures as the Great South Bay Jazz Festival, for which most of the Fletcher Henderson band of the Thirties was reunited; and Michael Grace's summer-long Theatre Under the Stars in Central Park that flopped with a variety of musical and dramatic presentations and was rescued by the week-around use of jazz.

As for night clubs, which trend you spotted would depend on where you were standing. In the warm light of Sunset and Vine, jazz withered, as almost every Los Angeles club gave up on it during the year. Looking from Sheridan Square, though, you could see bright new lights flashing on jazz, as New York's Greenwich Village became the new center



ELLA FITZGERALD, female vocalist



PAUL DESMOND,
first alto sax

STAN GETZ,
first tenor sax



FOUR FRESHMEN, vocal group



COLEMAN HAWKINS,
second tenor sax

for modernists, with places like the Village Vanguard, Cherry Lane, the Five Spot and the Half Note all offering the coolest in combos. On the other hand, Hollywood had its weekly tele-vised *Stars of Jazz* (with a sponsor!) and New York had nothing comparable.

National TV still toyed cautiously with the sounds. CBS used jazz stanzas on *Odyssey* and *The Seven Lively Arts*, and guests like Kenton and Garner on Patti Page's *The Big Record*. NBC carried the Nat "King" Cole show clear through the year, frequently featuring jazz-oriented

(continued on page 76)

SHELLY MANNE, drums



HOW TO WIN GAMES AND ALIENATE PEOPLE

NEXT TO LEARNING how to lose, learning how to win is probably the most important thing in life. I, myself, was ill-trained to win as a youth. I belonged to a boys' organization that displayed bravely, in glaring and garish colors, a motto: "He who plays the game straight and hard wins even though he loses."

Constantly seeing this statement emblazoned over the doorway to the gym did something to my soul so that when I was beaten in any game, which was tolerably often, I always smiled and assured my opponent that I had played the game straight and hard, so I won anyway.

It was only when I realized that when I lost I had to pay money to the winner that I decided winning was better than losing. It was, however, a long time before I realized something else; that winning technically was not enough. You had to take advantage of your victory and squeeze the juice out of it or the victory was not worth the effort.

For example: when I first became mature enough to win at anything I was so overjoyed with that knowledge that I became sickeningly gracious at moments of victory. As a result I nearly convinced myself, on many occasions, that I had not really won at all.

I recall the first chess game I ever won. I played calmly and intelligently and I mated my friend Arthur Busby in some 34 moves. Arthur was the freshman champion of Union College, as I remember, and not at all timid about letting the public in on the secret. When I asked him for a game he chuckled nastily and said, "It's really a waste of my time." This should have been a tip-off for me. Instead, when he was vanquished, I said gently, "Arthur, old boy, I was just lucky, I guess."

"You sure were," Arthur said. "I thought your queen was a pawn."

"You must have been thinking about your studies and not concentrating," I went on tenderly. Arthur smirked. "That seems very obvious."

I was still, you see, under the influence of my early training in winning; that training which bade me to win graciously and to make as little of my victory as possible.

The event between Arthur and me gave me thought. The more I dwelt on the statements made after the game, the more I began to think maybe Arthur should really have won, maybe I was



lucky. It was even possible my queen *did* look like a pawn. Consequently, my winning was not satisfactory. It gave me no solid comfort.

The next time I defeated Arthur I used a completely different technique of consolidating my victory; a technique that gave me much psychological satisfaction. As I moved into checkmate, that is, into a position that mated Arthur, I looked up and smiled a little crooked smile. "Arthur," I said, "have you ever played this game before?"

He blushed and glared at me. "Of course I've played before. I've played a hundred times."

"I don't mean with your sister."

"What're you getting at?" Arthur snorted, flinging at me the 25 cents I had won.

I shrugged indifferently. "I suggest you go back and work your way up until you're competent enough to give me a decent game."

There was widespread laughter among the spectators. Arthur turned pale. He arose, fell over a chair, stumbled against the wall, stepped on his own hat and then, flinging open the door, fled down the corridor. A solid victory, indeed!

I admit a certain lack of finesse in this play, but it must be remembered that I was a mere beginner.

As time went by, I believe I improved. I became more subtle in the sense that my post-victory comments were the sort that took a moment to grasp. They had a sort of time-bomb action. They also seemed to be flattering my opponent. Here is an instance: I was playing golf with Shred Newbury, our local champ, and I beat him by five strokes. As we went to the clubhouse for an applejack

flip, Shred remarked, "I was off my game today."

A good winner always recognizes this dodge. He knows from experience that if he lets the loser get away with it, there will follow a series of expanding lies that will eventually place the winner in the awkward position of being almost ashamed he won and of even wondering if he achieved his victory honestly. The correct defense is for the winner to attack the loser immediately. What I said to Shred was, "Not at all. I think you were at your peak today. I've never seen you play better."

For a second or two this pleased Shred. Of course he presently realized, without my saying so, that if he had played his best game I had played even better.

He coughed uneasily and went on, "I missed two easy putts."

"They weren't so easy," I hastily amended. "Not so easy as the three I missed."

"I had trouble with my drives."

I smiled vaguely. "Best drives I've ever seen you make. Mine just happened to be longer and a bit more accurate. That little difference, you know, between the run-of-the-mill player and the champ."

It all ended up with Shred not only losing the golf game but getting plastered besides.

Once winning properly and intelligently is understood, the next step is true pre-game winning. This can only be accomplished when one has acquired supreme confidence and unlimited gall. I vividly recall my first pre-game winning experience. I was engaged to play tennis against Phil Harrigan, a hairy Irishman who was rarely beaten. I was a newcomer to the club, woefully underweight and forced to wear bifocals while serving. Obviously I was an underdog. It is the underdog who must call on his courage and faith to be a pre-game winner.

A few minutes before the first set, Phil and I had a drink and chatted a bit. I observed casually, looking down at his shoes, "Don't you ever fall over your own feet, the way they turn in like that?"

Harrigan glanced at his feet. They did look, even to him I am sure, a little bent. He chuckled mirthlessly. I went on, "I don't mean to pretend to be a medical man, but I'm something of an amateur diagnostician." I pulled back his eyelid. "Have you ever had fits of any sort?"

(concluded on page 87)



"New world or no new world, I'm not getting on that ship!"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

PLAYMATE ON SKIS

miss february schusses her way into our hearts

MISS FEBRUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







IT IS REALLY IMMATERIAL whether Cheryl Kubert, the disarming skier you see here, is a snow bunny (beginner) or a schussboomer (terror of the slopes); whether she is given to *geländeschprungen* (dazzling leaps) or snowplowing (tyro tactics). All that really matters is that she makes the cutest sitzmarks we've seen on any ski slope, a talent which must surely cause kindly old Ullr, *Schützpatron der skifahrer* (the patron saint of skiers) to look upon her with the same approval as we mere mortals. This seems an excellent opportunity to remind everyone that the correct, original Scandinavian pronunciation of "ski" is *she*. And what sweeter reminder could you wish for than Cheryl?



Miss February polishes her boots, breaks into a fetching smile as she checks her goggles for a fast downhill run.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The dazzling movie star was applying for her passport.

"Unmarried?" asked the clerk.

"Occasionally," answered she.



During the last day of a psychiatrists' convention, one of the doctors present at the closing lecture noticed an attractive female Ph.D. being pawed by the man seated next to her.

"Is he bothering you?" the gallant observer asked the woman.

"Why should I be bothered?" she replied. "It's his problem."

We were somewhat startled the other evening to spot an obviously sozzled gentleman feeling his way around and around a lamp post and muttering, "S'no use, I'm walled in."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sympathy* as that which one woman offers another in exchange for the details.



Precisely nine months after the young couple were married, the wife was rushed to the hospital with an urgent call from the stork. Shortly after her arrival, the doctor came out of the delivery room and told the husband he was the father of a bouncing baby boy.

The new father consulted his watch, and said, "Well, nature certainly is precise. It's exactly 7 o'clock."

Twenty minutes later, the doctor came

out again, all smiles. "Congratulations again," he said. "You're also the father of a baby girl."

"Yessir, doc," came the father's reply, "right to the minute." Then, glancing at his watch, he added, "Well, I guess I'll go out and have a drink. There isn't another one due until 10:30."

A vice-president at our bank made the sage observation that women without principle draw plenty of interest.

It is written that a woman doesn't mind if a man is a cad—as long as his convertible is, too.



A wag we know once remarked that paying alimony is like pumping gasoline into another man's car.

Quaffing at his favorite bar one afternoon, the gentleman was particularly struck by the odd behavior of a man three stools down. As fast as the bartender could serve him, he was tossing off hookers of bourbon. Becoming alarmed, the gentleman moved over to the compulsive imbibor and asked, "What kind of a way is that to drink good bourbon?"

"It's the only way I can drink it since my accident," the man replied, throwing down two more shots in fast order.

"What kind of an accident was that?"

The man guzzled another one, shuddered and then answered, "I once knocked over a drink with my elbow."

A man-about-bistros we know assures us that he has no trouble leaping out of bed as soon as the first ray of sunshine enters his window. Of course, he adds, his window faces west.

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



"My art is entering into a new period."

BEAT/new york (continued from page 26)

was a kid I was promiscuous, but now I just screw a lot.")

Mighty Mo is cool because she got bored with the squares on Madison Avenue. She didn't like the kicks in the Park Avenue penthouse or she didn't like the kicks of a Fairfield County weekend. The queens of Fire Island irritated her and so did the virile actors of Sardi's. Probably a cool girlfriend of hers explained what went on at a cool party, and how the cool ones acted and Mighty Mo was intrigued and (to use a cool expression) there we are. There we are, Mighty Mo, man.

There are different degrees of coolness, and these degrees are marked at a party. Some cool parties are almost square and some get what the chicks' parents would call "wild." The cats say that that party "swung way out." Let's assume that this party will swing way out.

Not all parties swing way out, and it is sometimes hard to tell which one will. It is a matter of the greatest subtlety. A party which is nowhere can, by almost undetectable progressions, develop into a swinging. It is hard to describe: there will be (to fall back lamely on a lame phrase) something in the air. Some cat may say, "This one can swing, man," and then it may. It may not, however. To plan a swinging is out of the question because to plan anything isn't cool. Things must just happen, presumably without human guidance. The cats are cool, therefore inert and swept along by forces quite beyond their control. Life, or Fate or Destiny—pick a word with a capital letter—drives them into swingings.

The swinging at our party really gets under way when one girl, or two—let's take Mighty Mo—leisurely takes off her sweater or blouse. Then she takes off her bra, if she is wearing a bra. She and the other girl walk around with their young breasts sticking out. The girls don't have to take off their tops and not all always do. But generally if one does, most of the others will. They seldom take off their skirts at the same time as their tops, and never their panties. That may come later—or it may not.

The removal of the tops forces the chicks into a kind of uniform. They seldom wear dresses; you can't take the top of a dress off. So the chicks all wear sweaters, or blouses, and skirts. However, there are no rules. A chick may come to a swinging wearing a dress and she may, if she wishes, keep it on while the other chicks are running around naked from the waist up.

The cats play everything cool—and especially sex. The girls half-denude themselves and are indifferent to their nakedness. The men must be similarly aloof, cool. To reach out and grab a girl,

a perfectly normal male reaction, is simply not with it, daddy-o. The girls take their clothes off and this is nowhere. Who needs men, man? And the men's attitude is identical: who needs you, chick? Take off your clothes; I'm playing it cool, chick.

For the girl to take off her clothes is cool and for the man to remain indifferent is similarly cool. Remember, these cats are beat. They've had it. Nothing matters. Why bother, man? Who needs anything, cat? There we are.

The protocol of catdom, or coolville, is as rigid as the protocol of Buckingham Palace. Take the division of sexes at a swinging. At a conventional party someone tries to make sure there is a boy for every girl; at a swinging it's preferable not to. There can be five chicks and three men, or vice versa. The reason for this is that no chick is anyone's date. She's everyone's date. The fact that she may wind up being no one's date—in its ultimate sense—is beside the point. She is not at the swinging essentially because she is a woman but because she is a beat chick and can be trusted to remain cool.

The reason that all the chicks are pretty—and remarkably so—is simple. If a girl is plain she can never be cool because who *really* wants her, man? The cats may pretend, for coolness, not to want the pretty chick, but this is coolness. To have an ugly chick running around the swinging would put it down. Since she isn't desirable, not desiring her would be natural and being natural is not being cool.

Let's go back to the swinging. The chicks have taken off their tops, the cats have taken off their jackets and the hi-fi, which you can hear from New York to Albany, is making the walls tremble. There is not very much conversation, because conversation, by its nature, implies opinion or the desire to communicate and both are square. It is not too bad to be against something: "Man, don't clue me about filter cigarettes because I just ain't got eyes." Or: "The Spy? I hear she's moved to squareville." But it is definitely not *comme il faut* to praise anything or to admit any liking.

There will be very little dancing at a swinging because to dance with a girl implies a choice. You dance with The Spinner rather than The Jumper and you have made a non-cool decision. The chicks will often dance with each other, but this is cool because it is between two girls. (There are occasional vague signs of Lesbianism at some swingings but it is almost always trivial and abortive: active Lesbianism is simply not cool, just because it is active.)

The cool cats will lie around on the floor, listening to the music. From time

to time one may make some comment about the music. "Man," a cat may remark, "don't think that drum ain't way out." Or "Listen to that piano. Don't think I don't dig that the utmost."

Uncharacteristically, the recent arrival of the Russian satellite seemed to excite the beat cats. The notion of outer space—being "way out"—interests them because it's the ultimate in coolness. (Their word-play translation of outer space is *outré* space.) At this swinging they talk about the Sputniks quite a bit and voice approval, not because the moons are Russian (this wouldn't be cool) but because they are moons, man. One of the cats makes a joke: "The Russian moon goes beep-beep but the American moon will go bop-bop." He nets a few languid smiles.

After about an hour, the short-order food is consumed, the chicks will clean up the pad and they will then resume their places on the floor. It may be at this point that a chick and a cat will decide to repair to a bedroom: if the pad is small, they may simply wind up on a couch or day bed with others in the room, but if they do, it is certain that no one will even look at them and no one will comment. Not cool, cat.

The swinging ends just as casually as it began. It won't be particularly late. Everyone works and has to be up in the morning. The chicks will put on their clothes, but only in the most dreamy, indifferent way: there will be the bra first, but the blouse may not get on for quite some time. The blouse will be drifted into, rather than put on.

The chicks who came together will probably leave together. It is not really cool for some cat to take a chick home, but it can be done, and sometimes is. It may be that a chick—maybe Mighty Mo—will stay with her host for the night, but if she does she will stay obliquely, languorously, coolly. They will make love in their cool way, but they won't call it that—the phrase would curdle their blood.

It will happen like this: when the last of the guests has left, the cat will talk to Mighty Mo and they may both yawn (they will apologise coolly for the yawn). Then they'll drift to the foam rubber couch and they will begin to make it with each other and then they will—at long last—turn off that titanic hi-fi and silence will descend upon the pad and the cat and Mighty Mo will make it. They will make it, almost by the law of coolness, in a cool manner, and thus the swinging of the beat cats, the neverwas kids, the who-needs-it gang, will have flowed to its end and the cats and the chicks around New York will have gone to their cool sleep.





LET THERE BE LIGHT

fiction By ARTHUR C. CLARKE

JERRY WHITE

had edgar not been an astronomer, he never would have become a murderer

EDGAR AND MARY BURTON were a somewhat ill-assorted pair, and none of their friends could explain why they had married. Perhaps the cynical explanation was the correct one: Edgar (who was almost 20 years older than his wife) had made a quarter of a million on the stock exchange before retiring at an unusually early age to live the life of a country gentleman and to pursue his

one absorbing hobby — astronomy.

For some reason, it seems to surprise many people that an interest in astronomy is compatible with business acumen or even with common sense. This is a complete delusion, but in Edgar's case, shrewdness did seem to have been combined with a vague impracticality in one and the same person; once he had made his money he took

no further interest in it, or indeed in *anything* except the construction of progressively larger reflecting telescopes.

On his retirement, Edgar had purchased a fine old house high up on the Yorkshire Moors. It was not so bleak and Wuthering-Heightish as it may sound; there was a splendid view, and the Bentley would get you into town in 15

(continued on page 54)



JACKETRY FOR SPRING

*predictions in detail from
three gentlemen's clothiers*

A PRE-SEASON CHECK with three of Manhattan's most venerable, yet pace-setting, clothiers has uncovered a handsome quintet of new ideas in raiment for relaxation. The five jackets, you'll note, are way out in front of today's trend toward more color, more variety and a fresh incorporation of detailing that helps spell individuality. All are cut with smart, easy, straight-hanging lines that put the kibosh on exaggeration and make for solid comfort. New, too, are the fabrics employed: roughewn, husky homespun; soft tweeds that add the right amount of warmth without weight; shetland wools in District checks; featherweight flannels and luxurious cashmeres. Styling details include lapel piping, unusual linings and slanting pockets—called hacking pockets—borrowed from the traditional hacking coat worn by gentleman riders, all of which help point up the guy who knows how to take his ease while looking his casual best.



CHIPP, above: black quarter-inch silk braid pipes the front of this Cambridge gray flannel blazer that's fine as an all-purpose utility coat. Traditional patch-and-flap pockets, red and black striped lining, silver metal buttons and a hook vent in back make it doubly distinctive when coupled with a pleatless, narrowly tapered pair of slacks. Price: \$45.

J. PRESS, above left: dramatic departure from the standard navy blazer. A shirt-light jacket of imported wool-plus-Egyptian-cotton Viyella, wine-red checks on dark blue, with brass buttons. The coat weighs in at a scant 19 ounces, functions felicitously on a good many occasions when a standard sport coat would be too casual or too warm. Price: \$57.50.

CHIPP, below: a rugged four-button, slant-pocket jacket of homespun Irish tweed, lined with pheasant-print wool challis. Inset: the under-collar picks up the lining and sports a button-across throat latch for the windier days of spring. Price: \$85.



LORD OF NEW YORK, above: elegant cashmere coat checked in black and white, with hacking, flapped side pockets and flapped breast pocket. Price: \$175.00, cut to order.

J. PRESS, below: authentic District check in all-wool shetland. The madder-tone lining is picked up in the breast pocket, pulls out of pocket to double as handkerchief. Price: \$70.



LET THERE BE LIGHT (continued from page 51)

minutes. Even so, the change did not altogether suit Mary, and it is hard not to feel rather sorry for her. There was no work for her to do, as the servants ran the house and she had few intellectual resources to fall back on. She took up riding, joined all the book clubs, read *The Tatler* and *Country Life* from cover to cover, but still felt there was something missing.

It took her about four months to find what she wanted; and then she met it at an otherwise dismal village fete. It was six-foot-three, ex-Coldstream Guards, with a family that looked on the Norman Conquest as a recent and regrettable piece of impertinence. It was called Aethelred Pendragon Tuncks (we'll forget about the other six Christian names) and it was generally regarded as the most eligible bachelor in the district.

Aethelred being a high-principled English gentleman, brought up in the best traditions of the aristocracy, it was two full weeks before he succumbed to Mary's blandishments. His downfall was accelerated by the fact that his family was trying to arrange a match for him with the Honorable Felicity Fauntleroy, who was generally admitted to be no great beauty. Indeed, she looked so much like a horse that it was risky for her to go near her father's famous stables when the stallions were exercising.

Mary's boredom, and Aethelred's determination to have a last desperate fling, had the inevitable result. Edgar saw less and less of his wife, who found an amazing number of reasons for driving into town during the week. At first he was quite glad that the circle of her acquaintances was widening rapidly, and it was several months before he realized that it was doing nothing of the sort.

It is quite impossible to keep any liaison secret for long in a small country town like Stocksborough, though this is a fact which every generation has to learn afresh, usually the hard way. Edgar discovered the truth by accident, but some kind friend would have told him sooner or later. He had driven into town for a meeting of the local astronomical society — taking the Rolls since his wife had already gone with the Bentley — and was momentarily held up on the way home by the crowds emerging from the last performance at the local cinema. In the heart of the crowd was Mary, accompanied by a handsome young man whom Edgar had seen before but couldn't identify at the moment. He would have thought no more of the matter, but Mary had gone out of her way the next morning to mention that she'd been unable to get a seat in the cinema and had spent a quiet evening with one of her women friends.

Even Edgar, engrossed though he now was in the study of variable stars, began to put two and two together when he realized that his wife was gratuitously lying. He gave no hint of his vague suspicions, which ceased to be vague after the local Hunt Ball. Though he hated such functions (and this one, by bad luck, occurred just when U Orionis was going through its minimum and he had to miss some vital observations), it occurred to him that this would give him a chance to identify his wife's companion, since everyone in the district would be there.

It proved absurdly easy to locate Aethelred and to get into conversation with him. Although the young man seemed a little ill at ease, he was pleasant company and Edgar was surprised to find himself taking quite a fancy to him. If his wife had to have a lover, on the whole he approved of her choice.

And there matters rested for some months, largely because Edgar was too busy grinding and figuring a 15-inch mirror to do anything about it. Twice a week Mary drove into town, ostensibly to meet her friends or to go to the cinema, and arrived back at the lodge just before midnight. Edgar could see the lights of the car for miles away across the moor, the beams twisting and turning as his wife drove homewards with what always seemed to him excessive speed. That had been one of the reasons why they seldom went out together; Edgar was a sound but cautious driver, and his comfortable cruising speed was 10 miles an hour below Mary's.

About three miles from the house the lights of the car would disappear for several minutes as the road was hidden by a hill. There was a dangerous hair-pin bend at this point; in a piece of highway construction more reminiscent of the Alps than of rural England, the road hugged the edge of a cliff and skirted an unpleasant hundred-foot drop before it straightened out on the homeward stretch. As the car rounded this bend, its headlights would shine full on the house, and there were many evenings when Edgar was dazzled by the sudden glare as he sat at the eyepiece of his telescope. Luckily, this stretch of road was very little used at night; if it had been, observations would have been well-nigh impossible, since it took Edgar's eyes 10 or 20 minutes to recover fully from the direct blast of the headlights. This was no more than a minor annoyance, but when Mary started to stay out four or five evenings a week it became a confounded nuisance. Something, Edgar decided, would have to be done.

Throughout all this affair Edgar Bur-

ton's behavior was hardly that of a normal person. Indeed, anyone who could have switched his mode of life so completely from that of a busy London stockbroker to a near-recluse on the Yorkshire Moors must have been a little odd in the first place. One would hesitate, however, to say he was more than eccentric until the time when Mary's midnight arrivals started to interfere with the serious business of observation. And even thereafter, one must admit that there was a certain crazy logic in his actions.

He had ceased to love his wife, but he did object to her making a fool of him. And Aethelred Pendragon Tuncks seemed a pleasant young chap; it would be an act of kindness to rescue him. Well, there was a beautifully simple solution, which had come to Edgar in a blinding flash — literally, for it was while he was blinking in the glare of Mary's headlights that Edgar conceived his perfect murder.

It is strange how apparently irrelevant factors can determine a man's life; though it were churlish to say anything against the oldest and noblest of the sciences, it cannot be denied that if Edgar had never become an astronomer he would never have become a murderer. For his hobby provided part of the motive and a good deal of the means . . .

He could have made the mirror he needed — he was quite an expert by this time — but astronomical accuracy was unnecessary in this case, and it was simpler to pick up a second-hand search-light reflector at one of those war-surplus shops in Lisle Street. The mirror was about three feet across, and it was only a few hours' work to fix up a mounting for it and to arrange a crude but effective arc-light at its focus. Getting the beam lined up was equally straightforward, and no one took the slightest notice of his activities since his experimenting was now taken for granted by wife and servants alike.

He made the final brief test on a clear, dark night and settled down to await Mary's return. He did not waste the time, of course, but continued his routine observations of a group of selected stars. By midnight, there was still no sign of Mary, but Edgar did not mind as he was getting a nicely consistent series of magnitudes which were lying smoothly on his curves. Everything was going well, though he did stop to wonder just why Mary was so unusually late.

At last he saw the headlights of the car flickering on the horizon, and rather reluctantly broke off his observations. When the car had disappeared behind the hill, he was waiting with his hand on the switch. His timing was perfect; the instant the car came round the curve

(concluded on page 70)



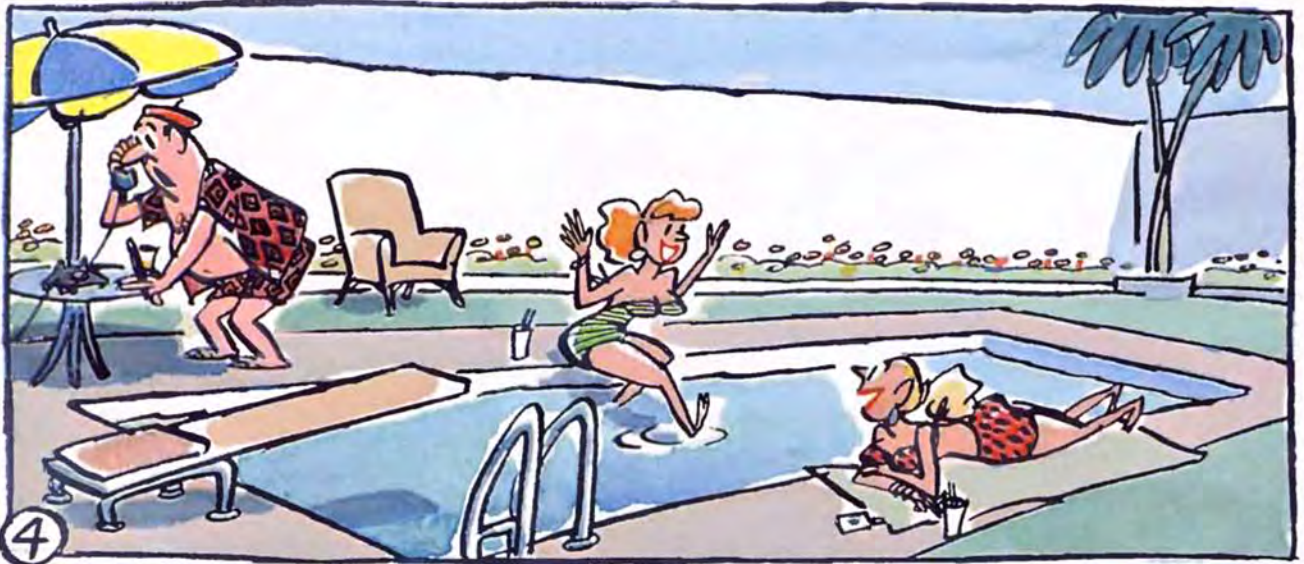
Sic Semper Sikkim

five thousand insurgents whip up some himalayan hoopla

travel By JOHN SACK

SIKKIM, in the Himalayas, is now a democracy, one of the youngest in the world. Its first election was in 1953, and its first law in 1955, but, in these few years, the alert Sikkimis have learned not only the outward forms of democracy but many of the realities, subtleties and secrets which, to us in the civilized world, are almost its very soul — parties, platforms, partisan strife, mudslinging, muck-raking, windbags, windfalls, major parties, minor parties, pull, plums, padded payrolls, stuffing, roughing, raucous caucuses, brass spittoons in smoke-filled rooms, bosses, losses, lobbies, gobbledygook and gerrymandering, among others. True, some of these practices are not very widespread, but then again, neither is Sikkim itself, its area being 2745 square miles, a bit more than Delaware's. Only a single case, respectively, of stuffing and roughing have been reported in Sikkim. On election day, 1953, a number of voters were roughed up in PSENSANG, a village, and a ballot box was stuffed in Lhachen, not far away; also it was done inexpertly, and when the ballot box was opened, the ballots were in a wad, and it's clear that Sikkim has further (continued on page 58)





“Central Casting and hurry . . .”



Sic Semper Sikkim (continued from page 55)

to go in this particular art. On the credit side, the two major parties, the Nationalists and the Congress, have already struck the perfect attitude of mutual vilification, and the Sikkimi gerrymander puts even New York State's to shame; the Nationalists, who got a fifth as many votes as the Congress, have just as many seats in the Sikkimi Senate. As for lobbies, the most powerful are the landlords'. They held up the Rent Control Bill in 1953, 1954 and most of 1955, but it got on the floor in 1955 and it passed. The first law of Sikkim is a model of the democratic idiom. A random sentence is this one: "Where the landlord recovers possession of any premises from the tenant by virtue of a decree obtained under section (5) and the premises are not occupied by him or by the person for whose benefit the premises were acquired within two months of the date of vacation of the premises, or thorough overhauling is not commenced within one month of the date of vacation of the premises by the tenant, the Sikkim Durbar may let out the premises on a standard rent."

The symbol of the Congress is a ladder, and that of the Nationalists, a swastika. Other than this, which I admit is superficial, at best, I couldn't find any differences between the two. After a few days in Sikkim, I got hold of the platforms, but these, as I should have expected, were no help, for the Nationalists promised roads, bridges, hospitals, schools, and a fair rent, and implied that the Congress "stoop low, and hurl abusive and vulgar languages," while the Congress, for their part, promised roads, bridges, hospitals, schools and a fair rent, and saw little good in the Nationalists. Both, in their platforms, warned me of "the wrong views associated with a wrong candidate," or words to that effect. Having read all this, and being none the wiser, I went to the Sikkimi capital and buttonholed the chief secretary, a sort of prime minister there, who said, "On the whole, the parties are identical," but that I shouldn't noise it about. Down the hall, he suggested, I could find the national chairmen of both, working in their office.

"In their offices?" I said.

"In their office," he replied, and while he went back to his papers, I hurried down the hall, and I saw, indeed, that Mr. Sonam Tsering, of the Nationalists, and Mr. Kashiraj Pradhan, of the Congress, worked in the very same office, side by side. The office itself was cold, dark and lackluster; and so, indeed, was Mr. Tsering; his clothes were shapeless and olive drab, and he might have passed for a yak-driver in the nearby mountains of Tibet, while Mr. Prad-

han, at the other desk, was dressed in chic orange jodhpurs and a white cut-away. All the while, a bunch of ward heelers and party hacks hurried in and out, whispering, of necessity, to Mr. Tsering and Mr. Pradhan, who kept busy, otherwise, by reading the morning mail and writing denunciations of one another; from time to time, they stopped to gossip, or to offer the other a cup of tea. Really, this was a *fine* state of affairs, I thought, and yet, I also thought, it wasn't unlike the state of affairs in our country, or at least in the State of New York. As a newspaperman, I used to cover the New York Senate, and there, too, I remembered, the Republican and the Democratic leaders sat side by side, and seemed the very best of friends. Both of them were named Mr. Mahoney. When a critical bill was on the floor, Mr. Mahoney (R) would rant and rave, accusing the Democrats of all but rape and latrocinium, a favorite phrase of his being, "Shame, I say unto you, shame!" Then, Mr. Mahoney (D) would stand up, revealing that the Republicans, in turn, were remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless, etc., villains. This done, the Mr. Mahoneys would congratulate and slap each other on the back, saying it would look swell in the late editions. We newspapermen never wrote about these perorational embraces; it wasn't part of the game, and, I suppose, this is the first the New Yorkers know of it.

In Sikkim, too, the electorate doesn't know of the camaraderie of the Nationalists and the Congress; it is convinced that one of them is "high and noble . . . invariably"—in the words of the party platforms—and the other a pack of thieves. Just which is which, is an easy matter: in Sikkim, the 90,000 Nepalis vote for the Congress, and the 20,000 Bhotias vote for the Nationalists. The Bhotias are Buddhists, yellow, and speak an Indo-Chinese language that looks like this:

झथां लुमय। मदे यम चम वुवेयदि

The Nepalis are Hindus, also yellow, but speak an Indo-European language that looks like this:

झाथीयं यथेति गुरखो तिधिं गुरनायच्छ

The Nepalis are immigrants, while the Bhotias, to their way of thinking, came over on the Mayflower.

The minor parties of Sikkim are certainly an odd lot, but at least I know what they stand for. The Monastery Association stands for the monasteries, and the Scheduled Castes League is plumping for the untouchables; the Prajasameelan, which is the major minor party, and which, in 1953, got almost as many votes as the Nationalists but,

because of the gerrymander, has no seats at all in the Sikkimi Senate, wants to unite with India. Now, Sikkim is independent, with a maharajah as the chief of state, but India runs its defenses, communications and foreign affairs, and, at Sikkim's suggestion, has sent an Indian there as a kind of city manager—Mr. N. K. Rustomji, the Dewan of Sikkim (also, you may call him the Divan of Sikkim, if that's your idea of fun). While I was in Sikkim, I had the pleasure of meeting the Dewan, but I never met the maharajah, an alcoholic, who isn't shown to visitors. No head that wears the crown hangs heavier than that of His Highness, Sir Tashi Namgyal, Knight Commander of the Star of India, Knight Commander of the Indian Empire, Maharajah of Sikkim. A number of years ago, his wife, the maharani, took a vacation in Lhasa, Tibet, her home town, and shacked up there with one of the lamas, a reincarnation of Buddha; back in Sikkim, she had a baby and was banished to a palace in the suburbs. The maharajah hasn't seen her since. (The Maharajahs of Sikkim, like the Princes of Monaco, have seldom got along with their wives, I'm afraid. One of them married a girl so ugly that he left his throne, fleeing the palace in disguise.) Then, in World War II, the maharajah's eldest son, the crown prince, died in a plane crash, and the Maharajah of Sikkim took to whiskey. Today, his only joy is painting, but he has the shakes, and his work is like Jackson Pollock's. The Sikkimis don't talk of him much.

Sir Tashi Namgyal, the maharajah, played the part of King George III in the democratization of Sikkim. A certain Mr. Tashi Tsering, no relation, was the George Washington of it, and, between the two, there was sort of a revolution, with 5000 Sikkimis marching on the maharajah's palace. Some day, I suppose, the Sikkimis will have this as Independence Day, telling their children of minute men, Paul Revere and Patrick Henrys, who cried liberty or death, or of their Sikkimi counterparts—that, for the history books, but for the present, alas! The revolution was in 1949, the memory is fresh, the truth is inglorious. The truth is that Mr. Tashi and his 5000 insurgents went to the palace one fine day, shouting, "Our demands must be met"; the maharajah came to the window, and, "Our demands must be met," they shouted again.

"What demands?" said the maharajah, a bit bewildered by it all.

"Our demands," said the people. "They must be met!" The awful fact is that none of them, except Mr. Tashi, had any idea what the demands were,

(continued on page 71)

Thank you
Anna

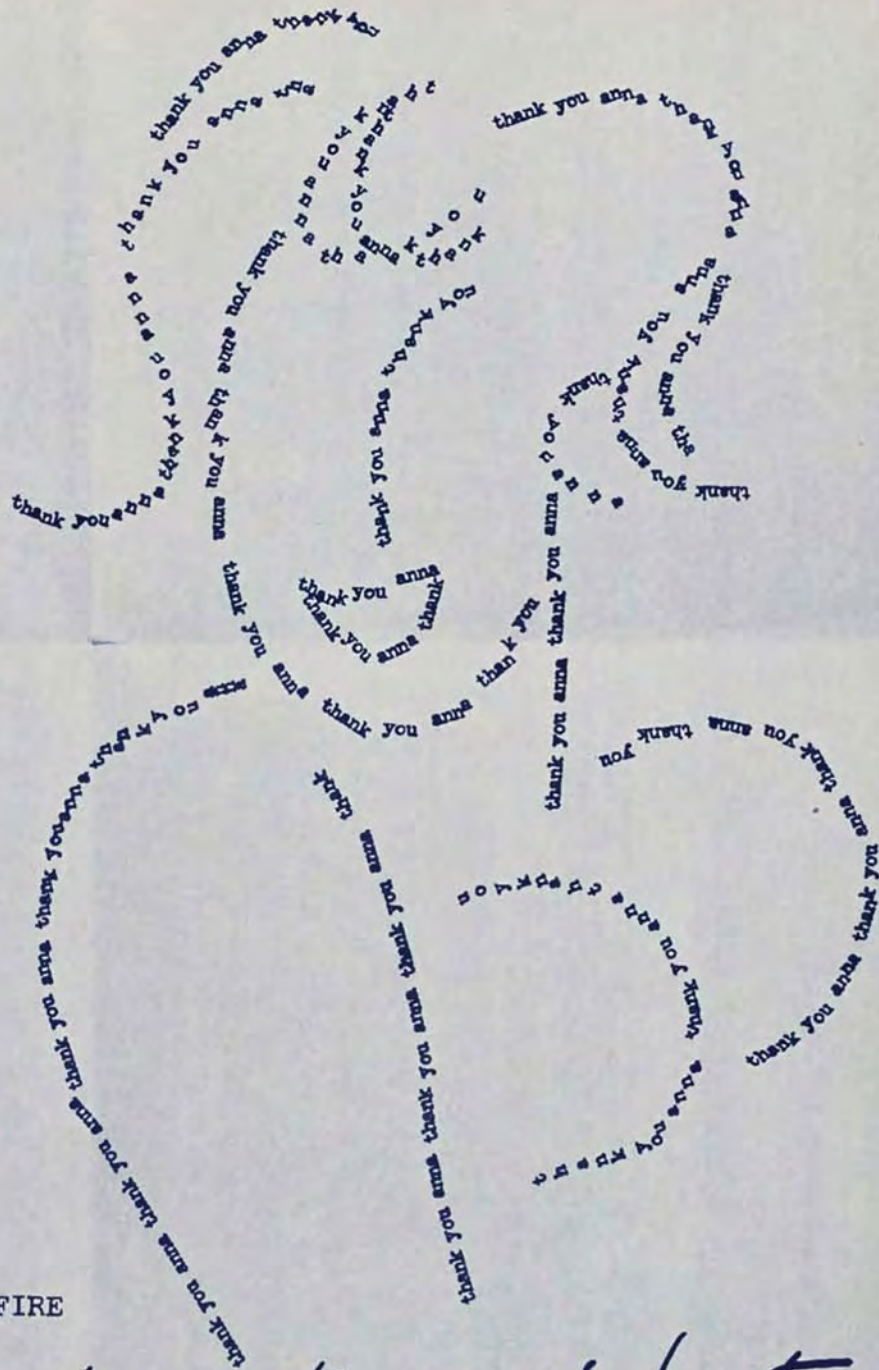
fiction BY BILL SAFIRE

Sometimes the way to a man's heart
is through his typewriter

DEAR PETER:

I found a wonderful new maid for your bachelor apartment. Her name is Anna. She is a very hard worker, and I know you can count on her to clean the place thoroughly.

She will come in Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, while you're at work. You'll probably never see her, so be sure to leave \$9 on the desk every Friday morning when



you leave. Don't forget!

I told her you would leave any special instructions in the typewriter. Actually, I guess you could write the first one in the dust around this place. How any son of mine, brought up in such immaculate surroundings, could accumulate so much dirt in such a short time is beyond me, but no matter--it's in capable hands now.

Ask her what she needs in the way of soap flakes, scouring powder, sponges, etc., and then you stock them under the sink. I know how you hate to be bothered with things like that, but it was your idea to have a place of your own.

Anna is Hungarian. She doesn't speak English too well, but she is an intelligent person from a fine family in Hungary. She is new to America, but she comes highly recommended. Remember that good housekeepers are very hard to find.

Love,
MOTHER.

DEAR ANNA:

Welcome aboard. The place could use a little tidying up. Let me know what you need.

Best,
PETE.

MISTER PETE:

Hello. I need----

1. Scouring powder. 2. Soap flakes. 3. Ammonia. 4. Scrub brush. 5. Sponge. 6. Toilet brush. 7. Dish mop. 8. Duster. 9. Broom. 10. Dustpan. 11. Brush for sweeping dust into dustpan. 12. Floor wax.

Thank you,
ANNA.

DEAR ANNA:

What do you plan to do, sandblast the building? All the place needs is a little tidying up. This does not require all those pickaxes, shovels and pneumatic drills you listed.

Honestly, Anna, I don't have time to go shopping for all those things, and by the time I leave my office at night, the grocery stores are closed. Besides, where would you put all that stuff?

Here are two bars of soap. Go to town! If you need anything else, buy it--I'll pay you back.

Best,
PETE.

MISTER PETE:

Wrong soap. Cannot clean stove with face soap. I will buy what you need, you pay me back. I will hide them, so you never find. Laundry piling up all over. Should I send out?

Thank you,
ANNA.

DEAR ANNA:

Go ahead on the buying spree, but lay off the ammonia. I can't stand the smell of ammonia.

(continued on page 66)

pictorial

**THE
NUDE
JAYNE
MANSFIELD**

*first
figure studies
of a
february favorite*





PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY MAGAZINE
BY WILLIAM READ WOODFIELD



THIS FEBRUARY, just like last February and the February before that and the February before *that*, the PLAYBOY camera visits Jayne Mansfield.

For those of you who may have come in late, we'll point out briefly that Jayne first appeared in these pages as Playmate of the Month of February 1955. She was an unknown Hollywood hopeful at the time, but before the year was up, she had been signed for an important part in the Broadway smash, *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* (she has since starred in a film of the same name).

Earl Wilson interviewed Jayne for our February 1956 issue and Hal Adams supplied some tasty photographs to complement Earl's text. A year ago, in our February 1957 issue, we entered a pictorial report on *The New Jayne Mansfield* — as Jayne returned triumphant to Hollywood and a long-term contract with 20th Century-Fox.

This year, our vivacious valentine graciously graces our pages in the first figure studies she has ever allowed to appear in print. Jayne has posed for some pretty pulchritude-packed pictures

in the past, but till now she has skirted the *au naturel*. This is, in fact, the very first time that a full-fledged star has posed so revealingly. Oh, there've been other nude pictures of filmdom's most famous fillies (PLAYBOY has published all the best of them: Monroe, Ekberg, Loren, et al.), but in every case they were taken when the girls were struggling starlets (or less) and publicized later. These photographs of the beautiful J. M. face and figure were posed especially for PLAYBOY readers by an unusually unpretentious movie queen who wanted to say "thank you" for the helping hand to stardom.







THANK YOU, ANNA (continued from page 60)

Good idea about the laundry. See if they can get it back by tomorrow. But no starch. To me, starch is in the same league as ammonia.

We will get along fine, Anna. I like the way you take charge of things. Handling that laundry solves a great problem. Enclosed find \$9.

Best,
PETE.

MISTER PETE:

Place clean now. Supplies cost \$11. Why you want laundry back so quick? Cost too much. Rest come back next week. You socks drying in w.c.

You like my work? Harder without ammonia.

Thank you,
ANNA.

DEAR ANNA:

What cyclone went through this place? Where is everything? I came home last night, looking forward to settling down in my nice, sloppy apartment, and maybe invite some guys over for a poker game and what do I find? An 18th Century drawing room!

What happened to all the newspapers I've been saving to read when I had time and my collection of matchbook covers from all over the world?

I know you mean well, Anna, but it makes me uncomfortable to find the apartment standing rigidly at attention when I get home. I had enough of "passing inspection" in the Army. Every day from now on, I want to *fail* inspection.

Easy does it. Relax. Make the bed, dust around, rinse out a glass or two. Comes the spring, we can overhaul the place. Somewhere on this floor there must be an incinerator, and all you have to do is throw out the garbage and the cigarette butts and the beer cans, and I'll be happy.

Which reminds me. When you find a half-full can of beer standing around, throw it out — don't put it back in the icebox. There are four half-full cans of beer in the icebox now, getting staler by the minute. Some women say that stale beer makes a wonderful hair rinse, but I have no plans along those lines. I admire your thrift, but I won't be bulldozed into finishing every can of beer I start. I own the beer, the beer doesn't own me. Out with it!

Thanks for washing the socks, but where are they? Who is "w.c."? Fields? Churchill? Please explain further.

Anyhow, go easy on the ambition.

Best,
PETE.

MISTER PETE:

I very unhappy. Try my best to do good work, you no like. Work extra hard to please you, because my father told me I must do extra good for Americans to

like, and because I try so much, you no like. Do not understand.

Socks in water closet, behind shower curtain. Why is shower curtain folded up on hamper? Would have rolled up socks and put away in drawer where belong, but afraid you think I not go easy on the ambition.

All unhappy. Do not understand.

Thank you,
ANNA.

DEAR ANNA:

I apologize. Forget my last note, it was misleading and un-American. Ambition is a fine thing and it's the only way you get ahead. Make the place sparkle and plump up the pillows all you want.

So *that's* where the socks were! I would never have found them behind the shower curtain, because Mother gave me that shower curtain, and I would rather let the water slop all over the latrine than use a pink shower curtain.

By the way, Americans will understand you better if you call water closets "latrines" or "bathrooms" or "heads" or "johns" or "little boy's rooms."

Don't be unhappy. You're doing fine.

Best,
PETE.

MISTER PETE:

Thank you for note. Very happy now. Thank you too for English lesson. Now when I want to find water closet, I ask for little boy's room.

Also thank you for beer. Hair beautiful.

Thank you,
ANNA.

DEAR ANNA:

As they say on Madison Avenue, we have a challenge ahead of us.

I am giving a party tomorrow night. Not really a party, just a little get-together that will be a sort of house-warming. Would you take the glasses out of wherever you've hidden them and set them on the bar? And do you know what a "Lazy Susan" is? I know somebody gave me one and said it was absolutely necessary at parties. Please find it for me.

There may be some extra tidying-up the next time you come, but I don't expect it will be much.

Best,
PETE.

P.S. The definition of water closet is bathroom. It is the only acceptable definition. Forget all others.

MISTER PETE:

Lazy Susan here. Little things of food to put in all wrapped up in icebox. Also Hungarian schnecken in icebox, for lots people, my special idea for party. Heat up hot 10 minutes in bottom part stove.

No worry about clean up after. I handle quick.

Thank you,
ANNA.

MY DEAR, DEAR ANNA:

Look around. What a horrible mess! But what a wonderful party.

Would you believe this single room would hold 40 people? Dancing, laughing, singing, wildly carrying on? Oh, my head.

The Hungarian schnecken was a sensation. Parties all over town next week will feature heaping Lazy-Susansful of hot Hungarian schnecken. I have over a dozen anxious requests for the recipe.

It was a great victory, Anna, but the wounded must be removed from the battlefield. Oh, is this joint a shambles. If I were you, I would quit now, but please don't. To itemize:

1. Some of the unbroken glasses can be salvaged.

2. The bottom part of the stove will never be the same.

3. From the looks of the ash trays, I have a feeling that some of my guests were cremated.

4. Nobody will ever be able to explain how that large, kidney-shaped stain got on the wall, but maybe we can hang a picture over it.

5. The pillows are mashed down from now 'til Doomsday, and no amount of plumping will ever bring them to life. Save them, maybe I can use them on the beach next summer.

6. Get a repairman up to do something about the pretzels in the phonograph.

Stick with me, Anna, in my hour of need. Never again, that's a solemn oath.

Best,
PETE.

MISTER PETE:

All clean like new. Had to use ammonia. Glad was fun. You tell friends secret to schnecken is pickled water chestnuts. Have more parties, I no mind. Make lots friends, get married.

Thank you,
ANNA.

DEAR ANNA:

Like Phoenix, risen from the ashes! I shall never again wrinkle up my nose at the sweet, purifying scent of ammonia.

Though we have never met face to face, Anna, I feel as though I know you well, because we have been through hell together. It's like two radar operators, miles apart, tracking down the same bomber. You were kind to volunteer for another mission, but as for me, there shall be no more cakes and ale and wild parties. Once done, it is out of my system forever. From now on, the only entertaining I do at home will be little gatherings of two people, myself being one.

(continued on page 81)

AN INITIAL INVESTMENT

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

Ribald Classic



The father watched unseen . . .

IN THE GREAT EMPIRE of Russia, not far from the city of Kiev, there once lived a wealthy moujik who had a son named Peter. The lad was tall and handsome, with a ready wit and a quick smile, but he caused his father no little distress by his apparent unwillingness to work. Instead of helping supervise the sugar beet farm that was the source of the family's well-being, Peter preferred to spend his time basking in the sun or exchanging jokes with the young maid-servants.

One summer day, the worried moujik decided to face the problem squarely. With a sign he summoned the youth to him.

"Why do you lie about all day and learn nothing, Peter?" he asked sorrowfully. "The time will soon come when you will have to support yourself."

A twinkle came into the eyes of the young man, but he seemed genuinely touched by his father's concern.

"I will try!" he said. "Give me one hundred rubles and your blessing and I shall seek to invest them wisely."

The anxious parent was so encouraged by this unexpected demonstration of initiative that he gladly gave his son the desired amount. Scarcely taking the time to change his clothing, the latter swung himself on his horse and set off for the city.

Peter had no very clear idea of what he was going to do. The city appeared a place of golden opportunity simply because he detested anything and every-

thing that had to do with sugar beets.

Near the city, an imposing chateau with splendid towers caught his eye. It was surrounded by a high iron fence. Riding closer, he saw behind the fence a slim and elegantly dressed young lady strolling through a spacious garden. The damsel turned at the sound of the horse's hoofs so that Peter was suddenly confronted with a pair of the most haughty and lovely eyes he had ever seen. Quick as a flash he dismounted and strode to the fence, never once losing sight of the charming spectacle before him.

The young lady, however, seemed little interested in the handsome face that pressed against the bars. "Why do you stand there?" she asked coldly, walking over to him.

"Pardon my boldness, gracious lady," Peter said, looking down in sham modesty. "I came to admire your beauty."

His repressed yet vibrant tone caused her to flush slightly.

"If," he continued hesitantly, "you would deign to show me your exquisite legs as far as the dainty garters under your knees, I will give you a hundred rubles."

The eyebrows of the lady arched in anger and she seemed on the verge of uttering a sharp dismissal. But then her eyes ran over the muscular form of the youth pleading before her and she apparently changed her mind. A slow smile crossed her features.

"Indeed, why should I not show you my legs?" she said with arrogant com-

posure. "There, lad! Is that what you want?" And she lifted her rich gown the requested distance.

Peter's gaze could not have appeared more enamored. When she lowered her skirt, he sighed deeply. Then he gave her the hundred rubles and returned home.

His father awaited him eagerly.

"Well, son," he queried, "how did you fare?"

Peter thought for a moment.

"Father," he began, "I cannot yet divulge the exact nature of my undertaking. Let us say that I have purchased a parcel of land and enough lumber to build a store. Give me another two hundred rubles with which to pay the carpenters."

The father was overjoyed at this businesslike answer and gave him the two hundred rubles. Promptly the next morning Peter returned to the chateau and stationed himself at the iron fence.

The haughty young damsel soon caught sight of him and not entirely by chance. For she had strangely enjoyed the unusual experience of the preceding day, and no small part of her thoughts had been occupied by the handsome stranger. Clad in a revealing blue gown, she entered the garden and approached Peter.

"Why have you returned, young man?" she inquired, her voice trembling slightly.

"To see you again, my lady," Peter replied humbly. "Your beauty leaves me



... as his son bargained with the lady.

no rest."

The girl's eyes became limpid pools. "Poor youth," she exclaimed. "what can I do for you?"

Peter looked at her fervently. "If you will let me see your lovely knees, I will give you two hundred rubles."

The damsel shook her head reprovingly. "What a rogue you are!" she chided. But her voice was warm and she raised her gown the stipulated distance and even more before his gaze. If she sought admiration, Peter's rapt stare must have satisfied her fully. Again he gave her the money, bowed, and went home.

His father met him on his return.

"Tell me, son," he asked hopefully. "Is the store built?"

"The money is well invested," said Peter slowly. "Now give me three hundred rubles to buy the merchandise."

The moujik did not protest even at this sizable request, but his curiosity as to the true nature of his son's project had grown to such proportions that he decided to see for himself. The next morning when Peter set out, the father followed at a short distance.

The youth returned to the chateau. In a very few minutes the damsel came out a side door and walked quickly to the fence. Without a word she unlocked the gate and permitted Peter to enter. Then she escorted him to a comfortable and secluded bench.

"Why have you returned, young

man?" she asked, placing her graceful hand on his.

"I dare not tell you!"

"Pray do! You can be assured of my leniency."

Peter's voice throbbed with what might have been strong emotion. "Fair lady! I suffer unspeakably. Day and night I am consumed by the desire to see you — as you really are."

"Sir!"

"Please do not be offended! Only the sight of your beauty can ease my pain. If you will remove your clothes and lie beside me on this bench, I will give you three hundred rubles!"

The girl hesitated, and the heightened color of her cheeks was replaced by an unusual pallor. She took a deep breath.

"It is a bargain," she said. Then, tensely, as though it were an afterthought: "But you must promise not to touch me!"

Peter promised and gave her the money, whereupon the pretty young woman undressed, exposing her undeniable charms to full view, and lay down on the bench beside him.

Peter lay completely motionless, but the young lady soon grew restive.

"You need not take your promise so seriously," she pouted, after a time.

"Oh, indeed I must!" Peter retorted firmly. "It would be dishonorable for me to break my word."

The dainty figure beside him grew

more and more restless.

"You have given me six hundred rubles. If you will only forget your promise, I will give them all back to you," she said huskily.

"No," Peter insisted. "I could not do that. It would not be right."

The lady now appeared in agony.

"Listen to me, sweet lad," she pleaded. "I will give you twice what you have given me. I will give you twelve hundred rubles. But . . . you *must* forget your promise!"

At this point the father, who had been listening from behind the fence with bated breath, could restrain himself no longer.

"You fool, you fool!" he shouted. "What are you waiting for? It is an excellent profit!"

At the sound of his voice the damsel started as if she had been struck. Her face crimson, she jumped to her feet, threw her gown about her, and fled into the chateau. Peter was left quite alone with neither the lady nor the money to console him.

For a moment his eyes remained fixed on the tiny side door. Then, shaking his head, he rose slowly and went over to where his father had been hiding.

"Dear meddling father!" he sighed. "I'm afraid you'll have to support me once more. You have just caused me to lose every penny of my investment."

— Translated by William H. Schad





*"I'm not worried. She's run off on affairs before.
She'll be back. He won't, but she will."*

OMELET

(continued from page 34)

thick. Put the apples in a saucepan with 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon lemon juice and ⅛ teaspoon cinnamon. Cook slowly until the water has evaporated and apples are tender. Prepare two omelets in the usual way but omit the monosodium glutamate and the pepper. Add 2 tablespoons sugar to each omelet before the eggs are beaten. After the liquid egg has set on the bottom, sprinkle half the apple mixture into each pan. Fold the omelets in the usual way. Turn them onto a platter. Heat almost to bubbling ⅓ cup rum. Pour the hot rum over the omelets, then light the rum and, while it is flaming, spoon it over the omelets. When the flames subside, sprinkle each omelet with confectioners' sugar.

OMELET WITH SHERRIED LOBSTER

Boil a 1¼-lb. fresh lobster 20 minutes. Cool; remove the lobster meat from the shell. (Or buy a freshly cooked lobster from your seafood dealer.) Cut the lobster into slices about ¼-inch thick. In the top part of a double boiler, over simmering water, melt 2 tablespoons butter. Add the sliced lobster meat and 3 tablespoons dry sherry. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and celery salt. Let the mixture simmer five minutes or until the lobster is heated through. Add ¼ cup light cream and 2 tablespoons chopped chives or scallions. When the cream becomes hot, beat 1 egg yolk well. Slowly stir the egg yolk into the cream and cook, stirring constantly, until the sauce is thickened. Remove the double boiler from the flame. Season the lobster to

taste. Prepare two omelets in the usual way, adding a few tablespoons lobster filling to each omelet before it is folded. (Reheat the lobster filling before adding it to the eggs if necessary.) Spoon additional lobster filling onto the plates.

OMELET WITH MUSHROOMS IN SOUR CREAM

Wash ¼ lb. fresh mushrooms. Separate mushroom caps from stems. Cut mushroom caps and stems into slices about ⅛-inch thick. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in a saucepan. Sauté until mushrooms are tender. Add 2 tablespoons dry white wine, ½ teaspoon grated onion and a dash of nutmeg. Add ½ cup sour cream. Mix very well. Cook slowly up to the boiling point, but do not boil. Add salt and pepper to taste. Prepare two omelets in the usual way. Spoon a few tablespoons mushroom filling onto each omelet before folding. Add balance of filling to plates.

OMELET WITH PROVOLONE

Chop 1 small onion very fine. Heat 1 tablespoon olive oil in a small saucepan. Before the oil smokes, add the onion. Sauté until onion turns yellow. Add an 8-oz. can tomato sauce, ⅛ teaspoon garlic salt and ⅛ teaspoon leaf thyme. Simmer slowly five minutes. Cut 6 anchovy fillets into small dice, and add to pan. Cut 2 oz. sliced provolone cheese into ½-inch squares. Add the cheese to the pan. Continue to cook only until the cheese softens. Avoid overcooking. Add salt and pepper to taste. Prepare two omelets in the usual way, adding a few tablespoons provolone filling to each omelet before it is folded. Spoon additional filling onto serving plates. No fair licking the spoon.



LET THERE BE LIGHT

(continued from page 54)

and the headlights shone on him, he closed the arc.

Meeting another car at night can be unpleasant enough even when you are prepared for it and are driving on a straight road. But if you are rounding a hairpin bend, and *know* that there is no other car coming, yet suddenly find yourself staring directly into a beam 50 times as powerful as any headlight—well, the results are more than unpleasant.

They were exactly what Edgar had calculated. He switched off his beam almost at once, but the car's own lights showed him all he wanted to see. He watched them swing out over the valley and then curve down, ever more and more swiftly, until they disappeared below the crest of the hill. A red glow flared for a few seconds, but the explosion was barely audible, which was just as well, as Edgar did not want to disturb the servants.

He dismantled his little searchlight and returned to the telescope as he had not quite completed his observations. Then, satisfied that he had done a good night's work, he went to bed.

His sleep was sound but short, for about an hour later the telephone started to ring. No doubt someone had found the wreckage, but Edgar wished they could have left it until morning, for an astronomer needed all the sleep he could get. With some irritation he picked up the phone, and it was several seconds before he realized his wife was at the other end of the line. She was calling from Tuncks Place, and wanted to know what had happened to Aethelred.

It seemed they had decided to make a clean breast of the whole affair, and Aethelred (not unfortified by strong waters) had agreed to be a man and break the news to Edgar. He was going to call back as soon as he had done this and tell Mary how her husband had received it. She had waited with mounting impatience and alarm as long as she could, until at last anxiety had got the better of discretion.

It goes without saying that the shock to Edgar's already somewhat unbalanced nervous system was considerable.

In the long run, Mary came out of it rather well. Aethelred wasn't really very bright, and it would never have been a satisfactory match. As it was, when Edgar was duly certified and safely put out of harm's way, Mary received power of attorney for the estate and promptly moved to Dartmouth, where she took a charming flat near the Royal Naval College and seldom had to drive the new Bentley for herself.



"I know the cutest story, but it isn't for mixed company. Will you ladies leave the room?"

Sic Semper Sikkim

(continued from page 58)

or what the hell they were doing at the maharajah's palace; it's just that everyone else was there, that's all. Presently, the maharajah, trying his best to get onto solid ground, sent his sons outside to talk with the revolutionaries. "What are your demands?" said the Maharaj Kumars, and were told, in no uncertain terms, "Our demands must be met!" The Maharaj Kumars hurried back to the maharajah and shrugged.

Well, things were getting ticklish, but the Maharajah of Sikkim rose to the occasion. "People of Sikkim!" he cried from the window, as far as anyone can remember, "I have heard your demands, and they shall be met! Oh, I promise it!" With a thousand hurrahs, the crowd broke up and the maharajah left the window, more certain than ever that the bottle was the only way. Later, however, he was visited by Mr. Tashi, who said the demands were land reform and free elections, and, rather wearily, the Maharajah of Sikkim acquiesced.

Since then, things have been buzzing. Sikkim got a Dewan in 1949, its people got to vote in 1953 and a five-year plan got started on April 18, 1955—a day the Dewan said was "eventful" for lovers of freedom everywhere. ("In Bandung, the representatives of the Asia-African countries are, on this same day, commencing their deliberations, so that the forces of peace and order may be strengthened throughout the world. And it is today that His Highness is presenting to his people the Sikkim Development Plan.") The plan has a rosy future for Sikkim, with fertilized, chemicalized, non-insectiferous farms in every valley, with forest rangers gazing at acres of woods and fish-full lakes, with power dams on the Tista and Ranguenokhu rivers and mills, wool presses, canneries downstream, with coal, copper, graphite, gypsum rolling from the hillsides, and twice as many roads, and twice as many hospitals, and twice twice as many kids in school, taught, too, by teachers who went to school—a land of plenty, of happy people. The job has begun (notably, by a badminton court for the bureaucrats). How the Sikkimis will take to this, however, is anybody's guess, for they can't even read the Rent Control Law, the first fruits of their democracy. The Sikkimis, after all, are a simple folk, farmers and hill-people, and it isn't easy to tell them, as the Rent Law does, that "any person contravening, attempting or abetting the contravention of any of the provisions of this act shall be liable to a fine which may extend to Rs. 5000/-, in default six months' rigorous or simple imprisonment." Perhaps, when they hear enough of this gobbledygook, the

Sikkimis will again rise up, marching to the Sikkim Senate and shouting, "Our demands must be met!" (The ancient laws of Sikkim may have been harsh, but at least they were readable. They said the five crimes were matricide, patricide, lamicide, making mischief among the lamas and hurting good people, and added, "For the above offenses, punishments are inflicted, such as putting the eyes out, cutting the throat, having the tongue cut out, having the hands cut off, being thrown from a cliff and being thrown into deep water.") On the other hand, the Sikkimis are rather used to mysticism, and many of their Buddhist rites—their prayer, *om mani padme hum*, for instance—mean nothing at all to them. Perhaps, in the end, the Sikkimis will worship the Rent Law, too. Myself, I don't even want to guess.

The right pronunciation of Sikkim is "sik-kim," as to a dog. It means "the new house." To the west of Sikkim is far-flung Nepal; to the north is Tibet, a puppet of Communist China; and to the east is Bhutan, a kingdom so hard to reach that Mr. George J. W. Goodman, who wrote a novel, *The Bubblemakers*, about an expedition there, couldn't get his expedition farther than St. Louis, Missouri. So far, Sikkim, in the middle of all this, apparently is the world's end; but south of it is India, and I myself was in a Pan American clipper one day, in Sikkim the next. From Darjeeling, India, to Gangtok, Sikkim, I went in a taxi, a wild and awe-inspiring ride. Always, the taxi was in the clouds; as it crawled into the Himalayas, fog and drizzle swirled about it, but I got a glimpse of the wet, green hillsides, terrace on terrace, of monkeys on the devious roadway, of Himalayan condors with 10-foot wings, and, occasionally, of that terrible white mountain, Kanchenjunga, the highest in Sikkim, the world's third. At a river, I crossed the border, and then the taxi clambered up to Gangtok, the country's capital, and to the maharajah's red-and-gold palace on a skyline ridge. From there, I looked down, right and left, as from an airplane, at hundreds of green square miles of Sikkim—patches in the sunlight, patches in the rain.

The road I had traveled, a bridge at Hong Kong, and Panmunjom, Korea, are the only openings in Communist China's curtain. On this road, China will invade India, if at all; today, it is trodden, and peaceably, by the tall, party-colored Tibetans and their jingling mule trains, traveling south with yak-wool, to be made into blankets, Santa Claus beards and automobile floor mats, and north again with Western things. In Sikkim, the Tibetans stop at caravansaries, where, at night, they sing of love and dance with their womenfolk, they

gamble and they drink of such Tibetan delicacies as hot *socha* and *chang*—the *socha* being a popular nonalcoholic beverage made of tea, salt, yak-butter and borax, and the *chang* being a kind of fermented barley; the Japanese would call it *sake*. (As for *socha*, I think the Japanese would call it *socha*; it's their word for "bad tea.") A Tibetan has 50 cups of *socha* a day, and he's sure to agree that it hits the spot. Otherwise, he is like any other tourist, for once he has sold the yak-wool, he buys a Leica and he roams the colorful parts of Gangtok to snap the natives—in Modern Tibetan, there are words for "camera," "develop" and "print." Many things have changed in the Forbidden Land, in this 20th Century. Now, a Tibetan who takes the desolate, age-old trail to Gangtok, Sikkim, needs a passport and those who forget them, or think they're a kind of newfangled throwaway, are being heavily fined; and at the Sikkimi-Tibetan frontier, at 14,000 feet in the Himalayas, a customs agent, a photographer and a fingerprint man shiver, blow on their knuckles, and wait.

(continued on next page)

FEMALES BY COLE: 44



Hypochondriac

The Maharajah of Sikkim is a Tibetan, but the common folk, as I've said, are Bhotias and Nepalis, and, as I've also said, there is some friction between the two. According to the Bhotias, the Nepalis are people who just got off the banana boat; and they hint darkly that the Nepalis are un-Sikkimi. All right, and so are the Bhotias, say the Nepalis, for no one is really a Sikkimi but the Lepchas, just as no one is really American but the Indians. The comparison, I think, is well taken, for the Lepchas are the Vanishing Sikkimis. A hundred years ago, the country was theirs; a dozen years ago, 25,000 were left; now there are 15,000 and as for the future, the Sikkim Development Plan tosses them off, saying, "Their leisure hours could be usefully employed in making rugs, tweeds and blankets." One can imagine this having been said about the Navahos.

Why the Lepchas are not able to propagate themselves is something of a mystery, for they certainly are trying hard — this, at any rate, being the finding of a British anthropologist, Mr. John Morris, who went to Sikkim in 1937 and said the Lepchas are obsessed with sex. (The Lepchas say that Morris is obsessed with sex.) What's the matter, apparently, says Mr. Morris, is that the Lepchas get obsessed a little too early in life, being tucked out when it's time for children. Among the Lepchas, he reports, a girl is used to losing her virtue at 10, being seduced by an older man, and after that she may sleep — nay, she *must* sleep — with her older sisters' husbands' younger brothers, her older sisters' husbands' brothers' sons, and, after she is married, her husband's or husbands' (the Lepchas are polyandrous) younger brothers and his or their older brothers' sons, which, in the close-knit communities of Sikkim, are half the people in town. On a journey, she may sleep with anyone at all — just the opposite, of course, of the custom in our own country; the Lepchas are hard put to understand the Mann Act. By the time a Lepcha is married, she has known, and rather intimately, the lion's share of the wedding party, and so there is a note of jollity at these affairs that is usually lacking in Christian ones. The bridegroom joins in the general mirth. "Now," he is told, as the bride is given away, "here is a little egg for you."

"Isn't this egg a bit stale?" he replies — not at all chivalrously, we would think.

"Well," one of the guests puts in, barely containing his merriment, "the fact is that I've carefully shelled the egg, so it'll be easier to eat."

When the guffaws die down, the groom retorts, if he's being on his toes, "Quite so. But, it is clear the egg hasn't been freshly shelled." By now, everyone

at the wedding is in stitches, and tears are rolling down their cheeks — except, of course, for the egg herself, who is hiding her head coyly, thinking, perhaps, of the tender nights in store with her brothers-in-law and nephews. There isn't any divorce among the Lepchas. As Mr. Morris says, it just wouldn't serve any purpose.

In Lepcha Land, the religion is Buddhism, but many other things are mixed in, including a dash of the Old Testament. The Lepchas are said to believe in the Flood, it raining in the Himalayas for 15 days (in the Himalayas, a rainy day is like two or three of them anywhere else), and a single Lepcha and his wife escaping, in an ark; there is also a legend of Babel. Among the beliefs that are neither Buddhist nor Old Testament, fish nor fowl, are the satanic Mungs, the seraphic Rums and the human Muns, who, by putting an egg to their foreheads, see the future, and one belief that is fish, fowl and everything else under the sun is Go-sum, a salmagundic idol. Chiefly, a Go-sum is made of dough, but its navel is a turtle, its tail is a snake, and its sides are feathered with chicken leathers; there is butter in its hands, butter on its head and a feed-bag at its mouth, and round about are cups, cones, lamps, snakes, sausages, men, women, Mungs, Rums and other gods, all of them made of dough, as well as raw meat, red sticks, bamboo slivers, tufts of wool, and wooden labels. All of the foregoing is sprinkled with blood; then it is thrown to the dogs, who eat it, supposedly curing the sick. For childbirth, the Lepchas write an abracadabra on a piece of paper, roll it into a pill, coat it with butter and give it to the expectant mother to swallow. In Nepal, the people use railway tickets for this, but the age of science has yet to come to Sikkim.

Buddhism itself, as practiced by the Lepchas, and by the Bhotias, Tibetans and the Maharajah of Sikkim, is a religion of mysticism and mumbo-jumbo, the barest hint of whose profundity is seen, for instance, in its idea of the universe — seven concentric whorls of golden hills, intersticed by seven concentric oceans and environed by an iron wall that is 312½ miles high and 3,602,625 miles long. At the heart of this religion, in day-to-day practice, are those enigmatic words *om mani padme hum*, which the Sikkimis murmur as they walk, as they work, as they tell the 108 beads of their rosaries; too, *om mani padme hum* is written on prayer wheels and flies to heaven, it is said, with every clockwise spin. In Sikkim, the prayer wheels abound, and lamas and laymen never miss a chance to spin them. While I was there, I shared a bungalow with such a lama, a certain Bhikshu Sangharakshita, of Kalipong, India, who also

was on a visit, and also knew English; and one afternoon I asked him to explain, if he would, just what *om mani padme hum* is all about. The lama was sitting at the front of his bed, cross-legged, dark and hollow-eyed, his yellow robes glimmering in a shaft of light; he began by saying that certain experiments, now being made in India and the United States, indicate the words *om mani padme hum* are vibrating at 250,000 times per second — and that is where he lost me. The lama went on, however, to say that the universe, too, is vibrating, and that a person who says *om mani padme hum* again and again will, presently, vibrate in time with the universe. I listened to this patiently, and then I told the lama he was getting ahead of me and would he simply translate the words? "Of course," he said; *mani* means "the jewel," and *padme* is "in the lotus," and *om* and *hum*, which the dictionaries give as "oh" and "amen," really mean nothing at all, but are there because they vibrate. The jewel in the lotus, he said, is Buddha in the universe; also, you can look at the universe as being wisdom (jewel) and compassion (lotus), or, from another point of view, the absolute world is a jewel and the relative world, a lotus. That the jewel is in the lotus means the absolute world is a potentiality in the relative world, or that being a Buddha, "an enlightened one," is a potentiality in you and me. It really means a lot of things, the lama said, like the Chinese yin and yang. *Om mani padme hum* is a popular prayer with the laity — in fact, the only one they use — but the lamas know quite a few others, including *om arapat-sanadhi* and *om tare tulare mama ayur punyedsanyana pusphita kuru swaha*. A Sikkimi, in his lifetime, may say the *om* a hundred million times — yet never know what it means, for the words are in Sanskrit, a language as dead as Latin. This didn't seem to bother my friend, the lama. "It's the vibrations that count," he said.

In Sikkim, the Buddhist religion was unheard of until the 17th Century, when it was brought there from Tibet and by a Tibetan lama, a certain Lhasun Ch'em-bo. "Lhasun Ch'em-bo" is really a title, meaning "the great reverend god"; his given name was Kun-zan Num-gye, or "the entirely victorious essence of goodness," but then, too, he may properly be called Lhasun Num Kha Jig-may, which means "the reverend god who fears not the sky," because he can fly. He-ru-ka-pa, which means "the naked one," Kusho Dsog-ch'en Ch'em-bo, which means "the great and honorable Dsog-ch'en," which, in turn — enough of this, because, what is more important, his name was mud in Tibet. In 1648, Lhasun showed up in Lhasa, demanded an audience with the Dalai Lama, and,

having been ushered to the throne of that august divinity, proceeded to punch him in the nose and vomit on the floor. Lha-tsun insisted it was sort of a magic charm, but the rest of the court were rather upset, and I can't believe they were taken in. Anyhow, we find Lha-tsun in Sikkim soon afterwards. There, he preached a kind of Tibetan Buddhism—red-cap, as distinguished from yellow-cap—converted the Lepchas, founded a lamasery and, last but certainly not least, founded Sikkim, for he gave the Lepchas a maharajah, their first. This person, too, was a Tibetan, Namgyal; and all the ensuing maharajahs, including Sir Tashi Namgyal, are his descendants and all of them have married Tibetans, to keep the blood pure.

What I remember most about my trip to Sikkim is the night that Mr. Rustomji, the Dewan, asked me over for dinner. That was on June 1, when the monsoon was supposed to begin—and it did, with a vengeance. In an hour, an unbelievable amount of rain lurched out of the sky, splashing into the bungalow where the lama and I were putting up, soaking the beds and floorboards; outside, the Sikkimis put their umbrellas up, hurrying home. To me, there was something very odd about an umbrella in the Himalayas. I quite expected the people to use coveralls of yak-wool, or nothing at all, perhaps; but in the monsoon season, the Sikkimis always go with an umbrella over their arm or hanging from their collars, in back of the neck. In a way, it is like an Arab who wears sunglasses, which many of them do.

Anyhow, I waited till the rain let up and then walked to the Dewan's home, up on the skyline ridge. There I'm afraid that I was received as Alice in Wonderland was, by the Mad Hatter. No one answered the door and, after knocking and hallooing for a minute or so, opening it and going inside, I found the Dewan of Sikkim at tea, playing bridge with his mother, his sister and a fourth party, a Sikkimi, and none of them saying a word to me. For a while I sort of stood there, feeling like the man in Philadelphia who doesn't read *The Bulletin* but realizing, of course, that the Dewan of Sikkim didn't mean to be rude; it's just that bridge is bridge, even in Sikkim. After the hand had been played, and argued, the Dewan said hello, introduced his family and, pointing to the fourth, his partner, said, "You know the Maharaj Kumar, don't you?" I answered that I didn't and the Maharaj Kumar and I shook hands. The younger son of the maharajah is tall, dark and handsome, with hair like Senator Kennedy's; he wore a blue turtle-neck sweater and a blue sport shirt, which hung out, American-style, over corduroy pants; his English was perfect. He said he had graduated from Oxford.

After a few more bridge hands and a few more arguments, the five of us adjourned to the living room and we sipped brandy as the Dewan of Sikkim, an avid collector of things, showed us what he had picked up in Sikkim. Presently he began to talk of Sikkim's history. In the distant past, he said, the maharajah was not called a maharajah but a *gurgle* or pope and, he added with tongue in cheek, "I was thinking of bringing the title back."

The Maharaj Kumar, who was sipping a brandy, just about gagged. "What?" he cried, a look of horror on his face.

"Sir Tashi Namgyal, the Gurgle of Sikkim," said the Dewan, trying the words on his tongue. He was enjoying himself hugely although, to my way of thinking, the Dewan, or Divan, was hardly one to talk.

Desperately, the Maharaj Kumar turned to me and said, "What if someone called you the Gurgle of Sikkim?" "Frankly," I said, "I'd ask him to step outside."

"Precisely," the Maharaj Kumar glared at the Dewan, and then he saw it was all in fun. "Anyhow, I won't be a gurgle. It'll be my brother," he said.

"The other Maharaj Kumar," said the Dewan's mother.

The son of the maharajah looked at me impishly. Then he said, "My brother's a reincarnation, you know." He seemed to find this very amusing, which maybe it is.

"Oh?" I said. "Who of?" "Heaven knows. Of his late uncle, I suppose."

Here we were interrupted by the Dewan who had been chuckling to himself up to now and muttering *gurgle, gurgle*. "This Maharaj Kumar is the Development Commissioner," he said.

"Is that a political plum," I asked, "or are you really very busy developing and commissioning?"

The Maharaj Kumar made as if he were shocked. "Oh, dear, if it weren't for my guiding hand," he said, "the country would fall apart."

"Yes," said the Dewan, smirking. "He works very, very hard."

"Work, work, work," sighed the Maharaj Kumar.

"He wakes," said the Dewan, "every morning at four o'clock and, after the usual devotions, he falls diligently to." Then, the Dewan of Sikkim and the Maharaj Kumar laughed and laughed, until their laughter filled the room—two politicians, it seemed to me, playing their little game and having their little joke, but, when you get down to it after all, doing a hundred times more for the Sikkimis than a hundred long years of maharajahs.



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BEAT/frisco

(continued from page 22)

and then another poet; voices were less audible at one than at 12, and less again at two than at one. Nobody paid much attention. The wine went down in a few of the bottles and was replaced by new bottles but nobody got loud. Everybody sat on the floor around the edges of the room. The beat stare became universal. That puzzled one of the white collar wives, why nobody got loud.

A man near her undertook to explain. "Goof balls," he yawned; not much of a yawn but just a little. "And the liquor, and the tea, that's all slow rolling. Kindergarten antics."

"But you have to pass the time," she said. "How about Zen?"

For a moment the man looked blank. Then he grimaced. "Zen is for the Ivy League," he said.

By the second hour into morning, two or three of the white collar couples were dancing. For a time the drummer got off the drums and danced with the girl in the peasant blouse. She was a silk screen maker, handprinting draperies,

and she made a good living at it with half her mind. Nobody seemed to know what she did with the other half. She never smiled. Only occasionally did she and the drummer touch each other. The music was only to the slightest degree danceable; they had to imagine most of the rhythm. Every now and again they would drift off into solitary improvisations, paying no attention to each other, faces like stone. Then they would drift back together.

One of the white collars mentioned he was rereading Melville. (You don't read, in beat San Francisco, you reread. Everybody you talk to has read everything in some mystical past. Everybody has smoked and chewed and inhaled everything. It's all tired, man.)

"Melville?" the stocky man in the faded suntans who had read poetry early in the evening, said. "And James. And Whitman. Don't you read *anything*?" He looked scathingly weary.

"Maybe Sade?" the bright-eyed girl that had wanted the tea said doubtfully. "Is Sade all right, Mac?"

"Sade." The one in the suntans rolled his eyes upward. "Sade is for the Aztecs.

Read Fenimore Cooper if you want to sit out front. Read Nick Carter."

"Sound, man," somebody else corrected wearily. "Not words."

"Yeah," Mac said. "Dog whistles. That stuff up out beyond the human ear range. Where you just get nerve center reaction. That's all right, too." Mac was a real one. Once he had almost spoiled a perfect 10-year record by going to work in a bookstore but he'd jumped clear at the last minute. There was an older woman in Marin who admired Mac.

"Not even sex?" The bright-eyed suburban girl giggled, but she looked a little nervous at the same time.

"Unisex, bisex, monosex." Mac laid it down in an exhausted voice. "All beat gaffs." As he said that, the blonde girl who had spent most of five hours drawn up to the pianist turned around very slowly and stared in his direction. There was a long, long silence. At last Mac said to the blonde girl: "Pad me."

For a moment longer she continued to look at him. Then she said, "Why?"

"Why not?" Mac said. He raised one eyebrow, but he did not smile.

The blonde pursed her lips. Then she nodded a little, got up, went out the door and turned down the hall toward the bedroom. Mac gave the tin measuring cup he was drinking out of to the bright girl and followed the blonde. A door closed. The pianist didn't look up.

"Way out," the scrawny sandy man said significantly.

Again there was a silence. "Why did she do it?" the suburban square asked at length. There were times when it was hard being cool.

"She doesn't even love him, is that your problem?" The sandy one allowed himself a grin—he'd made a funny. It broke up the room.

More and more, the talk began to fade now as the early hours of the morning came on. The people sat motionless along the walls, hugging their knees. After the standard discussions of the Bay area's progression from Turk Murphy and Lou Watters' dixieland through Brubeck and Bostic cool to poetry/jazz; of the Alan Ginsberg acquittal when *Howl* was charged with obscenity and how it had put San Francisco poetry on the map and how the Beach boys danced that day in municipal court; of how Twelve Adler Place and Vesuvio's and The Hungry i and The Black Cat had all gone commercial and the only places left were The Place and Miss Smith's Tearoom for the dikes; after all that died out some of the suburban people were made restive by the growing silence. But they needed what was here. Halfway between the Beach and Burlingame and satisfied with neither, beat was their word, too. But the beat hipsters were joy popping: on pure thought. Not thought about anything, just pure thought conception: thought *about* pure thought.



The party was shifting to overdrive.

The essence of the far-out, utmost, outermost beat Coast party is that San Francisco bohemia has run the gamut of drugs, liquor and sex experimentation and has come out at the end of it Bird's-eye cool. Tea and peyote produce an inverted world, of distorted time-space dimensions, a world of pure self. Now even the stimulants which produce that "Cosmic I" have been discarded. But the Cosmic I, pure essence, cool and far-out, remains. Everybody is an Outsider. Maximum withdrawal is the goal.

By three in the morning the tourists — i.e., the suburban crowd, tolerated by the hard core from the memory of other days, for what they might have become — were beginning to drift on back to their homes. The party began jumping, as it does out there, into lower and lower registers. For minutes at a time there would be no sound. Then a brief unconnected riffing of piano keys, or half a bar of mute work as if the trumpet were warming up. A girl got to her feet, her eyes closed, and moved through a slow drugged dance and sat down again. Nobody seemed to watch her. Nobody commented. Conversation, in the long intervals when it came, had the hazy, disconnected, confession quality of De Quincy.

"That soft pearly pearly," a voice said quietly. "Comes that rosy fingered, man." "Got to get one job, one day," another replied after a time.

"Reach up and out. and up and out," another one whispered, almost inaudibly.

The key was so low now, so intense and internal, that the lifting of a finger, a loudly drawn breath, seemed enormous. One of the last remaining of the suburban girls got up and looked around and tried to smile, and couldn't, and wondered whom to say goodnight to, and gave that up also. She left on tiptoe. Nobody looked up. Nobody spoke. There was a terrific air of expectancy that in another minute would come a revelation, that everybody there would fly up and over and out, liberated.

And then very quietly, the last of the people began to drift away. Finally it was only the host and Mac and it began slowly to get light in the barn-empty, high-ceilinged room. The host was still staring when Mac blinked his eyes and pulled himself up stiffly and protestingly from where he had been sitting for a long time, his back to the wall under the window. Mac looked like he'd been a long way out and it was a long way to come back. He stood up finally and stared blankly at the window, out at the day.

"Great party, man," he said softly to the host.

"Great," the host agreed. He spoke gently, as if he did not want to break the spell. "A real romance."



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ALL-STARS

(continued from page 40)

guests—but, unable to snag a national sponsor, the show folded the week before Christmas. Radio offered *Bandstand USA*, with two hours of live jazz from Eastern clubs filtered across-country via Mutual every Saturday; NBC's *Monitor* discontinued its visits to Chicago jazz spots at year's end and planned henceforth to limit its weekend wandering to jazz in New York.

There were some interesting academic notes during 1957: Brandeis U. commissioned six compositions from avant-garde jazzmen to be premiered at its Creative Arts Festival, and at Music Inn in Lenox, Mass., a unique summer "School of Jazz" was inaugurated, with students from the U.S., Brazil and Africa boning up on piano, trumpet and drums under such teachers as Oscar Peterson, Dizzy Gillespie and Max Roach.

It was a fantastic year for jazz on records, with sales almost doubling those of the previous 12 months. The 10 top-selling jazz LPs of the year, by our own rough estimate, were *Miles Davis—'Round About Midnight*, *Duke Ellington at Newport*, *Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Cole Porter Song Book*, *Ella and Louis*, *Four Freshmen and Five Trumpets*, *Erroll Garner Concert by the Sea*, *Jimmy Giuffre 3*, *Shelly Manne and His Friends Play My Fair Lady*, *Modern Jazz Quartet and Modern Jazz Quartet at Music Inn*. Near year's end, PLAYBOY produced its first *All-Star Jazz* album, an intra-industry recording venture on PLAYBOY's own label, featuring the winners of the first annual *Jazz Poll* on two 12" LPs, with 10 pages of liner notes, photographs and an extensive LP jazz discography.

As fans mourned the loss of George Girard, Joe Shulman, Serge Chaloff and Jimmy Dorsey (who passed away less than a year after his brother Tommy), new stars twinkled on the scene. Johnny Richards' crew stirred up the most talk among the big bands, while Jimmy Giuffre's threesome seemed the likeliest combo comer. On the solo level, tenor sax man Sonny Rollins was the most talked-about cat of the year.

The movies continued to make only sporadic use of jazz, though jazz-like sounds were showing up more often in background music. Two traditional jazz stars were honored with celluloid biographies: W. C. Handy in *St. Louis Blues*, with Nat Cole as W. C., and Louis Armstrong in *Satchmo the Great* with Satchmo as Satchmo. A French company hired John Lewis and his Modern Jazz Quartet to write and play the background music for *Sait-On Jamais*; Red Norvo helped with the yelps in *Screaming Mimi*, a Gypsy Rose Lee—Anita Ekberg opus.

But more important than these developments on records, at clubs, in TV and movies, were the international

rondos played by top U.S. jazzmen. Stars like Lionel Hampton were in such heavy overseas demand that they spent more time out of the country than at home. Haile Selassie presented Wilbur De Paris with a gold medal as the trombonist's traditional-type combo toured Africa. Princess Margaret sent a note backstage to Count Basie at the London Palladium: "Your band was wonderful. I enjoyed it immensely." Travel became so easy that Satchmo and Hamp flew from New York to London for a one-nighter benefit and flew right back; Barney Kessel winged to Caracas, Venezuela for the local jazz club's concert; Ella Fitzgerald played one show in Monte Carlo for a fabulous five-figure fee, plus transportation from Los Angeles and back again.

As jazz grew bigger and the world smaller in inverse ratio, Ray McKinley took his reincarnated Glenn Miller band behind the Iron Curtain; Hal McIntyre's orchestra played U.S. bases in Britain; Harry James bypassed England (because there were complaints that his band had become too square), but played to full houses in France and Germany.

Solo jazzmen who wandered off independently, picking up local accompaniment across the Continent, included Bob Cooper, Bud Shank, Herbie Mann, Lucky Thompson and Tony Scott. Tony even went to southernmost Africa and blitzed the *apartheid* laws by playing for mixed audiences. Even in countries notoriously antipathetic to Americans, the jazzmen left behind gobs of good will (except for one combo leader who left nothing but a trail of empty bottles).

In the U.S., too, jazz appeared in places where it had never been heard before. Sarah Vaughan and Count Basie broke attendance records at the Starlight Room at the Waldorf, from whence had previously come only the squarest of musical sounds. All things considered, 1957 was probably the greatest year jazz has known to date.

While the foreign tours multiplied wildly and domestic LP sales swept upward along with concert and festival grosses, PLAYBOY's readers, who know what they want and want what they know, allowed no overnight sensations to change their 1957 choices as they picked the sidemen for the 1958 *Playboy All-Stars*. Except for a change at piano and the second seat on tenor sax, plus a little game of musical chairs in the brass section, our bold-face winners' list, with leader, eight brass, five saxes, clarinet, five rhythm, two singers, vocal group and instrumental combo, remains the same.

There were, however, some interesting and turbulent undercurrents beneath the calm surface. Specimen: while Stan Kenton remained the undisputed custodian of the *All-Star* baton, a ticker-

tape parade of Ellington votes brought the Duke from fourth to second place, reflecting the impact of his CBS *A Drum Is a Woman* TV spectacular and his popular Columbia LPs. Records must account, too, for the swift lift in enthusiasm for Britain's Ted Heath, who came from the bottom of the barrel to fifth place despite having been seen in this country for only a few weeks on a concert tour. And Dizzy Gillespie's big band lifted Diz from 12th to sixth among leaders as his intercontinental hegiras and Verve LPs earned him prestige and royalties respectively.

Louis Armstrong gave up his first-trumpet position to Chet Baker; Dizzy Gillespie and Shorty Rogers retained their third- and fourth-place spots. Miles Davis jumped from ninth to fifth, just shy of a silver medal position.

There's an interesting similarity between the trumpet voting in this largest of all jazz polls and the results of polls conducted by several publications in the music field here and abroad. Readers of the British *Melody Maker* placed the same five men on top, but not in the same order: Louis, Dizzy, Miles, Chet, Shorty. So did *Down Beat*, with Miles, Dizzy, Chet, Louis, Shorty; *Metronome* had Miles, Chet, Dizzy, Roy Eldridge and Shorty in its 1957 results.

Despite their split as a team, after a year of recording separately for Columbia, J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding are firmly ensconced in first and second place in the *All-Star* trombone section. J. J. received more votes than any other musician in the 1958 poll: four out of every five voters picked him for a place on the four-man team. To complete the section, modernist Bobby Brookmeyer, who spent most of his year freelancing around New York with Mulligan and others, changed chairs with traditionalist Jack Teagarden, who at press time was gassing the Dixieland-inclined British fans with a fine touring band.

Paul Desmond and Bud Shank are sitting in on alto sax for a second time; Stan Getz again takes top honors among tenor men, but Coleman Hawkins has moved from fourth to second place, replacing Charlie Ventura in the *All-Star* sax section. Gerry Mulligan received over 60% of all votes cast for baritone sax, nearly 10 times as many as his closest competition.

The clarinet vote, as in the first poll, was like a chronological history of the horn in its win-place-show selection, with Goodman, De Franco and Giuffre as unvanquished spokesmen of the Thirties, Forties and Fifties. Oldster BG copped his second silver jazz medal and secured his spot among the 1958 *Playboy All-Stars*.

It should come as no surprise that Erroll Garner sneaked past Dave Brubeck to take top honors on piano, for

1957 saw Erroll reach a new high in record sales; and if salaries are any yardstick of success, his \$5000-a-week asking price for appearances in recent months could have been the tip-off. But there is plenty of room at the top, as Brubeck's continued supremacy in the combo voting indicates.

That you can mix jazz with corn and still be rated no square in hip circles was neatly demonstrated by Barney Kessel, who spent much of his time in '57 organizing everything from pop vocal to country-and-western dates, as an A and R man for Norman Granz, while doubling as jazz LP star for Contemporary Records. It was a close race on bass again between the peripatetic Ray Brown (of the Oscar Peterson Trio and JATP) and the more or less motionless Oscar Pettiford (of the New York recording studios). Shelly Manne's best-selling LPs (*My Fair Lady*, *Li'l Abner*) enabled him to widen his margin of victory over others in the skin game. Significantly, all of our first five drummers are also combo leaders, with the *Sweet Smell of Success* (literally as well as on celluloid) hoisting Chico Hamilton from sixth place a year ago to third in the 1958 poll.

Lionel Hampton probably spent less time within 3000 miles of the polling place than any of our other winners, but his numerous Verve waxings kept him with us in spirit while his band fastened seat belts to rock and roll its way from the Thames to Tel Aviv. Cal Tjader, seen with his cooking combo from Ciro's on the Strip to Birdland in the Apple, jumped from sixth to third among miscellaneous instrumentalists.

Frank Sinatra received more than half of all the votes cast for male vocalist for the 1958 *Playboy All-Stars*; another honor for one of the most phenomenal show business talents of the 20th Century. Nat "King" Cole and Sammy Davis, Jr., repeated in second and third place. Johnny Mathis was nominated in the first *Playboy Jazz Poll*, but couldn't corner enough votes to place among the top 15 vocalists listed. This year, riding the crest of a series of smash Columbia records, the ex-track-star jumped into fourth place.

Last year Ella Fitzgerald won her spot with the *Playboy All-Stars* by little more than 200 votes. The First Lady of Song had it much easier this time, for there wasn't a week of the year that one or another of her great Verve albums — *The Cole Porter Song Book*, *The Rodgers and Hart Song Book*, *Ella and Louis* — wasn't on the best-seller lists. Julie London moved from 12th up to fourth place among female vocalists and Eydie Gormé came out of nowhere with two swinging albums (*Eydie Gormé*, *Eydie Swings the Blues*) to take sixth.

The Dave Brubeck Quartet beat out the Modern Jazz Quartet a second time



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as the most popular instrumental combo in the land. And Louis Armstrong's All-Stars placed third, though Satchmo slipped from first place in the trumpet division and from fourth to eighth among jazz vocalists. Neither J. J. Johnson nor Kai Winding did as well with their individual combos as they did last year together.

Breathing with superbly integrated four-part breath control down the necks of the Four Freshmen, the Hi-Lo's made a much closer race of the *All-Star* vocal group this year. Their summer triumph at the Theatre Under the Stars in New York's Central Park was just one of a dozen major events that gave their humor and harmony a maximum of exposure. At the finish, the Freshmen were still fresh, however, and they finished in first place a second time.

More than 25,000 readers cast their ballots in the second annual *Playboy Jazz Poll*, making this the greatest popularity poll ever conducted in the field of jazz. The winners receive silver jazz medals and a place of honor with the 1958 *Playboy All-Stars*.

LEADER

Stan Kenton	9,268
Duke Ellington	3,953
Count Basie	2,401
Benny Goodman	1,678
Ted Heath	1,385
Dizzy Gillespie	1,365
Pete Rugolo	1,218
Shorty Rogers	1,053
Les Elgart	822
Ray Anthony	776
Woody Herman	690
Les Brown	687
Maynard Ferguson	406
Ralph Marterie	266
Johnny Richards	251
Quincy Jones	247
Harry James	239
Neal Hefti	197
Herb Pomeroy	176
Jerry Fielding	165
Ray McKinley	160

TRUMPET

Chet Baker	12,551
Louis Armstrong	12,008
Dizzy Gillespie	11,771
Shorty Rogers	9,932
Miles Davis	8,553
Bobby Hackett	7,306
Maynard Ferguson	6,765
Roy Eldridge	4,298
Conte Candoli	2,844
Buck Clayton	2,707
Charlie Shavers	2,013
Charles Teagarden	1,688
Pete Candoli	1,501
Donald Byrd	1,376
Art Farmer	1,155
Ruby Braff	1,154
Don Fagerquist	1,154
Bob Scobey	1,121

Buddy Childers	1,039
Joe Newman	1,033
Don Elliott	997
Kenny Dorham	920
Harry Edison	914
Thad Jones	809
Cat Anderson	763
Clark Terry	719
Stu Williamson	695
Nat Adderley	548
Sam Noto	491
Conrad Gozzo	451
Harry James	433
Lee Morgan	402
Jon Eardley	387
Jack Sheldon	352
Nick Travis	342
Dick Collins	244

TROMBONE

J. J. Johnson	21,649
Kai Winding	17,412
Bob Brookmeyer	10,200
Jack Teagarden	8,916
Frank Rosolino	5,736
Trummy Young	3,801
Milt Bernhart	3,715
Turk Murphy	3,572
Maynard Ferguson	3,286
Urbie Green	3,222
Bill Harris	3,173
Kid Ory	2,888
Jimmy Cleveland	2,685
Carl Fontana	2,439
Benny Green	2,428
Wilbur De Paris	1,449
Bobby Burgess	1,196
Benny Powell	1,051
Vic Dickenson	1,013
Abe Lincoln	856
Bob Enevoldsen	807
George Brunis	705
Eddie Bert	666
Britt Woodman	553
Herbie Harper	522
Tommy Pederson	486
Frank Rehak	482
Willie Dennis	419
John Saunders	289

ALTO SAX

Paul Desmond	12,212
Bud Shank	6,860
Johnny Hodges	5,560
Lee Konitz	4,695
Art Pepper	3,387
Zoot Sims	2,793
Sonny Stitt	2,378
Cannonball Adderley	2,359
Benny Carter	1,861
Lennie Niehaus	1,124
Charlie Mariano	1,003
Gigi Gryce	900
Al Belletto	882
Herb Geller	852
Willie Smith	806
Jackie McLean	630
Earl Bostic	591
Phil Woods	589
Lou Donaldson	456
Jimmy Ford	370
Marshall Royal	203

TENOR SAX

Stan Getz	13,802
Coleman Hawkins	4,420
Charlie Ventura	3,720
Lester Young	2,824
Georgie Auld	2,525
Zoot Sims	2,203
Jimmy Giuffre	2,011
Bob Cooper	1,971
Dave Pell	1,941
Sonny Rollins	1,851
Bud Freeman	1,780
Bill Perkins	1,775
Illinois Jacquet	1,607
Paul Gonsalves	1,592
Flip Phillips	1,394
Vido Musso	1,362
Al Cohn	1,326
Sam Taylor	912
Sonny Stitt	744
Hank Mobley	599
Ben Webster	476
Lucky Thompson	464
John Coltrane	451
Jack Montrose	450
Eddie Shu	288
Seldon Powell	242
Warne Marsh	198
Sandy Mosse	162
Phil Urso	159

BARITONE SAX

Gerry Mulligan	18,306
Bud Shank	1,999
Harry Carney	1,742
Jimmy Giuffre	1,213
Al Cohn	1,202
Pepper Adams	605
Ernie Caceres	559
Cecil Payne	373
Jack Washington	342
Lars Gullin	324
Jack Nimitz	259
Danny Bank	194

CLARINET

Benny Goodman	8,362
Buddy DeFranco	4,507
Jimmy Giuffre	3,824
Woody Herman	2,245
Tony Scott	1,841
Buddy Collette	1,411
Pete Fountain	875
Edmond Hall	685
Matty Matlock	598
Sam Most	547
Jimmy Hamilton	419
Pee Wee Russell	411
Barney Bigard	344
Sol Yaged	313
Peanuts Hucko	300
Rolf Kuhn	154

PIANO

Erroll Garner	5,910
Dave Brubeck	5,897
George Shearing	2,141
André Previn	1,710
Oscar Peterson	1,687
Duke Ellington	1,227
Count Basie	1,156
Horace Silver	757



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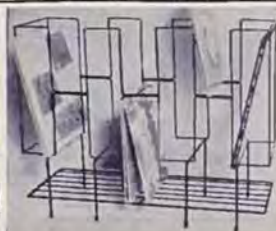
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Lennie Tristano	238	Osie Johnson	265
Billy Kyle	236	Mel Lewis	255
Lou Levy	215	Nick Fatool	251
Claude Williamson	199	Ray Bauduc	246
Hank Jones	184	Sam Woodyard	231
		Don Lamond	206

GUITAR

Barney Kessel	7,041
Eddie Condon	3,057
Johnny Smith	2,487
Les Paul	2,281
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Herb Ellis	1,448
Tal Farlow	1,154
George Van Eps	976
Bo Diddley	949
Sal Salvador	845
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Mundell Lowe	522
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Oscar Moore	340
Jimmy Raney	314
George Barnes	283
Billy Bauer	254
Howard Roberts	233
Joe Puma	230
John Pisano	180

BASS

Roy Brown	4,108
Oscar Pettiford	3,796
LeRoy Vinnegar	2,208
Eddie Safranski	2,179
Percy Heath	1,658
Norman Bates	1,452
Arvell Shaw	1,283
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Chubby Jackson	1,166
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Red Mitchell	1,024
Bob Haggart	1,017
Slam Stewart	874
Paul Chambers	808
Howard Rumsey	751
Carson Smith	469
John Hawksworth	457
Curtis Counce	371
Joe Benjamin	259
Squire Gersh	245
Wendell Marshall	238
George Duvivier	208
Teddy Kotick	200
Israel Crosby	177
Joe Mondragon	168
George Morrow	162

DRUMS

Shelly Manne	7,160
Gene Krupa	3,935
Chico Hamilton	2,417
Max Roach	2,320
Buddy Rich	2,291

MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

Lionel Hampton, vibes	7,122
Milt Jackson, <i>vibes</i>	3,277
Cal Tjader, <i>vibes</i>	1,818
Don Elliott, <i>vibes & mellophone</i>	1,629
Terry Gibbs, <i>vibes</i>	1,586
Art Van Damme, <i>accordion</i>	1,478
Herbie Mann, <i>flute</i>	1,473
Bud Shank, <i>flute</i>	1,456
Shorty Rogers, <i>flugelhorn</i>	1,116
Sidney Bechet, <i>soprano sax</i>	1,101
John Graas, <i>French horn</i>	780
Red Norvo, <i>vibes</i>	692
Buddy Collette, <i>flute</i>	656
Jimmy Smith, <i>organ</i>	528
Bob Cooper, <i>oboe</i>	487
Frank Wess, <i>flute</i>	465
Tito Puente, <i>timbales</i>	396
Fred Katz, <i>cello</i>	381
Sam Most, <i>flute</i>	276
Jean "Toots" Thielemans, <i>harmonica</i>	262
Cy Touff, <i>bass trumpet</i>	256
Joe Rushton, <i>bass sax</i>	196
Pete Jolly, <i>accordion</i>	164

MALE VOCALIST

Frank Sinatra	14,674
Nat "King" Cole	2,113
Sammy Davis, Jr.	1,981
Johnny Mathis	1,434
Mel Tormé	954
Harry Belafonte	847
Pat Boone	678
Joe Williams	563
Louis Armstrong	556
Al Hibbler	508
Chet Baker	458
Perry Como	455
Billy Eckstine	419
Fats Domino	352
Bing Crosby	340
Jackie Paris	299
Bobby Troup	288
Frankie Laine	250
Jimmy Rushing	184
Elvis Presley	169
Tony Bennett	162

FEMALE VOCALIST

Ella Fitzgerald	6,199
June Christy	3,981
Chris Connor	2,810
Julie London	2,490
Sarah Vaughan	2,036

Eydie Gormé	1,749
Anita O'Day	967
Peggy Lee	883
Doris Day	802
Carmen McRae	793
Lena Horne	532
Billie Holiday	529
Jeri Southern	508
Patti Page	378
Dinah Washington	363
Pearl Bailey	358
Jaye P. Morgan	231
Kay Starr	230
Frances Faye	194
Dinah Shore	190
Jo Stafford	185
Lee Wiley	178
Eartha Kitt	177
Jackie Cain	172

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

Dave Brubeck Quartet	5,180
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Australian Jazz Quintet	1,002
Benny Goodman Quartet	970
Dukes of Dixieland	916
Miles Davis Quintet	745
Shorty Rogers' Giants	676
Kai Winding Septet	621
Art Van Damme Quintet	564
Chet Baker Quintet	509
Lighthouse All-Stars	475
Cal Tjader Quartet	426
Lionel Hampton Quintet	407
Oscar Peterson Trio	345
Barbara Carroll Trio	318
J. J. Johnson Quintet	289
Gene Krupa Quartet	268
String Jazz Quartet	246
Stan Getz Quintet	226
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Horace Silver Quintet	216
Bob Scobey Septet	182
Ramsey Lewis Trio	173
Bud Shank Quartet	173
Don Elliott Quintet	167
Jimmy Giuffre Trio	159

VOCAL GROUP

Four Freshmen	9,625
Hi-Lo's	7,989
Mills Brothers	1,846
Jackie Cain & Roy Kral	1,742
Mary Kaye Trio	1,245
Platters	1,020
McGuire Sisters	678
Axidentals	554
Andrews Sisters	400
Blue Stars	376
Al Belletto Sextet	350
The Weavers	309
Moonglows	229
King Sisters	214
Pat Moran Quartet	211
Cadillacs	164



THANK YOU, ANNA

(continued from page 66)

By the way, what did you mean, "make lots friends, get married"? I already have a lot of friends. And I can't get married — two people couldn't live in this one room and I have a two-year lease with no sublet clause. Therefore, marriage is out of the question for some time. And why does everybody want to see me married? I'm happy this way. I have an interesting job, a happy home, and Anna. You must have been talking with Mother again.

At any rate, I appreciate the Restoration.

Best,
PETE.

MISTER PETE:

Found hairpins under pillow of easy chair. Also bottle nail polish in bathroom.

???

Thank you,
ANNA.

DEAR ANNA:

Easily explained. I am a safecracker by profession, and use hairpins in the picking of difficult locks. The nail polish, however, is not mine. It was left here by a friend, who is somewhat absent-minded about those things, and I am going to have a little chat with my friend about that.

Not to change the subject, but — if you stand on a chair and run your finger along the curtain rod, you will find a mess of dust. This was especially disappointing to me, Anna, as it is my custom to run my finger idly along the top of the curtain rod when I am thinking. Let's spend more time on the top of the curtain rod and less time on Hairpin Hunts.

Sincerely,
PETE.

MISTER PETE:

Why you mad?

Thank you,
ANNA.

DEAR ANNA:

Who's mad? The curtain rod is beautiful — I never realized it was brass until now. It was just that I thought you were accusing me of something in your last message, but it was probably my own guilty conscience.

Now that I think about it, it might be a good idea to track down hairpins. It has been pointed out to me that not all girls use the same kind of hairpin, and the discovery of the wrong hairpin at the wrong time could be rather embarrassing.

Is the stove in operating condition? Could you check that little eternal light down in the middle of it for me? Tonight I am going to try something different. Met a girl the other day, from a very wealthy family, but who claims she can cook. I laughed and challenged

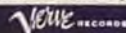
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her to come and cook me a meal, never imagining she would say yes. But she did, with a kind of grim look, and asked me a string of questions that I will turn over to you.

1. Do I have plenty of condiments? I told her I did. What are condiments?

2. Silverware. Is there another fork?

3. Which of the things in the middle drawer under the sink is a knife sharpener? I know it's there, but I am not certain which it is.

4. She knows I have no tablecloth, but she said that was OK, she would use my "doilies." I don't have any doilies, do I? I hope not. Pick up some doilies, will you? Masculine-looking ones, if possible.

Well, I can't say I'm looking forward to this ordeal, but these are the things that teach me to keep my mouth shut. On your next visit, expect to find greasy dishes, blackened pots and pans, and a lingering odor of smoke. You better bring along a vat of ammonia and a gas mask.

Best,
PETE.

MISTER PETE:

You all set. Say is good food no matter what. Make knives sharp on each other. Don't worry. I ready for anything.

Thank you,
ANNA.

DEAR ANNA:

Just look around *this* time. Everything shipshape. Every dish, every glass, every doily back where it belongs. Would you believe that in this immaculate room, a delicious repast took place? Candlelight, wine, steak, hot rolls, an honest-to-goodness *meal* out of *my* kitchen!

And afterward, she insisted on doing the dishes. I told her about you, and how you would be offended if she did your dishes, but this is a girl with definite ideas. Somehow, I believe that she forces herself to be independent and certain because she is a product of all kinds of finishing schools, but as soon as she comes across a real man, all her independence will melt like butter on a hot stove. (By the way, if you look, you will spot some melted butter behind the stove. She told me to put it back in the icebox, but I was just looking at her and not listening, and I guess I got a little confused and put it on the stove. Damn candlelight, couldn't see a thing.)

I was very proud of the way the place looked, Anna, because she said she liked a man who liked neat surroundings. She thought the floor and furniture could use a waxing, but I think she just said that to show she was interested.

How nice it was to meet a real old-fashioned girl!

Best,
PETE.

MISTER PETE:

Floor and furniture all waxed. This

girl going lead you around with ring in nose. Girls not like that in Hungary. Cooking not everything.

Thank you,
ANNA.

DEAR ANNA:

First of all, I almost broke my neck getting in here. This floor is like one huge banana peel.

Secondly, what's got you up in arms? I leave the place nice and clean, meet a nice marriageable-type girl like everybody wants me to, and what happens—you turn my floor into a booby trap.

What cooks with you, Anna?

As ever,
PETE.

MISTER PETE:

Next time you have girl over who don't like my waxing, you tell me. Bought plenty wax.

I no mad. You life you own.

Thank you,
ANNA.

ANNA, MY GOOD FRIEND:

This is ridiculous. I have gone out with a girl exactly three times and you have me married. What's worse, you must have told Mother about this, because she called me yesterday with the name of a good jeweler.

Enough of this foolishness about my getting serious. Even if I did have something long-range in the back of my mind, she would certainly never have me.

To change the subject, please give the place a Hairpin Hunt as never before. I want also to be especially certain there is not a remote chance of finding a loose reminder of another girl anywhere. Nothing escapes this girl's eagle eye.

We're having two other couples up for cocktails before our date tonight. Do I need anything?

Best,
PETE.

MISTER PETE:

Found cheap earring under couch, threw it away. Fake pearl. Chopped chicken liver in icebox. Smear on crackers. Feed to Eagle Eye and friends.

Thank you,
ANNA.

TO THE MAID:

Mr. Johnson is a bachelor, and doesn't know much about the way a home should be kept, but it is absolutely essential that you pay strict attention to items like these:

1. The glasses that you set out must be arranged in two straight lines along the bar, and *must* have a napkin spread over them when you leave, to avoid dust.

2. Whenever Mr. Johnson plans to have guests for cocktails, call a *good* caterer (I recommend the Sutton Place Catering Service) and ask for a platter of hors d'oeuvres, which arrive wrapped in cellophane.

3. I mentioned before to Mr. John-

son that the place direly needed a good waxing. I'm quite serious about this.

MISTER JOHNSON:

I quit. You owe me \$7. Back tomorrow for last time.

ANNA.

DEAR ANNA:

What the hell's the matter? Who's "Mister Johnson"?

What have I done to deserve this? I have a few friends over for cocktails, and we eat up all your chopped chicken liver (everybody said it was delicious), and the next thing I know—you quit.

You *can't* quit. Just forget about the whole idea. I need you.

What I can't understand is why, out of the clear blue sky, you should decide to desert me like I was a sinking ship. Have I said anything to offend you? Are you mad because you never see me in person?

Believe me, I would stay home and talk this over with you today, but we have an all-day meeting down at the office that I can't miss.

Your resignation is hereby refused. Kindly explain.

PETE.

MISTER PETE:

Here is note from Eagle Eye was left for me after cocktail party. I quit. Back tomorrow for \$7.

Thank you,
ANNA.

DEAR ANNA:

I understand now. First of all, I want you to know that I had nothing at all to do with that snotty note that Eagle Eye left you.

Second, there is nothing I can say to stop you from quitting. You have been deeply offended and I cannot blame you for wanting to go find a job where you are better appreciated.

Here is the \$7 I owe you. Let me know where you hid the brooms and things. I will never forget your thoroughness or your schnecken.

Farewell,
PETE.

P.S. Attached is a note for Mother. Read it if you like.

DEAR MOTHER:

What a close call I've had!

You may not realize this, but I came within a hair's breadth of marrying a shrew, the taming of which would have been impossible. Everybody, including you, has been nagging me, "Get married, get married," so when the first marriageable-type girl came along, I panicked.

What really happened was that I fell in love with the idea of getting married. Eagle Eye (which was the name of the girl I have been seeing) had her

hooks out for some poor sap of an eligible bachelor whom she could lead around by the nose — me. When I saw her note to Anna, I began to see the light.

I took the note to Eagle Eye and we had a little chat. Suddenly that sweet exterior peeled away like varnish off a cheap painting, and I realized the bear-trap I had almost put my foot in. There are some cold-blooded, calculating schemers that I do business with on Madison Avenue who would look like innocent babes in the hands of a woman like this. And to think how close I came to marrying her! That is what they mean by a Fate Worse Than Death.

Eagle Eye cost me the loss of Anna, but I still have my books, my hi-fi and my blessed singleness.

With love and relief,
PETE.

MR. PETE:

Here you \$7 back. I no quit. Such good laugh. Wish could see Eagle Eye face.

Thank you,
ANNA.

DEAR ANNA:

Welcome back aboard.

There is some work I have to do at home on Wednesday, so you and I will have a chance to meet face to face.

Looking forward to seeing you,

PETE.

MISTER PETE:

I little bit afraid to meet you tomorrow. Do not want you to be unhappy with way I look. Will wear Sunday dress.

Thank you,
ANNA.

DEAR MOTHER:

Why must you always hold out on important information? Up to today, from what you wrote in your first note about Anna, I had a perfect mental picture of her: fat, friendly and fiftyish, with a big grin and maybe a tooth missing in front.

Why didn't you ever let me know that Anna is a beautiful young girl? Didn't you trust me? Didn't you realize that someday I would come home and find out?

I walked in the place this afternoon and saw this lovely young thing with those big, wistful eyes looking at me, twisting that silly duster in her hands. I figured Anna got sick and sent her daughter, but then she said that *she* was Anna and wondered why I was looking at her that way, was I disappointed with her.

Disappointed! She must have thought I was a little idiotic the way I kept trying to start to say something, but that speechlessness was entirely *your* fault, Mother. You know how I have always felt about the Pier Angeli-Marisa Pavan-type of girl. Here she was — the big

eyes, the slim figure, the shy way about her — the whole package!

So I just stood there looking stupid, thanks to you. I would have been able to handle the whole situation charmingly if I had not been expecting to say hello to a Hungarian Aunt Jemima.

At any rate, as soon as I was able to shift a few gears in my head, we sat down on a couple of the plumped-up cushions and had a long talk. She's very well educated, speaks four languages fluently, but hardly any English. She was a student in Hungary and active in the revolution; when the Russians moved in, she beat it to Vienna and made it to the States on the President's special quota. A sad story, but she's quite cheerful and wants to learn all about America.

She has the softest, loveliest brown hair which, for some reason or other, reminds me of the color of fine, imported dark Danish beer.

You could have given me a hint, at least.

Love,
PETE.

DEAR ANNA:

I have a remarkably good idea. You want to learn to speak better English. I want to try some authentic Hungarian goulash. We have a saying here in America: "One hand washes the other."

How about your staying and waiting for me on Friday, and I'll sample your goulash. After that, I'll teach you my English. That way, I'll be well fed and you'll be well educated. How about it?

Cordially,
PETE.

MISTER PETE:

I worried about washing hands with you. Not proper for girl in man's flat at night. You very, very good to say you help me with English, and I can make you wonderful *szekely* goulash, but I worry. Do not know.

Thank you,
ANNA.

DEAR ANNA:

The English in your last note was absolutely awful. We don't say "flat" — we say "apartment." You use the present tense on future-tense verbs, and your infinitives are split from here to hell and gone. You've mastered four languages already, and you should catch this one quickly, but you need help.

And I need a good meal. Do you know what it's like to eat in restaurants all the time? My Diners' Club booklet is thumbed to a frazzle, and so is my appetite.

In two short paragraphs, I have stung your pride and appealed to your pity. One of these approaches has to work. Please be here tonight.

Fondly,
PETE.

DEAR PETE:

Such a lovely evening. I use the interrogative construction — wasn't it a lovely evening? Putting the question is the most difficult in English, but I learn with you help.

Bring again the wine — tomorrow night — you must learn to like with meal. Red wine, for paprika schnitzel. The French say "a meal without wine is like a springtime without sunshine."

In English lesson, you tell me American history?

Thank you,
ANNA.

DEAR ANNA:

Fear not, I'll bring the wine. I can't imagine a springtime without sunshine, or my apartment without Anna.

By the way, your goulash is superb, and the paprika schnitzel sounds mouth-watering.

The subject of tonight's lesson will be: "Great Romances of American History." I'll help you with the homework. Thank you, Anna.

Love,
PETE.



"I'm simply bursting with questions, dear. Why are we going to Mexico? Did you finally give up your job at the bank? What about that suitcase full of money in the trunk?"

BEAT/what it is

(continued from page 20)

in college. It's true love, but they have no place to go. The back seat of a car is for puppy love and sprained backs. OK, they can use his apartment. What they don't know is that there is a microphone concealed in the mattress. Their friend invites them to a party where he plays the tape before strangers.

In San Francisco a group of young poets announces Religious Poetry Night, attracting a hall full of the plump, mournful ladies (purple hats, veils, heavy freckled bosoms) who adore such things. The first poet gets up to read. "C—S—!" he shrieks at the audience.

On State Street in Chicago a frozen-faced grifter stops a passer-by, pushing out his hand and murmuring, "What you say, pop? Give me a piece of skin."

"I'm sorry, I don't know you."

"I don't know you either, man, but you like to have a party?" He slides off and away with a passive dreamy girlish look which has nothing sweet about it: it plots impossible meanness, anything to make him feel something. He doesn't know anybody, and says "man" to everybody because he can't be bothered remembering names.

In midtown Manhattan a writer, Jack Kerouac, prepares for his interview on TV. "We're beat, man," he says. "Beat means beatific, it means you get the beat, it means something. I invented it." For the television audience he announces, "We love everything, Billy Graham, the Big Ten, rock and roll, Zen, apple pie, Eisenhower—we dig it all. We're in the vanguard of the new religion." Jack Kerouac likes to write of Charlie Parker as God and himself as the Prophet.

These are hipsters.

Who is the hipster, what is it? The pure beat is as hard to track as the pure "student" or "midwesterner," but let us follow the spoor of history and symptoms. We will probably find that "pure hipster" is a phrase like "100% American"—an unstable compound with an indefinite content.

Hipsterism began in a complex effort of the Negro to escape his imposed role of happy-go-lucky animal. A few highly self-conscious urban Negro men sought to imitate "white" diffidence, or coolness, or beatness. They developed a style which was both a criticism of their Bible-shouting and jazz-loving parents and a parody of the detached, uninvolved city ofays. They improvised on an unstated theme—like bop—and if you weren't with it, with it and for it, you heard nothing but jangle. The horn rims of the intellectual came to be known as bop glasses. They blew fine abstractions. The joke was a good one.

Then their white friends took up the

fashion, complicating the joke by parodying a parody of themselves. Cool music was the artistic expression of this hypertensive chill. However, in order to keep from dancing, keep from shouting, keep from feeling, a further help was needed and it was found in heroin. Some of the earlier hot musicians had used marijuana, many drank; these were springs toward jumping high in a group. There was a strong prejudice against the cats who went on junk, expressed in the superstition that you might mainline a fatal bubble of air into your veins. Uh-uh, no baby, they said: and in practice they found that the junkie blew lousy drum or horn, no matter what he thought he was blowing.

The new generation preferred super-celestial private music, however. Heroin dissolves the group and each man flies alone all the way to Barbados. And without flapping his arms.

Many other young Americans felt beat, wanted to keep cool, and so into the arms of the first hipster society, that still unravished bride of bop quietness, ran three angry herds: 1. Mainstreet thugs with their sideburns, their cycles, and their jeans; 2. college kids and a few literary chappies, finding in the addict's cool stance an expression of the frustration of fluid-drive lives in which the juicebox had gone dry; and 3. Upper Bohemia, tired of Van Gogh, Italian movies, charades, and sex, and so ready to try anti-art, anti-sex, anti-frantic non-movement. These latter comprise the Madison Avenue hippies, models who strip merely to express their hatred of fashion magazines, admen and lawyers who marry call girls, a host of Ivy League symbol-manipulators, bloated with money and debt, pink with General Electric sun tans and shame, who express their benzedrine blues by wiggling at night near a blasting rig. "Well, you know . . . Albert Schweitzer doesn't make me climb the wall . . . Is it true he eloped with Kim Novak?"

"Everyone says," remarks the pretty girl who seeks to please, "that I'm exceptionally fastidious, but would you like me to do something nasty for you? I really wouldn't mind. My name is Grape Nuts, what's yours?"

Let us now move in closer to the hipster's harried heart. When the hipster makes it with a girl, he avoids admitting that he likes her. He keeps cool. He asks her to do the work, and his ambition is to think about nothing, zero, strictly from nadaville, while she plays bouncy-bouncy on him. When the hipster makes it with boys, it's not because he's a homosexual and cares for it—it's for money, a ride home, pass the time of night while waiting for the band to come back on. When the hipster steals a car, he doesn't keep it or sell it; he hides it where the squares will have

trouble finding it, and writes "Mort à Louis A" in soap on the windshield. When the hipster digs music, Proust, or religion, it's to talk over, it's to carry around in his jeans, it's to hit his buddies with; it makes no sense or feeling, and the weirder it is, the cooler the kick.

In other words, the hipster is a spectacular instance of the flight from emotion. He is like a sick refrigerator, laboring with tremendous violence, noise and heat, and all for one purpose—to keep cool. This refrigerator is powered by crime without economic need: an editor to one of the hipster writers complains, "Jeez, when I slept on park benches and boosted from the A & P, I did it because I had to. My kick was that I needed sleep and food. I didn't do it to tell people about." The refrigerator is powered by sex without passion; the sole passion is for the murder of feeling, the extinguishing of the jitters. The refrigerator is powered by religion without faith; the hipster teases himself toward the black battiness of oblivion, and all the vital refreshment which religion has given the mystics of the past is a distraction from the lovely stupor he craves. Unlike Onan, who spilled his seed upon the ground, the hipster spills his brains and calls it piety. He also wears music, art and religion as a kind of badge for identification. Instead of the secret handshake which got him into Uncle Don's Boys' Club or the Orphan Annie Secret Society, he now says, "You dig the Bird? Proust? Zen?"

"I'm hip," says his friend. This phrase means: No need to talk. No more discussion. I'm with you. I got you. Cool. In. Bye-bye.

The language of hipsterism is a means toward non-communication, a signal for silence. The truest lingo is narcotics, because this more than anything gives Little Boy Beat what he wants—release from imagination and the body—an illusion not of omnipotence, as we are sometimes told, but of a timeless browsing in eternity. In other words, a cool simulation of death. The sentimental and sensational talk about drugs producing sex maniacs is nonsense. The man on a habit needs nothing more than his fix. Quiet, quiet. He may perform terrible violence to get the drug, but not sex: pleasure has nothing to do with the dreamy high of heroin. The pale soft face of the addict, with his smudged passive eyes and his drooping mouth, is almost ladylike in its sweetness. It has no fight or love in it.

Heroin enables the hipster to stand guard over his soul, dreaming of cool nothing, beautiful beat nothing, while his feet go ratatat and he strokes a switchblade, a hand, or a copy of *Swann's Way*. Needless to say, the proto- and quasi-hipsters do not usually go all the way to the perfection of heroin.

The current fad for the hipster—his language, manners and attitudes—indicates that he is, as that fearful phrase goes, "no isolated phenomenon." Jack Kerouac proclaimed, "Even the Ivy League is going hip." Emerging out of bop, narcotics, and the subtle rebellion of the Negro against the charge of being "happy, excitable, emotional," the hipster takes one of his chief public models from that most authentic American source, the movies. He ignores the injunction of the pious 13th Century moralist, John of Garland, who wrote: "Be not a fornicator, O Student! Stand and sit upright, do not scratch thyself!" The Stanislavsky hipsters scratch as if their soul's unease were actually juicy fleas, slouch as if leaning to catch Marlon's word from earth or James' from vaulted heaven. The movie shadow of Dean or the Brando of *The Wild One* is a part of the image of the hipster, whether he be the smooth pink Ivy League meta-hipster, staring at himself in the mirror of one of those shops where they apparently do operations to remove the bones from men's shoulders, or the long-chinned hairy proto-hipster with a girl jiggling on the behind seat of his Harley-Davidson "74." In many theatres where *The Wild One* played, there was a lineup afterwards in the men's room, the cyclists in their nail-studded black jackets scowling with adoration into the mirror as they rehearsed their public roles. Each man was Brando, distant and violent. Each man was Marlon, cool and beat. They stood in a row without shame, almost without vanity (so pure it was), like neophytes for sacrifice in their penitential leather, silver trim, sideburns, and duck-ass haircuts. Scratch not, O Hipster!

And so the hipster's lines of communication spread from a four-bit moviehouse in a small town of the midwest to the chic saloons of New York and the Coast. He reminds us of the teddyboys of England, the breaking-loose wild brats of defeated Japan, the existentialist zazous of Paris, tooting the petrified dixie they learned from old Beiderbecke records. His apologists, particularly the literary hipsters of San Francisco and New York, are fond of reaching back into history to invoke the criminal gods of French poetry—Rimbaud, who mysteriously vanished into Africa, Villon, who ended up dancing on the gallows, Genet, who is now a poet and playwright hero of Paris after a career of thievery, blackmail, and male prostitution. The very important difference between the American literary hipster and his foreign models is that the great artist-criminals were true outcasts from society: they did not pick themselves up by the seat of their own pants and toss themselves out. They were driven by class differences and economic pressure.

A few of the Americans have performed spectacularly—mostly in the loonybin; one even played William Tell with his wife and blew her head off—but these are individual troubles, not the product of any vast and windy guilt of society. Who ain't got personal troubles? I dig yours, man; but I got mine too.

In any case, the 1958 hipster is not the bold medieval troubadour prince of song and con, nor the romantic adventurer poet of later times, nor the angry driven Depression stiff: he is the true rebel without a cause. No, of course he has a cause—his charred self, but a self without connection or need. He is a reticent boyo with a yen for thuggery, a reluctant visitor to the affairs of men, a faintly girlish loiterer near the scenes of violence. If he can't be a big boom-boom hero in a war, like Gary Cooper, at least he can take the muffer off his rod, like Marlon. Mainly he is afflicted with the great triumvirate disease of the American male—Passivity, Anxiety, Boredom. Individualists without individuality, a sleepy brawl of knowing non-thinkers, the lonely crowd at its grumbling loneliest, the hipsters fall naturally to the absolute submission of a marriage to heroin. Like the submission to boredom in television and all the other substitutes for personal creativeness in American life, narcotics involve an abdication of good sense by men deprived of the will to make their own ways.

"I dig everything, man."

"What do you want to do now?"

"I don't know, man. Get some kicks somehow."

If the description of the hipster as "passive" strikes you as harsh, look up the dictionary definition of the word: "Med. Pertaining to certain morbid conditions characterized by deficient vitality and reaction."

The word hipster came in with bop, which is a way of keeping cool musically, at the same time as narcotics addiction burgeoned—a way of keeping cool sexually. The drug-taking hipster is not a sexual anarchist; he is a sexual zero, and heroin is his mama, papa, and someone in bed. (The pusher in *A Hatful of Rain* is called "Mother.") Not every quasi-hipster mainlines into the tattoo on his arm, of course, but the style of life is set by those who do. The coolest boys call each other "daddy-o," as if their passivity extends to thinking of every man as a potential guardian father. Of course, the traveling musician also cannot be bothered to remember names, so everyone is "man," "pops," "daddy-o." They worship the purple fantasy of torn-tee-shirted masculinity created by Tennessee Williams, William Inge, and others who have invented a new theatrical type—the male impersonator. Adorably brutal, stripped of the prime attributes of manliness—intelli-

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gence, purpose, control—they are the curvaceous Mac Wests of popular melodrama. Having died, James Dean and Charlie Parker are defined as immortal. Living and growing up a bit, Marlon Brando is a traitor to this myth of saintly suicide by sports car or heroin. They might have forgiven his giving up the bongos, but his receding hairline is a disgrace to the cause. The strong silent hero must also be weak and pretty.

One of the curious bypaths of hipsterism leads to their far out religious camp. Jack Kerouac says, "We're in the vanguard of the new religion," which is a little like the monk in the story who claimed that he was the world champion for humility. They picked up on St. John of the Cross for a time, Catholic ritual, St. Francis of Assisi (they were St. Francis); then they moved on toward Byzantine, Greek, and Orthodox fantasies, with ikons and incense; they made the Dostoevsky scene. In recent years some have taken to calling themselves Zen Hipsters, and Zen Buddhism has spread like the Asian flu, so that now you can open your fortune cookie in one of the real cool Chinese restaurants of San Francisco and find a slip of paper with the straight poop: "Dig that crazy Zen suki-yaki. Only a square eats Chinese food." Promiscuity in religion stands, like heroin, for despair, a feverish embracing of despair, a passive sinking into irrationality. Zen and other religions surely have their beauties, but the hipster dives through them like a side show acrobat through a paper hoop—into the same old icy water of self-distrust below. The religious activities of the hipsters cure their unease in the world the way dancing cheek to cheek cures halitosis.

No wonder the hipster says, "Nada, I'm beat—I'm right in there, see—I'm the most religious, the most humble—I'm swinging, man." He stammers because something is missing, a vital part, the central works. His soul, sense of meaning, individual dignity (call it how you like) has been excised as unnecessary by a civilization very often producing without good purpose. He feels that love is not love, work is not work, even protest is not protest anymore. On the consumer's assembly line, in the leisure-time sweatshop, he piecemeals that worst of all products of anxiety—boredom. This is the response of retreat from the cold inanities of his time payments, luxurious discomfort, dread of the successful future. Boredom is a corollary to anxiety. As the middle-class man now buys a brick for the new church (Does God need that basement bowling alley?), so the hipster tries to find himself in intuitions of meaning through the Anchor edition of Zen tales, or through some other fashionable interior decoration. Naturally he stammers, "Cool, mon, real

cool." He wants to stop moving, jittering, flittering. He displays himself as exemplary because he has no wife, children, responsibilities, politics, work. The middle-class man both has and does not have these things. Who can call moving bits of paper a job? Most Americans are paper-movers. How is love of wife and children more than a social habit when a man feels *qua* man (not as husband or father) that he has no authority except in his own home?

When a man's house is his only castle, then he has no castle.

Both smugness and ambition are characteristics of human beings, not of animals, though rats and rabbits can be taught despair by repeated electric shocks. Faced by the threat of absolute manipulation, the hipster mobilizes himself for a last stand—and hops about the cage, twitching his tail, bumping the charged wires.

The cliché which tells us that Americans love Things, Possessions, does not go far enough. Americans also demand experiences of power, one way or the other, in person or out of the picture tube. This seems normal enough to be a condition of life, but not when the starved mirage of power crowds out the quietness which gives experience meaning and organizes a man to face his private issues of working, loving, having children, dying. Certain experiences lead away from rather than toward, and faster and faster we go: the experience does not help; we try wilder experience; this does not help; still more wild, wilder. The extreme of a flatulent submission to the mass media eventually stops all experience in its tracks, in the guise of giving perfect experiences which make it possible to carry on. Television as a medium of entertainment is not the villain any more than good whiskey is a villain; they can both be good friends. It is the bleared submission by depleted souls which destroys. Relaxation is one thing—sharing experience vicariously is a great experience to which the imagination entitles us. To be stunned is another matter entirely. Despair by electronic shock.

Sensitive to all this, the hipster has decided to quit—resign—have no more of it. Instead of being part of a mass audience before the picture tubes, he becomes an audience of one before the hypo. He gives up on the issue of being human in society. He decides that the problem does not exist for him. He disaffiliates. The man who cares is now derided for being "frantic."

But of course the hipster is still a part of a bewildered America in which Tab Hunter confides to an interviewer that he can only sleep with his Teddy bear in bed with him. The hipster is victim of the most hopeless condition of slavery—the slave who does not know

that he is a slave and is proud of his slavery, calling it "freedom." Incurable? Nearly. The posture of negation and passivity thinks it is religion and rebellion; instead it is a mob phenomenon. These Nihilists sail dreamy down the Nile of throughway America, spending many a sleepless day figuring out something real cool to do at night, and end up trying to convince themselves, as Jack Kerouac does, that Charlie Parker is God. Kerouac's birdmen in his novel, *On the Road*, search for coolness within their beatness, hipness within their jeans-and-dirty-hair dream of quickies with marvelous girls (who also wear dirty hair and jeans). Occasionally, as in the Kerouac variety of superfrantic sub-hipster, sex takes the place of dope. This is a kind of sex which also takes the place of sex. The way some men gloat over possessions, he keeps score of his hero's erotic blitzes, forgetting that—if you are the trooper who uses sex as a weapon—every notch in a weapon weakens the weapon.

The hipster is a street-corner, bar, and partying phenomenon, a creature of mobs. One Rimbaud may be a genius; a crowd of them is a fat. An earlier fat for psychoanalysis had this in favor of it: Freud believed in the prime value of emotions, but in a necessary control by the intelligence. In other words, he valued society despite the discontents of civilization. The hipster gives up society, gives up intelligence, and thinks he is doing this in favor of the emotions; but he has already, without making a decision about them, let his feelings seep away through a leaky personality. What is left is a spasmodic jerk, though some of the individual spokesmen also have vivacious talent. No wonder that the madhouse is seen as the refuge of their "best minds." Caratonia, here we come.

These shrill moonbirds turn out to be rigid earth satellites, rocketed by bureaucrats beyond their ken into the air of reality, where they circle in a pattern determined without choice, give out a diminishing signal, draw to earth and burn, crumble, vanish.

When Yeats looked into the future to find a terrible savior, an evolution up from animality into something strange and wonderful:

*What rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches toward Bethlehem to be born?*

—he did not mean James Dean. Perhaps, as they claim, the tunneling hipster's avoidance of feeling can lead to a new honesty of emotion. Perhaps a ground hog might someday learn to fly, but man O man, that will be one strange bird.

HOW TO WIN

(continued from page 41)

"Heck, no," he said, but I know he was trying to remember.

"Hmnn," I murmured. "No anemia, or anything like that? The color of your skin, for instance . . . well . . . this is no time to talk like that. I mean it may throw you off your game."

After about 10 minutes of this, Phil was reduced to a hypochondriac pulp; beating him 6-1. 6-1 was simple. In fact, he would not have gotten a point if I hadn't been a bit off my game from talking too much. I developed a little laryngitis, too, crying out to him as he came up to the net. "Watch your ankle!"

Finally, a word of caution must be extended in reference to knowing how to win against women. I refer especially to individual contests. Men rarely engage women in team enterprises so we can eliminate those.

Now men are so gracious by nature when dealing with women, and women so inherently vindictive, that truly winning from a woman is the climax of the good male winner's efforts.

To achieve this summit, however, a man must abandon all sense of politesse, of graciousness and of gallantry. These effete characteristics have no place in a good winner's make-up. He must, furthermore, assume that his female opponent is filled with guile and likely to use any method of achieving victory both during and after the game.

For simplicity's sake, let us assume a game of two-handed poker with a 10-cent limit. Women are at their most difficult at poker and will engage in any amount of wriggling, dodging and backtracking to obtain their ends.

I assume that the good winner knows enough not to let a woman get away with such statements as, "Oh, I thought you could bet as many 10 cents as you liked as long as it was in 10 centses." (This, when she has four aces.) Or, "Somebody should have told me a flush doesn't beat four kings." Or, even, "I had three aces to open, but you see, I split them up."

When the game is done and the male is the winner, that is the time when strategy comes into its own. The woman will say, "I just wasn't lucky tonight."

A good winner must come back quickly with, "Poker is a game of intelligence."

As a final offering, the woman will try again with, "I know you have to get good cards to win anything."

The stopper for this is a firm "Not necessarily. But you do have to know what to do with the cards you get."

I admit there is a lack of male suave-ness about such tactics, but we live in an era when ruthlessness must be our key word. The price of being a good winner is eternal vindictiveness.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

Mark this one down in advance: jazz aficionados—scholars, performing cats and just plain toe-tappers—will have an opportunity to make the current jazz scene in Rome, Paris and London via a 17-day tour leaving New York by air on May 1. The romp covers a good sampling of the offbeat bistros and cafés where our Continental cousins blow their brains out nightly and mightily; tour members toting their own horns will get a chance to sit in on jam sessions at all principal joints. Total cost is under \$1000.

A couple of thumpingly good reasons for being in England in March—despite the usually foul weather—are the grueling Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool and the great inter-varsity boat race on the Thames, continuing a 30-year hot-eyed rivalry between Oxford and Cambridge. The crowd is nine tenths of the show at both these to-dos. While you're in London, make a note to visit the wonderful Elizabethan restaurant in the Gore Hotel; you'll dive into roast peacock and such with a forked dagger, swilling mead the while. Afterwards you might try the famed Windmill theatre whose motionless nudes (Linney law says nudes can't move on-stage) are not half so much fun as the dancers whose tops seem to fall off by mistake at most every performance.

Along about April, when spring begins to pep up tired blood, weekends away from your bachelor digs seem more alluring than ever. For those bracing

breaks, a special car-hire deal is worth remembering. For a scant 10 bucks—and from most any airport—you can rent an Avis car for a full 24 hours plus 50 miles of free driving. If New Orleans is your target for such a jaunt you might look into the candlelight parties in old French Quarter patios or try a trip up the Mississippi to moss-hung plantations during the Spring Festival. If biz or pleasure takes you to Tucson, a rented car can be your passport to the mass May 5 exodus of all the population across the Mexican border for the bullfights. For that matter, a weekend in Mexico City, if you can tear yourself away that soon, is quite a bet. Minimum rates apply there in April, even at the top hotels. A room at the de luxe Alfer, for example, starts at \$9. Prices are comparable in Acapulco, should you prefer high living by the sea instead of living high in the mountains.

If you're motoring south through the U.S. for sun and fun, watch for the Master Hosts sign posted outside a small number of selected luxury motels, and surely stop at one. The places so marked combine resort facilities (pools, for instance) with hotel conveniences (like breakfast in your room) and some added gimmicks such as bedroom lights that dim ever so slowly at your touch.

For further information, write to Janet Pilgrim, Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.



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